Ben mio,

Assai gravoso mi era stamane, benché non affatto inaspettato, il sentir che facevi un' altra fermata lassù. Ah, cara, se ti fermassi un poco più in questa stanza, dopo avere scesa, non ti sarebbe d'uopo staccarti da me ogni mattina. Mi dimandi nuove del giorno; ebbene; l'aria è umida, come jeri, ma più dolce; non c'è vento; ma ho gran paura che fra poco avremo pioggia. Come al solito, ti proibisco di uscire; come al solito, bisogna credere, ti burlerai di mia proibizione. Vieni presto, pazzetta; ne parleremo insieme. Quanto a me, non sto bene, ne pur troppo male: s'io ti veggio, e se non mi sembri ammalata, forse starò ottimamente. Matilda mi aspetta; dunque adio, cara, carissima, pazzissima. Bacia questo biglietto al principio della seconda riga della seconda pagina; ve l'ho baciato io. Ti fo mille complimenti sullo stile della bellina lettera, che mi hai mandato: pochissimi sbagli vi trovo, e più bellezze. Vieni presto à consolarmi.

Arturo.

Addressed All' ornatissima Signorina Emilia, favorita dalla Sign:na Matilda.

Translation:

My beloved,

This morning it was rather sad, although not at all unexpected for me to hear that you were making another stop upstairs. Ah, dear, if you would only remain a little longer in this room after having come down, you would not have to separate yourself from me every
morning. You ask me news about the weather; ah well; the air is humid, as it was yesterday, but more pleasant; there is no wind, but I have a strong fear that before long we shall have rain. As usual, I forbid you to go out; as usual I suppose you will laugh at my prohibition. Come soon, foolish one; we shall talk about it together. As for me, I am not well, nor am I very ill: if I see you and you don’t seem sick to me, perhaps I shall be very well. Matilda expects me; therefore good-bye, dear, dearest one, little fool, foolish one. Kiss this note at the beginning of the second line of the second page; I have kissed it there. I make you a thousand compliments upon the style of the lovely letter that you have sent me. I find very few errors, and many beautiful things. Come soon to comfort me.

Arthur.

Addressed to the most beautiful Miss Emily, favorite of Miss Matilda.


2. Matilda Tennyson (1816-1913), according to Sir Charles, “had a strong sense of humour (much less marked in her two elder sisters) and a naivety which was remarkable even in the Tennyson family” (Background, pp. 146-47); she never married, lived with her mother at Cheltenham, and with AT and Emily Sellwood Tennyson at Farringford. She and Mary Tennyson saw what might have been AHH’s spirit at Somersby a few days before his death; she brought letter 248a, unaware of its contents, from the Spilsby post office to AT (see other references in Background).
Poverina, stai male. Assicurati ch'io compatisco da cuore al soffrir tuo: volontieri soffrerei un dolore vieppiu amaro per liberarti, mia vita. Promettami una cosa; fa d'uopo che prendi alcun rimedio oggi; non tralascia la cura di te stessa; di grazia, bada a conservarti, se non pensi a te, pensa a me. Sii pietosa del mio male, se nol sei del tuo proprio. Era pazzia, come ti ho già detto, l'uscir di casa jeri; promettami, cara, di restar cheta, e domestica quest'oggi. S'io sapessi, che badi alla tua preziosissima salute, meno mi lagnerei di non accorgermi "Del soave splendor degli occhi belli, Delle dolci par[ole,] assai più dolci, Che'l mormorar d'un lento fiumicello, Che rompa il corso fra minuti sassi, O che'l garrir dell'aura infra le frondi." Così canta il gran Torquato, e così ti favello anch'io. Mandami una semplice paroletta: ti congiuro di non uscir di casa, e di far qualche cosa per migliorar l'odiosa raffreddatura. Mandami solamente un si. Arturo lo prega.

Addressed Per le mani di Madonna Emilia. Si chiede la risposta.

Translation:

My poor dear, you are ill. Be assured that I sympathize from the bottom of my heart with your suffering; willingly would I endure a far more bitter pain to free you, my life. Promise me one thing; you simply must take some remedy today; don’t neglect taking care of yourself; please take pains to save yourself; if you don’t think of yourself, think of me. Have pity on my unhappiness if not on your own. It was madness, as I have already told you, to go out yesterday; promise me, my dear, to stay quiet and at home today. If I knew that you were taking care of your most precious health, it would distress
me less not to perceive "the gentle brilliance of the lovely eyes, and
the sweet words, much more sweet than the murmur of a slow
streamlet which breaks its way among little stones, or the singing of
the breeze among the leaves." So sang the great Torquato, and so sing I
too to you. Send me simply one little word: I entreat you not to go out
of the house today, and to do something to improve the hateful cold.
Send me only a yes. Arthur begs it of you.

Addressed For the hand of Lady Emily. A reply is requested.

1. See letter 216.
2. Aminta, 1. 2, by Torquato Tasso (1544–95); AHH has adapted the passage
slightly for his own purposes.
Arturo mio caro mi dica ti prego qualche delle tue avventure di jeri s'elleno fossero maravigliose o ridicole o piacevoli—di più che crederti alla Signora Burton e del signore la una fratello quello giovano amabile da chi il signore suo padre receve le letture lunghe giornalmente. Spero che Charles ha fatto quasi nulla contro il credito della famiglia a che non ha dormito di nuovo.  

Translation:

Arthur my dear tell me I beg you about some of your adventures of yesterday, especially if they were marvelous or ridiculous or pleasant, and also what you thought of Mrs. Burton and that pleasant young man, her brother, from whom his father receives long letters every day. I hope that Charles has done almost nothing against the credit of his family and that he has not slept again.
Cambridge. Tuesday [8 January 1833].

I cannot resist writing a line, dearest Nem, & withdrawing myself from the noisy laughter of some worthy smokers around me. I stopped here last night, as I told you I intended, and found Brookfield, Garden & Monteith awake, & ready to welcome me with all sorts of hospitality. This morning, after about three hours' sleep, I have been breakfasting according to all the usual rights & honours of a Cambridge breakfast, & am about to set off for town. But I feel a heaviness of spirits, and a sort of remorse for hearing & seeing merriment, which makes me desire to offer myself an atonement by writing these few words.1 And what if I were to add a request, a supplication, a single prayer, which you shall not grant if you find it at all inconvenient, but which if you do grant, I shall be much comforted. One line from you, written Thursday evening, sent Friday morning, received by me Saturday. Not more than one line perhaps—because I would not have it prejudice a longer letter to be written Sunday, in answer to mine of the day after tomorrow. I long, I burn to know whether you are better or worse or just the same: write to me, dearest, one line—and yet, if you will, interpret this liberally. People are making such a noise, & scolding me so for not talking to them, I say farewell for two days—fare well—and don't be angry with me for pestering you so soon. Dearest, dearest, God bless you.

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 8 January 1833

1. See letter 153 n. 1.
Dearest Nemkin,

I wonder whether I shall see your handwriting tomorrow. How nice it would be! Yet I rather regretted having written to ask it; for it seemed teasing you; and you are much too dear & good to be teased. I am going to give you a chronicle of my adventures since I left Spilsby; Alfred may have given some history of them up to that time. I felt so well just at the moment, that I began to hope I should be spared the horror of sudden loneliness which I have told you always comes upon me, when those odious wheels begin to whisk me away from all I hold most dear. However I had not gone two yards, when I felt something of it—a sort of unpleasant suffocation which made me turn round & attempt talking to my neighbour, a venerable spinster in dingy bombasine. I believe she spoke first—"a very dear piece of road this, sir"—I was surprised, & affected—"It is indeed" I answered, & thought the bombasine looked less dingy, & the spinster's face beamed with sudden beauty. "Poor woman," I said to myself, "she too thinks this road dear; some early affection no doubt, some powerful association"—but my raptures & sympathies were roughly checked by her next speech, "They charge me two pound six inside to town, & that's what I call very dear!" The bombasine looked dingier than ever; & I turned gruffly to look out of the window. When we reached the first stage, I got on the outside, & the bleak winds blowing from extensive fens soon took away sensations of illness. Nothing further worth relating occurred until I reached Cambridge about halfpast twelve. I went directly into Trinity as I told you in my last scrap; & my good friends prepared mulled claret to refresh me. I slept awhile on Brookfield's sofa, & enjoyed some pleasant talk with him during the night. He spoke much of Somersby, & inquired with great interest after everything. Certainly he is a good creature, that Brookfield. Next morning they made me eat grilled fowls, & smoke,
until two, except the little precious moments I stole amid general execrations to write to you. Then I departed in the very slowest coach that ever travelled, & did not reach London till halfpast ten at night. I found my mother rather better, but by no means rid of her spasmodic cough, which is a usual tribute she pays to winter. You are not the only person, Nem, who are ill in winter. My father was not yet come—he has been staying at Ld. Lansdown's in Wiltshire, & writes word he has been playing at crambo every night, & thinks it a delightful game! We expect him today.

I have begun my work again, & all things return to their old tiresome track; all things the same, except the delicious consciousness of the fortnight that is gone, which in some respects I prefer to any other time I have spent with you. Oh those dear mornings with the Simple Story! and oh those dearer evenings with nothing at all—yet how can I say so? If that [. . .] be nothing, then must annihilation, as some ancient wiseacres thought, be identical with supremest bliss. I have hardly any drawback on the felicity of that fortnight, but my anxiety for your poor health. I take a little comfort though, when I recollect how you danced that terrible long reel. Now do, love, when you write, say a little about yourself. And so goodbye—I commend myself to your love, my great & eternal blessing, and to the kind thoughts of all the rest of you.

Ever thy own

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby/ Lincolnshire.

P/M 10 January 1833

1. See letter 218.
2. This suggests that Emily might have left Somersby sometime before AHH; see letter 213 n. 1.
3. A rhyming game in which each participant offers a line.
4. Perhaps the novel by Elizabeth Inchbald (1753–1821).
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

<Wimpole Street.] Friday Evening. Jan. 25 [1833].

You are just now, dearest Emily, reading my promise to write again by tomorrow's parcel, & I am about to <redeem> fulfil that promise. I flatter myself you will find the parcel to your liking, albeit it contains no "jewels rich & rare," like the Croydon one,¹ nor perhaps any book so thoroughly to your taste as Undine. Yet are there nice things in it, and now for an inventory of them. Three novels, one volume of sermons, one parcel of tobacco (for Alfred, but you may take a whiff, if you will) six pieces of music, three sovereigns (for Fred). Now a description of the articles. I have been reading Miss Austen's Emma, which I had entirely forgotten, with the greatest enjoyment. I think it an admirable book, & I dare say you will agree with me. Miss Austen is an inimitable painter of quiet life. It would be difficult to say where the interest of Emma lies, yet it does interest strongly. There is no fine writing; no laboured description; no imaginative or ideal touches; no working on the feelings. Its magic must be its truth. It is exquisitely true. Life is presented to us, not as it may be taken in rare situations, in picturesque emergencies, but as we see it everyday. Common, workday life, with here & there a suit of best for Sundays. Yet there is nothing trivial. It is what Alfred calls in one of his unfinished poems "most ideal unideal, most uncommon commonplace."² Dignity in the sentiments, dignity in the style. Quite a woman's book—(don't frown, Miss Fytche—I mean it for compliment)—none but a woman & a lady could possess that tact of minute observation, & that delicacy of sarcasm. Liking Emma so much, I bought "Sense & Sensibility," another of Miss Austen's. But I do not like it so well. It was her first book, & she does not seem to have attained full ease, & selfpossession. Yet there are many good things in it.

Caleb Williams,⁴ as you know, is quite of a different school. A stern, terrific, unbending book. Godwin himself declares he intended
to make the reading of it an era in men's lives—that no man should ever feel the same after it as before. It is some time now, since I attained this era, & I have not read it over again lately. I long to hear your opinion of all three. Set Aunt Marianne to work immediately, & report progress in every successive letter, not forgetting to give me Mary's views, as I have a very profound respect for her knowledge of novels, & her capacity to judge what is good & bad in them.

Not wishing you to read nothing but novels, I send a volume of Channing's Sermons, after some hesitation, & doubt what to fix upon. Channing, you perhaps know, is a celebrated American preacher, the only man of eminence in that department whom they have to boast. He is a Unitarian, & honourably distinguished from the greater number of that sect by devotional fervour & imaginative views. You will, I think, be pleased with the clearness, eloquence, & benevolent spirit of many sermons in this volume; and it is not difficult to separate his controversial peculiarities from the general tone of Christian sentiment.

I hope both you & Mary will like the music. Four little airs, intitled "March," "Aria," "Aria Greca," & "Air from Mozart" have been copied by Ellen, so you may keep them for ever & a day. The other two, waltzes by Beethoven, are only lent, & therefore must be taken care of. I hope the "Last Waltz" may become a favorite, even next to the Haydn; for I love it much, & I think myself rather heroic to part with it, even to you. For aught I know, the Mozart air may already be familiar to you in some other shape & place. I have no notion what it comes from, but I am very fond of it.

Oh, I have forgotten in my inventory an important article—the Monthly Repository, containing a review of Nal, & a very fair one too. There is also a good essay on the nature of poetry at the end. Should you glance at either of these, I need not desire you to pay no attention to certain marginal notes in pencil, because you will probably recognise the handwriting, & skip them of course. Apropos of handwriting, how pretty Mary's is—it never struck me before—perhaps I never saw it before. Shall you think me a fool, if I say I can see all Mary's character in that little P.S., both the general family character, and the individual Mary character? Oh yes—a fool decidedly. Very well; good night then; love me always, in spite of my follies, & believe me
P. S. I have forgotten too the Maid of Elvar, which I have only looked at here & there, so I wait for your judgement. It seemed rather heavy, but I saw some nice lines. Adio.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson

1. See letter 203 n. 7 and Thomas Moore’s Irish Melodies: “Rich and rare were the gems she wore.”
2. AT’s “Marion” (Ricks, p. 293), in Heath MS, lines 14–16: “Let me die, Marion, if I ever saw / Such ideal unideal, / Such uncommon commonplace!”
3. Anne Fytche may have reacted to AHH’s description of Harriet Martineau as “gifted with a masculine intellect” (letter 212 n. 2).
5. Marianne Fytche.
7. The music is unidentified.
8. William J. Fox’s review of AT’s 1832 volume in the January 1833 Monthly Repository (7:30–41) included some comments on his 1830 volume; Fox called AT second only to Wordsworth and Coleridge among living poets. AHH’s marginal notes (in a copy now at TRC) criticize Fox’s distinction between classical and modern poetry: “Gnomic poetry was carried to as high a point of perfection by the ancients as by any modern. As for the inward workings of passion, & the complicated ingredients of character, I suspect Homer & the Dramatists & Theocritus, not to say Virgil & Horace knew something of those matters. It is true, the Xtian religion & its attendant effect, the study of the Bible, have opened a new sphere for modern poetry—a sphere of vague grandeur & a universe of subtle imagery, produced & sanctioned by minute affinities of feeling. But this does not justify the sweeping assertions in the text” (p. 33). AHH responded to Fox’s praise of a section from “Eleanore”—“The very lines I had chosen for censure. So the world wags” (p. 38); he also marked passages that praised AT’s “rich display of the action and re-action of mind and matter,—of the effect of external scenery upon the soul within, and of the colouring which the soul spreads over all the external world” and suggested that AT’s power “must have a more defined and tangible object” (p. 40).

