135. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

TEXT: Materials 1:56; Memoir 1:45

[London ?] [January-February 1832.]

I expect to glean a good deal of knowledge from you concerning metres which may be serviceable, as well for my philosophy in the notes as for my actual handiwork in the text. I propose to discuss considerably about poetry in general and about the ethical character of Dante's poetry.¹

¹. This fragment seems to refer to AHH's projected translation of Dante's Vita Nuova (1292-94), and is thus contemporaneous with AHH's description of the project in letter 140; it would seem very unlikely that AHH started on the translation, although he might have outlined its scope and purpose to AT, before taking his B.A. degree. As Motter notes (Writings, pp. 115-17), the translation was never completed, Henry Hallam destroyed his son's versions of the sonnets, as "rather too literal, and consequently harsh" (Remains, p. xxxii), and the twenty-five sonnets printed in Writings (pp. 117-30) survive only in John Heath's notebook (Fitzwilliam). Kemble's 2 April 1832 letter to Donne suggests that AHH may have projected a translation of another work by Dante: "From Petrarch to Dante, and thence to A. Hallam; his Cicero was beautiful; his influence of Italian upon English Literature less deep, but still very good; he is I hope about to give the world a translation of Dante's Vita Nuova and Ambrosa Convivio; these will be a great treat, for nothing finer than the Convivio did I ever read, and he can do this well" (Miss Johnson).
My dear Father,

It appears, on examination of the Certificate, that it is not drawn up in the proper forms, & that it is doubtful therefore whether the Caput will allow of it. By reference to the College books I find I kept the first two weeks of the Summer term in question, so that if I had come up after the date of Holland’s certificate I might still have kept the sufficient number. That term, you know, does not end at the Examination time, that being only the Division: the tenth of July was the last day really, & Holland only vouches for me up to the tenth of June. Now any reasonable person ought to be satisfied with a Medical assurance whenever dated, that it was unsafe for me to keep the term, since it might fairly be presumed that he knew what the extent of the term was, and since he has certainly a right to answer for what I ought to do for some weeks to come, as well as for what was past. But Caputs are not always to be comprehended under Smiglesius’s definition of man, “animal ratione preditum,” and they have been known to object in similar circumstances. If you think you can get another Certificate from Holland, to the effect that I could not come to Cambridge at any time previous to the beginning of July, I wish you would try to do so: but I hardly know whether we can fairly ask it, considering that whatever inability there might have been for undergoing an Examination, there was none for mere residence. Perhaps therefore it had better be settled by my keeping another term—in the event, that is, of the Certificate I now have being refused—or at all events, since if I do not wait till the Degrees are conferred, I can keep the term at the Temple. Our Examination closes Thursday week, & the day for Degrees is Saturday. I could come up to town Thursday night, if I did not wait for Saturday. I certainly wish much I could become a Bachelor directly, although I may think it advisable to
reside at Cambridge afterwards. The Certificates are not formally presented until the day after the close of the Examination, so that there is time for considering. Let me hear from you in answer to this. I should say, by the bye, that Blakesley thinks you must be mistaken about the necessity of keeping those three days at the Temple. He says any three days, according to late regulations, will be sufficient. With respect to the O & C club, Hamilton’s brother (i.e. Bushel), who has been staying here, promises to arrange matters for me in the first instance, & Blakesley, my seconder, will be in town before the time. The Ballots begin on the 19th. Jany. but I shall not come on quite at first.\(^3\) I am reading hard, & am in pretty good order for the six days’ work. Adieu; love to all.

Your affec:te son,

AHH.

P. S. If there are copies to spare at home, I wish my mother would manage the sending to Clevedon: if not, I will do it. I don’t wonder you like the Essay best; so do I. A Chapel Oration is a vile mould of composition. Nevertheless, if I mistake not, I can write better things than that Essay.\(^4\)AHH.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / Rose Hill / Tunbridge Wells.
P/M 10 January 1832

1. Apparently a reference to AHH’s illness in spring 1829; see letter 71 n. 3.

2. Marcin Smiglecki (15627—1618), Polish theologian and philosopher, whose *Logica, selectis disputationibus & quaestionibus illustrata* was published at Oxford in 1634; the specific source of the quotation (“an animal endowed with reason”) has not been traced. The Cambridge Caput (elected annually) consisted of the vice-chancellor, professors of divinity, law, and physic, and the senior regent and non-regent.

3. Members of the Oxford and Cambridge club, founded in 1830, included both Pickering brothers, Doyle, Farr, Gaskell, Gladstone, Milnes, Trench, Spedding, and Venables; elections were held on 6 and 20 February 1832. Both Edward William
Terrick and Walter Kerr Hamilton were members, but AHH may refer to an unidentified brother-in-law. "Bushel" does not appear either as first or last name in the membership lists, nor is there any clue to his identity in the Oxford or Cambridge alumni records.

4. Henry Hallam had attended AHH’s prize declamation on 16 December 1831; see letter 133 n. 5. In January 1832, Henry Hallam sent "another little production of Arthur's" (probably the "Essay on . . . Cicero") to Samuel Rogers: "It is much superior to the other. You have candour to make allowance for the cloudy state of new wine, which will not disguise from a connoisseur's taste a racy flavour and strong body. You must always keep in mind that he is not quite twenty-one, and with this allowance I am not perhaps quite misled as a father in thinking his performances a little out of the common" (P. W. Clayden, Rogers and his Contemporaries [2 vols., 1889], 2:71–72. On 31 December 1831, Sir James Mackintosh wrote to thank Henry Hallam for the two pamphlets: "With heartfelt Pleasure I congratulate you on having a Son so worthy of You however He may differ from you in Opinions & partly perhaps in Tastes" (Christ Church).
Trinity. Thursday [19 January 1832].

My dear Father,

The Examination finished today. I am very glad my labours are over, for it has been hard work for me lately. I have done, I think, very fairly. Some weeks ago I should hardly have conceived it possible that I could attain the power of extracting Binomial Surds. Euclid I found the greatest plague: it is one thing to read Euclid comfortably by one's fireside, and another to have four books of him in one's head, so as to write off any proposition, figure & all, at a moment's warning. Saturday it will be known where all people are, from the Senior Wrangler downwards: at present the field is open to speculations of all sorts. Trinity has not done particularly well: Heath, I fear, will be low, which I am very sorry for; nobody doubts he is the best mathematician of his year, but he has been reading too high subjects, & is not quick enough at what is technically called the Bookwork. Hamilton will be among the first.¹ The S. W. probably from St. John's. My certificate is not allowed; so a term must be kept. This throws me back a whole year as regards the Master's degree. It becomes therefore much less important to keep this term at the Temple.² Perhaps I may as well come direct to Tunbridge: but if you think I had better keep it, I can come up to town by the mail on Wednesday night (I can hardly get away before). Blakesley says, if you are right about the Temple, he cannot have kept a single term of those he believes he has kept. He was expressly assured that any days would do, & that the form of a tutor's Certificate would not be insisted on. Possibly you may not have remembered that Bachelors, no less than Undergraduates, are considered "in statu pupillari." With respect to the Cambridge term I can keep either this, or the summer term. This is rather long, & that will be short. I shall however have kept a fortnight before I come up, for the term began on the 13th. There is no

¹
²
difficulty whatever about keeping it in this way. Let me have a line in answer. Love to the circle, in which I shall soon be inscribed.

Very affectionately yours,

AHH.

Addressed to H. Hallam Esq. / Rose Hill / Tunbridge Wells.
P/M 19 January 1832

1. Douglas Denon Heath (1811-97), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., Senior Wrangler, Classical Tripos, first class, 1832), won the Smith’s prize in 1832. County court judge from 1847 to 1865, Heath edited the legal remains of Bacon for Spedding’s edition, and published mathematical, legal, and classical works. Edward William Terrick Hamilton was fifth Wrangler in 1832.

2. See letter 136 n. 1; apparently AHH’s medical certificate was eventually allowed, for he received his B.A. on 21 January 1832. He applied to the Inner Temple on 27 December 1831, and was admitted on 23 February 1832.
My dearest Emily,

At last my odious labours are finished, & being a Bachelor of Arts I can write to you comfortably. Fred & Charley seem fated never to attain that dignity: some objection in point of form was taken to their being installed yesterday, & they are put off till tomorrow. It is singular that I should get my degree before Fred, who was here two years before me. I am now impatiently counting the days that must elapse before I find myself once more at Somersby. They shall not be many. I will be with you, if possible, by the 20th. of next month. I have great need of seeing you, & talking much with you: all cares & apprehensions vanish in the strong light of the certainty of our meeting.

I am very, very much grieved at the account, given by Fred, of Alfred's condition of mind & body. What can be done? I do not suppose he has any real ailment beyond that of extreme nervous irritation; but there is none more productive of incessant misery, & unfortunately none which leaves the sufferer so helpless. I trust my coming will be beneficial to him: but meantime nothing should be left undone that may wean him from over-anxious thought. It is most melancholy that he should have so completely cut himself off from those light mental pleasures, which may seem insignificant in themselves, but in their general operation serve to make a man less unhappy, by making him more sociable, and more disposed therefore to receive satisfaction from the numberless springs of enjoyment which the mechanism of society affords. Unfortunately the more morbidly intense our inward contemplation of ourselves is, the more hollow & delusive we consider any temporary & apparently irrelevant diversion: yet, in fact, such may often be the only means of habituating the mind to a more healthy, that is, a clearer & truer view of its own condition. I hope you will do all you can to assist me in
endeavoring to restore Alfred to better hopes & more steady purposes. It will be sweet to labour together for so holy an end. I would sacrifice all my own peace to see you & him at peace with yourselves & with God.

I was halfinclined to be sorry that you looked into that Theodicaea of mine.¹ It must have perplexed rather than cleared your sight of those high matters. I do not think women ought to trouble themselves much with theology: we, who are more liable to the subtle objections of the Understanding, have more need to handle the weapons that lay them prostrate. But where there is greater innocence, there are larger materials for a singlehearted faith. It is by the heart, not by the head, that we must all be convinced of the two great fundamental truths, which constitute a > the reality of Love, & the reality of Evil. Do not, my beloved Emily, let any cloudy mistrusts & perplexities bewilder your perception of these, & of the great corresponding Fact, I mean the Redemption, which makes them objects of delight instead of horror. Be not deceived: we are not called to effect a reconciliation between the purity of God & our own evil: that is done freely for us. We are forgiven: all that remains is to rejoice, to rejoice, & to ask confidently all things of God, knowing that He has promised us all things. All our unhappiness comes from want of trust & reliance on the insatiable love of God.

I must say farewell now, but I shall write again very soon, for my heart is full of you & Alfred. I go in a day or two to Tunbridge Wells. Will you direct Rose Hill, Tunbridge Wells. I shall be of age on Wednesday, the first of February. Love to all.

Ever most affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 22 January 1832

¹. See letter 132 n. 4. As Motter notes, AHH’s “Theodicaea Novissima,” subtitled (in Remains) “Hints for an Effectual Construction of the Higher Philosophy on the
"Basis of Revelation," was probably the essay AHH read at the 29 October 1831 meeting of the Apostles, when the subject was "Is there ground for believing that the existence of moral evil is absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of God's essential love for Christ?" Participants included Spedding, Garden, and Alford, who (together with AHH) voted for; Blakesley, Alexander Morrison (1806-65), Pickering, George Farish (1809-36), Thompson, and Heath, who were neutral; and Tennant, who voted against the proposition. AT apparently insured the survival of AHH's essay when he wrote to Henry Hallam, then preparing Remains: "I know not whether among the prose pieces you would include the one which he was accustomed to call his Theodicean Essay. I am inclined to think it does great honour to his originality of thought" (14 February 1834; Eversley, 3:258). On 12 March 1863, Emily Sellwood Tennyson wrote to AHH's sister, Julia Lennard, then preparing a new printing of Remains: "Alfred thinks the T. N. the finest of all the essays I fancy & is of course anxious that as such it should be known" (Christ Church). Henry Hallam's evaluation was perhaps tempered by a greater knowledge of his son's sources: "A few expressions in it want his usual precision; and there are ideas which he might have seen cause, in the lapse of time, to modify, independently of what his very acute mind would probably have perceived, that his hypothesis, like that of Leibnitz, on the origin of evil, resolves itself at last into an unproved assumption of its necessity. It has however some advantages, which need not be mentioned, over that of Leibnitz; and it is here printed, not as a solution of the greatest mystery of the universe, but as most characteristic of the author's mind, original and sublime, uniting, what is very rare except in early youth, a fearless and unblenching spirit of inquiry into the highest objects of speculation with the most humble and reverential piety" (Remains, p. xxxix). AHH outlines his basic philosophical position, whose impact on In Memoriam has been noted by many critics, in this letter; note, for example, the similar distinction between bases of faith in IM, 96-97.
Trinity. Thursday. [January] 26th. [1832.]

My dear Gladstone,

I wish I could write you a longer answer to your kind letter, but I am unwell, & therefore I am sure you will excuse me. I send you three letters; one for the old general, whom you need not unnecessarily shock by reporting my change of opinion;¹ one to my favorite little Italian Abbate, a man of much affection, & some knowledge; one also to the Robertson Glasgows.² I will write to you according to promise, when you are over the water: but let me first hear your intended letter-places. Farewell.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

1. On 30 January 1832, Gladstone, about to set out for Europe, wrote to his father that “Mrs. Gaskell has offered a letter to Sismondi. . . . We have also got a letter to General La Fayette from Hallam” (St. Deiniol’s); Gladstone delivered the letter in Paris on 11 February 1832 (D, 1:418). AHH had probably changed his opinion about the Spanish rebels; see letter 95 n. 4.

2. Gladstone was unable to find the Abbot Pifferi in Florence (on 17 March 1832), but met him in Rome on 15 April 1832 at a dinner party given by the Glasgows, with whom Gladstone spent much time in Rome (see references in D, 1:452–80).
TO WILLIAM BODHAM DONNE

MS: New York Public Library

[Tunbridge Wells.] 29th. Jany. [1832.]

My dear Donne,

Your brace of kind letters should have been answered long ere this, had I not been labouring under the horrors of graduation. As an Incepting Bachelor I can now thank you at my ease, and with all the increased dignity imputed by the benediction of a Vice Chancellor, & the commendation of the Father of the College. It gives me great pleasure that you should find anything to like in the very hasty compositions I sent you. They are, I fear, full of errors in language, & contain a few in substance, which I might have corrected, had I not just then been obliged to stand upon my ps. & qs. If you have flattered me in the good opinion you express I shall punish you as Authors usually do by the “Cras altera mittam.”

Towards the end of the year, I may have ready for the Public (alas, most incurious of such things!) a translation of Dante’s Vita Nuova, prefaced by some biographical chatter, & wound up by some philosophical balderdash about poetry & morality & metre & everything. If in the interim you have any views on any of these subjects, which you can charitably spare, suggestions will be thankfully received.

I am about to become a nominal student of law, but unless Ministers think fit to pull down the national credit along with their imbecil selves, I have not much thought of practising. The life I have always desired is the very one you seem to be leading. A wife & a library—what more can man, being rational, require, unless it be a cigar? I am not however without my fears that the season for such luxuries is gone or going by; in the tempests of the days that are coming, it may be smoking, & wiving, & reading will be affaits of anxiety & apprehension. Trench considers a man, who reads Cicero or Bacon nowadays, much as he would a man who goes to sleep on the ledge of a mad torrent, & dreams of a garden of cucumbers. I am very glad he visited you at Cromer: it seems to

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have done both your hearts good; as for him, he was delighted with all about you, except that he fears you are not quite in accordance with the Third & Fourth Councils respecting the nature of the Logos. He is now deep in Types, but has hardly attained much Composition: I fear the subject may run away with him; it is one which of all others requires judgement to restrain, & method to regulate. Nevertheless there is a re-active force in Trench which will not let him go far in error. I cherish the hope that he may do great & glorious service to the Truth in this its extreme agony. He tells me he has awakened you to some alarm concerning the St. Simonians, those prophets of a false Future, to be built on the annihilation of the Past in the confusion of the Present. I too am alarmed at the gigantic atrocity of their idea, at their increased organisation, & the facility with which France appears to imbibe the poison, but I cannot but confide yet in English good sense that it will repel them from these shores with indignant scorn. Should it be otherwise, better will it be for Chorazin & Bethsaida in the day of judgement, than for us. The mission is come however; & according to their instructions they are to call on Sir Francis Burdet, & "the chiefs of the aristocracy" to tell them "that humanity marches!" Bless their five wits—what incurable fools Frenchmen are! I hope our correspondence in future may have narrower gaps: my address will always be 67 Wimpole St. Are you never likely to be in the Wen?

Very sincerely yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to W. Donne Esq. / Cromer / Norfolk.
P/M 31 January 1832.

1. On 27 February 1832, Donne wrote to Trench, who had sent him AHH's "Essay" and oration: "I was altogether much pleased with Hallam's works—though I cannot for the life understand why he uses so perverse a style. It has neither the pomp and circumstance of elegance, nor the clearness and force of argument. But his
forwardness, and his comparative exemption from notional errors, and the promise of philosophic thought make him remarkable among the sons of men. I am delighted to find he has asserted the just claim of Epicurus to praise for a true commencement in the philosophy of perception, however he may differ from the consequences which his disciples, rather than himself, deduced from it" (Miss Johnson).

2. Virgil Eclogues 3. 71: "tomorrow I will send the rest."


4. See letter 137 n. 2.

5. On 9 June 1831, six months after his marriage, Donne wrote to Trench: "The corner-stone in the life-wealth of a scholar and a poet, his steady and unfading bliss in a world of change and effort, is a wife" (Trench, 1:94-95).

6. On 6 December 1831, Trench wrote to Donne: "Do you share in the general despondency of wise and good men at the present aspect of the world? To me it seems that the political vantage-ground which we lately occupied must now be abandoned; the infidel democracy can be no longer opposed there. . . . I live in the faith of a new dispensation, which I am very confident is at hand; but what fearful times shall we have to endure ere that!" (Trench, 1:103); Trench visited Donne later that month. On 9 January 1832, he wrote to Donne again: "Hallam, Blakesley and myself, and one or two others, sit like a congregation of ravens, a hideous conclave, and croak despair, which however does not prevent us from smoking a multitude of cigars, and drinking whatever liquor falls in our way" (Miss Johnson).

