

the chancel of his parish church. About the Shakspeare of the stone bust, on the contrary, there is a purpose-like strength and solidity. The head, a powerful mass of brain, would require all Dr. Chalmers' hat; the forehead is as broad as that of the doctor, considerably taller, and of more general capacity; and the whole countenance is that of a shrewd, sagacious, kindly-tempered man, who could, of course, be poetical when he willed it, — vastly more so, indeed, than anybody else, — but who mingled wondrous little poetry in the management of his every-day business. The Shakspeare of the stone bust could, with a very slight training, have been Chancellor of the Exchequer; and in opening the budget, his speech would embody many of the figures of Cocker, judiciously arranged, but not one poetical figure.

On quitting the church, I walked for the better part of two miles upwards along the Avon, — first on the Stratford side to the stone bridge, which I crossed, and then on the side opposite, through quiet, low-lying meadows, bordered by fields. Up to the bridge the stream is navigable, and we may see the occasional sail gleaming white amid the green trees, as it glides past the resting-place of the poet. But on the upper side there are reaches through which even a slight shallop would have difficulty in forcing her way. The bulrush attains, in the soft oozy soil that forms the sides and bottom of the river, to a great size: I pulled stems from eight to ten feet in height; and in the flatter inflections, where the current stagnates, it almost chokes up the channel from side to side. Here it occurs in tall hedge-like fringes that line and overtop the banks, — there, in island-like patches, in the middle of the stream, — yonder, in diffused transverse thickets, that seem to connect the fringes on the one side with the fringes on the other. I have rarely seen anything in living nature — nature recent and vital —