

HAMPSHIRE WRITERS.

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(A paper read to the Club on the occasion of their visit to Hurst Castle in 1953.)

"What Countryman are you, Sirrah?"
"Hampshire, Sir!"

ETHEREGE. (*The Man of Mode.*)

ON certain organised tours to foreign parts suitable lectures were given on board the ship. The audience consisted of two classes—those who knew nothing about the matter in hand and those who knew everything. The latter were the difficulty, so every lecturer was instructed to make two major mistakes. Then one part of the audience learned what it wished to know; the other pounced on the two mistakes with all the pleasure of superior knowledge and everyone was happy. No such precaution is necessary to-day. My mistakes and omissions will not be limited to two, and your Club will have enough of one particular pleasure of the expert—even if it has no other.

Writers are not ordinarily associated with special places or localities. The mention of Marlowe no more reminds us of Canterbury than the name of Shakespeare recalls Stratford, in spite of some modern vulgarities. From what rock was Malory hewn? Where does Sir Thomas North, or Jeremy Taylor, or Fielding, or Thackeray belong, though as a boy Thackeray lived for a time at Fareham? A great poet, or handler of that "other harmony" of prose, is obviously not tied to a district. He seldom remained in one in person. For an author there is substance in the self-criticism which the man who had lived in Beaulieu for 53 years expressed to William Allingham in 1866, that he "ought to a' pushed out into the world—gone to London or some large place". But length of residence, his subject, his dialect or mere chance may connect a man with a particular spot anywhere in the country. Gilbert White is White of Selborne. George Crabbe, though he lived most of his life out of Suffolk, belongs by virtue of *The Village* and many of his tales to Aldeburgh where he was born. Scott, by birth, residence and taste, was a man of the Border; with the great Scottish novels he made Scotland famous throughout Europe and gave his country an industry, that of peddling Romance, from which it profits enormously to-day. Wordsworth belongs to the Lakes, though his early association with Coleridge was in Somerset and *Lyrical Ballads* was printed in Bristol. The Brontës,

five of them, though Patrick may not count for much, sit for ever in a Yorkshire parsonage even if Charlotte left it, and Branwell's chair is preserved where he used it—in the public house. Henry Vaughan cannot be separated from Breconshire and the Usk. In life he was hardly ever away from those parts which give the background to his verse, though as a young man he had his poetic fling in London.

If unquiet slumbers ever trouble R. S. Hawker in his Plymouth grave, he walks, not there, but on the windswept heights of the great cliffs of his Morwenstow "in the same figure, like the King that's dead"—a figure which presents sartorial peculiarities—or sits, as he sat as a boy, on the rocks at Bude giving a realistic impersonation of a mermaid.

Herrick would have raised no objection to a divorce from his "dull Devonshire", but he has never got it, and William Browne is Browne of Tavistock. Barnes, if only because his best poems are in dialect, is the Dorset poet. A map of Trollope's Barsetshire—he drew one—might be imposed on any part of the south of England. The map of Hardy's Wessex is the real map. We know where Egdon Heath was, though Hardy said he did not—Bournemouth is there now, for better or for worse. We could find the exact spot where Michael Henchard sold his wife for £5. 5s. 0d.¹ Surprisingly enough that wasn't a bad price financially. The recorded wife sales, like the sales of other speculative stock, show wide fluctuations, ranging from a bullock to half a pint of beer.

These are obvious examples, but we must not be too strict in our limitations. Hampshire writers cannot be altogether tied to the county, but it is hard to define them. As that cautious etymologist Humpty Dumpty said, "When I use a word it means just what I choose it to mean—neither more nor less". The county, of course, can claim its own and it is easy to lay down a birth qualification—a man belongs where he is nursed and nourished—or a residential qualification, but some with these qualifications may have to be excluded and there are others, free neither by birth nor purchase, who have claims to be included. Whether we include them or not, we have to turn for information about Hampshire to many authors who were not Hampshire men, such as Leland the first of the antiquaries, and Camden, and Defoe. Agriculturalists cannot ignore Arthur Young, like Defoe a London man, or Charles Vancouver, who was American, or William Cobbett. A Surrey man by birth, Cobbett tried to join the Navy, but was dissuaded by the Captain to whom he applied, did join the Army, and was some years in America. He did not start farming at Botley till he was over 40 and could never have spent much time there. But he rode all over Hampshire and published *Rural Rides*, the book most concerned, when he was 68. Hampshire can claim a share in the

1. *The Mayor of Casterbridge*.

old agitator at his best ; but it shares him with the south and south-east of England.

Even J. R. Wise, the author of the famous *New Forest*, 1863, the first book illustrated by Walter Crane, then 16—Crane was born in Liverpool and never lived in Hampshire—even J. R. Wise is only partly a Hampshire writer. He was born I think in Sweden and wandered a great deal about England, writing about the Stratford district before he turned to the Forest. His book was printed a quarter of a century before he came, after other wanderings, to live at Lyndhurst where he died in 1890. My father helped him with the botany of his book, a subject which would keep them on neutral ground. On other matters they might have differed as Wise's views were advanced.

On the other historians of the county, on the archaeologists and lawyers and journalists and writers of general and special guides² I cannot touch. But going back in time I must not omit a mention of Michael Drayton, a Warwickshire man, who adorned almost all the forms of poetry of his day. He gives his description of Hampshire in the second book of the first part of his *Polyolbion*, 1612. The man who writes a "Chorographicall Description" of Great Britain will not know all that he writes about equally well, and of some places, Hampshire is perhaps one of them, Drayton might have said as does Robert Burton in his *Anatomy*, "I never travelled but in Mappe or Card, in which my unconfined thoughts have freely expatiated". Of course Drayton touches on the New Forest, but he is mainly concerned—as the author of the ballads on Agincourt and the Virginian Voyage would be, and the coast is the part he himself may have known—with Southampton and Portsmouth. "Nor *Plimmouths* selfe hath borne more brauer ships than they" ships which travelled to find "large *Chinas* wealthie Realms", the either *Inde*, the "perlie rich *Peru*" and bore "their ful-spredd sailes upon the streames of *Plate*".³ The Solent, with its double tides, is one of the "Wonders of our Land" :—

Where those rough irefull Tides, as in her Straits they meet,
With boystrous shocks and rores each other rudely greet :
Which fiercelie when they charge, and sadlie make retreat,
Upon the bulwarkt Forts of *Hurst* and *Calshot* beat,

His mention of the Island as training her offspring "in exercise of warre" :

Those Pyrats to put backe that oft purloine her trade,
Or *Spaniards*, or the *French* attempting to invade.

reminds us of a state of affairs at this late date which is sometimes forgotten. The last serious French attack on the Island was in

². Perhaps Abraham Elder's *Tales and Legends of the Isle of Wight*, 1839, illustrated by Cruickshank, is hardly a guide book.

³. More precise information about some of the ships can be found in the pages of Hakluyt.

1554, but in 1599 there were proposals strongly to fortify the island of Freshwater, and the Calendar of State Papers tells how a Portugal ship—she turned out to be Spanish—was stayed at Hurst in June, 1625, on suspicion of piracy. We can gather the same from John Taylor, the Water Poet. Taylor was a picker up of all the unconsidered trifles of his age, a born journalist who, when he had no other news, would make it, walking to Scotland for a bet, without money and without begging; or rowing a paper boat, with stockfish tied to canes as oars to see how far he could get down the Thames. In 1623 he made a voyage in a wherry with four companions from London to Salisbury in July. When bad weather drove them ashore in Sussex the constable came:

He ask'd if we were Pyrats? We said no,
(As if we had, we would have told him so.)

But perhaps the constable, like Dogberry, knew the disadvantage of meddling with those who were not true men.

Bad weather continuing, Taylor describes in his atrocious verse—James I preferred him as a poet to Spenser—how he came here:

On Wedn'sday we to Hursts strong Castle crost,
Most dangerously sows'd, turmoyl'd and tost:
Good harbour there we found, and nothing deere;
I thanke kind M. Figge, the Porter there,
He shew'd us there a Castle of defence
Most usefull, of a round circumference:
Of such command, that none can passe these Seas
Unsunke, or spoyl'd, except the Castle please.
On Thursday, we, our Boat row'd, pull'd and hal'd
Unto a place, which is Key Haven call'd.⁴

We can only put in a partial claim to what was written in the county by visitors, even by a Member of Parliament like the Orientalist, Nathaniel Halhead, who in 1790 represented Lymington where Richard Warner met him at the house of D'Oyley, the friend of Warren Hastings. He was mixed up with that curious person Richard Brothers who decided he was a nephew of the Almighty—a problem of relationship which hardly admits even of a wide solution. Though there were Halheads at Yateley⁵ in his time, he was not a Hampshire man. John Ward, the Parliamentary trooper, who wrote verses describing the taking of Winchester in 1642 can also rank as a visitor. So must the writers of contemporary accounts of the siege of Basing. That famous siege is fully described in *The Civil War in Hampshire*, by G. N. Godwin, one of the founders of this Society.

I might, however, mention one Civil War tract. It relates to the case of John Burley, a naval captain who belonged to the

4. *All the Works*, 1630, ii, p. 25. A note reads "Matthew Figge, a right good fellow". The piece is reprinted in a Winchester publication, *The Crypt*, 1829, New Series No. 7.

5. Yateley is said to have provided the Goose Green of Mrs. Ewing's *Jackanapes*.

Island. When the King was brought to Newport, Burley caused "a drum to be beat up, *For God and King Charles*" without any chance of being able to rescue the King. He was tried for High Treason and suffered the penalty for treason. This savage punishment and this conception of treason, which Clarendon says made a deeper impression than all the cruelties yet exercised in Courts of War, did not pass without notice in Royalist Mercuries such as *Bellicus*, *Melancholicus*, *Aulicus*, *Elenciticus*, and *Pragmaticus* which says "to the honour of *Hampshire* be it spoken, that no man in the whole *County*, was so poor and abject, as to undertake the office of an *Executioner*, for any reward whatsoever; which was the very reason why the execution was deferred, till the *Hang-man* was brought from *London*; . . ." At least five pamphlets report Burley's demonstration, trial and execution. Three, referring to the execution which took place about a week before, were received by Thomason on February 7th, 1648. (The date given in the *D.N.B.*, February 10, is clearly wrong.) This speed is not remarkable, but *The Relation Of the unjust proceedings against Captaine Burley at Winchester* has seven sets of verses at the end, of which the longest has 226 lines.⁶ Though Burley's execution may have been foreseen, as it was by one of the Mercuries, this is quick work. Not all the authors may have known Burley, one says he didn't, but some of the verses are probably from Hampshire. Of course no names are given.

Alexander Ross was a schoolmaster in Southampton and later Vicar of Carisbrooke and Chaplain to the King. He wrote much on many subjects poetical, historical and theological. *Virgilius Evangelisans*, 1634, was dedicated to Charles I; an enlarged and altered version to the Prince in 1638. But the excellent condition of the fine binding of his copy does not indicate that the Prince, aged eight, was much interested either then or later. Ross was born and bred in Aberdeen, but he spent most of his life in Hampshire and so has a right to be considered. Most of these men are describing Hampshire like others who have a better claim to a place in a Hampshire bibliography than to one in a list of Hampshire writers.

It is perhaps worth noting that Thomas Nashe, the young Juvenal addressed by Robert Greene in the famous passage of his *Groats-Worth of Wit, bought with a Million of Repentance* where he attacks Shakespeare, wrote *The Terrors of the Night* early in 1593 when staying at Carisbrooke with Sir George Carey, the Captain-General of the Island, and part, if not the whole, of *The Unfortunate Traveller*, the first English picaresque novel, or, if

6. Though these verses have the initials C.C. at the end, they are said at the beginning, in what looks like an addition, to be by "By J.M." There are other possible people with these initials, but they may have been intended to suggest Jasper Mayne though he had no connection with the Island.

you disapprove of that description, the first English novel of adventure. But there are no traces of Hampshire in it. It was dedicated to the 3rd Earl of Southampton, Shakespeare's patron, who belongs to Titchfield and later had connections with the Island.

