Mary Murray.
from her loving
Mother
Jan. 23. 98

Henry Whitehead

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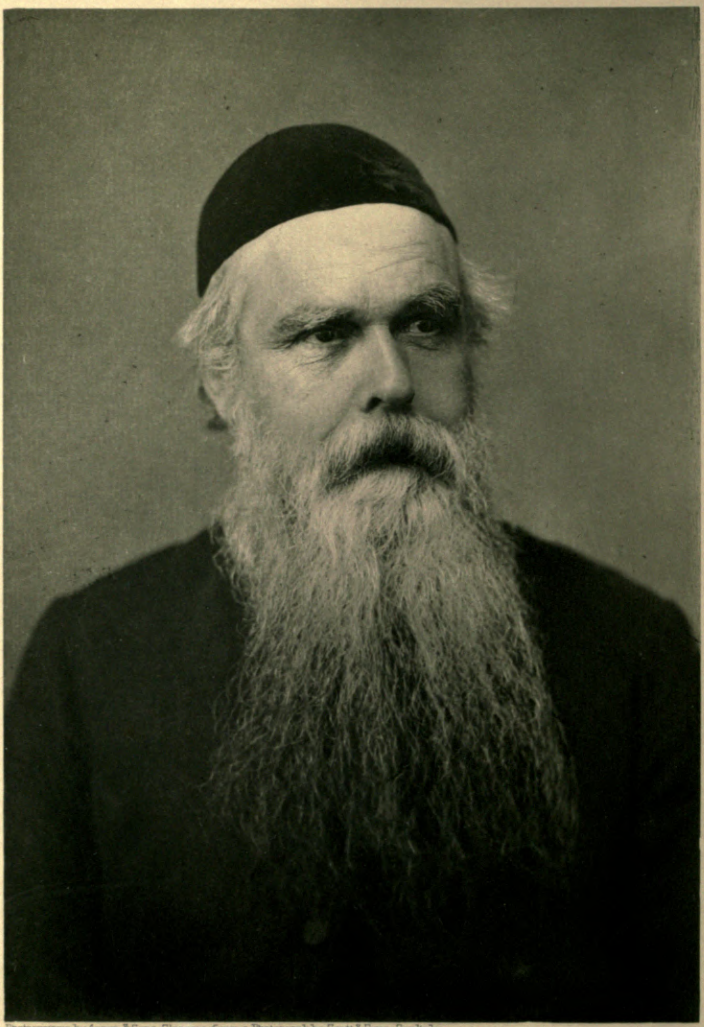

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Yours truly
H Whitehead

Henry Whitehead

1825–1896

A Memorial Sketch

By the

Rev. H. D. Rawnsley

Hon. Canon of Carlisle

Author of "Life of Bishop Goodwin,"
"Literary Associations of the English Lakes," etc.

Glasgow

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PREFATORY NOTE

THIS memorial sketch, the preparation of which has been entrusted to me by Mrs. Whitehead, is an attempt to give some idea of the character and work of a man of rare qualities of mind and heart, who impressed all who knew him as a unique personality from whom they were ever learning new lessons of wisdom and charity. I have endeavoured, by aid of the particulars placed at my disposal, to exhibit the outward influences that moulded his early years, and to give some picture of his life's work in the different spheres of labour wherein his lot was cast. I have felt, however, that my task might be best fulfilled by letting him, as far as possible, speak for himself, and reveal his own character in written and reported words. My thanks are due to the many friends who have supplemented my own account by reminiscences, and specially to Mrs. Whitehead, who has furnished me with

much material and with suggestions and notes while these pages were passing through the press.

The portrait reproduced on the frontispiece represents Henry Whitehead at the age of fifty-nine, and was taken on the occasion of the Church Congress held in Carlisle in 1884.

H. D. RAWNSLEY.

CROSTHWAITE VICARAGE,
KESWICK, 1897.

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CHAPTER I

EARLY DAYS

HENRY WHITEHEAD, the eighth child of a family of ten, was born September 22, 1825, at Ramsgate. His father, Thomas Whitehead, was the master of Chatham House, a celebrated school in its day, which sent forth several pupils who distinguished themselves in after life in various professions and scientific pursuits.

The school still exists, but it would be hard to recognize in the palatial edifice of to-day, with its university-college appearance, the older academy in which Henry Whitehead was brought up.

His father, a remarkable man in many ways, was, from the accounts of those who came under him in the thirties, and were fellow-scholars with Henry, a disciplinarian of the old type, but one who was just and righteous in all his ways. Out of school tender and kind, he was in class hours a dominie stern and uncompromising; withal an enthusiast for education, an untiring worker, and one who expected master and pupil alike to be as

exact and strict, and as wholly devoted to duty, as he was himself.

"It was with us," writes an old pupil, "a case of early to bed and early to rise—ten minutes past five A.M. during the bathing season, so that the visit to the sands should not diminish aught from the tale of bricks to be delivered before breakfast."

"The curriculum," writes another old pupil, "was much varied, and thorough, and liberal, and all the teaching was excellent. The master tolerated no second-rates. He used to give admirable lectures on history, ancient and modern, and a weekly talk on a scientific subject illustrated with experiments. Even on Sundays there was little escape from the round of toil. We were required to take sermon-notes in church, and were examined on the subject discoursed upon, later in the day. We were expected to take notes of all lectures, and had to show them up afterwards, and undergo regular examinations in all subjects, and woe to the boy whose note-book was scantily filled or untidily kept.

"A weekly essay was set and carefully looked over. All work was appraised upon a system of tickets, for which there was an exchange of prizes at the end of the half-year."

"I feel persuaded," adds the writer, "that the father's vigorous rule and thorough system must have contributed in an unusual degree to the

formation of the striking qualities which characterized his son."

It is clear from an old school list or weekly report, dated 1838, that as early as the age of twelve Henry Whitehead showed a capacity for English composition, in which he stood top of the school; and from his place at the head of his class in Latin, French, and Mathematics he had evidently more than an average share of brains. It is impossible not to connect the love of careful writing, the indefatigable wish for exactness and untiring energy in pursuit of detail which characterized him all through life, with that early home training at the Chatham House School.

Whitehead's father was indeed a memorable man. Coleridge once described him as a "heaven-born schoolmaster"; and when, after nearly forty-five years' hard work, he retired from his profession and took up public work as a magistrate and as "Deputy,"[1] the people at Ramsgate found that he was a "heaven-born" Chairman also.

In politics a staunch Liberal, he was a patriot to the backbone. "I can forgive a man anything," he would say, "if he loves England, and rejoices in its success." Of blameless private life, temperately abstemious, and of a nature guileless and unconscious even to the end of

[1] As the Chief Magistrate of Ramsgate was then called, before it was incorporated.

much of the depravity of the world around him, he was in public life of unflinching moral rectitude, and at times seemed almost proud of standing alone in what he conceived to be the cause of right. In this respect he was the true father of a true son, for it was one of Henry Whitehead's pithy sayings, "Mind you, the man who is in the minority of one, is almost sure to be in the right."

We get a glimpse of this simple-hearted Puritan from a letter written at the time of his death, in 1877, by his son,[1] then Vicar of Brampton. It is worth quoting, as showing how much of the father the writer had inherited, and how closely, as life went on, perhaps how unconsciously, he followed in his father's footsteps.

My father was, beyond doubt, a remarkable man—a strange mixture to superficial observation, yet with a consistent law underlying all he said and did; and this came to be known and recognized. Thus he was *by nature* an intensely religious man. You will know what I mean by that. He did not *take to* religion. He could not help being religious. In his speech, his creed, and his personal habits there was a strong element of Puritanism; yet put him in the chair at a public dinner, and he was the life and soul of the party. But whatever the meeting, he was always at home in the chair; and during the years in which he took part in the public life of the town, he was the indispensable chairman, whether of public dinner, Local Board, noisy gatherings of ratepayers, or Bible Society meetings. It would be difficult to say which kind of meeting he handled best. But, for my own part, I do not think that he was ever seen to better

[1] The subject of this Memoir.

advantage than when presiding over a ratepayers' meeting.[1] The way in which he would single out prominent individuals in the crowd, to chaff them, was admirable; for his humour, though very keen, was utterly devoid of unkindness, and the victim would laugh as heartily as the rest.

He had considerable political insight. I dare say you have heard me repeat his dictum on the Reform Bill of 1832—it is amongst my earliest recollections,[2] certainly the earliest recollection of political matters I have : "Henceforth it matters not *who* are in power in this country. They *must* now always govern on liberal principles." I can remember his saying this as far back as I can remember his often saying, with unerring prophetic inspiration, "*I* shall probably not live to see the day, but the Irish Established Church must go." Yet he had an intense dislike of Popery.

He had an almost passionate fondness for municipal institutions, and would frequently say that the greatness of this country was based upon them.

In his lectures on English History to the boys, he used to wax very warm in praise of Stephen Langton, and all men who had stood up for liberty, and I have heard him say again and again of Edward I. and Elizabeth, "These two sovereigns had one sure instinct of the greatest rulers of men. They knew when and how to give way."

In religious views he was an old-fashioned evangelical Churchman. But, unlike evangelicals in general, he could put life into an Old Testament character; and that long before Maurice and others had shown the way to do so.

He had great facility of religious expression, but he would not stand the extempore prayers at religious meetings. He was chairman of a Ragged School Committee, and as such had to call upon this or that member to open the meeting with prayer. One day I found him with a sheet of notepaper in his hand, on which he had just finished writing, and he

[1] This was equally true of the writer himself, who had an inborn gift for the management of a meeting.

[2] *Ætat.* six years.

said, "Harry, I am going down to the Ragged School Committee, and I am tired of the manner in which they waste time in long prayers about everything else but the matter in hand. So I have written a short prayer asking for guidance in the business in which we are engaged, which I shall read myself, without calling on any one else for prayer, and I shall, for the future, always read this same prayer."

His guilelessness and innocency of life was a marked characteristic. He was in the world and not of it. Something my mother once said to me illustrates this, although I did not completely understand it at the time. It was this: "Harry, your father is going to be made a magistrate, and I am wondering what will be the effect upon him of much that he will see and hear, for he knows no more than a child about much of the wickedness that goes on in the world."

Of course when a man of this unique simplicity of mind does take part in public affairs, and has any sort of aptitude for them, he comes inevitably to exercise great influence, and the lesson to be learnt from his career is a very instructive one. What has been said of his moral courage is true to the letter. No fear of consequences ever deterred him from taking an unpopular line, yet no man in the town was more popular.

It was very gratifying to the family to see the universal respect paid to his memory. We dispensed with all the usual paraphernalia at the funeral—no hearse, coaches, hat-bands, scarves, etc.—but it seemed as if all the town followed him to the grave.

Now I did not intend, when I began this letter, to write all this. But I know that I have written it to one who will appreciate the sort of character here described."

Henry is described in his school-days as a "restless lad." Doubtless this was an inheritance from the keen, resolute, constantly energetic father, of whom it was said that "he was just

the man to lead a forlorn hope," and who, years after, when he had retired from the active schoolmaster's life at Chatham House, was chosen by his fellow-townsmen to steer their ship of civil state as "Deputy" of Ramsgate.

If however, from the father he inherited his mental energy, his zeal for inquiry, and the keen enthusiasm of the hunter in out-of-the-way fields of knowledge, he owed to his mother that marvellous quietude and power of silent sympathy, that contemplative and far-sighted patience, that capacity to bide his time, and to feel that his strength lay in "sitting still," which made him at an early age seem wise above his years, and won him in after life the trust of men who looked to him for counsel and for cheer.

Of Henry Whitehead's mother—Mary Williams was her maiden name—it may be said that she was the exact opposite or complement of her husband. Very calm, quiet, and reserved, she was a woman who counselled patience even in the most unbearable circumstances; one who, in cases where resistance would have been justifiable, would calmly say, "Tide on, child—tide on."

How many a time have men, plagued and vexed beyond endurance, heard in other words from her son the same sage counsel, "Let patience have its perfect work; tide on, tide on."

It is remembered of her that when the news

came of a favourite daughter's death, who died in childbirth in the first year of her married life, and it was felt the blow would kill her (for she was then well stricken in years and very fragile), she gave no sign of emotion, but just rocked herself quietly to and fro as she sat in her chair, though the news was really her death-blow.

This patient-hearted woman had a kind and tender soul, and much sympathy for her poorer neighbours, for whom she daily took thought; and whilst looking well to the ways of her own large household, never neglected to make arrangements for food to be dispensed to the poor who came to her doors for homely help and doctoring: and on most days a warm meal would go from her own table to some invalid in the neighbourhood, to whom she had constituted herself a personal friend.

Those who ever heard Henry Whitehead talk of his mother, must have been struck with the likeness to her in many points of his character that he unconsciously revealed. The gentleness, the kindly benevolence, the lovability, and the shrewd common-sense he spoke of as her characteristics, were part and parcel of the son who praised her. He would recall with pride how, when going back on a visit to the old house, she would take his arm for a walk down the Ramsgate High Street. "A walk," he would say, "which would be interrupted at every turn

with a stopping to give a kindly greeting to all she knew: none was too humble to be noticed by her—she had a special inquiry and friendly word for everyone."

Whatever else young Whitehead learned at home, he learned that "the poor we have always with us." The sympathy of his great-hearted love for the poor and needy, which was so strikingly manifested in after years, began in early days.

The religious atmosphere in which the young boy grew up was not perhaps calculated to affect him quite as favourably in all respects as were these practical lessons of mercy and loving-kindness. It is, indeed, when we hear of the family wont of Sunday observances, something of a wonder that the boy ever entered the ministry. On Sunday the routine was as follows:—

Breakfast at eight, followed by catechism, hymns, and collect till church time, then after church a brisk walk (no dawdling allowed) till dinner. After dinner, hymns and catechism again, till church, to be followed by another walk. Then tea, then reading of the Bible, verse by verse (a rite at which the servants of the household assisted), and then escape at last from the dreary monotony of such a day to their own bedrooms, or a garret they called Philippi, where the pent-up steam of the weary Sabbath was allowed to explode.

Away from home on a holiday things were not

much better. Henry Whitehead used to speak pathetically of a certain Sunday he spent with his father and a younger brother at Oxford. The father occasionally took his boys pilgrimages of instructive sight-seeing, a habit which gave Henry such a distaste for it in after life, that unless some archæological interest was promised he would not go on any sight-seeing expedition whatever.

They had reached Oxford, and it was the Sabbath. There were many pleasant gardens open to them, but paterfamilias was bent on going for a second time to church.

They sallied forth to find an afternoon service; untiringly they hunted from church to church. At last one was reached just in time for the discourse, and to the end of his life Henry remembered the way in which his own heart sank, and the disappointed look in the face of his brother, when, after a weary time, the preacher, drawing forth a great silver turnip watch, asked solemnly, "Have we time to take the fourth head?" and, after glancing at the watch, answering his own question with the solemn affirmative, "Yes, brethren, there is time," proceeded with his sermon.

It would not have been surprising if this rigid system of religious education, to which Henry Whitehead was subjected, had led to something like a revolt against devotional observances. Indeed, in after years he confessed that the remembrance of those Sundays in early days had

for long considerably marred his pleasure in the services of the church. But there was such an intense reality about his father's faith and religious observances, that while the boy rebelled against them, he secretly held them in reverence. The deep spirit of devotion in his father behind it all remained with him as a constant memory, even though he groaned under the yoke at the time. The real religion of the father became in the son as real and as abiding a possession; and the harshness of its exhibition in the older generation was a warning to the younger. If it had not been for the bitterness of that well-meant Puritan training in the early evangelical Sabbatarianism, we should probably not have had the tolerant, wise, broad-minded churchmanship which characterized Henry Whitehead in after days; we should certainly not have found in him the champion of the truth, "Many men many minds." In matters religious, "Don't drive men to church," he would say, "but lead them there. Don't think them bad because you do not find them in the pew."

We get few glimpses of his home childhood. A picture, however, remains to us of a little lad seated on a stool in the big drawing-room delighting to practise the catching up of the airs which his sisters—one of them an accomplished harpist—used to play to him. In this way he laid up a store of the quaint old ballad tunes of the time, which he never forgot; and in later

days he would often be heard to whistle the air, though he had well-nigh forgotten the words, of some old song he wanted his daughters to learn, the fragrance of which still lingered in his memory. He was in those days no mean player on the cornet, of which instrument he was very fond.

That love of music thus cultivated in early days stood him in good stead when in after years he turned his attention to bells and bell-ringing. His exact ear would pick out a false note or half tone in a bell in a moment.

We find him taking his cornet up to keep him company to his Oxford rooms in Lincoln College, and bringing it away with him to London when he enters upon his first curacy. But it was characteristic of the man that he should determine that a London lodging was not the place for a cornet player. He said, "Many poor neighbours might object and not like to tell me," and so the cornet was laid aside, and he never played more.

His tender consideration for others was part of his nature. When in East London, at St. John's, Limehouse, a man (not too shy) came to complain one day of "them doves, which," he said, "made such a noise of a morning, a fellow couldn't sleep." They were a pair of tame doves, pets of his little girl's (the only pets she had), but they had to go and coo their morning orisons elsewhere, since they disturbed the rest of a labouring man.

As Whitehead grew, other things beside his cornet had interest for him. The coachman's horn and all the melody of the old coach roads and coaching days, the spanking teams, the quaint inns, the skill of the coachmen, became for him a fascinating study.

Years after, he was moved to write of that time, by an article by Mr. W. O. Tristram on the "Brighton Road," which appeared in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, and he jots down his memories of the sight of the coachmen wheeling their coaches out of the 'Spread Eagle' Yard, Gracechurch Street—the 'Dart' at 2.45 P.M., with its incomparable driver, Bob Snow; the 'Sovereign,' at 6.45 A.M.; the 'Vivid,' with its post of honour, etc. We give these notes in full, they are so fragrant of an older time. They enable us to see how clearly the boy's mind began to take delight in accuracy of observation, and to learn that larger sympathy which comes of an intimate interest in the lives of his fellow creatures of "all sorts and conditions," which was so eminently his characteristic.

How well I remember that sight! My father, who regularly came to London twice a year on business, always stayed at the 'Spread Eagle'; and, as these visits occurred during our holidays, he often brought with him two or more of his sons, to whom the coachyard afforded a deal of amusement. What a number of coaches went in and out of that yard during the day! To us boys they became like familiar friends. We knew their respective reputations, and the names of several of the coachmen. The stables, which stood

all round the yard under the quaint old galleries, were a great attraction; we even ventured, though not without hesitation, into the subterranean stable, a place of much awe and mystery to us, in which the horses of the Bath Mail were kept when not out on duty. From the bridge which spanned the neck of the yard we used to watch the putting-to of the horses, the passengers taking their places, the guard spelling out the way-bill, the coachmen mounting the box. But the special object of interest, to witness which we had to run to the window of a front room, was the emerging of the coach from under the archway, at right angles, into the crowded street. We may not have had the critical judgment to understand the superior skill of the accomplished coachman of the 'Dart'; but, at least, we were not ignorant of his reputation. My eldest brother went to school at Brighton, and had much to tell about the coaches on the Brighton way; for which reason those of them which started from the 'Spread Eagle' particularly engaged our attention.

Besides the 'Vivid,' 'Dart,' and 'Sovereign,' mentioned by Mr. Tristram, there was the 'Comet,' which was comparatively slow; and great was our vexation on one occasion, when my father took all his family to Brighton, at finding that we were to go by the 'Comet' instead of the 'Dart' or 'Vivid.' It was a 'family' coach, the driver of which, *Mr.* Waterhouse, as we always heard him called, a most respectable-looking old gentleman, was just the man to inspire confidence in heads of families. The pace of the 'Comet' was not such as to elicit from the most timid the observation of an elderly and somewhat nervous friend of my family to a fellow-passenger on the 'Dart,' "What a reckless driver!" The man thus addressed sternly replied, "Do you know, sir, of whom you are speaking? Are you aware that our coachman is the celebrated Bob Snow?"

I do not think that my father had any distrust of the famous driver of the 'Dart.' But the 'Dart' was not a 'family' coach. As a boy I was not aware of the distinction between

'family' and other coaches. I only knew whether they were fast or slow. It was not until long afterwards that I became acquainted with the fact that some of the Brighton coaches seldom carried luggage or any other passengers than men. I learned this from Bill Crunden, the well-known driver of the 'Vivid,' whom I found, when the 'Vivid' had become a thing of the past, driving a Clapham omnibus. What a descent from the box of the 'Vivid' to that of a suburban 'bus![1]

I had often occasion to use this omnibus, from the box of which Crunden dearly loved to discourse with any one who took interest in the subject, on the glories of the Brighton Road. Whoever has heard him describe the breaking of the pole of the 'Vivid' once when going downhill, when he saved the coach by instantly sending on the horses at full speed, will not easily forget either the story or the man. "I can feel 'em under me now," said Bill, as he finished the exciting narrative. "But what am I talking of?" he presently added with a sigh; "I've now hardly the nerve to drive this pair."

Once having missed him some days from his box, I called at his house, and found him ill in bed. I sat talking with him the better part of an hour, and the whole of the conversation was about the 'Vivid.' His father had partly horsed the coach, and therefore he (Bill) knew everything connected with its affairs, of which he spoke with an enthusiasm no lapse of time could quench. He gave me an interesting description of the racing with opposition coaches, and especially of the rush to be first through a turnpike when two coaches were abreast. "Of course one of them must give way," I said. "Yes," said he, "but it was well known on the road that I was not going to be that one."

[1] There were at that time several other ex-stage-coachmen driving Clapham omnibuses; the most notable of whom was Cracknell, formerly of the Oxford 'Tantivy,' whose accidental discovery of the great benefit of dispensing with the bearing rein is related at page 232 of the Rev. J. G. Wood's book on *Horse and Man*.

It was during this conversation that he told me the 'Vivid' was "not a *family* coach," and explained what he meant by the term. He said there was such demand for places on his coach that they had to be booked a very long time in advance. His horses, he said, used seldom to be out of his thoughts, except when he was asleep, and not always then.

On my asking him what he made by fees, he told his daughter, who was in the room, to fetch an old account book, from which I found that they annually amounted to between three and four hundred pounds. I think that this conversation must have been like a tonic to him; for I met him next day out walking on Clapham Common. Some time afterwards he left London, and the last I heard of him was from the guard of the modern Brighton coach, 'The Light of other Days,' on which about twenty years ago I went one day to Horley, when, seeing "Crunden Cottages" painted on a row of buildings in front of a yard, by the road side, a little beyond Croydon, I said I remembered it as a place where the 'Spread Eagle' coaches used to change horses. "Yes," said the guard, "it was built for that purpose by Bill Crunden's father who horsed the 'Vivid.'"

"And where is Bill now?" I asked.

"I saw him," he said, "the other day at Brighton."

I dare say poor Bill was then near the end of his last stage.

The 'Spread Eagle,' in its latter days but a shadow of its former self, has long since gone the way of its once famous coaches. My acquaintance with it had ceased for some years before I settled in London. But one day, happening to be in Gracechurch Street at five P.M., and remembering it was the hour of the 'Ordinary' at the familar old inn, I went into the coffee-room, where I found no one but the waiter, who asked me if I was going to dine there. "Certainly, William," I said, "but where is the company?"

"Seldom any company dines here nowadays," said William.

All the same he instantly brought in a hot sirloin. "Why," I asked, "is the dinner got ready, if no one comes to eat it?"

He explained that it was wanted as cold meat for breakfast next morning.

I dined there alone that evening, and on other evenings occasionally as long as the house stood. William having known me from childhood, was always good company; we liked to talk of bygone days. When the rumour came that the house was to be pulled down, to provide a site for offices, William, who had been there forty years, became very disconsolate. I doubt whether he ever smiled again. One evening, not long before the final catastrophe, I found another waiter in his place. "But where is William?" I asked.

"Dead, sir," was the answer. "He couldn't endure then to await the destruction of the old house?" "No, sir, that's about the truth." Sorry as I was for the loss of an old friend, I could not help feeling that the best thing he could do under the circumstances was to die.

I suppose that each succeeding generation has its own reminiscences and early associations, which are peculiarly dear to itself; but it is difficult for me to imagine that anything connected with railways and new monster hotels can be as pleasant to my juniors to remember, as to me are the 'Dart' and 'Vivid,' Bob Snow, Bill Crunden, old William, and the 'Spread Eagle,' Gracechurch Street.

CHAPTER II

COLLEGE DAYS

For family reasons Henry Whitehead went up to Oxford rather later than is now the custom, and matriculated at Lincoln College in 1847. He had previously acted as assistant master in the Chatham House School for two or three years.

It was a golden time he spent at Lincoln. Its 'grove' had not yet been cut down. Its eight were rowing high upon the river, with Barras and Frank Simmons as leading oarsmen. Dr. Radford was head of the College; young Mark Pattison, who afterwards became rector, was beginning his vigorous tutorial career, and R. Mitchell and William Kay were lecturers. The Lincoln men of his time were a bright genial set, of more than average ability and much individuality of character.

In one element they were at this time strong. It was an element dear to the heart of Whitehead: it was humour—not horseplay, nor only practical joking, but real delight in clever fun

and mother-wit. Amongst the scholars of Lincoln the names of Bampfield, Cox, Tidman, Charles Morris, Walker, Alfred Church, the well-known author and translator of Tacitus, occur at this date; others of his friends were Felix Verity; Espin—now Chancellor Espin; Stilwell; F. Barlow Guy, late headmaster of Forest School, Walthamstow; T. Kebbel, barrister and journalist; J. Healy; R. Ogle; W. Gurdon Lee, a famous amateur boxer; Gowen Evans, afterwards editor of the *Melbourne Argus*; J. S. S. Sidebotham; Howard; Hodgson, in those days a famous mimic; and Austin of Exeter College, brother of Alfred Austin the poet, and an inveterate practical joker.

Whitehead, though he was reserved, had a deep vein of humour in him, which at the least provocation declared itself, and he was soon one of the most popular men of the College.

This was partly owing to his geniality and ability to take provocation kindly, partly to his quiet ability to endure fools gladly, partly again to his wide sympathies with men of all sets, his quaint independence of the opinion of others, and his hatred of all sham or pretence. He looked on men as books wherein to read character, and men who were voted 'bores' by others found in him a kind and interested listener.

Many years after, one of his College friends—then the editor of one of the great colonial papers—reminded him of old Lincoln days, saying:

"Ah! I always had to complain of you as an encourager of bores." "Perfectly true accusation," replied Whitehead, "but I look on bores from a different point of view from you, and as raised up for two useful purposes—(1) to serve as trials of patience, (2) as means, when properly handled, of bringing about humorous scenes and situations."

In the old Lincoln days, this sense of the ridiculous always kept him in high spirits. His laughter, and no merrier laugh was ever heard, pealed in Hall, and was heard in the quadrangle; whenever a good story was told, Whitehead could cap it with another; and he won a considerable name for ready wit among his contemporaries by his epigrams and terse sayings. Such phrases as, "An infringement of the liberty of the subject," "Masterly inactivity," became current coin in the College, but men forgot the inventor, and Whitehead took out no patents.

His musical ear had helped him to become a verse maker; and hardly anything of importance occurred in College that did not gain some amusing colour from the hand of the poet and parodist of the College. For example, the undergraduates subscribed in his time for a brass lectern, and found when their turn came to read the lessons that the brazen bird prevented their being either seen or heard. A parody on a passage in Byron's *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, which ran:

So the brass eagle rears his ugly wing
Raised by the cash deluded freshmen bring,
Themselves the first to rue th' obnoxious bird,
Mounting the rostrum hoping to be heard,

delighted the freshmen, and the suggestion that they had far better have bestowed their money on the needy boat-club was agreed to when it was too late.

A musical society, which died almost still-born in 1847, gave Whitehead another opportunity which he utilized for the production of a parody of "On Linden when the sun was low."

But the poem which gave Whitehead a fame not yet passed away from Lincoln, was a copy of Latin hexameters, made up of extracts from Virgil, Ovid, Juvenal, and other poets, cleverly pieced together and supplemented by himself, in which he satirized a new movement in Hall of standing up when certain dons passed out of Hall from the high table, and by which he effectually suppressed the innovation.[1]

The poem is chiefly interesting as a record of most of the leading men of the College at the time, whose names he has skilfully Latinised. Thus for example, Bampfield, Cox, Tidman,

[1] "In Lincoln College," writes a friend and fellow-undergraduate of Whitehead's in those old days, "the men always sat down immediately on the conclusion of grace—and probably do so now; a certain clique in College, however, insisted on *standing* till the Fellows had made their exit, and tried to induce others to do likewise. Whitehead's clever satire frustrated the new movement, of which a man named Bampfield was the originator."

Walker, Church, appeared as Bampager, Gallus, Tidvir, Viator, and Ædes-sacra. It began :

> Consedere duces, nec consedisse pigebat;
> Cum subito surgit cœnæ septemplicis ultor
> Bampager impavidus; clamat, sociosque sedentes
> Increpat impatiens; "Nunc, nunc insurgite amici,
> Illos nunc animos, illas nunc promite vires
> Quæ totidem vicere, iterum quæ vincere possunt."

These verses were full of pungent hits at the men whose names had been Latinised. Thus for example, there was a man in College whose Christian name was Felix, who had "put off," as the term went, when the time came for 'greats,' knowing well that he would never get through. Whitehead applied to him most happily the lines from Juvenal :

> Felix nimirum, qui tot per sæcula mortem
> Distulit atque suos jam dextra computat annos.

It appears that F. Barlow Guy wrote a letter under the title "Pacificator," urging his fellow-undergraduates to adopt the new system, but with no avail, for the clever satire ends thus :

> Jamque minis frustra fatuis iratus Atrides
> Myrmidones tentat. Blando vox mitior urget
> Admonitu; verbosa et grandis epistola venit,
> Sed frustra venit, nam surdior illa caterva
> Rupibus Icariis sedet æternumque sedebit.[1]

[1] The poem, which ran to fifty lines, is printed entire in the Appendix.

Whitehead placed a copy on the bachelors' table and on each undergraduate's table. Shouts of laughter arose from the scholars' table. The dons sent to ask the cause of the unwonted merriment. A copy was handed to them, and they in their turn were convulsed. Some of its lines were quoted at high table for years. And more than a generation after an oldish-looking man came up to the satirist at the Carlisle Congress and claimed acquaintance.

"You have the advantage of me," said Whitehead.

"Nulla magistrorum *Capiti* reverentia *Cano*," replied the other.

"Ah, now, there is no mistake about that. That was the description of myself in the Lincoln poem," answered Whitehead; and the two old College chums were friends again in a moment, and great talk they had that night, at the County Club, over the days that were past.

Retiring man as he ever was, Whitehead nevertheless became a power in the College. Men discovered his deep fount of humour, his sagacity in counsel, his generosity of heart, and he was sought out by men in very different sets who desired his friendship. He spent much of his time with his friends, delighting them with his quaint remarks and shrewd wit; a kind of genial moderating presence always welcome, and a man who absolutely refused to allow a quarrel to be picked with him, or to bear a grudge. It

was a very favourite saying of his, that "nothing is rude which is not *meant* to be rude." An example of this trait in his undergraduate character is given by a friend and contemporary.

"One who was very intimate with him once had a difference with him; for a day or two they did not meet. Soon afterwards the friend came to him with a note in his hand. 'I daresay, Whitehead, you know what's in this note.'

"'I know what ought to be there.'

"'Very well, it is there.'

"'Then,' said Whitehead, 'there's an end of it'; and, taking the note, he generously tore it to pieces before his friend's eyes, and they were as fast friends as ever."

He was not, however, at one time a favourite with Kay, a man of warm heart under a cold exterior; but who had failed to recognize and do justice to Whitehead's sturdy qualities.

Kay left Lincoln to become Principal of Bishop's College, Calcutta; but Whitehead would not let him leave Oxford without bidding him a hearty God-speed. He called upon him the evening before he left. He found Kay alone, and the two men not only speedily came to an understanding, but discovered in each other the beginnings of a mutual appreciation which lasted for life.

Whitehead read steadily and worked well, not perhaps as hard as a man with less wide interests in his fellowmen might have done, but hard

enough to make his tutor think he was safe of his First Class. He once said he got more good out of men than out of books. As to subjects, his mind turned more willingly to philosophy, and he delighted in Mark Pattison's lectures on Aristotle's *Ethics*.

Often in class, when no answer could be obtained, Mr. Pattison would turn and say to the most silent member of that class, "Well, Mr. Whitehead, we must come to you."

There grew up a bond between these two men, and at a time when things were not all smooth sailing with Pattison, when, for some technical error in not having taken a B.D. degree, he lost his fellowship, the sympathy so sure, so true, which he found in Whitehead, was of inestimable value to him. The tutor who really knew and understood the pupil, found that the pupil really knew and understood him, and would stick by him through fair and foul, as he did till the last sad day when, after a short interview, Mark Pattison said quietly, "You will never see me again, my dear friend, I am dying." The affection between these men, each so individual in character, and of such diverse tastes and pursuits, was unbroken as it was affectionate and sincere.

Doubtless there were affinities of character between Whitehead and Mark Pattison. Both men were keen to see the absurdities of a situation; both were fond of satire; both were critical and nice as to details; both were courageous

and original thinkers, with a certain taciturn introspective reserve. Yet there *was* a difference in them, the difference between optimist and pessimist. The younger man had a strong belief in the possibilities of human nature and the goodness of men, was large-hearted and full of faith in his fellow-creatures. There was no bitterness in his satire, and he generally had a distinct purpose in his taciturnity. When he was self-absorbed it was to help his comrades, not to withdraw himself from them, and he did not refuse to speak in season. It was in part this self-command and power of silence that formed a mutual attraction between the tutor and the pupil in Lincoln days. Whitehead was not able to re-visit Oxford after his College days, as he would have liked to do. Hard work, little leisure, and narrow means all combined to make such visits difficult; but in 1874, when he was on the eve of quitting London for the north, he fulfilled a long-cherished desire, and took his wife to Oxford to show her its ancient colleges, and especially his own. They spent a week with his old tutor and Mrs. Pattison[1] at Lincoln College: a visit which was a great joy to him, and the remembrance of which is still a most fragrant memory in the mind of his wife.

A story is told of him having joined a club, and of having attended regularly at its deliberations for a year, watching its mismanagement, a

[1] Now Lady Dilke.

quietly observant spectator. A crisis came, the members argued and wrangled and fought. Still Whitehead held his tongue. At last they turned to him and asked what he thought. "You have asked for my opinion," he answered, "so you shall have it." And without mincing matters, he gave it them straight from the shoulder, and with such convincing power that though they felt half indignant, they took his advice, and acted upon it.

One of his Lincoln contemporaries writes:

"I was in Pattison's Tacitus lecture with him: he was thought to distance all competitors in construing that troublesome author. I have not retained in my mind many anecdotes of his College days. He was then, as afterwards, a great smoker, and used to attribute his knowledge of Herodotus to that habit. He was not much of an athlete, but as became a 'man of Kent,' he took a great interest in cricket, and thoroughly understood the game, and was an excellent field. At billiards he was a very fair performer; but my own opinion is that he cared little for any game that interrupted conversation. His chief delight then, as all through life, was to get together a few chosen friends, and sit far into the small hours talking of whatever came uppermost, and letting the conversation drift whither it would. He was one of those men of whom there were some in every College who were rarely seen out of doors. Nobody ever met Whitehead 'taking a constitutional.' He was seldom visible in 'the High.' He did not much affect the river, and certainly he never mounted a horse at Oxford, though he was not ignorant of horsemanship, and used to ride at home."

Fond of horses he certainly was. The paper on the old coaching days bears witness to this.

One of his friends who has sent interesting reminiscences writes :

" I first met Whitehead at the Henley Regatta, and I well remember how, on the drive home, he interested me in the graphic account of the life of a racehorse."

Aye! and he knew the pedigree of every winner of the Derby from those early College days down to the most recent times, and could nearly always correctly name the winner from this knowledge before the race was run.

Whitehead took his degree in 1850. The College fully expected he would take a First Class, his Ethics were fully up to a First, but other parts of his work pulled him down; his class was more of a disappointment to others than to himself. He took honours in what was considered a stiff year; that is, only four men were put into the First Class, and many good men found themselves in the Second Class, Henry Parker, the winner of the Latin Essay, afterwards Fellow of Oriel, Crumpton of Corpus, and others, amongst them Liddon and Henry Whitehead. But he had taken honours that were more dear to him than a place in the Class List. He left Oxford, as he once told the writer, knowing a great deal more about men than he had ever hoped to know; and he carried down from the University the good will of a larger number of friends who followed his walk in life with interest, than he at the time was aware of.

CHAPTER III

LONDON CURACIES

WHITEHEAD went down from Oxford determined to carry out the idea of becoming a parish clergyman, that he seems to have had in his mind from early days. At that epoch the demand for curates was less than the supply, and titles to orders were not as plentiful as blackberries.

Mr. Stooks however, then vicar of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, Soho, offered him a title, saying, "It is a place for such as care more for the approval than the applause of men," and having taken deacon's orders in 1851, and having found lodgings in Soho Square, which his brother Jack (who afterwards went to Australia) could share with him, he at once entered heart and soul upon the work of a London curate, one who more by accident than choice saw work east, west, north, south, and who made up for the proverbial inability of the rolling stone to gather moss, by gathering what was much better, many friends.

When after serving the Church in seven different parishes for nearly twenty-four years, he was,

through the kind offices of the present Earl of Carlisle, presented to the living of Brampton upon the Cumberland border, these friends gathered together to do him honour from the various parishes in which he had worked—from St. Luke's, Berwick Street; St. Matthew's, Westminster; Holy Trinity, Clapham; St. Anne's, Highgate Rise; St. Peter's, Stepney; St. Peter's, Hammersmith; and St. John's, Limehouse.

At that gathering, held in the famous 'Rainbow Tavern,' in Fleet Street, Henry Whitehead made a record after-dinner speech of three hours[1] (it is said to be the longest after-dinner speech on record, and is quoted as such in a weekly newspaper devoted to such scraps of fact), in which he told the "experiences of a London curate." From that speech, full of racy humour and pathetic fact, much of interest about Whitehead's London work can be gathered, and as one rises from the perusal of it, one cannot help thinking how short-sighted is patronage in a church that could have allowed a man of such individuality of character, such saintliness and heroism of life, to be tossed from parish to parish, and eventually to be entirely lost to the London of his heart.

It is true he was once offered a living by the *Daily Telegraph*, but the editor took it away from him the next morning by a paragraph in which he announced that he had been 'requested to state that the clergyman to whom the living of

[1] This speech is printed at the end of the volume.

Avington, Hants, had been presented, was the Rev. *W.* Whitehead, curate of Camberwell.' It is also true that after sixteen years' work as a curate in London, the Chaplain-General, on the recommendation of Dr. Tait, then Bishop of London, wrote offering him the appointment to the Arsenal Chapel at Woolwich, but on going down to inspect the house that was to be his headquarters, Whitehead saw a suspicious looking hat-box and portmanteau in the passage, and found another clergyman already in possession, appointed by a rival patron, and it is needless to add that he left him in undisturbed enjoyment of his benefice.

Bishop Jackson of Lincoln, afterwards of London, once offered him a living in Lincolnshire, but this was declined; and once a locum tenency, which, knowing his man, he urged him to accept for the sake of the parish, then in a very disturbed state owing to the delinquencies of the vicar, at that time suspended. The only piece of preferment Whitehead ever applied for, some years later—the Chaplaincy at Lincoln's Inn—he failed to obtain.

In connection with this appointment the late Recorder of Birmingham, Matthew Davenport Hill,[1] wrote a most kindly letter wishing him success, and adding: "The doctors forbid me to travel, but if you think it necessary to the securing of the appointment for you, my friend, that I should come to town to record my vote

[1] Then living at Stapleton in Bristol.

in your favour, I will gladly run the risk and do so." It is needless to say Whitehead would not allow him to travel to London.

