III

Park House and Trinity College
1828–1838

From the Rectory in the parish of Hanwell, where the Lushington family had lived since 1814, six parishioners on 15 July 1828 joined their rector, T. F. Walmsley, in signing a statement of appreciation. Having “learnt with sincere regret that Mr and Mrs Lushington” were “about to take their departure from hence,” they could not “forbear expressing” their “sense of loss which we shall sustain; and of acknowledging Mr Lushington’s uniform endeavours to promote the harmony and welfare of the Parishioners, and the benevolent attention of himself and family to the wants of the Poor, more particularly their very liberal Patronage of the Hanwell National School.” The Lushington’s could be assured “that when they quit the Parish, they will carry with them the most cordial respect and esteem of its inhabitants.”

Lushington at the age of sixty-two was realizing his long-cherished dream of residing on his own country estate. Already the absentee proprietor of three other small estates, he had now located, just out of Maidstone, the county town of Kent, the property he wished for himself. The auction sale, a year earlier on 5 July 1827, had offered the mansion and 232 acres, divided into eighteen parcels, several having houses or cottages for renters and farm buildings of various kinds. Surrounding the mansion were “Pleasure Grounds . . . tastefully disposed in Shrubberies, Lawns, and Walks”; and nearby were an “Orchard and
Productive Kitchen Garden enclosed with lofty walls, fully stocked and planted with choice Fruit Trees in high perfection." The outlying properties included hop fields, various orchards, woods, a chestnut grove, a plot of oziers (willows used in basketmaking), and other arable and meadow lands.\textsuperscript{1} It remains unclear how many of the parcels Lushington obtained at the original sale; but with subsequent purchases he would eventually consolidate more than 299 acres.\textsuperscript{2}

In a riot of diverse typefaces, the auction brochure acclaimed the late eighteenth-century mansion, called Park House: "STONE BUILT . . . OF HANDSOME UNIFORM ELEVATION, WITH PORTICO ENTRANCE, DELIGHTFULLY PLACED ON A COMMANDING EMINENCE, IN THE CENTRE OF A SMALL PARK, ORNAMENTED WITH STATELY TIMBER, Situated on the HIGH ROAD from MAIDSTONE to ROCHESTER . . . Embracing Delightful Views of the River Medway, Allington Castle, and the surrounding Picturesque Scenery." Actually, the house, still standing, is large but not immense. On the "Principal Story," the "spacious and handsome Vestibule, and Back Hall, Capital Dining Parlour 28 feet by 20, and Drawing Room of the same Dimensions, a Library or Breakfast Room 20 feet square, a Back Parlour, or Housekeeper’s Room, of the same Dimensions, and a Water Closet" seem more than adequate. But unless the advertisement omitted some rooms, the first floor sleeping quarters, with a "Music Room 24 feet by 20," "four excellent lofty Bed Chambers, about 20 feet by 17, with Dressing Rooms, a Nursery, and a Water Closet," would hardly seem equal to the requirements of the immediate Lushington family, to say nothing of all the guests, including various Tennysons, who in future years would arrive, at times in clusters, and not always readily depart. Perhaps during the year between Lushington’s purchase and occupancy he substantially remodeled that floor. When his descendants sold the house in 1936, the first floor still had a "Music Practice Room," but the number of "Principal Bedrooms," double or single, was eight. Of course, the house had also a "lofty Kitchen," and a top-floor servants’ hall, and for wines and other purposes, "capital Cellaring."

In this house Lushington and Sophia would serenely live out their lives and quietly die. Edmund’s home it would then become but for half of every year, during his long service at Glasgow University, not his residence. Here in the autumn of 1842 he would bring his bride, Cecilia Tennyson, but before the month’s end cart her off to Glasgow, a place she would quickly learn to loathe. Nor even at Park House, until her advanced old age, would she ever feel quite fully at home.

That summer of 1828, undistracted by the confusion of the family’s moving, Edmund and Henry were reunited, at a small private school at Bovingdon, near Hemel Hempstead in Hertfordshire, conducted by a former Fellow of Christ’s
FIG. II. Park House. 1975. Photograph by author.
College, Cambridge, the Reverend George Millett. Edmund had spent the past year there, since leaving Charterhouse; Henry, just arrived, would remain a year, much of it after Edmund departed for Trinity College. The crucial task for both boys, less agreeable to Edmund than to Henry, was to acquire the grounding in mathematics so indispensable for success in competitive examinations at Cambridge. Millett had placed a competent fifteenth in the Cambridge Mathematical Tripos of 1814, while carrying off highest honors then obtainable in classics—the coveted Senior Chancellor's Medal, which Edmund would go on to capture in 1832.

Millett would long remember Edmund’s “residence with me as the brightest spot in a laborious and often painful” twenty years of “tuition.” Edmund’s “proficiency . . . in Classical learning, the higher branches of composition, general reading, and especially the Greek language, was very uncommon for his age [seventeen]: his acquirements remarkably sound, and his mind clear and reasoning. His conduct was always gentlemanly and honourable, and I never had one occasion to reprove him.” Henry, too, Millett had described to Lushington as “indeed a very delightful young man” with “good temper,” “unassuming character with companions very greatly his inferiors,” and “accuracy of construction & perfect acquaintance with the idiom” of Greek and Latin “not inferior to his brother’s.” By December he had read through all of Thucydides, and was exhibiting “uncommon quickness & accuracy” in both Euclid and algebra. Henry, barely sixteen, was reciprocally delighted with Millett’s amiability, a gratifying contrast to the overbearing Russell of Charterhouse. Along with the boys, Millett laughed at jokes, even those at his own expense. Henry found himself laughing “more than I have ever done in my life, tho' not as much as Edmund.” When a boy like Henry sat reading past midnight, Millett would enter “looking gaunt and black in his plaid dressing gown” and hustle him off to bed.

Already in early summer, Edmund was impatient to obtain the books to be studied at Trinity College in the fall: Aeschylus with the notes of Scholefield, Regius Professor of Greek for the University; and the right edition of Virgil's Georgics. Would Lushington have his bookseller send those out to Bovingdon? Edmund’s own books, packed for moving, might “be left packed up” for Cambridge: whatever few of his Greek volumes that were not already with him, and in Latin, “Cicero, Horace, Juvenal, Persius, Livy, Sallust, Tacitus, & perhaps Ovid.” Millett was recommending “Mitchell’s English Translation & notes of 4 plays of Aristophanes,” which the bookseller should send. Books Edmund was reading with Millett included Aristophanes’ Wasps, Plato’s Politics, Bentley’s Phalaris, and Woodhouse’s Plane Geometry. “If any other book of Plato is read more than the Pol. I should like to know,” since it seemed “so very easy that I can hardly fancy anything set from it in a hard examination.”
At Cambridge for a serious student like Edmund, expected by his father almost as a matter of course to carry off highest classical honors and at least acquit himself with distinction in mathematics (all, of course, as a prelude to going on to the Temple to qualify for the bar and distinguished public service), those periodically scheduled "hard" examinations, some set by the colleges and others by the university, would mean virtually everything. Trinity required two hours' daily attendance at college lectures, but these entailed no recitations or examinations. Beyond that the self-activating student set his own course of reading, doggedly performed day-by-day, while regularly consulting with a private tutor, whom he himself paid. During Edmund's first year, he "went to two Private Tutors every day," besides the two daily college lectures, and Scholefield's university Greek lectures "one hour in addition, every other day." But that program, he decided, had cut too drastically into his indispensable self-directed reading.

Though Lushington's own college had been Queen's, he was sending his sons to the college long proverbially preeminent in classical studies. Some of the smaller colleges had scarcely promoted the classics at all, since before 1824 the only route to university honors on graduation had been through the mathematical tripos examinations. When in 1821 the recently appointed master of Trinity, Christopher Wordsworth, brother of the poet, had pressed for a compulsory examination in classics and theology for all candidates for the bachelor of arts degree, he was suspected of seeking mainly to benefit his own prestigious college. A compromise, effective from 1824, provided a purely voluntary honors examination in classics (the new classical tripos) open only to men who had previously won university honors in mathematics. During the next twenty-eight years, Trinity men would become the senior classics twenty times. A recent historian has pictured "a society," in the latter 1820s, particularly at Trinity, "of earnest, industrious, religious undergraduates competing for the top places within the First Class of the Classical Tripos, all familiar with each other's talents and enthusiasms, meeting for meals, talking together on long daily walks round the countryside, worshipping together in the College Chapel, joining together to make pious resolutions." Lushington was confidently expecting both his sons in their respective years to enter that circle and defeat all comers in the classical tripos after placing high also in the more prestigious mathematics.

