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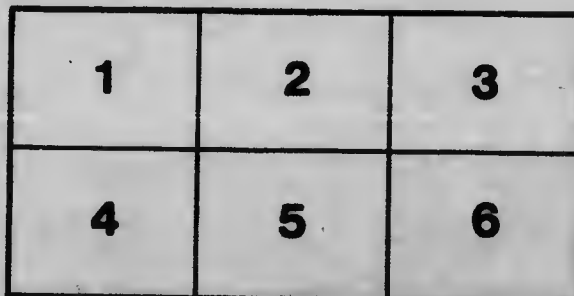
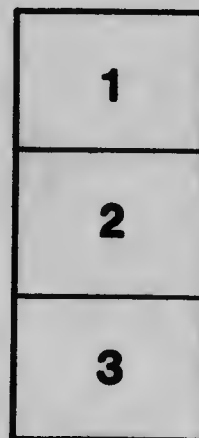
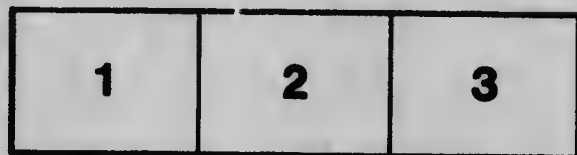
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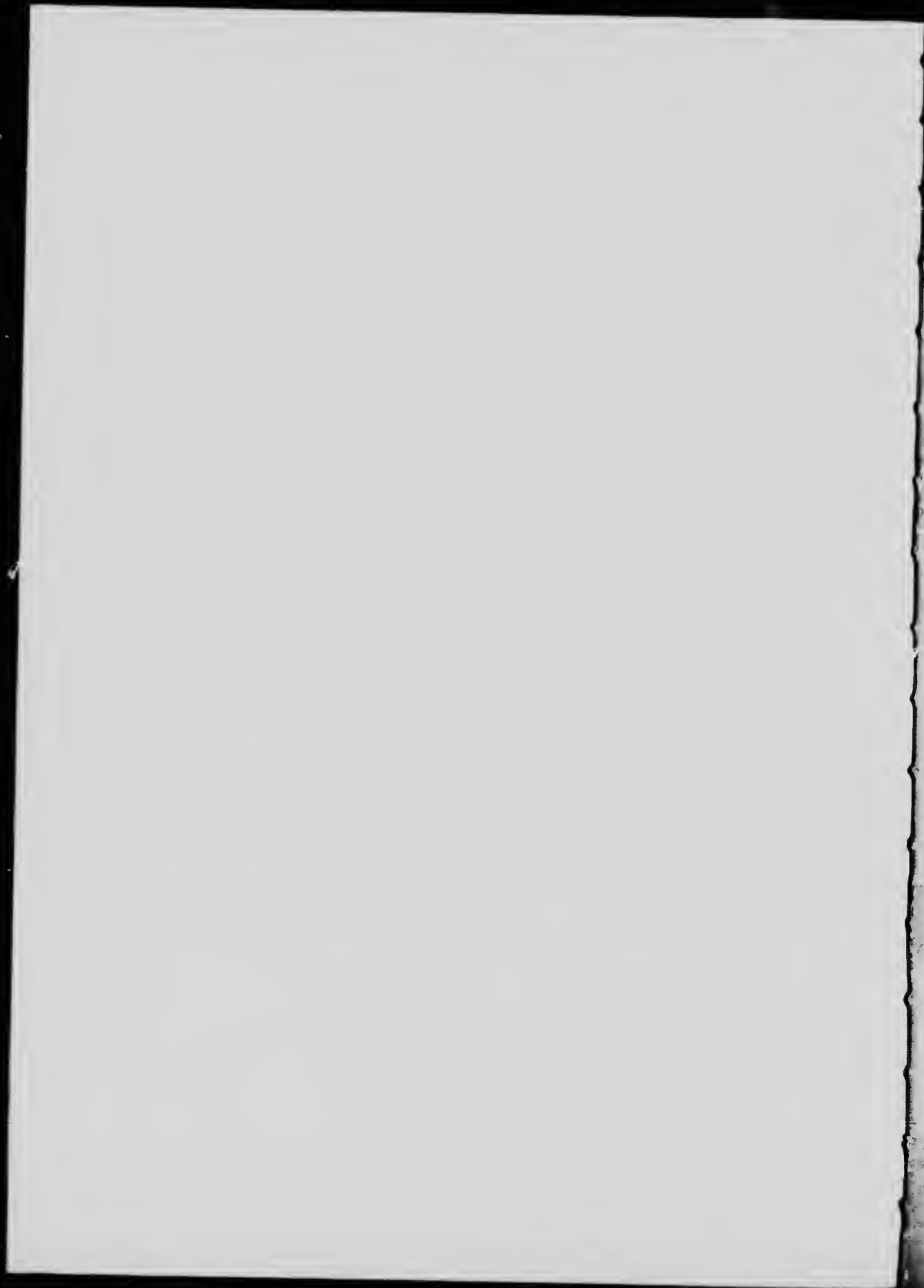
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A Tennyson Pilgrimage
AND
Tennyson, the Imperialist

