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Westbourne Park, W.

London 17 Oct. 1892.

Lyrisches Lied zum Gedächtniß an die "Freiwilligen"
 Lyrisches Lied zum Gedächtniß an die "Freiwilligen"
 über die Leistung der "Freiwilligen" in der
 Schlacht von Solferino am 24. Juni 1859.
 Die "Freiwilligen" haben in der Schlacht von
 Solferino die Ehre gemacht, die ersten zu sein,
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finden an dem, es will auf
bei diesem Galgenstein in
den ymofen Kartagen
ausgehen, ob von prunt
haben sich von prunt
für die gewalt. Man fucht
das Ingeredelworts
mit dem Bohemia die in
den rousfuld von dem
Cimber. Robert in die
gessand Galgenstein find
will in rousfuld mit
Manneynen rousfuld
es glouben hoch, das die
auf die Ingeredelworts
Deutschen Grit besitzten
es will das fell die
Manneynen rousfuld, die

nicht nur den untern
Kübeln zu zuzuführen, da
folgend in Kreuzzügen
sowohl bei der Befestigung
großer Festungen als
Gärten & Gärten sehr
nützlich, so auch in
den für die Gärten
sowohl für die - Willen
sowohl in den neuen
Freien Presse - auch auf
dem Berg, Bergbau
wichtig.
Wird die Wirkung wichtig
für die, für die im
Garten. Besonders nützlich
für die auf die Gärten
sowohl für die Gärten,
für die, für die
auf dem Berg, Bergbau
wichtig.
C. A. Beckheim,
Königliche Bibliothek für die

Punkt mit, das auf dem
jüngsten Jüng auf
weist.



may be seen by the Christian irradiating the future and beating back the blackness of despair. In respect of conduct, he lays down the law of absolute obedience to conscience, or as he styles it, *Will*. His sonnet with this title has about as good a right as anything written in the present century to be ranked with Scripture:

O well for him whose will is strong!
He suffers, but he will not suffer long;
He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong.

But ill for him who, bettering not with time,
Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will,

And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime,
Or seeming-genial venial fault,
Recurring and suggesting still!
He seems as one whose footsteps halt,
Toiling in immeasurable sand,
And o'er a weary, sultry land,
Far beneath a blazing vault,
Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill,
The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

Tennyson's poems have unquestionably exercised a profound influence upon his countrymen, although he can hardly be said to have been popular in the same way as Scott or Byron. Startled by some hideous phenomena of the last few years, he failed sometimes to realise the great progress that has been made in gentleness of manners, in diffusion of information, in the extension of elementary education, and the diminution of crime and pauperism, since the day he saw the vision of the world in *Locksley Hall*. But mankind has not been going backward, and one proof of the fact is that throughout all the millions of the English-speaking race the name of Tennyson is honoured and loved.

PETER BAYNE.

TABLE TALK.

THAT we recognise how great is the loss sustained by England and the world in the death of Tennyson will not, we trust, be doubted because we make a less display of grief and use more moderate terms of eulogy than some of our contemporaries. If we may believe the writers of the daily Press, last Thursday was a black day in English literature, for Lord Tennyson's death extinguished its most brilliant light, and his loss makes a blank impossible to fill. The extreme note of panegyric is excusable, if ever, when a great man has just died, but the impression conveyed by some writers, that the entire educated people of these islands are wailing and gnashing their teeth must surely be exaggerated. Are not the journalistic phrases that at such times come uppermost too much like the trappings of an old-time funeral, or the complimentary phrases in an Oriental letter?

Two of the poets whose names have been most frequently mentioned as likely successors in the laureateship had memorial odes in *The Times* of Friday, the first issue of the paper after the death was known. Mr. Alfred Austin's, called 'The Passing of Merlin,' runs to nineteen

stanzas, and we are pleased to see that he does not altogether give way to the gloomy views just referred to. In two stanzas he says:

For never hath England lacked a voice to sing
Her fairness and her fame, nor will she now.
Silence awhile may brood upon the bough,
But shortly once again the isle will ring
With wakening winds of March and rhapsodies
of spring.

