

ows of the trees outside were projected dark against the windows, and the numerous marbles of the place glimmered cold and sad in the thickened light. The chancel is raised a single step over the floor, — a step some twelve or fourteen inches in height; and, ranged on end along its edge, just where the ascending foot would rest, there lie three flat tombstones. One of these covers the remains of "William Shakspeare, Gentleman;" the second, the remains of his wife, Anne Hathaway; while the third rests over the dust of his favorite daughter Susanna, and her husband John Hall. And the well-known monument — in paley tints of somewhat faded white lead — is fixed in the wall immediately above, at rather more than a man's height from the floor.

At the risk of being deemed sadly devoid of good taste, I must dare assert that I better like the homely monumental bust of the poet, low as is its standing as a work of art, than all the idealized representations of him which genius has yet transferred to marble or canvas. There is more of the true Shakspeare in it. Burns complained that the criticisms of Blair, if adopted, would make his verse "too fine for either warp or woof;" and such has been the grand defect of the artistic idealisms which have been given to the world as portraits of the dramatist. They make him so pretty a fellow, all redolent of poetic odors, "shining so brisk" and "smelling so sweet," like the fop that annoyed Hotspur, that one seriously asks if such a person could ever have got through the world. No such type of man, leaving Stratford penniless in his twenty-first year, would have returned in his thirty-third to purchase the "capital messuage" of New Place, "with all the appurtenances," and to take rank amid the magnates of his native town. The poet of the artists would never have been "William Shakspeare, *Gentleman*," nor would his burying-ground have lain in