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THE LIFE & LETTERS  
OF R. S. HAWKER

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BOOKS BY R. S. HAWKER

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# THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF R. S. HAWKER

(SOMETIME VICAR OF MORWENSTOW)  
BY HIS SON-IN-LAW, C. E. BYLES, WITH  
TWO SKETCHES BY THE EARL OF  
CARLISLE, LITHOGRAPHS BY J. LEY  
PETHYBRIDGE, AND REPRODUCTIONS  
FROM PORTRAITS, PHOTOGRAPHS, ETC.

“WHAT A LIFE MINE WOULD  
BE IF IT WERE ALL WRITTEN  
AND PUBLISHED IN A BOOK.”

*(From a Letter of R. S. Hawker,  
written June 25th, 1865).*

JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD  
LONDON AND NEW YORK, MDCCCCXV

PRINTED BY W. H. WHITE AND SON  
THE ABBEY PRESS, EDINBURGH

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## TO R. S. H.

*I hail'd thee poet in the days before  
A dearer bond had knit my heart to thee,  
Loving thee then for that thou loved'st the sea,  
And wast a dweller by the storm-beat shore  
Where stray'd my steps of old, and ocean's roar  
Brought news from dreamland, ere the world's decree  
Set my unwilling feet, no longer free,  
In toilsome paths, and exile evermore.*

*But for the dear sake of thy child, who late  
Her plighted hand forever laid in mine,  
Now shall my love confess the name of son,  
O faithful seeker of the Cup Divine,  
Albeit, long since, beyond the Heavenly Gate,  
Thou hast achiev'd thy Quest on earth begun.*

C. E. B.

“The Mind is separable in its attributes and existence from the Body. Our thoughts survive ourselves. Our words awaken living echoes when we have been long dead. Our hopes and fears, our schemes and visions receive a vivid existence after we are dust: for they are revived and accomplished by other men.”

(HAWKER'S NOTE-BOOKS.)

“Posthumous fame is of little value. It is like a favourable wind after wreck.”

(HAWKER'S NOTE-BOOKS.)



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## PREFACE

---

THE materials for this book have been collected from a great many sources, and consist chiefly of letters and manuscripts of Hawker's, preserved by the various friends to whom they were addressed. He spent a great deal of his time in correspondence, which, indeed, took the place of social intercourse in a remote and solitary life. It is very remarkable to find with what care and affection these records of his many friendships, some of them dating as far back as 1832, have been treasured up so many years after his death.

An intimate friend of his, the late Mr. William Maskell, writing in 1876, says:—

“Mr Hawker was an admirable correspondent: his letters were full of curious illustrations of the subject he was writing about, often filled with anecdote and graphic in description. Nor was there any want of satire about most people whom he had lately seen or come in contact with. To publish his correspondence after he became Vicar of Morwenstow, could it be collected from the different quarters where possibly portions still exist, would, even at the present time, set the whole neighbourhood in a blaze. Many and many a Scandal—supposed to have perished long ago by being buried—is there (shall we say?) embalmed. Few, again, to whom he was accustomed to write, can have forgotten the warm tone of his thick, yellow-tinted paper, and the thin red lines (all prepared for his own use), and the bold, firm handwriting, and his peculiar seals—the one, the mystic fish; the other, the pentacle of Solomon.”

It will be seen, therefore, that the task of editing these letters has been somewhat delicate.

In addition to letter-writing, he always kept at hand on his desk sheets of paper stitched together into little books for memoranda. In these he jotted down continually ideas as they occurred to him in the course of his daily reading. Hundreds of these little stitched brochures are in existence, forming a mine of odd notions and recondite information. It is not always possible to determine what is his own and what is quoted, particularly as his method of quotation was not to transcribe exactly, but to put the "pith" (as he termed it) of an author's sentence into his own words. Hawker cherished the idea that these memoranda might some day be published as 'Fragments of a Broken Mind.'

His 'Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall,' (hereafter referred to as 'Footprints') contains a good deal of autobiography, but the necessity of compression has made it impossible to quote all these passages.

The various works dealing with Hawker must also be mentioned. Chief among these are the two memoirs, 'The Vicar of Morwenstow,' by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, and 'Memorials of the late Robert Stephen Hawker,' by the late Dr. F. G. Lee,<sup>1</sup> each published in 1876, a few months after Hawker's death. Both, if I may say so, were con-

<sup>1</sup> Dr Lee was, like Hawker, a man of original stamp and strong personality. Born in 1832, he won the Newdigate at Oxford in 1854. From 1859 to 1864 he lived at Aberdeen, where he founded the Church of St. Mary the Virgin. In 1867 he became Vicar of All Saints, Lambeth, and worked there for thirty-two years. He died in 1902. He was a man of many-sided interests, poet, antiquary, controversialist, in politics a High Tory, and a prolific writer on ecclesiastical subjects. He was one of the founders of the Association for the Promotion of the Unity of Christendom, the English Church Union, and the Order of Corporate Re-Union, and was said to have been one of the three Bishops mysteriously consecrated at sea in connection with the last-named body. About a month before his death he was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

ceived in a partisan spirit; in fact, it appears that there was a kind of race for priority of publication. Mr. Baring-Gould came in first, and has succeeded in maintaining that advantage. A new and revised edition of his book was called for in 1876, and another new and revised edition in 1899. Dr. Lee's volume has never been republished.

Mr. Baring-Gould's book has long held the field as the standard biography of Hawker. As a character-sketch and a jest-book, it is clever and amusing, but as a biography it is not altogether satisfactory. In the first place, the author did not think it necessary to ask or obtain the consent of Mrs. Hawker to its publication, and he thus cut himself off from the main source of his materials. In a letter which appeared in the *Athenæum*, of 8 April 1876, she said of the book: "It is full of mis-statements, and written by one whose personal knowledge of Mr. Hawker was scarcely that of a mere acquaintance. I may say also that he wrote the memoir without the least reference to myself, or the slightest regard for any feeling or wish I might have, or how much additional sorrow it might cause me." Having thus totally ignored her, Mr. Baring-Gould had some ground for writing in his first edition, "not one ungenerous or unkind word would I speak to wound a widow's sacred feelings!"

Presumably he thought that Mrs. Hawker could tell him nothing to his purpose. But it is not for me to explain his motives, nor do I wish to discuss his account of her action in regard to Hawker's death-bed change of creed. On such a vexed question he was, I suppose, entitled to his opinion, and I should be the last to provoke controversy on that subject. The only question I raise is this. Is it a practice to be generally recommended, that, within six months of a man's death, a comparative stranger should rush in with an incomplete memoir without consulting those nearest and dearest to the dead?

While disregarding Mrs. Hawker, however, Mr. Baring-Gould did not hesitate to borrow largely from Hawker's published works, the copyright in which formed no inconsiderable part of her worldly possessions. In some cases, too, these literary debts are accorded very scanty acknowledgment. For instance, his account of the smuggler 'Cruel Coppinger,' is, with some abbreviation, an almost word-for-word transcript from Hawker's 'Footprints,' without any inverted commas, or change of type, a footnote at the end of several pages being the only indication of borrowing. Readers unacquainted with 'Footprints' might reasonably suppose that Mr. Baring-Gould has told the story in his own words.

The book was severely criticised by some of Hawker's most intimate friends; *e.g.*, by the late Mr. William Maskell,<sup>1</sup> in the *Athenæum*, and the late Mr. Christopher Harris,<sup>2</sup> of Hayne, in *John Bull*. A still more unprejudiced critic, a Wesleyan farmer in Morwenstow, Mr. W. G. Harris, who had known the Vicar for forty years, wrote in a local paper in 1876: "I am really surprised to see such a book offered to the public as being in any way an authentic record of the life of the late Rev. R. S. Hawker." One inaccuracy, though not of any importance in itself, illustrates Mr. Baring-Gould's peculiar methods. "There were no seven black men," writes the farmer, "buried from the *Avonmore* [a vessel wrecked at Morwenstow], in 1869."

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Maskell, whose name will appear often in these pages, is perhaps best remembered by the collection of ancient Liturgies in the British Museum that bears his name. His 'Monumenta Ritualia Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ' was published in 1846. He was examining chaplain to Bishop Phillpotts, and in that capacity examined the famous Mr. Gorham. In 1850 he joined the Church of Rome. In 1856 he bought and rebuilt the Castle at Bude, where he continued to reside, becoming a magistrate and deputy-lieutenant for Cornwall. He died at Penzance in 1890, aged 76.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Christopher Harris was the descendant of an ancient Cornish family. An ancestor of his is mentioned in Hawker's poem 'Sir Beville.'

Turning this up in Mr. Baring-Gould's book, I found the fact so stated, however, in one of Hawker's own letters, thus—"The other seven (blacks) were drowned among my rocks . . . . Seven corpses came ashore for burial one by one. Graves already dug, and shrouds prepared : but more yet." This puzzled me, until, in collecting materials for the present volume, I was supplied with a copy of Hawker's letter, and therewith a solution of the mystery. The words he wrote were these:—"The other 7 (Blacks) were drowned among my rocks . . . . 7 corpses *to come* ashore for burial as they come one by one for burial. Graves already dug and shrouds prepared, but *none* yet."

The *Athenæum*, in noticing recently the new edition of 'Footprints,' warned me to "beware of Mr. Baring-Gould's biography." I have followed this advice by not regarding it as an authority, without corroboration. Though necessarily, in many matters, covering the same ground, I have always sought the information from independent sources, except in the case of a few of Hawker's letters, the right of using which belongs in the first instance to his family. It is only fair to add that the book has done a great deal to extend Hawker's popularity. To overlook that fact would be ungrateful.

Dr. Lee's book is almost entirely confined to religious controversy. It is partly a defence of Hawker's position, and partly an attack on Liberalism in the Church of England. Naturally, it was never popular, for theological argument is "caviare to the general." As a memoir it is sympathetic and sincere, and reliable as far as it goes. But it is devoid of humour; a fatal defect in any estimate of Hawker. Dr. Lee's controversial style is very pugnacious. "He always makes me think," writes Mrs. Hawker, "of an expression once applied to my husband, that he made use of 'such tremendous epithets.'"

In addition to these memoirs, Mr. William Maskell issued privately in pamphlet form some reminiscences of Hawker, amplified from his two reviews of Mr. Baring-Gould's book in the *Athenæum*.

Hawker has also been the subject of numerous essays, articles, reviews, and obituary notices, containing amongst them some biographical grain along with a vast amount of chaff. The best article upon him, as a compendium of facts, is that by Mr. W. P. Courtney in the 'Dictionary of National Biography.' To that and to the 'Bibliotheca Cornubiensis' (Boase and Courtney), and to Mr. Courtney's personal kindness, I am considerably indebted.

The task of collecting these materials has been shared by many fellow-labourers. To record a life which covered three-fourths of the nineteenth century, and ended twenty-eight years ago, has involved a large amount of correspondence, and on all sides applications for letters and reminiscences have met with a kind and willing response. The result has been that nearly a thousand of Hawker's letters have been recovered. Only a part of the material available has been used: in fact, the book as originally compiled would have filled several volumes. Its present form is in the nature of a residuum, after several processes of elimination.

In arranging the letters I have preferred to adhere in the main to chronological order, rather than to make extracts according to subject, and work them up into chapters all through the book. There is something to be said for both methods. It is true that Hawker's life was uneventful, and does not lend itself to continuous narrative, consequently letter often follows letter without any connecting links. Yet if we depart from the order of date, we lose the sequence of his mental development. The interest lies in his personality. It is a story of ideas rather than events,

and can therefore best be told in his own words. If we disintegrate the letters, placing one sentence under one head and the next under another, we miss the variableness of his mood, the sudden changes "from grave to gay, from lively to severe," from mystic legend and vision to humourous details of his daily life. The whole charm of his letters lies in this versatility of temper. Rightly or wrongly, I have acted on the principle that letters are the best possible form of biography, and that, where these are plentiful, the main duty of a biographer is to disappear. Those who wish to connect references to any particular subject will find the means of doing so in the index. A word as to punctuation. Hawker uses hardly any stops in his letters, and to preserve their character of spontaneity I have inserted as few as possible.

It would be impossible to enumerate all those who have helped me, either by the loan of MSS., or in other ways. But in particular I must thank the following:—Mrs. Waddon Martyn and Mr. N. H. Lawrence Martyn, of Tonacombe Manor, Morwenstow; the present Vicar of Morwenstow, the Rev. John Tagert, and Miss Tagert; Miss Rowe; Mrs. J. G. Godwin; Miss Louisa Twining; Miss Mohun Harris; Sir Thomas Acland; the late Colonel W. S. Hawker; the Rev. Robert Hawker Kingdon; Mr. J. Somers James; Mr. C. Hawker Dinham; the Rev. Canon Thynne; Dr. Amos Beardsley; Mr. Humphrey Baskerville; Mr. G. H. Gurney; Dr. T. N. Brushfield; Mr. Wood, Librarian of Pembroke College, Oxford; Mr. Alfred Maskell; Mr. R. A. Mountjoy; Mr. John Cann; Mr. J. C. Valentine; the Rev. Preby. Granville; the Rev. Canon Bone; the Rev. W. Iago; the Rev. N. Vickers; the Rev. Ll. W. Bevan; the Rev. Maitland Kelly; Major Dudley Mills; Mr. John D. Enys; Mr. Herbert Cowie; Mr. R. Hawker Preston; Alderman

J. W. Narraway; Dr. Owen Pritchard; the Rev. W. G. Harris; the Rev. R. A. Morris; Mrs. J. Tarratt; Mr. T. Waddington; Mr. Richard Allin; the Rev. J. A. Rawlins; the Rev. J. F. Chanter; the Rev. W. H. Thornton; Mr. John Shelly.

I must also acknowledge courteous letters from Miss Alice Longfellow, Lord Tennyson, the Rev. Stephen Gladstone, and Sir Francis Jeune, in reference to Hawker's relations with their fathers; from Mrs. J. H. Shorthouse, regarding her late husband's connection with the Hawkers of Somerset; from Cardinal Newman's executor, the Rev. William P. Neville, and the Rev. W. J. B. Richards, one of the executors of Cardinal Manning, with permission to make use of letters.

The frontispiece and the portrait facing p. 142 are from sketches made in July 1863 by the Earl of Carlisle (then Mr. George Howard), who, at the request of Canon Thynne, has kindly lent the originals for reproduction. The coloured sketch is of unique interest, as it enables us to see the Vicar "in his habit as he lived." A copy of the pencil sketch, by another hand, formed the frontispiece to the 1899 edition of Hawker's poems. An account of the sketching of these portraits will be found in Hawker's letters, on pp. 423 and 428. The portrait of Sir Thomas Acland, facing p. 396, has been included by kind permission of the Rt. Hon. A. H. Dyke Acland.

I should like to say a word here of the kindness shown by the inhabitants of Morwenstow and Wellcombe. To knock at the door of a cottage or farmhouse, and mention the name of their former Vicar, "Passon Hawker," as they call him, is a sure passport to their true Cornish courtesy and hospitality. It is in the hearts of his old, his "mossy" parishioners, as *he* used to call *them*, that his best title to honour must be sought; and their memories and traditions



are not the least valuable records of his life.<sup>1</sup> It is significant, too, that those Dissenters, against whom he raged continually, have ever been among the foremost in paying respect to his memory. "His bark," they will tell you with a smile, "was considerably worse than his bite."

Mr. Frederic Chapman, Mr. R. Pearse Chope, and Mr. Richard Upton have kindly read my manuscript, and made valuable suggestions.

Nor must I omit to mention Mr. John Lane, who is a native of North Devon and spent his youth in the adjoining parish of Hartland. Mr. Hawker's preaching, personal appearance, charm of manner and voice, are among Mr. Lane's earliest recollections. This, and the fact that his grandmother (Mary Isabella Hobbs, of Whalesborough, near Bude) and the first Mrs. Hawker had been school-fellows, gave Mr. Lane an early interest in the Vicar of Morwenstow, and he has taken an enthusiastic part in collecting materials for the book and supervising its preparation. If any readers of this book possess further letters or manuscripts of Hawker's, or can otherwise throw fresh light upon his life, I should be much obliged if they would kindly communicate with me, through the publisher.

C. E. BYLES.

CHISWICK. 1 Jan. 1905.

*P.S.*—At the last moment, when too late to correct the passage, I find that I have made a mistake in stating (on page 10) that Hawker was at Cheltenham College. I

<sup>1</sup> Just before sending my book to press, I have received an example of such lingering memories from an unlikely quarter, an American insurance paper! The late Mr. J. Harman Ashley, editor of *The Insurance Advocate* (Philadelphia and New York), in the literary column of his issue for Oct. 1901 says:—"The writer was a very small boy when 'Parson Hawker' first gave him permission to look through the wonderful old books in the parsonage library. None

should have said Cheltenham Grammar School, a much older institution. This error, which occurred also in an article of mine in *The Bookman*, was kindly pointed out by Mr. H. D. Woostor, of Cheltenham, who writes:—"As an old Grammar School boy it is unnecessary to say that I take quite an interest in the works and life of one who is perhaps the best known member of the old school."

C. E. B.

knew so well, nor could relate so delightfully as he, the exquisite legends of the 'Morte D'Arthur.' Tristram and Isolde, Guinevere and Lancelot, Merlin and Vivien, Sir Kay the Seneschal, Sir Galahad and the Sangraal—how full of life each of these became under the magic of his vivid story-telling! The dear old boy!—"All things he seemed to understand of old or new, on sea or land," and certainly none could realize the unreal as he could, nor get so much solid comfort out of what exists solely in the imagination."

---

## CONTENTS

---

### CHAPTER I

	PAGE
1803-1822—BOYHOOD - - - - -	I

### CHAPTER II

1823-1825—OXFORD AND MARRIAGE - - - -	12
---------------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER III

THE TRELAWNY BALLAD - - - - -	23
-------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER IV

1825-1834—'POMPEII'—ORDINATION—NORTH TAMER- TON—MORWENSTOW - - - - -	32
-------------------------------------------------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER V

1834—THE PARISH OF MORWENSTOW - - - -	41
---------------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER VI

THE PARISHIONERS OF MORWENSTOW - - - -	56
----------------------------------------	----

### CHAPTER VII

1835-1837—THE MAKING OF MORWENSTOW—THE VICARAGE—THE SCHOOL—COOMBE BRIDGE - - -	75
<i>b</i>	xvii

## CHAPTER VIII

	PAGE
THE VICAR—I.—DRESS—STATIONERY—SEALS—HOSPITALITY—WIT—SUPERSTITION—OPIUM - - -	83
II.—LOVE OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS—FARMING—CHARITY	102

## CHAPTER IX

HAWKER AS A CHURCHMAN—VIEWS ON SCIENCE AND RELIGION—HIS PREACHING—IDEAS OF BAPTISM—EPITAPHS—CHURCH SERVICES—RELATIONS WITH DISSENTERS - - - - -	121
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER X

1842-3—WRECKS—THE 'CALEDONIA'—THE 'PHENIX'—THE 'ALONZO' - - - - -	157
-------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XI

1843-1848—LAWSUIT WITH SIR JOHN BULLER—HARVEST THANKSGIVINGS—RURAL SYNODS—OFFERTORY—CONTROVERSIAL LETTERS—'THE FIELD OF REPHIDIM'—THE PRIEST OF BALDHU - - - - -	168
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XII

1848—TENNYSON AT MORWENSTOW - - - - -	189
---------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XIII

1848-1852—A CHARACTERISTIC ADVERTISEMENT—THE SELLON CONTROVERSY—GRETSER—THE LETTERS BEGIN—THE GORHAM JUDGMENT—HAWKER BECOMES CURATE *OF WELCOMBE—LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER CLAUD AND REV. W D. ANDERSON—THE ROMAN HIERARCHY—THE POPE AND WESLEY—RELIGIOUS RIOTS IN CORNWALL - - - - -	198
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XIV

	PAGE
1852-1855—WRECK OF THE 'PRIMROSE'—LETTERS TO RICHARD TWINING AND MISS LOUISA TWINING—"THE ARISEN DEAD"—LETTERS TO SIR THOMAS ACLAND, REV. W. WADDON MARTYN, REV. W. WEST, DR. LEE, AND REV. W. D. ANDERSON—"A VILE REBELLION"—A VISION—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS—"JOHN MILTON: THAT PURITAN THIEF"—"A BLASPHEMING SMITHERY"—DISCOVERY OF PISCINA—"L. S. D."—THE POSTMAN POET—A VERY RURAL DEAN—A VILLAGE COBDEN—"A PRECIOUS PIECE OF POPERY" - - - - -	221

CHAPTER XV

LITERARY WORK. 1852-1862 — CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'—(DICKENS <i>does</i> pay)—'NOTES AND QUERIES'—'WILLIS'S CURRENT NOTES'—'ARSCOTT OF TETCOTT'—"NUMYNE"—'BAAL-ZEPHON'—"RUDIS INDIGESTAQUE MOLES"—CHATTERTONIAN METHODS—LETTER TO BLACKWOODS'—BLIGHT'S 'ANCIENT CROSSES,' ETC.—"A BLUNDERING FAILURE"—MUSICAL YOUNG LADIES—"SIR BEVILLE"—AN AUDACIOUS PLAGIARISM—TRE, POL AND PEN—TABOOED BY 'THE TIMES' - - - - -	249
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

CHAPTER XVI

LETTERS TO MRS. WATSON, 1855-1862—CRIMEAN WAR—NAPOLEON III.—A SON OF DR. ARNOLD AT MORWENSTOW—AN EPITAPH—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—LORD CLINTON—A FATAL ACCIDENT—A MURDER—RIVAL CORONERS—A COMET—PLYMOUTH BRETHREN—SPURGEON—THE INDIAN MUTINY—A WRECK—DEATH OF A WRECKER—LORD HARROWBY AT MOR-
-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------

WENSTOW—‘THE GREAT EASTERN’—VISIT OF DEAN  
LIDDELL—THE VERA EFFIGIES—SIR BEVILL GRAN-  
VILLE’S COFFIN—THE COMET OF 1861—AMERICAN  
CIVIL WAR—DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT—THE EXHIBI-  
TION - - - - -

PAGE

278

## CHAPTER XVII

1856-1862—LETTERS TO J. G. GODWIN—DEAN COWIE—  
REV. W. D. ANDERSON—REV. W. WEST—BUDDHISM  
—“FRAGMENTS OF A BROKEN MIND”—THE EVIL  
EYE—A CASE OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE—“THE POET  
OF CORNWALL”—THE DEMON’S AUTOGRAPH—PRINCE  
ALBERT AND SWEDENBORG—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS—  
THE SPASM OF THE GANGLIONS—‘ESSAYS AND RE-  
VIEWS’—A REPUGNANT NOSE—“THE HOUSE THAT  
JACK BUILT” - - - - -

364

## CHAPTER XVIII

WRECK AND DESOLATION—LOSS OF THE ‘BENCOOLEN’—  
‘A CROON ON HENNACLIFF’—DEATH OF MRS.  
HAWKER - - - - -

395

## CHAPTER XIX

1863—‘THE QUEST OF THE SANGRAAL’—HAWKER’S  
MASTERPIECE—COMPARED WITH TENNYSON’S ‘HOLY  
GRAIL’—OPINIONS OF LONGFELLOW AND TENNYSON  
—THE EARL OF CARLISLE AT MORWENSTOW—  
SKETCHES THE VICAR ON CLOVELLY QUAY—FIRE  
AT THE VICARAGE—HORATIO WALPOLE CALLS—A  
NEW PARISHIONER—“A BLESSING OR—?”—MISS  
“LEBJINCKSKI”—“SLIGHTLY CRACKED”—A LUCKY  
SPECULATION OF SIR GALAHAD—THE DEMON-BIRD—  
LETTER TO THE QUEEN—“AN UTTER DONKEY”—  
LETTER FROM CARDINAL WISEMAN—“ICHABOD” -

410

---

## CONTENTS

---

xxi

### CHAPTER XX

	PAGE
1863-4—WRECK OF THE 'MARGARET QUAYLE'—BRAIN FEVER—VISIT TO BOSCASTLE—JOHNNY VALENTINE -	459

### CHAPTER XXI

1863-4 — THE VICAR'S LONELINESS — DEATH OF THACKERAY — THE VICAR HAS BRAIN FEVER—GARIBALDI—NEWMAN AND KINGSLEY—"A VERY UNPRETENDING OLD-FASHIONED YOUNG LADY"—JEUNE MADE A BISHOP—HIS BLUE SWALLOWTAIL—THE VICAR PHOTOGRAPHED—EVEN THE WARTS—DARWIN AND LYELL—'BLUE EYES MELT: DARK EYES BURN'—LOVE POEMS—LITTLE JOHNNY VALENTINE—"DO YOU THINK I OUGHT OR NOT?"	469
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

### CHAPTER XXII

SECOND MARRIAGE—1864 - - - - -	497
--------------------------------	-----

### CHAPTER XXIII

1864-1868—COLENZO AND THE CHURCH—POLITICS—MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECHES—ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—CONTRIBUTIONS TO MAGAZINES—BIRTHS OF HIS CHILDREN—CATTLE PLAGUE—DEMONS—VISITATION SERMON—"ECCE HOMO"—A WHALE AT MORWENSTOW—WRECK OF THE 'JEUNE JOSEPH'—ABYSSINIAN WAR—IRISH DISESTABLISHMENT	509
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

### CHAPTER XXIV

1868-1870 — 'CORNISH BALLADS' — LETTERS FROM FROUDE—WRECK OF THE 'AVONMORE' — BISHOP TEMPLE—ARCHBISHOP TAIT—'FOOTPRINTS'—MONEY TROUBLES—THE VICAR PHOTOGRAPHED - - -	572
----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XXV

	PAGE
1870-1874—OCCASIONAL VERSES—‘AURORA’—AUSTIN DOBSON—THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—MR. SPENDER’S REMINISCENCES—THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT MORWENSTOW—LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE—PRAYER FOR THE DEAD—PRAYER FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES—CHURCH RESTORATION—A GREAT STORM—LETTER TO H. SEWELL STOKES—ILLNESS—REV. JOHN RAWLINS—ANECDOTES - - - - -	590

## CHAPTER XXVI

1874—VISIT TO LONDON—HAWKER AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—AT THE ZOO—AT THE PRO-CATHEDRAL—AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY—LETTERS TO DR. LEE—PREACHES AT ALL SAINTS, LAMBETH—PREACHES AT ST. MATTHIAS, BROMPTON—LETTER FROM LONGFELLOW—THE PUBLIC WORSHIP REGULATION BILL—“A VERY INFERIOR LOT!” - - - - -	608
------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XXVII

1874-5—REV. J. F. CHANTER’S REMINISCENCES—MATTHEW ARNOLD’S BROTHER AT MORWENSTOW—ECCLESIASTICAL QUESTIONS—TAIT’S BAPTISM—EPIGRAMS—ANOTHER WRECK—‘A CANTICLE FOR CHRISTMAS’—LETTERS FROM MANNING AND NEWMAN—‘PSALMUS CANTICI’—THE NEW CURATE—“MY MIND! IT IS GONE” - - - - -	617
-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------	-----

## CHAPTER XXVIII

1875—THE LAST JOURNEY - - - - -	632
---------------------------------	-----



CHAPTER XXIX

	PAGE
SECESSIONAL - - - - -	640

CHAPTER XXX

CONCLUSION - - - - -	650
APPENDIX I.—THE HAWKER MEMORIAL - - -	657
APPENDIX II.—BIBLIOGRAPHY - - -	660
APPENDIX III.—HAWKER LITERATURE - - -	666
INDEX - - - - -	669



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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

---

	FACING PAGE
THE REV. R. S. HAWKER . . . . . <i>Frontispiece</i> <i>From a water-colour sketch by the Earl of Carlisle made in 1863</i>	
HAWKER'S BIRTHPLACE . . . . .	2
THE REV. J. S. HAWKER AND HIS WIFE (PARENTS OF R. S. HAWKER) . . . . . <i>From silhouettes in the possession of Mr. J. Somers James</i>	4
THE REV. ROBERT HAWKER, D.D. (GRANDFATHER OF R. S. HAWKER) . . . . . <i>From an engraving by William Blake of a painting by L. Pensford</i>	6
OLD WHITSTONE HOUSE (SINCE REBUILT) . . . . . <i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge from an old sketch</i>	12
EFFORD MANOR (NOW BUDE VICARAGE) . . . . . <i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	14
HAWKER AS AN UNDERGRADUATE . . . . . <i>Drawn in lithography by T. R. Way from a water-colour by W. Wright, 1825</i>	20
COOMBE COTTAGE, MORWENSTOW . . . . . <i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	22
TAMERTON CHURCH . . . . . <i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	34

	FACING PAGE
MORWENSTOW CHURCH AND Lych-GATE . . . . .	44
<i>From photographs by the Rev. R. A. Morris</i>	
MURAL PAINTING IN MORWENSTOW CHURCH . . . . .	46
INTERIOR OF TONACOMBE MANOR . . . . .	48
<i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	
THE WADDON LANTERN, HAWKER'S STICK AND HOLY WATER STOUPS . . . . .	50
<i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	
MARSLAND HOUSE, MORWENSTOW . . . . .	62
<i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	
MORWENSTOW VICARAGE . . . . .	78
<i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	
TABLET OVER THE VICARAGE DOOR AND NORMAN PORCH OF THE CHURCH . . . . .	80
<i>From photographs by the Rev. R. A. Morris</i>	
THE VICAR'S WELCOME. PORTRAIT OF HAWKER STAND- ING AT HIS DOOR . . . . .	84
<i>Drawn in lithography by T. R. Way from a photograph by S. Thorn</i>	
HAWKER'S SEALS, THE MYSTIC FISH, THE PENTACLE OF SOLOMON, ETC. . . . .	90
MR W. G. HARRIS AND MR THOMAS CANN, THE TWO CHURCHWARDENS . . . . .	154
<i>From photographs by T. Bennett, Worcester, and H. Thorn, Bude, respectively</i>	
HAWKER'S HUT IN THE CLIFFS . . . . .	166
<i>From a photograph by S. Thorn</i>	

---

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS xxvii

---

	FACING PAGE
FACSIMILES OF LETTERS FROM TENNYSON AND HIS WIFE TO HAWKER . . . . .	196
THE OLD CORNISH CROSS IN MORWENSTOW CHURCH- YARD . . . . .	204
<i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	
WELCOMBE CHURCH . . . . .	206
<i>Drawn in lithography by J. Ley Pethybridge</i>	
BISHOP PHILLPOTTS (IN 1851) . . . . .	214
<i>After a mezzotint engraved by William Walker from a painting by T. A. Woolnoth. Private plate from the collection of Owen Pritchard, M.D.</i>	
MEDAL OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION WORN BY HAWKER . . . . .	238
EDWARD CAPERN, THE DEVONSHIRE POSTMAN POET . . . . .	244
<i>From a picture in the possession of Alderman J. W. Narraway at Bideford</i>	
NORMAN ARCHES AND THE "CARVURE" OF THE TRINITY IN MORWENSTOW CHURCH . . . . .	266
SIR THOMAS DYKE ACLAND, BART. (GRANDFATHER OF THE PRESENT BARONET) . . . . .	396
<i>From a drawing by Richmond.</i>	
PROFILE SKETCH OF THE REV. R. S. HAWKER . . . . .	428
<i>From a drawing by the Earl of Carlisle made in 1863</i>	
WAES-HAEL BOWL . . . . .	450
<i>Formerly belonging to Hawker, and now in the possession of Mrs. H. J. Bailey, Rowden Abbey, Bromyard</i>	
THE REV. R. S. HAWKER . . . . .	482
<i>From a photograph by the late Dr. Richard Budd, taken at Barnstaple in May 1864</i>	

	FACING PAGE
THE REV. R. S. HAWKER AND HIS SECOND WIFE . . . . .	506
<i>From photographs by S. Thorn, Bude, and H. Webster, Bayswater</i>	
THE REV. ROBERT HAWKER, D.D. (GRANDFATHER OF R. S. HAWKER). . . . .	552
THE REV. R. S. HAWKER . . . . .	588
<i>From a photograph by S. Thorn, Bude, taken in June, 1870</i>	
WILLIAM MASKELL . . . . .	594
<i>From a painting by Richmond, in the possession of Mr. Alfred Maskell</i>	
HAWKER'S GRAVE IN PLYMOUTH CEMETERY . . . . .	638
THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW (IN SURPLICE, STOLE, AND BIRETTA) . . . . .	634
<i>From a photograph by Hawke, Plymouth, taken on 7th August 1875</i>	
THE MEMORIAL WINDOW IN MORWENSTOW CHURCH . . . . .	658
<i>Unveiled on 8th September 1904</i>	

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THE LIFE & LETTERS  
OF R. S. HAWKER

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## CHAPTER I

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1803-1822

### BOYHOOD

“I love the ocean! from a very child  
It has been to me as a nursing breast,  
Cherishing wild fancies.”

R. S. HAWKER (1821).

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER was born at Plymouth on the third of December, 1803. He was the eldest child of Jacob Stephen Hawker, then a doctor, who had married Jane Elizabeth, daughter of Stephen Drewitt, of Winchester. The father of Jacob Stephen Hawker was the Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D., the well-known Calvinistic divine, for forty-three years Vicar of Charles Church, Plymouth. To trace the genealogy one step further back, Dr. Robert Hawker was the son of Jacob Hawker, surgeon, and Mayor of Exeter in 1744.

The house where Robert Stephen Hawker was born has been identified with No. 6, Norley Street, Plymouth. This we learn from a letter written by him sixty years after to his brother-in-law, the late Mr. John Somers James:—

“Dec. ij., 1863.

“MY DEAR JOHN,

“Sixty years ago the day you read this I was brought into the light of life in a house in that lane leading from Broad Street up towards Charles Church.

The house stood in the elbow of the lane just above the old Unitarian Chapel. It is worth your while to take Sommers with you: Walk up and down that lane and meditate.

“I was at birth a harmless-looking, and, as poor Mother used to say, a lovely little child. She was not a prophetess: if she had been, and she had only been gifted with common compassion, she must have gently but firmly compressed those baby nostrils till there was no more life.

“What I should have avoided then! What would have been spared me! But then my place in the great Mystery of the World would have been void, and as, I suppose, even toads and moles have a vocation to fulfil, I have accomplished mine.”

For some reason the infant Robert Stephen was not baptized by his grandfather at Charles Church, but by his uncle, the Rev. John Hawker, then curate in charge of the Parish of Stoke-Damerel. The entry in the baptismal register of that church is dated 29 Dec. 1803.

Mr. John Hawker of Stoke was the eldest son of the Vicar of Charles, and was something of a character. In 1829 he withdrew from the Church of England, and became minister of Eldad Chapel, Plymouth, which was built for him. He is said, in an old newspaper of that date, to have been “popular with a numerous and respectable class of Christians.” One of his characteristics was a tendency to preach long sermons, and thereby hangs a tale.

Two sailors of the Royal Navy once attended Divine service at his church of Stoke-Damerel. One of them, seeing the letters I.H.S. inscribed in the chancel, asked his companion what they meant. “Why,” said he, “that stands for John Hawker, Stoke.” The sermon that day was so long that when the men returned to their ships they found they had missed their dinner. Not long afterwards the



HAWKER'S BIRTHPLACE.  
No. 6, Norley Street, Plymouth.



ship was ordered to Portsmouth, and the same two men went on shore to go to church. No sooner had they taken their seats, however, than one of them observed in the chancel the same mystic initials I.H.S. "Mate," said he, "Here's that John Hawker of Stoke again. I guess we'll make sail, or we shall lose our dinner." So they walked out.

A few years after the birth of his eldest child, Mr. Jacob Stephen Hawker abandoned the medical profession, and took Holy Orders. His first curacy was at Altarnun. About 1813 he became Curate, and in 1833 Vicar, of Stratton in North Cornwall, holding the living till his death in 1845.

When his father left Plymouth, young Robert Stephen Hawker was entrusted to the care of his grandfather, the Vicar of Charles, who exercised a considerable influence on the boy's early training.

The Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D., was at that time a prominent divine, and the author of a great number of devotional and theological works. He was a very popular preacher, and was often to be heard in London churches. His knowledge of the Scriptures was remarkable, and he could preach on any passage at a moment's notice. It is said that he was a favourite of King George III., who used to hand him a text just before he entered the pulpit.

Dr. Hawker's collected works were published in ten volumes in 1831, with a memoir by the Rev. John Williams. Perhaps his most popular book was 'The Poor Man's Morning and Evening Portion.'

Lavish generosity to the poor appears to have been inherited from Dr. Hawker by his grandson. "Let there be," said the Doctor, "but one parish of the whole kingdom, considered as to the poor. In all other parochial concerns the present distinction of bounds and interests should continue." But, as his biographer tells us, "although he was

indeed a Barnabas to the Church, in administering consolation to the humble and contrite, yet he was a Boanerges to the ungodly whose acts of audacity and impiety merited the severity of reproof. He knew how to rebuke sharply "with all authority." This trait in the good Doctor's character seems also to have been transmitted to his grandson.

Dr. Hawker made little profit out of his numerous books, and what he did was devoted to charitable uses. "The volume of Scripture extracts, which contains more than 700 pages in octavo, was given to the original publisher on condition of his supplying his Sunday school assembly at the Household of Faith with certain articles of clothing."

There is a marble bust of Dr. Hawker in Charles Church, and a tablet with the following inscription :

"A Public Tribute of  
Affection and Respect  
To the Memory of  
The Rev. Robert Hawker, D.D.,  
Six years Curate  
And Forty-three years Vicar  
Of this Parish,  
Who died  
The sixth day of April, 1827,  
Aged 74 years."

Another inscription states that his daughter, Mary Granville Hodson, left £250, the dividends of which are "to be given away on the 12th of Dec. for ever" among the poor of the parish.

This Mrs. Hodson was a good friend to young Robert Hawker, her nephew, and bore much of the expense of his education. He was a high-spirited and mischievous boy, and made himself a terror to his grandfather's friends by the tricks he played upon them. The following story was related by his nephew :—

"There were at that time three very prim old ladies,



THE REV. J. S. HAWKER,  
Father of Robert Stephen Hawker.



MRS. J. S. HAWKER (*née* DREWITT),  
Mother of Robert Stephen Hawker.





parishioners of the Doctor's, living in South Side Street, then a fashionable quarter. The greatest insult that could be offered them was to suggest that they were in the habit of taking in lodgers. Robert called one day at the house, and enquired whether Mr. Richardson, a friend of his, was lodging there. He had heard that he was staying in apartments in that neighbourhood. He was answered, of course, by a chilling negative. The next day he sent some one else to make the same enquiry, and every day a fresh caller came, until the old ladies were perfectly sick of the name of Richardson. One day Robert was passing the house with a friend (Mr. T. Duncan Newton), and a little way beyond it he stopped, and said, "By the way, I meant to have asked at No. — whether a man I know, named Richardson, is lodging there. Would you mind just going back to ask, while I go into this shop?" Newton went off unsuspecting, but returned much in wrath. "What's the matter," cried Robert, in surprise. "Your friend Richardson," said the other, "can't be a very desirable acquaintance. The moment I mentioned his name, the servant retired, came back with a poker, smashed in my hat, and slammed the door. Another time you can ask for your friends yourself."

The story goes that the irrepressible Robert continued to torment the old ladies in a manner resembling the famous Berners Street hoax of Theodore Hook. Tradesmen of all kinds left at their door the most ponderous consignments. No doubt, if the 'Encyclopædia Britannica' had been in vogue at that time, the old dames would have become involuntary subscribers. Eventually, it is said, a coffin arrived for Mr. Richardson, deceased, and the unfortunate victims, becoming apprehensive as to what might follow, deemed it prudent to remove to another town.

Nor was good Dr. Hawker himself entirely exempt. One

day Robert brought to him a revised version which he had made of the hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,' and asked his grandfather whether he did not think it an improvement on the one in the Sunday school hymn-book of Charles Church.<sup>1</sup> When the doctor informed him, with some dignity, that he himself had written the hymn-book version, Robert affected great confusion and penitence.

After running away from several preparatory schools, Robert was placed under the care of the Rev. Athanasius Laffer, headmaster of the Grammar School at Liskeard. He showed early promise of literary ability, but, as he used to say himself in after years, he was not a diligent scholar, and hated the restraints and discipline of school. His father was now Curate of Stratton, and Robert accordingly went there for his holidays. The neighbourhood soon heard of him, and traditions are still current of the pranks which he played on the inhabitants. Question one of the

<sup>1</sup> Mr. W. T. Brooke, an authority on hymnology, says that the original authorship of this hymn is uncertain. He assigns it (1), most probably, to Sir Richard Hill, 1773, or (2) to the Rev. Benjamin Fawcett, a Congregational minister. Another claimant is Dr. John Fawcett, a Baptist minister. Dr. Martineau ascribes a version to the Hon. & Rev. Walter Shirley (1774). Dr. Hawker wrote an independent version, borrowing the first line of the original. His version, which first appeared in 1787 in his 'Psalms and Hymns for the Sunday school of Charles, Plymouth,' is given as follows in Julian's 'Dictionary of Hymnology':—

“ Lord, dismiss us with Thy blessing.  
 Bid us all depart in peace ;  
 Still on gospel manna feeding,  
 Pure seraphic love increase.  
 Till we reach that blissful station,  
 Where we'll give Thee nobler praise.  
 And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb,  
 For ever and ever.  
 Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! Hallelujah ! ”

Mr. Baring-Gould (according to the 'Index to the Irish Church Hymnal') "has inadvertently quoted the hymn [as by Dr. Hawker] with Fawcett's text." He also gives young Robert's "improved version," on what authority it would be interesting to know.



DR. HAWKER

*From an Engraving by H. G. G.*



elders of the parish on this subject, and he will discourse, with a twinkle in his eye, in some such terms as these: "I've yeerd my vather tell many a time, as Mas'r Robert—that's what they used to call Passon Hawker in those days—was up to all manner of trecks: tükt the ball o' twine out o' the cordwainer's shop,<sup>1</sup> and winded up the whole town in twine, so as people passin' along was pitched on their noses without zakly knowin' why. Then dressin' up in sea-weed, and not much else, and settin' on a rock down to Büde in the münelight, and combin' his hair and zingin', till all the town went out to see un: they thought et was a merry-maid sure enough. An' ther' 'e set an' zinged every night, till a varmer tükt a gun an' tried to shut un."

A favourite butt for young Robert's mischievous pranks was an old man named Elias George, who kept a little general shop in Stratton, and used to play hymn tunes on a violoncello. The door of the shop had an upper and a lower hatch, so that the top half could be open while the lower was closed. One day Robert slipped into the shop while Elias was out, locked the lower hatch on the inner side, hung a bundle of tallow dips on the spit before the fire, in place of the old man's joint which was cooking there, and ensconced himself in the back parlour, where he drew unwonted strains from Elias's treasured instrument. Presently Elias returned. Being lame, he could not climb over the hatch, so he stood glaring over it, furious, but impotent, at the grease as it streamed from the roasted candles, while the weird notes of his own bass viol sounded from within. "Lord's sake," said the old man, "'tes either the Devil or Mas'r Robert," and he hobbled away to obtain the assistance of a neighbour. Robert, meanwhile, slipped over the hatch and was off.

On one occasion, however, Robert helped the old man

<sup>1</sup> This story is also told at Liskeard of a shopkeeper there.

out of a difficulty. The owner of the shop had given Elias warning to quit, and instructed him to put up a notice in the window to the effect that the premises were to let. Elias, being no great hand at literary composition, called in the aid of his young tormentor. "Yü've played me many a treck; yü may dü me a gude turn for wance, Mas'r Robert," he said. "But do you really want to leave the house?" asked Robert, when he heard the circumstances, for Elias was known to be attached to his abode. "Not a bit of et," said he. "I wud like to stay yeer's long's I live." "All right," said Robert; and he thereupon wrote out the following placard in large letters:

"This house to let,  
Both cold and wet:  
In it you'll find no ease.  
In winter you'll be froze to death,  
In summer eat by fleas."

The old man, being unable to read, duly posted the notice in his window.

Like most boys at a certain age, Robert had a partiality for orchards. In one large orchard the trees were high, and he could not reach the trees standing, so to save himself trouble he would break through a gap in the hedge on horseback. The owner, on examining the ground, discovered the hoof marks where the horse went out, but he could never find where it came in. Robert had provided for this, by backing the horse through the hedge.

He was indeed the *enfant terrible* of the neighbourhood. There were two families that were not on the best of terms with each other. At one of the houses there grew in the garden a valuable and highly-treasured cherry-tree. One morning the tree of Capulet was found transplanted to the garden of Montague. Robert, we may say, was a plague on both their houses.

The local practitioner, likewise, fell a victim to his merciless ingenuity. Hawker used to tell the story himself in after days. One morning an urgent message arrived for the doctor to attend a lady taken suddenly ill at a house some miles away. The doctor ran round to the stable to mount his horse, when lo! before his astonished gaze appeared a creature far more resembling a zebra than his own grey mare. The mane was cut short, and the animal was covered with stripes of black paint. However, there was no time to make inquiries. He mounted his weird steed, and rode away full gallop up the principal street of the town, through which he was obliged to pass, amid the jeers and wonder of the population. When, at a furious pace he dashed up to his patient's door, he found that the lady was in the best of health, and had never sent any such message. About this time the people of Stratton got up a dramatic entertainment. The title of the piece was 'Pizarro and Little Pickle,' and the part of Pizarro was assumed by Mr. Somers James, who in after years married one of Hawker's sisters. At a critical moment, when Pizarro had just been slain, the curtain, from some inexplicable hitch, declined to fall, and eventually the corpse of Pizarro had to get up and walk out with the best grace that it could muster. Another incident of the play was the death and cooking of a favourite parrot, which was to be brought in at a banquet on the stage. A roast chicken had been prepared for the purpose, but when the time came for the bird's appearance it was nowhere to be found. It transpired afterwards that Robert and his brother had slipped behind the scenes, and eaten it.

He was walking through Stratton one day with a friend, when the latter said, "Look! some one has written 'Satan' on the door of the Wesleyan chapel."

"No doubt he did it himself," replied Robert. "It is no

uncommon thing for a gentleman to put his name on his own front door."

When Robert's school days at Liskeard came to an end, he was placed with a solicitor at Plymouth, William Jacobson; but the legal profession did not suit his taste, and he soon abandoned it. He was then about sixteen, and by the kindness of his aunt, Mrs. Hodson, he was sent to Cheltenham College. Here, in 1821, he published his first book of poems, 'Tendrils, by Reuben,' a volume which is now exceedingly scarce.<sup>1</sup> It is dedicated "To the Friends of my Early Boyhood," and the preface shows a modesty and candour all too infrequent among youthful poets.

A writer<sup>2</sup> on Hawker alleges that "nothing is to be learned of the inner life of those 'prentice days," and that "the booklet was not remarkable in any way, and not even interesting save as another illustration of the fact that even in the work of unmistakably original poets imitativeness precedes individuality." That there is imitativeness in 'Tendrils' we must admit. There are traces at least of Shakespeare, Byron, and Tom Moore. That there is nothing to be learned from them of the author's inner life is not so obvious. The introduction to the first poem strikes at once a dominant note in Hawker's mental life, his love of legend and superstition.

Again, it may be said that, apart from its literary quality, the sentiment of a poem tells us something of its author's character. Throughout this little book breathes a spirit of tenderness and purity, and a whole-souled love of nature.

In 'Deborah's Song' we seem to catch the clear ring and simple strength of his later ballads.

There is one respect in which a first effort in poetry may

<sup>1</sup> It is reprinted in 'Cornish Ballads.'

<sup>2</sup> Mr. J. Ashcroft Noble in 'The Sonnet in England,' pp. 184 and 187.



be remarkable, and that is by being a financial success. In this respect Hawker's volume appears not to have differed from its kind, if we may judge from the following entry made years afterwards in one of his note-books :—

“PATHOS.

“In the *Times* to-day it is said : ‘ A young man slew himself. On his table was a paper written : “ Life is sweet (common proverb). I have found it bitter.” ’ Some disappointment in literary undertakings. Cf. Cheltenham, 1820.”

Towards the end of his life, when a friend wished to obtain a copy of the book, Hawker had forgotten even the title. I have but a hazy recollection,” he writes in 1871, “ of the Cheltenham affair. ‘ Fibres ’ is the nearest guess I can make.” His friend not being able to trace it, he writes again : “ If ‘ Fibres ’ fail, why not try ‘ Pendicles ’ ? A city set on an hill cannot be hid.”

Another reminiscence of this period he gives in a letter dated 1864, where he says : “ Very many years ago, before I married, I lived for several months in a kind of hut upon the seashore, with a man who was a kind of half-fisherman half-wrecker ; and his house was chiefly wooden, and I went there to study by myself, and what with the situation, the novelty, and the various incidents of the day and night, I do not think I was ever happier or more occupied with interest than there.”

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## CHAPTER II

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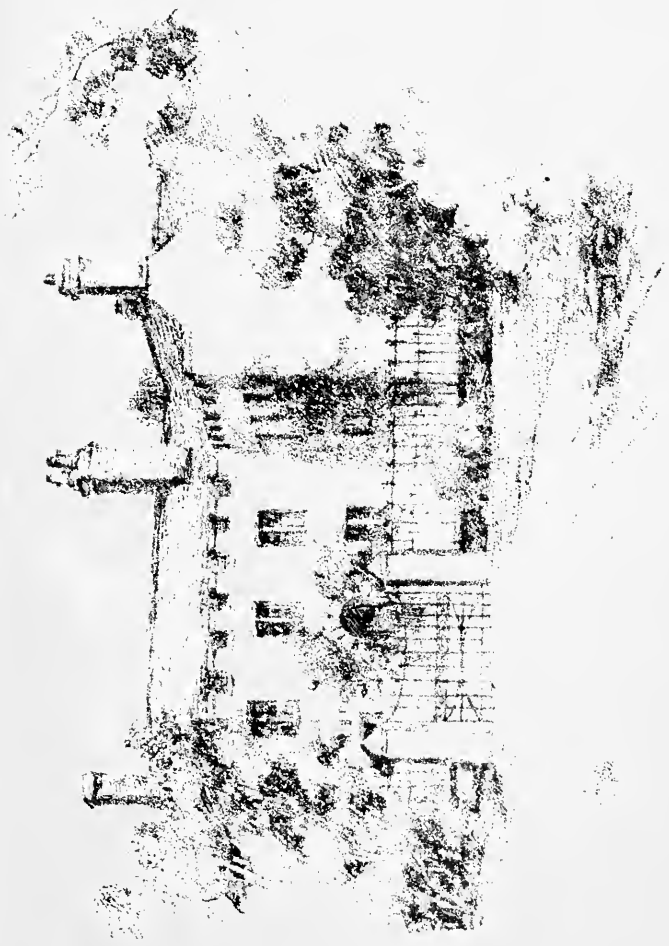
1823-1825

### OXFORD AND MARRIAGE

“ And thou, whose ear hath listen'd to my song,  
Link'd to the minstrel by a holy tie:  
Thou to whom grateful memories belong,  
Of gentle heart, kind hand, and loving eye ;  
For thee I weave these words—if one should sigh  
O'er him who in these vallies lov'd and died ;  
If a recording word be breathed hereby, . . .  
Thou shalt with him that homage still divide,  
When our warm hearts be hush'd, and withering side by side.”  
R. S. HAWKER (1832).

ON the 28th of April 1823, at the age of 19, Robert Hawker matriculated at Pembroke College, Oxford, but he had only spent a term or two there when an event took place which was to be a controlling element in his life for forty years.

