My dear Father,

The three first days of the Scholarship are now over; and I suppose you would like to hear something of its changes, and chances. The first day we had three bits of Greek prose; one from Lysias; the second from Polybius; & the third from Lucian. We were all very indignant at being supposed to deal with anything but classical Greek: the extracts were easy, with the exception of one or two words, which nobody answered confidently, perhaps nobody rightly. The second day, we were annihilated by a passage from the Ecclesiastœ, containing amongst other stubborn things my old friend λεπαδοτεμαχο &c. This was followed up by a passage from Eubulus! five, or six scrap questions, and part of Lady Macbeth’s sleeping scene to be translated into Greek Trochaics. This last I did with no great difficulty, and was pleased to find I could call my Greek words from the vasty deep, & they would come, when I did call for them. I forgot to mention that on the first day we had a Latin Theme to write about Greek, & Latin historians; a species of composition, which is very much to me like a surgical operation. Today we had some lines in Thomson’s Liberty to put into Latin Hexameters; a page of Hume into Latin prose; and an awful paper of Scholefield’s containing a Chorus from the Hercules Furens, to construe which would have been superhuman. It begins with "νωροφα μελαθρα" line 435, I think. Upon the whole I am satisfied with what I have done, as it shews me the power of writing Greek, & Latin verses, is not quite rubbed out of my mind; a conclusion, which I was very near arriving at before. As for the reading that is a matter of chronic absorption and by next year I shall have imbibed a good deal. Meanwhile Wordsworth seems decidedly the favorite for this year’s stakes; I don’t think Lushington can beat him, but he will be near; Kennedy however is looked to in suspense,
but I know nothing certain about him. Hamilton has not gone in for the Scholarship. You have heard I suppose all about the Degrees. The anxiety that Cavendish should be Senior Wrangler was most intense: & Philpot's sudden elevation was a matter of great surprise. Murphy, & Smith had all along been named: but nobody looked to Catherine Hall for a man, that should beat them all. He had only read Mathematics for two years, it is said. He is also an admirable Classic. Altogether such a year is seldom known: the first five men, it is said, would beat Perry, the last year's Senior Wrangler. Cavendish will, I fancy, get the Smith's prize against Philpot. It will be known tomorrow. At present [...]

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London. P/M 28 January 1829

1. Two classical scholarships for £25 each per annum were established by John Craven (b. 1649); these were supplemented by three additional scholarships in 1819, and the income of all raised to £50 per annum. Only one position was open for competition in 1829.

2. Lysias (b. ca. 458 B.C.), Attic orator; Polybius (ca. 202-120 B.C.), Greek historian; Lucian (ca. 115-ca. 200), satirist, historian, and philosopher.

3. Women at the Assembly, by Aristophanes; AHH refers to the passage beginning with line 1167, describing food at a banquet.

4. Athenian statesman and financier of the latter half of the fourth century B.C., an opponent of Demosthenes.

5. Macbeth, 5. 1.

6. See 1 Henry IV, 3. 1. 53-55.


8. James Scholefield (1789-1853) was regius professor of Greek at Cambridge from 1825 to 1853; AHH apparently refers to the Chorus beginning "νηώροχαι μελαθρα" ("Unto the stately palace-roofs"), line 107 of The Madness of Hercules by Euripides.

9. Christopher Wordsworth (1807-85), third son of Christopher—master of Trinity—matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A., senior classic and first Chancellor's medal, 1830), won the Browne medal in 1827, Porson prize in 1828, and was Craven Scholar in 1829. Wordsworth became bishop of Lincoln in 1869. Charles Rann Kennedy (1808-67) matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (B.A., senior classic, 1831), was
Bell Scholar in 1828, won the Porson prizes and Browne medals in 1829 and 1830, and became a lawyer, scholar, and linguist.

10. Sir William Cavendish (1808-91), seventh duke of Devonshire, brother of Lord Richard Cavendish, attended Eton, matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A., second Wrangler and eighth classic, 1829), won the first Smith's prize in 1829, and served as chancellor of Cambridge from 1861 to 1891. Henry Philpott (1807-92), who matriculated at St. Catherine's in 1825 (B.A., senior Wrangler, second Smith's prize and fourteenth classic, 1829), was bishop of Worcester from 1861 to 1890. Robert Murphy (1806-43), who matriculated at Caius College in 1825 (B.A., third Wrangler, 1829), served as examiner in mathematics and natural philosophy at London University. Charles Lesingham Smith (1806-78), who matriculated at Christ's College in 1825 (B.A., fifth Wrangler, 1829), became rector of Little Canfield, Essex.

11. Charles Perry (1807-91), who matriculated at Trinity in 1824 (B.A., senior Wrangler, first Smith's prize, and seventh classic, 1828), was the first bishop of Melbourne.

12. Two annual prizes for £25 each for proficiency in mathematics and natural philosophy were established by Robert Smith (1689-1768), master of Trinity College.

13. The remainder of the letter has been cut off.
My dear Gaskell,

I hope you have ascribed my silence to its true cause, that of excessive and exclusive occupation, arising from the University Scholarship for which I have been sitting, and which has left me no power whatever of attending to my own thoughts. This being now over, I hasten to thank you for your letter, and chide you at the same time a little that you should have thought me worthy of rebuke for not expatiating on my loss, when I expressly told you I was prevented by circumstances from finishing it as I wished. What if I retaliate by asking why, when you have it under my own handwriting how unhappy I am, and how sweet the endearing consolations of friendship are to me now—why you do not write somewhat longer accounts of yourself, and all you have been doing and all you have been thinking? Speak to me of what you read, and hear, and act; believe not that anything will be uninteresting to me which has given you a momentary interest. And yet cease not to rebuke me; I have great need of it. I am sick at heart and chill in feeling, and perish without something to invigorate, something to refresh. Carissimo, I have thrown open to you my whole heart; you know all my weakness as well as all my aspirations towards good; may I never be brought to think that I have made the experiment in vain. For an experiment it surely is: it is said in the cold world that no good comes of opening out one's inmost self to the view even of him whom we have deemed our friend; that where all is known nothing is imagined, and hence mutual discontent and exhaustion—"And thereof comes in the end despondency and madness!" I will prove them liars, however; for I know whom I have trusted. Now to continue my tale. I placed the ring, like an idiot, in my sitting-room when I went to bed, leaving indeed the door open, but forgetting that it might be shut before I
was awake in the morning. This actually happened, amidst the goings in and out of the servants; and when I entered the room the ring was not where I had placed it the night before. The only person I had much ground of suspecting was a knife-cleaning vagabond, who had been seen loitering about the stairs. I did all I could in the way of cross-examination, but had no proof to go upon, and failed, of course. I also gave a description of the ring to all the silversmiths, that should it, as was probable, be brought to them for sale, it might be stopped. Hitherto I have had no notice of so delightful an event; and I much fear the thief was too cunning to run the chance of detection by trying to sell it at Cambridge. There can be no reason, however, that you should call him "fiend"; men of that class of life cannot be expected to conceive any difference between one bit of gold and another of equal size; and this even when they are told how different the value attached to each by the wearer, which this man never was. Since your last letter I have had cause for other alarm which you will start on hearing. I fear Anna and her mother will not return to England this year; perhaps not for some years more. This is mere conjectural apprehension, founded on the intelligence which I received the other day from Italy—that the Robertsons do not return for five years. At least, though, strangely enough, Robertson does not say so in as many words, what other interpretation can be put on their taking the Albani Palace for that period? This is awful news to me, if it be as I fear. I had looked forward so eagerly for a few brief moments of happiness in conversing with Miss Robertson next summer; that hope is almost crushed: I had dared to flatter myself with the belief that I should see Anna at Gransden, and know at least that she was happy, even if my poor heart could not catch a reflex from that happiness: that hope too is shaken. bądź

But yet I hardly can persuade myself that I have not misunderstood the purport of Robertson’s intelligence. He hardly could have treated so important a change in their plans so indifferently as to confine his notice to one ambiguous sentence. For it is just possible that, as the E[ . . . ]s did, they may come over here in the summer, and then return to the Albani Palace. But with such an establishment, is it likely? I will extract all of Robertson’s letter that relates to "le cose Italiane." The first three pages are filled up with a somewhat tedious critique on what did not please him in my letter, backed with one of
those sapient bits of advice which cost nothing, and effect nothing, on the subject of excessive regret for Italy. “However,” he continues, “I will try and console you by giving you Italian news. The Wintours are in the Piazza di Poli. They have a very comfortable house. I called on them yesterday, but all were out except Miss B[ . . . . ]. I have not seen Miss Wintour since Sunday, and then I saw her only for a moment on the church stairs (Quanta invidia ti porto!). She has quite recovered her health, and is looking more beautiful than I almost ever saw her. Oh, Hallam, what loveliness there is in her face, what sweetness, what delicacy, what—everything that is good and beautiful!” (I never can be sorry to hear that truth repeated, but I cannot see what business it has to come from Robertson’s lips. We never bequeathed affection to him). “I admire her more every time I see her. What care she takes of her mother and aunt! She is all kindness and attention. We have ridden several times together by the banks of the Tiber, the Porta Salara, the road to Naples, the tomb of Metella—all rides that you know well. We have often said that we wished you were here to join our parties: we would like it, and I am sure you would.” (A palpable Scotticism; but we have greatly improved Robertson’s epistolary style on the whole). “Were it not for the Wintours Rome would be very dull this season. All my friends are gone. The only thing I regret last winter is that I did not know Gaskell; I mean, never till his return from Naples during the last week, when he brought me a message from you. We were coming out of the Capella Sistina; and I met him once at Colonel Cheney’s. Never again did I see him till I met him at Venice, and then at Geneva. The brother of his first flame is here with Mrs. H[ . . . . ], who is a delightful person. As you will see by the date, we have left the Palazzo Caponi and taken the Palazzo Albani for—five years!” (I copy his words and stops exactly—from those words we are to extract everything). “We are now in the utmost bustle furnishing it. We have the room where Mother Starke’s tableaux were, and the whole of that suite: not those where the ball was, as the old Cardinal keeps them for his own use.” I have given you a long extract, but, should you happen not to have received a letter at the same time, surely not uninteresting. I have not yet seen Mr. Wintour. Ever since my return I have been working myself with a severe and uninterrupted course of study. I have now a little more leisure, and but little: but I shall
certainly ride over in a few days. I hope he is at Gransden. Ora adio; and believe me unchangeably

Your affectionate friend,

A. H. Hallam.

P. S. Remember me kindly to your father and mother. Whenever I may forget to put this down on paper, be sure that the wish is not absent from my mind, and act accordingly. Adio.

1. Wordsworth, "Resolution and Independence," line 49; the entire passage, however, recalls Shelley's Julian and Maddalo.
2. Presumably a gift from Anna Wintour.
3. In north central Rome, owned by the Torlonia family.
4. Anna's brother, Fitzgerald Wintour (1803–64), had recently obtained a living at Little Gransden, a parish eleven miles from Cambridge. Late in 1828, he had told Gaskell that Anna and her mother would visit Gransden in June 1829; Gaskell had suggested that Fitzgerald invite AHH over from Cambridge before then, but there is no record of his visit, if indeed it took place (Gaskell's private journals).
5. Unidentified.
6. "Matters Italian."
7. Unidentified; perhaps Anna's aunt.
8. "What jealousy I bear thee!"
9. The Porta Salaria in northeast Rome is the starting point of the Via Salaria; the tomb of Caecilia Metella, wife of the son of Marcus Licinius Crassus, is on the Via Appia.
10. Unidentified. Gaskell's journals mention sitting next to a Miss Hoare when he first met Anna Wintour, but there is no record of any attachment.
11. The Palazzo Caponi is untraced.
12. See letter 45. The cardinal is unidentified.
Trinity. Wednesday [4 February 1829].

My dear Father,

The Scholarship ended on Saturday: they gave us fewer days than usual, and sharper work each day. Thursday we had to translate a Chorus in the Iphig. Taur.¹ into Latin Alcaics, as well as English prose; also some Juvenal. Friday, Latin Prose Translation from Hume, & Original Hexameters on Skaiting: also three bits of Latin Prose—Cicero, Tacitus, & Livy. Saturday, some Bolingbroke to put into Greek prose; & some Herodotus, Plato, & Thucydides to construe. All these three days were comparatively easy: and I found no material difficulty in any of the things I have mentioned. Of the Latin prose I did little, because I was getting on well with the Hexameters, & as we had but four hours for the two together, I did not chuse to run the risk of spoiling them. As they have been much praised by Wellesley, whom his Eton contemporaries are in the habit of considering a competent judge,² I shall copy them. I begin, I don’t know why, except that I was in a nervous want of a beginning with the 5 first lines of that Tribune copy.

O me felicem, gelidis in vallibus Arni
Dum capto Zephyros, si qua per amoena vagantur
Prata, quibus Tusci affulsit lux integra solis,
Purpureumq; jubar: ubi raro elapsa meatu
Unda procul micat, et cannis densantur olivae!
[Est] hic pura quies annorum, et bruma quietis
Gressibus incedit, tepidos induta colores,
Maternisque fovet dilectam amplexibus oram.
Non mihi contingat rigido spatiarier agro,
Qua male saevit hiems, et septem dura Triones
Flumina despiciunt, inaemoenis obvia ludis.

[270]
Di patrii Indigetes, nostraeque acclinia famae
Numina, quae miseror agitat tam dira cupidio?
Cur juvat instabiles crystallo imponere gressus?
Nonne foret satius patrias horrere ruinae
Velari capita, et tacito indulgere domo
Cuncta dolent; dolet ingentes Natura p[ruinas]
Et mare purpureum, et si quis violentior a[nnis]
Irruit Oceano, Boreae per regna, vagatus
Ipse pater Phoebus celsa lacrymatur i[n aethra]
Avertitq: oculos: cheu! quot nubila so[lis]
Occursant capiti, et regem comitantur euntem!
Nos homines, homines, falsâ regione viarum
Usque adeo palati, animosum, et dulce putamus
Exagitare solum ferro; durâque pedum vi
Flumina torquere, ah! vires oblita priores,
Mollitiemq: suam, cedendo quae sibi vincens
Omnia, letiferis vitalem amplexibus auram,
Exprimit, et priscœ Numen demonstrat Aquœi.
Haud tamen indignum satiäse impune furorem
Fas erit aeternum! en! fractis compagibus ingens
Undarum exsultat fremitus, sinceraq: lympha,
Visq: triumphantes debellatura tyrannos.
Haud tibi qui tali multare, miserrime, fato,
Aspergam flores, et honestem funera fletu.
Sic eat ingenuum quisquis violârit amorem
Dulcis Naturae, et puram contemperit undam.
Sic eat at nemo lacrymarum donet honores,
Nullaque perpetuo accrescant violaria somno!³

I have no chance of writing a Tripos this year: nor am I aware that freshmen ever do. Absalom, the Pauline of the year, did not sit for the Scholarship. Shillitoe, the Shrewsbury fine animal, has done nearly as well as Lushington, I understand. I believe there is no bracketing at all: but one, or two are known by a sort of unofficial whispering.

Your affect:te son

A H Hallam.
1. Ighigenia in Tauris, by Euripides.

2. Doyle credited Wellesley with "a perfect mastery of Latin versification" (Reminiscences, p. 78).

3. For the following translation and invaluable assistance with the original Latin, I am indebted to Professor Edward Bassett, University of Chicago:

O happy am I as in the cool valleys of the Arno I catch at the west-winds, if anywhere they are spreading through the pleasant meadows on which the whole light of the Tuscan sun has shone and its purple radiance, where the water springs forth in the distance, gliding away in a thin path, and the olive trees are pressed together by the reeds! Here there is the simple quiet of the years, and the winter, clad in colors mildly warm, comes on with quiet steps and with maternal embraces caresses her beloved shore. May it not be my lot to walk upon a stiff field, where the winter cruelly rages and Charles's Wain looks down upon hard rivers that are exposed to unlovely games. Ye native gods and divinities concerned for our good name, what desire so horrible drives on wretched men? Why do we like to place our unstable steps upon the ice? Would it not be better to shudder at our native disasters, to veil our heads, and give ourselves up to silent grief? All things grieve; Nature grieves over the immense frosts, and so docs the purple sea, and if any more violent stream rushes into the Ocean, having wandered through the realms of Boreas, Father Phoebus himself weeps in his high heaven and averts his eyes. Ah me, how many clouds rush upon the head of the sun, and accompany their king as he goes along! We men, we men, wandering perpetually on a false path, think it spirited and sweet to harass the ground with iron and to torture rivers with the hard strength of our feet—ah, rivers which have forgotten their former strength and their suppleness, a suppleness which, conquering everything for itself by yielding, forces out the breath of life by its death-bringing embraces and reveals the Godhead of ancient Water. It will not be lawful, however, to satiate its harsh raging forever with impunity! Lo, with the joints broken a raging of the waters leaps up, and pure liquid, and a force that will defeat triumphing tyrants. Let me not scatter flowers upon you, most wretched man, who are punished by such a fate, and honor your funeral with tears. Thus may he pass whoever has violated the natural love of sweet Nature and had contempt for pure water. Thus may he pass, but may no one give him the guerdon of tears, and may no beds of violets be added to his everlasting sleep!

