Americans in Stratford-upon-Avon, 1785-1914:  
Literary Tourism and Cultural Diplomacy

Estadounidenses en Stratford-upon-Avon, 1785-1914:  
Turismo Literario y Diplomacia Cultural

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INTRODUCTION

“There was once an American thief who fled his country & took refuge in England, & he dressed himself after the fashion of the Londoners & taught his tongue the peculiarities of the London pronunciation and did his best in all ways to pass himself for a native—but he did two fatal things: he stopped at the Langham hotel, & the first trip he took was to visit the grave Stratford-on-Avon & the grave of Shakspeare—& these things betrayed his nationality.”

This dissertation aims to explore the presence and influence of American tourists in the hometown of William Shakespeare, Stratford-upon-Avon (United Kingdom) in order to determine the extent and importance of their participation in the development of literary tourism and the substructures of cultural diplomacy. Furthermore, the thesis will explore the role played by American tourists in the rapprochement experimented by Britain and the US in the late nineteenth century that led to their becoming economic and military allies during First World War. The thesis is part of a current area of research in Shakespearean studies which has led to important studies in recent years: the cultural myth of Shakespeare as a global phenomenon and the reception of Shakespeare outside the British world—and its contribution to the afterlives of Shakespearean works and biography, which have worked as a catalyst triggering new artistic practices. In addition, the thesis proposes an original theme of study that combines literary tourism and cultural diplomacy as models for approaching the reception of Shakespeare in American culture.

Over the past three decades, many Shakespearean critics have successfully implemented the methodology of cultural studies to the study of the reception of Shakespeare, both the man and his works. This dissertation will therefore study the "afterlives" or reception of Shakespeare with the model of analysis developed by Schoenbaum, Taylor and Bate and currently implemented by a large number of

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Shakespearean critics worldwide. Specifically, the thesis will use the methodology of British cultural materialism (Holderness, Dobson) and studies of high culture versus popular culture (Levine, Lanier).

Since studies of literary tourism and cultural diplomacy are recent, the literature on this field is scarce. The starting point in any study of literary tourism is the work carried out by Nicola Watson, materialised in a monograph, *The Literary Tourist* (2006), which includes a study on the Birthplace of Shakespeare and an edited collection of essays, *Literary Tourism and Nineteenth-Century Culture* (2009). Both studies explore the reception of nineteenth-century writers through cultural tourism and establish clear guidelines for further studies. Cultural diplomacy has been discussed by Melanie Hall and Erik Goldstein in their article on “Writers, the Clergy, and the 'Diplomatization' of Culture Sub-Structures of Anglo-American Diplomacy, 1820-1914,” which applies the idea of the “diplomatization” of culture to the reception of writers, including Shakespeare, in the nineteenth century.

Michael D. Bristol in *Shakespeare’s America, America’s Shakespeare* and Kim Sturgess in *Shakespeare and the American Nation* have studied the presence of Shakespeare in American culture in detail. James Shapiro’s *Shakespeare in America: An Anthology from the Revolution to Now* has made available a series of text that show how present Shakespeare has always been in American cultural life. Together, they have amply demonstrated the importance of Shakespeare as a cultural icon in the nineteenth century in the USA. This dissertation follows in their wake, but adds a new dimension to the picture, as it suggests that Shakespeare has not only been a cultural presence for Americans in America but also that Americans on the UK have been a cultural factor in themselves. Unlike Bristol, Sturgess or Shapiro, who have paid attention to Shakespeare in America, this dissertation will focus on the presence of Americans in Stratford and how they contributed to its development as a destination for literary tourists.

The importance of the American presence in Stratford has already been pointed out by Clara Calvo, the director of this doctoral thesis, in an article on “Shakespeare's Church and the Pilgrim Fathers: Commemorating Plymouth Rock in

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This essay included an analysis of the ideological implications of memorial monuments in Stratford, such as the American Fountain or the American Window in Holy Trinity Church, which indicate that the presence of Americans in Stratford has left a lasting legacy. This article suggested that the topic was worth of much further analysis and ignited my interests on the intervention of American citizens on the Shakespeare heritage in Stratford.

This dissertation then rests on the assumption that, so far, the importance of the presence of American tourists in Stratford-upon-Avon has not been properly studied and valued. In great measure, it is thanks to them that Stratford became a leading tourist destination during the Victorian period. Along with the stimulus that the presence of these tourists had on the Shakespeare tourist industry, this dissertation will show that the economic contribution of many American philanthropists helped increase the concern for and restoration of the artistic heritage of Stratford of Shakespeare and his works in Stratford.

The dissertation also rests on the assumption that the presence of American tourists in Stratford encouraged the deployment of Shakespeare and the English language as cultural ambassadors that improved the relations between Britain and America during the nineteenth century. One of the objectives of the thesis is to show how the appropriation of Shakespeare by American culture, both high culture and popular culture during the nineteenth century, made possible the use of Shakespeare as an unofficial cultural ambassador, giving him the dual function of national British icon and international bard of the English language. Therefore this dissertation will also demonstrate that Shakespeare and his hometown, Stratford-upon-Avon, were often used in political speeches and in diplomatic contexts as a means of promoting concord and unity between British and Americans.

Furthermore, the thesis will also contribute to show that the relations between Britain and the US underwent a radical transformation during the second half of the nineteenth-century and particularly in the years prior to the First World War. After the US intervention in the war and, due to its new role in the international political

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landscape, relations of cultural dependence between America and Britain would change. The enmity that had originated as a result of American War of Independence was now superseded and the post-colonial relations between Britain and America had been altered, as the two nations were now allies.

This study is structured into four chapters. Chapter I offers an overview of the development of the Shakespeare industry in Stratford and the formation of a cult of literary tourism around Stratford, with the case study of a particular literary tourist, the Spanish writer Benito Pérez Galdós. It also introduces the notion of cultural diplomacy and suggests how it interacts with literary tourism. Chapter II is dedicated to a discussion of the intervention of American citizens on the heritage and sites of memory associated with Shakespeare in the town of Stratford, some of which – the Memorial Fountain or the American Window, for instance – were promoted and sponsored by Americans. Chapter III and IV constitute the central contribution of this dissertation to our knowledge of Americans in Stratford. Chapter III analyses the travel narratives of American tourists and constitutes a preliminary study for the annotated anthology of travel writing in Chapter IV. This anthology is a substantial collection of memories, impressions and recollections of American tourists that visited Stratford-upon-Avon between the days of Independence and the First World War. It is hoped that this anthology and its preliminary study will be shared in the future with the academic community and the general reader and that it will become a useful work of reference and research tool.

This dissertation then hopes to constitute a valuable contribution to current studies of Shakespeare and America, by exploring a research topic which has received little attention so far, in order to show how the presence of American tourists in Stratford, including celebrity tourists like Washington Irving and Nathaniel Hawthorne, contributed largely to the inclusion of Stratford on the routes of the nineteenth-century Grand Tour of American citizens and the formation of a specific vision of European culture that could be easily transported to North America.
CHAPTER I

SHAKESPEARE AND STRATFORD
1.1 STRATFORD AND THE CANONIZATION OF SHAKESPEARE

During the nineteenth century, Stratford started to be a place of pilgrimage that attracted more and more visitors from all parts of the world but mainly from America. The first visitors were spontaneous travellers that started to complete a visiting route that would later become a routine for successive visitors. So these travellers or pilgrims with their visits or pilgrimage and their ritualistic behaviour in those sacred places, were essential to establish Stratford as a place of literary worship. On the one hand, the repetition of the ritual visits they paid, has elevated those places from their usual ordinary existence, converting them into places of worship, or places with a cultural symbolism. On the other hand, this ritual process of pilgrimage or tourism has shaped the development of the town of Stratford.

As Balz Engler affirms, the repetition in the study and reading of Shakespeare’s texts has made them become a cultural symbol, and an integral part of what is commonly called the literary canon. In the same way, these ritual repetitive visits to places associated with his biography have also affected the cultural symbolism attached to Shakespeare, contributing to shape his figure as a cultural symbol. Hence, although some people attempt to separate the history of the Shakespeare myth and cult, from that of Shakespeare production and criticism, text and myth complement each other and cannot be separated. Both have help to construct the idea of Shakespeare as a cultural myth.

Graham Holderness compares the liturgical rites of religion to the worship of Shakespeare that he names “bardolatry”. Holderness affirms that bardolatry existed “as an organised evangelical movement” before Garrick Jubilee. It was 1756 when in New Place, the last residence of Shakespeare, Rev. Francis William Gastrell, annoyed with the constant presence of visitors, chopped down the mulberry-tree that was said to have been planted by Shakespeare. Later, Gastrell pulled down the house in order to elude taxes. So infuriated were the citizens of Stratford for what it was taken to be

5 Engler, 366.
a sacrilegious act that he had to move away. Ironically, the house that Gastrell pulled down was a seventeenth-century refurbishment of the original house carried out by the Clopton family and probably no longer bore much relation to the dwelling Shakespeare inhabited. John Jordan, was another founder of this tourist industry created in Stratford who “set up a rival trade in curios from the wood of a crab-apple tree under which Shakespeare … was reputed to have lapsed into unconsciousness during a pub-crawl”7 As Holderness indicates, there has been a considerable amount of forgery and fabrication in the Shakespeare industry and Stratford has not been free from commercial competition, as the accounts of America visitors to Stratford collected in Chapter IV will show.

Figure 1: New Place by George Vertue.8

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7 Holderness, 4.
8 This drawing, ‘Something by memory and ye description of Shakespeares House’, was jotted down 35 years after the building had been remodelled, by the antiquary and engraver George Vertue (1684-1756), during his sightseeing tour in October 1737. There are no known earlier illustrations of the house.
Religious terms such as pilgrimage have often been used when referring to visiting Stratford-on-Avon. The most important sites or sanctuaries of peregrination in Stratford are located within the enclosure of the town: Shakespeare’s Birthplace on Henley Street, Shakespeare’s grave in Holy Trinity Church, New Place, on the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane, the Grammar School over the old Guildhall in Church Street, John Nash’s House, Harvard House, the American Fountain on the Market Square, the Gower Memorial by the Clopton Bridge, the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre (now the Royal Shakespeare Theatre) by the Avon, and Mason Croft, formerly the home of the novelist Marie Corelli and today the site of the University of Birmingham’s Shakespeare Institute.

Two Shakespearean sites of memory often visited by nineteenth-century American visitors are Charlecote Park and Anne Hathaway’s Cottage. Today, it is doubtful if Charlecote bears any relation to Shakespeare, but the famous anecdote about Shakespeare as a young man being caught poaching deer in the park of Sir
Thomas Lucy led many Americans, in the trail of Washington Irving, to wander in the park and imagine Shakespeare walking there. Like Charlecote Park, Anne Hathaway’s Cottage is situated outside the town. It is a late incorporation to the visiting sites mainly because of a romantic interest in it since it was the house Shakespeare’s wife lived in before her marriage. It is one of England’s most famous buildings because of its architectural appeal and by now has been a place of international pilgrimage during decades.9

The best of Stratford’s architectural heritage is located along a centuries old route, what has been called the “Historic Spine”. This route goes from Shakespeare’s Birthplace in Henley Street to Holy Trinity Church in Old Town, providing a link between the town centre and the old parish church. The route runs through High Street, one of the earliest streets to be developed, and it can be extended northwest along the line of Henley Street.10 Not all sites have always had the same interest. The most important landmarks for nineteenth-century American travellers were the Holy Trinity Church and Shakespeare’s Birthplace together with the Red Horse Inn made famous by Washington Irving. Only later in the century would the Grammar School, the American Fountain and Clock Tower, Harvard House and the Royal Shakespeare Theatre with its picture gallery join the list of pilgrimage sites favoured by American travellers.

The oldest sections of Holy Trinity Church are thirteenth-century in date. When the church became collegiate in the fourteenth century, the nave and aisles were rebuilt and at the end of the fifteenth century, the chancel was rebuilt in grand style and the clerestory added. Holy Trinity Church is the finest of its type in a county well-known for its impressive “wool churches”, and it is surrounded by the peaceful riverside setting, which adds charm to the site.11

The church contains the oldest shrine of the town: Shakespeare’s grave. A grave is a place that is traditionally the place of veneration for a great person, and also the place where homage is done to this person in official occasions as for instance the annual celebration of Shakespeare’s birthday. The fact that in this church other

9 Holderness, 6.
10 The Stratford-upon-Avon Society; www.stratfordsociety.co.uk.
11 Warwickshire and the Cotswolds are well known for the existence of several handsome Gothic churches that were erected thanks to the magnificence of wool merchants.
members of Shakespeare’s family are also buried has made some people think that this seems more a grave of a relevant and wealthy member of the Stratford community than a burial of an esteemed writer. Shakespeare monument above the tomb also seems to represent a wealthy, middle age merchant.\textsuperscript{12}

The Royal Shakespeare Theatre, formerly known as the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, situated by the Avon, is another widely visited site and the place in which Shakespeare’s plays continue to be represented. The theatre, however, was only built in the last quarter of the nineteenth-century and opened in 1879, was damaged by a fire in the 1926s and fully rebuilt from a design by one of the first English women architects, Elizabeth Scott, and has been fully renovated again in the 21st century. According to some, the theatre fulfils the function of spreading the feeling that although the poet is no longer alive in person, his spirit might survive as far as it is present in the performance of his plays. Tourists come here from all over the world “in the hope of being reinvigorated by the spirit of Shakespeare”.\textsuperscript{13}

The most important building, turned into a sacred site of memory by generations of literary tourists, is a two-storey house in Henley Street. Shakespeare’s Birthplace is a sixteenth-century timber-framed building owned and lived in by Shakespeare’s father, John, until his death in 1601. It is the place where tradition has suggested that Shakespeare himself was born, although we lack documentary evidence for this. The house has gone through different stages. Much of the house was subsequently let out as an inn, the Swan and Maidenhead, though ownership remained with the descendants of Shakespeare himself, and then of his sister, until 1806. It was purchased in 1847, and then restored, as a national memorial to the poet. The place, that has been welcoming visitors for over 250 years, is now separated from the houses that used to be attached to it and surrounded by beautiful gardens with trees and plants, forming “a kind of Shakespearean floral universe”.\textsuperscript{14} The current disposition of the site has raised the prestige of the building which no longer looks like a humble abode and has become something more like a country house. As Balz Engels writes,

\textsuperscript{12} Engler, 357. \\
\textsuperscript{13} Engler, 358. \\
\textsuperscript{14} Engler, 359.
The importance of Shakespeare's Birthplace, along with the relative unimportance of his grave, reinforces the view that he was born into the world as a natural genius. And the way the Birthplace has been separated from its urban surroundings, along with the locations of Holy Trinity Church and the Royal Shakespeare Theatre, strengthens the view of him as a poet of nature, specifically of a genial English nature of lanes and hedges.\textsuperscript{15}

Today, official guides to the town on Internet announce this site as “the house where William Shakespeare was born, grew up and played. He ate meals in the hall and he slept and dreamt in these rooms. Shakespeare also spent the first five years of married life in this house with his new wife, Anne Hathaway” without any palpable evidence for these assertions.\textsuperscript{16} In the upper part of the dwelling, the biggest room was for a long time thought to be the one in which Shakespeare was born, and has been visited by many travellers, among them poets, actors and writers that left their signature on walls and windows as an act of homage to the great poet. These signatures would later be regarded as evidence of a link or association between the name of Shakespeare and that of the celebrity signers by subsequent travellers, as if by leaving their signature in Shakespeare’s birthroom they were entitled to a share of his genius.

In his “poetical pilgrimage”\textsuperscript{17}, apart from visiting the Birthplace and the tomb of Shakespeare, Irving took a walk in the countryside, in the direction of Charlecote, to walk in the same places where Shakespeare was assumed to have inhabited and walked in. His narration of these locations and scenes, emphasizing the idea that Shakespeare was a poet of nature, would later influence many of the American travellers that would visit Stratford escorted by his \textit{Sketch Book}.\textsuperscript{18} Irving was following a tradition that could be traced back to the English poet John Milton, who had presented Shakespeare in his poem \textit{L’Allegro} as both the poet who understood nature and the unschooled poet that was endowed with a natural genius.

We may distinguish between two different phases in the consideration of Shakespeare as a genius. Before Garrick’s Jubilee of 1769, Shakespeare was considered a genius who belonged to England, as their national poet. After Garrick’s

\textsuperscript{15} Engler, 360.
\textsuperscript{16} \url{http://www.visitstratforduponavon.co.uk/attractions/shakespeares-birthplace}
\textsuperscript{17} Washington Irving, \textit{The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.} (New York: George P. Putnam, 1848), 325.
\textsuperscript{18} Engler, 361.
Jubilee, Shakespeare also began to be considered the greatest poet of the mankind, a universal genius, and the adoration of the poet almost acquired the nature of idolatry. At the same time, Shakespeare’s works started to be used to justify any type of assertion in a cultural debate. Therefore, it was during Garrick’s Jubilee, when the first group of people gathered together in order to pay homage to Shakespeare in his birth town, called by Garrick “the Holy Land” performing all kind of activities such as parades, banquets and speeches –and not even having a short representation of a play, when the canonization of Stratford as a sacred shrine started. Many visitors such as Washington Irving would later participate in this canonization.

1.2 LITERARY TOURISM

The eighteenth and the nineteenth century saw the rise of a new way of travelling that consisted of visiting places associated with books and writers. Readers started to become progressively attracted by the places in which the stories they read were located. This also meant the beginning of a commercial phenomenon that would be consolidated by the turn of the twentieth century. Travellers’ interest in those “sceneries” related to books turned to a new interest in visiting the graves, the birthplaces and the homes of dead poets and men of letters. The fashion extended to the practice of visiting sites that writers had previously visited and written in or about. This was the starting point of the rise of William Shakespeare’s Stratford-upon-Avon, Sir Walter Scott’s Abbotsford, Robert Burns’s Alloway and the Brontë sisters’ Haworth, amongst other flourishing sites of native literary pilgrimage. This “led by the end of the nineteenth century to the habit of reinventing whole regions of the national map as ‘Shakespeare country’, ‘Wordsworth’s Lake District’, ‘Scott-land’, ‘Brontë country’, ‘Dickens’s London’, ‘Hardy’s Wessex’ and so on”. 20

The importance of visiting the birthplace or grave of a literary author has sometimes been accounted for as a result of literary pilgrimages being modelled upon previous religious pilgrimages. The decline of religious feelings in society could have produced a change in the object of peregrinations from visiting the shrines of saints to visiting author’s homes. This would help to explain why literary pilgrimage uses religious language and conventions. However, for Nicola Watson this explanation is not wholly satisfactory and she affirms that these arguments, do not explain the travellers’ desire to replace their visit to the shrine of saints with visits to the home and haunts of literary authors. Although modern travellers might find encouraging having the experience of being close to the author himself and this might imply a change in the reading of mass-produced texts, the circumstances surrounding the literary pilgrimage to Stratford have been completely different. For Watson, the growing desire to visit Stratford arose after Nicholas Rowe’s edition of the Shakespeare’s plays. Published in 1709, this edition comprised a biography and gave

dates and details that situated Shakespeare not in London but in Stratford.  

Biography led to travel and literary tourism and travel narratives led to biography and *vie imaginaire*, as we shall see later.

![Figure 3: Shakespeare memorial at Holy Trinity Church.](image)

The first visitors to Stratford were mainly lead to Shakespeare’s tomb and monument, a monument that first appeared sketched in the volume *The Antiquities of Warwickshire* published in 1656 by Sir William Dugdale. The bust became the target of relic-hunters having to be restored in several occasions. It was coloured until 1793 when after a restoration the bust was whitened – due to the influence that Edmond Malone, leading Shakespeare editor, exerted on the vicar. Visitors took advantage of this white surface to leave a record of their visit so, at the beginning of the nineteenth century, it was usual for visitors to pencil their name on the bust. By the middle of the eighteenth century visitors started to search for other spots related with Shakespeare

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biography apart from the grave. In 1742 Garrick accompanied by a friend and actor Macklin visited Stratford and sat under the famous mulberry tree that, according to Rowe, was supposed to have been planted by Shakespeare in New Place. This tree was cut down in 1756 by the owner of the house, Rev. Francis Gastrell who was irritated at pilgrims visiting his property and taking away small branches of it as relics. Next, Gastrell in order to avoid taxes demolished New Place. Even if it no longer was the house in which Shakespeare had spent his last years. His action left Stratford without a main spot of peregrination and its citizens, already aware of the importance of the visitors, started to show them other places related to Shakespeare biography such as the birthplace.\(^\text{24}\)

Traditionally, Shakespeare’s birthplace has been located in a house situated in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon, which was acquired by Shakespeare’s father, John Shakespeare in 1556. Since then, the building has undergone all sorts of transformations. After John Shakespeare’s death in 1601, his son William inherited this property. At that time, Shakespeare was already the owner of another property in Stratford, New Place, and did not need this residence so, he leased the house in Henley Street to Lewis Hiccox. The building that initially had a simple rectangular structure of three bays, with close-set studding on the ground floor and square panelling above, was reformed and turned into an inn called the Maidenhead, later known as the Swan and the Maidenhead. A small one-bay house was added and used for residential purposes. By the time of Shakespeare’s death, his widowed sister, Joan Hart, resided there.

Shakespeare’s will specified that the ownership of all his property, the inn and also Joan Hart’s Cottage would pass to his elder daughter Susanna. After Susanna’s death in 1649, the property passed to her only child Elizabeth Nash, who died in 1670 bequeathing it to Thomas Hart. He was the descendant of Joan, Shakespeare’s sister,\(^\text{24}\)

\(^\text{23}\) In 1759, Mrs Garrick planted in her garden “by her own hands”, a mulberry tree with a “sucker from the famous Shakspeare mulberry tree” Percy Hetherington Fitzgerald, Life of David Garrick (London: Simpkin, Marshall, Hamilton, Kent, 1899), 200.

\(^\text{24}\) Watson, “Shakespeare on the Tourist Trail”, 204.

\(^\text{25}\) “The earliest evidence of John Shakespeare, connection with Henley Street is a fine he incurred in 1552 for creating an unauthorized muckheap there. This was likely to have been in front of a property he occupied, probably as a tenant, which may have been the house he is known to have purchased four years later in 1556.” Michael Dobson and Stanley Wells (eds.), The Oxford companion to Shakespeare, (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2011), 46.
whose family had remained as tenants of the smaller house after her death in 1646. By 1700 the house suffered another transformation: the Swan and the Maindenhead was made smaller so that it only occupied the two south-easterly bays. The Harts started to reside in the remaining bay and let their cottage to tenants. In 1806, the Harts sold the property to a butcher named Thomas Court. However, this division of the property remained until 1847 when Court’s widow died and the site was put up for sale again.

Nevertheless, it was not until Garrick Jubilee to Stratford in September 1769 that the Birthplace started to be considered an important literary shrine. The idea of a great jubilee in Stratford arose in 1769 when the town of Stratford decided to decorate their new town hall and thought that David Garrick would be the right person to carry out this work. Garrick was then considered the greatest actor of his time, apart from being a writer and a manager, and his fame extended throughout Europe. Garrick, grateful for the trust placed on him, provided the town with a statue of Shakespeare for an exterior niche and, several paintings of Shakespeare and himself. Moreover, he began planning a jubilee to Shakespeare's hometown, which would last three days and in which he would be the master of the revels. Apart from making the arrangement he also financed this first pilgrimage to Stratford on Avon that finally occurred in September 1769, five years after the official birthday anniversary (1764) and outside the London theatre peak season, so that it would not interfere in Garrick’s own theatrical business. This expensive pilgrimage has been considered “a tribute to the memory of the man rather than the writings and performance” and “the most important cultural event in the history of Shakespeare's reputation”.

On July the 8th 1769, only two months before the Jubilee, a letter was sent and published in the Gentleman’s Magazine that included an engraving of Shakespeare’s birthplace. The signer of this article, T. B., had recently been at Stratford and visited Shakespeare’s grave. In the article he explains how he has always “experienced greater delight” visiting Westminster Abbey poet’s corner since he likes “visiting burial places of deceased worthies; and especially of those who have been remarkable in their time for genius or erudition.” For this writer, visiting a cenotaph can never

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26 folger.edu/David_Garrick_1717%20%E2%80%931779:_A_Theatrical_Life_exhibition_material

27 folger.edu/David_Garrick_1717%20%E2%80%931779:_A_Theatrical_Life_exhibition_material
cause the same impression as visiting a real grave, a place where “we assimilate the impression and improvements we have received from their writings; and at the same time, contrasting our own existence with their departed state, feel a comparative kind of pleasure.” The writer points out the pleasure he finds when visiting the places of nativity of extraordinary personages. For this reason he has also visited “the apartment where this incomparable Shakespeare first drew his breath” that, although it is uncertain if this is exactly the room of his nativity, it is certain that it is inside the house that according to tradition in now remaining at Stratford. The paper also publishes an engraving of the birth-place based on “an exact drawing of it” made by Mr Greene, a Stratford citizen, as a present to the readers who are thinking of visiting Stratford on the upcoming jubilee. This engraving of 1769 was used as architectural evidence by the Shakespeare Birthday Trust in the restoration of the house carried out between 1857 and 1864. It is very noticeable how the engraving presents the birthplace as a detached, not a terraced, house, surrounded by land, in the tradition of engravings depicting gentlemen’s manor houses.

![Figure 4: Engraving of Shakespeare's birthplace.](image]

*The Gentleman’s Magazine* also included six days later, July Friday 14th a short news that read: “above one hundred trees were cut down near Stratford upon Avon, in order to enlarge the prospect against the approaching celebrations in honour

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28 This engraving by Benjamin Cole appeared in July 1769 in *The Gentleman's Magazine, and Historical Chronicle*, Volume 39, 344. It was based in the birthplace earliest known drawing made by R. Green.
of Shakespeare”\textsuperscript{29} and this gives us an idea of the expectation Garrick’s Jubilee was starting to have in Stratford. The same magazine published in September an extract of a letter from an attendee to the jubilee, giving a detailed account of the events occurred at Stratford.\textsuperscript{30}

In a guide to Stratford, the antiquarian Robert Wheler described the Pavillion erected to commemorate Shakespeare: A “magnificent octagonal amphitheatre, capable of conveniently holding one thousand spectators, was erected upon the Bancroft, adjoining to the Avon”. However, this festival did not include any representation of Shakespeare’s plays, although inside the amphitheatre there was “an orchestra for one hundred performers” and hanging from the ceiling “an amazingly large chandelier, consisting of eight hundred lights”. From the opening of the jubilee on Wednesday morning 6\textsuperscript{th} September 1769 to the closing three days later a variety of activities were prepared, for the “nobility and gentry arrived a week or ten days before the appointed time, to provide lodgings against the approaching festival”\textsuperscript{31} Some of the activities that took place during the Jubilee were a public breakfast, musical performances in the street, a procession from the Town Hall to the Church where Judith, the Oratorio of by Handel, was performed, and another procession back to the amphitheatre accompanied by musical performers who marched singing:

This is a day! a Holiday! a holiday!
Drive spleen and rancour far away;
This is a day! a holiday! a holiday!
Drive care and sorrow far away.

Here Nature nurs'd her darling boy,
From whom all care and sorrow fly,
Whose harp the muses strung:
From heart to heart let joy rebound,
Now, now we tread enchanted ground,
Here Shakspeare walk'd and sung!\textsuperscript{32}

\textsuperscript{29} The Gentleman's Magazine, and Historical Chronicle, volume 39, 364.
\textsuperscript{30} The Gentleman’s Magazine, 421-422.
\textsuperscript{32} Wheler, 148.
Figure 5: Garrick delivering the Jubilee Ode by Robert Edge Pain.\textsuperscript{33}

Figure 6: The Pavillion, 1769.

\textsuperscript{33} Robert Edge Pine here represents Garrick speaking near the statue surrounded by characters from the plays. Pine painted Garrick in character only twice, as Jaques in \textit{As You Like It}, and Don Felix, Garrick’s farewell role, in \textit{The Wonder}. Pine exhibited in England and America and his 1784 show in Philadelphia was the first one-man art exhibition in this country (27 works, 11 on Shakespearean themes), and the earliest art exhibition catalogue to be published in America. Metmuseum.org
Assemblies at the amphitheatre, discourses, fireworks, transparencies displayed from the town hall, firing of cannons, ringing of bells and serenading ladies, an Ode to the memory of Shakespeare, on the dedication of the new Town Hall completed the ample program. Among all acts that Garrick had organized for those three days of celebration in Stratford, visiting he house that had traditionally been considered the Shakespeare’s birthplace and childhood home occupied a prominent place.

A chronicle of all what happened there can be read in Thomas Davis’s *Memoirs of the Life of David Garrick*. For the occasion, the town was adorned with transparencies representing famous Shakespearean characters, “Transparencies were invented (…) which the poet’s most striking characters were seen. A small old house where Shakespeare was born, was covered over with curious emblematical transparency”34 The importance of this event for the city is also reflected in many of the visitor guides that appeared during the next two centuries:

This honoured place was naturally an object of primary attraction during the Jubilee, instituted in 1769, by Garrick, in honour of his bellowed Shakespeare. He displayed a well-painted transparency, from a design by Sir Joshua Reynolds, before the chamber of the poet’s birth, representing the sun breaking in splendour through obscuring clouds, with this motto- “Thus dying clouds contend with glowing light”35

During those years, the part of the house shown to visitors was the part occupied by the Harts. That is probably how the belief about “the tradition that the chamber on the first floor of this section was the birth room itself”36 started. At first, its own inhabitants accompanied the visitors around the house but in the 1790’s they moved away from the town, and let it to a butcher, Thomas Hornby, whose wife, Mary, would inherit the duty of showing the house to visitors. Mary Hornby would be forever immortalised in the portrayal Washington Irving made of her describing the cicerone as “the garrulous old lady in a frosty red face”.37

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36 Dobson and Wells (eds.), 47.
37 Dobson and Wells (eds.), 47.
Thus, what really launched the birthplace, as a location of peregrination was on the one hand the demolition of Shakespeare’s house at New Place, and on the other, the importance provided to the dwelling by Garrick during his jubilee of 1769. Garrick, at that time a prominent figure, was able to mobilize high society from London to Stratford so as to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the poet more than five years later that its factual date, 1764. Thanks to the 1769 jubilee, Garrick gained the opportunity of being forever associated with Shakespeare and the citizens of Stratford witnessed the first gathering of a high number of people interested in their town. The Jubilee thus became a starting point for Stratford’s tourist industry.

From that date onwards, Stratford would enjoy of a prominent place on the national tourist map. Moreover, Garrick’s Jubilee placed the Birthplace as the principal site of Shakespearean memory in Stratford. He designed a Shakespeare Pageant that, although forced to be called off by heavy rain, would be repeated every year on April the 23rd, Shakespeare’s birthday. In this way, the Jubilee established the basis of a fixed tourist circuit and, what is more important, by linking Shakespeare biography to particular spots, through the notion of the genius loci, made the visitors develop a feeling of connection with the poet. They were following the same footsteps Shakespeare had previously taken, inhabiting the same house, walking to the same church, watching the same river or enjoying the same landscape. The Jubilee was also the starting point of tourist souvenirs. Relics from the mulberry tree that Rev. Gastrell had cut down and an entrepreneurial citizen, William Sharp, had bought, were being sold since the unfortunate cutting down, and continued being sold to visitors during the nineteenth and twentieth century.\(^{38}\) The novelty consisted in that at the Jubilee these souvenirs started to be mass-produced and callers bought them as a visible proof of their visit.\(^{39}\) Before the Jubilee, Garrick had received “the present of a box made out of the sacrificed mulberry tree” and another mulberry tree gift, a medallion, during the Jubilee. We can read in a chronicle of the event,

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\text{By eight o’clock the magistrates had assembled in the open street and had met Mr Garrick (who was called the “Steward of the Festival”) at the town-hall, where they presented him with a medallion of Shakspeare, carved on the}
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\(^{38}\) On June 11th 2013, Shakespeare’s mulberry wood coin scale by Thomas Sharp was auctioned and sold for £440 by Liveauctioneers. On top of the case it is engraved “SHAKESPEARS WOOD SHARP STRATFORD ON AVON”.

eternal, and inexhaustible “mulberry tree” richly set in gold. Mr Garrick himself paid the charges of this ornament. He made “a suitable reply:” he had to make many such through these lengthy proceedings, and fastened this “elegant mark of distinction” upon his breast. Most people, indeed, who took part in the show, wore a silver medal or a favour, and it was said that the sale of the “elegant marks of distinction” produced a respectable sum.  

Figure 7: David Garrick’s Mulberry Wood Medallion and the Casket. 

When Garrick’s Jubilee finished, the house remained in the same deplorable condition in which it had been before it. A German clergyman who visited Stratford

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40 Fitzgerald, 331.
in 1782 and decided to visit Shakespeare’s house, suffered a great deception. In a letter he wrote, “of all the houses in Stratford I think is now the worst”. He comments that only two old people lived there, who lived on the income they make by showing the house to visitors “for a rifle” and he added,

Shakespeare’s chair, in which he used to sit before the door, was so cut to pieces that it hardly looked like a chair, for every one who travels through Stratford, cuts a chip as a remembrance, which he carefully preserves and deems a precious relic. I also cut myself a piece of it, reverencing Shakespeare as I do, but I am almost ashamed to own that I have lost it…”

The antiquary Robert Bell Wheler, born in Stratford, in his book History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon, published in 1806, included a biography of Shakespeare, and an extensive “Account of the Jubilee celebrated at Stratford, in Honour of our Immortal Bard”. The volume includes several engravings, among them a view of the town and the Avon, the Church, Shakespeare’s Monument, and the Birthplace.

In Wheler’s engraving, upon a drawn by him, “Our immortal bard is represented in the attitude of inspiration, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left rested upon a scroll.” The pen and the scroll were not present in the previous illustration that Sir William Dugdale included in his 1656 publication. Wheler describes the Monument in the following terms:

This bust is fixed under an arch, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, with gilded bases and capitals, supporting the entablature; above which, and surmounted by a death's head, are carved his arms; and on each side is a small figure in a sitting posture, one holding in, his left hand a spade, and the other, whose eyes are closed, with an inverted, torch in his left hand, the right resting upon a scull, as symbols of mortality. This bust was originally coloured to resemble life, conformably to, the taste of the times in which the monument was erected; the eyes being of a light hazel, and the hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black

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43 The complete title being, History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon: Comprising a Description of the Collegiate Church, the Life of Shakespeare, and Copies of Several Documents Relating to Him and His Family, Never Before Printed: with a Biographical Sketch of other Eminent Characters, Natives of, or who Have Resided in Stratford : to which is Added, a Particular Account of the Jubilee, Celebrated at Stratford, in Honour of Our Immortal Bard (Stratford-upon-Avon: Printed and sold by J. Ward; sold also by Longman and Co., 1806).
gown without sleeves: the upper part of the cushion before him was of a crimson colour, and the lower part green, with gilt tassels.44

Figure 8: Engraving of Shakespeare Monument by R. B. Wheler.45

After this description, Wheler makes reference to the discussion arisen sixty years earlier on “whether this monumental bust had any resemblance to the bard”. The memorial statue to Shakespeare erected in Poets’ Corner, Westminster Abbey, in 1741, shows the poet “in a noble attitude” and his face “well expresses that intenseness of serious thought, which the poet, undoubtedly, sometimes had. However, the face of the monument at the Memorial in Holy Trinity Church is different. Wheler does not consider that the Stratford bust might be depreciated if being compared to the Westminster statue since it portraits a more realistic Shakespeare who was fifty-two years old when he died, having had a wealthy

44 Wheler, 71-72.
45 Wheler, 70.
existence and peaceful life among the citizen of Stratford, after he had retired from London as a prosperous man.

Figure 9: Engraving of Shakespeare’s Birth-place from a drawn by R.B. Wheler.\textsuperscript{46}

Wheler also includes an engraving of the Henley Street house in which it appears attached to other houses on both sides. The Swan and the Maindenhead Inn occupied two bays and the remaining other bay was the Harts residence. In the same year in which Wheler’s book was published, 1806, the Harts sold the property to a butcher named Thomas Court. Mr Hornby, another butcher, remained in the small house as a tenant and custodian of the Birth-place until 1820.

At the end of the eighteenth century the British author and engraver Samuel Ireland published Picturesque Views on the Upper, or Warwickshire Avon (1795). In order to prepare the volume, Ireland visited and examined all the spots associated with the dramatist, recording many of the village traditions that he later included in his book that offered a Shakespearean biography illustrated with engravings of the places that he had learnt as connected to the poet life. Ireland’s novelty offered

\textsuperscript{46} Wheler, 128.
successive travellers the opportunity to undertake a country itinerary or route through the places associated to Shakespeare, thus offering visitors the opportunity to walk through the same path Shakespeare had walked before.47

After Ireland’s edition, readers had textual details supplemented by engravings of places that would immediately be included by tourists in their visiting route to Shakespearean England.

Charlecote House (where Shakespeare was alleged to have been caught stealing deer by Sir Thomas Lucy), Fulbrook Lodge (the alter-native scene of the deer-stealing episode, according to John Jordan), “the kitchen of Shakespeare’s House” (including “Shakespeare’s Chair”), the monument in the church, Anne Hathaway’s Cottage (the first ever representation), and an artist’s impression of the temporary rotunda in which Garrick had recited his Ode at the Jubilee nearly thirty years earlier. Perhaps of special interest is a marvellously implausible reconstruction of New Place complete with Tudor figures. It looks nothing like what we know New Place to have looked like in Tudor times, but it does look like what contemporaries felt the Tudor should have looked like. Here, Ireland previews the Victorian desire to make Stratford adequately Tudor and so Shakespearean, going to the lengths of putting Shakespeare’s crest above the Adam-style neoclassical doorway.48

The origin of Anne Hathaway’s Cottage as a tourist site springs from the engraving Ireland included in his book. To certify the engraving the lower part of the illustration appeared the following sentence, “House at Shotery, in which Ann Hathaway the wife of Shakspere resided.” However, the development that the cottage followed is mainly the product of the Victorian interest on it as a way and desire to have “a sober and domestic Bard” that could counteract the figure of Shakespeare as an eighteen-year-old boy who married a pregnant woman eight years older to whom he just left in his will the “second best bed”, a poet whose sonnets were not addressed to his wife, but to an unnamed man or woman. The Victorians promoted the idea of an idyllic rural cottage surrounded by a natural countryside that could be similar to the one bought by Celia and Rosalind in As You Like It.49

Early nineteenth-century American visitors to Great Britain, either authors or tourists, saw themselves as heirs of the English tradition. As the nineteenth century progressed, the influx of American tourists in England increased and Shakespeare’s

town became a *must*, a literary site to be visited, without which a tour of England would be incomplete. New travel guides, specifically aimed at American travellers started to be published such as, for instance, Wolfe’s *A literary Pilgrimage Among the Haunts of Famous British Authors* published in Philadelphia in 1807.50

1.3 RAILWAYS, STEAMSHIPS AND REGISTER BOOKS

In 1859 Stratford saw the building of its railway station. Before this date, a tourist would usually travel by train to Leamington and then by horse and carriage to Stratford. In was in 1853 when Parliament passed a bill to provide a direct railway from London to Stratford. This circumstance makes the *Illustrated London News* publish: “if Shakespeare had not been born in Stratford such a bill would never have been passed; the only guarantee of the success of the scheme was the circumstance of Stratford being a ‘Mecca’ for the English-speaking world.”51 And the journalist adds, “Shakespeare may be considered as ‘patron’ and originator of the project for giving his native town a railway”52. Among those English-speaking tourists, the number of American visitors was increasing and continued to do so thanks to the railway and the advances in the building of steamships thanks to Isambard Kingdom Brunel and other Victorian engineers. In 1845, SS *Great Britain*, the first iron steamer to cross the Atlantic, took passengers from Bristol to New York in only 14 days. In the 1850s, the establishment of regular passenger ocean liner routes would take Americans to Bristol or Liverpool in days rather than months contributed to the increase of tourism.

After arriving to Bristol or Liverpool, American tourists could easily tour England thanks to a very compact network of railways. The great increase of visitors to the Birthplace that occurred in the 1860s can be seen as a direct consequence of the

52 Thomas, 128. I reproduce Thomas’s quotations from the *Illustrated London News*, 7 May 1853, 345.
improvements in transatlantic ocean liners and the arrival of the railway that first came to Stratford-upon-Avon around this time.

In 1806, when records began to be kept, there were about 1,000 visitors a year; 2,200 came in 1851, but, after the opening of the railway line from Warwick in 1860, 6,000 came in 1862; in the tercentenary year of 1864 some 2,800 visitors came in the festival fortnight alone; by 1900, there were some 30,000 visitors a year; in 1937, it is thought that there were 85,222 visitors; and by the 1980s well over a million visits were being paid annually to the Trust’s five properties together.\(^53\)

The station kept favouring the increment in the number of visitors and many new guides to the town appeared. When travelling by rail, tourists were usually aided by the reading of the *Bradshaw’s Guides*, a series of railway timetables and travel guidebooks that were published from 1839 to 1961. Another example of this new and prosperous railway guides business is *A Short Descriptive Guide to the East and West Junction Railway, Being the Shortest and Most Direct Route from London to Stratford-on-Avon via London and North Western Railway*, published in 1886.\(^54\) Other popular national guides were *Baedeker’s, Black’s, Murray’s, Shaw’s, War and Lock’s*.

In 1864, on the occasion of the Shakespeare’s Tercentenary and the festival to be celebrated in Stratford, an official programme was published by the Organising Committee of the festival in advance of the celebrations. The programme not only included the acts to be held at Stratford, but also “an account of what is known of the Poet’s Life: a Guide to the Town and Neighbourhood” and “sundrie other matters just now of publicke interest relating therto.” Thus, just after the poet’s biography, the volume contains a chapter entitled: “Stratford-upon-Avon: where it is, and how it is to be reached” that gives exhaustive information about how to reach the town by train. By 1864, the railway has definitively replaced the coaching days.\(^55\) Americans travellers and those who wanted to attend the Tercentenary festivities could reach Stratford by rail from every county in England:

\(^{54}\) Thomas, 125.
\(^{55}\) Title page of *The Official Programme of the Shakespeare Tercentenary Festival to be Held at Stratford-upon-Avon Commencing on Saturday, April 23* (London: Cassell, Petter and Galpin, 1864).
The town itself stands on one of the old military roads constructed by the Romans during their occupation of the country; but coming down to later times, it may be mentioned that in the days of coaching it was a stage upon the route from London to Holyhead. The principal access to it now, however, is by rail. Visitors from London and the eastern counties can reach it either by the trains of the Great Western, or by those of the London and North Western Company, via Leamington. The Great Western Company can also accommodate the south-western and western districts, and carry to the home of Shakespeare the inhabitants of Wilts, Dorset, Devon, &c. &c. Those resident in the south of the principality can travel by the Newport and Hereford line, and so on to the West Midland line at Worcester, from which city there will be special trains to Stratford. These trains will also accommodate travellers by the Midland Railway from Bristol; but those coming on that line from the north can at once proceed to Hatton junction, or on reaching Tamworth, take the route of the London and North Western Company by Nuneaton and Coventry to Leamington. The Irish admirers of the bard who may wish to attend the commemoration, should they land either at Fleetwood or at Liverpool, will find it best to cross the Mersey to Birkenhead, and travel thence through Birmingham to Stratford. The same trains on reaching Chester will accommodate those of their countrymen who may arrive at that city from Kingstown via Holyhead. The access from Bristol, as already explained, is the route to be taken by passengers from the ports of Waterford and Cork.  

At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was no register of visitors to Shakespeare’s birthplace, as it existed in the Holy Trinity Church since 1804. It was an American tourist in 1812 the one who presented the album that would serve as register book in the Henley house. Robert Wheler informs us of this event:

In the spring of 1812, Mr Perkins an American gentleman, and an admirer of the English dramatick poet, gave the occupier of this house an Album in which strangers might inscribe their names; as indeed the author of this work, in the summer of 1804 had furnished the parish clerk with a similar register, for the visitors of Shakspeare's monument but entries are made by strangers, if the books be improperly superintended, which serve in too many instances to record, not their real names, nor their admiration of the poet, but their own levity and ; folly. 

In the 1860s just about fifty years later, the circumstances were completely different. As Charles R. Smith declares, visiting Shakespeare’s town has become almost compulsory for any well-informed American traveller and register books are quickly filled, being one third of the signatures by Americans.

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56 The Official Programme, 13-15.  
57 Wheler, 12-13.
A visit to the town in which our great bard was born in which he passed his early youth; and in which he died; is at least projected by all of his countrymen who have been so fortunate as to receive an education to qualify them to understand and master his wonderful works. Many succeed in performing this rational pilgrimage, as the walls of his birthplace and of Anne Hathaway's cottage testify; for they are covered with thousands upon thousands of signatures of noble as well as gentle, of eminent as well as of obscure, regardless alike of the questionable good taste of their scribbling, and of the perishable material. More durable will be the records in the books which have been kept at the chief inns now for many years. They fill rapidly; and disclose the remarkable fact that full one-third of the signatures seem to be American, an auspicious sign of community of feeling created by the humanising writings of the Stratford-born poet. "You cannot imagine" said an American lady to us, "how much we think of Shakespeare."

58 Charles Roach Smith, Remarks on Shakespeare, His Birthplace etc. Suggested by a Visit to Stratford-upon-Avon, in the Autumn of 1868 (London: George Bell and Sons, 1877), 1.
1.4 CULTURAL DIPLOMACY

The relations between Britain and the United States experience considerable transformation during the nineteenth-century. The American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence resulted in strained diplomatic and cultural relations that would take decades to heal. The Declaration of Independence, together with the Constitution and the Bill of Rights, are considered the political foundations of the United States. The Declaration set the corner stone for a new country and the reasons for separation from Great Britain. In the introduction of this document the causes that made necessary for the American colonies to leave the British Empire are made explicit. The independence is seen as necessary and unavoidable, due to “a long train of abuse and usurpations” by King George III. The document concludes that “these United Colonies are, and of Right ought to be Free and Independent States; that they are Absolved from all Allegiance to the British Crown, and that all political connection between them and the State of Great Britain, is and ought to be totally dissolved.”

Thus, the Declaration of Independence, a list of complaints made by the colonists against the king of England and the British government, signed in 1776 by the thirteen “States of America”, was the key document in the establishment of the United States of America and clearly stated that the basis for their future ideology and international policy, which were to be in absolute opposition to England.

The annual celebration of the Fourth of July, an institutionalised cultural festivity in the nineteenth-century American calendar, included, before having a parade, a public reading of the Declaration of Independence and a formal oration which was meant to emphasize the virtues of freedom, democracy, patriotism and the sacrifices of the heroes of different wars. Even though these speeches mainly consisted on a praise to American freedom as opposed to the tyranny that it had suffered while they had been a British colony, many of them include quotes from various works of Shakespeare, in such a way which suggests that the population to which they were addressed had to have extensive prior knowledge of these works. John Quincy Adams was one of the orators who linked Shakespeare with his text in

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59 https://www.archives.gov/founding-docs/declaration-history
praise of America. In relation to his *Oration Addressed to the Citizens of the Town of Quincy on the Fourth of July, 1831, the Fifty-Fifth Anniversary of the Independence of the United States of America*, Kim C. Sturgess observes,

> When he delivered the Fourth of July oration in 1831 to an audience in the town that now bore his name, Adams quoted from a number of European writers, such as Tacitus, Gibbon and Smollett, to support his argument, each time identifying the author. However, as a demonstration of his confidence that his fellow citizens were already well acquainted with the plays of Shakespeare, he felt his quotations from *Julius Caesar* needed no explanatory reference.\(^6^1\)

Once the American colonists achieved independence, the anti-British speech mainly delivered by the new American politicians was maintained as a useful tool to highlight the unity of this new free state and make a contrast with the previous colonial status under British rule. However, it is also true that during the nineteenth century, as Americans were trying to declare their cultural independence, and the word “English” was a synonym of the antagonist of freedom and independence, the works of the most influential British author enjoyed great popularity. Shakespeare somehow was left out of this purge of English cultural influences. The influence of Shakespeare and his works on Anglo-American relations was conclusive from the middle of the nineteenth-century onwards. By the tercentenary in 1864, celebrations in both countries were hailed by the press and from this time onwards Stratford became a prime target destination for American literary tourists.

Although they had opposed each other first in the revolution and then in the war of 1812, Great Britain and the United States had managed several crises during the nineteenth century. By 1914 Britain and the United States enjoyed good transnational relations that would eventually turned them into economic and later military allies during the First World War. In their study on the “diplomatization” of culture, Melanie Hall and Erik Goldstein have argued that this new situation did not materialise suddenly but rather it was reached gradually, throughout the nineteenth century and early twentieth century, thanks to the labour of individuals and institutions who, acting as official diplomats or unofficial emissaries promoted a rapprochement between both countries. The essence of this reconciliation can be traced to areas such as sharing the same language and a common literary culture and

\(^{6^1}\) Sturgess, 32.
also “areas touching upon religion; monument-making and growing interest in preserving evidence of (variously) a common past, heroes of the race and literary homes and haunts.”

Institutional contacts between both the churches, universities, associations and clubs of both countries began and helped to improve diplomatic relations. It is also important to highlight the influence of “powerful transatlantic figures” related with “publishing industry, banking and philanthropy” and finally, the efforts from a cultural elite, “a small group of cultivated people… who were instrumental in promoting Anglo-American relations primarily through the media of literature but also through biographical history and religion.” The activities performed by the former, either printed in volumes or publicised by the press, were an essential way to reach and encourage a favourable public opinion.

Hall and Goldstein acknowledge that Shakespeare, the man and the works, had a relevant role in the sub-diplomatic Anglo-American world, as “Americans used Shakespeare in their nation-building project” and “both the authors’ tour and writers’ ‘homes and haunts’ had an impact on cultural diplomacy”. Writers who were employed in diplomatic missions, such as Washington Irving or Nathaniel Hawthorne, wrote about their visits to Stratford, enlisting Shakespearen sites of memory as agents in the diplomatization of culture – the visit to these sites made Americans feel that there was a corner of England that was also America.

A Shakespearean site of memory that has played an important role in the sub-structures of cultural diplomacy, as Katherine Scheil has shown, is Anne Hathaway’s Cottage. During the first decades of the twentieth century Anne Hathaway’s Cottage became a destination of international travellers, a flow that was maintained even at war times. The visitors book, started in 1912, was signed by visitors from Asia, America, Australia as well as by famous public figures, among them Ellen Terry, Charlotte and Marie Stopes, George Bernard Shaw, Kenneth Clark, William Poel, Ben Greet, Peggy O’Neil, Lillian Baylis, Stanley Lupino, Charlie Chaplin, and Oliver Hardy. During the First World War several English dignitaries visited the house

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63 Hall and Goldstein, 128.
64 Hall and Goldstein, 132.
together with international visitors as Rennie MacInnes, Anglican Bishop of Jerusalem, who signed the visitors book in July 1915, or Prince Alexis Karageorgevitch and his wife Princess Daria who spent part of the 1917 summer in Stratford. 65 Both trips probably acted as a break in a world of wars and uncertainty, a sabbatical halt in which they could enjoy “the dreaming ancestral beauty of the English country … something enduring and serene in a world that had lost its reason and would so stand when the chaos and confusion were forgotten”. 66

The importance Hall and Goldstein attach to the cultural elite of former U.S. Presidents, intellectuals, bishops and philanthropic titans such as Andrew Carnegie or George W. Childs has led them to neglect the contribution of non-elite American travellers and literary tourists to the diplomatisation of culture and the building of the mutual understanding between the two countries. They acknowledge that “Tourism was a complex factor in the sub-structures of diplomacy” and that “Through the medium of literature and essays, authors could communicate with their readers a more nuanced approach to the life of their own and the host nation”. 67 However, they do not explore the multi-form, plural nature of the travel narratives published by American visitors, not all of whom belonged to the political, financial or cultural elite – some of them, in fact, financed their trip to Europe by writing about it. It is one of the purposes of this dissertation to show that the numerous Americans who visited England, and Stratford in particular, and published accounts of their journeys, whether belonging to the elite or not, contributed in very similar ways to the sub-structures of Anglo-American diplomacy during the nineteenth-century by sharing their narratives about their literary pilgrimages to Stratford. The anthology of excerpts from travel narratives published by American visitors to Shakespeare’s town and birthplace from 1785 to 1914 which constitutes Chapter IV of this dissertation shows this to be the case, as will be discussed in Chapter III.

67 Hall and Goldstein, 133.
1.5 A SINGULAR LITERARY TOURIST: BENITO PÉREZ GALDÓS

GALDÓS AT STRATFORD AT THE END OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY: “THE HOUSE OF SHAKESPEARE”

In 1889, during a trip to England, Benito Pérez Galdós decides to carry out a long-delayed dream: a visit to Shakespeare's house in Stratford-on-Avon. The adventure of that pilgrimage in search of the traces of one of the great geniuses of universal literature is later included in a volume that recovers, as a prologue, a chapter devoted to England. In this chapter, Galdós reflects on the special interest he always felt for the literature and the political organization of Great Britain, an interest that places the Spanish author on the vanguard of the majority of the European writers of his time. In "The house of Shakespeare" Galdós united two letters, which were previously published in 1989 in the newspaper La Prensa in Buenos Aires.

*The House of Shakespeare* is divided in four parts. The first, –*Which is the way to Stratford? –At Birmingham Station,* describes the beginning of his trip from London to Stratford, the British way of travelling by train and the difficulties he finds on his way. Galdós departs from Birmingham train station in September 1889.

In the second chapter entitled –*At Last at Stratford –Shakespeare’s Hotel,* Galdós gives a detailed description of the inn in which he is hosted. He writes, “Two hotels in the homeland of Shakespeare deserve special mention” and he adds, “One is the Red Horse, famous because it is the place in which Washington Irving wrote his impressions on Stratford; the other, named Shakespeare’s Hotel has the particularity that the rooms are named after the great poet’s plays.” This allusion can be interpreted in different ways. Are Stratford inns really as noticeable as to deserve such a special mention or could this mean that the author traveller is somehow compelled to write a detailed description of his lodging as previous travellers did? Galdós might be following the tradition Washington Irving started when he included in *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon,* an ample description of the Red Horse Inn in 1820. Galdós profusely details the inn that “belongs to a patriarchal gender, nothing to do with those marvellous hives for travellers that in London are called the “Metropolitan” and

68 Benito Pérez Galdós, (Barcelona: Antonio López Librero, 1900), 12.
69 Unless otherwise stated, translations into English from *La Casa de Shakespeare* are my own.
“the Grand Hotel”. In Galdós humoristic portrayal of the inn we can a find parallelism with the Irving’s one. In the morning, after sleeping in a room named after Love’s Labours Lost, Galdós visits the birthplace, rings the bell at the door, the guardian opens it and he goes into the house exclaiming: “It seems incredible how easily can a person enter William Shakespeare Birth Place!”

In the third chapter, –The House, Galdós deliberately omits making reference to the history of the legal state of the house. He directly describes the inner part of the dwelling. The kitchen on the first floor where visitors are entitled to seat by the chimney “where the playwright spent hours during long winter nights watching the flames of the fireplace that would probably evoke images in his fiery fantasy that were later reduced to poetic form with unmatched mastery” is Galdós’s favourite corner. On the upper floor he observes all those names of previous visitors written on the walls and, all over the window, “Walter Scott, Dickens, Goethe, Byron and other celebrities” there are also some chairs and a desk. In another room he finds a Shakespeare’s portrait “that is supposed to be authentic, but in spite of the inscription in it, it is not proved that the portrait is authentic”. Next to the house he visits a building that houses a Shakespearian museum where some relics are shown and a garden where they cultivate “the flowers and plants most commonly cited by the poet in his immortal plays and sonnets.”

Galdós highlights the importance of the pilgrimage to the Birthplace “that increased during that last year to seventeen thousands.” Next, he visits “New Place, the house in which the poet died. He lived in it his last nineteenth years and there he wrote some of his plays, probably Julius Caesar, Antony and Cleopatra, Macbeth. Galdós makes reference to the mulberry tree that was cut down by the Rev. J. Gastrell and to its wood used later to make objects to be sold to pilgrims. Galdós does not seem to believe in the authenticity of the wooden relics since he says, “But the number of trinkets of the Shakespearean tree became so considerable, that we must suppose it entered its confection, not a tree, but a whole forest.”

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70 Galdós, 16.
71 Galdós, 18.
72 Galdós, 18.
73 Galdós, 19.
74 Galdós, 20.
The fourth chapter, –The tomb, encloses a description of one of the most interesting site of memory in Stratford, the grave of the poet and his wife at Holy Trinity Church. Here Galdós laments that although in Spain we know where the mortal remains of Cervantes and Velázquez rest, we cannot identify their exact burial sites. He describes the building that he considers secondary to the importance of Shakespeare’s burial monument and Shakespeare’s tombstone.

Galdós’s impact upon the visit to Shakespeare’s grave is described in the following lines:

It is a mystical impression, a spiritual communication such as that which in the religious order produces the devotional exaltation in front of the sacred symbols or venerated relics. The literary enthusiasm and the fanatical admiration that the works of a superior genius awaken in us, come to take in that place and before that tomb the character of religious fervour that fires our imagination, subtle and disturbs our senses and takes us to blend with the spirit of the being represented there, and to feel it within ourselves, as if we were absorbed by virtue of a mysterious communion. 75

While being exposed to Shakespeare’s remains, some American travellers record similar mystical experiences, in which the spirit of Shakespeare triggers a sort of communion with the genius that ignites the imagination. Between March and July 1868, the newspaper La Nación, published Galdós’s translation of Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club. This shows that the Spanish author possessed enough skill to master the English language. Galdós also visited England several times so he could have had the occasion not only to read Irving’s short story “Stratford-on-Avon” included in The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, but also to read any other of the numerous travelogues that American authors published at that time.

Galdós ends his story with the visit to the ‘Grammar School’ and the ‘Guildhall’ and then turns to describe new modern monuments in the city: the ‘Clock Tower’ and the ‘Shakespeare Memorial’, a “complicated and grandiose building, erected by public subscription that contains a theatre, a museum and a library” 76

Of the ‘The clock Tower’ he says, that it is,

75 Galdós, 25.
76 Galdós, 27.
a gothic building more severe that elegant and of not very great proportions [...] built at the expense of a generous American who wanted, as it is commonly said, to kill two birds with one stone, that is to say, to honour the name of Shakespeare, and to perpetuate the memory of Queen Victoria’s jubilee. The parity between the two ideas is not clearly seen; But Saxon patriotism is so extensive that it easily encompasses and combines all the feelings of which the race is proud. In addition, the "Clock Tower" also represents the fraternity between North America and the mother Albion, and for this feeling there are symbols that the artist has managed to pair with the Shakespearean iconography and the bust of the Empress of the Indies. What I think is that the monument in question, wanting to express so many things, does not express any.  

The Clock Tower, more often known as the American Fountain, was a Shakespeare monument erected in Stratford’s Market Square by the generosity of an American philanthropist, George Childs, who made his fortune as a newspaper publisher. As Galdós point out, the monument wanted to celebrate too many things at one time: the Golden Jubilee of Queen Victoria, the good relations between Great Britain and the United States symbolised by the presence of lions and eagles carved on the monument and of course, Shakespeare. This account of the American Fountain is indicative of how Galdós, in his reflection on Stratford, combines description and attention to detail with a penetrative analysis of the ideological impulse which lies behind American intervention in Stratford.

77 Galdós, 26-27.
CHAPTER II

AMERICAN VISITORS AND STRATFORD
2.1 AMERICANS ON SHAKESPEARE

During colonial times, prominent Americans often travelled to Europe. The sons of wealthy planters attended schools in England. In the first half of the eighteenth century, colonial travellers to their motherland England did not regard themselves as foreigners or outsiders. Throughout the second half of that century, the objective of many American travellers was visiting industrializing Great Britain. The Enlightenment, with its interest in empirical science and its belief in human progress, influenced the stories of those eighteenth-century travellers that tended to itemize data instead of relating their personal experiences and impressions. Travel accounts tended to be detailed descriptions of flora and fauna, prisons and factories, or architecture and machines and often looked like short encyclopaedias about a particular region.

As soon as the United States of America achieved the independence in 1776, it started a period in which American pursued policies that tried to shut off North America from the corrupting cultural and political influences of Europe. The two major political parties, the Federalists and the Jeffersonians, did not agree on their attitudes to economic relationships with European nations. The Federalists pursued a hierarchical society that would continue the British model and tried to promote native industry by imposing high taxes on British goods. In 1801 the Jeffersonians came to power and they tried to promote their own vision of an agrarian republic, independent of the vices of Europe. Jefferson had travelled to Great Britain and had seen their factory system and its devastating effects on population, so he tried to implement a pastoral society of farmers. The idea was that America would generate agricultural products and would exchange them for the products of European technology.

However, the fact that in 1812 the United States was unable to defeat Britain, even though the metropolis was a smaller country exhausted by the Napoleonic Wars, made them realise that a large agricultural nation of independent farmers could not stand up against a smaller but industrialised country. Both intellectuals and political leaders agreed that contacts between America and Europe should be limited.
Noah Webster expresses this idea of isolation from Europe in the *American Magazine*\(^{78}\). Webster’s opinion about travels to Europe was that “Before the Revolution they might be useful but now they should be discountenanced, if not prohibited”.\(^{79}\) After independence and during the 1780s, there was a necessity of promoting a sense of American identity. Webster wrote and lectured widely urging Americans to create their own identity, character, and “manners,” and to revise British English into their own *American* language. “You have an empire to raise and support by your exertions,” he insisted, “and a national character to establish and extend by your wisdom and virtues.”\(^{80}\) Webster’s idea of American culture independence had its roots in a moral conviction of the errors, vices and follies of the British, from which he wanted to see Americans free:

Previously to the late war, America preserved the most unshaken attachment to Great Britain. The king, the constitution, the laws, the commerce, the fashions, the books, and even the sentiments of Englishmen were implicitly supposed to be the best on earth. Not only their virtues and improvements, but their prejudices and their errors, their vices and their follies, were adopted by us with avidity. But by a concurrence of those powerful causes that effect almost instantaneous revolutions in states, the political views of America have suffered a total change\(^{81}\)

The problem of American identity, specifically linguistic identity, arose in the wake of the American Revolution and debate over the use of the English language in the United States spread during Thomas Jefferson lifetime. The English colony in America had had tradition and history because the native and foreign populations in America had their own traditions and history, but the new nation, this is the United States of America, was devoid of any history exclusively of its own before the date of its creation.

\(^{78}\) Noah Webster, lexicographer, textbook pioneer, English-language spelling reformer, political writer, editor, and prolific author. Author of a dictionary first published in 1828 as *An American Dictionary of the English Language*. This dictionary represented a declaration of cultural independence.

\(^{79}\) Noah Webster, “Importance of Female Education—and of Educating Young Men in Their Native Country, Addressed to Every American,” *The American Magazine, Containing a Miscellaneous Collection of Original and other Valuable Essays in Prose and Verse, and Calculated both for Instruction and Amusement* 2 (May 1788), 371.


America’s leaders wanted to establish a unique national culture for the ex-colony. In the preceding century vernacular language had played an increasingly important role throughout all the European nations, and for the English the spread of their language throughout the new world was a matter of national pride. For Americans, their language marked them too clearly as a possession of England’s empire. Thomas Jefferson took part in these debates. He thought that American English should be distinguished for its diversity and capacity for the creation of new words that could be applied to the changing needs of science and of the arts.

Jefferson looked back to English history for a precedent and found it in the Anglo-Saxon origins of the English language. Anglo-Saxon English was seen as a language that pre-dated oppression in England. Old English, Jefferson argued, represented the linguistic history that Americans could own and be proud of, independent of their recent colonial masters.82

The dislike of Europe among revolutionary leaders had not changed by 1817. When a young Harvard student, George Bancroft, visited former President John Adams for advice about his studies in Europe, Adams “did not omit expressing his opinion dogmatically that it was best for Americans to be educated in their own country.”83 Many Americans shared this view. Since patriotism generally goes hand in hand with a rejection of other nations, a dislike of Europe prevailed in the early Republic. Furthermore, as Peter Rawlings notices, some Americans thought that “Shakespeare’s location in the feudal past and the aristocratic values his plays were seen as advocating represented a threat to the republic.”84 Therefore, it could be thought that following the rhetoric of the original leaders of the Revolution, Americans “might have been expected to reject Shakespeare as an unwanted English anachronism”.85

However, Shakespeare had already migrated to America. During the nineteenth century the works of Shakespeare attracted American audiences to the

83 Mark De Wolfe Howe, Life and Letters of George Bancroft (New York: Scribner’s Sons, 1908), vol. I, 32.
85 Sturgess, Shakespeare and the American Nation, 3.
theatres. Every town had its own theatre and attending representations, became a key element in the social life among the population. British companies toured all over this new country playing Shakespeare to an audience that were willing to pay to watch Shakespeare. America also became a potential market for editions of Shakespeare’s works. The first complete works of Shakespeare were sold in Philadelphia in 1795 and, taking into account the list that Alfred Van Rensselaer Westfall included in his book American Shakesperean Criticism (1939), the frequency of publication of new editions increased after the year 1800 to average five per decade until 1849.

During the nineteenth century, at the same time that Americans were trying to declare its cultural independence and the word “English” was a synonym of the antagonism to freedom and independence, the works of the most influential British author enjoyed great popularity. At the beginning of the century American authors where divided between those who “pleaded for new American voices, independent of the British” and even thought that Shakespeare was “undemocratic and irrelevant” to the point of doubting of his existence and, another larger group that considered Shakespeare as the “founder of American thought in general and American literature (including language) in particular.”

In 1857, though, Delia Bacon (1811-1859) published The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded, a book in which she defends the theory that Shakespeare, because of his lack of schooling and education, could not possible have been the author of the plays attributed to him. The authors, according to Bacon, were a group formed by Sir Francis Bacon, Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spencer. Among the authors that, to some extent supported Bacon’s theories were Nathaniel Hawthorne, who wrote a preface to Bacon’s volume first published in England. Other authors who thought that authorship was questionable were Herman Melville and Samuel Langhorne Clemens – i.e. Mark Twain. In 1909, Twain published Is Shakespeare Dead? A short book in which he explores the controversy over the

86 More information about this demand for Shakespeare and detailed information on the plays performed can be read in chapter 1, “Manifest consumption of Shakespeare” in Sturgess, Shakespeare and the American Nation, 15-24.
authorship of the Shakespearean literary canon via satire, anecdote, and extensive quotation of contemporary authors on the subject.

SO FAR AS ANYBODY ACTUALLY KNOWS AND CAN PROVE, Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon never wrote a play in his life.

SO FAR AS ANYBODY KNOWS AND CAN PROVE, he never wrote a letter to anybody in his life.

SO FAR AS ANY ONE KNOWS, HE RECEIVED ONLY ONE LETTER DURING HIS LIFE.

So far as any one KNOWS AND CAN PROVE, Shakespeare of Stratford wrote only one poem during his life. This one is authentic. He did write that one—a fact which stands undisputed; he wrote the whole of it; he wrote the whole of it out of his own head. He commanded that this work of art be engraved upon his tomb, and he was obeyed. There it abides to this day. This is it:

Good friend for Iesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones.

In the list as above set down, will be found EVERY POSITIVELY KNOWN fact of Shakespeare's life, lean and meagre as the invoice is. Beyond these details we know NOT A THING about him. All the rest of his vast history, as furnished by the biographers, is built up, course upon course, of guesses, inferences, theories, conjectures— an Eiffel Tower of artificialities rising sky-high from a very flat and very thin foundation of inconsequential facts.89

Twain's argument is completely unscientific and would not persuade anyone today, as he ignores the evidence of the printing house (Venus and Adonis, for instance) and the testimonies of his contemporaries, from Ben Jonson to Leonard Digges. Yet is illustrative of the animosity Shakespeare’s increasing canonical status was beginning to generate.

Henry James in his short story “The Birthplace” (1903) includes a satire on the excesses of bardolatry and shares his scepticism about the authorship of Shakespeare's plays. A librarian is offered to become the custodian of the Shakespeare house at Stratford-on-Avon, although the playwright’s name is not mentioned in the story, James gives a number of clues that invite the reader to identify

the fictional Birthplace with the timber-framed house in Henley Street, Stratford-upon-Avon. Once installed as the custodian, he begins to doubt the chatter he is forced to give to tourists who visit the home. He starts to qualify and hesitate in his spiel. This brings anguish to his wife and a warning from the shrine's proprietors. He finally decides that if silliness is what's wanted, he'll supply it abundantly.

Nevertheless, the majority of the Americans authors of the nineteenth century were in favour of the Shakespearean authorship of the plays. This is the case of Washington Irving, Alexis de Tocqueville or James Fennimore Cooper, who in 1828 wrote,

The Americans pay well for dramatic talent. Cooke, the greatest English tragedian of our age, died on this side of the Atlantic; and there are few players of eminence in the mother country who are not tempted, at some time or other, to cross the ocean. Shakspeare, is of course, the great author of America, as he is of England, and I think he is quite as well relished here as there. In point of taste, if all the rest of the world be any thing against England, that of America is the best, since it unquestionably approaches nearest to that of the continent of Europe. Nearly one half of the theatrical taste of the English is condemned by their own judgments, since the stage is not much supported by those who have had an opportunity of seeing any other. You will be apt to ask me how it happens, then, that the American taste is better? Because the people, being less exaggerated in their habits, are less disposed to tolerate caricatures, and because the theatres are not yet sufficiently numerous (though that hour is near) to admit of a representation that shall not be subject to the control of a certain degree of intelligence.90

Like other pro-Shakespearean such as Ralph Waldo Emerson, H. D. Thoreau and William Dean Howells, Cooper sees no difficulty in Shakespeare being simultaneously the greatest English writer and the greatest American author.

2.2 AMERICAN INTERVENTION ON THE HISTORICAL AND ARTISTIC HERITAGE RELATED TO SHAKESPEARE

2.2.1 THE BIRTHPLACE

Following Washington Irving publication of his *Sketchbook* in 1817, Stratford-upon-Avon became a really popular town for Americans. By mid nineteenth century, due to financial problems, Shakespeare Birthplace was in a condition of absolute dereliction. The death of the last owner of the house meant that it had to be put out for sale. An intense rumour arose that Phineas Taylor Barnum, an American showman and businessman then touring Europe, could buy the Birthplace. The idea of P. T. Barnum was to purchase the birthplace, disassemble it, and ship it across the Atlantic with the intention of displaying the house in his American Museum in New York.

There was a general clamour against the building being acquired by someone who could deprive Stratford of this cultural relic. Unfortunately, Queen Victoria’s lack of interest in Shakespeare did not favour that the government would buy the house for the nation and finally had to be bought by private philanthropists who prevented the building from falling into the hands of speculators.\(^{91}\) The Birthplace was auctioned in 1847 and in the end Barnum failed to purchase it.

It was, therefore, an American, the circus entrepreneur P. T. Barnum, accustomed to deal with show business, the first to realize the economical potential that this building had. In his volume, *The Life of P. T. Barnum, Written by Himself* (1855), Barnum, writing on the attempted purchase, observed that had he made a purchase before the Englishmen, “I should have made a rare speculation, for I was subsequently assured that the British people, rather than suffer that house to be removed to America, would have bought me off with twenty thousand pounds.”\(^{92}\)

In 1847, following the purchase of William Shakespeare's birthplace, the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust (SBT) came into existence to supervise the preservation

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\(^{91}\) Richard W. Schoch, *Queen Victoria and the Theatre of her Age* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2004), 151.

of the Birthplace as a national memorial. Thus, the management of the house became professionalised and, a new and more efficient register of visitors started to be imposed. The number of American visitors that signed in the visitor book the first decade following the purchase by the Birthday Trust indicates that they represented 32 per cent in the total tickets sold.\textsuperscript{93}

\begin{figure}[h]
  \centering
  \includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{shakespeare_birthplace_sale_announcement_1847.jpg}
  \caption{Announcement for the Sale of Shakespeare’s Birthplace in 1847.\textsuperscript{94}}
\end{figure}

\textsuperscript{93} Sturgess, \textit{Shakespeare and the American Nation}, 186.

\textsuperscript{94} © The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust Record Office.
Figure 11: Shakespeare’s Birthplace before restauration.

Figure 12: Shakespeare’s Birthroom in 1847.
2.2.2 THE SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL FOUNTAIN AND CLOCK TOWER

The Shakespeare Memorial Fountain, donated to Stratford by the wealthy Philadelphian newspaper owner George W. Childs, combines a clock tower and a drinking fountain for cattle in a neo-Gothic structure. Avoiding striking sculptural elements, it offers on its four sides quotations from Shakespeare and Washington Irving. *The Illustrated London News* described the fountain and its subject matter in some detail in June 1887:

“A lofty, spire-like, and highly ornamental drinking-fountain, with clock tower. . . The base of the tower is square on plan, with the addition of boldly projecting buttresses placed diagonally at the four corners, terminating with acutely pointed gablets surmounted by a lion bearing the arms of Great Britain alternately with the American eagle associated with the stars and stripes.”

The monument was erected in 1887, Queen Victoria’s Jubilee year, with the intention of accomplishing several aims. Besides constituting a memorial to Shakespeare, it aimed to celebrate the good Anglo-American relations, but the coincidence with the Queen’s Golden Jubilee was also used to constitute a triple link between Shakespeare, the United States, and the Crown.95

American ambassador Edward John Phelps, actor Henry Irving as well as a large number of dignitaries attended the official inauguration and the fountain. Speeches and toasts were combined with a band playing the anthem *Hail Columbia.* The event received a great deal of media attention since several English and American newspapers recorded the event.

Henry Irving, who had recently been elected a trustee of Shakespeare’s house, gave a dedicatory speech in which he stressed the importance of unity between England and America based on the veneration both countries felt for Shakespeare. Irving declared, “On this spot of all others Americans cease to be aliens, for here they claim our kinship with the great master of English speech”. He made reference to

95 More information about the construction, inauguration and all the elements that surrounded the construction of this monument can be found at: Davis L. Clarke (ed.), *The Story of the Memorial Fountain to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon* (Cambridge, MA: Riverside Press, 1890).
Stratford as “the Mecca of American pilgrims,” and highlighted that “the place which gave birth to Shakespeare is regarded as the fountain of the mightiest and most enduring inspiration of our mother tongue”\(^\text{96}\) thus, emphasizing the fact that both countries shared the same language. Irving goes so far as to say that it is possible that, “amongst the strangers who write those imposing letters U. S. A. in the visitors' book in the historic house” could be some “whose colloquial speech still preserves many phrases which have come down from Shakespeare’s time”, he imagines that among the audience at the Globe Theatre, were men that later emigrated to America and “carried with them across the ocean thoughts and words”\(^\text{97}\). Irving’s words share with Childs’s American fountain an unstated desire to possess Shakespeare – to make Americans entitled to Shakespeare, to link Shakespeare’s and America through language, a shared English language springing from a common fountain.

Figure 13: The American Fountain, Stratford-on-Avon.

\(^{96}\) Clarke, 45.
\(^{97}\) Clarke, 45-46.
2.2.3 THE HOLY TRINITY CHURCH: SEVEN AGES OF MAN

WINDOW

“Show me an American who has visited England and has not seen that Tomb”\(^98\)

This stained glass window, inspired on Jacque’s well-known speech in *As You Like It*, representing the Seven Ages of Man is in Holy Trinity Church. The money to build the window was donated by Childs and it constitutes another physical symbol of American interest in Stratford. This window later inspired another famous window placed on the west wall of the Exhibition Hall at the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington DC. \(^99\)

The window, placed on the same wall as the Shakespeare memorial, on the North wall of the chancel, soon became a site of memory for Americans and it is often referred to as the American window.

\(^{98}\) Mark Twain, “Proposed Shakespearean Memorial”, *The New York Times*, April 29, 1875.

2.2.4 THE HOLY TRINITY CHURCH: AMERICAN WINDOW

“The gift of America to Shakspeare’s Church”

Also known as the “American Memorial Window” or “New American Window”, to distinguish it from the Seven Ages of Man window, it covers the South Wall of St Peter’s Chapel, situated in the South transept of Stratford’s Holy Trinity Church. The window was financed thanks to the contribution from American visitors to Shakespeare’s tomb. “The window was unveiled by the US Ambassador, Hon. T. F. Bayard, as part of Shakespeare’s birthday annual celebration on 23 April 1896, although, at the time, the stained glass was far from being finished.” The event attracted a great deal of media attention and it marks the climax of pre-first world war Anglo-Americans relations.

![American Window at Holy Trinity Church](image)

*Figure 15: American Window at Holy Trinity Church.*

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100 This inscription appears in the window.
101 Calvo, “Shakespeare’s Church”, 60.
2.2.5 THE STRATFORD PUBLIC LIBRARY

Stratford public library is a gift of Andrew Carnegie in 1903. Andrew Carnegie, American millionaire and philanthropist was asked by the mayor of Stratford, Archibald Flower to donate a free library to Stratford and he agreed.

The emplacement of this library raised a heated debate in Stratford. Various important local people, including the novelist Marie Corelli, were asked whether it should be sited in the Market Hall or in Henley Street, near Shakespeare's Birthplace.

Maria Corelli objected at the idea of having a modern building so close to the birthplace and also protested on the demolition of same old cottages.\footnote{Further information in Teresa Ramson, \textit{The Mysterious Miss Marie Corelli Queen of Victorian Bestsellers} (England: Bulbeck Books, 2013), Chapter 7: The Battle of Henley Street. Twain, “Proposed Shakespearean Memorial”, \textit{The New York Times}, April 29, 1875.}

\begin{figure}[h]
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\includegraphics[width=\textwidth]{Free_Library_Stratford-on-Avon.jpg}
\caption{Free Library, Stratford-on-Avon.}
\end{figure}
2.2.6 SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE

“We had to lose the house; but let us not lose the present opportunity to help him build the Memorial Theatre.”\(^{103}\)

On April 29\(^{\text{th}}\), 1875 the *New York Times* published a letter from Mark Twain in which he referred that had been recently informed of the construction of a Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon. Mr Flower, secretary of the committee, had told Twain that the theatre would be erected by subscription. The project included a theatre, “a library and a saloon or gallery, intended to receive pictures and statuary of Shakespearean subjects.” Mr Flower added that he thought it possible that some Americans who have visited Stratford might be able and feel inclined to become Governors, (that is, £100 shareholders,) in the Memorial Theatre and grounds, and that others not so well off might like to contribute smaller sums to help beautify it.\(^{104}\)

Twain was asked to be in charge of receiving and forwarding the American subscriptions; the request for donations was supported not only by the editorial of *The New York Times* but also several other newspapers published Twain’s letter.\(^{105}\)

In his article Mark Twain makes reference to other contributions already made by Americans in Stratford as for instance $1,000 for an American memorial window to be put in the Shakespeare Church. Twain also signals, “about three-fourths of the Visitors to Shakespeare’s tomb are Americans.”

The article ends by Twain making a short review of the P. T. Barnum proposal to buy and take Shakespeare home to America: “Imagine the house that Shakespeare was born in being brought bodily over here and set up on American soil!” Twain’s humoristic recount of the P.T. Barnum incident, can be also read as a subtle indication of the rivalry between America and England related to the interest both share upon

\(^{103}\) Mark Twain, “Proposed Shakespearean Memorial”, *The New York Times*, April 29, 1875.
\(^{104}\) Mark Twain, “Proposed Shakespearean Memorial”, *The New York Times*, April 29, 1875.
\(^{105}\) Sturgess, *Shakespeare and the American Nation*, 182.
Shakespeare, and it is also “indicative of American appropriation and of American influence on what was to become the Shakespeare industry in England.”

Unfortunately a fire destroyed this theatre in 1926, all that remained was the Picture Gallery and the Library. The artistic director William Bridges-Adams and the theatre council chair Mr Archibald Flower transferred performances temporarily to a local cinema. Meanwhile, Elizabeth Scott was selected as the new theatre architect by a national contest. Fund-raising was not effective in England and finally half of the £192,000 it took to rebuild the theatre came again from American contributors, John D. Rockefeller contributed with a generous sum. The new theatre was finally opened in 1932.

Figure 17: Shakespeare Memorial Theatre pictured in the 1890s.

106 Sturgess, 183.
2.2.7 HARVARD HOUSE

“You may call it a romantic notion, perhaps but I should like to think that the house of John Harvard’s mother was a link with John Harvard’s University, and a sign of friendship between the two nations.”

Another famous sight of Stratford-on-Avon, located at 26 in High Street, is Harvard House. It is a narrow and perfectly preserved timber frame Tudor house with elaborated carvings in its exterior. This ornate an elegant building, an example of sixteenth-century architecture, was built by the grandfather of John Harvard, the Harvard University benefactor.

After the fires of 1594 and 1595 that destroyed most houses in High Street, Thomas Rogers, alderman in Stratford, was able to rebuilt what is now known as Harvard House in 1596. One year later, William Shakespeare bought New Place, the home where he would eventually retire, which stood practically opposite to Rogers’s house, i.e. Harvard House. It is thought that Rogers and Shakespeare—both prominent men of Stratford—were likely to have known one another. Moreover, the Shakespeare and Rogers families both worshipped at the Church of the Holy Trinity in Stratford, some records show that Shakespeare's twins and Rogers' daughter, Katherine, were christened there within three months of each other. Katherine went on to marry Robert Harvard in that very same church in 1605. John Harvard inherited his mother’s state who had become wealthy after marrying two prosperous men. He later migrated to America in 1537 where he died only a year later, aged 30. He didn’t have children so he left half his state and his library to a planned new college in Cambridge Massachusetts. The college was later named after him, its first major benefactor.

By the end of the nineteen-century no one had paid attention to this building. It was Marie Corelli, one of the bestselling Edwardian writers, the person who “rescued this old house from its squalid disrepair, and who directed its restoration”. In 1901, at the height of her popularity, when she had already published fifteen novels, Corelli left London and moved to Stratford, first to Hall’s Croft and later to Mason Croft, where she lived until her death on 1929.

In 1909, the Chicago millionaire Mr Edward Morris, president of Morris & Company, one of the three main meat-packing companies in Chicago, purchased this property with the help of Marie Corelli and presented it to Harvard University “to serve as a club or rendezvous for American visitors, with free admission to all members of that University. It thus stands as America’s possession in Shakespeare’s town.” Today an American flag still flies on the façade of Harvard House, although the house is now under the management of the Shakespeare Birthplace.

110 Dilla, 104.
CHAPTER III

THE AMERICAN LITERARY TOURIST IN STRATFORD
3.1 THE AMERICAN TRAVEL BOOK

After the American Revolutionary War of 1776, the United States, a new free country, no longer a colony of England, started to develop its own national identity and national culture and therefore its own literature. A nation of recent massive immigration, travel soon became intimately associated with American identity and travel writing became the most popular form of literature in the 19th century. As the twentieth century advanced, more and more Americans travelled to Britain, a journey that was becoming more accessible due to the improvement in means of maritime transportation. Travellers, authors as well as tourists, described their experiences on their trips and published them in the form of travel logs. This resulted in the publication of many first hand reports on the places visited directed to American readers.

Not only main authors were attracted by travel writing, there were a large number of Americans that wrote and published their travel experiences. Thus, travel writing became a useful tool for a variety of interests, not only literary but also commercial, spiritual, scientific or socio-political. This new genre suffered modifications in order to adapt itself to the American readers. Some of the volumes were the result of mingling facts and fiction, or were close to autobiography. Other works were close to non-fiction forms such as history, journalism, sociology, political analysis or scientific observation.

The origins of American travel writing can be found in the literature of colonial times. Then, travel writing was shaped “in the context of other genres like nature writing, promotional writing about settling the American frontier, spiritual autobiography and military history.” An example of promotional writing would be William Penn’s “Some Account of the Province of Pennsylvania in America” from 1681 that was intended to attract English migrants to this new colony by emphasizing the availability of fertile land. Another early writing, the colonial travel journal, might

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be seen as the result of the secularization of “the Protestant tradition of keeping an account of one’s spiritual condition.” Most of these forms of pre-revolutionary travel narrative, as varied as war narratives, exploration accounts, naturalistic travel journal, spiritual autobiography, or evangelical diaries and journals were “promotional writings that most often targeted transatlantic audiences with information about the kinds of “wealth” or resources available in British America.” From travel writing describing their own country, Americans move to writing other travel narratives now mainly dealing with visits to Europe, the Holy Land, Latin America or the Pacific. If knowing the country they shared had helped them improve developing their own identity, moving abroad definitively helped defining “Americanness” by means of contrasting their own identity as Americans, with other people, customs, places or countries.

Right after achieving the independence and during the decades prior to the Civil War, however, some patriotic Americans often censured the idea of foreign travel. Washington Irving, wrote in A Tour on the Prairies, “We send our youth abroad to grow luxurious and effeminate in Europe;” for Irving “a previous tour on the prairies would be more likely to produce that manliness, simplicity, and self-dependence, most in unison with our political institutions.” The prairies way of life and scenery “can rival the most ornamental scenery of Europe.” However, Irving spent most of his life abroad and contributed, like no other author, to establish the conventions of American travel writing. In general, Americans, after they achieved independence, were enthusiastic about the idea of visiting the lands across the ocean, going back to the places their ancestors lived in before migrating to the New World, visiting Old World monuments, viewing works of art or calling on sights related with great writers. The writings which came out of these trips often shown a constrative duality. On the one hand the travel books worked as a useful tool to establish comparisons between Americans and the rest of humankind. Those referring to Europe, often overflowing with nationalistic notions, condemned anything that they understood as undemocratic or contrary to a republican vision of government.

112 Gould, 14.
113 Gould, 25.
116 Irving, A Tour, 153.
Nevertheless, these travel narratives also tended to applaud those aspects of the European art and culture they still thought superior to those of an incipient nation.

The American travel book functions as a modern blog, as it suggests that the writer is an experienced traveller that is going to help the readership through insider knowledge. The reader trusts the writer because the travel narrative is a recollection of facts, feelings and spontaneous impressions that, even if they may be somehow influenced by a subjective vision of the writer, keep an essential element that render them persuasive. The travel book contains information that comes directly from the source, from one who saw what he writes about with his own eyes. The fact that travel books were mainly written in the form of memories, diary entries, letters or journalistic articles helps to enhance their verisimilitude. Travel books therefore accomplished the same functions that blogs on travel do nowadays, conveying the traveller’s experience firsthand.

Shakespeare’s popularity amongst American travellers turned England in general and Stratford in particular into a target destination for many of them. Stratford became one of the most important landmarks in England, which no American visitor could fail to see. The excerpts contained in the following anthology have been extracted from over one hundred travel-writing texts based on experiences of American travellers in the British Isles, precisely in Stratford-upon-Avon. As nineteenth-century American travel writings are abundant, the present anthology had to discard an all-inclusive approach. Instead, it offers a carefully chosen selection which includes an ample variety of excerpts from travel narratives that can be considered representative of their period. By means of its selective process, the anthology aspires to be a useful working tool for scholars and critics as well as for the general reader interested in the cultural history of America and its relation to literary tourism, cultural diplomacy and the Shakespeare industry in Stratford-upon-Avon.

The anthology contains narratives from a varied range of travellers: politicians, businessmen, clergymen, literary authors and journalists. The entries are ordered chronologically rather than thematically to give a sense of how the interest of American travellers developed. Their tales escort us through the Shakespearean history of Stratford-upon Avon from 1782 till the First World War. In the following section, a preliminary study introduces the authors and the texts, contextualises them,
and analyses their significance and contribution to the sub-structures of cultural diplomacy.

3.2 STRATFORD-UPON-AVON AND THE AMERICAN LITERARY TOURIST

3.2.1 INDEPENDENCE DAYS (1782-1820)

Many of the nineteenth-century waves of foreign visitors to England, mostly Americans, kept records of their visits to the Mother Country, as nineteenth-century Americans liked to call the British Isles. Among these visitors there were prominent authors of the time who also wanted to pay homage to Shakespeare by visiting his hometown, Stratford-upon-Avon. They exercised, as we shall see below, a great influence not only on American readers and subsequent visitors to Stratford, but also on the very development of the city of Stratford.

A nineteenth-century American tourist could not fail to visit the English trinity consisting of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle and the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, the latter two having become popular as a result of the success of the novels of Sir Walter Scott. During the early years of the century, though, the visit to Stratford used to be rather short. The town was not prepared to welcome tourists and at the time Stratford was considered just a coach stop for travellers between London and the North. The American traveller Elkanah Watson visited Stratford in 1782 and his account offers an insight into the traveller’s experience at the time. First of all, he secured accommodation at the White Lion Inn, because it was “near the house in which Shakspere was born”, and only then, “stimulated by an ardent and deeply excited enthusiasm”, he ran to “contemplate the object of my anxious inquiries”, the birthplace of Shakespeare, finding “a little, old and dilapidated dwelling” shown to him by “a decrepit old woman, who pronounced herself the only surviving descendant of the illustrious poet.” This experience of passionate excitement and enthusiastic expectations followed by disenchantment and disappointment is characteristic of late
eighteenth-century American visitors. Watson continues to refer his experience at the Birthplace in a matter-of-fact tone:

She pointed out to me the remnant of an antiquated chair, which he had occupied; it is cherished as an interesting memorial. A considerable proportion of it had been cut off by visitors, in the course of several generations, and is often seen wrought into rings and bracelets, worn by ladies in memory of their bard.\footnote{Winslow V. Watson (ed.), \textit{Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, Including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1777 to 1842, with his correspondence with public men and reminiscences and incidents of the revolution} (New York: Dana and Company, 1856), 154.}

The “antiquated chair” on which Shakespeare supposedly sat is but a “remant” and unlike the house does not seem to inspire the same raptures as the Birthplace itself. In his book \textit{The Travels of Elkanah Watson}, Jeremy D. Bans, argues that Elkanah could have seen a parallelism between this chair and his ancestral Plymouth Rock, “steadily shrinking as its chips became relics to be carried far away as mementos of historical pilgrimage.”\footnote{Jeremy D. Bans, \textit{The Travels of Elkanah Watson: An American Businessman in the Revolutionary War, in 1780’s Europe} (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland & Company, 2015), 92}

Watson sojourned in Europe for a period of about five years during the American Revolution, touring in France, England, Flanders and Holland. He was the carrier of despatches from Paris to London, concerning preliminary negotiations for the peace treaty that would end the American Revolution, finally signed in Paris on September 3\textsuperscript{rd} 1783. After visiting Stratford he moved to Birmingham and attended a dinner given “to the Americans in the city”. The party was small, American guests being only twenty-six in number, and he was the only “avowed rebel in the group”. However, he explains that “it was agreed that they might talk Tory, whilst I should be permitted to talk rebel; and thus being unconstrained, we passed an amusing evening.” Watson was therefore one of the first American independentists to pay homage to Shakespeare in his native town.

At the end of the eighteenth-century, Stratford received the visit of two leaders of the American Revolution, John Adams, who would later become the second President of the United States (1797-1801) and Thomas Jefferson who would become the third president (1801-1809). After America gained independence, Adams was sent
to London as the nation’s representative, and Jefferson to Paris. Both founding fathers were “deeply engaged” by Shakespeare, and “joined forces on one memorable occasion to make a pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon to visit Shakespeare’s birthplace.”

Adams recorded the impressions of their trip in his journal, not hiding his disillusion. He was doubly disappointed. First, when visiting Edgehill and Worcester, “the ground where Liberty was fought for” they notice that there is little interest on battlefields of the English Civil War, a war in which English commoners had fought for liberty as Americans had recently done. Secondly, after the visit to Stratford he sadly writes, “there is nothing preserved of this great Genius which is worth knowing.” He finds that the house where Shakespeare was born is “small and mean”, the house in which he died is “now only a garden” and his name is not even written on his gravestone. From all this the concluded that Shakespeare is much less valued in England than in America.

Nevertheless, they accomplished the ritual of the Shakespearean pilgrim and, proceeding “according to the custom,” they cut a chip from the old wooden chair in the chimney corner of Shakespeare’s birthplace. About the entire visit, Jefferson only notes that they paid one shilling each to see Shakespeare’s birthplace and tomb. The name of the inn in which they stayed is not recorded but Adams mentions that Shakespeare’s birthplace is “three doors from the inn” so it must have been The White Lion Inn, owned by John Payton on Henley Street which at the time was then the town’s principal inn.

In the president’s bedroom at Monticello, Virginia, the Thomas Jefferson Foundation has recently displayed a small wood chip attached to a note in Jefferson

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120 The Battle of Edgehill, Warwickshire (23 October 1642) was the first battle of the First English Civil War. The result was inconclusive since neither army was able to gain a decisive advantage. The Battle of Worcester (3 September 1651) was the final battle of the English Civil War. Oliver Cromwell's Parliamentarian "New Model Army", 28,000 strong, defeated King Charles II's 16,000 Royalists.
own handwriting that identifies the piece as a “chip cut from an armed chair in the chimney corner in Shakespeare’s house”. In his diary Jefferson adds that the Shakespeare chair, as those relics of Christian saints, “must miraculously reproduce itself”, words that suggest he was not as credulous as the average tourist.

Abigail Adams writes a letter to her sister, Elizabeth Smith Shaw, dated on 24 April 1786 informing her that both men had made an excursion and “Amongst the places they visited was the house and Spot upon which Shakspear was born” she adds, “They Sat in the chair in which he used to Study, and cut a relict from it.” Mrs Shaw answered this letter

I wonder how Mr Adams felt when he was cutting a Relict from Shakespears Chair. In walking over those hallowed Grounds, I fancy Ones feelings, and thoughts must be very peculiar. I wish they had presented Mr Adams with a Box, (as they did Mr Garrick,) made out of a mulberry Tree, which Shakespear planted with his own hands.123

From this letter by Abigail Adam’s sister in which she seems enthusiastic with the idea of walking over “hallowed Grounds”, it is possible to see how proto-romantic feelings infused Mrs Shaw’s thinking of Shakespeare. The fact that she knows about Garrick Jubilee shows how this contributed to triggering the literary tourism phenomenon in Stratford. It is also evident that she is familiarised with the traditional pilgrim rituals at the Birthplace, such as the gathering of relics and she seems to believe that it might be true that the chair Adams and Jefferson sat on was the same chair Shakespeare used to sit on.

However, not all visitors show the same reverence and devotion. When Aaron Bur, who had been the third vice-president of the United States, serving under President Thomas Jefferson, visited “Stratford, where lie the bones of Shakespeare”, he just wrote down that he had obtained a very detailed account of the jubilee in honour of Shakespeare by a barmaid. He did not record the visit to the birthplace or the tomb, if he ever did any of them. It should also be noted that Burr was a controversial man that had had to flee from America for Europe after having killing

his political rival in a duel and having some obscure affairs and trials in the western frontier. In addition, the fact that the only “article of any interest” Burr finds on his trip seems to be a “pretty comely brunette”, and the harsh critic he makes of another of his coach companions, does not define him as a very sensitive person.\(^\text{124}\)

Another early American visitor was Benjamin Silliman, a chemistry teacher, who was sent to Europe as a Yale College agent for the purpose of acquiring books for the enlargement of their library. When travelling from Birmingham to London in 1805, his coach stopped in Stratford at midnight and could say “little more that the we supped in the town of Stratford, memorable as having been the birth place of Shakspeare”, also added that “the inhabitants were all asleep and could not visit Shakspeare’s monument which is still standing on the church”.\(^\text{125}\) Silliman does not mention the birthplace and leaves the town in a coach commenting how common in England overbooking is in this type of vehicle, he had been on “one of a party of eighteen, twelve of whom were on the top.”

Among the American travel-writers that toured England recording their experiences in the early nineteenth century were those whose intention was making business. Joseph Ballard, partner of a household wares firm, travels to Birmingham then leading industrial city whose warehouses were visited by many international customers. As Silliman had done in 1805, on his way to Birmingham Joseph Ballard visits Stratford in 1815. Young Ballard tours from Oxford to Birmingham in order to visit “those damned cotton-spinning places” He voyages upon the passengers box, by a talkative coachman until they stopped Stratford just to change horses. Ballard takes advantage of this circumstance to satisfy his curiosity and goes closer to see Shakespeare’s birthplace. He does not get satisfied from what he sees since he writes, “is one of the most wretched hovels I ever beheld, and is now used as a butcher's shop”. He adds the following description of the place:

An old woman (who, as she informed me, was a descendant of the poet) was my conductor. Many things which belonged to the bard were shewn me, such as his chair, which is cut almost up for relics, a bench, sword, iron box,\(^\text{124}\) Matthew L. Davis (ed.) The Private Journal of Aaron Burr (New York: Harper and Brothers, 1838), vol. 1, 126-127.
\(^\text{125}\) Benjamin Silliman, A Journal of Travels in England, Holland, and Scotland: And of Two Passages Over the Atlantic in the Year 1805 and 1806 (Boston: Printed by T. B. Wait and Co. for Howe and Deforest, and Increase Cook and Co. Newhaven), 120.
picture, linstock, table, candle-sticks, some coins, &c. &c. I continued my ride to Birmingham.\textsuperscript{126}

Therefore, the attraction Americans felt towards Stratford started early in the nineteenth century, in fact, the first name that appears in the first visitor book for Shakespeare’s Birthplace is TH Perkins From Boston, Massachusetts, who visited the house in 1812. From the testimonies previously read, we know which were the conditions in which the birthplace was at that time. At the beginning of the nineteenth century visitors to Shakespeare’s birthplace found an old dwelling shown by an aged woman where some relics were kept, and others, as for instance an old chair that was celebrated as having belonged to Shakespeare himself, were cut and sold to them. Moreover the town lacked facilities for visitors, so most travellers just made a small stop on their way to or, from Birmingham. Thus it was not until Washington Irving’s publication of his Sketch Book that the town started to become a target destination for most of the thousands of Americans visiting England.

\section*{3.2.2 WASHINGTON IRVING AND GEOFFREY CRAYON (1820-1830)}

Not all the travel books produced by Americans at that time revealed an inclination to adopt a literary form. Some were just a collection of letters sent home, notes or journal annotations but many American writers that visited England and wrote about their experience added a literary component to their travel narratives. They share with the New World readers their experiences during their visits to the Old World. At the same time, these travel writings helped develop a consensus on what sites were going to be considered part of the literary tourist’s map of Britain, the route that American citizens would consistently follow. Until the late 1830s the route covered visits to dead writers graves such as Poet’s Corner in Westminster; by the fifties and early sixties and thanks to Irving publications, a new itinerary emerged consisting not only of visiting Poets’ Corner in Westminster Abbey, but also locations

associated with Scott, Robert Burns and the “inevitable Shakespearean sites in Stratford-upon-Avon.”  

Without any doubt it was the success of Washington Irving’s *The Sketch Book* that put Stratford-on-Avon on the map of sites that had to be seen by American tourists. *The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.*, consisted of a short-story collection first published serially throughout 1819 and 1820 and it was the first widely read work of American literature in Britain and Europe. Irving’s book helped to spread the status of American writers abroad and gave Irving an international audience. The following article, published in *The Evening Post* on October 13th 1848 with occasion of a republishing of the volume gives us an idea of the impact achieved by *The Sketch Book*:

Washington Irving's name is uppermost in our thoughts when speaking the claims or recounting the successes of American authorship. He has had the homage of critics on both sides of the Atlantic; the cordial praise of men of letters, his contemporaries and colabourers; some share of those executive favours which are rarely accorded as tributes to literary eminence; and he enjoys a reputation dignified by the union of high personal character, and unmarred by any of those personal jealousies that so often discredit established reputations, or that latter-day mediocrity that threatens them with final bankruptcy. We are glad to find him devoting part of the leisure of Sunnyside to the revision of his works for their uniform publication. * * * The first purchasers of this volume will be, if we mistake not, those who have read it oftenest. Its familiar papers come to most readers with the charm of long acquaintance; they are amongst the old wine in their stores of pleasant book recollections. Rip Van Winkle and Ichabod Crane are universal heroes; the Widow and her Son have made their appeal to everybody's sympathies; and every American traveller in England divides the enjoyment and the reminiscences of his pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon between Shakspeare and Irving.  

The success of *The Sketch Book* essay “Stratford-on-Avon” when it was first published makes the stop at Shakespeare's hometown mandatory for all American tourists. The book that combined fiction and observations of English life, sold over 75,000 copies in 1819, making it the most popular book for that year. The 9th

September 1819, Irving’s friend Henry Brevoort, wrote a letter from New York informing him that “the edition of the first number has all been sold” and “the demand rises in every quarter”. Brevoort continues “It is a point universally agreed upon, that your work is an honor to American literature as well as an example to those who aspire to a correct & eloquent style of composition.”

New travellers follow the trail left by Irving and intend to emulate the author's experience, staying in the same hotel, and if possible, in the same room, recreating the famous scene in which Irving, “a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own … after a weary day’s travel, … kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire” and remains awake and alone in front of a Red Horse Inn fireplace with the poker in hand muttering the following words:

Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. …The words of sweet Shakspeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakspeare, the jubilee, and David Garrick.

Irving was the first visitor who described Stratford in detail. He opens his essay by quoting a first stanza from David Garrick’s Ode delivered at the 1769 Jubilee, the first time Stratford held a celebration to pay homage to Shakespeare. This Ode links the poet and his hometown, worshiping the beauty of nature that surrounds it, and launches the idea that its landscape that has been sanctified by the contact it had with the poet.

He then describes the little parlor at the Red Horse Inn scene –previously

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131 David Garrick, Ode upon Dedicating the Town Hall and Erecting a Statue to Shakespeare, during the Jubilee at Stratford-upon-Avon, 1769 (Stratford-upon-Avon: Shaksperean Press, 1827), 13.
mentioned– goes to bed and dreams of Shakespeare. The following morning Irving that “had come to Stratford on a poetical Pilgrimage” heads for Shakespeare’s home finding a, “small, mean-looking edifice,” the walls of its “squalid chambers” covered “with names and inscriptions in every language”. The house is shown by “a garrulous old lady, in a frostry red face”, Mrs Hornby, often described by subsequent visitors, that exhibits the relics, and “an ample supply” of the mulberry-tree, which “seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross.” Irving is not blind to the ways of the Shakespeare industry and the mongering of relics. However, his favorite is Shakespeare’s chair, by the chimney, where he “sat when a boy” that had to be “new-bottoned at least once in three years” and, he humorously adds, “partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter” since although it was sold years before to a princess, “it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.” Irving knows it is not the original chair, but he allows himself to be deceived for the moment, for the sake of the pleasures of the imagination. Irving also states that he is “ever willing to be deceived… therefore a ready believer in relics, legends and local anecdotes”. Irving declares that on this occasion he “went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet”.

Then he goes to visit Shakespeare’s grave nearby. He finds old Edmonds the sexton of the church, who takes him home with him to get the key. He tries to get any anecdotes that could somehow illuminate the lack of information about Shakespeare’s life but the sexton and his friend John Ange only tell him that they “had been employed as carpenters on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick,”. Irving cannot escape the all pervasive relic-mongering as the sexton tells him that “Ange had assisted also in cutting down Shakspeare’s mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale;” Further, the old men take advantage to criticize the “eloquent dame who shows the Shak espeare house” even doubting that Shakespeare could have ever been born there. Undoubtedly, the sexton considered the birthplace a direct rival to the poet’s tomb and this anxiety is not unjustified. They return to the church, inside of which is Shakespeare’s tomb, marked by the four-line poem he is said to have written himself, and a bust of Shakespeare. If there had been no curse, Irving reflects, the bones of the poet had long since been transferred to Westminster Abbey, London. He abandons the church and
he goes through the churchyard where he plucks a branch from one of the yew trees, “the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.”

After visiting “the usual objects of a pilgrim’s devotion”, Irving decides to go and “see the old family seat of the Lucys, at Charlecot” where, according to the legendary but in all likelihood apocryphal anecdote, Shakespeare was caught stealing deer from Sir Lucy. He was imprisoned and in retribution was supposed to have written a cruel poem about Sir Lucy which had finally forced him to run away to London. This way “Stratford lost an indifferent wool comber, and the world gained an immortal poet.” Irving finds that “the whole country about (there) is poetic ground: everything is associated with the idea of Shakspeare”, he promenades through “noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries”. Soon after Irving’s narrative, the association of Shakespeare and natural landscape became a standard feature of American travel writing about Stratford.

At the scene of the crime, where the Lucy family still lives, Irving strolls all over the property and gets a tour of the house itself from the housekeeper. While walking, he imagines Shakespeare there in those halls, as well as the characters he based it on, and becomes lost in his fantasy world. He says, “my mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them.” On returning to the inn, he thinks about Shakespeare, a “true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart.” And that had exerted upon him, a “wizard influence” that has make him walk “all day in a complete delusion.” Irving thus added fuel to the notion that walking in the places that Shakespeare walked in makes one partake of his spirit and genius.

Irving influenced other writer’s works such as Henry Wadsworth Longfellow’s Outre-Mer: A Pilgrimage Beyond the Sea (1835), Donald G. Mitchell’s Fresh Gleanings (1847), and Henry T. Tuckerman’s The Italian Sketch Book (1835). These books contained fiction as well as travel writing. Nevertheless, they did not
have the same appreciation, neither achieved the same success as Irvin’s did.\textsuperscript{132}

Irving not only placed Stratford in the spotlight for American travellers but also turned the literary pilgrimage into an important part of travelling for pleasure and travel-writing books.

In the process of visiting a scene associated with a famous writer, the traveller demonstrates that he possesses sufficient poetic sensibility to understand the sources of inspiration that lead to great art and to interpret the qualities that define the true artist. In his meditations, the traveller partakes imaginatively in the act of artistic creation, defines the qualities that make art great, and thus affirms a set of aesthetic values. The literary pilgrimage thus often becomes a peculiar combination of literary manifesto and veiled autobiography that reveals more about the travel writer than the purported subject.\textsuperscript{133}

Irving’s essay remained so popular that in 1900 a rare volume, 	extit{Stratford-upon-Avon, from "The Sketch Book" of Washington Irving} was edited by Richard Savage and William Salt Brassington. The volume, dedicated to the members of the Stratford-upon-Avon Shakespeare Club, had the particularity that was “the only edition ever published in Stratford-upon-Avon; … printed in the house in which Shakespeare's daughter, Judith, and her husband, Thomas Quiney, lived for 36 years, and within a few paces of the room in which the admirable "Sketch" first presented itself to Irving's mind.” The preface consists of a short account of Irving’s biography “especially of his visits to Stratford-upon-Avon.” The first visit, dated 25\textsuperscript{th} July 1815, was recorded in the Church Album and, the editors continue, “it is thanks to this visit that we owe the production of the Stratford-upon-Avon Sketch, which has been so aptly described as the best bit of Shakespeareana ever penned.”\textsuperscript{134} The volume mentions other visits: a second one on the 10\textsuperscript{th} September 1821 and a third one on 20\textsuperscript{th} December 1831. On September 1821 Irving first wrote and erased several lines\textsuperscript{135} and finally wrote the following lines in the “Birthroom”,

\begin{quote}
Of mighty Shakespeare’s birth the room we see,  
That where he died in vain to find we try;
\end{quote}


\textsuperscript{133} Bendixen, 109.


\textsuperscript{135} The lines erased were “The house of Shakespeare’s birth we here may see; That of his death we find without a trace—; Vain the inquiry, for Immortal he”.
Unless the search: -for all Immortal He
And those who are Immortal never die
W. I. second visit,
October, 1821

The third and last visit by Irving to the town, also recorded in the church album, took place in December 1831. On this occasion he was in the company of the American Minister, Martin Van Buren and his son J. Van Buren. The implications of this visit will be analysed later on.

In the early 20s and thanks to the publication of The Sketch Book (1820) and Bracebridge Hall (1822), Washington Irving had already gained a reputation as an author close to the British life he had so successfully described in his works. Nevertheless, although the British had him in high esteem as a writer, they had not finished accepting him among theirs because of its American origin.

Proof of this is the circumstance that when in 1823 the proposal to realize a monument in Stratford in honor to Shakespeare arises, Irving is initially proposed as a member of a “committee appointed to promote and direct the construction”, but he is finally rejected because he was an American. The 10th of February 1823, Sir Robert Liston, a diplomat appointed as British Minister to the United States in 1796, addressed a letter to Miss Rebecca Bond, “one of Irving’s London society” to make her participate of his opinion,

As to me, I think of the author of the Sketch-Book with sentiments of admiration, & of a sort of patriotick affection and delight. I would vote for erecting to him a Statue of Gold as an everlasting memorial of gratitude of the two Countries, but I should not I believe, as yet have ventured to propose him as a prominent manager of an [sic] national concern at least not without previously assuring myself of an irresistible majority.– The time alas! is not yet come.

Finally and in spite of the objections made by British nationalists, Irving is included in that committee, although we do not know if he was ever present. The committee cannot agree on the design of the monument and finally the project is cancelled. In 1826 the financial contributions are returned to the donors. From that uncompleted project we only have a satire that mocks “Ezechiel Hankey, Help of Geoffrey Crayon” who gives his “American opinion” on the design of the
monument.\textsuperscript{136} Both documents, Sir Robert Liston’s letter and Kelsall satire, suggest that relations between both countries were not fluid since, in spite of having elapsed half a century since the American Revolution, it had only been a decade since their last confrontation, the 1812 War.

Zachariah Allen, an American textile manufacturer who stops at Stratford in 1825 already sees that “Stratford upon Avon gets its celebrity and interest from being the birth place of Shakspeare”. When Allen calls on the “old framed two story building, with the interstices of the blackened timbers filled in with bricks, after the ancient fashion of construction” he observes that the building is assiduously visited by strangers from all over the world. Allen is stunned to see that, “before this ordinary house, which would fail to attract a second glance from a passenger in the street, men are seen loitering, to gaze upon it, and stopping to muse as if a palace were exposed to their regards, and piles of rubies, in stead of red meat, were delighting their vision.”\textsuperscript{137}

His testimony is indicative of how the importance of the Birthplace as destination for literary tourists had grown in a few years.

In 1825, Nathaniel H. Carter visits Stratford. He is an American journalist, editor of The Statesman, who is then touring England and sending letters describing his journeys to his newspaper in America. It has only been five years since The Sketchbook was published – nevertheless, when he arrives to the Red Horse Inn, a copy of Washington Irving’s book is already lying upon the table in the parlour of the hotel, “presented by a Virginian, on condition that when it is worn out, another will be substituted at his expense”. Carter is pleased to occupy Irving’s room and he also has the opportunity to see the poker in which the words “Geoffrey Crayon’s Sceptre” are engraved as a “compliment … paid by a traveller, who astonished the landlady by requesting the loan of the instrument for a day or two.”\textsuperscript{138} Carter’s letter indicates how

The satire mentioned in this article is: Charles Kelsall, The First sitting of the Committee on the Proposed Monument to Shakspeare. Carefully taken in Short-Hand by Zachary Craft (Cheltenham, England, 1823).


fast the popularity of Irving and his Sketch Book has increased – and how the cult of Shakespeare has triggered the cult of Irving.

By 1825, the *Sketch Book* had become one of the first best sellers in the United States and many Americans wanted to follow its character adventures, Geoffrey Crayon’s paces. Irving had already become part of the Stratford attractions. This means that a new tradition had appeared in Stratford that no longer belongs to the area of influence of his own poet but to a foreigner. As we can see in the texts that comprise the anthology, successive travellers will reach Stratford with the illusion, not only to explore the town of Shakespeare but also to visit the places described by his compatriot Irving in his famous short story. From now on, Stratford offers a site that has some elements acquired under the influence of this American author that would attract thousands of tourists thus exerting a considerable influence on the development of the place.

Carter sleeps at the Red Horse Inn, and the following day visits Shakespeare’s “old-fashioned two story house”. The ground floor having two rooms: the front one “occupied as a butcher’s stall” and the other room is a kitchen that “has remained without alteration since the days of the poet, who used to play when a child upon the hearth of the large fire-place.” Carter observes that the walls of the birth room are completely covered by signatures and that a large amount of the signatures that appear in the visitor’s book belong to American citizens although, “pilgrims from all parts of the globe have come hither, to bend at the shrine of the divine bard.” Successive visitors will use the language of religion first used in Garrick Jubilee to refer to the poet as well as to his birth town.

From the birthplace, Carter directs his steps to the Holy Trinity Church to visit Shakespeare’s tomb. There, Carter observes how the value of “this rural and sequestered spot, upon the margin of his native stream, and hallowed by his ashes” is more important than “most splendid decorations of art”. The American visits a new museum – “kept by the same old lady who is described in Irving’s Sketch” – filled with relics of whose antiquity he doubts. Carter explains that the lady, who claims to be a descendant of Shakespeare and had written a drama that she tries to sell, was evicted from the birthplace because of an increment of rent and, had taken with her “all the articles in her possession, and has since made copious additions, some of
which have very strong marks of being apocryphal.” The competition to attract
visitors between these two ladies seems to be common, in fact, some travellers say
they have seen them quarrelling on the authenticity of relics.

Carter confuses the name of the owner of the museum. He names her Mrs Hart
but it was Mrs Hornby the woman described by Washington Irving and the one
showing him the museum. Mary Hornby was the wife of Thomas Hornby the butcher
that had rented the house when the Harts moved away from town in the 1890s. The
Harts, descendant of Shakespeare’s sister, Joan, were the owners of the whole
property until 1806 when they sold it to the butcher Thomas Court. In 1820, three
years after Thomas Hornby’s death, Mary was evicted from the house apparently
opening a museum just opposite it.139

A bookseller of the village shows Carter the church, “in which the great poet
of nature sleeps”. This guide “has become acquainted with several of our countrymen
in their visits to Stratford,” and even affirms, “the Americans generally who had
visited the place, appeared to take a more lively interest in its associations, than even
the English themselves.” Carter refers the bookseller’s words with a sense of national
pride but here perhaps we have an instance of an Stratfordian already alert to the
benefits of enlisting Americans tourists as customers for the Shakespeare industry. In
any case, this interest Americans show in places related to the biography of the poet,
an interest often referred to as superior to that of the English themselves, is frequently
found in these travel narratives. This is an idea that permeates American travel
writing and gradually gives legitimacy to Americans as the proper inheritors of the
poet. Americans are gradually making Shakespeare theirs.

Carter describes Shakespeare’s monument to his readers in detail, he tells
them that the bust altered by Malone, had been recently restored, but when dealing
with the tomb inscription he says, it “is too familiar to my readers to bear a citation”.
We can therefore conjecture that references to this inscription were so abundant in
American travel books or papers that the journalist thought that it was not necessary
to repeat it.

139 Dobson and Wells (eds.), 47.
In September 1826, *The Christian Spectator* published an article entitled “Observations of an American in England”. The writer, whose name remains unknown, narrates his visit to Stratford revealing that his objective in this visit is, “to tread the ground that Shakspeare trod, to view the scenes that he viewed, to bend over his tomb, and to examine those relics of the bard, which have been preserved from the ravages of time.” He confesses that this visit obeys to his devotion towards Shakespeare “a weakness” that can be compared to those of kings, princes, statesmen and poets who have “all paid tribute to the memory of the immortal dramatist.”

Looking up for an inn, he passes several until he sees one with a portrait of Shakespeare on a signboard. He instantly chooses this inn since it seems the most appropriate for his “pilgrimage” to the tomb of Shakespeare. At the inn he finds that “every object paid tribute to the memory of the immortal dramatist”: a volume of his plays, a sketch of the birthplace, an engraving representing Shakespeare statue in the chancel of the church or a snuffbox with his image. The sign at this inn, a painting of the immortal bard, is the same that Elkanah Watson describes in 1782, almost half a century before. Underneath the image of the poet the traveller reads the “often-quoted lines” from Milton’s *L’Allegro*:

"Here sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
Warbled his native wood-notes wild."

In these two lines, Shakespeare is seen as a natural child of the imagination, like a bird singing while perched on a branch. The two previous lines of this poem (“then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson’s learned sock be on,”) are addressed to Jonson as the poet related to learning and classical tradition. According to Jonathan Bate, the words *native wood-notes* suggest naturalness and innate genius, as well as, rooted in a natural tradition, and belonging to the place of birth.  