Among his friends near Stratton, was the family of the late Colonel Wrey Pans, of Whitstone, a man of some note and considerable force of character, descended from one Robert Pans, Master of the Ordnance to Queen Elizabeth and at one time Lord Mayor of Dublin. Colonel Pans's father had married a daughter of Sir Bouchier Wrey. At the time of Waterloo the Colonel was in command of the Cornwall Provisional Cavalry. He was also a magistrate for Devon and Cornwall. It may have been from him that the future Vicar of Morwenstow learnt the lesson of that humanity to shipwrecked sailors for which



OLD WHITSTONE HOUSE.  
The residence of  
COLONEL WREY FANS.



he afterwards became famous. A silver snuff-box still in existence bears the inscription, "This box is gratefully presented to Wrey I'ans, Esq., by Jere Hill & Sons, of Bristol, as a small token of their acknowledgment of his particular services in saving the Cargo of the Brig *Purissima Concepcion*, belonging to them, stranded at Bude Bay, Sept 6, 1783, and for his great Attention and Humanity to the unfortunate Crew."

A similar occasion is recorded in Hawker's head-note to a poem called 'The Wreck,' where he mentions "the following inscription on a goblet in my possession"—

"This cup is presented to Wrey I'Ans, Esquire, by Edward & Robert Were Fox, of Wadebridge, on behalf of the proprietors of the Cargo of the *St. Anna St. Joseph*, Captain Antony de Fonseca Rosa, wrecked at Bude the 7th of August, 1790, for his care in saving the same, and particular attention to the unfortunate Crew."

The history of this cup has an interesting sequel. In a letter dated Feb. XV, 1849, Hawker writes to Sir Thomas Acland, grandfather of the present Baronet:—

"MY DEAR SIR THOMAS,

"Mrs. Hawker's last surviving Sister Fanny has been removed from us by Death. We have placed all our Leases under yourself in the hands of our Friend and Solicitor Mr. Rowe, in whom we and all who know him have deep and utter confidence. But there is one matter on which Mrs. Hawker desires me personally to address you. She inherits, as the last of her family, a valuable and handsome Silver Cup—a Chalice in form, which was presented to Colonel I'Ans in memory of his exertions *at Bude*, in the year 1790, in the Rescue of the Crew and Cargo of a Shipwrecked Vessel there. This relique my

Wife is anxious to preserve if possible in the Scene of the Event it was intended to record; and, with your approval and consent she desires to add it to the Eucharistic Vessels of your Chapel at Bude; in the hope and trust that it may be protected for many generations in that Sacred Ground. It will be to her an additional comfort to find that you will receive and cause to be cherished this last memorial of a family now nearly extinct, but which has numbered in its course many recollections of Sir Thomas Acland's kindness as a Landlord and a personal friend."

Colonel Fans died in 1816, leaving four daughters, verging on middle age, but very charming and accomplished. They lived partly at Whitstone, and partly at Efford Manor,<sup>1</sup> Bude, an interesting old house which their father had rented from Sir Thomas Acland. Robert Hawker spent a good deal of time in their society. It often happens that a young man's first affections are bestowed upon a woman older than himself, and it was so in the present case, with the further complication, apparently, that these affections were at first divided. Tradition relates that before he was accepted by one sister he had been refused by another, and a poem in 'Tendrils,' called 'A Remembrance,' affords some confirmation of this.

<sup>1</sup> At the beginning of the 16th century, Efford belonged to Sir John Arundel of Trerice. Carew in his 'Survey of Cornwall' (1602) quaintly says, "Returning to the Westwards, wee meete with Bude, an open sandie Bay, in whose mouth riseth a little hill, by euerie sea-floud made an Iland, and thereon, a decayed Chappell: it spareth roade only to such small shipping, as bring their tide with them, and leaveth them drie, when the ebbe hath carried away the Salt water. Upon one side hereof, Master Arundel of Trerice possesseth a pleasant-seated house, and demaines, called Efford, alias, Ebbingford, and that not unproperly, because euerie low water, there affordeth passage to the other shore: but now it may take a new name, for his better plight: for this Gentleman hath, to his great charges, builded a Salt-water mill, athwart this Bay, whose causey serveth, as a verie convenient bridge, to save the way-farers former trouble, let and daunger." In 1835 Sir Thomas Acland built and endowed Bude church, and gave Efford to the living as a vicarage.



EFFORD MANOR HOUSE,  
(now the Vicarage, Bude).





Hawker was married to Miss Charlotte Pans on 6 November 1823, she being then forty-one and he a month short of twenty. The ceremony was performed by his father. Mr. Baring-Gould would have us believe that this was a mercenary marriage. He tells us that when Robert Hawker learnt that his father was unable to keep him at the University, "without waiting to put on his hat, he ran from Stratton to Bude, arrived hot and blown at Efford, and proposed to Miss Charlotte Pans to become his wife. The lady . . . was his godmother, and had taught him his letters." Mr. Baring-Gould does not give his authority for the story, and it was publicly denied by several of Hawker's friends. Yet it still remains in his latest edition.<sup>1</sup>

Mr. William Maskell, in the *Athenæum* of 25 March 1876, wrote:—

"The whole story is a myth, and it is wonderful that Mr. Gould should have idly allowed himself to repeat such a fiction. The run, hatless, for a couple of miles has no foundation beyond the invention of Mr. Gould's informant. Neither was Miss Pans 'his godmother,' nor had she 'taught him his letters.' The two had never seen each other until Robert Hawker was at least eight years old," and after that, for years, he had been often thrown into her society, and grown up in habits of frequent intimacy and with increasing feeling of regard. The marriage was nothing but the common story of a young man marrying a woman considerably older than himself; and Charlotte Pans, at forty, was a person of considerable attractions, well educated, fond of literature, a good companion, and in every respect a lady. She was suited to be the wife of such a man; and they lived together for nearly forty years in harmony and affection. Mrs. Hawker had always the truest regard for, and admiration of, her husband; and, on his

<sup>1</sup> I may add that in 1899 Mr. Baring-Gould consulted my wife as to his new edition, and we then objected to this story, among other things, but he did not see his way to alter it.—C. E. B.

part, he never seemed to tire of paying her every attention and kindness in his power."

The late Mr. Christopher Harris, at whose house, in 1827, Hawker wrote his 'Inscription for the Waterfall at Hayne,' gave his recollections of Miss Pans in *John Bull*, of 15 April 1876:—

"We saw the lady," he says, "in 1816, then at the age of thirty-three, eight years before her marriage. She was tall, fair, and comely, with suave and winning manners, and very accomplished. Her elder sister, Florence, shone in conversation, and was yet more good-looking. In the society of these ladies, at Bude, Hawker spent most of his time. Young, handsome, and brilliant, he was ever a welcome guest. His craving after knowledge was notorious. Books such as he desired were not to be found at Stratton; and the library at Whitstone, small yet well selected, furnished the means of gratification. A similarity of tastes was the bond of union between the attractive preceptress and the diligent pupil; they paid the usual penalty of propinquity, and their relative positions became quickly reversed. . . . This did not escape the vigilant eye of the second and elder sister; but the caution that was honestly given came too late for preventive purposes. . . . It was in vain that a fearful disparity of years was urged, which, in the course of time, might have unfortunate results, and bring sorrow to both. The advice was most sage and judicious, and, as is usual in such case, when the maggot bites, was utterly disregarded."

"In this instance it should be observed," continues Mr. Harris, "and we do so with singular pleasure, that the auguries of the elder sister failed of consummation, and to no one did it cause greater satisfaction than to that lady herself. We knew the Vicar of Morwenstow and his first wife during the whole time of their married life, and to the very last their mutual affection remained unimpaired in the sanctity of their plighted troth." . . .

The honeymoon was spent at Tintagel, and there Hawker first became interested in the story of the Sangraal. [See

letter on page 412.] In 1824 he returned with his wife to Oxford,<sup>1</sup> and on account of his marriage had to migrate from Pembroke to Magdalen Hall. At Pembroke he had made the acquaintance of Francis Jeune, afterwards Bishop of Peterborough. Other friends were William Jacobson, of Lincoln College, afterwards Bishop of Chester, and Arthur Kelly, of Kelly, in Devon, then at Corpus, and Sir Thomas Acland at Christ Church.

In a letter, dated 1856, Hawker writes:—"In 1825 three men in Oxford formed a friendship. They studied, read, walked, and talked together from that date for three years there. Their names were Jeune, Jacobson and Hawker. Their college honours varied. Jeune had a first-class, Jacobson a second, Hawker the Newdigate Prize Poem. Their friendship still subsists—but their positions are not alike. Jeune, after having been successively Head Master of King Edward's School at Birmingham and Dean of Jersey, is now the Master of Pembroke College, Oxford.<sup>2</sup> Jacobson is Canon of Christ Church and the Royal Professor of Divinity in Oxford. (*N.B.*—Both of these two have been

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baring-Gould imparts a pretty touch of romance to the episode by describing how she rode behind him on a pillion; but Mr. Harris, in his article previously quoted, pours contempt on this suggestion. He says:—"The Darby and Joan pillion story is a ridiculous, although not a pious, fraud. How long were they on the journey? What a good packhorse! Where was the luggage?—in their pockets, or had they any? A matrimonial tub must have been found *sub dio* by the roadside. At the period mentioned eighty coaches ran daily in and out of Exeter to Bath and London. Mr. and Mrs. Hawker started for Bath, *per* coach from Exeter, and the next day arrived at Oxford." But Mr. Baring-Gould has remained unconvinced, for the pillion still turns up in his 1899 edition.

<sup>2</sup> There was a trio of Dons at Pembroke at that time called, the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. Dr. Jeune was the Devil, not because the nickname was at all appropriate, but because the World and the Flesh fitted the other two so well. For Hawker's recollections of Jeune as an undergraduate, see letter on p. 478.

looking for long to the Whigs for their Bishoprics.) And the third of these is now Vicar of Morwenstow. . . .

“The Master of Pembroke,” he continues, “is the actual leader of the Low Church party among the Oxford authorities, so much so, that Lord John Russell nominated him one of the commissioners for throwing open the University and reforming it. . . . Doctor Jacobson is of such a mediocrity of opinion between all Parties that no one to this hour can pronounce as to which he himself belongs. . . . As to Oxford and its dangers, there is more vice, equal temptation, and greater peril in every country town in England than in that University.”

In 1872 he writes to a lady who was going to Oxford:—  
“I do envy you your visit to Oxford, the only place out of my own house that I ever cared to see. The Bodleian used to be my favourite haunt, and I have Notes now in MSS. made there when I was in Oxford for my M.A. in 1845. You surprise me by your tidings of Catholic revival; from what I see in the papers I should have looked for such Buildings as *Deo erexit Voltaire*.”

Hawker did not hold a very high opinion of the classical curriculum at Oxford as a mental training, his taste being for patristic literature. He recognised that success in classics is a matter of plodding and a good memory. His own scholarship was somewhat loose and inaccurate, though he was fond of quoting Horace and Virgil, and used the *Georgics* as an authority in farming matters. Writing to a lady who was sending a relative to Oxford, he says:—

“For your own encouragement allow me to add that a Person whose abilities in general may not be exalted, may have very great success as a student in Greek and Latin; and as scholarship in these two languages is the usual standard in Oxford, there are no shining talents required to succeed. A patient and persevering man is always more

likely to prosper at the Universities than one whose Genius would shine in ordinary life.”

In 1848 he writes to a nephew going up to Pembroke :—“ You should conform to Dr. Jeune’s suggestions about double translations, learning the Latin. That and Arnold will do you more good than all the *Spectators* that ever were written. It is one of the lamentable blotches on Oxford that they select such a miserable composer of sentences as Addison was for translation. His parenthetic pages, sometimes never ended at all, are about the worst elements ever selected to form a clear and simple style.”

In another letter written in 1861, he says :—“ Dr. Bloxam was an ancient friend of mine—one of a large body of good and learned men—all now gone—and he only left. How I recollect their faces and words—Newman—Pusey—Ward—Marriott—they used to be all in the common room every evening discussing, talking, reading. I remember that the one to whom I did *not* take was Dr. Pusey. He never seemed simple in thought or speech—obscure and involved—and the last in all that set, as I now look back and think, to have followers called by his name. But no place in all the world is so utterly changed as Oxford is. In my time it was the abode beyond all others of the unchangeable. Nothing was ever allowed to be altered or to undergo change. If any man doubted or rebelled he was shunned and cut by all, so that he was glad to conform and be hushed. But now every source of infidelity, every attack on old doctrine and established creeds appears to be assembled in my old University. ‘Essays and Reviews,’ that is to say, Suggestions of doubt and disbelief in the Old Testament and the New, have rushed like the Cherwell from among the Colleges of Oxford to foam infidelity over the land.”

But a young and high-spirited undergraduate, whatever

substratum of piety there may be in his nature, has other interests than those of religious controversy. Hawker entered fully into the social life of Oxford, and took the lead, we may be sure, in many a daring escapade. Some of these exploits he has recorded himself in 'Footprints.' Two of Mrs. Hawker's sisters came to live with them, and Hawker was popularly known as "the man with three wives." It must have taxed his good-humour to carry off with success this embarrassing soubriquet, a fertile source, no doubt, of undergraduate wit. On the other hand, his wife and sisters-in-law were good company, and could afford to entertain. Tradition relates that champagne breakfasts were the order of the day.

Mr. Douglas Maclean, the author of 'Pembroke College,' in the series of Oxford College Histories, couples Hawker's name with that of Thomas Lovell Beddoes, who was contemporary with him, under the heading, 'Two Eccentric Poets.' He mentions that some of Hawker's "extraordinary letters" <sup>1</sup> are in the College Library.

In 1825 Hawker's eldest sister was married to the Rev. William Kingdon, Rector of Whitstone, and this gave him a double interest in that place. In a letter dated Morwenstow, 1861, he tells an amusing anecdote about the Kingdons. "Two years ago," he writes, "when William Kingdon and Jane came up unexpectedly, they were overturned in their gig close to our gate. I had been out in the Parish, and on coming home I met our Old Man flurried at the accident, and all I could get from him was—'Upset they be—Kingdons or hot tis,' that is, 'or what 'tis'! I always say in joke to Jane that I divide the people of the country into Men, Women, and Kingdons, these last being very numerous."

Hawker and his wife used to spend the vacations at

<sup>1</sup> These are the letters to Mr. Anderson. See page 203.



ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER,  
as an Oxford Undergraduate





Whitstone. Many years afterwards, in 1864, he writes:—  
"When I was young, and living at Whitstone (poor C.'s place), I built a kind of log hut in the wood, a mile from any house, and there read for Deacon's orders, only going home at night. It was one of my most peaceful periods of life. I learnt St. Paul's Epistles by heart there, and ever afterwards I used to revert to my Woodhouse with pleasure and regret."

He set up against a tree near this hut a wooden figure, which he called Moses, perhaps as a symbol of his occupation, or to scare away inquisitive disturbers of his peace, for all the children of the place were terrified by the tales he told of Moses. Either by the Higher Criticism, or other forces, the author of the Pentateuch has since been demolished.

Another favourite resort in vacation time was Coombe Cottage, in the valley of Coombe, between Morwenstow and Bude. It is an ideal spot. Along the bed of the combe a little trout stream winds down to the sea, and near the cottage stands a picturesque old mill. The steep hills on either hand are clothed with tough, stunted oaks, and a few miles inland, at the head of the valley, the tall tower of Killhampton Church "stands up and takes the morning." A break in the great cliffs about half a mile from the cottage shows a triangle of sparkling sea.

It was in this valley, at the crossing of the brook, that twenty-five years later Tennyson and Hawker shook farewell. [See p. 193.]

The white cottage, with the cross-shaped window, which Hawker put in, still stands, and the inhabitants of the valley still preserve traditions of his residence there. They tell how, after a hilarious evening, some guests of his were ascending in darkness the steep road through the woods, when a tall white figure appeared at a gap in the hedge,

and uttered an unearthly yell. Hawker, knowing every inch of the ground, had made a short cut at a bend in the road. When his terrified guests returned to relate their adventure, he looked out of window with a tasselled night-cap on his head, and expressed the utmost amazement at their story.

It was at Coombe Cottage that he wrote the poem which, if not his finest work, is at any rate the most popular, and has done more than all the rest to make his reputation. This was the Trelawny Ballad, or 'Song of the Western Men.'



COOMBE COTTAGE.



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## CHAPTER III

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### THE TRELAWNY BALLAD

HAWKER gives the history of his ballad in a letter dated 2 Feb. 1862 :—

“Yesterday I had a letter from Chambers, Editor of the Edinburgh Journal and so many periodical works. He wrote to inquire about the Song of the twenty thousand Cornish men, I suppose for publication.<sup>1</sup> But when I had to recall dates I confess to a degree of depression unlooked for from such a source. It was written in Novr. 1824<sup>2</sup>—the Month and year of our Marriage—going on 38 years ago—and written in a Cottage in this very Parish wherein we lived the first year, and whence we went away at the beginning of 1826 for Oxford without the slightest likelihood of ever returning hither again, whereas in ten years (1835) I came back to be inducted as Vicar.

“But the history of that Ballad is suggestive of my whole life. I published it first anonymously in a Plymouth Paper. Everybody liked it. *It*, not myself, became popular. I was unnoted and unknown. It was seen by Mr. Davies Gilbert, President of the Society of Antiquaries, &c., &c., and by him reprinted at his own Private Press at Eastbourne. Then it attracted the notice of Sir Walter Scott, who praised it, not me, unconscious of the Author. Afterwards Macaulay (Lord) extolled it in his ‘History of England,’ and again

<sup>1</sup> It appeared in Chambers’ ‘Book of Days,’ 7 June 1869, Vol 1. p. 747.

<sup>2</sup> The Stratton Parish Register gives 1823 as the year of his marriage.

Dickens in *Household Words*. All these years the Song has been bought and sold, set to music<sup>1</sup> and applauded, while I have lived on among these far away rocks unprofited, unpraised and unknown. This is an epitome of my whole life. Others have drawn profit from my brain while I have been coolly relinquished to obscurity and unrequital and neglect."

The paper in which Hawker's poem first appeared was the *Royal Devonport Telegraph and Plymouth Chronicle*, of 2 Sept. 1826. It was headed as follows:—

" BALLAD

written at the time one of the Trelawny family was committed to the Tower, in the reign of James II. The circumstances described in it are historically true."

As the poem was unsigned, it is hardly surprising that it should have been taken for a genuine antique. Mr. Davies Gilbert printed it on a broadside, stating that the song had been "restored, modernized, and improved by Robert Stephens [*sic*] Hawker, Esq. of Whitstone."<sup>2</sup>

He also contributed it to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for November 1827. He afterwards acknowledged Hawker's authorship more fully in his 'Parochial History of Cornwall.' Hawker himself first claimed the poem by including it in his 'Records of the Western Shore,' published in 1832.

In his note in 'Cornish Ballads' he expressly asserts that he composed the whole song, with the exception of the choral lines,

" And shall Trelawny die?  
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why!"

" These lines," he says, " have been, ever since the imprison-

<sup>1</sup> By Miss Louisa T. Clare in 1861, and others. One setting was published by Weekes & Co.

<sup>2</sup> See *Notes and Queries*, 30 Jan. 1904, p. 83.

ment by James the Second of the Seven Bishops—one of them Sir Jonathan Trelawny—a popular proverb throughout Cornwall.”

Scott's allusion to the ballad is quoted by Hawker in his 'Ecclesia':—

“I have been still more deeply gratified,” he says, “by an unconscious compliment from the critical pen of Sir Walter Scott. In a note to the 4th volume of his collected poems, page 12, he thus writes of the 'Song of the Western Men':—

““In England, the popular ballad fell into contempt during the 17th century; and although in remote counties its inspiration was occasionally the source of a few verses, it seems to have become almost entirely obsolete in the Capital.

““A curious and spirited specimen occurs in Cornwall, as late as the trial of the Bishops before the Revolution. The President of the Royal Society of London, Mr. Davies Gilbert, has not disdained the trouble of preserving it from oblivion.””

Macaulay's reference to the Trelawny ballad occurs in his 'History of England,' under the year 1688:—

“Before the day of the trial,” he writes, “the agitation had spread to the farthest corners of the island. From Scotland the Bishops received letters assuring them of the sympathy of the Presbyterians of that country, so long and so bitterly hostile to the prelacy. The people of Cornwall, a fierce, bold and athletic race, among whom there was a stronger provincial feeling than in any other part of the realm, were greatly moved by the danger of Trelawny, whom they revered less as a member of the Church than as the head of an honourable house, and the heir through twenty descents of ancestors who had been of great note before the Normans had set foot on English ground. All over the county the peasants chanted a ballad of which the burden is still remembered :

“ ‘And shall Trelawny die, and shall Trelawny die?  
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys will know the reason why?’ ”

So ran Macaulay's earlier account. In later editions of his History he added:—

“The miners from their caverns re-echoed the song with a variation :

“ ‘Then twenty thousand underground will know the reason why.’ ”

with the following foot-note:—

“This fact was communicated to me in the most obliging manner by the Reverend R. S. Hawker, of Morwenstow in Cornwall.”

In a letter to a friend, dated 1869, Hawker says:—

“By your Macaulay Query I infer you have seen a letter in the *Western Morning News*, signed ‘A Cornishman.’ If so, I hope you have seen the Reviewer's reply wherein the critic is crushed. He did not seem to know the difference between the Chorus which I did not claim and the Ballad which I did. Macaulay's first note appeared in his Book from ‘All over the county’ to ‘the Reason why’ of your quotation. I then wrote him to allege my authorship of all except the Chorus, which existed, said I to him, with a various reading (‘Underground’) ever since the time of James the 2nd. To this he refers; but in a letter to me he thanks me more energetically still, and confesses that he was thoroughly deceived, as was Sir W. Scott. Macaulay had seen Sir W. Scott's note on Ballads in his *Minstrelsy*.”

When Hawker spoke of the ballad being praised by Dickens, he alluded to its appearance as a genuine old song in *Household Words* of 30 October 1852. The version there printed was taken, the editor says, “from the accurate recollection of one of Mr. Davies Gilbert's friends, who lost



the copy entrusted to him, but happily retained every word of it in his memory." Memory, however, is a dangerous work of reference, and this version <sup>1</sup> differs materially from the original.

The following two letters were addressed to the Editor of *Willis's Current Notes* :—

“Morwenstow, Cornwall. Novr. iv., 1853.

“SIR,

“In reply to your kind note I beg to say that not a trace of the original Trelawny Ballad, beside the two lines of the Chorus which are incorporated in my Song, have ever turned up. There is a variation in that, the Chorus, hardly worth noting, but it runs—

“‘There’s twice Ten Thousand under ground,’ &c.

The probable sources of farther discovery known to me, but unexamined for lack of opportunity, are ‘The Book’ at St. Michael’s Mount, filled with Cornish Mem’da., and the Tetcott Hunting Book, which belonged to old Mr. Arscott, an ancestor of Sir W. Molesworth, a famous Foxhunter in his day, and Hero of a MS. Song, *penes me*, never printed, called ‘Arscott of Tetcott.’ [See page 250] My life is so apart from the world that I am not conversant with *Current Notes*. Is it a vehicle for MSS., or what?

“I will write to Mr. Paul Molesworth and enquire about the Hunting Book forthwith.

“And, I remain,

“Sir, Yrs. obedly.,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

<sup>1</sup> A version almost identical with this is given by Mr. Baring-Gould as the “earliest form” of Hawker’s poem.

“Novr. xi., 1853.

“SIR,

“A friend informs me that among others who have been deceived into a notion that my Ballad was the original Song of Jas. the 2nd’s time is a Society in London called, I think, the Percy Society.<sup>1</sup> Can you tell me anything about it? If they have stated this in print it should be contradicted.

“Yrs. Truly,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

In 1832 Hawker wrote an adaptation of his ballad as an election song, when Sir Salusbury Trelawny was contesting the county. It is to this that he refers in the following letter to Mr. J. G. Godwin:—

“Novr. v., 1861.

“I send you the enclosed to preserve for a reason. My Brother, a lawyer of Boscastle, used to sing both my Songs, this and the original Ballad, at Election and other Festivals. Hence it came that one of the verses of this the ’32 Song became dislocated and attached as a Chorus to the Ballad of ’24. It annoyed me to find that Mr. Bere in his ‘Garland,’ and Walter White in his ‘Londoner’s Walk,’ after seeking from me and obtaining an Author’s revised copy of the Old Ballad, have taken the liberty of annexing a verse of the later song.”

In 1852 he wrote to his brother:—

“DEAR CLAUD,

“There is a Stir with Dickens as to my Songs. Have you a copy of the Song I wrote for the Old

<sup>1</sup> The Percy Society included the Trelawny ballad in their volume ‘Ancient Poems, Ballads and Songs of the Peasantry of England,’ collected and edited by J. H. Dixon, 1846.

Trelawny's Election with a Tre Pol and Pen Chorus? If you have it send it to me by return of Post, that I may draw up a letter for you to write Dickens to identify it. He says one of the Trelawny family has written to rob me of the chorus, T. P. & P. This is shameful. Don't fail to do as I desire by return. Yr. aff., R. S. H."

There seems to be no evidence whatever that a complete Trelawny ballad ever existed in 1688, or at any time prior to Hawker's poem; indeed, the evidence rather points the other way.

During Hawker's lifetime no one seems to have doubted his statement that the refrain belonged to the time of James II., and referred to Bishop Trelawny's imprisonment. In 1891, however, an article in the *Athenæum* (21 Nov.) threw fresh light on the question.

The writer, Mr. John Latimer, begins by saying that "The literary antiquaries of the West of England have made indefatigable but fruitless inquiries to confirm the Rev. R. S. Hawker's assertion," and he goes on to remark that "a suspicion seems to have sprung up of late years that the reverend gentleman was the author, not merely of the poem, but of the burden upon which he professed to found it."

Mr. Latimer then mentions a discovery which he made while searching a file of local newspapers. In the *Bristol Journal* of 25 July 1772, appeared an "Extract of a Letter from a Gentleman at Savanna La Mar to his Friend at Kingston," narrating the reception of the Governor, Sir William Trelawny, when on a tour through Jamaica. The writer of this letter says:—

"About a century and a half ago [*i.e.*, in 1627] upon some particular state commotions, one of Sir William's ancestors was, on wrong suspicions of the Government, sent to the Tower of London, and it was declared in Cornwall that he was to suffer

death. The great attachment of the people in general of that county was then, as now, so affectionately strong to the ancient family of Trelawny Castle that the populace of the county got the following lines published in several places at London, viz. :—

“ ‘ And must Trelawny die ?  
 And shall Trelawny die ?  
 We’ve thirty thousand Cornish Boys  
 Will know the reason why !  
 West Looe,’ etc.

“ This, and some other circumstances, so intimidated, at that time, some of the greatest personages then at the helm of our national affairs, that Sir William Trelawny’s ancestor was soon set at liberty, and soon after arrived at Trelawny Castle amid the joyous acclamations of thousands.”

This letter dates back the refrain to the earlier years of Charles I. Mr. Latimer, after indicating the authentic source of the writer’s information, proceeds to find a historical basis for the “ particular state commotions ” to which he refers. John Trelawny (grandfather of the Bishop) was one of the leaders of the King’s party in Cornwall, and on 13 May 1627 was committed to the Tower by the House of Commons, for certain “ offences against the liberty of free election ” and “ contempt of the House.” About a month later he was released by order of the King, and created a baronet.

Mr. Latimer concludes that this event was better calculated to inspire the refrain than the imprisonment of the bishops, which only lasted a week, and was merely due to the fact that they had refused to give bail. His conclusion was accepted by Sir William Trelawny, who, at a Cornish dinner in London some years ago, expressed the belief that the refrain was written in 1627, and “ dished up again ” in 1688 when Bishop Trelawny was sent to the Tower.

The description of the refrain, in the Jamaica letter,

certainly does not suggest that there was then a complete ballad. But it effectually disposes of the suspicion, recently revived by a correspondent of the *Times*,<sup>1</sup> that Hawker invented the refrain when he wrote the song, and palmed off the whole as a relic of the past.

The evidence as to the antiquity of the refrain is strengthened by the fact that the Trelawny trial was not the only one in which it was used. A contributor to *Notes and Queries* (21st May 1904) quotes from a letter printed in Thurloe's 'State papers' and dated 21st July 1653, a similar couplet relating to the trial of one John Lilbourne. "There were many tickets thrown about," says the letter, "with these words,

"And what, shall then honest John Lilbourne die?  
Three score thousand will know the reason why."

We may conclude, then, that Hawker took this traditional refrain, and wove round it a ballad so genuinely accordant with the antique spirit as to deceive critics of the foremost rank. It is only one of the many examples in his poetry of that marvellous power he had of living in the past, and breathing its mental atmosphere.

<sup>1</sup> *The Times*, 11th Dec. 1903.

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## CHAPTER IV

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1825-1834

POMPEII—ORDINATION—NORTH TAMERTON—MORWENSTOW

“O type of a far scene! the lovely land  
Where youth wins many a friend, and I had one;  
Still do thy bulwarks, dear old Oxford, stand?  
Yet, Isis, do thy thoughtful waters run?”

R. S. HAWKER.

WE left Hawker at the end of the second chapter a young man of twenty-two, writing his ballad in the valley of Coombe.

During their undergraduate days, his friend Jeune and Jacobson both came to visit him in Cornwall. One of them—it is a little uncertain which—accompanied him on the famous ‘Ride from Bude to Boss, by two Oxford men,’ and assisted at the liberation of the Boscastle swine.

In a letter dated 1867, mentioning his article, Hawker says: “These (the two Oxford men) were Jacobson, now Bishop of Chester, and myself.” On the other hand Sir Francis Jeune says: “My strong impression is that my father was one of the Oxford men, though I cannot put my finger on anything to prove it conclusively. My father certainly told me of some such expedition. I should not be at all surprised if the fact was that both Dr. Jacobson and my father were with Mr. Hawker on that occasion.” Mrs. Hawker, too, always remembered the tale as told of

Dr. Jeune; and Mr. J. G. Godwin, who knew Hawker intimately, gave Dr. Jeune's name in the foot-note to his edition of 'Footprints.' Possibly Hawker confused the two names, in writing so long after the event, or in his published story varied the facts to heighten the effect.

In 1827 he won the Newdigate<sup>1</sup> at Oxford for his poem on 'Pompeii,' which he recited in the Sheldonian theatre on 27 June of that year. His prompter on this occasion was Mr. Arthur Kelly. Just as he was beginning to recite he was disconcerted by some hisses among the audience, but these he soon found were intended for an unpopular Don on the platform. In speaking of his Newdigate in after years he used to say that he had no great opinion of Prize Poems: they were merely exercises; Bishop Heber's 'Palestine,' he thought, was the only one of any merit.

It has been suggested by Sir Francis Doyle,<sup>2</sup> in language far from complimentary, that Hawker made use of Macaulay's prize poem 'Pompeii' written at Cambridge eight years before. None but internal evidence, however, is put forward to support the charge. There are, of course, similarities in the two poems, and in the *loca classica* consulted for the historical facts; but this does not amount to proof of plagiarism. Set down two undergraduates, of the same period of literary style, to write independent poems in the same metre, on such a restricted subject, with such obvious poetical suggestions, and with the same passages of classical authors to consult for material, and the poems produced cannot fail to resemble each other. Had the efforts of the unsuccessful candidates been unearthed, Sir

<sup>1</sup> In his copy of the University Calendar for 1828 Hawker has put a note against his name as the Newdigate Prizeman:—"Eheu! quantum mutatus ab illo Hodie: 1840."

<sup>2</sup> 'Reminiscences and Opinions of Sir Francis Hastings Doyle' (1813-85) p. 98.

Francis Doyle would doubtless have had ground for supposing that they had also borrowed from Macaulay.

If Hawker drew inspiration from any other poet in writing his 'Pompeii,' it was from Schiller, whose lines on the subject he had translated in 1826. A comparison of Schiller's lines with those of Macaulay confirms the supposition that a theme like 'Pompeii' would suggest the same treatment to independent writers. If no other argument were available, Hawker's subsequent, and previous, achievement in poetry would show that he had no need to steal from Macaulay or anybody else.<sup>1</sup>

Hawker took his B.A. at Oxford on 14 June 1828. He was ordained Deacon by Dr. Carey, Bishop of Exeter, on 25 October 1829, and appointed to the curacy of North Tamerton, near Whitstone. On 3 April 1831, he was ordained Priest by Dr. Law, Bishop of Bath and Wells.

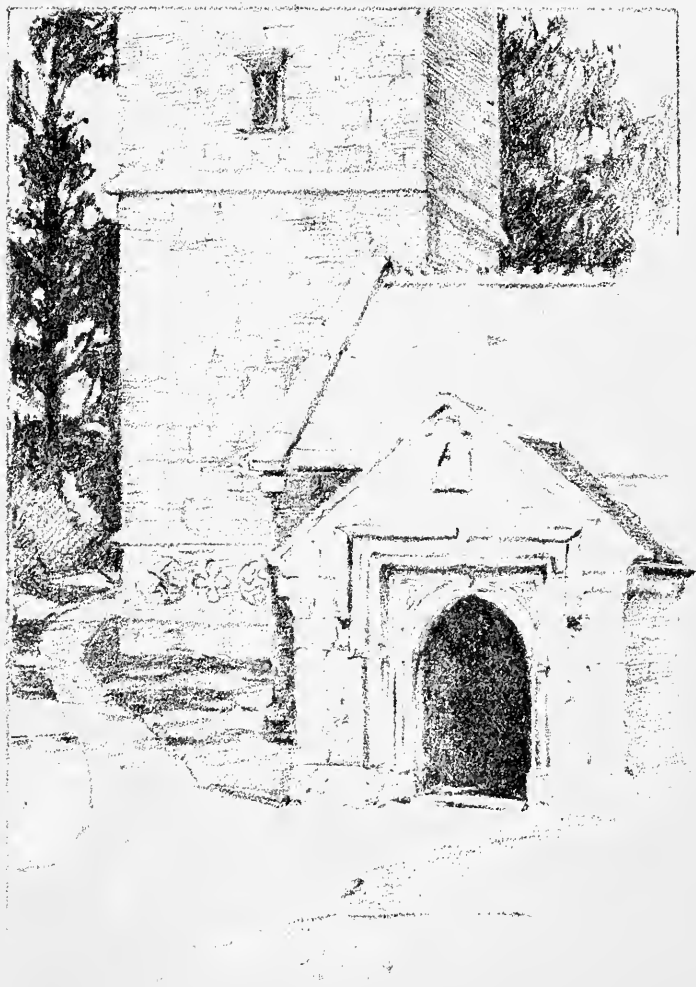
At North Tamerton Hawker took a cottage, enlarged it, and named it "Trebarrow," or "a dwelling among the graves." "It is on a moor," he writes, "and surrounded by Barrows or mounds of Pagan Burial before the Christian Era." In a note to his poem 'Trebarrow' he relates the discovery of some relics in one of these tombs.

In *Willis's Current Notes* for April 1855, there is a note by Hawker, headed 'Legends on Bells.' "On a bell in North Tamerton Church, Cornwall, melted and recast about 1829—

"JESU FULFIL WITH THY GOOD GRACE  
ALL THAT WE BECKON TO THIS PLACE."

<sup>1</sup> Sir Francis Jeune, who possesses Hawker's original ms. of 'Pompeii,' writes:—"I am perfectly convinced that if there should be any such apparent plagiarism I should know of it, and Hawker was one of the last of men, I should say, to plagiarise from any one, least of all from Macaulay." For Hawker's own ideas about plagiarism see his letters to Mr. J. G. Godwin on pages 420 and 456, and that to Mr. Somers James of 13th Jan. 1864 (p. 457).





TAMERTON CHURCH.



The date of the recasting of the bell makes it seem not unlikely that the lines were by Hawker himself.

Another poem <sup>1</sup> belonging to this period was 'Down with the Church' (1831), an electioneering song, written when Sir R. Vyvyan and Sir C. Lemon were standing for East Cornwall. The poet asks,

"Shall the gray tower in ruins bow?"

And answers,

"No! while the Cornish cry can ring—  
The Vyvyan-cry— 'Our Church and King'!"

The name of the other candidate was celebrated in a different vein. As in the case of Trelawny, however, only a snatch of the chorus has been preserved:

"We'll squeeze the lemon dry, my boys!  
And throw away the rind."

Whether as a memento of his Boscastle achievement, or in imitation of St. Anthony of Padua, Hawker kept as a pet a black Berkshire pig,<sup>2</sup> called 'Gyp.' Gyp was well-groomed and intelligent, and followed him like a dog in his parochial visitations. When Mrs. Kingdon, his sister at Whitstone, objected to Gyp coming into her house, Robert would retort, "He's as well-behaved as any of your family."

His young nephews and nieces at Whitstone were very fond of their uncle Robert, but stood in some awe of him; and it is related of the present Rector of Whitstone that he was once put in a corner by his uncle, who went away and

<sup>1</sup> Printed on a leaflet by T. & W. R. Bray, Launceston, dated 2 May 1831, and signed "A Man."

<sup>2</sup> Another Parson-poet of the west country, with whom Hawker has a good deal in common, had a similar companion. Robert Herrick, when vicar of Dean Prior, kept a tame pig which followed him about, and which he had taught to drink out of a silver tankard.

forgot all about him; but the boy refused to come out, and remained there for hours till "Uncle Robert" was summoned to break the spell he had cast.

One day a labourer at Tamerton came to Hawker in great trouble, saying that a sack of potatoes had been stolen from his garden, and would his Reverence kindly help him to discover the thief. It was a Sunday, and they were on their way to morning service. "Well, well," said Hawker, "we will see about it after Church." He was taking the sermon that day, and he preached on the eighth commandment. "And now," he said, "I have a sad tale to tell. One of our neighbours has missed a sack of potatoes from his garden, and the thief is even now sitting among you. He has a feather on his head!" A man in the congregation was observed surreptitiously to put his hand to his head, and so the guilt was brought home.

One or two letters of Hawker's written at this period are still in existence. The following was addressed to Sir Thomas Acland:—

"DEAR SIR,

"Mrs. Hawker and her sisters have resigned their tenures at Efford to yourself. You will therefore acquit me of personal motive and I trust intrusion if I say a few words to you about old Bude. You would never I am sure consciously permit uncourteous conduct much less injustice under the shield and sanction of your name, yet both are committed beneath that influence from day to day. You are aware that strong divisions exist in the Brighton of the West and it may have been instilled into your ears that political feelings are their origin and end. It is not thus: party variance is a mere accident of the schism. My Brother Tom committed the offence of proposing to practice

as a Surgeon in that Country—*hinc illae lachrymae*. He was guilty of the additional crime of some success. He employed the first fruits of his influence in the promotion of all measures which went to the benefit of Bude—a Fair which originated with him and his Friends sustained—other schemes which he was compelled to abandon from the injurious treatment of men who employed your influence or name—servants were threatened with discharge who employed him—tenants with loss of favour. This you did not sanction. . . . Mr. ————, an upright and honourable young man whom I am proud to call my relative—than whom no one is more respected in Bude or has more sustained the place—your agents have stipulated with all over whom your employment or that of others has given them a little brief authority that they shall have no mercantile transactions with Him. Hewett has refused access to Carts employed by or for him over your Bridge—his workmen have been commanded not to cross it on foot—continual insult and injury harass him because as your agent informed his relatives he had supported in some petty contest Mr. Thos. Hawker.

“To conclude (for I find myself writing a discourse rather than a letter) I feel some interest in that Haven of Bude—Mrs. Hawker and her Sisters more. The scene of laying the foundation of St. Michael’s Chapel would have been to me one fraught with touching recollections personal and professional. The family at Whitstone would have been glad to have been there. Being under the ban of a clique (and such an one) although notices were sent throughout the night to all who were deemed worthy the selection of your agents, we did not hear of it, and then only by accident, until it was over. Sir T. Acland is too honourable to have participated in the injustice of the two former cases—too kindhearted to have caused unnecessary

annoyance in the last. As prophet of the past I venture to rem[ark that?] those whom it appears people took for [? Benefactors] of Bude never yet promoted the advantages of that place: as historian of the future I mention that they never will. Forgive me any warmth I may have shewn. You will say I write from pique. It is true—I am piqued but nevertheless

“Yours truly & obedly.,

“R. S. HAWKER

“Trebarrow.

“Feby. xxv., 1834.”

On 29 Jany. 1833, Hawker's father was instituted Vicar of Stratton, where he had been curate for some twenty-five years. Mr. Baring-Gould says that the living had been previously offered to Hawker, but that he had declined to become vicar where his father was curate, and had written to the Bishop of Exeter urging his father's claims. It seems improbable that the Bishop would propose to place a son in a position of authority over his father. Mr. Harris of Hayne, in his article previously mentioned, gives a different account of the matter, and quotes the Bishop as saying, “I was gratified to find that the nomination of Mr. Jacob Hawker would afford such general satisfaction; but I had already made up my mind.”

Mr. Jacob Hawker, in addition to being a popular man, had the family gift of eloquence, in an even higher degree than his father, the Vicar of Charles, or his son, the Vicar of Morwenstow. It is said that the greatest intellectual treat which the congregation of Stratton could enjoy was to hear a sermon written by Robert Stephen Hawker and preached by his father.

Preferment for the father was soon followed by preferment for the son.

Writing to Mr. J. G. Godwin in 1862, Hawker says:—

“When I won ‘Pompeii’ it was the first year after the limit of fifty lines was taken off. H. Exon, then Rector of Stanhope, had told [his son] William [Phillpotts] to be sure to bring home with him the Prize ‘Newdigate.’ He carried mine with him, and his father read it aloud to the family that evening. When he came to Exon, Bishop, he said to me, ‘It gave me real delight to find your name entered in the diocese book by Bishop Carey, for early preferment.’ Now I should tell you that I was ordained Deacon by Bishop Carey, and that the examining chaplain, Bartholomew, so reported of me that I had to read the Gospel in the Ordination Service, and in my interview with the Bishop he said, ‘We don’t give livings to men who write prize poems, Mr. Hawker, unless they pass examinations such as you have passed also.’ I, in my vain-glory, thought this a very emphatic kind of praise, and I commit it to you for converse in the growing generation when I am not.”

The late Mrs. R. S. Hawker, writing after her husband’s death, says:—

“In a secret drawer of his Escritoire I found a sealed envelope endorsed—‘The Gift of Morwenstow, 1834.’ It contained these two letters:—

“Exeter. 15 Decr. 1834.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“The Vicarage of Moorwinstow in your neighbourhood being vacant, I would offer to present you to it, did I not think that it is not a Parish suited to you. I would rather see you placed in some district where access to congenial society would be easy to you, and where you would be justly appreciated, and, by being more in tone with things around you, would also be more useful, with God’s blessing, to others. I have not, however, bestowed the liv-

ing elsewhere, so that if I am mistaken about you (which I think after our last conversation is not likely) inform me by an early post.

“ I am, my dear Sir,

“ Your faithful friend and Bishop,

“ H. EXETER.

“ Revd. R. S. Hawker.”

“ Exeter. 23rd Decr. 1834.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ It occurs to me as possible that you may be expecting another letter on the subject of Moorwinstow. I write therefore to say that, if you accept it with as much pleasure as I offer it, we are both very well contented. If you will come hither some time next week, say Tuesday or Wednesday, I shall have the pleasure of collating you.

“ In haste,

“ Yours sincerely,

“ H. EXETER.

“ Revd. R. S. Hawker.”

In the original manuscript of Hawker's poem, 'The Tamar Spring,' there is a stanza which he omitted from the public version. It is this :—

“ Let but one Name be cherished—his who gave  
Home to a Western heart on this dear shore,  
Where scenes long lov'd in youth still haunt the wave,  
The ancient Seawinds sigh—the native Waters roar.”

In these lines Hawker evidently expresses his gratitude to the Bishop, and his own affection for the scene of his future ministry.



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## CHAPTER V

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1834

### THE PARISH OF MORWENSTOW

“GENIUS LOCI.

Numa drank inspiration in the shaded cave by the gushing rill.  
Christ sate down by the well of His fathers, and his doctrine  
flowed in the similitude of a fountain, whereof whosoever drank  
should thirst no more.”

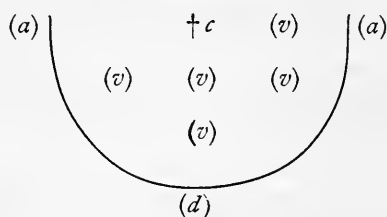
HAWKER'S NOTE-BOOKS.

WE cannot understand a man's life and character, unless we first realise his surroundings, and in Hawker's case the importance of these influences is heightened by the fact that he was subject to them all his days. He became, as it were, rooted to the soil of Morwenstow, and for forty years he seldom crossed his parish boundary.

The parish, when Hawker was appointed to it, was known as 'Moorwinstow,' and it is so marked on maps to this day, and even on sign-posts in the parish itself. But in 1843 the Vicar had occasion, for the purposes of a lawsuit about the boundaries of his glebe (see page 168), to make researches into the history of the endowment. He then unearthed the legend of St. Morwenna, and changed the spelling to 'Morwenstow,' explaining it as an abbreviation of 'Morwenna's Stowe,' or station. Morwenna was the daughter of an ancient King in Wales, named Breachan. In his article on Morwenstow Hawker followed Leland, but

according to Mr. Baring-Gould there are anachronisms in his version of the story, arising from the confusion of three different saints, Morwenna of Cornwall, Modwenna of Burton-on Trent, and Moninna of Newry. Hawker's antiquarian studies are remarkable rather for beauty of thought and expression than for historical accuracy.

Writing to a friend in 1856 he says :—"Did I ever mention to you the shape of Morwenstow? The Parish is in form



like a Horse shoe—the two heels (*a*) and (*a*) are on the Cliffs with the Sea beneath them. The toe (*d*) is towards the East on the road from Bideford to Bude, and the † is (*c*) the Church. From (*c*) to (*d*) is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles. From (*a*) to (*a*) is 5 miles of Seashore, and midway between the heels of the Shoe stand the Church and House, the (*v*'s) are small clusters of houses which would be called, I suppose, in any populous or civilized Region, villages.<sup>1</sup> My population in 1851 was 1030, but now reduced by emigration less than 900. The position of the Church, like that of all ancient Shrines in England, was chosen and fixed on certain principles. The Church was placed as nearly as possible in sight of the *Sea*, in memory of Gennesaret and its miracles—of Him who walked the waters, and who called his apostles from their nets and their vessels to 'follow him.' Then the Church was to be a *solitary* structure—and to stand alone. Roofs of men have all their human associations, and Houses

<sup>1</sup> Their names are Cross Town, Gooseham, Shop, Woodford and Woolley.

recall by their aspect some remembrance of sorrow or Sin. Therefore said they 'Be the House of God apart.' Next the Forefathers evermore selected the *loveliest* scenery amid the Wild—the Rocky Ground—the everlasting Hills—And they said 'Let us give our fairest and our best to Him who meant that the Earth should be a Paradise for man.' Last of all, whereas the First Building in every ancient Parish was the Church, they placed it afar off from the probable abodes of men. Like the Altar of the Patriarchs which was always "*yonder*" (of Abraham's three days' journey), and the Church of the Jews a long way from Eleven of the Tribes, so the most primitive of our churches were evermore at an intentional *Distance* from the future people. There was to be a Church-path to be trodden as the journey of the worship day—a Road of quiet thought whereon a man might recall his transgressions and prepare to offer penitence at God's footstool, and to solicit pardon for the Past. Along that Church-path, too, the Parent could lead his children<sup>1</sup> by the hand, and instruct them whither they were going and what for—so that the longer the way the better the preparation, and the farther the distance the more time for converse and for thought. An old proverb said, 'The more footsteps that the Angels count in your Church-path the better for your Soul.' As far as my own remembrance goes, I have always found the most distant of my Parishioners the most frequent and faithful worshippers of all. Nowadays the usage is to carry the Church (as the silver Shrines of Diana at Ephesus were carried) *to* the people: the ancient usage was to lead the people with gradual and reverent approach to God—and that by no means to attach merit to

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Tennyson in 'The Two Voices':—

“And in their double love secure,  
The little maiden walk'd demure,  
Pacing with downward eyelids pure.”

our work of worship, but to avouch our patience, sincerity and zeal.”

It is typical of the pliancy of Hawker’s symbolical explanations, that while in this letter he says that the sites of ancient churches were chosen by “the Forefathers,” at other times he would ascribe the choice to Jesus himself.

“I used yesterday in my Sermons,” he writes on 31 July 1857, “one of the pious notions of old time. Said the Forefathers, ‘Where did Lord Jesu abide during the 40 days and 40 Nights?’ Said some—‘He went like thought from Land to Land—He glided as Angels glide all round the Earth, and wheresoever he Foresaw in his omniscience that there would afterward be a Church built and consecrated, there the Lord paused the sole of his Foot, and hallowed it.’ Said I yesterday, ‘What a thought to think that here the arisen Lord once stood still, and looked along the Sea, and made Benediction with the print of the nails on this most Blessed ground.’”

North Cornwall is a spacious and wind-swept land of bare hills and wooded valleys, with here and there a gray and pinnacled church tower crowning a distant height, or rising from the trees in some secluded glen. One striking feature of the landscape is the scarcity of human habitations. The lanes wind along between high-banked hedges for miles and miles, with hardly a cottage to break the solitude. Morwenstow has a particularly desolate appearance, because there is no central village.

From the high ground in the centre of the parish can be seen a vast panorama spreading all around. Far to the south east appear the tops of the Dartmoor tors, rising dim beyond Kilkhampton tower. Southward the horizon rises again in the rugged shapes of Roughtor and Brown Willy, and the land tapers out into the long line of coast, broken by the headlands of Cambeak, Tintagel,



MORWENSTOW CHURCH AND VICARAGE.



THE TYCH-GATE HOUSE, MORWENSTOW, WHERE SHIPWRECKED  
SAILORS WERE LAID OUT FOR BURIAL.



and Pentire Point, and ending in the rounded dome of Trevoze Head.

The western prospect is one long expanse of water, dotted with the dark hulls of little coasting vessels creeping along like insects on a slate. To the north-west, Lundy Island stands clear-cut against the sky, and just below it appear the stern brows of the cliffs at Marsland Mouth and Wellcombe. On a calm day the stillness of the air, in all that brooding space, is broken only by the distant cawing of rooks, the occasional bark of a dog, or the shout of a farmer at his morning work.

In summer the colours of the sea and sky, the wealth of wild flowers in the fields and hedges, the luxuriant undergrowth of ferns and mosses in the woods, the thymy fragrance of the turf along the downs, the grandeur of the cliffs and rocks and waves, make of this Western corner of the land an earthly paradise. At other seasons, when the spirit of storm is abroad, it is a wild and fearful coast. In exposed places every tree and shrub<sup>†</sup> leans eastward, beaten and bent by the force of the sea-wind.

The cliffs at Morwenstow are the tallest on the Cornish coast. The beach is accessible only by a steep and perilous path. The hill forming the side of the valley opposite the church runs out into the stately crag of Hennacliff, "four hundred and fifty feet," as Hawker puts it, "in perpendicular height." Against this great bulwark of rock beats the full force of the Atlantic, rolling unbroken from the distant shores of Labrador.

The church of Morwenstow matches well the austere solitude where for so many centuries it

"Hath kept watch o'er man's mortality."

<sup>†</sup> In one of Hawker's old agricultural books, now in the possession of a farmer in the parish, is a note in his handwriting of the trees best suited to this bleak locality. They are—American poplar, Turkey oak, ilex, elder, ash, Occidental plane, acacia, tamarisk, privet.

The gray and weather-beaten tower looks out over the sea, as if in anxious expectation, remembering the dead who rest beneath its shade. In the words of its poet-priest—

“The storm—the blast—the tempest shock  
Have beat upon those walls in vain :  
She stands, a daughter of the rock,  
The changeless God’s eternal fane.

The interior also is massive and simple and strong. Blue-gray stone and dark oak give the prevailing tones of colour. Three Norman pillars, round and thick, support the Northern arcade. Those on the South side, of later date, are of granite and polyphant stone. Round the capital of one granite pillar is the inscription, “THIS IS THE HOUSE OF THE L.” The sentence is upside down, and runs from right to left, whether from illiteracy on the part of the builders, or for the convenience of celestial readers, it is impossible to determine. The other granite pillar bears the date 1564. The seats are all of old oak, beautifully carved, and on one are cut the words, “THIS WAS MADE IN THE YEARE OF OUR LORDE GOD 1575.” Arched ribs of oak sustain the roof, and the central beams are embossed with various devices, including Hawker’s favourite pentacle of Solomon and shield of David. His poetical explanations of the architectural symbolism in the church can best be studied in his own paper on Morwenstow in ‘Footprints.’