4. Charles Severn Absolom (1809?-76), recipient of an annual Trinity scholarship for students from St. Paul's school, London, matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A. 1832) and became a vicar. Richard Shilleto (1809-76), head boy at Shrewsbury School, matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., second classic, 1832); a classical scholar who edited Demosthenes and Thucydides. Shilleto was also a leading Cambridge "coach" for thirty years.
My dear Father,

I have been rather unpardonably silent; but for the last week I have been so overwhelmed with mathematics, that I have hardly moved a step out of their tyrant circle. I chose Hymers for a tutor; a clever man, I believe, and a driller of long standing. That he will be able to drill me into any mathematical knowledge, I am strongly inclined to doubt. Certainly if Nature ever gave a person warning that the gates of some science were barred to him, she would seem to have done so in my instance. My memory in many things serves me well; in some I can even remember continuously, link after link; but as to all figure and number I lie under an interdict. It has always been so, since I first was informed that two, and two make four. And yet labour has not been spared with me; nor have I spared it myself. Hence it appears to me doubtful whether it be possible for me at eighteen, I do not say to read Mathematics to any extent, but to get them up, in Cambridge phrase, with all their minutiae, and, which is much more concerning, with that combining, and applying, and deducing faculty, without which the bare understanding of the characters, expressions, as they appear in some particular instance, is for any University purposes worth nothing at all. But whether this be possible, or not, I feel confident that it could never take place compatibly with my reading Classics to any extent, or any other reading at all. When I say to any extent, I mean—so as to attain any Classical honor. For the University Scholarship has done me this good, that it has shewn me how I stand with respect to my competitors; and it is not now difficult for me to take a full survey of the field, which I should have to traverse before I could make that prize my own. I mention it in this manner, because as there is nothing mathematical connected with it, and very little of <critical> philological learning, it is clearly more in my way than
any other. Now I know from the examination I went through, that a
great deal of careful, and attentive reading in various quarters, but all
Classical, must be pursued by me in the course of the next year, if I
would read for the purpose I mentioned. But if I have so forgotten,
what I have repeatedly acquired, in the other range of Cam’s Parnassus,
that I should have to toil a most monopolising toil before I could, in
the first place recover what I had lost (which is comparatively a trifle),
and in the second place, gain tenfold as much, which would be
necessary, before I could even approximate to success, how is this
compatible with that careful, and attentive reading of other subjects,
which I spoke of before? Now to pass to more cheering topics. I have
not yet written for the Greek Ode, but shall very soon.² The English
poem I wrote off in a fit of enthusiasm in the short interval between
the close of the Examination, and the beginning with Hymers. The
few who have seen it are, or say they are, delighted with it, adding one
& all that it is sure not to get the prize as not being "in the examiners’
way." There is but one possible fine method of treating the subject;
and that I have tried to grasp: in all other points of view it strikes me
as immeasurably absurd.³ Cambridge has begun to swarm again.
Kemble, Trench, & Rochfort are gone; the former having received an
intimation that his degree could not be conferred on him for two
years on account of general irregularity of conduct—a sweeping
charge, the meaning of which is supposed to be that in his papers at
the Πολ examination he was not content with answering the
questions from Locke, & Paley, but took the trouble of commenting
upon them!!⁴ Trench is a real loss. The Tripos begins tomorrow. The
Uy. Sp. will probably be decided this week. Tell the Mot I will write to
her soon, & express my hopes that Harry is reflourishing.

Your affect. Son

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 15 February 1829
1. John Hymers (1803-87), who attended St. John's College, Cambridge (B.A., second Wrangler, 1826), was a fellow from 1827 to 1853 and president from 1848 to 1852; he published mathematical treatises and presented manuscripts of Wordsworth, a distant relative, to the college library.

2. The subject for the 1829 Browne's Medal was the Aegean islands; Kennedy was the winner.

3. AHH's "Timbuctoo," the first of his three unsuccessful attempts to win the Chancellor's Gold Medal, is printed in Writings, pp. 37-41. On 11 February 1829, Milnes, who described his own effort as "the most powerless thing I ever wrote" (21 March 1829), called AHH's poem "the finest thing that has been produced since the days of Shelley" (letters to his father, Houghton papers). William Bodham Donne, acknowledging AT's poem (which won the medal) to be extraordinary for the age of its author, still felt that "as an examiner I should have given the prize to Hallam" (1829 letter to Blakesley, Miss Johnson). Pickering had not finished reading AHH's entry when he wrote to Gladstone on 18 February 1829: "It is in the Wordsworthian metre, which I am afraid is rather unpopular among the Dons. Those who have read it, praise it most highly; what I saw was certainly very pretty & poetical" (B.L.). As Milnes's 21 March letter notes, the prize poem was chosen about mid-April, but not announced until June.

4. Horatio William Noel Rochfort (1809-91), who matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1829), was high sheriff for co. Carlow in 1840; as subsequent letters show, Rochfort lent his name to one of the private debating societies to which AHH, Milnes, and Charles Tennyson belonged. In his 2 February 1829 letter to his mother, Milnes wrote that Kemble "has been very ill-treated here, nobody knows why, except that in his examination he called Paley a 'miserable sophist,' & talked of Locke's 'loathsome infidelity,' which pleased Hare very much, but made the examiners very angry; some proposed to pluck him, but one said, 'We will not make him a martyr' " (Houghton papers). According to Merivale, p. 59, Kemble set out, "as he boasted with high glee, 'to crumple up that sciolist Paley.' " For derivation of the "Poll," or ordinary exam, see OED.
Trinity. Cambridge. Sunday [28 February 1829].

My dear Gladstone,

I do not know whether you will consider this note, as adding insult to injury: but I believe you know my nature too well to suppose that I voluntarily intermit correspondence with a friend, and I hope you will set against the two months, which have elapsed, since I received your last letter, the crushing cares, and occupations, which have been, and are tormenting me. I hear from various quarters of your incessant reading. For my own part the horizon grows blacker, and blacker: the elements of mathematical science, instead of becoming easier by practice, increase in difficulty: and I utterly forget what I have repeatedly acquired. In Classics I might partially succeed: <I am told from> the examiners mentioned my name, as having done myself credit in the University Scholarship: but the consequences of suffering mathematics to encroach on that kind of knowledge which is most congenial to my mind will, I am convinced, be such as to shipwreck the whole concern. As I care not the snap of a finger for the bubbles, called by courtesy “University honors,” this would give me, <personally> as far as relates to them, little concern, but inasmuch as the loss of valuable time, and the constant breaking of the mental energies, like waves, on an immovable obstacle, cannot but tend to oppress the moral spirit, it gives me the greatest. I know that the work of deterioration is going on; that the chain, which binds me to this my dungeon, is rotting into my soul: but I have still a resource in my favorite metaphysical, and poetical speculations, and I throw them up as a bulwark, against which I trust ultimately all the powers of evil will be broken. I live here principally in what may be termed the “metaphysical set,” many of whom are men of great talents, but in none of whom, if I except Frere, one of the best creatures that ever
breathed, have I found a true friend. There are many, very many, whom I like, and esteem: but in the higher point I am difficult to please. I have been writing, I find, in a very melancholy strain; perhaps you will think it a morbid one. It may be so; but at all events the fever has become domesticated in my constitution. My father is always talking to me of "active life"; and the necessity of mathematical discipline for the law, & political economy: the truth however is, that admitting these premises, we should draw different conclusions: his would be, that I ought to read mathematics now, mine, that I ought not to read law, & political economy hereafter. 1 Enough of all this. Wordsworth is still the favorite for the Scholarship, but the prize is not yet adjudged. 2 Hamilton will very probably get the Bell Scholp., which comes on in about a week. 3 Charles Wordsworth, your Oxford hero, is reading up here: I think him a very agreeable man. 4 I believe he is rather intimate with Rogers—of whom by the bye, he says, wonders are expected. If Rogers could spare leisure enough for a short letter, it would give me great pleasure. Doyle I saw a great deal of in London; and regret more, & more his not being at Cambridge, which I am inclined to think would suit him better. Do you think Gaskell will begin to reside at Easter? He will be somewhat out of his element at Oxford; as far as he ever can be, that is: for I never knew so equable a mind, or so morally courageous. His cousin Milnes [is one] of our aristocracy of intellect here; [a good] & kindhearted fellow, as well as a very clever one, but vain, & paradoxical, and altogether as unlike Gaskell as it is possible to conceive. 5 I had nearly omitted the Catholic Question. To say the truth, it occupies so little of my thoughts, that had I done so, I should scarcely have wondered. The importance however of the measure is immense; may it terminate well for England, & the world: but the rubs are not yet quite over.

Believe me,

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P/M 28 February 1829

[277]
1. On 14 February 1829, Farr wrote to Gladstone that he saw AHH recently: "He seems rather down in the mouth & says he has no time for correspondence. He does not take to collar . . . and therefore I fear his reading will not do him much good. He started for the Craven (scholarship), was not placed. . . . [Milnes] is very thick with Hallam, not much I should imagine to the advantage of our friend’s devotion to Mathesis" (B.L.). In his preface to Remains, Henry Hallam expressed a somewhat critical view of his son’s efforts:

In some respects, as soon became manifest, he was not formed to obtain great academical reputation. An acquaintance with the learned languages, considerable at the school where he was educated, but not improved, to say the least, by the intermission of a year, during which his mind had been so occupied by other pursuits, that he had thought little of antiquity even in Rome itself, though abundantly sufficient for the gratification of taste and the acquisition of knowledge, was sure to prove inadequate to the searching scrutiny of modern examinations. He soon, therefore, saw reason to renounce all competition of this kind; nor did he ever so much as attempt any Greek or Latin composition during his stay at Cambridge. In truth he was very indifferent to success of this kind; and conscious as he must have been of a high reputation among his contemporaries, he could not think that he stood in need of any University distinctions. The editor became by degrees almost equally indifferent to what he perceived to be so uncongenial to Arthur’s mind. It was however to be regretted, that he never paid the least attention to mathematical studies. That he should not prosecute them with the diligence usual at Cambridge, was of course to be expected; yet his clearness and acumen would certainly have enabled him to master the principles of geometrical reasoning; nor, in fact, did he so much find a difficulty in apprehending demonstrations, as a want of interest, and a consequent inability to retain them in his memory. A little more practice in the strict logic of geometry, a little more familiarity with the physical laws of the universe, and the phenomena to which they relate, would possibly have repressed the tendency to vague and mystical speculation which he was too fond of indulging (pp. xiii–xv).

2. AHH was apparently mistaken, since Milnes wrote to his father on 25 February 1829 (Houghton papers) that Christopher Wordsworth was successful.

3. William Bell (1731–1816), prebendary of Westminster, established in 1810 eight scholarships (two available annually) for sons or orphans of clergymen not able to bear the full costs of a university education. John Edward Bromby (1809–89) and James William Inman (1809–95)—both later headmasters—were equal winners in 1829. According to the Cambridge University Calendar, AT was judged equal in merit, but less deserving in pecuniary need, to the second Bell’s scholar in 1828.

4. Charles Wordsworth (1806–92), second son of Christopher—the master of Trinity—matriculated at Christ Church in 1825 (B.A. 1830), was master of Winchester College from 1835 to 1846 and bishop of St. Andrews, Dunkeld, and Dunblane.

5. See letter 59a n. 4. Milnes met Gaskell late in November 1829, and found him, as he wrote to his sister on 5 December 1829, "as different as possible from what I expected—very plain, completely unaffected and simple in his manners, and good-natured, even to boyishness" (Wemyss Reid, 1:78).
Trinity. Wednesday [11 March 1829].

My dear Mottle,

I delayed writing this letter, until I could send you the result of our Union debate on the Catholic Question, which has excited great interest here. After a severe struggle we carried it by 46. The Brunswick Club used incredible exertions in canvassing, and were at one time thought to have obtained a majority. Lord Norris their Coryphaeus was put forward to be spokesman, and though his speech was lamentably inane, was complimented with great formality by the Master of Trinity on his having ably defended the Protestant Cause. Cookesley made one of the most splendid speeches I ever heard in defence of Emancipation; and Blakesley, our President, spoke on the same side with great power. I had intended to have risen myself, in order to enforce what appears to me the most cogent, because the most abiding, & universal view of the question; viz: that the fundamental principle of our Constitution, and indeed of all Constitutions, being a balance of property, and intelligence, this balance is utterly destroyed, when some millions of men, in whose hands much property is vested, and in whose minds much intelligence, are excluded from the power of legislation. This view no man fairly took: there seemed a sort of horror prevalent of abstract principles, & abstract rights; so that the immediately urgent expediency, and the temporary character of the original restrictions, were the two arguments most dwelt upon. And indeed with the majority these, especially the first, must naturally have most weight. I did not get up for there were many more claimants, than the Society could possibly have heard; and as this was the second night of the debate, much dislike was expressed to a prolongation until next week. So we divided; one party filing out at one door; and one at the other, which made us meet in the innyard below. The scene was really picturesque.
Three hundred men, with scarcely room to move, waiting in breathless expectation for the announcement of the numbers from a window above, and the silence frequently rent with proposals of "Three Cheers for Mr. Peel!" or from the enemy "for Lord Eldon!" At last the numbers were announced, first by mistake, as being in favor of the Anti-Catholics, whereupon we demanded a scrutiny. The error however was soon rectified; & the result stated, as I have given it above. The cheers were tremendous, and must have been highly distressing to the Master, & Co.

I have been <very> unwell for some days past, but this excitement would give vigor to a stock. I am at present employed in my Greek Ode; the subject of which is delightful. Have you seen anything of Doyle, who is now in town? How does your acquaintance come on with Miss Doyle? Let me hear a little news, as usual—I mean, about your own doings, & such other persons, as I care to hear about. For the present adieu.

Your affect. Son
A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mrs. Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London
P/M 12 March 1829

1. The debate on whether "it [would] have been expedient to have emancipated the Catholics in the year 1808" was opened on 3 March and concluded on 10 March 1829. Debate records show the motion carried 143-114.

2. Montagu Bertie (1808-84), viscount Norreys, who attended Eton, matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (M.A. 1829), and was M.P. from 1830 to 1854. Christopher Wordsworth (1774-1846), master of Trinity from 1820 to 1841, was a strict disciplinarian who demanded conformity to all college rules. In 1828, he published "King Charles the First the Author of Icon Basilike: in reply to Mr. Hallam."

3. William Gifford Cookesley (1802-80), who attended Eton, matriculated at King's College in 1821 (B.A. 1826), was a fellow from 1824 to 1831, and assistant master at Eton 1829-54. Joseph Williams Blakesley (1808-85) matriculated at Corpus Christi in 1827, was elected to the Apostles in 1827, migrated to Trinity in March 1830, where he became a Foundation scholar (B.A., twenty-first Wrangler and
third classic, 1831). Blakesley served as president of the Union in 1829, won the Chancellor's medal in 1831, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1831, ordained in 1833, and served as dean of Lincoln from 1872 to 1885. He was the subject of at least the first lines of AT's "To—(Clear-headed friend)" (Ricks, p. 190).

4. Among other participants, Sunderland spoke for the affirmative, Farr for the negative. In his 10 March 1829 letter to his mother describing the debate, Milnes noted that "Kerry told me, he thought the sole consideration was if it would raise the value of land in Ireland" (Houghton papers).

5. The onset of "the first illness he had" (Henry Hallam's later annotation on letter 70).

6. See letter 65 n. 2.

7. One of Doyle's four sisters, perhaps Frances Mary (1807-31), described by her brother as "the centre of all our affections, the acknowledged favourite of the whole family" (24 April 1831 letter to Gladstone [B.L.]).
Trinity. Cambridge. Wednesday [18 March 1829].