7. Presumably AHH refers to the early Ecumenical Councils, but it is difficult to judge his tone.

8. On 11 November 1831, Merivale reported to his brother Herman that the St. Simonians were the rage at Cambridge: "At least Trench has come up to keep a term, full of the most horrid misgivings with respect to the progress and prospects of that co-operative religion. We look upon it here very much as the Catholics of the sixteenth century looked upon the Reformation, and nobody but myself seems inclined to sacrifice the prospects of the present age to the chance of alteration for the better a century hence" (Merivale, p. 128). In his 6 December 1831 letter to Donne, Trench saw them as representative of the spirit of the age: "Primogeniture, aristocracy, heredity, all that rested on a spiritual relation, which relation will no longer be recognized, must be swept away before the new industrial principle, à chacun selon ses œuvres" (Trench, 1:103-4); on 30 January 1832 he warned Donne that "St. Simonism has taken a serious aspect, since we met, and many begin to give credence to my vaticinations" (Miss Johnson).


10. As Southey wrote to Caroline Bowles on 21 February 1832, the "missionaries" also wrote to him, "complaining that I have not done them justice, offering me their books for my further information, hoping I will visit them in London, and saying that if they come this way they will knock at my door. I have returned a courteous reply, letting them withal clearly understand that they would find in me a determined opponent if it were needful. But this it will not be, for they are not likely to make proselytes in England" (Correspondence of Southey with Caroline Bowles, p. 240).
141. TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Pierpont Morgan

Rose Hill. Tunbridge Wells. Saturday Eveng.
[4 February 1832.]

Dear Brooks,

I'm sure you will compassionate
The sad condition I've been in of late,
Damned to a series of most awful dinners
With coteries of ancient Tunbridge sinners,
And cards, where all, save I, are always winners;
Then every morning forced to play the lion
Along the dusty summits of Mt. Zion,
Or niched 'tween First & Second Maidens prim
To do the honours of Mt. Ephraim.
I' faith, but that I bear you better will
Than to inflict such penance, honest Bill,
I half could bribe you with some shag & beer
To share my troublesome quandary here,
Cut in at whist, or help me at a pinch
When tête à tête with hideous Mistress Winch,
You might resolve the problem, whether Cholera
Could do more service than by killing Molly Ray,
Or whether any reasonable men co—
—exist a second hour with Mr. Blencowe.
With the Archbishop's brother, parson Pope,
Your fluent tongue might have some chance to cope,
And unlike me perhaps by Mrs. N. Tighe
You would not be set down Assin Præsenti.
What can I do alas? I cannot prate
Of the last altered road or mended gate,
Nor weigh the merits of each rival thickhead
Who tells the poor at Church not to be wicked,
Nor wonder how much Miss Pug gives in charity,
Nor swear "Sir Bobby's timber is a rarity";
Woe to my skull! nor Essay nor Oration
Are worth a straw for Tunbridge reputation.
It really is a most unpleasant station!

In plain prose, Brooks, I am affected towards the place pretty much in Touchstone's fashion.¹ In respect that it is secluded, I like it; in regard that it is dull, I am bored by it. That there are few people here is well; that, those who are, are nuisances, is by no means well. I have plenty of leisure and inclination for reading, which is a comfort; but then I have a terrible aptitude to indigestion, which is much otherwise. Altogether I shall be well pleased to go away; the more so, as I am getting very nervous about Somersby, & shall not be easy till I find myself there. I am oppressed with the weight of the future—sometimes I feel as if it would be gain to lie down & die. Don't be a fool, you will say; much better get up, & be married.² Why so I think too on the whole. Not a syllable have I spoken yet about my intentions to Pa or Ma; but in a day or two that debate must come on. May it produce no division! I have two commissions at Cambridge, which it will cost you very little of that pleasure, commonly called trouble, to execute for me. The first, to call at Bridge's³ & desire him to send two copies of Oration & two of Essay in a parcel to Clifton, directed Capt. Elton R. N. 17 Lower Crescent, Clifton, Bristol:⁴ also one copy of each to Eton, directed Rev. E. Hawtrey, Eton College, Windsor. In the last you may stick "from the Author" in my handwriting, if you chuse. Secondly, will you desire Merivale to be so good as to write in my behalf to his brother, asking him for his vote & influence at the O & C club, where I am about to be proposed, & am afraid of rejection, which fate, I understand, has happened to Colvile, owing to remissness of friends.⁵ Write soon; I trust your spirits are in good order, yet it may hardly be. Purl to me a little however, whether blithe, or mournful be the sound. I can't help feeling that Frederic has bagged one of my razors. Do you know anything of it? Commend me to all knights of my square table—much to Garden & Monteith, if they are returned.⁶ Faretheewell.

Thine very faithfully,

A H Hallam.
1. Printed in *Writings*, pp. 105–6, where Motter, drawing on Mrs. W. Pitt Byrne's *Social Hours with Celebrities* (1898), vol. 2, notes: "The Tunbridge Wells, of the 1830's, though populous and fashionable, was the resort of a wide and startling variety of religious sects, to which 'sinners' obeisance is made in the fourth line of Hallam's verses. Under such influence various sites in the town sprouted Biblical names, and two hills became Mounts Zion and Ephraim." Mrs. Tighe is described by Jane Octavia Brookfield in *Mrs. Brookfield and her Circle*, pp. 116, 118: "'The Queen of Tunbridge' has just paid me a visit, a clever Irish woman, and a great friend of Uncle Hallam's . . . She gives parties twice a week, I believe, and has a very pretty house and a lovely garden." The other characters in AHH's verse epistle are unidentified.

2. See *As You Like It*, 3. 2. 13–21.

3. See letter 183a. Late in 1831, a common friend [unidentified] told Doyle that AHH was soon to be married; Doyle passed the information on to Gladstone, Gladstone to Gaskell, and each individually wrote to AHH to congratulate him (Doyle to Gladstone, 16 December 1831 [B.L.]; D, 1:397, 13 December 1831). On 26 January 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone describing AHH's response: "You say in a note which I luckily have by me—'You have of course heard that Hallam's marriage is at length definitively settled'—Credulously and unsuspectingly I wrote to old Hallam, taxing him with most unmannerly and most unwarrantable forgetfulness in not having communicated the fact to me, and at the same time congratulating him as warmly as I could. In his reply, he tells me that the information is to say the least, most premature, that he, at least, has not heard of the removal of the difficulties, and that he cannot for his life understand how the report of such removal had originated. He adds—'One good thing however has come out of it. I can never be at a loss to express myself upon such subjects for the future, for I have received a poetical letter from Doyle, a religious letter from Gladstone, and an oratorical letter from Gaskell" (B.L.)

4. This Cambridge bookseller printed "Adonais" in 1829.

5. Henry Elton.

6. See letter 136 n. 3. Herman Merivale (1806–74) attended Trinity College, Oxford, and became undersecretary of state for India. Sir James Colvile (1810–80), contemporary of AHH at Eton, matriculated at Trinity in 1827 (B.A. 1831), was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1832, and became chief justice of the Supreme Court of Calcutta.

7. On 13 February 1832, O’Brien wrote to Milnes: "Garden is a waste howling wilderness without Hallam, too much depressed poor fellow to be laughed at, what an affectionate heart he must have" (Houghton papers).
TO JOHN PEARSON

MS: Simon Nowell-Smith

Rose Hill. Tunbridge Wells. Feb. 5 [1832].

My dear Pearson,

Will you excuse my troubling you with these few lines, and with the request, that, as you have been kind enough to propose me for the O & C club, you will prevent, if you can, my being blackballed. I hear, with some dismay, that Colvile, a Cambridge acquaintance of mine, & the very last man I should have expected, has suffered that fate, owing to the scanty attendance of his friends. I am really quite ignorant who are the leading members of the Club. If, without inconvenience to yourself, you can procure me some influential votes, I shall be much obliged to you. The ballot, I hear, is likely to come on in about a fortnight.

Believe me,
Very truly yours,
A H Hallam.

Addressed to J. Pearson Esq. / 8 Dorset Sq. / London.
P/M 6 February 1832

1. Probably the John Pearson (b. 1807?) who was in the fifth form at Eton in 1823; he matriculated at Balliol College, Oxford, in 1824 (B.A., first class, 1828), became a student of Lincoln's Inn in 1828, and was awarded his M.A. in 1831. Another John Pearson of London attended Trinity (B.A. 1827), but was not at Eton, and did not receive his M.A. until March 1832. Pearson was an original member of the Oxford and Cambridge Club, and was on its nominating committee in 1833. Gladstone met Pearson at Gaskell's rooms in November 1831, and found him a "clever & agreeable man" (D, 1:391). See letter 141 n. 6 and letter 147.
My dear Blakesley,

I will not tell it in Gath¹ that a man of your acuteness, & attention to facts, committed so grievous a mistake, as to put the address of Tunbridge on a letter (and a letter of business too) intended for Tunbridge Wells. Thanks however to that glorious Long Parliament that instituted Postoffices so long ago that by this time they are up to everything, I received your letter not much later than the time we receive those properly directed. I am sorry for Colvile & frightened for myself: you seem to intimate that you cannot be in London at the ballot, and where my proposer may be I know not. I have however written to his London address, and if I am fortunate, that may do.² I have also conveyed a hint to Ch. Wordsworth. But really I know little more than that Lunar Gentleman, generally assumed as the standard of ignorance,³ who are & who are not members of your Committee, or indeed of the Club. Pray do for me all you can. I am not going to keep the term, as somebody may by this time have told you; but I shall pass through Cambridge probably about the end of this month. I hope you will not leave off the good custom, "& profitable for these times,"⁴ of writing to me occasionally. I am desirous to know with more precision, than the loose nature of conversation has hitherto allowed, your opinion on one or two philosophical points, which I know you have considered. I remember your telling me you had put on paper some animadversions on the First Book of Locke, and you seemed disposed to defend the language, although of course not the notions, against which he inveighs. When you have leisure, & no better way to employ it, I should feel obliged by your letting me know how far this really is the case, and what is the precise import, as an expression of which you think the phrase "Innate Ideas" might be retained in the language of philosophy. I wish to know also how you reconcile the high views you appear to entertain of the importance of

¹ Gath: A place of prayer in the Bible.
² a hint to Ch. Wordsworth: Baron Colvile is to be nominated for the University of Cambridge.
³ Lunar Gentleman: A satirical term for members of the Literary Club.
⁴ profitable for these times: Act 3, scene 1 of 'Tis Pity She's a Whore by John Ford.
taking into account the essential forms of the Mind's operation, with the contempt I have heard you frequently express for Reid, & his followers. The more I reflect on these subjects myself (and to reflect on them is meat & drink to me) the more I incline to a conviction, that, with regard to the Extent of Human Knowledge, no real advance has been made beyond Hume & Berkeley; with regard to its Modes, something has been done by Reid & Kant, & still more by Hartley, & something perhaps remains to do by following out the discoveries of this last philosopher. Don't suppose I am dreaming away my time in sheer metaphysics. I read Blackstone with as much diligence as the first volume seems to require, & like him much. This is an unpleasant place to me; I am terribly hypped, & fancy myself into all sorts of calamities during parts of every day. The weather too has hitherto been nauseous. I have just heard from Pearson, who bids me be of good cheer about the ballot, but owns withal that nobody can assign any [cause] for Colvile's rejection. Thank Trench for his kind letter just received. I trust you will look after him: as far as you have influence, [exert] it to prevent his noble mind from preying [on it]self, and his frame from the wear & tear [. . . ] hours, &c. It is not easy to discern in these days what an honest man ought to wish for & rejoice at, but I think I may venture to congratulate you on the repeated blunders of our precious Government. They get more kicks than halfpence, it is clear from the debate on the Deficit. Then the Russian Loan—was there ever a clearer case against any Cabinet? and the Unratified Treaty—ohe!

Believe me,
Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P/M 9 February 1832

1. Proverbial; see 2 Samuel 1:20.
2. See letter 142.
3. Proverbial: "I know no more about it than the man in the moon."

4. See Philemon 11: "Which in time past was to thee unprofitable, but now profitable to thee and to me."

5. Thomas Reid (1710-96), professor of moral philosophy at Glasgow University 1764-96, wrote (in response to Hume) An Inquiry into the Human Mind on the Principles of Common Sense (1763), Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man (1785), and Essays on the Active Power of Man (1785). Reid held that belief in the external world was intuitive or immediate; he sought to deliver philosophy from the skeptical school.

6. See letters 110 n. 3; 140 n. 4. Sir William Blackstone (1723-80), judge and first professor of English law at Oxford, is chiefly remembered for his Commentaries on the Laws of England (1765-69), for a time the standard introduction to legal study; its popularity—and reputation—declined considerably later in the nineteenth century.

7. Instead of a predicted surplus of nearly £500,000, the quarter ending 5 January 1832 showed a deficit of £700,000, due largely to the abolition of duties on beer; the debate, in which the ministry acknowledged its error, was held on 6 February 1832.

8. By the treaty of 1814, incorporating Belgium with Holland, England had agreed to pay a portion of Holland’s debt to Russia. The ministry had continued these payments, without new parliamentary agreement, despite the separation of the countries, and argued (26 January 1832) for the diplomatic advantage of such a policy. The Dutch initially refused to accept the terms of the treaty (15 October 1831) ending their union with Belgium.
144. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC

Tunbridge Wells. Feb. 10th. 1832.

[. . . .] I read Blackstone and rather enjoy the old fellow. Even you would like some things in him—for instance such a word as "forestal," a legal adjective from forest.¹ Your MSS. are exceedingly popular at Cambridge, especially I think the "Maidens," which perhaps would, if published, establish you at once in general reputation.² What say you to the state of the world? I think things are rather better, or else one grows more accustomed to them. Ireland just now is the most volcanic point. I have interested myself much last term in tracing the progress of the S. Simonites. Have you considered them at all? The resemblance of their opinions in many points to those of Shelley is very striking; but they are much more practical.³ Brookfield is at Cambridge, very gloomy poor fellow. John Kemble is about to be married; to whom I know not.⁴ I should tell you something about this place but until today, which is lovely as May, we have had such wretched weather that little was to be seen or done.

AHH.

1. See letter 143 n. 6. Apparently AHH mistakes Blackstone's "forestall" for "forestal"; the first OED recorded use of the latter appears in Const. Hist.

2. See letter 113 n. 2.

3. See letter 140 n. 8. AHH's neutral, even favorable, description here may reflect his care, if not respect, for AT's (then unknown) opinion, which is reflected in the latter's 18 March 1832 letter to his Aunt Russell: "The Sect of the St. Simonistes is at once the proof of the immense map of evil that is existent in the 19th century and a focus which gathers all[;] this sect is rapidly spreading in France [.,] Germany and Italy and they have missionised in London: but I hope and trust that there are hearts as true and pure as steel in old England that will never brook the sight of Bael in the sanctuary and St. Simon in the church of Xt."

4. A false rumor; see letter 164 n. 7.
[Tunbridge Wells.] Sunday, February 12, 1832.

[... ] I thank God that at so critical a moment of my life He has brought me into daily intercourse with you. I feel more benefit from it than I fear I ever can repay. However, let us consider one another to provoke unto love and unto good works, not forsaking the meeting together, but exhorting one another, and so much the more as we see the day approaching [...]¹

Perhaps the usual prejudice against prayers for special earthly gifts has gone a great way to remove faith out of the Church, by destroying the sense of nearness and filial relation to God. It is true there are many errors and superstitions to be guarded against in taking this course, but it is not perhaps on the worst roads that the devil puts the most thorns.

Thinking this, I will end this serious talk with an ora pro nobis. My hopes of earthly happiness, or if there be any word more appropriate to our pilgrim state, which at best is a "looking to a city which hath foundations,"² remain unscathed, but liable to many and terrible contingencies, which at times make me very wretched; but I thank God, Who has bestowed on me some measure of faith.

Now, to pass to lighter, at least less personal matters. The country seems in a strange, precarious state of suspense. I have spoken with persons from London, who have reported that the ministry is in extremis, and [...] thinks so. They are cemented only by the Reform Bill. At odds among themselves, they are assailed nightly by a well-trained, compact Opposition. While in the lobby on the Russian loan division, they thought themselves beaten, and congratulated one another, it is said, on being forced to resign.³ The Archbishop of Dublin⁴ was here last week. He said Ireland grew worse every hour, and talked strongly, to my surprise, of the absolute necessity of asserting the law with a high hand. Next day came the account of Lord Grey's speech on tithes,⁵ which was all of a piece with the
Archbishop's discourse. I suspect the gift-bearing Greeks have an eye to seducing the Tory lords by a show of vigour, which in their hearts they believe will be of no avail.

1. Trench's reciprocal opinion is reflected in his 30 January 1832 letter to Donne: “Hallam has left us and we all miss him, and I particularly, for he has not left his fellow among us, either in wisdom or goodness. There are none but Evangelicals, whom you know I hate with a perfect hatred, & philosophical Germans, whom I fear to talk with on the high matters which we used to treat of” (Miss Johnson).


3. See letter 143 n. 8. The ministry carried the debate by 24 votes. After a defeat in the House of Lords on Lyndhurst’s motion to postpone reading a section of the Reform Bill, Grey’s ministry resigned on 9 May 1832; it reassumed power only after Peel and Wellington proved incapable of forming a cabinet, and William IV agreed to create new peers, if necessary, to carry the Reform Bill intact.

