

ST. JOHN, N. B., SATURDAY, JANUARY 28. 1893.

## SO WAS IT BY HIS GRAVE.

THE BURIAL OF TENNYSON AS TOLD FIFTY YEARS AFTER.

Graphic Pen Picture of the Scene as a Boy Remembers It—The Solemn and Impressive Hour when a Nation Paid Homage to the Poet's Memory.

I went with my father to the Abbey that morning, and looked for the first time on the inward walls of that venerable sanctuary. I had passed it aforesaid, once or twice, and looked longingly at the towers, for I had been told they guarded the dust of some of England's most illustrious men. One evening my father read to me what Addison and Irving have written, of the greatness here enshrined; and so I looked with a child's wonder, as we entered by ticket, the time-worn portal, and found our position in what is called the tritorium, from which the pageant soon to pass would be open to our observation. My mind, which has increased its estimation of whatever moves in us sentiments of beauty and sublimity, was even then susceptible to such influences; so what I had before seen through the eyes of poet and essayist, affected me profoundly as I looked with my own on colored lights and gray walls and columns, with arches, and wreaths of crumbling stone, and monuments on which the vanished glory of the ages is recorded. The space within was as yet comparatively vacant; but outside, a human sea was already surging toward the walls, through which we had some difficulty to make our way. My father, (who was accustomed to speak with me familiarly of passing events, and whose kindness and intelligence I can never forget), told me that the body of the poet had yesterday been brought from Aldworth to the city, and that it was then in St. Faith's Chapel, adjoining the Abbey, awaiting the hour of sepulture. He told me with what simple propriety this was done, and with what unobtrusive plainness—the very quiet movement of the home-loving, almost cloister spirit that was gone. He told me how pure his life had been, how noble and elevating his thought, of how he excelled in the divine art of poetry, and how under some natural brusqueness of manner and repulsiveness of demeanor towards those who knew him not, he had hidden an honest and kindly heart; that notwithstanding blame incurred for having accepted a peerage and sung the praises of royalty—blame unjustly persisted in with a very partisan perverseness,—he had not in spirit and reality withdrawn from the people, that he embraced in his sympathy the worthy of all classes, and that he spoke for the common people and understood and loved them.

While thus he talked with me the vergers threw open the doors, and the quiet cloisters echoed to the footsteps of an entering multitude. As tides rush through the breaches of a dyke, the people came until the nave and the north transept were filled, and the space about us. A gentleman, standing beside my father, dropped some casual remark, which he took up, and so for a moment the conversation was transferred from myself to him. We soon ascertained that he was an American, of very courteous and friendly address, and most sympathetic in voice and manner. He spoke of the interest of his countrymen in the Abbey, and, indeed, in all memorials of Anglo-Saxon greatness;—of a certain poet of his own land, beloved in England, whose face, imaged in marble, seemed to gaze down on the open grave near by, of him who was his friend;—of two poets, one in heart and aim, however diverse in training and talents, favorites of their time, and doubtless the heritors of future ages, who had so recently passed to their rest and their reward.

While the chat was thus continued in low tones, such a movement went through the throng as signified preparation being made with it. My father drew his watch, observed, "Thirty minutes more," when the clock in the Abbey-tower struck the noon-hour, and the solid, regular reverberating tones had to me a peculiar sound of awe as they tolled off the interval of time between us and the event we waited for. I listened to the murmur of the throng and the sound of shifting feet on the pavement, and watched eagerly for any new sign of what should be, while my father continued his talk with the stranger. Soon the word passed from lip to lip: "The procession is coming!" when immediately the stately pageant filed through the western door, and moved with equal paces up the nave, and moved with equal harmonies chanted by men and boys in the choir, until they came under the lantern, where the casket was rested.

