

Contents

<i>List of Illustrations</i>	vii
Introduction: Readers and Places	1
Part I Placing the Author	21
Chapter 1: An Anthology of Corpses	23
Poets cornered	23
Grave matters	32
In a country churchyard	39
In a city cemetery	47
Chapter 2: Cradles of Genius	56
Shakespeare's Birthplace	59
Burns's Birthplace	68
'The Land of Burns' and 'Shakespeare's Stratford'	77
Chapter 3: Homes and Haunts	90
Abbotsford	93
Haworth	106
Part II Locating the Fictive	129
Chapter 4: Ladies and Lakes	131
<i>La Nouvelle Héloïse</i> (1761)	133
<i>The Lady of the Lake</i> (1810)	150
<i>Lorna Doone</i> (1869)	163
Chapter 5: Literary Geographies	169
Literary countries	169
Hardy's Wessex	176

vi *Contents*

Epilogue: Enchanted Places and Never–Never Lands	201
<i>Notes</i>	213
<i>Index</i>	232

Part I

Placing the Author

1

An Anthology of Corpses

I Poets cornered

Any literary tourist in Britain begins, in imagination at least, at Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey. Deep in the heart of the metropolis, close beside the tombs of saints and kings, this is the national literary canon sculptured in stone for the benefit of posterity, an architecture of national literary consciousness, the first and still the most comprehensive attraction for the pilgrim with literary leanings. Although it is so famous it really is only an out-of-the-way corner cramped up on the outskirts of the vast royal, aristocratic and ecclesiastical grandeur of the Abbey, in which the individual monuments are so squashed together that you cannot help noticing that poets in death, as in life, are generally forced to travel economy class. There are some 120 writers, poets, actors, musicians and artists buried or memorialised here. The place is jammed with pale marbles like solidified ghosts, and with busts and plaques clinging and crowding like nesting seabirds twenty feet above. The assemblage gives the impression of some fantastic literary party worthy of the imagination of a Walter Savage Landor, in which you should be able to recognise everyone on sight, or at least to recognise the name when they are introduced, although nowadays few other than academics will know or even wish to know who were, say, William Mason, Thomas Campbell, or Matthew Prior (leaseholder of the biggest tomb in the place). But even the generally unrecognised are all clearly insiders, and that goes for even shameless gatecrashers like Longfellow, whose bust 'was placed amongst the memorials of the poets of England by the English admirers of an American poet' in 1884.

The guests at this literary salon boast very variable levels of personal presence as they jostle for the best position (nearest the statue of

Shakespeare, on the whole). Some, like Shakespeare, come full-length, life-size and well-captioned, others, like Tennyson, have been unkindly chopped off at the shoulders, still others, like Jonson, Keats and Shelley, come as flattened bas-relief profiles, while others still are reduced to meagre inscriptions in stone or in the glass of the windows. Some are still writing in defiance of death; Ernst Grabe, the seventeenth-century oriental scholar, is casually seated on his sarcophagus, dashing off a few notes as though he could not get into his coffin until he had met his last publisher's deadline. Shakespeare's statue suggests that he is showing off a favourite passage from *The Tempest* by giving a ponderous lecture about it, though the quotation at which he points has been grievously mis-transcribed. Some unexpectedly peer down from the memorial-encrusted walls above, like that consummate show-off David Garrick, flirtatiously sweeping aside his expensively tasselled stone curtains. There are writers urbane, upright and holding forth like Thomas Campbell, and writers seated in noble meditation like Wordsworth. Some are dressed with disconcerting realism in the costume of their day, some with picturesque historical inaccuracy, some (especially Poets Laureate) favour instead the severely ahistorical and chilly emblematic classicism of togas and laurel-wreaths. Milton is puritanically modern, Shakespeare anachronistically cavalier, Thomson grandly Roman. Sometimes the pervasive effect of inter-writer animation is deliberate, as in the way that Thomas Gray's P.A.-like Lyric Muse points up towards Milton, so connecting the two writers;¹ sometimes it has unintentionally comic side-effects, such as Sir Walter Scott's apparently sardonic benignity as he gazes at the voluptuous bottom of the personified 'History' who is for some reason shoving off the ignoble multitudes from clambering over the Duke of Argyll's immense tomb next door. Altogether less animated are those writers gift-wrapped in plain boxes like Chaucer and Spenser, or apparently potted up like Abraham Cowley into handsome urns swathed with sashes. Yet even those writers who do not appear highly realised in statue, bust or portrait medallion form often make personal and self-dramatising remarks to the visitor, in the shape of inscriptions. Gay's epitaph, composed by the author himself, 'Life is a jest; and all things show it: / I thought so once, but now I know it', is a worthy ancestor of the exit-lines (or are they posthumous chat-up lines?) littered across the more modern floor-stones. The severe discretion of Dickens's stone, marked by his wish only with his name and dates of birth and death, is not echoed in the stones that surround him, eagerly supplied by the writers' executors with posthumously selected quotations: 'Is all our life, then, but a dream?' (Carroll); 'Now I stretch

out my hand/and from the further shore I bid adieu to all who have cared to read any among the many words that I have written' (Trollope); 'My subject is war and the pity of war' (as the First World War poets chant in unison); 'Time held me green and dying/Though I sang in my chains like the sea' (Dylan Thomas). Isaak Walton gets in just as a cheeky monogram scratched with the date, 1658, on a handy tomb. Well might an early guidebook to the Abbey suggest that here both Unlearned and Learned might 'converse with the Monuments of the Dead,' though neither Unlearned nor Learned would be likely to get a word in edgeways.² Well might T. S. Eliot's slab remark that 'the communication of the dead is tongued with fire beyond the language of the living.' The total effort and effect of both statuary and inscription is to reanimate the dead and to make them speak to the living.

The disconcertingly miscellaneous, noisy, even incoherent effect of Poets' Corner that I have been evoking is only in part the result of historical changes in styles of funerary sculpture, from the Renaissance tombs of Chaucer and Spenser, to the early eighteenth-century classical bust of Milton which combines portraiture with emblems designed to epitomise poetic inspiration in general (an urn of divine fire) and *Paradise Lost* in particular (a lyre wreathed with a serpent), to the bourgeois realism of Scheemaker's full-length statue of Shakespeare (elbow propped on a pile of leather-bound books), to twentieth-century slate floor-stones which insist by contrast upon the author as pure textuality through inscription and appropriate incised emblems (D. H. Lawrence's is a phoenix, for example). And it is only in part the result of simply running out of space, which is the reason adduced by the current guidebook for the very recent appearance of the names of Pope, Wilde, Marlowe, Herrick, Housman, and Burney in the modern window-glass above Chaucer's tomb. It has much more to do with the ad hoc history of the place itself. Chaucer's tomb has been the heart of Poets' Corner since his remains were moved by admirers to a new tomb in 1556, some one hundred and fifty odd years after his death and original burial in the Abbey in 1400 as a good civil servant: appropriately, it is the presence of this creator of literary pilgrims which resulted in the Abbey becoming the destination of so many others over the ensuing centuries.³ The location of this tomb was explicitly the reason for burying 'the prince of poets' Edmund Spenser nearby in early 1599, as his Latin epitaph points out. But two canonical dead English poets did not by themselves make a Poets' Corner, even bulked up with Francis Beaumont in 1616, and the laurelled bust of Michael Drayton in 1631, both pointedly squeezed in next to Chaucer, and Abraham Cowley,

John Denham and Sir William Davenant in the late 1660s. (Despite his subsequent memorial beside Spenser's, Ben Jonson's actual grave, captioned 'O Rare Ben Johnson', is located in the nave: it is curiously small, since Jonson managed to economise on space by arranging to have himself buried standing up). And considered as a national literary pantheon, a reference-guide, even an anthology, of the English (latterly Anglophone) classics in corpse form, Poets' Corner has always been full of notable absences and indeed, unwanted presences. Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote of his visit to Poets' Corner in 1855 that 'even their own special Corner contains some whom one does not care to meet',⁴ referring presumably not merely to the mediocre or the downright unfamous, but also to the riff-raff of actors, artists and musicians that have mingled in the throng, and perhaps also to the undoubtedly respectable John Roberts, 'secretary to Henry Pelham under George II', who somehow snaffled the spot directly above Chaucer. Even among the *bona fide* writers buried in the Abbey, some have been felt to be beneath inclusion in the Corner and some above: the first major professional woman writer in English, Aphra Behn, is very nearby but still pointedly excluded, confined to the cloister outside, while her contemporary Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, is buried as an aristocrat rather than as a writer, keeping her husband company on the opposite side of the nave. Another Restoration literary figure is instead buried as an aristocrat's favourite: William Congreve also cut the company in Poets' Corner, lying elsewhere in the nave under a grandly expensive heap of marble masks paid for by his smitten patroness the Duchess of Marlborough in 1728.

In fact, Poets' Corner is something of a retrospective formulation, deriving from the newly nationalist impulses of early eighteenth-century culture which itself contributed to the growing popularity of the Abbey as a tourist attraction. Literary worthies were to be gathered here to represent British culture, and the site around Chaucer's grave now began to develop into a national compendium of the greats, an area of the building where writers could receive public honour as servants of the nation no less worthy in their way than soldiers or statesmen. One of the immediate and longstanding effects of this ambition to make the Corner represent the entire national canon was that, as Joseph Addison put it in 1711, the 'poetical quarter' was full of anomalies, featuring 'Poets who had no Monuments, and Monuments which had no Poets.' By this he not only meant the scatter of non-poets, but was referring to the beginnings of the Abbey's odd mix of graves without elaborate memorials, and elaborate memorials without corresponding graves.⁵ The otherwise unprecedented practice of memorialising the poet *in*

absentia was inaugurated with the memorial put up in the early 1700s by the son of Thomas Shadwell, Poet Laureate in the reign of William and Mary, who was actually buried in Chelsea in 1692. This memorial, the product of an unstable combination of familial and literary piety, inaugurated a new establishment practice not merely of encouraging the burial of recently dead poets (such as Nicholas Rowe, Matthew Prior, John Gay and James Macpherson) in the Abbey, but the memorialisation of the recently and not-so-recently dead. Thus, John Philips is buried in Hereford Cathedral, but his monument, which records that he was ‘second to Milton’, was set up in Westminster in the early 1700s; similarly, James Thomson (d. 1748) is actually buried in Richmond, Gray (d. 1771), as we will see later in this chapter, in Stoke Poges, Goldsmith (d. 1774) in Temple Church, and William Mason (d. 1797) in Aston, but they are all provided with contemporary memorials in the Abbey. Thanks to the good offices of Alexander Pope, a bust of John Dryden was put up in 1720, twenty years after his death (replaced in 1731 with something grander), and the statue of Shakespeare, a belated rival to his actual tomb and portrait bust in Stratford, was commissioned in 1740.⁶ Other benefactors included the Earl of Oxford, who put up a bas-relief of Jonson in 1723, William Benson, who prodded the authorities into providing space for a bust of Milton by Rysbrack in 1737 (despite the poet’s radical dissenting beliefs and complicity in regicide), and John Barber, who organised and financed a monument to Samuel Butler in 1721. Spenser’s monument was thoroughly restored in 1778, and Addison was commemorated only in 1808, just under a hundred years after his death.⁷ Thanks to this flurry of activity, by 1733 Addison’s ‘poetical quarter’ was now known as ‘Poets’ Corner’ and was having grand claims made for it:

Hail, sacred Reliques of the tuneful Train!
 Here ever honour’d, ever lov’d remain.
 No other Dust of the once Great or Wise,
 As each beneath the hallow’d Pavement lies,
 To this old Dome a juster Rev’rence brings . . .⁸

By the 1760s Oliver Goldsmith was referring to the aisles as ‘Poets’ Corner’ in his *Citizen of the World*; his Chinese protagonist visits it as an established tourist attraction, not merely as one corner of a rather grand church, but as a site celebrating the national literature.⁹

Yet there remained many discomforts in melding the sacred and the secular within the same site, even in the service of the ‘literary pilgrimage’

which, as the term suggests and as many scholars have demonstrated, took over many of the rituals and emotional investment of the practice of older Catholic pilgrimage.¹⁰ A writer was likely to be insufficiently 'national' if Roman Catholic (although Dryden got in, Hopkins has only just managed to squeeze onto a window with him), atheist (Shelley and George Eliot), or downright scandalous (Byron's friends were refused permission to bury him in the Abbey because of his transgressive life and views, and after many representations his plaque in Westminster was only finally put up in that permissive year 1969; Wilkie Collins was similarly turned away on the grounds of irregularities in his private life, notably two mistresses and a scatter of illegitimate children). This practice of exclusion only accentuated the site's slightly unsettling mix of memorials with actual graves.

On the whole, however, eighteenth-century visitors seem to have been little troubled by the problem of what, exactly, they were remembering at the Abbey; it seemed to be immaterial (literally) whether what was being remembered was the body of the author or his books – the two corpuses were not apparently in a problematic relation with each other. The eighteenth-century visitor to the Abbey was above all engaged in a public act of grateful homage to the heroes – whether politicians, warriors or poets – who had made Albion great. This act was very much in the spirit (at the top end of the market) of the Temple of British Worthies at Stowe (erected in 1735, which itself included busts of Shakespeare, Milton and Pope, among other national heroes), or (a bit further down the social scale) the practice of buying reproduction busts with which to embellish private libraries.¹¹ The clumsy elision of the celebration of 'the name' of the poet, the location of his actual remains, and the memorial sculpture in John Dart's opening verses entitled 'Briton's Bards' to his antiquarian catalogue of the Abbey, *Westmonasterium* (1742), suggests as much:

The Poet's Name can strike a Pale around,
And where he rests he consecrates the Ground,
Can from rude Hands the sculptur'd Marble save,
And spread a sacred Influence round the Grave.¹²

In 1784 the Revd Thomas Maurice was able to write in his *Westminster Abbey: An Elegaic Poem* of his pleasure in falling prostrate upon 'the hallow'd ground / Where Britain's laurell'd progeny repose', also effectively suggesting that a few dead poets might stand (in the impoverished Jonson's case, literally) for all.¹³ But this model would begin to

decay towards the end of the century. The anonymous poet who wrote in 1793 that 'Departed genius here exults to find / How little mortal he has left behind' was behind the times, for homage to the *idea* of the poets who together had made a national literature was to be superseded by a different model of tourism, one that would emphasise a personal, sentimental relation between the physical remains of the poet and the literary pilgrim.¹⁴ Although the concept of marking public gratitude to a writer persisted within the Abbey, the culture became far more invested in founding statements of public gratitude upon actual corpses, both within the Abbey and outside it.

