

all nations are to be found, as on the summit of the Pyramids, encircled on the walls of Shakspeare's house; his grave is the common resort of the generous and enthusiastic of all ages, and countries, and times. All feel they can—

“Rival all but Shakspeare's name below.”

Near the Globe were the Bear-Gardens, where Elizabeth, her nobles and ladies, used to solace their tender sensibilities with elegant sport—bear-hunting. Two other early dramatists, Beaumont and Fletcher, also lived near neighbors with the great dramatist. The mortal remains of Fletcher and Massinger rest within the time-honored walls of St. Saviour's. In this vicinity formerly stood that famous rendezvous of the wits of olden time—the Tabard, whence Chaucer set out with his “Pilgrims” on his route for Canterbury. Here, also, lived and died the contemporary of the latter—Gower.

The favorite resort of the learned of those days,—Raleigh, Spenser, Jonson, Philip Sydney, and others, was the *Mermaid Tavern*, Friday street, Cheapside; here Shakspeare and Jonson used to sharpen each other's wits. Dryden's dwelling was situated in Fetter lane, formerly called Fleur-de-Lis Court: this venerable pile is known to the curious by two grim-looking lions in stone, over the door-way. This spot witnessed most of the poets' toils and sufferings—till they ceased in the quiet of Westminster Abbey.

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THE END.

There comes from yonder height,  
A soft repining sound,  
Where forest-leaves are bright,  
And fall, like flakes of light,  
To the ground.

It is the autumn breeze,  
That, lightly floating on,  
Just skims the weedy leas,  
Just stirs the glowing trees,  
And is gone.

He moans by sedgy brook,  
And visits, with a sigh,  
The last pale flowers that look,  
From out their sunny nook,  
At the sky.

O'er shouting children flies  
That light October wind,  
And, kissing cheeks and eyes,  
He leaves their merry cries  
Far behind.