

## TO FOLLOW TENNYSON.

DOUGLAS SLADEN'S BELIEF AS TO THE NEXT POET LAUREATE.

Men Who Have Claims to be Recognized in the Choice—Reasons Why Some Will Not Have the Preference—Sir Edwin Arnold May be the Man.

Douglas Sladen writes from Yokohama, Japan, to PROGRESS, and sends the following interesting opinion of Sir Edwin Arnold as the successor of Tennyson:

Every month we hear fresh rumors of Tennyson ailing or failing—fully three years ago he wrote to me that he had entirely lost the sight of one eye and could see but faintly with the other, and that he felt very infirm. And Browning is dead. Who next is to wear the laurel which is its own reward? for it has but a hundred sovereigns and a butt of Malmsey-Madeira to boot. The days of Pye are over. Court favour would never elevate a poetaster now, though it has weight in discriminating the claims of genuine poets. Even while Browning was alive, it seemed to me that the choice of a successor lay between Swinburne, the two Morris's, Alfred Austin and Edwin Arnold. Edmund Gosse and others whose names suggest themselves at once belong to a younger generation whose time has not yet come.

The question arises at the threshold, is the Laureateship to be given to the man most fit to write laureate odes, or to the greatest poet, or to a happy combination of the two? If the writing of odes to order has anything to do with the appointment, Browning would have been ridiculously inferior to Andrew Lang. I believe that Lang could write as good an ode to order as any Anglo-Saxon living. He is the Greek Deimos, terribly clever, steeped in culture for effective allusions, and the possessor of exquisite literary taste. But then Lang, like Gosse and Henley and William Sharp, belongs to the next-but-ones. If being a great poet were the test, Browning might have had to be considered first. But he could not have stood the combined test.

Swinburne has very high claims. He has been more read and famous longer than any of his rivals. For lyrical touch he is one of a triumvirate with Shelley and Poe. He has that rarest gift in poetry, melody. He has had more influence on English lyrical poetry than any man of his generation. He is the founder of a school in form and the founder of a school in subject. But his influence has not been as good as it might have been in either. He is responsible for miles of trochaic tinsel about passion, reeled out from the mouths of his disciples like the ribbons of red tissue paper from the mouth of a conjurer.

A year or two back, people would have pooh-poohed the idea of taking him into consideration for the Laureateship. But since then he has washed his hands of his revolutionary and atheistical vagaries and come forward as a passionate patriot. But the trouble is that if he were appointed Laureate, he would not write those little few stanza lyrics, as gem-like as Byron's "When we two parted" or Shelly's "One word is too often profaned," but rhapsodies rivaling his Victor Hugo odes in extensiveness, and his Tristram in a banquet of epithet too rich for any stomach. At the same time he might endeavor to rise to the dignity of the subject by employing lines of fifty-three syllables each—one for every year of the reign, and, when its blessings came to an end, flutter round the new one to begin with in fanciful little flights of one syllable lines. The Morris's are different. I couple them together simply because of their name; they are no relation and are men of very different calibre, but equally unfit to expatiate on the advantages arising from additions to Prince Henry of Battenberg's family, William as an ardent socialist, and Lewis as a prophet of radicalism, with no honor as such even in his native Wales.

William Morris is a great poet. In his poems it is not easy to pick out Purpure Panni for quotation, but taken as a whole they are instinct with voluptuous poetry. To read the Earthly Paradise is to lie in the best house at Pompeii, eating luscious fruit and drinking generous wine, as you watch the sun sinking over Ischia, and listen to a beautiful woman talking for only you to hear, or playing a barcarolle on the mandolin. It is voluptuousness distilled into poetry.

Unfortunately, when not engaged in this distillation, his soul expresses itself in spouting unclassical sentiments from the top of a barrel, or other street-socialist's rostrum.

Lewis Morris has one great qualification for succeeding Tennyson, that he has for years been practising Tennyson. He writes Tennysonian odes that are as strongly related to Tennyson as the apples baked in a pie to the apples before they were put into the pie. He really can write beautiful Laureate odes, but if Americans have no patience with Tennyson—a man of aristocratic birth and sympathies, and the friend of royalty for fifty years—for accepting an honor that was accepted as an honor by Wellington and Nelson and the elder Pitt, what have they to say to Laureate odes coming from the pen of Lewis Morris, an advanced radical at the hustings. As an ode-writer Lewis Morris is good enough. But even if he might be thought good

enough as a poet, could he honestly be the writer of Laureate odes?

He has, however, one claim, that of having for some time past (it is said appointed by that eminent judge of poetry, the Prince of Wales) acted as Lord Tennyson's deputy, and his poems certainly have the

Laureate, of making its author a poet of general public as well as of the student and scholar.

