

Says, yes ma'am - he lived at Keswick. I was a courtin a young woman as lived in service at his house - such a quiet place, never see a human being from Monday morning to Saturday night - you might as well be up one of those hills in the middle of the bush where no one ever was afore for hearing any-thing. She (the servant) used to put the meals on the table and ring the bell to give warning that it was meal time and go in two or three hours after and it wd never be touched. Breakfast dinner or tea, didn't matter which.

"Poor man, no wonder he became ill and broken down in health - was he married again when you knew him?"

Never heard on his wife - "Oh yes, after his first wife died in the asylum, he married again." Oh, well, I never heard on it afore, but I knew all the country for a hundred miles about Helvellyn and didn't know or care much about

those people's doings. Heard some talk on 'em here, more than ever was said at home, people took no notice on 'em, we thought nothing on 'em. "Did you ever see Coleridge?" What, Hartley Coleridge! dozens of times. Knew him well. He lived at Nab's Scar, and boarded in the same house as I lived in - his mother paid it always, he couldn't be trusted with money. "Through drink, I suppose."

Yes ma'am - Do you know how he started drinking? It was when he passed some examinations, and the students set him off, then he never gave it up. No matter what society he was in, if he got two or three shillings in his pocket, he'd leave the gentry and go straight to some low pot house, and drink away with the worst on 'em. Many's the time he'd say to me, "John, lend me sixpence". Haven't got one, says I, "Oh, I know better than that, he'd