

to the ranks of the base who pay. Moreover, when all is said and done, this is business, and we live in a business age, and see no conclusive reason why business principles should not, like charity, begin at home. N. B.—Taking in the TRINITY UNIVERSITY REVIEW is not charity, it is a commercial transaction. There once was an editor who put in motion the legal machinery for recovering the debts of the REVIEW, and then left College at once. His successor suddenly found himself very unpopular among the great ones who had just been applied to. Far be it from the present editors to harrow anyone's finer sensibilities, but they cannot refrain from pointing out to some of their readers the fact that there is a considerable sum of money owing.

TENNYSON.

DURING the present century Great Britain has been three times thrilled by the shock of a death which has been felt by all as a personal calamity. The first was the death of the Princess Charlotte of Wales, the daughter of George the Fourth; the second, that of Prince Albert, the Consort of Queen Victoria; the third, the death of Lord Tennyson. But the last event brings with it thoughts and suggestions which place it in a category of its own. Here is no case of a life cut short before it has fulfilled the promise of its youth. In our great Laureate are fulfilled the words: "Thou shalt come to thy grave in a full age, like as a shock of corn cometh in its season." Indeed, when once we rouse ourselves from the blow, then spring up feelings of joy and thankfulness that God's great gift was so long continued to us, that the mighty genius has been tarnished by no word or deed of shame, that our language and our literature have been enriched by possessions of inestimable value. Many things are remarkable about the literary history of Lord Tennyson. He has produced an immense amount of poetry of perhaps greater variety than has come from the pen of any other poet of any age or land. But, considering his long life, the mass is not remarkable. Byron wrote not a great deal less, and he died at thirty seven, whilst Tennyson was spared to pass his eighty-third birthday. But he never hastened or hurried. He could wait for nearly ten years after he had taken an established place in the front rank of English poets before he published again. This, and his calm, strong faith in his own genius, are among the striking features of his work. Yet, on the other hand, this faith never developed into conceit. No poet has been readier to take advice. Once or twice, provoked to reply to unjust and virulent attacks, he yet profited by the criticisms which, although severe, sometimes hit a blot in his lines. Nothing can be more admirable than the patient elaboration by which he brought some of his earlier poems to perfection. They were worthy of this labour, and he did not grudge it. It is not quite easy to enumerate the qualities of Tennyson's genius because of its universality. If we read his writings in their chronological order we shall be impressed by the normal development of his poetic powers. The early poems display the marvellous gift of musical language which he retained to the end, although he shows that he can be rough and abrupt when it serves his purpose. Soon we discern the tenderness and sympathy of his nature, his marvellous power of observation, even to a pre-Raphaelite minuteness, his glorious imagination often relieved by the light play of fancy, his insight into the meaning of nature and the universe, his power of representing noble characters and noble thoughts, his earnest wrestling with the problems of the age and of all ages. We have been deluged of late by memoirs and notices of his life and works, so that, even if it were possible adequately to chronicle the events of his literary life in these columns, it would be unnecessary. We shall, therefore, restrict ourselves to some general remarks

on his poetry. The volume of "Poems" put forth in 1842 (in two volumes then) will always be dear to those of riper years who were admirers of the poet before any other of his works had appeared. Nothing will ever be quite the same to them as *Enone*, *Locksley Hall*, *Dora*, the glorious *Morte d'Arthur*, the pathetic *Break, Break, Break* and other poems contained in this collection. The *Princess* (1847) came next, and has been spoken of as a failure by those who imperfectly discerned its author's design; whilst we believe that, if carefully examined, it will be seen on every page to display consummate poetical art. Indeed, the question of Woman's Rights is nowhere treated with such justice and comprehensiveness, whilst the poet's imagination has seldom set more brilliantly-coloured pictures before the eye, and sweeter songs than those interspersed in the poem have never been written. *In Memoriam* (1850), published at first anonymously, although its authorship was never unknown, has had the fate, on the one hand, of being assigned to the first place among the productions of its author, and, on the other, of being pronounced monotonous, lugubrious and obscure. It is a poem which is not every man's meat, but for those who have sympathy with its spirit, no words are necessary to prove its depth of meaning, its elevation of tone, the beauty of its versification, the perfection of its language, and its brave, strong, yet delicate and tender dealings with the difficulties and mysteries of human life and aspiration. *Maud* (1855) has perhaps never received its due mead of appreciation. Directed against the sordid, commercial spirit of an age that, with all its own baseness, was slurring the days gone by, and even seeming to welcome war as a means of curing the diseases of the time, it was naturally and necessarily resented and abused by people who had come to think of "peace at any price" as a synonym for the coming of the Kingdom of God. Yet no one can deny the passionate strength of its language, the loveliness of many of its images, or the sweetness and power of its songs. *The Idylls of the King* is probably the work of Lord Tennyson's which will ultimately be accepted as representing most fully his mighty genius. In a work so extensive there will be differences of interest, and some portions of it probably add little to the value of the whole. But we shall be wise if, before we form a final opinion on the subject, we consider the whole work as it was finally completed and arranged by the author. In the judgment of the present writer none of the later *Idylls* quite come up to the first four—*Enid*, *Vivien*, *Elaine* and *Guinevere*—and of these *Elaine* and *Guinevere* will certainly always be the favourites. At the same time, the closing part, the "Passing of Arthur," which is simply the *Morte d'Arthur* of the early collection, is not surpassed by anything which the poet has written. Many of the poems published in later years are evidently of his earlier work, although probably touched up before publication. To this class belongs the "Lover's Tale," which, we are told, the author gave to the world because portions of it had been put forth without his consent. Among the later poems are "Tiresias," "Locksley Hall Sixty Years After," "Demeter," etc. The volume containing this last poem closes with verses which, of their kind, are unsurpassed by Lord Tennyson or any other writer, "Crossing the Bar." They have passed into the hearts of all English speaking people, and were sung at the poet's funeral. It is not surprising that a poet who had succeeded in so many styles should at last attempt the drama. The glorious memory of Shakespeare drew him on. He had matched himself against the epic poet, the song-writer, the moralist, the metaphysician. Could he not take a place beside the greatest? It cannot be denied that Tennyson did not entirely succeed as a dramatist. Perhaps he forgot that Shakespeare was the manager of a theatre, whilst he was only a recluse. At any rate, most of his dra-