

and regret; and when, in after days, he had found his true vocation, their loved forms and colors must have mingled with the tissue of his poetry. And here must he have walked in sober middle life, when fame and fortune had both been achieved, happily to feel amid the solitude that there is but little of solid good in either, and that, even were it otherwise, the stream of life glides away to its silent bourn, from their gay light and their kindly shelter, to return no more forever. What would his thoughts have been, if, after spending in these quiet recesses his fiftieth birth-day, he could have foreseen that the brief three score and ten annual revolutions, — few as certainly as evil, — which have so long summed up the term of man's earthly existence, were to be mulcted, in his case, of full seventeen years!

How would this master of human nature have judged of the homage that has now been paid him for these two centuries? and what would have been *his* theory of "Hero Worship"? Many a bygone service of this inverted religion has Stratford-on-Avon witnessed. The Jubilee devised by Garrick had no doubt much of the player in it; but it possessed also the real devotional substratum, and formed the type, on a splendid scale, not less in its hollowness than in its groundwork of real feeling, of those countless acts of devotion of which the poet's birth and burial places have been the scene. "Man praises man;" Garrick, as became his occupation, was a little more ostentatious and formal in his Jubilee services, — more studious of rich ceremonial and striking forms, — more *High Church* in spirit, — than the simpler class of hero-devotees who are content to worship extempore; but that was just all.

"He drew the Liturgy, and framed the rites
And solemn ceremonial of the day,
And called the world to worship on the banks