The first part of “Thoughts on Poetry and its Varieties”—“What is Poetry?”—by
John Stuart Mill (1806-73), appeared in the same issue of the *Monthly Repository*, pp. 60-70; AHH's marginal comments have not survived. See Mill's extensive evaluation of this first part of the longer essay in his 27 December 1832 letter to Carlyle, and his explanation of the impetus of the second part in his 7 September 1833 letter to Fox: "I have nearly made up my mind to transfer to you the paper on Poetry which I thought of putting at the head of a review of Tennyson somewhere. I think I could make a better review of Tennyson, and with the same ideas too, in another way" (*Earlier Letters*, pp. 132-35, 177-78).

9. *The Maid of Elvar*, a poem in 12 parts (published by Moxon in April 1832), by Allan Cunningham (1784-1842), Scottish poet and miscellaneous writer.
TO ALFRED TENNYSON


Ω μοι δίογενες πατρόκλεες, οίον εειπες;¹ you are very impertinent about my talent of letterwriting. I never said I composed my letters—now at least—formerly I did in some sort, when Plancus² was consul, & Gaskell my correspondent & hero of romance. But why should I blush to acknowledge, that in my young days I used to work for hours at a letter? Am I not thereby entitled to say of myself as Mrs. Langley said of her daughters, "Whatever accomplishment I may possess in that way it is entirely selftaught."³ I don't care to joke about it. That labour if labour it was, was one of love. It had nothing of the file.⁴ I composed a letter as I composed a poem. Heart & mind went into it, & why?—because I couldn't help it. I was full of ardent thoughts so new to me that I was afraid of losing them, and took every way to treasure them, so dear too that I could not rest till those I loved were familiar with them.

I have been reading Mrs. Jamieson's characteristics,⁵ & I am so bewildered with similes about groves & violets & streams of music & incense & attar of roses that I hardly know what I write. Bating these little flummeries of style, it is a very good book showing much appreciation of Shakespeare, and the human heart. εν δία δύοΐν.⁶

As for your buying Ralph Esher,⁷ I don't know that it will do Leigh any good, since for aught I know he sold the copyright before he wrote a line of it. I went again to Effingham Wilson's shop today, I saw the old codger himself; he was bland & submissive, promising to send me the account as soon as he should have time to make it out. I am confident the £11 will be found a mistake—perhaps a bravado of that saucy cub his son. Come what may you need not pay it. Take no step yourself. Leave it to Moxon, Tennant, Heath & myself.⁸ A rumour is current that Mrs. Arkwright has set Oriana to music! Glorious if true. All the world loves her music, and Oriana has a fair chance of becoming as stale as the "Captive Knight."⁹
The country is in jeopardy hourly increasing. Yesterday I saw (perhaps) the last King of England go down to open the 1st. assembly of delegates from a sovereign people. It is an unmanageable house. O'Connell raves. Government menaces. Your uncle seems to be manoeuvring to be chief of the Penultimate Radicals, the Girondists, one might call them from their position, were they not alike destitute of genius & patriotism. But there can be no doubt, that if the Mountain continues unshaken, it must increase, and that more faint-hearted crew to which your uncle belongs, will adhere to it. O'Connell's speech is said to have been very effective. He & Sheil on one side; Macaulay & Stanley on the other—there will be some fine spectacles of intellectual combat.

Ever yours affectionately

AHH.

1. Iliad 16. 49: "Ah me, Patroklos, illustrious, what a thing you have said!"
3. Mrs. Langley is unidentified.
4. Horace Ars Poetica line 291: "limae labor [labor of the file]."
5. Anna Brownell Jameson (1794-1860), miscellaneous writer, published Characteristics of Women; Moral, Poetical and Historical (1832; rev. ed. 1833); frequently reprinted as Shakespeare's Heroines, it was dedicated to Fanny Kemble.
6. "One through two" (i.e., hendiadys).
7. Hunt's Sir Ralph Esher: or Adventures of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles II was published anonymously in 1832. See letter 164 n. 13.
8. The version of this letter in Memoir, 1:92-93, omits the section between "found a mistake" and "A rumor"; Hallam Tennyson has misleadingly noted that the £11 was "the sum my father received for the 1830 volume." According to CT (p. 130), 600 copies of the 1830 volume were published, at 5 shillings. Only 450 copies of 1832 were issued, suggesting perhaps that Poems, Chiefly Lyrical had sustained a loss.
9. Mrs. Robert Arkwright, an actress at Newcastle and Edinburgh, published various musical settings of songs and ballads between 1832 and 1836. The "Captive Knight" has not been traced. In his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell, AT stated that "J. Willis wrote to me a week ago, from the Royal Musical Depository stating, that Mrs. Hughes (a sister of Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Arkwright) had set 'Oriana' to music, and asking my permission to publish it. Of course I gave it, though somewhat reluctantly for I think it very dubious whether she may have touched the right key."
10. The first reformed Parliament opened on 29 January 1833; William IV delivered his customary speech on 5 February. O'Connell spoke extensively on the choice of the speaker of the house and against the king's speech; he was the principal speaker during this period. On 6 February, Charles Tennyson (d'Eyncourt) asserted the necessity of further reforms, including the ballot and shortening the duration of parliaments.
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] Feb. 16 [1833].

My own dearest Emily,

Your letter too is one that might make the tears flow, if it did not rather fill me with feelings of affection too deep for tears. Love you less! No, Emily, more; every day more, for every day shews in a stronger light the goodness & purity of your heart. You might have met my "reproof" with expostulation & complaint; you might have told me I was unjust to lay eager hold on inconsistencies which escaped from you under the pressure of illness; you might have rebuked me with a list, easily made out, of my own inconsistencies & weaknesses; you might have pleaded that I, who pressed you to write on regular days, had no title to complain if those days should chance to be marked with gloominess & indisposition. But this you have not done; your meek, gentle disposition has not done this. I am afflicted indeed that my letters, which ought to lessen your discomfort, should ever be such as to increase it. Yet, Emily, you only do me justice in believing that I never dare to blame you in anything except from the most earnest wish to benefit you. It is a bitter thing, in this world of trial & sorrow, that we can often only hope to effect permanent good by causing temporary pain. I love you better than anything in the world, better even than those exquisite sensibilities to which I would sacrifice my own, but to which I will not sacrifice you. For when I say that I love you, I mean that I love your true & enduring self, with all your noble capacities of good, all that fits you for life on earth & in heaven, all that God has put into you not for momentary indulgence but for eternal welfare. And I call God to witness that, however miserably selfish & sinful I often am, however guilty towards Him & towards you whom He has given me, this love, such as I have described it, is within me, & though wretchedly weak compared with what it ought to be, though fearfully warred against by the inveterate
vanities of my nature; is yet a real, substantial, active principle of my daily conduct. And therefore it is, Emily—even because my love for you is part of my religion—that no faults I may discover in you will lessen, but on the contrary will stimulate & exalt it. For your faults, which arise from an overwrought sensibility, too much concentrated by circumstances on itself, have in some degree the complexion of virtues, especially when accompanied with humility to confess, & endeavor to amend them. I do not believe I shall ever find in you any defects of a different character to those which I at present discern, but if I should, the discovery could not affect the positive evidence I have of those excellent qualities which form the groundwork of your disposition. Indeed, dearest Nem, you should guard against that deceitful habit of imagination, which leads you to depreciate yourself. It is the more dangerous because it comes into the mind in the guise of humility. But by their fruits the two are known. Humility inspires a purpose of amendment. The habit I speak of, to which we are all liable, & especially persons of strong imagination & weak nerves, encourages a reckless despondency. But you have something in you to counteract nerves & imagination. You have a clear & powerful understanding. I have seen its exercise & I know its existence. Trust its warnings & trust mine, & do not give way to an idle nervousness, which as I have sometimes perceived unless I am greatly mistaken, inclines you to shun opening out your thoughts to me for fear I should like you less afterwards & for the same reason perhaps to shun the idea of <our> that future union which must unavoidably give me greater knowledge of you. I may be mistaken, but it has seemed to me that this nervous feeling weighs at times upon your affectionate heart, & causes you distress & selfreproach. Have I sounded you truly? If I have, once again I would call on you to throw such a feeling to the winds. It is a false prophet, & deserves the fate of one. Laugh at it, mortify it, trample it down, for your own sake, rather than for mine. I see through it; I care not for it; it is nothing to me, except so far as it depresses you. And now let us pass to other things. No, one word more. I have at times the same feeling with regard to you. I believe you think too highly of me. I shrink from the moment when no illusion shall veil my follies. But what a silly couple we shall be, if we play at hide & seek <with each other> all our lives, losing precious opportunities of shewing how we love each other, for fear other
opportunities should arise out of them to shew we do not love each other still more. Mutual frankness is the best cure for such mutual apprehensions. Plaindealing may remove illusions, but it compensates for what it removes.

Positively, Nem, if we grow to talk after this sentimental fashion, we shall have none of that fun left, for which we are so eminently distinguished. In truth however I have nothing amusing to tell you. Last week has passed in talking politics, & working law, as far as I am concerned—subjects which you would care little for, although you shew a penchant for the West India question. By the bye, I promised you an account of Miss Morris, and you shall have it. Miss Morris then is a very amiable young lady of my acquaintance. That is point the first. Miss Morris seems to think me a very amiable young man. There is point the second. Is she handsome? Indulgent friends have said so. Do I think so? Not exactly. But how did I come to know Miss Morris all on a sudden? There is a certain Mrs. Taddy, an old friend of my mother's, wife of Serjeant Taddy, whose name you may have seen in the papers. Well—this Mrs. Taddy has Miss Morris always staying with her, & chaperons her everywhere. Somehow or other, being a captious woman of strong feelings (rather of the Mrs. Bourne cut, only much modified & restrained by knowledge of the world) she took it into her head to dislike me, & to say I disliked her, the only reason for this last assertion being that I seldom visited her. Now, either because Mrs. Taddy disliked me, or for some other reason best known to herself, the amiable Miss Morris took it into her head to like me. She read my article in the Fn. Quy. (all ladies don't favour me so far, you know) she guessed it was mine, heaven knows how, from the style, she praised it to my face, she drew from me a tender avowal of authorship, she admired my literary opinions—in short, she made a dead set at me, & has converted Mrs. Serjeant, who cannot resist her in anything, to come round to her opinion. So I am a high favorite there just now. And what do I really think of Miss Morris? I have a great respect for her; she is a girl of good sense & good feeling, putting my article out of the question: I know her to have refused some very advantageous offers, from a determination not to marry unless she found exactly such a character as she wished. But I don't know how it is; I don't feel as if I should like [her much on further acquaintance. I am too careless & indolent ever to feel at my
ease with persons of fixed opinions & habits, who judge every word one lets drop, or every insignificant thing one does, by certain settled rules of their own. I may esteem such persons very much. I may be very glad to see them. But I had rather they should give me notice what day they mean to call on me. I couldn't bear to live in a house with them. Aunt Marianne, you will say, has fixed opinions—could you not live in a house with her? Ay, till Doomsday, or a little longer. She is not the sort of woman I mean, but I dare say your experience can shew you a few such as I do mean. I was indignant to hear of Mrs. Bourne's petty spite against Miss Fytche, & poor Mary. I give Mrs. Bourne up. Where's the good of all her ostentatious Calvinism, if it cannot teach her to restrain her temper, or to direct her affections? Pray, tell me a little about the books when you write—I so love to hear your opinions.

Ever your own

Arthur.

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3. AHH called on Gladstone on 7 February 1833; they breakfasted together the next day (D, 2:9).
4. Stanley moved the abolition of colonial slavery on 14 May 1833.
5. Miss Morris is unidentified; Frances Lewis was the wife of William Taddy (1773–1845), attorney general to Queen Adelaide from 1832 to 1837. Arthur Hallam Elton's private journal (property of Lady Elton) noted that Ellen Hallam "said a certain Mrs. Taddy (or Tabby) was wont to listen acutely to what people said of her large and weighty album, and actually wrote down their remarks at the end of her book. Mr. Hallam's unfortunate observation headed the list—'Trash!'"
6. See letter 205 n. 2.
7. See references in Background for Mary Bourne's sober Calvinism.
8. See letter 220.
[London.] [20-27 February 1833.]

[. . . .] that is a danger I shall be mo[re ? . . . .] Your letter gives me great satisfaction. It speaks a more hopeful, more confiding language than perhaps any I have ever received from you. It is deliciously long too—and I feel sure from its tone could not have been written under the influence of headache, or discomfort. May I venture, since our little broullerie has been settled à l'aimable, to ask about your health again?¹ How have you been on the whole during this winter? Surely the weather has been favorable to you; every body talks of the wonderful warmth & mildness. I am shocked at your horrible imprudence in riding Taff through wind & rain; just the old story; certainly you are right in thinking it high time to reform [. . . .] have never said any[thing . . . .] the Burton engagement. I should [like to hear] more about it—how he takes the thing—what more is likely to come of it, & so on.² Is he in pretty good spirits now? His beautiful horse must be a great comfort in that out of the way place. Indeed in all places a horse is a considerable cordial. I suppose it would be no use asking Charley to write to me; yet it is unpleasant never to see him, or hear from him. I am glad Frederic has become resolutely cool as to that vixen Charlotte. And so she has refused Mr. Robertson, has she? I wonder whether she was the lady I saw mentioned in a newspaper as having eloped to Gretna Green with a footman from the neighbourhood of Sleaford?³ I shall rather believe [. . . .] in society at present, & spend most [of my time in] study. Law in the morning, & metaphysics at night occupy me thoroughly. My head has become a great mill, grinding reasons of all sorts, until I am full of chaff. So you see, much amusement is not to be expected from me. An event however has just occurred in this house, which puzzles & alarms us all. My father, having for some time thought he missed money very unaccountably, took the precaution one night of counting some sovereigns before he locked them up in his drawer. Next morning one was gone. He spoke of
this to the butler; two days after the sovereign was found on the floor in a corner of the room. Now, he is quite certain he did not drop it, & there can be little doubt it was replaced by the thief [. . . .] & tell me about. Nay, you had not f[inished . . . .] when you spoke of it. Channing too—I wished very much to know how you liked Channing. Surely you [won’t] allow Alfred to run off with all the books I send into his own smoky cavern. I might as well not send them, you know, if you won’t read them, or at least I might as well send them only to him. I feel so strongly myself the importance of regular occupation, the danger of indulging desultory & moody trains of feeling, which always arise in the absence of such occupation, that I am very anxious to see you so employing your mind. I am aware that when I urge these things you are apt to smile, & call Aunt Mariann to witness how busy you are whenever I am not with you. But it seems at any rate business of which no account can be given. I selected those books as [. . . .].