Externally, St. Luke's, Berwick Street, is much as it was when Whitehead went to labour there. One does not realize as one passes down Regent Street, how small a distance of street and alley separates "the unknown little from the unknowing great." But to the person who will dive down such entrance to the unknown land of slums of Soho as Beak Street or Berwick Street provides, there is much that will astonish and interest him, if he is a student of the ways of the poor in London. Your cab is suddenly brought up sharp by a coster's barrow, and you are asked if you are going down to St. Luke's, Berwick Street: if you intimate that that is your destination, you are told politely, but with proper Soho emphasis, that you will get through by the end of next week, and you are soon obliged to believe there is truth in the prophecy. Closely ranged side by side in the narrow street are the vendors' stalls and barrows. The cats'-meat man, the fish salesman, the butcher, the fruiterer, the toy-seller, the old rag-and-bone men, jostle and cry their wares. "Prime meat! meat! meat! buy! buy! buy! Here! here! here! veal! veal! fresh veal to-day! what's your fancy! Sold, sold again! fish for nothing! cherries ripe!" Your aim is St. Luke's, Berwick Street: you soon see its dim row of dingy semi-domestic, semi-gothic

windows. A man is standing just opposite the barred gate skinning eels; you hear a scream, and you know that a poor creature who objects to its fate has slipped from his hand, and is making its way among the crowd.

You pass on and, if you dare, you go up Black Hall Court, or some other of the courts hard by, and you feel your heart sink within you to think of the squalor and the tragedy of the home-life that can alone be possible in such surroundings. You feel within yourself it needs a brave man to stand for Christ amid the people here.

Such a brave man was young Whitehead, who in 1851 came hither to live the life of human friendship in this world of friendlessness, want, and woe; in this home of warm hearts and cold hearts, of good endings and bad beginnings; of sin, sorrow, and suffering, and of noble patience and brotherhood in adversity.

Here, under three successive vicars, T. F. Stooks,[1] Harry Jones,[2] and Samuel Arnott,[3] he worked for five years. Here he began to realize the poet's dictum, "The proper study of mankind is man."

The people of St. Luke's in those days were mostly artizans and workers for the West End shops. Owing to the high rents, whole families occupied single rooms in the once stately houses which in byegone days had been the homes of

[1] Since dead. [2] Since dead. [3] Vicar of Gunnersbury.

well-to-do people. Single rooms do I say? aye! and many of them *quarters* of single rooms (for this was before the days of the Lodging House Act), under which difficult circumstances they had to make the best of life, if any best could be possible, sharing the one fire in turn for cooking purposes. He has often been heard to relate, when talking over the old St. Luke's days, the pathetically humorous reply of the woman of whom he inquired:

"Why, however do you manage to get along in such close quarters?"

"Well, sir," was the reply, "we was comfortable enough till the gentleman come in the middle," an answer which explained the chalk circle in the middle of the room, which defined the limit within which the aforesaid 'gentleman' lived and moved and had his being.

Those were days when the cows lived upstairs on the top storey, conveyed thither by means of a windlass, never to return to earth whilst their milk lasted.

St. Luke's parish was a great place for shoemakers and cobblers, mostly of a sceptical turn of mind, as is their wont, in London at any rate, with whom he had many a tough argument which often tended to create no little amount of respect for one another, this possibility being largely due to his tolerant wide-mindedness.

In St. Luke's, Berwick Street, was fair field for inquiry into human nature. If some of it

was shady and disheartening, there was much that was good and to be had in honour. Mr. Aldous the church-warden, Mr. Orme the clerk and superintendent of the boys' Sunday school, Mr. Robson the organist, and Gibson the bellows-man were real friends; and many an evening in the Soho lodgings was made pleasant by the animated discussion on matters political and religious with the brave Scotch Sergeant Richardson, the scripture-reader of St. Luke's, a man brim-full of metaphysics, and a most fluent quoter of Burns and Scott; and Joseph Randall, the national schoolmaster of the neighbouring parish of St. James, and a prominent man in his day.

It was during the cholera epidemic of 1854 that Whitehead found the sergeant smitten of the plague. "I knew you would come," he said. "And I knew," replied Whitehead, "how I should find you when I did come." He then told me of a conversation he had had with a man who had often been rude to him, but whose rudeness had now given way to fear. "And what," said the man, "is the best thing to take for cholera?"

"I don't know what to take," said Sergeant Richardson, "but I know what to do. It may neither prevent nor cure cholera, but it will save me from what is worse than cholera, that is from fear."

"But what is your antidote?"

"I shall look up to my God," said the ser-

geant, "and though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

Speaking of his friend the sergeant, at the Rainbow dinner, Whitehead said, "Mr. Richardson recovered from his sickness 'to fight a good fight' in the cause of his Master for many a year to come. But he is now in his grave; and in the long list of my friends I recognize no more honourable name than that of the ex-sergeant of the Grenadier Guards."

Whitehead lived on in St. Luke's, but kept touch with the world outside of it. His rooms in Soho Square were conveniently central; and many of his old Lincoln College chums delighted to come in upon him and learn something of the secrets of that other world in which he now was teacher and learner.

Others there were who made a point of coming to hear him preach on Sundays. One of these writes thus:—

"I went to hear him preach in the early days of his ministrations in St. Luke's, Berwick Street. I was greatly impressed by his tersely earnest delivery, and his incisive but always reverent utterances. I have always felt that as his sermons,[1] as compositions, were marked by wide and careful reading, deeply devotional thought, exceptional power and originality, so his delivery

[1] He published a small volume of these sermons under the title of *The Church and the People*. London, Skeffington, 1856. Now out of print.

was such as not to fail to impress any who heard him with his own deep sense of responsibility in delivering the message entrusted to him."

There had been a committee of old Lincoln men formed to present Mark Pattison with some testimonial; and after having finished their labours, they were so fraternally affected one to the other that they did not dissolve, but determined to form a social club to meet at the 'Edinburgh Castle' periodically, with solemn agreement that the bill of fare should be rump steak pudding and a bowl of punch. These meetings were bright spots in the hard life the young curate found was his portion; and though the old 'Lincoln Club' went to pieces after a time, because, as Whitehead put it, 'it deviated from the original bill of fare,' the recollection of the capital stories and comic situations of those pleasant gatherings were to the end of his life a source of great delight to him. A friend who knew Whitehead intimately writes thus of those Soho days:

It was when he was living in Soho as curate of St. Luke's, Berwick Street, that I first got to know him. He was very fond of having two or three friends to dinner in his lodgings, when the fare was always the same, a roast leg of mutton and sea kale. But it was after he became Mr. Bowyer's curate at Clapham, and lodged in Manor Street, that I began to know what he was really like. His rector, a man of high culture and genial spirit, thoroughly understood him; and I remember very well when Whitehead took some of us to

a garden party at the Rectory, how after an hour or two Mr. Bowyer came up to him with a smile, and said, "Now, Whitehead, I know you would much rather be at home smoking a long pipe with your friends, do pray go, and don't stand upon ceremony." So we did go, and after the mutton and sea kale had disappeared, the long clays were produced, and we began to spend the evening in our own way.

This was what Whitehead thoroughly enjoyed. College reminiscences were the staple of the talk, and as he was decidedly the best teller of a certain class of anecdote whom I have ever met with in my life, such an evening was a treat. He hated prolix arguments, and his political liberalism was so closely intermingled with what I may call his moral conservatism that he made himself better understood by the sudden utterance of some humorous paradox than he would have done by an hour's regular discussion. Paradoxical as it may seem, he hated changes; never man repeated more heartily than Whitehead Lord Melbourne's famous question, "Can't you leave things alone?" At the same time he knew very well that they could *not* be let alone, and at this point of course his liberalism began. His friends knew, however, that it was the power of any event or any belief to touch his sense of humour which really attracted him. I remember meeting him at the boat race soon after the Paris Commune. "Oh," he said, "how are you? We haven't met since this great outbreak of first principles." Exactly what he meant by this and similar sayings only those who knew him very well indeed could understand, and not one of them could have explained it to anybody else.

He was very fond of the old tavern life, and it was part of his creed that you must submit yourself implicitly to whatever the waiter chose to do. If your chop or steak was a long time coming, you were not to ask the reason why. You were never to raise your voice in calling for what you wanted if you were not attended to at first. I did not share these opinions, as he knew, and I once tried to ex-

plain to him how I acted upon them at an inn he patronized, and how I was treated for my pains. I had given my order, but nothing came, and I never remonstrated, only as often as the waiter came near me, I repeated my order in a low voice. After this had occurred several times the head waiter suddenly burst out from the other end of the room, "Go and see what he wants, he's been a-'ollering there this 'arf hour."

"Oh," said Whitehead, "he saw through you."

The old taverns in the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court were what he chiefly loved: 'The Cock,' 'The Cheshire Cheese,' 'The Edinburgh Castle,' 'The Rainbow.'[1] I think he knew the last of them the best; and the old waiter, John, who had been there from 'time immemorial,' knew him well.

In spite of keen sensitiveness and much natural refinement, he expressed great contempt, partly real and partly affected, for fastidiousness of any kind. There was a strong Johnsonian element in his composition, and the book of human nature was what he preferred to any other.

Of his work as clergyman it is for others to speak, I only knew him as a companion.

Passing from the outward characteristics of Whitehead, and the circumstances of his daily life in London, we come to the important episode in his early career, which showed the real stuff of which he was compacted.

It was in 1854 that Whitehead's courage was tried and his sagacity tested, and he won all

[1] It must be remembered that those were the days before the 'Criterion' had come into being, or the 'Cecil' had been born. The "plump head-waiter at the 'Cock'" had not yet been displaced by the army of German 'Kellners' at the 'Holborn Restaurant,' and old William of the 'Spread Eagle,' in Gracechurch Street, was still good company for all who dined there. Whitehead dearly loved to study the friendly social side of things, and found an occasional dinner at a London tavern good for both body and soul.

unwittingly, lasting name and fame as the London curate who, by hunting the deadly disease of cholera to its source, did more than any other Englishman (Dr. Snow only excepted) to help the world of science to save the world of men from that dreadful scourge. This at least is the testimony of the well-known expert John Netten Radcliffe, Inspector of Public Health, under H.M. Privy Council, whose researches in the origin of disease had won for him a European reputation.

Writing in 1871, Mr. Radcliffe says:

> In the Broad Street outbreak of cholera not only did Mr. Whitehead faithfully discharge the duties of a parish priest, but by a subsequent inquiry, unique in character and extending over four months, during which time he sat up night after night till 4 A.M. arranging the evidence he had steadily collected during the day in the course of his laborious duties in that densely populated parish, he laid the first solid groundwork of the doctrine that cholera may be propagated through the medium of drinking water, polluted with the intestinal discharges of persons suffering from that disease.
>
> This doctrine, now fully accepted in medicine, was originally advanced by the late Dr. Snow; but to Mr. Whitehead unquestionably belongs the honour of having first shown with anything approaching to conclusiveness the high degree of probability attaching to it. Only now perhaps can the great public importance of the doctrine be clearly appreciated, and the value of Mr. Whitehead's inquiry properly estimated.
>
> He published an account of this in 1854, under the title of *The Cholera in Berwick Street.*

How the cholera came to St. Luke's, and how impure water may spread cholera, may be read

in the two articles Whitehead contributed to *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1865, and July 1866; and the story of the keen hunt for facts, and suspension of judgment, and willingness to correct foregone conclusions when new facts were elicited, is worth reading, if only for the insight into Whitehead's indomitable courage, perseverance, and splendid accuracy of detail, which the papers bring before one. His own account was given at the celebrated 'Rainbow dinner of farewell,' and may be read at the end of this volume.

It may not be out of place to mention here that he was once offered a post on the staff of the *Daily News* by the editor, who in writing about these articles, somewhat pertinently inquired, 'Is there no small bishopric for such a man?'

Those who listened to Whitehead's recital at the 'Rainbow' heard much of the heroism of the sufferers and succourers, and something of the praise due to Dr. Snow; but they could hardly have guessed that he himself had been more than an interested spectator from the outside.

What he did we must learn from others. This is what Harry Jones, himself engaged in a skirmish with cholera as a curate at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, says of him:

> It was in 1854, during the deadly slaughter made by the Broad Street pump, that Whitehead fought like a hero night and day, with hand and lips and brain, helping to strengthen

the living, heal the sick, and comfort the dying. And putting two and two together, he, along with Dr. Snow, was able to lay the finger of knowledge upon the source of the evil, and show more clearly than had ever been shown before, that water is the surest and deadliest carrier of death, when it has once become tainted.

No sooner had the fierce blast of this deadly epidemic passed by, than he began that patient and careful inquiry from house to house, and from room to room, which enabled him and his doctor friend to quietly work out a result which has been of incalculable value to the world of science.

I can't say that I saw much of Whitehead then, for we both had our hands full; but one thought of the man in the thickest of the fight, and a glance at the yellow flag at the top of Berwick Street, or at the dead carts coming out of it, ought to have made one feel that the clergy of the Church had something to do beside 'preaching,' only we didn't think about it at all.

India as well as England has had cause to thank the brave-hearted follower of "The Good Physician," who fought so well beneath that yellow flag of doom at Berwick Street end. It is not to be wondered at that Mr. Orme, the old parish clerk of St. Luke's, looking back over an experience of fifty-three years, should write: "I must say, that of all the clergy none of them was more self-denying than the Rev. H. Whitehead; he never thought of himself, but was in season and out of season always doing good."

The Ragged School and Reformatory question was coming to the front in 1855. Whitehead, from his observation of juvenile crime and its causes, saw that what was wanted was to get

the lads and lasses under some educational system which, whilst it provided supervision, would also find some useful and remunerative work for idle hands to do. He saw that Ragged School philanthropy which was working in this direction broke down, at least as far as the hard-headed business men went, because it was not conducted on a business footing, and therefore failed to pay its way, and was, in a word, unproductive.

He argued that if the county reformatories could find agricultural operations pay, or help to pay their way, London reformatories might also make two ends meet, if only business men could ascertain what factory work suitable for the young was feasible. His views commended themselves to the working manager of the Belvedere Crescent Reformatory, Lambeth, in which he was interested, and *The Times* of Wednesday, December 26, 1855, gave him a whole column in which he was able to formulate his plan of self-support for the reformatory system of our large towns. It may be useful to give this letter in full, even forty-two years after.

Henry Whitehead's letter was occasioned by a public meeting held at Hawkeston Hall, Waterloo Road, on Thursday, December 13, 1855, in order to consider the desirableness and practicability of placing a building in Belvedere Crescent, Lambeth, recently adapted and used as a Reformatory Institution for vagrant and criminal boys, in a position to deal effectually, so far as the

South London districts are concerned, with the serious and acknowledged evil of juvenile delinquency.

The Rev. J. Lingham, rector of Lambeth, presided, and said that "the object of the committee was to gather together the poor boys who wandered about the streets of the metropolis, many of whom were fatherless, and all friendless, and to teach them some industrial and profitable occupation which would render them independent in their future career and able to earn an honourable subsistence."

The *Times* report ended by saying, "The Rev. Mr. Whitehead informs us that the great necessity for increased metropolitan exertions arises from the efforts that are being made in promoting the reformatories through the counties, which materially interfere with the resources at the disposal of the metropolitan committee."

Henry Whitehead's letter was intended to show that the reformatory work could and would be carried on as successfully in London as in country districts. The boys could be put into special factories in London in place of the farms available in the country. In the course of his letter he writes as follows:

> I cannot myself see any valid reasons why the reformatory zeal of the metropolitan districts should not be elicited and directed as effectually and intelligently as that of the provinces. At present a metropolitan reformatory institution originates for the most part in the spontaneous effort of some

Ragged School teacher. The friends who in due course actively concern themselves on his behalf are generally men of no influence, and but little pecuniary means. The support which from time to time comes to them is from the 'general public.' The 'general public' is a term which, in its relation to subscription lists, is not so vague and indefinite as it seems. Collect together any half-dozen secretaries of charitable institutions, give each one a blank sheet of paper and tell him to enumerate thereon the 'general public.' I take it that the answers would tally as closely as the logic papers of half a dozen pupils of the same private tutor in the Oxford schools. All honour then, to the 'general public,' whose philanthropy is not made up exclusively of inexpensive denunciation against the contributors to foreign missions. But in a matter such as that upon which I am writing, ought there not to be a special as well as a general public? And ought not this special public to consist of the inhabitants of any district, with the vice and vagabondism of which a reformatory institution endeavours to grapple. . . . Why cannot several large parishes of London combine their energies and act in this matter with all the unity of purpose and concentration of effort that now distinguish any provincial movement of the kind? The Londoners possess this advantage, if they will but make use of it—their reformatory institutions already exist. Few persons however, save those who are intimately connected with them, are aware of the difficulties these institutions have had to encounter, or of the fixedness of purpose and tenacity of faith with which they have been conducted. Doubtless they have had their share of the mistakes, misadventures, and debts incident to the working out of a great practical idea without capital to fall back upon; but the probability is that after years of anxious experimental exertion, each of these institutions has devised a plan and method of industrial occupation which is only prevented by want of money and want of certain special information from being developed into something like a system of self-support. At any rate it is surely worth while for the metropolitan public

to inquire into the matter. If 'juvenile delinquency' is held to be a nuisance in London, let the great merchants and manufacturers of the metropolis set on foot an inquiry to ascertain whether the existing metropolitan reformatories possess any capabilities, with the requisite assistance and supervision for the conversion of those juvenile non-producers into producers. If the verdict of such inquiry be favourable, let the present institutions be made available and rendered as effective as possible. If the verdict be unfavourable, then surely it is not beyond the means or sagacity of our great business veterans to hit upon some device of their own that will succeed. At least they ought to try."

The letter was signed Henry Whitehead, Belvedere Crescent Reformatory, Lambeth.

That he practised what he preached on this subject is proved by the following extract from the memoir of the late Matthew Davenport Hill, Recorder of Birmingham, written by his daughters, who have kindly allowed it to appear in this place :

Mr. Hill's acquaintance with Mr. Whitehead arose from their common interest in the reformatory cause. Commenting on the part taken by the latter in teaching an industrial occupation to the inmates of a home for destitute boys, Mr. Hill wrote: "In your working dress and shirt sleeves, you are only bringing yourself a step nearer to the Apostles. At least, that is my opinion—not being one of those who think 'a saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn.' God bless you and your worthy associates, and all honour to your zeal and pluck! You are the true Church Militant. What a change in the clergy since my boyhood! The esoteric doctrine then prevalent was that a beneficed clergyman enjoyed his estate in a black coat with much the same title, and scarcely more duties, than the squire enjoyed his in a blue one."[1]

[1] *The Recorder of Birmingham*, London, 1878, p. 57, note.

In this connection there must be mentioned the name of William Driver, originally a working shoemaker, afterwards a Ragged School teacher, one of the first of that devoted band who went out one by one into the byeways of the great city to seek for outcast homeless lads, often to be found sleeping under archways and in empty barrels by the wharves. He was wont to bring such into his own home, where his tender-hearted wife nobly seconded his efforts to teach them by care and loving kindness, that they could make something of their lives, and become useful members of society. For many years he carried on very successfully the above-mentioned Boys' Reformatory in Belvedere Crescent, Lambeth, where he taught the lads first of all to make paper-bags for the grocery trade, and eventually to make the beautiful fancy boxes for dried fruits used in the Christmas season.

In March of 1856 Whitehead migrated to St. Matthew's, Great Peter Street, Westminster. Some of the parishioners of St. Luke's felt they could not let the hero of the cholera leave without some mark of their gratitude. The organist and the clerk were deputed by the committee to choose a piece of silver-plate, and were busy in consultation with the lady superintendent of the girls' Sunday school as to a suitable inscription for it, when Whitehead was announced. Mr. Orme's account of the interview is as follows:

"Mr. Whitehead had come to say that he

had heard a testimonial was preparing for him, and I said that nobody more than myself thought that there was no one more deserving of one.

"'I have come to say,' replied Mr. Whitehead, 'that I will receive no testimonial, unless the subscription to it is not more than a penny each.'

"We had much difficulty in getting the subscribers to take back their subscriptions of more than a penny, but there was no help for it."

So, gladdened with a few books which he chose as a memento of his St. Luke friends, Whitehead went off to begin work again in what was then one of the strangest districts in London, known in common parlance as the 'Devil's Acre,' Westminster.

CHAPTER IV

CONTINUATION OF WORK IN LONDON: THE PUBLISHED SERMONS

THOSE who to-day visit St. Matthew's, Great Peter Street, Westminster, would not recognize church or surroundings, as Whitehead knew them.[1] A brotherhood of High Anglican priests is in possession of the church and its substantial clergy house. The Westminster Free Library has combined with Burroughs & Watts, the great billiard table manufacturers, and the architect of the Church House, to give a look of magnificence to the dingy purlieus, and whole rows and courts of miserable habitations have had to make way for the mighty gasometer that dominates the parish, though a dense population still remains, and crowded courts and alleys too.

[1] Many years afterwards the Recorder of Birmingham, writing to Whitehead, says: "I know your district. Early in my married life I lived at Chelsea, and often traversed your 'slums' on my way to Westminster Hall. Then, and then only, did I ever see the figures in Hogarth's *Bridewell*, living and moving. *N.B.*—Hogarth is conclusive evidence that we do not get worse." (See *The Recorder of Birmingham*, Lond., 1878, p. 57.)

But when Whitehead was working in the 'Devil's Acre' there was no pretence at noble surroundings. He lived in the midst of a strange people whose life was known only to the police, and whose private life was only to be studied after dark in common lodging-houses.

It was this private life that was a chapter in the book of human nature which interested Whitehead.

There is honour among thieves, and I have found it of a certain kind among beggars. One day during the period of my ministry in the Devil's Acre, a man well known to me, with a bundle of tracts in his hand, accosted me and asked me to give him something in consideration of his vocation as a tract distributor. His tracts, I believed, were only a cloak for facilitating the operations of an area sneak, so I took a tract from him, and said I would pay him a visit at the lodging-house where he lived, a notorious resort for such characters. I went there late the same evening, and found him, as I expected, in the kitchen, which served as a common room. A good number of the fraternity were present. Holding the tract in my hand, I said, addressing them all, that I had come to make a complaint. How was I properly to discharge my duty as a clergyman in that street, if there were to be practised upon me any of the moves by which some of them were imposing upon the public? What a thing it would be for instance if, whilst I might be upstairs in that very house engaged in prayer with a sick man, the conversation downstairs should turn upon the subject of the best way of humbugging the parson. This protest meeting with general and decided approval, I pointed out the tract distributor as the offender, whose conduct had led to these remarks, and rated him soundly amid cries of "Hear! Hear!" for having plied me with cant.

Whitehead could get no lodgings nearer than Pimlico, where he was fortunate to share a house with old Sir John Ross the Arctic navigator, with whom he soon became great friends; and whose eyes he closed when the brave old hero passed away far beyond the distant Pole he had tried so hard to reach. He was in good hands, the kindest and best of landladies looked after him. "I never had occasion to find fault with her but once," he used to say. "Your charges," I remarked, after running my eye over the monthly account, "are, I am sorry to say, incorrect."

"Indeed sir," she said, "I had no idea."

"But," I added, interrupting her, "you had better hear me out. I merely wish to observe that you have not charged me for several things which I have had."

Certainly this model landlady was blessed with one of the best and most considerate of lodgers. It was his invariable custom to have for dinner a mutton chop and potatoes, and there was a standing order that this simple meal should always be ready at a certain time, whether he were in or no. Of course often the chop was dried hard, and the potatoes spoilt owing to the long waiting, which was inevitable in the case of a man who never gave a thought to his own comfort as long as there was any one to visit, or any part of the day's work to be done; while he would not give his landlady any extra trouble

by asking for his dinner, simple as it was, to be made ready at odd times. He had a great dislike to giving trouble, and was very tender of other people's feelings.

The following anecdotes are characteristic of the man. On one of the many occasions when a ticket-of-leave man had come to have his ticket signed he had occasion to leave the room; his watch was on the table, and in telling the story he used to say:

"I suddenly remembered as I was going out of the door that my watch was there, but I could not go back and take it up and show I distrusted the man. I made up my mind on the instant to trust to his sense of honour, and I did not trust in vain. I am sure it did that man good to see that I trusted him."

Whilst in lodgings at Clapham he put up uncomplainingly for many months with very inferior bread, and when remonstrated with by a friend, who suggested he should change his baker, he replied, "Oh no, I couldn't do that, I should hurt the man's feelings if I took my custom away."

"He was the most thoroughly unselfish man I ever met," says one who knew him intimately for nearly forty years, and this is no solitary testimony.

His ministry at St. Matthew's was of short duration, only nine months, but he always looked back upon it as having given him two valuable

bits of experience, and two life-long friends, one of the latter, Jack Healy, afterwards vicar of Studley in Yorkshire, whom he always looked upon as the one man he had known who might have filled F. D. Maurice's place; and the other, Brownrigg Smith, the head master of the City of London Freemen's School.

Of the two experiences he prized, one was the having been obliged to preach to an afternoon congregation, which rarely included more than half a dozen grown up persons.

"If I had despotic authority in ecclesiastical arrangements," he said in his Rainbow speech, "I would for a time confine the preaching of every young clergyman to a very scanty congregation, provided I could ensure that his hearers though few, were fit."

The other piece of experience was that of the Sunday evenings which he spent in the Pye Street Ragged School on the near side of Westminster Bridge. The scholars at Pye Street were a turbulent lot. "'Really, sir,'" he writes, "said a man to me one evening as I passed him on my way to school, 'I do think the police should put a stop to this nuisance. Before this confounded school came here, a fellow could sit and smoke his pipe in peace on Sunday evening, but there's no peace or quietness now.'"

Whitehead explained, but without making much impression, that he looked at the matter from somewhat a narrow point of view, and that he

must suffer for the good of posterity. The semi-solemn, semi-humorous manner of that exhortation may have been lost upon the smoker of the pipe at the time, but it is more than probable that, on the following Sunday evening, he offered his tobacco pouch to the exhorter, and forgot all about the tyranny of the Pye Street Ragged School, in the delight of conversation with a really human and lovable man and brother; perhaps he became a teacher of the young tyrants himself.

He left Westminster in December 1856 to go to Clapham as senior curate at the Parish Church. The story of his first interview with his future rector is given at full length in the 'Rainbow' speech.

During seven years and a half of uninterruptedly pleasant intercourse with his rector, he proves that all rules have exceptions. The skeleton in the cupboard, if it existed for the curate passing rich on £150 a year, was never discovered by him. Though he rarely, if ever, had a holiday during that time, he never seemed to object to work, or any amount of it, and always cheerfully undertook double tides when the rector took his annual holiday, though after he became senior curate he was often left single-handed.

Those of us who have read with constant profit Whitehead's *Sermons on the Saints' Days*, are glad he went to Clapham, and have to thank

the present editor of the *Nineteenth Century* for the hint that brought about their publication. James Knowles, then editor of the *Contemporary*, was a worshipper on Sunday at Clapham Church.

"I observe, Whitehead," he said one day, "that if a Saint's Day falls on a Sunday you always make the saint the subject of your afternoon sermon."

"Yes," replied Whitehead, "I have contracted a habit of preaching on the saints."

"But how," he asked, "do you find enough to say about them, or, at all events, about some of them?"

Whitehead ran through the Calendar and mentioned the leading ideas which seemed connected with their lives as suitable to their days. Mr. Knowles listened and urged him to publish a volume.

The advice was followed, and resulted in the issue in the year 1863 of the book with the title given above.

One notable characteristic of these brief discourses is indicated in the conversation just repeated. The author showed a scientific keenness of observation in detecting, in the often slight indications of Scripture, data for the reconstruction of the character and life of the personage about whom he was writing. These indications he would interpret and piece together by a process of inference controlled by that true knowledge of human nature, of which so

many in the course of these pages will be found to speak. As each suggestion or conclusion in these sketches of scriptural worthies is in accordance with the facts of human nature, they impress the reader as sound and convincing. There is nothing strained or artificial about them. Whitehead's intellect was subtle without the least touch of whimsicality.

Another and more important characteristic, both of these 'Saints' Days' discourses, and of the *Sermons, chiefly on Subjects from the Sunday Lessons*, published in 1871, concerns the religious attitude of mind which they reveal. This is hardly the place to enter on any analysis of his views on the fundamental principles of the Christian faith. We are dealing in the current chapters rather with the outward life of the man, and an opportunity will be afforded later on for touching briefly on themes that were after all those nearest to his heart. For it must be always borne in mind that underneath the geniality and humour, the promptitude, the sagacity, that impressed Whitehead's friends, there dwelt a chivalrous loyalty to Christ, and to the principles taught by Him, that made him a single-minded and discerning servant and minister of the faith he lived by. He did not serve a Church or a creed only, he strove to be a follower of the mind of Christ.

The *Sermons on the Saints' Days* were preached to afternoon congregations, numbering seldom

more than a dozen, and one who remembers the delivery of these sermons writes: "It is doubtful if such careful sermon work was ever preached to such small congregations."

Another who cherishes the recollection of Whitehead's spoken discourses, says:

He always went to the root of everything, always gave us principles to act upon, always deprecated change from the surface, always advocated the movement coming from within. In a sermon on "Joseph in Prison," in the 1871 volume, he speaks of the position he made for himself within its walls: "Joseph seems to have acquired a moral ascendency over all with whom he came in contact." . . . He thus learned to have confidence in the great principle that the secret of successful rule does not lie in the mere exercise of authority but in the manifestation of a kingly soul.

One of his Clapham friends, writing to his wife of how much she and her father had appreciated him, goes on to say:

One circumstance I must mention, and it was this. Being a great lover of Jeremy Taylor, I determined to compile a little book of family prayers from his holy prayers, and I asked your husband about it. He quite approved, and I then asked him if I might, as a kind of introduction, copy from one of his sermons the following sentence, which he permitted me to do, 'provided you do not put my name coupled with that of Jeremy Taylor' (just like his innate feeling of retiring self-effacement—a true sign of nobility of mind); and this was the sentence which introduced my little book:

"*Principles and convictions are readily caught from the tone of a household, which, whether for good or evil, comes not from any outward regulations, methods, or ways of management, but is the inevitable result of a spirit leavening the whole. Be every*

house then, in the true sense of the word, a church of Christ, and each father of a family a priest of God."

From inward to outward was Mr. Whitehead's principle, and unless the spirit was right in all that was done, the outward act was worthless. His was a most interesting mind, and now as each of the Saints' days recurs, to his volume of sermons upon them I invariably now turn, and appreciate them, if possible, even more than I did, when I formed always one part of that small but select congregation who listened to them from his pulpit.

Nevertheless there *were* some who thought themselves justified in occasionally criticizing his pulpit utterances, and on one occasion a lady ventured to write him a remonstrance on the view he had taken of the character of Jezebel, on whom and by implication, on Jezebel's sex, she thought he had been 'somewhat hard.' With a flash of the wit of old College days, he thus replied :

Alas ! to have made the fair critic upbraid is
Good cause for a man to feel vext,
Only think, when he ought to have studied the ladies,
He merely had studied his text.

Amongst many other friends that Whitehead made at Clapham were Baldwin Brown, the well-known Independent minister of Brixton Hill, for whom he had unbounded admiration which was most cordially reciprocated; Bishop Ewing, his rector's friend, who so took to and appreciated Whitehead, that in his last illness he entrusted to his hands the task of seeing through the press his book on *Revelation considered as Light*; the

educational authority, now Sir Joshua Fitch,[1] and Robert Galland, the well-known parliamentary solicitor, in whose hospitable house he was always a most welcome and much honoured guest.[2]

The services of all these friends were laid under contribution to the *Clapham Gazette*, a monthly periodical for which Whitehead and his brother curate wrote, and of which he became a kind of joint editor with Mr. Meaden, the publisher.

But for that Gazette the clever little "Village Sketches" by his brother, T. C. Whitehead, would probably not have been written. The paper was also the vehicle of the capital lectures given at the Lecture Institute by John Morley, Baldwin Brown, and others, and contained clever topical songs by William Driver, reviews by Alfred Church, Brownrigg-Smith,[3] and Joshua Fitch. It took up local matters in a thoroughly earnest way, advocated reform, noticed interesting books, printed occasional sermons, and became in the hands of the chief editor and his staff an instrument for good, a bit of valuable machinery which did work beyond Clapham parish bounds.

[1] One of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, and Assistant Commissioner under the Endowed Schools Commission.

[2] Just a fortnight before his own call came he had been present at the funeral of this, one of his oldest remaining friends (of forty years standing), and had taken part in reading the Burial-service at his grave in the little village churchyard of Welton, Yorkshire. The widow of that day, to whom his presence was no slight comfort, little thought she was looking on his kindly face for the last time.

[3] Sunday evening lecturer at the Parish Church.

It was not, however, a prophet in its own country. "I suppose," said a lady who sat next him at dinner one day, "that the Gazette is a low vulgar paper"; and he replied characteristically that he believed it was so regarded by some people, and let the subject drop. But Whitehead, always happy when he was correcting proof, or superintending the actual type-setting and printing, put his heart into the *Clapham Gazette*, as he did afterwards into the *St. John's* (*Limehouse*) *Chronicle*.

Nor was this all the literary work he did at Clapham. Together with his brother and his friend Driver he published *Clapham Lectures*,[1] in which he discoursed on what might be called the politics of education and social improvement. Lecture after lecture was devoted, not so much to questions of how to get hold of the working men, and make them auxiliaries of this or that institution, as of how to get into good fellowship with them, and establish a thorough community of interest among all the classes of one neighbourhood in the public institutions of that neighbourhood.

Nothing Whitehead ever wrote showed better his discrimination and tact and genial recognition of variety in the character of the classes he was thus helping to good fellowship, or mani-

[1] Lectures chiefly on subjects relating to Literary and Scientific and Mechanics' Institutes, by H. W., T. C. W., and W. D., London. Bosworth and Harrison, 1860.

fested more clearly his careful observation of men and things, and his fine catholic-hearted sympathy.

His favourite doctrine of principles and internal machinery is seen in the lectures. Take for example his doctrine on the independent intelligence of the average Londoner:

> You cannot work upon the Londoner in the same way as you can work upon a countryman or the factory-men of the north. And, to tell you the truth, I am by no means sorry that you cannot. It is just his individuality and isolated independence that stand in your way. And a very good thing too. He is not to be driven in herds by external machinery, and of this, not only the clergyman, the philanthropist, and the scholar, but likewise the agitating demagogue is very well aware. Of course I do not mean to say that a combination of circumstances may not, and does not here and there in London, reproduce many of the phenomena of a factory town; but on the whole, I am persuaded that there is no such free agent in the kingdom as the Londoner. And it is to this cause, and not to his apathy or stupidity, that I am disposed to attribute the failure of so many well-meant schemes. I refuse altogether to rate the Londoner lower in the scale of intelligence and energy than the men of the north; and therefore, when any of my friends, whether of the clergy or of the laity, come to me and say, 'How is it that our men stand out so pertinaciously against schemes, and plans, and institutes, whereas we constantly receive such gratifying accounts from the north?' it is my custom to reply, 'Very likely it is the express mission of our obstinate Londoner to baffle, perplex, and defeat you and me, and his own stump orator and himself into the bargain, and all our schemes, and plans, and institutes, in order to compel us and himself too into the discovery, and recognition, and employment of some elementary principles which shall work

silently and surely from within, instead of noisily and showily from without.'

If one wished an example of his cheery optimism one could not do better than glance at his lecture on "The Literature of the Working Classes," with its characteristic demand for honesty in facts and conclusions.

It is obviously unfair to persist in declaring that the London workman does not care to read. It would be nearer the mark to say that at present he does not seem to care about reading, just when, and where, and how we tell him to read. I often think we spend a great deal too much time and money in endeavouring to settle for him *a priori* his ways and methods of reading, and a great deal too little in the inductive study of the actual facts of his reading. Perhaps, if we were to study the facts, we might occasionally see our way to a much readier solution of some of our difficulties than we are ever likely to find upon our present system. I think for instance, it would lead to a much better understanding between ourselves and working people upon some of these subjects, if there were less wholesale denunciation from platforms of the general tendency of the cheap literature of the day. There would be less denunciation if there were more study of the facts. It is very far from true that the pernicious publications outnumber the useful and wholesome. Neither is it true that the working classes on the whole prefer the former. Again, it is undeniably true that the tone of such publications has gone on steadily improving year after year. I do not merely mean that the new are better than the old. The old have themselves improved. Whether the readers have demanded the higher tone from the publications, or whether these have educated the taste of the readers, I do not stop to inquire. Probably they have acted and reacted on each other, I only state the fact. I have it on the authority of the principal

newsagent in Clapham, a man who has been many years in business, that he could not, if he would, now sell the kind of periodical for which there was formerly a very extensive demand among working people. He has told me again and again that there was a time when the demand among the poor for what was decidedly pernicious literature was so general, that he had to debate the question in his own mind whether he would have nothing to do with it, or whether he should act upon his conviction that if they took to reading at all their taste would certainly improve. He did act upon his conviction. The right or wrong of this decision is not the point we have now to consider. The result is all that concerns us. "And now," said he, "there is not anything which I deem objectionable in my shop, and I could not sell it if there were." Of course this does not disprove the present existence of objectionable matter. Doubtless there is quite enough of it still. But it does prove that it has sunk much lower down in the scale both of buyers and sellers, and that a vast quantity of literature of at least a harmless character has sprung up in its place.

Look at the penny daily papers; whatever you may think of their views, which, of course, you will like or dislike according to your own political bias, their respectability is unimpeachable. Look again, at the cheap weekly papers. You may differ from them in many points, but for the most part you will be very unfair if you condemn them as unfit to be read. What the poor man demands at the end of the week, and what these papers mainly supply, is a complete account of all the facts which you and I have been reading day by day in the *Times*. However it may shock you on a Sunday morning, as you walk through a crowded London alley, to see at every window a man in his shirt sleeves, with a pipe in his mouth, spelling over his *Weekly Times* or his *News of the World*, do not be under any mistake as to what he is actually reading. He is steadily wading through a column of the smallest print, containing sheer news and nothing else. His head is full of the Great

Eastern, or the Channel fleet, or the battle of Solferino—things which you have read and done with two or three days ago. These are the subjects which most interest the working man in his weekly paper. Accordingly those papers which give the most news are in the greatest demand among the working classes. I do not deny the existence of violent political newspapers adapted to the state of violent politicians. I only maintain that their circulation, as compared with their more innocent contemporaries, is very far from being as large as is sometimes supposed. And you must make very great allowance for the working man when he happens to be a politician. Very often the real difference between the 'leaders' which interest him, and which interest us, is less a question of principle than of taste. If he is of a pungent, sarcastic turn of mind he chuckles over his *Lloyd* in much the same sort of humour in which the more educated man of similar temperament enjoys his *Saturday Review*.

It is difficult to give much record of his active work in Clapham, the necessary data being wanting, but it must not be inferred that his chief and only work at Clapham was connected with the Gazette and lectures. Besides much pastoral work, he did good service in the parish by his work at the "Chip Street Library," of which, *quâ* library, he made a thorough study, and eventually a great success, even in days when it could be said by one who was well acquaint with London and Londoners,[1] "It is very strange that in London there is so little desire for general reading, whilst in Manchester and Liverpool the libraries are used by thousands." Yet, from the Chip Street Library

[1] Llewellyn Davies.

in one year (1859), the whole circulation of books was 8,240—proof that people would read if only the library authorities would provide the right sort of readable books — which in this case numbered 1,081, and included fiction, travels and voyages, history and biography, natural history, religious books, and poetry.

The members of the Clapham Gardeners' Club of that date also could tell how in his genial way he made friends with them, and how they gave him a little round silver ink-stand as a token of their warm appreciation of his presence and influence among them; and the doings of the Mechanics' Institute, the Working Men's Society, the Benefit Club, are they not written in the Chronicles of Clapham, with the tale of the sympathetic human interest he took in all of them?

