

and with my own emphasis, you would have seen what they really meant, but coming to read them, peradventure in a fit of indigestion or with a slight matutinal headache after your apostolic symposium, you subject them to such misinterpretation, as, if I had not sworn to be true friend to you till my latest death-ruckle, would have gone far to make me indignant." The result was that Tennyson promised not only a contribution from himself, but also engaged to procure a poem from his brother Charles. These were sent in due course to Lord Northampton, and published in the *Tribute*, August, 1837.

Tennyson's lines were entitled *Stanzas by Alfred Tennyson, Esq.*, and occupy seven pages of the brown leather volume in which they first saw the light. The poem, as originally printed, is as follows:—

"Oh! that 'twere possible,
After long grief and pain,
To find the arms of my true-love
Round me once again!

"When I was wont to meet her
In the silent woody places
Of the land that gave me birth,
We stood tranced in long embraces,
Mixt with kisses sweeter, sweeter,
Than anything on earth.

"A shadow flits before me —
Not thou, but like to thee.
Ah God! that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls they loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.