1. See letter 222.

2. Apparently Charles Tennyson was romantically involved with a member of the Burton family, perhaps Charlotte. See letter 167 n. 6. On 7 February 1833, AT wrote to Spedding: "You inquire after Charles—we see little of him—I believe his spirits are pretty good, {tho' he sometimes takes some drops of laudanum by way of stimulus}" (TRC; the bracketed section has been virtually obliterated, presumably by Hallam Tennyson).

3. See letter 110 n. 6; Mr. Robertson and the elopement are untraced. On 15 May 1835, Emily Tennyson wrote to Ellen Hallam "that frail, faithless Charlotte Bellingham (who, I think I once told thee behaved with so little feeling towards Frederick) is to be married to a Mr. Alington, the third suitor—well, spite of her jilting behaviour towards Fred, and his speedy successor Mr. Robertson,—I wish her no ill, very far from it; I hope she will be as happy as mortality can be" (Trinity).

4. See letter 220 n. 6.

5. Approximately half of this letter has been cut off.
224. TO WILLIAM WHEWELL

MS: Trinity

67 Wimpole St. Feb. 23 [1833].

My dear Sir,

Will you excuse my troubling you with a line on a little matter of business. I think some money is owing to me, as part of my furniture-money, remaining after my last Cambridge expenses had been deducted from the total of it. As far as I remember, this balance was £18 when I received my last tutor's bill. I suppose there will be some subsequent charges to be set against this, which may reduce it by a few pounds. But, if the balance is still, as I suppose it must be, in my favour, and if it is not contrary to academical etiquette to ask for it before the M.A.'s degree, I should rather wish to have the money. Might I ask you then to take the trouble to look at the accounts, & to let me know when you have leisure what the state of them is at present?

Believe me, my dear Sir,

Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

1. The date is supplied from Whewell's endorsement.
My dearest Emily,

It was very good in you to write so tolerably long a letter, when you had a couple more on your hands. But in the name of wonder what sudden emergency can have produced this necessity? When were you ever known before to write three letters in an evening! Something strange must have happened. Do you know my curiosity is not a little awakened by the mysterious diplomatic tone in which you write? Business—money—cost—hurry—closewritten letters—what unusual topics for you to dilate upon! You have not read the Martineau, or I should have thought you were turned political economist.¹

Well—Charles made his appearance last night, having been two days in town, too nervous to see any of his friends.² Why he has come I cannot learn: but I am very glad to see him. He stays till Friday next, & wishes you to mention in your answer to this which I hope to receive Thursday, what the business is on which he is wanted at Somersby. Returning by Cambridge he does not seem to like, but he believes the surplus mentioned by Whewell is Spedding's debt, & he means to make Spedding write for it.¹ He seems very well, & in pretty good spirits. Today he dines at Heath's with me, & we shall adjourn to Tennant's in the evening. Will you say to Fred that I have not the £20 actually so as to send it, but that I shall have it in a few days, so that if he likes to come up now I will warrant the defraying of his expenses up to that amount. At the same time the Opera will probably be better after Easter than now; yet now there is the Don Giovanni music, & Meric, & a new Prima Donna, & two magnificent ballets, & a delicious dancer. Let him write me a line to express his decision.⁴

I have been rather gay this last week. Monday I was at Lady Lansdowne's grand party, in honour of the Queen's birthday,⁵ where I saw the elite of rank, fashion, & beauty, set off to the greatest
advantage by courtdresses & plumes. Certainly the English aristocracy is rich in noble & lovely countenances. They moved before me among those dazzling lights like the imperial visions of some dream. Thursday night I was at the play in company with the Statue, & her fair sister. I sat in the front row, & flirted furiously, no doubt to the great envy of many beholders, for the Statue looked splendidly. The music of Don Giovanni was delicious, but the <acting> singing indifferent. "La ci darem" and "Batti, batti" were particularly & most luxuriously sweet. Also my old friend "Giovinette, che fate" was brilliantly executed. I wish you could have been there; how gladly would I have tilted the Statue into the pit to make room for you beside me! Kitty, by the bye, who sat in the row behind looked rather sulky at the attentions I paid her sister—but what could I do? I couldn’t cut myself in two. Would she but believe it, I could swear with perfect sincerity that I would have talked as much to her, had she happened to be beside me, & would have been perfectly indifferent to the change.

I am glad you are reading The Borderers. It is an old favorite of mine. Cooper’s characters & plot are generally mediocre, but in that novel there are some fine sketches of character—Ruth & the old Puritan. His descriptions are always magnificent. Why do you call him Cowper? I beg your pardon for having procured no frank this time, & so being obliged to send a shorter letter. Next time I will <manage> not fail to shew you another specimen of Gaskell’s elaborate handwriting. At present, dearest, goodbye & God bless you.

Ever your own

Arthur.

P. S. I hope you got my letter at last.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 3 March 1833
1. See letter 212 n. 2.

2. On 4 March 1833, Spedding wrote to Thompson that he had met Charles Tennyson the previous Thursday at the Heaths: "I betrayed as much excitement as could be expected, and inquired with large eyes the when & the whence—but I could hear nothing further than that he came proximately from the Old Hummums [a hotel in Covent Garden] and ultimately from Lincolnshire—He had been three days in London without revealing himself; what doing,—is one of the many things which God is said to know—Doubtless nothing immoral; for he told me only this morning how pure and good he had grown since he took orders—for he had seen in several shops books with indecent titles and indecent pictures, and he had passed by them quick. He was so good as to say that some of the pleasantest moments of his curacy had been those in wh. he thought of me. In short, he is much as he was—looks well—and denies laudanum, except in asthmatical intervals" (Trinity).

3. Possibly related to letter 224.

4. Frederick Tennyson apparently did not come to London during this spring. Meric, a French soprano, first appeared in London in 1832, performing with great success in Italian, German, French, and English operas, including Weber's Der Freischütz and Don Giovanni.

5. Adelaide was born on 13 August 1792. The occasion for this party is unclear.

6. See letter 208 n. 1; AHH alludes to Charlotte Sotheby's role in the Pygmalion charade, rather than the statue in Don Giovanni. The arias (sung by Zerlina and the Don) are in act 1, scenes 3 and 4. Meric sang the role of Donna Anna; the opera was performed at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane.


8. Gaskell's position as recording secretary of the Eton Debating Society was due in part to his meticulous and highly legible transcriptions.
All this last week I have, you may suppose, been very idle with Charley.¹ I had been kept so long in almost total ignorance of Charley's thoughts & deeds that I had a thousand questions to ask. One day we took a long delightful ride in the course of which I showed him great parts of the beautiful Norwood country. If Fred has not actually made up his mind to come, I think on 2nd. thoughts he had better postpone his visit till Easter has come & gone.

I have just got through another of Miss Austen's novels, Mansfield Park, which many people vote the best. However although I like it much, and find the same delicacy of touch which delighted me in the others, yet is Emma my 1st. love and I intend to be constant. The edge of this constancy will soon be tried, for I am promised the reading of "Pride & Prejudice."²

1. See letter 225 n. 2.
2. See letter 220 n. 2.
My dearest Emily,

I am rather frightened at not hearing from you today. Neither Thursday, nor Friday! I trust tomorrow will bring proof that nothing very dreadful has occasioned this delay: but one cannot help conjecturing—what if you should have been blown away in some of these bitter winds, or suffocated in "a peck of March dust," worth, according to the proverb, "a king's ransom," but according to my experience of the last ten days a most exceeding nuisance, especially when coming alternately with snow! What, if you should have broken your neck on Charley's new poney, or expired of weariness in the first page of Miss Martineau? Serious considerations these, but where there are so many dangers to choose, I think my most prudent course will be to wait till tomorrow, before I decide for any one in particular. I am especially in want of a letter just now to enliven my ideas, which are all as dry as the dust I complain of, having had no sort of event to stir them since last week. I have read nothing & done nothing, worth repeating. Business has been the order of the day: a long & heavy settlement has been working my fingers off, & until the Hon. Julia Maria Petre shall be satisfactorily united by my means to her faithful Samuel John Brooke Pechell I shall have no peace of mind or body. Ungrateful pair! how little do they appreciate my labours! A more agreeable task is the furnishing a Memoir of Voltaire to the Librarians of Useful Knowledge for the Gallery of Portraits they are publishing. It will be very short, but it will put £5 in my pocket. If I can get snugly lodged in this place of Memoir-writer, it will be a very pretty thing, for there are a good many wanted, & five pounds for eight or nine pages is tolerable pay. I don't suppose, Nem, I should venture to send you such stupid details of moneymatters, if you had not shewn a penchant for such things in your last letter, but, to be
sure, that was a long while ago. Well, to talk of poetry—a man named Alford, of whom you may have heard, as a Cambridge intimate of Alfred & myself (N.B. Nal stole a book from him, & hath it still) has published a small & amiable volume of poems.†

{Saturday}. Oh dear! oh dear! Emily has been ill all the week. My poor little animal, what shall I do for thee? "Very unwell!" is a very strong phrase for you to use of yourself, & I almost dread it must be under the truth. You tell me no particulars—indeed how could you, being so ill—but I must be cruelly worried until the next letter comes, & indeed till the cold weather goes. Let me beg of you to write again as soon as you are able, as soon, I mean, as you feel at all better, even if the regular day should not be come. Or make Alfred write me a line or Aunt Marianne—don’t leave me in suspense. I fear you must have been out in the snow rashly, or—but don’t mope about it, Nemmy; it is quite out of all reasonable reckoning that this hateful cold should last long. We are already half through March, & the tyranny of these Eastern despots must be wellnigh satiated. Pluck up a bit, Nemmy, & recollect you have been better than usual all through the winter, & it would be foolish to despair on account of a little accidental sickness when winter, your only real enemy, is over & gone. I dare say another week or two may set you quite right again. At Easter you shall have quite forgotten you were ill, & shall ride about on Taffy enjoying the most genial breezes of a newly awakened spring. There’s my prophecy—I commission you to fulfil it. I have much however I could wish to say, if I thought it would not teize you—much about the propriety of calling in a doctor, if you are really "very unwell," &—but I do not wish to teize you. Do as your reason directs you, but for God’s sake remember always how much is bound up in your health & safety. In asking you to write before Thursday, I forgot this will not reach you till Monday, but pray let some one write on Tuesday—do not think of writing yourself, if it makes you worse—but let some one write, & then write yourself as soon as you can. I am sorry to write so stupidly, & all about what you must have only too much to do with, your own illness, but what can I do? It would not be easy to think of anything else just now. It may amuse you to hear that I was asked last Wednesday to another Sotheby party, which I declined. The girls do not however appear to have been there.‡ I have little room left to explain what I meant about Charles: but from what he told me of the
terms on which he last met Miss Burton, & of the letter which he afterwards wrote I thought him decidedly to blame, but perhaps I do not know all.

God Almighty bless you.

Ever your own

Arthur.

1. The proverb derived from the infrequency of dry weather in England in March; there was a heavy fall of snow in London during the last part of March 1833.

2. See letter 225 nn. 1–2.

3. The Society for Diffusion of Useful Knowledge—established in 1826 to publish inexpensive editions of works on history, science, philosophy, etc.—began its *Gallery of Portraits: with Memoirs* in June 1832; issued monthly, they were collected in seven volumes (1833–37). Henry Hallam was a member of the directing board. AHH also contributed portraits of Petrarch and Burke; his contributions appeared in the 1869 edition of *Remains*. See *Writings*, pp. 279–300.

4. Henry Alford (1810–71), who matriculated at Trinity in 1828 (B.A., thirty-fourth Wrangler and eighth classic, 1832), was elected to the Apostles in 1830 and became president of the Union in 1832. Alford was dean of Canterbury from 1857 to 1871; his *Poems and Poetical Fragments* was published in Cambridge in January or February 1833, in London in March 1833.

5. See letter 225 n. 6.

6. See letter 223 n. 2.
My dear John,

I write in great haste, & have only time to say that I fear it will be impossible for me to come on Friday. I hear too that the Bullers, O'Brien, Martinacu, Walpole, & Hull have all declined, whether with as good reason as myself I know not. If you could alter the day to the Monday following I believe nothing would be likely to prevent my coming, which I need not say would give me great pleasure. Most probably however arrangements have been made amongst you which render this impracticable. When are you likely to be in town? I have not yet seen your Philolog. but hope to do so soon, when I will cheerfully if the copy is my own, & meo periculo if it is not, make with pencil or pen that important alteration of swylce for sylke on which the destinies of mankind may be reasonably supposed to depend. Have you seen Alford's amiable little volume of poems? Charles has truly been in town, & is in some force, but Spedding will have told particulars, & I have no time to say more.

Ever very faithfully y[ours,]

AHH.

P/M 15 March 1833

1. Charles Buller (1806-48), who matriculated at Trinity in 1824 (B.A. 1828), was elected to the Apostles, called to the bar in 1831, was M.P. from 1830 to 1848, and
judge advocate in 1846. His brother [Sir] Arthur (1808-69) matriculated at Trinity in 1826 (B.A. 1830), was elected to the Apostles in 1828, and was queen's advocate in Ceylon from 1840 to 1848. Arthur Martineau (1807-1872), who matriculated at Trinity in 1825 (B.A. 1829), was rector of St. Mildred's and St. Margaret Moses, London, from 1864 to 1872. William Winstanley Hull (1794-1873), writer and hymnologist, was a barrister at Lincoln's Inn from 1820 to 1846.

2. John Mitchell Kemble's "On English Praeterites" appeared in the Philological Museum 2 (1833): 373-88; on 5 April 1833, Trench wrote to Donne that "Kemble has been publishing in the Philological, indulging, as is his wont, in a little petulance and personality against some of his fellow-labourers; but, as I am glad to hear, spoken of in the very highest terms by competent Saxon scholars for capacity and knowledge of his subject" (Miss Johnson).

3. See letters 227 n. 4; 226 n. 1.
67 Wimpole St. Monday [18 March 1833?]

My dear Philologue,

I am a pretty fellow—to engage myself for these two days, when, as I find on sober reflection, I am already forfeited for each of them! Consequently you must bear with my breaking my word, as respects the Temple today, and you must make my apologies to Thackeray. Will you be so good as to send the Pure Reason by the bearer?

Yours very faithfully,
A H Hallam.