Another book, probably written in the Island, is Thomas Bushell's *The First Part of Youth's Errors*, 1628. Bushell had been secretary to Bacon and on his master's fall retired to the Isle of Wight and worked as and lived with a fisherman and composed his first book which is sufficiently explained by its title. His later life was full of variety. It included a hermitage in the Isle of Man; designing famous water works at Enstone; working the royal silver and lead mines in Wales and inventing a new method of airing them, "For he makes it nothing to rake in *Hells Guts*";⁷ the management of the royal mint at Oxford when he invented the first English battle honour, the forlorn-hope medal of Charles I; clothing the King's troops and holding Lundy Island for the King. According to Aubrey "he was like Sir Kenelm Digby, if he had not 4d., wherever he came he would find respect and credit". He certainly found the latter if Aubrey is correct in saying he died £120,000 in debt.

We know from Lockhart that part of the third canto of *Marmion* was written by Scott when staying at Mudeford with his friend W. S. Rose, himself the author of *Rhymes*, 1837, but *Marmion* would not be different from what it is had its author never visited the New Forest, or stood on the beach at Hurst.⁸ Coleridge also stayed at Mudeford and no doubt continued without ceasing to murmur as the ocean murmurs there, as Landor wrote of the shaken sea shell. Coleridge was without those occasional flashes of silence which Sydney Smith said made Macaulay's conversation perfectly delightful. Southey had a holiday at Burton and later came for a while to Lymington when he married his second wife, Caroline Bowles the poetess, at Boldre. He is nothing to our purpose—she isn't much—and, unless it is his *Life of Nelson* and "The Story of the Three Bears" from *The Doctor*, I doubt if Southey is widely read to-day, though the hexameters in which he recorded *A Vision of Judgement* get their mention in notes to the poem at the end of which Byron left George III in Heaven "practising the Hundredth Psalm", and there are possibilities about his proposed distinction of genders between Hemise and Shemise, Hepistle and Shepistle, Hecups and Shecups.

In 1852 John Hamilton Reynolds died at Newport at the age of 58 after acting as Clerk to the Council for some fourteen years. No doubt he wrote something there—his farewells to literature were never final—but his burlesque on Wordsworth:

7. *Mercurius Publicus*, No. 22, May-June, 1662.

8. But the Introduction to Canto First is addressed to Rose.

And as he creepeth by the tiles,
He mutters ever— "W.W.
Never more will trouble you, trouble you",

his sonnet on the boxer—no other poet has written so splendidly on boxing—"Good with both hands, and only ten stone four", his verse translations from Boccaccio, and anything else by which he is remembered had all been printed before he came to the Island to end in obscurity and disappointment and, according to one authority,⁹ drunken habits, a life which began with some brilliance. In 1816 he had been one of three young men picked by Leigh Hunt as showing poetical promise: the other two were Shelley and Keats. We can make no claim to the friend of Keats. He belongs, if anywhere, to Shrewsbury and to Devon and is likely to have looked on his separation from London and his literary friends much as Ovid did on his banishment among the barbarians on the shore of the Black Sea.

But what of Keats himself? He was born and spent his early life in London, and his father seems to have been a Devonshire man. It was in Hampshire, however, that he wrote part of the first book of *Endymion*. His sonnet

It keeps eternal whisperings around
Desolate shores,

inspired by words from *King Lear* "Do you not hear the sea?" was written in the hearing of Hampshire waters, at Shanklin or possibly at Carisbrooke. *Lamia* was written at Shanklin; the plays at Winchester. From Winchester where the air, he said, was worth sixpence a pint, on September 21, 1819, he sent Richard Woodhouse some poetry "I was going to give Reynolds". This was the *Ode to Autumn*, "Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness". There is a story that Matthew Arnold's daughter once asked him what was the best poem in the language. He told her not to ask silly questions, but she reasonably persisted that of so many one must be best and that as Professor of Poetry Arnold ought to know which it was. Cornered, he gave his vote for the *Ode to Autumn*, and for this Hampshire provided the inspiration. Keats liked "Abbotine Winchester", "the pleasantest Town I ever was in". Though he did not write it there, he himself connected his *Eve of St. Mark* with the spirit of Town quietude to be found in Winchester and thought the poem would give "the Sensation of walking about an old county Town in a coolish evening". Winchester was improved "because the fashionable inhabitants are all gone to Southampton"; the county round with its Dian skies and warm stubble fields "better than the chilly greens of the Spring"—it is the mood of the *Ode to Autumn*—taught him that agriculture was the tamer of men. Perhaps four words on St. Cross "a charity

9. Lord Ernle.

greatly abused" show a readiness of judgment from which Trollope abstained when he came to tell the story of Hiram's Hospital in *The Warden*. Though Keats was neither Hampshire born nor Hampshire bred, the county left its mark on his quick impressionable mind.

Four years after Keats' death William Allingham was born. In 1863 he was appointed to the Customs House at Lymington and stayed there for seven years. His family had left the county for Ireland in Elizabethan times. Allingham's best work was written before he came to Lymington, though he has poems on the district and Carlyle found his *Ramble in the New Forest* "very pretty and pleasant". It also has much good sense in its objections to the destruction of old buildings and old church windows.¹⁰ While at Lymington he saw much of Tennyson at Farringford, and his Pre-Raphaelite friends came to visit him. Rossetti was out of his natural element. He was afraid of being seasick and would not cross to the Island or visit Tennyson. He was happiest lying on a sofa or lying on his back in the Forest, and he was anxious to buy a *live* chair, of box clipped in the form of an arm chair, to transplant to his garden at Chelsea. As a poet Allingham liked things "tender and sweet". He certainly got them in Dalziel's engravings after Arthur Hughes for his *Music Master*, 1855. The illustrations positively revel in young men weeping on graves (though that is the actual subject of Hughes' best picture) and children decorating tombstones and young ladies sobbing and wallowing in pensiveness as they listen to the lad singing about love. The same sort of taste, of course, flourished a century earlier when Young, a Hampshire man, wrote his *Night Thoughts* and Warton—Hampshire has claims on Thomas Warton—his *Pleasures of Melancholy* and Dyer his *Ruins of Rome* and Blair his *Grave* and Harvey meditated among the tombs with much applause, and Gray, giving classic expression to the commonplaces of mortality in "images which find a mirror in every mind and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo", as Dr. Johnson puts it, wrote what quickly became and has, perhaps, ever since remained, the most famous and popular poem in the English language. To get that sort of thing right a number of circumstances must combine. In the mid-nineteenth century they did not combine, nor perhaps when Caroline Bowles indited her *Chapters on Churchyards*. Allingham's best-known piece in his nursery song on the Fairies :

Up the airy mountain,
Down the rushy glen
We daren't go a hunting
For fear of little men.

10. Charles Winston, the authority and writer on glass-painting, was born at Lymington and died in 1864.

This, the best stanza, is an obvious imitation of the Jacobite song which Scott quoted when he was shown the Lake of Avernus :

Up the craggy mountains and down the mossy glen
We canna gang a milking, for Charlie and his men.

Allingham wrote verses to a set of fairy drawings by Doyle which were composed "chiefly during rambles in the Forest". But Allingham can only claim a humble place in the line of fairy poetry to which, in England—the Scottish fairies are of a different kind—Shakespeare and Ben Jonson and William Browne and Drayton and Steward and Herrick and Corbet and one or two others have, in different ways contributed information about those beings with whose angelical and glorious presences the seventeenth century astrologer, William Lilly, was well acquainted. But Allingham's fairies may be Irish.

Speaking to Alice Meynell of the high water mark of English style in poetry Meredith cited as topmost the lines from "Morte D'Arthur" :

On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

They might have been written at that spot where Tennyson's monument stands on the other side of the Solent, but they were in fact printed eleven years before he took Farringford. When he did so, Tennyson, a Lincolnshire man by birth and upbringing, was 44, an age at which a man's views and ways are likely to be formed and fixed. Tennyson wrote much at Farringford, *Maud*, with the profits from which he bought it, and the *Idylls of the King*, where he takes one of the great love stories of the world and does not hesitate to lecture the protagonists, and much else, including "Crossing the Bar" which he wrote while crossing the Solent. But the great Tennyson is the early Tennyson, the poet, shall I say, of the 1842 volumes. He is among the greatest masters of verbal landscape painting, assisted, it may be, by his short sight which helped to eliminate what is unessential and left the vision plain. But the poet was made, the artist had learned what William Watson hails as the "flower of perfect speech" before Tennyson came to the Island. He owes little to this county.

It is otherwise with Swinburne. Perhaps no one thinks of Swinburne as a Hampshire poet, but among the ingredients which went to the make-up of that curious personality the Island has a large place. Swinburne happened to be born in London, but he spent his childhood between the house his father rented at Bonchurch and his grandfather's in Northumberland. He rightly looked on himself as a Northumbrian, by descent and by tradition, and Reginald Clavering in *The Sisters*, his portrait of himself, claims Northumberland as "the crowning county of England". But, unless it is officially, the moors and streams which he there

celebrates were not the things which lay closest to Swinburne's heart. Without going beyond the dedication to this very play, it can be seen what these were :

The sun to sport in and the cliffs to scale,
The sea to clasp and wrestle with, till breath
For rapture more than weariness would fail,

He is writing about his childhood at Bonchurch and he did in fact scale Culver Cliff. Many criticisms can be made of Swinburne's poetry, but he is above all else the poet of the sea, and it is the sea, the wind and the light and the air above it, as he deeply felt them when he was young which fill the best of his verse, whether in the choruses of *Atalanta* or in the Prelude to *Songs before Sunrise* or in the "Hymn to Proserpine" when the old Roman soldier had the vision of his goddess as she

Came flushed from the full-flushed wave, and imperial, her foot
on the sea.
And the wonderful waters knew her, the winds and the viewless
ways,
And the roses grew rosier, and bluer the sea-blue stream of the
bays.

But it was not the blue bays of the Isles of Greece that Swinburne saw. The "fields of the sea", the "cool blossoms of water and foam" he knew are a very short distance from here. And Hardy recognised the fitness of his burial at Bonchurch :

In this fair nook above the unslumbering sea,
That sentrys up and down, all night, all day,
From cave to promontory, from ness to bay,
The Fates have fitly bidden that he should be
Pillowed eternally.

Some of the Bishops of Winchester present a problem of their own. They are on duty and might come from anywhere, but their position and sometimes their writing is official. There was Thomas Cooper. According to Aubrey he had a shrew to his wife who was so irreconcilably angry with him for sitting up late at night compiling his dictionary—the famous *Thesaurus* which delighted Queen Elizabeth—that she threw the first half into the fire. Cooper sat down and did it again. Bishops are patient men. At Winchester he wrote his *Admonition to the People of England*, 1589, in answer to the Martin Mar Prelate tracts—a little pompous and hortatory for such a controversy.

About Thomas Bilson there can be no doubts. Born at Winchester in 1546, at school at Winchester, Bishop of Winchester and Warden of Winchester College, he is a Winchester man. Commander-in-chief in the spiritual warfare, carrying prelature in his very aspect, he was given the job by Queen Elizabeth of writing a book to help her policy of encouraging the Low Countries against

the Spaniards. *The True Difference between Christian Subjection and Unchristian Rebellion* may have done this. It was later seized on by the Puritans as presenting them with useful arguments and is said to have contributed more than any other book to the ruin and death of Charles I.

A greater than Bilson or Cooper was translated from Ely to Winchester in 1619, and according to another Bishop by God to Heaven in 1626. (Wither was not ashamed to use the same pun.) This was that angel in the pulpit, the first named of the translators of the Authorized Version of the Bible, Lancelot Andrewes, whose *Sermons* was one of the books which Charles I left to his daughter, the Princess Elizabeth, on the morning of his execution. Mr. T. S. Eliot has said that Andrewes had a place second to none in the history of the formation of the English Church and claims that his prose is not inferior to that of any sermons in the language, unless it be some of Newman's. Many might prefer, without qualification, the prose of Jeremy Taylor.¹¹

A Bishop of a different type was Peter Mews, who went to Winchester from Bath and Wells in 1684. He is said to have been wounded thirty times fighting for Charles I, and at Sedgemoor in 1685 his horses dragged the King's guns into position; he directed their fire and was wounded for the thirty-first time. He is reputed to have written one good poem. But if Hearne is correct in saying that the "honest old Cavalier" wrote *The High and Mightie Commendation of the vertue of a Pot of Good Ale* he did so before he was Bishop as it was printed in 1642 when Mews was 23.

Not drunken nor sober, but neighbour to both,
I met with a friend in Alesberry Vale;
He saw by my face, that I was in the case,
To speak no great harm of a Pot of good Ale.

But the piece has been attributed to other men, and in 1651, when the description would hardly apply to Mews, Joyn Taylor assigned it to "a most Learned Author".

I must not extend a list which includes the names of Richard Fox and Brian Duppa, who edited the elegies on Ben Jonson, and Benjamin Hoadly and Samuel Wilberforce, but though he was not Bishop of Winchester, but of London, I should mention the name of a Hampshire man from Church Oakley, William Warham (1450-1532), Lord Chancellor of England, and Archbishop of Canterbury, whose portrait by Holbein is one of the glories of Lambeth. Though he doesn't seem to have written much he was as munificent to men of letters as he was to public objects and so died worth no more than would pay for his funeral.¹² His usefulness to writers continued

11. No Hampshire man can have had a greater reputation as a preacher than Canon Henry Liddon who was born at North Stoneham. His friend Alexander Mackonochie, connected with certain ritual trials, was born at Fareham.

12. The richest Hampshire author—he wrote about railways—was probably James Morrison who made some millions in the first half of last century.

after his death, for Horace Walpole based the chimney piece in the Holbein chamber of his Gothic house, Strawberry Hill, on Warham's tomb.

Many novelists have written about Hampshire, particularly about the New Forest, and not all are Hampshire men. Peacock's *Gryll Grange*, his last work, which appeared serially in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1860, fifty years after his first work, takes the Forest as a background. Its readers, perhaps, do not learn much about the Forest, but Peacock's novels are unlike anything else in the language. *Gryll Grange* may not be his best book, but nowhere else do the prejudices, the hatred of all new things, the love of classical learning, old books, good food, old wine, particularly Madeira, of a jest, even if, as with the friar in *Maid Marian*, it was against himself, nowhere else do all the prejudices of this old Radical, the friend and executor of Shelley, shine out more triumphantly. He writes of the New Forest as if it were still unenclosed. "Since its enclosure he has never seen it, and purposes never to do so". Peacock was born in Dorset, but no Hampshire man could better have represented the suspicion of hasty change which is common from Crondall in the north, where they continued to pay Smoke Farthings—i.e., Pentecostal oblations, probably levied at a farthing a chimney—to Winchester until 1860, to Avon Tyrrel in the south where till the same date, and I hope to this day, they paid or pay an annual fine, possibly commuted to eels, for allowing Walter Tyrrel to escape in the year 1100. And it is very unlikely that Tyrrel shot the King.

Charlotte Temple, 1790, by Mrs. Susanna Rowson, who was born at Portsmouth and spent her later years in America, has lost its former popularity.¹³ Another authoress, born in 1848, was Mrs. Balfour (née Liddell) whose many writings are mainly concerned with temperance and the position of women.

A novelist from the north of the county who did not, perhaps, say much about it, is Frances Trollope, who supported the whole family with what she wrote in the hours before breakfast. Her son, Anthony, also had regular ways of writing. His description of them in his *Autobiography*, 1883, and what he made by them, in the days of blue china and art for art's sake, was an abomination to the aesthetes. Dickens holds a birth qualification for the county, as he was born in February 1812 at Portsmouth where his father was a clerk in the Navy Pay Office. But he left the county when he was two and if that doesn't disqualify him, his account of

¹³ William Stephens of the Isle of Wight who wrote *A Journal of the Proceedings in Georgia*, 1742, is another author connected with America. William Symonds was there in the early seventeenth century and contributed to Smith's *General History of Virginia*, 1624. He printed a sermon, *Virginia*, in 1609. William Hook became one of Cromwell's chaplains on his return from America to which he had emigrated.

the cricket match in which "All Muggleton had notched some fifty-four, while the score of the Dingley Dellers was as blank as their faces" must do so. Hampshire is the home of the Hambledon Club and Byron's *The Young Cricketer's Tutor* had been published in 1833, three years before the account of the Dingley Dell match was written. There is no excuse.

When, in 1859, C. S. Calverley set his very difficult examination on the *Pickwick Papers* at Cambridge—there is no question on the cricket match—the first prize was won by Walter Besant. He also was born at Portsmouth, in the year in which *Pickwick* began to come out, and spent his early years there, so this novelist, Rabelaisian scholar, historian, playwright, philanthropist and one of the founders of the Society of Authors, ranks as a Hampshire writer. Another novelist with the same technical qualifications, also born in Portsmouth, where his father and grandfather were outfitters, is George Meredith. At the turn of the century—he died in 1909 aged 81—I suppose there was no one for whom immortality was more confidently predicted in certain intellectual circles than it was for this son-in-law of Thomas Love Peacock. To-day his novels are little disturbed. Recent revivals—the most outstanding is that of Trollope—have left Meredith on one side. For that no doubt his involved, difficult style, his preoccupation with philosophical discussion rather than with story-telling, are responsible. It may be that the ethical theories of his novels can be traced in his poetry, but "Love in the Valley" and "Phoebus with Admetus" are likely to linger in men's memories. Meredith belongs to Hampshire because of his birth and childhood in Portsmouth and his taste for a Hampshire hog which he said he could eat for an hour. The place with which he is associated is Box Hill.¹⁴

Horace Smith, part author of *Rejected Addresses*, the friend of Shelley, must have spent some time acquiring the local knowledge he shows in his novel *The New Forest*, 1829. He gives all the local colour he can with descriptions of poachers catching deer with apples on hooks tied to the branches of trees, and assigns the pre-eminence for winter venison to Boldre-wood Walk. St. Leonard's provides him with a convenient ruin and he mentions Hordle Cliff and its fossils. A gap near Hordle is the scene for the running of smuggled goods. As is natural at the date there is much about smuggling. I have a letter in which George Crabbe answers the criticism that it was absurd for him in one of his poems to make smugglers pray and read the Bible, by saying he had known two

14. Another author, and a voluminous author, though not a novelist, from Portsmouth was Jonas Hanway. He was a philanthropist and did his best for children and was a brave man who had adventures in Persia, opposed Dr. Johnson on the subject of tea—the children in the Foundling Hospital were not to be poisoned by either tea or gin—and dared to carry an umbrella though as Gay says in *Trivia*:

*Britain in winter only knows its aid,
To guard from chilly showers the walking maid.*

villages at one period of his life and was convinced that except the minister and two or three of the more opulent farmers' wives there was not a single inhabitant in either who did not deal in this trade. "It is scarcely credible, indeed, how many families were implicated, more or less, in this illicit and barbarous traffic", says Richard Warner of the Christchurch smugglers in the days of his 18th century boyhood in *Literary Recollections*, 1830. The smugglers had their arrangements with the revenue men on land and Warner describes how he had more than once seen a procession of twenty or thirty waggons, with two or three hundred horsemen, loaded with kegs of spirits, winding along the skirts of Hengistbury Head. The revenue troop was present, but with no other views and intentions than those of perfect peace. Travellers have described to me exactly similar scenes in America during the period of Prohibition. But the smugglers did not always have it all their own way. There was a battle with the Militia at Milford in 1781.

Richard Blackmore's *Cradock Nowell, A Tale of the New Forest*, 1866, his second published novel, was not even written in the Forest, but at Teddington. Nowelhurst seems to be intended for Burley Lodge or the Old House close to it. Blackmore claimed to "know the New Forest pretty well, from my own perambulations and peregrinations—one barbarism is no worse than the other"—but would never have loved it as he did but for Wise's loving guidance.

Frederick Marryat lived for a time in Hampshire towards the end of his life and *The Children of the New Forest*, 1847, was the last novel published in his lifetime. In it he leaves the sea which he was the first novelist to touch since Smollett, to take up that subject of enthralling and perennial interest which has made the popularity of *Robinson Crusoe*—the problem of housekeeping.

I do not know where Miss Jessie Bedford, who wrote under the name of Elizabeth Godfrey, came from, but the heroine of *Twixt Land and Sea*, 1892, thought as a child that this house¹⁵ would be a terrible place to live in, felt later that it would drive a woman to death or to smoking, but eventually had to live in the God-forsaken hole of Keyhaven in this house, described as "of a modern type, yet old enough to have grown shabby and mean looking"—as it remains. I quote from memory, but she tells of a "stone causeway" inside the shingle bank running to Hurst which was painful to walk on. I think I remember a cart driving to Hurst inside the shingle. The Hurst end of such a road can be seen in the engineer's drawing of 1716 hanging in my hall. What is, I suppose, the same road runs over the cliff by Hordle House. We know from Sir Thomas Herbert's *Memoirs* that Harrison, with other horsemen, rode over the drawbridge into Hurst at midnight

15. Salt Grass, Keyhaven.

when Charles I was there and that the noise woke the King who thought Harrison had come to assassinate him "this is a place fit for such a purpose".¹⁶ Harrison left, as he came, by night so there can have been no difficulty. Herbert doesn't say whether the King, when he left, walked or rode to Milford, but he was in the habit of walking along the shingle "with more alacrity than they that followed him", much delighted "with the sight of Ships of all sizes daily under sail".

Hurst has a place in the long drawn controversy about that seventeenth-century best seller, the *Eikon Basilike*, *The Pourtraicture of His Sacred Maiestie in his Solitudes and Sufferings*. William Levett, the King's page, said he conveyed to Hurst in a casket the MS. he had seen the King writing at Newport. He was probably mistaken on two points. The King was not writing, but correcting a draft of the book, and that draft was not the one which Levett took to Hurst but a copy of it which was used for one edition and may still exist. The MS. he took to Hurst was itself a copy of the book Bishop Gauden made out of the King's notes and was written by a Mr. Gifford. The King's notes, returned by Gauden to the King at Carisbrooke, were taken by Colonel Hammond in March, 1648, months before the King was at Hurst. The Hurst MS. was given by the King to Sir Thomas Herbert who always seems to have had doubts about it being in the King's hand which, of course, it wasn't. It was taken from Herbert by the Parliamentary authorities. On this matter I have accepted the conclusions arrived at by Mr. F. F. Madan in his recent Bibliography of the *Eikon*.

There are descriptions of the Forest in boys' books like *The Severing Sword*, n.d., by Mr. J. F. Vallings who was Vicar of Sopley; the short way over the mud into the Beaulieu River and the Hermits' Hole in Culver Cliff are mentioned by Mrs. Cooper in *Hide and Seek*, 1881.

The most famous Hampshire novelist is probably Charles Kingsley. His father owned Battamsley House but Kingsley was born in Devonshire where he spent his youth, and his heart stayed there for all his many interests; *Westward Ho!* shows that. He was ordained to the curacy of Eversley in 1842, lived there for most of the rest of his life and was buried there after being Rector for thirty-one years. It is stated in Mrs. Kingsley's *Life* that when staying at Milford in 1847 Kingsley rode through the Forest, associated with his father's youth, and later began to work up his impressions into a New Forest novel which he did not finish. I should like to see it.

