

windows, and nothing gloomy or dimly religious about it. For myself, I don't like "dim, religious light," but something joyous and inspiring, as if religion were *really* the happy thing that it *is*. Shakspeare's bust is on the chancel wall, sidewise, all painted in staring colors, though it is of marble, and looking, if the truth must be told, as much like one of those tobaccoist figures as anything—fat double chin, smooth, sleek cheeks, and dull eyes; rather ordinary forehead, too. I cannot believe it was good of him, and yet his family appear to have been satisfied with it. If one were to step inside the chancel rail one would tread on his daughter's memorial stone; to the left of hers is his, and beyond his his wife's. Between these slabs and the altar are two magnificent brass candelabra, ten feet high, with onyx and agate set in in great round balls. They were given by the curate, and I can imagine him spending his little all fondly upon them. The altar glitters with brass candlesticks and other ornaments, for this is a ritualistic church, "though not," as the sexton explains, "as high as some. We do not have vestments or incense."—The tree-shaded grave-yard outside is very spacious and lovely, and, in short, the world's "darling" could not have a more beautiful or fitting place to lie in; and since the world certainly took no pains or interest about it at the time, one can hardly help feeling that the same High Benignant Power that made and placed this transcendent genius watched also over his burial, and gave up one of its own temples for the repose of his remains.

The local guide-book told me of one thing in this church of which I had not been aware, and which I think will interest the feminine reader, at least as much as it did me; it is the epitaph which one of Shakspeare's daughters, probably his favorite, the lovely and spirituelle Susannah, inscribed to that mother of whom we know nothing, save that she was seven or eight years older than her matchless husband; that the little Susannah came a little too soon, and that Shakspeare left her in his will but his "second best bed." Critics have been at the pains to pick out passages in Shakspeare's plays which might have been inspired by the unsuitableness or the unhappiness of his marriage; but it always seemed to me probable that poor Mrs

Shakspeare "had her own troubles," as we say; and sure enough, what should we hear taking her part with posterity—would posterity only listen—but the dove-like voice of her own exquisite daughter, whom her epitaph commemorates as—

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all;
Wise to salvation was good Mistria Hall.
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him with whom she's now in blisse.
Then, passenger, hast ne're a teare
To weepe with her that wept with all?
That wept, yet set herselfe to chere
Them up with comforts cordiall.
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,
When thou hast ne're a teare to shed.

What a picture of a perfect woman! And in the following tender memorial to her mother we indeed find her "love" living, her "mercy" spreading to the rescue from misconception of the one of all others whom she most would have wished her love and mercy to shield; at least this was the way it struck me, though a severe friend who will tolerate nothing that is not *justified*, and whom I asked to help me translate it, somewhat cuttingly remarked of it that it was "written in *Latin de cuisine*," and that the ending was "*common*, in the extreme"! The reader shall judge between us, for here it is quite literally:—

Mother, thou gav'st me life, thy milk, thy breasts.
Alas! for all these gifts I stonies return.
Far rather would I that the angel bright
Would roll away for me this stone and loose
Thee breathing back, as Christ came back to light.
But wishes powerless fall. Then, Saviour, come;
That so my mother, prisoned in these bars,
May rise again and meet Thee in the stars.

I think every one must have observed that the dead are never wished back again by the living unless they were greatly useful or intensely loved, and this *rarest* of tributes we find Shakspeare's daughter paying to his wife. We may then suppose, as indeed I always have, that that most discriminating eye of his did not deceive him, young as he was, when he wooed Anne Hathaway for his own, and if in return he was loved not wisely but too well, perhaps few women could have loved *Shakspeare* any other way! Thank heaven that the world's master poet was also a true man, and therefore a true lover, and that he behaved so honorably.