Henry at Bovingdon had learned, and delightedly informed his father, of an early embarrassment Edmund sustained at Trinity. He had made "several calls" before "being greeted by a friend . . . on the street, with the agreeable intelligence that he was wearing his gown inside out." The friend declared, "I never saw a fellow look so green in my life." When Edmund himself wrote
home, it was to expedite the arrival of a good Greek lexicon, and "also Aristot-
le's Ethics or Rhetoric for it is coming very much into the University Scholar-
ship Examinations," scheduled for late January. On Sunday at St. Mary's, he 
had heard a sermon by William Whewell (scientist, mathematician, and future 
master of Trinity), "who is certainly the cleverest tutor in college, & I am 
inclined to think the best." Julius Charles Hare, the classical lecturer, had 
taken 5 days to introduce us to the play, for we have not read a line yet. He is 
the best lecturer of his kind I hear."

What "kind" of lecturer was Hare's kind? Certainly hardly succinct, not 
necessarily most efficiently organized; but for young men willing and 
equipped, he could be gratifyingly stimulating, deliberately and intentionally 
so, aiming to fire their imagination, nurture their scholarly conscience, and 
send them away to seek new knowledge for themselves. (That year another 
Trinity freshman, Arthur Henry Hallam, was finding him "a man of great 
talent, but not, I think, of genius. His lectures are admirable, and so copious, I 
think, that they nearly exhaust the subject." ) Born in Italy in 1795, he had lived 
his first four years there, becoming fluent in Italian simultaneously with En-
glish; during a brief but mind-expanding residence in Germany in middle 
childhood, he had begun to study Goethe and Schiller, both of whom he had met 
during their visits to his dying mother's sickroom at Weimar. Evidently he was 
a natural linguist, adept from boyhood in four modern tongues, while diligently 
acquiring Latin and Greek. At Charterhouse from 1806 to 1812, he was school-
fellow of two boys destined to become more eminent than he—Connop Thirl-
wall, later his collaborator in translating Niebuhr's History of Rome, and the 
Greek historian George Grote. (Thirlwall too, of whom we will hear more 
later, lectured at Trinity during the Lushington brothers' years there.) By his 
freshman year at Trinity, Hare was considered unique among Englishmen his 
age for his command of German language and thought. In 1827 Edmund was 
finding in Hare, then thirty-two, a man of prodigious reading, a proselytizing 
proponent of the tireless philological scholarship that flowed from the German 
universities, a merciless prosecutor of shallow, pretentious scholarship, and, no 
less significantly, a devout if discriminating disciple, intimate friend, and fierce 
defender of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Probably no other mentor did more 
than Hare to broaden Edmund's interests and shape his scholarly ideals.

The Lushington boys would be studying at Cambridge during the very years 
when, decidedly more than at Oxford, the impact of Continental, and espe-
cially German, scholarship upon English thought would reach its most dynamic 
momentum. In comparative philology the first three decades of the new cen-
tury, under the leadership of scholars such as Rasmus Rask (1787-1832), Jacob 
Grimm (1785-1863), and Franz Bopp (1791-1867), had been an exciting time of
consolidating and ordering a great mass of data accumulated by various scholars during the previous century. Of even more interest to Cambridge men seeking classical honors was the branch of study labeled classical philology. Here the giants were men like Christian Heyne (1729-1812), F. A. Wolf (1759-1824), Gottfried Hermann (1722-1848), Wilhelm von Humboldt (1767-1835), and August Boeckh (1785-1867). In their most expansive moments, these men aspired to the collecting, apprehending, and interrelating of all the multiform manifestations of the ancient human spirit, everything already uncovered but not yet contextually recombined by previous historians and archaeologists—in social, political, and economic institutions, in architecture and the plastic arts, in mythology, as well as in literary works. Such diverse philological activity assumed certain philosophical axioms concerning the human spirit. Supposedly the soul of a human community, millennia later, can converse with sympathetically imaginative listeners through all of that community’s multitudinous activities, utterances, and artifacts. Like ourselves individually in our microcosmic lifespans, each “nation” develops and declines organically in the course of generations. And for specialists who have learned how to penetrate such mysteries and empathetically expound them, each individual language, in its unique morphological and syntactical structure as well as the constantly developing semantic content of its vocabulary, will at every stage of its own organic existence subtly reveal the successive stages of its corresponding national soul. For a boy like Edmund, already enthralled by traditional language study, such recently imported ideas at Cambridge could only add an exotic new dimension, potent for diverting him still farther from the stolid English goals so cherished by his father.

Indeed, was not even the most diluted infusion of those enticing “new ideas” into the regime at Cambridge, though benignly intended, almost an act of subversiveness, undermining the expectations of the ambitious parents who sent their boys there? Even when language study had seemed relatively static, it would have been inconsiderate enough to expect a retiring boy like Edmund to devote fifteen years of life, jeopardizing his health through unremitting toil, grimly perfecting an all-demanding, specialized philological game, only to triumph briefly, take his unconvertible trophies, then resolutely turn and stoically proceed to an entirely dissimilar arena and a hitherto unpracticed combat like the bar for the remainder of his life against temperamentally superior competitors. But was it not downright heartless to compound the offense by introducing him gratuitously to the seductions of a scholarly life for which the national economy offered virtually no openings?

As it turned out, Edmund would not publish research; but throughout his often sorrow-distracted life, his studying the research of others would remain a
delight and consolation. Those metaphysical concepts of the philologists, on a less ambitious scale, remained a vantage point for countless practical observations concerning a particular language, like the Greek, and its literature. In general, the scholarly approaches of the classical philologists moved relatively unaltered across the divide to shape the early working assumptions of modern language departments in German, British, and American universities. And in the realm of literary theory the philosophies, metaphysical and aesthetic, of the German idealists—Kant, Fichte, Schelling, and others—mediated largely for the English-speaking world through the seminal mind of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, became the nucleus of a transformation in criticism that, although at no time universally accepted, was predominant until at least the 1960s if not, indeed, numerically prevailing even now.

One of the privileges of being at Trinity during Edmund’s years was to breathe an air so charged with the ideas of Coleridge. It is a truism of intellectual history that while Oxford in those years was logically Aristotelian in its approach to knowledge, Cambridge was idealistically Platonic, Kantian, and Coleridgean. Probably Edmund never met Coleridge, but he was much in the company of at least two men who knew him firsthand. Apparently Edmund’s closest friend among Trinity undergraduates came to be Robert Tennant, respected by his college contemporaries as one who on at least several occasions had conversed with the great man. Hare, who cherished Coleridge as a friend, was not only intimately familiar with everything he had published, and himself steeped in many of the writings—German, classical, and others—that had furnished Coleridge’s wonderful mind, but had spent hours in his company, experiencing the artesian flow of his celebrated conversation. Hare would have found occasions in his lectures to refer, if only briefly, to the poet’s insights on various points pertaining to language and literature. Emerson Marks, in an exemplary recent monograph, writes that Coleridge’s “own lifelong interest in language went far beyond its use as an artistic medium, ranging from the most complex issues of its status as an index of human consciousness to the minutest details of grammar, syntax, and vocabulary. . . . No linguist today could lay greater stress on the centrality of speech generally to the nature of man and specifically to his aesthetic creativity.” The subject is vast and multifaceted with much not yet worked out by really qualified scholars. Our present purpose is simply to suggest the richness of thought to which Edmund (with Henry soon to follow) was so rapidly being introduced. Even before he would leave Trinity, the two finest expositors would have preceded him, Hare departing in 1832 and Thirlwall in 1834, the year that Coleridge died.

At Cambridge the scholarly reputation of a promising freshman often arrived ahead of him. By early December, Henry at Bovingdon was assuring
Lushington, “Edmund is already very famous at Cambridge.” In late January, three days into the university scholarship examination, a fellow freshman, Arthur Henry Hallam, was correctly predicting that Christopher Wordsworth (1807–85, future headmaster of Harrow and bishop of Lincoln), a third-year student, would probably win first: “I don’t think Lushington can beat him, but he will be near.”

Pessimistically, Edmund had professed to believe he would be “lucky to place with ‘a single digit,’” to which Henry retorted, “A single digit certainly it will be—1—.” Edmund was concentrating almost entirely on Greek, rationalizing that his lesser command of Latin was unlikely to be greatly improved in so short a time. In the Greek language, “everything tells. I consider that by reading Aristotle I am gaining knowledge not only of the particular author, but of the language.” He would be “much more enabled to translate Plato or Polybius from having read Aristotle, than Livy or Tacitus from having read Cicero.” Of course, he uneasily conceded, another reason was his “superior admiration of the Greek language and authors.” His reading, such as it was, in Cicero was “more . . . to assist my composition, than to improve my knowledge of the words and phrases.”