How eagerly did I look at that solemn company advancing through the hushed multitude,—nobles, scholars, legislators, heads of universities, ambassadors, historians; all bearing to his tomb, in England's most famous burying-place, the son of a humble clergyman, whose sole distinction it was to have been a poet—one of the most perfect of the masters, who mould our human speech into songs of imperial harmony, and who make earth's lowly

forms beautiful in the eyes of their fellow-men. He had only done this; but he was among the rarest and greatest of those who have done such things, and for this sole cause the heads of nations were gathered together, as when kings and warriors have departed, to bury him, amid tears and lamentations. These dignitaries and celebrated men of the realm were pointed out to me by my father. "The person in the dean's stall yonder, is Sir Henry Ponsonby, who comes instead of the Queen. The Archbishop of Canterbury occupies that seat, the seat of the sub-dean. These pallbearers are all noblemen or men of letters. Foremost comes the Marquis of Salisbury; that man is Lord Rosebery; and near him you see the Earl of Sherburne. That finely-moulded, bronzed-faced man, peer of them all, is the Marquis of Dufferin and Ava, whom Tennyson counted friend. What hardihood, gentleness and sagacity his port expresses! Near him is the Duke of Argyll,—a man of mark. There are Lecky and Froude, the historians; there are Dr. Jowett, of Balliol, and Lord Kelvin, Master of Trinity. Beside, there are various representatives of the home government, and friendly foreign powers; but among them all there is no one truly greater than the poet whom all have come to honor.

By this time the service had commenced; the organ throbbed, and the clear voices antheim sounded throughout the Abbey. Never before had those sublime words, "The heavens declare the glory of God,"—thrilled the hearts of my father as when rolling that day, amid the arches on waves of mighty music. My boyish imagination was excited, and the mystic speech that day utters to day and night to night seemed for me newly translated, as pulse on pulse the shining revelation came, and when the last notes died away, and the tones of Canon Duckworth succeeded, reciting that masterly chapter of St. Paul to the Corinthians, that rises cumulatively through sublime argument to its grand conclusion in that triumphal psalm, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" child even as I was, I felt that he whom the nations mourned still lived, and that he was greater than his long-enduring yet perishable word.

Within the chancel, beside Canon Duckworth, sat a sweet-faced, serious man, of highly intellectual cast, who was long a canon of the abbey, and who has since found a resting place within its walls. My father told me he was a noble preacher and a man of letters, whose name was Farrar. Near him sat a venerable prelate who I learned was Dean Bradley, the successor in the office of Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, the former dean of the abbey. The pulpit at the time was vacant, for there no sermon was then to be preached, nor eulogy spoken.

Soon came a low, tender strain,—a honied rill of music, so sweet, so soft, beneath the stars and the rolling spheres to which the first chorus had ascended; a sound of yearning, as born of setting suns and purple twilight, that mused plaintively at first but grew to strength and earnestness as it proceeded; while like starry thoughts glimmering on the smooth tides of music's sea, I picked out words I had never heard before, but which I still think among the loveliest ear ever heard:

"Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no morning of the bar  
When I put out to sea."

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam;  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home."

"Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark,  
And may there be sadness of farewell  
When I embark."

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crossed the bar."

But for the singers' voices, the Abbey was like a grave where no leaf is stirred by any rustling wind, while this "perfect music set to noble words" was passing. Then, only for a moment was that solemn hush broken by a sob or sigh of some one whose breathing had been long suspended, when all was still again save the richly modulated voices that sang the poet's latest monody, set to an air his own wife had furnished:

"When the dumb hour clothed in black  
Brings the dreams about my bed."

Again the music ceased and there was silence.