"One good story," says his wife, "I remember hearing him recount with keen appreciation of its humour. An old lady in Clapham, very well-to-do, who had long been an invalid, finally passed to her rest. Another old lady, also a chronic invalid, but of the humbler classes, on hearing that Mrs. —— was gone, remarked, 'Ah well, it's been lucky for her that she was in that station of life as hasn't got to be read to,' alluding doubtless to the patient endurance with which *she* had had to submit to much 'reading to' from various good ladies, who deemed that sort of discipline necessary for *her* in her affliction, and

her position. That story made a great impression on me."

The courtly, kindly rector of Clapham, who understood Whitehead so well, "a man in a thousand," as his colleagues testified, taught him much, and not least how sorrow and pain can be borne with great courage and good cheer, if a man only really believes in the Fatherhood of God.[1]

The last time Whitehead saw Mr. Bowyer, in 1872, the latter said, with a smile, "I have now sat in this chair for nearly twelve months. The end will most likely be sudden, but come when or how it may, I am in the hands of the Father."

Whitehead left Clapham to be married on August 25, 1864, to May, the only daughter of Captain Frederic Belson, formerly of the 2nd Battalion Rifle Brigade, and took on that occasion what seldom before or after fell to his lot, a whole month's holiday.

He had met his wife at the Reformatory in Belvedere Crescent, which she was in the habit of visiting, and where, as he used to be fond of relating, she was introduced to him, the visiting chaplain, as "a young lady who could do most things, from translating a Greek play to making an apple dumpling." She was then only seventeen. He married her six years later from a

[1] He lost his youngest son by an accident sliding down a banister rail, and his wife died during the period of H. W.'s curacy.

hospital,[1] where she was one of the voluntary nurses, at a time when nursing had not become as it now is, "a profession for ladies."

"It was almost worth while to be ill," said one of the hospital staff to him, "to be nursed by her." And the testimony of the lady superintendent of the hospital tallied with this statement. "The only fault we have to find with her, is that she overworks herself."

On his leaving Clapham his friends desired to make him a handsome present to help him in furnishing his house. Unfortunately for the success of the scheme someone was indiscreet enough to mention it to him ere it was complete, and he promptly, as at St. Luke's, put a stop to the whole project, being almost morbidly nervous lest any one should be asked to contribute who would not do so willingly. He had a perfect antipathy to the popular 'testimonial.' 'I have only done my duty,' he would say, and he was consistent in this throughout his life. It will be in the memory of Brampton folk how he pursued the same policy on the occasion of a similar movement being set on foot when he was about to leave that place, where he had, with a generous liberality which involved no small sacrifices on his part and his wife's, not only contributed largely to the building of the new church, but had borne the expense of its decent plenishing, paid large 'balances due to churchwardens' over and

[1] The Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street.

over again, and taken the entire burden of 'relief to the sick and needy.'

After his short holiday, Whitehead and his wife returned in September of 1864 to work under his former vicar, Prebendary Stooks, at St. Anne's, Highgate Rise. Here he enjoyed to the full the comparative rest and leisure for reading, and experienced again the advantage of being a "rolling stone" in his power to gather new friends.

It was whilst here that he first made acquaintance with East London; up till this time, though he had lived in London for fifteen years, he had seldom gone eastward of Aldgate Pump, but in 1866 the cholera appeared in the East-end, and its yellow flag summoned at once the hero of the former outbreak at St. Luke's, Berwick Street, to the rescue. The Bishop of London, Archibald Tait, asked publicly for volunteers from the ranks of those who had had previous experience of cholera.

Whitehead had foreseen what must happen after reading the account of the condition of the river Lea at that time, and wrote the two papers in *Macmillan's Magazine*[1] on the history of the former outbreak, and the spread of cholera by water contamination, as a kind of warning to all whom it might concern. The latter of the two papers appeared in the July number, and within a fortnight the cholera had broken out.

[1] December 1865, and July 1866.

Whitehead, though his young wife was nursing her first child, Mabel, who was born at Highgate Rise, and though his vicar was so much opposed to it that he insisted on his providing a substitute if he went, and forbade his coming back to his own home to sleep for fear of infection, heroically determined to go off as volunteer to the plague centre, to help to prevent panic and to aid the rector of Bethnal Green. It was on this occasion that he made the acquaintance of, and was able materially to assist Mr. Netten Radcliffe in his masterly report to the medical officer of the Privy Council, which said report confirmed Dr. Snow's doctrine and Whitehead's views as to the mode of cholera propagation.

"On this occasion," said Whitehead in his famous Rainbow speech, "as in 1854, amid much that was painful to witness, there was much also that is pleasant to remember; once more the behaviour of the people and the exertions of the doctors were beyond praise. But perhaps the most note-worthy object of admiration during this epidemic was the temporary cholera hospital in Spitalfields. It was a large four-storied warehouse, the marvellously rapid adaptation of which to its use as a temporary hospital (it was done within four hours) was one of the most astonishing transformations I ever witnessed. Having watched the organization of this place from first to last, and having frequently visited it when in

working order, sometimes accompanied by my wife, I could see that the administrative ability which directed the minuter details was of no common kind. Its staff of nurses was composed of ladies hastily summoned from a great variety of sisterhoods. At their head was that remarkable woman, Miss Sellon, who was sole organizer of the transformation of which I have spoken, and sole directress of everything that was done in the place."

Those who listened to Whitehead's praise of the heroes and heroines who fought the cholera in Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, might again have supposed that he was merely a kindly spectator from some balloon high in a pure heaven above the stricken neighbourhood, but those who remember how he worked night and day in the thick of it, helping to persuade terror-stricken folk to go to the cholera hospital, by himself accompanying them thither, encouraging, cheering, giving calm, feel that he was a very angel of hope and help to the sufferers, and an angel of life and light to those who sat in the dark valley of the shadow of death.

His brief sojourn in East London during the cholera led to his taking up his abode permanently there. It also led to his writing a paper, at the special request of the bishop, for the Epidemiological Society.[1] Dr. Tait ex-

[1] See *Transactions of the Epidemiological Society of London*, Vol. III., 1866-68, p. 99.

pressed himself "profoundly impressed by the sagacity and painstaking thoroughness of the exhaustive inquiry" made by the young curate in 1854—but he does not seem to have thought him deserving of any practical recognition.

In the autumn of 1867 he became curate to a man much younger than himself, Albert Sitwell, the vicar of St. Peter's, Stepney. The great distress of the winter of 1867-68, largely exaggerated by the great shipbuilding strike, tried all the churches, but it did this for East London: it summoned committees to investigate the causes as well as the features of the distress. And although all but one of these committees were afterwards disbanded, the Clapton committee continued in operation, thanks to the sagacity of Rev. Edward Hawkins,[1] then master of St. John's Foundation School for Sons of the Clergy, and to-day the Charity Organization Society in London carries the work forward.

Whitehead flung himself heart and soul into this relief work. The results of his observations here and in Westminster may be seen in an article on "Mendicity, from the Clerical Point of View," in the *Contemporary* of February 1873. The great army of professional mendicants who had confronted him in Westminster had interested him as offering studies in human nature. "The more one studies human nature," he wrote, "the more one is able to perceive that no one, not

[1] Now vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street.

even a street beggar, is to be deemed altogether out of the pale of sympathy," and he illustrates his point by words which are so characteristic of his own nature that one quotes them at length.

Walking one day with a friend in a London suburb I saw a woman begging at the door of a house; the door, as we passed, was shut in her face, and she ran after us with the usual whining request for alms. "You will presently hear the woman's tone change," I said to my friend. "Oh I beg your pardon, sir," she said, as she caught sight of my face, "I didn't know it was you." "Well, Mrs. Smith," I said, "have you heard lately from John?" She put her hand in her pocket, took out a well-worn letter and gave it to me to read. Having read it, I asked a few more questions about John, and gave her back the letter with a shilling, for which she thanked me, and went her way. "I thought you never gave to beggars," said my friend. "You thought quite right," I said; "I gave not to the beggar, but to the woman. She knows what I think of her begging, but she has a claim upon my sympathy."

It must not be thought that all the mendicants who, in those days, helped to educate Whitehead in the science of how to deal with the profession were as fortunate as this woman, as the following story will show:

Some time ago, writes Whitehead about an incident of Clapham days, an elderly gentleman called upon me and sent in his card, on which was printed "The Rev. —— M.A." I suppress the name, because it is one borne by several respectable clergymen. He shook hands with me and with evident emotion began to rehearse the tale of his wife's death which had necessitated his coming to ask me to purchase some of his works.

"Well, Mr. ——," I said, "I do not think it worth while to repeat the reasons I gave you on the occasion of your first wife's death for not buying any of your works."

"Then have I called upon you before?" he asked.

"Yes, and I do not wish to go through the conversation again."

He merely bowed and went out, and yet, when he called on me the first time, I had great difficulty in getting rid of him. He took high ground, and talked about the lack of Christian charity in brother clergymen nowadays, as contrasted with the abundance of it in apostolic times. But we understood each other on the second occasion, and there was no need of any conversation about apostolic times.

His experience of that winter convinced him that the less the clergy had to do in their clerical capacity with the relief of temporal distress, and the less the operations of the friends of relief were confined to ecclesiastical areas, the better. One cannot wonder at it.

A friend of Whitehead's overheard a conversation between two poor women respecting the hardness of the times. "And how do you get along this winter?" said one. "Very poorly indeed," said the other, "there'll soon be nothing for it, but to take to Morning Prayers."

Apropos of this story, it seems to be the place here to relate two other stories he often quoted. Soon after he took up his duties as vicar of St. John's, Limehouse, among the many applicants who continually besieged his door, especially on Monday mornings, with more or less genuine tales of sorrow and distress, there appeared a

decently clad woman, with a clean apron and a very subdued manner.

"Well Mrs. Smith, what is it to-day?"

"If you please, sir, I am come to see if you can give me a little relief." She herself was not ailing, nor on inquiry did it appear that her husband was ill or even out of work, and she had no young children. On further inquiry as to why mere relief, as such, should be given to her, she replied:

"Well you see, sir, Mr. —— (naming the previous vicar), he always used to give us as took Communion a shilling on Monday mornings."

"And is that why you come to church?"

"Well yes, sir,—a shilling is always handy, you know."

"Then," was the reply (much to her amazement), "*I* would rather give you one to stop away," which he forthwith did, and saw her no more on Monday mornings.

The other story is from a different point of view.

There was a very regular attendant at St. Peter's, Stepney, at week-day and Sunday services, a blind woman, who was conducted to church by another woman who dwelt in the same house as lodger; the latter, however, would never come in to service, but left her blind friend at the church door, and came back after service to escort her home. On one occasion when the blind woman had been urging her to

attend the church, she received the following reply:

"No, no. It's all very well for you as is blind, but I've got a character, and I can't afford to lose it."

"Whatever d'ye mean?" inquired the sightless one.

"Why," was the reply, "there's loaves and things given away after service sometimes, isn't there? The neighbours 'ud think as I was after *them*."

This blind woman, Mrs. Whitehead writes, was one of the most beautiful characters I have ever known. Patient, cheerful, uncomplaining, industrious, having lost her eyesight (by overwork) through sitting up in bed at 4 A.M., winter and summer, to sew (in the *dark* mornings by the light of a single dip candle), in order to earn enough to maintain her old mother and herself. "It saved firing, you see ma'am, but it did strain my poor back," she said one day in reply to my remonstrance at her doing this. Finally, the overstrained nerves gave way, and she became quite blind, but continued her occupation after the death of her old mother, and maintained herself by her needle (her landlady's little girl acting as needle-threader between school hours). She used to come and sew at the Mother's meetings, and sew very neatly too. I never saw a cleaner little room, and she invariably had a clean muslin window curtain, and a bright fireside, go in when you would to see her. She was a great example, and hers was a beautiful life.

Whitehead always looked back to Stepney with feelings of thankfulness for two gains to his life: one was his election to a clerical club, which met for Greek Testament study and social intercourse;

the other was his friendship with John Richard Green, the historian, at that time vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney, afterwards Librarian of Lambeth Palace, and Dr. Alfred Bowen Evans, then vicar of St. Mary-le-Strand.

Whitehead's vicar, Albert Sitwell, became after two years vicar of Minster in the Isle of Thanet, and the rolling stone had again to set out on its travels. This time it trundled westward, and on Christmas day of 1869 Whitehead became curate to George Tidcombe, whose acquaintance he had made in the cholera crusade at Bethnal Green, and who was now vicar of St. Peter's, Hammersmith.

There Whitehead again found comparative peace and rest; sat for a short time beneath the shadow of his own fig tree by the banks of the Thames, and delighted to surround himself with his old friends who would come from the smother and turmoil for an afternoon or evening's talk. At University boat race time he called his old Oxford acquaintances and other friends together to see the race and talk of the good old days gone by, as they sat on the roof of his house. The little garden on one of these occasions was literally boarded over, rough planks being laid on empty casks, to make a raised platform for the large gathering of friends who were wont to assemble on these memorable days.

It was here he became acquainted with Dr. George MacDonald, who attended service at St.

Peter's. The two men were much drawn one to the other. They had elements of character in common, much community of spirit, and much mutual sympathy.

It was whilst here that the living was offered him of St. Mary's, Charterhouse, which however had to be refused on the ground that the stipend was annually absorbed by needful parish machinery, and nothing was left for bread. The previous vicar was possessed of large private means, a *sine quâ non* in more parishes than St. Mary's, Charterhouse. Also during this Hammersmith time, he had the offer of an East-end parish, that of St. Matthias, Bethnal Green, where the great match-box making industry was carried on. The little children engaged in this industry had at that time to work twelve hours a day—little things of three and four years of age making 32 boxes for a halfpenny. Much public sympathy had been roused by the accounts published in pulpit and pamphlet of these little wan white slaves, who had to take up the burden of life thus pitifully early. Of one little child, her mother said proudly, "She hev earned her own living ever since she wur three," and this was not an uncommon instance. Money was sent by a sympathizing public, and something was done to try and alleviate at least the *conditions* of work, by opening an Industrial Home for the childworkers (descendants in many cases of the Huguenot refugees, whose fathers and mothers worked as

silk-weavers in the parish, many still bearing the honourable names of French nobles), and providing them in addition to their pittance of wages with a "square" meal once a day, and by degrees with decent clothing.

The bishop, however, in making the offer, wrote that it was imperative that the "new vicar should be either a rich man or a good beggar, and also that he must be a married man, else he would lose the services of a valuable deaconess."

Whitehead wrote to thank the bishop for the offer, but was obliged to say that he had no alternative but to decline it, as the only qualification he possessed was the last one—the wife.

At last the long lane of curateship came to a turning, and in March of 1871 Whitehead became the vicar of St. John's, Limehouse. He had for twenty years served the Church in a subordinate position, but had served it well. He had been fortunate in nearly all his incumbents, and felt that he should be content to begin the round again: the pleasures of his life as a curate had been greater than its pains.

St John's, Limehouse, however, was by no means all that even a lover of the East-end, and a devoted admirer of the artisan quarter, might desire. The church was a very difficult one to minister in, owing to the unmanageable echo, and the surroundings were dismal, as is testified to by the following letter from his friend, Harry

Jones,[1] formerly rector of St. George's in the East, who says:

It was some years afterwards, when I was at Berwick Street myself, that I went with a friend to rummage out Whitehead at St. John's, Limehouse, for he was in the way of going where the people were thickest, wanted most help, and had by no means the sweetest of surroundings. He was in the highest of hospitable spirits, and full of wise sympathy with his poor friends around him. I know many parts of East London, but I think I could hardly point out one, in some respects, more depressing than the parish of St. John's, Limehouse. I saw it again and again when my old friend Anderson was afterwards its vicar, and I lived in the East-end myself.[2] The monotony of small streets, all exactly like one another, with their four-roomed houses, each sheltering its "four and twenty" inhabitants, is broken (I was going to say) only by a huge ugly, stinking cluster of monster gasometers which make themselves smelt and felt in garret, school, vicarage, and church. But Whitehead was as bright and cheery as if he had been set to work on—we will say—a Malvern Hill, and we went away all the better for some hours of his hearty incisive talk, and a sort of feeling that a man, who is a man, makes a great mistake when he plagues himself about the place where he has been set to work. At any rate he can try to make a few square inches of it better than they were, and if nobody else cares about a clean doorstep, he can at least keep his own clean. And that is never done without drawing some wholesome attention in a dirty street.

Whitehead was at home in battling with cholera, and cheering the people of *smelly* St. John's, but, all the same, nothing hurt his perceptions and sense of what was orderly and right more than a stubborn departure from or defiance of it. Let the offender be whom he might, Whitehead's eyes were never blinded to the ignorance or blot, nor was his mouth

[1] Now rector of St. Vedast, Foster Lane, and prebendary of St. Paul's.

[2] As rector of St. George's in the East.

shut against saying the right say without respect of persons, but he ever spoke with a healthy utterance, which has made many a one living in a place where he has lived and worked feel as if the blinds were drawn down when he had left it.

It was lonely work too, that work at St. John's, "the World's End," indeed, for it so happened that this was the name of the public house nearest the church and vicarage, and the only means of directing a cabman to the vicarage was to tell him to drive to the "World's End!"

One of his friends, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, writing of this time says:

He was the only gentleman, indeed almost the only person above the rank of a day labourer in the parish, whose population chiefly consisted of dock labourers and costermongers, the better off class being composed of the men at the Commercial Gas Works, and he lived in a parsonage built on the site of the ancient parish rubbish heap.

His only companion there outside his own home was the schoolmaster. I remember his saying to some one who suggested that a man would get on better there in the dress of a layman, that "the dress of a gentleman signified to that population a much too wide gulf of separation to be affected by any difference between lay and clerical attire."

It was while he was at St. John's that he wrote his article on "Mendicity."

How it came into print is told in a letter written to his friend Hawkins, four years after, from Brampton, under date April 24, 1877.

The first half of my paper in the *Contemporary* relating to professional mendicants had been in manuscript for nearly two years, and had lain by because I did not see how to

finish it. But the Bishop of London came down to Stepney and held a conference of the East London clergy on the subject of "Clerical Administration of Charitable Funds." The clergy talked away at it for about two hours, and as they went on I amused myself by considering how I should describe their views if I were to write on the subject. Not that I had any serious idea of doing so, for I had forgotten the unfinished MS., and I certainly had no idea of saying a word at the conference. But the Bishop, when he began to sum up, said, "It is very strange that in all this discussion nothing has been said about the Charity Organization, of which we hear so much in other parts of London." Whereupon Ross,[1] who was sitting just before me, rose and said, "My Lord, we have here the secretary of the Stepney Branch of the C.O.S." I thereupon pulled Ross by the coat tails to make him sit down, but it was too late. "Where," said the Bishop, "who is he?" "Mr. Whitehead," said Ross. "Well then, Mr. Whitehead," said the Bishop, sitting down, "we shall be glad to hear what you have to say on this subject."

I rose immediately, saying that I had come to listen and not to speak, but that, regarding his lordship's request as a command, I would state some of the reflections which the debate had given rise to in my mind, and that if they ran counter to much that had been said, I must be excused on the ground that I had intended to be silent. Then having all the matter arranged in my mind, even to the anecdotes, I made a long speech just in the tone and manner of the Rainbow oration. As I walked home it occurred to me that the speech was the fitting conclusion to the Mendicity article, so I forthwith took out the MS. and wrote down all I had said, with some additions, and straightway sent it off to Knowles, who inserted it in the *Contemporary*.

This speech led Ross and others to ask me why I said I could not preach extempore. But an extempore sermon is a different matter.

[1] The Rev. A. J. Ross, successor to J. R. Green at St. Philip's, Stepney.

Courageously and cheerfully did Whitehead in his isolation serve the people of St. John's, Limehouse, for the next three years, working not only as their parish priest, but as the high priest of sanitation and order. In season and out of season he laboured, doing what he could for the greater comfort and the happier condition of home life in the midst of a people whose normal condition was that of want, and of what was worse,—want of work. As long as the wind was in the wrong quarter, and ships could not come up the river, so long the dock labourers had to "stand idle, for no man would hire them." The patient endurance of much privation afforded many a wholesome lesson to those who were somewhat better off, and many occasions for the exercise of kindly neighbourly charity. Only those who know the poor know how good they often are to one another in time of need.

Needless to say, Whitehead's liberality of disposition and large-hearted sympathy had much scope. His wife recalls with pride how, on one occasion during her absence from home, he 'gave away the Rudesheimer.' It was on this wise.

A friend had sent her two bottles during a tardy convalescence, to tempt her failing appetite. One bottle having answered the purpose, the other was carefully put by for some future similar occasion. A lad in rapid consumption whom he was in the habit of visiting, said wistfully to him one day, "Oh, Mr. Whitehead, *how*

I wish I could have something *really* nice to drink!"

He had tired of his usual milk and cold tea, etc., as is the way of such patients. It was high summer, and the air in the little fetid room, as in the baking street, was stifling. Whitehead promised to see what he could do, and straightway went home, considering how he could best gratify the lad's craving for "something nice." Then suddenly remembering about the Rudesheimer, he went to the store-room to see if it might be there, found it, and having possessed himself of a corkscrew, went back at once to the sick lad, whose face lighted up at the sight of him, opened the bottle, and gave him to drink.

"Oh, sir, that's prime! how good you are!" were the grateful words that fell from the boy's lips when he had tasted the fragrant draught.

It was not much, perhaps; but it was the best he had, and it was characteristic of him who was always ready to give in that way, and with a free hand, "not grudgingly, but as a cheerful giver."

His life's labour there has fortunately been in part chronicled in the halfpenny monthly Parish Magazine he started. Tidings of his large-hearted work were, by means of this Parish Chronicle, carried far beyond his parish, and it also became the vehicle of many of his thought-

fully suggestive sermons. He sometimes had doubts whether he was wise to print them in full, but his friends, Dr. Evans and Baldwin Brown, strongly dissuaded him from curtailment; then some came forward, old Clapham friends and others, amongst them Stopford Brooke, to help to defray the expenses of the printer's bill. And so *St. John's Chronicle* flourished. George MacDonald contributed poems and hymns, other friends now and then sent short papers; but as one turns over the pages of the two volumes, one's eyes are attracted to the characteristic work of the editor, who was also the chief staff and publisher. There are short papers on "Beating the Parish Bounds," "Street Nomenclature," "Parish Registers," "The Dust-heap Nuisance," "Road Mending," humorous verses from his or a kindred pen to show up the vagaries of the East London Water Company, or to inculcate the need of vaccination, notes on "Fear and Cholera," "Sensible Guy Fawkes' Day," "Better Valentines with honest wit and humour," and "The Free and Open Church Cry and its Future," and the like.

At the end of the first year the editor of this halfpenny Chronicle reviewed his work.

"To-day our Chronicle completes its first year of existence." "Well," says the reader, "and has it answered your expectations?"

"That depends on what is meant by expectations"; and then the editor proceeds to show

how he had expected trouble and risk, and that his expectations had been fulfilled; and he proceeds to show how he had always felt that a parish magazine, properly written and edited, must be a power in any parish if it is individual, and can carry into the homes of the readers deeper impressions of thought and will than can be left by a casual visit.

To the end of his life Whitehead protested against the ordinary parish magazine, because it was not written and edited by the responsible person who circulated it. As one turns over the pages of the *Parish Chronicle of St. John's,* or the *Occasional Papers* which carried on the good work at St. Martin's, Brampton, one feels the force of his protest, but one also remembers that not all parish clergymen are born editors as Whitehead was.

Amongst those who greatly appreciated the *St. John's Chronicle* was Stopford Brooke; he introduced Mr George Howard to the editor in 1873, and when the living of St. Martin's, Brampton, Cumberland, became vacant, George Howard induced his father, the Hon. Charles Howard, to recommend Whitehead to the trustees of the Border Living.

Various causes combined to reconcile him to leaving London. The parish was a grave difficulty in many ways, especially of finance. There was no alternative but to undertake the whole responsibility of the church expenses himself.

Without such guarantee no one could be found to act as churchwarden. The church, which had not been built on a very sure foundation, had settled, and a great crack was visible from top to bottom of the north wall, a matter of repair which needed attention, at an estimated cost of £300, which he did not see his way to raise. Then he had two young daughters, and it was not a nice place in which to bring up children. Those were days before 'slumming' had become the fashion. The West had not yet found its way to the East[1] to help to strengthen the hands of those who were bearing the burden and heat of the day. It was not without reason that the famous dictum was uttered: "The man need have two wives who lives and works as vicar in such a parish as yours; one for the parish, the other for the home."

To that living in the far North the man of Kent came in March of 1874, glad for many reasons to escape from the wear and tear of East London life, but always cherishing a hope that he should one day return and end his days in the city of his heart.

The city of his heart—for it was there he had spent his best heart's blood in helping to ameliorate the conditions of life for thousands who "pine in crowded cities pent." "The sorrow

[1] Except in the person of Edward Denison, of blessed memory, who had worked in St. Philip's, Stepney, some few years previously, having "a settlement" all by himself. He however had passed away before this date.

barricadoed evermore within the walls of cities" had filled him, not with despair, but with brave hope for the future ; and he always spoke of it as the best field for work possible for any who had a mind open to conviction. He had been able at Stepney to see the beginning of the Charity Organization Society. He had become a member of a club wherein all the ethics of East-end relief and East-end work might be discussed, and where clerics might meet for mutual counsel as citizens. His mind was set on a monthly paper for East London which should take East London problems into consideration; and last, but not least, it was in London he had found his wife, and in London his home had been gladdened by the birth of his two daughters.

But it was also the city of his heart because it was the city of his heart's friends; and what they felt about him was shown at the farewell dinner at the 'Rainbow Tavern,' on January 16, 1874, at which a silver "loving cup" was presented to him "from London friends."

A friend who was present at that dinner writes thus :

It is remarkable evidence of the way in which character can impress men, that on the eve of his departure from London he was entertained at dinner by a body of professional men, many, indeed most of them, distinguished in their various callings, and all of them attracted by the mere personality of the man. And it is proof of his rare humour and originality, that in returning thanks for the toast of his health he was able to fix the attention and sustain the interest of his hearers for nearly

three hours, on the subject of "Twenty years as a London curate." Few survivors of the gathering will forget the sustained fascination of that speech.[1]

[1] This address was taken down *verbatim* by a shorthand writer, and published with his own corrections. As copies are not now obtainable, it has been reprinted in the Appendix to this volume, to which the reader is accordingly referred.

CHAPTER V

BRAMPTON

It may be doubted if any London clergyman had in his generation gone from London leaving behind him a greater sense of regret, and taking with him more regard from the clergy and laity who were engaged in the work of the Church among the poor of the Metropolis, than did Henry Whitehead.

Letters from his friends at the time testify to their sincere esteem for him, and to their sorrow at parting with one whose judgment was so valued, whose presence was so helpful and moderating, whose genius and originality were so widely known and honoured. But throughout these letters there is a sense of thankfulness that though the North is far from the South, and the men of London so unlike the men of Cumberland, at least in Whitehead would be found a man who could as easily understand the Northmen as the Londoners, and as wisely work his way to the people's hearts in a remote north-

country town, as he had ever done in his several London parishes.

The North and the South, and especially the Metropolis, are far apart, writes a Cumbrian to him under date March 8, 1874. Their people know little of and scarcely understand each other; their circumstances, views, feelings, are very different. Very few men understand both or can compare their condition and wants; excuse my adding therefore that I rejoice when a man like yourself, with the power to observe and understand character, and the circumstances that influence it, and to communicate the fruits of his observation to others, should be removed from London to a northern and agricultural parish and diocese.

Others who knew him chiefly as an accurate statistician, or as the most painstaking of editors of his Limehouse Chronicle, and the projector of a social paper for East London, felt that to the literary side of clerical life in London, Whitehead's departure was a real loss.

It is clear from the letters of Whitehead which follow, that he had no intention of giving up this literary side of his life when he came to Brampton, indeed there is evidence that he thought that at one time he should return to London to help his friend W. Driver in the editing of a paper for East London. It is also clear that he found at Brampton just the kind of parish and kind of people that suited him; and during the next ten years he threw himself heart and soul into the social and educational problems and the civil life of the parish with

the zest of a man who felt that the people would trust him, and would be willing to give him position and authority, jnst because he never sought it, or at any rate never seemed to care about it.

What he thought about his reception and his possibilities of work at Brampton may be gathered from letters to his friend Hawkins.

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND, April 16, 1874.

MY DEAR HAWKINS,—I feel moved to write you a few lines. But it is strongly borne in upon my mind that my future intercourse with my friends will never be on a satisfactory footing until a Brampton Chronicle is established. No doubt, as I know from experience, it is a serious thing to commit oneself to. But then such an undertaking would have many advantages here. A very intelligent population of 3,500, rather isolated in position, with no local paper as yet, and a deal of municipal feeling. It ought to be easy to get advertisements, and it ought to command a good sale at a penny. None need be given away. However I shall not think of making any move in the matter before next January; so there will be plenty of time to mature the plans, and if you will come down in the summer we will talk it over. I think I have made a good start. The church was well attended last Sunday (his first Sunday in Brampton), and the parishioners of every denomination seem inclined to be well disposed to me. There is a Working Men's Reading Room almost opposite my home, a capital room and a good library. This is a good foundation to work upon. Next Friday (to-morrow) we elect churchwardens, and I am told to expect rather an exciting meeting. On Tuesday we are to meet to settle the School Board question. The vicar is always expected to take the chair at such meetings. I think I ought to do well here, because the manner and

bearing of the people exactly suit my idiosyncrasy, and therefore it is probable that I suit them. And as it is quite a new thing in the memory of the present generation to have a vicar caring about the municipal affairs of the town, and as no vicar for ages past has lived in the town, the position is a favourable one for me. I am sure you will like the place; and you must come the earliest opportunity.

We have a good schoolmaster, who has been here many years, and has deservedly great weight in the town, with whom I perceive that I shall be on very good terms.—Yours very truly, H. WHITEHEAD.

The next letter shows not only what he thought about first principles (his favourite doctrine), as regards the old Clerical Club in the East-end, but how, true to his own teaching, he had been busy trying to get the Brampton men to vote not for party, but for principles, in the coming School Board election.

BRAMPTON, May 26, 1874.

MY DEAR HAWKINS,— . . . That was a great error on the part of our friend. The principles which should regulate such a society as our club, one might think, were easy to be understood, yet very few persons do understand them. However, I suppose that not many persons have any understanding of principles of any kind. Hence the necessity of *rules*, in short, of the law. "The law was added because of transgression," *i.e.* because of the inability of people to do right because *it* is right.

Now as to the future of the club, there is no doubt whatever that it can only have any vitality as a Club of the Liberal Clergy of East London, and I am not very sanguine that even on that basis it will have a long existence now that you, who are the backbone of it, are removed from East London, though I know very well that you will as

heretofore take any amount of trouble for it, and will be its most regular member; but you will find a difficulty in sustaining an *esprit de corps* among the members now that you are no longer one of them in East London.[1]

I have been very busy here of late, and somewhat worried and vexed by some of the proceedings in connection with our election of a School Board, which takes place next Thursday. I have tried hard, and not altogether without success, to infuse a right spirit into the contest, but, especially in a little town, there are some elements which are very difficult to bring into harmony with right principles.

You will think that the 'Rainbow' speech is never going to press. And I think so myself sometimes. However I do now and then get on with it.—I remain, yours very truly,

H. WHITEHEAD.

Whitehead's dream of a paper for East London takes shape in the next letter. It was well for Cumberland that the *East Wind* came to nothing, or it is probable he would have returned to London.

BRAMPTON, July 8, 1874.

MY DEAR HAWKINS,— . . . My present purpose is to talk about the *East Wind*. It is, as you know, in one sense a sort of child of mine, the title is mine, the idea is mine, and the way of dealing with matters is mine, Driver being a kind of disciple of mine. It is about six years ago that I first conceived the idea of an East London paper of this kind. I used to speak of it to Green, who admitted the excellence of the idea, but did not see how the paper was to be set on foot.

[1] This is in reference to the removal from Clapton to Leatherhead of the St. John's Foundation School for the Sons of the Clergy, of which Mr. Hawkins was then head master. It may be noted that the *esprit de corps* here spoken of *was*, as a fact, sustained.

I also discussed the matter with Driver, and he and I have talked it over again and again. Whilst I was in Limehouse the idea again recurred to me with new force, and I dare say I have talked with Ross about it. I also had two or three conversations about it with Donovan, the editor of the *East London Observer*, who is just dead. My idea then was that it should be a monthly paper, and that it should be printed at the office of the *East London Observer*.

However, my departure from London put an end to my speculations on the subject, and I gave over all thought of the *East Wind*. Suddenly, however, Driver wrote to me to say that a demand for a local paper had sprung up at Leytonstone,[1] and that by a combination of circumstances, not of his arranging, he was to be both proprietor and editor. I had at first many misgivings about it, and thought it would only last a week or two. But it showed more signs of vitality than I had expected, and when we dined last at the 'Rainbow,' I, as you will remember, was full of the subject. Since that time Driver has held on wonderfully well, considering that he has very bad health, and is fully occupied with other matters. He now writes to me to say that the paper is becoming a power at Leytonstone and Leyton, and is increasing in influence and circulation every week. As you no doubt have observed, I have lent him a hand in the writing department, and shall continue to do so in order to keep it afloat.

But now I want you to introduce the subject to our clerical brethren at their next club meeting, and to ask them to assist the work by taking in the paper, and also by occasionally sending to it an article, or at least a 'note' or two. They will never again have such an opportunity of helping to establish such a paper for East London, and they should not let the opportunity slip. Of course at present it has only made its way on the outskirts of East London, but if it can only hold on, I believe it is destined to be *the* paper of East London. Its very title is a host in itself, and its way of dealing with

[1] Where he was then living. Ill health had long since compelled Driver to relinquish his noble work amongst outcast boys.

matters corresponds with its title; but I have laid down the principle that it should never be bitter, and should always be calm and impartial, especially in religious matters, and this principle Driver thoroughly apprehends.

I will not say any more, except this, that I have half promised Driver that if ever he should succeed in establishing the paper on a firm basis, I will return to London and help him to edit it.

But it is a race against time; the strain on him is very great, and in point of health he is weak, though in natural ability he is just the contrary. Whoever would lend him any aid in helping him to write the paper, should do it with no loss of time. Perhaps the best way to help would be to send *notes*.

Bring this matter before the club at the next meeting, and meanwhile be sure to read an article of mine in the next number, entitled, 'A School Board Difficulty.' Take the paper to the club and read this article to them.—Yours very truly, H. WHITEHEAD.

In the following letter one sees a recurrence to a favourite doctrine of Whitehead's, that a teacher's duty was to get men to be and do good of their own will, without knowing that they were being urged thereto. "It's worth taking any trouble," he used to say, "to get men to do right of their own accord."

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND, October 17, 1874.

MY DEAR GALLAND,—You will think me very neglectful, and so I have been. But I wrote half a letter to you a long while ago, intending it to be in time to await your arrival from the Continent. Then things happened which prevented my finishing it, and when I looked at it again it seemed out of date, and went forthwith into the waste paper basket. Now the difficulty is where to begin and where to end.

Perhaps the most satisfactory information I can give you is, that I have a great many things here which occupy my attention. It is altogether different from St. John's, Limehouse. There I seemed like a sojourner in a strange land. Whatever work I did I had to make. Here it makes itself; not always clerical work, or what is considered to be clerical work. But at all events it is work which very naturally falls into the hands of the vicar of the parish, if he has a mind to be interested in it. In short, my position is that of ex-officio chairman in almost everything that goes on. My parishioners are fond of public meetings, and I always make a point of attending them, whatever be their object. Whether I make my way, or, as the phrase goes, 'get hold' of the people, is not easy to determine if one is to judge by outward signs. For the more effectually this kind of work is done, the less there often is, or seems, to show for it. However, I believe I am tolerably well suited to the place, and the place to me. It is what I have always wanted, a parish complete in itself, and one that has a municipal or corporate life of its own. My position as vicar gives me the foremost place in this corporate life. But I endeavour never to rest my influence on my position, and only to let it tell for what it may be worth. This is slow work from an outward point of view. Whatever good I may do appears to come about of itself, and so in one sense it does. For one's chief business is that which is or ought to be the physician's business, *viz.* to assist nature, in which case the patient seems to get well of his own accord.

The Penningtons[1] can describe to you what the place and people look like; Edward Pennington went with me to the winding-up meeting of the school committee, and we had a good deal of talk about the School Board, of which I am both chairman and clerk. This combination of offices causes me a good deal of work, but it is well worth my while to do it.

[1] Old Clapham friends who gladdened his heart with a visit at this time on their way home from Scotland.

The ability to take the chair, and make the chair a power, which he seems to have inherited from his father, comes out in the next letter.

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND, October 27, 1874.

MY DEAR HAWKINS,—Many thanks for your letter. I have long felt that I owed you one, but my difficulty (as I dare say I mentioned in my letter to Galland) is that I don't know where to begin or where to leave off. I feel the want of a Chronicle more for the sake of my friends than of my parish. It would be a great pleasure to me to send them a monthly account of what is going. But as regards the parish, I hardly know whether it is yet ripe even for an occasional paper. The people here are slow to take in new ideas, and if one presses an idea too quickly one is apt to get wrong with them. I sometimes doubt whether I shall ever get beyond sowing a seed here. But then I have never got beyond this anywhere else.

I am glad you came in for my letter to Galland, as it will put you in possession of some facts. But you will never be able to realize the place until you have been here. I have no reason to complain. My parishioners (Dissenters included) all like to have me 'in the chair,' and that is a great advantage. I believe I have made more way with them 'in the chair' than in the pulpit. The one thing needful is to take no more authority than they themselves grant, which, of course, is slow work, but it is sure. I dare say I have before mentioned to you that the character of the people is to be explained by their history. For centuries they lived in incessant warfare with the Scotch borderers, and as Brampton lies out of the beaten track there has been little or no importation of fresh blood. Therefore the characteristics remain, though the warfare has long ceased.

The great subject of interest at present with us is the new church, the subscriptions for which go on very well. We want £6,000 at the least, and one way and another we have

already got £5,000. There was at first, of course, a good deal of passive resistance to the idea of a new church, and if I had assumed the attitude of the promoter of it I dare say it might have fallen to the ground. How I contrived to fan the idea without putting myself into such an attitude I could only explain *vivâ voce*.

I am in hopes that the accomplishment of this project will act like a 'moving of the waters,' for no doubt they will be very proud of it when it is finished.

But it is necessary that you should come here and 'take stock.' Brooke Lambert[1] was very much interested in what he saw and heard here. He said you would be sure to ask him whether I am *rusting*. I don't think I am, for there is too much to interest me in my own line as an observer of human nature. But I sadly miss the meetings of the Brotherhood, and the occasional evenings with yourself, Galland, Kebbel, Driver, etc.

Now as to the club of 'the Brethren,' I am glad to hear of the recognition of the one essential principle, that its existence depends on its being confined to East London. You are the only exception that can be allowed; and this is an exception which proves the rule, as you *are* an East Londoner. Moreover, you are a necessity to the club, there being no one else who has the instinctive spirit to understand the first principles of such a gathering, which leads a man to subordinate himself to the society. It is a great pity that Kebbel, Galland, and Driver are not East London clergymen. You can never be sure of some men, that any one of them may not at any time "err, not knowing the scripture." The particular scripture in this case being: "Be ye subject one to another." But all scripture, to the discerning eye, is full of principles applicable to the matter in hand.