1. See letter 228, from which this is somewhat arbitrarily dated.
2. William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-63), who matriculated at Trinity in 1829, was admitted to the Inner Temple in 1831. There is no record in Thackeray's Letters of his meeting AHH, though he dined several times with the Kembles in 1832.
3. *Kritik der Reinen Vernunft*, by Immanuel Kant (1724-1804), was first published in 1781.
You must almost have forgotten my handwriting. However, I trust the substance of this note will show that I have not left off thinking of you. A friend of mine, Gladstone, the new member for Newark, has made me a half offer of a small living in Buckinghamshire. I don’t mean it is in his gift, but in that of a lady whom he knows. He will write by today’s post to mention you, and if not already disposed of, which is possible, but not likely, he has little doubt it may be yours. All this, of course, must be subject to your option. The place is called Mursley, near Winslow, seven miles from Buckingham. Gladstone wishes me not to mention the name of the patroness until he knows the result of his application. Perhaps, on your part, you will write me a line to say whether you feel inclined to make the change; and I will communicate to you, of course, the answer to Gladstone’s recommendation.¹

¹ AHH breakfasted with Gladstone on 19 March 1833; Gladstone wrote to AHH on 2 April, presumably about the offer; his scrupulous diary entries give no indication of whom the lady might have been. But the patroness of Mursley in 1836 was a Mrs. Childers, probably Selina, daughter and co-heir of Sampson, Lord Eardley, whom John Walbanke Childers (d. 1812) married in 1797. Gladstone was closely acquainted with the Childers family (see, for example, D, 1:245). See letter 232.
TO SEPTIMUS TENNYSON

My dear Sep,

You will stare perhaps at receiving a letter from me, because however much I have sometimes talked of inflicting one upon you, I have given you no reason to suppose my promise would be performed. Nor perhaps would it have been, unless a new inducement had been added to the desire of hearing how you go on. The truth is—I hear from two or three quarters that your Grandfather is dangerously ill, not likely to recover, and as this is a matter of the greatest importance to me, I am anxious to know from you the real state of the case. I might write to Charles, but he never answers letters. Now I have a better opinion of you, & I hope in return for this compliment you will without delay send me a few lines, communicating all you know on the subject. Alfred & Mary, you are probably aware, have been for more than a week in town, & they are also very desirous to hear particulars. So you will gratify more than one by writing. Me you will gratify exceedingly. I wish to know whether your Grandfather is so seriously ill as I have heard, & whether you have learned anyth[ing] of his intentions towards Freder[ic] & the rest of the family. Tell me at the same time about yourself, for though I have been too busy or too indolent ever to enter into a correspondence with you, I shall not be the less interested in whatever relates to you. I hear from Mary that you offended the Faculty at Louth by walking into their august presence with your hat on. Have you been writing any more Sonnets—or cutting any more fistulas? Details of either will be acceptable. Pray write directly, & believe me

Very affect[ely] yours,

A H Hallam.
Addressed to Septimus Tennyson Esq. / at Mrs. Yorke's / Louth / Lincolnshire.
P/M 4 April 1833

1. AT's 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell states that George Clayton Tennyson had recently suffered a severe attack of gout. On 9 July 1835, Henry Hallam wrote to his wife: "I see that old Mr. Tennyson is dead. I am very desirous to hear what he has done for the Somersby family" (Christ Church).

2. AT and Mary Tennyson were in London for approximately three weeks; see letters 233 and 234.
I am sorry to have no satisfactory tidings to send you about the living. Gladstone’s friend has written to say that she wishes to have a clergyman from her own neighbourhood. I am much disappointed, as from what he told me I was led to suppose his recommendation would have been effectual. However, if I cannot congratulate you on succeeding in this respect, I am truly glad to find from your letter I have to congratulate you on the addition of a unit to your superabundant population. Sterling has had the start of you by some weeks, but I have not yet seen the young lady. If she resembles his eldest hope she will be a fine, chubby Englishwoman. John Mitchell has sent me an article of his, published in the *Philological*, and separately printed for the sake of private friends and enemies. I rejoice to hear he is spoken of in the highest terms by our best Saxon scholars for real learning and capacity for his subject. Politics I am so tired of and hopeless of, that I wish to write or think little about them. I am glad the Coercion Bill has passed, yet I cannot look without indignation at the whole series of acts on the part of our Whig rulers which has rendered necessary such a suspension of political and personal liberty. I have not heard any of the recent debates. Stanley seems to have risen in everybody’s estimation, and Althorp to have fallen proportionally. A more disgracefully imbecile leader of the House has never been known. Macaulay has sunk into the background. Peel, Stanley, and O'Connell are beyond question the first speakers—the two former as representatives of the old English style of debating; the latter as a Chamber of Deputies man, a proper organ of an assembly itself organic. Have you seen Baxter’s book? It is one of the most curious I ever read. Pray get it, if you have it not.
1. See letter 230. Trench’s 5 April 1833 letter to Donne mentions hearing from AHH that morning: “He had lulled me some days back into a delusive dream of a small living in Buckinghamshire, from which today he rudely awakened me, & I find myself still likely to remain Junior Curate in this most detestable county of Suffolk. He is reading Law, waxing fat and sceptical under the influence of Middle Ages” (Miss Johnson).

2. See letter 210 n. 3. Trench’s 5 April 1833 letter reports his child “hale and lusty, and does not cry more than his hard-hearted nurse says will exercise his lungs.” Sterling’s first son was born in October 1831; records of his daughter are untraced.

3. See letter 228 n. 2.

4. The Irish Coercion Bill, intended to suppress local disturbances and dangerous associations, passed the commons on 29 March 1833; it remained in force until August 1834.

5. John Charles Spencer (1782-1845), viscount Althorp, was chancellor of the exchequer and leader of the House under Grey (1830-34).

6. Robert Baxter (1802-89), member of Irving’s church January-April 1832, afterward solicitor and businessman, published Narrative of Facts Characterizing the Supernatural Manifestations in Members of Mr. Irving’s Congregation, and Other Individuals in England and Scotland, and Formerly in the Writer Himself (1833) and Irvingism (1836), which attributed the “manifestations” to diabolical possession. Trench’s 1 May 1833 letter to his wife describes Baxter’s work as “passing strange” (Trench, 1:142); Gladstone, who read it in mid-March, found the book “very remarkable & interesting” and ultimately “convincing” (D, 2:16-17).
Yesterday Mary, Alfred & I went to the Zoological Gardens where 
Mary made friends with several wild animals. Today we have seen the 
great Microscope and all the horrible lions & tigers which lie 
"perdus" in a drop of spring water.¹ Poll² was much pleased and said it 
was "quite shocking" which I need not tell you means in Somersby 
language delightful. Today Alfred & Poll called on my mother & I 
took him up into my room leaving Poll to chat with my mother & 
Ellen in the drawing room.³ Then a walk in the park occurred, after 
which a dinner of salt fish and parsnips, in which the two male 
Heaths participated. Tomorrow we meditate grand things if the 
weather be fine—that is we shall take a boat to the Tower. Mary as you 
know has never been on the water so it will be very pleasant to her⁴ 
<&I believe>
TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Wellesley

[London.] April 11 [1833.]

My dearest Nem,

I am miserably disappointed to receive another sick letter from you, when I had hoped & believed the spring weather of this last fortnight would have quite set you up.¹ There is something horribly sad in your desiring me to have as much fun with Alfred as usual, while you are evidently incapable of anything approaching to fun. However, I know well how rapidly you pass from gloom to sunshine, from headache to animal spirits, & I will try to comfort myself with the thought that you may, as you predict, be tolerably well at this present moment. As for "fun with Alfred," that is over—they went to Cambridge at three o'clock yesterday, & I am left to all the wretchedness of spirits which is a natural reaction after a fortnight's excitement. I told you in my last that the travellers would be with you on Thursday (today) but that will certainly not be the case, & it is very probable you may not have seen them before you receive this, as they intended to stop at least one night at Cambridge, & then to creep home by Huntington & Boston at the will of precarious coaches. For this reason, & also because I know the uncommunicative character of first Tennyson evenings after a journey, however eventful, I shall continue my account of their proceedings up to the time of their departure.² Saturday we went, as I told you we should, to the Tower. 'Tis a sight, in my humble judgement, very little worth seeing, but rather an indispensable lion, so I am glad it was seen. Besides, the waterparty was highly pleasant. Mary enjoyed the new element extremely, & was once within an inch of becoming more nearly acquainted with it than could be desired. The Heaths were with us—little Emma Heath among the number, a most delightful little schoolgirl, the very ideal of happy childhood. Sunday we went to Westminster Abbey, and heard a magnificent Handel anthem. Likewise a Bishop preached,³
which must have been a considerable gratification to your lofty-minded sister. Monday my mother & sister took Mary out in the carriage to see Kensington Gardens, Hyde Park, & the great new Bazaar in Belgrave Square, called the Pantechnicon. Poll was rather nervous beforehand at the idea of being left alone with my people (I was not there) for some hours, & was afraid she should take to making faces at the governess, but everything went off beautifully. Mary is a decided favorite with all of us, & she has taken, I hope, one of her fancies to my mother. Alfred too has got up in my father’s good graces. Tuesday we went again to that fairy palace, the Gallery of Practical Science, saw the wonderful Magnets, & heard the Steam Gun. Alfred went Tuesday night to a supperparty at Moxon’s, where he remained till three in the morning, & was delighted with Leigh Hunt who met him there, & exchanged compliments at a great rate. Mary meantime entertained a select party, consisting of Tennant, a couple of Heaths, & myself, to tea & teacake, after which we played at “why d’ye like it” &c. Wednesday after an ineffectual attempt to get some anemones for a Mrs. Burton at Spilsby, we journeyed sadly to the Times coachoffice in Holborn, where I took leave of them, & can tell you no more of their affairs.

I am, as I told you, very glumpy just now, for it has been exceedingly pleasant to me to hasten over the stones every morning to Great Russell St. & to know everynight on going to bed that the next day would bring only a repetition of pleasant Somersby faces. However this temporary excitement is worth little in comparison with the real good that this visit has done. I feel as if a great barrier was broken down between my own family & that of my adoption. I have tasted a rich foretaste of future union. I have shewn Ellen a sister. I have heard Somersby tones & ways of speech finding their way to the hearts of those who sit round the Wimpole St. fireside. Prithee, Nem, do not drop the subject; gladden my soul with more remarks upon it, when you have heard further particulars from Mary. Alas, alas! I cannot, for all the pleasure this has given me, cease from moaning & repining that more is not vouchsafed. Oh it is a weary weary time—three years now since I have felt that you were my only hope in life—more than two since we plighted to each other the word of promise. It is indeed a weary time. In gaiety & in gloom, alone & in crowds, the one thought never ceases to cling to my heart, & by shewing me the
The possibility of happiness makes me feel more keenly the reality of misery. The gaieties of the true London season are now only beginning—hard work I shall have of it, before I can possibly escape to you. My cousin Caroline Elton, a great beauty, a leading belle at Clifton for some years past, is coming up to our house in about a fortnight to take a month of town. It is her first time—she will make the most of it—& I shall be expected in cousinly affection to do hard duty in the way of balls, theatres, sights &c. Pity me! If I possibly can I will come down the end of May or beginning of June. This is an extra letter, for I shall write again tomorrow, having many more things to say. I can't get a frank today.

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 11 April 1833

1. See letter 227.
2. See letter 233. Blakesley wrote to Thompson on 16 April 1833 that during his stay in London he saw "Hallam, Heath, Martineau, Garden, Tennyson, Brookfield, Thackeray and Arthur Bulter, the three last of whom seemed exceedingly inclined to profligacy, which Garden of course was.—He was going with them to some divan where a female—of course naked—danced for the edification of the company.—Tennyson had his sister with him, to whom Tennant was doing the amiable in a very open way for a mystic. She is really a very fine looking person, although of a wild sort of countenance, something like what Alfred would be if he were a woman, and washed" (Blakesley MSS).
3. The Handel anthem is unidentified; the archbishop of Canterbury, who may have officiated at the Easter service, was William Howley (1766–1848), bishop of London from 1813 to 1828, archbishop of Canterbury from 1828 to 1848. Charles James Blomfield (1786–1857) succeeded Howley as bishop of London.
4. The Pantechnicon was a large building on the west side of Belgrave Square, recently completed when AHH saw it; intended primarily for the sale of carriages and furniture, it also housed a wine and toy department.
5. The Adelaide Gallery exhibited electromagnets and Perkins's Steam-Gun, supposed to propel cannon balls with four times the force of gunpowder.
6. This may have been AT's first meeting with Hunt.

7. A parlor game similar to charades.

8. Apparently not a relative of Langhorne or Catherine Burton, with whom AHH presumably would have been more familiar.

9. AHH's depression was probably due in part to his own illness; see letter 235. On 4 March 1833, James Spedding wrote to Thompson that "Hallam announces himself this morning as not otherwise than unwell" (Trinity).
My dearest Emily,

I have been very ill since I last wrote.1 My influenza fever turned into an ague, which is upon me now, but as the bad fit is not today I can write—which is a great comfort. The doctors hope by plying me well with quinine on the intermediate days to prevent the recurrence of the attacks—hitherto however they have been very severe—perfect misery for about five hours, & utter prostration for the rest of the day. However, dearest, you know there is nothing alarming in an ague—in fact people say it does a great deal of good to one's constitution in the long run, & saves one from other maladies. I am distressed by the tone of your letter—I cannot help fearing you may be taken with the prevailing illness, & perhaps like me with ague, for in many cases it has assumed that form. I see too you are very low in spirits—that is a constant accompaniment of the epidemic. Strong & hard men have been seen crying like children. I am, as may be supposed, not very cheerful myself, after many days with no nourishment but liquids. But, dearest Emily, if you get clear with cold & headache, as many persons do, & as I pray you may, do endeavor to keep as cheerful as you can. To think of you pining at Somersby while I am slowly struggling here with the remnants of illness would be the greatest addition to what I may otherwise suffer. Go to Skegness, or somewhere else, to enliven you—why, you haven't stirred from home for months. I wish to God you lived rather nearer town than Somersby—my absences need not be so intolerably long. I dread this illness must render more precarious the time of my coming to you. Yet I feel you would be the better for my visit [if] only to break the “oyster” sameness. Pity me, in my long feverish nights pining so for the garden at Somersby, the green garden, & the slope down to the gurgling brook, & the cool shades of Holywell. But I mustn't go on talking like

[751]
a sick man—the sick are always prosy—besides, I have great hope that the fortifying remedies of today may prevent tomorrow's attack, & then I might recover rapidly. The weather has been terribly against us all—you can hardly wonder that you have not acquired a due proportion of vernal health, when there has been so little true spring. But I hear the buds are out—I have seen none. My little brother too has been violently ill with a bilious fever, but he is almost quite well again. Altogether it is a sad time, but we must all try to be patient, & make the best of it.

The seal has covered the name of the person with whom you talk of taking up your abode at Skegness—pray let me have full information of your address when you move. Letters from Somersby will be particularly welcome to me now—perhaps you could stir up Alfred to perform an act of charity in that way. I shall be very anxious to hear how you are next week, & very much hope you will be able to write on Tuesday evening, or at the worst to let me hear from some one. I did intend to have thanked Mary more at large for her pleasant postscript, if indeed so comprehensive a composition deserves so slight a name, but I feel tired now, & must conclude. I have all the Oriana music here, which I will send, when I can. How is Mary's bonnet?

Ever your most affect:te

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 27 April 1833

1. Virtually all commentators have agreed with Henry Hallam's estimation (Remains, p. xxxiv) that this "attack of intermitting fever, during the prevalent influenza of the spring of 1833 may perhaps have disposed his constitution to the last fatal blow."

2. See letter 221 n. 9.
67 Wimpole St. Saturday [27 April 1833].

My dear Moxon,

I am laid up with an ague, & should be glad if you will send me Knowles's play.¹ Had I been able to stir out for the last fortnight, I would have come to thank you for your gift,² which I appreciate & like extremely. I have not yet forwarded his copy to Tennyson, for I have been much too wretched to think of anything but myself.