The name of the inn is not mentioned but its description matches The White Lion, a hostel standing where the Birmingham road entered Henley Street. When the Garrick Jubilee took place in 1769, this was the only inn at Stratford and Garrick

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142 The White Lion Inn was really popular among American visitors and maintained its activity as an inn until 1857. It was finally demolished in 1979; the Visitor Centre leading into the Birthplace occupies its place.
stayed in it, furthermore, the Inn had been the place in which towards the end of 1768, the actor George Alexander Stevens, friend of Garrick, had suggested presenting the great actor, “a flattering letter from the Mayor and Corporation offering him the Freedom of the Borough” enclosed in a box made of the mulberry tree, asking him to donate “some statue, bust, or picture of Shakespeare” for their new Town Hall.143

The Inn owner, John Payton, appears as the witness in a curious commercial transaction that had taken place in 1762, seven years before the Garrick Jubilee. Payton’s name is mentioned in a note stating that David Garrick had received four pieces of the mulberry-tree planted by Shakespeare that had recently been cut down. Garrick had commissioned a friend to purchase the pieces and paid two guineas for them. William Hunt, Attorney in Stratford and John Payton, Master of the White Lion Inn signed in this receipt in order to warrantee that the pieces truly belonged to the “Mulberry-tree commonly called Shakespeare’s tree”.144 Relics made from the mulberry-tree have been since then the foremost souvenirs in Stratford.

The Christian Spectator journalist fulfils the entire prescribed route through Stratford. First, he visits Shakespeare’s grave, signs in the visitor book, describes the monument to his readers and promenades along the banks of the Avon – the walk by the riverside having become now as much part of the literary pilgrimage as the birthplace or the grave. In the evening he goes to see the relics preserved of the poet “in possession of an old lady by the name of Hornby”. This is the museum she set opposite the birthplace. The relics are kept in a little room upstairs a butcher’s shop “not very agreeable to the smell”. A list of items is offered:

Among the articles are his chair, in which of course I had the honour of sitting — a table on which he wrote — a Spanish card and dice box presented the poet by the prince of Castile — part of a Spanish matchlock, the remains of the piece with which he shot the deer in Charlicote park, and for which deed he was under the necessity of leaving his native place — a table cover, a present from good Queen Bess, &c. &c,145

When in 1820 Mrs Hornby was evicted from Shakespeare’s birthplace, she took with her all the visitor books and also the relics. Sitting on the chair continued

145 The Christian Spectator, 524.
being the main momentous activity. The following morning the visitors go to the birthplace, “The front part of it is occupied as a meat-shop, through which, like the other place, princes and nobles must pass, in order to reach the room above, in which the poet was born”. The walls are covered by names of visitors and in the visitor book, he reads Washington Irving’s poem and expresses his surprise at the big amount of American names, “there was scarcely a leaf in the book, or a square foot on the wall, which did not contain one name or more from the United States”.

Jacob Green, a Professor of Chemistry in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia, tours Europe during seven months in 1828. His ship had departed from Delaware Bay on the 20th April and reached Liverpool on the 22nd May. There were twenty-two passengers on board his ship that spent one month to cross the Atlantic. His visit to Stratford is short. He knows that Irving has made a “beautiful description of the spot”\(^\text{146}\) but he does not visit the birthplace since he is told that there are two different houses claiming to be the authentic place where Shakespeare was born. Disappointed he says, “There are two that seem to have equal claims to the honour. I therefore gave up the enterprise, and reserved my enthusiasm and rhapsodies for less equivocal occasions”. The two houses he mentions are probably the birthplace at Mrs Court’s butchery, and Mrs Hornby’s museum, that also held a meat-shop on its ground floor.

Another traveller that is in a hurry and goes by without visiting the main pilgrimage sites in town is Samuel Morse, famous for the Morse code. On Christmas Day 1829 this American painter and inventor writes a letter to a cousin informing him that he has slept in Birmingham, which he had not time to see “on account of darkness, smoke, and fog: three most inveterate enemies to the seekers of the picturesque and of antiquities”. In the morning, he has had breakfast at Stratford and immediately had continued the journey towards London. He had not visited Shakespeare's birth, or his tomb, although he had visited the house “when in England before.”\(^\text{147}\) Many of the Americans that travelled through England in the first half of


the eighteenth century, visited Birmingham, then an industrial metropolis, and also visited Stratford on their way to or from London.

3.2.3 BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS. THE CULT OF IRVING (1830-1840)

After the success of the 1830 Royal Gala in Stratford, Shakespearean commemorations became a regular feature. Shakespeare birthday celebrations took place in London and in Stratford, however, as time advanced, they adopted on a different character. London birthday celebrations were cultural and artistic, as the Poet Laureate and West End actors attended them. On the contrary, Stratford Birthday celebrations were, as Christa Jansohn argues, “increasingly positioned as both local, rooted in place, and international in appeal with their national flags and diplomatic visitors.” Some Americans also started to contribute to the town’s birthday celebrations. The Warwickshire Advertiser, published the following news on April, 12 1830, “Mr Blackmore (the American), and tightrope walker was the star of the Golden Lion Shakspeare Club’s celebratory programme” when he performed “an astonishing ascent to the enormous height of near 80 feet, on the Tight Rope”.

The American tragedian George Jones was invited to produce the first Annual Jubilee Oration the 23rd of April, 1836. The speech, delivered at the Theatre in Chapel Lane, went on for two hours and when published the text was fifty-two pages long. In his speech, Jones argues that America is, “a land that cannot boast, ‘tis true, of her Saxon or her Norman castles (…) nor can she point to the pilgrim’s eye, the ruined abbey or the ivy-clad cathedral” but its richness, adds Jones, is mainly based on the surrounding nature and for being a temple to freedom, “whose altar is guarded by Liberty and Justice;” However, Jones highlights, America’s greatest advantage is its language, that is the language of Shakespeare that it has inherited from England:

149 Jansohn and Mehl, 35.
This is not all America possesses; she hath within her very heart a secret pride, which she would not exchange for any, in visionary thought, or stern reality; – it is a pride posterity will find within her laws; penned within her archives; and traced upon the tablet of her fame. – It is a pride breathing through her very language.\textsuperscript{151}

Nature (with its symbolic value as the temple of freedom) and language are part of the common ground England and America share. If American cannot boast a historical heritage materialised in castles, abbeys and cathedrals, it can nevertheless boast, through the shared language, the works of Shakespeare as its literary heritage. The idyllic landscape of Stratford and the connection of Shakespeare with nature are a recurrent topic in the travel accounts of American tourists, always eager to find emotional links and spiritual ties between the American national identity and Shakespeare, the poet of nature born in Stratford.

This impulse to find in England the roots of America lies beneath the tours many Americans citizens undertake at this time. Stratford becomes an ideal destination, as it provides a link with Shakespeare and linguistic origins and an excellent example of the English Countryside. When Washington Irving returns to Stratford in 1831, he does so in the company of Mr Van Buren, the American Minister, and his son. Martin Van Buren was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James in 1831 and remained as American ambassador in Britain until 1832. He would later become the eighth president of the United States, serving from 1837 to 1841. Their tour is meant to “show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life, and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas”.\textsuperscript{152} They travel in an open carriage to Stratford-on-Avon where they visit the church. Their visit is recorded in the Church Album, under date, 20th December 1831. Their conductor was the grandson of the "old sexton" of the "Sketch Book," Mr Thomas Kite, who had then succeeded his grandfather in the office of Parish Clerk. Mr Thomas Kite who passed away in 1899, often related Washington Irving's visit with pride and delight to his friends; he always referred to Irving as "a perfect gentleman."\textsuperscript{153}

\textsuperscript{151} Jones, 46.
\textsuperscript{152} Savage and Brassington (ed.), 10-12.
\textsuperscript{153} Savage and Brassington (ed.), 10.
They search for accommodation at the Red Horse Inn where they find the “same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the 'Sketch Book.'” The woman makes “a fuss” when she recognises Irving and, as if Irving were any other American regular tourist, she shows him the room in which he had slept on his previous visit where she had hunged his “engraved likeness”. She also shows him “a poker, which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved ‘Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre.’” This is the beginning of a double literary pilgrimage related to the cults of Shakespeare and Irving. From this time onwards, the Red Horse Inn will become a site of pilgrimage in itself, as American visitors will be shown the parlour Irving wrote about, the poker, Irving’s portrait, and Irving’s room.

The influx of American tourists in Stratford continued during the 1830s. As Henry Blake Mclellan notes, they mainly visit and describe the grave in Holy Trinity church or the house “of the prince of poets”, a building they find small, disappointing and without architectural importance. Although many visiting Americans were willing to go unnoticed by Britons, they were easily spotted and identified as Americans. Some dressed in English clothes or remained silent, but. even before they spoke, their nationality was sometimes noticed or guessed. In June 1832, the American officer in the United States Navy Charles Stewart travels from Birmingham to Stratford, a place he “felt acquainted with many of its most prominent features” thanks to “the many sketches and engravings which” he “had seen of this place”. Once at the inn, the landlady, “the factotum of the establishment” as he describes her, is “particularly attentive and polite, with them “and, at once, gave us to understands that she know us to be Americans, by telling us, that she had ‘twice had the honour of entertaining our distinguished fellow-countryman, Washington Irving,’

154 Henry McLellan, *Journal of a Residence in Scotland, and Tour through England, France, Germany, Switzerland and Italy; with a Memoir of the Author and Extracts from his Religious Papers.* (Boston: Allen and Ticknor, 1834), 340-341
155 During the War of 1812, Stewart commanded, successively, *USS Argus, USS Hornet, and USS Constellation*. When the British closely blockaded *Constellation* in Norfolk, he took command of *Constitution* at Boston in 1813. Under Stewart's command, *Constitution* captured *HMS Cyane and HMS Levant* on the 20th February, 1815. The Treaty of Paris, ending the War of 1812, had been signed earlier that month but both sides in the battle were unaware of that event. By capturing two British warships with a single ship of his own, Stewart became a national hero and was awarded a Congressional Gold Medal on 22 February 1816.
and that ‘many Americans’ visited the tomb of Shakspeare.” Stewart remarks upon the fact that Americans have now become an object of interest for the town denizens:

our nationality soon became known in the streets, and as we walked about the town, especially in the vicinity of the post house, it was manifest that we were gazed on as two Indians, or something of the kind, just broken loose from the forest

They are guided to “the paternal residence of the immortal” bard, an old butcher’s shop that is now only used to accommodate a single female, “its keeper and exhibiter”. There they see all walls “covered so entirely in every part, with the autographs of visitors, from all parts of the civilized word, of every rank and character”. They find the autographs of the Duke of Clarence, Sir Walter Scott, and Washington Irving, “In the countless number” and decide to “search out a place of the size of a shilling, on which to leave the same tribute of respect, to the memory of the leading genius of his day.” The old clerk of the parish shows him the monument, and the vault in which the “body of Shakspeare reposes”. Pointing out the “coarse stone…marked with the well known verse, in rude execution, of the poet’s own diction” the clerk-guide adds:

‘But for that curse’ said the old man –in a tone which, I was at a loss to determine, whether of regret that the honour could not have been conferred, or of satisfaction, that his bones were still where they had secured him so many a handsome fee- ‘he would long ago have been in the ‘poet’s corner,’ in Westminster Abbey.

Thus, as the clerk says, Stratford owes a debt to Shakespeare’s tomb curse. With the mortal remains of the bard transferred to London, Stratford would have never become a destination for literary tourists, it would have never enjoyed the numbers of visitors it had during the nineteenth-century and the development of the town would have been completely different.

Nathaniel Parker Willis correspended of the New York Mirror visits the by then well-known circuit, Warwick Castle, Kenilworth and Stratford, in 1835. He is in the company of a “distinguished literary friend”, Miss Jane Porter, a Scottish historical novelist. He observes that Stratford “is now rather a smart town” although

157 Steward, 81.
158 Steward, 82.
still preserves “a glorious old gloomy and inconvenient abode, which looks as if Shakspeare might have taken shelter under its eaves, the gayer features of the town have the best of it, and flaunt their gaudy and unrespected newness in the very windows of that immortal birthplace”.

They ask for Shakespeare house and “a garrulous old lady” shows them the place. She talks about all the visitors that have seen the house and how they look carefully to the names written on walls and albums, it seems that “she has grown to think some of Shakspeare’s pilgrims greater than Shakspeare.” Willis ask for the antiquity of the relics and the lady tells him that recently she has almost be stolen a small wooden box made of Shakespeare’s mulberry-tree. The lady also adds “a long story of an American, who had lately taken the whim to sleep in Shakspeare’s birth-chamber” she does not understand why “two thirds of her visitors should be Americans a circumstance that was abundantly proved by the books.”

He feels overwhelmed by the talk of the lady in such a way that until he leaves the place he does not realize what it means to have seen “one of the most glorious altars of memory – that deathless Will Shakspeare, the mortal, who was, perhaps, (not to speak profanely) next to his Maker, in the divine faculty of creation, – first saw the light”. Willis also visit the church and the fact that Shakespeare’s family and acquaintances are buried so close to his grave makes him think of Shakespeare as a human being involved in everyday tasks, circumstances that force him say, “It is painful and embarrassing to the mind to go to Stratford to reconcile the immortality and the incomprehensible power of genius like Shakspeare’s, with the space, tenement and circumstance of a man!”

Willis adds two important new elements to his description of Stratford. First, he pays a visit to “Shottery, where Anne Hathaway lived” thus he demonstrates an interest in the house of Shakespeare’s wife that previous travellers had not shown. It was only in 1793 when Samuel Ireland, in search of materials related to Shakespeare included an illustration of what would later be known as Anne Hathaway’s Cottage under the title of “House at Shotery, in which Ann Hathaway the wife of Shakspeere resided”. Until that moment the house was practically unknown in Stratford.159 During the nineteenth century the interest in the house grew due to the fact that the

159 Scheil, 330.
house was close to Stratford and also had the advantage of being surrounded by beautiful English countryside. Many travellers think that this picturesque landscape had been the inspiration for some of Shakespeare’s plays, attributing to the cottage thus the connection between Shakespeare and the natural world.\textsuperscript{160} Willis is one of the first Americans to mention this new Shakespearean site, a location that would be later loved by the Victorian and therefore visited by thousands of travellers.

At Anne Hathaway’s cottage, Willis admires the landscape, the green hedges, the paths, the hills. The same landscape which, he thinks, Shakespeare had no doubt seen before. This search for the “spirit of Shakespeare” in the places, paths and hills the author visited will be a feature of many American travel narratives about Stratford. Secondly, Willis also reflects on the nature of Shakespeare and Anne Hathaway’s love relationship when they were courting in the following way:

Did that great mortal love timidly, like ourselves? Was the passionate outpouring of his heart simple, and suited to the humble condition of Anne Hathaway, or was it the first fiery coinage of Romeo and Othello? Did she know the immortal honour and light poured upon woman by the love of genius? Did she know how this common and oftestest terrestrial passion becomes fused in the poet’s bosom with celestial fire, and, in its wondrous elevation and purity, ascends lambently and musically to the very stars! Did she coy it with him? Was she a woman to him, as commoner mortals find woman—capricious, tender, cruel, intoxicating, cold—everything by changes impossible to calculate or foresee! Did he walk home to Stratford, sometimes, despairing in perfect sick-heartedness of her affection, and was he recalled by a message or a lover’s instinct to find her weeping and passionately repentant?\textsuperscript{161}

All these questions, Willis adds, just obey to our innate desire to “to seek analogies between our affections, passions, appetites and theirs—to wish they might have been no more exalted, no more fervent, no more worthy of the adorable love of woman than our selves!” Willis takes issue with the way researches on the biography of the poet are made:

The same temper that prompts the depreciation, the envy, the hatred exercised toward the poet in his lifetime, mingles, not inconsiderably, in the researches so industriously prosecuted after his death into his youth and history. To be admired in this world, and much more to be beloved for higher qualities than

\textsuperscript{160} Thomas, 130.
\textsuperscript{161} Nathaniel P. Willis, \textit{Romance of Travel, Comprising Tales of Five Lands} (New York: S. Colman, 1840), 285.
his fellow-men, ensures to genius not only to be persecuted in life, but to be ferretted out with all his frailties and imperfections from the grave.\footnote{Willis, 285-286.}

Although his conception of biography seems here to border on hagiography, Willis deserves credit for being one of the first American writers to combine travel writing and biography – or at least vie imaginaire, bordering on the vie romancée.

Another important feature of Willis’s travel narrative is his interview with the Red Horse Inn owner, Mrs Gardiner. Willis is hosted at the same hotel and room Irving was in his first visit to the town, as many other American visitors would do after the publication and immediate success of *The Sketchbook* in 1820. He is shown the engraved poker, which at that time had already become one of Stratford foremost relics. "I have brought up, mem," Mrs Gardiner said, "I have brought up a relic for you to see that no money would buy from me."

The journalist then asks Mrs Gardiner questions about Irving’s sojourn at the hotel and especially on the precise moment that Irving describes in his sketchbook. She perfectly remembers him since she is “very much in the habit of observing” her guests. Holding a worn copy of the *Sketch Book* she adds:

> If you remember, mem,"… Geoffery Crayon tells the circumstance of my stepping in when it was getting late and asking if he had rung. I knows it by that, and then the gentleman I mean was an American and I think, mem, besides," (and she hesitated a little as if she was about to advance an original and rather ventursome opinion,) "I think I can see that gentleman’s likeness all through this book

Irving occupied room number three and was staying his welcome by remaining in the parlour until it was rather late, so Ms Gardinere entered the parlour to drop an hint. Mrs Gardiner refers to Willis her conversation with Washington Irving, which seem as if her memory has been invigorated by *The Sketchbook*:

> So I opens the door, and I says, If you please sir, did you ring little thinking that question would ever be written down in such a beautiful book, mem. He sat with his feet on the fender poking the fire, and a smile on his face, as if some pleasant thought was in his mind. No, ma’am, says he, I did not. I shuts the door, and sits down again, for I hadn’t the heart to tell him that it was late, for he was a gentleman not to speak rudely to, mem. Well, it was past twelve o’clock, when the bell did ring. There, says I to Sarah, thank heaven he has done thinking, and we can go to bed. So he walked up stairs with his light, and the
next morning he was up early and off to the Shakspeare house, and he brings me home a box of the mulberry tree, and asks me if I thought it was genuine, and said it was for his mother in America. And I loved him still more for that, and I’m sure I prayed she might live to see him return."

The interview with Mrs Gardiner that Willis includes in his chronicle, supplements the American readers with detailed information about Irving’s creative moment at Stratford. Geoffrey Crayon the character, and Washington Irving the author mingle, erasing the border between reality and fantasy and turning fiction into autobiography. Willis also reports the moment when Mrs Gardiner reads Irving’s “Stratford-upon-Avon” for the first time. The tale that had originated in England, travels to America and again back to England reinforcing the connections between these two countries and the two national bards, Shakespeare and Irving.

In 1836, George Palmer Putnam, a book publisher and author visits England, he publishes his writings in *The Knickerbocker* and later includes them in a book which is intended to be useful to Americans visiting Europe and especially those who are planning a tour with reference to economy, either in time or money. As his intention is to be as informative as possible, he includes some tables of expense. He has visited Stratford and sees “the house of him whose name and works will live long after these mighty castles shall have crumbled to the dust”. He encourages travellers to visit Stratford and to add their names, as the “host of grandissimos, besides the multitude of humbler gentry” that, “have deigned to worship at this intellectual shrine!” He reports having seen the autographs in walls and albums, “in army of them from the United States” and includes in his “memoranda”, some of the poems written by Washington Irving, James Henry Hackett – the first important American actor to be a success in England – and Nathanael H. Carter. He comically adds, that he lacks enough creativeness to write a poem, and is not “inspired even by the impressive little sign which is poked out over the door, and tells the heedless urchin of Stratford, as well as the eager pilgrim from foreign climes, that

"The immortal Shakspeare"

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163 George Palmer Putnam, *The Tourist In Europe: A Concise Summary of the Various Routes, Objects of Interest, &. in Great Britain, France, Switzerland, Italy, Germany, Belgium, and Holland; With Hints on Time, Expenses, Hotels, Conveyances, Passports, Coins, &C; Memoranda During a Tour of Eight Months in Great Britain and in the Continent, in 1836* (New York: Wiley & Putnam, 1838), 12.

164 Putnam, 86.
Was born in this house."

And then to be bowed up stairs and down,

"For only sixpence sterling!" "

He finally informs the reader that they are preparing a ‘grand jubilee'; and “an oration is to be delivered by somebody whose name I have forgotten; but as he styles himself the ‘American Tragedian,' you will know, I suppose, to whom this title belongs.” As we have previously seen in this paper, it was George Jones the person in charge of the Jubilee Oration of 1836.

By 1837, all sort of travellers made their halt in Stratford. Edward N. Kirk, a missionary and promoter of the temperance movement, also stopped just the time necessary to visit, “the shrine of ten thousand pilgrims, the chamber of his birth, where Walter Scott, King William, and Martin Van Buren have all recorded their names on plaster or paper”. The same year, 1837, Isaac A. Jewett, an American lawyer comments on the security of historical sites recounting an affair that has recently been told to him by Mrs Court, Shakespeare’s birthplace custodian. A group of females “apparently from some boarding school” had taken a piece of the wooden mantel of Shakespeare’s room. Jewett comments, that “certain classes of the English, — to say nothing of certain Americans, about whom let silence on this subject be preserved, for silence may here be more significant than words—“ are more disposed to deface national works and to finger objects of art, than like classes upon the continent.”

Harriette Story Paige and her husband, James W. Paige, accompanied Mr and Mrs Webster, and their daughter Julia, on a tour through England in 1839. Daniel Webster was an American prominent politician and although this journey was not made in any official capacity, Mr Webster's reception in England was done in the most respectful way due solely to his reputation and personality. 

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165 Isaac Appleton Jewett, Passages in Foreign Travel (Boston: Charles C. Little and James Brown, 1838), 164-165.

166 In the preface to Daniel Webster in England by Harriette Story Paige we can read the following: In the Life of Benjamin Disraeli, Earl of Beaconsfield, by William Flavelle Monypenny (vol. II, 64), there is the following description of Mr Webster by Disraeli, written in 1839: " Lyndimrst was also capital. I dined with him yesterday to meet Webster, who is, I
Shakespeare’s birthplace, see the white washed wall covered with names, among them Irving’s name and poem and Mr Webster places his name too. Then, they visit the church where the remains of the poet lie. They read the already famous epitaph, and comment on how the bust that is in the niche on the wall is now, the bust is, “generally acknowledged now, to be a correct representation of the Poet. Copies of it are abundant about England”\(^\text{167}\)

Finally, Harriett writes, they are lucky since, the Shakspeare pew was just undergoing repairs, and a small piece of the timber of the floor, was so far preserved, as to allow Mr Webster to remove it, and he has carefully laid aside the relic, to manufacture a penhandle or two, for friends at home, who will fully appreciate its value.\(^\text{168}\)

Years later, the *Godey’s Lady’s Book And Magazine* would publish an article entitled “Daniel Webster At The Tomb Of Shakespeare”\(^\text{169}\) accompanied by an engraving showing Webster at Holy Trinity Church. The magazine publishes an extract of a lecture by James T. Fields, the American editor, in which he recalls the following:

> A few years ago, I saw Daniel Webster standing at the grave of Shakspeare, and heard him solemnly recite, as we stayed in Stratford Church, Hamlet’s soliloquy on immortality! The most splendid specimen of power and dignity then walking this planet I saw beside the tomb of that most majestic monarch of mind. As your great countryman reverently uncovered that noble forehead, and gazed with a look fraught with the deepest meaning on the hallowed shrine before us, I thought that never before, since the Bard of Avon died, had his grave been looked on by a more commanding spirit.

The account of Webster delivering “To be or not to be” at the “hallowed shrine” Shakespeare’s grave has become now is indicative of how at this time the grave still holds some pre-eminence over the birthplace –Webster’s visit acquires the shape of a religious observance, as he takes of his hat and uncovers his “noble forehead” at the sacred spot where Shakespeare’s ashes rest.

believe, considered a very refined and spiritual Yankee, but seemed to me a complete Brother Jonathan — a remarkable twang, as ’tyrannical’ and all that; he also goes to the levee. A fine brow, lofty, broad, and beetled, deep-set eyes, and swarthy complexion. He is said when warmed to be their greatest orator."


\(^\text{168}\) Paige, 186.

3.2.4 U.S. DELEGATES AT THE ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION

(1840-1847)

In 1840, a *General Anti-Slavery Convention* was held in London, at Exeter Hall. From the 12\textsuperscript{th} to the 23\textsuperscript{rd} of June the delegates, from different parts of the world, gave speeches and debated about “the universal abolition of Slavery and Slave-Trade”. Although *The Society for the Abolition of the Slave Trade* was first formed in England in the year 1787, initially they did not make much progress, as they encountered the obstacle that slavery, at that time, was a fundamental pillar of the British economy. After the French Revolution, a pro-abolitionist sentiment begun to appear, culminating in the passing of the Abolition of the Slave Trade Act in 1807 and the emancipation of slaves in British colonies in 1833.

![Figure 19: The Anti-Slavery Society Convention, 1840 by Robert Haydon](https://www.npg.org.uk/collections/search/portrait/mw00028/The-Anti-Slavery-Society-Convention-1840)

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170 Exeter Hall was a large public building erected for holding meetings. Its origin is connected to the growing activity of institutions related to religion. Public meetings were mainly related to raising money. *The Encyclopædia Britannica* (Edinburgh: A. and C. Black, 1842), vol. XIII, 527.

171 Preface to *Proceedings of the General Anti-Slavery Convention, Called by the Committee of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society, Held in London, Friday, June 12th, to Tuesday, June 23rd, 1840* (London: Johnson and Barrett, 1841).


Over five hundreds delegates attended the meeting at Exeter Hall, many of whom were Americans.\textsuperscript{174} Robert Haydon portrayed many of these delegates in \textit{The Anti-Slavery Society Convention of 1840}, a painting that can be seen today at the National Portrait Gallery in London.\textsuperscript{175}

The Philadelphia Abolitionists and some other delegates travelled together from New York, departing on the 7\textsuperscript{th} of May 1840, and arriving in Liverpool on the 27\textsuperscript{th} of May. Lucretia Mott, who was amongst the passangers, wrote in her diary that they had sailed from New York “in the fine packet ship Roscoe” and that “our company was Henry and Mary Grew, Sarah Pugh, Abby Southwick and George Bradburn.\textsuperscript{176} While in England, some of these American delegates, important public figures in their time, took the opportunity to visit the country and Stratford was among the places they visited. This was the case of Mary Grew and her father, George Bradburn. Mary Grew was an active and influential woman. Leader of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society, Grew was co-editor of the \textit{Pennsylvania Freeman}. In 1840, Grew and other women were elected as delegates at the World Anti-Slavery Convention. Bradburn was a politician, US Congressman representing the Free Soil Party, newspaper editor, women’s rights activist and abolitionist delegate who later became a professional lecturer. Bradburn lectured for the American Anti-Slavery Society with fellow abolitionists William A. White and Frederick Douglass in 1843.\textsuperscript{177} Bradburn would later recall his feelings during his

\textsuperscript{174} For a complete list of delegates consult, \textit{Proceedings of the General Anti-Slavery Convention}, 573-584. The volume also includes a long list of subscribers, pages 593 to 597, which shows the impact this meeting had.

\textsuperscript{175} The painting was later exhibited at the Egyptian Hall, and Thomas Clarkson edited an explanatory volume called, \textit{Description of Haydon’s Picture of The Great Meeting Of Delegates, June 1840, for the Abolition of Slavery and the Slave Trade throughout the World}.

\textsuperscript{176} Anna Davis Hallowell (ed.), \textit{James and Lucretia Mott Life and Letters} (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1896), 146.

\textsuperscript{177} Bradburn was an active member of several abolitionist societies: the American Anti-Slavery Society; Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Vice-President, 1840-1845. Vice President, Liberty Party. Lectured for the American Anti-Slavery Society with fellow abolitionists William A. White and Frederick Douglass in 1843. Editor of the \textit{Pioneer and Herald of Freedom}, from 1846 to 1849 in Lynn, Massachusetts. Information from www.americanabolitionists.com/
visit to Stratford and Mary Grew who was in the same group of tourists also mentions the visit to Stratford in her diary.\textsuperscript{178}

Mary Grew and her father went to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth and Stratford on the 3rd of June. At Stratford they visited the “pinched apartment in which the poet was born, recording their names in the visitors book”. They also visited the church and Shakespeare’s tomb and agreed that for the curse, his remains would have been transferred to Westminster Abbey “which was not a fit place” for them. In his account, Brandburn adds two new sites to the Stratford route: the school room above the Guildhall, which Shakespeare supposedly attended as a pupil, and the “Garrick Gallery”.

During the Convention, Prince Albert gave a speech that received international attention. \textit{The Liberator} a Boston-based Abolitionist newspaper, published by William Lloyd Garrison\textsuperscript{179} published the event in his edition of June 26, 1840. The summary of news reads “great Anti-slavery Meeting in London” and continues, “The following account of a great anti-slavery meeting held in Exeter Hall, London, June 1sr, at which Prince Albert presided, is from the \textit{London Sun”. More than 4500 people, many of them women were present at the discourse that His Royal Highness, Prince Albert addressed to the present public:

I deeply regret that the benevolent and persevering exertions of England to abolish the atrocious traffic in human beings have not led to a satisfactory conclusion. I sincerely trust that this great county, will not relax in its efforts until it has finally and forever put an end to that state of things so repugnant to the principles of Christianity and to the best feelings of our nature….\textsuperscript{180}

\textsuperscript{178} Ira Vernon Brown, \textit{Mary Grew, Abolitionist and Feminist, 1813-1896}, 25. Mary Grew was an active and influential woman. Leader of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society. Grew was an officer of the national branch of the American Anti-Slavery Society. Co-editor of the \textit{Pennsylvania Freeman}. Was active in the Free Produce Association. In 1840, Grew and other women were elected as delegates at the World Anti-Slavery Convention.

\textsuperscript{179} William Lloyd Garrison (1805-1879) was a journalist and major abolitionist leader. Early in his career, he supported colonization and gradual emancipation. He later changed his views to adamantly oppose colonization. Promoted full citizenship and rights for African Americans. Founder and editor of \textit{The Liberator}, weekly newspaper founded in 1831, published through December 1865. The Georgia state legislature offered a $5,000 bounty for Garrison. After the passage of the 13th Amendment, ending slavery, Garrison closed \textit{The Liberator} and promoted the issues of women’s suffrage and rights for Native Americans. More on Garrison at American abolitionist.com.

\textsuperscript{180} \textit{The Liberator}, June 26, 1840, pg. 3. The complete text can be read at http://fair-use.org/the-liberator/1840/06/26/the-liberator-10-26.pdf
We therefore see that the British in 1840 are positioned next to the Americans abolitionist. However, as we will see, in 1861 when the Civil War breaks out in the United States, the British government, despite declaring itself to be neutral, somehow favours the southern states with which the British maintain important trade relationships. Both the American abolitionist leaders who had considered England as a support in their struggle for the freedom of the slaves as the American public opinion would feel disappointed and would denounce this situation.

George H. Calvert, American editor and author, visits Stratford in 1840. He had already been there fifteen years before but then, being so young, he “had not realized by contemplation the immensity of his power”, and his “soul had not been fortified by direct sympathy with his mighty nature.” This visit is different, now he can feel that he is near “the most sacred spot in Europe” nevertheless, at the beginning of his visit he is “disappointed at the absence of emotion in (his) mind”. It is after he seats on a bench near the “sacred dust” and walks out of the Church that “a full consciousness of the holiness of the place” arises around him. From that moment, Calvert “fells the presence of Shakspeare”. He makes a description of the type of emotions he feels, than derive not only from just walking in the same places where Shakespeare inhabited, as many other tourists describe. Calvert seems to reach a state of mind, in which no mundane object has room. The thought on Shakespeare occupies his whole mind. It's like entering a magical dream:

In this path he has walked; at that sunny corner he has lounged; — but ’twas like clutching at corporeal substance in a dream, to try to call up a familiar image of Shakspeare. Objects around looked unsubstantial; what the senses beheld wore the aspect of a vision; the only reality was the thought of Shakspeare, which wrapped the mind in a vague magical sensation.181

Like many other travellers before and after him, the spirit of Shakespeare, his “presence”, is more readily felt when one is outside, in the open air, in contact with nature, treading the ground where Shakespeare walked.

In August 1843 Reverend Joel Hedley travels from Oxford to Stratford on the top of a coach. He is surprised when they pick up a pretty young woman who also climbs to the roof of the coach, he writes, “The inside was full, and you must know

that an Englishman never gives up his seat to a lady.” They have diner at Stratford and visit the house of Shakespeare, which in his opinion is “a low, miserable affair at the best, and hardly large enough for three persons” and also the grave in Holy Trinity. Nevertheless, it is the moment he sits on the banks of the Avon and views the scenery, the cattle lazily browsing in the fields, the ancient trees, that he feels the “tranquillity and beauty” of the surrounding landscape. He affirms, “I had never seen so pure a sky in England”. Hedley imagines Shakespeare’s boyhood by this beautiful Avon at a time he considers better than his own. Hedley states:

Old England then was merry, and plenty reigned in her halls, and good cheer was every where to be found. But now want and poverty cover the land. Discontent is written on half the faces you meet, and the murmurs of a coming storm are heard over the distant heavens.182

The same year but a month later, in September 1843, Elias Hasket Derby, the son one of the wealthiest post-Revolutionary merchants in Salem, Massachusetts, visits Shakespeare’s town. He quickly states, “This is Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of the immortal Shakspeare, whose genius illumines age after age, and is appreciated as much or more, on the Hudson, and perhaps the Missouri, than on the Avon it self.” Derby considers the house “a rude and comfortless mansion” furthermore, “compared with which, some log cabins in our forests are palaces.”183 Derby follows the tradition of thought of other American tourists that after having contemplated the poor conditions in which Shakespeare's native house was, feel that Shakespeare is more appreciated in America than in England.

James Bayard Taylor, accompanied by his cousin Frank and by his friend Barclay Pennock travelled to Europe. Taylor could not afford the journey so he persuaded some local publishers that agree to pay him for sending back reports of his travels. Among them were representatives from the Saturday Evening Post, United States Gazette, and Graham's Magazine. They spent the next two years travelling through England, Germany, and Italy, living on approximately six cents per day. Taylor’s letters to the newspapers were widely read and two years later included in the volume, Views A-foot, or, Europe Seen with a Knapsack and Staff, with preface

183 Elias H. Derby, Two Months Abroad: or, a Trip to England, France, Bade, Prussia, and Belgium (Boston: Redding and Co., 1844), 45.
by Nathanael P. Willis, an author that had published his travel book, *Romance of Travel*, in 1840.

He travels on top of a country coach to, “Stratford, blessed beyond all other villages in all the lands of the Saxon race”. First, he sees in the distance Charlecote Park, “the seat of the Lucy family and the spire of the church where Sir Thomas, of Shakspeare-punishing memory, lies buried.” They drive through a beautiful road until they arrive to the Red Horse “well known to Geoffrey Crayon”. Immediately he sets out to visit “the haunts of Shakespeare”. He arrives at the “low, dingy cottage, where even princes must stoop to enter” at the same time that an Englishman is asking the old lady in charge if he could cut a piece of “a rude counter which projected into the street from the open shop window”. Bayard is surprised by this interest in gathering relics and asking the keeper if “the house had ever been damaged by hunters of relics” he is told the story of the party of boarding-school girls who had cut a block from Shakespeare’s room mantelpiece. Apart from visiting the “sacred room”, Bayard visits Stratford’s Grammar School, a recently added Stratford tourist site where he contemplates a desk carved with the initials W.S. which he has “not the least doubt was cut by — William Smith”. Bayard thus demonstrates that he is not such a gullible pilgrim.

Thanks to the Grammar School teacher they are admitted into the house and gardens of Mr Rice, surgeon, “who lives on the site of a house built by Shakspeare, after his retirement from London.” This is the house that Reverend Mr Gastrell, angry with awkward visitors pulled down in the 1750s. Bayard describes the site:

The foundations and a single comer wall remain the same, but the house is modern, the garden is changed and the great mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare's hand (under which he took so much pleasure in the sweet summer afternoons), is now only represented by a grandchild — the scion of a scion, Mr Rice has been offered £100 for the privilege of digging in the cellar of his house, in the hope of finding relics.

Taylor finally describes his visit to Trinity Church, on the Avon. The graveyard and gardens hide the “road to Shottery, where Anne Hathaway’s cottage is still standing. He finds the bust “not so thin and young as in the Chandos picture, nor with

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184 In fact, as we know today, the house that Gastrell pulled down was no longer Shakespeare’s but a seventeenth-century refurbishment with a neoclassical facade.
that fine melancholy in the eyes, which suggests to you his Hamlet.” It reminds him of Prospero. The showman rolls up “a piece of coarse matting spread upon the pavement,” and he reads the famous epitaph. Reading the inscription he gets exited and says:

Thank God that in this irreverent age there are still some spots too holy to profane, some memories too grand and glorious to neglect! I could have knelt and kissed the dusty slab, had I been alone.186

Taylor accomplishes a complete tour of Stratford, even visiting places, as for instance New Place gardens, which were not frequently call on by tourists in the first half of the nineteenth century. From the beginning, Taylor’s writings were extremely popular. His book went through twenty-four editions within thirteen years, and his walking tour inspired many American travellers during the nineteenth century.

Phineas T. Barnum and his friend Albert Smith visited together Stratford in 1844. Barnum an American showman and businessman, was at that time touring Europe with one of his most successful attraction, General Tom Thumb, a little person who achieved great fame as a performer under Barnum’s circus. His visit to Stratford sharpened Barnum’s great businessman mind. First, when they were still thirty miles from the city, he read a poster of a miserable barbershop "Shakespeare hair-dressing—a good shave for a penny" what makes him think on the scope of the fame of the Bard of Avon. Already lodged at the Red Horse Hotel (gone are the days when the establishment was a humble inn) Barnum asks for a guide of the city and, to his amazement, receives a copy of Washington Irving’s Sketch-Book. Finally, after not visiting but “examining” Shakespeare's house, the tomb and the church proceed to Warwick castle, not without first hearing a conversation between two English coachmen in which one coachman tells the other that, since they are in Stratford they could go and visit Shakespeare’s house and the other answers, “Who the devil is Shakespeare?”187

Years later, Barnum would remember how as he was examining the house, he came up with the idea of buying it and transferring it, stone by stone, to New York. Americans, he thought, appreciate the Avon Bard as much as British and it would be

186 Taylor, 63.
187 Phineas T. Barnum, Life of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself (New York: Redfield, 1855), 344.
an honor for them to erect this “invaluable relic in its commercial metropolis”. According to Barnum, his plan did not finally prosper because when auctioned in 1847, “some English gentlemen got wind of the transaction, and bought the house.” What the plan surely did was to spur the consciences of those English gentlemen horrified at the possibility of the house being moved to America. It was the American showman Barnum the first to appreciate the economical potential of the building.\footnote{188 Phineas T. Barnum, \textit{Struggles and Triumphs} (London: Ward, Lock and Co., 1882), 120-121.}

During the 1840s, the influx of American tourists continues. Some, like Donald G. Mitchel, travel on foot. Mitchel remembers visiting Stratford under the April rain “rambling over Stratford-on-Avon, chasing out the old walks of Shakespeare, gossiping with the old woman who shows his birthplace, sauntering in the church-yard, walking out to his Anne Hathaway’s home, &c., &c”. That is, following the entire tour of Stratford, including the visit to the Red Horse and Charlecote Park.\footnote{189 Waldo H. Dunn, \textit{The Life of Donald G. Mitchell, Ik Marvel} (New York: Charles Scribner, 1922), 107-108.} Many others come as foreign correspondents of American papers. Margaret Fuller, the first female foreign correspondent of \textit{The New York Tribune} visits Shakespeare’s room in 1846. He points out that “England has learned much of her appreciation of Shakespeare from the Germans.” Fuller had received a rigorous education and when she was a child she “supposed that every one who could understand English, and was not a cannibal, adored Shakespeare and read him on Sundays always for an hour or more, and on week days a considerable portion of the time.” However, now that she has grown older, she has realised that few people really know “their greatest benefactor” in America and also in England. She melancholically handles the poker used by Geoffrey Crayon but, “the muse had fled, the fire was out, and the poker rusty.”\footnote{190 Arthur B. Fuller (ed.), \textit{At Home and Abroad} (Boston: Crosby, Nichols, and Co.; London: Sampson Low, Son and Co., 1856), 166.}

In 1848, the Native American, and Methodist minister Maungwudaus travelled to Stratford-upon-Avon during a European sojourn. He paid tribute to Shakespeare by writing a poem about the visit. Even a Native American, a man whose parents did not
speak English, when being in England, pays homage to Shakespeare by visiting his hometown and writing a poem.\textsuperscript{191}

\textbf{3.2.5 THE PANIC 1847. THE GREAT EXHIBITION (1847-1860)}

Towards the middle of the century an economic recession broke out in England and also in the rest of Europe. After a series of bad harvests, the so-called “Panic of 1847” brought commercial distress and financial alarm. Food shortages made riots speed through Europe. In Britain, there was also a banking crisis associated with the end of the 1840s railway industry boom. Although this panic had little direct economic impact on the United States, its indirect effects would change America forever. Many of those most affected by this crisis would emigrate and eventually become Americans. As a result of the Panic of 1847, there was a mass wave of immigration into the United States in 1848 and 1849.\textsuperscript{192}

The American writer Henry Tuckerman arriving at Liverpool in the 1850s observes the “hordes of poor emigrants collecting their household utensils for a voyage”\textsuperscript{193} and “the hungry eyes of the beggars as they stared trough the windows of the coffee-room at Sheffield”.\textsuperscript{194} The consequences of the 1847 economic recession was not the only change England experienced in the 1850s. Tuckerman spends a month touring England and he, inevitably, visits Warwickshire. At the beginning of a chapter entitled “Castles and Shakespeare”, he praises the English railway system: “The locomotive facilities of our day, if, on the one hand, they abridge poetic experience by rapidity and unadventurous order, on the other, enhance it by concentrating space and associations” and he continues, “in no region of the kingdom

\textsuperscript{191} Shapiro (ed.), \textit{Shakespeare in America}, 60-61.
\textsuperscript{192} This would flood the American labour market, drive wages down and would also question if there were sufficient infrastructure to accommodate such a mass of immigrants. This meant the beginning of urban slums where poor Europeans were hosted. The immigrants participated in the Gold Rush and also made flourish a nativist American movement to restrict immigration. More information can be found in Quentin R. Skrabec Jr., \textit{The 100 Most Important American Financial Crises: An Encyclopedia of the Lowest Points in American Economic History} (California: ABC-Clio LLC, 2015), 70-71.
\textsuperscript{193} Henry Tuckerman, T., \textit{A Month in England} (New york: Redfield, 1853), 12.
\textsuperscript{194} Tuckerman, 75.
has the traveller more reason to bless the miracles of modern conveyance, than where the iron network of the railway brings into such neighborhood Stratford, Warwick, and Kenilworth”. At Stratford, he says he is “absorbed in the childhood, youth and last days of Shakspeare the man…”, and the altar in which his boy lay “a shrine of humanity, to which his spirit…shall draw the votive steps of reverent and loving generations for ever!”. Tuckerman claims that all “modern travellers” that visit the cottage in Henley street, “tread the sagging floor”, gaze round the low roofed and diminutive chamber”, seek for an inch on wall or ceiling to inscribe their names, seat in the armchair, or “let the garrulous old woman chatter away unheeded”, there is “a strife between the senses and the mind.” However, “this troubled mood” is solved “as we become familiar with the town itself and adjacent country.” Tuckerman states that the association of the poet with the surrounding nature is so easily done at Stratford, that it surpasses any other misconception or disappointment derived from the excessive practices of the Shakespeare tourist industry.

Like Tuckerman, travellers that visit Stratford often feel the presence of the bard in the landscape that surrounds the town or, in the people who inhabit the town. This is what Gilbert Haven, Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church and a radical abolitionist and strong advocate for civil and social rights states:

I could easily see the boy Shakspeare in these clogs, the maddest and merriest of all his playfellows; the youth in these sauntering juveniles; the greybeard in these dignified occupants of the ale-benches.

The Great Exhibition of the Works of Industry of All Nations took place in Hyde Park, London, from 1 May to 11 October 1851. It was held at the Crystal Palace, a special building, designed by Joseph Paxton and especially constructed to house the exhibition. Organized by Henry Cole and Prince Albert, the Exhibition was somehow conceived to show the best of British engineering and manufacture and, by implication, its superiority over other nations. At the time, the United States was

195 Tuckerman, 189-209.
196 Besides proclaiming the sinfulness of slavery, the duty of emancipation, and the rejection of social and religious justifications of the institution, Haven argued on behalf of racial equality. It was these positions, which often put him at odds with the denominational leadership of his day. He wrote a letter to John Brown, a famous abolitionist, while Brown awaited execution in late November 1859. Further information in www.gcah.org/history/gilbert-haven-papers
“subjected to an uneasy or scornful, but nevertheless constant, scrutiny” by the British. The press usually represented the Americans either as “slaveholders, or connived at slavery. They were crude and boastful… They were lawless” Sheffield’s wares at the Exhibition shown various bowie knives “made entirely for Americans, who never move without one.” In the decade before, some British investors had loose their money when several states suspended the payment on their debts so, Americans were also considered dishonest. In addition, indignation had risen due to the constant “pirating of British books.”

Benjamin Moran, from Pennsylvanina, first visited England in 1851. In his volume, *The Footpath and Highway: or, Wanderings of an American in Great Britain*, he recounts his tour through England over the years 1851 and 1852. Moran describes London at the time of the Great Exhibition as a “miniature world, so far as the varieties of the human race are concerned; its increase of population drawn from every part of the habitable globe.” The “fairy structure” of the Cristal Palace, is “sublime in every feature, and gorgeous in its grandeur.”

One of these wanderings took Moran to Banbury, a town about twenty miles from Stratford. There, he details in his book, “was obliged to ask a dozen persons without meeting one who was able to tell (him) which road to take to” Stratford. Finally, he asked an old man and, as he hesitated, Moran “ventured to aid him by reminding” him that, “it was the town in which Shakspeare was born and buried”. The old man’s wife then answered “I read it in the newspapers not long ago that he is buried there, but we don’t know where it is.” Moran kept walking along a road towards Stratford. When he was as close as “six miles to Shakspeare’s birthplace” he met a young fellow and walked several miles together. The American felt surprised again at the fact that this man, that had been “born near the famous town knew nothing of his immortal countryman.” This ignorance highly contrast with the feelings Moran experiences when he approaches Stratford:

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200 Moran, 132.
201 Moran, 136.
I was alone, and on foot, weary and worn with many miles of travel; the sun was low in the western heavens, and the soft sky of an English summer's evening bent over the famous place in which was born the greatest of England's bards. Dust clung to my mantle, and the beaded sweat was upon my brow. Before me were scenes, the very mention of whose name makes the heartstrings of the lover of poetry thrill. There was the pensive Avon — there the meadows in which Shakspeare roved, and the mausoleum in which repose his ashes. I could scarcely realize the truth of my situation for a time, and joy filled my heart when the fact was made dear to my senses. One of the brightest dreams of my boyhood was, at that moment, fulfilled, and Stratford-on-Avon was in reality before me.\(^{202}\)

Moran then performs the pilgrimage that any visitor was supposed to carry out in Stratford. First, he visits the birthplace, “the room in which the immortal poet first saw the light is a very humble apartment.” Among the signatures on the walls he spots that of John Kemble and Emerson. He asks about Washington Irving's signature but the old lady that shows him the place, tells him that this signature was in a book that is no longer in the house because it was sold to a gentleman in London. The lady also tells him “that more Americans came to the house than any others, and her assertion was borne out by the records.” Later, he visits Stratford Church, described by “distinguished authors” that “thousands have read”. There, he contemplates the bust “which do not indicate either genius or intelligence” so it is not his “ideal of Shakspeare” and the poet’s vault.\(^{203}\) As for so many Americans before him, Shakespeare’s bust fail to fulfil his expectations of what the portrait of the bard of the English language should look like. His experience of the pastoral landscape surrounding Stratford and the awareness that Shakespeare must have tread the same fields leads to a quasi mystic experience – a experience which is wholly different from the visit to the Birthplace, which like for many Americans before and after him, turns out to be prosaic.

Among the American visitors to the Great Exhibition of 1851 and the testimonies of visitors to Stratford we find that of Williams Wells Brown, a former slave who, having escaped to Ohio in 1834 and despite not having received any education in his childhood, nor attending school, learned to read and write at twenty and could make his living as an abolitionist lecturer. In the preface to the English edition of his book, *The American Fugitive in Europe, Sketches of Places and People*

\(^{202}\) Moran, 136.
\(^{203}\) Moran, 138-139.
Abroad, Brown expresses the hope that although this publication is mainly addressed to American readers yet, “the fact of their being the first production of a Fugitive Slave as a history of travels may carry with them novelty enough to secure for them … the attention of the reading public of Great Britain.” The book is a compilation of letters written “for the private perusal of a few personal friends in America”, some of these letters “contributed to Frederick Douglass’s Paper, a journal published in the United States.”

Brown dedicates a complete chapter to his visit to the “little but picturesque town of Stratford”. First, he visits the “small, mean-looking house of wood and plaster” examining “the walls of which are covered with names, inscriptions and hieroglyphics, in every language, by people of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the highest to the lowest.” He also has the opportunity to contemplate some of the relics treasured in the house: “the old shattered and worn-out stock of the gun with which Shakspeare shot Sir Thomas Lucy’s deer … the old-fashioned tobacco-box, …the identical sword with which he played Hamlet, the lantern with which Romeo and Juliet were discovered…. A plentiful supply of Shakspeare’s mulberry-tree” ready to be sold, and “ in one of the most gloomy and dilapidated rooms … the old chair in which the poet used to sit.” After paying the “accustomed fee” to the woman, he moves to the parish church where he contemplates the graves of Shakespeare and his wife. There, Brown recalls Garrick’s words:

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\begin{align*}
\text{Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream} \\
\text{Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream;} \\
\text{The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,} \\
\text{For hallowed the turf is which pillowd his head.}
\end{align*}
\]

These are the same words that open Washington Irving’s Stratford-on-Avon in his Sketch Book. An American fugitive slave, a person who did not know how to read or write at twenty years of age, seventeen years later, is able to perform the ritual visit to Stratford and to continue the traditions of previous American pilgrims.

Bishop A. Cleveland Coxe, confesses to the person who is showing him around England why he feels so delighted: “the heart of an American” is “fond of his

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205 Brown, 224.
mother country and for the first time in his life coming into contact with old-fashioned things.” On approaching Stratford, he even asserts, “to enjoy England one must be an American, and a hearty and earnest member of the Anglican Church.”

Near the Avon, he feels “a thrill to find myself so near the river of the immortal Swan of Stratford”. Cleveland declares that his “imagination had been familiar, for years, with a certain ideal of Stratford … concerning Shakspeare and his times”, and feels worried about the fact that the “realization pay me for the downfall of the vision.” He feels greatly excited and “every object” he sees begins “to assume a sort of conscious connection with immortal genius.” Cleveland experiences the same sensations that some of his compatriots have experienced before.

From mid-nineteenth century onwards travellers write more detailed chronicles of the town. From now on, the study of the text included in the anthology will focus on those new aspects that appear in the excerpts, trying to avoid repetitions as long as they are not considered to shed light on this study.

The American lawyer and antiquarian Dean Dudley visits Stratford the 4th of January, 1850, and writes a short but accurate account of Shakespeare’s biography related to the history of the village and its chief tourist sites. Dudley identifies Shakespeare and his friend’s poaching at Charlecote to, “Yankee lads, that rob old Hunk’s orchard, or steal his melons, (which often prove delicate little pumpkins on after-examination,) these merry Stratford boys did not hesitate to mar the peace of lovely Lucy, by snatching away his exclusive privileges.”

Dudley informs about Shakespeare’s departure from Stratford, his success in London and “triumphant return to his native town”. He makes reference to all events occurring in New Place, the tomb, the free school he attended, and the Shottery cottage now shown as, “the birth-place of Miss Ann Hathaway, and the very room where young Shakspeare wooed the charming maid.”

Henry Ward Beecher, the brother of Harriet Beecher Stowe, writes several letters from Stratford to his home friends enclosing an exhaustive report of his stay at

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207 Dean Dudley, *Pictures of life in England and America; Prose and Poetry* (Boston: James French, 1851), 84-89.
the town in 1850. He is of course staying at the Red Horse Inn and writes “upon pictorial note-paper containing views in and about Stratford.” This is a novelty; so that the recipient of the letter can at the same time he reads, view the images of Stratford. Beecher explains the place to his readers:

It is the room where Shakspeare was born! Two hundred and eighty-six years ago, in this room, a mother clasped her new-born babe to her bosom; perhaps on the very spot where I am writing! Do you see the table on the right side of the picture? It is there I am sitting. The room is represented as it was before it passed into the hands of the Shakspearian society.208

Beecher devotes five pages to his tour of the town. First, he describes Shakespeare’s natal house, recently bought by the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust but not yet restored. He compares the current condition of the house with a view taken in 1769 and confirms that it has gone through numerous changes. He laments that the garden has disappear: “There is not a spot for even a shrub to grow in!”

Beecher makes an agreement with the custodian of the Birthplace and he is allowed to “have free use of the room”. At first, he thinks that he is going to be “insensible” to the influence of the poet but his influence is immediate, as he says, “The first effect, last night, of being here, was to bring up suggestions of Shakspeare from every thing.” Beecher walks twice to Shottery to visit “the cottage where Shakspeare's wife, Anne Hathaway, was born”. There, he sees that “There are two or three tenements in the long cottage as it now stands; but the middle one is that to which pilgrims from all the world do come”. In spite of the fact that these dwellings are “the rudest cottages” men of all part of the world, and every condition came here. Beecher encapsulates his experience, and those of many other American tourists, with these words:

Whatever Shakspeare saw, we long to see; what he thought of, we wish to think of; where he walked, thither we turn our steps. The Avon, the church, the meadows lying over beyond both; the street and the room where he was born; — all have a soul imbattened upon them, all of them are sacred to us, and we pass as in a dream amid these things. The sun, the clouds, the trees, the birds, the morning and evening, moonlight or twilight or darkness, none of them here

have a nature of their own; all of them are to us but memorials or suggestions of Shakspeare.  

Beecher thus expands the list of sites of memory that one can associate with Shakespeare – not just the birthplace and the church, the street and the river but all the elements that nature has chosen to place around Stratford – from the sun to the clouds, from the trees to the birds.

*The New York Times* published on August 16th, 1853 a list of visitors to the Shakespeare’s house from the May 1st, 1851 to April 30th, 1853. The total number rose to 4,643. The largest group after the English were the U.S.A. citizens with 750 visitors, “Jonathan, it will be seen, considering the distance at which he lives from the poet’s house, is about as great a Shakspeare-worshipper as John Bull himself.”

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**Figure 20:** *The New York Times, August 16th, 1853.*

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210 Brother Jonathan was the sobriquet then applied to America and the American people, which has been largely supplanted by the name Uncle Sam. James D. Hart, Phillip W. Leininger, *The Oxford Companion to American Literature* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1995), 91. John Bull, in literature and political caricature, is a conventional personification of England or of English character. https://global.britannica.com/

211 Copyright © The New York Times
Professional writer Harriet Beecher Stowe travelled to England and Europe in March of 1853 on a speaking tour; her novel *Uncle Tom’s Cabin* was then enjoying a great popularity and was selling furiously in England. Beecher Stowe’s account on her visit to Stratford is included in her volume *Sunny Memories of Foreign Lands* (1854). She thinks that modern progress, and the railway in particular, is altering England but for the environments of Stratford that still maintain the old English peculiarities until the “railroad demon” gets there. She is lodged at the White Lion, close to Shakespeare’s house recently “bought by a Shakespearian club”. Beecher Stowe’s volume includes several drawings from the places she visits. These illustrations that were not usual before, start to be common from 1850 onwards and help readers to better understand and appreciate the places described in the travel books. This way, as the century advances and more and more texts on Stratford are published, visitors who have read these chronicles and have seen the illustrations, know the town so well that, the moment they arrive they immediately identify its most famous places.

Beecher Stowe visits Shakespeare’s room and takes issue with the way in which some people are scrawling his “name, place of birth, and country, half across a wall, covering scores of names under it.” A practice that she detests and humorously criticizes saying, “the inscription books and walls of distinguished places tend to give great force to the Vulgate rendering of Ecclesiastes I. 15, ‘the number of fools is infinite’.”212 The birthplace triggers her literary imagination and her novelist’s mind takes her back into the past. She fancies that she sees young Shakespeare, “Willie” in the house and how he plays in a mysterious dark garret.

The American author adds a new element in her writing, the figure of Shakespeare’s mother. As a woman and a novelist she is interested in the development of the poet from childhood to maturity and she attaches great importance to Shakespeare’s mother although, as she admits, “We know nothing who this Mary was that was his mother.”213 She defends that the “lily-like purity”, “chaste soul” and pure language of female Shakesperean’s characters is a product of the influence of Shakespeare’s mother upon him. Beecher Stowe affirms, “For my part I cannot

213 Stowe, 102.
believe that, in such an age, such deep heart-knowledge of pure womanhood could have come otherwise than by the impression on the child’s soul of a mother's purity.”\textsuperscript{214} Beecher Stowe also perceives “as if a sort of vision” the figure of Shakespeare’s father and imagines him “reading of good books, avoiding quarrels with a most Christian like fear”. She visits Shakespeare’s tomb and describes those of his favourite daughter, his son Hamnet, and his wife, Ann Hathaway.

Probably because Beecher Stowe’s religious beliefs clash with the fact that Shakespeare married a woman older than himself and who was already pregnant, Shakespeare’s wife receives little but unkind remarks from this female American writer:

> From the slight notice taken of her in the poet's will, it would appear that there was little love between them. He married her when he was but eighteen; most likely she was a mere rustic beauty, entirely incapable either of appreciating or adapting herself to that wide and wonderful mind in its full development.\textsuperscript{215}

Beecher Stowe visits the site of Shakespeare’s garden in New Place, the house he bought and where he planted the famous mulberry-tree. She is probably shown the new house built there and the garden because she is an important visitor to the town, since not many tourists are invited to see this spot at that time. Another privilege she receives is that both, Mr Beecher Stowe and earlier her brother obtained a special permission that allowed them to receive Communion over the grave of Shakespeare, openly linking this site of memory to a religious ritual.\textsuperscript{216}

Beecher Stowe proves that she is an enlightened visitor who knows both the biography of Shakespeare and that of his contemporary poets and that she is also aware of the recent Shakespearian criticism. In her essay she alludes to Mrs Jameson’s book, \textit{Characteristics of the Women of Shakspeare} (1853), which become standard reading material in the education of young women in Victorian England. Ending some of the visits, she returns to her hotel really tired but happy because they have “conscientiously performed every jot and title of the duty of good pilgrims.”\textsuperscript{217}

\textsuperscript{214} Stowe, 203.
\textsuperscript{215} Stowe, 212.
\textsuperscript{216} Nicholas Fogg, \textit{Stratford-upon-Avon The Biography} (Gloucestershire: Amberley, 2014), 236.
\textsuperscript{217} Beecher Stowe, \textit{Sunny Memories of Foreign}, 214.
Another woman writer who comes to Stratford in 1853, is Grace Greenwood, a journalist and *The New York Times'* first female writer. Greenwood credits Shakespeare’s with being “master of all the mysteries of the feminine soul of Nature” and she adds, “from whose eye nothing was hid even in the deepest heart of womanhood.” As Beecher Stowe did before her, Greenwood focus her attention on Shakespeare’s mother. When Greenwood visits the house, she remains silent in “little room where his infant heart took up” and, was almost “pained with a vain wonderment as to the mother of Shakspeare.” She feels curiosity about his mother:

Was she great hearted and large minded — fully worthy of the glory which rays back upon her? Did no instinctive pride stir grandly in her bosom, as she laid against it first her new-born child? Did no prophetic glorying mingle with her sweet maternal joy?

Greenwood recognizes that the house is really “simple even to meanness”; nevertheless, it’s status as a “pilgrim site” where “humble and great of all nations do homage to a monarch of the human mind” is undeniable. As Beecher Stowe complained of the modernity that railways imposed upon rural, secluded spots of the English countryside, Greenwood is also envisioning the changes in the town. She is disappointed with “the smart, insolent newness of some of the buildings on my way, and by the modern dress and air of the people.” She wishes that she could keep Stratford and all its inhabitants “wrapped forever in a charmed deep, like that of the fairy tale.” American tourists that had often identify Stratford as an idyllic Tudor village, a place that they associated with the idea of a merry-England, the land from where their parents departed towards the New World, are now sadly anticipating significant changes in *their fairy land.*

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219 Greenwood, 18.
220 Greenwood, 19.
221 Greenwood, 19.
Like Beecher Stow and Greenwood, Stephen C. Massett, an American actor better known as “Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville” visits Stratford in 1853. He instantly recognises the spire of the church, and thinks that the town remains beautifully “asleep” as described by his friend Mr Brady in a speech delivered two years earlier at the New York City American Dramatic Fund Association Dinner. He claims his visit to Stratford owes much to the fact that when he was a boy he was fascinated with Washington Irving’s *Sketch Book*. Massett visits all the places described by Irving and also several other that have become famous as the century has progressed. So, his pilgrimage includes the grammar school. Massett attends an “auction sale” in order to give the readers “some idea of the immense trade of this quiet little nook” and includes in his account a list of articles of diverse and insignificant nature that are being auctioned. He also walks to “Anne Hathaway’s Cottage,” a Shakespearean tourist site that was gaining more and more importance:

Crossing the fields to the west of Stratford, by a well-frequented ‘footpath, brought us to the sweet little hamlet of Shottery.
Oh! how beautiful it looked, with its green lane, picturesque, timber-ribbed, thatched cottages, babbling rush fringed brook, and pretty wooden bridge. The house is of timber and brick, two stories, with thatched roof, and looks like two joined together. I looked up the central chimney, and saw the letters I. H., 1697. Up stairs I was shown an old carved bedstead, of the real old Elizabethan period, supposed to be the one upon which Anne Hathaway slept. The room below shows traces of the good old times; the rude stone floor, low ceiling, heavy beams, oaken wainscot, and rough plastering. The wide fireplace, with the cozy chimney corners and supporting beams, where the wood-fires must have often crackled and blazed on the ample hearth. Here, too, was the seat, with the straight high back, that rested on the porch outside the cottage, now quite porous with age — upon which oft times, doubtless during the long summer nights, did our poet and his first love while away the hours; and who knows, but upon this very bench, some of the most impassioned of his verses might have been written.222

Like no other Shakespearean site, Ann Hathaway’s cottage triggers the desire to imagine details of Shakespeare’s life biographers have no access to. While he is there, Massett reads an entry in the cottage record book made on July 13th, 1849 where he finds the names of the American actress Mrs Cora Mowatt that performed leading roles in Shakespeare’s plays and her husband the American wealthy lawyer James Mowatt; the names of the American actor Edward Loomis Davenport and his recent wife the English actress Fanny Vining Davenport also appear there. Massett transliterates the words they have written under their names:

"The three Americans above named hold their pilgrimage so far, as lightsome and gay to find so much reward in being able to view all these early associations of the 'immortal bard' in their land, if possible more adored than here. In the above sentiments, the true born English woman 'Fanny,' begs to join heart and soul."223

While the city of Stratford is slowly changing, other new places of pilgrimage are being added to the literary trail. The association of the poet with nature and additionally, his identification with the surrounding landscape of Stratford, puts Anne Hathaway’s Cottage in the route of the new pilgrim that now perceives this dwelling as a real Elizabethan abode, an idyllic site in which pilgrims can reconnect with the poet.

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223 Massett, 189.
Nathaniel Hawthorne, American novelist and short story writer was appointed American consul at Liverpool from 1853 to 1857. Under date July 29, 1856 of Hawthorne’s English Notes-Book, he mentions his visit, three days earlier to the American writer Delia Bacon, best known for her work on the authorship of Shakespeare’s plays. In the chapter “Recollections of a Gifted Woman” in *Our Old Home*, he describes that visit. The "gifted woman," to whom reference is made, is Miss Bacon, the American who fancied that Shakespeare’s grave was made the repository of some mighty secret, and that her mission in life was to discover this mystery.

Hawthorne recollects a visit to Stratford made in June. He does not notice anything remarkable along the way when he is approaching Stratford, so he comments, “an American tree, however, if it could grow in fair competition with an English one of similar species, would probably be the more picturesque object of the two.” He sees the spire of Shakespeare’s church at a little distance and then, “shabby old dwellings, intermixed with mean-looking houses of modern date.” He does not like the town, which, he considers, has been built in a strange fashion, and since then has been growing in an even stranger way. It is one of these “antiquated English towns”. He finds Shakespeare’s birthplace, “almost a smaller and humbler house than any description can prepare the visitor to expect,” a young girl in black, probably the daughter of the custodian lets him into the house. He is surprised since this girl is “not a menial, but remarkably genteel (an American characteristic) for an English girl.” The description Hawthorne makes of the house is completely negative, the ground floor is cracked, broken and disarranged, the room is whitewashed and very clean but “woefully shabby and dingy, coarsely built, and such as the most poetical imagination would find it difficult to idealize.” He goes upstairs to the room “in which Shakespeare is supposed to have been born: though, if you peep too curiously into the matter, you may find the shadow of an ugly doubt on

226 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 155.
227 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 157.
228 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 157.
229 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 158.
this, as well as most other points of his mysterious life." Hawthorne doubts that the famous room is the room where the playwright was born. So many people had tried to write their names on walls and window that he couldn’t even find Walter Scott’s name. There are some prints, editions of Shakespeare’s works and local publications exposed on a table and on chairs, “all for sale, and from which, no doubt, this gentlewoman realizes a good deal of profit.”

Like many American visitors, Hawthorne is not impressed by the visit to the Birthplace: “I was conscious of not the slightest emotion while viewing it, nor any quickening of the imagination.” This lack of emotion might be seen as a characteristic refusal of some American visitors towards the Old World sacred places. The problem of Hawthorne’s travel book is that he needs “to reconcile conflicting values – the nationalistic impulse that led to criticism of Europe and an aesthetic appreciation of great cultural achievements.” Hawthorne criticises satirically the traditional tales on Shakespeare’s life:

The Shakespeare whom I met there took various guises, but had not his laurel on. He was successively the roguish boy, – the youthful deer-stealer, – the comrade of players, – the too familiar friend of Davenant’s mother, – the careful, thrifty, thriven man of property who came back from London to lend money on bond, and occupy the best house in Stratford, – the mellow, red-nosed, autumnal boon-companion of John a’ Combe, – and finally (or else the Stratford gossips belied him), the victim of convivial habits, who met his death by tumbling into a ditch on his way home from a drinking-bout, and left his second-best bed to his poor wife.

The rest of the writing is devoted to a description of Miss Delia Bacon, including a discussion of her obsession that Shakespeare’s plays had been actually written by Bacon, Raleigh and Spencer:

Unquestionably, she was a monomaniac; these overmastering ideas about the authorship of Shakespeare's Plays, and the deep political philosophy concealed beneath the surface of them, had completely thrown her off her balance; but at the same time they had wonderfully developed her intellect, and made her what she could not otherwise have become.
At first, some authors gave credit to Delia Bacon’s ideas, based on the scanty information about Shakespeare life. But this changed when Bacon reveals that the proofs that her theory is true are found in some secret documents hidden under Shakespeare’s tomb, so she moved to Stratford and “began to haunt the church like a ghost.”  

In 1857, Delia Bacon published her theories in a book entitled The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakespeare Unfolded that Hawthorne thinks “never have had more that a single reader.” Finally Hawthorne explains that he received a letter from the mayor of Stratford informing him that Miss Bacon “was afflicted with insanity” and, “In a lucid interval she had referred to me, as a person who had some knowledge of her family and affairs. What she may have suffered before her intellect gave way, we had better not try to imagine.”

Delia Bacon started to question Shakespeare’s authorship of the plays in 1857 and the authorship conflict quickly spread to America. On the one hand the Birthplace is seen as a proof of Shakespeare’s existence and authorship but on the other, some American authors that visit the house have doubts about its status. Besides Hawthorne, the group would include Washington Irving and Henry James. For Julia Thomas, “the authorship controversy is a reaction to the mid-nineteenth century appropriation of the Birthplace and the interconnection between plays and place that it instigated.” Thomas adds that it is revealing that those who questioned Shakespeare’s authorship were defined specifically as “anti-Stratfordians.” The acquisition of the Birthplace, and the posterior restoration stirs the rivalry between “the provincial Stratford versus the metropolitan Francis Bacon, or numerous other contenders.”

As we have already seen, in 1825 the Red Horse Inn was already famous. By 1854 the Red Horse Inn has definitely become one of the places of worship in the town. So says Young Samuel, who is lodged in the same room that Irving was and observes many American names written on the wallpaper “wherever the color of the figures would admit.” The hotel is visited by many Americans in the summer time, all

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236 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 181.
237 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 192.
238 Nathaniel Hawthorne, 191.
240 Thomas, 166.
willing to sleep in this room. Young visits the “miserable looking but immortal old shanty” where he sees Harriet Beecher Stowe’s name. He is “invited to subscribe my name in a book of contributions for liquidating a mortgage on Shakspeare's house, which by the date I saw had been kept open several years” but, he suspects that the request might not be reliable so he does not sign. Contemplating Shakespeare’s grave, he says:

Under my feet lay perhaps a little dust, or perhaps a green and mouldering bone, which had once formed a part of the soul case of a man who has created an element which follows the Anglo Saxon race, like light, wherever they go; and which must eventually shed a glory on the remotest corners of the earth.²⁴¹

Young also visits the “pleasant rural district” in which is placed the family home of the Hathaways, where “Shakspeare used to come of an evening, and take Anne out for a walk. Perhaps they went through fields a mile or two, to the pure Avon, not discolored by the dirt of cities.”²⁴² In his recollection of his visit, Young makes reference to the character of Falstaff and adds several excerpts from different dramatic works by Shakespeare that he links to his descriptions of the town: Twelfth Night, Henry IV, A Midsummer Night’s Dream, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, The Tempest and The Merchant of Venice. Young also incorporates two drawings showing views of Stratford. One is from the Parish church of Stratford and the other is from the Birthplace in which Shakespearean characters, with a banner on which Lear is read, parade in front of the house. Birthplace and grave were for nineteenth-century Americans, as for visitors’ today, the backbone of the Shakespearean literary pilgrimage.

²⁴¹ Samuel Young, A Wall-Street Bear in Europe: with his Familiar Foreign Journal of a Tour through portions of England, Scotland, France and Italy (New York: S. Young Jr., 1855), 185.
²⁴² Young, 187.
3.2.6 THE CIVIL WAR. THE 1864 TERCENTENARY (1860-1870)

Even during the Civil War, Americans continued to visit Stratford. Charles William arrives at the Birthplace in the spring of 1861. There he contemplates a “famous portrait of the poet lately discovered, in the dress and color of his age.” The frame “is said to be made from the fragments of his house at New Place” and it is considered the most perfect and reliable likeness of the poet extant.” It is considered so valuable that it is locked every night in a “massive iron safe, with heavy doors and double and intricate lock, making it damp-proof, fire-proof, and burglar-proof.” He also sees “a deed given to the poet for a house and lot in Stratford.”

William describes a garden “laid out in very tasteful style” at the back of the house. It has every plant mentioned in Shakespeare’s works. “A wall divides the garden from the street at the back, in which there is a double iron gate, surmounted by Shakspeare's family crest — a falcon and spear.” The garden and the iron gate has not been mentioned by earlier pilgrims. They are probably new elements of the house added in the process of restoration. The house that had been bought by The Shakespeare Birthday Trust in 1847, started to be altered by 1857 and, was changed in such a way that, when the American tourist Grace Greenwood who had visited the Birthplace in 1853 returned in 1875 said, “seems to have grown mysteriously.”

Gilbert Haven, a bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, travelled to Europe in 1862. The purpose of his trip, he claims, was to rest and recover his health after the death of his wife but American priests often travelled to the Holy Land and Europe. He walks through “charming footpaths which are found nowhere else in the world” and meets a gardener that tells him about the difficult situation of the poor in that country and, a woman whose children were in America. At Charlecote Park he sees some deer, and thinks that “They were the kindred, probably descendants, of Shakspeare's victim.” Everything seems unchanged, “The deer, the trees, the manor-

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244 Williams, 139.
house, the family, are almost unchanged. Three hundred years here are less than thirty with us.” He appreciates the beauty of this unaltered landscape but subtlety criticizes a system of classes in which the humble ones have gone through “Years of poverty, of toil.” Haven writes that Charlecote is a popular tourist destination now, and people know the route Shakespeare followed in his expedition.

At Stratford, Haven “easily see the boy Shakspeare in these clogs, the maddest and merriest of all his playfellows; the youth in these sauntering juveniles; the graybeard in these dignified occupants of the ale-benches.” The following day Haven visits Shottery, he is shown a “bedstead that belonged to Mrs Shakespeare.” Haven does not refer to her as Anne Hathaway but in a more respectful way uses her married name. In this respect he departs from both tradition and biographers. In fact, he thinks biographers have treated her badly and have proclaimed, without any proof that their marriage was unhappy, just because she was older than Shakespeare and also because he left her the second-best bed in his will. Many current biographers would tend to agree with him.

Shakespeare birthplace “has nothing marked but its poverty and nakedness” but it was his home. Haven criticises that the walls are covered with names since the poet would have never written in his mother’s walls the way people have done. Haven criticises that even although Shakespeare’s birthplace is so humble and denotes a humble origin of the poet, modern writers are trying to “make his blood gentle and even noble” by pointing to Mary Arden as a descendant of the Warwick Castle rulers. At the church, Haven points out that the grave does not have name or date, he says that Miss Bacon might be right and Shakespeare was not there, or was not the author of the plays. Haven then visits the Church-yard, a place he considers is the centre of Shakespeare’s life, the place where “all sincere souls” are.

Elizabeth Forbes in her 1863 visit is also disappointed by the mess and dirty aspect which results from the thousands of names written on the walls of

246 Haven, 101.
247 Haven, 104.
248 Haven, 106.
249 Haven, 107.
250 Haven, 108.
251 Haven, 110.
Shakespeare’s birthplace and she writes: “Even the genius loci of Shakspeare’s room has not sufficed to restrain the petty vandalism which, in striving to become famous, succeeds only in rendering itself infamous.”252 In her short break at Stratford in August 1863, she only calls on Shakespeare’s birthplace and grave.

Elihu Burritt, an American diplomat, had first visited England in 1846 with the intention of taking a pedestrian tour but some affairs made him abandon the idea. On returning to England at the beginning of 1863, he made lengthy tours in Great Britain and memorialized these in several publications. Burritt’s *Walk from London to John O’Groat’s* published in 1864 included observations he had made on his previous walks. The book was addressed both to American and English readers, as he thought that “many persons in Great Britain, might feel some interest in seeing what an American who had resided so long in this country might have to say of its sceneries, industries, social life, &c.”253

Burritt’s book includes some notes on Stratford. He ironically highlights the importance of the ‘English country landlady’, a character who frequently appears in American travel books. He observes that “no locality in England bears a biograph (sic) more venerated than the birth-place of the great poet” When Shakespeare died, Burritt comments,

*the whole English-speaking race in both hemispheres did not number twice the present population of London. Now, seventy-five millions, peopling mighty continents, speak the tongue he raised to be the grandest of all earth’s speeches; and those who people the antipodes claim to offer the best homage to his genius.*254

Burritt continues arguing that the language of Shakespeare is so powerful that it will spread over the world and will be spoken too, “by races born to another tongue”,255, a statement that, on the one hand serves to enhance the figure of Shakespeare as a universal author not restricted to the borders of England but also denotes a colonialist idea of the superiority of English-speaking countries over other races or peoples. Burritt declares, “Stratford-upon-Avon, Westminster Abbey and

Chatsworth are the three representative celebrities which our travellers think they must visit.”

The old *trinity* of tourist destination consisting of Stratford, Kenilworth and Warwick Castle, which belonged to the days of the stage coach, has now been replaced by a more ambitious one, made entirely possible by the railway.

During the time that Burritt toured England on foot, North America was immersed in the midst of the civil war, “the painful catastrophe which has broken over the American Republic.” Burritt finds the initials U.S.A. as well as C.S.A. in many of the visitors' books, a finding that he deplores:

> It was a sad sight to me to see the profane and suicidal antagonisms which have rent it in twain brought to the shrine of this great memory and graven upon its sacred tablet as it were with the murdering dagger's point. New and bad initials! The father and patriot Washington would have wept tears of blood to have read them here, — to have read them anywhere, bearing such deplorable meaning [...] sadder, in a certain sense, than the smoke-wreaths of the Tuscarora and Alabama ploughing the broad ocean with their keels. U. S. A. and C. S. A.!

April 1864 was a key date for the development of literary tourism in Stratford as it was the 300th anniversary of Shakespeare's birth. The Stratford corporation saved no expense to celebrate the Tercentenary. The American minister to the Court of St. James, Charles Francis Adams, was invited to the celebrations to act as Vice President and also to attend the banquet that would be presided by Lord Carlisle. However, he did not come. In his diary he writes that the reason behind this decision is, “to avoid prominence” during those critical moments in his country. In Adams’ opinion, “Great efforts have been made to celebrate the anniversary with splendor, but without much success.”

Adams had previously been in Stratford in 1861 on a train visit. He then wrote in his journal that "myriad of pilgrims" are visiting the Birthplace, which he regards, like most American visitors, as "an old and a poor tenement." However, he continues,

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258 During the Civil War, American visitors from the rebel Southern states used the initials C.S.A. for Confederate States of America.
this poor dwelling "was enough for him to make a foundation for the immortality of the reputation of the town." Adams also emphasizes the importance of this "insignificant rustic". The huge influx of American visitors to Stratford makes him think that, "there is more hearty admiration of English writers than in the mother country." Adams evokes this visit to the perfect rural landscape as one of the best days on his time “on this side of the water.”261 In another entry in his diary dated December 1st, 1863, Adams summarises that he has taken a short break and, to his delight, is reading Hawthorn's account of his visit to Stratford on Avon.262

The American clergyman Moncure D. Conway attended the Shakespeare Tercentenary Celebrations at Stratford. For a week in April, Conway resided in “an enchanted land” spending “fairy days” in which:

- there were daily banquets; pretty barges, laden with pretty ladies, floated along with the swans on the Avon; excursions were made to Ann Hathaway's cottage and to Charlecote Hall, scene of the legendary deerstalking incident. There was a grand dinner, with a Shakespeare text for every dish, and wine and toast; there were five discourses about Shakespeare in the old church by Bishops Trench and Wordsworth; and finally there was as magnificent a fancy dress ball as was ever known, — every one being in a Shakespearian character.263

In his book, Conway remembers that he spent large part of each night at the Red Lion Inn, “surrounded by the relics of Washington Irving, writing my description of the wondrous affair for "Harper's Monthly."” He also wrote for the London paper Morning Star and for the Commonwealth in Boston but he enjoyed and, “grudged every moment that sleep claimed from my real dreamland.”

At the celebration, Conway meets Howard Staunton, editor of Shakespeare and investigator of the poet’s life, with whom he shares the theory that “Shakespeare's widow had married Richard James.” They examined together the church registers to verify this theory and they found that there was sufficient evidence to consider it true.

However, Conway warms Stauton that touching Ann Hathaway’s romantic sentiment would be controversial.  

In the Tercentenary Celebrations of Shakespeare’s birth, thousands of visitors saw the Henley Street house that had been recently restored. In order to commemorate the event, there were numerous publications printed. Many of them, as for instance *All About Shakespeare*, included illustrations that show an ideal and nostalgic view of the Birthplace that went back in time and tried to “locate Shakespeare in an idealized domestic (Tudor) setting”. A setting that some American authors, like Hawthorne, had not found idyllic at all. Nevertheless, other writers “focused on Victorian gender roles, with the maternal figure as the linchpin of their domestic ideal.” In this last group we could include Harriet Beecher Stowe who in her visit

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265 *The Official Programme of The Tercentenary Festival of the Birth of Shakespeare to be held at Stratford-upon-Avon commencing on Saturday, April 23, 1864* (London: Cassell, Peter and Galpin, 1864).
267 Thomas, 8.
to the house imagines Shakespeare, “Willie”, as a young boy and his relation with his father and lovely mother.\textsuperscript{268}

Before the festival was held there was a rivalry between the London committee and the Stratford committee that finally rose in popularity. The press was positioned on either side. The 20\textsuperscript{th} of January the \textit{Times} declared for Stratford arguing that the provincial towns are supporting Stratford as the place to held the Tercentenary because:

\begin{quote}
all Europe and all America, when they give to Shakespeare a local habitation, think of him not in connection with London, but in connection with Stratford, where he was born, where he was educated, where he married and had children, where his family seem always to have lived even when he himself was in London, where he visited them from year to year, where as he grew in wealth he bought house and lands, where he retired in the fulness of his strength to enjoy his days, where he died, and where he now is buried.\textsuperscript{269}
\end{quote}

After the Tercentenary Festival that was the most elaborate celebration of Shakespeare’s birthday since Garrick, Stratford was definitively positioned as the place where later annual Shakespearean festivals would be celebrated.

The American Civil War only ended in 1865, but when James N. Matthews visits Shakespeare’s birthplace in 1866, he surprisingly finds many American signatures, “nearly a third of all the names I should think” among those included in recent pages. He is shocked at the fact that the day previous to his visit, a citizen from Virginia had added his name and “initials C. S. A., in the largest Roman characters.” It is from a Reverend that, Matthews adds, “evidently did not acquiesce in the ‘logic of events,’ and was no believer in the doctrine that ‘whatever is is right’”\textsuperscript{270}

Matthews has dinner at the Red Horse Inn, now “known to Americans as, Washington Irving’s Hotel, according to the landlord card”\textsuperscript{271} and even spends an hour sitting at Washington Irving’s chair. He also visits Charlecote Park, “pronounced Chawcut by the natives,”\textsuperscript{272} and expresses great admiration at the surrounding nature,

\begin{footnotes}
\item[270] James Matthews, \textit{My Holiday; How I Spent it; Being some Rough Notes of a Trip to Europe and Back, in the Summer of 1866} (New York: Hurd & Houghton), 211.
\item[271] Matthews, 212.
\item[272] Matthews, 213.
\end{footnotes}
especially towards the “beautiful weeping willows border” along both sides of the Avon that seem to suggest that “the Avon is in perpetual mourning for the loss of her immortal Bard.”

Elihu Burritt, the American diplomat who served as U.S. consular agent for Birmingham from 1865 to 1870, visits Stratford in 1867. He included the chronicle of this visit in his volume, *Walks in the Black Country and its Green Border-Land*. He does not describe the little house in which Shakespeare was born since, “It has been painted, engraved, photographed, and described *ad infinitum*.” He sees names “written and re-writen” from pilgrims coming “from the extremest ends of the Anglo-Saxon world” and, he adds, “The Americans have contributed a large contingent to these records of the pencil.” However, what really matters in Burritt's account is the way in which he makes this American interest in Stratford meaningful, arguing that Shakespeare is the union nexus of the English race:

He was the last great English poet who sung to the unbroken family of the English race. They were then all gathered around England's hearthstone, unconscious of the mighty expansion which the near future was to develop. The population of the whole island hardly equalled that of the State of New York today. Just below the point of diffuence, about a quarter of a century before England put forth the first rivulet from the river of her being and history to fill the fountain of a new national existence in the Western World, Shakespeare was at his culmination as a poet. We Americans meet him first when we trace back our history to its origin. He of all the old masters stands in the very doorway of "Our Old Home" to welcome us with the radiant smile of his genius.

Burritt adds that Americans are truly inheritors of Shakespeare and that this is the reason why Stratford-upon-Avon is the most important location in all England for them. But, Burritt goes further in his explanation. He adds that Shakespeare already has more readers in the American continent than anywhere else in the world, and that this number increases every decade. He wonders, “Will the sexcentenary anniversary of his birth be celebrated after the fashion of 1864?”

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Another interesting idea in Burritt’s account is his analysis of the process of popularization experienced by Shakespeare. Burritt argues that after the poet’s death, it took a century before he was a established literary author among the English educated classes, and then, just in the following century his literary stature spread all over the civilized world. But what is a complete change is that in that decade, Burritt continues, Shakespeare is for the first time “being introduced to a new world of readers, to the labouring masses of the people” by the publication of popular editions in Europe and in America in order to “familiarize the masses with his writings.”

Not all travel writing authors shared Burritt’s depth of insight. For the journalist Henry Morford, a journalist and an experienced traveller, the most important question was to instruct his friends about the places he had visited so, that they could use Morford book as a guide. Morford opens his essay asserting, “At Stratford, unlike other places, the first object of interest is found in a hotel.” Of course, this is the Red Horse. Then, he gives a short account on the rest of the Stratford tourist sites, like John H. B. Latrobe, a journalist that visits Stratford in 1868 and does not offer either a very deep assessment of the town. Monford just informs his readers that the birthplace custodian had tell him the story of the “Yankee who would have purchased it and taken it piecemeal to America, if they had let him”, that he has been shown Washington Irving’s room and handled a poker “reverently”.

The vision of Stratford as “the place in which the great Poet of the race was born” is mentioned by other Americans, for instance by Sinclair Tousey in his visit to Stratford in 1868. He considers Stratford a “charming” village but admits that if it were not Shakespeare's hometown no one would know about it.

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The influx of Americans visitors to Stratford-upon-Avon continues throughout the seventies. James Madison Hoyt, American layer and businessman visits Stratford accompanied by his son reverend Wayland Hoyt. They are hosted at the Red Horse where they see in “gilt letters” the words “Washington Irving’s Room” on the door of the parlour. This makes Hoyt say, “literary celebrities affiliate, and are grouped along the centuries.” They visit the “old Shakespeare house” with its “museum of relics and curiosities”, the church by the river Avon and surrounded by ancient trees, and also go to Shottery “where the great dramatist courted Ann Hathaway.” There, the custodian, a widow and relative of Anne’s, told them that, “she had been offered two thousand dollars for the old mahogany bedstead.” Finally they performed the new ritual pilgrims had to fulfil at the Hathaway’s cottage, that is, drink water from the well and take some flowers from the garden. Hoyt does not describe the sites he visits because he takes pictures of them. Travel books are now starting to include photos.

Ralph Waldo Emerson toured Europe on several occasions. He first travelled in 1833 describing later this trip in English Traits (1856). In 1847 and 1848 he made a second tour in the British Isles. He kept notebooks with annotations of the places he visited. On July 12, 1448 he saw Edward Fordham Flower at his home in Stratford, and on May 3rd 1873, the Emersons visited Warwick, where, after seeing the castle, were met by Mr E. F. Flower, the mayor of Stratford, who took them to his home at Stratford-upon-Avon, where they spent ten days. On Sunday, at the door of the church, they were met by the Clerk, who led them to seats in the chancel near

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282 James M. Hoyt, Glances on the Wing at Foreign Lands (Cleveland, Ohio: Fairbanks, Benedict & Co., 1872), 183.
283 Hoyt, 184.
284 Edward Fordham Flower (1805-1883) had settled at Stratford-upon-Avon and opened a brewery in 1831. He held the office of mayor of Stratford four times, the last occasion being in 1864, the year of the Shakespeare tercentenary. In this celebration he took a leading part and was well known to all visitors to Shakespeare's birthplace, more especially to Americans, many of whom he hospitably entertained at his residence, The Hill, built in 1855.
Shakespeare’s tomb. This was the last time Emerson, who was already 70, remained in Stratford, “this place of good omen” as he writes in a letter to H. R. Haweis. Emerson had been several times at Stratford where he had been hosted by Edward Flower, one of the main developers of the town’s international appeal.

As the decade advances, Americans continue to write about their experiences in their English tours. In 1875 the American politician Horatio King and his wife spend two hours in Shakespeare’s house. They find it exactly like the pictures they had often seen. They enumerate the items found at the museum: the 1596 Shakespeare’s deed for New Place, the 1589 letter by Thomas Quiney asking for a loan, Shakespeare’s gold signet ring, the ancient desk, the sword and Shakespeare’s jug from which Garrick drank wine at the 1769 Jubilee. There is a new addition to the previous list: “a sign of the Falcon Inn, where he is said to have imbibed too freely.” Both are pleased with their visit. On the contrary Eugene R. Hendrix, during his visit in 1877, feels disappointed when he discovers that the house has been renewed and complains that “one could pass by it without being struck with its age.” However, once more, like other Americans, he finds comfort in “the natural scenery of the place, which fed the genius of young Shakespeare.”

Ninety years after the visit of Thomas Jefferson and John Adams, the ex-president of the United States General Ulysses Grant came to Stratford. It was September 1877 and Grant had been in office as president of the United States until March of that same year. After leaving the White House, he and his family set out on a world tour that was initially planned as a private affair but assumed diplomatic proportions. Grant's popularity in Europe encouraged him to extend his tour and voyage around the world to strengthen American interests abroad, an unprecedented undertaking for a former president.

On September the 28th, Mr and Mrs Grant accompanied by General Badeau, the American Consul at London, arrived at Stratford train station. There, they were

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286 Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes (eds.), Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson With Annotations (Boston And New York Constable & Co. Limited 1914), 418.
received by the Mayor of Stratford and other members of the local corporation. On the occasion, the whole city participated in a festival in his honour, the “houses were decorated with flags, among which the American colors were conspicuous. The stars and stripes were displayed from the Town Hall and the Mayor's residence.” The Grants visited Shakespeare’s house, the Museum, the church, Anne Hathaway’s cottage, and “other places of interest”, they also attended a public lunch in the Town Hall where Grant was given a “cordial address, enclosed in a casket made from the wood of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare.” In response to a toast Grant declared that, “he should not have considered himself a true American if he had neglected to visit Stratford-on-Avon.” The event, that had stirred interest among citizenship had great media impact and the news was published in the London *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Times*. The visit of former US President Ulysses Grant constitutes an instance of cultural diplomacy of which Shakespeare and the development of literary tourism in Stratford were an integral part in the second half of the nineteenth-century.

William Winter, American dramatist, critic and author published several descriptions of his visits to Stratford. The first, in 1877 was included in *A Trip to England* (1879). Winter explains how he travels towards Stratford under a gloomy sky but to his surprise, when he reaches the town he enjoys a “fair daylight.” There he performs the mandatory route in Stratford, recording an accurate description of Shakespeare’s town. The first place visited is Washington Irving’s room at the Red Horse, the armchair where “every American pilgrim” seats, the old fireplace and the memorials of Irving on the walls. Then, Winter explains how on “that delicious summer afternoon which is for ever memorable in my life, the golden glory of the westering sun burns on the gray spire of Stratford church, and on the ancient graveyard below”. This is a mystic moment for him, an instant overwhelmed of spirituality. He promenades during that first “sacred night” towards “the haunted house” where Shakespeare was born, and paths around the town arriving to New

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290 *The New York Times* published this text on September 29, 1877. The same text was later included in, L. T. Remlap (ed.), *General U. S. Grant's Tour Around The World* Embracing his Speeches, Receptions and Description of his Travels. (Hartford, Connecticut: James Betts & Co., 1879), 72.

Place. The rest of Winter’s writing is devoted to offer a detailed and poetical account on the sites and circumstances that surround them. Nevertheless, the essential idea enclosed in his first essay on Stratford, expressed in the following paragraph, is that at Strafford, even as time goes by, the visitor can still “feel” Shakespeare:

Every pilgrim to Stratford knows, in a general way, what he will there behold. Copious and frequent description of its Shakespearean associations has made the place familiar to all the world. Yet these Shakespearean associations keep a perennial freshness, and are equally a surprise to the sight and a wonder to the soul. Though three centuries old they are not stricken with age or decay.\(^\text{292}\)

In May 1879 William Winter published “The Home of Shakespeare” in *Harper's Magazine*. The article was aimed at informing the American readers of the great commitment of the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford. Edward A. Abbey embellished the essay with beautiful illustrations. The article, later included as a chapter in *A winter Trip* (1881), makes a deep and complete study of the history of Stratford, the development of all the places related with the poet from Shakespeare’s years till the present. The essay had great success among American readers who saw in it as a tourist guide to the town. In this sense, Winter's "The home of Shakespeare" would replace Washington Irving's “Stratford on Avon” included in his *Sketchbook*. In addition, the writing would have great repercussion in later writers exerting influence in their writings.

At the end of the 1870s, Stratford saw the arrival of the first large group of American tourists travelling in an organized tour. The tour consisted in a group of two hundred and fifty people that had departed towards the Old World on the 29th of June 1878 from New York in the steamship *Devonia* and another party of nearly fifty people that had left a week earlier in the steamship *Ciressia*. The tour leader was Dr. Eben Tourjée’s, an active Methodist and YMCA leader who had previously acquired experience organizing the mammoth choruses for the 1869 and 1872 peace jubilees in Boston. The members of the Tourjée educational Excursion Party of 1878 were organized in four sections that travelled through Europe independently.

Luther Holden, an American surgeon who took part in Tourjée’s tour, published a record of the journey through Europe. There are two interesting issues to

highlight in Holden’s travel narrative. First, that in spite of all the wonders the group visits in Europe, they still consider Stratford the “most interesting spot to all who speak the English tongue” and confess having felt “a strange thrill at or heart” when they came into Stratford, the town where, “Shakespeare of the world lived, and loved, and died.”

Second, that for the narration of their pilgrimage through Stratford, Holden “made use” of the one William Winter had written two years earlier. Complete paragraphs of Winter's chronicle appear interspersed in Holden’s account of the visit to Stratford.

One year after Tourjée’s Party, Colonel Burr H. Polk would also tour Europe within a group of 313 Americans. Polk is part of “The Big American Caravan in Europe ... the Largest Party of Tourists who ever made the Rounds in a Body under one Management.” They travel to Stratford by train and there they have dinner “under the auspices of the Old Red Horse Inn, but in a Bowling Alley about a square behind the Inn.” Polk is more impressed by the “Thatch (sic) Inn” than by the House of Shakespeare, and feels disappointed when he does not find a picture of it in the entire town. He is also upset by the attitude of relic-hunters when at Shakespeare’s house he sees that “much of the woodwork had been chipped by the knives. The group leaves Stratford by train, and “flying through the country, by elegant stations on the way with the highest speed,” arrive to London at 6:50 p.m.

The young nineteen years old actress Mary Anderson after her great success in New York debuted in London in the year 1878. In July of that same year she spent a few days in Stratford, a holiday she would later remember in her memoirs as a very happy moment. Anderson writes, “Misses Chataway, those charming old ladies who formerly guarded Shakespeare's birthplace with such reverential care, showed us much courtesy, Mr William Winter's letter serving us as an open sesame to their

293 Luther Holden, *A Summer Jaunt Through the Old World: A Record of an Excursion Made to and Through Europe, by the Tourjée Educational Party of 1878* (Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1879), 560.
295 Polk, 34. The Inn was probably incapable to lodge such amount of people.
296 Polk, 34.
297 Polk, 35-36.
298 This shows that William Winter was then an influential person in Stratford.
kind hearts.”  She is “allowed to sit alone in the room where the great bard was born”. In the afternoon Anderson walks to Anne Hathaway’s cottage where “Shakespeare wooed and won "Sweet Anne." There she contemplates the wide-ranging flowers and the well “that has reflected the face of the great bard himself and the faces of Byron, Scott, Dickens, and a host of others who have made themselves dear to our hearts.” Anderson finishes her visit dinning at the Red Horse, surrounded by the memories of Irving and promenading to the church where “the master now ‘sleeps well.’”

During the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the *Grand Tour*, a long trip to historic European cities, was popular among the elite of Europe as an educational and culturally refining experience and could last up to forty months. The early English travellers often were landlord aristocracy but by the late eighteenth century the Tour became popular among lawyers, physicians, bankers or merchants. By the mid nineteenth century, the Tour started to be popular among early American tourists. Literature continued to play a central role in both instigating and directing literary pilgrimages and tours and, Shakespeare’s birthplace at Stratford-upon-Avon in England provided the motivation for people to visit a country in the first place. Hezekiah Butterworth’s *Zigzag Journeys* (1881) was aimed at preparing young readers for the realization of this travel by giving them a view of the principal places in England and France. In the text enclosed in the anthology, Master Lewis and some school boys make a fictional visit to Stratford. There is a description of the place and the curiosities found in the Shakespeare Museum and it includes two illustrations: Anne Hathaway’s Cottage and a portrait of Shakespeare.

In the same trend of fictional visits to Stratford that enjoyed great popularity was *What Katy Did Next* (1886), by Sarah Chauncey Woolsey, working under the pen name Susan Coolidge. It narrates the adventures of Katy Carr as she travels to Europe. The story begins with Katy accepting an invitation to spend a year in Europe

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299 Mary Anderson, *A Few Memories* (New York: Publisher Harper & brothers, 1896), 129.
300 Anderson, 130.
301 Anderson, 130.
and becomes “essentially the Grand Tour redacted for American teenagers.”

The book includes an account of the places and sights Katy visits:

“October is not a favourable month in which to see England. Water, water is everywhere; you breathe it, you absorb it; it wets your clothes and it dampens your spirits. Mrs Ashe’s friends advised her not to think of Scotland at that time of the year. One by one their little intended excursions were given up. A single day and night in Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon;”

3.2.8 THE RETURN OF THE SUCCESSFUL EMIGRANT. FALKNER:
A PARODY OF TRAVEL LITERATURE. AMERICAN FOUNTAIN (1880-1990)

In the early 1880s, American tourists were already aware of the economic impact of their visits to Stratford. Henry C. Holloway, after visiting the Birthplace and being reminded by the custodian of the house that he was expected to pay says:

No tourists patronize Stratford more generously than Americans, no less than fifteen thousand having visited this famous house in one year; and just that many shillings were taken in from these alone.

In the summer of 1881 the American millionaire, Andrew Carnegie accompanied by his mother and some American friends, are preparing to travel across England. They travel from Brighton on the English coast south of London to Inverness in northern Scotland. They form a group that calls itself the Gay Charioteers that travels in high Victorian style. This meant travelling in coach pulled by “four noble bay horses … a glossy new black coach with a coachman on the box and a footman behind.” Their trip comprises a “special visit” to Stratford, in order to worship the shrine of Shakespeare. There, they are lodged at the Red Horse Inn. First, the group whose members declare themselves “True monotheists… who make the pilgrimage to Stratford” approaches the Holy Trinity Church. Carnegie says that he has often been at Stratford but is always surprised by the silence that surrounds Shakespeare’s grave. He is also disturbed at the thought of the mortality of a genius,

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303 Watson, The Literary Tourist, 49.
304 Susan Coolidge, What Katy Did Next (Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1886), 123.

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“the brain of a god doing its work one day and food for worms the next!” The Charioteers go through the “hallowed region,” telling many stories about Shakespeare. Several members of the party tell the others anecdotes and tales about their childhood or youth that had an association to Shakespeare. This makes Carnegie express, “A man can no more escape the influence of Shakespeare than he can that of surroundings. Shakespeare is the environment of all English-speaking men.”

About 23 years later, a controversy would arise around Carnegie’s donation for a free library in Stratford. Carnegie, then almost eighty-years old, agreed to a request by the mayor to provide a public library for the people of Stratford-upon-Avon. The problem arose when it was made public that several cottages in Henley Street were going to be demolished in order to build Carnegie’s library. The campaign to save the buildings, led by the novelist Marie Corelli was echoed by national and international press; The New York Times for instance, amply covered the issue. Corelli issued a magazine entitled The Avon Star in which she explained her claims. The publication was soon answered by her opponent Rev. J. Harvey Bloom’s The Errors of ‘The Avon Star’. Lastly, the cottages were preserved. This was the first example of a local conservation campaign.

At the beginning of the nineteenth century, the overseas journey took more than one month in a sailing ship, now travellers could cross the Atlantic in just nine days. Visits to the town are also shortened. Gone are the days in which tourists calmly strolled through the street of Stratford. Now, in his popular guide, Thomas W. Know, an expert traveller and journalist, recommends visiting Stratford since “the journey… is praised as one of the prettiest in England.” However, he adds, “If the tourist is in a hurry half a day will suffice.” Knox would later publish a more detailed and long

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307 Andrew Carnegie, An American Four-in-Hand in Britain (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1883), 133.
308 Carnegie, 138.
visit to Stratford, illustrated with sketches and photographs, in one of his successful travel adventure books for boys. \(^{312}\)

A curious example of travel writing can be found in William C. Falkner’s *Rapid Ramblings in Europe*.\(^ {313}\) Its interest lies in the fact that Falkner perfectly knows the traditional stories and descriptions that other American tourists have made of their visit to Stratford and what he does is parody those chronicles in a humorous way. Falkner and the ladies that form his group visit the “old wooden house”. There Falkner first tries to “pluck a little fragment of the of the rock from the hearth”\(^ {314}\) but the old lady that is showing them around spots him and tells him not to do it. He obeys but quickly meets another opportunity to take a souvenir of the house when he discovers “an old wooden button fastened to a door-post with a rusty screw.” Falkner thinks that, “to take a little insignificant bit of timber that could be of no use to anybody,” cannot be considered a harmful action so, he definitely decides to steal it. He “cast a covetous eye on the aforesaid button, and then and there resolved to secure it for a relic.” He is excited thinking how often “the fingers of the great bard” turned this same button\(^ {315}\) nonetheless, he is again discovered by the custodian and has to remove the button from his pocket and replace it.

The visit to the birthplace continues, and he continues showing a completely irreverent attitude toward the objects that are displayed there as the most precious relics. As he is shown Shakespeare’s arm-chair he straightaway seats down and says, “I dare say Shakespeare never for a moment thought that his chair would be honored by being permitted to afford rest to such a distinguished American citizen.”\(^ {316}\) Falkner offers his readers a brief overview of the history of the house,

The house has been used as a butcher-shop. What a contrast have we here! First it sheltered the world's greatest poet, then it sheltered slaughtered sheep

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\(^{313}\) William C. Falkner, lawyer, politician and businessman from Missouri, was the great-grandfather of American novelist William Faulkner.


\(^{315}\) Falkner, 79.

\(^{316}\) Falkner, 80.
and dead pigs, then it was converted into a hotel, and finally it became the property of the nation.\textsuperscript{317}

At last Falkner finds an opportunity to take a relic when he sees “a pretty little round white pebble lying near”\textsuperscript{318} the mulberry-tree. A man is watching him but he is fast and quickly put this insignificant stone in his pocket. Nevertheless, the most comical moment of this chronicle happens when Falkner falls deeply asleep next to the grave of Shakespeare and dreams that it opens. He then talks with the poet and several Shakespearean characters appear in front of him. Falkner and his friends also visit Anne Hathaway’s cottage where he is shown some articles “manufactured with Anne’s own hands”\textsuperscript{319} and Charlecote Park.

Charles Edward Flower, a prominent resident of Stratford, laid the first stone of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in 1874. The theatre was first inaugurated on the 23\textsuperscript{rd} of April 1877 and from then on regular performances would be given to mark Shakespeare’s Birthday. A summer Festival was also held for a few weeks every year. On the 29\textsuperscript{th} August 1885, the famous American actress Mary Anderson gave a special performance at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. In her memories, Anderson explains how Mr Flower had asked her in several occasions to act in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford and she finally had accepted. She plays Rosalind for the first time in this theatre for the benefit of the building. Anderson remembers how “the whole atmosphere on that occasion was thoroughly Shakespearian.”\textsuperscript{320} For the purpose, the flowers that decorated the stage where from Shakespeare’s garden and those used by Rosalind and Celia from Anne Hathaway’s cottage. The deer that appeared in the stage had been shot in Charlecote Park; moreover, she was told that it had been hunted by one of the Lucys. Some groups of the audience arrived to the theatre by boat. Anderson recollects that this performance left such an impression on her that for a time she wanted to play just this role.

William Winter, the American critic in his book The Stage Life of Mary Anderson (1886), offers a comprehensive chronicle of the first appearance of “Miss Mary Anderson as Rosalind in Shakespeare’s beautiful comedy of ‘As You Like

\textsuperscript{317} Falkner, 81.
\textsuperscript{318} Falkner, 82.
\textsuperscript{319} Falkner, 88.
\textsuperscript{320} Anderson, A Few Memories, 197.
It." Winter also narrates how the town goes through that moment of maximum agitation by the premiere. Every seat at the Shakespeare Memorial is sold and the two main hotels, the Red Horse and the Shakespeare accommodated the actors. Winter finds that “the spell of peace which commonly rests upon this shrine had been completely broken.” The performance of such an international figure as Mary Anderson attracted a large amount of theatre-goers and also of journalists from London that highly praised Miss Anderson’s cross-dress outfit.

The performance was a success and the benefits, which amounted £100, were earmarked towards the cost of two of the three terracotta panels representing Comedy, History and Tragedy on the façade of the theatre facing Chapel Lane. “One of these, emblematic of Comedy, will present a scene from " As You Like It," and in this the image of Miss Anderson's lovely Rosalind will be perpetuated where first it was revealed.”

The Illustrated Catalogue of the Pictures &c. in the Shakespeare Memorial published in 1903 contained two allusions to this performance:

Upon the exterior of the Library are three terra-cotta basso-relievo panels representing respectively scenes from “As You Like It," 'King John," and "Hamlet"; the first and third were given by Miss Mary Anderson, the second by the architect, Mr W. F. Unsworth.

THE FALLOW DEER. The deer over the fireplace is a stage property; it was first used when the late Mr Barry Sullivan produced "As You Like It" at the Memorial Theatre in 1879, also in the performance of the same play in 1885, when Miss Mary Anderson played "Rosalind." The deer was presented by H. S. Lucy, Esq., from the historic herd at Charlecote. The ironwork supporting the stag formerly held the sign of the White Lion Hotel, a famous posting house in Henley Street.

322 Winter, The Stage Life, 97.
323 Illustrated Catalogue of the Pictures &c. in the Shakespeare Memorial at Stratford-upon-Avon: with historical and descriptive notes by Shakespeare Memorial (Stratford-on-Avon: J. Morgan, 1903), 8, 11.
324 Illustrated Catalogue, 64.
Figure 23: Mary Anderson as Rosalind.\textsuperscript{325}

Figure 24: Terracotta panels at The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.\textsuperscript{326}

\textsuperscript{325} Mary Anderson (Mrs de Navarro) as Rosalind in 'As You Like It' by Henry Van der Weyde. © National Portrait Gallery, London.

\textsuperscript{326} Illustrated Catalogue of the Pictures &c. in the Shakespeare Memorial, 15.
American travel writing accounts on Stratford continue appearing in the form of letters and volumes. Nathan Hubbell in his expedition to Jerusalem stops at Stratford. Hubbell find the hotels crowed by a political meeting but is finally lodged at the Golden Lion. He pays the customary visit to the routine sites, praises the beauty of the town that can be compared to New Haven and is shocked and disgusted at the carved figures that appear on many of the misericords of the choir seats at Holy Trinity Church. He describes them as, “grossly indecent.”

Figure 25: Misericord at Holy Trinity Church

Oliver Wendell Holmes, an American physician, returns to Stratford in the year 1886. He had been there fifty-two years before. He is now the guest of Mr Charles E. Flower “one of the chief citizens of Stratford” and is lodged in his mansion “in the most cordial way.” Holmes evokes his first visit to Stratford in the year 1834, contemplates the transformation of the birthplace and remembers how this site of pilgrimage, that he calls “the Santa Casa of England” almost shared the “fortunes of Jumbo under the management of our enterprising countryman, Mr Barnum.”

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328 Oliver W. Holmes, Our Hundred Days in Europe (Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin and Co., 1895), 91.
notices that, the “outside had undergone great changes, but its bare interior was little altered.” Holmes explains that Mr Flower is deeply interested in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre where he is now forming a library and a portrait gallery. Holmes also comments on the interest that still surrounds Shakespeare’s grave, adding:

Ever since Miss Bacon made her insane attempt to unearth what is left of Shakespeare's bodily frame, the thought of doing reverently and openly what she would have done by stealth has been entertained by psychologists, artists, and others who would like to know what were his cranial developments, and to judge from the conformation of the skull and face which of the various portraits is probably the true one.330

Charles D. Linskill, editor of the Wilkes-Barre Telephone, makes his tour through England in the summer of 1887 to visit his father’s hometown and so fulfil the promise he had made him. On the occasion he had “the pleasure of passing about two hours at the birthplace of the great Shakespeare, one of the greatest writers that has ever walked our earth.”331 Mr and Mrs Baker are now the custodian of the birthplace, each of them are in charge of the ground and the first floor respectively. Linskill observes that no fire of light is now permitted in the house; neither is anyone allowed to write or cut the name on walls or anywhere else. Moreover, relic-hunters are closely watched but he succeeded in taking a small piece of broken stone from the floor, which he put into his pocket and later the custodian gave him some flowers from Shakespeare’s garden. Linskill drinks from Shakespeare’s well at New Place and also eats “a few mulberries from a tree of his planting.” He sees the new modern theatre, The Shakespeare Memorial, and also, the “handsome Shakespeare fountain that Mr Childs, of Philadelphia, was erecting.”332 This refers to the American Fountain, whose first stone had been laid by Lady Hodgson, the wife of the town’s mayor, on 20th June 1887.

The fountain, a present of wealthy newspaper owner Mr Childs of Philadelphia333 was unveiled on the 17th October, 1887, by the well-known actor

329 Holmes, 91.
330 Holmes, 95.
332 Linkskill, 373.
333 Childs’s biography, the story of the Memorial to Shakespeare at Stratford-upon-Avon and other donations made in England can be found at, George W. Childs, Recollections (Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott, 1890).
Henry Irving, then a celebrated actor in England and in the USA. The monument was proposed as a tribute to Queen Victoria Golden Jubilee, homage to Shakespeare and support to the English and American relationships. Several dignitaries attended the unveiling and the opening ceremony of the monument was long and formal, with successive speeches. When the fountain water was turned on, Mr Irving drank “To the Immortal Memory of Shakspere,” while the band played the National Anthem and “Hail, Columbia”. There were hearty cheers “given for the Queen, for the President of the United States, for the American Minister (Mr Phelps), for MR CHILDS, the munificent donor of the fountain, for the Mayor and Lady Hodgson, and for Mr Irving.”

The American Fountain still stands today in Stratford’s Market Place Square as a symbol of Shakespeare’s role as cultural ambassador.

James Russell Lowell, former ambassador to the Court of St. James's, could not attend the ceremony but the mayor of Stratford, Sir Arthur Hodgson, read to the public present at the luncheon a letter addressed to him. Lowell’s letter is meant at highlighting the importance in the relationship between the English and the American nation. Lowell refers to Washington Irving as the first author capable of give an account of the emotion which Stratford-upon-Avon awakens in the heart of the pilgrim, and especially of the American pilgrim.”

Lowell adds:

this Memorial should be the gift of an American, and thus serve to recall the kindred blood of two great nations, joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it because it is one of the multiplying signs that these two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize, less and less of those in which they differ.

Lowell’s speech tries to emphasise those aspects England and USA share, firstly the language, which henceforth, he adds, should not be used to say “unpleasant things” but to achieve an “honest friendship” as Mr Childs has shown. Finally Lowell declares that as in “old maps … the British Possessions in America included the greater part of what is now the territory of the United States,” Americans also have a possession in England, that cannot be found in a map. Lowell explains in what consist this possession:

334 Clarke (ed.), 49.
335 Clarke (ed.), 36.
336 Clarke (ed.), 36.
337 Clarke (ed.), 37.
The dust that is sacred to you is sacred to him. The annals which Shakspeare makes walk before us in flesh and blood are his no less than yours. These are the ties which we recognize, and are glad to recognize on occasions like this.\(^{338}\)

Edward John Phelps, minister to Great Britain, was present at the ceremony. After a toast to The President of the United States, Phelps delivered his speech. First, he pointed out that he is not there acting as a diplomat because subsequently diplomacy should have “very little place among the straightforward Saxon race”\(^{339}\). Phelps thanks his predecessor, Mr Lowell for his job, and Mr Childs because of his generosity donating a monument in the place where so many American pilgrim has come and where they:

have established a title as tenants in common with Englishmen by right of possession one of those possessions described by Mr Lowell, not laid down on the map, but of which the title is just as strong as if it were marked by geographical boundaries.\(^{340}\)

\[\text{Figure 26: Washington Irving’s words engraved in the American Fountain.}\] \(^{341}\)

\(^{338}\) Clarke (ed.), 37.
\(^{339}\) Clarke (ed.), 38.
\(^{340}\) Clarke (ed.), 38.
\(^{341}\) “Ten thousand Honours and blessing on the bard who has gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions.” Washington Irving’s “Stratford-on-Avon.”
3.2.9 HARVARD HOUSE. THE 1896 BIRTHDAY CELEBRATIONS (1890-1900)

In the 1890s, American pilgrims incorporate new sites to their Stratford route. In 1895 Lucy Bronson Dudley writes “we went to Stratford on Avon, where all good Americans go and it is said that their patronage aids materially to support the town.”

She sees the “drinking fountain and clock, given by an American” and the house of Harvard, “a link between Cambridge, Mass., and Stratford.”

Almost at the end of the century, the 1896 Shakespeare's birthday celebration at Stratford achieves an international resonance. The unveiling of the American Window by the American ambassador Thomas Bayard in Holy Trinity Church of Stratford–upon-Avon, was an event that was reported by the American press in most of their daily papers all over the United States.

The Chicago Daily Tribune published an article on the occasion. The solemn ceremony was attended by a multitude. Ambassador Bayard and the rest of the dignitaries came into the church followed by “a splendid pageant the leading clergy of the whole country, followed by choristers, cross and banner bearers, clerks and so

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343 Dudley, 55.
The vicar of Trinity Church, reading from an American prayer book, directs his prayer to the Queen of England, President Cleveland. Afterwards, he turns to praise the American pilgrim as “the most affectionate toward Shakspeare”, and highlights the scenes on the window that represent: Americus Vespucci, Christopher Columbus, William Penn, and the chaplain of the pilgrims praying at Plymouth Rock. Then it was Bayard’s turn: “We of America … claim joint and equal shares in this heritage, and we want no partition service over it”.

From the church, the attendants went to the town hall where Bayard sat under paintings of Shakespeare and Garrick during the luncheon. There Lord Leigh, the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire, toasted President Cleveland and, “The people cried: ‘Rah!’ ‘Rah!’ four times.” Then was Bayard’s turn again and he - speaking much easily that the English on the journalist opinion - said that the trouble between England and America one century and twenty years before was caused by cruel King George imposing on them extreme punishments. However, he declared himself a “republican citizen, yet acknowledged himself subject to King William Shakspeare… considered Shakspeare one of the best Americans that ever lived”. Mayor Smallwood paid many complements to Bayard and even added, “we ought to thank them, too, for taking good care of the millions of Irishmen whom we could not manage.” After the luncheon they moved to the memorial theatre where George F. Parker, the United States Consul at Birmingham, presented a portrait of Edwin Booth, the American actor and founder of the Players’ club. Bayard then said, “the great American actor interpreted Shakspeare like a good democrat.” The journalist finally emphasises what the Daily Telegraph has published on the ceremony: “Shakspeare surely intended that no serious and lasting quarrel should ever divide the two kindred people, bound so indissolubly together.” The unveiling of the New American Window in 1896 marked the apex of the deployment of Shakespeare for cultural diplomacy.

Another article also published in the Chicago Tribune the 24th of April adds some more information that stresses the interest contained in dignitaries’ speeches in

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http://archives.chicagotribune.com/1896/04/24/page/2/article/america-day-at-stratford-on-avon
order to show the better understanding between both nations. Bayard emphasises the little difference he finds between “the freemen of America and the freemen of Great Britain,” and in his speech says, “We feel the community of race and speech, and we feel that we are commemorating the man who was the master in the use of our mother tongue." Mr Parker’s speech makes reference to Washington Irving, Hawthorne, George W. Childs, Holmes, Bret Harte, William Winter, Mary Anderson and Charlotte Cushman. These names “were wildly cheered” by the presents. The Mayor of the town said; "It is not enough to call the Americans cousins, there is a term of deeper significance –they are our brethren." This article informs that the Americans that attended the ceremony were, “Mr and Mrs J. W. Parks of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Mr O. H. White of New York, Mr James Buchanan of Boston, and Bret Harte.”