C. C. JAMES



TORONTO, 1910.

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A Tennyson Pilgrimage.

IT was a happy coincidence that a business trip came in this centennial year, 1909. The dream of a lifetime came true, as I was enabled to visit so many Tennysonian haunts and see so many memorials of the great poet. Canada owes much to Lord Tennyson; he was an Imperialist in the early days, and at a critical moment sounded a note that wakened up even the old Thunderer and called back the leaders in the Mother Land to their responsibility and their duty to this land of the north, this true north land, this young Dominion overseas.

Somersby (1809-1837). No railroad disturbs the quiet of this little hamlet in Lincolnshire where the poet was born on August 6th, 1809. To reach it you go by rail to Alford, Louth or Horncastle. I selected the latter, and, after an early lunch at The Bull, I drove out over the wolds.

The rich farm lands of Lincolnshire rolled away for many miles. Passing on for a few miles we dropped down into a little valley and soon crossed the memorable Brook. On the rising ground beyond there stood the old rectory and the Somersby Grange upon the right. Somersby Church, St. Margaret's, lay hidden among the trees on the left. It is still in use. The rector lives at Bag Enderby, a short distance further along the road, where the sister church, a fourteenth century structure, stands in mournful ruin and decay, with an appeal tacked to the door asking for contributions to its restoration. Inside the Somersby Church we see the bronze memorial to Tennyson and the old font at which he was baptized. Outside, still stands the old cross, weathered and worn, and in a grave shadowed by the square tower lies the dust of the old rector, Tennyson's father. Within the porch there is an old holy water stoup, and above the porch is a sun dial with the legend, "Time passeth."

I turned back through the trees and crossed the road. A sign over the gate states that the old rectory is private property;

there is a visitors' day, and this is not the day. However, I ventured in, and going up to the door, ivy mantled as of yore, soon had it opened to my knocking. I had come all the way from Canada to see the old Somersby Rectory, and I did see it. You enter a large square hall, on the left side of which rises the stairway. On the table is a visitors' register. As I write my name I notice that the previous caller of the day before had come from South Africa. The house was nearly bare, only a



TENNYSON MONUMENT, LINCOLN.

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

I sought out the local photographer. In his studio I found and secured for my collection the originals of many illustrations that have appeared in print, such as those used in Napier's "Homes and Haunts of Tennyson." Horncastle itself, it should be noted, was the home of Tennyson's devoted wife, Emily Sellwood, the niece of Sir John Franklin, who lived in the village of Spilsby, a few miles off. The Sellwood house still stands in the centre of the village.

Lincoln. A very short run on the cars brings us to Lincoln, the city set upon a hill. With some Canadian friends I climbed the steep hill the second time on Sunday afternoon to view the Tennyson Statue standing alongside the magnificent cathedral. It is a fine piece of work, done by Watts. The old poet stands, with uncovered head, looking at a flower which he holds in his hand, with his faithful dog looking up enquiringly into his face. What is the meaning? The bronze plate on the front of the railing gives the answer:

"Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies,
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand
Little Flower—but if I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is."

On the rear of the pedestal is another bronze with this inscription:

"Over all one statue in the mould of Arthur, made by Merlin."

"Alfred, Lord Tennyson, P.L.

Born 1809—Died 1892.

"George Frederick Watts, O.M., R.A.

Born 1817—Died 1904."

Louth. Leaving Lincoln by another route, we come to the prosperous town of Louth, where Tennyson's grandparents lived, where he attended school, and where lived the bookseller Jackson who paid so generously for the manuscript of the "Poems by Two Brothers." The old school has gone, having given place to

a modern one, and, of course, Jackson is gone. But the church is there with its fine spire and, near by, is the house where Tennyson lived for a time with his grandmother, Mrs. Fytche. In the King Edward VII. School are to be seen busts of Tennyson and of Capt. John Smith (1580-1631), the founder of Virginia, pupils of the old school.

