Fig. 1. Sketch of Arthur Henry Hallam by James Spedding, circa 1832–33 (Tennyson Research Center).
A man, it has been well said, "is always other and more than his opinions." To understand something of the predispositions in any mind, is to occupy a height of vantage, from which we may more clearly perceive the true bearings of his thoughts, than was possible for a spectator on the level. By knowing how much a man loves truth, we learn how far he is likely to teach it us: by ascertaining the special bent of his passions, and habits, we are on our guard against giving that credit to conclusions in favour of them, which our notion of his discernment might otherwise incline us to give. But there is more than this. The inward life of a great man, the sum total of his impressions, customs, sentiments, gradual processes of thought, rapid suggestions, and the like, contains a far greater truth, both in extent and in magnitude, than all the fixed and positive forms of belief that occupy the front-row in his understanding. It is more our interest to know the first, for we know more in knowing it, and are brought by it into closer contact with real greatness.—Arthur Henry Hallam, "Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero"

It was in the late spring of 1833 that Henry Hallam began to plan a summer trip to the Continent. Although an avid traveler, sufficiently wealthy to go when and where he pleased, Henry had not been out of England since he took his family to winter in Italy in 1827–28. A summer vacation offered different possibilities: the Swiss and Austrian Alps, Vienna, and the wilds of Hungary and Bohemia. Both Henry and his eldest son had been bedridden with influenza in April, and then the family had endured another visitation—the London debut of Henry's niece, Caroline, the daughter of his wife's titled brother, Sir Charles Abraham Elton. By the end of July, Henry was eager to escape.
From the beginning he had, characteristically, included Arthur in his plans. Most stages of the son's life had been determined by his strong-willed parent. From a school in Putney, Arthur followed his father's footsteps to Eton, where his tutor was Henry's old friend Edward Craven Hawtrey. Henry had distinguished himself as a Latin versifier; Arthur, in his father's words, became "a good, though not perhaps a first-rate, scholar" in the classics, deterred by his "increasing avidity for a different kind of knowledge, and the strong bent of his mind to subjects which exercise other faculties." Nevertheless, his contributions to the Eton Miscellany, his avid participation in the Eton Debating Society, espousing his father's "Whiggery," and his developing interest and facility in Italian, were all pleasing to the scholar of the Middle Ages and English constitutional history.

It was apparently at Henry's insistence, too, that Arthur matriculated at Trinity. Its Oxonian rival, Christ Church, had been Henry's college; but Arthur's father knew that Eton provided little exposure to the exact sciences, and at that time Cambridge seemed to offer a greater opportunity for remedying that deficiency in his son's education. Yet Trinity rather disappointed Henry's expectations. Arthur's inattention to classical study prevented him from any real chance of winning a scholarship, and the college's emphasis on mathematics proved his bane. Moreover, he fell in with a "metaphysical set," for whose theory and practice Henry had considerable contempt. Mystical speculation concerning the operations of the human mind might be suitable fare for late-night wine parties, but Arthur was too prone to forget "that, in the honest pursuit of truth, we can shut our eyes to no real phenomena, and that the physiology of man must always enter into any valid scheme of his psychology." Arthur's career, however, was not without some merit: in his final year, he won prizes both for his English essay and his oration on English history. During this year, too, Arthur showed surprising interest in, and aptitude for, the legal study his father had chosen. Admitted to the Inner Temple in 1832, he had been apprenticed to a conveyancer for nearly a year. The summer break in his duties would allow just enough time for a European trip.

Henry's insistence that his son accompany him undoubtedly had several motives. Arthur certainly had earned a vacation, especially following his spring illness. Moreover, though after his graduation he
had been housed more securely under his father's watchful eye in the bosom of his family, Arthur's heart had been elsewhere. Two of the previous three summers he had spent in impulsive trips to Europe in the company of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, and he now visited that strange, not altogether reputable Lincolnshire family, and Alfred's sister, whenever possible. Henry had reluctantly agreed to his son's engagement to Emily, a girl he had never met, yet he was more than a little skeptical of the seriousness of Arthur's affections and the motives of the Somersby Tennysons. Some time out of England might allow both father and son to reflect upon the latter's intentions.

For his part, Arthur viewed the trip with mixed feelings. It would, as he wrote to Emily (letter 241), necessarily shorten his summer stay at Somersby, but all time spent with his fiancée seemed too brief. London he detested, and he had never seen Austria. The Alps always revived his spirits, and Hungary lured as an attractive unknown from childhood maps. His father was certainly not the ideal traveling companion, but their time together, away from siblings and relatives, might provide an opportunity to further the cause of his engagement. Dependent as he was on Henry's financial support, Arthur could hardly refuse the offer. After about a month's visit with Emily, and a strangely sad farewell to his sister Ellen, who had become his only close confidant within the family, he addressed a brief note to Alfred, promising to exchange stories of the Danube for his friend's accounts of Scotland. Arthur and his father crossed the Channel on 3 August and plunged into France.

Europe quickly provoked memories of the past and hopes for the future. As in 1830, when he and Alfred sought to aid the Spanish revolutionaries, Arthur spent a night at Cassel, though not at the same inn; on the road from Ath, he was driven by the same coachman, who recalled the two Cambridge friends carrying a copy of Virgil as they set out to overthrow despotic monarchies. Three years later, the coachman assured him, Arthur was in decidedly better health.

Although his spirits rose as he ascended into his old favorites—the Alps—his thoughts were upon more recent objects of affection as Arthur descended into Salzburg, "a jewel of a place," to which he hoped some day to return with Emily. Perhaps they might even settle there, where his annual £ 600 would allow them to live in comfort, if not luxury. Certainly Alfred and his music-loving brother Frederick
ought to consider it. Yet not all the associations were pleasant. A local wedding at Werfen was a painful reminder of the unresolved obstacles to his own marriage, and upon second viewing, the charming Italianate character of Salzburg only made him yearn for the real South—the Italy forever associated with his first love and romantic adolescence.

Budapest, however, Arthur found unexpectedly attractive, a river city like Florence. Toasting Mary Tennyson's birthday with a glass of Tokay, he wrote to her sister of the remaining itinerary—north to Prague, and then, turning westward, home to England. First, however, they would stop again at Vienna, whose parks and society Arthur found rather dull, although its theaters, operas, and art galleries impressed him. At the Imperial Gallery, Arthur recalled his 1832 trip to Germany, when Alfred had accused him of preferring old German pictures to those of Titian. In Vienna, however, his praise for the Venetian master was unbounded—Alfred should write "as perfect a Danaë." Two statues by Canova also caught his attention—Theseus destroying the Minotaur and, in the Augustine Chapel, the monument to Archduchess Christina, a pyramid, with mourners entering the portals of death, guarded by a sleeping lion and a grieving angel.

Henry and his son returned to Vienna on 13 September, with Arthur complaining of fever and chills. It was apparently a recurrence of the ague he had suffered earlier that year, and, though it would delay their departure for Prague, there seemed to be little cause for alarm. Quinine and a few days rest were prescribed. By the fifteenth, Arthur felt better; and in the evening, after a short walk with his father, ordered some sack and lay down. Leaving his son reading, Henry went out again. He returned to find Arthur still on the sofa, apparently asleep. Only after a short time did Henry notice the odd position of the head. He called to his son. There was no response. All efforts to rouse him were in vain: Arthur Henry Hallam was dead at age twenty-two.

The disposition of his son's earthly remains showed Henry's usual methodical care equal to the calamity. The death certificate was duly filed, the medical report listing "Schlagfluss"—i.e., stroke—as cause. But an autopsy was also required. Befittingly, it was performed by one of the greatest pathologists of his age, Karl von Rokitansky. To Henry and his contemporaries, it indicated what, with some degree of
hindsight, they had feared: an aneurism leading to hemorrhage in the brain, too readily related to Arthur's weakened condition, his alternating periods of depression and gaiety accompanied by acute headaches, and the intense flushing of his face following concentrated study. It was, as Henry wrote in his preface to the volume of his son's *Remains*, only "poor consolation . . . that a few more years would, in the usual chances of humanity, have severed the frail union of his graceful and manly form with the pure spirit that it enshrined." The coffin was quickly sealed and sent on to Trieste, the nearest seaport, to be returned to English earth for burial. Even Arthur's final journey was not without its perils: winter storms swept across the Mediterranean, a mid-December hurricane kept all ships from Dover, and the "mortal ark" did not arrive until late that month. The coffin was carried across England in a three-coach procession, and interred on 3 January 1834 at Clevedon Church, overlooking the river Severn, among the Eltons, Arthur's maternal ancestors.

Arthur's death came, as Henry Alford wrote to their mutual friend Charles Merivale, as "a loud and terrible stroke from the reality of things upon the fairy building of our youth." The blow fell immediately upon Ellen Hallam. News of her brother's death reached the family at Clevedon Court, where they were awaiting his return, on 28 September; and her private journal, alone of all surviving responses, reflects the unmediated intensity of her feeling over a period of years:

It is agony to look back upon. I long to feel as I still felt the 27th. of September—not that I was then happy, for I had not the light of my Father's countenance—but I knew not then nor had ever known what it is to be utterly desolate, to look forward to the future without hope, to look back on the Past with faint longings to live over again some moments of calm, hopeful, sweet delight, which were not appreciated when we actually lived them. I have some inexpressibly dear recollections—the dream of Italy—evenings at Malvern & Forest House—German readings with Arthur—sweet conversation in the ensuing winter—one Sunday particularly when he opened his heart to me—the parting between us when he returned to Cambridge—the pressure of his hand which I can almost feel now & which made my heart beat with mingled emotions of joy & agony—the reception of his first letter after this—walks at Hastings—walks & conversations at Tunbridge—all these flit before me. . . . It is no dream that I had once a brother whose eye & voice revealed to me the angelic spirit within—the deep feeling
impassioned soul—though passed away, his memory lives within me. . . . Were it not for him I should not be what I am. . . . I think upon the whole I was happiest in 1831 at Hastings. I was fifteen. I found on my table in the morning remembrances from all I loved—from Arthur, that precious Wordsworth, in wh. he had written those kind fond lines. I remember, my heart swelled with joy—I read that dear volume during the day—I walked & talked with Arthur. . . . I never once thought that I could be deprived of him whose happiness was the first object of my heart—now, what would I not give to be able to feel as then I felt, to be able to look around & meet his mild kind glance—to be able to stretch forth my hand & press his within it!! How little did I appreciate the blessings I enjoyed! All seems like a dream.

For Ellen, there could be little consolation that other friends remained. She welcomed Emily Tennyson as a sister, cherished the "precious book containing some of the thoughts of him whom we have lost," but the brief remainder of her life continued as a dream, from which there could be only one awakening. As her cousin wrote in 1837, a week after her death, "Ellen was not happy in this life. She took no interest in the pleasures & enjoyments of this world, but God led her through a mysterious path—through conflict and melancholy of mind—to seek that peace which passeth all understanding, in the knowledge of her Saviour."6

Nor was the family to be spared other losses. Henry's wife, Julia, died three years after her daughter, troubled in spirit, as she confided to her journal, at her inability to communicate with her husband:

O how I wish that this reserve on serious matters would cease. I think I could be more a comfort to him, if he would sometimes talk of those dear ones who are gone—of our common hopes, of unseen things, & not always of earthly plans & trifles. I find it difficult to touch on such things—have not courage to begin—but as my mind is always full of this, I still hope for an opportunity.7

Yet Henry's attention was preoccupied with his other son. From his earliest days at Eton, Harry Hallam had followed the steps of his brother: reading Wordsworth and Dante at an early age; winning a prize in the Eton Newcastle competition (with Gladstone as an encouraging but impartial judge); founding, to the delight of his father, a historical debating society at Cambridge; encouraged by his tutors, John Heath and W. H. Thompson, gaining the scholarship and then a first class in the classical tripos, which had eluded Arthur.
With Tennyson’s assistance, he dabbled in poetry. As Henry wrote to Gladstone in 1840, the points of resemblance to “one who ran his course before” were unmistakable: “H.’s reflective powers have not been so early & so profoundly displayed—but quickness & clearness are fully equal. He has also the same sweetness of temper.” Yet the bitter experience of the past could not but weigh upon his father’s expectations: “In the midst of all this, the memory of past days forbids me to indulge an idle boastfulness, or even to give way to visions of sanguine hope. . . . Whatever be the future, I ought to rejoice in the present—were it not one of the misfortunes of old age, that it has no present.”

Harry’s twenty-second year passed uneventfully. He gained his master of arts degree in 1849, was called to the bar in May 1850, and joined the Midland Circuit. Shortly before leaving England to join his father and sister Julia on the Continent that summer, he sent his cousin, Jane Octavia Brookfield, a copy of Tennyson’s recently published elegy. After spending the fall in Rome, they headed north toward Genoa to return to England. At Siena, the blow fell. Harry became ill with intermittent fever, and died 25 October 1850, talking of his friends in England and apologizing for delaying the return. Lord Lyttleton, the other Newcastle examiner, reflected upon Henry’s life:

If I am not wrong he has survived his wife and seven children out of eight. A strange dread has been upon me, a presentiment ever since I knew poor [Harry] in the examination in 1840, that this last grief (for there hardly is another left for him) might be in store for the old man; partly from an idea that he was weakly, but also from the dark and mysterious frequency of their accumulation of sorrow, which we cannot help observing in this life.

Harry was interred with his brother, sister, and mother at Clevedon. The solitary consolation of Henry Hallam’s nine remaining years was his last child’s marriage in 1852.

II

The reverberations of the message of “Vienna’s fatal walls” quickly extended beyond the family. On 3 October 1833, Francis Hastings Doyle, Arthur’s Etonian friend and Wimpole Street neighbor, stopped by the Hallams’ house to inquire when he might return from
Europe. "Mr. Arthur, he will never come home any more," the maid told him, "he died a fortnight ago." Overwhelmed by the news, Doyle staggered away before he could learn any details. Later that day he wrote to Arthur's other close friends at Eton, James Milnes Gaskell and Gladstone. As his diary records, Gladstone received Doyle's letter three days later:

This intelligence was deeply oppressive, even to my selfish disposition. I mourn in him, for myself, my earliest near friend: for my fellow creatures, one who would have adorned his age and country, a mind full of beauty and of power, attaining almost to that ideal standard, of which it is presumption to expect an example in natural life. When shall I see his like? Yet this dispensation is not all pain: for there is a hope, and not (in my mind) either a bare or a rash hope, that his soul rests with God in Jesus Christ. I walked upon the hills to muse upon this very mournful event, which cuts me to the heart. Alas for his family and his intended bride!

Later that day, Gladstone wrote to Gaskell:

It is a deeply, too deeply painful subject: surely if one could abstract wholly from it all personal considerations, and present the circumstances in the most naked form to the most uninterested person, they would obtain his sympathy. Outward and inward attractions, genius of intense activity and power accompanied with affections as deep as ever dwelt in the heart of man, youth and health and high expectations, just opening upon a career of life which could not have been otherwise than lofty and splendid, all swept at once in the gulf, with such a fearful rapidity, and far away from the sorrowing family whose members would have given and received consolation in the last hours of his life. He will be faithfully mourned on earth. . . . There has always been need of him and such as him—now how much more than ever. In an age so critical and pregnant with such consequences to mankind. . . it was no small joy to behold the growth and proficiency of a man whose soul cared not for the "lust of the eye and the pride of life," but remained a fountain of lofty and pure and undying enthusiasm. He was a man such as the times wanted; one who might have done much by understanding to correct them . . . when has there been recorded the removal of a more truly surpassing spirit?

Yet Gladstone realized that his eulogy could not do justice to the "beloved memory" of his friend; in a postscript, he expressed the hope "that some part of what Hallam has written may be brought together and put into a more durable form, collectively, than it has yet assumed." His concern reflected not only his high opinion of
Arthur's compositions but also their occasional and scattered state. Arthur's early verse and prose were still accessible in the Eton Miscellany, but, as its chief editor knew, these efforts were hardly representative. Arthur's plan to publish his 1830 Poems with Tennyson's Poems, Chiefly Lyrical had been vetoed by Henry Hallam, and only twenty-five or thirty copies were privately printed and distributed to close friends. Arthur's later verse, chiefly inspired by the Tennyson family and his love for Emily, had never been collected (and was largely unknown to Gladstone). Of his prose compositions, his 1831 review of Tennyson's book had appeared in the never successful, short-lived Englishman's Magazine; his prize declamation on the influence of Italian literature and his essay on the philosophical writings of Cicero had been published as pamphlets, yet they were not widely circulated. Arthur's prize-winning oration on the conduct of the Independent Party during the English civil war had never been printed; his "Remarks" on Gabriele Rossetti's Dante theories, which had not found a place in any periodical, was rather too specialized to attract more than limited attention among literary circles; and his other periodical contributions and his character sketches of Voltaire, Burke, and Petrarch for the Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge had appeared anonymously. Gladstone would have known only indirectly of Hallam's Apostles essays, including his seminal "On Sympathy" and "Theodicaea Novissima." Clearly, here was a substantial body of work that merited due recognition, in an age when far less deserving compositions (see letter 44 n. 2), under far less compelling circumstances, were gaining permanence in printer's ink. In his reply to Gladstone, Gaskell expressed his hearty support; and three weeks after Arthur's death, the three Oxonians approached Henry Hallam with their proposal for a memorial volume.

Additional and perhaps stronger impetus came from Arthur's Cambridge friends, better acquainted with the range and quality of his writings. On 26 November 1833, R. J. Tennant, an Apostle and close friend, wrote to Tennyson: "It appears to be a universal wish among [his friends], that whatever writings Arthur has left should be collected and published; that there may be some memorial of him among us"; Tennyson seemed the proper emissary to obtain Henry Hallam's approval. The proposal had been accepted by 7 February 1834, when Gladstone wrote to Gaskell that Henry intended to print "a selection of [Arthur's] poems, those essays already published and
some fragmentary notes on metaphysical subjects." On the same day, Arthur's father wrote to Tennyson, requesting a preface for the publication and setting forth his principles of inclusion:

I shall be very cautious as to printing any thing that may too much reveal the secrets of his mind, either in prose or verse—and this will preclude the possibility of printing some of his best compositions—among others, his Farewell to the South, already in print, but not circulated.\(^{11}\)

The specific reference helps to explain Henry's somewhat vague general restrictions. "A Farewell to the South," Arthur's most ambitious poem, is a romantic invocation of Italy, and specifically of his love in 1828 for Anna Wintour, a twenty-six-year-old English visitor who inspired the adulation of many young men. Although Anna's identity is veiled in the poem, Arthur's feeling receives full expression. Henry, embarrassed by its adolescent fervor, had apparently not wanted his son to print the work in 1830, and had no intention of publishing it now. Altogether about a third of Arthur's compositions, roughly half the material actually in his father's possession, was to be privately printed. Tennyson found himself unable to compose a preface, and so Henry borrowed from testimonials of Arthur's friends, including James Spedding, Gladstone, and (probably) Doyle. One hundred copies of the Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam were distributed in 1834. All were received with thanks and praise. Gladstone, with typical and genuine humility, wrote to Henry Hallam that the volume would be a friend and instructor:

That you should in any way have placed me in connection with him whom you have lost, by proposing him to me as a model, will ever I hope be an elevating thought, and a sacred incitement to the performance of duty, though indeed if I know any thing of myself it is, that my being is of a humbler order.\(^{14}\)

Yet as his 7 February 1834 letter to Gaskell makes clear, Gladstone regretted that one aspect of his friend had not been represented in the volume:

Remembering his remarkable talent for composing letters, and his practice of pouring out his mind in them more freely perhaps (as far as my experience goes) than at any other time, I suggested to Mr. Hallam whether it might not be desirable to make a small selection from such
of them as might be in existence—he replied that his friends alone, to
whom they had been addressed could in the first instance judge of the
propriety of such a measure, and I promised to take some steps towards
ascertaining their opinions. . . . [Arthur] had so distinct and vivid a
selfconsciousness, such a depth and expansiveness of affection, and so
remarkable a power of making his own inward phenomena the objects
of his intellectual energies, that his letters I think are worthy of
permanent preservation (which can only be in print) even considered
apart from all personal considerations, as presenting some traces of a
life so full of keen emotion and so beset as it were by its own
susceptibility.

Gladstone foresaw no difficulties in matters of decorum: one or two
letters he might like to keep private, but even considering Henry
Hallam’s general unwillingness to print anything of a very personal
character,"still it would be highly desirable to make a collection now of
such letters . . . as may contain more of the inward history of his own
mind, in order that at some period hereafter, say four or five years
hence, we may print a very few copies of them to be distributed only
among his family and those (perhaps) to whom the letters were
addressed."
He had already asked Doyle to write to Tennyson for his
support.

Two additional friends seconded Gladstone’s proposal. In his 11
March 1834 letter to Arthur’s father (excerpted in the preface to the
Remains), James Spedding had regretted that "the displays of
[Arthur’s] gifts and graces were not for show—they sprung naturally
out of the passing occasion, and being separated from it would lose
their life and meaning. . . . The compositions which he has left
(marvellous as they are), are inadequate evidences of his actual
power." Clearly Arthur’s letters offered more adequate evidence.
J. W. Blakesley, though delighted with the memorial offered in the
Remains, admitted some disappointment (in a letter to Henry Hal-
lam) that, with two exceptions, he was familiar with all the works
represented in that volume: "I had hoped to see a selection from his
letters included;—for there more than on any other occasion was
shown that interpenetration of the qualities for which a man is
admired and for which he is loved—which I consider as Arthur’s
peculiar characteristic."15

But Henry had not been alone in his reluctance. Gaskell had
considerable misgivings: "I doubt in the first place whether it is a
tribute which he himself would have approved, and in the second whether any selection [of letters] which we could make (as it must at best be partial), would do him justice. . . . Of course much will depend upon the character of the letters themselves, and possibly the strictly personal nature of almost all those which I have by me, may make me view the subject unfairly.” Like Arthur, Gaskell had been in Rome in 1828; he too had fallen under Anna Wintour’s spell, and (as the present collection shows) many of his letters from Hallam dealt with that affair. Tennant, who forwarded to Henry Hallam all of Arthur’s poetry and prose in his possession, found that “not much of his correspondence of a general nature is preserved—his letters to me are wholly or almost wholly relating to private & temporary circumstances my own or his.” Tennyson apparently did not respond to Doyle’s solicitation. Forwarding the last copy of the Remains to Richard Monckton Milnes in 1835, Henry Hallam expressed the prevailing consensus: “The applications [for the book] have been many, which, in general, I have been forced to refuse. On every account, I felt that the voice of his inmost heart was not for the careless ear of the public.”

In his edition of Arthur’s Writings, T. H. Vail Motter depicts Henry Hallam as a model of nineteenth-century suppression, the censor, who, wielding his “blue pencil” over the Remains, distorted or stifled Arthur’s true voice; clearly, the same accusation could be made about Henry’s unwillingness to print his son’s letters. Yet his editorial decisions must be seen in both a personal and historical perspective. In 1834, Henry had no reason to expect that the name and character of Arthur Henry Hallam would become a permanent part of English literature. The high praise of Arthur’s abilities might have been paid to any bright young man who died before realizing his promise. As Motter admits, this was no Keats. Nor might Henry discern, from his son’s letters to him, those powers of thought and feeling that Gladstone found so worthy of preservation. Even Arthur’s eloquent defense of his “fondness for modern poetry” in letter 82 could only partially persuade a father who found the Eton Society’s debate on the relative merits of mathematics versus metaphysics “truly ridiculous.” It is worth noting that three years after the publication of In Memoriam, Henry arranged to reprint his son’s Remains for the general public, to be bound up, as he wrote to Tennyson, “for those who wish it, uniformly with your precious volume.”
James Milnes Gaskell died in 1873, leaving behind at least some of his letters from Arthur, and a journalist son. Charles Gaskell was not troubled by his father's earlier misgivings in preparing a tribute to the memory of Arthur on the fiftieth anniversary of his death. Anna Wintour died soon after her lifelong admirer, and Arthur's sister, Julia Hallam Cator, Lady Lennard, was the only surviving member of the Hallam family. More important, "A.H.H." had become the most famous initials in English literature. The ostensible purpose of Records of an Eton Schoolboy, privately printed in 1883, was to provide "valuable information as to the habits of the time." But though the book contains many of James Milnes Gaskell's schoolboy letters, and offers an illuminating view of Eton under the celebrated Dr. Keate, the twelve letters of "our dear Eton Marcellus," as Doyle described Arthur in the preface, "the most brilliant and charming Etonian of his time," were clearly its main feature.

On 23 October 1883, Gladstone received his copy and thanked Charles Gaskell the same day: "It is a revived, almost a new image, of Arthur Hallam," he wrote enthusiastically, and took the opportunity to mention that he had carefully saved all his letters from Hallam. Charles was invited to see them, in the hope that it might be "possible that [his] book may wholly or partially come upon the public." With the prime minister's support, Charles, who had easily obtained permission from Lady Lennard to publish her brother's letters to his father, now revived Gladstone's plan to publish all of Hallam's correspondence. He solicited Doyle to approach Lady Lennard with the proposal.

Doyle's 1 December 1883 letter diplomatically reiterated James Spedding's earlier contention about the elusive impact of Arthur's personality:

I think that nothing he left behind him quite does him justice for the very reason that his mind was more original & powerful than the minds of us his contemporaries. He required a longer time to master and organize his faculties & though his advancement in strength & ripeness of intellect was moving on with rapid strides, he died, alas, so prematurely that the operation was not wholly complete—still even as he shows himself I cannot but think it desirable that he should be known as widely as possible.

And though the 1863 and 1869 editions of the Remains had brought Arthur's writings before the public, Doyle stressed the greater
interest of his friend's letters: in them "he will be seen at his best." Five days later, Charles himself wrote to Lady Lennard, a little more forcefully, stating that he intended at least to publish Arthur's letters to Gladstone, because of the wide interest in her brother. She finally responded that she would prefer certain of Arthur's letters "from Italy"—in other words, those concerning Anna Wintour—to be deleted from any future edition. She did not want Gaskell's present work to be excerpted in the magazines, and she failed to mention publishing any other letters. In short, she offered no encouragement.

It is unlikely that Charles Gaskell can have known the powerful forces arrayed against him. Soon after Records of an Eton Schoolboy was printed, Monckton Milnes described the volume to "Milord Alfred": Tennyson was pleased and interested. But the prospect of publication in a periodical—even the Nineteenth Century, edited by Tennyson's friend James Thomas Knowles—elicited a quite different response. On 26 November 1883, Gladstone, writing to Tennyson regarding the Laureate's elevation to the peerage, took the opportunity to mention the first book containing Arthur's letters:

I presume Mr. Milnes Gaskell has sent you the little volume he has printed privately. You may like to know that Knowles is charmed with the light which for him it throws upon the mind & character of Arthur Hallam. He has been at Hawarden and I gave him Arthur Hallam's letters to me for perusal. I cannot recollect enough to be a judge, but he says they are of more interest [. . .] than those to his Father, & I think he may wish to print some of them.

Tennyson's response was unusually quick and unequivocal: "Don't let Knowles print A.H.H.'s letters [he wrote to Gladstone on 2 December 1883]—at least let them be first submitted to me. I think that I of all living men should be allowed a voice in this matter. K. is a very clever man & a kindly—but he is . . . Knowles of the 19th Century & would set the fame of his Review above the fame of your old friend & mine. At least I fear so." The Bard's greatest displeasure seemed reserved for Charles Gaskell, however, who, Tennyson complained, had "not been gracious enough to send me his book."

But Charles, who had been worried about the propriety of printing Arthur's remarks on Tennyson's grandfather (in letter 189), and who had candidly stated that Anna, rather than Emily Tennyson, "in-
spired Arthur Hallam's best verses," did send Alfred a copy. It was, however, intercepted by his son. On 20 February 1884, Hallam Tennyson, ignoring Gaskell, wrote instead to Lady Lennard:

I have not liked to show my Father the "Records of an Eton Schoolboy," for, as you say, there are some letters which ought never to have been inserted, and some expressions which ought to have been erased. I think that it is useless my asking my Father his opinion about a Review of the book in the "Edinburgh," for he has set your brother on such a pinnacle before all the world, that anything now published concerning your brother can only detract from his fame. Excuse my candid opinion, but you have asked me for it, and I know that my Father has such a deep love for him that he would fain keep all critics at a distance from him.

Lady Lennard, repeating her hope that her brother's letters would not appear in the Nineteenth Century, still expressed regret that Alfred himself had not expressed his reactions to the book. This time the Laureate's wife sought to reassure her:

We greatly rejoice that you agree with us as to the Reviews. Certainly fresh and pleasant and thoughtful as these youthful letters are, one cannot but feel that Mr. [Gaskell] has done well in printing them for private circulation only, lest the public ideal of your brother should in any way be disturbed. For the same reason but on infinitely stronger grounds, we have withheld the book from my Ally & I hope that in this also you agree with us. One has to be specially careful with so very sensitive a nature, as you know.

The bulwark of wife and son prevailed. Alfred, apparently, never saw the "disturbing volume," though (as Franklin Lushington assured Lady Lennard), given his own feelings toward George Clayton Tennyson, he would hardly have objected to Arthur's description, and he certainly knew about Anna Wintour and her impact on Arthur. Soon after, Lady Lennard wrote again to Gaskell, suggesting that any public edition of his work substitute Arthur's letters to Gladstone for those already included. Again the project of publishing any comprehensive collection of his letters was frustrated. Gladstone, perhaps most disappointed, gruffly complained about "the mysterious property that private persons are held to have over the thoughts of the illustrious dead."

Between the publication of Records of an Eton Schoolboy in 1883 and Alfred Lord Tennyson: A Memoir by his Son in 1897, biographies of
Richard Chenevix Trench and Milnes showed that James Milnes Gaskell and Gladstone were not the only friends who had preserved Arthur's letters. But the fullest treatment of Arthur's life, and the greatest number of his letters, appear in the Memoir. Unfortunately, Hallam Tennyson's editorial principles are all too clearly indicated in his 1884 letter to Lady Lennard: AHH's namesake took extraordinary pains, and much license with fact, to make sure that nothing would detract from the fame of either Arthur or his elegist.

Ironically, the survival of two earlier and more complete versions provide the clearest evidence of the inaccuracies and distortions of the Memoir. Both the privately printed, four-volume Materials for a Life of A. T., and its manuscript predecessor—a set of notebooks containing Hallam Tennyson's drafts, manuscript letters, clippings, and so on—are in the Tennyson Research Centre (in Lincoln). Hallam Tennyson's wife, Audrey, transcribed many letters for her husband's use, including a separate notebook of those from Arthur. Afterward, Hallam Tennyson destroyed virtually all of Arthur's letters to his father, and a number to other members of the Tennyson family. Fourteen complete or partial letters from Arthur are printed in the Memoir. Early in his account, Hallam Tennyson notes that "most of [Arthur's] philosophical and religious letters to my father have been lost." Yet Tennyson's son chose not to print most of those letters in his wife's notebook, crossing through, cutting out, and rearranging her transcripts, with no indication in the printed text. Less than a third, for example, of Arthur's letter to Mrs. Tennyson (90) was published, and his phrase about "morbidness of feeling" was carefully excised from the sentence.

It is, of course, important to remember that the Memoir is not a scholarly work, nor even a biography in the modern sense. It is a charmingly written reminiscence that, as Christopher Ricks states, "at its best [breathes] a sense of what it was like in the immediate vicinity of Tennyson." Yet even with some comprehension of the Victorians' exaggerated sense of decorum, and the knowledge that the Laureate was scarcely less reticent about biographical details than his son, some of the tamperings in the Memoir are difficult to fathom. Certainly propriety necessitated Hallam Tennyson's omission of Arthur's comments on Garden and Monteith (letter 161); Arthur's parenthetical bit of morbid wit about Miss Poole (127) scarcely
survived in Audrey Tennyson's transcript. Perhaps also Arthur's response to Croker's *Quarterly* review of Tennyson's 1832 volume (letter 240) seemed more appropriately addressed to Alfred than to Emily; Hallam Tennyson apparently found it convenient to combine that comment with another letter (237). But the exclusion of palpably innocent—and interesting—material in what Hallam Tennyson thought was Arthur's last letter (247) can be ascribed to none of these motives. At least one alteration in the *Memoir* seems totally incomprehensible: by omitting several sentences in letter 221, and noting that the £ 11 was "the sum my father received for the 1830 volume," Hallam Tennyson deliberately distorted Arthur's meaning, turning Alfred's minor debt into an equally inconsequential royalty.28

Whatever his motives, Hallam Tennyson might have profited from Charles Milnes Gaskell's comments on a passage (unrelated to Arthur Henry Hallam) in *Records of an Eton Schoolboy*: "Erasure I fear is not of much use, as I remember that the lines which Lady Caroline Lascelles blotted out with regard to Lord John Russell in her Memorials of Lord Carlisle only called attention to the passage."29 Such has been the fate of the *Memoir*. Its evasiveness, its deletion and suppression of material has, ironically, had exactly the opposite effect from what its cautious editor intended. For some modern critics, the relationship between Arthur and Alfred seemed too close, the grief of *In Memoriam* too intimate, the biographical portrait of AHH too idolized. A homosexual construction was enticing, perhaps inevitable. Harold Nicolson's worthy and perceptive attempt to rehabilitate the Laureate, for example, could not resist sly references to the hand upon the shoulder, the afternoons on the Somersby lawn, and "oh! the way he would take one's arm, on summer evenings, under the limes"—all derived, in much the same language, from *In Memoriam* and Hallam Tennyson's account. Fortunately, a sufficient number of Arthur's letters—particularly those to Emily Tennyson—have survived any editorial intervention to put such suspicions finally to rest—if indeed such things are still suspect. Even Nicolson subsequently altered his views: "How I wish I had seen these letters," he said upon reading through the Wellesley collection.30

Nevertheless, the *Memoir* set not only a tone but also a pattern for dealing with Arthur's letters that has been followed until recent years. The version of letter 119 in *Merivale*, for example, omits
Arthur’s reference to Tennant, who had died many years before its publication in virtual obscurity. Morley’s Life of Gladstone is editorially more reliable than the Memoir only in indicating where material has been deleted. Mrs. Brookfield’s Cambridge Apostles, one of the more accessible collections of the correspondence of Arthur and his contemporaries, must, as Motter warns, be read with the greatest caution. It is a travesty of scholarship; the rare accuracy is virtually discredited by the preponderance of error. Other presentations, such as Lounsbury’s Life and Times of Tennyson, Schonfield’s Letters to Frederick Tennyson, and Zamick’s publication of Arthur’s letters to Farr, offer few, incomplete, and not always accurate texts. The six letters to (and one from) Brookfield published by his son in the Fortnightly Review (80 [1903]: 170-79) provide a characteristic example of the treatment of Arthur’s correspondence. Five of these letters were sold after their publication, and are now in the Pierpont Morgan Library; they reveal that the printed versions are reasonably accurate, scrupulously showing editorial omissions. Why then had the sixth letter not been sold? The mystery was solved when letter 146, together with Brookfield’s letter to Arthur (96a), turned up in the Brookfield papers at Downside Abbey. Even thirty years after his father’s death, Arthur Brookfield felt he could not allow evidence that his father took opium as a Cambridge undergraduate to be revealed to future patrons of a public library.

Even a collection of those letters already in print—the minimum of what Gladstone had hoped for nearly 150 years ago, and which, in the case of Arthur’s writings, provided the basis of Motter’s edition—would have value as a more accurate and complete view of AHH. The present edition aspires to a good deal more. It prints all known surviving letters and fragments by and to Arthur. More than two-thirds of the material is hitherto unpublished in any form, and some of the published texts are virtually inaccessible today. In addition, the annotation includes relevant excerpts from the correspondence of Arthur’s friends and contemporaries, much also previously unpublished.

A variety of circumstances has argued for such completeness. Most obvious is the brevity of Arthur’s life. Essentially these letters cover eight years, from 1825 to 1833, an average rate of approximately three letters a month. But there were considerable periods of time—at Eton,
Cambridge, London, and Somersby—when Arthur’s principal correspondents were with him. And as vehemently as he might complain about Alfred’s unwillingness to write, Arthur himself was often guilty of the same fault. Letters to Gladstone, Gaskell, Robertson, Edward Spedding, Donne, and Brookfield all acknowledge his lapses; indeed, only with Gladstone (and then for a limited time), Gaskell, and Emily Tennyson does Arthur seem to have sustained a regular correspondence. Thus, although new letters may be found, the present collection is not likely to be greatly augmented. Moreover, both in scope and selection of correspondents, it is substantially representative, with the certain exception of letters to Doyle, Pickering, and Tennant, and the less certain absence of those to James Spedding and Francis Garden. The three largest groups of letters are also the most complete. Gladstone, characteristically, seems to have preserved virtually every communication from his friend; and, despite Hallam Tennyson’s claim, no substantial number of Arthur’s letters to Alfred appear to have been lost. Indeed, as his postscripts indicate, Arthur apparently chose, after an unsuccessful attempt to carry on a regular correspondence with the “lazy loons” at Somersby, to communicate with Alfred, and the rest of the Tennyson family, principally through his letters to Emily. This last body of letters thus gains added significance. It provides a full account not merely of Arthur’s closest relationship but also of the activities and concerns of the Tennysons during this period of their lives.

A more important argument for completeness has to do with the nature of the letters themselves. Clearly, as his friends suggested, and his own comments show, Arthur’s correspondence represented a serious (in all the Victorian senses of the word) concern in his life. Letters were the sustenance, sometimes the embodiment of those relationships so crucial to him, the means “to keep pure and limpid, the source of all generous emotions” (letter 79). To both his earliest friend and his fiancée, he depicted the joys of receiving home thoughts while abroad (letters 42 and 177). To Gaskell he paraphrased Cicero’s delighted welcome of letters from Atticus (50). To many friends—Milnes, Robertson, and Brookfield, among others—he testified to the emotional restoration, the recovery of spirits, “the gentle touch of the renovating diurnal light” to “one long prisoned in darkness” (60), that their letters brought him. Arthur might not
always compose his epistles, as Alfred accused him of doing (221); but he obviously spent much time and care on them, and only half jokingly chided Emily for writing at the last possible moment and not filling the paper to its full capacity (205). He was not above priding himself on a particularly "graceful [pattern] of epistolary composition" (letter 121, commenting on 117), at least when that composition had apparently miscarried. His playful suggestion of publishing Emily's letters (158) suggested how much he cherished and found comfort in them (202). Indeed, separated as they were during most of their engagement, their letters were the relationship, serving, as Arthur wrote in only a slightly different context, "as Pisgah to Canaan, the point of distant prospect to the place of actual possession" (115). Poems were fine, he told Alfred, but flesh and blood better: "I only crave a few words" (204).

Consequently, few of Arthur's letters fall under his description of Kemble's "laconic note upon business only" (185). When need demanded, as in his appeals to Frederick Tennyson (190) and Charles Tennyson d'Eyncourt (187), he could be as businesslike as Emily's grandfather (see letter 171). But his introductory addresses to Hunt (97) and Moxon (112) show an admirable blend of finesse and wit, and even his squibs to Maginn (194) and Whewell (224) are written with the careless grace that characterizes his formal correspondence.

At the same time, Arthur's letters supplement, rather than supplant, his writings. Little of the sustained analysis of his essays, the parliamentary rhetoric of his Eton debates and his Trinity declamations, or the metaphysical intricacies of his Apostles papers appear in his correspondence. There are closer affinities with his verse—for example, in his addresses to Milnes, Brookfield, and Emily Tennyson—but the voices are still distinct. As Gladstone stated, the letters offer "the history of his mind . . . so remarkable as composed of a series of the most keen and thrilling emotions," and a "power and habit of setting it forth . . . not less conspicuous." Yet the distinction between the two voices—the contrast between the "Magazine humour" or at least the public consciousness (which, as he admitted to Edward Spedding, infected even his review of Alfred's poetry), and the attention to "myself and the Truth" (letter 122) that prevails in his letters—makes his occasional, fragmentary insights more valuable. Certainly, his comments on philosophy and poetry to Spedding,
Milnes, Frere, Donne, and Alfred Tennyson provide ample evidence of his critical acumen.

Nor do the letters have a purely personal interest. Arthur was the son of one of the prominent figures in nineteenth-century English society; he attended the public school and one of the two outstanding colleges of his time. He lived to see the beginnings of the triumph of Romantic sensibility and the first Reform Bill. These circumstances alone give his letters considerable historical interest. The inconsistency, perhaps only apparent, of Arthur’s support of Catholic emancipation and opposition to parliamentary reform, his knowledge of the formation of Canning’s 1827 ministry, his and his contemporaries’ response to Cambridge, Fanny Kemble, Edward Irving, and Saint-Simonianism, should prove of some value to those with greater knowledge in these areas than that of the editor. During the latter part of his correspondence, too, there are faint but discernible stirrings of both the Broad Church and Oxford movements.

More important, a list of Arthur’s friends includes some of the most eminent Victorians, particularly their greatest prime minister and greatest poet. In his letters, we see the formation of character, and the commencement of careers, not only of Gladstone and Tennyson but also of Milnes and Trench. Lesser luminaries, such as Spedding, Donne, Doyle, Kemble, Blakesley, Brookfield, and Gaskell (whom Henry Adams found so representative of England in the 1830s), receive their fair share of attention. For this reason, the editor has chosen occasionally to provide more extensive annotation than Arthur’s letters themselves might seem to demand, including excerpts from the correspondence of his friends, with the purpose of rounding out the circle in which he found himself inscribed (letter 137).

III

"It is my destiny, it would seem, in this world to form no friendship, which when I begin to appreciate it, & hold it dear, is not torn from me by the iron hand of circumstance. The friends whom I loved at Eton I shall not see at Cambridge. Those who endeared to me my sojourn in Italy are scattered to the four winds of heaven—and the
chance of enjoying more hours of their conversation, & society is more unstable than the very breath of those winds.” Thus Arthur wrote to Gladstone in 1828, already with some experience of the fragmented nature of his existence, with its “strange mingling of sweet, & bitter” (letter 51). The eternal Shelleyan forces of fate, time, occasion, chance, and change, perhaps embodied in the Jupiter-like figure of his father, divided his life into four periods, distinct not only in circumstance, but also in place, mood, and friendships. Even in his last year, when he began to renew contact with Gladstone and Gaskell (then MPs), when his essays began to establish a reputation and promise a career as a critic, and when he was first able to introduce some of his fiancée’s family to his own, the “shadow feared of man” denied that synthesis.

Whatever claim the playing fields of Eton have for England’s military success in the Napoleonic wars, its debating society must be credited with some measure of that country’s parliamentary eminence in the latter part of the century. Although his health prevented Arthur’s participation on the field, he was an avid enthusiast in the debating room, drawing upon his father’s erudition and argumentative skills, as well as his own youthful eloquence and knowledge of literature, to match the sons of such politicians as Hervey, Wellesley, Gladstone, Gaskell, and Canning. Arthur was known as “the best poet in Eton” in 1826, but the primary interest of the Society dominates all his letters from his school. Politics, too, was the basis of his friendships there, and in at least one case its limitation. For William Windham Farr never really outgrew the “limits of his little reign” among the antique towers of Henry VI’s college. From Eton, Farr brought chiefly the obstinate narrowness of his politics (whose inconsistencies Arthur dissected in letter 16). Although both were unhappy among the fens, Farr sought solace in the unproductive arena of the Cambridge Union, whereas Arthur turned his burden into gain with new friendships, new pursuits. Farr’s ridicule of Arthur’s involvement with Milnes, Kemble, Tennyson, and other “bastions of nonsense” at Trinity too clearly betrays his own loneliness, perhaps tinged with envy. Late in 1828, Arthur discreetly but firmly detached himself from one who could never be a friend (letter 58).

In contrast, Cambridge seems only to have strengthened Arthur’s
intimacy with John Frere. At a time when Milnes reported that he "almost live[d] with Hallam," Arthur described Frere, "one of the best creatures that ever breathed," as his only "true friend" at Trinity (letter 66). As the three letters to Frere indicate, that friendship was based on common pursuits, interests, and ideas; Frere was also Arthur's only Etonian companion who had strong ties with the Tennyson family. Universally liked, admired, and trusted, Frere nevertheless remains a shadowy figure in the accounts of his more illustrious contemporaries.

Although it began two years earlier, Arthur's friendship with Gladstone seems also to have developed through the Eton Society, soon outgrowing the limits of the debates. It is difficult to read through Gladstone's later remarks—particularly his Daily Telegraph article and its earlier draft (printed in Autobiographia)—without some suspicion of exaggerated praise and false humility. Their friendship, Gladstone wrote, "was so unequal, as between his mental powers and mine, that I have questioned myself strictly whether I was warranted in supposing it to have been knit with such closeness as I have fondly supposed." Yet, as he himself noted, the evidence of his diaries is decisive. On 24 September 1826, he recorded his habitual breakfast and walk with Hallam: "I esteem as well as admire him. Perhaps I am declaring too explicitly & too positively for the period of our intimacy—which has not yet lasted a year—but such is my present feeling" (D, 1:75). Three years later, summarizing the progress of the relationship up to that time, his feelings were as strong, but less secure:

It began late in 1824, more at his seeking than mine.
It slackened soon: more on my account than his.
It recommenced in 1825, late, more at my seeking than his.
It ripened much from the early part of 1826 to the middle.
In the middle, [Farr?] rather took my place.
In the latter end [of 1826], it became closer & stronger than ever.
Through 1827, it flourished most happily, to my very great enjoyment.
Beginning of 1828, [Hallam] having been absent since he left Eton, it varied but very slightly.
Middle of 1828, [Hallam] returned, and thought me cold. (I did not increase my rate of letters as under the circumstances I ought to have done.)
Early in 1829, there was friendly expostulation (unconnected with the
Yet after a year at their respective colleges, Gladstone wondered if he could still call Arthur a friend.

The reason for this insecurity becomes clearer in Gladstone's Autobiographia. Acknowledging Arthur's innate superiority in philosophy and poetry, Gladstone also recorded what he felt to be his friend's one great acquired advantage over the son of a Liverpool merchant—a "cultivated domestic education." This conscious sense of inferiority accounts to a large degree for Gladstone's abnormal sensitivity. Even if Arthur learned to recognize the effect, he could scarcely discern the cause, and thus found himself unwittingly irritating Gladstone's thin-skinned feelings. "Why, what an unconscionable fellow you must be?" (letter 23) must have been Arthur's amazed reaction on more than one occasion, and he obviously spent some care in a futile attempt to locate a more acceptable complimentary passage from the Iliad (24). Yet Arthur's reciprocal gift of his father's work for Gladstone's leaving-book would hardly have allayed his friend's suspicions (36). A similar reaction accounts for the exaggerated self-deprecation with which the prime contributor to the Eton Miscellany responded to Arthur's just and balanced remarks on the second volume (51, 54 and 59a). The final blow came, however, with Gladstone's reading of Arthur's Poems, especially the sonnet "To A.T." Careful to avoid mention of the love both he and Gaskell had felt for Anna Wintour, Arthur could not conceal the bond of intimacy that it had made between them. This must have confirmed Gladstone's worst fears. The draft of his June 1830 letter (90a)—which probably reveals his true feelings more fully than its final version—sounds much like the anguished outcry of a rejected lover. Indeed, Gladstone's always strong sexual emotions, his great need for affection and approval from those he respected, and his intense sense of sin and guilt may have coalesced in what Checkland (p. 210) rightly labels a "kind of reverence" for the saint-like figure of Arthur. Although in December 1831 they agreed to renew their correspondence, their friendship, as Gladstone later regretted, never really recovered.

There are striking parallels between the four-time prime minister
and his friend whose deeds were wrought with tumult of acclaim somewhere out of human view. Despite widely varying backgrounds, their religious beliefs were not substantially different; both ultimately gravitated to the same political positions and similar literary tastes. Had Gladstone accompanied his two comrades to Italy in 1827, rather than visiting it with his brothers in 1832, their sensibilities might have been even more closely allied. Both Arthur and William Ewart had strong-willed, domineering fathers, who directed their paths into careers neither might have freely chosen. Both had strong ties with their sisters; just as Ellen Hallam cherished her brother's memory as an ideal during the last four years of her life, it was Anne Gladstone's death in 1829 that, in Foot's words, led her brother to spend "much of the rest of his life striving after the almost impossibly severe standards of conduct she had set him" (D, 1:xli). Yet Arthur's memory seems to have had nearly the same power over Gladstone. In 1897, nearly blind, less than a year before his death, he wrote to Hallam Tennyson that the Memoir made him feel "with a revived keenness" how great a loss was Arthur's death: "He I think could have done something even for your father: he could have helped even to integrate your father, and to enhance his greatness, through the wonderful maturity of his mind." 37

The winter abroad in 1827-28 permanently altered Arthur's character and sensibilities. His first letters from the Continent, however, offer little hint of the transformation to follow. His largely impersonal descriptions echo the travel guidebooks, and he apologizes for writing more about Eton, the Miscellany, and the Society, than the sights. But after encountering Gaskell in Italy, the tone of his correspondence becomes markedly different. For Arthur, Italy represented a romantic liberation, a freeing of himself from his previous sensibilities, and an experience, for the first time, of the "energies of our spiritual nature" (letter 50). Not surprisingly, he first noticed the transformation in another; much to his astonishment, that other was the quintessence of politics. At Eton, Arthur's acquaintance with Gaskell was limited to their opposing stances in the Society: indeed, like everyone else, he seems to have been alternately awed, amused, and exasperated by Gaskell's single-minded devotion. As Arthur hinted, and Gaskell's letters to his mother show, Canning's protégé also had the reputation of being pampered and
spoiled by indulgent parents. These aspects of Gaskell's character faded, Hallam wrote to Gladstone, and his underlying "quiet good sense, real good nature, and unaffected simplicity" emerged more clearly in the Italian sun, or, more specifically, under the influence and brilliancy of Anna Wintour's eyes (letters 44 and 46).

In one respect, at least, the women in Arthur's life shared the quality of goddesses, or at least of lares: for him they were the spirits of their abodes. Just as Anna conjured up the romantic ideal of Rome, Emily, the chief of the "household deities" of Somersby, embodied a more approachable (and, Arthur hoped, attainable) domestic ideal. Arthur described Anne Robertson as "That gentle lady of the Lomond Lake" (letter 75, note 1), and both Fanny Kemble and Charlotte Sotheby came to represent the cosmopolitan social life of London, which, like the two women, could engage Arthur's attention but not his feelings.

Anna Wintour seems from the first to have been associated with the past. As a remembered presence, she seems to have had more power over Arthur than in the flesh; he grew to share Gaskell's adoration in all its youthful intensity only after he had left her in Rome. Consciously or not, he cast her as Beatrice to his Dante, and his enthusiasm for the poet accompanied, if it did not follow, his love for Anna. He later compared the potency of her recollection to Alfred's poetic passion for the past (letter 115), and he told Emily that she had gained a greater conquest, because he now adored her, rather than Anna's, "perfezioni" (126). And despite his protests to Gaskell, Arthur seems to have been genuinely ambivalent about seeing Anna again. As he wrote in 1830, before his first visit to Somersby, "were I again to see her, live near her, often converse with her, the effects on my mind might, for aught I know, be as strong and vivid as on your own . . . [but] I feel not within me that strength of soul by which the distant in place and time become as present; I may look to the past, I may love the past, but it is the past still" (letter 86).

Arthur, no less than Alfred, knew "the need of going forward and braving the struggle of life"; two years later, it was the association of the hills at Malvern with his time at Cheltenham with Emily, rather than with his sojourn in Italy, that was "likely to be more durable" (170).

Anna's most lasting effect on Arthur may have been to link him with "that chief of all my love," Gaskell. Their shared affection for
Anna and the resulting intimacy between them gave new meaning to the concept of friendship:

Carissimo, I have thrown open to you my whole heart; you know all my weakness as well as all my aspirations towards good; may I never be brought to think that I have made the experiment in vain. For an experiment it surely is: it is said in the cold world that no good comes of opening out one’s inmost self to the view even of him whom we have deemed our friend; that where all is known nothing is imagined, and hence mutual discontent and exhaustion—"And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness!" I will prove them liars, however; for I know whom I have trusted. (63)

Yet there was little similarity in their characters. As Henry Adams noted, Gaskell seems to have been quite capable of living in the past, and his concern with public affairs, his parliamentary ambitions, and his happy, calm, almost childish disposition remained undisturbed throughout his life. The friendship between them, perhaps as close as any Arthur sustained, thus testifies to the enduring strength of the "inexpressible charm" and freshness of feeling of their "Italian dreams" (189). Gaskell honored their "similitude in dissimilitude" in rather a curious manner: he transcribed Arthur’s 25 June 1828 letter (50), apparently to send to Anna, changing only the writer’s personal references to apply them to himself; and in his own 28 March 1832 letter to Gladstone (B.L.), Gaskell borrowed entire sentences from Arthur’s correspondence, with no indication of his indebtedness.

The third stage of Arthur’s life, his years at Cambridge, can hardly be considered a coherent period. His trips to Scotland in 1829 and to the Pyrenees in 1830 were far more important to the development of his character than the time he spent “sapping,” and by 1831 his attention was focused to the north in Lincolnshire. His Italian experiences prepared him to respond to, and to imitate, the poetry of emotion recollected in tranquility (though tranquility came only after considerable stress). Despite a somewhat transient enthusiasm for Shelley, he came to consider Wordsworth “one of the greatest of our great men now alive.” 40 Arthur even completed what might have seemed a necessary prerequisite—reading Coleridge’s Aids to Reflection—before matriculating at Trinity, and before graduating began to question the convoluted syntax and ideas of one who fed on honeydew and drank the milk of paradise (see letters 55, 84, and 114).

Nor was this time dominated by any one friendship, at least not
until that with Alfred ripened into intimacy. Most of his 1828-29 letters are addressed either to his family or earlier friends, and even in 1830-31, there is little record, except in the correspondence of friends, of Arthur's participation in the "Apostolic Church." The six letters to Robert Robertson, spaced at fairly regular intervals throughout the four years, are thus valuable as a record of Arthur's Cambridge activities and the steady change in his attitudes toward his collegiate life and companions. They also show, perhaps more clearly than any other group, his nostalgia for Italy and the extreme fluctuation of his moods.

As Pope-Hennessy suggests, Arthur's correspondence with Monckton Milnes shows that their friendship was probably doomed to failure. Milnes had been attracted to Arthur from their first encounter, and Arthur, desperately lonely and depressed by his academic pursuits, responded to the light-humored disposition, kindly temperament, and extravagant wit of one of the leading speakers in the Cambridge Union. Although they shared political views, it was their literary and philosophical affinities and their dedication to poetry that drew them together.

Yet Arthur's spiritual crisis in 1829 probably hastened the end of their friendship. The same qualities so initially attractive in Milnes may have seemed increasingly frivolous to Arthur's soberer perspective; certainly Cousin's pupil appears to have received the outpouring of thought and emotion from Scotland and Malvern too lightly. As his friendship with Alfred and love for Emily grew, Arthur had a clearer sense of the "exalted sentiment" that he could not feel for Milnes (letter 117). Their disagreement in 1832 about the nature of religion confirmed that Milnes was too concerned with externals, too clearly the product of an era when "the imagination craves a constant stimulus with a morbid appetite, sometimes leading to delirium; when the prurient desire for novelties, arranged in system, is mistaken for the love of truth; and, because pleasure is the end of poetry, it is supposed indifferent what kind of pleasure a poem confers." Yet Milnes's kindness remained constant; he continued to write from the Continent, and after Arthur's death ignored the real circumstances of their acquaintance to praise him unreservedly:

We are deprived, not only of a beloved friend, of a delightful companion, but of a most wise and influential counsellor in all the
serious concerns of existence, of an incomparable critic in all our literary efforts, and of the example of one who was as much before us in every thing else, as he is now in the way of life.\textsuperscript{42}

The surviving correspondence with his other Cambridge friends postdates the fourth and longest period in Arthur's life—his involvement with the Tennyson family. As a result, it either deals with, or is influenced by, that dominant concern. Among the Apostles, Blakesley seems to have been in some ways a conduit, informing the dispersed members of each other's activities, while attempting to uphold at Cambridge their "untiring faith in the undefeated energies of man."\textsuperscript{43} Toward Donne, Arthur seems to have maintained a distanced and careful respect, seeking his approval of Alfred's poetry, but only formally encouraging a closer acquaintance. No doubt he roared much to Arthur's taste, but even a friendly lion could be somewhat intimidating (letter 84). Arthur's language to Blakesley and Donne best indicates, among his entire correspondence, the exaggerated sense of self-importance with which the Cambridge elite viewed the rest of the world. Arthur's casual and bantering friendship with John Mitchell Kemble seems to have grown substantially after both left Cambridge and Kemble settled down to a serious pursuit of linguistics and philology. He and his sisters were welcome and frequent companions in London. The letters to Edward Spedding indicate the admiration and affection that all of their contemporaries held for both brothers.

But perhaps Arthur's closest friends during the last years of his life, aside from the Tennysons, were Brookfield and Trench. "Brooks" offered the same type of free-spirited companion as Milnes; significantly, Arthur's first surviving letter (131) shows the same wariness about too close a friendship. Yet as Tennyson later wrote, there was a "humorous-melancholy mark" to Brookfield's Jacques-like jesting, which Arthur recognized as kindred to his own spirit.\textsuperscript{44} Brookfield also apparently shared Arthur's uneasiness about too close an association between the governor and the governed (letter 241, note 2). Most important, perhaps, was their common understanding of, and affection for, the eccentricities of the Tennysons; Arthur confided his most intimate impressions of Somersby—and his concern about Monteith and Garden's visit thence—only to Brookfield (letters 150 and 162).
With Trench, Arthur also shared experiences—notably their abortive support of the Spanish rebels. Yet it was to Arthur’s increasingly serious concern about religious matters that the future archbishop of Dublin appealed. Their mutual exhortations to love and good works (letter 145) seem to have transcended mere Apostolic rhetoric and instead reflected the “true spiritual Christianity” that both felt needful in the “lurid presages of the times that are coming.” As his comment to Donne (Trench’s oldest friend) indicates (letter 99), Arthur may well have shared Trench’s conviction that even Tennyson could not live in art. Their friendship developed late, and might have proceeded further had it not been for Trench’s age, his marriage, and his absence from England.

The letters themselves will determine if Arthur’s greatest friendship, “last in time, but worthy to be first,” needs reappraisal. Those to Alfred himself here first printed seem generally consistent with those already published in the Memoir. Any new perspective must derive chiefly from those to other members and friends of the Tennyson family. Arthur’s 1829 letters suggest that his relationship with Alfred, which undoubtedly began with their competition for the Chancellor’s Poetry Medal, did not develop into an immediate intimacy. At a time when his “exceeding solace” was poetry—when, as he wrote to Milnes, “God grant me, if I am to have a Poet’s destiny, at least a Poet’s power”—it was Alfred’s “rare imaginative energy” that inspired Arthur’s admiration. Their “fair companionship” did not ripen until Arthur’s first visit to Somersby in April 1830, and the hyperbole of his letter to Blakesley (88), and his two collections of sonnets written shortly after his visit, clearly indicate the reason for the intensification of Arthur’s feelings:

Lo, in my life a semblance of new morn!
A mighty dream has caught me in the sweep
Of its regardless course, and I am borne
Far, far into the realm, where Agonies keep
Their state terrific round Joy’s lightning throne.
Oh Emily, my life, my love, my rest,
Thy look is on me, and my soul is blest.
Oh Emily, I have been all alone—
How strange it seems but a few weeks ago
I knew no glance of thine, and thought of thee
Dim in the distance with no hope or fear,
Now I have seen and may not choose but see:
For ever in my eyes, for ever here:
In the aching heart thou dwellest, Emily.  

Moreover, Arthur’s 1829 comments on Alfred’s prize poem indicate a characteristic quality of their friendship. Although he did not hesitate even then to call Alfred “promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century” (letter 77), he likewise asserted that “Timbuctoo” was less than “a specimen of his best manner” (78). His continuing criticism and objective appraisal of Alfred’s work testify to his confidence in the divine genius of this “true and thorough poet” (90) no less than in his own judgment. It is a testimony equally to Alfred’s independence, however, that—at least during Arthur’s lifetime—he seldom heeded his friend’s advice. Arthur may have supplied Tennyson’s want more than the reverse, but the unlikeness of the Cambridge master-bowman—the London advocate with his crucial connections to its leading literary circles—and the reclusive Lincolnshire poet was hardly greater than their similarity in thought and temperament. Both experienced loss early. Arthur left Anna in Italy, his Etonian friends at Christ Church, and his untried faith in Scotland. The morbid misery of Alfred’s childhood culminated in the death of his father. Both elegized the flight of their youth in poetry grounded in the melancholy specters of their minds. Both found Cambridge out of touch with the spirit and thoughts of “this age wherefrom ye stand apart . . . And teach us nothing, feeding not the heart”; yet both experienced firsthand the “willing and exulting” enslavement of Spain and despised the “red fool-s fury of the Seine.” Neither would be the fool of loss: as Alfred wrote several years before Arthur’s death, “We live but by resistance, and the best / Of Life is but the struggle of the will.” Indeed, as much as Alfred prized the help of Arthur’s love, he does not seem to have been unusually dependent upon his friend for either direction or sympathy. His unwillingness to contribute to periodicals—“not for Hallam” (letter 112, note 3)—his whimsically Tennysonian escapes from Somersby to Sutton, Cambridge, London, Jersey, and Scotland, his slow patience, oblivious of Arthur’s wishes, in assembling his poems for publication, and his stubborn refusal to publish The Lover’s Tale, which, as Arthur suggested, might have set him in high esteem, all show a confidence in his own judgment and a sure
sense of his own purpose. Ultimately Septimus, whom Arthur thought "the practical man of the family" (letter 166), proved "the most morbid of the Tennysons"; as correspondence with the d'Eyncourt branch proves, it was rather Alfred who, however reluctantly, assumed matters of business when the need was inescapable.

To judge by Arthur's other relationships, Tennyson's independence may have been the strength of their bond. For despite his need for friends, Arthur's character seems to have invited closer and more intimate dependence than he desired, or knew how to handle. There is almost a noli me tangere quality in his rejection of Farr, his response to Gladstone's 1830 letter, his apparent treatment of Tennant, his 1831 letters to Milnes and even, initially, those to Brookfield. With Gaskell, Doyle, Frere, the Speddings, Kemble, and Trench, all secure in their own intents and pursuits, he could establish firmer bonds of mutual affection and trust. And Tennyson, perhaps because of the degree of self-interest necessary to survive in such a chaotic and troubled family, seems to have been akin to this second group. Whatever the idealized relation "of one on earth to one in the other & higher world" depicted in In Memoriam, their relationship here, as Alfred himself asserted, was one of mutual respect: "he certainly looked up to me fully as much as I to him." 49

Perhaps even less need be said about Arthur's relationship with Emily. Although her granddaughter found the spirit of In Memoriam "a pretty frigid lover," the intensity of his feeling cannot really be questioned. At times, to be sure, his idealization of Emily, and her significance to him, must have escaped her comprehension (see, for example, letter 202). Nor can his cavalier assumption of responsibility for her education, her activities, her health, indeed, her life itself, be completely ascribed to the prevailing prejudices of the age. But even the one-sided nature of their correspondence represented here shows that she recognized, valued, and returned his love, and for a decade following his death she lived in sincere, if not perpetual, maidenhood.

What is perhaps open to speculation is the eventual blissful marriage envisioned in Alfred's elegy. As these letters show, Arthur first proposed, or at least openly declared his love for Emily, in December 1830, after first meeting her at Somersby earlier that year. Thus when he announced his engagement to his family in March
1831, he had spent a total of less than four weeks with his intended. Little wonder, then, at Henry Hallam's reservations. Arthur's infatuation with Anna Wintour, as his father well knew, had lasted more than two years. How long, Henry must have asked himself, was this "engagement" to endure? In this light, Henry's unwillingness to allow his son to visit Somersby for a year, and his hope that Emily might release Arthur from his promise, seem quite reasonable. Emily's father, whose previous dealings with his family seldom exhibited great sense or foresight, and who had much to gain from a match between his daughter and the son of an eminent and wealthy Londoner, agreed completely with Henry Hallam's restrictions.

