

and men may go the melodious brook will go on for ever singing through the sweet meadows of the poet's song. I am afraid to tell how long I sat on the grassy bank listening to the wonderful music of the gleeful rivulet. Nor will I own how often since that August day I have come again under the irresistible spell of the brook.

Almost within sound of the brook is the hamlet of Somersby, inhabited by two-score simple old-world people. And yonder on the right is the pretty white house where the Laureate was born. It is a curious tile-covered house cosily situated in an ideal environment. It nestles among the trees, and before it is a beautiful lawn separated from the public road by the holly hedge planted by old Dr Tennyson when the poet was a child. The house was the Rectory of the parish for nearly a hundred years, but the present rector, Rev. John Soper, has deserted the historic house and dwells in the neighboring parish.

And this is the house where Tennyson spent his youthful prime and where he composed many of his chief works. As "In Memoriam" is the record of a soul struggle fought out on this very ground, we may expect to find in that poem many local references. To this place often came Arthur Hallam "from brawling courts and dusty purlieus of the law" to drink the cooler air and mark "the landscape winking through the heat." Here often he joined the rector's happy family "in dance and song and game and jest." To this place was brought the cruel news of Hallam's death which felled the poet's sister in a swoon and turned her orange-flowers to cypress. Here for many gloomy years the broken-hearted poet plied the "sad mechanic exercise" of writing verse to soothe his restless heart and brain.

Adjoining the birthplace of the poet, and partitioned from it by a row of trees is "The Moated Grange," with which all readers of Tennyson have become familiar in the sad lyric of "Mariana." It is a desolate looking place and a fit abode for the forlorn maiden who cried in her despair :

"I am aweary, aweary,  
I would that I were dead."

The Grange is interesting because of its connection with another of Tennyson's poems. The old house is the reputed residence of John Baumber, the Northern

Farmer. In the churchyard opposite I read the names of many Baumbers, that being the commonest name on the tombstones.

The only other structure of interest in Somersby is the little church of which Tennyson's father was rector for many years. It is very small and very old. To the right of the porch is an ancient cross of the 14th century, bearing figures of the Virgin and the Crucifixion. Over the porch is a dial with the motto, "Time passeth", and the date 1751. The interior of the church is uninviting. The rough pews would seat about forty worshippers; the pulpit in the corner is small and mean; the windows that pierce the walls at irregular distances have been made at various times and are of different shapes and sizes. The "cold baptismal font" in the rear calls up such dismal memories of the past that the visitor is glad to escape from the clammy, sickly air.

In a conspicuous place in front of the church is seen the tombstone erected over the grave of Dr. Tennyson. The epitaph runs as follows :

#### TO THE MEMORY

OF  
DR. GEORGE CLAYTON TENNYSON, LL. D.,  
ELDEST SON OF GEORGE TENNYSON, ESQ.,  
RECTOR OF THIS PARISH,  
WHO  
DEPARTED THIS LIFE  
ON THE  
16TH DAY OF MARCH, 1831,  
AGED 52 YEARS.

When, a few years after the father's death, the Tennysons departed from Somersby "to live within the stranger's land" we hear a minor chord in the great memorial elegy sounding thus :

"Our father's dust is left alone  
And silent under other snows :  
There in due time the woodbine blows,  
The violet comes, but we are gone."

About a furlong beyond Somersby Church is one of the prettiest spots this dull old earth can show,—"Holywell Glen :

"Here are cool mosses deep,  
And through the moss the ivies creep,  
And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,  
And from the raggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep."

It is a wild, romantic spot,—the favorite haunt, we may be sure, of the poet's boyhood. Trees of many kinds—larch and spruce and ash and beech and sycamore—clothe the steep sides of a natural