Sir Edwin has thus the triple qualification for Laureate—of being a man whose opinions are in sympathy with the office, a man whose poetical renown, both with learned

afraid or ashamed to worship, and where they are sure the pastor is their true earthly friend. It follows that in his church the seats should be free—all free, and not merely a few benches in the gallery set apart with the announcement that they are for people who cannot afford

## THE THYCKE FOGGE PAPERS.

The Senator Takes Infantile Phenomena as a Text.

NO. XIII.

One of Us sauntered along the avenue on Wednesday evening, having vainly endeavored to find his comrades, and passing the palatial quarters of the Union Club, he continued his way towards the residence of Our genial friend and host. On his arrival there, he was greeted by the Senator in the usual informal manner, and in answer to an inquiry relative to the whereabouts of the Rest of Us, surmised that they must have been taken with a violent desire to see Fauntleroy done after the manner of some Uncle Tom's Cabin shows, with two Fauntleroy's.

"That settles it," says the hon. gentleman, as he settled himself more comfortably in his capacious armchair; "take a weed and the other consolers, and let me hold forth a few minutes. There is no possible chance of our seeing any More of Us this evening, for that blessed play runs for nearly three hours, and as Each of Our friends is, in all probability, attached to a dear girl, he will think it too late to attend the usual hebdomadal symposium. The mention of the play that has taken such a hold on the people of two continents naturally brings to my mind the question: What benefit do the young people who perform in such pieces derive from it? To my mind they are spoiled for everything. Take such a character as Lord Fauntleroy for instance. In order to give the play its proper effect you require a bright child of about eight years old, a girl for preference, as girls at that age are generally quicker, brighter, and more docile than boys. Well, that child is taken from play home, comrades and everything natural to its time of life, is made to learn nine times out of ten, to memorize a lot of lines that would be a task for an adult, and is put on the stage to play the part; should the child make a hit she is petted, indulged and spoiled, and becomes a nuisance generally; she plays the part for say

two or three seasons, by which time she has outgrown it, is too large for that or any other of the prevalent child's parts of the day, and is also too young to take any other line. Naturally she has to return to her home and endeavor to take up the threads of her life where she dropped them when she assumed the fair wig and sash of the little Lord. It is the same with all of the parts played by young children, their lives are simply spoiled. I think also, that people make a mistake in running away with the idea that a child wants to be very clever to assume such a character as the one I have been speaking of, or Editha, or any of child's parts. Not so, for I am satisfied that any ordinarily intelligent young one can be taught to play as well as any of the Elsie, Leslies or Flossie Ethyls on the stage, for the very simple reason that children are naturally mimics, and it is no trouble to teach a child to imitate something, the main difficulty lying in the ability to remember the lines.

"Have you ever watched young children at play, even little tots of three and four years of age? If you have you will have noticed how faithfully they will copy the walk, manner, and peculiarities of their elders. For my part, I am sorry when I see children on the stage playing such sustained characters as the one under discussion, only because I think the little things ought to be safely tucked away in cots, instead of standing in the heated glare of the footlights and surrounded by the noise and bustle of the stage and audience."

A peculiar sound from the occupant of the other chair here interrupted the Senator and to his horror and disgust the only One of Us who had withstood the fascination of Mrs. Burnett's lovely creation was fast asleep. With muttered imprecations the Hon. Fogge awoke him, and refusing to accept an apology, hustled him out into the bright moonlight and bade him go and apply for a position on the Committee to improve the Old Burial Ground as he would have lots of time then to sleep.



FRESH FLOWERS.

claim of popularity. Andrew Lang accounts for the extensiveness of their sale by believing that they have taken the place of Eliza Cook's in the parlors of young ladies' boarding-schools. Their success is, in England, generally regarded as ephemeral and due to hitting off the taste of the hour. This is exactly what one does not want in a Laureate. For, of themselves, Laureate odes have a hundred to one chance for the waste paper basket. Alfred Austin has much more formidable claims. Of the quality of his poetry there can be no more doubt than of the quality of Charles Tennyson-Turner, Hartley Coleridge or Arthur Hugh Clough.

He is thoroughly in sympathy with everything English, a conservative proud of his country and eager about her prestige, a country-gentleman devoted to English country life, which he can describe as no other English poet living except Tennyson himself.

He is strong in the favor of Royalty (a personal friend of the Queen) and of the Conservative Chiefs, but has the disqualification for a Laureate of a purely eclectic reputation. With students and critics few enjoy a higher estimation; to the general public he is only a name. Apropos of Her Most Gracious Majesty I heard last year, at St. Botolph, Saturday night, a good thing, when the quiet man reading out a telegram that Alfred Austin had been lunching at the Villa Palineri with the Queen, said that she could not have known that he was one of those writing fellows. The taunt was unfortunately possible.

