

The scene appeared infinitely better suited than that drawn by the bard of Rhysdale, to remind one

“Of mighty poets in their misery dead.”

Here it was that Otway perished of hunger, — Butler, in great neglect, — starving Chatterton, of poison. And these were the very streets which Richard Savage and Samuel Johnson had so often walked from midnight till morning, having at the time no roof under which to shelter. Pope summons up old Father Thames, in his “Windsor Forest,” to tell a silly enough story: how strangely different, how deeply tragic, would be the real stories which Father Thames could tell! Many a proud heart, quenched in despair, has forever ceased to beat beneath his waters. Curiously enough, the first thing I saw, on stepping ashore at London Bridge, was a placard, intimating that on the previous night a gentleman had *fallen* over one of the bridges, and offering a reward of twenty shillings for the recovery of the body.

There was a house in Upper Thames-street which I was desirous to see. I had had no direct interest in it for the last five-and-twenty years: the kind relative who had occupied it when I was a boy had long been in his grave, — a far distant one, beyond the Atlantic; and 110 Upper Thames-street might, for aught I knew, be now inhabited by a Jew or a Mahometan. But I had got some curious little books sent me from it, at a time when my books were few and highly valued; and I could not leave London without first setting myself to seek out the place they had come from. Like the tomb of the lovers, however, which Tristram Shandy journeyed to Lyons to see, and saw, instead, merely the place where the tomb had been, I found that old 110 had disappeared: and a tall modern erec-