When the church was restored in 1884, some mural paintings were discovered on the chancel walls, one of which has been preserved and is here reproduced. Expert opinions differ as to its subject. Some say it represents the Virgin imparting symbolic nourishment to Saint Bernard :<sup>1</sup> others,

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* Mrs. Jameson’s ‘Legends of the Monastic Orders’ (pp. 144-6). Compare Murillo’s picture at Seville of the Vision of St. Bernard; also the third window on the North side of the choir of Lichfield Cathedral, *c.* 1530-40, probably by Lambert Lombard.





MURAL PAINTING, DISCOVERED IN THE CHANCEL WALL OF  
MORWENSTOW CHURCH IN 1880.

Some say that it represents the Virgin Mary blessing the builder of the Church, 1103.  
St. Morwenna blessing the first priest sent to Morwenstow.



Saint Morwenna blessing the first priest who ministered at her altar. There can be little doubt that Hawker would have taken the latter view. A third explanation is that it relates to the story of the unlearned priest who knew no mass except that of the Virgin Mary, was inhibited by his bishop and restored by her. This is illustrated in the Lady Chapel at Winchester Cathedral.

Another large mural painting, which represented St. Christopher crossing the ford, was unfortunately destroyed by the workmen engaged on the restoration.

Morwenstow is one of those remote districts where the centuries have wrought but little change. The same families of the good old yeoman stock have occupied the land, and intermarried, for generation after generation. It is a place where names, and the men who bear them, live long. A tablet in the church is inscribed to the memory of one John Shearme of Harscut, the Eleventh John Shearme successively: "Who departed this Life in the Year of Our Lord 1771, in the 91st Year of his Age." Other names such as Brimacombe, Harris, Adams, Mountjoy, Venning, Cory, Burrow, Trewin, Seldon, Cottle, Jewell, Cholwill, Kinsman, Cann, Trood, Rouse, Boundy, Manning, Shephard, Walter, Bray, Tape, Heard, Mugford, Hambly, Littlejohns, are likewise indigenous to the soil, and recur again and again in the Parish records, or on the grave-stones in the old churchyard. During the whole time of Hawker's incumbency, the Brimacombes tenanted the two largest estates in the parish, Tonacombe and Marsland.

Tonacombe Manor, the residence of Mrs. Waddon Martyn, is a perfect specimen of mediæval domestic architecture. It is of no great size, but complete in its preservation, and unspoiled by modern additions. Seen from a distance, it shows a picturesque cluster of low roofs, gables and chimneys. From the moment of entering the massive

gateway, the visitor feels himself transported out of this twentieth century into the Middle Ages. An old-world air pervades the whole place.

A door with an old portcullis, and a porter's lodge at the side, leads into a small courtyard, and the arrow-slits pierced in the thick strong walls of the lodge indicate that it was built in times when the house might have to resist an armed attack.

The interior deepens the illusion that the clock has been put back several centuries. The sombre hall, with its great beams overhead, its flagged and sanded floor, its minstrels' gallery, its mighty open hearth, piled in winter with blazing logs, its windows like the "tall oriels" of a dimly-litten chapel, its walls hung with antlered heads of great beasts slain in the chase, portraits of departed heroes, rusty weapons, tattered banners, and ancient coats of arms—all these things combine to banish from the mind consciousness of the present, and to call up before it "the brave days of old." Before Hawker came to Morwenstow, the minstrels' gallery had been partitioned off, and the beams of the roof hidden by a ceiling. It was he who pointed this out to the owner, Mr. Martyn, and persuaded him to remove the partition and the ceiling.

The rest of the house is equally old-fashioned—odd flights of stairs, winding corridors, and unexpected rooms, all panelled in dark oak, and sometimes leading one into another,—an ideal scene for a ghost story. In one of the upper rooms a narrow loop-hole gives a view of the hall, by means of which the mistress of the house could enjoy invisibly those scenes of revelry at which her sex forbade her to appear.

The design of the grounds and buildings is considered to be of Saxon origin. There are five courts, and five gardens. (Compare the end of chapter II. of 'Ivanhoe.')



INTERIOR OF THE HALL  
AT TONACOMBE MANOR,  
showing the Minstrels' Gallery.



One of these gardens, called the Pleasaunce, is the scene of Hawker's legend of 'The First Cornish Mole.'

"Tonacombe," writes its late owner, the Rev. W. Waddon Martyn, "is mentioned in an old Deed, enrolled in the Books of the Diocese at Exeter, A.D. 1296, where it is described as "the three Villis of Tunnacombe." It formerly belonged to the Jourdens (Jourdain), and from them has passed by marriage successively to the "Leys (or Leighs), alias Kempthornes, Waddons, and now to the Martyns."

Tonacombe is the original of "Chapel" in 'Westward Ho!' which was partly written there. Round the panelled drawing room are the arms of Ley (or Leigh) and Courtenay. There is a Chapel House in Morwenstow, but it is of recent date (about 1800), and has no traditions. Kingsley adopted the name and applied it to Tonacombe. A writer in *Chambers' Journal* says that Kingsley visited Morwenstow many times, and there met Hawker, who "pointed out to him the site of the old house of the Grenvilles at Stowe." Hawker did not consider that the local colour in 'Westward Ho!' was accurate. In 1857 he writes to a friend:—"You would have grievously failed in your search for the localities referred to, but by no means identified, in 'Westward Ho!' The whole Book is an assumption—and *me judice* a failure."

Among the curios at Tonacombe is an old lantern once in Hawker's possession, and unique in its construction and its history. It was made for Thomas Waddon of Tonacombe, who died in 1755. His brother, Edward Waddon, lived at Stanbury, and their sister, Honor, was the wife of the Rev. Oliver Rouse, Vicar of Morwenstow. The three families used to meet regularly at each other's houses for dice and cards, and what the old song 'Arscott of Tetcott' describes as

"Gay flowing bumpers and social delight."

In the excess of their merriment the cronies would dash their glasses on the table, and the broken pieces were preserved as a record of the jest. In course of time there was a goodly collection of these fragments, and in order that their memorial should not perish the lantern was made, of solid oak, square, with a pointed roof and little windows formed of the round bases of the broken glasses and other pieces cut in the shape of dice, hearts, clubs, diamonds and spades. Thereafter, when the festive party broke up, those whose turn it was to walk homeward through the dark lanes had their way lighted before them by this emblem of their wit and humour.

There are also to be seen at Tonacombe several massive old stone vessels, which Hawker called "holy water stoups," but which more prosaic persons have explained as corn measures. Tradition tells that he collected them from small ruined chapels in the neighbourhood. There were at one time eleven of these little shrines in Hartland parish alone. The small cross over the piscina at Morwenstow came from one of these at Longfurlong.

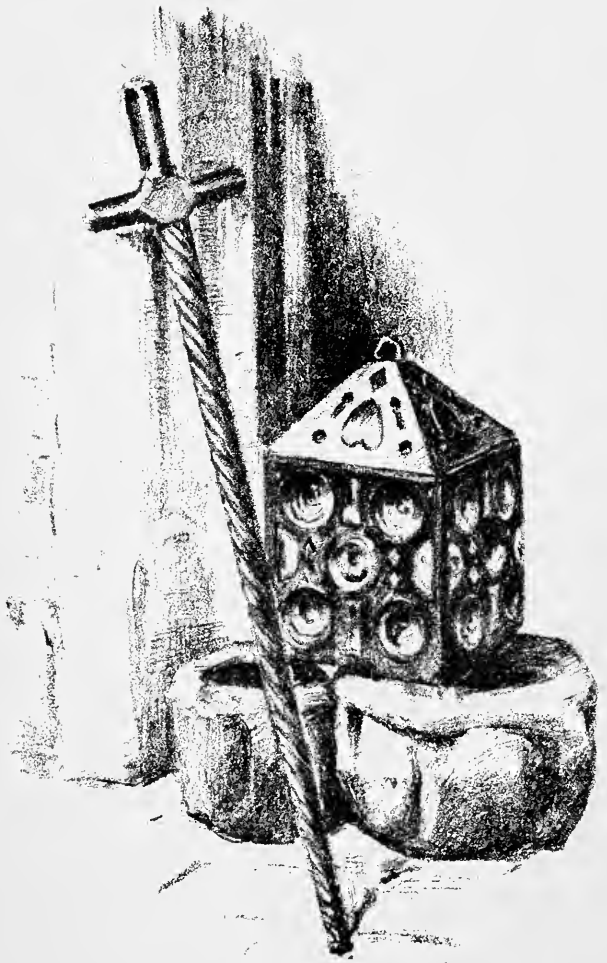
Other old houses in the parish are Stanbury, Marsland and Eastway.

Stanbury was the birthplace of John Stanbury, confessor to Henry VI., who made him the first Provost of Eton. He became Bishop of Bangor, and, later, of Hereford. Sir William Adams, who founded the Eye Infirmary at Exeter, was also born at Stanbury.

Marsland is a secluded and picturesque farmhouse, and gives its name to the beautiful valley which there divides Devon from Cornwall.

Hawker, whose mind was full of uncanny imaginings, always declared that the place was haunted. There is perhaps more foundation for the gossip that it was once haunted by spirits of a liquid nature. One of the barns has





The Waddon Lantern, HAWKER'S  
walking-stick and holy water  
stoups, at TONACOMBE MANOR.



a false floor, now disused, but originally constructed for the storage of "run goods." Mr. Baring-Gould, in his novel 'The Gaverocks,' makes Marsland the home of a relative of Featherstone the Wrecker, whose spirit is said to be imprisoned beneath the black rock in Widemouth Bay. This legend is the subject of Hawker's poem, 'Featherstone's Doom.'

"The manor of Eastway," says Lysons, "which belonged to the priory of Launceston, was one of those annexed to the Duchy of Cornwall (by Henry VIII.) in lieu of the honor of Wallingford, in 1540."

The annals of Morwenstow are probably the poorer from the loss of Hals's manuscript relating to the parish, although Hawker somewhere remarks that Hals's Parochial History of Cornwall contained so many scandals that it was found "perilous to print and publish." In Carew's 'Survey' the name 'Moristow,' or 'Morestowe,' only occurs in certain lists of assessments in the Hundred of Stratton.

It will not be out of place to mention one more historic domain in the neighbourhood, which, though not actually in the parish, lies just beyond the boundary, and is closely associated with Hawker and his work. Crossing the valley of Coombe the road from Morwenstow winds up a steep hill with woods on either hand. Near the top stands a farmhouse, built on the ruins of departed grandeur, "where," in the words of Hawker,

"The heavens come down to rest on the storied hills of Stowe."

In this place have stood, at different times, two mansions of the Grenville family.

The fame of the warrior sometimes fades and grows with the fame of the bard who sings his deeds, and many a hero sleeps unhonoured because unsung—"Carens vate sacro."

The fame of Sir Richard Grenville, however, is absorbed and sustained in the verse of Tennyson:—

“ But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick  
 men from the land  
 Very carefully and slow,  
 Men of Bideford in Devon,  
 And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
 For we brought them all aboard,  
 And they blest him in their pain, that they  
 were not left to Spain,  
 To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the  
 glory of the Lord.”

But by Cornishmen the memory of Sir Richard's grandson, Sir Bevill,<sup>1</sup> who fought and died for his King in the Civil War, is more deeply loved and venerated still. Of him says Clarendon in his ‘ History of the Rebellion,’ “ He was the most generally beloved man of that country. He was, indeed, an excellent person, whose activity, interest and reputation was the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall, and his temper and affection so publick, that no accident which happened could make any impression in him; and his example kept others from taking anything ill, or at least seeming to do so. In a word, a brighter courage and a gentler disposition were never married together to make the most cheerful and innocent conversation.”

Hawker pays his tribute to Sir Bevill both in prose and verse. In ‘ Footprints’ he speaks of him as “ the Bayard of old Cornwall ‘ sans peur et sans reproche,’ ” while the stirring ballad, ‘ The Gate Song of Stowe,’ records in song his exploits as a Cavalier.

<sup>1</sup> It is an interesting coincidence, that a descendant of the Grenvilles, and a friend of Hawker's, Canon Thynne of Kilkhampton, has just made his illustrious ancestor the subject of a historical romance entitled ‘ Sir Bevill.’

The prose description of Stowe and its master and his gigantic retainer, Antony Payne, helps us better than the poem to realise the greatness of Sir Bevill. It is written in Hawker's happiest vein of mingled humour, pathos and geniality, and in literary style is one of the most successful of that remarkable series of historical romances in little, wherein he infuses life and colour and voice into the gray effigies of an elder time.

Antony Payne, a bluff, good-humoured giant, seven-foot-four in his stockings, but lithe and nimble withal, has been called 'The Falstaff of the West.' The comparison is only partially appropriate. He had some of Falstaff's wit and capacity for sack, but a great deal more strength and nobility of character. He shows rather the attributes of Hercules rescuing Alcestis.

In one of Hawker's note-books is the following entry, relating to Sir Bevill's death at the battle of Lansdowne in 1643:—

"MORWENNA.

"Do you know anything about Sir Bevil Granvile's death?

"Nothing particular, Sir; only that Lady Grace saw him the day he died at Lansdowne. He appeared to her and shewed her his wound at the Cross Road in Stowe Wood just as you turn the hill. When the messenger arrived who was sent with the news she had her Widow's Mourning made."

On Sir Bevill's tablet in Kilkhampton Church are inscribed these lines—

"Thus slain thy Valiant Ancestor did ly,  
 When his one Bark a Navy did defy :  
 When now encompass round, He Victor stood,  
 And bath'd his Pinnacle in his conquering blood,  
 Till all his purple Current, dryd, and spent,  
 He fell and made the waves his monument.  
 Where shall ye next fam'd Granville's ashes stand?  
 Thy Grandsyre fills the Seas and thou ye land."

As this is a topographical chapter, the following account of a visit by Hawker and his first wife to the neighbouring parish of Hartland may be given here. It is one of the few entries in his note-books relating to events of his daily life, and it is of interest as suggesting the origin of his poem, 'The Cell by the Sea.'

" HARTLAND.

"On the — of June 1838 Charlotte and I drove to Hartland. Day showery. Saw first Grave-ground and Church. The yard-paths clean, but the Vicar cherishes for his Horse the grain that grows from out the Bosoms of the Dead. No green and shaven mounds like my own Church Yard. By the Chancel door there is an Altar Tomb, an epitaph, but no surviving name <sup>1</sup>—The Words 'Who art thou that judgest another man's servant?' &c. 'Rejoice not against me, oh mine Enemy,' &c. Legend. One of the Doctons of Docton smote his Son in ire with His Sword belt. The buckle struck him in the temple that he died. Hence Remorse evermore—hence the nameless Tomb—The fierce anticipation of reproach &c.<sup>2</sup> *Cf.* and *dl.*

"Next the Church. The Screen nearly complete. On its upper ledge the Singers stood, within the tradition of one generation. The last Chancel Choir of which I ever found tracery in the West. The Roof of the Church painted thick with Stars in imitation of Heaven. I hence perceive why and whence our carved projections—they are all meant to be starry tokens to meet the lifted eye with memorials of Heaven.

"We ascended by a narrow stair of stone from the North Wall into a small low chamber, called still the Monk's Room<sup>3</sup>—it is an obvious cell. There lived a solitary man. There dwelt Thought as a Demon and Memory arrived in the garb of a Fiend. Long years, long years—the vigil of the night, the abstinence of the day,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. R. Pearse Chope says that this is a mistake, as the name "Thomas Docton," is on the brass.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Matthew Arnold's Sonnet 'On a Picture at Newstead.'

<sup>3</sup> The cell is usually called 'Pope's Chamber.'

the solitary yell, the lonely psalm, the Mea Culpa of a goaded Mind. 'Mother of God! why is thy face so like to hers I slew? O let my Hell burn now. Let those who torture come before the time'—and then ever and anon in the pauses of the public Mass, a sob, a wail, an echo from that Wall—a whisper from a Man to to his Mate, 'It is the Monk.' Kurie Eleeson. Ave Maria. Pater noster qui es.

"Next we visited the Quay. There saw a singular sight. There was a deep place of water in the Bay. So men have thrown out a Pier shaped like a Human Arm to embrace as it were this depth and to enfold whatsoever vessel may be there. The land clasps the Ship to her breast. Lime, Coals and Culm imports there—now and then timber. In the Horizon Lundy looms—xij miles across to that Granite Isle.

"Next called on Clyde [Vicar of Bradworthy]. Wife ill. Talked of the tranquillity of his Parish—all at Church at morning, all at Chapel afternoon. This He termed satisfactory. Oh forgive them! they know not what they do—one Fold—where art thou? One Shepherd combine!"

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## CHAPTER VI

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### THE PARISHIONERS OF MORWENSTOW

“’Twas a fierce night when old Mawgan died,  
Men shuddered to hear the rolling tide:  
The wreckers fled fast from the awful shore,  
They had heard strange voices amid the roar.”

“MY people,” writes Hawker in his ‘Remembrances of a Cornish Vicar,’ with reference to the earlier years of his incumbency, “were a mixed multitude of smugglers, wreckers, and dissenters of various hue. A few simple-hearted farmers had clung to the grey old sanctuary of the church and the tower that looked along the sea; but the bulk of the people, in the absence of a resident vicar, had become the followers of the great preacher<sup>1</sup> of the last century who came down into Cornwall and persuaded the people to alter their sins. . . . Mine was a perilous warfare. If I had not, like the apostle, to ‘fight with wild beasts at Ephesus,’ I had to soothe the wrecker, to persuade the smuggler, and to ‘handle serpents,’ in my intercourse with adversaries of many a kind.”

Wesley himself, in his Cornish journeys, does not appear to have ever stopped at Morwenstow, though he often preached at St. Gennys, a few miles down the coast. There is an entry in his journal—“I rode to Mary Week, and preached on the side of a meadow newly mown, to a deeply attentive people.” And on the next day, “I rode to Bideford, but did not reach it till after 5, the hour ap-

<sup>1</sup> John Wesley.



pointed for my preaching." On this ride he probably passed through Kilkhampton, where his former pupil, Hervey, had conceived his 'Meditations among the Tombs,' and also through the outskirts of Morwenstow. Matthew Arnold, though he had a great admiration for Wesley, says:—"A company of Cornish revivalists will have no difficulty in tasting, seeing, hearing and feeling God twenty times over to-night, and yet be none the better for it to-morrow morning." The humbler disciples of the great Itinerant in the Cornish villages, according to Hawker, were mainly impressed with Wesley's teaching as to the bodily witness of the spirit, termed by Hawker "a spasm of the ganglions," and held to cover a multitude of sins. The great grass amphitheatres of Cornwall, once the scene of rustic plays, were used by Wesley and his followers for open-air sermons; and, in like manner, the dramatic propensities of the Cornish mind were diverted into religious channels. When plays were condemned, they gathered together in cottages and sheds, or on the village green, to listen to the exhortations of the more eloquent and fervid spirits.

One Bill Martin was a shining light in Coombe Valley some fifty years ago. A neighbour who remembers him writes: "He was a strange character, a wild sort of customer, drinking and fighting before he became converted and joined the Bible Christians. He had frequent personal encounters with Satan, but always vanquished the enemy by prayer. Once when he went to see a person dying, the Evil One followed him, and on throwing his arms back he could 'hear the Devil scrich.' In chapel he would call out, 'Don't roost on me with thee black wings!' He had been a fighting man, but I have heard a tale, which I believe is correct, illustrating his changed character.

“There was a show at Kilkhampton, and Bill was going about, as was his wont, shouting and praising the Lord. One of the showmen told him that if he did not leave off shouting he would give him a smack on the face. Bill did not desist, and the man struck him on one side of the face.

“‘Strike the other side, my dear,’ said Bill, turning the other cheek.

“Bill Martin was a mason, and I believe was employed when Morwenstow Vicarage was built.”

Another native annalist writes: “Long Bill Martin and John Pomeroy, who was a very short man, used to hold meetings in Coombe and neighbouring villages. As they entered a cottage one would shout, ‘Draive the devils out of this house!’ and the other would shout ‘Amen!’ The short man would give an address first, and a three-legged stool would be placed for him to stand on. When he’d finished he’d step down, and Long Bill Martin (who always forgot that he was tall enough without) would step up on the stool and up his head would go bang against the rafters. Poor Bill would get down quietly, rubbing his pate, and beginning what he had to say in a low tone, gradually warming to the subject till you could hear him from one end of the village to the other.”

Once, after a long drought, a preacher offered up a prayer for rain. Sure enough, that same night, the rain came down in torrents, as though the doors of heaven had been opened. It poured in such floods, and lasted so long, that the people were disgusted. When the flock assembled again, the preacher took occasion to remonstrate with the Almighty.

“When us axed for rain, O Lord,” he said, “us meant just a little dapper little shower. But as for this, yu knaw, why, ’tes simply redeclous!”

Another local story relates how a certain man was going home on a dark night, after liberal potations, and somehow wandered into the churchyard. "There was a open grave," says the narrator, "where zomebody was gwain to be berried next day, zo 'e spralled awver a twig or zome-thin' an' valled rat into this yur open grave, an' there 'e lied an' went to slaip. Nex' mornin' 'e got up an' loked out awver. 'Aw,' 'e zaith, 'Resurrection mornin', I zee, an' a'm fust up.'"

There was a friendly rivalry in the parish between the church-people and the dissenters. A Wesleyan said one day to the Vicar's churchwarden, "We are thinking, Mr. Cann, of enclosing the chapel yard as a grave ground, as there appears to be a difficulty to get the funerals conducted by the Vicar at times to please the Nonconformists." "Ah!" replied the orthodox churchman, "I should not like to be buried at the chapel, because we shall all have to be judged at the Church, and 'twould be so far to walk on Resurrection morning."

The following anecdote illustrates the doctrinal capacities of the rural mind. An old man, a staunch church-goer, was describing his experiences at the Communion service.

"'Twas Sacrament Sunday," he said, "and three of us stayed for the Sacrament, and we went up and kneeled down, Mrs. Hawker first, Tom next, and I was at the end, when Mr. Hawker came and said, 'William, you come and kneel in the middle:' then Tom was at the end, and was the last man. The Passon then brought the Cup to Mrs. Hawker and she drank: then he brought it to me, and the Passon held the Cup so tight that I could scarcely taste it. Then he gave the Cup to Tom, and what did old Tom do? Why he drank the lot!—and to be served like that! I'll never go to Sacrament no more."

The church-going people in the parish were of course in

high favour at the Vicarage, and those who held any parochial office were fully conscious of their dignity.

There is a story current in Morwenstow of an old man who was at one time Parish Clerk. His wife used to wash the Parson's surplices. One evening her husband came home from a prolonged visit to the village inn. She began to rate him soundly. After the genial company he had just left he found her conversation depressing, so he said, "Look yere, my dear, if yu doant stop, I'll go straight back again." She did not stop, and he left the house. But his wife was equal to the occasion. She slipped on the Parson's surplice which she had just been ironing, and ran by a short cut to a gate further up the road. As he walked along in the darkness, Mr. B. was suddenly confronted by a motionless white figure standing in his path. He was terrified, but at last he remembered his official position, and the thought gave him courage.

"Avide, Satan!" he said, in a thick, slow voice.

The figure made no answer.

"Avide, Satan, avide!" he shouted again. "Doant 'e know I be Clerk of the Parish, bass viol player, and taicher of the zingers?"

When this announcement failed to impress the apparition, Mr. B. turned tail and fled. The ghost also returned to the house, by a short cut, and Mr. B. found his wife in the kitchen calmly ironing the Parson's surplice. He did not return to "The Bush" that night.

The loneliness of the country, and the moaning of the wind and sea by night, seem to favour the telling of ghost stories.

Robin Clift, a painter, was up to Cross Town one evening, having a glass with some other men at "The Bush." He had with him his white-washing brush and his pail. The talk turned on ghosts, and some one remarked that

the Devil had been seen about the lanes in the shape of a black dog. "If I see un," said Robin, whose potatoes had lent him courage, "I'll gie un a touch o' whitewash for the gude of his saul." On his way home, sure enough, Robin encountered a black dog near Eastaway, and struck at it with his brush, whereupon the animal leapt upon his back. He could not shake it off, but rushed along in the darkness, yelling with terror. As he went, the load on his back grew heavier, until he could hardly move. At last he reached the gate of Eastaway, and staggered down the drive to the house. He pulled the bell with all his force. Directly the door was opened, the creature jumped to the ground and disappeared. The maid-servant shrieked and fell in a faint. "Her heart," it is said, "jumped clean out of its case, and her was never well afterwards."

Though the days of smuggling have passed away, the inhabitants of the coast have many a yarn to spin about the exploits of their ancestors. The gauger, or exciseman, had to be very smart and vigilant to outwit his wily adversaries, for the saying is that it takes a Jew, a Yankee, and a heathen Chinee together to get the better of a Cornishman. On one occasion, as the story goes, "some smuggled Brandy come in to Ma'sland Mouth, and the exciseman come round to search some of the farms.

"'Have you any brandy kegs on your place?' says he to one old farmer.

"'Keg? What's that? one-bow tub? two-bowed tub? drapper?'

"'No, that isn't it: we shall have to search for it.'

"Zo they got up'n barn an' there was a zess of corn one end o' the barn. The exciseman said he must see if there wasn't a keg under it. Zo they begun turnin' o't back, an' the farmer took a peek (pike) an' went helpin' too for 'is life; an' zo, when the farmer did'n seem to be feared o'

nort, they zaid 'twas no use turnin' back no more o't, there wad'en no Brandy there. Zo they left, but the keg o' brandy was to bottom o' the 'eap all the time."

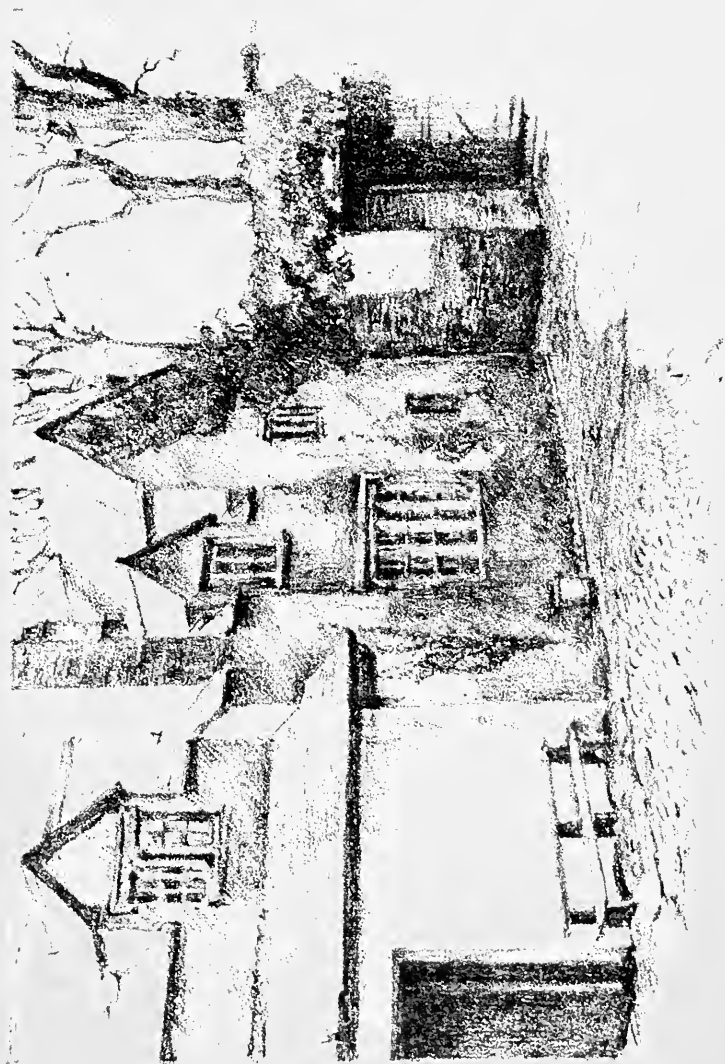
An old Morwenstow man says, "In former times Marsland Mouth, Duckapool and Stanbury Mouth were rare places for smuggling. There was great caves where hundreds of kegs could be stored. When my father had the farm of Cory, the floor of a barn fell in, and there was a great hollow underneath. There must be many such caves still hidden."

One of the best-remembered wrecks was that of the *Eliza* of Liverpool. The cargo consisted of provisions, wine and clothing, and a local rhymester expressed the common sentiment of those times in a long ditty, of which two lines are still repeated in the neighbourhood—

"The *Eliza* of Liverpool came on shore,  
To feed the hungry and clothe the poor."

When the casks of wine were washed in, they were speedily broached, and the contents drawn off in the first utensils that came to hand—teapots, kettles, jugs, and anything else which the inhabitants had snatched up in their hurry on hearing the joyful news. One old woman, named Fanny, "a reg'lar ole character" in those parts, was lying on the top of a pebble-ridge near some bales of cloth. Passers-by laughed and said, "Old Fan's tight 'nough." Presently she was seen rolling over and over down the sloping beach with one of the bales winding itself round her as she went. The coastguard in charge of the wreckage was so amused at her cleverness that he let her go off with the stuff and said nothing about it. "Old Fan was not so drunk after all."

It is said down in Cornwall that "the folks on the coast taich their children to zay in their prayers night-times,



MARSLAND HOUSE.





‘God bless Father ’n Mother, an’ zend a ship ta shore vore mornin’.’”

“They all like wrecks,” says a native of the district. “When the *Eliza* came in ta Warren gutter the vokes in Coombe Village was all very busy: they’d got a lot o’ gay-coloured prints: the women used it for frocks and blinds and patched quilts and any mortal thing. Old Betty Gist zaid, ‘Only look see yur sose I’m ’Liza all over. I got body an’ sleeves o’ one zort an’ skart anether.’ They got a lot o’ tay tu, an’ the policeman come to search the village, but they’d got it all ta heed-a-peep; they’d carried it up in the woods ta back o’ the ’ouses; zome would carry zome things up in the cliff and heed it away and go back arter anether load, couldn’ stay to go ’ome way’t; others would lie watch and stail one load while they vetched anether.”

A story is told of a guileless curate, new to Cornwall, who found the body of a man washed on shore. He rushed off to obtain medical help, thinking that life might not be quite extinct. Meeting a native, he asked in excited tones, “What do you do when you find a man apparently drowned?” “Sarch ’is pockets,” was the calm reply.

Hawker has preserved, in Tristram Pentire, a type of those strange characters whose spiritual welfare was entrusted to his charge.

“Poor old Tristram Pentire! How he comes up before me as I pronounce his name! That light, active, half-stooping form, bent as though he had a brace of kegs upon his shoulders still; those thin, grey, rusty locks that fell upon a forehead seamed with the wrinkles of three-score years and five; the cunning glance that questioned in his eye, and that nose carried always at half-cock, with a red blaze along its ridge, scorched by the departing footstep

of the fierce fiend Alcohol, when he fled before the reinforcements of the coast-guard.

“He was the last of the smugglers ; and when I took possession of my glebe, I hired him as my servant-of-all-work, or rather no-work, about the house, and there he rollicked away the last few years of his careless existence, in all the pomp and idleness of ‘The parson’s man.’ He had taken a bold part in every landing on the coast, man and boy, full forty years ; throughout which time all kinds of men had largely trusted him with their brandy and their lives, and true and faithful had he been to them, as sheath to steel.

“Gradually he grew attached to me, and I could but take an interest in him. I endeavoured to work some softening change in him, and to awaken a certain sense of the errors of his former life. Sometimes, as a sort of condescension on his part, he brought himself to concede and to acknowledge, in his own quaint, rambling way—

“‘Well, sir, I do think, when I come to look back, and to consider what lives we used to live,—drunk all night and idle a’bed all day, cursing, swearing, fighting, gambling, lying, and always prepared to shet (shoot) the gauger,—I do really believe, sir, we surely was in sin!’”

The anecdote that follows is taken from Hawker’s notebooks. He afterwards worked it into his article ‘Holacombe’ in ‘Footprints’ :—

“The old John Kinsman, Nicholas’s father, was at work very early one Morning in the Summer at the Quarry at Reed Rack. A Raven hovered over him in the air a long time, and croaked, but as these Birds were common there he thought nothing of it except that the Bird seemed to wish to be taken notice of. At last he saw the Raven coming up from the Beach with something in its beak which it dropped at his feet where he was at Work. He picked it up and found it to be a candle. He immediately

inferred that some candles had been washed on shore from a Wreck, and leaving his tools in the quarry went down. He found Candles on the Shore and saved them. But on his return to the Quarry he saw that the Rock had fallen, buried and crushed his tools and covered with tons of Stone the spot where he would have been at Work.

“*N.B.*—He was a noted Wrecker, which the Raven seems to have known and to have chosen his admonition accordingly.

“*Cf.* The frequent warning by this Bird to the Miners of places about to fall.”

The people of Morwenstow, sixty or seventy years ago, did not often resort to medical aid. The doctor's place was usually taken by some elder wise in herbs, and many spells and charms were in constant use.

The following are copied from the manuscript of an old parishioner :—

“FOR STENTING OF BLOOD.

“As Christ was born he was born in Bethlehem and was baptized in the river in the fair water jordan this water was wild and rude with a rod still it stood and so pray Christ (51st psalm for thrush) grant the blood may stop in the name of the Father of the Son and of the Holy Gost.”

“BLESSING FOR A STING OF A LONGCRIPLE (SNAKE),  
REPEATED 3 TIMES.

“Yender under a halsin mote there lies a great Braget worm 9 Doble and from 9 doble to 8 Doble 7 doble and to 6 doble 5 doble and from 5 doble to 4 doble and to 3 doble and to 2 doble and to 1 doble and to no doble in the name of the Father and the son and the holy gost.”

Hawker himself adopted some of these native practices. Whenever he met anyone who, as he thought, had an evil

eye, he would move the fingers of his left hand into a certain position supposed to act as a countercharm. The first and fourth fingers were held straight and stiff, the second and third bent inwards on the palm, with the thumb folded across them.

In one of his note-books is a charm to cure the thrush. "Carry the child," it says, "to a running stream; pass a thread three times over its tongue, and cast it (the thread) into the water, repeating, 'Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou ordained strength.'"

Other charms from the same note-book are:—

#### FOR SLEEPY FOOT.

Foot, foot, foot is fast asleep :  
 Thumb, thumb, thumb in spittle we steep,  
 Crosses three we make for to ease us,  
 Two for the thieves and one for Christ Jesus.

#### FOR THE CRAMP.

The devil is tying a knot in my leg :  
 Mark, Luke and John, unloose it, I beg.  
 Crosses three, etc.

#### TO MAKE BUTTER COME.

Come, butter, come,  
 Come, butter, come,  
 Peter's at the gate,  
 Waiting for a buttered cake,  
 Come, butter, come,  
 Come, butter, come.

"Cornish superstition," writes a native of Morwenstow, "has not quite died out yet. Several people around here will not on any account wash bedding in the month of May, as it will wash one of their family away; neither will

they buy a brush in May, as that will sweep one of their family away. A gipsy told someone the other day that they don't carry many brushes with them through May, as there was no sale to them. They refuse to burn the Elder tree because it will bring bad luck. If any one dies someone takes a shovel and lifts up the hives of bees from their stands when the corpse is being carried from the house, or they tie a piece of crape around each hive; otherwise, they tell you, the bees would die; or if the dead person had a favourite plant in the window, that must have crape tied round the pot or it will die. They kill their pigs at the growing of the moon. The meat doesn't shrink so much in the boiling as it would if the moon was going back. If the cock crows close to the door, there are friends coming. I heard Mary Heard of Duckpool say, 'E come rat in the door an' crowed. My gor, I thought tu mezal, I an't got nort in 'ouse nether, so I 'ad ver move me stumps. I closed in the stow (stove) an' shoved in a dish o' roast tetties an' wet up a mite o' cake, an' just vore dinner time sure 'nough in walked Liz.' "

Another tale relates to the practice of ill-wishing. In most of the remote parishes in Cornwall there was an old woman who had the reputation of being a witch and possessing the evil eye, wherewith to work harm upon the pigs and poultry and cattle of her neighbours. Her dark operations were counteracted by the charms of the White Witch, who generally lived in a neighbouring town, and, for a fee, would supply antidotes and incantations.

The witch of Morwenstow was an old dame named Sally Found. Her husband, Dick Found, took his name from the circumstances of his arrival in the parish. Hawker used to tell how, late one night, along a lonely road, wheels were heard approaching, and a carriage drove up, stopped a few minutes, and then drove off again at

full speed. Next morning, in an outhouse by the roadside, a child was found, lying in a basket and dressed in the most beautiful clothes. The child grew up, and as a man was remarkable for his finely cut profile and aristocratic bearing. He did not rise, however, above the level on which fate had placed him, and he and Sally his wife died in the old poorhouse at Crosstown about thirty years ago. Before they came to the poorhouse, however, Mrs. Found was something of a power in the parish, and the neighbours thought it advisable to "keep the lew side of Sally." The Parson always made a point of employing Dick at harvest time; otherwise, as he said, something was sure to go wrong.

"Sally Found," the story goes, "kipt ducks, an' ar did'n like to 'ave other neighbours kipin' ducks, and William C. livin' opposite sat a 'en on some eggs, an' 'e reckoned old Sally witched min. You niver zeed zich a brood o' ducks in your life. Zome was big an' zome was small, zome was on their backs wi' their legs up in the air and zome 'ad their veet turned backsifore. One mornin' they found one o' min daid, zo they brought un in an' burned 'en."

To burn the heart, or other portion, of an ill-wished creature, and keep it, was considered to be a protection against witchery, and this explains the procedure in these cases.

"The folks to Cross-Watter had a cow die. They vound 'en lyin' in the 'edge 'olland wi' the horns o' 'en sticked in the mud, an' the butcher cut 'en open an' 'e zaid there was nuthin' 't all the matter way'n, zo they saved the heart o' 'en an' sticked 'en vull o' pins an' burned 'en to a zinder. They kipt the zinder top the chimley piece ver yurs an' they did'n 'ave no more bad luck, an' then one day Missis was dustin' the chimley piece an' come across

the old heart, an' ar zaid, what use was it kipin' un there, zo ar took an' buried un in the garden. Next mornin' zomebody come in and zaid one o' the cows was bad, an' Missis purty quickly went out an' digged up th' ol heart an' brought un in again."

Sally Found was possibly the original of Cherry Parnell in 'Holacombe' (a pseudonym for Welcombe), wherein is related an incident similar to the above.

Uncle Tony Cleverdon was a great "charmer of charms," being the "seventh son born in direct succession from one father and one mother."

"Uncle Tony," writes Hawker, "was like an ancient augur in the science of birds. 'Whenever you see one magpie alone by himself,' said he, with a look of inimitable sagacity, 'that bird is upon no good: spit over your right shoulder three times, and say—

" 'Clean birds by sevens,  
Unclean by twos,  
The dove in the heavens  
Is the one I choose.'

"Another time Uncle Tony said to me, 'Sir, there is one thing I want to ask you, if I may be so free, and it is this, Why should a merry-maid, "that will ride upon the waters in such terrible storms, and toss from sea to sea in such ruxles as there be upon the coast—why should she never lose her looking-glass and comb?"'

" 'Well, I suppose,' said I, 'that if there are such creatures, Tony, they must wear their looking-glasses and combs fastened on somehow—like fins to a fish.'

" 'See!' said Tony, chuckling with delight, 'what a thing it is to know the Scriptures like your reverence! I never should have found it out. But there's another point, sir, I should like to know, if you please; I've been bothered

about it in my mind hundreds of times. Here be I, that have gone up and down Holacombe cliffs and streams fifty years come next Candlemas, and I've gone and watched the water by moonlight and sunlight, days and nights, on purpose, in rough weather and smooth (even Sundays, too, saving your presence), and my sight as good as most men's, and yet I never could come to see a merry-maid in all my life! How's that, sir?'

"'Are you sure, Tony,' I rejoined, 'that there are such things in existence at all?'

"'Oh, sir, my old father seen her twice! He was out once by night for wreck (my father watched the coast like most of the old people formerly), and it came to pass that he was down by the duck-pool on the sand at low-water tide, and all at once he heard music in the sea. Well, he croped on behind a rock like a coast-guard man watching a boat, and got very near the noise. He couldn't make out the words, but the sound was exactly like Bill Martin's voice, that singed second counter in church. At last he got very near, and there was the merry-maid very plain to be seen, swimming about upon the waves like a woman bathing, and singing away. But my father said it was very sad and solemn to hear—more like the tune of a funeral hymn than a Christmas carol by far—but it was so sweet that it was as much as he could do to hold back from plunging into the tide after her. And he an old man of sixty-seven, with a wife and a houseful of children at home!'"

Once, after a violent thunderstorm, the Vicar came upon a farmer and his men standing by a dead horse.

"One of the fearful results," I happened to say, "of the storm and lightning yesterday."

"There, Jem," said he to one of his men, triumphantly, "didn't I say the parson would find it out?" "Yes, sir," he



said, "it is as you say: it is all that wretched old Cherry Parnell's doing, with her vengeance and her noise!"

Cherry had begged a fagot of him a few days before, and on being refused had "turned away, looking very grany, and muttering something about 'Hotter for me hereafter.'"

"And I *do* think, sir," he went on to say, changing his tone to a kind of indignant growl—"I *do* think, that when I call to mind how I've paid tithes and rates faithfully all these years, and kept my place in church before your reverence every Sabbath-day, and always voted in the vestries that what hath a be ought to be, and so on, I do think that such ones as old Cherry Parnell never ought to be allowed to meddle with such things as thunder and lightning."

The conditions of labour in Morwenstow in the early part of the last century were very different from the present. Then there was a surplus of labourers, and the parish had to pay farmers to employ them; but now, owing to emigration and other causes, labourers are very scarce. An old vestry book throws some curious light on this question. The first entry records that—

"At a spichel Vestory held at Crostown this 20th day of January 1825, it his agreed that Mr. Laurance Cholwill Junr. his to have Samuel Gilbord as an apprintus and further agreed that Mr. James Moass his to have William Ham as an apprinties and further agreed that Mr. Hugh Ching his to have Eliza Colwill as an apprinties.

"Signed by us      E. SHEARM, in the Chair.  
JOHN BRIMACOMBE.  
JOHN HAYDON.  
HUMPHREY BURROW.  
THOMAS SHIPHARD.  
RICHARD BAKER."

On August 11th, 1827:—

“It was agreed that William Ham’s son Richard should be put up, and the highest bidder should take him as an Apprentice, and Mr. William Hambly being the highest bidder, it was agreed that he should be bound to him.”

This recalls the story of a Hartland man, who, about forty-five years ago, led his wife into Bideford with a halter round her neck, and sold her for a shilling in the market. The process was thought quite legal if the seller held the end of the halter and handed it to the buyer. It is certainly a simple and inexpensive method of settling questions as to incompatibility of temper.

On 30 March 1839—

“Resolved that Mr. Richard Barrow shall have 1s. per week with Ann Stanbury, and find her meat and clothes and will return her if she does not suit him.”

An amusing story is told of an old man who belonged to the working men’s club in Morwenstow. He thought that he had reached the age of seventy, and that he would thenceforth only have to pay a shilling a quarter instead of two shillings, so he went to the Vicarage for a certificate of birth. On looking it up, however, the Vicar found that he was only sixty-six. When he heard this the old man flew into a rage.

“Ot’s the use to go by th’ ol register?” he cried. “*I* go one year older every year, but th’ ol register bideth the same!” and he went out muttering, “Wish I never zeed th’ ol register.”

Occasionally people who had emigrated returned to their native parish, and their experiences of foreign travel gave

them a position of great social importance. But sometimes they brought with them strange customs and ideas.

A woman came to the Vicarage one day in great perturbation. She was shown into the Vicar's room. "'Tis rather a delicate question," she began, "and us doesn't want to du nothin' but what's right and propper." "Of course not," said the Vicar. "But what is it?" "Well, sir, 'tes this way. Us was settin' playin' swabs ['all fours'] up to 'The Bush,' an' there was ole Sam who be comed back from Merriker, smoakin' 'is pipe by the vire. And us was settin' round the table playin' swabs, and us heard a kind of ruxlin an' a rustlin, but us didn' take no pertickler notice of et. An' presently us looked round, an' Lor' bless 'e! there was ole Sam settin' there zackly as nature made un, with nothin' at all but his hat on. Us didn' know quite what to du, bein' embrassed, as yu may zay. But ole Sam looks round an' 'e sez, 'Doant 'e be afraid, my dears. 'Tis quite the usual thing in Merriker, when a man feels tu warm, an' nobody minds at all.' 'Well, Mr. Samuel,' sez I, 'They volks in Merriker may not mind, but yu might mind *ess*' [us]. And now, sir, what I wants to ax your reverence is, du they really du sech things in Merriker? an' what ought us to have dond? for us doesn't want to du nothin' but what's right an' propper."

The Vicar's reply is not recorded.

The visits of great folks, such as Sir Thomas Acland, to see their Vicar, made a great impression on his parishioners. "There used to be a great man come to see him sometimes," said an old farmer, "well gotten up in years he was, some kind of a nobleman, as yu might zay, same as the Bushup, but I can't zackly tell 'e what 'is carlin [calling] was. But the Passon cud du anything with they great people. There was a varmer named Trewin, many years ago, and this yeer Trewin wanted a varin to graze bullocks

upon, without much employ. So a went round all the parish to get a recomind. No gude. He cudn't get the varm. Then as he was lyin' a'bed he sez to 'is wife, 'My dear, 'tes just come in my head there's one I havn't tried.' 'Who's that, Samuel?' says she. ' 'Tes the Passon,' he sez, 'and I ought to ha' gone to he first.' So in the mornin' he went to Passon Hawker, and lo and behold a few days later he heard that he was accepted, 'on the recomind of the clergyman of his parish.' Now this yere Trewin had lent a trap to a man that broke it and didn' pay. So he passed a vow he would never lend it again. Then one day the Passon was driving by, and had a misfortune with his carriage, and he called to Trewin and said, 'Trewin, yu must lend me your trap.' 'Yu shall have it, zur,' said Trewin, and he didn' say nothin' about havin' passed his vow!"

Many more of these local yarns might be spun, but it is time to proceed with the main subject of our story. If some of the foregoing pages seem irrelevant, let it be remembered that a man's character is largely influenced by the people among whom he lives. Hawker never took the impress of what he himself calls "the smoothing-iron of the nineteenth century," but (again in his own words, as applied to the Cornish clergy of an earlier age) "became developed about middle life into an original mind and man, sole and absolute within his parish boundary, eccentric when compared with his brethren in civilised regions, and yet, in German phrase, 'a whole and seldom man' in his dominion of souls."

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## CHAPTER VII

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1835-1837

THE MAKING OF MORWENSTOW—THE VICARAGE—THE  
SCHOOL—COOMBE BRIDGE

“Welcome! wild rock and lonely shore,  
Where round my days dark seas shall roar;  
And thy gray fane, Morwenna, stand  
The beacon of the Eternal Land.”

WHEN Hawker came to Morwenstow the place was, ecclesiastically speaking, a wilderness. The old vicarage, which stood close to the south-west corner of the church, just above the spot where a stile now leads from the churchyard into the fields towards the sea, was in ruins from long disuse, owing to the system of plurality of livings. There had not been a resident Vicar for more than a century.

“When,” writes Hawker, “I was collated in 1834 to this Living by the Bishop it was with the stipulation, ‘You will have to build a New House on the Glebe, Mr. H.’”

He and his wife took up their abode “in a hired cottage of two rooms,” and in this primitive establishment they lived for some five years. Writing to a friend in 1856, he says:—“Full of hope and burning with zeal, I was about to accomplish great things. My parish (the Methodist Preachers were so prosperous here that one of them told me on my arrival that Morwenstow was the Garden of their Circuit)—my Parish, I say, was to become a model on the Cornish Coast.”

The second Mrs. Hawker, writing an account of these early days, from what her husband had told her, says :—

“So, in the midst of much opposition, he set his back to the burden, and the result was that he *made* Morwenstow. He used to be fond of telling a story, how the little daughter of a certain influential neighbour said to him one day— ‘Mr. Hawker, what did Father mean by saying he would rather you had been made Archbishop of Canterbury than Vicar of Morwenstow?’ ”

“His first work was the building of the bridge in the valley of Coombe. It is called ‘King William’s Bridge,’ and an inscription records that

“ ‘Toward the erection of this bridge, built by subscription, in the year of human redemption 1836, his most gracious Majesty King William the Fourth gave the sum of Twenty Pounds.

‘Fear God ! Honour the King !’

But the true legend and superscription would be, that, in order to save life—for many men and much cattle had perished in the stream—Robert Stephen Hawker took upon himself the chief cost of the bridge, and let not his left hand know what his right hand had done. And this was a sample of all his doings at Morwenstow.

“The church,” continues Mrs. Hawker, “was rescued from a state of Puritan desecration, and large sums of money spent upon it, all coming from one source—one hand. Up to 1835 the children of Morwenstow were fain to be content with a tumble-down cottage for their sole schoolroom. Go there now and see the privileges they enjoy, and know moreover that for many a long year (quite thirty) until some kind and noble hearts were sent to his aid, the late Vicar supported the school well nigh single-handed. So, he reclaimed the Parish from what had been utter desola-

tion: at the same time accumulating liabilities, from which he was never relieved unto the hour of his death."

The school was built in 1843. It stands just in the middle of the Parish, and nearly all the cross roads meet near the spot. "I called it St. Mark's," writes Hawker, "because he was not an Apostle but Teacher only, and is called in Old Times the Children's Saint."

It will thus be seen that Hawker was handicapped financially at the outset of his ministry. For his own sake, he was not the man to regenerate a neglected cure. He was too lavish, too generous; doing everything as he considered it *ought* to be done, and never pausing to reflect whether he could afford it. But while this principle was fatal to himself, there is no doubt that it was very beneficial to the parish and the living.

The following letter shows the spirit in which he began his work:—

*To the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, Bitton, near Bristol.*

"Morwenstow. April 25 1837.

"MY DEAR SIR,

. . . "I begin my house in a few days, and if you can have access to Hunt's 'Designs for Parsonage Houses,' you may see a sketch of mine, for it is the first in that Series of Engravings. The Style Old English, coeval with that of a part of my Church. I find that by a sweeping abolition of fences and the old Vicarage Buildings I can contrive that my Church and Churchyard shall stand just in the centre of my future lawn. The only objects then perceptible from my two fronts will be the Church and the Sea, the suggestions of both which are boundless.

“ I am very happy to hear that the Life Boat is *in esse*, and I congratulate you once more on the success of your exertions as the Benefactor of Bude.<sup>1</sup> Old Mr. King has resigned it, and a Mr. Compton is his Successor, whom I have not seen, for it is but very seldom that I cross the boundary of my Parish and never without regret. I conceive ‘ *Stricturus glebæ* ’<sup>2</sup> to be the only happy motto of a clerical Biography.

“ I will send you soon in a letter drawn on one side a scheme of one Window and one Chimney, by which a Quarry Man might pronounce on the probable cost. I hope some Hiram may be found to dwell at Bitton who may assist me with hewers of Stone if not of wood. My House will cost much. But I ought not to build a Shoppy Residence, I think, and as, like Absalom, I have no son, I will like him build me a pillar in the Bishop’s Dale that I may be had in Remembrance among men. I would fain attract to a good Man here in every future generation. . . . .

“ Yrs. faithfully,

“ R. S. HAWKER.”

Hawker chose as the site of his house a spot where he had seen the sheep take shelter in a storm. It has been suggested that he meant the Vicarage to typify the refuge of his flock, but his chief motive no doubt was to escape the violence of the wind, no easy matter in that locality.