Nor were Arthur's actions designed to improve Henry's estimation of his son's maturity. Indeed, Arthur's impetuosity may have ultimately been less damaging to his hopes than the pattern of deception and deliberate misconstruction, or at least misrepresentation, of his father's injunctions. Although he apparently managed to conceal his 1831 Cheltenham meeting with his fiancée, he inadvertently directed his father's ire against Mrs. Tennyson by assuring Emily and her mother that they might correspond (letter 106). Arthur may even have suppressed the information that Emily was a minor and under the guardianship of Rawnsley, fearing that it might give his father additional grounds for opposing the engagement (see letter 183a for references).

The cumulative effect of these deceptions must have fed Henry's suspicions, not so much of his son's irresponsibility, but rather of the Tennysons' intentions. Were they merely a family of opportunists, attempting to exploit Arthur's infatuation with, and rash offer of marriage to, Emily in order to obtain an appropriate settlement? What Henry knew at the time he entered into financial negotiations probably tended to support this interpretation. Thus his demand for an additional £1,000 may have been a test of the Tennysons' motives. It is not the least of the ironies surrounding Arthur's engagement that Henry chose to base his initial attitude toward the Somersby family on the one factor completely outside their control.

Readers can determine to their own satisfaction whether the objections of Arthur's father—and perhaps of Emily's relatives—had any justification. The most devoted and indulgent elders might easily feel that four weeks together was rather too short a time to allow two
nineteen-year-olds to decide to pledge their lives to each other, however strong the feeling. Certainly Arthur's 1832 account of his London activities—particularly his flirtations with Charlotte Sotheby—suggests a certain restlessness, to which Emily may have responded in February 1833 (letter 222). One wonders too if his friendly taunting of his fiancée was the expression of a less conscious resentment both against the delay in their marriage and her poor health, which made it impossible for her to join him in London. Arthur may have been thinking of more than Emily's happiness in his hope that they might ultimately live abroad.

IV

To suggest what the memory of Arthur Henry Hallam might have become without *In Memoriam* is only slightly less difficult than to hypothesize what *In Memoriam* might have been without Arthur Henry Hallam. Benjamin Jowett's 1859 letter to his friend, written after visiting Clevedon Church, shows that at least one critic understood the significance of the "living memory" that Tennyson had created:

He is a name to me except from your volume, which will doubtless preserve his memory as long as the English language lasts. It is a strange feeling about those who are taken young—that while we are getting old & dusty they are as they were.\(^5^0\)

But Gladstone found the elegy "a noble monument to one for whom no monument could be too noble." These contrasting reactions, from men who knew and did not know Arthur, illustrate the duality of the role of AHH in Tennyson's poem. For *In Memoriam* salutes the spirit, but it also embodies the man; and though the two eventually merge as one, their distinctness is crucial to the poem's resolution. *In Memoriam* is not merely the most personal elegy in English, it is also the only major work in the genre in which specific details of its subject's life and character enter so largely into the process of the poem, the way of the poet's soul. "There lives more faith in honest doubt," Tennyson asserts, "than in half the creeds," and his own model of this stronger faith is Arthur the man,

one indeed I knew
In many a subtle question versed,
Who touched a jarring lyre at first

[34]
But ever strove to make it true:
Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,
At last he beat his music out.

Again and again, at the times of his greatest despair, it is Arthur, the man remembered, to whom Tennyson cries out (section 50), against whose ideal of conduct Tennyson measures himself (51, 57, and 66), whose former praise provides the initial justification for Tennyson's "brief lays" (8 and 38). And it is their shared experiences, the "unity of place" in Wimpole Street (7 and 119), in the Pyrenees (71), at Cambridge (87), and at Somersby (the three Christmas sections, 89, and finally 95), which provide the increasing sense of comfort and continued companionship that sustains Tennyson in his quest. Thus it seems appropriate that the remains of the "living memory," one that sustained the faith of an entire generation, receive their most eloquent justification at the elegy's climax:

But when those others, one by one,
Withdrew themselves from me and night,
And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart; I read
Of that glad year which once had been,
In those fallen leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:
And strangely on the silence broke
The silent-speaking words, and strange
Was love's dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke
The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
On doubts that drive the coward back,
And keen through wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,
The dead man touched me from the past,
And all at once it seemed at last
The living soul was flashed on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirled
About empyreal heights of thought,
And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,
Aeolian music measuring out
The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
The blows of Death.
In his preface to the first public printing of the Remains in 1853, Henry Hallam identifies the principal source of continued interest in his son. "Arthur Henry Hallam had the happiness to possess the friendship of one, then as young as himself, whose name has risen to the highest place among our living poets. What this distinguished person felt for one so early torn from him, has been displayed in those beautiful poems, intitled 'In Memoriam,' which both here and in America have been read with admiration and delight." Nevertheless, he continued, "The image of Arthur hovers, like a dim shadow, over these; and as the original copies of his own productions, given solely to his friends, are not easily to be procured, it has been thought by the Editor, after much deliberation, that others may be interested in possessing them." The present editor can offer no better justification for the publication of his letters.

1. Remains, p. v.
2. On 4 May 1827, Gaskell wrote to his mother that he would "find out about Hallam's going to Oxford or Cambridge on Sunday" (RES, p. 66).
5. Alford, p. 92.
6. Ellen's journal is the property of Lady Elton; Mary Elton's remark appears in A Few Years of the Life of Mary Elizabeth Elton, ed. Sir Arthur Hallam Elton (Clevedon Court: privately printed, 1877).
7. Julia Hallam's journals are the property of Miss Elizabeth Lennard.
8. 6 April 1840 letter (B.L.).
10. D, 2:63. Part of Doyle's letter to Gaskell is in the John Hay Library, Brown University; his letter to Gladstone is in the B.L.
11. A transcript of this letter is the property of James Milnes Gaskell.
13. A transcript of Gladstone's letter is the property of James Milnes Gaskell; Henry's letter to Tennyson is at TRC.
14. Gladstone's letter is at Christ Church.
15. Of course, Blakesley hastened to add, that very circumstance might have made their admission impossible. Both letters are at Christ Church; Blakesley's is dated 19 July 1834.
16. Gaskell's 9 February 1834 letter to Gladstone is in the B.L.; Tennant's undated letter at Christ Church; Henry Hallam's 2 September 1835 letter to Milnes at Trinity.

17. See Writings, p. vi: "No one can pretend that the restored body of his poetry now gives Hallam rank as poet."


19. 3 July 1853 letter at TRC.

20. RES, pp. ix-x.

21. A transcript of Gladstone's letter is the property of James Milnes Gaskell; Doyle's and Charles Gaskell's letters, together with a draft of Lady Lennard's reply, are at Christ Church.

22. Tennyson's initial response is recorded in a letter from Lady Charlotte Clark to Lady Lennard, dated 14 November 1883, at Christ Church; Gladstone's letter to Tennyson is at TRC; Tennyson's reply in the B.L.

23. Hallam Tennyson's letter, his mother's letter, and drafts of Lady Lennard's replies are all at Christ Church. The excerpts are included by Christopher Ricks in "Hallam's 'Youthful Letters' and Tennyson," ELN 3 (December 1965): 120-22.

24. A draft of Lady Lennard's letter to Charles Gaskell, and an undated letter from Lady Clark to Lady Lennard (relaying Lushington's comments), are at Christ Church. Both Lady Lennard and Charles Gaskell had apparently confused Alfred's grandfather with his father. Gladstone's comment is quoted in Fasti Etonenses, p. 503; he incorrectly identifies Lady Lennard as Arthur's grandniece.

25. Wemyss Reid prints a slightly inaccurate version of letter 71. In addition to the fourteen letters to the Tennyson family, the Memoir prints part of letter 99.


27. Tennyson, p. viii.

28. References are to Memoir, 1:84-85; 91-92; 104.

29. 25 October 1883 letter to Gladstone (B.L.).


32. The same habit, far more serious in the case of Charles Tennyson, may account for Hallam Tennyson's tampering with all of the Tennyson family materials for 1832-33; see Tennyson, p. 62, and letter 225 n. 2.

33. See D, 1:xx-xxi, for discussion of Gladstone's scrupulousness, and note 26, above.

34. Transcript of his 12 February 1834 letter to Gaskell, property of James Milnes Gaskell.


36. 5 March 1829 letter to his sister (Houghton papers).

38. Arthur applies the term to Frederick Tennyson in "Sonnets written after my return from Somersby," no. 8 (printed in "Unpublished Poems"). But even there the association with Emily Tennyson is clear.

39. Tennyson's description of the "feeling" of "Ulysses"; see Ricks, p. 560.


42. Dedication to Henry Hallam (dated November 1833) of Milnes's Memorials of a Tour in Some Parts of Greece (1834), p. iv.

43. Blakesley's 24 January 1830 letter to Trench (Trench, 1:48).

44. "To the Rev. W. H. Brookfield" (1875).


46. "Somersby Sonnets," no. 3 (in "Unpublished Poems").

47. "Lines on Cambridge of 1830"; see Ricks, p. 287.


49. Annotation in a commentary on In Memoriam (copy at TRC) by Reverend Alfred Gatty. Gatty had written, about one of the numerous passages that compare Arthur to a departed husband and the poet to a loyal wife, that Tennyson drew a "comparison which typifies his own humble relation to his exalted friend."

50. A transcript of Jowett's 10 April 1859 letter is at TRC; Gladstone's 23 June 1850 letter to Henry Hallam is at Christ Church.