

pansies, and columbines are budding at the great entrance ; a tortoiseshell cat, her little paws tucked beneath her, sits upon the "upping-stock" or mounting-block, wherefrom many a hero leapt to horse in Devon's golden age.

So we find the place, at the time of misty-eyed young Spring, and observe within this theatre from olden days the figures of a man and a woman.