From Arthur unto Alfred, Alfred crowned
Monarch and minstrel both to Edward's
day,

From Edward to Elizabeth, the lay
Of valour and love hath never ceased to
sound,
But song and sword are twin, indissolubly
bound.

Mr. Lewis Morris begins somewhat too prosaically:

Dear friend and honoured Master, art thou
dead?
And shall I see no more thy reverend face
Recall our older England's manlier grace.

Thy bent, cloaked figure, dark against the
gold
And purple of thy dear secluded hill,
Pace with uncertain footsteps day by day
The much-loved round, nor in the failing light
Upon thy smooth lawns watch the summer
night
Steal o'er the ghostly plains, nor mark the
strain

Of thy blithe thrushes with thee, nor again
The enamoured lonely nightingale complain?

The second note of interrogation comes after seventeen lines, and on that ground the sentence is possibly worth the attention of an examiner seeking to perplex youth at a competitive examination in the analysis of their native tongue.

Summing up the dead man's claims, Mr. Lewis Morris writes:

Thy place is with the Immortals. Who shall
gauge
Thy rank among thy peers of world-wide
song?

Others, it may be, touched a note more
strong,

Scaled loftier heights, or glowed with fiercer
rage;

But who like thee could slay our modern
Doubt?

Or soothe the sufferers with a tenderer heart?
Or dress gray legends with such perfect
grace?

Or nerve life's world-worn pilgrims for their
part?

Thy chaste, white Muse, loathing the Pagan
rout,
Would drive with stripes the Goatish Satyr
out.

Is 'Goatish Satyr' capable of being read as a sly hit at a certain supposed rival for the laureateship?

'Lord Tennyson,' says Mr. Japp, in his little essay in the latest volume of the 'Poets and Poetry of the Century,' just issued, 'is perhaps the most efficient interpreter of the questioning unrest, the ardent aspiration, and dreamy retrospection of the time, which, though said to be materialistic, yet, in accesses of reaction, returns upon ideals often dim, vague, and distant, loves to shelter itself under the softened aerial shadows of romance, and to soothe itself in a gentle melancholy—in

a kind of dreamy, wistful regret.' Mr. Japp seems to us right in objecting, as he does further on, to 'critics who approach Lord Tennyson from the point of view of mere thought, in one way or other desiring a definite scheme of life and society.'

If the constituency of educated Englishmen were polled on the subject of the office of laureate, now vacant by Tennyson's death, we believe there would be a large majority in favour of its extinction. Such a measure would be really in the literary interests of each of the writers who are supposed to be at the present moment candidates for the post. To be placed in a position which would invite immediate comparison with the great singer who has just departed would be, to any one of them, a cruel kindness. The struggle for this laurel crown looks like that of the obscure generals of Alexander for the empire of him who had conquered the world. (In this case, though, the empire had no real connection with the crown). The laureateship is an office which can add no greatness to a great man, but it has the power of making a small one ridiculous. The idea of a Court minstrel, who shall compose odes to order, savours too much of flunkeyism for nineteenth century taste. A true poet will sing the great events of his country's life infinitely better when inspired by his own muse and the throb of the nation's heart than when his poem is composed 'by command.' An office which was held by Whitehead when Gray was living, which Sir Walter Scott and Rogers refused, and which *per contra* was adorned by a Pyc and by a Tate (of Tate and Brady fame), is of no value as a literary criterion, and confers no real distinction. If a new tenant of the position is to be appointed he will succeed to a title and to some £70 a year. But all his enemies will have their sweetest revenge in calling him 'the successor of Tennyson.'

If the post must be filled up, there seems common-sense in the suggestion that for once it should be conferred on a woman. Miss Jean Ingelow and Miss Christina Rossetti have both been mentioned, and there are doubtless others for Mr. Gladstone to choose from. If he will not give women the suffrage, he may at least consider feminine claims in other directions when he has the chance. But if the laureateship must be continued, and if the Salic law of succession must be applied to it, then the claims of Sir Edwin Arnold, based on 'The Light of Asia' alone, seem second to none. We only know of one impediment, and that a serious one. He is (nominally?) chief editor of a great daily newspaper, and thereby is an object of journalistic 'envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness.'