All the Kingsleys wrote and it has been held that the younger brother Henry was potentially a better writer than Charles. The

¹⁶ The King was not necessarily in the Castle itself. He may well have been in the Governor's house.

earliest and best of his novels were written at Eversley—*Geoffrey Hamlyn*, *The Hillyars and the Burtons*—which a Prime Minister of the Dominion, Mr. Deakin, described as a “Charter of Australia”—*Ravenshoe* and *Austin Elliot*. On leaving Oxford, where my uncle had a smoking match with him—Kingsley had something of the spirit of the Buckinghamshire parson who when he had no tobacco would cut the bell ropes and smoke them—my uncle never smoked again; Kingsley killed himself by smoking—he disappeared for five years to Australia and may, it has been suggested, have witnessed the actual events in the Crimea which he describes in *Ravenshoe*.¹⁷ He was a keen rowing man at Oxford and won the Diamond Sculls. A sage schoolmaster in his *Stretton* wonders “why Providence should have placed so many of our public schools near great rivers, where the stock gets steadily brutalized by that insane amusement”. According to Sir Edwin Arnold he once rowed a mile, trotted a mile and ran a mile in fifteen minutes. Arnold means, of course, run, row and ride, as alliteration and common sense demand. To trot in the time would be impossible, but to say “rode” and “rowed” would be ambiguous. Some undergraduates to whom I have maintained that it would take three men now to do what one did a century ago have promised to emulate his feat. I shall lay a small sum against any of them; it is the duty of the elderly to oppose the young in such matters.¹⁸

As a novelist Kingsley has tiresome tricks, but few have written better descriptions. He has some of the scenery round Eversley, but more, perhaps, of Dorset than of Hampshire though it was at Keyhaven, in *Mademoiselle Mathilde*, that the large sailor carried Father Martin ashore across the mud at low water and the Lymington Ball is mentioned in *The Hillyars*.

Charlotte Yonge, who died in 1901 at the age of 78, must be the most prolific of Hampshire writers. Statisticians reckon that she wrote 160 books, the majority novels or children's books, and she seldom moved from Otterbourne or the neighbourhood. I should doubt if she had much time. Perhaps *The Heir of Redclyffe* still has some appeal and the rest do nothing to diminish that air of decorum and respectability which we instinctively associate with the county—“sownynge in moral vertu was hir speche”.

It was certainly not associated at one time with Miss Braddon—her married name was Maxwell—who wrote many novels besides the immensely successful melodrama *Lady Audley's Secret*, 1862, of

17. But if the statement about Melbourne, given to Geoffrey Hamlyn as in 1858, “Five years in succession did I visit that city”, is autobiographical, this is not possible.

18. I lost my bet. Mr. Peregrine Pollen of Christ Church rowed a mile, ran a mile and rode a mile on horseback at Port Meadow, Oxford, in less than fourteen consecutive minutes on December 3, 1953. Kingsley might have quoted Mr. Burton in *The Hillyars*, “I don't say anything against those as row races, or run races, or ride races”. He could not have gone on, “I only know it ain't my way, and I don't want it to be”.

which Mr. Michael Sadleir calculates that in various forms nearly a million copies must have gone into circulation. But though she was frequently at Emery Down, Mrs. Maxwell was Cornish by origin, lived at Richmond, and her criminals never succeed.

Hampshire from its northern border to the sea has provided many backgrounds for the novelist, but I must look no further than I have, though more recent names such as that of Mr. Horace Vachell will readily occur to you.

I have already gathered some literary names associated with the county—not all of which belong to it—because in competition with other counties Hampshire cannot afford to give anything away. None of the great poets was a Hampshire man. Certainly John Aubrey in the 17th century says that “Mr. Samuel Woodford (the poet who paraphrased the Psalms) lives in Hampshire near Alton, and he told me that Mr. Spenser lived sometime in these parts, in this delicate sweet ayre; where he enjoyed his muse, and wrote good part of his verses”. The scenes of *The Shepheardes Calender* and the magnificances of pageantry and romance in *The Faerie Queene* might perhaps be more fittingly associated with the pleasant parts about Alton than with London, or sixteenth century Ireland, or the somewhat bleak border of Lancashire and Yorkshire which was the poet’s original home. But unfortunately Aubrey’s story lacks support.

Only one of the many Elizabethan, Jacobean and Caroline dramatists was a Hampshire man, and it may be that Nicholas Udall’s *Ralph Roister Doister* is chiefly interesting because it is the earliest surviving English comedy. The oldest edition, of which the unique copy is in the Library of Eton College, lacks the title but must be about 1566 when it was entered on the Stationers’ Register. The play, however, is as old as 1553 when it was quoted.

In prose, perhaps, Hampshire makes a rather better showing—the names of Gibbon, Gilbert White and Jane Austen are enough to suggest that—but Hampshire poets, like Hampshire scenery, lack grandeur.

Basing himself on the *D.N.B.*, Havelock Ellis said that three districts in England are specially prolific in talent—East Anglia for administrators, ecclesiastics, scholars, musicians, painters, scientists and mathematicians; the South-West for men of brilliance, dash and daring; the Welsh Border, with Gloucester, Warwickshire, Hereford, Shropshire and Cheshire for men of letters and poets. “The predominantly Saxon districts, Middlesex, Surrey, Sussex, Berkshire and Hampshire, stand low in the list of talent”, says Professor Macneile Dixon, “comparing very unfavourably in this respect with Dorset and Somerset in the West, Buckinghamshire to the North, and Kent, Norfolk and Suffolk to the East”. He

points out that "where there is most mixed blood, the greatest ethnic complexity, genius or ability most frequently appears. The hybrids have it." All England, however, is made up of mixed races though there may be in the South a purer breed of that Saxon stock which a Celtic poem cited by Matthew Arnold calls "dull", and of which Hudson described the present "muddled and degenerate form" as "a sort of terrestrial walrus who goes erect"; descended from those who were "mentally but little above a herd of buffaloes". This type, he says, is common in the north of the county and in Berkshire¹⁹ in the south dark people form half the population. But whatever may be anthropological truth, which like other forms of wisdom is hard to find, Hampshire is a little short of great poetical names. Before coming to the poets I will run through a catalogue of some of the earlier prose authors.

Fuller, in his *Worthies of England*, 1662, gives a very incomplete list of them but a search through the pages of Wood's *Athenae* supplements it. These were all men of some eminence in their day and—it is good evidence in the matter—nearly all of them find a place in the *D.N.B.* The majority went to what Wood calls Wickham's School near Winchester and to New College.²⁰ They were mainly concerned with theology, theological controversy or scholastic matters—their natural interests—but they are not so dull as they sound.

In early days almost the only men who were literate were churchmen. Down to the sixteenth century the Lord Chancellor was an ecclesiastic because he could write. And for some time after Wolsey's day a large proportion of books was written by the clergy, whose interests were to a large extent the general interests. There were, of course, no periodical newsheets about domestic affairs until the time of the Civil War—which was largely fought on the question of ecclesiastical supremacy—and only some Corantos about foreign affairs—the German wars in particular, because the whole country was deeply interested in the fate of the fascinating Princess Elizabeth, daughter of King James I, who married the Elector Palatine in 1613. In Elizabethan and Jacobean times it was Caesar's business to govern and interference was not encouraged. Ballads gave items of news; more serious matters were dealt with in sermons. Everyone attended sermons—one of the worst sins of Bunyan's Mr. Badman, who swarmed with sins, was that when young he would fall fast asleep during the sermon, "let the Preacher thunder never so loud". But then Bunyan was a preacher.²¹

19. Other reasons lead Mr. S. C. Roberts to the view that Dr. John H. Watson was born either in Hampshire or Berkshire (*Holmes and Watson*, p. 62).

20. William of Wykeham, of course, was a Hampshire man.

21. Joseph Ivimey, a Baptist minister who was born at Ringwood, published a life of Bunyan in 1825. He also wrote a continuation of *The Pilgrim's Progress* and other works. More remarkable, perhaps, was Anthony Purver, the son of a farmer at Hurstbourne, who translated the "Quakers' Bible", 1764.

During the Civil Wars anyone who liked was a preacher and politics not theology was the subject. Of the more orthodox kinds many sermons were printed. Few were as anxious to suppress their labours in this kind as was the author of the *Anatomy of Melancholy* who "might have haply printed a sermon at *Pauls-Cross*, a sermon in *St. Maries, Oxon*, a sermon in *Christ-Church*, or a sermon before the right honourable, right reverend, a sermon before the right-worshipful, a sermon in latine, in english, a sermon with a name, a sermon without, a sermon, a sermon, etc."

Anything might be dealt with in sermons. It was in a Spittle sermon, as can be found in the play *Sir Thomas More*, that Dr. Beale read the bill of wrongs about the Lombards and French which led to Ill May Day. The whole story of what Beale said and of what happened is given in Halle's *Chronicle*, 1548. And so our earlier writers dealt with matters of serious concern to their times, but few had the art, the style, the accomplishment of a Hooker, a Donne or a Jeremy Taylor. Their books, of which there is no shortage, are, no doubt, mainly of historical and antiquarian rather than of literary interest and in giving the authors' names I shall omit nearly all titles of their books.

Not many people wish to read Lamfrid of Winchester or John of Hide who in the thirteenth century wrote on the patience of Job, or John of Basingstoke, "so called from a fair Market Town in this County" (Fuller), who died in 1252 and was one of the first Greek scholars. In Athens he listened to the learned lectures of a lady "not fully Twenty years old" on the obstruse Mysteries of Nature and brought back many precious books. According to Matthew Paris the lady was Constantia, daughter of the Archbishop, who was aged 19 and given to foretelling things. John wrote "many worthy works" of which I have seen none.

More important, if less voluminous, was William Lilly of Ockham who started by travelling to Jerusalem. Colet made him the first High Master of St. Paul's School. He is known as the author of what, corrected by Erasmus and others as time went on, remained a best seller for three and a half centuries, a Latin Grammar first printed in 1513. His plays prove that it was well known to Shakespeare whose small Latin, as Ben Jonson contemptuously if not very accurately described it, took its birth from this book.

Some twenty authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries I can lump together. They indicate the tastes, interests and differences of their times. James Brooks, a "most zealous Bishop of the Rom. Catholick cause", born in 1512, was Papal Delegate at the trial of Cranmer. Edward Michelborne, a Catholic, was "the most noted Latine poet of his time" at Oxford, about 1600; Robert Moor of Holyard explained chronology in a long Latin poem. John Twyne, born at Bullingdon, and Miles Windsor of Stanwell

were antiquaries. John Helyar had "extraordinary sufficiencies" in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. Thomas Kingsmill of Fribock, a Hebraist, distempered his brain by too much lucubration. Andrew Kingsmill of Sidmonton was too good for this world: he knew by heart long portions of both Testaments in Greek. Michael Renniger, Rector of Broughton, Crawley and Chilbolton, Archdeacon of Winchester, wrote on treasons. John Terry, born in 1555 at Long Sutton, was an eminent Protestant. Richard White, born at Basingstoke, was an eminent Catholic, one of whose chief interests during twenty years at Douay was British History. The devotional works of another Richard White, also at Douay, were not printed till 1878. John Pits, born at Alton in 1560, was a biographer, whose lives of English Catholics were used by Fuller. Charles Pinner, born at Southampton, was a noted preacher. Christopher Sutton wrote devotional works; Newman provided prefaces for 19th century reprints of two of them. David Whitehead helped to turn out Knox at Frankfurt, refused the archbishopric and ventured to say when Queen Elizabeth told him she loved him the better for being unmarried "In truth, Madam, I love you the worse for the same reason". Nicholas Fuller was a philologist; William Pinke a Puritan. William Gifford, born in 1554, was eminent in what Corbet calls the "old profession", being for a time Chaplain to Carlo Borromeo, which must have had its excitements, Archbishop and Duke of Rheims and first Peer of France. John Gumbledon printed Presbyterian sermons. John Ailmer turned Jonah, Jeremiah and Daniel into Greek verse—the light shed by some scholars resembles that given out by the glow-worm which Hudson has suggested serves no purpose. A classic in its kind is John Manwood's *A Briefe Collection of the Lawes of the Forest*, printed in 1592, published six years later. Manwood, a lawyer and justice of the New Forest, was an Essex man by birth. Thomas Owen, the Jesuit, succeeded Parsons as Rector of the English College at Rome.