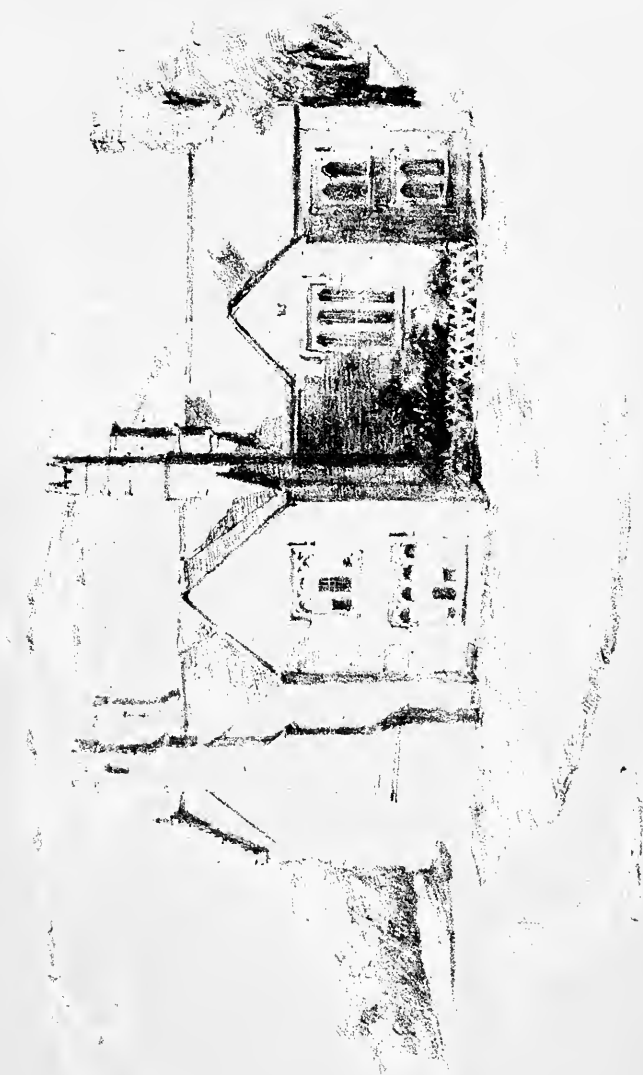
An old man who remembers the foundation-stone being laid, says that a sovereign was placed underneath it. “ But,” he added, “ I reckon it was tükt out again.”

If the coin was intended to symbolize that the building stood on a sound financial basis, Hawker would no doubt

<sup>1</sup> King William also contributed to a Lifeboat at Bude in 1837. On his death Hawker preached a memorial sermon from the text, “ Death is come up to our windows and our palaces.”

<sup>2</sup> The Vicar’s Latin grammar here is somewhat at fault.





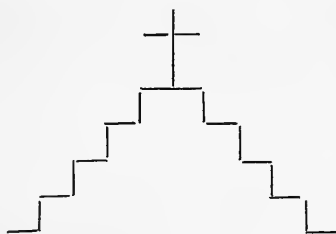
MORWENSTON VICARAGE



have explained its abstraction as the cause of his subsequent difficulties.

On 27 Novr. 1837 he writes again to Mr. Ellacombe:—

“My House quoad Walls and Roof is finished. I ought to have mentioned to you sooner that by mere accident I discovered just as my Building commenced a Quarry of most excellent Freestone, gray in colour, soft at first when taken out of the Quarry so as to cut well but gradually hardening like iron. I have found four veins: one of large size I have worked, and, with the assistance of a common stone-cutter from Lanson, I have put in a good entrance door labelled with coigns, and external chimnies and a Gable on one front surmounted with a Cross and worked in steps in this shape—



It adds to the beauty and gives an ecclesiastical feature to the Building. We have fitted up a little room in the Roof, and there we spend Sundays and sometimes other days. Besides this I have finished Combe Bridge and built an entrance just above my Churchyard wall, and I am halfway advanced with a Sunday School and Vestuary room, North of the Chancel, to which I have devoted a part of the Materials of my old Vicarage which is taken down. And now with regard to the Cherubim. Do you think that they could be carved so as to adorn an entrance gateway, one on each

pier? If so I think that hereafter when I go to reside at my new Vicarage they would do for that purpose.

. . . "We have had no positive wreck since the one which the Atlantic got up for your inspection. But pieces of ships have washed on shore, and a part of a man and a stocking with a human foot in it." . . .

"Yrs. faithfully,

"R. S. HAWKER."

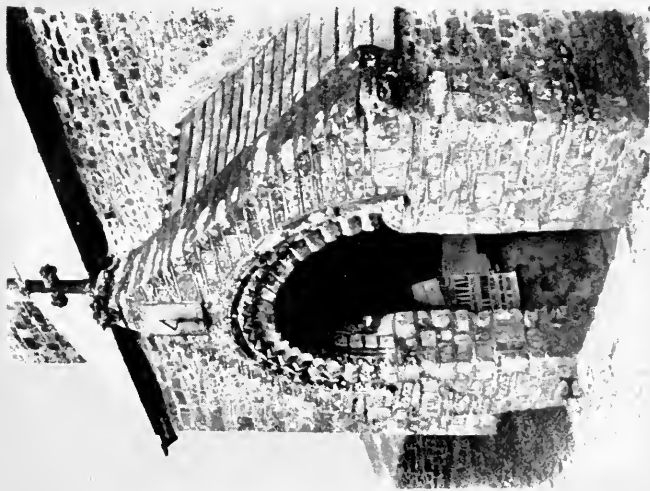
In building his Vicarage, Hawker seems to have been to a great extent his own architect. "The chimnies," he says, "are models of Towers of Parish Churches where we before had lived." There are six chimneys altogether: three are Cornish towers, representing, no doubt, Stratton, Whitstone and North Tamerton.<sup>1</sup> Two of them—the two close together—have been shorn of their pinnacles by the wind. Of the other three, two were probably designed from towers in Oxford. "The kitchen chimney," said Hawker, "perplexed me very much, till I bethought me of my mother's tomb; and there it is, in its exact shape and dimensions."

The annual value of his rent-charge was £365. Accordingly, over the front door he set up a tablet with the following inscription:—

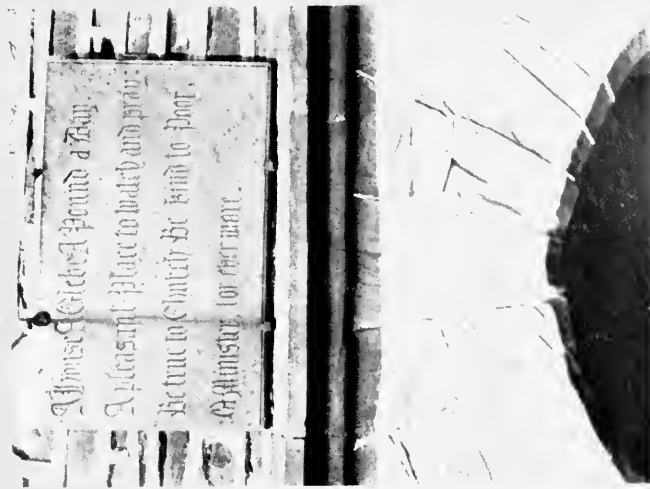
"A House, a Glebe, a Pound a Day;  
A Pleasant Place to Watch and Pray.  
Be true to Church—Be kind to Poor,  
O Minister! for evermore."

The lines recall Herrick's 'Thanksgiving to God for his House.' Hawker was careful to explain in after years that the expression "a Pound a Day," though accurate at first,

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baring-Gould says that one chimney resembles Welcombe; but the resemblance is not apparent, and Hawker had nothing to do with Welcombe until 1850.



THE NORMAN PORCH OF MORWENSTOW CHURCH



Amore Felicea foudit a Ray.  
A pleasant place to walke and pray:  
The true to Churchly be kind to poor,  
A Minister for evermore.

HAWKER'S INSRIPTION OVER THE VICARAGE DOOR



had in course of time become subject to deductions. (See page 534.) A local wit satirized the inscription as follows :—

“ With all these benefits supplied,  
A pound a day, and more beside,  
How very good this man should prove,  
How full of zeal, how full of love !

“ But different the times we see,  
Since Jesus walked in Galilee,  
And did poor fishermen prepare  
His holy Gospel to declare.

“ Nor purse, nor scrip He bade them take,  
But preach the Gospel for His sake,  
And not a single word did say  
Of house, or glebe, or pound a day.”

The satirist forgot that the Apostles were not expected to build a house and schools, or to dispense alms, but were to subsist on the charity of the faithful. Hawker, at any-rate, fully obeyed the injunction, “ Freely ye have received. Freely give.”

The inside of the Vicarage was in keeping with its picturesque exterior. One of Hawker's numerous visitors wrote, in *The Standard* of 1 Sept. 1875 :—“ Within, the rooms are full of quaint old oak, curious china, and antiquities of all sorts, much of it gathered in the parish at a time when such things were less sought after than at present, much of it the salvage of wrecks. There are one or two fine old bedsteads ; and we remember hearing Mr. Hawker tell with much effect the many devices which he had to practise before getting the finest of them into his possession.<sup>1</sup> He was unsuccessful until he represented to the owner the number of persons who must have died in that bed, and this frightened him into sparing it.”

<sup>1</sup> This was the Manning bed, the story of which is told in ‘Footprints.’

Hawker was always a great builder, and building is an expensive hobby. "To-morrow," he wrote to a friend on 6 Dec. 1857, "I send for my last load of materials, the close of a long run of outlay extending through nearly thirty years. Bude, Whitstone, Trebarrow, Morwenstow, have been the scenes of my architecture." His first wife's money as well as his own was spent on Morwenstow. "In my House—" he writes, "my Church—my School—Bridges over Brooks formerly Fords—in these I trace the sole surviving vestiges of my poor dear unselfish and unmurmuring Wife's Portion, which when I entered Morwenstow was unbroken."

Morwenstow Vicarage was built on a larger scale, perhaps, than was really necessary; but Hawker resented any suggestion of improvidence. He was not an easy man to snub, and he was very ready with a repartee. "Old Mr. King," he writes, "once said to me, as he looked down on my house—

“ ‘Ha! fools build houses, and wise men inhabit them.’

“ ‘Just so,’ said I, unwilling to be outdone even in candour. ‘Just so, as wise men make proverbs and fools quote them.’

“And then we both grunted.”



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## CHAPTER VIII

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### The Vicar

I.—DRESS—STATIONERY—SEALS—HOSPITALITY—WIT—  
SUPERSTITION—OPIUM

THE Vicar of Morwenstow was a tall and strongly built man, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a ruddy complexion. His voice was rich and powerful. He could be heard all over his glebe, and would sometimes carry on a conversation with his neighbours at a farm across the valley. Like many other poets, he had no ear for music, and literature appealed to him far more than the other arts.

His dress was unconventional and picturesque. He absolutely declined to follow the fashions of "the cloth," and would not wear anything black. His usual garb, in earlier years, was a brown cassock. "A blushing brown," he said, "was the hue of Our Lady's hair, as typified in the stem of the maiden-hair fern."<sup>1</sup> In this cassock he even managed to clamber up and down the cliffs. Later it was exchanged for a long coat of purple shade. Instead of a waist-coat, he wore a fisherman's blue jersey, in token that he was called to be a fisher of men. A small red cross was woven in the side, to mark the entrance of "the cent-

<sup>1</sup> "I regret exceedingly," he writes to a friend, "that I have no plant of Our Lady's Hair Fern to send you. It is of the exact hue of Her Hair (and Her Blessed Son's), viz. : that of a ripe chestnut with the sun trembling over it."

urion's cruel spear." These jerseys were knitted for him by a fisherman's wife at Clovelly. A broad carpenter's-pencil (chosen in reference to the Carpenter of Nazareth) usually dangled from his button-hole. Round his neck he wore a limp white cravat: he could never endure a stiff collar. He carried a cross-handled walking stick, somewhat resembling a wooden sword, which he called his "pastoral staff." Hessian boots and a wide-awake beaver hat completed his out-of-door equipment.

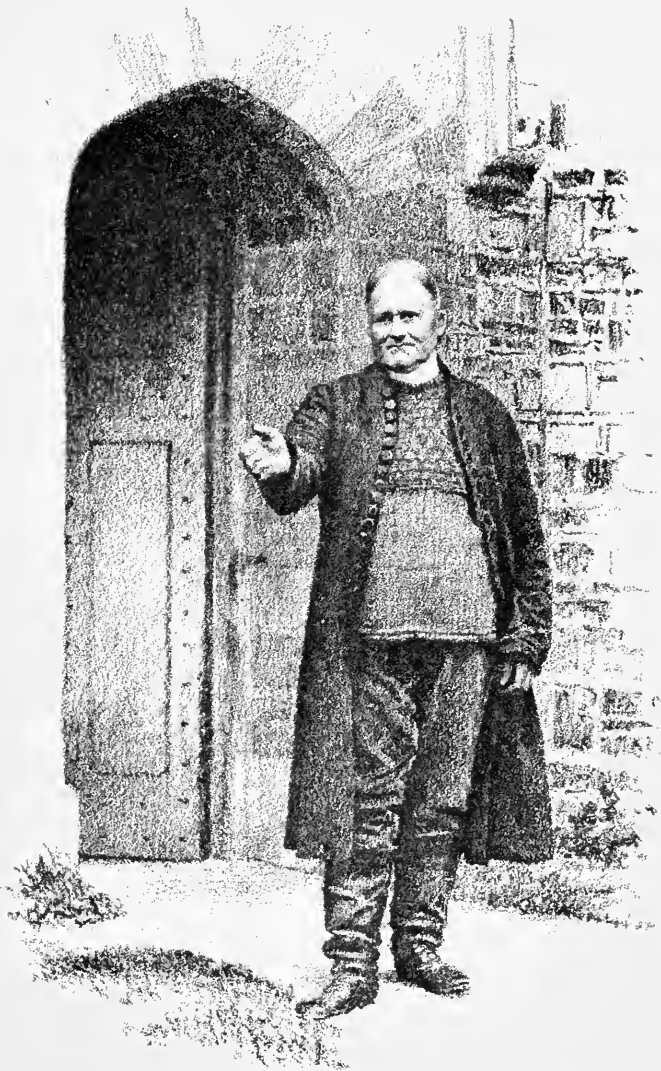
Once, at a clerical meeting, when some of his "brother rascals," as he called them, commented on the strangeness of his attire, he replied, "At all events, brethren, you will allow me to remark that I don't make myself look like a waiter out-of-place, or an unemployed undertaker, and that I do scrupulously abide by the injunctions of the 74th canon of 1603." On another occasion, in Barnstaple, he found a waggonette full of clergy, most of whom he knew, starting off to a visitation. "I congratulate you," he said, "on the funereal appearance of your hearse."

"After Robert had been some years at Morwenstow," writes his sister, "he paid a visit to Oxford, and there, as usual, he wore his cassock. One day he was talking to his friend, Dr. Jeune, the Master of Pembroke, and two other heads of colleges.

"'Why, Hawker,' someone said, 'whatever do you mean by coming to Oxford in such a dress? Do you wish to be taken for a head?'

"'Most certainly not,' he replied. 'The last thing I should wish to be taken for, as heads go!'"

In 1850, after a visit to his brother at Boscastle, he writes: "Tell us all that transpires about 'The Appearance' in Cap and Cassock, and do make people understand that nothing could be more at variance with a Roman Garb than my whole apparel. All my vestures were brought



ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER,  
at his Vicarage door



directly from St. Petersburg by friends, and therefore from the Greek or Eastern Church, a Body more adverse to Rome than Rome to England."

In one of his note-books is an entry, "Compare Priests in Greek Church; any colour BUT *black*. Cassock lined with fur."

His admiration for the Eastern Church at this time appeared even in his headgear. A friend applied on his behalf to a Greek priest in London for the loan of his hat as a model. The good old priest had only one, but he lent it, and it was copied at Christy's. It was a kind of fez. When the Vicar of Hartland, the Rev. T. H. Chope, lost his wife, Hawker took the service at her funeral. "He arrived at Hartland," writes Mr. Chope, "wearing a hat without a brim. There had been an accident on his way, and on my observing that his hat had received damage then, he indignantly replied, 'Don't you know that this is the costume worn by a Greek priest?'"

A few years later the Greek phase would seem to have passed away, for a writer in the *Church Review* says:—"When, at Morwenstow in the summer of 1856, I expressed my dislike on orthodox grounds to the war then waged against Russia, my host designated the Greek Church as 'a miserable heresy,' and identified it with some Eastern sect or dogma, whose name I was unacquainted with and have forgotten." This is borne out by the poem 'Baal-Zephon,' written in 1854.

In 1858 he writes to a friend:—

"You dislike my Garb. Well, I grant a Cassock is not a becoming dress, but the cost is less than £2 a year in lieu of Broadcloth and Coats, and for many years I have paid my Schoolmaster's salary with the difference between the usual price of a Clergyman's coat and my stiff Cassock. The Bills I used to pay when I was a younger fool! And

after all when I was full dressed in a Suit of Black Cloth I was the complete copy of my own Tailor in his gala suit."

In 1864 he asks a friend in London to buy a hat, "Red if to be had, or a Reddish Brown—but not on any account Black or Black like—as thick and soft as you can." Again: "Do you know anything of velvet? I mean to have when I can get it a dark purple velvet frock coat. But I don't know the price or quantity. Will you inquire?" To another friend he writes, "Valentine has ordered a hat from Christy's, and from some blunder they have made also a duplicate of the old red fez which I sent him for a pattern of the size of my head. Hat 17/- in the bill, and a new red fez 17/-, the latter as superfluous to me as a mitre."

He loved bright colours. The only black things he wore, apparently, were his socks. "The wool," he writes, "grows on my Black Ewe. It is washed and sent to Wellcombe, where two or three Old Women still turn the Wheel and spin. The yarn is spun large and moderately loose. Then the Children at the School knit from a pattern sock, and my one Ewe will supply me with 21 pair of Socks every year if I needed so many."

He was always particular as to the exact shade of his clothes. In 1871 he writes to a friend who had bought a pair of trousers for him, "Many thanks for your efforts in the line of lower habiliments. They fit admirably, but the Color is still disappointing. We think it Navy blue, and yet in certain phases of light there is a brownish tinge. It does seem hard that our Empire cannot produce so simple a shade as Red Brown. Of old I had no difficulty, yet now wheresoever I seek the result is every other hue but that. The subfuscus of the Canons is abolished as they themselves are."

As the Vicar grew older, his hair changed to silvery white, and he wore it long at the back. One day a work-

man from Bude went up to Morwenstow to do a job at the Vicarage, and took his little boy with him. The Vicar, in his cassock, was standing in the garden. He had no hat on, and with his clean-shaven face looked not unlike a stately and venerable old lady. "There's Mr. Hawker," said the man. "Why, vather," answered the child, "her's surely a wumman!"

The Vicar was clean-shaven on principle. "Nothing," he writes, "can mark a man's character like that one thing a Beard. By one of the Councils which are named in our Articles, and which all the Clergy at least have vowed to obey, Beards are forbidden to be worn by the Clergy at all. So that every Clergyman who wears one is a Rebel against the Authorities of his Church—lowers himself to the level of a lay person and degrades his sacred office. This is no doubt strange, but it is true, and if all the world concur to justify a Sin that Sin still remains a Guilty thing. No number of people who commit a wrong thing can make wrong right."

Hawker's eccentricity of dress extended also to other personal matters. It seemed as though he were constitutionally incapable of doing things like other men. Possibly, to some extent, he aimed at peculiarity. Though simple and abstemious in his habits, he was fastidious in certain minor luxuries such as tea, tobacco and stationery. For such articles he always wrote direct to the heads of the most famous firms. For tea he paid 5s.4d. per lb. at Twining's. He did not take to smoking until late in life, but when he did begin he smoked heavily. His tobacco was pure Latakia, and his pipes short, large-bowled clays. He would take a basketful, ready-filled, to his cliff hut. His note-paper, thick and parchment-like, and ruled with faint red lines, was specially made for him by Messrs. De La Rue, who undertook not to supply the same to anybody else.

In 1862 he writes to Mr. J. G. Godwin:—

“Do you happen among your numerous avenues of acquaintance to know any Worldwide Stationer? I always write with Swanquills and I want to ascertain access to a very superior kind of dealer in such things. It occurred to me that the London Scene of display (The Exhibition) might bring together competitors in quills as well as other articles of Stationery. Do you know about this likelihood, or do you know any permanent House, English or Foreign, likely to hold such Old World usages as the Sale of Quills?

“You must have perceived that in certain things I am very costly. But then, as I tell inquirers, my Ebers Book-box is my bitter beer. So my Stationery is my Wine, and as I have not tasted Fermented Fluids for a great number of years I have some right to indulge in other luxuries.

“For many years I had from the House of De La Rue Amber-*wove* red-ruled Paper—and it was a real delight to write on it. Suddenly about a year ago a New corresponding Clerk came into De La Rue’s Establishment. His name was Mumford. Well, he wrote me in a very high and mighty way that they had no *Wove* Paper left, but I might have Amber-*laid*—and after an effort or two I gave way—and for a whole year I have had to write as I now write in torture—blotchy thick-lined reckless Runes. At last a Month ago I addressed a Letter ‘to any one of the old De La Rue Partners now alive,’ and therein I detailed my great Paper grief. I rejoice to say I had an immediate and kind reply from a De La Rue, with an assurance that my old *Wove* Paper should be made for me again—whereas the Clerk who snubbed me said any order for less than 200 Reams could not be attended to.

“Now, I have given you this long history that you may understand the trouble I take to obtain comfortable things, and to illustrate my intended pursuit of Swan quills. All



I want is an address to which to write, if you can supply it. Afterwards a great question of black ink will come into discussion."

He was very particular about ink. "It is a singular hardship," he writes in 1866, "that with all the modern science in all England there cannot be found a bottle of Black Ink of the old kind—that is, Ink that is fluid and will write *black* at the time of writing. Every sort I try is of this kind I now use, pale as I write and only turning black afterwards; a sort I abhor. When I used to write the pen marked with a black and glossy hue and was a pleasure to see. Now I have lost all pleasure in my own Autograph, and worse than that after four or five years my Register Books begin to fade. Whereas, in the Middle Ages the Ink wherewith the fine old MSS. were written, clear-flowing black and glossy, is even now indelible. And this is the 19th Century!"

In 1864 he writes to Mr. Godwin :—

"Your Envelope—I shall ruin you in stamps—arrived to-night with your kind effort in Black lead. The price was a prophecy of their failure. A good BBBB Cumberland Pencil ought to cost as much as your whole investment. But now thanks to your arrangement of my Drawer I found my correspondence with Brookman & Langdon, Great Ormond Yard, and to them I have written by this Post to order some very large, very soft, and very black 4 B shading Pencils my former calibre and I am much obliged to you for your kind intentions. Thank you for the name of the Ink, but how I am to obtain it thro' Plymouth I know not. No one was ever so remote from friendly succour since Selkirk's Shipwreck as I am, but this I need not mention to an eye-witness. I began to-day to turn out drawers, &c., for the fire, and such a mass of letters that many men would be proud to keep—from literary writers and other

men of mark—But to me the receipt of my Butcher's Bill is a far more satisfactory autograph than that of C. Dickens or Walter White. I have taken in the stead of Tommy Jane's youngest Brother Richard, whom I have long marked at School as a diligent and dutiful boy. So now, out of my Four Servants Three are of one Family. The mice are actually at play on my Table while I write."

The seals with which he fastened his letters were very characteristic. One was the pentacle of Solomon. In a letter to Mr. Richard Twining, dated 1850, he says :—

"The five-pointed Figure which referred to the Hand of God and signified Power is now in the possession of an Engraver in Brass (Hardman of Birmingham), for a seal Ring for the Forefinger. In the centre are to be cut the Four Hebrew Letters which form the awful Name

יהוה

The rightful Pronunciation is lost. The Rabbins say if it were to be accurately sounded, even by chance, Earthquakes would ensue, the Foundations of the Hills would be uprooted, and the ancient Genii imprisoned there would come forth and appear to many. *Yee-hah-ee-hah*, a word entirely breathed, without usage of the tongue or teeth, appears to approach it. It should come forth from the throat and mouth all breath, sighed rather than syllabled. When finished, I hope to send Miss Twining an impression in Wax. It ought to be engraven on a sapphire stone, which ought to lift like a lid, and coiled underneath should lie the small viper or worm which Sulimaun Ben Davod used in Miracles."

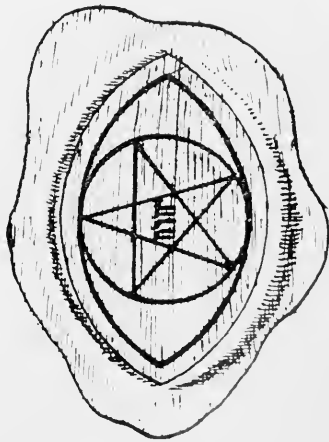
Another favourite seal was the mystic fish, which he describes as follows :—

"The Fish Seal.

"i. The oval outline of the Seal denotes the upper Rim or border of an antique Font of Stone.



"TREC' END FIST"  
[TRICE AND SIEDEAST]



THE PENTACLE OF SOLOMON



THE FISH SEAL  
SEALS OF R. S. HAWKER



"THOROUGH"  
THE MOTTO OF  
ARCHBISHOP LAUD



IMPRESSION OF THE  
FISH SEAL



“ij. The Serpent, orbed, that is, circled, Tail in mouth, is the Oriental Emblem of Eternity.

“iij. The Fish is the Mullet of the Sea of Galilee—that which filled the Apostolic Nets—came obedient with coin,<sup>1</sup> was eaten by Our Lord after he arose from the dead. A Fish is the oldest and most universal Symbol of a baptized Christian all over the ancient World.

“iv. Over the Fish are Two Letters, I X, between two Greek Crosses; and underneath are Three other letters, ΘΥΣ. These letters put together make the Greek Word ΙΧΘΥΣ.

“v. Now the name and Title of Our Lord in Greek are

ΙΗΣΟΥΣ	Jesus
ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ	Christ
ΘΕΟΥ	of God
ΥΙΟΣ	Son
ΣΩΤΗΡ	Saviour

“The initials of these words make the above noun ΙΧΘΥΣ, the Greek for a Fish.”

To a lady who had sceptically demanded authority for this explanation he wrote :—

“You ask me how I know the Mullet of the Lake of Galilee to have been the fish which filled the Apostolic net. By a very simple and unmistakeable proof. Gennesaret swarms with these very mullet still. It is the only prevalent Fish of that Water or Sea, and as there is no connection between the salt sea and the lake there can have been no new kind of fish brought thither from our Lord’s time till now. Very many travellers relate the capture of the mullet in that Lake by Fishermen who dwell near, and therefore beyond all question these Fish have increased and multiplied and there abode from oldest time till now.”

<sup>1</sup> Elsewhere he says, “The fish came by command to Simon’s hook, with the double shekel in its mouth for the Churchrate of him and his Lord.”

To male sceptics he was less polite. A clergyman, whom he had shown over the church writes :—" I made an unfortunate though perhaps natural enquiry as to the source of his interesting explanations. ' Are these your ideas, Mr. Hawker,' I ventured to ask, ' or have you any authority for them ?' To which he replied, hotly enough, ' I should be a fool and a knave to tell you these things out of my own head ?' After that I received everything he told me with a becoming appearance of receptivity."

One day a tourist asked him—

" Mr. Hawker, what are your views and opinions ?" The Vicar took him to a window in the passage facing the sea, and said—

" There is Hennacliff, the highest cliff on this coast, on the right ; the church on the left ; the Atlantic Ocean in the middle. These are my views. My opinions I keep to myself."

But though he disliked being made an object of idle curiosity, he always had a hearty welcome for visitors, especially if they brought him news of old friends. His hospitality was unbounded ; far more lavish, in fact, than his means could afford. As Praed says of his ' Vicar'—

"Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,  
He found a stable for his steed,  
And welcome for himself, and dinner."

In the summer of 1854, two young men on a walking tour along the Cornish Coast, arrived at Morwenstow, and asked the way to the church. They were told that they would find the Parson there. It was in the morning of a week day. They found the church door locked, but hearing a voice within they knocked and waited. Presently the Vicar appeared, in his surplice, and let them in. " When

the service is over," he said, "I will show you over the church." The service consisted of his ranging about the chancel, prayer-book in hand, and reading out bits of the Psalms and anything that came into his head. The congregation consisted of Mrs. Hawker and themselves. When the ceremony was at an end the Vicar took them round, explaining the symbolism of the architecture and carving.

When they had seen everything, he invited them to the Vicarage for refreshment, and presently he asked their names. When he heard that they were called Milman, he was interested at once.

"Any relation to Dean Milman?" he enquired.

"Yes, his sons."

On hearing this his delight was unbounded.

"Why!" he said, "your Father was Professor of Poetry at Oxford when I won my Newdigate. He was one of the judges who gave me the prize. "To think I should see his sons here!"

He jumped up, ran to the door, and shouted for his wife. Then he turned out all his treasures, books and pictures and curios, and took them all round his house and garden.

"We stayed a long time cracking stories together," says Mr. Arthur Milman, "and when we went away he gave me a copy of his poems and my brother a copy of Mrs. Hawker's 'Manger of the Holy Night.'"

One instance of his profuse hospitality may be given. The Rev. Canon Bone, at one time Vicar of Stratton, writes:—

"I took rather a large party of friends to Morwenstow, and I called on him hoping that he might be able to show us the church; but as he was not at home we went over it by ourselves. On our way to the cliff, we met him. On our return, I called on him again with one or two of my party, the rest having gone up to the little inn to get ready our picnic tea, the materials of which we had brought with

us. I found he was expecting us all to tea, and I excused myself with difficulty from accepting his invitation. On going out I saw through the dining-room doorway a view of the long table laid out for our entertainment, and felt that I had made a mistake in not availing myself of the hospitality which he delighted to exercise."

As we have already seen, Hawker possessed a ready wit, and was never at a loss for a repartee. He had also a happy facility for an impromptu epigram. The best of these has been often printed, but never quite correctly.

The occasion is described by his sister in a book of anecdotes. There was an election going on and great excitement prevailed in Stratton, speeches being made from the windows to a crowded street. A Liberal candidate was shouting, with great energy, "I will never be priest-ridden!" Robert, who was in the crowd, hastily wrote on a piece of paper and handed it up to the speaker, with whom he was acquainted. The paper bore the lines which stand in his MS. book as follows :—

"Thou ridden ! no ! that shall not be,  
By prophet or by priest !  
Balaam is dead, and none but he  
Could choose *thee* for his beast."

Another epigram, and the occasion of it, is related in one of his letters :—

"Once we saw at Maerlake a lady writing with her parasol on the sand. When she was gone we went to the spot and read :—

"On this soft sand thy name I trace,  
Which ocean's tide will soon efface ;  
But vain the power of ocean's art  
To wash thine image from my heart."



She was watching, as we saw ; so we wrote and went away. She came up to see, and read :—

“ ‘ On these soft sands we just have read  
The effusion of thy softer head :  
Old Ocean’s power indeed is vain  
To wash the nonsense from thy brain.’ ”

So if she expected flattery she was disappointed that day.”

“ Of the same character,” writes Mr. Maskell, “ were some of his off-hand remarks. At a Visitation of the late Bishop of Exeter, at Launceston, Hawker was painfully submitting himself to the hearing of the doctrine laid down by the preacher of the day, an Evangelical of the lowest type. Suddenly a cock crew loudly outside the door. He nudged his neighbour, the Rector of Marhamchurch, and said, “ Listen to him ! he is denying his Lord.”

Once, at an inquest at which Hawker was giving evidence, the Coroner said—

“ It is your opinion, Mr. Hawker, that this man died a natural death ? ”

“ Certainly ; ” was the reply, “ there was not a doctor near him.”

He was fond of moralising on the transience of human greatness, and the contempt for earthly fame which the great ones of this world must feel five minutes after they are dead. When the Duke of Wellington was lying in state, and England was ringing with panegyrics, he thus conceived the scene that was taking place in the world of souls.

“ THE CARCASS-SHEW.

“ 1852.

“ It was in the Hall of the Third Shadow, when the Messengers glided in, with Tidings of the Proud Corpse-Pageant of England ; and while the Imagery of that Funeral March flashed ever and

anon along the ethereal Woof of the Communing of Saints ;—that thus Duke Arthur said.—Now He that spake, altho in that hour he was nothing but Soul, yet it was Himself, the very same in aspect and gesture, in Shape and Form and Voice, the living, breathing, deathless Man of War, who brake loose from the Body at Walmer by the Sea, and who had never paused in his Conscious Journey from the Couch of Severance to that multitudinous Deep. He stood by Picton as the Scene sounded in, and he said in his own quaint old earthly way, ‘Bad, Picton, Bad : very Bad : wrong, utterly wrong. They forget what sinful fellows we all were, every one of us. Well, well ! They cannot say I did it. This Vaunt was none of Mine.’”

It will be remembered that Disraeli made a speech in praise of the dead hero, which, as it afterwards transpired, was a near paraphrase of the eulogy pronounced by a French orator, M. Thiers, on Napoleon.

The epigram which Hawker wrote on this occasion is contained in the following letter :—

“Morwenstow. Decr. xvij., 1852.

“DEAR SIR THOMAS ACLAND,

“Although I know your time is better spent than in correspondence with Country Parsons, who between ourselves are generally terrible bores, still I know a spell or charm to make you grasp your pen. I want your Help for a kind purpose and a good, and a line in your autograph is all I want. I ask you simply for an introduction to Mr. Marriott your Ward in order that I may apply to him in favour of a Candidate for the Vacant Schoolmastership of Wike St. Mary. The Candidate is a very worthy young Man, my own Schoolmaster, but I cannot afford to give him a moiety of the salary at Wike St. Mary and therefore I must aid him to move to promotion and get another here. And now I confide in your assent to my request

and I will copy from my MS. a verse of unpublished Poetry—

“AN EXCUSE :

“Mr. Chancellor of the Exchequer’s Plagiarism.

“’Tis wrong to steal your neighbour’s thought :

Both law and taste forbid it.

But he who this example taught

Was Dizzy when he did it.

“Yrs. Dear Sir Thomas,

“faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

In 1864, when Garibaldi was in England, Hawker wrote these lines :—

“TO THE NIZZARD.

“Gird on thy gory Vest ! that ruddy Stain

Wear thou in memory of thy Father Cain :

Not all the Waters of the Italian Flood

Can wash from that fell garment Abel’s blood !

Micaiah, the Son of Imlah.”

The two epigrams that follow were written in 1874, the year before he died. The first relates to Gladstone and Disraeli ; the second to the controversy which arose over the doubtful baptism of Archbishop Tait.

“ON THE PASSING OF THE PUBLIC WORSHIP  
REGULATION ACT.

“An English Boy was born : a Jew : so then

On the eighth day they circumcised him Ben !

Another child had birth : baptized : but still

In public phrase surnamed The People’s Will !

G

Both lived impenitent, and so they died,  
 And between both the Church was crucified !  
 Which bore the Brand—I pray thee, tell me true—  
 The perjured Christian or the recreant Jew ?”

“INCONSISTENCY.

“That Tait was born, men say they rue.  
 Alas ! how treacherous and untrue !  
 They call his first Birth vile and vain,  
 Yet wish he might be born again.”

Hawker was an excellent raconteur, and his conversation was brimful of humour and anecdote. The following letter, written in 1859, shows what he could make of a trivial incident, and may serve, perhaps, as a sample of his talk in a lighter vein. “I have often told you,” he writes, “of the doom on Eastaway (a house in the parish). Nothing has ever prospered there since *Catherine M.* went to live in a warmer climate. Not a cow gives milk long—not a calf lives—not a horse holds up its head. On Monday Week I was there. She, Mrs. R., showed me a carriage she had just had home—four wheels. Head and curtains built about 1759, *painted 1859*, cost £20, one horse—no herrings inside, for I looked for them—in this she was going to put their big Flatcatcher, four bones wavy and one horizontal, Harness £8, Chas. Kivel (twins) Butler and Coachman. Off they went on Tuesday to pay a visit to Mrs. K., at Stratton. Entry into the Town very magnificent, something like the Lion Queen riding the Elephant; Niece Mary P. with her. In Stratton thought struck her to go shopping as they do in Town. Carriage at shop door. They in the shop. *Mrs. R.’s* Carriage waits. All at once, squash! Some Stratton Tradesman, mad to see a customer next door, flings something out in the street. Away flies the Big bones, darts into

a shop window—over goes the Carriage—Kivel suddenly dethroned—broken Sceptre. He himself bruised into spotted boy. Carriage smashed into small bits—every spring broken. Shafts only cling to the horse, which rushes off down the Street to Bude, Catherine enjoying her invisible ride on his crupper.”

In telling a story the Vicar would preserve such a gravity of countenance, however amazing his assertions, that his hearers never quite knew whether or not he was serious. He said once to a friend who called, “Did you meet a waggonette full of people? I stuffed them up with all kinds of nonsense, and they believed every word!”

This habit of hoaxing became so ingrained in his nature that perhaps, as he grew older, he was hardly able himself to distinguish between jest and earnest, fact and fancy, belief and simulated belief.

It may well be imagined that such an inventive faculty, and power of presenting the marvellous as the actual, made him an immense favourite with children. They recognised in him one who responded to the watchword of the nursery, “let’s pretend.” He, on his part, loved to take them with him in his walks, and tell them story after story. “One pervading principle of Holy Writ,” he writes in his thought-diary, “is fondness for little children’s weal.”

His parishioners were a simple and primitive folk, not yet attacked by the reinforcements of the School Board. Types of character now passing away are drawn in ‘Foot-prints’ with inimitable humour.

While Tristram Pentire stands for the Cornish wrecker and smuggler, Old Trevarten and Uncle Tony Cleverdon embody the native belief in such things as witchcraft, omens, the evil-eye, ill-wishing, ghosts, fairies, pixies and mermaids. In such beliefs the Vicar himself shared to no small extent. Indeed, it would be hardly possible to spend a life-time in

that wild and lonely place, and remain impervious to superstition. Hawker was as one

“Sole sitting by the shores of old romance.”

In 1856 he describes one of his own supernatural experiences:—

“It was a bright, fierce, stern dog-day. I was returning from Wellcombe on my old gray mare. I had to cross a deep and narrow Gorge between hills, like Stowe valley without its cottages or woods, and to pass, down near the sea, a silent mill. On Sundays it is always shut up, and the people go elsewhere to sleep. Often as I have passed the all-but-ruined hut, I have thought of the psalm wherein mention is made of the ‘thing which walketh in darkness and the demon of the noon.’ That day the sky was silent with heat, and the whole scene was like a place where all was so lonely that hardly God was there; when all at once a swift, brown, rough shape started up among the gorse bushes, and rushed or glided towards the stream. I felt myself flush and then grow pale; but, remembering St. Thomas’s word that every spirit must crouch to the Sign, I made it in the air, and rode as fast as I could urge the mare towards it. I saw its head disappear down the bank, and, although I looked along the river and followed its course, I caught sight of it no more. It was a kind of nameless and indefinable sensation, rather than the sight, that assured me it was preternatural: at least, so I thought, and think.”

In the same year he writes to Mr. Maskell:—

“You tax me with being pixy-taught; ‘I wish I war;’ as once I said to an ancient woman, ‘They tell me you are a witch!’ ‘I wish I war,’ was the answer; ‘Some on ’em should suffer.’ Talking of Pixies, they are the souls of unbaptized children, and the greener ring you see upon the

grass is their earthly border. Certain gawky-souled guests of mine the other day agreed to believe this, if a ring could be found where neither ploughshare nor spade had ever elicited some long name from the soil. That same week a plain visible tinted ring was footed out in my churchyard, where never yet was corpse laid."

A hint of rational explanation in this case is afforded by a later letter :—

"Some years ago," he writes, "when the manure Guano was first brought in, some was sent to me to try. A lad, who then lived with me, without my knowledge, sowed some of it on a grass field near the Church, in patterns and letters, as young people sow parsley seed in a garden bed. Wherever this manure is shed the grass assumes a deeper green and a quicker, taller growth. Accordingly my boy's trick came up in visible shape; all over the ground there were rings like Pixy rings, strokes along and across, and in one place in letters tall as a man the word GUANO. Well, people saw and laughed at the boy's trick, and I called it to him silly but harmless. Not so, however, a Person, a Female—a visitor from Plymouth to Bude. On her return to her own town she circulated a version of the matter, which soon after found its way into the paper, that Mr. H., in order to impose on the people a notion of his supernatural powers, and to foster their superstition, had used this guano himself, and had produced these images on the grass to convey idea of unearthly power. It was beneath notice; but I thought it right to transmit through a friend to the authoress of the fabrication an admonition to her to remember that false witness was denounced by Her Maker as a crime in the Decalogue with adultery, and that the New Testament closed in the Revelation, Ch. 21, verse 27, with a warning of awful and similar kind."

He believed that the air is full of invisible beings.

He writes in his thought-diary under the heading of "Ghosts" :—

"We know that the Demons are loose. We are told that the messengers of Satan are volatile, and fill the air. We read that Angels glide to and fro. Why may not the Souls of our beloved traverse the air on the errands of their love?"

But there was another element in Hawker's spiritualism. He took opium, at first as a medicine, afterwards from habit, and there can be little doubt that this explained a great deal in his character and mental attitude. Under its influence, perhaps, much of his finest work in poetry was written; but it had its inevitable reaction, in irritability, and moods of profound depression. He broke himself of the habit after his second marriage, but renewed it some years before his death.

The following incident was related in a West-country paper by an organist and music-master, who, on his professional journeys, often stayed at Morwenstow Vicarage.

"It was on the occasion of my first visit. I had retired to rest, then just after one o'clock in the morning. The Rev. gentleman entered my bedroom, and, solemnly addressing me, said, now was the hour to confess my sins, which (as he said) were many. If I would repeat the following words three times, and have faith, it would prove an infallible remedy to exorcise all evil spirits :—

"Clean birds by sevens.  
Unclean by twos.  
The Dove in the Heavens  
Is the one I will choose."

## II

### LOVE OF BIRDS AND ANIMALS—FARMING—CHARITY

IN his love of birds and beasts Hawker was like St. Francis of Assisi. The wild birds would flutter round him,



as he stood calling them all by name, “Jacky, Tommy, Robin,” and feeding them with crumbs from his hand. To a friend who had sent him an illustrated anecdote about a bird, he wrote :—

“I read to Mrs. Hawker your most interesting cutting and copy of the Tamed Martlet. Any thing of that kind is full of value to me. Every year of my life I cause the Hay-loft doors to be set open in Swallow Time, and also of other outhouses, and every year do they, the swallows and the martins, build in the selfsame places inside and out. They began to build nests under our eaves as soon as the house was built—“the lucky swallow builds”—and the whole of our premises and fields are full of birds semi-tame : Rooks in the Churchyard trees, Daws in every Chimney, save one (the kitchen), and in every hedge some. No gun is ever fired near. Did I tell you of a saying of, I think, St Basil—Ubi aves ibi angeli—wheresoever there are birds there are angels ?”

In his thought-diary there are numberless entries such as the following :—

“BIRDS.

“They were first seen in the soft Sunlight of the fifth day, and as they floated through the silent air with their silver plumage and feathers like Gold, the Angels said one to another, ‘Behold what beautiful images of the Mind of God have come forth with wings.’

“BIRDS.

“There is piety in the domestic Wren and Religion in her Nest.

“BIRDS.

“He heareth the grieving supplication wherewith they entreat for food, that low beseeching cry.

“You would be grieved to see,” he writes during a hard winter, “how bitterly the cold has dealt with our Birds. Many, chiefly starlings, are lying dead around our house: as the snow melts they appear. All my Rooks—Daws—Blackbirds—Robins—and Titmice of two kinds, have come to my windows all day long and been fed; so they live and do well. But the wilder birds are dead in multitudes.”

“Beans and Peas,” he writes elsewhere, “are interdicted by the Jackdaws. We have sown twice, and twice they have devoured them all. And a Scarecrow put up by my old Man, was so made up in my hat and broken Cassock that they took it for me, and came around it looking up to be fed.”

He found a real companionship in the presence of birds. “We are full of Society just now,” he writes in Spring time. “—16 nests in the Churchyard trees. Rooks all sitting. Every chimney except one stopped up with Jack Daws’ Nests—can’t light a fire till they hatch and are fledged.” The Rooks he had himself induced to settle in the Churchyard. “What years,” he writes in his poem on the Church,

“What years the birds of God have found  
Along these walls their sacred nest.”

All birds and flowers and animals had to his mind some symbolic attribute. “A Doe Rabbit,” he writes, “has made her Nest and reared her young in a Maltese Cross flower Bed in the garden where I exchanged *fama* for *fumus*. It was underneath a Columbine, a flower emblematic of the Holy Ghost and named from the Dove.”

Here are two typical entries in his thought-diary:—

“ANGELS.

“When Balaam’s Ass spake, He saw the ‘angel of Asses’ in his path, saith Origen. Now, it is a fine thought, that he Who

careth for cattle hath appointed a spiritual guardian for them each in its rank. *Cf.* angel of Roses and the angel of the oak. The transition to a dryad is very easy then."

"PITY.

"I wonder the sight of their innocent flocks, the faces of their sheep and lambs, did not put milder thoughts into their minds. (*i.e.*, Joseph's brethren.) I cannot tell how they could sell their Brother and then look a lamb in the face."

He writes to a lady who had asked his opinion as to the immortality of animals:—

"They were created before Adam. Prior to Man they shared and share his lot. They had a right in Paradise. They were gathered with the eight souls into the Ark. They had a principal part in God's Revelations. By Animals God made known the Way of Man's Salvation. Said the Law Divine, Sin must Suffer—Death for Sin. He caused Animals to be nurtured for Sacrifice to reveal this great Thing. A Lamb proclaimed the Gospel of the future Messiah—a Lamb slain. When Jesus was born, it was in the Presence of Animals. The Ox knew his Owner in the Cave at Bethlehem, and the Ass his Master's crib. In the Wilderness the Son of Man was among the Beasts of the Wild. An Ass knew her Rider when he rode into Jerusalem royally. Besides all this there have been seen by the Prophets in their visions horses in Heaven, from the scenery of Zachariah to the pale steed of Azrael, Angel of Death, recorded by St. John. Who can read all this and doubt but that animals will roam and feed in the New Earth, wherein Righteousness will dwell."

Again, with reference to the deaths of his pets, he writes:—

"Then Carrow [a pony], with an eye like a human being, who used to come into the house gliding through the door

like a shadow, and bounding thro' the window—she died of utter old age. Next Marian, suddenly—a dog, Charlie—and now, one by one of the cats. Wonderful are these speechless Creatures, and without entering into question as to *what* it is that supplies the place of a soul in one of these, only ask the people who despise or slight animals words like these: 'Who was it that *contrived* all their customs—invented their various ways? Who put into their minds every cunning and careful usage of theirs about their food—their abode—the nurture of their young?' Every one of these devices *existed first* as a plan and purpose in the mind of their Maker, and was breathed by Him into their nature and embodied in their thoughts. Mark also how they know and dread death. Many, such as the elephant and the lion, also the deer, when they grow old and weak, will crawl away into some known and usual cave or den where it is the custom of their race to die. All lesser animals, when old age and their final disease draws nigh, will seek some secret chosen place to die in. There is a mystery about the companionship of animals which it needs King Solomon to solve. There is a legend that a lion and a bear were allowed to lick Lord Jesu's hand. Among the Apostles, St. John was followed by a tame pet bird, a partridge of Syria; and many of the Ancient Martyrs and Saints of the early ages had some furred or feathered favourite as the sole companion of the cavern or the cell. All this is, I fear, prosy and dull to you, but not so, I hope, my inference and doctrine from it all, and that is that a fondness for Society of animals and pleasure in watching their familiar affections is a native and natural impulse with good and kind and holy men, and therefore cannot be wrong, nay, must be right in us, since, as it is written, 'One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.' Yes I am not ashamed to confess that not

only Mrs. H.'s, but my own eyes, have filled to overflowing at the saddest event of a solitary house, the death of a fondling creature—a pet.”

In one of his old agricultural books is a note as follows:—

“† Sheep. In 1835-6-8, I had a black wedder which would guard the flock like a dog, and if one of them turned over on his back would run to the nearest man to signify something amiss. His fleece in '35 was 11 lbs, in '36 12 lbs, in '37 11 lbs, in '38 10½ lbs. He is now alive, kept by me from the knife for good behaviour.

“July xx. 1838.”

The sign of the cross against the word ‘Sheep’ was a common usage of Hawker’s to signify excellence or Divine favour. He also used it as an abbreviation for ‘Christ.’

Writing to a friend in 1857, he says, “I never sell to the Butcher: luckily, from lack of grass, I cannot feed to fatness, so they go off at a low price to be fattened by others.”

Again, in 1861: “One of my Ewes has been attacked with the Hydatids, Water on the Brain, for which in this unskilful country there is no cure. . . . Mine must die, poor thing. I never take away life. Life is precious to all God’s creatures under any conditions, and except for food man never received from the Maker of all leave to kill. But I must not complain: the health of all my animals is wonderful, and the age to which they attain is quite a proverb around us.”

His horses when past work were always allowed to end their days in peace. He named them after his favourite saints and heroes.

“I have as perfect a horse colt,” he writes, “as I ever saw—from Morwenna after Jack in the Green. I have called him Nectan, after Morwenna’s Brother, who founded Hartland and Wellcombe. The Foal is a light bay, or

chestnut, with not only a magnificent Shoulder, but what famous horses sometimes have, a crested Ridge Bone or artificial Shoulder, carrying on the natural one down the back—and barely leaving Saddleroom. His other points, too, are very fine. Worth £10 now as he stands. Tame—eats from my hand, and calls me ‘Daddie’ already.”

He had a wonderful power over animals. When driving he kept the reins loose, and talked all the time to his horses, who seemed to understand him and did whatever he told them.

He always kept a number of dogs and cats, which occasionally accompanied him to church. “In Mr. Hawker’s judgment,” says a writer in the *Standard*, “all the creatures had a certain right of admission to God’s house. He sometimes appeared at his lectern attended by four or five cats, unusual but graceful acolytes, who, as he assured us, allowing for an occasional display of youthful vivacity, rarely conducted themselves otherwise than with great propriety.”

At one time he had nine cats. “In the evening,” writes a friend, “he led them to the cat-house. They had all names. Each waited till he pronounced its name, and then jumped up to the shelf on which they reposed. His dog, Dustyfoot, also went to church, and, like the dog in ‘Woodstock,’ generally behaved very well there. But once, when Mr. Hawker went into the pulpit, it followed him up the steps, and remained by his side to the end of the discourse.” A clergyman, to whom he showed the church, writes:—“I wanted to shut out my dog, but he insisted on his coming in, as much more fit than many Christians.” One of his cats he called his most righteous cat, because whenever he missed it he generally found it waiting at the church door. A former servant at the vicarage says: “There’s no mistake about they cats. I know, cos I had to tend ’em; and sometimes I wished ’em further, I can tell ’e.”

Hawker was a keen farmer. When he first went to Morwenstow, the glebe had no buildings, and the land was rented by neighbours. He built stables, barns, outhouses and hedgebanks, and left at his death a well-arranged glebe-farm. It was one of the main interests of his life.

Sir Thomas Acland often sent him presents of live stock from his own farm at Holnicote. Hawker mentions one such occasion in a letter: “Just arrived the most splendid Cartload of Exmoors ever seen by man. Sir T. A.’s second best Ram, Two Ewes of a Pen shewn at the Bristol Show, and Two Ewe Lambs—a good £10 worth. A present worth having.”

In 1856 he writes: “It is my present purpose not to take a Man, but to keep a smock frock and old hat, and so take the horses out myself. I may secure several sixpences, and a better groom, though I say it myself, there cannot be.”