Papering-over the epistemological difference between memorial and remains was very much a nineteenth-century concern. The relation between authorial body, text, memorial and literary tourist would become highly charged from about the 1780s throughout the nineteenth century, and the question of where those mortal remains were left behind was to become altogether more pressing. By Victorian times, there was much more pressure to collect the real thing than there had been in the eighteenth century. In 1847 a writer on the 'literary and historical memorials of London' wrote deploring the potential sentimental charlatanism of Poets' Corner: 'That Poets' Corner should have been selected to hold the memorials of these celebrated men, is in a great degree to be regretted, inasmuch as we are apt to misplace our sentiment by imagining that we are standing on the dust of departed genius, whereas we are only gazing on their cenotaphs.'¹⁵ The Dean of Westminster, Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, writing the history of the Abbey in 1868, also lamented 'how extremely unequal and uncertain is the commemoration, or absence of commemoration, of our famous men. It is this which . . . makes the Abbey, after all, but an imperfect monument of greatness.'¹⁶ Symptomatically, he involves himself in speculation in order to recruit the embarrassingly absent Shakespeare, or if not Shakespeare, then at least, rather absurdly, his pen:

[Spenser's] hearse was attended by poets, and mournful elegies and poems, with the pens that wrote them, were thrown into his tomb. What a funeral was that at which Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, and, in all probability, Shakespeare attended! – what a grave in which the pen of Shakespeare may be mouldering away!¹⁷

If the absence of Shakespeare was thoroughly unsatisfactory, so too were the various absences of Gray, Wordsworth, Southey, Burns and Scott, though the Dean comforts himself with a conceit of the spiritual

extension across the national map of the idea of the Abbey: '[E]ven London is, or ought to be insignificant compared with England; . . . Those quiet graves far away are the Poets' Corners of a yet vaster temple; or may we put it yet another way, and say that Stratford-upon-Avon and Dryburgh and Stoke Pogis and Grasmere, are chapels-of-ease united by invisible cloisters with Westminster Abbey itself?'¹⁸ In this formulation, Shakespeare's grave, Thomas Gray's grave, William Wordsworth's grave and, more surprisingly, Sir Walter Scott's grave are especially 'English' *because* of their physical distance from the national pantheon. (The Dean, however, does not include Burns in this list of far-flung 'English' sites; indeed, the memorial to Burns must be the least convincing of all in Poets' Corner, and that is because, as my next chapter shows, he is so explicitly the national poet of Scotland.) I shall be dealing with the way the localised 'Englishness' of these sites – together with that of the yet further-flung graves of Keats and Shelley in Rome – undid the centrality of the Abbey as the site upon which writers were commemorated in the second part of this chapter and in Chapter 3. In line with the impulse behind the Dean's cleverly inclusive conceit, as Samantha Matthews has shown, late Victorian writers were disproportionately represented amongst the Abbey's interments because there was great insistence, often in express contradiction of the wishes of the late writer and of his relatives, on shipping adequately respectable poetic corpses up from the provinces to the national literary mausoleum, in a process of more or less compulsory annexation of the bodies of the great for the nation.¹⁹ The Victorian and Edwardian establishment laboured mightily to make a corner in the commodity that was poets. Thomas Hardy became the victim of the most darkly comic version of this passion for authenticating memorial with actual remains; his heart eventually remained in Stinsford Churchyard in deference to his known wishes, and consonant with his status as a regional novelist; but his ashes were compulsorily installed in the Abbey. He has the dubious honour of being one of the only two poets who are buried in two places (the other is Shelley, whose ashes are buried in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome, and whose heart was returned to his grieving widow, and is now buried in Percy Florence's grave in Bournemouth alongside her), and the only one whose dismemberment was a matter of national pride. His double burial was necessitated by the Abbey's increasingly coercive claims to be a site upon which acts of official cultural remembrance were staged as well as a site upon which individual readers could repeat this act of remembrance.

Such coercion was rendered necessary by the increasing tendency of nineteenth-century culture to turn away from the very idea of a

pantheon realised within the Abbey. For, despite the official grandeur of the Abbey and its aggressive policy of securing poetical remains, the nineteenth-century literary tourist increasingly found the experience of visiting Poets' Corner sentimentally inadequate, indeed, not entirely 'poetic'. This sense of inauthenticity was variously compounded of a sense that Westminster's official grandeur was overblown or inappropriate to individual writers; of a feeling that the site was too public, too crowded, too comprehensive to foster the reverent intimacies of sentimental pilgrimage; and, above all, of a growing desire to locate the author within a place or places conceived of as organically connected both to the physical person and to the literary corpus. It is possible to calibrate something of this shift in sentiment by comparing Ben Jonson's remarks in his dedicatory poem to the First Folio (1623) on Shakespeare's burial far from Westminster Abbey with Washington Irving's remarks two hundred years later, in his best-selling travel memoir, *The Sketch Book* (1820). Elsewhere in the Folio, William Basse's elegy 'On the Death of William Shakespeare' developed the conceit of fitting Shakespeare into the Abbey's poetic pantheon, at least in imagination: 'Renowned Spenser, lie a thought more nigh / To learned Chaucer; and rare Beaumont, lie / A little nearer Spenser, to make room / For Shakespeare in your threefold, fourfold tomb.'²⁰ Replying, Jonson excuses Shakespeare's absence from the Abbey by regarding a 'tomb' as an inappropriate memorial – Shakespeare's real memorial is his work:

My Shakespeare, rise. I will not lodge thee by
 Chaucer or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
 A little further to make thee a room.
 Thou art a monument without a tomb,
 And art alive still while thy book doth live²¹

By contrast Washington Irving is fixated upon Shakespeare's tomb, but considers it more appropriately located in Stratford-upon-Avon than it ever could have been in Westminster. Writing of his visit to Shakespeare's grave in Holy Trinity Church in 1820 he remarked:

What honour could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons, and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum!²²

The appropriateness of a provincial church as the location of the grave for the national poet seems to reside in its relative lack of snobbery and competition. An early guidebook to Stratford had concurred, noting that Shakespeare's fate was happier than either Milton's or Spenser's, buried in the 'bustle and roar of London', adding that 'No poet, perhaps, rests so happily as Shakspeare. This is better than being buried at Westminster Abbey or St Paul's, to lie at peace among your own.'²³ Although it must be admitted that a guidebook to Stratford is hardly disinterested in advocating the superior charms of Holy Trinity over Westminster Abbey, this claim marks the inauguration of a distinctively nineteenth-century sensibility in that it no longer considers Shakespeare's 'own' to be principally his forebears, colleagues and descendants in the national canon, but, rather, his family, friends and neighbours. This is the sensibility that would underlie Hardy's double burial too; for Hardy's body was not merely divided between the rival claims of nation and of dead wife, but was bisected to dramatise his paradoxical nature as a writer – a writer of national and hence metropolitan importance whose work was considered fundamentally provincial. His oeuvre was felt to be rooted so strongly in the metaphorical heart of Wessex that that was where his literal heart should be buried too, even if the rest of his remains demanded inclusion in the pantheon at Poets' Corner. The pursuit of a supposed organic connection between writer and place would lead nineteenth-century literary tourists to make pilgrimages to graves well beyond Poets' Corner – in fact, the further beyond the better. In so doing, they aimed to refer the writer to a unique authenticity of physical location, to construct a sentimental experience unique to themselves, and to plot writing across the map of the nation.

II Grave matters

The object of our pilgrimage is to persuade the reader to accompany us to the depositories of the distinguished dead . . . (T. P. Grinstead, 1867)²⁴

The practice of visiting poets' graves dates from classical antiquity; Virgil's tomb in Posillipo just outside Naples was reputedly a tourist draw from his death in 19 BC – St Paul was supposed to have wept over his grave. As we have seen, Chaucer's tomb in Westminster Abbey was from at least the 1550s onwards a place charged with meaning. Beyond the Abbey, however, there is little evidence for any widespread practice

in Britain of visiting poets' graves and associated monuments before the mid-eighteenth century. It is conventional to explain this historically specific upsurge of interest in writers' graves by locating it as a practice within a general increase of interest in the mid-eighteenth century in so-called 'necro-tourism' (the practice of visiting graves and graveyards), and by arguing that literary pilgrimage is modelled upon religious pilgrimage, and that with the decline of religious sensibility in the Enlightenment came the secularisation of pilgrimage and the consequent replacement of the saint and his or her holy and healing places with the author and his or her native haunts.²⁵ It is certainly true that the literary pilgrimage takes over much of the language, protocols and emotional structures of the religious pilgrimage, as Péter Dávidházi has shown.²⁶ Yet this observation does not in itself explain the desire to visit the physical remains of a writer as a substitute for those of a saint. What miracle, after all, were the mortal remains of a writer supposed to perform that their living books had not?

Jonson's lines to Shakespeare, quoted above – 'Thou art a monument, without a tomb, / And art alive still, while thy book doth live . . .' – suggest that the fetishisation of the poet's body was not yet a cultural commonplace in the seventeenth century, although they point to an already established mental habit of revivifying the poet by directly addressing him. It was the development of the biography of writers as an explanatory supplemental inter-text that began to connect authorial body and text more intimately. Although this can be said to have become classic with Dr Johnson's *Lives of the English Poets* (1779–81), it was operative earlier in the century; certainly it seems to have been Nicholas Rowe's life of Shakespeare, published as part of his edition of the complete plays in 1709, combined with a growing sense of a national literary canon, that stimulated general interest in Shakespeare's grave in Stratford-upon-Avon.²⁷ Although by 1656 the local antiquarian Sir William Dugdale had thought the stiff, old-fashioned monument of sufficient interest to include an engraving of it in his book *Antiquities of Warwickshire*, and although there are records of a few seventeenth-century travellers directing their inquisitive steps to the chancel of Holy Trinity Church, tourist pressure did not build up until about the 1730s, coinciding neatly with the upsurge of national commemoration at Westminster Abbey that I have already noted.²⁸ In 1737, for example, the artist and antiquary George Vertue made a visit in the company of the Earl of Oxford, and, in addition to sketching the monument, commissioned a local sculptor to make him a cast to display at home, the first ever souvenir reproduction.²⁹ He was by no means alone in his

desire to appropriate the piece, for by that time the monument was already in a poor state of repair, thanks to the vandalism of a growing number of relic-hunting tourists, necessitating the first restoration of 1748. Tellingly, that restoration was overtaken in 1793 when Edmond Malone, the age's most influential Shakespeare editor, notoriously persuaded the vicar to paint the coloured bust stone-colour, so as to render it, as he thought, more as it must have been originally.³⁰ The effect would also, of course, have been to make it more uniform with the eighteenth-century poetic memorials in Westminster Abbey.

The touristic impulse to take relics – whether pieces chipped off the monument, artefacts made from the mulberry tree that Shakespeare was supposed to have planted with his own hands or from the crab-apple tree under which he was supposed to have slept off a drinking-binge, bits of 'Shakespeare's chair', or, a Victorian preference, sprigs of ivy from the churchyard and elsewhere – marks the emergence of a new model of tourism driven by a desire on the part of the tourist to construct a more intimate and exclusive relationship with the writer than is supposed to be available through mere reading. As succinctly visualised in William Allan's 'Sir Walter Scott on the occasion of his visit to Shakespeare's tomb in Holy Trinity Church, Stratford-upon-Avon on 8 April 1828' (cover illustration), a visit to the tomb was the occasion for a dialogue with the dead, a dialogue literalised at its simplest in the practice of scrawling a signature upon the bust, first recorded in 1824 and presumably facilitated by Malone's whitewash, although Isaak Walton's graffito in the Abbey suggests that this practice may have begun much earlier.³¹ At its extreme, instituting this dialogue could involve plundering the grave for physical relics; although Shakespeare's grave has remained intact (at least in modern times – scholars have speculated about the odd shortness of the gravestone in the church floor), the same is not true of, for example, the graves of Milton, Sterne and Burns. When Milton's body was exhumed at St Giles's, Cripplegate preparatory to being moved in 1790, there was a disgraceful scramble for teeth, bones and hair, which the verger sold ('Ill fare the hands that heaved the stones, where Milton's ashes lay! / That trembled not to grasp his bones, and steal his dust away!', wrote a horrified William Cowper in 'On the late indecent liberties taken with the remains of Milton'). Many of these relics were bought back to be returned to the grave, but some may well have wound up on display in the cottage dedicated to Milton's memory in Chalfont St Giles, and a lock of the hair dispersed on this sacrilegious occasion may very well have later inspired Keats's sonnet on the subject. As is well-known,

Laurence Sterne's body was stolen after burial in 1768, and only escaped dissection at the last minute through being recognised on the slab by the surgeon; it is unclear, however, whether his body was stolen to order as a literary curiosity of interest to the medical profession. Certainly Burns's body, which has been dug up no fewer than three times, on two of which the skull was removed for some days to the local doctor's house, has been intensively interrogated on the slimmest of pretexts.³²

