Preface

A list of Alfred Tennyson's five or six closest friends ought surely, I think, to include his brother-in-law, Edmund Law Lushington, and Edmund's brother, Henry. The preeminent friend, of course, was Arthur Henry Hallam, early to die but securely immortalized in Tennyson's masterpiece In Memoriam. James Spedding and, probably, Edmund FitzGerald (despite his habitual disparagement of Tennyson's post-1842 poems) would belong on the list; and after 1854 certainly the Isle of Wight neighbor, Sir John Simeon, whose death invoked the tender lines "Shadows of three dead men / Walked in the walks with me / . . . . / Three dead men have I loved." The other two were Arthur Hallam and Henry Lushington.

It was Henry whom Tennyson declared the most helpful practical critic of his poems, and to whom he dedicated the second edition of The Princess, having, as I hope to show, spent much time with Henry during the months he was composing or publishing that poem. The friendship of Tennyson and Edmund, firmly grounded in mutual respect for each other's total integrity and complementary intellectual powers, endured quietly and undemonstratively, with scarcely a trace of diminution for more than half a century, terminating only with Tennyson's death, less than a year before Edmund's.

It could be claimed, though perhaps too tenuously, that Tennyson semi-dedicated his In Memoriam to Edmund. Twice—indubitably in the Epilogue and
almost as certainly in the final form of section 85—Edmund is directly ad-
dressed. "Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring," the poet bids the addressee in the
final stanza of 85; and the Epilogue pointedly positions the new brother-in-law
as close as possible to the place left vacant by Hallam ("Nor have I felt so much
of bliss / Since first he told me that he loved / A daughter of our house, nor
proved / Since that dark day a day like this"). If a depersonalized Christ
("Strong Son of God, immortal Love") is invoked in the Prologue, the endear-
ing character and finely developed scholarly intellect of Edmund Lushington
are celebrated in the Epilogue: "And thou art worthy; full of power; / As
gentle; liberal-minded, great, / Consistent, wearing all that weight / Of
learning lightly like a flower.

Not merely as satellites to the laureate but each man on his own merits, in
distinctly divergent fields of endeavor, Edmund and Henry sufficiently im-
pressed enough of their contemporaries that both appear in the Dictionary of
National Biography. But so, of course, in scores of diverse professions, did
hundreds of other persons now no less obscure and equally worthy of being
remembered. It must necessarily be as an extension of Tennyson's biography if
the Lushingtons' memories are to be revived. Yet we will not even start to
know the men whom Tennyson knew, admired, and loved unless we can par-
tially remove them from his magnified shadow, set them down in other con-
texts than his, savor their words, appreciate their accomplishments, delight in
their differences from one another, respond to their quiet nobility, and empa-
thize with their disappointments and heartbreaking sorrows. Both men in their
time stoically endured perhaps more than their fair allotment of those.

I have attempted, then, a more or less conventional biography, dually com-
posed, of Edmund and Henry Lushington, introducing ancestors and parents,
pursuing the two precocious boys through their scholastic triumphs at Charter-
house School and Trinity College, Cambridge, then proceeding through the
exigencies of their private lives and respective careers—Edmund's for thirty-
seven years as professor of Greek at Glasgow University, Henry's for barely
eight as chief secretary of the queen's government at Malta, a situation that
precipitated his death. We will review a substantial body of long-forgotten
writings of our two men, preponderantly Henry's; meet their parents, broth-
ers, and sisters; present facts newly uncovered concerning the generally sad
marriage of Edmund and Cecilia, never an ideal match and so extraordinarily
weighted down by her illnesses, physical and emotional, and by the devastating
early deaths of three of their four beloved children.

I strive to maintain a Lushington biography throughout, avoiding any distor-
tion that would surreptitiously transmute it into a disguised Tennyson story. But wherever consistent with the natural configuration of events, we will keep
to the foreground the interaction with Alfred Tennyson. Fortunately, that emphasis unfolds organically from the available manuscript sources, so many being from the papers of Alfred or Frederick Tennyson. Once the tall Lincolnshire poet strides into our Kentish story, from about 1839, his name through the next fifty-three years will appear on approximately half our pages.

My debts to others are so numerous that I cannot hope to mention all. I think first of Professor William Darby Templeman, who at the University of Southern California taught my three courses in Victorian literature, conducted the graduate course in methods of research, and directed both my master of arts thesis and my doctoral dissertation.