The narration of an American woman, Julia P. Wilson, is the last nineteenth century testimony included in our anthology. She visited Stratford in 1899 and during her visit she lodged at the Shakespeare Hotel, that keeps every room named after some play of Shakespeare. Wilson visits the church, sees the Seven Ages of Man window which she mistakenly announces to be a contribution of Americans. Her mistake arises from the fact that the Seven Ages Window had been donated by just one American, Mr Childs, the same benefactor that donated the American Fountain. The stained-glass window paid for with the donations from many American visitors was the New American Window unveiled by Ambassador Bayard in 1896 (see supra). Wilson also visits Shakespeare’s birthplace in Henley Street, the Memorial Fountain, and the Memorial Building library, picture gallery and theatre.

3.2.10 CARS, MARIE CORELLI AND THE BIRTHPLACE TRUST
(1900-1914)

The twentieth century definitively turned the pilgrims into tourists. Although they still keep, as Ohio politician William A. Braman says, “a feeling of awe and reverence” towards Shakespeare, the spiritual constituent of the visit and the use of religious vocabulary to refer to the poet, has been diluted over time. New tourists, as

346 Julia P. Wilson, Leaves from my Diary Containing Incidents Connected with a Sea Voyage (Norwalk, Connecticut: H. M. Gardner, 1900), 125-126.
347 William. A. Braman, Glimpses of Europe (Cleveland, Ohio: J. B. Savage, 1901), 168.
Braman, generally travel from Warwick to Stratford by train and there, they engage a carriage “for a round of sight seeing”. The Americans illustrate their books with photographs taken at the sites. The visit to Shakespeare’s birthplace remains the first tourist site visitors tick off but now they also visit what Braman calls the Memorial Hall, that is the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, with its exhibition of paintings, its library and tower. By 1876, the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust had purchased New Place and Nash's House, the house next door to the ruins and gardens of William Shakespeare's final residence. The Trust also acquired Ann Hathaway’s cottage in 1892 and Braman records that with the sixpence of his admission ticket he was entitled to “a seat on the rude bench in front of the broad fireplace, where we imagined the young lover sat with his bride in the early days of their housekeeping”, suggesting that by cult of the famous settle in the cottage was then already under way.348 By the early twentieth-century, the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust’s ownership of the different Shakespearean properties had redrawn and enlarged the route for literary tourists in Stratford.

Theodore F. Wolfe, a well-known author of books about living authors, their homes and environments, after his visit to Shakespeare’s birthplace in 1901 declares that they have been “received more like guests than tourists,” and explains the reason for this:

the sympathetic demeanor of the custodians, the familiar aspect of the rooms and the precious associations of which we are joint inheritors with the whole English-speaking race, make this seem less a "show-place" than many others to which our rambles lead.349

Wolfe’s travel narrative is also indicative of how the tourist route in Stratford is expanding. The binary move from the Birthplace to the grave is now being complicated with New Place, the Guild Chapel and the Grammar School. He particularly singles out New Place, which “Despite the meagerness of its remains”, he finds “one of the most impressive of the shrines sanctified by association with the world's greatest poet”.350

Shakespeare’s birthplace, purchased by the Birthday Trust in 1847, had been intensely restored in order to erase signs of the three hundred years occupation by people not linked to Shakespeare’s family. This restoration enlarged the house and in these new rooms the custodians now, more than ever stress “associations” to Shakespeare. Among these new associations a room now shown as the place where Shakespeare’s father had his workshop or wool-shop. Wolfe and his party complete the Stratford tour visiting New Place, Holy Trinity Church “literary Mecca of all mankind,” where they see the American Window. The party also visits the Guild Chapel, the Grammar School, the Memorial fountain, Ann Hathaway’s cottage and the Red Horse Inn that in this beginning of the twentieth century appears not only linked to Washington Irving but to many other travellers, some of them mentioned supra in this dissertation. They are travellers that came to Stratford to pay homage to Shakespeare and are now they are the object of interest and admiration of subsequent visitors. Wolfe points out:

The cozy, old-fashioned hostelry was well-known to Shakespeare; doubtless Jonson, Drayton, and Burbage lodged there in his day, as did Betterton and Garrick long decades later. Its opulent registers bear such names as Longfellow, Ripley, Gerald Massey, Artemus Ward, Bayard Taylor, Edmund Yates, Elihu Burritt, William Winter, Charles Dudley Warner, and many more of the guild of letters. Wolfe also describes the home of Shakespeare’s daughter Susanna and her husband, the physician Dr John Hall, as a “picturesque gabled and bay-window house”. Hall’s Croft, a recent addition to the Stratford literary trail in 1901 was finally bought by the Shakespeare Birthday Trust in 1949.

A large party composed by Abraham Van Doren Honeyman, American lawyer and editor, and some fellow travellers among them clergymen, editors, doctors, lawyers, authors, poets, professors, some millionaires whose names Honeyman does not reveal, arrives to Stratford in the summer of 1901. They travel in four coaches with an American flag at the forefront of each coach. Honeyman declares that it is not his intention to “flaunt the flag of his country, though it is the most beautiful in the

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351 Wolfe, Literary Rambles, 131.
352 Wolfe, Literary Rambles, 136.
353 Wolfe, Literary Rambles, 129.
whole wide world, in the faces of the peoples of other lands” but the town of Stratford “is an exception”, and he explains why this town is singular:

It is the focus for all Americans who go to England, and it is made what it is altogether by the tribute we pay to the "bard of Avon." England never discovered Stratford; Washington Irving did. The Child's Fountain supplies its beasts of burden with drink, and our own tourists fill the hotels and shop coffers with money. At all events here we hoisted the flag, and it was a welcome sight alike to the trades-people and to the proprietor of the "Red Horse," Mr William G. Colbourne.\(^{354}\)

Honeyman gives a complete account on the history of the Red Horse Inn, where he had been lodged previously, stressing the importance of Washington Irving and moreover the importance of the “genial ‘modern Irving’”, the author of Shakespeare’s England” whose room Honeyman has occupied on at least three occasions. Honeyman is referring to William Winter, the American author and dramatic critic. Honeyman thinks that it is difficult to add any other information to Irving and Winter descriptions on Stratford so he just relates a conversation he had with an old citizen he met in an inn opposite the birthplace. When Honeyman asked him about his recollection of the town in his boyhood he answered:

"'Member it," said he, "o' course I 'member; when I was a b'y it was but a butcher shop. I bo't meat there many a time. Then some o' you Yankees began to come in and say it was a great place. I don't believe myself that Shakespeare ever lived there; not much. The folks here don't. But you see now it brings us in a lot o' money."\(^{355}\)

The sites Honeyman recommends visiting in Stratford are the museum inside “he renovated birthplace”, the Grammar School, that he believes is authentic, New Place, also an authentic place for him and the new house of Marie Corelli, the popular novelist. However, he finds that “the most interesting sight, and by far the chief sight of Stratford, is the tall-spired church on the Avon.”\(^{356}\)

Anne Hathaway’s cottage, which Honeyman has visited several times, is for him more authentic that the birthplace. The first time he called on it he found the cottage “just as the pictures have represented it.” The cottage and the surrounding landscape remains in the memories of many American. Honeyman adds,


\(^{355}\) Honeyman, 41-42.

\(^{356}\) Honeyman, 43.
The same ivy and the same woodbine, the same roses and the same marigolds, were not there three hundred and twenty odd years ago, but assuredly their progenitors were, and probably in the same rich and almost exhaustless profusion. There were the same landscape views, the same hedgerow-bounded fields, the same kind of red poppies peeping out from among the stalks of wheat, the same species of linnets in the meadows and of skylarks in the gray sky. ³⁵⁷

The following year, 1902 Honeyman returns to Stratford by coach and is again lodged at the Red Horse Inn. Mrs Mary Anderson had been having lunch at the hotel the same day he had arrived. Honeyman describes some of the portraits hanging in the parlour of the hotel. He notices “the photographs of Irving, William Winter, Ellen Terry, Edwin Booth, Junius Brutus Booth, Edmund Kean, Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson, and Ada Rehan.” ³⁶³

Honeyman comments on a “sight that has become of growing interest since his previous visit.” ³⁶⁴ It is the house of Corelli whose photograph appears in the volume. He also alludes to the Memorial Theatre where Miss Mary Anderson made her debut as Rosalind. Honeyman mentions the art gallery and the library and the attempt is being made in order to collect “all known editions of the poet’s writings.” ³⁶⁵

In 1902 the clergyman and educator Walter W. Moore stayed at the Red Horse Inn and toured Stratford. When he enters the Holy Trinity Church and sees the American window and the box to receive donations from American visitors, Moore is puzzled to find that the memorial window that had been unveiled by Ambassador Bayard eighth years earlier, was still unfinished. Moore describes de window, “On

³⁵⁷ Honeyman, 47-48.
³⁵⁸ Ellen Terry (1874-1928) was an English actress who became the leading Shakespearean actress in Britain.
³⁵⁹ Junius Brutus Booth (1796-1852) was an English stage actor. He was the father of actor John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of U.S. President Abraham Lincoln and also the father of Edwin Booth (1833-1893), the foremost tragedian of the mid-to-late 19th century.
³⁶⁰ Edmund Kean (1787-1833) was a celebrated British Shakespearean stage actor.
³⁶¹ Helena Modjeska (1840-1909) was a renowned actress who specialized in Shakespearean and tragic roles. She was born in Kraków, Poland and emigrated to the United States in 1876 due to personal and political reasons.
³⁶² Joseph Jefferson (1829-1905) was an American actor.
³⁶³ Ada Rehan (1857-1916) was an Irish born American actress known as one of the great comediennes of her day.
³⁶⁴ Honeyman, 283.
³⁶⁵ Honeyman, 286.
one side are Amerigo Vespucci, Christopher Columbus and William Penn, representative pious Americans, and on the other Bishop Egwin of Worcester, King Charles the Martyr and Archbishop Laud!" He does not understand how Americans have contributed with two thousand dollars to construct a monument to Archbishop Laud and Charles I, “the inveterate foe of every principle represented by the American Government.” Moore moody utters:

is a proof of the humiliating fact that a large number of the Americans who visit Stratford are ninnies. I venture the assertion that their admiration for Shakespeare is humbug, that they have not sufficient intelligence to appreciate his real worth, and that they could stand about as good an examination on the immortal plays as that King George who, after vain attempts to read Shakespeare, gave it up with the remark that it was very dull stuff.

Anne Hathaway’s cottage continued to gain importance in the new century. The American writer and editor of the Northwestern Magazine, Agnes G. Foster, mentions in her letters that they wandered over the town among Americans, Germans, French, and Italians and pointedly underlines the fact that they “walked ‘Across the field to Ann’ in the twilight.”

“Stratford is a very interesting place, aside from being the home of Shakspeare” declares the journalist Herbert Foster Gunnison in his visit in 1905. Gunnison and a friend are making a four days tour around England by automobile. In this new era the stage coach and the four-in-hand are things of the past. The Red Horse Inn “once a great place for coaching parties” has lost importance as a hotel, “pity for tired horses is not an element to be considered in the case of the gasoline engine.” The times when the sexton showed the church to pilgrims have also gone. Now, in the tourist Stratford, “The building is not open to sightseers on Sunday.” The motor car thus would transform the pilgrimage to Stratford as the railway had several decades earlier and the tourist industry also adapted to new times.

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366 Walter W. Moore, A Year in Europe (Richmond: The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, 1905), 139.
367 Moore, 139.
368 Agnes G. Foster, By the Way, Travel Letters Written During Several Journeys Abroad (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co., 1903), 35.
370 Gunnison, 30.
Changing times also brought changes in the literary tourist’s motivations for visiting Stratford-upon-Avon. A new object of interest is generated by the well-known novelist Marie Corelli. Her house, Mason Croft is in one of the main town streets, Church Street, and she navigates the Avon in her gondola that is kept in a boathouse at the back of the church. Corelli attracts tourists to the town or as Herbert F. Gunnison suggests, tongue-in-cheek, she thinks she does. He is also critical with the “townspeople”, meaning presumably the city council, because they “have compelled the association which controls all the Shakspeare memorials, and which has made the place attractive to tourists, to pay taxes on its property.” This does not seem a good idea to Gunnison who believes taxes will “kill the goose that laid the golden egg.”

He also visits Anne Hathaway’s cottage and the Shakespeare’s birthplace and in both places he enjoys muttering about the “Baconian theory” and seeing the custodians quick reaction against “those who would rob the Stratford poet of his laurels.”

Gunnison’s friend is highly impressed when they are told that Shakespeare’s father “was a prominent man in the town, and occupied one of the best houses in the place.” He is now pleased with the fact that “Shakspeare came of an excellent family and evidently had a good common school education, and was not the ignorant fellow that some would claim.”

Although Mark Twain is credited with being one of the American authors that embraced Bacon’s theories on the authorship of Shakespeare’s works, he had often been at Stratford-upon-Avon. In the 1870s, he took his wife, Mrs Clemens – who was “an ardent Shakesperian,” – to the town and both were accommodated at Mr Flower’s. Twain had also helped to raise money for the construction of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre in Stratford-on-Avon when Mr Flower, then secretary of the committee, asked him to be in charge of the American subscriptions for the new building. The New York Times had published Mark Twain’s letter informing about Stratford latest project and asking American support on April 29th, 1875. In 1907, Twain already seventy-two years old, goes back to Stratford once more, now invited by Marie Corelli.

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371 Gunnison, 28
372 Gunnison, 28.
373 Gunnison, 29.
374 In June 25 1873, Twain writes a letter to Mrs Conway accepting an invitation for a visit to a fictional city, invitation that in fact hides a plan to take his wife on a trip to Stratford, a town she was willing to visit. Salamo and Smith (eds.), 387.
Twain describes what occurred in his autobiography. As the day of the visit approaches, he regrets having accepted Corelli’s invitation and tries to be released from the meeting but, Madame Corelli does not accept any type of excuses and he is finally forced to go. Unfortunately, the visit materialises just as he had dreaded.\textsuperscript{375}

Corelli received Mark Twain and his secretary, Ashcroft, at Stratford rail station. She tries to take them to Shakespeare’s church were a crowd was waiting to receive Twain but, he energetically refuses to go fearing that this would mean giving a speech so he argues that he is really tired. Then, they head towards Corelli’s and on the way, they go by the house in “which the founder of Harvard College had once lived.” Corelli said she had been trying to purchase it and wanted to “present it to America.” She wanted to stop but Twain fearing that this is another of Corelli’s “opportunity to advertise herself” on the press directly says that he does not want to see that “damned house.” They pass by the crowd present at Harvard House and finally arrive at Corelli’s home, where the meeting with some of Corelli’s friends was supposed to take place. Twain asks for some minutes of solitude to rest before the meeting and Corelli agrees but before she wants to show him her garden. Twain consents and finally, without noticing it he falls into Corelli’s trap when he finds that, at the garden “fifty pupils of a military school, with their master at their head” were waiting for him. He has no choice but to give the speech.

As the twentieth century advances, a wide variety of American tourists approach Stratford. This is the case of the “The Buckeye Daisies,” a group of young American women “who had by a newspaper-coupon voting contest been adjudged the most beautiful and popular young ladies in the great State of Ohio, U. S. A.”\textsuperscript{376} In July 1910 the party, that had “attracted considerable attention, being regarded as literally the fairest of all America's fair sex” was taken to Stratford where they:

showed their delight in the Shakespeare relics. In the birthplace of the poet there are notices up that the ceilings and walls are not to be touched. A demure brunette read them carefully, then she sought for her scissors in her "grip" and proceeded to dig up a souvenir in the shape of a splinter from the floor.\textsuperscript{377}

\textsuperscript{376} George W. Hills, \textit{John Bull, Limited} (Philadelphia: G. S. Ferguson, 1913), 122.
\textsuperscript{377} Hills, 123.
As this anecdote by George Hills indicates, even as late as 1910, the wish to take away a relic from Stratford, and if possible from the birthplace is still high on the list of things to do while on pilgrimage to Shakespearean sites.

Theodore Roosevelt the 26th President of the United States visits the town the same year “The Buckeye Daisies,” and John U. Higinbothan, an American writer, spots him there. It is Sunday and Higinbothan writes: “the shops and Shakespeare's house are closed to all visitors, except Mr Roosevelt and party, who are there to-day.” He later adds, Roosevelt and family “are the magnets which hold the populace.” Higinbothan, a professional writer of travel books, offers a complete description of Stratford in his volume *Three Weeks in the British Isles*. He visits Charlecote, and take photographs sitting on the old gate where Shakespeare was supposed to be caught stealing a deer. They persuade “the keeper of a tiny shop to violate the law” and buy souvenirs in order to have an “evidence of the fact that we have made the pilgrimage.” He promenades around the town looking at Shakespeare’s house, the Guildhall, the Shakespeare Memorial Building and its the library, the Memorial Fountain, the Avon, the church of the Holy Trinity and Anne Hathaway’s cottage were children “pulled wild flowers by the road-side and offered them for sale.” Higinbothan offers explanations to all sites based on William Winter’s publications. Finally they see an “American flag flying from a house on High Street, once the home of the mother of John Harvard.”

In 1910 Daniel Miller, an American printer and publisher travels to Europe. He visits Stratford and gives an accurate report in his volume *Rambles in Europe*. Apart from describing monuments and referring to their history, Miller makes reference to the nature of touristy destination the town has definitively acquired saying:

No doubt Shakespeare's birthplace and his grave are the most valuable objects in Stratford. They constitute shrines of a certain kind, which are visited by thousands of people, who bring much money to the place. The people of the town live largely from sentiment. Could the history of Shakespeare be wiped out, the place would soon be "as dead as a door nail." There are numerous

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379 Higinbotham, 99.
380 Higinbotham, 100.
hotels, restaurants and shops in which cards, booklets and other matters referring to the noted man are sold. There are also many coachmen to convey visitors around the place. Most of these people seem to be almost entirely dependent upon tourists for their living.\textsuperscript{381}

During the summer of 1913, one year before the beginning of World War I, Herbert Hoover and his family, then living in London, rented a cottage at Stratford upon Avon.\textsuperscript{382} In his memoirs Hoover remembers how once he had absorbed what Stratford had to offer in the way of knowledge about Shakespeare, he found the place rather dull. As a way of stimulating the intellectual life of Stratford citizens, he began to defend Baconian theories, only to find that “Shakespeare's hometown is certainly loyal to him.”\textsuperscript{383}

\textsuperscript{381} Daniel Miller, \textit{Rambles in Europe} (Reading, Pa.: Daniel Miller, 1911), 32.
\textsuperscript{383} \textit{The Memoirs of Herbert Hoover; Years of Adventure; 1874-1920} (New York: The MacMillan Company, 1951), 122.
CHAPTER IV

AMERICANS ON STRATFORD-UPON-AVON, 1785-1914, AN ANTHOLOGY OF TRAVEL WRITING
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Elkanah Watson (1758-1842) born in Massachusetts, was a visionary traveller, writer, agriculturist, canal promoter, banker and businessman. From an early age he kept journals and started writing his autobiography in 1821, later completed by his son, historian Winslow Cossoul Watson. In 1782, Elkanah Watson visited England with his English friend Mr Green. A carriage took the travellers to Stratford-upon-Avon, a place Watson had in great esteem for its veneration of Shakespeare. At Stratford, he and Mr Green stayed at the White Lion Inn, where they could spend the night, close to the birthplace. Anxious to visit the birthplace, Watson ran into the street to find the former dwelling of the Shakespeare family, which to his surprise turned out to be a little, old and dilapidated property.

We entered Stratford-upon-Avon, after crossing a large stone arch bridge over the Avon, and alighted at the White Lion Inn, near the house in which Shakspeare was born. The sign at this Inn is a painting of the immortal bard, with the lines of his brother bard —

"Here sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child, Warbled his native wood-notes wild."385

Stimulated by an ardent and deeply excited enthusiasm, I abandoned my friend at the Inn, and hastily ran to contemplate the object of my anxious inquiries — a little, old and dilapidated dwelling — the birth-place of Shakspeare. There I saw a decrepit old woman, who pronounced herself the only surviving descendant of the illustrious poet. She pointed out to me the remnant of an antiquated chair, which he had occupied; it is cherished as an interesting memorial. A considerable proportion of

384 Winslow V. Watson (ed.), *Men and Times of the Revolution, or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, Including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1777 to 1842, with his Correspondence with public Men and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution* (New York: Dana and Co., 1856), 153-155, 159.
385 In these two lines, part of a poem by Milton, Shakespeare is seen as a natural child of the imagination, like a bird singing in a wood. Being the first two lines of the poem --“then to the well-trod stage anon, If Jonson’s learned sock be on,” dedicated to Jonson as the poet related to learning and classical tradition. According to Jonathan Bate, *native wood-notes* suggest naturalness and innate and also, rooted in a natural tradition, and belonging to the place of birth. *The Genius of Shakespeare* (London: Picador, 2013), 161.
it had been cut off by visitors, in the course of several generations, and is often seen wrought into rings and bracelets, worn by ladies in memory of their bard.

From the house I proceeded to the parish church, to view the grave and monument of Shakspeare. The monument was erected by his wife, and a bust of him is placed against the wall. Opposite to this, in the centre of the chancel, is a white marble slab, embedded in the paved floor, upon which is inscribed the following lines, written by himself—

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To move the dust that resteth here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And cursed be he who moves these bones."

Either the reverence that attached to the poet's name, or the dread of his malediction, has exempted his remains from the desecration too common to the tombs in English church-yards. Opposite the grave of Shakspeare, on the outside of the church, is a large charnel-house, with a door opening from the charnel into it. In accordance with ancient usage, when a new corpse is to be interred in the body of the church, the old and decaying bones exhumed in preparing the fresh grave are removed and thrown into a promiscuous pile, in the charnel house, constituting an unhonored and forgotten wreck of poor mortality. How solemn and repulsive the contemplation!

Shakspeare, doubtless, from childhood, had watched the operation of this system, and had felt his sensitive mind agitated revolted in witnessing it. Hence arose the foregoing frightful denunciation.

Stratford is an incorporated city. The Avon washes it, and falls into the Severn at Tewkesbury.

We preceded with rapid speed from this place to Birmingham, where I became delightfully domesticated in the family of my friend Mr. Green, brother-in-law to the Earl of Ferrers. On my arrival in Birmingham, I was surprised to learn that several of my Tory connections, exiles from America, were residents in the city; among the number was Chief Justice Oliver, of conspicuous distinction, in the early stages of the Revolution; and also a son of the notorious Governor Hutchinson.

Whilst walking with Judge Oliver, in the streets of Birmingham, he pointed out to me three gentlemen walking together, with the remark that they were amongst the most eminent philosophers of Europe.

They were Doctor Priestly, Mr. Watt, the inventor of the steam-engine, which had recently excited so much interest, and Doctor Moyes, of Scotland, who was totally blind; but who was then engaged in giving a course of philosophical lectures. I was introduced to them by the Judge, and afterwards frequently visited Doctor Priestly, (to whom I had a letter from Dr. Franklin,) at his residence, about a mile from the city. […]

Mr. Green, the night previous to my departure from Birmingham, gave a supper to the Americans in the city. There was about the board twenty-five besides myself, and I was the only avowed rebel in the group. It was agreed that they might talk tory, whilst I should be permitted to talk rebel; and thus being unconstrained, we passed an amusing evening. […]
John Adams (1735–1826) was an American patriot who served as the second President of the United States (1797–1801) and its first Vice President (1789-97). He was a lawyer, diplomat, statesman, political theorist, and, as a Founding Father, a leader of the movement for American independence from Great Britain. In 1785, Adams was the first American to be appointed minister to the Court of St. James's (acting effectually as an ambassador to Great Britain). John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were in Europe on diplomatic and trade business on the year 1786; in April 1786 they went on a sightseeing trip to Shakespeare’s Stratford-upon-Avon. Adams wrote about it afterward. He did not like the scant attention the British had paid to a writer he greatly admired and was incensed to see the British did not share his passion for two sites of famous Civil War battles, Edgehill and Worcester. His account of this trip contrasts the “holy Ground” of these battlefields with the Birthplace, which he regarded as a “small and mean” house. Adams’s attention is more drawn to the grave and the monument in Holy Trinity Church than to the Birthplace or New Place as the sites of Shakespeare’s genius.

Mr. Jefferson and myself, went in a Post Chaise to Woburn Farm, Caversham, Wotton, Stowe, Edgehill, Stratford upon Avon, Birmingham, the Leasowes, Hagley, Stourbridge, Worcester, Woodstock, Blenheim, Oxford, High Wycomb, and back to Grosvenor Square.

Edgehill and Worcester were curious and interesting to us, as Scænes where Freemen had fought for their Rights. The People in the Neighbourhood, appeared so ignorant and careless at Worcester that I was provoked and asked, "And do Englishmen so soon forget the Ground where Liberty was fought for? Tell your Neighbours and your Children that this is holy Ground, much holier than that on which your Churches stand. All England should come in Pilgrimage to this Hill, once a Year." This animated them, and they seemed much pleased with it. Perhaps their Aukwardness before might arise from their Uncertainty of our Sentiments concerning the Civil Wars.

Stratford upon Avon is interesting as it is the Scæne of the Birth, Death and Sepulture of Shakespear. Three Doors from the Inn, is the House where he was born, as small and mean, as you can conceive. They shew Us an old Wooden Chair in the Chimney Corner, where He sat. We cutt off a Chip according to the Custom. A Mulberry Tree that he planted has been cutt down, and is carefully preserved for Sale. The House where he died has been taken down and the Spot is now only Yard or Garden. The Curse upon him who should remove his Bones, which is written on his Grave Stone, alludes to a Pile of some Thousands of human Bones, which lie exposed in that Church. There is nothing preserved of this great Genius which is worth knowing -- nothing which might inform Us what Education, what Company, what Accident turned his Mind to Letters and the Drama. His name is not even on his Grave Stone. An ill sculptured Head is sett up by his Wife, by the Side of his Grave in the Church. But paintings and Sculpture would be thrown away upon his Fame. His Wit, and Fancy, his Taste and Judgment, His Knowledge of Nature, of Life and Character, are immortal.
Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), author of the Declaration of Independence and the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, was the third president of the United States (1801-1809), and founder of the University of Virginia. In March 1786, Thomas Jefferson, then American Minister to France, left Paris for London on his first visit to England. His reasons for travelling were official and in response to the entreaties of John Adams, who still was at the time the American Minister to the Court of St James. Both Jefferson and Adams still had authority from Congress as joint commissioners to negotiate commercial treaties with European countries, a commission that would expire in May 1786. On April 6, they visited Stratford-upon-Avon, birthplace of William Shakespeare, where Jefferson recorded giving a tip to a servant who showed them the house where the Bard was born. The entry he makes in his record of this trip heavily contrasts with the account Adams made of their trip. Whereas Adams extensively describes what they saw in Stratford, Jefferson’s record exclusively shows his concern for the fees he paid.

“paid postilion 3s; for seeing house where Shakspeare was born, Is; seeing his tomb, stone 1s; entertainment, 4s, 2 pence; servants, 2s; horses to Hockley, 12s.”


388 Although Jefferson and Adams’s diaries suggest that the visit was disappointing, Abigail Adams later suggested a different version of these events. She wrote a letter in 1815 in which she mentioned that when Thomas Jefferson first reached Stratford, he kissed the ground. In, shakespeareandbeyond.folger.edu/2016/06/28/americas-shakespeare-founding-fathers/
In this letter sent from London the 24th April 1786, Abigail Adams (1744-1818), wife of John Adams informs her sister, Elizabeth S. Shaw (1741-1811 about Mr. Adams and Mr. Jefferson touring trip through England.

[...] Mr Adams and mr Jefferson made an excursion of 3 hundred miles and visited Several of the most celebrated Seats. They returnd charm'd with the beauties of them, and as soon as the spring is a little further advanced, I shall begin upon them. Amongst the places they visited was the house and Spot upon which Shakspear was born. They Sat in the chair in which he used to Study, and cut a relict from it. [...]
THOMAS JEFFERSON

NOTE ON JEFFERSON’S SOUVENIR FROM SHAKESPEARE’S BIRTHPLACE

Thomas Jefferson (1743-1826), author of the Declaration of Independence and the Statute of Virginia for Religious Freedom, was the third president of the United States (1801-1809), and founder of the University of Virginia. John Adams and Thomas Jefferson were in Europe on diplomatic and trade business on the year 1786; in April 1786 they went on a sightseeing trip to Shakespeare’s Stratford-upon-Avon. According to Adams diary, when they visited Shakespeare’s birthplace, they followed the tradition and cut off a chip from an old wooden chair that was said to have belonged to the poet. In the year 2006 John Lamb of Cleveland, Ohio, a descendant of Jefferson’s granddaughter Virginia Randolph Trist, loaned the small wood splinter, approximately 2 ¼ inches long and ¼ inch wide, to the Thomas Jefferson Foundation. This piece, on view in Jefferson’s bedroom at Monticello, Virginia, is attached to a note in his own handwriting that suggests that he was not as gullible as the average tourist.

“A chip cut from an armed chair in the chimney corner in Shakespeare’s house at Stratford on Avon said to be the identical chair in which he usually sat. If true like the relics of the saints it must miraculously reproduce itself.”

391 Monticello Newsletter, Volume 17, number 1; Spring 2006. www.monticello.org (Last accessed November 2016)
392 Monticello, at Charlottesville, Virginia was the plantation and residence of Thomas Jefferson. In 1923 it was purchased by the Thomas Jefferson Foundation and turned it into a museum and educational institution. Monticello is a National Historic Landmark, and the only private home in the United States to be designated a UNESCO World Heritage Site. Monticello is a major site of pilgrimage in the USA that attracts more than a million visitors each year. (See www.monticello.org/site/). The “small wood splinter” has moved from one site of literary pilgrimage to another and even if its authenticity as a Shakespeare relic is doubtful, as Jefferson himself noted, by means of its current location, it has ironically acquired the status of a true Jeffersonian relic.
Benjamin Silliman (1779-1864) was educated at Yale, where he later became a professor of chemistry. He developed the process of fractional distillation that enabled the economical production of kerosene. Silliman founded the *American Journal of Science* and wielded a powerful influence in the development of science in the United States. In 1805 Silliman travelled to Edinburgh for further study. He was commissioned by Yale College to expend a sum of money for the enlargement of their library and acquire philosophical and chemical apparatus. He kept a journal without missing a single day; this diary included information derived from either personal observation or conversation. In these excerpts from chapter X, Silliman explains how on May the 18th, after visiting Birmingham, his coach stopped at Stratford at midnight in order to have dinner. He mentions he could not visit any monument, as all the habitants were asleep. We are also informed about the conditions of travelling at that time.

[...] After tea, finding a stage conch just setting out for Oxford, I took my seat in that at 7 o'clock in the evening. The night was dark and inclement, but four of us rode very comfortably inside, while our fellow-travellers, on the roof, (among whom were several females,) were drenched by a cold rain. It was a subject of serious regret that I was compelled to go through any part of England in the dark. Of the country through which I thus passed, without seeing it, I shall say little more than that we supped in the town of Stratford on Avon, memorable as having been the birth place of Shakspeare. They pointed out the cluster of houses, in one of which he was born. It was midnight when we arrived in the town; except at the inn, the inhabitants were all asleep, and therefore I could not visit Shakspeare's monument, which is still standing in the church. We passed through many towns and villages, and over a country in some places very hilly. They took the wise precaution of chaining a wheel at the top of every steep hill, a practice which is common in England, and which is rendered doubly necessary by the great weight of people and luggage which an English stage coach carries on its roof. I have been one of a party of eighteen, twelve of whom were on the top.

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Aaron Burr (1756-1836) was the third vice president of the United States, serving under President Thomas Jefferson. He studied theology and law at Princeton. After the Revolutionary War, in which he served with distinction as a field officer, he took up the practice of law in New York City and entered politics, serving as a member of the New York state assembly, attorney general of New York, and United States senator. In the presidential election of 1800, he received the same number of electoral votes as Thomas Jefferson, but the tie was broken in the House of Representatives in Jefferson's favour, and Burr became vice-president. On July 11, 1804, in the historic duel at Weehawken, New Jersey, Burr mortally wounded his professional rival and political enemy, Alexander Hamilton who died the following day. After other obscure affairs and trials in the western frontier, Burr's hopes for a political comeback were dashed. He fled America for Europe. On the 1st of June 1808, he began to keep a diary from which this text has been extracted. Although he seems more interested in pretty barmaids than in the “bones of Shakespeare”, his account suggests that by the first decade of the 19th century the pilgrimage to Stratford was part of an ample itinerary for cultural tourists which included Blenheim Castle and “other places of note”.

Brummigem, December 24, (though, indeed, I have heard it several times called Birmingham.) Left Oxford at 7 this morning. We were four inside. The only article of any interest was a pretty little comely brunette, who had been through Blenheim Castle, and all the other places of note within twenty miles. Could describe all the pictures and statues; had read all the fashionable novels and poetry, and seemed to know everybody and everything. I was never more at a loss in what rank of beings to class her; but was very much amused. At twenty miles we put her down at a very respectable farmhouse. I handed her in; was introduced to her aunt: "My dear aunt, this gentleman has been extremely polite to me on the road." I received from aunt and niece a very warm invitation to call on my return, which I very faithfully promised to do, "whenever," &c. "If," &c, &c. At Stratford, where lie the bones of Shakespeare, the barmaid gave me a very detailed account of the jubilee in honour of his memory. At about twenty miles farther was pointed out a very handsome establishment of Sir Smith, dit frère de Madame Fitzherbert. For the last forty or fifty miles we had on

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board a strange, vulgar-looking fellow, who had been all over the world; spoke Latin, French, and Spanish; and in the course of three hours told me more than a hundred lies; probably some itinerant Irish schoolmaster. […]
The first names that appear in the oldest Shakespeare’s Birthplace guestbook are TH Perkins from Boston and Joseph Curwen of Philadelphia. It has recently revealed that TH Perkins is Thomas Handasyd Perkins (1764-1854) a prominent and wealthy merchant from Boston, Massachusetts, who visited the house in the company of his friend Joseph Curwen in 1812. Perkins was a slave trader in Haiti and a successful merchant of the China trade. By his journal we know that he had been at Stratford before and that this time, in the company of Curwen, he again enjoyed visiting Shakespeare’s birthplace and grave. Perkins describes the house and its occupants. As he had observed before that the walls were covered over with the names and messages of visitors and that they did not have a book to register these visitors, he purchased one and gave it to the house keeper asking her to deliver the filled book to the librarian of the town so that he would be kept at the library, and would supply another blank to be placed at the house.

[…]

Altho’ I had before visited Stratford, yet it gave me great pleasure to have an opportunity of passing a few more hours here. […] When here before, I went to the house, and into the room where the Poet was born, but as Mr. Curwen had not visited this place before, I passed thro’ the town with him and visited, both the house and the church with him […] It is now occupied by a Butcher, who hangs up his mutton at the windows of the front room, and whose wife who is a very loquacious sort of a woman, shows you all the Relics which are said to have been the property of the bard.

[…]

When I was here before, I asked the woman why she did not keep a Book, in which persons who came to visit the house might subscribe their names, as the walls were full. She said she had frequently thought of getting one, and had been often asked if she had one, but that she had no one to prepare it for her; at that time I was much hurried, but determined that if I ever again passed thro’ Stratford I would purchase one and give it to the woman. I now put my resolution into execution by buying a quarto blank Book containing about four quires of paper, and giving to be applied to his purpose I ruled it, making a column for the date, another for the name

and a third for the Residence__and having written in the beginning of it “Tribute of Respect to the Memory of the Bard of Avon” and furnished the woman with an ink stand and some pens, I subscribed my name, and wished her to deliver the Book when filled to the Librarian of the town, who is to deposit it in the Library, and furnish another blank Book in its stead. […]

Image of the and first Visitor’s Book offered by TH Perkins and kept at the Shakespeare Birthplace Trust Record Office were it can be read “Tribute of Respect to the Memory of the Bard of Avon”

Figure 28: TH Perkins signature in the 1812 visitor book.397

397 © The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust Record Office
This journal by Joseph Ballard from March 12th to November 9th, 1815, was published by his descendants as they considered it contains an interesting picture of the life and times in England in the year of the battle of Waterloo seen through the eyes of a patriotic young American. Ballard (1789-1877) was born in Boston; he finished school at fourteen years old receiving a Franklin Medal at the hands of President John Adams. First apprentice and later partner of a household wares firm, the object of his visit to England was to make business. When travelling to Birmingham, he made a stop in Stratford, which gave him the opportunity to visit Shakespeare’s birthplace. He informs us of the poor conditions in which he finds the Birthplace, now turned into a butcher’s shop. His visit to Stratford shows that cult of Shakespeare’s birthplace a site of literary pilgrimage was considerably fostered by the fact that the town is situated on the road from Oxford to Birmingham, which was already an important centre of cotton manufacturing. Stratford was a convenient location for coaches to stop to change horses. Travellers in need of killing time could visit the Birthplace before their coach set off again. Ballard also describes Mrs Hornby, and the growth of the relic industry, which by 1815 has been expanded, from the chair to several other pieces of furniture and diverse domestic objects, including Shakespeare’s sword.

[...] In the afternoon I mentioned to my companion the necessity of my going the next morning to Birmingham, &c. In reply he pressed me to stay a day or two longer, observing that Oxford was far pleasanter than those damned cotton-spinning places. In the morning I took my leave and having mounted upon the box seat alongside the coachman, bid farewell to Oxford. I was much entertained by the coachman who was, as he informed me, a freeholder, and who took considerable interest in an election of a member of Parliament by distributing to those of his side the house handbills, a bundle of which he carried with him for the purpose. We changed horses at Stratford-upon-Avon, immortalized as the birthplace of Shakespeare. While this was doing, curiosity impelled me to visit the house, which is one of the most wretched hovels I ever beheld, and is now used as a butcher's shop. An old woman (who, as she informed me, was a descendant of the poet) was my conductor. Many things which belonged to the bard were shewn me, such as his chair,

which is cut almost up for relics, a bench, sword, iron box, picture, linstock, table, candlesticks, some coins, &c. &c. I continued my ride to Birmingham. The entrance to the town is quite pretty and quite agreeably disappointed me who had anticipated beholding a den fit only for the Cyclops! From seeing the interior of the place I am decidedly of opinion that it is preferable to Manchester and most other manufacturing towns (as a place of residence!). Here I went through a pin manufactory, and was surprised at the number of persons who are necessary to the formation of a single pin. As usual, here was a number of wretched little boys and girls confined at work from morn to night.

Thomason's show rooms are considered as one of the "lions" of Birmingham. Here is exposed for sale almost every article which is made in the place. The rooms are fitted up in great taste, and the style in which the articles are displayed tempt almost every one who visits here to become a purchaser. The attendants are uncommonly polite in showing the articles to strangers. They were manufacturing in an outer room a copper vase modeled after a marble one dug from the ruins of Herculaneum which is now deposited at Warwick Castle. This vase when done will cost £1500. The original is exquisitely carved and this is to be an exact copy. I did not visit any other manufactories, as the proprietors of most of them are particularly averse to the introduction of strangers, especially Americans. This is the same throughout England.

The next morning set out for Liverpool upon the outside of the coach. The early part of the day was remarkably fine, but at noon it began to rain, and I arrived early in the evening at Liverpool completely drenched by the torrents which poured down, the latter part of my journey. […]
Washington Irving (1783-1859) was an American historian, biographer, and essayist who also served as ambassador to Spain (1842-46). He was the first American author to achieve international literary renown. “Stratford-on-Avon” (1819-20) is part of The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent., Irving’s popular collection of 34 short stories, folklore, travelogues, and essays. It includes the author’s recollection of his “poetical pilgrimage” to Shakespeare’s birthplace and grave. The Sketch Book was a widely read work of American literature in Britain and Europe and, it helped to expand the reputation of American writers with an international audience. In 1815 Irving moves to England for family business. In the same year Irving makes his first visit to Stratford accompanied by James Renwick. He would visit the town again in two occasions: in 1821 and 1831. In 1821 Irving was in the company of Charles R. Leslie, a Philadelphian artist. In his third and last visit to Stratford in December 1831, he was in the company of the American Minister, Martin Van Buren, and his son. By 1815, when Irving visits Stratford for the first time, the Birthplace has already become a significant site of pilgrimage, taking precedence over Shakespeare’s grave as the object of his first visit. The small building and its self-contained rooms seem for him to prove that genius often springs in rare and unexpected places. His attention is first of all attracted to the fact that “names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant.”

STRATFORD ON AVON

Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow’d the turf is which pillow’d his head.

GARRICK.

To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day’s travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world

399 Washington Irving, The Sketch Book of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent. (New York: George P. Putnam, 1848), 325-348. This is an author’s revised edition that includes some author’s notes signalled in this dissertation with the symbol *
without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys.

The arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day: and he who has advanced some way on the pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding even morsels and moments of enjoyment. “Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?” thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on-Avon.

The words of sweet Shakspeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakspeare, the jubilee, and David Garrick.

The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakspeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father’s craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakspeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh: the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakspeare’s mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare’s chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father’s shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving
spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth church-yard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say, I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princess, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us, whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, luckily, for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

From the birth-place of Shakspeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired: the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, Edmonds, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows; and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low whitewashed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thumbed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room; with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man’s horn-handled Sunday cane
on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip
knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man’s granddaughter sewing, a pretty
blue-eyed girl-and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he
addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from
childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and
in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring church-yard.
It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly
side-by-side; it is only in such quiet “bosom scenes” of life that they are to be met
with.

I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these
ancient chroniclers; but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during
which Shakspeare’s writings lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over
his history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely any thing remains to his
biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters on the
preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the
prime mover of the fete, who superintended the arrangements, and, who, according to
the sexton, was “a short punch man, very lively and bustling.” John Ange had assisted
also in cutting down Shakspeare’s mulberry tree, of which he had a morsel in his
pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the
eloquent dame who shows the Shakspeare house. John Ange shook his head when I
mentioned her valuable collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry
tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakspeare having been born in
her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a
rival to the poet’s tomb; the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is
that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth
diverge into different channels even at the fountain head.

We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a
Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is
spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country
churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of
which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The
tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms
wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from
the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the
bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by
himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his
own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to
fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds.

Good friend, for Jesus’ sake forbeare
To dig the dust enclosed here.
Blessed be he that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.
Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and considered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely-arched forehead; and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease—fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor.

The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare.

Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakspeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the church-yard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim’s devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys, at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakspeare, in company with some of the roysterers of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this harebrained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper’s lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot.*

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400 *The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon:—
A parliament member, a justice of peace,
   At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakspeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal trade; wandered away to London; became a hanger-on to the theatres; then an actor; and, finally, wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool comber, and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the Lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings; but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original Justice Shallow, and the satire is slyly fixed upon him by the justice’s armorial bearings, which, like those of the knight, had white luces in the quarterings.

Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakspeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself it runs loosely and wildly, and delights in every thing eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn-up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakspeare’s mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil, as he has all dramatic laws.

I have little doubt that, in early life, when running, like an unbroken colt, about the neighborhood of Stratford, he was to be found in the company of all kinds of odd anomalous characters; that he associated with all the madcaps of the place, and was one of those unlucky urchins, at mention of whom old men shake their heads, and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy’s park was doubtless like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager, and, as yet untamed, imagination, as something delightfully adventurous.*

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He thinks himself great;  
Yet an asse in his state,  
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate,  
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,  
Then sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

*The luce is a pike or jack, and abounds in the Avon about Charlecot.

A proof of Shakspeare’s random habits and associates in his youthful days may be found in a traditionary anecdote, picked up at Stratford by the elder Ireland, and mentioned in his “Picturesque Views on the Avon.” About seven miles from Stratford lies the thirsty little market town of Bedford, famous for its ale. Two societies of the village yeomanry used to meet, under the appellation of the Bedford topers, and to challenge the lovers of good ale of the neighboring villages to a contest of drinking. Among others, the people of Stratford were called out to prove the strength of their heads; and in the number of the champions was Shakspeare, who, in spite of the proverb that “they who drink beer will think beer,” was as true to his ale as Falstaff to his sack. The chivalry of Stratford was staggered at the first onset, and sounded a retreat while they had yet legs to carry them off the field. They had scarcely marched a mile when, their legs failing them, they were forced to lie down under a crab-tree, where they passed the night. It is still standing, and goes by the name of Shakspeare’s tree.
The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting, from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood but little more than three miles distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakspeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

The country was yet naked and leafless; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade: and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snow-drop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropt lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakspeare’s exquisite little song in Cymbeline:

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven’s gate sings,
And Phoebus ‘gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.
And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With every thing that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise!

Indeed the whole country about here is poetic ground: every thing is associated with the idea of Shakspeare. Every old cottage that I saw, I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time, we are told, it was a popular amusement in winter evenings “to sit round the fire, and tell merry tales of errant

In the morning his companions awaked the bard, and proposed returning to Bedford, but he declined, saying he had had enough having drank with

Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
Haunted Hilbro’, Hungry Grafton,
Drudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bedford.

“The villages here alluded to,” says Ireland, “still bear the epithets thus given them: the people of Pebworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor; Hilborough is now called Haunted Hilborough; and Grafton is famous for the poverty of its soil.”
knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars.*403

My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fancy doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley; sometimes glittering from among willows, which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

After pursuing the road for about three miles, I turned off into a footpath, which led along the borders of fields, and under hedgerows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian; there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which every one has a kind of property—at least as far as the footpath is concerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and, what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor, thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes the pure air as freely, and lolls as luxuriously under the shade, as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it, and keeping it in order.

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue; and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration, and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity, and proudly-concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that “money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank Heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks.”

It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakspeare’s commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jaques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in “As You

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403 *Scot, in his “Discoverie of Witchcraft,” enumerates a host of these fireside fancies. “And they have so fraid us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, syrens, kit with the can sticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfs, giantes, imps, calcars, conjurers, nymphes, changelings, incubus, Robin-good-fellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell-waine, the fier-drake, the puckle, Tom Thombe, hobgoblins, Tom Tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadowes.”
Like It.” It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes, that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into reverie and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet’s fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary:

Under the green wood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry throat
Unto the sweet bird’s note,
Come hither, come hither, come hither.
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth’s day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of court-yard in front of the house, ornamented with a grassplot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbican; being a kind of outpost, and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defence. The front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone-shafted casements, a great bow window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock.

The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently-sloping bank, which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders; and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion, I called to mind Falstaff’s encomium on Justice Shallow’s abode, and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter:

“Falstaff: You have a goodly dwelling and a rich.
Shallow: Barren, barren, barren; beggars all,
beggars all, Sir John: –marry, good air.”

Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakspeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the court-yard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only sign of domestic life that I met with was a white cat, stealing with wary look and stealthy pace towards the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers, and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial
power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old housekeeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations, and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase; and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakspeare. The ceiling is arched and lofty; and at one end is a gallery in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fireplace, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying-place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the court-yard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three white luces, by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the Merry Wives of Windsor, where the Justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having “beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken into his lodge.” The poet had no doubt the offences of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

"Shallow. Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty Sir John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esq.

Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and coram. Shallow. Ay, cousin Slender, and custalorum. Slender. Ay, and ratalorum too, and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself Armigero in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, Armigero. Shallow. Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years. Slender. All his successors gone before him have done’t, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen white luces in their coat.***** Shallow. The council shall hear it; it is a riot. Evans. It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot; the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that. Shallow. Ha! o’ my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it!"

Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait by Sir Peter Lely, of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second: the old housekeeper shook her head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakspeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost had not been entirely regained by the family even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.

The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fireplace, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakspeare’s lifetime. I at first thought that it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son; the only
likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighboring hamlet of Charlecot.*

The picture gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet; white shoes with roses in them; and has a peaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, “a cane-colored beard.” His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture, in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow; –all intimating the knight’s skill in hunting, hawking, and archery- so indispensable to an accomplished gentlemen in those days.*

I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country squire of former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains; and in which it might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state when the recreant Shakspeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my own entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard’s examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and blue-coated serving-men, with their badges; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chap-fallen, in the custody of gamekeepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors; while from the gallery the fair daughters of the knight leaned gracefully

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*This effigy is in white marble, and represents the Knight in complete armor. Near him lies the effigy of his wife, and on her tomb is the following inscription; which, if really composed by her husband, places him quite above the intellectual level of Master Shallow: Here lyeth the Lady Joyce Lucy wife of Sr Thomas Lucy of Charlecot in ye county of Warwick, Knight, Daughter and heir of Thomas Acton of Sutton in ye county of Worcester Esquire who departed out of this wretched world to her heavenly kingdom ye 10 day of February in ye yeare of our Lord God 1595 and of her age 60 and three. All the time of her lyfe a true and faythful servant of her good God, never detected of any cryme or vice. In religion most sounde, in love to her husband most faythful and true. In friendship most constant; to what in trust was committed unto her most secret. In wisdom excelling. In governing of her house, bringing up of youth in ye fear of God that did converse with her moste rare and singular. A great maintainer of hospitality. Greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless of the envyous. When all is spoken that can be saide a woman so garnished with virtue as not to be bettered and hardly to be equalled by any. As shee lived most virtuously so shee died most Godly. Set downe by him yt best did knowe what hath byn written to be true. Thomas Lucye.

*Bishop Earle, speaking of the country gentleman of his time, observes, “his housekeeping is seen much in the different families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels; and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceedingly ambitious to seem delighted with the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses.” And Gilpin, in his description of a Mr. Hastings, remarks, “he kept all sorts of hounds that run buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger; and had hawks of all kinds both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk perches, hounds, spaniels, and terriers. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels.”
forward, eyeing the youthful prisoner with that pity “that dwells in womanhood.” Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes, the theme of all tongues and ages, the dictator to the human mind, and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon!

I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and harbor where the justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence “to a last year’s pippin of his own grafting, with a dish of caraways;” but I had already spent so much of the day in my ramblings that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment: an instance of good old hospitality which, I grieve to say, we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakspeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff.

“By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night. *** I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused *** Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook.”

I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Every thing brought them as it were before my eyes; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favorite ditty:

“’Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
And welcome merry shrove-tide!”

On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this “working-day world” into a perfect fairy land. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakspeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jacques soliloquize beneath his oak: had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow, down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my chequered path; and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour, with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate
the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction, which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the offspring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother’s arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place; that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

Figure 29: Irving's room at the Red Horse

Washington Irving (1783-1859) Six years after his first “poetical pilgrimage” described in his Sketch Book, Irving visited the town again in the company of Charles R. Leslie, a Philadelphian artist. “They strolled about Charlecote Park and other places in the neighbourhood, and while Leslie was sketching, Irving … was busily engaged in writing “The Stout Gentleman.” As it appears in the Church Album, they visited Shakespeare’s grave on the 10th September 1821, and the Birthplace in October of the same year. The lines below were written by Irving in Shakespeare’s Birthroom Book of Visitors.

( Erased )

“Great Shakespeare’s b
The house of Shakespeare's birth we here may see,
That of his death we find without a trace,
Vain the inquiry for Immortal He.

Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see,
That where he died to find in vain we try,
Useless the search, for, all Immortal He
And those who are immortal never die.

W. I., second visit, October, 1821.”


The first five lines appeared erased. This lines were later read by many American travellers but the book or paper in which were written disappeared some years until 1869 when Sam: Timmins, Esq., presented the original to the Birthplace Museum where the autograph was framed and showed to visitors again. The poem suggest that Irving knew nothing of New Place.
Zachariah Allen (1795–1882) was an American textile manufacturer, scientist, lawyer, writer, inventor, and civil leader from Providence, Rhode Island. A prolific writer of scientific texts, he wrote numerous books and articles during his lifetime. In 1825, he went to Europe to observe woollen manufactures and later collected his memories and impressions from this trip in The Practical Tourist (1832). In his book, he combines his observations on the effects of the important improvements in machinery with descriptions of other topics of interest for American readers such as the state of the arts, mines, or scenery. His account of this trip reveals a practical, entrepreneurial, engineering mind that equally notices the progress in the building of the railway lines between Stratford and Moreton and the unremarkable appearance of the sites associated with Shakespeare, which if unrelated to the poet, would not deserve any attention in themselves. His eye, attentive to detail and eager to record commercial activity, notices that even if John Shakespeare’s house had already become a site of pilgrimage, it was also a butcher’s shop. His testimony is particularly valuable, as it shows that by 1825 the amount of non-English, international visitors to both the Birthplace and the poet’s grave in Holy Trinity Church was substantial enough to be noticeable.

[...] On the road from Birmingham to Stratford upon Avon, the coach passes beneath an iron trunk of a canal, conducted about 20 feet above the road. This trunk or aqueduct is composed of large flat pieces of cast iron, put together to form a great trough, which resembles, when seen at a short distance, an ordinary bridge with its parapets composing the sides of the trunk to contain the water.

During the season of flowers, girls are to be seen in every town and village, with baskets on their arms, filled with nosegays tastefully arranged with well-contrasted colors. These culled bunches of flowers are sold at a halfpenny each. It is a cheap and refined luxury to decorate the mantle and the table, and is one of those simple and beautiful natural ornaments, which a cultivated taste can rarely fail to admire.

Stratford upon Avon derives its celebrity and interest from being the birthplace of Shakspeare. Strangers may be seen assembling every day, not only from various parts of England, but from distant quarters of the world, around an old framed

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two story building, with the interstices of the blackened timbers filled in with bricks, after the ancient fashion of construction. The house is about 25 or 30 feet long, wedged in closely between two village houses, having leaded sashes. A portion of its front is occupied by a butcher. Before this ordinary house, which would fail to attract a second glance from a passenger in the street, men are seen loitering, to gaze upon it, and stopping to muse as if a palace were exposed to their regards, and piles of rubies, in stead of red meat, were delighting their vision. Around the stone in the adjacent church which covers the ashes of Shakspeare, strangers are also constantly gathering. —All this is the passing tribute of admiration and homage which always will be paid to Genius.

From Stratford upon Avon to Moreton, a distance of 21 miles, a rail road is now nearly completed to form a junction with the canal at this place. Great expense appears to have been bestowed in filling up hollows, and in cutting through hills to maintain the proper level, and in the erection of a viaduct of hewn stone of several arches over the Avon.

After travelling through many pleasant villages, I returned to London, with a keen desire to witness yet more of its almost exhaustless store of wonders.
Nathaniel H. Carter (1787-1830) was an American journalist, poet and a teacher. He settled in New York, where in 1819 became editor of the Statesman. The following years Carter visited Europe and wrote several letters describing his travels to the Statesman, which were republished in other journals throughout the country. On his return in the spring of 1827 he published these letters, revised and enlarged in two volumes. In November 1825, Carter visited Stratford and wrote a letter full of Romantic appreciation for Shakespeare the genius (“We slept merely to dream of Shakspeare”) and for the rural, quasi idyllic landscape surrounding Stratford and the Avon. His description borders on the picturesque, when leaving the town for Oxford by the Clopton bridge, his eye is reluctant to bid “farewell” to the “village and little church” of Stratford. His Romantic description of buildings and nature contrast with his sharp remarks about the Shakespeare industry and the intervention of Malone on the monument. His account corroborates with evidence what Zachariah Allen also pointed out – that by 1825 the number of foreign tourists in Stratford was substantial – and it also indicates that many of them, judging by the signatures in the visitors’ book at the Birthplace, were American citizens.

 […] The remainder of our short stay at Warwick was employed in a visit to St. Mary's Church, which contains a great number of sepulchral monuments. Its interior is spacious, with a lofty Gothic ceiling, highly finished. The section of it called the Lady's Chapel is a splendid specimen of architecture, enriched with a profusion of ornaments and containing the tombs of the Earls of Warwick. That in memory of Beauchamp is peculiarly striking. He lies in state, clad in ancient armour of double gilt brass, with a bier of the same material above him. Numerous other groups sleep around, imparting to the church an air of solemnity.

After taking some refreshment at the hotel, for which an exorbitant price was charged, amounting to about twice as much as is paid for the same fare in the north of England, we again took a post-chaise for Stratford-on-Avon, distant eight miles. Our minds the whole way were filled with the recollections of Shakspeare. On the left side of the road, at the distance of a mile or two, stands the mansion of Lord Lucy, from whose park the young bard stole the deer, and on whom he subsequently wrote a lampoon,
which had the effect to drive its author instead of its subject from the village. It however proved to be the source of his fame and fortune.

At six o'clock in the evening, we arrived at the Red-Horse, and took lodgings for the night. A copy of Washington Irving's sketch of Stratford-on-Avon was lying upon the table in the parlour of the hotel. It was presented by a Virginian, on condition that when it is worn out, another will be substituted at his expense. The essay was written in an adjoining room of the same inn, and we had the pleasure of occupying the author's bed-chamber. A poker in one of the rooms is inscribed with the words—"Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre." This compliment was paid by a traveller, who astonished the landlady by requesting the loan of the instrument for a day or two.

Notwithstanding the fatigues of the day, we did not feel like going to bed, without having first paid our respects to the birth-place of Shakspeare, and a guide was accordingly procured to conduct us to the memorable spot, at the distance of less than half a mile from the Red-Horse. The old-fashioned two story house, with a wooden frame, filled in with brick and mortar, and a white plastered front, stands upon one of the principal streets of Stratford. It has two small rooms on the ground floor. The one in front is occupied as a butcher's stall, which was lighted up and hung with meat. Back of this is the kitchen, which is much more classical in its appearance. It has remained without alteration since the days of the poet, who used to play when a child upon the hearth of the large fire-place. One of the old chairs stood in the chimney corner till within a few years, when it was borne away by sacrilegious hands, and carried to the continent. The lady, who is the present tenant of the house, conducted us up a narrow flight of steps, to the chamber which the favoured child of genius was born. This apartment is of a piece with the rest of the mansion, small in dimensions, and antique in its construction. The walls are entirely covered over with the names and inscriptions of visitants, among whom are numbered kings and dignitaries of all descriptions—a proud compliment to literary eminence. There is no other furniture in the room than a solitary table, on which lies an Album containing the residue of signatures and sentiments, which the walls would not hold. It appeared from an inspection of the pages, that a large proportion of the visitors were from our country; and the names of several of our friends were recognized. But pilgrims from all parts of the globe have come hither, to bend at the shrine of the divine bard.

He was buried in the village church, half a mile from his birth-place, in a retired part of the village. The pretty Gothic edifice, ornamented with antique turrets, stands within a few paces of the right bank of the Avon. It is approached by an avenue, leading through ranges of trees, forming in summer an arch of foliage. At this season, the walk was strewed with the leaves of autumn, which rustled beneath our feet, and perhaps deepened the solemnity of the cemetery.

The church was locked, and it was too late to think of the key till morning. A most delightful hour was passed in rambling over the church-yard, and along the rural banks of the Avon, which is a much finer stream than I had anticipated. Its width is perhaps fifty yards, bordered with rich meadows, which still retained much of the verdure of summer. It winds silently by the church and cemetery, as if unwilling to break the repose of the dead. The shore is shaded with a curtain of trees and wild shrubbery. Just be low is a water-fall, the murmur of which returns softened upon the ear. The evening of our visit was perfectly tranquil; and while reposing under aged yews, or reclining upon tomb-stones, we could exclaim with as much truth as poetry—
"How sweet the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank"—for her orb was nearly full, and shed a mild radiance, better suited to the objects around, than the glare of day. It scarcely requires the dust of Shakspere to give interest to such a scene; but with the wide range of associations, which his name awakens, the charms of the place are absolutely enchanting. Proud as is the monument to the memory of the bard in Westminster Abbey, this rural and sequestered spot, upon the margin of his native stream, and hallowed by his ashes, is worth more than the most splendid decorations of art.

The remnant of a long evening was passed at a museum, kept by the same old lady who is described in Irving's Sketch. It is filled with relics of various kinds, which are said to have belonged to Shakspere; but the authenticity of the articles is so doubtful, and the cabinet has been opened under such suspicious circumstances, as to destroy the pleasure of the visitor. A sudden rise in the rent of the house where the bard was born, compelled Mrs. Hart, who claims to be a descendant of the family, to quit it and set up for herself. She took with her all the articles in her possession, and has since made copious additions, some of which have very strong marks of being apocryphal. Her manner is not the most winning, admitting of no sceptical suggestions, and challenging the admiration of the spectator in every particular. She is also too much in the habit of decrying the merits of her rival, who holds what may be called the homestead of the poet, and between whom there is a strong competition. Mrs. Hart is on the whole rather an original character. To increase the profits of her establishment, and to strengthen her claims to relationship with the great poet, she has written a drama called "the Battle of Waterloo," a copy of which she seemed anxious to palm upon us.

We slept merely to dream of Shakspere, and woke at 6 o'clock the next morning to revisit his tomb. A bookseller in the village, who is familiar with all its localities, was so polite as to obtain the key and accompany us to the church. He has become acquainted with several of our countrymen in their visits to Stratford; and his devotion of two or three hours to us, who were entire strangers to him, furnishes additional evidence, that a laudable spirit of hospitality prevails in England, and that many of the people entertain the kindest feelings towards the United States. He remarked, that the Americans generally who had visited the place, appeared to take a more lively interest in its associations, than even the English themselves.

The church, in which the great poet of nature sleeps, has a goodly number of monuments; but the eye involuntarily passes over all others, and rests upon one alone. Noble men and kings might slumber unnoticed by his side. His tomb stands against the northern wall, near the altar. It is a handsome marble structure, supported by Corinthian pillars, and surmounted with the figures of two children, one of which holds a spade, and the other a funeral torch. At top is a death's head, in the taste of the age when the monument was erected; and below, a bust of the poet, which is said to be an admirable likeness. The inscription is too familiar to my readers to bear a citation. Malone undertook to improve the tomb, by giving a complexion to the marble image of the poet, and by clothing it with the costume he used to wear. His eyes were painted of a hazel colour, and his locks and heard auburn. The public taste soon corrected these ill-judged alterations, and the original simplicity of the monument has as far as possible been restored. In front of the tomb, a plain slab in the pavement, with a half obliterated inscription, covers the dust of the bard; and near him

412 Spoken by Lorenzo, The Merchant of Venice, (V, i).
repose the ashes of his wife and family. A delightful tranquillity reigns around, and the sleep of the grave is unbroken, save by the gentle murmurs of the Avon, which die in faint echoes among the columns and arches of the church.

At 9 o'clock we took places in the coach for Oxford, the seat of the University. In leaving Stratford, the great road from Birmingham crosses the Avon on a handsome stone bridge. The banks of the river are in both directions extremely rural and quiet. In ascending a hill for several miles, the village and little church of Stratford continue in sight, to which the traveller bids a reluctant farewell. […]
The Christian Spectator was founded in 1819 to support Evangelicalism. Later, it began to publish many articles on history and economics and in 1843 was renamed The New Englander. In 1885 it was renamed again as The New Englander and Yale Review until 1892, when it took its current name The Yale Review, the oldest literary quarterly in the United States published by Yale University. In 1826, an anonymous contributor recorded his astonishment to see that a considerable number of Americans visitors had left their names on the visitors’ book and the walls of the Birthplace.

[...] September 15. You will not accuse me of pedantry when I tell you that my only object in visiting Stratford, upon Avon, was to tread the ground that Shakspeare trod, to view the scenes that he viewed, to bend over his tomb, and to examine those relics of the bard, which have been preserved from the ravages of time. If in this devotion I am weak, then kings and princes, statesmen and poets have been weak before me, for men of high and low degree, lettered and unlettered, have all paid tribute to the memory of the immortal dramatist. In looking up an inn after we had arrived at the place, we passed a number, till at length we saw the portrait of Shakspeare on a signboard, and as we were on a pilgrimage to his tomb we at once took up our quarters at this inn all paid tribute to the memory of the immortal dramatist. Here every object reminded us of the great poet. I took up a volume — it was his plays. I looked at a picture — it was a sketch of the house in which he was born. Near to it was an engraving representing his statue in the chancel of the church. A snuffbox bore his image, so also did the sign at the door, underneath which on one side, were the often-quoted lines:

"Here sweetest Shakspeare, fancy's child,  
Warbled his native wood-notes wild."

and on the other,

"Take him for all in all,"

"We ne'er shall look upon his like again."

After dinner we sallied out, walked around the church, and then seated ourselves on the banks of the Avon, here "a proudly swelling stream" as it is has been called. Here we gratified our sight, and indulged our reflections for a short time. We then entered the church, and were conducted to Shakspeare's tomb and monument. He is buried in the north side of the chancel under a plain stone bearing this inscription

"Good friends for Jesvs sake forbeare,
To digg the dost encloased heare;
Blesse be ye. man yt. spares thes stones,
And corst be he yt. moves my bones."

On the wall near the tomb is his monument. He is represented under an arch in a sitting position, with a cushion before him, a pen in his right hand, and his left on a scroll of paper. The inscriptions I need not give, as you may have already seen them. A book is kept here for the purpose of receiving the names of visitors. We left ours, and then strolled away. In our walk we followed the banks of the river as far as the bridges which cross it on the east side of the town. They are built of hewn stone. One has fourteen arches, the other nine, and they are within a stones throw of each other. We entered upon one of them. The river at this place is quite wide, but very shallow, and as placid as a lake, not a ripple disturbed its surface.

In the evening we went to see the relics which are preserved of the poet. They are in possession of an old lady by the name of Hornby, whether a descendant of his I did not learn. They are kept in a small room up stairs, and to get to them, visitors high and low must pass through a mean meat shop, not very agreeable to the smell. Among the articles are his chair, in which of course I had the honour of sitting — a table on which he wrote — a Spanish card and dice box presented the poet by the prince of Castile — part of a Spanish matchlock, the remains of the piece with which he shot the deer in Charlicote park, and for which deed he was under the necessity of leaving his native place — a table cover, a present from good Queen Bess, &c. &c.

The books in which the names of the visitors are recorded were highly gratifying to me, as a curiosity. The first it appears was given by a Mr. Perkins of Boston. From them I collected the following names in the hand writing of the respective individuals. "George P. R." — dated 17th Aug. 1814, now king George IV. **"Byron,"** dated 28th July, 1815, with these words in his own writing,

"Oh! that the spark which lit the bard to fame,
Would shed its halo round proud Byron’s name.

"William, Duke of Clarence." "Arthur, Duke of Wellington.” " John, Duke of Austria," Jan. 3, 1816. Many other names might be given, but this is sufficient to show you what distinguished personages have visited this place, and what honour is thus paid to genius.

In the morning we went to the house where Shakspeare was born. It is one of those old fashioned houses which may be seen all over the country, consisting of a wood frame, filled in with brick — the wood painted black, and the brick covered with plaster and white washed. The front part of it is occupied as a meat-shop, through which, like the other place, princes and nobles must pass, in order to reach the room above, in which the poet was born. The walls of the latter are entirely
covered with the names of visitors, and with their poetical effusions. I searched for some time to find a spot in which I could put my "little" name. In turning over the book which contains the names of the visitors here, I found that of "Sir Walter Scott," as well as that of our countryman, "Washington Irving." The latter is in company with these verses in his own hand writing —

"Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see,
That where he died in vain to find we try;
Useless the search; — for all immortal He,
And those who are immortal never die."

I was surprised to find the names of so many Americans. There was scarcely a leaf in the book, or a square foot on the wall, which did not contain one name or more from the United States.
Jacob Green (1790-1841) was a Professor of Chemistry in Jefferson Medical College of Philadelphia. He toured through Europe during seven months, from the middle of April to the first of November 1828, keeping a journal of his visits. After visiting Birmingham, Green makes a short stop at Stratford. In the following entry from his diary, Green makes reference to Irving previous writings on Stratford, and refers why he gave up his intention to visit the Birthplace. His accounts of passing through Stratford en route from Birmingham to Oxford suggest that the pilgrimage to Shakespearean sites, at least during the first half of the nineteenth century, greatly benefited from the fact the town was a well-established stop for coaches.

[...] June 3. –I left Birmingham today for Oxford. There was no one in the coach with me but a well dressed woman, who informed me she had travelled alone a long distance to see her husband, who was about embarking for Canada. I then mentioned that I had just come from America. Did you travel all the way by land? Was her inquiry.

The coach stopped for some minutes at Stratford, a lovely town on the river Avon. Here, you know, Shakspeare was born, and a handsome monument is erected to his memory in the church, which stands just at the skirts of the town, surrounded with trees, and occupying a most beautiful site. Irving, in his Sketch Book, or Tales, I do not recollect which, has given us a beautiful description of the spot. I inquired for the house in which the great dramatist was born. My guide, pointing to a cluster of old buildings, said there is the spot; but which house will you visit, for there are two that seem to have equal claims to the honour. I therefore gave up the enterprise, and reserved my enthusiasm and rhapsodies for less equivocal occasions. The country around Stratford is, I think, upon the whole, more beautiful and luxuriant than any through which I have yet passed. A stream called the Stour, which runs every where through the grass adds much to the scenery. A fine rail-road is near the stage route for several miles, and a number of wagons, heavily laden, were passing continually over it. After Stratford comes Woodstock, a small town, well known for the excellent gloves manufactured in it. Here I left the coach and remained for several hours to examine Blenheim, the famous seat of the more famous John, Duke of Marlborough.

Samuel Finley Breese Morse (1791-1872) was an American painter and inventor. After having established his reputation as a portrait painter, in his middle age Morse contributed to the invention of a single-wire telegraph system based on European telegraphs. He was a co-developer of the Morse code and helped to develop the commercial use of telegraphy. From 1830 to 1832, Morse travelled and studied in Europe to improve his painting skills. On Christmas Day, 1829, while in Dover, he began a letter to a favourite cousin, Mrs. Margaret Roby, of Utica, New York, in which he informs her about his trip in Europe. His very brief account throws light on one respect – by this time, the Birthplace comes first, the grave, second. Although lack of time prevented Morse to see the Birthplace or the grave this time, he claims he had seen both during a previous trip in England.

[…] I slept the first night in Birmingham, which I had no time to see on account of darkness, smoke, and fog: three most inveterate enemies to the seekers of the picturesque and of antiquities. In the morning, before daylight, I resumed my journey towards London. At Stratford-on-Avon I breakfasted, but in such haste as not to be able to visit again the house of Shakespeare's birth, or his tomb. This house, however, I visited when in England before. […]

Washington Irving (1783-1859) paid a third and last visit to Stratford in December, 1831, in the company of the American Minister, Martin Van Buren, and his son. Irving describes the visit in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Paris, dated from Newstead Abbey, January 20th, 1832. Stratford-upon-Avon has become by now an indispensable item in a mini cultural tour of England for American visitors, which included Blenheim and Birmingham as well as Warwick Castle and Kenilworth. Lodging once more at the Red Horse, Irving was confronted with his own contribution to the fame of Stratford as site of literary pilgrimage – the cult of his own book was complete with his engraved portrait and the metamorphosis of the poker-sceptre into a relic.

"Upwards of a month since I left London with Mr. Van Buren and his son on a tour to show them some interesting places in the interior, and to give them an idea of English country life, and the festivities of an old-fashioned English Christmas. We posted in an open carriage, as the weather was uncommonly mild and beautiful for the season. Our first stopping place was Oxford. . . . thence we went to Blenheim. We next passed a night and part of the next day at Stratford-on-Avon, visiting the house where Shakespeare was born, and the Church where he lies buried. We were quartered at the little inn of the Red Horse, where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in the 'Sketch Book.' You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker, which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved 'Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre.' From Stratford we went to Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and then to Birmingham, where we passed a part of three days, dining at Van Wart's."

417 Martin Van Buren (1782-1862) was an American politician who served as the eighth President of the United States (1837–1841). In August 1831 he was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James (Britain). He remained as American ambassador in London until January 1832.
Henry McLellan (1810-1833) sailed from New York on the 16th of September 1831. In December 1832 he arrives at Southampton and later visits several British cities. He died a year later, after his return to the United States and was memorialised by his brother, the poet Isaac McLellan in his collection of poems *Mount Auburn, and Other Poems* (Boston: Ticknor, 1843). In his account, he record, like many visitors before him, his surprise to find such a humble house as birthplace of such a great writer. The way his description dwells on the house and quickly mentions the grave and the church in passing are indicative of how by the 1830s the Birthplace had taken over the grave and monument as first destination of literary tourists.

Left Oxford on the evening of the eighteenth, for Stratford-on-Avon. Arrived at Stratford-on-Avon, at five. After an early breakfast at the Golden Lion, I walked up to the house of the prince of poets. It was a small and antique house, stooping with age. Two houses of stronger proportions supported it on either side, with which ranges of buildings were connected. Its facwas of plaster, with here and there a dark line of plank thrown across it. "It is a small house for so great a man to be born in," said the old lady to me, as I entered. The lower part was divided off into three rooms. The ascent to that in which he was born, was by a flight of narrow and crooked stairs. The room was nearly square, was floored with hard oak, though showing the wear of time. It was very low, lighted by one small window, and its walls traced over by thousands of names, marked with the pencil.

Remained in Stratford until one o'clock, during which time walked round the town, visited the church where are deposited the remains of the immortal poet, and the hotel where is preserved the painting presented to the town by several distinguished men. From S. it is a pleasant ride to Birmingham.

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Charles Stewart (1778-1869) was an officer in the United States Navy who commanded *USS Constitution* at the Anglo-American War of 1812. Under Stewart's command, *Constitution* captured *HMS Cyane* and *HMS Levant* on 20 February 1815. The Treaty of Paris, ending the War of 1812, had been signed earlier that month but both sides in the battle were unaware of that event. By capturing two British warships with a single ship of his own, Stewart became a national hero and was awarded a Congressional Gold Medal on 22 February 1816. This excerpt from his book is part of a letter addressed to Miss Virginia Elizabeth Southard, of Trenton, New Jersey, rememorating his visit to Stratford-on-Avon on June 8th, 1832. Unlike other visitors, he pays a good deal of attention to Shakespeare’s grave in Holy Trinity and suggests that the epitaph has contributed to establishing Stratford as a tourist destination – the curse on the person that removes the poet’s bones has prevented its relocation in Poets’ Corner, thus fostering the Shakespeare industry at Stratford. He amusingly reflects on the impact of American visitors leisurely walking about in town and records that “the post-boy” knew how to led American guests to the Red Horse inn, where they could be entertained with another literary cult, that of Irving’s visit to Stratford.

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Our next stage, of eight miles, was to Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place of Shakspeare. The character of the country is much the same as that between Coventry and Warwick; and the landscape, on every side, as delightful as can well be imagined, in scenery, devoid of everything that partakes of the wild and sublime.

From the many sketches and engravings which I had seen of this place, I felt myself acquainted with many of its most prominent features; and at once recognized the beautiful spire of its church, and the section of the Avon which embraces the bridge, crossing the river in the direction to Oxford.

The inn, to which the post-boy drove us, is kept by a female of middle age, who, from her dress, appeared a quakeress, wearing a plain bonnet, cravat of thin muslin, and a short drab cloak. She seemed to be the factotum of the establishment, and bustled about with great activity, in the direction and superintendence of its various departments.

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Towards us she was particularly attentive and polite, and almost officious, in her wishes to oblige; and, at once, gave us to understand that she knew us to be Americans by telling us, that she had “twice had the honour of entertaining our distinguished fellow-countryman, Washington Irving,” and that “Manny Americans visited the tomb of Shakespeare.”

To what particular circumstance we were indebted for this discovery, whether to some unlucky “guess,” or “nasal twang,” or other exhibition of transatlantic habit or manners, or to a glance at the cypher, “U.S.N.” on our trunks, which might have been understood, I cannot say; but we were a little surprised at it, as the first instance in which we have been recognized, or been suspected, so far as we could judge, of being from abroad. Our nationality soon became known in the streets, and as we walked about the town, especially in the vicinity of the post house, it was manifest that we were gazed on as two Indians, or something of the kind, just broken loose from the forest.

After refreshing ourselves for a few moments, in a neat parlour above stairs, boots was summoned to be our guide to the paternal residence of the immortal and immoral bard. It is a very old butcher’s shop, in one of the principal streets, built of timber and filled in with plaster. The timbers are all seen on the outside, and are painted black, while the plastered parts are kept neatly white-washed.

The show-window, for exhibiting the meats, and the plank, much worn, on which they were cut up, still remain in their original condition, with the exception of being now painted, for their better preservation. No use is made of the building, but to accommodate a single female, its keeper and exhibiter, who made her appearance to conduct us to the interior, on a tap being made by our attendant, on a small window adjoining.

The room, in which the poet is said to have been born, is on the second floor, directly above the shop, with a casement overlooking the street. Its only furniture, is an antique and heavy chest of wood which, with two or three old portraits, has stood in the place it now occupies, a longer time that any one now living can remember, but, whether originally the property of the Shakspeare family, is not known- and a plaster cast of the dramatist, in new corner. The walls and ceiling, of beam and boards, are white-whased, and covered so entirely in every part, with the autographs of visitors, from all parts of the civilized world, of every rank and character, that room for an additional cypher even, can scares be found.

Years ago, indeed, they became so completely filled, that albums were necessarily opened, for the signatures of persons, wishing to leave such a record of their interest in the spot. Finding such autographs as those of his present majesty, when Duke of Clarence, of Sir Walter Scott, and Washington Irving, in the countless number, we felt ourselves protected, by the example, from any contempt of the motives and the feeling, which induced us to search out a place of the size of a shilling, on which to leave the same tribute of respect, to the memory of the leading genius of his day.

The sentimental and poetic feeling of my companion, were more deeply excited by associations of the spot, than I have scarce ever known to be the case before; and
could we have spared one moment for the manual process, or found the space of a single inch for the transcript, the muses, more friendly to him than to many other of their admirers, would have furnished a memento of our visit of more interest than the mere initials of a name.

On leaving the house, the old clerk of the parish, in the palsied infirmity of three score years and ten, hobbled before us for half mile, to show the monument, and the vault, in which the body of Shakspeare reposes, in the church. The monument consists of a tablet and bust, against the wall, near the chancel, with a simple inscription. The vault is near, and the coarse stone covering of it is marked with the well known verse, in rude execution, of the poet's own diction:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear,
To digg the dust enclosed Heare,
Blesse be y° man yt spares thes stones,
And curst Be He yt moves my Bones."

"But for that curse," said the old man—in a tone which, I was at a loss to determine, whether of regret that the honour could not have been conferred, or of satisfaction, that his bones were still where they had secured him so many a handsome fee—"he would long ago have been in the 'poet's corner,' in Westminster Abbey."

Very near the vault is a fine marble sarcophagus, surmounted by a full length effigy, lying in state. The clerk pointed it out to us, as the monument of a wealthy miser of the town, a contemporary of the poet, who desired that he would furnish him with an epitaph. Shakspeare complied with his request; but at the expense of the mortal hatred of the old gentleman, as our informant said, repeating to us the following lines:

"Ten in the hundred lies here in grave;
'Tis ten to a hundred, his soul is not saved!
If any man ask, who lies in this tomb?
"O," quothe the Devil, "tis my Johnny Combe!"

Whatever the origin of the story may be, the inmate of the tomb has the stigma of the verse as firmly attached to him, as if the fact were as related; and the doggrel is quite as extensively circulated, and likely to be as permanently attached to the monument, as it would have been if chiseled in the first place, upon the marble.

From Stratford, we travelled rapidly by Wood stock, Oxford, and Henley, to this place. Shortly after leaving the borders of the Avon, the country, in the direction we came, loses much of its richness and beauty.
Nathaniel P. Willis (1806-1867) American author, poet and editor who worked with several American writers including Edgar Allan Poe and Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. He is credited for being the highest-paid magazine writer of his day. In 1831 Willis moved to Europe to serve as foreign editor and correspondent of the New York Mirror. In September 1835 he was invited at Coughton Court were he spent ten days. In company with Miss Porter and his host, he visited Warwick Castle, Kenilworth and Stratford. Willis first published letters on these visits in the Mirror under the title “Loitering of travel” and later collected them in the volume Romance of Travel (1840). He visited all the Shakespearean sites, not only the Birthplace and the church but also Ann Hathaway’s cottage and New Place, which at the time had already been remodelled and its façade did not resemble Shakespeare’s house any more. Like so many other Americans, he lodged at the Red Horse and his encounter with its hostess takes up much of this literary letter. His account of the American visitor who wanted to sleep in Shakespeare’s birth-chamber and the fact that in 1835 two thirds of the Birthplace visitors were American show how crucial the presence of American tourists was to establish Stratford as a tourist destination.

 [...] One of the first visits in the neighbourhood was naturally to Stratford-on-Avon. It lay some ten miles south of us, and I drove down, with that distinguished literary friend I have before mentioned, in the carriage of our kind host, securing, by the presence of his servants and equipage, a degree of respect and attention which would not have been accorded to us in our simple character of travellers. The prim mistress of the Red Lion, in her close black bonnet and widow’s weeds, received us at the door with a deeper courtesy than usual, and a smile of less wintry formality; and proposing to dine at the inn, and "suck the brain" of the hostess more at our leisure, we started immediately for the house of the wool-comber the birthplace of Shakspeare.

 Stratford should have been forbidden ground to builders, masons, shopkeepers, and generally to all people of thrift and whitewash. It is now rather a smart town, with gay calicoes, shawls of the last pattern, hardware, and millinery, exhibited in all their splendour down the widened and newer streets; and though here and there remains a glorious old gloomy and inconvenient abode, which looks as if

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420 Nathaniel P. Willis, Romance of Travel, Comprising Tales of Five Lands (New York: S. Colman, 1840), 280-292.
Shakspeare might have taken shelter under its eaves, the gayer features of the town have the best of it, and flaunt their gaudy and unrespected newness in the very windows of that immortal birthplace. I stepped into a shop to inquire the way to it.

"Shiksper’s ‘ouse, sir? Yes, sir!" said a drapper clerk, with his hair astonished into the most impossible directions by force of brushing; "keep to the right, sir! Shiksp…

A low, old-fashioned house, with a window suspended on a hinge, newly whitewashed and scrub bed, stood a little up the street. A sign over the door informed us in an inflated paragraph, that the immortal Will Shakspeare was born under this roof, and that an old woman within would show it to us for a consideration. It had been used until very lately, I had been told, for a butcher’s shop.

A "garrulous old lady" met us at the bottom of the narrow stair leading to the second floor, and began not to say anything of Shakspeare but to show, us the names of Byron, Moore, Rogers, etc., written among thousands of others on the wall! She had worn out Shakspeare! She had told that story till she was tired of it! or (what perhaps is more probable) most people who go there fall to reading the names of the visitors so industriously, that she has grown to think some of Shakspeare’s pilgrims greater than Shakspeare.

"Was this old oaken chest here in the days of Shakspeare, madam," I asked.
"Yes, sir," and here’s the name of Byron here with a capital B. Here’s a curiosity, sir.
"And this small wooden box?"

"Made of Shakspeare’s mulberry, sir. I had sich a time about that box, sir. Two young gemman were here the other day just run up while the coach was changing horses, to see the house. As soon as they were gone I misses the box. Off scuds my son to the Red Lion, and there they sat on the top looking as innocent as may be. "Stop the coach," says my son. "What do you want," says the driver. "My mother’s mulberry box?—Shakspeare’s mulberry box!—One of them ‘ere young men’s got it in his pocket." And true enough sir, one of them had the imperence to take it out of his pocket and flings it into my son’s face; and you know the coach never stops a minit for nothing sir, or he’d a’ smarted for it."

Spirit of Shakspeare! dost thou not sometimes walk alone in this humble chamber. Must one’s inmost soul be fretted and frightened always from its devotion by an abominable old woman? Why should not such lucrative occupations be given in charity to the deaf and dumb? The pointing of a finger were enough in such spots of earth!

I sat down in despair to look over the book of visiters, trusting that she would tire of my inattention. As it was of no use to point out names to those who would not look, however, she commenced a long story of an American, who had lately taken the whim to sleep in Shakspeare’s birth-chamber. She had shaken him down a bed on the floor, and he had passed the night there. It seemed to bother her to comprehend why two thirds of her visiters should be Americans a circumstance that was abundantly proved by the books.
It was only when we were fairly in the street that I began to realize that I had seen one of the most glorious altars of memory—that deathless Will Shakspere, the mortal, who was, perhaps, (not to speak profanely) next to his Maker, in the divine faculty of creation, first saw the light through the low lattice on which we turned back to look.

The single window of the room in which Scott died at Abottsford, and this in the birth-chamber of Shakspere, have seemed to me almost marked with the touch of the fire of those great think we have an instinct which tells us on the spot where mighty spirits have come or gone, that they came and went with the light of heaven.

We walked down the street to see the house where Shakspere lived on his return to Stratford. It stands at the corner of a lane, not far from the church were he was buried, and is a newish un-Shaksperial looking place no doubt, if it be indeed the same house, most profanely and considerably altered. The present proprietor or occupant of the house or site, took upon himself some time since the odium of cutting down the famous mulberry tree planted by the poet’s hand in the garden.

I forgot to mention in the beginning of these notes that two or three miles before coming to Stratford, we passed through Shottery, where Anne Hathaway lived. A nephew of the excellent baronet whose guests we were, occupies the house. I looked up and down the green lanes about it, and glanced my eye round upon the hills over which the sun has continued to set and the moon to ride in her love-inspiring beauty ever since. There were doubtless outlines in the landscape which had been followed by the eye of Shakspere when coming, a trembling lover, to Shottery—doubtless, teints in the sky, crops on the fields, smoke-wreaths from the old homesteads on the hill-sides, which are little altered now. How daringly the imagination plucks back the past in such places! How boldly we ask of fancy and probability the thousand questions we would put, if we might, to the magic mirror of Agrippa? Did that great mortal love timidly, like ourselves? Was the passionate outpouring of his heart simple, and suited to the humble condition of Anne Hathaway, or was it the first fiery coinage of Romeo and Othello? Did she know the immortal honour and light poured upon woman by the love of genius? Did she know how this common and oftenest terrestrial passion becomes fused in the poet’s bosom with celestial fire, and, in its wondrous elevation and purity, ascends lambently and musically to the very stars! Did she coy it with him? Was she a woman to him, as commoner mortals find woman—capricious, tender, cruel, intoxicating, cold—everything by changes impossible to calculate or foresee! Did he walk home to Stratford, sometimes, despairing in perfect sick-heartedness of her affection, and was he recalled by a message or a lover’s instinct to find her weeping and passionately repentant?

How natural it is by such questions and speculations to betray our innate desire to bring the lofty spirits of our common mould to our own inward level to seek analogies between our affections, passions, appetites and theirs—to wish they might have been no more exalted, no more fervent, no more worthy of the adorable love of woman than our selves! The same temper that prompts the depreciation, the envy, the hatred exercised toward the poet in his lifetime, mingles, not inconsiderably, in the researches so industriously prosecuted after his death into his youth and history. To be admired in this world, and much more to be beloved for higher qualites than his
fellow-men, ensures to genius not only to be persecuted in life, but to be ferretted out with all his frailties and imperfections from the grave.

The church in which Shakspeare is buried stands near the banks of the Avon, and is a most picturesque and proper place of repose for his ashes. An avenue of small trees and vines, ingeniously over-laced, extends from the street to the principal door, and the interior is broken up into that confused and accidental medley of tombs, pews, cross-lights, and pillars, for which the old churches of England are remarkable. The tomb and effigy of the great poet, lie in an inner chapel, and are as described in every traveller’s book. I will not take up room with the repetition.

It gives one an odd feeling to see the tomb of his wife and daughter beside him. One does not realize before, that Shakspeare had wife, children, kinsmen, like other men that there were those who had a right to lie in the same tomb; to whom he owed the charities of life; whom he may have benefitted or offended; who may have influenced materially his destiny, or he theirs; who were the inheritors of his household goods, his wardrobe, his books people who looked on him on Shakspeare as a landholder, a renter of a pew, a towns man; a relative, in short, who had claims upon them, not for the eternal homage due to celestial inspiration, but for the charity of shelter and bread had he been poor, for kindness and ministry had he been sick, for burial and the tears of natural affection when he died. It is painful and embarrassing to the mind to go to Stratford to reconcile the immortality and the incomprehensible power of genius like Shakspeare’s, with the space, tenement and circumstance of a man! The poet should be like the sea-bird, seen only on the wing his birth, his slumber and his death mysteries alike.

I had stipulated with the hostess that my baggage should be put into the chamber occupied by Washington Irving. I was shown into it to dress for dinner a small, neat room, a perfect specimen in short of an English bed-room, with snow-white curtains, a looking glass the size of the face, a well polished grate and poker, a well fitted carpet, and as much light as heaven permits to the climate.

Our dinner for two was served in a neat parlor on the same floor an English inn dinner simple, neat and comfortable in the sense of that word unknown in other countries. There was just fire enough in the grate, just enough for two in the different dishes, a servant who was just enough in the room, and just civil enough in short, it was, like every thing else in that country of adaptation and fitness, just what was ordered and wanted, and no more.

The evening turned out stormy, and the rain pattered merrily against the windows. The shutters were closed, the fire blazed up with new brightness, the well fitted wax-lights were set on the table, and when the dishes were removed, we replaced the wine with a tea-tray, and sent for the hostess to give us her company and a little gossip over our cups.

Nothing could be more nicely understood and defined than the manner of English hostesses generally in such situations, and of Mrs. Gardiner particularly in this. Respectful without servility, perfectly sure of the propriety of her own manner and mode of expression, yet preserving in every look and word the proper distinction between herself and her guests, she ensured from them that kindness and ease of
communication which would make a long evening of social conversation pass not only without embarrassment on either side, but with mutual pleasure and gratification.

"I have brought up, mem," she said, producing a well-polished poker from under her black apron before she took the chair set for her at the table, "I have brought up a relic for you to see that no money would buy from me."

She turned it over in my hand, and I read on one of the flat sides at the bottom, "GEOFFREY CRAYON’S SCEPTRE." "Do you remember Mr. Irving," asked my friend, "or have you supposed, since reading his sketch of Stratford-on-Avon, that the gentleman in number three might be the person?"

The hostess drew up her thin figure, and the expression of a person about to compliment herself stole into the corners of her mouth.

"Why, you see, mem, I am very much in the habit of observing my guests, and I think I may say I knows a superior gentleman when I sees him.

"If you remember, mem," (and she took down from the mantle piece a much worn copy of the Sketch-Book,) Geoffery Crayon tells the circumstance of my stepping in when it was getting late and asking if he had rung. I knows it by that, and then the gentleman I mean was an American and I think, mem, besides," (and she hesitated a little as if she was about to advance an original and rather venturous opinion,) "I think I can see that gentleman’s likeness all through this book."

A truer remark or a more just criticism perhaps never made on the Sketch-Book. We smiled, and Mrs. Gardiner preceded:

"I was in and out of the coffee-room the night he arrived, mem, and I sees directly by his modest ways and timid look that he was a gentleman, and not fit company for the other travellers. They were all young men, sir, and business travellers, and you know, mem, ignorance takes the advantage of modest merit, and after their dinner they were very noisy and rude. So, I says to Sarah, the chamber maid, says I, that nice gentleman can’t get near the fire, and you go and light a fire in number three and he shall sit alone, and it shan’t cost him nothing for I like the look on him, Well, mem, he seemed pleased, to be alone, and after his tea, he puts his legs up over the grate, and there he sits with the poker in his hand till ten o clock. The other travellers went to bed, and at last the house was as still as midnight, all but a poke in the grate now and then in number three, and every time I heard it I jumped up and lit a bed-candle, for I was getting very sleepy, and I hoped he was getting up to ring for a light. Well, mem. I nodded and nodded, and still no ring at the bell. At last I says to Sarah, says I, go into number three and upset something, for I am sure this gentleman has fallen asleep. La, ma’am, says Sarah, I don’t dare. Well, then, says I, I’ll go. So I opens the door, and I says, If you please sir, did you ring little thinking that question would ever be written down in such a beautiful book, mem. He sat with his feet on the fender poking the fire, and a smile on his face, as if some pleasant thought was in his mind. No, ma’am, says he, I did not. I shuts the door, and sits down again, for I hadn’t the heart to tell him that it was late, for he was a gentleman not to speak rudely to, mem. Well, it was past twelve o clock, when the bell did ring. There, says I to Sarah, thank heaven he has done thinking, and we can go to bed. So
he walked up stairs with his light, and the next morning he was up early and off to the Shakspeare house, and he brings me home a box of the mulberry tree, and asks me if I thought it was genuine, and said it was for his mother in America. And I loved him still more for that, and I m sure I prayed she might live to see him return."

"I believe she did, Mrs. Gardiner; but how soon after did you set aside the poker."

"Why, sir, you see there’s a Mr. Vincent that comes here sometimes, and he says to me one day, ‘So, Mrs. Gardiner, you re finely immortalized. Read that.’ So the minnit I read it, I remembered who it was and all about it, and I runs and gets the number three poker, and locks it up safe and sound, and by and by I sends it to Brummagem, and has his name engraved on it, and here you see it, sir, and I would’t take no money for it."

I had never the honor to meet or know Mr. Irving and I evidently lost ground with the hostess of the Red Horse for that misfortune. I delighted her, however, with the account which I had seen in a late newspaper, of his having shot a buffalo in the prairies of the west, and she soon courtesied herself out and left me to the delightful society of the distinguished lady who had accompanied me. Among all my many loiterings in many lands, I remember none more intellectually pure and gratifying, than this at Stratford-on-Avon. My sleep, in the little bed consecrated by the slumbers of the immortal Geoffery, was sweet and light, and I write myself his debtor far a large share of the pleasure which genius like his lavishes on the world.
James Fenimore Cooper (1789-1851) was a prolific, popular American writer, descendent from James Cooper of Stratford-upon-Avon, who emmigrated to the American colonies in 1679. Cooper was enrolled at Yale but was expelled on the third year. He lived in Europe from 1826 to 1833. This letter is addressed to Thomas James de Lancey, the son of Mrs Cooper’s brother. In it, he first gives an accurate description of the interior of Westminster Abbey. Then, at the Poet’s Corner, Cooper’s seems to recall a previous scene in a familiar country church-yard. He seems to be evoking a previous visit to Stratford.

There is moreover a homely air and rustic simplicity, here, in the quiet, unpretending stones, that line the walls and flagging of the Poet’s Corner, and which almost induce one to believe that he is actually treading the familiar haunts of the illustrious dead. The name of Shakspeare struck me as familiarly as if I had met it beneath a yew, in a country church-yard.

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Thomas James de Lancey was the son of Mrs Cooper’s brother.
George Palmer Putnam (1814-1872) was a book publisher and author. In 1838, with his partner John Wiley, he established the publishing house of Wiley & Putnam in New York City and in 1841 he went to London where he set up a branch office being the first American to ever do so. Some of his writings were published in *The Knickerbocker: Or, New-York Monthly Magazine*. At Stratford, Putnam is more impressed by the amount of visitors than by the place itself.

[...] BIRMINGHAM. Hotels: ‘Hen and Chickens’ ‘Swan with two Necks' and 'The Albion;' all good. One day sufficient here. To WARWICK by morning coach. Hotel: ‘Black Swan.’ Time to see the finest existing specimen of the old English baronial castle, hire a gig for an excursion to the interesting Ruins of Kenilworth (say 4 miles) and return to take the p. m. coach for Stratford-on-Avon, all the same day. (The fashionable mineral springs of Leamington are a few miles from Warwick.) STRATFORD. Arrive at 6, p. m. and lodge at the ‘Shakspeare' Facetious host; relics in his garden. Birthplace of Shakspeare; his tomb in the church. Coach to Oxford at 9 or 10 A. M. [...]

APPENDIX

I. TABLES OF EXPENSES.

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<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Cost</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Liverpool, hotel, &amp;c.</td>
<td>£ 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Manchester and do.</td>
<td>£12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Birmingham and do.</td>
<td>£12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Warwick and do.</td>
<td>£12</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Return to Kenilworth.</td>
<td>£11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Stratford-on-Avon, and hotel.</td>
<td>£14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To Oxford and do.</td>
<td>£ 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>To London...</td>
<td>£15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hotel in London, one day</td>
<td>£ 2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Apartments four weeks</td>
<td>£ 6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Living &amp;c., same time</td>
<td>£ 4</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

18 17 9 248 43

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423 Putnam, 68.
Well, after seeing so much I am going, the same day, to the house of him whose name and works will live long after these mighty castles shall have crumbled to the dust. Yes —like all dutiful travellers, I of course added my name to the list of illustrious pilgrims in the album at Stratford-on-Avon. The birth-place and the tomb of Shakspeare! Who would go to England and pass them by without a visit? What a host of grandissimos, besides the multitude of humbler gentry, have deigned to worship at this intellectual shrine! —or, in other words, to follow the old cicerone up those narrow back stairs to the lowly apartment where the Bard of Nature was cradled, and there to scribble their names on the rude walls, or in the goodly quarto. There I saw the autographs of ‘William Henry, Duke of Clarence,’ * Walter Scott, 'Countess Guiccioli,' * Coleridge, 'Charles Lamb,' with scores of similar names, and in army of them from the United States. I copied some of, the many inscriptions in the 'Ollapod' of an album, which you may like to have:

"Of mighty Shakspeare's birth, the room we see,
That where he died, in vain to find, we try;
Useless the search; for all immortal He,
And they who are immortal, never die.

Washington Irving."

"Shakspeare ! Thy name reveres is no less,
By us, who often reckon, sometimes guess;
Though England claims the glory of thy birth,
None more appreciate thy pages' worth.
Nor more admire thy scenes well acted o'er,
Than we of 'states unborn' in ancient lore.

James H. Hackett."425

'The esteemed and lamented Carter:

"Think not, Britannia, all the tears are thine,
Which flow, a tribute to this hallowed shrine;
Pilgrims from every land shall hither come,
And fondly linger round the poet's tomb."

1825 Nov. 18. N.H. Carter,

H. J. Eckford

424 Putnam, 86-88.
425 James Henry Hackett was the first important American actor to be a success in England, praised for his Falstaff, a role he performed in the US and then in the UK on many occasions between 1833 and 1851. The 27 of April 1922, at the Birthday Celebrations, his son, James Katelkas Hackett (1869-1926), also an actor, played Othello at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, obtaining great reviews, subsequently he was twice the guest of the king and queen of England at Buckingham Palace. The Royal Shakespeare Theatre contains a memorial dedicated to this American actor “a generous benefactor to this theatre”.
Not being ‘wise above what is written,’ I shall spare you a, rhapsody of my own on the occasion. To tell the truth, as ill-luck would have it, I could not get up a fit of enthusiasm. I was not inspired even by the impressive little sign which is poked out over the door, and tells the heedless urchin of Stratford, as well as the eager pilgrim from foreign climes, that

"The immortal Shakspeare
Was born in this house."

And then to be bowed up stairs and down,

" For only sixpence sterling!"

'Twas cheap to be sure; but there was something droll in the idea. Of course, I spent half a crown beside, for seeing the tomb in the church, which, by-the-way, is a fine old edifice of its kind; and mine host has also shown me, gratis the mulberry tree in his garden, which was planted by the great bard himself. They are going to have a ‘grand jubilee’ here shortly; and an oration is to be delivered by somebody whose name I have forgotten; but as he styles himself the ‘American Tragedian,’ you will know, I suppose, to whom this title belongs.

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426 The American tragedian he refers to is the American actor George Jones.
Speech delivered by American actor George Jones (1810-1879) at Stratford-upon-Avon on 23rd April 1836. Dedicated to King William IV and addressed to the Royal Shakespearean Club, the oration was published the same year. The speech, delivered at the Theatre in Chapel Lane, went on for two hours. Jones argues that America is, “a land that cannot boast, ‘tis true, of her Saxon or her Norman castles (...) nor can she point to the pilgrim’s eye, the ruined abbey or the ivy-clad cathedral” but its richness, adds Jones, is mainly based on the surrounding nature and for being a temple to freedom, “whose altar is guarded by Liberty and Justice;” However, Jones specifies, America’s greatest advantage is its language, that is the language of Shakespeare that it has inherited from England.

TO HIS MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,
William the Fourth,
KING OF GREAT BRITAIN, &c. &c.

SIRE,
The usual language of a Dedication emanates from the fountain of flattery, and therefore from deceit; it is usually attired in the garb of compliment and adulation, to the exclusion of rationality; but the language of this Dedication arises from a conscientious feeling of the Pious Benevolence of YOUR MAJESTY. England is not more renowned for her victory of Agincourt, than she is for the possession of Shakspeare; to perpetuate, therefore, the memory of his Genius, must add a garland to his Fame; but, far more brilliant is the act which rescues his ashes from oblivion, and extends the hand of protection to his Monument and his Grave. In this Pious duty, YOUR MAJESTY will descend to posterity as the first Monarch who has given his influence and support, to shelter from destruction, the remains of our Prince of Poets. — The Dedication, therefore, of the First Annual Oration upon the Life, Character, and Genius of Shakspeare, to YOUR MAJESTY, can never be ascribed to flattery, but to the SACRED ACT which has called forth the admiration of your Kingdom. As a Pilgrim from the New-World, to the Shrine of the " time-honoured " Bard, and as a

Stranger upon the soil of my native land, I cannot but feel an honest pride in being permitted, by YOUR MAJESTY, to dedicate my humble tribute to your generous protection; and more especially when my wish was acceded to by a promptness and liberality of sentiment, which, while it adds an honour to my name, at once proclaims the veneration of YOUR MAJESTY, for the MEMORY OF SHAKSPEARE.

I have the honour to be
YOUR MAJESTY’S
Obliged and obedient,
in devotion and respect,

GEORGE JONES.

ORATION.

My Fair and Noble Friends, —The custom of a Public Oration, which we are called upon this day to imitate, does not originate within the memory of ourselves, but bears the venerable stamp of classic antiquity: and there is this difference between an Eulogy and an Oration, —the former relates only to praise or flattery, —the latter rises with superior dignity, and appertains to truth alone, thereby giving the Orator power to express boldly the character of the departed, however high his rank or station This is not the only power which an Oration possesses, for it presents a field for Eloquence, that cannot be found in mere Eulogy. Praise alone may be compared to a picture without a shadow, —or to the supposition of an eternal sunshine, without the shades of departed day to relieve us from the desert sameness. Nature is not governed by light alone, —we only know the brilliancy of the meridian sun, by the contrast with the storm-cloud, —we only enjoy the smiles of the Queen of Night, by the contrast emanating from the frowns of AEOLUS. —So do we only perceive the beauty of Virtue, when compared with the deformity of Vice. The superior power of an Oration, then; is obvious, for it not only gives authority to arouse the passions, but also to unfold the faults of man, and thus present his character by the very contrast with more resplendence to the world. An Oration is not only applicable to the time and place of burial; but it is the medium, also, for any age to testify their admiration of the worth or intellectual power of ancestral characters. When Junius Brutus was slain by Arums, the last of the centenary kings of Rome, we find recorded the first Public Oration to the memory of the departed, it having been pronounced in the forum by Publius Valerius, upon the civil and military character of the Roman Consul. The custom among the Romans was practised for many centuries after, as is manifest by the oration of Marcus Antonius, upon the death of the first Caesar. The practice in the more refined nation of Attica, was held in the highest veneration; for not only those slain upon the field of Marathon had this honour paid to their memory, but the first slain in every battle between the Peloponesians and the Athenians; the original tribute having been delivered by the founder of the Minerva Parthenon—the Olympian Pericles. France for centuries has continued this custom, but more especially in that country is it applied to celebrate the funerals of the literati and the virtuosi. In America, the custom had its origin upon the death of Washington, when a funeral oration was pronounced in every town and village of the republic. The same practice was continued upon the deaths of Adams, Jefferson, Lafayette, and Carroll of Carrollton. In England, the custom is less common, and thereby is more remarkable.
from its novelty; but to whom could any peculiar honour be given with a greater
deserving than to the Bard of Avon? And, though I feel a pride in being the founder of
the custom, in regard to the Poet, yet I cannot but feel that the reputation thrown
around my name, in being selected for the enviable distinction of pronouncing the
FIRST ANNUAL ORATION TO THE MEMORY OF SHAKESPEARE, to emanate
rather from extended courtesy to that nation which has graced me with its citizenship,
than to any deserving of my own: — and however Posterity may contemplate this
day, I find my greatest pride in the belief, that it may incite others of the Histrionic
Profession to achieve the like distinction. I shall endeavour, in my effort, to avoid all
flattery, or unmerited censure, and boldly place before you an analysis of the
character of Shakspeare, in two distinct forms, —as the Man, and as the Poet. I am
well aware that the task is one of great difficulty, for to speak of departed worth,
according to the dictates of truth, is at once to place myself in opposition to opinions
already formed; —for some there are that will not admit of a single wrong having been
committed, while others think that the deceased, by receiving his merited praise, is
flattered, especially if the arguments of his merits be above their comprehension. This
last remark does not apply to England or America, but to the nations of the Continent,
whose languages: cannot receive the idiom of our own, and consequently the very
genius of the original is lost by translation. The same rule will apply to us in regard to
foreign authors, for no translation can ever render a facsimile of the original. The
Pictorial language possesses but one 'Transfiguration' by Raphael, although the world
has a thousand copies and translations: —so with Shakspeare; one language only can
possess the essence of his genius. Let us therefore rejoice, that we are of that nation,
the language of which enables us to enjoy the intellectual treasure which he has
bequeathed to us. To trace the meandering waters of genius to their native fountain, is
not only a delight but a duty,
imposed upon all who would render justice to the
Castalian stream. Let us, therefore, pause ere we ascend the regions of Poetry, and
contemplate that being, whose name is never breathed,
—whose birth no register
records,—whose burial is not even pointed by the humble stone of a village church-
yard,—yet to whose existence we owe the possession of, a nation's glory!—The
casket which contained the diamond, we have never prized; —the pearly fountains by
which the undying flower received its nourishment, have for centuries been lost amid
the waters of oblivion;—the hand which led the infant steps of Shakspeare; —the
protecting arms that shielded the beloved child amid the devouring plague, have long
since withered in a nameless grave; yet no sigh or tribute has been given to her
memory—to the Mother of Shakspeare! Why is this? Was that parent unworthy of
remembrance? I will not entertain the thought. Was her family as nameless as herself?
Not so, they can be traced through a long line of ancestry, filling honourable offices,
even to the period of the last King of the Saxon race— Edward the Confessor! Why,
then, has this apathy been shewn to the parent's memory? Let us not forget, my
friends, how many of the most exalted characters of our sex have attributed the
foundation of their glory and achievements to the energy of their maternal parents.
Rome presents to us Coriolanus and the Gracchi, but with them also we behold
Volumnia and Cornelia. France dazzles us with the memory of Napoleon, yet we
remember the firm character of Laetitia. America presents us with the ethereal glory
of a Washington, yet he reflected back that brilliancy to his parent. Let not England,
then, reject the thought, that we owe at least some tribute to the parent of our Poet,
that posterity may not point to us, as lacking that graceful yet manly delicacy, with
which we may justly charge our ancestors. On Tuesday the twenty-third of April, one
thousand five hundred and sixty-four, Nature presented to the world WILLIAM
SHAKSPEARE:—the humblest cottage of Stratford first echoed his infant cries; yet is that lowly dwelling to the poetic pilgrim far more dear than the sceptred palace:—he remembers, as he paces the oaken floor, that all ranks have worshipped there, even from the monarch to the mendicant; and if a tear should bedim his ravished sight, 'tis but the pilgrim's tribute to "the God of his idolatry." Scarce two months had passed from the birth of our Poet, when this town was visited by a most destructive pestilence, which, for half-a-year raged with incessant violence, thereby carrying to the grave a seventh of its inhabitants. For the benefit of mankind, Shakspeare was rescued; but, to whom may we naturally attribute his safety? Poetry may reply, that like Horace, amid death and contagion, he was protected by the Muses. But does not reason, and truth at once proclaim—to his maternal parent? Let this belief, at least, find a sympathetic throb in every breast to the mother's memory! We next trace our favourite as "the school-boy, with satchel and shining morning face but not "creeping, like a snail, unwillingly to school;"”—rather let us believe that he bounded like the antelope, to his task, with Burbage and his comates; that he acquired the omega, while others were conning the alpha of their lessons; that he even lingered after school hours, to drink deeper of the stream of knowledge, until his brain teemed with chaotic thought, which nothing but approaching manhood could give to it—"a local habitation and a name." We next find the Youth of nature in a character of all others, the most likely to portray his disposition, to give us a clue to "The flash and out-break of a fiery mind." Need I add to every fair listener,—the LOVER? I cannot imagine a period of his life more interesting than this, —for it must have given an impulse to feeling hitherto dormant; it must have opened the very flood-gate of an impassioned heart—it must have borne him amid the regions of fancy and fairy-dream! In that character we do not live on earth, we ascend in aeriality to the skies; we breathe a new atmosphere; we exist not for ourselves, but for others; our language is that of the flashing eye, and of nature only; art is banished to its native den of deceit; our very soul seems to leave its confine, and with celestial speed ascend to the realms of bliss, — to our earthly heaven, —to the Woman of our Heart! If these feelings exist with the Lover only, what must they be, when that love meets a fond return? With the young, the graceful, the beautiful, and the poetic Shakspeare, it must have been the very essence of rapture; for eighteen summers had not yet tinged his golden locks, ere we find him in the triple character of lover, husband, and father. Should not, then, common nature make some allowance for the after-action of a youth, basking in the sunshine of an over-excited temperament? To me, the deed that led to the prosecution by the Knight of Charlotte, bears any aspect but that of a criminality; for to establish this fact, first must be proved the essential of crime—malice: this no one can trace, and only after the prosecution, do we find the young poet indulging in this feeling, by posting upon "the outward walls," the famous ballad. The reason of this act, I think, may be founded upon the belief, by Shakspeare, that the punishment was beyond the frolic which led to it. Who can tell, at this period, for what purpose the misdemeanour was committed? It might have been, to have supplied the wants of some starving family, that he thus placed himself at the mercy of a judge. If it was done in badness of heart, why do not the actions of his after life support the charge? —far from it; for when in London, surrounded by poverty, friendless, and alone, we do not find him pursuing the path of vice, but rather suffering his misfortunes, than to do any deed that might have tarnished his future reputation. The charge, therefore, of "Deer-stealing" I should rather believe was an invention of his persecutor, to cover his own severity, than to any particle of crime within the heart of Shakspeare. […]
[...] Though living in the sunshine of prosperity, surrounded by the glitter of Court patronage, followed by the adulation of parasites and flatterers, yet we find him like Rome's Dictator, returning from the turmoil of authority, to enjoy the calm seclusion of his native home—of his beloved, of his fondly-cherished Stratford. In this, we at peace, the mind at ease, as if "The undiscovered country, from whose bourn" "No traveller returns" No, my friends, for he must have died "As one that has been studied in his death, To throw away the dearest thing he owed "As 'twere a careless trifle." indignation as I contemplate those of its ruthless destroyer.

[...] The nation that breathed forth the music of our Bard, has not only been "blotted from the Map of Europe," but from the world of literature! Where is the intellectual student whose heart does not throb with agony, as it reflects that the Language of a nation is suddenly cast into oblivion—that its dying echoes only are to be heard in the earth-caverns of Siberia;—or even, if cherished in a land of freedom, by some more fortunate exile, it may at last amalgamate with that country's, in which he found a shelter and protection. There is no wreck or desolation, over which Pity will reject its sympathy.

[...] Deity! The mind of man expanded by scenes like these, —the soil of that nation therefore posses, like your own,—a Temple rear'd to Freedom,— whose cornerstone is founded upon our natural rights; around whose columns are entwined the wreaths of peace and benevolence; whose statues are dedicated to mind and intellect; whose entablature is adorned with the emblems of art, science, commerce, and agriculture; the fire of whose altar is guarded by Liberty and Justice; whose walls reverberate, in language like your own, with Man's deep-toned gratitude to his Maker and his God! This is not all America possesses; —she hath within her very heart a secret pride, which she would not exchange for any, in visionary thought, or stern reality; —it is a pride posterity will find within her laws; penned within her archives; and traced upon the tablet of her fame.—It is a pride breathing through her very language; proclaimed aloud by her page of history; and years yet unborn shall echo within her Senate Chamber, the glorious un fading truth—" England is our Fatherland! " In that country they require no translation to understand the works of Shakspeare; they enjoy them in the same language as yourselves.— The mental ambrosia is before them, and they feast largely from the Banquet. Her Fifteen Million Voices have resounded to his praise; and each year in their devotion do they add a garland to his glory! Well might the prophetic Bard exclaim

"How many ages hence,  
"Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,"  
"In STATES unborn, and accent! yet unknown!"

"STATES," then unborn, have acted o'er his lofty scene, and their arms are opened wide, to receive, " in accents yet unknown," the Tragedians of Britannia!

[...] Next to the honorable exercise of the mental powers by the living, there can be no action of our lives more worthy of mankind, than that of paying a tribute to the Genius of the dead.—This is not done by " the pomp and circumstance " of gaudy funeral processions, where the ceremony is remembered, and not the man; but by a protection of his ashes, his memory, and his works: for often the earthly remains of Genius are conveyed to their grave, with
So with Shakspeare,—although the sculptured marble of England's mausoleum* should be crumbled with the dust; though yonder gothic templet+ should become as the ivy-bound wall of Kenilworth⁴³¹, deserted and mouldering to decay, yet will the eternal monument of his Genius, be found fresh within the heart—the mind—the intellect of human nature.

Revolving years have flitted on,
Corroding time has done its worst;
Pilgrim and worshipper have gone
From Avon's shrine, to shrines of dust.
But Shakspeare lives unrivall'd still,
And unapproached by mortal mind;
The giant of Parnassus' hill.
The pride, the monarch of mankind.
Great as were those of Greece and Rome,
The Glory of our island home!

Long may the patron-saint—"Thrice renowned ST. GEORGE," upon this §, his day of festival, protect the memory of his fame. And if, as some believe, the manes of the departed watch and hover o'er the living,—how must thy spirit, O! Shakspeare! Rebound through its "airy regions," as the voice of nations is lifted to thee in love and admiration! May the tribute of this assembly, uttered through the humble efforts of the Pilgrim from the New-World, be received as emanating from the heart, in adoration to thy Genius; for the praise that is offered to thee, O! Shakspeare! Is but gratitude to a mightier power; —and rising from the inmost soul, it ascends on the voice of thanksgiving, to the throne of that God, who ordained thee to receive, THE VENERATION OF THE UNIVERSE.

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* Westminster Abbey.
+ Stratford Church.
⁴³¹ Thirteen miles from Stratford.
§ 23rd of April—St. George's Day.
Edward Norris Kirk (1802-1874) was a Christian missionary, pastor, teacher, evangelist and writer in the Presbyterian, Congregational and revivalist traditions in the US. He spent several years preaching in London and Paris. Edward Cornelius Delavan (1793–1871) was a wealthy businessman who devoted much of his fortune to promoting the temperance movement. He helped establish the American Temperance Union. His account of his visit to Stratford unites bardic pilgrimage and moral enlightenment – visiting the Birthplace and the grave provide him with inspiration to speak “in the glorious cause” of temperance.

Giants’ Causeway, Ireland, May 24, 1837

[…] I almost effected an adventure which some would have considered quite romantic. I arrived in Stratford on Avon, the birth and burial place of Shakespeare, in the verge of the evening. I ran immediately to the shrine of ten thousand pilgrims, the chamber of his birth, where Walter Scott, King William, and Martin Van Buren have all recorded their names on plaster or paper. After breathing that atmosphere, I hastened to his tomb. From that I passed to my lodgings, and saw in the town hall some public assembly. On inquire, I found it was a Temperance meeting. I hastened to the door for my purpose was fixed to lift my voice in the glorious cause under the vivid impression of my then present reflections. But I was too late; the meeting had just been closed.

Your brother in Christ

E. Kirk

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434 The American Minister, Martin Van Buren and his son visited Stratford in December 1831 in company with Washington Irving. Martin Van Buren (1782-1862) was an American politician who served as the eighth President of the United States (1837–41). In August 1831 he was appointed Minister to the Court of St. James (Britain). He remained as American ambassador in London until January 1832.
Isaac Appleton Jewett (1808-1853) was an American lawyer and author. When visiting the Louvre Museum, Jewett comments on the security on the preservation of historical sites and works of art. He narrates a case of vandalism that had recently taken place at Shakespeare’s birthplace.