It is possible to date this desire to converse with dead poets and writers with some precision. Although, as the fame of Thomas Gray's *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* shows, the culture as a whole was hospitable to the idea of meditating upon the tombs of the dead from at least the second half of the eighteenth century, the conceit of actually holding converse with the dead seems to date only from around 1800. It is expressed forcefully by William Godwin in his *Essay on Sepulchres* (1809), in which he proposes 'Erecting Some Memorial of the Illustrious Dead in all Ages on the Spot where their Remains have been interred.' Godwin remarks that he was inspired by a visit to Westminster, not only by a sense of unwarranted absences and presences, but by the universal neglect of its monuments, and by his meditations upon the prevalent practice of erasing memorials in country churchyards. His rationale for marking the graves of the great is to encourage the practice of visiting them, arguing that such memorial practice will enlarge the general national psyche, releasing it from everyday materialism into a more progressive spirituality and 'strong imagination':

Inestimable benefit will . . . flow, from the habit of seeing with the intellectual eye things not visible to the eye of sense, and our attaining the craft and mystery, by which we may, spiritually, each in his several sphere,

Compel the earth and ocean to give up
Their dead alive.³³

Godwin argues that the material worthlessness of the dead body, viewed rationally, is over-ridden by two considerations – a sense of mourning like that felt by one friend for another, which demands that the dead be located, and a sense that at these graves the historical event is, uniquely, still acting, still contemporary: 'the dust that is covered by his tomb, is simply and literally *the great man himself*.'³⁴ Indeed, the grave is not merely a grave, it is a home, indeed, more

than that, it is a place to which all comers are invited to the poet's 'at home':

Let us visit their tombs; let us indulge all the reality we can now have, of a sort of conference with these men, by repairing to the scene which, as far as they are at all on earth, *they still inhabit*.³⁵

Dropping in upon the dead, compelling them to have a quick chat, these are desires that drive Godwin's prose: imagining visiting Milton's grave (or rather, the place 'where *he now dwells*') he all but literalises the euphemism of 'the last home' or 'last resting-place' or 'last dwelling-place' – the bonus is that 'Some spirit shall escape his ashes, and whisper to me things unfelt before', that it will be possible to 'call his ghost from the tomb to commune with me, and to satisfy the ardour of my love.'³⁶

The Essay on Sepulchres had a lukewarm, even a bemused reception; amongst the reasons for this was the *outré* quality of the proposal, which even the sympathetic *Monthly Review* considered overly 'sentimental' and 'romantic'.³⁷ They might also have echoed Hotspur's sardonic comment on Glendower's professed practice of calling spirits 'from the vasty deep', 'But will they come when you do call for them?' (*1 Henry IV*, 3.1.53). Yet Godwin's essay was to prove prophetic; it recommends the compilation of both an 'atlas' and a 'catalogue' of important graves as a form of security against catastrophes of war (very pertinent at a time of anxiety over Napoleonic invasion), noting also that such would be 'precious' to the man of sentiment, 'and prove to be a Traveller's Guide, of a very different measure of utility, from the 'Catalogue of Gentlemen's Seats,' which is now appended to the 'Book of Post-Roads through Every Part of Great Britain.'" It would be around 150 years before *The Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles*, combining maps and gazette, and indexing authors to place, would precisely fulfil Godwin's ambition.³⁸

Godwin's insistence upon the idea of converse with the dead writer as friend, too, was prescient. Only ten years later, this impulse towards grounding the experience of reading within an unmediated one-to-one spiritual telephone-call with the dead poet was most famously described by Washington Irving, whose meditations on the subject were to become commonplaces for the rest of the nineteenth century. Writing about his visit to Poets' Corner in his *Sketch Book* (1820), for example, Irving considered its superior attractions to other tombs in the Abbey, noting that visitors were actuated by a sense of personal intimacy with

the writer rendered possible by reading, akin to the rituals of private mourning:

Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remain longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is constantly growing faint and obscure: but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate.³⁹

The necro-touristic impulse is to set up not merely a personal relationship but a physical relationship, as Irving's remarks on visiting Shakespeare's tomb suggest: 'I trod the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakespeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place . . .'⁴⁰ Although, as I show below, the sentimental protocols of grave-visiting change over time, this impulse towards a physical, exclusive relationship remains a constant.

Almost entirely missing from the accounts of grave-visiting provided by both Godwin and Irving, however, are the texts through which they as readers came to be intimate with the author in the first place. Godwin mentions only briefly that the effect of immortality in the case of writers depends upon writing and reading: 'They are not dead. They are still with us in their stories, in their words, in their writings.'⁴¹ Irving vanishes the act of reading into 'intercourse', far closer to their joint ideal of 'converse.' Indeed, this elision is symptomatic and constitutive of the practice of grave-visiting. To visit the grave is to supplement and secure print-culture – as Godwin remarks: 'I regard the place of [the poet's] burial as one part of his biography, without which all other records and remains are left in a maimed and imperfect state.'⁴² Indeed, one might say that the practice of grave-visiting arises precisely at the moment of general anxiety around print-culture, an anxiety which has been to date largely discussed in terms of the romantic author's anxiety over the alienation and degradation of his mass-audience, but which also, by contagion, infected the romantic reader, who similarly became anxious over the alienation of the author, and the promiscuity of the

text.⁴³ With the rise of romantic poetics the body of the author became newly charged as a site of both origin and excess to the text; conversely the portability and multiplicity of the published book seems to have induced a desire to authenticate the reading experience in a more 'personal' way, to reinforce an incompletely intimate reading experience. Grave-visiting is imagined as a way of by-passing the text in favour of a more perfect dialogue with the dead author. The grave, therefore, secures the personal relation between romantic author and romantic reader, otherwise threatened by mass-literacy and mass-readership, and this is why books – as such – are rarely mentioned in these early evocations of grave-visiting.

At first glance, indeed, the grave of an author could be considered anti-book in the extreme. Whereas a book is by definition mass-produced for mass-circulation (if the author is lucky), the grave by definition is unique and non-portable. (This non-portability does not extend to the body itself, or indeed to the monument, as we will see below, yet ideologically the grave is supposed to be located rather than mobile.) While the text of a book is printed, the text of a tomb is inscribed and engraven. One is impersonal and promiscuous, the other personalised and faithfully authorised. The writing on a tomb is thus more definitely 'voiced' than even the most autobiographically voiced piece of print. I consider grave-visiting practices at more length below, but it is perhaps worth noting here that the educational habit of memorisation combined with the desire for 'converse' to develop a practice of reciting aloud or internally from the author's works upon the spot, so ventriloquising 'whispers' from the ashes, or so Hardy's strangely autobiographical-sounding account of the visit of Ethelberta reciting *Paradise Lost* over Milton's tomb in St Giles's, Cripplegate would suggest.⁴⁴ Yet although the grave appears antithetical to print, and sometimes even claims to be so via its inscription (as we will see, Keats's epitaph remarks despairingly that his name has been 'writ on water'), it has been the printed text that has typically determined the meaning of poets' graves, sometimes even before the headstone has been purchased.

That said, not all graves 'mean' the same, or as much. This is because in the mythos of many poets death is essentially incidental, while in others it is constitutive. The death of, say, William Blake is not critical to the popular apprehension of him as a poet, and so his grave in Bunhill Fields is not a particular draw. On the other hand, the deaths of Keats and Shelley found the idea of the romantic poet dying young and unrecognised, in exile, and so their graves are shrines. The deaths – and therefore graves – of the three Brontë sisters, and more recently of Sylvia

Plath, have become iconic of the fate of the woman writer. In yet other cases it is the siting of the grave and its mode as memorial which is powerfully iconographical of the poet as locked into a national landscape – writers whose final resting places have hereby become emblematic include Thomas Gray, Walter Scott and William Wordsworth. Two sites in particular usefully dramatise the transformation from the mid-eighteenth century through the mid-nineteenth century of the understanding of the relation of mortal remains to poetical remains: the grave of Thomas Gray at Stoke Poges, and the graves of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant cemetery at Rome.

In a country churchyard

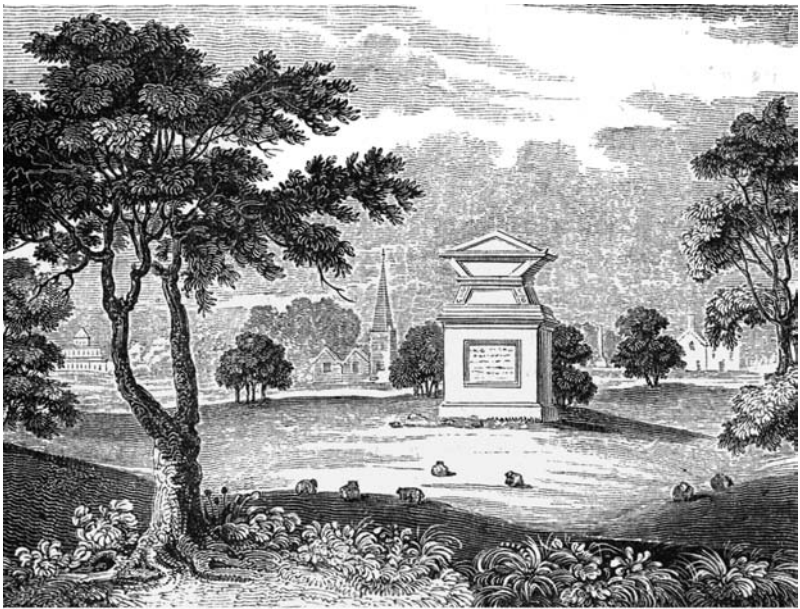
Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires

At a little distance from Stoke Poges lies the church which boasts probably the most famous churchyard in Britain. This is 'the country churchyard' which Thomas Gray made famous in 1751 on the publication of his *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard* and where he is himself buried. Here, bypassing a large yew, you come to the wall of the church, where there is a brick table-tomb, inscribed 'Dorothy Gray, widow; the tender careful mother of many children, One of whom alone had the misfortune to survive her'. On the wall of the church is a small plaque, dated 1799, which reads: 'Opposite to this stone in the same tomb upon which he has so feelingly recorded his grief at the loss of a beloved parent, are deposited the remains of Thomas Gray, the author of the *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, etc. He was buried August 6, 1771.' Beyond the churchyard is a little path marked with a National Trust sign. If you follow it round though the scrubby bushes and spindly trees, upon you bursts an enormous, late eighteenth-century monument, a squared-off column some twenty feet high, upon which rests a large neo-classical sarcophagus enclosed in cast-iron railings. Each of its four sides carries an inscription. One side quotes from *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, two more sides carry lengthy quotations from *Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard*, and the fourth announces:

This Monument, in honour of
THOMAS GRAY,
was erected A.D. 1799,
Among the scenery
Celebrated by that great lyric and Elegaic Poet.
He died in 1771,

And lies unnoted in the adjoining church-yard,
 Under the Tomb-stone on which he piously
 And pathetically recorded the interment
 Of his Aunt and lamented Mother.

It was erected in 1799 by John Penn, descendant of the William Penn who founded Pennsylvania, as part of a general renovation of his property which included re-organising the church, demolishing the old manor house and building a new and imposing domed residence. The vista from Stoke Park was designedly ornamented by the handsome monument set in a sheep-dotted parkland and balanced by a view of the church. The engraving reproduced here, dating from the 1830s, shows not so much what it must actually have looked like then as the general idea of what it looked like in the popular imagination: the cenotaph is set in an ideal pastoral English landscape, flanked with the church to the left and the old manor-house in which Gray sometimes stayed to the right (Figure 1.1).



GRAY'S MONUMENT, STOKE PARK.

Figure 1.1 Gray's monument, Stoke Poges, from Charles Mackenzie, *Interesting and Remarkable Places* (London, 1832). Writers' Resources, Oxford.

John Penn's 1799 monument to the poet Gray, ornamenting parkland flanked with the church and the manor house in which Gray was frequently resident.

What this site presents to the visitor, and has done ever since 1799, is the family grave of a poet otherwise professionally memorialised in Westminster Abbey made over into a 'Poet's Grave'. At the turn of the century, the generalised, neo-classical and non-localised 'Poet' of the Enlightenment was converted into a specific biographised persona, a proto-Romantic Poet more appropriately memorialised at Stoke Poges than at the Abbey. The material reality of Gray's grave was progressively redesigned to correspond with 'the grave of the author of the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*.' Eventually, it would be converted into a sort of proto-Grasmere churchyard – a place where readers could confidently come to find an English poet at one with the English soil. The story of how this happens exemplifies both the cultural shift from a model of literary tourism as public homage to a sentimental exchange, and the ways in which a text, in this case the *Elegy*, could be made to script such tourism.

At the time of its publication in 1751, Gray's *Elegy* was a latish example of the then fashion for so-called 'graveyard poetry', which included, for example, Edward Young's *The Complaint, or Night-Thoughts on Life, Death, and Immortality* (1742–5) and Blair's *The Grave* (1743). Sentimental, melancholic and proto-Gothic, this school of poetry specialised in personal meditations over tombs usually in otherwise unspecified, indeed generalised, locations and usually in the twilight of evening or oncoming night. The *Elegy* meditates upon the graves of 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet', validating their lack of fame marked by the absence of 'trophies' typical of grand religious edifices such as the Abbey 'Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault / The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.' It specifically dismisses the desirability of 'storied urn or animated bust' while registering the pathos of 'uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture', the simplicity of names, ages and holy texts in place of full-blown 'elegy'. If the poem celebrates the 'neglected spot' over official grandeur, it also personalises the solitary poet from the opening as speaker/owner of the poetic meditation – 'The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, / The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea, / The ploughman homeward plods his weary way, / And leaves the world to darkness and to me.' More startlingly, the final stanzas produce the poet as the object of some future 'kindred spirit' poet-tourist's 'contemplation' and inquiry:

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonoured dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate . . .

The poem imagines such a graveyard tourist engaged in chat about the fate of the Poet with a local 'hoary-headed swain', a standard trope, one might remark, of travel literature. Thus prompted, the 'swain' tells the story of the Poet's death, and acts as tour-guide to his grave, upon which is engraved an 'epitaph' which marks the youthful Poet as anonymous and unsuccessful.⁴⁵

The *Elegy* was celebrated from the moment of its publication, indeed, rather before it, as it was circulated around Gray's friends and admirers. It potentially scripts all future visits to poets' graves; it certainly scripted all subsequent visits to Gray's grave. It was, understandably, commonplace to identify Gray with the speaker of the poem even in his lifetime: Thomas Warton, the Younger addressed his *Sonnet to Mr Gray* imagining him in the throes of composition in the churchyard, a fancifully sentimental vignette which strategically echoes those famous lines from the *Elegy* – 'The curfew tolls the knell of passing day' and 'Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade':

While slowly-pacing thro' the churchyard dew,
At curfew-time [sic], beneath the dark-green yew,
Thy pensive genius strikes the moral strings . . .⁴⁶

At the time of Gray's death in 1771, twenty years later, the *Elegy* was well on the way to becoming a documentary part of the poet's biography, or so the anonymous *An Irregular Ode, occasioned by the Death of Mr Gray* (1772) would suggest. This obituary tribute notes especially the power of the *Elegy*, identifying Gray unproblematically with the speaker of the poem:

But most the music of thy plaintive moan
With lengthen'd note detains the list'ning ear,
As lost in thought thou wanders't all alone
Where spirits hover round their mansions drear.
By contemplation's eye serenely view'd
Each lowly object wears an awful mien:
'Tis our own blindness veils the latent good:
The works of Nature need but to be seen.
Thou saw'st her beaming from the hamlet-sires
Beneath those rugged elms, that yew tree's shade;
*Where now still faithful to their wanted fires
Thy own dear ashes are *for ever laid.*⁴⁷

The writer embeds quotation from the *Elegy* within his own verse the better to embed Gray within the scene of the churchyard, and the asterisk leads to an unambiguously biographical footnote: 'Gray was buried at Stoke, the scene of the *Elegy*.' From being the generalised place characteristic of enlightenment graveyard poetry, the 'country churchyard' at a stroke becomes a realistic, mappable location, Stoke Poges.

Although this poem thus conflated and located the churchyard and the poet, it would still be another twenty-odd years before John Penn would decide to beautify his grounds, Stowe-fashion, by celebrating the fortuitous presence of the poet's grave with his grand cenotaph by Wyatt, the style of which is redolent of the last gasp of neo-classical funerary grandeur. What sets it apart from the memorials in the Abbey is its location; although the style and size of the monument might seem tactless as a memorial to the poet of the *Elegy*, its location bespeaks the importance of memorialising the poet's body as lying 'far from the madding crowd'. The first inscription from the *Elegy* (stanzas 4 and 5) directs the visitor to the churchyard to view the graves of 'the rude forefathers of the hamlet' (l.16), the second (stanzas 27 and 28) quotes the swain's account of the disappearance of the poet – 'nor yet beside the rill, / Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he' (ll. 111–2). The dual effect is once again to identify Gray with the fictive figure of the Poet, both buried in the real, adjoining churchyard. Consonant with this effect, by 1815 Thomas Mathias was noting that the churchyard had become the site of more than mere imaginary wandering with the poet:

Lord of the various lyre! devout we turn
Our pilgrim step to thy supreme abode,
And tread with awe the solitary road
To deck with votive wreaths thy hallow'd urn!⁴⁸

Although the conceit of the 'votive wreaths' and 'hallow'd urn' is old-fashioned for 1815, the sentiment is not – it is as romantic as the third canto of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* published the following year. By mid-century, many had followed in Mathias's footsteps: William Howitt in his *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets* (1847) commented that it was unnecessary to illustrate the church as it had been so often engraved, and Mrs S. C. Hall, writing in 1850, recorded her guide telling her that the site was much visited, and that visitors scratched their names on the walls, and 'took away bits of the yew and wild flowers'.⁴⁹

As this anecdotal evidence might suggest, subsequent travellers were less taken with the grandeur of Penn's monument: as one traveller remarked acidly nearly a hundred years later, quoting another anonymous writer: "it "resembles nothing so much as a huge tea-caddy," and its inscription celebrates the builder more than the bard.⁵⁰ They were more likely to regard the romantic anonymity of Gray's tomb, combined with the rural peace of the churchyard, as the emotional centre of gravity to the experience. This anonymity, apparently accidental since Gray's will makes no such specification, nevertheless appears congruent with, not to say overdetermined by, the *Elegy*, dissolving Gray not merely into the speaker of the poem, but also into the anonymous dead poet with whose epitaph the poem closes. By the late 1830s the process of making over Stoke Poges and Thomas Gray into the 'country churchyard' and the 'Poet' of the *Elegy* was all but complete; it was possible to imagine Gray both in the throes of composing the *Elegy* and as its own dead subject. The effect was to constitute Gray as his own tour-guide. Robert Montgomery's poem *At the Tomb of Gray* (1836) suggests that it was already possible for visitors to the churchyard to do more than merely visit the tomb in homage to the dead. In language reminiscent of Godwin's, Montgomery's verse claims firmly both that 'the poetry of dreams that spot surrounds / Where Genius ponder'd' and that 'memories bright and deep pervade / The quiet scene where once a Bard has been,' fudging the distinction between the reader's and the writer's dreaming and memories. More, he claims that it is not the body but the mind of the poet that 'consecrates' the ground. With the help of the accuracy of Gray's topographical description conveyed by strategic quotation, strengthened by visiting the grave at twilight, the adequately sentimental reader can reanimate Gray:

How many a foot, where pensive Gray hath rov'd,
 Will love to linger! 'Tis the spell of Mind
 That consecrates the ground a poet trod;
 The air is eloquent with living thoughts,
 And fine impressions of his favour'd muse;
 While Inspiration, like a god of Song,
 Wakes the deep echoes of his deathless lyre!
 But lo! – the churchyard! – Mark those 'rugged elms,'
 That 'Yew-tree shade,' – 'yon ivy-mantled tower,'
 And thread the path where heaves the mouldering heap;
 Then, stranger, thou art soulless earth indeed,
 If the lone bard beside thee does not stand,
 Formed into life by Fancy's moulding spell.⁵¹

Some ten years later, William Howitt noted with satisfaction not merely that Gray's description of the place was 'quite literal' but that the place conflated composition and biography – it was here that the poems 'were not only written, but were mingled with the circumstances, and all the tenderest feelings of his own life.'⁵² The hack-writer T. P. Grinstead rehashed and expanded the trope in 1867:

We wander into the churchyard, which possesses much poetical interest. The minstrel whose grave we seek has frequently stood in the shadow of this dark tree, contemplating the scattered mounds. It was here that, in all probability, he conceived his universally admired 'Elegy', and thought of the unrecognised dead:

'Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.'
If such, the poet has himself laid down by their side,
for this is the grave of
THOMAS GRAY.⁵³

Gray's poem has become his own epitaph and monument. He is at a stroke converted into 'a mute inglorious Milton' over whose grave the tourist broods, thereby both reiterating and trumping the poet.

By 1895, Stoke Poges churchyard was effectively a palimpsest. For the visitor, it was at one and the same time the place of originating poetic reverie, the site of actual composition, the setting described literally in the *Elegy*, and the location of the poet's grave. It conflated the bodily, the biographical and the textual, and it could do this by virtue of Gray's topographical literalism. At the end of the century, Theodore Wolfe carefully detailed 'the absolute fidelity' of the *Elegy*, its exact reproduction of the scene past and present: 'Above us rises the square tower, mantled with ivy . . .; here are the rugged elms with their foliage swaying in the summer breeze above the lowly graves; yonder by the church porch is the dark yew whose opaque shade covers the site of the poet's accustomed seat on the needle-carpeted sward; around us are scattered the mouldering heaps beneath which, "each in his narrow cell forever laid," sleep the rustic dead.'⁵⁴ And so on, for some pages. This literalist and realist aesthetic would culminate in the unintentional comedy of the early twentieth-century guidebook which makes Gray over into a pedantic naturalist: 'His eye, keen for all things rural, discerned

the rugged forms of *Ulmus Campestris*, and the graceful drooping of a *Taxus Baccata*.⁵⁵ So far have we come from the graceful neo-classical generalisation of 'a' country churchyard. But this realist aesthetic underpins the possibility of fusing with the poet, being animated by him:

While our hearts are thrilling with the associations of the place and the hour, while the ashes of the tender poet rest at our feet and the objects that inspired the matchless poem surround us, we may hope to share in some measure the tenderer emotions to which the contemplation of this scene stirred his soul. As we ponder these objects, upon which his loving vision lingered, they seem strangely familiar; we feel that we have known them long and will love them always.⁵⁶

As we have already noted, Dean Stanley's lament over absences from the Abbey precincts in 1868 encompassed that of Gray, which he put down, with Wordsworth's, to 'patriarchal feeling' which 'drew them away from the neighbourhood of the great, with whom they consorted in the tumult of life, to the graves of father and mother, or beloved child, far away to the country churchyards where they severally repose.'⁵⁷ Stanley's language echoes that of the *Elegy* – with its sense of the 'forefathers of the hamlet' lying 'far from the madding crowd' and mourned not generally but privately by 'some fond breast'. Stanley's sense of these country churchyards as outlying chapels of the national pantheon of the Abbey also derives from the *Elegy*, from its invocation of Whig heroes, Hampden, Milton and Crowell, however 'mute and inglorious' their local rustic analogues. Stanley's sense of the consummate Englishness of Gray's grave guaranteed by the rhetoric and sentiments of the *Elegy* found full expression some thirty years later in Henry C. Shelley's *Literary Bypaths in Old England* (1906), in which Shelley identified the churchyard as 'The birthplace of Gray's *Elegy*'. Looking ahead, it is a measure of how by the turn of the twentieth century the idea of pilgrimage to the author's grave has been displaced by pilgrimage to the source of the text that Shelley remarks that 'the visitor hither has the *added* sad pleasure of pausing by the tomb of the poet whose verse has been the motive of his pilgrimage'⁵⁸ (italics added). His pleasure that 'each picture in the poem has its faithful counterpart' derives from his sense that the churchyard and its environs adequately realise the poem as a whole. This realism is essential to guaranteeing the poem's truth, desirable because for Shelley the poem secures not merely 'Englishness' but centres Anglophone culture. 'Gray's "*Elegy*" is *the* *Elegy* of the English-speaking race. All its most outstanding qualities are native

to the sea-girt isle in which that race had its origin.⁵⁹ A visit to the churchyard by this American writer thus is the necessary supplement to a reading of the poem for 'Many words and phrases in the poem only convey the full power of their emotion to the mind which can interpret them in the light and knowledge of English history and English rural life.'⁶⁰

Over the course of 150 years, the churchyard at Stoke Poges thus converted Gray's preference for family over institutional associations, into, successively, poetic 'associations' suitable for beautifying a country-house landscape, romantic anonymity and obscurity, a rural, progressive 'Englishness', and a founding-point for Anglophone culture, all constructions pre-scripted by the *Elegy* itself. The centrality of the *Elegy* to what we can discover about the experience of the 'myriad tourists' who visited Stoke Poges over the century may stand as a preliminary statement in miniature of one of the central hypotheses of this study; that although tourists typically anticipate and construct a relationship with the dead author that is essentially physical and anti-textual, designed to ground the virtuality and alienation of the reading experience within person, place and occasion, this is for the most part only made possible by the text itself. Although the literary pilgrim's desire to bypass or supplement the author's incarnation in mass print culture necessarily denies this, literary tourist sites do not in any sense precede print culture but, rather, are created by it. Texts – or rather, readings of texts – make places in their own image.

In a city cemetery

If in the case of Stoke Poges the material reality of the poet's grave is subsequently supplemented so as to correspond to the *Elegy*, the graves of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant cemetery outside Rome were from the start designed so as to correspond with Shelley's elegy for Keats, *Adonais* (1821). Like Gray's grave, they would nonetheless attract supplementary memorial too, designed to make them correspond more nearly to later Victorian readings of the poem. As in the case of Gray's grave, the story of the making of these sites of literary pilgrimage strongly evidences the ways in which nineteenth-century culture supplemented the official triumphalism of the Abbey with a desire to celebrate and identify with the marginality of the romantic poet. Unlike Stoke Poges, however, these graves do not come to represent an Englishness exhaled by the landscape – but tell a story of Englishness exiled, a story therefore particularly attractive to women writers, and to Americans. If the story of how eighteenth- and nineteenth-century

tourism refashioned Gray's tomb provides one exemplary narrative of how English poets' mortal remains were ever more thoroughly embedded in the national landscape from the Enlightenment through the early twentieth century, the story of how nineteenth-century literary tourism memorialised Keats and Shelley provides the one striking exception. Here the emphasis is on the manner and place of death rather than on the place of burial, and the poet's body is imagined not as resting in earthy peace at home but as being dispersed, dissolved, even atomised.

We fast-forward some seventy years from the publication of the *Elegy*, and some fifty years from Gray's funeral, to attend one of the most famous death-beds in literary history, going on to eavesdrop at one of its most famous funerary scenes. English countryside gives way to Italian city, churchyard to cemetery, respectable melancholy to impassioned homoerotic mourning, Anglican rites to semi-pagan rituals, 'home' to 'exile'. The history of the interlinked making and reading of the tombs of Keats and Shelley in Rome's Protestant Cemetery, and the genesis of the Keats–Shelley Museum in the centre of the city, illustrates how essential the dramatisation and location, not merely of the romantic poet's body, but of his death, became to subsequent literary history, and consequently, to subsequent literary tourism. For the English literary tourist, the map of Rome is skewed out towards its margins – towards the Cemetery beyond the city walls of Catholic Rome where throughout the nineteenth century Protestants and foreigners were buried at night to avoid offending native sensibilities. There, after an arduous bus-ride, near the squat Pyramid of Cestius you will find the tomb of Keats, side-by-side with the devoted friend who nursed him on his death-bed, Joseph Severn, and a little way away, the grave of Shelley, also side-by-side with a friend who assisted at his obsequies, Edward Trelawney. Yet Keats and Shelley are not entirely banished outside the walls of Rome; by the side of the Piazza di Spagna, in what was the foreigners' quarter, next to the famous steps on which Charles Dickens found crowds of artists' models and where nowadays flocks of teenagers giggle and ogle one another, up a narrow distempered staircase, you will find the Keats–Shelley Museum. This set of rooms is where in 1821 Keats finally succumbed to the consumption which brought him to Italy in a doomed quest for health, and is the only literary site in the world devoted exclusively to the place where an author died; by force of a long-standing affinity between the poets as young English contemporaries, the museum also commemorates the death of Shelley, who in death has become the spiritual room-mate of his brother-poet. Although the death of poets, and sometimes its physical situation, had

occasionally meant much before – one thinks here of the great interest in Thomas Chatterton's suicide, the relics in circulation of the bedstead on which Robert Burns died in 1784, and, much later, the interest in the room in which Friedrich Schiller died in Weimar – this was the first time that poetic death was so extensively commemorated by narration on-site.

