The Collected Works of Ann Hawkshaw

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Cover image of Ann Hawkshaw courtesy of Lady Alexandra Wedgwood.

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Preface and Acknowledgements

In the early 1990s Ann Hawkshaw's poetry was included in the first wave of the critical recovery of Victorian women poets led by Isobel Armstrong. Armstrong included Hawkshaw in her landmark survey of women's poetry of the Victorian period, '"A Music of Thine Own": Women's Poetry – An Expressive Tradition?' in *Victorian Poetry: Poetry, Poetics and Politics* (1993). Armstrong notes that Hawkshaw was 'an educated poet with strong working-class connections who produced orthodox-seeming work with unusual subtexts', judging Hawkshaw to be 'an impressively strong and independent writer'.[1] She comments on Hawkshaw's long narrative poem 'Dionysius the Areopagite', mentions her sonnet sequence, *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History*, and makes brief readings of 'Why am I a Slave?' and 'The Mother to her Starving Child'. She concludes that Hawkshaw's work 'is exceptional' (323). Hawkshaw's short lyric poems 'Why am I a Slave?' and 'The Mother to her Starving Child' are included in *Nineteenth-Century Women Poets: An Oxford Anthology* (1996), co-edited by Armstrong. The entry for Hawkshaw, which begins 'very little is known about Ann Jackson's (later Hawkshaw's) life', goes on to give a brief outline biography, noting her Manchester connections to Elizabeth Gaskell and Samuel Bamford and suggesting that she may have been a Unitarian.[2] The biographical introduction concludes by identifying Hawkshaw as the children's poet, 'Aunt Effie': 'She was best known for the children's poetry that she wrote under the name of 'Aunt Effie', whose two books of nursery rhymes were brought out in 1852 and 1854' (346). The identification of Hawkshaw as 'Aunt Effie', while commonplace, is mistaken. Although several early twentieth-century educational readers and anthologies of children's poetry published in England and the United States include poems from *Aunt Effie's Rhymes for Little Children* (1852) and *Aunt Effie's Gift to the Nursery* (1854) and cite Hawkshaw as the author, or conversely, include Hawkshaw's poems under the name 'Aunt Effie', the connection of Ann Hawkshaw to 'Aunt Effie' is erroneous. The pseudonym is that of Jane Euphemia Browne, who, as Morag Styles notes in her survey of the history of children's poetry, was the 'daughter of a well-to-do landowner in Cumberland', who 'wrote books of verse […] which were much loved at the time.'[3]

Ann Hawkshaw published three volumes of poetry: *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* (London: Jackson & Walford; Manchester: Simms & Dinham, 1842); *Poems for My Children* (London: Simpkin & Marshall; Manchester: Simms & Dinham, 1847); and *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History* (London: John Chapman, 1854). A fourth volume of poems and short stories, *Cecil's Own Book*, was printed for private circulation in 1871. As the span of three decades between the first and last examples of Hawkshaw's writing suggests, her poetry offers an exceptional insight into the changing political and religious landscape of the mid-nineteenth century. Conveyed through the perspective of a woman who began life in a large family of dissenters working the land in rural Yorkshire, and who, by the time

1 Isobel Armstrong, *Victorian Poetry: Poetry, Poetics and Politics* (London: Routledge, 1993), 322.

2 Isobel Armstrong, Joseph Bristow and Cath Sharrock, eds, *Nineteenth-Century Women Poets: An Oxford Anthology* (Oxford: Clarendon Press, 1996), 346–8.

3 Morag Styles, *From the Garden to the Street: Three Hundred Years of Poetry for Children* (London: Cassell, 1998), 96. A discussion of the misappropriation of Hawkshaw's work can be found in Appendix B.

of her death, was titled, affluent and moved in the most influential cultural and literary circles of the age, Hawkshaw's poetry is a valuable addition to the field of nineteenth-century literary scholarship. The themes of death, religion, science, history and nation that run through Hawkshaw's poetry demonstrate her capacity for extended critical thought, as she engages with subjects at the heart of nineteenth-century cultural and religious debates whilst challenging the work of established scholars and writers.

The Collected Works brings together Hawkshaw's four volumes and reprints them for the first time, whilst the introduction fills in the biographical gaps noted by Isobel Armstrong in order for Hawkshaw and her poetry to be viewed in a literary and cultural context. An appendix of reviews and contemporary criticism of Hawkshaw's work is included, along with details of the republication of individual poems. Headnotes to each of the volumes include the date and place of publication, details of contemporary reviews and further biographical information where appropriate. Footnotes are included where clarification of an event, place, person or source would be useful. Annotations to the poems included in the original text have been reproduced in the footnotes and placed in brackets as [Poet's Note]. All other annotations are my own. In transcribing these poems I have kept the original spelling, punctuation and, indeed, capitalization of the texts, footnoting corrections where an obvious misspelling occurs, in order to remain as faithful as possible to the original publication. I have worked throughout from printed editions rather than authorial manuscripts as these have not yet been recovered and, indeed, may not be extant.

In piecing together a biography for Ann Hawkshaw I am indebted to her descendants who have offered me every help in accessing family documents from which to tease out the details of her life. My first and warmest thanks are to Lady Sandra Wedgwood, who, with her late husband Sir Martin, welcomed me into their home in the early days of my research, sharing family portraits and providing an introduction to other members of the extended family including James Caulfeild and Diane Whitehead, and Hawkshaw's great-great-grand-daughter Dr Christabel Barran. The primary sources for Hawkshaw's biography comprise the unpublished memoir of John Clarke Hawkshaw, Ann's eldest son, which was compiled in 1913 and later transcribed from the manuscript notebooks by Martin Beaumont with the original retained by Dr Barran, and Ann's brief memoir, 'Memories of My Childhood', which she began writing in Scotland in late 1856, following the death of her eleven-year-old son Oliver. The memoir is written in a bound, hardback, lockable notebook, largely without corrections; I thank Mrs Whitehead for her kind access to this valuable resource. In addition, the Hollycombe House visitors' book, covering the period from 1873 to 1935 and logging the visits of Charles and Emma Darwin, Alfred Tennyson and his son Hallam, and others to the Hawkshaws' Sussex home, was generously shared by Mrs Whitehead.

In addition to the unpublished memoirs, letters written by Ann to Unitarian and educationalist John Relly Beard, dated 1851 and 1862, and to her son Henry, written at various dates in the 1860s and covering mainly family matters, give a voice to Hawkshaw as a friend and mother. I am grateful to the Woodhouse Collection, John Rylands University Library, Manchester, and to the Staffordshire and Stoke-on-Trent Archive Service, Staffordshire Records Office respectively, for their help in accessing these letters. Thanks also to David Southern at Duke University Press, compilers of the Carlyle Letters Online, who kindly provided a copy of a letter written by Ann's husband, John Hawkshaw, to Thomas Carlyle, dated 22 January 1844, in which he enclosed a copy of Ann's volume

'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems for Carlyle's perusal. Carlyle in turn forwarded this to his mother with a covering letter, a transcript of which David kindly supplied.

My warmest thanks are extended to John Holmes at the University of Reading whose support of my work on Hawkshaw has been of immeasurable value. I would like to acknowledge and thank the Arts and Humanities Research Council for their sponsorship of the initial research into Hawkshaw's work through their doctoral award scheme. Thanks also to Anthem Press for their commitment to republish rare or scarce material; without this vision Hawkshaw's work may have remained unread for another century. Particular thanks to Tej Sood and Rob Reddick at Anthem for their guidance in bringing this project to publication.

A version of Hawkshaw's biography was first published in *British Writers*, supplement 18: my grateful thanks to Gale, Cengage Learning for their generosity in giving kind permission to reproduce the biography, with amendments and additions.[4]

4 Debbie Bark, 'Ann Hawkshaw', *British Writers*, supplement 18 (2012): 127–43. © 2012 Gale, a part of Cengage Learning, Inc. Reproduced by permission. www.cengage.com/permissions.

Biographical Introduction

On 1 May 1885, the *Manchester Guardian* published the following obituary for Lady Hawkshaw, who had died the previous week at her London home:

> Death of Lady Hawkshaw.—We much regret to announce the death, which took place on Wednesday evening, at her residence, Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, London, of Ann, wife of Sir John Hawkshaw, F.R.S. Among many accomplished women who have made their home in Manchester during the past half century, none secured a deeper regard than the gifted lady whose death we now record. Lady Hawkshaw was the daughter of the Rev. James Jackson, of Green Hammerton, Yorkshire, where she was born in 1813 [*sic*]. Soon after her marriage (in 1835) her husband was appointed engineer to the Manchester and Bolton Canal and Railway, and subsequently to the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway; and they took up their residence in the first instance in Sandy Lane, Pendleton; afterwards in Islington Square, Salford; and for some years at Broughton Lodge, Higher Broughton. It was during her fifteen to twenty years' residence in Manchester that Mrs Hawkshaw gave to the world strong evidence of being possessed of the poetic gift. If we remember rightly, some of her earliest effusions appeared in the Manchester Guardian—a corner of which at that period was supplied by the muse of some of our best-known local poets. In 1842 appeared 'Dionysius the Areopagite, with other Poems. By Ann Hawkshaw'. The little volume, which was issued by a firm of local publishers—Messrs. Simms and Dinham, of Exchange-street,—attracted considerable attention and was very favourably received both in London and the provinces. In 1847 she published another volume of verse, called 'Poems for My Children', which showed much tenderness of feeling and beauty of expression. In 1854 she published a series of 98 'Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History', and in 1871 a series of prose and poetical sketches for children entitled 'Cecil's Own Book'.[5]

Clearly proud of her association with the city and her contribution to its cultural heritage, the obituary traces Ann Hawkshaw's rise from a clergyman's daughter to a writer who earned the respect of Manchester's literary community. In privileging her talent as a poet over her status as the wife of a leading Victorian engineer, the 1885 obituary acknowledges Hawkshaw as a poet of some note: an accolade not repeated until the recent rediscovery of her work.

By the time of her death Ann Hawkshaw had been granted an honorific title and was well positioned in late-Victorian society, yet her start in life was somewhat more modest. She was born on 14 October 1812, the second daughter of the Reverend James Jackson (1776–1849), dissenting minister of the Green Hammerton Independent Chapel in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and his wife Mary (née Clarke). Ann, their third child (Jane had been born in 1806 and James in 1809), would be followed by a further eleven children, although by the time Ann left home to be married in 1835, seven of these children had died, including Ann's beloved elder sister Jane. James Jackson had come to Green Hammerton from Allerton Mauleverer, near Knaresborough, in 1794. He was ordained on

5 *Manchester Guardian*, 1 May 1885, 8.

5 November 1801 and would go on to enjoy a 40-year tenure as congregational minister of the parish. At the vanguard of a religious revolution, Jackson and his fellow clergymen offered rural Yorkshire an alternative to the established church and oversaw the building of independent chapels in Green Hammerton and surrounding villages.

In the spring of 1806, the Reverend Jackson married Mary Clarke, the daughter of an agricultural family who had owned land in Green Hammerton for over three hundred years. With Mary's parents living close by, the young Jackson children revelled in the attention of their grandparents, and were free to explore the rural landscape during frequent walks and visits to neighbours. Ann's descriptions of Green Hammerton, recorded in later life in her short manuscript memoir, 'Memories of My Childhood', resonate with nostalgia for the rural idyll. 'My native village', she recalls, 'was one of the prettiest in the north of England', a 'perfect picture of rural comfort and country beauty' – especially on those fine afternoons in summer or early autumn 'when the heavy laden wagons were slowly coming up the road and the well-fed cows were returning to their pastures after milking-time'.[6] In this large clergyman's family, blessed with an abundance of life and yet touched by the reality of early death, Ann was raised under the strong and principled religious and moral influence of her father and grandfather, and the nurturing and encouraging eyes of a mother and grandmother who inspired Ann's love of reading, learning and nature. In her memoir, Ann remembers her maternal grandmother with fondness, describing her as 'a beautiful character' and admits to feeling for her 'a love scarcely second to that I felt for my mother'. With her elder sister Jane, Ann would sit sewing with her grandmother, listening attentively to her stories. Although their grandmother tended to 'dwell on her long rambles over wild heaths and moors on a horse that no one but herself would mount', the girls would steer her towards their favourite subjects, for she 'had a strong and energetic mind and could make clear and just views of life and duty'. Ann grew to admire her grandmother's free-thinking and religious independence, hearing how she 'left the Church of England in whose communion she had been brought up, and joined the dissenters', because her 'free mind turned with disgust from clergymen stained with vice of the most odious kinds, and her soul revolted at men who in meanness and dishonesty were below the peasants they professed to instruct'. Ann recalls her grandmother's small bookcase, 'filled with devotional books of that severe theology taught by the dissenters and the Evangelical clergy aroused from their lethargy by the preaching of Whitefield, Wesley, and Rowland Hill',[7] but goes on to suggest that 'Calvin's stern creed could never affect her heart, filled as it was with the gentlest of womanly affections'.[8]

'I was a very happy but a very idle child', recalls Hawkshaw. 'At six years old I could not read, nay did not know my letters and the only tears I remember to have shed were shed over the "Reading Made Easy"[9] – oh sad misnomer.' Although slow to read, Ann nevertheless took great pleasure in listening to the rhymes and rhythms of Ann and Jane

6 Ann Hawkshaw, 'Memories of my Childhood' (1856), unpublished. Original manuscript viewed with the kind permission of Mrs Diane Whitehead.

7 George Whitefield (1714–70): English evangelical preacher and evangelist, founder of Calvinistic Methodism; John Wesley (1703–91): English theologian and evangelist, founder of the Methodist movement; Rowland Hill (1744–1833): English preacher and evangelical.