The movement of the people made me fully aware that the first part of the service was over, for I had been rapt away in a sort of ecstasy. Again the casket was lifted and the procession moved southward from the centre of the Abbey to the transept known the world over as "The Poet's Corner." My father whispered in my ear, "They are now bearing him to his grave. There Chaucer, Spenser, Jonson, Dryden and Addison were laid. There sleep Dickens and Macaulay, and there, the other day, Browning was borne to his long slumber. Not the least part of England's greatness is resting there." Looking down the vista made through the parted throng,

from the chair on which my father had stood me, I could see the opening made in the pavement and the gathering circle that closed around it. There I saw standing nearest the family and friends of the poet, and with them the peers, and scholars, and fellow-bards, and dignitaries of the realm, all bent on paying this last tribute of respect to the great departed. We could hear distinctly, yet distinctly, the voice of Dean Bradley as he read the service for the burial of the dead, and the chanting choir, as they rendered the words, "I am the resurrection and the life." Then several young men took hold of the dark tasselled cords and slowly lowered the casket into its vault.

"There," murmured my father under his breath, "goes to his long home the poet of 'The Princess,' 'The Idyls of the King,' and of 'In Memoriam.'"

"The black earth yawns; the mortal disappears," Yes, "black" enough with the mould of many generations; fetid, I fear me, and shut in from the wholesome blue of yonder sky and the brightness of the sun, whose painted rays comes here but languidly;—away from dew-drops falling from green leaves, and the creeping of soft vines and mosses. Better that, like Wordsworth, he should rest amid scenes of his love and youth; better his grave made on some headland overlooking the "hoary Channel," or on some sunny slope of Surrey, or in some Lincolnshire churchyard, retired as Stoke Pogis, where, as he sung, the violet of his native land might blossom out of his mouldering heart. Is it fit for a poet, the heir and lover of all this glorious world, to lie where, almost,

"The wheels go over his head,  
And his bones are shaken with pain?"

Others—the greatest—have made a wise choice. Shakespeare is not here, Milton is not here, Shelley is not here, nor Byron, nor Coleridge. Here came not Keats, nor Gray. Yet, what matters it! It is only "dust to dust;"—the spirit dwells not here. Here lies, in death, a noble company; here the chime of the Abbey clock will tell the hours away, that grow fewer until the resurrection morning; here at least is precious dust, and here amid these monuments and tombs cluster mighty memories thickly as summer flowers in the Farringford garden.

Our reverie was broken again by the renewal of the service, in the slow and solemn utterance of "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust;" and then again by the flowing of

"The tides of Music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity,"

as The Lord's Prayer was chanted, and as choir and people lifted up their voices in a mighty chorus with that rapturous hymn of Heber,—"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty;" after which came the benediction, and the services were ended.

But the people seemed in no haste to go; the spell of the place and of the hour held them for several minutes after they knew that all was over. Were they held by the magic of that matchless music that yet seemed lingering amid the fretted arches of the grand old minster? Or, were they dazzled by that distinguished company, badged and robed, and by the funeral draperies of white and purple? Or did they dread to depart and leave their poet alone? But soon the sense of reality, and of a world outside the gray walls that held them, returned, and the multitude moved toward the doors; and with them we went, on our way passing by, and glancing into, the open grave—open for hours, as we afterwards learned—and making our exit, to find ourselves once again in the roaring, interminable streets of London, strangely contrasted with the habitual quiet and solemnity of the place we had just left. As we paced along,—my father holding my hand,—said: "You will never forget my son that you were present at the burial of the greatest poet of his time. When you are able to read and understand his writings you will perceive that in all the range of English verse no lines were on that day so appropriate to him as those which he wrote on the great captain and warrior:

"We believe him  
Something far advanced in State,  
And that he wears a true crown  
Than any wreath that man can weave him.  
Speak no more of his renown,  
Lay your earthly fancies down,  
And in the vast cathedral leave him,  
God accept him, Christ receive him."

Ah, can all this have been fifty years ago!

PASTOR FELIX.

A True Wife.

It is a shame to any mother who fails to train her daughters to take a serious view of life, instead of a frivolous, selfish view, to remember that their highest duty, whether they be married or single, is to be home makers. A great writer on this subject has said: "Wherever a true wife comes, the home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worm in the cold grass at night may be the only fire at her feet. But home is yet wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless."

## EVENING WEAR. BALL DRESSES.

New Goods in all Departments.