Very truly yours,

A H Hallam.

Addressed to Edw. Moxon Esq. / 44 Dover St.

1. Knowles's *The Wife: A Tale of Mantua*, first performed on 17 April 1833 and published by Moxon in late April or early May 1833.
2. Probably Moxon's *Sonnets*, published in May 1833; see letter 241 n. 7.
TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson’s transcript, TRC

[London.] [May 1833.]

Your book continues to sell tolerably & Moxon says the Quarterly has done good. Rogers defends you publicly as the most promising genius of the time. Sir Robert Inglis told my father he had heard from unquestionable authority that Alfred Tennyson was an assumed name like Barry Cornwall. I endeavoured to shake his scepticism, I fear without effect. I hear today that a question is put up at the Cambridge Union—"Tennyson or Milton: which the greater poet?"

1. Croker's infamous review of AT's 1832 volume appeared in the Quarterly Review 49 (April 1833): 81-96. As Shannon has pointed out (pp. 19-26), the ferocity of Croker's attack was due at least in part to AT's apparently radical connections, both through his friends and his reviewers. On 7 January 1833, Croker wrote to Murray's son that he would "undertake Tennyson and hope to make another Keats of him"; he enclosed the article on 19 January: "'Tis too long, but really there is no convincing the world of such extravagant absurdity but by actual extracts. Of all nonsense I have ever read, this seems the greatest." Lockhart responded that "you have most completely effected your purpose, and that as shortly as it could have been done. It is wonderful that such folly should pass for poetry with anybody!" (Myron F. Brightfield, John Wilson Croker [Berkeley: University of California Press, 1940], p. 350; see pages following for discussion of the review). Byron had accused Croker's notorious 1818 review of Endymion of killing Keats. Though it seems unlikely that Croker's review had the chilling effect on AT that Memoir (1:93-94) and CT (pp. 136-37) suggest, its influence is apparent from Fanny Kemble's anecdote:

I remember Mrs. Milman, one evening at my father's house, challenging me laughingly about my enthusiasm for Tennyson, and asking me if I had read a certain severely caustic and condemnatory article in the Quarterly upon his poems. "Have you read it?" said she; "it is so amusing! Shall I send it to you?" "No, thank you," said I; "have you read the poems, may I ask?" "I cannot say that I have," said she, laughing. "Oh, then," said I (not laughing), "perhaps it would be better that I should send you those?" (Girlhood, p. 184).
James Spedding's 4 November 1833 letter to Thompson, however, reported that he had heard from Milnes "that Moxon reports well of the sale of Alfred. It has paid its expenses and is making a clear profit, and the Quarterly has done him much good" (Trinity); see letter 221 n. 8.

Southey failed to concur with his fellow Tory reviewer: on 3 June 1833 he wrote to Charles Williams Wynn: "I suppose that odious criticism upon Tennison is by Croker who seems determined that the worst spirit of poor Gifford shall from time to time continue to characterize the Review" (New Letters, 2:400). An advertisement in the 5 April 1833 Times stated that the April Quarterly Review would be published the next day, and listed the review of AT.

2. Sir Robert Harry Inglis (1786-1855), Tory M.P. for Oxford University from 1829 to 1854, was a fellow of the Society of Antiquaries (of which Henry Hallam was a leading member), and president of the Literary Club. Bryan Waller Procter (1787-1874) published poems and other literary works under the name of "Barry Cornwall." The younger John Murray had assured Croker that "it is his real name which [AT] attaches to his title page" (Croker, p. 350).

3. There is no record of such a debate in the Union minutes.
My dearest Nem,

I grieve at your account of the health of the family—and however little you mention your darling self, I fear you are still condemned to much suffering. But I take some comfort in the glorious weather of yesterday & today—I know how soon a warm spring day sets you up again, & I am flattering myself just now with the pleasant thought that you are rejoicing & expanding, like a flower, beneath the touch of vernal light. As for me, now the weather has changed I mean to get quite well. There is nothing the matter with me at present except great languor, which exercise & fresh air will soon remove. Next week I intend to resume my duties, which have suffered a long interruption. This will oblige me to remain longer in town than I otherwise should, but I shall use all my endeavors to secure as early a time as I can for Somersby. Illness, weakening my nerves & spirits, has made me often lately long for the sight of you with a sad & feverish cagerness hardly supportable. In the long still nights your image was painted on my brain more vividly than I almost ever remember it—I saw, heard & almost felt you—yet knowing how far you were away, & how little aware of my sensations, I tossed restlessly on my bed of pain, & sometimes, melting into feeble sorrow, found a sort of relief in repeating over & over some Irish words I had seen in a tale which had pleased me when first taken ill. "Mavourneen deelish, acushla machree," which, being interpreted, is "my sweet darling, pulse of my heart"—a pretty phrase in any language, but inexpressibly sweet, it seemed then to my sick fancy, in those flowing Gaelic accents. All this is rather laughable when one's nerves are stronger—yet the thoughts of illness have a charm of their own—and they are blessed with peculiar grace to recall the mind from the garishness & hurry of usual life to a frame of still & collected thought, easily impressible by religion.
Health often hides God from us, and though he is as near to our every thought when we are well as when we are ill, yet we seem to become aware of his presence when the pride of life is humbled in our veins. It is then we feel, not our own pain only, but through that the general suffering condition of human nature—the weakness of man apart from God, & his immortal strength in God. We feel that God is nearer to us than any other thing—that his love is infinite, that it deserves our whole heart, & that in our heart there is a capacity to return it. That feeling is Faith, which Pascal has so beautifully defined as "Dieu sensible au cœur." What a privilege does prayer seem in such moments! What a revelation of man's true nature that word of the psalmist, "Oh Thou that hearest the prayer, unto Thee shall all flesh come."

I have read the new Channing with much pleasure. There is a great deal of eloquence in it, some very ingenious arguments, and a noble zeal in the cause of Christian morality. I think the 8th. & 9th. discourses pleased me most. I have been reading also a very interesting book by Silvio Pellico, an Italian poet, who was imprisoned ten years in an Austrian dungeon. This book is an account of his captivity, & nothing can be more beautiful than the spirit of the man under all the cruelties & horrors of the time. I think of buying the French translation for you, as I am sure you will like the book, & I am no less sure you would not read two lines of it if I sent the Italian.

Yesterday I went with my mother in the carriage to call on an invalid friend of hers who lives a little way out of town. I walked in her garden, & felt all the luxury of spring. The warmest westwind was blowing strongly but pleasantly on my cheek; I inhaled the delicious perfumes of many flowers, & feasted my eyes with their colours for the first time in the year. The grass wore that tender green never seen but in the early days of spring, & it was dotted at intervals with cheerful daisies. The very smell of the leaves as I put aside the low boughs of the garden shrubs, was inexpressibly refreshing. At some distance I saw a lilac, bending with the profusion of its blossoms. I looked above, & the sky was of the mildest blue, along which little grey clouds were continually fleeting. In my inmost heart I felt it was May. Today I am going to Kensington Gardens; the grand old trees there must be all in leaf by this time.

Goodbye, moppet. Give my love to all your good people—I hope
your next will give a better account of poor Aunt Marianne. It will never do for her to be ill—the life of the family.

Thy most affectionate

Arthur.

1. See letters 234 and 235.
2. The tale is unidentified.
3. *Pensées* (published posthumously), by Blaise Pascal (1623–62), sec. 4, 278: "C'est le coeur qui sent Dieu, et non la raison. Voilà ce que c'est que la foi: Dieu sensible au coeur, non à la raison."
6. Silvio Pellico (1789–1854) was an Italian writer and patriot; as editor of *Il Conciliatore*, a literary magazine with political-Romantic tendencies, he was imprisoned by the Austrians and sentenced to 15 years hard labor. He was released 10 years later under a general amnesty, and devoted himself to religious writing and work thereafter. *Le Mie Prigioni* was published in France in 1832; an English translation (*Memoirs of My Imprisonment*) appeared in May 1833.
7. Unidentified.
TO EMILY TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC


I hope this letter & the parcel will reach you safely. The parcel will contain the Oriana music which I am anxious to hear how you like.\(^1\) I heard it once sung by Julia Heath & I was pleased; but one can hardly judge from one time. You will also receive Silvio Pellico.\(^2\) I am sure you will agree with me that nothing can be more beautiful than the character of Silvio himself as it is artlessly unfolded to us in his own narrative. A heart so loving & so patient—amid the utmost miseries learning to look on them all not only as things to be endured with resignation, but as means of moral discipline for which thanks are owed to God—yet all the while overflowing with human sympathies, subduing even his indignation against the oppressor of his friends & himself by the force of a true charity, "hoping all things, believing all things,"\(^3\) seeking even in the refuse of the prison some good affections, & finding them because he sought them.

I also send a little edition of Pascal's Pensées. Pascal was strongly tinctured with Jansenism, but on the other hand more impressed with the power & depth of those mysterious doctrines which Channing would discard as the shreds of outworn superstition. I have no particular recollection of the sermon at New York,\(^4\) but as regards the general character of Channing's system I agree that it is not valid or satisfactory, because he does not state fairly the doctrines of his opponents, & also because the principles on which he attacks them may be applied against himself. The essential feelings of religion subsist in the utmost diversity of forms; different language does not always imply different opinions, nor different opinions any difference in real faith.

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1. See letter 235 n. 2.
2. See letter 238 for this and subsequent references.
3. 1 Corinthians 13:7: "Bearer all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things."

TO EMILY TENNYSON


A whole fortnight or more of perfect summer ere the 1st. half of May be well passed. I fear we shall suffer for this when the proper season for summer comes. Of all horrors in climate give me an English wet July. To be sure London in dogdays is very hot. The kind Nature who sent us these warm hours did not intend them to be wasted on white pavements & dusty streets of a metropolitan city.

My father met Milman one day who denies altogether having written the infamous article. He says he has made a rule never to cut up any living poet. Once he made an exception in the case of a foreigner, & to his horror when at Florence he found himself invited to meet him at breakfast. Rogers thinks the first volume decidedly superior to the 2nd. I don't quite comprehend this.

I have to announce that Pickering is going to visit Charley at Tealby Grove. I really believe he has a great regard for all your three brothers. He hopes to persuade Fred to accompany him back to town. But as Fred's £20 is probably all spent by this time in flutes & new music, this part of his scheme may not answer. Alfred's notion of going to Jersey seems an odd one. What should he do at Jersey? besides there is a bit of a revolution going on there. The South of France he hasn't money for. Sep is at an age when feeling hearts are touched with melancholy, but I trust a more active life is preparing for him. The tendencies of indulged sensibility are best counteracted, as they would have been best prevented, by early contact with the world and a course of laborious exertion in some definite pursuit.

1. The letter is dated, somewhat arbitrarily, according to AHH’s weekly pattern. Audrey Tennyson’s transcript clearly indicates that the second paragraph, printed by
Hallam Tennyson as if part of letter 237 in *Memoir*, 1:91–92, belongs to the rest of this letter.

2. See letters 237; 105 n. 8.

3. See letter 225 n. 4.

4. An article in the 9 May 1833 *Times* mentioned open hostility between the Jersey parliament, which wanted to make its sittings public, and their king, who refused his sanction.
My dearest Emily,

Some slight change has happened to my monotonous way of life this last week. My mother & sisters with the governess took a sudden whim into their heads—nay, a violent whim, quite a Tennysonian whim—to rush into country air for a week. So, after many thoughts about many places, it has ended in their squeezing into the Green Man Hotel at Blackheath. I take a six mile journey every afternoon to dine & sleep there, & then next morning return to my duties. Alfred, I doubt not, will sneer at going to Blackheath by way of country, but if you were to see the happy face of my wretched little Cockney brother, you would allow that to those beings whom you so kindly compassionate for their imprisonment in cities even this little change may be felt delightful. I don’t say that I feel it so. It is some pleasure to be sure, to look out of one’s window at night & see the stars resting their crowns of light on the dark closeleaved tufts of English park trees, or else stretching away, as in irregular flight, far up the expanse of heaven, out of the reach of that crescent moon, which immediately above our heads has faintly whitened the dusky blue around it. It is a pleasure too to see other people pleased. But it is no pleasure to hear the din of coaches driving all day across the heath, or entering the innyard. It is no pleasure to take two journeys a day on the broiling top of a coach. In truth I am rather uncomfortable in mind this week, & disposed to quarrel with my bread & butter. Next week we all move back again, & put on our most dignified demeanors to receive my cousin Caroline, who after a considerable delay, partly occasioned by our illnesses, partly by a wedding in her own family, comes to pay her promised visit. She will stay a month, but I shall endeavor to get away sooner than she does. Certainly however I cannot be with you before the latter part of June. I cannot fix the time with certainty now, but
when I write next perhaps I shall be able. My father has again thrown out hints of going abroad for a short time in the summer, & I am afraid this may shorten my visit, at which I am lowspirited. However, I have settled nothing with him yet.  

I am very glad Pellico has answered your expectations. I shall certainly permit you to hate his oppressors as much as you chuse. The extreme rigour of his treatment can be justified on no plea of state-necessity; nor can we feel much sympathy for an Austrian despot inflicting any sort or degree of punishment [on an] Italian who had sought to free his [country]. Yet we ought to remember in justice that the revolutionary plans in which Pellico was implicated were for the most part foolish & dangerous; that no government can be expected to refrain from punishing men for acts of rebellion, whatever <were> may be the individual merits of the rebels; & that the Italian dominions of Austria were assigned to her by a solemn convention of European states for the sake of the peace of Europe. I fear you will think me little better than a monster, if I talk thus, so I say no more.

I have been lately reading some French Memoirs of Imprisonments during the terrible times of the Revolution. They are very interesting, but the interest, it must be owned, is of a different character from that we feel in Pellico. After all, Silvio’s character, however heroic in passive endurance, might be found deficient in emergencies when active energy is required. I am glad the Oriana is so liked; I long to hear it, & I beg it may be in a tolerable state of perfectness by the time I come. Mariana, which you ask my opinion of, I have never seen. How should I? I think I shall write to Sep about his poetry. Pickering I suppose will not now get near Somersby, so I don’t know what he will do with a book I entrusted to him for Alfred. It is a volume of Sonnets by Moxon, which I ought to have sent with the parcel, but omitted it. The verses are very respectable, & the binding the most lovely I ever saw. Write of course to Wimpole St., as usual. I shall have my cousin’s arrival to describe next week. For the present, dearest, farewell.

Ever thy most affectionate

Arthur.
P. S. I am quite shocked that I have never inquired after Aunt Marianne's health. However as you mention her reading the Sposi I will hope she is not very bad now. It would be a tough book for a sick room. I sha'nt let Mary off her postscript, tell her.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire.
P/M 25 May 1833

1. See letter 234; Maria Katherine Elton married Major George Robbins on 28 May 1833.

2. On 1 August 1833, Stephen Spring Rice wrote to Blakesley: "Hallam is in town & going to leave it in ten days for the continent where he is going for six weeks with the govr., much to his disgust as he says that 'too much contact between the govr. & the governed is the worst possible thing' " (Blakesley MSS).

3. See letter 239 n. 2.


5. See letter 239 n. 1.

6. Unidentified; perhaps a musical setting of AT's "Mariana," or a poem by Septimus Tennyson.

7. See letters 240; 236 n. 2.

242. TO ALFRED TENNYSON

Text: Audrey Tennyson's transcript, TRC


I hope soon to hear a full and pleasant account of all you have been doing and seeing by the side of the great waters, and yet how horribly hot those Mablethorpe sandbanks must be under a sun like this. Anyhow you are sunbaked to your heart's content. C[aroline] has come; “what a difference” said my Mother “between her & Mary Tennyson, nobody could see Mary come into the room without being struck by her beauty.”

1. See letter 241 n. 1. The reference to Caroline Elton suggests that this letter might have been addressed to Emily Tennyson, but Mablethorpe was one of AT’s familiar haunts (see “Lines [Here often, when a child],” Ricks, pp. 499-500). In his 10 March 1833 letter to his Aunt Russell, AT apologized for not answering hers sooner: “I was at Mablethorpe, a miserable bathing place on our bleak, flat Lincolnshire coasts when it arrived at Somersby, and as there is no species of post between the latter and the former place, I have only just now received it.”

2. See letter 233 n. 3.

[766]
I feel tonight what I own has been too uncommon with me of late, a strong desire to write to you. I do own I feel the want of you at some times more than at others; a sort of yearning for dear old Alfred comes upon me and that without any particularly apparent reason. I missed you much at Somersby, not for want of additional excitement; I was very happy. I had never been at Somersby before without you. However I hope you are not unpleasantly employed in the land of cakes and broiled fish. I hear that you were charmed with the amiability of the Gardens; I also hear in town that the old Monteiths have been here instead of there. I trust you finished the "Gardener's daughter" and enriched her with a few additional beauties drawn from the ancient countenance of Monteith's aunt. Have you encountered any Highland girl with "a shower for her dower"?

I should like much to hear your adventures but I daresay it will be difficult to persuade you to write to Vienna whither I am going on Saturday with tolerable speed. At all events if you have any traveller's tale to tell, do not tell it often enough to get tired of it before we meet. I am going perhaps as far as Buda. I shall present your poetic respects to the Danube and to certain parts of Tyrol.

In the parcel which accompanies this you will find a volume of poems by Hartley Coleridge, much of which I think you will agree with me is exquisitely beautiful. Probably Charles & Septimus will like the Sonnets more than you will. I desire & peremptorily issue my orders that Emily may not be debarred from full, fair, and free reading of that book by any of her brothers.

1. See letter 241 n. 2. AHH probably did not arrive at Somersby before the beginning of July; he was still there on 22 July 1833, while the rest of his family was at
Clevedon. AHH and Henry Hallam apparently met in London on 30 or 31 July (Ellen Hallam’s private journal). Stephen Spring Rice’s 1 August 1833 letter reported to Blakesley that “Alfred came to Camb. the day the examinations were over [Easter Term ended on 5 July 1833], stayed there a week, came to town with Fredk., Mont[cith], Morton & myself, lost a portmanteau ‘full of Dantes & dressing gowns’ by the way, went on here in a regular Camb. debauchery style & ended by going into Scotland with Monteith” (Blakesley MSS). In his 22 June 1833 letter to Donne (Miss Johnson), Kemble hoped that AHH would join them the following week at Cambridge, and the subject and the author of In Memoriam may have last seen each other where they first met. It is doubtful that AT could have come down from Scotland for a last dinner with AHH after receiving this note (there is no substantial evidence for such a trip) as Memoir 1:103 suggests.

2. On 24 September 1833, Garden wrote to Milnes from Croy: “Alfred Tennyson was here before I came down, and like a rascal would not wait for me. He saw this part of the world in the worst of weather, which was very provoking, especially as he had previously formed a theory that Scotland had no colour—a theory which, however, that particular week may have tended to confirm” (Wemyss Reid, 1:146).

3. In the poem, Eustace represents AHH and Juliet Emily Tennyson; see Ricks, pp. 507-21.

4. Wordsworth, “To a Highland Girl,” lines 1-2: “Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower / Of beauty is thy earthly dower!”

5. 3 August 1833; see letter 244.

TO EMILY TENNYSON

MS: Princeton

Namur. Aug. 7 [1833].

Thus far into the bowels of the earth! It is but the fifth day, dearest Emily, since I <wrote> left England, & but the sixth since I wrote to thee, yet the days seem so crowded with changes of scene & new things that I can hardly believe it so little. Nothing however of any particular interest has yet occurred—you must wait until I get somewhat farther—down into the Alpine valleys of Tyrol, by the banks of the majestic Danube, or at least among quaint old German cities before my letters can be expected to be amusing.

Saturday last, the 3d. August, being my sister Ellen's birthday, as you may have learned from the note of hers I sent you,\(^1\) we left London in a steamvessel, not however for Ostend, as I had told you we probably should, but for Calais. I had never made this voyage before, & I don't much wish to make it again. The vessel is one of the worst I ever was in—no berths or any sort of accommodation below—very small, & calculated to make one feel the terrible pitching of my old friend & yours, the North Sea, just off the Foreland, & afterwards where he gives a rough embrace to British Channel in the Straits of Dover. The company were all very sick—& after holding out bravely for about nine hours, I succumbed to the common doom. The last few hours (we were twelve in all) were cold & rather wretched—I sat on deck, wrapping my head in my cloak, & endeavoring to keep off my qualms with thoughts of Somersby, much as Byron represents one of his heroes in similar circumstances.\(^2\) The moon however was beautiful on the tremulous swell of the sea; & the Harbour Lights from Calais & the Foreland gleamed in wild & fitful contrast to her mild steady light: nevertheless, spite of moon & lights, I was glad to be safely housed in Rignolle's Hotel. The passengers by the bye were not particularly amusing: two French ladies, probably milliners, excited some merriment at dinnertime by the extravagant attention they lavished on a horrid little puppy, of no sort of breed or name, whom

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they called "le plus beau des chiens! le cher petit chien," & amidst anxious fears for his state of stomach, kept pouring the sauce of currantpie down his throat, which they afterwards complaisantly sipped themselves out of the same plate.

The country from Calais on the road to Lille is at first very ugly—marshy ground with willowstumps—but afterwards it becomes better, & indeed the greater part of French Flanders is a kind of country I am fond of—rich, fertile plain—with a few slight hills—thickly strewed with villages; corn & beanfields alternating, neither entirely without hedges as in most parts of France, nor yet every field closed up with them as in England. The harvest is far advanced here—wheat almost everywhere cut, & delicious <rich> ripe waving crops of oats & barley ready for the sickle. [The] peasants of Flanders are not usually picturesque—their [dre]ss is rather slovenly, & their features not handsome—but while harvesting they look very pleasant—the old women seem the labourers most in request, busily employed in piling the sheaves, or reposing beside them, their work being done, with handkerchiefs over their heads to keep off the sun—the little children as busy gleaning—& over all the rich light of the summer day. Yesterday we met a harvest home—a tree was stuck upright on the load, & lots of little Belgians were shouting round it, much as little English might have done. Tell Alfred we slept at Cassel, not at the old inn, where the Hypocras was so good, & the waiter so perfect, but at another, much superior in situation, although not equal in waiters. 3

Yesterday we slept at Mons, where the Cathedral is worth seeing; very rich Gothic. That at Tournay too is remarkable, as a specimen of the transition style between rounded & pointed arches. 4 Ask Alfred whether he recollects a postillion who drove us from Ath, & observed upon our having Virgil in the carriage: I was driven by him again, & he recognised me, & complimented me on my better looks. The descent upon Namur along the wooded bank of the Sambre is fine. Today I go through the Forest of Ardennes, & as I must be off in a minute, having barely stolen time to write, I must say goodbye. We travel very fast, & shall only stop one day before we reach Constance. I trust you wrote last Sunday.

Ever, ever thine affectionate

Arthur.
1. See letter 243 nn. 1, 5. Ellen Hallam recollected receiving a letter at Clevedon from AHH on her 17th birthday: "[It] affected me more than the occasion seemed to warrant. I thought it was only his excessive kindness which caused my tears to flow—but why should that have produced a painful impression?" (private journal).

2. Don Juan, canto 2, lines 81-168.

3. AHH refers to their summer 1830 trip to the south of France; see letter 92. Hippocras is a spiced wine.

4. Both are towns in southwest Belgium; the Cathedral of St. Waudru at Mons was begun in 1460; that of Notre-Dame at Tournai in 1030.
Salzburg. Aug. 24 [1833].

My dearest Emily,

I spoke in my last letter of the beauties of the upper extremity of the Lake of Constance, decidedly preferable to the part near Constance itself. I bade farewell to it Sunday the 18th., taking the road from Lindau to Bregenz—on one side above the green vines, the shade of orchard trees, & the smoke of peaceful cottages, rose a line of hills, not very lofty, but remarkable for their wildly contorted strata, & the abruptness of their jutting edges—on the other lay the little bay which finishes the lake, & beyond it stretched before me the Vorarlberg—a large basin, closed on all sides but that of my entrance by the Alpine chains that form the barriers of Tyrol. Keeping these majestic mountains in view we crossed the plain & slept that night at Bludenz, a small village at its further end. Next morning, we proceeded to pass the Arlberg or Adlerberg, as it is otherwise called (Mountain of the Eagle)—the day was rainy, & thick clouds covered all the summits & even the sides of the hills; still I felt my spirits rise at feeling myself once more among my old favorite objects—the torrent rushing impetuously beneath me, its turbid grey waters flashing into white foam along the rocky channel—the ragged green of the declivities beside it, strewed with numerous & irregular fragments of rock—the pines above these stretching up the mountain, into the cloud—the waterfall, swollen with recent storms, gushing down in all directions, & seeming, as I stopped to listen, like the voices of the eternal hills. Towards afternoon the day cleared & shewed the ramparts of bold bare crags that rose perpendicularly above our narrow & winding road, with the masses of snow lying thick in the hollows, or stretching along the cliff in slender brilliant lines.

After descending the Adlerberg, we entered the long & wide valley, called the Upper Valley of the Inn, which reaches to Innspruck.
Nothing can be more deliciously green—not England itself—than these vales of Tyrol. The cottages are generally of wood, like those in Switzerland, with large penthouses, & long outer galleries running round the house, under which is usually piled a heap of wood for fuel, placed there probably with the double purpose of keeping itself from wet, & the house from cold. The Inn is a fine river, one of the largest tributaries of the Danube. The scenery of the Ober Innthal grows somewhat tamer as we approach Innspruck—yet only by comparison—for far be it from me to say anything in disparagement of Innspruck, a handsome town situated in an enclosure of mountains, at the meeting of the two principal valleys of the country. The only thing worth seeing in the town itself, is the Chapel of the Emperor Maximilian, containing his tomb and twenty eight statues in carved bronze—very grand indeed, semicolossal in size, & worthy guardians of a mighty Emperor's repose. They are statues of the most distinguished early princes of the Austrian family, & some <fabulous> legendary heroes along with them, as Theodoric the Goth, Arthur of England, Clovis of France, who have very little to do with the place they are in, except that they look so grand there, no one could wish them away. I had seen this chapel when I was at Innspruck before, some years ago, & it has been lingering dimly in my imagination since that time. I always used to think of it, when reading a stanza in St. Agnes Eve which I don't remember well enough to quote.

The Unter Innthal is considered inferior to its upper sister, & well for us that it is so, for the rain was so heavy the whole of our first day's journey from Innspruck, that we saw hardly anything. Next morning too began in clouds, but about eight o'clock the sun exerted his power, & broke them cheerfully in all directions. It was a fine sight, such as one sees only among the hills. First of all were discerned the dim outlines of surrounding mountains, looming through the mist; then appeared, like floating islands of the air, whole peaks & crags in clear sunlight; & in a few minutes or moments the large volumes of cloud were completely rolled away, save here & there a bright silver zone girdling the pineforest, or some looser form of exhalation steaming slowly upwards. This mountain clearing must be what Virgil would paint, when he says "Aperire procul montes, et volvere fumum"—"the hills began to open, & the smoke to roll"—which the stupid commentators explain as referring to the smoke of cottages. I
am more & more convinced how necessary the knowledge of Southern climates & mountainous countries is to the right understanding of classical poetry & mythology. For instance, what to us seems so absurd as the constant coming down of a cloud to wrap some hero or some god? Because we think of clouds up some miles in the atmosphere. But here, & in places like these (Greece was such), to be enveloped in a cloud is the most natural thing in the world. I have little doubt again, that the notion of the gods residing on the heights of mountains, arose not so much from those heights being invisible through clouds, as from the contrary occasion of their being visible, but separated from the valley by belts of cloud, just as I saw them that morning.

The scenery of the Vale of the Saal, which we next entered, is grander & wilder than any that had preceded it; resembling in some degree the long sloping gorges of the Pyrenees. I am not sure that of all delightful situations in the world, the most delightful is not that of Salzburg. Placed beneath low, but richly picturesque hills, such as "savage Rosa dashed," it looks on one side to a fertile plain which reaches far into Bavaria, on the other to a multitude of Alpine peaks, inclosing wooded valleys. The town itself is quite Italian—spacious squares, with handsome fountains—large, wellbuilt streets—the architecture elegant, & somewhat effeminate—the environs laid out in the most pleasant lanes & avenues you can imagine. Is not this a jewel of a place? I have sworn in my secret soul that I will come here again some day, God willing, & not alone, Nem; nor am I quite clear that ten years hence we may not have made a home of Salzburg. Is Alfred mad meanwhile that he does not employ his annual hundred in instantly coming to this place, & staying as long as he possibly can? Is Fred unwitting of its existence, that Salzburg never enters into his pleasant Utopias? There is an additional reason for his coming—Mozart was born, & Haydn died here.

Yesterday we drove to the Königs See—King’s Lake—formerly called S. Bartholomew's Lake, returning in the evening. The whole drive is most beautiful; the approach to the Lake reminded me of that to Loch Katrine; & the first part of the lake itself is not unlike, only the mountains are much loftier. They are clothed with forests of larch, & pine & mountain ash, & are wellpeopled, not only with chamois, but Fays & Goblins of all descriptions. Within the hidden
caverns of the surrounding mountains resides the long lost Emperor Frederic with his Court & Army: at night martial music is heard to peal over the lake, & at times long processions of monks are seen to wind among the trees, & with ghostly voices chaunt the masses for the dead. I saw none of them, but instead I had a fine view of a Geyer, or Vulture of the largest sort, wheeling in the most majestic style at an awful height above us. I have attempted to give you a sketch of the upper end of the lake, but the pen is so bad, that together with my want of skill I fear you will get little good from it. The shadowing is meant to express trees; & I have put a little s where patches of snow were lying, & a c where a cloud was resting. You must fancy me standing opposite these mountains with the dark calm lake between me & them. We took boat & made the tour of the lake, landing to see a cascade, which was no great matter; however I picked up a stone, wet with the spray, which I destine for your workbox. Happy pebble, did it but know its happiness!