Fortunately, Arthur Hallam’s letters reveal the contents of that scholarship examination. The first day’s composition was a theme in Latin concerning Greek and Latin historians. Required translations were from “three bits of Greek prose; one from Lysias; the second from Polybius; & the third from Lucian. We were all very indignant at being supposed to deal with anything but classical Greek.” Next day, after being “annihilated” by a passage from Aristophanes’ Women at the Assembly, they faced “a passage from Eubulus!! five, or six scrap questions,” and “a part of Lady Macbeth’s sleeping scene to be translated into Greek Trochaics.” The third day brought “some lines in Thomson’s Liberty to put into Latin Hexameters; a page of Hume into Latin prose; and an awful page of Scholefield’s containing a chorus from the Hercules Furens to construe which,” Hallam thought, “would have been superhuman.” The final three days required “sharper work every day”: “to translate a chorus in the Iphig. Taur. into Latin Alcaics, as well as English prose; also some Juvenal. Friday, Latin Prose Translation from Hume, & original Hexameters on Skaiting [sic]: also three bits of Latin Prose—Cicero, Tacitus, & Livy. Saturday, some Bolingbroke to put into Greek prose; & some Herodotus, Plato, & Thucydides to construe.”

Edmund’s place turned out to be fourth in the field, first in his own year. “Next time,” he consoled himself, he would have “only one of those who have beaten me, to contend with.” But that one, a year later, the phenomenal Charles Rann Kennedy (1808–67), would prove too formidable, although Edmund placed second. He never did succeed in receiving any of the coveted
university scholarships, although he easily became a scholar of Trinity College, and in his senior year (1832) would follow both Wordsworth (1830) and Kennedy (1831) in becoming the university’s senior classic.

Beyond doubt Edmund was enviably fortunate in the private tutor he secured at once for himself, and the next year for himself and Henry. James Prince Lee (1804–69), who would become famed as one of the most successful classical teachers of the century, was available for those two years only, before accepting an assistant mastership at Rugby under Dr. Thomas Arnold. Eight years later Arnold would “feel it almost presumptuous” to speak of Lee’s scholarship, “because it is much superior to my own.” Surely there was “no man employed in education in England at this moment, whether at the Universities or elsewhere,” who could “in this respect surpass” him. In Lee’s later headmastership of King Edward’s School, Birmingham, his pedagogical reputation would soar. In nine and a half years, he would send to Cambridge five chancellor’s medallists and eight others in first class. The most eminent of his boys would be Brooke Foss Westcott, New Testament scholar and bishop of Durham; Joseph Barber Lightfoot, theologian and Westcott’s predecessor at Durham; and Edward White Benson, archbishop of Canterbury. Unfortunately for Lee’s ultimate reputation, he was temperamentally unsuited, tragically so, for the bishopric of Manchester, to which he was elevated in 1848. But at St. Edward’s School, he was admired by his boys to the brink of idolatry.

During Edmund’s first years at Trinity, Lee’s perfectionistic supervision combined with the broadly stimulating scholarly lectures of Hare and Thirlwall to solidify his dedication to Greek. Ironically, the more heartily he would gratify his father’s expectations as a scholar, the more alienated he would become from the father’s prescription for his career.

At Bovingdon that spring Henry was cheerfully progressing with mathematics while reading six plays of Sophocles, two books of Livy, and four of Herodotus. Predictably, he was also finding time to read about contemporary “politics,” including several of Cobbett’s papers, finding them “very clever but full of lies.” Was there “any foundation,” he asked his father, for the “assertions” that the “Church of England has, for its numbers, produced less learned than any other such an establishment; that one simple Benedictine Abbey has produced more learned men than our church from its’ establishment”? Obviously, that could not be true, but was there “any foundation for it”? Was not the opposite true—that “the English church has . . . produced 10 times as many specimens of useful learning, likely to benefit the world in general than any other body”? (Unhappily, Lushington’s judicial verdict is lost!) Edmund was at home, ill, for two months that spring immediately preceding the annual college examination, but still placed first class. Returning, he remained at Trinity to
read during the “long vacation” that summer and warned his parents in mid-August that he could not join them during late summer vacation at Dover unless left alone for “uninterrupted reading . . . from breakfast to dinner, or 2 o’clock.”

Henry joined Edmund at Trinity in the fall of 1829. As his fellow freshman and closest friend, George Venables, remembered it years later, Henry’s “singularly attractive appearance and manners” made him immediately popular, and “he entered with keen enjoyment both into the society” and his studies. He was already “an excellent classical scholar,” had naturally “a remarkable aptitude for mathematical studies, and his memory” was always “extraordinarily tenacious.” He seemed “always at leisure for social amusement and occupation, without interrupting the rapid progress of his studies.” During that year, “which he always regarded with fond regret as the happiest of his life, he learnt more perhaps from intercourse with the friends by whom he was constantly surrounded than from lectures, books, or examinations.”

In mid-January 1830 Edmund and Henry were invited to take some “good tea & good advice” with the amiable old professor of modern history, William Smyth (1765–1849). The tea, Henry found, was excellent, but he was less certain about the advice: “an exhortation to us not to read too hard, not to endanger our health, etc, of which he seems to think us in more danger than we ever have been, & probably shall be.” But Smyth had observed numerous ambitious boys in his nearly forty years at Cambridge. The previous year, as he may have recalled, Edmund had lost two months from illness following the scholarship examination. And in less than a year, Henry, from whatever cause, would suffer devastating illness and never fully recover.

In the 1830 university scholarship examination, where Edmund placed second after Kennedy, Henry placed fifth or sixth, more than respectable for a freshman. A “person who had conversed with two of the examiners” advised Lee that Edmund “ought to read with attention much of what” he had read before, should practice Latin composition, and never let his “classical knowledge be stagnant,” lest he drop behind. Edmund grimly agreed: “I must certainly use best precautions & most vigorous exertions, & it may be a matter of considerable importance what I do during my next long vacation.”

Plans for that summer posed a troublesome problem since George Peacock, the college tutor, had decreed that, unlike the previous year, only the appointed scholars of Trinity might stay on. Edmund hoped to qualify in the forthcoming Trinity scholarship examinations, and did so; but Henry, as a freshman, was ineligible. Resolved to avoid being separated, the boys cast about for alternatives, but found none, unless Peacock could be persuaded to relent. “Reading at home to any extent,” Edmund considered “impossible, at least incompatible
with enjoyment." Some Cambridge men "went out" (away from Cambridge, perhaps even to the Continent) with a tutor. But the "expense" was "pretty considerable; besides that there are hardly any tutors, except the very best, whom I should be willing to read with after Lee, & these are seldom to be got." Anticlimactically, after all the fretful suspense, Peacock yielded, persuaded perhaps by Henry's scoring the highest in both mathematics and classics as well as the total Trinity College examination that spring.\(^{19}\) The brothers remained at Cambridge, but shared their father's dissatisfaction with the amount of reading they managed at first to accomplish. Before August they revised their daily schedule, rising by half past six and reading some two hours before breakfast. The "chains of idleness," Edmund announced, "are a good deal slackened, & will shortly be quite broken." But even then, Henry reported, Lee seemed "considerably troubled about our common indisposition, if I may use the word, to Latin prose."

Political developments that summer in both England and France provided distractions that Edmund would find hard to resist while Henry, always tugged toward current events, was with him. The death of George IV on 25 June and ceremonies in the Cambridge Senate House on the thirtieth proclaiming the new king were only the beginning of excitements. "After a good deal of much ado about nothing," as Edmund watched from the "tolerably filled" galleries, "the vice chancellor proclaimed King William IV" and then startled everyone by doffing his cap, and "with a God save the King hurra!! gave the signal for three times three." Then nearly everybody trooped outside "to read it in three different places," while some of "the snobs" (Cambridge townspeople) from the gallery rushed down to the vacated tables and "set to work vigorously upon the remaining cake & wine." In late July the overthrow of the Bourbon monarchy in three days of Parisian street fighting created a new sensation at Cambridge, where nearly all the undergraduates, Tories included, cheered the revolution. George Peacock was in Paris and falsely rumored to have been accidentally shot. He had been, truly enough, surrounded by the carnage, soon writing back that in walking from one street to another he had counted 150 dead bodies. Irreverently, Henry wondered "how often he had exclaimed 'shocking!' while counting the bodies." In mid-August the county election speeches cost the brothers more study time. Edmund was astonished by "the orators, & the style of mob oratory," and "the way in which the crowd of common people were affected & expressed their sentiments." The "chairing" of successful candidates was "very amazing; every 10 (?) yards they lift the chair up rapidly . . . to a considerable height, so that an unpractised member has great difficulty some times to hold his seat." Henry dryly added, "Contrary to my hopes, the quantity of damage was decidedly small," Cambridgeshire
oxen having been "the principal sufferers . . . as some barrels of beef were consumed by each party diurnally, not to mention ale and pudding." Before the end of the month, the mathematical tutor had concluded his summer instruction, Lee was tapering off and preparing to depart for his new duties at Rugby, and Lushington's old friend, John Whishaw—surely not without his prior approval—had invited Edmund and Henry to join him for a holiday at Brighton and the southern coast. Obviously eager to accept but uneasy about the summer's accomplishments, Edmund resolved to "make up as well as we can by tremendous reading" for the few remaining days.

