IN MEMORIAM. [1861]

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In Memoriam. [1861] by Alfred Tennyson

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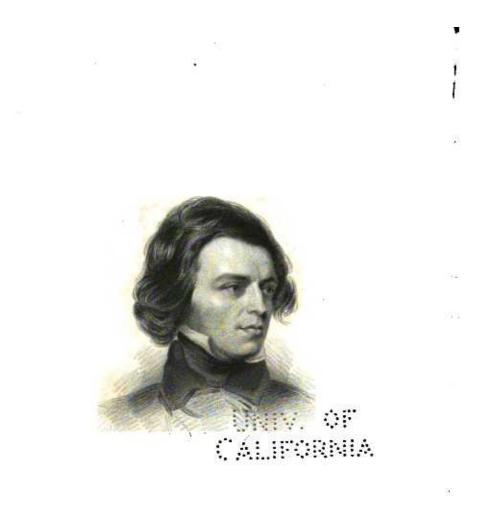
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BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

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A RTHUR HENRY HALLAM, the friend of Alfred Tennyson, and the subject of "In Memoriam," was bern in Bedford Place; London, on the 1st of February, 1811. The eldest son of Henry Hallam, the eminent historian and critic, his earliest years had every advantage which culture and moral excellence could bring to his education. His father has feelingly commemorated his boyish virtues and talents by recording his "peculiar clearness of perception, his facility of acquiring knowledge, and, above all, an undeviating sweetness of disposition, and ad-

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herence to his sense of what was right and becoming." From that tearful record, not publicly circulated, our recital is partly gathered. Companions of his childhood have often told us well-remembered incidents of his life, and this is the too brief story of his casthly career.

When about eight years of age, Arthur resided some time in Germany and Switzerland, with his father and mother. He had already become familiar with the French language, and a year later he read Latin with some facility. Although the father judiciously studied to repress his son's marked precocity of talent, Arthur wrote about this time several plays in prose and in rhyme, — compositions which were never exhibited, however, beyond the family circle.

At ten years of age he became a pupil at

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a school in Putney, under the tuition of an excellent clergyman, where he continued two years. He then took a short tour on the Continent, and, returning, went to Eton, ' where he studied nearly five years. While at Eton, he was reckoned, according to the usual test at that place, not a first-rate Latin student, for his mind had a predominant bias toward English literature, and there he lingered among the exhaustless fountains of the earlier poetry of his native tongue. One who knew him well in those years has described him to us as a sweet-voiced lad, moving about the pleasant playing-fields of Eton with a thoughtful eye and a most kindly expression. Afterwards, as Tennyson, singing to the witch-elms and the towering sycamore, paints him, he mixed in all the simple sports, and loved to gather a happy group about him, as

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he lay on the grass and discussed grave questions of state.

His taste for philosophical poetry increased with his years, and Wordsworth and Shelley became his prime favorites. His contributions to the "Eton Miscellany" were various, sometimes in prose, and now and then in verse. A poet by nature, he could not resist the Muse's influence, and he expressed a genuine emotion, oftentimes elegantly, and never without a meaning.

In the summer of 1827 he left Eton, and travelled with his parents eight months in Italy. And now began that life of thought and feeling so conspicuous to the end of his too brief career. Among the Alps his whole soul took the impress of those early introductions to what is most glorious and beautiful in Nature. After passing the mountains,

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