8 John Calvin (1509–64): Christian reformer and theologian, principal figure in the development of Calvinism.

9 A reference to one of the many early nineteenth-century educational readers comprising exercises in reading and spelling, often based around stories from the scriptures.

Taylor's recently published poetry for children. Under the guidance of her mother, Ann became part of that first generation of children to learn by rote the work of the Taylor sisters. 'In my worst dunce days I could learn hymns and pieces of poetry from hearing them read over a few times', Ann recalls, 'and never thought it a hardship to stand by my Mother's knee and while she plied her needle with a book open before her taught me one of Jane Taylor's little hymns for infant minds, or one of her "Original Poems".'[10] Before long, Ann became a competent, then voracious, independent reader: 'When I did acquire the art of reading all my other amusements appeared tame in comparison […]. I became a devourer of books; suitable ones if they were to be had, unsuitable if no others were to be got.' Her access to books was limited by circumstance; as she observes, 'The price of books at that time placed good libraries beyond the reach of persons of moderate income and reading societies had not sprung into being. However life is full of compensations, and if I had not many books to read those I had were well studied and highly prized; nature was more loved and admired perhaps than it is by young people of these novel reading days.'

Ann took great delight in her ability to read and was keen to demonstrate her skill at every opportunity. She recalls her visits to neighbouring agricultural workers Fanny and Thomas, 'a humble honest couple' who 'brought up a family of seven or eight children without any aid from the Parish though they never could have had more than twelve shillings a month'. Fanny's 'desire for information on subjects beyond the narrow sphere of her own observation was intense', remembers Hawkshaw, 'and her memory wonderfully retentive; she read well, which I believe she learned to do after she became an adult, her husband could not, but would gladly listen to her'. She continues:

> I was a great favourite with this good pair and often in my walks up and down the village called to see them; I was a prodigy of learning in their eyes, for climbing on Fanny's knee I poured out all my stories of Knowledge into her attentive ears, scraps from newspapers, anecdotes from biographies I heard my father relate at table, old tales found in some of the first numbers of 'The Lady's Magazine' some odd volumes of which I used to pour over at my Grandfather's […], adventures of shipwrecked mariners, descriptions of volcanoes and whirlpools and monsters of the sea: my information was of the most heterogeneous sort but its truth was never questioned: 'She read it out of a book' was thought enough to silence all sceptics to the correctness of my stories, and Fanny's 'Thank you honey for coming to see us' and Thomas's aside of 'What a bairn it is' sent me home quite happy for the rest of the evening.

Looking back on these visits, Hawkshaw wryly observes that her 'vanity was often too much flattered by poor Thomas, who had less judgement than his wife'.

Whilst the value of reading and learning was instilled in Ann at home, at the age of fourteen she was sent away to school. She recalls that 'the first real sorrow I ever had, at

10 Ann and Jane Taylor published a number of volumes of poetry for children: *Original Poems for Infant Minds* was first issued in two volumes in 1804 and 1805, *Rhymes for the Nursery* followed in 1806, and *Hymns for Infant Minds* in 1808. Jane Taylor's poem 'The Star' from *Rhymes for the Nursery* is better known as 'Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star'. In her memoir Hawkshaw quotes lines from 'A Child's Hymn of Praise' (*Hymns for Infant Minds*): 'I thank the goodness and the grace / Which on my birth have smiled, / And made me in these Christian days, / A happy English child.'

least so I judge now, as it remains imprinted on my memory after thirty years have gone by […], was leaving home for school – I was sent into the neighbourhood of Gomersal amidst the scenes of Charlotte Brontë's *Shirley*.' From 1826, Ann was a boarder at the Moravian School in Little Gomersal, about forty miles distant from Green Hammerton; the Moravian Church had opened a day school for girls there in 1758, converting to a girls' boarding school in 1792. This connection of landscape to literary markers is a feature of Hawkshaw's memoir: old willow trees stretching across the river where she played as a child are recalled in terms of 'poor Ophelia' in an allusion to the death of Ophelia in *Hamlet*; when describing the neighbourhood of Thorp Green, one of her favourite childhood haunts, Hawkshaw remarks: 'I think some of the scenes described in Anne Brontë's *Agnes Grey* refer to scenes she witnessed at Thorp Green; certainly the descriptions of the lanes with primrose-covered banks, or the plantation thicketed fields were taken from it.' Details of Hawkshaw's formal education are scant. However, through the thematic concerns of her poetry it is clear that she was widely read in all manner of topics and a competent researcher. The allusions to classical and biblical history in the long narrative poem 'Dionysius the Areopagite', the engagement with religious and scientific debates in 'The Past' and 'The Future' and the extensive and heavily researched *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History* suggest a remarkable depth of knowledge and a keen intellectual curiosity that extended beyond her school years.

At some time during the late 1820s, Ann met her future husband, John Hawkshaw. John had been born on 9 April 1811, the fifth child of Leeds publican Henry Hawkshaw (1774–1813) and his wife Sarah Carrington. Ann and John's paths most likely crossed during family visits to the village of Hampsthwaite, some fifteen miles west of Green Hammerton. Here, John's uncle on his mother's side and Ann's uncle on her father's were in business: Peter Carrington as a blacksmith, William Jackson as a farmer. Having left Leeds Grammar School at 13 to take up a local engineering apprenticeship as pupil of road surveyor Charles Fowler, John Hawkshaw had spent five years working on local turnpike schemes. In 1830, John moved to Liverpool as assistant to Alexander Nimmo, surveying a proposed railway connection from Liverpool to the Humber via Leeds. When Nimmo died in 1832, John decided to travel to South America, as engineer to the Bolivar Mining Association's copper mines at Aroa, Venezuela. By September 1834, John was forced to return from Venezuela through ill health, and on 20 March 1835 he and Ann were married, in the parish of Whixley, close to Green Hammerton.

At the time of their marriage, John was living in Liverpool, but by 1836, the Hawkshaws had relocated to Salford, where John took up an appointment with the Manchester, Bolton and Bury Canal Company. Having been invalided home from Venezuela, John continued to suffer from ill health. As John Clarke notes in his diary, the first doctor his father consulted in Manchester 'told him he had cancer of the liver', but 'not satisfied that his was such a hopeless case, he consulted another physician who told him to go home and live well, which he did, and ever after enjoyed excellent health, with one exception, that for many years he had a slight recurrence of ague once a year'.[11] Indeed, John Hawkshaw flourished in Manchester as engineer to the Manchester and Leeds Railway, capitalising on the expansion of the railway network across the North West. Aside from his considerable contribution to civil engineering, John made a valuable contribution to the field of nineteenth-century

11 'The Diary of John Clarke Hawkshaw of Hollycombe', vol. 1 (1913), unpublished. Transcribed from the manuscript notebooks by Martin Beaumont, original notebooks retained by John Clarke Hawkshaw's great-grand-daughter, Dr Christabel Barran.

travel writing by publishing a memoir of his trip to Venezuela. Published in London in 1838 by Jackson & Walford, the official publisher for the Congregational Union, *Reminiscences of South America: From Two and a Half Years' Residence in Venezuela* was inspired by the earlier work of German naturalist and explorer Alexander von Humboldt, whose *Personal Narrative of Travels to the Equinoctial Regions of the New Continent* (1814), detailing his South American exploration, had been an influential text for Charles Darwin on the *Beagle*. Yet as John Hawkshaw notes in the preface to *Reminiscences*, von Humboldt's account of Venezuela had been written 'when the country was a Spanish colony, and when the population was nearly double of what it is now, when there was a far greater proportion of Europeans resident there, and when the social system […] differed much from its present state'.[12] In writing his memoir, John Hawkshaw sets out to update the 'valuable work of Baron Humboldt' and to 'afford some little information to the next inquirer' as to the 'state of the country and of society there at that time', for in 'respecting a country of which so little is known, everyone who had something to communicate should contribute his mite' (v–vii).

The personal, reflective response to the Venezuelan landscape in *Reminiscences* has much in common with Darwin's style in *Voyage of the Beagle* (1839). Rather than producing a methodical record of geological observations, John uses a proliferation of metaphors and similes to convey the unfamiliar landscape in terms that would be familiar to his English readers. The account is often humorous, and yet interwoven with a concern for social justice in the Americas and at home. For instance, he criticises the United States' continued reliance on compulsory labour, pointing to the 'strange anomaly of a people with many free institutions, and professing above all other countries to be free, dwelling with slavery at their very doors, nay, within their homes, and around their social hearths' (52). He rounds off his critique of America with a couplet from Ann's then unpublished 'Sonnet—To America':

> and hence it will be affirmed of this country, as it has been written,—
> 'Future ages on one page shall see
> The Slave's unheeded prayer—*the song of Liberty*'. (52)

The sonnet was published in full in 1842 in Ann's first collection *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems*. The 22 poems which make up the collection were crafted during the 1830s and early 1840s, during which time the first three of the Hawkshaws' six children were born: Mary Jane Jackson in 1838, Ada in 1840 and John Clarke in 1841. Using the same London publisher as her husband, and Simms and Dinham in Manchester, Hawkshaw's debut onto the Manchester poetic scene coincided with a resurgence of poetic interest in Manchester; a revival energised by writers who sought to dispel the widely held assumption that artistic expression had succumbed to a preoccupation with free enterprise and trade. James Wheeler acknowledges this perception of Manchester as a literary wasteland in the preface to an early anthology:

> 'Manchester Poetry!' exclaim doubtless the majority of those who may chance to bestow a passing glance upon the book—
> 'Bless us! what a word on

12 John Hawkshaw, *Reminiscences of South America: From Two and a Half Years' Residence in Venezuela* (London: Jackson & Walford, 1838), vii.

> A title-page is this!'—
> and, as if satisfied in their own minds that this same town cannot produce any good thing save only such as emanates from the spindle or the power-loom, they indulge, it may be, in a slight laugh at the presumption of the editor, and go on their way rejoicing.[13]

In highlighting the presupposed antithesis between art and industry, Wheeler engages with the opposition of imaginative thought and reason, inspiration and craft that had so energised the Romantic movement; yet Wheeler suggests a flaw in the commonly held presumption that one should preclude the other. 'Perhaps of the Poetry of Manchester, until these later years, little that is favourable could be said' (xii), continues Wheeler, as 'it is only in the nineteenth century, within some dozen or twenty years of the present time, that any pretensions have been made by Manchester writers to rank among the gifted of the earth' (xiii). And yet, finds Wheeler, 'even those claims—modest and well-founded as it is conceived they have been—are met at this day […] only with a contemptuous smile, by most of the crowd of gentlemen whose genius lies rather in the detection of an imperfect fabric than in the right appreciation of perfect poetry' (xiii). In bringing together a collection of poems from 16 Manchester-based writers, including the poetical works of a number of divines, such as the Reverend William Gaskell, husband of Elizabeth, and notable poets of the moment, such as Charles Swain and Samuel Bamford, Wheeler's *Manchester Poetry* prompted the repositioning of poetry in the city at the turn of the decade.

By the early 1840s a distinct poetic community had been established in the city. The self-styled 'Manchester Poets', or 'Bards of Cottonopolis' as they were latterly termed,[14] met at the Sun Inn, Long Millgate, locally designated as 'Poets' Corner', 'for the purpose of advancing their common interests, and creating kind and reciprocal feelings', with those gathered promoting 'the cause of literature generally, and diffus[ing] amongst its contributors and admirers mutual sympathy and respect'.[15] The first formal meeting of the Manchester Poets, on 7 January 1842, was reported locally as a 'Poetical Soiree', 'a friendly meeting of poets and friends of poetry, representing Manchester and its neighbourhood'.[16] This was followed on the evening of 24 March 1842 by a 'Poetic Festival' held at the Sun Inn and attended by some forty literary men.[17] Songs were sung, and messages read from well-wishers. Many of the poetical works had been written especially for the event, and

13 James Wheeler, *Manchester Poetry* (London: Charles Tilt, 1838), v–vi.

14 A term used by Thomas Swindells to describe the Manchester poets in *Manchester Streets and Manchester Men* (Manchester: J. E. Cornish, 1908), 75. For discussions of Manchester poetry see Martha Vicinus, 'Literary Voices of an Industrial Town: Manchester, 1810–1870', in *The Victorian City: Images and Realities*, vol. 2, ed. H. J. Dyos and Michael Wolff (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1973), 739–61; Brian Maidment, 'Class and Cultural Production in the Industrial City: Poetry in Victorian Manchester', in *City, Class and Culture: Studies of Social Policy and Cultural Production in Victorian Manchester*, ed. Alan J. Kidd and K. W. Roberts (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1985), 148–66; Debbie Bark, 'Manchester and Early Victorian Literary Culture', *Literature Compass* 8, no. 6 (2011): 404–14.

15 John Bolton Rogerson's preface to *The Festive Wreath: A Collection of Original Contributions Read at a Literary Meeting Held in Manchester March 24th 1842* (Manchester: Bradshaw and Blacklock, 1842), iv.

16 *Manchester Guardian*, 12 January 1842.

