

up the hill behind the town, where there was a stream called Jordan and a green meadow beside it called Paradise,<sup>1</sup> which the sinuous rills and sunny spots of greenery in Kubla's paradise garden may also have recalled to Jane Austen's memory when she came to describe Lyme in 1816.

It may be that it needed the stimulus of *Kubla Khan* to precipitate Jane Austen's memories of Lyme Regis into the romantic landscape vision<sup>1</sup> of *Persuasion*. Till she read the poem, the memories may have been no more than scattered clouds of impressions — a sunlit green slope, a feeling of the far past, a bathe from a sandy beach under high cliffs and a dreamy fatigue afterwards, the moon shining as she came home from a ball at which she had been teased by uncongenial admirers. Then, if she read of a deep romantic chasm down a green hill, of ancestral voices, a shadow on the waves, a waning moon, and a cry for a lost love, a strange glow might be cast across the bustling little resort of shops and ballrooms and grubby lodgings that she remembered, and now it would be the dark cliffs, the rocky fragments, the green chasms, the forest trees, that she felt moved to describe in *Persuasion*, as the setting for Anne Elliot's 'sorrowing heart', secretly yearning over the love that she believed she had lost for ever.

<sup>1</sup> Catherine Hill, *Jane Austen, Her Homes and Friends*, 1902, pp. 133-42.

## *Robinson Crusoe*

A clear sky and a telescope  
 Are all that's here to mitigate  
 The unchanging calmness of the sea.  
 No transferred images, no rope  
 To spin a distress signal out,  
 No credible false trumpety  
 Encourage wanted ecstasy.  
 No laughing bold romantic hope,  
 No angels then are present. But  
 Caught tiny ships might possibly  
 Just founder by. Don't underrate  
 A clear sky and a telescope.

J. P. FORD