

a pair of slippers, a cheese toaster, two large tin spoons, a Bible, a keg of porter, coffee, raisins, currants, catsup, nutmegs, allspice, cinnamon, rice, ginger and mace."

Coleridge has made that rude poor cottage famous by his description of it in his "Sibylline Leaves."

"Low was our pretty cot: our tallest rose  
Peep'd at the chamber-window. We could hear

At silent noon, and eve, and early morn,

The sea's faint murmur. In the open air

Our myrtles blossom'd; and across the porch

Thick jasmims twined: the little landscape round

Was green and woody, and refresh'd the eye.

It was a spot which you might aptly call

The Valley of Seclusion! Once I saw

(Hallowing his Sabbath-day by quietness)

A wealthy son of commerce saunter by,

Bristow's citizen: methought, it calm'd

His thirst of idle gold, and made him muse

With wiser feelings; for he paused and look'd

With a pleased sadness, and gazed all around.

Then eyed our cottage, and gazed round again,

And sigh'd, and said, it was a blessed place.

And we were blessed. Off with patient ear

Long-listening to the viewless sky-lark's note

(Viewless or haply for a moment seen

Gleaming on sunny wings), in whispered tones

I've said to my beloved, 'Such, sweet girl!

The inobtrusive song of happiness,

Unearthly minstrelsy! then only heard

When the soul seeks to hear; when all is hush'd,

And the heart listens!'

But the time, when first

From that low dell, steep up the stony mount

I climbed with perilous toil and reached the top,

Oh! what a goodly scene! Here the bleak mount,

The bare bleak mountain speckled thin with sheep;

Grey clouds, that shadowing spot the sunny fields;

And river, now with bushy rocks o'erbrow'd,

Now winding bright and full, with naked banks;

And seats, and lawns, the abbey and the wood,

And cots, and hamlets, and faint city-spire;

The channel there, the islands and white sails,

Dim coasts, and cloud-like hills, and shoreless ocean—

It seem'd like Omnipresence! God, methought,

Had built him there a temple: the whole world

Seemed imaged in its vast circumference,

No wish profaned my overwhelmed heart.

Blest hour! it was a luxury,—to be!"