That painful preacher and solid Divine, Charles Butler, who wrote about marriage, music and bees, was not born in Hampshire, but as Master of the school at Basingstoke for seven years and Vicar of Laurence-Wotton close by for forty-eight more, he qualifies by residence. Though he seems to have printed little, John Boxall, who was born at Bramshot, was an important person being Queen Mary's Secretary of State, Warden of Winchester and Dean of Windsor, among other things. I am afraid that the story of the dagger thrown at him when preaching at Paul's Cross really belongs to another man. Since Jenny Geddes, if it was Jenny Geddes, threw her stool, and the rest of the congregation whatever came handy, at the Dean of Edinburgh in 1637, this form of self-

expression has grown rarer. But in days when religious passions ran high Boxall would give neither his hand nor his voice to bloodshed.²²

Richard Haydock, who was born at Grewel, set up as a physician at Salisbury and offers a little variety. The heady air of Salisbury was too much for him and he strayed from the path of that respectability along which Hampshire authors sedately walk. He said he used to see visions in the night and had a text selected for him on which he would discourse next day against the Pope. Later he admitted to being an imposter, but James I hopefully offered him preferment in the Church. Wisely it may be, he decided against ordination and in 1598 translated a "Tracte" by Lomazzo on Painting, Carving and Building.

John Favour, a Southampton man, went to Yorkshire where he practised as lawyer and physician as well as divine. Perhaps most of the clergy acted in all three capacities. George Herbert says the country parson should. With that strong confidence which the expert finds so distasteful he stoutly proclaims that in Phisick, it is only necessary for him to see one Anatomy, read one Book of Phisick, and to have one Herball by him. In tickle cases, if all fail, the neighbour Physician should be called in.²³ It is not related whether there was a time when in his hands there was good success.

That "living library", Thomas James of Newport (1573-1629), a Wykehamist, was chosen by Thomas Bodley as his first Librarian. Where books and umbrellas are concerned the ordinary laws of morality do not obtain, and James thought little of borrowing MSS. from some College Libraries and putting them into the Bodleian where they still remain. Even an Archbishop, Parker, carried things with a high hand in getting from Cathedrals as well as salvaging from dissolved monasteries some of the magnificent collection of MSS. he gave to Corpus at Cambridge in the sixteenth century. But since a Dean and Chapter recently sold to the Rosenbach Co. in New York their Caxtons and other early books without offering them to anyone in this country, and the National Library of Scotland was only able to obtain a unique copy of Henryson through the courtesy of an American bookseller, Chapter libraries can hardly be looked on as safe repositories for national treasures, though now a catalogue of the more important things in Cathedral libraries is in preparation it may be difficult to part with them.

It was during James' time, and at his suggestion, that Bodley arranged with the Stationers Company that his Library should obtain a free copy of any new book, a grant made on December 12, 1610, which was later transferred to the Copyright Act and still

22. A gentle minded Catholic prelate 250 years later, William Poynter, came from Petersfield.

23. *A Priest to the Temple*, 1652.

holds good. Under it the Bodleian obtained the First Folio of Shakespeare in 1623. This was sold with other "superfluous Library books" for £26 in 1664 when the Third Folio had come out, and was bought back in 1903 at the then unheard of price of £3,000. A careful examination of the book—all men's hands are not alike clean as Coryate said when explaining the Italians' peculiar habit of eating with forks—showed that the favourite passages for the early seventeenth century undergraduate were the love scenes in *Romeo and Juliet*. James was a considerable author not reckoning the catalogues he compiled. The rules he laid down for the "art criticke" or editor, are one of the oldest expositions of the principles of textual criticism. His nephew Richard James, 1592-1638, a very learned scholar, travelled as far as Greenland and Russia and became Cotton's librarian. (The way in which some of Cotton's MSS. came where they are is open to criticism.)

Three remarkable brothers were John, Edward and Thomas Greaves, sons of a noted schoolmaster.²⁴ John was born at and himself Rector of Colemore, near Alresford. Alresford, of which Peter Heylyn, the biographer of Laud and of St. George, and critic of most of his contemporaries, a man quite as Royalist as the King, was Rector from 1633 to 1642—Alresford and the Valley of the Itchen, with Alton, form the Hampshire grove of Academe. This reputation is upheld to-day at Alton by Mr. and Mrs. Opie. The name of William Curtis, the botanist, who died in 1799, points to Alton. So does that of the earlier botanist John Goodyear.²⁵ It was at Itchen Stoke, and his other Hampshire livings, that Richard Chevenix Trench, later Archbishop of Dublin, did most of his writing. According to the first volume of it, it was Trench—himself the author of a notable volume *On the Study of Words*—who in 1857 when he was Dean of Westminster first suggested the great Oxford Dictionary. Begun in 1878, the work took half a century to complete, and the first Supplement has come out since. From this district come also Pits and Wither and Woodford and Miss Mitford and William Pinnock, author of books on education in the early nineteenth century.

John Greaves was sent by Archbishop Laud to travel in the East and pick up books in the languages. Laud was a notable collector and one of the chief benefactors of the Bodleian. The books from his "particular private study", valued at £140, were given by Parliament to Hugh Peters. Whether Peters cared for more than the value of the books I do not know, but he read contemporary literature and himself wrote some sense as in his objection

²⁴ One of his pupils was George Wither who wrote an epigram to him at the end of *Abuses Stript*.

²⁵ The nineteenth century botanist John Ralfs was born at Millbrook, and William Bromfield, who wrote *Flora Vectensis*, 1856, and an unpublished book on the flora of Hampshire, came from Boldre.

to imprisonment for debt.²⁶ His zeal was undoubted, but was turned to other objects than books as is indicated by his wish to destroy Stonehenge, to Samuel Daniel "our greatest wonders wonder", as one of the "monuments of heathenism". Greaves got a *Ptolemy*, "the fairest book he had ever seen" from the Sultan's palace where he was told the library of the Christian Emperors was preserved. He became Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford, but was turned out by the Parliamentary Visitors on such charges as having betrayed to the King's agents £400 in the Treasury at Merton, and having feasted the Queen's confessors. He wrote a description of the Pyramids and of the Grand Signor's Seraglio, a book on Persian and various works on astronomy and mathematics.

His younger brother Thomas was the author of books on Arabic and Persian, but he was slow of speech and of bad utterance for which his Northamptonshire parishioners held him insufficient for them. The second brother, Edward, who wrote on medical matters, was the first physician to be made a baronet. Other medical authors were Edward Greaves' friend Thomas Guidott of Lymington, given to "bibbing", lampooning and writing about the waters of Bath; John Betts, born at Winchester, who wrote in Latin; and, years later, Anthony Groves of Newtown and Lymington who left journals of his time at Bagdad, and was a dentist, surgeon and missionary in Persia and India in the early nineteenth century; Jeremiah Newman who wrote *The Lounger's Commonplace Book*, and John Wickham Legg (1843 - 1921) who wrote on both medical and liturgical matters.

Edward Pococke was the first holder of Laud's chair of Arabic. Though born at Oxford he was the son of a Hampshire man and he married a Hampshire woman. He twice went to the East, once with John Greaves, and, after three years in Constantinople, became Professor of Hebrew. The Parliamentary visitors deprived him of his Arabic and Hebrew "lectures", but by special and general petition he kept them. The cedars at Highclere are said to have been grown from cones which he brought back from the East. His son, Thomas, a Hebrew scholar, was one of R. S. Hawker's predecessors as Vicar of Morwenstow in Cornwall.

Another Pococke, Richard, a Southampton man (? 1706-1765), also visited the East and left a description of it in the eighteenth century. He also toured Europe and is held to be the "pioneer of Alpine travel". He became Bishop of Ossory and of Meath. His descriptions of tours in England, Scotland and Ireland, though not published till later, anticipate Pennant.

A Royalist divine from Niton was Thomas Pittis. Mervyn Audley, later Speaker, who wrote a *Relation* of his activities against the Irish rebels in 1642 came from Petersfield. John Goter, author

26. *Good Work for a Good Magistrate*, 1651.

of *A Papist Misrepresented*, 1665, and many other Catholic works, was born at Southampton.

John Lisle of Wootton in the Island represented Winchester and Southampton in Parliament and printed some of his speeches. He was a Regicide and fled to Lausanne at the Restoration. Some of the Irish there took it as a great affront that the people of that place should harbour him and one of them—probably a poet called William Maccartoun—shot him as he was going to church and two others rode into the press and trampled on his body with their horses' feet. At least that is how the story is told. Horses would, I fancy, be reluctant to do this sort of trampling. Lisle's second wife is known to more people than her husband, being Dame Alice Lisle of Moyle's Court near Ringwood who was executed on a charge of harbouring John Hickes, the dissenting Minister, who had taken a part at Sedgemoor. John Tutchin, better remembered perhaps for his trial after the battle and from a line by Pope than for his verse—"I'll cap verses with you" said Jeffries—or his pamphlets, was probably a Hampshire man.

I cannot do more than just mention that "prodigious worthy wit" (Aubrey) Sir William Petty of Romsey who was born there in 1623. As a boy he delighted to watch the artificers, smiths, watch-makers, carpenters, joiners, and at 12 could have worked at any of those trades. He had a full life. He went to sea, was left in France and made his own livelihood there; he joined the Navy; he read medicine at Leyden and Oxford; he wrote on education; with Wilkins, Bathurst and Seth Ward he helped to found the Royal Society; he revived Ann Green after she had been hanged—which caused much stir; according to Aubrey he was a solicitor; he surveyed Ireland and obtained estates there; he was involved in politics between Henry and Richard Cromwell; he was a friend of Pepys; he invented a double-keeled vessel with some propelling power which worked; challenged to a duel and, being short-sighted, he chose "for the place a darke cellar" and for the weapon a great carpenter's axe—there was no duel; he was a Commissioner for the Navy. According to Evelyn "there is not a better Latin poet living when he gives himself that diversion". He was a political economist,²⁷ a statistician, and financier; an authority on manufacture and freedom of trade, at any rate with Ireland, on labour problems and the origin of wealth and freedom of belief. He wrote on Taxes and Political Arithmetic—a subject he inherited from another Hampshire man John Graunt, a writer on the bills of mortality, to whom he owed his professorship of music at Gresham College—and a Guide to Industry and on other matters. Whatever else may be imputed against him, it will not be the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin.

²⁷ A later and eminent political economist, the friend of Cobden, was J. E. Thorold Rogers. The note to the Vanity Fair cartoon of him was remarkably rude. He was born at West Meon.

Another author from Romsey is Giles Jacob (1686-1744). He wrote a number of law books—Pope called him “Blunderbuss of Law”—plays, poems and *The Compleat Sportsman*, but is best known for his compilation *The Poetical Register; or the Lives and Characters of the English dramatick Poets*, 1719.

The earlier poets are less numerous. The first must be Wolstanus or Wulfstan of Winchester, c. 1000, a monk who versified the life and miracles of St. Swithin, a mid-ninth century Bishop of Winchester, but he sheds no light on the origin of the story about rain on July 15, which must be what is now the 26th. Passing over five and a half centuries, Holinshed says that Thomas Sternhold was born in Southampton, and that was believed in the seventeenth century. Other authorities say in Gloucestershire, but he certainly owned property in Hampshire and seems to have lived there and was buried at Hursley. With the additions by Hopkins there are nearly 600 editions of his metrical version of the Psalms between 1547 and 1642 if we include the Scottish metrical versions largely based on his. How many hundreds there have been since I do not know. Sternhold, says Wood, hoped the courtiers would sing his psalms instead of their amorous and obscene songs and sonnets, but they did not, only some few excepted. Like Marot in France and Coverdale in England, he wanted to supersede ballads in popular favour and so used ballad metres. The Wedderburns in Scotland went further. They kept the tune and opening lines of some well-known song and changed the rest into a good and godly ballad, much as Luther would compose a hymn to a tune he heard played by a wandering minstrel. It is curious to picture that murderous and otherwise unpleasant old gentleman John Knox wagging his beard over “John, come kiss me now”—as altered. Though Sternhold and Hopkins are said to have had a larger circulation than any book in the language except the Authorized Version of the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, there is no period in which they were not held as really outstanding specimens of bad poets. “Some have sticke not to say, that *David hath been as much persecuted by bungling Translators, as by Saul himself*”, but Fuller characteristically gets out by suggesting that people should “amend them, by singing them with *Understanding heads, and Gracious hearts*, whereby that, which is but bad *Meter on Earth*, will be made good *Musick in Heaven*”. Into this realm of speculation I will not follow him.

There are few good metrical versions of the Psalms, George Herbert's and Addison's renderings of the 23rd perhaps, and “Pray that Jerusalem may have; Peace and felicity” from the Scottish Psalter, into which it probably found its way from England in the seventeenth century, but if few have succeeded it is not for want

of trying on the part of Hampshire men and women too. Wither failed; Samuel Woodford of Bensted had no success in a stout quarto of 1667, though Flatman assured him "You alone Restore the glorious David to his Throne"; Anne Steele, "Theodosia" of Broughton, was at it in the eighteenth century; Isaac Watts' direct adaptations and additions are not among his successes.

Of hymn writers—hymn writing is a difficult art—Hampshire can claim two of the best, Thomas Ken and Isaac Watts who was born in 1674 at Southampton. There is a story—I do not vouch for it—that Watts wrote "There is a land of pure delight" looking from above Southampton at the Isle of Wight. Watts wrote much, in prose and in different forms of verse, on matters theological and philosophical. Some of his admonitions to children are probably still quoted to, if not followed by them. A. E. Housman mentioned with approval the Cradle Hymn

Soft and easy is thy cradle:
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay: . . .²⁸

Watts' fame rests on his hymns. He was included in the collection known as *Johnson's Poets* on the recommendation of Dr. Johnson himself. For reasons given in his life of Waller, Johnson held, as Watts did not, that "poetical devotion cannot often please". "It is sufficient for Watts", he says, "to have done better than others what no man has done well." More than 150 years have passed since he said it, but perhaps Watts' eminence is still unchallenged. "O God" ("our God" originally) "our help in ages past" with the help of its seventeenth century psalm music—nothing has a chance without a good tune—has reached the dignity of a national hymn, enriched by the "unimaginable touch of time".

Watts was a Nonconformist, Ken a Bishop, a Hertfordshire man by birth, a Wykehamist by education. He was also Chaplain to the Bishop in 1665 and became a Fellow of Winchester College. He was Rector both of Brightstone in the Island and of East Woodhay in the north of the county, after which he went back to Winchester as he did on later occasions. It was there that he refused to allow his house to be taken for Nell Gwynn as an inappropriate resident in the house of a clergyman and the King's Chaplain, which led Charles II to say that no man should have the see of Bath and Wells but "the little black fellow that refused his lodging to poor Nelly". The courteous, charitable, saintly Ken belongs to history: his *Manual of Prayers For the Use of the Scholars of Winchester College and all other Devout Christians* (there is an assurance not unworthy of a Wykehamist about the word "other") belongs to Winchester and "sings hymns at heaven's gate". Though the first edition did not include them, it contains a morning, an evening and a midnight hymn. The last is not much needed

²⁸. *The Name and Nature of Poetry*, 1933, pp. 30-1.

by Wykehamists ; the first two are "Awake, my Soul, and with the Sun, Thy daily Stage of Duty run" and the stately "All Praise to thee, my God, this Night, For all the Blessings of the Light" printed as "Glory to Thee" in modern editions, which rightly omit half the verses. As an evening hymn this is, perhaps, challenged only by the wonder, like Dante's "disposto a salire alle stelle", of Bridges' "The duteous day now closeth" based on the seventeenth century German pastor Paul Gerhardt. But on these matters tastes differ, and judgment is apt to be affected by sentiment and association.²⁹

John Keble, a Gloucestershire man by birth, was Vicar of Hursley and in Hampshire for thirty years, but *The Christian Year* was printed eleven years before he went to Hursley, though the profits on dozens of editions were used to repair its church. Ken had other associations : Wykehamists as such cannot count as Hampshire writers. Winchester, however, has produced few poets for so ancient and illustrious a school, though Otway's would be a pleasant name to include or Flatman's. And so would Collins, but Sussex has him by a few miles. He was born and died at Chichester. But as fields round Winchester were the inspiration of Keats' *Ode* it was over a Winchester landscape that in the loveliest of his poems the dewy fingers of Collins' Evening drew "the gradual dusky veil". John Potenger, the author of *A Pastoral Reflection on Death*, 1691, the son of a Headmaster of Winchester, is a Hampshire man. Grimmer thoughts than his, perhaps, lie behind the poem "And now I live and now my life is done" written in the Tower before his execution in 1586 by Chidioc Tichborne from Southampton who was concerned in the Babington Conspiracy.

The best Hampshire poet in the seventeenth century was George Wither. Wither wrote too much for his fame and the contempt in which he was once held can be justified—"very spite Would make the arrant'st *Wild* or *Withers* write" said Oldham in the Prologue to his *Satyr upon the Jesuits*, 1681 ; "Wretched Withers" says Pope in his *Dunciad*, 1728 ; Samuel Butler in his *Hudibras*, 1663, invoking the assistance of the Muse, opens :

Thou that with Ale, or viler Liquors,
Didst inspire *Withers*, *Pryn*, and *Vickers*.

We are not concerned with John Vicars, who belongs to London and Cumberland, or with Prynne, a Somerset man, and his 200 publications, but Wither, though he could make verses as fast as he could write them (Aubrey), and certainly made many, was an author of a very different kind, at any rate as a young man. Then he qualified to take rank among the best of English pastoral poets. Lyrical poetry, like fortune to Dryden, is "an easy mistress to the young,

²⁹ Albert Midlane, 1825-1909, of Newport, wrote a vast number of hymns including "There's a Friend for little children".

But to her ancient servants coy and hard". Had Wither died, or stopped writing by 1625, his reputation would have stood high and there would have been much speculation as to what we had lost by his premature death. Everyone knows his fine anti-sentimental song—he wrote several fine songs :

Shall I, wasting in despair
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flowery meads in May,
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be ?

He later made some alterations in that song which was imitated by Beedome and Heywood and Edward Sherburne. It was answered by a Master Johnson, Richard Johnson probably rather than Ben Jonson who in January 1623 impudently went out of his way to attack Wither, who had been polite to him, in *Time Vindicated*, a masque given in front of the King. The quotation of the stanza from Wither's "Love Sonnet" which begins :

In summer time to Medley
My love and I did go

in Scene III of the anonymous play *The London Chaunticlere*, printed in 1659, but written earlier, indicates that this also was popular, but Wither's lyrical verse occupies little space in seventeenth century anthologies. He was more celebrated for his general moral satires, in those days when satire as an art was still young in England, than for his songs and pastoral poetry. His satires no doubt earned him the place given him in 1620 by John Taylor among the great living poets of the day—Davies, Drayton, Donne, Jonson and various dramatic writers.

Wither was born in 1588 at Bentworth, near Alton, of an old Hampshire family. *Faire-Virtue*, 1622, his most attractive publication and one which proves his knowledge of the country, opens with a description of Alresford Pond—smaller now than it was made in the twelfth century by a Bishop of Winchester, Godfrey de Lucy—and of the district where but for the want of springing water—"till this day at fifty fathom wells The shepherds drink"—"Arcadia had not seen A sweeter plot of earth than this had been". Even when celebrating his own home a man of Hampshire tells the whole truth. He went to Oxford, which he describes at the beginning of his *Abuses Stript and Whipt*, 1613, till Fortune—or possibly his father—after two years sent him home to "hold the plough" and "tell his sheep". So he forsook what he calls the "Paradise of England" for Bentworth's beechy bowers where his enemies recommended "some Mechanick Trade". But he seems to have

lived easily enough as it must be to this time that he refers in *Britain's Remembrancer* when he

... gallopt on in that *Career*,
Which youth, in freedome, so affecteth here ;
And had the most delightfull blandishment
My youth could yee[l]d me for my hearts content

when his tailor and mercer were paid, he lodged in lordly chambers on an easy bed, attendants forwarder than he to call, brought all he wanted ; hounds, hawks and horses were at his command, and, if he wanted them, the lute, the organ, or deep-sounding viol—all without his cost or labour. Clearly he fled the "the time carelessly as they did in the golden world".

In 1610 at the age of 22 he went to London where some would have him new learn the English tongue

As if there had been reason to suspect
Our ancient used *Hampshire Dialect*.

Then, and long after, men's speech would have indicated where they came from, as St. Peter's did.

Wither's first important work—there were eight editions in nine years—*Abuses Stript and Whipt*, landed him for some not very obvious reason in the Marshalsea and there he wrote *The Shepherds Hunting*, of which the Fourth Eclogue is according to Lamb "in a strain so much above not only what himself, but what any other poet has written, that he himself could not help noticing it . . ."

Fidelia followed and the popular *Withers Motto*—which his admirer Beedome "made haste to purchase"—for which he was again imprisoned for a short time—and *Faire-Virtue* in 1622. With that his work for poetry was done. He turned puritan. There would be no harm in that if it meant the puritanism of a Sidney, a Spenser, a Marvell or the puritanism of the young Milton. The word has so many shades of meaning that it is apt to be meaningless. Wither's puritanism was of a bleaker kind. He poured out pious poems and maundering exhortations, hymns, exercises on the Psalms, spiritual songs, verses for emblems, prophecies, accounts of the Plague. In 1680 a prophecy of present calamity and future misery is called "Mr. George Withers Reviv'd", but the part of Cassandra is hard to play. During the Civil War he joined the Parliamentary side and reached the rank of Major. On one occasion when he was captured he owed his life to Sir John Denham who begged it on the grounds that so long as Wither lived he would not himself be held the worst poet in England. This annoyed Wither. But the Puritans sang Psalms because all the poets were on the other side, as Sir Charles Firth has said. Wither was generally in trouble of some sort—he was never in complete sympathy with either King or Parliament, liking to lecture both sides—

but went on printing his verses and pamphlets and petitions—his publications in verse and prose reach 100—up to and after the Restoration. He died in 1667 in his 80th year and wished shortly before his death to return “to the place of his nativity”. *Moriens Dulces reminiscitur Argos.*

Geographically the responsibility for Wither's tedious political, lecturing and moralizing work, which emulates the efforts of Christopher Smart's grampus in “pompous spouting”, may be placed at the door of London where he lived “about sixty years together”, though he and his wife, who also wrote verses, seem to have bought Bentley and Alverstock in the borough of Gosport in 1648, and he was at Hambledon for a time in 1659. His early work, written with a gay zest in life when he was at home or when his memories of Hampshire were fresh and its influence strong, is that of a delicate and graceful lyric poet—“the murmur of a happy Pan”. “I always love Wither”, said Charles Lamb, than whom there is no better judge, speaking of his early work which, according to Swinburne, has a quality that “has made the modest name and gentle genius of Wither immortal”.

On the other side politically from Wither was Henry Tubbe, who came of a Cornish family and was born at Southampton, two matters remembered in his will, the poor of the Cornish village getting £4, the poor of the parish of Crosse £3. He died of consumption at the age of 37 in 1655. He went to Cambridge, to St. John's, the most Royalist of Cambridge Colleges, but took no active part in the Civil War. Contrary to general belief hardly any of the so-called Cavalier poets did. But Tubbe was deaf in addition to being consumptive. Some of his verse was published in 1659 and selections from his MSS. were printed in 1915. There is some vigour in his political satires, though they derive largely from other poets.

More prolific as a song-writer than Wither—few can have exceeded his output in this line—was Charles Dibdin (1745-1815) in the next century. He was the son of a silversmith in Southampton. His life, quarrelsome and not very happy, leads into the theatrical history of the second half of the eighteenth century, to his relations with Garrick and Sheridan and Lindley and Kenrick and Cumberland and O'Keefe. He was the author of many theatrical sketches and entertainments, but made his name and is still remembered by his songs, particularly his sea songs. “Tom Bowling” was a picture of one of his brothers, a sailor “from whom”, according to an early memoir, “he imbibed that devotedness to members of the nautical profession which characterised his works and life”. When his collected songs were printed the Queen subscribed for 50 copies, the Elder Brethren of the Trinity House for 100.

An earlier Southampton poet, doctor and Mayor of the town was John Speed, grandson of the cartographer, grandfather of the John Speed on whose collections Davies' *History of Southampton* is based, nephew of the Samuel Speed "the famous and valiant sea-chaplain and seaman" who "prayed like a Christian and fought like a Turk" (Birkenhead), and was for a time Vicar of Alverstoke and himself an author. John Speed's *Batt upon Batt*, 1680, is an amusing piece of some local interest. The account of ballads—in this case on Biblical subjects—pasted up in the houses

Poems were pasted up in every Hall,
As thick and thin as Cobwebs on the wall

recalls more famous descriptions of the same practice by Walton and by Addison. Speed is not a well-known writer, but an author from Hamtūn, which gave the county its name, has the right of Founder's Kin to a place in this list.

A better known poet was Edward Young, born at Upham in 1683, the author of *The Universal Passion* and *The Complaint: or Night-Thoughts* which achieved an immense reputation. It was translated into German and into French and Robespierre slept with it under his pillow, as Napoleon travelled with a translation of Macpherson's Ossianic forgeries. As an expression of "a pleasing mood of melancholy" and of wistful gloom, of the mood which hears "Aghast the Voice of Time, disparting Tow'rs" (Dyer) and looks by preference on ruins and other evidence of the defeature of man's efforts, it represents a taste of the day, of which there are many manifestations. The human skull with a candle in it, which Young was given by the Duke of Wharton when he was writing a tragedy, shed the proper light on his *Night Thoughts*. His outlook is in danger of losing touch with life. But Johnson was right in calling Young "a man of genius and a poet". We still quote him, "Man wants but little, nor that little long"; "Procrastination is the Thief of Time". The universal passion is Love of Fame, on which Young discourses in seven Satires with competence but no marked power of expression, though he may have given Pope some ideas about general satire. He will carry over an idea from his satire to *Night Thoughts* and improve it.

. . . . be wise with speed.
A Fool at forty is a fool indeed.

becomes

At thirty man suspects himself a Fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his Plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous Delay,
Pushes his prudent Purpose to Resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of Thought
Resolves ; and re-resolves : then dies the same.

Another author born at Upham is James Beresford who wrote on book collecting and *The Miseries of Human Life*, 1806, which treats

cheerfully of its subject. Joseph Spence, author of the famous *Anecdotes*, was born at Kingsclere in 1699. He was the friend of Pope and Thomson and many men of letters. Critics and literary historians from Dr. Johnson onwards are deeply in his debt. It is he who records the story about Young and the skull.

A writer from Southampton, the author of *Fables of Flowers*, 1773, etc., was John Huddleston Wynne who "encompassed with flannels winter and summer" by an anxious mother and made to promise to shun horses, never go into a boat or enter a belfry, recalls the difference explained by Jeremy Taylor between mothers who desire to keep their children fat and warm and wiser fathers who like to tie them to hard labour and afflictive contingencies.

Gairick and Johnson and Smollett were among the 500 subscribers to William Woty's *The Shrubs of Parnassus*, 1760. Woty says he was at school near Alton and the names of a few subscribers from the Isle of Wight may support the view that he was born there. Poems on a Corkscrew, Snuff, Porter, Pudding, Health "daughter of exercise", Friendship and Content indicate his tastes.

The three Wartons, who are very important figures in the literary history of the eighteenth century, belong to Hampshire and to Oxford. The father Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, was Vicar of Basingstoke and Master of the school there. Among his pupils was Gilbert White. His poems were printed in 1748 after his death. His elder son Joseph was at Winchester with Collins. They went to the races together and planned a joint volume but he and Collins published their *Odes* separately in 1746. In 1755 he became Second Master and in 1766 Headmaster of Winchester.

The younger son Thomas became a Fellow of Trinity College, and Poet Laureate in 1785. He was the first historian of English poetry. Such a History is a work which both Pope and Gray had planned. A number of men had collected information about our earlier writers and Warton, who had himself published *Observations on the Faerie Queene* in 1754, digested this information and his own wide erudition into a History, reading not only his authors, but what his authors had read, as was advocated by John Upton. The History, which is unfinished, marks the revival of interest in mediaeval times, an interest stimulated by the publication of Percy's *Reliques* in 1765 and itself, it may be, productive of those forgeries with which the later part of the century is honeycombed. In that revival, which gave birth to the realisation that we are affected not only by what we believe but also by what we imagine, which led to literature becoming less of a habit and more of an experiment as curiosity was increasingly affected by strangeness and beauty and the sense of remoteness, and more anxious to probe the ways of the

mind of man, the three Wartons were leaders by scholarship and even by their own original work, derivative though this may be. Thomas Warton's works were edited with a Memoir in 1802 by Richard Mant, himself a Hampshire man, the first of whose many poetical works was in memory of Joseph Warton. Mant became an Irish bishop and wrote much on theological matters.

The mention of an editor prompts a reference to Thomas Forbes Kelsall, the devoted friend, literary executor and editor of Thomas Lovell Beddoes. Kelsall was born in the West Indies and became a solicitor at Southampton. Beddoes, a somewhat eccentric man who once tried to set a theatre on fire by holding a lighted £5 note against his seat, and killed himself on a second attempt in 1849 in Switzerland, "life being too great a bore on one peg and that a bad one"—his other leg was amputated after his first effort—left all his MSS. to Kelsall and fifty bottles of champagne to his brother to drink his health in, and Kelsall edited *Death's Jest Book* in 1850 and the *Poems* in the next year. To do his utmost for Beddoes he offered to leave the MSS. to Browning—I have their correspondence—and Browning accepted, promising "to do my utmost now and hereafter to turn them into the common good of the world". He never did anything except show them to Sir Edmund Gosse and they have now disappeared which matters the less as Dykes Campbell also saw the papers and copied out all that was worth preserving and interleaved the pages with Kelsall's volumes. Kelsall's work has now been completed by the three volumes in which Dr. Donner has edited the definitive edition of Beddoes and written his life. Kelsall's grandson, Mr. J. F. Kelsall, Vicar of Milton, was part author of what is, I suppose, still the standard work on the birds of Hampshire.

The literary antiquary E. V. Utterson (1776-1856), a great collector and one of the original members of the Roxburghe Club, was born at Fareham. He was at Eton and Trinity Hall, Cambridge, and became one of the six Clerks in Chancery. He edited a number of books including Froissart and *Select Pieces of Early Popular Poetry*. In 1840 he set up his own press at Beldornie Tower, the house he built at Ryde, and during the next three years reprinted, with his comments, seventeen early poetical tracts, seven of them by Samuel Rowlands. His editions were strictly limited as there were not more than sixteen copies of any of them. The Beldornie is, I think, the only private press connected with the county. Sir Egerton Brydges started the Lee Priory Press in Kent in 1813. James Hurdis printed some of his lectures on poetry and *The Favorite Village* on his press at Bishopstone in Sussex, 1797-1800, with his own hands, as Dr. Daniel later worked his press at Oxford. Not counting secret printing, the earliest private press was probably Walpole's at Strawberry Hill. Cromwell

took a press with him to Scotland, but his purposes were not literary.

So far as I know the only family which in number of authors beats the Wartons and the Greaves is that of the Sewells of Newport. Richard Sewell won the Newdigate Prize Poem in 1825, became a Fellow of Magdalen and eventually practised the law, on which he wrote a good deal, in Australia. William was a Fellow of Exeter, concerned in the Tractarian Movement, the founder of St. Columba's College in Ireland, the founder or one of the founders and first Warden of Radley College—he was not a financier and landed both his Colleges in debts someone else had to pay—the author of numerous theological works and of some novels. Henry Sewell became Prime Minister of New Zealand; James, Warden of New College just before Dr. Spooner of happy memory. It is James who is reported to have refused to have the bells rung to celebrate the relief of Mafeking because he clearly remembered that they were not rung to celebrate the victory at Waterloo. As covering the years that is perhaps beaten by Miss Henrietta Tayler, the Jacobite expert, who told me within the last three years that her friend's brother was killed at Trafalgar and her friend's father fought for Prince Charlie.

The sister of the four Sewells—there were eleven brothers and sisters—who died in 1906 at the age of 91 at Bonchurch where she had long lived, was something of a pioneer in women's education and founded a school at Ventnor. She wrote the books one would expect and an *Autobiography* and was quite as remarkable a person as any of her brothers.

Another name connected with Bonchurch is that of William Adams, an Etonian and a Warwickshire man. He spent the best years of his short life—he died at the age of 34 in 1848—in the Island where he wrote his *Sacred Allegories* and other allegories which had great success.

There are many minor local poets. The first book printed in the Island is *The Isle of Wight, A Poem, In Three Cantos*, 1782, by, I believe, Henry Jones. There were two in the nineteenth century at Lymington, Brown and Doman,

Beautiful is Lymington
Terraced by the sea.

Patmore cautiously thought some of Doman's lines "as fine perhaps as any living poet has written" at which we may leave them. George Bentley Corbin was a paper hanger in Ringwood, a remarkable entomologist. In the Third Series of his *Stray Leaves from the Avon Valley*, 1908, the only one I have, he celebrates Brusher Mills in verse of a kind. Henry Baskett of Ryde was a gardener. But the number of such writers can no doubt be multiplied by the number of towns in Hampshire.

I can pass as quickly over two other Hampshire names for other reasons. The lucid, balanced prose style of a one-time Militia officer from Buriton, where Mant was later curate-in-charge, Edward Gibbon, has, it is true, been found by some a little indigestible. Coleridge thought it detestable.³⁰ About the second there will be little disagreement with the view of Kipling, though we may feel, as Trollope's Mr. Crawley felt after talking to the Archdeacon, that "of late there seems to have grown up in the world a habit of greater familiarity" in the use of names than that which did prevail when Miss Austen moved, a little distantly, among men.

Jane lies in Winchester—blessed be her shade!
Praise the Lord for making her, and her for all she made!
And while the stones of Winchester, or Milsom Street, remain,
Glory, love, and honour unto England's Jane!

Jane went to Paradise:
That was only fair.
Good Sir Walter met her first,
And led her up the stair.
Henry and Tobias,
And Miguel of Spain,
Stood with Shakespeare at the top
To welcome Jane.³¹

She is one of the few authors whose life is followed not by periods or by years, but as far as possible from day to day. She is a gentle, aloof, retiring satirist and, as Miss Katherine Mansfield says, "every true admirer of the novels cherishes the happy thought that he alone—reading between the lines—has become the secret friend of their author".

The ways of scholarship were again followed by William Mitford. He did not take a degree, but at the suggestion of Gibbon who was a brother officer in the South Hampshire Militia which Mitford commanded, he wrote a well-known *History of Greece* and other works at his house at Exbury. It was he who presented his old Headmaster at Cheam, William Gilpin, to the living of Boldre in 1797.

Mitford, of course, does not stand alone. An eminent antiquarian, born at Elson, was Richard Chandler. He published his *Marmora Oxoniensia* in 1763 and wrote on Ionian antiquities and on his travels in Greece and Asia Minor. His last work was a life of Waynflete. Peter Newcombe of Wellow wrote the history of the Abbey of St. Alban, 1793-95. John Dant turned to the antiquities of Canterbury and Westminster and contributed what purports to be a life of Chaucer to Urry's edition in 1721.