17 As reported in the *Manchester Guardian*, 30 March 1842.

were published after as *The Festive Wreath*: *A Collection of Original Contributions Read at a Literary Meeting, Held in Manchester March 24th 1842*. The importance of the Sun Inn group to Ann Hawkshaw's work is twofold. First, the 'Introductory Stanzas' to Hawkshaw's first published collection are dated 'Manchester, March 25, 1842' – just one day after the widely publicised 'Poetic Festival'. It is highly likely that Hawkshaw would have read the articles in the *Manchester Guardian* advertising the event. In debuting at this moment, Hawkshaw positions herself as part of the poetic momentum of Manchester at this time. Second, poets from the Sun Inn group were familiar with Hawkshaw's work and referred to it in their own. In the preface to his *Poems* of 1843, Samuel Bamford cites a number of poets whose work was enjoyed by the 'literati' of Manchester in the early 1840s:

> Since his last volume of poetry was published,—which is about eight years ago—the attention of the literati of Manchester, and its neighbourhood, has been justly claimed by the productions of a Swain, a Prince, a Rogerson, inhabitants of the town—of a Festus, the circumstances of whose first surprising essay in poetry, having been printed at Manchester, will one day be esteemed an honour to the town[18]—and of Mrs. Hawkshaw, whose interesting poem, 'The Areopagite' has added another name to those destined for immortality.[19]

This brief but complimentary appraisal indicates that Hawkshaw's poetry had come to the 'attention of the literati of Manchester' by the early 1840s. Another of the Sun Inn group, George Richardson, quotes Hawkshaw twice in his collection *Patriotism*, published in 1844. In each instance, Hawkshaw's poetry is included alongside other prominent contributors to Manchester's poetic scene. Using extracts from the poetry of Samuel Bamford, John Critchley Prince and Ann Hawkshaw, Richardson sets up the argument of canto 2 of the title poem, 'Patriotism', in which he addresses social injustice, the education of the poor, temperance and Christian faith. Selecting lines from Hawkshaw's poem 'The Past', Richardson draws on her invocation of poetry to rouse a sense of patriotism, countering the threat of revolutionary uprisings with the glories of England's past:

> For in the crowded street, the voice of woe,
> The low faint cry of poverty opprest,
> Sounds like the requiem of my country's peace,
> The dirge for her long day of glory fled;
> Harp of my country, waken ere it cease,
> And the last spirit of the land be dead![20]

Later in the collection Richardson uses a couplet from Hawkshaw's 'Dionysius the Areopagite' ('Weeks sped their flight, and left a trace, / A withering touch on one young

18 Bamford refers to Manchester poets Charles Swain (1801–74), John Critchley Prince (1808–66) and John Bolton Rogerson (1809–59), and to Philip James Bailey (1816–1902), whose poem *Festus* (1839) was printed in Manchester by Wilmot Henry Jones.

19 Samuel Bamford, preface to *Poems* (Manchester: published by the author, 1843).

20 Ll. 139–44 of Hawkshaw's 'The Past', epigram to canto 2 of 'Patriotism'. George Richardson, *Patriotism, in Three Cantos, and Other Poems* (London: W. J. Adams; Manchester: G. & A. Falkner, 1844), 36.

face') as an epigram to his poem 'The Forsaken One', alongside lines from John Critchley Prince's poem 'There's Falsehood' (*Hours with the Muses*, 1842).

The publication of the *Dionysius* volume, and the favourable reviews that followed, positioned Hawkshaw locally as a poet of some note. During 1843, Hawkshaw's uncollected poem 'Life's Dull Reality' was included in a 'little volume of original poems entitled the "Athenæum Souvenir"': a compilation of poetry by Manchester poets on sale at the Manchester Athenæum Bazaar on 2 October 1843.[21] The bazaar had been 'instituted in aid of the funds of "the Manchester Athenæum for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge"', and the *Manchester Guardian* review of the event highlights Hawkshaw's 'Life's Dull Reality' as one of the poems in the volume that 'seem to us to be *amongst* the gems of the book'.[22] The poem was printed in full in the *Manchester Guardian* on 11 October 1843. Other Hawkshaw poems were republished in a variety of regional newspapers; Appendix B gives full details. In *Lancashire Authors and Orators* (1850), John Evans writes extensively on Hawkshaw's poetry and 'safely assign[s] Mrs Hawkshaw the chief seat among our present line of Lancashire poetesses'.[23]

John Hawkshaw was clearly proud and supportive of his wife's work. On 22 January 1844, he sent a copy of *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* to Thomas Carlyle, with the following covering letter, transcribed from the Carlyle papers:

Islington, Salford
22nd January 1844

Sir,

I beg to forward you a small volume of poems, which I do on the part of the authoress, as some acknowledgement of the deep gratification that has been afforded to her, by reading your own writings, which, as proof perhaps, that neither have a very extensive acquaintance with the realms of literature, have only lately come into our hands.

The whole have been, to both of us, as a new land, wonderful as the New World to Cortez, and are calculated, we think, to work a great change in the literature of this England of the 19th century, where more writers have been diligent, out of mud and straw, to erect all manner of grotesque images, that should attract, if by no other marks, at least by those of their frightfulness, like the gods of the East.

I may add that the writer of the small volume truly feels, what is expressed in the last two lines of the sonnet written on its first leaf [★], and if you will allow it to be so presented, you will oblige her, and her husband—

I am sir,
Yours very faithfully
John Hawkshaw

21 'Life's Dull Reality', in *Athenæum Souvenir; original Poems, &c., contributed by various Authors, in aid of the Funds of the Athenæum Bazaar, held in the Town Hall, MANCHESTER, October 1843* (Manchester: J. Gadsby, 1843), 3.

22 *Manchester Guardian*, 4 October 1843, 3.

23 John Evans, *Lancashire Authors and Orators: A series of literary sketches of some of the principle authors, divines, members of Parliament, etc, connected with the county of Lancaster* (London: Houlston and Stoneman, 1850), 127–32; see Appendix A for the full review.

The asterisk after 'first leaf' was inserted by Carlyle, who then enters the last two lines from the dedicatory sonnet in the bottom margin: 'Accept this gift, for at the costliest shrine / The poor may lay their gifts, and thus I offer mine.—AH.' The sonnet would appear to have been written by Ann expressly for Carlyle, but has not yet been recovered in its entirety. In a letter to his mother dated 24 January 1844, Carlyle refers to the Hawkshaws' communication and forwards Ann's book for his mother's perusal. It is unclear whether he had read the book, or simply the dedicatory sonnet: 'This morning I received by Post a very agreeable gift from a Manchester Poetess and her Husband; a book inscribed to me in really an elegant and intelligent manner.'[24] With a copy of *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* listed in an 1859 catalogue of Wordsworth's library at Rydal Mount, it is possible that John distributed his wife's work to other writers admired by the Hawkshaws. From John's letter to Carlyle, it is evident that the experience of reading Carlyle's works had been profound and that he and Ann were keen to read more widely. In his diary, John Clarke remembers book club meetings held at the Hawkshaws' home between 1845 and 1850: 'The meetings of a book club held at our house from time to time made an impression on me, and I can recall the gatherings now, and the books which were bought and circulated among the members and were afterwards disposed of when they had gone the round.' Regrettably John Clarke records nothing of the members or the books that they read.

With John Hawkshaw at the forefront of industrial innovation in Manchester and the surrounding area, the Hawkshaws thrived in the city, and whilst not exclusively wealthy, were certainly well positioned in society. John's election to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society in 1839 would have brought him into contact with many of Manchester's prominent names. John Clarke's diary notes his father's connection to scientist John Dalton, 'a friend of my father's' who 'gave him copies of his works', to cotton merchant John Kennedy and to Samuel Dukinfield Darbishire, solicitor to the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway and a leading Unitarian. The Darbishires became close family friends of the Hawkshaws, who often holidayed at the Darbishires' home at Pendyffryn.[25] As the Darbishires were great friends of the Gaskells, it is likely that John and Ann were likewise acquainted. Although there is no extant correspondence between either Elizabeth or William Gaskell and the Hawkshaws to suggest the extent of their association, correspondence between the Winkworth sisters from 1847 shows that they met socially in Manchester. In a letter to her sister Susanna, dated 16 November 1847, Catherine Winkworth describes an afternoon tea meeting with the 'Cobdens, Leislers, Hawkshaws, Gaskells' in which, 'the principle gentlemen […] before tea was half over […] were deep in a discussion on the present state of the commercial world, which lasted a great part of the evening'.[26] Richard Cobden and John Hawkshaw, she notes,

24 A copy of Hawkshaw's letter to Carlyle, and a transcript of Carlyle's letter to his mother were kindly provided by David Southern at Duke University Press, compilers of the Carlyle Letters Online, http://carlyleletters.dukejournals.org/ (accessed 22 July 2013).

25 John Clarke's diary makes reference to 'many happy visits to the Darbishires' pleasant home at Pendyffryn', whilst Ann's letter to her son Henry, dated 27 April 1863 refers to the Darbishires accommodating Henry at Pendyffryn. The letter is part of an original bundle of letters written to Henry Hawkshaw by Ann Hawkshaw, held at the Staffordshire and Stoke-on-Trent Archive Service, Staffordshire Records Office, reference D4347.

26 Margaret J. Shaen, ed., *Memorials of Two Sisters: Susanna and Catherine Winkworth* (London: Longman, Green, 1908), 26.

were engaged in a 'regular pitched battle […], the latter representing the railway interest, and maintaining that Parliament should never have interfered with railways at all. […] Mr Cobden of course took exactly the opposite view' (26–7). From Elizabeth Gaskell's letters it is evident that the Gaskells' connection with the Hawkshaws continued after John and Ann had moved to London in 1850. A letter dated 26 May 1860 is addressed to Gaskell's eldest daughter Marianne, care of 'John Hawkshaw Esq, 43 Eaton Place, Belgrave Sq, London';[27] in another, written to her publisher Edward Chapman from the same address on 9 June 1860, Gaskell explains that she 'came up here suddenly on Wednesday, on account of my daughter's illness', suggesting that Marianne was staying with the Hawkshaws when she became unwell with suspected smallpox.[28] A letter to Gaskell's longstanding friend Mary Green is similarly addressed from the Hawkshaws' Eaton Place residence, dated 14 June 1860.[29] Gaskell writes again from the Hawkshaws' address on 6 June 1862, accepting an invitation to share breakfast with Lord and Lady Stanhope.[30]

The extent of the friendship between the Hawkshaws and Gaskells can only be surmised, but intriguingly, in her unpublished 'Memories of My Childhood', written between December 1856 and the first months of 1857, Ann reveals antipathy towards Gaskell as a writer – particularly with regards to *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, first published at this time. Her initial allusion to Gaskell is indirect. In calling to mind a local farming family from her childhood, where the youngest of three sisters to have inherited their father's small estate 'had married, or rather had taken a husband to assist in the farm', Hawkshaw likens the ineffectual husband, whose 'existence as a master was […] completely ignored by the servants and labourers', to the 'husband of a landlady or lodging-house help' or even, she concludes with a flourish, 'the husband of a literary woman!'

The context for this comment becomes clear later in the memoir after Hawkshaw's specific references to *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*. She begins by linking Gaskell's biography of Brontë to her own recollections of a childhood spent exploring the countryside around Green Hammerton: 'One of our favourite haunts was the neighbourhood of Thorp Green, then the residence of the Robinson family, one of whose members, a Lady Scott, has since obtained incredible fame by the publication of Mrs Gaskell's *Life of Charlotte Brontë*.' Hawkshaw's comment reflects the reception of the first edition of the *Life*, which was published in March 1857 and sold well enough for a second edition to be published in the April. Although initially attracting favourable reviews and publicity for its author, Gaskell's book became caught in an undercurrent of unease regarding the thinly veiled accusation of impropriety between Charlotte's brother Branwell and Mrs Robinson, the mistress of Thorp Green. On 26 May 1857 all copies were recalled under threat of legal action after Lady Scott (formerly Mrs Robinson) demanded a revision of chapter 13 of the first volume, removing all references to her alleged seduction of Branwell Brontë. Branwell had been employed as a tutor to the Robinsons' young son Edmund, and according to the first edition of the *Life*, the unnamed Mrs Robinson took a strong hold of the 'pitiable'

27 J. A. V. Chapple and Arthur Pollard, ed., *The Letters of Mrs Gaskell* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 1966), 619.

28 Chapple and Pollard, *Letters*, 622.

29 John Chapple and Alan Shelston, ed., *Further Letters of Mrs Gaskell* (Manchester: Manchester University Press, 2000), 209.

30 Chapple and Shelston, *Further Letters*, 242.

Branwell, who in 'his agony of guilty love' gave 'passionate way to his feelings' at the hands of the 'profligate woman' who had tempted him 'into the deep disgrace of deadly crime'.[31]

Gaskell reluctantly agreed to make the revisions, despite standing by the accuracy of her first account. Her annoyance at the forced amendment is expressed most explicitly in a letter to her publisher, George Smith, in which she includes the following ironic preface, suggested by her friend Mary Mohl: 'If anybody is displeased with any statement or words in the following pages I beg leave to with-draw it, and to express my deep regret for having offered so expensive an article as the truth to the Public.'[32] Writing her memoir at the time of Lady Scott's rebuttal and Gaskell's retraction, Hawkshaw joins the debate by questioning 'the wisdom or propriety of making Branwell so prominent a character in Charlotte's memoirs as Mrs Gaskell has done'. Moreover, as the furore concerning Lady Scott's threatened lawsuit had only served to maximise demand for Gaskell's book, Hawkshaw goes on to consider the ethical implications: 'Since Mrs G has retracted her aspersions they say she has engaged in the notoriety that the publication of her connection with the Brontës has given her, yet she has children who cannot but feel a mother's shame, and relations to whom its disclosure to the world must be bitter.'

In this way, Hawkshaw reflects what Angus Easson has observed to be the main area of debate surrounding the reception of *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, namely, 'whether personal detail should be made public […] when those still alive might be offended or hurt'.[33] 'Either what she printed was a fact or not', Hawkshaw continues, before going on to invoke her earlier characterisation of ineffectual husbands and intractable wives in her description of the Gaskells: 'If not founded on sufficient credence it ought never to have been published […]. I think it had injured both the Authoress and her husband in many quarters: I have been told that he begged her not to publish it, but she was obstinate in her resolution of doing so.'