The Tyrolese are an uncivilised race, possessing apparently the virtues & vices of the savage state. They seem very religious; crucifixes every hundred yards, & dressed figures of saints sitting in the galleries of the cottages. Most of the houses too have Fresco daubs of Holy Families, which seem intended to serve the purpose of ancient Lares, for there are words underneath praying that the house may be preserved. The Tyrolese, both sexes, are handsomer far than the Swiss. The women have a bold way of staring at one, which in a town one would take for effrontery, but in the mountains I suppose one is bound to consider it the rugged intrepidity of virtue. The postillions, as they drive along, chaunt national songs with that peculiar intonation of the throat which you may have heard, or at least heard of. They have not the slightest scruple at turning round into the carriage & asking one for tobacco. Some of them are ferocious looking creatures, & as they usually carry a couple of knives in their girdle, it is rather necessary to regulate one's behaviour accordingly. The women wear highcrowned, broadrimmed hats, which they seldom take off even in the house. The language talked is a bad Patois-German, which puzzles even our servant. Italian sometimes helps us a little—more, decidedly, than French.

Now, my own pet, I shall say farewell for this time. I shall write you another letter before I get yours at Vienna. I fear you may find this one difficult to read. Give my love to all the dear people.
Ever thine own affectionate

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire / Angleterre.
P/M 4 September 1833

1. This letter apparently has been lost.
2. Bregenz, at the east end of Lake Constance, was the capital of the Vorarlberg region.
3. The Arlberg pass is 5,910 feet.
4. Innsbruck was the capital of the Tyrol.
5. Maximilian I (1459-1519), king of Germany in 1486, became Holy Roman emperor in 1493. Theodoric (454?-562), king of the Ostrogoths and sole ruler of Italy in 493, was known as Dietrich von Bern in Teutonic legends. Clovis I (466?-511) was one of the earliest rulers of the Franks. Other statues represent members of Maximilian’s family or previous rulers of Germany.
8. James Thomson, The Castle of Indolence, canto 1, stanza 38: “And now rude mountains frown amid the skies; / Whate’er Lorrain light-touched with softening hue, / Or savage Rosa dashed, or learned Poussin drew.”
9. Mozart was born in Salzburg (1756) and died in Vienna (1791), where Franz Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) also died. AHH may refer to his young brother, Johann Michael Haydn (1737-1806), who died in Salzburg, where he was musical director to the archbishop for forty years. There is a monument to him in St. Peter’s Church in Salzburg.
10. Approximately fifteen miles south of Salzburg in extreme southeastern Bavaria.
11. Probably Frederick I (1123?-1190), Holy Roman emperor in 1152, nicknamed Barbarossa (“red-beard”). He drowned while on the Third Crusade, but according to legend sleeps with his court in a cavern in the Kyffhäuser mountains, his beard still growing, until his country calls for his aid. But the legend has also been transferred to his grandson, Frederick II (1194-1250), Holy Roman emperor in 1215.
12. See accompanying reproduction of AHH’s sketch.
My dearest Nem,

I hope you have my Constance & Lindau letter by this time, & I fancy your sweet eyes brightening with pleasure at the thought of lakes & mountains, & a little sigh, hardly audible, & expressive rather of a soft melancholy, than any more painful feeling, at the cruel circumstances which prevent your seeing countries so calculated to delight you. But that hour is to come, Nem; I believe devoutly in its approach; & then only shall I be able to give myself up to unmixed enjoyment of the beautiful sights of this earth, when you, my only beloved, are by my side, beholding those sights, & sharing that enjoyment.

Saturday last we staid at Salzburg, & wandered about that pleasant town & its environs. I described them sufficiently in my last letter, & shall give no more particulars. Sunday we set out on a three day's expedition into the mountains. The first thing we stopped to see was the Château of Hellbrunn, very little worth seeing, being laid out in the worst possible taste—large lumbering grounds, with trees studiously placed so as to spoil a noble prospect—& contemptible little tricks of water, which is made to spout about in all sorts of unexpected ways & places, reminding one not a little of Freisondin's practical jokes in Undine.

Next we staid to see the Salt Mines at Hallein, which was highly interesting. Leaving the carriage at the Posthouse, we were dragged in a car of the country up a steep ascent, at the top of which we found a small house, where we were clothed in miner's garments, white jackets & trousers, and a very ludicrous figure we cut, as you may suppose. Two or three parties were there, & amongst them one lady, who was forced to equip herself in precisely the same costume. She took it very coolly, laughed a little, & seemed quite at her ease en
homme, but I question whether an Englishwoman (she was French) would have submitted so readily. Nevertheless I have known our countrywomen do queer things enough, when out of England. When we were dressed, we were led to a little hole in the side of the mountain, which we entered, & found ourselves in a long narrow corridor, just high enough, & wide enough, for one person to walk in, hollowed out of the solid rock, & in part supported by rafters. Along this, one by one, & every second person carrying a light, we proceeded slowly for several hundred yards. The rock was partly gypsum, partly salt; as we got further on, it became pure salt, & as the light of our torches flashed on it we saw how beautiful the coloured veins were. I broke off a bit for you, but unluckily lost it. After some time, our guides halted, & informed us we were come to a slide. Placed on an inclined plane of smooth wood, one behind the other, grasping a rope on one side, & on the other doing our best to avoid the sharp edges of the rock, we slid down with considerable velocity into the heart of the earth. Then another long gallery—then a second slide, rather steeper than the first. After the third passage, we suddenly came upon an immense subterraneous lake, the reservoir of the running water employed to carry off the salt. Here we entered a boat, & were ferried across, the ceiling almost touching our heads as we sat in the boat, but seeming by a curious optical illusion to open out into a spacious vault immediately beyond the exact position we were in at each moment. The row of lights, set at wide intervals all round this dreary pool, seemed doubled by their reflection in the water, which the gloom prevented our discerning from reality. Altogether a scene so like the Acheron of fable, & a boat so like honest Charon's, I never expected to see on earth, or I shd. rather say on this side the grave, for on earth I certainly was not, but about seven hundred feet below its surface. There are twenty eight of these lakes, but we only had this one to cross. In all we had five slides, & as many galleries, in the last of which we suddenly met two large open carts, or rather planks upon wheels, for there were no sides. On these we were placed astride, & a man in front of each, seising these vehicles by a sort of pole, began to run at full speed, whirling us after him. The wind made by our speed was sharply cold, & soon extinguished our lights: however on went the men like mad, holding a dark lantern, & calling to each other with wild cries. It was not very easy to keep one's seat, but very necessary,
for the least slip would have ground one to pieces against the rock, the
gallery not being above four feet wide. After a long journey of this
novel description, we perceived a glimmer of light ahead; gradually it
widened & brightened; & at length we had the satisfaction of rushing
out into broad day, with blinded eyes & oppressed limbs, at the foot
of the mountain, & near the place where we began to ascend in the
car.

When we had refreshed ourselves with dinner, we re-entered our
carriage & went on that night as far as Werfen, a village beautifully
situated beneath a wall of grand Alp crags, with a pretty castle on a
hill of pines. Before we reached it, we traversed a wild mountain pass,
called the Luig Pass, during which we were led on foot some way out
of the road to see what is called the Ofen, a savage chasm, where from
narrow wooden bridges slung at great heights <over> from rock to
rock, one may gaze at the foaming torrent working its way far beneath.
Tell Alfred it was something like the Pont d'Espagna in the Pyrenees,
& he will have an idea of it. The little village of Werfen was in a high
state of festivity when we arrived there; the Superintendent of the
Roads, a great person of the place, was to be married on the morrow
to a great lady, the niece of some Baron, <but who> also a resident
in Werfen. The bridegroom had apparently given money to the
peasants, for they were waltzing, drinking & shouting con amore. In
the inn, where we were, was laid out a sumptuous breakfast, ready for
the [next?] morning. At first, as is usual with me on these occasions, I
was seised with an inward [agony?], & felt disposed to resent the
Superintendent's happiness & [. . . . ] insult. However, after a pipe
or two, I thought bet[ter] of it, & [resolved?] to see as much of the
wedding as I could. Next morning at eight o'clock all the population
was out, anxiously looking towards the bride's house: shortly she
appeared, dressed in blue, very simply, led by her father in spruce
black, & attended by six or seven [lad]ies in white, with flowers in
their hair. <Presently the bridegroom> They came into the inn,
where the bridegroom was waiting: the first salutation I did not see, as
the company was in the breakfastroom, & I remained outside the
house, but presently they issued forth, the father still on the right
hand, & the Superint. on the left, & followed by the crowd entered the
Church, which was decorated with [pi]llars [?] of flowers. When the
priest appeared at the altar, the old man [gave] his fair charge to the

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young one; the couple knelt before the priest; & he began [the] service in German, but I could not wait for the ring, as the horses were ready. T[he] lady was not very handsome, albeit it seemed sacrilege to the good Werfenites not to think so; truth obliges me to say she was heavily made, & her feet clumsy; she seemed two or three good years older than the Super, who looked about my age. I shd. not omit to say he was also in black, with a prodigious nosegay in his button hole.

From Werfen we went to Hof Gastein, passing the pretty cascade of Lentbach, & the Pass of Clamm, really one of the very grandest mountainpasses I have ever seen. As far as I recollect the Splugen & Simplon, they had more varied scenery, & lasted longer, but not far behind them comes the Clamm, & I desire you to hold it in due honour. This pass closes up on one side the valley of Gastein, which contains [the] little [town of] Hof Gastein, where we slept that night, & the Wild Baths of Gastein as they are properly called, a mountain [spa?] to which we proceeded next day. This is remarkable besides the general grandeur of the situation and the amusing contrast of gay carriages and watering place festivities, for a magnificent waterfall or rather series of falls occupying altogether more than six hundred feet. Walks are cut in the hill alongside and benches placed at the best points of view, so I saw it very comfortably without scrambling. There is a considerable body of water and the abrupt turns of its rocky descent precipitate the foaming flood in the most varied, but all beautiful directions. It was beautiful to see the still boughs of the mountain ash, with its bright scarlet berries, leaning over the boiling agony of the fiercest fall; beautiful too to see the large drops, thrown off from the curving water just where it is hurled over the rounded rock, assuming bright crystal colours, & looking as they were pieces of solid silver carried down from the mountain.

In the evening we returned to Hof Gastein, & next day to Salzburg. Pass Clamm was still grander, if possible, this time; we came to it early in the morning, & the clouds lying low in the valleys completely surrounded us, so that we saw nothing at first, except the outline of the heights, which by a usual optical effect of a cloud-medium appeared far higher than they really were, & not only impending over us, but literally projected in the air above our heads. That evening I took a pleasant walk at Salzburg, over the bridge—the rapid Salzach.
rushing beneath—the long pointed shad[ows] of the houses chequer­­ing the column of light which the full moon threw <over> along the river—the castle behind, <rising> towering dimly above the town—­the tall Italian looking houses opposite, rising directly from the water—the women walking, without bonnets, as in Italy—all these pleasant objects delighted & yet grieved me; they were too Italian not to be Italy; I felt a yearning for the South come over me, & I began to have doubts whether I could fix my abode at Salzburg. Yesterday, Thursday, we came on to Ischel, another wateringplace, full of gay invalids, passing through a most beautiful tract of country, mountainous still, but of a milder, richer character, & what one might call subalpine. We passed two lakes, the Flussel See & the Wolfgang See, which I want words to praise. Anything more perfect than looking at a perfect blue lake through perfect green pines on a perfect cloudless day I do not know—do you?

Today we have come over another lake in a boat—the Traun See—to which, through which & from which rushes the river Traun, which I have absolutely fallen in love with. Such a clear, blue, limpid, rapid angel of a stream I know not elsewhere. Were the Nymph of the Traun to make herself visible to my mortal eyes, I sadly fear—I hope not—but I sadly fear you wd. run a great chance of being forgotten. I write now from the further end of this delicious lake, having my eyes on a semicircle of purple hills, that embrace its placid water. It is my last Alpine view, for tomorrow I leave the region of mountains, & strike off into plain country towards Vienna. But I shall not put this letter into the Post, before I have seen the great Fall of the Traun, some miles off, called the Niagara of Austria.

[Linz. Aug. 31] I have seen the Fall; as for its being like Niagara, that is stuff; but next to the Rheinfall at Schaffausen I suppose it is the best river-fall in Europe. The whole river comes down, but the descent is not more than 40 feet. The Rhine is 80. This cataract is remarkable for three things; 1st. the beauty of the curve made by the principal body of water; 2ndly. the still greater beauty of the [Iris]; I never saw a brighter rainbow, not even over the sky; 3rdly. the facility of approach: I stood actually between the rock & the water, deafened by the roar, wet by the spray, & within one step of a death quicker than thought. I felt the impulse to plunge, & wisely withdrew. Farewell, darling.
1. See letter 245 n. 1.
2. This imperial chateau three miles south of Salzburg was noted for its elaborate fountains and gardens. AHH refers to Undine's uncle, Kühleborn, the water goblin; he may have confused the name with the legendary Freiherr von Güttingen, whose castle sank into Lake Constance. See letter 203 n. 9.
3. This popular trip lasted approximately ninety minutes.
4. Acheron was one of the rivers in Hades.
5. Werfen is approximately 25 miles south of Salzburg.
6. The letter has been cut here; the smaller fragment is at TRC.
7. Hof Gastein, 47 miles south of Salzburg, noted for its hot baths, was capital of the Gastein valley. The waterfall near Lend is part of the Gasteiner Ache, which also forms the Klamm Pass. The Splügen and Simplon passes are 25 and 29 miles respectively.
8. Ischl, a tourist and health resort, is on the Traun river, 51 miles southwest of Linz; the Fuschlsee and Wolfgangsee are east of Salzburg towards Gmunden, which lies at the northern edge of the Traunsee.
I have left now my glorious mountains & not without regret. I felt better in health & spirits whilst I was among them than either before or since. I do not think mountains ever seemed so sublime to me as this time in Tyrol & Salzburg. Perhaps coming to them fresh from Somersby, I was better fitted to enjoy them than if I had come from the vulgar occupations of the world. All noble sentiments are congenial & accustom the mind one to another. I have been wondering whether I should like to live in a mountainous country & I find much to be said on both sides. Certainly, for the reason I have just mentioned, the habitual sight of mountains must tend to cherish generous sentiments in the mind. Nay, the association is one of the simplest possible & works almost infallibly. Characters of boldness, freedom, elevation, permanence, simplicity are stamped too visibly on the surrounding objects not to awaken in the beholder a spirit of independence & self respect. History shows us examples of attachment to country in the inhabitants of hills, which we find nowhere in plains. Yet, it may be, for one born in a plain & bred in a plain there would be felt a want in mountains which all their beauty & grandeur would never supply.