My dear Gladstone,

I cannot bear to let a single day elapse, before I express to you my earnest gratitude for your most affectionate letter. Could I have had the slightest conception, that at the moment you received my own, your head would be bowed under a stroke of awful sorrow, I never would have written, as I then wrote. I should have felt then, as I feel now, that to contaminate so pure a thing, as that sorrow, with my own dark, & wayward griefs, would be an atrocious sacrilege in that holiest of tabernacles—the deep heart, and moral reason of man. In your exceeding kindness you have drawn a parallel between the scene of sainted suffering, which you describe, and the state, which I had expatiated on, as mine. You have asked me, why, since, in so eminent a degree, pain, and alarm, and unrest have been transfigurated by the faith of one pure soul into joy, and hope, and permanent calm, why, in my instance also, the like blessed effect may not be wrought. I have no right to the parallel, my dear friend. The east is not set further from the west, than the beautiful sight of a meek, reverential, loving spirit, contending always in the strength of the upholding Word, against the weary weight of bodily anguish, or external privations, and the terrible sight of a seared, rent, jarring soul, in which ardent aspirations for good co-exist with domineering influences of sense, and the link is broken, which should connect devotional sensibility with moral firmness. I have been otherwise: I have at least dreamed that I was otherwise: and never, never, I trust, can I become so debased, that I shall cease to look back to that lovely vision of purity, & strength, which God vouchsafed to me in one year of my existence, not alas! that it should merely be a cold, clear star in the distant Past, but far rather the luminous herald of a continuous Future. But this might not be. I set my own will—my perverse, corrupt, natural will
against the will of the Supreme Reason, and in the words of Taylor "turned my back on the Sun to dwell in the dark, and the shadow." May God of his infinite mercy grant that the awful parable, to which his Son gave utterance, may not be realised in me—that "my second state may not be worse than my first." From that first I did not awake till sickness was on me, and everything I saw of beautiful, or dreaded of calamitous, conspired to purify me through agony into faith. From the second—the state of relapse—the shock must needs be more agonizing, that should deliver, if I be delivered at all. That I can yet look forward to that regeneration—that my thirst is not quenched for all that passes not away—that moments are to my mind, in which something speaks within me, greater than I—to these facts I cling, as proofs that the Divine Idea is not altogether obliterated from my mind, that there yet inheres in my self-consciousness a seminal principle of the absolute Life, a quickening energy, that shall one day thrill my whole Being by the intimacy of its presence, and work out, amid my fear, & trembling, my assimilation to that unchangeable Image. Meanwhile the crisis is tremendous. If St. Paul’s words be anything more than the magnificent gloom of allegory—and that they are so, I scarcely dare to doubt—with what reflections should we not contemplate these mysterious words—"Ουκ ἐστίν ή πάλη προς ἀμα, και σαρκα, ἀλλα προς τας ἀρχας, προς τας εξουσιας, προς τους κοσμοκρατορας του ουκ θεον στον, προς ΤΑ ΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΙΚΑ ΤΗΣ ΠΟΝΗΡΙΑΣ ΕΝ ΤΟΙΣ ΕΠΟΥΡΑΝΙΟΙΣ." I quote the original, not out of pedantry, but because the English translators have, as it were, shrunk from this passage, and not only weakened impaired its strength, but, as it seems to me, conveyed a false idea of its meaning. But to the point. How am I, if I am to contend with such foes, to discipline the powers of my mind? How am I to make mine that "panoply of the spirit," which the admirable apostle goes on to recommend with such surpassing eloquence? I must pray. And with what confidence can I ask of Him, from whom no secrets are hid, "not to lead me into temptation," if I will not avail myself of the means, which He has given me, in Thought, and in the power of acquiring Knowledge by reading, to guard against all occasion of temptation? But Thought how directed? Knowledge of what character? Not surely that which is alien from our immortal souls; not that which by studiously barring the poor, bewildered Psyche from the heights, which, if not so
barred, she is competent to gain, tends to narrow her view to things external, things ephemeral, things momently fluctuating, till she quite forgets the mystery of her origin, the mystery of her destination, the mystery, which is above her, and around her, and is indeed her very self, the common ground of all Being, the comprehending ocean of all Feeling, and all Thought. No, my dear Gladstone! if the toil of mathematics have no tendency to assist me in the great struggle of which I have spoken, if it leaves me weak, and sickly to the influences of the heated atmosphere around me, tell me not that "this is a trial to be endured for purification." What madness would it be for a passionate man to walk about the streets with a knife, <in order that his merit> and when he had killed his man, to plead that he wore the weapon with the pure intent that his virtue shd. undergo a stronger trial? Without prayer—meditation—and inquiry—I may be ruined; and these sedulous, and acting in concert. Now if these are so far from being promoted, that they are destroyed, by the consequences of mathematical application, am I to hesitate? So much for obstacles to be removed. But of the aidances, which I seek, you tell me, I am wrong in following the bent of my mind towards Metaphysics, & Poetry. I have not left myself room to meet this with more than an assertion, that it is my firm conviction that these are not only the surest pillars, but even the constituting elements of the Christian Scheme. How indeed can it be otherwise, if the one be rightly defined as the "science of spiritual truths," and the other be that holy effluence of the Imagination, married to the Heart, the sole aim, & condition of whose existing is the spiritualisation of the mind in the idea of the Beautiful. If this seems wild, & mystical, I can only beg of you to suspend your judgement till some future occasion, when we may speak on the subject with that calmness, & earnestness, which it amply deserves. At present I would only add, that to all my purest, & humblest moments, these speculations have given additional strength; that from all that is base, and dark in me they have been essentially disconnected; that I have never considered them, as playthings of an idle hour, to be thrown aside at the first motion of worldly interest, or pleasure, but much rather, to borrow a metaphor from the Jewish Rabbins, as the abiding Cherubim of the Temple, on whose wings alone can the spirit of man be borne aloft into the pure Empyrean. With these views, Gladstone, I cannot but be inclined to
the hope, and that a fervent, and consoling hope, that their effect, nay, their "support" will not be found unavailing (to use your own impressive language), "under the pains of disease, or when in the grasp of death, or when before the judgement seat of God." And now, my dear friend, may God bless you, and make efficient to all grace in you the remembrance of one, whom you loved so dearly, and who "having completed her perfection in a little time" was taken to be with Christ, "which is far better." Bear with me, if anything I have said should have grated on your feelings: and believe me

Your attached, & grateful friend,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone, Esq. / Christchurch / Oxford.
P/M 18 March 1829

1. The death of Gladstone's elder sister, Anne (b. 1802) on 19 February 1829. She had been in poor health since 1823 (see Checkland, chap. 17). Foot provides the best statement of her impact upon Gladstone's life:

... It was apparently she who encouraged the diarist in many leading characteristics, some of which helped him on his way to greatness; she who made an evangelical of him, and through making him read Hooker showed him also the way out of evangelicalism towards the High Church doctrines he held for most of his life. She died when he was nineteen; he spent much of the rest of his life striving after the almost impossibly severe standards of conduct she had set him (D, 1:xli).

Gladstone's reflections on 23 February 1829 are typical:

If [my] comparative apathy was the result of a just view of the case, it was well: if it arose from that estimate which Christianity teaches us to form of time and eternity, life and death, earth & heaven; and from—not a careless belief—but a deeprooted conviction that she was happy, and that our first & highest duty, after suffering the tribute of tears to be paid, was to seek what she had sought, and to honour her memory in following (by God's grace) her footsteps. But it was not so. It was from a torpor of mind & habitual selfishness, which she [who] is gone was freed from, & from which "Good Lord deliver us" (D, 1:226).

On 17 April 1831, Gladstone read some of Anne's letters to him: "O is it possible
that such a saint can have held communion with such a devil?" (D, 1:353).

Gaskell’s and Pickering’s responses to Anne Gladstone’s death (in their respective letters of 29 March and 20 April 1829) are comparatively brief and superficial (B.L.).

2. Apparently a reference to Anna Wintour.

3. “A Vindication of the Glory of the Divine Attributes, in the Question of Original Sin” (Deus Justificatus, 1656) by Jeremy Taylor (1613–67), section 1.4: “Adam turned his back upon the sun, and dwelt in the dark and the shadow.” The passage is quoted as Aphorism 10 in Coleridge’s Aids to Reflection, where AHH probably saw it.


5. See Matthew 24:35.

6. Ephesians 6:12, 13: “For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand.”


8. See Milton, Areopagitica: “That which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary.”

My dear Father,

I believe this term will be over in somewhat less than three weeks, but I do not know the precise day. I will then come up to London for a fortnight, or thereabouts. I have a great deal to talk to you about then: at present I do not know that I have much intelligence to communicate. I have been reading Pindar of late; for it was some time since I had cast my eyes on the old swan, and I was afraid of forgetting the colour of his plumage. I shall give a revision to my Sophocles, a good part of whom I have read this term, before its conclusion. Hamilton is still in suspense with regard to the Bell Scholarship: the decision, I believe, will not be announced till the 3d. of April; but report is in his favor. Frere is now employed in reading for a Scholarship, which I heartily hope he will get, as he attaches importance to it; and indeed I think he will. I understand the Eton Scholarship is soon coming on, and that Brown is likely to succeed. However, when my tutor was here, he told me Allies, & Herbert were the most promising candidates, the former being extraordinarily clever, and the latter having already beaten 40 candidates for a Balliol Scholarship at Oxford. As for our politics, the general idea is that Tindal would be very hard run here, but that he would manage his election in the end. The Anticatholics are certainly in much greater force here, than I was aware of some time ago. They have got up an undergraduate petition, signed, I am afraid, by more than half the undergraduates in the University. This the Vice Chancellor endeavoured to prevent, but without effect. Lord Eldon refused to present it; so "in the lowest deep they found a lower still," and it has subsided into the hands of the Bishop of Bath & Wells, who will present it tomorrow night. The majority in the Union was, I believe, less than on former occasions. That society certainly never can have
been at a lower ebb than at present. Sunderland is the only tolerable speaker: but with such a mass of dullness what can he do? Rochfort's is not very prosperous: but more sense is talked there, than at the Union; and it contains a very fair Florilegium of University talent. Several of the literary contributions are excellent. Among the questions we have discussed there, are Mr. Peel's change; the characters of Milton, of Burke, & of Johnson; what is the probability that Italy will ever assume a rank, as an independent nation, among the states of Europe; whether it is in Poetry, or in Science, that the exertions of Genius have been most beneficial. Hare's pamphlet on Niebuhr seems to have been liked here; I thought it much too long, and declamatory. Thirlwall's concluding page was the sharpest, and perhaps the best part. I suppose they will have a dressing in the next Number; especially if Lockhart, as I hear, was the author of that article. The London Review I glanced at, and thought very weak. Something better is surely wanted. Will the Catholic Bill be got through before Easter? I hope the Chandos party will not take, each & all, to writing personal abuse of the Duke (now they see it has answered in one instance), in the hope of having so many chances to get rid of him by powder, & bullet. Tell Mottle I know nothing of her clerical young man, but I had the pleasure of sipping the Professor's tea the other night. My cold is not gone; the sudden change in the weather sometimes works, before the new weather can. An influenza seems to have been going about here; most people of my acquaintance have been unwell. Adieu.

Your affect. Son,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 23 March 1829

1. Lent term ended on 10 April 1829.
2. See letter 66 n. 2.
3. Richard Lewis Brown (b. 1811), King’s scholar from Eton, matriculated at King’s College, Cambridge (B.A. 1834), and became rector of Westbourne, Sussex. Thomas William Allies (1813-1903), the first Etonian to win the Newcastle scholarship (in 1829), matriculated at Wadham College, Oxford in 1828 (B.A., first classic, 1832), converted to Catholicism in 1850, and became professor of modern history at the University of Dublin. Henry Herbert (1813-70?), who placed second in the Newcastle scholarship competition in 1829, matriculated at Balliol College in 1828 (B.A. 1833) and became vicar of Carno.

4. William Cavendish was M.P. for Cambridge from 1829 to 1831.

5. Gilbert Ainslie (1793-1870), master of Pembroke College, was vice chancellor of Cambridge in 1828; elections for that post took place in November.

6. AHH quotes from Paradise Lost, 4. 76; George Henry Law (1761-1845), bishop of Bath and Wells from 1824 to 1845, was politically a Whig, but staunchly conservative in all ecclesiastical matters.

7. On 29 May 1829, Milnes wrote to his father: "There are great outcries against the Union & I think it will be put down. Hare says it is of a most immoral tendency & resembles the House of Commons far too much to have a good mental effect—the debates have been dull lately—they will have such absurd subjects" (Houghton papers).

8. As Pickering wrote to Gladstone on 18 February 1829, AHH was elected president of this private debating society: "I do not know that he obtains any extra privileges by it, but it is considered the chief honour they have to confer. They debated tonight on the advantages arising to the world from Poetry, and Science, which gave most? I dare say Mathematics suffered very much, for Hallam was angry with them all last week, & only consoled himself with the pleasure of declaiming against them tonight" (B.L.).

9. J. C. Hare's "A Vindication of Niebuhr's History of Rome" (Cambridge, March 1829), with postscript by Connop Thirlwall, was written in response to a critical footnote by Sir John Barrow (1764-1848), founder of the Royal Geographical Society, in a review of works on Russia in the Quarterly Review 39 (January 1829): 1-41. Thirlwall (1797-1875), who attended Trinity from 1814-1818, was tutor and lecturer at Cambridge from 1827 to 1834, examiner for classical tripos 1828-34; he wrote a pamphlet deprecating inclusion of religious teaching at Cambridge and was forced to resign his college appointments in 1834. He subsequently became bishop of St. David's and published a History of Greece (1835-47). The DNB calls Thirlwall's postscript "worthy of his best days as a controversalist," but Milnes, who was Thirlwall's student, disagreed: "Hare's Vindication of Niebuhr is superb. Thirlwall has added two pages of the most dreadful satire ever penned" (21 March 1829 letter to his father, Houghton papers). There was apparently no response in the QR; John Gibson Lockhart (1794-1854), novelist and biographer of Scott, edited that journal from 1825 to 1853.

10. Apparently the short-lived quarterly, published by Nassau William Senior, edited by Joseph Blanco White; Newman was one of the contributors.

11. Richard Plantagenet Temple Chandos Grenville (1797-1861), marquis of Chandos (1822-39) and Tory M.P. from 1818 to 1839, was a leading opponent of Catholic emancipation and Corn Laws repeal; he introduced the tenant-at-will
(Chandos) clause into the 1832 Reform Bill, extending the franchise, and thus destroying Whig expectations in the counties.

12. Both men are unidentified.

13. See letter 67 n. 5. In his 21 March 1829 letter to his father, Milnes wrote that "all my circle are laid up with violent sore-throats" (Houghton papers).
70. TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Cambridge. Wednesday [1 April 1829].

My dear Father,

I assure you I am not as unwell as you seem to think.1 I have no cough, nor have had. I had some feverishness with my cold some weeks ago: but that went away: and since that time I have had only recurring headaches, and a sort of langour, which I find most men here complain of, more or less, and generally attribute to the air. As for medical advice, I saw a doctor at first, who sent me some draughts, since which I have not troubled him; nor [. . . .].2

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 2 April 1829

1. See letter 69 n. 13. On 6 November 1828, Milnes wrote to his father that he had "not escaped the epidemic of this dampful place, a violent cold" (Houghton papers).
2. The remainder of the letter has been cut off.
70a. RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES TO ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM (draft)

Text: Wemyss Reid, 1:66

[Cambridge.] [19 May 1829.]

Dear Hallam,

Your friend in the skies speeds this note to you at an elevation of about a mile and a half from the base earth, where you are grovelling. Oh, if the spirit of Adonais would sail with me in my little boat, my very crescent moon! The sun has given me a little headache, but a light breeze comes playing along. Now we cross St. Neot's. The whole country looks a beautiful model; the wind near the earth is tremendously high, and the descent will be rather dangerous. We have ascended 2,000 feet since I began this, but no motion is perceptible; now the shout rises from the earth, in a sort of distant wail. The sun is painting the clouds. In a little basket [. . . .]

1. Wemyss Reid supplies the accompanying annotation:

Before he left Cambridge . . . Milnes had an adventure of a kind which he dearly loved, and which procured for him at the time a little notoriety. This was an ascent in a balloon with Mr. Green, the well-known aeronaut. Another undergraduate, Mr. George Wyndham Scott, afterwards Rector of Kentisbury, in Devonshire, joined him in the adventurous flight. . . . "Ascendat Mr. Milnes, May 19, 1829, W. Whewell," is the exact form in which Milnes obtained leave to make this novel flight from his University. "Precisely at half-past six o'clock," says the local newspaper, chronicling this ascent, "the preliminary arrangements having been completed, the intrepid aeronaut entered the car, followed by his spirited companions, each of whom sat at one end, Mr. Green standing in the centre. At a given signal the cords were loosened, and the machine rose in a most majestic manner, amidst the shouts of the assembled multitude."

Milnes added the following note to this draft:

"I wrote the above note to my friend Arthur Hallam, on the occasion of my ascent with Mr. Green, from Cambridge, in 1829. We descended in Lord Northampton's Park, at Castle Ashby, in Northamptonshire. I intended to wrap up the note with some solid substance, to let it fall as we passed over some town, and to beg
whoever found it to put it in the post. I forget what circumstance prevented me from finishing it" (1:65-67).

See also Edgar Shannon, "Tennyson's 'Balloon Stanzas,' " PQ 31 (1952): 441-45.

2. As Donne wrote to Trench on 23 November 1829, "Tennant cum sex aliis reprinted [Shelley's] Adonais in five hundred copies" (Miss Johnson). Published that year at Cambridge, this was the first English edition. According to Milnes, it was AHH who brought the copy "printed at Pisa, under the superintendence of Byron" from Italy (Wemyss Reid, 2:433); AHH contributed an unsigned textual note (on page iii) to the reprint, and inscribed a copy to Samuel Rogers "with Mr. A. Hallam's Comps." (property of Richard L. Purdy). See Ruth S. Granniss, A Descriptive Catalogue of the First Editions in Book Form of the Writings of Percy Bysshe Shelley (New York: Grolier Club, 1923), pp. 72-73.

3. About fifteen miles west of Cambridge.
Brava! Bravissima! If I were dying I could not refrain from taking my pen in hand to congratulate the prince of all Aeronauts. You are not yet gazetted, so your letter was the first notice I received of your adventure. To say the truth, I by no means expected such a notice, for I had been sceptical all along as to your possessing physical courage enough to venture. Henceforward I shall look on you with much increased reverence. A power has gone forth from you; and woe to any idolator of negations, who, denying its influence, should look on "him as flies" with the same coolness as he did before on "him as speaks." Your account is admirable as far as it goes; but surely you could fill another sheet with pneumatologica; talk of Chapels, like ivory-boxes, trees, like bits of stick—why a Lockian could have said as much—for the honor of Transcendentalism, & Shelleyanism, give me something more refined. By all means come, & see me in London; you will have heard from Tennyson, that I am kept within gates here. I am better today than I have been for the last week; but you will pardon me, I hope, for not exerting my eyes more at present. Pray write often to me in the course of the next dreary five months, & believe me

Yours reverentially, & lovingly,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Poor Shelley! in so thin a house, the majority signifies less; but I could have wished a triumph. Dio ti conservi.
1. Obviously this is a response not to letter 70a but to a later account.