Hawkshaw's suspicion of Gaskell's 'publish and be damned' approach to Brontë's biography is borne out by a letter written by Gaskell to her publisher before the publication of the *Life*, which seemingly reveals her intention to libel. Countering her later assertion that she believed the account to be true she writes to George Smith, 'Do you mind the law of libel? I have three people I want to libel – Lady Scott (that bad woman who corrupted Branwell Brontë) Mr Newby, and Lady Eastlake'.[34]

During their fourteen years living in the Manchester area the Hawkshaws moved several times. Living first on the breezy heights of Pendleton in Sandy Lane Terrace, the Hawkshaws then moved down into Islington Square, most likely into one of the large houses built in the 1830s for Manchester's merchants, before moving back up into the area of Broughton in 1846. When *Poems for My Children* was published in July 1847 they were living in Broughton Lodge in the Manchester suburb of Higher Broughton, in a house built by John Hawkshaw on part of the old zoological gardens. There were now five young Hawkshaw children: Mary (aged 9), John Clarke (aged 6), Henry (aged 4), Editha (aged 2) and Oliver (aged 1): John and Ann's second child, Ada, had died of hydrocephalus in 1845, a month before her fifth birthday. Despite her physical absence, Ada was still very much

31 Elizabeth Gaskell, *The Life of Charlotte Brontë*, vol. 1 (London: Smith, Elder, 1857), 327.

32 17 June 1857, Chapple and Pollard, *Letters*, 455.

33 Angus Easson, ed., *Elizabeth Gaskell: The Critical Heritage* (London: Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1991), 36.

34 2 October 1856, Chapple and Pollard, *Letters*, 418.

part of the family, as the inclusion of the poignant elegy 'Ada' in this collection suggests. *Poems for My Children* is an intensely personal collection that opens a window into the Hawkshaw nursery. Through the influence of their parents' teaching, and through the medium of their own imaginations, the young Hawkshaws look out from this nursery to wonder at other worlds, with their mother giving the children a voice to express their thoughts, often in conversation with Hawkshaw herself: 13 of the collection's poems are either addressed to one of her children, or made up of dialogue between Hawkshaw and her child. A handful of poems are narrated as if from the child's perspective, unmediated by an adult, drawing comparisons with Robert Louis Stephenson's *A Child's Garden of Verses* (1885) from later in the century.

Though ostensibly a poetic offering for her own children, there was much in *Poems for My Children* to entertain, educate and guide the collection's wider readership. Ann's interest in nature, particularly flowers, is evident in the thematic concerns of many of the poems. John Clarke describes his mother as a 'good botanist' who used to teach her children 'how to describe flowers on the old Linnaean system'. He recalls having a notebook in which he wrote descriptions of the flowers his mother gave him to examine, using 'rather a good little book called *Flowers of the Field*'.[35] Ann's books of reference were James Smith's *The English Flora* (4 vols, 1824–8) and John Lindley's *Ladies' Botany* (2 vols, 1837–8). Practical geology was also a feature of the family home, where a collection of minerals and fossils collected by his father attracted the eager attention of the young John Clarke. In his memoir, he recalls how the 'look of the ores of copper, often brilliantly coloured and of iron haematites, pyrites and others, became impressed on [his] memory at an early age.' As well as being informed observers of the natural world, the Hawkshaws were close to contemporary advances in science, particularly geology. As a fellow of both the Geological Society of London and the Manchester Geological Society, and a member of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, John Hawkshaw's professional interests brought him into discussion with geologists such as Adam Sedgwick and William Buckland.[36] A lithograph entitled 'Visit of Members to the Fossil Trees in the Coal Measures, near Manchester, June 1842', shows John Hawkshaw presenting the find of a huge fossil tree to a British Association for the Advancement of Science meeting in Manchester 1842. Included in the group of interested onlookers are both Sedgwick and Buckland.[37]

As well as developing her children's ability to observe and classify the world around them, Ann, like her mother before her, nurtured a love of poetry in her children.

35 Charles Alexander Johns, *Flowers of the Field*, 2 vols (London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, 1853).

36 Adam Sedgwick (1785–1873): British geologist and mathematician, made president of the Geological Society in 1829; William Buckland (1784–1856): English theologian, geologist and palaeontologist, author of 'Geology and Mineralogy Considered with Reference to Natural Theology' (1836), treatise six of the eight Bridgewater Treatises (1833–36).

37 James A. Secord, *Victorian Sensation: The Extraordinary Publication, Reception, And Secret Authorship of 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation'* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2000), 210. Secord notes that the lithograph had been prepared from a design by London artist Robert William Buss: 'Visit of Members to the Fossil Trees in the Coal Measures, near Manchester, June 1842', which was used as the frontispiece to James Heywood's *Illustrations of the Manchester Meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, June 1842* (Manchester: Thomas Forrest, 1843).

Before they were able to read for themselves, she would recite to them the poetry of Byron and Southey. Several of John Clarke's recollections of his mother are framed with reference to the poetry that they shared: 'My mother had a very good memory and could recite long poems, such as the "Prisoner of Chillon" with ease.'[38] 'I was fond of reading poetry, choosing Southey in my early days. My mother used to recite to me "How does the water come down at Lodore".'[39] 'When I could read myself "Thalaba the Destroyer" was my favourite.'[40] In remembering a family holiday to Tunbridge Wells, John Clarke recalls carving poetry into the sandstone rocks with Ann: 'I spent much time in carving the lines which my mother quoted to me, "Oh! vain attempt to give a deathless lot, to names ignoble, born to be forgot".' It is not clear whether the opening lines to William Cowper's sonnet 'On Observing Some Names of Little Note Recorded in the Biographia Britannica' (1780) are intentionally misquoted by Ann, or misremembered by John Clarke, but the subtle shift from 'Oh fond attempt to give a deathless lot, / To names ignoble, born to be forgot' (Cowper), to the 'Oh! vain attempt' of John Clarke's recollection certainly gives a more cynical gloss to the sentiment of the sonnet, and to the practice of historiography that Cowper's poem critiques, something Hawkshaw herself addresses in her own poetry, particularly through *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History*.

Having worked primarily as a railway engineer in Manchester, John Hawkshaw set up as a consulting engineer and moved his practice to London in 1850, taking offices at 33 Great George Street, Westminster. John Clarke notes that 'at that time many engineers lived, or had offices in Great George Street […]. We used to go to children's parties at their houses.' The family lived at Great George Street until 1852, when they moved to Eaton Place. Ann's correspondence with John Relly Beard, Unitarian minister, educationalist and principal of Stony Knolls High School in Manchester, where her son John Clarke had boarded, suggests that she was preparing work for publication at this time. In a letter to Beard, written in 1851, Ann writes, 'I enclose two titles if you think them suitable for your magazine, they may fill a page.'[41] Beard was founder and editor of *Christian Teacher* (later the *Prospective Review*), and *Unitarian Herald*, and although Hawkshaw's work does not appear to have been published in either the letter suggests that Ann had submitted an earlier poem to Beard for consideration, which was untitled, and that after some reflection she was 'puzzled to find a better title than 'Stanzas'. For I dislike what are called 'catching titles'. They seem to me mere claptrap.'[42]

In 1854, Ann published her third volume of poetry, *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History*, using London publisher John Chapman. As editor of the *Westminster Review*, Chapman championed the literary and political ambitions of a group of women intellectuals that included George Eliot, Harriet Martineau and Bessie Rayner Parkes, making him an obvious choice of publisher for Hawkshaw's ambitious and notable sonnet sequence. Sections of the sequence are overtly anti-Catholic, with several sonnets making an implicit criticism of High Church ideology: stifling and corrupt religious hierarchies are contrasted with an individual's relationship with God as experienced through the natural

38 392-line narrative poem by George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788–1824), published in 1816.

39 Onomatopoeic poem 'The Cataract of Lodore' (1820) by Robert Southey (1774–1843).

40 Robert Southey's epic poem, published in 1801.

41 19 August 1851, original held in the Woodhouse Collection, John Rylands University Library, Manchester, reference A2/1, shelf 22.8.

42 Ibid.

world. Taking an eclectic range of subject matter, Hawkshaw expands and elaborates the historical framework on which Wordsworth based part 1 of his poetic survey of church history, *Ecclesiastical Sketches* (1822), broadening her remit to cover aspects of history often overlooked by conventional narratives of church and state, such as the perspective of women and those oppressed by authority. Moreover, as each sonnet is faced on the page by a short prose extract from the work of prominent contemporary historians of the Anglo-Saxon period, or from early nineteenth-century translations of Anglo-Saxon texts, Hawkshaw draws attention to the practice of popular nineteenth-century historiography: in this way historians become as much the subject of Hawkshaw's work as the aspects of history that they seek to convey. Hawkshaw was clearly well read in Anglo-Saxon history. Her sources include Sharon Turner's landmark study, *The History of the Anglo-Saxons: From the Earliest Period to the Norman Conquest*, published in four volumes between 1799 and 1805, Francis Palgrave's *History of the Anglo-Saxons* (1831) and John Mitchell Kemble's *The Saxons in England* (2 vols, 1849). She also draws on Asser's *Life of Alfred*, King Alfred's translation of Bede, the English Historical Society's translation of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* and the Bohn's antiquarian library translations of Bede's *Ecclesiastical History* and the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*. In attempting a reworking of national history through the medium of the sonnet, in doing so in response to a poetic tradition appropriated by Wordsworth, her generation's leading male poet, and in openly challenging a tradition of historiography likewise gendered, Hawkshaw's sonnet sequence is a significant body of work that attracted a good deal of critical attention, being reviewed both in England and America.[43]

During the 1850s and 1860s John Hawkshaw's work frequently took him abroad, with Ann often accompanying him. Ann gives details of her travels in correspondence with John Relly Beard. In a letter written from 43 Eaton Place, London, dated 23 October 1862, Ann informs Beard that she and her youngest daughter Editha are 'just on the eve of starting for Egypt: the old land', where, on the request of the viceroy, her husband will 'inspect the works of the Suez Canal'.[44] In another letter, she informs Beard that she is leaving 'with Mr Hawkshaw to Holland on the 19th where he has a great work going in "The Amsterdam Ship Canal"'.[45] Other trips include Brussels (August 1865), Brazil (August–December 1874) and New York (May–August 1876). The visit to Brazil was reported in the *Anglo-Brazilian Times* and makes particular mention of the now Lady Hawkshaw's[46] valuable support of her husband's work:

> The *Anglo-Brazilian Times* of November 7 says—Sir John and Lady Hawkshaw return in the Tiber to England, Sir John having completed his examination of the ports upon which the Government had desired his authoritative report. His staff

43 See Appendix A for contemporary reviews of the collection.

44 Original held in the Woodhouse Collection, John Rylands University Library, Manchester, reference A2/1, shelf 22.8. The DNB entry for John Hawkshaw mentions this trip: 'He was invited in July 1862 by Said Pasha, viceroy of Egypt, to report on the proposed Suez Canal, and spent nearly a month there. His favourable report induced Said to let the project proceed, and De Lesseps later acknowledged his debt to him.'

45 8 July (no year specified, but as John Hawkshaw worked on the Amsterdam Ship Canal from 1862, it is likely that Ann's letter is from this year). Original held in the Woodhouse Collection, John Rylands University Library, Manchester, reference A2/1, shelf 22.8.

46 In 1873 John Hawkshaw was knighted for services to engineering.

> of assistants, however, remain to complete the details required for a decisive report. The *Anglo-Brazilian Times* adds—Sir John expresses himself greatly gratified with his visit to the Brazilian Empire, and speaks in high terms of the hospitality he has experienced in it and of his courteous reception by his Imperial Majesty and the Ministers. Our Polytechnic Institute naturally paid all respect to this distinguished engineer, and did itself the honour of electing him as honorary member of the society at an extraordinary meeting convened for the purpose. Doubtless, in the course of his trip Sir John's trained eye and scientific mind have found much to note, and probably some of his observations while in Brazil may yet see the light of publicity […]. In his visit to this country, at the earnest invitation of the Imperial Government, Sir John Hawkshaw has rendered a most important service to it, and the results of his commission must redound greatly to its advantage, and furnish another laurel to the wreath he has woven in his numerous commissions at home and abroad. Lady Hawkshaw accompanied Sir John on nearly all his trips to the parts examined by him, and her frank amiability and thirst for information, endeared her to all who met her. Few indeed have wakened in so short a time so much general esteem and liking as Sir John and Lady Hawkshaw have in Brazil. On the eve of departure Sir John sent a cheque for £300 to the treasurer of the Polytechnic Institute, to be invested, and the interest to be applied from time to time to give a gold medal to the student sending in the best paper of any engineering subject. No doubt the medal will be called 'The Hawkshaw's Medal', and will be looked upon in Brazil as an object of honourable commendation. ('Sir John Hawkshaw's visit to Brazil', *Freeman's Journal*, 4 December 1874, 2.)