A rather singular illustration of danger in leaving certain of the English unguarded among objects of curiosity, was recently furnished to me by Mrs. Court, the excellent lady who at Stratford on Avon, shows to strangers the room in which Shakspere was born. Excellent Mrs. Court informed me, —and I thought I saw something like moisture in her eye as she gave the story, —that but a few days before, sixteen young females apparently from some boarding school, visited the chamber, and desiring, as they said, to study out the names and queer remarks here and there scratched over its walls, told Mrs. C. that they should stay some time, that she need not remain with them, but might go below about her quiet business of knitting. Mrs. C. in confident simplicity followed their suggestion. In about fifteen minutes, the young females descended, and presenting Mrs. C. a half crown, took their leave. A short time after their departure, Mrs. C. walked up into the chamber, and what was her surprise, on looking towards the wooden mantel, to find that a huge piece had been broken, or rather pried off therefrom, and taken away. “How they could have done it” said the grieved old lady, “I cannot possibly conceive.” Twenty more such depredations as that, and there would be nothing left for pilgrim-curiosity, of the little room in which the great dramatist was born. That certain classes of the English, — to say nothing of certain Americans, about whom let silence on this subject be preserved, for silence may here be more significant than words— are more disposed to deface national works and to finger objects of art, than like classes upon the continent, is, in my single opinion, true. And yet, in striking a balance between propensities of this description, it is necessary to bear in mind that there is upon the continent, a little stricter governmental supervision over objects of curiosity than in England. The fountains are well guarded, the galleries are so guarded, and I think that few royal or noble resorts can on the continent be found, through which the stranger may pass unwatched, as into Hampton Court he may pass beneath words indicating that what is left open for public enjoyment, is entrusted to public protection.

Harriette Story (White) Paige was born at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1809, and died at Boston, in 1863. In 1831, Harriette Story White married James William Paige (1792-1868), a merchant of Boston, and half-brother of Grace Fletcher (1781-1828), the first wife of Daniel Webster. The James William Paiges and the Websters were on very intimate terms, and Mrs. Paige accompanied Mr. and Mrs. Webster, and their daughter Julia on their trip to Europe in 1839. Harriette records in her journal a visit to Stratford on Wednesday, August the 7th. Like in other accounts, attention is paid to the signatures of celebrities at the Birthplace, but she shows interest in the monument as the most faithful likeness of the poet. She also comments on how Shakespearean (false) relics are appreciated in the States.

“From this castle, a still greater pleasure awaited us, in our long anticipated visit to the birthplace of Shakspeare, “Stratford-on-Avon.” The room where the “mighty master of the magic lyre” first drew breath, is low and small, the kitchen underneath, with a vey old stone paved floor, and the staircase up which he went, narrow, and dark; the walls were white washed, and covered with names, there was scarcely a vacant spot; among them, we read Walter Scott’s, beneath his, was that of William Lockhart, in the same hand (he is brother to the son-in-law of Scott); Schiller’s autograph was here too, the Empress of Russia’s and Washington Irving’s; above his name, the latter wrote:

"Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see;  
That where he died, in vain to find we try;  
Useless the search: for all immortal he,  
And those who are immortal, never die."

By dint of some persuasion, Mr. Webster gratified us by placing his name in a vacant corner of the wall near the window, and we then proceeded a little distance, to visit the church of Avon, where the remains of the great poet lie. In the chancel near the north wall elevated a few feet from the main floor, is the stone, covering the grave, with the subjoined not unfamiliar lines:

“Good frend, for Jesus sake forbeare,  
To digg the dust encloased heare;  

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Bleste be y° man y' spares thes stones,  
And curst be he y' moves my bones.

In consequence of the imprecation contained in these lines, and the horror, which Shakspeare is supposed to have entertained, of the custom of re-moving the bones, from the grave to the charnel house, they have never been removed as they would otherwise have been, to Westminster Abbey, but remain unmolested, but not un-revered, or unvisited, as thousand upon thousands of pilgrims, to Stratford Church, can testify. So much in honour of human nature, can be said of him, whose genius knew no rival! Above the stone, in a niche, in the wall, is a bust, generally acknowledged now, to be a correct representation of the Poet. Copies of it, are abundant about England. Fortunately for us, the Shakspeare pew was just undergoing repairs, and a small piece of the timber of the floor, was so far preserved, as to allow Mr. Webster to remove it, and he has carefully laid aside the relic, to manufacture a penhandle or two, for friends at home, who will fully appreciate its value. From this consecrated spot we returned to the Red Lion Inn, and soon after were on our way to this place, "Alcester," from which I am now writing the "experiences" of the day. Mr. "Webster has been out to visit a needle manufactory, and has brought us specimens of needle making, in all its various branches.
This excerpt that appeared in Godey’s Lady’s Book, sketches a lecture by James Thomas Fields (1817–1881), an American publisher, editor, and poet. Daniel Webster (1782-1852) was an American politician who served in the United States House of Representatives, representing New Hampshire and Massachusetts. He also served as a U.S. Senator from Massachusetts and was twice the United States Secretary of State, under Presidents William Henry Harrison and John Tyler and Millard Fillmore. In the 1848 presidential election, he sought the Whig Party's nomination for the President but was beaten by the General Zachary Taylor, a popular hero of the Mexican–American War. Webster was once again offered the Vice-Presidency, but he declined. He toured England in 1839.

August 1862. Our August plate.- “Daniel Webster at the Tomb of Shakspere” We were induced to have this beautiful design made by that accomplished artist, Schussele, from reading the following extract from a lecture, delivered some time since, by James T. Fields, Esq., of Boston. We think the likeness a good one, and it has been so pronounced.

“To peruse the plays of the great poet on the very spots where the scenes are laid is one of the most satisfactory incidents in a traveller’s journey abroad. ‘Romeo and Juliet’ read in the open air of Verona, on a quiet summer evening; ‘Julius Caesar’ amid the ruins of Roman temples; ‘The Merchant of Venice’ while leaning over the bridge of the Rialto; and ‘Othello’ while floating in a gondola in and out of the watery streets of the Fairy City; and those noble historical plays in England, Scotland, and France, on the very spots where events had time and place– this is to enjoy to the top of your bent the magic of the poet’s mind.

One of our own great statesmen, than whom no one living knows better than he knew every hidden or discovered beauty of Shakspeare, while in other lands, is said to have gone about with a searching glance for every spot hallowed by the poet’s genius which came in his path of travel. One who had the high privilege to be with him in his rambles about England– himself one of the most honored of the living writers of Europe– spoke thus, said the lecturer,

“In my own hearing, of our great patriot, now lying in his new-made grave by the side of the sounding sea. ‘I have seen,’ said he, ‘all the prominent members of that splendid galaxy which shone so proudly eminent during the trial of Warren Hastings– Burke, Fox, Sheridan these eyes have beheld in all their majesty of genius. But I have seen another and a kindred spirit, during my old age, whose presence filled and

satisfied my imagination more than all or any of these whose forms I have just
recalled— a man who, had he been born in England, would have founded a peerage,
and taken his seat highest, next the throne. A few years ago, I saw Daniel Webster
standing at the grave of Shakspeare, and heard him solemnly recite, as we stood in
Stratford Church, Hamlet’s soliloquy on immortality! The most splendid specimen of
power and dignity then walking this planet I saw beside the tomb of that most
majestic monarch of mind. As your great countryman reverently uncovered that noble
forehead, and gazed with a look fraught with the deepest meaning on the hallowed
shrine before us, I thought that never before, since the Bard of Avon died, had his
grave been looked on by a more commanding spirit. That, indeed, was no common
grouping around the Stratford monument– Webster at the tomb of Shakspeare!”

Figure 30: Daniel Webster at the tomb of Shakespeare, 1839.\textsuperscript{438}

\textsuperscript{438} From an original engraving designed by Christen Shuessele for \textit{Godey’s Magazine}. The
New York Public Library Digital Collections.
George H. Calvert (1803-1889) was an American editor, essayist, dramatist, poet, and biographer. He graduated from Harvard College in 1823 and later moved to Germany to continue to study. In 1840 he made another trip to Europe. Calvert published in epistolary form, the notes and diary he kept during his 1840 last trip to England.

[...]

At one we were approaching Stratford on Avon, distant eight miles from Warwick. Fifteen years since I was on the same ground. But Shakspeare was to me then but a man, to whom greatness had been decreed by the world's judgment. I was not of an age to have verified for myself his titles: I had not realized by contemplation the immensity of his power: my soul had not been fortified by direct sympathy with his mighty nature. But now I felt that I was near the most sacred spot in Europe, and I was disappointed at the absence of emotion in my mind. Here Shakspeare was born, and here he lies buried. We stood above his bones: on the marble slab at our feet, we read the lines touching their rest, invoking a curse on him who should disturb them. We sat down on a bench within a few feet of the sacred dust. We walked out by a near door past tomb-stones to the edge of the Avon. The day was serene and bright. We returned, and gazed again on the simple slab. 'Twas not till we had quitted the church, and were about to pass out of the yard, that a full consciousness of the holiness of the place arose in me. For an instant I seemed to feel the presence of Shakspeare. We walked slowly back towards the inn. In this path he has walked; at that sunny corner he has lounged; — but 'twas like clutching at corporeal substance in a dream, to try to call up a familiar image of Shakspeare. Objects around looked unsubstantial; what the senses beheld wore the aspect of a vision; the only reality was the thought of Shakspeare, which wrapped the mind in a vague magical sensation.

Between three and four o'clock we were on the way to Oxford, smoothly rolling over an undulating road, under a cloudless sky, through the teeming, tree-studded fields. [...]
Some Philadelphia Abolitionists and other delegates travelled together on the 7th of May 1840 from New York towards Liverpool in the ship Roscoe. Being in England, these American delegates, important public figures of their time took the opportunity to visit the country and among the places they visited was Stratford. On the 3rd of June, George Bradburn, politician, US Congressman representing the Free Soil Party, newspaper editor, abolitionist, women's rights activist and lecturer, visited Stratford accompanied by his daughter Mary Grew. Bradburn (1806-1880) was an active member of several abolitionist societies: the American Anti-Slavery Society; Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society, Vice-President, 1840-1845. Vice President, Liberty Party. Lectured for the American Anti-Slavery Society with fellow abolitionists William A. White and Frederick Douglass in 1843. Editor of the Pioneer and Herald of Freedom from 1846 to 1849.

 [...] Immediately on returning from Kenilworth, we set off for Stratford-upon-Avon. We looked at the pinched apartment in which the poet was born, recording our names in the visitors' book. Thence we strolled to the old church containing his remains and those of his wife, which are covered by a plain coarse flat stone. Think of standing on the tombstone of Shakspeare! There seems something awful in its inscription. But for it his remains would probably have been transferred to Westminster Abbey, which was not a fit place for the remains of Shakspeare. The room in which he went to school was pointed out to me. Went into the "Garrick Gallery," containing a statue and a picture of him. In the latter there is such an expression of intense thought, glowing with ideality, that one wonders how it could have been transferred to canvas. It represents the poet with a pen in his hand, sitting over his manuscript, the eyes turned slightly upwards, as if moulding one of those wonderful creations of his. I never before left a picture so reluctantly. [...]

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440 Frances H. Bradburn, A Memorial of George Bradburn by his Wife (Boston: Cupples, Upham and C., 1883), 56-57.
CHAPTER XII. [...] STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Reverend Joel T. Headley (New York 1814-1897) was an American clergyman, historian, author, newspaper editor and politician who served as Secretary of State of New York. He went to Italy in the summer of 1842 and later travelled through Europe. In the following text is narrated the visit he and a friend made to Stratford.

 [...] The morning I left Oxford for Stratford-on-the-Avon was as beautiful a one as ever smiled over New England. The fragmentary clouds went trooping over the sky, the fresh, cool wind swept cheerfully by, and the newly-washed meadows and fields looked as if just preparing themselves for a holiday. Again I took my seat on the top of the coach, with two or three others, and started away. We soon picked up an additional companion — a pretty young woman — who also climbed to the roof of the coach. The inside was full, and you must know that an Englishman never gives up his seat to a lady. He takes the place he has paid for, and expects all others, of whatever sex, to do the same. If it rains, he says it is unfortunate, but supposes that the lady knew the risk when she took her seat, and expects her to bear her misfortune like a philosopher.

This lady, I should think, from her general appearance and conversation, was a governess. She had evidently traveled a good deal, and was very talkative and somewhat inquisitive. When she discovered I was an American, she very gravely remarked, that she mistrusted it before from my complexion. Now it must be remembered that I have naturally the tinge of a man belonging to a southern clime, which had been considerably deepened by my recent exposures in the open air in Italy and along the Rhine. Supposing that all Americans were tawny from their close relationship to the aborigines of our country, she attributed my swarthiness to the Indian blood in my veins. I confessed myself sufficiently surprised at her penetration, and humored her inquisitiveness. She left us at Stratford, bidding my friend and myself good-by with a dignified shake of the hand. We of course regarded this great condescension on her part to two Indians, with proper respect, attributing it to the comparative fluency with which we spoke English. She evidently thought us savages of more than ordinary education.

After dinner, I strolled out to the house of Shakspeare, a low, miserable affair at the best, and hardly large enough for three persons. Yet here the great dramatist was born. After going through it, I went to the church where his bones repose, and read, with strange feelings, the odd inscription he directed to be placed over his tomb.

It was a beautiful day, and I went out and sat down on the banks of the Avon, beside the church, and gazed long on the rippling waters and green slopes of the neighboring hills and greener hedges. Cattle were lazily browsing in the fields; the ancient trees beside the church bent and sighed as the fresh breeze swept by, and all was tranquillity and beauty. I had never seen so pure a sky in England. The air was

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clear and bracing, and, although it was the middle of August, it seemed like a bright June day at home.

How many fancies a man will sometimes weave, and yet scarce know why! A single chord of memory is, perhaps, touched, or some slight association mil arise, followed by a hundred others, as one bird, starting from the brake, will arouse a whole flock, and away they go swarming together. It was thus as I sat on the banks of the Avon, soothed by the ripple of its waters. Along this stream Shakspeare had wandered in his boyhood, and cast his dark eye over this same landscape. What gorgeous dreams here wrapped his youthful imagination, and strange, wild vagaries crossed his mind. Old England then was merry, and plenty reigned in her halls, and good cheer was every where to be found. But now want and poverty cover the land. Discontent is written on half the faces you meet, and the murmurs of a coming storm are heard over the distant heavens.

Farewell, sweet Avon! Your bright waters, bordered with green fields, and sparkling in light, are like a pleasant dream. […]
Elias H. Derby (1803-1880) was the son of E. H. Derby, one of the wealthiest post-
Revolutionary merchants in Salem, Massachusetts. He graduated from Harvard in
1821, read law in the office of Daniel Webster and won distinction as a railway
lawyer. In August and September 1843 Derby, then the Rail-Road Director of
Massachusetts, travels to Europe visiting the main cities and making a comprehensive
examination of the Old World economic and social affairs. Like many previous
American tourists, he finds the Birthplace surprisingly humble for the cradle of such a
great author.

[...] In the course of the morning we cross a bridge over a small stream, near a canal
and rail-way and enter a bustling little town. This is Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace
of the immortal Shakspeare, whose genius illumines age after age, and is appreciated
as much or more, on the Hudson, and perhaps the Missouri, than on the Avon itself.
While the coach changes horses, we alight and repair, like pilgrims, to the house
where he was born, and view it as a spot consecrated by genius. It was indeed but an
humble residence. A small tenement of two low stories, a framework of wood, filled
in with mortar, one latticed window above, and, in place of a window below, a
swinging half door, drawn back during the day, and fastened to a staple in the ceiling.
In such a rude and comfortless mansion, compared with which, some log cabins in
our forests are palaces, was reared the great poet of England.

We reach Birmingham at two p. m., accomplishing the sixty miles in eight hours. In
the course of our ride our friend, Mr. T., inquires if we did not find the Star at Oxford
expensive and comfortless. He suggests that experienced travellers in England rarely
select inns with 'stars' for signs, unless they are regardless of expense, or anxious to
come in contact with the nobility. At his suggestion, and with a view to see more of
the middle classes of England, we repair to a Commercial House, and are furnished
with a plain? but excellent dinner, at one half the charge of mine host of the Star. [...]
James B. Taylor (1825-1878) was an American poet, literary critic, translator, and travel author appointed to the U.S. diplomatic service in 1862. In 1844 Bayard, his cousin Frank, and his friend Barclay Pennock engaged on a forthcoming trip to Europe. Bayard could not afford the journey. He hoped to finance his trip by persuading some local publishers to agree to pay him for sending back reports of his travels. Several individuals agreed to such an arrangement, including representatives from the Saturday Evening Post, United States Gazette, and Graham's Magazine. On his return to America, he was advised to collect them into a book, which was published in 1846 as Views A-foot, or, Europe Seen with a Knapsack and Staff; with a preface by N. P. Willis. From the beginning, it was extremely popular, going through twenty-four editions within thirteen years. Taylor's account of his 1844 European walking tour inspired many American travellers during the nineteenth century. The account of his visit to the Birthplace is overshadowed by his description of Stratford's grammar school, where he fails to find a new schoolboy Shakespeare but his visit to Holy Trinity provides occasion for an ample flow of emotion. His narrative testifies to changes in the objects of literary tourism: to the Birthplace and the grave, the grammar school, the former site of New Place and Anne Hathaway’s cottage are now added.

[...] But I cannot linger in the beautiful groves of Warwick, while further down the Avon, girdled by green meadows and embosomed in heavy-foliaged elms and limes, lies happy Stratford, blessed beyond all other villages in all the lands of the Saxon race. On the following morning I climb to the top of a country coach and was whirled down Warwick Hill, under the gateway of Leicester's Hospital, across a level tract of garden ground, and up a swelling ridge — the summit of which, as we drove along it for several miles, commanded wide views into the heart of Warwickshire — the most charming agricultural region in all England. To the left, beyond the Avon, I saw in the distance the trees of Charlecote Park, the seat of the Lucy family, and the spire of the church where Sir Thomas, of Shakspeare-punishing memory, lies buried. Through alternate groves of elm, oak, and beech, and fields of smooth, fresh mould or smoother turf, dotted with clumps of hawthorn, we descended to Stratford. The coach drew up at the inn of the Red Horse (well known to Geoffrey Crayon), and I set out to visit the haunts of Shakspeare.

As I knocked at the door of the low, dingy cottage, where even princes must stoop to enter, a curious Englishman, who had just arrived, asked the old woman as she bustled out: "Do you allow anybody to cut a piece off this board?" at the same time laying his hand on a rude counter which projected into the street from the open shop window. "Bless you," said she," Shakspeare had nothing to do with that. The butcher who had the house long after him, put that up." In answer to my inquiry whether the house had ever been damaged by hunters of relics, she said that the worst instance was that of a party of boarding-school girls, who asked to be left alone in the room where Shakspeare was born, in order that nothing might disturb their impression of the spot. After they left, a large square block was found to be cut from the mantelpiece. I entered, mounted the crazy stairs, and saw the sacred room.

I had a note of introduction from my Warwick friend to the teacher of the Stratford Grammar School, which is the same institution where the boy Shakspeare was taught, and is still held in the same rooms. I found the teacher surrounded by a pack of bright-looking boys, from eight to fourteen years of age. I involuntarily looked in their faces to find something of Shakspeare. It seemed impossible that they should not differ from other children; but assuredly they did not. They had frank, healthy English faces, but the calm, deep, magnificent eyes that looked down every vista of the marvellous human heart, were not there. The teacher enjoined quiet on them, and stepped out to show us the old desk, in a room on the ground floor. This desk is as old as the time of Shakspeare, and is supposed to have belonged to the master of the school. It is a heavy affair of rough wood, such as I have seen in the log schoolhouses of our own country. The top is carved with the initials of the scholars, and they show you a "W. S." which I have not the least doubt was cut by — William Smith.

But, notwithstanding, Shakspeare did once stand beside this desk, making painful conquests of "the rudiments," and perhaps the worn lid I now lift, was once lifted by a merciless "master," to take out the ruler destined to crack the knuckles of William himself. The thing is absurd! Think of rapping the knuckles of Jupiter! We can only imagine the babyhood of Shakspeare as Lowell has described that of Jove:

"Who in his soft hand crushed a violet,  
God like fore musing the rough thunder's gripe."

The teacher kindly obtained us admission into the house and gardens of Mr. Rice, a surgeon, who lives on the site of a house built by Shakspeare, after his retirement from London. The foundations and a single corner wall remain the same, but the house is modern, the garden is changed and the great mulberry-tree planted by Shakspeare's hand (under which he took so much pleasure in the sweet summer afternoons), is now only represented by a grandchild — the scion of a scion, Mr. Rice has been offered £100 for the privilege of digging in the cellar of his house, in the hope of finding relics.

My last visit was to Trinity Church, on the Avon. The meadows along the river were flecked with soft light and shadow from passing clouds, and the gravestones in the church-yard were buried warm and deep in thick turf. The gardens beyond, hid from my view the road to Shottery, where Anne Hathaway's cottage is still standing. I approached the church under a beautiful avenue of limes: the door was
open, and a dapper young showman had four Englishmen in tow. I went at once to the chancel, where the bust of Shakspeare looked down upon me from the eastern wall. This bust is supposed to have been copied from a mask taken after death; Chantrey unhesitatingly declared this to be his opinion. One of the eyes seems a little more sunken than the other, and there are additional indications of death about the neck. The face is large, serene, and majestic — not so thin and young as in the Chandos picture, nor with that fine melancholy in the eyes, which suggests to you his Hamlet. In contemplating it, Prospero at once recurred to me. Thus might the sage have looked after he had broken his wand and renounced his art. And Prospero, one of Shakspeare's grandest creations, was at the same time his last.

While I was looking on that wonderful forehead, the showman rolled up a piece of coarse matting spread upon the pavement, and, stepping off to allow it to pass, I found these lines under my feet:

"Good frend, for Jesus sake forbear
To dig the dust inclosed here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones
And curst be he that moves my bones."

This was the simple and touching inscription dictated by himself. None have incurred the poet's malediction by disturbing his rest. There is nothing but dust under the stone, but that dust was once animated by Shakspeare's soul. Thank God that in this irreverent age there are still some spots too holy to profane, some memories too grand and glorious to neglect! I could have knelt and kissed the dusty slab, had I been alone. The profound sadness with which the spot oppressed me, was one of those emotions against which the world soon hardens us. Too subtle and precious to be called up at will, they surprise us at times with the freshness of a feeling we had thought exhausted. We walked back to Warwick over the same breezy ridge and in the evening, with our friends, sauntered over the fields to Guy's Cliff.
Phineas Taylor Barnum (1810-1891) was an American showman and businessman who founded Barnum and Bailey Circus. Born in Connecticut, during his life he also was an author, publisher, philanthropist and politician. He had his own museum and promoted human curiosities including General Tom Thumb (1838-1883), a distant relative of his who stopped growing at the height of 3 feet and at the age of five specialised in impersonations of Napoleon Bonaparte. General Tom Thumb appeared twice in front of Queen Victoria. During 1844 and 1845, Barnum toured with Tom Thumb in Europe. In the following excerpt he recounts the visit to Stratford in the autumn of 1844. In this extract, he seems more interested in Irving than in describing the sites of Shakespearean pilgrimage, but he add an amusing vignette about other contemporary Stratford tourists.

While in London, my friend Albert Smith, a jolly companion, as well as a witty and sensible author, promised that when I reached Birmingham he would come and spend a day with me in "sight-seeing," including a visit to the house in which Shakespeare was born.

Early one morning in the autumn of 1844, my friend Smith and myself took the box-seat of an English mail-coach, and were soon whirling at the rate of twelve miles an hour over the magnificent road leading from Birmingham to Stratford. The distance is thirty miles. At a little village four miles from Stratford, we found that the fame of the bard of Avon, had traveled thus far, for we noticed a sign over a miserable barber's shop, "Shakespeare hair-dressing—a good shave for a penny." In twenty minutes more we were set down at the door of the Red Horse Hotel, in Stratford. The coachman and guard were each paid half a crown as their perquisites.

While breakfast was preparing, we called for a guide-book to the town, and the waiter brought in a book, saying that we should find in it the best description extant of the birth and burial place of Shakespeare. I was not a little proud to find this volume to be no other than the "Sketch-Book" of our illustrious country-man, Washington Irving; and, in glancing over his humorous description of the place, I discovered that he had stopped at the same hotel where we were then awaiting breakfast.

After examining the Shakespeare House, as well as the tomb and the church in which all that is mortal of the great poet rests, we ordered a post-chaise for Warwick Castle. While the horses were harnessing, a stage-coach stopped at the hotel, and two gentlemen alighted. One was a sedate, sensible-looking man; the other an addle-

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headed fop. The former was mild and unassuming in his manners; the latter was all talk, without sense or meaning—in fact, a regular Charles Chatterbox. He evidently had a high opinion of himself, and was determined that all within hearing should understand that he was—somebody. Presently the sedate gentleman said:

"Edward, this is Stratford. Let us go and see the house where Shakespeare was born."

"Who the devil is Shakespeare?" asked the sensible young gentleman.
Our post-chaise was at the door; we leaped into it, and were off, leaving the "nice young man" to enjoy a visit to the birth-place of an individual of whom he had never before heard. [...] 

CHAPTER XII. MOVING SHAKSPEARE’S HOUSE

In Barnum’s autobiography, first published in 1855, he mentions his wish to transport the Birthplace to America to rebuild it there. The idea was purchasing, removing and re-erecting Shakespeare’s house in New York. 

[...] While in Europe, I was constantly on the look-out for novelties. Not a fair was held, within a reasonable distance, that I did not visit, with a view to buy or hire such exhibitions as I thought would "pay" in the United States. I obtained verbally through a friend the refusal of the house in which Shakspeare was born, designing to remove it in sections to my Museum in New-York; but the project leaked out, British pride was touched, and several English gentlemen interfered and purchased the premises for a Shakspearian Association. Had they slept a few days longer, I should have made a rare speculation, for I was subsequently assured that the British people, rather than suffer that house to be removed to America, would have bought me off with twenty thousand pounds.[…]

445 Phineas T. Barnum, Life Of P. T. Barnum Written by Himself (New York: Redfield, 1855), 344.
In this excerpt, Barnum evokes his idea of purchasing Shakespeare’s house and re-erecting it in New York where he thought that the house would be as appreciated as in England. He adds details of the frustrated manoeuvre, showing how close he was to achieving his wish. His comparison of the Birthplace to an African elephant suggests how little symbolic value the house carried for him.

[...] While visiting the house in which Shakespeare was born, I conceived the idea of purchasing, removing, and re-erecting that building in New York. Americans appreciate the immortal Bard of Avon as keenly as do their brethren in the "Mother Country " (a "Mother" of whom we are all justly proud), and I greatly desired to honour the New World by erecting this invaluable relic in its commercial metropolis. I soon despatched a trusty agent to Stratford-on-Avon, armed with the cash and full powers to buy the Shakespeare House if possible, and to have it carefully taken down, packed in boxes, and shipped to New York. He was cautioned not to whisper my name, and to give no hint that the building was ever to leave England. After weeks of delay, the parties having control of the property consented to name a price which they thought they would accept for the Shakespeare House "to be taken down."

Before my agent received my letter from France, enclosing a draft on Messrs. Baring Brothers, the London Bankers, for the amount of purchase money, some English gentlemen got wind of the transaction, and bought the house. If my agent could have bought and paid for it in time, and secured a receipt for the money, I fancy there would have been an excitement and use of "printer's ink" equalling that caused by my purchasing the great African elephant "Jumbo" from the London "Zoo," thirty-eight years later.

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Donald Grant Mitchell (1822-1908) was an American essayist and novelist who usually wrote under the pen name Ik Marvel. He was a writer known for nostalgic, sentimental books on American life, especially *Reveries of a Bachelor* (1850). On the 1st of April, Mitchell left for an extended journey, proceeding partly by stage coach, chiefly on foot. From Kenilworth he wrote the following account of his journey, which show how Anne Hathaway’s cottage had already been included in the Shakespearean literary tourist trail.

 […] April 10th, 1845): Here I am in sight of the old Castle: it is five o clock and raining. I have walked to-day from Stratford-on-Avon, a distance of four teen miles stepping an hour or two at Warwick to have a look at its famous Castle and Park, and to run through its queer old streets. ... It is raining April showers and has been for hours. I am wet and drying by the fire, while a dinner of sole and chops is getting ready for me. A half-pint of sherry I have ordered to warm me, is by my elbow, and I stop a moment to drink your good health. My luggage has gone down by railway (I only carry a small portmanteau) to Coventry, where I shall be to-morrow night. On Wednesday (yesterday) I was rambling over Stratford-on-Avon, chasing out the old walks of Shakespeare, gossiping with the old woman who shows his birthplace, sauntering in the church-yard, walking out to his Anne Hathaway’s home, &c., &c. I stopped at the Red Horse; had the room Irving occupied, accidentally. Walked to-day through the Charlcote Park, the old seat of the Lucys, where Shakespeare first offended. On Tuesday I walked from Chipping Norton to Stratford, distance twenty-two miles, between breakfast and dinner; the previous day left Woodstock, passing by Ditchley, the Lea place, by Whichwood Forest and Charlbury to Chipping Norton. Sunday passed at Woodstock; on Saturday was at Oxford went over its Halls and into the Bodleian Library, the largest in England; on Friday walked from Streatley, a little village on the Thames, to Oxford, distance nine teen miles. On Thursday walked from Henley-on-Thames through Reading to Streatley, distance twenty miles; on Wednesday walked from Windsor to Henley. […]

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Margaret Fuller, (1810-1850) was a feminist, writer, literary critic, journalist, teacher, women’s rights advocate associated with the American transcendentalism movement. She is particularly remembered for her landmark book *Woman in the Nineteenth Century* (1845), which examined the place of women within society. Her father, Timothy Fuller, was a prominent Massachusetts lawyer-politician who educated her rigorously in the classical curriculum of the day. In 1846 *The New York Tribune* sent Fuller to England and Italy as its first female foreign correspondent. In this passage Fuller, visits Shakespeare’s Birthplace and regrets that few people really know him in America and also in England. Like other American visitors, she comes into contact with Crayon’s poker and offers a brief but ironic account of her encounter with it.

[…]

Pretty Leamington and Stratford are hackneyed ground. Of the latter I only observed what, if I knew, I had forgotten, that the room where Shakespeare was born has been an object of devotion only for forty years. England has learned much of her appreciation of Shakespeare from the Germans. In the days of innocence, I fondly supposed that every one who could understand English, and was not a cannibal, adored Shakespeare and read him on Sundays always for an hour or more, and on week days a considerable portion of the time. But I have lived to know some hundreds of persons in my native land, without finding ten who had any direct acquaintance with their greatest benefactor, and I dare say in England as large an experience would not end more honorably to its subjects. So vast a treasure is left untouched, while men are complaining of being poor, because they have not toothpicks exactly to their mind.

At Stratford I handled, too, the poker used to such good purpose by Geoffrey Crayon. The muse had fled, the fire was out, and the poker rusty, yet a pleasant influence lingered even in that cold little room, and seemed to lend a transient glow to the poker under the influence of sympathy. […]

Maungwudaus, also known as George Henry, (1811-1888) and four other members of his troupe from the Chippeway tribe, signed in Shakespeare’ birthplace visitors book in February 1848. They were, at this time (1845-1848), touring Britain and the continent putting on shows and exhibitions sponsored by George Catlin (1796-1872), an artist and entrepreneur. Maungwudaus wrote this experiences in Remarks Concerning the Ojibway Indians by One of Themselves, Called Maungwudaus, Who Has Been Travelling in England, France, Belgium, Ireland, and Scotland, France and Belgium. A century later James McManaway, scholar and former acting director of the Folger Shakespeare Library, found a copy of the poem that Maungwudaus had printed in Stratford-upon-Avon. In his poem, Maungwudaus singles out the grave, rather than the Birthplace, to symbolise the connection with the great man.

Indians of North America
Heard the name that shall not decay
They came and saw where he was born
How great is the sound of his horn

They respect and honor his grave
As they do the grave of their brave;
Rest thou great man under these stones,
For there is yet life in thy bones.

Thy spirit is with Mun-nid-do,
Who gave thee all thou didst do:
When we are at our native home
We shall say, “We have seen his tomb.”

450 Published by the author in Boston, in 1848.
451 Shapiro explains that McManaway quoted this poem in his essay “Shakespeare in the United States”, Shapiro adds that there is no record of any other of the copies that could have been printed in 1848. McManaway had found the copy cut and pasted into a nineteenth-century scrapbook at the Folger Shakespeare Library.
Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) American essayist, lecturer, and poet who led the transcendentalist movement of the mid-19th century. His career as a lecturer gave him the possibility to travel abroad. He first toured Europe in 1833, describing later this trip in *English Traits* (1856) There he met and became friend with William Wordsworth, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, and Thomas Carlyle. In 1847 and 1848 he toured the British Isles. During 1872 and 1873 he travelled to Europe again.

Emerson kept notebooks where he made annotations about the places he visited. On July 11th 1648 he left London for Coventry, Stratford-on-Avon, and Liverpool; He saw Edward Fordham Flower at his home in Stratford on July 12, 1448. The following texts correspond successively to two of these entries in his notebook “London” and “England and Paris”

Mr E F Flower      Stratford upon Avon
Mr E F Flower      Stratford upon Avon

Reverend Henry W. Beecher (1813-1887) was a 19th-century minister, preacher, and social reformer who supported abolition and women’s suffrage. He was the brother of author Harriet Beecher Stowe. The letters contained in his book were written to home friends during the first visit Beecher made to the Old World. His first letter shows that Stratford still formed a trilogy with Kenilworth and Warwick castle and the height of his communion with the poet arises when he is allowed to write in the supposed birth-room at the Birthplace. His second letter is indicative of the importance Anne Hathaway’s cottage was acquiring to link Shakespeare with nature and the English countryside.

 [...] To-day, then, blessed with a sun that shines visibly, but with a tender brightness, I will go to Kenilworth; and to "Warwick castle; and to Stratford-on-Avon, more interesting to me than either. [...]  

 [...] It was half-past six when I left the hotel for Stratford-on-Avon. Can you imagine a more wonderful transition than from the baronial castles to the peaceful village of Stratford? Can there possibly be a more utter contrast than between the feelings which exercise one in the presence of the memorials of princely estates — knightly fortresses, scenes full of associations of physical prowess — jousts and tournaments, knights and nobles, kings and courtiers, war and sieges, sallies, defeats or victories, dungeons and palaces now all alike in confused ruins, and the peaceful, silver Avon, with its little village of Stratford snugged down between smoothly rounded hills; all of whose interest centers upon one man — gentle Shakspeare? And what do you think must be the condition of a man's mind who in one day, keenly excited, is entirely possessed and almost demented by these three scenes? The sun had not long set as I drove across the bridge of Avon, and stopped at the Red Horse Inn. As soon as I could put my things away, the first question asked was for Henley Street. It was near. In another moment I was there, looking, upon either side, for Shakspeare's house, — which was easily found without inquiry. I examined the kitchen where he used to frolic, and the chamber in which he was born, with an interest which surprised me. That I should be a hero-worshiper — a relic-monger, was a revelation indeed.

 Now guess where I am writing? You have the place in the picture before you.*

 [* This letter was written upon pictorial note-paper containing views in and about

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It is the room where Shakspeare was born! Two hundred and eighty-six years ago, in this room, a mother clasped her new-born babe to her bosom; perhaps on the very spot where I am writing! Do you see the table on the right side of the picture? It is there I am sitting. The room is represented as it was before it passed into the hands of the Shakspearian society. There are now no curtains to the window which you see, and which looks out from the front of the house into the street; nor are there any pictures; but the room, with the exception of the two side tables and a few old chairs, is bare, as it should be; leaving you to the consciousness that you are surrounded only by that which the eyes of the child saw when he began to see at all. The room is about fifteen feet wide by eighteen in length. The hight is not great. I can easily touch the ceiling with my hand. An uneven floor of broad oaken plank rudely nailed, untouched, probably, in his day, by mat or carpet. The beams in this room, as also throughout the house, are coarsely shapen, and project beyond the plaster. The original building, owned by Shakspeare's father, has been so changed in its exterior, that but for the preservation of a view taken in 1769, we should have lost all idea of it. It was, for that day, an excellent dwelling-house for a substantial citizen, such as his father is known to have been. It was afterwards divided into three tenements, the center one remaining in possession of Shakspeare's kindred, who resided there until 1646. And it is this portion that is set apart for exhibition; — the sections on either side of it having been intolerably "improved" with a new brick front, by the enterprising landlord of the "Swan and Maidenhead Inn," about 1820! Its exterior has grown rude since Shakspeare's time, for the old print represents a front not unpleasing to the eye, with a gable and a bay window beneath, two dormer windows, and three-light latticed windows upon the ground story. The orchard and garden which were in its rear when purchased by Shakspeare's father, are gone, and their place is occupied by dwellings and stables. There is not a spot for even a shrub to grow in!

I shall spend a portion of three days at Stratford-on-Avon; and I have made a treaty with the worthy woman who keeps the premises, by which I can have free use of the room where I now write. Never have I had such a three days' experience! Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford-on-Avon, all in one day! Then I am to spend a Sabbath here! I can neither eat nor sleep for excitement. If my journey shall all prove like this, it will be a severer taxation to recruit than to stay at home and labor.

This room, its walls, the ceiling, the chimney front and sides, the glass of the window, are every inch covered and crossed and re-crossed with the names of those who have visited this spot.

I notice names of distinction noble and common, of all nations, mingled with thousands of others known only to the inscribers. In some portions of the room the signatures overlay each other-two or three deep. I felt no desire to add my name, and must be content to die without having written anything on the walls of the room where Shakspeare was born. I must confess, however, to a little vanity — if vanity it be. A book is open for names and contributions to enable the Committee for the preservation of Shakspeare's house to complete the payment of the purchase money. I did feel a quiet satisfaction to know that I had helped to purchase and preserve this place. Strange gift of genius, that now, after nearly three hundred years, makes one proud to contribute a mite to perpetuate in its integrity the very room where the noble babe was born! But I am exhausted and must sleep, if sleep I can. To-morrow will be my first Sabbath in England — and that Sunday at Stratford-on-Avon!
LETTERS FROM EUROPE
II. A SABBATH AT STRATFORD-UPON-AVON

August 4th, 1850

My dear———: If you have read, or will read, my letter to———, you will see what a wonderful day was Saturday. Coventry, famous for the legend of Godiva, of which Tennyson has a pretty version; the ruins of Kenilworth Castle, the stately castle of Warwick and its park, and Stratford-on-Avon, all in one day! Do you wonder that my brain was hot and my sleep fitful that night? I tossed from side to side, and dreamed dreams. It was long after midnight before I began to rest, free from dreams; but the sleep was thin, and I broke through it into waking, every half hour.

It was broad daylight when I arose; the sun shone out in spots; masses of soft, fleecy clouds rolled about in the heaven, making the day even finer than if it had been all blue. I purposed attending the village church, in the morning, where Shakspeare was buried; in the afternoon at Shottery, a mile across the fields, where the cottage in which lived Anne Hathaway, his wife, still stands; and in the evening, at the church of the Holy Cross, adjoining the Grammar School; in which, as the school about that time was open, and for a period kept, it is probable that Shakspeare studied.

Never, in all the labors of a life not wont to be idle upon the Sabbath, have I known such excitement or such exhaustion. The scenes of Saturday had fired me; every visit to various points in Stratford-on-Avon added to the inspiration, until, as I sallied forth to church, I seemed not to have a body. I could hardly feel my feet striking against the ground; it was as if I were numb. But my soul was clear, penetrating, and exquisitely susceptible.

You may suppose that every thing would so breathe of the matchless poet, that I should be insensible to religious influences. But I was at a stage beyond that. The first effect, last night, of being here, was to bring up suggestions of Shakspeare from every thing. I said to myself, this is the street he lived in, this the door he passed through, here he leaned, he wandered on these banks, he looked on those slopes and rounded hills. But I had become full of these suggestions, and acting as a stimulus, they had wrought such an ecstatic state, that my soul became exquisitely alive to every influence, whether of things seen, or heard, or thought of. The children going to church, how beautiful they appeared! How good it seemed to walk among so many decorous people to the house of God. How full of music the trees were; music, not only of birds, but of winds waving the leaves; and the bells, as they were ringing, rolled through the air a deep diapason to all other sounds. As I approached the church, I perceived that we were to pass through the churchyard for some little distance; and an avenue of lime trees meeting overhead formed a beautiful way, through which my soul exulted to go up to the house of God. The interior was stately and beautiful——it was to me, and I am not describing anything to you as it was, but am describing myself while in the presence of scenes with which through books you are familiar. As I sat down in a pew close by the reading desk and pulpit, I looked along to the

chancel, which stretched some fifty or sixty feet back of the pulpit and desk, and saw, upon the wall, the well-known bust of Shakspeare; and I knew that beneath the pavement under that, his dust reposed.

In a few minutes, a little fat man—with a red collar and red cuffs, advanced from a side room behind the pulpit and led the way for the rector, a man of about fifty years—bald, except on the sides of his head, which were covered with white hair. I had been anxious lest some Cowper's ministerial fop should officiate, and the sight of this aged man was good. The form of his face and head indicated firmness, but his features were suffused with an expression of benevolence. He ascended the reading-desk, and the services began. You know my mother was, until her marriage, in the communion of the Episcopal Church. This thought hardly left me while I sat, grateful for the privilege of worshiping God through a service that had expressed so often her devotions. I can not tell you how much I was affected. I had never had such a trance of worship, and I shall never have such another view until I gain The Gate.

I am so ignorant of the church service that I can not call the various parts by their right names; but the portions which most affected me were the prayers and responses which the choir sang. I had never heard any part of a supplication—a direct prayer, chanted by a choir; and it seemed as though I heard not with my ear, but with my soul. I was dissolved—my whole being seemed to me like an incense wafted gratefully toward God. The Divine presence rose before me in wondrous majesty, but of ineffable gentleness and goodness, and I could not stay away from more familiar approach, but seemed irresistibly, yet gently, drawn toward God. My soul, then thou did'st magnify the Lord, and rejoice in the God of thy salvation! And then came to my mind the many exultations of the Psalms of David, and never before were the expressions and figures so noble and so necessary to express what I felt. I had risen, it seemed to me, so high as to be where David was when his soul conceived the things which he wrote. Throughout the service, and it was an hour and a quarter long, whenever an "Amen" occurred, it was given by the choir, accompanied by the organ and the congregation. O, that swell and solemn cadence rings in my ear yet! Not once, not a single time did it occur in that service from beginning to end, without bringing tears from my eyes. I stood like a shrub in a spring morning—every leaf covered with dew, and every breeze shook down some drops. I trembled so much at times, that I was obliged to sit down. O, when in the prayers breathed forth in strains of sweet, simple, solemn music, the love of Christ was recognized, how I longed then to give utterance to what that love seemed to me. There was a moment in which the heavens seemed opened to me, and I saw the glory of God! All the earth seemed to me a storehouse of images, made to set forth the Redeemer, and I could scarcely be still from crying out. I never knew, I never dreamed before, of what heart there was in that word amen. Every time it swelled forth and died away solemnly, not my lips, not my mind, but my whole being said—Saviour, so let it be.

The sermon was preparatory to the Communion, which I then first learned was to be celebrated. It was plain and good; and although the rector had done many things in a way that led me to suppose that he sympathized with over much ceremony, yet in his sermon he seemed Evangelical, and gave a right view of the Lord's Supper. For the first time in my life I went forward to commune in an Episcopal Church. Without any intent of my own, but because from my seat it was nearest, I knelt down at the altar with the dust of Shakspeare beneath my feet. I thought of it, as I thought of ten
thousand things, without the least disturbance of devotion. It seemed as if I stood upon a place so high, that, like one looking over a wide valley, all objects conspired to make but one view. I thought of the General Assembly and Church of the First Born, of my mother and brother and children in heaven, of my living family on earth, of you, of the whole church intrusted to my hands; — they afar off — I upon the banks of the Avon.

In the afternoon I walked over to Shottery, to attend worship there, but found that I had been misinformed, and that there was no church or service there. I soon found the cottage where Shakspeare's wife, Anne Hathaway, was born, but stayed only for a little time, meaning to visit it more at my leisure on Monday. I hastened back, hoping to reach the village church in Stratford in season for part of the service, but arrived just in time to meet the congregation coming out. I turned aside to the churchyard which surrounds the church on every side. As I stood behind the church on the brink of the Avon, which is here walled up to the hight of some eight feet, looking now at the broad green meadows beyond, and now at a clump of "forget-me-nots" growing wild down at the water's edge, and wondering how I should get them to carry back to my friends, I was accosted by a venerable old man, whose name I found afterwards to be T———. He was not indisposed to talk, and learned that he was eighty-one years of age; had lost his father in America during our revolutionary war, where he had been a soldier; he remembered the sad tidings, being then eleven years old; he had resided at Stratford for thirty years; he was a turner and carver by trade; he had lately buried his wife, and had come after service to visit her grave. We walked together along the banks of the Avon, he repeating some familiar lines of poetry. He gave me various local information of interest. Among other things, that the vicar was but recently come among them; that he seemed to him very "whimsical," for, said he, "he has got a new brass thing to hold his Bible, down in front of the reading-desk; and he stands sometimes with his back to the people when reading parts of the service, and has a good many scholarly tricks about him, as it seems to me." I forbore making any remarks, not wishing to disturb the associations of the morning. We crossed the stream by a bridge, walked up through the broad, smooth, turfy meadows upon the other side, and on reaching my inn, I pressed him to come in and take tea with me. I did so, in part from interest in him, and in part because he had mentioned, when I apologized for using his time in so long a walk, that his only remaining daughter was gone out to tea, and he did not care to go home and be alone. So we took tea together; after which he proposed waiting upon me to the Church of the Holy Cross, where evening services were then commencing. The interior of the church was plain; and its age and its connection with Shakspeare constituted its only interest to me. I feel greatly obliged to the venerable old man, whose heart seemed guileless and whose mind was simple. This only acquaintance that I have made in Stratford takes nothing away from the romantic interest of my experience here.

Monday, August 5, 1850. — As I was sitting this morning after breakfast writing busily, my venerable friend T——— came in to bid me good-morning, and to bring me a relic, a piece of the mulberry tree which stood in Shakspeare's garden, but which was cut down by its after owner, he being much annoyed by relic-hunters. He finally destroyed the house itself. The old man also gave me a snuff-box which had been made years and years ago, either from the wood of this same tree, or from a tree sprung from the original. He avers that it was from the original tree; that he obtained it from the former turner, as a model by which to turn boxes, and that he was assured
that it was of the real, orthodox, primitive mulberry tree! I do not doubt it. I will not doubt. What is the use of destroying an innocent belief so full of pleasure? If it is not a genuine relic, my faith shall make it so.

One or Two Hours Later. — Alas! I've been out, and among other inquiries, have asked after my old friend T——. I find him to be living in the poorhouse! At first, I confess to a little shame at intimacy with a pauper; but in a moment I felt twice as much ashamed that for a moment I had felt the slightest repugnance toward the old man on this account. I rather believe his story of the tree and the box to be true; at any rate, I have a mulberry snuff-box which I procured in Stratford-on-Avon!

Among the many things which I determined to see and hear in England were the classic birds, and especially the thrush, the nightingale and the lark; after these I desired to see cuckoos, starlings and rooks. While in Birmingham, going about one of the manufactories, I was inquiring where I might see some of the first-named. The young man who escorted me pointed across the way to a cage hanging from a second-story window and said, "There's a lark!" Sure enough, in a little cage and standing upon a handful of green grass, stood the little fellow, apparently with russet brown wings and lighter colored breast, ash color, singing away to his own great comfort and mine. The song reminded me, in many of its notes, of the canary bird. In my boyhood, I had innocently supposed that the lark of which I read when first beginning to read in English books, was our meadow lark; and I often watched in vain to see them rise singing into the air! As for singing just beneath "heaven's gate" or near the sun, after diligent observation, with great simplicity, I set that down for a pure fancy of the poets. But I had before this learned that the English sky-lark was not our meadow-lark.

A bird in a cage is not half a bird; and I determined to hear a lark at Stratford-on-Avon, if one could be scared up. And so, early this morning I awoke, according to a predetermination, and sallied out through the fields to a beautiful range of grounds called "Welcombe." I watched for birds and saw birds, but no larks. The reapers were already in the wheat fields, and brought to mind the fable of the lark who had reared her young there. Far over, toward the Avon, I could see black specks of crows walking about, and picking up a morsel here and there in the grass. I listened to one very sweet song from a tree near a farm-house, but it was unfamiliar to my ear; and no one was near from whom I might inquire. Besides, the plain laboring people know little about ornithology, and would have told me that "it is some sort of a singing bird," as if I thought it were a goose; and so I said to myself, I've had my labor for my pains! Well, I will enjoy the clouds and the ribbon strips of blue that interlace them. I must revoke my judgment of the English trees; for as I stood looking over upon the masses of foliage, and the single trees dotted in here and there, I could see every shade of green, and all of them most beautiful, and as refreshing to me as old friends. After standing awhile to take a last view of Stratford-on-Avon, from this high ground, and the beautiful slopes around it, and of the meadows of the Avon, I began to walk homeward, when I heard such an outbreak behind me, as wheeled me about quick enough; there he flew, singing as he rose, and rising gradually, not directly up, but with gentle slope — there was the free singing lark, not half so happy to sing as I was to hear! In a moment more, he had reached the summit of his ambition, and suddenly fell back to the grass again. And now, if you laugh at my enthusiasm, I will pity you
for the want of it. I have heard one poet's lark, if I never hear another, and am much happier for it.

If you will wait a moment or two, till I can breakfast, you shall have the benefit of a stroll over to Shottery — a real old English village. I walked over there yesterday afternoon, to church, as I told you, and so can show you the way without inquiring it three times, as I did then. Emerging from the village, we take this level road, lined on either side with hedges and trees; trees not with naked stems, but ruffled from the hedge to their limbs with short side brush, which gives them a very beautiful appearance. The white clover-turf under foot is soft as velvet; men are reaping in the fields, or going past us with their sickles. We have walked about a mile, and here is a lane turning to the left, and a guide-board pointing to "Shottery." I see the village. A moment's walk brings us to a very neat little brick, gothic cottage, quite pretty in style, and painted cream color; it is covered with roses and fragrant flowering vines, which make the air delicious. By the gate is a Champney rose — the largest I ever saw — its shoots reaching, I should think, more than twelve feet, and terminated with clusters of buds and open roses, each cluster having from fifty to a hundred buds. Yesterday afternoon, as I passed this same cottage, I stopped to admire this rose, and to feed upon the delicious perfume which exhaled from the grounds. A lady, apparently about forty-five, and two young women about eighteen and twenty years of age respectively, seeing a stranger, approached the gate; I bowed and asked,

"Is this a Champney rose?"
"It is a Noisette, sir!"
"I thought so; a Champney of the Noisette family! Will you tell me what flower it is that fills the air with such odor?"
"I don't know; it must be something in the garden."
"Will you be kind enough to tell me the way to Anne Hathaway's cottage?"
"Take the first lane to the left," said the eldest young woman, pointing to the right.
"The lane on the right, you mean."
"Oh yes, on the right, but I do not know where the cottage is exactly!" and yet it lay hardly two good stone-casts from where they stood. You can see its smoke from the windows. Did they not know, or were they ashamed to seem too familiar with a stranger? But William Shakspere, eighteen years old as he was, had no need of asking his way, as he came by here of a Sabbath evening! What were the thoughts of such a mind drawing near to the place which now peeps out from the trees across the field on the right? What were the feelings of a soul which created such forms of love in after days? I look upon the clouds every moment changing forms, upon the hedges or trees, along which, or such like, Shakspere wandered, with his sweet Anne, and marvel what were the imaginations, the strifes of heart, the gushes of tenderness, the sanguine hopes-and fore-paintings of this young poet's soul. For, even so early, he had begun to give form to that which God created in him. One cannot help thinking of Olivia, Juliet, Desdemona, Beatrice, Ophelia, Imogen, Isabella, Miranda; and wondering whether any of his first dreams were afterward borrowed to form these. It is not possible but that strokes of his pencil, in these and other women of Shakspere, reproduced some features of his own experience. Well, I imagine that Anne was a little below the medium height, delicately formed and shaped, but not slender, with a clear smooth forehead, not high, but wide and evenly filled out; an eye that chose to look down mostly, but filled with sweet confusion every time she looked up, and that
was used more than her tongue; a face that smiled oftener than it laughed, but so
smiled that one saw a world of brightness within, as of a lamp hidden behind an
alabaster shade; a carriage that was deliberate but graceful and elastic. This is my
Anne Hathaway. "Whether it was Shakspeare's I find nothing in this cottage and these
trees and verdant hedges to tell me. The birds are singing something about it —
descendants doubtless of the very birds that the lovers heard, strolling together; but I
doubt their traditontial lore. I did not care to go in. There are two or three tenements
in the long cottage as it now stands; but the middle one is that to which pilgrims from
all the world do come; and though it was but a common yeoman's home, and his
daughter has left not a single record of herself, she and her home are immortal,
because hither came the lad Shakspeare, and she became his wife. I leaned upon this
hedge yesterday afternoon, it being the Sabbath, and looked long at the place, and
with more feelings than thoughts, or rather with thoughts that dissolved at once into
feelings. Here are the rudest cottages; scenery, beautiful indeed, but not more so than
thousands of other places; but men of all nations and of every condition, the mingled
multitude of refined men are thronging hither, and dwell on every spot with
enthusiasm unfeigned. Whatever Shakspeare saw, we long to see; what he thought of,
we wish to think of; where he walked, thither we turn our steps. The Avon, the
church, the meadows lying over beyond both; the street and the room where he was
born; — all have a soul imbrected upon them, all of them are sacred to us, and we
pass as in a dream amid these things. The sun, the clouds, the trees, the birds, the
morning and evening, moonlight or twilight or darkness, none of them here have a
nature of their own; all of thern are to us but memorials or suggestions of Shakspeare.

God gave to man this power to breathe himself upon the world; and God gave
us that nature by which we feel the inspiration. Is this divine arrangement exhausted
in man's earthly history? Are we not to see and to know a sublime development of it
when we come to a knowledge of God himself, face to face? Then, not a hamlet
alone, a few cottages, a stream or spire will be suggestive; but throughout the
universe, every creature and every object vill breathe of God. Not of his genius, as
Stratford-on-Avon speaks of Shakspeare; but of every trait of character, every shade
of feeling, every attribute of power; of goodness, love and gentleness,
magnanimity, exquisite purity, taste, imagination, truth and justice. May we know this
revelation; walk amid those scenes of glory, and know the rapture of feeling God
effulge upon us from everything which his heart has conceived, or his hand
fashioned! But chiefly may we see that noontide glory when we shall gaze unabashed
upon his unobstructed face.
Dean Dudley (1823-1906) was a lawyer, New England antiquarian and miscellaneous writer who was born in Maine. At the age of twelve, he was left to his own resources; but by industry and economy was able to obtain a sufficient education, when he was eighteen years old, to procure a certificate of his ability and qualification to teach a common school. He was later admitted to the Suffolk bar. He visits Stratford the 4th of January 1850, and writes in his volume a short account of the history of the village and its main touristic sites at that time.

If you ever come to Charlecote, you may see the very house of Sir Thomas Lucy, that lord, to whom young William Shakspeare was made to bow down and ask forgiveness for having shot his wild deer.

Charlecote is four or five miles from Stratford, up the river. Shakspeare was fond of rambling over the open country, and rowing his light boat up and down the smooth stream. Don't his poetry plainly show he had been an intimate friend to nature's rural scenery!

Occasionally, when a party of the youths of this country village met to go in pursuit of pleasure among the fields, woods and waters around, of course Shakspeare would be one. But not a bird or beast existed, on which some nabob had not a claim. They must either forego all such sports or transgress the laws. Like Yankee lads, that rob old Hunks's orchard, or steal his melons, (which often prove delicate little pumpkins on after-examination,) these merry Stratford boys did not hesitate to mar the peace of lovely Lucy, by snatching away his exclusive privileges. But Master Shallow was mighty in the estimation of the law, as well as in his own estimation. He felt the insolent infringement of his rights and determined to have revenge.

"Persuade me not!" said he to a neighbor, "I will make a serious matter of it. If he were twenty Bill Shakspeares, he shall not abuse Robert Shallow, Esquire. The council shall hear it — it is a robbery."

"Sir," replied the neighbor, "William doth in some sort confess it."

_Shallow._ — If it be confessed, it is not redressed; is not that so, Master Page? He hath robbed me; indeed he hath; — at a word, he hath; — believe me; — Robert Shallow, Esquire, saith he is robbed."

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455 Dean Dudley, _Pictures of Life in England and America; Prose and Poetry_ (Boston: James French, 1851), 84-89.
Shakspeare perceiving the danger of the prosecution, bade a young wife and tender children an affectionate adieu, and fled in the gloomy shades of night from all the dear haunts of his childhood, not knowing as he would ever be allowed to return, or what employment he would succeed in obtaining abroad. He proceeded to London, where his enemy would be the least likely to find him, and where the best opportunities were offered for engaging in business.

Some of his friends, natives of the same town, were playing at the Globe Theatre. He sought them out in the great city. They gave him a warm greeting, as such men are wont to do, and offered him a situation in their little establishment. He being probably not very aristocratic, said he wouldn't object to assisting them as waiter, or prompter, or in any way he could make himself most useful.

I know this was the case, because great men like him, are never afraid of injuring their reputation by any kind of honest labor. He was determined to succeed, and cared not a fig about the sneers of shallow fops.

At the end of twenty years, having eclipsed all the poets that ever existed on this planet, he returned to old Stratford, worth two or three hundred pounds a year, cast his pen aside, forgot his works, or at least gave them up to the world with perfect indifference to future fame, and spent the rest of his days in the bosom of paternal and social enjoyment. He died at the middle age of most men; but he had lived very long. His soul was full of years.

Stratford-upon-Avon, Jan. 11, 1850.

This is a neat and pleasant town. Three centuries prior to the Norman Conquest it was a place of considerable note. A monastery was founded here soon after the conversion of the Saxons to the Christian faith. Its name comes from street and ford, the ancient passage-way over the river. During the civil war of the 17th century a party of royalists were stationed here, but were driven out by the Parliamentarians. Subsequently the royalists, being reinforced, returned, bringing Henrietta Maria, the queen of Charles I. Prince Rupert also soon joined them with his troops. Maria lodged three weeks at New Place, the house of Shakspeare. Mrs. Shakspeare was then living there. Sir William Dugdale, the famous antiquary, scarcely mentions the great poet, whose transcendent genius was not extensively known for many years after his death. The humble mansion in which he first saw light, was till 1806 occupied by the family of Harte, the seventh in descent from Joan, sister of Shakspeare, to whom he gave it by his will. After the poet's death and the decease of his widow, New Place, as he had named it, passed into the possession of Mrs. Dr. Hall, their daughter, and thence to Elizabeth Hall, their grand-daughter, afterwards lady Barnard. Garrick and the other great actors of his time were accustomed frequently to visit New Place. In 1753 it came into the possession of the Reverend Mr. Gastrell. This divine was so inhuman as to despise the productions and memory of his predecessor. He demolished the large, flourishing mulberry tree planted by Shakspeare's own hand, ordering it to be cleft into firewood. His only excuse for such sacrilege was, that it occasioned too many inquiries from visitors. The building suffered much by that same spoiler.
In the old church lie the remains of the poet, his wife, and two daughters. Against the north wall stands his monument, elevated about five feet above the ground. Under an arch, between two Corinthian pillars of black marble, with gilded bases and capitals, is his effigy in a sitting posture. He appears in the act of composing, a cushion being placed before him — a pen is held by the right hand, the left resting on a scroll. Above the entablature are represented his armorial bearings: (The tilted spear, point upwards, and the falcon supporting a spear for the crest). Over the arms is a death's head, and on each side a boy figure, one grasping a spade, the other holding in his left hand an inverted torch, and resting the right on a skull. The bust now white was originally colored to resemble life. His eyes were of a light hazel hue, hair and beard auburn. The dress consisted of a scarlet doublet over which was thrown a loose, black gown without sleeves.

It is said this monument was erected by the relatives of Shakspeare a few years after his death.

The father of William Shakspeare, whose name was John, was a wool-stapler, of Stratford, and, so far as known, of humble ancestry. His mother, Mary, was a daughter of Robert Arden, of Wilmecote, of that illustrious family in the County of Warwick, to which I have before alluded. Sir Thomas Lucy, from whom Shakspeare stole the deer, lies buried in the Church of Charlecote. He died in 1600. His tombstone has no epitaph, but his wife's bears an inscription written by Sir Thomas. It ends with this couplet:

"Set down by him that best did know
What hath been written to be true."

The practice of poaching has always been common in this neighborhood. It is indeed not uncommon in any part of the country, and yearly increases.

Three persons lose their lives on an average each year, in consequence of the barbarous game-laws. Some are shot by the keepers and some keepers are killed by poachers acting in self-defence.

Shakspeare took revenge on his prosecutor by posting a satirical ballad upon the gate opening into his park, a public place.

The beginning of it only has been preserved from oblivion:

"A Parliament member, a Justice of Peace,
At home a poor scare-crow, at London an asse;
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it."

It has been said this first attempt of the future dramatist does not indicate his powers. Perhaps it answered his purpose better than more sublime verses. The subject was small.

When the fire of his intellect was required to paint a great scene, it blazed. He needed only to rouse himself to noble action — to make the effort, and the inspiration came. I never think of his glowing style, but that bold invocation of the muse, in the tragedy, Henry the Fifth, occurs to me:

"O! for a muse of fire, that would ascend
The brightest heaven of invention!"
A kingdom for a stage, princes to act,
And monarchs to behold the swelling scene!
Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,
Assume the part of Mars; and at his heels,
Leashed in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
Crouch for employment."

Shakspeare obtained what book-learning he began with, at the免费 school of Stratford. Probably such schools are better now than 200 years ago; but they are generally rather small affairs. I asked the teacher of a school what branches he taught. "Oh!" said he, "everything. When scholars desire to learn Latin I give them what instruction I can in that language. So with French, rhetoric, philosophy, etc." Few study the ancient classics in these times, but, doubtless, nearly all in Shakspeare's day. How many superior advantages this generation has for educating themselves! yet there is no such poet at present on the stage. His schooling was brief, but not his observation and reflection. School-masters too much neglect to impress upon the minds of their pupils the importance of original thinking, instead of servile imitation, repetition — dependence on predecessors.

"And base authority from others' books."

At Shottery, a small village, one mile to the west, a little cottage is shown as the birth-place of Miss Ann Hathaway, and the very room where young Shakspeare wooed the charming maid. His "courting chair" was a few years since sold to Mr. Ireland and George Garrick.

Here are many things to remind one of the former residence of Shakspeare: statues, portraits, names of places, institutions, etc. The people take great pride in his fame, and every swain "frames sonnets to his mistress' eye-brow," under the influence of that master-spirit of love poesy. Even their advertisements in the papers are often prepared in rhymes. Here is one of 'em.

"I want a wife of modest air,
Soft eyes of night and silken hair;
A perfect form, not huge or small,
But graceful, fair, and rather tall;
Accomplished, tho' of low degree,
Her age full-blooming twenty-three;
Of temper sweet, a generous heart,
Devoid of prudishness and art;
Who cannot smile at sorrow's tear,
Or breathe a sigh when I am near.
If such a damsel wants a mate
Of honest life and valid pate,
With seemly diffidence please tell her
I fancy I am just the feller.

O. D. R."
Randal W. McGavock (1826-1863) was an American lawyer, democratic politician, Southern planter, and colonel in the Confederate States Army. He received his law degree from the Harvard Law School in 1849. He then went on a twenty-month tour of Europe, Asia and Africa. He wrote articles about his experiences abroad for the Daily Nashville Union and published them in a book in 1854.

Visit to Birmingham— Its Manufactures, etc.— Visit to Kenilworth and Warwick Castles— The Home of Shakspeare.

 [...] We are now in the town of Stratford, the birth-place and home of the "sweet swan of Avon," the immortal Shakspeare. One always attaches to the cradle of greatness the idea of romance and beauty, for it is almost impossible to conceive that the genius of poetry could emanate from a little unpretending village such as I found this place to be. It is a clean, quiet town, pleasantly situated on the Avon, and surrounded by meadows, but its pretensions to celebrity would be small but for the magic of a name which has penetrated into every region where civilized man has trodden. While here we visited the theatre, being rather curious to know how they would represent the characters of the great master of the drama in his native place. After groping our way through narrow streets and lanes for some time, we at last found the Adelphi of Stratford in an obscure part of the village. The door was kept by a woman, and the house was very small and plain, while the performance was miserable, reflecting no credit on the dramatic corps; it was such as would be hissed even in the theatre of Bowery.

The house in which the poet was born still stands on the north aide of Henley street, as a relic of the departed. As we entered the low but honored roof from whence came forth the man whose writings are for all time, I could but smile at the extreme simplicity and primitiveness of every thing about it. The floor is paved with stones that, characteristically enough, are cut up into a host of splinters and fragments, as if really hacked by a butcher's cleaver. On one side is an old-fashioned log-cabin fireplace, with cozy sitting places on either side; for in those smoky days, with penetrating draughts coming in on all sides, happy was he who was privileged to take a chimney-corner. In the room where Shakspeare was born, are inscribed on the walls, floor, window glass, and every other part of the room, the autographs of visitors desirous of doing honor to the memory of the departed, or themselves, according to

456 Randal William MacGavock, A Tennessean Abroad; Or, Letters from Europe, Africa, and Asia (New York: Redfield, 1854), 84-87.
circumstances. Among the many, I saw Sir Walter Scott's name cut with a diamond on the window glass.

After seeing the birth-place, we proceeded to the village church, where Shakspeare's honored relics are entombed. The slab that covers the grave is the plainest in the church, being outside the chancel between his wife and eldest daughter, with the inscription written by himself.

“Good friend, for Jesvs sake forbear
To digg the dvst enclosed heare;
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And cvrst be he yt moves my bones.”
Benjamin Moran (1820-1886) toured England over the years 1851 and 1852. He then returned to the United States and came back to work at the United States Legation (later the US Embassy) in London from 1853 to 1874. Like other American travellers, he finds Holy Trinity Church an apt mausoleum for the poet, appropriately surrounded by the pastoral landscape of the Avon and its idyllic banks. In contrast, the bust in Shakespeare’s memorial at Holy Trinity Church fills him with displeasure – he cannot believe this is a true likeness of the playwright.

[…] The scenery, as I approached Stratford-on-Avon, grew more and more lovely the nearer I drew to the town, and at last, from a gentle knoll, my eye caught sight of the tall spire of the church of Holy Trinity, where Shakspeare lies buried. I was alone, and on foot, weary and worn with many miles of travel; the sun was low in the western heavens, and the soft sky of an English summer's evening bent over the famous place in which was born the greatest of England's bards. Dust clung to my mantle, and the beaded sweat was upon my brow. Before me were scenes, the very mention of whose name makes the heartstrings of the lover of poetry thrill. There was the pensive Avon — there the meadows in which Shakspeare roved, and the mausoleum in which repose his ashes. I could scarcely realize the truth of my situation for a time, and joy filled my heart when the fact was made dear to my senses. One of the brightest dreams of my boyhood was, at that moment, fulfilled, and Stratford-on-Avon was in reality before me.

I slowly crossed the old stone bridge that spans the stream and 137 leads into the town, and soon entered its principal street. It was near the close of a market-day, and the space devoted to traffic was filled with articles of trade, and crowded with citizens and rustics. I passed on to an inn, and after engaging lodgings, sallied out in search of the house in which the bard of Avon first drew breath. Henley Street is neither wide nor attractive, nor are the houses on it remarkable for architectural beauty. Its pavements, however, have borne the tread of some of the greatest of intellectual men; and strangers from every section of the world, familiar with the works of Shakspeare, have sauntered along that thoroughfare to the house in which he was born. I felt that the earth beneath my feet was sacred, as I moved along in search of the humble mansion so dear to the admirers of the great dramatic bard, and soon stood before the quaint old structure with vague, undefinable feelings, such as we are prone to experience when we realize an aspiration which has been a cherished hope from childhood, yet a thing we feared would never be accomplished.

The house is two stories high, antiquated and humble. It is open to strangers, who are expected to make a small purchase in return for the favor of standing within its sacred walls. The lower floor is flagged with stones, and the room in which the immortal poet first saw the light is a very humble apartment, with a floor of oak. The walls are almost entirely covered with the names of those who have visited the house, among which, the old lady, having charge of the place, showed me the autographs of John Kemble, the actor, and Emerson, the American essayist; and also, in one of the windows, that of the great "Wizard of the North," Sir Walter Scott, written with a diamond on a pane of glass. I recorded my humble name among thousands of the undistinguished which disfigured the ceiling and sides of the room, and, after purchasing a few mementos, left my autograph in a book kept for the signatures of visitors. The old lady was very obliging and communicative. She told me that more Americans came to the house than any others, and her assertion was borne out by the records. I asked for the book in which Washington Irving had written his name; but it was not there. The house, a few years ago, changed owners, and at that time the book in question was sold, by auction, to a gentleman in London, who was curious in such matters, and now graces the library of a private individual in the metropolis.

The building in which the great dramatist died was torn down years ago, and the places which attract the pilgrim's attention now are "the cradle and the grave".

Distinguished authors have described Stratford Church in classic language, and thousands have read their descriptions with eagerness, profit, and pleasure. It would be folly in me to attempt an account of that renowned edifice, and yet I am inclined to try, although I can add but little of interest to what has already been said. It is a noble Gothic structure, of great beauty, with a tapering spire full one hundred and fifty feet high, which pierces the air like a pointed arrow. The approach is through an arbor of lime-trees, which form an inviting walk, and as the church is built close to the bank of the sylvan stream, it presents a splendid prospect, and deserves to be the mausoleum of the immortal bard.

The chancel is the tomb of Shakspeare and his descendants, and there, also, repose the remains of his wife—Anne Hathaway. At the side, near the vault wherein he lies, is a tablet to his memory, surmounted with a bust, which did not strike me as a correct likeness. There is a fulness of face, and floppishness of the muscles, if I may be allowed the expression, which do not indicate either genius or intelligence. It is not my ideal of Shakspeare, and looks more like the bust of a burly butcher than of the "sweet Swan of Avon." The vault is covered with a rough stone slab, on which are engraved, in the orthography of the poet's day, these lines of terrible import to the sacrilegious:

Good friend, for Jesus's sake forbear
To dig the dust enclos'd here;
Blest be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

The other tombs are inscribed with the date of the birth and death of his children, and adjoining are the graves of some of the nobility of the country. Figures to the memory of a once noble family occupy another section of the church; but the race they honor, like that of the bard, is extinct; and in this respect only is the
resemblance borne out, for what their names are, but few learn, and none care to remember. The sexton who told Washington Irving that he had seen the ashes of Shakspere was guilty of a pardonable deviation from the truth, which has given rise to a very pretty story and a cherished conceit. It is almost sacrilege to break the charm; but the truth ought to be told, and I will be censurable in telling it if there be censure attached to a statement of facts. The present sexton is grandson to the one celebrated by my countryman, and he says it was and is impossible to see the remains of the bard from the place represented. The vault said to have been opened for the purpose of burial at the time alluded to is not within two feet of the grave of Shakspere, and from the location of the two burial-places there exists no doubt but that Irving was imposed upon. My guide showed me the tomb, and pointed out the impossibility of seeing through two feet of solid earth into the grave of Shakspere, for in digging the vault it is not likely that the narrow house would have exceeded by that distance the usual dimensions allotted to man. But the conclusive proof is that no vault has been opened immediately alongside that of the poet for nearly a hundred and fifty years; and unless his remains are exhumed, there is scarcely a possibility of mortal eye beholding them until the final resurrection, when ocean and earth shall restore all that their arms entomb, and the mortal put on immortality. […]
African-American abolitionist William Wells Brown (1814c-1884) was a lecturer, novelist, playwright, and historian in the United States. Brown was born in Kentucky and after twenty years in slavery, escaped to freedom in January 1834. Brown was a pioneer in several different literary genres, including travel writing, fiction, and drama. In 1858 he became the first published African-American playwright. In 1849, he began a lecture tour of Britain and remained abroad until 1854. He travelled throughout Europe. In the preface of this book, he explains that this is the first production of a Fugitive Slave as a history of travels and also that some of the letters that form his volume appeared as contributions to Frederick Douglass' Paper, a journal published in the United States. He also reminds his readers that if they find many errors, they must remember that he was a slave in America until he was twenty years old, so he never had the opportunity of a day’s schooling in his life. Brown's his visit to Stratford is presented here as an impromptu trip, rather than a well-planned visit. Once he arrives there, he finds the Birthplace to be a mean and dilapidated house full of spurious relics and, like so many other Americans, seems to enjoy the landscape by the Avon more than the Shakespearean sites of memory.

“For' t is the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So Honor peereth in the meanest habit.”
Shakspeare

After strolling, for more than two hours, through the beautiful town of Lemington, in which I had that morning arrived, a gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction, asked me if I was not going to visit Shakspeare's House. It was only then that I called to mind the fact that I was within a few miles of the birthplace of the world's greatest literary genius. A horse and chaise was soon procured, and I on my way to Stratford. A quick and pleasant ride brought me to the banks of the Avon, and, a short time after, to the little but picturesque town of Stratford. I gave the horse in charge of the man-of all-work at the inn, and then started for the much-talked-of and

celebrated cottage. I found it to be a small, mean-looking house of wood and plaster, the walls of which are covered with names, inscriptions and hieroglyphics, in every language, by people of all nations, ranks and conditions, from the highest to the lowest, who have made their pilgrimage there. The old shattered and worn-out stock of the gun with which Shakspeare shot Sir Thomas Lucy's deer was shown to us. The old-fashioned tobacco-box was also there. The identical sword with which he played Hamlet, the lantern with which Romeo and Juliet were discovered, lay on the table. A plentiful supply of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree was there, and we were asked if we did not want to purchase; but, fearing that it was not the genuine article, we declined. In one of the most gloomy and dilapidated rooms is the old chair in which the poet used to sit. After viewing everything of interest, and paying the elderly young woman (old maid) her accustomed fee, we left the poet's birthplace to visit his grave. We were soon standing in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable edifice, mouldering with age, but finely ornamented within, and the ivy clinging around without. It stands in a beautiful situation on the banks of the Avon. Garrick has most truthfully said.

> "Thou soft-flowing Ay on, by thy silver stream  
> Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream;  
> The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,  
> For hallowed the turf is which pillowed his head."

The picturesque little stream runs murmuring at the foot of the church-yard, disturbed only by the branches of the large elms at stand on the banks, and whose limbs droop down A flat stone is the only thing that marks the place where the poet lies buried. I copied the following verse from the stone, and which is said to have been written by the bard himself:

> "Good friend, for Jesus' sake, forbeare  
> To dig the dust enclosed here.  
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,  
> And cursed be he that moves my bones."

Above the grave, in a niche in the wall, is a bust of the poet, placed there not long after his death, and which is supposed to bear some resemblance. Shakspeare's wife and daughter lie near him. After beholding every thing of any possible interest, we stepped into our chaise and were soon again in Lemington; [...]
Henry T. Tuckerman (1813–1871) was an American writer, essayist and critic. He travelled extensively in Italy, which influenced his choice of subjects in his earlier writings like *The Italian Sketch-book* (1835). Years later, in 1864, Tuckerman published *America and her Commentators*, which included a chapter entitled “English Abuse of America” in which he criticized British government covert support to the South. As his account shows, the arrival of the railway transformed the tourist experience, making it easier to see Stratford, Kenilworth and Warwick in the same day. Tuckerman also reflects on the effect of the superimposition on the traveller’s emotions and imagination of these three sites, bound for so long in the American tourist trail. As he argues, the three towns blend “bard and baron”, since not only Stratford but also Kenilworth and Warwick invite the traveller’s mind to return to Shakespeare.

The locomotive facilities of our day, if, on the one hand, they abridge poetic experience by rapidity and unadventurous order, on the other, enhance it by concentrating space and associations. Nowhere is this benefit more apparent than in England; and in no region of the kingdom has the traveller more reason to bless the miracles of modern conveyance, than where the iron network of the railway brings into such neighborhood Stratford, Warwick, and Kenilworth. The local genius of each of these old towns is nearly related to the other, at least in the imagination; for they are alike hallowed by the spells of bard and baron: if in one we become absorbed in the feudal past, with all its valor, superstition, and intrigue, they most effectively reappear as described by the poet whose birthplace is adjacent; and if, in another, fancy delights to picture the early days of the minstrel, it is to link his mature triumphs with the historical relics and the natural beauty that make up the rest of the memorable picture. It is true that the details of chronology, and the heir-looms of power, at first, rivet attention in the castles; but, ere long, the portrait of an historical character, the trophy of a dramatic event, a glimpse of the Avon through an armorial window, or the sight of a sylvan patriarch asserting the departed glory of the forest of Arden, bring us again to the feet of Shakspere. […]

[…] From this delightful sojourn — an epitome of English comfort in the nineteenth century — a visit to the neighboring castle is like shifting the locality in a melodrama, from the epoch of Victoria to that of Elizabeth. […]

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[...] Shakspere was born at the epoch when these domestic and noble fortresses, with their dungeons and ramparts, were giving way to the handsome mansion reared in a peaceful meadow, with open porch, and only a rustic gate to separate it from the highroad. Thus the safety and amenities of later civilization were enjoyed by the bard, with those formidable structures of feudalism still undiminished, to make vivid the warlike, baronial past, and contrast its grim features with the serene cheerfulness of rural life. No period can be conceived more favorable to a free, bold, and creative imagination. [...] 

[...] At Stratford-on Avon, however, we are too much absorbed in the childhood, youth, and last days of Shakspere the man, to reflect long upon his age. It is the hazel eyes, the bald and lofty head, the auburn beard, the human figure that once moved through these streets, which haunt our fancy there; it is the stripling given "to poetry and acting," the glowing youth wooing, not a girl, but a woman parallel with his own thorough manliness, and therefore his senior, and "in the lusty stealth of nature" taking the fair Anne Hathaway for his bride; it is the spirited youth relishing a midnight shot in the forest, and lampooning a complacent old squire — the rich autocrat of the neighborhood — whom he was too independent to toady, and yet not able wholly to defy; it is the romantic moonlight stroller, upon whose fine sense not an odor, hue, or tone, was lost — unconsciously garnering up, in this humble village, the material elements of poetic creations destined "for all time;" and, finally, it is the crowned minstrel, his eternal triumph achieved, his glorious legacy to mankind enrolled, returning hither, in the prime of life and fame, to celebrate his daughter's nuptials, make his will, write his epitaph, dwell a while in grateful and meek content, with kindred and neighbors, amid his sweet native landscape, and then lay his body under the altar where in life he prayed; — thenceforth to become a shrine of humanity, to which his spirit, diffusive as the winds of heaven, and yet concentrated as the heart's blood, shall draw the votive steps of reverent and loving generations for ever!

Of all the claims upon faith to which the modem traveller is liable, one of the most difficult not to admit, but to realize, is that advanced by the sign projecting from the little cottage in Henley street, at Stratford. We tread the sagging floor, we gaze round the low-roofed and diminutive chamber, we vainly seek an unappropriated inch on wall and ceiling to inscribe our name, we seat ourselves in the arm-chair, let the garrulous old woman chatter away unheeded, and, all the time, there is a strife between the senses and the mind, from the eagerness of the latter to realize the identity of the scene with Shakspere's nativity. But this troubled mood changes to one of happy conviction, as we become familiar with the town itself and adjacent country. It is easy to associate a poet with nature, and very near seems he who first drew breath in yonder lowly domicil, when streams, woods, insect, sky, and man himself, are beheld where he first knew them. I could easily imagine here the zest with which, glad to escape the more exciting lessons of London life, he wrote: — 

"Often to our comfort shall we find
The sharded beetle in a safer hold
Than is the full-winged eagle. O this life"
Is nobler than attending for a check,  
Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk.  

At every step, his familiar phrase illustrated the scene. When we sat down to lunch at "The Red Horse," what better greeting could be imagined than —

"May good digestion wait on appetite,  
And health on both!"

I looked out of the window, and there stood a venerable figure bent over his stick, his loose woollen hose betraying "he lean and slippered pantaloon;" there were no less than two infants "puling in their nurses' arms;" an urchin, playing ball, exhibited "the shining morning face" of the schoolboy; a blacksmith and currier were greedily swallowing news which a farmer ostentatiously broached; they were the "mechanic slaves with greasy aprons" of the play; under the window, stood an old toper, who methought sat for this picture: "There is a fellow somewhat near the door, for o' my conscience twenty dog-days now reign in's nose; all that stand about him are under the line;" a strutting groom was one of those inventoried by the same hand, as "highly fed and lowly taught;" a plethoric dame was arranging her newly-purchased stores in a cart, with the very expression of an "unlettered, small knowing soul;" a bluff country-gentleman reined up his tall horse, as if to exhibit to the group his "fair, round belly, with good capon lined;" a lady's chariot outshone the whole array, and a carrier's wagon was an instant nucleus for gossips. It was essentially such a "walking shadow" of life as used to greet the eyes of the young poet. Indeed, I recognised, in an hour's walk about Stratford, a vast number of old acquaintances, especially Dogberry, Shallow, Snug, Bottom, and Launce's dog. But the most genial traces of his muse are discoverable in natural objects. From Stratford to Shottery, his wife's maiden home, and thence to Charlecote, the seat of the deer-loving justice, how many silent testimonies to the graphic pencil of the dramatic artist, strike the thoughtful eye!

The evidence of universal sympathy, so apparent in the pilgrimage of multitudes to a common shrine, attested the truth he so emphatically announced, that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" his own marvellous destiny makes us feel that "there's a divinity that shapes our ends;" the headstones in the churchyard announce that "undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveller returns;" and thus each object and idea which the place suggested, whether by a detail of nature or a general truth, found its most apt expression in one of his memorable phrases.

The shrewd eye and obsequious bearing of an innkeeper made us exclaim, "How like a fawning publican he looks;" a discussion growing out of Queen Elizabeth's portraits, and the tales of her frailty, induced the charitable second thought to utter itself in his considerate line, “The greatest scandal waits on greatest state;" the complacent air of sanctity in a young and spruce vicar we met, suggested one of that class who believe there shall be "no more cakes and ale" because they are virtuous; and, hastening at sunset along the road to Warwick, we could say —

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day,

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460 Cymbeline (III, iii).  
461 Macbeth (III, iv).
Now spurs the lated traveller apace
To gain the timely inn."  

Here, I thought, when love "lent a precious seeing to the eye," Shakspere beheld the landscape now present to my vision; speeding with full heart to his tryst at eve, "the sweet odor of the new-mown hay" breathed its fragrance around him; "violets dim" met his downward glance; " the poor beetle that we tread upon,"crossed his path; the willow that "shows its hoar leaves in the glassy stream" became a pensive image in his memory; " the barky fingers of the elm" touched his flushed brow; the umbrageous fence that skirted his way, years after, led him to write, "Such a divinity doth hedge a king;" he saw the cheerful rustic coming home from toil, and knew, when in the great world, how blest it is "to range with humble livers in content;" the decrepit villager that hobbled by, taught him that " Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye;" the echo of the funeral-bell impressed upon his thought that "we can not hold mortality's strong hand;" and though convivially inclined when "fancy free," he left the alehouse early where there was "like to be a great presence of worthies," breaking away from the bore "full of wise saws and modem instances;" and, as these casual experiences took their place in the background of the temple of his mind, he thus inwardly ejaculated: —

"O, that I thought it could be in a woman
To feed for aye her lamp and flames of love;
To keep her constancy in plight and youth.
Outliving beauty's outward, with a mind
That doth renew swifter than blood decays!
Or, that persuasion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the watch and weight
Of such a winnowed purity in love;
How were I then uplifted!"

He heard, as he walked, the "brook make music with the enamelled stones," and saw the river " giving a gentle kiss to every sedge," even as they do now; and, at the same time, speculating on his own consciousness, he thought —

"O, how this spring of love resembleth
The uncertain glory of an April day,
Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
And by-and-by a cloud takes all away!"

After the limitless flight of a sympathetic imagination through the natural, historical, ideal, and human world created by Shakspere, what an appeal to our humanity is his tomb! As, beneath a wintry sky, I walked up the avenue of old trees to the church where he is buried, the fitful blast rose and died away in the mossy boughs like a perpetual requiem. The dark evergreen and the dry limbs, the head-stones and

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462 Macbeth (III, iii).
463 Troilus and Cressida (III, ii).
464 The Two Gentlemen of Verona (I, iii).
turf, the cloud-shadows alternating over the broken pavement, joint emblems of nature's constant renewal and of death's oblivious mystery, familiar as they were, had, then and there, an utterance of awe and beauty. The quiet, venerable church, thus isolated from the thickly-settled part of the town, and embowered in foliage, with its truly English aspect and religious seclusion, was quite in accordance with the mood awakened by the presence of its consecrated dust. How noble in its simplicity was the image of the great bard, in his domestic character, kneeling there in prayer beside wife, daughter, and grandchild; holding meekly, in his Creator's presence, the sublme faculties which, with all their heritage of power and of fame, could not exempt him from a single infirmity "that flesh is heir to." The improvidence and vagrant habits of genius are proverbial; self respect and loyalty to social duty, are rare in the career of the gifted; and to my mind there was something inexpressibly affecting in the evidence here given of Shakspere's careful regard for his own and his family's sepulture. To come back in the zenith of his dramatic success and the vigor of his years, to the village whence he wandered in youth, to arrange his affairs, regulate the disposition of his property, and provide a last resting place for his dust, guarding it, by a benediction and a curse, from profanation, was a phase of forethought and consideration, in contrast with his unequalled intellectual triumphs, that seemed to me full of moral significance. The gentleman of Stratford-on-Avon was not allowed to disappear in the glory of the poet of all time. When the good clerk of the parish rolled off a long strip of matting from before the altar-railing, and disclosed the inscribed slabs which cover his bones and those of his wife and daughters, I thrilled with reverence at the possible destiny of a man: here was the ocular proof of his mortality, of his experience of the common lot; but the hushed expanse of that country-church, "in my mind's eye," was thronged with the brave, the fair, and the gifted, who sprang into ever-fresh and cherished being at his call. Think of our inward life, bereft of these! Could we not muse with Hamlet, drink the honey vows of Romeo, find majesty in wo with Lear, realize the omnipresence of conscience in the visions of Macbeth and Richard, and quicken faith in woman in the society of Miranda, Cordelia, Juliet, and Hermione — how faint would be the recorded types of humanity, how vague our ideals of the race! And these passions that rend our hearts, the dark annals that men call history, the scenes of nature, and the philosophy of life — imagine them without the key of this master-spirit, the consolations, beauty, tenderness, and truth, with which he has reconciled "the show of things to the desires of the mind." The church was dressed with spruce and holly, and round the bust of Shakspere, above his epitaph, sprigs of bay were twined. The cheerful hue of those polished leaves seemed to proclaim the eternal freshness of his memory. The authenticity of this bust is undeniable, and its expression is a blended intelligence and kindliness; intellect — high, self-possessed, and clear — and habitual benignity, were the characteristics of his face. A more serene and noble countenance, grand in its outline, and gentle in its spirit, cannot be imagined. The subdued light and holy calm of the temple breathed of peace. The desolation of mortality vanished in thoughts of the undying love and honor which consecrate his fame. He has told us, with a humility and affection unparalleled in the personal utterance of genius, how he would have one that loved him feel beside his tomb:—

“No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell;
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O, if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I (perhaps) compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay,
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.”
Harriet Beecher Stowe (1811-1896), American writer and philanthropist, was the author of *Uncle Tom’s Cabin*, the novel which contributed so much to popular feeling against slavery that it is often cited among the causes of the American Civil War. She was a member of one of the 19th century’s most remarkable families, being the daughter of a prominent Congregationalist minister Lyman Beecher and the sister of Catharine, Henry Ward, and Edward. In March of 1853, Harriet Beecher Stowe travelled to England and Europe on what purported to be a speaking tour; *Uncle Tom* was then selling furiously in England. Stowe made the almost compulsory visit to Stratford. In this letter, addressed to her brother Henry, she alludes to a letter of his referring his own trip to Stratford, showing how narrative accounts of trips to Stratford promoted the visits of other literary tourists. Her description of Stratford predates the arrival of the railway and offers an idyllic view of rural Warwickshire; her visit to the birthplace is an occasion to exert her powers as novelist and imagine what Shakespeare’s parents were like; and the rest of her visit makes her marvel at the fact that no authentic relic of Shakespeare has been preserved.

My dear H.:——

    It was a rainy, misty morning when I left my kind retreat and friends in Edinburgh. Considerate as every body had been about imposing on my time or strength, still you may well believe that I was much exhausted.

    We left Edinburgh, therefore, with the determination to plunge at once into some hidden and unknown spot, where we might spend two or three days quietly by ourselves; and remembering your Sunday at Stratford-on-Avon, I proposed that we should go there. As Stratford, however, is off the railroad line we determined to accept the invitation, which was lying by us, from our friend Joseph Sturge, of Birmingham, and take sanctuary with him. So we wrote on, intrusting him with the secret, and charging him on no account to let any one know of our arrival. […]

    […] The next morning it was agreed that we should take our drive to Stratford-on-Avon. As yet this shrine of pilgrims stands a little aloof from the bustle of modern progress, and railroad cars do not run whistling and whisking with brisk officiousness by the old church and the fanciful banks of the Avon. The country that

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we were to pass over was more peculiarly old English; that phase of old English which is destined soon to pass away, under the restless regenerating force of modern progress. Our ride along was a singular commixture of an upper and under current of thought. Deep down in our hearts we were going back to English days; the cumbrous, quaint, queer, old, picturesque times; the dim, haunted times between cock-crowing and morning; those hours of national childhood, when popular ideas had the confiding credulity, the poetic vivacity, and versatile life, which distinguish children from grown people.

[...] It was a little before noon when we drove into Stratford, by which time, with our usual fatality in visiting poetic shrines, the day had melted off into a kind of drizzling mist, strongly suggestive of a downright rain. It is a common trick these English days have; the weather here seems to be possessed of a water spirit. This constant drizzle is good for ivies, and hawthorns, and ladies' complexions, as whoever travels here will observe, but it certainly is very bad for tourists.

This Stratford is a small town, of between three and four thousand inhabitants, and has in it a good many quaint old houses, and is characterized (so I thought) by an air of respectable, stand-still, and meditative repose, which, I am afraid, will entirely give way before the railroad demon, for I understand that it is soon to be connected by the Oxford, Worcester, and Wolverhampton line with all parts of the kingdom. Just think of that black little screeching imp rushing through these fields which have inspired so many fancies; how every thing poetical will fly before it! Think of such sweet snatches as these set to the tune of a railroad whistle:—

"Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phcehus 'gins to rise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chaliced flowers that lies.

And wanking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,
With every thing that pretty bin
My lady sweet to rise."

And again: —

"Philomel with melody sing in our sweet lullaby,
Lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh."

I suppose the meadows, with their "winking Mary-buds," will be all cut up into building lots in the good times coming, and Philomel caught and put in a cage to sing to tourists at threepence a head. We went to the White Lion, and soon had a little quiet parlor to ourselves, neatly carpeted, with a sofa drawn up to the cheerful coal fire, a good-toned piano, and in short every thing cheerful and comfortable. At first we thought we were too tired to do any thing till after dinner; we were going to take time to rest ourselves and proceed leisurely; so, while the cloth was laying, C—— took possession of the piano, and I of the sofa, till Mr. S. came in upon us, saying, "Why, Shakspeare's house is right the next door here!" Upon that we got up, just to take a
peep, and from peeping we proceeded to looking, and finally put on our things and went over seriatim. The house has recently been bought by a Shakspearian club, who have taken upon themselves the restoration and preservation of the premises.

Shakspeare's father, it seems, was a man of some position and substance in his day, being high sheriff and justice of the peace for the borough; and this house, therefore, I suppose, may be considered a specimen of the respectable class of houses in the times of Queen Elizabeth. This cut is taken from an old print, and is supposed to represent the original condition of the house.

Figure 31: Shakespeare’s Birthplace.

We saw a good many old houses somewhat similar to this on the road, particularly resembling it in this manner of plastering, which shows all the timber on the outside. Parts of the house have been sold, altered, and used for various purposes; a butcher's stall having been kept in a part of it, and a tavern in another portion, being new-fronted with brick.

The object of this Shakspeare Club has been to repurchase all these parts, and restore them as nearly as possible to their primeval condition. The part of the house which is shown consists of a lower room, which is floored with flat stones very much
broken. It has a wide, old-fashioned chimney on one side, and opens into a smaller room back of it. From thence you go up a rude flight of stairs to a low-studded room, with rough-plastered walls, where the poet was born.

The prints of this room, which are generally sold, allow themselves in considerable poetic license, representing it in fact as quite an elegant apartment, whereas, though it is kept scrupulously neat and clean, the air of it is ancient and rude. This is a somewhat flattered likeness. The roughly-plastered walls are so covered with names that it seemed impossible to add another. The name of almost every modern genius, names of kings, princes, dukes, are shown here; and it is really curious to see by what devices some very insignificant personages have endeavored to make their own names conspicuous in the crowd. Generally speaking the inscription books and walls of distinguished places tend to give great force to the Vulgate rendering of Ecclesiastes i. 15, "The number of fools is infinite."

To add a name in a private, modest way to walls already so crowded, is allowable; but to scrawl one's name, place of birth, and country, half across a wall, covering scores of names under it, is an operation which speaks for itself. No one would ever want to know more of a man than to see his name there and thus.

Back of this room were some small bed rooms, and what interested me much, a staircase leading up into a dark garret. I could not but fancy I saw a bright-eyed, curly-headed boy creeping up those stairs, zealous to explore the mysteries of that dark garret. There perhaps he saw the cat, with "eyne of burning coal, crouching 'fore

Figure 32: Shakespeare’s Birth-room.
the mouse's hole." Doubtless in this old garret were wonderful mysteries to him, curious stores of old cast-off goods and furniture, and rats, and mice, and cobwebs. I fancied the indignation of some belligerent grandmother or aunt, who finds Willie up there watching a mouse hole, with the cat, and has him down straightway, grumbling that Mary did not govern that child better.

"We know nothing who this Mary was that was his mother; but one sometimes wonders where in that coarse age, when queens and ladies talked familiarly, as women would blush to talk now, and when the broad, coarse wit of the Merry Wives of Windsor was gotten up to suit the taste of a virgin queen— one wonders, I say, when women were such and so, where he found those models of lily-like purity, women so chaste in soul and pure in language that they could not even bring their lips to utter a word of shame. Desdemona cannot even bring herself to speak the coarse word with which her husband taunts her; she cannot make herself believe that there are women in the world who could stoop to such grossness.*

[* This idea is beautifully wrought out by Mrs. Jamieson in her Characteristics of the Women of Shakspeare, to which the author is indebted for the suggestion.]

For my part I cannot believe that, in such an age, such deep heart-knowledge of pure womanhood could have come otherwise than by the impression on the child's soul of a mother's purity. I seem to have a vision of one of those women whom the world knows not of, silent, deep-hearted, loving, whom the coarser and more practically efficient jostle aside and underrate for their want of interest in the noisy chitchat and commonplace of the day; but who yet have a sacred power, like that of the spirit of peace, to brood with dovelike wings over the childish heart, and quicken into life the struggling, slumbering elements of a sensitive nature.

I cannot but think in that beautiful scene, where he represents Desdemona as amazed and struck dumb with the grossness and brutality of the charges which had been thrown upon her, yet so dignified in the consciousness of her own purity, so magnanimous in the power of disinterested, forgiving love, that he was portraying no ideal excellence, but only reproducing, under fictitious and supposititious circumstances, the patience, magnanimity, and enduring love which had shone upon him in the household words and ways of his mother.

It seemed to me that in that bare and lowly chamber I saw a vision of a lovely face which was the first beauty that dawned on those childish eyes, and heard that voice whose lullaby tuned his ear to an exquisite sense of cadence and rhythm. I fancied that, while she thus serenely shone upon him like a benignant star, some rigorous grand-aunt took upon her the practical part of his guidance, chased up his wanderings to the right and left, scolded him for wanting to look out of the window because his little climbing toes left their mark on the neat wall, or rigorously arrested him when his curly head was seen bobbing off at the bottom of the street, following a bird, or a dog, or a showman; intercepting him in some happy hour when he was aiming to strike off on his own account to an adjoining field for "winking Mary-buds made long sermons to him on the wickedness of muddying his clothes and wetting his new shoes, (if he had any,) and told him that something dreadful would come out of the graveyard and catch him if he was not a better boy, imagining that if it were not for her bustling activity Willie would go straight to destruction.
I seem, too, to have a kind of perception of Shakspeare's father; a quiet, Godfearing, thoughtful man, given to the reading of good books, avoiding quarrels with a most Christian like fear, and with but small talent, either in the way of speech making or money getting; a man who wore his coat with an easy slouch, and who seldom knew where his money went to. All these things I seemed to perceive as if a sort of vision had radiated from the old walls; there seemed to be the rustling of garments and the sound of voices in the deserted rooms; the pattering of feet on the worm-eaten staircase; the light of still, shady summer afternoons, a hundred years ago, seemed to fall through the casements and lie upon the floor. There was an interest to every thing about the house, even to the quaint iron fastenings about the windows; because those might have arrested that child's attention, and been dwelt on in some dreamy hour of infant thought. The fires that once burned in those old chimneys, the fleeting sparks, the curling smoke, and glowing coals, all may have inspired their fancies.

There is a strong tinge of household coloring in many parts of Shakspeare, imagery that could only have come from such habits of quiet, household contemplation. See, for example, this description of the stillness of the house, after all are gone to bed at night:—

"Now sleep yslaked hath the rout;
No din but snores, the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now crouches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
As the blither for their drouth."

Also this description of the midnight capers of the fairies about the house, from Midsummer Night's Dream:—

"Puck. " Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the scritch-owl, scritchting loud,
Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night,
That the graves all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the churchway paths to glide:
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And we fairies that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Obe. Through this house give glimmering light,
By the dead and drowsy fire:
Every elf, and fairy sprite,
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me Sing,
and dance it trippingly."

By the by, one cannot but be struck with the resemblance, in the spirit and coloring of these lines, to those very similar ones in the Penseroso of Milton:—

"Tar from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm;
While glowing embers, through the room,
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom."

I have often noticed how much the first writings of Milton resemble in their imagery and tone of coloring those of Shakspere, particularly in the phraseology and manner of describing flowers. I think, were a certain number of passages from Lycidas and Comus interspersed with a certain number from Midsummer Night's Dream, the imagery, tone of thought, and style of coloring, would be found so nearly identical, that it would be difficult for one not perfectly familiar to distinguish them. You may try it. […]

But, in fine, at the end of all this we went back to our hotel to dinner. After dinner we set out to see the church. Even Walter Scott has not a more poetic monument than this church, standing as it does amid old, embowering trees, on the beautiful banks of the Avon. A soft, still rain was falling on the leaves of the linden trees, as we walked up the avenue to the church. Even rainy though it was, I noticed that many little birds would occasionally break out into song. In the event of such a phenomenon as a bright day, I think there must be quite a jubilee of birds here, even as he sung who lies below:

"The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill;
The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray."

The church has been carefully restored inside, so that it is now in excellent preservation, and Shakspere lies buried under a broad, flat stone in the chancel. I had full often read, and knew by heart, the inscription on this stone; but somehow, when I came and stood over it, and read it, it affected me as if there were an emanation from the grave beneath. I have often wondered at that inscription, that a mind so sensitive,
that had thought so much, and expressed thought with such startling power on all the mysteries of death, the grave, and the future world, should have found nothing else to inscribe on his own grave but this:—

Good Friend for Iesus SAKE forbare
To digg T-E Dust EncloAsed HEEe
Blese be T-E Man TY spares T-Es Stones
And curst be He TY moves my Bones

It seems that the inscription has not been without its use? in averting what the sensitive poet most dreaded; for it is recorded in one of the books sold here that some years ago, in digging a neighboring grave, a careless sexton broke into the side of Shakspeare's tomb, and looking in saw his bones, and, could easily have carried away the skull had he not been deterred by the imprecation.

There is a monument in the side of the wall, which has a bust of Shakspeare upon it, said to be the most authentic likeness, and supposed to have been taken by a cast from his face after death. This statement was made to us by the guide who showed it, and he stated that Chantrey had come to that conclusion by a minute examination of the face. He took us into a room where was an exact plaster cast of the bust, on which he pointed out various little minutiae on which this idea was founded. The two sides of the face are not alike; there is a falling in and depression of the muscles on one side which does not exist on the other, such as probably would never have occurred in a fancy bust, where the effort always is to render the two sides of the face as much alike as possible. There is more fulness about the lower part of the face than is consistent with the theory of an idealized bust, but is perfectly consistent with the probabilities of the time of life at which he died, and perhaps with the effects of the disease of which he died.

All this I set down as it was related to me by our guide; it had a very plausible and probable sound, and I was bent on believing, which is a great matter in faith of all kinds. It is something in favor of the supposition that this is an authentic likeness, that it was erected in his own native town within seven years of his death, among people, therefore, who must have preserved the recollection of his personal appearance. After the manner of those times it was originally painted, the hair and beard of an auburn color, the eyes hazel, and the dress was represented as consisting of a scarlet doublet, over which was a loose black gown without sleeves; all which looks like an attempt to preserve an exact likeness. The inscription upon it, also, seemed to show that there were some in the world by no means unaware of who and what he was.

Next to the tomb of Shakspeare in the chancel is buried his favorite daughter, over whom somebody has placed the following quaint inscription:—

"Witty above her sex, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistress Hall.
Something of Shakspeare was in that, but this
Wholly of him, with whom she is now in bliss;
Then, passenger, hast ne'er a tear,
To weep with her that wept with all_
That wept, yet set herself to cheer
Them up with comfort's cordial?"
Her love shall live, her mercy spread,  
When thou hast ne’er a tear to shed."

This good Mistress Hall, it appears, was Shakspeare's favorite among his three children. His son, Hamnet, died at twelve years of age. His daughter Judith, as appears from some curious document still extant, could not write her own name, but signed with her mark; so that the "wit" of the family must have concentrated itself in Mistress Hall. To her, in his last will, which is still extant, Shakspeare bequeathed an amount of houses, lands, plate, jewels, and other valuables, sufficient to constitute quite a handsome estate. It would appear, from this, that the poet deemed her not only "wise unto salvation," but wise in her day and generation, thus intrusting her with the bulk of his worldly goods.

His wife, Ann Hathaway, is buried near by, under the same pavement. From the slight notice taken of her in the poet's will, it would appear that there was little love between them. He married her when he was but eighteen; most likely she was a mere rustic beauty, entirely incapable either of appreciating or adapting herself to that wide and wonderful mind in its full development.

As to Mistress Hall, though the estate was carefully entailed, through her, to heirs male through all generations, it was not her good fortune to become the mother of a long line, for she had only one daughter, who became Lady Barnard, and in whom, dying childless, the family became extinct. Shakspeare, like Scott, seems to have had the desire to perpetuate himself by founding a family with an estate, and the coincidence in the result is striking. Genius must be its own monument.

After we had explored the church we went out to walk about the place. We crossed the beautiful bridge over the Avon, and thought how lovely those fields and meadows would look, if they only had sunshine to set them out. Then we went to the town hall, where we met the mayor, who had kindly called and offered to show us the place. It seems, in 1768, that Garrick set himself to work in good earnest to do honor to Shakspeare's memory, by getting up a public demonstration at Stratford; and the world, through the talents of this actor, having become alive and enthusiastic, liberal subscriptions were made by the nobility and gentry, the town hall was handsomely repaired and adorned, and a statue of Shakspeare, presented by Garrick, was placed in a niche at one end. Then all the chief men and mighty men of the nation came and testified their reverence for the poet, by having a general jubilee. A great tent was spread on the banks of the Avon, where they made speeches and drank wine, and wound up all with a great dance in the town hall; and so the manes of Shakspeare were appeased, and his position settled for all generations. The room in the town hall is a very handsome one, and has pictures of Garrick, and the other notables who figured on that occasion.

After that we were taken to see New Place. "And what is New Place? " you say; "the house where Shakspeare lived? " Not exactly; but a house built where his house was. This drawing is taken from an old print, and is supposed to represent the house as Shakspeare fitted it up.
We went out into what was Shakspeare's garden, where we were shown his mulberry —not the one that planted though; but a veritable mulberry planted on the same spot; and then we went back to our hotel very tired, but having conscientiously performed every jot and tittle of the duty of good pilgrims.

As we sat, in the drizzly evening, over our comfortable tea table, C— ventured to intimate pretty decidedly that he considered the whole thing a bore; whereat I thought I saw a sly twinkle around the eyes and mouth of our most Christian and patient friend, Joseph Sturge. Mr. S. laughingly told him that he thought it the greatest exercise of Christian tolerance, that he should have trailed round in the mud with us all day in our sightseeing, bearing with our unreasonable raptures. He smiled, and said, quietly, "I must confess that I was a little pleased that our friend Harriet was so zealous to see Shakspeare's house, when it wasn't his house, and so earnest to get sprigs from his mulberry, when it wasn't his mulberry." We were quite ready to allow the foolishness of the thing, and join the laugh at our own expense.

As to our bed rooms, you must know that all the apartments in this house are named after different plays of Shakspeare, the name being printed conspicuously over each door; so that the choosing of our rooms made us a little sport.

"What rooms will you have, gentlemen?" says the pretty chamber maid.
"Rooms," said Mr. S.; "'why, what are there to have?"
"Well, there's Richard III., and there's Hamlet," says the girl.
"O, Hamlet, by all means," said I; "that was always my favorite. Can't sleep in Richard III., we should have such bad dreams."

Figure 33: New Place before Clopton's remodellation.
For my part," said G—— "I want All's well that ends.

"I think," said the chamber maid, hesitating, "the bed in Hamlet isn't large enough for two. Richard III. is a very nice room, sir."

In fact, it became evident that we were foreordained to Richard; so we resolved to embrace the modern historical view of this subject, which will before long turn him out a saint, and not be afraid of the muster roll of ghosts which Shakspeare represented as infesting his apartment.

Well, for a wonder, the next morning arose a genuine sunny, beautiful day. Let the fact be recorded that such things do sometimes occur even in England. C—— was mollified, and began to recant his ill-natured heresies of the night before, and went so far as to walk, out of his own proper motion, to Ann Hathaway's Cottage before breakfast—he being one of the brethren described by Longfellow,

"Who is gifted with most miraculous powers
Of getting up at all sorts of hours;

and therefore he came in to breakfast table with that serenity of virtuous composure which generally attends those who have been out enjoying the beauties of nature while their neighbors have been ingloriously dozing.

The walk, he said, was beautiful; the cottage damp, musty, and fusty; and a supposititious old bedstead, of the age of Queen Elizabeth, which had been obtruded upon his notice because it might have belonged to Ann Hathaway's mother, received a special malediction. For my part, my relic-hunting propensities were not in the slightest degree appeased, but rather stimulated, by the investigations of the day before.

It seemed to me so singular that of such a man there should not remain one accredited relic! Of Martin Luther, though he lived much earlier, how many things remain! Of almost any distinguished character how much more is known than of Shakspeare! There is not, so far as I can discover, an authentic relic of any thing belonging to him. There are very few anecdotes of his sayings or doings; no letters, no private memoranda, that should let us into the secret of what he was personally who has in turns personated all minds. The very perfection of his dramatic talent has become an impenetrable veil: we can no more tell from his writings what were his predominant tastes and habits than we can discriminate among the variety of melodies what are the native notes of the mocking bird. The only means left us for forming an opinion of what he was personally are inferences of the most delicate nature from the slightest premises.

The common idea which has pervaded the world, of a joyous, roving, somewhat unsettled, and dissipated character, would seem, from many well-authenticated facts, to be incorrect. The gayeties and dissipations of his life seem to have been confined to his very earliest days, and to have been the exuberance of a most extraordinary vitality, bursting into existence with such force and vivacity that it had not had time to collect itself, and so come to self-knowledge and control. By many accounts it would appear that the character he sustained in the last years of his life was that of a judicious, common-sense sort of man; a discreet, reputable, and religious householder.
The inscription on his tomb is worthy of remark, as indicating the reputation he bore at the time: "Judicio Pylium, genio Socratem, arte Maronem" (In judgment a Nestor, in genius a Socrates, in art a Virgil.) The comparison of him in the first place to Nestor, proverbially famous for practical judgment and virtue of life, next to Socrates, who was a kind of Greek combination of Dr. Paley and Dr. Franklin, indicates a very different impression of him from what would generally be expressed of a poet, certainly what would not have been placed on the grave of an eccentric, erratic will-o'-the-wisp genius, however distinguished. Moreover, the pious author of good Mistress Hall's epitaph records the fact of her being "wise to salvation," as a more especial point of resemblance to her father than even her being "witty above her sex," and expresses most confident hope of her being with him in bliss. The Puritan tone of the epitaph, as well as the quality of the verse, gives reason to suppose that it was not written by one who was seduced into a tombstone lie by any superfluity of poetic sympathy.

The last will of Shakspeare, written by his own hand and still preserved, shows several things of the man. The introduction is as follows:

"In the name of God. Amen. I, William Shakspeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gentleman, in perfect health and memory, (God be praised,) do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following; that is to say,—

"First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Savior, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth, whereof it is made."

The will then goes on to dispose of an amount of houses, lands, plate, money, jewels, &c, which showed certainly that the poet had possessed some worldly skill and thrift in accumulation, and to divide them with a care and accuracy which would indicate that he was by no means of that dreamy and unpractical habit of mind which cares not what becomes of worldly goods.

We may also infer something of a man's character from the tone and sentiments of others towards him. Glass of a certain color casts on surrounding objects a reflection of its own hue, and so the tint of a man's character returns upon us in the habitual manner in which he is spoken of by those around him. The common mode of speaking of Shakspeare always savored of endearment. "Gentle Will" is an expression that seemed oftenest repeated. Ben Jonson inscribed his funeral verses "To the Memory of my beloved Mr. William Shakspeare he calls him the " sweet swan of Avon." Again, in his lines under a bust of Shakspeare, he says,—

"The figure that thou seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut."

[...] In the morning we took leave of our hotel. In leaving we were much touched with the simple kindliness of the people of the house. The landlady and her daughters came to bid us farewell, with much feeling; and the former begged my acceptance of a bead purse, knit by one of her daughters, she said, during the winter evenings while they were reading Uncle Tom. In this town one finds the simple-hearted, kindly English people corresponding to the same class which we see in our
retired New England towns. We received many marks of kindness from different residents in Stratford; in the expression of them they appreciated and entered into our desire for privacy with a delicacy which touched us sensibly!

We had little time to look about us to see Stratford in the sunshine. So we went over to a place on the banks of the Avon, where, it was said, we could gain a very perfect view of the church. The remembrance of this spot is to me like a very pleasant dream. The day was bright, the air was soft and still, as we walked up and down the alleys of a beautiful garden that extended quite to the church; the rooks were dreamily cawing, and wheeling in dark, airy circles round the old buttresses and spire. A funeral train had come into the graveyard, and the passing bell was tolling. A thousand undefined emotions struggled in my mind.

That loving heart, that active fancy, that subtile, elastic power of appreciating and expressing all phases, all passions of humanity, are they breathed out on the wind? are they spent like the lightning? are they exhaled like the breath of flowers? or are they still living, still active? and if so, where and how? Is it reserved for us, in that " undiscovered country" which he spoke of, ever to meet the great souls whose breath has kindled our souls?

I think we forget the consequences of our own belief in immortality, and look on the ranks of prostrate dead as a mower on fields of prostrate flowers, forgetting that activity is an essential of souls, and that every soul which has passed away from this world must ever since have been actively developing those habits of mind and modes of feeling which it began here.

The haughty, cruel, selfish Elizabeth, and all the great men of her court, are still living and acting somewhere; but where? For my part I am often reminded, when dwelling on departed genius, of Luther's ejaculation for his favorite classic poet: "I hope God will have mercy on such." 

We speak of the glory of God as exhibited in natural landscape making; what is it, compared with the glory of God as shown in the making of souls, especially those souls which seem to be endowed with a creative power like his own?

There seems, strictly speaking, to be only two classes of souls - the creative and the receptive. Now, these creators seem to me to have a beauty and a worth about them entirely independent of their moral character. That ethereal power which shows itself in Greek sculpture and Gothic architecture, in Rubens, Shakspeare, and Mozart, has a quality to me inexpressibly admirable and lovable. "We may say, it is true, that there is no moral excellence in it; but none the less do we admire it. God has made us so that we cannot help loving it; our souls go forth to it with an infinite longing, nor can that longing be condemned. That mystic quality that exists in these souls is a glimpse and intimation of what exists in Him in full perfection. If we remember this we shall not lose ourselves in admiration of worldly genius, but be led by it to a better understanding of what He is, of whom all the glories of poetry and art are but symbols and shadows.
Grace Greenwood (1823-1904) was a nineteenth-century poet, journalist and activist who championed many progressive causes while creating a path for women in the news media. She was The New York Times' first female correspondent. Greenwood travelled to Europe in 1852, and became the first woman reporter to work for The New York Times, providing overseas dispatches. The following text dated June 1853, contains Greenwood description of her visit to Stratford.

To-morrow I visit Warwick Castle, Kenilworth, and, it may be, Stratford upon Avon. Splendid stuff for dreams, such a prospect.

From Warwick we drove to Stratford on Avon, about eight miles, by a pleasant and quiet road.

I cannot hope to give in their fulness the feelings with which I approached this shrine of my highest intellectual worship; to tell how every hill and green-shadowed vale, and old tree, and the banks of that almost sacred river, spoke to my hushed heart of him who once trod that earth, and breathed that air, and watched the silver flowing of that stream; of him whose mind was a fount of wisdom and thought, at which generation after generation has drunk, and yet it fails not; of him whose wondrous creative passed not alone into grand and terrible forms of human and superhuman power, nor personations of manly wit, royal courtesy, and warlike courage; but who made himself master of all the mysteries of the feminine soul of Nature, called into being a world of love and poetry, and peopled it with beautiful immortals; of him whose bold yet delicate hand swept every chord in man's variable nature, to whom the soul of childhood gave up its tender little secrets, from whose eye nothing was hid even in the deepest heart of womanhood.

I knew the house — I should have known it anywhere, from plates and descriptions. We passed through the shop into what seemed to have been a sort of family room. Here I felt disposed to linger, for in that deep chimney corner he must have sat often, in winter nights, dreaming the dreams that have since filled the world. Perhaps he there saw, in the glowing embers, the grotesque and horrible faces of Caliban and the weird sisters, or the delicate forms of Ariel and Titania, floating in the wreathed smoke, and heard in the rain without the pitiless storm which beat upon the head of Lear.


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1853  GRACE GREENWOOD

CHAPTER I. [...] — STRATFORD ON AVON^467^
We ascended a short, narrow flight of stairs, and stood in the birth chamber of Shakspeare! the humble little room where his infant heart took up that throb which had in it so much of the intellectual life of the ages to come. As I stood silently there, I was almost pained with a vain wonderment as to the mother of Shakspeare. Was she great hearted and large minded — fully worthy of the glory which rays back upon her? Did no instinctive pride stir grandly in her bosom, as she laid against it first her new-born child? Did no prophetic glorying mingle with her sweet maternal joy?