The squares & streets here are wide & well built; everything wears an appearance of gaiety & liveliness. Altogether I should say Vienna resembles Paris but is more uniformly handsome, although perhaps the best quartiers in Paris are superior to any here. We have seen the Imperial Palace which is not worth much although the Treasure Chamber contains curious things for people who have a weakness for gold & silver. The largest diamond in the world <was> is there. There is a collection of curiosities at Schönbrunn, the Imperial countryhouse just outside the town—where you may remember poor Pellico was told to stand aside when the Emperor came by. This is the dull time of the year; <nobody> the Prater the great public drive is
perfectly empty and I never saw a more insipid place, worse even than the Corso at Milan or the Cascine at Florence which I used to think the most stupid drives possible.\(^5\)

The pictures of course are the great thing at Vienna; the gallery is grand and I longed for you: two rooms full of Venetian pictures only; such Giorgiones, Palmas, Bordones, Paul Veroneses! and oh Alfred such Titians! by Heaven, that man could paint! I wish you could see his Danaë. Do you just write as perfect a Danaë! Also there are two fine rooms of Rubens, but I know you are an exclusive, and care little for Rubens, in which you are wrong; although no doubt Titian's imagination and style are more analogous to your own than those of Rubens or of any other school.\(^6\)

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1. Hallam Tennyson supplied the dual address on his wife's transcript; obviously both AT and Emily read AHH's letters from Europe.

2. See letter 243 n. 1.

3. The treasure chamber in the Hofburg (residence of Austrian princes from the thirteenth century) included various imperial vestments of the Austrian and Holy Roman empires. The "Florentine" diamond, over 133 carats, was once the property of Charles the Bold (1433–77).

4. Schönbrunn, intended to rival Versailles, was completed early in the eighteenth century; it was the favorite residence of Maria Theresa (1717–80) and contained many portraits of the Hapsburgs. See also letter 241 n. 3.

5. The Praterstrasse leads into the Prater, a park and forest opened to the public in 1776; the Corso Vittorio Emanuele is one of the main shopping areas in Milan; the Cascine, a fashionable rendezvous, is bounded by the Arno and the Mugnone. See AT's description of Vienna, drawing upon AHH's letters, in JM 98:

   And yet myself have heard him say,  
   That not in any mother town  
   With statelier progress to and fro  
   The double tides of chariots flow  
   By park and suburb under brown  
   Of lustier leaves; nor more content,  
   He told me, lives in any crowd,  
   When all is gay with lamps, and loud  
   With sport and song, in booth and tent,  
   Imperial halls, or open plain;  
   And wheels the circled dance, and breaks  

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The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

6. The Imperial Gallery is especially rich in Italian and old German works; in addition to two rooms of works by Rubens (1577-1640), there is nearly a full room of Titian's paintings and works by Giorgione (ca. 1477-1510), Palma Vecchio (1480?-1528), and Bordone (1500-1571). According to the preface to Remains (p. xiii), "In one of the last days of [AHH's] life, he lingered long among the fine Venetian pictures of the Imperial Gallery at Vienna."
Ma douce amie,

You know I always had a decided inclination for Hungary. The idea of it has been a pleasant one to my imagination, ever since I used to look at its oval shape in the map, in my childish days, & thought it the plumpest bit of Europe. It was coloured yellow in all the maps I knew, & this circumstance, I suppose, led me to imagine it always as a vast, dusty plain, with a great deal of sand, & a hot vertical sun. Well—now I am in Hungary—& "Yarrow visited" is not extremely unlike "Yarrow unvisited." It is an immense plain, the monotony of whose surface is broken here & there by slight ridges running across, & bounded by the lofty chain of the Carpathians. Some of these lines of hills are sandstone, so far realising my early impressions; others are primitive rocks, which must have preceded by many thousand years the existence of the large sea, which once filled all the basin of Hungary & Lower Germany, & washed the sides of the Alps, as geological records testify. I have broken off for you a piece of granite from a small hillock near Presburg. The Hungarian plain is very ill cultivated, & in most parts presents the appearance of an extensive, irregular common, with trees growing over it in a scattered manner. It is very illpeopled too; for miles sometimes one does not see a house: the villages are large & straggling, composed of low cottages, not unlike Irish cabins, with one window or at most two on the groundfloor, placed not in the middle, but just at the corner, and above, two apertures to admit air, which are often drollly shaped in the figure of an eye.

The peasantry look wilder than any I have seen; they have an Asiatic cast of countenance; & their costume—long, loose linen trousers, blue jackets, & woollen or fur caps, sometimes exchanged for slouching hats—contributes still more to make me fancy myself out of Europe. Their language, the Magyar, is said to bear more
resemblance to the Kalmuck than to any Caucasian tongue. It seems, as far as I can judge, harmonious; I have learned a few words: "Utza" is a street; "Kapunál" a gate; "Vendez-fogado," an Inn: "Harung," the number Three; Nem, is No. I hope you like your new dignity as a Magyar negative. Some villages in the country have a purely German, & some a Slavonic population; both languages, especially the former, are frequently spoken; and the gentlemen of Hungary are in the habit of speaking Latin—but I find the accounts of Latin being spoken universally quite unfounded. Indeed the native language has supplanted it even in the Diet, & it seems a point of honour with Magyar patriots to keep up Magyar.

One of the most remarkable features of this country is the abundance of horses. The common waggons & carts have four, six, or even eight harnessed to them, & come galloping by, like a mailcoach. The peasants have established regular relays of horses in opposition to the Post, & as they give more horses, charge less, & take one quicker, it is decidedly worth while to adopt the plan. They drive at a fierce rate over the most abominable roads, but I don't hear that they upset often. If on the way <they> the driver falls in with a friend, driving four or five loose horses, a few words of greeting are exchanged, the said friend mounts beside said driver, fastens his horses all abreast of the others, & so on we go with eight or ten courser instead of the four we started with! I slept one night in an Hungarian village, & have never been so near the extreme limits of civilisation: the people brought no towels or basin till they were sent for, & declared it was their custom to put only one sheet, & that a short one, on their beds!

I have seen the four principal towns, Presburg, Raab, Gran, & Pesth. I was rather smitten with Presburg. It has a riant appearance; the view from the Castle-hill of the surrounding plain, with the Carpathians in the distance, is a fine one; & the Danube is magnificent. There are several good houses, the residences of Hungarian nobles, many of whom, by the bye, are enormously rich. It was Sunday evening, when I was there, & all the quality of Presburg were out in the public gardens, where there was a very good display of fireworks. Presburg however, being only seven hours' journey from Vienna, is almost German: Raab & Gran took me more into the heart of Hungary. The former is not remarkable, but the situation of the latter in the bosom
of the small sandhills I mentioned, is sufficiently agreeable, & when
the new palace, which is building there on a grand scale, is finished, I
have no doubt Gran will rise considerably in importance. There is a
monument by Canova there; & the tombs of all sorts of Primates &
Cardinals, belonging to the good old Hungarian times. But of all
places Pesth is the place for me! I had no notion that after three days’
travel through barbarism I shd. emerge into a splendid capital. Ofen,
better known by its native name, Buda, occupies the right bank of
the Danube & immediately opposite, joined by a bridge of boats, is
Pesth, the more modern of the two, & the least historically
interesting, but far the better in appearance. The long quay, & line
of high, handsome houses beside the river, reminded me of the
Lung’Arno at Florence, but the Danube leaves the Arno far behind. It
is really a divine river. You see it too to much greater advantage from a
bridge of boats, as here & at Presburg, because you are nearer the
surface: the height of common bridges of course diminishes the effect
of the size of the rivers. Besides, is there anything more pleasant
than to hear the rush & gurgle of the water against the boats, while
smoking the best Hungarian tobacco out of a true Meerschaum just
beginning to colour, & looking at the lights from both banks
twinkling magically through the exhalations which in the evening are
sent up from this mighty stream? There is a Museum here of natural
curiosities, tolerably worth seeing, & all of Hungarian production:
amongst which are some respectable stuffed vultures & lynxes, &
several Mammoth-bones. By a lucky accident the Steamer from
Belgrade came in just as we arrived: several strange looking human
things on board—some clothed in rough sheepskins—some in skins
costensively variegated, in the style of savage dandyism—whom I take to
be Wallachian peasants. Tomorrow we return to Vienna, & waiting
there one or two days, shall strike northwards to Prague. Today is, if I
mistake not, Mary’s birthday: I shall not fail to drink her health in a
glass of Tokay, & to wish her all happiness, both in prosperity of
circumstances, & peace of mind. Tokay, I think, deserves its fame, as
the best of the rich, sweet wines; but one cannot drink much of it.
The common wines of this country, & indeed of all South-eastern
Germany are very poor.

I have left one or two particulars of Vienna untold—for instance,
the Theatres. I went four times—once to a Melodramatic, high-heroic
play, called Peter Szapar, which harmonious hero was a Hungarian general taken by the Turks, & blest with a wife who gets him out of prison in man’s clothes. The acting indifferent. Also to a sentimental comedy of Kotzebue, which greatly affected the good German hearts of the pit. A certain Mile Peche was very pretty, & acted very well. Besides this I saw two Operas—one being "Zampa," a new Opera by Herold, a modern composer of the Weber school, full of devilry & flames & speaking statues, & some very pretty music in parts. The second I saw was no less than Robert Le Diable, admirably got up: I was delighted with Meyerbeer’s music, & also with the spectacle, for it really is a most effective Opera. A Mme. Ernst was the Prima Donna: she is not first rate, but very good second: a very clear, but somewhat too shrill voice. There were some good men singers; especially one Wild, a tenor, whom I think certainly superior to Donzelli, & I shd. not be surprised to see him in London. There are two good private collections of pictures, the Lichtenstein, which contains a fine room of Rubens’s, & an exquisite Corregio, and the Esterhazy, which is particularly strong in Spanish pictures. In England we hardly know any Spanish painter but Murillo: yet are there many others of extraordinary merit; Zurbaron, Coello, Cano, Ribalta &c. In the Augustine Church is a beautiful Monument by Canova—and in the Public Gardens, within a small temple, stands his famous Theseus destroying the Minotaur.

Adio, carissima—my love to all.
Ever thy most affectionate,

Arthur.

Addressed to Miss Emily Tennyson / Somersby Rectory / Spilsby / Lincolnshire / England.
P/M 25 September 1833.

1. See Wordsworth’s "Yarrow Unvisited," "Yarrow Visited," and "Yarrow Revisited"; AHH prefaced his "Timbuctoo" with a quotation from the first.
2. Pressburg (now Bratislava) was formerly the capital of Hungary, where the coronation of the Hapsburg kings was held. Gran (now Esztergom) was the see of the primate of Hungary (supposedly the richest in Europe); its cathedral (begun in 1821, completed in 1856) contained a marble monument (not identified as Canova's) of Archduke Karl Ambrosius, archbishop of Gran and primate of Hungary.

3. The National Museum housed a library and gallery of paintings.

4. Wallachia was a former principality in southern Romania.

5. See letter 200 n. 12.


7. Unidentified, though undoubtedly based on the life of one of the count Szapárs of the eighteenth century.

8. August Ferdinand von Kotzebue (1761-1819), German writer and conservative political figure, assassinated by a student for attacking the Burschenshaft movement, published over 200 dramatic works. Theresa Peche (1806-64) was a successful German actress.

9. Zampa, ou la Fiancée de Marbre, by Louis Ferdinand Hérold (1791-1833), was first produced in Paris in 1831; Robert le Diable, by Giacomo Meyerbeer (1791-1864), was first produced in Paris (1831) and performed in London in February 1832. Mme Ernst has not been identified. Franz Wild (1792-1860), an Austrian tenor, studied with Rossini in Paris and appeared in London in 1840; Domenico Donzelli (1790-1873), an Italian tenor who was also a pupil of Rossini, had performed in London in 1829 and 1832-33.

10. The Liechtenstein gallery at the Rossau palace also contained works by Leonardo, Caravaggio, Van Dyke, and Poussin; the Esterhazy, known primarily for its Spanish paintings, included works by Francisco Zurbaran (1598-1664), Claudio Coello (1642-93), Alonso Cano (1601-67), and Francisco Ribalta (1565-1628).

11. The allegorical monument to the Archduchess Christina is considered one of Canova's most successful works. His Theseus statue was in a building copied from the Temple of Theseus at Athens.

[791]
My dear Sir,

At the desire of a most afflicted family, I write to you, because they are unequal, from the Abyss of grief into which they have fallen, to do it themselves.

Your friend Sir, and my much loved Nephew, Arthur Hallam, is no more—it has pleased God, to remove him from this his first scene of Existence, to that better World, for which <it had> he was Created.

He died at Vienna on his return from Buda, by Apoplexy, and I believe his Remains come by Sea from Trieste.¹

Mr. Hallam arrived this Morning in 3 Princes Buildings.

May that Great Being, in whose hands are the Destinies of Man—and who has promised to comfort all that Mourn pour the Balm of Consolation on all the Families who are bowed down by this unexpected dispensation!

I have just seen Mr. Hallam, who begs I will tell you, that he will write himself as soon as his Heart will let him. Poor Arthur had a slight attack of Ague—which he had often had—Order’d his fire to be lighted—and talked with as much cheerfulness as usual—He suddenly became insensible and his Spirit departed without Pain—The Physician endeavour’d to get any Blood from him—and on Examination it was the General Opinion, that he could not have lived long—This was also Dr. Holland’s opinion—The account I have endeavour’d to give you, is merely what I have been able to gather, but the family of course are in too great distress, to enter into details—³

I am, dear Sir—
your very Obt. Sevt.

Henry Elton.

Clifton. 1 Octbr. 1833.
1. Since mail was delivered only three times a week to the Spilsby postoffice, the Tennysons may not have learned of AHH's death until toward the end of the week, close to the date (6 October) of the composition of IM 9 (see Ricks, p. 872). The news reached the Hallam family on 28 September 1833 (Ellen Hallam's private journal).

2. Both the autopsy report (Yale) and the general history of AHH's health have suggested to several modern physicians that he died of a ruptured aneurysm. AT would undoubtedly have been pleased to know that his rendering—"God's finger touched him, and he slept" (IM 85. 20)—was essentially accurate. AHH's remains did not arrive until late in December 1833.

3. Henry Elton's account does not indicate whether Sir Henry Holland's opinion had been expressed before AHH's death; the autopsy report suggests that AHH was physically debilitated at the time of his death. Elton's account is one of many, all with slight variations; one of the most authoritative appears in Doyle's 11 October 1833 letter to Gladstone: "Hallam was taken ill on arriving at Vienna as he believed with a return of his ague [see letter 235 n. 1]. He felt uncomfortable and chilly the whole of the next day and in consequence asked a fire to be lighted. In this condition he remained until the Evening; then he said that he felt himself rather better, that he thought the Ague fit was passing off, and that he should send the courier out to get some sack in order to prevent a return of the complaint. Mr. Hallam then said that as Arthur felt himself less unwell, he should go out and take a walk, which he did, leaving him upon the Sofa. On his return Arthur was still lying down, but his head was in a different position. Mr. Hallam, struck with this [though apparently after some time], spoke to him and received no answer—a Surgeon was immediately sent off, who opened a vein in his arm and another in his hand, but no blood followed and he expired almost immediately. It seems to have been a sort of apoplectic seizure, I presume in some respects similar to those rushes of blood under which he laboured at Cambridge—the fact of his having been subject to such an ailment terminating at his early age in that fatal manner would seem to indicate that something must have been organically wrong in the conformation of his head" (B.L.).