All his farm work was conducted in a spirit of patriarchal piety. In 1863 he writes: “The Gleaners have had a good season, so they tell me. I always mention in my Sermons at this time the beautiful anxiety of God for the Poor in the laws of farming which he himself ordained; as we read in Deuteronomy, ‘When thou reapest thy field thou shalt not reap the corners of thy fields, neither shalt thou go over them again. They shall be for the poor, and the fatherless and the widow.’ They tell me that several of the Women this year have gleaned a double Winchester bushel; that is sixteen Gallons Bread—enough for one person for Three Months of the coming year—and what a help this must be for a poor family. My Old Man’s Wife and Children have the earpicking, as they call it, of my Wheaten-arish. And after these come God’s Birds—who neither sow, nor reap, nor gather into Barns—and yet they have a Father in Heaven who feedeth them. Our Blessed

Saviour never gave us a lovelier image of *trust* in an unseen hand than when he commanded us to consider the Bird cared for by God himself—gathering in the fields its daily food, and resting at night, with its head beneath its wing, upon the peaceful bough, without one anxiety about the morrow, being very sure that there is One who will give it to-morrow's bread. And for this reason it was that our Ancestors of the Church, who selected the Gospels for the day, chose to be read just as Harvest closes in the Gospel of the Birds and the Flowers—the 15th Sunday after Trinity."

In 1852 he wrote to his brother:—

"MY DEAR CLAUD,  
 . . . "You talk of Weather. It was far worse from the 25th of Octr. to Novr. 8th. It was Storm as well as Rain all that while. My Cliff Wheat was in the Blade and we thought it would snap with the Wind. So on the 8th I had Two Crosses made of Wood, and on the Transome of one was carved and the letters painted red—'Imperat Ventis' from St. Luke, *i.e.*, 'He commandeth the Winds,' and on the other, 'Dixit Mari, Tace,' 'He said unto the Sea, "Peace Be Still."' They were fixed and consecrated by Six O'Clock in the Evening, amidst so fierce a Gale that the Carpenter could hardly hear the Service on the Cliff. But the Prince of the Air heard it and obeyed. By Twelve O'Clock there was a Calm, and no Storm from the S.-W. and N.-W.—the points breasted by the Crosses—has entered that field since. Could any Man doubt the Power of Words, and the [word omitted] who saw and witnessed, as all our People have, these things?"

"Wheat," he writes elsewhere, "is the only plant which never was found indigenous, never had a native land, was never found wild. Its first mention is in the Books of



Moses, who marks a date by the word 'Wheatharvest.' The first recorded use is for an addition to the Animal Sacrifices on the Hebrew Altar—a cake was made of wheaten flour and oil, and laid on the Altar, with a measure of Wine at every Offering. Our translation calls the Cake a Meat Offering, because in old English days meat signified bread. So this supernatural grain, for it was one, was delivered by God himself to Moses on Sinai, at the very time its usage was first commanded as a Sacred Oblation. Bread likewise was selected by our Blessed Redeemer as the Food for our Souls in the Solemn Sacrament of His Gospel. Wheat was always therefore the awful corn of God the Trinity. We had in our 8 acres 600 Shocks—a noble proportion for this Country. Is it not singular that now that I want a double quantity I have it? But I have remarked through life that of the two kinds of wealth, one—Man's—Gold and coin—has been refused to me. The other—God's—the riches of the Earth and Air and Water, have been made over to me in kind and happy measure. They called the Sunlight yesterday 'Mr. Hawker's weather,' and there was real delight among the reapers at 'the finest sheaves they ever cut or bound.'"

How beautiful, too, is his description, in the following letter, of the mysterious processes of germination:—

"July 24, 1864.

"I had no greater pleasure than in this Season when the anxiety of a whole year is requited by the ripe sheaves and the groaning waggon. But somehow or other our God generally bestows on us such weather that we gather the fruits in their season, and when we remember how many thousand years the great promise has been fulfilled, 'While the Earth remaineth Summer and Winter, Seedtime and Harvest, shall not fail,' we ought not to doubt but earnestly

believe that it will come to pass this year also. As I told them in Church last Sunday, None but God could do it. They go out pompously with the Seed-drip on their arm, and scatter the Seed on the Soil, and cover it with Earth, and go their way. Their work is over and their part is done. They can fulfil no more. But God and his Angels then enter the field—a mighty power broods over the grain and descends beneath the furrow, and the life below begins to move, and first the blade cometh up, and then the stalk, and then the Ear, and then the full corn in the Ear arises into light and growth beneath the silent touch of God. All is miracle and wonder and majesty, and the thousands are fed as they were on Mount Tabor from the few grains that increase and multiply in the fingers of One who is more than Man.”

One quaint harvest custom, called ‘Crying the Neck,’ is described in several letters. “Some old usages,” he writes, “are preserved here still. One when the sickle is first put in, ‘God send our Master a big loaf this year and health to eat it.’ The man who reaps the last Sheaf waves it (as the Hebrews did by God’s command), runs off a little and shouts thrice ‘We have un!’ The rest cry, ‘What have ye?’ Answer, ‘A Neck, A Neck, A Neck!’ Then all in the field join in a loud cry, ‘A Neck, A Neck, A Neck! they save un! We have un!’ that is, They—the Trinity or the Angels—save it; We—Master and Men—have it. The word Nick or Neck is the old English word for Notch or Cut, as in the Sign in London, The Swan with two Necks, which means, the two Notches or cuts in the beak whereby the owners marked their birds. Then they plait this Neck (the last handful) into a kind of web with the Ears upward, and bring it to me to be hung up to a crook in the ceiling over the Dining table. The old one is taken down and given to the Birds. This is one of the few old customs which sur-

vive, and is no doubt a vestige of better and more pious times, when in all things God was acknowledged and praised. They also at saving the Mow of Wheat when nearly finished, hoist a sheaf upon a pike, and cry three times—'If it's a Cross I'll bear it: If it's a Crown I'll wear it;' and this they call crying the Cross Sheaf. They all know, and Cann in particular, that I like every ancient custom, and so I think they practice it more here than perhaps in other farms. They cried the Neck this year<sup>1</sup> as though they thought to interest me perhaps to cheer me."

Hawker's letters are full of allusions to his cattle and his crops. It would be tedious to collect them all here.

His liberality to the men who worked for him was excessive. A labourer just going home in the evening, and called back to do a job which took him about five minutes, would get a shilling and a supper. A man minding a horse and carriage at the door would get half-a-crown. It is easy to understand how the Vicar's financial troubles arose. Such generosity may not have been judicious, but at any rate it was disinterested. He was one of those men who are by nature incapable of economy. He could not extricate himself from his difficulties by a process of retrenchment which would involve meanness to those about him. Naturally, men were very ready to work for the Parson, and the Parson knew why well enough.

"Do you know, John," he said to his coachman, "why men don't work so hard for me as they do for other people?" "Can't say, sir." "Well, I'll tell 'e. They say to themselves: 'Hawker's got plenty of money to spend.'" One day he was giving instructions to his old man Tom Lang. Tom was deaf, and kept saying, in a tone of inquiry, "Sorr?" The Vicar was tired of repeating every sentence, and thought the old man could hear better than he pretended.

<sup>1</sup> 1863, just after his wife's death.

“Don’t I speak plain English, Tom?” he exclaimed. “Sorr?” said Tom. “Will you have a pint of beer, Tom?” said the Vicar, without changing his voice. “Thankee, Sorr,” said Tom. “Ah!” said the Vicar, “you heard that well enough.”

“He was a bit sharp if you offended him,” said a woman who was once in his service. “But Lord bless you, it was soon over, if anyone could hold theirselves back for two minutes. You could have his heart out almost if you pleased him. When Tom was a bit drinky the Parson avoided him, as he was afraid of speaking too sharply to the old man.”

He was very restless and impatient. At dinner, instead of ringing a bell, he would walk out and shout for the maidens by name, and if they didn’t come instantly he would fume about, exclaiming, “Not a soul in the place. All gone out, as usual.” “Once,” says a friend, “when we were preparing to leave the house, the stableman was not to be found, so we put to the horse ourselves. Mr. Hawker was in a fury, and shouted up and down for John. John appeared, and said he had been doing something in the field. ‘It’s a lie!’ shouted the Vicar, but his anger was all over in a moment, and he and John as friendly as ever. His servants understood him and took no offence. It was just the same with the farmers and others. It didn’t matter who it was: he treated them just the same, saying straight out what he thought. He wasn’t particular what he said, and he used to say some very hard things sometimes, but it was soon forgotten and forgiven.”

Once he exclaimed, when a boy had angered him, “To think that the Almighty should have put guts in such a boy!”

It may well be imagined that his servants, while they loved him, stood somewhat in awe of him, and would

shrink from being the bearers of unwelcome messages. One day Jimmy Vinson, his man, was sent in to Bude with a waggon, and a gentleman riding past noticed that the horses looked thin. He drew rein and shouted to Jimmy, "in a large voice," as the narrator says, "Your horses are poor. Tell your master to give them more corn." "Wod e plaise ta tell'n o't yurzel, sar?" said Jimmy, and jogged along on the head of his waggon, taking no further notice.<sup>1</sup>

Another time Jimmy had to sow a field of wheat, and the Parson was very particular as to the method of sowing. A certain quantity of seed was given him, and he was told to cover the field with it, and have none left. When he had finished, however, he had a peck or two over. "Parson ull storm if he sees this yere," he said to himself. So he quietly buried it.

"Parson Hawker would always have his way," says an old parishioner, "and carry a thing through that he was minded to. When the workmen were there restoring the church he insisted on their attending service. They were just tradesmen, yu know; strangers; and they very much objected; but he would have his way. He looked upon 'em as ratjus [righteous] men, holy men, being employed upon the church, and all the time there was no greater scamps to be found on the earth. He didn't know they was drunk every night up to Cross Town. They was labourers in the house of God, and consequently ratjus men."

Hawker was not one of those who condemn a moderate use of alcohol.

"The error of Tea-totalism," he writes, "and all such Societies, is that false principles of Action are adopted. Instead of 'Do thus and thus for the sake of God and his

<sup>1</sup> For this and many other anecdotes I am indebted to Miss Amy Tape, of Coombe.

law,' it is 'Do so and so in order to come within the rules of our Club.'"

When his men were working in the field, the Vicar would take them out a bottle of gin. As he poured out for each man, he would stand between him and the wind, so that he might take it comfortably. The Vicar himself rarely touched spirits. "It is now near 12 years," he writes in 1861, "since I swallowed fermented fluids of any sort. A man is said to be a fool or a physician at forty. I was both. Said Dr. Budd, 'Your irritable brain cannot bear one glass of wine.' My answer was, 'It is no sacrifice. I will taste no more.' Nor have I since."

He was not always, perhaps, judicious in serving out liquor to his men. Mr. Baring-Gould tells a story of his discharging a coachman for drunkenness, when he had twice given the man a bottle of whisky. One of Hawker's neighbours, however, Mr. W. G. Harris, a farmer in the parish, gave the correct version of the story in a local paper, and this shows the Vicar in a better light.

"The facts," says Mr. Harris, "are these. Mr. Hawker went on to Barnstaple [from Bideford] to see a physician, Dr. Budd, and gave his man a bottle of gin on starting, telling him it would keep him warm on the road. The man was told that if his master did not arrive at the New Inn (Bideford) by the six o'clock train he was to stable the horses for the night. The master did not arrive, and Stenlake then enjoyed the bottle of gin with the ostler, and was about retiring for the night, a little elevated, thinking Jack even better than his master, when behold the nine o'clock train brings his Reverence to the New Inn. He calls to Stenlake to be quick and get the carriage. 'No,' says Stenlake. 'You gave me the gin to drink, and I have obeyed your orders. You told me to bed the horses if you did not come by the six train, and I have done it.' This

was too much for the parson. He tells a kindly policeman to see that his man does not come to grief that night, drives off alone; and does not take Stenlake, as represented, but does come to grief by failing sight or patience three miles after starting. Calls up a labouring man to accompany him, and reaches home safely. The guide and companion returns next day on foot. Poor Stenlake walks fourteen miles next evening, and stops another night, and the third day reaches Morwenstow. The man's wife goes and sees Mr. Hawker, and she puts things all right, and the man was again installed in office. The Parson never said a word to the poor fellow: he knew better. The man was never discharged from the Vicarage."

Some of the old people still living at Morwenstow have a warm recollection of the Vicar's charity. "Gude to the poor!" cried one old dame, with tears in her eyes. "His horses might be to the plough, but they must be taken off and sent for Dr. Braund, if he heard there was anybody ill." "He would be intensely impatient," says the doctor, "until my arrival, and would walk up and down before the house, saying, 'Why tarry the wheels of Braund's chariot?' He always saw that I was paid."

Many years ago, one of Hawker's brothers was in practice at Stratton, and was Parish doctor for Morwenstow. A labourer's children were down with fever, and the Vicar considered that Dr. Hawker had neglected them. He went to the house, and when he saw the children he exclaimed, with tears in his eyes, "I'm ashamed I have such a brother." Whenever he came to a cottage door, he would pause on the threshold, and say, with lifted hand, "Peace be to this house."

A parishioner mentions a little incident that illustrates both the Vicar's gusty temper and his underlying kindness of heart:—

“I was over at the Vicarage in haymaking time. The men were making the rick, and the Parson was looking on, giving directions. ‘See you make it stickle,’ I remember hearing him say. One of the men remarked that someone was coming riding over from Welcombe. It was a small farmer, who had come to sell him a horse. The parson shook his fingers before the horse’s eye, but the horse did not appear to perceive the motion. Wrathfully, in a stern loud voice, ‘Why, you’re trying to sell me a blind horse.’ The man protested that he knew nothing the matter with the horse. I don’t think Mr. H. bought the horse, but he ordered one of the men to go in and bring out a plate of meat and pudding and a pint of beer. He told me that the man was suffering from cancer, ‘the most mournful of diseases,’ he added, and gave him a note for Dr. Budd to get him admitted to Barnstaple Infirmary.”

A letter dated 14 December 1863, the year of his first wife’s death, shows how he cared for the poor every year at Christmas time. “I am ordering Xmas Beef, &c.,” he writes, “not for a Feast, but for the Aumonry the day after. A pound of Beef and a pound of Plum Pudding to every poor man’s house in the parish, more than usual this year in memoriam. It would have done you good to look on if you had consented to come. But I must be a disembodied Voice ‘like the Son of Zachary,’ floating through the Air of the Wilderness to proclaim the approach of my Lord.”

But it was not only the poor and needy whom he regarded. He took an interest in the welfare of all his parishioners, and especially the younger ones who had their way to make in life. He was quick to recognise ability, and ever ready to extend a helping hand. There were more than one who owed to him their first step on the ladder of success. His influence with “great people” was



notorious in the parish, and a letter from "Passon Hawker" was held to work wonders, either in obtaining an appointment, or the tenancy of a house, or, sometimes in getting a man out of trouble with the magistrates. The following testimonial is an instance of the first kind:—

" May ii., 1852.

"As the Vicar of this parish, wherein Mr. William Adams was born, and brought up beneath my own pastoral guidance and care, I am very happy to be able to render my strong and unreserved testimony to his blameless demeanour, personal goodness and moral excellence. I have watched the progress of his mind and conduct for many years, and my confidence in his powers and energies has been so strong that I have augured for him the attainment of success and Fame, like that of his own ancestor Sir William Adams<sup>1</sup> in the same noble science of Medical Art.

"I heartily pray that my prognostic may be in some degree fulfilled; but be this as it may, I am thoroughly persuaded that in whatsoever Position his professional exertions may be required he will fulfil his duties with thorough integrity and judicious zeal; in a manner too that will sustain the good repute he won in his native parish, with the true sympathy and constant approval of his faithful friend, the Vicar of Morwenstow.

"R. S. HAWKER."

An extract from a letter written by a Morwenstow man shows the relations which existed between the Vicar and the young people of his parish, and the affection with which they regard his memory. The writer, by the way, is a Wesleyan.

"I received such kindness from both Mr. and Mrs.

<sup>1</sup> Founder of the Eye Infirmary at Exeter. See p. 50.

Hawker when a young man that even at this remote date it would afford me very great pleasure to render any little service to one of their family. I am a native of Morwenstow, and through Mr. Hawker's kindly influence obtained a clerkship in a branch of the Board of Trade. After leaving my home I was in friendly correspondence with him for nearly twenty years up to the time of his death."

When his orthodox Anglican friends rebuked him for thus assisting heretics, the Vicar would reply, "I like to give them a little comfort in this world, for I know what discomfort awaits them in the next."

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## CHAPTER IX

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HAWKER AS A CHURCHMAN — VIEWS ON SCIENCE AND RELIGION—HIS PREACHING—IDEAS OF BAPTISM—EPITAPHS—CHURCH SERVICES—RELATIONS WITH DISSENTERS

THE last chapter dealt with the Vicar's personal qualities as a human being. We have now to regard him in his particular capacity of parish priest. The present chapter is not designed, however, as a complete account of his theological views, for this would absorb most of the book, but merely as an introductory sketch and a nucleus for certain anecdotes.

He was a churchman of an original and independent type. "I have always shrunk with loathing," he writes, in 1862, "from all those parties in the Church whose chief and only aim seems to be to exalt some vain, weak, wordy Clergyman into a Saint, and to call themselves the Followers of Mr. So-and-So instead of meek and unnoted disciples of Jesus Christ. I dislike these Popular Hordes whether of High Church or Low. I have never allowed myself to be identified with either, and had a thousand times rather be as I am, lonely and alone, than share the Fame of Great Preachers and Influential!! Men."

Although the Tractarian movement had begun to stir the mind of Oxford in his undergraduate days, he left the University too early to be much concerned in it, and he did not always agree with its leaders. Of Pusey's sermons he writes, "They appeared to me exceedingly unsound and

heterodox, but it was in the direction which I should have called Calvinistic and Low. His sermon on Sin after Baptism might have been written by Calvin himself." Hawker's innate love of symbolism, and intense reverence for the past, were enough of themselves to shape his course. In reading for orders, however, he seems to have come under distinctly Protestant influences. One of his notebooks, dated 1831-2, and styled 'Miscellanea Vitae Solitariae,' contains an analysis of Hey's Lectures on the Thirty-Nine Articles, bitterly antagonistic to Roman Catholicism. But his opinion of this book afterwards changed. [See page 385.]

The book which, after the Bible, chiefly influenced him, was the 'Summa Theologiæ' of St. Thomas Aquinas. But the Bible was the rock on which he built his faith. He always took its words in their literal meaning, and never explained them away, as the custom is, to suit the requirements of modern science.

There are probably few church-going people nowadays who would not laugh at his belief in demons, angels, witchcraft, and so forth. They may laugh at him; but, if they do, they laugh also at the Bible—at the Gospel—and they cannot consistently profess the Christian faith.

To Hawker's mind any scientific proposition that ran counter to "the written word of God" stood thereby self-condemned. He expressed his views on evolution in the following letter to a nephew, which was published in a Plymouth paper:—

"You ask me to 'put into one of my nut-shells' the pith and marrow of the controversy, which at this time pervades the English mind, as to the claims of Science and Faith. Let me try: The material universe—so the sages allege—is a vast assemblage of atoms or molecules, 'motes in the sunbeam' of science,—which has existed for myri-

ads of ages under a perpetual system of evolution, re-structure, and change. This mighty mass is traversed by the forces electrical, or magnetic, or with other kindred names; and these, by their incessant and indomitable action, are adequate to account for all the phenomena of the world of matter, and of man. The upheaval of a continent; the drainage of a sea; the creation of a metal; nay, the origin of life, and the development of a species in plant, or animal, or man; these are the achievements of fixed and natural laws among the atomic materials, under the vibration of the forces alone. Thus far the vaunted discoveries of science are said to have arrived. Let us indulge them with the theory that these results, for they are nothing more, are accurate and real. But still, a thoughtful mind will venture to demand, whence did these atoms derive their existence? and from what, and from whom, do they inherit the propensities wherewithal they are imbued? And tell me, most potent seignors, what is the origin of these forces? And with whom resides the impulse of their action and the guidance of their control? 'Nothing is so difficult as a beginning.' Your philosopher is mute! he has reached the horizon of his domains, and to him all beyond is doubt, and uncertainty, and guess. We must lift the veil. We must pass into the border-land between the two worlds, and there enquire at the Oracles of Revelation touching the Unseen and Spiritual powers which thrill through the mighty sacrament of the visible creation. We perceive, being inspired, the realms of surrounding space peopled by immortal creatures of the air—

“‘Myriads of spiritual things that walk unseen,  
Both when we wake and when we sleep.’

“These are the existences, in aspect as ‘young men in white garments,’ who inhabit the void place between the

worlds and their Maker, and their God. Behold the Battalions of the Lord of Hosts! the workers of the sky! the faithful and intelligent vassals of God the Trinity! We have named them in our own poor and meagre language 'the Angels,' but this title merely denotes one of their subordinate offices—messengers from on high. The Gentiles called them 'gods,' but we ought to honour them by a name that should embrace and interpret their lofty dignity as an intermediate army between the kingdom and the throne; the Centurions of the stars, and of men; the commanders of the forces and their guides. These are they that each with a delegated office fulfil what their 'King Invisible' decrees; not with the dull, inert mechanism of fixed and Natural Law, but with the unslumbering energy and the rational obedience of Spiritual Life. They mould the atom; they wield the force; and, as Newton rightly guessed, they rule the World of matter beneath the silent Omnipotence of God.

“‘And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth, and the top of it reached to Heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it.’—Genesis xxviii. 12.  
*Tolle lege*, my dear nephew.

“Your affectionate uncle,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

The following extract from his MSS. also indicates the nature of the arguments with which he would meet attacks on the Bible based on the discoveries of geology:—

“That the Earth rolled on in its Placelong Centuries of measured Time, before the Race of Man was made, is the plausible and innocent Theory of modern Sages, learned in Stone. But it by no means follows that it was therefore devoid of Inhabitants, capable of Earthly Abode and local life. Myriads, Myriads, of

intellectual Creatures, descended, and descend, in gradual attribute from God the bodiless to Adam the First Man. Which Race or Kind of these, may have peopled or dwelt in the awful Scenery of the Pre-Adamite Earth, we do not yet know. But there was something strongly congenial with the majestic Nature of the Seraph and the Archangel in the vast and ponderous adjuncts of that wondrous World. The Stature of those Starry Multitudes,—their mighty Presence,—and superhuman manner of life, were far more coherent with the gigantic animals, the mountainous Trees, and the earth-shouldering Rivers of the Primal Globe than the Sons of Men could be. This Orb of ours, fair and excellent as it is, may, after all, have been merely the subdued and chastened Relique, the exhausted abode of former and spiritual existences fraught with loftier life than ours. Nothing hinders that those deathless Hosts of air, when the Hour was come, may have glided away to occupy some nobler Star, which aforetime may have grieved through long ages of lonely light, a gleaming Solitude.”

In arriving at his convictions in doctrinal matters he relied far more on meditation than on reading. This independent action of mind—a result of his isolation—is marked at the outset by the title-page of one of his early manuscript note-books :—

“ 1837-8.

—  
 ‘ By their fruits ye shall know them !  
 He went up into the Mountain to pray.  
 And when the Evening was come,  
 He was there  
 Alone.

—  
 +  
 ”

The countless notes in this and similar books on questions of conduct, doctrine, and ritual, show how his mind was absolutely possessed by the religious spirit, and was continually at work, seeking after truth, or commenting, in his own characteristic language, on passages and episodes of the Bible story. A few examples of these notes will indicate how the Vicar was occupied in many a quiet hour of his lonely life :

“ 1838.

“Novr. xv. Recovering from dangerous illness.

“THOUGHTS.

“The Catholic Church defines the Eucharist to be a communication of the Great Sacrifice. The Romanists say a *Perpetuation*. Now *cf.*

“PSALMS.

“I find that the psalmodic phrases were meant to come into the mind in hours of solitude, trial, pain. Thus with me since confinement to my bed. The words of David have arisen to my lips—the Manual of Memory and Mind. *Cf.* the Orientalism and the simplicity of the phrase, ‘He hath made me to drink of his pleasures as out of a river.’”

“RHETORIC.

“Read to-day (Novr. 15 1838) the beautiful Apostrophe of the Bp. of Exon. ‘You may take from me my See, my Robe; But my integrity to Heaven I will preserve inviolate.’”

“THE EUCHARIST.

. . . “We say *a* change, though not *the* Romanist change. We assert *a* Presence, though not *the* incarnate Presence.” . . .

“METHODISM. 1838.

“‘The Wesleyans tell me, sir, that they have increased wonderfully; that their sect has subscribed £90,000 in a short time to



support their chapels.' What does that prove? All the Rich Jews in our Saviour's time were Sadducees, which denied Angel and Spirit and the Resurrection."

"ROBES. 1838.

"What were the Ornaments of Ministers in the Second Year of King Edward the Sixth? Find and use.

[Added] "I have done this eleven years. 1849. R. S. H."

"PSALMS, MAY 29—SUNDAY.

"139.

"Space (the measured Universe) is part of God's Presence: The Sun and His Planets—the Stars fixed and moving—are scattered like jewels over the Robe of God. His Presence enfolds Space and all therein. This Psalm relates the boundless and universal Presence and Providence of God."

"ONE FAITH.

"He entered not in any casual bark, but into one of the ships which was Simon's. Only safety here and rest."

"CHURCH AND STATE.

"Bishops made by the State!! Idiots! How were Bishops ordained and the Church carried on when States persecuted the Church? till Constantine?"

"ORDINATION.

"Some priests undervalue their office—true. Still this does not impair their function. There are whose bellies God fills with hid treasure.

"And when we do recall the course of the Apostolic transmission from oldest time. When we commence with its origin in the Saxon Hermitage or the Cornish Cell. When we trace its increase from the confluence of other streams of undoubted and Apostolic source—till it rolls in stern and majestic volume through change of dynasty and of kings—tinged but unperverted by

Romish innovation <sup>1</sup>—darkened but uninterrupted by popular fury—I think we must perceive that the Spirit of God must have breathed upon the face of those waters.”

The following lines, written in the same note-book, are now published for the first time, having been discovered too late to be included in the new edition of Hawker's poems :—

“ APOSTOLIC SUCCESSION.

“ Be thy heart faithful and thy bearing bold,  
As stood Elijah on the mount of old,  
Tho' thine the remnant hid in cave and glen,  
And the false prophets thrice two hundred men

(Alternative first verse.)

“ Stand as He stood upon that Mount of old,  
He of the faithful heart and bearing bold,  
When the true flock had fled to cave and glen,  
And Baal's thick groves were bold with prophet men.

“ Speak as he spake whose spirit was not bound,  
Tho' foemen grasp'd and shame and peril frown'd,  
But sternly stood and shook with fearless hands  
The chain whose clank awoke the slumbering lands.

“ Watch ! as he watch'd the witness of the Lord,  
Driven to the Patmian shore, cast out, abhorr'd.  
Yet Faith could set that exile's spirit free,  
Till Heaven's own visions filled the lonely sea.

<sup>1</sup> The Vicar did not always maintain this disparaging tone towards the Roman Church, for, thirty years later (in 1869), we find him writing: “ All tends to the Old Prophecy that, when the three Centuries were complete, dating from 1568, when Bess was excommunicate, England would fast become Catholic or Infidel. I have always thought it very bad taste in the High Church Party to revile the Catholic Church. All of good they possess is thence derived, and not one true doctrine can they hold but it was treasured up in their ancestral house.”

“What tho' the Morn be dim and dark the night?  
Wait, for at Evening time it shall be light.  
Lo! where they glide in fields above the storm  
The Prophet's mighty shade, the Apostle's radiant form.”

These stirring lines express the polemical side of the Vicar's character, in his lifelong conflict with the enemies of the Church. But while he was proud and unyielding towards men, he was humble towards God. Under the heading of “Humility” he writes, “Cherish a Spirit of Sacrifice, *i.e.*, a Bent Mind. Wish what God wishes.”

As a preacher he had remarkable powers, which in a wider sphere would doubtless have brought him fame, and he cultivated this natural talent by a careful study of the rules of rhetoric. His manuscript books are full of notes on this subject. His sermons were didactic and descriptive rather than argumentative. One of his notes shows the principle that underlay his preaching:—

“RHETORIC.

“Even the language of persuasion seems misplaced in the enforcement of Holy Truth. It is like recommending Wares for Sale. A mere enunciation of sacred facts, without anticipation of the possibility of disbelief, appears to me the most adapted to the Words of God. A simple oracular communication is best.”

The following extracts from a sermon (dated 1831) delivered in Stratton Church, on behalf of sufferers in the Irish famine, give proof of his oratorical power:—

“Brethren! we are gathered together this day to listen to an exceedingly bitter cry. The voice of famine from another land. The loud necessities of the Irish people. They are wild with hunger. How came this to pass is not a tale for this place. The shrunken hands of a nation are stretched forth unto us, and that is enough. Whole crowds have died, mad with want, and hardly

was there anyone to bury them. You would see it as you passed along at this time. Men tottering, but not with age; frail in the midst of their days. You would shudder, on the one hand at the babe laid at the breast in vain, and on the other, at the woman that would fain deny the morsel to her child, and will not have compassion on the son of her womb! These things have been, are, and will be yet again. These men, covered with the sores of human life, the pain, the poverty, and the grief, are laid to-day at the gate of our hearts. They desire to be fed with the crumbs that fall from our table. If we were heathen men we could hardly shut our ears to their cry. Their flesh is like our own; their blood the self-same colour. They utter the words of a man; they weep human tears. The savage of the Western Wood will pour oil and wine into the wounds of the unknown traveller; and the argument of the wild man is, 'He was born of woman, and so was I.' But since we are Christian men we can hardly run the risk of turning away from these our brethren.

“But another sullen thought may awake. We cannot afford this thing. We have not wherewithal to obey the command of our Master which is in heaven. That I take leave to gainsay. Remember the days of old. Consider the years of many generations. No man ever yet felt the lack of that small sum which he lent unto the Lord. The cost of sin may wear out wealth, as a moth fretteth a garment—the wages of iniquity are high—but Christian charity in many a long generation hath not wasted one fair Estate. The Bank of Heaven is very sure.

“The thousands of the rich and the pennies of the poor are of the same value before Him. It is the motive within—our feelings and our thoughts—that will be weighed in the balances of God. . . . The smallest coin of the land may bear the image and superscription of our goodwill. The rain-drop will add to the stream, the single grain to the gathered heap. Who can tell? If the history of one of your small pieces of money were to be written down, we might trace it across the waters; we might mark it enter into the hands of some wasted man, and hear how the tears of gratitude fell upon his cheek, as he gave it for bread. . . .

---

The famished man shall lift up his lean hand to his God, and your God, and bless you. Grey Fathers and feeble Dames, that know you not, shall blend a memorial of you with their morning and evening prayer.

“The same God will give you back the kindness you show, the harvest of that seed! Such shall be your earthly reward. But there is more to tell. We shall go into the ground, and be forgotten dust. The spirits of all flesh will be gathered into their place to bide their time. The feet of future men will echo here—men it may be of strange garb and altered speech will stand where you sleep, and wonder whose names they be that are well nigh worn out from the ancient stone. And you will be cold beneath—unconscious—mute—but not for ever. For He cometh! For He cometh! to judge the earth. The day will dawn: the books be opened and the thrones set. The sea from her weedy caverns will cast up her dead: the fast-bound grave resign. A vast and moving multitude will throng from the East and from the West, from the North and from the South—and be tried—every man for his own soul. By Pound and Talent: by land and circumstance and local light. The Wild Indian by the creed of his Fathers. The hot Moor by the clime wherein he dwelt according to the current of his blood; black and comely in proportion to the law they had and the land wherein they were born. They that had a law—an Apostle speaketh—by that law: they that had not a law by the small voice within. And then the people of our native England will be called on, the land that is a light to the Gentiles, a continual star to guide men from the East and from the West to worship the Christian’s God. They to whom so much hath been given must go forward to reckon with their God. The Dwellers of this place—we who look on each other’s faces now—the busy Angel will bring forward the things that witness for and against. Harken! Would you be glad in that breathless hour if poor and miserable men should rush from their ranks and cry unto you: ‘These then were they that sent us help in our anguish, that were kind unto us when we were minished and brought low!’

“Should you not rejoice if the Earthly Shepherd of this flock could say with unfearing voice, ‘Lord, here am I with those whom thou hast given me?’ and would not your hearts burn within you if the voice of the Lord as the sound of many waters should come forth from the cloud unto you? ‘I was an hungered and ye fed me: I was thirsty and ye gave me to drink—ye did it unto these my brethren—ye did it unto me.’ Would not this be a happy scene?

“Then choose you for this day’s part how it shall be. If we will not melt—if we close our fingers upon the coin and hereafter pay it down for some indulgence of our own: we shall be very sorry on a certain time. The voices of many spirits will chide the selfish shadow hereafter. Sad and reproachful faces will move around him in the land of souls. Yes! there is a place where the keen remembrance of every neglect of the law of love will goad men for ever and ever—an awful scene! where there is neither day nor night to bring sweet change; nor storm nor cloud to vary the dismal blank; where the human food we keep back is clean out of mind, and the silver and gold we grasp have no name: where a man will say ‘what is the hour?’ and his neighbour will answer ‘Eternity.’ But all this while the Angels of God will echo their joyful psalm to welcome the loving Saint to his quiet and Blessed home. Harken! to the melody of Heaven! ‘He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor, his reward shall be eternal;’ and hearken yet again to the voice that cometh from one like unto the Son of Man! ‘I was an hungered and he fed me. I was thirsty and he gave me to drink. Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.”

An amusing story is told by the Vicar’s sister with reference to his sermons. “When first ordained,” she writes, “Robert always preached from manuscript, so that a large number of sermons had collected, and he had them burnt. A clergyman told him he ought to be ashamed of himself: how did he know but that they might have done good to many had they been printed? His answer was,

‘My dear C., I had all the ashes spread over a turnip field, and I assure you there was not a single turnip more in that field than in any other!’”

In later years he always preached extempore, and his readiness of resource was surprising. Once at a neighbouring church, on some special occasion, the preacher failed to appear, and at the last moment Hawker was asked to take his place. He began, “And the names of the Twelve Apostles were these” (reciting them from memory), and preached a sermon which is remembered to this day by those who heard it. In one of his note-books he records another impromptu utterance: “To-day I was called on suddenly to say Grace at the Funeral Luncheon. I said, hardly knowing why: ‘Our Fathers did eat Manna in the Wilderness, and are dead; O Lord, feed us with thy mercy and nourish us with thy Salvation.’”

In 1864 he writes: “I served both my Churches yesterday, and when the Valentine family came into Wellcombe Church unexpectedly, after being here at Matins, I was able to change my Sermon on the Spot from the Gospel on which I had just preached to them here to the Test of Abraham, the Lesson for Evensong.”

Sometimes the Vicar aimed his discourse at members of the congregation. A former parishioner says, “There was a girl from Ilfracombe once came to stay in Morwenstow, with a Wesleyan family. She came to church wearin’ a gold chain around her neck and bracelets, such as many ladies du wear. So Mr. Hawker preached on the vanity of adorning the person. I’ve seen people get up and walk out when e’s been preachin’ at ’em. He didn’t mention no names, but they knew as well as anything he was meanin’ them.”

In his church services Hawker seems to have employed but little ceremonial. They drew their impressiveness from

his own personality. He was one of the first Anglican clergymen, however, to revive the use of the vestments. A description of his appearance in these is given by a lady of the parish, Mrs. Waddon Martyn of Tonacombe Manor. "Forty-seven years ago," she writes, "Mr. Hawker christened my eldest son, in full vestments (as he always did)—alb—magnificent purple velvet cope, fastened with a large sort of brooch—a white stole very richly worked in gold, an exact copy, he said, of St Cuthbert's, found on opening the coffin still preserved (in Durham Cathedral). Parents were not allowed in Church when their children were christened. The service as done by him was most impressive. Receiving the child from the Godmother, *then* an almost unknown thing, he poured the Baptismal water *three* times—Father, Son and Holy Ghost—on the child, and then with the Child in his arms walked up nearly to the first chancel steps, and then held it high up in his arms as he said—'We receive this child into the congregation of Christ's flock, and do *sign* him with the sign of the Cross,' which he did *most* impressively. Then returning to the Font he gave the child back to the God-parent. . . . I also well remember going to Matins with a friend on *St. John's Day*. Our seat then was behind the Pulpit. We heard the Vestry door unlocked, and soon from out the dark and wormwood-strewn chancel, his great magnificent voice said, 'And now in the Presence of God and of His Angels let us rehearse the legend of St. John.'—*Nothing* else at all as service."

In one of his letters, Hawker says—"I always observe the old Church custom of the Minister's Kiss of Peace, which I give after the sentence, 'We receive this child, &c., and on the forehead.'" Mrs. Martyn also sends two characteristic letters addressed to her husband on the subject of God-parents :—



“Feb. xix., 1856.

“DEAR SIR,

“On the reception of your inquiries as to *Sponsors* of the Blood and a Fourth, I deemed it to be my duty under the especial circumstances to carry the sacrifice of self to its utmost limit. Therefore, although I had repelled grandfathers and grandmothers from many a Baptism before, and my People had acquiesced in that exercise of personal responsibility on my part, I submitted to your demand for their appearance at the Font because of the letter of the 29th Canon. I merely and in consonance with my well known parochial usage disallowed the Fourth Sponsor. I did not, as is my usage, refer to the Bishop for decision of doubt, because as I understood you were to appear before him as a Candidate for orders I was loth that thro' me any impression should be conveyed to his Lordship unfavourable in matters of Baptismal Discipline to your Father's son. But your persistence allows me no choice. I shall refer both questions to our Diocesan Judge, and render him Canonical obedience in both.”

“Feb. xxiv., 1856.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have received from the Bishop to-night a letter of reply. His Lordship assents to my admission of a grandfather and a grandmother to be *Sponsors* for your son. He also ratifies my interpretation of the Rubrical Limit of Three in number and Three only.”

The following fragment, taken from one of Hawker's manuscript books, has not hitherto been published:—

“THE SPONSOR'S LAY.

“Seven times the East hath brought the Morn  
 Since the child Thy Son was born.  
 Haste ye! Haste! the Rite begin,  
 Shun the Midian Mother's Sin,

When Zipporah's Soul abhorred  
The Voice of the avenging Lord.

“ Call the guests and choose the Name,  
Bring thy firstborn's infant frame :  
Let the thrilling thought arise,  
Who commanded from the Skies  
Thus with seal of Blood to sign  
All of Abraham's mystic line.  
Vacant bring Elija's chair :  
Tho' unseen his form is there,  
Witness to this solemn rite,  
Seal and pledge to Angels' sight,  
In heavenly bower and demons' den  
Of the charm'd and shielded Men.

“ How they gather as we gaze,  
Scenes of high and ancient days.”

A few of the more striking allusions to baptism in his note-books and letters are here collected :—

“ To-day I began to baptize by consecrating the Water in my small Silver Chalice (just enough of the Element for the occasion), and pouring it on the head of the Child from my hand as at the Font. February 9, 1838.”

“ Ridley, and other such who denied efficacy to Holy Water, imputed it to the Water of Baptism—indeed the *contrast* between the Sanctitude of the Piscina and the Font which is so constantly made by ancient Writers establishes the power of  $\bar{y}$  Baptismal element.”

“ Are not Wesley and Whitfield Rivers of Dissent better than all the Waters of Baptism? May I not wash in them and be clean?  
Naaman.”

“ Which is loveliest, the wide wide Sea rolling in beauty on, or the Spring that fills with silent flow yon grey and moss-grown

well? The fount is fairer, for thence they draw Water to bathe with the Holy Ghost."

"BAPTISM.

"You bring within your arms a little child, the offspring of parents of earth, overshadowed with the hue of original guilt—angels enter with your concourse at the door, and one ministering Spirit unassigned. One by one, as the introductory prayers are said, angelic movements occur. They glide in their courses along the aisles and Roof. The angel of the church is in command. In their eyes the child is dark, The Water dull and dim.

"But at Consecration light flashes around the Font and flows from the Water like a sudden radiance of dawn. At the instant of Baptism the Water falls gleamy with God upon the infant brow. The Babe grows bright. The Halo of the Baptized surrounds its voiceless form. Its angel touches its lip and clings to it with guardian wing."

*To Rev. W. Anderson.*

"Novr. v., 1848.

"You talked, I think, to-day of a Baptism in a private house. I trust you will not make me appear singular by performing the Service in your coat. I always wear an Alb, as is ordained by the Canon. Indeed, the Sacrament is not validly delivered without ecclesiastical apparel. All went well to-day, except that my Servant remarked your preference for that secular and lay garment the Surplice instead of a Clergyman's robes. However, a Deacon who is a layman may well be excused. . . . Mrs. Anderson will tell you that I did not read the State Service to-day—I never do—and that I do not like sung Psalms, because they have never been ratified by convocation."

*To Mrs. Watson.* [See page 278.]

"10 March 1861.

"You have no doubt heard of the Bishop of Oxford's unwise attempt to alter the law which prohibits Parents

from being Sponsors: I say unwise, because when the Service for Baptism was drawn up it was ordained that because the Parents are the Authors of the *First Birth* which is from *Adam* and *evil*, therefore they should have nothing to do with the *Second Birth* which is from *God* and *Good*. To mark the contrast between the two Births, the Parents, the Authors of the First, were excluded from the Second, and as another canon enjoins, No Parent is to be urged to be even Present when his Child is baptized. I have heard of Clergymen who would not even see their Child till it had been baptized. But I am sorry to say that Soapy Sam, as the Bishop of Oxford used to be called when he was at College, will do anything to get popularity and to win praise. Such men prosper long but not last."

"Sept. 29, 1861.

"The day of St. Michael and all Angels. His name means the Hammer of God. It is the great Battle of this Archangel with the Dragon or Enemy which forms the Vision wherein St. John had Apocalypse of the Latter days. What a wonderful thing is a name. No one knows its force and value among the Spirits and with the Watchers of the sky. We are called in Heaven by the name wherewith we have been baptized. Under the Old Testament the name by which any child was circumcised was his title in the converse of God. If you wish for proof, read the 11th verse of the 9th Chapter of the Acts—a very striking Scripture when you remember it is God who speaks—who calls a man by his name and the Street in which he dwelt. It was this knowledge about names that made men of old cautious what they called their children; never more than one name until the German custom came in of many names, and now the common people copy it, and call their children by 3 names often at the Font. But

in catechizing and marriage I never allow the usage of more than one name."

The following letter refers to an amusing mistake at a baptism in Hartland Church, when a female child was inadvertently christened "William." A similar anecdote occurs in Hawker's sketch of 'Humphrey Vivian.'

*To Mr. J. G. Godwin.*

"Octr. 17, 1862.

"Did I, or did I not, tell you the solution of doubt in the case of Chope's Baptism? If I did not, your suggestion is most singular as a coincidence. This was my statement. There is a theological dogma—Adam contains Eve—The Woman is concluded within the Man. Every masculine rite enfolds and embraces the feminine share of it. Sarah was circumcised on Abraham's thigh. Therefore William, which is a Teutonic name, Gelthelm or Golden Crest, contained and delivered Wilhelmina, and thus I told him to register the child. But nothing I believe can save her from a Beard."

The following two extracts relate to the baptism of his own children. He always liked a child to cry when baptized; otherwise, he said, the Devil did not go out:—

"Jany. xij., 1866.

"Morwenna Pauline was baptized on Sunday and behaved most orthodoxly. She cried in the right place and was silent after Exorcism, as she should."

*To Mr. J. G. Godwin.*

"Sept. xvij., 1867.

"If Mr. Valentine writes to you and accepts my offer, I will pay the Railway expenses of going from Oxford to

Whixley and back again. But I very much fear that he will not be able to get away from his duty to fulfil my wishes. One chief reason why I wish him to come is that he is the only man I can obtain who is likely to bestow the Sacrament on my Child. Every Clergyman in this Country is accustomed, in order to show his contempt for Water, the Seed of God, to drain his hand dry of every drop except the tip of his middle finger from which he allows about a single drop to fall on the Infant's face. This usage is so adverse to actual rubric, which commands that the hand should be filled with as much water as it can grasp, or in some cases a shell is filled, and the Water is shed three times in the form of a Cross on the brow of the little child, dividing the Gospel of the Trinity in three parts to suit the aspersion by the Water, thus, 'In the name of the Father (once), and of the Son (twice), and of the Holy Ghost' (thrice). You may guess how disgusted I am, knowing that the Baptism depends on this trine bestowal of the Element chosen to be the Couch or Chariot of the Trinity, when I see the child robbed by disdainful heresy of its full sacrament. The Cross also at reception should be signed thrice, on the brow, breast and loins of the Child. Oh how I am worried and sickened by the demeanour of these wretched men, mutilating and despising the visible Sign of the descent of the Paraclete with Second Birth. If I could have known that I should be the Father of Children I should have shrunk from the fearful responsibility."

The Vicar had decided views also about Confirmation. With reference to the dress of female candidates he writes, in 1856—"There is a difference of opinion between myself and some other of the clergy, and they are upheld too by Mrs. Phillpotts, the Bishop's wife. These all prefer Caps and Veils for the confirmed. I recommend the bare brow."

Of the Communion Service he writes to a friend in 1857—

“You mention the Eucharist. How any Man can dare break the law expressly laid down in the Prayer Book which he has sworn to obey, I know not. I say nothing of the blasphemous disrespect of passing the Paten & the Chalice round the Rail as though they conveyed a common meal. The delivery of the Sacrament is personal to each with a statement, *to* and *for* each, and the word *thee* fixes it if usage did not. Shall I tell you the reason? Their vanity will not allow them to forego that which I never dared preach in my life—a Sermon in my Master’s Presence, and so they have not time. Let them omit the superfluous, and nine times out of ten unmeaning, discourse on such days, and then there would be time enough to convey God’s Message singly with each to each.”

The burial service he also performed very impressively; and many of the gravestones in the churchyard bear epitaphs of his making, in some cases original poems. One stone is inscribed with his poem ‘The Dirge.’ “The first line of these verses,” he says, “haunted the memory and lips of a good and blameless young farmer, who died in my parish some years ago. It was, as I conceive, a fragment of some forgotten dirge, of which he could remember no more. But it was his strong desire that ‘the words’ should be ‘put upon his headstone,’ and he wished me also to write ‘some other words, to make it complete.’” Before the verses is the following inscription:—

“TO THE MEMORY OF  
RICHARD CANN,

of Lower Cory in this parish, Yeoman, whose Soul was carried by the Angels into Paradise on the 16th day of February in the year of the Church 1842. Aged 31 years.

“The Second Life which he received at the Font he cherished in the Chancel, insomuch that with the certainty of the One True Faith,

through the Assurance of the Blessed Sacraments, and in the Safety of the Ancient and Apostolic Worship of Christ in this consecrated Sanctuary of God, he clave steadfastly unto the Lord until he was not, for God took him."

Another stone in Morwenstow churchyard bears some lines which have not hitherto found their way into print—

" TO THE MEMORY OF  
JANE CANN.

She wrought well in the vineyard of the Lord for forty years and upwards, until the 7th day of the second month in the Year of the Holy Apostolic Church 1848, and then her work was wholly done. Still she being dead yet speaketh. This is her Title that you see, and her Grave is the Sepulchre of a woman of God.

" Her thoughts were holy and her language sweet,  
She dwelt like Mary at her Saviour's feet ;  
As Martha with her brother sat she down,  
And she like Sarah was her Husband's crown.  
Yet must her Mother miss that loving eye,  
And in old age for her dear Daughter sigh ;  
God wanted her and so she passed away,  
The Sun went down while it was yet the day.  
Still, though the Earth was fair and life was young,  
No sound of murmuring trembled on her tongue ;  
But, as that Prophet who the Desert trod,  
When the Voice call'd, made haste to meet his God,  
So she from Pisgah's height with hopeful eye  
Beheld bright Canaan in the distance lie ;  
Then bow'd her head in peace with meek accord,  
And slumbers here with burial of the Lord."

The touching lines, 'On the Grave of a Child,' are to be found on a stone near the south wall of the Church

" Those whom God loves die young ;  
They see no evil days ;  
No falsehood taints their tongue,  
No wickedness their ways.



“Baptized, and so made sure  
To win their safe abode ;  
What could we pray for more ?  
They die, and are with God.”

These lines commemorate the son of the Rev. Ezekiel Athanasius Rouse, a descendant of a former Vicar of the Parish. Mr. Rouse had a son named after him Ezekiel. One Good Friday, the story goes, Hawker had denounced from the pulpit the modern desecration of that day, which, he said, was a proof that the Gospel was ‘perished out of the land.’ Ezekiel the younger, though he listened to his sermon, disregarded its precepts, and in the afternoon joined in an ungodly game of football. But the judgment descended, and he came home with a broken nose ; and this greatly confirmed the Vicar in his belief that whomsoever he bound on earth should be bound in heaven.

The Vicar held a daily service, as he used to say, “for the absent,” the congregation consisting of Mrs. Hawker, on which occasions it is said that he used to open the prayers with “Dearly beloved Charlotte ! the Scripture moveth us, etc.”

Towards the end of her life Mrs. Hawker’s sight became very weak, and the Vicar would take advantage of this infirmity to conceal from her any worrying letters, and as far as possible keep her in ignorance of anxieties that preyed upon his mind. But she sometimes detected these pious frauds, and on one such occasion administered an unexpected rebuke. The daily service was in progress, and they were reading alternate verses of the psalms. Suddenly the Vicar was startled by hearing his wife’s voice raised to a loud tone as she read the words “and all false ways I utterly abhor !”

The Sunday services were of an original character.

The Vicar inside the dim chancel was concealed from the congregation by the screen. He would wander up and down the chancel, book in hand, and reading now in English, now in Latin. At certain points in the service he would prostrate himself on the ground before the altar, with outstretched arms, in the form of a cross. A little door in the screen gave access to the pulpit, and the Vicar had great difficulty in squeezing through. When asked why he did not enlarge the door, he would say, "Don't you see that this typifies the camel going through the eye of the needle?"

After the sermon he came down the pulpit steps backwards, finding that the only possible way of returning through the door. Strangers preaching at Morwenstow, who did not know of this device, would find themselves imprisoned on the stairs, till the Vicar came to their rescue. "It is the strait and narrow way," he would whisper, "and few there be that find it."

He used to strew the floor of the church with wormwood. "I scatter it in the chancel," he writes, "and along the aisles and in the seats. When bruised by the foot it gives out its healthy pleasant smell, and that smell *is* a febrifuge." Of his choir he writes, in 1861, "Nothing can be plainer than their singing is. A Bass Viol—Two Flutes—a pitch-pipe, and about a score of singers who sing the New Version of the Psalms. An Organ would be quite out of place in a simple Country Church like mine."

His illuminations were primitive.

"What a repulsive usage it would seem even to me," he writes, "Gas and a chanted Service. The former is said to result in many a lung and visceral disease. When my Church is lighted it is with 8 or 10 ends of Candle stuck about by the Old Sexton on the bench heads."

There was a familiarity about some of the Vicar's pro-

ceedings in Church which might have shocked a prim and starchy London congregation.

When the sexton was ringing the bell for the daily morning service, and it was time for him to cease, the Vicar would shout down the Church, "Now, Tom, three for the Trinity, and one for the Blessed Virgin." On Sundays the performers on the bass viol, etc., were stationed at the west end of the church, and the singers were there also. There was no board for the numbers of the hymns. The churchwarden's little niece used to walk up the aisle and hand a list of the hymns to the Vicar through the screen, and, she says, he invariably handed back to her a piece of barley sugar. He always kept a supply in his study for children that came to see him. It would be quite a mistake, however, to infer from these homely practices any want of reverence. Hawker strongly resented any disrespect for sacred things and places.

One day he was showing the church to a stranger, who had just been taking refreshments at the Vicarage. As they were leaving the church the visitor put his hat on before he reached the door. The Vicar, from behind, promptly knocked it off. Thinking it was done by accident, the stranger replaced his hat, whereupon the Vicar knocked it off again.