"The Brotherhood," as this clerical club came to be called in later times, was at first a small

[1]Then vicar of Tamworth, now of St. Alphege and St. Mary, Greenwich.

society of liberal clergymen, who lived in or about Hackney, and who agreed to meet at one another's houses once a month for ten months in the year to dine together in a plain fashion, and to discuss subjects of interest to the clergy. It was founded in the spring of 1864, and still continues in vigorous life—much the same both in its aims and its customs as it was at first. It has numbered throughout about ten members —sometimes one more or less. What is remarkable about it is that the total number of members who have ever belonged to it is only twenty-two, and that in thirty-three years it has only lost six members by death.[1]

The rebuilding of the church at Brampton had been taken up in earnest, and a letter in which he thanks Hawkins for his subscription enables him to chat on about himself and the parish in his own pleasant unconventional way.

"A man must be himself," he says, and the antiquarian in Whitehead's self comes out in this letter. His honour for the patron saint and the early church history of the parish which afterwards manifested itself in a genuine love of antiquarian lore and research over the wide diocese also declares itself.

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND, Nov. 5, 1874.

MY DEAR HAWKINS,—Thanks for the gift. You rightly judge that your name in the subscription list will be welcome as a 'sign.' The list continues to swell, and I hope

[1]Written in 1897 by E. C. H.

that when you and Voss[1] pay your visit here, you will find the whole amount raised and the church being built.

In writing letters one does not dwell on difficulties or drawbacks, and I shall be sorry for my friends to suppose that I am under the impression that I am 'doing a great work.' If I were to be had up before a jury of 'active parish priests' I should certainly be found 'guilty of inefficiency without extenuating circumstances.' And no doubt there would be some truth in the verdict, perhaps a good deal of truth. But, as I often say, "A man must be *himself*." I feel that there are departments of parish work in which I fail so signally that I scarcely try to touch them. If I can in any way aid in the spread of a spirit, it is enough for me to do. The spirit must do its own work, for I never was, and never shall be, an administrator.

My eldest brother[2] was an administrator of the first order. There is no knowing what he might have been capable of in that way if he had had a great sphere of action. Yet one of his most intimate friends said to me on the day of his funeral, and there was truth in the remark, "You know, Tom was after all not in his element as a parish priest."

With these reservations I proceed to report progress on the Brampton Debating Society. Last Monday evening I presided at their first debate—subject: "Should sermons be written or extempore?" The extempore men were of course hard upon the writers of sermons. But, somewhat to my surprise, the writers found their strongest advocates among the Dissenters. I made a speech at the end to the effect that it was not a question to be settled offhand by a verdict for or against, and when the hands held up on either side proved to be equal in number I declined to give a casting vote. Now the chief interest in the discussion to me was in the fact that they made no stranger of me. My presence did not stop the mouth of any one who knew

[1] Vestry clerk of Bethnal Green.

[2] Vicar of Gawcott, Bucks., latterly head master of Christ's College, Finchley, the author of "Village Sketches."

that I write my sermons. Nor did any one on the other hand seem to be hitting at me. I am not the permanent chairman; at each meeting they elect the chairman for the next debate; and for the next debate, "Should Museums, etc., be open on Sunday?" one of my colleagues on the School Board is to be chairman. Meanwhile I am to preside at a meeting, at which every one is to speak, read, recite, sing, etc., just as he pleases. I shall lead off with a speech, for I find that I can inculcate principles better from the chair than from the pulpit. This society may grow into something, but if not, I am not responsible for it.

One other matter I must allude to; our patron saint is and has been for centuries, St. Martin, and next Wednesday (Nov. 11) is his day; it has never been observed in the memory of any one now living. But I shall announce next Sunday that there will be service and a sermon on Wednesday evening, "being St. Martin's Day," and at nine o'clock after the service I shall entertain the bell-ringers, verger, and sexton at supper at an inn kept by one of the ringers. St. Martin is an important saint in the north. The divisions of the year as to hiring, rent-paying, etc., date from Martinmas. But the origin of his importance in the north is, I am afraid, lost in antiquity. And so is the origin of his connection by name with this parish. We can trace it for seven hundred years, but it may go back much further for aught we know. The little chapel in which I read the Burial Service is seven hundred years old, being the chancel of the old parish church, which stood a mile and a half from the town. It contains the tombstone of an early vicar (1251), of which I enclose a print, also a stone with the arms of the Howards and Dacres and some other family on it, and just under the north wall, on the outside, and under a Norman arch, we recently discovered by excavation a tombstone of the early part of the thirteenth century, with a chalice on it, denoting, I believe, a bishop. Ten years ago, on removing the whitewash, a fresco was discovered on the south wall, which the churchwardens of that day were Goths enough to destroy.

Whitehead came to the north, a stranger among a strange people, as he once said; a man from the south, *homo australis*, as the old Chronicle of Lanercost somewhat contemptuously described a new bishop 'in the tough grim talk of the monkish days'; but, though doubtless their ways seemed strange to the stranger, and "Cumberland fwoak" are not swift to take to a foreigner, yet it was not long before he won upon them. The interest he took in everything that was new to him in the "north countree,"—the open mind that he had,—the readiness with which he always could see that there were two sides to every question, and that one side *might* perhaps be as good as the other,—the work he could do and did, and withal the human-hearted, humorous nature of the man, who was so unassuming, so patient, so gentle in his ways,—all tended to bring about, that, almost before they knew it, his quiet presence had entered their hearts, and his endearing personality had won golden opinions for the new vicar of Brampton. Apart from his labours as a priest he won upon them, because he was really a man, and could say, *Homo sum: nihil humanum a me alienum puto* ('I am a man, and nothing that is human is foreign to me'). He made friends in every rank of society. He took an interest in almost every charitable institution, and in almost every institution peculiar to the north of England, in their funeral customs, and in many other things

which an ordinary stranger might not have observed.

As chairman of the Vestry and the Board School he proved himself a leader of men. As founder of the Boys' Club he showed how he sympathized with boys, and in exerting himself to show and to enlist sympathy for the Literary Institute and Reading-room he did much that appealed to the intellectual life of the Bramptonians.

The new church grew apace, and friends urged him to look at home and think of a parsonage.

At Brampton, as later on at Newlands, in Whitehead's mind the idea prevailed that the House of Prayer should be rebuilt before any thought should be given to the house of the vicar. It was not until the church was approaching its roofing time in 1878, that he took any thought regarding his own house-roof. For nearly two years he had been minus house accommodation for wife and children. Then, as he could hear of no suitable house for himself and family, he proposed to the trustees of Lord Carlisle's estate that he should buy a piece of land of them, and build himself a house with money he would have to borrow; but they declined to do more than sell on a lease, and the project fell through. Eventually they agreed to build a house which he was to rent.

It was in 1876 that the Burial question was exciting public attention throughout the country.

Whitehead was pressed to join hands with certain leaders of the Broad Church party in a memorial which obtained the suffrages of the Evangelical party also. His calm wisdom and courage came to his aid, and he refused to sign and was willing to bear the onus of standing alone, even though he should seem to have deserted his cause and his friends. He expressed his views on the matter to his correspondent Hawkins.

BRAMPTON, CUMBERLAND, February 23, 1876.

MY DEAR HAWKINS,—Thanks for the circular, which I had not received; of course I think it is a mistake. It is not the function of the so-called Broad Church to be constantly combining first with Ritualists and then with Evangelicals in getting up protests and requisitions. Such documents are worse than useless unless they proceed from a majority. It is more dignified to stand aloof, and possess one's soul in patience. And the only combination which is ever numerically strong is one of High and Low Churchmen against the Broad, or at all events against the ideas which the Broad represent. Such a combination at present exists on the other side in this question, for though some of the London Evangelical clergy may take the liberal view of the Burial question, their country brethren are nearly all on the illiberal side. Therefore there is no use in making more manifest than it already is what a weight of numbers is against us. Our tactics should rather be to depreciate the value of these clerical protests altogether, and consistently refuse to have anything to do with them. The function of a liberal clergyman is to be liberal all round, and to spread a spirit, leaving its outward forms and manifestations to take care of themselves.

No question of this kind ever arrives without Ll. Davies[1] delivering utterances which are widely read and which are of vast importance. The laity read them and say, "Well, at all events, the clergy are not all on the wrong side." I think he steps down from his pedestal when he engages in these coalitions.

March 10, 1876.

My dear Hawkins,—When I saw the names of the clergy who have signed the memorial about the Burial question I certainly felt a momentary regret that my name should be the only one of our brotherhood that was absent. On that score the only thing to be said is that it requires more moral courage on my part to withhold my name from such a memorial than to allow it to be added to the rest. But looking at the matter from my old point of view I see no reason to modify my opinion on the inadvisability of such memorials. The same thought occurred to me which has since been expressed by G. R. Portal in a letter to the *Guardian*. He speaks of "the cathedral dignitaries, town incumbents, and distinguished schoolmasters, who have come forward to solve a question which in no way affects them." I do not say it does not affect them. It affects them as members of the Church, and perhaps their very position enables them to take a calm and unprejudiced view. And when any one of them expresses this view, after the manner of Llewellyn Davies, giving his reasons in his own way, there is great weight in his utterance. But it is otherwise with a bare memorial with merely the signatures; such a document only leads to the counting up and analyzing of the names. And when the reader has gone through this process he only says, "Well, I thought there would have been more of them." So far as I am concerned I have to stand almost alone in this rural deanery, and I might almost say in this diocese, but I feel that I do better to contend single-handed with those immediately around me than to add my signature to the memorial.

[1] Now vicar of Kirkby Lonsdale.

It was during his Brampton days that Whitehead's love of archæology first manifested itself. The old church and burying-ground of the patron saint (St. Martin), the 'written rock in Gelt'—a rock on the bank of the river Gelt, where some Roman centurion had caused a note to be made of the presence of his legion—the near proximity of the border castle of Lord William Howard, and of the Roman Wall, all these roused the keen hunter's zeal for accurate research and information.

Chancellor Ferguson, as editor of the *Cumberland and Westmoreland Transactions*, wrote to him in 1876 urging him to write a paper on the Brampton Registers, and this set him seriously to work. The Brampton paper was not written, but the study of the Brampton Register resulted in many papers on kindred subjects which appeared up till the day of his death in local papers or in the County *Transactions*. The last proofs he corrected were those of a paper on the "Kirkoswald Register," which, though in type, had not been printed when he passed away.

A list of these writings was given at the end of the "In Memoriam" paper by Chancellor Ferguson, in Part I. Vol. XIV. of the *Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society*, and will be found in the list of Whitehead's published writings at the close of this volume.

The writer of the paper says: "The charm

of the man to his archæological friends, and his power as a writer on archæological subjects, consisted in his mathematical facility for putting together and adding up small indicia of evidence, combined with a vivid imagination that enabled him to realize the persons about whom he was writing. Thus out of an old register Mr. Whitehead could conjure up a seventeenth century vicar or an eighteenth century parish clerk to the life, quite natural and true. One great characteristic of his work was his thoroughness."

"Thank you very heartily," wrote Canon Benham, "for your notes on Parish Registers. I regard you as about the most sincere literary man in the Church of England. All your work is sterling, all valuable, and yet you make no fuss about it. If only twenty country parsons would take the pains that you do, a vast accession of knowledge would take place in parochial and national history."

The principal subjects with which he dealt were Parish Registers, Church Plate, and Church Bells.

The first important work of this kind which he undertook was the writing of the paper on "Old Church Plate in the Brampton Deanery," which was the precursor of a book on *The Old Church Plate of the Diocese of Carlisle.* This was first suggested to him by the Industrial and Art Exhibition held in Brampton in January 1880.

The idea of this exhibition, the first that history records as having been held in Cumberland, originated with Mrs. Whitehead, who, in no wise daunted at the somewhat cold reception accorded at first to her suggestion, gathered together a committee, including some working men, and set to work in earnest to take the requisite preliminary steps.

Six months were taken up in the preparations, the main object in view being to encourage the industry of the district; but as the interest in the matter increased, a suggestion was made to add to the exhibits for competition a loan section of local and historical objects of interest. Mrs. Whitehead can hardly have anticipated that the small local committee she called together in July 1879 would have met with such signal success; or that the seed sown by the first Industrial Exhibition would bear fruit so abundantly, for Wigton, Haltwhistle, Cockermouth, and Carlisle, in succeeding years, followed suit.

It was Whitehead's belief, shared by Chancellor Ferguson, that if prominence were given in these local exhibitions to loan collections illustrative of ancient manners and customs of the locality, a great deal of antiquarian knowledge and history would be the result.

Amongst the exhibits at the Brampton Exhibition was a beautiful old silver chalice, and two large pewter flagons from Brampton Church, and a quaint old silver tankard having

a whistle at the base of its handle. These exhibits, the Brampton (Newcastle) chalice—so called because the silver marks (three castles) proved it to have been made in Newcastle—the Skelton tankard, and the Brampton flagons have become historical. They inaugurated a great movement, of which the country has not yet seen the end.

As the sequel to the Brampton Industrial and Art Exhibition, Whitehead wrote a paper on "Old Church Plate in the Deanery of Brampton."

When in the following year a larger exhibition was held at Wigton, and twenty-four disused chalices and communion vessels were brought together, it was seen that there was much material to hand, and a book on the *Old Church Plate of the Diocese* was projected. By the co-operation of Miss Goodwin, now Mrs. Ware, wife of the suffragan bishop of Carlisle,—the chancellor and himself, this was carried to a most successful issue, though with characteristic modesty he refused to have his name upon the title-page ; and in *Crockford* would only allow himself to be known as the writer of the paper on "Old Church Plate" of his own Brampton Deanery, which was published in 1881.

Indirectly the Industrial Exhibition at Brampton bore fruit that helped archæological records throughout England, for other dioceses followed suit, and it is now hardly possible to sell any old church plate away from its own church or parish.

Between his studies of church plate marks and church bell inscriptions he devoted much research to local history and wrote papers, in which he would in fancy repeople Brampton with the Presbyterians, or the followers of Prince Charles Stuart in 1745—for it was in Brampton that Prince Charles received the keys of Carlisle Castle from the Mayor and Corporation on their knees, and the town is full of traditions of the '45—or would in imagination follow George Fox the Quaker through the villages of Cumberland and Westmoreland to and from the castle gaol. Of George Fox he always expressed great admiration, and a portrait of him ever had the place of honour in his study.

It was whilst he was busy preparing his contribution to this Church Plate book, and visiting the different churches to verify the silver marks on the plate, that Whitehead heard the bells of the various churches calling to him to examine their dates and mottoes and moulds. In 1883 he published a paper on the "Church Bells of the Border," to be followed by "Church Bells in Cumberland Ward," Parts I. and II. In 1885 he published the "Bells of Carlisle Cathedral," and, later on, "Church Bells of Leath Ward," Parts I., II., III., IV., and the "Keswick Town Clock Bell."

A characteristic letter on church bells to Canon Rawnsley in answer to one which prepared the formation of the present Bell Ringers' Associa-

tion for the county is worth quoting as one example of his cheery readiness to help forward the art of the belfries of which he had begun to be so fond, and of whose bells he was actually thinking on the day before his death.

BRAMPTON, CARLISLE, December 29, 1883.

DEAR RAWNSLEY,—I hope you may be able to preside on New Year's Eve at the bell-ringers' supper which you mention in your letter. I look forward to being similarly engaged here on New Year's Eve, as the ringers come to the vicarage to supper before the late service, which begins at 11 P.M. After service, which concludes exactly at 12, they ring the New Year in.

You know that I take a great interest in bells, and belfries, and bell-ringers. The Crosthwaite bells I had the good fortune to hear one evening last week, and thought them very good. I believe it is an article of faith in Crosthwaite to consider them the best in Cumberland. There was never yet a peal of bells that was not regarded by the inhabitants of the parish to which they belonged as the best anywhere known. Brampton people think our bells the best in the world, though the treble is too sharp.[1] For my own part I do not think the Brampton bells as good as either Crosthwaite or Penrith, which of the two latter peals is the best I do not undertake to say. But I may say this, that Crosthwaite folk must give over saying that they have the pick of three peals intended for Crosthwaite, Penrith, and Cockermouth (see *Crosthwaite Parish Magazine*, October 1882); on which subject see the report of my lecture at Penrith in the *Penrith Observer* of last Tuesday (December 25).

Only the first half of my lecture is reported. Towards the end I told the Penrith people that, whatever doubt there

[1] They will sound better again when the church tower is completed; the present temporary wooden structure does not tend to mellow their tone.—M. W.

might be as to which of the two peals of bells was the better, there was no manner of doubt as to which belfry was in the better order. The Penrith belfry is in a very bad condition. All the bells need to be re-hung. And the ringing gallery is ridiculous, so erected that the ropes must all fall in a line instead of in a circle. Change-ringing is out of the question with such an arrangement. The Crosthwaite belfry, on the contrary, seems in first-rate order. This I know because I not only heard the bells but saw them. The only thing I feel sorry for concerning the bells is that Nos. 1, 5, 7, and 8 are not from the same foundry as the original peal, not that I have any fault to find with the new bells, which are excellent. They are from the Cripplegate Foundry, which has a very good name. But there could have been no possible reason for not calling in the Whitechapel founders to recast bells which came from their foundry, or to add to their number.

I should have been glad to have had an opportunity of seeing the ringers. But if I did not see the present ringers, I had the pleasure of making the acquaintance of an old ringer, Mr. Geo. Holmes, and was much interested in his conversation. He told me of the peals they used to ring in his time. Whether the Crosthwaite ringers can ring the same peals now I don't know. But if they can it is more than can be said of any other Cumberland ringers as yet known to me.

Now you say something about an association that is to be formed. Do you mean a *diocesan* association? That is what is wanted. But as a preliminary step to its formation the Cathedral bells should be set going again. At present there is not a single wheel among the lot, and the tradition is that they have not been rung since 1745. The Chapter, I believe, say that to ring the bells would injure the tower, which I don't believe. Towers are only injured by bells when the cage is 'made steady' by wedges driven in between it and the wall of the belfry. I did not find that such was the case at Crosthwaite, but it *is* the case at St. Stephen's

(Carlisle), and the consequence is that though the church is a new one, the tower is already cracked.

But to return to the projected association. If you wish to be a pioneer in this matter you can get up a local association in your part of the county. It should engage an experienced teacher. And when the Crosthwaite ringers undertake their first 5040 peal of Stedman's triples I hope they will invite me to hear it, and that I may have the pleasure of being present at the supper which, as the reporters say, will 'terminate the proceedings.'

Wishing you and the Crosthwaite ringers a Happy New Year when it comes,—I remain, yours truly,

H. WHITEHEAD.

N.B.—Advise your ringers to take in the *Bell News*, published by Allen, Ave Maria Lane, London. It comes out weekly, and costs only a penny.

Almost his first act on coming into the Brampton parish was connected with the formation of a School Board, which had been decided on before he came, and for which he acted as clerk. The whole correspondence, most carefully kept, is in his handwriting. He was wont to tell how in his several capacities of vicar of the parish, and clerk to the new School Board, he wrote letters to himself, which were carefully answered; copies of all are still preserved. The work of the clerkship he cheerfully undertook, as he felt that by so doing he might smooth away difficulties in the near future. Strict attention to business details in all public matters was with him a first principle, and had won for him high commendation from the shrewd business men with whom he worked on committee in the heavy distress winter

in East London, 1867-68. He was remarkable for his thoroughness, and always worked out trustworthy and reliable results, as is shown by the following story. There was a question raised by the Education Department as to the sufficiency of accommodation in the schools. He maintained one view, the department pressed another. To convince "My Lords" he himself, unaided by any one, made a personal canvass of the whole parish, took a census of the children in every house, and proved his point, though "My Lords" were hard to convince, and insisted that his census was inaccurate—they little knew their man. Nothing daunted by their sceptical reply to his statement (*they* chose to estimate the number of children between the ages of five and thirteen by the population), he went to work again, repeated his personal canvass of the parish, and triumphantly proved himself to be right. He often said when telling this story, that the intimate knowledge of the parish thus early gained was well worth the pains taken in the matter. It certainly saved the town a heavy rate, as a new school had been declared necessary in view of the *estimated* population of school age.

The next difficulty which faced him was the Church question.

Brampton Church in 1874 was a mean-looking structure, having common sash windows. Its only redeeming feature was its tower. It wanted

re-seating, and a great deal needed to be done, as it was much out of repair from damp and other causes. A public meeting was called to consider the question of repairing and re-seating it; after much discussion, and one or two adjournments, it was finally decided that it would in the end be, for various reasons, much the best thing to do to pull down the old edifice (it was never at any time a substantial one, and only boasted fifty years), and to build a new one in its place; this he foresaw would enable the much vexed question of the private ownership of pews to settle itself peaceably, for the new church he intended should be free and open.

So a committee was formed, and subscriptions raised, and after some months the old church was pulled down, and the walls of the new one were reared on its site. The foundation stone of the present church was laid by H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who was at that time staying at Naworth Castle.

The maxim upon which he acted in this and in all his other undertakings in Cumberland, was "Never hurry a meeting of Cumberland men; they will always come to the right decision at the end. Their motto is, 'tak' time.'"

The building of the new church, which was entrusted to Mr. Philip Webb of London, was a great anxiety for him. He had many conflicting elements to deal with, amongst which it required all his tact to steer his way. It cost

him a great deal more financially than he could afford, but this he never grudged, and when once it was built, the seats made free and open, and a beginning made with the beautiful memorial windows by William Morris, from designs by Sir E. Burne Jones, he felt that a distinct move onward had been made in the affairs of Brampton.

Services were held in a school-room whilst the work of the new church was going on, and he was always delighted to tell the story of how that time had gone far to prepare the way for a change. He had the school arranged every week to look as much like a church as possible; and when the services began in the new St. Martin's, people were quite accustomed to the improved order of ritual.

His audience in that little room often contained some very notable personages. On one occasion he recognized a venerable man with white hair in the congregation, and on meeting him the next evening at dinner at Naworth Castle, Mr. Whitehead said to him, "Dr. Jowett, the last time you and I met was under different circumstances. A green baize-covered table separated us on that occasion."[1]

When the church was ready for consecration, it was decided by a public meeting, after a long and convincing speech by the vicar, that the choir should be surpliced.

[1] Dr. Jowett had been one of the examiners at Oxford when Whitehead was in for 'Greats.'

On St. Martin's day, 1878, the new church was consecrated. It was a memorable day in Brampton—the commencement, one might say, of a new era. The bishop, with a large number of the clergy and a goodly choir, surpliced for the first time, entered the church, preceded by the churchwardens, and his verger bearing the silver stick before him. As the procession advanced up the aisle, the bishop read the twenty-fourth Psalm, the clergy and others responding. The service was intoned, Tallis' responses being given by the choir with good effect. All the congregation rose as the bishop entered, and from that day to this have continued to do so at the commencement of divine service.

Only those who had known the condition of affairs in the previous decade could fully appreciate the change, and not only the change, but the infinite tact, judgment, and patience which had been exerted to bring it about. If a beautiful church, with a surpliced choir, choral service, orderly ritual, free and open seats, and, above all, no antagonistic feeling aroused in the parish, had been the only result of ten years' work, it would not have been a small one; but seed was being sown, and a spirit spread, which would bear fruit and endure long after the sower should have passed away.

Five years later he left Brampton, where he had now spent ten years, a period which, as he used laughingly to say, was a quite long enough

halt in any one place, and for various reasons he thought the time had come to move on.[1]

In the spring of 1884 he resigned his post, and on Trinity Sunday evening, June 8, 1884, he preached the farewell sermon, whose concluding words run as follows:

> We hear sometimes of what is called the reserve, even the sternness of the Cumberland character. It may be, it is, in the main reserved; it may even in a measure be stern, but as the poet says of his stern hero:
>
> Your smilers guess not how
> Beats the strong heart, though less the lips avow.
>
> And even the lips, especially of late, have avowed both to myself and family, much that has been to us most touching. On this point however, as indeed on any matter of a personal nature, I cannot trust myself to say more. . . . I have never been able to preach the regulation farewell sermon.
>
> A word or two about the poor, and I have done. Wordsworth noticed what he called the *solemnity* of the Westmoreland peasantry. The same characteristic may be observed in the poor of this neighbourhood. It is this which enables them, or at all events a large proportion of them, to hold converse with those whom the world would call their superiors with a quiet air of equality entirely devoid of assumption, which is not without its value as illustrating the essential unity of mankind as children of the one God and Father of us all. It also enables them, in the midst of their hard lot and in time of affliction, to exhibit in a high degree the virtue of patience; whilst it does not prevent

[1] It was I believe Dr. Jacobson, whilst Bishop of Chester, who spoke disrespectfully of the process of "vegetating for twenty years in one place." H. W. always maintained that a man gained more than he lost, as "a rolling stone."—M. W.

them from showing gratitude for any kindness they may have received, perhaps not always at the time, but what is more striking, even years afterwards, though the kindness may have been but a small matter. Indeed they are as a class a most patient, grateful folk.

One cannot conclude this Brampton chapter without quoting from some notes the present vicar has kindly placed at my disposal, of the work done by Whitehead at Brampton, and of the impressions he left behind him among the Brampton folk who so honoured the "man of the south," and so regretted that he should leave them.

Henry Whitehead was appointed to the vicarage of Brampton in 1874. On April 12 of that year he preached his first sermon in St. Martin's Church; he preached his last sermon there as vicar on June 8, 1884, having held the living for just over ten years.

His predecessor had been suffering for some time from bad health, and a curate appointed by the Bishop of Carlisle was in sole charge of the parish. An energetic man, most thoroughly in earnest in endeavouring to improve the public services of the church, he unfortunately managed to rouse the prejudices of a large number of the parishioners. Quarrels and contentions of a most unseemly character took place even in the church and during the hours of divine worship. There is no doubt that the time had come for radical changes in Brampton Church, to obtain which, however, much tact and discretion were needed; but Mr. Whitehead always acknowledged that much had been done by the curate in charge in preparing the way for such changes, by breaking up a good deal of rough ground.

He has often told the writer that no vicar could have been appointed under more favourable circumstances than

he was. The parishioners were ready to welcome any vicar who would bring them peace and rest. And it is worthy of notice that almost all the changes in ritual and the conduct of the services of the Church, attempts to achieve which, prior to his coming, had elicited such fierce opposition, were finally brought about by him with scarcely a dissentient voice.

The following words, quoted from one of his sermons, show the value which he attached to a free and open church, and to his expectation from it:

"I do greatly rejoice, whatever may be my own future, at the prospect of this church becoming in fact, and not merely in name, your parish church. It is pleasant to see so many persons here who, no matter whether rightly or wrongly, once considered they had no part or lot in their parish church, under a system of appropriation of seats to which I am told, though it is difficult to believe it, that some even now look back with regret. I am sure there can be but few who entertain this feeling, and that a great majority of you are of quite the opposite opinion. In the hands of that majority lies the future of this church."

He was loved and respected by all alike: churchman and nonconformist reverenced a character which was all unselfishness; rich and poor found in him a ready friend who was always full of sympathy and who never patronized.

Wherever he went he was welcomed, and some of his most devoted friends may be found amongst the poorest in Brampton.

To this period of his life belongs the development of his interest in archæological studies, which to those who have only known him in the North are specially associated with him in their remembrance. It is characteristic of him that he was drawn to these studies from the human side.

He began with a taste for parish registers. The quaint bits of information of a general kind at times noted down in these documents were sources to him of great delight, but they fascinated him still more when he saw that, by comparison of entries, and by following certain names along the pages,

he could in a measure reconstruct the life of parishioners of a couple of centuries ago. I remember his describing a conversation he had once with a well-known historical scholar who was sceptical as to the practical use to the historian of such purely local information as could be gleaned from parish registers. In the course of it, by giving examples drawn from his own study, Whitehead showed how it was possible to advance from the particular to the general, from the parish fact to the fact applying to a district, and so to build up general inferences as to the social condition of the country at large. He convinced his companion, who admitted that he had not seen how these local facts, at the first glance accidental and sporadic, could be made to yield so much material to the social historian.

He will be known as the historian of Brampton. He was wont to say that had he come five years later he could never have written the story of Prince Charlie; as it was he found old people whose fathers or grandfathers had told them incidents of the rebellion of the '45, and these he carefully classified. He would sit for hours patiently questioning some old man in the hope of eliciting clearly one single fact.

In his "Walks round Brampton" he told the natives more than they had ever known before of the origin of the names of places in this parish. How he loved the old church, which he was fond of saying existed before Lanercost Abbey, because Osbertus (1169), the first known rector of Brampton (*persona de Brampton*), signed the consecration deed of the Abbey. He was never tired of searching for relics of the past. He had marked out the spot on which stood St. Martin's Oak, traditionally believed to have been the tree under which the gospel was first preached in the neighbourhood; Nine Wells, or St. Ninian's Well, commonly called the Priest's Well.[1]

[1] "Nine Wells" is the traditional name of a fountain—now covered over and lost—close to the old churchyard of Brampton. On this Whitehead wrote as follows in a Historical Appendix to a paper by the Rev. T. W. Norwood, on "The Old Chancel in Brampton Churchyard":

"It is sometimes asked," he wrote, "why Brampton old church was built so far from the town. It would be more to the purpose to ask, though perhaps no conclusive answer can be given, why the town was built so far from the church."

He adopted the conclusion arrived at by the late Robert Bell of Irthington, that Thomas de Multon, Lord of Gilsland, when he formed Brampton Park, enclosing therein both camp and village, removed the inhabitants of that village to the present town.

But one of his most remarkable achievements was the picture which he drew of William Collinson, parish clerk of Brampton, 1666-1695. "Mr. Collinson," he says, "though not a ready writer, was able to write intelligently enough when he had a good pen and took special pains; but when using a pen worn to the stump, which would seem to have been the general condition of his pens, he could produce hieroglyphics not easy to decipher." After giving illustrations of Mr. Collinson's way of spelling, he sketched his character, showing how in all probability he had come to the parish with Mr. Fielding the then vicar, and ended by proving how this seventeenth century parish clerk had saved the

"As Brougham Church, from time immemorial called 'Nine Kirks,' derived its name from St. Ninian, . . . it may be that we have another memorial of the same Cumberland saint in this 'well or fountain called *Nine-Wells*,' in close proximity to the only Cumberland church (Brampton Church), dedicated to St. Martin of Tours, with whom St. Ninian stayed some time when returning from Rome" (and to whom he dedicated the proto-church of the north at Whitherne in Galloway). The concluding words of Whitehead's paper have a special significance now that he has gone from us, leaving friends who would delight to honour his wishes. "We learn," he writes, "that, for the preservation of St. Ninian's Well at Brisco (near Carlisle), 'some forty years ago, that good lady, Miss Sarah Losh of Woodside, took pious care, protecting it by a characteristic arch, with an appropriate inscription.' Let us hope that some one will arise to do the same service for St. Ninian's Brampton well, and also . . . to mark with a cross the spot where once stood St. Martin's Oak at Brampton." (H.W. in *Transactions of Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian and Archæological Society*, Volume x., p. 175.)

register from being totally neglected. One of his audience, after hearing this lecture delivered in Carlisle, was heard to say, "Well, I never thought such a very old subject could have been made so interesting. Why you could almost see that clerk."

Three of the sermons he preached at Brampton had far-reaching effects: they were on "Free and Open Churches," "The Weekly Offertory," and "Funeral Reform."

This last sermon, preached again by request some years later in Lanercost Abbey, struck a blow at the old fashioned customs with regard to burials in the North. He would often tell the story of the proceedings at an old fashioned funeral of a much respected inhabitant. His description of the two hours and more which preceded the "lifting" was most graphic. The churchwarden pipes, the drinks, the "baked meats" and "funeral bread," the endless stories told by those who had come to "honour" the deceased, were fully depicted by him as he paced up and down the room.

"The Brampton hearse," he said in his sermon of 1875, "is certainly one of the worst I ever saw, but I have no wish to see it replaced by anything more pretentious of the kind now generally used. The first funeral at which I read the burial service was that of an old Arctic navigator (Admiral Sir John Ross), whose coffin, covered by the Union Jack, was drawn upon an open car, and I have ever since wished that every coffin was borne upon an open car, and covered by something less dismal than the traditional black and white pall."

He urged his hearers to invite all friends, excepting relatives, to attend at the church and not at the house, and in no qualified tones condemned the use of intoxicating drinks at funerals.

"Excess in the use of intoxicating drinks at funerals is, so far as I am aware, exceptional in this parish. Let us hope that a time may come when it shall be as exceptional upon other occasions; for that there is a great deal more use of intoxicating drink here than there need be, or ought to be, will not be denied by any one who really knows the town. To no purpose shall any one who indulges in excess of this

kind allege that he does not get drunk at a funeral. No doubt if he were to do so every one would say that he had acted disgracefully. Let them think the same and say the same, of any one who gets drunk upon any occasion whatever. The great need in this town is that public opinion should, far more emphatically than it now does, condemn such excess, no matter when, where, or by whom committed."

An ardent Liberal all his life he yet never actively took any side in party politics. Only on one occasion during the ten years he was vicar of Brampton did he appear on a political platform. This was on the occasion of the extension of the franchise. He firmly held the opinion that no parish priest should take an active part in party warfare; and he was right.

He was always fond of boys and young men, and kept his heart young by constant association with them. Never a rich man, he was generous beyond his means. He borrowed money to buy some premises which he used as a Boys' Club, which for some years was carried on very successfully, though not without much and incessant work on the part of himself and his wife.

Night after night, 100 nights and more on end, with unfailing regularity they went down in all weathers to the Town Foot (from 7 to 9 P.M.) in the early years of the club's existence, and latterly from 7 to 10 P.M., to superintend matters, and to sustain by their presence the committee of lads (elected by their fellows), helping to keep order, and making themselves largely responsible for the good conduct of the club. Chess, draughts, dominoes, and games with history and geography cards, were the chief means of amuse-

ment, and towards the close of the 'season' chess and draughts 'tournaments' were got up, and created keen interest, not only between the competitors, but amongst all the club members. There was a free-hand drawing class also, taught by a lady, which was very popular, and a glee class, superintended by another, on practice nights was always full. Out of this glee class sprang the idea of the first Boys' Club concert, for which the members practised with a will through the latter part of the season, and with the kind help of friends it proved such a success that it was decided to make it an annual affair. In one of the rooms he founded a lending library, begging books from his friends, and stripping his own shelves and his children's so that the undertaking might start well. In another room there met together many of the young men of the town for a debating society, of which he was the life and soul. The chief aim of the promoters of the club was to teach the lads how to spend their recreation time rationally, and it certainly answered its purpose. There was no pretence of schooling, and no need for it. They had been to school in the day-time, but they learnt many a valuable lesson in the club which has been of service to them as citizens in after life. They carried the spirit of it with them into other places, as they grew up and scattered in the world, and in some instances set to work trying to help others even as they had been helped.

These 'old boys' of his have now long since reached manhood, but they have never forgotten the happy days spent at the old club.

Among the many pleasant memories of Brampton days, none was a source of greater satisfaction to him to look back upon than the work of this club. One of the old boys writing to Mrs. Whitehead after the vicar's death, says: "I feel I have lost the truest friend that man could have on this earth. Many times when enjoying a few minutes' rest, we have often talked of you and him, and I have recalled all the little episodes connected with the foundation and carrying on of the old 'Boys' Club' in the days that are gone. Those were indeed pleasant times: seed was then sown that will grow and bring forth fruit until the end." "It was the turning point in my life," said one, recalling old days long after he had left the town. "It was the saving of me," said another. "I can never be grateful enough for those old club days." Such are some of the many witnesses to the happy influences of the old Boys' Club.

Wherever Whitehead's lot had been cast during his London career, he had invariably been on the most cordial terms with the 'Friendly Societies,' and they always showed how they valued his good-will and his interest in their welfare by electing him an honorary member of their various lodges. They welcomed his good fellowship, and gladly listened to his wise coun-

sels, notwithstanding he spoke many a home truth to them, and not unfrequently showed them wherein lay the weak points in their system, with a view to securing their greater efficiency and stability.

The Brampton Oddfellows were no exception to this rule, and lost no time in inviting the new vicar to take the chair at their annual lodge dinner, which according to custom was held in their special lodge room, at the White Lion. They had much cause to rejoice that he consented, and that he continued to do so, by request, in succeeding years. Once the vicar of a neighbouring parish took occasion to remonstrate with him on the position.

"My dear fellow, in a public-house! Only think of it; if you were to urge them now to meet somewhere else."

But he declined to make himself a judge over them. Indirectly however, his influence made itself felt, and one of their oldest members, writing to-day in reference to this, says:

> It is a fact that during the years that Mr. Whitehead was chairman, the annual lodge dinner was raised from a mere convivial gathering to an intellectual meeting that members looked forward to with great pleasure; and not only was it in Brampton that the Oddfellows appreciated his services, but he often was invited and went to Bolton Fell, and once crossed the border to a meeting of the Langholm Lodge.

That the societies did keenly appreciate the quiet genial influence of the man from the south

who had come among them was shown by the following story, which in his quaint way he would tell against himself:

On one occasion after a special service for the members of the friendly societies, at which all in the town had been present, it was arranged by some of their chief officials (unknown to him of course), that the men should line the route from the vestry to his house, and he found himself obliged, much to his consternation, on quitting the church, to pass through two ranks of closely linked admiring friends. To such an unassuming man, with a strong aversion to being the hero of any public function in his own honour, such a procession was not a little embarrassing, and he used to say in recounting the story, "I passed through as quickly as I could with eyes fixed on the ground, for I never felt so ashamed in my life"; others, however, were proud spectators of the honour done to him.

As with most classes of men, so even with tramps, he did not fail to establish some human relations. His method of dealing with them was most peculiar; he always gave the ordinary tramp a penny, and he added he never had any trouble in getting rid of one. On one occasion the writer was walking with him through Brampton when a tramp was seen approaching. "I must get my penny ready," said Mr. Whitehead. The tramp stopped and began, "Will you kindly help a poor man on the road. I have been look-

ing for work and cannot find any." "Ah, my good man," was the reply, "you have spoiled it all. You know you are not looking for work, and you don't want any," and he passed on.

With the *genuine* tramps he had much sympathy. He would say that in their small way they were types of the world's great travellers. The same restlessness that they showed in their aimless wanderings, when properly directed, developed the explorer and discoverer. He used to tell a story of one man whom he found, after some little conversation, to be a 'man of Kent' like himself, and who about once in two years traversed England from Kent to Cumberland and back on foot. Of course he always received hospitality and something more, for a certain clannish feeling obtains in southern as well as northern counties. "He seemed a good sort of fellow," he would say, "possessed by a restless desire to wander. Want of means and opportunity had perhaps prevented him becoming a second Speke." That man had a real respect for him. I have known him occasionally sit down on a heap of stones to talk to a tramp, and smoke a pipe with him, of course sharing his tobacco with the wayfarer, and "I well remember," says his wife, "how pleased he was on one occasion, when I told him I had given a lame tramp a lift into Brampton from Lanercost in the pony carriage."

CHAPTER VI

NEWLANDS, NEWTON REIGNY, AND LANERCOST

WHITEHEAD left Brampton, but Brampton never forgot him; and when twelve years after, his body was borne, almost as it would seem in triumph, to his burial in the old churchyard of St. Martin's overlooking the Border river, the people lined the way from fully half a mile outside the town to the church, and spoke of him and wept for him as though he were still their vicar.

After leaving Brampton he went to Keswick. The little dale chapelry of Newlands was just then vacant, and in the gift of his friend, the Vicar of Crosthwaite, and he cheerfully undertook the work there, though, with the consent of the Bishop, he resided chiefly in Keswick, as the vicarage was not habitable in the winter.

The little vicarage was greatly dilapidated. In stormy weather it was necessary to sleep under umbrellas, and the wind would fairly blow the coals out of the grate of the sitting-room. It was felt that it would be wiser to build a

new vicarage in a more sheltered and convenient spot than to spend money on repairing the old one. Keswick and Newlands were glad to have him on any terms.

And he was happy in his year's work. A vicarage needed to be built, and the church wanted re-seating, warming, and repairing. Its floor was of stone, worn into hollows in many places by the feet of succeeding generations of sturdy dalesmen, and in wet weather the water stood in these hollows. The churchyard needed draining. "I will attend to the vicarage when I am no longer vicar, and have no direct interest in the job," he said, "but this latter piece of work shall be set about at once."

It *was* set about, and under the care of Mr. William Marshall[1] the church was restored with consummate care and taste, the old axed seats of Elizabeth's time being retained, all woodwork that was used being of oak, stained to correspond in colouring with the old oak pew-doors and backs which were used to panel the walls.

He won all hearts in Newlands by a very simple process. It was soon discovered that he was fond of whist. The dalesmen in Newlands had been famed for generations at this game. A story was current of how at one farm-house in the good old days when each farm entertained the dale in turn at Christmas, the people sat down to play on Christmas Eve, and when they

[1] Son of Mr. Marshall of the Island, Derwentwater.

rose found the flood had made it out of the question for any one to leave the house. So the players sat down and played all through that night until the morn; supped 'poddish' and went at it again, and took dinner and persevered till supper, and then played on all through the next night till the storm abated, and the whist players were able to return to their own homes.

Whitehead enjoyed hearing of this record game, and taking a hand with the descendant of one of the famous players, he found himself taken by the hand also. To this day the name of Whitehead is held very dear in Newlands, and they speak of him not only as a restorer of their dale chapel and builder of their vicarage, but as "sec a hand at 'whisk' as nivver was."

They do not know how much of their sterling worth and character he learned in the pauses of the game, which was for him a pleasant remembrance.

There were four things that Whitehead used to say made that year of his Newlands incumbency a very interesting year to him.

The first was the opportunity afforded him of studying the ways and customs of the dale folk, not only at their 'whisk' parties, but in the committee meetings about the church restoration, and in their daily life. He found much to interest him amongst them, and greatly endeared himself to them. Indeed it is recorded of the "king of the dale,"—a sterling character—that

he "was not ashamed to say that 'he wept' when he knew he 'should see his face no more.'" The second was that he was living within hail of the local printer; the third, that there was a flourishing literary society in the town, which gave him something to prepare by way of lectures; while the fourth was, that the ancient Parish Church of Crosthwaite had a peal of bells and some very ancient registers. He was always close friends with newspaper editors and with printers, with whom he would indulge in much dissertation upon unnecessary commas and other printer's embellishments, while as for the literary and scientific meetings, they certainly gained by his sojourn at Keswick. Wherever he went, Whitehead solemnly propounded the doctrine that it was the duty of every man who loved his country not to neglect so great an opportunity of proving his patriotism as was afforded by attendance upon lecture nights of the local literary and scientific societies.

He left Newlands for Newton Reigny in 1885. Here too his lot was cast among a set of farming men whose hearts he won, and whose ways he loved to study. Chosen to preside at village meetings, he entered into the life of the community, and many an amusing incident of village politics and the way of settling village disputes did he relate to his friends.

From Newton Reigny he carried out his determination to benefit Newlands by building a

vicarage there. "I can now beg," he said, "and not be ashamed"; and beg he did. Most of the neighbourhood who had come to look upon him as a lovable friend during his short sojourn in the Keswick Vale gave liberally. The only time the writer ever saw him angered and flame out upon a human being was at the one act of meanness that marred the general liberality. "I told him to his face," he said, "when he made his beggarly excuse for not doing his duty in the matter of giving, that it was no concern of mine whether he gave or refused to give, but that 'the liberal man deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand,' and I would leave him to think about it."

It was an instance among a thousand of the courage of his convictions of this generous, peaceable, and peace-loving man. The one thing he could not stand was meanness in money matters, or ungenerous conduct in the affairs of life. Among his papers was found a little note on the text from Isaiah xxxii. 8, Authorized Version, which runs as follows:—"The liberal deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand."

But the Revised Version runs thus: "the liberal deviseth liberal things, and in liberal things shall he continue." The latter part of the text, as given in the Authorized Version, is relegated by the Revisers to the margin as an alternative reading.

In verse 5 the Revised Version follows the Authorized

Version, but in the margin gives "noble" as an alternative reading to "liberal."

As I am not acquainted with Hebrew, I can pronounce no opinion as to whether "liberal" or "noble" is the more literal translation. But I take it that the Revisers preferred "liberal," and have only added the marginal reading "noble" in order to guard against "liberal" being understood in a restrictive sense as open-handed in money matters. From this restricted meaning the word has been rescued by its adoption as the designation of a political party, the aims of which in the main are excellent, and indeed may be said to deserve the epithet 'noble.' All the same, the text might serve for a scathing sermon upon persons calling themselves 'liberal,' who seem quite unable as individuals to '*devise* liberal things,' who take their political opinions second-hand, but when left to themselves to *devise* a course of conduct, go altogether astray; whilst on the other hand, many an old-fashioned Tory, who also has his bundle of second-hand political opinions, many of them unsound, yet shows himself quite capable of truly liberal conduct as an individual; in short, instinctively '*devises* liberal things,' and acts accordingly.

For these reasons the Revisers are much to be commended for retaining the word 'liberal' in the text.

At Newton Reigny he was happy in the existence of interesting parish registers, and his well-known love of literary and scientific societies was taken full advantage of by his friends at Penrith, for he became the president of the society, and was unanimously elected president three years in succession, driving or walking in to all committee meetings and lectures, no matter what the weather might be.

Here too at Penrith scope was found for his

delight in objects of interest to illustrate the art or customs of the country, and he took great pains to encourage the people of the neighbourhood to send quaint and ancient things to the loan part of the Industrial Exhibition held there in 1888, himself describing and cataloguing all the old silver, both ecclesiastical and secular.

It was at the opening of that exhibition that Chancellor Ferguson told the audience the story of how the Brampton Industrial and Art Exhibition had first set the example, how Wigton had followed suit, while the Wigton one had started Mr. Whitehead and himself on a hunt after all the old church plate in the diocese, which had ended in a book, famous in its way, because most of the dioceses of England and Scotland were following the lead thus given them, and this had all arisen out of the early exhibition held at Brampton in Cumberland in 1880.

He did not, however, forget home requirements in his work elsewhere. During his tenure of office at Newton Reigny, the vicarage was enlarged and improved.

In 1890 the important living of Morpeth in Northumberland became vacant, and the Earl of Carlisle offered it to Whitehead. For reasons which seemed conclusive to his mind, he firmly declined to go. "Morpeth may be a wealthy living, but it needs a younger man," he said; and also he felt strongly that it would be hard

on the people, after having had two generations of high Anglican teaching, to be saddled with a Broad churchman as rector.[1]

Through the acceptancy of the living by the then vicar of Lanercost, Lanercost became vacant. Lord and Lady Carlisle, with whom, from the first day he came to Cumberland, Whitehead had maintained unbroken the bond of deep personal regard, offered Lanercost at once to their old friend, and back to his old Border associations and Border parson's life went Whitehead, not without fear, he once said, that he should not be able to shepherd so widely scattered a parish, but with a kind of belief that there was "more work to be done in any parish than only holding Sunday and week-day services," and that he "might be able, if spared, to be a friend to somebody, and perhaps even do justice to some forgotten worthy in the parish register."

The parish of Lanercost stretches itself nine miles across, and the Priory and Abbey are situated in the south-west corner of it: this adds greatly to the difficulty of working the parish, *apropos* of the size of which a story is on record of the late Lord Sherbrooke.[2] While staying at Naworth Castle early in the seventies he was taken out in a dog-cart one day, and after driving some miles in a very hilly district, finding him-

[1] The previous rector, Hon. and Rev. Canon F. R. Grey, had held the living for close upon fifty years.

[2] Then Robert Lowe.

self on the border of a desolate tract of country, inquired what this was called, and received for answer, "This is Spadeadam Waste—Lanercost parish comes up here." "Well," was his reply, "Lanercost *parish* may come up here if it likes, but if I were the Lanercost vicar I'd be hanged if *I* ever came up here."

It was not great preferment for a man who had so loyally served the Church as Whitehead had done. Newlands had provided him with £105 a year and no home. Newton Reigny had granted him an advance of £70 on that stipend and a house, and Lanercost, with church and a chapelry to work always,[1] besides a mission room and farmhouse services, could only afford him £215 a year. But there was that about Lanercost which was dearer to him than gold and silver: it had a history.

Any one who will drop down the deep-hewn lane beyond the Naworth towers, pause at the beautiful bridge beyond the mill, and pass on under the old archway through the pleasant meadow to the Priory gate, will realize how a man who was a poet and an historian at heart would delight in the chance of peopling that enchanted valley with the life of olden time.

Since the day when Bishop Christian of Whitherne consecrated the Abbey of the Austin

[1] There were always three services on Sunday, sometimes four, and he had to provide lay-readers for one or other of the out-lying missions in turn.

Canons, or when Robert de Vallibus for the good of his father's soul dedicated the 'lawns' of Lanercost between the Picts' Wall and the river Irthing "to God, the blessed Mary Magdalene, and the Prior of Lanercost, and the 'canons regular' there serving God," no gladder heart had entered through the gateway of the Abbey grounds and taken up his abode beneath the shadow of the Abbey pile.

He could feel that hereabout till late in the early part of the Christian era men had worshipped Baal and Mithra, Belatucader and Concidius, while high up in the clerestory window-jamb of the Abbey was still to be seen, built in, an altar to Jupiter[1] to whom the Roman soldiers at the wall brought offering.

The symbol of the cross that had conquered Mars and Jupiter had been set up on the Abbey Green, and the broken shaft of it with a notable inscription was preserved in the Priory Church. This inscription runs as follows:

ANNO AB INCARNATIONE MCCXIIII ET VII ANNO INTERDICT: OPTINENTE SEDEM APLICAM INNOCENT III, IMPERANTE IN ALLEMANIA OTHON, REGNANTE IN FRANC PHILIPPO, IOHE IN ANGLIA, WILLMO IN SCOTIA, FACTA H. CRUX.

which may be thus translated:

"In the year from the Incarnation 1214, and the seventh year of the Interdict, Innocent III. then holding the Apostolic Chair, Otho being Emperor in Germany, Philip reigning in France, John in England, William in Scotland, this Cross was made."

[1] This stone was brought, like many others, from the Roman Wall when the Priory was building; it was evidently from the station or camp at Birdoswald (*Amboglannea*). See *Guide to Lanercost Priory*, by H. W.

As the interdict is said to have lasted six years three months and fourteen days it was possibly in prospect of its termination, or to celebrate the raising of it, that this cross was erected.[1]

He himself entered into possession of the Priory by the wish of a descendant of that Lord William Howard of the Border, to whom, when the de Vallibus and de Multons and Morvilles and Dacres had passed away, the inheritance of the Abbey lands had fallen.

Nothing gave him greater pleasure than to do what he could to recover the history and care for the fragments of the tombs of the knightly benefactors. I doubt if Hugh, Lord Dacre, Warden of the Marches in the reign of Richard II., or the great Baron of Gilsland and Greystoke who commanded at Flodden Field, ever had a more tender friend than Henry Whitehead. I am sure Sir Christopher Dacre never had more congenial spirit-guest in the great banqueting hall or more hospitable fellow-entertainer in his vast store-rooms than this genial vicar, who came into possession of the Priory buildings and the mansion called 'Uttergate' in 1890.

It was an endless delight to his friends who visited Whitehead there to hear the annals of Lanercost rehearsed. Visit of bishop for consecration, or of king and queen on hunting bent, as were Edward I. and Eleanor in 1280; or rape

[1] Professor Clark, in *Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Archæological Society*, Vol. IX., p. 196.

of the place by the Earl of Buchan and his 4000 men in 1296, and by William Wallace in the year following; or sojourn of Edward the king in the Priory, when as a dying man he came to lead his army against the Bruce in 1306; or harrying of the Abbey by the revengeful Bruce in 1311, or heartless sack and desecration by David, King of the Scots, in 1340, with subsequent decadence to poverty, dilapidation, and ruin, till Henry VIII. in the thirty-fourth year of his reign swept monastic life away for ever,—all this was on record, but it wanted a man of Whitehead's mind and delicate archæological intuition to make it live; and great was the humour of his tale as he passed the times in review, here told of the last batch of slaves given to the Abbey with Mr. Jeffrey Pitch at their head, or there of the round rebuke to the new Prior, come from Hexham, Hextoldesham by name, for keeping so large a pack of hounds to the dishonour of God and disregard of the pastoral work that had been laid upon him.

How carefully he worked to upbuild the past and make the present realise what old days at Lanercost had been may be gathered from the Guide book to Monuments in the choir and transept of the Abbey buildings which he compiled, with the help of his friend, Professor Baldwin Brown; it is full of his own sincerity of research and accuracy of records.

Every month the pages of his parish Magazine,

devoted to parochial news, contained some notes of antiquarian research and interest concerning the local history of the parish—old customs and traditions long forgotten were chronicled—the vicissitudes of some Border stronghold or fortified farmhouse depicted—the derivation or pedigree of some local name traced out—or a date and initials carved on a farmhouse lintel, would, hand in hand with the parish register, provide a clue with which he would re-people a dwelling with the forefathers of the hamlet of perhaps two hundred years ago.

Much of his spare time during his incumbency was devoted to the encouragement of his fellow clergy in the diocese to look up their parish registers, and if need be to have transcripts made of them and get them repaired and re-bound. He had succeeded in getting this done at Newton Reigny and Lanercost, where he had found them greatly dilapidated by age and damp, while he copied out from the transcripts at Carlisle the missing entries of the old Brampton register and entered them in the old register there. He urged that if of interest these records should be printed. It was not till 1893 that he saw the fruit of his labours, and from time to time till his death he wrote reviews of them for the *Carlisle Patriot* and *Penrith Observer*. His careful work in matters of proof reading was proverbial. Mr. Burgess, editor of the *Patriot*, writes :

His minute and careful accuracy was always notable. The way he re-investigated and reconsidered his conclusions, recast his sentences, and re-arranged his punctuation, excited the envy of newspaper men who have to get their hour's work despatched within the hour and put away. Mr. Whitehead was particular to a comma and a capital, about both of which he had definite theories of his own.

Local antiquarian matter did not absorb his whole spare time. Every year it was his pleasure to devote considerable energy to proof-reading of the preface of what he used to describe as the most interesting book of biography that was published annually in the English tongue, *Crockford's Clerical Directory*. "I mean it," he would say, shaking his head with a look of defiance at the doubting expression on some friend's face; and then he would open it, and under some entry, read out slowly name, degree, dates of appointment, sources of income, works written, etc., and therefrom very graphically describe the fortunate or unfortunate incumbent, sketching his character, indicating his views, his ambitions, his disappointments, his success in life, and his probable end.

Whitehead and the editor of "Crockford" had for many years been fast friends. The editor had recognized Whitehead's genius for such work, and as he tells us in his obituary notice of his friend in "Crockford" for 1896, he received from him valuable help from year to year in the compilation of the preface. He speaks in this notice of the loss the Church had sustained, during the pre-

ceding year, by the death of two distinguished clergymen of very different gifts and views—George Anthony Denison and Henry Whitehead—and continues thus :

> It would be ungrateful not to acknowledge the interest he felt in this work, and his valuable contributions to its annual preface. I cannot help referring especially to one such passage, but a few years ago, in which he gave a most telling account of the success with which one of our oldest and most valued bishops discovered every step in one of the most daring and, for the time, successful impostures ever perpetrated in the Church of England, in the tenure of an important and well-endowed benefice, for about six years, by a layman, by means of forged letters of orders, resulting in the conviction of the offender, followed by an unusually severe sentence.
>
> Two such men as Archdeacon Denison and Henry Whitehead can ill be spared, but it may still be said with thankfulness—
>
> uno avulso non deficit alter
> Aureus.

In 1894 he lost one of his greatest friends in the North of England, the Rev. J. Healy, vicar of Studley. They were former colleagues in Ragged School work, and sharers of many pleasant memories—and Whitehead always much enjoyed a meeting with his old companion of early London days, when in his characteristic way he would pace the room as he talked, or pause in the midst of long puffs at his church-warden pipe to recall some long-forgotten anecdote.

He went over to Studley to preach the funeral sermon, and those of his friends who read the

printed report of it might well apply the graphic portraiture to himself, as they knew him. Beginning the sermon he read the psalmist's description of "the man who should rest upon God's holy hill," and St. Paul's account of the 'more excellent gift' of charity, and said that

When reading such passages of scripture one could scarcely help thinking of actual persons whose characters one might think fitted the description. And he was quite sure that the parishioners of Studley would not think he was merely speaking with the partiality of an old friend, or with any kind of exaggeration arising from feelings deeply stirred by his death, if he said that among those whom he had known whose character in a considerable degree answered to that description, he assigned a prominent place to his very dear friend, and their very dear friend and late vicar, whom they laid in his grave so recently in their old churchyard. The parishioners had known him thirty-one years, and what manner of man he was here there was no need for him to tell them. He (the preacher) had known him, not only before he came to Studley, but also before he took Holy Orders, and looking back to the whole of his career he regarded him as one of the most interesting and lovable men who had ever come well under his close observation. His first acquaintance with him was when they taught together in a ragged school in one of the worst parts of London, and his calm, gentle manner with the rough lads in that school had scarcely prepared him to find, as afterwards in closer intimacy he did find, that beneath that calm outward manner there was a keen and active intellect, and a heart full of enthusiasm. Yet over all was a subtle moderating influence, the secret of which lay in what a local newspaper had called "that rare and simple humility which commands the highest reverence." One of his characteristics was his deep spiritual insight, which pervaded every sermon he preached. Yet he was not what was called a popular

preacher. In this respect he resembled a few other preachers, whose names were better known than his, who, though indirectly they largely influenced the current of religious thought in England, never drew large congregations.

He concluded by reading a very striking passage from one of Mr. Healy's sermons on the text, "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death."

The friends were not long parted. After little more than eighteen months, on March 5, 1896, the anniversary of his mother's birthday, while Whitehead, now in his 71st year, seemingly hale and well, his natural force unabated and his eye undimmed, was about his usual parish business and taking all his old keen interest in local antiquarianism, a messenger came who would not be denied.

He had been out that morning, but was sitting quietly in his study when he complained of a slight pain across his chest. It was not at all acute, and from his description it seemed to be rheumatic pain. He made light of it, and laughingly said if he were laid up with rheumatism what would become of the parish, alluding to the difficulty of getting help with the services. Two visitors from the Deanery, Carlisle, called that morning to see over the Abbey, and he at once got up to receive them and show them through it, as he was fond of doing with any one who seemed really interested in the grand old building; but his youngest

daughter pleaded that, as it would be chilly in the ruins, he should remain by his own study fire, and let her go and act as his substitute. He yielded, and cheerily bade the visitors good-bye. Before they had completed their round he was dead in his armchair in the study he loved so well. Dead after a momentary attack of pain and breathlessness, with one great moan, his brave heart failing him; and this so suddenly that his wife and elder daughter, who were in the room with him, scarce knew the exact moment of his passing away.

Suddenly and swiftly he passed from the happy lawns of Lanercost, to that happier valley beside pure waters, where there is no need of Abbey nor altar-stone, nor of sun to shine with gladness, nor of moon to give it peace, "for the Lord God is in the midst of it, and the Lamb is the light thereof." So passed over into the 'Great Beyond' one of the largest-hearted and most lovable of men the diocese of Carlisle has known for many a long year.

On Tuesday, March 10, through the greyness of a cool March day, there came up the steep, hollow woodland way, from the Lanercost valley, a very simple open wain, whereon was laid a plain oak coffin, covered with a purple and white pall, and heaped with flowers. The coffin had been first taken into the Abbey, where a short service was held (taken from the prayer book of Edward the Sixth), and the *Nunc Dimittis* sung. Like

father, like son; both should go to their long rest without the almost pagan trappings of costly funeral pomp and woe, against which each had protested all their lives through. The sermon in behalf of funeral reform that had been preached in Brampton Church years before, and recently, in the stately old Abbey, was preached again with emphasis, but this time with the eloquence of silence and of death.

The great horse that drew the burden seemed almost to know the sorrow that he bore; solemnly and proudly he moved up and along the steep hill of 'Boothby Banks,' and gained the silent road. Crowds of people waited for the 'coming home' of their beloved vicar of old time; few words were spoken, but from the cross-ways at 'the Sands,' willing hands took up the coffin and bore it shoulder-high into the town, the choristers singing, and the people joining as well as sad hearts could; thence to the crowded church the long procession passed, to the solemn strains of the grand old hymn, "O God, our help in ages past."

It was more of a triumphal way than a way of grief they went that day. They could not think of Henry Whitehead as dead. They only knew that one of the kindliest and most faithful and tender of human friends had gone home, and that they wished to speed him to his honoured resting. The service too in that Brampton Church, solemn as it was, seemed full of song and quiet praise.

The hymns were hymns of gladness, and the beautiful stained windows flashed their joyous colours upon the sombre congregation almost with reproach. For Henry Whitehead had served his time, and "fallen on sleep," and none could grudge him the fuller joy that saints, made perfect by their patience here, win there. None could wish a moment to withhold from him that crown of rejoicing that is laid up for the faithful shepherd of the humble heart. That was no imaginary picture that was drawn in sonnet-form by one of those who mourned:

We bore him sadly from the Abbey ground,
The Irthing moaned, the Naworth woodland sighed,
A nobler-hearted shepherd ne'er had died,
With knowledge of his flock so wise and sound;
Up the long slope, beyond the rampart-mound
The Roman made, the great horse, in his pride
Moved slow, and old men sobbed, and women cried—
But he fared on in his triumphal swound.

Then, to the chanting of a multitude,
We entered his familiar house of prayer,
Where the rich windows glowed with joyous light,
And gleaming saints and angels did unite
To say, "Weep not! for he is loosed from care!"
While blazoned high the "Eternal Shepherd" stood.

Then, after the first portion of the Burial Service had been read within its walls, from out the Parish Church the solemn procession moved on, to the beautiful old churchyard, one and a half mile beyond the town, whose chapel is the old

chancel of the earliest parish church of Brampton. There, close to the ancient building he had held in such reverent esteem, and in the ancient churchyard beside the river Irthing, unique in its beauty of situation, and very dear to his heart, we laid him to rest, in accordance with his oft expressed wish that, if he should pass away in Cumberland, he might be laid in that 'God's acre' of Brampton.

As they turned away from the graveside, at the north-west corner of the old church of good St. Martin, there were many who thought it fit that so tender-hearted and true a disciple of the patron saint should there be laid, and many felt that night in Cumberland that they had lost a real friend.

A simple cross of red sandstone marks his grave. It is a copy of the cross at the west end of the roof of the Abbey nave—which is itself an exact reproduction of the ancient mediæval cross that was formerly there. It bears the inscription

In Loving Memory of
HENRY WHITEHEAD,
VICAR OF LANERCOST, FORMERLY VICAR OF THIS PARISH,
BORN SEPTEMBER 22, 1825. FELL ASLEEP MARCH 5, 1896.
AGED 70.
"*He walked with God and was not, for God took him.*"

CHAPTER VII

THE TESTIMONY OF FRIENDS

The obituary notices that appeared were not confined to the local press, nor to church papers. None were more sympathetic than one that appeared in the *Times*, or more kindly than one written by a leading Presbyterian minister in Carlisle, Rev. T. Christie, who had on one of his Easter-Monday tours along the Border visited the vicar of Lanercost, and thus tersely described him :

> Who could help loving Henry Whitehead? Massive in frame, with the flowing white beard of a Roman senator, and a dark penetrating eye, protected by the black penthouse of an eyebrow, powerful in intellect, wise in sympathy, full of goodwill to men, capable without knowing it, gentle as a woman, and tender as a father to his child, the vicar of Lanercost as parish priest, neighbour, and English gentleman, is one whom to know is to remember and respect.

All sorts and conditions of men honoured him. A prominent Nonconformist wrote of him after his death as "beloved teacher, brother, neighbour, friend," and spoke of the loss "of that living sermon of his life."

In the Brampton *Home Messenger* for March 9, 1896, the magazine for the nonconforming churches, appeared a touching tribute, which spoke of Henry Whitehead as a clergyman of the Church of England who knew no bonds of creed, whose singularly pure and unselfish life spent in the service of others, without thought of self or personal gain, had won the hearts of almost every parishioner, the benefit of whose wide experience and wise counsel was sought by Churchmen and Nonconformists alike. The writer of the article went on to speak of Whitehead's 'practical and courteous and constant consideration of the poor, to whom he was generous to a fault, but without a trace of ostentation.'

After enumerating the good works Whitehead had set forward during his residence in Brampton —relief organization, school board, boys' club, library—the writer adds, "His special work as vicar we leave to other hands to record, but to none will we yield in loyalty, trust, and confidence in one who was first and highest above all things else a true Christian gentleman," and concludes a touching note of sympathy for Mrs. Whitehead and her daughters with the lines from *In Memoriam:*

> Whereof the man, that with me trod
> This planet, was a noble type
> Appearing ere the times were ripe,
> That friend of mine who lives in God.

It was something to have hastened the day

of brotherly feeling between men of different church views and organization. One of his friends writing of him emphasizes this catholicity of spirit.

> I think I never knew a man who was less a man of isolated parts or more a man of character. His noblest characteristic was his tolerance. This was not due to his being indifferent, but to his belief that doctrinal forms, however varying, are attempts to set forth the Divine character. He might not concur in them, but he recognized their sincerity, and therefore their title to his respect.

The letters of condolence that were received at his death are full of tender appreciation of the good friend gone home. They come from the most diverse quarters, but they all breathe the same note, and mourn the loss of a man who was a trusted counsellor, a lovable friend, a man of rare fibre, whom to have known made life sweet; some speak of his guilelessness and his simplicity and unconventionality, some of his cheeriness, others of his kindliness. "I never knew the meaning of Christian charity till I met him," says one; and another writes, "I never heard him say an unkind word of any one. The noble elevation and disinterestedness of his character raised him far above petty differences, and attracted to him people of all parties, sects, and ranks. Through many difficulties he steered his way with infinite tact, judgment, and patience—and with a beautiful simplicity he combined rare sagacity and keen and powerful intellect; his conversation was de-

lightful, he was respected as much as he was beloved."

To the charity of heart, spoken of above, his old friend, the historian, Canon Dixon, testifies: "His certainly was a heart to which 'envy, hatred, and malice' were absolutely unknown."

Dr. George MacDonald, writing to Mrs. Whitehead on hearing of his old friend's death, says: "It is a very long time since I had news that went so near my heart as your letter contained this morning. I have no one left to love like as I loved your husband; as you know we did not write much, but I knew I had my friend, and I thank the Lord of friendship I have him still. . . . I believed I understood him and that he understood me, for our ways of thinking and feeling about the best, the only things, were so near." The late Bishop of Carlisle, Bishop Harvey Goodwin, was very fond of him, and thoroughly appreciated him. The present Bishop, writing to Mrs. Whitehead, says: "I can never forget him, for he was a man to love as well as to respect," and he goes on to speak of the "great admiration in which he was held by all who were privileged to share his friendship."

There are amongst the letters a few notes of regret that such a man had been in orders and in the diocese, and that neither church nor diocese had seemed to know how rare a servant, and remarkable a character they had had in their midst. One of these writes: "We have no one in

the diocese who can fill the gap; a scholar, a man who had mixed in the larger world of London, so genial and whole-hearted, with views so broad and tolerant—in one sense so unclerical and unprofessional, he won the love and respect of those who admire and trust a true man. What we ask ourselves is why when we had him amongst us did we not make occasion to see more of him."

His old friend Brooke Lambert concludes a letter of condolence thus: "The one regret we have is that he was not recognized in the world —that he had only the 'prophet's' and the 'great man's' reward. Now, we doubt not that

for one so true
There must be nobler work to do,

and in the larger world he will have his sphere."

"I never knew any one so near the kingdom of Heaven," said one who knew him intimately years ago, and doubtless it was this other-worldliness that 'from his youth up' had impressed his friends. Genius has been described as the art of taking pains; to Whitehead belonged a large share of this art. As an investigator he was untiring—the history of the Cholera and the Broad Street Pump had revealed this talent while he was but a young man; he was not thirty years old when he made that since famous exhaustive inquiry into the cause of that awful outbreak, by which, to quote from a letter written to Mrs. Whitehead by Dr. Barnes of Carlisle,[1] "he

[1] President of the British Medical Association in 1896.

rendered such distinguished service to medicine and to humanity."

One great characteristic of all the literary and archæological work he did was its thoroughness. It was after all only another sign of the fact that he had a conscience, and could not palter with it. "He was," writes a friend, "a very conscientious and painstaking man, he never allowed anything in the way of personal convenience to interfere with his duty. He has attempted to drive four or five miles to take evening service at a hamlet on the outskirts of the parish of Lanercost, when the weather was so stormy that the horse was plunged in a snowdrift, and it was no easy matter to extricate it. Even then he was with difficulty dissuaded from going forward on foot.

On one occasion whilst vicar of Newlands, he started to walk out there from Keswick, a distance of four miles, on a very wet Sunday, and found his progress impeded by the flood across the road—not barred, for he stepped out and went through it, and arrived at the little lonely church to find only one man there, a churchwarden, who was also bellringer, who greeted him thus: "We nivver thought you could git through t'watter." "I never neglect duty, John. You can ring the bell now," was the reply. His going was a sermon better than words, for the sturdy men of the dale could well appreciate such staunch respect for duty. Nothing would induce him to break a promise, the words: "He that sweareth

unto his neighbour and disappointeth him not, though it were to his own hindrance," were often on his lips, as also the words, "Keep innocency and do the thing that is right, for that shall bring a man peace at the last."

Those who had known him for years knew how consistent was his walk in life, how unwavering the principles of his life's action.

It will be well to let them bear witness. This is the testimony of his old London friend, the Rev. E. C. Hawkins, the vicar of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, who writes as follows:

Outside my own household, I could hardly have had a heavier blow than your note dealt me this morning. It was so unexpected. I always thought of him as an embodiment of health and vigour, and used to think of him as likely to live as long as his father,[1] and to be a sympathizing friend to me for many years. I can only guess from what he was to me the 'wrench of love' your sudden loss must be to you, so fitted as he was to be the strength and joy of a home; and besides these qualities, he had others which must have given a perpetual interest in life to those who lived with him, and which made him to all his friends a man *apart*; for, in addition to his genius for making friends and *holding* them, which was the cause of all those who loved him loving him so much, he had gifts which singled him out from most men because they were rare, or he had them in a higher degree than most.

Above all his great qualities stands his intense reality and truthfulness of nature—the higher truthfulness which makes a man not only speak the truth (that is in comparison a

[1] Who was gathered to his fathers at the good old age of eighty-seven, yet of whom his old friend, Sir Moses Montefiore, who was almost a centenarian, said, after attending his funeral, "Ah! poor Whitehead, cut off in the flower of his days."—M. W.

common gift) but caused him to be true to himself and true to the facts of life and nature. He never blinded himself to facts—natural or spiritual—and so, as you say, "he was always ready to go," because he never lost sight of the greatest of all realities—death, in this world where so many hunt after shadows. On the other hand, because he was real he did not undervalue the importance of life, and its interests and events. He knew—no man better—their relative importance as compared with one another. There never was a more *thorough* man in all he did *in* and *for* this world. No detail was too small to be important, and no pains too great to make everything he did as good as he could make it. Nor I think had many men a greater joy in life than he had, largely derived from his extraordinary sense of humour, a humour which, rich and keen as it was, was always good-natured, and which no man I think ever knew to degenerate into sarcasm or ill-nature; yet with all these faculties for enjoying and making the most of life here he never forgot the *elsewhere*, and went through the world *unconscious of his own innocence*, and taking the best it had to give him to do and to enjoy, quite naturally, and as the divinely given means to be ready for the change.

No one would have expected perhaps from such a man his sagacity and knowledge of the world. Most people would have wondered whence he derived them as he mixed so little in the world compared with *a man of the world*. His wisdom and knowledge of the world came not from 'society,' but from his singular insight into character. From his knowledge of human nature he knew what, under given circumstances, any man would do. A man so remarkable ought to have had a large acquaintance, judged by his powers alone, but they were balanced by the truthfulness and reality of a nature, not given to caring what people thought or said of him, so long as he knew he was right and had done his best. He had even a humorous delight in doing a great or good work and remaining unknown. He had a too strong sense of the relative values of things

to compare for an instant the worth of fame with that of the gifts or achievements which won it; and he was too true to himself to *desire* to be known, and had immeasurably too much respect for himself to court popularity, or to try to propitiate people by appearing in any other character than his own.

I cannot do justice to many other of his fine qualities, to the tenderness which is always so winning in the strong, to the large-mindedness of his belief, and of his justice to those who differed from him in opinion or action. He was always ready to conjecture the best that could be said for his opponents in politics or religion, and to give them the credit for good motives and sincerity. But I have said enough to show how it was that he held his friends to him by hooks of steel, and why each of them thought of him as one different from other men, whom it was a privilege to know, and who was a bond of union between men who were united by no other tie than this—that they 'knew Whitehead.' I have no right to speak of my own personal loss, when it is shared by so many. I only feel what all who knew him must feel, that they don't know and never will know, any one like him, and that life is poorer for his loss.

I was by his side at the famous 'Rainbow' dinner, and saw the *quality* of the men who had met to do him honour; at first sight it was a wonder that one who had attracted such men had not drawn a much larger gathering, but one fact explained both. They were few because they were choice, for few men are enough on his level to be won by qualities so rare and fine as his. . . .

Dr. Llewellyn Davies writes thus:

I knew Whitehead in his London days, some forty years ago, through two curates and dear friends of mine, J. Healy and R. H. Hart. They formed together a trio of comrades, all in a rare degree unworldly, fellow-disciples of Maurice, earnest in broad-minded faith. They are all gone now; Whitehead preached Healy's funeral sermon within the

last few months, after I had read the service over his grave. The three were certainly amongst the truest men and best clergymen that I have known. Healy and Hart regarded Whitehead with great admiration, and I saw him chiefly through their spectacles. They delighted in the subtlety of thought and humour which were Whitehead's well-known characteristics, and it was a pleasure to them to understand perfectly what he meant when his meaning did not force itself upon the ordinary hearers. But those qualities were in Whitehead always subordinated to a fundamental seriousness and a large-hearted friendliness of temper. At no time I imagine, was it in him to be popular as a preacher. His style was for the few rather than the many, and it was not helped by any merely rhetorical arts. It was always a matter of regret to me that I did not see more of one who was so charming and stimulating a companion; and it is chiefly to commemorate a noble friendship which it did one good to observe that I have written these lines.

The Rev. J. S. Sidebotham, another of his old College friends, speaks of the way in which whatever popularity he enjoyed came to Whitehead and was not sought by him; how in the old Lincoln days, he became by sheer character a leader of men, and he (J. S. S.) tells of the way in which, keen politician as he was, Whitehead absolutely refused to take partisan views.

Politically Whitehead was a Liberal, but he and I had known one another for many years before either of us so much as knew each other's political views; and the discovery never caused the approximation of a difference between us. He was chary of signing memorials and protests, especially of a partisan character. On one occasion some partisan agent requested his name to such a memorial. He declined. Said the agent, "Why, sir, all the clergy are signing it and you

will stand absolutely alone." He quietly replied that he had often stood alone; and he was quite content to do so now. And the agent went away without his signature. Seldom probably was there a man of more absolutely independent mind.

The secret of that independence lay in the lofty courage that men feel who realize as he did always that men are but clay in the hands of the potter; instruments, so long as it pleases God, to be used in His divine service.

There is a story of how, whilst at Highgate Rise, he went up to take the 11 A.M. Wednesday service, and going through the vicarage garden, which adjoined the church, the vicar's big mastiff suddenly flew at him. He raised his arm to save his throat, and the great beast made his teeth meet in the fleshy part of it. Twice he sprang at him before the gardener could come to his rescue with a spade, and the animal was beaten off and secured. *He* went on to the church, read prayers as if nothing had happened, and then went home and told his wife what had befallen him, simply saying he felt "somewhat queer" with the pain and shock.

Whilst at Newton Reigny, a similar though somewhat worse experience befell him. Returning from the neighbouring parish of Blencow, where he had been to take the afternoon service in the Grammar School, he was very badly bitten in trying to get his own dog off another,

whose owner, a widow woman, was frantic lest her old dog should get killed. He arrived at home, his hand streaming with blood, and had it bound up. His wife, coming in an hour later, found him in great perplexity how he should go into church, because the hæmorrhage was still profuse. After she had dressed it and bandaged it with pads, he contentedly went to church with his right hand in a sling, read the service and preached as usual, no one finding out that he was suffering pain, or was in any way incommoded. After service the doctor, who had meanwhile been summoned, arrived, and pronounced it a bad lacerated bite, but added he could not do anything better for it than had been done.

His eldest niece, Catharine Whitehead, emphasises this part of his character as she knew it, and brings out his loving-kindness, and the power of his silent presence of comfort and strength wherever he moved.

"His influence and the atmosphere he brought with him was comforting indeed to a child's heart. If you were scolded according to the custom of those days with that lacerating disregard for personal dignity, which left you no shred of self-respect, whoever else heard and marked your discomfiture, *he* was most conveniently blind and deaf, and very soon would give you a look across the table which somehow conveyed the healing impression that you would outlive even that disgrace. He did not say a word, it was not his way, but you knew better than other people could have said it, that there was some comfort to be found

somewhere, and it knit you to his great heart in bonds which only strengthened with growing years. I remember as if it were yesterday how my passion of tears when he said goodbye and left me undefended in a hostile house surprised and astonished him.

But perhaps his most wonderful characteristic, because other people felt it so strongly also, was the influence of his silent presence. As years passed, and problems and queries began to rise, he was always one of those to whom a growing mind would turn, as to one who would listen patiently and solve difficulties. That may have been partly because of the reverence and admiration my father [1] had for him, so that his name was quoted in our house as the judge and referee. But over and above that, there was always the quiet which his presence brought, as well as the inspiration, felt just as much by the old woman in Soho with whom he would sit in her desolate bereavement for an hour without speaking, who would say, "Well, Mr. Whitehead, but you do comfort me." Or the tramp with whom he would sit on a heap of stones smoking a silent pipe, till his heart was moved to confide his story to the great heart beside him.

Always in those days he would prefer to go outside the cab that the cabman might have company.

He used to tell a story which had its comic side, of a man whose wife he had gone down to Woking to bury, coming to him at the end of the long drive home and thanking him "for helping him to pass such a pleasant day."

It was no matter who it was, all felt the power of his silent presence, and the sympathy and strength it gave, beyond what words would have been from others. And deeds showed his sympathy no less.

I recollect his staying with us whilst I was but a girl, when there was a great scare on account of mad dogs, and I had given way to a foolish panic, we set off to walk down the hill where they were supposed to be running at large. I started in

[1] Rev. T. C. Whitehead.

this abject condition of terror at every dog I saw, until I woke up to the fact that my uncle was quietly stepping forward to stand between me and every dog that approached, and I gave way to no more folly, his unselfish action bringing me to myself as no scolding, or laughing at my fears could have done.

He recommended to others what he so long practised himself. His silence was a natural characteristic, I believe, but he yet used to enforce its value as 'a counsel of perfection' to be striven after. I remember to this day his quick response to the anxious question I put to him as to my fitness for a public post for which I was standing, "Yes, if you can hold your tongue."[1]

How much I have owed and still owe to that counsel impressed on my mind by his own unswerving practice, I can never say. Any mistakes I may have made have always been through forgetfulness of its sovereign virtue.

My father always said that it was through my uncle's severe criticism of a book he published, *Village Sketches*, and pruning off any unnecessary words, that it met with such unqualified praise.

He was, as many will affirm, an unsparing critic of literary style. "Cut off every word which can be spared," was one maxim of his, and "distrust your favourite sentences."