The entire house is small and simple even to meanness; and yet it has ever been, and must be while it stands, the "pilgrim shrine" of genius, and wealth, and rank, and royalty, where the humble and great of all nations do homage to a monarch of the human mind, absolute and undeposable. As I emerged from this low, dark house, which I hold should be dearer to England than any palace of her kings, and walked towards the Church of the Holy Trinity, I was disagreeably struck by the smart, insolent newness of some of the buildings on my way, and by the modern dress and air of the people. How I hated the flaring shop windows, with their display of cheap ribbons, and prints, and flashy silks. But I was comforted by the sight of a goodly number of quaint and moss-grown houses, and I could have blessed a company of strolling players and ballad singers, who had collected a gaping crowd in an open square, for being in harmony somewhat with the place. I could have willed Stratford and all its inhabitants to have been wrapped forever in a charmed deep, like that of the fairy tale, when Shakspeare was laid to his rest in that picturesque old church on the banks of the Avon. Nature seems nowhere unharmonious with one's poetic memories of him — you could almost believe that the trees, and the grass, and even the flowers, were of his day. I remember a rich June rose, hanging over a hedge, its warm leaves glowing through glistening raindrops, and that it seemed to me he might have looked into the heart of this rose, and dreamed of the passion-freighted heart of Juliet We entered the church, passed up into the chancel, and stood before the bust and above the ashes of Shakspeare.

On our return to Warwick, we found that we had not time sufficient for a visit to Kenilworth Castle. I am intending to "do" that, on my way to London, next week, together with the famous old town of Coventry, where the benevolent Lady Godiva once took an airing on horseback, not for her health, but for the common weal. [...]
Stephen C. Massett (1820-1898) was an actor, better known as “Jeemes Pipes of Pipesville.” Born in London, in 1837, being a boy migrated together with his brother Jack to America. The sailing trip from London to New York lasted ninety-five days. In 1853, when he came back to England, from New York to Liverpool, the trip only lasted sixteen days. His visit to Stratford mainly obeys to the desire arisen when, as a boy, he read Washington Irving’s *Sketch Book*.

[... ] I had been greatly fascinated when a boy by the delightful description in the "Sketch Book" of Washington Irving, of his visit to "Stratford-upon-Avon" and had long cherished the idea of paying my individual respects to the landlady of the "Golden Lion Inn." Accordingly on a bright June morning, I took the train from London to Coventry, en route to Kenilworth, Warwick, and Stratford.

[... ] And now for my pretty little village of Stratford. How I peered out for that "Spire" of the church, where rest the remains of the immortal poet. How I was charmed with the perfect quiet — the repose, the tranquillity of everything as we entered the village, so beautifully described by my friend Mr. Brady, in a speech that he made two years before — at the Dramatic Fund Dinner — as being "asleep!" for so indeed to me it appeared.

How charming the quiet of the cozy little front parlor, of the pleasant little inn ycleped the "Golden Lion," kept by a right merry fellow I assure you, Mr. Henry Heartly by name, and who very kindly offered to be my pioneer to the places of interest in and about the village.

Accordingly I firstly went to pay my respects to the "Red Horse," or rather to the little parlor thereof immortalized by Washington Irving in his Sketch-Book, and as all good travellers ought to do, asked for the celebrated "poker" which he called his "sceptre."

The landlady very good-naturedly said, "Oh, sir! I'll fetch the poker immediately, all the Americans wish to see that — but I have to lock it up to preserve it!"

Presently she brought it in, with all the pomp and ceremony imaginable — having the words "Geoffry Crayon's sceptre" engraved on it.


469 American Dramatic Fund Association was founded in New York City in 1848 for the purpose of aiding members of the theatrical profession (actors, dancers and singers) who were unable to work, helping to support members' widows and orphans, and defraying funeral expenses of members.
After wetting our lips with a draught of mild ale, we returned to the "Golden Lion," (tourists, make a note and stop there) and dined.

My landlord has the most perfect collection of theatrical portraits perhaps in England—upon the walls of the room in which I was sitting, I noticed paintings of the elder Wallack, Edwin Forrest, Macready, Kean, Booth, Charlotte Cushman, Charles Kean, Ellen Tree, Farren, Faucett, Mathews, Elliston, etc., etc.

After dinner we strolled to the house where the "Poet was born;" reaching it—I stood for some minutes gazing with admiration and wonder. On a board, on a mean-looking edifice in Henly street are rudely painted the words:—

"The immortal Shakspeare was born in this house."

I passed into the little shop, a dismal apartment indeed with rough stone pavement, and a lot of old iron hooks sticking in the wall—the place seemed to be about eight feet square—presently out popped a little woman—a Mrs. Stanley; quite a pleasant chatty body—very amusing indeed, and she really seemed to take great pains in describing the relics.

She said; "There'av been four or five hof your countrymen ere to day, sur. Some werry nice people, sur—you're from Hamerica, sur, I think—haint yar?" I assented. "I knewd it, sur, by your 'at; you'll hexcuse me, sur, but the Mericans wear such broad rimmed 'ats." We then went up a narrow dingy staircase to the chamber where William Shakspeare first saw the lights on the morning of April 23, 1564.

It is a moderate-sized apartment, very low roofed and dirty, having but one large window in it; every inch of the wall, the door, the ceiling, and indeed every available place was covered with names; she pointed out to me, Edmund Kean's, Schiller's, Lord Byron's, Sir Walter Scott's, Washington Irving's, Tennyson's, etc. I tried to find a place whereon to "fix" my humble name, but my pencil broke when I commenced the "M," and it let me to think of the folly of it.

How great the difference, I thought to myself between the proud walls and towering heights of the Castle I had just visited, and this humble dwelling! and yet when even they shall fall beneath the destroying hand of Time, and crumble into nothingness, will this little spot be worshipped, cherished, and revered—and his great memory be as green and fresh in the hearts of all, as when first his bright genius flashed upon the world!

Among the few articles of furniture in the house—none of which can be considered as belonging to the home of Shakspeare—is a chair whose history has been admirably drawn by Washington Irving in the following words:

"The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney corner of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat, when a boy, watching the slowly-revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin, or of an evening listened to the cronies and gossips of Stratford dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit; whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say—I merely mention the fact; and mine
hostess privately assured me that though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees that it had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice, also, in the history of this remarkable chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter, for though sold to a Kassian princess, yet, strange to say, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner."

We visited the Grammar School, in which it is presumed he received his education. Saw the desk at which he sat, the scenes of his youthful meditations — the sports, familiar to him in early and mature life, — the site of the house, where, with a sufficient income, he passed his latter years — and the church where his mortal remains were consigned to the grave.

I was then introduced to a Mr. Thomas Heritage, who is the fortunate possessor of the "Marble Fount," used at the christening of Shakspeare.

It is indeed a rare curiosity — kept at the end of his pretty little garden, and as is the custom, we drank from it some wine, I (with his permission) cutting from the pedestal some moss for presents.

No money would buy this extraordinary relic; he has been offered for it large sums at different times. Leaving the very friendly roof of Mr. Heartly, I heard a man crying out something about an "auction sale;" and having, once upon a time, done a little in that line in Sacramento, I thought I would at least look on in Stratford; and now, to give you—or Austins and Spicer, or Priests, Wilmerding and Mount, of your city — some idea of the immense trade of this quiet little nook, I intend giving you a verbatim copy of the bill of sale at the aforesaid auction.

Here it is; —

« UNICORN INN,"  
Stratford upon Avon.  
TO BE SOLD AT AUCTION,  
BT MB. BROWN,  
ON WEDNESDAY JUNE 22d, 1853»

The following valuable property  
VIZ.;

1. A pair of Gents Black Slippers,  
2. A driving Rug.  
3. One Carpet Bag complete.  
4. Shaving Box and Brushes.  
5. One pair of Braces — 3 Shirts — 4 Collars — 2 pairs of Stockings — 3 new Maps — 1 Warming-pan — 1 Boot-jack — a Toasting-fork! — a Gridiron, and a map of Scotland, New York, and the East Indies.  
Cards of admission to see the goods, to be had on immediate application to Mr. William Savage.

We then went to "Anne Hathaway's Cottage." Crossing the fields to the west of Stratford, by a well-frequented 'footpath, brought us to the sweet little hamlet of Shottery.

Oh! how beautiful it looked, with its green lane, picturesque, timber-ribbed, thatched cottages, babbling rush fringed brook, and pretty wooden bridge. The house is of
timber and brick, two stories, with thatched roof, and looks like two joined together. I looked up the central chimney, and saw the letters I. H., 1697. Up stairs I was shown an old carved bedstead, of the real old Elizabethan period, supposed to be the one upon which Anne Hathaway slept. The room below shows traces of the good old times; the rude stone floor, low ceiling, heavy beams, oaken wainscot, and rough plastering. The wide fireplace, with the cozy chimney corners and supporting beams, where the wood-fires must have often crackled and blazed on the ample hearth. Here, too, was the seat, with the straight high back, that rested on the porch outside the cottage, now quite porous with age — upon which oft times, doubtless during the long summer nights, did our poet and his first love while away the hours; and who knows, but upon this very bench, some of the most impassioned of his verses might have been written.

In coming back to the town, I strolled by the banks of the Avon— crossing the river near to the church, in the chancel of which rest his remains. It stands on the margin of the river Avon. You approach it through a long avenue of lime trees, the boughs of which are so interwoven, as to produce a striking colonnade, and the effect is peculiarly pleasing. To-day the weather was exceedingly beautiful; little children were playing in the grave-yard, and dancing on the tomb-stones — the pleasant low murmuring of the river was grateful to the ear — boys were fishing in the stream, and birds were carolling away from the branches of the bright green trees; and as I for the last time looked up at the pretty spire, towering to the skies, I thought of the graphic words of Washington Irving, in his well known "Sketch Book"—which, if I do not quite correctly subjoin, I most humbly beg pardon, but I fancied them somewhat appropriate; — "How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that before many years he should return to it covered with renown; and that lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to light the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb !"

It had grown quite dusk by the time we returned to our little inn — the stillness of death reigned around—by and by the moon was sweetly smiling through my pretty gothic window, on the sills of which were some plants of geranium and mignonette, and the fragrance of them was sweet to me — and I felt more and more the beauty of my friend's words, that the little village of Stratford upon Avon was asleep!

In the book kept in the bed-room at Anne Hathaway's cottage, for the registering the names of visitors, I found the following; July 13th, 1849. E. L. Davenport, America; Fanny E. Vining, London; Anna Cora Mowatt, New York; James Mowatt, New York.

"The three Americans above named hold their pilgrimage so far, as lightsome and gay to find so much reward in being able to view all these early associations of the 'immortal bard' in their land, if possible more adored than here. In the above sentiments, the true born English woman 'Fanny,' begs to join heart and soul" — Good!
Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), American novelist and short story writer, was appointed American consul at Liverpool from 1853 to 1857. After visiting Abbotsford, the home of Sir Walter Scott, in July 1857, Hawthorne outlined his impressions and compared them with his recollection of visiting Stratford. In the Note-Books he kept during his residence in England, he collects some thoughts about the benefits of literary tourism, which makes us aware of the human dimension – and imperfections – of great writers and bring them back to life for us.

[...] Bidding farewell to Abbotsford, I cannot but confess a sentiment of remorse for having visited the dwelling-place--as just before I visited the grave of the mighty minstrel and romancer with so cold a heart and in so critical a mood,--his dwelling-place and his grave whom I had so admired and loved, and who had done so much for my happiness when I was young. But I, and the world generally, now look at him from a different point of view; and, besides, these visits to the actual haunts of famous people, though long dead, have the effect of making us sensible, in some degree, of their human imperfections, as if we actually saw them alive. I felt this effect, to a certain extent, even with respect to Shakespeare, when I visited Stratford-on-Avon. As for Scott, I still cherish him in a warm place, and I do not know that I have any pleasanter anticipation, as regards books, than that of reading all his novels over again after we get back to the Wayside.

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Samuel Young Jr. (1812-1855), author of *A Wall-Street Bear in Europe*, was the son of Col. Samuel Young, who was Democrat politician that became Governor of New York. His son printed this volume, printed for private circulation, recollects the chronicles that Samuel Young had previously communicated by letter to the *Saratoga Republican*, printed at Saratoga Springs, New York. The author states in the preface that he “has endeavoured to tell the truth, although it sadly interferes with the romantic notions many Americans imbibe from highly colored books of travels made to sell.”\(^{472}\) In the following text, he narrates his sojourn at Stratford-on-Avon in March 1854.

[...] March 27th. — I went down by "rail" to Rugby, (probably Jack Rugby's birth place,) but found that I should have gone fifteen miles further to Leamington, which was the nearest point on the road to Shakspeare's native town. From Leamington I had ten miles to perform, which I did by "fly" or cab, and so reached Stratford. I passed through the town of Warwick without seeing the castle, a great attraction to travellers. But I can do so hereafter, as I go back that way. I had a good view of the country, from my vehicle. The hedges and trees are not yet in leaf, nor is there much green spread upon the fields; yet it is perfectly plain that this England is a fine country, neatly tilled and trimmed. Clumps of trees were left growing here and there in the fields; the houses were of solid stone or brick, with good outbuildings, and the cattle looked sleek and respectable.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON. — I stopped at the Red Horse Tavern, but there was no picture of a horse over the door. It seemed a plain country inn. The room assigned to me was No. 15, made celebrated by having formerly been occupied by Washington Irving. The names of many Americans were written on the wallpaper, wherever the color of the figures would admit. After getting settled in my temporary abode, I walked out through the town of Stratford into the country. Many strange birds were singing in the hedges and on the trees. The country was level, smooth and well taken care of. There were a number of gothic cottages which looked neat and pretty. The gates set in the hedges were painted white. After a pleasant hour or two, I returned to Stratford, whose plain low stone, or brick houses, some of them as old as Shakspeare,

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\(^{471}\) Samuel Young, *A Wall-Street Bear in Europe; with his Familiar Foreign Journal of a Tour through portions of England, Scotland, France and Italy* (New York: S. Young Jr., 1855), 180-188.

\(^{472}\) and he adds, “whose learned features, exhibiting an intimate acquaintance with ancient and modern history, have been borrowed from “Murray’s Hand Books for Travellers”.
are quite unlike the gaily painted buildings of our villages. The town contains about seven thousand inhabitants. There is a bank there, but no newspaper.

I found a mutton chop with appropriate trimmings, served up for my dinner, in the little parlor of the hotel. A pensive young woman waited on me, who, by her demeanor I guessed to be suffering under the pangs of unrequited affection.

“She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Prey on her damask cheek.”

She told me that many Americans came here in summer, and that all of them were desirous of sleeping in Washington Irving’s room, I am now, I think, the only guest in the house. After dinner, I again walked out. I saw the outside of the house where Shakspeare was born. A tall man could touch the roof with his cane, and measure the front in three or four paces. It is a miserable old rookery. It seems to have had several windows which are now boarded up, and covered with plaster which has peeled off in many places. The door where you enter is like those old Dutch doors which are cut in half, so that the upper part opens while the lower part remains shut. To-morrow I will enter this miserable looking but immortal old shanty.

Figure 34: Parish Church of Stratford-on-Avon.

473 Young quotes these lines from Twelfth Night. Is part of Viola’s speech in (II, iv).
The church where Shakspeare is buried, has been rebuilt in part, yet still looks old. It is pretty large in size, with a high pointed steeple. The green graveyard in which it stands, is filled with tombstones, many of them laid flat upon the ground, which seems to be the fashion in old English churchyards. Near the church were standing a number of tall trees in which the rooks were building their nests, and keeping up a continual cawing. I passed the church and went on a short distance to see the River Avon, which we should call a brook or a creek. Here I found a flowering mill, which did not add to the romantic aspect of the scene. The country beyond the Avon was level and clean. The river runs close by the church where Shakspeare is buried. I followed the Avon down through the town into the handsomely cultivated country; and strolled along its windings until twilight came on. On both of its banks there were rows of trees, the tops of which had been cut off. New tops were forming; and the old stumps and new twigs were clearly mirrored in the stream which was made silver by the twilight sky. In the west were narrow lines of clouds, which were also reflected in the pure and classic river. It was now getting dark, and the lights of the town were glimmering through the trees. I retraced my steps, and as I was passing through the little wicket standing by the side of the turnpike gate, I met the first tipsy man I had seen in England. As I entered the town I passed a tavern, the door of which opening, let out a sound of revelry. Old Jack Falstaff’s words came into my memory. "If sack and sugar be a sin, God help the wicked!"

March 28th. — Washington Irving's bed-room was quite small, but the bed was comfortable and the sheets were clean. The curtains were of chintz, lined with blue. The windows were shaded with snowy white curtains, and the table cloth where stood the toilet glass, was unexceptionably pure.

The morning was very fine. When I descended the stairs, I saw a man standing near the doorway that my "prophetic soul" told me was the landlord; and on enquiry I found that my surmise was correct. He was a "gross, fat man," and could have played the part of Falstaff without stuffing. "A plague on sighing and grief, it blows a man up like a bladder."

I found the table spread for me in the little parlor, which room was only about fifteen feet square. The large cup and saucer, the crockery in general, the cloth and all, were clean according to the English fashion. There was a fire in the grate; and upon each side of the chimney, hung a bell-rope, adorned with large yellow tassels, so that a man and his wife could sit and enjoy the fire, pull the two bell-ropes, give contradictory orders, and be so comfortable. Upon the mantleshelf were two small white vases, and one or two lesser things to hold papers for lighting candles. Behind these stood a small mirror. In the window were some pots containing tropical plants, upon which the glorious sunlight was streaming. Some hair-bottomed chairs and a calico covered sofa added to the comfort of the room.

Beside the fire, the tea-kettle was placed; and the maid of the day before, pensive but plump, appeared and asked me what I would order for breakfast. Having brought me the eggs, tea and toast, the sedate damsel disappeared, to ruminate perhaps that, —

474 Falstaff is Prince Hall’s knight and one of Shakespeare’s most popular characters.
475 From Henry IV, Part I (II, iv).
"The course of true love never did run smooth."  

The breakfast was very satisfactory; and according to custom, the maid had brought in two small silver caddies containing different teas, so that I could strengthen my beverage if I repented of its weakness. She had also added some bread and butter, the bread not a whit better than ours. Wonderful, is it not, that the great Anglo Saxon race with all their ingenuity, skill and genius, and with all the good flour that they have at command, cannot make bread! The English are too proud to learn from the French; but we Yankees being of an enquiring turn, certainly ought to ask for information.

The "Red Horse Tavern" is not far from the "George and Dragon," and the "George and Dragon" is not far from the "Swan and Maidenhead," which latter tavern is now closed, probably from want of custom. The very next house to this last, is that in which Shakspeare was born. The house next beyond is a small and miserable grocery and fruit store, with a few apples and lemons exposed in the window, and upon the shelves a "beggarly account of empty boxes."  

I knocked at the door of Shakspeare's house, and was admitted by a respectable old lady, who is the sole occupant of this famous shanty, which has once been used as a butcher's shop. As I entered the door, I saw upon a sign swinging over my head, these words, — "The immortal Shakspeare was born in this house." The dame first took me to a spot where Lucien Bonaparte had written some lines upon the wall, which unfortunately had been whitewashed over, and so defaced. But the poetry had been copied and preserved in a frame, in which the author talked of "dropping a tear to make a crystal shrine," which struck me as being a truly French fancy. I was then shown to an old rough stone chimney which was in use in Shakspeare's time. We then ascended a rickety stairway into the room where Shakspeare was born. This room was about twenty feet square, and so low that I could touch the beams and floor above my head with my hand. Upon the white-washed sides of the room, tens of thousands of names were written. The old lady pointed out the names of three persons to me, who, evidently, in her opinion, were "great in mouths of wisest censure." These were Walter Scott, Schiller, and Harriet Beecher Stowe. She told me as I took out my pencil, to write my name small; and pointed to a place upon a post about two inches from the floor, where I added my name to those of the other pilgrims.

A long, low and narrow window, containing exceeding small panes of glass, admits light into the room. It is warmed by a large fire-place, which has doubtless been a good deal altered since Shakspeare's day. One or two small busts of Shakspeare were standing in the window, and beside them lay a plaster cast taken from the face of Garrick, the actor, which bore a remarkable resemblance to the face of Edwin Forrest.

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476 From *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Part of Lysander speech (I, i).
477 *Romeo and Juliet* (V, i). Romeo speaking.
479 Edwin Forrest (1806–1872) was a prominent nineteenth-century American Shakespearean actor.
I was invited to subscribe my name in a book of contributions for liquidating a mortgage on Shakspeare's house, which by the date I saw had been kept open several years. Being rather suspicious that all was not right, I changed the subject. Upon going downstairs, I wrote my name and residence in the visitors' book, and then departed from Shakspeare's house forever.

My next business was with the Parish Clerk, who has charge of the key of the church where Shakspeare is buried. I enquired my way to the house, and saw upon a sign over the door, "T. Kite, Parish Clerk." His wife came to the door, and from her I learned that the old bird was at the church. I passed through the green graveyard where were many mounds, not marked by stones. In the church I found the clerk with two young Englishmen, who had just entered. He took us to the railing before the altar, where lay a piece of matting, under which were the graves of Shakspeare and some of his family. The clerk withdrew the matting, and stepping up on the second plain stone slab, I turned my back to the altar, and looking down upon the grave of Shakspeare, read these words:

Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here;
Blest is the man who spares these stones,
But curst be he who moves my bones.

Under my feet lay perhaps a little dust, or perhaps a green and mouldering bone, which had once formed a part of the soul case of a man who has created an element which follows the Anglo Saxon race, like light, wherever they go; and which must eventually shed a glory on the remotest corners of the earth. The worthlessness of the mere body, never struck me more forcibly than now. Here was one gone to decay, and lost, yet the products of its soul were daily acquiring fresh vitality, as new men and new countries appeared upon, the earth.

"The cloud cap'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, nay even the great globe itself," must pass away as soon as Shakspeare's fame.

His wife, Anne Hathaway, lies by his side, and upon his other hand, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, her husband, and their child. Upon the wall, about six feet from the floor, is a monument to Shakspeare, placed there soon after his death. The bust adorning the monument has been supposed to be cut after a cast taken from his face after death. The bust is fuller and rounder than his face is made in any pictures that I have seen of him.

Within the railing of the altar, is the tomb of old John-a-Comb, the usurer, whose money bought him this post of honor. His effigy in stone lies on the tomb upon its back, and with clasped hands. Shakspeare's comical epitaph on the old usurer, is still extant. Some of the oaken seats in the church are one hundred years older than Shakspeare, and are still in excellent condition.

480 The Tempest (IV, i) Prospero’s speech.
I left the church slowly, and walked through the village to some fields which I was to cross in order to find the cottage where Shakspeare courted Anne Hathaway. While I was opening a gate, the two Englishmen joined me; and before we got fairly into the field, an old lady and her maid came up, who asked permission to go with us to a neighboring stile, as they were afraid of the cows. Over these fields, now becoming green and spring-like. Will Shakspeare had often hastened to the hamlet of Shottery, where lived his Anne Hathaway.

"Sweet Anne Hathaway,
She hath a way
To make folks say
Sweet Anne Hathaway!"  

The old thatched house of the Hathaway's is now occupied by several families. Mrs. Baker, who claims to be a regular descendant from the family, exhibited to us two or three rooms, with low ceilings above our heads, with beams exposed, all whitewashed and looking clean and tidy. The floors were of flat stones; the windows low and narrow with small panes of glass and there was a large, wide chimney which was said to be in existence in the days of the ancient Hathaway's. About the cottage is a pleasant rural district. Here Shakspeare used to come of an evening, and take Anne out for a walk. Perhaps they went through fields a mile or two, to the pure Avon, not discolored by the dirt of cities, but winding down among green and mossy banks through the clean country. The moon would rise, and the odor of flowers come floating to them on the lingering evening breeze, while afar off might be heard the "dying fall" of distant music. The recollection of such a night may have been the origin of a scene in the "Merchant of Venice," which I have always thought very beautiful.

*Lorenzo.* "The moon shines bright.—In such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
And sighed his soul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

*Jessica.* In such a night,
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.

*Lorenzo.* In such a night,
Stood Dido, with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea banks, and waved her love

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481 According to George Frederick Kunz this excerpt would come from a little poem by Charles Dibdin (1748-1814), the writer of about 1200 sea-songs. Kunz affirms that it appeared, in 1792, in Dibdin long-forgotten novel, *Hannah Hewit, or the Female Crusoe*, and it may have been composed on the occasion of the Stratford jubilee of 1769, in the organization of which Dibdin aided the great actor, David Garrick. In the "Poems of Places", New York, 1877, edited by Henry W. Longfellow, this poem is assigned to Shakespeare on the strength of a persistent popular error. George Frederick Kunz, *Shakespeare and Precious Stones* (Philadelphia and London: J.B. Lippincott Co., 1916), 42.
To come again to Carthage.

*Jessica.* In such a night,
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old AEson.

*Lorenzo.* In such a night.
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew;
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.

*Jessica.* In such a night,
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

*Lorenzo.* In such a night.
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew.
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night,
Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit Jessica. Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold.
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings.
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims.

Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But while this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it."  

Five miles from Stratford is the seat of Sir Thomas Lucy, whose deer
Shakspeare stole. The place is still in the possession of descendants of the old Squire.

Stratford is a quiet village. There are some tall chimneys in the outskirts of the
town, denoting manufactories; but they make no noise. The weather is now pleasant;
and the level country around is dreamy and hazy. The Avon does not run, but lides as
with bare feet over a velvet sward. There is a rural contemplative calm; a thoughtful
silence, as if Shakspeare were still present and reading his own heart in a low clear
voice to all mankind; while the elements, owning the great bond that links the
universal heart of man, had hushed themselves to listen. Yes, in this spot lived the wild
ungoverned boy, who in after life drew from the -store which God had placed within
him, handfuls of liquid pearls which he scattered over the earth in boundless
profusion, making for himself

"One of the few immortal names,
That were not born to die,"  

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482 From *The Merchant of Venice* (V, i)
483 These lines are taken from the poem “Marco Bozzaris”, by the American poet Fitz-Greene
Halleck (1790-1867).
I left Stratford with regret; and more than once in my tour through England, was inclined to return to it. In the afternoon I left Stratford-Upon-Avon by "coach" for Warwick. Besides the seats in the interior, there were also seats upon the top, before and behind. I got up on the rear elevation so that I could get a view of the country. The coachman was a respectable looking grey-haired old man, with a broad-brimmed hat and white cravat. In our country he would have passed as a deacon of a church.

Figure 35: The Birth place of Shakespeare.
Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864), American novelist and short story writer, was appointed American consul at Liverpool from 1853 to 1857. The articles collected in Our Old Home were first published in the Atlantic Monthly, which was then edited by Mr. James T. Fields. Hawthorne lived in England with his family from the spring of 1853 till June 1860, except for some months in 1858 and 1859, which were chiefly spent in Italy. Much of the material composing the sketches in this volume occurs in embryonic form in the English Note-Books, which were then still unpublished. Under July 29, 1856 in his English Notes-Books, Hawthorne mentions his visit, three days earlier, to the American writer Delia Bacon, best known for launching the idea that Francis Bacon was the real author of Shakespeare’s plays. In the chapter “Recollections of a Gifted Woman” in Our Old Home, he describes that visit. The "gifted woman," to whom reference is made, is Miss Bacon who fancied that Shakespeare’s tomb was made the repository of some mighty secret, and also that it was her life mission to discover it.

From Leamington to Stratford-on-Avon the distance is eight or nine miles, over a road that seemed to me most beautiful. Not that I can recall any memorable peculiarities; for the country, most of the way, is a succession of the gentlest swells and subsidences, affording wide and far glimpses of champaign scenery here and there, and sinking almost to a dead level as we draw near Stratford. Any landscape in New England, even the tamest, has a more striking outline, and, besides, would have its blue eyes open in those lakelets that we encounter almost from mile to mile at home, but of which the Old Country is utterly destitute; or it would smile in our faces through the medium of the wayside brooks that vanish under a low stone arch on one side of the road, and sparkle out again on the other. Neither of these pretty features is often to be found in an English scene. The charm of the latter consists in the rich verdure of the fields, in the stately wayside trees and carefully kept plantations of wood, and in the old and high cultivation that has humanized the very sods by mingling so much of man's toil and care among them. To an American there is a kind of sanctity even in an English turnip-field, when he thinks how long that small square of ground has been known and recognized as a possession, transmitted from father to

son, trodden often by memorable feet, and utterly redeemed from savagery by old acquaintance with civilized eyes. The wildest things in England are more than half tame. The trees, for instance, whether in hedge-row, park, or what they call forest, have nothing wild about them. They are never ragged; there is a certain decorous restraint in the freest outspread of their branches, though they spread wider than any self-nurturing tree; they are tall, vigorous, bulky, with a look of age-long life, and a promise of more years to come, all of which will bring them into closer kindred with the race of man. Somebody or other has known them from the sapling upward; and if they endure long enough, they grow to be traditionally observed and honored, and connected with the fortunes of old families, till, like Tennyson's Talking Oak, they babble with a thousand leafy tongues to ears that can understand them.

An American tree, however, if it could grow in fair competition with an English one of similar species, would probably be the more picturesque object of the two. The Warwickshire elm has not so beautiful a shape as those that overhang our village street; and as for the redoubtable English oak, there is a certain John Bullism in its figure, a compact rotundity of foliage, a lack of irregular and various outline, that make it look wonderfully like a gigantic cauliflower. Its leaf, too, is much smaller than that of most varieties of American oak; nor do I mean to doubt that the latter, with free leave to grow, reverent care and cultivation, and immunity from the axe, would live out its centuries as sturdily as its English brother, and prove far the nobler and more majestic specimen of a tree at the end of them. Still, however one's Yankee patriotism may struggle against the admission, it must be owned that the trees and other objects of an English landscape take hold of the observer by numberless minute tendrils, as it were, which, look as closely as we choose, we never find in an American scene. The parasitic growth is so luxuriant, that the trunk of the tree, so gray and dry in our climate, is better worth observing than the boughs and foliage; a verdant mossiness coats it all over; so that it looks almost as green as the leaves; and often, moreover, the stately stem is clustered about, high upward, with creeping and twining shrubs, the ivy, and sometimes the mistletoe, close-clinging friends, nurtured by the moisture and never too fervid sunshine, and supporting themselves by the old tree's abundant strength. We call it a parasitical vegetation; but, if the phrase imply any reproach, it is unkind to bestow it on this beautiful affection and relationship which exist in England between one order of plants and another: the strong tree being always ready to give support to the trailing shrub, lift it to the sun, and feed it out of its own heart, if it crave such food; and the shrub, on its part, repaying its foster-father with an ample luxuriance of beauty, and adding Corinthian grace to the tree's lofty strength. No bitter winter nips these tender little sympathies, no hot sun burns the life out of them; and therefore they outlast the longevity of the oak, and, if the woodman permitted, would bury it in a green grave, when all is over.

Should there be nothing else along the road to look at, an English hedge might well suffice to occupying the eyes, and, to a depth beyond what he would suppose, the heart of an American. We often set out hedges in our own soil, but might as well set out figs or pineapples and expect to gather fruit of them. Something grows, to be sure, which we choose to call a hedge; but it lacks the dense, luxuriant variety of vegetation that is accumulated into the English original, in which a botanist would find a thousand shrubs and gracious herbs that the hedge-maker never thought of planting there. Among them, growing wild, are many of the kindred blossoms of the very flowers which our pilgrim fathers brought from England, for the sake of their simple
beauty and homelike associations, and which we have ever since been cultivating in
gardens. There is not a softer trait to be found in the character of those stern men than
that they should have been sensible of these flower-roots clinging among the fibres of
their rugged hearts, and have felt the necessity of bringing them over sea and making
them hereditary in the new land, instead of trusting to what rarer beauty the
wilderness might have in store for them.

Or, if the roadside has no hedge, the ugliest stone fence (such as, in America,
would keep itself bare and unsympathizing till the end of time) is sure to be covered
with the small handiwork of Nature; that careful mother lets nothing go naked there,
and if she cannot provide clothing, gives at least embroidery. No sooner is the fence
built than she adopts and adorns it as a part of her original plan, treating the hard,
uncomely construction as if it had all along been a favorite idea of her own. A little
sprig of ivy may be seen creeping up the side of the low wall and clinging fast with its
many feet to the rough surface; a tuft of grass roots itself between two of the stones,
where a pinch or two of wayside dust has been moistened into nutritious soil for it; a
small bunch of fern grows in another crevice; a deep, soft, verdant moss spreads itself
along the top, and over all the available inequalities of the fence; and where nothing
else will grow, lichens stick tenaciously to the bare stones, and variegate the
monotonous gray with hues of yellow and red. Finally, a great deal of shrubbery
clusters along the base of the stone wall, and takes away the hardness of its outline;
and in due time, as the upshot of these apparently aimless or sportive touches, we
recognize that the beneficent Creator of all things, working through his hand-
maidens whom we call Nature, has designed to mingle a charm of divine gracefulness even
with so earthly an institution as a boundary fence. The clown who wrought at it little
dreamed what fellow-laborer he had.

The English should send us photographs of portions of the trunks of trees, the
tangled and various products of a hedge, and a square foot of an old wall. They can
hardly send anything else so characteristic. Their artists, especially of the later school,
sometimes toil to depict such subjects, but are apt to stiffen the lithe tendrils in the
process. The poets succeed better, with Tennyson at their head, and often produce
ravishing effects by dint of a tender minuteness of touch, to which the genius of the
soil and climate artfully impels them: for, as regards grandeur, there are loftier scenes
in many countries than the best that England can show; but, for the picturesqueness of
the smallest object that lies under its gentle gloom and sunshine, there is no scenery
like it anywhere.

In the foregoing paragraphs I have strayed away to a long distance from the
road to Stratford-on-Avon; for I remember no such stone fences as I have been
speaking of in Warwickshire, nor elsewhere in England, except among the Lakes, or
in Yorkshire, and the rough and hilly countries to the north of it. Hedges there were
along my road, however, and broad, level fields, rustic hamlets, and cottages of
ancient date, --from the roof of one of which the occupant was tearing away the
thatch, and showing what an accumulation of dust, dirt, mouldiness, roots of weeds,
families of mice, swallows'-nests, and hordes of insects had been deposited there
since that old straw was new. Estimating its antiquity from these tokens, Shakespeare
himself, in one of his morning rambles out of his native town, might have seen the
thatch laid on; at all events, the cottage-walls were old enough to have known him as
a guest. A few modern villas were also to be seen, and perhaps there were mansions
of old gentility, at no great distance, but hidden among trees; for it is a point of English pride that such houses seldom allow themselves to be visible from the highway. In short, I recollect nothing specially remarkable along the way, nor in the immediate approach to Stratford; and yet the picture of that June morning has a glory in my memory, owing chiefly, I believe, to the charm of the English summer-weather, the really good days of which are the most delightful that mortal man can ever hope to be favored with. Such a genial warmth! A little too warm, it might be, yet only to such a degree as to assure an American (a certainty to which he seldom attains till attempered to the customary austerity of an English summer-day) that he was quite warm enough. And after all, there was an unconquerable freshness in the atmosphere, which every little movement of a breeze shook over me like a dash of the ocean-spray. Such days need bring us no other happiness than their own light and temperature. No doubt, I could not have enjoyed it so exquisitely, except that there must be still latent in us, Western wanderers (even after an absence of two centuries and more), an adaptation to the English climate which makes us sensible of a motherly kindness in its scantiest sunshine, and overflows us with delight at its more lavish smiles.

The spire of Shakespeare's church – the Church of the Holy Trinity – begins to show itself among the trees at a little distance from Stratford. Next we see the shabby old dwellings, intermixed with mean-looking houses of modern date; and the streets being quite level, you are struck and surprised by nothing so much as the tameness of the general scene, as if Shakespeare's genius were vivid enough to have wrought pictorial splendors in the town where he was born. Here and there, however, a queer edifice meets your eye, endowed with the individuality that belongs only to the domestic architecture of times gone by; the house seems to have grown out of some odd quality in its inhabitant, as a seashell is moulded from within by the character of its inmate; and having been built in a strange fashion, generations ago, it has ever since been growing stranger and quainter, as old humorists are apt to do. Here, too (as so often impressed me in decayed English towns), there appeared to be a greater abundance of aged people wearing small clothes and leaning on sticks than you could assemble on our side of the water by sounding a trumpet and proclaiming a reward for the most venerable. I tried to account for this phenomenon by several theories: as, for example, that our new towns are unwholesome for age and kill it off unseasonably; or that our old men have a subtile sense of fitness, and die of their own accord rather than live in an unseemly contrast with youth and novelty: but the secret may be, after all, that hair-dyes, false teeth, modern arts of dress, and contrivances of a skin-deep youthfulness, have not crept into these antiquated English towns, and so people grow old without the weary necessity of seeming younger than they are.

After wandering through two or three streets, I found my way to Shakespeare's birthplace, which is almost a smaller and humbler house than any description can prepare the visitor to expect; so inevitably does an august inhabitant make his abode palatial to our imaginations, receiving his guests, indeed, in a castle in the air, until we unwisely insist on meeting him among the sordid lanes and alleys of lower earth. The portion of the edifice with which Shakespeare had anything to do is hardly large enough, in the basement, to contain the butcher's stall that one of his descendants kept, and that still remains there, windowless, with the cleaver-cuts in its hacked counter, which projects into the street under a little penthouse-roof, as if waiting for a new occupant.
The upper half of the door was open, and, on my rapping at it, a young person in black made her appearance and admitted me; she was not a menial, but remarkably genteel (an American characteristic) for an English girl, and was probably the daughter of the old gentlewoman who takes care of the house. This lower room has a pavement of gray slabs of stone, which may have been rudely squared when the house was new, but are now all cracked, broken, and disarranged in a most unaccountable way. One does not see how any ordinary usage, for whatever length of time, should have so smashed these heavy stones; it is as if an earthquake had burst up through the floor, which afterwards had been imperfectly trodden down again. The room is whitewashed and very clean, but woefully shabby and dingy, coarsely built, and such as the most poetical imagination would find it difficult to idealize. In the rear of this apartment is the kitchen, a still smaller room, of a similar rude aspect; it has a great, rough fireplace, with space for a large family under the blackened opening of the chimney, and an immense passageway for the smoke, through which Shakespeare may have seen the blue sky by day and the stars glimmering down at him by night. It is now a dreary spot where the long-extinguished embers used to be. A glowing fire, even if it covered only a quarter part of the hearth, might still do much towards making the old kitchen cheerful. But we get a depressing idea of the stifled, poor, sombre kind of life that could have been lived in such a dwelling, where this room seems to have been the gathering-place of the family, with no breadth or scope, no good retirement, but old and young huddling together cheek by jowl. What a hardy plant was Shakespeare's genius, how fatal its development; since it could not be blighted in such an atmosphere! It only brought human nature the closer to him, and put more unctuous earth about his roots.

Thence I was ushered up stairs to the room in which Shakespeare is supposed to have been born: though, if you peep too curiously into the matter, you may find the shadow of an ugly doubt on this, as well as most other points of his mysterious life. It is the chamber over the butcher's shop, and is lighted by one broad window containing a great many small, irregular panes of glass. The floor is made of planks, very rudely hewn, and fitting together with little neatness; the naked beams and rafters, at the sides of the room and overhead, bear the original marks of the builder's broad-axe, with no evidence of an attempt to smooth off the job. Again we have to reconcile ourselves to the smallness of the space enclosed by these illustrious walls,—a circumstance more difficult to accept, as regards places that we have heard, read, thought, and dreamed much about, than any other disenchanting particular of a mistaken ideal. A few paces—perhaps seven or eight—take us from end to end of it. So low it is, that I could easily touch the ceiling, and might have done so without a tiptoe-stretch, had it been a good deal higher; and this humility of the chamber has tempted a vast multitude of people to write their names overhead in pencil. Every inch of the side-walls, even into the obscurest nooks and corners, is covered with a similar record; all the window-panes, moreover, are scrawled with diamond signatures, among which is said to be that of Walter Scott; but so many persons have sought to immortalize themselves in close vicinity to his name, that I really could not trace him out. Methinks it is strange that people do not strive to forget their forlorn little identities, in such situations, instead of thrusting them forward into the dazzle of a great renown, where, if noticed, they cannot but be deemed impertinent.

This room, and the entire house, so far as I saw it, are whitewashed and exceedingly clean; nor is there the aged, musty smell with which old Chester first
made me acquainted, and which goes far to cure an American of his excessive predilection for antique residences. An old lady, who took charge of me up stairs, had the manners and aspect of a gentlewoman, and talked with somewhat formidable knowledge and appreciative intelligence about Shakespeare. Arranged on a table and in chairs were various prints, views of houses and scenes connected with Shakespeare's memory, together with editions of his works and local publications about his home and haunts, from the sale of which this respectable lady perhaps realizes a handsome profit. At any rate, I bought a good many of them, conceiving that it might be the civillest way of requiting her for her instructive conversation and the trouble she took in showing me the house. It cost me a pang (not a curmudgeonly, but a gentlemanly one) to offer a downright fee to the lady-like girl who had admitted me; but I swallowed my delicate scruples with some little difficulty, and she digested hers, so far as I could observe, with no difficulty at all. In fact, nobody need fear to hold out half a crown to any person with whom he has occasion to speak a word in England.

I should consider it unfair to quit Shakespeare's house without the frank acknowledgment that I was conscious of not the slightest emotion while viewing it, nor any quickening of the imagination. This has often happened to me in my visits to memorable places. Whatever pretty and apposite reflections I may have made upon the subject had either occurred to me before I ever saw Stratford, or have been elaborated since. It is pleasant, nevertheless, to think that I have seen the place; and I believe that I can form a more sensible and vivid idea of Shakespeare as a flesh-and-blood individual now that I have stood on the kitchen-hearth and in the birth-chamber; but I am not quite certain that this power of realization is altogether desirable in reference to a great poet. The Shakespeare whom I met there took various guises, but had not his laurel on. He was successively the roguish boy, –the youthful deer-stealer, –the comrade of players, –the too familiar friend of Davenant's mother, –the careful, thrifty, thriven man of property who came back from London to lend money on bond, and occupy the best house in Stratford, –the mellow, red-nosed, autumnal boon-companion of John a' Combe, –and finally (or else the Stratford gossips belied him), the victim of convivial habits, who met his death by tumbling into a ditch on his way home from a drinking-bout, and left his second-best bed to his poor wife.

I feel, as sensibly as the reader can, what horrible impiety it is to remember these things, be they true or false. In either case, they ought to vanish out of sight on the distant ocean-line of the past, leaving a pure, white memory, even as a sail, though perhaps darkened with many stains, looks snowy white on the far horizon. But I draw a moral from these unworthy reminiscences and this embodiment of the poet, as suggested by some of the grimy actualities of his life. It is for the high interests of the world not to insist upon finding out that its greatest men are, in a certain lower sense, very much the same kind of men as the rest of us, and often a little worse; because a common mind cannot properly digest such a discovery, nor ever know the true proportion of the great man's good and evil, nor how small a part of him it was that touched our muddy or dusty earth. Thence comes moral bewilderment, and even intellectual loss, in regard to what is best of him. When Shakespeare invoked a curse on the man who should stir his bones, he perhaps meant the larger share of it for him or them who should pry into his perishing earthliness, the defects or even the merits of the character that he wore in Stratford, when he had left mankind so much to
muse upon that was imperishable and divine. Heaven keep me from incurring any part of the anathema in requital for the irreverent sentences above written!

From Shakespeare's house, the next step, of course, is to visit his burial-place. The appearance of the church is most venerable and beautiful, standing amid a great green shadow of lime-trees, above which rises the spire, while the Gothic battlements and buttresses and vast arched windows are obscurely seen through the boughs. The Avon loiters past the churchyard, an exceedingly sluggish river, which might seem to have been considering which way it should flow ever since Shakespeare left off paddling in it and gathering the large forget-me-nots that grow among its flags and water-weeds.

An old man in small-clothes was waiting at the gate; and inquiring whether I wished to go in, he preceded me to the church-porch, and rapped. I could have done it quite as effectually for myself; but it seems the old people of the neighborhood haunt about the churchyard, in spite of the frowns and remonstrances of the sexton, who grudges them the half-eleemosynary sixpence which they sometimes get from visitors. I was admitted into the church by a respectable-looking and intelligent man in black, the parish-clerk, I suppose, and probably holding a richer incumbency than his vicar, if all the fees which he handles remain in his own pocket. He was already exhibiting the Shakespeare monuments to two or three visitors, and several other parties came in while I was there.

The poet and his family are in possession of what may be considered the very best burial-places that the church affords. They lie in a row, right across the breadth of the chancel, the foot of each gravestone being close to the elevated floor on which the altar stands. Nearest to the side-wall, beneath Shakespeare's bust, is a slab bearing a Latin inscription addressed to his wife, and covering her remains; then his own slab, with the old anathematizing stanza upon it; then that of Thomas Nash, who married his granddaughter; then that of Dr. Hall, the husband of his daughter Susannah; and, lastly, Susannah's own. Shakespeare's is the commonest-looking slab of all, being just such a flag-stone as Essex Street in Salem used to be paved with, when I was a boy. Moreover, unless my eyes or recollection deceive me, there is a crack across it, as if it had already undergone some such violence as the inscription deprecates. Unlike the other monuments of the family, it bears no name, nor am I acquainted with the grounds or authority on which it is absolutely determined to be Shakespeare's; although, being in a range with those of his wife and children, it might naturally be attributed to him. But, then, why does his wife, who died afterwards, take precedence of him and occupy the place next his bust? And where are the graves of another daughter and a son, who have a better right in the family row than Thomas Nash, his grandson-in-law? Might not one or both of them have been laid under the nameless stone? But it is dangerous trifling with Shakespeare's dust; so I forbear to meddle further with the grave (though the prohibition makes it tempting), and shall let whatever bones be in it rest in peace. Yet I must needs add that the inscription on the bust seems to imply that Shakespeare's grave was directly underneath it.

The poet's bust is affixed to the northern wall of the church, the base of it being about a man's height, or rather more, above the floor of the chancel. The features of this piece of sculpture are entirely unlike any portrait of Shakespeare that I have ever seen, and compel me to take down the beautiful, lofty-browed, and noble
picture of him which has hitherto hung in my mental portrait-gallery. The bust cannot be said to represent a beautiful face or an eminently noble head; but it clutches firmly hold of one's sense of reality and insists upon your accepting it, if not as Shakespeare the poet, yet as the wealthy burgher of Stratford, the friend of John a' Combe, who lies yonder in the corner. I know not what the phrenologists say to the bust. The forehead is but moderately developed, and retreats somewhat, the upper part of the skull rising pyramidally; the eyes are prominent almost beyond the penthouse of the brow; the upper lip is so long that it must have been almost a deformity, unless the sculptor artistically exaggerated its length, in consideration, that, on the pedestal, it must be foreshortened by being looked at from below. On the whole, Shakespeare must have had a singular rather than a prepossessing face; and it is wonderful how, with this bust before its eyes, the world has persisted in maintaining an erroneous notion of his appearance, allowing painters and sculptors to foist their idealized nonsense on us all, instead of the genuine man. For my part, the Shakespeare of my mind's eye is henceforth to be a personage of a ruddy English complexion, with a reasonably capacious brow, intelligent and quickly observant eyes, a nose curved slightly outward, a long, queer upper lip, with the mouth a little unclosed beneath it, and cheeks considerably developed in the lower part and beneath the chin. But when Shakespeare was himself (for nine tenths of the time, according to all appearances, he was but the burgher of Stratford), he doubtless shone through this dull mask and transfigured it into the face of an angel.

Fifteen or twenty feet behind the row of Shakespeare gravestones is the great east-window of the church, now brilliant with stained glass of recent manufacture. On one side of this window, under a sculptured arch of marble, lies a full-length marble figure of John a' Combe, clad in what I take to be a robe of municipal dignity, and holding its hands devoutly clasped. It is a sturdy English figure, with coarse features, a type of ordinary man whom we smile to see immortalized in the sculpturesque material of poets and heroes; but the prayerful attitude encourages us to believe that the old usurer may not, after all, have had that grim reception in the other world which Shakespeare's squib foreboded for him. By the by, till I grew somewhat familiar with Warwickshire pronunciation, I never understood that the point of those ill-natured lines was a pun. "Oho! quoth the Devil, "t is my John a' Combe!"--that is, "My John has come!"

Close to the poet's bust is a nameless, oblong, cubic tomb, supposed to be that of a clerical dignitary of the fourteenth century. The church has other mural monuments and altar-tombs, one or two of the latter upholding the recumbent figures of knights in armor and their dames, very eminent and worshipful personages in their day, no doubt, but doomed to appear forever intrusive and impertinent within the precincts which Shakespeare has made his own. His renown is tyrannous, and suffers nothing else to be recognized within the scope of its material presence, unless illuminated by some side-ray from himself. The clerk informed me that interments no longer take place in any part of the church. And it is better so; for methinks a person of delicate individuality, curious about his burial-place, and desirous of six feet of earth for himself alone, could never endure to lie buried near Shakespeare, but would rise up at midnight and grope his way out of the church-door, rather than sleep in the shadow of so stupendous a memory.
I should hardly have dared to add another to the innumerable descriptions of Stratford-on-Avon, if it had not seemed to me that this would form a fitting framework to some reminiscences of a very remarkable woman. Her labor, while she lived, was of a nature and purpose outwardly irreverent to the name of Shakespeare, yet, by its actual tendency, entitling her to the distinction of being that one of all his worshippers who sought, though she knew it not, to place the richest and stateliest diadem upon his brow. We Americans, at least, in the scanty annals of our literature, cannot afford to forget her high and conscientious exercise of noble faculties, which, indeed, if you look at the matter in one way, evolved only a miserable error, but, more fairly considered, produced a result worth almost what it cost her. Her faith in her own ideas was so genuine, that, erroneous as they were, it transmuted them to gold, or, at all events, interfused a large proportion of that precious and indestructible substance among the waste material from which it can readily be sifted.

The only time I ever saw Miss Bacon was in London, where she had lodgings in Spring Street, Sussex Gardens, at the house of a grocer, a portly, middle-aged, civil, and friendly man, who, as well as his wife, appeared to feel a personal kindness towards their lodger. I was ushered up two (and I rather believe three) pair of stairs into a parlor somewhat humbly furnished, and told that Miss Bacon would come soon. There were a number of books on the table, and, looking into them, I found that every one had some reference, more or less immediate, to her Shakespearian theory, – a volume of Raleigh's "History of the World," a volume of Montaigne, a volume of Lord Bacon's Letters, a volume of Shakespeare's Plays; and on another table lay a large roll of manuscript, which I presume to have been a portion of her work. To be sure, there was a pocket-Bible among the books, but everything else referred to the one despotic idea that had got possession of her mind; and as it had engrossed her whole soul as well as her intellect, I have no doubt that she had established subtile connections between it and the Bible likewise. As is apt to be the case with solitary students, Miss Bacon probably read late and rose late; for I took up Montaigne (it was Hazlitt's translation) and had been reading his journey to Italy a good while before she appeared.

I had expected (the more shame for me, having no other ground of such expectation than that she was a literary woman) to see a very homely, uncouth, elderly personage, and was quite agreeably disappointed by her aspect. She was rather uncommonly tall, and had a striking and expressive face, dark hair, dark eyes, which shone with an inward light as soon as she began to speak, and by and by a color came into her cheeks and made her look almost young. Not that she really was so; she must have been beyond middle age: and there was no unkindness in coming to that conclusion, because, making allowance for years and ill-health, I could suppose her to have been handsome and exceedingly attractive once. Though wholly estranged from society, there was little or no restraint or embarrassment in her manner: lonely people are generally glad to give utterance to their pent-up ideas, and often bubble over with them as freely as children with their new-found syllables. I cannot tell how it came about, but we immediately found ourselves taking a friendly and familiar tone together, and began to talk as if we had known one another a very long while. A little preliminary correspondence had indeed smoothed the way, and we had a definite topic in the contemplated publication of her book.
She was very communicative about her theory, and would have been much more so had I desired it; but, being conscious within myself of a sturdy unbelief, I deemed it fair and honest rather to repress than draw her out upon the subject. Unquestionably, she was a monomaniac; these overmastering ideas about the authorship of Shakespeare's Plays, and the deep political philosophy concealed beneath the surface of them, had completely thrown her off her balance; but at the same time they had wonderfully developed her intellect, and made her what she could not otherwise have become. It was a very singular phenomenon: a system of philosophy growing up in this woman's mind without her volition, —contrary, in fact, to the determined resistance of her volition, —and substituting itself in the place of everything that originally grew there. To have based such a system on fancy, and unconsciously elaborated it for herself, was almost as wonderful as really to have found it in the plays. But, in a certain sense, she did actually find it there. Shakespeare has surface beneath surface, to an immeasurable depth, adapted to the plummet-line of every reader; his works present many phases of truth, each with scope large enough to fill a contemplative mind. Whatever you seek in him you will surely discover, provided you seek truth. There is no exhausting the various interpretation of his symbols; and a thousand years hence a world of new readers will possess a whole library of new books, as we ourselves do, in these volumes old already. I had half a mind to suggest to Miss Bacon this explanation of her theory, but forbore, because (as I could readily perceive) she had as princely a spirit as Queen Elizabeth herself, and would at once have motioned me from the room.

I had heard, long ago, that she believed that the material evidences of her dogma as to the authorship, together with the key of the new philosophy, would be found buried in Shakespeare's grave. Recently, as I understood her, this notion had been somewhat modified, and was now accurately defined and fully developed in her mind, with a result of perfect certainty. In Lord Bacon's Letters, on which she laid her finger as she spoke, she had discovered the key and clew to the whole mystery. There were definite and minute instructions how to find a will and other documents relating to the conclave of Elizabethan philosophers, which were concealed (when and by whom she did not inform me) in a hollow space in the under surface of Shakespeare's gravestone. Thus the terrible prohibition to remove the stone was accounted for. The directions, she intimated, went completely and precisely to the point, obviating all difficulties in the way of coming at the treasure, and even, if I remember right, were so contrived as to ward off any troublesome consequences likely to ensue from the interference of the parish-officers. All that Miss Bacon now remained in England for —indeed, the object for which she had come hither, and which had kept her here for three years past— was to obtain possession of these material and unquestionable proofs of the authenticity of her theory.

She communicated all this strange matter in a low, quiet tone; while, on my part, I listened as quietly, and without any expression of dissent. Controversy against a faith so settled would have shut her up at once, and that, too, without in the least weakening her belief in the existence of those treasures of the tomb; and had it been possible to convince her of their intangible nature, I apprehend that there would have been nothing left for the poor enthusiast save to collapse and die. She frankly confessed that she could no longer bear the society of those who did not at least lend a certain sympathy to her views, if not fully share in them; and meeting little sympathy or none, she had now entirely secluded herself from the world. In all these years, she
had seen Mrs. Farrar a few times, but had long ago given her up; Carlyle once or
twice, but not of late, although he had received her kindly; Mr. Buchanan, while
Minister in England, had once called on her; and General Campbell, our Consul in
London, had met her two or three times on business. With these exceptions, which she
marked so scrupulously that it was perceptible what epochs they were in the
monotonous passage of her days, she had lived in the profoundest solitude. She never
walked out; she suffered much from ill-health; and yet, she assured me, she was
perfectly happy.

I could well conceive it; for Miss Bacon imagined herself to have received
(what is certainly the greatest boon ever assigned to mortals) a high mission in
the world, with adequate powers for its accomplishment; and lest even these should
prove insufficient, she had faith that special interpositions of Providence were
forwarding her human efforts. This idea was continually coming to the surface, during
our interview. She believed, for example, that she had been providentially led to her
lodging-house, and put in relations with the good-natured grocer and his family; and,
to say the truth, considering what a savage and stealthy tribe the London lodging-
house keepers usually are, the honest kindness of this man and his household
appeared to have been little less than miraculous. Evidently, too, she thought that
Providence had brought me forward--a man somewhat connected with literature--at
the critical juncture when she needed a negotiator with the booksellers; and, on my
part, though little accustomed to regard myself as a divine minister, and though I
might even have preferred that Providence should select some other instrument, I had
no scruple in undertaking to do what I could for her. Her book, as I could see by
turning it over, was a very remarkable one, and worthy of being offered to the public,
which, if wise enough to appreciate it, would be thankful for what was good in it and
merciful to its faults. It was founded on a prodigious error, but was built up from that
foundation with a good many prodigious truths. And, at all events, whether I could aid
her literary views or no, it would have been both rash and impertinent in me to
attempt drawing poor Miss Bacon out of her delusions, which were the condition on
which she lived in comfort and joy, and in the exercise of great intellectu
al power. So
I left her to dream as she pleased about the treasures of Shakespeare's tombstone, and
to form whatever designs might seem good to herself for obtaining possession of
them. I was sensible of a lady-like feeling of propriety in Miss Bacon, and a New
England orderliness in her character, and, in spite of her bewilderment, a sturdy
common-sense, which I trusted would begin to operate at the right time, and keep her
from any actual extravagance. And as regarded this matter of the tombstone, so it
proved.

The interview lasted above an hour, during which she flowed out freely, as to
the sole auditor, capable of any degree of intelligent sympathy, whom she had met
with in a very long while. Her conversation was remarkably suggestive, alluring forth
one's own ideas and fantasies from the shy places where they usually haunt. She was
indeed an admirable talker, considering how long she had held her tongue for lack of
a listener, –pleasant, sunny, and shadowy, often piquant, and giving glimpses of all a
woman's various and readily changeable moods and humors; and beneath them all
there ran a deep and powerful undercurrent of earnestness, which did not fail to
produce in the listener's mind something like a temporary faith in what she herself
believed so fervently. But the streets of London are not favorable to enthusiasms of
this kind, nor, in fact, are they likely to flourish anywhere in the English atmosphere;
so that, long before reaching Paternoster Row, I felt that it would be a difficult and

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doubtful matter to advocate the publication of Miss Bacon's book. Nevertheless, it did finally get published.

Months before that happened, however, Miss Bacon had taken up her residence at Stratford-on-Avon, drawn thither by the magnetism of those rich secrets which she supposed to have been hidden by Raleigh, or Bacon, or I know not whom, in Shakespeare's grave, and protected there by a curse, as pirates used to bury their gold in the guardianship of a fiend. She took a humble lodging and began to haunt the church like a ghost. But she did not condescend to any stratagem or underhand attempt to violate the grave, which, had she been capable of admitting such an idea, might possibly have been accomplished by the aid of a resurrection-man. As her first step, she made acquaintance with the clerk, and began to sound him as to the feasibility of her enterprise and his own willingness to engage in it. The clerk apparently listened with not unfavorable ears; but as his situation (which the fees of pilgrims, more numerous than at any Catholic shrine, render lucrative) would have been forfeited by any malfeasance in office, he stipulated for liberty to consult the vicar. Miss Bacon requested to tell her own story to the reverend gentleman, and seems to have been received by him with the utmost kindness, and even to have succeeded in making a certain impression on his mind as to the desirability of the search. As their interview had been under the seal of secrecy, he asked permission to consult a friend, who, as Miss Bacon either found out or surmised, was a practitioner of the law. What the legal friend advised she did not learn; but the negotiation continued, and certainly was never broken off by an absolute refusal on the vicar's part. He, perhaps, was kindly temporizing with our poor countrywoman, whom an Englishman of ordinary mould would have sent to a lunatic asylum at once. I cannot help fancying, however, that her familiarity with the events of Shakespeare's life, and of his death and burial (of which she would speak as if she had been present at the edge of the grave), and all the history, literature, and personalities of the Elizabethan age, together with the prevailing power of her own belief, and the eloquence with which she knew how to enforce it, had really gone some little way toward making a convert of the good clergyman. If so, I honor him above all the hierarchy of England.

The affair certainly looked very hopeful. However erroneously, Miss Bacon had understood from the vicar that no obstacles would be interposed to the investigation, and that he himself would sanction it with his presence. It was to take place after nightfall; and all preliminary arrangements being made, the vicar and clerk professed to wait only her word in order to set about lifting the awful stone from the sepulchre. So, at least, Miss Bacon believed; and as her bewilderment was entirely in her own thoughts, and never disturbed her perception or accurate remembrance of external things, I see no reason to doubt it, except it be the tinge of absurdity in the fact. But, in this apparently prosperous state of things, her own convictions began to falter. A doubt stole into her mind whether she might not have mistaken the depository and mode of concealment of those historic treasures; and, after once admitting the doubt, she was afraid to hazard the shock of uplifting the stone and finding nothing. She examined the surface of the gravestone, and endeavored, without stirring it, to estimate whether it were of such thickness as to be capable of containing the archives of the Elizabethan club. She went over anew the proofs, the clews, the enigmas, the pregnant sentences, which she had discovered in Bacon's Letters and elsewhere, and now was frightened to perceive that they did not point so definitely
to Shakespeare's tomb as she had heretofore supposed. There was an unmistakably
distinct reference to a tomb, but it might be Bacon's, or Raleigh's, or Spenser's; and
instead of the "Old Player," as she profanely called him, it might be either of those
three illustrious dead, poet, warrior, or statesman, whose ashes, in Westminster
Abbey, or the Tower burial-ground, or wherever they sleep, it was her mission to
disturb. It is very possible, moreover, that her acute mind may always have had a
lurking and deeply latent distrust of its own fantasies, and that this now became strong
enough to restrain her from a decisive step.

But she continued to hover around the church, and seems to have had full
freedom of entrance in the daytime, and special license, on one occasion at least, at a
late hour of the night. She went thither with a dark-lantern, which could but twinkle
like a glow-worm through the volume of obscurity that filled the great dusky edifice.
Groping her way up the aisle and towards the chancel, she sat down on the elevated
part of the pavement above Shakespeare's grave. If the divine poet really wrote the
inscription there, and cared as much about the quiet of his bones as its deprecatory
earnestness would imply, it was time for those crumbling relics to bestir themselves
under her sacrilegious feet. But they were safe. She made no attempt to disturb them;
though, I believe, she looked narrowly into the crevices between Shakespeare's and
the two adjacent stones, and in some way satisfied herself that his single strength
would suffice to lift the former, in case of need. She threw the feeble ray of her
lantern up towards the bust, but could not make it visible beneath the darkness of the
vaulted roof. Had she been subject to superstitious terrors, it is impossible to con ceive
of a situation that could better entitle her to feel them, for, if Shakespeare's ghost
would rise at any provocation, it must have shown itself then; but it is my sincere
belief, that, if his figure had appeared within the scope of her dark-lantern, in his
slashed doublet and gown, and with his eyes bent on her beneath the high, bald
forehead, just as we see him in the bust, she would have met him fearlessly, and
controverted his claims to the authorship of the plays, to his very face. She had taught
herself to contemn "Lord Leicester's groom" (it was one of her disdainful epithets for
the world's incomparable poet) so thoroughly, that even his disembodied spirit would
hardly have found civil treatment at Miss Bacon's hands.

Her vigil, though it appears to have had no definite object, continued far into
the night. Several times she heard a low movement in the aisles: a stealthy, dubious
footfall prowling about in the darkness, now here, now there, among the pillars and
ancient tombs, as if some restless inhabitant of the latter had crept forth to peep at the
intruder. By and by the clerk made his appearance, and confessed that he had been
watching her ever since she entered the church.

About this time it was that a strange sort of weariness seems to have fallen
upon her: her toil was all but done, her great purpose, as she believed, on the very
point of accomplishment, when she began to regret that so stupendous a mission had
been imposed on the fragility of a woman. Her faith in the new philosophy was as
mighty as ever, and so was her confidence in her own adequate development of it,
now about to be given to the world; yet she wished, or fancied so, that it might never
have been her duty to achieve this unparalleled task, and to stagger feebly forward
under her immense burden of responsibility and renown. So far as her personal
concern in the matter went, she would gladly have forfeited the reward of her patient
study and labor for so many years, her exile from her country and estrangement from
her family and friends, her sacrifice of health and all other interests to this one pursuit, if she could only find herself free to dwell in Stratford and be forgotten. She liked the old slumberous town, and awarded the only praise that ever I knew her to bestow on Shakespeare, the individual man, by acknowledging that his taste in a residence was good, and that he knew how to choose a suitable retirement for a person of shy, but genial temperament. And at this point, I cease to possess the means of tracing her vicissitudes of feeling any further. In consequence of some advice which I fancied it my duty to tender, as being the only confidant whom she now had in the world, I fell under Miss Bacon's most severe and passionate displeasure, and was cast off by her in the twinkling of an eye. It was a misfortune to which her friends were always particularly liable; but I think that none of them ever loved, or even respected, her most ingenuous and noble, but likewise most sensitive and tumultuous character, the less for it.

At that time her book was passing through the press. Without prejudice to her literary ability, it must be allowed that Miss Bacon was wholly unfit to prepare her own work for publication, because, among many other reasons, she was too thoroughly in earnest to know what to leave out. Every leaf and line was sacred, for all had been written under so deep a conviction of truth as to assume, in her eyes, the aspect of inspiration. A practised book-maker, with entire control of her materials, would have shaped out a duodecimo volume full of eloquent and ingenious dissertation, –criticisms which quite take the color and pungency out of other people's critical remarks on Shakespeare, –philosophic truths which she imagined herself to have found at the roots of his conceptions, and which certainly come from no inconsiderable depth somewhere. There was a great amount of rubbish, which any competent editor would have shovelled out of the way. But Miss Bacon thrust the whole bulk of inspiration and nonsense into the press in a lump, and there tumbled out a ponderous octave volume, which fell with a dead thump at the feet of the public, and has never been picked up. A few persons turned over one or two of the leaves, as it lay there, and essayed to kick the volume deeper into the mud; for they were the hack critics of the minor periodical press in London, than whom, I suppose, though excellent fellows in their way, there are no gentlemen in the world less sensible of any sanctity in a book, or less likely to recognize an author's heart in it, or more utterly careless about bruising, if they do recognize it. It is their trade. They could not do otherwise. I never thought of blaming them. It was not for such an Englishman as one of these to get beyond the idea that an assault was meditated on England's greatest poet. From the scholars and critics of her own country, indeed, Miss Bacon might have looked for a worthier appreciation, because many of the best of them have higher cultivation, and finer and deeper literary sensibilities than all but the very profoundest and brightest of Englishmen. But they are not a courageous body of men; they dare not think a truth that has an odor of absurdity, lest they should feel themselves bound to speak it out. If any American ever wrote a word in her behalf, Miss Bacon never knew it, nor did I. Our journalists at once republished some of the most brutal vituperations of the English press, thus pelting their poor countrywoman with stolen mud, without even waiting to know whether the ignominy was deserved. And they never have known it, to this day, nor ever will.

The next intelligence that I had of Miss Bacon was by a letter from the mayor of Stratford-on-Avon. He was a medical man, and wrote both in his official and professional character, telling me that an American lady, who had recently published
what the mayor called a "Shakespeare book," was afflicted with insanity. In a lucid interval she had referred to me, as a person who had some knowledge of her family and affairs. What she may have suffered before her intellect gave way, we had better not try to imagine. No author had ever hoped so confidently as she; none ever failed more utterly. A superstitious fancy might suggest that the anathema on Shakespeare's tombstone had fallen heavily on her head, in requital of even the unaccomplished purpose of disturbing the dust beneath, and that the "Old Player" had kept so quietly in his grave, on the night of her vigil, because he foresaw how soon and terribly he would be avenged. But if that benign spirit takes any care or cognizance of such things now, he has surely requited the injustice that she sought to do him—the high justice that she really did—by a tenderness of love and pity of which only he could he capable. What matters it though she called him by some other name? He had wrought a greater miracle on her than on all the world besides. This bewildered enthusiast had recognized a depth in the man whom she decried, which scholars, critics, and learned societies, devoted to the elucidation of his unrivalled scenes, had never imagined to exist there. She had paid him the loftiest honor that all these ages of renown have been able to accumulate upon his memory. And when, not many months after the outward failure of her lifelong object, she passed into the better world, I know not why we should hesitate to believe that the immortal poet may have met her on the threshold and led her in, reassuring her with friendly and comfortable words, and thanking her (yet with a smile of gentle humor in his eyes at the thought of certain mistaken speculations) for having interpreted him to mankind so well.

I believe that it has been the fate of this remarkable book never to have had more than a single reader. I myself am acquainted with it only in insulated chapters and scattered pages and paragraphs. But, since my return to America, a young man of genius and enthusiasm has assured me that he has positively read the book from beginning to end, and is completely a convert to its doctrines. It belongs to him, therefore, and not to me,—whom, in almost the last letter that I received from her, she declared unworthy to meddle with her work,—it belongs surely to this one individual, who has done her so much justice as to know what she wrote, to place Miss Bacon in her due position before the public and posterity.

This has been too sad a story. To lighten the recollection of it, I will think of my stroll homeward past Charlecote Park, where I beheld the most stately elms, singly, in clumps, and in groves, scattered all about in the sunniest, shadiest, sleepiest fashion; so that I could not but believe in lengthened, loitering, drowsy enjoyment which these trees must have in their existence. Diffused over slow-paced centuries, it need not be keen nor bubble into thrills and ecstasies, like the momentary delights of short-lived human beings. They were civilized trees, known to man, and befriended by him for ages past. There is an indescribable difference—as I believe I have heretofore endeavored to express—between the tamed, but by no means effete (on the contrary, the richer and more luxuriant), nature of England, and the rude, shaggy, barbarous nature which offers us its racier companionship in America. No less a change has been wrought among the wildest creatures that inhabit what the English call their forests. By and by, among those refined and venerable trees, I saw a large herd of deer, mostly reclining, but some standing in picturesque groups, while the stags threw their large antlers aloft, as if they had been taught to make themselves tributary to the scenic effect. Some were running fleetly about, vanishing from light into shadow and glancing forth again, with here and there a little fawn careering at its
mother's heels. These deer are almost in the same relation to the wild, natural state of
their kind that the trees of an English park hold to the rugged growth of an American
forest. They have held a certain intercourse with man for immemorial years; and,
most probably, the stag that Shakespeare killed was one of the progenitors of this very
herd, and may himself have been a partly civilized and humanized deer, though in a
less degree than these remote posterity. They are a little wilder than sheep, but they do
not sniff the air at the approach of human beings, nor evince much alarm at their
pretty close proximity; although if you continue to advance, they toss their heads and
take to their heels in a kind of mimic terror, or something akin to feminine
skittishness, with a dim remembrance or tradition, as it were, of their having come of
a wild stock. They have so long been fed and protected by man, that they must have
lost many of their native instincts, and, I suppose, could not live comfortably through
even an English winter without human help. One is sensible of a gentle scorn at them
for such dependency, but feels none the less kindly disposed towards the half-
domesticated race; and it may have been his observation of these tamer characteristics
in the Charlecote herd that suggested to Shakespeare the tender and pitiful description
of a wounded stag, in "As You Like It."

At a distance of some hundreds of yards from Charlecote Hall, and almost
hidden by the trees between it and the roadside, is an old brick archway and porter's
lodge. In connection with this entrance there appears to have been a wall and an
ancient moat, the latter of which is still visible, a shallow, grassy scoop along the base
of an embankment of the lawn. About fifty yards within the gateway stands the house,
forming three sides of a square, with three gables in a row on the front, and on each of
the two wings; and there are several towers and turrets at the angles, together with
projecting windows, antique balconies, and other quaint ornaments suitable to the
half-Gothic taste in which the edifice was built. Over the gateway is the Lucy coat of
arms, emblazoned in its proper colors. The mansion dates from the early days of
Elizabeth, and probably looked very much the same as now when Shakespeare was
brought before Sir Thomas Lucy for outrages among his deer. The impression is not
that of gray antiquity, but of stable and time-honored gentility, still as vital as ever.
It is a most delightful place. All about the house and domain there is a perfection of
comfort and domestic taste, an amplitude of convenience, which could have been
brought about only by the slow ingenuity and labor of many successive generations,
intent upon adding all possible improvement to the home where years gone by and
years to come give a sort of permanence to the intangible present. An American is
sometimes tempted to fancy that only by this long process can real homes be
produced. One man's lifetime is not enough for the accomplishment of such a work of
art and nature, almost the greatest merely temporary one that is confided to him; too
little, at any rate, --yet perhaps too long when he is discouraged by the idea that he
must make his house warm and delightful for a miscellaneous race of successors, of
whom the one thing certain is, that his own grand-children will not be among them.
Such repinings as are here suggested, however, come only from the fact, that, bred in
English habits of thought, as most of us are, we have not yet modified our instincts to
the necessities of our new forms of life. A lodging in a wigwam or under a tent has
really as many advantages, when we come to know them, as a home beneath the roof-
tree of Charlecote Hall. But, alas! our philosophers have not yet taught us what is
best, nor have our poets sung us what is beautifullest, in the kind of life that we must
lead; and therefore we still read the old English wisdom, and harp upon the ancient
strings. And thence it happens, that, when we look at a time-honored hall, it seems
more possible for men who inherit such a home, than for ourselves, to lead noble and graceful lives, quietly doing good and lovely things as their daily work, and achieving deeds of simple greatness when circumstances require them. I sometimes apprehend that our institutions may perish before we shall have discovered the most precious of the possibilities which they involve.
Rev. John Ellis Edwards (Guilford county, North Carolina, 1814-1891). In 1856, Dr. Edwards travelled in Europe. He was accompanied by Mr. Amandus N. Walker, of Richmond, Virginia, Mr. John P. Branch, of Petersburg, and Mr. Abram D. Warwick, of Lynchburg. He kept a diary and on his return to America he published a detailed account of this trip. In June 19th, 1856, he visits Warwick Castle and Stratford-on-Avon and writes a brief but poetic description of Trinity Church, noting that it is so dark inside he cannot read the epitaph on Shakespeare’s monument.

[...] We return beneath the shadows of the old towers, with their battlements, and by the ivy-mantled walls of the castle, and hasten to our carriage at the outer gate, where we mount and start again for Stratford on Avon. The distance is eight miles. Our course is southward over a beautiful road, and through a portion of country that presents the appearance of a succession of finely cultivated gardens. The sweet-scented hawthorn, with its white clusters of blossoms, forms hedges along every inch of the way. Old oaks and elms stand all along the roadside. Bean-fields and clover lots, with the growing wheat, and rye, and beans, greet the eye in every direction. It is a most delightful drive across the country. But here is Stratford. We stop at the Shakespeare hotel, and as the sun is low, and early in the morning we must leave for London, we will immediately go in search of the house in which the poet was born. It is a low, small dwelling, with a rock floor, occupied during the day by a family who admits visitors to the three principal apartments; asks you to record your name; receives whatever you are disposed to give; offers to sell you prints representing the dwelling — the room in which Shakespeare was born, and some of his favorite haunts.

Now let us hasten to Trinity Church at the other extremity of the town, and see the tombs of Shakespeare and his wife. They lie side by side in the extreme end of the church, with a bust of Shakespeare on a pedestal, above his tomb, and an epitaph, but it is too dark for us to read it. The sun has gone down, and the church is dark and silent. The great bard now sleeps in undisturbed repose beneath our feet, and his perishable remains have long since mouldered to dust; but the productions of his mighty mind live on in undecaying beauty and splendor, and will continue to brighten the page of his country's literature, when the hand of time shall have effaced the last letter of his epitaph, and the place of his interment shall be forgotten and unknown.

We return to the hotel; sleep soundly after a fatiguing day; rise in the morning early; pay an enormous bill; seek the railway-station; travel sixteen miles to Moreton in a coach drawn by horses; then get in the express-train, and run a hundred and thirty miles in a little over three hours. We stop at the Euston Square, and a few moments afterward are again at the hotel which we left but a little more than twenty four hours ago.
Charles Williams from Salem, Ohio toured England in 1861. In the Advertisement at the beginning of his book he writes that it is “especially directed to those whose hearts are warmed with an intense admiration for the truly GREAT in Literature” and, he adds, is intended “to show how much enjoyment may be extracted from a small amount of money, without the loss of self-respect, or the respect of our fellow men”. Like many before him, he finds the birthplace “a quaint old mansion” and records that sadly “Shakspeare's garden is now a vacant lot”.

"He touched his harp, and nations heard, entranced.
Where Fancy halted, weary in her flight
In other men, has fresh as morning rose
And soared untrodden heights, and seemed at home
Where angels bashful looked." — Pollok.

"And sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warbled his native wood notes wild." — Milton.

During the spring I took occasion to visit the little village of Stratford-on-Avon, the birth-place, home, and death-scene of the great and immortal Shakspeare. Perhaps it is little less than sacrilege, thus to intrude my diminutive nature into the arena where lived, and loved, and sung this greatest of the sons of men, whose fame irradiates yon antique church, shooting upward its pointed spire from' the resting place of his mortal body, with a lustre that far transcends the splendor of St- Peter's or St. Paul's.

The place of his birth is a quaint old mansion on Henley street, with gothic windows and a double door divided horizontally, standing immediately on the street without a yard in front; a heavy frame with the intervals filled with masonry. On ringing the bell, an elderly lady of very pleasant countenance answered my call, and I was ushered into the kitchen of that rustic old building; a small and rough apartment with plastered walls. A small room has been partitioned from one corner, but otherwise it is as nearly as possible the same as when the poet-boy held his youthful frolics in its plain enclosure. From this room we pass into another small apartment,

with a large old-fashioned fire-place. In each chimney corner stands a carved armchair; in the back of one is cut the date 1608, and they look like the very abode of social comfort and convivial freedom, in the good old times, when men were free to live and act and speak as nature prompted, and mutual respect dictated.

From this room we ascended a winding stairway to the upper story, and I was ushered into the self-same apartment where William Shakspeare first drew breath, on the 23d of April, 1564. This apartment, a rough square room, with plastered walls and ceiling completely covered with names, and which is not high enough for a tall man to stand erect, claims to be one of the chief localities of England. Here are several articles of ancient furniture, but they are wisely not even claimed to be identified with the time of Shakspeare, except an old-fashioned writing desk of oak, curiously carved, "which is known to have belonged to one of his friends" and hence the probability is that he has often seen and handled it.

We now passed out into a kind of attic, and through this into another bedroom, where is the famous portrait of the poet lately discovered, in the dress and color of his age. It was found some time since by an artist while searching among the old rubbish in a gentleman's mansion of Stratford. On clearing away the dirt the old picture came out in good preservation. It was completely restored, and is now considered the most perfect and reliable likeness of the poet extant. It is set in a heavy frame, said to be made from the fragments of his house at New Place, and enclosed in a massive iron sale, with heavy doors and double and intricate lock, making it damp-proof, fire-proof, and burglar-proof. Every night it is locked as carefully as if it contained the Ko-hi-noor. Close by the picture hangs a deed given to the poet for a house and lot in Stratford, and this, also, there can be no doubt, he has seen and handled.

At the back of the house is a garden laid out in very tasteful style; it contains no plant which is not mentioned in his works, and the catalogue is nearly full. A wall divides the garden from the street at the back, in which is a double iron gate, surmounted by Shakspeare's family crest — a falcon and spear.

Here, then, the Bard of Avon first drew breath; here his little feet pattered and danced in the fervor of childish joy; here his wonderful mind first opened to the enchanting beauties and sublimities of that world both of matter and mind, which he afterwards portrayed with such a master hand, and into whose mysterious depths he looked with a searching gaze not given to the ordinary man, and discovered new beauties and profound depths of intellectual wealth, which before had lain hid in the unsearchable mysteries of nature.

In another building a collection of Shakspeare relics are exhibited, directly or remotely connected with his personal history; a bust copied from the one in the church, which is known to have been in the family as early as 1623; around the head is a segment of a circle, inscribed with the words from Hamlet, "We shall not look upon his like again;" a chest once the property of Anne Hathaway; a small chair belonging to their only son Hamnet, twin brother to one of their daughters, and who died at twelve years of age; a piece of his mulberry tree, and other articles. They were formerly in the house where he was born, but the old lady in charge having received notice to leave, carried them with her. She maliciously whitewashed the walls, which were literally covered with names in pencil or scratched on the plaster, thus effacing the autographs of many men of great celebrity, but as a recompense also blotting out a countless host of Smiths, and Browns, and Joneses, and Simpletons, who had audaciously intruded their worthless autographs upon these honored walls, where the one great name whose lustre obscures all others, is inscribed in imperishable memory.
Shakspeare's garden is now a vacant lot. Here; on his return from London with a competence, for those early times, he built a mansion and spent the evening of his life; and this chosen home of a poet received the intensely prosaic name of New Place! He laid out his gardens, probably in the prevailing style of the period, and planted a mulberry tree with his own hand, which grew and flourished, and became a great tree, that the fairies and graces of poetry might lodge in the branches thereof, and for many years, after the world awoke to a consciousness of the powers of that great mind, this garden, this house, and this tree, were among the most cherished mementoes of this illustrious town.

About 1752 the property fell into the hands of an Episcopal clergyman named Gastrell. He had no capacity within his pigmy soul to cherish or admire that tree, illustrated by its great gardener; yet others, of finer minds and warmer natures, came in crowds to pay their homage at the shrine of Shakspeare's home. He did not occupy the house, but was assessed for the taxes upon it. From these annoyances he had but one means of escape. He ordered the tree cut down and the house torn away; when he thrust the tax money in his dirty pocket, and exulted in his freedom from the importunity of visiters, whose warm enthusiasm he could not comprehend. Why slept the vengeance of the sacred Nine? Why did no Apollo launch his shaft and lay the vile intruder low? His flock, enraged by the deed, expelled him from their midst. He left in disgrace; but this did not restore the honored tree, did not rebuild the venerated house.

The church of the Holy Trinity where he lies buried, is an antique building, dating from the fifteenth century. A square tower overtops the walls, from which shoots up a spire, tapering gradually to a point. A grove of shady trees surrounds the gray old building, and an avenue of graceful limes forms a fine arched walk, leading from the entrance' gate to the door. Just at this time when they are arraying themselves in their summer garb, while yet the freshness of early spring breathes from every bough, the shade is delightfully pleasant.

On either hand numerous gravestones checker the grassy sod, where fond affection has decked the graves of those whose memories to us are totally lost, or rather whose names never lived, save in the sacred casket of domestic affection and social fellowship. There is something humiliating in having a host of names thus obtruded upon the view, when the mind is absorbed in the reflection, that amid these scenes one of the world's great master-spirits lived and moved; and when the thought comes home to the mind, that we too are among the throng of undistinguished men, whose memory will be lost almost before the breath leaves the body, and no memorial more impressive than the monument which another shall erect, will remain to tell that ever we have lived. Happy they who erect their own monument, without the aid of the sculptor's art; and select for themselves a place in the world's renown, not trusting to the treacherous voice of Fame.

The old records of baptisms and deaths are here preserved, in which the sexton showed me the following:

1564. April 26.
Gulielmus filius Johannes Shakespere,
baptized on the 3rd day.

Then, turning over the forgotten records of many years, he showed me this:
died Aprill 23rd.
He also showed me the records of his parents' marriage — John Shakespere, and Mary Arden.

And Shakspeare passed away, unconscious of the mighty influence he had wrought upon the human mind; unconscious that he had climbed to the highest pinnacle it is given to mortal man to attain, and the world, too, heeded not how great a spirit was gone; and like Samson of old, knew not that its strength had departed, till it essayed to handle tragedy as before, when suddenly it was found that the master magician was gone, and his wand had lost its power that the world had passed the prime of poetic vigor, and was falling into decay. Then was the reverence of all men directed to the great departed; but, alas, not till his biography had become obscured by the mists of tradition, and the memories of his life confused and indistinct, when research was almost fruitless, and deep regrets entirely unavailing.

And the great Shakspeare lives alone, but lives forever, in his writings; these are his statue; these are the burning image of his mighty mind; these are the glory of England, the admiration of the world, and the affectionate eagerness with which the least memento of his life is sought, is but a spontaneous expression on the part of posterity, of the deep regrets which all must feel, that such a life, of which the world has known but one, should be permitted to close so nearly in obscurity.

And yet, Immortal Bard! thy song is deathless; why should we wish to pry into the secrets of that life which left such precious fruits? Thy name is enshrined forever in the tablets of a world's remembrance; why should we long to drag thy private life before the public gaze, which thou so modestly evaded? Every man feels prouder of his nature, when the vastness of thy powers attest the supreme sublimity to which the human mind is capable of expanding. Thy works are an inexhaustible fountain, from which a world may drink its fill of true poetic rapture, and, returning, find the fountain full, all fresh and sparkling as with untasted waters; emblemed only by those wondrous glaciers on the Alpine summits, above the tread of human feet, from which descend unceasing streams of water to the thirsty fields and groves, at which the little child may sip, and the thirsty man may quaff his fill — the mysterious, yet exhaustless fount of life and health and beauty, to a wondering world below.
Charles Francis Adams (1807-1886, Boston) U.S. diplomat. Adams, served as a Republican member of the U.S. House of Representatives from 1858 until 1861 when, as the Civil War erupted, Pres. Abraham Lincoln appointed him minister to the Court of St. James’s—a post held in previous decades by his father, John Quincy Adams, and grandfather John Adams. He was tasked with maintaining British neutrality during the U.S. Civil War (1861–65) and preventing the formation of Southern sympathies in the Court of St. James’s. Adams played an important role in promoting the arbitratio n of the important “Alabama” claims. The following excerpt comes from Adams CFA’s manuscript diaries, part of the Adams Family Papers at the Massachusetts Historical Society. In his account, Adams refers how an omnibus carried him and his party from the railway station to Holy Trinity Church. He finds the birthplace an “old and poor tenement enough” and feels that Shakespeare’s monument is “unworthy of him”. Like many others, what pleases him more is Stratford’s “perfect rural landscape.”

We have occasional showers, which do not however impede our expeditions, or detract from the fine weather. This morning we started in a couple of carriages to visit Kenilworth Castle, about six or seven miles off. Before doing so however we stopped at the Church of St Mary’s. The interior is good, but the object of interest is the Beauchamp chapel, the most complete of its kind that I have seen; for the monuments are all well preserved. That of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the founder, is complete, with his effigy in brass reposing on it. There is also a monument to Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, whose ancient residence we were on the way to see. All the religious edifices that we have seen are in process of thorough restoration, showing that the spirit is general. We drove on through a pretty, picturesque road, passed Guy’s Cliff, a dwelling seen from the street through a long avenue of old trees, and reached in the midst of a shower the ruins of Kenilworth. It took me some time to comprehend the structure, so as to be able in imagination it as it once was. I could then conceive of its extent and its ability to receive Elisabeth and her retinue. Centuries have rolled away, and nothing remains but stone heaps upon which ivy has clustered with stems as big as my body. The water which once carved its sides has been drawn off, and the wide court yard which gave it ornament is no longer

preserved. The entrance turns have been closed and turned into a dwelling. Yet over the whole hovers that indefinable charm of historic antiquity which throws romance into the commonest memorials of the past. Sir Walter Scott has contributed much to the popular admiration of this spot, as we could easily judge from the numbers we found visiting it, just like ourselves. We drove back through Leamington, a nice looking town which is suffering this year like other watering places, and reached our lodgings in time for luncheon. After which my portion of the party drove to the station and took a train to Stratford on Avon—about eight or ten miles. This is the birthplace of Shakespear, and it even now lives much upon his reputation. An omnibus carried us up to the Church where he is buried. It is a pretty, modest interior, having no great to boast of beyond the ashes of the great poet. The monument is unworthy of him. The church yard borders on the arm, and is redolent of quiet. A couple of smooth stones tell us that Shakespear’s wife and daughter lie there. Little did they probably imagine the reputation which awaited him, and the myriad of pilgrims who in later generations would seek to gather up the minutest traces of his career. From this place we went to the house in which he was born. An old and a poor tenement enough. But it was enough for him to make a foundation for the immortality of the reputation of the town. In comparison with this hovel what is Warwick castle, or Kenilworth, or Windsor or the tower of London? Great Britain could better dispense with the record of all her Kings than with that made by this insignificant rustic. Nobody lives in the house now, and it has been very carefully preserved, but a tax is levied upon all visitors for the privilege of seeing it. A large proportion of these are from America. I am inclined to the opinion that there is more hearty admiration of English Writers there than in the mother country. On our return to the Station we found ourselves with an hour to spare before the arrival of the next train returning, so we strolled along a little country road to view the neighborhood. The sky had become unusually clear for this climate, so that the slanting rays of the sun threw out the most vividly the beautiful verdure of the rural scene, and in the distance were sheep and cattle grazing in one field, whilst in the next the men were busily engaged gathering on wagons the abundant wheat harvest. I can imagine no more perfect rural landscape, and then my thoughts recurred to the state of my own country which has so long enjoyed just such blessings, and which is now in danger of forfeiting them because it has sinned in the refusal to acknowledge the right of men to the proceeds of their own labour. We at least got back to our lodgings to a late meal, and not a little fatigued—but I felt that I had enjoyed this day more than any since I have been on this side of the water.
Gilbert Haven (1821-1880) was a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1862 he took a trip to Europe to rest and to restore his health following the death of his wife. Haven travelled through England, France and Germany and kept various journals that later edited. In his writing he shows concern for the situation of the poorest and most disadvantaged population. The record of his visit shows that by now the literary tourist trail includes, beside the birthplace and the grave, New Place, the grammar school and a walk to Shottery for Anne Hathaway’s cottage. The vision of some peasant boys wearing clogs triggers his imagination and the travel narrative gives way to the *vie imaginaire*. Haven visualises in his mind’s eye “the boy Shakspeare in these clogs, the maddest and merriest of all his playfellows”.

CHARLECOTTE PARK.
The afternoon is well under way as I pass between the great ivy-clad towers that compose the gateway of the castle, and set my face Stratford-wards. The road plunges through a moist and mossy dell, and, a short distance from the town, divides into two broad and superbly shaded avenues that both lead seemingly toward Stratford. Inquiring of a passer-by, I find that the one to the left leads there, via the Charlecotte Park, the home of the Lucys and of Shakspeare's deer. That prize wins the day. An aged gardener returning home beguiled the road of its weariness. He was poor but intelligent, a native of Stratford, and thus to my fancy a neighbor of the poet's, —such as those with whom he when a boy had played; and, a man, associated. He spoke, as all the laboring men I talked with did, of the misery of their condition. "A fine country you have here," I said. "Yes," he replies, "but we are like prisoners; we can only look upon it; we cannot touch it." "Why don't you graze your cows on the roadside? The grass is rich and abundant." "It is all owned by these gentlemen, sir. They will not let us touch a foot of it to save us from starvation. They wish us in Botany Bay," sir." This was said in a tone of bitter pathos, like a groan wrenched from a brave, enduring soul by the strain of the torturing rack. Years of poverty, of toil, of hopelessness were pressed into that response. He led me into one of those charming footpaths which are


490 Located in Sydney, Australia, it was the site of James Cook’s first landing on the landmass of Australia. The British planned it as the site for a penal colony, and although the penal settlement was almost immediately shifted to Sydney Cove, for some time in Britain transportation to "Botany Bay" was a metonym for transportation to any of the Australian penal settlements.
found nowhere else in the world, and which only footmen can enjoy. It ran along the banks of the Avon shaded, flowery, grassy, quiet, exquisite. He introduced me to a lady, as he turned aside to his cottage, who guided my steps to near the entrance to the park. She had children in America, and was full of inquiries about them and their new homes.

I leave her lively company, our paths parting. Soon the gate to the manor appears. The house stands near the gate, — broad, turreted, yellowish, aged; not grand here, but would be so almost anywhere else. I pause to fancy the room where Shakspeare was tried, and have since regretted my lack of courage to solicit a closer inspection. The usual stillness of a lordly residence reigns around. No open windows, no children, no noise, no life appears. It is like a tomb in Greenwood, supposing but one mausoleum stood solitary in its spacious grounds. The house passed, a path strikes through the forest to Stratford. It is a park of a thousand acres, unchanged probably in trees or deer since the days of that youthful rambler. The deer graze in herds, graceful and calm. They look at you, and move leisurely away as you approach, not so much seemingly through fear as through the reserve that the self-styled better bloods, both of beasts and men, show to the common races. They were the kindred, probably descendants, of Shakspeare's victim. The deer, the trees, the manor-house, the family, are almost unchanged. Three hundred years here are less than thirty with us. Their woods and beasts have thus preeminence over our men.

Crossing the park, and striking the high road, a man riding overtook me. I asked the direction to Stratford, and he invited me to ride the mile or two which he was going. He was a middle-man in moderate circumstances, a bustling Yankee Briton. He knew the Lucys well; had had dealings with them. The present owner was hard, crusty, close, and haughty. He had had a quarrel with him, and refused to ever work for him again. Such a confirmation of their ancient fame from one entirely unconscious of that reputation seemed to me a very odd coincidence. Peculiarities of temper outlast those of genius. He pointed out an oak, straight and striking, that grew near Charlecotte Park, which he said was planted by Shakspeare; what authority there is for the legend I know not. It suffices to show how full the region is of his memory. The very spot where he entered and left the park on the expedition is popularly known.

His house was a mile this side of the town, so I again took to my feet and entered the village with the setting sun. A broad and pleasant road led to the most famous rivulet in England: famous too not for a word ever sung in its praise or known to be written on its banks; not for battles and national tide-turnings, but because the genius of the world was born and buried beside it.

STRATFORD.

Low hills lay along the southern horizon, tipped with the strange British glory of a shining setting sun. The river, some three or four rods wide, was crossed by an ancient bridge, and a chattering country village, with feeble pretensions to gentility and wealth, gives me a grateful welcome. The peasant citizens were lounging at the windows: the children, with the clattering wooden shoes and less noisy voices, filled the ear with rattling music. Dames and damsels of humble degree and apparel gossiped at the doors. It was the most cheerful sunset picture I had seen; not unlike, though superior, to that which comforted me at Cockermouth and Keswick and
Mauchline; so intimately are the great poets united, I could easily see the boy Shakspeare in these clogs, the maddest and merriest of all his playfellows; the youth in these sauntering juveniles; the graybeard in these dignified occupants of the ale-benches.

A broad street, as at Cockermouth, passes through the town, a mile or so in length. On this he was born, as was Wordsworth on that, though in a house of far less pretensions. It leads straight out to the fields, Shottery, and Anne Hathaway's home. From it, soon after crossing the bridge, one turns off at right angle into a shorter and more stylish street that follows the course of the river, on which stands his school and new home, built out of his London gains, and which ends with the church where he lies. These constitute the only real streets of the place. A few narrow lanes open out of them and complete the town.

Footsore and weary, I turn in at one of these welcoming doors, thinking — I must make the mortifying confession — much more of a mutton-chop and a soft bed than of Shakspeare and all the other mighty ones that have trod this or any soil. Undoubtedly, in this I had reached one level of perfect sympathy with the great masters. It is doubtful if their majestic natures crave food and rest more majestically than their pigmy kinsfolk — the rest of the world. Though some hair-splitting Hamlet might deny even this oneness, and assert that their superior genius is seen even in the motions of their lowest natures. They hunger not as other men. They are not thus weary and worn, and sick and sleepy. Caesar did not ask for drink, "as a sick girl," Cassius and Shakspeare to the contrary notwithstanding. Till some Uncle Toby shall sit in judgment on this problem, which, like all others, has its two sides, I shall persist in believing that my mutton-chop tasted as perfect to me as to the hungry Shakspeare, and that my bed was as sleep compelling. It is consoling to our pride to think that man is of a common root, and is one, not only in his dusty origin and end, but in the great mass of his daily acts and emotions. Some may shoot their peaks, like mighty mountains, above their fellows; yet, like the same heights, their summits are as nothing beside the broad bases which they hold in common with all the earth. For rare moments great souls rise into exalted uplifts of genius; the common hours they spend with common humanity. Thus I solace myself now. But then, I must again confess it, I thought only of a supper and a bed. These secured, Shakspeare and Stratford, Kenilworth and Warwick, British pride and poverty, were soon totally forgotten.

SHOTTERY.

The morning saw me up with the lark, perhaps before him, for he refused to salute me, though I anxiously solicited the favor. I pass down the silent street so noisy last evening, out beyond the Shakspeare house, which it was too early to visit, and soon entered the open fields; a walk ran through them older than the poet. A few ploughmen were "driving their team afield"; the honeysuckles and buttercups and pied daisies welcomed me with their fresh smiles and odors. The path ends in a style and a narrow country lane, dotted with a few thick-thatched, mortar-walled huts, dignified with the name of house and cottage, but which hardly claim so worthy titles. Elms droop over the road, and the air is possessed with the unspeakable charm of a dewy morning of spring. A turn now to the left and then to the right, and a cottage is seen with its end to the street, taller and larger than its fellows, standing in a garden on the side of a hill. A portly dame ushers me into a respectable hall, carries me upstairs, shows a bedstead that belonged to Mrs. Shakspeare, but does not show "the second-best bed with the furniture" with which her husband consoled her for his death. This may have been "the furniture." It is undoubtedly like unto that which she
thus received. The family were evidently superior to their neighbors, though their straitened means had compelled them to partition off and rent a portion of the place. The hall was covered with an orchard, and the air was heavy with blossoms. Jessamine climbed over the door, under which perhaps Will of the market-town had kissed the handsome lass of the hamlet in the happy moonlight, centuries ago. They were "misgraffed in respect to age," and so are adjudged by his biographers to have lived unhappily; though on what foundation it is hard to say,—the second-best bed being doubtless their own couch, and her own rights giving her, without regard to the will, a handsome fortune.

THE HOUSE.

Back I come through the little, poor, unseemly cluster, through the field of blossoming clover, and enter the broad Henly street into which the paths concentrate, and soon stand before a low-browed, plastered, black and white striped building, not older nor younger, not uglier nor comelier than many of its fellows. It is close upon the sidewalk; a sign once swung from under its shaggy eaves, and a butcher's stall yet thrusts out its thatched brow from a corner over a windowless aperture, now boarded up, through which John Shakspeare, or some subsequent possessor, passed meat and vegetables to the scolding Dame Quickleys and the genteel Mistress Fords that reigned here as well as at Windsor and London.

A bell rung brings a decayed gentlewoman from a snug modern house close by; the rude door swings open, and I am ushered into the birth-place and youth-place of "Nature's sweet marvel." What does the gorgeous flower care for the soil where it grew? All earths are alike. The dunghill can breed as wondrous beauties as the most sifted soils of the hot-house. This small, square, low room, with its floor of broken flags, can this be the spot where that keenest and quickest of souls scattered unconsciously the diamonds of its meditations and the lightnings of its merriment? And this kitchen behind, smaller than its small forerunner,—could he here have teased his mother for bread, been boxed on the ears for his contumacy, sulked or laughed in all the changeful moods of childhood?

Creep up that narrow stair that goes up from beside the kitchen-fireplace, and you emerge into a larger but a like low and paltry chamber, with its cheap walls, plank floors, a little window full of litter panes, with a ribbed ceiling like those in our ancient kitchens, but, unlike them, covered thick with the ambitious names of unknown admirers. Why don't they scribble the pages of his works, with like reduplications of their vain show? Such a record will give them greater hopes of immortality. There, at least, their name will stand forth as distinct and legible as their kakography can make it, and no palimpsest can obscure it with his tamer autograph. A good relief is this for the itch of notoriety which such spots inevitably sets on fire in the cuticle of the soul. We adapt Johnson's "Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat" to the place and hour, and foolishly fancy that who sees great places, lo! himself is great. But one autograph you never find in such place, that of him who makes it famous. Shakspeare never indulged in the youthful folly of scribbling on his mother's walls. If he had, a slap at him and a wet rag on the spot would have obliterated all such desires and traces of immortality. The house has nothing marked but its poverty and nakedness. Yet to the lad it was neither. It was his home, where he rejoiced in his mother's smile and feasted on her barley-bread. Modern writers seek to make his blood gentle, and even noble. His mother was Mary Arden, a descendant of him who ruled at Warwick Castle and gave his name to the forests between it and Kenilworth.
However refined her blood, the simple fare of a butcher or farmer must have been all she could grant her bright boy; and this was blessed with the benedictions of her loving heart and gracious ways. We leave this problematical cradle and hie to the more certain grave.

THE CHURCH AND ITS YARD

are down the street that skirts the river. New Place, his last residence, was built in this street, though but few, if any, vestiges of it exist. Near its site is a long monastic pile, not uncomely in age and architecture. Hither he crept along "unwillingly to school." Just beyond, in a garden of graves, rises the church, almost cathedral in its dignity. A path, arched with young trees, led through the yard to the door. Up its broad nave the verger walks, and halts at the foot of three or four steps that ascend to the chancel. These steps run across the church. Ascend them, and on the wide pavement at your feet you see a gray flat stone, six feet by two. On it are the well-known lines in the not so well-known spelling. Thus it reads: —

"Good frend for Iesvs sake forbear
To digg the dust encloased hears
Blest be ye man yt spares thes stones
And curst be he yt moves my bones"

There is no name nor date upon the slab. Not a few doubt that it covers his remains. And many is the curiosity that the curse whets and terrifies. Had he wished to have kept himself in perpetual remembrance he could have hit upon no happier expedient. Somebody may yet despise the imprecation and rifle the grave, perhaps to find proofs that Miss Bacon was right; that no Shakspeare is here, or that he was nothing, after all, but a successful manager, while Lord Bacon, or who you please, write his dramas. His bust is on the wall over against the grave. Between him and it lies his wife; beyond him, his children and grandchildren. The family stretches almost across the chancel, having the most honorable place in the church, and showing that they were, at least, people of consideration in the city of Stratford.

THE CHURCH-YARD.

On the gravestones without were many Shakspeareisms. As Burns and Wordsworth have the flavor of their soil in their poems, so has Shakspeare that of this in his. A collection of Stratfordisms has been made from his works, sufficient to prove to some the authenticity of his authorship. The cemetery bears tokens of his kinship to his neighbors. A quaint, original, humorous, profound character is stamped on many a headstone. I copied several, but, unfortunately, lost them in descending Vesuvius. I would advise any tourist to give this yard, especially its old stones, a thorough research. He will find much to repay him. A friend found there this most happy quotation from one of his sonnets, over the grave of a youth. It would have hardly been thought of out of Stratford: —

"The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die."

The grass covered these long homes with velvet verdure. Trees were sprinkled protectingly among them, true Philemons and Bauces, happy symbols of the eternal life of the sleepers. The graceful church lifts its many fingered spires above, like loving hands outspread in supplication for the worshippers that throng below. The drowsy Avon, fringed with flowers and drooping-willows, steals along just behind the church. Did not the great soul, in some vacation visit, when London popularity and
praise had become stale, and age stole on apace, wander in this yard and muse out "Hamlet?" Here were the clownish diggers, there the uptossed skulls of wits and scholars "knocked about the mazzard with a sexton's spade." Did he not say often to himself, "Here's a fine revolution if we had the trick to see it"? Did he not conceive here that rare jibe at some pestilent conveyance, with whom in his investments he had his conflicts? — "This fellow might be in 's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? " And then, looking out on the sleeping brook, he sees Ophelia with her familiar wild-flowers, hanging among the willows, and his imagination falls into marching order:

"There is a willow grows aslant a brook,  
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;  
There, with fantastic garlands did she come  
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples  
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name.  
But our cold maids do dead mens' fingers call them.  
There, on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds  
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke;  
When down the weedy trophies and herself  
Fell in the weeping brook."

Truly here is the centre of Shakspeare's life, where is that of all sincere souls, — in the grave. Not in his cabined infancy, nor breezy youth, nor busy manhood, nor wealthy age, nor slumbering gentility do we see the topmost height of the Colossus: but here, where the last of earth is lovingly encompassed by the first of heaven; where nature folds the dread conclusion of life in the tenderest of sympathizing arms, and the bewildered soul, tossed with more perplexities than Hamlet can utter, looks up to the oft-weeping heavens and feels that they offer it divine consolation; while the solemn temple reveals the highest heavens whence alone comes, through Christ, perfect and perpetual light and peace.

Long should I have loved to linger in this serene and blessed spot, and in the serener and more blessed moods that it inspires, —

" In which the affections gently lead us on  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul."

But such are not the privileges of a traveller; a hungry heart, hungrier time, and hungriest purse ever hurry him away from the very spots he has the most longed to see, and where he would most prefer to dwell. The locomotive is sending forth its warning yells; I reluctantly leave the meadowy home appointed for all the Stratford living, give a last, fond look at its streets and spire and low embracing hills, and turn my face and heart to Oxford.

491 Hamlet (IV, vii).
Elizabeth A. Forbes visits England during the summer of 1863. Two years later, Forbes writes in the preface of her volume that, she publishes her sketches for the public eye as “the shortest and easiest mode of recording one’s personal impressions in a private journal”. On August 22nd, she visits Stratford-on-Avon, a name that fills her with awe. She regards the signatures on the walls of the birthroom as “petty vandalism” and notes that the bust, which used to be covered with white paint has now been restored to its original condition.

[...] We turned from Warwick with reluctant steps, and went on through the same pretty country roads, to Stratford-on-Avon; a name which one never utters without a mental act of reverence. Here in a low cottage, whose stone floor and bare rafters are in striking contrast with the tesselated pavement and magnificent arches which elsewhere enircle his monument, is the chamber in which the immortal Shakspeare first saw the light. The cottage is bare of all furniture, except a table and chairs for the accommodation of visitors. It contains a very fine portrait of the poet, by an unknown artist, and two or three busts. Even the genius loci of Shakspeare’s room has not sufficed to restrain the petty vandalism which, in striving to become famous, succeeds only in rendering itself infamous. The walls and low ceiling are black with the meanness of names as if the name of royalty itself would not pass unnoticed in that august presence.

From the cottage, we proceeded to the Church of the Holy Trinity, where lie the remains of the poet and his wife, with the quaint and most unworthy epitaph of his own selection. Over against the stone which covers his vault, is a tablet, with a portrait bust of colored marble, and a Latin inscription. The bust was covered with paint for many years, and has been cleaned and restored in the present century. It represents him in a crimson doublet and a ruff, with a pen between his fingers, and a book in his hand.

The church itself is very ancient, and has much architectural merit, containing also some curious ancient tombs and effigies. The broken font in which Shakspeare is supposed to have been baptized is still preserved.

We crossed the pretty Avon, upon whose border rises the quiet church, the casket which guards more sacred dust than any urn "between the withered hands" of

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Rome; and took carriage at last for London, scarcely daring to look at the enticing towers of Oxford, which must wait a more convenient season. Blenheim and Woodstock are in the same category. Our charming English tour is ended; and henceforth our English interest must circle about London and its environs. Coming up to London! […]
Elihu Burritt (1810–1879) was an American diplomat, philanthropist and social activist. He first visited England in 1846 with the intention of making a pedestrian tour “in order to become more thoroughly acquainted with the country and people”. He made about one hundred miles on foot, but some affairs made him abandon the tour. On returning to England at the beginning of 1863, he made lengthy tours in Great Britain and memorialized these in several publications. In 1864 Abraham Lincoln appointed Burritt as United States consul in Birmingham. From 1865 to 1870 he served as U.S. consular agent for Birmingham. We reproduce here several excerpts from the volume *Walks from London to John O’Groats*. In the first one Burritt ironically highlights the importance of the English country landlady.

[...] It is not a color; it is a quality. You see it breathe and move in her like a nature, not as an art. Let no American traveller fancy he has seen England if he has not seen the Landlady of the village inn. If he has to miss one, he had better give up his visit to the Crystal Palace, Stratford-upon-Avon, Abhottsford, or even the House of Lords, or Windsor itself. Neither is so perfectly and exclusively English as the mistress of "The Brindled Cow," in one of the rural counties of the kingdom. [...] 

**CHAPTER VII.**

In this second text, Burritt describes the importance of the English language and the pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon.

[...] The earth becomes more and more thickly dotted with these permanent disks of light, and each is visited by pilgrims, who go and stand with reverence and admiration within the cheering circle. Shakespeare's thought-life threw out a brilliant illumination, of wide circumference, at Stratford-upon-Avon, and no locality in England bears a biograph more venerated than the birth-place of the great poet. His thought-life was a sun that never will set as long as this above us shines. It is rising every year to new generations that never saw its rays before. When he laid down his

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pen, at the end of his last drama, the whole English-speaking race in both hemispheres did not number twice the present population of London. Now, seventy-five millions, peopling mighty continents, speak the tongue he raised to be the grandest of all earth's speeches; and those who people the antipodes claim to offer the best homage to his genius. Thus it will go on to the end of time. As the language he clothed with such power and might shall spread itself over the earth, and be spoken, too, by races born to another tongue, his life-rays will permeate the minds of countless myriads, and the more widely they diverge and the farther they reach, the brighter and warmer will be the glow and the flow of that disk of light that embosoms and illumines his birthplace in England. [...]  

CHAPTER XIV.  

In the following excerpts Burritt mentions the sites mostly visited by American travellers.  

[...] It was a pleasure quite equal to my anticipation to visit Chatsworth for the first time, after a sojourn in England, off and on, for sixteen years. It is the lion number three, according to the American ranking of the historical edifices and localities of England. Stratford-upon-Avon, Westminster Abbey and Chatsworth are the three representative celebrities which our travellers think they must visit, if they would see the life of England's ages from the best stand-points. And this is the order in which they rank them. [...]  

CHAPTER XVI.  

Here Burritt observes the signature of men from opposite parties that were at that time taking part in the American Civil War.  

[...] On signing my name in the register, I was affected at a coincidence which conveyed a tribute of respect to the memory of the great author of striking significance, while it recorded the painful catastrophe which has broken over upon the American Republic. It was a sad sight to me to see the profane and suicidal antagonisms which have rent it in twain brought to the shrine of this great memory and graven upon its sacred tablet as it were with the murdering dagger's point. New and bad initials! The father and patriot Washington would have wept tears of blood to have read them here, — to have read them anywhere, bearing such deplorable

meaning. They were U. S. A. and C. S. A., as it were chasing each other up and down the pages of the visitors' register. Sad, sad was the sight — sadder, in a certain sense, than the smoke-wreaths of the Tuscarora and Alabama ploughing the broad ocean with their keels. U. S. A. and C. S. A.!

What initials for Americans to write, with the precious memories of a common history and a common weal still held to their hearts — to write here or anywhere! What a riving and a ruin do those letters record! Still they brought in their severed hands a common homage-gift to the memory of the Writer of Abbotsford. If they represented the dissolution of a great political fabric, in which they once gloried with equal pride, they meant union here — a oneness indissoluble in admiration for a great genius whose memory can no more be localised to a nation than the interest of his works.

American names, both of the North and South, may be found on almost every page of the register. I wrote mine next to that of a gentleman from Worcester, Mass., my old place of residence, who only left an hour before my arrival. Abbotsford and Stratford-upon-Avon are points to "which our countrymen converge in their travels in this country; and you will find more of their signatures in the registry of these two haloed homesteads of genius than anywhere else in Europe. […]"
Moncure Daniel Conway (1832–1907) was an American clergyman, author, and vigorous abolitionist. Conway acted as the American agent for Robert Browning and the London literary agent for Walt Whitman, Mark Twain, Louisa May Alcott, and Elizabeth Cady Stanton. He visited Stratford in several occasions, as in the 1870s accompanied by Mark Twain and his wife Mrs. Clemens—who was “an ardent Shakesperian.” In this visit, Conway is a guest at Mr. Flower’s house during the celebrations of the 1864 Tercentenary and he describes Stratford at this time as “an enchanted land” beset by pilgrims arriving from all over Europe.

For one week in the April of 1864 I moved in an enchanted land. It was at Stratford-on-Avon, during the celebration of the tercentenary of Shakespeare. That poet, with all his miracles, hardly imagined more beautiful masques than those amid which we moved during those fair days. A grand pavilion for theatrical performances had been raised, vast tents for concerts, and a gallery containing all the great Shakespearian subjects ever painted, with the thirty famous portraits of the poet,—all these were open for the throng of pilgrims from every part of Europe who day by day, nay hour by hour, were charmed away from the hard contemporary world as Ferdinand and Miranda by the pageants of Prospero. Now we were listening to the songs of Shakespeare set to music of the early English composers, then to Mendelssohn’s “Sommernachtstraum;” one night we laughed at Buckstone's Andrew Aguecheek, on another saw beautiful Stella Colas shine on Juliet's balcony like a star, and every night some exquisite play. The grand old Mayor Flower at "The Hill," his son Charles at "Avon-bank" near the church, and his son Edgar in the village, kept open house; there were daily banquets; pretty barges, laden with pretty ladies, floated along with the swans on the Avon; excursions were made to Ann Hathaway's cottage and to Charlecote Hall, scene of the legendary deerstalking incident. There was a grand dinner, with a Shakespeare text for every dish, and wine and toast; there were five discourses about Shakespeare in the old church by Bishops Trench and Wordsworth; and finally there was as magnificent a fancy dress ball as was ever known,—every one being in a Shakespearian character. The gentry from all Warwickshire and from other counties, and many from London, France, Germany, were present, and the dance went on till dawn.

498 In June 25, 1873, Twain writes a letter to Mrs Conway accepting an invitation for a visit to a fictional city, invitation that in fact hides a plan to take his wife on a trip to Stratford, a town she was willing to visit. Lin Salamo and Harriet E. Smith (eds.), *Mark Twain's Letters, volume 5: 1872-1873* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1997), 387.
During all this festival I sat in the ancient Red Lion Inn for a large part of each night, — save when on duty as Malvolio at the ball, — surrounded by the relics of Washington Irving, writing my description of the wondrous affair for "Harper's Monthly." A daily letter was due to the "Morning Star" in London, one or two to the "Commonwealth" in Boston, but I found writing a joy, and grudged every moment that sleep claimed from my real dreamland. I made during the fête the acquaintance of Howard Staunton, the acute editor of Shakespeare, and almost the only unbiased critical investigator into the personal life of the poet. Staunton was then about fifty, with a ruddy English colour and clear-cut features. His step was elastic, his movement quick, and, being myself a good walker, we enjoyed rambles together. I told him how much I had valued his standard work on Chess, but he had long given up the game. "It not only took up too much time," he said, "but I found that it demoralized players. Men have hated me and said mean things about me merely because I beat them at chess." Staunton had long before reached the conclusion I had just come to that Shakespeare's widow had married Richard James, but I warned him that if he touched the romantic sentiment investing Ann Hathaway he might suffer as much as if he had beaten the accepted writers at chess. We examined the register of burials in the church, and felt certain that the carefully bracketed names were those of one and the same person.

Aug.8

Mrs. Shakespeare
Ann, uxor Ricardi James

The register, it is said, is not the original one, but this only makes it more certain that the copy is exact, for at a later time no one would have ventured to bracket the wife of Shakespeare with another Ann; and certainly no clergyman or clerk would have omitted to add "uxor Gulielmi Shakespeare" to his widow's name, while being so particular about the wife of one Richard James. Staunton had made a search in the old town records after the James family, and found that it was a well-known name but belonged to people of much lower position than the Shakespeares. He had found one item which suggested to him that the Richard James whom Shakespeare's widow married was a Stratford shoemaker and a pious ranter. Staunton invited me to visit him at his house in London, where he would show me the notes he had made on the matter; but I was prevented from doing this, and he died not long after. But knowing well the exactness of Staunton, I have adhered to his theory, — of which, indeed, I find some confirmation in Shakespeare's dislike of Puritanism, and still more in the epitaph of his daughter, Mrs. Hall. No such words would have been inscribed on her grave had she not been among pharisaic people.

Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to salvation was good Mistris Hall;
Something of Shakespeare was in that, but this
Wholly of Him with whom she's now in bliss.

My return from the fairyland beside the Avon was into a cloud.
James Newson Matthews (1828-1888) follows the by now well-established practice of American travellers that after taking a tour in Europe put pen to paper and share his impressions in a volume, revealingly entitled in this case *My Holliday; How I Spent It*. In the preface to his book, writes that he had published “a great portion” of the information contained in it to the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*. He leaves New York on the 26th of May in the *Bremen* that carries two hundred and thirty-three passengers. In Stratford, he dines at the Red Horse and sees the cult of Washington Irving is still alive.

From Warwick we made a pilgrimage to Stratford-on-Avon, driving about eight miles, most of the way in sight of the willow-margined river. I know not whether these trees were planted by nature or by the hand of man, but the effect is very striking. For miles beautiful weeping willows border the stream on either side, suggesting the thought that the Avon is in perpetual mourning for the loss of her immortal Bard. You will anticipate that we stopped first at the birth-place of Shakspeare, but will not need a description of the singular-looking old house, having it, I doubt not, familiar to your mind's eye. Over the window is a board, like a little sign, bearing this inscription: "THE IMMORTAL SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN IN THIS HOUSE." Much of the exterior has been restored, but the inner rooms, especially the two chambers (in one of which the poet was born), remain as they were originally. The walls are completely covered by the names of visitors — crossed and recrossed like a woman's letter — not an inch of bare space within reach. A register is now kept wherein pilgrims can inscribe their names. I found the signatures of many Americans — nearly a third of all the names I should think — in the latter pages. One gentleman, only the day previous, had registered himself as a citizen of Norfolk, Virginia, and added the initials C. S. A., in the largest Roman characters. He was a Reverend, also, but evidently did not acquiesce in the "logic of events," and was no believer in the doctrine that "whatever is is right." A short distance from the house wherein Shakspeare was born, stands the church wherein he was buried. It is a noteworthy old building, apart from its association with the poet's memory, some portions of it dating from the eleventh century. There are many interesting monuments and tombs in the interior besides the celebrated bust of Shakspeare, which is still regarded, you know, as his most trust-worthy likeness. I carefully stepped over the stone beneath which his ashes repose. It bears this inscription:

499James Matthews, *My Holiday; How I Spent it; Being some Rough Notes of a Trip to Europe and Back, in the Summer of 1866* (New York: Hurd & Houghton), 210-213.
"good friend, for jesvs sake forbearb,
to dig the dvst encloasbd hears;
bleste be ye man yt. spares thes stones,
and cvrst be he yt. moves my bones."