The unusual interest in the deaths of Keats and Shelley is indicated by the sheer number of nineteenth-century writings concerned with their graves – as Matthews notes, there are more nineteenth-century poems concerned with the graves of Keats and Shelley than with the graves of all other poets combined.⁶¹ Their graves effectively became topographical essays, condensed tropes of romantic alienation, sites that dramatised the fate of the poetic imagination blighted and forced into exile by public indifference and yet freed into the classically pagan Italian ether, and sites that, visited, dramatised retrospective poetic vindication. So Emma Blyton's tribute poem *To the Memory of Keats* imagines the literary visit as a form of compensatory monumentalisation and memorialisation:

What, though no proud, eulogious pyramid
Graces the spot where thy young corse is hid?
Still o'er that fragrant mound the tear is shed –
The tear of sympathy . . .⁶²

Erasure and exile are at once celebrated and reinscribed by such visits as the condition of the romantic poet; yet they are also atoned for, mitigated, and empathised with.

It is easy to overstate the interest in actually visiting the graves themselves, partly because Keats's friends set themselves energetically to promote Keats's posthumous reputation, which included insisting on the increasing number of visitors. English-speaking tourists to Rome, even though they were often preoccupied themselves with nursing invalids, typically set themselves an enormous itinerary to accomplish that precluded such a far-flung visit. That said, *What Katy Did Next* (1886), essentially the Grand Tour redacted for American teenagers, lists among the sights Katy does at Rome 'the English cemetery to see the grave of Keats.'⁶³ There is some evidence that literary pilgrimage was initially hampered not merely by the relative obscurity of the poets in the early Victorian era but by Keats's insistence on his grave-stone remaining anonymous, as it did until in 1867 a wall-plaque was put up indicating the identity of the grave's occupant.⁶⁴ Anna Jameson, for example, in her partially fictive *Diary of an Ennuyée* (1826), pays a thoroughly romantic visit to the cemetery noting its 'wild, desolate, and poetical

grandeur' and the graves of those who died tragically young and far from home, but mentions neither the tombs of Keats nor of Shelley, surely a missed opportunity; in 1842 Frances Trollope paid a visit to the grave of Shelley, but seems to have missed that of Keats; the first traveller's account that I have been able to locate of visiting the graves is that of Dickens in 1844, and his brief description is surprisingly vague:

. . . to an English traveller, [the Pyramid] serves to mark the grave of Shelley too, whose ashes lie beneath a little garden near it. Nearer still, almost within its shadow, lie the bones of Keats, 'whose name is writ in water,' that shines brightly in the landscape of a calm Italian night.⁶⁵

Indeed, subsequent descriptions of the graves betray how much this was an imaginary literary landscape, for they are often markedly inaccurate. The evocative title vignette to William Howitt's 1847 essay on Keats, which carries in the 'illustrations' list the title 'The Tombs of Keats and Shelley at Rome' (Figure 1.2) nicely exemplifies a founding Victorian

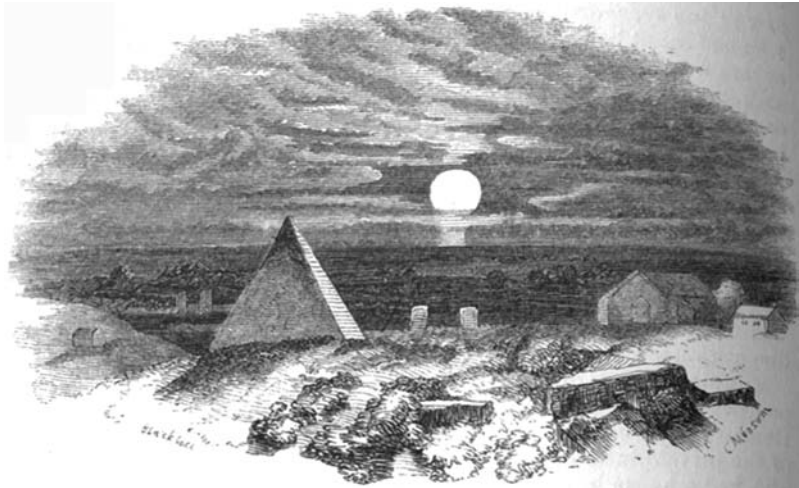


Figure 1.2 The graves of Keats and Shelley in the Protestant cemetery in Rome, from William Howitt, *Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets* (1847: 3rd edn, London, 1858). Writers' Resources, Oxford.

Howitt's romantic but inaccurate depiction of the moonlit graves of Keats and Shelley side by side beneath the Pyramid of Cestius in the Protestant Cemetery at Rome describes Victorian expectations of the relation between the two poets.

misconception about the graves, which was that they lay side by side, under the Pyramid of Cestius. As I have already remarked, Keats's grave lies beside that of his friend Joseph Severn, and Shelley lies beside his friend Trelawney, but in other respects this pairing of Keats and Shelley is imaginatively true, because the poets' graves from the very beginning both as sites and as sights were determined by Shelley's elegy on Keats, *Adonais*, published the year after Keats's death, in July 1821.⁶⁶ The landscape Howitt pictures is in fact the landscape of *Adonais*.

It seems downright ironical that a poem so peculiarly invested in the transcendent ethereality of the abstract noun should have anything to do with the literalist exercise of locating the poet's body, yet so it was. Although Shelley's poem climaxes with the installation of 'the soul of Adonais, like a star' in 'the abode where the Eternal are', it was also instrumental in designing the understanding of the location of Keats's body. In the best poetic tradition, Keats had composed his own epitaph – 'Here lies one whose name was writ on water' – requesting before his death that Severn visit the cemetery to pick out a spot and tell him all about it, and stipulating that otherwise the headstone should remain anonymous. In practice, some months after Keats's death Severn, desiring to carry out his friend's wishes without entirely acceding to his self-erasure, consulted Trelawney, who suggested an epitaph which quoted *Adonais*: 'Here lies the spoils / of a / young English poet / "Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung" / And by whose desire is inscribed / "Whose name was writ in water."' In the event Severn asserted the primacy and strength of the poet's act of self-epitaph over Shelleyan elegy by embedding it within something more strongly novelistic, not to say verging on the maudlin, in temper and mode:

This Grave
Contains all that was Mortal,
Of a
 YOUNG ENGLISH POET
Who
On his Death Bed
In the Bitterness of his Heart
At the malicious Power of his Enemies
Desired
The words to be engraven on his Tomb Stone
 "Here Lies One
 Whose Name was Writ in Water"
 Feb 24th 1821

As Matthews points out, this inscription, although in the event it does not actually quote *Adonais*, was nevertheless strongly influenced by the language of the 'preface' to the poem, and, furthermore, translated the 'silver lyre' into the emblem of the broken lyre carved above the epitaph.⁶⁷ The grave would be planted with daisies – actualising the pastoral version of the cemetery shared between Severn and Keats before his death and the description that Shelley gave of the location of the grave:

Go thou to Rome . . .
 . . . the Spirit of the spot shall lead
 Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
 Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead,
 A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread. (ll. 433–441)

Shelley's memorial landscape is pagan, ruined, lonely, and yet surprisingly specific – guidebook specific for anyone in the know – noting the surrounding collapsing walls, the weed-grown ruins and the Pyramid of Cestius, although the poem shies away from the actual grave as too raw with recent emotion. Subsequent accounts of the site would typically refer implicitly or explicitly to *Adonais*: in 1898, Marion Harland in her essay on Keats in Rome simply quoted the lines from *Adonais* that locate the grave.⁶⁸

If *Adonais* had an immediate impact upon the memorialisation of Keats, by sheer historical accident it also came to script Shelley's own death. Lost the year after the publication of his elegy in a sailing accident in a storm, Shelley had seemingly foreshadowed his own death in detail in the final stanza of *Adonais*:

. . . my spirit's bark is driven,
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
 The massy earth and spheréd skies are riven!
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Adonais would, consequently, come also to script the memorialisation of Shelley himself, acting as the poet's own epitaph – 'Who in another's fate now wept his own' (l. 300). Howitt commented: 'Who but will

regard as prophecy the last stanza of “Adonais”?’⁶⁹ As his grieving widow herself wrote, ‘Adonais is not Keats’s it is his own elegy – he bids you there go to Rome.’⁷⁰ As this would suggest, the argument between Trelawney and Mary Shelley over the multiple re-location of Shelley’s body (from the first burial on the beach at Viareggio, after cremation on the beach to the Protestant cemetery at Rome, and then relocated again within the cemetery) was not merely between the claims of the pagan and the Christian, or between the homosocial and the familial (their infant son William was also buried in Rome), it was also in some sense scripted by readings of *Adonais* as a description of poetic death, memorial and apotheosis. In the event, Trelawney’s practice was romantically pagan; not only was he involved in the exhumation and cremation of Shelley’s body on the beach at Viareggio and the subsequent funeral in Rome, at a later date he relocated the body again, planting it around with poetic laurels and mourning cypress. Mary Shelley’s approach was altogether more text-book Victorian; eventually winning possession of the heart (snatched from the fire) from Leigh Hunt, she wrapped it in a leaf from *Adonais* and stored it in her writing desk. (Although the slab over Shelley’s ashes in Rome reads ‘Cor Cordium’, producing the widely-held Victorian misconception that therefore his heart rested there, Shelley’s heart is actually interred in unromantic Bournemouth.) She also commissioned a memorial marble installed in Christchurch Priory, chiefly remarkable for featuring a version of herself cradling the dead body of the poet backed by the bow of a boat presumably drawn up upon the beach which she herself never visited; with this memorial, the cremated and exiled body of her husband is reconstituted and relocated at home in England.

Adonais would continue to function as self-elegiac right through until the end of the century. In 1892 it was proposed to erect a magnificent marble monument by Edward Onslow Ford in place of Trelawney’s plain slab, a marble designed to dramatise late-Victorian ideas of Shelley. In the event, this proved impossible because space was too restricted, and the piece ended up at University College, Oxford. In gleaming white marble, it realises the poet naked, recumbent and life-size, if one can use such a term of a sculpture that aspires to show the poet beautifully dead. Above this chilly, drowned figure rises a smallish domed hall, railed off from the irreverent pranks of undergraduates, and roofed in by stained glass. Around the mausoleum are inscribed the lines from *Adonais* it literalises – ‘Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass, / Stains the white radiance of Eternity’ (ll. 462–3). The Ford sculpture is by no means the first representation of the dead Shelley – the head-piece to Howitt’s

essay, for example, illustrates Shelley's body neatly swathed before cremation on the beach; and it is, as we have already noted, depicted in the Christchurch Priory memorial. Yet, with the single exception of the medieval effigy of John Gower in Southwark cathedral, Shelley is the only writer who has ever been commemorated by a depiction of his dead body designed to mark the site of the grave, and the sheer extravagance of this *fin de siècle* gesture points to a specialness in the cultural investment in his death – and by association, in that of Keats, whose volume of verse was burnt with the corpse, for ever mingling the writing of one with the body of the other. It is not accidental that at roughly the same time a tablet 'telling who died here, and when' was put up on the lodgings at the Piazza di Spagna, and that by the 1890s it had become a standard practice to visit the lodgings in the Piazza di Spagna to view the room in which Keats was slowly etherealised into *Adonais*-like immortality: as the American Marion Harland wrote of her visit in 1898, 'We pause for a last look at the corner in which Keats's bed used to stand, then go silently down the stairs that gave back the slow echoes of the bearers' tread when the pitifully light weight of his mortal remains was removed for their long rest.'⁷¹ Retailing the story that unread letters from England were laid in the coffin, Harland allows herself a fantastic reanimation through the fantasy of posthumous correspondence: 'We can imagine that the pulseless heart would quicken with one last painful throb as the unread letters were laid upon it.'⁷² The Anglophone literary visitor is like the unread letter from home, endeavouring reanimation; the Keats–Shelley museum, opened on the site in 1906, a careful reconstruction of the lodgings that the Italian authorities had torn apart after Keats's death in an effort to rid them of supposed contagion, is living testimony to this turn-of-the-century desire. Its displays remain thanatocentric to an extraordinary degree, animated (if that is the word) by the death-mask of Keats, by casts of his hand and foot, and by the loving display of locks of Shelley's hair and other relics.

The violets and daisies pressed into pocket-volumes of Keats and Shelley as 'souvenirs' remember Englishness disseminated and etherealised in a foreign place. The far-awayness of Keats and Shelley acts eventually not only as a statement of romantic alienation and subsequent apotheosis, but also as a romantic version of the alienation and etherealisation of print-culture. That interest in poetic death, in the moment when the poet 'transcends' or escapes the mortal, is already scripted by romantic poetics as an escape from the commercial tiresomeness of publication, and from the neglect and scorn of critics and readers. The poet's 'ashes', literal or metaphoric, are the mere residue of

escape into immortality, but this is an escape, characteristically for the period, which is not imagined in terms of the print-culture which alone confers such immortality. Yet visitors still come to reunite poetic body and poetic corpus, imaginatively melding, over and over again, Keats's book with Shelley's ashes, Shelley's ashes with Shelley's book.

