

HARDY (T.) DOMICILIUM, second edition, four leaves, no. 23 of 25 copies only, A. L. 2, from the author inserted, original press wrappers in a folding linen case.

Printed for Florence Emily Hardy at the Oldwick Press . . . July, 1915.

* Thomas Hardy's earliest known production in verse. Written between 1857 and 1860 and not yet published.



DOMICILIUM
BY THOMAS HARDY



DOMICILIUM - THOMAS HARDY

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BY THOMAS HARDY



250.00 net
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THE ATHENÆUM

BELL LANE S.W.

June 12. 1904

My dear Martin:

I am much obliged
to you for sending me the titles
of these books, as I have long
thought that something of the
sort would be useful for
reference.

I am sorry that you could
not call yesterday: but
fortimately there will be
more opportunities. Truly yours
R. Hardy.

DOMICILIUM
BY THOMAS HARDY



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THE following lines, entitled "Domicilium," are the earliest known poem by Mr. Thomas Hardy. It was written somewhere between the years 1857 and 1860, while he was still living with his parents at the charming cottage described in the verses, the birthplace of both himself and his father. The influence of Wordsworth, a favourite author of the youthful poet's, will be clearly perceived, also a strong feeling for the unique and desolate beauty of the adjoining heath.

F. E. H.

DOMICILIUM

IT faces west, and round the back and sides
High beeches, bending, hang a veil of boughs,
And sweep against the roof. Wild honeysucks
Climb on the walls, and seem to sprout a wish
(If we may fancy wish of trees and plants)
To overtop the apple-trees hard by.

Red roses, lilacs, varigated [*sic*] box
Are there in plenty, and such hardy flowers
As flourish best untrained. Adjoining these
Are herbs and esculents; and farther still
A field; then cottages with trees, and last
The distant hills and sky.

Behind, the scene is wilder. Heath and furze
Are everything that seems to grow and thrive
Upon the uneven ground. A stunted thorn
Stands here and there, indeed; and from a pit
An oak uprises, springing from a seed
Dropped by some bird a hundred years ago.

In days bygone—
Long gone—my father's mother, who is now
Blest with the blest, would take me out to walk.
At such a time I once inquired of her
How looked the spot when first she settled here.
The answer I remember. " Fifty years
Have passed since then, my child, and change has marked
The face of all things. Yonder garden-plots
And orchards were uncultivated slopes
O'ergrown with bramble bushes, furze, and thorn :
That road a narrow path shut in by ferns,
Which, almost trees, obscured the passer-by.

Our house stood quite alone, and those tall firs
And beeches were not planted. Snakes and efts
Swarmed in the summer days, and nightly bats
Would fly about our bedrooms. Heathcroppers
Lived on the hills, and were our only friends ;
So wild it was when first we settled here."

T. H.

*Twenty-five copies printed for Florence Emily Hardy
at the Chiswick Press, London, E.C. July 1918*

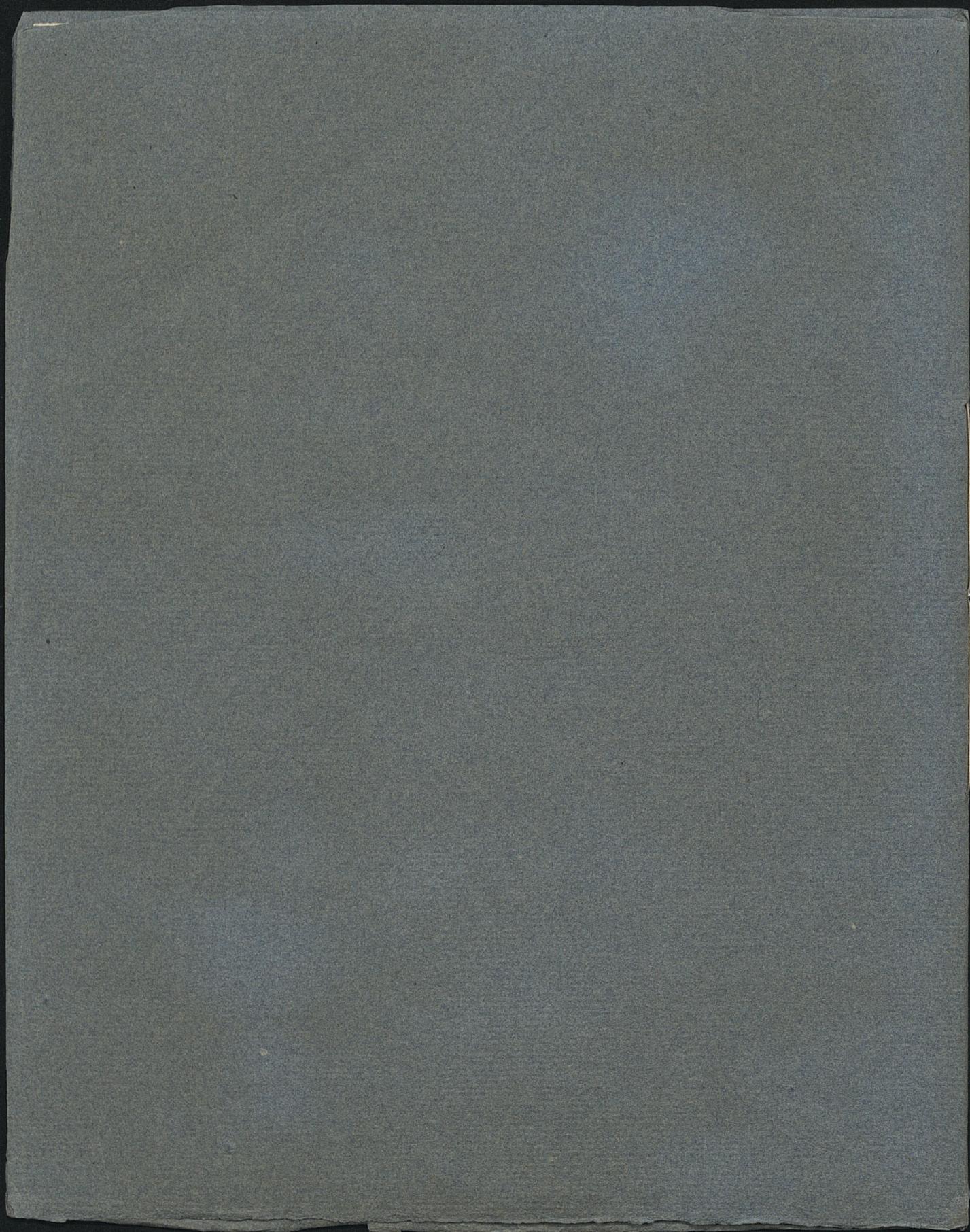
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F.E.H.

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Uomer Hardy.

Thomas Hardy. (author.)

HARDY (Thomas). DOMICILIUM. London, 1916. Small 4to,
original wrapper. \$250.00

***Very rare. Only 25 copies privately printed of this, Hardy's earliest Poem.
Signed by F. E. H. Containing A. L. S. from Hardy to Clement Shorter, 1p,
12mo, inserted.