These lines are said to have been written by Shakspeare himself. Do you believe it? They sound to me more like the work of the stone-cutter. The most practical and matter-of-fact of men must be moved to eloquent thoughts, I believe, when they reverently stand in presence of the mighty shade of Shakspeare — for at his grave one may be said to feel his presence, so impressive are the associations which crowd upon the spectator. If I give no utterance to my own reflections let it be placed to my credit that I refrained under strong temptation, because the sober second thought told me that silence would be more becoming in so humble an admirer of him who "was not for a day, but for all time."

Stratford-on-Avon is one of England's oldest towns, so old that its precise age cannot be given. As far back as the middle of the eighth century it had a monastery. How many years have passed since the place had grown to its present size! Many of the buildings are exceedingly old, and some of them are remarkable specimens of the domestic architecture of olden times. We took dinner at the "Red Horse," a cozy little inn which appeals to our countrymen for patronage, being "known to Americans as Washington Irving's Hotel," according to the landlord's card. We were served in the room which bears the gentle writer's name, and this present writer sat for the space of an hour in an arm chair before he saw, by an inscription on a brass plate in the top ledge, that it was "Washington Irving's chair."

Don't be shocked when he tells you that he did not experience any unusual sensation while seated therein. On our return from Stratford we passed through Charlecote (pronounced Chawcut by the natives), a place noted for its associations with an incident in Shakspeare's life. You know the old story: how the youthful genius was caught killing a deer in Charlecote Park, and was brought before Sir Thomas Lucy, an ancestor of the present proprietor, and severely punished. I have always supposed this to be an apocryphal story, but the villagers stick to it, and still show a hill where the young scapegrace was caught by the keepers. The park is the seat of S. Lucy, Esquire. It is very extensive, finely wooded, and is plentifully stocked with deer. The mansion is spacious and handsome. It was erected in Elizabeth's time, by the prosecutor of young Shakspeare.
Elihu Burritt (1810–1879) was an American diplomat, philanthropist and social activist. He first visited England in 1846. He returned to England at the beginning of 1863, where he made lengthy tours that he memorialized in several publications. In 1864 Abraham Lincoln appointed Burritt United States consul in Birmingham. From 1865 to 1870 he served as U.S. consular agent for Birmingham. As part of his duty as American Consul abroad, he has to send reports to the United States related to the productive capacities, industrial character, and natural resources of the communities embraced in their consulates. He visits Stratford in 1867 and the first thought that comes to mind when he sees the Birthplace is that the “quaint little house” has been reproduced in different media all over the world. In the following excerpt, he points out that Stratford is a prime destination for Americans travelling in England and stresses the role of Shakespeare as the poet that unites the Anglo-saxon race.

And this is Stratford-upon-Avon? Is there another town in Christendom to equal it for the centripetal attraction of one human memory? Let him who thinks he can say there is tell us where the like may be found. London is the birth-and-burial place of a large number of distinguished poets, philosophers, statesmen, and heroes. Their lives make for it a nebulous lustre. The orbits of their brilliant careers overlap upon each other, so that their individual paths of light, intersecting in their common illumination, like netted sunbeams, do not make any vivid or distinctive lines over the face or over the history of the great city. But the memory of Shakespeare covers with its disk the whole life and being and history, ancient and modern, of Stratford-upon-Avon. There is nothing seen or felt before or behind it but William Shakespeare. In no quarter of the globe, since he was laid to his last sleep by the sunny side of the peaceful river, has the name of the little town been mentioned without suggesting and meaning him. Many a populous city is proud of the smallest segment of a great man's glory. "He was born here." That is a great thing to say, and they say it with exultation, showing this heirloom of honour to strangers as the richest inheritance of the town. But being born in a particular place is more a matter of accident than of personal option. No one chooses his own birthplace, and the sheer fact that he there made his entrée into the world, is, after all, a rather negative distinction to those who boast of it. But quiet little Stratford-upon-Avon can say far more than this. Shakespeare was not only born here, but he spent his last days and died here. Nor did he come back to

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his native town a broken-down old man to be nursed in the last "stages of decrepitude and be buried with his fathers. He returned hither at the zenith of his intellectual manhood, to spend the Indian summer of his life in the midst of the sceneries and companionships of his boyhood. Thus no other human memory ever covered so completely with its speculum the name or history of a town, or filled it with such a vivid, vital image as Shakespeare's has done to Stratford-upon-Avon. Here,

"Like footprints hidden by a brook
But seen on either side,"

he has left them marks on the sunny banks, and across the soft level meadows basking in the bosom of the little river. The break is not wide between those he made in these favourite walks in his youth and the footprints of his ripe age as a permanent resident and citizen. Perhaps he and his Ann Hathaway, after his London life, delighted to make sunset strolls across the daisied fields to the cottage of her childhood and of their first love and troth.

Never before or since did a transcendent genius make so much history for the world and so little for himself as Shakespeare. Here is the quaint little house in which he was born. It has been painted, engraved, photographed, and described ad infinitum. You will find a hundred pictures of it scattered over Christendom where you will find one of Solomon's Temple. Undoubtedly it ranked as a capacious and comfortable dwelling in its day. It is one of the skeleton type so common to the Elizabethan age; that is, the oaken bonework of the frame is even with the brickwork of the outer walls, thus showing the fleshless ribs of the house to the outside world. The rooms are small, and very low between joints; still the one assigned by tradition as the birthplace of the great poet is large enough for the greatest of men to be born in. Its ceiling overhead and sidewalls, however, afford too scant tablet-space for the registry of the names of all who have sought thus to leave their cards in homage of the illustrious memory. Their whole surface, and even the small windows, have been written and re-written over by the pilgrims to this shrine from different countries. Here are names from the extremest ends of the Anglo-Saxon world from Newfoundland and New Zealand, and all the English-speaking countries between. The Americans have contributed a large contingent to these records of the pencil. There is something very interesting and touching, even, in the homage they bring to his name. He was the last great English poet who sung to the unbroken family of the English race. They were then all gathered around England's hearthstone, unconscious of the mighty expansion which the near future was to develop. The population of the whole island hardly equalled that of the State of New York today. Just below the point of diffuence, about a quarter of a century before England put forth the first rivulet from the river of her being and history to fill the fountain of a new national existence in the Western World, Shakespeare was at his culmination as a poet. We Americans meet him first when we trace back our history to its origin. He of all the old masters stands in the very doorway of "Our Old Home" to welcome us with the radiant smile of his genius. We were Americans and Milton was an Englishman when he began to write. We hold our right and title in him by courtesy; but in "Glorious Will," by full and direct inheritance as equal coheirs of all the wealth of his memory. Whoever classifies the signatures on the walls of his birth-chamber, and in the large record book brought in to supplement the exhausted writing-space outside, will have striking proof of this American sentiment. The first locale in all England to our countrymen is Stratford-
upon-Avon. Westminster, even, stands second in their estimation to the birth-and-burial place of this one man. At no other historical point in Europe will you find so many American names recorded as over the spot where he was cradled. This is fitting. We have already become numerically the largest constituency of his fame. Already he has more readers on our continent than on all the other continents and islands of the world; and from decade to decade, and from century to century, doubtless this preponderance will increase by the ratio of more rapid progression.

What a race of kings, princes, knights, ladies, and heroes was created by Shakespeare! If the truth could be sifted out and known, more than half the homage the regal courts of today get from the spontaneous sentiment of the public heart arises from the dignity with which he haloed the royal brows of his monarchs. They never knew how to talk and walk and act with the majesty that befitted a king until he taught them. Yet, how little personal history he made for himself! Not half as many footprints of his personality can be found as his father's made at Stratford. This is a mystery that can have but one reasonable explanation. It is of no use to say that his social nature was cold or cramped; that he had not a rather large circle of personal friends, whom he first met and made in London, and who came from different parts of the country. Doubtless he wrote to these and others letters by the score. Where are they? Where is one of them? We have volumes of letters centuries older than the first he wrote brought out quite recently; but not a scrap of his handwriting turns up to reward the searching hunt of his relic-explorers. It is said that only one letter written to him has been preserved, and this is a begging one from a Richard Quiney, who wants to borrow a sum of money of the poet to keep his head above water in London. I cannot conceive to what else this dense obscurity enveloping his personal entity can be ascribed than to the fact, that the morning twilight of his fame did not dawn upon the world until he had lain in his grave a full century. In this long interval all the letters he wrote and received doubtless shared the fate of Caesar's clay. The greengrocers and haberdashers of that period probably bought and used them for making up their parcels of butter and mustard and articles of less dignity. All this may be well for the great reputation the world accords to him. It may be well that he left no handwriting in familiar lines, no unravelled threads of his common human nature which captious critics might follow up into the inner recesses of his daily life, and flock the disk of his fair fame with the specks and motes they found in the search after moral discrepancies. It is a wonder that a man of such genius could have died less than two centuries and a half ago, and have left a character so completely shut in and barred against "the peering littlenesses" of speering, yellow-eyed curiosity. A soft, still blue, of a hundred years deep, surrounds his personal being. Through this mild cerulean haze it shows itself fair and round. Well is it for him, perhaps, that we of today cannot get nearer to him than the gentle horizon of this intervening century. It is a seamless mantle that Providence has wrapped around the stature of his life, in which no envious Casca can ever make a rent to get at the frailties or small actions of a great master. No man ever lived more hermetically in his writings than Shakespeare. His personal being is as completely shut up and embodied in them as Homer's is in his grand epics. Will the life that breathes in them prove immortal? Three centuries are not immortality. Will the sexcentenary anniversary of his birth be celebrated after the fashion of 1864? Through all the changes in taste and moral and intellectual perception that may arise in that or a shorter interval, will his genius and his works be held at our estimate? Was he as a poet just what Rubens was as a painter, and will the pen of the one and the pencil of the other be put on the same footing and have the
same chance for the admiration of future generations? No one can reason out the extreme ends of these parallels, or predict the verdict of another century with regard to these men. But the fact we have already cited will serve as the basis of a reasonable belief in this matter. It must have been a full hundred years after Shakespeare was laid down to his last sleep in the chancel of the church in which he was baptized, before he began to have a popular reputation, or a reading by even the educated classes in England. At the end of the second century that reputation had spread itself over the whole civilized world. From 1623 to 1823 no writers had arisen to eclipse or supersede his genius. In this wide interval hundreds of authors, widely read in their day, went down to oblivion, some to obloquy. They could not live on the sea of public opinion. Now we are in the middle of the third century of his fame. How does it rank at this moment in the estimation of the world? With all the new and brilliant literature that has flooded Christendom within the last fifty years, has the brightness of his paled in the contrast? Has it already gone down into the gorgeous tombs of the Capulets, or to live only in monumental bookbindery with the bygone English classics; to make a show of elegant gilt-backed volumes in fashionable bookcases as "standard works," or works for ever to stand on their lower ends in serried and even ranks, to be seen and not read? Further from it than ever before. No such lame and impotent conclusion can be predicted from the present appreciation of his writings. The opening years of this very decade mark a new era in their estimation. Virtually for the first time he is being introduced to a new world of readers, to the labouring masses of the people. Publishers are taking him into the cottages of the million, and bespeaking a hearty and pleasant welcome to his "Hamlet," "Othello," and all the other creations of his genius. Popular editions of Shakespeare are the order of the day. For the first time the common people begin to know him. Such is the promise of 1867. What is being done in England and America to familiarize the masses with his writings is repeated on a smaller scale on the Continent of Europe. Cheap editions in German and French have been put recently in circulation. Doubtless within a half century he will be read in every other language in Christendom. His works never had more vitality than at the present moment, nor such a wide breathing space among men.

While looking at the dark and dense network of names written upon the walls and windows of the room in which Shakespeare was born, there was one I would have walked a hundred miles to see. It was not Lucien Bonaparte's, nor Sir Walter Scott's, nor Burns's, nor Washington Irving's. It was the name of the man who first pencilled one upon the virgin plaster over the cradle-place of the poet. It would be exceedingly interesting to know who he was, when he did it, and what moved him to this act of homage. What a procession of names his headed! The whole space is covered with layers of them, several deep. If they could all be brought to light, every square inch would reveal fifty at least. The house and garden are in good repair. The latter is beautifully laid out and kept, and is marked by this interesting characteristic: all the flowers that Shakespeare has celebrated in his plays are here planted, watched, and tended with the nicest care. As a reward for the dew and light his genius shed over them two centuries and a half ago, their sweet eyes keep vigils over his birthplace and perfume it with their morning breath.
Henry Morford (1823-1881), author and journalist, travelled to Europe in 1865. Upon returning he published this guide in response to the request of some friends, who, as an experienced traveller, asked him to provide a “comparatively-cheap Guide-Book to the countries of Europe oftenest visited by us hurried Americans”. His guide signals a new direction in the travel writings of American visitors. The old, literary narrative of the leisured traveller gives way to snippets of practical information about carriages, weather and distances between sites.

[...] At Warwick rail may be taken, for a very brief ride through lovely scenery, to STRATFORD-ON-AVON, the home and burial-place of Shakspeare, and the pilgrimage of more of the worshippers of genius than possibly any other single spot on the globe. A quiet, lazy old town, with the Avon flowing gently through it, and the whole atmosphere seeming that of centuries ago. At Stratford, unlike other places, the first object of interest is found in a hotel.

The Red Horse, made famous to Americans by Washington Irving in his "Sketch Book," and almost as distinguished, now, as the old home of the poet. From the Red Horse it is but a few minutes, on foot, to

Shakspeare's Birth-Place, an humble old timber and-plaster building, partially restored and well preserved, on Henley Street, so well known as to all its characteristics that nothing more need be said than that the birth-room is found on the second floor, front, with its window covered with inscriptions, like the walls; that there is a Shakspeare Museum attached, in the more modern part of the building; and that the house is courteously shown as well as carefully kept by Mrs. and Miss Ashwin, the latter deservedly complimented by Hawthorne in his "Old Home." The same walk may be easily extended to the

Church of the Holy Trinity, a handsome half modern building standing amid fine elms at the Avon side, and within which Shakspeare's tomb and monument, and the tombs of his family, are shown in the chancel; the record of his birth and death in a very old parchment-bound book, in the vestry; the font in which he was baptized (if at all), in the nave, etc. The Grammar School, New Place, the bridges over the Avon, etc., should also be included in the walk, the whole not necessarily occupying more

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than two or three hours. One of the open carriages, or "flys," for which Stratford is not a little famous, may profitably be employed for a two or three miles ride across the edge of the lovely Vale of Evesham, coming round by

*Anne Hathaway's Cottage*, at the very old and tumble-down but attractive-looking little hamlet of Shottery, where the dramatist courted and married his wife, and where, apart from those associations, a charming antique cottage and many interesting relics are shown. The fly should be dismissed at Shottery, in fine weather, and the way made back to Stratford on foot, across the fields, by what has been known ever since his day as "Shakspeare's Courting-path."

Stratford should be left by carriage (fine weather again understood, and likely to be found in June, best month in England), for the twelve or fifteen miles to Leamington. The scenery is somewhat tame, but softly beautiful throughout. At three or four miles from Stratford will be skirted the grounds of

*Charlecote Hall and Park*, alleged to be the place of Shakspeare's early deer-stealing (in a different way from that at Shottery) and of his arraignment for the offence. The Park is magnificent, with its massive old oaks, fine sward, and herds of deer — really among the finest belonging to less than royalty in the kingdom; and Charlecote Hall, imposing without, offers, within, to the few favored visitors (it is not commonly shown) even more of charm, in splendid rooms, fine pictures, many antiquities, and one set of ebony-and-ivory furniture, presented to the Earl of Leicester by Queen Elizabeth at Kenilworth, matchless in rarity and value.
Sinclair Tousey, (1818-1887) accompanied by Salem H. Wales, undertook a tour through Europe. They started the visit to the Old World in August 1868 and reached Stratford-on-Avon in May 1868. Tousey still includes Stratford in the same package as Warwick castle and Kenilworth and describes it as “a quiet, sleepy little village”.

[...] OLD CASTLES – STRATFORD. The tourist who stops at Leamington is bound to visit those old historic places, Warwick and Kenilworth Castles, passing through some of those beautiful parks of which the genuine Englishman is justly so proud; and of course he must go to that other place, still more famous than any old castle England boasts of — a place that will be known as long as humanity recognizes genius and pays homage to the owners of brains — the place in which the great Poet of the race was born, Stratford-on-Avon, a quiet, sleepy little village, which might have lived as long as the island on which it stands, and never have been heard of beyond the limits of its own shire, but for its being the birthplace of the bard.

The country about Stratford is as handsome as any one could desire — charming. [...]
John H. B. Latrobe (1803-1891) was a writer, lawyer, historian, artist, inventor and civic activist. On the 4th April 1868, accompanied by his wife and two daughters Latrobe embarked on a steamer on New York, landing at Brest on the morning of the 16th. In August the party left London and started their visit to Warwickshire, reaching Stratford by train from Oxford, which allows them to arrive in time to see the birthplace and the grave. The birthplace, Latrobe notes, has been “done up and looks new”. Irving’s room is still visited and the poker “handled reverently”.

[...] From Oxford, which the train left at 3.30 p.m., to Stratford-on-Avon was a pleasant journey through a country made English again in verdure by the late rains. There was still time and daylight to walk to the house of Shakespeare and to visit his tomb, returning along the banks of the Avon. The house has been done up and looks new, notwithstanding its age; and the custodian tells, with some glee, how "there was a Yankee who would have purchased it and taken it piecemeal to America, if they had let him." Returning to the inn, Washington Irving's room was shown, and a poker was handled reverently, inasmuch as it bore his name, and had been used by him when he was an inmate of the house. It was sundown before the train for Leamington, on which the party were to continue their journey, arrived at Stratford-on-Avon; and it was nine o'clock when it reached its destination — too late to see anything that night. Postponing Leamington until later in the day, the party left the hotel at nine o'clock for Warwick Castle, and were soon walking between the rocky borders of the approach from the gateway. [...]
James M. Hoyt (1815-1895) was a successful lawyer and businessman. In the summer of 1871 he made a three months trip to Europe, accompanied by his son, Baptist reverend Wayland Hoyt from New York. His aim was to enlarge their knowledge in foreign lands. This volume comprises those sketches that Hoyt initially addressed to his family and friends and later published as *Glances on the Wing at Foreign Lands*.

We are bound now for Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakespeare was born, and died. It is late, and we are weary, as we return to our fly; and our driver, sullen from our long tarry on the castle walls, and in the castle halls and gardens, whips his dumb and patient horse, and we in silence rest on the high backed seats for a ride of eight miles to the Red Horse Inn, in Stratford. Here, after supper, we are soon in bed, to await the morrow.

I now remember, that I should have noted when at Preston, that Arkwright — afterward knighted as "Sir Richard" — was born at Preston; and that while living there, he invented the Spinning Jenny, which made him famous. His native city is all alive with twirling spindles; and many a great spinner's fortune has thus taken its rise in Arkwright's brain.

*Stratford-on-Avon, August 31.* — We are up bright and early this beautiful morning, at the Red Horse Inn, for our hours with Shakespeare, before we hurry back to London. As we go down the stairway to the coffee-room, we see in gilt letters on the door of one of the ground floor parlors of the Red Horse, the words "Washington Irving's Room." It was here the world honored American wrote some of his "Sketches," while breathing the native air of Shakespeare. So, literary celebrities affiliate, and are grouped along the centuries.

Stratford is a quaint and quiet town. Passing down the main street about a half mile we come to the old Shakespeare house, of which I have pictures. There is quite a museum of relics and curiosities in the way of autographs, old copies of his plays, etc., kept here, which I will not enumerate. We go up the winding oaken stairway, into a low room with a great old fireplace. Here Shakespeare was born. The walls are written over with names of visitors by the thousand. The floor is nearly worn through; the rough and ancient beams supporting the ceiling are all indicative of great age. We next visit Trinity church, in which is Shakespeare's grave, and the

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monument erected by his daughter. My pictures of the monument will best explain it. The church is very old. In its rear, close to the wall and near the grave of Shakespeare, the calm still Avon runs, and beyond across the river are lovely reaches of silent meadow land. Ancient trees overhang the stream. Shakespeare's wife is buried beside him. We now go to the cottage in the adjoining town of Shottery, where the great dramatist courted Ann Hathaway. Arriving there, we are shown into the old living room, remaining as it was when it was Ann's home. We sat in the huge chimney corner underneath the vast open fireplace, where doubtless he and Ann often sat and courted; but whether she, of some twenty-eight years, or he, of nineteen, courted, or was courted, there is no authentic record. We were shown her bed and the old linen sheets still carefully preserved. They belong now to a widow relative of hers, who told us that she had been offered over two thousand dollars for the old mahogany bedstead. We drank water from the well, took some flowers from the garden, and left, to take the train for London, which we reached about 6 o'clock.

*September 1.* — Another busy day in London, in preparation for our start for the Continent.
LETTER FROM RALPH WALDO EMERSON TO MR. H. R. HAWEIS
STRATFORD ON AVON, 5 MAY 1873.

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882), American essayist, lecturer, and poet who led the transcendentalist movement of the mid-19th century. He first toured Europe in 1833, describing later this trip in *English Traits* (1856). In 1847 and 1848 he made a second tour in the British Isles. Finally, during the years 1872 and 1873, at age 70, he travelled to Europe again. On May 3, 1873, the Emmersons left Oxford for Warwick, where, after seeing the castle, they were met by Mr. E. F. Flower, the mayor of Stratford, an old friend, who took them to his home at Stratford-upon-Avon, where they spent ten days. On Sunday, at the door of the church, they were met by the Clerk, who led them to seats in the chancel near Shakespeare’s grave. The following excerpt consists on a letter from Emerson to H. R. Haweis regarding several books Haweis had sent him and Emerson had not received. Emerson also details his travel plans and refers to Stratford as a “place of good omen”.

Stratford on Avon
May 5, ‘73

Dear Sir,

Your very kind note reached me last night here at the home of E.F. Flower. Made me regret the missing you in London. I grieve also that I have fail to receive the good books you send me. I leave this place of good omen tomorrow for York, Durham, Edinburgh - & for Liverpool when I sail on the 15th instant for America. […]

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506 Edward Waldo Emerson and Waldo Emerson Forbes (eds.), *Journals of Ralph Waldo Emerson With Annotations* (Boston And New York Constable & Co. Limited 1914), 418.
Horatio King (1811-1897), American politician, was Postmaster General of the United States under James Buchanan. King and his wife sailed from New York the 12th of May 1875 and visited several European countries. King sees the now banned custom on leaving one’s signature on the wall as the equivalent of the “fashion of leaving one’s card” and gives a detailed account of the exhibits in the little museum at the birthplace, which include a pamphlet reproducing Ben Jonson’s First Folio poem and some lines by Napoleon’s brother, Lucien Buonaparte.

[...] Leamington is quite a summer resort, and is probably the best place to stop for the purpose of visiting Kenilworth and Warwick Castles and Stratford-on-Avon. It is ten miles from here to Shakspeare's birth-place, and we went there the next day, taking Warwick on our way back. We passed one or two hours in Shakspeare's house, which looks just as represented by the pictures we often see of it. It is a very rough structure, coarser inside even than on the exterior. The old kitchen fire-place takes up a great part of one side of the room, which has a stone floor. The rough-plastered walls and ceilings of the rooms are scribbled over with the names of visitors—a fashion of leaving one's card which was prohibited many years ago. The small window-panes are scratched in like manner, and on one of them we read the name "W. Scott," showing that Sir Walter approved of the fashion. In one of the chambers there is a portrait of Shakspeare, said to be authentic. The engraved likenesses we see of him, we should think, were taken from it. One or two of the larger rooms are devoted to a Shakspearian museum, which contains many most interesting relics, of which, among some of the most prominent, are the following: Deed made in 1596, proving that John Shakspeare, the father of the poet, resided in this house; the letter from Richard Quiney to Shakspeare, in 1589, asking for a loan of £30, the only letter addressed to Shakspeare known to exist; Shakspeare's gold signet ring, with the initials W. S. and a true lover's knot between; his ancient desk from the grammar school; his jug, from which Garrick sipped wine at the jubilee in 1769; a specimen from an original copy of the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" a sword, said to have belonged to Shakspeare, and a sign of the Falcon Inn, where he is said to have imbibed too freely. From a curiously printed old pamphlet, containing his portrait and one of his plays, we copied the following, attributed to Ben Jonson:

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"TO THE READER.

"This figure that thou seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut;
   Wherein the Grauer had a strife
   With Nature to outdoo the life:
O, could he have but drawne his wit
   As well in brasse, as he hath hit
His face, the print would then surpass
   All that was ever writ in brasse.
But since he cannot, Reader looke
Not on his Picture, but his Booke.

   B. I."

Hanging framed in the museum is the following verse, written by Lucien Bonaparte during his visit here many years ago:

"The eye of genius glistens to admire
   How memory hails the sound of Shakspeare' s lyre;
One tear I 'll shed to form a crystal shrine
   For all that's grand, immortal, or divine."

From Shakspeare's house we walked to the old church on the banks of the Avon, where he was buried. His grave and that of his wife are in the chancel, and over his is a plain slab bearing these lines cut in old Roman letters:

"Kind Friend, for Jesus sake forbeare
   To dig the dust enclosed heare;
Blest be the man yt spares thes stones,
   And cvrst be he yt moves my bones."

In the side wall above is a Latin inscription and a bust of Shakspeare. The sexton showed us an old parchment book, in which we read the record of the birth of William Shakspeare, April 23, 1564; of his baptism, April 26, 1564; and of his death, April 23, 1616. This unpretending building, called the Church of the Holy Trinity, dates back to the eleventh century. We passed, without entering, the Red Horse Hotel, celebrated as the house where Washington Irving put up when he was here. […]
Eugene R. Hendrix (1847-1927) was a Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church. In 1876 he made a trip around the world in company with Bishop Enock M. Marvin who was sent to visit the missions in China. Few days before going back to America, they pay a short visit to Stratford, a place they find of no interest whatsoever.

[...] We spent a night at Stratford-on-Avon, and saw the house where Shakespeare was born. One could pass by it without being struck with its age, as nearly every thing, except the old timbers, which, with the plaster between them, make up the walls, has been renewed, and even these have been painted. The yard is neatly kept, and is quite attractive. The house is evidently the pride of the village. What we desired most to look upon was the natural scenery of the place, which fed the genius of young Shakespeare, so that, as he termed it —

And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.  

We found there simply the quiet beauty of the English landscape, and the Avon no more attractive than the Thames.

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509 As You Like It (II, i).
Ulysses S. Grant (1822-1886) served as U.S. general and commander of the Union armies during the late years of the American Civil War, later becoming the 18th U.S. president. When Grant entered the White House in 1869, he was politically inexperienced, and, at the age of 46, the youngest president up to that moment. Grant was in Office until March 4th, 1877. After leaving the White House, he and his family set out on a world tour that was initially planned as a private affair but assumed diplomatic proportions. Grant's popularity in Europe encouraged him to extend his tour and voyage around the world to strengthen American interests abroad, an unprecedented undertaking for a former president. On May 16, Grant left for England aboard the SS Indiana. Only four months later, on September 28th 1877, he visited Stratford.

General Grant arrived at Stratford-on-Avon on the 28th, and met with a brilliant reception. His visit was made the occasion of a festival, in which the whole town took part. The houses were decorated with flags, among which the American colors were conspicuous. The stars and stripes were displayed from the Town Hall and the Mayor's residence. The Mayor and members of the corporation received the General and Mrs. Grant, who were accompanied by General Badeau, at the railway station, and escorted them to Shakespeare's birthplace. Thence the party proceeded to the Museum, the church, Anne Hathaway's cottage, and other places of interest. The distinguished visitors were subsequently entertained at a public lunch in the Town Hall. A toast to the health of General Grant was proposed and drank with cheers, and he was presented with a very cordial address, enclosed in a casket made from the wood of the mulberry tree planted by Shakespeare. The General, replying to the toast, spoke most heartily of the welcome given him. He declared it would have been impossible for him to leave England without visiting the birthplace and home of Shakespeare. He pointed to the numerous American Shakespearian societies as proof of the honor paid the poet in the United States.

510 *The New York Times* published this text on September 29, 1877. The same text was later included in, L. T. Remlap (ed.), *General U. S. Grant's Tour around the World Embracing his Speeches, Receptions and Description of his Travels* (Hartford, Ct.: James Betts & Co., 1879), 72.
From September 21\textsuperscript{st} to 29\textsuperscript{th} 1877, the Grant toured from Newcastle to Leamington. The 23\textsuperscript{rd} of September, Mayor John J. Nason of Stratford upon Avon wrote to Adam Badeau, consul general at London, welcoming Ulysses Grant. On the 28\textsuperscript{th} the Grants visited Stratford.

On Sep. 23, received an address from Stratford upon Avon officials encased “In a Casket made out of Shakespeare’s Mulberry Tree.”

In response to a toast, General Grant,

“said it afforded him the greatest pleasure to visit the birthplace and home of so distinguished a citizen of the world as Shakespeare. That name was regarded with as much reverence and honour in America as in this country. He should not have considered himself a true American if he had neglected to visit Stratford-on-Avon”

Henry James (1843-1916) was an American novelist and naturalized Englishman at 1915. James was an important figure in transatlantic literary culture of the day. His fundamental theme was the innocence and exuberance of the New World in clash with the corruption and wisdom of the Old. In 1876 Henry James settled definitively to London. Portraits of Places is a book of travel writing that collected several essays that James had written earlier and had appeared in periodicals. In the following excerpt the author recreates a visit to Shakespeare’s county, Warwickshire and offers an account of the birthplace very different from the one he gives in this well-known short story. Like other Americans, it is the old church “with the Avon sweeping at its base” that he finds most inspirational, and the combination of lawn and river is for him a garden of delight, a set for one of Shakespeare’s comedies.

[...] I began these remarks, however, with no intention of talking about the celebrated curiosities in which this region abounds, but with a design rather of noting a few impressions of some of the shyer and more elusive ornaments of the show. Stratford of course is a very sacred place.

[...] The American tourist usually comes straight to this quarter of England chiefly for the purpose of paying his respects to the birthplace of Shakespeare. Being here, he comes to Warwick to see the castle; and being at Warwick, he comes to see the odd little theatrical-looking refuge for superannuated warriors which lurks in the shadow of one of the old gate-towers. Every one will remember Hawthorne's account of the place, which has left no touch of charming taste to be added to any reference to it.

[...] Inevitably, of course, the sentimental tourist has a great deal to say to himself about this being Shakespeare's county about these densely grassed meadows and parks having been, to his musing eyes, the normal landscape, the green picture of the world. In Shakespeare's day, doubtless, the coat of nature was far from being so prettily trimmed as it is now; but there is one place, nevertheless, which, as he passes it in the summer twilight, the traveller does his best to believe unaltered. I allude, of course, to Charlecote Park, whose venerable verdure seems a survival from an earlier England and whose innumerable acres, stretching away, in the early evening, to vaguely seen Tudor walls, lie there like the backward years receding to the age of Elizabeth. It was, however, no part of my design in these remarks to pause before so thickly besieged a shrine as this; and if I were to allude to Stratford it would not be in connection with the fact that Shakespeare planted there, to grow for ever, the torment

of his unguessed riddle. It would be rather to speak of a delightful old house, near the Avon, which struck me as the ideal home for a Shakespearean scholar, or indeed for any passionate lover of the poet. Here, with books and memories and the recurring reflection that he had taken his daily walk across the bridge at which you look from your windows straight down an avenue of fine old trees, with an ever-closed gate at the end of them and a carpet of turf stretched over the decent drive here, I say, with old brown wainscotted chambers to live in, old polished doorsteps to lead you from one to the other, deep window-seats to sit in, with a play in your lap, here a person for whom the cares of life should have resolved themselves into a care for the greatest genius who has represented and ornamented life might find a very congruous asylum.

Or, speaking a little wider of the mark, the charming, rambling, low-gabled, many-staired, much-panelled mansion would be a very agreeable home for any person of taste who should prefer an old house to a new. I find I am talking about it quite like an auctioneer; but what I chiefly had at heart was to commemorate the fact that I had lunched there and, while I lunched, kept saying to myself that there is nothing in the world so delightful as the happy accidents of old English houses.

And yet that same day, on the edge of the Avon, I found it in me to say that a new house too may be a very charming affair. But I must add that the new house I speak of had really such exceptional advantages that it could not fairly be placed in the scale. Besides, was it new after all? It must have been, and yet one's impression there was all of a kind of silvered antiquity. The place stood upon a decent Stratford road, from which it looked usual enough; but when, after sitting a while in a charming modern drawing-room, one stepped thoughtlessly through an open window upon a verandah, one found that the horizon of the morning call had been wonderfully widened. I will not pretend to detail all I saw after I stepped off the verandah; suffice it that the spire and chancel of the beautiful old church in which Shakespeare is buried, with the Avon sweeping its base, were one of the elements of the vision. Then there were the smoothest lawns in the world stretching down to the edge of this liquid slowness and making, where the water touched them, a line as even as the rim of a champagne-glass a verge near which you inevitably lingered to see the spire and the chancel (the church was close at hand) among the well-grouped trees, and look for their reflection in the river. The place was a garden of delight; it was a stage set for one of Shakespeare's comedies for Twelfth Night or Much Ado. Just across the river was a level meadow, which rivalled the lawn on which I stood, and this meadow seemed only the more essentially a part of the scene by reason of the voluminous sheep that were grazing on it. These sheep were by no means mere edible mutton; they were poetic, historic, romantic sheep; they were not there for their weight or their wool, they were there for their presence and their compositional value, and they visibly knew it. And yet, knowing as they were, I doubt whether the wisest old ram of the flock could have told me how to explain why it was that this happy mixture of lawn and river and mirrored spire and blooming garden seemed to me for a quarter of an hour the richest corner of England.

If Warwickshire is Shakespeare's country, I found myself not dodging the consciousness that it is also George Eliot's. The author of "Adam Bede" and "Middlemarch" has called the rural background of those admirable fictions by another name, but I believe it long ago ceased to be a secret that her native Warwickshire had been in her intention. […]
CHAPTER VII. WARWICK AND KENILWORTH

William Winter (1836-1917) was an American dramatic critic and author. This text was written by Winter after his first visit to England in 1877 and was first published as part of the volume *The Trip to England* (1879). These writings appeared later in Winter’s book, *Shakespeare’s England* in which he compares his 1877 visit to the one he undertook five years later. Winter offers first a romantic description of a night walk in Stratford, during which he often pauses to meditate. His account is both informative and impressionistic, literary and prosaic at once.

Under a cloudy sky and through a landscape still wet and shining with recent rain the drive to Stratford was a pleasure so exquisite that at last it became a pain. Just as the carriage reached the junction of the Warwick and Snitterfield roads a ray of sunshine, streaming through a rift in the clouds, fell upon the neighbouring hillside, scarlet with poppies, and lit the scene as with the glory of a celestial benediction. This sunburst, neither growing larger nor coming nearer, followed all the way to Stratford; and there, on a sudden, the clouds were lifted and dispersed, and “fair daylight” flooded the whole green countryside. The afternoon sun was still high in heaven when I alighted at the Red Horse and entered the little parlour of Washington Irving. They keep the room much as it was when he left it; for they are proud of his gentle genius and grateful for his commemorative words. In a corner stands [1877] the small, old-fashioned haircloth arm-chair in which he sat, on that night of memory and of musing which he has described in *The Sketch Book*. A brass plate is affixed to it, bearing his name; and the visitor observes, in token of its age and service, that the hair-cloth of its seat is considerably worn and frayed. Every American pilgrim to Stratford sits in that chair; and looks with tender interest on the old fireplace; and reads the memorials of Irving that are hung upon the walls: and it is no small comfort there to reflect that our illustrious countryman — whose name will be remembered with honour, as long as literature is prized among men — was the first, in modern days, to discover the beauties and to interpret the poetry of the birthplace of Shakespeare.

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CHAPTER VIII. FIRST VIEW OF STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Once again, as it did on that delicious summer afternoon which is for ever memorable in my life, the golden glory of the westering sun burns on the gray spire of Stratford church, and on the ancient graveyard below, — wherein the mossy stones lean this way and that, in sweet and orderly confusion, — and on the peaceful avenue of limes, and on the burnished water of silver Avon. The tall, pointed, many-coloured windows of the church glint in the evening light. A cool and fragrant wind is stirring the branches and the grass. The small birds, calling to their mates or sporting in the wanton pleasure of their airy life, are circling over the church roof or hiding in little crevices of its walls. On the vacant meadows across the river stretch away the long and level shadows of the pompous elms. Here and there, upon the river's brink, are pairs of what seem lovers, strolling by the reedy marge, or sitting upon the low tombs, in the Sabbath quiet. As the sun sinks and the dusk deepens, two figures of infirm chap. old women, clad in black, pass with slow and feeble steps through the avenue of limes, and vanish around an angle of the church — that now stands all in shadow: and no sound is heard but the faint rustling of the leaves.

Once again, as on that sacred night, the streets of Stratford are deserted and silent under the star-lit sky, and I am standing, in the dim darkness, at the door of the cottage in which Shakespeare was born. It is empty, dark, and still; and in all the neighbourhood there is no stir nor sign of life; but the quaint casements and gables of this haunted house, its antique porch, and the great timbers that cross its front are luminous as with a light of their own, so that I see them with perfect vision. I stand there a long time, and I know that I am to remember these sights for ever, as I see them now. After a while, with lingering reluctance, I turn away from this marvellous spot, and, presently passing through a little, winding lane, I walk in the High Street of the town, and mark, at the end of the prospect, the illuminated clock in the tower of the chapel of the Holy Cross. A few chance-directed steps bring me to what was New Place once, where Shakespeare died; and there again I pause, and long remain in meditation, gazing into the enclosed garden, where, under screens of wire, are certain strange fragments of lime and stone. These — which I do not then know — are the remains of the foundation of Shakespeare's house. The night wanes; and still I walk in Stratford streets; and by and by I am standing on the bridge that spans the Avon, and looking down at the thick-clustering stars reflected in its black and silent stream. At last, under the roof of the Red Horse, I sink into a troubled slumber, from which soon a strain of celestial music — strong, sweet, jubilant, and splendid — awakens me in an instant; and I start up in my bed — to find that all around me is still as death; and then, drowsily, far-off, the bell strikes three, in its weird and lonesome tower.

Every pilgrim to Stratford knows, in a general way, what he will there behold. Copious and frequent description of its Shakespearean associations has made the place familiar to all the world. Yet these Shakespearean associations keep a perennial freshness, and are equally a surprise to the sight and a wonder to the soul. Though three centuries old they are not stricken with age or decay. The house in Henley Street, in which, according to accepted tradition, Shakespeare was born, has been from time to time repaired; and so it has been kept sound, without having been materially changed from what it was in Shakespeare's youth. The kind ladies, Miss

514 Winter, 78-89.
Maria and Miss Caroline Chataway, who take care of it [1877], and with so much pride and courtesy show it to the visitor, called my attention to a bit of the ceiling of the upper chamber — the room of Shakespeare's birth — which had begun to droop, and had been skilfully secured with little iron laths. It is in this room that the numerous autographs are scrawled over the ceiling and walls. One side of the chimney piece here is called "The Actor's Pillar," so richly is it adorned with the names of actors; Edmund Kean's signature being among them, and still legible. On one of the window-panes, cut with a diamond, is the name of "W. Scott"; and all the panes are scratched with signatures — making you think of Douglas Jerrold's remark on bad Shakespearean commentators, that they resemble persons who write on glass with diamonds, and obscure the light with a multitude of scratches. The floor of this room, uncarpeted and almost snow-white with much washing, seems still as hard as iron; yet its boards have been hollowed by wear, and the heads of the old nails that fasten it down gleam like polished silver. You can sit in an antique chair, in a corner of this room, and think unutterable things. There is, certainly, no word that can even remotely suggest the feeling with which you are then overwhelmed. You can sit also in the room below, in the seat, in the corner of the wide fireplace, that Shakespeare himself must often have occupied. They keep but a few sticks of furniture in any part of the cottage. One room is devoted to Shakespearean relics — more or less authentic; one of which is a schoolboy's desk that was obtained from the old grammar-school in Church Street in which Shakespeare was once a pupil. At the back of the cottage, now isolated from contiguous structures, is a pleasant garden, and at one side is a cozy, luxurious little cabin — the home of order and of pious decorum — for the ladies who are custodians of the Shakespeare House. If you are a favoured visitor, you may receive from that garden, at parting, all the flowers, prettily mounted upon a sheet of paper, that poor Ophelia names, in the scene of her madness. "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts: there's fennel for you, and columbines: there's rue for you: there's a daisy: — I would give you some violets, but they withered all when my father died."

The minute knowledge that Shakespeare had of plants and flowers, and the loving appreciation with which he describes pastoral scenery, are explained to the rambler in Stratford, by all that he sees and hears. There is a walk across the fields to Shottery that the poet must often have taken, in the days of his courtship of Anne Hathaway. The path to this hamlet passes through pastures and gardens, flecked everywhere with those brilliant scarlet poppies that are so radiant and so bewitching in the English landscape. To have grown up amid such surroundings, and, above all, to have experienced amid them the passion of love, must have been, for Shakespeare, the intuitive acquirement of ample and specific knowledge of their manifold beauties. It would be hard to find a sweeter rustic retreat than Anne Hathaway's cottage is, even now. Tall trees embower it; and over its porches, and all along its picturesque, irregular front, and on its thatched roof, the woodbine and the ivy climb, and there are wild roses and the maiden's blush. For the young poet's wooing no place could be fitter than this. He would always remember it with tender joy. They show you, in that cottage, an old chap, settle, by the fireside, whereon the lovers may have sat together: it formerly stood outside the door: and in the rude little chamber next the roof an antique, carved bedstead, that Anne Hathaway once owned. This, it is thought, continued to be Anne's home for several years of her married life — her husband being absent in London, and sometimes coming down to visit her, at Shottery. "He was wont," says John Aubrey, the antiquary, writing in 1680, "to go to his native
country once a year." The last surviving descendant of the Hathaway family — Mrs. Baker — lives in the house now, and welcomes with homely hospitality the wanderers, from all lands, who seek — in a sympathy and reverence most honourable to human nature — the shrine of Shakespeare's love. There is one such wanderer who will never forget the farewell clasp of that kind woman's hand, and who has never parted with her gift of woodbine and roses from the porch of Anne Hathaway's cottage.

In England it is living, more than writing about it, that is esteemed by the best persons. They prize good writing, but they prize noble living far more. This is an ingrained principle, and not an artificial habit, and this principle doubtless was as potent in Shakespeare's age as it is to-day. Nothing could be more natural than that this great writer should think less of his works than of the establishment of his home. He would desire, having won a fortune, to dwell in his native place, to enjoy the companionship and esteem of his neighbours, to participate in their pleasures, to help them in their troubles, to aid in the improvement and embellishment of the town, to deepen his hold upon the affections of all around him, and to feel that, at last, honoured and lamented, his ashes would be laid in the village church where he had worshipped—

"Among familiar names to rest,
And in the places of his youth."

It was in 1597, twelve years after he went to London, that the poet began to buy property in Stratford, and it was about eight years after his first purchase that he finally settled there, at New Place. [J. O. Halliwell-Phillips says that it was in 1609: There is a record alleging that as late as that year Shakespeare still retained a residence in Clink Street, Southwark.] This mansion was altered by Sir Hugh Clopton, who owned it toward the middle of the eighteenth century, and it was destroyed by the Rev. Francis Gastrell, in 1759. The grounds, which have been reclaimed, — chiefly through the zeal of J. O. Halliwell-Phillips, — are laid out according to the model they are supposed to have presented when Shakespeare owned them. His lawn, his orchard, and his garden are indicated; and a scion of his mulberry is growing on the spot where that famous tree once flourished. You can see a part of the foundation of the old house. It was made of brick and timber, it seems to have had gables, and no doubt it was fashioned with the beautiful curves and broken lines of the Tudor architecture. They show, upon the lawn, a stone of considerable size that surmounted its door. The site — still a central and commodious one — is on the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane; and on the opposite corner stands now, as it has stood for eight hundred years, the chapel of the Holy Cross, with square, dark tower, fretted parapet, pointed casements, and Norman porch — one of the most romantic and picturesque little churches in England. It was easy, when musing on that storied spot, to fancy Shakespeare, in the gloaming of a summer day, strolling on the lawn, beneath his elms, and listening to the soft and solemn music of the chapel organ; or to think of him as stepping forth from his study, in the late and lonesome hours of the night, and pausing to " count the clock," or note the " exhalations whizzing in the air."

The funeral train of Shakespeare, on that dark day when it moved from New Place to Stratford Church, had but a little way to go. The river, surely, must have seemed to hush its murmurs, the trees to droop their branches, the sunshine to grow dim — as that sad procession passed! His grave is under the gray pavement of the
chancel, near the altar, and his wife and one of his daughters are buried beside him. The pilgrim who reads upon the gravestone those rugged lines of grievous entreaty and awful imprecation that guard the poet's rest feels no doubt that he is listening to his living voice — for he has now seen the enchanting beauty of the place, and he has now felt what passionate affection it can inspire. Feeling and not manner would naturally have prompted that abrupt, agonised supplication and threat. Nor does such a pilgrim doubt, when gazing on the painted bust, above the grave, — made by Gerard Jonson, stonecutter, — that he beholds the authentic face of Shakespeare. It is not the heavy face of the portraits that represent it. There is a rapt, transfigured quality in it that those copies do not convey. It is thoughtful, austere, and yet benign. Shakespeare was a hazel-eyed man, with auburn hair, and the colours that he wore were scarlet and black. Being painted, and also being set up at a considerable height on the church wall, the bust does not disclose what is sufficiently perceptible in a cast from it — that it is the copy of a mask from the dead face. One of the cheeks is a little swollen and the tongue, slightly protruded, is caught between the lips. The idle theory that the poet was not a gentleman of consideration in his own time and place falls utterly and for ever from the mind when you stand at his grave. No man could have a more honourable or sacred place of sepulture; and while it illustrates the profound esteem of the community in which he lived it testifies to the religious character by which that esteem was confirmed. "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting." So said Shakespeare, in his last Will, bowing in humble reverence the mightiest mind — as vast and limitless in the power to comprehend as to express! — that ever wore the garments of mortality.

[It ought perhaps to be remarked that this prelude to Shakespeare's Will may not have been intended by him as a profession of faith, but may have been signed simply as a legal formula. His works denote a mind of high and broad spiritual convictions, untrammeled by creed or doctrine. His inclination, probably, was toward the Roman Catholic church, because of the poetry that is in it: but such a man as Shakespeare would have viewed all religious beliefs in a kindly spirit, and would have made no emphatic professions. The Will was executed on March 25, 1616. It covers three sheets of paper; it is not in Shakespeare's hand-writing, but each sheet bears his signature. It is in the British Museum].

Once again there is a sound of organ music, very low and soft, in Stratford Church, and the dim light, broken by the richly stained windows, streams across the dusky chancel, filling the still air with opal haze and flooding those gray gravestones with its mellow radiance. Not a word is spoken; but, at intervals, the rustle of the leaves is audible in a sighing wind. What visions are these, that suddenly fill the region! What royal faces of monarchs, proud with power, or pallid with anguish! What sweet, imperial women, gleeful with happy youth and love, or wide-eyed and rigid in tearless woe! What warriors, with serpent diadems, defiant of death and hell! The mournful eyes of Hamlet; the wild countenance of Lear; Ariel with his harp, and Prospero with his wand! Here is no death! All these, and more, are immortal shapes; and he that made them so, although his mortal part be but a handful of dust in yonder crypt, is a glorious angel beyond the stars.
Mary Anderson (1859-1940) was an American stage actress later known as Mary Navarro during her silent film career. She acquired great popularity thanks to her exceptional beauty and highly successful publicity. Anderson early decided upon a career on the stage, and at age 16 she made her debut as Juliet in Louisville, Kentucky. She subsequently toured cities of the South and West and was a popular success. Her great beauty and remarkable voice won over audiences at her New York City debut in 1877 and at her London debut the following year. On May 29 1878, Mary Anderson sailed from New York for Liverpool, making her first visit to Europe. About the middle of July she enjoyed some happy days at Stratford-on-Avon where she is allowed to sit alone in the birth-room at the birthplace and to learn her lines under the portrait of Shakespeare. To the rituals of sitting on the Shakespeare chair and the Irving chair at the Red horse, tourists have added by now the settle by the chimney at the cottage of “Sweet Anne”

[...] Though Goethe says that Nature, even in her most smiling mood, has but little power to console or cheer, it has always seemed to me that hills and brooks, trees and sunny landscapes, help to lighten care and soothe the sorrowing heart. At all events, my troubles were then greatly alleviated by the sight of Nature's beaming face. Our visit to Stratford was especially happy. The Misses Chataway, those charming old ladies who formerly guarded Shakespeare's birthplace with such reverential care, showed us much courtesy, Mr. William Winter's letter serving us as an open sesame to their kind hearts. I was allowed to sit alone in the room where the great bard was born, or to restudy my parts in the solitude of the little chamber where hangs his portrait, and where as a youth he dreamed his hours away. Those bright spring mornings in the hallowed house, with the scent of sweet Warwickshire flowers blowing in at the open casement, the afternoon walks across the fields to Anne Hathaway's cottage, with the sad note of the cuckoo coming across the shining meadows from some hidden shelter, the chat and cup of tea with the old descendant of the Hathaways while sitting in the chimney-settle, where, no doubt, Shakespeare wooed and won "Sweet Anne," threw over each hour a spell of the olden time, when the Bard of Avon lived and sang and loved; a stroll through the old-fashioned garden, fragrant with sweet lavender, thyme, rosemary, or rue; a look into the dark, shining water of the well that has reflected the face of the great bard himself and the faces of

516 William Winter, the American dramatic critic and author.
Byron, Scott, Dickens, and a host of others who have made themselves dear to our hearts; then back again across the fields in the gloaming; a word here and there with the townspeople, so full of character and intelligence; a quiet dinner at The Red Horse, filled with memories of Washington Irving; and, to finish the evening, a row in the moonlight by the old church, where the master now "sleeps well." Not a sound but the dip of the oars, the rustle of the swans following in our wake, and the deep tones of the organ stealing down to us from the church, the glimmer of the organist's lamp through the stained-glass window making a point of soft and varied color in the silver light without.

After lingering as long as possible at Stratford we visited most of the interesting parts of Warwickshire, driving from place to place over those perfect roads so well known and loved by Americans. The delicious, clover-scented air, the garden-like landscape, the long and ambient twilights, our youthful pleasure in everything, made the tour seem like a lovely dream. Yet, as I have since realized, only those who have lived in the country of England can fully appreciate its marked character and beauty. […]
In his volume the American surgeon Luther Holden (1815-1905) narrates a tour in which nearly three hundred Americans travelled together to Europe, being the larger excursion party of Americans ever done. On the 29th of June 1878, nearly two hundred and fifty Americans, under Dr. Eben Tourjée’s leadership departed from New York in the steamship Devonia towards the Old World. Another party of nearly fifty persons had left a week earlier in the steamship Ciressia. His account of Stratford is heavily dependent on Winter’s.

[...] After leaving the literary and classic old town of Oxford, we proceeded to that most interesting spot to all who speak the English tongue, the birth-place of the Bard of Avon. We have no special sympathy with the gushing, sentimental traveller who bottles up his emotions and exclamations like soda-water, and is ever ready to uncork and let them "fizz" on every suitable occasion. But we must confess that we felt a strange thrill at our heart as we rode into the quaint old town where the one Shakespeare of the world lived, and loved, and died, We proceeded first to the house

517 Luther Holden, *A Summer Jaunt Through the Old World: A Record of an Excursion Made to and Through Europe, by the Tourjée Educational Party of 1878* (Boston: Lee & Shepard, 1879), 560-569.

518 Eben Tourjée (1834-1891) was a musician and founder of New England Conservatory of Music. Tourjée helped to organize the mammoth choruses for the 1869 and 1872 peace jubilees in Boston. An active Methodist and YMCA leader, he also led in church music development, compiling sacred music collections and encouraging congregational singing.

519 The volume devotes many lines to the description of the ship. “The "Devonia" belongs to the largest class of sea-going steamers, and in addition to all the best-approved appliances for strength, safety, and comfort, contains one feature, at least, not common to ocean steamships. This is the music-room, an apartment which occupies a deck-house over the centre of the main saloon. Between the two apartments is an open space, and this contains growing plants and singing-birds. Within the music-room were a Collard & Collard pianoforte and a Mason & Hamlin organ, which belong to the vessel, a second organ generously placed on board by Mason & Hamlin, in compliment to Dr. Tourjée, and a well-filled library. Several of the steamers of the Anchor Line are provided with music-rooms of this description, and all ocean travellers who have experienced their comforts, will be inclined to look upon a steamer not provided with such a delightful place of resort as being radically defective. It is accessible in all weathers, and therefore becomes a desirable lounging place at times when comfort on the open deck is out of the question. The "Devonia" is of 4,268 tons burden, and being 420 feet in length, her capacious decks afford ample space for promenading and exercise.” *A Summer Jaunt Through the Old World*, p. 5.
in Henley Street, where Shakespeare was born, and where he lived much of his life. The house where he died is no longer standing. The one where he was born is a rather large, old-fashioned stone house, with two gables fronting the street, two stories high, and with a pointed roof. Over the front door is a pointed portico, and the whole exterior of the house indicates a certain amount of both taste and prosperity in the Shakespeare family. But inside it is plain and roughly finished,—a house that seemed utterly lacking in comfort. In the room where the immortal dramatist was born, the poet Wordsworth once tried to make some verses. The rough draft of them has been preserved with great care, and is framed under glass. First were the three following lines:—

"The house of Shakespeare's birth we here may see;  
That of his death we find without a trace.  
Vain the inquiry, for immortal he" —

Here came a pause. Evidently this beginning was not satisfactory to the poet, for he drew his pen through it to cross it out; and then, taking a fresh start, proceeded thus:

"Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see;  
That where he died, in vain to find we try.  
Useless the search, for all immortal he,  
And those that are immortal never die."

The kind old ladies who now have charge of the house, and with so much pride and courtesy show it to the visitor, are quite epigrammatic in their remarks, worthy the literary lord whose domain they guard. As one of them took us into the room of which we are speaking, in a thin, cracked voice, she said: "There's not much to see here, but a great deal to feel." 'Walter Scott wrote his name here, and many less famous, that fall with the whitewash." To our "unbelieving friend " who " doubted " about any such man as Shakespeare having ever lived, intimating that Bacon wrote his plays: "Why couldn't Shakespeare be born as well as any other man?" emphatically exclaimed the oracular old lady. One side of the chimney-piece here is called "The Actor's Pillar, "so thickly is it covered with the names of actors, Edmund Kean's signature being among them, and still clearly' legible. As before stated, on one of the windowpanes Walter Scott cut his name with his diamond ring (this was in obedience to a request, as there was then no autograph-book in the house), and all the panes are scratched with signatures, making you think of Douglas Jerrold's remark on bad Shakespearian commentators, that they resemble persons who write on glass with diamonds, and obscure the light with a multitude of scratches. One room, called the Museum, is devoted to Shakespearian curiosities, or relics, one of which is a school-boy's desk ("illustrated with cuts"), in which the illustrious scholar studied and whittled when a schoolboy. Boys were then, very evidently, as is the present custom, in the habit of using their jackknives on their benches. You can sit in his antique study-chair, if you like, and think unutterable things. There is certainly no word that can even remotely suggest the feeling with which you are there overwhelmed. Here,

520 One of the greatest of English tragic actors, a turbulent genius noted as much for his megalomania and ungovernable behaviour as for his portrayals of villains in Shakespearean plays.

521 English dramatist and writer (1803-1857).
too, is his writing-desk, a battered old affair, which, in its first estate, was a very
humble and homely article of furniture; but how it made one's heart beat to sit down
before it, and think what words had been written there, — words which must endure
till this round world itself shall pass away! In a glass case is seen the seal-ring which
Shakespeare wore; also the one worn by Dr. Hall, who married his favorite daughter.
Here was a cast of the great dramatist's face, taken after his death, and here was a
portrait of him, taken when he was between thirty-eight and forty. It is poor and crude
enough as a work of art, and faulty in execution; but the artist had, somehow,
managed to prison something of the wonderful soul of his subject. The brow is the
kingliest ever known, and something strong and resolute, and yet very calm, looks out
of those painted eyes. The portrait is kept under lock and key, every night, in an iron
safe. It is much too valuable to be trusted without the greatest precautions. At the back
of the cottage, now isolated from all contiguous structures, is a pleasant garden, and,
at one side, is a cosy, luxurious little cabin — the home of order and of pious
decorum — for the ladies who are custodians of the Shakespeare house. If you are a
favored visitor, you may receive, from this garden, at parting, all the flowers, prettily
affixed to a sheet of purple-edged paper, that poor Ophelia names, in the scene of her
madness: "There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember; and
there is pansies, that's for thoughts; there 's fennel for you, and columbines; there 's
rue for you; there 's a daisy. I would give you some violets, but they withered all
when my father died." The minute knowledge that Shakespeare had of plants and
flowers, and the loving appreciation with which he describes pastoral scenery, are
explained to the rambler in Stratford by all that he sees and hears. There is a walk
across the fields to Shottery, Anne Hathaway's cottage, which the poet must often
have taken in the days of his courtship, whereon the feet of the traveller are buried in
wild flowers and furrow-weeds. The high road to that hamlet, also, passes through
rich meadows, and lands teeming with grain, flecked everywhere with those, brilliant
scarlet poppies, which are so radiant and bewitching in the English landscape. To
have grown up amid such surroundings, and, above all, to have experienced amidst
them the passion of love, must have been, with Shakespeare, the intuitive acquirement
of most ample and most specific knowledge of their manifold beauties. It would be
hard to find a sweeter rustic retreat than is Anne Hathaway's cottage, even now. The
tall trees embower it; and over its porches, and along its picturesque, irregular front,
and on its thatched roof, the woodbine and the ivy climb; and there are the wild roses
and the maiden's blush. For the young poet's wooing no place could be fitter than this!
They show you, in that cottage, an old settle by the fireside, whereon the lovers may
have sat together. In the rude little chamber next the roof, an antique carved bedstead,
which Anne Hathaway once owned, and on which Shakespeare is believed to have
slept when he was first married. People say he could n't have loved her very much,
because he only left her his second-best bed in his will. He must have loved her in the
days when he went to woo her in that humblest of all humble cottages. It is the
poorest little place, — scarcely more than a cabin, — with thatched roof, the roughest
walls; and, inside, rough stone floors, and jagged-looking beams overhead.

This, as we know, continued to be Anne's home for many years of her married
life; the husband being absent in London, and sometimes coming down to visit her at
Shottery. "He was wont," says Aubrey, "to go to his native county once a year." The
last surviving descendant of the Hathaway family — Mrs. Taylor — lives in the house
now, and welcomes with homely hospitality the wanderers from all lands who seek, in
a sympathy and reverence most honorable to human nature, the shrine of
Shakespeare's love.
On that delicious summer evening, which is forever memorable in our life, the golden glory of the westering sun burns on the gray spire of Stratford Church, and on the ancient graveyard below, wherein the mossy stones lean this way and that, in sweet and orderly confusion, and on the peaceful avenue of lindens, and on the burnished waters of silver Avon. The tall, arched, many-colored windows of the church glint in the evening light. A cool and fragrant wind is stirring the branches and the grass. The small birds, calling to their mates, or sporting in the wanton pleasure of their airy life, are circling over the church roof, or hiding in little crevices of its walls. On the vacant meadows across the river stretch away the long and level shadows of the pompous elms. Here and there, upon the river's brink, are pairs of what seem lovers, strolling by the reedy marge, or sitting upon the low tombs, in the quiet evening. The funeral train of Shakespeare, on that dark day when it moved from New Place to Stratford Church, had but a little way to go. The river, surely, must have seemed to hush its murmurs, the trees to droop their branches, the sunshine to grow dim, as that sad procession passed! His grave is under the gray pavement of the chancel, within the rail, and his wife and his two daughters are buried at his side. There, "after life's fitful fever, he sleeps well." It is a fine old church, as are most of the English country churches, its oldest portion dating as far back as 1140; and not the Poet's Corner in Westminster Abbey, where sleep so many of the illustrious, is so interesting to us as this rustic church, where rests the mightiest dead of all. The pilgrim who reads, upon the gravestone itself, those rugged lines of grievous entreaty and awful imprecation which guard the poet's rest, feels no doubt that he is listening to his living voice, for he has now seen the enchanting beauty of the place, and he has now felt what passionate affection it is able to inspire. Feeling, and not manner, would naturally have commanded that sudden, agonized supplication and threat. Nor does such a pilgrim doubt, when gazing on the painted bust, above the grave, that was made by Gerard Johnson, the stone-cutter, that he beholds the authentic face of Shakespeare. It is not the heavy face that the portraits represent it. There is a rapt, transfigured quality in it which these do not convey. It is thoughtful, austere, and yet benign. Shakespeare was a hazel-eyed man, with auburn hair, and the colors that he wore were scarlet and black. Being painted, and also being set up at a considerable height on the church wall, the bust does not disclose what is sufficiently perceptible in a cast from it, — that it is, in fact, the literal copy of a cast from the dead face. One of the cheeks is a little swollen, and the tongue is very slightly protruded, and is caught between the lips.

It need not be said that the old theory, that the poet was not a gentleman of great consideration in his own time and place, falls utterly and forever from the mind when you stand at his grave. No man could have a more honorable or sacred spot of sepulture; and while it illustrates the profound esteem of the community in which he lived, it testifies to the high religious character by which that esteem was confirmed. "I commend my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, hoping and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting." So wrote Shakespeare, in his last will, bowing in humblest reverence the mightiest mind — as vast and limitless in the power to comprehend as to express — that ever wore the garments of mortality.

After leaving the church, we strolled along the shores of the Avon, past the Memorial Building which is being erected to his memory on the banks of the river. On our return we paid our respects to the Red Horse Inn, where Washington Irving stayed when in Stratford. They keep the room very much as it was when he left it; for they are proud of his gentle genius and grateful for his commemorative words. In a
corner stands the old-fashioned arm-chair in which he sat on that night of memory and of musing, which he has described in the "Sketch-Book." A brass plate bearing his name is affixed to it; and the visitor observes, in token of its age and service, that the hair-cloth of its seat is considerably torn and frayed. Every American pilgrim sits in this chair, and reads the memorials of Irving that are hung upon the walls; and it is no small comfort there to reflect that our own illustrious countryman — whose name will be remembered with honor as long as true literature is prized among men — was the first, in modern days, to discover the beauties and to interpret the poetry of the birth-place of Shakespeare.

As we strive, after many days, to call back, and to fix in words the impressions of that sublime experience, the same awe falls upon us now as fell upon us then.

Nothing else upon earth, —no natural scene, no relic of the past, no pageantry of the present,— can vie with the shrine of Shakespeare, in power to impress, to humble, and to exalt the devout spirit that has been nurtured at the fountain of his transcendent genius.

But little more of our story remains to be told. We left Stratford in the early evening via Birmingham and Holyhead, crossing St. George's Channel, and reached Dublin the following morning. […]
XIII. THE HOME OF SHAKESPEARE

Written by the American dramatic theatre critic, biographer, poet, and essayist William Winter (1836-1917) for Harper's Magazine, and first published in May, 1879, to record, for the American public, the dedication of the Shakespeare Memorial, at Stratford. Winter explains that Edward A. Abbey, embellished this paper, in the Magazine, with beautiful illustrations,—equally poetical and truthful. The chapter included a complete tour of the history of Stratford and of the places related to the poet.

It is the everlasting glory of Stratford-upon-Avon that it was the birth-place of Shakespeare. In itself, although a pretty and charming spot, it is not, among English towns, either pre-eminently beautiful or exceptionally impressive. Situated in the heart of Warwickshire, which has been called "the garden of England," it nestles cosily in an atmosphere of tranquil loveliness, and is surrounded, indeed, with everything that soft and gentle rural scenery can afford, to soothe the mind and to nurture contentment. It stands upon a level plain, almost in the centre of the island, through which, between the low green hills that roll away on either side, the Avon flows downward to ancient Gloucester and the Severn. The country in its neighbourhood is under perfect cultivation, and for many miles 120, around presents the appearance of a superbly appointed park. Portions of the land are devoted to crops and pasture; other portions are thickly wooded with oak, elm, willow, and chestnut; the meadows are intersected by hedges of the fragrant hawthorn, and the whole region smiles with flowers. Old manor-houses, half hidden among the trees, and thatched cottages embowered with roses, are sprinkled through the surrounding landscape; and all the roads which converge upon this point — from Warwick, Banbury, Bidford, Alcester, Evesham, Worcester, and many other contiguous towns — wind, in sun and shadow, through a sod of green velvet, swept by the cool, sweet winds of the English summer. Such felicities of situation and such accessories of beauty, however, are not unusual in England; and Stratford, were it not hallowed by association, though it might always hold a place among the pleasant memories of the traveller, would not have become a shrine for the homage of the world. To Shakespeare it owes its renown; from Shakespeare it derives the bulk of its prosperity. To visit Stratford is to tread with affectionate veneration in the footsteps of the poet. To write about Stratford is to write about Shakespeare.

More than three hundred years have passed since the birth of that colossal genius, and many changes must have occurred in his native town, within that period. The Stratford of Shakespeare's time was built principally of timber — as, indeed, it is

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now —, and contained about fourteen hundred inhabitants. To-day its population numbers upward of ten thousand. New dwellings have arisen where once were fields of wheat, glorious with the shimmering lustre of the scarlet poppy. The older buildings, for the most part, have been demolished or altered. Manufactories, chiefly of beer and of Shakespearean relics, have been stimulated into prosperous activity.

The Avon has been spanned by a new bridge, of iron. The village streets have been levelled, swept, rolled, and garnished till they look like a Flemish drawing of the Middle Ages. Even the Shakespeare cottage, the ancient Tudor house in High street, and the two old churches — authentic and splendid memorials of a distant and storied past — have been "restored." If the poet could walk again through his accustomed haunts, though he would see the same smiling country round about, and hear, as of old, the ripple of the Avon murmuring in its summer sleep, his eyes would rest on scarce a single object that once he knew. Yet, there are the paths that Shakespeare often trod; there stands the house in which he was born; there is the school in which he was taught; there is the cottage in which he wooed his sweetheart, and in which he dwelt with her as his wife; there are the ruins and relics of the mansion in which he died; and there is the church that keeps his dust, so consecrated by the reverence of mankind

"That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

In shape the town of Stratford somewhat resembles a large cross, which is formed by High street, running nearly north and south, and Bridge street, running nearly east and west. From these, which are main avenues, radiate many and devious branches. A few of the streets are broad and straight, but many of them, particularly on the water side, are narrow and circuitous. High and Bridge streets intersect each other at the centre of the town, and here stands the market-house; an ancient building, with belfry-tower and illuminated clock, facing eastward toward the old stone bridge, with fourteen arches, — the bridge that Sir Hugh Clopton built across the Avon in the reign of Henry the Seventh. From that central point a few steps will bring the traveller to the birth-place of Shakespeare. It is a little, two-story cottage of timber and plaster, on the north side of Henley Street, in the western part of the town. It must have been, in its pristine days, much finer than most of the dwellings in its neighbourhood. The one-story house, with attic windows, was the almost invariable fashion of building, in all English country towns, till the seventeenth century. This cottage, besides its two stories, had dormer-windows above its roof, a pent-house over its door, and altogether was built and appointed in a manner both luxurious and substantial. Its age is unknown; but the history of Stratford reaches back to a period three hundred years antecedent to William the Conqueror, and fancy, therefore, is allowed the amplest room to magnify its antiquity. It was bought, or at all events occupied, by Shakespeare's father in 1555, and in it he resided till his death, in 1601, when it descended by inheritance to the poet. Such is the substance of the somewhat confused documentary evidence and of the emphatic tradition which consecrate this cottage as the house in which Shakespeare was born. The point, as is well known, has never been absolutely settled. John Shakespeare, the father, in 1564, was the owner not only of the house in Henley street, but of another in Greenhill street, and of still another at Ingon, about a mile and a half from Stratford, on the road to Warwick. William Shakespeare might have been born at either of these dwellings, and it is not impossible that several generations of the poet's worshippers have been dilating with emotion in the wrong place. Tradition, however, has sanctified the Henley-street
cottage; and this, accordingly, as Shakespeare's cradle, will doubtless be piously
guarded to a late posterity.

Figure 36: A view from Stratford.

It has already survived serious perils and vicissitudes. By Shakespeare's will it
was bequeathed to his sister Joan — Mrs. William Hart— to be held by her, under the
yearly rent of twelve pence, during her life, and at her death to revert to his daughter
Susanna and her descendants. His sister Joan appears to have been living there at the
time of his decease, in 1616. She is known to have been living there in 1639 —
twenty-three years later — and doubtless she resided there till her death, in 1646. The
estate then passed to Susanna — Mrs. John Hall — from whom in 1649 it descended
to her grandchild, Lady Barnard, who left it to her kinsmen, Thomas and George Hart,
grandsons of Joan. In this line of descent it continued —subject to many of those
infringements which are incidental to poverty— till 1806, when William Shakespeare
Hart, the seventh in collateral kinship from the poet, sold it to Thomas Court, from
whose family it was at last purchased for the British nation. Meantime the property,
which originally consisted of two tenements and a considerable tract of adjacent land,
had, little by little, been curtailed of its fair proportions by the sale of its gardens and
orchards. The two tenements —two in one, that is — had been subdivided. A part of
the building became an inn —at first called "The Maidenhead," afterward "The
Swan," and finally "The Swan and Maidenhead." Another part became a butcher's
shop. The old dormer windows and the pent-house disappeared. A new brick casing
was foisted upon the tavern end of the structure. In front of the butcher's shop
appeared a sign announcing, "William Shakespeare was born in this house. N. B. —
A Horse and Taxed Cart to Let." Still later appeared another legend, vouching that
"the immortal Shakespeare was born in this house." From 1793 till 1820 Thomas and
Mary Hornby, connections by marriage with the Harts, lived in the Shakespeare
cottage —now at length become the resort of literary pilgrims— and Mary Hornby,
who set up to be a poet, and wrote tragedy, comedy, and philosophy, took great
delight in exhibiting its rooms to visitors. During the reign of this eccentric custodian
the low ceilings and whitewashed walls of its several chambers became covered with
autographs, scrawled thereon by many enthusiasts, including some of the most
famous persons in Europe. In 1820 Mary Hornby was requested to leave the premises.
She did not wish to go. She could not endure the thought of a successor. "After me,
the deluge." She was obliged to abdicate; but she conveyed away all the furniture and
relics alleged to be connected with Shakespeare's family, and she hastily whitewashed
the cottage walls. Only a small part of the wall of the upper room, the chamber in
which "nature's darling" first saw the light, escaped this act of spiteful sacrilege. On
the space behind its door may still be read many names, with dates affixed, ranging
back from 1820 to 1792. Among them is that of Dora Jordan, the beautiful and
fascinating actress, who wrote it there June 2, 1809. Much of Mary Hornby's
whitewash, which chanced to be unsized, was afterward removed, so that her work of
obliteration proved only in part successful. Other names have been added to this
singular, chaotic scroll of worship. Byron, Scott, Thackeray, Kean, Tennison, and
Dickens are illustrious among the votaries here and thus recorded. The successors of
Mary Hornby guarded their charge with pious care. The precious value of the old
Shakespeare cottage grew more and more sensible to the English people. Washington
Irving made his famous pilgrimage to Stratford, and recounted it in his beautiful
"Sketchbook." Yet it was not till Mr. Barnum, from the United States, arrived with a
proposition to buy the Shakespeare house and convey it to America that the literary
enthusiasm of Great Britain was made to take a practical shape; and this venerated
and inestimable relic became, in 1847, a national possession. In 1856, John
Shakespeare, of Worthington field, near Ashby-de-la-Zouch, gave £2,500 to preserve
and restore it; and within the next two years, under the superintendence of Edward
Gibbs, an architect of Stratford, it was isolated by the demolition of the cottages at its
sides and in the rear, repaired wherever decay was visible, set in perfect order, and
restored to its ancient self.

The builders of this house must have done their work thoroughly well, for,
even after all these years of rough usage and of slow but incessant decline, the great
timbers remain solid, the plastered walls are firm, the huge chimney-stack is as
permanent as a rock, and the ancient flooring only betrays by the scooped-out aspect
of its boards, and the high polish on the heads of the nails which fasten them down,
that it belongs to a period of remote antiquity. The cottage stands close upon the
margin of the street, according to ancient custom of building throughout Stratford;
and, entering through a little porch, the pilgrim stands at once in that low-ceiled, flag-
stoned room, with its wide fire-place, so familiar in prints of the chimney-corner of
Shakespeare's youthful days. Within the fire-place, on either side, are seats fashioned
in the brick-work; and here, as it is pleasant to imagine, the boy-poet often sat, on
winter nights, gazing dreamily into the flames, and building castles in that fairy-land
of fancy which was his celestial inheritance. Nothing else in this room detains
attention, and you presently pass from it by a narrow, well-worn staircase to the
chamber above, which is shown as the place of the poet's birth. An antiquated chair,
of the sixteenth century, stands in the right-hand corner. At the left is a small fire-
place, made in the rectangular form which is still usual. All around the walls are
visible the great beams which are the frame-work of the building —beams of
seasoned oak that will last forever. Opposite to the door of entrance is a three-fold
casement (the original window) full of narrow panes of white glass scrawled all over
with names that their worshipful owners have written with diamonds. The ceiling is so low that you can easily touch it with uplifted hand. A portion of it, about a yard square, is held in place by an intricate net-work of little laths. This room, and, indeed, the whole structure, is as polished and lustrous as any waxen, royal hall in the Louvre, and it impresses observation very much like old lace that has been treasured up in lavender or jasmine. These walls, which no one is now permitted to mar, were naturally the favourite scroll of the Shakespeare votaries of long ago. Every inch of the plaster bears marks of the pencil of reverence. Hundreds of names are written here — some of them famous, but most of them obscure, and all destined at no very distant day to perish where they stand. On the chimney-piece at the right of the fire-place, which is named the "Actors' Pillar," many actors have inscribed their signatures. Edmund Kean wrote his name here — probably the greatest Shakespearean actor that ever lived — and with what soulful veneration and spiritual sympathy it is awful even to try to imagine. Sir Walter Scott's name is scratched with a diamond on the window — "W. Scott." That of Thackeray appears on the ceiling, and close by it is that of Helen Faucit Vestris is written near the fire-place. Mark Lemon and Charles Dickens are together on the opposite wall. The catalogue would be endless; and it is not of these offerings of fealty that you think when you sit and muse alone in that mysterious chamber. As once again I conjure up that strange and solemn scene, the sunshine rests in checkered squares upon the ancient floor, the motes swim in the sunbeams, the air is very cold, the place is hushed as death, and over it all there broods an atmosphere of grave suspense and hopeless desolation — a sense of some tremendous energy stricken dumb and frozen into silence, and past and gone forever. The other rooms which are shown in the Shakespeare cottage possess but few points of special interest. Opposite to the birth-chamber, at the rear, there is a small apartment, in which is displayed "the Stratford Portrait" of the poet. This painting is supposed to have been owned by the Clopton family, and to have fallen into the hands of William Hunt, an old resident of Stratford, who bought their mansion of the Cloptons, in 1758. The adventures through which it passed can only be conjectured. It does not appear to have been valued, and although it remained in the house, it was cast away amongst lumber and rubbish. In process of time it was painted over and changed into a different subject. Then it fell a prey to dirt and damp. There is a story that the little boys of the tribe of Hunt were accustomed to use it as a target for their arrows. At last, after the lapse of a century, the grandson of William Hunt showed it by chance to an expert artist, who luckily surmised that a valuable portrait might perhaps exist beneath its muddy surface. It was carefully cleaned. A thick beard and a pair of mustaches were removed, and the face of Shakespeare emerged upon the canvas. It is not pretended that this portrait was painted in Shakespeare's time. The very close resemblance which it bears, in attitude, dress, colours, and other peculiarities, to the painted bust of the poet in Stratford church seems clearly to indicate that it was a modern copy of that work. Upon a brass plate affixed to it is the following inscription: "This portrait of Shakespeare, after being in the possession of Mr. William Oakes Hunt, town-clerk of Stratford, and his family, for upward of a century, was restored to its original condition by Mr. Simon Collins of London, and, being considered a portrait of much interest and value, was given by Mr. Hunt to the town of Stratford-upon-Avon, to be preserved in Shakespeare's house, 23rd April, 1862." There, accordingly, it remains, and in memory's association with the several other dubious presentments of the poet, cheerfully adds to the mental confusion of the pilgrim who would fain form an accurate ideal of Shakespeare's appearance. Standing in its presence, it was worthwhile to reflect that there are only two authentic representations
of Shakespeare in existence — the Droeshout portrait and the Gerard Johnson bust. They may not be perfect works of art; they may not do perfect justice to the original; but they were seen and accepted by persons to whom Shakespeare had been a living companion. The bust was sanctioned by his children; the portrait — fourteen times copied and engraved within fifty years after his death — was sanctioned by his friend Ben Jonson, and by his brother actors Heminge and Condell, who prefixed it, in 1623, to the first folio of his works. Standing amongst the relics, which have been gathered into a museum in an apartment on the ground-floor of the cottage, it was essential also to remember how often "the wish is father to the thought" that sanctifies the uncertain memorials of the distant past. Several of the most suggestive documents, though, which bear upon the vague and shadowy record of Shakespeare's life are preserved in this place. Here is a deed, made in 1596, which proves that this house was his father's residence. Here is the only letter addressed to him which is known to exist — the letter of Richard Quiney (1598) asking for the loan of thirty pounds. Here is his declaration in a suit, in 1604, to recover the price of some malt that he had sold to Philip Rogers. Here is a deed, dated 1609, on which is the autograph of his brother Gilbert, who represented him at Stratford in his business affairs while he was absent in London, and who, surviving, it is dubiously said, almost till the period of the Restoration, talked, as a very old man, of the poet's impersonation of Adam in "As You Like It." Here likewise is shown a gold seal ring, found not many years ago in a field near Stratford church, on which, delicately engraved, appear the letters W. S., entwined with a true-lover's knot. It may have belonged to Shakespeare. The conjecture is that it did, and that, since on the last of the three sheets which contain his will the word "seal" is stricken out and the word "hand" substituted, he did not seal this document because he had only just then, lost this ring. The supposition is, at least, ingenious. It will not harm the visitor to accept it. Nor, as he stands poring over the ancient and decrepit school-desk which has been lodged in this museum, from the grammar school in High street, will it greatly tax his credulity to believe that the "shining morning face" of the boy Shakespeare once looked down upon it in the irksome quest of his "small Latin and less Greek." They call it "Shakespeare's desk." It is very old, and it is certainly known to have been in the school of the Chapel of the Holy Guild, three hundred years ago. There are other relics, more or less indirectly connected with the great name that is here commemorated. The inspection of them all would consume many days; the description of them would occupy many pages. You write your name in the visitors' book at parting, and perhaps stroll forth into the garden of the cottage, which incloses it at the sides and in the rear, and there, beneath the leafy boughs of the English elm, while your footsteps press "the grassy carpet of this plain," behold growing all around you the rosemary, pansies, fennel, columbines, rue, daisies, and violets, which make the imperishable garland on Ophelia's grave, and which are the fragrance of her solemn and lovely memory.

Thousands of times the wonder must have been expressed that, while the world knows so much about Shakespeare's mind, it should know so little about his history. The date of his birth, even, is established by an inference. The register of Stratford church shows that he was baptized there in 1564, on the 26th of April. It is said to have been customary to baptize infants on the third day after their birth. It is presumed that the custom was followed in this instance, and hence it is deduced that Shakespeare was born 23d — a date which, making allowance for the difference between the old and new styles of reckoning time, corresponds to our 3d of May. Equally by an inference it is established that the boy was educated in the free
grammar school. The school was there; and any boy of the town, who was seven years old and able to read, could get admission to it. Shakespeare's father, chief alderman of Stratford, and then a man of worldly substance, though afterward he became poor, would surely have wished that his children should grow up in knowledge. To the ancient school-house, accordingly, and the adjacent chapel of the guild — which are still extant, on the southeast corner of Chapel and High streets — the pilgrim confidently traces the footsteps of the poet. These buildings are of singular beauty and quaintness. The chapel dates back to about the middle of the thirteenth century. It was a Roman Catholic institution, founded in 1269, under the patronage of the Bishop of Worcester, and committed to the pious custody of the guild of Stratford. A hospital was connected with it in those days, and Robert de Stratford was its first master. New privileges and, confirmation were granted to the guild by Henry the Fourth, in 1403 and 1429. The grammar school, established on an endowment of lands and tenements by Thomas Jolyffe, was set up in association with it in 1482. Toward the end of the reign of Henry the Seventh, the whole of the chapel, excepting the chancel, was torn down and rebuilt under the munificent direction of Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, and Stratford's chief citizen and benefactor. Under Henry the Eighth, when came the stormy times of the Reformation, the priests were driven out, the guild was dissolved, and the chapel was despoiled. Edward the Sixth, however, granted a new charter to this ancient institution, and with especial precautions reinstated the school. The chapel itself was used as a school-room when Shakespeare was a boy, and till as late as the year 1595; and in case the lad did really go thither (in 1571) as a pupil, he must have been from childhood familiar with what is still visible upon its walls — the very remarkable series of grotesque paintings which there present, as in a pictorial panorama, the history of the Holy Cross, from its origin as a tree at the beginning of the world, to its exaltation at Jerusalem. These paintings were brought to light in 1804 in the course of a general repairing of the chapel, which then occurred, when the walls were relieved of thick coatings of whitewash, laid on them long before, in Puritan times, either to spoil or to hide from the spoiler. This chapel and its contents, in any case, constitute one of the few remaining spectacles at Stratford that bring us face to face with Shakespeare. During the last three years of his life he dwelt almost continually in his house of New Place, on the corner immediately opposite to this church. The configuration of the excavated foundations of that house indicates what would now be called a deep bay-window in its southern front. There, undoubtedly, was Shakespeare's study; and through that casement, many and many a time, in storm and in sunshine, by night and by day, he must have looked out upon the grim, square tower, the embattled stone wall, and the four tall Gothic windows of that dark, mysterious temple. The moment your gaze falls upon it, the low-breathed, horror-stricken words of Lady Macbeth spring involuntarily to your lips: —

"The raven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of Duncan
Under my battlements."

New Place, Shakespeare's home at the time of his death, and presumably the house in which he died, stood on the northeast corner of High Street and Chapel Street. Nothing now remains of it but a portion of its foundations — long buried in the earth, but found and exhumed in comparatively recent days. Its gardens have been redeemed, through the zealous and devoted exertions of Mr. Haliwell, and have been restored to what is thought to have been almost their exact condition when Shakespeare owned them. The crumbling fragments of the foundation are covered
with frames of wood and glass. A mulberry-tree — the grandson of the famous mulberry which Shakespeare himself is known to have planted — is growing on the spot once occupied by its renowned ancestor. There is no drawing or print in existence which shows New Place as it was when Shakespeare left it, but there is a sketch of it as it appeared in 1740. The house was made of brick and timber, and was built by Sir Hugh Clopton nearly a century before it became by purchase the property of the poet. Shakespeare bought it in 1597, and in it passed, intermittently, a considerable part of the last nineteen years of his life. It had borne the name of New Place before it came into his possession. The Clopton family parted with it in 1563, and it was subsequently owned by the families of Bott and of Underbill. At Shakespeare's death it was inherited by his eldest daughter, Susanna, wife to Dr. John Hall. In 1643, Mrs. Hall, then seven years a widow, being still its owner and occupant, Henrietta Maria, queen to Charles the First, who had come to Stratford with a part of the royal army, resided for three weeks at New Place, which, therefore, must even then have been the most considerable private residence in the town. Mrs. Hall dying in 1649, aged sixty-six, left it to her only child, Elizabeth, then Mrs. Thomas Nashe, who afterward became Lady Barnard, wife to Sir Thomas Barnard, and in whom the direct line of Shakespeare ended. After her death the estate was purchased by Sir Edward Walker, in 1675, who ultimately left it to his daughter's husband. Sir John Clopton, and so it once more passed into the hands of the family of its founder. A second Sir Hugh Clopton owned it at the middle of the last century, and under his direction it was repaired, freshly decorated, and furnished with a new front. That proved the beginning of the end of this old structure, as a relic of Shakespeare; for this owner, dying in 1751, bequeathed it to his son-in-law, Henry Talbot, who in 1753 sold it to the most universally execrated iconoclast of modern times, the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham, in Cheshire, by whom it was destroyed. Mr. Gastrell, it appears, was a man of large fortune and of equal insensitivity. He knew little of Shakespeare, but he knew that the frequent incursion, into his garden, of strangers who came to sit beneath "Shakespeare's mulberry" was a troublesome annoyance. He struck, therefore, at the root of the vexation, and cut down the tree. This was in 1756. The wood was purchased by Thomas Sharp, a watchmaker of Stratford, who subsequently made the solemn declaration that he carried it to his home and converted it into toys and kindred memorial relics. The villagers of Stratford, meantime, incensed at the barbarity of Mr. Gastrell, took their revenge by breaking his windows. In this and in other ways the clergyman was probably made to realize his local unpopularity. It had been his custom to reside during a part of each year in Lichfield, leaving some of his servants in charge of New Place. The overseers of Stratford, having lawful authority to levy a tax, for the maintenance of the poor, on every house in the town valued at more than forty shillings a year, did not, it may be presumed, neglect to make a vigorous use of their privilege, in the case of Mr. Gastrell. The result of their exactions in the sacred cause of charity was at least significant.

In 1757 Mr. Gastrell declared that that house should never be taxed again, pulled down the building, sold the materials of which it had consisted, and left Stratford forever. A modern house now stands on a part of the site of what was once Shakespeare's home, and here has been established another museum of Shakespearean relics. None of these relics is of imposing authenticity or of remarkable interest. Among them is a stone mullion, dug up on the site, which must have belonged to a window of the original mansion. This entire estate, bought from different owners, and restored to its Shakespearean condition, became in 1875 the property of the
corporation of Stratford. The tract of land is not large. The visitor may traverse the whole of it in a few minutes, although if he obey his inclination he will linger there for hours. The inclosure is about three hundred feet square, possibly larger. The lawn is in beautiful condition. The line of the walls that once separated this from the two gardens of vegetables and of flowers is traced in the turf. The mulberry is large and flourishing, and wears its honours in contented vigour. Other trees give grateful shade to the grounds, and the voluptuous red roses, growing all around in profuse richness, load the air with bewildering fragrance. Eastward, at a little distance, flows the Avon. Not far away rises the graceful spire of the Holy Trinity. A few rooks, hovering in the air, and wisely bent on some facetious mischief, send down through the silvery haze of the summer morning their sagacious yet melancholy caw. The windows of the gray chapel across the street twinkle, and keep their solemn secret. On this spot was first waved the mystic wand of Prospero. Here Ariel sang of dead men's bones turned into pearl and coral in the deep caverns of the sea. Here arose into everlasting life Hermione, "as tender as infancy and grace." Here were created Miranda and Perdita, twins of heaven's own radiant goodness —

"Daffodils
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty; violets dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes
Or Cytherea's breath."

To endeavour to touch upon the larger and more august aspect of Shakespeare's life — when, as his wonderful sonnets betray, his great heart had felt the devastating blast of cruel passions, and the deepest knowledge of the good and evil of the universe had been borne in upon his soul — would be impious presumption. Happily, to the stroller in Stratford every association connected with him is gentle and tender. His image, as it rises there, is of smiling boyhood, or sedate and benignant maturity; always either joyous or serene, never passionate, or turbulent or dark. The pilgrim thinks of him as a happy child at his father's fireside; as a wondering school-boy in the quiet, venerable close of the old Guild Chapel, where still the only sound that breaks the silence is the chirp of birds or the creaking of the church vane; as a handsome, dauntless youth, sporting by his beloved river or roaming through field and forest many miles about; as the bold, adventurous spirit, bent on frolic and mischief, and not averse to danger, leading, perhaps, the wild lads of his village in their poaching depredations on the park of Charlecote; as the lover, strolling through the green lanes of Sholtery, hand in hand with the darling of his first love, while round them the honeysuckle breathed out its fragrant heart upon the winds of night, and overhead the moonlight, streaming through rifts of elm and poplar, fell on their pathway in showers of shimmering silver; and, last of all, as the illustrious poet, rooted and secure in his massive and shining fame, loved by many, and venerated and mourned by all, borne slowly through Stratford church-yard, while the golden bells were tolled in sorrow, and the mourning lime-trees dropped their blossoms on his bier, to the place of his eternal rest. Through all the scenes incidental to this experience the worshipper of Shakespeare's genius may follow him every step of the way. The old foot-path across the fields to Shottery remains unchanged. The wild flowers are blooming along its margin. The white blossoms of the chestnut hang over it. The green meadows through which it winds are thickly sprinkled with the gorgeous scarlet of the poppy. The hamlet of Shottery is less than a mile from Stratford, stepping westward toward the sunset; and there, nestled beneath the elms
and almost embowered in vines and roses, stands the cottage in which Anne Hathaway was wooed and won. It is even more antiquated in appearance than the cottage of Shakespeare, and more obviously a relic of the distant past. It is built of wood and plaster, ribbed with massive timbers, — crossed and visible all along its front, — and covered with a thatch roof. It fronts eastward, presenting its southern end to the road. Under its eaves, peeping through embrasures cut in the thatch, are four tiny casements, round which the ivy twines, and the roses wave softly in the wind of June. The northern end of the structure is higher than the southern, and the old building, originally divided into two tenements, is now divided into three. In front of it is a straggling terrace and a large garden. There is a comfortable air of wildness, yet not of neglect, in all its appointments and surroundings. The place is still the abode of labour and lowliness. Entering its parlour you see a stone floor, a wide fire-place, a broad, hospitable hearth, with cosey chimney-corners, and near this an old wooden settle, much decayed but still serviceable, on which Shakespeare may often have sat, with Anne at his side. The plastered walls of this room here and there reveal traces of an oaken wainscot. The ceiling is low. This evidently was the farm-house of a substantial yeoman in the days of Henry the Eighth. The Hathaway's had lived in Shottery for forty years prior to Shakespeare's marriage. The poet, then wholly undistinguished, had just turned eighteen, while his bride was nearly twenty-six, and it is often said now that she acted ill in wedding this boy-lover. They were married in November, 1582, and their first child, Susanna, came in the following May. Anne Hathaway must have been a wonderfully fascinating woman, or Shakespeare would not so have loved her; and she must have loved him dearly — as what woman, indeed, could help it? — or she would not thus have yielded to his passion. There is direct testimony to the beauty of his person; and in the light afforded by his writings it requires no extraordinary penetration to conjecture that his brilliant mind, sparkling humour, tender fancy, and impetuous spirit must have made him, in his youth, the very paragon of enchanters. It is not known where they lived during the first years after their marriage. Perhaps in this cottage at Shottery. Perhaps with Hamnet and Judith Sadler, for whom their twins, born in 1585, were named Hamnet and Judith.

Her father's house assuredly would have been chosen for Anne's refuge, when presently, in 1586, Shakespeare was obliged to leave his wife and children, and go away to London to seek his fortune. He did not buy New Place till 1597, but it is known that in the meantime he came to his native country once every year. It was in Stratford that his son Hamnet died, in 1596. Anne and her children probably had never left the town. They show her bedstead and other bits of her furniture, together with certain homespun sheets of everlasting linen, that are kept as heirlooms to this day, in the garret of the Shottery cottage. Here is the room that must often have welcomed the poet when he came home from his labours in the great city. It is a very homely and humble place, but the sight of it makes the heart thrill with a strange and incommunicable awe. You cannot wish to speak when you are standing there. You are scarcely conscious of the low rustling of the leaves outside, the far-off sleepy murmuring of the brook, or the faint fragrance of woodbine and maiden's-blush that is wafted in at the open casement, and that swathes in nature's incense a memory sweeter than itself.
Associations may be established by fable as well as by fact. There is but little reason to believe the old legendary tale, first recorded by Rowe, that Shakespeare, having robbed the deer park of Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, was so severely prosecuted by that magistrate that he was compelled to quit Stratford and shelter himself in London. Yet the story has twisted itself into all the lives of Shakespeare, and whether received or rejected, has clung till this day to the house of Charlecote. That noble mansion—a genuine specimen, despite a few modern alterations, of the architecture of Queen Elizabeth's time—is found on the western bank of the Avon, about three miles southwest from Stratford. It is a long, rambling, three storied palace—quite as finely quaint as old St. James's in London, and not altogether unlike that edifice in general character—with octagon turrets, gables, balustrades, Tudor casements, and great stacks of chimneys, so densely closed in by elms of giant growth that you can scarce distinguish it through the foliage till you are close upon it. It was erected in 1558 by Thomas Lucy, who in 1578 was sheriff of Warwickshire, and who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1593. There is a silly, wretched old ballad in existence, attributed to Shakespeare, which, it is said, was found affixed to Lucy's park gate, and gave him great offense.

He must have been more than commonly sensitive to low abuse if he could really have been annoyed by such a manifestly scurrilous ebullition of the blackguard and the blockhead—supposing, indeed, that he ever saw it. In it he is called a "knight," which, in fact, he did not become until at least five years after the time when
this precious document is alleged to have been written. The writing, proffered as the work of Shakespeare, is undoubtedly a forgery. There is but one existing reason to think that the poet ever cherished a grudge against the Lucy family, and that is the coarse allusion to the name which is found in the "Merry Wives of Windsor." There was, apparently, a second Sir Thomas Lucy, later than the sheriff, who was still more of the Puritanic breed, while Shakespeare, evidently, was a Cavalier. It is possible that in a youthful frolic the poet may have poached on Sheriff Lucy's preserves. Even so, the affair was extremely trivial. It is possible, too, that in after years he may have had reason to dislike the extra Puritanical neighbour. Some memory of the tradition will, of course, haunt the traveller's thoughts as he strolls by Hatton Rock and through the antiquated villages of Hampton and Charlecote, and up the broad leafy avenue to Charlecote House. But this discordant recollection is soon smoothed away by the peaceful loveliness of the ramble — past aged hawthorns that Shakespeare himself must have seen, and under the boughs of beeches, limes, and drooping willows, where every footstep falls on wild flowers, or on a cool green turf that is softer than Indian silk and as firm and springy as the sands of the sea-beaten shore. Thought of Sir Thomas Lucy will not be otherwise than kind, neither, when the stranger in Charlecote church reads the epitaph with which the old knight himself commemorated his wife: "All the time of her life a true and faithful servant of her good God; never detected of any crime or vice; in religion most sound; in love to her husband most faithful and true; in friendship most constant; to what in trust was committed to her most secret; in wisdom excelling; in governing her house and bringing up of youth in the fear of God that did converse with her most rare and singular. A great maintainer of hospitality; greatly esteemed of her betters; disliked of none, unless of the envious. When all is spoken that can be said, a woman so furnished and garnished with virtue as not to be bettered, and hardly to be equalled of any. As she lived most virtuously, so she died most godly. Set down by him that best did know what hath been written to be true, Thomas Lucy. A narrow formalist he may have been, and a severe magistrate in his dealings with scapegrace youths, and perhaps a haughty and disagreeable neighbour; but there is a touch of genuine manhood, high feeling, and virtuous and self-respecting character in these lines which instantly wins the response of sympathy. If Shakespeare really shot the deer of Thomas Lucy, the injured gentleman had a right to feel annoyed. Shakespeare, boy or man, was not a saint, and those who so account him can have read his works to but little purpose. He can bear the full brunt of all his faults. He does not need to be canonized.

This ramble to Charlecote — one of the prettiest walks about Stratford — was, it may surely be supposed, often taken by Shakespeare. He would pass the old mill bridge (new in 1599), which still spans the Avon a little way to the south of the church. The quaint, sleepy mill — clad now with moss and ivy — which adds such a charm to the prospect, was doubtless fresh and bright in those distant days. More lovely to the vision, though, it never could have been than it is at present. The gaze of Shakespeare assuredly dwelt on it with pleasure. His footsteps may be traced, also, in fancy, to the region of the old college building (demolished in 1799), which stood in the southern part of Stratford, and was the home of his friend John Combe, factor of Fulke Greville, Earl of Warwick. Still another of his walks must have tended northward through Welcombe, where he was the owner of lands, to the portly manor of Clopton. On what is called the "Ancient House," which stands on the west side of High Street, not far from New Place, he may often have looked, as he strolled past to the inns of the Boar and the Red Horse. This building, dated 1596, survives,
notwithstanding some modern touches of rehabilitation, as a beautiful specimen of Tudor architecture in one at least of its most charming features, the carved and timber-crossed gable. It is a house of three stories, containing parlour, sitting-room, kitchen, and several bedrooms, besides cellars and brew-shed; and when sold at auction, August 23d, 1876, it brought £400. There are other dwellings fully as old in Stratford, but they have been newly painted and otherwise changed. This is a genuine piece of antiquity, and vies with the grammar school of the guild, under whose pent-house the poet could not have failed to pass whenever he went abroad from New Place. Julius Shaw, one of the five witnesses to his will, lived in a house close by the grammar school; and here, it is reasonable to think, Shakespeare would often pause for a chat with his friend and neighbour. In all the little streets by the river-side, which are ancient and redolent of the past, his image seems steadily familiar. In Dead Lane (now called Chapel Lane) he owned a little, low cottage, bought of Walter Getley in 1602, and only destroyed within the present century. These and kindred shreds of fact, suggesting the poet as a living man, and connecting him, howsoever vaguely, with our human, every-day experience, are seized on with peculiar zest by the pilgrim in Stratford. Such a votary, for example, never doubts that Shakespeare was a frequenter, in leisure and convivial hours, of the ancient Red Horse Inn. It stood there in his day as it stands now, on the right-hand side of Bridge street, westward from the Avon. There are many other taverns in the town — the Shakespeare, the Falcon, the White Hart, the Rose and Crown, the old, Red Lion, and the Cross Keys being a few of them — but the Red Horse takes precedence of all its kindred, in the fascinating, because suggestive, attribute of antiquity. Moreover, it was the Red Horse that harboured Washington Irving, the pioneer of American worshippers at the shrine of Shakespeare; and the American explorer of Stratford would cruelly sacrifice his peace of mind if he were to repose under any other roof. The Red Horse is a rambling, three-story building, entered through a large archway, which leads into a long, straggling yard, adjacent to many offices and stables. On one side of the hall of entrance is found the smoking-room and bar; on the other are the coffee-room and several sitting-rooms. Above are the chambers. It is a thoroughly old-fashioned inn — such a one as we may suppose the Boar's Head to have been, in the time of Prince Henry; such a one as untravelled Americans only know in the pages of Dickens.

The rooms are furnished in plain and homely style, but their associations readily deck them with the fragrant garlands of memory. When Drayton and Jonson came down to visit "gentle Will" at Stratford, they could scarcely have omitted to quaff the glorious ale of Warwickshire in this cosey parlour. When Queen Henrietta Maria was ensconced at New Place, the honoured guest of Shakespeare's elder and favourite daughter, the general of the royal forces quartered himself at the Red Horse, and then doubtless there was enough and to spare of merry revelry within its walls. A little later the old house was soundly peppered by the Roundhead bullets, and the whole town was overrun with the close-cropped, psalm-singing soldiers of the Commonwealth. In 1742 Garrick and Macklin lodged in the Red Horse, and hither again came Garrick in 1769, to direct the great Shakespeare Jubilee, which was then most dismally accomplished, but which is always remembered to the great actor's credit and honour. Betterton, no doubt, lodged here when he came to Stratford in quest of reminiscences of Shakespeare. The visit of Irving, supplemented with his delicious chronicle, has led to what might be called almost the consecration of the parlour in which he sat and the chamber in which he slept.
They still keep the poker — now marked "Geoffrey Crayon's sceptre" — with which, as he sat there in long, silent, and ecstatic meditation, he so ruthlessly prodded the fire in the narrow, tiny grate. They keep also the chair in which he sat — a plain, straight-backed arm-chair, with a hair-cloth seat, much worn in these latter days by the incumbent devotions of the faithful, but duly marked, on a brass label, with his renowned and treasured name. Thus genius can sanctify even the humblest objects,

“And shed a something of celestial light  
Round the familiar face of every day."

To pass rapidly in review the little that is known of Shakespeare's life is, nevertheless, to be impressed not only by its incessant and amazing literary productiveness, but by the quick succession of its salient incidents. The vitality must have been enormous that created in so short a time such a number and variety of works of the first class. The same "quick spirit" would naturally have kept in agitation all the elements of his daily experience. Descended from an ancestor who had fought for the Red Rose on Bosworth Field, he was born to repute as well as competence, and during his early childhood he received instruction and training in a comfortable home. He escaped the plague, which was raging in Stratford when he was an infant, and which took many victims. He went to school when seven years old, and left it when about fourteen. He then had to work for his living — his once opulent father having fallen into misfortune — and he became an apprentice to a butcher, or else a lawyer's clerk (there were seven lawyers in Stratford at that time), or else a school-teacher. Perhaps he was all three — and more. It is conjectured that he saw the players who from time to time acted in the Guildhall, under the auspices of the corporation of Stratford; that he attended the religious entertainments which were customarily given in the neighbouring city of Coventry; and that in particular he witnessed the elaborate and sumptuous pageants with which in 1575 the Earl of Leicester welcomed Queen Elizabeth to Kenilworth Castle.

He married at eighteen; and, leaving a wife and three children in Stratford, he went up to London at twenty-two. His entrance into theatrical life immediately followed — in what capacity it is impossible to judge. One dubious account says that he held horses for the public at the theatre door; another that he got employment as a prompter to the actors. It is certain that he had not been in the theatrical business long before he began to make himself felt. At twenty-eight he was known as a prosperous author. At twenty-nine he had acted with Burbage before Queen Elizabeth; and while Spenser had extolled him in the "Tears of the Muses," the envious Green had disparaged him in the "Groat's-worth of Wit." At thirty-three he had acquired wealth enough to purchase New Place, the principal residence in his native town, where now he placed his family and established his home, — himself remaining in London, but visiting Stratford at frequent intervals. At thirty-four he was heard of as the actor of Knowell in Ben Jonson's comedy, then new, of "Every Man in his Humour," and he received the glowing encomium of Meres in "Wit's Treasury." At thirty-eight he had written "Hamlet" and "As You Like It," and, moreover, he was now become the owner of more estate in Stratford, costing him; £320. At forty-one he made his largest purchase, buying for £440 the tithes of Stratford, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcombe. In the mean time he had smoothed the declining years of his father, and had followed him with love and duty to the grave. Other domestic bereavements likewise befell him, and other worldly cares and duties were laid upon his hands, but
neither grief nor business could check the fertility of his brain. Within the next ten years he wrote, among other great plays, "Othello," "Lear," "Macbeth," and "Coriolanus." At about forty-eight he seems to have disposed of his shares in the two London theatres with which he had been connected, the Blackfriars and the Globe, and shortly afterward, his work as we possess it being well-nigh completed, he retired finally to his Stratford home. That he was the comrade of all the bright spirits who glittered in "the spacious times" of Elizabeth, many of them have left their personal testimony. That he was the king of them all, is evidenced in his works. The Sonnets seem to disclose that there was a mysterious, almost a tragical, passage in his life, and that he was called to bear the secret burden of a great and perhaps a calamitous personal grief — one of those griefs, too, which, being germinated by sin, are endless in the punishment they entail. Happily, however, no antiquarian student of Shakespeare's time has yet succeeded in coming very near to the man.

While he was in London he used to frequent the, Falcon Tavern and the Mermaid, and he lived at one time in Bishopsgate street, and at another time in Clink street, in Southwark. As an actor his name has been associated with his own characters of Adam, Friar Lawrence, and the Ghost of King Hamlet, and a contemporary reference declared him "excellent in the quality he professes." Many of his manuscripts, it is probable, perished in the fire which consumed the Globe Theatre, in 1613. He passed his last days in his home at Stratford, and died there, somewhat suddenly, on his fifty-second birth-day. This event, it may be worth while to observe, occurred within thirty three years of the execution of Charles the First, under the Puritan Commonwealth of Oliver Cromwell. The Puritan spirit, intolerant of the play-house and of all its works, must even then have been gaining formidable strength. His daughter Judith, aged thirty-two at the time of his death, survived him forty-six years, and the whisper of tradition says that she was a Puritan. If so, the strange and seemingly unaccountable disappearance of whatever play-house papers he may have left behind him at Stratford should not be obscure. The suggestion is likely to have been made before; and also it is likely to have been supplemented with a reference to the great fire in London in 1666 — (which in consuming St. Paul's Cathedral burned an immense quantity of books and manuscripts that had been brought from all the threatened parts of the city and heaped beneath its arches for safety) — as probably the final and effectual holocaust of almost every piece of print or writing that might have served to illuminate the history of Shakespeare. In his personality, no less than in the fathomless resources of his genius, he baffles all scrutiny, and stands forever alone.

"Others abide our question; thou are free:
We ask, and ask; thou smilest and art still —
Out-topping knowledge."

It is impossible to convey in words even an adequate suggestion of the prodigious and overwhelming sense of peace that falls upon the soul of the pilgrim in Stratford church. All the cares and struggles and trials of mortal life, all its failures, and equally all its achievements, seem there to pass utterly out of remembrance. It is not now an idle reflection that "the paths of glory lead but to the grave." No power of human thought ever rose higher or went further than the thought of Shakespeare. No human being, using the best weapons of intellectual achievement, ever accomplished so much. Yet here he lies — who was once so great! And here also, gathered around
him in death, lie his parents, his children, his descendants, and his friends. For him and for them the struggle has long since ended. Let no man fear to tread the dark pathway that Shakespeare has trodden before him. Let no man, standing at this grave, and seeing and feeling that all the vast labours of that celestial genius end here at last in a handful of dust, fret and grieve any more over the puny and evanescent toils of to-day, so soon to be buried in oblivion! In the simple performance of duty, and in the life of the affections, there may be permanence and solace. The rest is an "unsubstantial pageant." It breaks, it changes, it dies, it passes away, it is forgotten; and though a great name be now and then for a little while remembered, what can the remembrance of mankind signify to him who once wore it? Shakespeare, there is good reason to believe, set precisely the right value alike upon renown in his own time and the homage of posterity. Though he went forth, as the stormy impulses of his nature drove him, into the great world of London, and there laid the firm hand of conquest upon the spoils of wealth and power, he came back at last to the peaceful home of his childhood; he strove to garner up the comforts and everlasting treasures of love at his own hearth-stone; he sought an enduring monument in the hearts of friends and companions; and so he won for his stately sepulchre the garland not alone of glory, but of affection. Through the tall eastern window of the chancel of Holy Trinity Church the morning sunshine, broken into many coloured light, streams in upon the grave of Shakespeare, and gilds his bust upon the wall above it.

He lies close by the altar, and every circumstance of his place of burial is eloquent of his hold upon the affectionate esteem of his contemporaries, equally as a man, a Christian, and a famous poet. The line of graves beginning at the north wall of the chancel, and extending across to the south, seems devoted entirely to Shakespeare and his family, with but one exception. The pavement that covers them is of that bluish-gray slate or freestone which in England is sometimes called black marble. Beneath it there are vaults which may have been constructed by the monks when this church was built, far back in the eleventh or twelfth century. In the first of these, under the north wall, rests Shakespeare's wife. The next is that of the poet himself, bearing the world-famed words of blessing and imprecation. Then comes the grave of Thomas Nashe, husband to Elizabeth Hall, the poet's granddaughter. Next is that of Dr. John Hall, husband to his daughter Susanna, and close beside him rests Susanna herself. The grave-stones are laid east and west, and all but one present inscriptions. That one is under the south wall, and, possibly, covers the dust of Judith — Mrs. Thomas Quiney — the youngest daughter of Shakespeare, who, surviving her three children, and thus leaving no descendants, died in 1662. Upon the gravestone of Susanna an inscription has been intruded commemorative of Richard Watts, who is not, however, known to have had any relationship with either Shakespeare or his descendants. The remains of many other persons may perhaps be entombed in these vaults. Shakespeare's father, who died in 1661, and his mother, Mary Arden, who died in 1608, were buried somewhere in this church. His infant sisters Joan, Margaret, and Anne, and his brother Richard, who died, aged thirty-nine, in 1613, may also have been laid to rest in this place. Of the death and burial of his brother Gilbert there is no record. His sister Joan, the second — Mrs. Hart — would naturally have been placed with her relatives. His brother Edmund, dying in 1607, aged twenty-seven, is under the pavement of St. Saviour's Church in Southwark. The boy Hamnet, dying before his father had risen into much local eminence, rests, probably, in an undistinguished grave in the church-yard. The family of Shakespeare seems to have been short-lived, and it was soon extinguished. He himself died at fifty-two. Judith's children all
perished young. Susanna bore but one child — Elizabeth — who, as already mentioned, became successively Mrs. Nashe and Lady Barnard, and she, dying in 1670, was buried at Abington. She left no children by either husband, and in her the race of Shakespeare became extinct. That of Anne Hathaway also has nearly disappeared, the last living descendant of the Hathaways being Mrs. Taylor, the present occupant of Anne's cottage at Shottery. Thus, one by one, from the pleasant gardened town of Stratford, they went to take up their long abode in that old church, which was ancient even in their infancy, and which, watching through the centuries in its monastic solitude on the shore of Avon, has seen their lands and houses devastated by flood and fire, the places that knew them changed by the tooth of time, and almost all the associations of their lives obliterated by the improving hand of destruction.

One of the oldest and most interesting Shakespearean documents in existence is the narrative, by a traveller named Dowdall, of his observations in Warwickshire, and of his visit on April 10, 1693, to Stratford church. He describes therein the bust and the tomb-stone of Shakespeare, and he adds these remarkable words: "The clerk that showed me this church is above eighty years old. He says that not one, for fear of the curse above said, dare touch his grave-stone, though his wife and daughter did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him." Writers in modern days have been pleased to disparage that inscription, and to conjecture that it was the work of a sexton, and not of the poet; but no one denies that it has accomplished its purpose in preserving the sanctity of Shakespeare's rest. Its rugged strength, its simple pathos, its fitness, and its sincerity make it felt as unquestionably the utterance of Shakespeare himself, when it is read upon the slab that covers him.

There the musing traveller full well conceives how dearly the poet must have loved the beautiful scenes of his birth-place, and with what intense longing he must have desired to sleep undisturbed in the most sacred spot in their bosom. He doubtless had some premonition of his approaching death. Three months before it came he drafted his will. A little later he attended to the marriage of his younger daughter. Within less than a month of his death he executed the will, and thus set his affairs in perfect order. His handwriting in the three signatures to that paper conspicuously exhibits the uncertainty and lassitude of shattered nerves. He was probably quite worn out. Within the space, at the utmost, of twenty-five years, he had written his thirty-seven plays, his one hundred and fifty-four sonnets, and his two or more long poems; had passed through much and painful toil and through many sorrows; had made his fortune as author, actor, and manager; and had superintended, to excellent advantage, his property in London and his large estates in Stratford and its neighbourhood. The proclamation of health with which the will begins was doubtless a formality of legal custom. The story that he died of drinking too hard at a merry meeting with Drayton and Ben Jonson is the merest hearsay and gossip. If in those last days of fatigue and presentiment he wrote the epitaph that has ever since marked his grave, it would naturally have taken the plainest fashion of speech. Such, at all events, is its character; and no pilgrim to the poet's shrine could wish to see it changed: —

"Good frend for Iesvs sake forbeare,
To digg the dvst encloased heare;
Blese be ye man ye spares thes stones
And cvrst be he ye moves my bones."
It was once surmised that the poet’s solicitude lest his bones might be disturbed in death grew out of his intention to take with him into the grave a confession that the works which now "follow him" were written by another hand. Persons have been found who actually believe that a man who was great enough to write "Hamlet" could be little enough to feel ashamed of it, and, accordingly, that Shakespeare was only hired to play at authorship as a screen for the actual author. It might not, perhaps, be strange that a desire for singularity, which is one of the worst literary fashions of this capricious age, should prompt to the rejection of the conclusive and overwhelming testimony to Shakespeare's genius which has been left by Shakespeare's contemporaries, and which shines out in all that is known of his life. It is strange that a doctrine should get itself asserted which is subversive of common reason, and contradictory to every known law of the human mind. This conjectural confession of poetic imposture, of course, has never been exhumed. There came a time in the present century when, as they were making repairs in the chancel pavement of the Holy Trinity (the entire chancel was renovated in 1834), a rift was accidentally made in the Shakespeare vault. Through this, though not without misgiving, the sexton peeped in upon the poet's remains. He saw all that was there, and he saw nothing but a pile of dust.

The antique font from which the infant Shakespeare must have received the sacred water of Christian baptism is still preserved in this church. It was thrown aside and replaced by a new one about the middle of the seventeenth century. Many years afterward it was found in the charnel-house. When that was destroyed, it was cast into the church-yard. In later times the parish clerk used it as a trough to his pump. It passed then through the hands of several successive owners, till at last, in days that had learned to value the past and the associations connected with its illustrious names, it found its way back again to the sanctuary from which it had suffered such a rude expulsion. It is still a beautiful stone, though somewhat soiled and crumbled.

On the north wall of the chancel, above his grave, and near to "the American window," is placed Shakespeare's monument. It is known to have been erected there within seven years after his death. It consists of a half-length effigy, placed beneath a fretted arch, with entablature and pedestal, between two Corinthian columns of black marble, gilded at base and top. Above the entablature appear the armorial bearings of Shakespeare — a pointed spear on a bend sable, and a silver falcon on a tasselled helmet, supporting a spear. Over this heraldic emblem is a deaths-head, and on each side of it sits a carven cherub, one holding a spade, the other an inverted torch. In front of the effigy is a cushion, upon which both hands rest, holding a scroll and a pen. Beneath is an inscription in Latin and English, supposed to have been furnished by the poet's son-in-law. Dr. Hall. The bust was cut by Gerard Johnson, a native of Amsterdam, and by occupation a "tomb-maker." The material is a soft stone, and the work, when first set up, was painted in the colours of life. Its peculiarities indicate that it was copied from a mask of the features taken after death. Many persons believe that this mask has since been found, and busts of Shakespeare have been based upon it, both by W. R. O'Donovan and William Page. In September, 1746, John Ward, grandfather of Mrs. Siddons, having come to Stratford with a theatrical company, gave a performance of "Othello," in the Guildhall, and devoted its proceeds to reparation of the Gerard Johnson effigy, then somewhat damaged by time. The original colours were then carefully restored and freshened.
In 1793, under the direction of Malone, this bust, together with the image of John Combe—a recumbent statue near the eastern wall of the chancel—was coated with white paint. From that plight it was extricated a few years ago by the assiduous skill of Simon Collins, who immersed it in a bath which took off the white paint and restored the colours. The eyes are painted of a light hazel, the hair and pointed beard of auburn, the face and hands of flesh-tint. The dress consists of a scarlet doublet with a rolling collar, and closely buttoned down the front, worn under a loose black gown without sleeves. The upper part of the cushion is green, the lower part crimson, and this object is ornamented with gilt tassels. The stone pen that used to be in the right hand of the bust was taken from it toward the end of the last century by a young Oxford student, and being dropped by him upon the pavement, was broken. A quill pen has been put in its place. This is the inscription beneath the bust:

\[ \text{Ivdicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,} \\
\text{Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympus habet.} \]

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast?
Read, if thou canst, whom enviovs Death hath plast
Within this monvment: SHAKSPARE: with whome
Qvick N ATFRE dide; whose name doth deck y° tombe
Far more than cost; sieth all y: he hath writt
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.