More comforting, perhaps, and indeed more economical, to celebrate these writers when their work was still pure romantic potential; by visiting not Rome but, respectively, Moorgate in London and Warnham in Sussex. For as my next chapter will show, eighteenth- and nineteenth-century literary tourism had by now invented another mode of pilgrimage specifically to mark the imagined harmony between author and native soil, concerned not with graves but with birthplaces. Even the most alienated and doomed young geniuses, it transpires, can hereby be reclaimed for the domestic. Once a year, tourists can admire the gardens of the aristocratic house, Field Place, where Shelley was born, and, rewinding him from atheism and exile into untroubled Anglicanism, they can call at the picturesque country church nearby to inspect his certificate of baptism. And in London, they can remember his cockney colleague all the year round at 85 Moorgate by visiting the establishment that now flourishes beneath the blue plaque that marks his birthplace, Keats's Bar. Less grand than Westminster Abbey, and less glamorous than Rome, it is more English than both. A pint of the true, the blushful Hippocrene, anyone?

Index

- Abbotsford, see Scott, Sir Walter
 Adams, John, 60
 Addison, Joseph, 26, 27
 Ainslie, Hew, *A Pilgrimage to the Land of Burns*, 73–4, 80–1, 219 n34
 Airy, George Biddell, 159
 Allan, William, ‘Sir Walter Scott on the occasion of his visit to Shakespeare’s tomb . . .’, cover illustration, 34
 Allbutt, Robert, *London Rambles ‘En ZigZag’ with Charles Dickens*, 173
 Alloway, see Burns, Robert
 Amiel, Henri-Frédéric, 149
 Anne Hathaway’s Cottage, see Shakespeare, William
 Argyll, Duke of, 24
 Armour, Jean, 76, 78, 80
 statues of, 83
 Arnold, Matthew, 111
 Austen, Jane: house (Chawton), 3, 12, 18
 grave (Winchester Cathedral), 9
 works: *Emma*, 3, 12
 Persuasion, 8
 Aylwin-land, 5
- Baedeker’s Great Britain*, 162, 166, 180
 Barber, John, 27
 Barker, Juliet V., 222 n46, 223 n65
 Barrett, Frank, *Where Was Wonderland?*, 208–9
 Barrie, J.M.: birthplace (Kirriemuir), 58
 statues of Peter Pan, 58–9
 on Hardy, 179
 Basse, William, ‘On the Death of William Shakespeare’, 31
 Beaumont, Francis, 25, 29, 31
 Behn, Aphra, 26
 Bennett, Andrew, 216 n43
 Benson, William, 27
 Berghoff, H., et al, *The Making of Modern Tourism*, 213 n9
- Bevan, G. Phillips, *Tourist’s Guide to the West Riding of Yorkshire*, 114
Black’s Guide to Dorset, 184, 186–8
Black’s Picturesque and Pictorial Guide to the Trosachs, 160–2
Black’s Picturesque Guide to Yorkshire, 112
 Blackmore, R.D.: monument to (Badgeworthy Water), 164
 works: *Lorna Doone*, 14, 131, 163–9
 produces tourism to Exmoor, 15, 20, 163
 settings identified and photographed, 167
 forgotten in present-day Exmoor tourism, 163–4
 effects of novel’s disappointing inaccuracy about Exmoor landscape, 165–8
 Blair, Robert, 41
 Blake, William, 38
 Blyton, Emma, *To the Memory of Keats*, 49
 Booth, Alison, 19
 Boston, Diana, 18
 Boston, Lucy M.: house (The Manor, Hemingford Grey), 202, 204–7
 works: *The Children of Green Knowe*, 202, 204–7
 Boswell, James, visits Rousseau, 135–6
Life of Johnson, 59
 Bower, Johnnie, 96–7, 102
 Bradley, A.G., *Round About Wiltshire*, 194
 Bragg, Melvyn, 14
 Brasnett, Hugh, 229 n12
 Britton, John, 170
 Brontë, Anne, 111, 118, 121
 see also Brontë sisters
 Brontë, Branwell, 108, 113, 118, 122
 relic, 113

- Brontë, Charlotte, 108
 waterfall, 3, 110
 object of literary tourism in own lifetime, 112
 relics, 108–9, 126
 wedding, 108, 112
 funeral, 108
 works: 'Biographical Notice of Ellis and Acton Bell', 111
 edition of sisters' poetry, 111
Jane Eyre, 2, 3, 92, 109, 120–2, and original for Lowood School, 110, 125
 'Preface to *Wuthering Heights*', 111
Shirley, 112, 119–20, 122
Villette, 107, 110, 123, and tourism to Brussels, 110, 123–4
 see also Brontë sisters; Gaskell, Elizabeth
- Brontë, Elizabeth, 118
- Brontë, Emily, 118
 relics, 11, 17, 108–9
 imagined peeling potatoes, 108
 works: *Wuthering Heights*, 92, 107, 111, 119, 122, 123
 putative settings for, 3, 110, 126, 177, 208
 see also Brontë sisters
- Brontë, Maria, 118
- Brontë, Patrick, 108, 112, 113, 118, 121
- Brontë sisters: birthplace (Thornton), 110
 house (Haworth Parsonage), 12, 15, 91–3, 106–27
 presented as domestic, 108
 as gothic, 109, 122, 126
 becomes museum, 114
 permanently shaped by Gaskell, 115–22
 graves, 38–9, 108, 110–11
 establishment of museum devoted to, 114
 settings for novels identified and photographed, 125–6
 'Brontë country', 5, 126–7, 169, 174
 souvenirs, 107, 110, 113, 114
Poems by Currer, Ellis, and Acton Bell, 109
 as ghosts, 13, 107, 123
 reduced to same plane as their characters, 122–3, 126
 see also Brontë, Anne; Brontë, Charlotte; Brontë, Emily
- Broun, Agnes, 72
- Brown, Ivor, and George Fearon, 218 n8
- Burney, Frances, 25
- Burns, Robert
 birthplace (Alloway), 58, 59, 68–77, 90–1
 house (Dumfries), 71
 farms (Ellisland, Mossgiel), 81, 83
 grave and mausoleum (Dumfries), 69–71
 monument (Alloway), 75–6, fig 2.2, fig 2.3, 84–5
 statues and memorials, 83
 Westminster Abbey memorial, 29, 30
 The 'Land of Burns' ('Coila'), 77–86
 relics, 11, 18, 49, 76, 80, 82, 84, 86
 souvenirs, 69, 74, 76, 82
 birthday celebrations, 56, 68–9, 76, 218 n17
 'Tam O'Shanter Experience' (Alloway), 76
 depicted at Lincluden Abbey, fig 2.3, 172
 works: inscriptions on glass, 83–4
 'The Auld and the New Brig', 81
 'Ayrshire Lasses', 80
 'The Bonny Lass of Ballochmyle', 82
 'Ca' the yowes to the knowes', 79
 'The Cotter's Saturday Night', 72, 74
 'Death and Dr Hornbook', 84
 'The Deil's Awa wi' the Excise Man', 83
 'Highland Mary', 79, 80, 82
 'I dream of Jeanie wi' the light brown hair', 78
 'The Jolly Beggars', 83, 84
 'The Lea Rig', 79
 'Logan Water', 79
 'A man's a man for a' that', 79
 'Mauchline Belles', 80
 'My luve is like a red, red rose', 78

- Burns, Robert – *continued*
Poems, Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect,
 69–70, 219 n46
 ‘Scots Wha Hae’, 80, 83
Tam O’Shanter, 72–6, 81, 82, 84
 ‘There was a lad’, 72
 ‘To a Daisy’, 82
 ‘To a Louse’, 17, 82
 ‘To a Mouse’, 81–2
 ‘To Captain Grose’, 84
 ‘The Soldier’s Return’, 79
 ‘A Vision’, 72, 79
 ‘Ye banks and braes’, 78, 80
- Butler, Samuel, 27
- Buzard, James, 213 n9
- Byng, Hon John, 62–3, 66
- Byron, George Gordon, Lord
 birthplace (London), 58
 Westminster Abbey memorial, 28
 monuments (statue with dog
 Bosun, Hamilton Gardens), 11
 as Rousseau tourist, 141–4
 and Lake Geneva tourism, 131, 144,
 147
 works: *Childe Harold’s Pilgrimage*, 9,
 144–5, 147
The Prisoner of Chillon, 146, 147
- Callander, 150, 155
- Campbell, Alexander, *A Journey from
 Edinburgh*, 153, 157
- Campbell, Thomas, Westminster
 Abbey monument, 23, 24
 ‘Ode to the Memory of Burns’, 70–1
- Carlyle, Thomas and Jane, 58
- Carroll, Lewis [Charles Luttwidge
 Dodgson]: house (Christ Church,
 Oxford), 207
 other Oxford sites associated with
 (Binsey, Godstow, Sheep Shop),
 207–8, fig 6.1
 Westminster Abbey memorial, 24,
 207
 works: *Alice in Wonderland*, 16, 201,
 207–8, 212
Alice Through the Looking Glass, 207–8
- Cavendish, Margaret, 26
- Chadwick, Mrs Ellis, 126, 223 n61
- Charlton, W.H., 111
- Chatterton, Thomas, 48, 70
- Chaucer, Geoffrey, 20, 24–6,
 31, 32
- Children’s literature, as special case, 2,
 201–12
 see also Boston, Lucy; Carroll,
 Lewis; Coolidge, Susan; Falkner, J.
 Meade; Juster, Norman; Kipling,
 Rudyard; Masefield, John; Milne,
 A.A.; Potter, Beatrix; Pullman,
 Phillip; Ransome, Arthur;
 Rowling, J.K.; Stevenson, R.L.
- Chillon, see Rousseau, *La Nouvelle
 Héloïse*; Byron, *Childe Harold’s
 Pilgrimage, The Prisoner of Chillon*
- Clarens, see Rousseau, *Confessions*,
La Nouvelle Héloïse
- Clarke, Edward Daniel, *A Tour through
 the South of England*, 64
- Coila, see Burns, Robert
- Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 20, 154
 on *The Lady of the Lake*, 157
- Collins, Wilkie, 28
- Conan Doyle, Sir Arthur, 3
- Congreve, William, 26
- Connell, Philip, 214 n1, n3, n9, n11
- Continental Tourist, The*, see Roscoe,
 Thomas
- Cooke, W.H., ‘A Winter’s Day at
 Haworth’, 113
- Coolidge, Susan, *What Katy Did Next*,
 10, 49
- Cooper, Tarnya, et al, 215 n30
- Copley, J., 223 n60
- Cory, C., 222 n48
- Cowley, Abraham, 24, 25
- Cowper, William, ‘On the late
 indecent liberties . . .’, 34
- Cranston, M., 225 n2
- Cromwell, Oliver, 46
- Currie, Dr William, *The Works of
 Robert Burns*, 71, 78–9
- Daiches, David, and John Flower,
*Literary Landscapes of the British
 Isles*, 11
- Dart, John, *Westmonasterium*, 28
- Davenant, Sir William, 25
- Dávidházi, Peter, 33, 213 n9, 215 n26

- Deelman, Christian, 212 n29, 217 n6
 Deland, Margaret, 182
 Denham, John, 25
 D'Eresby, Lord Willoughby, 159–60
 Derrida, Jacques, *Disseminations*, 6–7
 De Staël, Madame Germaine, 131, 147
 house (Coppet), 221 n3
 Dexter, Colin, *Inspector Morse*, novels
 and tourism, 3
 Dibdin, Thomas Frognall,
 *A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and
 Picturesque Tour . . .*, 100, 102–3
 Dickens, Charles:
 birthplace (Portsmouth), 58
 house (Doughty Street), 18
 'Dickens Land', 10, 172
 'Dickens's London', 5, 9, 13,
 172–5
 relics, 11
 'Little Dorritt' plaque, 177
 Westminster Abbey monument, 24
 as Keats and Shelley tourist, 48, 50
 Dickinson, Emily, 111
 Dobson, Michael, 214 n6, 215 n27,
 217 n6
 Dodd, William, 'On Seeing a Single
 Swan on the Banks of the
 Avon', 64
 Dorchester, see Hardy, Thomas
 Douglas, Sir George, 188
 Döring, Tobias, 215 n25
 Drayton, Michael, 25
 Dryburgh, see Scott, Sir Walter
 Dryden, John, 27, 28
 Dugdale, Sir William, 33
 du Maurier, Daphne: house (Fowey), 11
 'Du Maurier's Cornwall', 5
 works: *Jamaica Inn*, and plaque,
 177
 Rebecca, 18, 213 n7
 Dunn, Waldo Hilary, 228 n86, n87

 Edgeworth, Maria, 104
 Eliot, George, 18, 28, 169
 Eliot, T.S., 25
 Elizabeth I, 86, 220 n70
 Elliott-Cannon, A., 228 n89
 Erskine Stuart, J.A., *The Brontë Country*,
 114, 125, 223 n66, 224 n103

 An Excursion to Stratford-upon-Avon,
 215 n31
 Exmoor, see R.D. Blackmore, *Lorna
 Doone*
 Falkner, J. Meade, *Moonfleet*, 19, 20,
 175
 Field, J.H., 'A Map of the Wessex of
 Thomas Hardy's Novels', 200,
 fig 5.1
 First World War poets, 25
 Fleeman, David, 226 n52
 Fletcher, John, 29
 Fogg, Nicholas, *Stratford-upon-Avon*,
 218 n9
 Fontane, Theodore, *Across the Tweed*,
 100–01, 162
 Ford, Edward Onslow, 53
 Franklin, William Edward, *Franklin's
 Itinerary for the Trossachs*, 162