My greatest literary indebtedness is to the late, ineffable Sir Charles Tennyson, whose work *The Somersby Tennysons* (the 1963 Christmas Supplement to *Victorian Studies*, subsequently expanded in collaboration with the late Hope Dyson into a book, *The Tennysons: Background to Genius*, 1974) awakened a latent interest in finding out more about Edmund Lushington, that classical scholar with the resonant name whom *In Memoriam* had so generously praised. Then by sheerest coincidence, during my first visit to Britain in 1970, I had the remarkable fortune of dropping into the recently established Tennyson Research Centre in Lincoln only a few minutes before Sir Charles arrived from London to receive, next day, the honorary citizenship of the ancient city of Lincoln. In a brief conversation, he encouraged me, although I was then only casually a Tennysonian, to return and study at the Centre.

Accordingly, I went in 1972 and again in 1975, by which time I had worked intensively in Sir Charles's own principal sources for *The Somersby Tennysons*, the Frederick Tennyson papers, now at the Lilly Library at Indiana University, and had begun accumulating material for at least an article-length profile of Edmund. (Only later did I become equally interested in Henry.) At a tea in the White Hart Inn at Tetford, a mile from Somersby, after the 1975 annual Tennyson Memorial Service at Somersby Church, Sir Charles, impressively alert and responsive at nearly ninety-six, advised me to communicate with the surviving Lushingtons at Maidstone.

My doing so, by letter, after returning to this country was the beginning of a treasured friendship with Roger G. L. Lushington, of Dorking (great-grandson of Thomas Davies Lushington, brother of Edmund and Henry), and his hospitable wife, Diana. From our first meeting in 1978, the Lushingtons, with Roger's mother, Cicely Lushington, and his aunt, Betty Lushington, who remembers Cecilia ("Zilly") Lushington, daughter of Edmund and Cecilia, have generously assisted me in making free use of the family papers in their custody, and bestowed their blessing to publish whatever I can. One story has it that certain bundles of letters became patriotic casualties of the scrap-paper salvaging dur-
ing World War II—a possible explanation for the nearly total absence of letters from Henry on Malta during 1847 to 1855. But a substantial body of invaluable material remains, strong in certain of the areas where other collections are weakest, especially in the family background, childhood, and youth of Edmund and Henry, extending through their years at Trinity College, Cambridge.

At the Tennyson Research Centre, during numerous visits between 1970 and 1982, I have invariably been received, first by Laurence Elvin and later by Susan Gates, with warm friendliness. Through the kind permission of Lord Tennyson and the Lincolnshire Library Service, I am publishing excerpts from their holdings, as well as words from several manuscripts of Alfred Lord Tennyson and Emily Lady Tennyson in other collections (with concurrent permission of their holders, duly acknowledged here).

The collection of manuscripts that crowned the others, making it feasible to think of a book rather than an article or two, has been the Llysdinam papers of the Venables family, recently deposited in the National Library of Wales at Aberystwyth. For a period of almost forty-five years (mid-1839 through 1883), the journals of George Stovin Venables, barrister and journalist, intimate associate of Edmund and Henry at Charterhouse School, and a devoted friend of all their family, supply the indispensable month-by-month continuity that the absence of any Lushington journals had left unobtainable. Lady Delia Venables-Llewellyn, of Llysdinam Hall, Newbridge-on-Wye, who has given me permission to publish from the journals and correspondence, drove me about the verdant Welsh countryside and invited me to a supper including game—salmon and pheasant—from her beautiful estate beside the Wye, where the various Lushingtons had so frequently visited. From the National Library of Wales as well, where Kathleen Hughes, cataloguer of the collection, has been of immense assistance to me, I also have permission to publish.

At several other libraries I have received courtesies well beyond the anticipated routine. At the Lilly Library, Virginia Mauch, associate curator of manuscripts, exhibited a personal interest in my work and extended permission to transcribe and publish material from the Frederick Tennyson papers.

At the beautiful Wren Library, Trinity College, Cambridge, Trevor Kaye, sub-librarian, welcomed me and assisted me in numerous ways. Through him, the Master and Fellows of Trinity College are extending permission to publish from the Houghton papers there.