For some time to come we may expect stories of Lord Tennyson to crop up, especially, as a cynic might add, 'now that he is not here to refute them.' It will be strange if some of those Americans who, according to report, have been known to make a fortnight's sojourn in the neighbourhood with the sole object of catching a glimpse of him, do not bring out some original anecdotes. We remember one American editor who made the attempt to see Lord Tennyson in order to induce him to write something for his magazine, and

the tone of bitterness with which that editor referred to the churlishness of the bard, who declined to be interviewed, is vividly in our recollection though the editor admitted that Lady Tennyson had done all in her power to remove the sting of the refusal.

Mr. Arthur P. Jackson writes to *The Times* to say that a gentleman, whom he afterwards ascertained to be Lord Tennyson, addressed him when a schoolboy on his way home, and advised him to 'daily read at least one verse of the Bible and one verse from Shakespeare, for,' said he, 'the Bible will teach you how to speak to God, while Shakespeare will teach you how to address your fellows.' Perhaps the sceptical reader may be inclined to class this among the doubtful anecdotes, and that with no reflection upon Mr. Jackson's veracity—only upon his memory.

M. de Blowitz contributes a little anecdote which may be true, and certainly suggests the remark that Tennyson was more fortunate in his landlady than is usually the case with poets. The story is, briefly, that Tennyson once stayed a night at Lannion, the birthplace of Renan's mother. Next morning he asked for his bill, but the landlady refused to accept anything. 'You are the man,' she said, 'who has sung our King Arthur, and I cannot charge you anything.'

Such anecdotes as the one about Tennyson's going down on his hands and knees on the Lincolnshire cliffs one dark and wild night, while walking with Mr. Fields, of Boston, in order to smell the violets, which he had detected by his acute sense of smell, and the very similar one referring to his doing the same thing in Switzerland in broad daylight, in order to see the colour of an Alpine rose through a dragon-fly's wing—these are early samples of what we may expect. What ground is there, by the way, for Mr. Fields's (second) complaint against Tennyson, 'that he did not write of women as being on an equality with men, but treated them in his poems from a mediæval point of view'? We should be glad to see this question discussed by a competent hand.

Mr. Cuming Walters claims to have discovered that £20 (and not £10, as is generally stated) was paid by Jackson, the bookseller of Louth, to the two boy-poets who published anonymously 'Poems by Two Brothers' in 1827.

Archdeacon Farrar rarely loses a chance of getting his knife into 'the critics.' In his sermon at St. Margaret's on Sunday, when referring to Lord Tennyson's death, he could not refrain from a sentence which could hardly be surpassed for venom:

The insolent incompetence of critics, which leaves its furrow and its slime (*sic*) on the lives of most of the greatest men, as the wasp stings and the snail crawls over the richest fruit, embittered the life of Shelley and the death of Keats, raged like a fire against the name of Coleridge, availed for years to make Wordsworth a butt for shallow wit, and left Browning for half his life a poet without an audience; but its baseness was unavailing from the first against the victorious splendour of Tennyson.

The critic who would avoid such abuse

as this must be careful to offer nothing but the incense of praise and flattery.

Mr. Henry J. Jennings dates the preface to his new edition of 'Lord Tennyson: a Biographical Sketch,' October 6, the day of the poet's death, and embodies in his final chapter the poetical description of the chamber of death which Sir Andrew Clark sent to *The Times*.

Messrs. Macmillan have in the press, as we have already stated, a further volume of the late Lord Tennyson's poems, the principal one of which, it is now stated, deals with the death of Ænone. The proofs were revised very shortly before the poet's death. His life, it is understood, will be written by his son.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Ruskin contributed to Loudon's *Architectural Magazine* a series of papers under the title, 'The Poetry of Architecture; or, the Architecture of the Nations of Europe Considered in its Association with Natural Scenery and National Character.' These articles have now been collected for the first time and, with the advantages of Mr. Ruskin's own sketches, they are already in the press with Mr. George Allen.

