

generations. And what was he, in his inner heart, aiming at, during the twenty or thirty years of mental and bodily toil, seconded by appliances all the while so scant, so ignoble, in the state of life to which he had been led? What reconciled him, for so long a time, "finely-touched" in spirit as he was,—to a lot which forced him, as he speaks, "to go here and there, and make himself a motley to the view, to gore his own thoughts, to sell cheap what is most dear,"—to subsist by "public means," which tended, as he still speaks, to "breed public manners" in him—manners unretired, unstudent-like, undomestic; until he feared that at length his nature, which yearned all the while for privacy and quiet, and a larger share of liberal rest—would be subdued to what it worked in—tinctured "like the dyer's hand," indelibly, with the colours with which it had so much to deal?

He was toiling to make for himself a settled home, where he should be master of himself and of his time, where at liberty and in peace, heart and brain should be free to indulge their sacred instincts. Until this should be secured, he was fain to be as one of the exiled princes, whom his fancy liked to paint. A world-wide reputation was not what he was intent upon. The assurance of renown, immediate or posthumous, was not to be his consolation. His content was to be his best having. And when this was at last secured, it would seem as if he would almost have preferred that the record of his labours—the great port-folio which, as we may conceive, he had kept by him, of his pieces in all their conditions, crude, half-shaped, consummated—but still never anything else, as he would judge, but imperfect and fragmentary—should be buried in ocean, fathoms-deep. (Note XII.)

As the swarms from the old British hive have sought to repeat in all the world—in the several places where they have lighted—the old names—the old scenes—to keep fresh, so far as they could, the associations of their former home—so he longed that the place of his desired rest should be STRATFORD—where again he might commune as of old with Nature, the Mighty Mother, who, in his "dauntless infancy," had there so benignly "unveiled to him her awful face"; where, in the midst of the very scenes, where "the long, long thoughts of boyhood" had first visited him, he might haply persuade himself that even yet to some extent, "Youth and he were housemates still."

It is seldom that yearnings such as these, stimulating alike the movements of the home-emigrant and the colonial, are permitted to be fully gratified: and when gratified, the necessity of things renders brief the continuance of the boon. They are manifestations in our nature, which point to its immortality—to those "houses and possessions" eternal in the heavens, to which man is continually led to aspire. But, awakening in the hearts of each successive generation, it is of advantage that they should be indulged even in respect of earth: for although to individuals such gratifications must always be transitory and may be very brief,—to the race at large, the general result is enduring and essential.

With our great poet, as we know, the goal of his honest ambition in this respect was attained in the winning for himself, before decrepitude came on, an independence; and the acquisition in his native town of a goodly home, built to