A certain Church Dignitary had said that the Virgin was the mother of other children besides Jesus. "Blaspheming dog!" exclaimed Hawker, when he heard of this; "he had better not come here, for I shall not be at home."

The Vicar was not slow to pronounce a malediction, when he thought it was deserved.

"In the hall of the Vicarage," writes his sister, "a large board used to hang. Some one passing through asked Robert what was written on it. He said, 'That is a list of all my parishioners, divided into two classes—'beati

sint' on one side, and 'anathema sint' on the other. I always keep it, and mark the changes."

In his private devotions, as an old servant of his expresses it, "he was a bit High, sartainly. He had a little room upstairs where he used to pray. Us maids could see him from another window, with his candles and suchlike, crossing himself in divers ways."

He was no lover of Dissent, although with Dissenters, in the flesh, he was often on friendly terms. In one of his notebooks, he writes :—

"INFALLIBILITY.

"The Methodists not only hold this of John Wesley but of every hedge preacher. They teach 'he speaks by the spirit so cannot err.' A 1000 popes."

The verses that follow were sent to his friend Mr. Arthur Kelly. The MS. is undated, but seems to belong to an early period.

"LATREIA.

"These be thy—Gods ! O Israel !'

"They say—and yet they sadly err—  
Though loud and bold their tone—  
They say that I'm a Worshipper  
Of Shapes of Wood and Stone !

"Alas ! I'm made of sterner Stuff,  
I've quite another fault,  
I do not worship things enough,  
Nor bow down as I ought !

"I've no respect for Calvin's Face,  
Nor Whitfield's locks of gray,  
John Wesley's Picture hath no Place  
Where I kneel down to pray !

“No vow from me, nor Praise, nor Prayer,  
 Saint Bickersteth can claim,—  
 I am so lost, I never swear  
 By Mr. Bridges’ name !

“There is no ‘Blessed’ Man, nor ‘Sweet,’  
 No popular Divine,  
 Whose graven Image others greet,  
 Can bend these limbs of mine !

“Upright I stand, and at mine Ease,  
 My simpering Mrs. C.—  
 I worship Heathen—Images !!  
 I do not worship thee.”

“A dissenter,” writes the Vicar’s sister, “once begged me to ask Robert for his interpretation of certain verses of St. Paul’s. I did so, and his answer was:—

“MY DEAR CAROLINE,  
 “Cast not your pearls before swine, lest they turn again and rend you.’”

In 1854 a dispute arose in the Vestry on the question of Church Rates, which some Dissenters refused to pay. The Vicar retaliated in a novel manner.

“When,” he writes, “the Blind and Base had led the Blind and Base into a Morwenstow Ditch, and the Church-rate of one Penny in the £1 was filched in Vestry by a Band of Thieves, the last link was severed by which the wretched Schismatics held claim on consecrated ground.”

“After diligent research into the powers of the Vicar still remanent in me by Law, I found that they were limited to these:—

“*i.* At Common Law every Parishioner, or Resident within the boundary, could claim a burial in consecrated earth, but the spot, the kind of grave, the appliances of Mortar and Stone, were optional with me.

“*ij.* A Corpse so dying had a right to obtain from a

Minister vocal Sepulture according to the Rubrical Law of the Church. But a choice was vested in me by rubric of leading the Dead either into the Church from the Lych-gate or at once to its Grave.

“Notice was given by me in Writing that so long as the usual and meagre rate of Morwenstow was feloniously intercepted by Vote these powers of option would be rigidly exercised by me.

“Among the Ringleaders of Riot and the aiders and abettors of all Rebellion against the Church of His Baptism was One ———.

“His Father-in-Law died! On the morning of Tuesday a Messenger arrived. The Tale he told was—the death—the necessity of burial. A thought occurred to me. What if I afford this Man another opportunity of Repentance? True, dissenters’ eyes are dry, and the nether Millstone is softer than a Sectary’s soul; still let me try. The dead man desired to rest in this Churchyard at his departed sister’s side. On the one Hand I must relax my written and published rule, on the other who knows but that they may be glad to perform their neglected Duty to the Church for the dead’s sake? So I wrote thus:—

“‘On condition that the Tenants of ——— pay one penny in the pound on their rate in discharge of their Church-rate for the year ending Easter 1855, the payment to be made to Thomas Cann, Warden, before the ground is broken, I consent to the erection of a Vault, commonly called a Walled Grave, in my Churchyard, for the Body of Mr. ———, now lying dead at ———, and I moreover undertake to inter the said Corpse in the usual way without demand of any personal Fee or payment to myself for such grant or service.’

“R. S. HAWKER, Vicar of Morwenstow.

“Decr. 5—54.”

*“Reply.*

“The Tenants at —— will be bound to no conditions.’

“My second Notice ran therefore thus:—

“‘I forbid any Walled Grave to be built in my Church-yard for the body of Mr. ——.’

“R. S. HAWKER.

“*N.B.*—The penny Rate would have been about £1. I hear a costly Hearse is hired for burial at Hartland.”

Hawker wrote to the landlord of the tenants in question:—

“So rigid was and is my vow to fulfil herein my duty to the Church, that while on the one hand Lord John Thynne, if he were to visit this parish and to die here, should receive at my hands honourable Sepulture in the Chancel, and the full observances of the Church, because of his very proper notice to the tenant of his Land, and so likewise should his Steward Mr. Shearm, so on the other hand if death were to occur to Mr. ——, he would obtain from me only a garbled Service and a disrespected grave. . . . You have copies of the Papers which passed. I beg you will preserve them with this letter for future reference. The Resolve I have announced will be literally enforced, and I am glad that the first occasion of proof has been in the case of a rich rather than a poor person.”

In another letter he says:—“My only reply [to a note he had received] was a verbal one, viz., that the note contained a vile lie and that ‘no liar had eternal life abiding in him.’”

These were painful incidents, but some account of them is necessary to a true understanding of the Vicar’s character. Storm and calm, sunshine and gloom, alternated in his mood; for it would seem as though the spirit of the “changing sea” had wrought itself into his being. He

was a good hater, open and above-board in his enmity, not nourishing a secret grudge, nor speaking behind a man's back what he would not say to his face. It was this quality which won the respect of those whom he most denounced, and moved them to speak well of him after his death. There were men in the parish quite capable of standing up to him, and, like him, hitting straight from the shoulder. Both combatants would thoroughly enjoy the contest, and be as good friends after as before. The vigorous terms in which they abused each other were only part of the game, for the nature of West-countrymen delights in strong language.

After these events it is not surprising that Dissenters in the parish hesitated before coming to the Vicar to arrange for the funerals of deceased relatives. The story goes that in one case, when the bitterness of the dispute had abated, he inquired the reason of this reluctance, and the reply was :—

“Well Sir, we thought you objected to burying Dissenters.”

“Not at all,” said Hawker. “I should be only too glad to bury you all.”

The dispute about the Church Rate had arisen over a question as to the repair of the Church roof. The Vicar printed and issued the following appeal :—

**“Ecce! audivimus eam in Ephrata; et invenimus eam in campis Sylvae!” Ps. cxxxij.**

“The Roof of Morwenstow Church is covered with Shingle instead of Slate, *i.e.*, with Tiles of Wood,—the material of the Ark, and of the Cross, that Death-bed of our Blessed Lord. This kind of covering was the wise and careful choice of our Forefathers, to baffle the Tempests of ‘the Severn Sea.’ In the presence of the Atlantic, and lifted full 400 feet on a Cliff above



the Shore, this Wooden Roof has borne the Brunt of the Seasons and the Winds, for long generations, at a far less cost of Repair, and with much slighter injury from annual Storms, than any *slated* Church in the Deanery of Trigg Major, or on the North Coast of Cornwall. Now, the Vicar is proud of this Shingle Roof, and the hostile farmers have found it out. It has been their muttered threat and their shameless avowal that 'they would punish the Vicar by destroying his favourite Roof.' Since the late decision in the House of Lords, they have laid a crafty and malignant scheme to cover the Church like a Cattle-Shed or a barn; and at the last Vestry, the paltry Penny in the Pound, for the usual yearly repair, was refused under the insidious cry of 'No Slate, no Rate.' Every effort to assuage their ferocity has been in vain. The Church Rate has been lowered during the present Incumbency from £32 a year to £16. The outlay of the Vicar, for the future good of his Parish, has been unlimited, and it has exhausted all his means. He is very, very loath that the noble Roof should fall a sacrifice, and that to the Schismatic hatred of mere Rack-Renters, with no interest in the Church, and no permanence in the Scene. It has occurred to him that an appeal to his Guests and Friends, for their aidance in this final endeavour to sustain Morwenstow Church, may not be utterly in vain. A Part of the Roof of the Southern Aisle has lately been renewed, and it is proposed to continue the restoration of the rest. Every Shilling in Oblation, *ad honorem Dei*, shall be made known, with the Donor's name; and will be rigidly accounted for by the Vicar himself.

"The Vicar leads the List with £10.

"Morwenstow, Feb. xxviiij.

"*Year of the Church, 1855.*"

The Vicar carried his point, and the roof was repaired with oak; but the new wood was not so durable as the old, and before his death it began to let in the rain. It has since been replaced by slate, except in one place where a part of the old shingle can still be seen from the tower.

Some of Hawker's descriptions of these parochial squabbles are very racy. He had a pretty talent for personalities.

"The way in which I shall meet this attempt of theirs," he writes, "is that which I have always found the only successful one, and that is to scout the very possibility of their scheme and to defy them. If you give way even by one supposition—if you reason with them—they always suppose you to be afraid of them. . . . I have said on such occasions as this: 'The Laws of England are not made at Cross Town, neither are you Members of Parliament.'

"I shall not attend their Vestry. I do not gratify them with those opportunities of throwing Garbage, which so delight the Great Unspooked. But I am firmly resolved never to allow the existing Rate to be altered without the preservation of the same data to a farthing."

Referring to one of his opponents, he writes—"L. and wife came to the Chancel for the Eucharist. L., when I said 'Dost *thou!!!* renounce?'<sup>1</sup> etc.," looked like himself."

"Mar. 24, 1856.

"My Waterloo day is over. . . . —, when the presentment had to be signed—began to mutter—"There's this here roof"—I stopped him. 'This Vestry is for the choice of Churchwardens. Sign or not as you please—if you refuse to sign, say so.' He took the paper and signed it. Then, 'I dissolve this Vestry,' and went on with the Service. *N.B.*—I choose during divine Service after the Nicene Creed, to make it a brawl if they chatter. Then they left, looking very murky. . . . At Wellcombe, all smooth. Bartlett, as before, supported me—And I made H. pay old Stanbury's Salary by saying plainly, 'Every Clergyman expects his

<sup>1</sup> This really belongs to the Baptismal Service.

pay whether he does his duty or not'—an argument so utterly unanswerable, and so well known, that no one replied."

"More Bankrupt Preachers," he writes again. "Old H., who used to swagger about the Fair with his guts full of heresy and abuse, is prostrate at the feet of the Revd. L. S. D. . . . Now it turns out that H. the Preacher extolled Faith because they trusted him with such sums, and he runs down Good Works because he won't pay twopence. A man who pays is a d—d Puseyite, and 20/- in the Pound is rank Popery."

Of a certain Clergyman he writes, "He appeared to me to be a Protestant devoid of intestines, a most unusual thing. Is he not some other Man's Backbone?"

Of Wesleyan doctrine he writes:—

"You perceive always that when I am asked the meaning of a text, I search and find what the writer of that text meant. The mistake is that people often form a notion of their own and try to make the text mean it. Whereas, nine times out of ten, it means something widely different. It is untruth that our forgiveness is made known to us sensuously—*i.e.*, by a touch, or stroke, upon the ganglions—the fibres of the diaphragm—by the access of the Paraclete thro' the skin. This, stripped of its verbiage, is the only conception of degraded England of the testimony wrought into the whole life of a penitent man that God the Spirit is at work in his Soul. Whereas the truth tells us, that from the hour that we repent the evidence of our pardon is interwoven into the total texture of our daily existence, so that a Man can look back, and see how faithfully God the Spirit hath helped him in his work, so that his deeds of duty done have been half his own and half God's. While this is the Scriptural doctrine of repentance unto forgiveness, then came John Wesley and invented a

spasm or stroke, wherewith he feigned that God would grasp the fibres of sense for assurance of pardon, as if it were possible that a man could either see or feel God, the pure ethereal Spirit, in whose midst this round world hangs like a pearl upon His robe."

The Vicar never troubled to conceal his opinion of Wesleyanism from the Wesleyans themselves.

A gentleman who used to stay in Morwenstow, and knew Hawker well, writes:—"His relations with Dissenters in his parish were very friendly, tho' he was so bluntly outspoken for the church.

"One Sunday my brother-in-law, Mr. Tarratt, and I walked over to the afternoon service at Welcombe, a hamlet full of old-fashioned Dissenters, many of whom attended chapel in the morning and church in the afternoon. In the course of his sermon he made a remark to the following general effect—to our astonishment, as we sat looking down from the old-fashioned gallery—'Everything,' he said, 'has its own appointed use—and so, dear friends, Dissent also has its place. Some of you have no doubt been to Exeter Town—and there on each side of the fine wide street you've seen a paved gutter, with the water running down after rain, and carrying off the dirt and straws. Just in the same way, Dissent is the outlet to carry away all defilements from the face of Holy Mother Church.'"

Another sermon aimed at the Dissenters is thus described by the Vicar himself:—

"Last Sunday," he writes, "the Sermon was on the Gospel—'Whosoever is angry with his brother *without a cause* is in danger of the Judgment.' Pith—that anger, *with a cause*, a *virtue*, *without it* a *Sin*. Proof—Our Lord meek and gentle when unroused, would not break the bruised reed nor quench the smoking flax, nevertheless when a *cause* for anger came, when miscreants assailed with



MR. WILLIAM GREGORY HARRIS  
THE PEOPLE'S CHURCHWARDEN



MR. THOMAS CANN  
THE VICAR'S CHURCHWARDEN

THE TWO CHURCHWARDENS OF MORWENSTOW



their pollution the Church of God, when they committed *Sacrilege*, which signifies an injury to *places, persons, or things*, then Our Redeemer was righteously wroth and *horse-whipped the Dissenters out of the Temple*—made his whips of the cords, &c., and scourged the Scoundrels bodily with his own hand till they fled howling. ‘Whoever would have thought it?’ said Cann. ‘While Mr. Harris keeps on saying, “Look at our Saviour how forgiving he was, how he told us when smitten on one cheek to turn the other also.” I shall tell him,’ he said, ‘when he says so again that Mr. H. proved from the Scriptures that the Lord horsewhipped the Dissenters nevertheless.’”

Mr. W. G. Harris, the preacher mentioned in this letter, was something of a character, and, like Hawker, had a turn for making verses. The Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, and other leading Wesleyans, used often to visit him. The friendliness that subsisted between him and the Vicar is shewn by a pleasant incident mentioned in another of Hawker’s letters:—“One of the largest Farmers in Morwenstow,” he writes, “a Wesleyan and a Preacher, has bought a Machine for cutting Grass (£16). He came over on Monday, and offered to cut my hay for me gratuitously; an offer I was not too proud to accept. He did so, and then he offered me the use of his hay-turner, an implement he has had for some time. We worked it, and, by help of Cann’s Waggon and Horses, it was all saved on Thursday in dry and good condition. Am I not thankful? No one knows how grateful I am for every deed of kindness, small or great. Many were surprised at the Preacher’s cutting my Grass—the first in all the Parish, but I was not, for he has always shewn great respect and goodwill, although I never spare heresy or schism ministerially.” When Hawker died, Mr. Harris paid a warm tribute to his memory, in a letter to a local paper, in which he said:—

“I was chosen, at his request, upwards of twenty years since to be churchwarden, though a Wesleyan and local preacher. . . . For forty years I have known him as one of my best and dearest friends. He never reproached me for being a Wesleyan, but I had every encouragement to virtue, and Wesleyan ministers in the early years of his incumbency were always welcome guests.” A Wesleyan minister, the Rev. M. Christophers, writing in *The Christian Miscellany*, says:—

“I was musing among the grave stones, when I happily fell in with the Vicar. There was a remarkable charm about his person and manners. He politely guided me into the venerable sanctuary. . . . Much had been done to restore the church to its original consistency. The pulpit invited special attention. All the panels had been taken out, so that it stood a mere open framework. This was after an antique model, formed, as the Vicar remarked, on the principle that ‘the people ought to see the Priest’s feet.’

. . . “The Vicar told me that in visiting the Well of St. Morwenna (on the cliff-side), he found the words, ‘A friend to thee,’ in Greek, cut with a knife on one of the stones. He discovered that it had been done by the Methodist Preacher.”

The Vicar was not one of those who shirk coming in contact with people of religious views different from his own. He associated and corresponded with men of all shades of opinions. His mischievous humour delighted in the juxtaposition of incongruities. Once when he had assembled at his house a party of ministers of various denominations, and some one expressed surprise at such a gathering, he said, “They are the clean and unclean beasts feeding together in the Ark.”



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## CHAPTER X

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1842-3

WRECKS—THE 'CALEDONIA'—THE 'PHENIX'—THE 'ALONZO.'

“ We laid them in their lowly rest,  
The strangers of a distant shore:  
We smoothed the green turf on their breast,  
'Mid baffled ocean's angry roar !”

FOR the first five or six years after his arrival at Morwenstow, Hawker was engrossed in his building operations and the task of getting his parish into working order. There is no record of these quiet years. The first events to emerge after 1835 are the terrible wrecks that took place at Morwenstow in the years 1842 and 1843.

Those who visit the North Coast of Cornwall in summer are apt to think only of its natural beauties. But to the sailor it wears another aspect. As the local saying goes,

“ From Padstow Point to Lundy Light,  
Is a watery grave, by day and night.”

Woe to the vessel cast upon those cruel reefs, in that tremendous surge! Wrecks are happily less frequent now than they were in Hawker's time, owing to the improvement in coast-lights. But between 1824 and 1874 there were more than eighty in the neighbourhood of Bude. In 1832 an old man at Poughill wrote, at Hawker's instance, an

account of thirty-seven wrecks between Morwenstow and St. Gennys since 1756. This quaint manuscript, called 'The Book of Wraks at Bude,' by W. Bray, is still in existence. One story is typical of Cornish superstition.

"I very well remember," says the writer, "one old Cholwill of Morwenstow; he informed me that night was a bitter night, of Thunder and Lightening, a storm very great. About one o'clock a very Great Light appeared in his Bedroom, and he was much horred, as no person was in the house besides himself; at last he spoke and said, 'in the name of God, whot is the light For?' As soon as he had said this, a man, as it appeared all in white, said, 'you arise and goe down to duckpool, and you will find a dead man, be sure bury him.' Old Cholwill arose from his bed immediately, and made good speed to Duckpool. The first thing he put his hand on was a dead corps, which he soon had interd according as the Gost said to him."

The Vicar was intensely anxious for the safety of vessels at sea.

"I recollect one night," says an old parishioner, "about two in the mornin', Mr. Hawker knocked us up at the farm, and said there was a ship near the shore, firin' signals of distress. The night was fine, but dark, and the sea calm. So we all came down, and went out on Hennacliff, and kindled a fire there. Those on board saw it, and the ship—a Russian vessel—was saved. They had lost their bearings, and didn't know where they were. I believe Mr. Hawker was thanked by the owners, if he didn't receive a present for saving the ship."<sup>1</sup>

The wrecks of the *Caledonia*, the *Phoenix*, and the *Alonzo*, are described by Hawker in his 'Remembrances of a Cornish Vicar.' There are probably few finer descriptions of a wreck as it appears to those on shore. But

<sup>1</sup> See letter to Sir T. Acland, p. 230.

in one or two minor details he alters the facts to suit his artistic purpose. This was quite natural, as he was writing for a London magazine, without mention of Morwenstow or his own name, and more than twenty years after the actual occurrences.

The *Caledonia*, of Arbroath, on her homeward voyage to Scotland, came ashore under Sharp's Nose, "a bluff and broken headland," as Hawker describes it, "just by the southern boundary of my own glebe." The sole survivor, Le Dain, was really found, not by the Vicar, as he states in 'Footprints,' but by Mr. John Adams, of Stanbury. He was entertained partly at Stanbury, and partly at the Vicarage. He gave the following account of his experience, which Hawker forwarded to the owners of the vessel:—

"I joined the brig in the harbour of Rio Janeiro, where I had been left by the ship *Mary Anne* of Jersey, sick with the small-pox three months before. I found that the Captain and all the crew were natives of Arbroath, except myself and the cook, who was from Buenos Ayres, and had joined the ship in London. We sailed from Rio, bound to Corfu, with a freight of coffee, which we discharged at Corfu, and Syra, and Smyrna, and Constantinople. At the latter place we took in ballast, and sailed for Odessa, where we took in a cargo of wheat. We sailed from Odessa for Falmouth. At Constantinople, on our voyage home, the cook, Thomas Samuel, went on shore, and in a dispute in which he was engaged with the keeper of a public house he received a dangerous wound. We were upwards of five weeks on our voyage from Constantinople to Falmouth, with fine weather all the way. The cook was ill all that time. The crew were an orderly crew: they observed the Sabbath day: the Captain read the Bible in his cabin on Sundays. When we arrived at Falmouth the cook died. We attended his funeral in Falmouth church, and the next day we then performed quarantine. On the 1st of September we sailed from Falmouth for Gloucester, with a fair wind. We sailed about daybreak. We made the Land's End about 5 o'clock in the evening of Wednes-

day. We then stood up the Bristol Channel with a fair wind until about 9 o'clock, when a sudden squall of wind and rain came on, and all hands were called to shorten sail. The weather continued foul. All hands were kept on deck, and a good lookout forward for the Light Houses. About eleven we saw land on the starboard bow. We tacked ship, but from the violence of the storm we could make no way to windward. About one o'clock on the Thursday morning it blew a hurricane. Just at that time we carried away our square mainsail, our foresail, and our topsail sheets. About half-past two we saw that danger was very great indeed. The crew were quite sober. The Captain only served out grog twice during the night. About half-past two we saw the point of land on which the vessel afterwards struck. We tried to weather it; we could not get the ship about. There was nothing said by the crew one to another except about the ship's work. Just before the ship struck I was going forwards, and I met David Macdonald going aft. He took me by the hand and said, 'Where are we?' He was much moved. And then the ship struck. The Captain sent us to the main rigging. We went. We were there about a quarter of an hour. No one spoke, except once, when I saw the long boat was gone, I said to the Captain, 'Sir, our long boat is gone.' But he made no answer. Soon after the mast went overboard with the rigging and we in it. A heavy sea poured over us, and I was washed towards the land. Several seas struck me onwards. At last I felt a rock. I held on. I looked for my companions: they were not to be seen. The ship was going to pieces. I then climbed on to another rock, and then upwards, until I felt some grass, and then I rested and looked down to the sea for the crew. But there was no one to be seen. I then climbed higher, feeling my way. When morning came I found myself on the top of a very high cliff, but I was very much exhausted, and did not then think I should live. But by God's great mercy I am alive. I am a native of Jersey. My Father is a Farmer named Philip le Dain.

“(signed) EDWARD LE DAIN.

“dated Sept. 22nd, 1842.

“Witnesses } R. S. HAWKER.  
 } CHARLES MUGFORD.”

A paragraph in *The Arbroath Guide*, of 17 Sept. 1842 described the *Caledonia* as "a splendid brig of 200 tons, the property of J. S. Esplin, Esq., manufacturer."

"Four of the bodies," it continues, "those of the two apprentices, Captain Peter and Alex. Kent, were washed on shore, and have been decently interred in Morwenstow Churchyard, by direction of the Rev. Mr. Hawker of that place, who has been indefatigable in his attention on this sad occasion, and afforded every detail possible to Mr. Esplin. We learn that no less than five vessels were thrown on shore on the Cornwall coast the same night."

"The Captain," writes Hawker, "I came upon myself. Each hand grasped a small pouch or bag. One contained his pistols; the other held two little log-reckoners of brass; so that his last thoughts were full of duty to his owners and his ship, and his latest efforts for rescue and defence."

The task of recovering the bodies from the water and bringing them up the cliffs, was one of great difficulty and some danger. The writer in *The Standard*, previously quoted, says :

"It was on one of these occasions that we first saw Morwenstow. The sea was still surly and troubled, with wild lights breaking over it, and torn clouds driving through the sky. Up from the shore, along a narrow path between jagged rocks and steep banks tufted with thrift, came the Vicar, wearing cassock and surplice, and conducting a sad procession, which bore along with it the bodies of the two seamen flung up the same morning on the sands. The office used by Mr. Hawker at such times had been arranged by himself—not without reference to certain peculiarities which, as he conceived, were features of the primitive Cornish Church, the same which had had its bishops and its traditions long before the conference of Augustine with its leaders under the great oak by the Severn."

The scene at the burial of Le Dain's comrades, and his

own thanksgiving for his deliverance, are touchingly described by Hawker.

He received many enquiries from the bereaved relatives of the crew in Arbroath, and in reply to one of these he wrote:—

“Sept. 22, 1842.

“DEAR SIR,

“In reply to your mournful letter I write to inform you that, although the body of David Macdonald was much disfigured by injuries received while dashed by the waves among the rocks, yet it was not so much so but that Edward le Dain, the Survivor, could recognize it. The corpse was prepared for Burial by a very motherly woman, my Sexton's wife. I did not suffer any of the bodies to be gazed at by the Common People, but they were treated with as much decency and respect as if they had died at home. The four found up to this date lie buried side by side in my Churchyard, and their graves have been dressed, as the custom is with us, with flowers. The Figure-head of their ship stands fixed in their midst. I have sent to the owners by this post le Dain's statement of the voyage and wreck, to which I refer you for information. You will find much in it which should be a comfort to you. Le Dain frequently speaks of David, who with him used to attend on the Captain in the cabin more than the rest. He constantly says to me, ‘David was a good quiet lad as could be in a ship.’ I think the crew perished about half-past three on the morning of the 8th of September. In conclusion, I hope that you will patiently bear your Heavenly Father's will. God took them—the day of their death was God's time. He is too good to have taken them when he did if there would have been a fitter Day. We are in His hands, and by ourselves do nothing. I preached the funeral sermon of the Crew from Isaiah 33rd Chapter, the 21st, 22nd, 23rd verses.

The Congregation wept many tears for the Dead. May King David's consolation be yours. He said, 'I shall go to him, but he will not return to me.' God comfort you and yours.

"I am yours, dear Sir, sincerely,

"R. S. HAWKER."

The text of the sermon was chosen from a tragic circumstance connected with another wreck mentioned by Hawker in his 'Remembrances.'

The figurehead of the *Caledonia*, which may still be seen in Morwenstow Churchyard, is the subject of Hawker's memorial verses on this sad occasion. Several inverted boats, cast up at different times, formerly lay upon the graves of other shipwrecked sailors. They typified to Hawker's mind the safety of the Ark, "the Ark of Christ's Church," so he was fond of saying. These boats have long since rotted away.

Le Dain stayed six weeks at Morwenstow, and was then enabled to return to his home in Jersey. A few years later he brought his bride to see the place of his disaster and wonderful escape. Whenever the Vicar wished to buy a Jersey cow, Le Dain and his family ransacked the island to find "the sleekest, loveliest, best of that beautiful breed." In a letter to the Vicar written twenty-five years after the wreck Mrs. Le Dain says:—

"*Edward Robert Hawker* [her son] bears the name of the kind good benefactor of his dear father that we shall never forget as long as we live. It was only last week I was relating to a friend the miraculous preservation and the kind hospitality we received from you: may the blessing of God ever reward you for your kind hospitality towards the distressed."

In the following year, 1843, the schooner *Phoenix*, of St.

Ives, foundered off Morwenstow. Hawker immediately communicated with that port, and the next day there arrived at the Vicarage a sailor, whose brother was one of the drowned crew. Day after day they sought for the body in vain. At last at low water, "just visible from underneath a mighty fragment of rock, was seen the ankle of a man and a foot still wearing a shoe."

"We would direct attention," says the *Royal Cornwall Gazette* of that date, "to the exertions of the Rev. R. S. Hawker, to extricate the body of a shipwrecked sailor, whose head had been forced between the rocks. This good clergyman thought his time, his anxious superintendence, and his money, well bestowed, in procuring at his own expense a number of men, and fixing a powerful crane, which had to be conveyed from a distance, to heave the superincumbent mass of rock, and extricate the body entire."

A stirring incident occurred at the final recovery of the body. It was dark, and the party of bearers, with the Vicar at their head, were making their way slowly up the cliff, by the light of torches and lanterns, when suddenly there arose from the sea three hearty British cheers. A vessel had neared the shore, and the crew, discovering by night-glasses what was taking place, had manned their yards, as the Vicar writes, "to greet the fulfilment of duty to a brother mariner's remains."

The *Alonzo* of Stockton was wrecked on Oct. 25th, 1843. Hawker watched the vessel drifting past his cliffs, and saw a boat put off from her side. Eventually the boat was washed ashore empty, and the ship, with no one on board, grounded on the sand further down the coast. The *Western Luminary*, of 21st Novr. 1843, said :—

"The friends of these unfortunate seamen will derive some consolation from knowing that their remains have received the last



tribute of respect and sympathy. Only one body is now missing. The conduct of the inhabitants of Morwenstow has been beyond all praise. They well seconded the efforts, and gave effect to the wishes of their excellent Vicar, whose talents and virtues are honoured far beyond the boundaries of Cornwall. Conduct like this will soon redeem their county from whatever stigma the misconduct or slanders of past times may have attached to its name. Fifteen shipwrecked sailors have been buried in the churchyard of Morwenstow, in little more than thirteen months; and it ought to be noticed that, unknown strangers as most of them were, receiving their last resting-place from the charity of the inhabitants, they have not been piled one upon another in a common pit, but are buried side by side, each in his own grave."

A pathetic story is connected with the wreck of the *Alonso*; a story, as Hawker tells it, "of fond and faithful love, of severed and broken hearts, of disappointed hope, of a vacant chair and a hushed voice in a far-away Danish home."

Out of the timbers cast ashore from these wrecks Hawker built the little cabin in the face of the cliffs which is known as "The Hut." The door is in two hatches; so that a person inside can close the lower hatch, as a protection from the weather, while from the upper he looks out on a magnificent prospect of shore and sky and sea. If you sit at the back of the hut, with both hatches open, you see nothing but a few feet of earth, apparently the edge of a precipice, and just over the edge the points of dark and sinister rocks rising amid a swirl of foam hundreds of feet below. The ceaseless thunder of the breakers echoes in your ears; those lions of the deep, which, "roaring after their prey, do seek their meat from God." The lurking presence of sunken reefs, their tops visible only at low tide, is revealed by patches of a duller hue on the surrounding water. There they lie, like the horns of some monstrous

bull, ready to rip open the side of any hapless vessel that comes within their reach. From such a height are you looking down upon the sea, that you seem to be gazing at a great wall of water. In the midway space between, white-winged gulls float calmly to and fro, uttering their plaintive call.

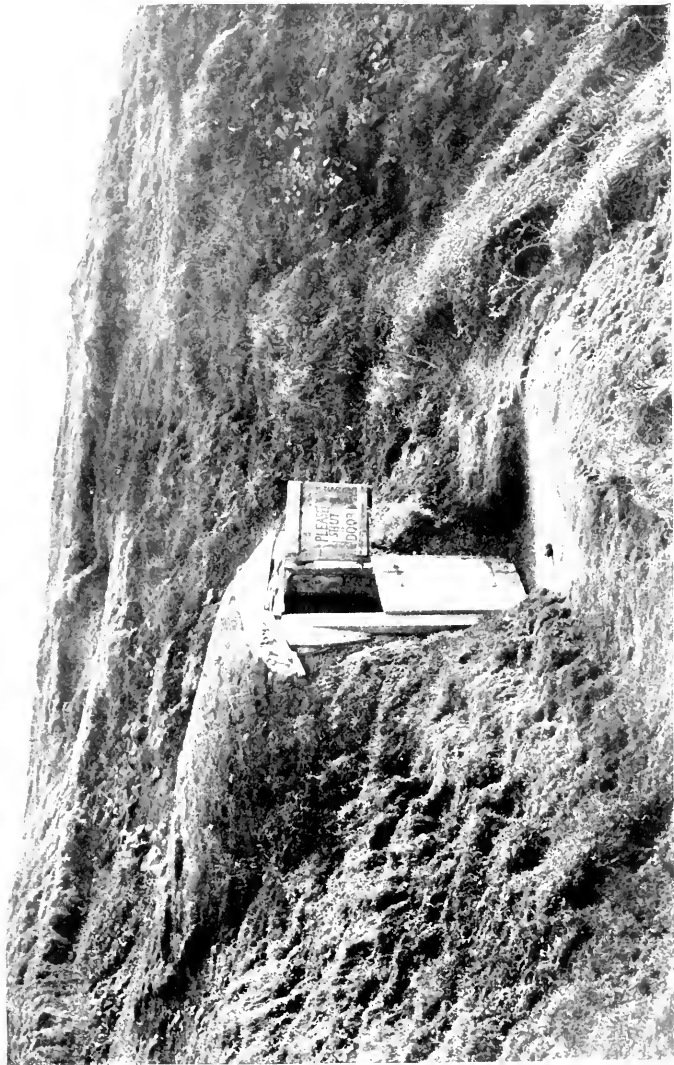
Stand up, and the apparent precipice resolves itself into a slope of turfy mounds and boulders, overgrown with bracken and furze, and gay with marguerites and purple fox-glove. To the right, a mighty slab of gray rock slants downward to the surf, its jagged edge clearly defined against the blue. Step outside the hut, and descend

“By zigzag paths, and juts of pointed rock.”

A little further down the cliffside, and a grand vista of coast and promontory meets your gaze. Northward lies the tumbled mass of Vicarage rocks, and beyond and above them frowns the brow of Hennacliff, king of Cornish headlands. Southward, the grass-clad shape of Sharp's Nose, or, as Hawker calls it in 'The Smuggler's Song,' "Shark's Nose Head," runs out, a cliff beyond the cliffs, like the doorstep of Polyphemus, into the courtyard of the sea. Over the ridge of Sharp's Nose the bay stretches, bounded by a long line of dwindling headlands, and on it ply the little coasters whose bourn is the perilous haven of Bude.

The hut was a favourite resort of Hawker's.

“We walk out every evening,” he writes to a friend, “to the cliff above the sea—and there we often sit, while I read the letters and papers that have arrived in the bag, which reaches us between four and five in the afternoon. There, with the Atlantic rolling beneath, the descending sun above the sea, and with no Land between us—to the West—and the coast of Labrador, have many of your letters been read and commented on in the Twilight hour. The currents set so



LOWELL'S HOLE, LEFT OF WEECKWOOD, IN THE FACE OF THE CLIFFS AT MORAVIENSTOWN.

How the campers built the "Queen of the Seagrass."



directly across from America, that once, in 1843, a huge pine trunk of a tree floated ashore in Morwenstow, with the branches rudely lopped off, coated with Barnacles and seaweed, just as it had floated in a raft down some American river."

A reminiscence of Hawker in his hut was contributed to *Notes and Queries* in 1876, by Frances Collins, wife of Mortimer Collins the novelist, who in his 'Sweet and Twenty' sketched the Vicar of Morwenstow under the character of Canon Tremaine.

"In connection with Mr. Hawker's theory of demons," writes Mrs. Collins, "I may observe that, being in a cavern which he had cut in the rock at Morwenstow, about three hundred feet above the sea, he pointed gravely to the bay below, and assured me he had seen mermaids there."

Here also, like an eagle in his lonely eyrie, Hawker would sit alone and muse, while his fancy took the wings of the bird, and visited strange haunts invisible to human ken. Here he drank in the spirit of the sea, which breathes in all his verse; and here, looking across to the headlands of the distant coast, he conceived the majestic close of his great poem:—

"There stood Dundagel, throned, and the great sea  
Lay, a strong vassal at his master's gate,  
And, like a drunken giant, sobb'd in sleep."

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## CHAPTER XI

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1843-1848

LAWSUIT WITH SIR JOHN BULLER—HARVEST THANKSGIVINGS—  
RURAL SYNODS—OFFERTORY—CONTROVERSIAL LETTERS—  
“THE FIELD OF REPHIDIM”—THE PRIEST OF BALDHU.

“Here, where the pulses of the ocean bound  
Whole centuries away, while one meek cell,  
Built by the fathers o’er a lonely well,  
Still breathes the Baptist’s sweet remembrance round.”

“THE well of St John in the wilderness,” says Hawker, “stands and flows softly in the eastern boundary of Morwenstow Glebe. In the old Latin Endowment, [made by Bishop Thomas de Byttone in 1296], still preserved in the Archives of Exeter, the church land is said to extend eastward, *ad quendam fontem Johannis*. Water wherewithal to fill the font for baptism is always drawn from this well by the Sacristan in pitchers set apart for this purpose.

“The well and the ground whereon it stands having been unlawfully claimed by Sir J. Y. Buller in the year 1843, the Right of the Church was sustained by the present Vicar, and after a lawsuit which lasted two whole days at the Assizes held at Bodmin, wherein all that wealth and rank and power could accomplish were brought to bear against the Church, a triumphant verdict in the Vicar’s favour was returned with costs. It is said that Sir John paid £1370 for costs on both sides.”

Probably the Vicar pleaded in person, but he did not put his trust entirely in human judges. He believed in the practical efficacy of prayer, and the form which he used on this occasion he had printed on a quarto leaflet, from which it is here copied.

“A SECRET PRAYER.

“Offered up at the Altar of Morwenstow Church thrice every day in Lent (1843) until March 27th.

“All-mighty and Most Merciful God! The Protector of all that trust in Thee! We humbly beseech Thee that thou wouldest be pleased to stretch forth Thy Right Hand to Rescue and defend the possessions of this Thy Sanctuary from the Envy and Violence of wicked and covetous Men! Let not any Adversary despoil thine Inheritance, neither suffer Thou The Evil Man to approach the Waters that flow softly for thy Blessed Baptism from the well of Thy Servant Saint John.

“And, O Mighty Lord, even as Thou didst avenge the cause of Naboth The Jezreelite upon angry Ahab and Jezebel his wife; and as Thou didst strengthen the hands of Thy Blessed Apostle Saint Peter, insomuch that Ananias and Sapphira could not escape just Judgment when They sought to keep back a part of the Possession from Thy Church; even so now, O Lord God, Shield and Succour The Heritage of This Thy Holy Shrine! Shew some Token upon us for Good, that they who see it may say, This hath God done.

☞“Be Thou our hope and our Fortress, O Lord, our Castle and Deliverer as in the Days of Old, such as our Fathers have told us! Shew forth Thy Strength unto This Generation, and Thy Power unto them that are yet for to come! So shall we daily perform our Vows, Through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen!”

At the trial, when the counsel for the other side referred to the well as *Sir* John's well, Hawker emphatically called it *Saint* John's well. An important point was made of the position of a certain tree, to which people tied their horses,

and which marked a right of way. The evidence was conflicting. Some witnesses swore it was there: others swore it was not. The judge therefore suspended the case, and sent off two jurors to examine the spot and bring another witness. It is still related in Morwenstow how a post-chaise dashed up to the poor-house at Crosstown, to fetch old Betty Bryant. It was getting dark, and Betty had retired to rest. "So they waked her up from her sleep, in a mighty haste, and some on 'em went to dress her, and put her stockings on inside out, and tukt her aff to Bodman to bear witness, because her cud remember such a terr'ble long time ago."

Betty's evidence would seem to have turned the scale, for, it is said, "'Twas all over in ten minutes, and Parson Hawker rid back from Bodman on his mare Mermaid, forty miles in tu hours and a half, an' there was great doin's in Morwenstow, eatin' and drinkin', bells ringin', an' flags flyin', an' the choir singed up top of the tower; but old Nicky, that swore false about the tree, afterwards lost the sight of one eye, and Parson said 'twas the Lord's judgment upon him. So, you see, the Parson got his well, though the steward used to say that his master cared no more for a thousand pounds than Mas'r Hawker did for a cup o' tay."

In a letter dated 1857, with reference to an election, Hawker says:— . . . "The Buller who vanquished Sir Stafford is not Sir John, my antagonist, but a Mr. Buller of Downes, near Exeter. I hope Sir John has quite forgiven me. He told the Bishop that I had never used a single harsh word or done any crafty thing in the lawsuit, and that he could not blame me for defending the rights of the Church. Lady Buller told Mr. Wightwick of Plymouth, that in her opinion Sir John had acted very cruelly in harassing the Vicar of Morwenstow, as in this action of Law."



In the same year the Vicar issued an eloquent exhortation to his flock with reference to Harvest thanksgiving, a festival which he was one of the first English clergymen to revive.

“TO THE PARISHIONERS OF MORWENSTOW.

“When the sacred Psalmist inquired what he should render unto the Lord for all the benefits that He had done unto him, he made answer to himself, and said: ‘I will receive the cup of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord.’ Brethren, God has been very merciful to us this year also. He hath filled our garners with increase, and satisfied our poor with bread. He hath opened His hand, and filled all things living with plenteousness. Let us offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving among such as keep Holy Day. Let us gather together in the chancel of our church on the first Sunday of the next month, and there receive, in the bread of the new corn, that blessed sacrament which was ordained to strengthen and refresh our souls. As it is written, ‘He rained down manna also upon them for to eat, and gave them food from heaven.’ And again, ‘In the hand of the Lord there is a cup, and the wine is red.’ Furthermore, let us remember that, as a multitude of grains of wheat are mingled into one loaf, so we, being many, are intended to be joined together into one, in that holy sacrament of the Church of Jesus Christ. Brethren, on the first morning of October call to mind the word, that wheresoever the body is, thither will the eagles be gathered together. ‘Let the people praise thee, O God, yea, let all the people praise thee. Then shall the earth bring forth her increase, and God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing. God shall bless us, and all the ends of the earth shall fear Him.’

“THE VICAR.

“The Vicarage, Morwenstow. Sept. 13, 1843.”

Hawker also led the way in reviving Rural Synods.<sup>1</sup> In 1844 he published a booklet describing his action in the matter, of which in 1871 he writes to a friend, "I do very much wish that you could get for me a copy of my 'Rural Synods.' I want in these days of fuss to recall the fact that the first Ruridecanal Synod held in England was mine." A few extracts from this booklet may be given.

*The Citation.*

"REVEREND SIR,

"In obedience to the desire of many of the clergy, and with the full sanction of our Right Reverend Father in God the Lord Bishop of this Diocese, I propose, in these anxious days of the Ecclesiate, to restore the ancient usage of Rural Synods in the Deanery of Trigg-Major. I accordingly convene you to appear, in your surplice, in my church of Morwenstow, on the fifth day of March next ensuing, at Eleven o'clock in the Forenoon, then and there, after Divine Service, to deliberate with your Brethren in Chapter assembled.

"I remain,

"Reverend Sir,

"Your faithful Servant,

"R. S. H.

"The Dean Rural.

"February 1844."

The clergy walked in procession to the Church, where Hawker, as Rural Dean, delivered an address. In regard to the surplice question he said :—

"There is no sacred association—no remembrance of our Lord or the Apostles—no imagery of the children of light

<sup>1</sup> Hawker was also the first to suggest Diocesan Synods to the Bishop of Exeter, as the best way of meeting the difficulties arising from the Gorham Judgment. (Vide Dr. Lee's 'Memorials,' p. 74.)

linked with the dark vesture of the gown; whereas, the twelve are conceived to have established whiteness of apparel for the ministry, in memorial of that mystic vision of the future glory of the Church which was witnessed upon Mount Tabor, when their Master was transfigured before them, in-  
somuch that His very garments partook of that ethereal change; and as three of the Evangelists, not without meaning, have been careful to record, 'His raiment became shining, exceeding white as snow, such as no fuller of the earth could whiten.' Other authorities, indeed, have held that the choice of the Apostles herein was suggested by the appearance of those young men in white garments which stood before them at the resurrection and ascension of their Lord, and who thus disclosed to the apostolic eyes the raiment that is worn in the liturgies of heaven."

Hawker was in strong opposition to the Poor Law of 1834 and its subsequent developments. He hated the work-house system, which carried off poor old people from the parish to die in a strange place, away from their friends and the familiar consolations of their religion. He expressed his feelings on this subject in his poem 'The Poor Man and His Parish Church'—

“And when they vaunt that in those walls  
They have their worship-day,  
Where the stern signal coldly calls  
The prisoned poor to pray,—  
I think upon that ancient home  
Beside the churchyard wall,  
Where roses round the porch would roam,  
And gentle jasmines fall.”

In a copy of 'Cornish Ballads' he wrote against this poem, "John Keble said to me, 'That Ballad quite haunts me,' when he was visiting Morwenstow." It is not known when this visit took place.

Hawker thought that the poor should have cottages of their own, and that it was the duty of their fellow-parishioners to provide for them when past work. He accordingly instituted a weekly offertory; and in this, too, he was a pioneer.

In the autumn of 1844 there was a newspaper controversy on the subject of the offertory. Dr. Lee says—

“Mr. Hawker, who had openly defended the principle of the offertory, and this from the plain and unambiguous directions of the Book of Common Prayer, was singled out by name for attack in *The Times* newspaper.”

Hawker's reply was refused admission to *The Times*, whereupon he addressed the proprietor, Mr. John Walter, in an open letter—

“SIR,

“I regret to discover that you have permitted yourself to invade the tranquillity of my parish, and to endeavour to interrupt the harmony between myself and my parishioners, in a letter which I have just read in a recent number of *The Times*. You have done so by a garbled copy of a statement which appeared in the *English Churchman*, of the reception and disposal of the offertory alms in the parish church of Morwenstow.

“I say ‘garbled,’ because, while you have adduced just so much of the document as suited your purpose, you have suppressed such parts of it as might have tended to alleviate the hostility which many persons entertain to this part of the service of the Church.

“With reference to our choice, as the recipients of Church money, of labourers whose ‘wages are seven shillings a week,’ and ‘who have a wife and four children to maintain thereon,’ you say, ‘Here is an excuse for the employer to give deficient wages!’

“In reply to this, I beg to inform you that the wages in this neighbourhood never fluctuate: they have continued at this fixed amount during the ten years of my incumbency. . . . Your argument, as applied to my parishioners, is this: Because they have scanty wages in that county, therefore they should have no alms; because these labourers of Morwenstow are restricted by the law from any relief from the rate, therefore they shall have no charity from the Church; because they have little, therefore they shall have no more. You insinuate that I, a Christian minister, think eight shillings a week sufficient for six persons during a winter’s week, as though I were desirous to limit the resources of my poor parishioners to that sum. May God forgive you your miserable supposition! I have all my life sincerely, and not to serve any party purpose, been an advocate of the cause of the poor. I, for many long years, have honestly, and not to promote political ends, denounced the unholy and cruel enactments of the New Poor Law. . . .

“Let me now proceed to correct some transcendent misconceptions of yourself and others as to the nature and intent of the offertory in church. The ancient and modern division of all religious life was, and is, threefold—into devotion, self-denial, and alms. No sacred practice, no Christian service, was or is complete without the union of these three. They were all alike and equally enjoined by the Saviour of man. The collection of alms was therefore incorporated in the Book of Common Prayer. But it was never held to be established among the services of the Church for the benefit of the poor alone; it was to enable the rich to enjoy the blessedness of almsgiving for their Redeemer’s sake; it was to afford to every giver fixed and solemn opportunity to fulfil the remembrance, that whatsoever they did to the poor they did unto Him, and that the

least of such their kindness would not be forgotten, at the last day. 'Let us wash,' they said, 'our Saviour's feet by alms.' . . . But this practice of alms, whereunto the heavenly Head of the Church annexed a specific reward—this necessity, we are told, is become obsolete. A Christian duty become, by desuetude, obsolete! As well might a man infer that any other religious excellence ceased to be obligatory because it had been disused. The virtue of humility, for example, which has been so long in abeyance among certain of the laity, shall no longer, therefore, be a Christian grace! The blessing on the meek shall cease in 1844! . . . Voluntary kindness and alms have been rendered unnecessary by the compulsory payments enacted by the New Poor Law! As though the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew had been repealed by Sir James Graham! As if one of the three conditions of our Christian covenant was to expire during the administration of Sir Robert Peel! . . .

"And now, sir, I conclude with one or two parting admonitions to yourself. You are, I am told, an elderly man, fast approaching the end of all things, and, ere many years have passed, about to stand a separated soul among the awful mysteries of the spiritual world. I counsel you to beware lest the remembrance of these attempts to diminish the pence of the poor, and to impede the charitable duties of the rich, should assuage your happiness in that abode where the strifes and the triumphs of controversy are unknown, 'Because thou hast done this thing, and because thou hadst no pity.' And lastly, I advise you not again to assail our rural parishes with such publications, and to harass and unsettle the minds of our faithful people. We, the Cornish clergy, are a humble and undistinguished race; but we are apt, when unjustly assailed, to defend ourselves in straight-forward language, and to utter plain admonitions, such as,

on this occasion, I have thought it my duty to address to yourself; and I remain your obedient servant,

“ R. S. HAWKER.

“ Nov. 27, 1844.”

Hawker received the following letter from Dr. Phillpotts, Bishop of Exeter :—

“ Bishopstowe. 18 Decr. 1844.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ I thank you heartily for the pleasure I have had in reading your excellent letter to Mr. Walter. If he has any sense of shame, he ought to feel deeply the exposure.

“ I have a strong and steady resistance to overcome. I may *personally* be defeated, and it may be good for the Church and for me as a chastisement that *I* be defeated. But I humbly rely on God’s mercy that he will not make me to be an instrument of inflicting evil on his Church.

“ If he does, I am, I hope, prepared for the blow, for it will be an infliction from the Father of mercy and God of all comfort.

“ But I shall (in humble reliance on His grace) contend zealously for the truth. Results and consequences and events are not ours—nor even in our hands.

“ Yrs. sincerely,

“ H. EXETER.”

The Vicar of Morwenstow was evidently in a pugnacious mood at this period. The Churchwarden of Charles Church, Plymouth, had addressed an Evangelical Pamphlet to the Churchwarden of Morwenstow. But if he expected approval from the grandson of Dr. Hawker he was disappointed, for this is the reply he got :—

“ Morwenstow, Cornwall. Dec. 30, 1844.

“ SIR,

“ My Churchwarden has placed in my hands to-day a printed paper, which contains certain Resolutions passed in the Church of Saint Charles at Plymouth, and at which it appears that you had the Misfortune to preside. The Placard bears your Signature, and I shall therefore hold you responsible for its transmission and contents. My Warden has expressed himself very properly and indignantly at the insulting supposition that he could be made the tool of a miserable attempt to introduce your paltry Spite against the Bishop into a Parish with which, I thank God, you have no concern, and in which I do not think there is one man who participates in your ignorance, or would be partaker of your Sin. But, in order that you may spare yourself future and superfluous trouble, I beg to acquaint you that every measure enjoined by our good and faithful Bishop, of whom the Diocese is not worthy, has been already in full usage in this Parish for a very long time. The Alms at the Offertory, in particular, have been long felt by Rich and Poor, to be a very Blessed Instrument in the Hands of the Church of Jesus Christ. And now, Sir, since you have compelled me by your intrusiveness to notice you, I shall proceed to make one or two remarks on the unutterable ignorance displayed by yourself and others in your recent proceedings, and on the awful Nature of your Sin.

“ i. You and your Party are pleased to object to Sermons in Surplices as a token of a tendency to Rome! Now, the Romanist Minister invariably preaches *in a Vesture of Black*; and of this you may certify yourself by a visit to the Romish Chapel near your own place of abode.

“ ii. Again, with that flippancy which is the invariable companion of shallowness, you pronounce the Offertory as a thing of Popish Ordinance also, whereas in the Churches



of Rome *there is no such Collection of Alms during Divine Services at all.*

“iii. You proceed to denominate the other usages demanded by the Bishop *under the Authority of the Book of Common Prayer* as Innovations! Are you aware that the Prayer Book in its present form is three Hundred years old? Were you never informed that there are many, many Churches in England wherein every jot and tittle of the Rubrics have been carried out without intermission even to the present day? Do you not understand that if many of us the Clergy have been guilty of a long dereliction of rubrical duty during many years, we still have a right to repent? Shall we continue in Sin that Grace may abound? God forbid! Again, did you ever read The Act of Uniformity (13 and 14 of Car. 2nd E. 4)? If not, pray borrow and study it, and you will discover yourself to be not only grossly ignorant of the Ordinances of the Church but also of the Law of the Land. You will find by that Statute that every Rubric of the Book of Common Prayer is a Clause in an Act of Parliament, which binds not only the Clergy but also all Lay-Members of the Church. I pass on to consider your *Sin*. You convened and you held your Meeting in Church! You made a Holy Sanctuary of Christian Worship the scene of your Rebellion against your Bishop and your God! The solemn echoes of that Blessed Place were polluted by the loathsome language of human and unlawful Strife. The Sin of *Sacrilege* is defined by the Canonists to be anything which shall diminish the Holiness of, or make common, Sacred Places, Persons, or things. Moreover, You! presided over this Conspiracy of Strife! You! a Warden of the Church, having upon your soul a solemn declaration tantamount to any oath, that you would perform faithfully the office of Churchwarden, in the Spirit if not the letter of the Words, ‘So help you God!’

Among your canonical duties you are enjoined to provide a Surplice for the Minister wherein to perform the whole of Divine Service; to receive the Alms for the Poor during the Offertory, and to 'diligently see that all the Parishioners duly resort to their Church upon all Sundays and Holy Days.' How you reconcile this last branch of your duty with your Signature to a printed Paper in which you exhort them to absent themselves from Church, I leave to your own Soul and God and the Last Day. Meanwhile, the Prophet Zachariah will instruct you that you should 'let none of you imagine evil in your hearts against your Neighbour, and *love no false oath*, for all these are things that I hate, saith the Lord.' Your Resolution of thanks to certain of the Cathedral-Chapter, said to be favourable to your Schism, has caused me considerable pain; by no means, however, on account of yourselves, or from any sense of the Value of your approbation, but, on the contrary, because I feel personal Sorrow and professional Shame, that among the dignitaries of this Diocese, to whom we, the inferior Clergy, should look for example and guidance, there should be found any contented to incur the deep humiliation of your Praise. And now I tender you my Counsel for the good of your own Soul. I have been taught to have 'compassion on the ignorant and on them that are out of the way.' I forgive therefore your Interference in my Parish—it was futile—and I exhort you to 'enter into your Chamber, and shut to the door,' and beseech God to forgive you also. Repent. Do your duty in that Station of life to which it hath pleased God to call you, and run no Spiritual risk beyond it. Study your Bible. Read your Book of Common Prayer, and use it, meekly, humbly, and in the Spirit of a Christian Man. 'Render to all their dues, tribute to whom tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, *honour to whom honour*.' Reverence

the Church, and you will draw a calmer breath when you come to die. No weapon that is formed against Her shall prosper. Seek at Sacred Sources Religious Truth: believe me, it is not to be gathered from the Barrack or the Quarter Deck, the Mart or the Store, and

“ I remain,

“ Your faithful Counsellor,

“ R. S. HAWKER.”

A similar polemic, written by the Vicar four days later, was published in a local paper.

*To C. M. Phillips, Esq., Torquay.*

“ SIR,

“ I have just read with feelings of deep and sincere disgust, the Report of a Meeting at Torquay on the 26th ult., in the proceedings of which you took, I perceive, a mournfully conspicuous part. Among other erroneous statements there is one topic in your speech which I shall select as the theme of a few straightforward remarks, and it is, your repugnance to the practice of a weekly Offertory in Church.

“ Now I have always understood that the *Principle* of an Evil or a good Work was identically the same, whether The Action of either was carried out on one occasion only, or at several successive times. The baseness of slander, for example, is of equal atrocity, whether the calumny be divulged merely on one day, or repeated throughout a long period of time. The beauty of compassion again, is of a similar loveliness, whether the opportunity of its exercise be obtained during a whole month or restricted within the limits of a single week. In like manner the *Principle* of the Offertory Alms cannot vary, according to the frequency of its practice. That which is right on the first Sunday of the month cannot be wrong on the other three. Now, you profess yourself a member of the Anglican Church; as such you must, however unworthily, have been a Communicant, once in a quarter of a year,

it may be, or once a month. You then sanctioned, by your presence, the Offertory Service ; you gave, if reluctantly, your Alms ; you heard the sentences read ; you saw the oblation laid upon God's Altar, and delivered up to the distribution of the Clergyman and Wardens of the Church. How is it that these stings of conscience never wounded you before ? Could the usage which had its quarterly, or its monthly justification, become a weekly crime ? Can repetition render a righteous action an unholy deed ? Is the frequency with which virtue is exercised to diminish its excellence among Christian men ? 'The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it ?'

"The plain truth is, Sir, that all this hostility derives its origin from certain sinful propensities which inhabit the recesses of the human mind. The still small voice of the Chancel is not the tinkling cymbal of the Giver's Praise. There is no proclamation of the gift paraded in vain-glorious type and placarded on the Sanctuary Wall. The left hands of the multitude know not what your right hand doeth. Indeed, nobody beholds or hears it but God. Again, I do not shrink from the declaration of, at least my own belief, that 'Worldliness and Selfishness' are collateral sources of resistance to this service of the Church. The language of its adversaries, being interpreted, is of this kind : The Church may be welcome to her shilling once a quarter, or even once a month, but a shilling every week ! O, monstrous innovation ! O, costly worship ! and (unaware that the Romish Churches have no Offertory Service at all) O, manifest approach to the awful heresies of Rome !

"Yes, I am fully persuaded that all the hatred to this Christian duty flows from some base or bold, some sordid or selfish passion of the human mind. The Bishop, in your personal interview with him, with an excess of courtesy and compassion acquitted yourself and your party of selfish motives in your strife ; I do not. I shall never hesitate to strip the fallacy of its skin, and expose it to the contempt of all men ; and if you ask wherefore I, a lowly village minister, have come forward to attack your schism, I answer, it is because you first attacked me, and that by your public and repeated insults to that priesthood, and that church, to which,

especially in these their days of Persecution, I deem it an inestimable blessing to belong. I scorn to take shelter beneath an anonymous designation, and therefore I subscribe myself

“Yours obediently,”

“R. S. HAWKER,

“Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall.

“January 3, 1845.”

In the same year Hawker was selected to preach at the Bishop's Visitation at Launceston. He accordingly wrote a sermon, afterwards published as ‘The Field of Rephidim.’ But a prefatory note says—“After this Sermon was written, and before the day appointed for its delivery, My Father<sup>1</sup> died. The Bishop, therefore, suffered Mr. Harper<sup>2</sup> to read it in my stead.” The sermon was delivered in the Parish Church of St. Mary Magdalene, Launceston, on 27 June 1845.

Hawker took for his text Exodus xvii. 11 and 12, and called upon the clergy and the laity to support their Bishop, as Aaron and Hur stayed up the hands of Moses. The sermon contains an emphatic avowal of Hawker's hostility to Rome at this period.<sup>3</sup>

“So is it a function likewise of the Chief Shepherds to defend the flock from the secret or open ravages of heresy and Schism: more especially in England and in these our troublous times, it behoves them to watch and ward against all attempted return to the old innovation by the See and Bishop of Rome. For the transit of our Apostolic lineage through Romish times in England is like the temporary

<sup>1</sup> See pages 3, 38 and 447.

<sup>2</sup> The Rev. T. N. Harper, then Curate of Stratton. He afterwards became a Jesuit.

<sup>3</sup> Mr. Baring-Gould, however, commits an anachronism in using the passage as the peroration of his book, purporting to convey Hawker's opinion in 1875.

passage of a well known foreign river through one circumfluent lake; wherein, although the waters intermingle a little as they glide, yet the course of the mighty Rhone is visible throughout, in distinct and unbroken existence! So it is with us who have inherited the genealogy of the Apostles in these lands. We came from British fountains, we flowed in Saxon channels, we glided through Romish waters—but we were not, and are not, we will not be of Rome; for we will preserve, God willing, the unconquered courses of our own ancestral stream.”

Another passage contains an allusion to Bishop Tre-lawny:—

“Can we ever forget that day of glory in our annals, when the thraldom of the oppressor had shut up, in iron bondage, the spiritual ruler of these fields of the west; and immediately the strength of twenty thousand Cornish hearts arose, like the soul of one man, to set their Bishop free! My Lord, if all the land beside were false, there ought to be, here in Cornwall, love and loyalty to your Lordship still. So, dear lay brethren, if, in the mental conflicts of the day violent men strive with your Bishop for the mastery now, it should be to you, the faithful sons and daughters of the Church, a chosen delight, to occupy the place of Hur at the ancient ruler’s side, and to hold up his anxious hands all the day long; that so ye may be found worthy to inherit the praise and the blessing of the good old Cornish name!”

The following passage in Hawker’s sermon referring to the Tractarian leaders is extremely interesting, when we remember that, three months after it was written, Newman seceded to the Church of Rome:—

. . . “They also, the faithful few, who have lapped the waters of dear old Oxford, and who were the little company appointed to go down upon the foe with the sword of the

Lord and of Gideon, and to prevail—honour and everlasting remembrance for their fearless names! If in their zeal, they have exceeded; if, in the dearth of sympathy and the increase of desolation, they should even yet more exceed—nay, but do Thou, O Lord God of Jeshurun, withstand them in that path, if they should forsake the home of the mother that bare them for the house of the stranger.”

Two years after this, Hawker received a visit from the Rev. W. Haslam, then Vicar of Baldhu, who has related his experiences at Morwenstow in his book, ‘From Death into Life’ :—

“This friend,” he says of Hawker, “was a poet, and a High Churchman, from whom I learned many practical lessons. He was a man who prayed, and expected an answer; he had a wonderful perception for realizing unseen things, and took Scripture literally, with startling effect. He certainly was most eccentric in many of his ways; but there was a reality and straightforwardness about him which charmed me very much; and I was the more drawn to him, from the interest he took in me and my work.

“He knew many legends of holy men of old, and said that the patron saints of West Cornwall were in the Calendar of the Eastern Church, and those in the North of Cornwall belonged to the Western. . . He talked of these saints as if he knew all about them.

“He used to give most thrilling and grand descriptions of the storms of the Atlantic, which broke upon the rocky coast with gigantic force, and tell thrilling stories of shipwrecks. . . .

“He had daily service in his church, generally by himself, when he prayed for the people. ‘I did not want them there,’ he said. ‘God hears me; and they know when I am praying for them, for I ring the bell.’

“He had much influence in his parish, chiefly amongst the poor, and declared that his people did whatever he told them. They used to bring a bunch of flowers or evergreens every Sunday

morning, and set them up in their pew ends, where a proper place was made to hold them. The whole church was seated with carved oak benches, which he had bought from time to time from other churches, when they were re-pewed with 'deal boxes !'

"On the Sunday, I was asked to help him in the service, and for this purpose was arrayed in an alb, plain, which was just like a cassock of white linen. As I walked about in this garb, I asked a friend, 'How do you like it?' In an instant I was pounced upon, and grasped sternly on the arm by the Vicar. "'Like' has nothing to do with it ; is it right?" He himself wore over his alb a chasuble, which was amber on one side and green on the other, and was turned to suit the Church seasons ; also a pair of crimson-coloured gloves, which, he contended, were the proper sacrificial colour for a priest.

"I had very little to do in the service but to witness his proceedings, which I observed with great attention, and even admiration. His preaching struck me very much ; he used to select the subject of his sermon from the Gospel of the day all through the year. This happened to be 'Good Samaritan Sunday,' so we had a discourse upon the 'certain man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' in which he told us that 'the poor wounded man was Adam's race ; the priest who went by was the Patriarchal dispensation ; the Levite, the Mosaic ; and the good Samaritan represented Christ ; the inn was the Church ; and the twopence, the Sacraments.'

"He held up his manuscript before his face, and read it out boldly, because he 'hated,' as he said, 'those fellows who read their sermons, and all the time pretend to preach them ;' and he especially abhorred those who secreted notes in their Bibles : 'Either have a book, sir, or none !'

"He had a great aversion to Low Church Clergymen, and told me that his stag Robin, who ranged on the lawn, had the same ; and that once he pinned one of them to the ground between his horns. The poor man cried out in great fear ; so he told Robin to let him go, which he did, but stood and looked at the obnoxious individual as if he would like to have him down again and frighten



him, though he would not hurt him—‘Robin was kind-hearted.’<sup>1</sup>

“‘This Evangelical,’ he continued, ‘had a tail coat; he was dressed like an undertaker, sir. Once upon a time there was one like him travelling in Egypt, with a similar coat and a tall hat; and the Arabs pursued him, calling him the ‘father of saucepans, with a slit tail.’ This part of his speech was evidently meant for me, for I wore a hat and coat of this description, finding it more convenient for the saddle, and for dining out when I alighted.

“He persuaded me to wear a priestly garb like his, and gave me one of his old cassocks as a pattern; this I succeeded in getting made to my satisfaction, after considerable difficulty.

“I came back to my work full of new thoughts and plans, determined to do what was ‘right.’ I held up my manuscript and read my sermon, like Mr. Hawker, and I wore a square cap and cassock, instead of the ‘saucepan’ and the ‘tails.’”

When Mr. Haslam’s new church and vicarage were built, he put up over his door part of Hawker’s inscription—

“Be true to Church,  
Be kind to poor,  
O minister, for evermore.”

About this time Hawker had a serious illness, brought on by mental worry. He was in financial difficulties as early as 1847. On Nov. 2 of that year he writes to Sir Thomas Acland, with reference to the sale of some leases to him, “I am placed in circumstances of so perilous a kind that the stability of my position here is at stake, and the Family are earnestly anxious that I should if possible *preserve my home*. The only possibility to pacify my Bank exists in this sale, and I do think that it will be among the most pleasant recollections of your remaining life if you

<sup>1</sup> Another version of this anecdote relates that when the Parson recovered himself, he said to Hawker, “We have only this morning been reading, ‘in perils by false brethren!’”

shall have soothed the last years of Mrs. Hawker's family which will soon have disappeared from the face of the earth, and have averted my exile from my Parish and home." Sir Thomas Acland, with his usual kindness, acceded to this request. Hawker, like many men of high spirits and sparkling wit, fell into moods of profound depression. He was also subject occasionally to loss of memory.

Thus he wrote to a young relative on 13 Feb. 1848:—

"MY DEAR WILLIAM,

"You say you have not heard from me for some time, but I do think I wrote you last, and, if not, what good can my letters do?—I, whose daily prayer is for death—I, the corpse. Never yet was a man crushed as I have been. William, I have not smiled for months. I am never free from that dull, deadly, dragging weight on the diaphragm, which men may be thought to feel in the interval between sentence and a cruel death. My days, my hours, are numbered here. I shall not be in Morwenstow at the close of 1848. Would to God I may ere then be hidden out of sight! I have no thing, no one, to live for. No single reason why, if I were asked by an angel, I should wish to remain. I loathe life, and I yearn for death as some men do for wealth or rank. I would kiss the hand of any man who gave me to drink some deadly thing. O may God bless you, my dear boy, and make you unlike me!"

This letter was probably written during his illness, for in it he seems to have forgotten his wife. As many other letters show, he was deeply attached to her, and constantly spoke of bearing his troubles for her sake.

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## CHAPTER XII

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1848

### TENNYSON AT MORWENSTOW

“Heart-affluence in discursive talk.”

WITHIN a few months of the date of his last gloomy letter, the Vicar was cheered by an unexpected and memorable event.

Lord Tennyson, in the Life of his father, quotes Aubrey de Vere as saying, “In the year 1848 Alfred Tennyson had felt a craving to make a lonely sojourn at Bude. ‘I hear,’ he said, ‘that there are larger waves there than on any other part of the British coast, and must go thither and be alone with God.’”

In his Journal<sup>1</sup> Tennyson writes:—

“Tuesday, May 30th—Arrived at Bude in dark, askt girl way to sea, she opens the back door . . . I go out, and in a moment go sheer down, upward of six feet, over wall on fanged cobbles.<sup>2</sup> Up again, and walked to sea over dark hill.”

“June 2nd—Took a gig to Rev. S. Hawker at Morwenstow, passing Comb [*i.e.* Coombe] valley, fine view over sea, coldest manner of Vicar until I told my name, then all heartiness. Walk on cliff with him, told of shipwreck.”

Many will regret that Tennyson has not left a fuller

<sup>1</sup> *Vide* ‘Life of Tennyson,’ by his son, Vol I. p. 274.

<sup>2</sup> The scene of the accident was the garden of the Falcon Hotel, which is some height above the roadway and at that time had no railings.

account of his visit, but this appears to be all that he has put on record. Fortunately Hawker supplies the deficiency. Hitherto, the story of their meeting and conversation has been a more or less vague tradition, embellished by one writer and another according to his fancy. By a happy chance, however, Colonel W. S. Hawker,<sup>1</sup> of Boscastle (a nephew of the Vicar of Morwenstow), found among his father's papers a manuscript in the Vicar's hand-writing, which I am now enabled to copy. The little cross at the head of the manuscript, a sign of divine favour, indicates how much the poet's visit meant to him.



“It was in the Month of June 1848 that my Brother-in-law, John Dinham, arrived at Morwenstow with a very fine-looking Man whom he had been called in to attend professionally at Bude for an injury in the knee from a Fall. He said that the Stranger—for he was unaware of his Name—had made earnest inquiries about myself—if easy of access, affable, &c., &c., to all which he had given him satisfactory replies. I found my guest at his entrance a tallswarthy Spanish-looking man, with an eye like a sword. He sate down and we conversed. I at once found myself with no common mind. All poetry in particular he seemed to use like household words, and as chance led to the mention of Homer's<sup>2</sup> picture of night he gave at once a rendering simple and fine. ‘When the Sky is broken up and the myriad Stars roll down, and the Shepherd's heart is glad.’ It struck me that the trite translation was about the reverse motion of this. We then talked about Cornwall and King Arthur, *my*

<sup>1</sup> Since this was written I am sorry to have to record the death of Col Hawker, which occurred at Boscastle in August 1904.

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Churton Collins supplies the reference, ‘Iliad,’ VIII., 555-560.

themes, and I quoted Tennyson's fine acct. of the restoration of Excalibur to the Lake. Just then he said, 'How can you live here thus alone? you don't seem to have any fit companions around you.' My answer was another verse, from 'Locksley Hall'—

"I to herd with narrow foreheads vacant of our glorious gains,  
Like a Beast with lower pleasures, Like a Beast with lower pains!'

'Why that Man,' said he, 'seems to be your favourite Author.' 'Not mine only but England's,' answered I.

"Just at this time J. Dinham went away, and I proposed to shew my unknown friend the shore. But before we left the room he said, 'Do you know my name?' I said, 'No, I have not even a guess.' 'Do you wish to know it?' 'I don't much care—"that which we call a rose," etc.' 'Well, then,' said he, 'my name is *Tennyson*!!' 'What!' said I, '*the* Tennyson?' 'What do you mean by *the* Tennyson? I am Alfred Tennyson who wrote 'Locksley Hall,' which you seem to know by heart.'

"So we grasped hands, and 'The Shepherd's heart was glad.' We went on our way to the rocks, and if the converse could all be written down it would make, I think, as nice a little book as Charlotte Elizabeth<sup>1</sup> could herself have composed. All verses—all lands—the secret history of many of his poems, which I may not reveal—but that which I can lawfully relate I will. We talked of the sea, which he and I equally adore. But as he told me strange to say Wordsworth cannot bear its face. My solution was, that nursed among the still waters with a mind as calm and equable as his lakes the Scenery of the rough Places might be too boisterous for the meek man's Soul. He agreed. We discussed *ποντίων τε κυμάτων*, etc., and I was glad to find that he half agreed with a thought I have long

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Hawker.

cherished, that these words relate to the *Ear* and not to the *Eye*.<sup>1</sup> He did not disdain a version of mine made long ago :—

“ Hark how old Ocean laughs with all his Waves.’

Then, seated on the brow of the Cliff, with Dundagel full in sight, he revealed to me the the purpose of his journey to the West. He is about to conceive a Poem—the Hero King Arthur—the Scenery in part the vanished Land of Lyonesse, between the Mainland and the Scilly Isles. Much converse then and there befel of Arthur and his Queen, his wound at Camlan and his prophesied return. Legends were exchanged, books noted down and references given, *quae hic perscribere longum*. We talked about the times—old prophecies and new events. He gave me anecdotes of Guizot and his friends whom he intimately knows, of Hallam and the London Scribes. He said he had nowhere a settled home but wandered all the year. Among his friends in Ireland are the family of Vere de Vere, but Lady Clara was a fiction of his own. In early life he went through Spain with Torrejos to incite the Revolution ; ‘ and I remember,’ he said, ‘ one day Torrejos said to me, with one of the softest sweetest smiles I ever saw, “ As soon as we succeed I mean to cut the throats of all the Clergy.” ’ This forcibly recalled to me his own verse on the death of Iphigeneia. ‘ One drew a sharp knife thro’ my tender throat slowly and nothing more.’ I questioned him about his mode of composition in this so wandering life. He said he usually made about ten lines every day,<sup>2</sup> multitudes of which were never written down and so were lost for ever.<sup>3</sup> I strongly chode with him for

<sup>1</sup> Compare p. 317.

<sup>2</sup> Compare Tennyson’s sonnet on ‘ Poet’s and their Bibliographies’—

“ Old Virgil who would write ten lines, they say,  
At dawn, and lavish all the golden day,  
To make them wealthier in his readers’ eyes ;”

<sup>3</sup> Compare Tennyson’s letter quoted on p. 415.

this. By and bye we went back to the house to dine. He said his chief reliance for bodily force was on Wine, and I should conceive he yielded to the conqueror of Ariadne ever and anon. The dinner talk was as before. I shewed him a singular Book (Alford's Greek Poets),<sup>1</sup> sent to me as a gift in remembrance of a happy Sunday spent in Morwenstow, by the Rev. J. Allen of Ilminster. In it his name and poetry occurred with praise in many a page. I lent him Books and MSS. about King Arthur, which he carried off, and which I perhaps shall never see again. Then evening fell. He arose to go; and I agreed to drive him on his way. He demanded a pipe, and produced a package of very common shag. By great good luck my Sexton had about him his own short black dudheen, which accordingly the minstrel filled and fired. Wild language occupied the way, until we shook farewell at Combe. This, said Tennyson, has indeed been a day to be remembered, at least it is one which I shall never again forget. The Bard is a handsome well-formed man and tall, more like a Spaniard than an Englishman—black, long elflocks all round his face, mid which his eyes not only shine but glare. His garments loose and full, such as Bard beseems, and over all a large dark Spanish Cloak. He speaks the languages both old and new, and has manifestly a most bibliothec memory. His voice is very deep, tuneful and slow—an organ, not a breath. His temper, which I tried, seemed very calm—His spirits very low. When I quoted 'My May of Life,'<sup>2</sup> and again, 'O never more on me,' etc., he

<sup>1</sup> Dean Alford's 'Chapters on the Poets of Greece' (1841).

<sup>2</sup> Mr. Churton Collins suggests that Hawker quoted from 'Macbeth'—

"My way of life  
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf,"

For the second quotation he suggests the lines in 'Don Juan'—

"No more, no more, no, never more on me  
The freshness of the heart can fall like dew."

said they too were his haunting words. He went next day to the Castle of his hero King, and traced, I think, the route I had marked out for him by the Lower Sea. But I saw him no more; it may be, shall not greet him in the flesh again. Still it is to me a great memorial day in this my solitary place to have heard the voice and seen the form of Alfred Tennyson. "R. S. H."

In a letter dated 1861, Hawker writes:—

"This is the origin of the 'Idylls of the King.' When Tennyson was here he made earnest inquiry about King Arthur. I told him all I knew. Mrs. Hawker lent him R. J. King's 'Fairy Mythology of Tintadgel.' He wrote ten lines every day, blotted, revised and preserved. He had girded himself for an Epic on the theme which divided long with 'Paradise Lost' Milton's mind over 'The Life and Death of King Arthur.' But finding, as I infer, that he could not wait for the judgment and requital of A.D. 2004, and wanting, as I know, an income for Children and Wife, he broke up his purpose into Idylls, Fragments of the Great Theme, and published now. His wife wrote me a grateful acknowledgment of my lines. He always sends his Books."

In 1856, speaking of a book of poems he had contemplated publishing, Hawker says:—"To my chagrin and loss the whole thing is finally abandoned—falls like a broken purpose, as Tennyson said of my 'Waterfall'—and one lost opportunity more is added to the heaped up fragments of my bitter existence." Again—

"If I could but breathe into the Sculpture of Words my lost life—Fast by my house there is a spring of silent waters walled and roofed—its name is The Well of St. John in the Wilderness—the stream enters a coppice, where it swells and grows—it soon rushes brawling among rocks down a deep gorge towards a cliff called the Raven's Crag. There



it leaps from the brink at a height of 150 feet above the sea. Just below the steep a rocky basin receives it worn, *non vi, sed sæpe cadendo*. Thence seaward it leaps a second time. But it fails still to reach the tide. It bounds into the air like a broken purpose, and, caught up and driven backward by the wind, it is shattered into spray and lost. *It is my life. The picture of my days.*"<sup>1</sup>

In his copy of 'Idylls of the King,' Hawker puts a note, "compare Henna" (the stream here described) against the following lines in 'Guinevere':—

"Then—as a stream that spouting from a cliff  
Fails in mid air, but gathering at the base  
Remakes itself, and flashes down the vale—"

Hawker perhaps thought that this simile was suggested by the Morwenstow stream.

When the 'Idylls' appeared, in 1859, Tennyson sent a copy to Hawker, who acknowledged the gift in a set of verses. He also sent Tennyson a copy of Blight's 'Ancient Crosses, etc,' a volume containing several contributions of his own. In reply came the letters from the Laureate and his wife here reproduced in facsimile.<sup>2</sup>

Hawker has marked in his copy of the 'Idylls' other lines that especially appealed to him. Among these is a passage in 'Lancelot and Elaine' peculiarly applicable to himself.

<sup>1</sup> This thought occurs also in his poem 'The Token Stream.'

<sup>2</sup> The originals had passed into other hands some years ago, and came to light again by a singular coincidence. One day in 1903 Mr. Lane was dining with Professor Sylvanus Thompson, and after dinner picked up a book on the drawing room table. It proved to be a first edition copy of 'Idylls of the King,' with the two letters pasted in at the beginning, and in Hawker's hand the words—

"R. S. H.  
from the Author  
by Post,  
July xxiiij., 1859."

“Never yet  
Was noble man but made ignoble talk.  
He makes no friend who never made a foe.”

Also in ‘Guinevere,’

“But after tempest, when the long wave broke  
All down the thundering shores of Bude and Boss,  
There came a day as still as heaven, and then  
They found a naked child upon the sands  
Of wild Dundagil by the Cornish sea ;”

Against this last line Hawker puts a note, “my spelling,” in allusion to the word ‘Dundagil.’ Tennyson subsequently altered the line, as it now stands,

“Of dark Tintagil by the Cornish sea.”

Hawker also pointed out that the breviat of Boscastle should be spelt ‘Bos,’ and it is to this that Tennyson refers in the postscript to his letter. Curiously enough, when Hawker afterwards published his ‘Ride from Bude to Boss,’ he spelt it with the double ‘s.’

In 1860 Tennyson went down the coast from Bideford to Tintagel, but there is no record of another visit to Morwenstow.

Thus Hawker’s foreboding was fulfilled—“it may be I shall not greet him in the flesh again.” One cannot but regret that Tennyson did not once more “make glad the shepherd’s heart,” for we may be sure that the shepherd would have duly recorded his impressions. But Tennyson did not quite forget him, as the following letters show.

“Farringford. Feby. 14th, 1861.

“DEAR SIR,

“I beg you to accept from my husband and myself many thanks for your ‘King Arthur’s Waes-Hael.’

Park House  
Maidstone

My dear Mr Hawker

I have just received  
your kind present. many thanks.  
I sent you my book, but that is, I  
told my Publisher to send it you: had  
it post thro' my hands I would have  
written in it -

I did not know that Bos was  
only one - 5<sup>th</sup>

Yours ever

Tennyson

P.S. The verses are too complimentary  
for me to put faith in



Farringford  
Dec 22<sup>d</sup> 1854

Neither the Laureate  
nor his wife disclaims  
the flattering lines,  
(how should they <sup>disclaim them?</sup>) but  
both thank Mr Hawker  
for his kindness in sending  
them & send him all  
good wishes  
Emily Perryson



“ Believe me, with his (Alfred’s) kind remembrances,  
“ Truly yours,  
“ EMILY TENNYSON.”

“ Farringford. May 7th, 1868.

“ DEAR MR. HAWKER,  
“ It is very kind of you to remember kindly words of mine. My husband was from home when your last letter came. He now desires me to say that he begs his name may be put down for a copy of your new book. [‘ Cornish Ballads.’]

“ Believe me, truly yours,  
“ EMILY TENNYSON.”

On 18 May 1874 Tennyson wrote to the late Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes,<sup>1</sup> of Bodmin, another Cornish poet :—

“ Farringford.

“ MY DEAR MR. STOKES,  
“ I thank you for your new Poems, and trust that you and yours are well and flourishing. What an age it seems since we first became acquainted with each other in old Cornwall.

“ *Do*, if ever you come across Mr. Hawker, give him my best remembrances, and believe me

“ Yours always,  
“ A. TENNYSON.”

<sup>1</sup> Author of ‘ Restormel,’ ‘ Memories,’ ‘ Poems of Later Years,’ ‘ The Vale of Lanherne,’ ‘ The Gate of Heaven,’ etc. (See pages 589 and 640).

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## CHAPTER XIII

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1848-1852

“ Venio nunc ad tuas litteras, quas plurimis epistolis accepi.”—*Cicero*.

A CHARACTERISTIC ADVERTISEMENT—THE SELLON CONTROVERSY—GRETSER—THE LETTERS BEGIN—THE GORHAM JUDGMENT—HAWKER BECOMES CURATE OF WELCOMBE—LETTERS TO HIS BROTHER CLAUD AND REV. W. D. ANDERSON—THE ROMAN HIERARCHY—THE POPE AND WESLEY—RELIGIOUS RIOTS IN CORNWALL.

FROM 1850 onward there is extant a great mass of Hawker's own letters, and from that point I have thought it desirable to abandon the narrative form for the most part, and leave extracts from these, arranged in order of date, to tell their own story. There was hardly any other alternative, except to discard the greater number, for the actual events of his life in the corresponding period are too few and far between for any consecutive account to be written which should also embody the letters. A long life passed in one remote place does not lend itself easily to narrative.

I trust it will be found that the interest of the letters themselves will amply atone for any abrupt transitions. To my mind, a man's own words are far preferable to any *réchauffé*, which too often presents, not the man himself, but the biographer's impressions.



For the next few years Hawker's thoughts were chiefly turned to Church matters. In looking through the files of some old West Country newspapers recently, I came across the following advertisement in the *Western Daily Mail* for 1849:—

“The Vicar of Morwenstow, in Cornwall, in unison with his faithful wardens, is occupied in the restoration of his beautiful church. Whosoever is desirous to please God by aidance of this acceptable work will be permitted to make oblation of silver or gold.

“The Vicarage of St. Morwenna. A.E. 1849.”

It was a period of unrest in the ecclesiastical world. In 1850 the re-establishment of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in England caused a great outburst both against Roman Catholics and the High Church Party. Though he did not label himself ‘High Church,’ Hawker favoured that side, while most of the neighbouring clergy were Evangelicals. As his letters show, the disputes raged hotly in the West of England. In 1849 a controversy had arisen at Plymouth, where an Anglican Sisterhood was accused of Romanising tendencies, but acquitted by the Bishop of Exeter after a public inquiry. It was called ‘The Sellon Controversy,’ from the name of the Lady Superior, Miss Sellon. As an expression of sympathy with her cause Hawker wrote his poem, ‘A Voice from the Place of St. Morwenna in the Rocky Land, uttered to the Sisters of Mercy at the Tamar Mouth.’ This was published as a leaflet, but the printer, writes Hawker indignantly, “sells it, and pockets every penny—as base a miscreant as ever had a Devil.” Of the same printer he says elsewhere, “He, like all his Tribe, used my Skull set in Silver as a drinking Cup.”

He wrote the following letter on the same question, using

as a pseudonym the Latin word for his own name. The letter appeared in *The West of England Conservative*, a Plymouth paper:—

“December 28th, 1849.

“SIR,

“A great deal has been said of late, and especially in their dismay, by the poor Plymouth people, about an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury, as a judge in their case. Will you allow me, as it is just possible that even sensible persons may share in their mistake, to say a few words on this point? Except in certain matters of official form, given to him by Erastian Statutes, the Bishop of Canterbury has no kind of spiritual jurisdiction beyond his own diocese. In times of Papal usurpation, when the Archbishop was the Pope’s legate in England, he exercised rule over the other Bishops, but this legatine authority was abolished by King Henry the VIII., and has never been revived in this realm. For the sake of order, and because, in all societies, some one must preside, the Archbishop is ‘*primus inter pares*,’ but nothing more. An Archbishopric is by no means an essential element of a Christian church. National churches have existed without such an office, and doubtless will again. The Prayer Book contains no distinct office of Ordination for an Archbishop. Apostolically speaking, he is a bishop and nothing more. All missives sent by the Diocesan of Canterbury to the clergy of any other bishoprics, unless they are transmitted through the respective bishops, adopted, sanctioned, and countersigned by them, are so much waste paper. The interference of an archbishop in any district beyond his own diocese, would be most indecent and unwarrantable.

“Let us hear no more of these appeals. So long as they remain quiescent, much may be forgiven to the ignorance of the laity, but when they forsake the garrison, the quarter-deck, and the counter, to become the censors of their ‘spiritual pastors and masters,’ whom, in the days of their catechism, they undertook to obey, they should at least try to make themselves aware of the powers and authority of those to whom they would appeal.

Neither the Queen, the most exalted daughter of the church, but no more, nor the Archbishop, the occupier of one of the episcopal chairs, but nothing beyond, can grant anything to the senseless clamour of the Plymouth people.

“Your’s, sir, obediently,

“AUCEPS.”

In a note to his poem above mentioned, Hawker says, “I recommend the slanderers of God’s servants, before they again presume to revile the imaged death-bed of the Lord, to read, carefully and thoughtfully, the works of Gretser, published in Latin in seventeen folio volumes, at Ratisbon, 1734-41.” Surely a counsel of perfection!

Hawker was at this time making an analysis of Gretser’s book on The Holy Cross. It is full of strange lore, and is evidently the source from which he drew much of his fantastic symbolism. At the end of the analysis, which has not been published, are the words—“Done, April xxviii., Anno Ecclesiæ, 1852.”

Some of his own notes on Gretser are very characteristic:—

“There is a Legend in the West that the Cross was hewn from Wood of the Aspen-Tree, which ever since hath shuddered with ‘The Terror of the Lord.’ Another Legend tells that when Lord Jesu died, the Trees of the Forest all trembled at the Deed, except the Aspen-Tree. Then the Angel rebuked that hardness of Heart, and said, for a doom, ‘Tremble evermore!’ Another tale they tell, that Judas hanged himself on that world-shuddering Tree.”

“‘World-mastering’—‘world-shouldering,’ are my phrases. I claim them here and now. 1851, R. S. H.”

“He was smitten, said the Legend of old Cornwall, with a Bundle of Willow Boughs. Aforetime they grew upright and tall. But, ever since, they have drooped with a bowed down memory of Shame.”

“She, the Blessed Virgin Mary, stood 5 feet 6 inches. She reached to embrace, and kiss, his feet. He, the same height. Thus 11 feet. This, with one foot above the head for the tablet, and three in the ground for fixture, will give 15 feet, the actual length of the Stem or trunk ; the transome, lintel, shoulders being 8 feet.”

“(The sign of the Cross to be made) *me judice*, when men meet a heretic, or pass a conventicle, or hear of schism.”

In 1850 the Vicar was evidently in financial difficulties, and was seeking to increase his income by obtaining the curacy of Welcombe (a neighbouring village), to hold in conjunction with Morwenstow. Thus he writes to his brother at Boscastle, after a visit there :—

“Sept. xxvij., 1850.

“MY DEAR CLAUD,

“I find myself very much better for the change of Scene, and were it not for the bad, base worry of my post-bag, I could write a Volume of MS. every Night. The Plurality Act, when I arrived, sent me by Thoms—an officer of the Lords. Wellcombe is inaccessible to me. Licence from John S. Cant [the Archbishop] is indispensable, and H. Exon has just refused to accept his Signature in testimonial of a Deacon or Priest.

“Davis (the Rector of Kilkhampton) had a Dinner party on Wednesday. Three Protestants, Clyde, Thomas and another, were overturned on their return at night.”

He writes again to his brother :—

“Sept., xxix.

“I am just returned from Wellcombe, wet through, having left my Pony at Marsland Mill and walked thence. The Flood had come down after I passed onward, and I could only get back over the footbridge, and by walking over the

knees in the Water. If, however, I can secure a few pounds by temporary Service, I shall be most thankful. You could not judge from the demeanour I assumed when with you how heavy-hearted—how almost afraid to hope I am.

“A letter from——. He goes to Kelly this week (introduced by me) to stay some days. When I look around I see many like Frankenstein whom I have moulded from clay into life, and who turn and rend me. A comfort is that it will not last long, and that the very world where such things are is but for a very little while.”

The following letter was addressed to the Rev. W. D. Anderson, a young clergyman in the neighbourhood, of whom Hawker speaks as “one of my sons in the Church.” He was afterwards Rector of Milton Damerel with Cookbury in Devon. Hawker’s letters to him are in the Library of Pembroke College, Oxford:—

“Sept. xxix., 1850.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“—— is gone. My Prayers were signally answered. He was struck suddenly with a sore disease just after he had agreed with the Chief Priests of heresy to sell the Church for a certain number of pieces of flesh to make up his congregation. A more direct and visible doom I never beheld. Until his treachery stood manifest he was as usual in health. Then all at once entreaty went up from an adjacent altar, and he went—withered—to return no more. No one is yet appointed in his stead. I serve it meanwhile, as before, until a new Nomination. Mrs. Hawker and I have made a visit to my brother at Boscastle. We went on Tuesday, and returned on Friday, after having seen the hills Rough Tor and Brown Willy.

“We visited also Tintagel Castle and Church with many other curious Antiquities. I have secured, I trust, two ancient Crosses of Stone and bespoken one new one for

my Churchyard. Mrs. Hawker enjoyed her drive exceedingly. But for the worry of thought, so should I also.

“The Church Horizon seems dark. But I do not think there was any warranty for secession in the Gorham Events. The decision of the Privy Council did not alter the position of a single Priest. Their departure seems to me more like pique because they could not have their own way, than anything else.

“All here as usual. The Nine Cats all well and Berg happy.”

The beginning of this letter is at first difficult to reconcile with the Vicar's undoubted charity and kindness of heart. The fact is that in his composition there was something of the Grand Inquisitor. In the discomfiture of heresy he put aside his human and personal sympathies, and regarded opposition to himself as an offence against the Almighty through his earthly representative.

Mr. Maskell writes on this subject—“Robert Hawker's imagination often ran away with him, and he would, undoubtedly, connect such occurrences in his own mind and speak of them as if they were the consequences, in the way of miracle, of injuries done to himself. But he was the last man in the world to have wished evil to another; his whole life was an example of constant kindness to every one, and of excess of hospitality wherever and whenever it was in his power; and his bitterest enemy would have been certain to receive shelter and help and food.”

Mr. Gorham,<sup>1</sup> the Bishop of Exeter's opponent, after-

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. G. C. Gorham was in 1847 presented by the Lord Chancellor to the living of Bramford Speke, near Exeter. Bishop Phillpotts, not being satisfied with his orthodoxy on the question of baptismal regeneration, refused to institute him. Mr. Gorham brought the case before the Court of Arches, which decided against him on 2 Aug. 1849. He then appealed to the judicial Committee of the Privy Council, which reversed the judgment of the Court of Arches, on 8 March 1850. Mr. Gorham was instituted by the Dean of Arches (acting for the Archbishop of Canterbury) on 6 Aug. 1851. The Bishop appealed in vain to the Courts of Queen's Bench, Common Pleas, and Exchequer. This triumph of Erastianism drove Manning and many others to Rome.



The old Cornish Cross  
in Morwenstow Churchyard.  
The initials are those of  
Hawker's first wife, C.E.H.





wards visited Hawker, who writes on 17th Oct. 1855:—

“We have had the house very full lately—The Maskells and their Priests and Monks, Mr. Gorham of Brampford Speke (introduced by Sir T. Acland), Mr. Frere, a Judge in India, etc., etc., and Artists many; more than 50 drawings have been taken of Font, Altar, etc., etc.”

There are one or two other allusions to Gorham's visit in Hawker's letters. Writing in 1857, after Gorham's death, he says:—

“Did you see it said in the Papers that kind and forgiving letters had passed between the Bishop of Exeter and Mr. Gorham? Poor Man! the summer before last he came here, and he stayed some hours botanizing and talking of his early life. He wrote me afterward, and I now regret I allowed the correspondence to languish.”

In another letter he says:—

“He came here to see me at the age of 74, and seemed quite healthy and fresh looking, but in two years he was a dying man from cancer of the tongue. I know you will scold me for thus fearing a non-existing thing, but there is a French proverb, ‘Nothing is more certain than unexpected things.’”

Elsewhere he writes, “The young seedpods (of the cudweed) outgrow the parent stem—hence its name *Herba Impia*, the undutiful plant. When Gorham came to Morwenstow, he, being curious in botany, asked me its name, and I gave it, whereupon he suspected some covert allusion to his own rebellious demeanour towards the Bishop. So the name now stands thus—*Herba Impia Gorhamensis*.”

A memorandum in Hawker's hand states that on the 19th of October 1850 he was transcribed for the curacy of Welcombe, which he continued to serve along with Morwenstow for the rest of his life. He writes to his brother:—

“If I can get a deacon at 20 or 25£ a year, with a title and tuition, I shall take one, meanwhile I serve it myself—hard work—but I would work a great deal harder to get the £93 a year.”

Welcombe is in Devonshire, and is divided from Morwenstow and Cornwall by the brook that runs in the bed of Marsland Valley. The way thither from Morwenstow is by a rough steep lane up and down the valley sides, a difficult road in bad weather, and a stiff pull for man or beast at any time. But the beauty of that wooded vale,

“Broad-cloven thro’ the green of rolling hills,”

banishes all thought of discomfort or of weariness. Every Sunday henceforward Hawker rode the three miles to Welcombe on his pony (or drove when, as they say in Cornwall, he was “gotten up in years),” to hold an afternoon service in the little church. The morning and the evening services he performed at Morwenstow. In his riding days he used a military saddle, and, with his ample cloak and fine physique, presented, it is said, something of the appearance of a cavalry officer.

The church at Welcombe, and an ancient well standing near, are dedicated to St. Nectan, a brother of St. Morwenna. The fine old carvings in the church, representing the Fruitful Vine and the Barren Fig Tree, have supplied the designs on the title-page and back of ‘Cornish Ballads’ and ‘Footprints.’ On the lower side of the tympanum above the pulpit is an inscription, designed to catch the preacher’s eye when he casts it ecstatically heavenward, “Woe unto you if ye preach not the Word of God.” A wholesome check to heresy.

“In the northern wall,” says Hawker, “there is an entrance named the Devil’s door: it was thrown open at



WELCOMBE CHURCH.



every baptism, at the Renunciation, for the escape of the fiend ; while at every other time it was carefully closed." He declined to bury anyone on the ill-omened north side of the churchyard. A more enlightened generation has now arisen, which knows not Hawker, and reckes not at what point of the compass it returns to the ground. But enlightenment is not always accompanied by artistic taste. Mr. Baring-Gould says, "Alas! here the wrecker has been at work. There were carved bench-ends with curious heads, technically called poppy-heads, but unlike any I have seen elsewhere, unique, I believe. These heads have been cut off, thrown away, and the bench-ends stuck against the screen. The seats are now of deal."

One summer afternoon, at Welcombe, the Vicar found that he had left his watch behind, and he wanted one to time the sermon, in order to be back at Morwenstow for evening service. So, on arriving at the church he made inquiries of the people standing about. But time is of no great import at Welcombe, and no watch was to be had. At last, just as the service was beginning, an old woman hobbled up the aisle and handed to the Vicar a large and ancient timepiece. "Her's only got one hand, your honour," she said, "but yu must just gi' a guess."

Hawker always uses the spelling 'Wellcombe,' that is, the Combe of the Well. This derivation is discarded by Mr. R. Pearse Chope, an authority on the antiquities of the district, who explains the name as meaning 'the Welsh Combe,' *i.e.*, the combe separating England from Wales ; for in the Exon Domesday Book it is spelt 'Walcomba,' and in the Exchequer Book 'Walcome.' On a map of early England in Green's 'History,' Cornwall and part of Devon appear as 'West Wales,' and the boundary between this and Wessex meets the coast just about where Welcombe is situated.

A popular explanation of the name, current in Morwenstow, has been written out for me as follows:—

“It’s supposed to be a odd lot livin’ out to Welcombe, an’ I’ll tell e why. They was rakin’ England all auver once, an’ they begun on top an’ raked down so ver’s Hollacombe Gate (the name of the cross [*i.e.*, cross road] that turns into Welcombe), an’ then along come a puff o’ wind an’ blowed the rakins rat away west’erd. ‘Aw! well, git along an’ welcome,’ they said; an’ that’s how Welcombe got it’s name, an’ its the rakins an’ scrapins of all England livin’ there!”

The Welcombe people, it is understood, repudiate the etymology of their Cornish neighbours.

Hawker gives a delightful sketch of Welcombe and its inhabitants under the name of ‘Holacombe’ in ‘Footprints.’

The main bulk of the letters begins at this point. In those that refer to church matters it will be noticed that a change has come over the Vicar’s attitude towards the Church of Rome since the ‘Field of Rephidim’ sermon of 1845:—

*To Claud Hawker, Esq.*

“Oct. 1850.

. . . “The Pope has followed Wesley’s example, and divided England into circuits for Preachers and for Spiritual taxation, and the Government, which has always sanctioned the invasion of Church territory by every Sect and Schism, must now bear the Precedent they have established.

. . . “[As regards] interference with their doctrine and worship, Pope Pius the ixth in no respect differs from St. John of the Spasms, as a merry demon named Wesley. Neither does the Indulgence of the papal priesthood bestow more impunity than the release from judgment avouched by

the Methodist Cramp. When I came hither with authority of Orders and by Episcopal Collation I found my Parish absorbed in a Circuit—my people claimed by a Wesleyan preacher—my doctrine denied by aliens under sanction—nay with the applause of the State. What more now?"

*To the Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“Novr. 1850.

. . . “I am in treaty with a Man for the office of Deacon to me. I want a High Church Man with Low Ch. tendencies, or a Low Ch. Man with a High Ch. bias: I don’t care which. I think a Gorhamite might not agree with me, nor indeed sho’d I with him. I am quite satisfied with Wellcombe. The attendance far exceeds Morw’w in regularity, and the demeanour is good. I have a very decent Dame’s School.”

*To the same.*

“Novr. xv.-xvi., 1850.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I cannot go to bed until I have chode you. You were never more mistaken than when you filled out “R. S. H.” in the *Guardian* with my name. Whensoever I write any letter in the Papers I always sign my name at length, ever since *The Times*, in my Battle with old Walter about the Offertory, upbraided me with an anonymous signature; and for the most part I strive to write good English, which my friend with the same initials in the letter you assign to me hardly does. Are you not aware also that I never forgive an irreparable wrong; and when the *Guardian* people grossly insulted me in an untrue criticism on my ‘Voice,’<sup>1</sup> I shook them off my hand into

<sup>1</sup> ‘A Voice from the Place of St. Morwenna.’

the fire. The Roast Beef of Old Pyworthy stated at Clyde's that all the Holsworthy clergy were unanimous (like Judas and the Chief Priests), so I concluded you assisted at the meeting there. I am glad to find you did not."

"Novr. xvj., 1850.

"MY DEAR CLAUD,

... "I have had a letter from Tom, [a younger brother] to night, who seems in a promising condition, at least his murmurs are not so intense as they usually are. He has been down at Northampton this year—in all likelihood he has had something to do with this Papal Bull, as he had with the French Revolution in 1830. H. has written a very weak letter in the *Cornwall Gazette*. He calls on us to defend the Queen's Supremacy. Why should we? What has the State ever done for us? Has it ever defended us when Methodism has invaded our Parishes and assumed the instruction of our People? What King or Queen has ever shielded us from a single Insult? Let Queens take care of themselves for me. The amusing part of the thing is the annoyance expressed by *Dissenters* at the Pope. What possible odds can it be to them? They have long ago forsaken the only Body of Men which is menaced now. They are as fatal to the Church as ever Roman Catholics can be. As well might a Club of Deists complain as any Sect. Just as well might Mohammedans protest as Methodists against this attack on the English Church. I see that a Jew (Alderman Salomons) *has* declared himself a Protestant, as well he may, because the word merely means, 'One who denies a thing'—'A man who doubts and disbelieves certain tenets.' A Protestant may be a very firm one, and yet not have one article of belief."



“(Novr. xviiij.)

“I had letters last Night from a Commissioner for the Oxford Inquiry—Jeune—from an R.C. Dignitary—from four leading Men of the controversies—from a Yorkshire Clergyman, to ask my opinion about a New Society of Priests to meet the movement—from J. S. J. with Plymouth handbills, and from a Deacon to enquire about my Situation for one. I would send you more but for weight—my letter bill is no joke. . . I heard also from Haslam last night. He is agitating for a public meeting; and when they meet what are they going to say? I as an Englishman want even-handed Justice. I demand that *Every* Authority which shall partition England into Districts for ecclesiastical or pastoral purposes shall be restrained. I insist that *Every* Ministry foreign to the Church shall be disclaimed. I call for the suppression of *Every* adoption of our Titles of Reverend and Right Reverend shall be punished [*sic*], and if these claims are conceded Pius the ixth and Spasmodic John must alike withdraw.”

The following evidently relates to some Protestant demonstration:—

. . . “The Hony. Secy. is to produce a Roll of Brimstone 5 feet 10 ins. in length and one foot in diameter, of the same kind as R.C’s. burn in Hell. Gee will exhibit in a single Diagram all the grimaces made by the Smithfield Martyrs, and Bevan will rehearse the full and total Protestant Creed of the Assembly with his Mouth shut. Sir G. Grey refused to present his Petition which he thinks significant of harm—So do I. He wants me to give Sir George Prevost (a Clergyman) leave to repeat a communication which I had made the Bishop on some Platform, but I have refused. I will not be mixed up with the Judasites—about 3000 of the Clergy will depart if the Prayer Book is touched, and if Lord John does not take care I shall advertize in *The*

*Times* for the Heir-at-Law of James Stuart, who will hear of something to his advantage if he will apply."

"Novr. xxvij., 1850.