30. But someone, perhaps Freeman, held that whatever else we read, Gibbon must always be read too.

31. "The Janeites" in *Debts and Credits*, 1926. Scott's admiration for Jane Austen must have led him to pay her this unique compliment. In the flesh—he outlived Miss Austen by fifteen years—he was at Abbotsford when she died in July 1817. In the spirit he was as capable of finding his way to the stair of Paradise as, in the pages of *Redgauntlet*, to the place where Steenie went to get his ain.

Joseph Dant, a lawyer from Ringwood, translated the *Iliad*, 1862-65. The best known piece by an earlier classical scholar, Edward Holdsworth from North Stoneham, was *Muscipula*, 1709, on the invention of the mousetrap by the Welsh. There are several translations and an indignant Welshman replied with a description of Hoglandia or Hampshire. Education, as well as scholarship, is represented by Thomas Arnold, the Headmaster of Rugby and father of Matthew Arnold, who was born at East Cowes; chemistry by Charles Mansfield; geography and exploration by Thomas Blakiston of Lymington. The best French Dictionary of the mid-nineteenth century was the work of a man from Gosport, Alexander Spiers. Few critics can have written more and none can have read more or had a wider general knowledge of English and European literature than George Saintsbury who was born at Southampton. These learned men, to whom might be added Hans Stanley, a statesman and Governor of the Isle of Wight, and E. H. Pember of Vicar's Hill, lawyer, translator and poet, show that Hampshire writers do not lack the variety which Drayton claimed for the "sundry Musiques" of England.

Lastly I would remind you of a small group of those whose chief concern was with the outward manifestations of nature. They are no mystics such as Henry Vaughan, or searchers after the inner meanings of nature like the mature Wordsworth, but authors who were content to show what everyone can see, though not everyone does see what it is or can be until this is pointed out to him. The vast popularity in the eighteenth century of Thomson's *Seasons* and of Cowper resulted from the recognition of their descriptions which have "no need of a remoter charm, By thought supplied", and in the twelve years after Gilbert White published his *Natural History*, i.e., 1789-1800, there are many books which in one way or another deal with nature—none more faithfully than Bewick in the tail pieces of his *Quadrupeds* and *British Birds*. And there was a new consideration, though George Herbert had raised it long before and Thomson had touched on it, in which two Hampshire men join. John Lawrence in *A . . . Treatise on Horses*, urges the Moral Duties of Man towards the Bruté Creation, a consideration also put forward by Cowper and Blake and Gilbert White and later, in 1807, by Richard Mant in *Reflections on Cruelty to Animals*, as earlier by the gentle voice of John Woolman the Quaker urging a tenderness towards all creatures and a care "that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation which the great Creator intends for them under our government".

The chief Hampshire writers on nature are Wither, Anne Finch, Countess of Winchelsea, Gilbert White, William Gilpin, Miss Mitford, possibly Meredith, and, if I may take a modern

name, Edward Thomas who was killed in 1917 at Arras. He was born in London, but lived near Petersfield. Forty-five years ago he was looked on as a successor in prose to Richard Jefferies. After his death his poems were introduced by Mr. Walter de la Mare who said that a mirror of England had been shattered. Poems such as "Lob" and "Roads" and "Adlestrop" and "The Penny Whistle" bear witness to what he calls an "impassioned, almost trance-like delight in things natural".

In some contrast stands Colonel Peter Hawker who for the convenience of wild-fowling built his house at Keyhaven and his bee-hive hut at Hurst. Someone told me not many years ago that he had offered the Government to restore the hut if they gave him the lease. It is gone now. Hawker in his *Instructions to Young Sportsmen*, 1824, and, less directly, in his more interesting *Diary*, carries on in prose what George Markland, son of a Master of St. Cross, in his *Art of Shooting Flying* of 1717, and Coote in *The Compleat Marksman* (1756) and Charles Yorke in his eclogue *Partridge-Shooting*, 1767, and Vincent in *Fowling*, 1808, had preached in verse, though Hawker, fine shot as he was, was keenest on punt-gunning the "wild geese that the creeping fowler eye" and has hard things to say about the "snobs" on shore who sometimes spoilt his sport. He records with care all he killed, about which he was not particular—an avocet (swimming) and a hoopoe figure in his bags—and his name is now entirely associated with shooting. But he was a competent soldier who was wounded in the Peninsula, at Talavera, and commanded the North Hampshire Militia, as well as a considerable musician and composer and author of a work on the piano.

To the Countess of Winchelsea and the others we may perhaps join the eminent name of W. H. Hudson who qualifies neither by birth, nor residence, but by adoption—his own adoption of the county. As his epitaph reads, he "loved birds and green places, and the wind on the heath, and saw the brightness of the skirts of God". This great naturalist and natural writer was born and spent his early life in the Argentine; he tells the story of those days in his best book, *Far Away and Long Ago*. Perhaps his most typical book is *Hampshire Days* which he dedicated to Sir Edward (as he then was) and Lady Grey, "Northumbrians with Hampshire written in their hearts". It is in this book that he opened his own heart and gave the description of the barrow east of Beaulieu and of the long dead who were with him in the twilight on the heath and did not resent his presence and would not resent it were he "permitted to come at last to dwell with them for ever". When at the end of *A Traveller in Little Things* he gives in verse—he was no great poet—a recollected emotion, a mental experience re-lived, "mine was in the New Forest". No man knew it and the life in it better than Hudson.

The earliest of our writers on practical country matters was possibly John Worlidge or Woolridge of Petersfield whose *Systema Agriculturae*, 1669, is described in the *D.N.B.* as "the first systematic treatise on husbandry on a large and impressive scale". He also wrote on cider and on bees and on gardening. Of those who followed him in treating of agriculture and the affairs of farming and horticulture and apiculture I have no knowledge. The others are not practical writers. Anne Finch was the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill who lived near Southampton. Her poems, to which Wordsworth was "especially partial", were printed in 1713 at a time when "petticoat authors" were still apt to be ridiculed in spite of all the praise that had been lavished not long before on Katherine Philips, the Matchless Orinda. Her obvious merit, as in her well known "Nocturnal Reverie", lies in the observation of natural objects,

When *Curlews* cry beneath the Village walls
And to her straggling brood the *Partridge* calls,

in her description of birds and flowers and trees, her attitude to which has a touch of that animism which was known to Hudson, and to the old man who said goodnight to his trees, and to the young Wordsworth as is shown in the early books of *The Prelude*, and to Cowper who if his mind had not been imbued with truth from Heaven might have knelt and worshipped the Yardley Oak. Mrs. Philips issued verse invitations to the country; Anne Finch knew it at a time when such knowledge was unusual among ladies.

The benevolent old clergyman William Gilpin was born in Cumberland. He did not come to Boldre till he was 53 and had retired from his school at Cheam. He died at Boldre in 1804 at the age of 80, and, with a careful attention to exact truth, it is stated on his tomb that he and his wife will find a new joy in again meeting *several* of their good neighbours who lie scattered around. Gilpin was a social and educational reformer who wrote about other matters such as Cranmer and the Reformers and Prints. He modernized the New Testament—as Robert Lowth, the bishop, another of Hampshire's learned and famous men, had done Isaiah—but his name is now associated with his special theme of Picturesque Beauty. To exemplify this he made a number of "tours into serenity", as Mr. Blunden has called them, in England, Scotland and Wales, and illustrated his books—they sold so well that they are still common—with sketches in brown ink with a yellow wash. When he realised the original sketches might be worth something he stopped giving them away, and at two sales made nearly £3,000 with which he endowed his schools at Boldre and Brockenhurst.

He looked at everything from his own conception of the picturesque which led him into unsound statements such as calling the beech tree "unpleasing", but he had great influence in teaching

people how to look at nature. Wordsworth had to shake off this "strong infection of the age" which compared scene with scene. But Sir Walter Raleigh has suggested that it was the fame of the scenery in the Wye and Tintern districts which led Wordsworth and Coleridge on their walking tour there, and that Wordsworth and Southey found stronger attractions to the Lake District, a favoured place of the apostles of the picturesque, than came from early association. But Coleridge, in 1800, wrote "he [Wordsworth] will never quit the North of England".

William Combe has a skit on Gilpin in *The Tour of Doctor Syntax In Search of the Picturesque*, a book which was written for the coloured illustrations by Rowlandson, as *Verdant Green* was written for the author's own illustrations. There is a pleasant passage in which Syntax decides to make a drawing of an old sign post. To do this he turns the pond into a stream, puts a bridge over it, makes the flat into a shaggy ridge, collects cattle, and so on

I'll do as other sketchers do
Put anything into the view

.....

Thus tho from truth I haply err
The scene preserves its character.

It is the right word. "They, in general, only characterize the counties through which the reader is carried", says Gilpin of his sketches. "When he deviated from nature, it was only to improve her", claims Warner. Gilpin, of course, dabbled in landscape gardening. We may recall the story of Richard Cambridge telling Capability Brown, the landscape gardener, that he hoped to die first as he would like to see Heaven before Brown had improved it. *Remarks on Forest Scenery* appeared in 1791. There Gilpin is at his best, not on picturesque scenery, but on the more exciting topic of hogs, when the boy takes them out to feed on acorns and beech mast, and the author convincingly shows the life of a hog to be enviable.

Miss Mitford—I don't think she has ever become Mary Mitford—would have made no dint by means of her plays, but her descriptions of country scenes and country people and nut-eating dogs commanded an immediate and lasting audience, showing once again how wide is the appreciation of what Wither calls "the blessings of the earth" when it is presented in familiar form as in the pictures of George Morland or, in spite of the Forsyth family, of Hondekoeter. But though Miss Mitford was born at Alresford, "Our Village" is Three Mile Cross which, like Swallowfield, where she retired at the end of her life, is in Berkshire. But as a true daughter of Alresford, celebrated as she knew for cricket as well as for herself, when quoting Cowper on the village common she is careful to add a cricket ground to her own. As she rightly says,

"Cowper's common wanted that finishing grace". Her life was written by William Harness, Byron's friend, a Hampshire man who edited Shakespeare and Massinger and Ford.

There remains the name which, were the galaxy far thicker studded than it is, would shine out no less brightly. Gilbert White is not to be summed up or dismissed in a sentence. But as he must be it shall be in one of Mr. Blunden's. "Whenever the topic of quiet minds and rich harvests arises, then the sweet Benedicite of that Hampshire clergyman comes on the breeze". White lived and died where he was born. Jane Austen did not travel much, but his fame like hers is imperishable and in as little need of praise or of explanation. Certainly he took to heart that advice of St. Paul to the Thessalonians with which Izaak Walton ended his *Complete Angler*, "Study to be quiet", issuing his book anonymously after many hesitations about issuing it at all. White was a great naturalist; the old worm-fisher was not entirely expert on his recreation of fishing. He had other and better things to suggest. Father Izaak also knew Hampshire and fished the clear waters of the Itchen and stayed with his daughter in Winchester and died there and was buried in the Cathedral. Science and exact knowledge have passed far beyond him and gone some way beyond White. But theirs are the books men read and are likely to continue to read. They speak comfortably about comfortable things, and by taking earth, the daedal earth, as ballast like Richard Rolle of Hampole's bee, are "noghte blawene with the wynde of vanyte and of pride". They "goe directly to the house of Wisdome by the light of nature".³²

That is my list of over a hundred Hampshire writers, a list in itself incomplete and, even so, one over which I have had to pass with indecent and tedious haste. As Eliphaz the Temanite puts it to Job, "Doth not their excellency which is in them go away" when treated like this? And you, who have listened with more than the patience of Job, may reasonably and resentfully say with him, "who knoweth not such things as these"?

32. Henry Nollis, *The Chymists Key* (trs. Henry Vaughan), 1657, p. 23.