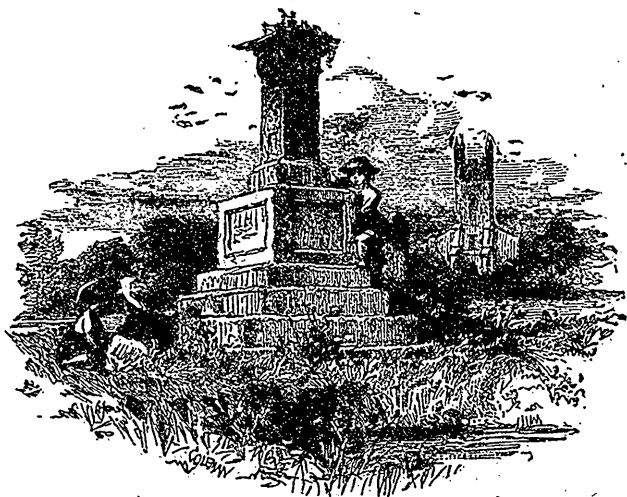


with a thousand recollections—Chelsea, Battersea, Fulham—for six hundred years the residence of the Bishops of London—Putney, the terraced lawns of Kew, fair Richmond, stately Hampton Court, Staines—with its ancient London Stone, which marks the western limit of the Metropolis (of which we give a cut)—Runnymede and Magna Charta Island, Windsor, with its memories of a thousand years. Sweeping past cloistered Oxford,



LONDON STONE, STAINES.

previously described and illustrated in this MAGAZINE, we reach the little Warwickshire town of Stratford-on-Avon—

“Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,
Where his last accents faltered on his tongue.”

We found lodgings at the Red Horse Inn, and slept in a great bed of state with a huge four post canopy, that might have come down from Shakespeare's times. Next morning we found the sexton of the venerable parish church, which is approached through a beautiful avenue of limes, and is surrounded by cypress and yew trees, and soon stood above the plain stone slab in the chancel floor, which covers all that was mortal of the greatest poet of all time.

Strolling along the banks of the gentle Avon, we thought: “Here the boy Shakespeare chased the butterfly, and plucked the