 Gall, Richard, *Verses written on visiting
 the house in which the celebrated
 Robert Burns was born*, 68, 71, 77–8
 Galloway, F.C., 223 n74
 Garrick, David: Westminster Abbey
 memorial, 24
 promulgates Shakespeare tourism,
 56, 61–2
 works: *An ode, upon dedicating a
 building, and erecting a statue, to
 Shakespeare, at Stratford-upon-Avon*,
 61, 63, 66, 102
 The Jubilee, 61, 62, 66
 Gaskell, Elizabeth, *Life of Charlotte
 Bronte*, 93, 111–22
 use of guidebook rhetoric, 115–17
 illustration of Haworth parsonage
 and church, 116, fig 3.2
 centrality of parsonage to, 116–18
 borrowings from Brontë novels in,
 118–21, and intercutting with
 personal letters in, 121–2
 Gastrell, Revd. Francis, 61
 Gay, John, 24, 27
 Geneva, see Rousseau, Jean-Jacques
 Gibbon, Edward, 131, 147
 tourism to summer-house at
 Lausanne, 221 n3

- Gilks, Edward and Thomas, *Sylvan's Pictorial Handbook to Coila*, 219 n34
- Gill, Stephen, 213 n9, 221 n2
- Glendenning, John, 227 n66
- Godwin, William, *Essay on Sepulchres*, 35–7
- Goethe, Johann Wolfgang von, *wölnhaus*, 20
- Goldsmith, Oliver, 27
The Citizen of the World, 27
- Goudie, Miller, 73, 74
- Gower, John, 54
- Grabe, Ernst, 24
- Graham, Douglas, 82
- Graham, Rev Patrick, *Sketches descriptive of Picturesque Scenery*, 153, 157
- Graham, Winston, 5
- Grant, Elizabeth, *Memoirs of a Highland Lady*, 102
- Grasmere, see Wordsworth, William
graves, see writers' graves
- Gray, Dorothy
- Gray, Thomas: grave (Stoke Poges), 30, 39–47
Westminster Abbey memorial, 27, 29
monument (Stoke Poges), 39–40, fig 1.1
works: *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, 35, 39–47, 70
Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College, 39
- Greene, Rev Joseph, 217 n3
- Grinsted, T.P., *Last Homes of Departed Genius*, 32, 45
- Grose, Captain Francis, 72–3, 83
- Guide to Stratford-upon-Avon*, 87
- Guide to the Romantic Scenery . . .*, see *Lumsden's Guide*
- Hale, Charles, 114
- Hall, Captain Basil, 106
- Hall, Mrs S.C., *Pilgrimages to English Shrines*, 9, 43
- Hallek, Fitz-Greene, 68
- Halliday, Ursula, 165
- Hampden, John, 46
- Hannay, David, *Glimpses of the Land of Scott*, 98
- Hardy, F.E., 229 n14
- Hardy, Thomas
birthplace (Higher Bockhampton), 90–1, 189
house (Max Gate, Dorchester), 174–5
grave (Westminster Abbey), 30, 32
grave of heart (Stinsford), 30, 32
monument to (Dorchester), 175
relics, 11, 16, 91
sites associated with: Dorchester, 91, 176, 182, 183, 189
'Hardy's Wessex', 5, 15, 174–200
Hardy's collusion in and resistance to, 13, 181, 185–6, 192–5
maps of, 181–2, 185, 193–4, 200
photographs of, 194–7, 199
Hardy conference, Dorchester, 6
works: *Desperate Remedies*, 185
Domicilium, 91
Far from the Madding Crowd, 91, 178, 183, 185, 187, 189, 190
A Group of Noble Dames, 181
The Hand of Ethelberta, 38, 182, 185, 229 n19
Jude the Obscure, 190–1, 210
A Laodicean, 193
The Mayor of Casterbridge, 175, 178, 182, 183, 189, 197, 229 n19, and blue plaque, 176–7
A Pair of Blue Eyes, 182, 192
poems, 91, 174
The Return of the Native, 175, 178, 187, 191, 193, 229 n19
Tess of the D'Urbervilles, 175, 179, 183, 185, 187–8, 198
and guidebook language, 179–80
and tourist desire to lie in coffin, 180–1, 199
'Tess's country', 182, 199
The Trumpet-Major, 178, 182, 184, 189, 229 n19
Under the Greenwood Tree, 91, 182
The Well-Beloved, 187
Wessex Tales, 179, 182, 183
The Woodlanders, 193
'Wessex Novels' edition (1895), 184–6
Collected edition (1912), 192–5

- Hardyment, Christina, 214 n14
- Harland, Marion, *Charlotte Brontë at Home*, 223 n66
Where Ghosts Walk, 9, 54, 123–4
- Harper, Charles, *The Hardy Country*, 188, 190–1, 229 n23
- Hart, Mrs, 62
- Hathaway, Anne, and cottage, see Shakespeare
- Haworth, see Brontë sisters
- Hawthorne, Nathaniel, 88
Our Old Home, 9, 88–9
English Notebooks, 17, 26, 71, 82, 100
- Heath, F.R. and Sidney, *Dorchester*, 176, 195–6
- Heath, Sidney, *The Heart of Wessex*, 192
- Heger, Monsieur, 123–4
- Henry, David, *A Historical Description of Westminster Abbey*, 25
- Herdman, Robert, *Six Engravings in Illustration of the Lady of the Lake*, 158
- Herrick, Thomas, 25
- Highland Mary, 76, 82
- Hill, David Oliver, see *The Land of Burns*
- History of the Scott Monument, Edinburgh*, 228 n3
- Hobhouse, John Cam, 141
- Hodgdon, Barbara, 217 n5
- Holland, Clive, 181–2, 188, 196–7
Wessex, 196
- Holloway, James, 227 n66
- Hopkins, Gerard Manley, 28
- Hornby, Mary, 60
- houses, see writers' houses
- Housman, A.E., 25
- Howitt, William, *Visits to Remarkable Places*, 9, 87
Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets, 9, 43, 45, 50–1, 52, 53–4, fig 1.2, 70, 81, 82, 83, 99, 100, 103–5, fig 3.1
- Hubbard, Elbert, *Little Journeys to the Homes of Good Men and Great*, 9, 173–4
Little Journeys to the Homes of Famous Women, 126–7
- Huckell, John, 218 n12
- Hugo, Victor, 91
- Hunt, James Henry Leigh, 53
- Ireland, Samuel, *Picturesque Views on the Upper or Warwickshire Avon*, 59, 64–6, fig 2.1, 87
- Irregular Ode, An, Occasioned by the Death of Mr Gray*, 42–3
- Irving, Washington, *Abbotsford*, 93, 94–9
The Sketch Book, 9, 31, 36–7
- Jamaica Inn, Bodmin Moor, 177
- Jameson, Anna, *Diary of an Ennuyée*, 49–50, 146
- Jefferson, Thomas, 60
- Jesse, J. Heneage, *Literary and Historical Memorials of London*, 29
- John, Augustus, 175
- Johnson, Barbara, 6–7
- Johnson, Samuel, 33: birthplace (Lichfield), 58, 59
house (Gough Square, London), 3, 59; monument to cat, 11
- Jonson, Ben, 24, 25, 27, 28, 29
‘To the memory of my beloved, the Author Master William Shakespeare . . .’, 31, 33, 63
- Jordan, John, 66
- Juster, Norman, 1
- Kay-Robinson, Denys, 185, 198, 230 n34
- Keats, John
birthplace (Moorgate), 19, 55
house (Hampstead), 20
deathbed (Rome), 48, 54
grave (Rome), 30, 38, 47–52
Westminster Abbey
memorial, 24
relics, 54
as Burns tourist, 56, 69, 70, 71, 73
as Shakespeare tourist, 71
and Milton’s hair, 34
‘On First Looking Into Chapman’s Homer’, 4
- Keith, W.J., 185, 225 n28, 225 n31, 225 n32, 230 n34

- Kemble, Charles, 66, 218 n13
 Kemp, George Meikle, 170
 Kingsley, Charles, *The Water Babies*, 20
 Kipling, Rudyard, 179: house (Bateman's), 12, 201–2
 relics, 11, 12
 works: *Puck of Pook's Hill*, 2, 201
 Rewards and Fairies, 201
 Kirschenblatt-Gimblett, Barbara, 213 n9
- Lac Lemane, see Lake Geneva
 Lake Geneva, see Rousseau, Jean-Jacques; Byron, George Gordon, Lord
Land of Burns, The, (Hill, Wilson and Chambers), 9, fig 2.2, 81, 82, 84–6, fig 2.3
 Landseer, Edwin, 60
 Lanier, Douglas, 213 n9
 Lawrence, D.H., 25
 Lea, Hermann, 194; *Handbook to the Wessex Country*, 195
Thomas Hardy's Wessex, 197–9
 Lemon, Charles, 224 n74
 Lewis, C.S., 1
 literary countries, 10–11, 169–75:
 fashion for, 169–70
 national valence of, 14, 88, 170
 see especially Burns, Robert;
 Dickens, Charles; Hardy, Thomas;
 Scott, Sir Walter; Shakespeare, William
 literary landmarks: see literary landscapes
 literary landscapes: settings for fictions, see Rousseau, Jean-Jacques; Scott, Sir Walter; Blackmore, R.D.; Hardy, Thomas;
 see also literary countries
 literary tourism, *passim*
 academic attitudes to, 5–6, 8, 17
 as index to experience of reading, 1–2, 8, 12, 211–12
 origins, historical development of, 1, 5, 8–12, 15
 as secular pilgrimage, 27–8, 31, 33, 57
 and print culture, 13, 37–8, 54–5, 81, 88–9
 and cultural nationalism, 14, 15, 32, 67
 and transatlantic relations, 9–10, 14, 46–7, 88
 modelled and solicited by particular textual strategies, 4, 12–13, 41–2, 47, 137–9, 156–7
 relation to genre; biography, 13, 33
 realist fiction, 7, 13, 15, 169, 198–9
 romantic poetry, 13, 47–8, 77–81
 gothic, 7, 107
 centrality of author to, 11, 13, 15, 29, 34–8, 93; chapter 3 *passim*
 redundancy of author to, 15, 131–2, 169, 172–5
 putatively independent of texts, 37–8, 47, 59, 67–8, 78, 80–1, 84, 88–9
 solicited by particular publishing strategies: topographically informed illustration, 81, 125, 158, 194–7
 photographic illustration, 4, 11, 125, 158–9, 194–5
 maps, 4, 36, 158, 181–2, 185, 193–4, 200
 literary tourist sites constructed as multi-media experiences, 2, 3, 74, 76, 210
 literary tourist: as belated, 13, 137
 as disappointed, 13, 95–6, 132, 139, 146, 167–8
 as haunted, 7, 123–4
 as ghost, 123
 Loch Katrine, see Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*
 Loch Lomond, see Scott, *Rob Roy*
 Lockhart, J.G., 3, 94, 101, 118
 Longfellow, Henry, 23
 Lucy, Sir Thomas, 66, 67
Lumsden's Guide, 131, 161
 M., D., *Ancient Rome and Modern Britain Compared*, 29
 MacCulloch, John, 160–1

- MacDonnell, Annie, *Thomas Hardy*, 182–4, 188
- Mackenzie, Charles, *Interesting and Remarkable Places*, 9, fig 1.1, 40
- Macpherson, James, 27
- Macreedy, William Charles, 102, 161, 221 n3
- Malone, Edmond, 34
- Marie Louise, Empress, 141
- Marlborough, Duchess of, 26
- Marlowe, Christopher, 25
- Marsh, Kate, 214 n14
- Martineau, Harriet, 111
- Martineau, Jane, et al, 218 n13
- Masefield, John, 2
- Mason, William, 23, 27
- Mathias, Thomas, *Observations on the Writing and Character of Mr Gray*, 43
- Matthews, Samantha, 30, 49, 52, 215 n32, 216 n61, 217 n66
- Maurice, Thomas, *Westminster Abbey*, 28
- M'Bain, James, 218 n17
- Meillierie, see Rousseau, *Julie, ou, La Nouvelle Héloïse*
- memorials, see monuments
- Memorials of Old Dorset*, 192
- Menzies Guide*, 160
- Meredith, George, 169
- Miller, J. Hillis, 230 n35
- Miller, Lucasta, 222 n50
- Miller, William, 216 n64
- Millgate, Michael, 178, 185, 229 n 15, n33
- Milne, A.A.: House (Cotchford Farm), 208–9
works: *Pooh* books, 208, and tourism, 208–9
- Milne, Christopher Robin, 209
- Milnes, Monkton, 216 n64
- Milton, John, 46
birthplace (Bread Street), 11, 58
house (Chalfont St Giles), 3, 19
grave (St Giles, Cripplegate), 32, 36, 38
Westminster Abbey memorial, 24, 25
monument at Stowe, 28
- relics (hair, bones), 11–12, 34
works: *Paradise Lost*, 25, 38
Paradise Regained, 3
- Montgomery, Robert, *At the Tomb of Gray*, 44
- Monuments and memorials: see entries under individual authors; see also Poets' Corner
- Morton, H.V., *In Search of Scotland*, 98, 101
- Moule, Henry, 196
- Muirhead, James, 166
- Mundy, Rev. Matthew, 163
- Murdoch, John, 72
- Murray, John, 143
- Murray, John III, *A Handbook for Travellers in Switzerland*, 147–8
- Murray, Sarah (Aust), *A Companion, and Useful Guide to the Beauties of Scotland*, 151–2
- New Picture of Edinburgh for 1816, The*, 151–2, 155
- Nicholls, Rev. Arthur Bell, 109, 113
- Nicolson, Adam, 230 n1
- Nunokawa, Jeff, 229 n17, n20, n21
- Orton, Joe, 3
- Oswald, Margaret, *A Sketch of the Most Remarkable Scenery . . .*, 155, 157
- Ousby, Ian, *The Englishman's England*, 213 n4, 215 n25
- Owen, Rebekah, 182, 195
- Oxford, see Carroll, Lewis; Dexter, Colin; Pullman, Philip
- Oxford Literary Festival, 210
- Oxford Literary Guide to the British Isles, The*, 11, 36
- Parker, W.M., *On the Track of the Wessex Novels*, 199
- Paul, St., as literary tourist, 32
- Pemberton, T. Edgar, *Dickens' London*, 173
- Penn, John, 40, 43
- Pennell, Joseph, 196
- Petrarch, Francesco, and cat, 221 n3
- Philips, John, 27