4. Richard Whately (1787-1863), archbishop of Dublin, had supported Catholic emancipation.

5. 7 February 1832 speech in the Commons, opposing abolition of tithes and church rates.
Dear Brooks,

It was very kind of you to send me an answer so soon. I wish from my heart I could say or do anything of real benefit to you; the circumstances in which you are placed appear to render it impossible for you to retrieve the past, otherwise than by endeavoring to endure with humility, and to make it good for yourself to have been afflicted. It were well for you not to remember, were it not worse to forget. I trust you are not seeking relief in dissipation: remember you promised me to take no more opium. It seems indeed arduous to chain the Bay of Biscay, yet there is One, whose Spirit moves on the face of the waters, evermore, as on the first day, bringing light & peace out of chaotic darkness & confusion. I am not talking thus from any sort of parade or affectation, but from the desire, which I cannot but have, that, if possible, you should feel as I feel. I have this moment heard that seven cases of Cholera have occurred in London, whither I am going on Friday. What if this note should be the last bit of chaff between us? My intention has been to come to Cambridge about Saturday week: perhaps however this news may make a difference; it may not be right for me to leave home, unless the rest do—& it is possible Mrs. Tennyson may take it into her head that my visit is dangerous. Nobody, that one meets, seems to care at all about Cholera now: but it remains to be seen what the effect of its coming to town may be. With regard to your declamation I am entirely without books at present, and do not carry much history in my head: nevertheless, although I can’t well sketch an outline at least till I get more materials, I can give a hint or two. What think you of this subject—the persecution of the Catholics under Elisabeth. There is much to be said on both sides. If you defend it, Southey’s Book of the Church, & Vindiciæ Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ are your books; if not,
Butler's Bk. of R. Cc. Church, & Histl. Memoirs of English, Irsh. & Scsh. Catholics, also Lingard's History, & my father's. I think it a very good subject. On the one side the plots of the Jesuits & partizans of Mary may be made the most of; on the other the loyalty of Catholics against the Armada, the hardship of the acts against recusants, the execution of Campion & others, the use of torture &c. If you do not relish this, I must [endeav]or to find you another. Meantime I send you two stanzas, kindly communicated by Dr. Bowring, & intended to form part of his forthcoming volume, entitled "Pastorals of the Bug & Dnieper."

Old tree, thou art not the same
I have loved of old;
Tho' thou bearest no other name,
'Tis another mould
That thy broad roots hold;
Other winds are around thee fighting.

Old tree, tho' thou art not the same,
Yet at morning tide,
When the dawn mist nigh thee came,
And the stirred branch sighed,
I forgot all beside,
And thought thee the tree I delight in.6

Goodbye. Monteith's letter is not come; give my correspondents notice that after Friday I am in London. Distribute my love.

Ever faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P. S. I have not heard a syllable from Somersby, which rather worries me: let me know if you have.

P/M 14 February 1832
1. Brookfield's disappointment is unidentified. AT's concern about Brookfield's habit is reflected in his late spring 1832 letter: "Smoke negrofoot an thou wilt but in the name of all that is near and dear unto thee I prythee take no opium—it were better that a millstone were hung about thy neck and that thou wert thrown into the Cam."

2. The cases at Rotherhithe had produced some fatalities; the announcement led to panic in London. See letter 116 n. 3.

3. Brookfield won the second Trinity declamation prize in 1832. See letter 6 n. 3.

4. The Book of the Church (1824) and Vindiciae Ecclesiae Anglicanae: Letters to Charles Butler Esq., Comprising Essays on the Romish Religion and Vindicating the Book of the Church (1826) by Southey; The Book of the Roman Catholic Church, a series of letters to Southey on his Book of the Church (1825), and Historical Memoirs of the English, Irish, and Scottish Catholics Since the Reformation (1819-21) by Charles Butler.

5. Edmund Campion (1540-81), Jesuit martyr.

6. The translation, which does not appear in Bowring's Cheskian Anthology (published in February 1832) or his previous collections, is untraced.
Clifton. 19 Feby. 1832.

My dear Arthur,

Thanks for your Pamphletts. They are well worth the Postage, which your Mother's Conscience twitted her about and to be sure, the Elder Mother might on another occasion have that benefit, if there is anything for her in it.

You teem with talent, and I saw beauties indistinctly as I went along wh: I should have felt more strongly had I received the Eye Salve of Education; to prove I was right however, I sent them to a very Clever and Pious Cambridge friend of mine, whose opinion I enclose for your Satisfaction. I congratulate you sincerely on having debarked into the World so successfully but remember there is Scylla as well as Carybdis, and nothing is more likely to inflate a man more than a consciousness of intellectual superiority to his fellow Men. If I was not a judge of the intellectuality of your compositions, I was, or fancied I was, of the strain of right feeling, which illumined the whole, and right glad was I to see that you had escaped from the University with such sentiments. The whole lump will be leavened by and by, when years have brought the experience of the futility of Human things in this land of Shadows. The finest human Mind is but a disjointed wreck of inconsistent parts; another miserable effect of the Fall—and the Glimpses of Beauty, which we discern in the minds of some favor'd individuals, only enhance the expectation of that time when "Crooked things shall be made strait." When the Body is reform'd after its dissolution, there will the Mind also become Glorious as it was when its Creator pronounced that "All was Good." An alloy of Error pervades all minds, and it is curious to observe how little the most labour'd Education can do towards correcting this fatal obliquity. Take any Two Great Statesmen, or Mighty Philosophers—your Caesars, Alexanders, Chathams, & Bo-
napartes—and you will find the moment they leave the exact Sciences, which serve as props & supports and they can’t agree upon the most trivial and vulgar topics—How often does one get an idea of Greater length, breadth & compass from an illiterate Peasant, than from a Man of Education (Pardon). If the Peasant thinks at all he thinks originally, unbiased by the Printed opinions of other Men—if he reasons at all, he reasons from the Great Book of Nature which he sees open around him—and he fails not oftener than the Herd of the Schools. Nevertheless, in most Ages, except this, there have been leaders in the Paths of Wisdom—your Bacons & Lockes, ye Axles round which the thoughts of the Million have been content to turn & who have contributed to hold together the Intellect of Nations and prevent their being utterly in Wandering Mazes lost. "My Uncle’s gone Mad Mama—and I really shall give up his Correspondence—Iu! [?] Sure he thinks us Small Beer of himself; and he is as Blind as a Bat, & because he can scarcely spell, wants to pull down all the Labours & Honors of the Schools to his own Level.” Adieu. Don’t come to me in Easter week; but any, & every other time I shall be most happy to see you.

Your affec. Uncle,

Henry Elton.

Addressed to Arthur Hallam, Esqre. / <Rose Hill / Tunbridge Wells> 67 Wimpole Street / London.
P/M 22 February 1832

1. See letter 141 n. 5.
2. Presumably Henry Elton’s wife, Mary.
3. Unidentified
4. 1 Corinthians 5:6.
5. Isaiah 40:4
6. Paradise Lost, 2. 561.
67 Wimpole St. Wednesday [22 February 1832].

My dear Pearson,

I would have written to thank you for your letter, but delayed it in expectation of coming to town. As it is, I find I cannot remain above two days, and I may not perhaps in that time be able to see you; so, for fear of such a mischance, I send the compositions you are kind enough to ask for, hoping you will treat them leniently. A man who deliberately publishes has no right to plead haste & hurry in extenuation of faults; but one, who bundles up a College Essay, and prints it only out of deference to custom, may perhaps be allowed to plead, that he would have done better, had he had more time for preparation. With regard to the volume of Poems, I cannot but be pleased that you should have found anything to like in them, and, since you have already seen the book, I can have no objection to your possessing it. 1 At the same time I am disposed to regret extremely that it ever should have got abroad. It is full of enormous faults of conception & expression, and, what is worse, of morbid feeling, which one has no right whatever to send afloat in the world. 2 However, such as it is, it is very much at your service. I perceive I have passed my ordeal with safety. I think I shall eat myself into possession in a day or two. The cause of Colvile’s rejection is abundantly mysterious. I hope he means to try again. 3 Have you heard anything of Gaskell? Since his life of parliamentary expectations has begun, he never writes. I shall return to town in about a month’s time, when I hope we shall meet. Meanwhile, believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to J. Pearson Esq. / 8 Dorset Square.
1. Pearson's copy of AHH's Poems, with signature (in Pearson's hand?) "J. Pearson e dono AHH 1832. obit 1833," is at Texas.

2. Compare with AHH's description in letter 90.

3. See letter 142. Colvile was eventually elected to the Oxford and Cambridge Club.
67 Wimpole St. Friday [24 February 1832].

Dear Spedding,

I wish the Fates the Cholera with all my heart for preventing our interview. I shall however return to London in about a month’s time, to stay an incalculable time, for which you have a better warrant than my word, to wit my purse, the low state of which will preclude any gambollings out of domestic tranquillity for some time to come. In the interim I am on a visit to Alfred the Great, passing through Cambridge, where I sojourn but a day. The Essay I send you, but be merciful, & don’t quiz my hard words more than is absolutely needful for your health. I really have some good sense at bottom, if you will but believe it. Very willing shall I be to correspond with you; & it has sometimes occurred to me during last term, Why the deuce don’t I write to Edward Spedding? a query which I grieve to say the devil allowed me to silence with the retort, Why the deuce doesn’t Edward Spedding write to me? I long to have a talk with you, abusive of all things. What a dirty, lying, beastly thing is the Press, to disbelieve the Cholera, merely because they had nothing to do with its coming, & can find fault with nobody for its not going! I hear Wharncliffe & Harrowby have deserted the good cause. Shame fall them! but I cannot bring myself to think we are as bad off as a year ago. Faretheewell.

Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

P. S. My address for a month will be Somersby Rectory, Spilsby, Lincolnshire.
1. On 28 February 1832, Trench wrote to Donne that “Hallam past through here last Sunday on his way to visit his Lady Love in Lincolnshire—I hope she is the Lady of the Mere / Sole-sitting on the shores of old Romance” (Miss Johnson).

2. James Archibald Stuart-Wortley-Mackenzie (1776-1845), first baron Wharncliffe, was a follower of Canning and supported Catholic emancipation; Dudley Ryder (1762-1847), second baron Harrowby, was president of the council from 1812 to 1827. Both Wharncliffe and Harrowby tried unsuccessfully in the winter of 1831-32 to arrange a compromise on the Reform Bill in order to prevent the creation of new peers; they announced their support of the Bill publicly on 27 March and helped to carry its second reading in the Lords on 14 April 1832.
God may chasten those whom He cherisheth by taking from their grasp the blessings of time, but from no believer can He take away those of eternity. "He that hath the Son hath life." Already, and in the act of his appropriating faith, are folded as in a germ all the glories of His saintly kingdom. In that kingdom there will neither be marrying nor giving in marriage; yet I think there will be wedded affection; for though the nature be glorified, yet it is human nature still. The more cheering aspect of your affairs encourages me to say a word respecting myself which I have hitherto withheld, from no want of confidence, but from a feeling that I had no right to intrude the subject.

I am now at Somersby, not only as the friend of Alfred Tennyson, but as the lover of his sister. An attachment on my part of near two years’ standing, and a mutual engagement of one year, are, I fervently hope, only the commencement of an union which circumstances may not impair and the grave itself not conclude. My father imposed a very unpleasant, but a very natural, prohibition not to come here till of age, so that it is but just now that I have been able to reap in actual enjoyment of her society any fruits of that assurance which a year since poured a flood of hope on a mind much depressed and benighted.

1. 1 John 5:12.
3. Trench became engaged to his cousin, Frances Trench, in March; they were
married on 31 May 1832. In his 28 February 1832 letter to Donne, Trench wished AHH prosperity and happiness: "If any may expect it here, where at best we are looking for a city that hath foundations, he I trust will not be disappointed—it would be impossible for me to say how much I have received from him of kindness and sympathy, and loving counsel" (Miss Johnson).

4. See letter 183a.
My dear Brooks,

Although you hinted, when I was with you, that you had an objection to short letters, you can hardly expect me to reform my conduct in this respect at present. Indeed I find no sort of time as yet for anything the interest of which is not strictly confined within the walls of Somersby. How I am to read Blackstone here is one of those mysteries which I consider insoluble by human reason: even Dante,\(^1\) even Alfred’s poetry is at a discount. Dear Brooks, you encouraged me to write personal twaddle, & I have need of telling you how happy I have been, am, & seem likely to be. I would you were happy too—for however I trust your friendship, & know besides that the mind takes a strange delight sometimes in the contemplation of moods more joyous than its own, I cannot but feel that there must mingle some pain with your knowledge of my joy.\(^2\) All things hitherto I have found as well, better rather than I could have expected. Emily is not apparently in a state of health that need much disquiet me, and her spirits are, as I had hoped, more animated by confidence & hope. Every shadow of—not doubt, but uneasiness, or what else may be a truer name for the feeling—that Alfred’s language \(<\text{has}>\) sometimes cast over my hope is destroyed in the full blaze of conscious delight with which I perceive that she loves me. And I—I love her madly: I feel as though I had never known love till now. The love of absence I had known, & searched its depths with patient care, but the love of presence methinks I knew not, for heretofore I was always timid, & oppressed by the uncertain vision of futurity, and the wavering form of the present. (I am writing arrant nonsense—never mind.) Now I feel above consequence, freed from destiny, at home with happiness. Never before have I known at one moment the luxury of actual delight, the reasonable assurance of its prolongation through a happy
life, & the peace, which arises out of a tranquil conscience to sanctify & establish all the rest. Not without the blessing of God has this matter been brought thus far: I humbly hope this is a sign of its continuance: but I believe I speak my heart, when I say, that eagerly as I love her, I truly desire to submit all my hopes & desires to the love of God—and that it would cost me little to lose the highest blessings of this life, would God but grant me “soul in soul to grow deathless hers.”

Do you want details of what I do? I know not where to begin: yet, to be a little more sober, I will try to bethink me of what has occurred. I found no great fear of Cholera—thanks to shortsightedness, or something, nobody found out the Marylebone case in the paper, tho’ there it was, large as life, or death I shd. say. Alfred is, as I expected, not apparently ill; nor can I persuade myself anything real is the matter. His spirits are better; his habits more regular; his condition altogether healthier. He is fully wound up to publication, & having got £100 from Mrs. Russel talks of going abroad. C & F well: the former has written two sonnets: all three have taken to digging—one more resemblance of Somersby to Paradise. Several things are changed here since my former visits; some for the worse: e.g. Emily & Mary have shamefully neglected their singing. I marvel at your indulgent mention; on the faith of a lover, they sung six times as well two years ago. Part of my mind is cut away by it. There are no horses rideable, wch. is a bore: on the other hand, there are curtains in the dining room, wch. is a lounge. Charles sleeps much less than he did, but never reads. I have been endeavoring to find time to teach Horatio his Latin, but since the strange revolution of the course of nature by which the number of hours in the day has become so much smaller, it is difficult, you know, to find leisure for anything. Much Italian lesson goes on after breakfast: “amo, ami &c.” We expect Kat[y] Burton here soon. I wonder why Tennant never told me that Miss Fytche pulled his hair. Mary seems well, & learns Italian prettily: nevertheless I think her somewhat diminished in beauty since my former sojourn. I am an impartial judge certainly, for I looked much less at her face then, than now. The whole state of the music is sadly inferior to what it used to be: I must try to reform things. Don’t think all is going right with me: the other morning I had an awkward sample of what may be expected hereafter in Theodicaea Co. I asked a trifle—certain verses—for an hour & a half in all ways of entreaty, cajole, &

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menace, & was met with the deadest refusal. No great harm at present, but when it comes to “Mrs. H.,” why—but stuff & nonsense. Write to me, will you? tell me about all things, specially yourself. Don’t shew this letter to a soul, unless it be Tennant. I believe M & G must come here; Fred seems to have changed his mind, & I am not sure that I have not. 8 More of this. Love to Trench, & the few.

Very affect:ely yours,

AHH.


1. See letter 140 n. 3.
2. See letter 146 n. 1.
4. See letter 146 n. 2.
5. Charles Tennyson’s sonnets are unidentified.
6. Probably a sister of Langhorne Burton; see letter 104 n. 4.
7. Perhaps Ann or another daughter of John Fytche (d. 1855), AT’s maternal uncle.
8. On 18 April 1832, Frederick Tennyson wrote to Frere: “Hallam has been staying with us a month & we are expecting Garden & Monteith from Cambridge, who, though excellent fellows, particularly at the head of their own tables asking you to drink Champagne—& full of amiable qualities—especially Garden, are, entre nous, rather too magnificent for a little Parsonage in a remote corner of Lincolnshire, particularly Monteith. But however they will come & so they shall if they like it. You are much more the sort of man I should like to see here” (Duke).
Alfred I was most glad to find better than I had apprehended. I see no ground for thinking he has anything really serious to ail him. His mind is what it always was, or rather brighter, and more vigorous. I regret, with you, that you have never had the opportunity of knowing more of him. His nervous temperament and habits of solitude give an appearance of affectation to his manner, which is no true interpreter of the man, and wears off on further knowledge. Perhaps you could never become very intimate, for certainly your bents of mind are not the same, and at some points they intersect; yet I think you could hardly fail to see much for love, as well as for admiration. I have persuaded him, I think, to publish without further delay. There is written the amount of a volume rather larger than the former, and certainly, unless the usual illusion of manuscript deceives me, more free from blemishes and more masterly in power. I have been as little studious, since we parted, as you represent yourself, or, I might say, as a man well can be. I inhabit a corner of the world where politics are never heard of, and cholera excites scarce the shadow of an alarm. I see a newspaper very rarely, and can tell you nothing at all. I am most impartially ignorant respecting Irving and St. Simon. Pray write again soon, and tell me what news you can about the stirring world out of which I live; indeed, I sometimes feel ashamed, as though I were a deserter. Farewell.

1. In his 1 April 1830 letter to Trench (1:57–60), Kemble described Charles and Alfred Tennyson as “dying to know you”; in his spring 1832 letter to Brookfield, AT wrote: “It is impossible to look upon Trench and not to love him, though he be, as Fred says, always strung to the highest pitch, and the earnestness which burns within
him so flashes through all his words and actions, that when one is not in a mood of sympathetic elevation, it is difficult to prevent a sense of one's own inferiority and lack of all high, and holy feeling. Trench is a bold truehearted Idoloclast—yet have I no faith in any one of his opinions.” See also letter 156 n. 2.