2. The source of AHH's allusion is unidentified.

3. Probably the first reference to AT, who, as Edgar Shannon has shown, had been residing at Cambridge since his admission in November 1827, although he did not matriculate until the Lent term of 1828 ("Alfred Tennyson's Admission to Cambridge," TLS 6 March 1959: 136; see also Motter, "When Did Tennyson Meet Hallam?" MLN 57 [1942]: 209-10). But this may be a reference to Frederick or to Charles Tennyson [Turner] (1808-79), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A. 1832). Both the DNB and Alumni Cantabrigienses say that Charles won a Bell Scholarship, but there is no record of this in the Cambridge University Calendar (see letter 66 n. 3). Charles was ordained in June 1832, adopted the name Turner after the death (1835) of his great-uncle, Rev. Samuel Turner, who left him property at Grasby and Caistor. Vicar of Grasby from 1835 to 1879, Charles married Louisa Sellwood, Emily Sellwood Tennyson's younger sister, in 1836. His Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces (1830) was the first of occasional volumes of poetry. Charles was addicted to opium intermittently from 1832 to 1848. On 12 June 1829, Milnes wrote to his parents that "Hallam has not been here for almost the whole term—on account of blood in the head, he did not go in" (Houghton papers).

4. The 12 May 1829 debate in the Cambridge Union, on whether "the spirit of Mr. Shelley's Poetry [has] been beneficial to mankind," was concluded on 19 May. Milnes, Sunderland, Law, Blakesley, and Tennant were among the speakers for the affirmative, which lost 30-19. See also letter 58 n. 7.

My dear Robertson,

What a while is it since I had any intercourse with you by letter! The fault I confess is mine; however I charged Mrs. Gaskell to make my excuses, and those no sham ones, when she last wrote; and therefore I hope now to have some intercourse of a far more pleasurable sort. I should never have made up my quarrel with my stars for preventing my catching a glimpse as you passed through London, had I not revelled in the full expectation of an interview among your own native lakes and hills. I had been at Brighton for a few days—on a sea-breeze speculation—and inasmuch as Brighton in its own capacity of being Brighton is a dull flaunting petit-seeing place (and its useful attributes of sea and air may be enjoyed in a thousand other places), the whim accordingly came into my mind to glance aside to Normandy which I had never seen—and which now that I have seen it, I uphold with all manner of panegyric.¹ Still I hoped not to be too late for your arrival in London, in which hope I had the mortification to find myself mistaken. Friday last, at eleven in the evening, I set foot on Scottish soil, having come up by steam from London in 48 hours—a most excellent passage.² At that time and since that time it has been incessantly raining, so that of this vaunted city I have seen very little. What however I have been able to discern through the mist strikes me as magnificent and I am disposed to allow some degree of credit to those high-flown descriptions of Edinburgh with which the natives when they come Southward are apt to amaze our scepticism. I wish the houses were higher—in the New Town, I mean. The width of the streets is too without height to balance. But your hills—your fine, simple bold-outlined hills, swelling majestically on this side and that, as if to vindicate the ways of everlasting nature, even in the midst of such a framework of artifice as a large and
crowded Capital must needs be—they indeed being patterns of beauty, demand enthusiastic praise and a fine day, moreover, which I trust is coming tomorrow. I called this morning on Mr. Robertson who gave me your actual address, and said he expected you would return home by the end of the week. We shall leave Edinburgh before the middle of next and since Mr. Glasgow has been so good as to let us see him at Glenarbach, you will perhaps send me word in answer to this letter whether it would be more convenient to him that we should fulfil our promise then, or that we should wait for that pleasure till our return to Glasgow, rather more than a fortnight after. In either case we shall be at Glasgow tomorrow week, but we have not fixed whether to East or West from that city. I hope your sister has suffered no ill effects from her long travel; I need not, I am sure, express the delight I shall feel in meeting with her especially and thus having an opportunity, though it be for a little while, to cement what she will perhaps allow me to call our old friendship. They tell me you are grown taller: me too you will find somewhat altered. You have probably heard that I have been ill lately with a complaint in the head; but you cannot have heard and can have no adequate idea of the miseries I suffered in mind, before that complaint came on: the most abject despondency mixed with vague dread and strong remorse. Oh, my God! I hope never to know such days as those again. Since my illness I am much better. I see my way out of my glooms when they come upon me, and I despair less of ultimate peace of mind. Cambridge I hate intensely; which however is no reason why you should not like it. You say you have a bent towards mathematics and if so, you are of the happy few, whose intellects the odious system pursued there is not calculated either to crush, or to deprave. Besides there is a sufficiently pleasant society there, to the best of which I can introduce you, and there are very many scattered enjoyments which when one's mind is free on other points, and disposed to take the world quietly, have a tendency to make one comfortable. But we will talk more of this, when I see you. About two months ago, I received to my great surprise a letter from the dead letter office which I had sent you at Geneva a long while ago. It appears you had left Geneva when it arrived, and the fool of a postman put on the back "n'est plus," by which, if I had not happened to know of your existence from other sources, I might have supposed you quietly dead and
buried. The letter was of no great importance, but it contained a disavowal of an odd accusation you brought against me of having paid for some horses at Naples, which if I ever did, I must have done so in profound sleep, since your letter was the first news of it that was brought to my waking senses. How the man was paid I cannot guess, but I suppose he got money somewhere, for the honesty of carelessness is by no means in the Neapolitan line. This too you will laugh over when we meet, till which time, adieu, and remember me very kindly to all your family

believing me
Yours very faithfully
A H Hallam.

1. See AHH's "Stanzas Written at Caudebec in Normandy" and "Lines Written at Brighton" (whence he evidently returned), Writings, pp. 47-49. On 25 June 1829, Gaskell wrote to his mother that "Hallam has been in Normandy during the last few weeks, and he thinks that this little trip has improved his health and spirits; he is going to Scotland immediately" (RES, p. 139).

2. See AHH's "Stanzas Written in a Steam-boat," Writings, pp. 56-57.

3. See AHH's "Written at Edinburgh" (Writings, p. 49):

Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,
As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats
Of art, abiding Nature's majesty . . .

4. See AHH's "A Farewell to Glenarbach" and "Meditative Fragments. VI" (Writings, pp. 52-55, 70-74) for poetic accounts of this visit.

5. On 20 April 1829, Pickering had written to Gladstone: "Hallam has, I am sorry to say, been very unwell lately. He has certainly been in low spirits since he has been at Cambridge, & I fear he has rather encouraged, than attempted to remove them. I sincerely hope however that they will improve with his health, for it is a sad thing for one of his age & talents to indulge a melancholy, which leads too soon to philosophy & retirement" (B.L.).
73. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

Inveraray. July 21st [1829].

My ain dear thing,

Ye'll hae been thinking I'm nae unco canny niver to hae penned ye a line, when ye're far awa', and the mair, that ye suld hae gien me first sae sweet a bit o' prose, an' rhyme, whilk I read a while sin', amang the braes o' Clyde. But dinna whyte me, for I'll nae jank wi' ye langer. In simple English, your letter delighted me, and the sooner you send me another, the better for my comfort, and the consequences accruing to you from my gratitude. I have had many ups, & downs since I left you, alternately hating, and adoring the country, at one moment flushing with true enjoyment, at another groaning under a most pervading hypocondria. Edinburgh is a magnificent city, on which I wrote a bad sonnet. To satisfy my conscience I have since written, in my own humble opinion, the best verses I ever offered to Urania. At Edinburgh I saw Jeffrey, Napier, Scott, & sundry worthies of less note. The first of these is the mildest, the most agreeable, the most benevolent, to all seeming, oí literary men. How so douce an animal could have written that critique on Wordsworth I cannot imagine. He is likely to be on the Bench soon, and his title, I presume, will be from his place at Craig Crook—an ominous name, which a mystic, or a Tory might assert to be aptly significant of the hardness of his heart, & the obliquity of his understanding! He gives up the Edinburgh now, & Napier, the editor of the Supplement to the Encyclopedia, takes his place. He is a gentlemanly, acute, and rather liberalminded man, if I may guess. He spoke to me of Stirling, praising his articles in the Athenaeum on Macintosh & Brougham. Scott, the only time I saw him, was dull, bating two good stories, which I reserve for future wineparties. I shall spend a day with him at Abbotsford on my return. Travelling with my father is so far a good thing that it procures me the advantages of an introduction to such stars; in most other

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respects it is rife with bores. We are so provokingly similar in
dissimilitude that to be attached to him as his shoestring makes me
often think of the two Hungarian sisters. The falls of the Clyde are
splendid. Have at you with a song.

The Clydesdale, the Clydesdale,
    The bonny Clyde, sae fair, & -wee!
Nae ither burn, nae ither vale,
    Shall ever make a hame for me!
I'll take my luve to the braes o' Clyde
    In a calm, & sunny season,
And there we'll talk o' the world beside
    Nae mair, nae less, than reason.
'Tis a world, we'll say, o' human care,
    An' glorious works o' Nature:
But here, we've a' the Maker's fair,
    Untarnished by the creature.
We'll walk togither by the burn,
    Sae quiet in its running,
And think, sich flow our luves may earn
    Exempt frae Fortune's cunning.
But yet nae privacy o' luve,
    Nae unpartaken treasure,
The hills around, the skies above
    Share, & return our pleasure.
We luve the flourets in the glen,
    The willow's gracefu' sadness,
<The> Yon beetling rocks that yield the linn
    Its privilege o' madness,
And ilka bird that's on the wing,
    And ilka fish disporting,
For what am I to scorn a thing
    That Godhead is supporting!
Sae will we live, without annoy,
    A life wi' blessings furnisht,
An' righteousness that's born o' joy
    Shall be our heaven's earnest!

If you like this, pardon me for suggesting that it would be a
handsome piece of gallantry in you to get it set to music, make your
sister⁷ sing it all the while you are in Paris, & present it to me on your
return. This en passant. I am not quite sure that I have not fallen in
love a second time; do you think I have? The hills of Arran, & the
Kyles of Bute⁸ are the finest things I have seen since my Alpine days. I
am going to Staffa forthwith; imagine me sitting on a waveworn
column of basalt, surrounded by formations which might have
laughed at the garden of Eden as a newfangled thing, a mere Jacobin
innovation! and uttering, with a voice solemnly suited to the scene:

"Too much light
Would dazzle, not illuminate our sight;
On earth it is enough to glimpse at Heaven!"⁹

Apropos, where got you the Wordsworthian grandeur of that sonnet?
Did a virtue come out of La Fayette, or did the sweet tones of Cousin
attune your soul to so full a chord?¹⁰ Be it as it may, "That strain I
heard was of a higher mood"¹¹ than Richard Milnes ever had a touch
of before, & I congratulate him upon it. I tried to convert the nicest
woman on earth to Wordsworth, & failed!!¹² En revanche, I made a
convert to Shelley in the Glasgow steamboat, & presented him with a
copy of the Adonais, as a badge of proselytism.¹³ I am in doubt
whether < γ > our scheme of periodical quackery at Cambridge will
answer. As for "thoughts, not opinions" we have lived long enough in
the world to know the humbug of such a profession. However don't
consider me as a coldwater thrower; if we find on ripe examination the
thing feasible, I will stand by you. In my fits of gloom I so often look
death, & insanity in the face, that the impulse to leave some trace of
my existence on this bulk of atoms gathers strength with the warning
that I must be brief. And yet, Milnes, in spite of your taunts about
Eclecticism, I feel day by day that it is only in the pure atmosphere of
Feeling (the word is not that which I need, but I have no better at the
moment) I shall find ultimate peace of mind. What are thoughts &
opinions? Cher ami, devices to grow cold; ever-acting powers of self-
palsy! The reasoning faculties are by nature sceptical: there is no love
in them: and what man can be happy beyond his love?

Take my advice; next time you go to Cousin's lectureroom, write
on the door the Irishman's notice "This road leads nowhere!"¹⁴ Let us
have one aim, while this incurable somnambulism we call Life is
upon us—To become the most purely, the most thoroughly, the most excitingly, & the most permanently benevolent that endeavor can make us, & we may safely leave the generation of ideas along with all miscalled philosophies & theologies to the ίδιωται who are swarming on our right, & our left. Write to me at "The Lodge, Great Malvern," where I shall be about the middle of August, & believe me

Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. of Tennyson I am utterly ignorant: he never wrote to me. 16

Addressed to R. Milnes Esq. / < aux [ . . . ] de M. Bland / No. [ . . . ]
Rue de la Paix / Paris / France > Poste Restante / Milan.
P/M 25 July 1829

1. See letter 72.
2. Francis Jeffrey (1773-1850), lord, Scottish judge and critic, was a prominent Whig, who assisted in founding the Edinburgh Review in 1802, and edited it from 1803 to June 1829. Jeffrey served as lord advocate from 1830 to 1834 and Whig M.P. for Malton 1831-32. His review of Wordsworth's Poems, in Two Volumes (1807) concluded with the hope "that the lamentable consequences which have resulted from Mr. Wordsworth's open violation of the established laws of poetry, will operate as a wholesome warning to those who might otherwise have been seduced by his example" (Edinburgh Review 11 [1807]: 214-31). Macvey Napier (1776-1847), who edited the supplement to the sixth edition of the Encyclopaedia Britannica from 1814 to 1824, edited the Edinburgh Review from October 1829 to 1847.
3. John Sterling (1806-44), who matriculated at Trinity in 1824 (B.A. 1834), was an original member of the Apostles and leading speaker at the Union (president, 1827); he edited the Athenæum with Maurice in 1829, married Susanna Barton in November 1830, lived at St. Vincent, West Indies, from 1831 to 1833, served as curate to J. C. Hare 1834-35, and met Carlyle, who wrote his Life (1851), in 1835. The articles on Sir James Mackintosh and Brougham appeared in the "Sketches of Contemporary Authors," Athenæum, 18 March and 29 February 1828 (pp. 249-50, 161-63, respectively). John Francis, Publisher of the Athenæum (2 vols., 1888), 1:27-30, and all subsequent commentators attribute the sketches to Maurice. See also Maurice, 1:78.
4. Scott's property, near Melrose on the Tweed, was purchased in 1812; Lockhart notes this meeting in his *Life of Scott* (1837-38), 7:198-200.


6. Published with minor variations as "Stanzas Written at Lanark" in *Poems*; see *Writings*, pp. 50-51.

7. Henrietta Eliza (1814-91), Milnes's only sister, married her cousin George Edward Arundell Monckton-Arundell, sixth viscount Galway, in 1838. Gladstone heard her sing "beautifully" on 31 March 1832 (D, 1:463).

8. Islands in the Firth of Clyde.


10. AHH's feelings toward Wordsworth had obviously changed since he was fined at the Eton Society (19 May 1827) for annotating the line from "Ruth," "The breezes their own languor lent" (quoted in Henry Nelson Coleridge's article "On Wordsworth's Poetry" in the *Etonian*, 1:103) with "By Jove they did! at three per cent!!!" Gladstone, who moved the fine, "certainly thought Mr. Wordsworth very absurd, but not rendered less so by the annotation in question." Milnes had met the marquis de Lafayette (1757-1834) during his stay in Paris, and regularly attended the Sorbonne lectures of Victor Cousin (1792-1867), French philosopher, who formulated eclecticism as a method and published a history of 18th century philosophy (1826). Milnes's July 1829 letter to his father describes "a delightful two hours' conversation" with Cousin: "One of his remarks was, 'What is it makes Lafayette a mere idol of the public, and B. Constant a phraseur, and Wellington and Peel mere engines of State? They are not metaphysicians. For a man to be now a statesman he must first be a philosopher.' He embraced me most affectionately" (Wemyss Reid, 1:70). Cousin had said to Milnes, in reference to AHH, that "it is a fit thing, that the son of a great historian should be a great metaphysician" (Milnes's 22 October 1829 letter to his father, Houghton papers).


12. See letter 72 n. 4 and account of AHH's conversation with Anne Robertson in "Meditative Fragment. VI" (probably written in September-October 1829).

13. See letter 70a n. 2.


15. "The ignorant, uncultured."

16. AHH's early exposure to the annoying habit of AT and other members of the family. In 1858 (?) AT wrote that "I would any day as soon kill a pig as write a letter—'heaven first sent letters for some wretched Aid!' so I think Eloisa says to Abelard in Pope. For 'Aid' read 'curse.' "

[303]
York. August 15th [1829].

My dear Milnes,

I should be disconsolate at your rebukes in the letter I have only this morning received, if I did not feel almost sure you must by this time have received mine from Inverary. Why, my dear hasty fellow, how little good Cousin’s honeyed lessons of eclecticism can have done you, if you cannot calculate somewhat more nicely the times, & seasons, at which letters come & go? Another time just please to think it possible I may not be a liar, & an ingrate, even though my letters may not be as regular as Galignani’s newspaper. My tour in Scotland is over, & I am as miserable, if not more so, than ever. I really am afraid of insanity: for God’s sake, send me letters, many letters, amusing letters. Mountains, or metaphysics; jokes, or arguments; M. Malan, & Stratton,1 or Shelley, & Galignani: but anything to distract me; anything to give me hope, sympathy, comfort! Do you ask what is the matter? I cannot tell you: I am not master of my own mind; my own thoughts are more than a match for me; my brain has been fevering with speculations most fathomless, abysmal, ever since I set foot in Scotland. As soon as I reach Malvern I must fling on paper what I have been thinking of, in order to know what I do believe, what I can believe. But though I write at present under the influence of a dark hour, think not I have had no sunshine: my poetical faculty has developed itself marvellously: it burns now in my heart: God grant me, if I am to have a Poet’s destiny, at least a Poet’s power! I have sat within the voice of cataracts, & looked on the silent faces of hills: & have felt glorified by the strong Imagination within me, till I forgot my cleaving curses,2 & recked of nothing but love to God & man. The hills in Scotland are very grand; & so are the still mountain tarns; but you walk in a higher glory. I envy you the raptured gaze from Mont-Anver,3 the perilous tread on the ice-sea, the continuous <splen-
enjoyment of the Simplon; and I envy you more, because the view is your first. I have fed on scenery from my cradle; what ought I not to be? Shame, shame—what am I? I delight in what you tell me of Galignani's intentions: Shelley's star must rise. My verses lately have had more of a Wordsworthian cast. I am writing this letter in such a hurry, & am so impatient that you should receive it at Milan, that you will pardon my transcribing a page or two of my Album to fill it up.