The erection of the old castles, cathedrals, monasteries, and churches of England must, of course, have been accomplished, little by little, in laborious exertion protracted through many years. Stratford church, probably more than seven centuries old, presents a mixture of architectural styles, in which Saxon simplicity and Norman grace are beautifully mingled. Different parts of the structure were, doubtless, built at different times. It is fashioned in the customary crucial form, with a square tower, a six-sided spire, and a fretted battlement all around its roof. Its windows are Gothic. The approach to it is across an old church-yard thickly sown with graves, through a lovely green avenue of blossoming lime-trees, leading to a carven porch on its north side. This avenue of foliage is said to be the copy of one that existed there in Shakespeare’s day, through which he must often have walked, and through which at last he was carried to his grave. Time itself has fallen asleep in this ancient place. The low sob of the organ only deepens the awful sense of its silence and its dreamless repose. Beeches, yews, and elms grow in the church-yard, and many a low tomb and many a leaning stone are there in the shadow, gray with moss and mouldering with age. Birds have built their nests in many crevices in the time-worn tower, round which at sunset you may see them circle, with chirp of greeting or with call of anxious discontent. Near by flows the peaceful river, reflecting the grey spire in its dark, silent, shining waters. In the long and lonesome meadows beyond it the primroses stand in their golden banks among the clover, and the frilled and fluted bell of the cowslip, hiding its single drop of blood in its bosom, closes its petals as the night comes down.

Northward, at a little distance from the Church of the Holy Trinity, stands, on the west bank of the Avon, the building which will henceforth be famous through the
world as the Shakespeare Memorial. Its dedication, assigned for the 23d of April, 1880, has prompted this glance at the hallowed associations of Stratford. The idea of the Memorial was first suggested in 1864, incidentally to the ceremonies which then commemorated the three-hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth. Ten years later the site for this noble structure was presented to the town by Charles E. Flower, one of its wealthy inhabitants. Contributions of money were then asked, and were liberally given. Americans as well as Englishmen gave large sums. Two years ago, on the 23d of April, the first stone of the Memorial was laid. The structure comprises a theatre, a library, and a picture-gallery. In the theatre the plays of Shakespeare are from time to time to be represented, in a manner as nearly perfect as may be possible. In the library and picture-gallery are to be assembled all the books upon Shakespeare that ever have been published, and all the choice paintings that can be obtained to illustrate his life and his works. As the years pass this will naturally become the principal depository of Shakespearean relics. A dramatic college will grow up in association with the Shakespeare theatre. The spacious gardens which surround the Memorial will augment their loveliness in added expanse of foliage and in greater wealth of floral luxuriance. The mellow tinge of age will soften the bright tints of the red brick which mainly composes the building. On its cone shaped turrets ivy will clamber and moss will nestle. When a few generations have passed, the old town of Stratford will have adopted this now youthful stranger into the race of her venerated antiquities. The same air of poetic mystery which rests now upon his cottage and his grave will diffuse itself around his Memorial; and a remote posterity, looking back to the men and the ideas of to-day, will remember with grateful pride that English speaking people of the nineteenth century, though they could confer no honour upon the great name of Shakespeare, yet honoured themselves in consecrating this beautiful temple to his memory.
Hezekiah Butterworth (1839-1905) was an author, editor, and spokesman born on Rhode Island. The most noteworthy part of his production is found in the Zigzag books that were tremendously successful. Between 1879 and 1895 seventeen of these books sold hundreds of thousands of copies. This is a volume prepared for young people in order to give them a view of the principal places in England and France, the aim of the author is to awaken in the young reader a greater love of books of history, biography and travel. Chapter II begins with Master Lewis receiving some letters from his students in which he is informed that they are allowed to join him in is trip – mainly because the parents think that the tour is going to be advantageous. The following excerpt reproduces one of these letters in which Stratford is one of the place proposed to visit.

CONCORD, MASS., March 22.
DEAR TEACHER:

Father thinks so favorably of your kind invitation that we venture to express our preference for a route of travel. It is a very simple one. We would go from Boston to Liverpool, and walk from Liverpool to London, en zigzag.

This would take us through the heart of England, and enable us to visit such historic places as Boscobel, where Charles II. was concealed after the battle of Worcester, old Nottingham, Kenilworth, Oxford, and Godstowe Nunnery, Stratford-on-Avon, White Horse Hill, and a great number of old English villages and ruins.

Or we would go to Glasgow, thence to Edinburgh, and then make short journeys towards London, visiting Abbotsford, Melrose, and the ruins on the Border.

CHAPTER IX. […] STRATFORD-ON-AVON. –SHAKESPEARE’S BIRTHPLACE, GARDEN, AND TOMB. […]524

Master Lewis and the boys visit Stratford. We read a description of the place and the curiosities found in the Shakespeare Museum. It includes two illustrations: Anne Hathaway’s Cottage and a standing portrait of Shakespeare.

523 Hezekiah Butterworth, Zigzag Journeys; or Vacations in Historic Lands (Boston: Estes and Lauriat, 1881), 12.
524 Butterworth, 140-147.
The Class next went to Leamington, a most convenient point from which to make short excursions to Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick Castle, and Kenilworth Castle. Leamington, although itself not historically interesting, is provided with excellent hotels, being an English watering-place.

The first excursion of the party from Leamington was to Stratford-on-Avon, to the house where Shakspeare was born, and the church in which he was buried.

The birthplace of Shakspeare is an antique-looking stone house two stories high, with picturesque gables fronting the street. In the room where he first saw the light of the world he was to enrich with his thought there is a cast of his face taken after his death, and a portrait painted in the prime of his life. The latter showed a truly noble brow; it was such a face as fancy itself might paint, so royally did it seem endowed with genius. In this room Sir Walter Scott had inscribed his name on a pane of glass, and Wordsworth once wrote a stanza which is still preserved under glass. It began with these lines:

"The house of Shakspeare's birth we here may see;  
That of his death we find without a trace.  
Vain the inquiry, for immortal he"  

Here the poet seemed to pause as though the literary work was not satisfactory; he drew his pen across what he had written, and under it wrote the following stanza:

"Of mighty Shakspeare's birth the room we see;  
That where he died, in vain to find we try.  
Useless the search, for, all immortal he;  
And those who are immortal never die."

The effort furnishes a curious illustration of the methods of a poet's mind in careful composition.

Back of the house is a garden, in which grew the old English flowers that are portrayed by the poet in his dramas. From the house the party went to the cottage of Anne Hathaway, Shakspeare's wife, whom he loved in youth when life's bright ways lay fair before him. It is a house which is mainly noticeable for its simplicity.

"There is the place where he sat when he came to see his sweetheart," said the old lady who showed the house.

Shakspeare and his wife sleep in the same beautiful church amid the bowery town of Stratford-on-Avon; and thither, rowing up the Avon almost to the churchyard, our tourists made their way.

The party approached the church through an avenue of limes, and entered the richly-carved oak doors of the Gothic porch. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The Avon runs but a short distance from the walls, and the cool boughs of the summer trees wave before the windows. A flat stone marks the place where the poet is buried, on which are inscribed the oft quoted lines said to be written by the poet himself:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here!"
Blest be the spade that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of the poet. The inscription mentions his age as fifty-three years.

Returning to the birthplace, Frank Gray and Tommy Toby visited the Shakspeare Museum. The collection of curiosities was somewhat comical, such for example as a phial containing juice from mulberries gathered from Shakspeare's mulberry-tree; Shakspeare's jug, from which Garrick sipped wine at the Jubilee in 1769. Frank seemed to enjoy the specimens, his mind poetically associating them with bygone scenes. Tommy showed a great contempt for Frank's wonder-talk.

"I've found something now," he said, "that outdoes all the rest. It is a letter written "

"By Shakspeare ? " asked Frank, in an animated way."
"No: to Shakspeare."
"By whom? "
"Mr. Richard Quyney. You have often heard of him, I suppose? "
"He was probably a literary man," said Frank.
"Probably. He asked for a loan of thirty pounds." The next day's trip was to Kenilworth Castle, an ivy-hung ruin associated with the whole of England's history, and traditionally with the romances of King Arthur.

Figure 38: Anne Hathaway's Cottage.
Colonel Burr H. Polk (1835-1886) toured Europe in July 1879. He was part of a group of 313 American tourists travelling together. The subtitle of his book announces this circumstance: *Letters descriptive of the Movement: on the Continent of Europe of the Largest Party of Tourists who ever made the Rounds in a Body under one Management.*

His account is indicative of how the tide of opinion has swung and now relic hunters armed with knives to chip wood-work off are considered vandals.

From Kelinworth we proceeded to Stratford-on-Avon, our train having to go upon two other roads for the trip. Here we stayed from 11:50 a. m. to 3 p. m. lunching under the auspices of the Old Red Horse Inn, but in a Bowling Alley about a square behind the Inn and back of the court through which we passed to reach it. The people at this Inn attach much importance to the visit there of Washington Irving, and the room he occupied during his stay, now used as a reception room, contains his picture, copies of some of his works, the chair he sat in and other mementoes of the man. Shakspeare doubtless had many a spree in this old tavern.

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526 At the beginning of Letter I, Burr details his fellow travellers: “This excursion, of which I am now a member, was gotten up by Dr. Eben Tourjee, of Boston. He took over a party last Summer, the success of which induced him to take over another this year. There are 186 of the party on board this vessel, the, *Anchoria*, while 127 have already gone ahead and are now probably out of their misery enjoying a little tour through parts of Ireland. On our arrival at Glasgow the entire band will meet and there be divided up into four sections, all to travel over the same route but in different order, so as not to have the caravan so cumbersome. Twenty-one States are represented by those aboard this ship — as far East as Maine, down to Florida on the South, and as far West as Kansas and Minnesota. Massachusetts leads with 98, Boston contributing 38 of these, Ohio being the State sending the delegation second in size. The "little one," my daughter, and I are the only ones from Mississippi. Only two Southern States are represented, there being two ladies from Nashville, Tennessee, and one gentleman from Florida. Of the 186 here 108 are ladies, showing quite a preponderance of the fair sex. And thus you have an analysis of the handsome little pamphlet liberally distributed to the passengers and their friends before the departure of the ship. I may add, as an item of interest to bachelors, that much over one-half of the ladies are single.”
Of all the funny looking places we had seen, Stratford-on-Avon beat the list. Aside from the fact that it was the home of Shakspeare, it is well worth a visit by those who happen in this part of the country. I saw an old thatched building called the "Thatch Inn," that struck me as so very peculiar I hunted all over the place for a picture of it, without success. I believe I would rather have had it than one of the poet's house. But the inside of the poet's old home is more fantastic than the out side appearance, though most of the rooms are much larger than those of other dwelling houses of that time.

Again I saw evidences of the vandals who had been here before us. Much of the woodwork had been chipped by the knives of relic-hunters. I despise them, and I think I would stay over a day to testify against one if there was a law for punishing them. I honestly believe, if unmolested, they would carry away the Savior's tomb if He was corporeal and His body rested beneath. In the room called the museum are very many of the relics of Shakspeare; articles of furniture, drinking vessels, manuscripts and originals of the first printed editions of some of his plays, covering quite a variety. The original of a portrait taken of him at 35, and said to be the best one ever painted, occupies a fire-proof safe, high up at one end of the room, which at first look appears set in the wall. This safe is closed and locked every night. In many places the falling timbers of this house, which has an interest to people over so large a part of the world, is strengthened by the addition of iron in such a manner as not to change at all the original appearance. I expect one of these days they will have to surround the entire building with a strong case, then put a regiment of honest soldiers to guard it. I think relic hunters could get away with it more quickly than it would go through natural decay.

After leaving Stratford-on-Avon our train brought us directly here, flying through the country, and by elegant stations on the way with the highest speed, stopping at only two or three stations en route, and arriving at the London station at 6:50 p. m., after a most enjoyable day for us.
Rev. Henry C. Holloway (1838-1924) after teaching school and doing other work, went to Pennsylvania College in 1857. After this, he entered the Lutheran Seminary in Gettysburg where he graduated in the fall of 1863. He was ordained on June 3, 1863. He was a lecturer and the author of numerous articles in religious and secular journals. In 1881 he was granted a leave of absence and travelled to seven countries in western Europe. In July he departed from New York. The sea crossing lasted 9 days. Among the first destinies in Britain was Stratford where he only spent one day but managed to see the birthplace, the grave and Anne Hathaway’s cottage, and reach London in the evening.

The next day we continued our journey, and came to Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace and home of Shakespeare. The home of the famous dramatist is an antique looking stone house, two stories high, with picturesque gables fronting the street. The custodian of the house is a quaint, pleasant, elderly lady, who admitted us, and talked as familiarly about Shakespeare as if she had known him personally for a lifetime. Before the door is unbolted for your exit, you are plainly reminded that you are expected to pay for the lecture you have received. And who would not wish to pay? No tourists patronize Stratford more generously than Americans, no less than fifteen thousand having visited this famous house in one year; and just that many shillings were taken in from these alone.

In the room in which Shakespeare first saw the light of the world which he was to enrich with his thought, there is a cast of his face taken after his death, and a portrait painted in the prime of life. The latter showed a truly noble brow; it was such a face as fancy itself might paint, so royally did it seem endowed with genius. In this room Sir Walter Scott inscribed his name on a pane of glass with his diamond ring. And Wordsworth once wrote a stanza, which is still preserved under glass in this room, and it reads thus:

"Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see;
That where he died, in vain to find we try.
Useless the search, for all immortal he;
And those who are immortal never die."

In the rear of the house is a garden, in which grew the old English flowers that are portrayed by the poet in his dramas. Not far from the house stands the cottage of

Ann Hathaway, Shakespeare's wife, whom he loved in youth when life's bright days lay before him. It is a cottage which is mainly noticeable for its simplicity. "There is the place where he sat when he came to see his sweetheart," said the good lady who showed us the house.

Shakespeare and his wife sleep in the same beautiful church, amid the bowery town of Stratford-on-Avon. His tomb is within the chancel of the church. The Avon runs but a short distance from the walls, and the cool boughs of the, summer trees wave before the windows. A flat stone marks the place where the poet is buried, on which are inscribed the oft-quoted lines, said to be written by the poet himself:

" Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To dig the dust enclosed here!
Blest be the spade that spares these bones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

Over the grave, in a niche in the wall, is a bust of the poet. The inscription mentions his age as fifty-three years. The town of Stratford is a charming, cleanly and inviting town of eight thousand inhabitants, all of whom take special pride in the privilege of living in so noted a place.

The evening of the same day found us in the great city of London, where we rested for the night.
In 1881, Andrew Carnegie (1835-1919), the undisputed leader of the American steel-trade visits his birthplace in Dunfermline, Scotland with his aging mother and some American friends. They departed from New York harbour on June the 1st 1881 and for seven weeks he travelled, in high Victorian style, the 800 miles from Brighton on the English coast south of London to Inverness in northern Scotland. This trip meant the triumphal return as successful emigrant. The group lodged at the famous Red Horse Inn and honoured Irving’s description of Stratford. For Carnegie, one is always in “Shakespeare’s country” because one cannot escape his influence.

[...] The day of our visit to Kenilworth was very warm, even for Americans, and after luncheon we became a lazy, sleepy party. I have a distinct recollection of an upward and then a downward movement which awoke me suddenly. One after another of the party, caught asleep on a rug, was treated to a tossing amid screams of laughter. We were all very drowsy, but a fresh breeze arose as the sun declined, and remounting the coach late in the afternoon we had a charming drive to Stratford-on-Avon.

Stratford-on-Avon, June 23.

Our resting-place was the Red Horse Inn, of which Washington Irving has written so delightfully. One can hardly say that he comes into Shakespeare's country, for one is always there, so deeply and widely has his influence reached. We live in his land always; but, as we approached the quiet little village where he appeared on earth, we could not help speculating upon the causes which produced the prodigy. One almost expects nature herself to present a different aspect to enable us to account in some measure for the apparition of a being so far beyond all others; but it is not so—we see only the quiet beauty which characterizes almost every part of England. His sweet sonnets seem the natural out-birth of the land. Where met he the genius of tragedy, think you? Surely not on the cultivated banks of the gentle Avon, where all is so tame. But as Shakespeare resembled other burghers of Stratford so much, not showing upon the surface that he was that,

"largest son of time"

528 Andrew Carnegie, An American Four-in-Hand in Britain (New York: Charles Scribner’s Sons, 1883), 131-141.
Who wandering sang to a listening world,

our search for external conditions as to his environment need not be continued. Ordinary laws are inapplicable—he was a law unto himself. How or why Shakespeare was Shakespeare will be settled when there shall be few problems of the race left to settle. It is well that he lies on the banks of the Avon, for that requires us to make a special visit to his shrine to worship him. His mighty shade alone fills the mind. True monotheists are we all who make the pilgrimage to Stratford. I have been there often, but I am always awed into silence as I approach the church; and when I stand beside the ashes of Shakespeare I cannot repress stern, gloomy thoughts, and ask why so potent a force is now but a little dust. The inexplicable waste of nature, a million born that one may live, seems nothing compared to this—the brain of a god doing its work one day and food for worms the next! No wonder, George Eliot, that this was ever the weight that lay upon your heart and troubled you so!

A cheery voice behind me. "What is the matter? Are you ill? You look as if you hadn't a friend in the world! " Thanks, gentle remembrancer. This is no time for the Scribe to forget himself. We are not out for lessons or for moralizing. Things are and shall be "altogether lovely." One must often laugh if one would not cry.

Here is a funny conceit. A worthy draper in the town has recently put an upright stone at the head of his wife's grave, with an inscription setting forth the dates of her birth and death, and beneath it the following verse:

"For the Lord has done great things for us, whereof we are exceeding glad."

The wretch! One of the wives of our party declared that she could not like a man who could think at such a crisis of such a verse, no matter how he meant it. She was confident that he was one of those terribly resigned kind of men who will find that the Lord has done great things for him in the shape of a second helpmeet within two years.

This led to a search for other inscriptions. Here is one which struck our fancy:

"Under these ashes lies one close confined,
Who was to all both affable and kind,
A neighbor good, extensive to ye poor,
Her soul we hope's at rest forevermore."

This was discussed and considered to go rather too far. Good Swedenborgians still dispute about the body's rising again, and make a great point of that, as showing their superior wisdom, as if it mattered whether we rise with this body or another, any more than whether we wear one suit of clothes or another; the great matter being that we rise at all. But this good friend seems to bespeak rest forever for the soul. One of us spoke of having lately seen a very remarkable collection of passages from Scripture which seemed to permit the hope that all for whom a kind father has nothing better in store than perpetual torture will kindly be permitted to rest. One of the passages in question was: "For the wicked shall perish everlastingly." The question was remitted to the theologians of our party, with instructions to give it prayerful consideration and report.
If there be Scriptural warrant for the belief, I wish to embrace it at once. Meanwhile I am not going to be sure that any poor miserable sinner is to be disturbed when after "life's fitful fever he sleeps well" on the tender, forgiving bosom of mother earth, unless he can be finally fitted for as good or a better life than this. Therefore, good Emma and Ella and the rest who are staunch dogmatists, be very careful how you report, for it is a fearful thing to charge our Creator unjustly with decreeing everlasting torture even to the worst offender into whom He has breathed the breath of life. Refrain, if possible,

"Under this conjuration speak,
For we will hear, note, and believe in heart
That what you speak is in your conscience washed
As pure as sin with baptism."

I have not yet been favored with the report asked for, and therefore the question rests. The Charioteers got upon delicate ground occasionally, as was to be expected, and although in all well regulated families two subjects—politics and religion—are proscribed, we came near running foul of the latter to-day. There were wide differences of opinion among us, of course, from the true blue Presbyterian, strong for all the tenets of Calvin, down to the milder Episcopalian who took more hopeful views and asked:

"Shall there not be as good a 'Then' as 'Now'?
Haply much better! since one grain of rice
Shoots a green feather gemmed with fifty pearls,
And all the starry champak's white and gold
Lurks in those little, naked, gray spring-buds."

I related an incident which happened in Rome. As I entered the general drawing room one evening, an exciting discussion was going forward on the very subject which we were then considering. A lady of rank was giving expression to very advanced ideas which others were combatting. An old gentleman at last said: "Ladies and gentlemen, all this reminds me of a discussion we young men were having once in my good old father's hall, when my father happened to enter. After listening to us a few minutes he said: 'Young men, you may as well cease your arguing. I'll tell you all about it. In this life

"Our ingress is naked and bare.
Our progress is trouble and care,
Our egress is — no one knows where.
If you do well here, you'll do well there, —
I could tell you no more if I preached for a year."

The effect was instantaneous. Unanimous adhesion was given to the old gentleman's conclusion, and the party bid each other a cordial good night and went reconciled to bed. I am happy to record that such was also the effect upon the Charioteers.

It will be taken for granted that while the Charioteers were in this hallowed region many stories were told about Shakespeare. Two of the gentlemen of our party,

529 This is the name Carnegie uses to refer to his travel companions.
at least, dated our love of letters to the circumstance that we were messenger boys in the Pittsburgh telegraph office, and when we carried telegrams to the managers of the theatre, good kind Mr. Porter (followed by one equally kind to us, Mr. Foster) permitted us after delivering them to pass up to the gallery among the gods, where we heard now and then one of the immortal plays. Having heard the melodious flow of words, which of themselves seem to have some spiritual meaning apart from the letter—differing in this from all other combinations of words—how could we rest till we got the plays and learnt most of the notable passages by heart, crooning over them till they became parts of our intellectual being? One story, I remember, shows how completely the master pervades literature. It is authentic, too, for the teller was one of the actors in it.

Visiting friends in a country town, he went with the family to church Sunday morning. The clergyman called in the evening and seeing upon the parlor table an open copy of Shakespeare, perhaps suspecting (which was true) that our friend had been entertaining the ladies with selections from it, Sunday evening as it was, he felt moved to say that it was the worldling’s bible, which for himself he thought but little of and never recommended for general reading. It was the mainstay of the theatre. That is very strange, said our friend, for we have all been saying that the finest part of your sermon was a short quotation from Shakespeare, and I have been reading the whole passage to the ladies. Here it is:

"The quality of mercy is not strained,
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven.
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed,
It blesses him that gives, and him that takes."

Imagine the feelings of the narrow, ignorant man, who really thought he had a call from God to teach mankind. But he could not help it. A man can no more escape the influence of Shakespeare than he can that of surroundings. Shakespeare is the environment of all English-speaking men.

Davie's Shakespearean story was of a fellow in Venango County who, having just "struck ile,"bought from a pedler a copy of "As You Like It." He was so pleased with Touchstone that he wrote to the pedler: "If that fellow Shakespeare ever writes anything more, be sure to get me one of the first copies—and d—the expense!

"We had one of the loveliest mornings imaginable for leaving Stratford. Many had assembled to see the start, and our horn sounded several parting blasts as we crossed the bridge and rode out of the town. Our destination was Coventry, twenty-two miles away, and the route lay through Charlecote Park and Hampton Lucy. This was one of the most perfect of all our days. The deer in hundreds gazed on us as we passed. There were some noble stags in the herd, the finest we had seen in England, and Charlecote House was the best specimen of an Elizabethan mansion. It was built about 1558 by the very Sir Thomas Lucy whom Shakespeare satirized as Justice Shallow. The original family name was Charlecote or Chelcote, but about the end of the twelfth century William, son of Walter de Chelcote, assumed the name of Lucy and took for his arms three luces (pike fish), so Justice Shallow was warranted in affirming that his was an "old coat." The poet's verses will stick to him as long as the world lasts, but judging from other circumstances, Sir Thomas was a very good sort
of a man and no doubt a fair specimen of the English Squire of the time. His effigy may still be seen on his tomb in Charlecote Church, beside that of his wife — a not unintelligent face, with moustache and peaked beard cut square at the end, surrounded by the ruff then in fashion. There is no epitaph of himself, but the marble bears a warm memorial of his wife, who died five years before him, concluding thus:

"Set down by him that best did know
What hath been written to be true."

Thomas Lucy.

It is commonly said that Shakespeare was arrested for poaching in this very park, but the antiquaries have decided that it was the old park of Fulbrook on the Warwick road, where Fulbrook Castle once stood. But it makes little difference where the precise place was. That is of interest only to the Dryasdusts. All we care to know is that Shakespeare wanted a taste of venison which was denied him, and took it without leave or license. The descendant of that squire, my gentle Shakespea, would give you the entire herd for another speech to "the poor sequestered stag," which you could dash off — no, you never dashed off anything; create? no, evolved? that's nearer it, distilled — there we have it — distilled as the pearls of dew are distilled by nature's sweet influences unknown to man. He would exchange Charlecote estate, man, for another Hamlet or Macbeth, or Lear or Othello, and the world would buy it from him for double the cost of all his broad acres, and esteem itself indebted to him forever. The really precious things of this world are its books.

To do things is not one-half the battle. Carlyle is all wrong about this. To be able to tell the world what you have done, that is the greater accomplishment! Caesar is the greatest man of the sword because he was in his day the greatest man of the pen. Had he known how to fight only, tradition would have handed down his name for a few generations with a tolerably correct account of his achievements; but now every school-boy fights over again his battles and surmounts the difficulties he surmounted, and so his fame goes on increasing forever. What a man says too often outlives what he does, even when he does great things. General Grant's fame is not to rest upon the fact that he was successful in killing his fellow-citizens in a civil war, all traces of which America wishes to obliterate, but upon the words he said now and then. His "Push things!" will influence Americans when Vicksburg shall be forgotten. "I propose to fight it out on this line" will be part of the language when few will remember when it was spoken, and "Let us have peace" is Grant's most lasting monument. Truly, both the pen and the tongue are mightier than the sword! […]
Figure 39: Mr. Carnegie takes his four-in-hand to Scotland.\textsuperscript{530}

\textsuperscript{530}http://www.carnegiemuseums.org/cmp/cmag/bk_issue/1996/novdec/feat2.htm “Four noble bay horses, pulling a glossy new black coach with a coachman on the box and a footman behind, and 10 travelers including his mother and himself, journeyed northward through cities, cathedral towns and hamlets, seeing the land from the elevation of the coach above the English hedgerows, and stopping frequently to walk, climb a hill, or wait while the talkative Carnegie exchanged opinions about life and its problems with random characters along the road.” (Last accessed February 2017).
Thomas W. Knox (1835-1896) was a journalist, author, and world traveller, *New York Herald* correspondent during the American Civil War. Knox embarked on a world tour in 1877. He wrote over 45 books, including a popular and accurate series of travel adventure books for boys. In this guide, Knox helps the traveller-reader to plan a short visit to Stratford, suggesting that it can be all done in half a day. Knox seems to include Anne Hathaway’s cottage in this short pilgrimage, but he casts doubts as to its authenticity.

 [...] Leaving Chester by the Royal Oxford route, we first come to Shrewsbury, with its ruined castle and walls, and its manufactures of thread, yarn, and canvas. Parliaments were held here in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, and there was a battle at Shrewsbury in 1403 between the royalist troops and the insurgents under Douglas and Hotspur. The next place of importance is Birmingham, with its busy factories, more famous for the quantity and variety of their products than for their good qualities. A mere list of the articles made here would fill several pages of this book. Then we go on to Warwick, a city whose origin is almost lost in antiquity, and whose castle is one of the best preserved and most interesting in England, in spite of its injury by fire a few years ago. Two miles away is Leamington, a fashionable summer resort, and, following the route of the railway, we come to Reading, the scene of important events in the history of England, and a miniature Birmingham in the manufacturing line.

 While in the neighborhood we will do well to visit Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakspeare; it is thirteen miles from Warwick by rail, but only eight miles by the carriage-road, and the journey over the latter is praised as one of the prettiest in England. If the tourist is in a hurry half a day will suffice for the excursion and the return to Oxford, whence a trip may be made to Kenilworth Castle (five miles), to Coventry (five miles further), and then to Rugby (eleven miles), whence the train can be taken for London. Much of the architecture of Stratford is of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and the town preserves an appearance of antiquity that would make it interesting even if it lacked the great attraction which has made it famous throughout the world. The house where Shakspeare was born is in Henley Street, and is kept as nearly as possible in the same condition as during his lifetime. The house was bought by a public subscription in 1847, and became the property of the nation; since that time it has been carefully restored, and many articles that had been carried away have been brought back and returned to their original places. The

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room where he was born, as well as other rooms of the house, are virtually in the same condition as they were three hundred years ago, and from present indications they will long remain so. The church where his remains and those of his wife are buried is on the banks of the Avon, and is reached through a beautifully shaded avenue. The exact date of the building of the church is not known; the spire was erected in 1764 to replace the old one, which was in a dangerous condition, and the whole edifice was completely renovated in 1840. None of the restorations have extended to the poet's grave, which has been protected by the inscription on the flagstone above it, and similar respect has been shown to the remains of his wife and children. Tradition says that Shakspeare was educated in the grammar-school in the upper part of the old Guildhall, and here it still remains; the present Town Hall, which contains a statue of the poet, was founded in 1769, on the occasion of a Shakspeare celebration, directed in person by David Garrick. Other places connected with the life of Shakspeare are carefully guarded; if the visitor has time he will not fail to traverse the pretty footpath to Shottery, where Shakspeare went to woo Anne Hathaway, and to inspect the cottage where that maiden lived. The building seems to have undergone very little change in the three centuries and more of its existence, but there are whispers that the cottage pointed out as the home of Anne was erected long after her death. […]
Colonel William Falkner, novelist, was the great-grandfather of the author William Faulkner. He was born in Tennessee in 1825 and lived in Missouri and Mississippi. He served in the Mexican-American War and when the American Civil War broke out was made colonel in the Second Mississippi Infantry of the Confederate Army. On November 5, 1889, Col. Falkner was shot and killed by a former business partner. He wrote several novels, of which *The White Rose of Memphis* was the most popular. Falkner, accompanied by a group of friends, departs from New York in June 1883 towards Liverpool. The description of the visit to Stratford contained in this chapter is written in a humorous way that contrasts with most of the stories written by American travellers. Falkner has a keen eye for parody and makes fun of several of the traditional ritualistic practices of the Shakespeare literary tourist: relic-hunting and relic-mongering, sitting on chairs and writing one’s name on walls and window-panes.

We enjoyed a delightful carriage-ride from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon, a distance of eight miles, over a broad, smooth road leading through a landscape of picturesque beauty. Each side of the road was bordered with majestic elms, whose widespreading foliage made a thick shelter overhead. Our carriage was drawn by a pair of high-mettled steeds that went dashing along at a sweeping trot, carrying us to the village at the end of an hour.

Charming, cosey little Stratford! Thy fame as the birthplace of the Bard of Avon is co-extensive with the limits of civilization. Who does not envy England, in whose bosom sleeps the body of William Shakespeare? Who does not envy Stratford for the glory she claims as his birthplace? Who, outside of England, would ever have heard of Stratford but for this grand chief of all poets? What peculiar charm lingers round Stratford to attract visitors from the farthest corners of the globe? Is it her old decaying houses or her time-stained churches? or is it the beauty of her shady walks that adorn the banks of the Avon? No, no; it is the little handful of dust that rests beneath a plain marble slab in the Church of the Holy Trinity, — all that is left of the man whose wonderful brain filled the world with new ideas, new thoughts, and charming poetry.

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Our carriage halted in front of a curious old wooden house, the front of which edges the pavement, while a rude little portico overhangs a portion of the sidewalk. The side of the roof slopes toward the street, so that it drains the water on the pavement. Four small dormer-windows project out from the roof, containing a four-glass sash. One of these dormer-windows furnished the first ray of light that ever fell on the eyes of William Shakespeare. He was born in a large square room with low wooden ceiling, which is entered by a rickety old stairway from the basement. We were met at the door by an ancient female clad in black alpaca; her head was covered with a white linen cap with white ruffles. She smiled sweetly, courted very low, and invited us to enter. We straightway entered, because that was what we went for.

The old woman at once tackled the all-absorbing topic which we came on purpose to discuss. “Walk in, ladies; walk in, gentlemen,” said she, as she skipped about the room as frisky as a young lass, bowing and rubbing her hands all the time. “I’ll first show you the kitchen, if you’ll please to come this way.” Then we were conducted into a dingy little room which had a ten-feet fireplace, walled up on each side and back with large flat slabs of blue limestone. A huge square beam of gnarled oak spanned the top of the fireplace, serving as a mantel. The floor was covered with smooth blocks of stone.

"Please don't take that;” and I didn't. I was endeavoring to pluck a little fragment of the rock from the hearth. "Now, ladies, if you'll follow, I'll show you the very room in which the great poet was born." I was not included in the invitation; I suppose it was because she had caught me in the act of vandalism. I went nevertheless. Ten narrow steps landed us in the room where William Shakespeare was born, — the room where he had many a time cried himself to sleep, just as babies do now; the room where he had, no doubt, laid on his back hour after hour sucking his big toe, just like the babies do in these days.

At the foot of the stairs I discovered an old wooden button fastened to the door-post with a rusty screw. It was nearly worn through by constant use for over two hundred years. Its office was to hold the door shutter to the post when closed.

"How often was this old button turned by the fingers of the great bard!” said I to myself.

I cast a covetous eye on the aforesaid button, and then and there resolved to secure it for a relic.

"What harm can it be to take a little insignificant bit of timber that could be of no use to anybody?” was a question propounded mentally.

Answer: "None."

"Then I'll watch for an opportunity to steal it."

"I beg your pardon, sir," said the woman, as she laid her hand on my arm;” you must put that button back from whence you took it. I have orders not to let anything go.

I had already removed the button from the door to my pocket, and will not attempt to describe the chagrin I felt when I was forced to replace it.

The old woman, I think, suspicioned and watched me from the start. I believe any other person in the house might have stolen that button without the slightest chance of being detected. I fear that I shall be forced to be honest, for want of capacity to succeed otherwise.

"This," said the female detective, "is the poet's sitting-room. There is his armchair; that is the desk used by him while at the grammar-school."
Instantly I sat down on the arm-chair. I dare say Shakespeare never for a moment thought that his chair would be honored by being permitted to afford rest to such a distinguished American citizen.

It is said that there is only one real perfect picture of Shakespeare now in existence. It is preserved with great care in a large wrought-iron safe, which is kept open during the day and securely locked at night. It was painted when the poet was in the meridian of life. His broad, intellectual-looking brow forms the most striking part of the picture. The hair is of very light auburn color; indeed, it only lacks a slight shade of being red. His moustache is very long and slightly curled up at the ends; it is quite red. The picture represents him as dressed in a scarlet coat hanging rather loosely about the body, a broad, square, turn-down collar, while a narrow black cravat is carelessly tied in front of his large, full, white neck. Take it all in all, it is very handsome; the ladies said, —

"Beautiful! charming! exquisite!"

The body of the house is constructed with upright wooden posts four inches square, placed four feet apart, with horizontal timbers notched into the upright posts, so as to leave square spaces of four feet, which are filled up with laths and plastering. The house has been used as a butcher-shop. What a contrast have we here! First it sheltered the world's greatest poet, then it sheltered slaughtered sheep and dead pigs, then it was converted into a hotel, and finally it became the property of the nation. The house is preserved by hot-air pipes, which expel dampness.

Shakespeare was born here in 1564, and died within two hundred yards of the same spot in 1616, in the fifty-second year of his age, after having composed works that will perpetuate his name as long as civilization shall last. On one of the panes of glass in a front window appears the name of Sir Walter Scott, which was written by himself with a diamond ring. I proposed to give the superintendent a shilling to let me write my name under that of Sir Walter, which offer she promptly accepted. But when I was ready to begin writing, I found that I had neglected to bring my diamond ring with me, and it did not require much conversation to convince me that the same misfortune prevailed among my travelling-companions. The next time I go there I will not leave my diamond ring.

The kind woman finally bowed us out, being careful all the while to watch me closely. I was reluctantly forced to go without having been able to pilch anything. The house where Shakespeare resided after his return from London, and the same in which he died, has been torn down and moved, but the spot is there yet. It is near the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane. A large plot of ground, which was used by the poet as a park and garden, extends from the spot where the residence stood down to the moss-covered bank of the Avon. Here he often wandered alone, while his mighty mind conceived heroes and heroines to embody his wonderful thoughts upon the stage. Little did he think that three hundred years after he had strolled through these grounds I would tramp over the same places; but I did.

A neat iron fence encloses the spot where the famous mulberry-tree grew. While gazing at it I happened to see a pretty little round white pebble lying near. That pebble must have taken a liking to me, for it instantly went into my pocket. A man was watching me, but I was too quick for him. I felt an irresistible inclination to pilfer. I know my weakness, I know my faults, and have a thousand times resolved to mend them. "The spirit truly is willing, but the flesh is weak." I wanted — indeed, I had determined — to have some relics; and I got them, notwithstanding the vigilance of the guard.
The next place we visited was the old Church of the Holy Trinity, in the chancel of which repose the remains of Shakespeare. The quaint old church is almost hidden from view by hundreds of lofty lime-trees, whose clustering branches are thickly interwoven with one another, casting a soft twilight tinge over the space beneath. The ravages of five hundred years of time have made but little impression on the walls of the building. It is constructed in the cruciform style, with a nave, a transept, and a chancel. The spire rises to a height of one hundred and sixty-three feet immediately above the centre of the cross, from which the mellow tones of the bell send forth its musical chimes. The same old bell that three hundred years ago summoned the famous poet to the house of worship still does duty for the citizens of Stratford until this day.

We were met at the front door by a venerable female, who smilingly proposed to conduct us through the building. I suppose all the women of this section are old; anyway, we saw no young ones. I approached the poet's tomb with all the reverence and respect the solemnity of the place demanded, which was equal to, if not above, what he had a right to expect from a stranger. He was buried beneath the floor of the chancel. A plain marble slab rests on the grave, the top of which comes up even with the floor. On the stone appears the following singular inscription:

"GOOD FRIEND FOR JESUS' SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DUST ENCLOSED HERE.
BLEST BE YE MAN TY SPARES THES STONES;
AND CURST BE HE TY MOVES MY BONES."

A few feet from the poet's tomb another slab has this inscription on it:

"Here lyeth interred the body of Anne, wife of William Shakspeare; who departed this life the 6th day of August, 1623, being of the age of 67 years."

After gazing at the inscription for several minutes, my companions went away to view the tomb of Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, which was in another part of the church, a considerable distance from that of Shakespeare. Seating myself near the poet's tomb, I leaned back against the pulpit, fell asleep, and in my dream conversed with him, thus,—

"Come, thou grand master of song, thou king of poets, rise from the marble jaws of thy prison-house, and I'll speak to thee though hell itself should gape and bid me hold my peace. Come, oh come, right now! Materialize thine immortal spirit, that I, thy worshipper, may behold thy goodly form. Rise, I beseech thee, O thou sweet soul-charmer, thou inimitable composer of sublime verse! Vouchsafe to show me thy heavenly face. Ha! you will not come, will you? Then I am afraid it was true that you did steal Sir Thomas Lucy's deer."

At that instant the marble slab that covered the poet's bones began to tremble, while from the earth came a mysterious sound like the rumblings of distant thunder. The walls of the old church shook and the wind shrieked among the trees.

As soon as silence again prevailed I covered my face with my handkerchief and endeavored to convert myself into a spiritual medium, in order that I might have a conversation with the dead poet. My fancy at once began to perform wondrous work. It flew two or three centuries toward the rear, and investigated things that existed in those days. A hunchback demon came limping before me, crying,—

"A horse, a horse! My kingdom for a horse!"
Next a tall, athletic negro came tearing along, pulling the wool out of his head, and yelling as he passed me,—

"Blood, Iago, blood!" He had scarcely disappeared when a stately ghost stalked before me clad in shining armor, holding a gilded stick before him, murmuring, in a sepulchral voice,—

"Swear! Swear!"

Next came a huge fat man with a large round stomach no less in size than a sugar hogshead; he was observing,—

"I can get no remedy against this consumption of the purse; borrowing only lingers, and lingers it out, but the disease is incurable."

This fat phantom was closely followed by an imperial-looking man, who moved with a stately step, and who was conversing with himself. I heard him say,—

"His virtues will plead like angels trumpet-tongued against the deep damnation of his taking off."

Then came a queenly-formed woman clad in a fleecy white gown, with a copious shower of black, dishevelled hair falling over her shoulders. She was vigorously rubbing the back of one of her little white hands with the palm of the other, every now and then exclaiming,—

"Out, damned spot! Out, I say! Yet who would have thought the old man to have had so much blood in him?"

She vanished from my sight, while the ominous words kept ringing in my ears. Instantly appeared another tall, stately woman more beautiful than language can describe. She was clad in royal robes, while her long raven hair waved like a dark cloud about her exquisite form, almost reaching to the floor. Her pretty black eyes flashed like glittering gems beneath their long, dark lashes. Her beautiful face was flushed with excitement, while she seemed to be in great distress. She walked like a proud empress, and was followed by a female slave, to whom she spake as follows:

"Give me my robe; put on my crown. I have immortal longings within me. Methinks I hear my Antony call."

My blood ran cold in my veins when I saw a poisonous asp clinging to the woman's naked breast. As this beautiful phantom passed away another came rapidly in. This was a very young girl with light blonde hair. She was clad in a loose white garment that was confined about her small waist with a zone all bedecked with sparkling diamonds. She appeared to be in great distress, for she was jerking the hair from her head by handfuls. She cried most piteously,—

"Oh, it presses to my memory like damned, guilty deeds to sinners' minds! Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banished. That banished, that one word banished, hath slain ten thousand Tybalts."

Next came on the stage a sad-faced young man with pale, hollow cheeks, tangled hair, torn and disordered garments, speaking in a deep bass voice. When he came very close to me, he suddenly stopped, faced toward me, and said,—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned?
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell?
Thou comest in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee."

"A vaunt, crazy fool!" I exclaimed;” you are mistaken in your man."
He seemed to be greatly offended as he straightened himself proudly up and moved on.

Another female phantom with soft, dreamy eyes and tricky, smiling face now stole in on tiptoe, as if she was trying to pass unseen; but when she drew near me, she thrust a little twig into my left ear, when, with a sudden exclamation, I sprang to my feet, while heavy drops of cold perspiration stood thick on my brow.

"It is impolite to snore in presence of ladies," said Miss Bell. "And then it is time for us to go; they are all waiting for you outside."

Five minutes afterward I was in a carriage dashing rapidly to Ann Hathaway's cottage. Another old woman met us on the threshold and guided us through the premises. She was all the while boasting proudly of her relationship with the Hathaways, claiming to be a lineal descendant of Anne. There is nothing remarkable about this quaint old house,—nothing to attract visitors except the fact that Shakespeare was married here. The old bedstead named in the poet's will stands in a large room up-stairs. It is curiously carved, the posts rather clumsy and tall, reaching eight feet above the floor.

A lot of heavy, coarse linen sheets, pillow-slips, and towels with the initials of Anne Hathaway's name worked with yellow silk thread were shown to us.

"These articles," said the old woman," were manufactured with Anne's own hands." An old stone-curbed well was pointed out to us, from which Shakespeare had drawn many a bucket of water during the days of his courtship. I straightway drew a bucketful myself, merely to show the poet that I was not above drinking after him.

The drive from Stratford to Charlecote Park forms one of the most delightful excursions to be had in that vicinity. The road skirts the bank of the Avon, and is completely shaded by stately old lime-trees, while the eye is delighted with hundreds of picturesque farmhouses half hidden among clustering vines and flowers.

What is there about Charlecote Park that attracts so many visitors? There is no extraordinary beauty about it. True, there stands in the centre a curious old Gothic house built three hundred years ago, with octagonal turrets and a lofty square tower. But things of the same sort may be seen nearly all over England. Why, then, do people throng in crowds to Charlecote Park? They go there to visit the spot where it is said Shakespeare stole Sir Thomas Lucy's deer. Herostratus burned the temple of Diana at Ephesus, and when put to the torture confessed his guilt, and when asked why he had destroyed that magnificent edifice, replied that he did it to make himself famous. An edict was issued fixing the penalty of death upon those who uttered the name of the wicked incendiary; but, notwithstanding the edict, his name found its way into history. Herostratus won notoriety, but not of an enviable sort. Sir Thomas Lucy won the same sort of fame by the severity with which he prosecuted young William Shakespeare for an insignificant crime. The friends of Sir Thomas have endeavored to defend his memory from the charge of severity in the prosecution of Shakespeare; in fact, it is alleged that the whole story, from beginning to end, is nothing but fiction. Be that true or false, the name of Sir Thomas has been immortalized by it.

The remains of Sir Thomas Lucy rest in Charlecote Church in a gorgeous tomb, on top of which is a life-sized marble statue of the deceased lying in a horizontal position.

We made the trip from Stratford to Kenilworth station by rail, then drove out to the castle, about two miles, in a carriage.
Lilian Leland (b. 1857), travel writer, spent two years traveling around the world at the age of twenty-five. She tours England during the summer of 1884 and has the opportunity to visit Stratford in August. She seems amused when fellow travellers and guards are anxious for her, as she is travelling alone. Amongst the exhibits in the Birthplace museum, what catches her attention is the “old copies” of Shakespeare’s plays.

[...] There was one lady in the car going to Oxford. She opened fire presently. She liked Americans, had been to America, and had seen several of the great women travelers, Miss Cummings and Miss Bird. I paraded my travels. She was delighted; thought I was so young and so forth. Indeed, she kept talking about the American girls in general, their prettiness and charm, to all of which I agreed you may be sure. She laughed and said: "The guard thinks you are a young girl on her first trip alone," and thereafter she was hugely amused at the guard’s anxious inquiries and fatherly smile. He was a handsome, benign, gray haired, jolly faced man, the kind I always adore. At Leamington I changed cars for Warwick and Stratford. Another handsome guard had a fit of anxiety.

At Stratford-on-Avon I saw the little house where Shakespeare was born, and the corner in the fireplace where he used to sit. The old house is very interesting, with its cracked stone floors and tiny diamond panes in the windows. It contains many old relics of the bard and his time. Some old copies of his plays were as interesting as anything to me. [...]
The 29th August 1885, Mary Anderson (1859-1940) gave a special performance at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. The famous actress and her company staged *As You Like It* as a Benefit for the Shakespeare Memorial Fund. The benefit performance raised £100 that paid for two of the three terracotta panels representing Comedy, History and Tragedy facing the theatre from Chapel Lane.

[...] During one of our visits to Stratford Mr. Flower took me over the Memorial Theatre, and requested that I should act there. I liked the idea, resolved to do so, and soon began to study the part of Rosalind for the purpose. To make one's self acquainted with a character, the chief difficulty lies, not in memorizing the lines, but in determining by the closest study how different characters act in situations common to all. Rosalind may be madly in love with Orlando, yet she can jest, be merry, and have a mock marriage; while the gentle Imogen under the same conditions would droop and fade away. Desdemona may be separated from her love, yet she does not fret nor mourn at his absence. Absence to Juliet is death.* Queen Constance goes mad, raves, and tears her hair at the loss of her son. Hermione, on hearing of the death of Mamillius, swoons like one dead, revives, and after living for sixteen years away from those she loves best, suddenly comes back into their midst without any outward sign of great emotion. These are all noble women, to whom their love is their life; and yet how differently each expresses what she feels! Fortunately, Shakespeare gives a key-note to the nature of most of his characters. For instance, Hermione, when accused by her husband, bears herself with quiet dignity, though wounded irreparably in her deepest affection.

* How clearly Juliet shows this in the following lines! (Act iii. scene ii.):

"Tybalt is dead and Romeo — banished;  
That—banished, that one word — banished,  
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts.

Romeo is banished — to speak that word  
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,  
All slain, all dead."  
"Good my lords," she says (turning to the nobles for justification),  
"I am not prone to weeping, as our sex  
Commonly are; the want of which vain dew,  
Perchance, shall dry your pities; but I have  
That honorable grief lodged here which burns

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Worse than tears drown."

Again, under the brutal treatment of the king, she says:

"I must be patient till the heavens look
With an aspect more favorable."

This speech shows Hermione to be a woman of great self-control and dignity, even in the most terrible situation conceivable, and was my clew to her character. Such a creature would be incapable of unbridled excitement or violently expressed emotion even under the greatest pressure. Many, I believe, did not sympathize with my outward calmness in the accusation scene; but I resolved not to give up my conception of the master's text for any stage effect. The common belief that Juliet is merely a sentimental lovelorn maiden seems to me fallacious. From the moment she loves Romeo, Juliet becomes, in my humble opinion, a woman capable of heroic action in all that concerns her love. The essence of her nature comes out so strongly in the following lines that I modelled her character upon them. She is already married to Romeo, and her union with Paris has been arranged by her parents to take place on the morrow. In despair she goes to her friend Friar Laurence for counsel. "If," she says,

"in thy wisdom thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart with Romeo's, thou our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed,
Shall be the label to another deed.
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienced time
Give me some present counsel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire."

Of course some natures are inconsistent, and must be dealt with accordingly. The development of these various types, with their natural personality, mannerisms, etc., is a most engrossing study. How would such a man or woman weep under given circumstances? Would he or she weep at all? And so in joy as well as sorrow, under the influence of every emotion, they have their individual way of doing everything. The art is to make the character harmonious from beginning to end; and the greatest actor is he who loses his own personality in that of his role.

I played Rosalind for the first time in the Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon for the benefit of that building. Through Mr. Flowers kindness the whole atmosphere on that occasion was thoroughly Shakespearian. The stage was decorated with blossoms from Shakespeare's garden; the flowers used by Rosalind and Celia, as well as the turnip gnawed by Audrey, had been plucked near Anne Hathaway's cottage; the deer carried across the stage in the hunting chorus had been shot in Charlcot Park for the occasion — so I was told — by one of the Lucys.

While dressing I heard a splash of oars, and saw groups of the audience arriving in boats. The shining Avon under my window, the fields and waving willows beyond, and the picturesque church near by, are all a part of that first performance. Rosalind's glee and sparkle, her wholesomeness and good-nature, with just a touch of
tender sadness here and there, appealed to me so strongly that for a time I wished to act nothing else. I give Mr. William Winter's account of the reception of the play at Shakespeare's birth-place.\textsuperscript{535} […]

\textsuperscript{535} Here Anderson reproduces an excerpt of the text \textit{The Stage Life of Mary Anderson} by William Winter that is enclosed in the following section of this anthology.
William Winter (1836-1917), the American dramatic theatre critic, biographer, poet, and essayist, was also known for his Romantic-style poetry, and for his long career as an editor and writer for some of New York City's famous newspapers. In this text Winter report on the performance of Mary Anderson at the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon, in August 1885.

Stratford-on-Avon, August 30, 1885.

She begins the season of 1885-86 with “As you Like It.” This storied city, so placid and dream-like, sitting here upon the Avon side, serene in the of great light of an immortal fame, had for some time been deeply excited by proclamation of the event which occurred last night —

Coming here from Salisbury, where I had been dreaming in the great cathedral and wandering among the grim Druid altars of Stonehenge, I found the town placarded with the name of this fair and famous lady; the shop-windows teeming with pictures of her; two of the hotels, the Red Horse and the Shakespeare, pre-empted by her theatrical manager, Mr. Henry E. Abbey, for the accommodation of her dramatic company; every reserved seat in the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre already sold; many lodgings booked for expected visitors; arrangements made for special railway trains to be run from Leamington and back on the night of the performance; and Miss Anderson the chief topic of conversation whenever and wherever people were assembled.

Stratford is a place that I have visited often and frequented long, but not till now had I seen it aroused. In the ordinary course of things the visitor saunters through a solitude to the birthplace; pauses at New Place, the Guild Chapel, and the Grammar School; looks at Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick, in the Town Hall (to the character, meaning, grace, and beautiful colour of which the engraved copy does no adequate justice); talks with the eccentric, kindly, pleasant antiquary John Marshall, amid his Shakespearean relics; explores old Trinity, inside and out, musing at the tomb of Shakespeare and strolling among the thick graves in the quiet churchyard; walks to Shottery, to see Anne Hathaway's cottage and perhaps to receive a sprig of rosemary from the friendly hand of its occupant, Mrs. Baker; visits the Memorial Theatre, where the library and the picture-gallery are slowly increasing in extent and value; drives to Wilmecote, four or five miles away, to enter the picturesque timbered farm-house from which, it is said, Mary Arden, the mother of Shakespeare,
was married; and, when night has fallen on the Avon, and the moonbeams are
bathing the sweet landscape in silver dew, takes a boat upon the Avon and rows
down to where the spire of Shakespeare's church and the great elms around it are
reflected in the depths of the dark, shining stream. Many a calm and beneficent hour
may be passed in this way, amid these hallowed scenes; but now I found that the spell
of peace which commonly rests upon this shrine had been completely broken.

Yesterday all was memory and reverie; to-day is all bustle and expectation.
Americans, indeed, have but a faint idea of the popularity of Miss Mary Anderson in England, or the sincere, fervent interest that is felt by the best classes of English people in her professional movements.

She has been upon the English stage for two seasons; she has acted Parthenia, Pauline, Galatea, Clarice, Julia, and Juliet; and in her practical success she has surpassed the achievement of any American performer in legitimate drama who preceded her in this land. That may, perhaps, sound like an extravagant statement, when it is remembered that among her predecessors here were Edwin Forrest, Edwin L. Davenport, Charlotte Cushman, Mrs. Mowatt, Joseph Jefferson, Edwin Booth, and Lawrence Barrett.

The fact nevertheless remains. Miss Anderson's English career has been attended with ample prosperity as well as brilliant reputation, and no dramatic name is at this time more highly esteemed in England. The question is not one of greatness or even of rank. Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, Mrs. Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft, Mr. Toole, Miss Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Langtry, Mr. Wilson Barrett — each has eminence and a public following.

But the beautiful and brilliant woman who came here so modestly, who so well represents what is best in the American stage, and who has so richly adorned by her personal worth the laurels gained by her genuine merit, possesses the affectionate good-will of the whole people, and thus stands in exceptional repute. I have found her name known and respected and her portrait displayed in remote, secluded hamlets where one would not suppose that the inhabitants had ever heard of a theatre or an actor.

When, therefore, it was made known that Miss Anderson would enact Rosalind for the first time in her life, and at Stratford-on-Avon for the benefit of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, it was natural that a wave of excitement, to which even mighty London gave an impetus, should soon surge around this usually peaceful haven of Shakespearean pilgrimage.

Such a wave I found here; and until to-day — when all is over and the actors are gone and the representatives of the London press have returned to the capital, and the crowd has dispersed — Stratford has not seemed in the least itself. Now it is once more as silent as a cloister and as slumberous as the bower of the Sleeping Beauty in the wood. But from this time it will possess a new charm for the American pilgrim — being associated henceforth with the pure fame and the sweet and gentle presence of the authentic queen of the American stage.
The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre will hold nearly seven hundred persons. Its reserved portion contains four hundred and eighty seats. All of these were sold within an hour and a half of the opening of the box-office, on August 25th. Miss Anderson came down on the 27th, with her company, and rested at the Red Horse, and thus she was enabled to devote two evenings precedent to the performance to a dress rehearsal of the comedy.

Many social attentions were offered to her. Under the escort of the Mayor of Stratford she visited Clopton House, — a picturesque and famous old place, the former residence of Sir Hugh Clopton, who was a Lord Mayor of London in 1492, reign of Henry VII., and who built the great bridge that still spans the Avon, on the Oxford high-road.

She was seen also at the Shakespeare birthplace in Henley street, where the Misses Chataway welcomed her as an old friend. But for the most part she remained in seclusion, awaiting what was felt to be a serious professional ordeal. All about the town meanwhile her professional associates dispersed themselves, to view the relics of the great poet and to "fleet the time merrily, as they did in the golden age." Stratford can seldom have been as gay as it was during these two or three days; never surely was it gayer.

From London came down a large deputation of journalists. The trains brought from London, many an eager throng from the teeming hotels of sprightly Leamington. One party of twenty-five Americans came in from the sylvan hamlet of Broadway.

Visitors to Trinity Church found that flowers had been strewn upon the gravestone of Shakespeare and upon the slabs that cover the dust of his wife and daughter. When the day of the performance came a bright sun and a soft breeze made the old town brilliant and balmy, and but for the falling leaves and the bare aspect of field and meadow there was no hint that summer had passed.

A more distinguished or a more judicious audience than was assembled in the Memorial Theatre could not be wished and has not often been seen. Mr. Forbes Robertson, an intellectual and graceful actor, thoughtful in spirit and polished in method, began the performance, coming on as Orlando. No performer other than Miss Anderson, however, could expect to attract especial notice on this night.

It was for her that the audience reserved its enthusiasm, and this, when at length she appeared as Rosalind, burst forth in vociferous plaudits and cheers, so that it was long before the familiar voice, so copious, resonant, and tender, rolled out its music upon the eager throng and her action could proceed. Before the night ended she was called eight times before the curtain, and she was cheered with a warmth of enthusiasm unusual in this country.

The nature of Rosalind is intended to combine a tender heart with a fanciful and sparkling mind. The salient and obvious attribute to her character is archness; but the archness plays over gentleness and strength. Her mood is usually merry and she loves to trifle; but, while she teases the object of her secret passion, she always does this in a thoroughly kind and good-natured manner. Her nerves are finely braced; her intellect is alert; her wit is incessantly nimble, and she shoots the arrows of her
raillery in all directions. Yet she is quick to pity and to help; her love is profoundly affectionate, her thought always generous and noble.

Gentleness and patience are ascribed to her even by her enemy, and it is particularly noted that all the people praise her for her virtues. There is no boldness in Rosalind, beyond the outside show of defiant resolution. Inwardly she shrinks from all offence, with the sensibility of a timid maiden. She can dazzle, but also she can melt. Not without a special and significant design has the poet surrounded this blooming figure with the opulent foliage, teeming life, brisk winds and rustic freedom of the Forest of Arden. Not without meaning has he made her to be extolled and beloved by so many and such good and true hearts. Celia loves her. Orlando, one of Shakespeare's sanest and soundest men, is immediately captivated by her.

The wise Touchstone — laughing at himself and life and all the world — is, always tender of this wayward princess. Through her first interview with Orlando there shines a wistful, tremulous earnestness, a half-grieved, half-doubting, almost child-like meekness, that is irresistibly winning. In her just and high resentment of the Duke Frederick's cruel sentence of banishment, there is a perfectly royal pride.

And when at length she turns to the unknown wilderness and the adventurous quest of fortune, it is with the cheerful buoyancy of a pure heart, the elasticity of a fresh and ardent mind, and that golden spirit of the imagination which, while it conjures up the pathway of exile, only brightens it with the sunshine of hope. Here, surely, if anywhere in Shakespeare, are commingled the tender-ness and the splendour which man adores in woman.

At the outset of the play of "As You Like It," Rosalind's nature has reached that period of a woman's development when, unconsciously to herself, love has become a necessity. Her merry question to Celia, "What think you of falling in love?" is more than playful, for it is the involuntary sign of what is passing in the secret depths of her heart. That heart is full of passionate tenderness, hungry for the right object on which to bestow itself; and its owner is disturbed by this without knowing why. She is a little saddened with trouble, also, because of her father's exile and her uncle's aversion, — which latter fact her keen, womanlike intuition would not fail to divine, — and she veils herself behind a gleeful manner, natural to her, but not now entirely genuine. "I show more mirth than I am mistress of." Miss Anderson's denouement of this mood was not less firm than delicate, and it evinced a subtle instinct of truth.

Tall, regal, faultlessly beautiful, clad in a rich, simple robe of flowered gold, cheerful in demeanour, but earnest with a appearance sweet, thoughtful gravity, she gave an instantaneous impression of the royal state, the exuberant physical vitality, the finely poised intellect, and the affectionate, sensitive, variable, exultant temperament that constitute Rosalind. Her change from pensive pre-occupation to arch levity was made with charming grace; and at the close of the wrestling-match she had shown that the character was easily within her grasp. Upon first seeing Orlando this Rosalind became instantly attentive; and after their first colloquy, as she turned away, saying, "Pray Heaven I be deceived in you!" her backward look upon him, intense and full of sweet wonder and incipient fondness, told that fate had already spoken, and that love would soon be in full possession of her heart.
Miss Anderson introduced new "business" for the embellishment of the wrestling contest. The custom prevalent at court games in Europe since the usage was first established by the ancient Greeks of awarding to the victor a wreath of ivy or of laurel, or a palm-branch, was followed in this instance, and it became instrumental in a touching effect at the moment when Rosalind gives her chain to Orlando. Those judges who observe the significant force of appropriate details in a dramatic performance could not miss being charmed with this stroke of thoughtful art. In bestowing her gift Rosalind dropped the chain slowly into the extended left hand of Orlando — slowly because with a lingering grasp of it, as though she would caress the hand into which it fell — while he, already enslaved by her radiant and bewildering beauty, suffered his victorious wreath to drop un-heeded to the ground. Miss Anderson's bearing was nobly impressive in the subsequent interview with the angry and hostile Duke Frederick; and her superb delivery of the resentful speech, "Treason is not inherited, my lord," — her stately figure towering in affluent power, and her fiery spirit blazing forth in vehement indignation, — created a perfect illusion and for one electrical moment set forth the consummate image of tragic majesty.

Miss Anderson's sudden repression of this righteous anger, upon the thought of Celia whom Rosalind loves, was not the least of the beauties of this treatment. In the ensuing plot of adventurous exile her glowing animal spirits, eager self-reliance, and merry almost jocund humour asserted themselves with charming effect. The exit, made in a burst of gladness, was followed by delighted applause — calling her twice before the audience after the curtain fell.

The irresistible fascination and the exultant free spirit of Rosalind are not, however, fully disclosed until she has put on her dress, boy's dress and dashed into the joyous freedom of the woods. The treatment that Miss Anderson would accord to this aspect of the character was awaited with eager interest. It is toward the end of the day when, in this artist's management of "As You Like It," Rosalind and her companions, Celia and Touchstone, come wandering into the forest of Arden. A soft sunset light streams through the woods, and you can almost hear the low murmur of the brook and the anxious, plaintive note of the birds that call their mates to rest. The song of the Duke's foresters, returning from the chase, is faintly heard at distance, dying away in the shadowy woodland glades. Upon this lovely rustic scene, enchanted with the soft influences of the falling night, the exiled Rosalind and her companions in travel made their weary entrance, almost worn out with fatigue, and listless with long endurance. Miss Anderson was not now to play a boy's part for the first time. Playgoers of New York have not forgotten her essay in Ion (January 3, 1881), at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, nor the grace, refinement and nobility of feeling and demeanour with which she filled that character. Her personality in Rosalind was equally free, natural and fined, less classic, or not classic at all, and still more beautiful.

No prettier Rosalind dress could be desired. A russet "doublet and hose," the sleeves of the former slashed with white puffs, a soft leather jerkin, long boots, a shapely velvet hat, a dark red mantle thrown Carelessly around the body and carried with easy negligence, a kirtle-axe for the hip and a boar pear for the hand made up this garb; and never was poetic gipsy raiment worn with more bewitching grace.
Rosalind's first boy scene gives to her but little opportunity. Deft and expressive dramatic touches were points, made by Miss Anderson, at "Doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat," and at "Alas, poor shepherd, searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found my own."

The sense of humour and the knowledge of human nature here indicated on the part of the actress were remarkable: nor could a thoughtful Personal observer fail to remark, in this scene, — what indeed was characteristic of Miss Anderson's bearing throughout the impersonation, — an innate aristocratic superiority, the natural attribute of a princess. She rounded and closed this passage, in an expressive exit, with an assumption of spirit and strength very human and tender, almost pathetic, in its cheer and encouragement for the weary comrades of her pilgrimage. When Rosalind is next seen a few days may be supposed to have passed. There is no more fatigue now, and there will be no more real trouble. It is bright daylight, and the adventurous youth, as assumed by Miss Anderson, came rambling aimlessly through the forest, singing as he strode.

Usually the song, "When daisies pied and violets blue" (from "Love's Labour's Lost"), is introduced at a later stage of the representation of "As You Like it" (act iv. scene i), and is given as a musical feature or vocal exploit. Miss Anderson, on the contrary, invested Rosalind with a mingled mood, suggesting the spontaneous enjoyment of rich physical vitality just a little subdued by pensive preoccupation. Her voice, sweetly melodious and deeply sympathetic, — the richest, grandest woman voice to be heard in these days from the dramatic stage, — was audible before she entered; and she gave the song only in part and as an incident. When she came into view she was lounging, and the song was continued by her till she had noticed Orlando's paper hung upon a tree, and had taken it down and glanced with an air of momentary bewilderment and puzzled surprise at its contents. Then her voice slowly died away. The felicity of this treatment — the obvious touch of nature — can be mentioned only to be praised. Miss Anderson made Rosalind almost instantly cognisant, by intuition, of the source of the versified tribute; and during the subsequent colloquy with Celia her bearing was that of a delighted lover who guards her own delicious secret beneath an assumption of indifference, and only waits to be told what she is already- enraptured to know. The start, at "What shall I do with my doublet and hose?" was made with a precipitate access of confusion, in the sudden remembrance of an awkward predicament which the tumult of her pleasure had hitherto caused her to forget. Throughout the ensuing scene with Orlando Miss Anderson delighted the listener, alike with the exuberance of her glee and the incessant felicity with which she denoted the tenderness that it only half conceals. At the question, archly enough uttered but seriously meant: "Are you so much in love as your rhymes speak? " her pretty action of pressing her hand to her bosom, where those rhymes were hidden, may be named as a special excellence of treatment; and when Orlando, who has turned away from his questioner, answers sadly, "Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much," her acted caress, which is very nearly detected by him, giving her the pretext for an arch transition, becomes charmingly eloquent and illuminative of Rosalind's nature.

"The reproof scene, with Silvius and Phoebe, was carried with a good assumption of manly swagger and with a surprising variety of intonation and of dramatic embellishment in the use of the text. The sterner critics of Rosalind, who
stand fast for ancient usage, thought that they saw here an excess of the element of frolic, and that the tone of the part was lowered. I do not recall any performer of Rosalind who gave the mirth of this passage in a more human and natural manner, or so as to impart a greater pleasure.

Frequent repetition of the part will enable Miss Anderson to strengthen it in unity, to sustain it evenly at the highest elevation of womanlike sentiment, to carry it with incessant and invariable dash and sparkle, and to conceal every vestige of a personal consciousness of artistic intention and method. There is no comedy part more difficult. For a first performance of Rosalind her work was a marvel, alike of ideal and execution. Only genius could have prompted the assumption of that sweet ecstasy of triumph with which, amid all her glee, she contrived to irradiate the scene of the mock marriage. In the swoon scene she was easily victorious, using all at once those characteristic tragical means so entirely at her command.

No dramatic voice that ever spoke the line "I would I were at home" has imparted to it such pathos as it had when it fell from her lips; and when at last this peerless creature, clad in spotless white and dazzling in the superb beauty of her auspicious youth, stood forth to part the tangled skein of destiny and so wind up the piece, it seemed for one instant as if a spirit had alighted upon the earth. Such a vision comes but seldom, and it should not be hailed with cold and common words.

I thought of what the great magician himself applied as a has said:

Women will love her, that she is more worth
Than any man; men, that she is
The rarest of all women.

To-day (August 30) Miss Anderson left Stratford, aboard a special train for Leeds. Her dramatic company went by the same express. There was a crowd at the station and the actress was loudly cheered as her carriage left the platform. Many of her personal friends, American as well as English, were present to say farewell. Miss Anderson visits in succession Leeds, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin, playing one week in each of those cities, and she will then embark aboard the "Gallia" at Queenstown, September 27, and sail for America. The cast with which "As You Like It" has here been produced shows the constitution of the dramatic company with which she will traverse the American cities. The stage manager is Mr. Napier Lothian, jr. The musical director is Mr. Andrew Levey, of London. Miss Anderson's personal representative is Mr. Charles J. Abud, late of the London Lyceum Theatre. The comedy was cast as follows: Duke, in exile, Mr. Henry Vernon; Duke Frederick, Mr. Sidney Hayes; Jacques, Mr. F. H. Macklin; Amiens, Mr. Wilson; Le Beau, Mr. Arthur Lewis; Charles, the Wrestler, Mr. V. Henry; Oliver, Mr. Joseph Anderson; Jacques-le-Bois, Mr. Gillespie; Orlando, Mr. Forbes Robertson; Adam, Mr. Kenneth Black; Touchstone, Mr. J. G. Taylor; Corin, Mr. Sainsbury; Silvius, Mr. Bindloss; William, Mr. Gaytie; Celia, Miss Tilbury; Phoebe, Miss Calvert; Audrey, Mrs. Billington. The stage version of the comedy that is used by Miss Anderson is one that she has made for herself. It does not restore the original form of the piece, and it cuts some portions of the text. Hymen and his verses, together with parts of the shepherd talk, are discarded. Touchstone has been pruned. The speeches of the First Lord are still allotted to Jacques — as, indeed, seems an inevitable necessity. Miss Anderson spoke
the epilogue — a piece of fustian, unworthy of Shakespeare, which has always been a blot upon the pure poetic beauty of the play. Mr. Forbes Robertson deeply pleased by his performance of Orlando. He has grace, earnestness, sentiment, character, and his method is thoughtful and delicate.

The gain, above expenses, of this benefit performance, was one hundred pounds. It is the intention of Mr. Charles E. Flower, the public-spirited director of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre, to use this money for the purchase of two marble tablets which are needed to complete the decoration of the front of the building. One of these, emblematic of Comedy, will present a scene from "As You Like It," and in this the image of Miss Anderson's lovely Rosalind will be perpetuated where first it was revealed. The other, emblematic of Tragedy, will present the graveyard scene from "Hamlet."

History, typified by the scene, in "King John," between Hubert and Prince Arthur, already adorns the theatre front, filling a niche in the centre. Designs for the companion pieces exist. When these have been placed the exterior of the Memorial will be completed. Suitable decoration of the theatre and the embellishment of the adjacent grounds upon the bank of Avon will then remain to be accomplished. Miss Anderson, playing at this theatre and for its benefit, and acting Rosalind for the first time, has done herself honour in a professional sense, has rendered a generous service to a worthy institution, and has set an example of practical liberality which, perhaps, will not be lost upon other eminent leaders of the stage.

To Shakespeare all such actors have owed, and must ever owe in great measure, their prosperity and renown — for it was he who made the ladder upon which they climb. Surely they ought to seize with pride and pleasure the opportunity of perfecting a noble monument to his memory, which likewise will prove a continual means of cultivation and happiness, upon the hallowed soil of his birthplace and his tomb.
Reverend Nathan Hubbell (1806-1891) wrote an account of his trip to Jerusalem, which he turned into a European Great Tour. His book is meant to be an account of the journey interspersed with personal impressions. A large portion of this volume, written while traveling, appeared in the form of letters in the *Daily Journal and Courie*, a newspaper from New Haven, Connecticut.

[...] Stratford-on-Avon was reached late at night. Some difficulty was experienced in securing accommodations, the hotels being crowded. The Golden Lion Hotel at length made room for us. A political meeting relative to home rule and the Gladstone movement was just closing. Lord Dutton, I understood the name to be, was conveyed by his party adherents to our hotel in an open carriage. Of course, a great throng was attracted to the spot, which rendered it necessary to defer the matter of sleep. After singing "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and several other rousing songs, the crowd slowly departed after repeatedly drinking the health and success of his lordship.

Shakespeare's house, the Memorial Hall, and the church where his body reposes were duly visited the following day, preceded by a delightful morning stroll on the banks of the quiet and beautiful Avon. The old, old verse came again and again to my mind as I sat in a little boat on the celebrated river:

"The Avon to the Severn runs,  
The Severn to the sea,  
And Wiclif's dust is spread abroad  
Wide as the waters be,"

A long arch of tree-tops of great beauty, resembling the classic, poetic, and dreamy appearance of Temple Street, which crosses "The Green," New Haven, Conn., shelters the visitor as he approaches the church. Entering the small oaken door cut into a larger one you are compelled to bow to avoid a blow on the head. Why the door was constructed so low it is difficult to tell, unless it was to induce involuntary reverence. A thump on the cranium of a careless person would be likely to evoke emotions quite the reverse of devotion, however.

The tomb of Shakespeare remains undisturbed within the chancel, where his wife is also buried by his side. Possibly the curse hurled at the reckless relic-hunter in the rude rhyme on the slab has deterred the peripatetic vandal from chronic rashness. These familiar lines, with their antiquated spelling, still remain distinctly carved on

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the plain marble slab covering the ashes of the world's greatest dramatist and
delineator of character, and are as follows:

"Good frend for Iesus sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare:
Blest be ye man yt spares these stones,
And curst be he yt moves my bones."

Quaint and well-executed carvings appear on many of the seats of the ancient
curch, including vines, flowers, and grotesque heads of various descriptions. Some
of the figures, strangely enough, are grossly indecent. It is difficult to understand the
motive or taste that would cause them to be placed permanently in any building at any
period in the history of the world –especially in a place of worship.
Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was an author, poet, educator and physician. He graduated from Harvard University in 1836 and practiced medicine for the next ten years, becoming dean at Harvard Medical School. He was the father of American Civil War veteran and U.S. Supreme Court Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. On the occasion of his visit to Stratford in July 1886, Holmes recalls his previous visit in 1834. In this occasion he is invited to spend a week at Mr. Flower’s home. Holmes rememorates a prior visit he paid to Stratford in 1834, and reflects how different the Birthplace looks on the outside although its interior remains unaltered.

It had been the intention of Mr. Willett to go with us to visit Mr. Ruskin, with whom he is in the most friendly relations. But a letter from Mr. Ruskin's sister spoke of his illness as being too serious for him to see company, and we reluctantly gave up this part of our plan.

My first wish was to revisit Stratford-on-Avon, and as our travelling host was guided in everything by our inclinations, we took the cars for Stratford, where we arrived at five o'clock in the afternoon. It had been arranged beforehand that we should be the guests of Mr. Charles E. Flower, one of the chief citizens of Stratford, who welcomed us to his beautiful mansion in the most cordial way, and made us once more at home under an English roof.

I well remembered my visit to Stratford in 1834. The condition of the old house in which Shakespeare was born was very different from that in which we see it to-day. A series of photographs taken in different years shows its gradual transformation since the time when the old projecting angular sign-board told all who approached "The immortal Shakespeare was born in this House." How near the old house came to sharing the fortunes of Jumbo under the management of our enterprising countryman, Mr. Barnum, I am not sure; but that he would have "traded" for it, if the proprietors had been willing, I do not doubt, any more than I doubt that he would make an offer for the Tower of London, if that venerable structure were in the market. The house in which Shakespeare was born is the Santa Casa of England. What with my recollections and the photographs with which I was familiarly acquainted, it had nothing very new for me. Its outside had undergone great changes, but its bare interior was little altered.

My previous visit was a hurried one, —I took but a glimpse, and then went on my way. Now, for nearly a week I was a resident of Stratford-on-Avon. How shall I describe the perfectly ideal beauty of the new home, in which I found myself! It is a

fine house, surrounded by delightful grounds, which skirt the banks of the Avon for a
considerable distance, and come close up to the enclosure of the Church of the Holy
Trinity, beneath the floor of which lie the mortal remains of Shakespeare. The Avon
is one of those narrow English rivers in which half a dozen boats might lie side by
side, but hardly wide enough for a race between two rowing abreast of each other.
Just here the river is comparatively broad and quiet, there being a dam a little lower
down the stream. The waters were a perfect mirror, as I saw them on one of the still
days we had at Stratford. I do not remember ever before seeing cows walking with
their legs in the air, as I saw them reflected in the Avon. Along the banks the young
people were straying. I wondered if the youthful swains quoted Shakespeare to their
lady-loves. Could they help recalling Romeo and Juliet?

It is quite impossible to think of any human being growing up in this place
which claims Shakespeare as its child, about the streets of which he ran as a boy, on
the waters of which he must have often floated, without having his image ever
present. Is it so? There are some boys, from eight to ten or a dozen years old, fishing
in the Avon, close by the grounds of "Avon-bank," the place at which we are staying.
I call to the little group. I say, "Boys, who was this man Shakespeare, people talk so
much about?" Boys turn round and look up with a plentiful lack of intelligence in
their countenances. "Don't you know who he was nor what he was?" Boys look at
each other, but confess ignorance. — Let us try the universal stimulant of human
faculties. "Here are some pennies for the boy that will tell me what that Mr.
Shakespeare was." The biggest boy finds his tongue at last. "he was a writer, — he
wrote plays." That was as much as I could get out of the youngling. I remember
meeting some boys under the monument upon Bunker Hill, and testing their
knowledge as I did that of the Stratford boys. "What is this great stone pillar here
for?" I asked. "Battle fought here, — great battle." "Who fought?" "Americans and
British." (I never hear the expression Britishers.) "Who was the general on the
American side?" "Don' know, — General Washington or somebody." — What is an
old battle, though it may have settled the destinies of a nation, to the game of base-
ball between the Boston and Chicago Nines which is to come off to-morrow, or to the
game of marbles which Tom and Dick are just going to play together under the
shadow of the great obelisk which commemorates the conflict?

The room more especially assigned to me looked out, at a distance of not
more than a stone's-throw, on the northern aspect of the church where Shakespeare
lies buried. Workmen were busy on the roof of the transept. I could not conveniently
climb up to have a talk with the roofers, but I have my doubts whether they were
thinking all the time of the dust over which they were working. How small a matter
literature is to the great seething, toiling, struggling, love-making, bread-winning,
child-rearing, death-awaiting men and women who fill this huge, palpitating world of
ours! It would be worth while to pass a week or a month among the plain, average
people of Stratford. What is the relative importance in human well-being of the
emendations of the text of Hamlet and the patching of the old trousers and the darning
of the old stockings which task the needles of the hard-working households that fight
the battle of life in these narrow streets and alleys? I ask the question; the reader may
answer it.

Our host, Mr. Flower, is more deeply interested, perhaps, than any other
individual in the "Shakespeare Memorial" buildings which have been erected on the
banks of the Avon, a short distance above the Church of the Holy Trinity. Under Mr.
Flower's guidance we got into one of his boats, and were rowed up the stream to the Memorial edifice. There is a theatre, in a round tower which has borrowed some traits from the octagon "Globe" theatre of Shakespeare's day; a Shakespeare library and portrait gallery are forming; and in due time these buildings, of stately dimensions and built solidly of brick, will constitute a Shakespearean centre which will attract to itself many mementoes now scattered about in various parts of the country.

On the 4th of July we remembered our native land with all the affectionate pride of temporary exiles, and did not forget to drink at lunch to the prosperity and continued happiness of the United States of America. In the afternoon we took to the boat again, and were rowed up the river to the residence of Mr. Edgar Flower, where we found another characteristic English family, with its nine children, one of whom was the typical English boy, most pleasing and attractive in look, voice, and manner.

I attempt no description of the church, the birthplace, or the other constantly visited and often described localities. The noble bridge, built in the reign of Henry VII. by Sir Hugh Clopton, and afterwards widened, excited my admiration. It was a much liner piece of work than the one built long afterwards. I have hardly seen anything which gave me a more striking proof of the thoroughness of the old English workmen. They built not for an age, but for all time, and the New Zealander will have to wait a long while before he will find in any one of the older bridges that broken arch from which he is to survey the ruins of London.

It is very pleasant to pick up a new epithet to apply to the poet upon whose genius our language has nearly exhausted itself. It delights me to speak of him in the words which I have just found in a memoir not yet a century old, as "the Warwickshire bard," "the inestimable Shakespeare."

Ever since Miss Bacon made her insane attempt to unearth what is left of Shakespeare's bodily frame, the thought of doing reverently and openly what she would have done by stealth has been entertained by psychologists, artists, and others who would like to know what were his cranial developments, and to judge from the conformation of the skull and face which of the various portraits is probably the true one. There is little doubt that but for the curse invoked upon the person who should disturb his bones, in the well-known lines on the slab which covers him, he would rest, like Napoleon, like Washington, in a fitting receptacle of marble or porphyry. In the transfer of his remains the curiosity of men of science and artists would have been gratified, if decay had spared the more durable portions of his material structure. It was probably not against such a transfer that the lines were written,— whoever was their author,— but in the fear that they would be carried to the charnel-house.

"In this charnel-house was contained a vast collection of human bones. How long they had been deposited there is not easily to be determined; but it is evident, from the immense quantity contained in the vault, it could have been used for no other purpose for many ages." "It is probable that from an early contemplation of this dreary spot Shakespeare imbibed that horror of a violation of sepulture which is observable in many parts of his writings."

The body of Raphael was disinterred in 1833 to settle a question of identity of the remains, and placed in a new coffin of lead, which was deposited in a marble
sarcophagus presented by the Pope. The sarcophagus, with its contents, was replaced in the same spot from which the remains had been taken. But for the inscription such a transfer of the bones of Shakespeare would have been proposed, and possibly carried out. Kings and emperors have frequently been treated in this way after death, and the proposition is no more an indignity than was that of the exhumation of the remains of Napoleon, or of André, or of the author of "Home, Sweet Home." But sentiment, a tender regard for the supposed wishes of the dead poet, and a natural dread of the consequences of violating a dying wish, coupled with the execration of its contemner, are too powerful for the arguments of science and the pleadings of art. If Shakespeare's body had been embalmed, — which there is no reason that I know of to suppose, -the desire to compare his features with the bust and the portraits would have been much more imperative. When the body of Charles the First was examined, under the direction of Sir Henry Halford, in the presence of the Regent, afterwards George the Fourth, the face would have been recognized at once by all who were acquainted with Vandyke's portrait of the monarch, if the lithograph which comes attached to Sir Henry's memoir is an accurate representation of what they found. Even the bony framework of the face, as I have had occasion to know, has sometimes a striking likeness to what it was when clothed in its natural features. As between the first engraved portrait and the bust in the church, the form of the bones of the head and face would probably be decisive. But the world can afford to live without solving this doubt, and leave his perishing vesture of decay to its repose.

After seeing the Shakespeare shrines, we drove over to Shottery, and visited the Anne Hathaway cottage. I am not sure whether I ever saw it before, but it was as familiar to me as if I had lived in it. The old lady who showed it was agreeably communicative, and in perfect keeping with the place.

A delightful excursion of ten or a dozen miles carried our party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Flower, Mr. and Mrs. Willett, with A—— and myself, to Compton Wynyate, a most interesting old mansion, belonging to the Marquis of Northampton, who, with his daughter-in-law, Lady William Compton, welcomed us and showed us all the wonders of the place. It was a fine morning, but hot enough for one of our American July days. […]

[...] It would have been a great thing to pass a single night close to the church where Shakespeare's dust lies buried. A single visit by daylight leaves a comparatively slight impression. But when, after a night's sleep, one wakes up and sees the spire and the old walls full before him, that impression is very greatly deepened, and the whole scene becomes far more a reality. Now I was nearly a whole week at Stratford-on-Avon. The church, its exterior, its interior, the birthplace, the river, had time to make them-selves permanent images in my mind. To effect this requires a certain amount of exposure, as much as in the case of a photographic negative. And so we bade good-by to Stratford-on-Avon and its hospitalities, with grateful remembrances of our kind entertainers and all they did for our comfort and enjoyment. […]
In *What Katy Did Next* (1886), the American children’s author, Sarah Chauncey Woolsey (1835-1905), working under the pen name Susan Coolidge, narrates the adventures of Katy Carr as she travels to Europe. The fictional Carr family was modelled after her own, with Katy Carr inspired by Woolsey herself. The story begins with Katy accepting an invitation to spend a year in Europe and becomes “essentially the Grand Tour redacted for American teenagers”\(^{540}\) The book includes an account of the places and sights Katy visits.

October is not a favourable month in which to see England. Water, water is everywhere; you breathe it, you absorb it; it wets your clothes and it dampens your spirits. Mrs. Ashe’s friends advised her not to think of Scotland at that time of the year. One by one their little intended excursions were given up. A single day and night in Oxford and Stratford-on-Avon; … was all that they accomplished.

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\(^{539}\) Susan Coolidge, *What Katy Did Next* (Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1886), 123.

Charles Dorrance Linskill (1840-1932), editor of the *Wilkes-Barre Telephone*, made a tour to Britain in order to fulfilled a promise the had made his dying father. He promised he would visit his hometown, which he had left in 1830. Linskill gets in contact with some relatives in the British Isles and starts his trip to Europe in the summer of 1887. At the birthplace, he notes how one is no longer allowed to write or carve one’s name, and amusingly reflects that there is no room for anyone to do so in the first place. He sees the American fountain under construction and considers it a memorable day, not least for the boat ride on the Avon.

[...] I had the pleasure of passing about two hours at the birthplace of the great Shakespeare, one of the greatest writers that has ever walked our earth. Some of our readers may possibly know who William Shakespeare was. He was the greatest writer of dramatic plays that the human race has produced. He put so much of human nature in his plays that it seemed as if he knew all that men then knew or could think and feel placed in any condition in life. He was born here in 1564, of humble parents. I entered the quaint, old-fashioned house and the upper room where he was born. I saw the old, open fire-places, the black, oak beams and rafters that have stood here more than three hundred years. The cottage is two stories high, and on the outside you see the old oak beams and braces, filled in between with concrete. No fire or light is ever permitted in the house. Mr. I. E. Baker was the polite attendant below and his lady attended above. Of course no one is permitted to write or cut his name here, yet I saw no place on the walls, posts, mantels or window frames where there was room for another name. I may here say that I did not write my name once, on my tour, in a public, famous or conspicuous place. It is a forlorn, sentimental habit, productive of no good. If one's name is worth preserving it will be preserved, and "do n't you forget it;" I beg to be excused. No, I will not cross out that sentence, for a good name will be remembered somewhere. If not on marble and in books and hearts here, it will "shine forth as the sun " in that "far country" "when the books are opened."

Relic hunters are watched closely here, and as I walked over the stone floor, I noticed a small piece of stone broken off, and in presence of the guide I put it in my pocket; then he opened a drawer and handed me some flowers and stems, saying,

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"These are from Shakespeare's garden, and I brought them home. We went to the place where he lived and died. The house is gone, all but a portion of the foundation. We drank out of his well and ate a few mulberries off a tree of his planting, they say. We saw the church where his dust repose, and thus far proud, intelligent, glory-worshiping England has not dared to move his bones to Westminster Abbey, (where they should be,) on account of these lines on his tomb, which some people think he wrote, viz:

"Good friend, for Jesus sake forbeare,
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Blest be the man who spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

We saw the spacious and modern new Shakespeare theatre on the banks of Avon, and were pointed to the handsome Shakespeare fountain that Mr. Childs, of Philadelphia, was erecting. We took a boat ride on the green, willow-banked Avon, and floated amid meadows and mansions, swans and shadows, and passed other oarsmen in gay dress, accompanied by fair ones in bright attire. Altogether it was a day to be remembered.
James R. Lowell (1819-1891) American poet, critic, founder of the abolitionist newspaper *The Pioneer*, and editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*. Graduated from Harvard. He was appointed ambassadorship to the Kingdom of Spain and later appointed ambassador to the Court of St. James's (1880-1885). Lowell was already well known in England for his writing and, during his time there, befriended fellow author Henry James. He could not attend the inauguration of the American Fountain at Stratford on the 17th October 1887 so, after the speeches at the fountain and at the luncheon that followed, Sir Arthur Hodgson, Mayor of Stratford, read Lowell’s letter of apology to the public attending the luncheon. His letter is an excellent instance of cultural diplomacy at work: Shakespeare links two great nations with kindred blood and the same “noble” language, two nations with the same literature and “a common respect, and two nations that “are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize, less and less of those in which they differ.”

**DEAR SIR ARTHUR HODGSON:**

"I should more deeply regret my inability to be present at the interesting ceremonial of the 17th were it not that my countrymen will be more fitly and adequately represented there by our accomplished Minister, Mr. Phelps."

"The occasion is certainly most interesting. The monument which you accept to-day in behalf of your townsmen commemorates at once the most marvellous of Englishmen and the Jubilee Year of the august lady whose name is honored wherever the language is spoken of which he was the greatest master. No symbol could more aptly serve this double purpose than a fountain; for surely no poet ever "poured forth so broad a river of speech" as he—whether he was the author of the Novum Organum also or not—nor could the purity of her character and example be better typified than by the current that shall flow forever from the sources opened here to-day."

"It was Washington Irving who first embodied in his delightful English the emotion which Stratford-upon-Avon awakens in the heart of the pilgrim, and especially of the American pilgrim, who visits it. I am glad to think that this Memorial should be the gift of an American, and thus serve to recall the kindred blood of two great nations,

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543 The opening ceremony of the monument was long and formal, with successive speeches. When the fountain water was turned on, Mr. Irving drank “To the Immortal Memory of Shakspeare,” while the band played the National Anthem and “Hail, Columbia”. There were hearty cheers “given for the Queen, for the President of the United States, for the American Minister (Mr. Phelps), for MR. CHILDS, the munificent donor of the fountain, for the Mayor and Lady Hodgson, and for Mr. Irving.” Clarke (ed.), 49.
joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it because it is one of the multiplying signs that these two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize, less and less of those in which they differ.

" 'A common language is not, indeed, the surest bond of amity, for this enables each country to understand whatever unpleasant thing the other may chance to say about it. As I am one of those who believe that an honest friendship between England and America is a most desirable thing, I trust that we shall on both sides think it equally desirable, in our intercourse one with another, to make our mother-tongue search her coffers round for the polished rather than the sharp-cornered epithets she has stored there. Let us by all means speak the truth to each other, for there is no one else who can speak it to either of us with such a fraternal instinct for the weak point of the other; but let us do it in such wise as to show that it is the truth we love, and not the discomfort we can inflict by means of it. Let us say agreeable things to each other and of each other whenever we conscientiously can. My friend, MR. CHILDS, has said one of these agreeable things in a very solid and durable way. A common literature and a common respect for certain qualities of character and ways of thinking supply a neutral ground where we may meet in the assurance that we shall find something amiable in each other, and from being less than kind become more than kin.

" 'In old maps the line which outlined the British Possessions in America included the greater part of what is now the territory of the United States. The possessions of the American in England are laid down on no map, yet he holds them of memory and imagination by a title such as no conquest ever established and no revolution can ever overthrow. The dust that is sacred to you is sacred to him. The annals which Shakspeare makes walk before us in flesh and blood are his no less than yours. These are the ties which we recognize, and are glad to recognize on occasions like this. They will be yearly drawn closer as Science goes on with her work of abolishing Time and Space, and thus renders more, easy that "peaceful commerce 'twixt dividable shores" which is so potent to clear away whatever is exclusive in nationality or savors of barbarism in patriotism."

" ' I remain, dear Mr. Mayor, faithfully yours,

"J. R. LOWELL.'

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544 Sir Arthur Hodgson, Mayor of Stratford then reads the following letter from John Greenleaf Whittier (American Quaker poet and slavery abolitionist) to Mr G. W. Childs: "DEAR FRIEND: I have just read of thy noble and appropriate gift to the birthplace of Shakspere. It was a happy thought to connect it with the Queen's Jubilee. It will make for peace between the two great kindred nations, and will go far to atone for the foolish abuse of England by too many of our party orators and papers. As an American, and proud of the name, I thank thee for expressing in this munificent way the true feeling of our people 'I am very truly, thy friend,'"
EDWARD JOHN PHELPS

THE ADDRESS OF THE AMERICAN MINISTER

Edward John Phelps (1822-1900) was an American lawyer and diplomat. He was one of the founders of the American Bar Association and a Professor of Law at Yale Law School. Phelps was minister to Great Britain from 1885 to 1889, and in 1893 served as senior counsel for the United States before the international tribunal at Paris to adjust the Bering Sea controversy. At the opening ceremony of the American Fountain in Stratford-on-Avon, after a toast to The President of the United States, Phelps delivered a speech in which he points out that if the American are a much entitled as the British to the memory of Shakespeare is because of the generations of American pilgrims who have been to Stratford.

"His Excellency the American Minister, Mr. Phelps, who experienced a hearty greeting, said, in response:

"It is certainly a very grateful duty to respond to a sentiment honored by Americans everywhere and under all circumstances, which has been proposed in such felicitous terms by Lord De La Warr, and received so cordially by you all. And for the kind allusions to myself which I have heard to-day and for your more than kind reception, I can only offer you my thanks and my wish that they were better deserved. The manner in which the name of the President of the United States is always received when it is brought forward in an English company, and the kindness which everywhere is made to surround the path of his representative in this country, are exceedingly gratifying, because they are the expression, and the more significant because they are often the spontaneous expression, of the cordial, friendly feeling which animates the heart of the people of this country towards their kinsmen across that sea which used to divide but which now unites them. The relations between these two countries are not the property of themselves alone; they are the property of the civilized world. It would be a calamity too great to be anticipated, and which I trust may never be realized, to all the civilized world if these relations were to be severed. But it is to be borne in mind that they depend far less upon governments and public men than upon the spirit which animates the people on either side. Mr. Irving happily remarked this morning that I was not here in a diplomatic capacity. Diplomacy, that black art as it used to be known in the world, and I hope has ceased to be known, has very little place among the straightforward Saxon race. It cannot be too strongly borne in mind, I think, that it is on the cultivation of a friendly spirit on both sides that our cordial relations depend. So far as I have observed, people do not quarrel unless they desire it. When they are hostile, provocation is not far to seek; when they are friendly,

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there are very few provocations that will not somehow be patched up and adjusted. It is in the intercourse so admirably depicted in the letter of my predecessor, Mr. Lowell, by which the people of the two countries come to know each other and understand and appreciate each other, to partake of each other's hospitality, to enjoy with each other the amenities of social, personal, individual life, that the spirit arises that will always make these people friends. And it may be usefully remembered by those philanthropists and humanitarians who are anxious to preserve the peace of the world, that it is much better maintained by justice and kindness in the treatment of each other internationally than it is by obtaining paper promises that injustice and unkindness shall not be resented. Such promises are either worthless or needless. They are needless while nations are friendly; they are worthless while nations are hostile. It is one of the amenities to which I have alluded that brings us together here to-day. I must say a word, before I sit down, about the gift of my warm-hearted and distinguished countryman which has been inaugurated this morning. I should rather mar what you have already heard if I were to attempt to add much to what has been said, and so well said, by the Mayor, Mr. Irving, and Mr. Lowell. It seems to me that in every possible way all the proprieties and all the unities have attended it. It seems to be a graceful offering, modest, unobtrusive, unheralded, accepted in the spirit in which it is given. I wish MR. CHILDS might have been present here to-day. I wish he might have observed for himself the spirit in which his gift was received. It is appropriately erected on the place where the memory of Shakspeare has extinguished all other memories, a place to which Americans, by the pilgrimage of successive generations, have established a title as tenants in common with Englishmen by right of possession one of those possessions described by Mr. Lowell, not laid down on the map, but of which the title is just as strong as if it were marked by geographical boundaries. I have some times thought that there is no bond of union be tween Americans and Englishmen that is stronger than that of a common literature; I mean the literature that pervades and influences the general intelligence of the country; the literature that was so ably portrayed by Mr. Irving this morning in his observations on the character of Shakspeare's writings; a literature which is not the property of a class, but for all mankind and for all time; and therefore this birthplace of Shakspeare, where almost all the memorials which remain to him are gradually being gathered together, here, if anywhere in England, is the appropriate place for a permanent gift from an American. It is appropriate also in the time of offering, the Jubilee Year of your Sovereign the Jubilee of which I was a most interested spectator in all its progress from beginning to end. And the impression which it made upon me was that its success and its distinction did not arise from its pageantry or its ceremonies or the distinguished concourse which attended it from afar. It has been in the manifestation of that deep and universal loyalty of this people towards their Queen and their Government. That, as it appears to me, is the lesson, the significance, the glory, and the success of the Jubilee. The loyalty of Americans is to their own Government; they appreciate the loyalty of your people to yours, and they understand and feel, I am sure, through the whole length and breadth of that country, what was so well

546 Although Mr Childs could not be present in the ceremony, in the course of the afternoon the Mayor of Stratford received and read to the public present, a telegram from him "You have my warmest thanks for the enlightened attention you gave to everything relating to the Shakspeare Fountain, and its successful dedication, which is a personal courtesy superadded to the official duty so well performed, and which it was certainly very gracious in you to bestow." Clarke (ed.), 78.
expressed by the Mayor when he said that the throne of the Queen is in the hearts of
her people. And therefore a gift which, though it comes from one citizen only in
America, which will be applauded by thousands, and to which thousands would have
 gladly contributed if it been requisite, may well come in the year when you are
celebrating an event so rare in the history of nations. The gift, too, in its inauguration
has been fortunate in the ceremonies that attended it. It is fortunate that it should have
been inaugurated in an address so fitting and so elegant by a gentleman who interprets
Shakspeare to both the nations in whom we claim a share and always shall, whom we
always welcome heartily, and always unwillingly let go. I cannot wish him a speedy
return, in justice to my countrymen, in the voyage he is about to under-take. I hope he
may have a safe and happy one. I hope that, when the curtain falls in America upon
some representation of the great Master which has entranced a theatre crowded with
the best intelligence of my countrymen, and when the call not unfamiliar to his ear
compels him to say something for himself, he will tell them what he has seen and
heard to-day. He may be too modest to tell them how much he has contributed to it;
but, I hope, he will tell them something of the manner and the spirit in which the gift
to his country was received, and I am sure it will not make his welcome the less
cordial. Long may this fountain stand, sir, and flow, an emblem, a monument, a
landmark not the only one by many, I hope of the permanent, intimate, cordial
friendship of my countrymen and yours! May many generations of Englishmen and
Americans drink together of its waters! May many a schoolboy, creeping unwillingly
to school, or rushing joyously away from it, when he pauses to slake his thirst at its
current, take in with the water a kindly thought of his kinsmen beyond the sea
kinsmen who have so much in common, whose history, whose religion, whose
literature, whose language are all in common, and who are to share in common
hereafter, beyond all and above all, in that limitless American future which opens its
magnificent doors free and wide to you and your children as well as to ours!
The American Mrs. Lucy Bronson Dudley wrote these letters while travelling in Europe with her husband, Plimmon Henry Dudley (1843-1924), a Delegate to the *International Railway Congress* who had a meeting in London in July 1895. The impressions of the tour were printed for circulation among personal friends. The author says that she did not have a *Baedeker* or any other guidebook, so all she wrote was based on her personal experience in this tour. Both the American Fountain and Harvard House figure prominently in her account of Stratford and she reflect on the debt Stratford owes to the patronage of Americans – particularly “all good Americans.”

July 18, 1895.

From here we went to Stratford on Avon, where all good Americans go; and it is said that their patronage aids materially to support the town. We took a carriage to the shrine; and as I rang the bell, an elderly gentleman opened the door. It seemed only proper to say, how do you do, Mr. Shakespeare? He asked if we wished to go through the house, for which we paid and took receipts for souvenirs; and the guide escorted us, explaining in a sing song voice the rooms, their use and restoration. We went into the museum, and from the windows could see into the yard, where grow and bloom the flowers that Shakespeare had written about in his plays. It would have added much to have heard descendants sing of the lark he had harked.

The town is very clean, the drinking fountain and clock, given by an American, in a central place and useful. We lunched at the Inn, Irving has made immortal; but I fancy it has changed since his day. The house of Harvard is also a place of interest, and is a link between Cambridge, Mass., and Stratford. We rode from here to London, passing by Oxford, with its historical colleges, and Windsor Castle, in all its grandeur and history; and thought of the enchanting garden party given by the Queen and Prince of Wales, to the delegates of the Railway Congress; and reached London in full daylight, at half past eight.

The English people who make a tour of the United States, feel competent to give their opinions, and that is well. Travelers abroad always have some ideas that are prominent. England seems to have been built on pennies, for they are asked for at every turn. Guards who open car doors expect, and probably always receive some; and the performances about pennies in railroad stations and public places are

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ridiculous and sometimes annoying. The common run of people do not seem as bright as that class at home. As we rode through the country, I could see whole fields of poppies, hardly a crop of wheat, oats, or barley without them. It occurred to me, that the amount of ground poppy seed in all their bread and beer might be enough to make them dull and stupid. The business men are alert, and acknowledge the ability of their American cousins, with a pride in their relationship.
Thomas Bayard (1828-1898) was an American lawyer, politician diplomat. Bayard resigned from the U.S. Senate to become U.S. Secretary of State in the first administration of U.S. President Grover Cleveland. He was in office from March 7th, 1885 until March 6th, 1889. He was appointed the Ambassador to Great Britain during the second administration of U.S. President Grover Cleveland. He was the first person with that title, and served from 1893 until 1897. The unveiling of the American Window by the American ambassador in Holy Trinity Church, was an event widely reported by the American press, as most newspapers all over the United States covered the event. The following articles were originally published in the Chicago Tribune.

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(SPECIAL CABLE BY JULIAN RALPH.) London, April 23.-[Copyrighted, 1896, by the New York Journal]

Ambassador Bayard robed in black, with almost the severity of a clergyman has just finished the second day of his extraordinary tour through applauding crowds of gorgeous functionaries exalted nobility bejeweled Mayors, and roed church dignitaries. I ran to Stratford-on-Avon to meet him after his Birmingham triumph and witness his appearance as the great social lion at Shakspeare’s birth place on the Godlike poet’s natal day.

Stratford folks speak of Shakspeare as their presiding deity, but I think they could better say Shakspeare is their staple Industry. Take Shakspeare's dust, house and portraits away, blot out his name, and every other house front in Stratford would become commonplace. In that English village to-day the American flag, with twenty-four and twenty-eight stars, as in Washington Irving's time, fluttered everywhere In view.

Bayard came to Holy Trinity Church at noon to present an American stained church window, accompanied by Lord Leigh, Lord Lieutenant Warwickshire and worshipful Mayor Smallwood. They had to pass through a multitude filling the church, and then came a splendid pageant, including the leading clergy of the whole country, followed by choristers, cross and banner bearers, clerks and so on.

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The vicar of Trinity Church read prayer for the Queen, then prayer for President Cleveland from an American-prayer-book. Afterward he described the beautiful window, a gift from Americans and said of the people who came to Stratford from every corner of the world none were so affectionate toward Shakspeare as Americans. He feelingly called attention to scenes on the window representing Americus Vespucci, Christopher Columbus, William Penn, and the chaplain of the pilgrims praying at Plymouth Rock.

Then it was Bayard's turn. In all that gaudy crowd of gorgeous women, uniformed men and chromatic churchmen in plain black, the American Ambassador arose, his only decoration being a tea-rose in the buttonhole of his Prince Albert coat. Nevertheless he cut a splendid figure. Even in the picked crowd of Englishmen not a single man was so tall, so stalwart, so commanding—not one more intellectual or distinguished-looking.; not even Lord Leigh, who looks like "Our Chauncey," but not quite so impressive.

Congress cannot find fault with Bayard's speech on this occasion. It was a digest of all that is known of Shakapeare, blended with a plea for liberty and humanity.

"We of America." he said, "claim joint and equal shares in this heritage, and we want no partition service over it."

Bayard went to the town hall and sat under paintings of Shakapeare and Garrick at luncheon, provided by the corporation. The Ambassador was no longer the cynosure of all eyes, because by his side sat Countess Warwick, this same distinguished beauty who, when known as Lady Brooke, had her namely closely coupled with the Prince of Wales. She was then one of the most famous beauties in England; one of the wittiest of women, and one of the reigning social queens. Today she appeared in somber black, except that a bonnet of golden straw surmounted two black wings.

Lord Leigh took the chair, with the Mayor, in a heavy historic gold chair, on his left. Several hundred noted women sat at the tables.

Lord Leigh toasted President Cleveland and referred to him as “The President of America” The people cried: "Rah!" "Rah!" four times. His Lordship said he defied correction when he called Mr. Bayard the most popular Ambassador America ever sent to England.

Bayard then spoke. Englishmen speak so clumsily, we speak so easily, that it is not difficult for Americans to achieve a large reputation here. Bayard as he had shone at home, naturally blazed here like electric light. This occasion, he said, was one result of trouble between American and English one hundred and twenty years ago. King George imposed cruel, excessive, and unusual punishments—exactly what the ambassador was now doing, making two speeches one afternoon. He said that he as a republican citizen, yet acknowledged himself subject to King William Shakapeare.

He said he considered Shakspeare one of the best Americans that ever lived. He recollected racing men sometimes describe a close race by saying "a handkerchief could cover both horses." In case of the great English race he preferred saying one tablecloth could cover both contestants. A tablecloth and all it implies was the best covering for disputes where Shakapeare is concerned.
"There's no disagreement." Then he exclaimed: "There's no boundary line in it." Mayor Smallwood said he wondered if Bayard knew what distinguished company he got into—not merely Lords and ladles, but members of Parliament, yeomen of the leading country families, all talking of the greatness of Americans. He paid many deserved compliments, and then added: "And we ought to thank them, too, for taking good care of the millions of Irishmen whom we could not manage."
Mayor Smallwood, who is an unconscious humorist, said the funniest things when he had the least intention to arouse laughter.

After luncheon Consul Parker, at the Memorial Theater, presented a portrait of Booth, founder of the Players' club, and Bayard spoke again, sweetly, saying the great American actor interpreted Shakspere like a good democrat. Bayard walked to the Town Hall Theater, mixing with the crowds, who on tiptoe scanned every carriage to see his face. In the evening people crowded the, theater to see "Richard II" in which F. I. Benson, the famous Oxford athlete, brought a flood of recollection home to every American by a style of acting closely like that of the immortal Count Johannes.
The Daily Telegraph in an article appropriate to the day, the festival of St. George, expresses the hope that President Cleveland will put a red rose in the lapel of his coat for the sake of Shakspere and St. George. In giving both nations the matchless possession of his genius, the paper says, Shakspere surely intended that no serious and lasting quarrel should ever divide the two kindred people, bound so indissolubly together.
Stratford-on-Avon, April 23. This was the third and final day of the celebration of Shakspeare's birthday. The streets, which were brilliantly decorated with American and British flags, were crowded with visitors.

United States Ambassador Bayard and his wife and daughter arrived at 11:30 a.m., in company with George F. Parker, the United States Consul at Birmingham. The other guests did not arrive until noon. They included a number of members of the Players' club of New York which organization has presented, through Mr. Parker, a portrait of Edwin Booth as Hamlet to the Shakspeare Theater and Museum.

As soon as the 12 o'clock train arrived the bells were tolled, and the streets became packed with people hurrying to witness the unveiling of the window in the Shakspeare Church. The money for the window was contributed by American to the church.

Mr. Bayard drove to the church accompanied by Lord Leigh, the Lord Lieutenant of Warwickshire and when the United States Ambassador entered the edifice "Hall Columbia" was played upon the organ. The church was densely crowded and the ceremony was most impressive. A wreath of laurel and lilies placed upon the poet’s tomb constituted the only decoration of the church.

Mr. Bayard, in the course of a long address, referred to the special significance given to the present commemoration by America's tribute, pointing out the timeliness of the gift as containing in the recognition of Shakspeare a common bond of feeling and sympathy.

Vicar Arbuthnot then made a speech describing the window, after which Mr. Bayard was escorted to a raised dais in the south transept. There he pulled the cord of the curtain covering the beautiful window and the American memorial to Shakspeare was unveiled.

Mr. Bayard thereupon made a few appropriate remarks, which were welcomed by the audience.

After the ceremony Vicar Arbuthnot said to a press representative: “I wish to thank all America for this noble gift presented to the church by anonymous American donors. It does much to knit the relations between the two countries.”

The few Americans present included, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Parks of Pittsburg, Pa.; Mr. O. H. White of New York, Mr. James Buchanan of Boston, and Bret Harte.

After the ceremonies at the church had been concluded the company had luncheon at the town hall. Mr. Bayard met with an enthusiastic reception and in replying to a toast on his health he made a brief address in which he said:

“I am inclined to think that Shakspeare was as good an American as he was an Englishman. Americans are not in the least disposed to permit Englishmen a primary share in the reputation and character of that wonderful man. It is here in his home that we have met in his honor and without a shadow of difference. There is no boundary line to it. He put an end to that. [Loud cheers.] Sitting face to face as I am with representative Englishmen and Englishwomen there is so little of absolute difference between those I see here and those I see at home; such an absolute similarity of habit and manner of speech (I will not say of intonation; we are provincials and may differ from other provincials in that), that I am convinced that no two peoples on the face of the earth have so much in common as the freemen of America and the freemen of Great Britain. The man who fails to see that and perhaps the one who does not feel it will probably be found to be neither an Englishman nor an American. We feel the community of race and speech, and we feel that we are commemorating the man who was the master in the use of our mother tongue.”

At another point in his remarks Mr. Bayard said: "I am a citizen of a republic, but I sovereignty of King Shakspeare." He was frequently applauded.

The Mayor, who responded to Lord Leigh's toast of "The President of the United States" spoke of the deep affection the English people had for Lincoln and Garfield and called for three cheers for President Cleveland which were heartily given.

The Mayor in his speech said; "It is not enough to call the Americans cousins, there is a term of deeper significance –they are our brethren."

Every inch of space in the corridor, in which hung the portrait of Edwin Booth, presented by the Players' club of New York, was occupied, and the theater itself, in which the ceremony took place, was packed. The portrait was surmounted by a laurel wreath and stood upon an ebony easel in the front of the stage.

Mr. Edgar Flower, who presided, announced Mr. Parker, who made the presentation in the name of the Players' club. When Mr. Parker mentioned the names of Washington Irving, Hawthorne, George W. Childs, Holmes, Bret Harte, and William Winter in his speech they were wildly cheered, as also were the names of the American actors and actresses, especially those of Mary Anderson and Charlotte Cushman.

The Chairman said that the gift was received in the name of Shakspeare's American admirers by the governors, and asserted that it only added another [erased word] to the good will between the two countries, which "are the same in art and literature"

Mr. Parker read letters of apology and regret at their inability to be present from Mary Anderson (Mrs. Navarro) and Mr. Henry Irving, both expressing their delight that Booth's portrait should be [erased word] in the theater.

Mr. Bayard followed Mr. Parker with a short speech on acting as an art.

Mr. Bayard and the party accompanying him witnessed the performance of "Richard III." in the evening.
1899  JULIA P. WILSON

STRATFORD

Julia P. Wilson writes this volume after her first visit to Europe in 1899. In the volume, she mostly describes the places she visits. In the preface, Wilson explains that she has written this text from the notes taken in her diary and adds, “It has been written solely for future reference, and as an aid to keep fresh in mind the delightful associations connected with the trip. If its perusal can give any pleasure to my friends, I shall be more than satisfied.” Like many before or after her, she mixes up the Seven Ages Window, donated by Childs, with the American Window erected with the contributions of American visitors.

We then drove to Stratford, and stopped at the Shakespeare Hotel, where everything is quaint, and every room named after some play of Shakespeare. We went into the Stratford Church, where Shakespeare is buried, and where there is a monumental bust of the poet. The large windows in this church, illustrating "Shakespeare's Seven Ages," was the contribution of Americans. The Memorial Building was well worthy a visit, and is pleasantly located on the banks of the Avon. The interior is divided into a library, picture gallery and theatre, Shakespeare's home in Henley street is well preserved and looks very antique. We took a good look at the Memorial Fountain, erected by Mr. Geo. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, and drove through a finely-wooded park, well stocked with deer. We returned to Leamington, reaching there about 7.15. October 4th found us early making our way to the Leicester Hospital, a fine specimen of the old half-timber style building. The huge east and west gates arouse one's interest, as remnants of the old walls of the town. On our return we visited the "Pump Room," where we listened to a delightful concert.

550 Julia P. Wilson, Leaves from my Diary Containing Incidents Connected with a Sea Voyage (Norwalk, Connecticut: H. M. Gardner, 1900), 125-126.
Honourable William A. Braman (1836-1905) was a politician from Ohio who toured England during the summer in 1900. He was a member of the republican party at Elyria, Ohio. The 30th June 1900 he sailed out of New York harbour with H. S. Sheffield and F. O. Williams, all from Elyria, Ohio for a tour of Europe. In 1901 he published an account of this trip in *Glimpses of Europe*. In this chapter, devoted to their visit to Stratford, he does not seem very impressed by the sites he sees at Stratford. However, he minutely details the expenses incurred and use the places they visit as an excuse to write about Shakespeare’s biography and *vie imaginaire*, suggesting amongst other things that John Shakespeare became a glover as a result of his financial crisis that put a stop to his activities as dealer in grain and cattle.

A ride by rail, lasting something more than an hour, transferred our little party from Warwick to Stratford, the birth place and resting place of the greatest of all dramatic writers, William Shakespeare. Readers and admirers of Shakespeare approach Stratford, not with morbid curiosity, but with an ecstatic contemplation and enthusiasm, and a feeling of awe and reverence.

The little city of 8,000 inhabitants has a world wide notoriety due to its being the home of the great poet.

Everything in Stratford is Shakesperian. Arriving at the Stratford depot our party refused the importunities of the persistent hack men, and we strolled up the long street to the center of the little city, passing on the way little, low, thatched, steep-roofed cottages of original types and ancient brands. Some of them were lighted by window panes, six inches square; their huge chimneys, out of harmony with their size, made an odd and unique appearance. We passed also the Shakespeare monument, erected in the middle of the main street at an important crossing by the late George W. Childs, the Philadelphia philanthropist, at a cost of $25,000. The monument is a beautiful tribute to the memory of one for whom this man had the greatest admiration.

Engaging a carriage later for a round of sight seeing, we were first driven to the home and birth-place of the Bard of Avon. There was nothing striking in this house of sixteen rooms as it differed but little from the other cottages in the same row

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which were built on the line of the street. These cottages were old-fashioned in architecture long since obsolete. Their antiquated appearances, especially this one, is largely due to its great age, having been built in the fifteenth century and more than 350 years ago.

John, the father of William Shakespeare, came to Stratford from a nearby town about 1550. He was a young man of much promise and in a short time took a high position in the municipal affairs of the village. During the first five years of his Stratford life he held the dignified positions of leet-juror, ale taster, constable, affeeror, burgess, chamberlain and alderman; later he became chief bailiff, and mayor of the town, and was further honored by the titles of gentleman, master and esquire. John Shakespeare prospered and at the end of five years when his accumulations reached the munificent sum of five hundred pounds he married Mary Arden, from the country nearby. Little is known of Mary except that she was an heiress, "a gentlewoman of good appearance and good repute."

This sixteen-room house was purchased, where eight children were born to John and Mary, four boys and four girls. The two oldest were girls and died in infancy. The third was a boy and was named William.

Whether the honors and emoluments of office combined with marrying an "heiress" proved too great a strain upon the poise of John is not stated, or whether, due to bad luck or bad management, that he lost the most of his property is a mooted question, but reverse after reverse brought John and his family to low estate. They parted with the lands that Mary had inherited, in fact everything went except the home, including the titles and the standing of the once proud and imperious John Shakespeare. His occupation had been dealer in grain, cattle, lumber, etc., but with reduced capital he settled down to the business of glover; making gloves and leggins for the farmers round about. This business was carried on in one of the back rooms of the cottage and for many years seems to have been a strife against fate and a struggle for a livelihood. John was often humiliated by being sued for debt but managed to keep out of prison. From necessity the doctor and I ducked our heads when we entered the cottage.

After paying the customary shilling our suave and courteous guide conducted us through the establishment, detailing the uses made of the different rooms by the Shakespeares. In the main living room on the first floor was a huge old-fashioned fire place reinforced by an immense brick oven, the two covering more than one half of one side of the room. In front of the fire-place were some huge flat stones, which constituted the hearth. Imagine the mother cooking over the fireplace, baking bread in the oven and availing herself of such primitive conditions in the care and support of her family and you picture the lives of thousands of American women of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. From this room, up a rickety dilapidated pair of winding stairs, we were shown into the place where William Shakespeare first saw the light. This room was perhaps sixteen feet square, very low between joints, with two little windows in front, filled with old-fashioned glass of small proportions. The plaster on the walls consisting of one dark coat and covering the spaces between the huge timbers added to the gloom and darkness of the surroundings; the woodwork here was of the very plainest and all ornamentation was overlooked. The floor of wide boards which have managed to survive this great lapse of time were creaky and shaky; on the walls and on the window panes were the evidences of the multitudes of
visitors from all parts of the globe, who have found their way to this dingy and decaying inclosure.