2. Of all AHH's friends, Trench seems to have been most attracted to Edward Irving. On 30 October 1831, Spedding wrote to Donne that “[Trench] has cast down the magnificent temples of Shelleian religion, and his only hope is in a speedy millennium, of which he hall the newly given gift of unknown tongues as a forerunner and assurance” (Cambridge Apostles, p. 256). Trench wrote to his fiancée on 17 November 1831 that he hoped to go with AHH to see the phenomena firsthand: “At any other time than this it would have made a mighty stir, but cholera and reform do not leave people much time to attend to spiritual goings on” (Trench, 1:102). On 1 May 1832, the day before Irving was expelled from the Scottish Church, Trench attended services “with such advantage to myself, that I shall not be absent any day during my stay here. . . . I bore away with me a renewed conviction of his holy earnestness, so that I could do no less than return home and pray, as I often will, and ask you to do, that he and his have not been sent a strong delusion to believe a lie” (Trench, 1:113-14). See also letter 140 n. 8.
My dear Brooks,

Do you forgive me for not having written again? It will be very charitable in you, if you do: at all events I shall come & claim your forgiveness on Monday at 12 o'clock per mail. Will you endeavor to get me a bed in somebody's lodging; that one knows, near Trinity—or rather it does not signify, I may as well house at the Bull, since my bill is paid. I shall have much to talk of with you, which I will not now anticipate upon, the rather as I have a bad headache. Faretheewell. I am

Faithfully thine

AHH.

P. S. I shall bring no owl: it isn't ready yet.¹


¹. See letter 96a for Brookfield's ornithological associations: here there may be some connection with AT's "Song—The Owl" (published 1830).
Cambridge. April 3 [1832].

My own dearest love,

I cannot forbear writing to you today, although I did not intend it when I left you. I feel as if my heart would burst if I did not. The parting from you has been bitter, even beyond what I had expected. I feel utterly overwhelmed for the moment, but I do not write to say this; I write that I may have the chance of hearing sooner from you, than if I had waited till Thursday. It is horror to me to know that I do not see you, that I shall not see you tomorrow, nor—oh write to me speedily, dearest; I am a fool; I fear you will think me a fool for this wild impatience—but I cannot be otherwise just now; I shall be calmer when your letter reaches me. One word by Friday’s post—one will not hurt you even if you have a headache; but more if you will; that is, if you can: I pant with inexhaustible longing for something to break down the awful barrier between us—of blank, enormous, cheerless, sightless Distance. I cannot express to you the strange desire, almost determination, to return that very day to Somersby, which came upon me soon after my eyes, vainly straining, ceased to hold the image of your eyes, & your form, as you stood there beside the coach. I was quite faint, and the blood burned in my temples, and I thought I might return, if I would, and then I thought I would; & then, that had I felt so ill in the morning I should never have gone that day;¹ and therefore that I had a fair reason for returning; and I really had the fancy of taking a chaise back, and I counted the hours, & knew I might even then be back by dinnertime—and once more I should have seen you, and have drunken life from your looks, and we might have passed one other evening at least on the dear sofa, your head reclining, as on Sunday evening (dolce nella memoria)² on the arm of him, who loves you, and knows that [you] love him. I struggled with this thought, which I knew was wild, and forced
myself into conversation with my neighbour, whom I found a worthy sensible clergyman of some parish about Alford. He spoke of Mablethorpe, of Langton,3 of the wolds about Somersby—I felt as if I had known him all my life; I could have hugged the man, when we parted at Boston. Then I got outside, and the fresh air made me instantly better. Nothing of particular moment occurred during the rest of the way, except that I thought I had lost your whip, & was bribing the Peterborough guard to send it on to Cambridge if he could find it in the inn at Boston, when luckily I espied it in a corner of the coach. Dear whip—it is safe now. The violets are dead already, poor things; but the bit of stock retains its crumpiness.4 Today is like the height of summer; its loveliness lies heavy on my heart, but I trust it breathes health on you, and that ought to be enough for me. My friends here are well, & gay; Brookfield & Tennant desire to be remembered; the former will assure Frederic about the Sacrament-day,5 in a day or two, by a parcel which must be inquired for therefore at Spilsby, or it will never reach you. It may be there Thursday. Will you write to me, dear Emily, as soon as Thursday. How glorious I should think one line on <Friday> Saturday morning—in London remember. I will write very, very, very soon again: meanwhile I shall endeavor to grow reasonable, & get comfort, and set you an example of cheerfulness and hope. God bless thee, and thy own

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 3 April 1832

1. AHH's lovesickness may not have been entirely emotional; his sharp headaches, especially during periods of stress or exertion, may have been symptomatic of an aneurysm.

2. "Sweet in the memory."

3. The Tennysons took rooms in a cottage at Mablethorpe, near Skegness, on the
North Sea coast (see Memoir, 1:20). Langton was the home of Bennet Langton—a friend of Dr. Johnson—and his descendants, who became acquainted with the Tennysons (Friends, pp. 21-22).

4. "Freshness, brittleness," but the word evidently had a personal significance: see letter 155 n. 1.

5. The significance for Frederick Tennyson is unclear.
I feel the want of writing to Somersby today, although I can say probably but little. I must make a violent effort to enter again into the common doings of life but it is very difficult—Five such weeks as I have passed! Cambridge is especially loathsome to me. I have a desire to be in London where I shall be tomorrow; then I shall see my sister & my mother. Pray forgive the many little hasty things I may have said or done.

Monteith & Garden desire me to say that they will have great pleasure in accepting the invitation to Somersby; they will come for two or three days, probably towards the end of the Easter vacation.¹ They are going to Italy in June or earlier, should next term not be kept, which the Ely cholera renders probable.² They are anxious that you should join them and wished me to mention this to you now. Spedding desires a letter from some one of you. Farewell <again.>

1. See letter 150 n. 8.

2. Cholera was first reported at Ely in mid-March. In the 11 April 1832 Times, the Board of Health noted a “frightful increase of cholera patients” that gave “too much reason” to believe the disease contagious.
Thank you, thank you, my darling Nem, for writing. I have devoured every syllable of your letter with eyes & lips; and I find my appetite grown voracious with such sweet food. Yet I feel how wretched it is to be thrown back into the region of letters after treading the giddy heights of existence, in which your dear presence & converse had placed me. Oh it is sad to think how little a letter gives one! Yours today is all precious sweetness; yet it tells but a few moments of your life, a few thoughts of your mind, and it contains no looks, no tones—that is the great, deplorable, alas irremediable loss; but something will be gained by frequent, earnest intercourse of letters: for my own part I am resolved to write once every week to you, and I ardently desire to hear from you not less often. Beloved creature, it is not merely my passionate love that asks this; it is the thought, the knowledge that we are now more one, if possible, than we were; that the last five weeks have fastened bonds of new, & invincible strength around our hearts; that, having thus been in all things made known to one another, it is our duty, it is our privilege, it is our means of comfort & hope & fortitude to keep talking constantly in the only way we can. Let us pour out our moods to one another as freely, as tenderly—not alas so deliciously; that cannot be— as when we sat side by side on the sofa. Perhaps, in some respects, our communion of feeling may acquire vigour, and capacity to lead us happily onward, from the very fact that it is tempered by distance. But then, love, our letters should be longer. For I would not give up any detail of little Somersby facts, that you can send me; and yet I would not have them encroach the least on space, that might be devoted to Somersby feelings. <These last I> Send me both, dearest, both in abundance—and yet I fear I never shall get you to tell me any, much less all, of the slight circumstances I would be told of—how you
looked on such a day before breakfast, how after; which side of the sofa you sat, which walk in the garden you turned down, how often you went to the pianoforte, & the like. I won't bear hard on you, however, in these matters: absence I feel but too keenly must be absence; but the more essential points of frequent writing, and writing, full of yourself, instinct with your precious feelings, I cannot give up. Never stop to round a sentence; I can decipher, you know.

It seems to me, & I trust I am not mistaken, that this summer weather has cheered your soul. I hoped & believed it would: but do not, in your next, leave me without a distinct statement how you are. I will bribe my bird hither else. And fear not for my health: I was indeed feverish, when I wrote last, but I am pretty well now. It is an unhealthy season; most people, my father among the number, are complaining of debility, & headaches, which, like yours, are worst in the morning, better after dinner. Any medical wisdom I can gather shall be faithfully transmitted to you. Thank you for beginning your task so dutifully: mine, the crumpy Sonnet, is not yet performed, but you shall have it soon. The other you speak of I never knew you had seen: it seemed to myself a weak attempt to express the idea I had, but it is gratifying to me that you should have been affected by it. I will send it soon.

The morning I left Somersby I went to your father's tomb, & beside it offered to God my constant prayer for your happiness above all things, & next, if it may be, our earthly union. In that prayer is my whole being concentered; on its issue depend the destinies of us both. The "awful thoughts" you describe have been mine also, at those moments when I am least myself, and I have not hidden them from you. But I oppose to them [my] faith, grounded on reason & feeling, that [no] combination of events, no predisposition to misery, no presage, no ray whatever of gloom from the overshadowing evil of life, can or shall prevail against Prayer & Confidence towards God. There is no revoking on God's part of that word, "Ask whatever ye will in my name, & it shall be done unto you." But I, dearest Emily, am faint & of little faith: let us pray much for each other. I shall write very soon again, whether I hear or not: but oh let me hear.

Thine own Arthur.
Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 April 1832

1. See letter 153 n. 4; AHH’s sonnet is unidentified.
2. See letter 158 n. 12.
I don't know that you ought to publish this spring, but I shall never be easy or secure about your MSS. until I see them fairly out of your control. The Ballad of "The Sisters" was very popular at Cambridge. Indeed it is very perfect. Monteith showed his ignorance by wishing the murdering lady to have been originally the rival of the seduced lady, which idea was of course scouted by the wiser listeners, that is, all the rest, as substituting a commonplace melodramatic interest for the very poetic interest arising from your conception of the character. All were anxious for the Palace of Art, etc., and fierce with me for not bringing more.

Venables is a great man at Cambridge, also Dobson. New customs, new topics, new slang phrases have come into vogue since my day, which yet was but yesterday. I don't think I could reside again at Cambridge with any pleasure. I should feel like a melancholy Pterodactyl winging his lonely flight among the linnets, eagles and flying fishes of our degenerate post-Adamic world. I have seen Gaskell, who is in the ninth heaven of happiness, going to be married the end of May. I have taken to my law again, and a little to my other studies. The Bill is now in the second reading, and will pass by a very small majority. The cholera is certainly abating; the preliminary symptoms have been very widely prevalent; disorders which are cured without difficulty in our rank of life turn to malignant cholera in the poor. Casimir Perier has had it but is recovering. The heroes of July are cutting the throats of physicians and wine merchants as you will see by the papers [. . .] I found Tennant in a calm, apparently vigorous state of mind. Brookfield not quite fancy free. Kemble is in France. His sister's acting in the Hunchback is said to be magnificent. Her own play has had its full share of admiration in London. I like it much & certainly think it very remarkable to have been written at
seventeen. The language is very pure, free, elegant English & strictly
dramatic. There is none of that verbiage called “mere poetry.” She
must have nourished her childhood with the strong wine of our old
drama. Tell me what your own opinion is [. . . .] The report about
Macaulay in Tennant’s letter has no great foundation: at least he has
not seen your book. I think Mac has some poetic taste, and would
appreciate you.9

Yours affectionately,
AHH.

1. In his 20 May 1832 letter, Merivale complained to Frederick Tennyson: “[I have]
begun writing out Alfred’s MSS. in a very neat book—Poets who won’t publish put
their friends to great trouble” (Harvard). See also letter 144 n. 2.

2. If “The Palace of Art” was AT’s response to Trench’s famous remark, it must
have been composed after 1 April 1830 (see letter 151 n. 1; and Ricks, pp. 400-418).
A. Dwight: Culler’s illuminating article on Trench and AT’s poem (“Tennyson, we
cannot live in art” in Nineteenth-Century Literary Perspectives: Essays in Honor of Lionel
77-92) supposes that the two Apostles might have met in late May or June 1830. The
lack of previous references to the poem in AHH’s letters, and the fact that AT
was at Somersby in June 1830 (see letter 90 n. 2), and thus apparently did not keep
the Easter 1830 term, however, suggests that the poem was begun later, perhaps after
AT’s visit to Cambridge (where Trench was also keeping a term) in November 1831
(see letter 130 n. 1). Incorporating letter 151 (and its note 1) in his The Poetry of
Tennyson (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1977), p. 260 n. 22, Culler more
recently has concluded that “it seems possible that the introductory poem to The
Palace of Art was addressed not to Trench but to Hallam or Spedding.” But in light of
these letters, Culler’s earlier supposition (in his article, p. 87) that Trench’s remark
might have been relayed to AT through common friends—or the possibility that AT
and Trench met in November 1831—argues that Trench inspired the poem.

3. George Stovin Venables (1810-88), who matriculated at Jesus College,
Cambridge, in 1828 (B.A., fifth classic, 1832), won the Chancellor’s English medal in
1831, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1832 (barrister 1836-82), and contributed
to the Saturday Review and the Times. William Dobson (1809-67), who matriculated
at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., third classic, 1832), was principal of Cheltenham College
from 1845 to 1859; he translated Schleiermacher’s Introduction to Dialogues of Plato
(1834).

4. Gaskell announced his engagement in his 28 March 1832 letter to Gladstone
(B.L.); he married Mary Williams-Wynn on 16 May 1832.

5. See letter 148 n. 2; the majority for the Reform Bill was 9.

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6. The apparently faulty Materials text reads "in well built houses."

7. Casimir Pierre Périer (1777-1832), French statesman, was prime minister of France from 1831 to 1832. AHH's favorable prognosis was premature; Périer died of cholera on 15 May. In April 1832, the French monarchists were accused of putting arsenic into wine butts in an attempt to persuade the lower classes that the cholera was a Governmental conspiracy to poison the poor; the result was rioting among the lower classes, who attacked wine merchants and druggists. AHH alludes contemptuously to the heroes of the 1830 French Revolution.

8. The Hunchback by James Sheridan Knowles (1784-1862), dramatist and occasional writer, was first performed at Covent Garden on 5 April 1832, with Fanny Kemble as Julia and the author as the hero; it was her most popular role of the season. Less successful was her own Francis I (which opened on 15 March 1832) in which Fanny played Louise de Savoie. In his 1 April 1832 letter to Donne, Spedding wrote that he had read Fanny's tragedy: "It is poetry of a very high order, not only in the diction, which throughout is English and excellent . . . the action, the feeling, the character all unfold themselves in the true spirit of poetry; they have the genuine swell and fall, the glory and repose of art" (Miss Johnson). Fanny herself was less enthusiastic, and ten days before it opened noted that "I do not care a straw whether the piece dies and is damned the first night, or is cut up alive the next morning"; years later she was surprised to learn that the play went through ten editions (Girlhood, pp. 504, 225).

9. Any comments by Macaulay on Tennyson's 1830 volume are unrecorded.
Tonight I am going to see La Kemble in Lady Macbeth; an arduous attempt for so young a woman but it was her aunt's great part.¹

There is no doubt as the papers will show you that cholera is fast abating here. Great reason have we English, particularly we of London, to be thankful for our immunity compared with the far more awful spread of the same malady in France.² London is indeed dingy & dismal; yet even here on the outposts at least of this vast encampment may be seen gaily flying the advance banner of Spring. Certain almond trees there are, which occasionally regale my eyes. As for the ingratitude of Haglane & the Brook, I ever feared it would be so; after all what are trees but wooden blocks & what is water but (in the phrase of Blackstone) an "uncertain wandering thing."³

1. Fanny Kemble's performance in the first, last, and most famous role of Sarah Siddons (1755-1831) was at a special "Charles Kemble night," in which Fanny's father played his favorite role of Macbeth.

2. The disease reasserted itself in London later that summer.

3. Both were in the vicinity of the Somersby rectory. See Blackstone, Commentaries, vol. 2, chap. 2, par. 20: "For water is a movable, wandering thing."
67 [Wimpole Street]. Saturday [21 April 1832].

My own pet,

Your little billet, which I have this moment received, is just the sweetest thing ever seen or read. Verily I suspect you of an ambition to have your letters published—or else you were nettled at my advice not to mind rounding your sentences—for you are growing quite eloquent. Have a care or I shall set about editing your compositions—what shall the title be? “Doubts on Dobbies,” or “The Frumpy corner, a tale founded on fact,” or “Letters of a Past-worshipper”—this last will do, I think, & I am sure so utterly pompous a title would sell any book.¹ I am glad you discovered the Holt, though I, it seems, must be satisfied with its ideal, since no actual dumpiness can be seen by the bodily eye.² Cuor mio, there is one thing abominable in your letter: in spite of my repeated injunctions, in spite of my last touching appeal to your generosity, not one syllable have you written about your precious health. Monster, tell me how you are, or I will take to corresponding with Epton³ in order to find out.

Now for your news—what can Alfred be doing at Sutton! All his fine talk about “Alps & Apennines, the Pyrenees and the river Po” dwindled to a shabby sojourn at Sutton! I suppose his MSS. are with him; if by any chance not, do you think you could transcribe for me the concluding stanzas of “The Miller’s Daughter,” and the last part of “Oenone?” I fear from what you say Frederic remains in his altered disposition. It is ill done of him—very ill: may he be saved from the retributive consequences of such ungenerous conduct.⁴ You speak not of Charley, nor of Mary: speak of both next time, I pray. Tell me if anything farther is heard of the intended visit “fro Cantabrig.”⁵ Very shameful it is in you to neglect your lessons; & pray where are the Italian sentences that were to occupy a large space in every letter? To be sure, your English is better stuff, and until you pay me in kind for

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the long, large-paged epistle I wrote last time (which I apprehend will never be, especially while you begin writing at midnight) I will indulge your laziness. I am glad you like Robertson:6 don’t you begin to have pleasant recollections of your “reading age?” Truly you are not above 109; a St. Martin’s summer7 is not an impossible thing; nor do I despair of a revival of your literary diligence even at this advanced & frosty period of your life.

