

the Conservatives, but it is very likely that the same thing would have been done by the leaders of the other party had they had the same opportunity, and, consequently, the same temptation. The fault is seemingly in the method of appointment. In fact, however, it lies deeper and is inherent in the system of government by party, for under that system it would puzzle the most disinterested to devise a mode of choosing Senators which would not be likely to come to the same thing in the end. Election by Parliament, or by the people, could not secure a non-partisan Chamber. The nearest approach to it, in either case, would be gained by some system of proportionate or minority representation. Even with the best system and the best intentions, it must be admitted that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find a sufficient number of men in Canada, possessing the qualifications, including knowledge of and interest in public affairs, to fit them to revise all Parliamentary legislation, who would be independent of party and willing to accept such a position and give their time and energies to the discharge of its duties. The best alternative would be, probably, to vote the Dominion Senate practically useless and do without it; the next best among things practicable, to bind the Government of the day by a constitutional amendment, if necessary, to carry out what seems to have been the design of the fathers of Confederation, by first equalizing, as soon as possible, the parties in the Senate in point of numbers and then making all subsequent appointments alternately from the adherents of the two great parties. Far from an ideal device, we admit, but surely better than the present indefensible practice.

LIEUTENANT-GOVERNOR SHULTZ has done wisely at the last, in signing the Bill which was passed on the advice of his Ministry by a large majority in the House, however unwise he may have been in his refusal in the first instance. There could be no question as to the constitutional course in such a case, and it is inconceivable that the Ottawa Government could have upheld him in his refusal, had he persisted in it, save for some good and sufficient reason of State which has not been made apparent. The supposition that a Governor in his position could, for reasons or opinions, we will not insult him by saying "interests," of his own, be permitted to balk the purpose of the Government and Legislature of a Province, cannot be entertained for a moment. If it be suggested that a Governor might have conscientious scruples in some instances and that he should not be required to do violence to his conscience, the answer is that his alternatives must be an appeal to the people, or resignation of office. Can it be, by the way, that there is something in the pure, dry, cool atmosphere of the prairies which stimulates the autocratic impulse, which is, we suppose, latent to a greater or less degree, in every man when "clothed with a little brief authority"? How else can we account for the tendency of North-West Governors to try to take the reins into their own hands? Even as we write, Lieut.-Governor Royal in the Territories is approving, or at least abetting, a course of action on the part of his advisers which would not be tolerated in one of the older Provinces, by continuing them in office when they have no longer a clear majority in the Assembly.

ANYTHING more gratuitously cruel than the much-talked-of long-distance ride by German and Austrian military competitors is not recorded in the history of modern civilized nations. The old-fashioned idea that brave men are always merciful will surely have to be given up. The "rough" who drives a hired horse until it drops in its tracks or becomes hopelessly lamed and deformed, is deemed a fit subject for the police court and the prison, and the best public sentiment approves the sentence. But here are hundreds of men, soldiers by profession, gentlemen and Christians by courtesy, who deliberately agree, for no imaginable purpose higher than the desire for a cheap notoriety, to ride an equal number of the noblest specimens of the noblest of animals just as fast and as far, within the limit of four hundred miles, as the utmost power of endurance of horse and rider will permit. We need waste no sympathy upon the latter, whose action was voluntary, and who deserved all they suffered; but who can avoid being stirred to deep pity and indignation as he thinks of the poor brutes, spurred on from hour to hour and from day to day, and passing from one stage of fatigue, exhaustion, and agony to another, until they fall by scores on the roadside, or crawl with their brutal riders to the

journey's end with "sides fallen in," "hoofs split," and "spines awry," to endure the sufferings of a dozen deaths in their lingering misery? If this is the noble military spirit, let civilization and humanity throughout the world unite in crying "Shame!"

#### TENNYSON.

TENNYSON is dead! He had been with us so long—his work to the very last had been so strong, so fresh, that we could not think of him as an old man that could not long be with us. Three score and ten years, and by reason of strength four score, which must be labour and sorrow—such is the limit of human life. But the four score years of our great poet hardly seemed to impair his strength or even to diminish his elasticity of thought and feeling. Intellectually and artistically "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated." His last published drama was as fresh and breezy as the work of a boy.

Yet he has been called from us; and he has so enriched us and the world that we cannot grudge him his well-earned rest. Although a thrill has passed through the whole English world at the sad news of our loss, we can hardly say we are the poorer for his going, he has left us such rich possessions, such glorious creations behind him. And yet how we grieve. When Schiller was taken away at the age of forty-six, even Goethe, the self-sufficient, the calm and imperturbable, was moved to the depths of his nature. "Schiller is ill!" they feared to tell him more. But he guessed. In the night they heard him weeping. Goethe weeping! the man who seemed raised so high above ordinary human cares. In the morning he said to a friend: "Schiller was very ill yesterday, was he not?" She could only sob, but not answer. "He is dead!" said Goethe. "You have said it." "He is dead," he repeated, and covered his eyes with his hands. Schiller was only forty-six, and Tennyson was nearly twice his age when he died; yet we, too, hardly believing, are broken-hearted as we say, "He is dead."

When Alfred Tennyson was eleven years of age he received intelligence of the death of Lord Byron, and was deeply moved. "Byron is dead," he kept repeating. Like all young men of that period, he had been powerfully affected by the passionate genius of the ill-fated poet. But Byron's influence in English literature is small compared with that of Tennyson.

It is perhaps too early to estimate confidently the place of Lord Tennyson in English literature, even as many parts of his uneventful history are still matters of uncertainty; but on some points we may arrive at conclusions which are not likely to be disputed.

Few literary men have been more variously gifted than the late Poet Laureate, and few have used those gifts more conscientiously. In addition, there is hardly another example in English literature of a poet whose genius developed in a more perfectly normal manner, deepening, gathering strength and richness from first to last, so that even in extreme old age there was hardly a trace of decadence. The last volume of poems, "Demeter," etc., etc., closes with an ode which may be described as simply perfect, nothing of its kind having ever equalled it. It is "Crossing the Bar." His last published volume, "The Foresters," is an absolute prodigy, if written, as we are told, during the last year or two. It is hardly possible to believe that some parts of it, at least, do not belong to an early period of his literary life.

In his early poems we have that wonderful charm of language, that purity of mellifluousness which never forsook him. As he goes on he gains in picturesqueness, in incisiveness, in those wonderful utterances of the deepest thoughts and emotions of the heart which are as moving as they are true. Then he begins, as in the "Princess," to deal with some of the burning questions of the day, and shows his power of psychological analysis of social diagnosis, his faculty of seeing not one side only of a problem, but all its sides, its truth and its falsehood, its claims and its limitations, its sublimity and its absurdity, its rights and its dangers. Then in the great poem, "In Memoriam," he sounds the depths of human life and divine government, revealing at once his sense of all the sadness and sorrow of man's earthly destiny sustained by a sublime optimism which refuses to think that God's government can fail.

There is no failure in "Maud," the next poem of any length. Here, too, he shows his sympathy with his age, and his scorn of its meanness and paltriness. There is nothing in this great poem which is unworthy of its writer. Its hero is a true representative of a class which had sprung up of moody dreamers whose malady needed to be healed by the power of action, even as the "smooth-faced, snub-nosed rogue" needed to be roused from his sordid swindling by a rising patriotism responsive to dangers from without. Some one has spoken of Tennyson being destitute of passion. Such an one could hardly have read the songs in "Maud."

But we are hurrying on, and perhaps it is better that we should pause before we go further, and survey some parts of the literary history of Lord Tennyson somewhat more minutely. Everyone knows the few events which constitute his outward history, his birth at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, in 1809, the year of the birth of Mr. Gladstone and Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes and also of Darwin and Mrs. Browning. The third son of the Rev.

Dr. G. Clayton Tennyson, after some time at the Grammar School at Louth he went to Cambridge, where he and his eldest brother Charles entered Trinity College. Here he made the acquaintance of Trench, afterwards Dean of Westminster, and subsequently of Alford, who died Dean of Canterbury; both of whom were of considerable poetic gifts, and both ardent admirers of their great contemporary. But the friendship of greatest influence which he found at Cambridge was that of Arthur Hallam, who became betrothed to Tennyson's favourite sister, and died in 1833, when he was about twenty-four years of age. The events of Tennyson's life, the peculiar qualities of his father and his mother, have been so amply set forth in the newspapers that we shall probably better consult the interest of our hearers if we restrict our remarks mainly to comments on his writings.