Lines to Ben Lomond.

Mountain austere, & full of kinglihood,
Forgive me, if a child of latter earth
I come to bid thee hail; my days are brief,
And like the mould that crumbles on thy verge
A minute's blast may shake me into dust:
But thou art of the things that never fail!
Before the mystic garden, & the fruit
Sung by that shepherd ruler, vision-blest,
Thou wert, & from thy speculative height
Beheldst the forms of other living souls.
Oh, if thy dread original were not sunk
I' th' mystery of universal Birth,
What joy to know thy tales of mammoths huge,
And formings rare of the Material Prime,
And terrible craters, cold a cycle since:
To know if then, as now, thy base was laved
By mossdark waters of a placid lake;
If then, as now,
In the clear sunlight of thy verdant sides
Spare islets of incertain shadow lay!

The next is in a very different strain, being a Chanson à boire, written after dinner, & addressed to you. Mind, before dinner I don't consider myself responsible for any sentiments, except those of affection for you, which it contains.

1

I'll pledge thee in this bloodred wine,
Tho' thou art far away:
Heaven bless that honest heart of thine,
And keep it from decay!

[305]
Thy tricksy spirit takes a pride
   In frolics quaint, & elfish:
But never swerved from Honor's side,
   And ne'er did ought of selfish.

The sprightly doubt, the gay denial,
   The wit, like Greek-fire running,
Which, wert thou for thy life on trial,
   Would never cease from funning—

Those be perhaps who think them vain:
   I've learned another lore:
And whether joy be mine, or pain,
   I like thee more & more.

The world is still opinion's slave:
   Truth slumbers in her well:

By the bye considering where this letter expects to find you, I had better postpone the <last> next stanzas till a future occasion. However, take the termination.

   It is a world to laugh at, friend;
   Reform is but a name.
   For till some comet make an end,
   These things will be the same.

   Then here's to thee in bloodred wine;
   Thou merry man, & true:
   And I will call that hour divine
   Which gives thee to my view.⁶

I am dreadfully pressed for time, or I would write more; I promise you a long answer to your next. Yours very faithfully,

   A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mr. R. Milnes / Poste Restante / Milan / Italie.
P/M 15 August 1829
1. Probably Caesar Henry Malan (1787-1864), a clergyman expelled from the
Swiss Reformed Church in 1823, who founded his own chapel in Geneva. Gladstone
heard him preach on 15 July 1832 (D, 1:552-53). Thomas Stratton matriculated at
Trinity in 1822 (B.A., eighth Wrangler and senior classic, 1826) and was called to the
bar in 1830. Stafford O'Brien's 1830 letters to Milnes (Houghton papers) contain a
number of amusing anecdotes about Stratton's credulity in religious miracles. See
also Trench, 1:17.

2. Milton (see letter 41 n. 10); the Wordsworthian overtones—e.g., "Tintern
Abbey"—are obvious.

3. Height on the east side of the Chamonix valley, affording a view of the glaciers
of the Mont Blanc chain.

4. On 23 November 1829, Donne wrote to Trench: "Galignani is going to publish
the poetical works of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats in one large volume—a sort of
'Atheism made easy,' I conclude, for the pious public" (Miss Johnson); the edition
appeared late in 1829. Earlier that year, as Blakesley wrote to Donne on 2 September
1829, "Hallam (a new apostle by the bye and worthy of the days in which giants
walked on the earth) and I had some conversation on the expediency of publishing a
'Beauties of Shelley' containing those parts of his poems the least likely to shock the
moral superstitions of the age or to puzzle their obtuseness, and accompanied with a
short biographical notice and some observations on the tendency of the writings." But
they feared the volume would be "swallowed up" in the edition of Adonais (Miss
Johnson).

5. Published with minor variations as "Meditative Fragments. V" with the title
"Written in View of Ben Lomond" in Poems: see Writings, pp. 51-52.

The Lodge, Malvern. September, 1829.

Dear Gaskell,

When I arrived here I found nine letters awaiting me from different parts of the globe, which may serve as an apology for not answering your Glenarbach letter sooner. However, I have a great mind to be in a terrible passion with you. To go to Glenarbach—to revel for ten days in the conversation of Miss Robertson, to enjoy yourself to the very acme of enjoyment hour by hour—and then to sit down, forsooth, and pen me such a sorry three pages! Why, I wanted to know how you spent every minute of the time; what you said to Robertson at half-past three, and how it was remarked on by his sister at a quarter to four; whom you sat next to at dinner every day; what excursions you took; in brief, a whole world of things which you know I never should look on as trifles so long as they have the name Gaskell or Robertson stamped upon them. I entrusted you too, with one or two particular charges, as for instance, to ascertain whether she liked my verses—not an atom of which, I suppose, remained in your head, as soon as you crossed the border. In short, I do not intend to pardon you, unless I receive by return of post a very copious account of all things, unmixed with declamation against "the Florentine druggist," about whom you have certainly told me all you have to tell. To do you justice, my dear fellow, your letter made me very happy while reading it (barring the Florentine portion): I almost felt with you and Robertson, hearing your laughter, and laughing myself, when I saw your joint postscript. But to return to that story which causes you so much indignation, it lies heavy on me too, and will perhaps lie heavier. There are certain circumstances connecting that man and myself in a way that will render it the last thing possible for me ever to see him. I speak this to you alone; and I entreat you earnestly never to say this of me to any living soul. More than this I cannot say even to
you. There are some things which, were it possible, one would never
tell oneself. Remember, I do not say he may not make a good husband
in the ordinary acceptation of the world; the impediment I spoke of
exists merely with relation to myself; of his character I know little or
nothing, though certainly my impression of the man is not that I had
desired to receive from the chosen partner of the woman I had loved. I
have often prayed earnestly to God that He would grant her a sure
stay of life—a husband that might appreciate and love her. I believe
when my passion was strongest, I should have rejoiced in such an
event. But had I known then of such a chance as the present (say,
rather, such a link of that Providential chain, which binds all in this
world, save that will in man which it was created to help in freedom),
I should have felt a deeper anguish at the thought of being thus
barred from her sight for ever, than my brain could have well
withstood. I am changed now: changed, I willingly allow, for the
worse: but I cannot forget: and it is an awful thing to me that I, who
she said would be her friend, she knew, in England, if nobody else
was; I, who would now coin my heart's blood to do her any service,³
should alone, of all the world, be separated from her by a destiny for
ever. If, as Miss Robertson seems to think, this cold world has chilled
that affectionate heart of hers, why, then the more should be my grief,
the more, too, my sympathy; for it is my own case! God's will be
done! There is nothing for it but a submission to His will, which
orders all things rightly, for the atom as for the world.⁴

I am afraid I shall not be able to return to Thornes House.⁵ My
mother and my sister would be sorry, I think, that these two months
of my stay with them should be broken in upon; and my father, after
the conversations I had with him some time since, might think, if I
expressed a wish to leave Malvern, it was from unhappiness and a
desire of change. I do not tell you positively that I will not come, for it
is too great a pleasure hastily to renounce, unless duty is positive on
the subject. I like Malvern much; it is just the place for philosophizing
and poetizing, the only two studies to my mind worth the trouble of
thought. Of course, therefore, I am in the clouds, either metaphorical
or literal (for our house is on the side of the hill) all day long. I am
learning German, by the bye, avec fureur, and hope to read Kant in a
year. Adió, caro; remember me very kindly to your father and mother,
also to Dr. and Mrs. Norris,⁶ and ever know me
Your very affectionate friend,

A H Hallam.

1. As his private journals indicate, Gaskell arrived at Glasgow on 22 August 1829 and went immediately to Glenarbach: "I of course was very impatient to see Miss Robertson, and was rejoicing in the realization of Hallam’s lines (would to God that the last line may also speedily be realised!)." He then quotes from "To J.M.G. I" (dated May 1829):

   Yes, they are coming, they are coming, friend;  
   The passage birds make wing unto their home:  
   That gentle lady of the Lomond Lake,  
   And she, the orient star of sacred Rome (Writings, p. 47).

2. Unidentified. There is no mention of this false report anywhere in Gaskell’s journals.

3. Julius Caesar, 4. 3. 72–73.

4. See the language of AHH’s “Meditative Fragments. IV” (Writings, pp. 67–70), presumably written at this time:

   Fancy sounded me a voice  
   Borne upward from that sparkling company:  
   "Repinement dwells not with the duteous free.  
   We do the Eternal Will; and in that doing,  
   Subject to no seducement or oppose,  
   We owe a privilege, that reasoning man  
   Hath no true touch of."

5. AHH and his father stayed with the Gaskells at Thornes House for a few days in late August.

6. Perhaps Thomas Norris, physician, of Liverpool and Chester, the father of John Pilkington Norris (1823–91); almost certainly relatives of Eliza Norris, wife of Colonel Thomas Hunter Blair (d. 1849), whom Gladstone met at Thornes House. See D, 1:464 n. 1, and 2:650 (reference to p. 482).
TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES


Oh grazie, caro, grazie! Benvenuta sia la tua dolcissima lettera! You are in Italy then—in Italy—what sensations that word has been wont to call up in me! I was happy there: and I have never been happy since. It was in that thrice holy country, that my poor darkling, self-troubling nature caught the rays of “that light, that ne’er will shine again on life’s dull stream.” When I turn my mind inward, and evoke before its eye those ranges of grey olive-hills, with their pleasant fields between, or the distant purple mountains, so wondrous clear, yet with colours so richly blended, or again the enormous barrier of unfailing snow, on which you are now looking, peak castling above peak, coronet outbrightening coronet, calm too, & very still, not as things that sleep, but as those that have attained a life intense, in which no perturbation is, because beyond it is nothing, and to it can come no desire of change—when I think of these, Milnes, I long to shed tears, though they were as the tears of the Fallen for the amaranth bowers of heaven. The light that rests on those memorial scenes is more than that of nature; it hath something of the sunburst of early friendship, something of the more transient, but more vivid sunset of early love. To you the natural glory is all: for the future you have the best portion then: I could not, I think, return to Italy, the land that is indeed my country, without such heart-sorrow, as would embitter my outward enjoyments. They whom I loved would be there no more, the wellknown spots, bitterly dear because their feet had prest them, would look otherwise upon me: the thought would burn in my brain, and be there, & make me know it was there, whether I turned my mind from it, or not, that I am not what I was, not in happiness, not in goodness, not in intellectual energy. My soul was dawning then, and the sky, all but the little black cloud in the horizon no bigger than a man’s hand, was very clear: now the dayclouds have settled down on it, and the time has gone by! My last letter to you (that from York) was a strain of madness: I am calmer now. I past
some days with Gaskell, which strengthened me: and visited a Lunatic asylum, which gave me a very awful, and elevated sense of sadness: so I am calm for the present. My father found one day my little book of Poetry, and read several pieces that assuredly I never dreamt he should see: on which we had a long, but unsatisfactory conversation, full of kindness on his part, & exhortations to turn my mind vigorously from the high metaphysical speculations, & poetic enthusiasm that were sapping its very foundations. It cannot be: whither can I turn? Shall the river complain, that its channel is rocky? I must onward, and Le bon Dieu nous aide! I am seeking Truth—with my whole heart, with my whole being I pray God that he deny me not light. I am seeking Moral Strength too: and though I have been the creature of impulse, though the basest passions have roused themselves in the dark caverns of my nature, & swept like storm-winds over me, lest the glory of the majestic Imagination should make me free, I will struggle yet, and have faith in God, that when I ask for bread I shall not receive a stone. My anathema, as you term it, of Metaphysics was but the whim of the moment: I thought more severely among the Scottish hills, than anywhere ever, and am now employed in committing to paper the result of my strivings in mind. I had many grapples with Atheism, but beat the monster back, taking my stand on strongholds of Reason. But my present convictions are decidedly opposed to all Formal Religion. Till I have attentively examined what Butler, & Berkeley have to say for the creed they loved, I shall not make up my mind. Of course I need not say, I am speaking to you in confidence. Meanwhile Poetry is my exceeding solace, as ever. I transcribe for you a little poemet, that Alfred Tennyson was delighted with; I do not mention this, mind, to check you from abusing it, if you like.

1

I saw a child upon a Highland moor,
Playing with heath-flowers in her gamesome mood,
And singing snatches wild of Gaelic lore,
That thrilled, like witchnotes, my susceptive blood:
I spake a Southron word; but not the more
Did she regard, or move from where she stood:
It seemed the business of her life to play
With euphrasies, and bluebells day by day.
Then my first thought was of the joy to grow
With her, and like her; as a mountain plant
That to one spot attached doth bud, & blow,
Then when the winds beat autumn, leaves to vaunt
Its fragrance to the air, and sinks, till slow
Winter consign it, like a satiate want,
To th' earth's endearments, who will fondly nourish
That loosed substance, until spring reflowerish.

"To be thy comrade, and thy brother, maiden;
To chaunt with thee that antique song I hear,
Joying the joy that looks not toward its fading,
The sweet philosophy of young life's cheer!
We should be like two bees with honey laden,
Or two blithe butterflies a rosetree near."
So I went dreaming how to play a child
Once more with her who 'side me sang, & smiled.

Then a stern knowledge woke along my soul,
And sudden I was sadly made aware,
That childish joy is now a folded scroll,
And new ordainments have their several Fair.
When evening lights press the ripe-greening knoll,
True heart will never wish the morning there:
Where archèd boughs enlace the golden light,
Did ever poet pray for franchised sight?

When we were children, we did wish to reach
The eminence of a man: yet in our thought,
And in the prattled fancies of our speech,
It was a baby-man we fashioned out.
<And> So now that childhood seems the only leech
For all the heartaches of a rough world caught,
Sooth is, we wish to grow a twofold thing,
And keep out actual Self to watch within.7

I am much pleased with your Sonnet, though I prefer your Parisian one. Your criticism on the Clydesdale8 I don't quite see the grounds
for; ma basta così. I am reading German now with great diligence. Oh the glories of Schiller's Braut von Messina! By next year, when we meet, as I trust we shall, at Bonn, I suppose I shall be completely initiated into the divine mysteries of the language

"Etwas fürchten, und hoffen, und sorgen
Muss der Mensch für den kommenden Morgen,
Dass er die Schwere des Daseyns ertrage
Und das ermüdende Gleichmass der Tage,
Und mit erfrischendem Windesweben
Kraüselnd bewege das stockende Leben."

This is to shew I am in good earnest. The idea of your tour is magnificent: Milnes in Egypt, Milnes in Jerusalem! Bless me, how queer! Oh, try to be happy, caro: you can hardly be so weak as I am: we are "quarries" indeed; yet deer have been that baffled the hunters. Let us think of bright things. Hail Monte Rosa in my name; tell her I keep her portrait with a lover's care. Rap the old dead cardinal's skeleton shoulders for me, and ask him if he remembers my looking in at his gaunt phiz some seven years ago. Write a sonnet to me on the evening of the 20th. Septr.; I will write one to you at the same time; between seven and eight, if possible. I had a letter today from Charles Tennyson, in which he asks whether you mean to allow the revivescence of Rockfort's. What think you thereof? Let me know what your Wordsworth question is. By the bye, an old friend of mine is coming up to Trinity next October, hight Robertson Glasgow, whom I shall have great pleasure in making you acquainted with. Entre nous, he is brother to the lady fair, to whom I indited a certain Sonnet, you may remember, and who is one of the truest friends I have in the world: and, thank God, I have many. Adio, carissimo; non tralascia, ne, l'aurea occasione dimparar la dolce favella; Italianizzarti ben, sendo in Italia. Per ora,

Credi mi,
Il tuo affettuoso amico,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Mr. R. Milnes / Casa Carellu (?) / Milan.
P/M 1 September 1829
1. "Oh thank you, dear friend, thank you. Your most pleasant letter was welcome."

2. See Thomas Moore, "Love's Young Dream": " 'twas light that ne'er can shine again / On life's dull stream."

3. See Paradise Lost, 11. 77-79.

4. See letter 75 nn. 4-5; again the Wordsworthian echoes are obvious. On 11 September 1829 (D, 1:258) Gladstone, while staying at Thornes House, visited a lunatic asylum with Gaskell, who took another visitor there on 29 September 1829 (letter to Gladstone, B.L.). See also AHH's description in "Lines Addressed to Alfred Tennyson," dated Malvern, September 1829 (Writings, pp. 66-67):

   Within the mansion of the mad
   It is an awful thing to stray,
   And with the man it makes not sad,
   I would not travel on my way
   Through pleasant fields of living flowers,
   Nor own the plenar calm of heavy noontide hours.
   (Lines 1-6)

5. See Matthew 7:9.

6. Joseph Butler (1692-1752), bishop of Durham, was the author of The Analogy of Religion (1736) and other theological works.

7. Published with minor variations as "Written on the Banks of the Tay," July 1829, in Poems; see Writings, pp. 55-56.

8. See letter 73; Milnes's second sonnet is unidentified.

9. Die Braut von Messina oder Die Feindlichen Brüder by Friedrich Schiller (1759-1805) was published in 1803: AHH quotes from the chorus, lines 865-70. Milnes had hoped AH would accompany him to Europe during the summer of 1829, but, as he wrote his parents on 25 February 1829, "[Hallam] is afraid his father would not let him come, as they are just returned from abroad" (Houghton papers). Milnes was in Germany from July to September 1830; he traveled to Greece late in 1832, but did not venture outside Europe until after AHH's death.

10. See AHH's "To One Early Loved, Now in India," dated "Malvern, Oct. 1829" in Poems, stanza 12:

   Quarries have been, that foiled th' insidious gin,
   And the swift lance's open levelling,
   Bold though the hunters were, and keen the chase.
   (Writings, pp. 81-82)

11. See letter 14 n. 6. The cardinal is perhaps Marino Carracciolo (d. 1538), whose monument is in the Milan Cathedral's ambulatory.

12. See letter 69 n. 8; Milnes's question is untraced. Apparently this debating society was not revived.

13. "To—('Oh, deem not, lady')," dated July, 1828, incorrectly identified as addressed to Anna Wintour in Writings, p. 27. The correct ascription is from AH's annotation in Milnes's copy of Poems, property of Mary, duchess of Roxburgh.

14. "Farewell, dearest friend; don't neglect the golden opportunity to learn the sweet speech; Italianize yourself well since you are in Italy. For the present, believe me, your affectionate friend."
The Lodge, Malvern. Monday [14 September 1829].

Dear Gladstone,

It was very kind of you to write to me, considering how badly I have behaved towards you in that respect. You wrote when I was very unwell in London, and the purpose I then had of answering your benevolent inquiries, as soon as my doctor allowed me to handle a pen, was one of the last I ought to have abandoned. Soon after however I went to Normandy on a speculation of bettering myself, mind & body, by a change of scene; and immediately almost on my return I accompanied my father to Scotland, whence, as Gaskell will have informed you, I have not long returned. It is said, that in philosophy to trace an error to its source is equivalent to the establishment of a new truth. If this maxim holds at all good in things exoteric, I am at least doing my best to repair my ingratitude by shewing you the causes that led to it. I flattered myself for some time too that I might have had the great pleasure of meeting you at Thornes House: but though it requires a triple front of adamant to withstand the kind friendship of the Gaskells, such a front I fear now I must put on, for other, and imperative reasons. I am however fully resolved to come up to Oxford about the 18th. of October for a day or two, as our own term does not commence for some days after: and the seeing you will be among my principal inducements. We have not seen each other, you say truly, for more than two years. I fear too these years, considering the time of life from which they are picked, are not to be reckoned by the calendar. I know not well how it has been with you, my dear Gladstone, but I feel as if I had lived awfully fast—in everything been premature—run round, as it were, the whole circle of this life’s opinions, & sensations, before my nineteenth summer has past from over me. I know this sentiment is erroneous, in the generalized appearance at least, which it assumes: but as there are few errors that have not their root in truth, so I have ample reason to
know it is so here. How far it is, I cannot know: time will develop to me. Believe me, I accept your Cordelia-like proffer of sympathy with a more discerning apprehension than Lear's. But I feel from the ground of my heart the sad truth of the sentiment you express—that it is a painful thing not to be able to think, feel, live in the happiness of others, rather than the gratification of self—self, that poor mathematical point, having position not magnitude in the abyss of infinite being! Yet perhaps out of this very pain we may coin hope, thankfulness, joy. For has it not a warning voice? Does it not speak of what ought to be done, & may be done? Perhaps it may be as a wing, vouchsafed from Heaven, to bear us to that height we should not have won without it. But I am growing wild. It is so easy to talk on a practical subject; and then between admiration & practice how many a weary step! I am much calmer in mind than I was some months ago; and my views, generally speaking, less thick-sighted. Academical honors would be less than nothing to me, were it not for my father's wishes; and even those are moderate on the subject. As for their being "credentials," I believe you are quite right: but then it is for a certain course, and with a view to a certain palm: I am not likely to gird myself for the one, as I never have coveted the other. If it please God that I make the name I bear honored in a second generation, it will be by inward power, which is its own reward: if it please him not, I hope to go down to the grave unrepining, for I have lived, and loved, and been beloved, and what will be the momentary pangs of an atomic existence, when the scheme of that Providential Love, which pervades, sustains, quickens this boundless Universe shall at the last day be unfolded, and adored? The great truth, which when they are rightly impressed with it, will liberate mankind is, That <we are> no man has a right to isolate himself, because every man is a particle of a marvellous Whole; that when he suffers, since it is for the good of that Whole, he, the particle, has no right to complain; and that in the long run, that which is for the good of all will abundantly manifest itself to be the only good of each. Other belief consists not with Theism: this is its centre. Let me quote to this purpose the words of my favorite poet: it will do us good to hear his voice, though but for a moment.

"One adequate support
For the calamities of mortal life

[317]
Exists, one only; an assured belief,
That the procession of our fate, howe’er
Sad or disturbed, is ordered by a Being
Of infinite Benevolence and Power,
Whose everlasting purposes embrace
All accidents, converting them to good.”

Have you observed how poetical Gaskell has grown of late? I suppose he owes the happy change to Doyle’s recent influence; for I had really begun to give him up. I am very glad he takes to Oxford so kindly; but indeed his temper is so clear, and his spirits so uniformly cheerful, that the place must be Pandemonial where he could not make himself a home. I am sure you will much enjoy your sojourn at Thornes House: I do not remember the account I sent you from Rome when I first made the acquaintance of Mr. & Mrs. Gaskell, but it was proba[bly] imperfect, since my opportunities of judging had then been few. That Mrs. Gaskell is clever, very agreeable, and withal rather singular, is a judgment any one may form on first sight: her exceeding kindness, and friendliness will grow on your perception, the longer you know her. I am sorry you report so ill of Doyle’s diligence: I heard from him the other day at Spa, where he seems to be frolicking on a black poney, to console himself for the success of Mr. Claughton, the panegyrist of “lean dogs.” Doyle’s poem I think shews great signs of power, and several lines are highly beautiful: but the language is almost throughout infected with a vicious, ultra-Darwinian tawdriness, which I cannot pardon. Such “vitia” are not even “dulcia.” However, it is as immeasurably superior to its fortunate rival, as poetry < almost > always must be to stuff that only claims that title because it would be intolerable in prose. I am glad you liked my queer piece of work about Timbuctoo. I wrote it in a sovereign vein of poetic scorn for any body’s opinion, who did not value Plato, and Milton, just as much as I did. The natural consequence was that ten people out of twelve laughed, or opened large eyes; and the other two set about praising highly, what was plainly addressed to them, not to people in general. So my vanity would fain persuade me, that, like some my betters, I “fit audience found, tho’ few.” My friend Tennyson’s poem, which got the prize, will be thought by the ten sober persons afore mentioned twice as absurd as mine; and to say the
truth by striking out his prose argument the Examiners have done all in their power to verify the concluding words “All was night.” The splendid imaginative power that pervades it will be seen through all hindrances. I consider Tennyson as promising fair to be the greatest poet of our generation, perhaps of our century. You ask me my opinion of the "omnipresent" gentleman, Mr. Montgomery: what I have read of his I have thought mediocre enough, bating a few happy lines. If his party would cease to puff him so inveterately; or if he would learn to come forward with a demeanor rather more suited to what he has actually performed, and rather less to the number of editions he has attained, his real merits would stand a better chance of being fairly appreciated. The apparent union in one young man of the two very incongruous characters, a puppy, and a saint, naturally prejudices one's judgement, and on the next opportunity I will crave "more talk" with this new "Theban," that I may come to a fair conclusion. Tell Gaskell I will write to him in a day, or two, and procure in the mean time Mrs. Benson's direction from her sister Miss Mitford, who is now at Malvern. I shall stay here, I believe, till about the tenth of next month. If you could contrive on your return to Seaforth to come so far roundabout, I should be delighted to see you: only it is with a bad grace that I make such a request, as I have no bed to offer you; but I can vouch for the goodness of the inn next door. Pray give it your serious consideration, and remember that if you do not already know the Malvern hills by heart, you have still a duty to be performed. Remember me very kindly to your host, and hostess; also to Dr. & Mrs. Norris, the first of whom I hope continues to amend.

Believe me,

Ever yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. E. Gladstone Esq. / at Mr. Gaskell's / Thornes House / Wakefield.

P/M 16 September 1829
1. Gladstone had heard of AHH's illness by the end of April 1829. See letter 72 n. 5.

2. Gladstone arrived at Thornes House, for the first time, on 8 September 1829; he left on 22 September. It was during this visit that Gladstone set down a brief history of his relationship with AHH in his diary (see introduction). On 16 September, Gladstone recorded receiving (this) "very gratifying letter from Hallam" (D, 1:257-60).

3. Wordsworth, The Excursion, 4. 10-17. See also letter 73 n. 10.

4. Gaskell's letters to Gladstone during this time remained consistently political, but he did take part in "a long conversation on the nature of Poetry & of beauty" with Gladstone, AHH, and Doyle at Oxford on 17 October 1829 (D, 1:263). Gaskell was elected secretary of the Oxford Union in June 1829 (25 June 1829 letter to his mother, Eton Boy, pp. 165-66), and was a charter member of the debating society organized by Gladstone at Oxford on the model of the Cambridge Apostles (Gladstone's 27 September 1829 letter to his father, St. Deiniol's). On 22 October 1829, Milnes wrote to his father that "Gaskell is leading the Union at Oxford triumphantly. Old G. has abandoned unitarianism & the young one laid the first stone of a church in their village the other day & Mrs. G. is delighted in the triumph of her religious principles" (Houghton papers). See letter 44 n. 3.

5. See letter 59a n. 9, and p. 12 of Claughton's poem: "There swarthy hunters mount their cars again, / Lash their lean dogs, and scour along the plain." [Latin]: "faults, vices"; "pleasing, attractive"; see Quintilian 10.1.129; Seneca Epistles 114. 16-17.

6. See letter 65 n. 3. For AT's "Timbuctoo," see Ricks, pp. 170-81, which quotes this passage, and Gaskell's 25 June 1829 letter to his mother: "Have you heard that Alfred Tennyson, a great friend of Hallam's, was successful at Cambridge in the Timbuctoo business? I received a letter this morning from Hallam. He is delighted that Tennyson is successful. He says that Tennyson deserved it, but that he borrowed the pervading idea from him, so that he is entitled to the honours of a Sancho Panza in the memorable victory gained in the year 1829 over prosaicism and jingle jangle, of which Charles Wordsworth was the goodly impersonation" (RES, p. 139). In his 22 October letter to his father, Milnes quotes fourteen lines of AT's poem "for you to admire. . . . Is not this immortal?" (Houghton papers). Milnes was probably the author of the 22 July 1829 Athenaeum review (p. 456), which, after a lengthy quotation, concludes "How many men have lived for a century who could equal this?" The responses of his Etonian companions seemed to reflect their current friendship with AHH: after his first day at Oxford together with AHH, 16 October 1829, Gladstone "read the Cambridge Prize Poems at night—Tennyson's sundry times in order if possible to understand it—liked it exceedingly" (D, 1:263). On 1 November 1829, Gaskell wrote to Farr: "I do not quite agree with you about Tennyson's prize poem; I think some parts of it obscure, but others strikingly fine" (Rylands). Tennyson's prose argument has apparently not survived; the poem in fact concludes "All was dark." AHH quotes from Paradise Lost, 7. 31.

7. Robert Montgomery (1807-55), poetaster, published The Omnipresence of the Deity (1828), A Universal Prayer (1828), and Satan (1830); all were immensely popular, though critically castigated, especially by Macaulay in the Edinburgh Review (April 1830). Favoring the evangelical party, Montgomery was personally engaging
and generous. AHH's 1831 *Englishman's Magazine* review of AT's 1830 volume begins with some disparagement of Montgomery's *Oxford*. See also King Lear, 3. 4. 148.

8. Bertha-Maria, eldest daughter of John Mitford (d. 1851), of St. Pancras, London, and Lincoln's Inn, and thus granddaughter of William Mitford, married Christopher Benson (1788-1868), canon of Worcester. Her sister is unidentified; Gladstone met her brother, John Reveley Mitford (1807?-38), vicar of Manaccan, Cornwall, with the Hallams at Malvern on 14 October 1829 (*D*, 1:263).
Dear Frere,

I ought to be able to bring forward some better apology for not having answered sooner such a letter as yours, than the trite one of constant occupation; which though it shares its reproach with many better things than itself, has not, like them, wherewithal to render itself attractive in old age. I arrived at Malvern about a fortnight ago, and have settled myself down very quietly, and very diligently to philosophical studies—the only studies, which to my mind, with the exception of "That sovereign dearling of the Deity," which by the name of Poetry we both worship, are worth the trouble of thought. I had suffered so much from the tyranny of my own thoughts, during a long, and to most intents, & purposes, solitary journey, that it was an inexpressible comfort to be again among my books at my own fireside. I have taken up German eagerly, reading Schiller every evening with my sister, who is a considerable proficient in that glorious literature; and as she makes a good report of my capabilities, I hope to walk with Kant, and the author of Faust in another year. My morning companions are mostly Aristotle, or Locke, or Stewart; and when you add to the hours of reading those of writing (for few days go by in which I do not commit something to paper, either after the fashion of those severe thinkers, or from the gentler promptings of the Muse), and again those necessary for rides through this magnificent country, you will have the history of my every day, and guess moreover, that you are not the only correspondent that may have to complain of me. I am sorry that I have mislaid your letter; yet I think it made too much impression on me, that I should forget any of its contents. I am sure I need not say, that I would never have
spoken flippantly about your stay in Norfolk, had I had the slightest
guess of what you acquaint me with. It is singular enough, that a
parallel incident should have occurred with respect to myself;
parallel, I mean, in outward appearance; I too have heard, that the
lady whom I loved ardently, as boys love, and whose character, I
believe, was more conformed to mine, more likely to bless me both by
her points of resemblance, and those of dissimilarity, than that of any
other person I ever met with—she is going to be married, and to a
man, I fear, not worthy of her. God knows I have often prayed with
earnestness that she might be taken from her unprotected situation,
and find one on whom she might pillow her heart. I do not think, that
when my passion was strongest, I should have been pained by such a
result: for I had ever loved her as a sister, and her happiness with
another, in the absence of all possible hope for myself, was the nearest
wish to my heart. I may have deceived myself; but so I then felt. But
had I then heard this report, it would have given me a shock, that I
doubt whether my brain would have withstood: for I believe I have a
tendency towards insanity. Now I am a colder, say therefore if you
will, a worse creature than I was: I have been such a spoil for other
thoughts, that the fervency of my first love is gone from me for ever:
but I am not such an ingrate, as to forget the facts of her sweetness,
and kindness, and I know not, were I again in her presence, what
change I should experience in my soul. This report therefore (after all
it is no more) is painful to me; I know it ought to be more painful
than it is; and this is a very terrible thought. You speak of exerting
self-control: if you have, how your own conscience must bless you!
How I shall honour, and revere you! Whatever certain schools of
philosophy may teach, I can conceive nothing more awful than the
mystery of Will, nothing more beautiful than its manifestation. Yet
between admiration, and practice is many a weary step. But let us take
a lighter tone. I am much obliged to you for your Sonnet, and think
you are far too unjust to yourself in precluding the final Alexandrine.
I do not even understand your reason: it certainly is not allowed in
Italian composition; but there are many objections to making the
Italian canon our own. Milton, the most scrupulous observer of it
(though in the matter of his sonnets he is far more national than
Spenser, or Shakespeare, who were strictly Petrarchesque in spirit,
and not at all in form), Milton, as you have mentioned, allowed the
usage. Whatever metrical variety gives additional strength, and harmony, ought, I think, to be chartered to all. Now from the genius of the Italian language it is manifest that it would not gain, but lose by such a variation of the Sonnet: with us the case is exactly the reverse. I am glad you like the stanzas I sent you, inasmuch as I was pleased with them myself. The second stanza is certainly faulty, because it breaks in upon the unity of the piece, distracting the attention through a long simile, just when it ought to be concentrated. I confess however I am not aware of any fault in the diction, to which you rather seem to point. I should be much obliged to you if you would point out any that may have occurred to you, as I doubt whether the difference you speak of between our several opinions on the very interesting subject of language has any real, or at least any extensive existence. I believe at least we should be found on the same side of the great line of demarcation between those who look up to Custom as paramount, and those who acknowledge no primary rule but that of Idiom, and Analogy, as expounded by the best writers of the best age. And those writers I should suppose we both agreed were the divines, and dramatists of the Elizabethan time.

1
I lived an hour in fair Melrose:
It was not when "the pale moonlight"
Its magnifying charm bestows;
Yet deem I that "I viewed it right."
The windswept shadows fast careered,
Like living things that joyed or feared,
Adown the sunny Eildon hill,
And the sweet winding Tweed the distance crownèd well.

2
I inly laughed to see that scene
Wear such a countenance of youth,
Tho' many an age those hills were green,
And yonder river glided smooth,
'Ere in these now disjointed walls
The Mother Church held festivals,
And fullvoiced anthemings the while
Swelled from the choir, and lingered down the echoing aisle.

3

I coveted that Abbey's doom:
For if, I thought, the early flowers
Of our affection may not bloom,
Like those green hills, thro' countless hours,
Grant me at least a tardy waning,
Some pleasure still in Age's paining;
Tho' lines, & forms must fade away,
Still may old Beauty share the empire of Decay!

4

But looking toward the grassy mound,
Where calm the Douglas chieftains lie,
Who, living, quiet never found,
I straitway learned a lesson high:
For there an old man sat serene,
And well I knew the thoughtful mien
Of him whose early lyre had thrown
Over these mouldering walls the magic of its tone.

5

Then ceased I from my envying state,
And knew the aweless Intellect
Hath power upon the ways of Fate,
And works thro' Time, & Space uncheckt.
That minstrel of old chivalry
In the cold grave must come to be,
But his transmitted thoughts have part
In the collective mind, & never shall depart.