My own proceedings have been uninteresting enough this week. I went to see Lady Macbeth, as I told you I should: it was not very successful; she seemed to sink under her consciousness of the grandeur of the character, and the remembrance of Mrs. Siddons, still vivid in the minds of many.6 I am going to dine with the Kembles tomorrow. John has just returned from Paris; he gives a fearful account of the appearance of that city under the pressure of its dreadful scourge. In London this strange malady diminishes rapidly: the last report was only of seven cases, & it has been as high as seventy! This is a great reason for thankfulness, but none [for] presumptuous confidence.9 I have been keeping my first term at the Temple—a process performed by eating—very agreeable, you think?—very disagreeable, I know, for one is surrounded by hideous students in gowns & red whiskers, chattering about entails & mortgages.10

Has anything been heard lately of your Grandfather? I called a week since on George,11 but I have not seen him. I am quite adrift as to Mrs. Russell; if any of you have ascertained her address, I would fain have it. I send you the Sonnet you asked for; it was written in a moment of passionate thought; one of those moments in which the whole awfulness of life seems to bear down on the o'erwrought vision of the mind: but it never satisfied me; indeed it was far too painful to me.

Oh mighty Arm, thou art outstretched now!
The shadows of thy motion press upon
My aching eyeballs and my shivering brow.
My will was working lately; that is done,
And on the fateful currents hath begun
Impulse how different! THOU, even THOU,
Into thine own prevailing action
Takest the unborn times, that we shall know.

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The Father now is parted from the Child;
The Husband's eyes are glazed: deadcold he is
To one who tends him ever with deep zeal
Of love and patience. It hath ceased to feel,
That heart, so tenderfeeble, yet so wild!
Oh Arm of GOD, what wilt thou bring of this?\(^12\)

Make somebody write to me—the lazy loons have nothing to do.
More particulars of the Dalby apparition are desired.\(^13\)
I certainly sealed the letter; I fear the postman was overcurious about our affairs,
and could not be content with peeping through the folds. The
mysterious bits of fragrance commonly go by the name of "potpourri."
In your next the favour of a flower is requested. And so fare thee well, beloved one, until Saturday next, when the same wish shall be repeated. Art thou aware it was this day three weeks we took that mad ride?

Ever thy most affectionate
Arthur Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 21 April 1832

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1. Dobby, dobbie: "a silly old man, a dotard" or "a household sprite or apparition"; frumpy: "cross-tempered; also, like a frump, dowdy" (OED): AHH apparently applied the latter to Emily's expression. See letter 115 n. 2 for AT's "passion for the past."

2. See AT's "Thy soul is like a landskip, friend" (Ricks, p. 282), line 10: "And hoary holts on uplands green," and "My life is full of weary days" (1832; Ricks, pp. 350-51), line 19: "And through damp holts, new flushed with May."

3. Unidentified; perhaps AHH's slip for "Langton" (see letter 153 n. 3).

4. Apparently a reference to Frederick Tennyson's continued quarrels with George Clayton Tennyson (see letter 128 n. 3); Frederick's 18 April 1832 letter to Frere described himself in tantrums, partly due to "a crotchet of my Grandfather's, that we are all to take orders, myself specially" (Duke).
5. See letter 150 n. 8.
6. William Robertson, the historian.
7. A late period of fine weather; St. Martin's day is 11 November.
8. See letter 157 n. 1. Fanny Kemble was awed by the prospect of the role: "Surely it is too great an undertaking for so young a person as myself. . . . That towering, tremendous woman, what a trial of courage and composure for me!" (Girlhood, p. 357). But the Times (16 April 1832) compared her performance favorably with that of her aunt.
9. See letter 157 n. 2.
10. See letter 137 n. 2.
11. George Hildyard Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] (1809-71), eldest son of AT's uncle Charles, matriculated at Trinity in 1828, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1830, and served in the Ionian Islands Civil Service.
12. See letter 155 n. 2. The sonnet is dated March 1832 in Emily's notebook of AHH's writings (TRC); printed in Writings, pp. 97-98.
13. See letter 159 n. 4.
My dear Brooks,

I am loth to treat your request in what you will consider a stingy manner, but I vow & protest to you I can give you no light on the subject but what I might extract from the windows of Southey's Church, a process which you will perform much more satisfactorily for yourself. The "cheese" of my knowledge is unfortunately more filled with maggots of my own imaginations than with sober mouldiness of facts. It does not seem to me that, if you take Southey's statement of the case as a true statement whereon to found your argument, you need be much embarrassed about the difficulty of defending persecution. For, according to worthy Master Robert, there was not a shadow of persecution from beginning to end. A Sovereign defended her realm against traitors within and avowed enemies without: in the course of this necessary and therefore just defence it happened that many Catholics suffered the penalties of the law, but they suffered not as professing a different religion, but as adhering to a different allegiance. Southey gives a large detail of instances, which, for the purposes of your declamation, will sufficiently warrant the inference that the mass of the English Catholics was disloyal, and that, with the Head of their Church her open enemy; the seductive Queen of Scots, her declared rival & claimant of the English throne, in the very heart of her dominions; the fierce fanaticism of the French Catholics, reeking from the carnage of St. Bartholomew; and the recent, still lively remembrance of the Marion persecution, Queen Bess could hardly have acted more wisely than by passing & enforcing these restrictive statutes. I really cannot think of anything more to hint; besides, when I read formerly on the subject, I was on the other side, & I am not yet lawyer enough [to] plead very warmly against my conscience.]1 Yesterday I saw that tall man, Glasgow, who told me,
what I suppose must be a mistake of his own brewing, that you were going to Somersby with the uncle & nephew. I hear every week, but no arrival "fro Cantabrig" has yet been mentioned. The accounts are good; yet I trust them not so well as I should my own eyes, shortsighted though they be. Alfred is gone to Sutton—nobody knows why. Charley I believe at Holton. Arthur at Dalby, where he has seen a ghost. The lion remains in the old lair, to look after his own, & to growl at supervening Sawnies. I would fain hear whether that visit takes place, & when: if thou art in a writing mood sit thou down & tip me a line. Jog Tennant's elbow also, that he write. I am groaning grievously under the burthen of London: I cannot get well, and the blue devils (not cholera) gripe hard. Wilt thy face be visible in London—thinkest thou? I am going to eat a term in the Temple, me miserable! so faretheewell.

Thine faithfully,

AHH.

P/M 21 April 1832

1. See letter 146 nn. 3-4.
2. See letter 158 n. 5.
3. Holton-le-Clay, a small Lincolnshire village north of Louth.
5. Apparently Frederick Tennyson; the contemptuous name for Scotsmen reflects AHH's continued uncertainty about Monteith and Garden's Somersby visit.
6. Paradise Lost, 4. 73.
Dearest & best,

The moment I opened your letter I glanced my eye rapidly through it to see whether at last you had told me how you are. The glance was not speedily successful, but in a little, symony [?].

Second PS. I detected, after some trouble, the only piece of intelligence your cruel kindness afforded. "As well as usual." Oime! I fear that word bodes me no good. I fear it means frequent pain & sadness: it means not coming down to breakfast, & not going in to dinner; it means now in the end of April all it would have meant in the middle of March. What is it to me that Spring has shaken from her fragrant bosom a light and a beauty upon everything around you, if you, dearest, remain in wintry discomfort? What will be the roses of summer, if they bring not "rose-days" to you? Perhaps I interpret wrong your ominous phrase: yet surely if more could have been said, you would have found a word to say it in. But it is impolitic to complain: you have told me truth; & above all things I want truth from you. I know not, to be sure, how I could reasonably have expected much change from the fatal usual of the month in which I used to see you: you speak indeed of spring, but I have had little of it here: cold & heat have been shifting places wildly, and the green comes on more tardily than its wont. I look for merry May to crown you with vernal garlands of health & joy. I will not, cannot, dare not think, but that the summer will find you better, & leave you better still. But never, never for one instant forget how important, how necessary it is, that you should yourself cooperate with Nature, and my fond hopes; that you should leave off all careless tricks, and mind all the good medical counsels I used to give you, and all others that you feel to be good. I am not now by to look after you, but for that very reason, oh the more for that very reason, make it a point of honour, a sacred obligation, an act of
love, to watch as tenderly over yourself as I should watch. And humble yourself, Emily, as I strive to do before the Spirit of grace & truth, praying that we may both have strength to resist a self-idolatrous tendency to the indulgence of despondent or of sanguine moods, or of any that are not consecrated by the desire of pleasing God. It is well to love the Beautiful: it is well to worship the Past; for Beauty is [God’s] and the Past is God’s: from Him they came, to Him they return, in Him they abide and are safe for ever. But it is not well to esteem these feelings sufficient, & the region in which they meet us our home: they are the gifts, but we are made for the giver: they are the bright foambow of the scattered waters, but we are worthy of the source: they indeed are the temple, but we are called inward to the God! It is a great battle to deny ourselves, to abdicate the throne of Self, to surrender up, not a thought, not an act, not a habit even, but the principle of all thoughts, acts & habits, the principle of selfpleasing, which lies fast & deep in the dearest region of our souls. Yet this must be done, or we have not the life of Christ. We must lose our life, or we shall not find it. And how is the terrible battle to be fought? Thanks be to God, who fights it for us, in our nature, & despite of our nature; who gives us the victory in that fight if we ask it sincerely, in the knowledge of its infinite importance, & in the returning, penitent love that springs from that knowledge.

I have not time to write more, before the Post goes out: let me hear again Saturday. Dearest, thank you for always writing so that I may get it on that day. Thank you too for this last nice letter, which delights & entertains me much. I will not venture to pronounce about the flower: it looked fearfully like a violet to my dull eyes. Try me again. I have no news for you this time. I dispatched the Scotch duo by the mail with a heavy heart, & feel very queer to think of them in the dear drawingroom, or walking down Haglane. Let me have full particulars. Say to Alfred I am beginning to be hurt at his not having written me a single syllable since I left him. Remember me most affectionately to all—a message always implied, whether given or not. And so faretheewell, thou good soul, & love very earnestly the poor foolish creature, whose best quality is his being

Ever thine own

Arthur.
Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 28 April 1832

1. AHH apparently began to write "squib" and then changed it to "symony."
2. AHH repeats this passage (from "It is well to love") verbatim in letter 164 to Milnes.
4. See letter 159 n. 2.
Professor Wilson has thought fit to have a laugh at you & your critics, amongst whom <such as> so humble a thing as myself, has not, you will perceive, escaped. I suppose one ought to feel very savage at being attacked, but somehow I feel much more amused. He means well, I take it, and as he has extracted nearly your whole book, and has in his soberer mood spoken in terms as high as I could have used myself of some of your best poems, I think the Review will assist rather than hinder the march of your reputation. They little know the while that you despise the false parts of your volume quite as vehemently as your censors can & with purer zeal because of the better knowledge.

Your manuscripts, that is a few of them, were shown to Miss Kemble whose enthusiasm is high, especially for the Lady of Shalott. I went there the other day, and found her sister Adelaide² copying it out, and raving at intervals in the most Siddonian tone. Fanny K. has set the "Sisters" to music which I haven't heard; she inclines however to think it too painful, & to wish such things should not be written.

Trench is in town now for a few days, a great comfort to me, who have been spending but a weary time. The apparent ruin of the S. Simonians does not convince him that the danger is gone by; he thinks it will be

"Like as a gloomy cloud, the which doth bear
A hideous storm, is by the Northern blast
Quite overblown, yet doth not pass so clear
But that it all the sky doth overcast
With darkness dread & threatens all the world to waste."³

John Frete is also in town, looking as well as his thin & sallow nature permits & in all regards save corpulency as clerical as you can imagine. I think when Charles gets into orders,⁴ there should be a caricature of them side by side as the Fat & the Lean [. . . .] G & M are not perhaps
worthy of Somersby, though they probably think themselves so; but they have a good deal of worth in their way. When I say "not worthy," you understand what I mean; I speak only of those views & feelings we have been accustomed to hold most dear; but G. is a thoroughly good man & we have all reason to remember how frail & insufficient are the sentiments that have no foundation beyond our individual characters.

Nothing can give you an idea of Miss Kemble’s acting in Julia. The proud town beauty in the 2nd. Act, & the passionate penitent in the last are equally well conceived by her. I dined there on Sunday, sat next to her, & had much conversation with her. Certainly she is a very striking person.

1. "Christopher North’s" review of AT’s 1830 volume by John Wilson (1785-1854), professor of moral philosophy at Edinburgh, in Blackwood’s Edinburgh Magazine 31 (May 1832): 721-41. Wilson, who was one of the mainstays of Blackwood’s, had previously commented on AT’s work, with some praise, in the February 1832 number of Noctes Ambrosianæ (Blackwood’s 31: 277). An early paragraph of his review accurately represents his evaluation of both AT and AHH: "The Englishman’s Magazine ought not to have died; for it threatened to be a very pleasant periodical. An Essay ‘on the Genius of Alfred Tennyson’ sent it to the grave. The superhuman—nay, supernatural—pomposity of that one paper, incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world. The solemnity with which the critic approached the object of his adoration, and the sanctity with which he laid his offerings on the shrine, were too much for our irreligious age. The Essay ‘on the genius of Alfred Tennyson’ awoke a general guffaw, and it expired in convulsions. Yet the Essay was exceedingly well-written—as well as if it had been ‘on the Genius of Isaac Newton.’ Therein lay the mistake. Sir Isaac discovered the law of gravitation; Alfred had but written some pretty verses, and mankind were not prepared to set him among the stars. But that he has genius is proved by his being at this moment alive; for had he not, he must have breathed his last under that critique. The spirit of life must indeed be strong within him; for he has outlived a narcotic dose administered to him by a crazy charlatan in the Westminster, and after that he may sleep in safety with a pan of charcoal.” But as Alan Strout notes, in his “‘Christopher North’ on Tennyson” (RES 14 [1938]: 428-39), the May 1832 review was essentially "an expansion" of the earlier Blackwood’s notice, with the same balance of praise and critical evaluation. Moreover, as the passage suggests, Wilson objected far more to the Westminster appraisal (see letter 96a n. 9) than to AHH’s Englishman’s review. Strout also shows that, despite AT’s petulant “To Christopher North” (Ricks, pp. 460-61), Wilson’s subsequent references to AT’s 1830 volume were at least as favorable as his May 1832 review promised (see Blackwood’s 33 [1833]: 669-70; 39 [1836]: 265-66).
2. Adelaide Kemble (1814?-79), vocalist and author, was considered by some the greatest English singer of the century; she performed throughout Europe. See letter 156 n. 1.

3. See letter 151 n. 2 and Spenser, The Faerie Queene, 4. 1. 45, lines 5–9. On 24 May 1832, John Stuart Mill wrote to Sterling: “Trench I have seen, and had some correspondence with. He seems to me to take a most gloomy view of the prospects of mankind—gloomier even than yours” (Mill's Earlier Letters, p. 101).

4. On 19 April 1832, Charles Tennyson wrote to his grandfather, informing him “of my wish to take advantage of, & to thank you for yr. kindness & early announcement of the [expected vacancy in the curacy of Tealby].” Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]'s 18 May 1831 letter to his father makes clear that this living was originally intended for AT, had he shown any real interest in taking orders (LAO).

5. See letter 160 n. 4.

6. See letter 156 n. 8. Fanny Kemble had realized that Knowles's play would be a successful dramatic piece, despite its structural flaws: “The part of the heroine is one, indeed, in which it would be almost impossible to fail; and every Julia may reckon upon the sympathy of her audience, the character is so pre-eminently effective” (Girlhood, p. 378). On 23 February 1832, she recorded her early impressions of her admirer: “Arthur Hallam dined with us. I am not sure that I do not like him the best of all John's friends. Besides being so clever, he is so gentle, charming, and winning.” Her opinion fifty years later was somewhat less enthusiastic: “The early death of Arthur Hallam, and the imperishable monument of love raised by Tennyson's genius to his memory, have tended to give him a pre-eminence among the companions of his youth which I do not think his abilities would have won for him had he lived; though they were undoubtedly of a high order” (Girlhood, pp. 510, 185).
TO WILLIAM HENRY BROOKFIELD

MS: Huntington

67 [Wimpole Street]. Thursday [3 May 1832].

My dear "owl of the turret,"

I am not going to write anything funny, for I have no fun to spare, nor anything sublime or beautiful, for my mind is as stagnant as three hours reading of Nisi Prius cases, which I neither understood nor remember, may be expected to make it. But in a sober, prosy sort of way, I will just say "How d'ye do, Brooks? What's going on in the turret? Weren't you very dull & sulky this vacation? What did you do with yourself? Are you or have you been reading at all? How proceeds the Declamation? How sits the wind in the homequarter? or to ask the question yet more delicately—would the section of space intervening between you & your Governor be correctly described as an equilateral & equiangular parallelogram, ὃ ἐστὶ μεθερμηνευόμενον, is all square between you? Are the couple of Scotchmen returned, & what are the results? I am anxious—no, not anxious—not more than curious to know the apparent impression on their minds. I think it very possible, considering the circumstances, they will have felt disappointed, but the contrary is also probable. In either case, I would have them gagged. You will shake your head, maybe, & ask whose fault it was that they went, & who ought to abide consequences. Still something may be done perhaps in the way of restraint, should either Scotchman prove too garrulous; and I think you might occasionally keep them in check. Nevertheless I hardly know what I mean when I write this; perhaps it had better be considered unwritten; of course it must remain unshown.

I hasten to mention an event, which I know will give you, as it gave me, great pleasure. Trench is going to be married in a month to his cousin: his causes of disquiet & alarm are, as I always augured they would be, quite dispersed; & in short he is likely to be as happy as he deserves to be. He has been in town a few days, but leaves it directly
again. He still gives utterance to low thunders about S. [Simon] but it is evident such Hecubas are [not] so much to him now as they were. [A] man, about to be married to the woman he loves, is not easily to be persuaded that wars & revolutions will disturb his honeymoon. 6 John Frere is in town, looking better than usual—bad, you know, was the best; & seeming to relish his Essex life exceedingly. I have been keeping a term in the Temple, eating, that is, four execrable dinners among such snobs! redwhiskered things, who in the middle of dinner will accost one with "You'll be pleased to hear Sir, that Mr. Sims obtained merely nominal damages this morning." Here & there one espies a Cambridge face; but the multitude are of the redwhiskered class—ready "to go the whole hog," as Mrs. Trollope says. Have you read her book? There are few better written; she deserves immortality for trans-Atlanticising that single phrase about the hog. 7 Have you seen Wilson's article on Alfred? I have a huge desire to kick that same Professor—yea, to give him kicks "superhuman, not to say, supernatural." However, all things considered the review will do good rather than harm. 8 I hear weekly from Somersby: I trust all is as well there as I could reasonably expect; but I am heavy at heart, & the burden of uncertainty about the future, & much positive evil in the present, is often very grievous to bear. I hope I shall hear you are tolerably at ease in mind, bearing up, pressing forward, hoping, enduring, if but a little.

