

WORDSWORTH and his sister Dorothy came to live at Dove Cottage in 1799, and stayed there until 1808. They were very poor, and the only rich things they had were their own minds, their true hearts, their unspoiled ways, their two or three hundred books—and some friends. Dorothy cooked, washed, scrubbed, read poetry to her brother, was his amanuensis, his inspiration. Together they tended their garden and planted in the crevices of the wall, and on the grassy slopes under the orchard trees, "sunshiny shade," the ancestors of the delicate ferns and wild flowers that blow there to this day. At nightfall they sat on the soft couches of grass reading Spencer or Shakespeare. At midnight under the yellow moon they walked arm in arm along their garden paths, while the poet said aloud, like one inspired, the beautiful thoughts that filled his brain, even as flowers filled their hillside. And then a quick step would be heard and the click of the garden gate, and Coleridge, in all the rich perfection of his "Christable" days, would come running up the daisied slopes to take the hand of each, and so the three went back to the tiny sitting-room, where William mended the fire with fragrant turf and Dorothy put the kettle on for tea, and they never went to bed until the linnets were beginning to cheep for day, and they had no time for gossip or ill-tempered thoughts and words, for all the world was poetry.

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FREDERICK LOCKER-LAMPSON, the late gifted writer of *vers de société*, is the author of "My Confidences" which is heralded as one of the most charming of recent London publications. A senior friend of Locker's, whom he calls Hogan, and describes as "a festive but stupid fellow," thus gossips of the poet Campbell:—"He (Hogan) told me that Tom had a weak head, and would sometimes take too much wine; that on one occasion, after dinner Campbell rose from his chair and staggered toward the door; there were some providential pillars that supported the roof of the dining-room, and having reached these with difficulty, he clung to one of them desperately, fearing to go farther, and afraid to return—and that he remained

there! 'And' said I, who worshipped Campbell with all a young verseman's enthusiasm, 'What did *you* do?' 'Oh' says Hogan, 'we left him where he was, but every now and again, you know, we would flick a walnut at him!'"

Campbell is known to have been a very fastidious writer, and Hogan says, "once took a six-mile walk to his printer—and six back again—to see a comma changed into a semicolon!"

Mr. Locker met the Brownings in London, and says of Mrs. Browning, "I never saw her in society, but at her own fireside she struck me as very pleasing and exceedingly sympathetic. Her physique was peculiar; curls like the pendent ears of a water-spaniel, and poor little hands, so thin, that when she welcomed you, she gave you something like the foot of a young bird; the Hand that made her great had not made her fair. But she had striking eyes, and one forgot any physical short-comings—they were entirely lost sight of in what I may call, her incomparable sweetness—I might almost say affectionateness."

Of George Eliot's personal appearance Mr. Locker writes; "Her countenance was equine. She was rather like a horse; and her head had been intended for a much larger body. She was not a tall woman. She wore her hair in not pleasing, out-of-fashion loops, coming down on either side of her face, so hiding her ears; and her garments concealed her outline—they gave her a waist like a milestone. You will see her at her very best in the portrait by Sir Frederic Burton, To my mind, George Eliot was a plain woman." Mr. Locker gives glimpses of other celebrities, and reminiscences of second-hand book-shops in London by-ways. We share with him the quiet joys of country life, and learn of his peaceful and hopeful looking forward to another state of existence.

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"YES, I am very cosmopolitan in my friendships," said a well known and most graceful writer, who dropped in for the Horse Show, some weeks past. "One of my oldest friends in Chicago is an old Chinaman, and I often wander into his shop to have a chat with him.