Perhaps the poet who concentrates most most claims in himself is our guest in Japan, Sir Edwin Arnold. Like Alfred Austin, he can be a Laureate; honestly, his enthusiasm for England is notorious. For while Austin is a Conservative, Arnold must be described as a Dynamic and Imperialist Liberal. He labels himself a Liberal, but, as editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, he has shown himself in all points which concern the writer of Laureate odes at one with the Conservatives. Whenever it is a question of what the Tory party call loyalty (to royalty), or of what the Radical party call jingo, the *Daily Telegraph* outstandards the *Standard*. Then again, Sir Edwin has, as poet, performed a national service by making the literature of our vast Indian Proconsulate an integral part of the literature of England. The *Light of Asia* is a poem of national significance, one of the monumental poems of the century. It has already taken its place as a classic. It has also fulfilled the other qualification for a

and simple, would warrant his appointment, and a man who would write admirable odes.

No appointment could meet with more general approbation.

DOUGLAS SLADEN.

## ANOTHER IDEAL CLERGYMAN.

The Pen Portrait of One Whose Life is in Full Accord with His Calling.

My ideal of a clergyman is that of a man who lives up to what he teaches, and whose life, as well as his words, has its influence for good upon all with whom he comes in contact. I care not what his creed may be, or what form of worship his church follows. The first requisite, to my mind, is goodness, while the next, and equally important is sincerity.

The clergyman should emulate, as near as possible, the example of the Apostles. They did not preach for salary first and popularity next. They did not accumulate wealth, but lived according to their needs and were constant in good works. They had no money invested in city debentures, and they did not retire from work when the accession of wealth, through rich wives or otherwise, made it unnecessary for them to follow preaching as a trade. They preached Christ crucified, and humbly did their duty, trusting for their reward in the eternal abode of the faithful. There are not too many who follow their example today.

The ideal clergyman should not be of stiff and forbidding presence. To be useful in his pastoral work, he should be of genial nature, and ready to adapt himself to the people whom he meets. While all should respect him, none should stand in awe of him. He should be a father to his flock, a true pastor, who feels that pulpit work expresses but a part of the great duty before him. I have no patience with a man who is simply a scholar and brilliant preacher, and an unpractical or cranky individual in everyday life. Such an one should have been a theological writer rather than a minister entrusted with the cure of souls. Such men too often make mischief, without for a moment intending it. The true pastor should be a man of affairs, whose influence is even greater in pastoral than pulpit work. He must have the love and sympathy of his congregation or his work can be but half done.

He should never forget that the poor are always with us, and that his work is among them, rather than among the wealthy. He should make his church a home for all, where the poor need not be

to pay for pews. Out upon such distinctions in the temple, where the rich and poor should meet together, to worship the Lord, who "is the maker of them all."

It is a good sign when the young men of a church are enthusiastic over their pastor, and it is an equally good sign when people of widely different creeds admire him as a sincere, unselfish man whose heart is in his work. It is a good sign when a man who could live in luxury devotes himself to a humble mission, where the salary is so small that he has to draw upon his private resources to carry out his schemes of abounding charity, and whose highest ambition is to do good.

There have been such men. They are not too common. I have one in my mind's eye now, and he is my ideal of the true clergyman. Follow him along the street in his daily walks, and watch his acts. Here for instance is a horse hitched to a post, restive and fretting. The clergyman stops, adjusts the twisted halter to be more easy, pats and talks soothingly until the horse rubs its nose affectionately against the kind stranger's shoulder. A little further a small, dirty-faced child is crying. The good man stops and talks to her until she laughs again. On he goes, with a smile for this one, a cheery nod for that one, his face beaming with benevolence for all mankind. His journey's end, this time, is some humble abode, where poverty and sickness have made life wretched. It will be made brighter by his coming, for by more than kindly speech does he cause the poor to bless him. Wherever he goes he carries sunshine to some mortal. Each day the world is better for his having lived. Do you know of such a man? I do.

WALLACE.

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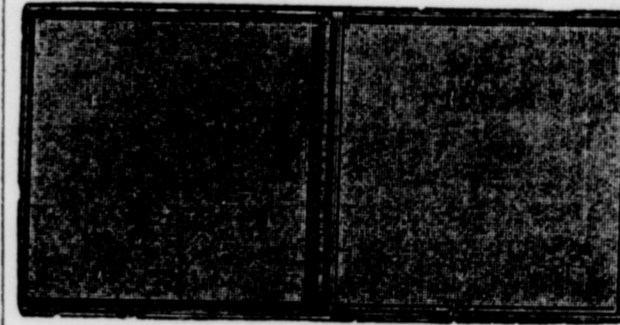
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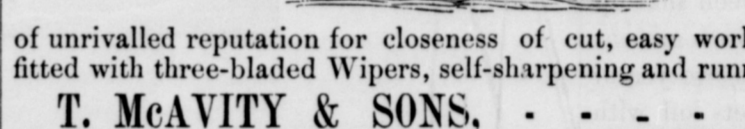
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