Mablethorpe. A few miles east lies Mablethorpe. The Tennysons were frequent visitors long before it had become a popular resort. I followed the holiday crowd and soon found myself upon the long beach with sand dunes piled high. Lincolnshire in its names suggests its early settlement by the Scandinavians. The Tennysons had some of that blood in their veins. It was from these sands, the rolling waves, and the gales blowing across the North Sea that Tennyson revived the ancestral love of wind and wave. On the outskirts of the village, partly protected by the dunes, stands the house where Tennyson is reported to have made his home while visiting Mablethorpe. The sign of Walter Gray, who has horses and carriages for hire, now meets the eye of the Tennyson pilgrim.

Cambridge. On the way back to London you can stop off at Cambridge and see Trinity College. You will, of course, walk through the Courts or Quads and the avenue of limes leading up from the river to the gate. Then you will go to the library. As you enter you will see on the right the original Woolner bust of Tennyson. A note attached to this bust informed us that it was made by Woolner in 1857, and that later two others were made of the poet as he appeared in 1857, one in 1861 for Mr. Chas. Buxton, M.P., and one in 1865 for Mr. Chas. Jenner. The bust of 1865 is now in Westminster Abbey. At the further end of the library, under glass, is the priceless manuscript of "In Memoriam," presented to Dr. H. M. Butler by Hon. Catharine Lady Simeon and Hallam Lord Tennyson, 27th of June 1898. The original draft of Audley Court is also there. Tennyson lived out while at College, so we cannot visit his rooms. Hallam occupied rooms on the south side of the New Court near the entrance.

• *London.* We come back to London, go to Westminster Abbey and visit the poets' corner, recalling the memorable scene when the best of all Britain met seventeen years ago to pay their

respects to the laureate, as Church and State laid his remains to rest in the Empire's most cherished structure. We read the name cut in the slab in the floor and make silent contrast between this magnificent pile and the humble rectory in the Lincolnshire lane. We turn back towards the city and make our way down



CROSS AT SOMERSBY CHURCH.

the Strand, and at last reach The Cock Tavern at 22 Fleet Street. Make no mistake, this is not the old place to which Tennyson resorted and where Will Waterproof was "plump head waiter." In 1885 the old Cock Ale House at Temple Bar was torn down to make room for a Bank of England building, but the old furnish-

ings were preserved, and, if you go upstairs to the smaller grill room, you can sit in one of the old stalls on one of the very seats that Tennyson used and order a dinner very much like that which he enjoyed. Around the walls you will see pictures of the old tavern, and, if you are curious, the waiter will show you other relics and will be only too pleased to give you some printed accounts of the old tavern with Tennyson's poem in full.

Isle of Wight. I took the train at Waterloo Station for Lymington, through Winchester, past Southampton, and across a corner of the New Forest. At Lymington you take boat for Yarmouth, lying just across the Solent. As the boat pushes out through the winding channel and reaches the open water you see the downs of the island outlined against the southern sky with the Tennyson cross crowning the highest point. The coach picks you up at the pier and you drive $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, up hill and down, and at last, after passing through Freshwater village, you are set down at Freshwater Bay Hotel, an ideal spot on the cliffs overlooking Freshwater Bay and the English Channel. The outlook is charming, the surroundings are most agreeable. After an early breakfast you start off up the coast. Ahead of you is the high down, now called Tennyson's Down, on the top of which stands the Tennyson Cross, marking the place where The Beacon formerly stood, and on past it to The Needles, just $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Bay. What a grand walk, such bracing air, the hills covered with green velvety sward—to the right a small down covered with purple heather; beyond, the main coast of England; 500 feet below you the waters of the Channel. You are taking the favorite walk of Lord Tennyson, where, as he breasted the breeze and saw a great part of the world's commerce passing beneath him, he had those interesting talks with congenial friends or worked over in his mind many of his inimitable stanzas. Farringford lies below us, hidden among the trees. After dinner we take a walk through the village, turning off to the left up a shady road past Farringford, round by the Home Farm, and come back to the main road by what is known as Tennyson's Lane. You will need to keep a close watch to get a good view of the house, for it is almost concealed by the great trees which surround it and stand thick in the field in front. On through the village we go to the top of the street and there stands Fresh-

water Church. On the far side of the graveyard we find the grave of Lady Tennyson, with its plain but neat memorial. As we return we recall that it was while crossing these waters that Tennyson worked out the message of Crossing the Bar.