The exemplary courtesies shown me in 1975 and 1982 at Glasgow University Library by the reference librarian, Jean Robertson, can not be praised too highly. In the first brief, late afternoon hour, she appraised my needs and afterward directed me to a comfortable hotel, lending me two histories of the university from her own office shelves. By next morning she had mapped my day,
dispatching me first to the University Archives, where Elspeth Simpson was waiting with an array of archival materials (with permission to publish); arranged a luncheon appointment with Mr. John Knox, of the Greek department; and in the afternoon produced an expertly selected stack of research materials that launched me on a study of Edmund’s career at Glasgow. Unsolicited, she has since mailed me discoveries she had made concerning Edmund. In 1982 she reserved a room in the Faculty Club, made an appointment with Professor R. M. McDowell, of the Greek department, in direct line of succession from Edmund; and introduced me to Bernard Aspinwall, of the history department, with whom I had previously corresponded, who whisked me off for a visit to Carstairs, the former mansion of the Lushingtons’ friend Robert Monteith, but then St. Charles’ Private Hospital, where Sister Hilda, the mother superior, and her associates showed us the house and invited us to supper, followed by an evening of fellowship. Subsequently, Sister Hilda sent me an invaluable outline of Monteith family history.

The James White Library at my own Andrews University, under the successive directorships of Mary Jane Mitchell and Marley H. Soper, has been a second home, where I have benefited in countless ways, including extensive use of interlibrary loan services.

Other libraries in Great Britain and the United States where I have worked include the British Library, main reading room and manuscript department; the Public Records Office (at both Chancery Lane and Kew Gardens); Cambridge University Library; the Bodleian, at Oxford; the Wellcome Library for the History of Medicine; the Kent County Archives; the Newberry Library; Indiana University Library; the University of Notre Dame Library; and the Wellesley College Library, where I was privileged to meet Professor Walter E. Houghton, Jr., since deceased, and his wife, Esther Rhoads Houghton.

Administrators through the years at Andrews University have helped me in countless ways, including sabbaticals, assistance on travel expenses, and a grant for the typing of my manuscript. Former and present administrators who have helped me most include Robert E. Firth, Richard Hammill, Gordon Madgwick, Humberto Rasi, Richard W. Schwarz, Joseph G. Smoot, and Robert A. Williams. My department chairman, Delmer I. Davis, Sr., has endorsed my applications for sabbaticals and stood by to help me in other ways. When formerly I was chairman, my colleague Edith Stone twice assumed the routine burdens of the chair so that I could work in Britain.

Professor Cecil Y. Lang, who read my manuscript, made invaluable recommendations for revising, and generously provided me with a print-out of the forthcoming second volume, and much of the third, of Tennyson’s letters, with the annotations.
Other persons near and far who have assisted me with their expertise in ways too diverse to enumerate include the Reverend Malcolm Bradshaw; Joanna Collenbrander; the Reverend Canon Michael L. Cooper; Lieutenant-Commander Andrew David (Royal Navy); Roy Davids, of Sotheby Park Bernet and Company; Aidan Day; Major General A. H. G. Dobson (British Army); Mark Dobson; Robert H. Dunn, M.D.; Mrs. B. Freake, of the Charterhouse School Library; the late Alfred Friendly, of the Washington Post; Herald Habenicht, M.D.; Captain A. W. Hemsted (Royal Navy); the Venerable Owain Jones; Staff Sergeant R. D. Lucas (British Army); Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Mitchell; M. C. Morgan; Vivien Noakes; Daniel Ranisavljevic; Marion Shaw; Rosemary Blok van Cronesteyn; Rebecca Wedgwood; and Professors Peter Allen, Richard D. Altick, Daniel Augsburger, Jerome H. Buckley, Elly Economou, Lawrence T. Geraty, Barry Gordon, Estella Ramirez Greig, Michael Hyde, E. D. H. Johnson, John E. Jordan, Jack Kolb, Judson S. Lyon, Robert Bernard Martin, Ruth Murdoch, the late William D. Paden, William S. Peterson, Andre Rochat, Edgar F. Shannon, Jr., William H. Shea, Walter M. Sutton, Harry W. Taylor, and James Winter.

To any persons, equally helpful over a period of more than ten years, whom I have inadvertently omitted—and surely there must be some—I contritely apologize.

Nancy Hackleman, my typist, has given me admirably professional service. The staff of the Ohio State University Press, in particular Peter John Givler, C. Kate Capps, and Robert S. Demorest, have more than fulfilled my most sanguine expectations—being deftly reassuring, expertly answering my questions, and generally leaving me unfettered. I feel signally fortunate in having for editor a person so long experienced and quietly encouraging as Mr. Demorest.

Finally, my indebtedness to my wife, Elaine, reaches beyond the boundaries of the easily expressible. To her with my love, and to Roger and Diana Lushington, I gratefully dedicate this book.
A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS