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ONOMASTIC DEVICES
IN THE POETRY OF RUPERT BROOKE

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My interest in the subject of Rupert Brooke's use of place names has arisen from the great diversity of opinion concerning his famous sonnet entitled, "The Soldier." When I was coming into young manhood, in the early 1920s, in the aftermath of World War I (or "The Great War," as its usual name then was), Rupert Brooke's reputation was extremely high. Most people thrilled to his lines:

If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England.

But in the next decade, the 1930s, when the pacifist outlook became ascendant, Brooke's reputation began to fade, and some of my friends poured scorn on his famous lines. It is a false sentimentality, they pointed out, to say that "some corner of a foreign field" should be called "England." They were not willing to accept what I am now calling an "onomastic device."

In the present paper, I wish to consider this and other onomastic devices in the whole context of Rupert Brooke's work, including his famous "Grantchester" poem, so filled with delectable English local names.

Though he is most famous for using English names, Rupert Brooke drew upon several other onomastic worlds. One of these worlds was the classical. It is sometimes forgotten, especially in America, how deeply steeped the English schoolboy was in the classics. At Rugby Brooke's principal reading for years was in Greek, and the fantasy life of his class and age was among the Greek gods. When Brooke used names from Greek myth, then, they were not decorative but represented an area where he was deeply at home.

Representative of this use of names are his sonnets on the Trojan war, entitled "Menelaus and Helen," which begin:

Hot through Troy's ruin Menelaus broke
 To Priam's palace, sword in hand. ... 1
 High sat white Helen, lonely and serene. 1

At the end of the poem, showing the contrast with their old age, back in Greece, Brooke writes:

Menelaus bold ...
 ... wonders why on earth he went
 Troyward, or why poor Paris ever came.
 Oft she weeps, gummy-eyed and impotent;

Her dry shanks twitch at Paris' mumbled name,
 So Menelaus nagged; and Helen cried;
 And Paris slept on by Scamander side.

Rupert Brooke had a strange uncertainty about his "Menelaus and Helen." He wrote to a close friend (another poet, Frances Cornford) in a letter of July 8, 1910: "I wish I knew what you thought in the middle of the night about Menelaus & Helen. It is probably very important, and would entirely alter the whole of the poems I am just about to write."² We do not have her reply, but Brooke's response to it was thoughtful. In a letter later in the same month, he said: "I'll ponder on Helen & Menelaus: pointing out (for what it's worth) ... that the last line of the first sonnet, has a touch of a giggle behind it, perhaps, in some lights -- though that probably makes the offence worse. Thanks for what you said about it."³

During the last few weeks of his life, on a ship in the Aegean, Brooke returned to this theme and wrote:

They say Achilles in the darkness stirred,
 And ... Hector, his old enemy,
 Moved the great shades that were his limbs.

Death and Sleep
 Bear many a young Sarpedon home.

And Priam and his fifty sons
 Wake all amazed, and hear the guns,
 And shake for Troy again.

From this ship, in a letter of March 12, 1915, he wrote presciently to the actress Cathleen Nesbitt: "And my eyes fell on the holy Land of Attica. So I can die."⁴

The ancient world provided other exotic names, as in his poem "On the Death of Smet-Smet, the Hippopotamus Goddess," described as "Song of a Tribe of the Ancient Egyptians." The name Babylon was relegated to a nursery rhyme that he sent to the "problem's page" of the Westminster Gazette:

A NURSERY RHYME

Up the road to Babylon.
Down the road to Rome,
The King has gone a-riding out
All the way from home.

I have discounted the names that appear in his early poems, "The Pyramids" and "The Bastille," because they were written on a set subject in order to win a prize as a schoolboy at Rugby. But his treatment of the Bastille did have a ringing climax, giving dramatic significance to the very name:

And all the resonant heavens clanged one name,
"To the Bastille!" and lo! -- ...
a great cry goes crashing heavenward,
And the Bastille is won!

He read this on Speech Day in 1905, when he was eighteen

years old, and reported in a letter shortly afterward that "half the audience were moved to laughter, the other half to tears."⁶

Another onomastic area for Brooke's use of names was that of continental Europe, because from childhood on he went there on vacations with his family. The first poem he wrote reflecting actual personal experience was in 1907 on a train in Italy between Bologna and Milan, second class. The name Milan appears:

There are ...
Two hours to dawn and Milan; two hours yet.
Opposite me two Germans sweat and snore.

And in another poem, Verona:

Helen's the hair shuts out from me
Verona's livid skies.

Brooke seems to have been much attracted by names in Germany, where he spent part of 1912 in learning German and escaping certain English emotional problems. His poem "In Freiburg Station" notes:

In Freiburg station, waiting for a train,
I saw a Bishop in puce gloves go by.

Really delightful is his poem "Travel," in which he refers to a set of German town names:

'Twas when I was in Neu Strelitz
I broke my heart in little bits.

So while I sat in the Müritz train
I glued the bits together again.

But when I got to Amerhold
I felt the glue would never hold.

And now that I'm home to Barton Hill,
I know once broken is broken still.

Even in his poem about a little dog, he called on Germanic names:

But this morning he swore, by Odin and Thor
And the Canine Valhalla -- he'd stand it no more!

He noted the interchangeability of names in a poem on Easter, sent in a letter to a friend on March 27, 1910, from Rugby:

Easter! the season when One had rebirth
Whom some call Ishtar, some call Mother Earth,
And others Jesus, or Osiris.

I do not know how to classify his use of a star name, as in the following passage:

Could we but ...
Love moon to moon unquestioning, and be
Like the star Lunisequa, steadfastly
Following the round clear orb of her delight.

When Brooke escaped to the South Seas for several months in 1913 and 1914, recovering from a near nervous breakdown, he met an entirely different onomastic world, and several of his best poems are studded with exotic

names from there, especially in personal names. His poem "Tiara Tahiti" begins:

Mamua, there awaits a land
 Hard for us to understand. ...
 You and Pupure are one,
 And Tafi, and the ungainly wise.

The name Pupure refers to himself, as he explained to his mother in a letter of February 4, 1914: "P. S. They call me Pupure here -- it means 'fair' in Tahitian -- because I have fair hair!"⁸

The young women of Tahiti are further memorialized:

And all lovely things, they say,
 Meet in Loveliness again;
 Miri's laugh, Teipo's feet
 And the hands of Matua, ...
 And Teura's braided hair.

In Fiji a few weeks later another young woman is referred to:

Heart from heart is all as far,
 Fafala, as star from star.

His poem "Waikiki" has the memorable line: "Over the murmurous soft Hawaiian sea."

Rupert Brooke crossed North America twice, but apparently he was not attracted by American names. In a bit of doggerel in a letter of June 21, 1913, from Boston, he wrote:

All the way, from Americay,
My heart goes out to G. and J. 9

And he mentioned California once in some further doggerel written on shipboard as he was returning to England:

The world's great painter soul, whom we deplore,
Loved California much, but music more. 10

In mentioning the Pacific Ocean in a letter of October 12, 1913, to the actress Cathleen Nesbitt, on the ship taking him west from San Francisco, he made an onomastic pun. He wrote: "The Pacific has been very pacific. God be thanked!" 11 The place name Pacific Ocean has been regarded as the very model of the "misnomer."

But we come now to the onomastic world of England, in which Rupert Brooke was truly at home, by birth, by nurture, and by emotional attachment.

One of his loveliest poems was entitled "The Chilterns," concerning the aftermath of a failed love affair. Though his mood was bitter, he made good use of a number of Midland place names:

Thank God, that's done! and I'll take the road
Quit of my youth and you,
The Roman road to Wendover
By Tring and Lilley Hoo,
As a free man may do.

His use of place names could be satirical, too. His

reference to Balham, a suburb of London, calls attention to dull, middle class life. These are the lines:

Ah, the delirious weeks of honeymoon!
 Soon they returned, and, after strange adventures,
 Settled at Balham by the end of June. ...
 Still he went
 Cityward daily.

A contest was held in the Westminster Gazette for parodies of A. E. Housman's "Shropshire Lad," on the occasion of that poet's appointment as Professor of Latin at Cambridge University. Brooke's entry made use of the names of Cambridge colleges, as follows:

Emmanuel, and Magdalene,
 And St. Catherine's, and St. John's,
 Are the dreariest places,
 And full of dons. ¹²

It will be noted that he left out his own college, King's College, but that omission was remedied in a bit of doggerel that he sent back to a friend, written early in his visit to Canada:

My heart is sick for several things
 Only to be found in King's --
 I do recall those haunts with tears,
 The Backs, the Chapel, and the Rears.¹³

The letters of Rupert Brooke are replete with statements about his love for English place names. To

Cathleen Nesbitt in October, 1913, he wrote: "I would like to make a litany of all the things that bind me to the memory of holiness -- of peaks. It would run -- 'The Chilterns -- Hampton Court ...' and a few more names." ¹⁴ Then, in the next year, he wrote again to her from Washington, D. C.: "I sail from New York on May 29: and reach Plymouth (o blessed name o loveliness! Plymouth -- was there ever so sweet and droll a sound? Drake's Plymouth! English, western Plymouth! ... I will make a Litany -- by Torquay ... and by Paignton ... past Ilsham ... and Apledore ... by Dawlish ... within sight of Widdecombe ... by Drewsteignton. ... And to Exeter. And to Ottery St. Mary ...) on Friday June 5." ¹⁵ As he came closer to his return to England, he burst forth to Edward Marsh, from New York City, concerning --- "a day or two before we sight Scilly. Oh! these names!" ¹⁶

In telling about a motor trip from Rugby, in a letter of July, 1914, he dallied with various names: "Finally I chose Hampden-in-Arden. I remembered once passing through a station of that name. And I've always wanted to see the forest of Arden. Hampden-in-Arden. What a name to dream about!" ¹⁷ At nearly the same time he wrote on a post card to a poet friend as follows: "It's made me start a poem for you --

The world may go from worse to worst
 I shall recline at Chislehurst
 And in a neuropathic attitude
 Feed my subconsciousness with platitude." 18

The famous poem on Grantchester, with its rollicking lilt, did not spring forth without forerunners. In a letter of March 27, 1910, to a close friend, Brooke enclosed the following doggerel poem:

This year the ways of Fordingbridge won't see
 So meaty and so swift a poet as me
 Mouthing undying lines. Down Lyndhurst way
 The woods will rub along without us.

Do you remember ... Say,
 By night? and the two inns? Cranborne Town the men we met? 19

His biographer, Christopher Hassall, says of this poem: "It was a crude exercise in a style he was to try once again, in very different circumstances, and with more success." 20

Earlier still, when Brooke was twenty years old, was a doggerel poem to Lulworth, a vacation spot on the south coast in Dorset. In a letter of July, 1907, to a schoolboy friend, he wrote: "Tomorrow I'm going to the most beautiful place in England to work. It is called West Lulworth. I have made seven poems on it, some very fine, and all resting on the fact that Lulworth Cove rhymes with love: a very notable discovery." 21

In a later letter to Geoffrey Keynes, he gave some samples, such as the following:

Oh give our love to Lulworth Cove,
 And Lulworth Cliffs and Sea!
 Oh Lulworth Down! Oh Lulworth Town!
 (The name appeals to me.)
 If we were with you today in Lulworth,
 How happy we should be! ²²

Rupert Brooke's association with Grantchester began in 1909, when he wanted more solitude than King's College afforded. In a letter of June, 1909, he wrote: "I am still uncertain, a little, whether I may not continue in King's and achieve complete solitude here. If not, I am going to try to get rooms in Grantchester, or further, even. I passionately long to shut myself wholly up, and read only and always." ²³ He moved to The Orchard that same month.

His letters thereafter show an increasing love for the place. He wrote in a letter of September 26, 1909, from The Orchard: "The orchard is golden & melancholy and sleepy & enchanted. I sit neck-deep in dead red leaves." And in a letter of January 2, 1910: "... the place where I am happier than anywhere, (no, not Cambridge -- Grantchester!)" And in a letter of January 20, 1910: "If you know how ... solitarily happy I am in my hut at Grantchester -- and with Spring coming on!" ²⁴

I understand full well Rupert Brooke's feeling, because many of the happiest days in my own life have been spent in Grantchester. Back in the 1930s I frequently went to England to do research at the British Museum, but I took a day off now and then for an outing in Cambridge. I would punt on the river up to Grantchester, have tea at the Orchard, and then go on to Byron's Pool for a swim. In those old days the swimming was good below the wooden dam, before the recent cement dam was built. And I went again to Grantchester, this time sharing its loveliness with my wife, on the way back from the International Congress on Onomastics at Cracow, Poland.

When Brooke went to Germany in the spring of 1912, he was dogged by a certain homesickness. In a letter of April, 1912, he wrote on a train to the girl he was in love with: "I'm just passing through Potsdam. I've a fancy you may be just now, in Grantchester. I envy you, frightfully. That river and the chestnuts -- come back to me a lot. Tea on the lawn. Just wire to me, and we'll spend the summer there."

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In May, sitting in the Café des Westens of Berlin, behind its big window, he composed the first draft of the Grantchester poem in a pocket account book. He later told his girl friend that the germ of the poem was in the

lines:

Ah God! to see the branches stir
Across the moon at Grantchester! 26

They may have been the first composed.

The title was originally "Home," but when it was first printed in the King's College magazine, Basileon, in June, 1912, it was changed to "Fragments from a Poem to be entitled 'The Sentimental Exile'." Then the final title, "The Old Vicarage, Grantchester," was used when it was reprinted in book form for the first time in Georgian Poetry (London, 1912). The change of title was made at the suggestion of Edward Marsh. His biographer, Christopher Hassall, comments: "This was perhaps a pity, since the poem lost its clue to the key in which it was pitched." ²⁷ But was it, I would ask, really "sentimental"? I do not agree with Hassall, for the place names give it a "down to earth" quality that takes off the curse of being sentimental.

The first draft in the account book still survives, and when he copied it for publication he made very few changes. Written in the margin was a list of the villages in the vicinity of Cambridge that he intended to put in:

Royston
Over

Trumpington
Ditton

Harston
Shelford

Barton
Coton
Madingley

Cherry Hinton
St. Ives

Brabraham
Haslingfield

He originally wrote as a couplet:

At Over they fling oaths at one,
And worse than oaths at Comberton.

But he changed Comberton to Trumpington, and so Comberton
was left out altogether. ²⁸ It is a happy circumstance
that he used Trumpington, because of its echoes of
Chaucer.

Some of his other changes are amusing. He omitted
four lines that described the people of Grantchester:

And so at General Elections
They have the strength of their convictions.
The atheists vote Liberal
And many do not vote at all.

The famous concluding couplet:

... yet
Stands the Church clock at ten to three?
And is there honey still for tea?

originally had the clock standing at "half past three,"
as the clock during most of 1911 had actually been stuck
at that time. His biographer notes that "the poet took
only forty minutes' worth of license!" ²⁹ After his
death the suggestion was made that the church clock
should be set permanently at "ten to three" as a memorial

to him.

His own attitude toward the poem can be gathered from his letters to friends. Shortly after writing it, he reported to Frances Cornford, his fellow-poet: "I scrawled in a Café a very long poem about Grantchester, that seemed to me to have some pleasant silly passages. I sent it to the King's May week Magazine Basileon."³⁰ And then on August 21, 1912, to a woman friend: "... did you see -- a long lanky lax-limbed set of verses I wrote about Grantchester and published in a King's magazine?"³¹

His writing about Grantchester actually made a difference in his plans. While on a train en route to the Hague to see an art exhibit, he wrote in a letter of June 24, 1912: "I've determined to come to England again. There's not much point in being anywhere -- but writing about Grantchester gave me a bit of Heimweh; & your statement confirmed my dim remembrances that England held some nicish spots."³² The poem was appreciated in Grantchester itself. He noted in a letter of July 19, 1912, to Maynard Keynes: "... the youth of Grantchester quote my local patriotic poetry to me as I ride by on a bicycle."³³ It was immediately much praised. While it was still called "The Sentimental Exile," his friend St. John Lucas wrote to him as follows: "Well, it's a lovely

poem. I'm not sure the line I like best isn't 'From Haslingfield to Madingley.' You certainly have the art of using proper names." ³⁴

Brooke was not afraid to parody his own work. In a letter on January 9, 1913, from Cornwall, to Geoffrey Keynes, he wrote, still showing his love for English place names:

I have written nothing for months, till I came here, except a fragment which I composed soon after I left you in September (August?): it's called 'Motoring'.

The part of motoring I like
 Is luncheon near the Devil's Dyke.
 -- The country's really very fair,
 From beyond Ditchling Beacon there:
 The view is very sweet and very
Pretty, from there to Chanctonbury:
 But still, the part of it I like
 Is luncheon near the Devil's Dyke. ...

It went on a long time: but I omitted to write it down:
 & have now forgotten it. ³⁵

Even more of a parody was written on the ship taking him to America in May, 1913. Again writing to Keynes, he gave a sample: "I've already begun an interminable series of poems about England, entitled Nostalgia.

'In England on the cauliflowers
 They blow through all the English hours.
 And all New York's clam chowder is
 Less dear than Rugby strawberries.'

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I can keep it up for days."

It remains now to deal with Rupert Brooke's most famous poem beginning, "If I should die." When he says, "there's some corner of a foreign field / That is for ever England," I am at a loss to find a good name to describe this onomastic device. In a way, it is a form of personification, raising "England" into an anthropomorphized being. Brooke's principal biographer holds that for Brooke "England" became a Platonic entity.³⁷ Since I do not believe in the existence of Platonic entities, I attribute the effect of the word England to a linguistic abstraction that gained strong emotional associations by its usage in a habitual social setting. Brooke himself was wrestling with this problem when he wrote to the actress Cathleen Nesbitt, a few months before he composed the sonnet, speaking of "some idea called England." As he said in the letter: "All those people at the front who are fighting -- muddledly enough -- for some idea called England -- it's some faint shadowing of the things you can give that they have in their heart to die for."³⁸

The sonnet was begun on Wednesday, December 23, 1914, and finished early in January, while Brooke was on leave from the Hood Battalion. He had already experienced a disastrous expedition in Belgium and was looking forward to another foray in the eastern Mediterranean at Gallipoli.

In his only excursion into autobiography, he contributed a prose essay to the New Statesman of August 29, 1914, under the title, "An Unusual Young Man." He described a "friend" (who was clearly himself), giving his feelings at the outbreak of war. This passage is especially significant: "Something was growing in his heart, and he couldn't tell what. But as he thought 'England and Germany' the word 'England' seemed to flash like a line of foam. ... His astonishment grew as the full flood of 'England' swept over him on from thought to thought. He felt the triumphant helplessness of a lover." ³⁹ However cloudily, England is being treated as a linguistic abstraction.

Brooke's way of talking about "English thoughts" is also presaged in an earlier letter. I refer to his noble lines:

... this heart ...
 A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
 Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given.

While at sea between Samoa and San Francisco, in a letter of April 5, 1914, he wrote the following rather enigmatic, but revealing, passage: "Lately, I have been having English thoughts -- thoughts certainly of England -- and even, faintly, yes, English thoughts -- grey, quiet,

misty, rather mad, slightly moral, shy & lovely thoughts. But very faintly so. England is too vague & hidden & fragmentary & forgotten a thing." ⁴⁰

Out of the welter of English patriotic poetry, two sources have been noted that may have had an actual influence on Brooke. One of these is William E. Henley's poem "Pro Rege Nostro," written in January, 1892. It begins:

What have I done for you,
 England, my England?
 What is there I would not do,
 England, my own? ...

Ever the faith endures
 England, my England: --
 'Take us and break us; we are yours,'
 England, my own! ⁴¹

There is considerable bombast here, and it is very different in spirit from Brooke's poem, but it at least shows the tug of the name England.

It can be shown that the Henley poem played some part in Brooke's life. In his last term as a schoolboy at Rugby, in 1906, he gave a paper before a local society on modern poetry, in which he discussed Henley, who stood, he felt, for what was best in imperialism. As Brooke wrote: "One may hate, as I do, the way in which he loved England, but one cannot deny the sincerity of his love and the power of his expression of it." ⁴² Then he quoted

the whole of the "England, my England" poem. His biographer says of this theme -- "one of his own war sonnets would be a variation" of it.

Two years later, then an undergraduate at Cambridge, he wrote to a French friend, Jacques Raverat, in a letter of February, 1908: "And I am glad to hear, moreover, that you are coming (or have come?) to the only land in the world; as I increasingly affirm. 'England! my England!' in the superb words of the late W. E. Henley; the home of Freedom, of Blank Verse, of The Best People ..." ⁴³ These last phrases have a strong satirical element, to take the curse off such naive patriotism. A further reference to Henley was given in a letter of April 15-20, 1909, to Geoffrey Fry: "I envy you your Italy. ... Yet England ('my England' [Henley]), is to use an old-fashioned word, ⁴⁴ nice."

The second important forerunner of Brooke's poem was one by Hilaire Belloc, in his small volume of 1912, The Four Men. It concerned a character who was deeply rooted in his home piece of earth. Brooke revealed to a friend that he had committed it to memory. This stanza by Belloc is significant:

He does not die that can bequeath
Some influence to the land he knows,
Or dares, persistent, interwreath

Love permanent with the wild hedgerows;
 He does not die, but still remains 45
 Substantiate with his darling plains.

These lines, "He ... still remains / Substantiate with his darling plains," carry the same message as Brooke's "corner of a foreign field / That is for ever England."