Whilst living primarily in London, the Hawkshaws frequently escaped the city. John Clarke recalls family holidays spent with his mother, brothers and sisters on the Isle of Arran and the Isle of Wight, at Eastwear Bay near Folkestone and on Brighton Downs. Winters were usually spent out of town, with the family taking houses at Richmond: 'The Christmas of 1859–60, we were at Ham House, an old house close to the Ham Gate entrance into Richmond Park […]. There was a good library at Ham House, with many fine illustrated old books.' 'In Christmas 1860–1861, we had Camden House, lower down in the town, with a large garden along the tow-path by the river.' John Clarke remembers his father's passion for shooting, with the family holidaying in Scotland where John Hawkshaw would shoot on the moors near Pitlochry. It was during one of these holidays in the summer of 1856 that the youngest of the Hawkshaw children, Oliver, contracted typhoid fever and died. He was buried in the churchyard at Moulin, near Pitlochry. His sudden and unexpected death prompted Ann to write her brief memoir, 'Memories of My Childhood', in which grief over the death of her second child awakens memories of her own childhood growing up in Green Hammerton. Likening her retreat into introspection with the opening dream sequence of John Bunyan's *The Pilgrim's Progress*, the preface to 'Memories of My Childhood', dated 14 December 1856 and written from the Hawkshaws' home in Eaton Place, London, reveals the catalyst for Hawkshaw's remembrances:

> The isolation of soul made by sorrow has rendered me careless of what was passing around, the noise of the busy world without has been hushed […]. The scenes of the present could not be seen through the midst of tears, while those of the past have risen up around me […]. I have lived again in my childhood, my girlhood, my early married

> life; the fields where I played, the flowers that I planted, the companions I loved, all have been seen once more; I did not think the store-house of memory contained so many recollections of those early days and their simple pleasures. The past three months have been the saddest of my life […]. Fallen for a while from the stirring scenes of existence, not compelled to mingle in the crowd by the calls of society, or the claims of affection, I have conversed with my own heart and communed with the past.

Here Ann draws upon memory for consolation as she seeks solace in the past, internalising an idea of childhood as a time of 'simple pleasures' and innocence. The experience of losing Oliver leads Ann to reflect more broadly on what it means to be a mother. 'It is a blessed but a fearful thing to be a Mother!' she exclaims. 'Heaven with its splendours above her, the abyss with its terrors beneath her. Her life is multiplied but she must die many deaths.' In her sorrow, Ann turns to God, as 'He alone can know' a mother's grief, and 'He alone can comfort', drawing strength from the certainty that she will meet Ada and Oliver again in heaven: 'In your Mother's heart you both are cushioned, no years, no changes can deprive you of that home, not death, for that will reunite us.'

The loss of her children seemingly brings to mind other losses which she addresses in the memoir, framing her recollections with poetic references:

> How freshly the memory of long summer afternoons […] comes back to me even now: 'we were four', four fast friends, two are left and they from circumstances did not meet for years and now can meet but seldom; a third, my noble-minded sister, has slept beneath the grass of the little cemetery at Green Hammerton for more than twenty years, the white rose on her grave has shed its fair petals there for nearly a quarter of a century, and the forth, the youngest of the four, faded away in a tropic land and died in sight of her own shores, to which her husband brought her back too late to save her, but in time for her ashes to rest on English earth: 'It was something to see its cliffs once more / And lay her bones on her own loved shore.'

In an allusion to 'We Are Seven', the poem by William Wordsworth, published in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798), in which the child speaker includes her dead siblings in a count of her family, despite the insistence of the adult voice that the number should exclude them, Hawkshaw's 'we were four' shifts tenses to suggest that she feels keenly the absence of her dear friend and her beloved sister; the closing couplet re-genders lines from 'The Soldier's Funeral' (1824) by Letitia Elizabeth Landon (1802–38): 'But 'twas something to see its cliffs once more, / And to lay his bones on his own loved shore.' The process of memory itself prompts thought here, with Hawkshaw noting that it is 'strange that some trifling occurrence should remain woven in the roof of memory's web in bright and lasting colours, while the tints in which others were wrought have faded away.' She continues with profoundly expressed philosophical wonderings over the nature of memory:

> Why should the recollection of one day when we found, we the four, a bed of sweet scented white violets on a bank on which we were sitting trying to make a basket of the pith of rushes, come back to me now, here, with the ocean before my window and not a sight or tone that tells of spring on the broad lands – I cannot tell, unless it be to keep fresh in the world-worn breast a green and healthy spot.

The references to the ocean suggest that the memoir was, at least in part, written whilst in Scotland, the place of Oliver's death and far away from her London home.

Hawkshaw's reflections on her childhood provide an insightful commentary on many aspects of rural life at a time of immense social and political change. Having left Green Hammerton some twenty years earlier, Hawkshaw returned often to visit family and her memoir is an amalgamation of these present-day observations and memories of a childhood spent in the village. Her writing engages with many pertinent areas of debate and offers a valuable insight into the changing physical, political and religious landscapes of the mid-nineteenth century. For instance, she is critical of the legacy of evangelical religion in rural communities, reflecting on how, within only two generations, well-meaning religious practices had evolved into repressive and spirit-sapping doctrines of restraint:

> I cannot but pause, and ask what has been the result of all the activity, time and money spent on evangelising (as it is called) the rural districts? At first it worked well; chapels were built, barns were fitted up as meeting houses, persons walked long distances to the 'preachings' and sang hymns as they walked home in the moonlight across the lonely fields: it was like the old times of the Reformation […]. Unlettered peasants listened for the first time to the Word of God, and felt that there was something for them too, besides the daily toil for bread. But the next generation were placed in a different circumstance and required different treatment, and it was not there, and the effect was what might be expected. The deep reverential feelings that had filled the minds of those who had lived during the great revival of religion in England did not impress them, and its place had not been supplied by the belief of reason and principle. That culture of mind that the wants of the times demanded, and that the masses in the large cities were beginning to enjoy, did not reach to the rural districts: schools were few, and those few badly managed; books were expensive and libraries there were none; the periodicals that found their way to the villages were not of a kind to interest or instruct the young. They consisted entirely of magazines embracing the gloomy theology of Calvin, or with accounts of the visions and dreams, and special guidance of the followers of Wesley. Harmless amusements were denounced as sin, and a walk on the Sabbath was construed as Sabbath-breaking; no books except those of a strict religious kind were allowed to appear on tables on a Sunday […], books intended, one would think, to terrify the young with a hypocritical assumption of religion, not to fire them with the love and sweetness of Christ's teaching to a life of goodness; what a prize to the children of the religious in those days was old Bunyan! His book was a treasure: many an eager childish eye was bent on it with wonder and delight, and often its perusal has taken away the tedium of the hours 'between services' and served to fill the infant mind with wondering thoughts during the long sermon of which it could understand little. These enforced observances did incalculable injury to the young; they submitted, but it was with a feel of injury, and in most cases as soon as removed from puritanical restraint they plunged headlong into vice; this was the fate of the sons, that of the daughters though less glaringly painful, was perhaps equally destructive of right and moral feeling; either they became self-righteous, stern and harsh, or discontented and soured, dragging on a monotonous existence without aim, without a hope.

The pessimistic summary of the effects of stern evangelising on communities whose access to wider influences is limited by circumstance is scathing and perceptive. Hawkshaw's solution involves the gentle, nature-based invocation of God and goodness which informs her teaching in *Poems for My Children*:

> It is much to be regretted that no simple lectures on natural history, no classes for music, or singing, were ever formed by the clergy or dissenting ministers; they would do far more good to the morals of the rural population by such means than by preaching weekday sermons and distributing religious tracts of antiquated theology and questionable morality.

Here, as with her much of her poetry, Hawkshaw's reminiscences of childhood reflect her association of God with the wonders of the natural world. There are echoes in the memoir of her earlier poem, 'The Past' (1842), in which knowledge of the natural world only serves to enhance belief in God as creator:

> A blessed and wonderful thing is Christianity, that can satisfy the intellect and heart of a Newton, and yet cheer and elevate the simple cottager, to whom the stars are but specks of light, and the sun a ball of fire, wasting away at night, and kindled up again by God in the morning (these are not my imaginings, they were the very words used by a labourer in the village of my father).

> And have the wonders of creation woke
> Of adoration not a loftier strain,
> As one by one upon the mind they've broke,
> And yet are moving on, an endless train?
> If, when a child, thine eye was raised above,
> In wonder, to the God who spread the sky
> With sparkling gems, how deep thine awe and love
> Who know'st them now, as worlds, and suns on high.
> ('The Past', ll. 201–8)

Although it seems that Hawkshaw had drawn inspiration from those she had conversed with as a child, her later reflections concede, maybe curiously for one who has chosen poetry as her means of public expression, that 'there is no poetry in the dirt and disorder of those West Ridings of Yorkshire and Lancashire places as there is about the poverty of an Italian village; no projecting window throws a shadow, no vine relieves the flatness of the wall'. Yet the value of the individual lives of those villagers in Green Hammerton with whom she conversed in her youth is acknowledged in terms of the lives unseen, the inner lives which have the potential to offer an unmediated history of the times; not maybe through her pen, but as creative fodder for the 'modern novelist':

> Was it not Mr Johnson who said that if the history of the humblest individual could be truly written it would afford instruction to the philosopher? The people with whom I came into contact in my youth and whose lives passed away amidst the most unfrequented of hamlets and the loneliest of farmsteads had each a mental history which if written faithfully would instruct the dwellers of the noisy world, for

> it would be the story of minds fashioned by themselves, influenced in the smallest degree by others, a moral state; but such history I cannot write, most of them now sleep under the old yew trees of the church yards, but some of them had an outward as well as an inner life that contained some portion of romance, life and death; love and hope went on in their quaint homes and made their daily life and moulded their hearts and minds, but at times this monotony was broken by dark deeds and fierce out-breaks of passion that would have formed the stock in trade of many a modern novelist.

Elsewhere, Hawkshaw uses her remembrances of the rural landscape to pass comment on the changing political and economic landscape. Having called to mind the comparatively uncultivated environs of the Green Hammerton of her childhood, where trees and flowers were left to flourish where nature had left them, Hawkshaw wryly notes, 'I dare say the clever agriculturalists of the present day would have cut down the oaks and trimmed the fences to proper economical dimensions and the banks of primroses would have been ploughed away.' Seeming to resent the commodification of the landscape, and longing to retain the inspiration of nature which had sustained her as a child, Hawkshaw states with some pride that her 'dear old Grandfather was satisfied with the returns his estate yielded under such management as his forefathers had taught him'. 'For my part', she continues, 'I am glad that so much loveliness was left for my childish eyes to look upon, and sure I am that no money could have procured for me the pure pleasure I even now enjoy in recalling the simple delight of passing long summer days of idleness amid those flowery fields.'

But although her grandfather resisted change, the village of her childhood changed: 'The Green Hammerton of 1856 is not the village of my childhood. In thirty years the tide of events that has swept over England has not left untouched that quiet little nook.' In part, the change as Hawkshaw records it is aesthetic, as 'most of the thatched farm houses and low-roofed cottages have given way to more comfortable, but less picturesque dwellings'. But more significantly for Hawkshaw, it is 'the manners of people' that 'have undergone as great a change, the distinction between class and class, employers and employed has grown wider'. Whereas once her grandfather would sit 'smoking his pipe, sitting in his black leather arm chair in the chimney corner, the old thrasher Billy on a three-legged stool opposite him, and the other men and boys at a respectful distance in the background […], with the firelight twinkling on the pewter plates on the shelf' now 'the rough but friendly greeting between the farmer and his labourer has ceased to be heard'. This fireside scene remembered from her early childhood becomes a domestic metaphor for the political changes that she perceived then, but only began to understand as an adult: 'I remember feeling that old forms of society were being broken up, and middle-age customs disappearing when that old pewter was taken down from the place it had occupied for so many generations and white earthenware was put in its stead.' 'I know where I was standing by my Grandmother at the time she pointed out the alteration', Hawkshaw continues, 'I was insensible to all her arguments on the desirability of change; that the earthen dish could be washed in a minute, and the pewter one required half an hour of labour to make it clean and bright was nothing to me.' Though trading the labour-intensive for the utilitarian signalled progress to her grandmother and to all those tasked with household chores, for the young Ann Jackson the move away from tradition prefigured a future that she was not yet ready to embrace: 'I dreamed of the past, and did not wish one link that told of it to be broken; slowly only have I learnt to think the present better than the past.'

The 'distinction between class and class, employers and employed' which Hawkshaw observes suggests a keen interest in, and awareness of, industrial relations, and a political sensitivity which is reflected in the Hawkshaws' wider political engagement. In 1863, John Hawkshaw stood as an unsuccessful Liberal candidate at Andover: John Clarke's diary notes that his father was not returned because 'he told the electors that he would prosecute anyone who took a bribe'. In 1865 John intended to stand again, this time in Lyme Regis where the Hawkshaws had bought an estate, but as John Clarke notes, just before the election he 'found out that he was disqualified as a candidate by holding a Government appointment as engineer to the Holyhead Harbour.' 'It was difficult to find a candidate at so short a notice', John Clarke continues, 'so it was decided that I was to stand in my father's place.' The account of his canvassing says much about the need for electoral reform:

> I went down at once to Lyme Regis with Mr Batten, my father's solicitor, and made acquaintance with the inhabitants, calling on every voter […]. Only on one of my calls was the question of politics brought forward and that was in the case of an unfortunate tradesman, who told me, almost with tears in his eyes, that he dared not vote as he wished, for in that case he would lose his trade. The most trying part of my calls was the amount of indifferent cider that I had to drink. Lyme Regis was a most corrupt borough and was very properly disenfranchised later on. The people had lived for years on smuggling and elections. Charmouth formed part of the Borough for voting purposes, and I heard after the election that there were only eleven electors in Charmouth who were not bribed, I lunched at one house where, after lunch, they asked £100 for their vote.

John Clarke lost the election by nine votes to 'Mr Treeby, an elderly man and a local builder'. The frailties of the voting system are emphasised in his account of polling day:

> The other side made some of our voters drunk, and so we lost their votes. Old Dr Hodges, the Rector, asked me to breakfast with him. He was a delightful old man, a thorough going Tory, and said he would vote for a broomstick if it put up on the Tory side. It was as well, on the whole, that I lost this election, for I do not think Parliamentary life would have suited me.