Blackdown. You go southwest from London by the L. & S. W. Railway and soon feel your train rising to the hilly country. Haslemere is the station where you alight. Then you can walk or drive to the top of Blackdown. There are two hills here, Hindhead, from which you look northeast towards London, and Blackdown, from which you look southwest and south towards



OLD PARISH CHURCH, CLEVEDON.

Portsmouth and the Channel. There are literary associations about each of these hills. It is a favorite run out from London, about 40 miles. The climate at Farringford was not bracing enough for Lady Tennyson, so a new home was built high up on Blackdown, just on the border of Sussex and Surrey, with a view of Hampshire as well. The house is hidden among the trees, just the roof showing. You climb the winding road from Haslemere Station and then turn in on the left through Tennyson's Lane, shady and cool, close grown on either side, with here and there a vista. This brings you out onto an open moor at the very top of Blackdown, Aldworth on your left, and the whole

south of England, apparently, before and below you. The heather was in rich bloom when I was there in July. We retrace our steps slowly, and now we are following the very road down which he often went and along which his body was so tenderly carried on that October day in 1892, on its way to final rest in the great Abbey. Before taking the train back to London I went over to the Parish Church to see the memorial window designed by the late Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The subject is Galahad and the Holy Grail.

"I Galahad, saw the Grail,
The Holy Grail, descend upon the shrine;
And in the strength of this I rode,
Shattering all evil customs everywhere."

The tablet below the window is, I think, well worth recording here, as it may not be familiar to many.

"In Memory of
ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON,
POET LAUREATE.

In thankfulness for the music of his words, also for that more excellent gift, whereby, being himself schooled by love and sorrow, he had power to confirm in the hearts of many their faith in the things that are not seen,
The hope of immortality.

In praise of God, the Inspirer of Prophet and of Poet,
this window is dedicated
by some friends and neighbors of Haselmere."

Clevedon. A trip to Bristol included calls at Bath, Wells, Cheddar, Glastonbury and Clevedon—Bath, with its old Roman remains; Wells, whose millenary celebration took place this year; Cheddar, with its rocky vale, its beautiful caves and its dairy associations; Glastonbury, with its ruins and reminiscences of King Arthur; and Clevedon, the burial place of Arthur Hallam. It is only a few miles by rail from Bristol to Clevedon. A short drive from the station brings you to the old parish church founded some nine centuries ago. It stands by itself in the hollow of a hill overlooking the Bristol Channel.

“There twice a day the Severn fills,
The salt sea water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye
And makes a silence in the hills.”

The church was locked, but the caretaker was found, and having entered, we read the well-known tablet to Arthur Henry Hallam.

Glastonbury. It lies 24 miles south of Bristol and 12 miles from the seacoast, a town of some 4,000 inhabitants, situated on elevated ground. Between it and the Bristol Channel lies a stretch of low land. In early days the elevated land, the hills on which the town stands, was an island, the Isle of Avalon, or the isle where the apples grow. Its soil is saturated with the earliest mythological stories of Christianity, and close to the high altar lie the remains of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere.

The Tennyson pilgrim must needs see Glastonbury Abbey. It is in sad ruin, but enough remains to indicate the magnificence of the original Abbey and its churches. The millenary celebration of the Bishopric of Bath and Wells took place in June of this year, and in connection with it the formal transfer of the deeds of the Glastonbury Abbey was made to the Church of England. At the time of my visit in August workmen had already begun work upon the preservation of the ruins.

Tennyson Exhibition. I come back to London and again make my way to 148 New Bond Street, the rooms of the Fine Art Society, where the centenary exhibition is being held. There is no great crowd. All is quiet and orderly. A few persons, catalogue in hand, are leisurely but intently looking over the portraits, letters, manuscripts, rare prints and first editions which have been loaned for a few weeks. It is not a complete collection, though there are 272 entries in the catalogue, but it contains the best, and to the lover and student of Tennyson, his life and his work, it is exceedingly interesting.

I have made my pilgrimage, I have walked in the poet's footsteps, I have done my homage, I have paid my small tribute to the memory of the worthy poet, and I have returned with a goodly sheaf of spoils in the shape of pictures, pamphlets, guide books and pleasant memories.

Tennyson, the Imperialist.

