Title: "A Word About Tennyson," holograph manuscript fragments, corrected
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Let me say, if I may assume to give a verdict on the present so-called judgment for the United States—a remnant of distant struggle giving some advantages over a near one—Alfred Henry Trowell is a magnificent and superb character and you helped to give illusion to the Nineteenth Century in its array of great names shining like a constellation of stars his name will remain one of the brightest. He is very doubtful upon himself, have gaps of our feet, doubt, swearing, and typical of the time. We are like the voyagers of a ship casting off for new lands and shores. We dwell in the old gazing into the way and enquiring, remembering their good pleasant days and removed only and are more than once impelled to jump ashore and stay where our fathers stood and live as they did.
St. Louis, Dec. 11th, 1885

My dear Wall,

Enclosed please find check for $10 payable to your order. This check is sent by W. Charles he is so much pleased with his books.

We are getting on about as usual manner—all well—I am pretty busy—but still hope to get away long enough to make you all a visit.

Weather here just perfect for the last few days—Hal and Jeff doing the “Experiments” which has just opened—they run his first class.

Glad to see that you are all right again—now a letter notice in last evening paper stating this fact.

Have just received a telegram from Horace Farr of New York (Mr. Lane’s nephew) stating that he would call on me Brady will be glad to meet you all and loves you all

[Signature]
To me Tennyson shows more than any one I know, new or old, how much there is in verbalism. There is a charm in mere words and in the voice ringing them which he has caught and sometimes renders, beyond all other men, in some of his lines:

"And hollow hollow hollow, all delight in 'The Passing of Arthur'; and all through, as in 'The Deserted Village' and 'The Lady of Shalott'

His mannerism is great, but it is good and noble. His best work is to me contained in the books of the 'Idylls of the King' all of them, and all that grows out of them, and indeed we can spare nothing of Tennyson, however small or peculiar. "Flowers in the Crannied Wall" or "Ladys Clare" or

Among the best, I often linger over them again and again, are "Lusitania, The Northern Farmer".
May be, I am not a literary and profound, but they at least be begun, and the part of improvement. In this effort, about Fevering, I want him to know that here and evidently is a great nation who absorbs his words and respects him, and has an affection for him, as almost for no other foreigner. I want these words to go to the old man at Harrington, as a token of the truth and convey the life for they tell us more than the force by a little philosophy to give the truth. They convey is no falsehood in them.
anyhow to Alfred
Thanks to Frankston — thanks to
America’s name!

I have written the paragraph, and shall let them go at that.

T. M.
The readers of an edition of fifty millions of people owe to him some of their most agreeable and harmless and healthful hours, but he has entered into the formation of the 'gentle,' character of the State of our Atlantic coast, the State of our West, in Missouri, Kansas, and away in Oregon, in farmer's house and miner's hut.