His power of silence in affairs of moment, in everything which referred to tact and discretion, was not incompatible with a flow of talk, compounded of argument, pungent epigrammatic wit, subtle observations, and keen insight into character, which made him, when the mood for talk was on him with a genial interlocutor, of all companions the most enchanting. Yet invite him for the purpose of getting him to talk, and probably he would not utter a word. He was almost provoking from his fundamental horror of showing off. What was real, what was natural, drew him out under any circumstances; forced or unnatural, he would close up like a sea

[1] That of Poor-Law Guardian in the early days of ladies being elected to such posts.

anemone. He would preach with enthusiasm and fervour to a small village congregation, standing against the bare wall as I last saw him looking like a seer, with his eyes flashing with that look of inspiration which would come into them at rare moments. And then if he was asked by friends to send up sermons for some paper or another, to their vexation he would despatch those which hardly represented him in any degree.

Two or three stories have come to me from different sources. One was of his being on the platform at some religious meeting when it was difficult to find any one who would open the meeting by prayer. "Ask Mr. So-and-So," was the invariable reply, as one and all backed out, till in despair my uncle was appealed to, and then he instantly knelt down and said the Collect, "Oh Lord, who art always more ready to hear than we to pray."

On another occasion he was present at a meeting called by the Bishop of London at which, among other things, the meeting had to settle upon a form of prayer to be used on a certain occasion. One of those lengthy discussions very characteristic of many meetings went on; my uncle sat quiet, taking no part, offering no suggestion, until the Bishop suddenly appealed to him to help them out of the difficulty by some suggestion. "My Lord," was the reply, "I can only suggest the prayer for those at sea,"—which produced a peal of laughter led by the Bishop.

Nothing else occurs to me to put down. No words touch the sense of prevailing overpowering loss which his absence from this side means to one who has grown up from childhood blessed by his influence.

CHAPTER VIII

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES; WHITEHEAD AS A WRITER

It is impossible to forget the personality of Henry Whitehead. One recalls the flashing of the dark eyes when he was interested, the magnificent laugh, the delightful way with him as he told some story, restlessly tramping up and down the room, swaying a little from side to side as he argued, then shaking his head and swiftly throwing out his hand to add emphasis to his words, as if he would fain push in his sentences with home thrusts of his open palm through the air; again relapsing into a quiet moody spell of "long barren silence," which sometimes squared with his desire. He had no tricks of oratory in the pulpit, and in later years sometimes did his subject-matter scant justice, but he could both rouse and keep the attention of his hearers, and, when deeply stirred, would almost startle them with the vigour of his utterance. "He had a powerful voice," writes the man who had been clerk at St. Luke's for forty-five years, "and had no

difficulty in making himself heard," adding, "and St. Luke's was a difficult church to be heard in, owing to the noise of the Sunday traffic in the adjoining street." Those will not easily forget who have heard him read a favourite chapter from the lessons for the day, for example, that one of the prophet Jeremiah which ends with denouncing 'the prophets' who 'prophesy falsely, and the priests' who 'bear rule by their means, and my people love to have it so.' His correctly musical ear was keenly sensitive to any false emphasis, and indeed in the use of emphasis he was as chary as he was in that of commas and capitals. All these characteristic traits made an indelible impression upon those who knew him.

Nor was his quaint unconventionality made less delightful by the amusing fits of absent-mindedness in which he sometimes indulged. He came up to call on the writer one day and went straight into the open door of a neigbouring house, took off his coat, gave his hat to the servant (who seemed a little astonished), walked into the study, and lost himself in a book. Half an hour passed and he lifted his eyes, and feeling the room he knew of old had been much altered in appearance, rang the bell, and asked if the vicar was in.

"No, sir, this is not the Vicarage," and, with confused apology, he hurried out, put on my friend and neighbour's coat, and came across to the right quarter.

We had a good laugh over it and I said, "Let me take your coat." It was a snuff-brown kind of deer-stalker cape. "What new clerical garb is this?" I said. "Good heavens!" replied Whitehead, "I have put on somebody else's overcoat," and away he went to the friend's house over the way to fetch his own and to restore the stolen goods.

He once had a similar experience in Carlisle. The Archdeacon had asked him to lunch on the occasion of some clerical function, and he was to go there after the meeting which had brought the clergy together; but, instead of doing so, he, intently talking with some friend as they walked together, turned into the house of Bishop Ware, whose wife, as always, made him very welcome. Lunch and conversation proceeded, but suddenly, during a pause, it flashed on him that he had made a mistake and come to the wrong house, whereupon he had to explain matters to his hostess, and then he crossed the Close to make his peace with the Archdeacon.

But it was not the personality of the man that alone was remarkable. It was the dark sayings of the wise, the epigrammatic words of counsel, the proverbial expressions so constantly on his lips, that stuck. They were sayings which were the result of keen observation. As a young man at Lincoln he was noted for this, and hardly a conversation in after life but was salted with this pungent salt of pithy epigram. "Never

give reasons for what you do; if it is right to do, do it, never explain." "Always believe a man to be honest till you know him to be otherwise." "It is sometimes necessary to know a great deal in order to say very little." "Always understate your case; nothing is gained by over-emphasis." "No man looks a fool unless he thinks himself one." "Never be afraid to be in a minority of one; majorities are mostly wrong." "The chief good of having rights lies in being able to waive them." "A large part of Christianity consists in behaving like a gentleman." "Nothing is rude that is not meant to be rude." "The world comes to him that can wait." "When you write an important letter always sleep on it." "He that believeth shall not make haste." These and many other short sentences of the kind will recur to those who remember him, as samples of the sort of terse aphorism in which he delighted. But after all, as his friend Mr. Kebbel has put it, "he was endeared to his fellows not so much by what he said or did as by what he was. It was not so much his gifts and accomplishments as his nature that attracted and retained his friends. His humour and pathos, his full-blooded manhood, his delicate intuitions, his indifference to trifles and conventionalities, his reference of every question to first principles, the combination of shrewdness and simplicity that he represented, and of a righteousness and sagacity that seemed

to embody the peace of the 'wisdom of the just,'—these are some only of the points of character that made him a man apart, and caused those who knew him well to think that those who did not had missed the experience of a rare type of humanity."

It was indeed in great part the self-effacement of the man that made him such a power. His real willingness to be but a silent presence in the affairs of men, a quickening, kindly spirit that strove not nor cried, but felt that in quietness and confidence would be its strength—this it was that made him so unique a personality in the hot and clamorous time in which he lived. It is this that Baldwin Brown, the son of his old friend, bears witness to in the following notes, that bear specially on the literary side of his work. This was the secret of Whitehead's life of quiet power and help for human hearts. It was the sign and seal of a kingly soul. It was moreover the outcome of a deeply religious soul, for Whitehead was essentially a "man of God." He looked upon men as instruments in the hand of a Providence that shaped their ends, roughhew them how they would. He believed with absolute faith that the way of the Lord, though it was not man's way, was, in spite of man, being done, and that the way of the Lord would not be hurried.

Very often he would quote Wordsworth's lines:

Think you 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking.

And in his faith that "things of themselves would come," he could stand back, a silent witness, and often an unregarded worker.

Professor G. Baldwin Brown writes the following estimate of some of Whitehead's leading characteristics as writer and as preacher:

"I begin to remember Henry Whitehead in his Clapham days. One was struck at the first aspect of him by a certain physical massiveness that, as one found later on, accorded well with one side of his character, but was curiously belied by the exceptional refinement and delicacy of his mental qualities. His hair was dark, and from under black bushy eyebrows gleamed eyes that twinkled with humour, and yet would flash with a prophet's glance when some quick pregnant sentence was on his lips. He excelled in talk. He was frugal in words, but they were admirably chosen, and always disclosed a personal view, in which one realized his shrewd insight into character, and the broad, wise, liberal philosophy of life that underlay all he uttered. Clapham at that time had its own society and traditions. The ring of old houses surrounding the Common had only been broken by the one new terrace by Cedars Road, and there was

still a certain corporate life among the residents, many of whom, with the rector at their head, appreciated to the full the brilliant original gifts and sterling sound-mindedness of the curate of Clapham.

"Here he enjoyed intellectual companionship, and won fame for his conversational powers, while at the church he had a band of hearers who took the keenest pleasure in his discourses.

"The character of these may be judged from the volume called *Sermons on the Saints' Days*, published during the Clapham period; but to obtain a true idea of the intellectual quality of his work, account should also be taken of the writings he issued during the later years of his residence in London, when vicar of St. John's, Limehouse. In the somewhat depressing surroundings of his East-end life, he found an outlet for his special talents, and a means of delighting his numerous friends, by issuing a monthly *Parish Chronicle*. In this appeared many of the discourses afterwards published under the title *Sermons, chiefly on Subjects from the Sunday Lessons*, but it also contained numerous papers on subjects of local or of general interest, which embody some of his most characteristic utterances. We may dwell on these last for a moment, as they illustrate one of his finest qualities, his exquisite sense of literary style. Style, which some might think a merely outward grace, was with him in intimate relation to the whole matter

of his work. He devoted as much care to the form as to the idea.

"A thing was not in his estimation said at all if it was not properly expressed, and he took deliberate pains with the run of his sentences and the choice and placing of words. With all this there is never any air of effort about his writing, and so easy and natural is the flow of the sentences that one can hardly imagine them otherwise expressed. This was his personal gift—a literary touch the lightest and most delicate imaginable.

"He gave his attention in the *Chronicle* to all sorts of themes that were often in themselves trivial enough, and it is part of the charm of his writing that he makes so much of a small opportunity. When the Board of Works effected some alterations in the street nomenclature of Limehouse Fields, changing the too numerous names like 'George,' 'William,' and 'Mary,' for appellations of more significance, he seized the occasion for a series of papers, in which a world of fun is extracted from the situation. He professes to believe that the Board of Works proposed 'to make Limehouse Fields the Pantheon of London,' by calling the streets after famous men, and adds amusing comments on their reasons for the selection of names. Here is an imaginary dialogue in which the supposed plan is unfolded:

"We are anxious," said the Board of Works to the School

Board, "to do something towards the encouragement of the study of mathematics in the magnificent school which you are about to erect on the confines of Limehouse Fields."

"Then," said the School Board, "you will of course found a scholarship for the boy who may show the greatest proficiency in that branch of learning."

"No, that is not what we have thought of doing. Indeed, we have no power to apply our funds to such a purpose. But we think of naming a street in the Fields after a senior wrangler."

Here ensued an awkward pause in the conversation, the School Board apparently not being as elated at the proposal as the Board of Works had expected.

"Perhaps you are not aware," added the latter Board, "of our great scheme respecting the Fields. Of course you have visited the Pantheon at Paris. Well, we propose to make Limehouse Fields the Pantheon of London."

"Yes, we have been at Paris," said the School Board, now catching the idea, "and we remember the Pantheon. Which senior wrangler shall it be?"[1]

"One change of a street name was from 'Margaret' to 'Lowell,' and his comment takes the form of an imaginary conversation among the Limehouse people, who are supposed to be saying:

"The old names any one could understand. We all know the meaning of such names as Richard and George, and the rest. But what's the meaning of these new-fangled names? And where do they get them?" "Oh, the *meaning* is plain enough," says one, "they've only put up the surnames instead of the Christian names." "But whose surnames? Who is Margaret Lowell?" "Can't say. Very likely the wife of one of the members of the Board. But what does it matter?" With due deference to the last speaker we beg to say that it does matter,

[1] *The Parish Chronicle of St. John's, Limehouse*, July 1872.

as he will himself perceive when we explain that the Board, in a spirit of international courtesy, has sought to modify the hostile attitude of America towards this country by giving the name of a distinguished American writer to a London street. "And if ever he comes to England," some perhaps may say, "let us hope he will not want to see what sort of street it is." Rather let us hope he *will* want to see it; for the Board has doubtless rightly considered that Mr. Lowell, as a citizen of a republic, would prefer that his name should be given to a street in Limehouse Fields rather than to Piccadilly or Pall Mall. Thus the more we examine the reasons by which the Board has been actuated in making these alterations of names, the more we must admire the breadth and height of its views upon the subject.[1]

"How well Whitehead uses his words we only come to realize when we compare the easy ripple of his phrases with the laboured efforts at facetious comment on current topics with which we are all more or less familiar. He has his own forms in which to cast his thought, and delights in a sort of Socratic dialogue, in which he replies to his own questions. Here is a sentence or two from his 'Editorial Retrospect' of the first year of the *Chronicle*, referred to on a previous page:

Alas, even our modest halfpenny assumes in these parts the aspect of an exorbitant charge. "The other halfpenny papers," we are occasionally told—and it is impossible to refute the allegation—"give more for the money." . . . "Why not try a tale?" asks one. "You should give us illustrations," says another. Well, an editor must go his own way. "Must he?" some newspaper proprietor, if he should happen to see that remark, will exclaim: "Then his way, if he cannot

[1] *Chronicle*, March 1872.

make the paper sell, will be out of the office door." But in the present case the editor, being his own proprietor, can do as he likes.[1] . . .

"Underneath the nicety of expression there is an unfailing vein of humour, and a shrewdness of comment that never degenerates into cynicism. The human interest of a situation always appeals to him, and he will take endless pains to bring this out into light. The following is a characteristic illustration. On one occasion a parliamentary agent of the local Liberal party, too rashly assuming that every clergyman must be *ipso facto* a Conservative, wrote to him to state that he was intending to object to his qualifications for a vote. Whitehead took no notice, but when the vote (in the absence of any appearance on his part) had been disallowed, he published in the *Chronicle* a most amusing letter to the agent upon the text, 'The liberal soul deviseth liberal things.'

"It seems worth while to give this episode in full, reprinting the article in which Whitehead described it in the *Chronicle* for August 1872:

A LIBERAL AGENT.

Electioneering agents are commonly supposed, where party interests are concerned, to be rather unscrupulous. But the following correspondence and extract from the report of the Mile End 'revision' tend to show that such an opinion is not to be entertained without qualification:

[1] *Chronicle*, September 1872.

August 16th, 1871.

To the Vicar of St. John's, Limehouse.

SIR,—Take notice that I object to your name being retained on the list of voters for the County of Middlesex.—I am, sir, yours, etc.,

F. C. DEAR.

5 Rutland Street, Hampstead Road.

Sept. 29th, 1871.

To F. C. Dear, Esq.,

SIR,—With regard to your objection to my vote for the County of Middlesex, I presume you have satisfied yourself that my claim is invalid, and therefore, being myself unacquainted with such matters, I beg to thank you for saving me from obtaining a privilege to which I have no legal right. And further, I beg to congratulate the Liberals of Middlesex on their good fortune in possessing an agent who is evidently more anxious that right should be done than that Liberal votes should be secured. This, sir, is the truly Liberal principle; and though to worldly-minded people it may savour of unwisdom, it is that by which alone can truth and justice be effectually and permanently established. "The liberal soul deviseth liberal things, and by liberal things shall he stand"—even for the County of Middlesex.—I am, sir, yours, etc., H. WHITEHEAD.

St. John's Vicarage, Limehouse.

Sept. 30th, 1871.

To the Rev. H. Whitehead,

SIR,—There are upwards of 1400 new claimants to be placed on the Register, and the time being so limited from the publication of the notice to the period of serving objections, it is impossible to ascertain if they be legally entitled. Whether you be so or not is for the barrister to decide. Allow me therefore to observe you are somewhat premature in your thanks to myself and gratulations to the Liberals of Middlesex.—I am, sir, yours, etc., F. C. DEAR.

9 John Street, Adelphi.

Not having attended the barrister's revision, I have only just learnt from the recently published list of voters that my claim was disallowed. I had, however, the curiosity to turn to the newspaper report of the proceedings at Mile End Vestry Hall on the 3rd of October. There I found nothing which gave me any information about the fate of my own claim, but I found this:—

Mr. Sharp, of 97 Sclater Road, Brick Lane, on the list for house in Armagh Road, Bow, was objected to by the Liberals. He produced his

title-deeds, and complained loudly of the proceedings, when he had "voted for the Liberals all his life." (Laughter.)

I suppose I may now, without fear of being "premature," repeat my "gratulations to the Liberals of Middlesex." The Conservative agent had endeavoured to persuade me that the objection to my vote arose from hostility on the part of the Liberals towards the Church, and he wished to be allowed to defend the claim; "for," said he, "we shall surely have you with us after this." But I assured him that I understood Liberal principles better than he did, and could therefore more fairly estimate the motives of his opponent. I trust that, after this assurance, he was not one of those who joined in the "laughter" at the proceedings in connection with Mr. Sharp's claim, and especially that he did not laugh when my name was struck off the register. I trust also that the Liberal agent will not be deterred by unseemly ridicule from the high-minded course upon which he has entered. What is my vote, or any one else's vote, or the success of this or that candidate, when weighed in the balance against the devising of really liberal things?

H. W.

"Turning from these lighter utterances to his published sermons, we note with interest that in these the merits of happy phrasing, of humour, of insight, are all maintained, though they are kept in the strictest subordination. Some of the sermons are masterpieces of composition; there is not a superfluous sentence, every word does its work, and the whole effect is one of the most limpid clearness and simplicity; yet no one would ever dream of regarding them as show pieces of the literary art. There are in them touches of native humour in his happiest vein, while the idea that the author was consciously joking could

never enter the reader's mind. The studies of character are minute and penetrating, but human character is only handled that it may illustrate the working of eternal principles. These lighter qualities scintillate, so to say, in the work, but they are like the flames around the sun—the moral fervour of a deeply earnest soul burns with an intense and steady glow through them all.

"Those who read his published volumes will see that many of the discourses, especially in the earlier book, are sketches of character drawn from scripture, in which the broad general truths of human life and the relation of man to the unseen are studied in the light of special experiences and situations. One does not know which to admire most, his insight into the deeper problems of existence, or the Shakespearian breadth with which, not without discreet touches of humour, he surveys and makes clear to us the character and history of a David, an Elijah, or of one of the New Testament heroes.

"Here is the opening of a Saint's-day Sermon on St. Peter from the text, 'Satan hath desired to have you,' etc., in which in his genial way he banters Satan just as if he were the Board of Works:

The sifting of the apostles revealed more wheat, even if not less chaff, than Satan anticipated. Perhaps he was not very far wrong in his calculations about the chaff. He found, as he expected, a great deal of it. But he had hoped to find

nothing else. Otherwise he never would have gone through the labour of the sifting, only to discover that he had disencumbered the wheat from that which rendered it useless.

The truth is that Satan knows human nature better in its weakness than in its strength. With the weakness, which is all its own, he is familiarly acquainted. He knows nothing at all about the divinely implanted strength of the spiritual man.

. . . If there be nothing in Simon but what belongs to Satan, then let Satan claim Simon Peter, as he has already claimed Judas, for his own. But if there be that in Peter which belongs to God, then still let Satan, if he be unwise enough to do so, claim and carry away his share, leaving the spiritual Peter disencumbered and free.[1]

"For sympathetic analysis of character in its subtler workings it would be hard to match the following from a sermon on Elijah with the widow of Zarephath. We have always been accustomed to regard this prophet as the incarnation of all that is stern and uncompromising—here is something different that Whitehead has seen in him:

It was then an auspicious moment for Elijah when he beheld the widow woman gathering sticks at the gate of the city (1 Kings xvii. 10). No doubt she looked as poor as she was, and the gathering of the sticks was in harmony with her poverty. It was a real act of faith on the part of the prophet to ask such a person at such a time for bread, though perhaps a greater trial to his compassion than to his faith. He knew he must sorely distress her by the request; she would think him selfish and hard. Hence, though for the most part he cared little enough how he looked or what people thought of him, yet there is a momentary pause before he asks for the

[1] *Sermons on the Saints' Days*, p. 201, f.

bread. His first request is for some water, about which she makes no difficulty; and then, as she turns to go for it, and they are no longer face to face, he calls after her, as though it were an afterthought, "Bring me, I pray thee, a morsel of bread in thine hand" (ver. 11). With instinctive delicacy and sensibility to her feelings, he first put her into an attitude of compliance, that when she did have to tell him the whole sad truth of her poverty, it might be whilst she was in the very act of doing all she could for him. So thoughtfully and tenderly regardful of a poor widow's feelings is the man who should enjoy but small reputation for courtesy in the palace of Ahab.[1]

"Very characteristic of his chivalrous temper is his treatment of the so-called 'Disobedient Prophet,' of whom he says:

We mourn over him, and sometimes preach over him, to this day. But in our anxiety to point a moral from his history, there is danger lest we preachers may so conduct our mourning as to disguise the fact that it is really a "brother" over whom we mourn. We must not indeed make too little of his offence; but neither, on the other hand, let us make too much of his punishment. At least, let us endeavour to see in it the discipline of love.

He then in a discourse, called 'Guided even unto Death,' follows the prophet's steps from the moment when 'He cried against the altar in the word of the Lord,' the 'solitary man intruding unbidden and unwelcome into the presence of a great king, lifting up his single voice against that proud monarch, and in the midst of a corrupt and hostile multitude faithfully delivering the stern message of his God,' to that when men find 'his

[1] *Sermons, chiefly on Subjects from the Sunday Lessons*, p. 198, f.

carcase cast in the way,' and lay him in the grave to be known to future generations as 'the Disobedient Prophet.' But is this 'deeply tragical' fate only a subject for mourning? No, 'even unto Death,' and beyond it, God was his guide:

His work was done; and should he regret leaving a world with which he had so little in common, whose kings and priests he had only to denounce, and whose prophets could trifle with his sacred heaven-sent convictions, as if they had been but the wayward impulses of caprice? It were well for him to go hence and be no more seen, so that, in the word of the Lord and in the power of His Spirit, he but recover his strength, no matter how dreadful the process of his recovery. Yes, verily, while voices, to whose accents he was now for ever deaf, were saying, "*Alas*, my brother!" another voice, let us believe, was saluting him, as of one rejoicing over him, saying "*Welcome*, my brother! I have been with thee in all the hard passages of thy chequered life. Thou hast known me hitherto as the Word of the Lord. I gave thee thy purposes, thy resolutions, thy strong convictions, thy power to carry them out. I gave thee thy blessedness. Thy backsliding and misery came only when thine ear turned away from me to the enticements and deceptions of another. See now how it were better for thee to be roughly and sharply awakened from thy delusions, so that thou wast for ever restored to the arms of thy Saviour and thy brother."[1]

"How practical in its shrewdness is the opening of the sermon about Balaam, entitled 'Waiting for Special Leadings':

Never talk in that way: "If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go," etc. (Numbers xxii. 18),—when you have a difficult resolution to keep. How must you

[1] *Sermons*, p. 190, ff.

talk then, in such a case, or what must you say? Why, say nothing, or, at most, say No, and make an end of it. But vanity must needs make capital out of everything which presents itself, yes, even out of convictions from God. Balaam is rather proud of the sacrifice which he may possibly have to make—a sure sign that he will get off making it if he can. . . .

Observe the consequence of making a parade about the outward circumstances of a temptation: "Now therefore, I pray you, tarry ye also here this night, that I may know what the Lord will say unto me more" (ver. 19). Let Balaam have the credit of refusing Balak's gifts and honours; and let the Lord have the responsibility of his accepting them. For his part he is quite indifferent to such things. Let the messengers rest assured that he has no desire for them at all. But if they will just wait a little, peradventure there will be vouchsafed to him some special leadings of divine Providence, which may render it his duty to go with them. He is in the Lord's hands; the Lord shall guide him. But how? By the convictions already given him in answer to his prayers about this matter? Not so; but by what the Lord shall say unto him "more" about it, after he has turned it over and over again in his mind, after he has perhaps thought it a pity not to go to Balak and explain things to him a little. He need not curse Israel if he does go. He may do some good by going. He may exercise a beneficial influence at the court of Balak. A wider sphere of usefulness will be opened out to him.

Very well. So sure as a man sets himself upon the search for the leadings of Providence to conduct him in a given direction, himself all the while desiring the credit of reluctance to go, there is very little doubt of his finding such leadings.[1]

"If there is here some sly side reflection on the ecclesiastic of to-day, who announces that he has received a "special leading' in the direction of a profitable change of position, the Broad Church-

[1] *Chronicle*, July, 1872.

man's view of sacerdotalism peeps out in the following pregnant sentences on the choice and work of St. Stephen:

> So they appointed . . . "men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom." Men of honest report and practical wisdom of course it was desirable to appoint for such a purpose. But what need, it may be asked, for a man, in order to "serve tables," to be "full of the Holy Ghost"? Do we inquire whether a man be full of the Holy Ghost when we elect him a guardian of the poor? Perhaps not; but it might be as well if we did. Apostolic precedent is worth attending to even in such a matter as that. . . .
>
> Learn now from the history which is this day set before us, the benefit which may attend upon the appointing of men full of the Holy Ghost to the discharge even of duties which at first sight appear to have merely a secular character. Whereas the apostles caused seven such men to be appointed to "serve tables," while they themselves withdrew to the sole duty of "the ministry of the word," one of their table-servers presently stood forth as the foremost preacher and prophet of them all.[1]

"Teaching of this kind, so fresh, so direct, so practical, would naturally appeal to cultured hearers. Without knowing it, Whitehead was a born 'fisher of men' among the ranks of thoughtful and sagacious citizens of the world. Such auditors as he would have gathered round him in a position like that of chaplain of one of the Inns of Court would have been attracted, even fascinated, by the literary quality of his work, while they would have speedily come to learn that behind all this there was a simplicity

[1] *Sermons*, pp. 284, 288.

of faith and a sincerity of moral conviction that went straight to the heart and conscience of each. Let us imagine the sort of effect which a discourse like that on David and Jonathan, 'A Covenant before the Lord,' would have on minds perhaps impervious to the ordinary homily but quick in recognition of intellectual worth. He draws first the picture of David standing before Saul with the head of the giant in his hand, presenting 'in his appearance and bearing a certain manliness, tempered with modesty,' and asks, 'What then had David been saying, and what magic influence had there been in his words, that when he had made an end of speaking he should have won for himself the love of Jonathan?' A sympathetic analysis of Jonathan's state of mind follows. A hero with a hero's past, why had he not himself stood forth as the champion of Israel? The secret is his own deep despondency, from which he was only aroused by the sight of 'one who spoke, looked, and acted, as if he had come straight from the living God,' the man 'who should be to Israel and possibly even to Saul, what Jonathan would fain have been, but, alas, was not.' Then come the notices of the intercourse and mutual service of the friends, of 'their covenant thrice renewed before the Lord' (1 Sam. xviii. 3, xx. 16, xxiii. 18), and of Jonathan's love that passed the love of women:

> . . . There is a painful significance in that last clause

of David's lament for Jonathan, the full force of which is not to be apprehended without taking up the New Testament, and, with that clause in one's mind, reading the records of the life of Him who condescended to be the Son of David. There was no love, not even that of Peter and John, which surpassed the love of women for the Saviour. And this their love for Jesus Christ, based upon and arising out of His equal love for mankind, has ever since been a real power in the world. From a true insight into the spiritual power of womanly sympathy, King David, partly by his misfortunes, and still more, I fear we must add, by his faults, was cut off. There was a side of his heart which was never spiritually touched but by Jonathan; towards those who might have touched it the whole attitude of his mind was wrong; Jonathan had no successor in David's heart. In his innermost soul King David lived a lonely life; and he made his solitude for himself.

"But from David in his later years, when in sorrow and painful solitude he returned to the knowledge 'that apart from God there is no such thing as love,' the discourse passes, by a transition that the auditor would hardly mark, to the principles which the preacher saw underlying all human friendship and love. David, Jonathan, the gracious figures of a still patriarchal time, recede into the background, and only the preacher and his hearers are left face to face with eternal truths. It is not to the men of old that the lesson applies, these hearers would learn. It is to us and to our fellows, they would say within themselves, that the word of the Lord has come; and then with thoughts turned inward they would hear the preacher conclude:

We may think we love one another, but our love or our friendship, call it which we please, if it be not "a covenant before the Lord," is only a delusion and a snare . . . those bright affections, which bear the names of love and friendship . . . do we recognize their rightful connection with God, and consistently try to have them consecrated to His service; or are we in the habit of regarding them as mere luxuries of the natural man, with which religion has little to do except to keep them within the bounds of innocence?

But let us not, after dwelling upon such a friendship as that of David and Jonathan, descend to consider the grotesque fantastic forms of spurious affection. Rather let us keep in view that which is best and noblest, and interpreting it, as it is our privilege to do, by the light of the eternal Gospel, say, Let this be human friendship, that souls be linked together for the strengthening of one another in God and in Christ.[1]

"The above may serve to give some idea of the style of discourse which gained for Whitehead so high—we cannot say, so wide—a reputation as a preacher. With the capacity for doing work of this kind, and even still better work, he was destined to leave London after three-and-twenty years of labour, and to spend the rest of his life in surroundings in many respects congenial, but in no way corresponding to his special gifts. In so far as one so great of soul could really be touched by these chances of mortal state, he must have felt to some extent what his friends felt so strongly for him, and have left London a disappointed, though not a soured, man, carrying with him to the end a consciousness of powers that had never found a free field for exercise.

[1] *Sermons*, p. 169, ff.

One who knew him better than most was wont to declare that if he had had the 'fit audience,' for which he could not but crave, he would have done yet better work as a preacher and writer. This can be readily believed, for his sermons are unequal. All did not reach the high standard to which he raised those he published in the volumes and in the *Chronicle*. In the case of those which were issued first in the *Chronicle*, and then in the *Sermons*, we trace the results of extra work in the fuller statement, the more polished phrase. He was not always at his best, but he might have been trusted always to rise to the height of any opportunity which he felt as a stimulus to the deepest source of his powers.

"London probably lost not a little through the fact that a suitable position in the metropolis was never offered to him, and it is worth while in this connection to point out how many of the qualities of the ideal parish priest, and of those needed to adorn higher ecclesiastical positions, were, as a fact, combined in his person. In other parts of this book there have been illustrated his devotion to parish duties, his tact, his business-like accuracy. We have seen that he was an expert in regard to those multifarious secular matters relating to education, sanitary science, rational recreation, and the like, on which the vicar of a parish is called upon to give his opinion and advice. Above all, he was from the very outset of his career a man

singled out from among his fellows for the exceptional services he had rendered to church and world alike in connection with the cholera epidemic. It may, however, be of advantage to say a word here, from this point of view, about his mental characteristics, lest some who did not know him might think there was some waywardness, eccentricity, or even unsoundness in his opinions or in his modes of thought. This was by no manner of means the case. He was one in whom the subtlety of intellect that delighted his associates co-existed with the most manly robustness of mind and with exceptional common sense. He was a man, moreover, who was absolutely free from any 'views' or impracticabilities. There was nothing extreme about Whitehead. He had not the smallest disposition to rebel against constituted authorities, customs, or beliefs. His fine taste recognized that as a clergyman he had bound himself to do and not to do certain things (which in themselves might be indifferent), and he never even in little matters parleyed with his vows. The young ladies, who in later years came to him to be married, would ask him after the present fashion of their kind to omit the clause in the wedding service about the duty of obeying. He would talk to them in his genial way, but would not give in to them. His attitude towards the Old Testament was characteristic. He had no inclination in the direction of modern Biblical Criticism, but took the Hebrew narratives as they

stand, recognizing in them consummate masterpieces of a refined and deeply-thinking age, and was content to bring out in them the divine and human truths of universal import with which they are pregnant. He no more questioned the truth of the narratives than did the late Canon Liddon, though he would never have given himself away by staking his faith in Christianity upon the literal accuracy of some obviously poetical passages of scripture. He assumes in his sermons that David wrote the Psalms, and Moses Deuteronomy, and, for aught he says to the contrary, he may have held Satan to be as real a personage as Simon Peter.

"Ecclesiastically he was a Broad Churchman, of that school which, rejecting all sacerdotal pretensions and all mystical views of rites and ceremonies, has not been fascinated by any new and critical views on exegesis or dogma. He used to say of himself (partly to explain the fact that his Church seemed to show no particular need of him), that he and his friends were survivals; there was no body of young men in the Church to support and succeed them. Graduates holding his and their views, he would explain, do not now enter the Church, but some other profession, while those who do take Anglican orders attach themselves as a rule rather to the sacerdotal party. This may, no doubt, be true of these later times, but, on the other hand, when Whitehead was in his prime, the high places of the Church

were filled by men of broad and liberal sympathies. The Scottish Episcopal Church, for example, which is now on the sacerdotal grade, was represented then by men like his old and dear friend Bishop Ewing—and it was not Ewing's fault if Whitehead did not receive due recognition from the Anglican authorities. The Bishop of London in his time was the statesman-like Tait. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be nothing to prevent a man of Whitehead's gifts and character receiving the offer of some position wherein his special qualities would have found a suitable field for exercise. It is true that he had friends who in his later life felt that there was nothing in their gift good enough for such a man, but they were not representative of the mind of the Anglican communion. One would have thought that a liberal-minded bishop, who knew what Whitehead had done of old, and who had himself listened to his long and incisive address on the mendicity question, would have been only too glad to leaven the ecclesiastical lump of his diocese with such sagacity and unworldliness as were embodied in the speaker. It is possible that his comparative lack of oratorical delivery in the pulpit affords some explanation of the neglect with which he was treated by the authorities of his Church. It is a puzzle otherwise to account for it, for it would be unjust to those that seemed to be pillars to suggest that he was so keen of

sight, so shrewd in counsel, so utterly unworldly in his modes of thought, that they were a little afraid of him.

"When one looks back on his life, what has it to teach us? It has been well said of him that, after all, 'Nothing can surpass in real service to his day and generation the recollection of a life well lived, and remembrance of duty—often arduous and unattractive—cheerfully performed without thought of self or self-interest.' In taking leave of him one may, however, touch for a moment, though only with the utmost diffidence, on the theme that always lay nearest to his heart, though it was too sacred to be always on his lips. The most important thing that existed for Henry Whitehead was his religious faith, which with him was the central fact of the inner life, while at the same time it was the guiding principle of all his outward acts. In the first place, with regard to religious dogma his belief was absolutely simple and sincere. The fundamental tenets of Christianity were not things he enforced by argument; indeed a reader of his discourses might fancy him unconscious of the fact that the tenets could ever be questioned, or that arguments had ever been used about them. Whitehead's attitude, however, was not due to any mere Paradisaical ignorance of the shadows and difficulties of actual life, but to a faith that had ascended through these to a region where they disappeared in the light of all-embracing truth. One of those sincere Christian

dogmatists who wrestle in argument with the doubter or the profane, might have thought him indifferent to this side of the preacher's mission, but this was not the truth of the matter. He knew that there are other methods of persuasion besides argument, and indeed no argument could be half so effective for the purpose in view as the mere fact of the absolute rest in Christian doctrine of such a man as Whitehead. An intellect the most penetrating, most skilled in the detection of sophistries, a surpassing knowledge of the human heart and keen insight into the *real* needs and difficulties of his fellow men, a mental integrity withal, and an intrepid courage that would never have suffered him to palter with or belie conviction —all these were his, and to what conclusion did they lead him? To an open and manly self-surrender, to a subjection of his whole moral and spiritual being to what was to him the great fact of the human universe, the filial relation through Christ of man to God. This fact, he felt, is one that speaks for itself; once known and recognized, it must needs work its own influence, just as the mere life of Christ or of Paul was in itself persuasive as being something independent of and above their distinctive words and actions. The fact that such a man, so capable of argument, did not argue, says more for the conclusion in which he was content to abide than a thousand homilies.

"But in Whitehead's Christianity there was

more than this. It is beautiful, it is touching even, to see the strong man putting off his intellectual harness, and losing himself in humility in the divine love and truth. No one ever obeyed more sincerely the sublime injunction: 'Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of Heaven.' If ever denizens of that kingdom have lived on earth, if ever its methods and its spirit have been apprehended by mortal and fallible men, among these men is Henry Whitehead.

"From his apprehension of the essential principle that is at the heart of Christianity—the all-importance of the Spirit, the comparative indifference of outward words and acts—he drew a practical corollary, 'Where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' The thoughts and acts of all those who are living in the kingdom of Heaven should proceed from the heart. If *that* is right with God, then the outward expression of the life is perfectly free and spontaneous, and the actual form of it matters little. It will often be unexpected, even paradoxical, but if it proceeds from the right source the essential point has been gained. From this conviction, which we might call the 'Word of the Lord' that came to him, arose his instinctive shrinking from exercising authority or influence over others, except in the way of helping to clear their spiritual vision, and so purify will and action at their springs. He expresses himself on this point in the characteristic

phrase that opens a sermon on 'Freewill in Well-doing,' the text of which is from the Epistle to Philemon, in the spirit and manner of which he naturally took the keenest delight: 'It is worth while taking any trouble to let a man do right of his own accord.' Hence he seemed to adopt at times in dealing with others a policy that might be termed one of *laissez faire.* He would efface himself, not from any want of sympathy or interest, but because he believed that only one thing really mattered—the relation of the heart to God. That relation seemed to him so inward and sacred a thing that it could not be worked upon by the ordinary clumsy methods of argument or moral suasion. It was repugnant to the Christian ideal for any one to thrust himself upon his fellow, or attempt to force the actions of others in directions that seemed, in his own limited view, to be the right ones. Believing as he did implicitly in the reality and potency of the direct intercourse of the Divine spirit with the human, he would judge it best to stand aside and suffer this to proceed in its own good way and to its own results.

"In this attitude, as in his complete unworldliness in all that concerned his personal career, he was simply carrying this principle out into practice. His friends were at times tempted to feel half provoked at his self-effacement. 'Here is a man,' they would say, 'to whom has been granted an exceptionally clear insight into important truths of life, and yet he takes no pains to make his message

heard by as many of his fellows as he can. We do not ask him to "strive or cry," but only to follow the example of the Master who taught the many in frequented places as well as the few in solitudes. We do not want him to discard the lesson conveyed in the words, "Man, who made me a judge or a divider over you?" while yet he might help by decisive moral impact some of those who are hardly to be touched by the more subtle spiritual influences.' The thought is a natural one, and yet, on the other hand, he may have been doing a higher work for his fellows by this absolute, almost Quixotic reliance on the ways of the Spirit as against the ways of the world, than if he had adapted himself more to the ordinary standards. It was not in his character to become like the keen and mobile Apostle to the Gentiles, 'all things to all men,' in restless endeavour to win them by one means or another to Christ. He stood apart in a sort of monumental isolation, a notable figure of his time, though so little observed of his contemporaries. His teaching has come down to us in unalloyed purity, and it is for those who accepted it to use their opportunities to spread the influence of it into wider and yet widening circles."

APPENDIX I

THE EXPERIENCE OF A LONDON CURATE

A farewell speech, addressed to friends assembled to take leave of him, at the 'Rainbow Tavern,' Fleet Street, on January 16th, 1874, by the Rev. H. Whitehead, Vicar of St. John's, Limehouse.

My good friend, the chairman,[1] has said kind things of me, to which you have warmly responded, and you have given me a beautiful cup, on which your names, and those of other friends who have contributed to it, are to be inscribed; for which manifestations of your goodwill I heartily thank you. But, were I able to express my thanks ever so eloquently, I could give you no adequate idea of the pleasure afforded me by such a meeting as this, at which, when I look round, I see familiar faces more or less associated in my memory with every parish with which as a clergyman I have been connected.

Those parishes are seven[2] in number, all situated in London, and I have passed through them with no immunity from the proverbial fate of the rolling stone. But now that so great an authority as the Bishop of Manchester has spoken disrespectfully of the process of, as he calls it, "vegetating twenty years

[1] J. G. Fitch.

[2] St. Luke's, Berwick Street, from June 15, 1851, to March 25, 1856; St. Matthew's, Westminster, from March 25, 1856, to December 25, 1856; Holy Trinity, Clapham, from December 25, 1856, to Aug. 25, 1864; St. Anne's, Highgate Rise, from August 25, 1864, to September 29, 1867; St. Peter's, Stepney, from September 29, 1867, to Dec. 25, 1869; St. Peter's, Hammersmith, from December 25, 1869, to March 25, 1871; St. John's, Limehouse, from March 25, 1871, to February 25, 1874.

in one place," I perhaps ought not to waste any regret upon the "moss" which the "rolling stone" is alleged not to "gather." Whatever else I may have failed to gather, it is no slight compensation to have had the good fortune to gather friends; in which respect, if in no other, the rolling stone has perhaps some advantages over its stationary brother.