- pilgrimage, see literary tourism
 Pite, Ralph, 185, 230 n47
 plaques, see monuments and memorials
 Plath, Sylvia, 38–9
 Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, 15, 23–32
 and national canon-formation, 26–9
 eighteenth-century views of, 26–9
 nineteenth-century views of, 29–32
 Pope, Alexander, 27
 birthplace, 19, 58
 Westminster Abbey memorial, 25
 monument at Stowe, 28
 Potter, Beatrix; house (Hill Top Farm), 201–4
 works: 'Peter Rabbit' books, 202–4
 Preston, Harriet, 182
 Prior, Matthew, 23, 27
 'Propertius', *Notes of a Trip to the Haunts of Tannahill* . . .
 Pullman, Philip, 210
 works: *His Dark Materials*, 16, 17, 209–12, tourist sites associated with ('Lyra's Bench'), 17, 211–12
 Lyra's Oxford, 209–10

 Radcliffe, Ann, 106, 132
 Raffles, Thomas, *Letters, during a Tour*, 145
 Ransome, Arthur, 2; writing desk, displayed in museum (Kendal, Lake District), 3
 works: *Secret Water*, 4; *Swallowdale*, 4; *Swallows and Amazons*, 3, 4, Wild Cat Island, 2, 3
 relics, 34, 84: parts of writer's body, 11, 34, 35, 54, 105
 as metonymic tools for remembering writer's body, 11, 16, 54, 102, 103, 105, 107
 dismembered furniture, 34, 62–3, 80
 fetishized furniture, 16, 17, 62–3, 82, 86, 103, 105, 113, 126, 221 n3
 see especially Brontë sisters; Burns, Robert; Scott, Sir Walter; Shakespeare, William; Shelley, Percy Bysshe; Hardy, Thomas; see also souvenirs

 Rennock, Francis, 112
 Reynolds, Christine, 214 n7
 Rideing, W.H., 182
 Roberts, John, 26
 Robertson, Dr James, 226 n52
 Roscoe, Thomas, *The Continental Tourist*, 147
 Rogers, Samuel, 141; *Italy*, 133, 148
 Roubiliac, Francois, 64
 Rousseau, Jean-Jacques, 131: birth-place (Geneva), 137
 houses (Môtiers, Ile St Pierre), 221 n3
 monuments to (Geneva), 137
 works: *Confessions*, 6–7, 58, 135–7, 145, 147
 Julie, ou, La Nouvelle Héloïse, 7, 132–50, 169
 preface, 134
 produces first tourism to sites associated with a novel, 15, 132–50, 176
 models tourism as analogous to thwarted desire for heroine, 13, 132, 137–9, 167, 168, 211
 Rowe, Nicholas, 27, 33, 64
 Rowling, J.K., 3
 Ruskin, John, *Praeterita*, 148
 Rysbrack, Michael, 27

 Sale, Roger, 218 n13
 Saxelby, F.O., *A Hardy Dictionary*, 194
 Schama, Simon, 136
 Scheemakers, Peter, see Shakespeare, William, Westminster Abbey monument
 Schetky, John C., *Illustrations of Walter Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel*, 94
 Schiller, Freidrich, *wöhhnhaus* (Weimar), 20, 49
 Scott, Sir Walter:
 house (Castle Street, Edinburgh), 3, 105
 house (Abbotsford), 14, 18, 91–107, 118
 displayed as national writer's workshop, 15, 91–4, 100, 106–7
 as supplement to Waverley novels, 94, 98–9, 100–01

- as melancholy, 103–6
grave (Dryburgh Abbey), 30, 39,
99–100, 102
monument (Edinburgh), 11, 170–2
Westminster Abbey monument, 24,
29, 64
‘Scott country’, 5, 14, 95–8, 106–7,
169–70, 172, 176, and Scott’s
disappearance from, 106, 172, 175
relics, 11, 12, 86, 102, 103, 105
as Shakespeare tourist, cover
illustration, 34, 60
works: *The Antiquary*, 98, 171
The Heart of Midlothian, 3, 98–9
Kenilworth, 220 n70
The Lady of the Lake, 14, 99, 150–63,
169, 171
and development of Loch Katrine
tourism, 15, 131, 150–63, 172
used as guidebook, 155–6
models tourism, 156–7
illustrations to, 150, 158,
photographic, 159, map of, 158
and souvenirs, 162
and subsequent disappearance from
Loch Katrine tourism, 151, 154–5,
164
The Lay of the Last Minstrel, 94, 100,
188, and tourism to Melrose
Abbey, 96–7, 102, 154
The Lord of the Isles, 150
Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border, 94
The Monastery, 171
Marmion, 94
Rob Roy, 14, 94, 98, 171, and
tourism to Loch Lomond, 131,
170
Rokeby, 150
Waverley, 171
Scottish Keepsake, *The*, 84
Severn, Emma, *Anne Hathaway*, 87
Severn, Joseph, 48, 51, 216 n64
Shadwell, Thomas, 27
Shakespeare, William:
birthplace, 16, 56–68
Anne Hathaway’s Cottage, 66, 86–8
house (New Place), 61, 66
grave, cover illustration, 30, 31–4,
56, 62
monument at Stowe, 28
Westminster Abbey monument,
23–5, 27, 31
‘Shakespeare country’, 5, 60, 63–8,
77, 86–9
relics, 29, 62
souvenirs, 18, 67, 69
birthday celebrations, 56–7, 62,
217 n2
works: *As You Like It*, 87
A Midsummer Night’s Dream, 2, 67,
86, 87
Sonnets, 87
Shakespeare Birthplace Trust, 18, 69
Shakespeare Jubilee, 56–7, 61–2, 66
Shapiro, James, 215 n17
Sharp, William, *Literary Geography*,
149, 169
Shaw, George Bernard, relics, 16
Sheep Shop, see Carroll, Lewis
Shelley, Lady Frances, 171
visits Scott, 94, 96
visits Voltaire’s house, 221 n3
visits Rousseau’s houses, 221 n3
Shelley, Henry C., *Literary Bypaths
in Old England*, 9, 46–7
*The Ayrshire Homes and Haunts of
Burns*, 76–7, 84
Shelley, Mary, 53
with Percy Bysshe, *History of a Six
Weeks’ Tour*, 141–3, 145
Shelley, Percy Bysshe,
Birthplace (Warnham, Suffolk), 55
grave (Rome), 13, 15, 30, 48–51, 53,
fig 1.2
grave of heart (Bournemouth),
30, 53
Westminster Abbey memorial,
24, 28
monuments to: Christchurch
Priory, 53, 54
University College, Oxford, 53
relics (hair), 54
as Rousseau tourist, 141–3
works: *Adonais*, 51–3
with Mary, *History of a Six Weeks’
Tour*, 141–3, 145
Shelley, Percy Florence, 30
Shepard, E.H.

- Sherren, Wilkinson, *The Wessex of Romance*, 90, 188–90
 Shorter, Clement, 224 n106
Six Views of Loch Katrine, 158
 Smith, John Stores, 'A Day with Charlotte Brontë in 1850', 112, 127
 Smith, Karen, 213 n4
 Snell, F.J., *The Blackmore Country*
 Somerset, Charles, *Shakespeare's Early Days*, 66–7, 84, 86
 Southey, Robert, 29
Journal of a Tour in Scotland in 1819, 227 n63
 souvenirs, 33: natural objects
 gathered as, 13, 34, 43, 54, 67, 82, 83, 143, 162
 commercially manufactured, 5, 12, 13, 67, 69, 74, 76, 83, 103, 162, 164, 219 n39
 see especially Burns, Robert
 Shakespeare, William; see also relics
 Spenser, Edmund, 24, 25, 27, 29, 31, 32
 Spofford, Harriet, 123
 Springall, Stephen, *Thomas Gray, Stoke Poges, and 'Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard'*, 45–6
 Stanley, Arthur Penrhyn, *Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey*, 29–30, 46
 Steel, John, 172
 Sterne, Laurence, house (Shandy Hall), 20
 exhumation, 35
 A Sentimental Journey, 132
 Stevenson, Robert Louis, 1, 169, *Kidnapped*, 17
 Treasure Island, 4
 Stoke Poges, see Gray, Thomas
 Stoneman, Patsy, 213 n9
 Stratford-upon-Avon, see Shakespeare, William
 Sutton, Max Keith, 225 n85
 Taylor, Judy, 230 n2
 Tearle, Christian, *Rambles with an American*, 9, 67–8, 88, 89, 174
 Temple of British Worthies, Stowe, 28
 Tennant, Charles, *A tour through parts of the Netherlands . . .*, 145–6
 Tenniel, Sir John, 207
 Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, Westminster Abbey grave, 24
 as Austen tourist, 8
 Thackeray, William Makepeace, 169, 175
 Thomas, Dylan, 25
 Thomson, James, 24, 27
 Tillotson, Kathleen, 223 n54, 224 n106
 Tomlinson, John, 223 n63, 224 n103
 Torr, John, 148
Traveller's Guide, The, 152
 Trelawney, Edward, 48, 51, 53
 Treves, Sir Frederick, *Highways and Byways in Dorset*, 192, 194, 196
 Trollope, Anthony, 25
 Trollope, Frances, 50
 Trossachs, see Scott, *The Lady of the Lake*
 Tyndale, Walter, 196
 Turner, J.M.W., 158
 Turner, Whiteley, *A Spring-time Saunter Round and about Brontë-Land*, 10–11, 223 n56
 'Upon the Poets' Corner in Westminster Abbey', 27
 Urry, John, 213 n9
 'Vale of the Doones, The', 168
 Vertue, George, 33
 Victoria, Queen, 161–2
 Virgil, 32
 Voltaire, 131, 147
 house (Ferne), 221 n3
 Wallis, Henry, 60
 Walton, Isaak, 25
 Ward, Rev, 113
 Ward, Henry Snowden and Katherine B., *The Real Dickens Land*
Ward and Lock's Guide to . . . the Land of Burns, 82

- Wardale, Roger, 3–4
 Warton, Thomas, 218 n12
 Warton, Thomas, the younger, *Sonnet to Mr Gray*, 42
 Watts-Dunton, Walter Theodore, *Aylwin*, 213 n8
 Weber, Carl J., 225 n25
 Wessex, see Hardy, Thomas
 Westminster Abbey, see Poets' Corner
 Westwood, Peter J., 220 n64
 Wheler, Robert Bell, *History and Antiquities of Stratford-upon-Avon*, 57
 White, Walter, 112
 Whitehead, Frederick, 182
 Widdowson, Peter, 185, 230 n34
 Wilde, Oscar, 25
 Williams, Helen Maria, *A Tour in Switzerland*, 140–1
 Wilson, John Marius, *The Land of Scott*, 100
 Windle, Bertram, *The Wessex of Thomas Hardy*, 188
 Winter, William, *Old Shrines and Ivy*, 9
Shakespeare's England, 87, 88
 Wolfe, Theodore F., *A Literary Pilgrimage Among the Haunts of Famous British Authors*, 45, 50, 70, 122–4, 223 n63
 Wolfson, Susan, 217 n66
 Woodcock, John, 208
 Woolf, Virginia, 'Haworth', 118–19
 Wordsworth, Dorothy, relics, 11
Recollections of a Tour Made in Scotland A.D. 1802, 9, 70, 154
 Wordsworth, William, 79, 154, 157
 birthplace (Cockermouth), 58, 59, 185, 193–4, 200
 houses: Dove Cottage, 59
 Rydal Mount, 91–2
 grave (Grasmere), 30, 39
 Westminster Abbey monument, 24, 29
 Wordsworth conference, Grasmere, 5–6
 visits Burns sites, 81–2, 220 n56
 works: 'At the Grave of Burns', 70
A Letter to a Friend of Robert Burns, 219 n49
 Worth, R.N., *Tourist's Guide to North Devon*, 163, 165
 Writer's death-sites: tourism to, see especially Keats, John
 Writers' graves, 23–55
 in Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey, 23–32
 more appropriate to provinces, 29–32, 41
 as embedding writer in national landscape, 39, 41
 more appropriate in exile, 38
 irrelevance to mythos, 38
 emblematic graves of women writers, 26, 38–9
 disputes over appropriate location, 30
 subsequent elaborations of, 39–40, 53, 69–70
 See especially Blake, William; Burns, Robert; Chaucer, Geoffrey; Gray, Thomas; Hardy, Thomas; Keats, John; Scott, Sir Walter; Shakespeare, William; Shelley, Percy Bysshe; Tennyson, Alfred Lord; Wordsworth, William
 Writers' houses, 11–12
 Birthplaces, 15, 55–89:
 as origins of native genius, 59–65, 68–77
 as identifying writer as genius loci, 67
 as irrelevant to writerly mythos, 58–9
 see especially: Burns, Robert; Hardy, Thomas; Keats, John; Milton, John; Pope, Alexander; Shakespeare, William; Shelley, Percy Bysshe
 Homes, 90–127
 displayed as 'workshops of genius', 91–106
 displayed as entry-points to fictional universes, 204–7
 displayed as parallel fictions, 203–4

- Writers' graves – *continued*
- displayed as metafiction,
122–3
 - displayed differently when writer is
female, 126, 202
 - see especially: Austen, Jane; Boston,
Lucy M.; Brontë sisters; Hardy,
Thomas; Kipling, Rudyard; Potter,
Beatrix; Ransome, Arthur; Scott,
Sir Walter
 - Writers' Museum, Edinburgh, 84,
218 n22, 228 n5
 - Wroot, Herbert, 125
 - Wyatt, James, 43
 - Young, Edward, 41