Another forerunner might appear to be in certain poems of Rudyard Kipling. However, Kipling was held in considerable disfavor by the social class in which Brooke moved, and it is unlikely that Brooke was susceptible to his influence. 46

Even in the final weeks before his tragic death on a ship in the Aegean, on April 23, 1915, at the age of 27 years and nine months, Brooke was engaged on an extensive "Ode-Threnody on England." A few days before his death he wrote to his friend Edward Marsh in a letter of April, 1915: "My long poem is to be about the existence -- & non-locality -- of England. And it contains the line -- 'In Avons of the heart her rivers run.' Lovely, isn't it?" 47

After his death, a fellow-soldier, W. Denis Browne, wrote concerning the "ode he was working on," saying: "But it must have been mostly in his head, for he spoke of it as being a great new thing he was doing. He quoted once to me the line -- (In Avons of the heart

her rivers run) -- as being one he was delighted with:
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 'supreme' he said."

This line that pleased Brooke so much, "In Avons of the heart her rivers run," exemplifies some very complicated onomastic devices that are hard to analyze. A river name (in itself meaning "river" in Celtic) is generalized into a plural and then attributed to the human heart.

Only a few other fragments were returned, along with some personal effects, from the Aegean. The lines that survive have great nobility:

And she for whom we die, she the undying
 Mother of men
 England! ...

She was in his eyes, but he could not see her,
 And he was England, but he knew her not.

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NOTES

- 1 Citations to Brooke's verse, unless otherwise noted, are taken from The Poetical Works of Rupert Brooke, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (London: Faber & Faber, 1946, in the 2nd ed. of 1970), under the titles given.
- 2 The Letters of Rupert Brooke, ed. Geoffrey Keynes (N. Y.: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1968), p. 251. Hereafter cited as Letters.
- 3 Letters, p. 252.
- 4 Letters, p. 670.
- 5 Rupert Brooke, Fragments now First Collected Some Being Hitherto Unpublished (Hartford, 1925), p. 13.
- 6 Letters, p. 26.
- 7 Letters, p. 230.
- 8 Letters, p. 562.
- 9 Letters, p. 473.
- 10 Christopher Hassall, Rupert Brooke (N. Y.: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1964), p. 447. Hereafter cited as Hassall.

- 11 Letters, p. 515.
- 12 Hassall, p. 250.
- 13 Hassall, p. 407.
- 14 Letters, p. 518.
- 15 Letters, p. 587.
- 16 Letters, p. 589.
- 17 Letters, p. 599.
- 18 Letters, p. 593.
- 19 Letters, p. 230.
- 20 Hassall, p. 220.
- 21 Letters, p. 89.
- 22 Letters, p. 96. As to Lulworth itself, he called it in the accompanying letter, p. 93, "a tiresomely backward & old-fashioned place. ... Very Dull."
- 23 Letters, p. 171.
- 24 Letters, pp. 190, 205, 214.
- 25 Letters, p. 375.
- 26 Hassall, p. 341.
- 27 Hassall, p. 350. For the bibliographical details, see Geoffrey Keynes, A Bibliography of Rupert Brooke (London, 1954), pp. 55-57, 99-100.
- 28 Hassall, pp. 341-42.
- 29 Hassall, p. 342.
- 30 Letters, p. 387.
- 31 Letters, p. 394.
- 32 Letters, p. 389.
- 33 Letters, p. 390.
- 34 Hassall, p. 350.
- 35 Letters, p. 416.
- 36 Letters, p. 467.

37

Hassall, p. 484.

38

Hassall, p. 469.

39

"An Unusual Young Man," in The New Statesman, August 29, 1914, pp. 638-40, as reprinted in The Prose of Rupert Brooke, ed. Christopher Hassall (London, 1956), p. 199.

40

Letters, p. 573.

41

William Ernest Henley, For England's Sake; Verses and Songs in Time of War (London: David Nutt, 1900), pp. 6-8.

The poem appears also in The Works of W. E. Henley, Poems, II (London, 1908), pp. 140-42.

42

Hassall, p. 92.

43

Letters, p. 122.

44

Letters, p. 165.

45

Hassall, p. 483.

46

In his final year at Rugby, at the age of 19, in his essay on modern poetry, he said that reading Kipling was like "reading life by flashes of superb vulgarity."

(Hassall, p. 92.)

47

Letters, p. 681.

48

Letters, p. 687.