Now the promoters of this meeting wish me to tell you the story of my London life. It will, I fear, be rather a long story; and, though I need not be deterred from telling it by any fear that I may have to address an unsympathetic audience, I do not think I could presume to make such a demand upon your patience but for the opportunities it will afford me of talking about my London friends.

There are but two of you whose acquaintance I do not owe to London; and those two are a remnant of a society which, if its origin be traceable to Oxford, is more identified in my mind with London. It so happened that soon after I had been appointed to my first curacy there sprang up among the old pupils of Mr. Mark Pattison, the present rector, then fellow and tutor, of our college, a desire to present him with a token of our respect and gratitude. The meetings of the London committee, which undertook the carrying out of this object, were found to be so well attended and so pleasant, that, instead of dissolving itself when its primary purpose was accomplished, this committee grew into a sort of club, which met in various places, sometimes in the very room in which we are now assembled. This club has long been but a tradition of the past. Only two of its members, Thomas Kebbel and Robert Pritchard,[1] besides myself, are here to-night. Of the rest, some are in their graves, others have left London, others are in distant lands; and if, perchance, a report of the present gathering should reach our antipodes, it may interest the former secretary of our social club, Gowen Evans,[2] now conductor of the *Melbourne Argus*, and Frank Simmons,[3] now

[1] R. A. Pritchard, D.C.L., Registrar of the Probate Court.

[2] Mr. Evans died while these sheets were passing through the press.

[3] Since dead.

principal of Dunedin College, to know that their names were mentioned with affectionate remembrance within these walls. I lived in those days in Soho Square, a place, by reason of its central situation, easy of access, and friends readily found their way to my rooms. Mr. Pattison, when in town, would sometimes look in upon me, and once or twice I caught sight of him in church, when, I am ashamed to confess, I felt a secret satisfaction at its not being my turn to preach. I know now, as I did not then know, that the severest critics of sermons are not the men of Mr. Pattison's calibre.

The church at which I was then officiating was St. Luke's, Berwick Street, Soho, where I had the unusual experience of serving under three successive incumbents. You often hear of a vicar changing his curates, but not of a curate at the same church changing his vicars. Of course I do not mean that I had any hand in bringing about these changes, though I must not assume that you will take this for granted when I call to mind a story told me the other day by one who is now sitting at this table. He has known a rector who, having difficulties with his curate, said, "It has come to this, that either you or I must go." "Very well, sir," replied the curate, "*I* do not mean to go." So the rector went home, and, after due consideration, sent off his resignation to the bishop. This was not the way I parted with my first incumbent, Mr. Stooks,[1] who had kindly given me my title to orders at a time when it was not so easy to obtain a title as it has of late years become. Nowadays the demand for curates is greater than the supply, and even a young man in search of a title can pick and choose from the numerous answers to his advertisements. It was very different in my young days. But if I had my time to come over again, and curacies were "plenty as blackberries," I would begin by preference at St. Luke's, Berwick Street. "It is a place," said Mr. Stooks, "for such as care more for the approval than for the applause of men": an excellent saying, which I commend to the serious consideration of all candidates for orders.

[1] Hon. Prebendary of St. Paul's.

When I had been at St. Luke's fourteen months, Mr. Stooks was transferred to St. Anne's, Highgate Rise, and on leaving recommended me to his successor, Henry Jones,[1] whom, for the sake of distinction, I will call Harry Jones the First. He too was in due time promoted, and departed, recommending me to *his* successor, Samuel Arnott.[2] Some years after I had left St. Luke's I was one day walking down Parliament Street with a London incumbent, when we met Mr. Jones, who turned and walked with us to Westminster. "It is very pleasant," said my companion, "to see the friendly way in which you two men can meet each other." "But why should it be otherwise?" asked Mr. Jones. "Well," said the other, "I have had, whether as curate or incumbent, a different experience." Whereupon I remarked that I had been fortunate in my incumbents. I am sorry that neither of the three whom I have mentioned could be here to-night, the more so as two of them are kept away by illness. To this day they are my friends. And now, as though I had a vested interest in the friendship of the incumbents of St. Luke's, here sits, this evening, Harry Jones the Second, now rector of St. George's-in-the-East, but for fifteen years widely and honourably known as incumbent of St. Luke's, Berwick Street. I was never his curate, but it seems to me the most natural thing in the world that we should be friends. I am very glad he is here, for he can tell you that St. Luke's is a place well worth remembering. He knows why it is that an interval of eighteen years has not obliterated from my memory the recollection of such men as James Aldous the churchwarden, and Edward Orme the clerk. Did time permit, I could tell many a pleasant anecdote of Mr. Aldous, who lived next door to me in Soho Square, a venerable man of imposing aspect and somewhat eccentric force of character. It must suffice to say that my intercourse with him imbued me with a respect for the office of churchwarden, which further experience has in no way tended to diminish, and which, if it ever had been diminished, would

[1] Confrater of Wyggeston Hospital, and Vicar of St. Nicholas', Leicester.
[2] Vicar of Turnham Green.

certainly have been re-established by my friend, Mr. George Smith, churchwarden of St. John's, Limehouse, in whose presence to-night I am glad to bear this testimony to the value of an office the duties of which he most admirably discharges. My good old friend Mr. Aldous has long been dead; but Mr. Orme still survives, and, though he no longer leads the responses, is still the clerk of St. Luke's. To say Amen is but a small part of the duties of a parish clerk. He can be in his way almost as useful as a churchwarden; and when I mention that Mr. Orme was the voluntary superintendent of our Boys' Sunday school, it will be easily understood that his interest in the affairs of the church was not of a perfunctory kind. St. Luke's was fortunate in its officials. It was not the mere nominal salary which could have attracted a substantial tradesman like Mr. Orme to the clerk's desk; nor could that object have taken Thomas Robson, of the well-known firm of organ-builders, into the organ loft; no, nor could that alone have drawn Joseph Gilson to the bellows. Many years, even in my time, had he blown them (H. Jones: "He blows them still"); and long may he continue to do so. Mr. Gilson is employed during the week in a large workshop, and has not many holidays, but some of them he has spent with me in other places where I have since held curacies. I never forget my St. Luke's friends, and it is pleasant to be reminded that they do not forget me. The other day Mr. Robson, though I had not seen him for many years, took some pains to do me an unsolicited service, and I know that it is only from illness that he is not with us at this moment. When I went to thank him for his kindness we talked over the old days, just as schoolmates who have been long parted talk over the old school. We talked of the men I have already mentioned; also of Joseph Randall, the St. James's national schoolmaster, who, for want of accommodation at St. James's, had to bring his boys on Sundays to St. Luke's, and whose uncomfortable position in the gallery led me to suggest, at a meeting in St. James's vestry, held "to consider the causes of the neglect of public worship by the working classes," that one cause of this

neglect might be the unpleasant recollection they retained of attendance at church in their Sunday school days. "Well," said the Bishop of London (Dr. Blomfield), who was present, "there is a good deal of truth in that." Mr. Randall, who is now dead, was a prominent man in his profession, one to whom the London schoolmasters were wont to have recourse when they wanted a spokesman or a chairman. I had no official connection with him beyond preaching to him on the Sunday; but he was the first of a series of schoolmasters whose friendship I have highly valued, the last of whom, Mr. Charles Clifton, of St. John's, Limehouse, I am happy to see here to-night. Mr. Randall dearly loved a discussion, and many a stoutly contested argument have I taken part in over a cup of tea with him and his friend, James Richardson, the scripture-reader of St. Luke's, a Scotchman, brimful of metaphysics, and the most felicitous quoter of Burns and Scott whom I have ever known. Mr. Richardson had in early life enlisted in the Grenadier Guards, and had, by the force of his character and talents, risen to the post of schoolmaster-sergeant, which he filled with such ability that he became, as I was informed by the non-commissioned officers whom I used to meet at his rooms, quite a power in the regiment. Not unfrequently I observed a red coat in St. Luke's church, and I knew that it was some one or other of Sergeant Richardson's "boys," as he always called them. Several of these "boys"—Drum-major Green and others, with their wives—I remember meeting at supper at Mr. Richardson's house on the eve of the embarkation of the regiment for the Crimean war; and some of the same, one of them having lost an arm, I again met there on their return, when of course the battle of Inkerman formed the chief topic of the conversation. Mr. Richardson would sometimes spend an evening with me in Soho Square, and more than one of my friends, and clever men too, whom he met there, have acknowledged to me that they found themselves no match in argument and repartee for the "sergeant." I need scarcely say that such a Scotchman as Mr. Richardson knew the Bible almost by heart, or that such a soldier was

punctuality itself. We had a custom at St. Luke's, an excellent one, established by Mr. Stooks, and continued by his successors, of meeting together, clergy and scripture-readers, every day at twelve o'clock at the vestry. One day, during the cholera epidemic of 1854, the sergeant did not appear at the usual place of meeting. I knew that there could be but one reason for this unprecedented occurrence, and therefore on leaving the vestry I went at once to Mr. Richardson's house, where I found him in bed, and suffering from cholera. "I knew you would come," he said. "And I knew," I replied, "how I should find you when I did come." He then told me how he had been engaged since we had parted on the preceding day, and in particular related a conversation he had had with a man who had often been rude to him, but whose rudeness had now given way to fright. "And what," said this man, "is the best thing to take for cholera?" "I don't know what to take," said Mr. Richardson, "but I know what to do. It may neither prevent nor cure cholera; but it will save me from what is worse than cholera, *i.e.* from fear." "But what is your antidote?" "I shall look up to my God," said the sergeant, "and though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Mr. Richardson recovered from his sickness to "fight a good fight" in the cause of his Master for many a year to come. But he is now in his grave; and in the long list of my friends I recognize no more honourable name than that of the ex-sergeant of the Grenadier Guards. The cholera of 1854, as you all know, ravaged the neighbourhood of Berwick Street with unparalleled severity. Within an area of 250 yards radius there were nearly 700 deaths in a fortnight, and close around St. Luke's church was the thick of the slaughter. I could point to four houses within an average distance of fifteen yards from that church which collectively lost thirty-four of their inhabitants in four days. But I will not dwell on the painful scenes of the outbreak. It had its bright side. It did one's heart good to witness the behaviour of the people. I saw, in one house, a woman assiduously nurse as many as seven of her fellow lodgers, who died in quick succession during the first

five days of September, and, by her calm demeanour, sustain the spirits of the living, till she herself fell the eighth victim to the disease. In another house a wife was watching by the bedside of her husband, when late in the night a gentle tap summoned her to the door to welcome the sympathizing countenance of a stranger. "Your husband is ill," said this unknown friend, "and you sat up with him last night; I will sit by him to-night": and then she proceeded at once to the bedside to nurse the sick man. "There, he is better now," she said in the morning, "I think you will be able to manage"; and then withdrew as quietly as she came. Two or three times afterwards she presented herself at the door, but only to ask after the object of her tender solicitude, and immediately to retire. She never gave her name. Another woman I had observed manifesting such skill and courage in nursing cholera patients in the house in which she lived that a few days later, when I found a man struck down by the disease in a house where no one seemed to know what to do for him, I went at once to her and told her what I had seen. In less time than I take to tell the story her bonnet was on and she was on her way with me to the place I had mentioned, where she nursed the sick man night and day for eight-and-forty hours, and had the satisfaction of seeing him safe past the crisis. But these, you may think, were exceptional cases. Well, the skill no doubt was exceptional, but not the courage, nor the will to help. As for panic, there was none; which I confess somewhat surprised me, as I had always heard and read that great pestilences were invariably attended with wholesale demoralization of the populace. Of the clergy of the churches situated in the stricken district it is not for me to say more than that they did their duty; but I may be permitted to say of my friend, Mr. Arnott, then my incumbent, that, whereas he had gone for his holiday just before the outbreak, a line from me briefly relating what was happening in his parish brought him by the first possible train to his post, and he had no more holiday that year. The district visitors of St. Luke's at that time were, as a body, beyond question the best I have ever known. It may be that

in such a neighbourhood few undertake the office but such as have a natural gift for the work. "It did my heart good to look at her," said a poor man to me of one of our St. Luke's visitors, who had gone to sympathize with him in a grievous trouble which had befallen him. During the first two days of the cholera outbreak I much wished to see this lady, but did not happen to meet her, though I well knew that she could not be far off. But on the third day, which was Sunday, just before morning service, she came into the vestry, shook hands with us all round, and scarcely saying a word retired to her seat in the church. I never knew her come into the vestry before or afterwards. She would be very much surprised were she to hear me say, "It did us good to look at her." But no one else who had ever seen her would be surprised. In seasons of extreme peril there is magical influence in the speaking eye of the spiritual enthusiast. And that was indeed a time of peril. Bear in mind what I told you of the mortality close around the church in which we were then assembled, and you will understand that shaking hands was no conventional affair that morning. The friend with whom one shook hands in the morning might be dead before night, and buried before the next night. There lay dead that very morning, just opposite the church, a doctor who had gone his round on the Friday morning, and whose death we first heard of in the vestry before service. He had faithfully done his duty, as did every member of his profession. Indeed I have never witnessed more admirable self-devotion than was displayed during that terrible outbreak by the medical practitioners of the neighbourhood. Of the truth of this remark—were it not invidious to mention names when all did nobly—I could give many striking illustrations. Yet, for wholly exceptional reasons, I may say a few words about Dr. John Snow—as great a benefactor, in my opinion, to the human race, as has appeared in the present century. I am speaking in the presence of one, himself of more than European reputation on the subject of cholera, Mr. Netten Radcliffe, who, I well know, will bear me out in that assertion. Dr. Snow had long believed that he had discovered

the mode in which cholera is propagated, and fortunately he was at hand to direct an inquiry into the cause of the Broad Street outbreak, which inquiry resulted in a remarkable confirmation of his hypothesis. The story of his researches, and of this investigation in particular, I have elsewhere[1] related at some length, and therefore I will not now go into the subject. What I here chiefly wish to dwell upon is the calm prophetic way in which he would talk of the ultimate results of the doctrine which he had laid down. "You and I," he would say to me, "may not live to see the day, and my name may be forgotten when it comes; but the time will arrive when great outbreaks of cholera will be things of the past; and it is the knowledge of the way in which the disease is propagated which will cause them to disappear." He died in 1858, and since his death we have seen a complete revolution in the mode of investigating the causes of cholera and typhoid, a revolution already fruitful in beneficial consequences, and destined hereafter to achieve all the important results that he anticipated. He did not in his lifetime receive all the recognition which was due to his genius, though unstinted respect was paid to his character. "Dr. Snow's views on cholera," said a medical friend to me in 1855, "are generally regarded in the profession as very unsound." "If that be the case," I replied, "heresy may be as good a thing in your profession as some of you are apt to suppose it is in mine." A portrait of Dr. Snow hangs on my study wall, and ever serves to remind me that in any profession the highest order of work is achieved, not by fussy empirical demand for "something to be done," but by patient study of the eternal laws.[2]

From St. Luke's, Berwick Street, I migrated, in March 1856, to St. Matthew's, Great Peter Street, Westminster, which was at that time, and for aught I know, may be still, one of the strangest districts in London. It was then called "The Devil's Acre." I shall not now refer to its peculiarities, as I have described them in the pages of a

[1] *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1865, and July 1866.

[2] Mr. Radcliffe here rose and made a few observations.

review[1] well known to most of the present company. I could get no lodgings nearer to my work than Pimlico, where I lived in the same house with Sir John Ross, the Arctic navigator, who, to my great regret, died just when I had become well acquainted with him. I have in my study, as a memento of him, a canister of spiced beef, which he gave me, and which bears an inscription in his handwriting to the effect that it has been twice to the Arctic regions. I read the burial service over him at Kensal Green, which I have reason to remember from the circumstance of its having been the first occasion of my reading that service; and another reason for my remembering it was the crowd of Arctic sailors who stood round the grave. Sir John used to sleep with his window open on the coldest nights, and very cold it was on the night of his death, when I sat on one side of his bed and our landlady on the other. No one else was present. Of this landlady I must not omit to relate that her attention and kindness to Sir John and myself were in strange contrast to the characteristics which some smart writers are never tired of ascribing to her class. I never had occasion to find fault with her but once. "Your charges," I said, after running my eye over the monthly account, "are, I am sorry to say, incorrect." "Indeed, sir," she said, "I had no idea"——"But," I added, interrupting her, "you had better hear me out. I merely wish to observe that you have not charged me for several things which I have had." This good woman used to exercise a vigilant supervision over my visitors. On my return home one afternoon I found on my table a note, written in pencil by an intimate friend of mine, to this effect: "I would have waited for your return, but I really cannot stay any longer, for your landlady keeps coming in and out, and evidently thinks me a thief." I did not remonstrate with her for this, for I knew she would have said, "Well, but you know you do have very suspicious characters here sometimes"; and I could not have denied the imputation, for many a ticket-of-leave

[1] *Contemporary Review*, February 1873.

man from Duck Lane and Pye Street had to come to me for my signature on the back of his ticket; but I do not think that my friend looked like a suspicious character. I remained but nine months at St. Matthew's, and I cannot say that I was sorry to leave it, though on looking back I can see that my stay there was in several respects a valuable experience. Especially I regard it as having been of essential service to me that my preaching during those nine months was confined to the afternoon congregation, which rarely included more than half a dozen grown up persons. One of the half dozen is now sitting at this table, my friend William Driver, with whom I used always to walk over Westminster Bridge after service to take tea at his house in the Belvedere Road. He knows why I now say that if I had despotic authority in ecclesiastical arrangements, I would for a time confine the preaching of every young clergyman to a very scanty congregation, provided I could ensure that his hearers, though few, should be fit. It would be a most wholesome discipline. After tea I used to return over the bridge to spend the evening in a ragged school in Pye Street—another useful experience. Our scholars, as was to be expected in Pye Street, were rather a turbulent lot. "Really, sir," said a man to me one evening as I passed him on my way to the school, "I do think the police should put a stop to this nuisance. Before this confounded school came here a fellow could sit and smoke his pipe in peace on a Sunday evening; but there's no peace nor quietness now." I explained to him, but I fear without making much impression, that he looked at the matter from a somewhat narrow point of view, and that he must suffer for the good of posterity. Ragged schools have now nearly had their day, but they have in their time done a great work. The Pye Street school is always associated in my remembrance with Mr. John Macgregor, who used to come occasionally to deliver the address with which the proceedings of a ragged school invariably terminate. It was his regular practice to visit

some school for this purpose every Sunday evening, and I doubt not it is in a great measure owing to his long experience of ragged schools that he is now one of the most useful members of the London School Board. One of my fellow-teachers in this same school, at that time a young man reading for holy orders, was to have occupied the chair which you see vacant on my right hand. His absence, whatever may be its cause, is, I well know, due to no lack of sympathy with me, for I have no dearer friend. He had a long way to walk from his lodgings to attend the school, but he rarely failed to be at his post. After school he always went home with me to supper, to my great satisfaction, for at no time is the society of a congenial friend more acceptable than when one's day's work is over on Sunday. Many Sunday evenings he and I were destined to spend together in another part of London, for he afterwards became my fellow-curate at Clapham. Some of you will know that I am speaking of John Healy, now vicar of Studley in Yorkshire, and to others the name will sound familiar as that of one whom I am accustomed to mention as one of the most instructive preachers I have ever heard. Another of my Clapham colleagues, Brownrigg Smith, is also associated in my recollection with St. Matthew's, Westminster, where he used to preach occasionally in the absence of Mr. Malone, the incumbent. The first sermon I heard him preach so interested me that, instead of going straight back to Pimlico, I walked with him to his own home at Brixton, the City of London Freemen's School, of which he was the head-master, and I was as much interested by his conversation as I had been by his sermon. Soon after I had become curate at Clapham, one of my college friends came to see me, and in the course of conversation said: "Have you fallen in with Brownrigg Smith out here?" "Yes," I said, "he has called on me several times. Do you know him?" "Do you like him?" he asked, without answering my question. "Of course I do; we shall be great friends." "And why couldn't you be friends when I wanted you to be friends?" He then reminded me that three or

four years back he had asked us both to his rooms. "And I told both of you," he added, "before you came, that you ought to know each other." Yet so little impression had this meeting made upon either of us that when we next met, at St. Matthew's, it was as strangers. So much for bringing men together in order that they may be friends. It was after I had been about two years at Clapham that Smith, being appointed Sunday evening lecturer by the rector, became my colleague at the parish church.

But I must explain to you how I got to Clapham. In the last week of September 1856, I received a letter from Harry Jones the First, then incumbent of St. Peter's, Croydon, to the effect that his curate, John Tottenham, who was well known to me, had been appointed to the junior curacy of Clapham, and that he (H. Jones), having seen the rector, was of opinion that I should apply for the senior curacy, which was then vacant. I did not altogether coincide with this opinion, having heard, on what I considered good authority, that the rector was "a very fastidious man." However, I wrote to the rector the same day, merely stating a few facts, such as my age, degree, etc. On the evening of the following day I was sitting without my coat, smoking a long "churchwarden," waiting for a friend who had promised to come to tea, when I heard the wheels of a carriage stop at my door. "Surely," I thought, "my friend has not been extravagant enough to take a cab!" Presently my landlady opened the door and announced—"Mr. Bowyer." I rose to receive the "fastidious man," thinking to myself as I did so—"Well, at any rate, the interview will soon be over." He had my letter open in his hand as he entered the room, and, standing still when he had advanced about a couple of steps, with a fatherly tone in his voice and a merry twinkle in his eye, he said: "Mr. Whitehead, there is one piece of information in this letter which is quite unnecessary. I perceive you are not a married man." I at once perceived that I was destined to be his curate. He sat down and talked with me some time, and as he rose to go said: "Have you got a

sermon for Michaelmas Day?" which happened to be the following Monday. "Yes," I said; "the only saint's day sermon I have." "Come and preach it then." So I went to Clapham on the Monday, and preached my one saint's day sermon to a congregation of eleven ladies. "You don't seem disconcerted," the rector said afterwards in the vestry, "at having to address a small audience." "No," I said, "I am used to that." "Then, if you come here would you like always to preach on the saints' days?" "By all means." It was then agreed upon between us that I should come to him at Christmas, for I had of course to give the usual three months' notice at St. Matthew's. Meanwhile friends asked me what was to be my stipend, to which question I replied that I didn't know. "But you surely will have an understanding on that point?" "No," I said; "the rector does not seem the sort of man with whom it is necessary to stipulate." I heard, however, that my predecessor had had £150 a year—a fabulous sum it seemed to me, who had hitherto had but a hundred. When on Lady Day, 1857, the rector gave me a cheque for £37 10s., I slowly shook my head. "What's the matter?" he said. I then related to him the parting advice of one of my brothers, who lived with me in Soho Square till he went to Australia: "Harry, never take a curacy over a hundred a year." "But why not, Jack?" "There is sure to be something very disagreeable in the background." However, if there was anything disagreeable in the background in this case it was obliging enough to remain there, for, though I was with Mr. Bowyer for seven years and a half, I never found it out. But it must be borne in mind, in behalf of my brother's judgment, that the regulation stipend of a curate has considerably risen since the day when he took up his parable.

During the whole period of my stay at Clapham I continued to preach on the saints' days, sometimes to a larger, but not much larger, and sometimes to a less congregation than my original eleven. Indeed, I have on a wet morning preached to one lady, but one well worth preaching to, that is, for my

own sake; I am not alluding to any particular lady; sometimes it might be one, sometimes another. Preaching is, to the preacher himself, a valuable means of education when he can take it for granted that his hearers know the Bible; and these ladies did know the Bible. I am not so sure that I could derive any benefit from preaching to a jury of critics who sneer at sermons as "fit only for women." I make them a present of the admission that they would derive no benefit from me. I took great interest in these saints' day services, among other reasons, because I had not to choose my subject. One of my Clapham friends, who is now sitting next to me, James Knowles, said to me one evening: "I observe that whenever a saint's day falls on a Sunday you always make the saint the subject of your afternoon's sermon." "Yes," I said, "I have contracted a habit of preaching on the saints." "But how," he asked, "do you find enough to say about them, or at all events about some of them?" He then had the patience to listen to me whilst I ran through the calendar, mentioning one or more central ideas suitable, as I thought, to each day. When I had finished he urged me to publish a volume of sermons on these subjects, and, as you know, I followed his advice. Mr. Knowles was a regular attendant at the Sunday afternoon service, which for some years I had entirely to myself. I took my fair share both of reading and preaching in the morning and evening, but, except during two intervals, when I preached alternately with Tottenham or Healy, I was alone in the afternoon; and I always preferred preaching in the afternoon to preaching at the other services. I am no orator, and often feel, when addressing a large audience, that most of my hearers may not be in sympathy with me. I have felt the same sometimes when addressing a small audience, but not on Sunday afternoon at Clapham parish church. I have pleasant recollections of that afternoon congregation; I see them now in my mind's eye; the churchwarden, Joseph Freeman, and his family, with whom I usually walked to the church; the Thorntons, Mr. Thomas Hamilton, Mr. Philip Cazenove,

and others, whom if I do not mention it is not for want of remembering; sometimes, in a secluded corner, the Independent minister; and now and then, when he happened to be staying at the rectory, my dear friend the late Bishop of Argyll. But if the bishop sometimes listened to me, it is more to the purpose to call to mind that it was at Clapham I first had the privilege of listening to him, and of hearing both from the pulpit and in conversation those inspiring utterances the latest expression of which you will find in his posthumous work on *Revelation considered as Light.* I shall always remember with pleasure that during his last illness he trusted me to see this book through the press. It was published a few days after his death. A memoir of him, you will be glad to hear, is now being written by one of the present company, Mr. Ross, vicar of St. Philip's, Stepney. It was not often, owing to his weak health, that Bishop Ewing could be induced to preach for us; but whenever the rector said, "I think the Bishop is preachable," it was always glad tidings, at least to some of us, for I am bound to admit that the bishop was not a popular preacher. But a preacher may have somewhat to say that is worth listening to, though he be not popular. The rector himself was a case in point. He had none of the arts of the "acceptable" preacher, yet he could preach very acceptably to such among his congregation as had outgrown their taste for mere rhetoric. He had a very humble opinion of his own ability as a preacher. "Only think," he said to me one Sunday morning, as he entered the vestry, "of the archdeacon asking me to preach the visitation sermon!" "And why shouldn't he?" I asked. "Well," he said, "I know why he shouldn't, if he don't; and therefore I shall politely beg to be excused." I went to the almanack which hung on the wall, and, having seen what the lessons for the visitation day were, looked them out in a Bible, when I found in the second lesson a text from which I had heard him preach what I considered an excellent sermon. "Why," I said, "you have a sermon ready for the occasion." "What," he said, "is the subject?" "Sign-

seeking," I said, and then quoted the text.[1] "But what," he asked, "is there in that sermon specially applicable to the clergy?" "Well, for the matter of that," I said, "we clergy are, of all men, under the greatest temptation to seek after a sign; but we shall be grateful to any one, especially the preacher of a visitation sermon, who, in giving us a word of counsel on that point, will pay us the compliment of addressing us as men rather than as clergymen." "There is something in that," said the rector. So he preached the visitation sermon,[2] and very well he did preach it. The clergy, as they came out of the church, were very emphatic in their commendation both of the sermon and of the way in which it was delivered. But it amused me to hear the tone of surprise with which some of them expressed their commendation. "I had no idea," said one to me, "that your rector could preach such a sermon as that." "Indeed!" I said; "how often have you heard him preach?" "Oh, never before to-day." "Then of course there was no reason why you should have had any idea of his capabilities as a preacher?" "No, but one hears what is said of him in that respect." "Well, you will know for the future what value to attach to the opinion of your informants." "But to-day is a special occasion. He surely doesn't always preach such a sermon as we have heard this morning?" "Just an average specimen," I said, and then I told him what I have told you about the history of this particular sermon. The fact is that such a sermon as this, one which went to the root of the matter instead of scratching the surface, does not find acceptance with superficial hearers. Yet those are the people who are supposed, at any rate who suppose themselves, to be hungering and thirsting after something better than they get

[1] "And the Pharisees came forth, and began to question with Him, seeking of Him a sign from heaven, tempting Him. And He sighed deeply in His spirit, and saith, Why doth this generation seek after a sign? Verily I say unto you, There shall no sign be given unto this generation."—Mark viii. 11, 12.

[2] At St. Saviour's, Southwark, on June 7, 1859.

from their clergy. No doubt when the autumn comes round again, and the newspapers have space to spare, we shall have the usual letters from "Paterfamilias" and others of these hungering souls, complaining of our incompetence. The editors will again sum up the discussion, suggesting this or that remedy for what is assumed to be an unquestioned grievance; and we shall perhaps once more be told that the grand desideratum for supplementing our deficiencies is a bill in Parliament permitting the laity to preach. Well, be it so. For my own part, I have only one objection to urge against the Occasional Sermons Bill, viz., that it does not go far enough. I am not content with a bill permitting the laity to preach; I would have them under certain circumstances *compelled* to preach. I would introduce a clause to the effect that any layman proved by credible witnesses to have taken a prominent part in the weekly condemnation of the previous day's sermons which goes on in the Monday morning omnibus, should be bound under heavy penalties to appear in the pulpit on the following Sunday. Such a measure would, I am persuaded, be the best antidote for what is fast becoming an intolerable evil, viz., the modern doctrine of the infallibility of the laity. Meanwhile I have often wondered that no clergyman ever takes up his pen to describe the sort of sermon that sends "Paterfamilias" home in an ecstasy of delight at having heard a "splendid discourse." Perhaps the editor won't insert such letters. But it is more likely that the clergy never write them; for the clergy are a long-suffering race. Still I am of opinion that something should be done in this direction, and I take this opportunity of suggesting to Mr. Knowles, whose impartiality as editor of the *Contemporary Review* is well known, and who has an extensive acquaintance with clergymen of every school of thought, that he should demand from some clerical friend a paper on "Preaching, from a clerical point of view." I would not have you suppose that the congregation of Clapham parish church were all of the "Paterfamilias" order of mind. Far from it; only this order of mind for the most contrives

to monopolise the omnibus criticism of the Sunday sermons. I am very fond of Clapham, and often indulge in pleasant recollections of it and its people. In order to do so I have only to take down from one of my study shelves a volume the contents of which are not unknown to some of the present company. It contains a complete file of the *Clapham Gazette* for the whole time ($7\frac{1}{2}$ years) of my residence there. Wherever I have lived I have always taken great interest in the local newspapers, and therefore I had not been long in Clapham before I became an occasional contributor to the *Gazette*, the publisher and proprietor of which, Mr. George Meaden, soon became, and still remains, one of my most valued friends. His ideas and mine respecting the mode of conducting a local paper being quite in accord, he allowed me to write as much as I pleased in his columns, and a great deal, on all sorts of subjects, I did write for him. Moreover, I induced a good many of my friends to join us in the work. The *Gazette* was a monthly paper, and early in each month, in order to arrange the programme for the ensuing number, I used to get together as many as I could of the staff to dinner at my lodgings, in which tactics I was materially assisted by my landlady, Mrs. Bishop, who, as some of you are well aware, was a first-rate cook.

Nearly ten years have passed since I left Clapham, but, look which way I will round this table, I see faces which remind me of those gatherings. There sits my co-editor, the publisher, his very occupation at the present moment reminding me of the old days, for he is taking notes[1] of what I am saying. He and I did the reporting for the *Gazette*, and, though as a rule we gave full reports of the speeches of our parochial orators, I am afraid we occasionally gave offence by omitting some of the most forcible of their utterances. Mr. Meaden now represents the Clapham district at the Metropolitan Board of Works. The qualities which have caused him to be elected to that board were of great service in the municipal department of the *Gazette*. But

[1] The speech has been written out from Mr. Meaden's notes.

other departments were equally well served. Some of you who have perhaps wondered at the excellence of articles on educational subjects in the columns of the *Gazette*, will no longer wonder when I tell you that they were written by our chairman, Mr. Joshua Fitch.[1] The vacant chair on my right, as I have said, should have been occupied by one of my Clapham fellow-curates. He was our chief political writer, and I have especial satisfaction in recording that his views on the American civil war, though out of harmony with the leanings of some of our readers, were fully justified by the result and consequence of that great conflict. No reader of the *Gazette* will have forgotten the songs, chiefly on parochial subjects, which formed so prominent a feature of its contents. Well, here sits the writer of them, Mr. Driver, and of much else that appeared in our columns, for he, like myself, was told off to no particular department, but wrote whatever happened to be wanted. It was not often that we could get an article from my friend on my right, Thomas Kebbel, but what we did get made up in quality for what it lacked in quantity. In those days the mind of Clapham was much exercised on the subject of railway communication to the City, and our vice-chairman this evening, Mr. Galland, who had special means of information on the subject, gave his fellow parishioners the benefit of his counsel about it in the pages of the *Gazette*; but, if my memory serves me right, the ratepayers of Clapham at their public meetings concerning this matter did not follow his advice. On my left sits another of our contributors, Henry Lewis, now vicar of Stowmarket, formerly incumbent of St. Paul's, Clapham, who not only wrote for us whilst he was at Clapham, but after his removal to Stowmarket began in our columns a very interesting series of papers on parochial politics —which, however, I take this opportunity of reminding him that he never finished. There is another friend here to-night, one whose presence gives me peculiar pleasure, who, though he was not one of our staff, used indirectly to furnish us with

[1] One of H.M. Inspectors of Schools, and an Assistant Commissioner under the Endowed Schools Commission.

"copy," since he delivered many excellent lectures at Clapham, extracts from which I was always glad, with his permission, to insert in the *Gazette*. I am speaking of Baldwin Brown, whose books also, as they came out, we used to review. Our reviews were chiefly done by Brownrigg Smith, sometimes by my college friend Alfred Church, at that time a master in Merchant Taylors' School, and now head-master of East Retford Grammar School. Not but what they assisted us also in other departments. Indeed, Smith being always at hand, was regarded by me as one of the regular staff, and those of you who knew him, and have therefore felt the charm of his conversation, will understand that our meetings for arranging the contents of the paper were always deemed incomplete unless attended by Brownrigg Smith. Other names I might mention of gentlemen, and of ladies also, who occasionally wrote for us—for I never lost an opportunity of securing a likely contributor—but the only other name familiar to any of the present company is that of my eldest brother, whose "Village Sketches," which in their collected form[1] have now reached their third edition, and are well known to most country clergymen, made their first appearance in the *Clapham Gazette*. My dear brother is now beyond the reach of human praise, and therefore I have the less hesitation in stating my opinion that these sketches, on the subjects with which they deal, are the best manual for the clergy, whether in town or country, with which I am acquainted. As I have good reason to know that but for our *Gazette* they would never have been written, I may fairly say that our paper was of some use. And so it was, though not perhaps as obviously, in many other ways. Yet I do not say that it was a prophet in its own country. One evening at a dinner party in Clapham, when something which had appeared in the *Gazette* became a subject of conversation, a lady who was present,

[1] *Village Sketches*, descriptive of Club and School Festivals and other Village Gatherings and Institutions, by T. C. Whitehead, M.A., head-master of Christ's College, Finchley, late incumbent of Gawcott, Bucks. Third Edition. Routledge. 1870.

hearing the *Gazette* mentioned, with which she did not know that I had any connection, turned to me and said, "I suppose it's a low vulgar paper?" I merely replied that I believed it was so regarded by some people. I did not ask her whether she ever read it, as I had no reason to suppose that, had she read it, she would have had a different opinion of its contents. She could not have failed to perceive that on several subjects it did not represent the views of "society"; nor would she have held it in much better estimation, though doubtless she would have expressed herself differently, had she known who were its writers, for their political opinions were not in favour with the circle in which she moved. "Isn't it strange," said another lady to a friend of mine, "that so good a Tory as our rector should have three such Radical curates?" The rector, no doubt, was a Tory; but his political creed, like that of many other Tories whom I have known, had nothing in common with that of those whose Conservatism is a mere clinging to what is conventionally held to be the "gentlemanly" side. That we were not very revolutionary characters the rector's tolerance of us would of itself suffice to prove; and as for the *Gazette*, its Radicalism could not have been of a very subversive type, when it numbered amongst its contributors my friend Kebbel, who, for I know not how many years, has been a very pillar of the Conservative press. By the way, one of the articles he wrote for us was on the subject of "the Local Press," in which he pointed out what service may be rendered by a local newspaper, whether Liberal or Conservative, when conducted with a due sense of responsibility for the character of its contents. The full extent to which a conscientious editor recognises this responsibility can be known only to himself, for it is to be measured as much by what he leaves out as by what he inserts. His readers do not know all that he leaves out, and, even if they do in part know it, they sometimes have an imperfect apprehension of the mischief which would have resulted from its insertion. "Why," said an excellent friend of mine once when I had either toned down or altogether omitted something he had looked for in the *Gazette*, "you have

positively been guilty of garbling the news." Unfortunately, what my friend called "garbling the news," or what I should prefer to call judicious reticence, is not from a pecuniary point of view the most profitable mode of conducting a local newspaper, and that is why such papers sometimes become mere receptacles of gossip. But our publisher was always more solicitous for the character than for the circulation of his paper. But to pass on—or rather to go back. I have spoken of Baldwin Brown's lectures at Clapham. They were delivered to the members of an institution which occupied almost as much of my time and attention as the *Gazette*, and which also is closely associated in my mind with friends here present. It was, I believe, through my connection with this institution that I became personally acquainted with Baldwin Brown and Mr. Fitch; excellent lecturers both, and to me, as secretary of the institute, particularly acceptable by reason of their readiness to lecture whenever I wanted them. It is no joke having to organize a series of lectures. I must not complain, however, as I was well supported by many friends, some of whom had never spoken in public until they did so at my request. Amongst others Mr. John Morley made his first public address from our platform; and the title of his lecture you will recognise as eminently characteristic of the man:—"Call a Spade a Spade." This is not an occasion for a dissertation on lectures and institutes, or I would gladly enlarge upon the subject. And much else that interested me at Clapham must be passed over. But my friend Lewis would have just cause for surprise were I to close this part of my reminiscences without any mention of two Clapham worthies, whom neither he nor I can ever forget. Mr. Lewis was, as I have said, incumbent of St. Paul's, Clapham, and when he wanted to be away from Clapham for a few days I used sometimes to take his Wednesday evening service. On the first occasion of my doing so, I saw in a pew just in front of the reading desk two elderly gentlemen, one of whom I knew to be Mr. Symes, the solicitor to the Symeon Trustees, but who the other was I did not then know. They were both of them very devout and attentive. After service Mr.