Bengaline Silks, Faille Francais Silks, Surah Silks, Brocade Silks, Japanese Silks, Pongee Silks, Gauzes, Crepes and Crepons, Plushes, Velvets and Velvetens Latest Evening Tints and Combinations.

Nets and Flouncing Laces.

Hosiery, Gloves, Flowers and Feathers, Ribbed Silk Undervests, low necks, in Pink, Cream and Sky. White Skirts, Gauze Corsets and Corset Covers. Cream Cloth Serge for Evening Wraps.

Fans, Fans, Fans.

Feather and Incandescent Trimmings.

## MANCHESTER, ROBERTSON & ALLISON, St. John.

## Any Cape Coat \$4.89, For Week Beginning Jan. 30th.

All the Youths' Cape Overcoats for Boys from 13 to 18 years of age on the BARGAIN COUNTER will be sold for \$4.89 each. They are goods that did sell for \$6.00, \$6.25, \$7.00, \$7.25, \$7.50, \$10.50. They're short length coats but good clean stock. A few of the better ones are good enough style to suit any buyer. For the others, they're worth \$4.89 any day.

## SCOVIL, FRASER & COMPANY, OAK HALL.

ROUGH ON MONCTON DOGS.  
Features of the Civic Law Which May Be Improved by Amendment.

MONCTON, Jan. 24.—Once more the collection of giant minds composing the Moncton city council is disturbed. The peace which has brooded over the deliberations of that body during the last few months is broken up, she is troubled, and she even seems to be moulting, since her wings will no longer stretch over the council and keep it comfortably warm. It almost looks as if that body did not have enough to do, and so in the zeal which threatened to consume them they were looking around for employment. They have been doing a great deal of cleaning up lately, in fact their spring house cleaning has set in unusually early and they are troubled as to what they will do next. Civic affairs are getting along almost too smoothly and the dead calm is becoming oppressive.

Since the advent of Officer Rawlings the Scott act has ceased from troubling and since the first set in the vexed question of block paving is at rest. That great and good man, Mr. Peter O. Carroll, has been paid the price which bought him, and the aldermanic conscience is easier while the city coffers are correspondingly lighter. So the house civic being swept and garnished, the members of the council seem to be looking around for fresh world to conquer.

They have succeeded in finding one sphere of action for their superfluous energies and that sphere is the animal kingdom. In short they have decided to revise the ancient and dishonorable office of dog catcher, which an outraged public long ago insisted on abolishing in the United States, and other civilized countries, but which they seem only to have heard of recently. This official is to be empowered to catch all dogs wandering about collarless, and unable to give a satisfactory account of themselves. He will, in scriptural language, "hale" these miscreants "before the judgment," and there, they will be dealt with as it seems best to the most puissant judge.

Of course if the four footed vagrants only get what is called "a fair show" and receive the same treatment as the human delinquents who are brought up as "vagrants"—especially when the offenders are of the gentler sex, they will have little to dread, since they will merely be fined, and—I quote from the police news as published in the daily papers—"The fine be allowed to stand over, on condition that they leave town." It will only remain then for the canine offenders to move out to the Mountain road, or the adjacent forests, keep quiet for a day or two, then return to the haunts of men even as the human vagrants do, and no questions will be asked. But in case they should not be granted equal rights, and sentence of death be passed upon them, the city council, and especially the police committee, will be confronted with a difficulty, they do not seem to have foreseen.

The city marshal has recently been proposed, and I believe appointed, as agent for the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and as all cases of cruelty are to be reported to him, it would become his duty to prosecute either the dog catcher, who caught the dogs, the stipendiary who sentenced them, the executioner who

carried out the sentence, or the entire city council who ordered the arrests. And in any or all of these cases, the marshal's position would be decidedly unpleasant, and complications would be sure to result, since the spectacle of the city marshal arresting the entire board of aldermen, and marching them down to the police court, headed by the stipendiary magistrate, to answer to a charge of cruelty to animals, would be too novel to be altogether pleasant. We all adore novelty, I know, but then there are a few novelties that one requires to be educated up to, in order to appreciate them properly.