Ever affect: tely yours,

AHH.

P/M 3 May 1832

1. See letter 152 n. 1.
2. "Unless previously," referring to civil court jury trials.
3. See letter 159 n. 1.
4. "Which is interpreted" (see, for example, Matthew 1:23; Mark 15:22).
5. See letter 161 n. 5.

6. See letter 149 n. 3. On 2 July 1832, Blakesley wrote to Donne: "I suppose you have heard of Richd. Trench's marriage. It was quite the one thing needfull for him (all people improve by it, do they not?) and will do more to tranquillize & discipline his mind than whole ages of study" (Miss Johnson). See other letters congratulating Trench in Trench, 1:112–20, and letter 161 n. 3.

7. Domestic Manners of the Americans (March 1832), by Frances Trollope (1780–1863), who toured America 1827–30. Chapter 20 reports the "rude eloquence of a thorough horse and alligator orator from Kentucky, who entreated the house repeatedly to 'go the whole hog'" (2:20); she alludes to the phrase again in chapter 31 (2:232).

8. See letter 161 n. 1. Blakesley's 2 July 1832 letter supposed that Donne was "amused at the terms in which Hallam's in the Englishman's Magazine was spoken of [by Wilson]" (Miss Johnson).
How difficult it is for those experienced in sadness not to esteem all painful emotions deeper and truer than the joyful ones—It seems such a mockery when we are sad to attempt being merry—the whole exterior of life, with its pleasant looks & smiles & high spirits & laughter, looks a bare barren lie to us, & we think we can never love it again because we see clear through it; & if still we loved and reverenced it in the past, it is because we were not then disenchanted; & joy came to us not only with momentary allurements but with the full deep soul-satisfying aspect of eternal reality. Sure I am that these emotions are not themselves idle, fleeting and insignificant; they pass indeed as all within us passes, at least in form; but the voice they uttered, as their sad & solemn presences hurried by us into indefinite gloom, that voice was oracular; it spoke the significance of life, the form of the riddle of the world; its tones have maddened into tremendous inspiration the souls of all poets & philosophers, since the world began—for, where the Ideas of Time & Sorrow, the one as cause, the other as effect, are not & sway not the soul with power, there is no true knowledge, and therefore no true organ of knowledge in poetry or philosophy. But I am sure that God will answer our prayers if we continue incessant in them; nay I am sure He does answer them now according to the proportion of our faith. It always seems to me the most beautiful function of Prayer, that we can and are commanded to pray one for another; how it sanctifies and dedicates the common affections of humanity by taking them under the Shadow of the Almighty! how it secures us from that original selfishness which even in those sacred moments is too ready to taint the purest sentiments of our hearts.

I am glad of many things you tell me, glad of the opening smiles of summer, already coming to the habitation that bears her auspicious
I went Thursday night to see the Hunchback, the house very full & Miss Kemble acted still more magnificently than the 1st. time. The scene in the 2nd. act where she plays fine lady was excellent, but the tragic parts yet finer; for instance where Clifford comes in as Secretary, and afterwards where she expostulates with Master Walter. Her "Clifford, why don't you speak to me" and "Clifford is it you?" in the first of these; and her "Do it" with all the accompanying speech in the last I shall never forget.

1. Fanny Kemble's first Thursday performance in *The Hunchback* after 12 April was on 3 May 1832, a special "Fanny Kemble" night. See letter 161 n. 6.
My dear Milnes,

It was very kind in you—a piece of the constant kindness of your nature to write to me, who so little deserved a letter at your hands. I own my breach of promise in having suffered the winter to pass by without once having endeavored to win from you some account of your thinkings & actings, but I assure you for your comfort that you are not the only correspondent of mine whom I have ill treated. With regard to my Academical rigmaroles, I would certainly have sent them, had I been clear that Gladstone could meet with you; but this seemed by no means evident. Your vehement invectives against those luckless compositions rather amused me: it is new to me to hear them attacked for coolness & scepticism, since people here are apt to compassionate them as indications of a sad mystic turn. I will not however claim more than a bare presumption in my favour from these very opposite objections; I am disposed to yield to neither of them, believing that, however hasty some of the opinions may be, & however illchosen many of the expressions, the general tenor of the Essay on Cicero, and its younger, weaker brother, is not liable to any such sweeping charges. That there is truth in the leading idea of the former, truth of an important character, and capable of becoming a germ of many truths I am everyday more & more convinced. I believe an Academic, or, if you will, a Sceptical Philosophy to be the only sure bulwark of Religion which human reason can raise[; in other] words I believe the only transcendental Knowledge possible for man, is to be deduced from the written Word of God. But it seems out of the question that we should come to an understanding upon this point, or any connected with it: your notion of what I have been, & what I ought to be, is so hopelessly different from my own, and your idea of Religion is so unlike anything I am accustomed to call by that
name, that we have hardly an inch of common ground to start from.\(^2\)

I wish with all my heart it were not so; I wish you would understand
the things that concern \(\text{[your]}\) peace, for I am sure you cannot have
found rest to your soul in \(\text{[its actual]}\) position. God forbid that I
should judge you—but since you \(\text{[come]}\) forward so boldly to the
handling of spiritual things, I cannot but tell you that you are calling
good evil, and evil good; putting darkness for light, & light for
darkness. If the Gospel is right, you are momentously wrong. You
seem to imagine that the love of Truth, the love of Beauty &c. may, in
certain circumstances, compensate for the absence of love for God, or
that th[ey] may in fact be the same thing—minor forms of one
substantial principle. You speak of “living to think being the next
best form of religious truth to that of thinking to live.” How could
you say this; did you feel what Life is? “He that hath the Son, hath
life: he that hath not the Son, hath not life.”\(^3\) There is nothing said
about “next best degrees”: on the contrary, the distance between
Religion & every other feeling, or, which is the same thing, between
Life and Death, is always represented as strictly Infinite. This is not to
proscribe the several developments of the human mind: they are
lineaments of the image of the Creator; and, however blurred &
distorted, attest to man the dignity of his origin & the dignity of
his destination: but their functions are ministerial, not imperative.
It is well to love the Beautiful: it is well to worship the Past: for
Beauty is God’s, & the Past is God’s: from him they came, to him they
return, in him they abide and are safe for ever. But it is not well to
esteem these feelings sufficient, and the region in which they meet us
our home. They are the gifts, but we are made for the giver: they are
the bright foambow of the scattered waters, but we are worthy of
the source; they indeed are the temple, but we are called inward to
the God.\(^4\) You talk much of the power of Catholicism, but you can
have consulted to little profit the writings of its great teachers, the
\(\text{λαμπαδηφορόμενος}\)\(^5\) by whom, you say truly, for a thousand years &
upwards the truths of Christ were transmitted, if you have not found
in them the impossibility of amalgamating Christianity with civilisation,
or art or knowledge, or any product of the unregenerate mind. I
trust however the influence of “the least dogmatic religion in the
world” may be the instrument of God’s grace to bring you to what I
must consider more serious thought on this subject. Weak &
uncertain as my own faith is, I yet know & bear witness gladly that I [have] found peace in proportion to that faith. The state, which you designate as my "previous blindness" was one of profligacy & pride: were it even true that my intellectual [gifts] are less vigorous now, than then, how richly would that loss be compensated by the more abundant mercies of my God. I have perhaps said [too] much about myself; but you will not fail to remember that you on your part spoke very freely & used searching words; I was, in a manner, put on my defens[ive].

I] have not much to tell you about our common friends. Trench is going to be married to his cousin, and is looking better & more cheerful than I [have seen] him this long time. Kemble, whatever the world may say, is not going to be married, nor am I clear that his sister is, although the case is [ . . . ] nor finally is your humble servant in the predicament which you say [has] been ascribed to him. Sterling has been heard of lately; he is better than ever in his life, his wife well & his child well, & his property less injured by the hurricane than that of anybody else. Maurice I wot not of. Tennant is in a strong, sophistical mood of mind, & very little troubled, I believe, with his old glooms. Garden & Monteith have not altered a jot: they say the same things, & do the same things, day after day. [The] Apostles are flourishing in point of numbers; as to their spirit I doubt; [but their con]viviality at all events I mean to experience Friday, on the occasion of the Apostolic dinner. Charles & Frederic Tennyson are beginning to take positive steps towards entering the Church: they toil not however; neither do they spin (sonnets); very fat prelatical lilies they are like to make. Alfred is much as usual, except that, methinks, his genius grows brighter & more vigorous every day: his spirits & health, although not good, seem to me better than they were at Cambridge; but he complains constantly & eloquently of total decay. They have reviewed him in Blackwood, in a [flippant fashion?], but the praise is considerable, as well as the abusive laughter, and on the whole the article will rather advance than hurt his reputation. I am treated with some severity in it; my consolation must be that Bowring comes off still worse. With regard to Leigh Hunt, all I know of the matter is, that a subscription is going on at Moxon's to which many considerable names are attached; that I have subscribed myself; & that Hunt is said to be much better off just
at present than he has been for somewhat past. Irving is turned out of his church: he preaches in the environs of London, waiting until some of his faithful flock shall build him a chapel. Two of his principal speakers in the tongue have put forth recantations, avowing direct imposition, as I am told, but I have not yet seen them. This will grieve poor Irving much, and, I suppose, will diminish considerably his followers: but latterly the sect has spread much in London.¹⁴ I am glad you like the Robertsons, but am somewhat surprised at your vehement exception of the old lady:¹⁵ I never found her so disagreeable; but as Monteith & Garden made pretty much the same report as yourself, I suppose she must have changed for the worse since I saw her. I have seen nothing of your Italian dialogues in Blackwood,¹⁶ but not having been previously directed I may have overlooked them. Ministers were defeated last night on the first clause in Committee, & rumour sends Lord Grey out.¹⁷ Che sarà, sarà. Faretheewell. Commend me to Gladstone, & say I know I have behaved shamefully in not writing to him.

Believe me always,
Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

I am not thinking of going abroad.

Addressed to R. M. Milnes Esq. / Poste Restante / <Rome> / Naple / Italie.
P/M 8 May 1832

¹. Gladstone met Milnes in Rome on 31 March 1832 and spent much time in Italy with him; they parted company when Milnes left for Sicily circa 16 May. While traveling, Gladstone read AHH’s “Essay on . . . Cicero” and “Declamation on . . . Italian Literature” on 16 March and 4 April 1832, respectively (D, 1:452–97).

². See letter 117, 121.

³. 1 John 5:12.

⁴. See letter 160 n. 2.
5. "Torchbearers"; see Pope-Hennessy, 1:43-47 for discussion of Milnes's attraction to Catholicism. On Good Friday (20 April 1832), Milnes and Gladstone saw Cardinal Bernetti wash the feet of a pilgrim at St. Peter's: "The old man's feet were sore—and when the Cardinal began to wash, he winced & shed tears—I thought, from the smarting—Milnes however maintained, it was from a deep feeling of shame at the humiliation & indignity which the Cardinal was undergoing." At the miracle of St. Gennaro in Naples on 5 May 1832, Gladstone reported that Milnes was one of the first to kiss the vessel containing the liquified blood (D, 1:478, 490).

7. See letter 144 n. 4.

8. Perhaps an allusion to the false report of AHH's impending marriage; see letter 141 n. 3.

9. A hurricane in the West Indies on 11 August 1831 destroyed most of Sterling's library and other possessions on St. Vincent. But as he wrote to Trench on 19 February 1832, "Both I and my wife are in good health, our children as well and strong as possible, and, as far as domestic ties can give happiness, no one in the world has more of it than I" (Trench, 1:111). See also Carlyle's Life of Sterling, pt. 1, chap. 12.

10. As Merivale wrote to Thompson on 11 June 1832, the Apostolic festivities included essays by Heath (on Niebuhr), Alford (on Christianity), and Merivale (on Mrs. Trollope's Domestic Manners); Spedding, Monteith, Tennant, and (probably) Trench, Kemble, Pickering, and Donne also attended the 11 May gathering (Merivale, p. 130; Memoir, 1:85).

11. See letters 161 n. 4; 158 n. 4; and Matthew 6:28.
12. See letter 161 n. 1.

13. One of a number of subscriptions occasioned by Hunt's notorious indifference to practicalities.

14. See letter 151 n. 2. Irving's congregation assumed the name of "Holy Catholic Apostolic Church" and found temporary quarters in various parts of London; Irving was expelled from his Scottish clericate on 13 March 1833. One of the recanters was Robert Baxter.

15. Probably Robert Robertson's mother, Anne Glasgow; his paternal grandmother died in 1830; his maternal grandmother lived abroad.

16. Perhaps "An Italian to Italy" (1831), though the poem hardly qualifies as a dialogue.

17. See letter 145 n. 3.
My dearest Nem,

I fear this letter will prove but a stupid composition, since I have been travelling all the way from Cambridge to London since six o'clock this morning. I went to attend the celebration of an anniversary dinner of a certain society to which I belonged, and of which you may possibly have heard by the name of "The Apostles." Alfred was a member once for a short time, in faithful remembrance of which we drank his health with much applause, & three groans for Blackwood. ¹ Have you got Blackwood yet? I sent it a week ago. Let me have your indignation expressed in good set terms next week. I am glad to find people agreeing to blame the silly flippancy of that article: Whewell, I hear, is particularly indignant; & in the Spectator of this week there are some good & severe remarks on it.² My principal real reason for spending Friday at Cambridge was my wish to see Monteith & Garden, & to elicit from them all the information I could respecting Somersby facts.³ But I did not learn much: the poor ignorant creatures had no notion of names, & places; Tetford & Enderby were alike to them, & they never knew there was any brook, much less two, in Haglane! Indistinct ideas of Holywell⁴ seemed to linger in their addled brains: but upon the whole they were sadly deficient. The best trait of their conduct was Garden's acknowledgement that he had no sort of knowledge, while at Somersby, how time went, & his watch remained unwound up till he left you. One piece of substantial information I did get from them; I hear that wrongheaded grandfather of yours is, or pretends to be, offended with me for not repeating the attempt to see him.⁵ Was ever anything so unreasonable? How was I to know the fever & gout had left him, until he chose to give me notice? From this specimen of spite, I certainly have no cause to augur that any visit of mine to him "can terminate to my satisfaction."

¹ [London.] Saturday. May 12 [1832].
I hear Alfred is becoming eager again about his unborn volume, &
still talks of going abroad. On both these points & many others I long

to speak with him: but I long in vain, for anything like an effective
correspondence appears out of the question, and I fear he is not to be
induced to come up to town. Don't you think it would do him good
to come for a while? It would be a breath of life to me. Could you
persuade him, think you? As to the Miller's Daughter I am not aware
that any stanzas are wrongly transcribed: certainly not, I think, those
you have just transcribed, which are as beautiful as any. Tell Alfred
that Spedding's opinion is for "The palace of Art" as the finest of his
poems: he is a good judge; yet I am not sure that I concur. 6

I am glad Miss Burton is at last really coming: I shall think of the
evening merriment & the music & the dancing & the glorious
twilight gleaming in upon you all—but I do not mean in this letter to
say a word of melancholy, either about you, or about myself. And
yet—yet it is hard to refrain; one sentence in your last is very sad, & I
should like to cry my eyes out over it. I shall think of you now,
dearest, when the moon is rising, & I shall fancy your dreamy
peregrinations amongst flowers of divers smells, which constitute,
you remember, according to Charley, your one idea! If Charley is
right, and all your thoughts are in truth but modifications of that one
aromatic perception, I am curious to know what manner of flower, or
rather flower-smell, I happen to be, since I certainly am thought of by
you sometimes. Find out for me, for I am yet in want of a symbol—
you couldn't find me, you said, among the birds. It is pleasant too to
think of you as occasionally quacking. "Oh that I were the duck
before those feet, That I might quack again unto that quack!" 7 I
doubt the sentiment of the rooks; they are a bustling, political set,
[who] have little leisure for contemplation of the beautiful. Now &
then perhaps a young crow may be poetical in a very fine day, or on a
very high bough: but your patriarchal, centenary bird has long
outlived such idle stuff. Thank Taffy for his good wishes, & wish
them back to him. Why do you never mention your studies, Italian &
others? I fear there can be but one reason. To be sure Montcith did
tell me he saw Mary & you reading Italian some day after breakfast:
but I suspect that was a device, because you rightly thought I should
come to know it. Tennant & Brookfield desired me to send re-
membrances to the whole house. The former is not going to fish &
fog at Newfoundland: so the prospect of not seeing him for three
years, which seemed to give Mary such satisfaction, may after all not
be so clear. God preserve & bless thee, love, & with thee, if it be his
will,

Thine Arthur.

P. S. Let me hear something of the Bournes? Does Mrs. B. ever come
over now? & how is Mr.?

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby /
Lincolnshire.
P/M 12 May 1832

1. See letter 164 n. 10. According to Merivale's 11 June 1832 letter to Thompson, the best part of the dinner was "the mutual recriminations of Spedding and Hallam for killing the Englishman, and their joint indignation at Blackwood for cutting him up after death" (Merivale, p. 130); see also letter 161 n. 1.

2. The 5 May 1832 number of the Spectator called Wilson's review one of his "extravaganzas, in which he first knocks down and then knocks up the whole creation... The Poems of Alfred Tennyson (a young poet of genuine talent) Mr. Wilson first sets to and abuses... the poet's imbecility is proved by extracts of every kind; and the critics, of course, fall with the work they have praised... [then] the writer seems, not to repent of his work, but seized with a sudden passion of setting up the idol he had pulled down. The miserable spectacle of a poet is raised on high; and though the dirt is not cleared away, it is gilded over with praise as hearty as the abuse... the Lord deliver us from such horseplay" (5:424). The tone of the comment is one of grudging admiration; the writer admits the review is the only worthy piece in the issue. In its "Weekly Gossip on Literature and Art," the Athenæum noted Wilson's review: "a bright article on Tennyson's poems" (5 May 1832).