IN August of this year there will be celebrated the centennial of the birth of Alfred Tennyson, and the celebration will not be limited to Lincolnshire or to England, for wherever the Union Jack is unfurled the patriotic poems of Tennyson will be recited and the British Empire around the globe will gladly pay tribute to one who contributed not a little to make that Empire possible and permanent. Our subject then is appropriate in this centennial year; it is opportune also, at a time when Imperialism is becoming so lively a theme; and it appeals particularly to the Daughters of the Empire, for no other poet ever paid greater respect, or magnified the virtues to a greater extent, than did Alfred Tennyson in his treatment of woman.

Let us for a moment go back to 1809. A new era of English poetry was being ushered in. Crabbe, Rogers, Wordsworth, Montgomery, Scott, Coleridge, Southey, Lamb, Landor, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Shelley, and Keats were on earth. Most of them were in the first flight of their song. Thus it will be seen that Tennyson and Browning came to the English people when poetry was at the top of the wave. They lived to see these older poets drop out one by one and the wave of English song well nigh disappear. What a contrast between 1809 and 1909! Swinburne has gone—only Kipling and Alfred Austin and Phillips are left. Has the wave reached its lowest level? May we look for a revival of English poetry?

Is the nation so absorbed in commercialism, and defence, in Dreadnaughts, auto cars and airships, in Socialism and Suffragism, as to prove unfavorable for the development of the highest literary art? Some people tell us that the age of poetry has gone by—but it should be remembered that Tennyson grew up amid changes relatively as great as those through which we are now passing, and those very changes served as material for his poetic skill. It may be that this Imperialism as it develops in the great heart of the Empire and flows out to the extremest parts, may again stimulate the latent powers of the poets and help to usher in another era of song made up of a chorus in which the home-staying Britons will be accompanied by the Empire's daughters around the world.

This paper was prepared for and read to the Chamberlain Chapter of the Daughters of the Empire, Toronto, May, 1909.

It was, as I have stated, a poetic age into which Tennyson was born—it was a memorable year, an *annus mirabilis*, in which he was born. It was the birth year of men and women who were destined to leave their impress upon the world.

Let us take them up in the order of their birth:

Edgar Allen Poe	Jan. 19, 1809; Oct. 7, 1849—40 years
Mendelssohn	Feb. 3, 1809; Nov. 4, 1847—39 years
Abraham Lincoln	Feb. 12, 1809; Apr. 15, 1865—56 years
Charles Darwin	Feb. 12, 1809; 1882—73 years
Edward Fitzgerald	Mar. 31, 1809; J'ne 14, 1883—74 years
Richard Monkton Milnes (Lord Houghton)	J'ne 19, 1809; Aug. 11, 1885—76 years
John Stuart Blackie ...	July 1809; Mar. 1895—86 years
Alfred Tennyson	Aug. 6, 1809; Oct. 6, 1892—83 years
Oliver Wendell Holmes..	Aug. 29, 1809; Oct. 7 1894—85 years
Wm Ewart Gladstone...	Dec. 29, 1809; May 19, 1898—88 years

The life-long friendship of Tennyson, Gladstone, Fitzgerald and Lord Houghton is worthy of note just here; while more than passing notice might be taken of the fact that Tennyson helped in verse to elaborate and illumine great truths which Darwin was teaching in plain prose.

The question that you would have me discuss in this paper is, What do the British people owe to Lord Tennyson?

First: He ennobled the English language. Language and thought, expression and sentiment are closely linked together. It is so easy to degrade written and spoken words. Loose language—loose thinking—loose morality. The downward tendency is so easy. Anyone who keeps our language clear and clean is a public benefactor, and such was Tennyson. There is no expurgated Tennyson, there is no need for such. No English poet ever wrought out his lines with greater care or fitted together ideas and words with such consummate skill.

Let me make a quotation from the life of the present Prime Minister of Great Britain:

“In opening a course of University extension lectures at Gresham College, on 11th October, 1892, Mr. Asquith paid an eloquent tribute to the memory of Tennyson. He said: ‘I think we may safely say that in the whole history of English literature there is no writer any of us have read, of whom it may be more

truly said that he kept in unsullied purity that great instrument, the English language; that he used it always and used it only as a noble vehicle of noble thoughts. Two full generations of Englishmen have found in his verse refinement, solace, inspiration, and when to-morrow he is laid at rest in the great Abbey, the whole English-speaking race, without distinction of latitude or of allegiance, will recognize that in our time our language has been spoken by no more stately and not more melodious voice.' "

—Mr. Asquith, by J. P. Alderson: Methuen & Co., 1905).