Symes came into the vestry, introduced himself to me, and asked me to go home with him to tea. The other gentleman joined us as we went out of church, and we walked home to Mr. Symes's house, talking as we went about some prominent religious topic of the day. Mr. Symes took me into the dining-room, where the other gentleman did not immediately join us. Presently, however, he made his appearance bearing a tray with teapot, toast, and everything appertaining to the meal to which I had been invited, when it became apparent that he was the butler. He joined as freely in the conversation, as he had done out of doors. With both of these gentlemen I subsequently became very intimate, and it greatly interested me to find that Mr. James Montagu, the butler, did not abstain from taking part in the conversation even when several persons were present. Once at a dinner party, for instance, when a discussion was going on concerning something which had recently happened in the religious world, James, as he handed me the potatoes, struck in, loud enough to be heard by all present, with the remark:—"I haven't common patience with such cant and humbug." The impression produced upon the company by this observation is not to be appreciated without its being understood that James was a deeply religious man, in short, a man whose natural piety appeared in everything he said and did, as the following anecdote will show. He kept chickens, and was much exercised in mind because some evil-disposed person or persons continually stole them. It distressed him that there should be such wickedness in the world. But at last he caught the culprit, a boy, in the very act, collared him, and took him into the house to Mr. Symes. "And then came the question," said Mr. Symes, when relating to me the story, "what was to be done with him?" "No doubt it was a difficulty," I said; "for you wouldn't like either to prosecute or thrash him." "No, certainly not; so James and I retired into the next room, where we made the matter the subject of prayer." "And what," I asked, "did you do with the boy after all?" "Well, we admonished him to cease from evil practices; and then James took him"—you would

never guess where James took him—"to a tailor's, to be measured for a new suit of clothes!" "And who shall say," added James, addressing himself to me, "that this may not have been the turning point of that boy's life?" I had some difficulty in repressing a smile; yet I am quite disposed to believe that such treatment, when administered by such men, might well be a turning point in the boy's life. James and his master—the former from his youth a servant in Mr. Symes's family—had grown up together; and "in death they were not divided," for in the little churchyard at Petersham they now lie in the same grave. For the most part the people of Clapham bury their dead in Norwood Cemetery; and so many of my Clapham friends—including three whom I have mentioned this evening, Brownrigg Smith, Joseph Freeman, and the Rector—now lie there, that I have sometimes thought that I should like to be its chaplain. With the rector especially it has for me many associations. I was there with him when, on the occasion of the death of one of his children, an infant, he chose the site for his family grave. "And here," he said, as we stood together on the spot which he had selected, "I myself shall one day lie. It is good to follow out the reflections which such a thought suggests." A few days afterwards I read the burial service over his child. At all times courteous and considerate, he was never more so than when himself in trouble. "No, no," he said, when the undertaker, our parish clerk, was about to mount the box of the mourning coach on our return from the cemetery; "ask Mr. Loat in here." So I opened the door of the coach, and Mr. Loat came in. Almost the last duty I performed as curate of Clapham was to read the service, or rather the latter part of it—for Brownrigg Smith read the former part—at the funeral of Mrs. Bowyer. As we entered the cemetery we saw a number of the parishioners waiting at the gates to follow the carriages to the chapel, at the sight of whom the rector was much affected. "I did not know," he said, "they intended to do this. It is very kind of them." Arrived at the chapel, there not being room for all to be seated, several of these parishioners stood in

a cluster near the door, as if unwilling to intrude. Seeing this, he beckoned me to him, and asked me to tell them to come forward. So I took them his message, and they came and stood round the coffin. Slight traits these, no doubt, but to those who knew him very characteristic of the habitual tone of his mind. Nor did the charm of his manner fail him when his own turn came to look death in the face. The last time I saw him was about ten days before his death. He was sitting in a chair, the nature of his disease not allowing him to lie down. "I have now sat in this chair," he said with a smile, "for nearly twelve months." "And how much longer," I asked, "do you think you will have to sit there?" He said he could form no opinion on that point, and added :—"The end will most likely be sudden; but, come when or how it may, I am in the hands of the Father." His end, as he anticipated, was somewhat sudden.[1] Once more I read the burial service at the family grave, and as we turned away from it I heartily responded to the remark of one of his former curates, who had come some distance to pay him the last tribute of respect :—"He was a man in a thousand."

I left Clapham on my wedding day, August 25th, 1864. I had first met my wife in a reformatory, which she was in the habit of visiting, and I married her from a hospital,[2] where for some months previous to our marriage she was one of the voluntary nurses—and a very good nurse too. My friend, and present medical attendant, Mr. Frederick Reilly, whose professional skill and more than professional kindness have often been exercised in behalf of my family and myself, nods his head in assent to that declaration; and so, were they here, would all the medical staff under whom she nursed. "It were almost worth while to be ill," said one of them, "to be nursed by her." "The only fault we have to find with her," said the lady-superintendent to me, "is that she over-works herself." On the occasion of my marriage I did what I had seldom done before—and have

[1] On February 25, 1872.

[2] The Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street.

seldom done since—I took a month's holiday. Not but what any one of my incumbents would very readily have allowed me at any time to take what holiday I pleased. Indeed I may almost say that Mr. Stooks insisted upon my taking holidays. It was to him I returned after this particular holiday, and I remained with him as his curate, at St. Anne's, Highgate Rise, for a little over three years. Here, as elsewhere, I enjoyed the one luxury of the rolling stone, that of making new friends, and was confirmed in my respect for churchwardens by my experience of what appears to be a permanent institution at St. Anne's, the churchwardenship of Mr. Joseph Miles, of the firm, or rather himself the firm, of Hamilton and Adams, a man ever ready to do public service, and in private life as ready to do kind and generous actions. I may briefly describe St. Anne's, Highgate Rise, as in every respect, at least in those days, the very converse of St. Matthew's, Westminster. The speculative builder had not yet laid his rude hand on its secluded fields and lanes, and the parishioners were few, decorous and hospitable. My friend Mr. Gotto, who is sitting here to-night, is doubtless now thinking with a sigh that the fields behind his house are fast losing, perhaps have already lost, their once rural aspect. It was a quiet uneventful time with me, yet not altogether devoid of exciting incident, for it was here that I caught my first glimpse, though but a transient one, of preferment in the church. No, not exactly my first glimpse; for one morning, at Clapham, whilst reading the *Telegraph* at breakfast time, I came upon a paragraph to this effect:—"The Bishop of Winchester has presented the Rev. H. Whitehead, curate of Clapham, to the benefice of Avington, Hants." I was very much astonished at this announcement, but fortunately I did not write to thank his lordship for his delicate attention, for two days afterwards the editor announced that he had been "requested to state that the clergyman to whom the living of Avington had been presented was the Rev. W. Whitehead, curate of Camberwell." Meanwhile letters of congratulation had poured in, one in particular from my father, who wondered, as well he might,

why I had left him to learn my good fortune from the columns of a newspaper. It was, therefore, a second glimpse of preferment which I caught sight of when, in June 1867, I received a letter from the Chaplain-General, in which I was informed that on the recommendation of the bishop of London (Dr. Tait) he was ready to appoint me to the Arsenal Chapel at Woolwich. I went down at once to Woolwich, and having looked over the chapel was proceeding to inspect the minister's house, when my curiosity was aroused by a portmanteau and hat-box in the passage. "Whose is this luggage?" I asked the housekeeper. She replied that it belonged to a clergyman who was going to take the duty on Sunday, and who had said moreover that he had been appointed to the chapel. "But did he say who appointed him?" "Yes, the vicar of Plumstead." Of course I reported this piece of information to the Chaplain-General, who said he should contest the right of appointment and would let me know the result. But, as six weeks passed without my hearing anything more of the matter, I wrote to tell him that, even if he should prove successful in the contest, I for my part would rather not attempt to take possession under the circumstances; to which letter I received a very courteous reply to the effect that the writer did not wonder at my reluctance. With whom the final victory rested, whether with the Chaplain-General or the Vicar, to this day I do not know. The Arsenal Chapel, it may be as well to state, is not within the walls of the Arsenal, nor, so far as I could make out, in any way connected with the Arsenal except by the alleged right of the Chaplain-General to the appointment of its minister. I did not feel much disappointment at its slipping through my fingers. Still, to a man who had been sixteen years in orders, his first offer of preferment, no matter to what, might well be, as I have described it, an exciting incident.

It was during the time of my engagement at Highgate Rise that I first became acquainted with East London. For fifteen years had I lived in London, but had rarely, except as a through passenger by railway, gone eastward of Aldgate Pump. But in July 1866 occurred the East-end outbreak of cholera.

Having anticipated, for reasons familiar to all who have studied the history of cholera in England, that the summer of 1866 would witness the fourth great epidemic of that disease in this country, I had written for *Macmillan's Magazine* the two papers on cholera to which I have already alluded, the latter of which, relating to Dr. Snow's views and researches on the mode of its propagation, appeared in the July number of that magazine, just a fortnight before the East London outbreak. It was through this paper that I became acquainted with Mr. Radcliffe, who kindly allowed me to accompany him in some of the earlier stages of his inquiry into the causes of this outbreak. He has been good enough to say to you that I rendered him some assistance on this occasion; but the only assistance he needed was of a kind very easily given, viz., the support of my arm whilst he limped about on the banks of the Lea, still suffering from the effects of rheumatic fever. He brought his inquiry to a most successful issue, as you may see for yourselves if you refer to his masterly report to the medical officer of the Privy Council.[1] Meanwhile I was chiefly engaged during this outbreak in helping my friend the rector of Bethnal Green, for which purpose I was permitted by Mr. Stooks to be absent for a month from my duties at Highgate Rise. On this occasion, as in 1854, amid much that was painful to witness, there was much also that is pleasant to remember. Once more the behaviour of the people and the exertions of the doctors were worthy of all praise.[2] But perhaps the most noteworthy object of admiration during this epidemic was the temporary cholera hospital in Spitalfields. It was a large four-storied warehouse, the marvellously rapid

[1] See pp. 267-369 of Appendix to *Ninth Report of the Medical Officer of the Privy Council*, 1866.

[2] See Registrar-General's Return for the week ending July 28th, 1866, Vol. XXVII., p. 246: "The medical men have no rest, and with the health officers are nobly doing their duty; brave men, ready to lay down their lives for their patients. The people themselves are most patient; most willing to help each other, the women always in front, and none shrinking danger. There is no desertion of children, husbands, wives, fathers, or mothers from fear."

adaptation of which to the use to which it was put was one of the most astonishing transformations I ever witnessed. Having watched the organization of this place from the first, and having frequently visited it, sometimes accompanied by my wife, when in working order, I could see that the administrative ability which directed its minutest details was of no common kind. Its staff of nurses was composed of ladies hastily summoned from a great variety of sisterhoods. At their head was that remarkable woman, Miss Sellon, who was the sole organizer of the transformation of which I have spoken, and sole director of everything that was done in the place. Mr. Radcliffe, who accompanied me in one of my visits to this hospital, bestowed unqualified commendation upon all its arrangements. I have only to add, respecting this epidemic, that Mr. Radcliffe's inquiry into its causes resulted in further confirmation of Dr. Snow's doctrine on the mode of propagation of cholera. No one has more successfully than Mr. Radcliffe followed up the line of investigation initiated by Dr. Snow, and no one has more loyally endeavoured to assign to Dr. Snow's memory the honour which it deserves.

My brief sojourn in East London in 1866 led eventually to my taking up my abode there, and in the autumn of the following year I accepted the curacy of St. Peter's, Stepney. Here I was enabled to feel myself a veteran in orders by the circumstance of my serving under a vicar considerably younger than myself. Not but what other circumstances, as time went on, presented themselves, well calculated to induce in my mind the like reflection. Thus, whilst resident in Stepney, I was one day in company with Mr. Voss, the vestry clerk of Bethnal Green, one of many friends whose acquaintance I had made during the cholera epidemic of 1866, and who, had he not been called away suddenly into Wales, would have been here this evening. A certain benefice was vacant, and we were discussing whether a friend of ours, a man of many years' standing in the church, had any prospect of being appointed to it. "But you know," said Mr. Voss, "that when

a man has been nearly twenty years a curate, the dispensers of patronage are apt to think that there is a screw loose somewhere." I admitted that such an idea was very natural, and added that I felt the force of it in my own case. "Oh, I beg your pardon," he said; "I quite forgot." "But what does it matter," I said, "if the cap fits? Why, for one screw that a patron might suppose to be loose in myself, I could tell him of a dozen." The first winter I spent in East London happened to be the great distress winter of 1867-8, respecting the circumstances of which there is, from a clerical point of view, much to be said. But if any of you wish to know what I have to say on this subject I must refer you to a paper[1] to which I have already alluded. This much, however, it is worth while to repeat, that my experience of that winter has left on my mind the lasting impression that the less the clergy in their clerical capacity have to do with the relief of temporal distress the better it is for all parties concerned in the matter. I do not mean that they are to take no part in the work; on the contrary they should take an active part in it, but as laymen and with laymen, and above all in areas not coincident with their ecclesiastical districts. I was therefore very sorry when, at the close of the winter which had called them into existence, all the East-end lay committees for investigating and relieving distress were, with one exception, entirely broken up. That there was any exception at all was due to the sagacity and influence of my friend Edward Hawkins, the headmaster of St. John's Foundation School. Wherever Hawkins is located he becomes a centre around which men cluster for some useful purpose or other. At that time he was in Clapton, and amongst other valuable institutions which he formed was a clerical club, the members of which met monthly for study of the Greek Testament and for social intercourse. Into this society I had the good fortune to be admitted, and some of the pleasantest evenings I have spent in London have been passed with its members. They are represented here to-night by Alexander Ross, of St. Philip's,

[1] *Contemporary Review*, February 1873.

Stepney, George How, of St. Leonard's, Bromley, Professor Cheetham, Lewis Shelford of Upper Clapton, George Green, formerly of Clapton, now of Eastbourne, and by their "head-centre," Hawkins himself. Another Green, well known to some of you, John Richard, Ross's predecessor at St. Philip's,[1] is kept away from this gathering by ill-health, which, let us hope, may mend, as he is one whom his many friends could ill spare. I have only to add in connection with this part of my story, that I suffered no sort of inconvenience from my seniority in years to Albert Sitwell, the vicar of St. Peter's, Stepney, who always treated me with respect and confidence, as also did his parishioners, as Mr. Reilly, who was one of them, very well knows. I remained two years with Sitwell, or rather he remained that time with me, for I saw him out, when he was promoted to Minster in Thanet—and the rolling stone had again to set out on its travels.

Having now served curacies in the north, south, east, as well as in the centre, of London, it was but natural, if only for symmetry's sake, that I should set my face westward, and thither accordingly I went, to the extreme west, to St. Peter's, Hammersmith, the vicar of which, George Tidcombe, was another East London friend of mine, with whom I had become acquainted in 1866, whilst he was curate of Bethnal Green, and who, moreover, having himself once been curate of St. Peter's, Stepney, had recommended me to Sitwell. But I have detained you a long time, and—(A. B. Evans: "We should have had a special license"). Dr. Evans, I perceive, is thinking of the last time he and I spent an evening together in this house. Our vice-chairman, Mr. Galland, had asked us to dine here with him. Some years had passed since the doctor and I had last met. "Well, brother Whitehead," he said, as we shook hands, "how is it that I am still unable to congratulate you on your having attained the position of a vicar?" I replied that better men than I had waited as long, and added: "Why you yourself, Doctor, were twenty years a curate." "That is true enough," he said; "but then, you

[1] Afterwards Sub-librarian at Lambeth Palace.

know, I am a black sheep." What I said in answer to this, and what turn the conversation presently took, it is not necessary for my present purpose to relate; but we found so much to talk about that we had no idea how the time slipped away until we were reminded by the waiter putting out the gas that it was time to go, and as our way home lay in different directions we had to finish the conversation in Fleet Street. That is why the doctor thinks we ought to have had a special license this evening; he is afraid lest I shall have to finish my speech in the street; wherefore it behoves me to get on as quickly as I can. But the doctor, forsooth, is a "black sheep!" Well, when one sees a procession of sheep coming along, isn't it a relief to the eye to catch sight of a blackamoor in the midst of his monotonously white companions? Do we not instinctively feel him to be a sheep of individuality of character? Howbeit, if the doctor must needs be black, there is another animal, celebrated in a line familiar to us all from our schoolboy days, to which I would rather liken him—

Rara avis in terris, nigroque simillima cygno.

It was whilst I lived at Stepney that my acquaintance with Dr. Evans was thus pleasantly renewed. When next I had the privilege of social intercourse with him it was as we sat together, not metaphorically, but literally, under my own fig tree at Hammersmith; for there was a beautiful fig tree at the back of my house, in a little garden which extended to the river, and the doctor, who, whilst his own church in the Strand was closed several weeks for alterations, regularly assisted the vicar of Chiswick on Sundays, would sometimes come down to my house between the hours of divine service, when we would sit and talk in the garden; and I need tell no one who is acquainted with him that among the things to be remembered by me in any retrospect of my London life a foremost place must be assigned to the conversation of Alfred Bowen Evans. A very pleasant place was that Hammersmith house of mine; for the river is an unfailing object of interest, though the interest, it must be admitted, is of a trying character

on the rare but inevitable occasions, of one of which I had painful experience, when the stream floats the beer-barrels and drowns the cats in the cellars or kitchens on its banks. But even for such a drawback as this there comes ample compensation on the day when one mounts the housetop, opera-glass in hand, to watch at one's ease the progress of the University Boat Race, here visible from Hammersmith Bridge to Chiswick Church, to say nothing of the opportunity of observing the practice for days and weeks beforehand. To any one living by the riverside at Hammersmith the Boat Race day is a capital occasion for entertaining his friends, and I sometimes think, taking this and the general pleasantness of the site into consideration, that if I should ever retire into private life I should like to return to my riverside home at Hammersmith. Amongst other advantages of my Hammersmith residence was its proximity to the abode of one whom I am sure you are all glad to meet here this evening. My first introduction to him was on this wise. Walking one day down the Hammersmith Mall I met a man who came up and shook hands with me, saying: "I attend your church, and I think we ought to know one another." "Well," I said, "with all my heart. I have looked into photograph shop windows, and therefore I know you are George MacDonald. Moreover, I have read your books, and know what manner of man you are." It sometimes happens that one does not, on personal acquaintance with a writer, find him exactly the sort of man one had expected from his published works. But just what I had supposed Mr. MacDonald must be such I found him to be, and I have had abundant reason to consider myself fortunate in being able to include him in the number of my friends.

Well, "it's a long lane that has no turning," and on Lady Day, 1871, when I wanted but three months to complete my score of years as a curate, I found myself, by the favour of the bishop of the diocese, a vicar at last. I might, indeed, have succeeded my friend Main Walrond, who is now sitting opposite me, as vicar of St. Mary's, Charterhouse, since the bishop was kind enough to offer it to me; but as I found from

Walrond that his stipend, and a good deal more, had been annually swallowed up by the expenses of the church and parish, I did not feel able to accept the post. Verily there are many London vicars whose lot no curate need envy, and perhaps, on the whole, I have no cause to regret the subordinate position in which the first twenty years of my clerical life were spent. What I said years ago I can now, with further experience, repeat: "I have been fortunate in my incumbents." I never left any one of them without retaining his friendship, and, could I renew my youth, I should have no objection to go the same round again. Its pleasures have been greater than its pains. Nor have the advantages of my present position been so many and great that I need repine at not having attained it at an earlier stage of my career. The very church itself, as those of you who have preached in it know, is a difficulty of the most formidable character. A very skilful speaker, for aught I know, might succeed in making himself heard there, but its troublesome echo has baffled me. My churchwarden, who, with other Limehouse ratepayers went with me this morning on a deputation, of which I had to act as spokesman, to the Metropolitan Board of Works, said as we came out that it seemed to him as if I had found a new voice; yet in St. John's church he sits but a few yards from the pulpit. I cannot then say I am sorry to leave St. John's, Limehouse, though there, as elsewhere, I have friends whom I cannot forget. One pleasant feature of my return to East London has been the renewal of my connection with the clerical club of which I have already spoken, several members of which are now at this table. And there is a veteran curate here to-night, James Roe, whose acquaintance I made long ago when he was assisting my brother in his country parish, and in whom I was glad to find a neighbour in East London. For fifteen years he has, under circumstances of peculiar difficulty, ably served the curacy of St. Thomas's, Stepney, of which parish, as the incumbency is now vacant, I trust he will soon be the vicar. Should he be appointed to that post I hope that he, as well as every East

London clergyman here present, will give all the support he can to the work of the Charity Organization Society, which, for reasons I have elsewhere explained, has hitherto flourished less at the East-end than in any other part of London. To no class of the community is it of more importance than to the clergy that this society should meet with encouragement and support, and nowhere is the establishment of its practice and principles more imperatively needed than in East London. I have, as most of you are aware, for the last two years acted as secretary to the Stepney branch of the society, and it is with great reluctance that I relinquish this part of my East-end work. With regard to St. John's, Limehouse, you all know something about it, as I do not think there is any one present who has not regularly received my monthly Parish Chronicle. As people said they could not hear my sermons I resolved to give them the opportunity of reading them in print, and for this purpose became once more the editor of a parish newspaper. One of the subscribers to my Chronicle said to me one day: "Of course I never read the sermons." But on the other hand some of you, and more especially Dr. Evans and Baldwin Brown, used to ask me neither to omit nor curtail them, and I followed your advice. It has been an expensive luxury, and I could not have kept it going if friends had not most kindly assisted me—not in writing it—for I wrote it all myself— but in paying the printer's bill. Amongst others who spontaneously rendered me this assistance was Stopford Brooke; and he did me the further service of introducing me to Mr. George Howard, whom I thank for his presence here this evening, and whom with his good father I have also to thank for recommending me to the patrons of the living of Brampton, in Cumberland, to which I am in a few days to be presented.

I have now ended my tale; and a very long one it has been. I had to the last moment misgivings as to whether it would not be better to say only a few words in recognition of your kindness both now and in the past. These misgivings I confided during dinner to Mr. Knowles, who, at my request,

promised to give me a hint to resume my seat if it should seem to him that I ceased to retain your attention. As he has not done so, then, if I have been too prolix, let him share the blame. But, however that may be, I give you my warmest thanks for the patience with which you have listened to my story. I am going as far away from you as it is possible to go in this country; but distance cannot diminish sympathy, and when out of my sight you will not be out of my mind. A meeting like this—well, I must not say it doth make amends for leaving London—for, though unless we had met to part no such gathering of my friends could have taken place, it undoubtedly makes me feel the more keenly what I am leaving behind—but it will be something very pleasant to remember; and when I think of the successively formed strata of friends of whom it is composed, I am encouraged to believe that new strata may still be added. The very pleasures of memory in which I have been indulging to-night give birth to the pleasures of hope.

APPENDIX II

THE LATIN POEM QUOTED IN CHAPTER II

Consedere duces, nec consedisse pigebat;
Cum subito surgit cœnæ septemplicis ultor
Bampager impavidus; clamat, sociosque sedentes — Bampfield.
Increpat impatiens: "Nunc, nunc insurgite amici,
Illos nunc animos, illas nunc promite vires,
Quæ totidem vicere, iterum quæ vincere possunt."
Dixit, et extemplo *Gallus* se jungit amico, — Cox.
Tidvir et adsurgit, surgit quoque *Maurica virtus*, — Tidman. Morris
Bampagro coram metuit sedisse *Viator*, — Walker.
Ceuque recusantes Amphion carmine rupes
Divino movit, sic magna voce locutum
Gaudet Bampagrum nunc *Ædes Sacra* secuta. — A. J. Church.
Ast ubi vidit adhuc extrema in parte sedentes
Militiæ comites per tota incedit *Atrides* — Bampfield.
Castra ferox ira (comitatur fidus Achates
Shavius ille bonus) diro vocat ore moratos. — Shaw.
Paruit imperiis, ad signum constitit agmen.
En venit ante alios omnes celeberrimus heros,
Felix nimirum qui tot per sæcula mortem
Distulit atque suos dextra jam computat annos,
Nestoreo jussu pueros compellat, et idem
Mollibus hortatur verbis pœnasque minatur.
Ipse salutari cupiens et tutor haberi
Convenit *Espinius*, dextra se *parvus Iulus* — Espin and his young brother.
Implicuit, fratrem sequitur non passibus æquis.

Guy. Kebbel. Inde subit fortisque *Gyas*, fortisque *Kebellus*,
Nobile par fratrum, pariter quos deinde secuta
Ordine quadrato consurgit parva caterva
Tuting. Cui *rex Teutonicus*, quorum non segnior ullo
Dixon. Sanderson. Surgit *Dixides*. Aderant *Sanderica proles*
Forge. Burfield Et *miles carus Vulcano* et *Burrager* ingens.
Freshmen. Inde *Neoptolomi* veniunt, nova turba virorum,
Multi præterea quos fama obscura recondit.
Sed tamen imperio non omnis paruit Aula.
Dick Ogle. Ipse gubernator mandatum spernit *Achilles*;
Alcock. Assidet imberbis nec curat bella *Patroclus*;
Undique Myrmidones detractant prœlia sævi.
H. Whitehead. Nulla magistrorum *Capiti* reverentia *Cano*,
Quem circa læti spumantia pocula ducunt
W. G. Lee. *Lævius* ille niger, pugnis super æthera notus,
Evans. Haylock. Et bonus *Evander*, necnon insignis *Aloxis*.
Audit, et auditum temnit manus altera jussum,
H. F. Roe. Fama nota manus, cui *Roemulus* acer asylum
Rettulit, et cujus regnum sibi vindicat ipsi;
Ipse sedet, dapibusque animum convertit, et una
Bent. *Curtius* illustris caro cum rege recumbit,
Barras. Palmer *Barrasiusque* ferox, et dux quem *Palma* supremos
Nobilis ad dominos terrarum sustulit orbis.
Jamque minis frustra fatuis iratus *Atrides*
Myrmidones tentat. Blando vox mitior urget
Admonitu; verbosa et grandis epistola venit,
Sed frustra venit, nam surdior illa caterva
Rupibus Icariis sedet æternumque sedebit.

NOTES ON THE LATIN POEM

[A few years ago Mr. Whitehead came across a copy of his Latin poem that had been religiously preserved by an old College friend. He took a good deal of pleasure in going over it, and recalling the Lincoln contemporaries therein mentioned. These recollections he embodied in some characteristic notes, in which he revives the old times and dwells on incidents of his intercourse with the acquaintances referred to in the poem. In the notes, which are, as will be seen, mostly in the form of jottings, there is so much of his own geniality and humour that his friends will be glad to have the following selection from them in a permanent form.]

Bampager. *Bampfield* may or may not have been the originator of the standing-up movement. Represented as such because his name goes well into dog-Latin. For some reason called "cœnæ septemplicis ultor." Supper club of seven men had given offence to certain other men by meeting on Friday evenings.

Maurica virtus. *Chas. Morris.* First Class in Lit. Hum. Went to America. Was Professor in Johns Hopkins University. Once, when he was on a visit to England, Pattison invited him and me to dinner at Simpson's in the Strand. Adjourned after dinner to divan. Much talk about America. Morris very entertaining, bright, cheery fellow; intellectual, yet with trace of childlike simplicity—childlike in best sense. Lately dead.

Ædes Sacra. *Alfred Church.* Too well known to need description. A sayer of good things, with extra effect given to them by slight stammer.

All hitherto mentioned were Scholars. Not a man remained sitting at their table. Many, "extrema in parte sedentes" on first night, stood up later on.

Shavius. *Shaw.* Seeming at College to be rather mild sort. Pattison told me in 1874 that not one of his pupils, except John Morley, had developed intellectually since leaving College as much as Shaw. Dead some years.

Atrides. *Bampfield.* Reason for so styling him will appear later on.

Felix. Senior Commoner.[1] Had deferred pluck ("distulit mortem") by not going in for examination. Don't know whether he ever did pass. If he did, it must have been on the memorable occasion, in 1852, when the examiners passed all the men who still went in under old style, to get rid of nuisance of two systems (old and new) going on simultaneously.

Espinius. *Espin.* Then at bachelors' table, with his young brother ("parvus Iulus"), who, of course, had to follow suit. Lincoln prolific of Chancellors, *e.g.*, Espin, Tristram, and Christie.

Kebellus. *Thos. Kebbel.* Now a pillar of the press. Pleasant companion, subtle sense of humour. Had many a delightful evening with him and others at the 'Cock,' 'Cheshire Cheese,' 'Rainbow,' 'Edinburgh Castle,' etc. Great difficulty in getting hold of him now when I go to London. He, too busy with politics. Belongs to club. Old historical taverns ruined by modern increase of clubs. Providential arrangement that Dr. Johnson lived before the time of clubs. Should like to write a paper on those old taverns. Present generation, however, wouldn't appreciate it. Shall never forget one evening in particular at the 'Cock,' with Kebbel, Frank Simmons, and Jack Healy, when a venerable white-bearded man there became hero of scene as ludicrous as anything in Pickwick. Kebbel at Oxford inseparably associated in my mind with Austin of Exeter, inveterate practical joker, brother of Alfred Austin, the poet. Memorable scene at the farmer's ordinary on market day at the 'Roebuck.' Kebbel, Austin, and I dining at the ordinary. Dinner over, and all with serene composure smoking churchwardens at various tables in the inn yard. "Excellent opportunity," said Austin, "for public address." Forthwith stood on a chair, and harangued the company for about a quarter of an hour on what he called "The Derangements of the Post-Office," authorities of which had been trying on

[1] The line "Mollibus hortatur verbis pœnasque minatur," very applicable to Felix. Remember his taking Stilwell and me down the river in my first term, he steering, and S. and I rowing in pair oar. Fatherly advice from him as veteran, on all subjects, to us as junior men. Presently some other boat got foul of us. Strongest of strong language forthwith poured out by Felix on occupants of said other boat. Fatherly advice continued to us immediately afterwards. Impossible to convey idea of ludicrous contrast.

some obnoxious experiment. Loud applause from the meeting! Many another scene of like kind.

Sanderica proles. *Sanderson.* Vicar of Trinity, Hastings, Prebendary of Chichester. Tall, good-looking, light-haired man. Never seen him since College days, but have often heard good account of him.

Miles carus Vulcano. *Forge.* Remember nothing about him but his name.

Burrager. *Burfield.* No doubt called him "ingens" ironically. Pleasant, active little man. Fluent of speech. Construed Tacitus, as Talleyrand said the Duke of Wellington spoke French, "avec beaucoup de courage." Remember Church saying to me as we came out from Kay's lecture: "Burfield construes Tacitus very freely and very wrong." Afterwards an excellent parish clergyman. Heard several good accounts of him as such. Dead some years.

Achilles. *Dick Ogle.* Leader of opposition. Sat doggedly still, like Achilles in tent. Explains Bampfield as "Atrides." First Class in Lit. Hum. Subsequently Fellow of Lincoln. Took reading party to Wales in long vacation, consisting of Bode and Branson of Pembroke, Jack Iles, Townsend, and myself. Two months at—well, I cannot spell it—in North Wales, and one month at Aberystwith. The latter month fertile in amusing incidents. Mustn't attempt to enumerate them. Shouldn't know where to begin or where to leave off. Last met Iles long ago in the Strand, turned in together to the 'Edinburgh Castle.' Had a long crack there. Wonder were I to meet him now whether I should call a venerable archdeacon 'Jack.' 'Edinburgh Castle,'[1] by the way, was the original meeting-place of the old Lincoln Club. Ought never to have left it. I opposed the change, but in vain. Fell to pieces through deviation from original bill of fare, viz., rump steak pudding and bowl of punch. Could tell a good story about that. Did tell it in my speech at the 'Rainbow,' but left it out from printed report in deference to feelings of beloved friends who

[1] Edinburgh Castle now, alas, pulled down. Scene of many interesting incidents; this in particular: Man went in one evening and saw A. B. Evans, Rector of St. Mary-le-Strand, there. "What, you here, doctor!" "You seem surprised," replies doctor. "Well, I am, rather." "Easy to explain," says doctor. "Lately appointed rector of church close by, and can now afford to come to place of this sort."

figured in story. Serious complaint from one who heard it, that printed report omitted the best thing in the speech. Dick Ogle long since dead.[1] Excellent man.

Patroclus. *Alcock.* Sat next to Ogle at senior Commoners' table. Smooth-faced man, hence epithet "imberbis," though no one wore beard in those days. Beard came in with Crimean chaplains.

Capiti Cano. Met Bond at Carlisle Church Congress. Didn't know him at first, but he quoted this line, and I said, "No mistake about where we last met."

Long talk with him in smoking room of Border Club, Carlisle.

I sat at head of table on side of Hall opposite to Scholars and senior Commoners, hence "quem circa." The three men next to be mentioned sat right and left of me.

Lævius. *W. Gurdon Lee.* Black-muzzled, "ille niger." About the best boxer in the University, "Pugnis super æthera notus." Thereby hangs many a tale. Curiously humorous man. Lincoln at that time rather strong in humorists, *e.g.*, Lee, Stilwell, Hodgson, Kebbel, Howard, Church, Frank Simmons, etc., all in different ways. No end of stories of men drawn out and chaffed by Lee without their knowing it. I once laid a wager with Hodgson of half-a-crown that he couldn't stay in Lee's room without bursting out laughing whilst Lee talked to old Mrs. Vickers, mother of Lee's scout. "Done," said Hodgson, "can keep my countenance under any circumstances." However, he lost the bet. Had to rush out, and I with him, to get our laughing done out in the Grove.

Talking of the Grove, I saw with great regret last time I was in Oxford that the old buildings there have disappeared. Very likely an improvement. Sentimental grievance to me.

Evander. *Gowen Evans.* First Class in Mathematics. Ought to have taken double first, but wouldn't take trouble to read for Lit. Hum., so took pains in that. Now, and for many years past, manager of the *Melbourne Argus.* Was over here some two or three years ago. Had an afternoon with him in smoking-room of the 'Rainbow.' Interesting conversation about Colonial affairs.

[1] Jack Iles also dead. He was one of those who refused to stand up in Hall, and ought not to have been omitted in the hexameters. Became a Fellow of Lincoln, and was afterwards Archdeacon of Stafford. Died some four or five years ago.

Talked also about old Lincoln times. Something caused him to say, "Ah! always had to complain of you as an encourager of bores." Perfectly true accusation, at all events from him. Quick impatient man, very intolerant of bores. But I look at the matter from different point of view, regarding bores as raised up for two useful purposes: (1) To serve as trials of patience, and (2) as means when properly handled of bringing about humorous scenes and situations.

Roemulus. *H. F. Roe.* Matriculated with me, but never moved up from Freshman's table. Sat at bottom of that table, like a vice-chairman, all his time. No doubt instrumental in keeping Freshmen seated during the controversy. A sort of king among them. Hence the phrase, "caro cum rege." Dead.

Barrasius. *Barras.* Came from Newcastle-on-Tyne. Stroke of the eight in its best days. Never so high on river before or since. Yet would have made more bumps with a quicker stroke. Barras better suited for long race. Frank Simmons substituted for him same year at Maidenhead regatta, when Lincoln eight defeated Brasenose, which had finished before it at Oxford. Barras drawn out time after time by Lee to tell some old story about Harry Clasper, after same fashion as parish clerk in *Silas Marner* drawn out to repeat his favourite story in village public-house. Barras dead long ago.

Don't know who wrote the "verbosa et grandis epistola," signed "Pacificator." Fell flat.

Looking over the hexameters after this long interval—having had no copy of them until a day or two ago—it seems to me as if I rather scamped the work toward the close. Remember being pressed for time about then—afraid of Bampager & Co. giving up the contest before I could get them out, which would have spoiled their effect. No doubt names omitted which should have been mentioned. But this to be said, that men are not mentioned here because of their importance, but according as their names were easy to manipulate.

APPENDIX III

LIST OF WRITINGS

Books.

"The Church and the People: Twelve Sermons preached at St. Luke's Church, Berwick Street." London, Skeffington, 1856.

"Lectures, chiefly on subjects relating to Literary and Scientific and Mechanics' Institutes." By Henry Whitehead, T. C. Whitehead, and W. Driver. London, Bosworth & Harrison, 1860.

"Sermons on the Saints' Days." London, Bosworth & Harrison, 1863.

"Sermons, chiefly on subjects from the Sunday Lessons." London, Strahan & Co., 1871.

Parish Magazines.

Parish Chronicle of St. John's, Limehouse, Vol. I., 1871-72; Vol. II., 1872-73; and Vol. III., 1873-74.

Eight Occasional Papers, Brampton, 1874-80.

Lanercost Parish Magazine. Covers only. Insides from November 1890 to March 1896 inclusive.

Pamphlets and Articles.

"The Cholera in Berwick Street, Soho." London, Hope & Co., 1854.

"The Outcast at Home: A History of the Belvedere Crescent Reformatory." London, Hatchard, 1856.

"Beating the Bounds." Lecture. Meaden, Clapham, 1859.
"Early Closing." Lecture. Meaden, Clapham, 1860.
"The Broad Street Pump: An Episode in the Cholera Epidemic of 1854." *Macmillan's Magazine*, December 1865.
"The Influence of Impure Water on the Spread of Cholera." *Macmillan's Magazine*, July 1866.
"Remarks on the Outbreak of Cholera in Broad Street, Golden Square, London, 1854." *Transactions of the Epidemiological Society of London*, Vol. III., p. 99, 1866-68.
"Mendicity from a Clerical Point of View." *Contemporary Review*, February 1873.
"Experience of a London Curate." Meaden, Clapham.
"Lanercost Priory and Monuments in Choir and Transepts of Lanercost Priory." (In part Authorship.)
"Notes on the Old Hutton Chalice and Hamsterley Paten."
"The Working of School Banks." *Nineteenth Century*, September, 1887.

Contributed to the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Antiquarian and Archæological Society."

"The Milburns of Talkin."
"Robert Bowman's supposed Baptismal Register."
"The Transcripts of the Registers in Brampton Deanery."
"Old Church Plate in Brampton Deanery."
"Church Bells in the Deanery of Brampton."
"Church Bells on the Border."
"Church Bells in Cumberland Ward." Parts I and II.
"The Bells of Carlisle Cathedral."
"Church Goods in Cumberland, 1552."
"Brampton Presbyterians (17th century)."
"Church Bells of Leath Ward." Parts I., II., III., IV., V.
"Keswick Town Clock Bell."
"Westmorland Parish Registers."
"Parish Registers in Brampton Deanery."

Contributed to the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmorland Association for the Advancement of Literature and Science."

"Brampton in 1745."
"The Monuments of the Nave and Aisle of Lanercost Priory."

Reviews of Printed Parish Registers of Carlisle Diocese.

Dalston,	published in *Carlisle Patriot*,		Aug. 4, 1893.
,,	,,	,,	Feb. 9, 1894.
Colton,	,,	,,	April 13, 1894
Ravenstonedale,	,,	,,	Feb. 26, 1894.
,,	,,	,,	Oct. 5, 1894.
,,	,,	,,	Oct. 26, 1894.
,,	,,	,,	Nov. 9, 1894.
,,	,,	,,	Aug. 30, 1895.
Ulverston,	,,	,,	Nov. 23, 1894.
,,	,,	,,	Dec. 28, 1894.
Penrith,	,,	,,	Aug. 17, 1894.
,,	,,	,,	Aug. 24, 1894.
,,	,,	,,	Sept. 7, 1894.
Kirkoswald,	,,	,,	Mar. 20, 1896.

Westmorland Parish Registers.

No. I.,	published in *Penrith Observer*,		Dec. 5, 1893.
No. II.,	,,	,,	Dec. 12, 1893.
No. III.,	,,	,,	Dec. 22, 1893.

Crosthwaite Churchwardens' Accounts.

Three papers printed in April and May 1886, in the *Keswick Guardian.*

Lectures in MSS.

The following is a list of some of his unpublished lectures:

"Clapham Ponds."
"Correspondence."
"Moon and the Weather."
"Thick and Thin End of the Wedge."
"Cholera."
"George Fox the Quaker."
"Hall Marks on Silver Plate."
"Crosthwaite Churchwardens' Accounts."
"A Walk round Brampton."
"Belted Will."
"Brampton Old Church and Vicars."
"A Seventeenth Century Parish Clerk."
"Prince Charles Edward Stuart at Brampton."
"Jacobite Songs."
"Parish Registers, I. and II."
"Plea for retaining Parish Registers *in sitû*."

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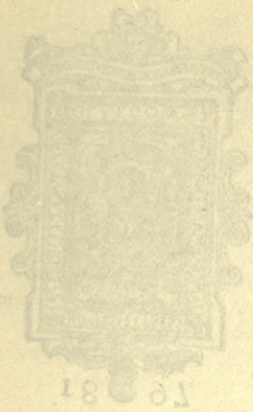

1897


UNIVERSITY·PRESS
ROBERT·& ANDREW MACLEHOSE·
JAMES·J·MACLEHOSE·& SONS·
VIVAT VERITAS
GLASGOW·
FLOREAT GLASGUA IN PRÆDICATIONE EVANGELII