Having published *Sonnets on Anglo-Saxon History* in 1854, there is a gap of some 17 years before Hawkshaw publishes again, this time for private circulation. The events of the intervening years provided the inspiration for what would be Ann's final collection of work, *Cecil's Own Book* (1871). Comprising three short stories and ten poems and written by Ann for Cecil Wedgwood, her young grandson who had been born in March 1863, copies of the beautifully bound book, complete with illustrations, seem to have been distributed amongst Ann's wider family, to friends and to acquaintances. The circumstances of Cecil's birth are particularly pertinent to the themes addressed in the collection, which is dedicated to the memory of Cecil's mother and Ann's eldest daughter, Mary Jane Jackson Wedgwood. At some time during the early 1850s, whilst the Hawkshaws were living in London, they had become acquainted with the Darwin-Wedgwood family. With Hensleigh Wedgwood and his daughter Frances (Snow) close friends with Elizabeth Gaskell, it is possible that Gaskell made the initial introduction of the Hawkshaws to the

Wedgwoods and Darwins. In his account of a family holiday to Tunbridge Wells in 1857, Ann's eldest son John Clarke remembers how he, then 16, and his brother Henry, 14, had ridden to Tunbridge Wells on their ponies, 'staying a night on the way at Mr Darwin's house at Down. We took our night clothes and a comb and toothbrush rolled up on our saddles in front of us.' Furthermore, Mary Pugh, who had been governess to the Hawkshaw children in the early 1850s, was later employed as a governess to the children of Charles and Emma Darwin. A somewhat melancholy character, Pugh was with the Darwins at Down House between 1857 and 1859, but kept in touch with the family and visited often – even after she had left her post. Although she was later certified insane and spent her last years in an asylum, Mary Pugh remained financially supported by her previous employers, with Charles Darwin paying £30 a year for her to have a holiday and John Hawkshaw paying her asylum fees.

By the early 1860s, the Hawkshaws' eldest children, John Clarke and Mary, were romantically involved with siblings Cecily and Godfrey Wedgwood, great-grandchildren of Josiah Wedgwood, and Darwin's niece and nephew. Cecily and Mary had been at school together and were great friends. On 24 June 1862, Mary Hawkshaw and Godfrey Wedgwood were married at St Peter's Church, Pimlico. Mary fell pregnant almost straight away, yet by the following March instead of joyfully anticipating the arrival of her first child, Mary was gravely ill with her mother by her side at the Wedgwoods' home at Hem Heath, Stafford. In a letter to her son Henry, dated 27 March 1863, Ann tells him that she is 'compelled to stay here' and that she 'cannot leave poor Mary alone'.[47] The following day Cecil Wedgwood was born and only 11 days later Mary died from puerperal mania. The awful inevitability of her death is suggested in the diary entry made by Emma Darwin on 7 April 1863: 'Mary's death came.'[48]

Losing their eldest daughter in this way was a terrible blow for the Hawkshaws, who had already buried two young children. One can only imagine Ann's distress at watching her beloved eldest child die in such circumstances. In letters to her son Henry in the months following Mary's death, Ann speaks of her own illness, brought on by the trauma of losing her daughter: 'This is only the second time since my illness that I have tried to write, so you must not be surprised at my singular penmanship; my hand does not seem much under the control of my will at present' (27 April 1863). 'I cannot write much for I am still very weak' (6 May 1863). Although not mentioning Mary's death directly, Ann writes of the family's support of Godfrey Wedgwood, who 'says he needs love so much now' (27 April 1863) and who 'clings more to us than ever; he has had baby [Cecil] photographed asleep in his cot, and dear Mary's dog Jack too' (6 May 1863).[49]

Under the watchful care of his father and grandparents, the young Cecil Wedgwood thrived. Much of his early childhood was spent with his Hawkshaw relatives, particularly John and Ann at Hollycombe, their four-thousand-acre West Sussex estate, which they had purchased in 1865. Its proximity to a mainline station meant that John was only an hour and a half away from London, enabling him to move between his offices in the

47 Part of an original bundle of letters held at the Staffordshire and Stoke-on-Trent Archive Service, Staffordshire Records Office, reference D4347.

48 *Darwin Online*, http://darwin-online.org.uk/content/frameset?itemID=CUL-DAR242%5B.27%5D&viewtype=image&pageseq=1 (accessed 15 May 2009).

49 Extracts from an original bundle of letters held at the Staffordshire and Stoke-on-Trent Archive Service, Staffordshire Records Office, reference D4347.

City and his country estate with relative ease. Charles Darwin's diary records a visit to the Hawkshaws at Hollycombe between 7 June and 9 June 1876, with the Hollycombe visitors' book for the period showing that his wife, Emma Darwin, and botanist J. D. Hooker arrived with him. Amongst the family and friends signing the Hollycombe visitors' book are the writer Anne Thackeray, daughter of novelist William Makepeace Thackeray, who visited in January 1877, and poet laureate Alfred Tennyson and his eldest son Hallam, who visited Hollycombe in October 1882.[50] Unfortunately there are no further records of these visits, or of the extent or nature of these acquaintances. It is from Hollycombe that Ann writes *Cecil's Own Book*, undoubtedly to amuse her young grandson, but also, as the book's dedication suggests, as a memorial to her daughter: 'To the Memory of Mary, the Mother of Cecil.' In a parallel act of remembrance, John Hawkshaw built a school at nearby Wardley Green in 1869 in memory of the dead Hawkshaw children.[51] The original school building housed a rectangular stained-glass window depicting a mother and three children entitled *Fides, Spes et Caritas* (Faith, Hope and Charity). A commemorative stone replaced this shortly after the Second World War, dedicating the school 'To the Memory of Ada, Oliver and Mary.' The school was handed over to the Education Authority in 1873, the year of John Hawkshaw's knighthood. The Education Authority report from November of that year notes that 'Lady Hawkshaw and party visited' and that Lady Hawkshaw 'gave the children various exercises in singing'.[52]

As well as the beneficiary of *Cecil's Own Book*, the young Cecil Wedgwood features in several of the collection's poems and short stories, in particular through Hawkshaw's characterisations of young, motherless boys in the stories 'The Wonderful Adventures of Hassan the Younger, the Son of Hassan-el-Alfi the Camel Driver', 'Little Prince Bepettedbyall' and 'The Fairy Gift; or, The Iron Bracelet'. In these stories, Hawkshaw writes as a grandmother, weaving adventures for her grandson in the style of the Arabian Nights, Charles Kingsley's *The Water-Babies* and Lewis Carroll's *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*. As in her other collections, nature frames the poetry in *Cecil's Own Book*. But unlike her earlier work, God is absent in nature, not simply 'unremembered' as Ann had cautioned in her poem 'The Future': 'The good may be forgotten in the great; / The moral, in the mental; and the hand / Who built and furnished all the fair estate, / Be unremembered 'mid the works He planned'.[53]

Whereas in Hawkshaw's earlier poems, each aspect of the natural world, from the tiniest drop of dew to the magnificence of the solar system, served as evidence of a benevolent and loving God, in *Cecil's Own Book* poems such as 'The Discontented Stream', 'The Selfish Toad' and 'The Ambitious Water-Lily' resonate with images of anarchic and wasteful nature. Whether the death of Hawkshaw's beloved eldest daughter – like Darwin's own loss of his daughter Annie – raised the spectre of wasteful nature to such an extent that she doubted the presence of God in the natural world can only be surmised. But there seems little doubt that having faced the death of three of her children,

50 Hollycombe visitors' book, covering the period from 1873 to 1935. Viewed with the kind permission of Mrs Diane Whitehead.

51 Wardley Green School is now known as Hollycombe School.

52 Val Porter, *Milland: The Book* (Milland: Milland Memories Group, 2003), 387.

53 Ann Hawkshaw, 'The Future' in *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* (1842), ll. 221–4; here Hawkshaw celebrates scientific progress whilst asserting her belief in God the Creator.

the comfort of life eternal spent with her children in heaven fades, leaving only earthly sadness. This sadness is most poignantly expressed in the final poem in *Cecil's Own Book*: 'In Memoriam'.

The end of Hawkshaw's poetic journey is marked by a poem which itself tells of a journey: a mother's journey through sadness and loss. 'In Memoriam' is a touching elegy on childhood death from a mother's perspective, separated from the preceding poems and stories by an illustration depicting a small child with head bowed at the foot of a memorial stone in a churchyard. Amongst the branches of the churchyard trees are the words 'In Memoriam' in a font resembling plant stems from which small shoots and blooms grow. From the final stanza of the poem it is clear that the small child in the picture is Cecil, and the grave his mother's. But the poem begins many years before, when Cecil's mother was herself a child, and when her own mother had been untouched the all-pervading fear of loss – a fear that develops over the poem's 11 stanzas. Here the poem begins:

> Once in a far-off northern home,
> *Five* happy children played:
> They ran beside the mountain streams,
> And through the pine woods strayed,
> Or watched the wild birds on the hills,
> From morn to evening's shade.
>
> One made a mill-wheel in a stream,
> Another read his book—
> Stretched on the sweet thyme-covered bank:
> But oft away would look
> To where his youngest brother fished
> For minnows in the brook.
>
> And ever by the brother's side
> Kept the two sisters dear,
> And borne upon the mountain breeze
> Their laugh came soft and clear—
> To where the mother sat—her heart
> Had not then learned to fear. (1–18)

Even though Hawkshaw narrates in the third person throughout 'In Memoriam', the autobiographical subject matter combined with Hawkshaw's position of retrospection lends the poem an intensity of personal feeling. In setting her 'happy children' in the hills and countryside surrounding their Manchester home, and in the mountains of Scotland where the family frequently holidayed, Hawkshaw draws on the memory of an idyllic rural landscape to represent an equally idyllic childhood. Here, within hearing distance of their mother, John Clarke occupies himself with a small-scale engineering project, making a 'mill-wheel in a stream', whilst Henry reads a book and the youngest boy, Oliver, fishes for minnows, watched at the water's edge by his attentive elder sisters, Mary and Editha. Not until line eighteen does the shadow of childhood death appear, in an allusion to the loss of Ada: 'her heart / Had not then learned to fear'.

Yet in reading on, it is clear that Hawkshaw had not 'learned to fear' from the death of her first child:

"Death is contented with that one:"
Such was the mother's dream,
"That bud of beauty, will it not
"My other flowers redeem?"
Oh! foolish was that mother's thought,
Beside the mountain stream. (25–30)

Indeed, rather than having learned to fear from Ada's death, Hawkshaw recalls her now seemingly naïve hope that in losing one child, her 'other flowers' would be redeemed. As she so poignantly acknowledges in the introduction to 'Memories of My Childhood', the experience of losing a child is part of the 'blessed but […] fearful thing' that defines motherhood. In retrospect, however, Hawkshaw knows that death was not content with one, nor two, but three of her children; far beyond the pact of motherhood that she had accepted: the allusion to foolishness suggests that she feels betrayed. In the lines that follow Hawkshaw appears increasingly sceptical about the extent to which any comfort or reason can be found in the deaths of her young, innocent and good children:

But then these young lives were so glad,
Their hearts so good and pure,
They filled one home so full of love,
It seemed it must endure:
For, to fill up such void on earth,
What solace, or what cure. (31–6)

Stanzas on Oliver's illness and death follow next, his absence first apparent in the '*four*' children walking through the highland landscape of which they were all so fond:

There came a change—through highland glen
Walked quietly but *four*,
Or talked with whispered words, within
The heather covered bower,
Or gathered for the sick boy's room,
Green fern or autumn flower. (37–42)

Oliver had lain ill for some five weeks with typhoid fever and peritonitis, and in remembering the last days of his life, Hawkshaw beatifies her son, recollecting his 'fair brow and sunny hair' (43), and how he bore his illness with fortitude, offering his mother comfort in the face of death: 'Upon his couch he lay, / Patient and loving to the last:— / And as he passed away, / Giving sweet words of love to her / Who wept in wild dismay!' (44–8). Reunited with the landscape he so loved, Oliver is buried in the Scottish highlands:

Amid the scenes he loved so well,
There is a little grave:
The giant hills behind it tower,—

Before it corn-fields wave,
And there, with bitter tears, they lay
To rest, their good and brave. (49–54)

Hawkshaw's numerical countdown of untimely death calls to mind Wordsworth's 'We Are Seven'. And yet whereas the little girl of Wordsworth's poem holds on to the number seven in her imaginative state of family unity, Hawkshaw counts down, all too aware of the awful earthly reality of her children's physically diminishing numbers. The italicisation of '*five*', '*four*' and then '*three*' inflects Hawkshaw's incredulity at their deaths as the poem progresses.

From her sadness at Ada's death in 1845, to the 'wild dismay' of Oliver's in 1856, Hawkshaw moves towards the 'hideous dream' (59) of losing her eldest daughter in 1863:

Time passed—and then there were but *three*:
Who wept in speechless woe,
The young wife-mother, must she die!—
Oh! God,—must this be so?
It must be but a hideous dream!
They could not let *her* go.