Secondly: Patriotism glows through all his poems, and it was patriotism broad, deep and permanent, not blown up by prejudice or ignorance, but based upon knowledge and sincere love of his country.

“Love thou thy land with love far-brought
From out the storied past, and used
Within the present, but transfused
Through future time by power of thought.

True love, turn'd round on fixed poles;
Love, that endures not sordid ends,
For English natures, freeman, friends,
Thy brothers, and immortal souls.”

Let me give his ideas as to patriotism in his own prose: “True patriotism is rare, the love of country which makes a man defend his landmarks, that we all have, and the Anglo-Saxon more than most other races; but the patriotism that declines to link itself with the small fry of the passing hour for political advantage—that is rare, I say. The Duke of Wellington had both kinds of patriotism.”

Some may say that this patriotism of Tennyson was insular. In a sense it was—he had never visited Canada or Australia or India. He inspired Britishers at home with patriotism, with independent thinking, with high moral living, and as they crossed the seas they helped to spread these ideas through the Empire.

I can close these remarks about patriotism by no finer quotation than the revised version of Tennyson's poem of 1851, “To the Queen.” It appears in the introduction to the “Life of Tennyson”:

"The noblest men methinks are bred
Of ours, the Saxo-Norman race;
And in the world the noblest place,
Madam, is yours, our Queen and Head.

Your name is blown on every wind,
Your flag thro' Austral ice is borne,
And glimmers to the Northern morn
And floats in either golden Ind.

I give this faulty book to you,
For, tho' the faults be thick as dust
In vacant chambers, I can trust
Your woman's nature kind and true."

The British Empire has been extended far since Tennyson wrote these lines. The "Golden Ind" of the East has been enlarged and the British flag has been borne through and over Austral ice to within 111 miles of the South Pole. This second verse suggests Kipling at his best in "The Flag of England." Kipling sent the poem to Tennyson, and the old Laureate, then 82 years of age, sent back to him a word of praise. Note Kipling's reply: "When the private in the rank is praised by the general, he cannot presume to thank him, but he fights the better next day"—and so the enthusiasm of patriotism and of empire spreads.

Thirdly: Tennyson has left us three or four poems which are invaluable to the British people from the Imperialistic standpoint—they recall the glorious deeds of Britons in foreign parts. These are:

Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington;

The Revenge;

The Defence of Lucknow; and

The Charge of the Light Brigade.

Tennyson abhorred war, he was for peace, not, however, for peace at any price, because, as he said, "peace at all price implies war at all cost"—he looked forward to and longed for the time

"When the war drum throbs no longer, and the battle flags are
furled

In the Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World."

But when war does come and men do their duty he would give them full acclaim. This he has set forth in the epilogue to the "Charge of the Heavy Brigade";

"—he needs must fight
To make true peace his own,
He needs must combat might with might
Or Might would rule alone;
And who loves war for war's own sake
Is fool, or crazed, or worse;
But let the patriot-soldier take
His meed of fame in verse.

It should be noted that Tennyson nearly always refers to England, seldom to Britain. Thus, Wellington the Irishman is spoken of as "England's greatest son" who "never lost an English gun.

In "The Defence of Lucknow" he begins

"Banner of England, not for a season, O banner of Britain hast thou
Floated in conquering battle or flapt to the battle cry!"

but he adds

"And ever upon the topmost roof our banner of England blew."

After the escape of the Queen from assassination in 1862, Tennyson wrote "Hands All Round." Let me quote the second verse:

"To all the loyal hearts who long
To keep our English Empire whole,
To all our noble sons, the strong
New England of the southern pole!
To England under Indian skies,
To those dark millions of her realm,
To Canada whom we love and prize
Whatever statesmen hold the helm.
Hands all round;
God the traitor's hope confound,
To this great name of England drink
My friends
And all her glorious Empire, round and round."

Tennyson gloried in being an Englishman, but he was not a "Little Englander"—to him England was the heart of the Empire. Imperialists of to-day would no doubt have preferred him to have used the farther reaching terms Britain and British.

Twenty-four years ago the people of Britain were disturbed over the condition of the fleet. The daily papers, lead by *Stead*, were agitating for a greater navy. The Poet Laureate was heard from. Four short verses appeared in *The Times*:

"You, you, if you shall fail to understand
 What England is and what her all-in-all,
 On you will come the curse of all the land
 Should this old England fall
 Which Nelson left so great.