Thousands and thousands of names cut in the timbers, written on the walls and scratched with diamonds upon the window panes, tell the tales of their presence. They rank from the highest to the lowest. I recall the names of Sir Walter Scott, Thomas Carlyle, T. B. Macauley, Chas. Dickens, and Lord Byron, each evidently the possessor of a diamond.

Returning to the first floor we were shown into the library. Here was an immense quantity of the original manuscript of Shakespeare's writings. An examination showed that the English and diction used in the fifteenth century had improved but very little upon the original. Here also was the library left by John Shakespeare and the early accumulations of his son. There were guns, pipes, snuff boxes and other property of the poet, there was also the desk occupied by Shakespeare at the grammar school nearby, where he obtained all the technical education he ever had. This desk, made of rough boards, was as rude and unsightly in its construction as can be imagined. The seat was too high for the boy's feet to obtain even a speaking acquaintance with the floor. A ten year old boy with some rough boards, a hammer and a few nails, would now be expected to produce a much better outfit.

Outside of the house and mainly in the back yard was a well kept flower garden and a few old trees, which, if favored with voices, might be interesting. This property after the death of William got into the hands of a shrewd, farsighted butcher, who without any poetry in his nature sold sheeps' heads and pigs' livers in the front room.

Something more than a half a century ago, the English government, for a large sum, said to be three thousand pounds, purchased this property and with the revenues received from it is doing its best to preserve it in its original type and naturalness.

In the temperament of the poet there seems to have been a happy blending of the qualities possessed by the father and mother. John is said to have been passionate, arrogant, and impulsive, while Mary was the exact opposite calm, considerate and loveable. William possessed the emotional, fiery, ambitious traits of his father and the generous, noble and qualities of his mother. He is described as being a Chesterfield in his address, possessed of rare magnetic qualities, and as a boy and a man always at ease and at home in every possible phase of society. He conversed as freely and as naturally with the hodman on his ladder and the ploughman in his furrow, as with kings, queens and princes, and he had the love and respect and admiration of all alike. In his childhood he is described as being a robust, hazel-eyed, curly-headed boy, who never missed an opportunity of being present at the sheep-washings and pig-killings at his grandfather's in the country. The shepherds and the farm hands in all the country round about were his companions. He was familiar with every hill and every shady nook in that undulating country.

Like Sir Walter Scott, he had a penchant for solitude. He sought the stillnes of the dense forests, he listened for hours to the babbling of the running brooks, and the songs of the warblers in their native groves. The exhilarating breath of the highlands in the distance added to the vitality of the rugged constitution. The wild flowers and sweet herbage that fringed the forests were all familiar to him, and in his wanderings among the trees he received an inspiration which later in life in his "As You Like It" found his well-known expression: "And this, our life, exempt from public haunt, finds
tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones and good in everything."
This communion with the gentle whisperings of nature was a valuable preparation for
the life to follow, and mirror-like was reflected in his productions.

The reverses and necessities of John Shakespeare took William from school at
the age of fifteen, when he became a helper in the manufacture of gloves. I can
imagine his keen disappointment in not being sent to Oxford instead. He had little
taste for the work but the lesson taught during the four years which he remained at
home was without doubt a valuable one. Unlike his father, he proved a prudent,
successful business man in every way and to the great gratification of his parents he
applied some of the first money made from his writings to their use, relieving them of
all distress and restoring his father's titles, making their last years happy by his
contributions.

At the age of nineteen William married Ann Hathaway, a girl that he had
known from childhood, seven years his senior. It was a happy union, three children
were born to them, the last two being twins.

From childhood Shakespeare had shown a taste for the drama, he visited all
the theaters within reach, and before his marriage had written a few plays which were
dramatized and demonstrated that the mind of the writer was both creative and
receptive.

Not being satisfied with Stratford he drifted away to London, took a
subordinate position in a theater as an actor and during his twenty years stay in
London won both fame and fortune. His last ten years were spent in Stratford, where
his public spirit and benevolences endeared him to the hearts of the people. He had
marked social qualities and was a royal entertainer. Born in 1564 he passed away in
1616, aged fifty-two years. A sickness lasting but three days (a malignant fever)
following an entertainment of Ben Johnson and other celebrated characters.

We saw the foundation of the house where he died. It was located near the
church, where his remains were deposited. The house was burned many years ago. At
the church in the crypt under the chancel and under a plain marble slab rests all that
remains of the brilliant man, whose powers were an enigma and whose writings were
a marvel and an amazement, that stand today without a rival.

We were shown through the large memorial hall, erected to his memory. It is
filled with paintings, books, statuary and souvenirs of great variety and value. From
the top of the hall in the tower the beautiful Avon may be traced in its various
meanderings through a delightful country, also the famous roads leading away to
Birmingham and Northampton, the birthplace of our honored citizens, Richard Baker,
Henry Eady, Mrs. Lantsbury and others. Also may be seen to the north of the city
only a mile away among the elms, the spot where our late distinguished citizen, Hon.
N. S. Towsend, was born and spent his early boyhood. Our last call was out on the
winding road in the suburbs, at the cottage of Ann Hathaway. This cottage is low,
long and wide, with a heavy, thatched roof resting upon it like a hood, reaching well
down toward the earth. Government ownership is also reserving its originality. Our
sixpence obtained admission and a seat on the rude bench in front of the broad
fireplace, where we imagined the young lover sat with his bride in the early days of
their housekeeping. Near at hand was the rude bed they occupied, which would hardly
be accepted as a resting place by the poets of the present day. With a drink of cold
water from the old well and some flowers picked in an adjacent garden, from the hand
of the good-natured tenant, I left Stratford, making a note of this visit as one of the
rarest treats enjoyed in Europe.
Theodore F. Wolfe M.D. Ph.D. (1847-1915) was a well-known writer of books about living authors, their homes, and environments. By the last decades of the nineteenth century, the transatlantic literary business was in full swing. Wolfe is also the author of *A Literary Pilgrimage Among Haunts of British Authors*, 1896. On that occasion although his “pilgrimage includes the Stratford scenes, -from the birthplace and the Hathaway cottage to the fane where all the world bows at Shakespeare’s tomb” he explains that he had repressed “the inclination to describe again these oft-described resorts.” To compose *Literary Rambles at Home and Abroad*, as he explains in the preface, he drew on materials that derive from prolonged sojourns in the localities described. His description of New Place, “despite the meagreness of its remains” successfully evokes for him the presence of Shakespeare.

In faring to the Shakespeare shrines of Warwickshire we love to follow, so far as we may, the valley of the Thames. From the London haunts of the myriad-minded bard, the places of his theaters and residences on Bankside and Ludgate Hill, we may trace the course of his many journeys between the metropolis and his Stratford home. If we follow more closely the storied river, our way is redolent of literary associations. We stroll and loiter in Chelsea, with its memories of Carlyle and Rossetti; Fulham, the sometime home of Hook, Richardson, Bulwer, and Swinburne, and the burial-place of Vincent Bourne; Putney, where Gibbon was born and Hunt died; Barn Elms Park, where Cowley and Cobbett dwelt and the "Kit Cat Club" assembled; Hammersmith, where Marryat lived and Thomson wrote; Chiswick, with its home and grave of Hogarth. Farther we find the Twickenham of Pope, Walpole, and Fielding; the haunts of " Junius "; the tombs of Thomson, Kean, and Matthew Arnold; the riverside scenes amid which Shelley wrote "The Revolt of Islam"; the ivy-clad church where Tennyson was married. At sleepy little Ewelme Chaucer sojourned, at Oxford he laid his "Milleres Tale," about and above Oxford are the river-views which inspired some of the best of Arnold's verse, at Godstow Scott's "Fair Rosamond" first met her royal lover, Cumnor was the place of the murder of

Amy Robsart in "Kenilworth," Kelmscott Manor was for some years the joint residence of Rossetti and William Morris, Lechlade is the scene of Shelley's beautiful "Summer-Evening Churchyard."

Beyond these shrines we leave the "River of the Poets" and cross the green Cotswold ridge into the valley where the silver Avon "Exhilarates the Meads." All this region is dominated by the memory and genius of Shakespeare; and whatever may be the primary and ostensible object of our literary prowlings here — whether historic Warwick or storied Compton Wynyates, the home of Dyer, the birthplace of Butler, or the tomb of Somerville, Hughes' Rugby, Scott's "Kenilworth," George Eliot's "Loamshire" or Miss Mulock's "Norton Bury" — our pilgrimages inevitably end at the cottage where the great world-poet was born and the church beside the Avon where his ashes are entombed.

A winsome way we follow the windings of the placid Avon, flowing between willow-fringed margins and through a broad valley bounded by low, undulating hills, to find amid flower-starred meadows the ancient borough which the genius of one man has made famous forever. Of Stratford Shakespeare is the sole glory and boast; as we traverse the old streets we find everywhere evidences of the regard which prizes and preserves every memento of him who made the tranquil town — otherwise unvisited and unheard-of — an object of reverent pilgrimage to the cultured of all nations and climes.

The population has multiplied since Shakespeare's time, and some of the fields through which he strayed have disappeared beneath modern dwellings; but the lapsing centuries have spared many of the structures he knew, and the old house in Henley Street, hallowed by tradition as his birthplace, is religiously preserved. Its half-timbered, rough plastered walls and massive chimney-pile are likely to endure through other centuries to come. Beneath this roof-tree we are received more like guests than tourists, and the sympathetic demeanor of the custodians, the familiar aspect of the rooms and the precious associations of which we are joint inheritors with the whole English-speaking race, make this seem less a "show-place" than many others to which our rambles lead.

Here we see the family room with its low ceiling and massive beams, its rude stone pavement — broken during the occupancy of the room as a butcher-shop — and its huge fireplace with a seat wrought in the masonry whereon the lad Shakespeare may have often sat, linking fancy unto fancy as he gazed upon the images in the fire. Behind this room is a ruder kitchen, and beside it, in the apartment which was once John Shakespeare's "wool-shop," and where the boy doubtless assisted at his father's trade after he had left school and his sire had fallen into financial straits, is the museum and library. Here are preserved deeds to and from Shakespeare's father, pieces of Shakespeare's mulberry tree, his declaration in a suit brought by him against Philip Rogers to recover the price of malt sold to the latter, the letter of Richard Quiney — whose son married Shakespeare's daughter, Judith — soliciting from "his loving good Friend and Countryman, Mr. Wm. Shakespere," the loan of thirty pounds, and, among numerous relics of less certain authenticity, the decrepit and worm eaten desk at which Shakespeare is said to have sat in the grammar-school, and the signet-ring, with the initials "W. S." bound with a true lover's knot, which was found some years ago near the churchyard and is believed to have been lost by Shakespeare just before
the execution of his will, thus necessitating the substitution of the word "hand" for the
effaced word "seal" in that document.

From the kitchen well-worn stairs wind upward to the humble apartment
where the immortal poet was born. It is a dingy room of moderate size, dimly lighted
from the front by a quaint multi-paned casement said to contain many of the original
glasses; massive timbers strut from its low roof and rib its rough walls, the sagging
plaster of its ceiling is sustained by a curious network of steel laths, the original
planks and nails of its uncarpeted floor are worn and polished by feet of innumerable
 pilgrims who in this poor chamber do homage to the colossal genius that was
incarnated here. Many thousands of votaries have here inscribed their autographs until
every inch of ceiling is discolored and every old window-pane is dimmed by them.
"W. Scott" is among the signs-manual scratched upon the window, and the plastering
bears, or has borne, the names of hundreds of others whom the world has known and
honored; some of these signatures have flaked from the surface, others have been
repeatedly overwritten, and it is as much by the eye of faith as of vision that we
decipher names like Byron, Walton, Dickens, Irving, Thackeray, Tennyson, Bayard
Taylor, etc. Here is a copy of the Stratford bust of Shakespeare, near the door is a
brick fireplace with huge timber mantel-tree, in one corner stands the chair of which
Irving wrote, and other antique articles of furniture are settled against the walls. Large
pipes laid along the floors are filled with hot water conveyed from the custodian's
cottage for heating the rooms, no fires or artificial lights being permitted beneath this
sacred roof. The danger of its destruction by fire has been further diminished by the
demolition of the structures which formerly adjoined it upon either side.

The house stands at the border of the street, before it in Shakespeare's youth
was the "muckhill" whose too great accumulation caused his father to be amerced by
the health authorities of the time. The space beside and behind the dwelling, where
then stood the father's tan-pits and outbuildings, is now a neat garden with sward and
pleasant shrubbery, and here grow flowers that Shakespeare loved and whose
fragrance breathes through many stanzas of his works.

The ancient dwelling at the near-by corner of High Street was for thirty-six
years the abode of Shakespeare's second daughter, Judith, whom William Black
idealized in the story bearing her name; a front of stucco now conceals its picturesque
timbers, but we may see the rooms she inhabited and, beneath them, the cellar, with
walls five feet in thickness, in which her husband, Thomas Quiney, the vintner, kept
his casks long years after its dark vault had ceased to be the dungeon of the borough
prison. But a few steps distant dwelt her neighbor and friend, Katherine Rogers,
mother of the founder of our great Harvard University, and among the quaint old
houses of this haunted High Street are two which were sometime occupied by
Shakespeare's crony, Julius Shaw, — witness signatory to his will, — and often
visited by the bard. The first of these is next door but one to New Place, the other,
much altered, feces it from the opposite side of the street and for centuries has been an
inn.

Of Shakespeare's beloved New Place, once the largest and handsomest
residence in the town, not much remains. The great garden, whose avenues the poet
paced while he pondered some of his noblest dramas, and which then extended to the
shining waters of the Avon, is contracted to a few rods of lawn. Within the inclosure
and upon the exact site of its ancestor grows a mulberry, a scion of the famous tree
which Shakespeare planted and sat under, and which Rev. Francis Gastrell — whom Rossetti, in a poem written here, characterized as "the supreme unhung"— destroyed because Shakespearian admirers persisted in visiting it. Of the spacious and dignified mansion "of bricke and tymbre" which Shakespeare restored and inhabited, little beside the decaying fragments of its foundation walls, which are protected by frames set in the sward, is now to be seen: such parts of the hallowed abode as had been spared by the previous owner were razed — in order to avoid a tax for charitable purposes — by the same "reverend" vandal that felled the mulberry and thus "damned himself to eternal fame."

The well from which the poet drank and which was in the cellar of his house still remains and is now picturesquely embowered with ivy. In this well and about the old foundations have been found a number of relics and curiosities which are preserved in the adjoining house, which was once the home of Shakespeare's granddaughter, wife to the son of his friend Anthony Nash. Despite the meagerness of its remains, we find New Place one of the most impressive of the shrines sanctified by association with the world's greatest poet: in boyhood he well knew this, "the great house" of the town — he passed it daily on his way to school — and to possess it may have been one of the ambitions of his early life; he purchased and repaired it as soon as his means would permit; to it he made prolonged visits from London, during one of which he gave his favorite daughter, Susanna, to the man of her choice; here he spent the closing years of his too brief life crowned by the love of his family and associates; here, but two months before his death, he blessed the winsome Judith's wedding; here, upon his birthday — the festival of St. George — he passed to "the undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns"; here gathered sorrowing friends to look once more upon his face before it should be hidden forever; hence he was borne to his burial.

Here, too, in the ripeness of his years and the meridian of his powers, he produced wondrous works like "The Tempest," "Cymbeline," and "A Winter's Tale"; and, as we drink from his well and linger among the roses of his garden and sit beneath the whispering foliage of the mulberry, we love to remember that in this retirement his peerless fancy beheld some of its inspired visions — that here "first waved the mystic wand of Prospero, and Ariel sang of dead men's bones turned into pearls and corals, here arose into everlasting life Hermione, and here Miranda and Perdita — twins of heaven's own radiant goodness — were created."

Looking forth from his windows or from the shade of his garden, the object most familiar to the vision of Shakespeare was the antique Guild Chapel which, with its buttressed walls, its mullioned windows, its Norman porch and square tower of gray stone, still stands beyond the narrow Chapel Lane. Its great bell, recast and still in use, summoned him to school in his childhood, sounded the curfew every evening of his life, and solemnly tolled when he died. With the chapel's classical interior he was not less familiar, for he held sittings there, and there he was sometime a pupil during the repair of the school-room next door; to the latter experience has been attributed the phrase "a school i' the church" which he employs in "Twelfth Night."

The quaint old Guild Hall, adjoining the chapel, in which the poet probably first witnessed a theatrical performance, was recently restored and we now see the long, low room with its stone floor and oaken paneling essentially the same as Shakespeare knew it. The school-room above has now its many-paned windows, hacked benches
and desks, high-pitched roof, and dark framework of rough-hewn rafters and beams as in the time when he, with "shining morning face," daily came at early morn for a twelve-hours' pursuit of the "Small Latine and less Greeke" which Jonson allows him. The lad had learned to read before he was admitted to the school, but here doubtless he conned some of those records of romantic deeds which he subsequently metamorphosed into the matchless dramas. During most of the period of Shakespeare's pupilage here his master was Sir Thomas Hunt, curate of Luddington, and we find the quaint and venerable cottage in which he dwelt still standing just behind the theater of his pedagogic labors.

Reverently we trace the course of the mournful procession which bore the coffined form of the poet from his home to his sepulcher — out of the gates of New Place, along the shady highway, past the school of his boyhood, past the abode of his daughter, across the silent churchyard, under the arching limes, through the carven porch, out of the bright sunshine into enduring dusk.

The ancient temple that guards the dust of Shakespeare is the literary Mecca of all mankind. Its gray walls rise from the marge of the peaceful Avon, protected by clustering elms and yew trees that whisper above the mossy marbles and the moldering] heaps of the old churchyard where Shakespeare's son, Hamnet, sleeps in an unmarked grave. The edifice is an effective architectural blending of the early English with the graceful Norman-Gothic, erected and restored at different periods, with fine windows, embattled roofs, and a square central tower surmounted by a spire which rises high above the tree-tops, a fair landmark in all the countryside. An avenue, paved with ancient gravestones, whose worn inscriptions are scarcely legible, and bordered by fragrant lime trees through whose overarching foliage the sunlight flecks and freckles the shadowy floor, leads to the church door.
The renovations and "improvements" of recent years have considerably changed the interior, but in the solemn twilight of the place we find all the objects we seek. Near the entrance is the ancient parish register with its record of the baptism and burial of Shakespeare; in the opposite aisle is the broken font at which he was christened. This tastefully carved relic was long since rescued from the base use to which it had come — it was a watering trough at a pump — and restored to the sanctuary, though not to its pristine place, and from its crumbling bowl a son of Joseph Jefferson was baptized twenty-five years ago, and named William Winter after our American poet and critic.

Pacing the length of the dim nave, we find in the chancel the slab which covers the handful of ashes which was once the earthly vesture of the greatest intellect humanity has known. The plain flat stone is laid in the pavement before the altar, where rainbow light from the great chancel window falls upon it and illumines the familiar and much debated words of prayer and solemn execration that are graven upon its surface. Looking upon these rugged and pathetic lines while he bends above the dust of the "Star of Poets," the pilgrim feels little patience with the witless attempt to read into them the declaration that Shakespeare was murdered to prevent his confession that his works were the product of another. We rejoice that the awful inscription — whether written by the poet or the undertaker — has served to keep his remains here in the spot where he longed to lie among the loved associations of his life, and to protect his tomb not only from the profane desecration he dreaded, but from more venial disturbance — no one daring to open it, although Shakespeare's wife and daughter "did earnestly desire to be laid in the same grave with him."
Beside him on the left, close to the wall, lies his wife, on the right his daughter Susanna sleeps beneath an inscription eulogistic of her charity, wisdom, and goodness; in the same row are the graves of members of her family, and near by we see the effigied tomb of Shakespeare's friend, John Combe, upon whom the poet is believed to have composed a facetious epitaph. In a niche of the north wall, just above the grave of Shakespeare, is the well-known monumental bust, made from a death-mask and erected by his family not long after his death, which is the most authentic and impressive memento of the "Swan of Avon," save only his unequaled compositions. Its original colors have been restored, and we may measurably see the flesh-tints of his face and hands, the hazel of his eyes, the warm auburn of his hair and pointed beard, the black and red of his garb, as they appeared to his friends in life. From the same side-wall the "American window" looks down upon the poet's grave; it is the gift of transatlantic visitors, and its beautiful panes represent by Scriptural subjects Shakespeare's seven ages of man, as described in "As You Like It." Other objects, antique and storied, here abound, but in this sacred place we regard only the things which pertain to Shakespeare; the edifice itself, solemn and impressive as an ancient Christian church, is for us but the mausoleum which forever keeps the discarded cerements of his celestial genius.

So, too, the town with its industries and its thriving thousands of people, has for us but a single interest — Shakespeare. And we are not allowed to neglect that interest here, for never did mediaeval city employ the prestige of its saint more advantageously than does Stratford the fame of its immortal son. We hear his name everywhere, in the streets, the shops, the market-place, on the lips of touters and tourists; we see it blazoned on inns, stores, banks, factories; the manufacture and sale of Shakespearian mementos are conspicuous activities of the place. Through old streets, teeming with Shakespearean sign-boards, trades-marks and effigies, we stroll to other spots less intimately connected with the poet than those earlier visited.

A picturesque gabled and bay-windowed house still standing near the site of the Priests’ College, was the home of his eldest daughter, Susanna, wife of John Hall, the physician who probably attended the poet in his last illness, and made the death-mask from his face. Unfortunately the earliest entries in Dr. Hall's case-book date from the year following Shakespeare's death, but he quaintly records the illnesses of the poet's daughter and granddaughter, and the godmother of Judith Shakespeare, the wife of his friend Nash, and the son of his friend Quiney, etc. Also the case of Shakespeare's associate Drayton — "an excellent poet, treated for a tertian with a mixture which wrought upwards and downwards."

On the place of the Rother Market, where John Shakespeare purchased materials for his business, is the beautiful memorial fountain, the appropriate gift of the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia, for whose dedication one of Holmes's last poems was written. Within the original grounds of New Place, and not far from the site of Shakespeare's barn, which was subsequently converted into a theater, the "Shakespeare Memorial" lifts its sightly tower and its steep roofs and pinnacles from Avon's bank, midway between the many-arched Clopton Bridge and the church of the poet's sepulcher. About the building lies an ornamental park, with pleasant alleys winding among lawns, foliage, and flowers, and within its red-brick walls are a library with thousands of volumes and manuscripts of Shakespearian literature, an art
gALLERY which includes among its treasures the Marcus Droeshout portrait and the beautiful Davenant bust, and a theater where, in April of each year, are presented the famous birth-week performances of Shakespeare's plays.

Red Horse Inn-Hathaway Cottage. If we follow the example of that pioneer of American literary pilgrims, Washington Irving, and lodge at the ancient Red Horse Inn, we may occupy the chamber that once was his, sit in his little parlor, "some twelve feet square," and see (but no longer handle) the arm-chair and poker which figure as Geoffrey Crayon's throne and scepter in the initial reverie of his charming sketch. The cozy, old-fashioned hostelry was well-known to Shakespeare; doubtless Jonson, Drayton, and Burbage lodged there in his day, as did Betterton and Garrick long decades later. Its opulent registers bear such names as Longfellow, Ripley, Gerald Massey, Artemus Ward, Bayard Taylor, Edmund Yates, Elihu Burritt, William Winter, Charles Dudley Warner, and many more of the guild of letters.

A sunny summer morning finds us strolling through fields aflame with scarlet poppies to the home of "sweet Anne Hathaway," at Shottery. The rural footpath is the same so often trodden by the impatient feet of young Shakespeare hastening to his sweetheart; beside it bloom the same wildflowers he saw, above it birds warble the same song of love that gladdened his heart. We follow the windings of the path among fertile ploughlands and lush green meadows and along fragrant hedgerows to a brook, murmuring beneath tall trees, and find, a few rods beyond, the famous cottage. It is a long, low, thick-thatched, half-timbered tenement, shaded by trees and buried in vines which cover the oaken ribs and rugged plastering of its walls and clamber upon its humble roof. Before it is an ample garden with prim beds of shrubs and old-fashioned flowers through which an uneven path of flagstones leads to the leafy, moss-grown well and to the quaint doorway.

Beneath this roof time has wrought most gently; the floor of flags, the great blackened fireplace with its wide hearth, oaken mantel, and snug chimney-corners, the curious casements, the low ceiling traversed by heavy beams, endure unchanged by the centuries that have elapsed since this lowly place was the scene of Shakespeare's wooing. In the living-room a decayed high-backed settle, on which the lovers may have sat together, stands by the fireside, a worn Bible with the Hathaway family record lies upon an old table, other articles of ancient furniture are at hand and, here, too, is a voluminous register with the signatures of illustrious visitors — Dickens, Longfellow, Tennyson, Conway, Mark Lemon, William Black, Wilkie Collins, Mark Twain, and many others. In the chamber roofed by the low, sloping thatch and lighted by diminutive casements beneath the eaves are preserved an antique four-post bedstead, carved in curious fashion, a case of drawers, a spinning stool, various articles of homespun linen, and other objects said to have once belonged to Anne Hathaway. The "last descendant of the Hathaways," the soft-voiced Mrs. Baker, who so long occupied the cottage and displayed its contents with such manifest pleasure and pride, is dead, and the pilgrim who now revisits this shrine will miss her kindly welcome and her pleasant chat concerning her belongings and her distinguished visitors, will recall the grateful draught she brought from the old well under the laurel and will long cherish her parting present of "rosemary for remembrance" from "sweet Anne's" garden. Not far from the Hathaway cottage is "a bank whereon the wild

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554 Moncure Daniel Conway (1832-1907), American abolitionist.
thyme grows" and the old manor house in whose attic was the Catholic chantry
where, as has been believed, Shakespeare was first and secretly married.

Other and farther scenes allure our steps: Charlecote with its stately Elizabethan hall
on the brink of Avon, and its park whence the poet did not steal the deer — there were
no deer there in Shakespeare's youth; the riverside hamlet of Luddington with the
place of the little church where the poet was probably married with Protestant rites by
Sir Thomas Hunt, erst his master in the grammar school; the quaint-gabled cottage of
stuccoed stone at Wilmcote, with its ancient dove-cote, spacious farm-yards, and prim
flower-garden, where Shakespeare's mother, the heiress Mary Arden, was born and
reared; the picturesque, cross-timbered, dormer-windowed Shakespeare Hall —
reputed abode of the poet's uncle — within whose ivied walls Shakespeare sojourned,
and where, in the chamber above the entrance, local tradition avers, he wrote "As You
Like It" on the confines of that forest of Arden where its scenes are laid. But during
all our loiterings in and about Stratford — whether we float upon the silver flood of
Avon or, following the footsteps of the bard, we wander the willow-guarded banks or
thread leafy lanes fringed with "daisies pied and violets blue," or linger in flower-
flecked field, or rest on sightly hilltop — our vision ever turns to the dreamful spire
which rises amid the landscape and marks the place of Shakespeare's never-ending
rest.
Abraham Van Doren Honeyman (1849-1936) was a lawyer, editor of *Proceedings* of The New Jersey Historical Society. He visited Stratford several times during his life, always in summer. On this occasion, he travelled by coach with some fellow travellers, clergymen, editors, doctors, lawyers, authors, poets, professors, some millionaires, whose name he does not mention. Honeyman illustrates his book with pictures of the spots that they visit. He writes this volume since he thinks that guidebooks do not give one the precise atmosphere of the localities they visit. They arrived at Stratford in several coaches, furnished with an American flag on the forefront. He thinks the flag symbolises the fact that all Americans who go to England visit Stratford and it is a reminder that it was Washington Irving, not England, who discovered Stratford. His travel narrative also memorialises the American critic William Winter as a “modern Irving”.

[...] There is nothing of special interest after Edgehill until the tall spire of the church on the Avon comes into the landscape: then we feel we are approaching the ground where was the home, and which still holds the bones, of the immortal Shakespeare. We reined up before the "Red Horse" hotel in fine spirits and with an American flag at the forefront of each of our four coaches. As said before, one ought not to flaunt the flag of his country, though it is the most beautiful in the whole wide world, in the faces of the peoples of other lands, simply because he sits high up on a coach, where no one can molest, nor make him afraid. But surely this town of Stratford-on-Avon is an exception, if any there be. It is the focus for all Americans who go to England, and it is made what it is altogether by the tribute we pay to the "bard of Avon." England never discovered Stratford; Washington Irving did. The Child's Fountain supplies its beasts of burden with drink, and our own tourists fill the hotels and shop coffers with money. At all events here we hoisted the flag, and it was a welcome sight alike to the trades-people and to the proprietor of the " Red Horse," Mr. William G. Colbourne. Mr. Colbourne, by the way, is the son of the very same innkeeper who took such good care of the first real throng of travelers which set in to visit Stratford during the 'Fifties and 'Sixties, after Irving's "Sketchbook" and his other writings had been gathered into a set by the Putnams, and a quarter of a million copies of them had been put into the hands of Irving's countrymen. No one has gone to England since his day, who did not, if he could, look attentively at the "Red Horse," in case he did not rest himself within its walls. The history of this old hostelry is exceedingly interesting to Americans, because Irving actually wrote so much of his

"Sketch Book " in the small front room to the left of the entrance-driveway, and for the past century this fact has attracted to it visitors from every quarter of the globe. The proprietor of the Red Horse in Irving's day was Hon. Isaac Gardner, who owned the house from 1810 to 1835. This Isaac Gardner was Mayor of the town for a portion of that period. Previously it was owned by his brother, John S. Gardner, who inherited it from his uncle John Gardner, in 1793, and it is believed to have been in the Gardner family for upward of two hundred years. A deed in the possession of the present proprietor shows that it was called the "Red Horse" at least as early as 1692. Hon. Isaac Gardner was succeeded by his nephew, John Gardner, in 1835, and, in 1873, it came by will into the hands of the present owner, Mr. Colbourne. A true son of the soil Mr. Colbourne is; intelligent about his business and every inch a gentleman. His wife, also, is pure gold. The two treat their guests as if they were wholly welcome, and, when you once know them, they are friends rather than landlords. My visits with them have always been fragrant and memorable.

Dismounting on the street, the coaches were drawn through the arch under the hotel to the rear yard. And while we are there in that yard, it will not be amiss to step through it and across a narrow street into an enclosure. One would not suspect a garden within that almost ten-feet-high green fence, which tightly shuts out all view. Why should this fence be needed to protect a garden? Ah! the small boy might get in. Be it so, but there is really not a garden there, as we understand the term. It is a velvet lawn, a whole acre of ground, as level as a table and green as a well-watered Eden. It is the bowling green, belonging to the hotel, and an unusually charming spot. There Mr. Colbourne and his town friends meet daily and indulge in that favorite and old-

Figure 40: The coaches starting off.
fashioned English game. I have tried it, but not with much success. It requires plenty of practice, a straight eye, and a sure arm.

Number — (I better not give away the charmed figures) is the room usually assigned to that genial "modern Irving," of whom I have hitherto spoken, and who has written so many chapters on Stratford in that particular house, and who must have dreamed them over first in that particular room. It has so happened that I have been assigned to it on at least three occasions when coaching; not at my request, but because the landlady was willing to please her guest with the thought of it. She knew I intensely admired "Shakespeare's England" and its companion volumes. It overlooks the back roof and stableyard, and has no merit in it over other rooms; rather the demerit of being noisy in the morning, when the stable boys are busy with brightening up horses and harness, and fixing the carts and coaches. I have dreamed good dreams there; was it the room, or the generous wealth of sentiment attaching to the "Red Horse" inn? No. 15 was Irving's bedroom. His "parlor" was on the first floor and is still a show room, containing his chair, and letters and pictures of literary and other noted men, who have helped make the "Red Horse " famous.

No one has now any business to describe Stratford-on-Avon anew. What Irving did not relate, what Winter has not since said, what a host of lesser writers have omitted to publish, can well remain unsaid, unrepeated, unsung. It seems like a libel on the dead and an impeachment of the intelligence of the living, to add a word about the Shakespeare town. Still, I must repeat the words of an old and jolly Englishman whom I met in an old inn almost opposite to the birthplace. He was taking his mug of beer, and I was questioning him as to his recollection of the house in his boyhood days: "'Member it," said he, "o" course I 'member; when I was a b'y it was but a butcher shop. I bo't meat there many a time. Then some o' you Yankees began to come in and say it was a great place. I don't believe myself that Shakespeare ever lived there; not much. The folks here don't. But you see now it brings us in a lot o' money." The old man was half right; half wrong. It does look a little from the published facts as if Master Will was in that house when a small boy — what is left of it. And there's the rub: what is left of it?

556 Written by William Winter, (1836-1917) an American dramatic critic and author that Honeyman names as “the modern Irving”.
As a museum it is quite a success, and since the death, or rather disappearance, of the two "nice old ladies" who used to take strangers around, and who had the one, same, staid and never-ending story to tell of each corner and beam, it has fallen into the charge of men well qualified by intelligence and courtesy to convey to strangers really interesting and not misleading information. Perhaps the three things which to me have been of as much interest as anything else in the renovated birthplace, were Shakespeare's signet ring, certainly genuine; Thomas Carlyle's and Sir Walter Scott's autographs, cut by them on a pane of the glass windows; and last, not least, the lines of Washington Irving in his own handwriting, written here, and now preserved in a small frame:

"The house of Shakespeare's birth we here may see,
That of his death we find without a trace,
Vain the inquiry for Immortal He.
Of mighty Shakespeare's birth the room we see,
That where he died to find in vain we try,
Useless the search, for, all Immortal He
And those who are immortal never die!

— W. I., second visit, October, 1821."

The grounds behind the place, originally a yard and orchard, is laid out as a lawn and garden and planted with nearly all the trees and flowers named in Shakespeare's plays. Walking among them one may almost see Ophelia coming towards yon, greeting yon with the words: " There's rosemary, that's for remembrance: . . . there is pansies. that's for thoughts. There's fennel for yon, and
columbines. There's rue for you. . . . There's a daisy, I would give you some violets; but they withered all. when my father died."

The Grammar School I believe to be authentic: a view of its interior should not be missed, as it cannot be much changed since Shakespeare's day. It is still in daily use as a parish school. The site of New Place is also a reality. There are a few old buildings on the main business street, which are curiosities of architecture and must be very ancient. Beyond this, and the newly purchased home of Marie Corelli, the popular authoress, the most interesting sight, and by far the chief sight of Stratford, is the tall-spired church on the Avon:

"Thou soft-Howing Avon, by the silver stream
Of things more than mortal sweet Shakespeare would dream;
The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head."

The stream, the moonlight and the turf are all there and that well-known tall and exquisite spire. In the daytime, from the churchyard, the banks of the Avon and the sylvan stream form as peaceful a picture of quiet beauty as is rarely seen. In the eventime when the full moon is overhead and the reflections of the town lights are dancing on the rippling waters, it is the hour to row small boats along the stream's winding ways, and then the whole atmosphere is one of dreamy enchantment. To see the Avon in its perfection, one should stand on the opposite side of the river from the churchyard wall and view it and the splendid old edifice in one compact picture. It was a great mistake to attempt to "restore" the interior of this fine old church, by introducing new seats and making other changes; as much so as it would have been to have placed a new bust of Shakespeare within the chancel. But the vicar was determined, and "there was an end on't." The old people did not like it; the new did; and while the newspapers kept up a strife for a little while, it is now almost settled, and, on the whole, no very serious damage has been done. At all events, the poet's bones were undisturbed, for which let us be truly thankful.

Years and years ago — I must not say how many — I first found my way, quite alone, to Shottery the little hamlet a mile and more away from Stratford. It was September. The summer atmosphere had not yet kissed the frost-lips of the fall — it does it later than in America, and sometimes not at all — and the berries of our July and the apples of our September were alike ripe for the picking. The day was an eternal benison of bounties dropped down from an immaculate sky above. Not a fleck in the azure blue, not a ripple in the sweet, pure air, save as now and then came the gentlest of breezes, which kissed barley top and daisy, as I walked out to the long, low cottage of Anne Hathaway. So somehow that cottage was more to me than the "birthplace," for here Shakespeare poured out the real tenderness and purity of his great, strong heart. Here he came to woo and to be wooed. Here he worshipped, as at some time or other all great and small men do, at the shrine of his dearest earthly god. How many times had the youthful poet gone this same road to Shottery! That it had special charms to him during those walks, and while memory lasted, we can scarcely doubt, for he drank deeply of the chalice of love, and then everything which a young man sees Anne Hathaway' s Cottage (and especially if his nature be poetic) takes on silvery sheen and golden spangles. Burns loved the yellow primrose and the meek-eyed daisy for the sake of the girl of his heart, and who can believe Shakespeare was
the less the lover of Nature when he sought the hand of a country maid? In the "Midsummer Night's Dream," Titania tells the fairies to be kind to Bottom:

"Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries."

Now it happens that the word "dewberries" which we Americans understand so well to refer to the largersized blackberries, growing on low bushes in moist places, has caused a world of trouble to Shakespeare's commentators. They sagely concluded long ago that they were gooseberries! William Howitt, in his delightful "Visits to Remarkable Places," calls attention to the fact that had these commentators gone to Stratford they would have discovered what "dewberries" were. I refer to this because, while walking to Shottery on the day in question, I plucked a single dewberry along the roadside and ate it. Others, though red, were ripening. I gathered some ferns and buttercups, but otherwise neither robbed the trees of fruit nor the ground of flowers. A little boy, who pulled from his pocket some curious star-pebbles and wished to sell them for a penny, led me to the Hathaway Cottage. There it was, just as the pictures have represented it. Of stone, low storied, admirably thatched. Some other bushes, intermingling with hawthorn, helped to make up the road fence, and within the gate was an arbor of box, low and straggling. A honeysuckle twined over the end of a shed. I had no time on this first visit to enter, but I lingered at the gateway. Here, I thought, must have been the scene of many a greeting and parting; of kind words, and, possibly, at times, misunderstandings; of merry laughter and oft-repeated kisses; of the recital of verses and humming over of now famous odes; of so much, in fact, of which history leaves us ignorant, that it may he as well to pause, to heave a sigh, and simply to thank heaven there was a Shakespeare.

On this first coaching occasion and at various times since I have visited this old mansion of good Mrs. Baker, who until recently tended the roses in the garden and the boiling water in the kettle in the big fireplace of "the courting room." The great beams of the low ceiling, the old-fashioned chair in the corner, the antique settle, and, upstairs, the carved bedstead, bring Shakespeare a good deal nearer to one, I fancy, than any house in Stratford. Youthful days then, as now, were ardent ones, and happy memories of them become perennial charms. The Bard of Avon could never have forgotten in his after-life this humble Hathaway home, and the lass who sat in its doorway at eventide, watching for his coming. There is no extant portrait, of which I am aware, of Anne Hathaway, but Shakespeare (perhaps) has treated it in no uncertain portraiture:

"But were it to my fancy given
To rate her charms, I'd call them heaven;
For though a mortal made of clay,
Angels must love Anne Hatheway;
She hath a way so to control,
To rapture the imprisoned soul,
And sweetest heaven on earth display,
That to be heaven Ann hath a way;
She hath a way,
Ann Hathaway, —
To be heaven's self Ann hath a way."
The same ivy and the same woodbine, the same roses and the same marigolds, were not there three hundred and twenty odd years ago, but assuredly their progenitors were, and probably in the same rich and almost exhaustless profusion. There were the same landscape views, the same hedgerow-bounded fields, the same kind of red poppies peeping out from among the stalks of wheat, the same species of linnets in the meadows and of skylarks in the gray sky. Mrs. Baker, like her ancestral line of Hathaway blood, has gone at last to her rest, after four score years of life and over three score years of hospitable welcoming alike to tramps and travelers; but this homestead spot, of tenderest and sweetest memories for many an American, remains, and, let us hope, will outlive many of the centuries to come.
Abraham Van Dren Honeyman (1849-1936), lawyer, was also the editor of The Proceedings of the New Jersey Historical Society. This is the second occasion in which he goes from London to Stratford by coach. He stays at the Red Horse Inn again and describes the Memorial Theatre and Charlecote. His account shows how the fame of Shakespeare can enhance the fame of others – the American actress Mary Anderson and the novelist Marie Corelli in this case.

[…] Stratford-on-Avon, which we reached by evening, (having lunched at the "George" at Shipston-on-Stow — and a right royal lunch it was), was just as new and just as antiquated as ever in its central features, and just as charming by moonlight. We boated on the Avon, interviewed anew the interesting parlor and hostess of the "Red Horse," and went to rest a tired lot of merry riders. Mrs. Mary Anderson de Navarro had been at the hotel at the noon-hour to lunch. "She often comes to Stratford," said Mrs. Colbourne, "and always lunches with us." Of course her picture, with that of many noted artists, was in the parlor and, happily, not yet stolen by some American thief. Anything stolen from an English room is presumably taken by a strolling American. We were shown a frame without a photograph; the photograph had been in place on the wall a few weeks before and contained autograph of the lady who had presented it to the hotel. It was taken away "by a traveler from the States, no doubt." Among the other photographs in this room, which I noticed on a more recent visit, were those of Irving, William Winter, Ellen Terry, Edwin Booth, Junius Brutus Booth, Edmund Kean, Modjeska, Joseph Jefferson, Ada Rehan, and there were autograph letters of Irving, Longfellow and others.

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558 Ellen Terry (1874-1928) was an English actress who became the leading Shakespearean actress in Britain.
559 Junius Brutus Booth (1796-1852) was an English stage actor. He was the father of actor John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of U.S. President Abraham Lincoln and also the father of Edwin Booth (1833-1893), the foremost tragedian of the mid-to-late 19th century.
560 Edmund Kean (1787-1833) was a celebrated British Shakespearean stage actor.
561 Helena Modjeska (1840-1909) was a renowned actress who specialized in Shakespearean and tragic roles. She was born in Kraków, Poland and emigrated to the United States in 1876 due to personal and political reasons.
562 Joseph Jefferson (1829-1905) was an American actor.
563 Ada Rehan (1857-1916) was an Irish born American actress known as one of the great comedienennes of her day.
564 Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was an American poet and educator. He was the first American to translate Dante Alighieri's Divine Comedy, and was one of the five Fireside Poets.
Figure 43: Red Horse Hotel, Stratford-on-Avon.

Figure 44: Washington Irving’s Room, Stratford-on-Avon.
One of the "sights" of Stratford, which had became of growing interest since my previous visit, was the pretty house with balconies of flowers, of Corelli, whose "Life" has just been issued, though she has disapproved of it in the public press as "a piece of impertinence." It is on the same street as "New Place" and not far from it. Miss Minnie Mackay — which is the real name of Marie Corelli — was the adopted daughter of Charles Mackay\textsuperscript{565}, and is supposed to be of Scotch parentage on her father's side and Italian on her mother's. Her "Romance of Two Worlds," published in 1886, brought her into fame and gave her the friendship of Gladstone and Tennyson. She has resided in two places in Stratford, that where she now lives being called "Avon Grange." She dreads publicity, but her splendid literary work has conferred additional honor upon this already world-famous town.

\textsuperscript{565} Scottish poet, journalist, author, anthologist, novelist, and songwriter.

\textit{Figure 45: Marie Corelli’s Residence, Stratford-on-Avon.}
The question often recurs to visitors to Stratford and to others, "What is the true likeness of Shakespeare?" It may never be satisfactorily answered, but the illustration given, being of what is known as the "Black Bust," probably furnishes as correct an answer as any. This "Black Bust" is copied from a terra-cotta representation of Shakespeare (the history of it is uncertain), in the possession of the Garrick Club of London. It may not be as pleasing as some others, but I suspect it shows him exactly as he looked in his later years.

Figure 46: The "Black Bust of Shakespeare."

Referring to what was previously said about Stratford-on-Avon, I find I barely mentioned the Memorial Theatre, which consists of the theatre, library and art gallery combined. The site was presented and the building erected by public subscription. Lord Leigh, who was Lord Lieutenant of the county of Warwick, laid the foundation stone in 1877 with full Masonic ceremony, and two years later, (both events having occurred on the poet's birthday, April 23), the theatre was opened by the comedy "Much Ado About Nothing," when Lady Martin (Miss Helen Faucit) made her last appearance on the stage in the character of Beatrice. In this theatre Miss Mary Anderson made her debut as Rosalind in 1885. There are some rare works of art on Shakespearian subjects in the picture gallery, and the attempt to gather together all known editions of the poet's writings, and works associated with his name and history, has already made the library unique in its way, and likely to become in time the best memorial of Shakespeare in the world. From the central tower of the Memorial buildings, there are views of Stratford unsurpassable. In the ground
adjacent is the Shakespeare monument, unveiled 1888; the gift of Lord Ronald Gower, who himself modelled the figures of the group of statuary.

It must not be said that poets and women alone go to Stratford and have dreams at night of the wonderful personages and scenes which appear in Shakespeare's plays. I had with me a physician, who was supposed to be practical and not given to musings, and this is what appeared in his notes upon the occasion of his first night at the "Red Horse" hotel:

"It is late. I extinguish my candle and from my window look out into the stillness of the night. The town has long since been fast asleep and all is peace. The firmament seems filled to overflowing with twinkling stars and the spire of Holy Trinity reaches heavenward as if to touch them. All nature sleeps. From the belfry rings out the midnight hour. Then suddenly the whole scene changes. A new world, with strange but still familiar faces, has been awakened. I rub my sleepy eyelids, and lo! I see Shakespeare's creations passing in solemn procession toward his tomb. Yes, there go Titus Andronicus and his poor tongueless daughter Lavinia; the two Dromios of Ephesus and Syracuse, trying to find out which is who; the faithful Valentine, with bright and clever Silvia, and faithless but forgiven Proteus, with tender and ardent Julia, to whom he is saying:

'O, heaven! were man
But constant, he were perfect.'

There are Lysander and Hermia, with Demetrius and Helena, released from their sad plight by mischievous little Puck, who remarks as he passes:

'What fools these mortals be.'

See! there comes the villainous King Richard III., haunted by his many victims, who surround him and taunt him with their words. There are Prince Edward, son to Henry VI.; Henry VI., himself; Richard's brother George, Duke of Clarence; Earl Rivers; Lord Grey; Sir Thomas Vaughan; Lord Hastings; his little nephews, the two young princes, Edward and Richard, who say to him:

'Dream on thy cousins smothered in the tower;'

his wretched wife Lady Ann and his last victim the Duke of Buckingham. Now come ardent Romeo with his sweet Juliet; the romantic king of hectic feelings and brilliant words, King Richard II.; the treacherous King John; and Hubert de Burgh, leading little Arthur, the king's nephew, by the hand and whispering to him:

'Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out;'

crafty and relentless, but overreaching, Shylock, holding his bloodless knife and scowling at fair and generous Portia, looking handsome in her lawyer's gown; the formidable man of deeds, King Henry IV.; reckless Prince Hal, in company with that
gross-boded and self-indulgent old sinner, Sir John Falstaff, carrying his cup of sack and affording much amusement to the "Merry Wives of Windsor;" "the Mistress Ford and comely and pretty Anne Page; Petrucho, with Katharina the Shrew, now become an obedient wife, who says to her husband as they hurry by:

'What is your will, sir, that you send for me?'

I see the would-be bachelor and maid, Benedict and Beatrice, arm in arm, and I hear Benedict say:

'A miracle! here's our own hands
Against our hearts. Come, I will have thee.'

Here are fair and bewitching Rosalind in doublet and hose, with Orlando and the clever clown Touchstone; also the melancholic, sentimental and egotistical Jacques, expressing himself thus to the Duke:

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.'

They pass out of hearing with Jacques still moralizing. There are the roystering Sir Toby Belch, the vain and "yellow-legged stork " Malvolio, the refined Olivia, and sweet and lovable Viola, to whom Orsino, the Duke, is saying:

'Your master quits you; and for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master so long,
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.'

Hark, the bugle call! there come the great and ambitious Julius Caesar, the daring and eloquent Marcus Antonius, the erring yet noble Brutus and impulsive Cassius. There goes tender and sensitive, but mad Ophelia, followed by reflecting and meditative Hamlet, attended by his faithful friend Horatio, to whom he says:

'There's a divinity that shapes our ends.
Rough-hew them how we will.'

Next I see the sorely tempted Angelo; the pure and upright Isabella and her weak brother Claudio; the noble, trustful, but jealous and misguided Moor, Othello, with sweet and gracious Desdemona and the envious and wicked Iago; the bowed and white-haired King Lear, bereft of his reason, with his faithful and tender daughter, Cordelia; the morally weak and wicked Macbeth: and Lady Macbeth, still washing her hands and muttering as she approaches:

'Out, damned spot! out, I say!'
A blare of trumpets, and there, amidst a body of soldiers, is the great but weak Roman soldier. Antony, with fascinating and magnificent Cleopatra, the cause of his ruin, decked in her royal robes, her crown upon her head and the deadly asp coiled around her shapely arm and upon her alabaster breast. Then aristocratic Coriolanus, with his loyal wife Virgilia and majestic mother Volumnia; the rich and generous Lord Timon of Athens; sad Pericles, Prince of Tyre, reunited to his wife Thaisa and his daughter of the sea, Marina; Cymbeline, with his longlost sons and charming

The Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. daughter. Imogen; noble Prospero, with his sweet and lovely daughter Miranda, attended by the airy Spirit Ariel, singing as she passes:

'Where the bee sucks, there suck I:
In a cowslip's bell I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
Under the blossoms that hang on the bough.'
There go jealously mad Leontes, with his wronged but forgiving wife, noble Hermione, and his graceful, beautiful and lovable daughter Perdita, followed by the light-hearted and light-fingered rogue, Autolycus, humming to himself:

'Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way,
And merrily bent the stile-a:
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a.'

The shadows thicken and I can but indistinctly see cruel and self-indulgent King Henry VIII., the magnanimous, long-enduring sufferer, Queen Katharine, and ambitious Cardinal Wolsey, giving this advice to young Cromwell, his servant:

'Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition:
By that sin fell the angels; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it?
Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.'"

I am not quite sure how that wonderful dream ended, but whoever can see it at the "Red Horse" must, indeed, be an honest sleeper and a man after Shakespeare's own heart.

Next day we were off for Warwick and this time by the slightly indirect route past Hampton Lucy in order to see Charlecote. This was the old family seat of the Lucy family, whose patience was so much tried, if the account of it be actual history, by the propensity of Shakespeare and his fellows, when the poet was young, to commit the offense of deer-stealing. The deer is said to have been taken from an adjoining estate, which, however, was under the Lucy family's control. Personally I am no believer in the verities of the story about Shakespeare's deer-stealing, although this is how it was first told by Rowe in 1709, a century and a quarter after the alleged date of it. "An extravagance that he was guilty of, forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exciting one of the greatest geniuses that ever was known in dramatic poetry. He had, by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into bad company, and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and, in order to revenge that ill-usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London." The latest authority on the subject, Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie, says of it: "Facts have come to light in late years which seem to show that the deer-park at Charlecote was not in existence until a much later date."
however, he says, "the evidence is neither direct nor conclusive, but, taken as a whole, it seems to confirm the poaching tradition."

Charlecote Park is only three miles out from Stratford, a little north of east, and it looks venerable as to its elms and oaks, few of which would seem to be less than a century old, but it is not kept up like a modern wealthy landowner's estate. Deer are still to be seen stalking - about the place, not as wild animals, but affectionately mingling together as a herd and even intermixing with the sheep and cattle. A stately avenue of trees leads to the Elizabethan mansion, which is of brick and was built in the first year of Queen Bess's reign. There is nothing pretty about it except its general surroundings. In its day it was in the height of style, and its portals, with armorial bearings, must have admitted Shakespeare in his youth as well as those friends of "Justice Shallow," who, presumably, did not practice deerstalking! Falstaff said of it:

"You have a goodly dwelling and a rich,"

and Shallow replied:

"Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John."

Still, if Sir Thomas Lucy were a "beggar" in that he preyed on the public, I cannot feel so sure that the interior of the house was ever "barren." There must have been more or less of the comfortable there. Today the antiques are gone and the furniture is not such as to create any wonderment in the beholder. Irving's "Sketch Book" gives an excellent account of this old mansion as it was ninety years ago.
1902  WALTER WILLIAM MOORE

CHAPTER XVII. FROM SCOTLAND TO ENGLAND—WESTERN ROUTE

Walter W. Moore (1857-1926), Presbyterian clergyman and educator, a native of Charlotte, was of Scotch-Irish ancestry. President of Union Theological Seminary in Virginia, he arrives to Southampton on June 28th, 1902. Before being printed in this volume, many of the letters were published in The Children's Friend and other periodicals. On September the 13th 1902, Moore visits Stratford and writes about the American Window.

Stratford-On-Avon September 13, 1902

[...] The Shakespeare Country

And now we are off for the Shakespeare country, not far away. Very different from the bold scenery of Scotland is that of this part of England. Here one sees —

"The ground's most gentle dimplement
(As if God's finger touched, but did not press,
In making England) — such an up and down
Of verdure; nothing too much up and down,
A ripple of land, such little hills the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheat fields climb."

The most striking feature of an English landscape to an American eye is the extraordinary finish — lawns, fields, fences, houses, roads, are all such as can belong only to an old and prosperous country. An Oxford man, when asked how they managed to get such perfect sward in the college lawns, replied: "It is the simplest thing in the world; you have only to mow and roll regularly for about four hundred years."

At Stratford-on-Avon we stayed at the Red Horse Inn, Washington Irving's hotel when here. We visited Anne Hathaway's cottage, the school of the poet's boyhood, the ugly and staring Shakespeare memorial, and the other points of interest. It is familiar ground to most readers, and I shall refer to only two things.

In the church where Shakespeare is buried there is an American window, not yet finished when I first saw it, and there was a box hard by to receive the donations of American visitors. The rich stained glass represents the infant Christ in his mother's arms, and on either side English and American worthies in attitudes of adoration. On one side are Amerigo Vespucci, Christopher Columbus and William Penn, representative pious Americans, and on the other Bishop Egwin of Worcester, "King Charles the Martyr and Archbishop Laud!" The fact that more than two thousand dollars have been contributed for this window is conclusive proof of the humiliating

566 Walter W. Moore, A Year in Europe (Richmond: The Presbyterian Committee of Publication, 1905), 138-140.
fact that a large number of the Americans who visit Stratford are ninnies. I venture the assertion that their admiration for Shakespeare is humbug, that they have not sufficient intelligence to appreciate his real worth, and that they could stand about as good an examination on the immortal plays as that King George who, after vain attempts to read Shakespeare, gave it up with the remark that it was very dull stuff. He was "clever just like a donkey," as one of our European guides said when we asked him about the intellectual grade of certain monks, and these citizens of a free country who give money for a monument to Charles I and Archbishop Laud are equally clever. I was speaking of this window to one of the most interesting men I met in Scotland, my host, the learned and distinguished Dr. W. G. Blackie, and he put the whole thing into "the husk o' a hazel" with the remark that "Charles the First was one of the most incorrigible liars that ever lived." He was, and he was moreover the inveterate foe of every principle represented by the American Government. And yet Americans are contributing to a memorial window of him and Laud!

English in England. As One wanders about the streets of the quaint English town he is beset from time to time by groups of children, who in a kind of humming or chanting chorus recite the leading facts in the life of Shakespeare, for which they expect, of course, to receive a small fee. The substance and sound of this curious monotone have been represented approximately as follows: "William Shakespeare, the gryte poet, was born in Stratford-on-Avon in 1564 — the 'ouse in which he dwelt may still be seen — 'is father in the gryte poet's boyhood was 'igh bailiff of the plyce — one who shykes a spear is the meaning of 'is nyme," and so on. In like manner the London newsboys say, "Pipers, sir?" As a friend of mine puts it, they do not "label your trunks" here, but "libel your boxes," and they call the Tate Gallery "Tight."
Agnes Greene Foster (1863-1933) was an American writer who served as editor of *Northwestern Magazine*. She was educated in Dublin (Trinity College), France and Chicago (College of Oratory). She describes Stratford as “the simple old town” and romantically singles out a walk to Anne Hathaway’s cottage at dusk. This promenade reminds her of a poem by the American poet and academic Richard Burton, which is reproduced below:

**STRATFORD-ON-AVON:**
The sun shone today, and it was a welcome sight. We came here to rest over the Sabbath, and we have wandered over the simple old town to all the haunts of the poet, where we met Americans, Germans, Frenchmen, Italians—all doing him honor. As we walked "Across the field to Ann" in the twilight, I recalled Dr. Richard Burton's beautiful poem of that title.

*Across the Fields to Anne*[^2]

**By Richard Burton**

> HOW often in the summer-tide,  
> His graver business set aside  
> Has stripling Will, the thoughtful-eyed,  
> As to the pipe of Pan,  
> Stepped blithesomely with lover’s pride  
> Across the fields to Anne.  

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> It must have been a merry mile,  
> This summer stroll by hedge and stile,  
> With sweet foreknowledge all the while  
> How sure the pathway ran  
> To dear delights of kiss and smile,  
> Across the fields to Anne.  

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> The silly sheep that graze to-day,


[^567]: Agnes Greene Foster, *By the Way, Travel Letters Written During Several Journeys Abroad* (San Francisco: Paul Elder & Co., 1903), 35.
I wot, they let him go his way,
Nor once looked up, as who should say:  
“It is a seemly man.”
For many lads went wooing aye
Across the fields to Anne.

The oaks, they have a wiser look;
Mayhap they whispered to the brook:
“The world by him shall yet be shook,
It is in nature’s plan;
Though now he fleets like any rook
Across the fields to Anne.”

And I am sure, that on some hour
Coquetting soft ’twixt sun and shower,
He stooped and broke a daisy-flower
With heart of tiny span,
And bore it as a lover’s dower
Across the fields to Anne.

While from her cottage garden-bed
She plucked a jasmine’s goodlihede,
To scent his jerkin’s brown instead;
Now since that love began,
What luckier swain than he who sped
Across the fields to Anne?

The winding path whereon I pace,
The hedgerow’s green, the summer’s grace,
Are still before me face to face;
Methinks I almost can
Turn poet and join the singing race
Across the fields to Anne!
Herbert F. Gunnison (1858-1932), journalist, planned a short trip abroad with a companion from Brooklyn. They carried out their four days tour by automobile. Later Gunnison published this book in which he details his trip, informing the reader about this modern way of seeing Europe. The stage-coach and the four-in-hand are now a thing of the past and the Red Horse Inn has already noticed the difference. In Stratford, Gunnison meets other Americans and finds things to interest him beyond the Shakespeare trail, such as Marie Corelli’s gondola. He takes issue with the “abominable architecture” of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre.

[...] We reached Stratford in time for dinner, and put up at the Red Horse Inn, a place made famous by Washington Irving. The chair in which he used to sit, and other mementoes of the distinguished American, are carefully kept and shown to visitors. Here we met a party of Americans, including President Gunnison, of St. Lawrence University, who had crossed with us on the Baltic. In the evening we went to church. I am sorry to record that the service was not the chief motive. We were anxious to see where Shakspeare was buried, and read the doggerel epitaph which, clearly, was not written by the poet. To do this we were obliged to listen to the sermon, and then hasten to the back of the church, while the audience was dispersing. The building is not open to sightseers on Sunday.

Stratford is a very interesting place, aside from being the home of Shakspeare. The writer, Marie Corelli, now lives there in a house on one of the main streets. She has a gondola and her boathouse is on the river, just back of the church. Corelli evidently attaches more importance to her whereabouts than others do. It is evident that she thinks she adds something to the attractions of the place. Recently the townspeople have compelled the association which controls all the Shakspeare memorials, and which has made the place attractive to tourists, to pay taxes on its property. It would seem as if the local authorities were trying to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. Americans outnumber all others who come to this shrine. One of our friends met an Englishman at Stratford, and said to him: "And so you are here to visit the home of the immortal bard?" "Oh, no," replied the man, "I came here to fish." We had considerable fun with the people at the Shakspeare house, and at the Anne Hathaway cottage, by incidentally mentioning something about the Baconian theory. It was an unpleasant subject and immediately caused the faithful custodians to enter upon a vigorous denunciation of those who would rob the Stratford poet of his laurels. The Colonel, who has been a careful reader of Shakspeare, and can quote from many of

his plays, became satisfied that the Baconites did not have a leg to stand on. One thing that greatly impressed him was the fact that Shakspeare's father was a prominent man in the town, and occupied one of the best houses in the place. William Shakspeare came of an excellent family and evidently had a good common school education, and was not the ignorant fellow that some would claim. In front of the Hathaway cottage were some unkempt urchins, who for a few pennies would recite in monotonous cockney:

"The quality of mercy is not strained," etc.

This exhibition, while exceedingly comical, jarred somewhat on our sensibilities, and did not seem to be quite the proper thing. Everything else was in harmony and good taste, except the abominable architecture of the Shakspeare Memorial Building. The Red Horse Inn was once a great place for coaching parties, but now the motor takes the place of the four-in-hand to the disgust of the landlord. When a party drove up with horses it usually meant a night and two or three meals. Now the majority of automobilists take a meal and are off to the next place or run hack to London — pity for tired horses is not an element to be considered in the case of the gasoline engine. […]

Figure 48: The car used by Two Americans in Touring England.
Mark Twain, pseudonym of Samuel Langhorne Clemens (1835-1910), American humorist, journalist, lecturer, and novelist who acquired international fame for his travel narratives, such as *The Innocents Abroad* (1869) and for his adventure stories, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer* (1876) and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* (1885). He became a popular public figure and one of America’s best and most beloved writers. In 1907 Twain wrote, *Is Shakespeare Dead?*, a short volume that combines autobiography and explores via satire, the controversy over the authorship of the Shakespearean literary canon. In the following excerpt from his autobiography, Twain describes his 1907 visit to Stratford, at the invitation of the famous British novelist, Marie Corelli.

I met Marie Corelli at a small dinner party in Germany fifteen years ago and took a dislike to her at once, a dislike which expanded and hardened with each successive dinner course until when we parted at last the original mere dislike had grown into a very strong aversion. When I arrived in England I found a letter from her awaiting me at Brown’s Hotel. It was warm, affectionate, eloquent, persuasive; under its charm the aversion of fifteen years melted away and disappeared. It seemed to me that that aversion must have been falsely based; I thought I must certainly have been mistaken in the woman and I felt a pang or two of remorse. I answered her letter at once — her love letter I may say — answered it with a love letter. Her home is in Shakespeare’s Stratford. She at once wrote again, urging me in the most beguiling language to stop there and lunch with her when I should be on my way to London, on the 29th. It looked like an easy matter; the travel connected with it could not amount to much, I supposed, therefore I accepted by return mail.

I had now — not for the first time, nor the thousandth — trampled upon an old and wise and stern maxim of mine, to wit: “Supposing is good, but finding out is better.” The supposing was finished, the letter was gone; it was now time to find out. Ashcroft examined the timetables and found that I would leave Oxford at eleven o’clock the 29th, leave Stratford at midafternoon and not reach London until about half past six. That is to say, I would be seven and a half hours in the air, so to speak, with no rest for the sole of my foot and a speech at the Lord Mayor’s to follow! Necessarily I was aghast; I should probably arrive at the Lord Mayor’s banquet in a hearse.

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571 Mark Twain’s secretary on the trip to England.
Ashcroft and I then began upon a hopeless task — to persuade a conscienceless fool to mercifully retire from a self-advertising scheme which was dear to her heart. She held her grip; anyone who knew her could have told us she would. She came to Oxford on the 28th to make sure of her prey. I begged her to let me off, I implored, I supplicated; I pleaded my white head and my seventy-two years and the likelihood that the long day in trains that would stop every three hundred yards and rest ten minutes would break me down and send me to the hospital. It had no effect. By God, I might as well have pleaded with Shylock himself! She said she could not release me from my engagement; it would be quite impossible; and added, “Consider my side of the matter a little. I have invited Lady Lucy and two other ladies, and three gentlemen; to cancel the luncheon now would inflict upon them the greatest inconvenience; without doubt they have declined other invitations to accept this one; in my own case I have canceled three social engagements on account of this matter.”

I said, “Which is the superior disaster: that your half-dozen guests be inconvenienced, or the Lord Mayor’s three hundred? And if you have already canceled three engagements and thereby inconvenienced three sets of guests, canceling seems to come easy to you, and it looks as if you might add just one more to the list, in mercy to a suffering friend,”

It hadn’t the slightest effect; she was as hard as nails. I think there is no criminal in any jail with a heart so unmalleable, so unmeltable, so unfazeable, so flinty, so uncompromisingly hard as Marie Corelli’s. I think one could hit it with a steel and draw a spark from it.

She is about fifty years old but has no gray hairs; she is fat and shapeless; she has a gross animal face; she dresses for sixteen, and awkwardly and unsuccessfully and pathetically imitates the innocent graces and witcheries of that dearest and sweetest of all ages; and so her exterior matches her interior and harmonizes with it, with the result — as I think — that she is the most offensive sham, inside and out, that misrepresents and satirizes the human race today. I would willingly say more about her but it would be futile to try; all the adjectives seem so poor and feeble and flabby this morning.

So we went to Stratford by rail, with a car change or two, we not knowing that one could save time and fatigue by walking. She received us at Stratford station with her carriage and was going to drive us to Shakespeare’s church, but I canceled that; she insisted, but I said that day’s program was already generous enough in fatigues without adding another. She said there would be a crowd at the church to welcome me and they would be greatly disappointed, but I was loaded to the chin with animosity and childishly eager to be as unpleasant as possible, so I held my ground, particularly as I was well acquainted with Marie by this time and foresaw that if I went to the church I should find a trap arranged for a speech; my teeth were already loose from incessant speaking and the very thought of adding a jabber at this time was a pain to me; besides, Marie, who never wastes an opportunity to advertise herself, would work the incident into the newspaper and I, who could not waste any possible opportunity of disobliging her, naturally made the best of this one.
She said she had been purchasing the house which the founder of Harvard College had once lived in and was going to present it to America — another advertisement. She wanted to stop at that dwelling and show me over it, and she said there would be a crowd there, I said I didn’t want to see the damned house. I didn’t say it in those words but in that vicious spirit, and she understood; even her horses understood and were shocked, for I saw them shudder. She pleaded and said we need not stop for more than a moment, but I knew the size of Marie’s moments by now, when there was an advertisement to be had, and I declined. As we drove by I saw that the house and the sidewalk were full of people — which meant that Marie had arranged for another speech. However, we went by, bowing in response to the cheers, and presently reached Marie’s house, a very attractive and commodious English home.

I said I was exceedingly tired and would like to go immediately to a bedchamber and stretch out and get some rest, if only for fifteen minutes. She was voluble with tender sympathy and said I should have my desire at once; but deftly steered me into the drawing room and introduced me to her company. That being over, I begged leave to retire but she wanted me to see her garden and said it would take only a moment. We examined her garden, I praising it and damning it in the one breath — praising with the mouth and damning with the heart. Then she said there was another garden and dragged me along to look at it. I was ready to drop with fatigue but I praised and damned as before and hoped I was through now and might be suffered to die in peace; but she beguiled me to a grilled iron gate and pulled me through it into a stretch of waste ground where stood fifty pupils of a military school, with their master at their head — arrangement for another advertisement.

She asked me to make a little speech and said the boys were expecting it. I complied briefly, shook hands with the master and talked with him a moment, then — well then we got back to the house. I got a quarter of an hour’s rest, then came down to the luncheon. Toward the end of it that implacable woman rose in her place, with a glass of champagne in her hand, and made a speech! With me for a text, of course. Another advertisement, you see — to be worked into the newspapers. When she had finished I said, “I thank you very much” — and sat still. This conduct of mine was compulsory, therefore not avoidable; If I had made a speech, courtesy and custom would have required me to construct it out of thanks and compliments, and there was not a rag of that kind of material lurking anywhere in my system.

We reached London at half past six in the evening in a pouring rain, and half an hour later I was in bed — in bed and tired to the very marrow; but the day was at an end, at any rate, and that was a comfort. This was the most hateful day my seventy-two years have ever known.

I have now exposed myself as being a person capable of entertaining and exhibiting a degraded and brutally ugly spirit, upon occasion, and in making this exposure I have done my duty by myself and by my reader — notwithstanding which I claim and maintain that in any other society than Marie Corelli’s my spirit is the sweetest that has ever yet descended upon this planet from my ancestors, the angels.

I spoke at the Lord Mayor’s banquet that night and it was a botch.
George W. Hills (1853-1924) in the preface to his book states that he has not written an official guide to England nor a brief historical review but the fragmentary record of a pleasant sojourn in Albion. Among the stories that Hills reports is the following one about a party of young American ladies touring England.

[...]

...In July, 1910, a party of young ladies who had by a newspaper-coupon voting contest been adjudged the most beautiful and popular young ladies in the great State of Ohio, U. S. A., were enjoying a brief European trip, specially conducted and expenses paid, as the advertised prize of such contest. The London newspapers referred to them as "The Buckeye Daisies," which was a hopeless conundrum to the British public, who have no idea what "Buckeye" means, or why the term was used. The Ohio bean with a dark spot like a buckeye is an unknown article in London, and after it had been explained the English people were more mixed than ever between the bean, the buck and the "Daisies." The party attracted considerable attention, being regarded as literally the fairest of all America's fair sex and the tour although well chaperoned and conducted was referred to as something distinctively "American, don'tcher know!" The efforts of the reporter to rise to the occasion and adequately reproduce and portray American speech are quoted verbatim:

OHIO GIRLS RUSH 'ROUND LONDON.  
Impressions of the Tower and St. Paul's.  
THE TAME RAVEN.  
"Buckeye Daisy" Wondered if it Could Say "Never More."

The American Prize Beauties are in London to-day, after "doing" the home of the great Shakespeare. The Ohio girls are, above all things, patriotic, but during the beautiful drive from Warwick to Stratford-on-Avon yesterday four or five of them wavered in their allegiance to the United States.

"I thought," said one, "I could never bear to live away from home."  
"As for me," said another, "with all these beautiful hedges and cottages and green meadows, I just want to say nothing and go on being thankful I'm alive."

Sunlight made Stratford-on-Avon an exquisite picture when the carriages containing the girls arrived. Shakespeare and all pertaining to him was the dominant thought. They showed their delight in the Shakespeare relics. In the birthplace of the poet there are notices up that the ceilings and walls are not to be touched. A demure

brunette read them carefully, then she sought for her scissors in her "grip" and proceeded to dig up a souvenir in the shape of a splinter from the floor.

They rode back to Warwick singing snatches of songs, waving hands to little children in the streets, and exclaiming how beautiful England was. They began to talk about English people in the course of the day. "They are of an enquiring turn, anyway," said a lady from Columbus, Ohio. "They watch us through the carriage window as if we were curiosities. Three pence a look is my charge henceforth."

"The people are very nice," said another, "but I haven't seen a good-looking man since I left the States."

"Too many mustaches," said another little lady. "I wouldn't marry a man with mustaches for anything."

They came to London thrilling with thoughts of the greatest city in the world. They stepped from the train into the midst of a crowd that had gathered to receive them. As they entered the closed carriages awaiting them, the crowd cheered them heartily and the girls waved their handkerchiefs in response. "For the first time we have had an example of good British weather," said one of them at the hotel. "It made the drive to Stratford-on-Avon delightful, and the fascinating old church and things there brought a kind of schoolbook feeling. Fancy walking on the same flagstones as Shakespeare walked on! We liked very much an English girl driving a dog-cart herself. She was dressed in white and was the first stylish girl we have met since we left home. She waved her whip to us just like an American girl. We have seen a good many English girls and their complexions are just lovely and they look real sweet, but we can't say what we really think of them till we have talked with them and heard what they have got to say. One thing which has surprised us is the way girls of fifteen and sixteen wear their hair loose down their backs. In our country they braid it, and tie it up when they are ten and eleven. We were extremely surprised at seeing women working in the fields hay-making. We don't send our women out to work." […]
John U. Higinbothan (1867-1942), writer of travel books, published several volumes with similar titles as for instance, *Three Weeks in Europe*, or *Three Weeks in France*. He visits Kenilworth and Warwick castles in the company of some friends and later they move to Stratford where they enjoy stopping at the main sites and taking photographs. His account more chatty and less literary than others, very thoroughly list most Shakespearean tourist attractions in town. Surprised by the crowd gathered by the church, he later finds out President Roosevelt and his family are in town.

[...] After lunch we drive to Stratford, although, being Sunday, the shops and Shakespeare's house are closed to all visitors, except Mr. Roosevelt and party, who are there to-day.

We have the same carriage and driver, but a new horse. This one has his mane roached until it resembles an English hedge. Shelburne Church is in the distance and the village of Barford, whose obscurity did not protect it from the Protector, as is evidenced by the scars on its old church tower. An occasional old pump rears its head high in air, as though the moisture about its roots had caused it to grow. These are reminders of coaching days.

Several fields are planted in winter beans, which are grown as forage for horses.

The road passes through Charlecote village and runs for miles along the boundaries of Charlecote Park, filled with deer, the descendants maybe of that happy beast who was so fortunate as to fall into Will Shakespeare's hands. We stop at the very spot where he crossed the road, and sit on the gate, whose complicated structure caused the fatal delay which gave Shakespeare into the gamekeeper's clutches.

We fool around that old gate for a long time. It has a fascination for us. We take photographs of each other sitting on it. We want to try carrying a deer over it, but they will not let strangers enter the property at all, since the Lucy family died out and Sir Henry Fairfax married the oldest Miss Lucy. Why are people who marry money so much more careful with it than those who inherit it?

The park has passed out of the possession of the Lucy family and now belongs to the Fairfax. We try to get some local traditions from the driver, but he is hazy, in sympathy with the weather, and grows more eloquent regarding Squire Phillips' monument over on the hillside than the immortal Shakespeare. It is a remarkably bleak, cold day, with neither rain nor sun. Possibly June is too early for a visit to

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England, but the blooms are the thickest and the tourists most scarce in June, so we chose it.

In Stratford everything is closed tightly and neither argument nor corruption availeth. Signs are *en rapport* with their surroundings, as in the case of the As You Like It Tea Rooms. A postcard store displays this: "Have I not here the best cards? King John."

![GATE WHERE SHAKESPEARE WAS CAUGHT STEALING DEER](image)

*Figure 49: Gate where Shakespeare was caught stealing deer.*

We manage to coax the keeper of a tiny shop to violate the law and sell us some souvenirs as evidence of the fact that we have made the pilgrimage and are entitled to sit in any literary club with our legs crossed *à la* Crusader.

We stand and look at the long, low, rakish house on Henley Street, where was born the boy whom the world honors to-day, but who, in his youth, startled his placid neighbors with his escapades. The house is a museum filled with relics of its famous tenant.

The school where he was taught a very little is over the Guildhall. It was founded in 1482. His teachers were Walter Roche and Simon Hunt, who believed, according to William Winter, that learning, like other burdens, should be delivered in the rear. At the southeast corner of Bridge and High Streets is the house formerly
occupied by Shakespeare's son-in-law, Thomas Quincey. It was once a prison and called The Cage.

Stratford has about twenty thousand visitors every year, of whom probably six thousand are Americans, always the most voracious, if not the most judicious, of readers. In front of the Shakespeare Memorial Building are sculptured groups symbolizing Comedy and Tragedy. These were purchased with money realized from a benefit given by Mary Anderson in 1885, who then made her first appearance as Rosalind.

The library contains five thousand seven hundred and ninety volumes of Shakespeare, including two hundred and nine English editions, a Russian edition in nine volumes, and three complete editions in Dutch.

The Fountain was dedicated in 1887. It was the gift of G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia. In 1888 Winter wrote, "The inhabitants of Warwickshire, guarding and maintaining their Stratford Fountain, will not forget by whom it was given." We are anxious to verify this prophecy by actual inquiry of a few citizens, but the only Stratford person near the fountain was a female of uncertain age and less certain speech, who had not reached her then condition by drinking from its hospitable waters. She was busily engaged in waving away imaginary small boys and we did not address her.

However, we are satisfied that the inhabitants will not forget, unless they forget how to read the inscription, which is carved deeply in the stone, setting forth the facts, with name and address of donor.

The Avon is legally navigable from its mouth at Tewkesbury, where it empties into the Severn at Warwick, but the laws of navigation are sometimes as hard to enforce as Sunday closing laws and the navigator who tries to go above Evesham will find some of those blessed barriers which river men hate so cordially. Annual races are rowed at Stratford. Above Charlecote the river becomes a marsh.

It is a long drive to Shottery, where stands Anne Hathaway's cottage. Of course it was closed, but it was very pretty, embosomed in trees and framed in flowers and hedges. Half a dozen children pulled wild flowers by the road-side and offered them for sale.

Back of the cottage stands the Cotswold Hills, covered with haze. The driver is more of a devotee of Marie Corelli than Shakespeare and points out her home half a dozen times. Truly a live authoress is better than a dead dramatist to a strict utilitarian.

A big crowd is massed about the entrance to the Church of the Holy Trinity. Service is over and we are pleased by the devotion which manifests itself in a reluctance to leave the sacred edifice. Later we learn that Mr. Roosevelt and family are the magnets which hold the populace.

There is an American flag flying from a house on High Street, once the home of the mother of John Harvard. A number of intoxicated yeomen are arguing as to the purpose of the decoration, but they soon disperse. They are the first crowd of drunken men we have seen since landing in England and we really saw very few intoxicated people anywhere on the whole trip.

We go to the Red Horse Inn, loaf awhile in Washington Irving's room, tea up and drive nine miles back to Warwick. The road winds along under the spreading branches of trees, centuries old, some with bronze-green trunks, and almost all with ivy climbing over them. […]
Figure 50: Anne Hathaway’s cottage.
Daniel Miller (1843-1913), born in Pennsylvania of German ancestry, was a printer and publisher of *The Standard German Republikaner von Berks* in Reading for forty years. In 1910 he spent three months in a vacation trip in Europe. Miller explains that his sketches are prepared for the general reader and for this reason he tries to include as much information as possible. This applies to his account of a visit to Stratford during which he records not only Shakespeare’s epitaph but, unusually, that of his daughter Susanna. Unlike most travel writers, Miller mentions the date of publication of the First Folio.

[[... Our next visit was to Stratford-on-Avon. This place, 96 miles northwest of London, is the native town of William Shakespeare, the great English dramatist. But for this fact it would have little attraction for the traveler. The population is nearly 10,000. The place is located in a fertile region and has a history of a thousand years, but the principal fact is the birth of William Shakespeare in April, 1564. The house in which he was born stands on Henley street, the principal one of the town. It is a plain two-story building. The rooms are kept, as far as possible, in the same condition as they were when the poet occupied them. The small room in which he was born receives the most attention. Autographs of visitors cover the walls and ceiling. This array of names includes those of poets, philosophers, princes and rulers. In order to save the historic house from decay, it was in 1847 purchased for the English nation for $15,000, and is kept in good repair.

The two front rooms on the first floor of the old house are devoted to a museum containing many relics of Shakespeare, including a number of early editions of his books. The two rear rooms were used as kitchen and dining room. Mr. Shakespeare was born in the front room of the second floor on April 23, 1564. Two other smaller rooms were used as bed rooms. The original floor is still in the building. Everything is of very primitive character. It is wonderful that the building, a wooden one, is so well preserved. In the rear of the house is a fine yard with a lawn and flowerbeds.

The first full edition of Shakespeare's works was published in 1623 in an edition of 500 copies. Of these 172 copies are said to be still in existence.

The town contains several monuments to Shakespeare. One is the Memorial Theatre seating 800 persons, erected in 1877-79 at a cost of $150,000, in the rear of which stands a statue of the poet. Another is a drinking fountain, which was erected in 1887 by George W. Childs, the well-known publisher of the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*.
Shakespeare was buried in the old Holy Trinity church at the lower end of the town on the bank of the river Avon. His body rests under the pavement of the chancel. Beside the grave is a statue of Shakespeare. On a marble slab marking the grave are inscribed the following lines, which are by some attributed to Shakespeare, but erroneously so, as the sentiment was known long before his birth:

"Good Friend, for Jesus' sake forbear
To digg the dust encloased heare
Blest be the man that spares thes stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones."

The probability is that but for this inscription Shakespeare's bones would long since have been removed to Westminster Abbey, London, the last resting place of England's illustrious dead. Near the grave of Shakespeare is that of his wife, who died on August 6, 1623, aged 67 years. At another point is the grave of Mrs. John Hall, daughter of the poet. Her epitaph commences with these lines:

"Witty above her sexe, but that's not all,
Wise to Salvation was good Mistris Hall."

The daughter's husband, John Hall, and Thomas Nasche, esq., the latter's son-in-law, are also buried in the chancel. In the case of each one there is an epitaph containing several stanzas.

No doubt Shakespeare's birthplace and his grave are the most valuable objects in Stratford. They constitute shrines of a certain kind, which are visited by thousands of people, who bring much money to the place. The people of the town live largely from sentiment. Could the history of Shakespeare be wiped out, the place would soon be "as dead as a door nail." There are numerous hotels, restaurants and shops in which cards, booklets and other matters referring to the noted man are sold. There are also many coachmen to convey visitors around the place. Most of these people seem to be almost entirely dependent upon tourists for their living.

Trinity church is an interesting place. Its tower was erected about 1210. Near the entrance are several objects which claim the attention of visitors. One is the old baptismal font where Shakespeare was baptized. Its date is 1564, the year in which he was born. A later and larger font is near by. The old baptismal record is preserved, containing an entry of the poet's baptism. There is also an old burial record of 1616. Then there is a chained Bible of 1611. In those days Bibles were rare, and therefore very valuable. The books in English University libraries were chained until the latter part of the eighteenth century, to prevent them from being stolen. There are still a few chained libraries in England. The largest one is at the Cathedral church of Hereford. Of two thousand volumes fifteen hundred are thus secured. Each chain is three to four feet long, so that the volumes may be placed upon the reading desk.

The old grammar school building which Shakespeare attended is yet standing, and is still used for educational purposes. It is an exceedingly quaint looking building, with overhanging front. The house in which Shakespeare died on April 23, 1616, his birthday anniversary, was demolished many years ago, but its foundation is still preserved in a beautiful garden known as the New Place. It is estimated that from thirty to forty thousand persons visit Stratford each year. These represent some
seventy nationalities. Ex-President Roosevelt visited Stratford two days before we did.

There has been much discussion as to the correct way of spelling the poet's name. The generally accepted way is "Shakespeare." Very singularly he himself spelled it differently. There is at least one letter extant in which he signed his name "Shakspere."

The river Avon at Stratford is spanned by a bridge of fourteen arches. It is 376 yards long and was built by Sir Hugh Clopton, Lord Mayor of London, who died in 1496. The bridge is worth seeing. From it a, fine view of the stream is afforded.

Most houses of the town are small, erected of brick and covered with tiles. Many appear very old, and are humble dwellings. Stratford is a very interesting place, and our visit gave us great satisfaction. The place is known as Stratford-on-Avon to distinguish it from another Stratford near Salisbury. […]
Before serving as America's 31st President from 1929 to 1933 and steering the country during the Great Depression, Herbert Hoover (1874-1964) had achieved international recognition as a mining engineer and worldwide gratitude as "The Great Humanitarian" who fed war-torn Europe during and after World War I. When World War I began in August 1914, Hoover helped organize the return of around 120,000 Americans from Europe. He led 500 volunteers in distributing food, clothing, steamship tickets and cash. During this time, Hoover made a strong impression on the American Ambassador to Great Britain, Walter Page. In 1913, just before the war, the Hovers were living in the Red House, London. The family went to Stratford-on-Avon, where Lou Hoover had rented a cottage for the summer called the Dower House, a charming old place built around 1550.⁵⁷⁶

[...] She (Mrs Hoover) took country cottages for a few weeks during various summers at Swanage, Dorsetshire, and at Stratford-on-Avon—at which places I spent week ends. I found Stratford intellectually rather dull after I had absorbed the very full local lore on William Shakespeare. To liven up the mental processes of the neighbors, I boned up on the Baconian theory. It took only a little of it to start a cataract of indignant refutation. Shakespeare's hometown is certainly loyal to him. [...]
CONCLUSIONS

The purpose of this dissertation is the study of an almost neglected topic in the reception of Shakespeare and Shakespearean cults of commemoration: the presence of American visitors in Stratford-upon-Avon from the post-independence days to the First World War. This presence has been studied here in two different but complementary directions: the contribution of Americans to the preservation of the Shakespearean heritage in Stratford (Chapter II) and the travel narratives of American literary tourists in Shakespeare’s town (Chapters III and IV).

The study of American visitors in Stratford-upon Avon soon suggested the benefits of a reference volume that could be used for this study and that could trigger new research in the future. To achieve this aim, a considerable part of this dissertation has been dedicated to an annotated anthology of excerpts from travel narratives by Americans who visited Shakespeare’s town, generally as part of a European or English Grand Tour, and collected their impressions in books, articles, memoirs, diaries and letters. The annotated anthology (Chapter IV) is preceded by a preliminary study (Chapter III) in which the methodology of current cultural studies and Shakespeare studies is applied to a discussion of the most relevant examples of the personal accounts of American literary tourists that visited Stratford in the long nineteenth-century.

The dissertation follows in this respect recent studies on literary tourism and the diplomatization of culture, as it suggests that the authors of the travel narratives anthologised here were in some way or other unofficial diplomats who contributed to the growing amity that developed between Britain and America. By stressing common values, shared heritage and history, the same cultural interests and disseminating them in their travel narratives, they contributed to the sub-structures of diplomacy which helped to bring into existence the rapprochement between the two English-speaking countries. This rapprochement, which became more evident from the 1870s onwards, eventually led to a lasting economic and diplomatic alliance by the onset of the First World War, an alliance extended to the military when the US army joined the war in 1917.
The number of American travellers touring England steadily increased during the nineteenth-century. At first, visitors shared a post-independence and post-colonial attitude of rejection of English culture and England itself as their former colonizing metropolis. Furthermore, the 1812 War brought a new clash between these countries that impinged on cultural relations. During the American Civil War, the resentment surfaced again because of the covert assistance Britain gave to the Confederates states that would end in the *Alabama* Crisis, finally settled in 1872 after Britain paid the $15.5 million to the United States.

Americans touring England soon found in Stratford-upon-Avon a favourite destination. Stratford was conveniently place between Birmingham and Oxford and became a established stop for stage coaches. While horses were being changed, travellers often made use of their time to visit the Birthplace, which became a tourist attraction for Americans after Garrick’s 1769 Jubilee. It is indicative of the presence of American visitors in Stratford that it was an American, Thomas H. Perkins, who gave the Birthplace its first register book in 1812. These book and the ones that follow are now an indispensable record to assess how many Americans visited Stratford in the nineteenth-century. The town, in fact, saw a considerable increase in the number of visitors after the 1864 Tercentenary of Shakespeare’s birth, which attracted American travellers as well as London celebrities. The most noticeable increased in American visitors was the result of engineering developments: the iron steamship, which considerably reduced the time employed by ocean liners to cross the Atlantic, and the railway, which reached Stratford in 1859.

American travellers visiting England often experienced a sense of superiority. Apart from recording the vast difference among social classes, the squalor of British way of life in polluted cities and workers conditions in factories figure prominently in their travel accounts. Americans often censured the English way of life and its social and political institutions. The comparison with American institutions shows them to be better than the British. Travel narratives in the nineteenth-century helped to construe an idea of America as a modern nation – very different, if not the opposite of England in many respects – which was in possession of its own cultural and political identity.
However, the same American visitors offer a very different portrait of England when they visit Stratford. Reading the numerous excerpts included in the annotated anthology it is possible to infer that there is no reproach, no deep feeling of scorn when they visit Shakespeare’s town, except a certain dismay to see the house where Shakespeare was born in such a state of disrepair. Otherwise, Stratford is different from the big British cities – it is a shrine untainted by the rest of Britain, a spot blessed by nature, because it was the birthplace of William Shakespeare.

The adoption of Shakespeare as a literary icon of post-revolutionary American culture can be traced to John Adams and Thomas Jefferson’s visit in 1786, two American travellers that would shortly become the second and the third president of the United States. They highlight how Americans have a higher opinion of Shakespeare than the English themselves. Shakespeare is not only valued in the context of arts or literature, he is also included in political discourse, especially in the 4th of July speeches. Even though Shakespeare is the national poet of the former coloniser, his history plays might be read as narratives that rebel against English tyranny. Richard III was the most popular play in the eighteenth and nineteenth century and the first Shakespearean play staged in pre-revolutionary America in New York in 1750. When talking about the familiarity of Americans with Shakespeare, James Shapiro refers to the French historian Alexis de Tocqueville who during his American tour in the 1830s commented, “There is hardly a pioneer’s hut which does not contain a few odd volumes of Shakespeare.”

The anthology of travel narratives by Americans visiting Stratford included in this dissertation shows a series of recurrent ideas about Shakespeare’s town that persist from the beginning to the end of the century: (a) Stratford is still the idyllic merry England, (b) Stratford means a return to the parental home, (c) Stratford is America and (d) Stratford means Shakespeare but also Washington Irving.

(a) Stratford is the idyllic merry England

Stratford becomes a necessary stop for a variety of Americans travelling through Europe, such as businessman, clerics, women, writers, journalists, young men

578 Shapiro (ed.) Shakespeare in America, xx.
and students, families or tourists accomplishing the Grand Tour. Nineteenth century visitors to Europe see Stratford as both the site of a pilgrimage in search of Shakespeare and as a time-machine experience, enabling them to get as close as possible to a bygone world, the England their ancestors knew. The visit to Stratford satisfies the desire to get acquainted with one’s ancestry while at the same time fills in a gap in their national identity, providing the past their nation never had. Stratford is seen as a replica of the place the Father Pilgrims left from when departed towards the New World and also as the archetypical Tudor town where their own ancestors lived. Stratford is rural England, merry England, the England of Morris dancers. An idyllic place surrounded by an outstanding natural landscape, gentle and peaceful, not seen anywhere else in England. Lifestyle there remains uninjured by the effects of the industrial revolution, unlike in other British cities, such as the neighbouring Birmingham, a beacon of manufacture but a city adulterated by the presence of numerous warehouses. A Romantic view of Stratford contrasting with the industrialised, modern England is disseminated in narrative after narrative. The pilgrimage to Stratford is, in itself, an inverted, mirror image of the journey the Pilgrim Fathers did in the 17th century. A voyage in search of one’s cultural and linguistic origins.

Towards the end of century, the railway introduces significant changes in the town. On the one hand it makes it much easier for American travellers to reach the town but on the other modifies the landscape and erases some of those features that had made Stratford a distinctive location. Some travellers, as Harriet Beecher Stowe, feel concern for the arrival of modernity and would prefer Stratford and its citizens to remain asleep not to experiment the flow of time and the wind of history.

(b) Stratford means a return to the parental home

The American literary tourist’s pilgrimage to Stratford-upon-Avon parallels Shakespeare’s return to his father's house. Having left Stratford, presumably, in unfortunate circumstances Shakespeare returns after having obtained fame and financial success in the metropolis. While their ancestors departed from England motivated by different circumstances but generally to improve their lives and those of their children, American travellers return to Stratford as prominent citizens that can afford to make a transatlantic trip to visit Shakespeare’s hometown. As Washington
Irving writes, “How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard, when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that before many years he should return to it covered with renown;” 579 The great success Irving himself achieves, which places him as one of the best and earliest American authors known in Europe, is directly related to the publication of the Sketch Book in 1819. This book, which includes memories of his first visit to Shakespeare’s town, turned him into a prominent Stratford visitor and, as the nineteenth-century advanced, other Americans such as Andrew Carnegie who had themselves or their families left the country in appalling economic conditions, returned endowed with great economic power.

This return to the parental home was partly fostered by a common linguistic heritage, a shared mother tongue. At first, American visitors started to point out the circumstance of a common cultural heritage based on the fact that both countries shared the same language, the language of “Shakspeare”. Subsequent visitors claimed a common cultural heritage based on the fact that both countries had Shakespeare in common. Many travellers approached Shakespeare’s tomb with almost religious devotion. They were able to recite part of the texts in locations associated to Shakespeare, such as his birthroom or his grave (as Daniel Webster did), establish a relationship between the landscape and the people who inhabit the town, show familiarity with Shakespeare’s plays and characters. For many of them the journey to Straford means a journey back to their roots, as they feel they are following traditions of their ancestors but what is striking is that native Americans or former slaves approach the pilgrimage to Stratford and the visit of the Shakespearean sites of memory in the same spirit. In 1844, the American-Indian Maungwudaus, with a group of Walpole Island Ojibwa Indians, travelled to England, met Queen Victoria, visited the tunnel under the Thames and the Zoological Gardens, attended a public execution and performed all the rites of a literary tourist visiting Shakespeare’s house and grave at Stratford-on-Avon and even writing a poem about it. 580 In 1851 African-American abolitionist William Wells Brown, a former slave who had never been schooled and had escaped from slavery at the age of twenty, also accomplished the ritual visit to

579 Savage and Brassington (eds.), 103.
Stratford. Stratford is not only a place related to an Anglo-Saxon tradition, it is the place “where all good Americans go,” as Lucy Bronson Dudley says in 1895, a town “a true American” cannot neglect to visit as General Grant declares in his 1877 visit. By the last quarter of nineteenth century, Stratford and Shakespeare had unquestionably become a part of the cultural heritage of all Americans.

(c) Stratford is America

One of the recurrent aims of the travel narratives of American visitors was to signal the differences between America and England, to highlight what some authors have called *Americaness* against Englishness, to contrast the old England with the new America. Comparisons and yuxtapositions in which the new country appear in a better light than the old are found in the accounts of American travellers throughout their wanderings in England but not when they reach Stratford. And this is so because at Stratford an American feels at home. From the very moment the town is approached, the natural landscape is recognised as the landscape of their father's, and the town is immediately associated with its literary ancestor. First, the American spots the church spire, the same “leasing spire” Shakespeare fixed his eyes in “tearful contemplation” when he had to leave the town, that, as Irving says, has now turned into “the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, lo light the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!” Americans enter a place they recognise due to the enormous amount of publications about it they have had the opportunity to read at home. There they feel they can rest – the landscape is peaceful and the inns comfortable. It is a calming sojourn in the midst of a busy tour.

Stratford also belongs to America because Americans philanthropists and visitors have contributed to restore and increase the cultural heritage of Stratford. As we have discussed in Chapter II, the American intervention on Stratford’s cultural heritage sites during the nineteenth-century and early twentieth-century had reached considerable proportions. It was as a result of P. T. Barnum’s intended project of acquiring Shakespeare’s birthplace to transport it to America that a group of Englishmen mobilized and raised money to buy the building at the 1847 auction. However, the amount collected was scarce, as we know from the commentaries of many American visitors who were asked to donate money in order to cancel the debt

incurred in the purchase of the building. The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, founded after the purchase for the preservation of the Birthplace as a national memorial, did not have sufficient funds to start restoring the building until a decade later.

In Stratford, many of the places of pilgrimage are directly or indirectly connected to the intervention of American visitors. Some of these interventions were the result of American philanthropists and millionaires who were members of the political, economic and cultural elite who, as unofficial diplomatic emissaries, contributed to the rapprochement of Britain and the United States. The donations of the Shakespeare Memorial Fountain in Market Square in 1887 and the Seven Ages of Man Window in Holy Trinity Church by Philadelphian philanthropist and newspaper owner George W. Childs were followed with attention by the press. Their inauguration ceremonies, with the assistance of some of the most prominent politicians and actors of the time, had great impact on popular opinion. Thanks to some of the texts collected in our anthology of travel writing we know how much effort was invested in emphasizing the concord between the two countries and we can understand the interest in giving these inaugurations the greatest possible scope. Furthermore, in 1903, the millionaire Andrew Carnegie, who frequented the town on several occasions, offered to the town of Stratford the gift of a Public Library and in 1909 the home of John Harvard’s grandfather, Harvard University’s benefactor, was acquired by the Chicago millionaire Mr Edward Morris and presented to the University as a club for American visitors in Stratford.

In 1875 the mayor of Stratford requested donations to finance the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre and counted on Mark Twain to be in charge of receiving and forwarding the American subscriptions. American visitors directly financed a memorial in Holy Trinity Church: the “American Window.” Although the window was unfinished, was unveiled by Ambassador Bayard in 1896 in another attempt to highlight the good relationship between England and America. This is another shrine to the conciliation between the countries. A conciliation that still had to be worked out because in 1902 the American Walter W. Moore finds it rather humiliating that Americans have contributed to a memorial for one of America’s enemies, “the inveterate foe” Charles I. In spite of the diplomatization of culture, Moore’s thoughts
on the American Window suggest that some colonial resentment was still active in the reactions of American visitors to English heritage sites.

(d) Stratford means Shakespeare but also Washington Irving.

It is true that at first, the attraction of Stratford for Americans was the possibility to travel to “Merry Old England” and to undertake a pilgrimage to the tomb of Shakespeare. However, Americans were also capable of creating a completely new tradition of their own: that of visiting the places that their own country citizens had previously visited. The American travellers describe how they search for the signatures of their compatriots on the walls and windows of the Birthplace or in the register books at Holy Trinity Church. By 1825 the Red Horse Inn that Irving made famous, was already incorporated to the city tourist trail. Irving’s parlour was shown to American tourists and his room, number 15, was one of the most requested. Nathaniel P. Willis made his reservation in 1835 and Samuel Young slept there in 1854 and observed the names of many Americans written on the wallpaper of the room. In 1868 Henry Morford affirms, “At Stratford, unlike other places, the first object of interest is found in a hotel, The Red Horse” and William Winter describes how every American pilgrim sits in Irving’s chair that in the late 70s has a brass plate with Irving’s name affixed to it. American pilgrims clearly replicate the cults of commemoration and rituals of celebration that had developed around Shakespeare and Shakespearean sites – such as leaving one’s signature on the walls and window-panes of the birthroom, sitting on the “Shakespeare chair” and even sleeping the room he was born – out of a desire to honour and canonise their own bard, Washington Irving.

Washington Irving's sketch of Stratford-on-Avon was frequently used as a guide to the town. Furthermore, a copy of this book was kept upon the table in the parlour of the Red Horse Inn donated by a Virginian “on condition that when it is worn out, another will be substituted at his expense” as mentioned by several Americans as Nathaniel H. Carter in 1825 or P. T. Barnum in 1844. American

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travellers’ writings make repeated allusions to information contained in Irving’s text, as for instance, they refer to the Birthplace landlady as “the garrulous old lady.”

The armchair and the poker described by Irving were turned into new objects of worship, new relics that adds to those relics related to Shakespeare already present in the city. Inscribed with the words "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre", the poker is kept by the landlady with utmost devotion and displayed for the admiration of visitors. In 1835, she shows it to the journalist Nathaniel P. Willis saying with evident pride, “I have brought up a relic for you to see that no money would buy from me"\textsuperscript{584} and in the 1850s the actor Stephen C. Massett is told that “all the Americans wish to see that — but I have to lock it up to preserve it!”\textsuperscript{585}

Years later, after the visits of William Winter from 1870 onwards, his room would also become an object of desire for American tourists. Furthermore, Winter, who was a frequent visitor in Stratford, published several articles on the town, “The Home of Shakespeare” being the most popular, first published in \textit{Harper’s Magazine} in 1879 and later enclosed in his book \textit{The Trip of England} (1881). In this article, Winter analyses and updates all information regarding Stratford, its historical places and some of its inhabitants. He adds current news and informs about the restoration that Shakespeare’s birthplace has gone through or the excavations at New Place, a property of the corporation of Stratford since 1875. As was previously the case with Irving’s “Stratford” in \textit{The Sketch Book}, the text is well received by American travellers who use it as a guide to the town. At the beginning of the twentieth-century, one of these travellers, Abraham V. D. Honeyman, plagiarizes some of its paragraphs in his own travel account, although in exchange he refers to Winter as “the modern Irving.”

If the Old World was influenced by the literary pilgrim, the New World’s interest in Stratford was modelled by the literary travel book. American travellers to Stratford and their publications on the one hand shaped English tourist industry and on the other supplied Americans with an important part of their literary history. Stratford was transformed by the presence of American visitors, and became more and more dependent on it as the twentieth-century went on. For a town whose

\textsuperscript{584} Willis, \textit{Romance of Travel}, 289.
\textsuperscript{585} Massett, \textit{Drifting About}, 184.
economy is even nowadays still significantly based on tourism, the attack on the Twin Towers on 11 September 2001 brought on a sharp decrease in its annual income, as fear of international terrorism made many American visitors cancel trips to Europe. The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, in particular, acutely felt the diminished numbers of American visitors to all the Shakespearean properties in their possession.

During the nineteenth-century, Stratford received the visit of a variety of American literary tourists who functioned as off-the-record diplomats. It was visited by American presidents, vice-presidents and ambassadors (John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Aaron Burr, Van Buren, Elihu Burritt, Ulysses S. Grant…). The town was also visited by businessmen, clergymen, journalists, writers, millionaires, philanthropist, or journalists. Many of them share the same opinion: the conditions in which they find the birthplace were deplorable. Americans reaction is portrayed in their writings and many visitors describe Shakespeare’s home as mean, some of them label it as a “small, mean-looking house of wood and plaster”, “miserable looking”, “small and mean, as you can conceive”, “such a rude and comfortless mansion, compared with which, some log cabins in our forests are palaces”, as John Adams said, a place where “There is nothing preserved of this great Genius which is worth knowing”. In 1825 Zachariah Allen was so perplexed at the appearance of the house that he wrote, “men are seen loitering, to gaze upon it, and stopping to muse as if a palace were exposed to their regards, and piles of rubies, in stead of red meat, were delighting their vision.”586 By 1828, Jacob Green writes that there were two houses that seem to have equal claims to the honour of having been Shakespeare’s home.

Nevertheless the interest on Shakespeare’s town does not decline and the influx of American tourist steadily increases during the nineteenth century. The birthplace custodians comments on the enormous amount of American visitors and are surprised at several Americans who even had “taken the whim to sleep in Shakspeare’s birth-chamber.” These tourists also share the feeling that in America Shakespeare is more valued and cherished than in England. In Elias H. Derby words, Shakespeare is “appreciated as much or more, on the Hudson, and perhaps the

Missouri, than on the Avon it self.” These assertions that can be frequently read in this anthology, favour the idea that Shakespeare is an American concern. The appalling conditions in which American visitors find Shakespeare’s birth town seem also to entitle them with the right to censure the British and also with the right to take action. American visitors are concerned with the poet and because they consider that Shakespeare is more venerated in America, Shakespeare is as American as British. Subsequent visitors claimed a common cultural heritage mainly based on both countries having Shakespeare in common. And finally, during the twentieth-century the Americans would be capable of leading the appropriation of the bard in film and other media. American visitors to Stratford performed the initial steps toward the globalization of Shakespeare that would considerably increase after the First World War.

This dissertation had as its aim to offer a diachronic study from which many others can derive. It is hoped that the anthology of travel narratives will trigger further research in the future. Most of the texts included in the anthology appeared immediately after the time in which they were written; they were either published in papers or collected in books and most of them retain their original vivacity and spontaneity, as well as a certain flavour of authenticity and accuracy. Travel writings, by their very nature also convey an sense of truthfulness, as the reader understands that what the narrator writes in notes or journals, although perhaps tinted by a subjective vision, offers an account of a real visit because the narrator describes the palpable, surrounding world. Reports about Stratford brought Shakespeare closer to American readers; they had already read, studied in schools and quoted the works in speeches and everyday life; now they could also enjoy the legend and visualise, with their mind’s eye, the homes and haunts of Shakespeare.

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RESUMEN

El objeto de la presente tesis doctoral es el estudio de un tema poco tratado en la recepción de Shakespeare y las culturas de la conmemoración shakesperiana: la presencia de los viajeros estadounidenses en Stratford-upon-Avon desde la independencia de Estados Unidos hasta la Primera Guerra Mundial. Además, esta tesis estudia el papel que estos viajeros han desempeñado como emisarios de las subestructuras de la diplomacia cultural que se forjó entre Inglaterra y Estados Unidos a finales del siglo dieciocho. Este trabajo se inscribe dentro de una corriente actual de estudios shakesperianos relacionados con la recepción de Shakespeare fuera del mundo británico y su contribución al desarrollo de la industria shakesperiana. Además, la tesis propone un tema de estudio original que combina turismo literario y diplomacia cultural como formas de estudio de la recepción de Shakespeare en América, ampliando así las fronteras del campo de investigación al que pertenece.

Durante las últimas tres décadas, muchos autores shakesperianos han aplicado la metodología de los estudios culturales al estudio de la recepción de Shakespeare, tanto de su persona como de sus obras. En este trabajo se ha estudiado la “afterlife” o recepción de Shakespeare con el modelo de análisis desarrollado por Schoenbaum, Taylor and Bate, actualmente aplicado por un amplio número de críticos shakesperianos en todo el mundo. En concreto, la tesis utiliza la metodología de materialismo cultural británico (Holderness, Dobson), de los estudios sobre los lugares de la memoria y la memoria cultural (Nora) y de los estudios de cultura culta versus cultura popular (Levine, Lanier).

Debido a que los estudios sobre turismo literario y diplomacia cultural son recientes, las publicaciones son escasas. Por esto, la tesis utiliza un marco teórico que aún está en proceso de desarrollo. El punto de partida de cualquier estudio relacionado con el turismo literario debe ser los trabajos de Nicola Watson, The Literary Tourist (2006) que incluye un estudio de la casa natal de Shakespeare y la colección de ensayos Literary Tourism and Nineteenth-Century Culture (2009). En cuanto al estudio de la diplomacia cultural, la publicación de referencia es el artículo publicado por Melanie Hall y Erik Goldstein, "Writers, the Clergy, and the
‘Diplomatization' of Culture Sub-Structures of Anglo-American Diplomacy, 1820-1914," que aplica la idea de la “diplomatización” de la literatura y otros ámbitos de la cultura al caso de Shakespeare en el siglo XIX.

Michael Bristol en *Shakespeare’s America, America’s Shakespeare*, James Shapiro en *Shakespeare in America: An Anthology from the Revolution to Now* y Kim Sturgess en *Shakespeare and the American Nation*, han estudiado la presencia de Shakespeare en América demostrando la importancia de Shakespeare como ícono cultural durante el siglo XIX en EEUU. Este estudio ha seguido la misma línea pero añadiendo una nueva perspectiva, ya que sugiere que Shakespeare no ha sido solo una presencia cultural para los estadounidenses en Norteamérica sino que también los estadounidenses que viajaron en el Reino Unido, sobre todo en el siglo XIX y principios del XX, han constituido un elemento cultural por sí mismos. Al contrario de Bristol, Sturgess o Shapiro que han centrado su atención en Shakespeare en América, este trabajo estudia la presencia de los estadounidenses en Stratford-upon-Avon y como estos han contribuido a su desarrollo como destino para turistas literarios y lugar de peregrinaje, además de centro del patrimonio y la memoria cultural, por el gran número de lugares de la memoria histórica que conserva.

La importancia de la presencia de los estadounidenses en Stratford-upon-Avon ya ha sido señalada en un artículo de la directora de esta tesis doctoral, titulado “Shakespeare’s Church and the Pilgrim Fathers: Commemorating Plymouth Rock in Stratford,” en el que se analizan las implicaciones ideológicas de monumentos conmemorativos en Stratford, tales como la American Fountain o la American Window en la iglesia de la Santísima Trinidad que nos indican que los estadounidenses han dejado un legado permanente en Stratford-upon-Avon. En este artículo se sugiere que esta cuestión merece un estudio mas profundo y detallado, lo que hizo surgir mi interés en el estudio de la intervención de los ciudadanos estadounidenses en el legado histórico relacionado con Shakespeare en la ciudad de Stratford-upon-Avon.

Este trabajo parte de la sospecha de que hasta ahora la importancia de la presencia de los turistas estadounidenses en Stratford-upon-Avon no ha sido debidamente estudiada y valorada, ya que en gran medida gracias a ellos Stratford se
convirtió en un destino turístico obligado para todos los estadounidenses que viajaban a Europa durante la época victoriana y hasta, al menos, la Primera Guerra Mundial. Además de estudiar la importancia de la presencia de los turistas, la tesis parte de la convicción de que la aportación económica de muchos magnates estadounidenses contribuyó a incrementar o restaurar el patrimonio artístico de Stratford-upon-Avon vinculado a Shakespeare y su obra. Esta tesis también parte de la hipótesis de que la presencia de turistas estadounidenses en Stratford contribuyó a mejorar las relaciones entre Gran Bretaña y EEUU durante el siglo XIX gracias a la ingente cantidad de relatos y narraciones de viajes que se publicaron a raíz de sus visitas al pueblo natal de Shakespeare.

Otro de los objetivos de la tesis es mostrar como la apropiación de Shakespeare por la cultura estadounidense en este periodo, tanto de la cultura culta como popular, hizo posible la utilización de Shakespeare con fines diplomáticos, dotándolo de una doble función como icono de la nación británica y como el poeta internacional de la lengua inglesa. De este modo esta tesis también demuestra que Shakespeare y su ciudad natal, Stratford-upon-Avon se utilizaron a menudo en discursos políticos y en contextos diplomáticos como un elemento para estimular la concordia entre británicos y estadounidenses.

Este estudio está estructurado en cuatro capítulos. El capítulo I ofrece una visión del desarrollo de la industria de Shakespeare en Stratford y de la formación de un culto de turismo literario. También se estudia la aportación de un turista literario muy particular, el escritor español Benito Pérez Galdós, que viajó a la ciudad natal de Shakespeare, visitó los lugares de la memoria asociados con el dramaturgo inglés y publicó un essay, “La casa de Shakespeare”, en el que ya supo percibir lo que críticos marxistas-materialistas (Holderness, Dávidházi) han confirmado después, dejando constancia del proceso de “canonización” al que se había sometido ya la figura de Shakespeare. La presencia de los viajeros estadounidenses en Stratford se ha estudiado en esta tesis doctoral desde dos perspectivas diferentes pero complementarias: la contribución de los ciudadanos de Estados Unidos a la conservación del patrimonio relativo a Shakespeare en Stratford (Capítulo II) y las narraciones de viajes de turistas literarios estadounidenses en la ciudad natal de Shakespeare (Capítulos III y IV).
El capítulo II está dedicado a revisar la intervención de estos viajeros en el patrimonio cultural y en los monumentos conmemorativos relacionados con Shakespeare en la ciudad de Stratford, algunos de las cuales, como por ejemplo la Fuente Americana o la Ventana Americana en la iglesia de la Santísima Trinidad, fueron financiadas completamente por ciudadanos estadounidenses. El capítulo incluye numerosas ilustraciones explicativas de los monumentos sobre los cuales se centró la intervención estadounidense.

La parte central de esta tesis doctoral la constituye una antología anotada de pasajes extraídos de narraciones de viajes escritas por estadounidenses que visitaron Stratford y recogieron sus impresiones en libros, artículos, diarios, memorias y cartas. La antología anotada (Capítulo IV) está precedida de un estudio preliminar (Capítulo III) en el que la metodología de los estudios culturales y de los estudios Shakespearianos contemporáneos se aplica al análisis y discusión de los ejemplos más relevantes. Estos dos capítulos constituyen la aportación más original de la tesis, ya que no existe actualmente ninguna antología comparable en cuanto a extensión, tema o alcance. La tesis es en este sentido un estudio pionero que abre una nueva vía de investigación en el campo de los estudios culturales y la recepción de Shakespeare en la cultura global.

La tesis amplía por tanto el ámbito de los estudios sobre turismo literario y la diplomatización de la cultura, al sugerir que los autores de los relatos de viajes incluidos en la antología fueron en cierto modo emisarios no oficiales de las subestructuras de la diplomacia estadounidense, ya que contribuyeron en gran medida al acercamiento que se produjo entre Gran Bretaña y Estados Unidos a lo largo del siglo diecinueve y sobre todo en la segunda mitad del siglo. Al enfatizar valores comunes, un sentido compartido del patrimonio cultural y la historia y los mismos intereses culturales y una lengua en común, los escritores de narraciones de viajes contribuyeron a la formación de un estado de opinión que culminó a finales del siglo diecinueve en una alianza económica, diplomática y finalmente militar entre los dos países de habla inglesa. Esta alianza, que partía de la enemistad y resentimiento existente entre las dos naciones por el proceso colonial y el apoyo que Gran Bretaña concedió a lo Estados Confederados durante la Guerra Civil, culminó con la
incorporación de los Estados Unidos a la Primera Guerra Mundial al lado de la Triple Entente.

La antología de textos de viajeros estadounidenses recogida en el capítulo IV contiene en su mayoría textos que se publicaron al poco tiempo de ser escritos y que aún conservan su vivacidad y frescura original. Estos relatos de viajes pusieron al alcance de muchos turistas estadounidenses una gran cantidad de información sobre el pueblo natal de Shakespeare recogida por viajeros experimentados. Los relatos destacaban por su autenticidad y fiabilidad, y en muchos casos, por su talento narrativo, vivacidad de la descripción y sabor literario. Muchos estadounidenses los utilizaron como guías de viaje. La antología de estos textos, en muchos casos literarios, ha dado lugar a un análisis detallado y contextualizado cuyas conclusiones principales son:

a) Stratford es para los estadounidenses un lugar idílico en el que permanecen las características que asocian con “Merry England”: al convertirse en una parada necesaria en el tour europeo de muchos estadounidenses, Stratford es a un tiempo un lugar santo de peregrinaje literario y una experiencia en la máquina del tiempo, que les permite imaginar como vivían sus antepasados. Muchos asocian Stratford con la Inglaterra rural de la que partieron los “Pilgrims Fathers” y un pasado que asocian con la época del Mayflower y por tanto con la cuna de su identidad nacional. Los viajeros a menudo contrastan el bucólico paisaje de los alrededores de la iglesia en la que está enterrado Shakespeare con la fea industrialización de la cercana ciudad de Birmingham, faro de la manufactura en la que ya proliferaban las fábricas.

b) Stratford equivale para los viajeros estadounidenses al regreso del hijo pródigo a la casa del padre, y se equipara al regreso del propio Shakespeare a Stratford después de convertirse en un autor famoso y enriquecerse como empresario teatral en Londres: para muchos estadounidenses ricos que visitan la casa natal de Shakespeare, su visita constituye un retorno al hogar paterno, a sus orígenes. Este sentimiento proviene en parte del hecho de una lengua común, un patrimonio lingüístico y literario compartido.

c) Stratford es América para los estadounidenses, ya que Shakespeare pertenece a Estados Unidos y sus valores revolucionarios. Además, muchos estadounidenses han
contribuido a renovar y mejorar el patrimonio artístico y cultural relacionado con Shakespeare en la ciudad: aunque uno de los temas recurrentes en los relatos de viajeros estadounidenses en Gran Bretaña fue destacar las diferencias entre esta nación y la suya, al llegar a Stratford, los estadounidenses se encuentran como en casa. Desde que se aproximan al pueblo natal de Shakespeare, el paisaje, la iglesia con su aguja, el río Avon, etc. les parecen parte de América. Se trata de un entorno que les resulta familiar, precisamente por que lo conocen a través de infinidad de relatos y narraciones sobre Stratford, y muy especialmente a través de la obra de Washington Irving.

y d) Stratford es la ciudad de Shakespeare pero también la ciudad de un escritor americano, Washington Irving, al cual los estadounidenses celebran y conmemoran en la posada del Red Horse: de la misma forma, los mismos ritos que se consolidan en la conmemoración de Shakespeare se trasladan al culto a Washington Irving, autor de un libro de relatos de viajes por Inglaterra que incluye un apartado dedicado a Stratford. Los estadounidenses visitan la habitación en la que durmió Irving, y solicitan dormir allí. Visitan el salón o “parlour” que le inspiró a Irving su relato sobre lo que sintió o experimentó su personaje Geoffrey Crayon y sostienen en su mano el poker o atizador que Irving sostuvo en la suya. Todo lo que rodea a este culto de Irving en Stratford es por tanto un lugar inventado de la memoria cultural estadounidense generado por el turismo literario y los relatos de viajes.

Esta tesis doctoral ha tenido como objetivo primordial ofrecer un estudio diacrónico de los que muchos otros pueden surgir. Es de esperar que la antología de relatos de viajes dará lugar a nuevas investigaciones en el futuro, ya que constituye un volumen de referencia para todos los investigadores shakespeareanos, para historiadores culturales de los Estados Unidos y para estudiosos de la época victoriana.