The Ruskin Society of London holds its annual meeting to-night in the Governors' Room of the Charterhouse at 7 p.m., when Canon Elwyn will point out and describe the chief features of interest in the buildings of the Foundation. The subsequent meetings will be held on Fridays, with monthly intervals, at the London Institution.

Whilst a number of our great and small poets were exercised last week in bewailing the death of the English Poet Laureate, the members of the Poetical Guild in Germany were busy celebrating in verse the golden wedding of the Grand Duke and Duchess of Saxe-Weimar, which took place last Saturday with all the pomp of circumstance. Of all the poetical effusions that have come to our knowledge, the lofty strains addressed on the occasion by the veteran Austro-German poet, Ludwig August Frankl, to their 'Royal Highnesses' are decidedly the most successful.

Hardly a week passes without hearing that Mr. Gladstone has been reading some book fresh from the press, but only now and then is notice taken of his supplies from the second-hand booksellers. A writer in *The Liverpool Mercury* gives a goodly list of books Mr. Gladstone has lately bought from local booksellers, who regularly send their catalogues to Hawarden. Ireland is still uppermost in the Premier's mind, but thought of the distressful country does not block the way to other studies. Theology, history, travel, are all included, and that Mr. Gladstone should buy 'The History of Crinolines' shows what a capacity he has for out-of-the-way knowledge. Liverpool wishes to confer the freedom of the city upon Mr. Gladstone, and, as if intent upon a little local history in view of the event, he seeks 'Liverpool a Few Years Since, by an Old Stager,' and a guide to Liverpool published in the last century. The metropolis, too,

claims the attention of the buyer, and there is added to the Hawarden library 'Saunterings in and about London.' Then there is 'A Synopsis of the Peerages of England, Exhibiting under Alphabetical Arrangement the Date of Creation, Descent, and Present State of Every Title of Peerage which has existed in this Country since the Conquest (1825). The *Mercury* asks if Mr. Gladstone is thinking of justifying his enemies by going up to the gilded chamber. We think not.

By his will the late M. Renan directs his widow to revise and superintend the publication of the two remaining volumes of the 'Histoire du Peuple d'Israel,' the manuscript of which is complete. Among his other literary remains there is no single one sufficiently lengthy to form a volume. But he leaves a large portfolio, dated back to the year 1845, when he was only twenty-two years of age. This he made use of to contain his notes. He set great store on it, and has been known to get up in the middle of the night to see to its safety. Referring to it, he is said to have told Mme. Renan, 'I cannot be modest, for I feel forced in committing the manuscripts to you to lay stress on the value of some of the contents of that portfolio.'

The fortune M. Renan leaves is a very modest one, derived entirely from his published works. The simplicity of his habits and his absent-mindedness are exemplified by an anecdote which M. de Blowitz telegraphs to *The Times*: 'When arranging his books he was accustomed to put on an old coat, almost in rags. On the day when he was for the first time to meet the Duc d'Aumale at the Academy he remembered the appointment while thus busied, and, without remembering how he was dressed, took a cab to the Academy. There he had the usual cordial reception, and had a long talk with the new Academician. On returning home, before Mme. Renan had time to make any remark, he said to her: "I am just back from the Academy, and I don't know what there is about me, but all my colleagues, while exceedingly friendly, had a surprised look." Mme. Renan then called his attention to his library coat.'

An edition of that immortal work, Burton's 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' which Messrs. George Bell and Sons have in the press, will give for the first time verified references to the classical quotations. Mr. Shilleto, the editor, has also written an introductory memoir and supplied copious indexes. The edition will be in three volumes.

The Times understands that the late Sir William Gregory left behind him some manuscript recollections of his early life, and that these will probably be published by his widow.

The Rev. Alfred Momerie writes:

I must ask you to be good enough to correct a report which appeared recently in *THE LITERARY WORLD*. I have not seceded—and have not the slightest intention of seceding—from the Church of England.

We gladly make the correction, and regret we gave currency to a report which we now learn was unfounded.