* * * * *

Her dauntless army, scattered and so small,
 Her island-myrriads fed from alien lands—
 The fleet of England is her all-in-all
 Her fleet is in your hands,
 And in her fleet her fate.

Public opinion was aroused and in the following year the Lords of the Admiralty began the reconstruction of the British navy.

I have quoted to you in "Hands All Round" Tennyson's reference "To Canada whom we love and prize, whatever statesmen hold the helm." That was in 1882. But there is an earlier and a far more interesting reference to Canada that must find place in our paper. It was twenty years before Dr. Parkin's work on Imperial Federation had appeared, and was a stimulus to the Canada First movement, of which and of its development, Col. Denison writes in his book just fresh from the press. Forty years ago Imperialism was not so strong in Canada as it is to-day. There were men of prominence in commercial and political circles at that time who thought seriously of cutting the tie that binds this country to the Empire. And there were men high in the councils of the State across the sea who apparently favored it, or were indifferent. There were doubts about the value of this country to Great Britain. Was the connection worth the cost? Finally, in October, 1872, a leader appeared in *The Times* that suggested the possibility, if not the desirability, of separation. Tennyson was at the time engaged upon the putting

of the final touches to the *Idylls of the King*. The dedication to the Queen was in hand, and when it appeared it contained those memorable lines on Canada's relationship to the Empire:

"And that true North, whereof we lately heard
 A strain to shame us—'keep you to yourselves,
 So loyal is too costly! friends, your love
 Is but a burden; break the bonds and go!'—
 Is this the tone of Empire— Here the faith
 That made us rulers? This indeed her voice
 And meaning, whom the roar of Hougomont
 Left mightiest of all nations under Heaven?
 What shock has fooled her since that she should speak
 So feebly? Wealthier—wealthier—hour by hour!
 The voice of Britain, or a sinking land,
 Some third-rate isle half lost among the seas?
 There rang her voice, when the full city peal'd
 Thee and Thy Prince; The loyal to their crown
 Are loyal to their own far sons, who love
 Our Ocean Empire with her boundless homes."

The tone of England changed, and never since has any inspired or authoritative statement been put out that Canada might go because she cost the Empire too much. Lord Dufferin, our Governor-General, wrote to Tennyson as follows: "Your noble words have struck responsive fire from every heart, they have effectually healed the wounds caused by the senseless language of 'The Times.' Canada may well be proud that her loyal aspirations should be imperishably recorded in the greatest poem of this generation."

And who inspired or suggested these words which Tennyson addressed to the Queen? Another woman; one whose husband had gone to penetrate the northern wilds of Arctic Canada, and whose homecoming she had waited for in vain—it was no other than Lady Franklin, the friend and relative of the poet, who was staying with the poet at the time and whose keen interest in this country prompted the suggestion which the poet immediately acted upon.

It was not through his poems only that Lord Tennyson influenced the Empire. He was retiring in disposition; he avoided the crowd, seldom appeared in public, but the greatest men and women of England were his intimate friends. Read that

remarkable book the story of his life, as compiled by his son, and you will become impressed with the great power which the Poet Laureate wielded. His opinions were sought and were frankly given on the great questions of the day.

Let us quote from an address by Dr. John Murray Moore to the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool:

"Three great national poets—Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson—have moulded for good the moral and spiritual thought of the last and of the present generation. Each of these great prophets, we are glad to know, was religious in spirit, pure in life, and happy in his domestic circle. In Alfred Tennyson, endowed with the ablest poetical form of the three, it seems to me that the love of solitary communion with nature which was Wordsworth's characteristic blended with Browning's gift of studying man in all his types and emotions; and in his greatest poems both are transfused into original and profound expression by the alchemy of his individual genius. Wordsworth's best poems have a soothing yet elevating effect on the mind; Browning's knowledge of humanity and his robust faith in the goodness of God, help us to fight the battle of life; while Tennyson's whole life-work has had for its object the elevation of the ideals of his fellow-countrymen. As regards our national policy, his ardent loyalty, sincere patriotism, and far-seeing British Imperialism made our late Laureate the deadly foe of all that is foolish, mean, dishonest, or degrading in the conduct of our vast Empire, the expansion of which makes for the material, moral and spiritual welfare of the entire human race."