The excursion, evidently the first view of Brighton for Edmund and Henry, began auspiciously enough. Through the window of an inn, they glimpsed the new king "robed . . . in a white great coat, & sitting in an open carriage of plain & handsome appearance, with two outriders," but were even more impressed by the lights of Brighton and the coast adjoining, with all the "long shades of light, streaming in furrows along the surface of the sea"—a "glorious panorama" from the end of the great pier. They proceeded to Arundel and its castle recently rebuilt by the Duke of Norfolk, where Edmund found the library "scantily supplied with books" and complained that "foolishly" the really picturesque "fine turret of the old castle" was not shown. The planned itinerary, weather permitting, included Chichester, Portsmouth, the Isle of Wight, Salisbury, and then back through London.

Most unluckily, "in the uttermost parts of the Isle of Wight," as Edmund described it, Henry suffered an attack of severe intestinal pain. It was the initial episode of a tenacious disorder (perhaps a tubercular peritonitis) from which Henry would never really recover. He "renounced" the eating of fruit, and began his second year at Trinity. Another attack came swiftly, blamed at first on a piece of pastry eaten in hall. Discouraged, "far from well," he wrote Tom, who would soon depart for India: it was "not agreeable to be in such a state of body that the slightest want of care may lay you up for 2 or 3 days." Perhaps the underlying cause had been "irregular hours for the last year." Following a third attack, in early December, Dr. John Haviland, professor of medicine, worried about the recurrences, prescribed "some very strong medicines" and advised him to return to Maidstone in a hired post chaise, and to further avoid fatigue by traveling two days instead of one. Almost two years would pass before he again saw Cambridge. Venables, nearly thirty years later, with Henry then four years dead, called his December 1830 illness "an attack of internal inflammation, which, after a few days of severe illness, produced a permanently deleterious effect on his health and strength." Although, as Venables thought, "perfectly free from constitutional disease" (a doubtful opinion, at least), he had ever afterward been "obliged in some respects to adopt the habits of an
invalid," never being "able to walk two or three miles, or to ride ten or twelve, without inconvenient fatigue."\textsuperscript{20}

In the family, long after Henry and his father were dead, it remained legendary how Lushington ceaselessly had nursed him, "personally waiting upon" him "with the gentleness of a woman. . . . All considerations of expense or inconvenience" were "set aside with a view to his improvement in health."\textsuperscript{21} As months dragged on, with the family for his sake sojourning by the sea, at Dover or Eastbourne or Hastings, Henry seemed to them at times more well than he himself thought. Doctors prescribed warm baths, or replaced baths by showers. Unmistakable relapses brought "feverish nights," "general weakness," and "depression of spirits." By late March 1832 he finally felt sufficiently hopeful to resume writing letters to Tom, no longer likely "to add pain" to his "exile" by betraying his own despair. Yet within two weeks he suffered one of his worst relapses, with "violent pain in the stomach—sickness [vomiting] & stoppage of the bowels," and a physician by his bedside throughout three successive nights. That attack seems to have been some kind of crisis, both physical and emotional. Before the end of April, he was busily composing Greek iambics for the Porson Prize at Cambridge, which he would win, and writing Tom, "I think I shall very soon recover all the strength I lost in the last attack, and, I hope, proceed in an onward course." If his doctor would allow him to return to Cambridge in October, he would be "satisfied."

Return in October he did, but with modified goals. No longer would he feel impelled by pressures internal or parental to emulate Edmund's single-minded devotion to the classics, perhaps even to match him honor for honor. His memoir by Venables asserts he "resumed his social habits," but took no "active interest in the objects of University ambition." (His Greek verses did, however, capture the Porson Prize again, in 1833.) He "seldom looked at a book" except to acquire an "amount of knowledge" in mathematics "precisely sufficient to ensure a tolerable degree." With the "stock of acquirements . . . accumulated at the age of eighteen," before his illness, he would succeed in becoming a Fellow of Trinity College, "the highest object of Cambridge ambition."\textsuperscript{22} He would henceforth be consciously a survivor, determined so long as possible to remain alive and stave off another collapse. Yet fifteen years later the time would come when, in sheer frustration at inactivity and underutilized abilities, he would take a desperate risk, intuitively suspecting that it would eventually cost him his life, as in eight more years it did.

Contrary to assumptions occasionally published as fact, it was not at Cambridge that either Edmund or Henry began their close friendships with Alfred Tennyson. Not even is it certifiable that Henry ever spoke to Tennyson, or so much as saw him, during the year (1829-30) when both were at Trinity. By
mid-December 1830 Henry's illness sent him home, and in March 1831, long before Henry returned, Tennyson left Cambridge permanently when his father died. By an unaccountable inaccuracy, Venables dated as late as 1841 the fulfillment of Henry's "long-cherished wish, by forming the acquaintance" of Tennyson," although we shall find that they had become friends in London by early 1839. Edmund himself, writing in old age, tentatively placed his own first known "sight" of Tennyson on the occasion of Arthur Hallam's reading of his prize declamation in Trinity College Chapel, which occurred on 16 December 1831. On a bench just below Hallam sat Tennyson, "listening intently to the spoken words." (He had come from Somersby for the occasion.) It was "a year or two later, Edmund thought, before he and Tennyson were introduced by Robert Tennant at a breakfast given by James Spedding "in the course of the long vacation." Spedding and his four guests—Edmund, Tennant, Tennyson, and Hallam—had "various talk about Shelley and Keats"; and Tennyson recited "some lines of Virgil" and his own sonnet, "Mine be the strength of spirit," which would appear "in his next volume." (The summer meeting, then, would have been in 1832, after Edmund had received his bachelor of arts degree.) The breakfast finished, Spedding stayed in his rooms while the others went walking—"A. T. in front with Hallam, Tennant behind with me." If it seems hardly credible that during more than two years together in the same college two students like Edmund and Alfred would not have known one another by sight, even after Alfred had captured the Chancellor's Gold Medal for English verse with his innovative "Timbuctoo," we should note that Edmund's rooms were at college, Alfred's lodgings in town, and that Edmund's obsessive studying habitually filled his time. But, indeed, it seems that several months elapsed between the arrival at Trinity of the less studious Arthur Hallam and the beginning of his now famed association with Tennyson.

Edmund had arrived in 1828 with conservative tastes in English poetry and apparently little knowledge of recent poets other than Byron. Almost immediately, he informed his father, he found the prevailing university taste "to my idea . . . horrible." Understandably he had scorned the pretentious Etonians who pronounced all the plays of Aeschylus "bad" or condemned "the style of Addison," and he loyally winced at hearing a man from his own Charterhouse "prefer Southey's Roderick to the Iliad or Paradise Lost,—indeed such instances of good taste & improved criticism are not uncommon." But he was hardly less discomfited by the Cantabridgian admiration of Shelley (preposterously, he felt, considered the equal of Milton) and of Wordsworth (deplorably placed above Byron). Soon, though, he too was participating in the admiration of these English Romantics: in August 1830 desiring the one-volume collection of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, and by that November delighted with a de-
bate at the Union that by a 10-to-1 vote supported "Wordsworth's claim to be a great Poet," despite "several speeches of illiberal sophistry, gross & petulant ignorance, against him." Hare had pleased him by relaying Wordsworth's opinion that although he still preferred Milton's "Lycidas" to Shelley's "Adonais," he "could not consider Shelley's genius inferior to Milton's." By May 1831 Edmund was allowing himself a nightly "half hour of recreation... just before bedtime" in "reperusing" Shelley's tragedy *The Cenci*, esteeming it "indeed a glorious work." For once, Shelley had freed himself "from the passion for good & the sympathy with human suffering which were continually churning within" his mind. Of course, "the sickly taste" of the present age "wd object to the subject, in a tragedy, wh however it would very probably endure and admire in a novel." Throughout his life Edmund would continue to admire Shelley and Keats, and particularly their classical poems, perhaps Keats's "Hyperion" most of all.

In January 1831 he was attempting to collect his thoughts concerning Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*. A reviewer in the *Westminster*—evidently "a man heart & soul in what would be usually denominated the Cambridge School of Taste in Poetry"—had praised the book vehemently. Edmund felt it "rather too much to give to so young an author on his first appearance," but remained unsure "in what respects it exceeds the deserts of its object." By 1832, or sooner, Tennyson's poems were being "widely circulated about Cambridge in MS," with Edmund one of the network of recipients. On one occasion Tennant copied out the entire "Palace of Art" expressly for Edmund to study on a journey by coach to Bath. In April 1832 Henry was disappointed by Edmund's absentmindedly leaving at Cambridge "some very beautiful poems of Alfred Tennyson which he intends to read to us when he can get them." In early June he had copies at Park House to read to his sisters, who greatly admired them. During his first meeting with Tennyson, at Spedding's breakfast later that summer, he may have told the poet of the sisters' admiration. For whatever reason, on 21 December 1832, Tennyson inscribed a copy of his *Poems*, fresh from the press, to "Maria Catharine Lushington/Emily Lushington," although not until after another seven years would he actually meet the Lushingtons, aside from Edmund and Henry.

