

ly bound in brown. She opened it, and saw her name on the fly leaf, with the compliments of the author. Then she turned over a few pages and came to a picture.

She looked at it long and earnestly, and then said, "Yes, that's jest Abe right over again. It looks like the very same necktie he wore the night we went to spellin' school together."

And then, with the picture before her, she sat looking into the fire for a long time.

ANNA BROADY.

#### STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

*Read by C. J. Smith before the Maxwell Club, October 27, 1893.*

Readers of William Winters' "Shakespeare's England" who have not had the pleasure of visiting the scenes which he pictures so beautifully, may be of the opinion that his respect and veneration for Shakespeare have led him to overdraw the charming simplicity of the home and associations of the immortal poet. The language he uses may seem a little too "flowery" and not at all a true description of the natural beauty of Stratford-on-Avon. But a visitor to this quiet village cannot fail to see how Winters' descriptions, so delightful and enchanting, fall short of the truth, and the pilgrim's visions of reality will far exceed his expectations.

I well remember the evening of August 29, 1892, when I stepped from the train at Stratford-on-Avon, and shortly after stood before the arched entrance to the Red Horse Inn on Bridge Street. I was ushered in through a narrow covered court adjacent to the Inn stables and ascended a low stairway to the office of mine host, a long hallway filled with relics of varying description, having more the appearance of a miniature museum. Most American visitors at Stratford stop at this Inn, for its roof gave shelter to Washington Irving on his pilgrimage to the shrine of Shakespeare. In a small, almost square, room, near the entrance to the Inn, is to be seen Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre, a

name given to the poker used by Irvine to stir the dying embers of the wood fire in the tiny grate, before which he sat in a straight backed, old fashioned chair, lost in dreamy meditation. In a corner of the room is the old clock mentioned in his "Sketch Book," and on the walls hang pictures and writings of illustrious men who have visited this ancient tavern to pay their respects to the memory of Shakespeare. It is not difficult to imagine that this cosy little parlor was the rendezvous of Ben Johnson and Drayton when they came from London to see their old friend William, and that here they together drank many a glass of good old ale.

Next morning, I wended my way along Bridge street until I stood by the bank of the winding Avon, not far from where the grey arches of the old Clopton Bridge hid the peaceful river within its shades, and in a few minutes I was slowly strolling up the stone walk, through the church yard leading to the church, old and grey, wherein Shakespeare was christened on April 26, 1564. I could not but feel in a serious humor in my dreamy surroundings, as I noted the several inscriptions on the tombstones heavily laden with moss of ages, shaded from the sun, rain and storm by overhanging lime trees. It is not easy to describe the feeling of perfect peace that possesses one on his visit to this church. The very stones on which you walk mark the resting place of many an old dweller in Stratford, and one unconsciously steps with easy tread lest he may disturb their peaceful slumber. Near the door, within a glass case, is to be seen the old church register, and on the right hand page nearly half way down can be discerned the entry made of the baptism of William Shakespeare on April 26, 1564. A few feet away stands the stone baptismal font in which the infant William was christened. One cannot look upon it but with reverence. The pews of the church are wooden, and look old, as well they might from the age of seven centuries or more, and the sun through the gothic