Beside the village church, a cross
Tells where that dear one sleeps:
Her boy treads gently there,—and love,
Untiring vigil keeps;
And years go by, of good and ill,
But still that mother weeps! (55–66)

In the death of this 'young wife-mother', Hawkshaw's narrative of motherhood is doubly challenged: not only has she lost another child, but a mother has also been lost. Mary's death takes Hawkshaw beyond her capacity to accept the wastefulness of early death, both as a mother herself, and with Mary herself as a mother – and for the first time in the poem, Hawkshaw invokes God. But unlike her earlier work, she does not turn to God for comfort: here, 'Oh! God' is an expression of disbelief, rather than a statement of belief. Despite the hint of regeneration and hope implied in the shooting buds of the font used in the poem's title page, hope is absent in the denouement of Hawkshaw's poetic remembrance. Rather than the hope of life eternal spent with her three children in heaven, the cumulative effect of their deaths has left Hawkshaw with only earthly sadness. The absence of biographical material between 1871 and Hawkshaw's death in 1885 leaves 'In Memoriam' as Hawkshaw's final word.

The changing response to nature and death in Hawkshaw's poetry represents a loss of certainty in belief, rather than an absolute loss of faith. Even after Mary died in 1863, the church continued to be central to Ann's life. Following her death from a stroke on 29 April 1885, Sir John Hawkshaw dedicated a stained glass window to his beloved wife in the parish church of St Mary the Virgin, Bramshott, Hampshire, in sight of the Hawkshaws' Hollycombe estate. The window's pictorial images show a female likeness alongside Jesus and St Peter, accompanied by brief biblical passages from the New Testament: 'God loveth a cheerful giver' (2 Corinthians 9:7), and two passages relating to Tabitha, said to have been

raised from the dead by St Peter: 'This woman was full of good works' (Acts 9:36) and 'When she saw Peter she sat up' (Acts 9:40). In light of Hawkshaw's changed perspective on death in 'In Memoriam', it is notable that she is aligned with a woman who had been brought back to an earthly life, rather than ascending to heaven. The composition of the dedicatory window suggests that both Sir John and Lady Hawkshaw acceded to the conventions of ceremonial Anglicanism, yet ended their lives reflecting on the worldly significance of death and their faith, rather than looking confidently on death and faith as the gateway to life eternal. Sir John outlived his wife by six years. He died at Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, London, on 2 June 1891 and was buried in an identical tomb alongside Ann in the churchyard of St Mary's Church, Bramshott.

1842

'DIONYSIUS THE AREOPAGITE', WITH OTHER POEMS

'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems was published in November 1842 in London by Jackson & Walford, and in Manchester by Simms & Dinham. The collection was favourably received and reviewed.[1] The title poem retells the biblical story of Dionysius, an elected member of the Areopagus whose conversion to Christianity in light of St Paul's teaching is briefly mentioned in the New Testament (Acts 17:34).[2] Although the poem's opening sections are loosely based on the biblical account of St Paul's teaching in Athens, the majority of the poem is an imaginative reconstruction of Dionysius's personal journey towards Christianity and his decision to choose the Christian faith over romantic love. Through the scriptural figure of Dionysius the Areopagite Hawkshaw explores doctrines of Protestantism, as she objectifies mid-nineteenth-century challenges to religious faith by looking back to the persecution of early Christians in the period shortly after the crucifixion. By challenging the account of Christian persecution given by eighteenth-century historian Edward Gibbon (1737–94) in *The History of the Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire* (6 vols, 1776–89), Hawkshaw uses the struggle between paganism and the emergent Christian church in Rome as a paradigm for the move away from the High Church orthodoxy that she observes in mid-nineteenth century Britain.

Although a religious poem, 'Dionysius the Areopagite' is not a work of pious didacticism. True to her Protestant beliefs, Hawkshaw takes her poetic inspiration from the scriptures, but unlike the poetic reinforcement of ceremonial dogmas that defined the work of the Tractarian devotional poets of the period, Hawkshaw presents a practical religion anchored in the morality of the individual, rather than in the ceremony of tradition. The polemic narrative interjections at the beginning of each of the three parts bring broad thematic concerns to the fore, which Hawkshaw goes on to explore and illuminate by focussing in on the individual experiences of the poem's characters. This tightening in of the focus is a feature of the poem's structure. Each of the poem's three parts reduces in length with part 1 made up of 1420 lines divided into eleven sections; part 2, 697 lines over five sections; and part 3, 369 lines over two sections. In this way, the structure of 'Dionysius the Areopagite' reflects Hawkshaw's wider project of producing poetry which acknowledges the authoritative foundations of conventional history but which itself chooses to focus in on an individual's experience. In taking the spiritual journey as its theme and intertwining faith with romantic love, the poem has much in common with *The Epicurean* (1827) by Thomas Moore (1779–1852), forerunner of *Marius the Epicurean* (2 vols, 1885) by Walter Pater (1839–94). Moreover, 'Dionysius the Areopagite' offers a powerful account of female

1 See Appendix A for the following reviews: *North of England Magazine* (December 1842); *The Gentleman's Magazine* (January–June 1843); *Court Magazine and Monthly Critic* (June 1843). John Evans reviews *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* and *Poems for My Children* in his survey of regional writers, *Lancashire Authors and Orators* (1850). See also note 10 for Samuel Bamford's response to the collection.

2 The Areopagus was the highest judicial court in ancient Athens.

subjectivity with Hawkshaw's polemic interjections as the poem's (female) narrator and the introduction of female characters in Corinna, Myra, Mycale and the priestess, and the dramatic emphasis placed on the relationship between them. However, there is no overriding sense of female unity in the poem, but rather an exploration of the complexities of female relationships: it is the betrayal of female friendship rather than the betrayal of romantic love that elicits powerful emotional responses in the poem's plot and subplot as Corinna is condemned to death as a Christian martyr. The poem appears to be a likely source for an early twentieth-century play, *Dionysius the Areopagite: A Tragedy*, by A. W. Langlands.[3] Written in verse, the play's eponymous hero (described in the dramatis personae as 'Dionysius, a councillor of the Areopagus, also Christian Bishop of Athens') struggles to reconcile his Christian faith with love for Krinon, who, like Hawkshaw's Myra, eschews the Christian faith. As with Hawkshaw's poem, Langlands's play considers ideas of public and private declarations of Christianity in a pagan society, with Dionysius martyred for his Christian beliefs as the play ends.

In other poems in the collection Hawkshaw engages with prevailing social and political concerns. 'Introductory Stanzas' excels in its representation of a particular moment in Manchester's literary history, as the city's aesthetic production competes with the forward motion of thrusting capitalism. In these opening stanzas Hawkshaw sets out her poetic manifesto by proposing a new aesthetic and spiritual response in order to challenge the traditions of poets such as Felicia Hemans (1793–1835) and William Wordsworth (1770–1850). Elsewhere in this first collection, Hawkshaw traces a move away from a Romantic sentimentalisation of childhood death towards the more sober realities of the Poor Law Amendment Act (1834) through the image of a mother and her dying child in 'The Mother to her Starving Child'. In calling to mind a Romantic idealisation of death and the consoling effect of memory, the mother's voice expresses the inadequacy of such a response to a death that is both political and avoidable, marking a move away from the consoling balm of Romanticism towards a more sober Victorian poetic sensibility. Hawkshaw's political voice comes to the fore once more in a group of poems in support of the antislavery movement: 'Land of my Fathers' offers a celebration of Britain's moral supremacy post-emancipation; 'Sonnet—To America' draws attention to the anomaly of the United States resisting the abolition of slavery when its own constitution sets out the principles of freedom of speech and freedom of religion in its First Amendment; 'Why am I a Slave?' presents the voice of a plantation slave in the colonies speaking movingly of their captivity. Other prominent poems in the collection are 'The Past' and 'The Future', companion poems which cast Hawkshaw as a representative voice speaking of the moment and which develop at length her desire for an appreciation of the natural world and for increased spiritual awareness. Writing in the tradition of natural theology, most probably informed by William Paley's *Natural Theology* (1802) and the more recent Bridgewater Treatises (1833–36), Hawkshaw takes up the argument for design in these poems, in which evidence of God as the Creator is enhanced, rather than demolished, by scientific observations of the natural world. By engaging with some of the most challenging philosophical questions of the age, Hawkshaw negotiates between a rationalisation of man's pursuit of knowledge and her framework of Christian faith. She urges her readers not to be seduced by scientific progress which questions God's agency, and to instead

3 A. W. Langlands, *Dionysius the Areopagite: A Tragedy* (London: Elliot Stock, 1910).

celebrate the wonders of a God who, as she points out in 'The Past', 'spread / The vault of heaven gave it a thousand hues, / And strewed the very ground on which we tread / With tinted cups, to hold the evening dews', and who has 'spread the sky / With sparkling gems'. In these poems Ann's upbringing in a family of religious dissenters, and her position as the wife of an engineer whose work brought her into contact with some of the leading scientists and innovators of the day, come together in a narrative perspective that looks to accommodate intellectual and scientific progress with a deeply held faith. By reaffirming Christian theology, Hawkshaw resists a move towards rational explanations of the natural world and man's place within it. By upholding her belief in God the Creator and the pre-eminence of humanity, Hawkshaw makes a notable contribution to mid-nineteenth-century assertions of faith. The assured narrative interjections that frequently punctuate her work suggest self-confidence in her own position as a writer as she makes her debut onto Manchester's vibrant poetic scene.

Introductory Stanzas

Where are the strains like solemn music stealing,
  Which erst from Cambria's ancient vallies came?[4]
Where is the heart that shrined all holy feeling?
  Remains there only now of her* a name?[5]
Is the lyre broken and the music o'er?
Oh! sweeter never woke the echoes of our shore.

And could she not bequeath her gift of song,—
  Treasure far richer than the Indian mine?
Could not those mountain winds the strain prolong,
  Which sweep o'er heights where freedom built her shrine,
Or sigh o'er many an elder minstrel's tomb?
Free winds that never fanned a conqueror's plume!

It may not be—on the dead soldier's breast
  They lay the sword and lance, and they have borne
Her lyre in sadness to her place of rest,
  And for its silence wherefore should we mourn?
For there are few would listen to the strain
Were she to wake that lyre's deep chords again.[6]

4 Cambria: classical name for Wales.

5 [Poet's Note: *Mrs Hemans.] Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793–1835), English Romantic poet. Widely regarded as the foremost female poet of the Romantic period, her death was marked in literary tributes from Letitia Elizabeth Landon ('Stanzas on the Death of Mrs Hemans' [1835], 'Felicia Hemans' [1838]), Elizabeth Barrett Browning ('Stanzas Addressed to Miss Landon, and Suggested by Her "Stanzas on the Death of Mrs Hemans"' [1835]) and William Wordsworth ('Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg' [1835]).

6 In the original, stanzas 1–3 are printed on the recto, with 4–6 on the verso; the page turn marks a shift to the present, to Manchester 1842.

This is no time for song: there is a strife
  For wealth or for existence all around;
And all the sweet amenities of life,
  And all the gentle harmonies of sound,
Die like the flowers upon a beaten path,
Or music midst the noise of toil and wrath.[7]

Oh! to awake once more the love of song,
  The love of nature, and of holier things
Than crowd the visions of the busy throng:
  Alas! the dust is on the angel's wings,
And those who woke the lyre in days gone by
Wake it no more, or touch it with a sigh.[8]

★Bard of the lakes, is there not yet a tone[9]
  Slumbering within that silent harp of thine,
Is there no forest glade, no mossy stone,
  No quiet lake, nor old forgotten shrine,
Left unrecorded and unsung by thee?
Oh breathe one parting strain of thy pure minstrelsy.

Manchester, March 25, 1842.[10]

7 This stanza is included in John Evans' review of *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* in *Lancashire Authors and Orators* (1850): 'We dwell at this length in our observations upon this passage, because it introduces us to one who has proved by her writings alone that this is a time for song; for if any of our fair *literati* in Lancashire ever did show the gift of song, it is certainly in the highly gifted lady before us. Did we want a proof of the existence of the spirit of poetry in this noisy locality, we do not think we could select a more befitting one than a volume of the poems of Mrs. Hawkshaw. And we do not say this out of mere gallantry, or the courtesy that is generally expected to meet any female effort. Setting all this aside, Mrs. Hawkshaw's poetry will stand a fair critical test. Here we find none of those namby-pamby, milk-and-water sentimentalisms that are so frequently identified with the early efforts of many young authors or poetesses; all her effusions manifest something of a genuine character, something that you feel and know to be real poetry in the most enlarged acceptation of the word. You cannot peruse her effusions without being sensibly affected by the high poetic feelings they convey' (128–9); see Appendix A for the full review.

8 This stanza is included in the review of *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* in *North of England Magazine* (December 1842); see Appendix A.

9 [Poet's Note: *Wordsworth.] William Wordsworth (1770–1850), English Romantic poet. 'Bard of the lakes' is a reference to Wordsworth's connection to the Lake District where he was born and spent much of his life. Wordsworth was appointed Poet Laureate by Queen Victoria (1819–1901) in 1843. In calling to mind Hemans and Wordsworth in this way, Hawkshaw seems to be suggesting that a changing cultural and political atmosphere requires a change in poetic response. In doing so she carves out a space for herself as a poet within a poetic tradition that informs her poetry, but which does not eclipse it. Debbie Bark discusses Hawkshaw's engagement with her Romantic precursors in 'Poetry of Social Conscience, Poetry of Transition: Ann Hawkshaw's "Introductory Stanzas" and "The Mother to her Starving Child"', in *Poetry, Politics and Pictures: Culture and Identity in Europe, 1840–1914*, eds Ingrid Hanson, Jack Rhoden and Erin Snyder (Oxford: Peter Lang, 2013), 45–65.

10 The date of 25 March 1842 is pertinent. On the previous evening a 'Poetic Festival' had been held at the Sun Inn, Long Millgate, Manchester, attended by some forty literary men. Amongst the most prominent of local writers present were poet and engraver Charles Swain (1801–74), reedmaker-turned-poet John Critchley Prince (1808–66), poet and editor John Bolton Rogerson (1809–59), the self-styled 'Bard of Colour and Laureate of the Western Isles' Robert Rose (1804–49) and the weaver-poet and radical writer Samuel Bamford (1788–1872). Many of the poetical works had been written especially for the event, and were published after as *The Festive Wreath: A Collection of Original Contributions Read at a Literary Meeting, Held in Manchester March 24th 1842*. Locally designated as 'Poets' Corner', the Sun Inn was a popular meeting point for the Manchester poets and although Hawkshaw was writing on the fringes of this group, *'Dionysius the Areopagite', with Other Poems* had met with the approval of Samuel Bamford, who, in the preface to his *Poems* (1843) suggests that Hawkshaw, alongside Rogerson, Prince and others, had attracted the attention of the 'literati of Manchester' and were names 'destined for immortality' (see Appendix A). In October 1843 Bamford gifted a copy of *Poems* to Hawkshaw 'with the author's respectful compliments'. In locating and dating the 'Introductory Stanzas' to her first published collection in this way, Hawkshaw seems to be reflecting on what it means to be writing poetry in Manchester at this time, whilst positioning her work within Manchester's established poetic community.

Dionysius, the Areopagite

Part I.

I.

What more will be thy prey?
  Oh thou insatiate time!
Which of the earth's bright cities next,
  The temples of what clime,
Will thy foot trample into clay,
Or touch convert to ruins grey?
Thou hast crushed the gorgeous palaces
  Of Shinar's ancient plain;[11]
One shapeless mound alone is left[12]
  And thou and silence reign:—
Silence, though broken by the scream
Of the lone bittern, by that stream
O'er which there floated many a tone
Of revelry in ages gone.

All, all, at length are thine,
City, and pyramid, and shrine!
Like the red simoon's burning blast,[13]
Thy wing o'er Mizraim's land hath passed,[14]
  And Memnon's harp is silent now:—[15]

11 Shinar's ancient plain: the plain where the city and tower of Babel were said to have been built (Genesis 11:2).

12 [Poet's Note: All that is left of Babylon is a collection of heaps which appear like natural hills, (except that no green thing grows upon them) until the excavations shew that these heaps cover all that remains of the "beauty of the Chaldea's excellency." The principal mound is the Birs Nimrod or Burnt Mountain, supposed to be the remains of the temple of Belus.] 'Beauty of the Chaldea's excellency': see Isaiah 13:19. Birs Nimrod, or Birs Nimrud: site of ancient city of Borsippa, in Babylon Province, Iraq. Temple of Belus: occupying the site of the Tower of Babel, the temple was erected for the Babylonian god Belus. Burnt Mountain: see Jeremiah 51:25.

13 simoon: a hot, dry, suffocating sand wind which sweeps across the African and Asiatic deserts at intervals during the spring and summer (n. form of 'simoom' *OED*).

14 Mizraim: Hebrew name for the land of Egypt.

15 [Poet's Note: To me there is something very beautiful in the fable of Memnon greeting the rising sun with joyful strains, and lamenting its setting with mournful ones, for how often

> Do evening shades in sadness close
> O'er hopes that with the morning rose.

There are many statues that bear the name of Memnon, but that which was vocal is identified with the northernmost of the two colossal statues in the Theban plain, on the west bank of the Nile. The sounds are supposed to have been a device of the priests. Humboldt speaks of sounds that are heard, at sunrise, to proceed from rocks on the banks of the Orinoco, which he attributed to confined air making its escape through crevices and caverns where the difference

Strange land of wonders where the dead
  Have silent cities of their own,
And men of generations fled
  Dwell in their caverned tombs of stone.

Still, frail as human works may be,
They have an immortality
That nations know not: ages yet
  Shall the dark pyramids arise,
Keeping the secret of their birth,
  'Neath Egypt's burning skies;
And many an empire pass away,
And nations crumble to decay,
Ere their last fragments mix with clay.

The shrine outlives its creed. Who piled
Yon lonely carn upon the wild?
What hands that moss-grown altar placed
In the stone circle on the waste?
History now darkly tells the tale
Of bloody rites that there were done,
By white robed druids to the sun.[16]

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of the internal and external atmosphere is considerable. The French *savans* mention having heard similar sounds at Carnack on the east bank of the Nile; and hence it is conjectured that the priests, who had observed this phenomenon, contrived either to cause similar sounds to be heard around the statue, or to magnify the natural murmuring of the winds into supernatural meaning. It is thought that the head of the colossal Memnon in the British Museum has no claim to be considered as the vocal Memnon of Strabo, Tacitus, and Pausanias.—(See *British Museum*, Vol. I. page 266.)] Much of the wording here is a précis of sections of the entry for 'Memnon' in vol. 15 of *The Penny Cyclopædia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*; a multivolume encyclopaedia edited by George Long, published by Charles Knight between 1833 and 1843. The source for the section 'Humboldt […] contrived' is referenced by Long as taken from *The British Museum: Egyptian Antiquities* vol. 1 (1832), 266. Humboldt: Alexander von Humboldt (1769–1859), German geographer, naturalist and explorer. The couplet 'Do evening shades in sadness close / O'er hopes that with the morning rose' would seem to be Hawkshaw's, although it is similar to lines from canto 3 of 'Ellen Fitzarthur: A Metrical Tale' (1820) by Caroline Bowles Southey (1786–1854): 'And hope, that with the morning rose, / Went down in tears at evening close' (ll. 136–7).

16 [Poet's Note: The worship of the heavenly bodies is the earliest form of superstition among all people; but it is not improbable that the Druids received the worship of Baal or the sun from the Phoenicians, who traded to these islands after they formed their settlements in Spain, and who adored that deity with many cruel and bloody rites.] Druids: an order of men amongst the ancient Celts of Gaul and Britain who, according to Caesar, were priests or religious ministers and teachers, but who figure in native Irish and Welsh legend as magicians, sorcerers and soothsayers (n. 'Druid' *OED*). Baal: the chief male deity of the Phoenician and Canaanitish nations (n. 'Baal' *OED*). Phoenicians: native or inhabitants of Phoenicia, an ancient country consisting, in the

And in the forests of the west,
That cast their shadows o'er the breast
Of deep Ontario's lake, or wave
By many an Indian hunter's grave,
  Rise the green mounds of earlier time;[17]
The work of nations, who are dead,
Past like the leaves the winds have shed.

And still on Grecian hills and plains
Are roofless temples, priestless fanes,
All beautiful; as though decay
But touched them with a pencilled ray:
So autumn skies give colours bright
To forests which they come to blight.
The shrines are there, but Dorian flute[18]
And Theban lyre alike are mute.[19]
The shrines are there, but on that shore
The choral hymn is heard no more.
The fountain in the Delphian shade[20]
May spring: but she the enchanted maid
Who drank its vaporous magic, now
Sleeps with the nameless dead below.

When shall the penalty be paid,
That heaven upon thy land hath laid
For thy dark deeds? When will arise
The day-star in thine azure skies?
It shall shine out at length: it dawns
Already on thy sea washed isles,
  Where freedom, from her ancient heights,
Looks o'er the land she loved and smiles.
Oh! Phenix like, spring, upward spring,
With higher flight and stronger wing;
Bid all be wise, bid all be free,

first millennium BC, of a narrow strip of land on the coast of Syria (roughly corresponding to modern Lebanon) and including the cities of Tyre and Sidon (n. 'Phoenician' *OED*).

17 [Poet's Note: Both in North and South America mounds of earth have been discovered which are supposed to be the work of a people anterior to the present Indian race: there are many of these remains on the banks of lake Ontario, some of which contain fragments of pottery.—(*Penny Cyclopaedia, Article, America.*)] Hawkshaw's source is the entry for 'America' in *The Penny Cyclopaedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*, vol. 1 (1833), 429–48.

18 Dorian: of Doris or Doria, a division of ancient Greece (adj. 'Dorian' *OED*).

19 Theban: of or belonging to Thebes, capital of ancient Boeotia in Greece (adj. 'Theban' *OED*).

20 Delphian: of or relating to Delphi, a town of ancient Greece on the slope of Mount Parnassus (adj. 'Delphian' *OED*).

Who tread thy earth, who plough thy sea;
Thy chain is burst, oh! twine not now
The nightshade round a sceptic brow.

II.

I love the beautiful where'er
'Tis found, in ocean, earth, or air;
I love the beautiful in art,
And music's tones deep joy impart—
Awaking chords that quivering thrill,
When the sweet magic sounds are still;
I love the music of the woods,
Of waters and of solitudes;
The dash of waves along the shore,
Their rushing and their ceaseless roar;
The murmur low the streamlet makes
Creeping along through tangled brakes,
While bearing on with gentle force
The fallen rose leaf in its course:
I love the wild flower of the glen,
And in the crowded haunts of men
I can find beauty too; in faith
That conquers shame and smiles at death;
Or when affection mid the strife
And weariness and toil of life,
Smiles like a sun-beam on a scene
That else had utter darkness been:
I love the beautiful—and thou
Hath beauty, Greece; it lingers still
At sunset on each glorious hill,
It looks when rosy morning smiles
Across thy seas and hundred isles,
But most of all where laurel bowers
Grow by Athena's fallen towers;
City of temples! on whose hill
The Parthenon looks proudly still,
Spite of the marring touch of time,
And fiercer grasp of war and crime.
Enough is left to tell how great
She was,—enough to tell her fate!
Land of the myrtle and the rose,
Memory a beauty round thee throws;
The sage's tomb, the patriot's grave,
The purple seas, thy rocks that lave,
The past hath clothed with beauty, caught
From daring deed and noble thought;

And one charm more, the last, the best.
On which the christian heart can rest
Without a sigh; through thee first came
To Europe's shores a Saviour's name.[21]

III.

Breathe softly, 'tis the choral hymn
Sung while the evening shadows dim
Fall on the sleeping city—low
And soft as dew its numbers flow;
Binding all the listener's soul
With mystic but with strong control;
The past, with all its smiles and tears,
The future, with its shrouded years,
Are with us, and alone forgot
Are present scenes and present lot.
There may be mirth when music brings
Light hearts, young steps, around its strings,
In gilded hall or courtly bower,
But not when heard at evening's hour
And heard alone;—ah! then along
It floats like Peri's sorrowing song,[22]
Mourning, as eastern fables tell,
The paradise from which she fell.

It was a Grecian hymn that stole
O'er sleeping Athens—years have gone
Since the soft music of its tone
Died on the winds—the voice is hushed
And the lyre broken whence it gushed.
Ages of darkness and of gloom
Of Greece have made a living tomb,
Since that sweet music floated o'er
The city of the sunlit shore.

21 [Poet's Note: The first account we have of the preaching of the gospel in Europe is in the Acts XVI. chap., [*sic*] where St. Paul is said to have passed over from Troas, on the Asian shore, to Philippi, in Greece.] Acts 16:9–10: 'And a vision appeared to Paul in the night; there stood a man of Macedonia, and prayed him, saying, "Come over into Macedonia, and help us." And after he had seen the vision, immediately we endeavoured to go into Macedonia, assuredly gathering that the Lord had called us for to preach the gospel unto them.' Macedonia here refers to the region of north-eastern Greece.

22 Peri: from Persian and Iranian mythology, the Peri is descended from fallen angels who have been denied paradise until they have done penance. A possible source for Hawkshaw is Thomas Moore (1779–1852), who refers to the sad song of the Peri in his Oriental romance, *Lalla Rookh* (1817). 'The Story of Paradise and the Peri' is the second section of the work, which is made up of four narrative poems interconnected by prose.

Whence came that strain? 'twas from a shrine
That polished Athens called divine,
But on the unwilling ear it fell
Of one who bowed not to its spell,
Though he alone was kneeling there,
And in the attitude of prayer.
He yielded not to its control,
Yet felt that all its sweetness stole
Upon him; for his lofty mind
The gentle and the stern combined.
He had not learned with cynic's scorn
To view the arts which life adorn;
But yet one master feeling kept
Strong watch and ward and never slept.
It was no dream of earthly fame,
But pure the source from whence it came:
A spirit in him urging still
To combat with each form of ill,
Whether in pleasure's guise it came,
Or in the whirlwind or the flame.

Where the cool Cydnus rolls its stream[23]
From where the peaks of Taurus gleam,
Beneath Cilician skies that glow
Upon its towering heights of snow,
He drew his earliest breath, and gave
His memory to that crystal wave:
'Tis more than Greece's classic earth
To me, since, Paul, it gave thee birth.

He prayed that to the moral night
The Power that said, "Let there be light,"—
And light, like a transparent robe,
Was wrapped around the new made globe,—

23 [Poet's Note: The waters of the Cydnus, now called the Tersoors river, are extremely cold, caused by their combination with the melted snows from the ridges of mount Taurus. Alexander the Great nearly lost his life by injudiciously bathing in them. Tarsus, the birth-place of St. Paul, stands in a plain on the banks of the Cydnus; it is still a town of some importance, and was, anciently, one of the most important cities of Asia Minor; it had a school for the study of philosophy and the arts, according to Strabo, superior to those of Athens and Alexandria. St. Paul, speaking of his native place, says he was a "citizen of no mean city." The lofty tomb of Julian, the apostate, stood on the banks of the Cydnus.—(*See Penny Cyclopaedia, Art, Cilicia, and Gibbon*, Vol. IV. page 224.)] Hawkshaw's source is the entry for 'St Paul' in *The Penny Cyclopaedia of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*, vol. 17 (1840), 320–22. Hawkshaw uses St Paul's words from Acts 21:39: 'But Paul said, I am a man which am a Jew of Tarsus, a city in Cilicia, a citizen of no mean city: and, I beseech thee, suffer me to speak unto the people.' Edward Gibbon is also cited as a source.