

Tennyson, as Revealed in His Memoirs.

Long have I known thee as thou art in
 song,
 And long enjoyed the perfume that
 exhales
 From thy pure soul and odour sweet
 entails,
 And permanence on thoughts that float
 along
 The stream of life to join the passive
 throng
 Of shades and echoes that are memory's
 being;
 Hearing, we hear not, and we see not,
 seeing,
 If passion, fancy, faith, move not among
 The never-present moments of reflection,
 Long have I viewed thee in the crystal
 sphere
 Of verse, that like the Beryl makes appear
 Visions of hope begot of recollection.
 Knowing thee now a real earth-treading
 man,
 Not less I love thee and no more I can.
 —Hartley Coleridge.

So sang the impressionable Hartley Coleridge after his first meeting with Tennyson. This meeting took place in 1835, when Tennyson was no more than twenty-six years of age, so that his works with which Coleridge was familiar could not have been very extensive. In fact, he had published only two small volumes, "Poems Chiefly Lyrical," in 1830, and "Poems by Alfred Tennyson," in 1832. However, Coleridge's discriminating taste had led him to see the inherent grace, beauty and purity of Tennyson's productions, and his poetic soul had been so appealed

to by their perusal, that his admiration, respect and love for Tennyson had been constrained to manifest themselves; and so, after coming in personal contact with the author who had so appealed to him, and realizing that the man was not inferior to his works in any quality which they possessed, Hartley Coleridge poured forth the above effusion—a glowing tribute to Tennyson's sterling qualities as a poet and as a man.

But how much Tennyson gave to the world after his twenty-sixth year! How much more have we to admire, respect, love, yea, reverence, in Tennyson's works, than had Hartley Coleridge at the time he penned his sonnet! We, however, have not the privilege of coming in personal contact with the object of our esteem, to realize, not only with Hartley Coleridge, but with all those who knew him, that his life was a nobler and a more sublime poem than any of his printed works. No, this privilege is not ours. The greatest poet of the Nineteenth Century has gone forever from our midst. But if we have not the man, we have that which, apart from his works, may be considered as the next best thing—a good memoir; and the heartfelt thanks of every lover of Tennyson is due to Hallam, the loving son and faithful attendant of the poet, for the completeness, faithfulness and truth with which he has presented his father's life. The presentment is such that we are reminded of Watts' idea of the true portrait painter which Tennyson has so beautifully expressed in the Idylls: