My dear Gladstone,

Somehow or other, I feel a great desire to give a zest to a listless, and unoccupied evening by talking to you. In somewhat less than a fortnight I hope to receive an answer to my last letter, as I know you are too exact, and kind a correspondent to delay long an answer, when letters are seventeen days coming, and going. At the time I wrote my last, I had just seen Gaskell for the first time: since that period I have been scarce one day out of his society. You will remember that at Eton we were neither of us the very highest in each other’s books: a circumstance which, for my own share of it, I attribute principally to our respective positions in the Society (which, however much we then used to protest to the contrary had certainly some influence on our confidential intercourse), & partly also, to the circumstances which were connected with his first introduction to our acquaintance. Since I have been here, I have had more opportunities of discerning, and appreciating Gaskell’s character; and have no hesitation in saying that I think his removal from the Society, where he was far too much flattered, will develop, in a higher degree than before, the amiable parts of his nature. Not a little quiet good sense, real good nature, and unaffected simplicity are to me as evident, as agreeable in his disposition: there is talent too, though certainly not of an extraordinary kind: nor can any thing, I should conceive, be more pernicious to Gaskell’s success in future life, than teaching him to consider himself as a prodigy. How many have been ruined by that infatuation? There is a young man here, named Dallas, whose portrait, & poems you may remember to have seen in the Percy Anecdotes: the latter were published by his foolish father, when the boy was 13: and more recently a collection has been made of all the letters ever written about his son, from childhood to the University;
in which is also inserted a precious speech on the Catholic Question in the Oxford Debating Society; on the strength of which the said father declares Dallas to be nearly as great an orator, as Canning! having previously declared him a greater poet than Byron. N.B. The verses are said by those, who have read them, to be something worse than execrable. I am however perfectly convinced that our friend is made of better stuff than to be so puffed up: I only mentioned the above, as a case in point. Mr. & Mrs. Gaskell are as perfectly opposite in character, as it is possible for man, & wife to be: nor was there ever to my knowledge a more decided instance of "the grey mare being the better horse." The one, a quiet little man, very goodnatured, & simple, almost, as a child; with very little conversation in him, and much laudable desire of seeing everything that is to be seen, & doing everything that is to be done, to the last iota. The other, a remarkably pleasant, and wellinformed, but withal most singular person; both as to her conversation, and other points; not without a wish to be listened to, and admired, yet rather shy, than otherwise, and therefore more effective in a tête à tête, than in a large party. More civil people—more overflowing with real kindness of heart—I do not recollect to have ever seen. They have a vast Catholic acquaintance; among whom is a certain Dr. Gradwell,\footnote{head of the <Jesuit> English college, and one of the higher powers here.} among whom is a certain Dr. Gradwell,\footnote{head of the <Jesuit> English college, and one of the higher powers here.} among whom is a certain Dr. Gradwell, a head of the <Jesuit> English college, and one of the higher powers here. I have also struck up an acquaintance with Mr. Rothmann, a very agreeable young man, who reads Laplace, and yet has no mathematical stupidity, or affectation in his talk.\footnote{Now remember, all I have told you as yet is purely confidential; & written, because I thought you would like to have a hasty sketch of the Gaskell family, of whom we have heard so much. There are now near 1000 English here. Our chapel is crowded to excess every Sunday. We have a very eloquent preacher, a Mr. Burgess,\footnote{who is to be Cadogan's tutor, when he comes here. The season has not been very gay hitherto, as the period preceding Christmas is a sort of Lent here—theatres closed—balls prohibited—but now the latter are beginning to thicken apace, and magnificent they generally are.\footnote{There is a tolerable array of English beauty; which, as far as I have seen hitherto, far outshines that of Italy. In the lower ranks of life it is, I believe, the other way. In Christmas week we had grand festivals—superb illuminations of the Churches—the Pope officiating—and relics of the Holy Manger carried about in a golden censer. For the last month too}}
an English Catholic sermon has been delivered at a small church near us, which has been occasionally made the vehicle of reprehensions of the conduct, which the English too often pursue here. I mean their disrespect to the Catholic worship, & consequent wounding the feelings of the inhabitants of Rome. Nothing can be more right, than that such heedless flippancy should be interfered with. The Pope is very much disliked here on account of his arbitrary conduct, and strengthening the power of the Jesuits. The doctrines held by these reverend inquisitors are highly ultramontane: the infallibility of all popes stoutly laid down: & I suspect C. Butler would be in little better odour here for his revised, & amended Catholicism, than Robert Peel himself. All however that I have here observed, while it tends to confirm me in the strongest dislike to that religious system, which not only allows but enjoins so much superstitious frivolity, and intellectual degradation, at the same time demonstrates the error of those, who deem either the Pope to possess any dangerous influence on distant countries, or Catholicism itself to be not susceptible of modification, according to the different manners, institutions, and opinions among which it exists. I have taken much pain, since I have been here, to learn Italian, a more difficult language (from its extreme copiousness) than many people are aware of. I can now speak it with tolerable facility. Gaskell is lazy about that, and other things: retaining his old hatred of exercise, and adding to it an almost equal aversion to sightseeing. I have not left myself room to expatiate on politics; but what a pretty imbroglio the Ministry are in? Lord Goderich, we now hear, has resigned: he has tried, it seems, to ride the King in a snaffle, and found it impossible: that Royal Animal requires a strong curb, and where in the present dearth of men of commanding talents, and weight of character, where is the man, that can fit one to his mouth! There is much that I do not like in the whole of this last business, but one may talk, & talk for ever, so “basta.” I have had the pleasure of forming an acquaintance, not, I hope, to be <entirely bro> without a renewal at some future time, with your two brothers, who left Rome yesterday for Naples. They have not yet received the Miscellany, which we are all most anxious to see. I have been much better lately in bodily, & mental health; towards which Gaskell’s arrival, and pleasant society has not a little contributed.

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Believe me,
Yours most faithfully,
A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool / Inghilterra.
P/M 22 January 1828

1. On 8 July 1827, shortly before leaving Eton, Gaskell wrote to his mother: “You say you are sorry that I do not see quite so much of Hallam as I did. I still see a good deal of him; but he and I together have raised the party spirit and party feelings of the Society very considerably” (RES, p. 83). The circumstances of their first meeting are unrecorded.

2. Sir Robert Charles Dallas (1804–74), youngest son of Sir George Dallas (1758–1833), attended Oriel College, Oxford (B.A. 1825); his Ode to the Duke of Wellington and other poems . . . written between the ages of eleven and thirteen was published in 1819; the second book may be Poems in Youth, published circa 1825. The Percy Anecdotes (20 vols., 1821–23) were compiled by Thomas Byerley and Joseph Clinton Robertson.

3. Benjamin Gaskell married Mary (d. 1845), eldest daughter of Dr. Joseph Pilkington Brandreth, of Liverpool, in 1807. The expression is proverbial.

4. Robert Gradwell (1777–1833), rector of the English College of St. Thomas at Rome in 1818, was created D.D. by the pope in 1821, and served as vicar-apostolic of the London district in 1828. In his 18 February 1829 letter to his father, Richard Monckton Milnes relayed a story, doubtless derived from AHH: “When the Gaskells went to Italy, Mrs. G. got letters to the heads of the Jesuits of Rome, who in hopes to convert her paid her particular attention & showed her all their relics—amongst other holy things was a leg of St. Ignatius—she went in raptures over it, but Mr. G. quietly asked, after hearing the date, ‘How did it keep?’ as if it were a piece of bacon, which so horrified the holy college that they took no more notice of them” (Houghton papers).

5. Richard Wellesley Rothman (1800–1856), who attended Trinity (B.A. 1823), served as registrar of London University and foreign secretary and wrote a history of astronomy. Rothman was Gaskell’s private tutor during his European trip. Marquis Pierre Simon de Laplace (1749–1827) was a French astronomer and mathematician.

6. Richard Burgess (1796–1881), biblical scholar, was Anglican chaplain at Geneva (1828) and Rome (1831), and later rector of Upper Chelsea.

7. In his 3 February 1828 letter to Sotheby, Henry Hallam complained about their situation: “To enjoy the utmost [?] Rome, one should exclude the modern—but above all, one shd. exclude English society—he who comes hither with a true Roman
feeling shd. keep his countrymen at a distance, even the number (this year a very small one) of those who can distinguish between the eternal city, & Brighton. This tiresome & unprofitable disposition (?) occupies every one—even the great objects of curiosity can only [. . . ] as means of bringing parties together—dinners, balls, morning rides, are alone [. . . ] & at these you may be sure, every thing Roman is kept out. It is therefore a very bad place for a young man, & tho’ no one can behave better than Arthur, he is of course not free from the contagion” (Huntington).

8. Leo XII (1760–1829) assumed office in 1823.

9. Charles Butler (1750–1832) was a Catholic lawyer and author.

10. See letter 41 n. 12.

11. “Enough.”

12. See letter 43 n. 1.
Via Greci. Saturday [5 January 1828].

My dear Madam,

Will you allow me to ask a conference with you early this morning on the subject of my dress for Mrs. Starke's. You let drop something about character last night, which I am the more induced to remember, as your equipment of me for Lady Compton's has had marvellous success.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mrs. Gaskell / 2 Via de la Croce.

1. Gaskell's private journals, property of the Gaskell family, describe the "fancy ball" given by Miss Mariana Starke (1762?-1838), writer of guidebooks, who lived occasionally in Italy, on 10 January 1828. There were two tableaux—Parnassus and the Sibyls: Anna Wintour played Thalia in the first. Gaskell was dressed as a Venetian, and AHH wore an astrologer's costume; Gaskell told him he looked like an old fool in it.

2. Margaret Maclean Clephane (d. 1830) was the wife of Spencer Joshua Alwyne Compton (1790-1851), second marquis of Northampton, who resided in Italy from 1820 to 1830, where his house was a center of English society. The date of her fête is unknown.
TO JAMES MILNES GASKELL

Text: RES, pp. 106-9


My dear Gaskell,

I obey your orders with as much readiness as Lord Hill will Lord Wellington’s, and am about to write to you an answer which I will endeavour to make as long as my host of avocations will permit me. You will, I hope, pardon a little extra stupidity when you hear, which I know you will do with regret, that I had a fall the other day from Andrea’s bay, which all but demolished me. I had joined a riding party to Veii, or Isola Farnese, as it is now called, and never remember to have had a more delightful Campagna excursion as far as scenery and adventure are concerned; though this pleasure would certainly have been much heightened had you been of our party. When within a mile—as far as a rational guess could be made from the contradictory assertions and provoking “Non son capace’s” of that sottish race, the Roman peasantry—we had occasion to alight from our horses on crossing a somewhat difficult piece of rocky ground. Colonel Cheney’s steed, whose idea of the “carte de pays” seemed to be pretty correct, set off on being let go for a moment, and made for Rome at full speed. As it would have been rather too bad for the gallant colonel to have walked home eleven or twelve miles to dinner, the rest of us set off likewise, at a similar rate, in the not very sanguine hope of catching our “Cavallo Sciolto.” In the performance of this necessary but hazardous duty (for it was as tremendous a ridge-and-furrow field as a Leicestershire foxhunter could wish to exhibit in), my horse, being blind of one eye, and probably not seeing too well with the other, missed his distance in crossing a contemptible grip, and precipitated himself on his head, and me over it on mine. It was not the most agreeable thing under the sun to ride home a matter of ten miles with twenty candles before one’s eyes, and one’s frame jarred out of all natural consistency. But thank God, here the matter

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ended, for Peebles\textsuperscript{8} voted it not worth the letting blood for, and I have been quit for one night of double-distilled wretchedness, which, my poor fellow, your toothache will easily make you sympathize with. This reminds me what a selfish being I am showing myself in telling so long and rigmarole a tale about me, me, me, without even alluding to your delightful letters. But to vindicate myself partially, I must needs say I have so little to tell you of news, that I can disdain nothing to replenish my letter. I have not yet seen Miss Wintour\textsuperscript{9} since the receipt of anxious interrogatories, but have no reason to believe her health otherwise than good—much less any one of the "perfezioni" diminished in their influence and brilliancy. Thursday last I walked with her and Mrs. Wintour to Thorwaldsen’s\textsuperscript{10} studio, a most favourite spot with me, and which will not be less so now from such an association. I pointed out to her the likeness which Beresford\textsuperscript{11} and myself had fancied in a certain Amorino; but what chance has the most exquisite beauty that chisel has produced when compared with "the smiles that win, the tints that glow"\textsuperscript{12} in the real life of nature? What sculptor can give effect to the eye? How much less to the play of feeling which lightens over the countenance of expressive beauty (the only kind to my taste)—when, as old Doyle phrases it—

"The splendour of the changing cheek  
The eye’s dark lustre seemed to speak,  
And every gesture served to tell  
What varying passions rose and fell."	extsuperscript{13}

Thank you again and again for your extracts, which have pleased me much. There seems to be a sameness in the style of the characters in all the work, which arises principally from their being with two exceptions Gladstone’s composition; and indeed, he seems to have had so much to do with this second volume, that a general and perhaps somewhat tedious uniformity of expression on all subjects must naturally be the result. I am anxious to see Doyle’s poetry. It is a pity you should not have the last numbers, as I believe there was more about ourselves in them. The bud compliment I am equally conscious of not deserving, and sensible of Gladstone’s kindness in bestowing it. Whatever may be our lot, I am confident he is a bud that will bloom with a richer fragrance than almost any whose early promise I have witnessed.\textsuperscript{14} I cannot talk so much as I would about the
"Miscellany" and appertaining subjects, as I really have no time. The same reason must apologize for my leaving politics untouched, just hinting I am not quite so easily satisfied as Mr. Thomson. I wait with impatience for your next, and remain,

Yours very affectionately,

A H Hallam.

P.S. Remembrances and wishes of all good from all to all. Adio.

1. The Gaskells left Rome in mid-February for a five-week stay at Naples.
2. Rowland Hill (1772–1842), first viscount, was a general in the Napoleonic wars.
3. Andrea is unidentified.
4. Site of ancient city of Etruria, about twelve miles from Rome.
5. "I am not capable."
6. Lieutenant Colonel Edward Cheney, who fought at Waterloo, was a frequent companion of the Gaskells and Hallams in Rome.
7. "Loose horse."
8. An English physician, apparently traveling with the Robertson.
9. Anna Mildred Wintour (b. 1804?), daughter of Henry Wintour (1777–1804), who was a contemporary of Henry Hallam at Christ Church (B.A. 1800) and prebendary of St. Paul's, was wintering in Italy with her mother and maternal aunt. AHH may have known her through their mutual friends, the Robertson; Gaskell met her through AHH. As a letter to Gaskell's mother in 1830 makes clear, Gaskell and AHH were only two of the young men who fell under Anna Wintour's spell: "Mr. Brooke, a fine young man, was sent to Europe to be cured of his love for her, and a few years ago, all Cambridge was set on fire by her beauty. The Italian polish which she has acquired during her residence abroad must have made her perfectly irresistible." On 12 April 1828, Gaskell and Anna read from the many poems addressed to her by her admirers. AHH's eleven poems to or about Anna are printed in Writings (see p. 78 for list: the "Fragment" of 1828 [p. 5] is by Gaskell; the sonnet "Oh, deem not" [p. 27] is to Anne Robertson). Gaskell's private journals of his Italian tour are devoted almost entirely to Anna, and confirm the intensity of his adoration. Anna Wintour married a Yorkshire squire, Colonel George Healey, in 1834; she had ten children, none of whom survived to maturity. Mrs. Henry Adams's account of the involvement offers a terse and tonic alternative to the youthful romanticism of the Etonian comrades: "[Hallam] and Mr. Gaskell were both desperately in love with the same woman, who refused them both and made a new bond of friendship between them. The woman, who was utterly commonplace, married a boozy Yorkshire yeoman. Hallam got over his love and died at twenty-two,
but Mr. Gaskell, though he married very happily, never lost his feeling and has left her a nice pension" (Letters of Mrs. Henry Adams, p. 126). Isabel Milnes Gaskell, James's daughter (b. 1 June 1833), married Fitzgerald Thomas Wintour (1829-98), rector of High Hoyland, Yorkshire, and Anna Wintour's nephew, in 1855.

10. Bertel Thorwaldsen (1768-1844), the Danish sculptor, lived in Rome from 1797 to 1838.

11. Henry Browne Beresford (d. 1869), contemporary of AHH at Eton, was in the Bengal Civil Service. On 20 March 1891, Beresford's daughter wrote to AT that her father and AHH "spent the winter together in Rome—& though my Father was a good linguist, Arthur Hallam far surpassed him—for at the end of 6 weeks when [he was] only translating, Arthur Hallam was reading Dante in the original. Papa always spoke of him as the most lovely character, most loveable & always associated him in his own mind with what was 'angelic' " (TRC).


14. In the conclusion to "On Eloquence," Eton Miscellany 2 (no. 8): 107-15, Gladstone wrote that the Eton Society "has, within no very long time back, exhibited buds of very great promise within its walls" (p. 114). Nearly a third of the contributions to the second volume were by Gladstone.

15. Probably Gaskell's Yorkshire neighbor, Paul Beilby Lawley Thompson (1784-1852), lord Wenlock (1839), Whig M.P. for Wenlock from 1826 to 1832, who married (1817) Caroline Neville, Catherine Glynne's aunt. The Thompsons were companions of the Gaskells in Rome.
My dear Gaskell,

I ought to begin with apologizing for not answering your letter as you desired me by return of post; but I have had so much on my hands that even the real pleasure of communicating with you by writing was unavoidably postponed. The spirit and pathos of your last amused me much. If your pen really writes what your heart prompts, there can be little doubt indeed as to what is nearest that heart. A more decided case of "over head and ears" I do not remember to have witnessed. 

1 Were I Mercury, or whoever has the honour of presiding over British politics, I should undoubtedly consider myself bound in honour to demand satisfaction in the most peremptory manner from Cupid for his having so unexpectedly and perfidiously supplanted him in his legitimate sovereignty over your affections. But, raillery apart, I have that to communicate which will make you bite your lips through with envy, ay, and perhaps give you over to the "green-eyed monster" for a long space of "damned minutes."  

2 Wilson and myself, by dint of persuasion, obtained from La bella Stagione a promise to join our riding party—which promise has been most amply and delightfully redeemed. In a word, I have had two rides to which all others, even the most pleasant, are as the dull and noxious weed to the brightest floweret that freshened the bowers of Eden with its primeval fragrance. There's rapture for you! But not a whit too high. Had you been with us enjoying the most exquisite scenery in the most balmy atmosphere—for certainly never did the eye of man rest on anything more lovely than those hills that bound the Campagna, illumined as I have seen them this day by the most delicate and yet the most magnificent tints of the declining sun—enjoying this, I say, in the company—but out of compassion to you I forbear to heighten the effect of my picture. That it admits of such heightening, no one is
more aware than myself. How much, now, would you sacrifice to be with us on Saturday, when I believe (Deo volente) we take our next excursion? I can fancy your eyes glistening at the very idea; and methinks I see you at this moment, clapping your hands in your pockets, looking sentimentally first on the beautiful prospect you describe of the deep blue, boundless Mediterranean; secondly, on the now abandoned "Galignani" which lies on your table; thirdly (and that indeed a longing, lingering look), on the road that leads to Rome, and sighing out in your best Tuscan, "Fossi pur io colè!" However, seriously speaking, I presume your time for returning is near at hand; but I sincerely hope it will not arrive until I have been at Naples at least two or three days, for I should be very sorry not to have an interview with you before we part for (what in all probability will be) a length of time. We start next Monday, and shall most likely stay a day or two at Albano on our way, so as to be at Naples before the end of the week. However, we have as yet got no answer about lodgings; so that may derange our plans. I leave Rome with much regret, having passed a most delightful winter here, and formed several friendships the renewal of which hangs on a thread of fortune too frail not to inspire me with uneasiness and regret. I shall besides feel much sorrow on quitting this delightful Italy, which, I know not why, I look upon at most as my second country, and should be deeply afflicted could I cherish the thought that I never should visit it again. I could run on for hours and quires on this theme, but must curb my sentiment to tell you how much I have to thank you for giving me the means of admiring that exquisite gem of poesy, "There is a magic in thy smile." I am quite mad about it. "The Crusader," too, I like much; though not nearly so much, because it is more like his former productions.

I expect your new packet with impatience. And now, hoping I have pretty well discharged the duty you impose on me, that of writing entirely or mainly with reference to one subject, I have only to implore your indulgence for the nonsense I may have written, and subscribe myself, with good wishes from all our party to all of yours,

Your affectionate friend,

A H Hallam.
P. S. As for politics, je m'y perds. The best part an honest man can take in these times seems to me to keep clear out of the way and hazard no opinion; for each new morning may and does give the lie to the last. Poor Abercrombie, I hear, is ruined by the change; he had given up his profession and all such chances, and staked all upon the great cast, which failing, he is left a wreck upon the waters. What think you of the manifesto, and the murders, banishments, and confiscations set on foot by the Grand Signor? I hope the barbarians may soon be taught what it is to exasperate Christendom.$ Basta. Adio! Felice notte!

1. See letter 46 n. 9.
2. Othello, 3. 3. 166-69.
3. "The season's beauty": AHH's and Gaskell's description of Anna Wintour. John Wilson (1809-83), AHH's Etonian contemporary, was the illegitimate son of John Fitz-Patrick, second earl of Upper-Ossory; M.P. for Queen's County, Wilson married Augusta Douglas in 1830 and became first lord Castletown. In some doggerel verses dated 1 September 1829, composed at Glenarbach, Gaskell described Wilson as made of "Gossip's spit, and all that's little" (Brown University Library).
4. Galignani's Messenger, a daily European paper in English, begun by Giovanni Antonio Galignani (1757-1821) and continued by his sons, John Anthony (1796-1873) and William (1798-1882).
5. "Would that I were there!" See also letter 32 n. 2.
6. A resort 14 miles southeast of Rome.
8. The manifesto of Mahmud II (1785-1839), sultan of Turkey, to the pashas of the Turkish provinces, declaring that the forthcoming war with Russia (declared in April 1828) was purely religious and an attempt by infidels to destroy Islamism, was made public early in January 1828. On 5 January, the sultan ordered several hundred English, French, and Russian citizens to be banished from their settlements in the Turkish empire. Greek independence from Turkey was finally secured nearly two years after the allied treaty (see letter 38 n. 2).
Perhaps you will consider it impertinent in me to remind you, that you are bound by a promise, given Saturday, on the Pincian, to do me a favour, which you may remember I did not then name, but reserved to myself the privilege of doing so at my own time. As your plighted word is of course irrevocably sacred I may hope you will accept this pocket Dantino from me, as I have another edition with me—and although such a little old ugly book is but a contemptible offering, considering only its appearance, it is, I trust, not so when considered, either as regards the greatness of the poet comprised in it or the sincere intention of your humble servant. Basta Cosi! I likewise send the song, because a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush, & why put that off for three weeks (before which time I may be drowned in the Bay of Naples) which can be done today. I am at a desperately low ebb of spirits this morning, & am at this moment breakfasting on your exquisite music of last evening, which if I live to the age of Methuselah, will still glitter like the morning star on the misty horizon of my early years.

Adio—stia felice, et si recordi di

A. H. H.6

Addressed to Miss Wintour / 33. Via dell' Umilta.

1. See letter 47 for dating.

2. La Divina Commedia di Dante Alighieri. Editione Formata sopra quella di Comino del 1727 (Venice, 1811), owned in 1935 by Miss Isabel Wintour. The other edition is perhaps that from which volume four, Canzoni e Sonetti (London, 1809), survives at
TRC; it is inscribed “A. H. Hallam, 1828,” and was apparently given to AT after AHH’s death.

3. “Thus enough.”

4. Doyle’s “To a Young Lady” (see letter 47 n. 7), transcribed as “Stanzas by F. H. Doyle” and included with this letter.

5. Compare Burke’s description of Marie Antoinette in Reflections: “I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere she just began to move in,—glittering like the morning-star, full of life, and splendour, and joy.”

6. “Farewell—remain happy, and remember your AHH.”
My dear Gaskell,

On my return yesterday from Paestum I found your letter, which had been some days waiting for me, and hasten to thank you for all the pleasure it afforded me. I have had since you went a good deal to annoy me, and my spirits were of the blackest and gloomiest cast when I broke open your seal with an expectation of reviving them, which has not been disappointed. The state of a person’s mind is generally to be gathered from his letters, and this even when some pains are taken to conceal it. But your heart is on the tip of your pen, and I give perfect credence to your assertions of the happiness you are enjoying. I wish you joy of it with all my heart. There is no pleasure so pure as that which springs from the unstained freshness of early love; and though you are decidedly the last person—literally the last—that six months ago I should have fixed upon as likely soon to experience the influence of the archer god, I freely confess my error of judgment, and will learn from it never to hazard a prediction in a matter so far beyond mortal control. I shall be sorry, however, if you have allowed the arrow to penetrate too deep. While indulging in the actual delirium of that enjoyment which for the first time seems to make a paradise of earth, you will not—you cannot bear to think how soon the picture must be reversed. Yet that reversal is about to take place—that absence which is now only an anticipation will become an unchangeable reality; those eyes which now beam on you in all the light of their loveliness, will be far, far removed from your ardent gaze; the silver tones of that voice will no longer fall like angels’ music on your ear; and this change will be wrought upon you within a few fleeting hours from the time at which this letter will arrive at its destination.1 Then you may, perhaps, repent that you have striven to rivet the chain which was so soon to be snapt for ever; then may come
the consciousness that the sweetest cup is not so sweet but that exquisite bitterness may abide in its dregs!

In short, I hear so much of your desperate state of love-sickness at present—(for remember, "L’amor e la tosse non si nasconde," and more than one eye is upon you)—that I am in sober sadness afraid you are laying up for yourself a store of future discomfort and unavailing regret; much do I hope, however, that you will have sufficient firmness of mind not to let this get the better of you; and though far be it from me to advise you not to admire, not to feel, not to appreciate, I should not, I think, be dealing rightly with you to moderate a little the vehemence of that adoration which may (I speak advisedly) tend to make you a butt to those whose esteem you ought to command, and even (which is upon the cards) to one whom of all others you would most wish to look upon you with regard. What I have written may, perhaps, grate upon your feelings; but it has been written in the calm sincerity of friendship, and as such I know you will both excuse and appreciate it. For Gaskell, I am firm in hope that, however superficial our intimacy at Eton may have been, we are now real friends for ever. We have been thrown together for the last few months in a way that cannot but cement unto durability that friendship. Community of pursuits, community of society, community of feeling—three potent links to make a binding chain! "Idem Velle," says the historian, "atque Idem Nolle ea demum est firma amicitia!"

But you will think, should I continue my letter in this tone, that I am grown a regular proser; and I am afraid that your thoughts, which of late have been in the habit of requiring a very powerful stimulant to divert them for one half-hour from their end and aim, will have been roaming far and wide while your eyes have been perusing my two pages. Now, then, for a rattling peal of thunder to recall you to yourself! What the deuce is become of your wits, that you never mention Miss Wintour’s picture? Have you been so taken up with the original that you had no scrap of homage left to pay to the copy? I charge you, as you hold dear the reputation of being a true knight, to enlighten me on this head. I am duly sensible of your extreme condescension in conveying "my foolish flower"; but, my good friend, suppose we were to strike an account of mutual obligations—would there not be one that you owe to me, far outweighing not only
all that has been, but all that can be done on your part? The delightful
smile you mention has wrapt me in "measureless content." Oh! that
I were worthy of a smile so precious, so graceful! Do not for one
moment suppose from what I have said in the other page, that I do
not still look back to the happy days I have spent in her society with
feelings much stronger than words can express. They are the brightest
days in my life—they were the principal means, under God, of
rescuing me from a drooping state of mental misery, a return to which
I should look upon as the worst thing that could happen to me. I have
certainly made other friendships at Rome that I value highly—the
dissolution of which I could not look forward to without long and
deep regret—but there was a charm in her conversation to which "Non
viget quicquam simile, aut secundum." That conversation, after once or
twice more, I shall never, perhaps, hear again; but I have a precious
shrine in my memory, where its recollected sweetness shall be
tabernacled until that memory itself be no more! May that ever dear
remembrance be a powerful amulet to preserve me from evil! For
where the thought of her is treasured, thence, surely, should all
impurity fly. But I must positively use the curbarein; I never can stop
when writing to you on subjects mutually interesting; "plane ac­
quiesco," as Tully says; "quum scribens ad te tum legens tua: video
enim te, et, quasi coram adsis cerno συμπαθειαν amoris tui!" It is not
altogether impossible that we may leave Naples next Thursday, in
which case I might catch half an hour's conversation with you, were it
even as you were dressing for your departure on the Monday morning.
But I doubt we shall stay on a few days longer; at all events, write by
return of post. Your letters are always as welcome to me as they are
excellent in themselves. Your commissions I will, of course, discharge;
your debts may well stand over till we meet. I shall answer your next
letter to Florence, where I also hope to rejoin you, as we give but three
days to Rome. Tell me in it where Wilson is gone, and other news of
the same kind. I suppose if Beresford's letter had been Poste Restante
you would have forwarded it. Will you tell the postmaster to forward
no more, as we are so soon returning? The Robertsons are here—
delightful people! I am truly pleased to find you have made Miss
Robertson's acquaintance. You do not tell me what number the
Wintours' house is. I fear the situation, though lovely in the extreme,
is ill chosen as to heat and mosquitoes. Mrs. P [. . .] has determined
to leave the Chiaia on that account, and to look out for lodgings at Sorrento.\textsuperscript{11} I think the Temple of Neptune magnificent—so much for your taste in ruins! and the accommodations at Eboli very fair—so much for your taste in inns!!\textsuperscript{12} Kind regards from all of us to all of you.

Do not forget to remember me to “La bella Stagione,” and desire from me that her guitar may not be out of tune when I return. Ask also if there is anything I can do for them at Naples. Adio caro—ti voglio proprio bene—credimi sempre, il tuo fidelissimo, e divotissimo amico.\textsuperscript{13}

A H Hallam.

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1. See letter 47 n. 1. Gaskell bid farewell to Rome and Anna Wintour on 23 April 1828, “in a violent flood of tears. . . . ‘God bless you’ was the last word I uttered. She had said to me, ‘Remember, I’m your mammina’ ” (Gaskell’s private journals).

2. Proverbial: “Love and a cough are not to be hidden.”

3. Sallust \textit{Bellum Catilinae} 20. 4–5: “Agreement in likes and dislikes—this, and this only, is what constitutes true friendship.”

4. The picture is untraced, though a locket portrait of Anna Wintour is reproduced facing page 130 in \textit{Eton Boy}.


6. Horace \textit{Carmina} 1. 12. 18: “Nor doth aught flourish like or even next to [it].”

7. AHH has combined quotations from Cicero’s \textit{Letters to Atticus} 7. 11 and 5. 18: “It soothes me to write to you and read your letters” and “You are always in my mind’s eye, and I understand your affectionate sympathy as if you were standing there.” Gaskell described AHH’s letter as “most beautiful and affecting” (private journals).

8. AHH left Rome on 28 April 1828.

9. Robert Robertson (1775–1845) of Prendergast, Brownshank and Gunsgreen, co. Berwick, who in consequence of his marriage (1804) to Anne, daughter of Robert Glasgow, acquired the estates of Montgreenan, co. Ayr, and Glenarbach, co. Dumbarton, and eventually assumed the name of Glasgow. Their children included three daughters and one son, Robert Robertson (1811–60), who, though he was admitted to Trinity in November 1828, did not matriculate until 1830. Called to the Scottish bar in 1835, Robertson was J.P. for Ayr and Renfrew. His sisters were Philadelphia Jane, Anne (who married George Airey, lieutenant in the Royal Navy, after 1833), and Charlotte Mary Cecilia (born in Rome in 1827). Most of the family remained in Italy through 1833, with brief trips to Scotland. Henry Hallam’s close friend and contemporary at Christ Church, Oxford, Lord Webb John Seymour (1777–1819), was the previous resident of Glenarbach (see \textit{Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M.P.}, ed. Leonard Horner [2 vols., 1843], Appendix A: [207]}
"Biographical Notice of Lord Webb Seymour," by Henry Hallam), and thus the Hallams had certainly known the Robertsons before meeting them in Rome in 1827. Motter (Writings, p. 5) describes AHH's feeling for Anne Robertson as one of "deep friendship," but a conversation between Gaskell and Anna Wintour and her mother on 8 April 1828 suggests the relationship at one point may have been more intense: "I asked how they wished me to behave. Anna said, 'So as my other Admirers do.' I remonstrated that as Hallam himself owed a divided allegiance, it was too much to expect me to follow anyone's example" (Gaskell's private journals). Seven of AHH's published poems deal with Anne Robertson, her family, or her Scottish home (see Writings, pp. 52-53: "To an Admired Lady" is addressed to the actress Fanny Kemble, but "To—" [p. 27] is to Anne Robertson, rather than Anna Wintour). Gaskell spent much time with the Robertsons at Geneva in July and August 1828; he described them as "delightful people; at least Miss Robertson is; one of the most agreeable and highly informed persons I have the pleasure of being acquainted with," and he found "Hallam's warm and merited eulogies" amply justified (private journals).

10. Anna Wintour's 28 July 1828 letter to Anne Robertson confirmed AHH's fears: "[At] a small house in the bay (Via Vittoria) . . . we had dust & sun & insects without end, but a delightful view" (transcript in Gaskell's private journals).

11. Mrs. P. is unidentified. The Riviera di Chiaja bounds the Villa Nazionale in Naples; the Strada di Chiaja was one of its busier streets.

12. Neptune's is the largest of the three temples at Paestum; Eboli is a small town 16 miles east of Salerno.

13. "Farewell, dear one—I really wish you well—believe me always, your most faithful and devoted friend."
She is a perfect being . . . all I can consent to do is to regulate the affection that I feel; that she may be a steady and a shining light to guide and direct my course, instead of a shining meteor to dazzle and mislead. . . . I could not if I would, and would not if I could. . . . I will guard with pious gratitude to her the flame of genuine affection; that fire from heaven, of which she is the holy depository: it never can become more radiant, it never can become more intense; it can be released only with those holds which grapple me to life: its extinction can never be hazarded; and its purity can never be impaired.¹

¹ See letter 49 n. 1. On 26 August 1828, Gaskell enclosed a note, with a copy of Petrarch, with Anne Robertson’s letter to Anna Wintour: “Pray accept this as a gentle little reproof for having told me that the lapse of four months would blot out from my heart feelings which, as their nature is neither evanescent nor capricious, it is out of the reach of time or circumstances to lessen or destroy. . . . The consciousness that I possess your good opinion shall be the stimulus to all my future exertions, and to that source I will trace the actions of my life, and the acquisitions of my mind—this is not idle—it is a sacred engagement, my dearest friend, that you shall always be present to my thoughts” (Gaskell’s private journals).
O dulces tuas mihi, jucundasque litteras! It is such a comfort to me to hear good tidings of my friends when barred by hundreds of miles from all personal intercourse. I have been in almost continual vexation of spirit, my dearest Gaskell, since I lost your society, and with it the beautiful land which I have some right to hail as the country of my heart. No longer possessing a friend who could share what I feel, in whose affections I could find a faithful echo to my hopes, my fears, my regrets, and my enjoyments, I was driven back upon myself. What you have said of silence, that "its only effect is to bring nearer to the heart what is dearest to it," is, I believe, philosophically true. I feel now as if I had never known what it was to think or to feel till lately, so fearfully have the energies of our spiritual nature been developing themselves within me. To you only would I venture to write thus; though our characters are somewhat dissimilar, our hearts, I trust, are alike. Should my letter, then, appear strange and unsuitable, forgive the effect for the sake of the cause: "On peut se faire tant de mal," says Madame de Staël, "par ses propres réflexions!" Hélas, c'est trop vrai!—but yet I cannot but hope all this comes of good; I cannot but hope that as the ceaseless stir of the ocean preserves unharmed the pureness of its waters, so it may eventually be with the turmoil of my thoughts. There are moments when I feel lifted above myself, when something speaks within me that is worth more than myself; when I burn with the intense longing to make the name I bear honoured in a second generation—to create something—to find something in the mingling, combining, colliding fantasies of my brain, that may be a worthy and a public offering at the altar of Truth. In such moments as these I write poetry—or it would be more modest and more correct to say, I try to write it; for the "sisters of the sacred well" must be served with humility and patient watchings, or they vouchsafe not the ray of heavenly light.
which becomes in the gifted poet an essential intelligence of the soul. Rare, indeed, are these moments, and from them I sink into deep and mournful thoughts of what has for ever gone by; the sweet days of dear Italy, cheered as they were by the calm sunshine of friendship, and the brighter but far more fleeting sunset of love. I try to form a mimic life to my imagination out of that which I knew in its reality. I shut my eyes, and closing as much as possible every avenue to my mind, I compel the phantoms of the past to pass before me in mental light. Again I ride by her along the bank of the Tiber--turn to catch the sunset over St. Peter's—see the Monte Mario with its crown of cypresses, and the Ponte Molle, with each of the roads meeting there, vividly distinct, even to the grips in the path, and the gates of the field—again I enter Torlonia's gaily-lighted rooms—press through the crowd, make my way to her, take my place with her—view each and all of my friends passing to and fro, grouping together, asking questions—in the ghastly life of memory! Again I listen to her conversation, trembling on the musical sounds of that voice which fell on my ear, "Si dolcemente che la dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona"; occasionally looking up and inhaling from that aspect where goodness draws a delicate veil over splendour, an infinite of rapture, till at length the happiness becomes too intense for our frail mortality, and I lower my eyes once more that I may abate my delight to the standard of my weak capacities. All her glances are evoked before me—her look of soft and graceful mirth—her look of heartfelt sympathy—her look of melancholy and alienation from the world—her look of dignified character—of attractive but commanding innocence. Oh, Gaskell, why is it that these last creations of imaginative memory, though by far the most enchanting, are also the least clear? Why do I find a difficulty in presenting her face to the mind's eye, her tones to the mind's ear? Why do other forms and voices fling their importunate presences across me, when I should be most free from all external intrusion? Perhaps the nature of things offers a simple solution; perhaps the mind revolts from portraying, by what it feels to be mere delusions, the objects of its most intimate affection. It is one thing to recall from the blank gulf of time scenery, or spots, or ordinary forms, and another to clothe with apparent reality the image of her to whose spirit my own is knit by those bonds of mystery whose formation none can comprehend, because they are framed and fashioned in the
depths of the heart which few dare to sound, and none have ever fathomed. Again I say, to you alone would I pour out all this. Enthusiasm, the noble birth of the soul, is irritable by nature, and wonderfully evanescent. A sneer may chill it with the icy cold of death. But from you I fear no disdain—I hope every sympathy. You have doubtless your day-dreams also, and can understand Dante when he bursts forth—

O Immaginativa, che ne rube,
Talvolta si di fuor, ch'uom non s'accorge,
Perché d'intorno suonin mille tube!

O fond imagining, that stealest us
At times so from ourselves, that our rapt thoughts
Would take no impress of sensation
From ringing of a thousand clarions.?

Gaskell, I have read "Corinne," and I shed tears over its pages—inasmuch that I was obliged to read the most powerful parts in solitude, that my emotion might not be observed. Are such tears childish? Alas! if the freshest feelings of the heart be childish—feelings which we seem conscious are immediate emanations from the primary source of our being, what is existence but a mockery? But it is not, and cannot be thus; the aim of all genuine poetry is to ennoble and sublime the soul; the poet has attained this aim when our sensations awaken to their natural energies, as though it were things not words that moved them. Our deep, chained-down interest, our noble indignation, our tears—these are the tributes which he has earned, and which we should never be ashamed to pay. "Corinne" is for the most part poetry of the highest order—that which deals with the foundations of our being, and never subordinates the thought to the diction. At least, so it appears to me; but I am a somewhat prejudiced judge in this matter; for there is so much in every page that throws light upon my own peculiar circumstances, that I may be pardoned, surely, for sounding too high a key of admiration. I pleased myself in tracing every resemblance between Anna and Corinne. Was this idle? I fear so; for I ought to seek to chasten, and temper, and subdue my affection, in lieu of heightening it again into a consuming flame. I trust I shall soon attain this end. Solitude and a long journey
through a comparatively uninteresting country had worked up my thoughts to a state of fever. But repose may do much, and I shall fling myself headlong into study, in order to modify, at least, if not to change my present constitution of mind. It is a fearful thing for one who has lived in the richness of present enjoyment to have his being merely in the past and in the future! I will create for myself a present, and, assigning an impregnable citadel to my recollections of Italy, will allow them to moderate and to soften, but never to tyrannize over my other pursuits. I will learn to think of absence after the fashion of the majestic Platonism of Landor, who says, "Absence is not of matter, the body did not make it; absence quickens the heart, and invigorates the affections; absence is the invisible, incorporeal mother of ideal beauty." Meanwhile, I shall look forward to meeting you with eagerness, though I know too well we cannot be together again as we have been, either as to time or circumstances. But write to me—write as often as you have leisure; you can hardly want materials. I shall be delighted to hear more about the Robertsons. Miss Robertson has a sweet character; the more you know of her the more you will like her. I hope she will continue me her friendship; though I may never see her again, it will be a comfort to me always. You will not fail to discover many traits of resemblance to Anna in the suavity of her manners and flow of her conversation: yet I never think of the one but as a valuable friend, and I cannot yet hear the other's name even casually pronounced without feeling a thrill in every vein. And yet Miss Robertson denies the existence of love! Oh! illusion stranger than any of the wildest romancer. I had a letter yesterday from her brother, who reproaches me for regretting Italy when I am returning to my country. I am proud of being born an Englishman, but if patriotism is a Moloch to which we are to sacrifice all the first-fruits of the heart—all our sympathies with the wondrous creations of man, and those yet deeper sympathies that yearn within us when we trace the footsteps of God amid the beauties of His creation, then would patriotism be a bane rather than a blessing. It would be a foolish arrogance to think England unites on her island shores every blessing under the sun; yet the soul of man is formed to love every species and mode of good; and if we can find beneath a Southern sky that species and that mode which most accords with the dispositions that strike the deepest root in our nature, why rebel against that nature, instead
of thanking God for opening to us a newer and more copious source of pleasure than we had before known? But would you forget, would you depreciate home blessings? Oh, no. Least of all should I say so, whose dearest link to Italy is the English friendships I formed there, and whose only hope, however faint, of renewing them, is attached to this shore. Robertson speaks darkly of a strange plan of yours, which, by bringing you straight to England, might give you a chance of returning to Rome next winter. What can he mean? Were you not to go to Geneva you would miss this letter, which I should be sorry for, unless it procured me the happiness of seeing you.¹⁰ Answer this, as soon as you receive it, to Ramsgate. On reviewing what I have written, I am quite ashamed of writing anything so egotistical. I have spoken of nobody and nothing but myself. Pardon me, Gaskell; my heart was full, and I wrote from its impulse. I will not again write in the same way, and this shall not be a vain promise. Remember us all to your own party, and to the Robertsons. If you see Wilson, tell him I wrote to him at Milan, and have got no answer. Believe me, now and ever,

Yours most affectionately,

A. H. Hallam.

1. Cicero Letters to Atticus 12. 4: “How glad I was of your delightful letter!”
2. See AHH’s description of his friendship with Gaskell in his sonnet “To A. T.” (letter 90a n. 1).
3. Anne Louise Germaine Necker (1766–1817), baronne de Staël-Holstein, French writer, fled France during the Revolution, but returned after the fall of the empire in 1815. In 1807 she published the semi-autobiographical Corinne ou l’Italie, which became virtually required reading for travelers to Italy. AHH quotes from chapter one: “Il est si facile de se faire avec ses propres réflexions un mal irréparable!”
5. Both the Ponte Molle (over the Tiber) and the villa Monte Mario were in the immediate environs of Rome. The Torlonias, who lived in the Palazzo Albani, were an eminent Roman family: Giovanni (1754–1829) owned a bank much used by English travelers (D, 1:470 n. 5). Gaskell’s private journals record a number of dinner parties at the Torlonias’s during the winter of 1827–28.
6. “As sweetly that sweetness still sounds to me.”
8. Although he disagreed with its treatment of religion, Gladstone acknowledged Corinne’s affective power: “It is as regards power over the feelings indeed a masterly work—I at least felt it to be such, as it was vain to resist” (D, 1:571; 8 September 1832 entry). Corinne is the spiritual and emotional embodiment of Italy to the Scottish nobleman, Lord Neville, with whom she falls in love.


10. Gaskell returned to England in mid-October 1828 and stayed a week in London, when he “was constantly with Hallam, and could not find comfort but in his conversation, and not much even in that” (Gaskell’s private journals).
My dear Gladstone,

I was very sorry to find from your Naples letter, that all communication between us was interdicted for such a length of time, and, to tell you the truth, I felt rather surprised that you seemed to preclude so decidedly my writing at a venture to Seaforth House, as I should have thought the letter might have learnt your address there, & followed you; but as there was no remedy, I submitted to a reciprocal silence, which was the more provoking as I knew the house in Wimpole Street was let till October, & I therefore feared your plan of writing thither in June might fail of its effect, & leave me as letterless as before. Fortunately however yours of the 24th. found its way to Hatchett’s Hotel, where I have been staying for two days on my way to final repose in this hermitage. London is awfully hot—not the genuine, pure, plainspoken heat of an Italian sun, but a condensation of impure vapours, the fetid caloric of which drives me nearly mad, after my habits of existence for the last ten months. The glorious King of light, whose sovereignty in the South is supreme, unimpaired, & unquestionable, whose least emanation of splendour would there be more than sufficient to hurl into nothingness all the children of the Clouds, here abdicates his high command for the exclusive benefit of a dirty pack of manwrought cloudlets, whose origin is as base, as their audacity is notorious, and their character shameless! I felt a load taken off my spirits, when the Ramsgate hoy took me out of that dead atmosphere to an air somewhat more fresh, and a sky somewhat more azure. There’s patriotism towards my own old land of Cockaigne! But, I fear me, there is truth in it. Thus much, half in jest, half in sober sadness. But to myself I cannot joke about myself. I feel much more on leaving Italy, and entering on a College system of life, than I dare trust my pen with. But there is one subject connected with both,
which I would fain mention, because it weighs the heaviest on my own mind. 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. For it is in the nature of English society abroad, that its cement is but for a day, & when once its brief hour of existence has passed over such a fabric, the dissolution is as sudden, as it is thorough; and few are the instances in which one stone is left upon another. I am well aware that a man may arm himself with soi-disant philosophical maxims against the inutility of regretting what is in the natural course of things; and if these mean, how wrong it is to repine at Providence, beyond a shadow of doubt they are most true, & have a right claim on our obedience; but there may be, I hope, an honest regret, which strives not with Religion, but bows to, & is blent with her meek holiness—a regret which tends to make us better, by constantly keeping alive within us the fresh, & early affections of the heart. I must not however be too serious in this renewal of my correspondence with you. I have been, I believe, somewhat changed since I last saw you; I have snatched rather eagerly a draught from the cup of life, with its strange mingling of sweet, & bitter; all this should rather have come after my three years of College, than before, but nothing can cancel it now, and I must on in the path that is chalked out for me. I have no aversion to study; I trust, quite the contrary: though my ideas of the essential do not precisely square with those of the worshipful Dons of Cambridge. But I have no time now to explain what I think about this latter subject; volumes might be written on our baneful system of education—and they will be written, before the world is fifty years older.

Gaskell, when he was at Naples, and I at Rome, was so good as to write out for me copious extracts from the Miscellany—and afterwards I obtained from the kindness of your brothers a perusal of the whole. There seemed to me more good things in it than in the first volume; but there was a certain monotony in the general spirit of the articles, which must very much have destroyed the effect of the better
portion. Changes are rung upon the same key from No. I to No. X: and people who laughed at the one, are but too apt to yawn at the other, simply from this reason, & not for any intrinsic fault. Your eulogy on Canning I liked very much; I mean that in prose; the verse you must pardon me for not liking at all. Gaskell tells me that in a letter to him you declare the compliment of the buds to be meant for us two: if it be so, I thank you for it warmly; though I am afraid it is too friendly, to be true, as far as I am concerned. Doyle's poetry is glorious; it has [a] hundred faults; but the presence of the sun is manifest [in the] surrounding mist, and should he but exert his energies, [as he] ought, and as we who have witnessed his rise have a right to call on him to do, he will burst on the world in full splendour. He should remember that it is not the mere impulse that makes the poet: the "sisters of the sacred well" must be served with humility, & patient watchings, that the Vestal flame may be kept alive in power, & permanence. He had better not read Byron for the next year, or so, methinks. Rogers's Brocas is admirable. With regard to the sale of the Miscellany both Doyle (whom I have seen in London), & myself are decidedly opposed to a reprint of any of the first numbers. If there be any hope of a sale, the whole will sell: but I cannot bring myself to think you could sell five copies of any separate number. I wish you would explain succinctly in your next, whether it is the first volume that hangs on hand, as well as the second, for by your intimation of an appeal to my organ of Fork-out-iveness it would seem to be so. I shall of course be ready to answer all fair claims.

As for politics, I have taken a disgust to them of late; and plead not guilty to the charge of having corrupted Gaskell, with whom I have scarcely ever talked on such subjects. He too is somewhat weaned, but by no means quite. Strange things have been working since I left England: and public men seemed entirely at one time to forget the advice of Syeyes to the Constituant: "Depuis qu'on nous rassasie des principes, c'est bien étrange que personne ne s'avise, que la Stabilité est aussi un principe de Gouvernemen!" Nobody however need blame our actual Premier for not standing, & intending to stand. One of the strangest features of the time is his having grown into a statesman. Meanwhile I have hopes of the Catholic Quest & I suppose I am far from single. The Catholics, you will see, are coming forwards with sword, & olivebranch: Dan's election and Doyle's letter. The latter is
very cunning, but I suspect it won't do. The Concordat with the Pope
seems to me the only way: and the Irish Priests knowing His Holiness
would bind them in chains of iron, if he could, to please England, and
gain an English resident Minister to his Court, naturally writhe about
a little, & try to parry the impending blow. They cling fast to that
dangerous power, which we for fear, forsooth, some Irish Noblemen
& Gentlemen should sell us to the Vatican, have delegated to them in
their independence, & to their well-ridden mob. I hope you have
found your brother's health improved, in which I need not say I took
much interest, & whose acquaintance I had great pleasure in mak­
ing. Remember me to them—and always

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,
A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool.
P/M 3 July 1828

1. Gladstone had written to AHH on 22 March and 24 June 1828; on 5 May, he
wrote to Farr that "Hallam has not written to me very lately, for in truth I could give
him no direction" (Autob., p. 204). Gladstone was traveling in Scotland in late May,
and did not return to Seaforth until 10 June 1828 (D, 1:184).

2. AHH may be punning on his birthplace in "Cockney" London. See letter
19 n. 3.

3. Doyle wrote to Gladstone on 16 November 1828: "I am rather afraid that
Hallam will not do a great deal at Cambridge. He cannot recall his spirit from Naples
to Trinity, from the Tiber to the Cam. The fire of my wrath burns fiercely against that
old constitutional clod for taking Hallam to Italy before he sent him to Cambridge" (B.L.).

4. See letters 46 n. 14; 43 n. 2. As letter 54 makes clear, AHH refers unfavorably to
"Reflections in Westminster Abbey," Eton Miscellany 2 (no. 7): 79-81; Gladstone's
verse "Fragment" on Canning (written, as he noted, in January 1825) appeared in no.
8, pp. 141-42. See also letter 39 n. 3. On 6 September 1828, Gaskell wrote to
Gladstone that "I like the 2d volume of the Miscellany rather better than the first" (B.L.); as Gladstone wrote to his brother Thomas on 12 December 1827 (St.
Deiniol's), this seemed to be the general consensus.
5. See letters 47 n. 7; 50 n. 4.


7. All numbers of the Etonian had been reprinted in a two-volume, fourth edition (1824), with a friendly dedication to Keate; Gladstone apparently felt obligated to dedicate a similar reprint of the Miscellany to the headmaster. See letter 54. However, remaining costs for the issues already printed, amounting to £ 40, ultimately had to be paid by the contributors, and they proved unwilling to sponsor any reprinting of the early issues. In his 18 November 1829 letter to Gladstone, Selwyn reported receiving at least 1,500 unsold copies of the Miscellany from its publisher, Thomas Ingelow, after the original printing debt had been paid (B.L.).

8. Gaskell wrote to Gladstone on 30 October 1828: "My politico-mania, I do assure you, has very much worn off; and many causes have conspired to produce this change in me. . . . The infinite variety of interesting objects in Italy has quite weaned my mind from any thing like an exclusive attention to politics." But parts of this letter, and most of Gaskell's other letters to Gladstone, were highly political; as Gladstone wrote on 23 July 1828 to Philip Handley, an Etonian friend, "the quantum of Politics which he puts in his letters is really quite overwhelming, & almost tempts one to agree with him for the sake of peace." Apparently neither Gaskell nor AHH mentioned Anna Wintour to Gladstone, but on 5 May 1828 Gladstone reported to Handley that "Pickering says [Gaskell] & Hallam have been rivals for the affections of a pretty Miss Winter!! & have been taking lessons in dancing" (all letters in B.L.).

9. Emmanuel Joseph Sieyès (1748–1836), "Abbé Sieyès," the French revolutionary leader, was author of Qu'est-ce que le Tiers État? (1789); the source of AHH's quotation has not been traced.

10. Sir Francis Burdett's motion for removal of Catholic disabilities passed the Commons on 12 May 1828. Wellington became first lord of the treasury in January 1828, and sought throughout the year to resolve the issue through a concordat with Rome. But the reelection of O'Connell over William Vesey Fitzgerald, then president of the board of trade and a supporter of Catholic claims, at co. Clare on 5 July 1828, proved the continued strength of the Catholic association. James Warren Doyle (1786–1834), Catholic bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, supported Catholic claims in a series of writings signed J.K.L.

11. See letter 44 n. 12. Thomas and Robertson Gladstone had returned to England in mid-June. As Checkland (chapter 17) notes, Thomas had been in poor health for several years, but treatment by Dr. Henry Jephson, a fashionable Leamington physician, had restored him by the fall of 1828.
TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

MS: British Library


My dear Gladstone,

I had expected to hear from you before this time, as I wrote to you some weeks ago, on my arrival in England; and as I still retain enough of my old Etonian habits to render the hearing often from my friends one of my chiefest pleasures. But perhaps I am foolish in supposing others to keep pace with my own whimsies; nor should I have ventured on such a breach of etiquette, as to write two letters running, had I not received yesterday a letter from Doyle, in which he mentions having just heard from you, & says you had not when you wrote received my answer. So that indistinct visions of miscarriage begin to float along my brain, & have put me upon beguiling a wet day with what cannot fail to turn its discomfort into comfort. "Ignosces, si quid peccavero stultus, amice."

Ramsgate is a place I should grow heartily tired of, if I was not reading six, or seven hours every day—a mode of existence, which is very apt to make a man a Berkeleian for the nonce, & almost discredit the entity of that material world, which he has so little to do with. That horrid hag-chuck, St. Swithin, has been throwing in his mite; if mite it can be called, which threatens to make everybody hang themselves, or starve on a ruined harvest, as the agreeable alternative. Such weather is an enigma to one, who has been accustomed, like myself, to a Southern temperature. All the winds of November are howling round me, as I write: and I cannot help entertaining a fear, that a mob of puffs, & blasts, have insurged against that highly respectable old Legitimate—Æolus—and are even now in the act of "cupide conculcandi" his "nimis ante metatum" rod of office. The deviation from this metaphor into politics will be no hard leap. What do you think of Irish Dan, and his coadjutors? Are all our <throats> brains to be <cut> scattered by a bran new musket.
(see Morning Post), or are they not? But it is no jesting matter, "ω νεω, και θεοι!" Here we have a nation, exulting in the pride of physical strength, moulded for one common cause into one compact mass; and that mass propelled by intellectual energies, which though many, & therefore almost omnipresent, are in union of purpose, as one. In that Union is Power. But that power is irresponsible—that power is illegal—and the result is, that Ireland is an anomaly in the constitution of Europe, and a canker in the constitution, as now existing, of England! It seems to me morally impossible that we can continue our present system: it is too glaringly alien from all good government: We must, I think, either re-enact the Penal Code, as a punishment to the Catholics for their conduct, or we must throw open the doors of Parliament, & yield with as good a grace, as we can. Now the first of these measures would perhaps find no man daring enough to propose it, probably no Cabinet firm enough to make it their measure, & almost certainly, I think, no Parliament warlike enough to adopt it. For the consequence would be War, & a train of consequences apparently endless. We cannot then draw the cord tighter; then trample it at once under foot; for, as it is now, it will trip us all up! I fairly own, I consider this argument as unanswered, & I believe unanswerable. But I am far from averring that no measures of Restriction should accompany the great measure of Emancipation. I believe such measures, as would bar the Catholic clergy from wielding a very influential weapon, are yet practicable: I feel sure at least they were a little time ago: but the last month certainly has altered the relative situation of our Government, & the Irish clerical one very materially. At all events Wellington will be unpardonable if he does not make use of his present situation, & consequent means, in the serious endeavor to bring matters to a peaceable adjustment. His speech on the Question certainly shewed that wish; if he spoke sincerely. 7

I had a letter from Gaskell a little while ago, in which he talks of "his disgust at the Administration," & of "pitiful, shuffling Aberdeen." 8 Now I think he would learn to abate his heroics, if he were on the spot: although there is much about the administration, which I hold bad, & after Aberdeen's speech on Portugal the other night, which I cannot think either humane, or politic, I should not feel disposed to enter the lists for him. For my own part I am grown calm, & careless,
as a philosopher, or a poet, about these things: and often laugh at my furvous enthusiasm, in the olden time. Gaskell himself has recovered from his mania; though it may probably in some degree return on him. I have been much thrown into his society during those happy months I spent in Italy; and it has much endeared him to me. He has been an excellent friend to me; & I ca[n] only regret how long I had known him, before I learnt to appreciate his character. Believe me, politics cooped within him what was capable of expansion, & blighted what would have welcomed cultivation. But the diminution of their influence, and the accession of other stimulant causes, have improved, & unfolded a character, the ground of which was always excellent. It is a great grief to me, that I shall be deprived of his, & your society at the University, as well as that of Rogers, & Doyle. The latter is reading hard, he tells me: his poetical effusions are naturally somewhat rare: and those, which he has shewn me, are very, very far short of his glorious beginnings. It is a sad thing, if Euclid can so stunt, & dwarf the human mind; but Dî meliora! I have a cordial aversion for the abstract sciences, which is the result of some experience: for I have been tormenting myself with Euclid for the last five years, at intervals, & get on like the snail, of arithmetic celebrity, who got up his wall, you know how. I have been reading the Greek Orators, since my return, which is a study much more to my taste. Demosthenes is the very prince of good fellows; putting his rascality out of the question. Isocrates, and Æschines, are very well too in their way. It is somewhat amusing to read Mitford’s account of Philip, & his times, along with the cotemporary orators. His partiality is really too bad: & from the many proofs I have found in my reading of his garbling quotations, I should be inclined to doubt his <authority> words in many places, where I have not his authorities at hand. Talking of history, I forgot in my last to speak of my father’s. The review we had seen, before your account of it came. Its contemptibly virulent spirit is on a par with its weakness, or rather total want of argument. Such an attempt must always defeat its own end: & we heard from all quarters that Southey (who however was not the sole author) hurt his own reputation, & that of the <review> Quarterly by so unbridled an indulgence of private pique, & political dogmatism. The next Edinburgh will probably contain a review of the Con. Hist. by Macauley—into whose hands I am sorry it
should have fallen. Hoping to hear from you soon, my dear Gladstone, I remain

Your attached friend,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I shall be in London from the beginning of September till the middle of October. Have I any chance of seeing you?

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Seaforth House / Liverpool. P/M 24 July 1828

1. See letter 51 n. 1. Gladstone wrote to AHH again on 23 July 1828; he had written to Doyle on 2 July.
2. Horace Satires I. 3. 140: "You will pardon me, friend, if I have made a stupid mistake."
3. George Berkeley (1685-1753), bishop of Cloyne, was an antimatierialistic philosopher.
4. Rain on St. Swithin's day (15 July) was supposed to portend rain for forty days.
5. Lucretius De Rerum Natura 5. 1140: "for men are eager to treat underfoot what they have once too much feared."
6. "By Zeus and ye Gods!" (see Plato Protagoras 310e).
7. In the debate in the Lords on 9-10 June 1828, Wellington had opposed Catholic emancipation on grounds of expediency rather than doctrine; his moderate tone was thought to augur favorably for the measure.
8. George Hamilton-Gordon (1784-1860), fourth earl of Aberdeen, foreign secretary in Wellington's cabinet, had refused to interfere with Dom Miguel's claim to the Portuguese throne.
9. See letters 44 n. 1; 51 n. 8.
10. See letter 38 n. 5.
11. Demosthenes (ca. 383-322 B.C.), Isocrates (436-338 B.C.), and Aeschines (ca. 390-314 B.C.) were all Athenian orators.
12. William Mitford (1744-1827), historian, published his History of Greece (to the Age of Alexander) from 1784-1818. Philip II (ca. 382-336 B.C.) was Alexander's father.
13. The review of Const. Hist. by Robert Southey (1774-1843), poet laureate, man of letters, staunch Tory and regular contributor to the Quarterly Review, appeared in
the QR 37 (January 1828): 194-260; its conclusion is fairly representative of the tone throughout: “Mr. Hallam has . . . carried into the history of the past, not merely the maxims of his own age, as infallible laws by which all former actions are to be tried, but the spirit and the feeling of the party to which he has attached himself, its acrimony and its arrogance, its injustice and its ill-temper.” In October 1827, Southey wrote to Caroline Bowles, later his second wife: “To-day I returned the proofs of the severest criticism which I have ever written. It is upon Hallam’s Constitutional History, a book composed in the worst temper, and upon the worst principles. It contains even a formal justification of the murder of Lord Strafford. I am acquainted with the author, and should therefore have abstained from this act of justice upon him, if he had not called it forth by some remarks in his notes upon The Book of the Church, which take from him all right of complaint. You will see that I can be angry, not on my own score, because every attack upon that Book only serves to prove its strength; but where there is a spirit of detraction and malevolence manifested towards those who are entitled to respect, and gratitude, and veneration, my blood stirs when I see them traduced, and the same feeling which brings tears into my eyes when I think of them at other times passes on such an occasion into an anger which I do not account among the emotions to be repented of” (Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles, ed. Edward Dowden [London: 1881], pp. 128-29). To his brother Tom, Southey admitted (27 October 1828) that “Hallam’s is a very able book” but “emphatically a bad one, being written with a bad feeling, in a bad temper, and to a bad tendency. I spoke of it as it deserved” (Selections from the Letters of Robert Southey, ed. John Wood Warter [4 vols., 1856], 4:120). To another correspondent, Southey offered further explanation: “[Hallam’s book] is written in the very worst spirit of faction. He has a good fortune, derived, I believe, wholly from the church; and the Church has not a more malevolent enemy” (4 November 1827 letter to Herbert Hill; New Letters of Robert Southey, ed. Kenneth Curry [2 vols., New York: Columbia University Press, 1965], 2:320). Henry Hallam had not seen the review when he wrote to Sotheby from Rome on 3 February 1828:

I cannot judge with any certainty of the passages which Southey has assailed—probably the third chapter (on the penal laws against Catholics) is among the chief objects of his philippic—and in general I suppose the ecclesiastical politics are selected rather than the temporal. It is difficult for me to decide, without reading the article, whether it will call on me for a reply, but, with deference to your judgement, I must fairly confess that at present I see many reasons why I should do so, & none why I should not. It is easy to talk of despising an antagonist; but though I do not fear Southey, I have no right to treat him as below my notice. The majority of the public, probably, think him a superior writer to myself. But as I have no books, not even my own, with me, I must of course postpone anything of this sort till my return; by which time the effect of S.’s censures on the public mind will be better appreciated. Observe, that I should only answer misrepresentations of myself.

The most painful part of this business is the behaviour of Murray. He is pursuing a course, which I cannot but call treachery. . . He certainly might have prevented the appearance of this article—if it be . . . a "hot, angry & personal" attack . . . on what terms can I be with the proprietor of the review? (Huntington)

But John Murray (1778-1843), who published both the Quarterly Review and all three of Henry Hallam’s major works, protested his character would be ruined if he failed to allow books published by himself to be reviewed impartially:
I do not mean to offer the slightest apology for the appearance of the article, because I am conscious that I have nothing personally to do with it; but, as I feel an interest in anything that concerns you, so I express my regret at any annoyance which may have been associated with my name (letter to Henry Hallam, 27 June 1828, published in Samuel Smiles, Memoir and Correspondence of the Late John Murray [2 vols., 1891], 2:263-64).

Yet Southey’s letters suggest that it was Murray who persuaded John Gibson Lockhart, the Quarterly’s editor, to insert a lengthy passage into the review, with somewhat uncertain results: “There is a large interpolation in my reviewal(469,274),(628,499) of Hallam’s book [pp. 250-59], which . . . though I permitted the insertion, certain alterations which I had made in it were by accident omitted, and because, though I may not be disposed to differ from the opinions there expressed in any very material point, yet it contains nothing which I should myself have written. . . . The history of this insertion is comical enough. It has arisen out of a feeling of tenderness . . . toward Hallam, heightened, no doubt, by a tenderness toward the book in which [Murray] has embarked some capital. But to interfere with a criticism is what he cannot do, and to do him justice has never, I verily believe, in the slightest degree, attempted. Yet something he must be doing; and so that his friend might not complain of injustice for having been attacked solely upon the high principles of old constitutional loyalty, and attachment to the Church, he finds another friend [Edward Edwards (1789?-1832), divine, literary adviser to Murray] to attack him on the other side for offences committed against Whiggery. What an unreasonable fellow Hallam must be if he is not pleased with this impartiality on the part of his friend and publishers, when he knows the circumstances!” (letter to Grosvenor Bedford, 15 January 1828; Letters of Southey, 4:82-83).

Gladstone read Southey’s review on 17 January 1828: “On Hallam they are very severe—I agree in many things” (D, 1:159).

14. Macaulay’s appraisal, in the Edinburgh Review 48 (September 1828): 96-169, was generally complimentary to Henry Hallam, calling Const. Hist. “the most impartial book that we ever read” (pp. 98-99).
... God grant that I may preserve that pure affection which He gave to wean me from all things evil; and to raise within me a goodly fabric of thought on the sacred foundation stone of innocence; and that I may have firmness enough not to dash my brow against the iron bar of circumstance. I will seek action; I will seek knowledge; I will seek all that may be a precious casket for the pearl beyond price which is within,¹ and which cannot cease to be. So shall its peaceful light diffuse a general calm over my being, and all that I have placed near it, far from hazarding its extinction will themselves be blended and transfused in that continuous sunshine. . . .

¹ Matthew 13:46.

My dear Gladstone,

I hope I shall not this time commit so unlucky a contretemps, as to write you a letter one day, and receive a crossing one the next. But people, whose tender sensibility will not let them wait a fortnight without supposing their friends burnt, or drowned, deserve certainly to be plagued a little for their pains. It is just like meeting a man in the street, and dodging out of excessive civility to give him the wall: he is sure to do the same, and the farce after having been kept up to the third, or fourth dodge, to the infinite amusement of bystanders seldom ends without one, or other of the performers having a bruise on his forehead, or his hip, by way of a Peripateia, and as a dumb witness for the next fortnight of the folly of overcarefulness.

Your remarks on my first letter could not but make me sorry for having written it. I cannot at present recollect the particular expressions I made use of; but I am sure I never could have told you I was offended at your not having given me a previous direction. It would have been very strange in me, if I had. Still less could I mean to accuse you of unfair intentions in the Miscellany concern; I cannot persuade myself you for a moment thought seriously that I had such a meaning. As for Italy, I was perfectly aware that whatever was the state of my own feelings, very few from obvious causes could be expected to enter into them; and I therefore confined what I said within narrow bounds, adverting principally to the sorrow I felt on account of my almost total separation from my own friends, both those in whose friendship I had at Eton taken such pride, & pleasure, and those, who endeared to me my year's sojourn in Italy. I was not aware that even this little would prove too much, or I certainly would not have touched on the subject. But my reason now for recurring to what I then said is merely to intreat you to bear with me, when in the
hurry of letter-writing I let my pen outstrip my judgement; for we are all liable to write, as well as to speak, too much at random, and my own conscience tells me there is no fault against which I ought have more reason to guard.

What you tell me of Pickering is a riddle at present; for you never as you seem to think you had, gave me any intelligence about him in a former letter. The odd thing is, that you have made the same mistake with regard to Doyle: who writes me word your letter to him has hard sayings in it about Pickering, which he is not Ædipus enough to understand. Let me know the whole history, ab ovo: if indeed it be worth while, now that discord seems happily to have yielded her sceptre to peace. Yet another point in my most unfortunate letter you have hit at, which I especially wish to set you right about. You say "I can easily forgive you for not liking any of my compositions." Now I never did, & never assuredly would pronounce so dogmatical a sentence of condemnation. Not like any! Why the very sentence you allude to, which only mentioned two pieces, your "Reflections in W. Abbey," and your eulogy on Canning in prose, contained as much praise of the one, as <blame> dispraise of the other. It would be hard to suppose I did not like everything I did not mention. The contrary is the fact. But my perusal of the Second Volume was a very hasty one: and I remember very little of it distinctly enough to give any opinion at all. With regard to your plan of reprinting, I cannot help repeating in spite of your frown, which I can fancy will contract your brow as you read this, that I see no necessity whatever for a reprint. I must confess Keate must be a very different man from what I take him to be, if he should think fit to bind us down to the incurring of an almost certain loss that he may get the syrup of a Dedication! You know best what pledge you have <entered> given: but I cannot help thinking the matter requires more talking about among all parties concerned. The admirable manner in which you conducted the Miscellany during its continuance deserves, what it has obtained, the gratitude of us all. It is therefore peculiarly annoying that we have been deprived, by the scattering of our body corporate, of all personal intercourse with you on these subjects. I have written this letter more as a means of eliciting one from you, to tell me how you are settled at Oxford, and what your prospects are, and all news you may have it in your power to tell [a] reading hermit in this most howling
wilderness. For "Boreas, Caurus, and Argestes loud" cease neither by
day, nor night: and the rain is doing St. Swithin's bidding incessantly.
Such a season England has not long seen. Let the Duke look to his
cornbill. As for politics I have no time to touch on them: besides I
gave you a batch in my last. Believe me, therefore, in haste,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Write when you have leisure; and treat me better than I have
treated you as to the quality of what you write. χαυρε. 5

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. /<Post Office / Oxford>Care of
the Revd. A.P. Saunders / Cuddesden / Wheatley.
P/M 13 August 1828

1. See letter 52 n. 1.
2. See letter 51 for subsequent references.
3. On 5 May 1828, Gladstone wrote to Philip Handley: "[Pickering] seems in a
very uneasy state of mind, and describes himself as having suffered long and bitterly
for the sake of attaining Canning's friendship but seems determined to do his very
utmost & is struggling for distinction at the University. His letter only reached me a
few days ago. In answering it I believe I must tell him my mind about his connection
with Canning." On 23 July, Gladstone mentioned Pickering again to Handley: "I
cannot help fearing he was used hardly by me ... he wrote me a letter which I
thought was meant to elicit the expression of my opinion about his connection, or at
any rate was such as to justify it. I accordingly stated them openly and fully, and he
wrote in answer taking all very well, and declaring that he had been wrong, but
protesting his entire innocence from interested motives" (transcripts in B.L.). A
friendly letter from Pickering to Gladstone on 27 July 1828 does not mention the
subject (B.L.).
4. Paradise Lost, 10. 699.
5. "Farewell."
55. TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE
MS: British Library


My dear Gladstone,

I ought to put in some plea for not having answered your last letter before; I have however no better one than press of occupations, which is as old an excuse as letter-writing itself. I hope at all events I shall not this time be so unlucky, as to cross; there is a sort of nervous feeling hanging about me, as I write, that tomorrow morning I shall see your handwriting, just because I have been putting mine on paper today. For perhaps you do not know this has happened twice to me already: I did not think you would have been so good, as to answer my second letter, before I wrote again (as it was my foolish haste that was accountable for it), so to act up to my duty, as I thought, I wrote a scratchy concern to Post-office Oxford, and lo! & behold next day comes your welcome letter telling me you were settled at Cuddesden. So I makarized you for a good correspondent; & anathematized my aforesaid scratchy concern, that it might rot in the Post office for anything I cared, as it contained nothing worth breaking a seal for, & was only intended to draw from you what came, as the event shewed, without its influence. This I have told you, that you may understand my horror of letter-crossing: an aversion however which may be substantiated metaphysically, as being inherent in man’s nature, and therefore having its ground in right reason. For did not the old Greeks call the Universe κοσμος viz. Essential Order. Now what can be more disorderly than a correspondence out of its natural arrangement? Nothing surely: though a horse cantering on the wrong leg comes nearest it. Ergo, ergo, ergo—but you will be asleep if I do not close my prefatory chapter, which, take notice, it was for my interest to make as dull as possible that the rest of my sheet, though not a little dull, may gain by the contrast. What can I tell you that you would care for knowing? I have no news: for my life here is like a street-organ, which has not above two notes in the world, & makes up for the deficiency
by jingling them night, and day—week, after week—month after month. In plain language one half of me is squeezed into nothing by hard study, and the other wasted into nothing by the atrocious dullness of this most boring of places! Besides which, I have a third half (like our year at Eton), quite capacious of other, and serious annoyances. Altogether you may suppose I am not to be envied. I think I grow more stupid, as to Mathematics daily; and in proportion as the wrinkled hag, heav’n-born Mathesis spurns me farther, & farther from her adyta, so does my cordial hatred of her, & hers, gather into more distinct consciousness. You too complain of "tangents," and "equations"; I am sure I sympathise with you: and you say you envy me the Orators—there I think you are right: they are a splendid company, & affable enough; which is an excellent thing, you know, in a great man. I would not mind taking any trouble for the mastering of Greek; for I love the language, both for itself, and the spirit it enshrines. To take one point out of many: how much more at home one feels when walking with the old Grecians, than with their rivals (but oh! not compeers), the Romans! It has been well said by some one "Every Roman, be he of what age, or profession he may, is in the first place, & more than anything else, a Roman."* Their oligarchical, gladiatorial, blood-drenched, tyranny-seared spirit was one, and indivisible: modified only by the different tempers of different men, it swayed in all, and over all. But the Greeks, though none had ever more social enthusiasm than they, were never so cramped by the State: nor could they be, for the explanation of this lies in the circumstances: therefore their views of human nature were far less distorted, and their feelings much simplified. "Now how like Hallam this is?" I dare say you are exclaiming. "To run off in chase of the first Fancy-bubble < he can > that gets in his way, instead of telling one, what one wants to know!" Well, but how do I know what that is? if I may judge by myself, what you would most want to know would be a Sovreign Remedy for the animal spirits, when they are sinking under a course of—But I won’t pronounce the hated word again in this letter. Now as Lord Cochrane5 said to his crew, when they asked for arrears, "Depend upon if I knew where to get money, I should first pay myself," so say I, "If I knew of such a remedy, I should have tried it long ago 'in propriâ persona.' " As it is, I manage as well as I can with such light reading as Saunders & Ottley6 can afford me. I
have read Scott’s second Series, which I think bad: the world I understand, thinks it good.7 “Confound them!” as poor mad Lee8 said “they outvote me!” but I shall hold to my opinion notwithstanding. I verily believe Sir W. is the most popular writer in the world: in Italy, France, & Germany, his works, either in the original, or in some vile translation, form the staple of every bookseller’s shop. I wonder how the translators deal with his Scotch! A very good romance was published while we were in Italy by Manzoni,9 a modern Italian of some repute, which is written evidently in imitation of the Northern Magician, but far from being a servile copy, draws an admirable picture of manners, & men in Lombardy some two centuries back. It made a great noise the other side of the Alps, an echo of which was, I hear, caught up, & prolonged in England. I have been also reading two works of Coleridge, which please me much: though it is strong meat, & perhaps requires a stronger stomach than mine. The first is called “Aids to Reflection,” a theological, metaphysical, & therefore somewhat appalling volume at first sight, but amply rewarding a deeper search. The second his own Autobiography—fearfully metaphysical too in parts, but entertaining enough in the rest.10 He reviews Wordsworth’s poetry, and I was surprised to find, considering the way in which the world usually clubs them together, how freely he handles it in some points. I am glad you should be with Puller; and glad too that he is going up for a double first.11 Was the name of the one man you speak of as having got it, Head?11 I made acquaintance with an Oriel man of that name in Italy, who I remember told me he had done something which had not been done for three years; but what that something was, I do not recollect. Perhaps however it was only a simple first-class, and the exclusion applied to his own college. This Head is the very prince of good fellows; I wish you knew him; he is going to try for a Merton fellowship, I believe, next year. Calvert I think was a Christchurch man: one of your fourteen hours a day heroes; yet one of our very best masqueraders last year in the Carnival. Tremenheere again was another in our set, fresh from Oxford—a New College man I think—ask Puller if he knows anything of him; but I believe you look down on New College, as the refuse of the University; do you not?13 And indeed as far as hard reading was concerned I should rather think my friend above mentioned would have sung to the tune of “Nos numeri sumus,” while at Oxford.

[233]
To think now, that I should have forgotten Dawson's speech till the end of my third page! Is not it glorious? I had heard of his conversion last winter from Gaskell, who had it on good private authority; but I own I was disposed to treat the news with a "Credat Judaeus!" I hope, heartily hope to be able to drink a glass of wine with you before the end of next year to "The Catholic Question—dormiat in pace! and honour to those who carried it!" What say you? Will you pledge yourself? By the bye, when have I any chance of seeing you, my dear Gladstone: the thing must positively take place soon, or we shall grow out of each other's remembrance. En attendant, I am always,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I rejoice to hear so good an account of your brother; and I do hope you will shew that you do not consider my saying so a mere form, by continuing to tell me of his progress. Goodnight—and Remember me to Puller. Have you heard lately from William Wyndham? Where is he?

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone, Esq. / To the care of Rev. A. P. Saunders / Cuddesden / Wheatley / Oxfordshire.
P/M 27 August 1828

1. "To account or call happy or blessed" (OED under "macarize"; current 1816-60).
2. "Cosmos."
3. Innermost part of a temple, a sanctum. On 7 September 1828, Pickering wrote to Farr that "[Hallam] is reading hard at Ramsgate, so I hope your prophecy may not be strictly fulfilled" (Rylands).
4. The sentiments are implicit in a number of classical sources; see, for example, Juvenal Satires 3. 60-61: "I cannot endure a Greekified Rome."
5. Thomas Cochrane (1775-1860), tenth earl of Dundonald; as admiral, he had difficulties in obtaining compensation for himself and his men.
6. London publishers (Simon Saunders died in 1861) of "an extensive collection of standard works, and all the most interesting modern publications that have appeared to the present day" (Catalog of Saunders and Otley’s British and Foreign Public Library, 1825).

7. Novels and Romances of the Author of Waverley, 7 vols., 1824.

8. Nathaniel Lee (1653-92), dramatist, went mad in 1684 and was institutionalized for a number of years. AHH borrows Coleridge’s description of Lee in Biographia Literaria, chap. 12.

9. I Promessi Sposi (1825-27), by Alessandro Manzoni (1785-1873), was published in England as The Betrothed Lovers in June 1828.

10. Aids to Reflection (1825) and Biographia Literaria (1817), by Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834). In 1887, Gladstone said that AHH first acquainted him with Coleridge’s Friend in 1829: “He showed it to Doyle and Doyle to me” (Douglas Hamer, "Conversation-Notes with Sir Thomas Dyke Acland," N & Q 212 [1967]: 65-66). According to Autob., in 1831, AHH told Gladstone that “Coleridge might have been either the greatest poet, or the greatest philosopher, of his age, but that his poetry and his philosophy had been allowed to damage one another” (31-32).


12. Sir Edmund Walker Head (1805-68) matriculated at Oriel in 1823 (B.A. 1827), won first class in classics in 1827, became a fellow of Merton College from 1830 to 1839, and served as governor general of Canada from 1854 to 1861.

13. Frederick Calvert (1806-91) matriculated at Christ Church in 1823 (B.A. 1827) and later served as M.P. for Aylesbury. Hugh Seymour Tremenheere (b. 1805?) matriculated at New College in 1824 (B.A. 1827) and later served as commissioner of factories and agriculture.

14. Dawson, who was Peel’s brother-in-law, proclaimed at a 12 August 1828 meeting of Orangemen that “the Catholic Association can no longer be resisted.”

15. See letter 51 n. 11.

16. Farr was apparently at Iford House during the entire summer.
TO WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

67 Wimpole Street. Tuesday [23 September 1828].

My dear Gladstone,

I do not think we shall disagree, in spite of our inveterate pugnacity, on the new Imprimatur of the Miscellany. The fact is—having been always accustomed to see the Misy. bound up in volumes, I foolishly forgot that it had never been so published: and therefore was puzzled at your plan of reprinting a small part. But now that you have shot a little light into my dull brain, I can of course not hesitate as to the proper course to be pursued. It is clear that the reprint affords the best chance of success. You may therefore command my subscription. As to the Dedication however, if the reprint was not on other grounds advisable, I confess I cannot see the obligatory force of that engagement in the same light that you do. Neither does Rogers, with whom I was talking a few days since on the subject. You speak of the “protection” which “having been asked” we must not now “reject”: what protection those few additional lines would confer, I am not aware: should we sell one copy, or gain one reader the more, by the best dedication ever penned? If not, what becomes of the protection? If the Miscellany sinks, or rather has sunk by its own leaden properties, Keate’s name will hardly stay its fall. But all this is extra rem: as things stand, we had better do the thing, & I wish success to your endeavor, dedication, and all, with all my heart. Rogers goes up to Oriel about the 20th. of next month; and at present is reading very hard, I believe: Doyle must be on his way from Doncaster, empty in pocket, & heavy in heart: for he wrote me word he had “the laudable intention of winning money on Velocipede,” from which I conclude the defeat of said “Velocipede” has produced a contrary result. He will not be at Chch. before Christmas. What a rascal your Dean seems by all accounts!

Let us have a little chat de republica. What say you to the Turk? Is
not he a gallant fellow, and are not the odds 5 to 4 that he will stay, where he is, for a long time to come? I suppose Nicholas will clutch Moldavia, & Wallachia, which his ancestors always had a keen eye for. But when people talk of taking Constantinople, they speak rashly, & inconsiderately: for no man who has been there denies, I believe, its stout position, and to us, who have not been there, history will tell a similar story. The French persist in occupying the Morea, although their pretext is taken away by Ibrahim's evacuation. They are right perhaps as regards the Greeks: for much the best chance for old Hellas would be a protection by some European power, just like the Ionian islands. The ministry too is right, as regards their own power: for this expedition identifies them with the national spirit, which is as strongly declared in favour of interference, as that of England is against it. I believe no war would be popular now with us; neither for Greek, nor Turk, nor Russian, nor Pedro, nor Miguel: we have enough to do at home, and the Duke knows it well enough. Rogers the poet sported no bad joke the other day. "We are living now" he said "under the sign of The Three Kings: one is King George, who being the weakest goes to the wall: the second is King Arthur, and he has a great deal to say to it: the third, is King Daniel, and by Jove! he'll rule them both!" Anything more alarming than the actual state of Ireland would be difficult to conceive. The organisation of a democratic despotism under the banner of Catholicism for the avowed purpose of making the old power of the Protestant Ascendancy break into atoms before their new power, is a fearful thing for any Government to contemplate. The counter-organisation of a Club-government, with a similar design of awing existing authorities as their means, though with ends how different, is quite a new feature in the face of things, & not less appalling. In the present state of irritation which fevers all Ireland, any spark might kindle a flame, whose desolating effects cannot be calculated. It is true the Catholic leaders deprecate violence; and they are surely sincere: for a civil war would in all human probability shipwreck them, & their cause in a dreary ocean of blood. To carry their question by moral, and circumstantial force, is evidently their endeavor, and their having so nearly effected this makes the Orangemen foam at the mouth, & strive all they can to bring about a rebellion which is the only straw to which the Ascendancy can cling. But however much O'Connell, and Shiel may shrink from a civil
contest, can they guarantee that at all fairs, and meetings, and processions their millions of peasantry will be thoroughly moral, and cautious? It is one thing to work up the popular mind, and another to assuage it; as the experience of all popular commotions has in every country demonstrated. Hitherto nothing has happened: but till the meeting of Parliament we shall be in continual jeopardy. And when Parliament does meet—are we safe then? I suppose the session will not pass away without an emancipation bill of some fashion, or other, being carried. Every Anti-Catholic, except such red-hot gentlemen as Ld. Kenyon, & Newcastle, owns at the present moment that some act of legislation must take place. But will such a bill calm the perturbed waters, or entirely avert the imminent danger? Clearly not. I firmly believe it would do much good: but now far less than at any former period. Our blessed Ascendancy policy has taken incredible pains to put power into the hands of the Catholics. The cunningest Jesuit could have taken no better course, than to have done exactly as the No-Popery faction have done for the last twenty years. The great difficulty will be how to detach the Agitators from the Priests and how to take the Peasantry from the hands of either: also how to obtain a strong, & constantly active constitutional check on the Clergy, with a view to the future. One of the first steps, I think, must be the abolition of that absurd enactment of Harry the eighth, forbidding all communication between the Ministers of England & the Pope: by which the way would be smoothed to a Concordat. By the bye, did you read Gally Knight's pamphlet? I believe no work has exercised so great an influence on the state of the question—the view being quite novel, as far as on such an old question that is possible. I have not heard from Gaskell for some time, and fear a letter must have miscarried on one side, or the other: I do not know what he thinks of affairs, as he has never touched on politics for a long while. I had heard before you told me of Pickering's change: there is one person in the world, I suppose, who thinks the change a very important one. Apropos, is Farr as high as ever, or has he too followed his betters? If he is still the same Farr, he would be a vast acquisition to my lords Kenyon, & Newcastle, as it is said the regiment they are marshalling, consists hitherto only of men above seventy, and a few women! According to the first of these worthies (see Morning Post) George 3d. said "If his ministers deserted him, he would go to Charing Cross, and take the

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first ten respectable men he found for his Cabinet"; which excellent precedent my lord recommends to his present Majesty. Quaere—does respectable exclude hackneycoachmen? But the subject is too serious for sport; so I leave it. "Time too!" you will say.

London University opens next week for Medical lectures; and the rest follows in November. King's College has not yet fixed, where it chuses to stand. Some talk of the Regent's Park: in which case feuds between the two establishments are likely to run pretty high. Town, & gown, will be nothing to it! Hints have been going about of a coalition. It seems doubtful whether either will succeed, almost certain that both cannot. The L. U.'s statement of intended lectures is poor enough: the Classical part especially bad. I have lately had up some of my books from Eton: owing to Ingalton's surpassing stupidity, I only have got about a third part. When the rest come I will of course look for Æschylus: but at the same time can hardly believe, but that I returned it. I am going to Cambridge about the 20th. of next month, and shall till then be in London: your somewhat ambiguous sentence at the end of your last letter leaves me some hope of seeing you. I wish I could offer you a bed, but our house is full.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / To the care of Rev. A. P. Saunders / Cuddesdon / Wheatley.
P/M 23 September 1828

1. See letters 54 n. 2; 51 n. 7.
2. "For one must avoid unlucky words."
3. Petre's The Colonel won the Great St. Leger race on 16 September 1828; Armitage's Velocipede ran third, but was not placed. On 8 October 1828, Doyle wrote to Gladstone that "the St. Leger was a bad race to say nothing of being unfair" (B.L.).
4. Samuel Smith (1766-1841) was dean of Christ Church from 1824 to 1831. Both Gladstone and Gaskell had considerable difficulty in obtaining his approval to matriculate.

5. See letter 47 n. 8. Ibrahim Pasha (1789-1848), Egyptian general and viceroy, was compelled to withdraw his troops from Greece upon the arrival of a French expeditionary force.

6. Dom Pedro (1798-1834), emperor of Brazil in 1822, was proclaimed king of Portugal in 1826; he resigned in favor of his daughter, and waged a successful war against Dom Miguel from 1832 to 1834.

7. George Kenyon (1776-1855), second baron, was a lifelong Tory and deputy grand master of Orangemen in England in 1836.

8. "Foreign and Domestic View of the Catholic Question" by Henry Gally Knight (1786-1846), writer on architecture and M.P.

9. See letter 51 n. 8. On 4 October 1828, Pickering wrote to Gladstone that Farr's letters to him had "diminished in number & substance, since my conversion to Popery, as he terms it" (B.L.).


The prime movers in the attempt to found a non-denominational university in London were Thomas Campbell, the poet, and Lord Brougham. By 1827 they and their supporters had raised sufficient funds to buy a site in Gower Street and to start the erection thereon of the institution which is now called University College; its title then was "London University" though it was sometimes disparagingly referred to as the "godless" college in Gower Street. The college admitted its first students in the autumn of 1828, but all attempts to obtain a Royal Charter with the power to grant degrees proved unsuccessful and, within a year, the new institution found its position seriously challenged. The supporters of the Anglican Church and the political party then in power, led by the Archbishop of Canterbury and Sir Robert Peel, enlisted the support of the Duke of Wellington, who was then Prime Minister, and established King's College which opened its doors in 1831. There was no possibility of bringing together these two young institutions, so divergent in their origin and outlook, and yet grave doubts were entertained in many quarters about the desirability of giving both the power to grant degrees.

Eventually, in 1836, a typically British compromise was reached whereby the responsibility for teaching remained with the two colleges and a totally separate body, the University of London, was created to conduct the examination of, and to confer degrees upon, their students.

11. Thomas Ingalton, Eton bookseller, published the Miscellany and other Etonian magazines.
I attended the Union for the first time last night; there was a very good debate on the character of Voltaire. I heard Sunderland, Kemble, Milnes, Trench who are their crack speakers. The first is wonderfully fluent: his principles appear to be Benthamite and but very ambiguously Christian. Kemble, a son of the actor, and a great blackguard according to most accounts has long swayed the Union—his creed used to be atheistical and ultra-utilitarian; but lately he is said to have bettered his notions, and certainly his speech last night was very proper and moral—Milnes, tho' not so fluent, has perhaps more materials of a speaker in him than even Sunderland. I send you his concluding sentence which was applauded to the skies. "During the stormy period of the French revolution, and during the greater part of the Empire under Napoleon, a lamp was kept perpetually burning on the tomb of Voltaire: France is more free now than she was then: France is wiser now than she was then: France is better now than she was then: but that lamp does not burn upon the tomb of Voltaire."2

1. Gaskell excerpts AHH's letter in his own 12 November 1828 letter to Gladstone: "I received a long letter from Hallam on Saturday, and subjoin his account of the Union which I think will interest you." See also Wemyss Reid, 1:58.

2. Thomas Sunderland (1808-67), who matriculated at Trinity in 1830 (B.A. 1830), was elected to the Apostles in 1826 and won the first English declamation in 1829; he was the subject of AT's satirical "A Character" (Ricks, p. 218). On 11 February 1830, Milnes wrote to his parents that Sunderland was leaving Cambridge: "I shd. be very sorry to lose sight of him, tho' he is a man whom I cd. never make a friend of. He yearns after power; & certainly, if talent can force a way to eminence, his will do it. His self-conceit & contempt of all others except the oligarchy of his momentary admiration, will stand in his way, but even this may be of use in imparting to him a dignity & high tone of conscious power, which is so good a
substitute for rank & circumstance" (Houghton papers). In 1866, Milnes remem-
bered Sunderland as "the greatest speaker, I think, I ever heard—a man with the
strongest oratorical gift"; but his mind failed shortly after he left Cambridge, and
Sunderland spent the rest of his life in obscurity. See Wemyss Reid, 1:75-76; 2:162.

John Mitchell Kemble (1807-57), son of Charles Kemble (1775-1854) and
brother of Fanny, matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A. 1830), won the English
declamation prize in 1827, and was president of the Union in 1828. Kemble was
elected to the Apostles in 1830, admitted to the Inner Temple in 1827; but his
interests turned to philology, which he studied under Jacob Grimm in Germany. In
1833, he published his edition of Beowulf; he served as examiner of stage plays from
1840 to 1857 (following his father's resignation). His daughter Mildred (1841-76?)

Richard Monckton Milnes (1809-85), Gaskell's cousin, matriculated at Trinity in
1827 (M.A.1831), won an English declamation prize in 1829, and was elected (with
AT) to the Apostles on 31 October 1829. In 1863, he was created baron Houghton.

Richard Chenevix Trench (1807-86) matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A. 1829),
was elected to the Apostles in 1826 or 1827, and became president of the Union in
1828. Trench was ordained in October 1832, served in various church posts from
1835 to 1864; he was archbishop of Dublin from 1864 to 1884. Trench married his
cousin, Frances Mary, on 31 May 1832, and published historical, literary, philologi-
cal, and theological works, as well as numerous volumes of poetry.

Sunderland spoke in favor of Voltaire (1694-1778), Kemble, Blakesley, Milnes,
and Trench against; the Union voted 76-18 against his character deserving approba-
tion. On 6 November 1828, Milnes wrote to his father: "Last night we had Voltaire—
I spoke in reply & succeeded as well as I expected, tho' with little preparation—it is
singular how easy it is to be possessed of oneself when one is possessed of one's
subject . . . the influx of freshmen is enormous—120 new members of the Union &
people say it is falling! Hallam is reserved, deep, & quiet" (Houghton papers). In his
10 November 1828 letter to Gladstone, Farr described Milnes as "a great fool. . . . In
a fluming period the other night in the Union about the lamp on the tomb of Voltaire
he contrived to produce seventeen successive monosyllables" (B.L.).

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My dear Gladstone,

I am thoroughly ashamed of my conduct in not having answered your brace of letters sooner. Alas for the exquisite frailty of human nature! Not three months ago, I believe, I was indignant that you did not answer my "verbosa et grandis" within a fortnight—and now!! The mainspring of the matter is this. For the last three weeks (for so long it is that I have resided in this odious place), I have been in so constant a state of bustle, & worry, and perplexity, that I have hardly found a minute’s leisure to think, much less to write. I am very glad to hear you take to Oxford so kindly. May the affection be reciprocal, and your name leave durable traces behind of its three-year connexion with those old towers of inspiration. N. B. As this sentence on reading it over seems utter nonsense, it may be as well to say that I mean it as a compliment. Somehow, or other I have forgotten how to write English lately. \( βεβαρβαρωμαι χρόνιοι ων εν βάρβαρο^\)\(^1\) For my own part, sincerely as I thank you for the expressions of good augury, which you use on my score, I tell you with equal sincerity that your good heart has wasted them on a bad subject. My chance of success here is next to nothing. I come up, naturally deficient in the first place in those mental faculties, which are indispensable to a course of study here, Attention, and Memory: secondly, my tastes & feelings are all at variance with the methods of acquiring knowledge here exclusively adopted: and to crown all, the primum mobile of emulation, or ambition, or strength of mind, or quocunque gaudet nomine,\(^3\) is dead, and buried within me. I might go deeper yet, and explain how the whole mode of existence here—its society, as well as its midnight lamp—its pleasures as well as its compulsions, are alike in my eyes odious. But as this would take up more time than I can reasonably

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expect any man would like to employ in hearing another talk about Self, self, self, and as perhaps after all there might be such a gulf between us that so far from bridging it over, in order to meet, our voices would hardly be audible from one side to the other, I will spare you my Philippic. My mathematical lecturer is Mr. Whewell—a name more easily whistled, as the joke goes, than pronounced—but a very consummate man for all that, and far from a mere geometr. His sermons, I hear, on all sides are magnificent; when an undergraduate he obtained the English Verse Prize; his classical scholarship is above par; and he has made considerable progress in the ascertainment of the earth's density! Now that I call something like an intellectual structure. Julius Hare, the translator of Niebuhr's Rome, is my classical lecturer; a man of great talent, but not, I think, of genius. His lectures are admirable, and so copious that I should think they nearly exhaust the subject. His brother is an Oxford man; I knew him well in Italy; and no one can know him without liking, & being struck by him. If a little book called "Guesses at Truth" comes in your way, you will find it well worth a perusal. It was written by the two Hares. We are doing the Eumenides, which with its two comrades, forms unquestionably one of the grandest performances of the human intellect. We shall next proceed to the Seventh book of Thucydid's, whose whole history I am now reading through; and am, as I suppose every one else is, delighted with him. What a contrast between the young world, and the aged, is perceptible in their respective <modes> language! In reading the great Ancients one perpetually passes over deep thoughts, because the simplicity of their expression seems commonplace; whereas in most Modern authors, the strength being in the diction, we are lost at first in the dazzle of apparently great conceptions; but if we stop to examine, we find how little there is beneath the surface. Now for the Union. Its influence, as might be expected, is very much felt here, extending even among reading men, who have actually no share in it, but are modified in one way or another by its spirit. That spirit I consider as bad. You will take this of course as a Freshman's judgement, who as yet is not competent to say much from experience: but what I have seen I dislike. The ascendent politics are Utilitarian, seasoned with a plentiful sprinkling of heterogeneous Metaphysics. Indeed the latter study is so much the rage, that scarce any here at all above the herd do not dabble in Transcendentalism,
and such like. Their Poetic creed has undergone many revolutions, I understand: but at the present day Shelley is the idol before which we are to be short by the knees. For my own part, I am sorry my taste is so stubborn, but I cannot bring myself to think Percy Bysshe a fine poet.\(^7\)

So much for the Union in generals. To come to particulars, I heard a debate the other night upon the character of Voltaire, in which their principal orators Sunderland, Milnes, Kemble, & Trench took a part.\(^8\)

The first is certainly a wonderfully fluent speaker, and would make a most invaluable ministerial hack. The second is Gaskell’s cousin; a clever, and [ag]reeable fellow, with <much> some power of speaking in him, if he cultivates it well. There is more hope, I think, of him than of [Sund]erland, who seems to be quite as good as he ever will be. Kemble, who is a kind of Pericles, or rather Cleon in the Union,\(^9\) did not please me much. His talents are said to be great; and as he has lately embraced Christianity, and does not now get drunk so often in the week as in days of yore, why, who knows whether he may not become an ornament to our Anglican Church of which (proh pudor!)\(^10\) he is to be a member! By the bye, he is a son of Charles Kemble. But enough of these worms, “that creep in & creep out”\(^11\) through that most rotten of carcasses—a Debating Society reputation.

I have a very pleasant round of acquaintance, of which Eton, as may be supposed, furnishes the principal constituents. Pickering is remarkably improved. I like him now as much as I disliked him formerly. I had no idea that 14 months could so liberalise a man’s mind.\(^12\) Hamilton\(^13\) I like too; but he probably could never be more than an intimate acquaintance to me. Frere I place some grades higher; there is a touch of the “idem velle, atque idem nolle”\(^14\) in our characters. Jerry Wellesley is less altered than any one I have seen. His stride from boy to man must have been very short. Farr I am sorry to speak ill of; and yet I cannot speak well. His mind seems pitiably vacant; his talents, and wit, smouldering day by day. His talk is exactly the same highflown, unreflective talk, which it used to be; and a disagreeable <incivility> swaggering seems to have supervened. He lives almost entirely in a small set of drinking High Tories, the Coryphaei\(^15\) of whom are Nott, and Morgan.\(^16\) Over his mantelpiece is a Protestant manifesto in large letters, beginning, if I mistake not “Brunswickers, are you asleep? No. When is your time to act? Now.” &c.\(^17\) That he cannot really like the men with whom he associates, I by no means

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wonder: and it is therefore natural that he should cling to me, like any Remora: still I cannot but feel that I can never be a friend of his.¹⁸ I am afraid I have become rather difficult on that score lately: but Time and Circumstance will grind me right again, I suppose. Meanwhile I envy you Gaskell with all my heart and soul. I trust your friendship will be a benefit to him; and that in the full of its enjoyment he will never forget one, who in his sphere will have to look long before he can find another heart so affectionate, another mind so harmonious, whereon to trust in confidential reliance. Have you seen Rogers? I am impatient to hear about him. I suppose it is absurd to expect him to write first; so, as soon as I can screw a twentyfifth hour into one of my well-crammed days I will write to him.

Believe me,
Yours ever faithfully,
X A H Hallam.

X X He wears a Byron neckloth. W. W. [note in margin]

If you can teach Hallam one point among the very few which have been neglected in his education, i.e. how to fold up a letter unlike a Butcher pressing for payment of his Bill, inestimable obligation on

gurs Ever,
W. W. Farr.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / Christchurch / Oxford.
P/M 9 November 1828

¹ Juvenal Satires 10. 71: "wordy and lengthy."
² Euripides Orestes 485: "Long among barbarians, I have grown barbarian."
³ "Whatever name might serve."
⁴ William Whewell (1794-1866) matriculated at Trinity in 1812 (B.A., second Wrangler and second Smith's prize, 1816) and won the Chancellor's English medal in 1814. Whewell served as tutor (1823-39), professor of mineralogy (1828-32), and Master of Trinity (1841-66). Whewell was ordained in 1825; he introduced analytical
methods of continental mathematics and philosophy into Trinity fellowship examinations and helped found the moral and physical science triposes. He published works dealing with natural and mathematical science, architecture, philosophy, and theology.

5. Julius Charles Hare (1795-1855), classical lecturer and assistant tutor at Trinity, 1822-32, served as rector of Hurstmonceux, Sussex, 1832-55. Hare edited the Philological Museum in 1833 and published theological works, translations, and a vindication of Barthold Georg Niebuhr (1776-1831), German historian, statesman, and philologist. Augustus William Hare (1792-1834) attended New College, Oxford, and became a rector in 1829. Volumes 1 and 2 of Niebuhr's History of Rome (1811-28) were translated by Hare and Thirlwall from 1828 to 1632; Guesses at Truth by Two Brothers was published in June 1827.

6. Part of the Oresteia, by Aeschylus.

7. Six months later, AHH was, according to Farr's 6 May 1829 letter to Gladstone, "a furious Shelleyist" (B.L.). Shelley (1792-1822) was first debated in the Union on 12 May 1829 (see letter 71 n. 4).

8. See letter 57.

9. AHH draws the distinction between the Athenian statesman (ca. 495-429 B.C.) and demagogue (d. 422 B.C.).

10. "Oh shame!"


12. See letter 56 n. 9. On 16 November 1828, Doyle wrote to Gladstone that "Hallam says that Pickering is very much improved, that he has lost a great deal of his pert selfconceit and considerably enlarged his stock of ideas" (B.L.).


14. See letter 49 n. 3.

15. Chief spokesman of a Greek chorus.

16. William George Nott (1808?-59) matriculated at St. John's College in 1825 (B.A. 1830) and became a vicar. Augustus Henry Morgan (b. 1808) matriculated at St. John's in 1826 (B.A. 1830) and became a curate. Both had attended Eton.

17. Brunswick Clubs were formed by Orangemen in Ireland and England in reaction to the Catholic Association; on 8 December 1828, Milnes wrote to his father, "Clubs are all the rage here, & all my friends look like livery servants in their different costumes. A Brunswick one . . . is the most prominent" (Houghton papers).

18. AHH's comments explain the folding of the letter. In his 10 November 1828 letter to Gladstone, Farr commented: "I hope Hallam did not romance about me in his letter, as I rather suspect he brought that talent & many others from the land of Boccaccio . . . he certainly does not pay more attention to externals, than in the olden time. You may guess, it requires some exertion of attachment to parade him on one's arm among the Dandies of Trumpington Street" (B.L.). In his 18 January 1829 letter to Gladstone, Pickering echoed AHH's feelings: "Farr is much altered in every way, but politics. He seems to me very unhappy, & I think his opinions have thrown him into a party greatly inferior to himself" (B.L.).
Carissima Fanciullina,¹

I was very sorry, sai, to hear of your illness; but I suppose you have not inhaled the Dieppe-parting breezes for nothing. I shall be with you, perhaps next Monday week; for if I can get to London in time for the Brighton coaches, which I believe I can, I shall prefer doing so to a lonely day in London. I desire therefore that beds may be in readiness; and expectations sedately vigilant; but not very eager, as the irresistible course of events may put me out in my calculation. Should I not be able to leave Cambridge (which I do not think likely), so soon as Monday, I will write a line. As for my return, and that on which it must depend, the University Scholarship, I can give as yet no precise information: but I shall not be far from the mark if I say that I can stay with you about a month.² The next term is somewhat longer than this; the ensuing vacation very short; also the term following. Then come the glories of the Long Vacation. Pray, what has become of my Aunt?³ Did she suddenly become a mist, and walk away in such utter shadowiness that you could not find out what had become of her? If this be not, what is the right reason that nobody has ever told me a syllable about her existence, and her prosperity, and her local habitation? I have been quite incapable of writing to Henry Elton, though I should have liked to do so, and much want to hear from him: but I, who am by nature a slow writer, find many more arrivals by the Post, than I can answer satisfactorily—much less “entamat,” or “longtamy” (as you used to call it, you know) a correspondence. But do make the Elt loquacious, if possible. Gladstone is still in his ideal world about the Miscellany; and seems to be incurably absurd in that matter.⁴ Gaskell is gone, I believe, to Oxford to matriculate; having a vista of residence in some future century. Doyle in statu quo. To come nearer home, I am much obliged to Mrs. Antony Hamilton.⁵ Let me
see—did I ever see her in my life? I think I have—one of the fat creation. You will probably see them all at Brighton about a week after my appearance. The Hampstead branch of Frere waved about here for a day or two, poco fa; and talked hugely of my enormous growth. The Downing branch has shadowed me with its most refreshing influence all this term: I have dined there three times, and went once in the evening. John Frere himself is one of the best of breathing things. Dr. Davy has been very gracious; and begs me to assure my father that whenever he comes down here, he shall be most happy to take him in. All this, sovereign Nell, has nothing to do with you, or your blue eyes, or your shabby appearance, which is so unnaturally ascribed to you by your own mother: but mind both now & for the future that whenever I do you the honour of putting your name at the top of a letter, that honour is paramount, and you must by no means look for more. There is nothing in this college-studded marsh, which it could give you pleasure to know; or I would tell it you, my Nelly: but I shall see you soon, and talk till the Chain Pier echoes.

As for Lushington, I have a very respectable acquaintance with him. He drank my wine, and I drank his. I am not likely, I think, to know him more intimately. Kerry took a part in the Union for the first time last night; and very much to his credit. It was not in a debate, however: but merely during the storm of private business, which for turbulence, and excitement, and battling, surpasses all imagination. It would have been capital practice for Demosthenes. They are at a lamentable ebb for speakers; barring Kemble, and Sunderland, scarce one has any powers of oratory whatever. Did my father ever see the Athenaeum—a paper written by Cambridge animals entirely, and considered here the tip top of perfection. Adio carissima,

Credimi mai sempre,
Tuo affettuosissimo fratello,
A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 24. Old Steine / Brighton.
P/M 3 December 1828
1. “Dearest little girl.”

2. Michaelmas term ended on 16 December 1828. See letters 62 and 64 for AHH’s efforts at the University Scholarship.

3. Probably Elizabeth Hallam.

4. See letter 56 n. 1.

5. Charity Graeme was the daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar (1738–1819)—physician in ordinary to the Prince of Wales—wife of Anthony Hamilton (1778–1851)—archdeacon of Taunton and precentor of Lichfield—and mother of Walter Kerr and Edward William Terrick Hamilton.

6. As the address to letter 61 makes clear, John Frere belonged to the Hampstead branch: his parents were George (1774–1854), fourth son of John Frere (1740–1807), and Elizabeth Raper. George’s brother William Frere (1775–1836) was master of Downing College, Cambridge, from 1812 to 1836.

7. Martin Davy (1763–1839), physician, was master of Caius College, Cambridge, from 1803 to 1839.

8. Edmund Law Lushington (1811–93) matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., senior classic, 1832), was elected to the Apostles before 1830, won the chancellor’s classic medal in 1832, and was professor of Greek at Glasgow from 1838 to 1875. Lushington’s 1842 marriage to Cecilia Tennyson is celebrated in the epilogue to IM.

9. William Thomas Petty Fitzmaurice (1811–36), earl of Kerry (1818), elder son of the marquis of Lansdowne, matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (M.A. 1834), and served as M.P. for Calne from 1832 to 1836. The Cambridge Union debate on whether “a complete separation between England and Ireland should take place” was adjourned “in consequence of the press of private business” to 9 December 1828, when Sunderland spoke in favor, Kemble, Milnes, and Sterling against; the question was negatived 95-23.

10. The Athenaeum was launched on 2 January 1828 by James Silk Buckingham (1786–1855) and Henry Colburn (d. 1855); in July 1828, it was combined with the London Literary Chronicle, and Buckingham sold his interest to Maurice (who had been part proprietor of the Chronicle) and Sterling. With the assistance of other Cambridge associates, chiefly members of the Apostles, they ran the paper until January 1830. The Athenaeum rose to prominence under Charles Wentworth Dilke (1789–1864), proprietor from 1830 to 1864. Two Italian sonnets (“Ahi vera donna!” and “Pietà! Pietà!”) and “Two Sonnets, Purporting to be Written in the Protestant Burial Ground at Rome by Moonlight” (Writings, pp. 306–7, 5-6) by AHH were published in the 25 March 1829 issue (p. 186), under the name “Julian.” On 11 February 1829, Milnes wrote to his father that “Hare is going to write regularly for the Athenaeum—there is a superb thing of his in the last, & a short review of mine”; a week later Milnes acknowledged “two or three short Reviews & bits of Poetry in the Athenaeum, but nothing worth sending you” (Houghton papers). The 22 and 26 February 1828 issues of the Athenaeum (pp. 138–39, 155–58) contained a severely critical review of Southey’s review of Const. Hist (see letter 52 n. 13).

11. “Farewell dearest, believe me always, your most affectionate brother.”
My dear Hallam,

Neither Oxford terms nor Oxford vacations allow time for writing letters as frequent or as long as those penned in the days of our youth at Eton. I have involuntarily avenged myself upon you for your neglect of me & my letters some time ago. You have probably heard of me through Selwyn, in re Miscellany. You were exceedingly merciful to the wretches of the Second Volume, before whose eyes the horrors of King's Bench had already begun to expand themselves. We retreat (you may think yourself fortunate in having accents, I assure you) & are already cooling our burnt fingers. I have sent seven pound two (which fortunately had not quite rotted in my purse) to Rogers, the night before I left Oxford, together with my own share as assessed, begging that if he could contrive to take Eton in his way up to London he would, & leave it with old Ingalton, by way of an actual commencement—a dividend of about four shillings or four & sixpence in the pound of our whole debt. I rather think since he is so abominable hard as not to offer anything for the hundred & ten pounds worth of Miscellanies, that we ought to make him render us some account of all that his friend Anderson has made away with for us.

Friday, Decr. 19.

I heard from Gaskell some time ago: he seemed to have given up all idea, or nearly so, of matriculation during the Michaelmas Term, and he had not appeared when I left Christ Church this day week. I do not know what he is at. He seems to have met with some of those difficulties, in negotiating for entrance, which have long stood in the way of applicants, & which are such that we may fairly say of them as the wisdom of our ancestors did of the Crown influence, not only
that they have increased & are increasing, but also that they ought to be diminished. Your account, from which I gathered that you were very hard at work, gave me much pleasure: but I hope Farr is mistaken when he tells me that your weekday avocations were such as to make it necessary to hold Debating Society meetings on Sunday. By the bye I am sorry you do not find him so much to your mind as formerly, though I can easily believe that in the first place the flattery he received at Eton & in the second his having (to all appearance) entirely given up reading since he has been at Cambridge, may have exercised an unfavourable influence on his character. I hope it is not the case. However that may be who is there of us that—often as it has been said, let it, when occasion serves, be said again, till it be not only admitted but acted upon—who is there that cannot discern in his friends an hundred errors, without considering first the probable existence of other errors in himself, secondly the at least possible influence which they may have in estranging the feelings of others. I do not know why I have said this, as I do not suppose you are either much given to talking frivolously, or to living in small sets of drinking High Tories, except from the hope which I indulge, that the perceiving the evil will incline you rather to draw him out of it, than to desert & leave him in it: For it is really serious, as University Society must in many cases be the most important of all those successive bodies of associates through which one passes during early life. I have come home with the resolution of reading, but as I cannot speak of anything I have done, I must be content with anticipating what I am to do. We have got Scythœ Nomades for a Latin Verse subject next year at ChCh., & I think a very good one. Doyle has been reading hard, it appears, & is already meditating attack on the Newdigate prizes. Rogers reads very steadily & is a pretty sure card for a double first. Eton has several flourishing scions at ChristChurch. By the bye, you & I may congratulate one another on Puller's double first. You are perhaps not aware that he has also got a Christ Church Studentship. Pray patronize the new Oxford Mathematical book, as we want encouragement in that line next month. I envy you the writing for the Latin Ode next year on such a subject. I have now no more to do than to wish you all happiness & success. Believe me ever
Your very sincere friend

W. E. G.

I direct to you at Cambridge still, though at a venture. I congratulate you on the octavo edition.\textsuperscript{12}


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1. See letters 51 (nn. 4, 7) and 54 for subsequent references in this letter to the Eton Miscellany.
2. \textit{Iliad} 1. 473: "singing the paean."
3. A London bookseller whose bankruptcy in October 1827 made settlement of Miscellany accounts more complicated. On 11 December 1828, Ingalton wrote to Gladstone that "I can hear nothing of Anderson or how his affairs are likely to be settled. I shall be in town in a few days, when I shall make it my business to enquire in what manner they are likely to terminate" (B.L.).
5. See letter 15 n. 2.
6. In his 10 November 1828 letter, Farr had written to Gladstone: "Hallam is in a Private debating Society—not the same as mine (they are innumerable here)—and was to make his debut on the Catholic association suppression question on Sunday night" (B.L.). As his 29 November 1828 letter to his sister makes clear, Milnes was a member of the same society: "We had a delightful debate on the Catholic Association, at the Sunday school, when Hallam made a capital speech. We have Rousseau next Sunday" (Houghton papers).
7. See letter 58. More than a year later, in his 4 February 1830 letter, Gladstone wrote to Farr with "the plainness of a friend" to "remind your sense of duty and of obligations as a responsible being, that you have not done what God enabled you to do, and you have not made a full use of those high and excellent abilities for the employment of each and all of which you must answer before his judgment seat" (Autob., p. 213).
8. "The wandering of the Scythians."
9. "Voyages of discovery to the Polar Regions" was the subject for the Oxford English verse prize (founded by Sir Roger Newdigate) in 1829; it was won by Thomas Legh Claughton (1808-92) of Trinity College, professor of poetry at Oxford 1852-57. A copy of Doyle's unsuccessful entry (published in 1829), inscribed to Gaskell, is
at Princeton. On 26 March 1829, Gladstone reread an article in the *Quarterly Review* on the North Pole voyages and decided he had to give up the subject (D, 1:234).

10. See letter 55 n. 11.

11. The book is unidentified; the subject for the Cambridge Latin Ode medal (established by Sir William Browne) in 1829 was Caesar's crossing the Rubicon.

Dear Robertson,

I have been surprised and grieved at your long silence. It is now more than three months since I received your last letter—directed to Ramsgate and forwarded to me in London. Either my answer, or a subsequent letter of yours, I am inclined to hope has miscarried. I say to hope because the only alternative that suggests itself to my belief, is one which I will shrink from—and wrestle with always, until it settles into certainty; I mean, that in some way, or other I have recklessly offended your Sister or yourself. I should much earlier have endeavoured to relieve myself from this anxiety, had my time not been so completely filled at Cambridge, that I have scarcely found leisure to keep up any correspondence whatever. But I do earnestly hope that you will answer this letter as soon as you receive it. For I am in great need of a friend’s voice to cheer and revive me, and I cannot bear to think, that such a voice should be breathing from beloved Italy, and my ears through negligence or error closed against its music. Gaskell tells me that you are settled at Rome—in the rooms which the Simpsons formerly occupied. I am glad of this. It is a great aid to imagination, when she trips like a little, joyous, reverential child, by the side of Affection, to be familiar with the precise spot in which she is to unite herself to those whom the mild eyes of that parental guardian have so long been seeking with a tremulous, and yet a fervent, and an unaverted gaze. The round of Roman gaieties has hardly yet begun. But before these lines reach you the tocsin of invitation will at least have commenced its monotonous “note of preparation.” I wish you with all my heart a merry Christmas and (how far more momentous is the second half of this common wish, yet how they are always massed together in the utterance as if their value was one and the same), I ardently wish you a happy New Year.

Brighton, Dec. 20, 1828.
For myself—lest you should think I have been lying to my own thoughts by writing affected sentiment, a thing which I detest—on the same principle on which I would detest a burlesque of the dying scene in Lear, or a caricature of the Madonna di Foligno—I fear I have for the present no element of happiness in my mind. But I will no longer annoy you with my concerns. Only write to me lines that breathe of the glorious South. Kindle me with a spark of that radiance, which circles round, and interpenetrates all Italian existence; tell me in a word all you are doing, all your Sister has been doing, all our mutual friends have been doing, what aspect and complexion Roman society has for this season assumed. What are your projects for next year, and so forth—till the whole complex material of your thoughts, actions, and purposes—which of course is in your power—and those of others who may be partially so, is safely committed to paper and conveyed to myself who will welcome it as one long imprisoned in darkness, the gentle touch of the renovating diurnal light. I have now kept one term at Cambridge, I understand completely its good, and its evil, I am disposed to think it is a very pleasant, and for those whose equable minds take things as they find them, a happy life. With regard to studies of the place—I have never taken the least interest in mathematical science. I shall study it to a certain degree in order to discipline my mind to evidential reasoning, and nerve it thereby against morbid sensibility. But I never can make it a prime object. The Greek language I have worshipped and will worship with an unblessing loyalty—I love it for the swell and the majesty and interminable melody of its diction. I love it too for the grandeur of the associations that cluster and play round it like the Multitudinous starlight along the clear deep azure of heaven; I love it above all, for the spirit which it enshrines—the spirit of Homer and Aeschylus, and Plato and Sophocles—which never has ceased to act on the human mind, and assuredly never will, unless the golden chain of harmony which bends the spiritual to the material universe be first rent asunder; and the holy names of poetry and Philosophy become a laughing stock and a bye word to mankind. The studies of the place however, classical and mathematical, exercise little influence on Cambridge society. Among the better part—the aristocracy, so to say, of intellect—a great ascendancy is maintained by the leaders of the Union Society, and the conductors of a literary journal, called the
Athenaeum—both Cambridge Institutions for carrying off the effer-
vescence of talent. This ascendancy works principally by commu-
nicating a highly metaphysical tone to conversation and an ardent
enthusiasm for certain Poets and Philosophers and consequently for
certain schools of poetry and systems of philosophy. Politics are at present
very little regarded; at least the politics of the time being; in an
absolute point of view and ethically considered they are dwelt upon as
a branch of metaphysics. And what do I think of this? You may
perhaps be inclined to ask. I have hardly as yet had sufficient
opportunities of patient observation to weigh with accuracy the good
of this mental fermentation against the evil. Much of both I can
discern. It shall be my endeavor to seek out Truth patiently and
desiringly, sifting out the chaff from the grain day by day. I have always
been an enthusiast—I have always loved Poetry—although it is only
during the last year, that I have had an insight into its real nature and
have learned to establish the faith of the heart on the conclusions of
the reason. I have, during the same period, given not a little reflection
to metaphysical subjects, though with few books in hand. Thus when
I came up to Cambridge, I found my tastes already formed, and
coinciding in the main, with those of my companions. How is it then,
that I profess myself unhappy? Oh, Robertson, it is a hot atmosphere
I am breathing. I dislike, as far as regards myself, the interchange of
opinions I have described. I long for repose—I long for leisure to exert
my mind in calmness, not under this universal pressure, I long in
short for Italy, for the friendliness of gentle society, for all the
glorious Past. I cannot but feel that though I may be gay, though I may
be excited, though I may be energetic

"Still I must know, where'er I go,
That there has passed away a Glory from the earth."

I hear from Gaskell (and I have since found that my Mother has
received the same intelligence more directly) that the Wintours are in
the Piazza di Poli. Remember me to them [ . . . . ] I trust, nay I have
faith, that there are times, to more than one amongst you, at which I
am present in your thoughts. But were it otherwise I could still find
abundant sources of joy in the Past which I have called Glorious: To
take a single instance where I could with ease take more,—the
influence of your Sister’s conversation on my character, at a very
critical moment of its development, will never I hope, believe, and pray, cease to work in me for good until dust be finally covered in upon my body—"And the Life cease to toil within my brow." But I am really growing melancholy: you will laugh at me, I suppose. As long as your laugh flows into those sheets of letter paper, I shall not much mind—coraggio!

Will you apologize to Pifferi in my name, for not having answered his kind letter and assure him he shall have one in a short time. And now, happy letter, run, fly to Rome! In a few minutes your direction that is your passport to paradise shall be written.

Believe me,
yours most sincerely,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Direct your next letter to Trinity College, Cambridge.

1. Possibly John Simpson (1782-1847), portrait-painter.
3. One of the three paintings by the Umbrian master Pier Antonio Mezzastris in the Pinacoteca at Foligno, in central Italy.
4. See letter 79 n. 6.
7. Shelley, Julian and Maddalo, line 317.
8. "Courage!"
9. Paulo Pifferi, Italian abbot, deputy to the Constitutional Assembly at Tuscany in 1849, was AHH's friend and instructor in Italian "who encouraged him to his first attempts at versification" (Remains, p. x).
Dear Frere,

I remember telling you that it was no easy matter to extract "the soul of goodness" out of the "ill things" of a stagecoach. But what should I not have thought, and said, had I but known, that, after my scanty allowance of four hours' sleep that night, I was destined to no sleep at all for the one ensuing! Having toiled up to London in the Defiance with my friend the Marchese Spinetti outside the coach, and your friend De Vere inside (with whom by the bye I have struck up an acquaintance) I called at Hamilton Palace, and found the Prince thereof sad, and sickly, out of sorts with himself, and all things, & bodies about him, and purposing a ταχύτατα return to Cambridge. He gave me my choice of dining with him chez lui, or being taken by him to Farquhar's, to whom he was engaged. As he professed absolute indifferency, I saw no reason why I should be ceremonious, so I made my election for the first. However on returning I thought Mrs. Hamilton's manner so unequivocally inclined to the opposite side of the balance, that I took the hint forthwith, and annoyed myself with a huge dinnerparty at Sir Robert Farquhar's. At ten o'clock (for on arriving I had found no coach would start before that hour) I set off, half in a fever already, with the prospect of a lugubrious entry into the Pavilioned <glory> boast of the 19th. Century at 3 or 4 in the morning. Fortunately our motions were surpassingly slow; and I was not disgorged till seven, an hour when right reason does not forbid us to wake people from their slumbers.

Brighton is not quite so gay, and rather more windy than I had anticipated. As soon as I had recovered my fatigues I went to Almacks. Everybody round me was saying how brilliant it was: for my own part I thought it dull, dull, dull, even to nausea. I was
introduced to one or two daughters of dress, and vanity; and might, had I chosen, have been introduced to many more: but since I have read Coleridge I look on these things with the eye of a philosopher. Or rather, not to speak like a fool, and a hypocrite, I have too keen a recollection of the happiness I used to enjoy in similar scenes to bear such a mockery. The perception of dissimilitude in similitude, which with its converse, forms the great law, or condition by which our emotions act, may frequently excite us with pleasure, but it can—oh! it can rack us with anguish! I have refused an invitation, which I suppose is the last I shall get, for tonight. There is a rapture truly in walking about the streets without knowing a face one meets! However I held communion with Nature on the glorious downs after a pack of harriers the other day: a method of glorifying the animal part of our nature in order to calm, & harmonise the intellectual which Socrates himself could not have frowned upon. Alas! that it should be but a momentary cheat! We have received no invitation to Bowood, and I think probably shall not: so that, Deo volente, Monday, or Tuesday will see me in London. I shall be delighted to dine with you, should things turn out so. If you don’t see, or hear from me, before six o’clock Tuesday, don’t expect, but pity me. I have had a good deal of talk with my father; and I think my affairs are in pretty good train; that is, supposing the Scholarship does not grind me into powder, for on that subject he will not hear reason. I am rather amused at his indignation against Hare, and the prevalent opinions into which I gave him some faint insight. I almost thought he would have torn the sermon in pieces. "I have no patience with this! Well, now, I cannot bring myself to read this with any calmness! I always thought the man an impostor! and now I’m sure of it. He has cheated himself with words, and now he is going to cheat other people! That’s just the way with Coleridge & the rest of them: they spin a spider’s-web of language to catch foolish flies, who think that this mysticism is originality of thought! Read Paley; if he is not deep, which he often is not, he is always clear: his understanding is of the same kind with ours. Read Locke; read Bacon; but these never will be read, when Coleridge, & Shelley are: such authors, as favorites, must deprave the mind <beyond hope>! . As for this Hare, he is trying to found a school: and, mark what I say, his school will be a bad one." Of one thing I am resolved—neither my father, nor any one else shall
influence my metaphysical creed. Its elements I will seek out patiently, desiringly: its composition shall be cautiously performed: and what I shall have ultimately received into my heart, and intellect, to that I will cling firmly. Meanwhile I cannot think my father right in his unqualified condemnation of Coleridge. Were the Idealism of his book false, as its most determined foes assert it to be, much would remain: much of simple, sound morality, much of pure, Christian fervour. The argument you mention about the Imagination strikes me as very sophistical. It is evident that the abstract ideas of Poetry are at the other end of the diameter from the abstract ideas of Logic, or Geometry. We may use the same word, but we do not mean the same thing. In the one all must be vague, or it would not be Poetry: in the other everything exact, and linked, or it would not be Science. Not that I mean to impugn the general correctness of his assertion, that a moderate study of mathematics will by no means injure the Imaginative faculty, but rather improve it, along with the rest, by diffusing a healthful air over the whole mind. The “mowing” crotchet is, as you properly characterise it, very mad indeed, as far at least as my humble apprehension goes. Should I not be able to join you, I wish you would get from C. clear definitions of Reason, Understanding, Imagination, as he understands the words. It is indeed a crying sin that our terminology should be so indistinct, & misty, two hundred years after Bacon pointed out the evil. Let me quit the subject with a story, that will make you laugh. I walked into a bookseller’s the other day, & inquired for Mr. Coleridge’s Friend. The answer was, after a two-minute stare—“Mr. Coleridge’s Friend, Sir! Upon my word, Sir, we don’t know the gentleman; but if you would give his name at the Postoffice, I have no doubt they can inform you”!! As nothing after this inimitable blunder can best her [?] than an anticlimax, I will leave you to chew the cud on it, and believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to John Frere Esq. / Hampstead / near London.
P/M 24 December 1828
1. Henry V, 4. 1. 4: "There is some soul of goodness in things evil."

2. Marquis Spineto, teacher of Italian, history, and modern literature at Cambridge, was an interpreter at Queen Caroline's trial, and occasional author.

3. Probably Vere Edmond de Vere (1808–80), who matriculated at Trinity in 1827 and became third bart. in 1846; possibly his father, Sir Aubrey de Vere (1788–1846), poet and dramatist.

4. See letter 59 n. 5.

5. "With all speed."

6. Sir Robert Townsend Farquhar (1776–1830), son of Sir Walter, was M.P. from 1825 to 1830.

7. One of the fashionable assembly rooms and coffeehouses, originating in London, built by William Almack (d. 1781).

8. Lansdowne's residence.

9. Hare's sermon is unidentified.

10. See Coleridge's Aids to Reflection, "Aphorisms on that Which is Indeed Spiritual Religion," which deals with the distinction between reason and understanding. The "mowing" crotchet is unidentified.

11. The Friend: A Literary, Moral and Political Weekly Paper was initially published in 1809–10, revised in 1812 and 1818. AHH acknowledges his indebtedness to a passage from The Friend (3:190) for lines 40 ff. in his "Timbuctoo" (see letter 65 n. 3).