6

It was a comfort too to see
Those dogs that from him ne'er would rove,
But always eyed him reverently
With glances of depending love.
They know not of that eminence
That marks him to my reasoning sense:
They know but that he is a Man,
And still to them is kind, & glads them all he can.

*Turn over, if not asleep*

7

And hence their quiet looks confiding;
Hence grateful instincts seated deep,
By whose strong bond, were ill betiding,
They'd risk their own his life to keep.
What joy to watch in lower creature,
Such dawning of a moral nature,
And how (the rule all things obey)
They look to a Higher Mind to be their law, & stay!

I have written these verses so ill, that your charity must be extreme if you take the trouble to make sense of them. I cannot agree with you by the bye that Alfred's poem is not modelled upon the Alastor, nor by any means that it is a specimen of his best manner. The bursts of poetry in it are magnificent; but they were not written for Timbuctoo; and as a whole, the present poem is surely very imperfect. Now I do not think less highly of Alfred's knowledge of Art, than of his rare imaginative energy; and I cannot consent therefore to the giving this poem the palm above his other compositions, however it may outsoar the flight of weaker wings. Send me word how you like Sir Isaac? Have you read the fine closing chapter of the Principia yet?

Ever yours most faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I have found your letter, & see you inquire after my health. Thank you, I am for the present quite well, but cannot flatter myself that the natural liability to disorders in the head, which are half the effect, & half the cause of a morbid disposition of mind, should be removed so quickly. AHH.

Addressed to John Frere Esq. / 14 Athol St. / Douglas / Isle of Man.

2. AHH's "Love's Decease" (unpublished transcript in Ellen Hallam's notebook, Yale) was written as a deliberate imitation of Goethe (1749-1832). There is no evidence that AHH attempted to read Kant (1724-1804) in the original German.

3. Dugald Stewart (1753-1828), nominalist philosopher, departed from the empiricism of John Locke (1632-1704).

4. See letter 75 n. 2.

5. Frere's sonnet is untraced; see letter 76 n. 7 for AHH's "Written on the Banks of the Tay."

6. See letter (probably from Doyle) to Henry Hallam, dated 12 April 1834, on AHH's literary tastes, printed in Remains, pp. xxvi-xxx: "Besides Shakespeare, some of the old English dramatists were among his favourite authors; he has spoken to me with enthusiasm of scenes in Webster and Heywood, and he delighted in Fletcher; Massinger, I think, did not please him so much; I recollect his being surprised at my preferring that dramatist to Fletcher. He used to dwell particularly upon the grace of style and harmony of versification for which the latter is remarkable" (xxviii).

7. Published with minor variations as "Stanzas Written After Visiting Melrose Abbey in Company of Sir Walter Scott" in Poems, with the misprinted date August 1828 (corrected to 1829 in Remains); Lockhart prints the poem in his Life of Scott (see letter 73 n. 4). In stanza 1, AHH alludes to Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel, canto 2, stanza 1; in his conclusion, to the famous paintings of Scott and his dogs at Abbotsford by Sir Edwin Henry Landseer (1802-73).

8. See letter 77 n. 6. AHH noted "an allusion to that magnificent passage in Mr. Shelley's 'Alastor,' where he describes 'the spirit of sweet human love' descending in vision on the slumbers of the wandering poet" in lines 84 ff. of the 1830 version of his own "Timbuctoo" (see Writings, p. 40).

9. Newton's Principia was published in 1687. In his "Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero" (letter 110 n. 1), AHH eulogized Newton as a patient thinker who "found room for the Creator in the creation, and passed with ease from the interrogation of second causes to the exalted strain of piety, in which he penned the concluding chapter of his Principia" (p. 45).

My dear Robertson,

Your letter gave me so many different and mingled sensations, that I hardly know how to answer it. I am much pained by your not coming to Cambridge, and much more that your health should be the cause. You enter into no particulars, so that I am left totally in the dark as to the bearing of this recent hurt or this change of plan. But I hope that I may interpret your silence on the subject into evidence that you are convalescent. Cambridge is not remarkable as an unhealthy situation but neither, considering the flat, and in many parts, marshy country that surrounds it, can I consider it as the reverse. I will of course do my best, immediately, about the lodgings I engaged. A year—another year! well—I must submit to it. I wish I could have seen you before you went: we had both many things to say to each other. The luxury of conversation with one whom I knew in Italy, was just in my grasp, and to my cost I find it like the "lightening, that is gone ere one can say it lightens." You must promise me to write frequently. I am habitually fond both of writing, and receiving letters and perhaps this is idle; yet the heart warms by it and I should be loath to turn away from any custom as idle which serves to keep pure and limpid, the source of all generous emotions. Whether I can see you next summer is—I fear—very doubtful. It is I believe my father's wish that I should spend some time in Germany and I am in some measure bound to a friend of mine who will be there; still this is not incompatible with a visit to the South of France, and I hope no consideration of duty will be found to set its veto on what I so earnestly desire. I continue at Cambridge, as you rightly suppose till January 1832, and shall be there, consequently, during a year and a quarter of your residence. Of that brief period, we must make the most—for your own sake. I am sorry you should not think of
remaining for a degree, since your attachment to what you term the deep "studies" of the University would in all probability make you distinguished. For my own part I hold in little esteem the "digito monstrare, et dicere, Hic est"—and perhaps, with my turn of mind, the less a man holds it in esteem, the better. And now, my dear Robertson, I delay no longer to advert that third page, for which I still tremble with thankfulness. I shall be the better for it in solitude, in society, in the press of occupation and in the silent hour of prayer. You may well say your sister is "sager" than I: true wisdom is more of the heart than the head, and often, where reasonings would be vain, a few tones from a gentle womanly voice strike on the soul, like the irresistible force of music. Miss Robertson, I would hope, never for a moment had so bad an opinion of me as seriously to suppose I could take in ill part, such a "lecture." Some persons, I know, dislike counsel or even conversation on matters of that high and absorbing interest: to me, there is nothing more welcome or more sacred. The only realities are those beyond the grave; all else is baseless, all else is untrue. Tossed on the waves of Time, our sure anchorage is in the idea of Infinity. Should my letters have conveyed to you the notion that I was more unhappy now than I have been for some time past, or that in bodily health I was unwell, such impression was certainly not intended by me. The contrary is the fact. I am not ill: and my mind has been calmer since I reached Malvern, than for months before. I cannot expect to change the habit of my soul in a moment. Perhaps it is God's will that I should never change it; my natural mood has been always melancholy. In the chain of individual minds which the Creator sustains, there are links of gold, and there are links of iron: "Heureux le chaînon d'or; plus heureux encore, s'il sait qu'il n'est qu'heureux"—but the iron equally performs the part assigned him by Infinite Wisdom. I apply this only to differences in original dispositions: I would neither extenuate my own faults, nor seek to deny the unhappiness they have caused me. But I hope that I am progressive in moral strength, and I lay the conviction nearest to my heart, that, in proportion as I yield obedience to the law of duty, pure spaces of calm will open out within my soul. Miss Robertson will permit me to doubt whether the separation she appears to make between Philosophy and Poetry on the one hand, and Religion on the other, is conformable to truth. It has seemed to me that Religion never gains
by being, as Mdme. de Stael expresses it, "conduite hors du cercle des connaissances humaines, à force de Reverences"; ought not the idea of God to be the sun of the system, penetrating with light & heat every faculty and every knowledge? I never made the confession because I would not lie to my own thoughts, that I called for comfort to the sages and poets—and they gave me none. I owe them much, every way; chiefly because they stablish in my mind the pillars of that temple, in which Religion is the Cupola. But whether my views are right or not can make no difference to the feelings of deep gratitude with which I look upon your Sister's letter. Let her read what I have written—and let her read this also, that as I have never ceased since first "her presence on me shone" to mingle her name in my prayers, so now when the remembrance of the letter comes over me, I shall pray for her welfare, with far more intense fervor. God bless you all!

Ever believe me
Your attached friend
A H Hallam.

1. Robertson was admitted to Trinity in November 1828, but did not matriculate until Michaelmas 1830.
2. See Romeo and Juliet, 2. 2. 119-20.
3. See letter 76 n. 9. As Trench reported to Donne on 18 October 1829, Kemble was then in Germany: "I rejoice at it. I am nearly certain it will do him a great deal of good, and quite so that it will do him no harm" (Trench, 1:37). Robertson accompanied AHH and AT on their return voyage from Bordeaux to Dublin in September 1830 (see letter 92 n. 5), but there is no evidence that he met with the Spanish conspirators.
4. "The pointing out and saying, this is the man" (adapted from Horace Carminum 4.3.21-22).
5. Described in AHH's "Meditative Fragments. VI" (see letter 73 n. 12).
6. See Burton, Anatomy of Melancholy, vol. 3, sect. 1, member I, subs. 2: "And this is that Homer's golden chain, which reacheth down from Heaven to Earth, by which every creature is annexed, and depends on his Creator." See also Iliad 8. 19-27. The source of the French quotation is unidentified.
7. AHH apparently paraphrases Corinne's sentiments in book 10, chapter 5.
8. See AHH's "A Farewell to Glenarbach," stanza 5: "Thou speedest to the sunny shore, / Where first thy presence on me shone" (Writings, p. 54); he applies the same phrase to Anna Wintour in "A Farewell to the South" (Writings, pp. 8-27), lines 196-97.
The Lodge. Great Malvern. Sunday, Oct. 4 [1829].

My dear Gladstone,

I am very happy to be able to tell you that we do not leave Malvern till the 19th., and I therefore hold you to your conditional promise of coming to Malvern next week. Come any day you chuse; the sooner the better: let me know beforehand & I will secure you a bed. I see no reason why I should not go on with you to Oxford, whenever you go. Gaskell writes me word he will be there on the 16th. I fancy I must be at Cambridge by the evening of the 22nd., but I am not certain: at all events friend Milnes spoke more than he had warrant for, when he announced my performance in his debate. The subject is one of which I am not master, and in which I take little interest: but I shall be very glad to have an opportunity of hearing his present style of speaking, and judging how far he has improved. I am pressed for time; so, as we are to meet so soon, perhaps you will excuse the shortness of this note. I am very much obliged to you for your letter.

Believe me,
Yours very faithfully,

A H Hallam.

P. S. Your Greek quotation is delightful; & I admire your way of forcing Aristophanes into sound sense against his own intention. AHH.
1. Gladstone stayed at Malvern with the Hallams 13–15 October 1829; afterward AHH accompanied him to Oxford, where they spent time with Gaskell and Doyle. AHH apparently remained until 20 October 1829 (D, 1:263–64). See also letter 77 n. 4.

2. Gladstone met Milnes on 26 November 1829 at the Oxford/Cambridge Byron/Shelley debate (see letter 82a n. 1): “I cannot help liking Milnes, with whom I had a great deal of conversation, and we scarcely agreed on one point excepting the universality of love; and then on the end not the means” (D, 1:271; 28 November 1829 entry). Milnes’s impression of Gladstone was correspondingly favorable: “The man that took me most . . . I am sure, a very superior person” (5 December 1829 letter to his mother, Wemyss Reid, 1:78). AHH apparently refers to the 27 October 1829 Cambridge Union debate on whether “the Cultivation of the Potatoe in England [is] likely to be attended with injurious effects?”; Milnes and Blakesley spoke for the (losing) affirmative side. AHH did not participate. On 3 November 1829, the Union debated whether Wordsworth or Byron were the greater poet, a topic, as letter 82 n. 1 suggests, in which AHH took more than a little interest; Blakesley also spoke for Wordsworth, but Byron was voted greater 50–23.

3. Gladstone’s quotation is untraced.
Hail to thee comer from the prostrate land,
Where darkly hate th' oppressor, and th' oppressed;
England recalls thee: let a stair of sand
Symbol thy fixedness, where thou art guest,
But to the isle, whose voices earliest
Thrilled thy born soul with pleasure, give thy hand
And heart of love: not hindmost in her band
Of bright, and good hereafter thou may rest.
Enough of flickering mirth, and random life!
Yearnings are in thee for a lofty doom.
Trample that mask: a sterner port assume,
Whether thou championest th' Uranian strife,
Or, marked by Freedom for her toged array,
Reclaim'st thy father's soon abandoned bay.  

Ebbene, cosa ne dici?² I will be candid enough to acknowledge that
I totally forgot my engagement, respecting the Sonnet, at the time
appointed, but in return you must shew your courtesy by accepting of
it thus late in the day. I mean this note to be put into your hands in
Wimpole St., should you call, and I mention this of course for the old
Hibernian reason, that you may ask for it there. I shall remain here
probably till Friday next, and then think of going for a day or two to
Oxford with a Ch. Ch. crony of mine, whom I expect here daily.³
Wednesday, or Thursday at latest I shall be at Trinity, where I hope to
have the great pleasure of a welcome from you. We shall have much to
talk of. Indeed, indeed you are quite in error when you speak of
learning from me that art of spiritual warfare. If my letter conveyed
the notion that I felt myself victorious I must have written with
strange haste. I have in truth been calmer since I settled down to my
books at Malvern: I have linked some reasonings, which afford me a
restingplace, on some highly important subjects: I have read much, enjoyed my sister's society, more & more dear to me, and drawn nurture to my imagination from the magnificent hills, and valley around me. But it were fatal to cry out "εἰρήνη" and "ασφάλεια" too soon. A little gust would upset me quite. My dark hours are less frequent, but they come. For God's sake do not flatter me by talking of "victory in the wilderness" & "selfraised music of the mind": I am very weak, & fleshly. But we will do each other all the good we can, my dear Milnes; and at all events hold together. You have my free vote for publishing along with Tennyson, and myself: but mine alone is not enough, and as he refused his brother on the score of not wishing a third, some difficulty may lie in your way. As for the German, you know I always had some previous knowledge of the language: but my whole capital is so very small, that I shall be of service to you without there being the slightest impediment to our studying together. I really think learning German a branch of moral duty. Is Galignani's Shelley published? Dr. Card, our vicar at Malvern, a conspicuous person among the third-rate writers of the day, and a devoted Shelleyan, longs to see it. "Shelley," said he to me one day, "seems to have lived almost the life of a saint." This Dr. Card (a trump, as you see) fostered the education of young Beddoes, whose Bride's Tragedy I suppose you have read, and who converted the worthy tutor to Shelley & Keats. That same Beddoes must be a wonderful creature: he is now at Göttingen, where I presume he has found a Matilda Pottingen, for he writes no more. Adio, carissimo.

Addressed to R. Milnes Esq. / to the care of Mrs. Mary Priddie / 67 Wimpole St. / London (This note to be given to Mr. Milnes, if he should call. AHH).
P/M 14 October 1829

1. Published with slight variations in Poems; see Writings, p. 75. Milnes quotes the last six lines in his 22 October 1829 letter to his father (Robert Pemberton Milnes [1784-1858], M.P. from 1806 to 1818), in which he described AHH "in my great-
chair... looking very well, and in full force; his marvellous mind has been gleaning in wisdom from every tract of knowledge" (Houghton papers).

2. "Well, what do you say of this?" See conclusion of letter 76.

3. See letter 80.

4. "Peace"; "safety, security."

5. The joint publication of AHH’s and AT’s poems was prevented by Henry Hallam, as he admitted in the preface to Remains (xxxviii); see my "The Hero and his Worshippers," JRLB 56 (1973): 152-53. AHH’s Poems was privately printed and distributed toward the end of May 1830; AT’s Poems, Chiefly Lyrical was published in June 1830. Charles Tennyson’s Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces appeared in March 1830. Milnes’s first published volume of verse was Memorials of a Tour in Some Parts of Greece, Chiefly Poetical (January 1834), dedicated to Henry Hallam. See also Simon Nowell-Smith, "A. H. Hallam’s Poems, 1830," Book Collector 8 (no. 123): 320-21.

6. See letter 74 n. 4.

7. Henry Card (1779-1844), vicar of Malvern in 1815, was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries (in which Henry Hallam was prominent); he published verses and historical and theological tracts. Thomas Lovell Beddoes (1803-49) helped to sponsor publication of Shelley’s Posthumous Poems (1824), attended the University of Gottingen 1825-29, and began Death’s Jest Book in 1825. His Bride’s Tragedy (1822) was dedicated to Card.

8. A character in The Rovers; or the Double Arrangement, a burlesque of contempor­ary German drama, by John Hookham Frere, Canning, et al., published in the Anti-Jacobin (1798). The allusion is to Rogero’s "Song" (1.1):

There first for thee my passion grew,
    Sweet! sweet Matilda Pottingen!
Thou wast the daughter of my Tu—
—tor, Law Professor at the U—
—iversity of Gottingen!—
—iversity of Gottingen!—

(Stanza 5)
Trinity. Wednesday [18 November 1829].

