

lam lived, he would have ranked among the world's greatest thinkers. Tennyson said of him that he never met a man who could master so thoroughly at a single reading a difficult treatise on philosophy. He had the faculty of going straight to the centre of an argument, of separating the essentials from the non-essentials, and moreover, he had the gift of lucid expression. There does not seem to be any heights of philosophy to which he might not have climbed had not death interposed.

The remark of Tennyson that had Hallam lived he would have been a great man but not a great poet seems to be justified by the opinion of his friends, and is confirmed by a reading of his poetic remains. Sweetness is a strong element in these, but there is a most curious absence of passion, of that 'sensuous element' which he so much admired in the early poetry of Tennyson. Wordsworth was evidently his master, and the thoughtful gravity and calm repose of his master is everywhere visible. At no time does he reach the heights to which Tennyson attained, even during the 1830-33 period, nor is there any internal evidence in his poems that the poetic faculty would have undergone further development. As a critic, however, Hallam gave great promise. His essay "On Some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson," is a masterpiece of literary criticism. I venture to say that nothing so good along this line has ever been produced by so young a man, not even excepting the "Milton" of Macaulay. The essay is extraordinary, not only for its critical insight, but also for its prophetic power. The five excellencies which he pointed out are now on all hands admitted as the distinguishing marks of the poetry of Tennyson. And further than this, there is no line along which the genius of the late Laureate moved but is indicated in this essay. The more it is read, the more is the reader impressed with its power.

In closing, just a word as to the relations between Hallam and Tennyson. The Memoir of the Laureate gives us a beautiful picture of this friendship. Did space permit we would like to linger over the record. The two seem to have been attracted to each other at once, and from the day of their first meeting until the day

of Hallam's death, no cloud came between to mar their friendship.

A number of Hallam's letters have been preserved and are printed in the Tennyson Memoir, but those of Tennyson to Hallam were unfortunately burned by the elder Hallam shortly after the death of his son. There is no sentimentality, nothing maudlin or affected in these letters, but a manly affection such as one strong man would feel for another. The friendship of Hallam was not confined to his letters, but was exhibited in many practical ways. He lost no opportunity of pushing the claims of Tennyson as a poet destined to be one of England's greatest. The essay before referred to gave the world his personal opinion. But this was not all. Letters that have recently come to light show his unwearied efforts to bring the great reviews of the time around to his opinion. Robertson Nicoll, a short time ago, unearthed two letters from Hallam to Leigh Hunt, urging Tennyson's claims to a favorable notice in the "Tatler," of which Hunt was then editor. The friendship of the two young men was further strengthened by Hallam's engagement to Tennyson's sister. They even planned to publish their poems together, but Henry Hallam did not approve the project and the plan was dropped. The news of Hallam's death plunged Tennyson into such depths of despair that his friends feared for his reason. It was years before he recovered from the shock. "In Memoriam" is the commentary on the friendship between these two great minds.

Enough has been said to show that Arthur Henry Hallam was a man of no common order, but one of those rare intellects which appear in the world at wide intervals for the blessing of mankind. "As the gods reckon, to be enshrined in 'In Memoriam' is a higher guerdon than long life filled with pleasure and success. For us of the end of the Nineteenth Century, looking back on all these men and their doings, it is an open question whether the gods did best for us in taking the man and leaving the occasion for the immortal Song of Songs, which is Tennyson's. Tennyson in all circumstances must have sung greatly to us: Arthur Henry Hallam might have lived and served his race better than he served it by dying."

J. C. SAUL,