Another phase of the question is the well-known fact, that the most correctly registered and aristocratic dog, whose taxes are regularly paid, whose pedigree is as long as Lady Clara de Vere's, and whose intrinsic value exceeds that of a thoroughbred Jersey cow, is very apt to lose his collar, or have it stolen, and his master, secure in the consciousness of having registered him,—forgets to buy him a new collar, or puts it off from day to day, until some fine morning when he happens to be absent on a business trip, the high class canine is captured, condemned, assigned a long rope and a short shirt, and is gathered to his fathers. The master returns. Explanations follow, and the city council occupy a prominent position in suit for damages to the extent of the value of a thoroughbred dog, properly registered, and who was destroyed by their order.

These are little matters which seem to have escaped the notice of the gentleman

of the council, but sometimes a storm follows a calm, and their recent activity may involve them in troubles that they reckon not of. It is quite a little problem to solve, so lay it on the table and deliberate upon it, until someone either hits upon a solution or boldly cuts the Gordian knot by giving the marshal his choice of resigning either his position as agent for the S. P. C. A., or that of city marshal.

GEOFFREY CUTHBERT STRANGE.

WHERE GRAY WROTE HIS ELEGY.

It Was Drafted Beneath the Yew Tree's Shade in the Churchyard.

It has been pretty well settled by literary ferrets that Gray actually composed a portion if not the whole of his immortal elegy, while sitting in the south porch of the old Stoke Poges church, beneath the "yew-tree's shade," writes Edgar L. Wakeman.

It is one of my favorite tramps from London to this spot in sunny weather, as there is hardly a sweeter or more restful place in all England; and I love to sit where Gray sat, beneath the yew-tree's shade, and muse on the quiet and hallowed surroundings. In this way the famous yew-tree of Stoke Poges churchyard has come to possess for me a most loving and precious interest. There is no record of its age; but as it was already a tree of matured growth when Gray wrote, in a churchyard between 400 and 500 years old, its antiquity must be considerable even for the yew, which in England attains to most venerable age.

It stands fifty feet south of the old stone south porch of the church. Its top has been repeatedly cut away to preserve the tree, which is still about thirty feet in height. The girth of the trunk is a trifle over twelve feet; and its huge spreading branches, reaching to the north, almost touch the roof tiling of the church above the porch; while toward the south and southeast fully a dozen branches, from fifty to sixty feet long, sweep to the ground or softly tap the head stones of the ancient graves. I should think that from 300 to 400 persons could stand beneath its gentle shade.

Might Work in Our Common Council.

Col. Lawless, a former member of the Louisville, Ky bar, was a "long-winded" talker, and when he arose to make an argument he did not know when to stop. On one occasion, he was making a speech before Judge Ballard, in the United States court. He had spoken several hours, and the Judge and everybody else was thoroughly tired out, though they were helpless. At last Judge Ballard beckoned his brother, Jack Ballard, to him and implored him to stop Lawless if he could. "Oh, that's easy enough," replied the brother; "I'll stop him inside of three minutes." There was a great deal of curiosity to see how this could be accomplished, as the orator seemed to be nowhere near the end of his speech. Jack Ballard took a pencil and a sheet of paper and wrote: "My Dear Colonel: as soon as you finish your magnificent argument, I would like you to join me in the clerk's office in a bumper of fine old bourbon." The note was handed to the orator, who paused at the end of a soaring period, drew his glasses from his pocket, and said: "And now, if it please Your Honor, and you, gentlemen, of the jury, I leave the case with you." He picked up his hat and was in the clerk's office in about a minute.

## Remnants of Dress Goods and Cloths, AT HALF PRICE.

Naturally such an outflow as we have had for the past week has left many short ends of Dress Goods and Cloths. These we have Grouped on a Counter and marked one half of original prices.

Geo. H. McKay,  
61 Charlotte St., St. John.