My dear Father,

I have not your letter by me, but I think I can remember most of what you asked. With regard to reading I have been principally employed in reading over my old favorites, especially Theocritus; and I think of taking Aristophanes in hand, who is no favorite. I do not remember to have heard you ever express an opinion about Theocritus: I know none more perfect in melody, or richer in pure language, and few who have possessed a deeper insight into humanity. I am sorry you should think my fondness for modern poetry so excessive as to militate against correctness of general views, or the formation of other literary tastes. I do not believe this is the case. I am much less poetical by nature than you imagine; but till I discover, that what little good I have in me is less closely connected with my poetical inclinations, such as they are, than I now conceive it to be, I shall hardly be persuaded to think I have done wrong in feeding myself with Wordsworth or Shelley. "Misty metaphysics" is soon said; but that phrase in my opinion will apply with far more distinct, & weighty meaning to the works of Lord Byron, than to those of his great cotemporaries. That it was a foolish subject for discussion in a large assembly I fully agree; I spoke merely to oblige Milnes.¹ You mention Barrow. Do you mean that Ch. Barrow is here? I have heard nothing of him.² Of the freshmen I know little. Two Scotchmen, Monteith, & Garden seem very clever, and agreeable men: they were for some time in Dr. Hooker's house at Glasgow.³ There is also an O'Brien spoken highly of, but whom I barely know.⁴ Rothman is come to reside here, softening his baronial glory into the mellower lustre of a Trinity fellow. The rest of the world here go on much as usual. I dined the other day at Downing: Mrs. Frere's voice declines visibly, or rather audibly.⁵ Let me know how the London University
prospers; I hear good accounts abroad, but you will know the truth.  
Tell Ellen I have been reading some of Schiller's Kleine Gedichte, and especially recommend the Kassandra, and Die Blumen, the latter of which I have translated.  
I hope she got the Alfieri safe.  
Adieu. Love to the whole party.

Yours affectionately,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 18 November 1829
Master's Lodge at Downing College and arranged private theatricals in the hall. On 8 November 1829, Milnes wrote to his mother that "Mrs. Frere sung last night to me; her voice in the low notes is still good—in the high a complete scream" (Houghton papers).

6. See letter 56 n. 10.

7. "Kassandra" was written in 1802, "Die Blumen" in 1781; AHH published his translation of the latter, together with two other translations from Schiller—"Das Mädchen aus der Fremde" (1796) and "Die Teilung der Erde" (1795)—in Poems; see Writings, pp. 308-11.

8. The specific work by Conte Vittorio Alfieri (1749-1803), Italian dramatist, is unidentified; late in December 1830, Tennant, at AHH's request, sent AT three volumes of Alfieri from AHH's rooms at Cambridge (accompanying letter in MS. Materials, 1:180-81). In his "Remarks" on Gabriele Rossetti's Disquisizioni (letter 178 n. 6), AHH disputes the "extravagant admiration" of Alfieri among contemporary Italians: "never did a man set up for a poet with so small a capital as Alfieri. There is some poetic material in his 'Life;' but none that we could ever discover in his plays. How much poetic genius indeed can we suppose a man to possess, who writes a drama in French prose in order to translate it into the verse of his own language!" (note gg, p. 75).
My dear Hallam,

I really hope that you will make your appearance. It would be singularly magnificent particularly as there is going to be war in Heaven afterwards. The Sporting magazine and his angels are going to fight and the Princes of cant and their angels and I trust on Friday morning to be able to finish the quotation with and prevailed not. Though I have no doubt that we shall have a push for it. I send you part of my introduction to “the First Poet.” I hope you will like it though I am not altogether without some fear of your nonapproval.

Oh To have walked in glory then, and breathed
The breath of those Elysian airs which lived along
The Wooded banks of that Assyrian stream
Euphrates, whose soft fountain fed the groves
Of Eden, ere the meteoric steel
Waved high in viewless hands, to sevenfold wrath
Was kindled by the breath of God, to concentrate
Upon those fertile fields continuous heat
Of Wasting flames, and fill the air with death.
Yet Even then though deep the fall of man
Magnificent was earth; Our wearied sun
Profuse of Paradisal splendour, stood
Rejoicing in his strength, our vacant moon
Smiled like a living Spirit, every Star
Glowed vividly, an angel’s Throne, and moved
Sublime in unrelaxing love; the earth
Went bounding through the spacious universe
In Primal exultation; and the sea
Virgin as yet of storm and Death, rolled on
Resistless in her native energies;
No Ship profaned her bosom, no pale slave
Kneeling with white and parched lips, invoked
The Nameless God of ocean, or presumed
Hoping his worthless life, to deprecate
The revel of her roving waves: Ay then
Erect in patriarchal majesty
The sons of Adam shone, nor needed they
The meteor lamp of cold Philosophy
To pour her narrow fire upon the span
That bounds our human insight; while around
The Overhanging mysteries of heaven
And earth—the vast and wondrous mind of man—
The brooding presence of Eternity
Which feeds the universal air, with life
And love and harmony—And every truth
Most subtile and sublime is clothed in gloom
More fearfully, and frowns in black relief
Upon the edge of that unstable flame.
No—in those days the soul of man was led
To virtue by the sense of holiest awe:
For then the voices of the highest floated down
From the supernal throne, Thrilling with fear
The voiceless empyrean as they passed.
Then earthly eyes were not unvisited
By essences of heaven, and some there were
Upon Whose human vision, from above
Robed in the thunder of his power, there fell
A shadow from the secret form of God.²

Be severe if you please as severe as is consistent with Justice because I
am new to blank verse and wish to have my particular faults pointed
out as also I am at present anxious to know whether that light which I
gazed upon in my youth was really the rising sun or only a reflection
in the western horizon. The cause of Shelley prospereth. I quoted a
Stanza in a letter to my father; the answer was Pray send me the names
of Shelley’s best poems distinctly written that I may get them
immediately. A man to whom I had lent the Cenci told me the only

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thing he disliked was having been obliged to read it at two sittings and the Might of Gladstone is a convert. 3 Do you think this would do for a finis to my speech: after praising him fiercely to say; but I [will] not stain his immortality by predicting it in any [lang]uage but his own

Till the future dares
Forget the past, his fate and fame shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity. 4

< I believe you will find the books all right.>

Farewell

F H Doyle.

P/M 20 November 1829

1. On 26 November 1829, AHH, Sunderland, and Milnes came over from Cambridge to support Doyle’s motion in the Oxford Union that Shelley was a better poet than Byron. (Cardinal) Manning’s speech carried the debate in favor of Byron 90-33, but, as Gaskell wrote to Farr on 8 December 1829, “Both parties cheered loudly, as both were quite satisfied with the result” (Rylands). The most extensive, authoritative, and amusing account of the debate appears in Reminiscences, pp. 108–13, where Doyle epitomized Manning’s argument: “Byron is a great poet, we have all of us read Byron; but ... if Shelley had been a great poet, we should have read him also; but we none of us have done so. Therefore Shelley is not a great poet—à fortiori he is not so great a poet as Byron. In hoc sententiam, an immense majority of the Union went pedibus” (pp. 112–13). See also Milnes’s 5 December 1829 letter to his mother and his 1866 account (Wemyss Reid, 1:78; 2:162-63), and Blakesley’s 24 January 1830 letter to Trench: “[Sunderland, Milnes, and Hallam procured] to themselves the reputation of atheists. Howbeit, they gained some converts, and spread the knowledge of the poet; so that some illuminati of the sister university, who at first took him for Shenstone, and then for ‘the man that drives the black ponies in Hyde Park,’ at last went away in the belief ‘that he was a man whom Lord Byron patronized, and who was drowned a few years ago’” (Trench, 1:50).

According to Gladstone, “Sunderland was the only one of the Cambridge men who made a great speech. But then he was a born orator. Arthur Hallam spoke very clearly and nicely, but it was a different thing altogether. And the same of Monckton Milnes” (Hamer, “Conversation Notes,” p. 65). Pope-Hennessy—who notes that
"The occasion was memorable for bringing together for the first time a number of men destined to mould the character of Victorian England" (1:24)—states that Milnes had obtained Christopher Wordsworth's sanction for the journey by telling him only that the Cambridge men were to speak against Byron, thus letting the master of Trinity assume that they were to support his brother, William.

The motion to take the Sporting Magazine (begun in 1792) into the Oxford Union had been narrowly defeated (with Doyle, Gaskell, and Hanmer supporting, Gladstone opposing); as Gladstone wrote to Farr on 17 November 1829, interest in its reconsideration was likely to shorten the Byron/Shelley debate: "All the hunting men who will make their appearance in the room on that occasion, many probably for the first time, will listen I should think with little interest and less patience to a discussion so abstract as it is likely to be" (Autob., p. 211). The Magazine carried 65-58 (D, 1:270); the Cambridge visitors apparently did not participate in this "private business."

2. Doyle's lines are apparently unpublished.

3. Gladstone began reading Shelley on 9 November 1829 with "Alastor"—"wh is astonishing"—and had finished Prometheus Unbound and The Cenci (first published in England in 1821) before the 26 November debate. He returned to Shelley frequently thereafter, and on 5 November 1830 composed a poem on him (D, 1:267-68; 328 n. 5).

Dear Robertson,

Shame upon me! for I see the date of your last letter is October 20th. You will find however on coming to Cambridge how near impossibility it is to keep up a vigorous correspondence even with one's best friends. Whether I am idle or busy, I never can tune my mind to the epistolary key—indeed any pursuit requiring calmness and ease of mind along with diligence, I would rather undertake in any part of the globe than at Cambridge. Perhaps I am judging of others empirically by my own case; and the fault may be deep in my own temper. So we will postpone the question for a year's time. This odious place has been less odious to me this term than before, yet I fear I have purchased my increase of pleasurable excitement by a diminution of thoughtful habits, and energies. And why not say at once you have been abominably idle, without such absurd peri-phrases, will be your question; I truly think, I must answer with Shakespeare (is it not?) "True 'tis, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true." A little metaphysics—a little modern poetry rather less ancient, and a minimum of mathematics have passed into my mind since I last wrote; whether they have been digested, or went out as soon as they came in, I cannot determine, so I had rather not guess. By the bye part of the first division of the aforesaid small mass of knowledge has been some chapters in Brown's Philosophy of the Human mind which I heard Mr. Glasgow one day recommend in such high terms of approbation. As far as I have yet read, he appears to me to be an original thinker, and elegant writer, tho' somewhat too diffuse, and too fond by far of quoting Akenside. I take him to be the most akin by far to the Germans, of all the Scotch brood—in Philosophy. I have been making way in that divine language of late, and if I can but bring myself to apply systematically to it, I doubt not to walk crowned with the glory of Goethe or even with the rays of gloom that dart from
forth the cavernal throne of Immanuel Kant, before I meet you on the fairy banks of Rhine next summer. I have now every possible inducement to fulfil my original design of going to Germany; the expectations you gave me in your last, were quite new to my hopes, and very delightful. I hope some of my Cambridge friends will be there with me—two or three have almost promised. If that promise is kept, I shall have the pleasure of bringing you acquainted with Milnes—the witty, frank, light-humored Milnes, whose temper was never yet ruffled nor his sauciness abashed, but in whose uniform kindliness of feeling one forgets the extravaganzas of his always random conversation, which however is less superficial than at first hearing it seems. If that promise is kept, you will see Leighton, who within the first half hour will kill you dead with laughing at his jokes, and in course of the next, will laugh you into a second existence, destined to the same doom, yet who himself is a food [?] for wasting melancholy. If that promise is kept Tennant shall know you—the calm earnest searcher after Truth—who sat for months at the feet of Coleridge, and impowered his own mind with some of those tones, from the world of mystery, the only real world, of which to these latter days Coleridge has been almost the only interpreter. Tennyson I know will not be there; but him you will know at Trinity, when you come up: I forgot whether I showed you his beautiful poem, which was this year dis-honored by a Cambridge Prize. All these bright anticipations may be knocked on the head a thousand ways; but whatever fails me, I trust your coming hither next year will not fail me. By the bye two Scotchmen are freshmen of this year whom I think you must know, or at least, have heard of. Their names are Monteith and Garden, and they lived in Dr. Hooker's house at Glasgow for a long time. By a singular chance Monteith the youngest, is Uncle to Garden the eldest! Both are very clever, and very agreeable men. No difficulty was made about your lodgings; you are quite free. I must now take more particular notice of your last letter, or you will never forgive me. Accept all possible sympathies from me on the subject of your love and may your Emma never give you cause (sighs) to utter such a moan as Schiller uttered for his Emma:

Kann der Liebe süß Verlangen,
Emma, Kann's vergänglich seyn?
Was dahin ist und vergangen

[344]
Emma, Kann's die Liebe seyn?
Ihre Flamme Himmelsglut,
Stirbt sie, wie ein irdisch Gut?

Alas! my dear fellow, if you really are in love, I wish you joy, and I envy you. I feel as if not only the feeling, but the capacity of that feeling is gone by for me:

O! dass sie ewig Grünen bliebe
Die schöne Zeit der jungen Liebe!

The world may laugh at its own morbid will but I have a deep knowledge that there is no period in that great cycle of feelings, which most of us must run through, so happy in its very sorrows—so invigorating in its very despair! Most languages nowadays confound under the same term, that wonderful and beautiful affection of which I speak, with that less intense, but more calmly great and more divinely good sympathy, for which Benevolence and Charity are terms too inadequate; which comprehend the living and the mute, the Creature and the Creator, in the same effulgence of transcendent energies. For confusing the name, when the things are different, we are wrong; yet even this error points to their connection, and to remind us, that fair as individual Love is in itself, it is fairer for the vistas it opens out into our intellectual and moral destinies and for the trust we may thereby acquire in the undefeated aspirations of humanity. I never knew how to think till I had loved—nor can anyone love, in that other, and extensive sense of the word I have alluded to till he has first thought. There is a short passage at the end of your letter, which I am fearful how to answer. Had I written to your Sister expressly, I could have said but what I did say. I should have found it difficult to have been more thankful and more earnest, in the use of the second person than I have been in the use of the third. Is she dissatisfied with anything I have advanced? I am open to castigation, and the same scourge is in her hand, which I crouched to before. But I feel too strongly my own unworthiness to reply otherwise than I have done. I understand you have passed through Florence where the Wintours are residing. If so, pray write me word concerning their welfare, and prospects. Let me know also how Rome smiles on you this season, whether you have made any new acquaintance, and if so, whom? And of what kind—what adventures happened to you by the
way—though indeed you are all now so practised in knight errantry, that anything short of a leg or neck broken would barely seem an adventure. My long proposed letter to Pifferi recedes, I fear, like the Ithaca in Tele.\(^10\) as I continue my course. However, "Raccomanda mi a lui, come ta dei"\(^11\) and tell him that when I publish my Libricciuolo of Poems he shall have a copy. Remember me to all your circle and

Believe me
Ever yours affectly
A H Hallam.

1. The transcript of the letter is dated alternatively 12 and 18 December 1829.
2. *Hamlet*, 2. 2. 97-98.
3. Thomas Brown (1778-1820) was the last of the Scottish school of metaphysicians; his *Lectures on the Philosophy of the Human Mind* (4 vols.) and *Sketch of a System of Philosophy of the Human Mind*, part 1, were published posthumously in 1820. Immensely popular at the time, he was later criticized for his derivativeness. Mark Akenside (1721-70), poet and physician, published *Pleasures of the Imagination* in 1744.
4. See letter 79 n. 3. AHH's manner of introducing his friends ("You will see") follows Shelley's Letter to Maria Gisborne, lines 196-253.
5. As Milnes's 11 February 1830 letter to his parents shows, AHH was not alone in remarking on his friend's flightiness: "Prof. Smyth has been sitting with me . . . & advising me to go to North America—he says a winter at New York wd. do me an immensity of good among those dull fact-bound men—I must beg leave to differ from him" (Houghton papers).
6. David Hillcoat Leighton (1806-79) matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1830), was ordained deacon in 1832, and became rector of Worlington, Suffolk. Leighton was Senior Orcian at Christ's Hospital school in 1826, where Coleridge knew him: "He will be a sound Clergyman, and a worthy Successor to the late Bishop of Calcutta, whom he much resembles in his person & manners" (*Collected Letters of Samuel Taylor Coleridge*, ed. Earl L. Griggs [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1971], 5.491). On 15 January 1830, Blakesley wrote to AT that Tennant was considering proposing Leighton as an Apostle: "I like the man much as a good-hearted and agreeable companion, but do not think that he has sufficient earnestness to make one of a body which I hope and trust will do much for the world. I had much rather from what I have seen of them have Monteith or Garden, especially the latter" (*Materials*, 1:84-85).
7. Robert John Tennant (1809-42), who matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (B.A. 1831), was elected to the Apostles in November 1828, and proposed AHH for
membership on 9 May 1829. Later an Anglican minister in Florence, Tennant married Mariquita, who after his death kept the House of Mercy at Clewer, Windsor, where Gladstone sent prostitutes for rehabilitation (see D, 3:xlv and 316 n. 6). As Senior Grecian at Christ's Hospital school in 1829 (after Leighton), Tennant knew Coleridge personally; see Coleridge's Letters, 6:618-19, 647. Ellen Hallam's notebooks of her brother's poetry contain an unpublished sonnet to Tennant, dated 1831, exhorting both Tennant and AHH himself to fulfill "that holy task / To which our souls are called." Other hortatory poems addressed to Tennant by AHH and AT appear in Writings, pp. 77-78, and Ricks, pp. 282-83, respectively. On 9 August 1839, Henry Hallam wrote to Sir Francis Palgrave, who was about to leave for Florence: "Introduce yourself to Mr. Tennant, the English Chaplain who was a very near friend of Arthur—he is a little uncouth in manners, but an excellent man & good scholar—as poor I believe as a church mouse (which is symbolically a curate or other small functionary) usually is" (property in 1936 of Miss G. F. Palgrave).

8. "An Emma" (1796), lines 13-18; "Das Lied von der Glocke" (1799), lines 78-79, both by Schiller.

9. See letter 79 n. 8.

10. Perhaps the Telemachy, or first four books of the Odyssey. But AHH's abbreviation (or perhaps a faulty transcript) may refer to the lost 6th century B.C. continuation of the Odyssey, the Telegonia by Eugammon of Cyrene; or to the didactic romance by François de Salignac de La Mothe-Fénelon (1651-1715), Télémaque (1699).

11. "Recommend me to him, as from yourself"; see letter 81 n. 5.