Tennyson was an Imperialist. By some of his critics he has been criticized as being insular, and to this charge he would have to plead guilty in some particulars, but it was the outcome of his love of his people and his great interest in their development. He certainly felt that the hope of the world was largely bound up in the future of the race to which he belonged. He was keenly critical of the faults and failings of his own people; he warned them of their dangers; he gloried in their triumphs, and he set before them grand ideals. It is no easy matter for even a great man to be keenly patriotic and at the same time cosmopolitan. It is proof of his Imperialistic range and vision when

his poems can be read with interest and inspiration by the lonely settler on the great prairies of the West, by the gold seeker in Australia, and by Gordon shut within the walls of Khartoum. Tennyson was first of all an Englishman, but his poems have reached the farthest limits of the British Empire.

NOTES FROM THE "MEMOIR" TO ILLUSTRATE THE PAPER
ON "TENNYSON, THE IMPERIALIST."

From Lady Tennyson's journal, Nov. 12th, 1870:

"Aunt Franklin (Lady Franklin) and Sophy Cracroft came to luncheon from Moor Park. . . . A. talked, as he had done of late, chiefly of the state of England and Europe. He cared so much for this that most other things just then seemed matters of indifference to him. He thought of writing to Lord Grenville, to tell him how grateful he was for his spirited remonstrance; and he said 'How strange England cannot see her true policy lies in a close union with the colonies!'" (Volume II., p. 101).

Sept. 1st, 1871—"He (Tennyson) has read and given me to read 'Fraser's Magazine' with suggestive articles on colonial federation, and against the inclosure of Commons, against which he has always protested. A general Colonial Council for the purposes of defence sounds to us sensible. He advocated inter-colonial conferences in England; and was of opinion that the foremost colonial ministers ought to be admitted to the Privy Council or to some other Imperial Council where they could have a voice in Imperial affairs." (Volume II., p. 109).

From Lord Tennyson's diary:

Nov. 1st, 1872—"I have not set eyes on the Canada paragraph, but Knowles, who has gone off to Brighton to-day, says he will get it for me."

Nov. 8th—"Lady Franklin has sent me that Canadian bit of 'The Times.' Villainous!" (Vol. II., pp. 116, 117).

From Lady Tennyson's journal:

Dec. 25th, 1872—"A. burnt with indignation and shame at one eminent statesman saying to him, 'Would to God Canada would go!'" (P. 119).

Letter of Tennyson to Sir Henry Parkes, Premier of New South Wales, in May, 1881:

"I always feel with the Empire, and I read with great interest of these first steps in Federation. Go on, and prosper in the good work." (Vol. II., p. 261).

Oct. 1st, 1892 (Lord Tennyson died on Oct. 6th)—"On Friday my wife read him an article in 'The Times' on the colonization of Uganda, for which he asked. He looked forward to the day when South Africa would be welded into one mighty state, linked in a strict federation with England." (Vol. II., p. 425).

"THAT TRUE NORTH"

Lord Dufferin dedicated a Canadian edition of his "Letters from High Latitudes" in the words "To that True North." I cannot refrain from connecting with these lines one more association which will, I feel sure, in Canadian hearts at least, add a tender grace to the vigorous thought of the poet and the delicate compliment of the politician. I am able to do so through the accident of a conversation with the late Rev. Drummond Rawnsley, of Lincolnshire, a connection and intimate friend of Lord Tennyson, whom I happened to meet some years since at the house of a common friend, Professor Bonamy Price, at Oxford. The Poet Laureate, with whom he had lately been staying, had told him that when the articles referred to had appeared in "The Times," Lady Franklin, who was then a guest at his house, and who felt the most intense interest in the future of Canada, had been filled with indignation at the wrong which they did to English sentiment and to Canadian loyalty, and had strongly urged upon him the duty and propriety of giving utterance to some sufficient protest. Being in the fullest sympathy with Lady Franklin's views, the poet acted upon this suggestion and the lines were written. I do not think any private confidence is violated in mentioning the facts told to me on such unquestionable authority. It seems well that Canadian people should know when reading these lines, that behind the poet's brain was the woman's heart, and that a lady whose name is held in highest honor wherever the English language is spoken, and wherever heroism and devotion touch the human heart, is thus connected by the subtle thread of sympathy and the golden verse of our greatest poet with their own loved land.

Foot note to page 9, introduction to Imperial Federation by G. R. Parkin, 1892.

Lord Dufferin's letter to Lord Tennyson (Ottawa, Feb. 25th, 1873), will be found in full in "The Memoir," together with Lord Tennyson's reply, Vol. II., pp. 143, 144.

