

few rooms furnished, for the present caretaker has been here only three months. Through a passage behind the stair we find our way to the vaulted dining hall built by Tennyson's father. The door by which you enter was carved by Tennyson himself. At the further end of the room is a fireplace with a fine stone chimney-piece. The Gothic windows on the south are filled with stained glass. Upstairs we go, and in the little room in the centre of the house we stand in the chamber in which the poet was born one hundred years ago. A window looks out upon the lawn behind, where Hallam used to read the Tuscan poets to Alfred and his sisters.



TENNYSON'S BIRTHPLACE, SOMERSBY.

Why is not the old Rectory made a memorial of the Lincolnshire poet? Simply because the owner, Mr. M. Staniland, of Langton, Spilsby, will not part with it. He says, "The house is in the centre of the place, and should I ever wish to sell the property the value without it would be seriously affected."

Apart from associations, there is little to attract the visitor to Somersby, the relics of the poet's life and work are elsewhere. "The poplars four" have disappeared from in front of the door, but some of the seven elms still shade the roadway.

I cut a few leaves from the old ivy which still grows green over the main doorway and turned back to Horncastle, where