

I sought out the local photographer. In his studio I found and secured for my collection the originals of many illustrations that have appeared in print, such as those used in Napier's "Homes and Haunts of Tennyson." Horncastle itself, it should be noted, was the home of Tennyson's devoted wife, Emily Sellwood, the niece of Sir John Franklin, who lived in the village of Spilsby, a few miles off. The Sellwood house still stands in the centre of the village.

Lincoln. A very short run on the cars brings us to Lincoln, the city set upon a hill. With some Canadian friends I climbed the steep hill the second time on Sunday afternoon to view the Tennyson Statue standing alongside the magnificent cathedral. It is a fine piece of work, done by Watts. The old poet stands, with uncovered head, looking at a flower which he holds in his hand, with his faithful dog looking up enquiringly into his face. What is the meaning? The bronze plate on the front of the railing gives the answer:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little Flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

On the rear of the pedestal is another bronze with this inscription:

"Over all one statue in the mould of Arthur, made by Merlin."

"Alfred, Lord Tennyson, P.L.

Born 1809—Died 1892.

"George Frederick Watts, O.M., R.A.

Born 1817—Died 1904."

Louth. Leaving Lincoln by another route, we come to the prosperous town of Louth, where Tennyson's grandparents lived, where he attended school, and where lived the bookseller Jackson who paid so generously for the manuscript of the "Poems by Two Brothers." The old school has gone, having given place to