It is said that Tennyson's first efforts in poetry belong to his eighth year, when he covered two sides of a slate with a poem on flowers. He had been challenged by his brother Charles to write poetry, and, when he showed what he had done, he received the assurance, "you have done it." Between the age of eleven and twelve he is said to have written an epic of more than four thousand lines in Scott's metre, in the "Lady of the Lake." About fourteen, he commenced a drama in Iambic metre which is said still to exist. We sincerely hope that it may never be permitted to see the light of day unless its publication had the sanction of its author. Both of Tennyson's brothers, Charles and Frederick, had poetic gifts of a very high order, as their publications have shown.

The first of Alfred's published poems appeared in connection with those of Charles in 1827, under the title of "Poems by Two Brothers." The volume was published in Louth, and brought the authors ten pounds. No intimation has been given of the authorship of the separate poems. Two years later he gained the Chancellor's Gold Medal for the English poem at Cambridge. The subject was "Timbuctoo." In 1830 he put forth "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," forming, generally, the first part of the volumes published in 1842 under the title, "Poems." In 1832 he published "Poems," beginning with the "Lady of Shalott," constituting the second part of the 1842 publication. In 1850 a third edition of this first collection was put forth very much in the form in which we now possess it.

The influences which helped the poetic genius of Tennyson were manifold. Coleridge, Wordsworth, Scott, Byron, Keats, may be mentioned. The influence of Byron has perhaps been underrated. At any rate, as we have mentioned, Tennyson was deeply moved by the intelligence of his death. "I thought," he said, "the whole world was at an end. I thought everything was over and finished for everyone—that nothing else mattered. I remember I walked out alone, and carved 'Byron is dead' into the sandstone."

There are few things more remarkable in literature than the humility and conscientiousness displayed by Tennyson in dealing with his own early productions and in amending his faults of style and treatment. At his first appearance he was recognized as a true poetic genius by some few sympathetic and unprejudiced souls. But, like other poets—like Wordsworth, like Byron—he was vehemently assailed by the professional critics. John Wilson told him to get rid of his cockney admirers and reform his style. This was on the volume of 1830. The volume of 1833 was assailed by Lockhart in the *Quarterly* with bitter sarcasm, and this was the volume in which first appeared "Enone," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," the "May Queen" and the "Lotos Eaters." It is truly terrible to think what those critics might have done.

Tennyson published no more for nine years when the volume of 1842 appeared, containing the "Morte d'Arthur," a poem which Tennyson has never surpassed, "Dora," "Ulysses," "Locksley Hall," "Break, Break, Break." In this volume Tennyson showed that he could profit by the criticisms, even when exaggerated and unjust, of his reviewers. Unlike Byron, who responded in his wrath by "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," unlike Wordsworth, who exaggerated the weaknesses of his style, and insisted on his admirers accepting his weakest work as though it were equal to his strongest, Tennyson, with calm faith in his own genius, and yet with a readiness to be taught which showed his real greatness, set to work to amend what was amiss, and to perfect works of genius and art which were worthy of the labour thus bestowed upon them. Let anyone compare the first draught of the "Gardener's Daughter" with its latest form, and the importance of the changes will be seen. A curious example occurs in "Lady Clara Vere de Vere." In its first form, we believe, the words occur: "The gardener Adam and his wife." In a later edition we have: "The grand old gardener and his wife," but this term having become vulgarized the author has restored the phrase to its original form.

It is noticeable how this volume of the poems shows forecasts of work belonging to subsequent years. Thus in the exquisite little poem, "Break, Break, Break," we have an anticipation of "In Memoriam," and in "The Lady of Shalott" and other poems an anticipation of the "Idylls of the King."

A curious story is told of Carlyle reproaching Mr. Monkton Mills for not having got Tennyson a pension. However this may be, in the year 1845 a pension of £200 a year was conferred upon him through Sir Robert Peel. Never was a pension better bestowed. We have dwelt so long upon the early work of Tennyson that we have