Dear John,

Wert thou ever in Quarantine? I think I heard thee say such misery fell to thy lot—compassionate me therefore, & that thou mayst do so more heartily, figure to thyself our situation. We are in a steamboat, lying in a mud-yellow river, between two of the flattest, ugliest banks in Christendom, three or four boat’s lengths from one of them, which constitutes the Quarantine Ground, & is a small part of a small island, called “Tien-Gemete” i.e. as they tell me, “Ten Measures.” On this wretched mimicry of Terra Firma we are allowed to walk in a straightforward direction till the water on the other side turns us back, but right or left we may not stir, on penalty of bayonet-law administered by some contemptible Dutch mannikins, whom may the Belgians reward according to their works! Six or seven long, dingy cabins, floored by broken rafters, & spaces between for tumbling through, are the accommodations provided for us by the Dutch Government; & one or two squalid wretches are set there to sell provisions & cook them. We have chosen the alternative of remaining on board the vessel, where we are in the power of extortioners, who make us pay at the rate of near ten shillings aday for the privilege of eating the worst dinners I ever suffered, & of being bitten every night by flying & creeping vermin, who seldom have such a feast as on the wellfed skin of an Englishman. The company on board is not of that pleasant sort which might alleviate our annoyances: the women are not handsome, the men are in all things ordinary. Sunday morning we shall be allowed to get on to Rotterdam, unless any of our crew should happen to touch one of a company from Dunkirk, just come to the island, in which case our Quarantine will be prolonged for
fifteen days, & in which case I think I shall swim for England. Should we get to Rotterdam, we cannot proceed till Monday night, as we shall have just come too late for the Cologne steamboat. Altogether our condition is luxurious. Two little boys chose to fall ill last night, & we had the additional pleasure of contemplating the possibility of Cholera breaking out, & our dying off one after the other, since the Batavier certainly would not take us back, & devil a Dutchman would take us forward. Coffins & a dissecting-room & all things comfortable of the kind are in readiness on the island. A red flag flies there, & a yellow flag on board: so you see our only change is like that of the lighthouse "from red to yellow, & back to red again." Many a "shallop flits unhailed by the marge": but our "little isle" has no "rosefence," & is by no means "overtrailed with roses." We had however "two lovers" on board, not "young," but "lately wed"; & not liking the publicity of our small cabin, they are gone today to spend their honey moon in one of the long barns on shore. "Funerals" too we may have, but probably without "plumes or lights." John Anderson, mate of the Batavier, died some little time ago (it is said of Cholera) & is buried somewhere in the piece of ground we have to walk on: I hope we shall not have any "canny days with ane anither."

My wit is exhausted, & I fear smacks of the stagnant ditches which regale our sight & smell, & I believe furnish the water we drink. To be serious then, don't you think it probable the Forty Days Deluge, & the Forty Two weeks of the Apocalypse were somehow typical of this Quarantine, this worse than Babylonish woe, this double-damned Dutch dreary dull desolate ditch-death? In spite of all these miseries I live on & smoke hugely: your pipe is invaluable. I have finished Rosetti, & am puzzled what to do about him. Not convinced, I yet am staggered. I cannot bring myself to concede the full extent of so wide & unsettling a theory: yet I cannot help thinking there must be something in it. The coincidences are so numerous, & some of them so striking, that I should hardly feel satisfied to review the book, without further examination of its materials. Alfred is about to finish this, so faretheewell & prithee let us have a letter at Cologne, if you get this in time: but in this damned Dutchland there is no reckoning on time. Alfred, be it observed, is as sulky as possible: he howls & growls sans intermission.
Ever faithfully thine,

AHH.

And good reasons have I to be sulky, John; as plenty as blackberries; I am bugbitten, flybitten, fleabitten, gnatbitten & hungerbitten. I have had no sleep for the last three nights & have serious thoughts of returning to England tho’ it were in an open boat, that is if I can get any Dutch broadbreech to take me: I have had no dinner that would satisfy a watersquill for the last three days, & I yearn after the [ ... ] dinners you & I had at No. 49 as the children of Israël did after the fleshpo[ts of Egypt]. Damn all Dutchmen! is it not infinitely more reasonable that Dutchmen should die of cholera than that English gentlemen should be detained on board a villainous ex-steamboat, where they are charged 3s—4d everynight for the supper which the fleas make on them; if this be tolerable, I am a ram with horns.

thine ever

A. T.

P. S. “Que Diable allions nous faire dans cette maudite galère?”

{Molière}¹⁹

Addressed to J. Kemble Esq. / 79 Great Russell St. / London.
P/M 13 July 1832

1. The date reflects the letter’s approximate time of composition; it was probably posted at the same time as letter 179.
2. See AT’s “The Palace of Art,” 1832 version, lines 97–101:

Still changing, as a lighthouse in the night
   Changeth athwart the gleaming main,
   From red to yellow, yellow to pale white,
   Then back to red again.

3. All are references to AT’s “The Lady of Shalott,” 1832 version, lines 23–26:
The little isle is all inrailed
With a rose-fence, and overtrailed
With roses: by the marge unhailed
The shallop flitteth silkensailed

and lines 65 and 62 respectively.

4. Burns, "John Anderson my Jo," lines 11-12: "And mony a canty day, John, / We've had wi' ane anither"; whether life imitated art, and the mate of the Batavier was really named John Anderson, is unknown.


6. Sullo Spirito Antipapale che produsse la Riforma, e sulla segreta Influenza ch' esercitò nella Letteratura d'Europa, e specialmente d'Italia, come risulta da molti suoi Classici, massime da Dante, Petrarca, Boccaccio; disquisizioni di Gabriele Rossetti, London, 1832; an English translation [Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit Which Produced the Reformation; Its Secret Influence on the Literature of Europe in General, and of Italy in Particular], by Caroline Ward, appeared in 1834. Rossetti (1783-1854), Italian poet and patriot, father of Dante Gabriel, Christina, and William Michael, became professor of Italian at King's College, London, in 1831. His two-volume commentary (in Italian) on the Divine Comedy was published 1826-27. John Hookham Frere and Charles Lyell were among the initial supporters of the Sullo Spirito; both later denounced it. Rossetti's theory that, in Motter's words, "the Vita Nuova was a late work designed to serve as a key to the Divine Comedy, and that Dante was an imperialist, and free-mason opposed to Rome's temporal power and spiritual pretensions, a reformer and heretic who advanced his views in the Divine Comedy through elaborate allegories," elicited AHH's "Remarks on Professor Rossetti's 'Disquisizioni Sullo Spirito Antipapale,' " published as a pamphlet by Moxon, November 1832. See Writings, pp. 237-79, and R. D. Waller, The Rossetti Family 1824-1854 (Manchester University Press, 1932), especially chap. 5.

6. 1 Henry IV, 2. 4. 227.

7. Exodus 16:3.

8. Adapted from Molière, Les Fourberies de Scapin, 2. 7: "Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?" AT describes the experience in his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell: "We had the pleasure of being moored by a muddy island full of stagnant dykes in the river Maas, where we performed quarantine for a week, and saw by night the boats, from the Cholera vessels stationed in the river, creeping round to the burial place of the island with a corpse and a lantern. We at last got so enraged that we pulled down the Dutch colours and reversed them, which put the ancient skipper into such indignation that he swore he would hang us at the yard-arm."
TO EMILY TENNYSON

Hotel des Pay bas. Rotterdam. July 9 [1832].

Emilia mia cara,

You will have been more than the usual week, I fear, without letters, and may be conjuring up fancies of strange perils & mishaps by land & water, to which bold adventurers like Alfred & myself are liable. Nor would you be altogether wrong in such fancies, as you shall see by the recital of our history. The Sunday before last we left London in the steamboat Batavier, as illbuilt & unpleasant a vessel as I ever saw, and after a voyage of about twentyfour hours found ourselves in the river Maase, a little way above Helvoetsluijs. Here, to our infinite disgust, we had a Quarantine to perform of six days. No annoyance in the world is so great as a Quarantine. We had the choice of remaining on board a vessel, which received us from the Batavier, or living on the shore of an island, called Tien-Gemete, under the guard of some contemptible little Dutchmen. We chose the first, as the least of two evils; but certainly with the exception of those on shore nobody could be worse treated than we were on board. Bad dinners, bad beds; abominable prices; sulky attendants; no room to walk but a few yards of deck, & by way of pleasant variety a few yards of shore under penalty of being shot if found stirring right or left out of the appointed path. Then the same eternal prospect—of muddy river; flat, dingy banks; a few paltry trees; some sleepy vessels; and the horrible yellow flag, not allowing us for a moment to forget we were prisoners. All this you will agree was provoking enough; but to increase the luxuries of our situation, another vessel, the Atwood, arrived from London, with cases of Cholera on board. The poor men were sent on shore, & died one after the other very miserably, under no better treatment than that of an indifferent Dutch surgeon, who appeared too frightened to attend them properly. If ever situation
were selected for the express purpose of producing cholera in those placed there, assuredly our post beside Tien-Gemete would be the one. Perpetual damp, from which the beds were not free: food, bad in itself, & ill prepared; water the most unwholesome possible; add to which the effluvia of stagnant ditches on the island, & our close neighbourhood to a vessel actually infected—had we not some reason to apprehend consequences? It was too probable also that the Dutch Government, on hearing what had occurred, would lengthen our period of detention, & so multiply the chances against us. For[unately] however the authorities were merciful, for instead of keeping us there to catch a thousand deaths, they allowed us of the Batavier (who of course had been kept from any communication with the company of the Atwood), to leave the hated island, & proceed to Rotterdam. Hither accordingly we came, and I can understand now by experience the delight of escaping prison, & breathing the air of freedom once more. It is so pleasant to go where one likes, careless of soldiers, & flags, & old Dutch colonels with enormous epaulettes! I have seen too little of Holland yet to be able to give you any description of people, or things. When I write again, which shall be soon, I shall be very descriptive. At present I will just say Rotterdam is the quaintest place I ever saw. Ships, houses, trees all mingled pellmell; & looking glasses hung out of every window to enable the people within to see what is going on in the streets. The country near the coast is very ugly, at least very flat, & Alfred says, not unlike Lincolnshire.

I have such a horrible pen that I fear I must leave off. Thank God, dearest, that we are well, & have been preserved from all dangers: very soon I trust to see thee, but before that blessed time, I trust to hear from thee. Surely thou hast written to Cologne; write again there: I shall get it on my return, but write instantly if not, to Rotterdam. Put Poste Restante, Cologne, Allemagne for the first, & Poste Restante, Rotterdam, Pay Bas for the second. Alfred sends much love; & so God bless thee.

Ever thine own affectionate

Arthur.

[611]
1. The mouth of the Maas river is about twenty miles below Rotterdam.
Nonnenwerth. July 16th. 1832

I expect as far as I can calculate (but a traveller's calculations are always liable to be deranged by unforeseen chances) to be in England by the end of this month, & then I shall go straight to Somersby. I had better tell you something of what Alfred & I have been doing. My last letter I think was from Rotterdam [ ... ] We resumed our steamboat last Wednesday morning & came on slowly up the Rhine; the banks of which are more uniformly ugly & flat as far as Cologne than any country I ever saw of so great extent. Really until yesterday we had seen nothing in the way of scenery, that deserved going a mile to see. Cologne is the paradise of painted glass: the splendor of the windows in the churches would have greatly delighted you. The Cathedral is unfinished & if completed on the original plan will be the most stupendous & magnificent in the world.¹ The part completed is very beautiful Gothic. Alfred was in great raptures, only complaining he had so little time to study the place. There is a gallery of pictures quite after my own heart, rich glorious old German pictures, which Alfred accuses me of preferring to Titian & Raffael.² In the Cathedral we saw the tomb & relics of the Three Kings, Gaspar, Melchior & Balthazar, the patrons of Cologne & very miraculous persons in their day according to sundry legends. The tomb is nearly all of pure massy gold, studded with rich precious stones.³

From Cologne we came on to Bonn, which really bears a sort of family likeness to Cambridge. Here the Rhine begins to be beautiful; & yesterday we took a luxurious climb up the Drachenfels, looked round at the mild vine-spread hillocks, and "river-sundered champagne clothed with corn,"⁴ ate cherries under the old castle wall at the top of the crag, then descended to a village below, & were carried over in a boat to the place from which I am writing. Ten years ago it was a large convent of Benedictine nuns; now it is a large & comfortable Hotel, still retaining the form of the Convent, the Cloisters, cell-like
rooms. It stands on an island in the middle of the river; you will understand the size of the isle, when I tell you it is rather larger, according to Alfred, than that of the Lady of Shalott, & the stream is rather more rapid than our old acquaintance that ran down to Camelot. The prospect from the window & gardens is most beautiful, the mountains as they are called, Drachenfels being one, on the bank of the river, & Rolandseck towering up on the other, with the hills about Bingen glooming in the distance.\(^5\)

A pretty legend is attached to this Convent. Once upon a time Roland, nephew of Charlemagne, fell in love with the beautiful Hildegonda. The young man went to the wars as was highly proper; & the young lady promised to marry him on his return. By & bye came a knight from the wars who was hospitably received at the castle by Hildegonda’s father. Enquiries were duly made after Roland; & the knight made answer he had seen him fall covered with wounds. Hildegonda being terribly grieved took the veil in this very convent, but Roland, who was by no means dead, came back a little while after & was aghast to find his lady a nun. What did he do? He built a hermitage called Rolandseck on the summit of yonder hill, from which (he could not have been shortsighted) he might every day catch a glimpse of his beloved through the grating of her cell. At last she died, & he saw her grave dug in the garden. He remained ever sitting before the door of his hermitage, & one morning they found him dead, his face still turned toward the little window & the humble turf tomb beneath it. On this story there is a sweet ballad by Schiller.\(^6\)

1. Begun in the thirteenth century, the cathedral was finally completed according to its original plans in 1880; work on the nave and spires was not started until 1842.

2. Perhaps the Archiépiscopal Museum, opposite the south gate of the cathedral, which contained an extensive collection of medieval art. But AHH may refer to the collection later housed in the Wallraf-Richartz Museum (completed in 1861), which included works by Dürer, Cranach, Van Dyck, Rubens, and Veronese.

3. The Chapel of the Three Kings contained, according to legend, the bones of the Magi, which the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, supposedly brought to Constantinople; they were subsequently transported to Milan and presented by Frederick Barbarossa in 1164 to Archbishop Reinald von Dassel, who took them to Cologne. The Reliquary of the Magi, in which the “bones” were carried, is
Romanesque, and was housed in the cathedral's treasury. See AT's lines on the three kings, Ricks, p. 1794.

4. AT's "Oenone," line 111.

5. See AT's "O Darling Room" (Ricks, p. 460), and Byron, Childe Harold, canto 3, lines 496-535.

Dear John,

I take an opportunity, which offers, to send you a line by a private hand, just to say that, if you are in London you will very soon have the pleasure of seeing us, as we have turned our faces homewards, & are coming with moderate swiftness by the way of Belgium. It is not easy to name the day on which we shall arrive in London, but it will probably be almost as soon as you will receive this. Should I be fortunate enough to recover a volume of Blackstone, left in the damned Quarantine vessel, I have desired the lady who carries this to leave that also at your house, where I can take it up, as I pass through. We have, neither of us, money to stay more than a few hours in London, & then shall make the best of our way into Lincolnshire. I suppose my own family has left London by this time: at all events I shall not go home, if I can help it, before I go to Lincolnshire; so, in case you meet my father, or the like, you need not give quite so precise an account of my intended proceedings as I have given you. Our journey has not been to me unpleasant; but Alfred swears the Rhine is no more South than England, & he could make a better river himself! We have climbed the Drachenfels, & the Niederwald above Bingen: we spent a day at Nonnenwerthe, & slept at Boppart & Andernach. We got no farther than Bingen, from which place we are this day returning in a Dampschiff, unquestionably one of the damnedest ships I am acquainted with. In Holland we saw no more than Rotterdam, Delft, the Hague, & Nimwegen. We have drunk infinite Rhenish, smoked illimitable Porto Rico, & eaten of German dinners enough to kill twenty men of robust constitution, much more one who suffers paralysis of the brain like Alfred. He has written no jot of poetry. I am very anxious to hear of Moxon’s proceedings. I shall certainly swear, if I find you have left London.
when I get there. Faretheewell, & remember the hint I give you about my father.

Ever faithfully yours,

AHH.

P. S. Of your goods as yet none are lost, except the pipe: we shall improve however as we go on.

Addressed to J. Kemble Esq. / 79 Great Russell St. / London.

1. AT’s 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell confirmed the itinerary: “We returned by Aix la Chapelle and Brussels. At the former place I was so happy as to get a sight of the Virgin Mary’s—I suppose I mustn’t mention the word—it was that part of her dress which corresponds with the shirt in the male. I saw it streaming from the top of the Cathedral over the heads of adoring thousands and truly I must say that the Virgin wore marvellously foul linen.”

2. As Kemble’s August 1832 letter to Donne suggested, AHH was not similarly afflicted: “Hallam and Tennyson, influenced principally I believe by my descriptions, then went upon the Rhine, whence they are just returned. Arthur has written a beautiful scene on the subject of that charming picture of Rafaelle on the Fornarina of which you must have seen prints” (Donne, p. 14); the poem is printed in Writings, pp. 106-10.

Dearest Brooks,

Well may you have thought my conduct atrocious, & atrocious in sober fact it may be considered; but I have not been without excuse. When your first letter reached me, months ago, I was very unwell, & very wretched—not merely hypped, as usual, but suffering the pressure of a severe anxiety, which, although past, has left me much worn in spirit. As I began to get better Alfred came up to town, & persuaded me to go abroad with him. So we went to the Rhine for a month, & as we had little coin between us, talked much of economy, but the only part of our principles we reduced to practice was the reduction of such expenses, as letterwriting &c. Really I often vowed to Alfred I would write to you, & as often he got into a pet, & jingled the bag of Naps, whose glad ringing sound began to come daily fainter on the ear, and their fair golden forms daily to occupy less space in the wellstuffed portmanteau. We have now returned, & are at Somersby. I fear I cannot stay here long; but I snatch the gift of the hour, & am thankful. I have been very miserable since I saw you: my hopes grow fainter & fewer, yet I hope on, & will, until the last ray is gone, & then—. Emily, thank Heaven, is better than she has been, & I think rather more cheerful. Somersby looks glorious in full pride of leafy summer. I would I could fully enjoy it: but ghosts of the Past & waights of the Future are perpetually troubling me. I am a very unfortunate being; yet, when I look into Emily's eyes, I sometimes think there is happiness reserved for me. Certainly I am by nature sanguine & hopeful; I was not framed for despondency: if circumstances were as I wish them I hardly think I should moodily seek for new causes of disquiet. One thing I fear must be—even if I succeed to the utmost of my hopes, I think the affection of my own family, the faces of my home, the faces of my infancy, will be lost to me. Already I
see it clearly diminishing: yet, whatever guilt may weigh down my soul, towards my father at least I feel I have acted uprightly. I am certain I have not deserved contempt or indifference: but pity rather, & tender counsel, & perpetual love. I have been writing you an unwarrantable letter: soon I will write again, & more reasonably perhaps, although I expect little else than misery & slavery on my return home. I heard the other day from Trench: he is at Stradbally, mild & happy—bless him! & thinking about the Church & the Morning Watch still. Tennant is at Cambridge, also Spedding—I saw them passing through. Charley is a Revd! & lives, poor fellow, at Tealby with the old brute, who is bruter than ever. Fred has had a new quarrel, & is probably cut off with or without a shilling. Alfred better in health & spirits than I have seen him this long while. Now goodbye, old cove, for the present, but prithee don’t talk of alienation & all that when thou writest next. If sometimes under the immediate touch of new pain or pleasure I do not look on all sides & remember how much existence there is out of my actual mood, why bear with me a little: it is selfish, but it is human: a word, a tone, a look at any time, I believe, recalls me to a sense of what I owe to those whom I love, inter alios, to Master Brooks. Believe me therefore always

Your very affect:e

AHH.

P. S. I hope you floored your fever, & that the duplicate of spermaceti was not detected.

Addressed to W. H. Brookfield Esq. / Sheffield.

1. See letter 181; as letter 183a makes clear, AHH managed to go directly to Somersby without his father’s knowledge. In his 15 August 1832 letter to AT, Brookfield excused himself for not answering an earlier letter: “I should have written soon after coming home had I known your address; in part attestation whereof this bears date the very day on which I learned from Hallam where you are” (Yale).
2. See letters 164 n. 14; 151 n. 2. On 15 October 1832, Trench wrote to his wife: “I have not failed any day since I arrived here in attending Mr. Irving's church one or more times. I am not at all convinced; for though I heard nothing but what from my heart I believe to be the truth, and often truth in a very high form, yet the voices did not commend themselves to my conscience; I had not the answer of my spirit to their spirit which I looked for... In Mr. Armstrong [an Irish Unitarian minister, then associated with Irving] I have been very agreeably disappointed. He has nothing—at least, in conversation—of the fierce intolerant spirit of the 'Morning Watch,' but seems full of love and holiness and prayerfulness; indeed, they all seem to continue in prayer” (Trench, 1:125-26).

3. Brookfield sympathized with Charles Tennyson's position—“I was a little melted at the name or the fact—or the addition. I suppose there is nothing very affecting in a man's casing himself in a pompous cassock—but I love the wretch better than blackberries—and if he were married instead of ordained there is that about him which would make me more sad than merry at the news”—and with AHH's delay in answering—“Writing from Somersby where there is so much to prevent one from thinking of any place else was certainly a meritorious exertion, & it has bought my pardon” (15 August 1832 letter to AT).

4. See letter 158 n. 4.
Dearest Charley,

I am here for a few days only; wilt thou not come & see me? Somersby looks mighty queer without thee. Come along.

Ever affect:ly thine,

AHH.

N. B. If Sunday duties are in the way, you needn't come till Monday; but I fear I cannot stay much longer.

Addressed to Rev. C. Tennyson / Bayon's Manor / Tealby.

1. The date is somewhat tentative. AHH's reference to "Sunday duties" suggests that he wrote to Charles on a Friday or Saturday. Letter 184 suggests that AHH left Somersby before Monday, 27 August 1832.

Sir,

The subject of your letter is by no means new to me, but has been the cause of great perplexity & solicitude for a considerable time.¹ In the early part of 1831, a correspondence took place between the late Dr. Tennyson & myself, which is doubtless in the possession of Mrs. T. & to which I should desire you to have recourse. It will there appear that I stated very explicitly the difficulties that stood in the way of my consent to my son’s wishes, partly on account of his age, but still more from my inability to make him such an allowance as could suffice by any means to maintain a family as respectably as the situation of the parties required. Dr. Tennyson’s answer to my letter was an excellent one; & he appeared to coincide altogether in the views I had taken of the subject.²

It was certainly my hope, & was intimated by me as delicately as I could, that the young lady would have released a promise made by a boy of 19, who had neither his father’s consent, nor any reasonable prospect of fulfilling the engagement. I stipulated with my son that he should not go to Somersby during his minority; & Dr. Tennyson felt that, on his own & his daughter’s account, he could not think of inviting him.

The lamented death of Dr. T. took place not long after this; & nothing passed between my son & myself on the subject till last spring, when, having come of age, he expressed his wish to go to Somersby. I could not object to this, having limited my prohibition to his minority; & it came out about this time, that a correspondence had been kept up all along with the young lady. If this was done with Mrs. Tennyson’s approbation, I must say that, making every allowance for a mother’s feelings, under distressing circumstances, she had
done all in her power to frustrate not only my intentions, but those of her husband, as signified to me.³ My son considered himself too far engaged in honour by this correspondence, & by the sort of renewal of their mutual promises which had taken place, to marry any other woman—in which it was impossible for me not to concur. But this of course left the objections to their union grounded on want of adequate income just as before. Of my son's present visit to Somersby I had no knowledge or suspicion, till he informed me of it by a letter from the continent, to which he had gone for a short time with Mr. Alfred Tennyson.

My uniform language to my son has been, that it would give me the utmost pleasure to see him happy; but that I am bound to consider the claims of my other children, by which I understand not only their claims to an adequate provision after my death, but to partake in the advantages of my fortune during my life. He has entered on the study of the law, a profession which I know to be expensive, & which, for several years, cannot afford him the slightest return. His abilities however are excellent, & if rightly directed, may, it is to be hoped, in some mode or other become serviceable hereafter to his worldly interests.

My circumstances do not permit me to make a larger allowance to my son, in the event of his marriage, than £600 per annum; & as to do this may possibly subject me to some degree of inconvenience, I cannot think of going farther. It is in fact a liberal offer, considering all the circumstances, & one which I have never yet named to him. I do not immediately see any other resource which he can have at present towards augmenting his income, except what the bounty of Mr. Tennyson may supply. I wish this part of my letter to be confidential, & only communicated to the two Mr. Tennysons. I may here observe, that till your letter arrived I was wholly ignorant of the existence of guardians, & did not even know that Miss E. T. was a minor.⁴ I shall be perfectly willing to make an adequate settlement on any lady whom my son may marry with my consent.

I remain Sir
Your very obedt. Servt.

Henry Hallam.
1. Thomas Hardwick Rawnsley (1790-1861), who attended Eton and Oxford, was rector of Halton Holgate from 1825 to 1861, Emily Tennyson's guardian after Dr. Tennyson's death, and a close and trusted friend of all branches of the Tennyson family. On 25 August 1832, Rawnsley wrote to Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]:

In consequence of a conversation I had with your father at Dalby about a week since, and from having recently heard that young Hallam was paying his addresses to and engaging himself with Emily Tennyson, a measure entirely unknown to me, and as your father said, equally so to you, I wrote to Mr. Hallam as one of the guardians, stating this fact, and that neither I or you could in fairness allow of the continuance of such an arrangement without first apprising him & receiving his opinion & consent.

I now inclose you Mr. Hallam's answer received yesterday & I wish you to confer with your father upon it & return such an answer as he may think fit, or instruct me so to do. When I wrote to Mr. Hallam at your father's request, I did not mention the sum he said he should leave Emily at his death, not considering myself authorized to divulge at that time what I viewed as a confidential communication. I said to Mr. Hallam she was wholly dependent on his bounty.

Young Hallam called here four days since. I told him I had already written as in duty bound to his father, & I must say that his only reason for not communicating with me before was a good one, namely, that they never informed him that I was a guardian under the poor dear Dr.'s Will. Your father kindly invited me to meet you at Tealby and when I knew it was convenient I would ride over & confer on this important matter. Under all the circumstances of the case, I cannot but consider Mr. Hallam's letter both kind and liberal towards his son.

D'Eyncourt's response (27 August 1832) thanked Rawnsley for "the judicious and friendly manner in which you have conducted this delicate affair" and asked him to continue to negotiate. Both AT's grandfather and uncle agreed with Rawnsley in thinking Henry Hallam's letter kind and liberal; they felt that if "the young man is in himself unexceptionable" there would be no difficulty, and authorized Rawnsley to state the terms of her grandfather's settlement upon Emily—£70 per annum during his life, and "a fortune for her by the sale of an Estate to be divided equally amongst the 7 younger children," each share amounting to approximately £3,000. Assuming Henry Hallam would make an adequate settlement, Emily's dowry could be left to AHH or brought in aid of the marriage. All other matters they wished to leave up to Henry Hallam. As George Tennyson [d'Eyncourt]'s 23 August 1832 letter to his grandfather makes clear, George Clayton Tennyson and his son had already made inquiries about Henry Hallam's financial situation: "I understand Mr. Hallam to be a man of some property—whether funded or landed I cannot make out—But I should probably think it consists of both. I think I shall be able to furnish you with more particular information in a few days" (LAO).

2. This correspondence (which apparently has not survived) must have taken place very shortly before Dr. Tennyson's death; see letter 103 n. 1.
4. See letter 181 and my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson" for the inauspicious circumstances of these negotiations.
Croydon Lodge. Croydon. Tuesday [28 August 1832].

My own dearest,

I look for a letter from you today with confidence, but I must write first, as the post goes out again immediately after bringing letters, so that I should have no time to write a whole one. I feel I have been a long while without tidings—may they be tidings of comfort—yet, whatever they are, the mere sight of your loved handwriting will be a great comfort & support to me. I have been more hopeful & cheerful the last two or three days than I had imagined possible: I feel a courage within me to brave ill fortune, trusting in One who is above fortune. Perhaps nothing evil will happen, at all events nothing can happen to do us real injury, so long as we are true to ourselves. In my last letter I gave way too much to my first impressions—for with me first impressions are generally sombre, & some effort is necessary to see things in their right aspect. But then sometimes I run off to the opposite extreme, & in the very face of night deny that it is dark. Such poor creatures are we all—yet hope & trust are beautiful things, even when they are mistaken, beautiful as the victims adorned for the sacrifice, or trembling moonlight on dark swollen waves. Certainly it does not seem to be the expectation either of my father or my mother that this business will retard or perplex our affairs; they appear to consider it a decided advance. My sister has been my comforter, as usual. Every evening after dinner I have smoked my pipe by her side, & talked about you. She says she has a very clear idea of you now; but I shake my head, & doubt. She is quite on the hopeful side, & last night surprised me (for she is not usually given to quote poetry) by bringing Comus to bear on me,

"Peace, brother, be not overexquisite
To cast the fashion of uncertain evils."
Do you want to have a notion of this place? It is not positively ugly, but its neighbourhood to a dusty London road, daily & almost hourly travelled by innumerable coaches, is a very unpleasant, though sometimes a convenient, circumstance. Nevertheless the house itself is comfortable, & not in sight of the said road, you must observe: quite otherwise; fields are about it, with cows & horses in them; occasional elms try to look majestic, & behind the house a huge rambling kitchengarden presents some not contemptible dahlias at intervals among the cabbages. Take it all in all, although I cannot say with a clear conscience that "I never saw anything half so rural," I have unquestionably seen things less so, & rather bless my stars that I am in a place where I may at least see the leaves fall, & the grass grow dim beneath the winds & rains who are now introducing Autumn to our reluctant notice. The weather is what you would call "perfectly shocking": last night is said by such of the inmates as were awake to have been terrific. For myself I think this is as it should be—what have I to do with summer when away from the palace of summer? Why should the sun insult me with light & warmth, when Emily's eyes have set? Truly, it is very discreet & compassionate behaviour in the weather; & I have a great mind to thank the dingy old brute in a perfect little poem. I have not mentioned the inhabitants of our yard, with whom I am desirous you should make acquaintance. First there is Keeper, a respectable & most innocent mastiff; then one rather more ambiguous in character, who has received the name of Inominato (you recollect Manzoni perhaps) & is never permitted to come near Keeper for fear of a fatal quarrel. Of Fanny, the spaniel, who seems to resemble Ariel in character, & a greyhound, whose name I forget, I cannot say much because as yet I know very little. The results of further knowledge shall be communicated. Tatler is but a sneaking terrier, so I shall say nothing of him. Our pigs are very pretty & spotted; our bull roars with such an awful grace, that it is quite pleasant to see how tight he is fastened to the manger. And oh Emily there are a couple of the frumpiest stacks! But it isn't Somersby frump neither—the smell is very ordinary & unromantic. In the garden are two beehives, on which I intend to institute philosophical experiments, so don't wonder if you hear I am stung to death. Now then I think I have put you in full possession of the most important circumstances of my Croydon life: make me a full & ample return of
particulars much more important. Do not forget the picture, do not put off sitting from day to day, but pluck up a bit, & get it over. My sister is very anxious to see it—but perhaps it is bad policy in me to tell you that, lest you should be in horrors at the idea. What say you to making Monday your postday; & I will make <Tuesday> Thursday mine: letters come in one day from Somersby to Croydon, but there is no time for an answer by return of post. I shall wait now, & put in a word after your letter comes.

I have just got & hastily read your letter. I am surprised Rawnsley has not been. By this time something must have taken place; let me hear from somebody as soon as anything occurs. I shall write again in a day or two. God ever bless you—

Ever your own

Arthur.

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

1. See letter 183a.
3. AHH would have seen the comment in Byron’s Letters and Journals, ed. Thomas Moore (London: 1830), 2:12: “I remember at Chamouni, in the very eyes of Mont Blanc, hearing another woman, English also, exclaim to her party, ‘Did you ever see any thing more rural?’—as if it was Highgate, or Hampstead, or Brompton, or Hayes” (18 September 1816 journal entry; accurately reported in Leslie Marchand’s edition of Byron’s Letters and Journals [Cambridge, Mass.: Harvard University Press, 1976], 5:97).
5. Possibly an allusion to Mandeville’s Fable of the Bees (1714).
6. AHH’s reference is unclear.
My dear John,

Your laconic note "upon business only" was forwarded to me yesterday from Somersby. I passed through town without stopping on my return, so I could not see you: yesterday I went in, & called, but you were out. I am now staying, in the family bosom, at Croydon, nine miles from the Wen, & shall be dropping in every now & then, hoping to get a glimpse of you. I left the Poet well & wonderfully cheerful for him: Fred also in great force. Charley I saw, who appears worn with the duties of his new state; regarding which & his proficiency therein I have one or two comical tales for our next meeting. As to the business, Cochrane must, I think, be in a mistake about Rossetti. His Analytical Comment on the D. C. was indeed reviewed as you say, I believe by Panizzi: but the new book has not, & they are as different as possible. I believe, & my father believes also, that this new one, if published in English, would have made a great sensation. It is full of curious & highly interesting matter; nor can I see how the former article can preclude such a one as I should have sent him. However he is the best judge of his own shop. As for Botta I do not feel up to it: although the son of my father, I am no great shakes in history; & I had rather not do a thing than do it badly. Sorelli I do not know, but shall be glad to see, if you will lend it me. I think I shall finish my article (ten or twelve pages being already filled), & if Cochrane will have nothing to say to it, I will try Blackwood or Fraser or Bulwer. But that is rather degrading. Better to die an implicit Reviewer, "wanting the accomplishment" of pea-green! Moxon is out of town. I suppose nothing further has occurred in that quarter.

I was much shocked yesterday to hear of the death of poor Edward Spedding. I was quite unprepared for it. James seems to bear it with
firmness, almost with stoicism. I shall see you perhaps in a few days.

Ever yours affectionately,

AHH.

Addressed to J. Kemble Esq. / 79 Great Russell St. / London.
P/M 31 August 1832

1. See letter 183.
2. See letter 178 n. 6. John George Cochrane (1781-1852) edited the Foreign Quarterly Review from 1827 to 1834; Rossetti's La Divina Commedia di Dante, con commento analitico was reviewed in 5 (February 1830): 419-49, by Charles Lyell, Fortunato Prandi, and Lyell's son, Sir Charles Lyell. Sir Anthony Panizzi (1797-1879), librarian of the British Museum, was a close friend of Brougham and other English Whigs; Henry Hallam printed a portion of his letter praising AHH's Italian sonnets in Remains, p. xi. Kemble's review of "Der Germanische Ursprung der lateinischen Sprache und des römischen Volkes, nachgewiesen von Ernst Jäkel" appeared in the Foreign Quarterly Review 10 (October 1832): 365-411.

3. Carlo Giuseppe Botta (1766-1837), Italian physician and historian, was exiled to France circa 1792; his Storia d'Italia, dal 1789 al 1814 (1824), together with various supplements, was reviewed by André Vieuzeux in the Foreign Quarterly Review 1 (1827): 253-91. AHH refers to his Storia d'Italia, continuata da quella del Guicciardini, sino al 1789 [History of Italy, continuing from that of Guicciardini up to 1789], published in Italy in 1832; it was not reviewed in the Foreign Quarterly.

4. Il Paradiso Perduto di Milton reporta in versi Italiani da Guido Sorelli da Firenze (3d ed., rev.; London, 1832) was reviewed by AHH in the Foreign Quarterly 10 (October 1832): 508-13; see Writings, pp. 234-37. According to his autobiography, My Confessions to Silvio Pellico (London, 1836), Sorelli was born in the last quarter of the eighteenth century and left Italy in 1821. He translated a number of Italian, German, and English works through 1840.

5. Fraser's Magazine for Town and Country (begun in 1830) was edited by William Maginn (1793-1842) from 1830 to 1836; Edward George Bulwer-Lytton (1803-73), first baron Lytton, edited the New Monthly Magazine from 1831 to 1833.

6. See Wordsworth, The Excursion, 1. 80: "wanting the accomplishment of verse." "Pea-green" is obviously a reference to the bindings of the Foreign Quarterly Review (see letter 195 n. 7).

7. On 27 August 1832, James Spedding wrote to Thompson: "My brother Edward died early on Friday morning, after above a month of severe suffering . . . He made a
good and a Christian end, and it is ascertained by a post mortem inspection that he
could not possibly have had health for any length of time together. His disease was
the formation of internal abscesses in consequence of a failure of some of the
membranes, & quite beyond the reach of surgery—so that, had one been at liberty to
decide by a wish whether he should live or die, it would have been an act of
unpardonable selfishness to wish him a moment more of captivity. . . . I hope you
will communicate the news to Tennant and Parish—and to all our common friends—
for explanations face to face are formidable things” (Trinity).
Carissimo,

I thank you, most things you say & do. My only hope is that my father's letter might do little harm to me. I have written to him again; he will accuse me a second time. I have used in this letter the point, and have requested a discontinuation of my own exertions, or otherwise, I shall agree to be sufficient, and if requested remains the same, which emergencies call forth, but slow & continuous, hoping all things, believing all things, enduring all things. I may sink under an effort for which my turn of character has not hitherto trained me, but the effort shall be made; and I trust God will strengthen to it my constitution of body and of mind. I have told my father that whatever profession, or pursuit he recommends, I will readily adopt, and will begin to direct my thoughts steadily to that object, whatever it be, so long as it holds out promise of the future. There is that haunts me, however care not to see Emily; if you think I will not see her. Yet should such this sentence of yours is unnecessary. At least if I see her not, you and unshaken purposes I have well endeavour to win for them a light upon my heart in all hope deferred. I know not, Alfred, out for you, written in London before so, ought not to be seen by the thought that they would; but
financial settlement that would permit his marriage to Emily Tennyson. This letter clearly follows Henry Hallam's letter to Rawnsley (183a) that initiated the negotiations, and AHH's reference to writing "to him [perhaps Rawnsley, perhaps AT's grandfather or uncle] again" suggests that it is contemporaneous with letters 187-93. The letter would also seem to precede AHH's apprenticeship in a conveyancer's office, since by then Henry Hallam's intentions regarding his son's profession would be clear. AHH expresses a similar uncertainty about the time when he might next see Emily in letter 196.

2. See letter 239 n. 2.
Fig. 2. Letter 186, with AHH’s doodling (Christ Church).
TO EMILY TENNYSON [draft]

MS: Christ Church

[Croydon?] [September 1832?]¹

My dearest Nem,

I intend to adopt a suggestion of my sister, that it would be well if I < wrote > made my letter to you a daily employment, writing every day a little, so that < no day > none may pass away without some fruit of pleasant Somersby thoughts.²

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¹ The date is conjectural. "Thea," which appears in the doodling above AHH's salutation (see illustration), was the signature to his review of Rossetti (see letter 178 n. 6). Thea was Hyperion's wife, and may be an anagram (Tennyson Hallam Emily Arthur). AHH spent considerable time with Ellen Hallam while at Croydon (see letters 184 n. 2; 188; 191).

² I.e., thoughts of Somersby.
Sir,

Understanding that you are now at Bayon’s Manor, I take the liberty of addressing you, at my father’s request, on a subject which, I believe, has lately been brought under your consideration. You are aware of a letter written to my father at the desire of Mr. Tennyson of Bayon’s Manor; of my father’s answer to that letter, containing a communication to Mr. Tennyson, and of Mr. T.’s reply to that communication. My father authorises me to say, that Mr. Tennyson’s statement of his intentions with respect to his granddaughter is certainly less satisfactory than he had hoped, but that he trusts Mr. T. may be induced to reconsider the subject. He feels that the sum now offered will not constitute such an addition to the allowance he can make me, as to render marriage practicable for me with prudence. On his own part he cannot advance beyond the proposal already made, viz. 600£ per ann. but he will engage to settle 500£ per ann. as a jointure on Miss Emily Tennyson. He feels however that the 3000£ mentioned by Mr. Tennyson, as her probable share of the profits arising from a future sale of an estate, could with difficulty be brought in aid of this settlement. He hopes that Mr. Tennyson may be prevailed upon to settle 4000£ to himself during his own life, & after his death to his granddaughter, to be raised either by charge upon the estate mentioned, or in any other way, and to be vested in the hands of trustees. If Mr. Tennyson would consent to this, my father would see no further obstacle to the union’s taking place, except that he wishes to reserve to his own discretion the appointment of the time. In the event of this concession being made, he would immediately do all in his power to facilitate the marriage.

On my own part, Sir, I venture to ask you to use your influence in my behalf, or rather in that of your niece. This engagement is
irrevocable; much unhappiness or at least much anxiety will result from such a delay of its completion, as must probably occur before my own exertions can have added anything to my income. I am aware that Mr. Tennyson has numerous claims upon his liberality; but I had hoped that upon an occasion such as his granddaughter's marriage, & that by no means a marriage which he can consider disadvantageous, he might be induced to make her a larger allowance than he otherwise would have thought expedient. I do not however press upon him any alteration of those arrangements which regard his lifetime. Four thousand pounds to come into possession only after his death is certainly not so large a sum, but that I may entertain a hope he will be able to afford it compatibly with the just claims of his remaining grandchildren. Should this not appear otherwise to you I trust you will stand my friend in endeavoring to persuade Mr. Tennyson to this arrangement.

Not knowing how soon you may return to town, I have thought it best to make this communication by letter, but I am anxious to have a personal interview with you on your return. Should you wish to speak with my father on the subject, he desires me to say he will have great pleasure in this opportunity of making your acquaintance.

I am, Sir,
Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Right Hon. C. Tennyson M. P. / <Bayon’s Manor, Market Rasen [?]> / Grimsby, Lincolnshire.
P/M 7 September 1832

1. Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] (1784-1861), AT's uncle, who attended Cambridge (B.A. 1805), was Whig M.P. from 1818 to 1852 and privy councillor in 1832; in 1835 he assumed by royal license the name and arms of d'Eyncourt and rebuilt Bayon's Manor. D'Eyncourt married Frances Mary Hutton in 1808; they had eight children.

2. See letter 183a.
A letter has come at last from Rawnsley <contain>.¹ Turn about in your wise brain all the circumstances of the case & give your advice as to what I had better do. I read Spanish & German with my sister daily & work away at a review of Rossetti.² I called on Moxon the other day but he was out of town. Kemble I have not yet seen. E[mily] has probably told you of the death of Edward Spedding, cut off in the prime of life & the freshness of ardent feelings. He was more sensitive than his brother, but tempered that susceptibility with something of James’ calmness. He looked to a future life, I should think, as calmly as to a future day. His epitaph is “Peace.”³

When you write to me which I trust you will do without delay, tell me if you wish anything to be done about your MSS.⁴ Give me the benefit of whatever thoughts may have been germinating in your skull on any subject whatever that is not entirely uninteresting to

Your ever affectionate

AHH.

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1. Untraced: see letter 183a.
2. See letter 185 n. 2.
3. See letter 185 n. 7.
My dear Gaskell,

I take some shame to myself that I have not yet written to you, to learn how you are going on, and especially whether you are quite recovered. But I did not exactly know where you were, and I thought it better to wait until you should arrive at Thornes, which I think must now be the case. I left London so suddenly that I had not time to call on you before I went. Since that day I have only heard a few indistinct rumours about your proceedings—something of your having been in the Isle of Wight, something of your having been engaged in canvassing Maldon; but I should be very glad to know for certain. I do not see your name in the papers as one of the candidates for Maldon. I hope this is not any indication of bad success, or of your having abandoned the intention of becoming a legislator. Really, when Messrs. Atwood and Cobbett are disposing of all the property of the people of England in so cool a manner, it is more than ever expedient that we should have a few sober men to look after our fortunes. I am as indifferent about politics just now as any one well can be: if you have any new lights on the subject I wish you would impart them, for you, I well know, can never be indifferent to public affairs, and I should be happier, perhaps, if I resembled you in this. I am, as you are aware, a moping, peevish creature—a sort of dog who wanders about sulkily in the darkness, and bays at the unsteady moonlight which here and there breaks through it. Lately I have been more than ever a prey to anxiety. A negotiation has been going on between my father and the old man whose only good quality is his relationship to the person I love best in the world. The wretch makes most shabby, beggarly offers, which my father considers inadequate; and unless I can by hook or crook induce him to bid higher, I am not likely to be married before the Millennium. If I had any means of
procuring by any means of my own, literary or others, even a slight addition to the allowance which my father can make me, all would go well; but I do not see such means. Bookmaking is a worse trade than ever; the law, besides being a profession which I hate, could not repay me for many a long year, and then only in case I succeeded in it. So, you see, I am in a tolerably bad way, and proportionally sulky. It will give me real pleasure to hear every now and then from you. When you come to live more in London I hope to see you pretty often; but, at all events, I can never forget the happy days we formerly had together. There is an inexpressible charm to me in the recollection of our Italian dreams. I suppose memory softens down into pleasure much that was actually painful, but I am sure I had a freshness of feeling then which will not return. Yet I have experienced much more intense passion since, and it will be long ere I learn the hard lesson of taking life quietly. Your lot has been happier and calmer. To my eyes (an illusion, perhaps, but a natural one), you appear as happy as man need be. But I forget—you have been married now some months, and by this time, perhaps, may be wishing yourself a bachelor again. Speriamo di no! If my emotion did not deceive me when I saw you after your return to London—indeed, I did not see very clearly, for many past things came over me at that moment—it must be your own fault if you are less happy than I think you. I really ought to ask pardon for this large dose of sentimentality; but you will grant it when you hear that a fortnight ago I was at Somersby, and have since been brooding over my own thoughts here in the country without seeing a soul. So write me a good stern political letter to make a man of me, and tell me all about yourself; and believe me ever,

Very affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

You will not forget to remember me to your father and both Mrs. Gaskells.

1. Presumably in June 1832; see letter 177.
2. See letter 125 n. 4. Gaskell was unable to dislodge the liberal candidate, T.
Barrett Lennard, for Maldon. On 25 October 1832, Gladstone wrote to his father that "Milnes has now no prospect at Maldon or at Wakefield—but he is in hopes of an opportunity offering (this he said was at present quite private) at Wenlock in Shropshire" (St. Deiniol's); Charles Watkin Williams Wynn, then M.P. for Montgomeryshire, had recommended his son-in-law to a Conservative deputation at Much Wenlock (Eton Boy, pp. xvii–xviii).

3. Thomas Attwood (1783–1856), political reformer, who founded the Birmingham association, which supported Grey during the passage of the Reform Bill, was M.P. for Birmingham from 1832 to 1840.

4. See letter 183a. On 24 September 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone that he had a long and "very characteristic letter from old Hallam the other day. I am afraid he does not see his way out of the difficulties wh. are likely to arise in the matter wh. is nearest his heart. He is brooding over his lot at Croydon, & I am trying (though without much hope of success) to prevail upon him to come to Thornes, and see how happy I am" (B.L.).

5. "I hope not!"
My dear Frederic,

I do not know whether you are gone to the sea, as I heard was your intention, but at all events I suppose some one has related to you the progress of my affairs. I had hoped to have heard from you, for it would have been satisfactory to me to know more of what took place with Rawnsley, than I was likely to know through Emily. However, as you do not write to me, I must to you. It seems not out of the question that you may be able to render me an important service—one so important indeed, that the gratitude of my whole life could not repay it. I do not know that you can do this—it is a delicate subject for me to enter upon—nor should I enter on it, if I did not believe we were real friends, & meant something more than words when we have spoken of keeping up through life an intimate union, either in this land, or in some other.1 Understand that this letter is written in strict confidence.

You know, I suppose, that your Grandfather's reply to my father's proposal was briefly this, that Emily would have 70£ a year during his life, & after his death her share of an estate to be sold, amounting to about 3000£. My father was considerably disappointed at this statement, and immediately directed me to write to your uncle, who is at Tealby, expressing, in his name, a hope that the subject might be reconsidered.2 The expressions he authorised me to use were of a very conciliatory & courteous character. He did not raise his offer of allowance to me; he said he had gone as far already as he possibly could; but he stated explicitly what he would settle by way of jointure on Emily—& it was certainly liberal. He then presses your Grandfather to settle 4000£, securely vested, to come into use after his death; <waiving all> but asks for no more than the 70£ during his lifetime, which, considering the execrable shabbiness of that sum,
is much more than I thought he would have done. The question therefore now is, will your Grandfather, on seeing that my father is in earnest, & really anxious the thing should be (which, whatever my father may think, could hardly, I imagine, be gathered from his former letter), come into the proposal. If he does, all is right at once: my father waives all further objection. But the probability is, that he will not. Either he will return flatly the same answer, as before; or he will begin to bargain & haggle, offering a little more, but not enough. I rather expect the latter. However my father seems convinced that 4000 £ is the least sum he can accept. So I must think what strings I have to my bow, in case of a refusal from Tealby. It must be a matter of indifference to my father, from what quarter the additional thousand comes, provided it is secure. So if any one else were to settle 40 or 50 £ per ann. on Emily, to come into use at the old man's death, it would be the same as if he settled it. Do you think it impossible to persuade Mrs. Bourne, or Mrs. Russell, to enter into an engagement to this effect? The former, I suppose, would on your Gr.'s death receive some increase of income; & till his death, you will observe, nothing is required. The subject is one of great delicacy, & while I write with freedom to you, I wish you to b[e ... h]ow you take any steps. What I am [about to propose] however comes still more home. When [your Grandfather de]parts you, as his representative, become the head of the family. Except in the unfortunate event of further quarrels, you will, there is no reason to doubt, possess a tolerable portion of what he has to leave. From what George has said to me, it should seem certain that, if he has made any alteration owing to your late rupture, it is not such as will affect your own income, even if it restrains your power of alienation. Is there no possibility therefore of your charging your own future estate with the sum before mentioned? Were you on good terms with the old man, this would not be difficult to manage, were you willing: your dissension is an obstacle, but one which might be removed, either through the intervention of Mrs. Bourne, or perhaps by direct communication from yourself. So long as you continue uncertain respecting your future estate, it would undoubtedly be difficult for you to enter into any engagement of the sort: yet even so it might be made, subject to conditions, & might not be ineffectual towards removing my father's last objection.

Am I an impudent fellow to make so cool a proposal? Certainly it is
not my habit to beg money of my friends; but, jesting apart, it is for you to consider whether what is given for Emily’s interest is not given for the welfare of the whole family, & yourself in the number, nearly as much as if you retained it in your disposal. The hearthstone which you would thus contribute to raise would be a sure & lasting asylum, not perhaps useless or [ . . . ] of comfort to you all, when the foot of an alien shall be on the soil of Somersby. The projects of union, & mutual alleviation of life’s sorrows, which we have so often formed half jokingly, might be realised beyond our wildest wishes. I think it impossible that you should not feel on the one hand that to promote my marriage with your sister is to promote the welfare of your house; & on the other that your Grandfather’s discreditable slowness in meeting my father’s free, liberal proposals is not such as you wish to be observed in a head of that house. I am far however from desiring you to take any step that you may think unbecoming, or that you have not maturely weighed. I have full trust in the rectitude of your judgement, when calmly exerted. Above all things be prudent, & act as you think best for

Your most affect:te

AHH.

Addressed to F. Tennyson Esq. / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 10 September 1832

1. See letter 183a. Charles Tennyson [d’Eyncourt]’s 27 August 1832 letter to Rawnsley notes that his father "particularly desires me to add his wish that Frederick may be made no party in this business" (LAO).
2. See letter 187.
3. See letter 104 n. 4.
Sir,

I have had the Honour of receiving your letter of the 4th. Inst.¹ and have mentd. [?] the subject of it to my Father. He desires me to say that he cannot <depart from> break into the arrangements <which he has> made for a large family of which the portion he designs for Miss Emily Tennyson is a part. I am also to add that having fully made up his own mind he requests that all future communications may be made through Mr. Rawnsley.

If Mr. Hallam shd. wish to see me, I shall be happy to meet him on my return to Town.

I am Sir
Yr. most Obedient Servant

C. T.

¹ Letter 187.
"O world O Life O Time." Have you a clear idea of my Croydon life. Listen: about ½ past 8 in the morning, I find myself dressed. I sometimes take a turn in the garden until the great bell summons to prayers & breakfast. A microscope is then produced if the day be sunny and my Father examines various subjects of the animal & vegetable kingdom, then ½ an hour music by my sister. Inundated with Mozart and Beethoven I go up to my room and read about "Real Property" till 2, then walk; then talk or German reading or more music with the sister. Dinner at 6. As soon as my Father makes the stir of his chair as a prelude to rising after desert, I tap my sister on the shoulder, take a candle and up we go to my room, where I smoke and read German till ½ past 8 when we are called down to tea, then I read or write till 11. The last two days Kemble has been staying here. He has been very lively but he is so absorbed in Gothic manuscripts, that however conversation may begin he is sure to make it end in that. If one says "a fine day John" he answers "very true, and it is a curious fact that in the nine thousandth line of the first Edda, the great giant Hubbadub makes precisely the same remark to the brave knight Siegfried."

Moxon is impatient to begin the volume; unless I hear before Wednesday concerning the order I shall take that upon myself.

2. In a late September 1832 letter to Jakob Grimm, Kemble mentions that "in the month of August I discovered a very beautiful and hitherto completely unknown MS of Willerams in the Harleian Collection [British Museum]. It is thoroughly
complete . . . and for the science of language it is one of the most important monuments which I have ever seen. I have completely copied the German text” (John Mitchell Kemble and Jakob Grimm: A Correspondence 1832–1852, ed. Raymond A. Wiley [Leiden: Brill, 1971], p. 28). Kemble at this time was preparing his edition of Beowulf (1833).

3. See letter 188 n. 4.
My dear Tennyson,

I am anxious to have half an hour’s conversation with you, & hope to have an opportunity of doing so tomorrow. I will call in Park St. between twelve & one o’clock. Should you find it <impossible> inconvenient to be at home at that time, or within two hours after, I must take my chance some other day.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

1. Dated from the following letter.
Croydon Lodge, Croydon. Sept. 19 [1832].

My dear Tennyson,

I have been prevented from calling on you today, as I had intended. I write this therefore to express my hope that you will let me know, if you hear anything about my affairs that may be of any importance to me. I do not expect you will. The step I took proved a complete failure, & has made matters worse instead of better. The old man seems angry at an attempt to influence him through his son, & your father seems angry at being troubled with the subject.¹ As I never suffered my expectations from Tealby to rise high, I am the less annoyed by this complete discomfiture of them. The worst that can happen, I trust, is delay. If your father expresses any displeasure at having been written to, throw the whole blame on me; for mine now says he never meant I should write, but wait until I could speak with Mr. C. Tennyson; however, I understood him differently at the time.² If you should by any chance find that a possibility still exists of setting matters right with the old man, you will perhaps be kind enough to give me a hint. I will call next time I come to town: meanwhile believe me,

Very sincerely yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to G. Tennyson Esq. / 4 Park St. / Westminster.
P/M 19 September 1832

¹. See letter 190a.
². See letter 190.
Mr. Editor,

If you should care to insert the accompanying Sonnet in your next Number, it is very much at your service. Perhaps, if < it should > you insert it, I may trouble you with some other communications. I am not quite new to Magazine writing; during the life of the deceased Englishman's Magazine, I contributed prose & verse to it. Notwithstanding, I am as good a Tory as your heart can wish.¹

I am, Sir,
Very obediently yours,

A H Hallam.

¹ Identification is supplied from the editor's notation on the letter: "Sonnet on an old German Picture &c." and "will do." Fraser's Magazine (see letter 185 n. 5), whose politics were Tory, published a "Sonnet on an old German Picture of the Three Kings of Cologne" in February 1833 (7:239), and both the subject (see letter 180 nn. 2-3) and the style leave little doubt it is AHH's:

There were no crowns, no gold, no jewels bright
Of strange tiaras, on the saintly brows
Of Mary Nazarene, what time she rose
Beside the manger, trembling at the sight
Of the three wanderers, and their new starlight.
They were no kings; nor were their garments those
I see before me, rich in deepen'd glows
Of Eastern crimson, zoned with chrysolite.
Yet would I not from yonder frame remove
One colour or one form; nor for the show
Of real things those higher truths let go,
Fresh on this canvass from the painter's soul—
Pure elements of faith, and joy, and love,
Wrought into one by Art's divine control.
The picture is undoubtedly the Altar of the Patron Saints by Stefan Lochner (d. 1451) in the Cologne Cathedral; it depicts the adoration of the Christ child in an idealized setting, rather than in the stable, and the details of the colors and adornments correspond to AHH's description. See my "'They were no kings': An Unrecorded Sonnet by Hallam," Victorian Poetry 15 (1977): 373-76.
I felt a thrill of pleasure on opening your packet this morning, for, to say the truth, I had begun to despair of your volume getting on, as you seemed so indignant at our endeavours to hasten it.\(^1\) They are good sonnets, especially the 2nd., your stanzas “all good things” most beautiful, & to me especially should be most precious, since whether you choose or not to descend from your convenient station in the Ideal, the world will consider them addressed to me.\(^2\) “Mariana in the South” seems the right title; I perceive you mean to refer only to the former one, not to republish it. Is “looming” rightly used? its precise meaning I know not, but rather think it applies to ships at sea seen through mist or fog.\(^3\) I read some of Oenone to my Father today. He seemed to like Juno’s speech and the next but was called away in the middle of Venus. I have the “Sisters.” I like extremely the new stanzas in the “Palace.” You must put a note to Kriemhild. I would hint a change of Livy into some other body. What think you of “Goethe & Raffael”?\(^4\) I have not a perfect copy of the Hesperides. I wish you would send me one entire. Are we to have Amy & Margaret? Send the Old Year.\(^5\)

I shall go into town Wednesday, & give the MSS. to Moxon; but will direct him to wait till Monday, before he begins printing, in case you should think to alter your proposed order. Should you wish to correspond with him directly, the address is New Bond Street. I have not time to write more now for I am very busy. If neither Moxon nor I hear from you to the contrary, the printing shall commence next week in the order you specify.\(^6\)

I have just finished a long article on Rossetti, which I fear, as my ill luck will have it, cannot find a decent receptacle. The Peagreen declines the subject; the Quarterly is preengaged, the Edinburgh has an article already, so I am driven to the small fry of Mags, which will probably vote me superhumanly pompous, & my pains will be lost. I
have sent a short notice of an Italian translation of Milton to the Peagreen, which if inserted, you shall see; not that it is worth sight. Farewell.

1. See letter 191 n. 3.

2. "My life is full of weary days," which in 1832 began with these lines; see Ricks, pp. 350-51. Spedding’s 1 April 1832 letter to Donne confirms that the lines were addressed “to the lordly-browed and gracious Hallam . . . worthy subject of worthy Poet!” (Miss Johnson).

3. "Mariana in the South" (1832 version), lines 5-6: "Far, far one lightblue ridge was seen, / Looming like baseless fairyland."

4. "The Palace of Art" (1832), lines 69-70—"Or blue-eyed Kriemhilt from a craggy hold, / Athwart the lightgreen rows of vine”—and 171—"Plato, Petrarca, Livy, and Raphaël"; see Ricks, pp. 407-10, who notes that AT also thought of including Pyrrho, Avemroes, Virgil, and Cicero in the latter list. In Eversley, AT noted that "our classical tutor at Trinity College used to call [Livy] such a great poet that I suppose he got into my palace thro’ his recommendation."

5. "The Death of the Old Year"; all except "Amy" were published in 1832.

6. AT finally wrote to Moxon on 13 October 1832: "Sometime ago Mr. Hallam (to whom I gave full powers to treat with you) informed me that you were willing to publish my book, going shares with me in the risks and profits, neither of which, I should fancy would be considerable. You will have received by this time the first proofsheet not corrected. I think it would be better to send me every proof twice over. I should like the text to be as correct as possible, to be sure this proceeding would somewhat delay the publication but I am in no hurry. My MSS (i.e. those I have by me) are far from being in proper order and such a measure would both give me leisure to arrange and correct them, and ensure a correct type. I scarcely know at present what the size of the volume will be, for I have many Poems lying by me with respect to which I cannot make up my mind as to whether they are fit for publication."

7. See letter 188 n. 2; letter 185. John James Blunt had reviewed Rossetti’s Comento in the January 1828 Quarterly Review (37:50-84), but apparently the Sullo Spirito was never reviewed in that journal. Herman Merivale reviewed both works in the July 1832 Edinburgh Review (55:531-51).

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My dearest Nem,

I have often thought the devil had a hand in my affairs, and now I am sure of it. Who but "auld Hornie"\(^1\) could have put it into my head to write to your Aunt just at the time she was staying with the very individual,\(^2\) whom of all others I least wished to know I had written to her! However I take some comfort by perceiving in the papers today an address to the electors at Lambeth, signed with his odious name, & dated Bayon's Manor, Sept. 19th. Perhaps therefore you may be mistaken in supposing him now at Clea. I have had no answer from your aunt, & begin to fear—or shall I say, hope—that my letter never reached her. It may be lying at Dalby, or in the Spilsby postoffice; I desired Alfred to inquire if this last was the case, & I hope he has done so. You do not mention a letter I wrote to your mother, nor have I heard from her; I do not know that it required any answer, but I should be glad to be sure that it reached its destination. I trust it is impossible my conduct can have given her any dissatisfaction. Were I so unfortunate, you would surely have told me. Do not blame me, because I pour out to you all the doubts & fears & little anxieties, which my too busy imagination is ever suggesting to me. It is my nature to be more dismayed by possibilities than by facts. Shew me a danger, clear & positive—and my courage rises to meet it: but there is a darkness over the wild, uncertain future, which terrifies me like a child. I hate its black look. This constitutional habit is a thing to be struggled with; and indeed, so long as liberty of action is left me, I do not want for energy; it is only when my hands are tied & my game is played without consulting me, that I am apt to forget the best kind of courage is passive.

I am afraid you will think I am emptying my metaphysical commonplace book; so I will tell you a story to amuse you. Listen, I
pray you, to the memorable adventure of the Knight of the Kennel. My little brother, you must know, is a great reader of Don Quixote, & some weeks ago he took into his head that he must be dubbed a knight. Nothing less would satisfy him; so on his birthday the ceremony was performed in great pomp by the Governess, & the young warrior, completely accoutred in armour of the finest coloured paper, sallied forth in quest of adventures. He soon came in sight of the kennel, in which is sheltered the surly strength of Innominato. The monster was duly hailed & challenged, but, not having chosen to return any answer, acclamations of the bystanders pronounced Sir Harry his victor, according to all laws of chivalry; whereupon he assumed the title, Knight of the Kennel. Sometimes, alas, the pride of chivalric spirits is humbled. Several days after this encounter, a more serious one occurred, with a very different result. Harry having incautiously approached the kennel was attacked by the brute, & had a narrow escape of being disfigured for life. His nose was torn in two, on one side; & his arm severely wounded. We were all much frightened at the time; but the wounds are by this time in a promising state, & no disagreeable consequences, except loss of honour, are likely to accrue to our young Cavalier. I think he reads Don Quixote rather less. So you see you are right in bidding me keep to honest Keeper. I faithfully gave him your messages of kindness, & he seemed to appreciate the honour you did him. Own it now—the reason why you like the idea of Keeper is that you have a pleasant recollection of a certain relation of his in Evenings at Home. You laugh—ah, I knew it was so.

I sympathize with your delight at this glorious weather. The last few nights I have walked out, with a pipe in my mouth, & my hands in my pockets, under solemn elms, not "starproof," which stand on the lawn before our house. You do Croydon Lodge too much honour by supposing it can anyway resemble Somersby; but I am become rather attached to the place, on account of its quiet, & the beauty of the trees near it. Don't be disturbed about the road—a large field separates us from that, & the distant sound of wheels & horses mingles not unpleasantly with the closer noises of quacking ducks, mooing cows, or the sharp, quick brush of the gardener's scythe. In about a fortnight I must change this pleasant scene for the smoke & streets of London. Pity me—I am going to read the dryest part of
the dryest of all branches of learning in a Conveyancer’s office. I must endure this somehow; but it is crushing. My letters will be so husky & grumpy, you will [hardly] be able to read them. My prettiest metaphor [will] be the comparison of you to a Fee Simple; [and all] my wit will relate to the Statute of Uses. [Ver]y shocking! but you won’t cut me quite, will you, when I have grown so disagreeable a character. Methinks you ought not—since it is for your sake, & in the hope of securing our happiness, that I devote myself to a life so uncongenial to me. With such prospects I consider every hour so lost a great gain.

I fear I cannot fix any very near time for coming to Somersby. It would not do for me to play truant just at the beginning of my slavery; when I shall have earned my taskmaster’s favour by my diligence I may be let out of Algiers for a while. But the snow will be on the ground first. Comfort me, dearest, with letters: forget not, that since we mean to totter down the hill together, & since fortune denies us now the power of being so much with each other, as we desire, we must exert ourselves to make absence as unlike its own ugly self as we well can. In spite of my repeated inquiries you tell me nothing of your health—Emily, is this proper confidence towards

Your ever affectionate

Arthur?

P.S. I have received your mother’s letter: thank her for it in my name.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 27 September 1832

1. Traditional; see Burns, “Address to the Deil,” lines 1–2.
2. Mary Bourne and Charles Tennyson [d’Eyncourt]
3. See letter 184 n. 4. The Hallams’ governess is unidentified.

5. A Mr. Walters of Lincoln's Inn Fields (Remains, p. xxxi).

6. Perhaps legal slang for a day office; the Dey was the Turkish ruling official in Algiers before the French captured the city in 1830. See letter 202 n. 1. But AHH may allude more generally to the imprisonment of European and American sailors in Algiers by the Barbary Coast pirates, the subject of numerous dramatic presentations. Sydney Smith uses a similar expression in an 1809 letter to Lady Holland: "You know Mr. Luttrell is prisoner in Fez, and put to stone cutting" (Letters of Sydney Smith, ed. Nowell C. Smith [Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1953], 1:152).
My dear Gaskell,

I feel much obliged to you for so kind an invitation, given in so kind a manner, but I fear I cannot accept it, although I certainly have not that plea which you own you would consider valid. I am not going to Lincolnshire, very different. I am going in less than a fortnight to a Conveyancer’s office, where for some months I must work like a slave. I am so ill-prepared for these labours that I must work hard during the few days that remain, lest my task-master should think me quite a fool. I know not when I shall have earned the right or power of playing truant; but be assured that I look forward with the greatest pleasure to paying you a visit at some time, let us hope not terribly distant. I am sorry to hear of your mischances in electioneering matters; yet, perhaps, on the whole it is well for a man to be out of Parliament just at present. One or two Reformed Houses must pass away before we can form an accurate judgment of the real condition and tendency of affairs; and in the meantime it is well not to be pledged, or committed to anything, but to wait and observe. I am glad, too, that you should not be in the hands of any Radical committees, who might have involved you in a great deal very disagreeable to your feelings. The prospects for next Parliament are not discouraging. It seems the general opinion that very few low men will be returned; so far is well; but I fear the results of the pledging system will be found more extensive and more mischievous than they have been yet. If a man is tied hand and foot by blackguards, it is nearly as bad as if he was a blackguard himself. We may be ruined, indeed, in a more gentlemanly way; finer words will be used about it; more lies will be thought necessary; but the ruin will come, and not the less irretrievably because it comes from Macaulay rather than Hunt. Still I look forward to a good fight in the next Parliament at least. The Gladstone whose name I see for Portarlington is old Weg, is
it not? I don't much see what business he has there, but that is the affair of the Radicals; I shall be very glad if he gets in for any place. We want such a man as that. In some things he is likely to be obstinate and prejudiced; but he has a fine fund of high chivalrous Tory sentiment, and a tongue moreover to let it loose with. I think he may do a good deal. Have you heard from him lately? I promised to write when he went to Italy, but I never did, which was the more inexcusable because he wrote to me. I heard the other day from your namesake, who was then at Otranto, just going to sail for Athens. By this time, I doubt not, he is startling the Parthenon. You do not tell me anything about your own health; I hope, therefore, your silence augurs a tolerably favourable state of it. Indeed, the happy tone of your letter seems to say still more emphatically that you can have no considerable drawback on the happiness you are enjoying and so well deserve. Early in the winter I expect a volume of poems will be published by Alfred Tennyson. I hope you will like them as you did the others; and Mrs. Gaskell a little better. I have not forgotten that I promised to convert her by this forthcoming volume. Will you remember me to her and to the rest of your party, believing me always

Your very affectionate friend,

A H Hallam.

1. See letter 189.

2. On 31 December 1831, Gaskell had written to Gladstone: "It is too late to wish that one had entered into Public life in less troubled times. It remains only to hope that the services of every good man may be of real & practical value" (B.L.).

3. Henry Hunt, then M.P. for Preston.

4. This was Thomas Gladstone; William Ewart was then canvassing at Newark.

5. Milnes arrived at Athens on 13 October 1832 (Pope-Hennessey, I:58).

6. On 13 March 1831, Gaskell had written to his mother that he hoped they would agree about AT's 1830 volume: "I quite agree with you that there is a want of both taste and judgment in much that he has written, but still I think that some of his playful and some of his pathetic pieces are quite perfect in their kind. I do not like any of his mystical poems . . . but I cannot conceive anyone's not entering into the immense spirit and fun of both the 'Mermaid' and the 'Mermaid.' " Gaskell also praised "The Burial of Love," "A Character," "Nothing will die," "All things will die," "Hero to Leander," "Oriana," "English War-Song," "The Sleeping Beauty," and "To J. M. K." (RES, pp. 161-62).
Croydon Lodge. October 2nd. 1832.

I am going tomorrow to spend two days with Heath. My brain is quite addled with law, reading ever since breakfast. You are somewhat mistaken about Keeper. Although the most excellent of dogs in his relations to the human race, he is a very devil to his own kind. Twice lately he has been let loose & twice he has had a savage encounter with Innominato. Their yells were tremendous, & to do justice to our enemy I must say Keeper was the aggressor. My brother’s nose, you will be glad to hear is now nearly like other noses, but a little niche at the bottom of it will probably remain through life.

1. Douglas Denon Heath’s brothers included John Moore Heath (1808-82), who matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A., twenty-seventh Wrangler, 1830), was elected to the Apostles in 1834, became tutor in 1839, and was ordained in 1836. John Heath was engaged to Mary Tennyson in 1835, but broke off the engagement in 1837, and thus became estranged from the Tennyson family for several years; he married Marianne Harman in 1845. His commonplace book (Fitzwilliam), compiled from 1832 to 1834, contains many early poems by AT and other members of the Tennyson family. Another brother, Dunbar Isidore Heath (1816-88), who attended Trinity from 1834 to 1838, became vicar but was deprived of his benefice for Sermons on Important Subjects (1861), considered derogatory to the Thirty-nine Articles; he later edited the Journal of Anthropology. A third (younger) brother, Sir Leopold George Heath, became an admiral.

2. See letter 196 n. 3.
My dear Alfred,

I must snatch a few minutes from the overwhelming mass of law business which is now on my hands just to talk with you about the proof. I had it sent down to me while I was staying at Heath's. The weather was miserably rainy, so after breakfast we adjourned to an arbour in the garden and while Thompson, who was also staying there, furnished cheroots, I furnished proof-sheets. After mature examination we came in full conclave to some decisions of which you shall have the benefit. We think the type very pretty but are rather sorry the book will not bind up with its predecessor. We admire the Buonaparte sonnet extremely, but we strongly urge the substitution of "dreamer" for "madman." The stanzas "All good things" seem to us perfect. As for the "Lady" the more I read it the more I like it. You were indeed happily inspired when the idea of that poem first rose in your imagination. We had a long battle with Mr. Heath, a famous lawyer, but no man of letters, about a stanza in the proof. We flatter ourselves we floored him; to be sure we were three to one, but he fought well. The principal point of attack was "cloud-white"; he said it was absurd to explain a fixed colour by the most variable hue in the world, that of a cloud. We recovered ourselves with all the grace of practised combatants, and talked learnedly about the context of feeling, and the conformity of the lady's dress to her magical character, till at last our opponent left us in possession of the field, declaring still between his teeth that for his part he thought poetry ought to be sense. In one place a whole line was omitted. Douglas Heath read "sudden laughters of the Tay" without ever suspecting the misprint.

I hear that Tennant has written to dissuade you from publishing Kriemhilt, Tarpeia and Pendragon. Don't be humbugged, they are
very good; you may put a note or two if you will, yet Milton did not to Paradise Lost. Rogers the poet has been staying here and speaks of you with admiration. Have you written to Moxon? He is anxious to have the rest of the MSS.

Ever your most affectionate

Arthur.

1. See letter 198 n. 1.
2. William Hepworth Thompson (1810-86), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., fourth classic, second Chancellor's medal, 1832), was elected to the Apostles in 1830, was regius professor of Greek and canon of Ely 1853-67, and master of Trinity (following Whewell) 1866-86.
3. "Buonaparte," lines 1-2: "He thought to quell the stubborn hearts of oak, / Madman!"
4. See letter 195 n. 2.
5. "The Lady of Shalott" (1832 version), line 122: "A cloudwhite crown of pearl she dight"; AT dropped the entire stanza in 1842. George Heath (d. 1852) was serjeant-at-law.
6. "My life is full of weary days" (1832 version), line 20: "Ring sudden laughters of the Jay"; see Ricks, p. 351, for AT's numerous revisions of this line.
7. See letter 195 n. 4, and Ricks, pp. 406-7. AT included the stanzas describing Kriemhilt and "that deepwounded child of Pendragon" in the 1832 version of "The Palace of Art," but subsequently dropped them. The "shamed Tarpeia" stanza appears only in the Heath MS.
8. See letter 195 n. 6.
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

Croydon Lodge. Thursday, Oct. 12 [1832].

My very dear & respected Miss Dod,

I am rather jealous of your "very pleasant" partners, whose characters you envelop in so mysterious a silence. However I will not imitate your reserve, but tell you frankly all the attractions of Miss Julia Heath, under whose fascinating influence I remained for two rainy days.¹ She is not handsome, but her eyes are lively & pleasant, and her countenance wears an expression of intelligent archness. She talked no mathematics, but made many sensible remarks, & some witty ones. What I liked best in her was her affectionate sisterly behaviour towards "the dear boys" as she called them. I know not why, I feel always melancholy & ashamed, when I come into a new family circle, & see familiar affections going on which I have neither part nor lot in. Is this vanity, Nem—or is it worthy of a better name? I had Alfred's first proof with me, & it provoked much discussion. Miss Heath professes to admire Nal soberly, not with her brothers' enthusiasm. She once went to London on purpose to take her chance of seeing him at the National Gallery, which she did, but was disappointed, because he wore his glass in his eye, & looked cross. Mrs. Heath² said she had loved him dearly till she heard he sat all day smoking with his feet on the hob. The father vowed we were all spoiling the young man with our absurd flatteries.³ I am sorry the weather was so execrably bad, for the place where they live is one of the most beautiful situations in England. One afternoon I got out, & scrambled up a woody hill, where I had a rich view of breaking mists driven along ranges of hills, covered with brown heath, & presenting at intervals holts of oak & ash. I thought of you then, & on Thursday night also, you may be sure, although the pelting of the pitiless storm made me doubt whether you were really gone to Horncastle.⁴

Your mention of a headache annoys me. I shall be fancying terrible

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things, if you do not promptly reassure me about your health. A month & a half of Autumn, your enemy, have now passed away, and it is time I should know whether you feel yourself worse than you were in summer, or whether any change of any sort has taken place. I do not want to plague you, but just tell me simply about this; I will not worry myself, I promise you, whatever your answer is. I am glad you have lighted on a new friend. If you really like her, I hope you will cultivate the acquaintance in spite of Mary’s astonishment. Hitherto your friendships have not been very lasting; perhaps one so close as Harrington may have better issue. Who are these Miss Barings? I do not remember to have heard the name even. Do they live in the great house at Harrington?

I think you are rather piqued at my impudent parody on the only stanza you ever shewed me of your writing. I hope I am not ungrateful for the favour I wrested from you with such long & earnest importunity; but if the imitation is really a bad one, I cannot help saying it is your fault for giving me such a scanty original to work upon. Shew me more, & I will imitate better. But positively, I maintain the parody is not so bad. Judge now—I will put them side by side.

I wish I were a child again,
A simple, happy child,
Before my heart knew aught of pain,
And I was wild as wild.

I’m very glad I an’t an owl,
Altho’ such pretty creatures,
For always by fair means or foul
Some Baumber mauls their features. 6

Are you still reluctant to confess the resemblance? Then must I give you the three first stanzas of Meg’s own lament on finding himself dead.

I wish I were an owl again,
A simple, shrieking owl,
As once I was, before big men
Destroyed me—hapless fowl!!

[664]
No more alas! will Dolly Dod
    My downy feathers sleek,
No more shall I with manners odd
    Peck at her lip & cheek.
And Martha Pink, & Peggy Wood,
  <Although> Who were so kind to me,
Can't now, for all that they're so good
    Avert the doom to be!
&c. &c. &c. 7

You are cruelly malicious about Kate. As if our tastes in Poetry were
not perfectly similar! "I love all that thou lovest," & I doubt not
therefore I shall love Kate. I hope she is sufficiently distinct from
Rosalind. 8 As there will be few Female Characters in the book, they
ought to be very different. I did not see any lack of richness &
goodness in the [stud]y. I hope you like those beautiful stanzas,
["All] good things." 9

The destruction of America has [evi]nced little sensation here. In
the name of all that's sensible, what strange papers can you be in the
habit of reading? Is it my old friend, The Atlas? I fear he has begun to
doat. 10 The intelligence contained in the last part of your letter made
my heart beat. I dare not give way to hope, yet assuredly the
circumstances are rather calculated for hope than fear. 11

Fare ye well, Dolly. Hast thou forgotten thy birthday comes the
25th. October? I shall not forget it, even if thou askest me. Nay, but I
remembered Mary's also & smoked three additional whiffs of best
Canaster in honour of the day. 12 Best love to the old circle, &
proportionate degrees of kind remembrances to Mrs. Bourne, & to
Miss Ann Fytche, in whose view of dancing I agree theoretically, tho'
not practically.

Ever thine own,

Arthur.

P. S. I have just got the 2nd. & 3rd. proof. [Do] tell Nal to be more
quick in sending [them] back: Moxon had not yesterday received [the
fir]st from him. Tell him to send the other MSS. as soon as possible.
Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 11 October 1832

1. See letters 198 and 199; Julia Heath and her sister Mary became close friends of Emily Tennyson and Ellen Hallam after AHH's death.

2. Anne Raymond, née Dunbar.

3. Trench voiced the same objections about AT's Cambridge friends in his 23 June 1830 letter to Donne: "[They] will materially injure him if he does not beware; no young man under any circumstances should believe that he has done anything, but still be forward looking" (Trench, 1:74). On 14 June 1831, Trench expressed a similar concern: "[AT] is certainly the best of the young Poets and the perversest, but this must chiefly be laid to the charge of his Cambridge advisers (Hallam, Blakesley, Kemble and Co.) who in a short time did much to spoil and pervert him, flattering in every way his Antinomian Spirit, which needed rather a check and no such encouragement" (Miss Johnson).

4. Horncastle was noted for its horse fairs.

5. Fanny, Georgiana, and Charlotte-Rosa were daughters of William Baring (1779-1820), of Harrington Hall, approximately two miles from the Somersby Rectory. For accounts of AT's involvement with Rosa Baring, see Rader, especially chapter 2, and my "When Did Tennyson Meet Rosa Baring?" Victorian Newsletter, No. 48 (1975), pp. 26-28. Rosa (1814?–98) married Robert Duncombe Shafto (1806-89) in 1838; Fanny (1812?-91) married Francis Charles Massingberd (1800-1872), chancellor of Lincoln, in 1839; Georgiana apparently did not marry.

6. The grange adjoining the Somersby Rectory was called "Baumber's farm," after its occupant, evidently the model of AT's "Northern Farmer (Old Style)." See Memoir, 1:4-5.

7. Except that AHH's poem is modeled on Emily's, his references are unclear.

8. Both AT's "Kate" and "Rosalind" were published in 1832; see Ricks, pp. 456-57, 438-40. Emily's "malice" suggests that "Kate," like some of AT's other portraits of women, may have been drawn from a real person. See also Shelley's "Song (Rarely, rarely comest thou)," line 25.

9. See letter 199 n. 4.

10. Jackson's administration had faced financial panic and Southern resistance to a congressional tariff in 1832; the Atlas, a weekly newspaper, printed a brief review of AT's 1830 volume on 27 June 1830; see Shannon, pp. 3-4.

11. Unidentified; but see letter 202 n. 9.

12. Mary Tennyson was born on 11 September 1810; Emily on 25 October 1811.
Croydon Lodge. Thursday [18 October 1832].

My dear John,

My heart smites me that I have not seen you for three weeks. But a studious man will make allowances for studious avocations in others. I have been terribly busy, & when in town (which I have been once or twice) have had no time to make calls. However I will without fail next time. I am anxious to hear how you proceed with heroes & giants. Have you been to Peterborough yet? Alfred's third proof I have just received;¹ the type is very pretty, but the volume will, I fear, be small. My admiration of it increases, if possible. Do what you can in the way of Puff collateral.² Couldn't you bring it in head & shoulders to illustrate some very ancient passage in an Edda?³ My essay on Rossetti is about to come out as a pamphlet, but without my name. I took fright at some things I had said about Christianity & matters appertaining to it, so I mean to avoid the direct responsibility, having no wish to earn the reputation of an Atheist or a Mystic. The secret of my authorship therefore may only be cautiously divulged by you. Do you know if Rossetti is a big man? I flatter myself, if he calls at my house to lick me, I have English stuff enow in my fists to floor a beggarly Italian. The stiletto, though more congenial, he will hardly employ, as it might not be considered Professorial. A duel would be inconvenient, because I am no great shot; but if you will be my second, & load my pistol, perhaps I may contrive to fire it. However let us hope he will not find out that I have called him a fool, as I have intimated a sort of respect for his talents.⁴ My sister is much obliged to you for the music; from the arrival of which I conjecture yours is returned to town. I suppose she wishes the verses, which Alfred wrote in her book, to remain private property: otherwise the world would be highly edified with them, were it only as an example how poets can lie upon occasion.⁵ The Squire of dames is almost entirely well.⁶
Very faithfully yours,

A H Hallam.

1. See the postscript to letter 200.
3. See letter 191 n. 2.
4. See letters 195 n. 7; 186 n. 1. AHH's cautious tone is reflected in his concluding paragraph: "But we will not take leave of the ingenious Professor with a jest. We wish him well in his further progress. We wait patiently for his promised proofs, and till they appear, shall not dismiss our old prejudices on these subjects, lest we find nothing in their room but a dismal void. Signor Rossetti is very sensitive to criticism; but we trust he will believe our remarks at least to have been made in fairness and love of truth. He will not, perhaps, be the worse for bearing in mind some gentle warnings we have given. Let him moderate his pretensions, and enlarge his views." Rossetti, who reacted violently (at least in print) to some of his critics, spoke with respect of AHH's pamphlet, thought its style good, and in his Amor Platonicus (1840) described its writer (whose identity he apparently never learned) as (in Waller's words) "a lover of truth who might quite possibly have been converted by the five later volumes" (pp. 97-98). Cyrus Redding, then associated with the Metropolitan journal, commented favorably on AHH's pamphlet (without knowing its author) in his 13 December 1832 letter to the Athenaeum (22 December 1832), pp. 825-27.
5. Adelaide Kemble; see letter 177 n. 1.
6. See Spenser, The Faerie Queene, 3. 7. 51; AHH presumably refers to himself, though the context in the poem is rather sinister.
Carissima,

As this is the last letter you will receive, which is not quite unreadable from the effects of law-muzziness in my unhappy brain (for the day after tomorrow, the very day on which this will reach you, I begin my regular residence in Algiers),

it shall not be a very short one. On Wednesday you will read these lines, and Thursday—I dare not say what makes Thursday to differ from other days, yet differ it certainly does, and it must be very captivating erudition in the musty papers at my Dey's office that will for one moment draw my thoughts from dwelling on the very subject, which you wish me so to forget.

Not being in the least able to obey you in this, I have taken my side resolutely, & I am about to incur probably your still greater displeasure by hinting that due inquiry at Spilsby postoffice will bring to light a small parcel designed for a person not the most distant in the world from yourself. Whether this will give you more pain than pleasure I know not; it gives me great pleasure; therefore I hope you will at least, for my sake, submit to it as a sacrifice, if you cannot enjoy it as a gratification.

With regard to the contents of that parcel, I must say a few words, although contrary to etiquette on such occasions. The music is a Duet Waltz of Beethoven, copied out for you by my sister. It is a great favorite of mine, & I hope may become such with you. But Mary's indolence must be persuaded into diligent practising, or its beauties will remain undiscovered. I hope you will find no errors in the copying; but Ellen is unaccustomed to the work, and perhaps may not have executed it with sufficient care. You will at all events take the will for the deed. I must apologise too that the copy of Undine which I send you is such a poor one.

There is an error in the titlepage, & some pages transposed in the book. Those who have read this delicious
story in the original German, of whom I thank my star I am one, can alone know how miserably inadequate is the French translation. So much for depreciation of my own wares. But, in spite of these defects, which will be less palpable to you from your ignorance of German, I am sure you will like Undine. Like, did I say? You will love her—even as you love Kate & Margaret, Lilian & Adeline. One of the few points about which every body is agreed, is just this, that La Motte Fouqué’s Undine is one of the most charming things in the world. I knew an old man in a wig, a Provost of Eton College, whose celebrity was great in Greek & in puns, but who was never suspected of taste or sentiment—well, this old man in his wig shed oceans of tears on first reading Undine, and, what is more surprising, read it six several times through, shedding fresh oceans each time. Then he went back to his Greek & his puns doubtless much refreshed, & conscious that he had a heart. Let me know quickly, whether you agree with me & the Provost; if you don’t I shall be quite down about it, & must lay the fault on that execrable translator. That ugly staring picture, although of a piece with the French fopperies that have here & there been substituted for the grand, imaginative touches of the author, especially disgusts me. But it was the only copy I could get, & you may cut out the picture, if you will.

The remaining contents of the parcel I will not mention, to give you, as the children say, a surprise. I remember, when Harry was somewhat smaller than he is now, his great pleasure used to be to prepare such surprises for the rest of the family; but the little fellow could not keep his secrets; they would have burst him; so he secured himself a double pleasure by telling beforehand what the surprise would be. I however, his wiser elder brother, shall not imitate his example; so you may teize your odd brain all the way to Spilsby, but till you get there you will not be acquainted with the mysterious residue of the packet. I hope, when seen, it will give satisfaction. I am not very wise in such things, but I did my best, with Ellen’s assistance.

After writing my last letter, I felt, as I have often done before, remorse for having scolded you a little in it, & I began to scold myself a great deal. You are so dear & good a creature; you have had so much to suffer; your tender frame is so susceptible of agitating impressions from memory & imagination—I ought to deal with you delicately, as
with a trembling flower, or a being, like Undine herself, composed of subtler elements than common earth. Yesterday I read over the greatest part of your letters to me. They filled me with comfort, & a strange melancholy joy. It is now near three years since you arose upon my life, like a star. At first the beams were clear, but distant; their brightness & their warmth have been increasing ever; but they have not yet reached their meridian and I yearn for the hour of their fullness with impetuous, believing hope. Can you wonder that the idea of your birthday (pardon, that I mention it again) is a cherished idea for me? Every birthday, every signal & landmark in the flood of Time brings me nearer to the great object for which I live. On it flows, that mighty stream, around me, in me, yet above me; very awful is it, & yet more awful the Ocean in which its waters shall be still: but between me & that Ocean lies a tract of Paradise. When I have passed through that, I am content to die; until I have reached that, I consume away with impatience, & bless every turn, every reach, every rapid that shortens the distance to that luminous region. I cannot help it, if you do not understand this. But, setting aside these feelings, I feel pleasure of a different sort in knowing you are twentyone. You have escaped from the "durance vile" of guardianship. This was little enough practically; but I could not brook the thought of your being even nominally subject to the caprices of such a thing as your uncle, or even of Mr. Rawnsley. By the bye, I am somewhat surprised, perhaps somewhat angry, that I have no letter from your aunt. It is hardly civil on her part to send word she means to write directly, & three weeks afterwards not to have written. Perhaps your letter tomorrow may explain this; I will leave off writing, till I receive it.

Tuesday. The letter has come, & God be thanked that the contents are not uncomfortable. Your reluctant avowal of better health allays the anxieties, which, in spite of myself, had begun to oppress me. But why, dearest Emily, must I wait for such comfort until I have hunted you through a hundred evasive answers into a position, where you are forced to give a direct one? I do not quite understand what you say of Mrs. Bourne. Do you mean she told Frederic she would, in the present circumstances, not leave her property to your cousins; or merely that she had not originally intended it. If the latter, we know that already, & it is but a confession of weakness: the former, which I think you must surely intend, seems of great importance. I have no
time now to write more, as the post is going out. May the Merciful
God bless you for ever & ever and yield you from the times that are
with Him a long succession of years, happier than any you have yet
known, and rich in perpetual consolations & delights to

Your ever, ever affectionate

Arthur Hallam.

Direct of course to Wimpole St.

Worthy Master Nal, a word with you on tadpoles. All frogs have been
tadpoles but all tadpoles do not become frogs. There is a kind of adult
tadpole, retaining the elegant form your lively pencil has portrayed,
but possessing also the full activities usually allotted to the proper
shape of frog. Why such a tadpole might not find himself in a current,
I cannot see; nor indeed why any ordinary tadpole might not,
provided he were taken out of his still birthplace & thrown into one.
Now to your "cachinations" with what appetite you may. You are
right in supposing me very ignorant of Natural History; but it is
gratifying to perceive there are persons in the world still more so.10
With regard to your proofs, Moxon told me I had better leave the
alterations to be made by you in the proof—unless they were
extensive. Why you should not insert <the> any stanzas you please,
I cannot guess. As for the note, I am guiltless. I sent it appended to
the Palace exactly as it came to me. Perhaps the Devils mean to stick it
at the end of the book.11 I rather regret that you should have shewn so
much deference to spelling in the instance of Chatellar.12 The new
line does not tend to strengthen the passage. Bright, bright is weak.13 I
must not end without denying all knowledge of a 5s. parcel having
been sent to you. Some stupidity of the servant—but at all events let
your reprisals cease.

Ever thine,

AHH.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby /
Lincolnshire.
P/M 23 October 1832
1. See letter 196 n. 6, and reference to "Dey's office" below.
2. See letter 200 n. 12.
3. Probably either the waltz in E-flat major or D Major (both composed 1824–25); both were arranged for piano duet.
4. Undine (1811), by Friedrich Heinrich Karl, baron de La Motte Fouqué (1777–1843), is the story of the tragic love of a knight, Huldbrand, for a water sprite, Undine. Fox's Westminster Review compared "The Mermaid" of AT's 1830 volume to Undine.
5. See letter 200 n. 8; AT's "Lilian" and "Adeline" were published in 1830.
6. Probably Joseph Goodall, whose Latin verses were published in Musae Etonenses (1817); possibly AHH's great-uncle, William Hayward Roberts.
7. Compare Burke's description of Marie Antoinette in Reflections: "It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I saw the queen of France, then the dauphiness, at Versailles; and surely never lighted on this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision." See also letter 48 n. 5. This is the only passage which might suggest that AHH met Emily in December 1829. In light of the overwhelming evidence against this date (see my "Arthur Hallam and Emily Tennyson"), it seems likely that AHH refers rather carelessly to the April 1830 meeting as "now near three years." He may also have been thinking of their December 1830 meeting and mistaken two for three years.
8. See letter 84 n. 1 for AHH's previous use of this traditional phrase.
9. See letters 196 n. 2; 200 n. 11.
10. An undated fragment, possibly from an AHH letter, expresses a similar skepticism about AT's scientific knowledge: "Do you mean that the human brain is at first like a madreporre's, then like a worm's, etc.? but this cannot be for they have no brain" (Memoir, 1:44).
11. The note is unidentified; AHH refers to the "printer's devils."
12. See AT's "Margaret," lines 36-37: "Exquisite Margaret, who can tell / The last wild thought of Chatelet." Pierre de Boscosel de Chastelard, French poet, was executed in 1563 at the order of Mary, Queen of Scots, whom he loved; see Ricks, p. 455.
13. See AT's "Kate," line 2: "Her brightblack eyes, her brightblack hair."
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] [30 October 1832.]

My dearest Nem,

En attendant your letter I may as well begin mine, & just tell you my adventures for the last week. Wednesday I left Croydon, a place which I had begun to feel some attachment for, & turned my face towards the wintry prisonhouse which now confines me. What a change for your poor Arthur from the pleasant green fields & cheerful sunshine to an atmospheric compound of dense, yellow fog! October has this year in London anticipated the constant complexion of November: the last few days have been such, that people were obliged to stagger about the streets, discovering their way only by the occasional loom of houses, or steeples. Perhaps you have some difficulty in believing this; well, I won't press you to swallow that last sentence, steeples & all; but seriously the fog is execrable, & a little indignant exaggeration may be pardoned to one in my circumstances. All my mornings I now spend in a Conveyancer's office, copying precedents of Deeds & so forth—not very hard work, to be sure, but irksome, especially as it destroys the prime of the day, & leaves the mind fatigued & irritable for the rest of it. However there are many worse things in life than my office. There are three more besides myself, two of whom are Cambridge men, whom I know; we have a snug fire, & a newspaper; we yawn in concert, & sometimes chat. About three o'clock I get loose, so, you see, the imprisonment is but short; & I dare say in time I shall think it sufficiently agreeable. I know much more about law than I did some time ago, & my liking for it increases, in many respects, with farther knowledge. I am not therefore much to be pitied; yet pity me a little, Nem, "from thy most gentle eyes"; it will do me good to think you do.

Saturday night I went to Covent garden, to see the new Masque about poor Scott. Part of it is very pretty; a sort of moving panorama...
presents in succession different scenes in his novels & poems, with Tableaux vivans of the characters. I also saw Ellen Tree as Julia in the Hunchback; many prefer her to Miss Kemble; I consider it sufficient praise to say she comes near her in some parts. Certainly she is a good actress; but she lacks the touches of genius which Fanny used to throw into her acting, & which covered a multitude of faults. I don’t think I have any more news for you: last week seems a long one, & I am longing even more than usual for your letter. By the bye, I have at length heard from your aunt. It is just the sort of letter I had made up my mind to expect, not committing her by any promise, yet encouraging, & leaving room for hope that she may do something. Pray thank her in my name, when you see her: the tone of her letter is extremely kind towards us. I trust this disposition may continue; but in your family there is an unfortunate spell against concord; do all you can however (I am sure you must feel the importance of it) to foster her actual feelings, & to prevent any sudden impulse which might ruin our hopes.

Tuesday. Your dear letter! I am so glad you like the earrings. I had great fears they were not properly packed, & might be bruised in the coach; but as you mention nothing of the sort, I hope my fears were groundless. Since you like them I may venture to tell you they were not bought in London—a circumstance which with most young ladies in the country lowers the value of an article almost infinitely. They were however the best that Croydon contained, & are warranted real gold—not that I trust much the face of the shop boy, who sold them; however in this instance I think he has deviated into truth. Your hearty welcome of poor Undinchen is very gratifying to me. Cannot you indeed find any one like her in the world? So I thought for a good many years; but one fine spring I came to a wooded glen among wolds, where I saw a being more like Undine than I had ever thought to see. She was not indeed so frolicsome; she had neither blue eyes, nor was she a “wonder-fair blonde” as the German original calls Undine: but the soul of the creature I speak of had something Undinish, to my fancy. I hope I shall behave better than Hulbrand. The Beethoven Waltz seemed to me fraught with a rich divine melancholy not often to be met with in modern composers. It is the same spirit that breathes in the “Già fan ritorno” of Mozart. Music is a great revelation. Its most exalted moods mirror to us life, as life is known to
the wise <man>; for they breathe a profound sorrow, yet one that understands, compassionates, & surmounts itself.

I will write to Nal in a day or two; the verses consecrated to Edward Spedding are all that I could wish, or, as I think, that James himself could. Ask Nal what he means about Anacaona? Is it possible he will not publish it? If he has merely forgotten, let him write immediately: for, if I understand him, this batch of MSS. is to conclude the whole. I thought of you all through Thursday, & filled my glass to your health "& many happy returns" after dinner. I am sorry for the black seals; but it can't be helped now.

Ever thy most affect:te

Arthur.

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

1. AHH's Cambridge acquaintances in his conveyancer's office are unidentified, though Venables and Herman Merivale were among his companions at the Inner Temple in 1832.

2. See Shelley, "Julian and Maddalo," lines 337-39: "O Thou, my spirit's mate / Who, for thou art compassionate and wise, / Wouldst pity me from thy most gentle eyes."

3. James Sheridan Knowles's The Vision of the Bard was first performed in Edinburgh on 1 October and at Covent Garden on 22 October 1832; Sir Walter Scott died on 21 September 1832.

4. Ellen Tree (1805-80), who played comic roles at Covent Garden from 1829 to 1836, married the actor Charles John Kean (1811-68) in 1842. Her acting was praised for its sympathetic, womanly quality rather than for its high drama. She played Romeo to Fanny Kemble's Juliet in the 1830-31 season, and subsequently the leading role in Fanny's Francis I; Fanny recalls their "pleasant professional fellowship" in Girlhood, pp. 200-201. Knowles's play was performed "by special desire" on 27 October 1832.

5. See letter 202 n. 9.

6. See AT's comment in his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell: "I hope for [my cousin's] own peace of mind that he will have as little of the Tennyson about him as possible."
7. See letter 202; AHH's birthday present has apparently not survived.


9. AHH's description closely resembles Emily Sellwood Tennyson's description of her first meeting with AT in the Fairy Wood (see *Letters of Emily Lady Tennyson*, p. 1); it is possible that both meetings took place in April 1830.

10. Pamina and Tamino's duet ("return again") in *Die Zauberflöte* 2. 5; the first London performance of Mozart's opera (1811) was in an Italian translation.

11. See letter 188 n. 3. "To J. S." was the concluding poem in AT's 1832 volume; see Ricks, pp. 463-66.

12. See letter 94 n. 4. According to Hallam Tennyson (*Memoir*, 1:56), AT chose not to publish "Anacaona" because "the natural history and the rhymes did not satisfy him." Edward FitzGerald reported AT said that the poem "would be confuted by some Midshipman who had been in Hayti latitudes and knew better about Tropical Vegetable and Animal" (quoted by Ricks, p. 284).
[London.][31 October–3 November 1832.]

Thanks for your batch of MSS. The lines to J. S. are perfect. James, I am sure, will be most grateful. The "Old Year" is excellent.¹ The "little room" is mighty pleasant.² People however will say "he's only been to the Rhine, if he doesn't like the German rooms, which [. . . ] Remember the maxim of the Persian sage: "εί δοιάζεις, ἀπέχον."³ Your epigram to North is good, but I have scruples whether you should publish it.⁴ Perhaps he may like the lines & you the better for them; but "μερμηρίζω."⁵ I think the "Lover's Tale" will be liked as far as I can remember its old shape.⁶ Moxon is in ecstasies with the May Queen;⁷ he says the volume must make a great sensation. He & your friends are anxious it should be out before the storm of politics is abroad. The French Fleet has got the start of you & I fear Antwerp may be taken before your last revise is ready; but still you may be beforehand with the Elections which is more important.⁸ There has been some delay this week owing to want of types but the printer's devils are full of promise to set the whole up immediately. Moxon has sent me the revises of the Palace, with the notes; they are I believe correct, yet I would know whether you altered "pouring glorious scorn" into "frowning" etc.⁹

In the course of next week I hope to send you two compositions of my own—the one very trifling, an article of 3 pages only in the Foreign Quarterly, the other a pamphlet Moxon has just published for me on Rossetti. I hope you will like it; yet I have not forgotten that the last time I sent you a publication of mine you did not even deign to read it.¹⁰ When should I have done the like by one of yours? Perhaps you may retort with justice that this question is like the American's remark in Mrs. Trollope to an Englishman, who had never read Bryant's poems, "how illiberal you English are! just let me ask you, what you would say to one of us that had never read Milton or Shakespeare or any of your great authors!"¹¹
Fare thee well, old trump, poems are good things but flesh & blood is better. I only crave a few words.

1. See letters 203 n. 11; 195 n. 5.
2. See letter 180 n. 5; "O Darling Room" was singled out for special ridicule in Croker's Quarterly Review article. Fanny Kemble's otherwise enthusiastic response to AT's 1832 volume predicted the response: "I can fancy perfectly well both the room and his feeling about it; but that sort of thing does not make good poetry, and lends itself temptingly to the making of good burlesque" (Girlhood, p. 581).
3. "If you have doubts, refrain"; the sage is unidentified.
4. "To Christopher North," AT's response to Wilson's Blackwood's review (letter 161 n. 1); see Ricks, pp. 460-61. Although Croker ridiculed this poem, it certainly did not provoke his attack, as some critics have suggested; see Shannon, pp. 23-26.
5. "I am doubtful, uncertain."
6. See Ricks, pp. 299-301, for the circumstances of composition.
7. Ricks (p. 418) suggests a possible allusion to the "New Year's Eve" section (line 26) of AT's "The May Queen" in AHH's "To Alfred Tennyson" (Writings, p. 87; MS at TRC).
8. A French fleet joined an English force off Spithead late in October 1832 to compel the Dutch to evacuate Antwerp, in accordance with the Belgium-Dutch treaty; Antwerp surrendered to the allied forces on 24 December 1832. The first reformed parliament was elected in mid-December.
9. See stanzas describing the statues of Elijah and Olympias, which were introduced in the note to line 53 of "The Palace of Art" (1832 version): "Or the maidmother by a crucifix"; the note was omitted in 1842.
10. See letters 185 n. 4; 201 n. 4. AHH's previous offering was probably either his essay on Cicero or his oration on Italian literature; AT certainly read his Englishman's Magazine review.
11. Conversation between Mr. Chambers and Mr. Gordon in Frances Trollope's The Refugee in America (September 1832), 3:62-68.
My dearest Nem,

If I did not write to you today you would be uneasy, & so should I too; yet I am in no cue for writing. Do not be alarmed—I am not ill—only labouring under the weight of one of those "dark hours" which sometimes press me to the earth. I believe the mere fact of being in London works upon my brain in a manner dismally unaccountable. The law I like better than I expected—it is not that which depresses me—the mere fact, I repeat, of being in London sends me a shock of sudden & terrible gloom through my entire frame. At Croydon I was so cheerful & tranquil—had you been with me I should have been perfectly happy—as it was, my anxieties were tempered with a spirit of endurance & quiet cheerfulness. Here I am overthrown—dashed down—trampled on. What do you mean, you may ask. Indeed I know not; I know no cause of all this, no distinct form to be grappled with: I know only that I am to be pitied.

Let us talk of something else. I send off tomorrow a parcel directed for Alfred, containing sundry little productions which I think he will like, among them a pamphlet of my own, & a Number of the Foreign Quarterly which has a few pages of mine in it. I hope, although they are directed to him, you will not on that account refuse to read them. I give you full liberty to skip whatever you find dull—a liberty which I dare say you would have taken without permission, but which may be fatal to my hope that you will read some of it. The Printers are full of promises that they will send Alfred all his proofs by Saturday; but like other people they perform much less than they promise. That the whole however may be out "in a clumpy volume" before December, if Alfred himself uses reasonable diligence, I have little doubt.

I am glad you have taken up Robertson again—I was just going to begin catechising you about your state of learning. Robertson
himself is a pedantic, superficial fellow; what you were dreaming of when, a letter or two ago, you mentioned him together with Dante, I cannot tell; but dreaming you certainly were, & indeed, if I may say it, the end of your letters sometimes betokens of the time of the evening to which you have postponed writing. But Robertson was fortunate in his subjects; there can hardly be a grander one than the Conquest of America, & to spoil it would require more positive badness of head than can well be laid to his charge. To come back to the last sentence, I don't mean of course to say that your dreamy conclusions are not the most delightful things in their way: but somehow I should like sometimes to become acquainted with the tenor of your thoughts when awake & unfatigued. Why should you always write at the last moment possible? Gradually too you have omitted to fill the little bit that used to be chuck full—a clear loss to me, which I remonstrate against warmly. But however & whenever written, your letters are always delicious, & my greatest blessing. All my little censures & cavils are to be constantly taken with this reservation. I may venture therefore to hint that considering how often you use Italian words it is rather remarkable you should never deviate into a right use of them. I fear you have not perseverance enough for German; but I am sure, if you had, there is no language—hardly your own—that you would like as well. It would be a new world for you. Hereafter perhaps, when your taskmaster may be more constantly by you, something of the sort may be done: but as a free [lab]ourer, & not under my eye—never, I think.

[I have] no news to tell you. Last week has been a blank one with me. To be sure, I may tell you that I have drawn up my first Conveyance, by which Miss Joan Hogeson alias Hoggeson has "bargained, sold, granted, released & confirmed" certain Butcher's shops in Barley Market in Tavistock in the Co. of Devon to Mr. Christopher Vickry Bridgeman. It covered eighteen folio pages—I wish him joy of his beef & mutton. Goodbye, Nem, for this week; do not fear but I shall get over my sulky fit, & whistle it down the wind, as I have done many the good time before.

Ever thy most affect[ee]

Arthur.
P. S. Did you go to the Ball? Full particulars are requested.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 8 November 1832

1. Macbeth, 3. 1. 26-27: "I must become a borrower of the night / For a dark hour or twain."

2. See letter 204 n. 10.


4. See previous use in letter 203 n. 8.

5. AHH may have been echoing Milton's language in "How soon hath time" or "When I consider how my light is spent" in his promise to "lord" over Emily's labor.

6. Probably the "Stuff Ball," regularly attended by most Lincolnshire families. See also letter 200 nn. 4-5.
Allow me, Sir, to return you my sincere thanks for the copy of Shelley's Masque you have presented me through Mr. Moxon. I have read it with great interest, both for the author's sake & the editor's. ¹

While at Cambridge, I partook largely in the enthusiasm, which animated many of my cotemporaries, & indeed formed us into a sort of sect, in behalf of his character & genius. If I have since somewhat tempered that enthusiasm, in so far as it extended to some of his peculiar opinions, I have not ceased, & shall not, to regard him as one of the most remarkable men, & greatest poets whom this country (rich though she be in such) has produced.

I happen to possess a memorial of Shelley to which I attach some value—a copy of Spinoza's Ethics, said to have belonged to him, & which probably did so, if I may judge from the pencil lines of approbation in the margin of several passages.²

For the courteous manner in which you have spoken of my Remarks on Rossetti in a note which Mr. Moxon has shewn me, I must also express my thankfulness. I had thought you might be pleased with them, on account of the subject, so conversant as I knew you to be with the sunny literatures of the South. I am afraid however my little pamphlet has many more faults than you are willing to find with it. I wrote it too hastily, & with few books at hand. One or two inaccuracies there are, which a slight degree of attention might have rectified—such as a foolish slip of the pen about the date of Augustin.³ In your remark on the usual failing of critics, too fond of metaphysical refinement, I entirely agree: in my own instance, I endeavor to guard against the temptation, but perhaps with little success.

I hope soon to have the pleasure of presenting you a second collection of poems by my friend Alfred Tennyson, much superior, in my judgement, to the first, although I thought, as you know, highly of
those. His brother, the author of the Sonnets, has entered the Church, & is, I fear, lost to the Muses. Alfred has resisted all attempts to force him into a profession, preferring poetry, & an honourable poverty. 4

Believe me, Sir,
Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Leigh Hunt Esq. / York Buildings.

1. The Masque of Anarchy: a Poem, now first published, with a preface by Leigh Hunt (Moxon, November 1832).

2. Ethica, Ordine Geometrico Demonstrata (published posthumously) by Baruch Spinoza (1632–77); this copy has apparently not survived. AHH refers to Spinoza's Ethics in his "Remarks" on Rossetti (note b; p. 62).

3. AHH had stated that Augustine (354–430) wrote "six centuries earlier" than Dante (1265–1321); he had also given 1484 as the birthdate of Luther (1483–1546) and ascribed a slightly misquoted line to Verges, rather than Dogberry, in Much Ado About Nothing. See Writings, pp. 243, 278. On 20 June 1833, Hunt wrote to William Tait, then editor of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine: "It has struck me that Mr. Hallam, son of the author of the Constitutional History of Great Britain, would be an excellent man for your purpose in the magazine, as a young writer of talent. He is author of a very promising work indeed—a pamphlet on the subject of Signor Rossetti's strange theory about Dante, which deserves to be better known, & which would make a good & curious article for review in your publication. Mr. Moxon has it, & can give you Mr. Hallam's address; & you might make use of my name to him, if you pleased" (Iowa).

4. See letters 101 n. 3; 164 n. 11; 119 n. 4. Hunt's letter to Tait had also recommended "asking some verses of Mr. Alfred Tennyson, a genuine young poet, who will by & by be an eminent one. He is a friend of Mr. Hallam's."
TO CHARLOTTE SOTHEBY

MS: Huntington

67 Wimpole St. Thursday Eveng. [15 November 1832.]

My dear Miss Sotheby,

If you are good enough to send the Poneychaise to meet me at Loughton it shall find me there when the earliest Coach comes in. I shall work very hard all tomorrow to earn a right to this holiday. I hope your exertions have been unremitting to <procure> produce a splendid display on Saturday Evening. I have not found any article of dress that would be worth having; but faute de mieux I have written some verses in the character of Pygmalion, so I beg that part may be considered bespoke for me. I am philosophically indifferent who is to be my Statue: the verses talk about beauty &c. so forth, but since it would be invidious in me to apply them to any one, where so many are deserving, I must leave the ladies to settle among themselves which is to be considered the handsomest for the occasion. My part in Ivan is not very perfect yet: in fact, I think we chose the least eligible bit in the play. I have not studied the other words at all; and without Mrs. Trollope's book I am afraid we shan't be jam in one of them.

Speriamo pure.

Believe me,

Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Miss Sotheby / Fairmead Lodge / Highbeach / Essex.
P/M 16 November 1832

1. Charlotte, second daughter of Admiral Thomas Sotheby (1759-1831), and thus niece of William Sotheby, married Robert Boothby Heathcote (1805-65), rector of
Chingford, Essex, in 1837. Both of Charlotte’s parents were dead by 1832; she and her sister—Catherine-Sophia, who married Charlotte’s brother-in-law, George Heathcote (1811–95), rector of Conington, Hunts., in 1839—lived with their uncle.

2. "Lines Spoken in the Character of Pygmalion, Written on the Occasion of a Represented Charade," published in Remains; see Writings, pp. 111–12. AHH transcribed the lines into an album (now at Indiana), which William Sotheby presented to Charlotte Sotheby.

3. Perhaps a version of Ivan Vejeeghen, or Life in Russia (published in England in 1831) by Thaddeus Bulgarin (1789–1859), a political novelist and essayist. The German translation—Abenteuerliche und Romantische Geschichte des Iwan Wischyghin, oder der russische Gilblas (1830)—provides a somewhat clearer indication of the work’s subject matter. In his 19 June 1830 letter, Southey, “very much pleased and amused with the book (which has a great reputation in its own country, and has been translated into French),” recommended the English translation to Moxon, who, however, did not publish it (Letters of Southey, 4:188–89).

4. The Refugee in America, 1:70: “The American young ladies had rather bide at home from July to eternity, than show themselves when they ar’n’t jam.”
My dearest Nem,

I have more to say of the Forest, and since you are so favorably inclined to its inhabitants I will not spare you any particulars. Saturday, according to promise, I went down, & was received with the warmest welcome, for which, in truth, I may be more indebted to the fact of my being the only young man there than to any individual merits. Well—we rehearsed all the morning, & in the evening performed eight Charades, beautifully got up, with appropriate dresses, scenery, & language to the admiration & delight of an audience not numerous but very welldisposed. I had to sustain the principal men-parts, & I will not say it was not hard work: but I was rewarded by much applause, & certain sweet smiles that shall be nameless. My most decided success was in the character of Pygmalion. Charlotte Sotheby was my Statue: she looked it to perfection: when the curtain drew up, & shewed her standing motionless on the pedestal, draped in white, & a white veil concealing all her head except the beautiful features not unlike in truth the work of Grecian art—when I, dressed as a sculptor, chisel in hand, poured forth a speech (in verse) of my own composition in praise of my supposed statue, ending with a prayer to Venus that she might live, & at the word slowly & gracefully the form began to move, to bend forward, to descend, to meet my embrace—the room rang with acclamations, & I—I thought of several things, but of none so much, as of the pleasure I should have in describing this to you, & perhaps on some occasion acting it with you. "Ah, traitor," you perhaps are saying, "the end of your sentence forgets the beginning—you were better pleased with Ch. Sotheby than you would have been with any one else." Be as incredulous as you please: I disdain to defend myself. It is a fact however, I think, that I like Kitty Sotheby better than her sister. She
is handsome, though not so handsome: she has a fresh complexion, which is a pleasant thing, though not so good for a Statue: & she has very soft eyes that look all sorts of things. They are both agreeable girls, & full of lively, somewhat satirical conversation, yet not without tokens of deep & strong feeling, ready to come when called for. Now I have done—positively I have—I will say no more, or you will say with the Clown in Twelfth Night "Out, hyperbolical fiend, how vexest thou this man—he talks of nothing but ladies!" Consider in my behalf that I am pent up all the week with parchments, which are dull things, without eyes or lips—so that a little Sabbath of lady-looks may be allowed me.

I am over-perplexed what Alfred can possibly mean by an enigmatical sentence about "Love being deaf" in his letter today. I entreat the riddle may be solved, or I shall pine for curiosity: I am utterly at a non-plus, & can guess no shadow of a meaning. What do you mean when you say you were nearly "struck by a bullet?" Are you serious, or joking or metaphormaking or what? Prithee explain. I am not sorry my pamphlet is liked. Leigh Hunt says in a letter to Moxon on the subject that he is glad to find I like Ariosto, because he has observed that "where these double-refined metaphysical critics fail in their universality, it is apt to be on the side of active poetry, & so of wit & manners & that best kind of conventionality wch. feels cheerfully & in masses, as distinguished from a more anxious spirit of imagination!" There's a sentence for you. Fancy "conventionality" or anything else "feeling in masses!!" Goodbye, Mrs. Nem. I must add a line to Alfred.

Ever thy own

Arthur.

Dear Nal,

By all that is dear to thee—by our friendship—by sun moon & stars—by narwhales & seahorses—don't give up the Lover's Tale. Heath is mad to hear of your intention. I am madder. You must be pointblank mad. It will please vast numbers of people. It pleases the wise. You are free from all responsibility as to its faults, by the few lines of preface. Pray—pray—pray—change your mind again. I have ordered Moxon to stop proceedings, till I hear from you again. Therefore write instanter.
Ever thine
AHH.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 20 November 1832

1. See letter 207.
2. 4. 2. 25-26.
3. See letter 200 n. 5.
4. See letter 211 n. 4.
5. See letters 205 n. 2; 206 n. 3. Hunt's letter to Moxon has not been traced; his use of "conventionality" predates the earliest OED entry (1834).
6. See letter 204 n. 6. On 20 November 1832, AT wrote to Moxon: "After mature consideration I have come to a resolution of not publishing the last poem in my little volume entitled 'Lover's tale'-it is too full of faults and tho' I think it might conduce towards making me popular <yet as popularity is not what I am particularly anxious for>, yet to my eye it spoils the completeness of the book & is better away. Of course whatever expenses may have been incurred in printing the above, must devolve on me solely. . . . On the receipt of this you may begin to dress the Volume for its introduction into the world as soon as you choose."
TO ALFRED TENNYSON


I hope to have a line from you today, stating your ultimatum as to the Lover's Tale. I fear it will not be favorable as you say you made up your mind after deliberation. If so I shall be very sorry. There are magnificent passages in that poem. The present casket, faulty as it is, is yet the only one in which the precious gems contained therein can be preserved.

I have begun a sort of article upon you, which I think I shall send to the "Edinburgh." For several reasons the "Edinburgh" is preferable if I can manage it. If however Macaulay would review you favourably it would be much better. Do you intend putting any sort of preface to the volume? "Poems" is not a sufficient title. People will think it is the old book & not buy. Moxon's advertisements have been "A second series of Poems by etc." but I don't much like the word "series." Let me or him have a line about this—

I have just got your note. It can't be helped. "Nescit vox missa reverti." In a selfish point of view I shall gain; for mine is the only printed copy of the "Tale" & I shall lend it at 5/- a head.

1. See letter 208 n. 6.
2. Submitted by mid-December 1832 (see letter 214 n. 8). It was not accepted and apparently has not survived; AT's 1832 volume was not reviewed in the Edinburgh.
3. See letter 156 n. 9.
4. AT's 20 November 1832 letter to Moxon states that "the titlepage may be simply Poems by Alfred Tennyson (don't let the printers squire me)."
5. At least seven printed copies survive; see Ricks, pp. 299-300; W. D. Paden, "Tennyson's The Lover's Tale, R. H. Shepherd, and T. J. Wise," Studies in Bibliography 18 (1965): 111-45; and Wise, Bibliography of Tennyson, 1:27-30. The copy at Texas (not mentioned by Paden) is inscribed, in AHH's hand, "Adelaide Kemble from A.
Hallam"; it contains the accidental corrections, but not the substantive alterations, in AT's hand that appear in the B.L. copy, and thus appears to be the volume that AHH threatened to lend out. Assuming that AHH is correct in his assertion in this letter, he may have parted with his single copy of The Lover's Tale after the additional printing, which, as the dedication in the New York Public Library copy ("D. D. Heath from his affecte brother J. M. Heath. Dec. 1832") makes clear, took place almost immediately. That AHH should give his copy to Adelaide Kemble implies a closer attachment to his friend's sister than these letters indicate. AT's headnote to the 1832 copies states that the work "contains nearly as many faults as words. That I deemed it not wholly unoriginal is my only apology for its publication—an apology, lame, and poor, and somewhat impertinent to boot; so that if its infirmities meet with more laughter than charity in the world, I shall not raise my voice in its defence. I am aware how deficient the Poem is in point of Art, and it is not without considerable misgivings that I have ventured to publish even this fragment of it." See also Horace Ars Poetica, lines 389-90: "delere licebit / Quod non edideris; nescit vox missa reverti [the unpublished may be destroyed; a word once uttered can never be recalled]."
I am very remiss in not having sooner written to you, especially as you were kind enough not to forget giving me some account of yourself. Frere’s letter, on the first page of this, has given me an opportunity which I am not quite so reprobate a correspondent as to neglect. His proposal does not seem very tempting. However, as he seemed desirous you should know it, I may as well convey it to you. It is the only one I have heard of, except that Spedding, whom I saw a little while since, said he would inquire whether the curacy I mentioned to you near London was still vacant; but I have not heard any result. I keep on the lookout, however, and if all your friends do the same, it is hard if something does not offer soon.¹ Yet it is a disadvantage certainly that you should be so far off; curacies are snapped up long before a post can travel to Stradbally. I do most heartily wish you were well out of the doomed country in which you live. A few days ago I saw in the papers an account of a dreadful murder, committed, I fear, on one of your father’s household, residing perhaps under the same roof with yourself. I shuddered to know blood was spilt so near you. I trust you do not put yourself forward more than is unavoidable as defence, in opposition to these irremediable banditti or their employers.²

I have mislaid your letter, and have no distinct recollection of its contents, except one announcement, of which I give you joy cordially. You and Donne will nearly start fair in the course of educating a child to become a good citizen in evil times. Your plans will be somewhat different; I hope the result may be the same.³ I am very hard at work now, slaving at the outworks of my profession. I do not dislike it much, further than my natural indolence indisposes me to labour of any sort. I am laid up today with a severe cold, a circumstance to which you owe this letter and its stupidity. I know nothing of any interest about any of our friends. Of course you agree with me in

[London.] [25–30 November 1832.]
execrating the Dutch war. A pretty mode of keeping the peace of Europe, to bring a Prussian and a French army to stare at each other over a frontier! Bets are even that the French are not in the citadel two months hence. If not attacked from the town side it is almost impregnable. *God bless you!*

1. The various proposals are unidentified; Trench's 8 January 1833 letter to Donne noted that "there was some difficulty which prevented my obtaining the curacy of Shelton [near Norwich]. Rose, the Christian advocate, offered me a like situation at his living at Hadleigh, in Suffolk, which I have accepted" (Trench, 1:130).

2. On 22 November 1832, the Times reported the barbarous murder of Mr. Trench's steward: "He was attacked by two men with spades, who instantly dispatched him. The body next morning presented a most frightful spectacle, the skull having been literally broken to atoms." In his 8 January 1833 letter to Donne, Trench mentioned the murder and admitted that "every day that I was in the country I felt that I carried my life in my hand. A few days before we left, there were a couple of graves dug in our lawn, with a coffin traced in the sod between them, being a sort of very lively memento mori to my father and self" (Trench, 1:131).

3. Trench's first son was born on 25 March 1833; Charles Edward Donne, Kemble's future son-in-law, was born on 21 May 1832. On 5 April 1833, Trench wrote to Donne that "to me it seems that all our efforts to educate a child to be a child of God, and not a child of this world or of the devil, must have reference to and be grounded in its baptism; and we are called not to doubt, but earnestly believe, the Father's goodwill towards it, and from that moment entreat it as one regenerated" (Miss Johnson).

4. See letter 204 n. 8.
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Wednesday Evening. Nov. 28 [1832].

My dearest Nem,

I did not receive your letter until today. Whether the guard of the Boston Mail is to blame for this I know not, but as you mention no cause for not writing, I suppose at all events you intend me to lay the blame on that obnoxious character—and so I will with all my heart. I am glad my letter amused you—it was rather silly—but it is better to be silly than sad. Had you been indeed present at the Fairmead festivities, visible or invisible, I think I must have found you out. Had you come with two rings, & slipped one on my finger, how kind it would have been, & how my sudden disappearance would have startled the gay company! Do you know, Nem, what is the predominant feeling always in my mind, when I see beauty & talent, & when I address to them the common homages of politeness? I mentally sacrifice them to you with feelings of pride, & almost of disdain: I pass among them, as one above them: they seem utterly remote from my own sphere of life: I look at them as a living man might look at empty ghosts. I am enthroned in the love of Emily, & regard all other things as below the concern of my royalty. You too are enthroned; you sit, a queen beside me, on a triumphal car, behind which follows a long train of fair captives conquered by my valour & bestowed upon you. I will take care to make the train long & resplendent. Do you be gracious & majestic, as becomes so illustrious a queen. To think now, what a rage certain fair ones would be in, if they were to see this letter, & how coolly I dispose of them in it! "Who is this odious little Lincolnshire animal" they would say, "whom this wretch has the presumption to set over our heads!" I should lose my captives, & you your followers—so we won't tell them a word about it.

I have not been gay this last week, except a little visit to a family at Blackheath, whom I have mentioned to you before, among whom
there is an Emily. But she is not much of an Emily. The nicest of them is a Marianne—lively, pleasant, nearly witty, & not far from pretty. She played the Flauto to me, which she has, arranged for singing, with the words, which are poor enough. I learnt the meaning of several things I never understood before—for instance “Hm, Hm,” which is sung by a youth with a padlock on his mouth. You did right to lower my pretensions to good acting by recalling to my mind former failures in that way at Somersby. Perhaps however I may have improved. Besides one can’t become an old woman in a minute. You must know nevertheless that I was dressed partly in woman’s clothes as a sculptor. How so, you ask. The truth is, we were exceedingly puzzled for a proper Grecian artist’s dress. At last, after many suggestions, la belle Charlotte produced—what do you think? her dressinggown! a long white thing with an elegant frill—and this, with the addition of a blue sash by way of girdle was declared very Grecian. The sharp eyes however of one lady among the spectators detected the real nature of my habiliments, & it caused some merriment afterwards at supper.

Your explanation of the bullet deprives your first account of some of its terrors. As far as I see, Taf’s rearing seems the worst part of the adventure. Pray get into as few battues as you can reasonably help. I should be grieved to hear you had been served up with breadsauce in the second course of some Lincolnshire squire. Such an event would probably change the purpose I have of playing old woman with you on Xmas eve. You shall have more particulars as to this my intention in a short time. I know not yet exactly when I can come, nor how long I can remain. I know only that it cannot be long. I am bound for a whole year to my taskmaster, & a few short vacations not amounting altogether to more than two months, & taken at different times, are all the liberty allowed me in that time. You, dearest, will make that leisure as sweet to me as it must be brief. I am very sorry to hear so rueful an account of my namesake. When will the fatality of your house begin to cease from persecution? Not until a Tennyson discovers & proves that there is no fatality, which undaunted Will & patient Piety may not resist & overcome. Poor Arthur—what does the Assassin, the Old Man of the Wolds, intend to do with him? Your flower puzzles me. It is so shrivelled that it might puzzle a wiser florist. I am driven to my old resource of pronouncing it a heart’s ease. I dare
say I am wrong—but what? may I not be mistaken in the symbol when I have toiled so long in vain to attain the reality! Love to all. And believe me ever

Thy most affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 29 November 1832

1. See letters 207 and 208 n. 1.
2. Unidentified; see letter 167 n. 2.
3. Die Zauberflöte, 1. 1; the youth is Papageno. See letter 203 n. 10.
4. See letter 208 n. 4; other details are unknown.
5. There is no record of this specific incident.
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[London.] Dec. 5 [1832].

My dearest Emily,

Is it necessary for me to assure you that every hour of time I can
give to Somersby shall be given? Were I the master, oh how gladly
would I abandon every place & every thing to be beside you for ever.
Poignant is the misery I often feel—or why say I, "often"? it is always
at my heart, smothered sometimes by force, yet there still, &
withering all that otherwise might be pleasant—the misery of wearing
a divided being, of being forced to live & smile in one place, while all
my hope, desire, affection, & true life are inseparable from another.
Oh never, never think for a moment when I write gaily, & talk of
enjoyments, & amusements, that my heart is or can be in them.
Sometimes I am reckless; sometimes I try to assume philosophy; but
the intervals are rare & short in which I obtain oblivion of myself. To
have known you, Emily; to love, & be beloved by you is to be either
most happy or most wretched—there can be no cold medium. God
have mercy upon us. I trust the illness you mention was transitory:
the thought that you have been better this autumn is a great comfort
to me.

I have one piece of news for you, which cannot but be pleasant.
Alfred's book is out. It shines in Moxon's window, resplendent with
lilac covers, & tempting passengers, I hope irresistibly. Near a
hundred copies are sold, which is pretty well for the first two days. A
parcel will be sent off to Alfred tomorrow containing a proper
assortment of copies, the article in the Athenaeum, & various
etceteras. Let me have your full opinion how the volume looks, what
you think looks best in it, & such other little criticisms as you like. I
am so glad it is out. I could have wished many things corrected, &
some inserted; but I am thankful for it & delighted with it, as it is.
The faults are human; the genius divine.1
Have you seen any new books lately? That which makes the greatest sensation here is the series of Tales by Harriet Martineau, illustrative of Political Economy. She is undoubtedly a very extraordinary woman—quite deaf & rather lame—but gifted with a masculine intellect, & a graphic imagination. There is great pathos, eloquence, & power of delineating character in her tales. As for their scientific merits I am not a competent judge: it is the fashion to praise her extravagantly in this respect; but I entertain some repugnance to doctrines so sweeping as hers on the subjects of Charity, Marriage &c. She thinks the only safety for the country, the only chance of preventing our becoming a nation of paupers, is to abolish all charitable institutions (which only serve to increase the number of the indigent), & to check marriage as far as we can. To me these seem insecure expedients for rendering the people moral & contented. The extinction of public & private Charity would surely make the rich hardhearted & the poor desperate. Poor comfort it would be to one begging for bread to tell him future generations will be the better for his starvation.

I am interested in your poor woman. Tell me more about her, & how she goes on. God bless you in your good works. It is fearful how the rich are wont to harden themselves against the poor, by merely keeping out of the way of their sufferings. To watch by a sickbed; to shew a sufferer that we have a human heart; this is better even than almsgiving. "Pure religion & undefiled" says the Apostle "is to visit the widow & the fatherless in their affliction."

Ever thine affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 6 December 1832

1. The volume was dated 1833, suggesting perhaps that Moxon had expected further delays in its publication. It was (favorably) reviewed in the 1 December 1832
Athenaeum, pp. 770-72. Moxon was already known for the high quality of his bindings. See letter 114 n. 7, for the previous allusion to Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

2. Harriet Martineau (1802-76), who published *Illustrations of Political Economy* (1832-34), *Poor Laws and Paupers Illustrated* (1833), and *Illustrations of Taxation* (1834), was a strong advocate of social reform. Her posthumous autobiographical memoir comments on literary figures of the period, including Henry Hallam.

3. A Mrs. White of Mablethorpe, who evidently rented her home to lodgers (Emily Tennyson to Ellen Hallam, 7 May 1835; Trinity).

TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: TRC

[London.] Thursday, Dec. 12 [1832].

My dearest Emily,

I am much grieved to think what your grief must be in leaving Somersby. I hardly dare endeavor to console you, but I trust you feel the necessity of summoning up all the powers of your mind to meet the event with composure & patience, if not with fortitude. Surely it must be some relief to you that you go not to a distant place, but to Dalby, the second home of your childhood, a spot endeared by numberless early associations, & having the same neighbourhood as Somersby itself. This must comfort you, I think; and since you must indeed go to Dalby, it is well that you should keep it much before your mind, as I doubt not you do. Yet—shall I own it, Emily? I could bring myself to wish it were not so, and that when you left your home you had left altogether the country. There is a hunger of imagination preying upon your mind which I want to see blunted by a complete, or at least considerable change of circumstances. Do you think me cruel for saying this? I speak only in what I think your real & permanent interest. To secure your welfare I would assent to anything & everything—even to the temporary wounding of your feelings. I too love Somersby. How dearly! But I love it principally for your sake. I trust I am not too late to see it once more, to take a farewell of it with you—a last farewell of objects & places eternally engraven on my heart, because connected with a passion that has made the destiny of my life. I will not sadden myself more by writing more about it.

Tell me—you do not surely leave Somersby before Xmas? I purpose being with you the twenty third; Sunday I believe. I would fain have come before the twentieth, for that day is to me a saint's day—can you guess why, or does your perplexingly short memory leave you at fault? But my father particularly wishes me to dine on the 21st. with Mr. Justice Bosanquet who has made me a very kind offer lately
connected with the law. Will your aunt be in town at that time? I much wish to see her. I hope her being in town henceforward may be made advantageous to us. You never answered a question I once asked you about the precise tenor of a certain speech made by her to Fred; however I shall soon be in a condition to ascertain for myself. Has anything been heard lately of the old man? What does he think of your change to Dalby? I fear you are rather more in his way there: but we may defy him; we have done with him; having refused to assist us when civilly asked, he has no longer the slightest influence on our conduct. We can despise his vices, and afford to pity him. Your reputable uncle, I see, is returned by a large majority for Lambeth. I wish the electors joy of him. Alfred’s book is very prettily got up; there are, I believe, no errors except here & there in the stopping, [which] the reader’s eye easily corrects. The heaviest [source of] errors alas! consists of Alfred’s own alterations. I hear the most rueful complaints from Cambridge of what he has done to the Lotuseaters Palace &c. However the men of Cambridge have bought seventy-five copies; a fact infinitely to their credit. There is a savage & stupid attack on poor Nal in the Literary Gazette—with such a parody on the Lady of Shalott! Poor Nal will die of it. But nobody minds the Lit. Gazette. Farewell, love; one letter more—and then. Oh gioia! Oh ineffabile allegrezza!

Ever thy most affect:te
Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 13 December 1832

1. Apparently the Somersby Tennysons were again in danger of eviction; see letter 104 n. 4.

2. See Johnson, Rasselas, chap. 32: “[The pyramid] seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of imagination which preys incessantly upon life and must be always appeased by some enjoyment.”
3. See letter 96 n. 4.

4. See letter 93 n. 1. Sir John Bernard Bosanquet (1773–1847), a contemporary of Henry Hallam at Eton and Christ Church, was judge of common pleas in 1830 and privy councillor in 1833.

5. See letter 202 n. 9.

6. Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] outpolled the other successful Whig candidate, Sir Benjamin Hawes, 2,716–2,166.

7. See letter 212 n. 1. Kemble's 22 June 1833 letter to Donne expressed a continuing dissatisfaction: "You are far as I can see quite of my own mind, ergo, quite right, about Ælfred's alterations; what in the name of all mischief could be mean by changing in the Lotus Eaters, 'Full-faced above the valley stood the moon' into 'Above the valley burned the golden moon'? except that some damned friend or other told him that the full moon was never seen while the sunset lingered in the West; which is a lie, for I have seen it in Spain, and in the Lotos Land too! Then again what think you of the 'tusked sea-horse' for the 'broad-maned sea-horse'? Here also some stumpf told him that the Walrus or sea-horse had no mane; as if he and you and I do not know very well that he never meant the Walrus or any such Northern Brute, but a good mythological, Neptunian charger! But Ælfred piques himself upon Natural History, for which may a sound rope's end be his portion" (Miss Johnson). AT restored the first version of line 7, and completely revised lines 131-70, in which the second phrase appeared, in Poems (1842). Shortly before its publication, Kemble wrote to Brookfield: "If Alfred has changed one word of the Gardener's Daughter I will never forgive him" (Pierpont Morgan). Donne's opinion of the 1832 volume, in his 12 April 1833 letter to Trench, was nevertheless enthusiastic: "What a rich and magnificent volume has Tennyson put forth—do manus scientias" (Miss Johnson).

8. William Jerdan, then editor of the Literary Gazette, criticized AT as a pupil of the "Baa-Lamb School"; though the review (8 December 1832, pp. 772-74) praised "a fine perception of rural objects and imagery, and descriptive passages of no mean truth and beauty," the parody was more representative:

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On either side the dishes lie
Brave plates of beefsteaks, beefsteak pie,
That stuff the wame and feast the eye;
And 'bout the table, beer runs by
To many a thirsty throat.
The yellowleaved piccalilly,
The greensheathed pepper chili
Tremble (pen me aught more silly!)
Round about Shallot!!
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9. "Oh joy! Oh inexpressible exuberance!"

My dear Gaskell,

I congratulate you with all my heart on your triumph. The lying Ministerialist journals said you had no chance, which, added to other information, made me presume you had a very good one, as the event has proved. Can it be true that Beilby Thomson canvassed against you? There is a rumour to that effect, which, for his sake, I hope may be false. And Gladstone has turned out the Serjeant! I congratulate you upon this also, for I am sure, next to your own success, there can be none that pleases you better. What a triumph for him! He has made his reputation by it; all that remains is to keep up to it. The elections, on the whole, are perhaps not matter for congratulation; in some places the Conservatives have done better than I expected, in others worse. I did not, for instance, look for a defeat at Manchester. The counties, I hear, will do pretty well. There are, however, a fearful number of pledged Radicals returned, and many of them all the worse for not being Radicals in name. For instance, look at Tennyson's speech. Was ever anything so disgraceful? Yet that man stood professedly against the Destructive interest, as represented by Wakefield. Look, too, at Grote, with his thousands of voters, far at the head of the poll; what a mischievous Radical he will prove! Again, two furious fellows returned for Brighton; and Roebuck for Bath. But I most apprehend the Irish elections. If Dan carries it his own way, as is the general expectation, and if his pledged Repealers unite with the pledged Radicals of England, as is their obvious interest, they may, between them, govern the House. Nothing can stand, in the long run, against a compact body throwing its weight alternately into the Whig or Tory scale, as may best suit its purpose. You and Glad. must bestir yourselves. I am not sorry Macaulay has succeeded at Leeds, because I dislike Sadler, and because one naturally wishes
eminent men to hold their seats in the House, especially in a Reformed House, where oratory and genius are likely to be at a discount. One good result of your election is that you will soon come to town. When you do I shall make you buy Alfred Tennyson's book, which may serve by way of recreation after hot stormy debates. I have reviewed it for the "Edinburgh," but I don't know whether my article will be accepted.\(^8\) All your London friends that I have seen are in high glee at your success. I dine today with the Duckworths,\(^9\) when I doubt not you will be the subject of conversation. If you chance to see Gladstone, give him my hearty congratulations. Remember me very kindly to all that belongs to you, and believe me ever,

Very affectionately yours,

A H Hallam.

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1. On 11 December 1832, Gaskell wrote to Gladstone: "We have beaten them after the sharpest contest ever remembered in Wenlock" (B.L.). Gaskell, with 365 votes, placed second to the Tory incumbent, George Cecil Weld Forester (469 votes); the radical ironmaster, Matthew Bridges, placed third with 339 votes. On 31 December 1831, Gaskell had written to Gladstone that Beilby Thompson "will be a pretty regular supporter of the Government. He is a very pleasant and hospitable man, but grossly ignorant of the bearings of political questions." Gaskell's 1832 letters (B.L.) do not mention any opposition from Thompson.

2. On 13 December 1832, Gladstone placed first (887 votes) at Newark, with the Tory candidate—William Farnworth Handley (the uncle of Gladstone's Etonian companion)—second (798 votes), and the Whig incumbent, Thomas Wilde (1782–1855)—serjeant-at-law, who served as M.P. for Newark from 1831 to 1832 and from 1835 to 1841—third (726 votes).

3. Southey's 8 January 1833 letter to Mrs. Bray stated that "great expectations are formed of young Gladstone, the member for Newark, who is said to be the ablest person that Oxford has sent forth for many years, since Peel or Canning" (Letters of Southey, 4:322).

4. Mark Philips, Liberal M.P. for Manchester from 1832 to 1847, had placed first, with Charles Edward Poulett Thomson (1799–1841), Liberal M.P. for Manchester from 1832 to 1839, choosing to serve at Manchester rather than Dover, where he had also been elected. Cobbett, who had contested unsuccessfully at Manchester, was elected for Oldham.

5. In a series of speeches at Lambeth in late November and early December 1832, Charles Tennyson [d'Eyncourt] had declared himself in favor of extending the franchise and other civil and religious rights; he placed first in the election, with Daniel Wakefield (1776–1846), writer on political economy, an unsuccessful third.
6. George Grote (1794–1871), an associate of Bentham and the Mills, served as Radical M.P. for London from 1832 to 1841; Isaac Newton Wigney and George Faithful were M.P.'s for Brighton from 1832 to 1837 and 1832 to 1835, respectively. John Arthur Roebuck (1801–79), M.P. for Bath from 1832 to 1837, placed second.

7. Macaulay had placed second, ahead of Michael Thomas Sadler (1780–1835), political reformer and Tory M.P. from 1829 to 1832.

8. See letters 197 n. 6; 209 n. 2.

TO EMILY TENNYSON

My dearest Emily,

I have secured my place in the Mail for Saturday night. If it is really in no way inconvenient to send the poney-chaise, I think I may as well save myself the expense of a postchaise. But if there is the slightest reason to the contrary, pray don’t think about it. Be visible—that’s a good girl—when I arrive. Every hour of you will be precious, since I cannot stay longer than I did last time.¹ I fear the shadow of the coming event will be on your spirit;² but really you must try to pluck up a bit, & make me properly merry for the Eve. If you set up a “reg’lar good cry” because it is your last Eve at Somersby, how shall I remember it is my first? I hope I shall find you a breakfaster now—shocking sad it will be, if you never make your appearance before one o’clock. Surely you have corrected such bad manners.

Your letter was brief, and mine is briefer; I make the same promise of redemption by talk which you do, & I doubt not shall keep it rather better. Goodbye. Friday, Saturday—how I despise fortyeight hours; yet I rather hate them too.

Ever thy most affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 20 December 1832

¹. August 1832; see letter 182.
². See Thomas Campbell, Lochiel’s Warning: “'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore, / And coming events cast their shadows before.”
Carissimio Arturo,

Come sono disgraziato di essere ancora male, e che sono forzato di rimanere nel mio camere, quando i momenti sono così preziosi che state qui—ona pure, come dice il Signore Whewel, subito che potrò, scenderò. Mi par mill' anni di vederti—che pensate del giorno; fa freddo o piu tosto un giorno secondo il tuo cuore? Mi dica ti scongiuro, comeva la tua saluto aggi—Addio, il cielo ti guardi.

P.S. Vuol correggere la mia biglietto senza troppo ridendo.

Addressed Per Il Signore Arturo.

Translation:

Dearest Arthur,

How unlucky I am to be ill again and forced to stay in my room when the moments when you are here are so precious—but then, as Mr. Whewell says, as soon as I can, I shall come down. It seems a thousand years since I've seen you; what do you think of the day; is it cold or rather a day like your own heart? Tell me, I entreat you, how you are today. Farewell, may heaven watch over you.

P.S. Would you like to correct my little note without too much laughing.
1. Evidently AHH and Emily corresponded in Italian while both were at Somersby. Emily's reference to the possibility of cold weather and AHH's half-hearted attempt to prohibit her from venturing outside (letter 216) suggest a winter visit; Emily's attempt at Italian, and AHH's indulgent response, would seem to date the exchange after AHH's somewhat caustic comments on her linguistic abilities (see letter 205 n. 4).

2. The allusion to Whewell, who certainly would not have been at the Rectory, is unclear.

3. AHH's corrections are noted on the letter; the editor has attempted to imitate his indulgence by not listing Emily's numerous errors.