Before Henry took ill in 1830, Edmund had grumbled his way through the "torture" of composing a required declamation to be delivered in Latin, a tongue he had always merely endured. Henry was amused at his "intense disgust" with Latin composition and gleeful when he contrived to smuggle in "several Greek quotations & some phrases." In February followed Edmund's English declamation upon "a very good, though difficult & extensive, subject, the character of Swift," chosen on the recommendation of Connop Thirlwall
during a convivial four-hour conference over a bottle of wine. Thirlwall then loaned him some books and "recommended . . . what to read."

Increasingly during the next three years, Thirlwall would influence the configuration of Edmund's scholarly interests, already inspired and nurtured by Hare. Thirlwall had been a child prodigy, reading Latin at the age of three and Greek at four. After winning the Chancellor's Medal for classics at Cambridge in 1818 and becoming a Fellow of Trinity, he had reluctantly entered Lincoln's Inn in 1820 and practiced for several years as a barrister, all the while fervently hating the work. "It can never be anything but loathsome to me," he wrote; "my aversion to the law has not increased, as it scarcely could, from the first day of my initiation into its mysteries." No doubt knowing of Thirlwall's earned disdain for the bar only deepened Edmund's reluctance to attempt it, no less so since Thirlwall was a forceful public speaker, a thing Edmund was not. Thirlwall had returned to Trinity in 1827, taken holy orders, and entered vigorously into academic work. With Hare, his long-time friend and fellow enthusiast for German scholarship, he set about to broaden classical study at Trinity from a myopic preoccupation with textual criticism and composition to a sympathetic comprehension of ancient history and thought. He did not achieve a revolution. But despite the relative brevity of his academic career—only seven years before his pamphlet indiscreetly attacking compulsory chapel attendance and the exclusion of dissenters from degrees offended Christopher Wordsworth, who asked him to resign—Thirlwall is still credited by historians of classical studies in Britain with being the leading innovator in the liberalizing of his discipline. Even Alfred Tennyson, not a systematic scholar, was no doubt benefited in at least one respect by the presence of Hare and Thirlwall. Both those innovational men were among the four examiner-judges who awarded the Chancellor's Medal for English verse in 1829 to Tennyson's "Timbuctoo," the first blank verse poem ever to win that prize.

Entering his senior year, 1831-32, Edmund had not yet attained any substantial academic triumphs. He had won no prizes, or perhaps not tried for any. Despite his placing high in two university scholarship examinations, the scholarships had eluded him. Although he disliked mathematics, to compete at all for the classical tripos he had first to qualify at least nominally in the mathematical tripos. And to compete next for the coveted Chancellor's First Classical Medal, which three of his great uncles (one, the bishop of Bath and Wells, still alive) had carried away in their time, he would have to finish among the mathematical senior optimes, the second rank, just beneath the wranglers. But even in the classics, it was no foregone conclusion that he would capture highest honors. His competitors included two men, Richard Shilleto and William Hepworth Thompson, who would come to be ranked among the most famed Greek schol-
ars of their century in England: Shilleto the most respected of Cambridge private tutors, Thompson the Regius Professor of Greek and later master of Trinity College.

The family would scarcely permit Edmund a moment of peace until after the mathematical tripos, in January, was completed. In answering his first letter from Cambridge that fall, as Henry informed Tom, "Mama & myself . . . exhorted him warmly to obtain considerable honours in Math. In fact he has been so lectured & objurgated on this score, that I hope the continued dropping of our good advice will wear out at last, not his patience, which is great, but his hatred of curves which is greater." As the examination began, he wrote "almost in despair about his mathematical rank—but in good spirits generally." He finished quite respectably: not up among the wranglers but fourth senior optime, "far beyond my hopes," five places above Thompson and much above Shilleto, who dropped to the bottom of the junior optimes, thus becoming ineligible for the medal examination and barely eligible for the classical tripos. Lushington, knowing how formidable Cambridge mathematical examinations could be, was presumably satisfied; but Mrs. Lushington thought it "sadly too low for what he might & ought to have been, if he had exerted himself in time." The septuagenarian bishop of Bath and Wells chimed in that all the family ought to feel "considerably disappointed."

In the classical tripos Edmund more than redeemed himself by finishing first, although as Henry reported, "in the translations only one piece was set which he had seen within the past year, & hardly anything . . . he had read for the last two." Shilleto was second, Thompson only fourth, with William Dobson, Edmund’s Charterhouse friend, at third and Venables at fifth. Thirlwall invited Edmund to breakfast and "very kindly told" him "several things about the examination." He had apparently finished first in all parts except Latin prose, where "no one at all" was "otherwise than brutally ignorant." Even in Latin hexameters he had been "far first," rumored to have received "more marks" than the originally intended maximum. Thirlwall asked him for a copy of his Greek iambics, "if I ever corrected them." Another of the examiners, Benjamin Hall Kennedy, had helped teach Shilleto at Shrewsbury and privately tutored him at Cambridge. Kennedy’s obituary of Shilleto in 1877, after conceding that his social life had retarded his studies, confidently affirmed that "the hardest reading would not have availed to place him at that time" above Edmund, "whose papers in every subject were more finished and faultless than any which have come under my observation during a long life of teaching and examining." 34

With bolstered self-confidence Edmund awaited the Medal examination. Thirlwall had persuaded him to set Greek aside and "read nothing but
Latin . . . particularly Plautus," and loaned him a commentary on some of the plays. "He is so sure of the medal," Henry wrote to Tom, "that you may consider that he has got it. His own modesty even will hardly make him express any doubt on the subject." The first medal went to him and the second to Thompson.

The parents celebrated their twenty-third anniversary by relaying the joyful news to Tom. The Greek professor, James Scholefield, "who seldom ventures upon a word of praise to any man[,] could not withhold one" from Edmund. People were saying that except for B. H. Kennedy (in 1827) "no such exercises had been shewn up for many years." Lushington, visiting Edmund at Trinity, talked with "some of the first rate men & exulted in the terms in which they spoke of him to me," their praising his "good disposition of the head & heart" as well as his scholarship. Had his mother been there, she would undoubtedly "have felt them stronger than myself." The bishop of Bath and Wells lost no time in fulfilling his promise to send Edmund one hundred pounds if he won the medal, magnanimously assuring his grandnephew that "few persons could receive a £100-0-0 with greater pleasure than he paid it." The family nurse, when informed, was not excessively impressed: "Well, it's a good thing that he has remembered it for he seems to forget so often that I fear'd he'd never think more about it, but it's a sad thing that he never gave poor Tom a present before he left us."

Henry's return to Trinity that fall was almost anticlimactic for the family. Their anxiety when he approached examinations would center less upon his ranking than upon his health, which they urged him not to jeopardize. While out walking early in 1833, he "felt a sudden weakness," as his father told Tom, "in one of his thighs, which he took for a sprain"; and though his physician found nothing "really wrong," he would always thereafter be unable to walk any substantial distance. That spring he wrote the Trinity scholarship examination, with no further physical setback, but may not have obtained a scholarship. He would have pleased his father by postponing his tripos examinations from 1834 to 1835, but elected otherwise, possibly afraid that another illness might preclude his ever taking them. In the mathematical tripos he placed only fortieth among the senior optimes, but thereby remained eligible for the classical tripos, in which he disappointed himself by placing only sixth in the first class. He proceeded to the medal examination but, as he expected, did not overtake the leading men above him. In the tripos, he told his father, there "certainly were many things which I either did wrong or left undone, that other men knew perfectly." He hoped the family would "not be much disappointed and still more, that you will not be distressed at the thought of my being so; for I, besides my other good qualities, am'tor shall be a philosopher." Edmund found
Henry's placement "quite unintelligible," but was consoled by the rumor that "all the first seven were very close together."

Edmund himself since his triumphant year had experienced an academic setback. Unlike other Cambridge colleges, Trinity was choosing its fellows by imposing still another competitive examination in mathematics, classics, and metaphysics. Even a senior classic and first medalist such as Edmund was not exempted. Although the examination, if fairly evaluated, might be a hedge against arbitrary favoritism, it occasioned controversy. In December 1832, as Henry wrote Tom, the reactionary old Professor Smyth was talking "as usual in impartial abuse of German metaphysics and the Trinity regulations for making men sit to be examined for fellowships after their degrees." When the new Fellows were announced in October 1833, Edmund was not among them. His father's unhappiness was directed at the college rather than at him: all informants agreed there had been "a most extraordinary preference of inferior men. The principle that they ought to have been chosen because this was their last opportunity, & because this last year there were only two vacancies & there will be many more before the next election may be good in itself—but then it ought not to be professed, that the choice is to be determined by the attainments of the candidates." Edmund's own explanation was divergent and simpler: "Very foolishly indeed I had not read any metaphysics, at least next to nothing with a view to the examination & had not got up any maths." Peacock had declared that cutting "so entirely two out of three subjects . . . it would have been almost impossible for anyone to be successful."

Further, Edmund admitted to Tom, he was not greatly dissatisfied with the outcome: "Being forced for at least another year to confine myself to Academical Studies, I consider it a great advantage, as the later I commence the law, within moderate bounds, the better in my opinion." And the "very necessity of studying Metaphysics hard" would be "more than sufficient to counterbalance the slight mortification to my vanity." One suspects that his failure may have contained a dollop of wish fulfillment. More than a year earlier, Henry had written that Edmund was "by no means disposed to attempt the study of the law at present. I have instructed him to exert himself in speaking at Cambridge, but I fear he will be too lazy and too diffident." In the next fellowship examination, however, he would eminently succeed, evidently doing satisfactorily in mathematics and metaphysics, and in classics, as Peacock later testified, being "equally remarkable for . . . finished elegance, and for . . . profound knowledge of nearly the whole range of Greek and Latin literature." And that year's forced study of metaphysics initiated him into a field that, second only to Greek, would become his lifelong interest.

Both Edmund and Henry became members of the exclusive Cambridge
Conversazone Society, more frequently called the Cambridge Apostles, now most famous for having earlier encircled Arthur Henry Hallam and Alfred Tennyson. Edmund, contrary to the tradition that no man the society elected, after laborious deliberations among themselves, ever refused, had declined his first invitation in March 1832, when enveloped in reading for the classical tripos. Henry, naturally enough, had urged him to broaden his interests by accepting; but William Dobson, not an Apostle, had advised him otherwise. Even Tennant, himself an Apostle, agreed that Edmund was “right, though he very much regretted my not joining them.” Two years later Edmund accepted a second invitation. For Henry, who had joined the group in May 1833 (“a glorious fellow,” one Apostle assured another), the society was the ideal outlet for his skill in persuasive writing and his broad ethical and political orientation. When the Apostles assembled each Saturday evening, a designated member would read a newly composed essay upon a subject of his own choosing, thereby launching a lively discussion in which all the members participated. The Apostles prided themselves most on their openness of mind to diverse viewpoints, including opinions opposite to their own. Tennyson would immortalize these salutary interchanges in his In Memoriam (87):

Where once we held debate, a band
   Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
   And labour, and the changing mart,
   And all the framework of the land;
When one would aim an arrow fair,
   But sent it slackly from the string,
   And one would pierce an outer ring,
   And one an inner, here and there.

In the poem, of course, it was Hallam, “the master bowman,” whose arrow would finally “cleave the mark,” while all “hung to hear / The rapt oration flowing free / From point to point, with power and grace / And music in the bounds of law, / To those conclusions when we saw / The God within him light his face.” The whole described proceeding, with the unerring archer invariably the same, though generically appropriate for an elegy, seems a bit too uniform for real life. (But before the first of the Lushington members, Henry, actually joined the Apostles, both Tennyson and Hallam had left Cambridge, and four months later Hallam would die in Vienna.) Honorary membership for those who desired it continued after they resigned and ceased attending regularly. For decades annual dinners brought together the Apostles of several generations. Venables’s journals show him frequently attending these reunions, at times with one or both of the Lushingtons.
At Park House during the older brothers' early years at Cambridge, a lively troupe of five young sisters and one brother were happily growing up under the benign surveillance of Lushington and Sophia. When Edmund won his medal in 1832, Maria was sixteen, Emily almost fifteen, Rosa about thirteen, Ellen eleven, Franklin nine, and Louy eight. Two letters to Tom that spring described typical domestic hilarities. Rosa, as Henry described it, was "playing on the old piano—N.B. it is considered so old" that when visitors came it was "carefully kept in the background." Maria and Emily were out walking, "Ellen doing nothing except turning over Miss Carveth's drawing books, and impeding every body—a dear little creature, however, she is, and has just devoured the hugest tea (bread at tea, I mean) that I ever beheld." "Mama" was reading, and "Papa employed, as he ever is, in something for the good of others—the present subject being, I think the Maidstone Dispensary report." Why didn't those "girls strike up? There—there they are off; at full gallop: Rosa & Maria—stopped again—they are terribly lazy, all except the latter, who is becoming a! vigorous girl." Emily had "just been trying to cheat" him by "imposing some other airs" for a song, but he "knew it too well, and her malice" had "failed of its purpose. She has just read this sentence and rewarded my fidelity of record with a thump that will retard my recovery for a month." Some six weeks later Tom's informant was Emily. The piano had just been tuned, and she would try what she could "do in singing, I shall endeavour to persuade Rosa to try with me, & I hope I shall succeed; I am almost sure she would sing very well with a little instruction [and] practice." Rosa and Ellen delighted the family with two songs—"one is the imitation of the psalm singing at Heston, in which not only Ellen's voice, but also her face, screwed into the shape of an old woman's is very good; and Rosa's is equally so in the character of an old man." But the other song was "universally allowed to be the best": "a fragment of a satirical song upon the Duke of Wellington which they heard repeated by a man in the streets of Hastings." They had "completely composed the tune themselves, and as Rosa makes additions, & changes it every time she performs, Ellen's attempts to keep up with her are excessively amusing." It was "impossible to describe . . . how good their songs are."

Sadly, though, a year later, in the summer of 1833, the family would lose its comedienne, when Rosa died in London after a brief illness, where the parents had taken her to be nearer to medical superintendence. It is doubtful that poor Ellen, Rosa's partner in those comic duets, ever really recovered from the shock of her closest playmate's death. It would be Ellen whose nerves gave way when others in the family died or seemed threatened with death. From late May until mid-July, when Rosa died, Henry, home between terms from Trinity, was the surrogate squire of Park House, relaying almost daily reports to London concerning the business of the estate. Edmund had been traveling on the Continent,
including Germany, where he had begun the mastering of the German language so indispensable for a student of philology in those decades. From Edmund’s letters after his return, it is clear that Henry was still far from well. “Harry [Henry],” Edmund wrote his father on 12 July, “has not yet decided whether he shall come up to London” for Rosa’s funeral, “and says he must be guided by circumstances. I hope and think you will approve of this resolution.”

Edmund and Henry remained together at Cambridge until 1837, receiving their respective master of arts degrees in 1835 and 1837, Henry having become a Fellow of Trinity College in 1836. Both had performed some private tutoring, until Edmund in 1835 was appointed an assistant tutor and classical lecturer, giving daily lectures upon subjects in classical literature, holding the same title that Thirlwall and Hare had held. Indeed, in the absence of those two luminaries, his models, he seems to have been considered the best of the remaining classical lecturers among the Fellows at Trinity. Self-conditioned to systematic study, and emancipated after 1834 from preparing for examinations, he had steadily and efficiently concentrated upon perfecting his German, reading extensively in German philology and philosophy, and reinforcing his expanding knowledge by incorporating it into his lectures. For one entire summer and parts of two others, he studied in Germany, where, as his friend Dobson reported, he had selected especially the cities “in which the lectures of the most distinguished professors might advance his knowledge.” His testimonials for Glasgow in 1838 would include letters from three eminent scholars at Bonn University—Christian Lassen, who had introduced the study of Indian archaeology into Germany; Friedrich Gottlieb Welcker, formerly closely associated with Wilhelm von Humboldt, and librarian and director of the Museum of Ancient Art at Bonn; and Friedrich Dietz, acclaimed as the founder of Romance philology.

Most unfortunately, retaining an assistant tutorship was dependent upon remaining a Fellow of Trinity, which status in turn carried two conditions Edmund was unwilling to accept: taking holy orders within a brief specified time and remaining unmarried. Not only did he have no vocation for the priesthood but, more important, he desired to have a family. University professors, of course, could be married; but to take orders and await a professorship could be extremely risky. Indeed, Thompson would replace Edmund as assistant tutor in 1837, take orders, and eventually become Regius Professor of Greek, but only after waiting, unmarried, for sixteen years. (Then, and promptly, he was married, to the widow of George Peacock, and went on to become master of Trinity College.) Shilleto, on the other hand, had married too soon to become a Fellow at all; but he took orders and remained at Cambridge, only to drudge on as a private coach for thirty years until, finally, Peterhouse altered its rules and made him a Fellow and an assistant tutor, only nine years before his death.
Although Edmund intensely disliked the prospect of entering the law, he was resigned to doing so eventually, since he seemed to have no other practical option. Peacock in 1838 would declare flatly, "There is no appointment in this place [the University] which a layman can fill, which is worthy of Mr. Lushington's acceptance."

As early as May 1833, Edmund had begun going through the formalities of preparing for the bar, taking his obligatory three dinners that year at the Temple, before hurrying off to travel and study on the Continent. According to the Alumni Cantabrigiensi, his actual call to the bar came on 20 November 1835, probable enough, since a call was attainable three years after the receipt of a bachelor of arts degree from Cambridge or Oxford. A letter to his father from Trinity in the spring of 1835 mentions his having suspended his legal studies ("laid aside Blackstone") temporarily, and "consequently . . . not advanced much this term." That was written before he received his assistant tutorship, but while he was eagerly, if not very hopefully, wishing his father would approve of another possibility that, had it materialized, might have become the great adventure of his life.

The most eminent of all royal hydrographers, Captain (later Admiral Sir Francis) Beaufort, believed in taking along "savants," researchers in various scientific and other scholarly fields, to conduct onshore researches while his hydrographic survey vessels crept along offshore. He it was who in 1831 had arranged the fateful meeting between Commander Robert Fitzroy of the HMS Beagle and the young biologist Charles Darwin, before they sailed toward the coast of South America. In 1833, Robert Pashley, a Fellow of Trinity, had enjoyed free passage on a voyage to Crete, before exploring the interior of the island, with its ancient cities, and gathering material for two distinguished volumes, Travels in Crete, to be published in 1837 by Cambridge University Press. Now Beaufort desired to take another classicist to examine ancient sites on a forthcoming survey along the coast of Asia Minor, and Pashley had recommended Edmund.

In four earnest letters by Edmund between 11 February and 25 March, two with addenda by Henry, the brothers implored their father to realize the potentialities of such a venture and give his consent. The expenses would be slight, the fare and passage free of charge, and the savant welcome at the officers' mess. The ship would land him at any place, and likewise pick him up, providing meanwhile a bodyguard of a dozen sailors to assist him while ashore. The work, while "utterly delightful," would be no "mere idle enjoyment," but "laborious as well as useful," and a "possible opening to reputation" for him. In preparation he was already studying modern Greek and various books about Asia Minor and could soon begin with architecture and the Turkish language. Two years abroad would not unduly retard his progress in the law. He was
younger than most of his Cambridge "cotemporaries." Certainly the proposed venture could not possibly make the law "more disagreeable & uninteresting than it appears at present." In fact, two years of "such a steady invigorating occupation" might be a "relief and support under the drudgery of the law," leaving him "better equipped in mental energy" than he would be "with the annoying recollection constantly at hand, how great & rarely granted an opportunity I had past by." After "filling" his "mind in such a manner, the struggle to bend it to utterly distasteful pursuits would be less irksome & less difficult."

The more rhetorically gifted Henry, who had himself been admitted to the Inner Temple to begin his three-year wait for the call to the bar, did not "altogether" share Edmund's distaste for the law, but felt he had "not at all . . . overstated the advantages" of Beaufort's plan. True, Edmund was "not ambitious—but I am, as much for him as for myself; and I would not encourage his present wish" unless it seemed to offer "a prospect not only of enlarging his views & powers, but of attaining high distinction." With his "enthusiastic love" of his subject "joined to eminent talents," Edmund "might obtain at once a name on his return from the East, among the distinguished men of his country." Did not that "prospect . . . deserve to be set against being two years forward in the study of a profession to which he cannot, at present, look with satisfaction"? "Ambition" was, indeed, "a strong spur to many minds; but it is, you know, an infirmity of noble minds, and not that which makes them noble: to one like him, the wish of doing good would be stronger: the desire of self-improvement stronger still." He would not pass his two years "in indolence . . . but in active occupation, and the collection and comparison of interesting and important facts." It would not be like setting up in England "for being a literary man only . . . thinking & writing instead of a profession," but "a practical employment, a daily call upon his energies, which will . . . altogether produce a most favourable effect upon his mind, and fit him better for any station." In truth, if Edmund were "a German, which thank heavens he is not, this course which he proposes would be the first step, I perceive, towards becoming a minister." It would not work so in England just then; "yet it is to be expected that, as every year makes the English better acquainted with Germany, their pursuits & this class of knowledge will have a higher reputation among us than they have hitherto borne." Then maybe a little too conscious of his own supple rhetoric, of his role as a pleader for the plaintiff at the bar, young Henry could not quite forgo taking two or three steps backward and modestly calling attention to his performance: "I hope you will think there is something in all these arguments (I trust they are such) which I have written just as they occurred to me."

Of course, Edmund did not go to Asia Minor, and we hear nothing more
about the matter. Perhaps the position did not materialize, for him or anyone, or perhaps the assistant tutorship he accepted a few weeks later seemed antici-
climatically fortuitous to his father after all the daunting unknowns in the other scheme. It may have been more than coincidental that Edmund remained at his new position for the same two years he might have expended on the voyage. Even so, the two-year postponement of the bar occasioned consterna-
tion in the Park House family, echoed from afar by Tom out in India: "I cannot
disguise my fears that Edmund . . . is likely to become a regular University
resident, & would prefer the honour of a classical annotator high in repute
among scholars, though useless to all other persons, to entering upon the dry
study of the law, the profession for which he was intended." Such would be a
pity, for his talents well qualified him for "a career of greater usefulness, & on a
higher stage of action."

Only the pragmatic and enormously wealthy uncle, Sir George Philips, on 14
August 1835, ventured to place his weight on Edmund’s side. "The more I think
of Edmund’s love of letters, & particularly of Greek literature . . . the more I
am led to the conclusion that he would be happier, & possibly even more suc-
cessful in a college, than in a life of contest at the bar." If Henry had better
"health for the bar, it would, in my judgment, be the proper theatre for him.
Perhaps I ought not in this manner to volunteer my opinion." Yet it proceeded
"only from my affection for them, & my desire that 2 young men, so distin-
guished for their talents, & attainments, should be placed in the profession best
suited for them; & that as Sydney Smith says, the round man should not be put
into the square hole, & the square man into the round hole. Love to all." Of
course, not even the manufacturing genius of a Sir George Philips could run
ahead of fate in producing an appropriate permanent opportunity for Edmund
"in a college" in those years. But perhaps the seed thought, planted in Lushin-
gton’s mind, peeped above ground in 1838 when the Glasgow Greek professor-
ship suddenly materialized just as Edmund had at last settled into the study of
law.

In May of 1837 Edmund finally bowed to the inevitable and resigned his
assistant tutorship. Even then, he postponed the ordeal by going off again to
Germany and, inevitably, toward the intellectual attractions of Bonn, trans-
gressing against Henry’s fraternal admonitions to forget Bonn now, and go out
in society, see the theaters, and become more aware of international politics.
Writing from Bonn, Edmund did not conceal his melancholy. Although Hen-
ry’s "war against Bonn," his "prejudice against the innocent place," proceeded
solely from his "kindness & anxious affection" for a brother whose "powers"
he feared might become "crippled" there, Edmund could not admit the danger.
"At least" it was "no new trait in me to find consolation for the want of
theatres & parties in a most beautiful country & interesting studies." As for small talk about public affairs, "I used to hope that you at least acquitted me of utter absence of interest upon subjects on which I forbore from often speaking because I hardly ever hear anyone else speak without trifling words." He was "fully conscious of not having the universality of sympathies" that Henry possessed, "but this is a boon granted to very few." Surely he there at Bonn once again was "not wrong in gratifying a strong devotion in a more particular direction." He would have "little" to "look forward to in the long course of misery which lies before me" if he took to "what is called my profession" a stunting of the powers given him apparently, it seemed then, "but to be thwarted." But he would "not dwell longer" on that "cheerless prospect."

Temporarily, Henry, then twenty-five, was still residing at Trinity, as its Fellows were entitled to do, although in the following year he would move to London to study law. While legal studies would not be to his liking (he spoke sarcastically of "the unthankful profession to which I have devoted my golden youth, in return for which it holds out, at the best, a doubtful promise of making my age golden"), he would expend no sighs over laying aside the classics. Latin and Greek had enriched his mind, provided contexts for understanding the world, rewarded him with recognition of his talents; but for him, unlike Edmund, they did not constitute the definition of his identity. With his uncannily retentive memory, he could retain the fund of classical learning he had, and add to it if he pleased; but the center of his interests lay elsewhere—in the consideration of national and international affairs, always viewed from the perspectives of justice, morality, and ethics according to his concepts of these. He relished argumentation, not excluding the weapons of irony cheerfully aimed at himself as well as others. "I made a long oration last week," he wrote his father in 1835, "yea, an opening speech of 1/2 an hour, and also a reply, wherein I exposed sundry fallacies, detected various impositions, and advanced as far as can be expected towards the regeneration of the world, & putting things in general, on their proper footing."

He read extensively, though not always intensively, in history, political commentary (he relished, among others, Carlyle), and modern literature, especially poetry, keenly studying the possibilities of prosody. Venables reported that he "scarcely ever read a book through, but while he was dressing, or resting, or in an interval of conversation, he turned over the pages of miscellaneous volumes; and it always appeared that he afterwards knew better than others the material part of their contents." But "his intellect was thoroughly scholar-like or mathematical in its accuracy, and promiscuous knowledge at once arranged itself into a symmetrical form in his unfailing memory."45

Henry was feeling ready to test his rhetorical pinions by issuing a pamphlet.
Residing at Cambridge, he selected a target near at hand, an institutionalized preferential treatment of students on the basis of distinctions founded on birth or wealth. Membership in a category of undergraduates called "fellow commoners," from their special privilege of dining at tables with the Fellows in their commons hall, was obtainable to any man willing to pay the requisite fees. Most were younger sons of noblemen or sons of wealthy gentry. Their academic gowns were more dignified and ornamental than others wore, and they sat in preferred seats in chapel. In addition, noblemen or presumptive heirs of noble titles, or any men who could trace royal descent, could receive their degrees after fewer required terms of residency, and sit for the classical tripos without qualifying for honors in the mathematical tripos.

Henry's thirty-one-page pamphlet Fellow-Commoners and Honorary Degrees, by a Resident Fellow, attacked the system as unfair and alike injurious to recipients and nonrecipients. Recipients were injured when separated from other students by both dress and manner of living. The system deprived them of the inestimable advantage—the greatest, perhaps, after all which any public place of education can afford,—the free mixture in society of their own age, and the free choice of congenial friends." It virtually assured "that they shall never forget their eminence in rank or riches; we have set a permanent mark upon them, as if it were our object to remind them that they were above the need of exerting themselves, whether for profit or honour. The university was "betraying" these young men "with kisses, inflicting deep injury, under pretence of granting privileges."

The statistical records of both the university and its colleges plainly established the inferior academic performance of the fellow commoners. "They are not an intellectual class; they do not exercise over fellow students an intellectual influence proportionate even to their numbers, far less to their opportunities and station: the atmosphere in which they move is not favourable to the development of energetic thought or elevated feeling." The fault was not their own: "No shadow of blame can be fairly imputed to individuals for results so directly traceable to institutions." They had been "exposed to ten-fold trials." Fellow commoners entered Trinity College annually in a ratio of 1 to 10 of fellow students; they attained first class in the annual first-year examination at a ratio of 1 to 32. Far worse, in the senior honors examinations "the odds against a fellow-commoner, matched with an average pensioner for distinction in degree" were "just 12 to 1."

Turning to the reduced residency requirement for honorary degrees, Henry ironically professed to speculate concerning the university's real motives. Was she considering "the residence of these gentlemen fraught with danger to her usefulness, or liberties, and . . . only anxious to get rid of them as soon as she
could with decency?" Or was she confessing "that her studies are not adapted to assist in the formation of that character which should belong to well-born and influential Englishmen?" Whatever her motive, in the fourteen years from 1824 to 1837, of the sixty-four noblemen who had taken honorary degrees only eight had qualified for either mathematical or classical honors. Statistics for the various prizes were even more dismaying: of 587 prizes awarded in the previous eighty or ninety years, the titled students had won exactly four. "Thus," wrote Henry, "does the University, an unkind mother to these her spoiled children alone, bribe them to indolence with playthings, and cramp their youthful strength under the weight of gilded chains."

Even less forgivable was the practice of giving these titled students "equality with, or precedence over, their superiors . . . both in University rank, and in age, importance, and learning. It is, to say the least, unseemly to see the venerable head of a Noble College cautiously abstaining from leaving the chapel in advance of one stripling among the hundreds possibly committed to his charge."

The minds of the "mass of unprivileged students" were hardly less injured. Those already disposed to overrate rank and wealth were "led to exchange nobler aims for the desire of sharing" those distinctions—"deeply injured—debased is the right word." Those already disposed to "underrate such claims to respect are shortly provoked to scorn them, and are thus exposed . . . to the corrupting influence of jealous pride." Those avoiding both extremes were in no way benefited. Nobody was.

Finally, the university was very possibly injuring herself by increasing "the indifference, the slight regard shown by wealthy and noble legislators, when the interests of the University become matter of national deliberation." When "did the flattered ever esteem the flatterer? or who respects those who will not respect themselves?" Of course, one slight pamphlet by an anonymous Resident Fellow produced no repeal of such long-established, though long-outmoded, practices. Only time would do that.

In 1838 the "Apostle" J. M. Kemble's British and Foreign Review carried Henry's review of two books of poems by his and Kemble's friend and fellow Apostle Richard Monckton Milnes. Henry's treatment of his friend's generally competent but undistinguished poems, though remaining on the safe side of puffery, was predictably lenient. More interesting now, coming as they do from the man whom Alfred Tennyson would later call "the best critic he had ever known," are his theoretical generalizations, filling nearly the first half of the review.

The prevailing English poetry of the later 1830s, Henry declared, was the "Poetry of Reflection." It stood at the end of a phenomenal "revival of English
poetry," to which, "for extent, originality, and beauty, any age and any nation might refer with pride; inventive, not imitative, one of those outbreaks which mark an aera . . . distinguished . . . by genuine vigour . . . unparalleled width and variety." It was a "privilege to live under the immediate influence of a time from which posterity" would "date the revival of English Poetry." At first, naturally enough, it had included an element of anarchy—"the ephemeral . . . struggling with the permanent, often successful as such upon the many, and vexing with doubts even the judgment of the few." But the general tendency of that "singular revolution" early in the century was showing itself at present in the poetry that had developed from it. The new "Poetry of Reflection," "thoughtful and meditative," had derived much more from Wordsworth than from the once phenomenally popular Byron, of whom hardly any traces remained. "Those who delight in Byronism must seek it at the fountainhead; but the gentler influence of his great contemporary is everywhere."

Yet even Wordsworth's influence, though pervasive, appeared more crucial than it was: "The genius of no single man could have created the intellectual circumstances which, in making such a school of poetry possible, made its rise sooner or later almost necessary." In the "progress of the human mind towards maturity," the "world of inward" had naturally come to "encroach upon the world of outward action," until finally "thought itself"—the act of reflecting or the result of reflecting—had become "an object of contemplation." Every "time, like every writer, will exhibit a character of its own"—necessarily, "so long as poetry is not a thing separate from our daily life, but rather the expression of what is highest and best in it. . . . What many men are thinking of, one will be found to write of."

Unfortunately, however, the "reflective element" in poetry, "at once the symbol and the cause of much good," had introduced "a dangerous heresy" into the "poetic faith," leaving too much poetry essentially unpoetical. Poets needed to remember that "though reflections may furnish us with the proper materials for poetry," not every reflection "put in verse" necessarily becomes poetry. The beauty essential for lifting reflection above mere "Thoughts in Verse" must be "conveyed . . . in one of three ways": by dramatic "subservience . . . to the development of character," through an "inherent beauty" of the concept itself, or through being "embodied in action or expressed in imagery." Too many gifted poets of the time had fallen into the error of didacticism, beguiled "by their very reverence" for their art and their "sense of its deep responsibilities." They had pursued what they thought "the only worthy aim," but with "an exclusiveness" that deprived them "of the means of attaining it." They should "consider whether the first requisite for everything is not, that it be what it professes to be."
Like most of his Cambridge contemporaries, Henry had adopted aesthetic principles from Coleridge. Though the "poet be an instructor," Henry insisted in explicitly Coleridgean terms, "the immediate end which poetry proposes to itself is not instruction, but the production of beauty; and the writer who forgets this, throws off his nearest allegiance, and ceases to be a poet." However instructive, a poem deficient in beauty "is but a sermon which has condescended to a useless disguise; it is something which might have been said as well, and therefore better, in prose." Readers are "entitled to expect from a true poet that he should have faith in his art, faith in the good which is inseparable from its genuine exercise, in its essentially noble and elevating tendencies."

Henry's lengthy introduction concluded with an apt quotation from "the great poet" A. Tennyson, "whose intuition pierces and whose practice realizes the harmonious co-operation of the presiding genii" of poetry:

That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge are three sisters,
That dote upon each other, friends to man,
Living together under the same roof,
And never can be sundered without tears.

The lines, of course, are from Tennyson's piece addressed to Richard Trench, introducing "The Palace of Art." Henry had subtly turned back upon itself the commonly oversimplified moral drawn from those lines—that poetry should dutifully incorporate Good and Knowledge into its Beauty. True, Henry is saying, but not true enough: Good and Knowledge, unaccompanied by Beauty, will not be poetry at all.

Later, as Tennyson's favorite critical adviser, Henry would be at hand to encourage his friend's sound instinct to position his poetic pedagogy, as in The Princess, along the path of some kind of "diagonal," though not obligatorily a "strange" one. The Princess would ultimately be dedicated to Henry, who as we shall see, had been in close proximity to Tennyson during much of its composition. No doubt with some consciousness of exaggeration, Venables, after Henry died, claimed that if "all Mr. Tennyson's writings had by some strange accident been destroyed, Henry Lushington's wonderful memory could, I believe, have reproduced the whole."47