

Gazing at the cottage, we could not help exclaiming in the words of Charles Lamb, in his delightful essay in *Christ's Hospital*, London, where he and Coleridge went to school.

"Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Logician, Metaphysician, Bard! How have I seen the casual passer through the cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration, (while he weighed the disproportion between the speech and the garb of the young *Mirandula*,) to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of *Jamblichus*, or *Plotinus*, (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts,) or reciting *Homer* in his Greek, or *Pindar*—while the walls of the old *Gray Friars* re-echoed to the accents of the inspired charity boy!"

The cottage remains, but the man has gone, not only from *Clevedon* and the *Lake District*, in which he spent his later years, but from life—gone to Him who gave the wonderful power of thought and speech by which he drew eager listeners around him, and, *Orpheus* like, held them in a trance of delight. He is like his own "*Ancient Mariner*" detaining the *Wedding-Guest*.

"Who holds him with his glittering eye—

The *Wedding-Guest* stood still,

And listens like a three year's child;

The *Mariner* hath his will.

"The *Wedding-Guest* sat on a stone,

He cannot choose but hear;

And thus spake on that ancient man,

The bright-eyed *Mariner*."

Here also is a quaint old church, built in the form of a cross with the tower in the centre and dedicated to *St. Andrew*, though as early as 1292 it was appropriated to the *Abbey of St. Augustine*, in *Bristol*. The building has undergone from time to time considerable repairs, still the strong and low clumsy oak seating in the body of the church evidences its own great antiquity. Parts of the pulpit, reading desk, and *Sir Abraham Elton's* family seat are of panelled oak richly carved. From east to west the building is one hundred and four feet, and including the porch fifty-six feet in breadth from north to south. It stands at the western extremity of the village on *Clevedon Point*, at a small distance from the edge of the steep and precipitous cliffs, whose height secures it from the waves, which sometimes beat with terrific violence below, when the wind sets in strong from the west. *Arthur Henry Hallam*, eldest son of *Henry Hallam*, historian, philosopher and critic, and subject of *Tennyson's* "*In Memoriam*" is buried here.