My dear Hallam,

That I have had great inclination to write to you sooner I profess:—that I have not been without sufficient leisure I am free to acknowledge:—but that my brain has been dry as the remr. biscuit I am not at liberty to deny. At length however I tax my energies for three sides entirely in the hope of provoking rather than deserving to myself the pleasure of a reply. You have long ago discovered that (to convert Addison's bumptious metaphor) I carry most of my money loose in my pocket, and that any draughts upon my bank stand a marvellous chance of being dishonoured. I premise this in order to disarm you if I be dull. You must not in cataloguing me as a correspondent look for many Birdisms:—my feathers, if I have any, moult when I would pluck them for quills; and when seated in the deliberate solemnity of a letter your paraquito droops into a penguin. Our house too is no aviary; & in the stupid fog of a "serious and well regulated family" the lintwhite & the throstlecock get as hoarse as ravens. This mewing however will soon have an end in a fresh plumage, & in a fortnight we will all up & crow once more in Trinity

Blow up the fire Gyp*Haggis,
Bring brandywine for three;
Bard Alfred, Bird William, and Clerk Arthur
This night shall merry be.

I just discover that I might have saved you & myself much trouble by inscribing on the last side nothing more than a very large I. I will now however try a few variations on U. I and U parted last at the Bal[l]. Of course Alfred soon fell asleep & I am particularly curious to learn how many things you presently fancied yourself besides a Swan, a shower of gold, a Dragon, a Bull & a flash of lightning
according to Jupiter:—a finger and thumb going to crush a rose leaf according to Tennyson:—a shepherd seeking a pet lamb according to Shenstone,—a quart or so of dew dropping upon a Violet according to Waller—a melody falling upon an ear that loves to hear it according to (very probably) Mrs. Hemans—A mountaineer chasing a Gazelle accg. to Mirza Djami; and a Dove hastening home according to all the World. I am aware that you wd., like Grumio, "knock me here soundly" if you were here, but a tender boned thing like myself feels that face to face and sheet to sheet are very different modes of intercourse. Standing therefore like ÄEsop's goat on the house top I beseech you, most valourous lion, to make a merit of necessity and tell me all that I know. Indite me a few sighs; they will reach me in very good appetite as I am myself once more sobbing & floundering in that Fount of love I told you of, having again encountered the bright, romantic harp-playing Sonnettee of last Summer;—e'en while I speak to ye I see my Jullia I hear my Jullia I talk with my Jullia. By the way it just occurs to me that a mind more apt than your own at malconstruction might think the above Jove-ial allusions more jovial than delicate, but I am sure you will credit me when I say that I meant the nonsense to be quite free from sense, i.e. altogether spiritual, & that I do not make this apology for the sake of the puns.

I Constitotional Historo for the last few days, & find that it wd. have been advisable to have Moddle Ogen first, but began the former by reason that I had heard you pronounce it the moister book. I enjoy it very much but will not commit myself by vague criticism. I was delighted to find that Tennyson had been reviewed in the Westr. I was about preparing a sort of Newspaper notice of the poems with extracts for the S. Courant, but in the meantime the Editor had extracted, rather injudiciously, a part from the Westr., so that I can not now well do what I purposed. I took opium last night & I suppose the C. History brought you to my dreams. Methought that I gazed as of you closely [ . . . ] blue eye. Me-further-thought it changed into the calm [?] sea:—there was a dark haired dreamy looking lady in white, sailing about delicately steering a huge college cap—then came Alfred & became a great Kraken—the female sailed by him in safety, which made me think it was somebody he had a respect for—then the sea became your eye again & the lady a mote which your Father bid you pluck out. What the devil did it mean.
I don't know whether this will find you in London or at Trinity—if the latter remember me to them all. I think of leaving this place on Monday week & going by Town, where I shall be on Tuesday. You may perhaps know that a requisition was getting up for me to stand for the Pres. of the Union next term. But if chance will have me king chance may crown me—for I will not move in the matter.\(^\text{10}\) I shall hope to hear from you in a day or two. Direct W. H. B. Sheffield.

Lest you shd. think from the sublimities about moulting feathers in the first side that you are corresponding with Warburton, I beg to add myself, my dear [Brookfield sketches a heart within a square] (hearts being trumps)\(^\text{11}\)

Yours very affectionately

Wm. Henry Brookfield

Addressed to Arthur H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole Street / London
P/M 18 April 1831

---

1. William Henry Brookfield (1809-74), who matriculated at Trinity in 1829 (B.A. 1833), was president of the Union in 1831 and 1834, won second declamation prize in 1832, and married Jane Octavia, youngest daughter of AHH’s uncle, Sir Charles Abraham Elton, in 1841. Brookfield served as inspector of elementary church schools and prebendary of St. Paul’s. Jane Octavia’s relationship with Thackeray, and its influence on his novels, is discussed by Gordon Ray in various works on Thackeray; see, for example, Thackeray: The Age of Wisdom: 1847-1863 (New York: McGraw Hill, 1958) and The Buried Life (Cambridge, Mass: Harvard University Press, 1952). For Brookfield’s later life, see Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle. Emily Sellwood Tennyson’s journal entry for 1 August 1862 records that the Tennysons considered Brookfield unequaled for “freely flowing wit and humour” (TRC).

2. As You Like It, 2. 7. 39.

3. Joseph Addison (1672-1719) on his deficiencies in conversation, as reported in Boswell’s Life of Johnson, 7 May 1773: “I have but ninepence in ready money, but I can draw for a thousand pounds.”

4. Cambridge nickname for servant.

5. See AT’s “Lilian” (published in 1830), lines 29-30: “Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee, / Fairy Lilian”; “Elegy XVIII” (for example) by William Shenstone (1714-63); “To a Lady in a Garden,” 11. 11-15 by Edmund Waller (1606-87):
Should some malignant Planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaseless Shower,
Upon the Autumn or the Spring,
And spare us neither Fruit nor Flower;
Winter would not stay an hour.

But Brookfield may refer to (Walter) Scott's Lord of the Isles, 1, stanza 3:

The dew that on the violet lies
Mocks the dark lustre of thine eyes.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793-1835), née Browne, was a popular poetess; Nur uddin Abdurrahman ibn Ahmad Jami (1414-92), classical Persian poet and mystic, was an exponent of Sufi philosophy.

6. See Taming of the Shrew, 1. 2. 9.
7. Brookfield's sonnettee is unidentified.
8. Henry Hallam's View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages and Const. Hist.
10. Brookfield was secretary of the Union in October 1830, treasurer in Lent 1831, and president in October 1831. See Macbeth, 1. 3. 143.
11. Bartholomew Elliott George Warburton (1810-52), who matriculated at Queens' College, Cambridge, in 1829, migrated to Trinity in 1830 (B.A. 1834), and was president of the Union in 1833; writer of biographies, historical novels, and travel books, Warburton was an intimate friend of Milnes (see Pope-Hennessy, 1:36-38). Brookfield's copy of AHH's Poems (Yale) is inscribed "Arthur Henry Hallam to William Henry Brookfield, because he thought him a trump, and this book trumpery."
Will you excuse, Sir, the liberty which a perfect stranger to you
takes in sending you two little volumes of Poetry, with which I cannot
but think you will be pleased. They are the compositions of two
brothers, both very young men, and both intimate friends of mine.
The larger volume was reviewed in the last number of the Westmin­
ster Review (I believe by Dr. Bowring), 2 and the high praise bestowed
on it by the reviewer is not higher, in my opinion, and I hope in yours,
than its merits demand. I flatter myself you will, if you peruse this
book, be surprised & delighted to find a new prophet of those true
principles of Art, which, in this country, you were among the first to
recommend both by precept & example. Since the death of John
Keats, the last lineal descendant of Apollo, our English region of
Parnassus has been domineered over by kings of shreds & patches. 3
But, if I mistake not, the true heir is found: "if ever truth were
pregnant by circumstance, that which you hear, you'll swear you see,
there is such unity in the proofs. The mantle, and the jewel about the
neck! The letters whose character is known! The majesty of the
creature, in resemblance of its father, the affection of nobleness, and
many other evidences proclaim him with all certainty to be the king's
son." 4 The other, & smaller volume, written by his brother, contains
poetry of a very different character, but sterling, I think, & shewing a
mind, capable of noble thoughts, although inferior in depth & range
of powers to that, which I first described. Should you agree with me
to any extent in my judgement of these volumes you will not perhaps
object to mentioning them favorably in the Tatler, which I believe you
at present conduct. I do not suppose that either of these poets is at all
likely to become extensively or immediately popular: they write not
to the world at large, which "lieth in wickedness" 5 & bad taste, but to
the elect Church of Urania, which we know to be small, & in
tribulation. Now in this Church you have preferment, & what you
preach will be considered by the faithful as a "sound form of words." 6
Should you after all, Sir, not like these books, I can only hope you
will pardon the liberty that has been taken by one who has derived
pleasure & benefit from your writings, and therefore subscribes
himself as

Yours in gratitude & respect,
Arthur Henry Hallam.

Addressed to Leigh Hunt Esq. / J. Onwhyn / 4 Catherine Street,
Strand / London. For the Editor of the Tatler.

1. James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784-1859), essayist and poet, who introduced
Shelley to Keats in 1816, edited the Tatler from 1830 to 1832.
2. See letter 96a n. 9. Sir John Bowring (1792-1872), linguist, writer, and traveler,
who edited the Westminster Review from 1824 to 1829, published Poetry of the Magyars
in 1830 and the Cheskian Anthology (of Bohemian poetry) in 1832.
3. Hamlet, 3. 4. 103.
4. See Winter’s Tale, 5. 2. 30-39.
5. 1 Epistle John 5:19
6. See 2 Timothy 1:13: "the form of sound words."
TO ELLEN HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Friday [4 February 1831].

My sweet Ellen,

I am not able to write you so long a letter as I could wish just now, but be sure that I think about you often, and that your birthday note was very pleasant to me.¹ I beg you will thank all your fellow-writers in my name, saying to the Mottle that I will write to her soon. I am up to the ears in the business of reading; pity me therefore.² Do not forget all the little recommendations I gave you about your own reading, specially about the Italian. I fancy you have very much forgotten what you once knew of that language, nevertheless "coraggio, cor mio; non c'è luogo pel disperar: v'hanno cose, che apprese una volta non si staccheranno dalla mente."³ I am afraid these two lines prove at least an equal forgetfulness of idiom on my part, however I should talk well enough & so would you if we were sitting in a smoky room of some palace, which out of penitence for old luxuries, had humbled itself into an inn, at Terni, or Ferrara,⁴ or the like, with waiters grinning at us foreign people, and macaroni pudding saying "Eat me, please" on the table. Necessity first made people talk, and without necessity few now will talk anything but their own familiar jargon. But I am in hopes, my little woman, that one day we shall be under the same pleasant necessity. You & I may see Italy again, "Rivedremo, se non m'isbaglio, l'Italia, e quando tornan agli occhi le desiate sponde, alla lingua verran anzi le sospirate parole, e così goderemo vita più dolce, ed aura più serena."⁵ Really I ought to beg pardon for running on in this way, but I have nothing else to say, which must be my excuse, so believe me ever,

Your most affect[te] brother,

A H Hallam.

[398]
1. AHH's twentieth birthday was 1 February 1831.
2. On 26 February 1831, Merivale wrote to Frece that "Hallam [is] reading for a scholarship and philosophizing on the minus sign" (Merivale, p. 113). Alford won the 1831 Bell's scholarship for third-year students.
3. "Courage, my heart; here's no cause to despair. There are things which once learned never will depart from the mind."
4. Capitals of their respective Italian provinces.
5. "We will see Italy again, if I'm not mistaken, & when the longed-for shores return to our eyes, the desired words too will come to the tongue, and so we shall enjoy a sweeter life, and a more serene breeze."
My dear Donne,

I know not whether any one of the Faithful has yet acquainted you with the very welcome probability, that Kemble & Trench will be speedily in England, the latter perhaps within a few days. Blakesley received a letter from Gibraltar some days ago containing this news. They seem to have learned by this time there, what every one has been long sure of elsewhere, that there is no hope for Spain, the nation being, to use Kemble's words, "willingly & exultingly enslaved." In order to deviate his bile (this idiom is classical on the other side of the Apennines) he abuses all actual & possible generations of mankind, and seems to think them hardly worth a "latter Luther's" while. By the same post we heard the still more joyful tidings, that Sterling is decidedly convalescent: I trust this warm and springlike close of winter is working good to him. He speaks much now of going into the Church, and Kemble of studying the law. I think the soldier predominates so much over the priest in Kemble's character, that I hardly regret his altered intention, although there is no question but "our dusted velvets have much need of" Churchmen of a very different sort from those whom we may hear for our sins most Sundays in the year. Irving and his Millenarians have great reason to denounce the Judaising temper, in which the "religious world" have substituted a prostration to verbal doctrine for a living & spiritual faith, and, like the Pharisees when Christ came, have learned so much about their religion that they forget their God. Is this the way to repel Sennacherib from the gates of Sion? Exactly in the same wise manner act the defenders of our ecclesiastical polity, making weak head against an active and vigilant enemy, whose name is Legion, by clumsy defences of uncertain outposts & inward rottennesses, and this too without seeming to be aware for what real & high reasons the
sound heart of the city should at all hazards be maintained & preserved.

I rejoice exceedingly at the admiration you express for Alfred Tennyson in general, and the Indian ditty in particular. I expect you to be properly grateful to me for sending you by these presents another poem, of which to say that I love it would be only saying that it is his. It is intended, you will perceive, as a kind of pendant to his former poem of Mariana, the idea of both being the expression of desolate loneliness, but with this distinctive variety in the second that it paints the forlorn feeling as it would exist under the influence of different impressions of sense. When we were journeying together this summer through the South of France we came upon a range of country just corresponding to his preconceived thought of a barrenness, so as in the South, and the portraiture of the scenery in this poem is most faithful. You will, I think, agree with me that the essential & distinguishing character of the conception requires in the Southern Mariana a greater lingering on the outward circumstances, and a less palpable transition of the poet into Mariana’s feelings, than was the case in the former poem. Were this not implied in the subject, it would be a fault: “an artist,” as Alfred is wont to say, “ought to be lord of the five senses,” but if he lacks the inward sense which reveals to him what is inward in the heart, he has left out the part of Hamlet in the play. In this meaning I think the objection sometimes made to a poem, that it is too picturesque, is a just objection: but, according to a more strict use of words, poetry cannot be too pictorial, for it cannot represent too truly, and when the object of the poetic power happens to be an object of sensuous perception it is the business of the poetic language to paint. It is observable in the mighty models of art, left for the worship of ages by the Greeks, & those too rare specimens of Roman production which breathe a Greek spirit, that their way of imaging a mood of the human heart in a group of circumstances, each of which reciprocally affects & is affected by the unity of that mood, resembles much Alfred’s manner of delineation, and should therefore give additional sanction to the confidence of our praise. I believe you will find instances in all the Greek poems of the highest order, at present I can only call into distinct recollection the divine passage about the sacrifice of Iphigenia in Lucretius, the desolation of Ariadne in Catullus, and the fragments of Sappho, in
which I see much congeniality to Alfred's peculiar power. I beg pardon for this prose; here comes something better.

The Southern Mariana

Behind the barren hill upsprung
With pointed rocks against the light:
The crag sharpshadowed overhung
Each glaring creek & inlet bright:
Far, far one lightblue hill was seen,
Looming like baseless Fairyland:
Eastward a slip of burning sand,
Darkrimmed with sea & bare of green.
Down in the dry saltmarshes stood
That house darklatticed. Not a breath
Swayed the sick vineyard underneath,
Or moved the dusty southernwood.

Madonna, with melodious moan
Sang Mariana night & morn,
Madonna, lo I am all alone,
Loveforgotten and loveforlorn.

She, as her carol sadder grew,
From her warm brow & bosom down
Thro' rosy taper fingers drew
Her streaming curls of deepest brown
On either side, and made appear
Still lighted in a secret shrine
Her melancholy eyes divine,
The home of woe without a tear.

Madonna, with melodious moan
Sang Mariana night & morn,
Madonna, lo I am all alone
Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.

When the dawn crimson changed & past
Into deep orange o'er the sea,
Low on her knees herself she cast,
Unto our Lady prayed she.
She moved her lips, she prayed alone,
She praying disarrayed and warm
From slumber, deep her wavy form
In the darklustrous mirror shone.
Madonna, in a low, clear tone,
Said Mariana night & morn,
Low she mourned, I am all alone
Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.

At noon she slumbered: all along
The silvery field the large leaves talked
With one another, as among
The spiked maize in dreams she walked.
The lizard leapt; the sunlight played;
She heard the callow nesting lisp,
And brimful meadowrunnels crisp
In the fullleaved platanshade
In sleep she breathed in a lower tone
Murmuring as at night & morn
Madonna, lo I am all alone
Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.

Dreaming she knew it was a dream
Most false; he was & was not there;
She woke; the babble of the stream
Fell, and without the steady glare
Shrank the sick olive sere & small;
The riverbed was dustywhite;
From the bald rock the blinding light
Beat ever on the sunwhite wall.
She whispered with a stifled moan
More inward than at night or morn,
Madonna, leave me not all alone,
To die forgotten & <die> live forlorn.

One dry cicala's summer song
At night filled all the gallery;
Backward the latticeblind she flung,
And leaned upon the balcony.
Ever the low wave seemed to roll
Up to the coast: far on, alone
In the East, large Hesper overshone
   The <moaning> mourning gulf, and on her soul
Poured divine solace, or the rise
   Of moonlight from the margin gleamed,
Volcanolike afar, and streamed
   On her white arm & heavenward eyes.
Not all alone she made her moan,
   Yet ever sang she night & morn,
Madonna, lo I am all alone,
   Loveforgotten & loveforlorn.\(^{10}\)

Would you be so good as to let me know in the next letter you write
to any of the Church in Cambridge,\(^{11}\) what the character of the
country, & climate is about your present residence, and what the
price of living is.

In answer to your question why I do not write & publish some
criticism of the poems, I reply that I \(bide\) my time. I have no direct
influence with any reviewer at present, nor, as criticisms of some kind
are already bringing the book into general notice, is there any need for
hurry: I shall however very probably bestir myself in this way next
summer.\(^{12}\) I feel much obliged for the kind sympathy you express with
my own writings: I sorely repent me of the very crude & unequal
execution which disfigures them, but I will not pretend to deny that I
think some things here & there in them may be worth an earnest
man’s perusal. If I mistake not I have considerably improved my style
since the finishing of that book.\(^{13}\) Some time or other I will submit a
specimen or two to your judgement, which to have in my favour
would always be an assurance of not having quite lived in vain to

Your very sincere friend,

A H Hallam.

P.S. I fear I cannot, while absent from London, answer your question
about the Italian books. By the bye don’t \(mis-quote\) that grand
Canzone next time you have occasion to refer to it.\(^{14}\) AHH.

Addressed to W. Donne Esq. / Raby’s Lodging / Torquay / Devon.
P/M 13 February 1831

[404]
1. On 7 February 1831, Fanny Kemble wrote to a friend that she had heard from her brother in Gibraltar, and expected "almost hourly to see him. The Spanish revolution, as he now sees and as many foresaw, is a mere vision. The people are unready, unripe, unfit, and therefore unwilling; had it not been so they would have done their work themselves" (Girlhood, p. 335).

2. See AT's "To J. M. K." (published in 1830), lines 1-4:

   My hope and heart is with thee—thou wilt be
   A latter Luther, and a soldier-priest
   To scare church-harpies from the master's feast;
   Our dusted velvets have much need of thee.

On 29 April 1830, Donne wrote to Trench that "[Kemble] will be a bright and burning light in God's Church; a resting-place and beacon for the many, who, having no delight in the slumber of orthodoxy, are driven on the contrary shoal of modern piety" (Trench, 1:61). For his sister's reflections on Kemble's intentions, see Girlhood, pp. 179-80, 335.

3. Edward Irving (1792-1834), founder of the "Catholic Apostolic Church," gained fame as preacher at Hatton Garden Chapel (London); he built a church at Regent Square in 1828 and established the Morning Watch, a religious journal devoted to unfulfilled prophecy, in 1829. Irving was compelled to retire from Regent Square in 1832 because of his approval of pentecostal phenomena, though he personally made no claim to supernatural gifts. On 4 January 1830, Milnes wrote to his parents that he had heard "a most beautiful & effective sermon from Irving in town—he is indeed the apostle of the age—& his English is more like Jeremy Taylor's than any I ever read or heard" (Houghton papers); other Apostles expressed similar approbation through 1832.

4. See 2 Kings 18-19; Mark 5:9.

5. See letter 94 n. 4.

6. See AT’s "The Palace of Art (1832)," lines 185-88:

   Singing and murmuring in her feastful mirth,
   Joying to feel herself alive,
   Lord over Nature, Lord of the visible earth,
   Lord of the senses five.

7. Report of such a performance was chronicled in the introduction to Scott's The Talisman (1825).

8. See AHH's Englishman's Magazine review of AT: "It is not true . . . that the highest species of poetry is the reflective: it is a gross fallacy, that, because certain opinions are acute or profound, the expression of them by the imagination must be eminently beautiful. Whenever the mind of the artist suffers itself to be occupied, during its periods of creation, by any other predominant motive than the desire of beauty, the result is false in art. . . . We are therefore decidedly of [the] opinion that the heights and depths of art are most within the reach of those who have received from Nature the 'fearful and wonderful' constitution we have described, whose poetry is a sort of magic, producing a number of impressions too multiplied, too minute, and too diversified to allow of our tracing them to their causes, because just such was the effect, even so boundless, and so bewildering, produced on their imaginations by the real appearance of Nature" (pp. 616, 618).

[405]
9. Lucretius *De Rerum Natura* 1. 87-101; *Poems of Catullus* 64. 50-75.

10. “Mariana in the South” (Ricks, pp. 361-67), published in 1832. As Ricks points out, AT was influenced by Sappho’s Fragment 111. In his 10 October 1830 letter to Kemble, Donne had written that “Mariana . . . ought to be abstracted from the others and bound up by itself: ‘that strain was of a higher mood’”; on 13 July 1831, he wrote to Trench that AHH had sent him the Southern Mariana: “very beautiful it is, but there is a mannerism in the repetition I do not fancy. The first ‘Mariana’ is a permanent poem I think” (Miss Johnson).


12. See letter 90 n. 5; letter 97.

13. See letter 89 n. 3.

14. Probably one of the “Three Graces” by Petrarch; see letter 124 n. 4. Family letters (Miss Johnson) show that Donne and his wife (married 15 November 1830) were teaching themselves Italian.
TO HENRY HALLAM

MS: Christ Church

Trinity. Sunday [20 February 1831].

My dear Father,

It is very painful to me that any letters of a vexatious character should pass between us. I was certainly not apprehensive that such would be the result of my last. Tutor's bills are seldom paid before the end of term; and it did not seem to me a very extraordinary request that mine should be partly paid out of the money I should then, according to custom, receive. I have no reason to think that my next bill will be larger than this (£53), and the encroachment of one quarter may therefore be very nearly corrected by the next. The summer is the least expensive time of the year, if spent (as I am very well inclined to spend it) quietly, and without roaming. With regard to other bills, it must be extremely difficult to avoid them, since there are many tradesmen, who never send in theirs to the tutor, and yet cannot well be paid on the spot. Nor do I find that any single person of my acquaintance escapes this pressure: although it is true, as you say, that some have a smaller allowance than myself, yet I know not how it is, but these do not seem to overstep the limits of it more frequently, than others who have what I have, or more. This, you will say, proves us all to live very carelessly: I think however for my own part I can promise amendment in this respect, since I have retrenched many old expenses lately, and indeed the customary and recurring parts of my expenditure were less last year than before. Other things there were, which will not & cannot recur. I was very thankful to you for defraying the surplus expense of what you call "my unadvised and unauthorised expedition," but I did not at all intend to ask now for any other addition to my allowance. I shall endeavor this year to live within stricter bounds: and it is somewhat hard to infer my inability to live so in future circumstances, because in a most expensive University, where everybody remarks that money goes without one's
knowing how, I have like all others, that I know, yet to a less degree than almost any one that I know, run slightly into debt. Give my love to all.

Your affect:e son,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 20 February 1831

1. Both Gaskell and Milnes were obliged to send similar letters to their parents; Kemble's college debts ran over £ 300 at a time when his father's annual income was approximately £ 800. Bills accumulated by the Tennysons at Cambridge totaled over £ 735, and included debts to booksellers, fishmongers, wine merchants, grocers, chemists, tailors, drapers, hatters, shoemakers, landlords, saddlers, hairdressers, silversmiths, tobacconists, stationers, plus traveling and collegiate expenses, and 7/6 charged to AT for a shower bath (LAO).

2. AHH's summer 1830 trip to France. As letter 92 shows, AHH knew at that time that he would have to deal with his father's objections.
TO CHARLES TENNYSON

Trinity. Saturday [5 March 1831].

[ . . . ] reason which took you away. If you prefer it I will manage the matter for you, but it may be better you should write to the Professor; or if you still wish to keep next term, you may settle with him in person. I fear I engaged the rooms for you with Mrs. Gibson, but that may be got off perhaps. For myself I pray all the stars in their courses that you may have at least fifty other good reasons for keeping [ . . . ] his account I am anxious to get. Leigh Hunt has reviewed Alfred & you in an amusing, absurd, and favorable style: I will send you the numbers soon. Farewell: let me hear constantly. My love to all, and to her.

Ever affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Charles Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.

1. Dr. Tennyson’s last illness was severe enough by February 1831 to require that his sons be summoned from Cambridge; it was eventually diagnosed as typhus. He had been in poor health since returning from Europe the previous summer, and his condition was aggravated by excessive drinking. See CT, p. 105. On 9 March 1831, James Spedding wrote to his brother Edward: "Both the Tennysons have gone home suddenly; their Father is dead or dying. Alfred will probably not return to Cambridge; Chas. will take his degree next term, when he will make out his lessons reading with me" (quoted in Ricks, p. 1786).

2. Landlady at the Tennyson lodgings in Cambridge, presumably on Trumpington Street, No. 57 Corpus Buildings (Memoir, 1:34). The professor is unidentified.
3. The Tatler, vol. 2, nos. 149, 151, 153, 155 (24, 26 February; 1, 3 March 1831). See letter 97. Hunt's review was extremely favorable to both poets, concluding "that the more closely we have become acquainted with Alfred Tennyson's poems, the more the author has risen upon our admiration. Perhaps we feel ourselves the more inclined to prefer him to Charles, because he seems less disposed to tie himself down to conventional notions—less willing to blink any great question or feeling, and to put up with a consciousness of doing so" (no. 155, p. 618). It was also a fairly perceptive review, singling out "Mariana" and "Supposed Confessions" for special praise, and guessing that "The Poet" might be a portrait of Shelley, or at least of his artistic ideals. Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces was given equal space and nearly equal praise.

4. The first specific reference to Emily Tennyson [Jesse] (1811–87). See my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson" for circumstances of their first meeting and AHH's proposal; these letters provide the best portrait of her early life. See appendix for details of her life following AHH's death.
The tidings I received of you this morning were most welcome. Thank God, you are in England, and amongst us once more. Your letter is full, however, of sadness, and, indeed, though some of it may fairly be laid to the account of those annoyances which after a voyage of a fortnight will have changed into disgust most people's "reverential fear of the old sea," I cannot but feel you have reason for your mournfulness. You have failed in your purpose, and, after enduring the fever and turbulence of the means, you have missed that end which might have given you actual peace and a satisfied retrospection. Still, you have not laboured in vain, although Spain is, to use Kemble's expression, "willingly and exultingly enslaved," and although you have gained nothing with the world by your enterprise, for you laboured in a rightful hope, and believing better things of men than they have laid claim to in the event. I am grieved that Kemble is not with you. He waits, you say, till the end. What further end, in the name of wonder, can there be? Is it possible that Torrijos has yet a party? And will Kemble consent to join himself to the precarious actions of a fruitless bravery, rather than return to his natural home and the clear course of ordinary duties? I cannot think you have done wrong in returning, nor do any of your old and good friends, as far as I know, think so, for whose judgment I should, of course, expect you to care more than for mine. But I do not wonder you should feel these misgivings and backward yearnings of mind. I only trust you will find England is not yet so sunken but that many duties, many privileges, and many hopes remain for her sons.

1. See letter 99 n. 1. Trench visited the Kemble family in London on 9 March 1831: "Mr. Trench before leaving Gibraltar had used every persuasion to induce my brother
to return with him, and had even got him on board the vessel in which they were to sail, but John's heart failed him at the thought of forsaking Torrijos, and he went back." Kemble finally returned to England on 21 May 1831 (Girlhood, pp. 355-56, 405).

2. See Wordsworth, "Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go?" line 13: "Of the old Sea some reverential fear."
My dear Alfred,

Will you tell Charles that Term begins on the 14th. April. I wish very much to hear from you at some length, and intended to have tempted you to write by writing myself a long letter: but I have not time at this moment. I am going <up> to London tomorrow, girded up for warfare.¹ I hope to fight like a true knight, although Emily's eyes will not be there to "rain influence."² Oret pro nobis.³ I shall write to her in a few days, and will send at the same time Leigh Hunt's review of you & Charles, and a very contemptible Poem of my own, in which I have bartered the immortal part of me to a Darwinian Demon for a barren chance of being in the Calendar.⁴ Fare thee well. I hope you do fare well, and make head against "despondency and madness."⁵ Distribute my love about & believe me

Yours for ever,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Alfred Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.

¹. See letter 101. AHH was present for the Apostles meeting on 12 March 1831, but absent on 19 March, when Spedding was essayist. The "warfare" of course was to be with his parents over the announcement of his engagement to Emily.

². See Milton, "L'Allegro," lines 121-22: "With store of ladies, whose bright eyes / Rain influence, and judge the prize."

³. "May she pray for us."
4. AHH's entry for the 1831 English verse prize, won by Venables for his poem "The Northwest Passage." AHH also competed for the 1830 prize (won by Kinglake for "Byzantium"); both unsuccessful poems are transcribed in Ellen Hallam's notebooks (Yale). See also Othello, 2. 3. 253-54: "I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial." Erasmus Darwin (1731-1802), grandfather of Charles, was a prominent physician, physiologist, and poet of nature; his Zoonomia (1794-96) anticipated Lamarck's ideas about evolution. AHH's "Northwest Passage" is filled with descriptions of arctic flora and fauna.

5. Wordsworth, "Resolution and Independence," lines 48-49: "We Poets in our youth begin in gladness; / But thereof come in the end despondency and madness." See letter 63 n. 1 for previous use. Apparently AHH did not hear of Dr. Tennyson's death until the end of March. But as the 9 March 1831 letter from James to Edward Spedding makes clear, the Tennysons' Cambridge friends anticipated that melancholy "end."
I little thought, dearest Emily, that the next letter I should write to you would be on so sad an occasion. But I cannot allow anything to prevent my writing now, since you are in sorrow & alarm, and that you never shall be, I trust, without my sharing it with you. I have a thousand distracting fears too about your health. It is impossible but this gloomy time, so full of anxieties and painful sights, must have shaken you much, and yet I shall be thankful if this be the worst. I would fain write as a comforter, but my own mind has been so stunned by all these dismal circumstances, that my thoughts cheat my wishes, and instead of cheering I fear I shall sadden you. Yet this must not be: let us rather set our hopes on God, who may yet bring us out of these deep waters. Let us think of your excellent mother, who has so long borne up against circumstances that many would have sunk under at once, with a patience and a faith, whose reward is with the Most High. Let us remember that your father was in a state of body and of mind, from which it was most desirable he should find release, and there appeared to be no chance of his recovery on earth. Still I know that his death, even apart from all the peculiar distress of its circumstances and consequences, must afflict you much: for I know he was an affectionate father, and his violence was the result of those unhappy accidents which combined to shatter his frame, while his tenderness was native to his heart, and flowed from it abundantly to the last. Besides, the loss of a father is always a dreadful breaking up of one's actual being. It is the loss of the earliest face & the earliest voice we knew. It is the passing away of a form, which had always stood beside our life, and with which a vast number of our thoughts & actions had all our life up been intimately concerned. And there must be much more sorrow in it than this, which I do not know, because I have never myself experienced this calamity: experience is a terrible teacher; all his lessons are so full & vivid, and on such a large
scale, and yet so unsparing in the minuteness of their particulars. I would to God I could be with you now, Emily, following all the currents of your sorrow, as I trust I shall live to do those of future joy. I have not been told whether Mary is with you; you are not alone, I think, at Louth? Oh Emily, will it not be sad to leave Somersby? If even I think of such a desertion with the greatest pain, to whom Somersby is not the old feeling it is to you, what must be your regret? But we must bear up, my love; we must be resigned, and look forward as you said in your golden letter "with faith & hope." One thing I know; you can be in no place, to which my affection will not follow you; and if this thought is any comfort to you, oh think it often! It has done me some good, I think, to write these few lines; I am somewhat calmer for it; it is almost as if I had heard you speak. And yet, gracious God! if you should be ill—that <thought> fear will not leave me. Write me a line, I entreat, and say that you are not worse than usual, or how worse. I shall have no peace till I know how far the mischiefs of this horrible crisis in your family have extended. Dearest, forget anything rather than that I am your passionate and constant lover,

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / at J. Fytche Esq. / Louth / Lincolnshire. To be forwarded if not there.
P/M 30 March 1831

1. Dr. Tennyson died on 16 March 1831. Emily probably waited until after the funeral (25 March) to write to AHH.
2. See letter 101 n. 1. For accounts of Dr. Tennyson's violence and its disruptions of his family, see Tennyson, 1:4; CT, pp. 58-62. Frederick Tennyson's 23 March 1831 letter to Freer announcing the death of his father ("a man of sorrows & acquainted with grief") alludes to these difficulties: "He suffered little, & after Death, his countenance which was strikingly lofty & peaceful, I trust was an image of the condition of his soul, which on earth was daily racked by bitter fancies, & tossed about by stormy troubles" (Duke).
3. Mary Tennyson (1810-84) was the eldest of AT's sisters. She was lame from childhood, but, as AHH's letters suggest, extremely attractive. Like Emily she wrote
poetry; like many members of the family, she was interested in mysticism and spiritualism. In 1851, she married Alan Ker (d. 1885), a Cheltenham barrister; the couple subsequently emigrated to Jamaica, where Ker was in the Judicial Service of the West Indies for thirty-one years. CT (p. 476) says that Mary "shared more than any of Alfred's sisters his poetic imagination and capacity for mystical experience." See references in Background. Charles Tennyson's Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces contains a dedicatory poem to Mary. During this period of uncertainty, Emily and other members of the family had gone to stay with Mrs. Tennyson's relatives, the Fytches, at Louth.

4. Dr. Tennyson had been given the livings of Somersby and Bag Enderby by his father's friend, William Burton Raynor [Burton] in 1808, and control over the position and property reverted to Burton upon Dr. Tennyson's death. Thus, as Frederick Tennyson explained to John Frere (see note 2 above), there was a good chance that the Tennysons would have to leave Somersby immediately: "We are not certain whether we shall be permitted to remain much longer in this place. We must abide the pleasure of Robinson the next Incumbent, whom perhaps you may remember to have seen at Cambridge in your time. He was a Christ's man. He will hold the living for Burton, the son of the Patron, who will not come [into?] it yet for two years. So that if we can prevail upon him to live in lodgings instead of the Parsonage which is twenty times too large for him, & pay him a rent by which he will be a gainer, I think we are likely to be less under obligation to him, than he to us. But as my Father's revenues are now sequestrated, & we are left entirely at the will of my Grandfather, who may have a house of his own to put us into, I fear the payment of Rent will be a stronger argument with him pro, than the 'Admonitus locorum' on our part con our removal from Somersby."

George A. Robinson (1805-88), rector of Bag Enderby from 1831 to 1836 and Somersby 1831-41, apparently agreed with Frederick Tennyson's proposal, and Mrs. Tennyson and T. H. Rawnsley managed to persuade George Clayton Tennyson (senior) to allow the family to remain at Somersby (CT, pp. 107-8). The question naturally arose again two years later. But Langhorne Burton Burton (1808-78), who matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1830), was not ordained until 1835 and thus did not request that the Tennysons move until 1837 (CT, p. 168).
Poor Taffy! I think he would feel very sad in his old age if you went away leaving him behind in the accustomed green places which you would never see again. Nay sometimes I cannot help thinking that if the name of Tennyson should pass from that little region, which all your life long has been to you home—that blessed little region "bosomed in a kindlier air, than the outer realm of care & dole"—the very fields & lanes will feel sorrow, as if part of their appointed being had been reft from them. Yet after all a consecration has come upon them from the dwellers at Somersby, which I think is not of the things that fail. Many years perhaps, or shall I say many ages, after we have all been laid in dust, young lovers of the beautiful & the true may seek in faithful pilgrimage the spot where Alfred's mind was moulded in silent sympathy with the everlasting forms of nature. Legends will perhaps be attached to the places, that are near it. Some Mariana, it will be said, lived wretched & alone in a dreary house on the top of the opposite hill. Some Isabel may with more truth be sought nearer yet. The belfry in which the white owl sat "warming his five wits" will be shown for sixpence to such travellers as have lost their own. Critic after critic will track the wanderings of the brook, or mark the groupings of elm & poplar in order to verify the Ode to Memory in its minutest particulars.

I send down along with this note, some numbers of the Tatler containing a review of Alfred & Charles by Leigh Hunt. You will be amused with the odd style of his observations & the frank familiarity with which he calls them by their Christian names, just as if he had supped with them a hundred times. His general remarks are nonsensical enough, but being a poet he has a keen eye for true beauty, and the judgements of his taste are worth having. Charles will be proud of this review because it is the 1st. notice which the Press (our new despot the Kehama, under whom the world now groans, already nearly almighty & omnipresent, but alas! as far as ever from all-wise)
has deigned to take of his "humble plot of ground."? But he has had better suffrages; voices have come to him from the lakes, & the old man of Highgate has rejoiced over him.⁸ I am looking forward with eagerness to seeing Charles; would that Alfred were with him! but that will not be & perhaps ought not to be; "the days are awa" that we have seen.⁹

1. Emily's Welsh pony. See letter 104 n. 4.
2. Charles Tennyson's "The Altar" (published in Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces), lines 5-6.
3. See Wordsworth, "Three Years She Grew," lines 23-24: "Grace that shall mould the Maiden's form / By silent sympathy."
4. AT's "Isabel" (published in 1830) was "more or less" a portrait of his mother (see Ricks, pp. 183-84). AHH's "Sonnet to Mrs. Tennyson," dated March 1832, exhorts "True Isabel" to "stand now as thou hast stood" ("Unpublished Poems," pp. 10-11), and his "To the Loved One," dated January 1831, imagines "Isabella" in a domestic scene at Somersby: "There plainest thou with Madeline / Or Isabella's lone desire" (Writings, p. 93).
5. See AT's "Song—The Owl," refrain: "Alone and warming his five wits, / The white owl in the belfry sits," and "Ode to Memory," lines 56-60:

The seven elms, the poplars four
That stand beside my father's door,
And chiefly from the brook that loves
To purr o'er matted cress and ribbed sand,
Or dimple in the dark of rushy coves.

Both were published in 1830.
6. See letters 103; 101 n. 3.
7. The powerful and vengeful ruler of the world in Southey's The Curse of Kehama (1810). AHH's quotation is taken from the epigraph of Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces, "the Sonnet's humble plot of ground," which Charles Tennyson ascribes to Wordsworth. It is clearly a version of "Nuns fret not," line 11: "Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground." In an earlier version of Wordsworth's sonnet, which apparently exists only in manuscript, the line reads "Within the little Sonnet's humble ground." It is possible that Charles had seen both versions and confused them.
It is unfortunate, my dearest Emily, that our letters should have crossed. I hope you have received mine by this time, although by Alfred's I perceive you had not, when he wrote. Yours I would have answered immediately, but that I hoped to have seen Charles ere this, and to have learned from him much that I wish to know, and talk about. I fully expected, on hearing from Mrs. Gibson that Frederic and he had taken both sets of rooms, to find them getting out of the Boston mail at halfpast twelve some one of the three last nights. Pray tell them I cannot continue for ever sitting up beyond all natural times of rest for the mere chance, and the sooner they let me know, when they mean to appear, the better for my temper and their welcome. Rashdall told me the other day that it was at last decided you should all remain at Somersby: earnestly do I hope this good news will be confirmed. If you must take a farewell of that "happy spot," which seems to you "the only desirable place on earth," let it not be till I can take that farewell too. Its charms are not, and cannot be the same for me, but though different, they are not less holy. You look at those fields and wolds, and in your sight they are invested with a thousand hues of life's early morning: the "glory is on the grass," and "the splendor on the flower"; feelings of what has been haunt every object around you, and you could as well prevent your senses from distinguishing their forms, as bereave them of the natural magic with which they affect your soul. For me, Emily—it has not been the home of my childhood: but oh, while the pulses beat within my veins, those forms will stand up clear before my memory, wearing the light of your presence, and instinct with the great feeling of my life.

You have said to me your greatest consolation is in thinking I am well and happy: these are sweet words, my love, and I shall often lay
them to my heart, especially in those seasons of sorrow, which must
sometimes come. I am well, and happy in the power of hope: yet you
will not quarrel with me for sometimes feeling

"I am not well, while thou art far:
As sunset to the sphered moon,
As twilight to the western star,
Thou, beloved, art to me."

Sometimes too that strain of sweet lament in old Dan Chaucer comes
over me,

"Alas min Emelie,
Alas departing of our compagnie,
Alas my hertes quene!"*

But the sands of the year are fast running out. I shall ere long come
"a riveder le sospirate musa" (Will your Italian serve you so far?), and meanwhile I will love you very dearly, and write to you very
often. There is a sort of doubt lurking about the end of your letter,
which I entreat you to throw from you quickly. We may write to each
other, Emily: we ought to write to each other; fear not to say with me,
we will. My father has given an implied consent to it. Your mother, I
am sure, has no objection, except that which referred to him, and
which is removed. With regard to the great object, my late visit to
London has fully confirmed me in the opinion I expressed to you
before, that nothing stands in the way of our union but time, and that
perhaps shorter than we had imagined.

Farewell, my love: I will write again soon, for I hope to hear much
about you, and perhaps something from you by Charles. I was very
much pleased to see Alfred's handwriting: he shall hear from me very
soon. His account of his eyes is most distressing: for God's sake exert
your influence with him, to make him take medical advice, or rather
to follow that which he has taken. Give my affectionate remem-
brances to all the family and believe me

Ever unchangeably your own,

Arthur Hallam.
P. S. Tennant begs to be very kindly remembered to you all, and wishes to remind Frederic of a certain Album which he has in his possession. Adio.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire. 
P/M 17 April 1831

1. See letter 101; Boston was the exchange point for coaches between Spilsby and Cambridge.

2. John Rashdall, friend and neighbor of the Tennysons, matriculated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, in 1828 (B.A. 1833), was ordained in 1833, served as curate of Orby (near Somersby) from 1833 to 1834, and held various clerical positions through 1870. Rashdall's diary (at the Bodleian) provides, as Rader has shown, a fascinating portrait of the Tennyson family immediately following AHH's death; Rashdall's own reaction to that event was, in Rader's words, "not altogether what one might expect" (p. 12): "Hallam is dead!—such is life: the accomplished-vain philosophic Hallam, dead, suddenly—at 23.—Indeed, true philosophy ought always to be saying—One thing is needful." See also letter 104 n. 4.


4. Shelley, "To Mary," lines 11-14; Chaucer, Knight's Tale, lines 2773-75:
   Allas, the deeth! allas, myn Emelye! 
   Allas, departynge of oure compaignye! 
   Allas, myn hertes queene! allas, my wyf!

5. "To see again the longed-for muse(s)" : sospirate is plural, while musa singular, so AHH's exact meaning is unclear.

6. See letter 183a. AHH either misunderstood or misrepresented his father's intentions; his assurance here would seem to exonerate Mrs. Tennyson from Henry Hallam's implied charge of deception. See also letter 103 n. 1.

7. AT's difficulty with his eyes was long-standing: late in 1829 he wrote to his grandfather that "for the last quarter of a year I have been much distressed by a determination of blood to the Head, for which, as it affected my eyes with 'muscae volitantes' (I speak medically: they are what are called in Scripture 'the mote in the eye') I was ordered to be cupped by Alexander the great oculist." On 26 February 1831, Merivale wrote to Frere that "Alfred is trying to make his eyes bad enough to require an aegrotat degree" (Merivale, p. 113). AT was shortsighted throughout his entire life, but his close vision was extraordinarily acute. See Memoir, 1:79-80, and Tennyson, pp. 65-66.
My dear Alfred,

I am very much distressed about the condition of your eyes. Surely you owe it to us all not to let yourself carelessly fall into the misery of blindness. It is a hard and a sad thing, to barter the "universal light" even for the power of "Tiresias & Phineus prophets old." Write to me yourself on this subject and speak openly and fully. I have derived lately much consolation and hope from religious feelings. Struggle as we may Christianity draws us all within its magic circle at last. The sonnet is glorious. That line about the nightingale is worth an estate in Golconda. There are two copies of your book nicely bound in Charles' room, do you wish anything done with them?

AHH.

1. See letter 106 n. 7.

2. See Pope, "Essay on Criticism," line 71: "One clear, unchanged, and universal light" and Paradise Lost. 3. 36.

3. A common phrase in Shelley; see, for example, The Witch of Atlas, line 103.

4. "Check every outflash," published in the Englishman's Magazine, August 1831 (p. 591) and Friendship's Offering, October 1832. AHH refers to lines 9-10: "The nightingale, with long and low preamble, / Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches," which AT adapted for "The Palace of Art (1832)," lines 181-82: "No nightingale delighteth to prolong / Her low preamble all alone." See Ricks, pp. 297, 411. Golconda (an old name for Hyderabad) was famous for its diamonds, and thus symbolized great wealth.

On 7 May 1835, Emily Tennyson wrote to Ellen Hallam: "Have the nightingales commenced their warblings yet?—thou art mistaken in supposing there are any in Somersby, no such birds are ever seen with us—Once on a time indeed a solitary one

[423]
came to Lincoln and trilled for some time in a poor man's garden. Of course, crowds
came to hear, and see it. The man, becoming quickly aware that his vegetables were
getting completely trodden down, "(For cabbage he sow'd, and when it grew, / He
always cut it off to boil!)" had the unheard of barbarity, to shoot this adventurous
songster. Dreadful, unmusical clodhopper!—what are all the cabbages in the world to
one nightingale" (Trinity).
My dearest Emily,

I have heard from others that you are better: why will you not let me hear it from yourself? The knowledge that you have been less sad and less fearful of late has streamed in upon this outer darkness of ours at Cambridge, like a full sunbeam of rich noonday light: but like other sunbeams it is, what Alfred calls, "thickmotted," and legions of little hopes, wishes, expectations, dance up and down on it, the brightest and nearest of which promise a letter from you. I received your gift, your precious gift, with reverence and gratitude. It shall lie on my heart for ever. Its worth to me is priceless. It is the symbol of a little memory, and a boundless, magnificent hope in two human hearts. That memory, if the stars shine mildly over our lives, will spread and grow rich in the fullness of years; but that hope will not be narrowed in proportion, for its empire is eternity, and it rests on the unfailing heavens. I am conscious indeed that we may be deceived, as others have been; that distress may continue with each of us until the end: there are moments, I know, in which you think so, when you lie on the sofa, and weep (there will never be peace for me until I can dry those tears), and some such moments I have also, especially, oh my beloved, when I think of your unmerited tenderness towards me, of your gentle confidence, which gave me all on trust, even your precious life and destiny, a life moulded "fearfully and wonderfully" by Nature out of clear sensibilities and ideal thoughts, a destiny, which hangs in awful balance between the extreme joy and the extreme affliction of sensitive minds—and when I remember how little you know of my character, and that little not the worst part, so that the day might come in which you would repent of your confidence—but from such misery and madness may God ever preserve us, and as I have no firmer conviction than that all my duty, and all my hope, and everything that makes me endure the struggle of life with fortitude

[Cambridge.] [7 May 1831.]
and faith, all converge to our dear Somersby, so I will trust that my fervent prayers may be remembered before God, and that I may live to be a blessing to you, and through you to all whom you love and honour, all who have cherished you in the dawn of life, or may cherish in its decline.

I have been perplexed lately with some of these odious politics, which threaten to absorb everything else in poor old England: had I my own will I would never, I think, read another newspaper.\(^4\) [A reading] of the Times & Morning Post is not good for [those] who have been accustomed to the sweet summer winds that linger about "places of nestling gre[en] for poets made."\(^5\) Yet they have a pure sanctuary to betake themselves to: like the Platonic soul they cannot quite forget their previous divinity. I in particular ought not to complain overmuch. Very high is the prerogative of the lover: he has a wisdom of the heart, which should dispel by native brightness the weary, lagging mists of common life.

Alas, that sometimes even a duteous life,
   If uninspired by love, and loveborn joy,
   Grows fevered in the world's unholy strife,
   And sinks destroyed by that it would destroy!
Beloved, from the boisterous deeds that fill
   The measure up of this unquiet time,
   The dull monotonies of Faction's chime,
   And irrepressible thoughts, foreboding ill,
I turn to thee, as to a heaven apart,
   Oh not apart, not distant, near me ever,
   So near my soul, that nothing can thee sever!
How shall I fear, knowing there is for me
   A city of refuge, builded pleasantly
   Within the silent places of the heart?\(^6\)

I do not like Alfred's last sonnet so well as the former one; do you agree with me, or with him?\(^7\) Charles is going to finish this letter, and therefore, dearest, adieu, farewell, or if there be any <other> sweeter word of affection and hope, be it from me to you, love.

Ever your own
In faithful affection

Arthur Hallam.
My dear Emily,

Hallam has left me uncommon little space for brotherly communications—perhaps as well for me, for, if I had more paper, I sd. feel bound to fill up the blank with subjects very likely to abstract yr. attention from the agreeable Epistle wh. you will find following closely on

yr. affectionate Brother's
C. Tennyson.

P. S. Write or let Mother write or Alfred or Edward or anybody.

Addressed [in Charles Tennyson's hand] to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / nr. Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 May 18 [31]

1. See "Mariana," lines 77-79: "but most she loathed the hour / When the thick-moted sunbeam lay / Athwart the chambers."
2. Emily Tennyson's gift, perhaps a locket, has apparently not survived (see appendix).
3. See Psalms 139:14: "for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."
4. Russell had introduced the Reform Bill for its reading in the Commons on 1 March 1831.
6. Published in Remains (see Writings, p. 98).
7. See letter 107 n. 4; the second sonnet, perhaps "Life" (Ricks, pp. 296-97), is unidentified.
8. Charles Tennyson's note is on the first page, above the beginning of AHH's letter. The unstable mental health of Edward Tennyson (1813-90) worsened to such an extent that he was eventually placed under the care of a doctor at York; he was the only member of the Tennyson family to be institutionalized permanently (Tennyson, p. 63).
My dearest Emily,

I send you a few lines in haste by Charles to thank you for writing, and to repeat, what I never can repeat too often, the expressions of my joy in the thought of you, and my deep regret that I cannot be with you. All except you and Somersby seems so blank to me. I feel such a want to throw out my whole heart to you, and yet this cannot be. What are letters! They make me remember delight, and hope for delight, but what are they to one look from your eyes, one tone from your voice! It is impossible we can know each other in absence, as we could, were I near you, and could I say to you all my heart prompts, and of which a pen is a feeble interpreter. Hitherto indeed I have seemed to myself a fool in your presence; to look at you has often taken away thoughts and expressions, and left me absorbed in the silent, but utter happiness of knowing you were with me, and had given me your love. But when you are gone I find so much to say. Oh for a short while at Somersby this summer! These feelings are not selfish, for they all regard your happiness, the one thing for the achievement of which I long for life and prosperity and a steadfast mind.

But there is much more sorrow in the thought that you are still unwell. My dearest Emily, it is a hard thing for me to say that I do not believe you, yet I cannot but feel you make the best of your sufferings to me. Would to God I could put full trust in what you say of “the usual serenity of your mind.” But I fear the circumstances of your life have not tended to produce such serenity. You may suffer more in imagination perhaps, than in what is called reality; but that does not make the case better. I look forward earnestly to hear you are gone to Cheltenham: it is beyond all measure cruel of your Grandfather, if he does not furnish you the means of going. Wherever you are, God ever
bless you, and all who are dear to you, amongst whom I trust may always be one, whose only hope you are,

Your most true and affectionate

Arthur Hallam.

1. Cheltenham was a favorite retreat for the Tennysons (see references in CT); Mrs. Tennyson, Septimus, Horatio, Mary, and Cecilia Tennyson moved there in 1842. On 12 July 1831, Emily wrote to her grandfather requesting money to go to Cheltenham because of her continued poor health:

I am very ill, and have been so a long time, and feel assured, if you knew how I suffer you would immediately furnish me with the means of going to Cheltenham. Dr. Bousfield says, it is the only place for me; the pain in my side evidently increases, and my life is so wretched, that sooner than pass another year as the last, I would be content to follow my poor Father to the grave: now he is gone, who can we look to, my dear Grandfather, but you, as our protector. I am aware, the expenses of this large family must necessarily be great; they are very unsatisfactorily increased by my constant application for medical advice, and by continually flying to the transient relief of medicine which does me no good, and therefore of course must injure my constitution. If you can furnish me with the necessary means, you will lay me under an obligation, which nothing can repay, for what can compensate for the loss of health, or how can I be sufficiently grateful to one, who will be the means, of restoring to me that great blessing, to which I have been so long a stranger, and if God in his infinite mercy will give his benediction, I shall always entertain a lively recollection of your kindness, as the prime cause, next to him, who has rescued me from weary illness. Do, my dear Grandfather, let me hear from you very shortly; I have been waiting a long time in the most lingering suspense, thinking you would be so kind as to write” (LAO).

George Clayton Tennyson (1750-1835) agreed to pay for Emily's trip with funds subtracted from the allowance he gave to Mrs. Tennyson; the latter wrote to him on 17 August 1831, saying that she was unwilling to send Emily alone to Cheltenham, that she could find no one in the neighborhood with whom her daughter might travel, and that therefore she would “willingly make a further sacrifice” in order to allow “one of her brothers to accompany [Emily]” (LAO). AT's 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell suggests that Emily's illness was genuine: “[Emily] is not yet cured of the liver complaint, which sent her to Cheltenham—most probably it will cling to her all her life—at least I have never heard of anyone, who was cured of a serious derangement in that organ.” The best description of Emily's grandfather, who assumed financial responsibility for the Somersby family after Dr. Tennyson's death, is in CT, especially chap. 1; see also references in Background and Tennyson.

[429]
TO FREDERICK TENNYSON

My dear Frederic,

I take the first moments of freedom from the interminable Essay (now, thanks to all gods & demons, terminated) to devote them to Somersby and you. Your letter was read with great pleasure over a table, crowded with Latin books, and a desk bursting with pompous paragraphs. Luckily for you I am too sick of the business to send you some of these latter worthies, which you ask, but some fine day, if my philosophy persuades the breast of Higman, it may be printed, and then a copy shall be presented in due form to that eminent critic, yourself. In anticipation of this favour I beg you will send me in your next the product of your brain in sonnets, for the last month. I of course have been altogether prosaic, working away at the rate of from 5 to 8 hours per diem. Part of this sharp exercise has been in the "campus patens" of Roman Law! Fancy me digesting the Digest, and instituting inquiries into the Institutes! A shocking way off Parnassus that same "campus patens"! Ay, though Justinian does quote Homer, and call him the father of all virtue: a sort of episode, which, as Gibbon says, would surprise us in an English lawbook. This active employment has kept my mind from thinking of itself, a diversion highly necessary, for there is much darkness over my prospect. I am far from Somersby; not a breath of its flowers will occupy a moment of my sensation: the smiles and tears that are born there will never be known by me. I meant to have jested with you about Miss Bellingham, but my last sentence has changed my mood, and I "set to a mournful measure" my wishes that you may make up your mind happily. If you are to be in love may your trials be few, and "the little sweet kill the much bitterness!" If you are to marry, without much passion, may your choice prove a prudent one, and bring a settled tranquillity into your life! If you propose, and get a
refusal, may your philosophy be an overmatch for your temper! And if, after all, you resolve to let proposals alone, and live a bachelor, why then may you make the best of your independence, and train yourself up for a great poet!

Poor Alfred has written to me a very melancholy letter. What can be done for him? Do you think he is really very ill in body? His mind certainly is in a distressing state. I wish you, or somebody, would transcribe for me some of his recent poems. Alfred's account of Emily is worse than yours; but it is clear as daylight that change of place and society would do her good. It is horrid that I should not be allowed to be at Somersby now; if nothing else, I should break the uniformity of her life. I know not whether it is merely the personal application that makes me like these lines in Landor's new volume.

"She leads in solitude her youthful hours,
Her nights are restlessness, her days are pain.
Oh when will Health & Pleasure come again,
Adorn her brow, & strew her path with flowers?
And wandering Wit resume the roseat bowers,
And turn & trifle with his festive train?
Grant me, oh grant this wish, ye heavenly powers,
All other gifts, all other hopes, restrain!"

Give my tenderest love to Emily, and say I await a letter from her patiently, but eagerly; but never let her write, when it gives her pain, let her not associate anything irksome with the thought of me. Remember me tenderly also to all the rest. I mean to write to Charles tomorrow; and henceforward, essay being over, I will write oftener.

Yours most affectionately,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I go to Hastings on Monday. My direction is 6 Breed's Place. Hastings.

Addressed to Frederic Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 July 1831
1. AHH’s “Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero” (published at Cambridge in 1832), which won the 1831 Trinity College prize for the best English essay "on some Literary, Moral, or Antiquarian subject"; see Writings, pp. 142-81.


3. "Open field." As Henry Hallam noted in his preface to Remains, "It was greatly the desire of the Editor that [AHH] should engage himself in the study of the law; not merely with professional views, but as a useful discipline for a mind too much occupied with habits of thought, which, ennobling and important as they were, could not but separate him from the every-day business of life; and might, by their excess, in his susceptible temperament, be productive of considerable mischief. He had . . . read with the Editor the Institutes of Justinian, and the two works of Heineccius which illustrate them. . . . Far from showing any of that distaste to legal studies which might have been anticipated from some parts of his intellectual character, he entered upon them not only with great acuteness, but considerable interest" (pp. xxx-xxxi).

4. Parts of the Corpus Juris of Justinian: the Institutes is an elementary treatise on the law, intended as a textbook for students; the Digest consists of extracts from various judicial authorities, organized by topics. Both were published in 533.

5. Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire by Edward Gibbon (1737-94), chap. 44 n. 93: "χρυσεα χαΑκειων εκατομβοι ενναβιοων, apud Homerum patrem omnis virtutis (1st. Praetat. ad Pandect.). A line of Milton or Tasso would surprise us in an act of parliament."

6. Charlotte-Sophia was the third daughter of Sir Alan Bellingham (1776-1827), of Castle Bellingham, Louth. She eventually married Rev. John Alington, of Candlesby, Lincoln. See CT, pp. 127-28, for details of Frederick Tennyson's involvement. See also Shelley, "Song (Rarely, rarely, comest thou)," lines 19-20: "Let me set my mournful ditty / To a merry measure."


8. See letter 107 n. 1.


10. Cambridge Easter term ended on 8 July 1831; AHH's letter is postmarked from London.
TO EMILY TENNYSON

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. [12 July 1831.]

My dearest Emily,

Your letter, like all other things that are yours, is delicious. Why was I not with you in the gardens of Dalby! Henceforward however they are a part of me; I have no notion how they really appear, but you have told me something of their inhabitants, and that is sufficient for imagination to work with. From the single image of you, standing there among the flowers, and listening to the "clear carol" and the "solemn cawing," the whole scene has shaped itself out, with a wonderful propriety and grace, just as Alfred's Mariana grew up, by assimilative force, out of the plaintive hint left two centuries ago by Shakespeare for the few who might have ears to hear, and a heart to meditate. I am glad, very glad that the tone of your letter is more cheerful than usual. And yet I cannot forbear to scold you for saying "if I cannot write to cheer, it is better not to write at all." This you tell me I "must allow." Indeed, and indeed, Emily, I will allow no such thing. Is it to your gaiety, think you, and your festive smiles, and your playful humour that I have pledged my whole being? Oh no—these are not my Emily; very dear are they to me, because they are parts of her; but there was something dearer yet, something more intimately herself; the musical sorrow, like the spirit of the nightingale's song; the dreamy desire of Beauty, only perfected through suffering; the—but why try I to explain the inexplicable—I love yourself; "Emily, the whole of Emily, and nothing but Emily!" I have no higher object on earth than to comfort you; do not depress me to an inferior aim; make not a holiday thing of me, fit to share your amusement, but unworthy of your grief!

When two complaining spirits mingle,
Saintly and calm their woes become.
Alas the Grief, that bideth single,
    Whose heart is drear, whose lips are dumb!

My drooping lily, when the tears
    Of morning bow thy tender head,
Oh scatter them, and have no fears;
    They kill sometimes, if cherished.

Dear girl, the precious gift you gave
    Was of yourself, entire and free.

Why front alone Life's gloomy wave,
    And fling the brilliant foam to me?

Am I the lover of thy mirth—
    A trifling thing of sunny days—
A soul forbid, for want of worth,
    To tread with thee th' unpleasant ways?

No—trust me, love; if I delight
    To mark thy brightening hour of pleasure,
To deepeyed Passion's watchful sight
    Thy sadness is a costlier treasure.

But if I run on thus in prose & rhyme, I shall have you fancy I wish you unhappy, that I may have the luxury of sympathising with you, and supporting you. I remember indeed, when a child I used to entrap flies into water for the pleasure of taking them out again—a process, seldom so satisfactorily completed, but two or three of them perished by the way. Nevertheless, Emily, you need not fear; only just try me: get splendidly well, and cheerful, and you shall see how happy it will make me. Only remember how I love you at all times, in all moods, whatever pleases, whatever pains you; remember that I too have trodden the deep places of existence, and in those "valleys of the shadow of death" have learned some lessons that may do good to the soul of my beloved; remember that the bliss, for which we hope as Christians, takes its perennial complexion from sorrows upon earth, and they who have shared the one in love will surely be one for ever.

I am now writing in front of just such a placid, magnificent sea-view, as I fancied for you when I last wrote. The water is no longer blue—for it is evening, and the dim, white lights are abroad, and the
indistinct shadows. But there is a perfect calm; the waves break along
the shore with impulses so little varied, that the "slumber of delight"
in which they lull my senses would be likely, were I not writing to
you, to lapse into more substantial sleep. A small boat, slowly
impelled by the force of a single rower, is the only moving thing in
sight, and I could fancy it some marine animal, come up for a while to
take his pastime, and stir his fishy blood, on the unincumbered
surface of his native element. Beneath the window is a long, irregular
slope of shingles, spread here & there with nets & fishing tackle, and
occupied in part with light pleasureboats, ready to be floated by the
returning tide. Far to the right I discern the bold promontory of
Beechy Head, sweeping the waters into a sort of bay, and continued
on both sides in a line of low cliffs, beneath part of which this town is
situated. I arrived here yesterday, and shall probably remain about
two months. I shall not, I think, dislike the place; it is solitary, at least
to me, for I know not a soul here but my own family: and since fate
denies me to be in the only place I desire, the next best thing, after the
wide interval, is some spot like this, where there is neither bustle, nor
gaiety, but Nature, and a sea [shor]e, and easy room for thought.
Apropos, have you not an aunt living here? That aunt Russel, whom
Alfred used to be so fond of? Let me know this, when you write next;
and let not that "next" be long delayed. It will bring me tidings, I
hope, of your Grandfather's consent to the Cheltenham plan. Alas!
change of place will bring you no nearer to me; whatever place you
make a Paradise by dwelling there, for me the flaming brand waves
round it, and limits me to the wilderness of earth! Adio, carissima—
amami sempre, come ti amo, e mai non scordati, ch'io sono

Il tuo fidele,
Il tuo amante

Arturo.  

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby /
Lincolnshire.
P/M 12 July 1831

[435]
1. Residence of Emily Tennyson's paternal aunt, Mary Bourne.

2. Apparently these are Emily's phrases.

3. Published as "A Lover's Reproof" (probably Henry Hallam's title) in Remains; see Writings, pp. 102-3.


5. Spenser, The Faerie Queene, 3. proem. 4. 9: "My senses lulled are in a slumber of delight."

6. Elizabeth Russell (1776-ca. 1866) was the widow of Major Matthew Russell (d. 1822), M.P. for Saltash 1802-22, and one of the wealthiest commoners in England. Elizabeth Russell was probably AT's favorite relative, though other members of her immediate family were closely allied with the Tennyson D'Eyncourts (CT, pp. 19-22; Rader, p. 91); she helped finance his education (see Shannon, "AT's Admission to Cambridge") and provided other members of the Somersby family with financial assistance. See CT, pp. 6-7, 28-30, and references in Background and Tennyson. Matthew Russell inherited Brancepeth Castle in Durham from his father and rebuilt it at a cost of £ 250,000; his widow lived there most of her life.

7. See letter 109 n. 1.

8. "Goodbye, dearest one, love me always as I love you, and never forget that I am your faithful, your love Arthur."
TO EDWARD MOXON

6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Friday [15 July 1831].

My dear Sir,

I hear you are become the publisher of The Englishman's Magazine, which gives me great pleasure, as there is now some chance that a creditable magazine will be at length be established. Since the old times of the London—the golden age of Elia, De Quincy, and a few more—there has really been no literary periodical of any excellence. My friend, Milnes, writes me word, that you are anxious to procure something from the pen of Alfred Tennyson for the ensuing number. I will write to him immediately on the subject and I do not doubt he will contribute to your publication, although I know the periodical mode of writing is no favorite with him, and he has refused some of the old stagers. Meantime I send you a Sonnet of his, which I have by me, and which pleases me much, both as a curious metrical experiment, and a piece of rich poetic feeling.

Check every outflash, every ruder sally
Of thought and speech; speak low, and give up wholly
Thy spirit to mildminded Melancholy;
This is the place. Thro' yonder poplar alley
Below the bluegreen river windeth slowly,
But in the middle of the sombre valley
The crisped waters whisper musically,
And all the haunted place is dark and holy.
The nightingale with long and low preamble
Warbled from yonder knoll of solemn larches,
And in and out the woodbine's flowery arches
The summer midges wove their wanton gambol,
And all the whitestemmed pinewood slept above—
When in this valley first I told my love.
Should you have room either in this number, or the next, to admit an article of mine on Tennyson’s Poetry, I shall have great pleasure in writing it for you. I wish particularly to know, whether you have the Magazine now in your sole direction, who the writers are who contribute to it, and whether it is pledged to any particular line of literary opinion. In politics, if I may judge from the hasty glance I once took of a number, it has hitherto been strongly Reforming—the Bill, the whole Bill, and something more than the Bill—will this creed continue to be professed under the new auspices? It was in contemplation, I know, among some friends of mine to set on foot a periodical, with the double purpose of maintaining Conservative principles in politics, and those of the New Poetical School in literature. How far will the Englishman’s Magazine coincide with their views? Perhaps you will have the kindness to write me a line in answer to these queries; and believe me, My dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

Arthur H Hallam.

P. S. I will fill up this page with a trifle of my own composition, which you may publish, if you think it worth.

I see her now, an elfin shape,
That makes the air seem full of light,
And brings in thoughts of pleasant might
About fair serpent forms, that leap
Among the flowers in warm Brasil,
And how at every move we feel
There is new beauty, and a birth
Of something glorious to the earth.

Her face is almost given to smiles,
Almost given up to happy laughter,
But look ye near, and mark the whiles
An underglance outstealing after;
The sweetest glance I ever saw;
Yet terrible for the inward law
Which it reveals, the maiden power,
The thoughts that breathe a pure heart-air,
Nor ever shall in any hour
Forth to the garish daylight fare.
    Her voice, whose flowing tones I deem
A language for her sympathies,
A symbol for her mysteries,
Which words could never be or seem,
That voice is sounding now in gladness,
And if a rarer accent say
An earnest and a gentle sadness
Freshens the spirit's life alway,
That deepens still the simple charm,
And blesses all who hear from harm.
    I may not hear; no influence
Is breathed from her to bless my sense;
I sit and think of her alone:
Yet by the sacred stars I swear
I would not one so very fair
And gentle on this eve should own
A single pining thought of me.
Oh be she joyous—and the full
Orb of her soul, so perfect free,
All glory in the world shall dull!
So be it; I will think of her
As going forth a conqueror,
And of her voice, her smile, her motion,
As something for a bard's devotion.
No sigh, no treacherous tear shall say
I grieve that I am far away,
And others see her glad today!

Addressed to E. Moxon Esq. / 64 New Bond St. / London.
P/M 15 July 1831

[439]
1. The Englishman's Magazine was published by Hurst, Chance, and Co. from April through July; by Moxon (who may have edited all issues) from August through October 1831. See Harold G. Merriam, Edward Moxon: Publisher of Poets (New York: Columbia University Press, 1939), pp. 30-35.

2. The first series of Lamb's Essays of Elia (1820-23) appeared in the London Magazine (1820-29), a rival of Blackwood's, which also published works by Thomas DeQuincey (1785-1859) and Hazlitt.

3. On 3 August 1831, AT reluctantly responded to Brookfield's request for a contribution to the Yorkshire Literary Annual: "Now, how have you the conscience to ask me to annualize for Yorkshire. Have I not forsworn all annuals provincial or metropolitan. I have been so beGemmed and beAmuletted and be-forget-me-not-ed that I have given all these things up. . . Shall I forswear myself because you can make punch? or stain my clear integrity in the sweet face of Heaven for a squeeze of lemons? No—by St Anne—No. I would not do it for Tennant—no—not for Hallam. Yet peradventure for thee, William Henry, I might be brought to do it. But prithee ask me no more, for tho' 'You have indeed wrung from me my slow leave' 'tis chiefly because in the aforesaid annual I expect thy pleasant company which alone is sufficient to compensate for the lack of novelty on the way."

4. See letter 107 n. 4.


6. In addition to those by AHH and AT, the August issue included contributions by Lamb, Hunt, Thomas Hood, Caroline Norton, Thomas Pringle, John Clare, James Sheridan Knowles, William Scargill, and William Motherwell; other contributors included Mary Russell Mitford, Tom Moore, John Forster, and William Kennedy. The title page of the issue proclaimed: "In politics the Englishman will, as heretofore, pronounce upon the merits of a measure, regardless of the quarter from which it emanates;—in Literature it will judge of the worth of a book uninfluenced by the name of the publisher, or the connexions of the author; in both it will be the first to propound and advocate substantial principles of Reform."


Hastings, July 15th. 1831.

I write in some haste. Moxon who has some sparks of poetry in his composition has got into his possession the Englishman's Magazine, a periodical of last year's growth. He wants to start with a flash number if possible; and has already pressed Wordsworth, Southey, and Charles Lamb into his service, but he is especially anxious to have something of yours. I very much wish you to comply with this request. Send the "Two Maidens" or "Rosalind" or something of that calibre or if you will, commission me to get the Southern Mariana from Spedding which will save you all trouble. If you choose I have no doubt that you can become a permanent contributor on terms; and why should you disdain a mode of publication which Schiller and Goethe chose for their <own publications> best compositions. It will not interfere with your collecting the pieces hereafter into a volume. You have no reason to be ashamed of your company and if a friendly name pleases you more than a famous one, I shall be along with you, at least if Moxon thinks me worthy of admission. Suggest the state of things to Charles and Frederic; one or both of them may be tempted to proffer their assistance. Only we want the answer directly because July is passing rapidly to the tomb of all Julys.

Hastings is a dull place; but the sea is δίος³ to a point. I have been listening to the larks upon the cliffs all day. I got Patronage to read; it does not answer my expectation. I recommend "Destiny" by the Inheritance woman which I have read & like.⁴

Adieu. A pretty arrear of letters is owing from various members of your family to

AHH.
1. See letter 112. Both Wordsworth and Southey declined Moxon's request for contributions.

2. "Two Maidens" was apparently AT's original title for "The Sisters"; all three poems were published in 1832 (see Ricks, pp. 398-99, 438-40).

3. "Wonderful, divine" (see Iliad 1. 141).

4. Patronage (1814) by Maria Edgeworth (1767-1849). Susan Edmonstone Ferrier (1782-1854) wrote Marriage (1818), The Inheritance (1824)—upon which AT's "Lady Clare" (Ricks, pp. 638-40) is based—and Destiny (1831), novels dealing with Scottish life.
My dear Milnes,

I am more busy than Dr. Watts's bee, and although "lo spirto è pronto" to write to you, "la carne è stanca"—so you must be content for the present with short sweetness, and "the soul of wit." I am much obliged to you for letting me know about Moxon. I wrote to him directly, thinking it well to secure this station for the wise & good, when they may wish to shoot their arrows into the dark. His reply is very civil, and I fancy it may not be impossible to revive some of the Athenaeum glories in the pages of the Englishman. The fine end of the wedge, you know, first—e poi! I had nothing of Alfred's by me, except that Sonnet I shewed you; this I sent, and Moxon seems charmed, and will print it instantly. I expect to be scolded for this when Ό ποίητη? comes to know it; and in fact, it is a sad breach of trust, for I don't think he cares a straw for the Sonnet, and he is terribly fastidious about publication, as you know. Pray find some salvo for my conscience in your convenient system of Ethics. A few terms of Art—blue pills we might call them, were a lady in the case, but the joke halts at present—are easily swallowed, and it is wonderful how they assist digestion! I intend to sport some criticism on Alfred in this number, or the next. I find it harder than I had imagined, and shall perhaps not do the thing after all so well as the translator of the Magyars, with his "cotton mill" and his "pineal gland"! If you have any lights on the subject, that are not absolute darkness, I shall be obliged for a speedy transmission of the same; unless indeed you prefer writing an indignant letter to the Editor, and arraigning all my principles of judgement. I am not sure that a clever attack by a friend might not do Alfred good. Is your poem on "the wisdom of our ancestors," which you prefer calling "the Eld," about to exercise the wit of learned, and the patience of courteous readers? Or have you
thought better of it, and transferred that ingenious string of erudite fancies to [an] appropriate place in your forthcoming pamphlet on the Beer Bill? Pardon me, my dear Milnes—"to scoff is human, to forgive divine!" I was much pleased with your behavior towards me in London, for you had some right to complain, and yet you had tact enough, and good temper enough to take the proper course. I am sorry I ever acted towards you with caprice; at the time I had reasons which seemed to justify my conduct, but I intend to forget them, or to apply them differently. Pray have you been to Coleridge? What a trio! You, the Bramin, and old Satyrane! What a hash of "shocking bad" opinions you will have served up—with sauce à la monologue from the old Gourmand, who was "fed with honeydew," & drunk the milk of Paradise!9 Apropos of Paradise and sauce, what think you of defending St. Simon and his Parisian apostles in Moxon against Southey's Quarterly assault?10 I will not insult you by doubting whether you have yet made St. Simonism compatible with all your other nonsense. Adieu.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to R. M. Milnes Esq. / Hon. Lady Smith's / 144 Piccadilly / London.
P/M 18 July 1831

1. See Isaac Watts, Divine Songs for Children, 20. Against Idleness and Mischief: "How doth the little busy bee / Improve each shining hour"; AHH’s Italian version of Matthew 26:41 ("The spirit indeed is willing . . . the flesh is weak) should read "spirito."
2. See letter 112 for subsequent references.
3. "What next!"
4. "The poet."
5. See letter 97 n. 2. Fox's review began by asserting that poetry was no exception to the great law of progress: "The machinery of a poem is not less susceptible of
improvement than the machinery of a cotton-mill”; and later he complimented AT on his ability to enter into a mind as readily as a landscape: "he climbs the pineal gland as if it were a hill in the centre of the scene."


7. As D, 1:579 n. 7 notes: “Under 'the duke of Wellington's act,' any ratepayer who gave sureties could, between 1830 and 1869, sell beer without a justices' license.” See also Pope, "Essay on Criticism," line 525.

8. Apparently in late June (see account of AHH’s activities in letter 123) after Milnes’s return from Europe in May 1831; according to Wemyss Reid (1:109), they visited Edward Irving's church to hear the manifestation of "tongues." But their friendship had been strained earlier, as Monteith's 11 February 1831 letter to Milnes makes clear: "Hallam though very variable and certainly at one time in my opinion very unjust towards you has recovered his amiability of late. He is not so dissatisfied with himself, not so morbid as he used to be and therefore more in possession of his naturally exuberant loving kindness towards others" (Houghton papers).


10. Quarterly Review 45 (July 1831): 407-50. Claude Henri de Rouvroy, comte de Saint-Simon (1760-1825), French philosopher, was considered the founder of French socialism; his disciples sought support in England in 1831-32, and for a time attracted the attention of the Apostles.
I have been expecting for some days an answer to my letter about Moxon; but I shall not delay any longer my reply to your last, and before this is sent off yours may come. I, whose imagination is to yours as Pisgah to Canaan, the point of distant prospect to the place of actual possession, am not without some knowledge and experience of your passion for the past. To this community of feeling between us, I probably owe your inestimable friendship, and the blessed hope, which you have been the indirect occasion of awakening. But what with you is universal and all powerful, absorbing your whole existence, communicating to you that energy which is so glorious, in me is checked and counteracted by many other impulses, tending to deaden the influence of the senses which were already less vivacious by nature. When I say the senses, I mean those employed in the processes of imagination, viz. sight and hearing. You say pathetically, "Alas for me! I have more of the Beautiful than the Good!" Remember to your comfort that God has given you to see the difference. Many a poet has gone on blindly in his artist pride, but you have been brought to see.

I am very glad you have been reading Erskine. No books have done me so much good as his, and I always thought you would like them if they came in your way. His doctrines may not be the truth, but they may contain it still, and this is my own view of the case. You perhaps will be angry when I tell you that I sent your sonnet about the "Sombre Valley" to Moxon, who is charmed with it, and has printed it off. I confess this is a breach of trust on my part, but I hope for your forgiveness. I do not know yet whether my article was too late for the August number, but I will take care that you shall have it sent to you, which indeed Moxon would be likely to do of his own head.

AHH.
1. Letter 113.
3. See AHH's Englishman's Magazine review, p. 618: "We do not deny that it is, on other accounts, dangerous for frail humanity to linger with fond attachment in the vicinity of sense. Minds of this description are especially liable to moral temptations, and upon them, more than any, it is incumbent to remember that their mission as men, which they share with all their fellow-beings, is of infinitely higher interest than their mission as artists, which they possess by rare and exclusive privilege. But it is obvious that, critically speaking, such temptations are of slight moment. Not the gross and evident passions of our nature, but the elevated and less separable desires are the dangerous enemies which misguide the poetic spirit in its attempts at self-cultivation. That delicate sense of fitness, which grows with the growth of artist feelings, and strengthens with their strength, until it acquires a celerity and weight of decision hardly inferior to the correspondent judgments of conscience, is weakened by every indulgence of heterogeneous aspirations, however pure they may be, however lofty, however suitable to human nature."
4. Thomas Erskine (1788-1870), Scottish advocate and theologian, who espoused the doctrine of universal atonement, argued that belief should be founded on the testimony of conscience, rather than miracles; his works include Remarks on the Internal Evidence for the Truth of Revealed Religion (1820), An Essay on Faith (1822), and The Brazen Serpent: or Life Coming through Death (1831). A copy of Erskine's The Unconditional Freeness of the Gospel (1828), inscribed "Emily Tennyson from her ever affectionate Arthur Hallam. April 2. 1832," is at Yale.
5. See letter 112 and letter 114 n. 4.
6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Wednesday [27 July 1831].

Hδιστε, και φιλοσοφωτατε, ¹

I have now been a fortnight at Hastings, and never till this fortnight did I feel the bitter truth of that line in Oriana "Winds were blowing, waters flowing." ² Here there is nothing but wind and water; they talk to each other all day, and at such an illbred pitch of voice, that one cannot get in a word. The weather has been cold, damp, blustering, uncertain; yet this is far from an exhaustive definition; it falls far short of my feelings: indeed there is always a je ne sais quoi, which defies expression, in things which we vehemently hate, just as there is allowed to be in those we ardently love. I will be candid however, and own that the disagreeable complexion of things has been partly borrowed from the disordered state of my bodily system. A fit of bile might make the bay of Naples look yellow; cholera ³ would render insupportable even the vale of Cashmere, or the gardens of Shiraz. So, to compare small things with great, my glandular arrangement chusing to become disturbed, and keeping me in daily apprehension of ulcerated throat, and such general exhaustion, as might serve the purpose of dressing me for the maw of Cholera, has very naturally made me dislike a place, where one is never sure for two moments together, whether one is to be wet through, or blown through, or scorched through, and where a huge cliff at one's back forces a set of brutal Sow-Westers (a piggish sort of wind, as the name indicates) to spend their final fury on the exact point, which one inhabits. What wonder if I have been ready to exclaim in the pathetic words of the devil "What can be worse, Than to dwell here!" ⁴ And now, having said my say of abuse, I will confess the last two days to have been delightful; such a sun by day, and such a moon by night, and the waters widely calm & blue, and the breezes balmy with summer! May the luck last—and perhaps I will recant, and say sweet things of Hastings, which after all has its latent merits, and can never be
considered the most odious place in England so long as St. Leonards is standing. Was there ever such a melancholy exemplification of supply outrunning demand? Talk of the temples at Paestum—talk of the desolate city in the Arabian Nights—they are not to be named in the same day with the utter cheerlessness, the distressing "Come, take me" look of the arcade at St. Leonards. I wonder those columns don't slink into the sea some night by way of suicide! As soon as I came here, I subscribed to a circulating library—the worst in the place, but the nearest, & the cheapest—besides the other people looked so insolent—I go there every evening to read the papers, an occupation which is shared by an old man, apparently indigenous, who is very oracular on foreign politics, and thinks the King of Holland a great fool for refusing the preliminaries. The novels are mostly of that description, which is beyond the endurance of my most tolerant moods—other books there are none. Did you ever read Miss Edgeworth's novels? If not, take my advice, and never do. I am summoning up courage to undertake Clarissa; in which case I must increase my allowance of cigars to four per diem. Your true Havannah is an excellent conductor to the more vivid flashes, that pass from "the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound." My general occupations have been of a more grave character: I have read a great deal of Justinian, who is infinitely more entertaining than Miss Edgeworth (N. B. I read them at the same time, so I ought to know), and I have been writing a review of Alfred's poems in the forthcoming number of the Englishman's Magazine, an affair of my acquaintance Mr. Moxon, who I hope will succeed with it. "Any assistance," he says, "which I or any of my friends can give will be duly appreciated": let Blakesley know about it; he might like to contribute, but the politics of the Mag. I grieve to say are Billy, so conservative principles cannot be openly maintained. Perhaps my article may not be in time for the August number: nevertheless there will be a sonnet of Alfred, and sundries by Lamb, Wordsworth & Southey—ergo you ought to buy it, and recommend the publication to the charitable opinion of all who are worthy to have an opinion. I saw your card on my table the day before I left London, and your kind wish upon it—Immo tecum damnari, oh bone, quam Stumpforum, et Tigridum, et Snoborum incolumitate frui, vehementer mallem. Vale—et rescribas aut tu, aut frater optimus.
P/M 28 July 1831

1. "My dear and learned friend."
2. Line 14.
3. Cholera spread from Asia to Europe in 1830-31, apparently as a result of warfare in Eastern Europe; it was especially epidemic in France. The first cases appeared in the north of England toward the end of 1831.
5. A resort near Hastings.
6. See letter 93 n. 9.
7. See letter 113 n. 4.
9. See letter 110 n. 4. On 7 August 1831, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that he had just heard from AHH: "he is reading law at Hastings, and says 'it interests him not a little,' which I am surprised to hear" (B.L.).
10. See letter 112. James Spedding's "Romeo in Shakespeare versus Romeo in Covent Garden. By an Inexperienced Playgoer" (criticizing the adaptation in which Fanny Kemble performed) and Trench's "On the Assumption of the Virgin, by Murillo" appeared in the October 1831 issue of the *Englishman's Magazine* (2:165-75). In his 1 April 1832 letter to Donne, Spedding recounted the history of his contribution: "There was a certain Englishman's Magazine in which Hallam and other friends of mine took an interest, and which, claiming as it did to be a literary reformer, did thereby claim the interest and support of all good and wise men. This opportunity of troubling the community with my sentiments on any subject happened to coincide with certain conceptions of exceeding disgust at the modern drama, which I conceived in the last long vacation, when I was in London, left much to myself, and went now and then to see a play, and always came away with a headache (an infallible sign of badness as a work of art). The modern Romeo and Juliet was a good subject to fire off upon, and accordingly I began the article of which that I now send you forms the second part. I intended to have written only two or three pages; but the exposition of my views of the spirit and purpose of dramatic art swelled into a goodly article by itself, which was received and acknowledged by the Editor, who thanked me duly by return of Post, and made use of it in his October
number. Unfortunately, however, my Article possessed every quality of greatness in such a degree that the *Englishman's Magazine* died in the effort of giving it birth” (Miss Johnson).

11. See letter 113 n. 1.

12. “I should greatly prefer to be damned with you, good fellow, than to enjoy safety with the Stumpfs, and Tigers, and Snobs. Farewell—may either you or your excellent brother write me.”
117. TO RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES

MS: Trinity

[Hastings.] Saturday [31 July 1831].

Your letter, my dear Milnes, excited much wonder, and trepidation, in the breasts of those worthy members of the family circle, who happened to be assembled at breakfast, when it arrived. Nothing had occurred so mysterious since the adventures of Major Felix: our imaginations immediately beheld you invested with the usual attributes of delegated devilry; one person declared you strikingly resembled a hideous woodcut of Asmodeus in an old edition of the Diable Boiteux; another remembered you had always kept one foot studiously under the table; while a third screamed with terror, & protested she saw you grinning in the tea urn. For my own part, after carefully balancing in my mind the different probabilities of your having acquired a smattering of White Magic during your residence among the Magnetisers of our Mothercountry, or having put into instant practice the apostolic directions, which we received from Irving, or having written to your old friend Mlle. le Normand, the rationalist propensities of my disposition inclined me to take up with the quiet conviction, that you had seen some person not quite so unacquainted with 6 Breed's Place as I doubt not you personally are. And now I will in my turn exercise a little divination; I will lay you 3 to 1 in anything you like, sonnets, puns, or shillings, that your informant was a woman. What animal of our gross, clumsyminded sex would have perceived, or regarded those delicate peculiarities of No. 6, which your letter so exquisitely represents? What are the china foottubs to a man? What the mossroses on the glass of the sidendoor? What the steepness and twist of the stairs? Whoever the individual was, both she and you deserve infinite credit, for every syllable of your description tallies perfectly. Basta. I hope you got my note about Tennant; I have written to him since, and received no answer, at which I am uneasy, and shall be particularly obliged to you to let me know the apparent state of his health & spirits, and, if possible, as I
mentioned before, to ascertain whether he seems to have taken any
offence from anything I may have said or done. It is Tennant’s
misfortune that with a soul yearning for sympathy, and capable of
feeling and glorifying the tenderest, and the most exalted passions
of which our nature is susceptible, he should be perpetually defeating
his own end by the *pugnacity* of his intellect, and the captiousness of
his wilful humours. The essential parts of him are worthy of all
honour, admiration, and affectionate regard; yet the causes I have
mentioned often make his conversation unpleasant, and give one a
sensation like that of sitting near a hedgehog. You affect to be a
conoscente in friendship; what an amazing difference it makes, do you
not think so, in one man’s feelings towards another, when, other
things being equal, he can like his faults, and looks on some degree of
them, or at least the dispositions from which they spring, as necessary
to make up the simple object of his love? This reflection brings me
naturally to what you are pleased to say about “the serious part” of
my letter. There is in your remarks on this subject, as in everything
you say and do, a curious and not unpleasing mixture of good sense
and rhodomontade. I thank you for what you say of my conversation,
and I can return the compliment with very great sincerity. When you
speak of “other more intimate relations being broken,” you seem to
labour under an illusion which I think it due to myself to endeavor to
dispel, especially as your tone seems intended to convey reproach. I
am not aware, my dear Milnes, that, in that lofty sense which you are
accustomed to attach to the name of Friendship, we ever were, or ever
could be friends. What is more to the purpose, I never fancied that we
could, nor intended to make you fancy it. That exalted sentiment I do
not ridicule—God forbid—nor consider as merely ideal: I have
experienced it, and it thrills within me now—but not—pardon me, my
dear Milnes, for speaking frankly—not for you. But the shades of
sympathy are innumerable, and wretched indeed would be the
condition of man, if sunshine never fell upon him save from the
unclouded skies of a tropical summer. I am aware of no reason, which
prevents any intimacy subsisting between us, that has existed: nor can
I fail to value highly an intercourse so refined and so agreeable,
founded upon mutual regard, and cemented by some similarity of
tastes, and common love of literature. Whether it may not be better
for you to take me on these terms, and to give up cheerfully the

[453]
theory to which you have been visibly labouring to accommodate me, and which depends on the pleasant postulate that Arthur Hallam was once an enthusiast, and worthy to be the Pythias of that new Damon, Richard Milnes, but that all of a sudden the said AH became a reprobate, and is now grovelling on some "Alcian field," afar from everything ideal, beautiful and true, and consequently from the aforesaid Richard, this I leave you to consider. This theory is really so ingenious, and so evidently the delight of its artificer, that I feel the same sort of compunction in rudely touching it, which always affects me towards the palaces of cake and jelly, which enjoy a season of brief beauty in second-courses, and suppers. Nevertheless their final cause is to be eaten; your theory is naught, and I am, whether you credit me or no,

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P. S. The Mag has just arrived. They have printed my article with such cursed negligence, that it will require all your Fancy to guess [the] right readings.

Addressed to R. M. Milnes Esq. / Cavenham / Mildenhall / Suffolk.
P/M 31 July 1831
6 Breed's Place. Hastings. Friday. August 5 [1831].

Whenever, dearest Emily, I happen to be so unfortunate as to write a word that seems to you unkind, consider me to have said something quite the reverse, for my meaning, you know, must have been opposite to all unkindness. I forget what I did say in my last; but whatever it was, if it wounded you, I deserve to die a million deaths; if I accused you in the least, you, who have been to me all that is good, and beautiful, and like yourself, I should be the most miserable of ingrates. Believe me, dearest (I know you do believe me, but there is a rich pleasure in often recalling our thoughts to that mutual faith on which our hearts repose), believe that I speak "nothing but in love of thee," and my reproachful words are but the fond exuberance of a tenderness, that reproaches not.

I am much concerned at your Grandfather's answer; I am afraid I shall hate that man; certainly I never thought to be so glad of any one's death, as I feel I should be of his. Is it possible he can think he is doing right, the monster! I wish with all my heart Charles had taken his degree, which might have conciliated your tyrant; but it is pitiable, and horrible, that my beloved Emily should depend on him at all. Oh that I were free—that I could rescue you even now from such cruel caprice, that I might bear with me my chosen bride to Cheltenham, or any other place in the wide world! But have you really no friend, with whom you could be content to go, among those who do not depend on that gouty creature? He has not all Lincolnshire under his thumb, I suppose; is there no Bourne, or Fytche, nothing framed with the affections of an uncle or aunt, with whom you might take this desirable journey? To go alone is of course quite out of the question. After all I hardly know what put it into Dr. Bousfield's head to recommend Cheltenham: as far as the waters are concerned, I believe they may be obtained just as well elsewhere, and I am not aware that the climate has any advantages. To be sure there are balls, and gay parties, and plenty of second rate smartness, and bustle;
but then you know nobody at Cheltenham, and would probably not
like the sort of thing, if you did. Query therefore—if change of scene
and society was what Dr. B. had in his intention, would not this be
possible at much less distance than Cheltenham, and consequently at
much less expense? In this manner the sum, which your Grandfather
chose to consider enough for you, on the supposition of Cheltenham,
might suffice for you, and another (say Alfred) at some other place.
But if you must needs remain at Somersby, for my sake, dearest, as
well as for your own, and that of the many beings whose hearts have
learned to vibrate with yours—few indeed in one sense, for Somersby
includes them all, but many in the thought of love, who rarely finds
such materials to work with as when he lingers by that sacred
fireside—for all our sakes be not overcome by despondency; let not
your feelings, fine and pure in their nature, injure and enfeeble
themselves by too much indulgence; give them freedom by restraint,
amination by partial extinction: converse more, read more, think
more upon subjects unconnected with yourself, or tending to raise
you into communion with noble and healthful thought. I am not
saying this as a cold and commonplace observer, who finds it easy and
thinks it fine to affect a sobriety that costs him nothing. I speak from
long and severe experience of those melancholy sentiments you
express. I have felt “the burthen of the mystery, the weight of all this
unintelligible world”; and while the similar tone of our souls in this
respect affords me a precious certainty of intimate union, I cannot
think without dread that you are exposed to the dangers through
which I have passed, nor unharmed alas! nor unhumbled. But put
your trust in God, Emily, and pray to him as He hath taught me to
pray, that you and I may love each other dearly, dearly, but Him above
all, and that whether we die or live, whether we are well or ill,
whether fortune oppresses or cheers us, we may hold to him with
unabated trust, and thankfulness, firm faith in the Cross, and firm
hope in the Kingdom.

Do you go on at all with your Italian? I imagine such an occupation
would be particularly useful to you, and I am sure, after a little pains
and study, particularly agreeable. To me nothing else in the world
resembles the delight I take in Italian literature. It stands alone in my
mind, a perpetual source of freshness. Perhaps however I owe this to
early associations, which you have not: perhaps German would lay
stronger hold on your imagination. But whatever pursuit you engage in, if at this accursed distance I can be of the slightest service or assistance to you, remember that, were a messenger at the door offering me the throne of Belgium, I would leave him unanswered until I should have answered any inquiry of yours on any subject.

You may console yourself for not having finished Patronage. Of course you cannot be in pain for Caroline's destiny: she is very comfortably married to that pattern of excellence, Count Altenberg. Rosamond's fate I altogether forget: she was the best of the two, I think. I have just been reading The Old Manor House, having a faint recollection that once when I asked Alfred if he had read it, he answered with a mysterious nod, "We were all brought up on that book!" In truth there is a sort of Somersby air about it; and I like it much. I have some thoughts now of beginning Clarissa: it is a shame to be an Englishman, and never to have read a word of Richardson. By the bye, do you know Bellini's music—il Pirata, la Somnambula &c. I am grown very fond of an air in the first, which my sister plays, "Tu vedrai la sventurata." I don't remember that you played it.

Conscience has been plaguing me lately for never mentioning Miss Tonge's name in my letters. Will you recall me to her kind remembrance, and assure her that I hope never to be excluded from it? Pray give my love to all the olivebranches. Your letters are delightful: I wish you would sketch all your acquaintance as charmingly as you have drawn the amusing old tabby at Skegness. Apropos, you are silent on a certain point, yet you mention Frederic: which way has the wind blown?

Adieu my love. I am ever your own faithful

Arthur Hallam.

1. See The Tempest, 1. 2. 16: "I have done nothing but in care of thee."
2. See letter 109 n. 1. On 26 February 1831, Merivale wrote to Frere that "Charles Tennyson has put off his degree, upon which he says all his property depends, until next term" (Merivale, p. 113); see also letter 101 n. 1.
3. Dr. Bousfield was the Tennyson family's physician and had treated Dr. Tennyson in his last illness.
5. See letter 93 n. 9.
6. See letter 113 n. 4.
7. The Old Manor House (1793) by Charlotte Smith (1749-1806), poetess and novelist.
8. The operas of Vicenzo Bellini (1801-35) included Il Pirata (1827) and La Sonnambula (1831); the aria from act two ("You will see the unfortunate woman") was arranged for piano.
9. See letter 90 n. 8.
10. Several families in the district maintained a guest house at this seaside resort in Lincolnshire.
11. See letter 110 n. 6.
My dear Merivale,

I have just heard of your return, and I write to congratulate you that neither the disciplined ardors of the Dutch, nor the interesting ponies of the Belgians have been allowed to endanger prematurely the plump thread of your existence. The articles in the Independent, the Belge and such papers are worth framing & glazing, that one may always know how to make the best of a bad business. "No, the army of the Meuse is not defeated!" (a lie of imperial dimensions to start with). "A few cowards must there always be in the bravest of armies!" (how philosophical!). "With the best soldiers it has sometimes happened that, seeing cowards run, an unaccountable panic seizes them, and—and—they run too" (what insight into human nature, & what noble candor!). "Therefore the army of the Meuse has not been defeated!" (Irresistible logic, of a piece with the valor it defends!). Oh heroes of September, so wise & brave, what a pity you have got a licking from the Dutchman, but if to such profound reasoners I might be allowed to suggest an argument, when in future any ignorant man takes upon him to twit you about the army of the Meuse, make your principles a shield for your practice, & say boldly, "We leave it, Sir, to fools of the Juste Milieu to stand their ground in battle: we are of the Movement, & we run: 'la revolution marche partout' except into the contaminating presence of illprincipled men with muskets in their hands."

I shall be very glad, my dear Merivale, to hear again from you, with more ample particulars of your travels, & the adjacent politics. Meantime perhaps I may venture to ask you to take a little trouble for me in London, or rather for Alfred Tennyson, who according to custom has devolved his business on me. You may possibly have heard that a bookseller hight Moxon publishes a Magazine called the
Englishman’s. Further it may have come to your knowledge that in No. 5 of that publication appeared a sonnet of Tennyson’s, & a review of his book written by your humble servant, but so execrably printed, that every line contains an error, & these not always palpable. But this is parenthetical, a little by play of author vanity. What I have to say is this—Alfred, not intending to go into the Church, as the grandfather who has “patria potestas” over him wishes and not having yet brought himself to cobble shoes for his livelihood, is desirous of putting his wits to profit, & begins to think himself a fool for kindly complying with the daily requests of Annuals without getting anything in return. Now the aforesaid Moxon is a very good sort of fellow, and knows what’s what in poetry, which you know “is as high as Metaphysic wit can fly” and wishes Alfred to send him [poems] for his Mag. The matter I entrust to you then is this; to call upon Mr. Moxon, 64 New Bond Str., introducing yourself under shelter of my name and Alfred’s, and to pop the question to him, “What do you pay your contributors? What will you pay Alfred Tennyson for monthly contributions?” Also, while your hand is in, to ask whether if Alfred was to get a new volume, ready to be published next season, Moxon would give him anything for the copyright, & if anything, what. You might dexterously throw in, that I have a promise that any article I might write should be admitted either into Edinburgh or Quarterly, & that I could therefore vouch for the books being reviewed in one, or both. Nevertheless I know the trade is at present in a most ticklish situation, & I suspect Moxon will fight shy: but I should be obliged to you, if you will make the attempt, & write me word of the result in the course of next week, for I shall leave Hastings the week after, in what direction I do not yet know. While I am in a requesting mood, I may as well mention that Tennant is in a very gloomy way, & I fear exposed to great chances of penury; if you should happen to hear of a private Tutor’s situation, that you think might suit him, & if you have no prior candidate, I hope you will remember him.

Charles Tennyson seems by his letters to be in high force: Frederic is in considerable danger of matrimony; Alfred in better spirits, I guess, than usual, & apparently not idle, but I have seen no fruits. I am as busy as I ever was in my life, writing, reading, learning,
thinking, smoking, [. . .] but spare of exercise and talk. These [last] don't do, for summer: they destroy all cool[ness:] cucumbers never talk or walk. Pray let me know how John Frere is; he was very ill, poor fellow, when I was in London, & though better when I left it still not able to see me. Adieu. Keep thyself fat through the heats, & believe me

Very faithfully thine,

A H Hallam.

1. Charles Merivale (1808-93), who matriculated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1826 (B.A., fourth Classic, 1830), was elected to the Apostles before 1830 and won the Browne medal in 1829. Merivale was dean of Ely 1869-93, and published historical writings, sermons, lectures, and Latin poems.

2. Merivale had been in Europe from June to August 1831; on 29 September 1831, he wrote to Christopher Wordsworth: "The fact appears simply to be that the Dutch moved eighty thousand men into Belgium; which were opposed by an effective force of some twenty-five thousand regulars, and a cloud of burgher guards without arms or officers. Besides the Dutch were half Prussians, which was not fair. I will not allow that the Belgians have had a fair trial . . . but now that they confess that les braves Belges does not mean brave, and give up their claim to the title collectively . . . there may be some hope of their regeneration" (Merivale, p. 126). See letter 93 n. 9.

3. See letter 112; letter 117 n. 5.

4. On 18 May 1831, AT's uncle Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] wrote to his father: "Alfred seems quite ready to go into the Church, although I think his mind is fixed on the idea of deriving his great distinction & greatest means from the exercise of his poetic talents" (LAO).

5. See letter 112 n. 3.


7. Added from Merivale text, p. 120.

8. Neither magazine reviewed AT's 1830 volume.

9. Tennant's poverty forced him constantly to search for a position. On 2 July 1832, Blakesley wrote to Donne: "Tennant is gone down to Edinburgh to canvass for the Professorship of English Literature in the High School at that place. I sincerely hope that he will get it for he is a man of no fortune and his chances of a fellowship are I suspect very small" (Miss Johnson). Tennant became a master at the London University school in 1833, which, as Blakesley wrote to Trench on 1 April 1833, "procures him the double advantage of increasing his disposable capital and diminishing his disposable time; the consequence of which is, that he is much less
disposed to pick holes in institutions or theories” (Trench, 1:136). On 5 August 1834, Henry Hallam wrote to Frederick Locker, recommending Tennant for a headmastership at a school beginning at Blackheath, as "one of my dear son's most intimate & valued friends" as well as "a good scholar" (Huntington); in this last position, Tennant became tutor of Horatio Tennyson.

10. See letter 118 n. 11.
Hastings. August 22nd. 1831

I am going with my father to Devon and Cornwall for a fortnight and then alone to Yorkshire. I once talked of meeting you at Hull but having rectified my geographical notions by a glance at the map I see that it is infinitely out of my beat. There is I believe a coach from Louth to Sheffield: let us meet there if convenient to you. To know your plan and artist's thoughts would be something. You and I are conversant about the same subjects, you as poet, I in the humbler station as critic; to converse together upon them will be all the better for my criticism and perhaps for your poetry. Several of the Apostolic Church Apostles send to congratulate me on my article. I am glad that they like it and much more glad that you express approbation.

AHH.

1. Evidently they met at Cheltenham (see letter 126).
2. See letter 122. AT resigned from the Apostles on 13 February 1830 after failing to fulfill the necessary requisite of reading an essay; he had written a few pages on "Ghosts" (published in Memoir, 1:497–98).
My dear Quiz,

I write to the Dublin Postoffice as thy Newry billet directs implicitly, since it gives no other direction. Ohone! Ullulullah! avourneen, so you have missed my letter to Cavenham in Norfolk—one of the most graceful patterns of epistolary composition, though I say it, that was ever read, or rather not read. In that letter, Sir, after complimenting the wizard power by which you were as well acquainted with my situation, as if you had been sitting on a broad-faced wave just opposite our palazzotto, I proceeded to make some observations on your halftwaddling, half sensible answer to what you called “the serious part” of my letter. I began by thanking you for the encomium you were pleased to pass on my conversation, assuring you that I could return the courtesy with a great deal of sincerity. I told you I agreed with your opinion that we never could be friends in the exalted sense you are accustomed to attach to the word: but that, if mutual regard & esteem, cemented by some similarity of tastes, and common love of literature, were sufficient to unite men in a feeling, stronger than that of ordinary acquaintance, I for my part saw no reason why such should not be our case. With this Cordelialike proffer I recommended you to be content; it was the worse for Lear, you remember, in the long run, that he quarrelled with his filial bread & butter. At the same time I protested against that arrière pensée of yours, as ingenious as unfounded, which makes you assume that because I have not towards you the more elevated & vehement species of attachment I am therefore incapable of it altogether, and by consequence, or rather by parity of reasoning, that my disinclination to a kind of phraseology, in which I used to indulge, is a proof of my having fallen away from all generous enthusiasm for the Good, the Beautiful, and the True. I added nothing to that protest, which I thought it due to my own conscience to make: it was beneath me, I
felt, to answer an insinuation by words, which my future life, and such of my thoughts as you may hereafter know, will, I trust in the mercy of God, effectually repel, not perhaps without some shame on the part of him who formed that hasty judgement. I shall not willingly touch upon this subject again; but before I leave it, I shall take the opportunity of thanking you from my heart for much in your conduct by which I have been pained at the time, but which I believe was meant well, and hit with just severity several of the follies and vices, which have been my torment & disgrace. Do not think I have been speaking in vanity and false security: to God alone be the glory that I am not grovelling far lower than your theory of your friend led you to suppose—to him alone, but to him! What is good in me is His property, and it were a false humility to deny the gifts which I feel.

I am glad to be able to answer your question about Monteith in what I suppose will be a satisfactory manner. I heard from the faithful couple some days ago. They were then at Genoa! had been at Florence!! and were to be in England the end of the month. I presume therefore you will find them at Carstairs about the middle of September. Towards that time I shall be at Thornes House, which I shall leave, I suppose, early in October. I hope you will make that treasurehouse of oddities a point in your hallucination—what other term can I find for such a zigzag course as you are taking? Do you mean to visit Cambridge in October?

My article in the Englishman seems to have pleased the communion of Apostles; certes, there < are > is a thing or two in it; but I was pressed for time, and many parts might have been better written—stop your laugh, persifleur; I mean, by me. It is full of the most horrid misprints, and the mischief is that some of them make sense, or at least nonsense which will be set to my account. I will never forgive you, if you do not detect them: and as soon as I see you by Jove I'll catechise you. I understand Moxon gives out he pays his prose contributors a guinea per page; I wish I saw the colour of his money, but I suppose he will stick to "It is not nominated in the bond." I leave Hastings in a day or two, going to Devon & Cornwall with my father. I have enjoyed this place much, for I have been much alone; and have thought, read & written not a little. Believe me,

Very faithfully yours,

AHH.

[465]
1. See letter 117.
2. See letter 114 n. 8.

3. In his 1 February 1830 letter to his mother, Milnes had written: "My two Scotch friends have just gone to [London] for a week—they are so innocent that I am afraid they must soon get spoilt—one of them has a horror of the theatre—& the other says 'he really does not like going to such a place alone'.' But Monteith's 10 February 1831 letter to Milnes expressed "the greatest desire to be made a poet of by crossing the Alps and to write sonnets by moonlight in the Colloseum and by dint of sword and pen regenerate Italy" (Houghton papers).

4. See letter 120 n. 2; letter 117 n. 5. Aubrey De Vere's reminiscence of their 1831 meeting in Ireland describes Milnes's contagious enthusiasm: "Milnes's portmanteau, amongst the many books with which it was crammed, had found room for a slender periodical—called, I think, The Englishman—containing Arthur Hallam's fearlessly appreciative critique on the first volume that bore on its title-page a name destined to become so widely known and gratefully honoured. We were soon on very intimate terms with Oriana, Mariana, Haroun al Raschid, the Persian Girl, and much good company besides" (Wemyss Reid, 1:117).

5. See letter 119.
My dear Spedding,

I am glad you are pleased with my article. I would sooner have the approbation of one such man, as I take you to be, than of a whole generation of fools. It is happy perhaps for me, that my mind is of a domestic cast, and does not extend the circle of its ambitious wishes much beyond the wellknown and friendly smiles of a few.¹ You treat what I have written better than it deserves: it was the hasty product of the evenings of one week: I had no time for revision, or that adding & subtracting work, by means of which Good Sense "θυγγόπτερ ἐων" follows up the "ἀθανατος ἵπποις" of Imagination. My article went up to its final audit with all its sins on its head, mortal as well as venial: "unhouseled and unanealed"² the poor child of my brain was hurled into the eternity of Print, which alas! is too often one of damnation. "Felix" yet, "heu nimium felix!"³ had not the imps, who managed that transit, impressed their blurring fingers on my tender and virgin page, hoping in the malice of their devilish natures to render me accountable for the mischiefs of their paws! I do not intend to make fight about the objections you very leniently allege. It is true I thought more of myself and the Truth, as I thought I perceived it, than of my probable readers.⁴ This, you will say, was selfish, because I ought to have done whatever would do most good to Alfred. It is no easy matter however for a man to stop himself when he gets into full swing, and begins to write con amore: in parts I endeavored, as you observe, to put myself in a Magazine humour, and the result was trash that you are very properly ashamed of, and so am I. I am inclined however to think that both you & your brother something overrate the abstruseness of my writing: "subjective," to be sure, & t'other thing, are pedantic, because I might have expressed the same otherwise; but the distinctions about various conditions of Feeling are not,
I think, very difficult to understand, to any one, I mean, who has ever thought about mental philosophy at all, & some such let us hope there are among the readers of the Englishman. "Complex Emotion," a phrase your brother jeers at, occurs in so common, so lady-like a book, as Alison on Taste; nor is it possible to analyse at all without employing words with a strictness that to the unpractised must seem strange. It is hardly true again that I have not given men "the objects of the love" I meant to excite; have I not extracted three wapping poems? Respecting the bluebell I still, with all deference, retain my opinion; nor will the fact of the conceit being borrowed from Fanny Kemble, or Trench, make it less objectionable in my eyes. Do you mean to contend that "ringing" does not refer to the second syllable of "bluebell?" Or will you have it that bluebells actually do ring to the mosses underneath, just as the bells of "human mortals" ring to our footmen underneath? I am not aware there is any peculiarity of sound attached to the collision of that particular flower with the airs of evening; and until such a fact has been established, I shall continue in my prosaic mind that a word which would not be the right one, except as suggesting a pun, had better not be used. You see I have kept my promise of not combating your objections about as well, that is as ill, as is customary with gentlemen who write in periodicals. I have left myself little room to rally you on the desponding tone of your letter, where you touch upon Hastings & Cumberland. It is with peculiar pain always that I hear persons, whom I esteem & regard, indulging themselves in expressions of grief, & disappointment, long familiar to myself. "Agnosco veteris vestigia labis." I can easily conceive many circumstances of your life must be irksome in the highest degree to your disposition: living, as Dr. Biber says, is no joke any way; yet it is better to desire to live with a contented mind, than to wish for a discontented death. To be happy is to have little dependence on what is without. The misanthrope, and the man who lives "Housed in a dream, at distance [from] the kind," are altogether dependent, with the [addit]ional misery that they know it not. The snail knows that to protrude his horns is to run the chance of being wounded: if we followed his example, and kept our horns, i.e. our desires, within our shell, we should be in a fair way for happiness. Some years hence I think you will find me preaching on a tub to a field congregation; at least the more I look at it the more I am convinced of the unchristian
life of the upper classes in this country, and the more I desire to come out of Babylon. When you write to James, thank him in my name for his last letter, which I fear I may not have time to answer before I leave this place. I hope he did not think me really angry with him—he must be a ninny, if he did, "a perfect child, dear brother Jem!" Adieu, & may you prosper, remembering me

Very faithfully yours,

AHH.

Addressed to Edward Spedding Esq. / Mirehouse / Keswick / Cumberland.
P/M 24 August 1831

1. In his 1 April 1832 letter to Donne, Spedding described AHH's review as "a splendid critique" (Miss Johnson).
2. "Being but mortal"; "immortal steeds"; see Iliad 16. 154.
3. Hamlet, 1. 5. 77-79.
4. "Happy . . . alas excessively happy" (see Aeneid 4. 657); see letter 121 n. 4.
5. On 10 September 1831, Spedding complained to Blakesley that "the worst of it is that it is not written for the vulgar. But it is dangerous to tell [AHH] so, for he immediately assails you with cunning sentences and most scoffing periods, proving that if you object to his expressions you are ignorant of the truth of metaphysics" (Blakesley MSS; property of Mrs. Chenevix-Trench).
6. At the conclusion of AHH's section on the historical transformation of poetry: "We have indeed seen it urged . . . that the diffusion of poetry must necessarily be in the direct ratio of the diffusion of machinery, because a highly civilized people must have new objects of interest, and thus a new field will be opened to description. But this notable argument forgets that against this objective amelioration may be set the decrease of subjective power, arising from a prevalence of social activity, and a continual absorption of the higher feelings into the palpable interests of ordinary life" (p. 620).
7. AHH had written that the roots of art are in "daily life and experience. Every bosom contains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathize with his state" (p. 618). Essay on the Nature and Principles of Taste (1790), actually a series of essays, was the principal work by Archibald Alison (1757-1839), Scottish clergyman and essayist.

9. AHH had objected to lines 34-35 of "Adeline" ("How the merry bluebell rings / To the mosses underneath?"): "The 'ringing bluebell' too, if it be not a pun, suggests one, and might probably be altered to advantage" (p. 628).

10. The respective locations of AHH and Edward Spedding.

11. Adapted from *Aeneid* 4. 23: "I recognize the vestiges of an old defect."


14. Wordsworth, "We are Seven" (first edition), line 1: "A simple child, dear brother Jim."
123. TO ROBERT ROBERTSON

TEXT: Edgar F. Shannon's transcript


My dear Robertson,

By a curious coincidence I received your letter from Florence, and one from your late fellow-travellers dated Genoa, on the same morning. I was of course very sorry to hear of the accident, which caused you to prolong your journey so unexpectedly. Pray do not another time write about a misfortune without satisfying one, at least, with the knowledge whether it is removed or not. You do not mention how your Mother now is. The brace of moorfowl you took under your experienced wing, seem to have been delighted both with the wonders of foreign parts, and the Scottish hospitality which they found at Villa Capponi. Their expressions of extasy, as is usual with the inexperienced, are so monotonous and confused that I can hardly make out what they have seen and done. You must indeed have had a sinecure in your office of Guardian. Well can I fancy the impetuous Monteith, his blood boiling at the sight of an Austrian Gendarme, insisting on your expressing, in some of the many languages "which will not come when he doth call them"? his indignation at all the oppressions that are done under the Sun—"Weel now Robertson mon, you must translate to him those lines "When Nero perished" etc." Or, on the delicate occasion for ordering a Restaurant dinner, the same Monteith, glibly pouring forth a subtle, elaborate and impassioned definition of a paté or a sauce, and cursing both you and the waiter, because your endeavours to make French of his distinctions were not immediately intelligible to the terrified garçon. Then when you arrived in a new City, off would go Garden, glass in hand, manœuvring away with that quick short busy body pace of his from one shop to another & from this church to that hotel de ville, expecting you to time your steps to his and to gratify his curiosity at every step. I am glad they have seen Italy; they are more worthy of it
than most who go! Yet I envy them a pleasure which old associations, and love for the language which nothing, I think, can quench in me, could have made me relish more keenly.

I will now give you a brief sketch of my proceedings, much more quiet than your own, and on a less splendid theatre; nevertheless to me not disagreeable. A few days after you left Cambridge, I went off also with Frederic Tennyson to Oxford, where I spent some days, and heard part of the musical festival which took place at their Grand Commemoration. From Oxford to London—where I remained more than a month, living like a hermit, I mean going little into society, but reading a great deal, and writing. Whenever I get out of the atmosphere of Cambridge, I seem to breathe freely; the use of my natural faculties returns to me; I can read, and I can think; it makes all the difference between fool and no fool. I am glad therefore, that my Academical time draws to a close. In London I heard Paganini, and Pasta, and I saw Taglioni. All three are wonderful; the first, to my unscientific sense, the least pleasing by far. A fiddle to me is but a fiddle, turn it how you will; what is it to me that he plays on one string, instead of five, if my ear does not distinguish the difference? But I forget—I write to an eminent violinist; I will no longer expose myself to your contempt, by depreciating one who must be the god of your idolatry. Pasta’s "Anna Bolena" is magnificent; the music did not strike me as very original or very pleasing, but the acting of that woman would redeem a harmony of cat-calls and Jews’ harps. Fanny Kemble is a person of genius; I delight in seeing and hearing her, but set her beside Pasta, and the difference between the mere poetic and lady-like conception, and real acting, becomes at once apparent. Taglioni is what everybody calls her, the most graceful thing imaginable. I say thing because a woman whose faculties are all absorbed into dance, and who lives merely for the corps du Ballet, cannot be called a person; she gives up all pretension to Soul. From London I came en famille to Hastings, at which place I now am, and have been ever since the middle of July. The country about us is pretty after the English fashion of beauty—no bad thing after all, Italians as we are. Then the sea—"never ending still beginning"—when will the Sea grow old? It numbers six thousand years already and not a wrinkle more now, than when the first man watched its calm with reverence or listened to its roar with dread! Garden would say this is not orthodox;
for the first man, according to his authority, lived a good way off the sea. But hang all cavils—the thought is a good thought. I have been very busy here too; but I begin to be tired a little of wind and water, and shall strike into a new course. I don't exactly know whither, but so that the middle of September may find me safely lodged at Gaskell's in Yorkshire. Early in October I shall probably be in London, where I suppose I may have a chance of finding you returned. Do you want public news? I can tell you no more than the newspapers. By them you will have heard that the stars in their courses have fought against the Bill. It is clear on the one hand that Lord Chando's amendment, coupled with the division of Counties, is a material alteration, and strongly aristocratic in its tendency. On the other side, it is evident that the popular excitement has diminished and the tone of the Press displays vacillation and discouragement in lieu of their former insolent confidence. The result, I fear, will be bad anyway. I look with distrust and aversion on both parties, the old possessors & the new aspirants. "License" both mean when they cry "Liberty!" The curse is settling fast upon England! The upper classes have long been corrupted; the lower have now received the infection. A revolution will at least bring retributive justice if not distribution. It will take signal vengeance on those pampered wretches who in the gentle, or the noble, forgot the man; those unjust stewards of divine favour who have ingeniously perverted to evil all those peculiar blessings which in His elected Land God had given them for good. Our petition was never presented; the Oxford one was: it had near 800 signatures. I know the man who drew it up: ours I think was better constructed; but our zeal, our activity was nothing compared to the Oxonians. You have been laughing I suppose over the braggart Belgians who made so good use of their heels. Their apologists say the Dutch Army was so well disciplined and that theirs was not, and besides was half made up of Prussians: this I believe was true. Have you seen the loss of the "Rothesay Castle" between Liverpool and Beaumaris! a Mr. Wilson on board was saved: his wife was drowned. Is that our friend? Remember me very kindly to all your family, and

Believe me
Very faithfully yours

A H Hallam.
1. See letter 121 n. 3.

2. 1 Henry IV, 3. 1. 55 (see letter 62 n. 6).


4. They arrived on 9 June 1831, and spent some time with Gladstone, Gaskell, and Pickering; the concerts (which undoubtedly attracted Frederick Tennyson) took place at the Sheldonian Theatre on 15–16 June, included music by Spohr and Handel, and featured Giuditta Pasta (1798–1865), Italian soprano, and Caradori (D, 1:363–64).

5. AHH is incorrect, since he arrived at Hastings on 11 July 1831.

6. Nicolò Paganini (1782–1840), Italian violinist and composer. Maria Taglioni (1804–84) was perhaps the most famous of an Italian family of ballet dancers. Milnes’s family had met Pasta in Italy at Christmas 1830, when she was rehearsing Donizetti’s new opera, and he may have attended it with AHH the next summer (Pope-Hennessy, 1:33).


8. See letter 69 n. 11.

9. See D, 1:361 n. 3: “Gladstone was the principal originator of an anti-reform ‘Petition of Resident Bachelors and Under Graduates of the University of Oxford,’ printed in the commons’ Votes and Proceedings for 1831, ii, appx., 51. Over two-thirds of the resident undergraduates signed it.” The Cambridge petition is untraced.

10. See letter 119 n. 2.

11. The steam-packet capsized 5–6 miles off Beaumaris on 17 August 1831, with the loss of over 150 persons; the survivor was a Henry Wilson of Manchester.
I have been living all this week in hope, my dearest Emily, that I might have a letter from you this morning. That hope is now fled to disport itself in the summerwinds of this beautiful weather, and has left me to console myself as I best may. There is but one way of consolation; since I cannot read your writing, you shall read mine; since I cannot set out on my journey, strengthened and inspired by kind words from you, I will at least secure to myself a certain prospect of finding such words at some point of that journey, to reward me for past anxieties, and to supply my thoughts with their natural food for a week or two further. Pray do not fail to write to me at Postoffice, Exeter, where I shall be towards the second week of September; unless indeed you have, miscalculating the time, already written to me here, in chance of which I shall leave directions for my letters to be forwarded. Let some one else of your party write to P. O. Bristol, a very few days later. I really think I have earned by frequent writing on my own part a right to be preserved from anxiety by frequent hearing from Somersby—for do not imagine, beloved Emily, I can ever be unconcerned, when I do not hear, even though I should have no reasonable ground of apprehension. But you may be ill; you may be unhappy; accidents may have happened, some arrow of God’s Providence may have pierced the shielding cloud, which I trust is raised about you by the prayers of those who love you. Will you laugh at me, if I advance another plea—that of vanity? Suppose for a moment two very improbable suppositions, that my sister had written a book, and that you had written remarks on it. Should I, do you think, have let you wait until you had received expressions from all your friends of pleasure and interest in your performance, before I put in my own word of approbation? In spite of all I can tell you to the contrary I see you have too low an opinion of your power over me. Pray believe the difference is enormous between an object which your eyes have smiled on, and one yet unfavoured.
I' non porria giammai
Immaginar, non che narrar gli effetti,
Che nel mio cor gli occhi soavi fanno.
Tutti gli altri diletti
Di questa vita ho per minori assai;
E tutte altre bellezze in dietro vanno.
Pace tranquilla senz'alcuno affanno,
Simile e quella ch'è nel cielo eterna,
Move dal loro innamorato riso.
Così vedess'io fisso,
Come Amor dolcemente gli governa,
Sol un giorno da presso
Senza volger giammai rota superna;
Ne pensassi d'altrui, ne di me stesso—
E 'l batter gli occhi miei non fosse spesso!

These lines are from one of those three Canzons of Petrarch which the enthusiastic Italians, to mark their preference of them to the rest, have designated as the Three Graces. It will be a very pretty Italian lesson for you to try to make them out, to assist you in which I will add a very unworthy translation.

"Never could I imagine, or relate
The changes that within my heart are wrought
By those delicious eyes: all other joys
This life can yield are far less dear to me,
All other beauties are behind this one.
Tranquil repose, without the least annoy,
Like that, which is eternal in the heavens,
Issues alone from their enamoured smile.
Oh that I might behold more sure and close
How Love their motion rules delightfully,
One single day, in which the 'eternal wheel
Should pause, and I, careless of others then
And of myself, might gaze and gaze and gaze,
Nor often wink the eyes that looked on thine!"

Whatever Petrarch meant, I do not apply this to make you vain: I do not love your eyes, merely because they are in themselves beautiful,
but because they are transparent to an inner Beauty, from which my spirit has drawn life, because they are the "throne of light," on which that soul is elevated with whom mine desires to be mingled so long as each has being.

I did not intend to get into these heroics, or mystics rather, when I began my letter: suppose I let myself down gently by a little talk about the moon! Beautiful this harvest moon must have been with you, and I have fancied it many a night shedding abundant tenderness of light on the garden at Somersby, whose old trees and dark, tufted corners rejoice in that lonely radiance, and seem, as the wind murmurs through them, to utter inarticulate sounds of greeting and love. This has been your portion of the universal beauty: mine alas! is different and separate; yet in itself—and abstracted from our situation, from our longing to bare our hearts to the same influxes of Nature, that, as harps in unison, the breath that wakes the one may never fail to stir the other—in itself, I say, few sights could be more lovely than this moon of August rising every night and setting over the wide and murmuring sea. Oh how I have wished for you! how has the name of Emily passed my lips, and fled to join that assemblage of lovely things, that wanted but something of her to make them perfect! Sometimes, while the western sky was yet in the revel of sunset, and the long, disordered clouds ran[ked] in volcanic grandeur to the zenith, whose pale, calm light [seemed?] to rebuke their impetuous excess, then turning to the opp[osite quar]ter a cry of delight has escaped me, seeing the broad column of moonlight divide two masses of darkening water, and some fishing boat perhaps, oddly but serviceably shaped, with one square sail, flitting fast across that lustrous interval as if in haste to meet and be absorbed into the coming night. Sometimes at later night the space of heaven has been in possession of large clouds, sailing [high?], but in heavy masses, from side to side, as if anxious [to escape?] beyond all chance of reprisal their captive firmament; the moon too has been in their power, and the wild gloom was beginning to affect my heart with dismay, when on a sudden looking downwards I have seen the line of waves, as it breaks on the resisting beach, catch a flash of diamond light from the escaping moon, and for a few moments that single shoreward undulation has been intensely bright, while all beyond was still plunged in blackness that seemed irrecoverable.
Adieu, sweetest Emily; God grant the next news from Somersby may be of your health, and capacity to enjoy, and may contain from your own hand the assurance of your continued affection for

Your devoted

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 28 August 1831

1. See AT’s “The Grasshopper” (published in 1830), line 1: “Voice of the summerwind”; both he and AHH often combined “summer” in such compounds, sometimes with the implicit reference to Somersby.

2. See letter 120; obviously AHH had not yet resolved to meet Emily and AT at Cheltenham.

3. An oblique reference to AHH’s Englishman’s Magazine review.

4. From the canzone “Poi chè per mio destino,” composed circa 1339. This and its two companion canzoni (“Perché la vita è breve” and “Gentil mia donna, i’ veggio”) are in the praise of Laura’s eyes. AHH’s copy has minor variants from the original; though his translation is fairly accurate, the precise meaning of Petrarch’s final lines (as AHH suggests) is not completely clear. In his “Remarks” on Gabriele Rossetti’s Disquisizioni (letter 178 n. 6), AHH vehemently defends the existence of Laura and Petrarch’s feeling for her (pp. 55–59). See also Emily Sellwood Tennyson’s description of her sister-in-law: “Emily had wonderful eyes; depths on depths they seemed to have” (James O. Hoge, “Emily Tennyson’s Narrative for Her Sons,” TSLL 14 [1972]: 97).

5. Byron, The Corsair, canto 3, ll. 611–12: “Oh! o’er the eye Death most exerts his might, / And hurls the spirit from her throne of light!”
Sweet Sister,

Did you think I had forgotten my promise? Not so, sugar of my mouth, and eau de cologne of my hand—here am I, so mindful of that promise, that having nothing else to do I sit down to perform it. You have heard doubtless from paternal lips of our numerous adventures in the Southwest—how we were wet through on coachtops, frozen on rivers in dark nights, famished at old houses, where there are inns, but no food. You will have heard also that we encountered Blakesley at Plymouth, and perhaps you have listened to many highwrought panegyrics on that clever young man, interspersed with comparisons somewhat to my disadvantage. You will be aware too that Clevedon looked magnificently well, that Budding inquired tenderly after the family, and the wood is more of a wood than ever people thought it could be. You have heard some opinion or other, probably unfavorable, concerning Miss Laura’s looks, and your information will have terminated at the pleasing point, where I was left sitting in an endless circle of cousinly faces, just going through my ABC of family knowledge, repeating “You are not Kitty—you are Jane”—& so forth. Well—now you want more news of the cousins. I fancy it will come better by word of mouth; but this you may take meanwhile, that Caroline & I behaved very cousinly to each other, and upon the whole I think I like her better than I expected—to be sure I did not expect much. One of the twins, Kitty, I believe, who by the bye wishes to be called & considered Kate, or Katherine, has a more pleasing manner than any of the rest. She complained of you for not writing; I had a dim confused idea of your having said something to me on the subject, and perhaps having gone the length of entrusting me with a message, but what it was, or anything further, I remembered not, & so I told them. I should tell you, before I leave that part of the country,
that Harry & Julia were anxiously inquired after by all the old women & children in the lanes about Clevedon. You & I, my dear sister, are only thought of as appendages to those important persons—rather a droll position to occupy, and it has the advantage of novelty [too.]

Now for Thornes House. It is as red as ever. Mrs. Gaskell is not here, nor Mr. either. They return Monday from Leamington. I am solus with Milnes, and as well amused as is possible in the circumstances. I ride out on one of the phaeton horses, and am about to take lessons in fishing. So much for private news; now open the newspaper. Important Intelligence. Open war has been declared between Thornes & Lubsig. When Milnes had concluded his canvass; and was already pluming himself on the prospect of unopposed election, in that moment an evil star arose. The baneful luminary was Mrs. Daniel Gaskell. She persuaded her reluctant spouse to unfurl the banner of Lubsig, inscribed with Ballot, No Church Establishment & other dreadful characters, & boldly to enter the lists against his unsuspicous nephew. The whole neighbourhood opened its eyes in astonishment & horror. Placard followed placard—letter denounced letter. Reproaches of perfidy were bandied about. The Danielites declare Milnes an opprobrium to the race of nephews; the Thornesmen vote old Daniel a monster of an uncle. History & mythology are ransacked for precedents; the horrors of Oedipus are thought too mild, the hatred of Atreus too weak, to furnish an adequate parallel. Professor Smyth interposed a feeble voice of conciliation; they turned from him with disdain. Milnes still thinks himself securer. Adio.

Love to all.

Very affectionately yours,

AHH.

N. B. As you are apt to take things au pied by letter, I confess a little exaggeration in my third page.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 6 Breed’s Place / Hastings / Sussex.
P/M 22 September 1831
1. Apparently a servant.

2. All were daughters of Sir Charles Abraham Elton (1778-1853), sixth bart. (1842), Julia Elton Hallam’s brother and an occasional author. Laura Mary (d. 1848) married Charles S. Grey (d. 1860); Katherine Maria (d. 1876) married Rev. Edward Douglas Tinling (d. 1897); Jane Octavia Elton (1821-96) married Brookfield in 1841; Caroline Lucy (d. 1882) married Thomas Onesiphorus Tyndall (d. 1869) in 1844; the other twin may have been Maria Katherine (d. 1899), who married Major George Robbins (d. 1873).

3. I.e., James Milnes Gaskell.

4. On 10 April 1831, Gaskell wrote to his mother that he would "be very sorry to see my Uncle member for Wakefield, not because I would not like to see 'him' in Parliament; I would canvass for him and vote for him most heartily, but because it is in fact my Aunt that would be member of Parliament, and I do not quite like the notoriety into which she would bring the name of Gaskell" (Eton Boy, p. 184). On 7 August 1831, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that his uncle "was so undecided for several weeks as to what course he ought to pursue, that I felt my hands tied, from the fear that it would be thought our interest was divided, and determined, rather than hazard such an imputation, to withdraw altogether; but my Uncle has now publicly withdrawn, and I am fairly in the field for the representation of Wakefield. I cannot of course be as acceptable to my Uncle's friends, as he would have been, but I have reason to think that both the Church party and conservative whigs, some also of the ultras, will honour me with their support." On 31 August, however, Gaskell learned to his consternation that "the radicals had so effectually worked upon my Uncle's anxious and sensitive mind that he considered it a point of conscience to allow them to use his name for the furtherance of their purposes. . . . Both the Committees are very active. . . . We have proposed to refer the matter to arbitration, but this their Committee has peremptorily refused. . . . My Mother has been much harassed and broken down by this strange and unexpected collision." Subsequent letters describe the "warfare" in which neither Gaskell nor his uncle took any personal part. Finally, on 28 March 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that he had given up Wakefield, "partly because I cannot bear to see my Uncle's name connected with the unworthy means which are used to drive me from the representation of the Town, and partly, because I would rather enter Parliament through the free choice of some less exacting constituency . . . I intend to take refuge in the arms of Maldon” (B.L.). Daniel Gaskell (1782-1875), Benjamin's brother, reform M.P. for Wakefield from 1832 to 1837, lived at Lupset Hall (close to Thornes); he married Mary Heywood of Stanley Hall, near Wakefield, in 1806. On 18 October 1832, Gladstone had a long conversation with Mrs. Daniel Gaskell: "Her activity and benevolence ought to shame many who profess a purer creed" (D, 1:580-81).

Atreus, father of Agamemnon and Menelaus, served Thyestes (who had seduced Atreus' wife) the flesh of his own children. William Smyth (1765-1849), professor of modern history at Cambridge, was a close friend of both Gaskell families.
My dearest Emily,

I do not hear from you, and, as usual, I am foolish enough to be uneasy. It will be necessary for me in a day or two to decide which road I shall take to London, and I am anxious to know, on this as well as on other accounts, when you think of leaving Cheltenham. I left Alfred in such precarious health that I cannot altogether repress my fears about him: above all things, Emily, do not hesitate to let me know if either he or you should become really ill. I should certainly return to Cheltenham in that case: as it is, I think it probable that on the whole it will be better I should not. But I wait to hear from you, as well as from home, before I make up my mind, and I shall write again about Tuesday.

My time here has been tolerably dull; Mr. and Mrs. Gaskell returned only a few days ago; they expect much company soon, but I shall not stay for it. Mrs. Gaskell is, as I may have told you, a clever woman, very amiable, and very full of conversation. She plays well on the harp, which at my request is produced every evening, and indeed I find it the best thing here. Fancy me lying on a sofa, in a large drawing-room to which a huge bow-window gives an almost oval shape, listening to the "notes that are loosened in a silver shower," while my eyes follow the dim shadows that cross a tall mirror at the further extremity of the room, and imagination busily shapes the phantoms of sight, until I might almost believe I saw your form within that distant glass, as Surrey saw his lovely Geraldine.

Tomorrow I am going to visit Bolton Abbey, which is said to be highly picturesque: near it is the famous Strid, a narrow hollow between sharp rocks, where somebody, about whom Wordsworth has written verses, fell down, because his greyhound checked him as he took the leap. You shall have a full account, when I have seen these
things. The country hereabouts is generally pretty, seldom rising into positive beauty; but the horrid smoke and steam from manufacturing towns miserably blackens the face of nature. All the houses are of the reddest brick which is my abhorrence, and I hope yours too. Conversation is eaten up by politics, as in all other places: my friend Gaskell intends to be a member for the town of Wakefield, in the event of the Bill passing. He has secured a majority of votes, and as all the people in the town nod and bow as we pass along together, I cannot help feeling some increased importance of myself, as the future great man's friend. Milnes Gaskell is an old companion of mine, and his amiability, frankness, and courtesy make his society always agreeable to me. In tastes we are very different; at least the pursuits that give him infinite pleasure afford me but a very secondary one, and he regards mine in the same light. However, we have common topics enough to get on very well together, and old recollections supply any little deficiency in the actual intercourse of our minds. I knew him first at Eton, and was much with him, being as fond of politics then myself, as he has always continued to be. Afterwards we met in Italy, and circumstances then threw us together still more closely. You know, I believe, that I was attached to an English lady residing in that country, but perhaps I never told you that he was equally so—and the odd part of the story is that we never quarrelled, but liked each other all the better for loving the same person! the fact is, it was not love I felt for that lady, although in other circumstances it would have become love; but the nature of the case excluded all hope, and when the few weeks I passed in her society were over I became aware that the sentiments I had experienced had no basis to rest upon, although their effects on my mind, awakening and inspiriting all the latent powers of reflection and enthusiasm, were very extensive, and such as I shall feel in their consequences all my life.

Are you jealous now I have told you this? You need not fear; I could see that face again, that beautiful face, without one disloyal thought to my Emily: nay, if you have anything of a woman's vanity you should rejoice rather that the captive whom you hold for ever "In willing chains and sweet captivity," was no novice when you took him. Achilles was tired of killing Trojans, he found it so easy; but when he saw Hector at his feet, it is said he was exceedingly proud,
and skipped for pleasure. Now, most sweet Achilles, I must leave writing, for I am called to go to Bolton.

Cara, carissima, adio,
Ever most affectionately your own,
Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Priory House / Cheltenham.

1. See letter 109 n. 1 and letter 124 n. 2. AHH could not have known AT would accompany Emily to Cheltenham until after their grandfather’s response to Mrs. Tennyson’s 17 August 1831 letter. It was probably easy for AHH to plead his case for seeing AT without mentioning to his father that Emily would also be at Cheltenham. In spending a week with her, AHH was apparently only disobeying the spirit, not the letter of Henry Hallam’s prohibition (see letter 183a). On 19 October 1831, Mary Tennyson wrote to her grandfather that “Emily & Alfred are not yet returned, but we expect them every day” (LAC).

2. Shelley, “Music,” line 4: “Loosen the notes in a silver shower.” AHH perhaps refers to Surrey’s “If care do cause men cry, why do not I complain?” lines 29-32:

   Me thinke within my thought I se right plaine appare
   My hartes delight, my sorowes leche, mine earthly goodesse here,
   With every sondry grace that I have sene her have;
   Thus I within my wofull brest her picture paint and grave.


4. See letter 125 n. 4; the Reform bill passed the House of Lords on 4 June 1832.


6. See Pope’s translation of Iliad 20. 491-94:

   The Son of Peleus sees, with Joy possesst,
   His Heart high-bounding in his rising Breast:
   And, lo! the Man, on whom black Fates attend;
   The Man, that slew Achilles, in his Friend!
I am indeed disposed to take dark & apprehensive views of things. I believe that times are coming on Europe, perhaps on the entire earth, in which the utter weakness of all ordinary habits & feelings to resist the pressure of appalling calamities will be made apparent.¹

You desire an account of Bolton & the Strid;² the former I think I did tell you is beautifully situated in the skirts of extensive & luxuriant woods, which rise in varied combinations of grandeur and beauty along a chain of hills, through which the river Wharf first dashes like a mad torrent as he is, & then gradually assumes the deportment of calmer majesty. Perhaps you may prefer to my humble efforts of description, the bolder language of a guide-book which I purchased on the spot. "Here," says the eloquent author, "the river races in a more settled tenor; mountains that rise from a huge base with a monstrous swell, no longer designate its direction as was done by the lofty barriers in the West which have hitherto prognosticated its progress!!" The Strid was unfortunately so swollen with rains that it looked for all the world like the other parts of the torrent.

An accident, I heard, had happened here not long ago; a successor to the boy of Egremont was found in an ill-starred Miss Poole (an ominous name). In she fell, & a gentleman caught at her bonnet but in vain, as the water just there races in anything but a "settled tenor." She was hurried instantly far down and found dead next day. In the coach coming from Leeds to London I met by the merest accident a sister of Miss P.'s, a married sister, as like as she could stare, and magnificently silly.³ She was vastly good-humoured, but made her company, especially her husband, rather the contrary, for she talked incessantly, more studious of quantity than quality.

Whatever in the times that are coming may be my lot [ . . . . ]
1. On 22 September 1831, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that "Hallam is my only
guest just now; he is very indignant about the Poles. He is more moderate in his views
respg. the [Reform] bill than he was. He thinks its rejection wd. be attended with
alarming results" (B.L.).
2. See letter 126 n. 3.
3. See Wordsworth, The White Doe of Rylstone, canto 1, ll. 229-30: "Her Son in
Wharf's abysses drowned, / The noble Boy of Egremound." AHH's parenthetical
phrase is heavily crossed over by Hallam Tennyson in his wife's transcript. Mrs. Poole
is perhaps Elizabeth (d. 1853), who married John Sandford (1801-73), divine.
Author of works about women, she was the niece of Coleridge's friend Thomas
Poole (1765-1837).
My dear Frederic,

Confess that you have treated me shamefully. I thought where all your promises would be—not to have written once to me in so many months, and I all the while so anxious to hear from you, & expressing that anxiety many times in my letters to Somersby! Fie upon you! I understand however from Alfred that you did begin a letter once, but the more shame to you that it was not finished. I could bring myself to pardon not taking up the pen, but laying it down adds insult to injury.

I would fain know where the Lady of Shalott abides at present and what are the adventurous designs & love-prompted resolutions of good Sir Lancelot. I hear you are ecclesiastically inclined; if so, you take your degree of course. Do you still find that disdainful oriental beauty, whose name is Algebra, so hard to be won [ . . . . ] It is my decided intention to continue studious habits next term, defying you & the devil & all other interruptions; at the same time I own I have had such intentions often; & "frequent failure should make me tame," or at least cautious.

But why talk I of anything else while I should be telling you that I spent a week at Cheltenham—at Cheltenham, at Priory House Cheltenham, at the Board of Miss Corgan, Cheltenham, & in the constant glory of seeing Emily, talking to her and sitting besides her. I made up my mind rightly I still think, though I confess things may be said on the other side, that I ought to take that opportunity of seeing Alfred & Emily.

Is Tennant with you. Alfred did not know or I should have written to him ere now. Give my love to all things at Somersby including "cattle & the stranger that is within your gates," that is provided Tennant be that stranger. Farewell and write and
1. Presumably AHH discovered, upon returning to London (after an absence of nearly four months), that Frederick Tennyson had not written to him; Cambridge Michaelmas term began on 10 October 1831.

2. This suggests that at least the first half of "The Lady of Shalott" may have been written by this time; see Ricks, pp. 354–61.

3. On 15 April 1831, Thomas Hardwick Rawnsley wrote to George Clayton Tennyson that Frederick planned to take orders and try to tutor in a nobleman’s family: "[Both Frederick and Alfred] promise to obey your wishes, to proceed with their Degrees forthwith & to place themselves in a condition to obtain a Competency by their exertions, which I think, with you they ought to do, after such an Expensive Education" (LAO). After a heated argument with his grandfather, in which he had asserted that "there were very few just men in the Church," Frederick wrote to George Clayton Tennyson on 10 September 1831, in part apologizing, but also attempting to justify himself: "I never said that I was disinclined to enter into Holy Orders, only it is the consciousness of being no better than other men, that awakens me to the danger of taking them unguardedly. I assured you . . . that I had made up my mind to it, but I hoped you would allow it to be right in case any scruples of conscience occurred to me between the present time & that of Ordination that they should not be disregarded. . . . It is only since last May that I have dreamed of entering into the Church" (LAO). Frederick managed to delay ordination until after his grandfather’s death, when he received enough property to live independently.

4. Unidentified.

5. See letter 126 n. 1.

My dear Ellen,

I wish I had time to write you a long letter, but I have not, so I desire all affectionate things which I would say, & don't, may be considered as implied in those which I would say, & do. I liked very much your details of your small adventures; I have no adventures at all, but sit thinking how very foolish the world is getting, and how little I & you can do to prevent it. I read hard things every morning, and sometimes in the evening amuse myself with reading Spanish, in which I flatter myself I shall be able to converse with you hereafter. By way of filling my letter with something I send you a very sweet Spanish ballad, along with a very poor translation of my own.

Que de vos y de mi, Señora,
Que de vos y de mi dirán?
De vos diran, mi Señora,
La merced que me haceis,
Y que cosa justa es
Querer á quien os adora,
Y que siempre como agora
Muy fuerte y firme os verán,
Que de vos &c.
De mi diran que por vos
Todo lo puse en olvido,
Y si asi vlo <hablása> huviere sido
Que mi castigara Dios.
Mi bien! de entramos á dos
O cuanta envidia tendrán!
Que de vos &c.
De vos dirán cien mil cosas
Si las saben entender,
Qué son otras tan hermosas
Mas no de tal parecer:
De la más gentil muger
Todos sus votos os dan.
¿Vos &c.
De mí dirán que he salido
Con ser bienaventurado,
Y que bien pagado he sido
Aunque poco he trabajado:
Mas que de tan alto estado
Malas caídas se dan:
¿Vos y de mí, Señora,
¿Vos y de mí dirán?

¿Qué oíste, & de mí, lady,
¿Qué oíste y de mí will they say?
Of you they will say, lady,
The mercy you shewed to me,
And the just thing it must be
To love him who loves so dearly,
And how still more fairly & clearly
Your faith will be seen every day.
¿Qué oíste &c.
Of me they will say that for you
All others were unregarded,
And had I not been so true
The Avenger would have me rewarded.
Thou dear one, we two, we two—
How envying of us are they!
¿Qué oíste &c.
Of you, were their meaning known,
Many thousand things might they <say> tell;
How others are lovely as well,
But so gracious are you alone;
How for you all those blessings they pray
Which the brightest & purest should own.
¿Qué oíste &c.
Of me that I climb so high,
For my doom was glorious & blessed;
And that nobly guerdoned am I
For the hours that my soul depressed—
But low, low down shall he lie,
Who falls from such height away! 1
What of you &c.

There's something worth reading for you, Mrs. Nell. Y con esto Dios te dé salud, y á me no olvide. 2

Ever your affectionate brother,
A H Hallam.

Love to all.

Addressed to Miss Ellen Hallam / 67 Wimpole St. / London.
P/M 20 November 1831

1. The anonymous “canción” was composed by one of the noblemen who accompanied Philip II on his wedding trip to England in 1554: see Poesía de la Edad Media, selected by Dámaso Alonso (Buenos Aires, 1942), pp. 356-57, 555. AHH may have learned of the poem from Trench, who wrote to Donne on 7 August 1831: “I have been tempted to begin to translate a small volume of curious Spanish memoirs. They are of Antonio Perez, private secretary to Philip of Spain, afterwards his mortal enemy. He broke prison, escaped to the court of Henri IV, from thence to England, where he found refuge and friends” (Trench, 1:99).

2. “And with this, God give you health, and do not forget me.”
Cara, carissima, let me hear from you. Alfred gives a pretty good account of your health, and Arthur² says you have a great colour. Thank Heaven I shall be soon with you, unless I am cruelly deceived in my expectations. Alfred is looking well, I think, & seems better in mind and body than when I saw him at Cheltenham. He surprises me by his progress in Italian: why should you not read with him?—it would do you both good. I have not now time to write more; daily & hourly I think of you, and hope in you: should that hope fail me, Emily, do not think I can recover the wound. For my sake endure & hope & trust in the affection of those about you: these will be fearful times for all who are not strengthened in love. La pace d'Iddio sia teco.³

Ever your most affectionate

Arthur Hallam.

P. S. I have stolen your purse, but you shall have it if you ask for it.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby.

---

1. The date is somewhat conjectural; on 2 December 1831, Charles Tennyson wrote to Frere from Cambridge that “Alfred has been here just now from home” (Yale).

2. Arthur Tennyson (1814-99) studied with a local Lincolnshire artist, but spent most of his youth at home. In the 1840s, he began drinking excessively and was plagued by the habit throughout much of his life; he lived with Frederick Tennyson
in Italy, and then with Charles Tennyson in England. Twice married, he settled at Malvern, working among the sick and poor. To his grandfather (in June 1831), Arthur seemed all too representative of the entire Somersby family: "I don't know what Arthur is fit for. He even does not know the multiplication table or indeed anything useful. He could learn if he would but is as idle as a foal. He must be instructed before he can be fit for anything and [his] gestures and twitchings etc. are ridiculous and he would be a subject of ridicule anywhere. They are all strangely brought up" (LAO, quoted in Tennyson, p. 63). See also references in Background.

3. "May the peace of God be with you."
I understand from Monteith that you attribute to misconduct on my part the disagreeable state of more than coolness which prevails between us, and which I certainly considered to be your own voluntary choice. You expected, he tells me, that I should have made some direct answer to a letter you wrote me in the Vacation. Had I received that letter sooner than I did (two or three days only before my return to Cambridge) I should of course have written an answer, but I confess I was not sorry that this accidental delay had prevented my attempting any formal statement of feelings, which had much better be left to find their level in the frankness of mutual intercourse. I assure you it never was my wish that such intercourse should be interrupted: at the same time I felt, without having any definite cause of complaint, that the experience of the two last terms shewed it was not well for us to be too entirely together, and that, if I intended myself to pursue steadily the resolutions I had formed, I must be prepared to find we should <not always> on some occasions not be suitable companions. I think you will understand that, while I by no means laid the blame of this probable difference on you alone, I might naturally feel averse to stating directly, & by word of mouth, what I have just now said to you in writing. As soon however as I perceived by your manner, the first week of this term, that you expected some statement of my intentions, I endeavored to convey to you, through the medium of Garden, exactly what I have now stated, joined to the most explicit assurance that it was far from being my wish that the ordinary relations of our intercourse should be disturbed. When, after this, I found your manner become daily more cold, until at last it was evident you wished to be on the footing of a perfect stranger, what could I conclude, but that you were not satisfied with my statement, that you rejected my terms, and far from wishing to concede anything to a conviction of duty in one whom
you had called your friend, were determined to have nothing to say to him, unless he admitted in its fullest extent an influence sometimes wrongly exerted?

It must be obvious that, under these circumstances, I could take no step towards a reconciliation which I strongly desire. But what Monteith has told me leaves hope that you may have misconceived my conduct in a manner which this letter may remove. If however it should not be so, and if we are to <remain> continue the very short time of my remaining stay at Cambridge in the same unpleasant position, in any case your happiness will not be the less sincerely wished for by

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq.

1. See letter 128 n. 1.
Cambridge, Tuesday. Dec. 14 [1831].

My dearest Emily,

I am very busy just now, and for the next month I fear I shall not have leisure to write to you at any length. You would not wish me to be plucked, you know. But pray let me hear again very soon from Alfred, Arthur, or, best of all, from yourself, how you are. I have a great mind to say imperatively to you, as Cobbet says to Lord Grey, "You must not be ill." Again and again I entreat you to be as cheerful & calm as you can. I endeavor to be so, and, thanks to several occupations that are now forced on me, I can often separate my thoughts from the "weight of the superincumbent hour." After leaving Cambridge perhaps this will be less possible; but I am resolved to meet firmly what cannot be avoided; and in your affection I build myself a restingplace, a secure castle, from which I may war against circumstance without fear or remission. I have no doubt at all of being able to come down to Somersby before the end of February: I can conceive no combination of circumstances that could prevent me. My father is tied by promise to impose no restraint on my actions after the first of that month: and my only reason for not immediately coming to you after my birthday, is one which I am sure you will consider good; namely, that I have not been staying at home for many months, and it would be not right in me not to comply with what my mother &c. anxiously wish, for some little time, not to mention that it would be bad policy with respect to what now is my great object, the giving them a favorable impression of my attachment to you.

Now for the moment farewell, dearest: remember two things; first that I am most desirous to be written to, although I am, as I told you, busy; second, that I will write myself, only not long letters. And for the blank page that follows, consider it as filled up with "I love you" written as closely as possible & in characters fair as its own nature;
that is, the most beautiful in the world. Think of me often; I wish you knew how sweet it is to think of you though there is sadness in the thought too—but then love also, and strong, impetuous hope that overleaps everything. God for ever bless you! Charles is in very good spirits now. I believe he has written about his coming. My love to Alfred, & recommend his sending back my book.4

Ever thine, beloved,

Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 15 December 1831

1. The occasion of Cobbett’s remark to Charles Grey, then prime minister, has not been traced.
2. Shelley, Adonais, line 283.
3. AHH’s twenty-first birthday; see letter 183a.
4. Probably a volume of AHH’s writings, perhaps including his “Theodicaea Novissima” (see Writings, p. 199, and letter 138).
Trinity. Tuesday [27 December 1831].

My dear Frere,

I beg your pardon for not having sooner answered your note; but I am now in the veriest agony of Questionism, expecting fully to be plucked. Excuse therefore brevity just at present; indeed you hardly write enough yourself to deserve a long letter! but I hope, now you have fairly got within the pale of Mother Church, you will amend your ways, and perhaps every now & then drop a line to one, who is anxious you should not forget him. Indeed such is the aspect of the times, that those, "who have been friends in youth," ought, more than ever, to be careful to preserve in afterlife the freshness of their fellowthoughts and fellowfeelings, as one weapon the more against an oppressive world. I hope it is not impossible that we may meet at no long distance of time. Meanwhile I shall be disposed to envy, or, more properly speaking, to makarize your clerical haven, where your employments will be fixed, your duties clear. Yet perhaps "a night cometh, in which no man can work," not at least, according to the old courses of work: but it is not to be doubted, that for the few, who are able to stand the fiery trial, a manifest and a glorious line of conduct will be prepared. Had I time, I would write more: with regard to my little performances which you kindly express a desire to have, one is already printed, the other not. When both are ready, I will send them to 45 Bedford Sq., directed to you, unless "quid novisti rectius," in which case perhaps you will let me know. Remember me very kindly to all about you; and may God bless you, and make you a good Minister of his Gospel.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.
P. S. Leighton, who is at my elbow, desires to be remembered.

Addressed to Rev. John Frere / 45 Bedford Sq. / London.
P/M 28 December 1831

1. Frere was ordained deacon (London) on 18 December 1831.
2. See Coleridge, "Christabel," line 408.
4. John 9:4. Charles Tennyson's 2 December 1831 letter to Frere reported that "Coleridge says he does not know of any one so likely to become a good parish-priest as yourself" (Yale).
5. Probably AHH's "Essay on...Cicero" and his prize declamation "On the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination on the Same Class of Compositions in England," delivered in the Trinity College Chapel on 16 December 1831 (see letter 96 n. 5). Both were published as pamphlets in 1832. Charles Tennyson's 2 December letter announced that "Hallam has got an Essay prize, you will be glad to hear." But AHH's "already printed" performance might be his Englishman's Magazine review of AT.
6. Horace Epistles 1. 6. 67: "if you know something better."
Trinity. Thursday [29 December 1831].

My dear Brooks,

Your letter had been impatiently expected, & was gladly received. Thinking you might return Tuesday or Wednesday night, I delayed forwarding the letters you will receive with this: I hope no harm may come of it; but should that, <dated> marked Holborn, be from the Gouvernor himself, stating that he has come to pay an affectionate visit to your brother in town, & intends instantly to appear at Cambridge for a similar purpose towards yourself, it will be an awkward contretemps. The one from Garden I fear conveys ill news, as regards his sister: it is sealed with black; & a slight intimation of its contents, which I obtained through the folds, confirms my apprehension. I heartily hope I may be mistaken. Your letter gave me an odd mixture of feelings, which I cannot quite analyse, and indeed ought not, since I have not a moment to spare from mathematics. I shall say nothing now about the main part of it; for there is no knowing what may chance to one’s written thoughts; a truth, which your anecdote in the postscript abundantly illustrates. Mind you bring me back the books I spoke of, and as many letters as you can. I expect you with much eagerness. A pretty Mason, by the bye, you will make, who hold so cheap the honours prepared for you! Give my love collectively, and χαίρε.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 29 December 1831
1. Brookfield's father, Charles, was a Sheffield solicitor; his brother, Charles, lived in London.

2. AHH may have been mistaken; on 14 December 1833, Garden wrote to AT: "My eldest sister having become rather alarmingly delicate, my family determined to go abroad" (MS Materials, 1:197-200).

3. See letter 132 n. 4.

4. AHH's reference is unclear.

5. "Farewell."