

Of Avon, famed in song. Ah ! pleasant proof  
 That piety has still in human hearts  
 Some place, a spark or two not yet extinct.  
 The mulberry-tree was hung with blooming wreaths ;  
 The mulberry-tree stood centre of the dance ;  
 The mulberry-tree was hymned with dulcet airs ;  
 And from his touchwood trunk the mulberry-tree  
 Supplied such relics as devotion holds  
 Still sacred, and preserves with pious care.  
 So 't was a hallowed time ; decorum reigned,  
 And mirth without offence. No few returned  
 Doubtless much edified, and all refreshed."

Such was Cowper's estimate — to be sure, somewhat sarcastically expressed — of the services of the Jubilee. What would Shakspeare's have been of the deeply-based sentiment, inherent, it would seem, in human nature, in which the Jubilee originated? An instinct so widely diffused and so deeply implanted cannot surely be a mere accident; it must form, however far astray of the proper mark it may wander, one of the original components of the mental constitution, which we have not given ourselves. What would it be in its integrity? It must, it would appear, have humanity on which to rest, — a nature identical with our own; and yet, when it finds nothing higher than mere humanity, it is continually running, as in the case of the Stratford Jubilee, into grotesque idolatry. Did Shakspeare, with all his vast knowledge, know where its aspirations could be directed aright? The knowledge seems to have got, somehow, into his family; nay, she who appears to have possessed it was the much-loved daughter on whom his affections mainly rested,

"Witty above her sexe ; but that 's not all, —  
 Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall."

So says her epitaph in the chancel, where she sleeps at the