3. See letter 162 n. 5.

4. All are in the neighborhood of the Somersby Rectory.

5. On 4 March 1832, Frederick Tennyson wrote to his grandfather: "Our friend Hallam is now staying with us, & is anxious to be introduced to you. I shall therefore with your permission bring him over to Tealby sometime next week"; the letter enclosed bills owed by the Somersby family (LAO).

6. See letter 156 n. 2. Merivale's account of the Apostolic gathering (see note 1 above) relates that AT's poem "was read successively to each man as he came up from

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the vacation, so fresh conversation was less required. . . . Nevertheless the institution did on the whole drag a very slow length along, comparable only to an Alexandrine infinitely produced, like some of the lines in the *Lotus-eaters*. Though the least eminent of the Tennysonian rhapsodists, I have converted by my readings both my brother and your friend (or enemy?) Richardson, to faith in the latter poem. They rather scoff at the former, and ask whether the 'abysmal depths of personality' means the *Times* newspaper. They also make very merry with the poet's assertion respecting his soul, 'The nightingale delighteth to prolong / Her low preamble all alone / More than my soul to hear her echoed song.'

7. Apparently adapted from *Romeo and Juliet*, 2. 2. 24-25: "O that I were a glove upon that hand, / That I might touch that cheek!"

8. Frederick Tennyson's 18 April 1832 letter informed Freer that "Tennant who is for ever destined to be shut out from the beautiful, is going to play the Tutor in *Newfoundland*! & in his leisure hours to study Cods' heads & shoulders the only form of the beautiful to [be] found in that country--If he had said Hell-I-go-land I should have thought he would have had a pleasanter destination. However it will I hope enable him to pay his debts" (Duke); see also letter 119 n. 9.
Carissima,

Why was it "surprising" to thee to hear I had been at Cambridge? Was it because I came no farther?—but I had leave of absence only for one day. Or was it that I seem to treat Somersby unworthily by caring in the least what strangers may have to say of it? Truly it signified little; of course they could know nothing, but the surface of things, and of that surface I spoke with them. Thou needst not fear that I expected too much from them, or that I do not hold at sufficient distance from my heart all that is not instinct with the true spirit, the inner spirit, of Somersby. I am very sorry you have not received Blackwood; it is the more annoying as the parcel in which I inclosed it contained a letter for Alfred, which I did not wish him to miss, or anyone else to read.¹ Are you sure it is not still lying in the secret corners of the White Hart Inn at Spilsby?

I employ myself here in acting the part of a faithful Apostle to Alfred, preventing the distribution of his MSS. to unworthy hands, & promoting it among the true believers. Foremost of these last may be reckoned Miss Kemble, who the other night astounded the weak faculties of old Sotheby by shouting out at one of his crowded parties, "I am glad! I am glad!" "Of what, Miss Kemble?" "Glad that there is yet a man in England capable of performing such glorious things." She added "he is the greatest painter in poetry that I know." Bid Alfred make haste to idealise her somehow; she deserves some gratitude; & as for paying her in the simple oldfashioned way, by plain verses about herself in her natural capacity, I am sure he will not condescend to anything so unartistical.² Tell him that she gives her vote for the "Palace" as his greatest effort: her brother differs, saying, "Women always want a moral: give me the Lotus-eaters."³

I am sorry alarms of riots should have reached you: believe me, all
such rumours are gross exaggerations: the last eventful week has produced no real disturbance of any moment, either in town, or country. It is the business of newspapers to lie: you must not credit them. Things are likely to return to comparative quiet, since it is settled that Lord Grey resumes his government, & carries the Bill. Since the Duke of Wellington has failed in forming a cabinet, it is evident no Tory cabinet can be formed: nothing remains, but to trust to the Whigs for getting us, as well as they can, through the agitation into which they have plunged us.

What is Sep doing at Dalby? Is he not playing truant to his medical duties? He must not forget that he is the practical man of the family. You ask about Mrs. Trollope; I have often meant to speak of the book in my letters: all London has been talking of it. As a topic, it succeeded Cholera, & held divided empire with Reform. You will find it extremely amusing: the American party are of course very angry with it, & say it is altogether unfair. Nevertheless I believe in the truth of by far the largest portion: but it must be allowed she writes illnaturedly, & she did not, by her own confession, see the best society in the States. Pray, is she anyhow of kin to your neighbour?

I grieve that your studies should be so nominal: at any rate do not entirely discontinue them. Your blossom, I lament to say, never arrived: after your glowing description of its beauties, I am of course inconsolable. Certainly some one, human or spiritual, must be plotting to injure our correspondence. Blackwood, & the opened seal, & the stolen blossom! it is very suspicious. I will write a longer letter next time; meanwhile faretheewell, dearest—ever ever beloved by

Thine affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 19 May 1832

1. See letter 165. Presumably AHH enclosed letter 161 with the May 1832 issue of Blackwood's, and did not want anyone except AT to see his comments on Monteith and Garden.
2. On 4 May 1832, Trench wrote to his fiancée that he had spent an evening with the Kembles: "Kemble's sister seems to estimate things at their right value, which in one who is placed in so false a position for forming a right judgment is very remarkable. She has apparently no sympathy whatsoever with the shows and vanities wherein she is mixed" (Trench, 1:114). Sixty-seven years later, Emily Sellwood Tennyson was pleased to hear that Hallam Tennyson had met Fanny Kemble: "I can well understand that she and her brother really were the first to discover that Papa was one of the greatest English poets. Shakespeare must have lent them scales to weigh the poet and they had the wit to use them" (Letters of Emily Lady Tennyson [23 November 1889], p. 346). AHH's 1829 sonnet "To an Admired Lady" (see letter 84 n. 5) salutes Fanny as one of "a gentle family . . . Juliet and Imogen . . . Acclaiming all 'Welcome, our sister dear!' "

3. See letter 165 n. 6. A transcript of "The Lotos-Eaters" (Ricks, pp. 429-38) in AHH's hand is at the University of Hawaii.

4. See letter 164 n. 17. Merivale's 20 May 1832 letter to Frederick Tennyson noted that "the premature report of a Tory administration almost turned [AHH] Whig again; but I suppose he has now relapsed" (Harvard).

5. Septimus Tennyson (1815-66) was, by his own description, "the most morbid of the Tennysons." References in AHH's letters suggest that rather than working in a solicitor's office, as his uncle had recommended (CT, pp. 108, 127), Septimus at this time was studying medicine and/or apprenticed to a doctor at Louth, several years earlier than CT (p. 150) states. Inheriting £3000 after George Clayton Tennyson's death, Septimus spent the rest of his life doing very little; he lived with his mother and family at Cheltenham, and with Frederick and Horatio in Italy, but died alone. See Tennyson, pp. 63-64, and references in Background.

6. See letter 162 n. 7. A cousin of Cecilia Trollope, Frances's daughter, Henry Trollope (d. 1839) was rector of Harrington parish, Lincolnshire; Henry married Frances's sister-in-law, Diana. Cecilia visited her relatives in the winter of 1833-34, and, according to Rashdall's diary, argued with AT on 27 November 1833 (Rader, p. 14).

7. See conclusion to letter 158.
"Min hertes quene,"

In what phrase rather than the undefiled English of sweet vernal Chaucer art thou worthy to be addressed, who inditest letters all redolent of spring? Truly, since thou art bold enough to conjecture sad things of me through the outward form of my letters, I may be allowed to draw a more welcome conclusion from thine own. "Perhaps I am mistaken," as thou saist so cautiously, but I felt as I read thy description of the leafiness & luxury of all the happy banks & lanes near about you, that their happiness, & the warm unclouded weather of the last week, had past into thee, infusing somewhat more of joy, & somewhat more of health than falls to thy accustomed lot. Surely it is noble weather. Even here sometimes one hears a bird, & feels the sunniness of things; but yesterday I was at Blackheath & there burst on my longimprisoned senses a profusion of light & life. I heard cuckoos, I heard blackbirds, I heard nightingales; I saw fields & flowers, looking enchantingly in the last new fashion of the month—but I spare thee my Cockney raptures. I cannot leave unnoticed thine affectionate inquiries after my health; but why wilt thou compel me to talk sadly when I talk to thee? Too often do I sit beside a dark & ominous shadow within myself, & shudder to see it widen—but thou art light & life to me—fain would I look towards thee, until I so drank & absorbed the rays of thy loveliness, that thenceforward I should be all light, & see every shadow float by me, without any dread because without any contact. No, I am not happy; didst thou dream I could be, Emily? The word "happiness" is not vague, not indeterminate, not abstract, as some think: it has but one meaning, & is clear, precise, as an object of sharpest vision, or a body of distinctest sound. Askest thou that meaning? It is just this, & no more, but no less—"Marriage to thee." But thou shalt not tempt me into melancholy discourse. As for my bodily health, I will not say it is very good just now, but I
would not that thou shouldst quarrel with the summerskies on my account. I lay nothing to the charge of the heat. I have very much avoided "formal parties," but some must be endured, & no week passes over without burthen of this kind. Yesterday I saw a family of pleasant, happy girls, whom I had known as children. I was glad to see them look so happy—the time that has passed since we met before has scarce laid upon them any sharpness of pressure, but upon me—there again! Wicked Tennec, why wilt thou lure me into these whinings? I should tell thee I have looked diligently through Shaw’s Zoology, a magnificent book of all living things, but I can find no account of the Tennec. Perhaps that is because the book is modern, & published since that singular animal assumed its human form! Skipping back a sentence or two, I will add to my sentimental account of my visit that one of these young ladies bears the name of Emily. It does not suit her—that is, she is perfectly unlike thee. Yet she is a nice girl—"how can that be, if perfectly unlike me?"—I think it is just possible; ’tis a wide world.

Thanks for the bit of flower; I shall have a large garden of Somersby grafts soon in one favored compartment of my desk, interspersed with letters by way of gravel walks. Thy explanation of the failure of the last blossom is rather naive, & certainly settles the question. Sep’s Sonnets amaze me to hear of: he is going the way of us all, poor fellow! Let me have a transcript; also, if thou hast leisure not otherwise, the concluding lines of Ònone. Existing manuscripts go no further than "I only saw great Here’s angry eyes" with the lines immediately following. What you tell me of Alfred’s health is very comfortable. Not so the accounts of Catherine Burton & Charlotte Bellingham, though for different reasons. Twice you have asked me about Blackstone—really I have little to say of the old gentleman, except that he continues as dry as a stick. I am however better acquainted with him, than when I used to encounter his square prim phiz for a few fleeting moments before breakfast in your diningroom—and I will say for him, which is more than I can for all old gentlemen, that I believe he means well. You will be sorry to hear Fanny Kemble is extremely unwell—& what gives me peculiar interest in it, her symptoms are exactly like those of which you complain. Like you too she is somewhat obstinate, & will not eat & drink when & how the physicians bid her. Faretheewell, only love, for one other week.
Ever thine affectîte

Arthur.

By the bye your Italian is horrible: I really can't construe it. Scelerata! 8

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 26 May 1832

1. See letter 106 n. 4.
2. Unidentified.
3. Perhaps the tanrec or tenrec, a small hedgehog-like animal of Madagascar; certainly one of the more unusual objects to which AHH compares Emily. Perhaps he felt it resembled her occasionally bristly nature. George Shaw (1751–1813), naturalist, published General Zoology (1800–1812).
4. Some of Septimus's sonnets appear in the manuscript books of Mary Tennyson (TRC) and J. M. Heath (Fitzwilliam); see Background, pp. 121–22 and Sir Charles Tennyson, "Tennyson Papers II: J. M. Heath’s 'Commonplace Book,' " Cornhill Magazine 153 (1936): 426–49.
5. Lines 191–95 in the 1832 version; see Ricks, p. 395.
6. See letters 150 n. 6; 110 n. 6; the nature of the accounts is unidentified, but see letter 223 nn. 2–3.
7. In a February 1828 letter, Fanny Kemble complained of a side-ache which, like that of Emily, seemed associated with her liver: "[It] does not give way entirely either to physic or exercise, as the slightest emotion, either pleasurable or painful, immediately brings it on" (Girlhood, p. 137).
8. "Wretch!"
My dear Brookfield,

The very wretched state of mind, & frequent touches of illness, I have had since I saw you, must be my excuse, if you need one, that I have not written to you. And now I am in no writing mood: as soon as I am you shall hear from me. What is the use then, you will very naturally ask, of making you pay the postage for this scrap? It is as follows. I received this morning a dunning letter from Litchfield for nine pound odd, which I have owed him the greater part of the past eternity. I suppose I forgot to mention his name to you among the others. At any rate I forget whether you told me anything about him. I don't feel as if I had a receipt from the snob, so I fear it must be a true bill. In case however you should have already paid it, I would fain know. In the probable event that you can give no such favorable answer, I wish you would put on your very blandest look, & declare to Mr. L. on my part that my sorrow to hear of his maltreatment by me is only equalled by my surprise; that I fully thought he had been paid in a general commission to pay entrusted to a friend (you needn't say it was yourself, unless you chuse); that I should be much obliged to him to wait rather more than a month longer, at which time I shall certainly be passing through Cambridge, & will have great pleasure in paying him. Should this not serve, put on another bland look, & entreat Garden & Monteith to take between them this debt on their hands, & they shall be paid, without fail, this summer. The fact is, I do not like just at this moment asking my governor for more money, which I must do, if I discharge this demand now. Write to me speedily, & tell me how you are, & whether there is any chance of seeing you.

Ever your affect:te friend

A H Hallam.
1. Unidentified; probably a Cambridge merchant.
I was sadly disappointed, dearest Emily, when this morning instead of my accustomed letter came an account from Charles of your being unable to write. But as you bid me not to be apprehensive, & assure me it is only a cold, I will wait in patience, & endeavor to think about it with cheerfulness. I am better myself than I have been, & have got rid of some troublesome anxieties which have lately given me a good deal of annoyance. I wish I had any amusing anecdotes to tell you; for, even at a hundred & fifty miles' distance, I ought to play nurse to you, when you are ill. But London is very stupid, & I have either heard or retain nothing interesting or witty from the lips of any of its inhabitants. Yet people meet, & talk here, as they might anywhere else, nay, more than anywhere else; and they drive for hours in the Park, & sit for hours at the Opera, & eat for hours at eight o'clock dinners. It is hard that nothing should be uttered on these occasions worth remembering. Perhaps Nature curses us all with a cleaving curse of dullness, forasmuch as we have deserted with disdain & contumely the rich ample festival she has prepared for us everywhere throughout that wide extent of the earth, in which the smoke of cities is not seen, nor their din heard. This being the case, I think you will thank me for sending some very pretty lines of Leigh Hunt on the month we have just quitted. I take them from the New Monthly.

May, thou month of rosy beauty,
Month, when pleasure is a duty;
Month of maids that milk the kine,
Bosom rich, & breath divine;
Month of bees, & month of flowers,
Month of blossom-laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, & poets' praises;

[London.] June 2 [1832].
Oh thou merry month complete,
May, thy very name is sweet.
May was maid in olden times,
And is still in Scottish rhymes;
May's the blooming hawthorn bough;
May's the month that's laughing now.
I no sooner write the word,
Than it seems as tho' it heard,
And looks up & laughs at me,
Like a sweet face, rosily;
Like an actual colour bright,
Flushing from the paper's white;
Like a bride that knows her power,
Started in a summer bower.

If the rains that do us wrong,
Come to keep the winter long,
And deny us thy sweet looks,
I can love thee, sweet, in books;
Love thee in the poets' pages,
Where they keep thee green for ages;
Love & read thee, as a lover
Reads his lady's letters over;
Breathing blessings on the art,
Which commingles those who part.
There is May in books for ever;
May will part from Spenser never;
May's in Milton, May's in Prior,
May's in Chaucer, Thomson, Dyer;
May's in all the Italian books;
She has old & modern nooks,
Where she sleeps with nymphs & elves
In happy places they call shelves,
And will rise & dress your rooms
In a drapery thick with blooms.
Come ye rains then if ye will,
May's at home, & with me still;
But come rather thou, good weather,
And find us in the fields together!
These lines seem to me in Hunt’s happy manner. Tell me what they seem to you, [for] until you confirm my judgement I have but half judged.

My own poetical labours go on very ill: perhaps this month will bring some moments of [inspiration: but hitherto Dante] has slept peacefully in one of “the happy places,” which Hunt [speak]s of. I hear from Charley that his awful moment approaches; he does not speak as if he much feared the result, & I heartily hope he has made sure of it.⁵ Do not write, love, until it is quite good for you to write; not till then, but then; for I shall long much for the next letter. Talk to me a great deal of yourself—it is but a small part of my world that is out of yourself, & in that part interesting events do not often occur.

Sempre tuo fidele ed amoroso

Arturo.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 2 June 1832

1. See letter 168.
2. See letter 41 n. 10.
3. “To May” was first published in the New Monthly Magazine 34 (1 May 1832): 456; AHH’s transcript contains minor variations in punctuation.
4. See letter 150 n. 1.
5. See letter 164 n. 11; Charles Tennyson passed his ordination examination in mid-June (25 June 1832 letter to his grandfather, LAO).
67 Wimpole Street. June 6, 1832.

You must have thought me very slow in answering your kind letter, if indeed you have had leisure for any thoughts about me, which I can hardly presume. I would have written sooner, and would now write at greater length, were it not that I feel incapable of writing cheerfully, and I would not be such a brute as to write otherwise to a friend so happy as I think you now are. Yesterday I saw your brother, who told me he had been present at your marriage. He spoke so joyfully of it, and looked so like you, that I felt as if I saw your joy. And you are at Malvern! I don't remember that you expressed any intention of going there when I saw you; it must be an afterthought, and a bright one, for I know few more delightful places than Malvern. I passed two months there in the year '29, scrambling about those glorious hills, writing bad verses, and musing bad metaphysics. You have, fortunately, a fair chance of better employing your time. Do you not agree with me that the extensive landscape on which you look from Malvern has something of an Italian character? It seemed to my eye (a shortsighted one, to be sure) to resemble parts of Lombardy. I have not been since at the place itself, but last year I saw the old hills from a distance, and, though it was but for a moment, that second association with Malvern is likely to be more durable to me than the first, for I was not alone, but in the company of one who makes all that comes near her holy to my imagination. However, I know not why I should say this to you, who have been married now the enormous time of ten days, and may think yourself entitled to laugh at romantic young bachelors. I wish with all my heart I could see any prospect of being laughed at, or anything else, by your proper self in presence; for I find daily how much I miss the assistance and support of your conversation and example. I am left much to my own thoughts in London, and they are but too apt to follow a gloomy track of their own, unfavourable to sound thinking and courageous living.
But I will say no more of myself. Of our mutual friends I can give you little intelligence. Kemble is still in town, and talks of taking chambers in the Temple, on the expectation that his father and sister will leave England for a time. He continues to pursue etymology keenly, but, I think, nothing else. Monteith and Garden were very eager about going to Italy this summer; but a veto seems to have issued from the authorities at Carstairs, and they submit indig­nantly. I know no more politics than our lords and masters, the press, chose to inform me of. Tomorrow the wretched farce will be brought to a close. The King is expected to give his assent in person. This the Queen’s party are said to oppose, which I think foolish and factious, for what can it signify? What do we gain now by giving ground for complaint of the King? I agree with you that the Conservative peers have taken the right course in seceding. Many, however, are of a different opinion, and Peel, I see, of the number. I don’t believe Earl Grey can stand long. It seems out of the question (if anything is so with a Whig) that he should obtain peers after the Bill is carried; yet the unparalleled Times says it can see “no objection in principle or precedent to a large creation for the sake of securing a general sympathy with Government!” Let me hear from you when you have leisure for writing; tell me of your intended movements, and believe me ever, my very dear friend,

affectionately yours,

Arthur Hallam.

1. See letter 164 n. 6.
2. September-October 1829.
3. Cheltenham is about fifteen miles from Great Malvern.
4. Charles and Fanny Kemble left London for a tour of Scotland on 29 June; they departed for America from Liverpool on 1 August 1832 (Girlhood, pp. 521, 532).
5. Merivale’s 11 June 1832 letter to Thompson describes Monteith and Garden as “indignant and wild at being forbidden by their governors, who appear to be as identical as they are themselves, to go abroad. I left them each writing a letter in his respective style. How inconsistent with themselves are Human faculties! The genius
that can presage the fulfilment of the Apocalypse overlooks the specks and motes in futurity, and is taken by surprise by a parental admonition!" (Merivale, p. 131).

6. See letter 166 n. 4. William IV's assent was given by commission on 7 June 1832; numerous members of the House of Lords refused to vote in the final reading of the Reform Bill. Queen Adelaide (1792-1849) became quite unpopular after her supposed political involvement during the reform movement.
My own dearest creature,

I fear you have been much more seriously unwell than I allowed myself to think you were or even than you now confess. I would I knew what to say or do for you. For God's sake do not leave me in ignorance of any change that occurs in your health: I cannot make out from what you now say what kind of illness you have had, whether an aggravation of your constant annoyances, or something quite new & distinct. Charles spoke of "epidemic cold," but a word of that sort means anything. Tell me truly, have you only suffered what others in the family have suffered, or is your former complaint made worse? I am sure I do not want to torment you by frequent questioning, nor have I done it lately: but I cannot read your mournful words, "I am still very weak & unwell," without great anxiety, & a desire to know more about you. Have you been under Dr. Bousfield's care? What does he tell you? I am determined, when next I come to Somersby, to see him, & learn from him his real opinion. I am particularly anxious to ascertain whether climate & air affect your general health. You told me, I think, yourself, that you had no reason to suppose it did, except that you were always better in warm weather.

Now I will tell you why I am anxious on this point. You are well aware, dearest Emily, that my prospect of attaining the only earthly happiness possible for me, my union with yourself, depends entirely on my father's will. It would not depend at all on his will had I any money, not drawn from his purse; but I have not; nor is it probable that I should succeed in gaining any for several years. I have represented to my father so strongly how important it is to my happiness, my health, perhaps my life, that I should not be left so long in a condition of miserable suspense, uncertainty, & divided
existence, that I have won from him a promise to effect, out of his own means, & at a period of time as little remote as may be compatible with that change in his mode of life which this sacrifice on his part must occasion, the great object of my hopes. Emily, if it please God to preserve us two years longer, three at the furthest, I have hope we may be married. But if my father consents for my sake to so great an inconvenience to his own fortune—(so at least he describes it—I incline to think matters will be found more easy to be settled on further consideration) I, on my part, cannot in generosity, or indeed duty, avoid falling in with his other views respecting my plan of life. He cannot endure the idea of my withdrawing myself from the society in which he has been accustomed to move, or abandoning the profession which he chose for me, at least until I have practised it. Besides, the fortune he could allow me, although sufficient, in my ready & his own more reluctant belief, for me to to marry upon, will not be large, & ought, in prudence, to be increased by whatever professional, or literary exertion I could make. It is true that, were his feelings not in the way, this last consideration need not of necessity compel my residence in any given place: but, taken along with those feelings, it seems to render my continuance in or near London advisable. I say, "seems," for many chances may occur in the interim that may alter the circumstances of the case. But it would be a serious drawback to my hope were I to find any particular air or climate necessary to your health. Of this too I should rather say, "it seems," for, were it so, other plans might be devised: only what appears at present to be the best, the only plan, would be disturbed by it. My own wish, as I have often told you, would be never to reside in London. I hate every brick in its walls, every flagstone in its streets. Whenever & however I can find means of living out of it, I shall assuredly do so. I should like much to settle in some part of the South or West of England, or even to establish myself abroad, at least for a time. This too would be the most economical, setting a profession out of the question. And to this probably it will come before many years are out: but with this it seems I cannot well begin. At the same time I see no positive reason for living in London itself: I could pursue a profession as well, if I lived near it, & such a mode of life would, I incline to think, be more agreeable to you. There are uglier
places in the world than Richmond, or even Hampstead; and the latter is the healthiest, it is said, in England.

Perhaps, as this is so very businesslike a letter (even your grandfather would relax his miserly features into a grin of complacency to read it), I may as well tell you further that I do not expect to get from my father more than seven or eight hundred a year, which is a small matter, but not, I think, incapable of affording very comfortable living to such wise, romantic people as ourselves, who despise the pompous formalities of fashion, & wish only to be happy, or as little unhappy as we can in this ugly world. I fear I shall not succeed in adding much to my "small peculiar" from the treasures hoarded at Tealby: something however may be done.

I intended this morning to make this a long letter, but I have been detained from returning home by what the newspapers would call "a severe storm of thunder & lightning passing over the metropolis," so that I am only just in time now for the post. I must cease to write therefore, but not to think much & anxiously concerning you. If it be possible, induce Alfred or somebody to write in the course of next week to tell me how you are. I know not if it would be giving your mother too much trouble to ask her to write me a line, but very satisfactory would it be to me to know from her what the state of your health is. Do not dream I say this in distrust of you—I trust you with my whole soul—but one head is not so wise as several, especially about itself. To be sure, dearest, if you are really "Himalaya," 'tis little wonder your head should ache, being always up in that keen, cold air, nor that you should feel old, because you are, you know—rather older than the world! I wait eagerly for the next account of you: I trust you will be able to write next week; meanwhile think much of

Your ever affec:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 9 June 1832
1. See letter 169.
2. "Three" is added above the line.
4. Evidently AHH paused to think of the appropriate verb.
5. See AT’s “The Hesperides” (Ricks, pp. 423-29), line 58: “For he is older than the world”; and line 74: “Father, old Himala weakens, Caucasus is bold and strong.”
67 [Wimpole Street]. Thursday [14 June 1832].

Dear John,

I have news for you, great news—Alfred the great will be in town, perhaps today. He lingers now at Cambridge with Tennant. He talks of going abroad instantly, from which I shall endeavor to dissuade him. Meantime he wishes to know whether certain lodgings once occupied by Fred at 49 Southampton Row are vacant. Now it happens unfortunately that I am very unwell today: the said row is very near you; could you in the course of the day pick up this bit of information for me? Also, if you will visit an invalid at some time in your morning walks, I shall rejoice in seeing you. Alfred’s coming seems to be mainly attributable to your letter three months ago—at least his answer to questions, why he comes to London, is said to be “I have never answered John Kemble!” One would have thought taking pen in hand was less trouble than coming 50 miles; but different persons have different estimates of difficulty.  

Faithfully yours,

AHH.

1. AT dined with the Kembles in London on 16 June 1832 (Girlhood, p. 519).
2. See letter 73 n. 16, for AT’s preferences.
Carissima,

Marvel not at so short a letter from me, but remember I have sometimes had short ones from thee,¹ when thou hast been ill, [ . . . ] a day or two I will write again, & say more about that, & other things: for the present, love, be content with this line from

Your ever affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 16 June 1832.

¹. Approximately two-thirds of the letter is missing.
[London.] June 20th. 1832.

I was speaking the other day to Moxon about books & the polite publisher touched upon Alfred’s, talked of the favourable light with which it was received & asked if Alfred had any views of further publication. I don’t doubt that Moxon would publish any volume Alfred might make up for him free of expense. It is worth his considering; a 2nd. book just now would set Alfred high in public notice, & afford him the means of putting money in his pocket.

1. This offer from Moxon seems finally to have persuaded AT to allow his poems to be published. Letters from Blakesley to Donne on 2 July (Miss Johnson) and Spedding to Thompson on 18 July 1832 (Friends, p. 395) speak for the first time of a new “volume” of poems.
My dear Monteith,

I drop you a line to say that Alfred went this morning to Richmond, intending to write an Innkeeper's Daughter at the Star & Garter. He murmurs much about illness, & incompatibility with Fred, but I dare say he won't bolt when you come, provided he has not bolted before (excuse the Hibernicism). Fred seems much bent on receiving your hospitality. If therefore you wish to have two instead of one, you had best not delay too long as by the time the Innkeeper's Daughter is written the poet may be off to some other star, & be occupied on some remoter garter than that which encircles the fair leg of the Richmond barmaid who doubtless will serve as the prototype of his ideal creations. Also bear in mind that if in town, you promised to dine with us on Monday; perhaps if you find you can't you will just be so good as to tip me a line before that day. I was dancing all last night & can command no better wit or sense than the above.

Ever very faithfully yrs.

A H Hallam.

1. Apparently never written.
2. A celebrated haunt of artists and writers, and, for many years, the place of the annual reunion of the Apostles; see Christopher Monkhouse, "The Star and Garter Hotel, Richmond," Connoisseur 187 (1974): 14-21.
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Saturday [23 June 1832].

Indeed, sweet Nem, I hope the cruel law that governs "the order of things" you speak of has undergone some change, for I am now so considerably better, so very nearly verging on well, that, according to this same law, you ought to be worse. Rather let us put faith in some nobler law, by whose secret & wonderful operation my health may be subject to a like rise & fall with yours, & yours with mine. But let me, in consideration of my manly prerogative, have the right of setting this law agoing; for I am much seldomer ill than my Emily, & she will gain, I think, by wearing my health instead of her own.

Do not write so briefly next time, & tell me more things—for instance about Charley—is it possible you know not yet whether he has passed? I am rather sorry you did not go to the Louth ball: you are, I fear, too reluctant to be amused; too prone to indulge & nurse that cruel melancholy, which (to use your own words) "I would give a thousand lives if I had them" to rid you of. Evil, baneful stars, that still keep me from thy side! The days however are fast hastening onward which will see me once again before thee, beside thee—my heart bounds at the thought of them—and is thine quiet, beloved? Oh, if not, look up at the next sunset, & speak musically to the rich lights ere they go behind the hills, below the earth—bid them hasten the days that are coming—bid them tell the future days how thou waitest for their dawn!

I can tell nothing of Alfred's intended movements: he is still here, & the greater part of his money is here no longer: further I know not, but he can hardly get to countries "of colour," as he calls it, on his present resources. Yesterday he dined here, & was dreadfully nervous about it: he was silent a longwhile, but on mention of some water-insects of his acquaintance he sud[denly] became eloquent. Thursday night I went with him to the Hunchback; he was in great delight at it: Fanny Kemble acted better than ever, & I think, because she knew
Alfred was there. She has lent him her unpublished play, the Star of Seville, which he admires extremely; & so do I. It is far above Francis. Nal seems much the better for this visit to London: he smokes all day with Kemble & me, & very rarely talks, or thinks about his ailments, real, or imagined. Adio, cara: you have given me but a few lines to live a week upon: what if you wrote to Nal in the interim telling us about Charley, & so forth. God bless you, & make you well, & keep you mine.

Ever thy dear & affect:te,

Arthur.

P. S. I had nearly forgot to say I was introduced to Ann Fytche yesterday. I like her very much; & in truth I was predisposed to do so.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 23 June 1832

1. Perhaps an allusion to Sir Thomas Browne, *The Garden of Cyrus*, chap. 4: "All things began in order, so shall they end, and so shall they begin again." See letter 173.  
2. See letter 169 n. 5.  
3. Two Edward Spedding letters describe AHH and AT’s activities during this period in somewhat greater detail. On 27 June 1832, he wrote to Donne: "Jem and I went to Kemble’s last Sunday night, where we met Hallam and Alfred Tennyson (the former of whom as usual wishes you to be reminded of his existence), and heard French and German oaths and curses set to music, and called Histories of David and Goliah; likewise Fanny Kemble’s self singing the two Sisters who dwelt in a bower—Edinbroo, Edinbrooe, which was not a little edifying" (Miss Johnson). His 11 July 1832 letter to Blakesley may deal with the same evening: "You would have heard of Alfred Tennyson’s sojourn among us—how he read to us the Legend of Fair Women—and gave us bakky—and was so excited by Kemble’s mimicry and the clapping of his wings on a rump encased in white trowsers, that he set to work himself and enacted 1stly a Teutonic Deity—2ndly the Sun Coming out from behind a Cloud—3rdly a man on a close stool—and lastly put a pipe-stopper in his mouth by way of beak, and appeared as a great bird sitting on an opposite bough, and he pecked in my face and I cried haw, haw! with divers other facetiunculae" (Blakesley MSS).
4. Fanny Kemble recorded that the house was good, and she played "very well" on 21 June 1832; five days earlier she recorded her impressions of AT: "I am always a little disappointed with the exterior of our poet when I look at him, in spite of his eyes, which are very fine; but his head and face, striking and dignified as they are, are almost too ponderous and massive for beauty in so young a man; and every now and then there is a slightly sarcastic expression about his mouth that almost frightens me, in spite of his shy manner and habitual silence. But, after all, it is delightful to see and be with any one that one admires and loves for what he has done, as I do him" (Girlhood, pp. 519-20). Fanny did not share her admirers' opinion of The Star of Seville, either at the time of composition or after: "Messrs. Saunders and Ottley were good enough to publish it; it had no merit whatever, either dramatic or poetical (although I think the subject [La Estrella de Seviglia] gave ample scope for both), and I do not remember a line of it" (Girlhood, p. 319). Kemble wrote to Donne in August 1832 that AT had spent a happy time in London "and a holy time, for it is the mighty privilege of such men to spread their own glory around them, upon all who come within the circuit of their light, and to exalt and purify them also. We had a fine reunion of choice spirits of an evening then; Hallam, Edward Spedding and his brother, the two Heaths, and Merivale, the kindest hearted and one of the mildest of scoffers; and amongst them Fanny's 'Star of Seville' first read" (Donne, p. 14). See also letter 156 n. 8.
Dearest Nem,

I have strange news for you, news which will make your dear eyes open wide & full, like—(I am in a hurry, & can't think of any object in nature for a simile). In short I am going tomorrow with Alfred up the Rhine for three weeks! He complained so of his hard lot in being forced to travel alone, that I took compassion on him, & in spite of law & relatives &c. I am going. I shall not stay longer than three weeks, & on my return I shall probably come straight to Somersby. Meantime, Nem, thou must write often to me: punctuality of correspondence is invaluable to one over the seas & far away; you never knew the anxiety with which one goes to the Post-office, the infinite rapture with which one hears the necessary question answered "Oui, Monsieur," & the blank despair of the contrary predicament. Prithee, Nem, let me have a letter at Cologne, where I hope to be in ten days, & where I should be in five, if it was not for the Quarantine. I believe "Cologne, Allemagne" will be the right direction. But write soon, or it will be too late. I am much hurried today, & have scarce time to tell you how your letter charmed me. Surely I am no false diviner when I augur from it that you are better, decidedly better in health & spirits. I send you some lines by Alfred written in Adelaide Kemble's Album, as an apology for having lost a rose she gave him.

Madonna, wise & mild & rare,
More full of joy than summer breezes are,
By thy white brows, & by the clear delight
Of thy two happy eyes, I swear
I did not lose that crimson rose;
I sooner would have lost my sight.
That rosebud was the only thing
Hath brought me any joy for years;
I thought to keep it fresh with joyful tears.
But when I saw it withering
Because no more sweet light
From thy most blissful eyes did make it [bright,]
Because no more sweet air
From thy most perfect lips did keep it fair,
I set it in my heart; it will not wither there.¹

They are very pretty lines, & of course procured him pardon. Rather
decisive too—don't you think so? Congratulate Charley in my name
& Alfred's.² I shall think of his enviable birth in the Enderby pulpit
while I am on the wide seas tomorrow. Alfred bids me say he would
have written tonight, but thinks my writing may do as well. I am
ashamed of so slovenly a letter in return for yours, but I will write
more sweetly when the inspiration of Dutch canals is upon me.
Farewell, & think ever of

Your most affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby /
Lincolnshire.
P/M 30 June 1832

¹ See letter 166 n. 2. AT's poem was published by Motter in TLS (16 July 1970), p. 780.
² See letter 176 n. 2.