

down to us of the Laureate, who, being in London for three or four days, from the Isle of Wight, spent two of them with us, dined with us, smoked with us, opened his heart to us, and ended by reading *Maud* through from end to end, and going away at half-past two in the morning. If I had had a heart to spare, certainly he would have won mine. He is captivating with his frankness, confidingness, and unexampled naïveté. Think of his stopping in *Maud* now and then — 'There's a wonderful touch! That's very tender! How beautiful that is!' Yes and it *was* wonderful, tender, beautiful, and he read exquisitely in a voice like an organ, rather music than speech."

But perhaps the finest picture of all is from the pen of Hallam, Lord Tennyson, who relates in the *Memoir*: "I shall never forget his last reading of *Maud*, on August 24th, 1892. He was sitting in his high-backed chair, fronting a southern window which looks over the groves and yellow corn-fields of Sussex, towards the long line of South Downs that stretches from Arundel to Hastings, his high-domed, Rembrandt-like head outlined against the sunset-clouds, seen through the western window. His voice, low and calm in everyday life, capable of delicate and manifold inflections, but with organ-tones of great power and range, thoroughly brought out the drama of the poem. You were at once put in sympathy with the hero."