"MY DEAR CLAUD,

"The infamous uproar goes on. The *outcries* of *possession*—Every Sign recorded in History as the index of habitation by Fiends is as common now in England as at Gadara in the days of our Lord. The fierce malignant yells—the bold bad falsehoods—the blasphemies against every holy name—the rage at *all* religious practice—these indicate to me with historic accuracy that the possessions are in fearful number over the land. The power to enter in was never revoked, and the facilities of entrance in England are innumerable. The body of an unbaptized person is open to a demon always. Baptism has been so dishonoured, so irregularly administered where performed at all, that no hindrance exists to the fiend in the very doorway of life. Then, by flagrant Sin, such as Blasphemy, which is Slander of God or his Saints or his Church, the latch is lifted again. When I read the daily papers I recognize the signs continually. There is the grin, the sputter, the husky bark, and The Squawk of the demon on every platform, and good imitations of the human voice. Exorcism duly performed would make strange discoveries in these assemblies of the people. There are words and signs which would throttle many a loud bully, and cast him on the ground foaming. One thing is clear, from the number of these speakers and roarers, Hell must be half empty. It will be absolutely necessary for Cumming, and Croly, and others, to die to fill up the Staff of the Great Adversary. I have had circulars headed by broken-legged G——— and the Gibbons, Curate of Lanson, and others (The Archdeacon and the Rural Dean having refused to call a Meeting), to convene me to the

Townhall, there to witness these spasms, with letters inclosed for 'the pious laity of my Parish.' I put them all into the Element prepared for them and for their angels from the beginning. I am not going to join the Deserters from the Ranks in defending the discipline of the Army. Let Uzzah die. Neither am I going to proclaim myself a Protestant whose Creed is Nay Nay—nor an advocate for That universal No called the Reformation, the pretext for Royal lust and Noble robbery, nor, in short, to follow the vile Multitude to do evil.

. . . "The Wesleyans have made no move officially. Their own Craft would be imperilled by every paragraph in the usual petitions. What a noble Nation! Religious liberty! that is, Freedom to hold the opinions of the Mob—differ one jot from the *faeces*, and they call for the gyves. Free discussion! Yes, if you propound what the populace may approve—if not, be gagged. No persecution! No—not while you merely *deny* tenets—*protest* against truths—assert one article of the Apostles' Creed, and they kindle the fire and sharpen the knife. . . . Ignorance deep and grovelling. The open Bible, which they can neither read nor understand. Bigotry beyond the Spanish Inquisition—for there the victim may speak—and Blasphemy from which the fiends may learn a lesson, but which they would deliver in better taste. And this is the famous Nineteenth Century! And now that I have accurately defined the Age, I shall conclude. . . .

"Yrs. Affy.,

"R. S. H."

"Decr. iv., 1850.

"MY DEAR CLAUD,

"No man who hopes to win thro' life in public paths should ever indulge temper—it stings.

. . . "What came off at Camelford papally? After the

Arch-deacon and Rural Dean had refused, Master Glanville and Gibbons called a Meeting at Lanson, convened me and my laity—I put all in the fire. Now comes a Petition to Mrs. Guelph, which contains a lie, viz., that the Queen can make a Bishop, and this is sent to me ‘To be signed by my Parishioners.’”

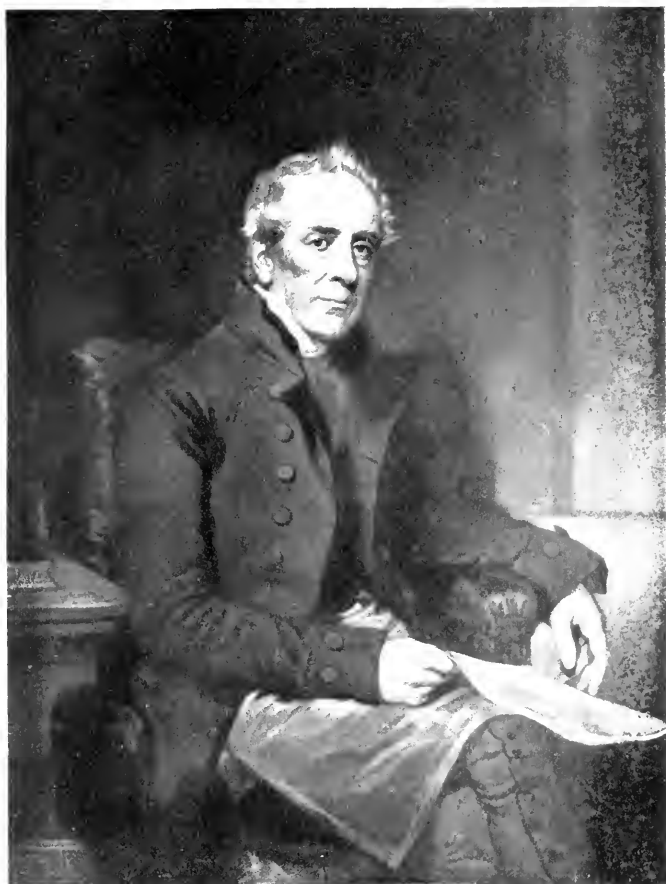
“Decr. xx., 1850.

“MY DEAR CLAUD,

. . . “You have heard, I suppose, of the Stratton fiends. After they had burnt the Pope and Cardinal, they formed a large Cross of Wood, insulted and mocked it in devilish derision, and then blew it into atoms with gunpowder, as they would with our Saviour on it if they could. Did I write this before? A fire broke out a night or two afterwards and Scawen’s Malthouse &c. was burnt to the ground—if the whole town, so much the better. I cannot get back my letter from the *Guardian*, nor did he insert it. If he had, it would have explained McNeile’s speech, or rather that which the evil Spirit said out of him. The Bishop of London’s infamy transcends everything told in Cromwell’s time. I would not have his guilt on my Soul for his Mitre and his Money and long life. . . .

“Nothing can surpass the demoniac treatment here. The Churchwardens have had the circular sent to every Parish from the National Club, full of queries as to what the Clergy do—what Puseyism they practise—all their habits, doctrines, &c. The Duke of Manchester and Lord Ashley are at the head of it, and the aim is to drive out of the Church all but such ones as S. K. & Co. I hope to carry on a little longer for poor C.’s sake.”

Hawker describes some of these religious riots in his analysis of Gretser. (See page 201.) He begins his notes on one chapter with the heading ‘Zwinglius and his Heresy.’



BISHOP PHILPOTTS (1851)

*After a mezzotint engraved by William Walker from a painting by T. A. Woolnot  
Piercy, Esq., at the residence of Queen Victoria, M.D.*



“But,” he breaks off, “why should I defile my pen with any record of their infamy? Rather let their Blasphemies perish with the unwritten Curses of the Jews who cried out before Pilate! ‘Their heresy perish with them.’

“Yet,

“Be it remembered that, in England, calling itself Christian, in the Nineteenth Age, more unutterable blasphemy and sacrifice degraded God’s Image, in 1851, than the Former Globe had seen.

“In Exeter, a wooden copy of our Blessed Lord’s Cross was burnt with Curses at the Cathedral Door. An effigy of the Bishop Henry, dressed like the Enemy of Man, was burnt. An image of Our Lord’s Blessed Mother, also.

“And hearken to me!      R. S. H.

“A Committee of Clergymen and others, in Stratton, set on foot, subscribed unto, and cheered: An Ass led in mockery of Our Lord’s entrance into Jerusalem. A Cross of Wood was burnt, and blown up with Gunpowder. Savage and Brutal curses on Our Lord’s Mother, and every Saint!! I had the honour to be reviled also.

“R. S. H.

“†”

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“Jan. 1851.

. . . “The Country seems thoroughly sick of the Row. The Stratton people are very sore about the Insulted Cross. I have renamed the Town ‘Stratton of the Cross,’ and my friends so direct their letters to me. I have never moved hand or foot. I wrote a letter to the *Guardian* attributing the uproar to Demoniac possession, but the Editor rejected

it, from anger with me. Yet my anonymous paragraphs he copies from *Notes and Queries* &c., every now and then. Ten days after my letter ought to have appeared, wherein I shewed how the Evil Spirit cried out from the Man, McNeile uttered, or rather his Devil, that 'atrocious sentiment' which he was compelled to recall. What have your Church Wardens done with the letter from The National Club? Mine have brought their copy to me. Now, pray write and tell me your tidings. Say, too, how many children you have. Some say four. The way I met the Row here was, the day after they mocked the † I ordered a new Gr. † to be cut in granite for my Church gate with Steps! And I have told them if they dare murmur I will put a Stone Cross in every perch of consecrated Ground."

When some friends told him that his letter to the *Guardian* was libellous, he wrote :—

"There is not an actionable phrase in it. There is not a word half so libellous as Kendall's direct accusation that the Clergy called 'Tractarian' are more criminal than Papal Persons; a charge which, if true, would be as fatal to their continuance in the receipt of their Incomes as the guilt of Felony. The plain truth is that the whole Age is a Time of cowardly Negation, and, as Earl Derby so bitterly said, of compromise. Formerly there were *Men*, now there are nothing but *Votes*. Of old, an insulted Gentleman damned his Adversary on the spot. Nowadays the Individual makes up a prim mouth and says, 'May the Lord in his judgments utterly take away every hope of thy final Salvation!' The very hangman says, with a bow, 'Allow me, Sir, to adjust this bandage,' and the Prisoners subscribe for a piece of plate to present to the 'considerate official' who discharged his painful duties in such a gentlemanly way."



“Feast of Conversion of St. Paul.

“25 Jany. 1851.

“MY DEAR CLAUD,

. . . “Casebourne<sup>†</sup> continues to lecture at Bude on ‘Papal Hagggression.’ He marches to the Meeting in State at the appointed hour, and a little girl goes before him with what he calls a Polly-got Bible in her arms. I am sorry to say that Casebourne adopts the Supra-lapsarian theory, and his little girl is a Sub-lapsarian, which brings confusion.

“I have written to the Bishop about my Curate some time ago, but to my surprise I have had no answer. If he does listen to my Slanderers, I cannot help it. I have sacrificed everything I had on Earth for the Church, and to keep my position here, and if I am treated no better than a man who has done nothing but drain the emoluments without the outlay, I cannot help it.”

“Nov. xxij., 1851.

“MY DEAR CLAUD,

. . . “What a thought it is to think that about £600 would unshackle my mind, nerve my heart, enable me to work with MSS. such as no other Man in England has, and set up as Helper of your Children with influence such as few ever shared! But regret is mere and fruitless. . . . I do not catch your meaning in ‘Dandyssimus Episcoporum.’ If you mean the greatest Dandy of the Bishops, it is utterly inapplicable. Bagot of Bath and Wells is a grave elderly Nobleman, as well as Bishop, of the Wellesley Family—Sober in apparel and equipage, and of very solemn Manners; The only sound Man beside our own in the West of England. Inquire farther, and tell me clearly what is meant. Charlotte is down at her Piano, which is a great amusement to her, and I am up writing to you. That In-

<sup>†</sup> His brother-in-law.

strument has been a sad eyesore to certain people. I am to pay by Instalments—the first Instalment due January next. But, condemned or not, I am resolved she shall have every little comfort in my whole power to my last breath. No one knows her inestimable worth but me.”

“Feb. iv., 1852.

“MY DEAR CLAUD,

. . . “We are as usual mentally and bodily. Wars impend. A French patrol of the Guard will occupy Morwenstow—the Officer and I shall have pleasant shooting, and a Corporal will carry a game bag to pick up Dissenters in.”

*To a Neighbour.*

“Feb. xxvii., 1852.

“MY DEAR SIR,

. . . “‘Never understate a truth,’ is an old axiom of Rhetoric. . . . You must perceive that no concession, no forbearance, no flattery, will win you even decency of treatment from minds so deeply base as B. & Co. If you spare them, they will never spare you. The experience of all travellers has proved that kindness to a savage is always interpreted to be fear, and they who shew compassion, like poor Kennedy in Australia, are always murdered. I will never save the life of a Negro again.”

“April vij., 1852.

“MY DEAR CLAUD,

. . . “To those who look at the events of this life with the ken of faith there is nothing strange in A.’s success. There is a Spanish proverb which tells us that God never strikes with both hands, *i.e.*, He never punishes in Two Worlds. When a Man’s Damnation is irrevocably sealed he very often is allowed to prosper here on Earth without

a check, and that for the equitable reason because after death he will never have one happy moment again. In a case like A.'s there can be no plainer augury of a fixed doom of irrevocable anguish than a series of successful schemes of human enjoyment especially towards old age. Villains very often enjoy all that the Earth can bestow, because the Place beyond this Life has not a single comfort to give them. These triumphs of the Wicked, which shortsighted men deplore, are nothing but the garlands which are put upon the victim's neck when he is just about to be led forth to the slaughter. God never pays His faithful Servants in silver or gold or other rewards of earthly coin. That which they inherit is of such a sort as human eye never saw nor heart of Man conceived. It would be a very paltry thing if a Man served God solemnly for a period of time, and then received a few Sovereigns or a piece of land for his pay. Perhaps the most fearful sight a Man can see is the face of his own corpse, when a few moments after severance, he stands by his own Deathbed, nothing but Soul—Then as he turns and sees an Angel standing by, who will say to him, 'Let us go,' that Soul of the Villain will never smile again.

"H. did not ask me to vote for Robartes, nor did I say how I should go. But I mean to take no part. Bentick and D'Israeli and the Protectionist Partizans are the deadliest Enemies of the Church now in England, and I happen to be aware that they have a policy in embryo whereby they intend to diminish the Rentcharge by an infamy. Very few in England know this, But I do. ——— is coming forward to eject Sir T. Acland. But where should a Sneak go but to the House of Commons! I have a thorough contempt for Lord Derby and his venomous 'No Popery' cry. None but the *faces* of England ever rallied under such a dastardly watchword. But the Prots exult in their

champion, and he has counted votes and found Guts and Garbage to predominate. You may tell Robartes if you see him that I shall not vote for his Antagonists, if you like. I am not a vote but a Man. The reverse is the general fact. People are not Men but votes."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

"May iij., —52.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I did not think you at all inconsistent, for I agree with O'Connell, that no man can be called so unless he adopts Two conflicting opinions at the same time; if he allows five minutes to intervene, as I believe you always do, then he is only contrasting his sentiments to avoid monotony, which is always vapid and tiresome."

There is many a true word spoken in jest, and in this confession of faith as regards consistency<sup>1</sup> we may find the key to Hawker's clerical career.

<sup>1</sup> See page 643.

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## CHAPTER XIV

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1852-1855

WRECK OF THE 'PRIMROSE'—LETTERS TO RICHARD TWINING AND MISS LOUISA TWINING—"THE ARISEN DEAD"—LETTERS TO SIR THOMAS ACLAND, REV. W. WADDON MARTYN, REV. W. WEST, DR. LEE, AND REV. W. D. ANDERSON—"A VILE REBELLION"—A VISION—THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS—"JOHN MILTON: THAT PURITAN THIEF"—"A BLASPHEMING SMITHERY"—DISCOVERY OF PISCINA—"L. S. D."—THE POSTMAN POET—A VERY RURAL DEAN—A VILLAGE COEDEN—"A PRECIOUS PIECE OF POPERY."

IN the summer of 1852 another wreck took place at Morwenstow. Though lacking the element of tragedy in those of 1842-3, it affords a good example of Hawker's zeal in protecting the interests of the owners, and in subduing the native propensity to regard wrecks as a providential source of income. He wrote the following account of the occurrence a few years later:

"July x., 1856.

. . . "We have had a terrific storm the night of Monday—it blew what Sailors call a whole Gale of Wind. All Night it kept us awake listening for the knock at the door that has *tírín* roused me from Bed—'There's a vessel ashore, Sir.'

"Last time in August 1852, just at Break of Day, came

that cry, and I, in Cassock and Slippers, rushed down to the Shore. There she lay with a Jury Mast and Sail (her proper masts were gone). I was first on her deck, and made haste below. The cabin door was shut, and there was a noise within. I called—opened the door, and two little dogs, pets of the Sailors, leaped out and devoured me with caresses of joy. The Crew had been taken off the wreck by a Bristol Pilot Boat just before she stranded, and they had shut the dogs in to save their lives. When I had searched the Berths and found no one there, I went on deck, and looking down the hold, I found she was freighted with copper ore. My man (a Farm Servant) and I then hauled in every rope, and by the time the country people came down we had fastened a cable round a rock. I then spoke to them over the bulwarks—told them if they would work to save the property, the law would give them double wages, but that if they robbed the Vessel of the smallest thing I would myself see them sent to Bodmin Gaol.

“The result was that all the Cargo was carried up a zigzag path, cut in my own cliffs for the purpose by the owners, on the back of donkies, and the ship was taken to pieces, and sold on the Beach. Not Sixpennyworth even of her tackle was stolen. Her owners were Michel & Co., of Truro, Merchants.

“Robert Michel came up to the Scene. He said, ‘What can I do for you to requite you for all your trouble and care?’ (The Captain and Mate set ashore by the Pilots had arrived soon after the Wreck, and the Captain had done nothing but weep in great anguish for the loss of his Ship. She was called the *Primrose*.)

“My answer to Mr. M., ‘If you really wish to oblige me, give Captain Harris another ship.’

“He said, ‘I cannot. We have 18, but they are all full. But I will tell you what I will do, Mr. H. I will build a

Vessel for him, and you shall give her a name in remembrance, if you please, of your Parish.'

"He did so, and soon after a Schooner, called *The Morwenna*, was launched at Truro, and now sails this and the other Channel with the Captain on board. He writes me often, and I write him. But Michel & Co. did more.

"Soon after there arrived a Box, with a Glass Case mounted on Mahogany in it, and specimens to fill it of minerals from their own Cornish mines, beginning with plain lead and running up thro' gradual pieces of ore up to pure Silver in a mass on the top. This gift altogether cost them £20 or £25. There is an inscription (flattering) on the pedestal recording the wreck and the reason of their gift. But (and it is not from ingratitude or want of feeling) I have never allowed a copy to be taken for the papers altho' often asked. Still I will send you<sup>1</sup> one if you wish it, only it *must* not be made public. The truth is, I very much dislike that usage of testimonials which has crept in, especially among the Clergy and their partizans. You cannot conceive St. Paul with a teapot or St. John with a Silver Jug. Not that I dare class any Clergyman nowadays with them, but merely as illustration of the sense—the instinct one ought to have of such matters."

"INSCRIPTION ON MAHOGANY CASE.

"Presented to the Reverend R. S. Hawker, Vicar of Morwenstow, by Robert Michel & Son, owners of the Schooner *Primrose* of Truro, which was wrecked at Morwenna, in the above Parish, on the 12th of August 1852, and is intended as a grateful acknowledgment of his unwearied kindness and hospitality to the Captain and Mate, and for his preservation of the Hull and Stores of the said Vessel.'

<sup>1</sup> This letter was addressed to Mrs. Watson (see page 278).

“*N.B.*—Morwenna in the above inscription is a mistake of Mr. Michel? It should have been Morwenna’s Station or Stowe.—R. S. H.”

About this time Hawker formed, through the post, some new friendships—one with the late Mr. Richard Twining, the well-known banker and tea-merchant, to whom he writes:—

“I have just read Fortune’s *New Book of Travels in the Tea Countries of China*, and I am astonished to discover that there is no such thing as natural Green Tea.

“We are in the very midst of a contested Election, and you may be surprised to hear that I do not support the Protectionist Candidate, a Mr. Kendall. I deem a tax on Bread Corn sinful and unjust, and I had rather my Rent charge should fall, than that it should ascend amid the cries of the hungry and poor for dearth of food. Besides, the laws of human increase and of the production of Bread are in the hands of One too awful to be meddled with by Man.”

Through Mr. Twining, Hawker came to correspond with Miss Louisa Twining, whose books, ‘*Symbols and Emblems of Early and Mediæval Christian Art*,’ and ‘*Types and Figures of the Bible*,’ were such as to appeal strongly to his tastes and sympathies. On 4 Sept. 1852, he wrote to her:—“You refer to the MS. extracts which I transcribed for you some time since.<sup>†</sup> Their history is this: I have kept on my table for many years a *Thought Book*, in which I write down every reference, question, and idea worth preserving which may come to me in course of reading or meditation. The latter, which I practise in my Chancel—alone and often at night—is my most abundant source of instruction. There mysteries are made clear, doctrines illustrated, and tidings brought, which I firmly

<sup>†</sup> Among these were the accounts of his seals, given in Chapter VIII.



believe are the work of angelic ministry. Of course the angels of the altar are there, and the angel of my own baptism is never away.

“Now I am going to give you a strong proof of trust and sympathy. I will gather up at random two or three of my MSS. and send them to you by Ebers next week.”

*MS. Sent to Miss Twining.*

“THE ARISEN DEAD.

“Among the arisen Dead, at the last Day, there will be seen neither children nor aged men. In the interval between Death and Resurrection the reliques of the first body will expand and the separate Soul will grow mature. By the deep influence of the sacraments upon the bodies of the baptized, and thro’ the thrilling sympathy of the Communion of Saints which reaches to the far spirit from the earthly grave, there is a mutual and common discipline for Paradise between the Body and the Soul. The old and the decayed will in the sepulchre renew their youth. The young and the incomplete shall increase in stature and in frame. Every example of the resurrection arose to second life beautiful and strong. The young man of Nain (the lovely city), the Ruler’s daughter, Lazarus of Bethany—and far above all, the Master Himself, came forth from the rock in the strength of mid life—30 years old and 3, and He stood before Mary in the garden the breathing statue of the Awakened Dead. Now we know that our vile bodies will be fashioned like unto his glorious Body, in aspect of age and in hues of Immortality: 15 centuries of the Church so understood the prophecy of St. Paul that in the Resurrection we shall arrive unto the perfect Man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. Let us now look at the valley of Armageddon. The Dead are raised up! amid those multitudes there is neither the tottering foot of childhood nor the bent frame of age. The arisen Ranks have neither failure nor blemish nor any such thing. There is distinction, identity and name. But father and son are side by side, as it will be ever and anon on

earth, both young ; mother and daughter will be beautiful alike, the face and the shadow both fair in the glass of Immortality. Cannot we conceive these shapes of blameless mould? Light, clear, perfect, holy, mystic in their stature and form, clothed in white garments such as are ever worn in Heaven—Limbs that have neither defect nor any excess, ethereal frames wherein to see God.

“The Saints, the Martyrs, and Apostles of old Time were drawn and painted by the early artists such as their second bodies would appear. The sons of the resurrection shone upon the window and the wall. The legend of their features was religiously preserved, the outline of their forms was delivered in the Church, and then the simple Workman drew the solemn, thin, aerial, mystic form, such as should ascend from the sepulchre in the final Day of God. Hence came the quaint unearthly imagery in fresco and on glass, those shadowy outlines of the arisen dead.

“When Curzon visited the monasteries of the Levant, it was his usage to look with mockery on the Pictures which were shown with such homely pride by the lonely Monks. He derided the conventional delineations, the ignorance of anatomy and design, the unalterable adherence to the models of antiquity. But the Eastern artist had nobler conceptions and purer taste than the Anglican critic. The Monastic pictures were prophecies and images of Man’s glorified nature and supernatural mould. Traditions of unearthly loveliness were embodied in every form. The Ancestors of Christian Art were fain to pourtray man refined from corporeal grossness, divested of all earthly exuberance, and clothed in the awful garb of a spiritual Body.

“Until Raphael’s manhood the ancient Painters carefully adhered to the traditions of their art. They delineated the Lord and his Apostles with the well-known features, the legendary form, the well-known raiment of their Syrian existence, and they added according to their Power hues wh. have words and speak to you of Heaven. But when Raphael was 30 years old he adopted the guilty practice which other artists have pursued. He painted *the* Christ no longer, but *a* Christ from living models chosen among men.”

Another epistolary friendship began in this year, through the medium of *Notes and Queries*, with the Rev. William West, a contributor thereto under the pseudonym of "Eirriionach." Mr. West was at one time Curate at Hawarden, and knew Mr. Gladstone. He has edited the works of Archbishop Leighton. He and Hawker never "greeted in the flesh," but they corresponded for many years.

On 27 December 1852, Hawker writes to him:—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"My usual Xmas duties have recd. this year the addition of a vile Rebellion in my Parish of Five Farmers who have made a fruitless attempt to diminish The Church Rate. A Vestry was convened, over which I read the Exorcistic Service of the Western church, in Latin of course. They knew not the meaning of the voice, but those who inhabited them did. The five fled from the Room howling, as my Deacon will attest, and my Rate was forthwith carried by a Majority of 24 to 1. Yet is Morwenstow full of Dissenters, altho' I have never once failed to carry my Point. But then I always do it thro' my Angel and The Angel at the Altar. When I have a desire to fulfil, or a Doctrine to be made clear, my usage is to resort to my Chancel, and there to utter aloud my want. Almost invariably I perceive the reply. Words flow into my mind silently; *e.g.*, not long ago on St. Lucy's day I desired to understand why Her eyes on a dish in her hand are always shewn in the old frescoes, &c. They were never pulled out, nor are the Fathers able to explain the origin of this representation. It was breathed into my mind that, in Syracuse as in Corinth, 'to pluck out the eyes for a friend' signifies to give the best and dearest thing we have. Now St. Lucy (whose name was Lux)

did give freely her Light of Life to Her Lord, and this the quaint old Masters shewed in symbol on the Dish. I give you this instance because it could not have come to me from Books: no Writer even suspects the Truth.

“I remember once I was earnest to be told in what manner and way The Great Change was wrought in Chancels when The Mighty One descends. Deep in Thought I saw, not with eyes, but with my whole Body, a grave calm noble Form in White. He said, or breathed, this phrase, ‘Ephphatha is good but Amen is better still.’ I went away with this saying in my mind for long before I understood its force. At last in Chancel too it came to me that in The Mysteries ‘Be opened,’ ‘Be made clear,’ is not so Churchlike or so happy for a Xtian Mind as ‘So it is,’ ‘so let it be.’ ‘Knowledge,’ in this Portal of The Church Universal, Life, is not so desirable as ‘Acquiescence.’ But perhaps The Paper which I inclose may give you more graphically still the instruction I receive. I live afar off from Books and Society of Men. Beyond the Boundary of Morwenstow I very seldom go. My own Volumes are but few. And yet, strange to say, there is hardly a point of Doctrine which I am fain to know but I receive it in clear and beautiful Words as the lightning leaps from the dark cloud suddenly.

“Remember I do not pretend to holier Life than other Men. Far, very Far from that. God be merciful to me a grievous sinner. But for Seventeen Years I have fought the Battle of the Church in this Corner with a single human Succour. The Clergy around me—the wretched Heretics, the spawn of that miscreant John Wesley—the Rich and potent Landlords—all these have assailed me, and I have scourged and beaten them all continually. My sole Reliance has been on the young Men in white Garments, whom I can well nigh see, and they have conquered

for me 'an host of Men.' Once Sir J. Buller tried to take from me my Holy Well and a piece of ground. I had but 27£ on Earth, for I am poor, but with one only Collect said nightly at the Altar I encountered the wealthy Baronet, Lord of the neighbouring Soil, and I did thrash him well. The Jury gave me an immediate verdict, and Sir Ahab paid into Court 1370£, his own costs and mine. I laid the foundation stone of this Vicarage with but 40£ in my possession, and, with the help of my dear Wife's Portion, I have built it well.

"And now enough of myself. Solitude makes Men Selfpraisers, and a Bemöoster Herr, as the Germans call lonely Readers, a Mossy Vicar, likes to talk about his own importance."

*To the Rev. W. Waddon Martyn.*

"Jany xix., 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I am too ill to write much. The sea is casting up her dead on my shore, and a few nights ago a Ship went down at Midnight just by my Cliffs, after firing minute guns for a dismal time, and I and my Men stood by a Beacon we had set ablaze in vain and shouted, fired and did all our helplessness could do, until at last 3 guns in quick despair and down she went.

"We are looking for bodies every tide,

"Yours mournfully,

"R. S. HAWKER.

"Who was the Author of Two vols. published about Ten or twelve years ago, 'Rome under the Cæsars and under the Papacy?'"<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> 'Rome as it was under Paganism, and as it became under the Popes.' By John Miley, D.D. (1843).

“Morwenstow. Feb. viij., 1853.

“DEAR SIR THOMAS ACLAND,

“I take leave to transmit by the Bude Mail of to-day a packet of Memorials of Bude and Morwenstow. The former will serve to shew your Children and their Children what a change you have wrought in that sandy desert. Among the papers you will find a sketch of poor Matt. Fortescue’s tomb at Harold’s Cross whereon my Four Lines<sup>1</sup> were carven before I sent them on for your inspection. Among the Episodes of my strange life here of late we have picked up and buried one more Sailor, and one Night about xij. we were aroused from our quiet by minute Guns at Sea which boomed up our valley and shook every Door. We rushed up to the Brow of Hennacliffe (called variously Sir T. Acland’s and Pio Nono’s Cliff) and there we kindled a cautionary Beacon of Furze. We have reason to think that a Russian Ship had lost the Land in Harty Race and that by our Light she found it and made Bideford next day. At all events I have had a letter of kindness from Lloyds. My men and myself are now watching for the Bodies of the Master of the *Margaret* Revenue Cutter and her Men (two) who were drowned while going off to a ship that had shewn a signal this side Lundy. The Boat came ashore just above Wellcombe Mouth. We very much wish that the Coastguard at Bude had orders to extend their Beat thus far on *duty*. They now come *mero motu* and howsoever well they behave have no reward beyond the purely Protestant pay of an approving conscience. It gave us all great delight to read that Sir Thomas Acland and his Sons supported Mr. Gladstone instead of the Hybrid Member or rather Candidate.”

<sup>1</sup> See page 286.

“June vj., 1854.

“DEAR SIR THOMAS ACLAND,

“Your own kind heart must plead my apology for transmitting the inclosed Statement. The pith of the matter is that our poor old friend the Major is in a position so precarious as to make the acquisition of a very few pounds a deep anxiety: he conceives that he may possess a kind of claim on the Late Lord Ashburton which might be acknowledged by the present Lord, and his friends conceive it possible that if Sir Thomas Acland could without impropriety suggest some remembrance of this claim on Lord A. he would not be angry at least if he were entreated so to do.”

“July xij., 1854.

“DEAR SIR THOMAS ACLAND,

“You will I think acknowledge that I am not wont to be intrusive or exigent, especially in the matter of correspondence when I address a person whose time is of such value as your own, But an Old Man looks over the Sea where the Black Rock holds in stern imprisonment the Soul of the Widemouth Wrecker, until ‘the Rope of Sand is spun,’<sup>1</sup> and his wailing inquiry of ‘any answer from Killerton?’ comes to me ever and anon like the Squawk of a wounded Sea. Lord Ashburton has sold to one Llewellyn the Filleigh Estate at a *vast* profit and if his Remembrance of the Major were eleemosynary so that it bore another name it would be received.”

*To Dr. F. G. Lee, in acknowledgment of his Newdigate Prize Poem, ‘The Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons.’*

“July 12, 1854.

“Allow me to express my earnest thanks to you for the pleasure which you have enabled me to enjoy in the

<sup>1</sup> Compare Hawker’s Poem, ‘Featherstone’s Doom.’

perusal of your beautiful Poem. Said I, as an old Prize-man, when I read it: 'The ancient spirit is not dead; old times, methinks, are breathing here.'

"But why in rhymeless verses? You, too, who can rule the sound so well. It may be that I rather eschew the metre from horror at the false fame of that double-dyed thief of other men's brains—John Milton, the Puritan—one-half of whose lauded passages are, from my own knowledge, felonies committed in the course of his reading on the property of others; and who was never so rightly appreciated, as by the publisher, who gave him fifteen pounds for the copyright of his huge larcenies, and was a natural loser by the bargain.

"You ask me for my criticism. Well, the difficult part, the beginning from 'Quivering his golden shafts,' to 'the dark blue vault of Heaven,' is a fine pictorial passage: a landscape by Guido, if he ever painted one.

"Again: 'Levelled the billows of Gennesareth,' is a majestic line. It called up in my mind a vision of Him, the Master, with His lifted hand, when He said to the storm, 'Hush! be mute.'

"But—

" '*Angel forms, leaving their courts on high,  
Came down, at His behest, to strengthen her,  
And on their rainbow-pinions, bear her soul;*'

this troubles me. Angels have no wings: not a single feather. Whensoever in the Old Testament or the New Testament they actually appear, they are expressly said to be 'young men in white garments: ' not to be distinguished by the patriarchs from other youthful guests, and so entertained at unawares. Are you not instructed that the alb of the Primal Church, girdled, was an exact copy of the usual garments worn by angels when they communed with men?



“Did you never hear the legend of the man who died, and whose soul came back after his wife had besought St. Stephen, and who related his journey to a place where a concourse of persons assembled all in white, and a young man, in a deacon’s alb, came to him and announced that he might return, and he did so? Gretser, *De Sancta Cruce*, tells the tale. Read it in the Bodleian.

“Wings, moreover, are to me destructive of all poetry of motion from place to place. They imply effort. The angels glide on the chariots and horses of their own desires. One in Syria is fain to be in Egypt, and immediately is there; just as we think in one scene of a distant spot, and at once our minds behold it without consciousness of the space between.

“No, no, angels have not one feather. Michael Angelo, the inspired, neither carved nor drew a single wing; save once, when he portrayed the Annunciation in the Blessed Virgin’s Room, and then as an obvious delicacy of design. True, the prophetic imagery is abundant in feathers—symbolic every one. But the actual angels are real existing people, who walk and live and move in calm unalterable youth; who speak in their unearthly language, although their voices do not move the air; who pass among us, and the grass bends not where they tread.

“The portraiture of the Church is very graphic, *me judice*, and very good: and I congratulate you, as a brother Prizeman, on that indelible ‘white stone’ in a man’s career—your Oxford prize.

“My race is well nigh run. Except a wife, who is and has been the sole solace of my worn existence, I have no companion. A son and daughter I have none. . . . I am twenty-five miles from a town or bookseller, with neither mail, road, nor train; nor even carrier nearer than that; and only fastened to the far world by the fibre of a Daily

Post, granted by Lord Lonsdale as a special compassion to my loneliness. But then I have the Severn Sea for my lawn; and cliffs, the height of the Great Pyramid, build me in."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

"July xiiij., —54.

[*Re his wife's money affairs.*]

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Many years ago, or rather in 1850, said Patteson to me—'You must pay this money, or —— swears he will pursue you until he has sequestered your living, and utterly ruined you. You cannot assuage his revenge but by payment.' I agreed, and paid him. 'But,' said I to Patteson, 'I am now 50 yrs. old. I have undergone a great deal of anguish and loss. But I have always seen that howsoever my enemies may triumph over me for a time, God always fulfils the prophecy, 'When thine enemies perish thou shalt see it.' God has a thousand times rewarded those who have dealt kindly with me, and requited those who have wronged me, said I—I feel sure I shall see that man smitten and cut down for his guilt towards poor Mrs. Hawker and me.' But I did not think it would have been so soon. The crimes committed by that Wretched Man are more than twenty Gaols can atone for. I will tell you—I cannot write—one day the dark history.

"And now let me say that I deem you have acted most rightly in the Ch. Rate Matter. Let the ground we take be this: 'Thy money perish with thee!' It shall not enter the Sanctuary, for it is the offering of dogs, an accursed thing. Be the horror of Achan's wedge upon the Dissenters' Oblation."

*To the same.*

“Novr. xxij., 1854.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Your autograph on the Paper assures me that you exist and can write, but it would have given me more pleasure to have heard from you in reply to two or three letters of my own to you. How fast my Prophecies of the Fate of Turkey and of England, too, are fulfilling. Not all the Heretics that ever snuffled falsehood through their noses can save this guilty land. Enclosed I send you memda. about the ways and means which now afflict me sorely and sadly too. Our Brute Beasts of Chaw Bacons have been signalling their principles by drinking health and success to the Czar !! Old D. (a neighbouring Parson) is failing fast. He lies in bed . . . quite prepared to damn ‘all people that on Earth do dwell,’ and having chosen his place of Burial in the Porch—the invariable position allotted in Antiquity to an Excommunicated Priest.

“That wretched woman at ——! But if, like Jehu, you shout, ‘Throw her down,’ there will only look out to you Two or Three Eunuchs.”

*To Rev. W. West.*

“Jan. xiii., 1855.

. . . “With regard to the Papal Bull [on the Immaculate Conception], perhaps you may be surprised to hear that I do not concur in your disapproval of its issue. First of all, there is something very striking in the Fact that while the surrounding World is convulsed with human Passions, and his own earthly throne trembling underneath his tread, the Old Man at the Tomb of the Apostles utterly forgets ‘the things that are seen,’ and seeks to satisfy and soothe the Dwellers in the invisible World by Confession

of a dogma fraught with personal Danger. Then with regard to the Dogma itself, of course I need only remind you that the Dominicans, who would not assert freedom from Adam's taint in Her whom I have called in print long ago 'The Blended Mother,' yet they acknowledged Her Born Sinless. St. Thomas could only allege to the contrary a metaphoric argument from Exodus, *cap : ult :—* ' *Postquam cuncta perfecta sunt operuit nubes Tabernaculum testimonii et Gloria Domini implevit illud.*' John Keble once told me that The Nature, Rank and Power of the Blessed Virgin were especially revealed to the Church by authentic evidence about the Time of St. Bernard.<sup>1</sup> Moreover take the corporeal argument. He was built from Her Veins, That which She was He was. All the while from conception to Birth one stream of Blood circled thro' the Hearts of Both—one pulse beat—one system of nerves, fibrous ducts, Flesh, arteries, skin, blended Both—Until Born He and His Mother were as in a Mould one Mass. Her Substance was the Quarry wherein was shaped the Marble God. ∴ That which He was, she was. But it is inquired, At what time was She hallowed into utter Holiness? What was the adjudgment of Antiquity hereon? *i.* The Forefathers held that She had *as it were* a Logos. And hence Three Lections from the 24 Ch. of Ecclesiasticus, and from Ch. viii., 22 v., &c., of Proverbs, were allotted to Her Feasts in the Service Books (*Cf.* here my Diagram within). Their very Legend of Her Conception from Joachim's Kiss at the Gate, true or false, attested their Tenet as to Her Purity fr[om] Or[iginal] Sin. Again Her Body saw not corruption, but like Her Son's after death went up glorified. Whereas even Enoch and Elijah, although caught up into Paradise, must, because of the Adamic Blood, descend once more to prophecy the End,

<sup>1</sup> In his ms. note-books he writes, "Keble told me this, Sep. vi., 1845."

and then undergo the universal penalty of sinful Birth, and die. So, too, the Promise in the Pleasaunce excluded the Seed of Adam as a Source of The Restorer, and expressly limited his Origin to 'The Woman alone.' '*Inimicitias ponam inter Te (Serpentem) et mulierem : et semen tuum et semen illius : ipsa conteret caput tuum.*' The pith and marrow of the total question would seem to be : whereas all concur in the sinlessness of the Hallowed Mother, and the necessity that the Sources of that Blood which was one day to flow for the remission of Sin should be utterly devoid of Taint, the sole point to be determined is *When ?* was this Miracle wrought ? And it does seem most consonant with God's works and ways that this consecration should begin immediately as Her Soul glided from The Hands of The Angel into Her Mother's Womb. Be very sure, whether She had a Logos or not, that more than common care was taken in the choice and structure of The Virgin's soul. '*Dat formam materiae Anima!*' My thought is that that Soul came into Life from the Hands of the Father of Spirits Sinless and strong : that it was carried by the angels into Anna's Womb ; and that there, as it blended with the first faint fibrous mould of the Child Mary, it extinguished therein the fire and the fuel of original Sin for ever. Mark also that immaculacy is not *per se* Deification. We do not worship the Son of Man because He was without Sin, but because He was God also. What an age we live in ! The Demoniac sins, Pride and Malignity, are the predominant iniquities of these Times. Denison and his adversaries to wit. Not that He is sound, His Doctrine of a mere spiritual Presence 'divides the Persons,' as an old Heresy did. The Real Presence fitly interpreted signifies the actual and complete, the Total and the Personal advent to the Altar of the One Xt : and this I see Denison denies. But that an Archbishop, a

nominee of a King's Harlot, should appear as the Satanic accuser of his Brethren, is more that I could bear. And then the War of which I have always foretold the existing issue. Read the 17th v. of the VIth Ch. of the II Book of Kings. Read, too, the Xth Ch. of the Book of Daniel, and then tell me What Host or Prince from on high will encamp round about an army which protests against the very existence of Angels and smites for Mahound. See you not how the Maozzim, the Scythian Fiends of the Forts, fight for the Russ?

“ ‘ Is it the shout of Storms that rends the Sky?  
The rush of many a whirlwind from his lair?  
Or be the fierce Maozzim loose on high,  
The Old Gods of the North, The Demons of the air?’ ”

And now I pray you write me, and that soon, and,

“ Believe me,

“ My dear Sir,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ R. S. HAWKER.”

The dogma of the Immaculate Conception was promulgated by Pope Pius IX. in 1854. The idea had appeared more than once in Hawker's verse, as for instance in his poem, ‘The Lady's Well.’

“ A lovely Mother, meek and mild,  
From blame and blemish free.”

The fact that the Pope's ratification of this doctrine drew from him expressions of sympathy, must not be taken to mean too much. His theology, in fact, is inseparable from his poetry, and is not to be judged in the cold light of logic.

He could not admire a man or an idea without some

<sup>1</sup> This is the first stanza of his own poem ‘Baal-Zephon.’



REVERSE OF MEDAL WORN BY R. S. HAWKER.  
The head is that of Pope Pius IX, and the date 3th Dec., 1854.



MEDAL WORN BY R. S. HAWKER IN HONOR OF THE  
IMMACULATE CONCEPTION.





outward symbol of his admiration, and accordingly he wore the medal shown in the illustration. It is said to have been made out of a nugget of gold sent to him from California by a sailor saved from a wreck at Morwenstow. The design seems to have been suggested by an engraving described in *The Lamp* for 1 Sept. 1855.

*To Rev. W. West.*

“Jany. xxiii., 1855.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Thank you very earnestly for your prompt reply. Sometimes it is a solace to say with Conrad, ‘I am not all deserted on the Main!’ Once or twice you have mentioned themes of thought as unworked which have been to me and to my MSS. as Household Words for years. But then I have used ever since 1835 as my daily manual the Noble work of St. T. Aquinas, the title of which I transcribe with another possibly unknown to you containing a Floral list. I urgently advise you to get Aquinas, the Hive of The World’s Honey of all ages. Thus it came down—

- “i. The Thoughts and Words of the Angels delivered to the Fore-fathers of the Ch.
- “ii. Framed into language by The Master of the Sentences.
- “iii. Condensed and arranged by Aquinas in the above Work.
- “iv. Derived thence by Dante.
- “v. Filched from the Italian by John Milton—that Puritan Thief.
- “vi. Transfused piccemeal into Modern Poetry and Prose.

“Hardly one fine thought but it had this lineage and Descent. Pray get the Book, and then tell me so. Write to say you are better. Thank Raphael I am. Do you know MacCabe, Editor of the *Weekly Telegraph*, or Hemans, who writes therein from Rome?”

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“Feby. xv., 1855.

“My Prophecy delivered in these Churches in August last has caused talk. All that has befallen England was then foretold by me in words. And more still, I predict the utter and speedy extinction of England as a great Power. Her 300 years of Dissent, the largest allotted time for any Heresy to endure, is now well nigh told out. Down, Down, Down. The beginning of the end. Why should England stand? Who is there to come down with succour? What angel could arrive with duties to perform for that large Blaspheming Smithery, once a great Nation, now a Forge for Railways—A Kind of Station!”

“Morwenstow. March viij., 1855.

“DEAR LADY ACLAND,

“Through God’s great mercy my dear Wife has passed through this fierce Winter unscathed and she desires me to say that she looks forward again to the happiness of seeing you here once more. Another wreck at Sandy Mouth—a French vessel from Rochefort to which place I have this day accomplished after some labour a letter in French (of Stratford School by Bow) at Tregidgo’s request who came up from Bude about it. Two Bodies thus far on Shore one at Poughill one at Kilkhampton—none here yet—a little bag with a few francs washed in fastened by a cord to a piece of wood to float

it, a trait of French contrivance. We are on the watch all day—mournful work.”

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“Aug. 27th, 1855.

“O’Neil may or may not describe to you our Piscina. He stood before it some time. Whether he saw it or not, I cannot decide. The Bookpost is a good institution. It has brought me Tennyson’s new poem from the Author, Maskell’s Three Vols. (guinea, cash), etc., and is going to bring me Miss L. Twining’s Work on Xtian Art—All Gifts. Yule<sup>†</sup> has taken a villa at Melhuach (the vale of the Lark), near the sea. Hence the fine sunsets lately. His father was with Nelson when he died. Heroic blood! He is introduced in the famous Picture at Greenwich of the Death of Nelson. It is Yule’s Sire who brings the Flag for Nelson to lie on, and says, ‘Banners besem the Brave.’”

*To Richard Twining, Esq.*

“I add also a sketch of my Font for Miss Twining, full 1000 years old.

“Octr. xxv., 1855.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I will not write a cheque for our usual amount in Tea without a Transcript from my MS. Book—for I claim access to your criticism as a friend. Bude has been so full this year that our usual visitants have been multiplied many fold. You will be glad to hear that Sir Thomas Acland and Lady A., so long an invalid, spent Saturday last here with us, the first visit the latter has made for months, and both enjoyed our Cliffs and shore happily.

<sup>†</sup> The Rev. J. C. D. Yule, a friend of Hawker’s.

“Will you have the kindness to present the inclosed Drawing to Miss L. Twining, in my name, and with my best regards. It is of a Piscina, discovered this year by me in the South Wall of my Chancel, where it has been hidden by Mortar full 300 years, and existed there before that date full 500 years more. It preserves the old Piscinal type most accurately, which was the Horn of the Hebrew Altar, grooved and hollowed to receive and convey the redundant Blood and Water of the Sacrifices into a Cistern or Channel beneath. What would a lithographic transfer of such a drawing cost? I have very many most rare things of the kind, unique, I believe, in England.”

The “transcript from his MS. book” was as follows:—

“L. S. D.

“It was the Day, when the Thrones and the Princedoms had glided, each from his orb, to burn with Tidings of their Errand, amid the conscious Light of God: and Arioch, the Angel of England, was there! Now, in those Realms, there is neither Voice, nor Utterance, nor any sound. For the thoughts of a Spirit are Things: and their minds beam out, and shine around them, like breath visible, or Air! So when the Prince Guardian of the Islands of Japhet came, and stood still, a thick, dull, heavy, Sense<sup>m</sup> and Imagery, of Sin and Shame, flowed forth from his Presence and troubled the Angel-host! His message glared aloud: and it meant: ‘Gold! . . . Gold! . . . Gold! my multitudes yearn: they pant: they wrestle for Gold: They will worship none other God!’ . . . There was a sudden Gloom and deep. . . . The Light paused. . . . Space grew shadowy and void . . . and then, there flowed in, once more, as it were some vast River of Radiance, alive until every ethereal Breast was aware of an Oracle, an answer, and a Doom! But Arioch felt that a strange purpose thrilled within him: and a new and another Will! So He turned, and he went, upon the Chariots and the Horses of his own Desires: and where he sought to be,

he was, in a moment, and at once! . . . He stood amid the Central Fires, cold and harmless! . . . Vassal-Spirits, murky, many, and fierce gathered, and paused before him, for their Errand and Work. A Breath delivered it: But it was a Strong, deep stern Fate for the Saxons of the Sea! punishment and pain! . . . So They, the Swart and Evil Ones, rushed to fulfil their natural work, boundingly! They lifted the molten Pavement of an Orient Sea: They reared it into vast and lofty Arches, embossed with Hills, and ribbed and groined with tracery of the red, red Gold: until at last the Brow of their Structure shone above the Waters, an Austral Island of the Main! . . . Anon, the keels of England, demon-led, grated on the Sand. Again, they dragged from their native caverns the ruddy metal of the mine: they welded it into the Foundations of Rocky Mountains: they scattered it beside lonely Rivers; and in far-away Deserts of the Occident; wherein they well knew that the lineage of Japhet were soon to tread. . . . Then they ceased. . . . Home! to the Depth once more! Home—But grim and ghastly was the smile, that quivered on their smouldering minds, as they thought, ‘We have sown the Doom! We have planted the Curse! Ho! Ho! for the Harvest!’ So when Even was come the Lord of the Vineyard saith unto his Servant, ‘Call the Labourers, and give them their Hire!’ But when they came to reckon: Blood, was the Price of Pardon: Grace, could have been bartered for Prayer: Penitence might have bought Benediction: But Gold? the Glut, the vaunt of Gold: He said unto them, ‘Whose is this Image and Superscription?’ They say, ‘The Demon’s!’”

“R. S. H.”

“Octr. xix., 1855.

“DEAR SIR THOMAS ACLAND,

“The natural life of a Bee lasts only one Year. It is therefore no cruelty as some men wrongly say to rend away the honey spoil. Mrs. Hawker proffers for Lady Acland’s acceptance a little Honey Comb. It was gathered from the Heath and Furze Blossoms of Henna-

cliff; and when our Bees, on forage, are caught there by a sudden Storm, they stoop down, gather up a small pebble or stone for ballast in the wind, and so glide safely home to their hive, where they drop it at the door. This is one of the bits of natural History which one gathers from an out-of-door life by the Sea."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

"Novr. viij., 1855.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"We are very glad and relieved to hear of Mrs. Anderson's safety, and of your vast boy. When he gets older and quarrels with himself there will be a split, as with the Yankee youth, and he will go off into twins after all. We went *mirabile dictu* to Bude on the 2nd to dine with the Baronet [Sir Thomas Acland] and his lady. Nothing could exceed their kindness to Mrs. Hawker. I don't mean otherwise to me, but to her, pointed."

*To the same.*

"April vij., 1856.

... "You will be sorry to hear that altho' Lent is over The Demon still worries my Flock. Two lambs misborn among the Hogs, and one on her back yesterday with her eye picked out by Ravens. I read your missive, the *North Devon Gasette*, and I am much obliged to you. By the way, there is in Bideford a Man called Capern,<sup>1</sup> a letter

<sup>1</sup> Mr. John Lane has an interesting reminiscence of this Devonshire worthy. "Over twenty years ago," he writes, "I paid a visit to Edward Capern, the North Devon Poet-postman, at Braunton, where he was then living on his pension. I well remember his showing me appreciative letters from Tennyson, Kingsley, Landor, Froude, Longfellow, Elihu Burritt, and Hawker. We made it out that Capern must have carried the news of my birth in 1854 from my grandmother's house at West Putford, where I was born, to my father at Buckland Brewer. Capern's round was from Buckland Brewer to Bideford, and he told me that he composed most of his poems whilst on his rounds. There is an excellent portrait of him by Edgar Williams in the Public Library



EDWARD CAPERN, THE POSTMAN-POLE OF DEAGNSHIRE

*Painting by William Whistler, in the possession of Adamas J. W. Norton,  
of Bedford*





Carrier, a poet, and it is said by good authority a real one. This Man, described in the London Papers as a Labourer, is favourably reviewed in *Frazer's Mag.*, in the *Critic*, and by Mr. W. Savage Landor. He does not seem much of Bideford. I remember last year going into the room with Mr. William Watson to see it. Mr. Narraway, of Bideford, also has a portrait of him in the character of postman, by Widgey. He was supposed to resemble Oliver Goldsmith. Among the subscribers to Capern's first volume were Tennyson, Landor, Froude, Dickens, and Lord Palmerston."

The fact that Mr. Lane's birth was heralded by a poet was surely prophetic! Mæcenas himself, had he lived in Vigo Street, might have been proud of this distinction.

The following letter, written by Landor to Mr. T. L. Pridham, of Bideford, is of interest as giving an authoritative contemporary opinion of the postman's poetry :—

"March 16th, 1856.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have been reading Capern's 'Poems' with equal attention and delight; few poets have written two such noble verses as those two in page 20, and page 168 to the end of the poems is equal to the best of Burns; the last stanza in page 186 is equal to this. The stanza also in 180 is grand in conception and expression.

"Very truly yours,

"WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR."

Elihu Burritt, in reviewing Capern's poems, wrote :— "He is the Robert Burns of Devonshire, and we think that some of his verses equal anything the Scotch bard ever wrote in the way of touching pathos and beauty."

Capern died in 1894, and was buried at Heanton Punchardon, near Northam. The expenses of the funeral were defrayed by the Baroness Burdett-Contts. On his tombstone is the following inscription :—

"EDWARD CAPERN,

THE POSTMAN POET.

Born at Tiverton, 21 Jan. 1819,

Died at Braunton, 4 June 1894."

O Lark-like Poet: carol on,  
Lost in dim light, an unseen trill!  
We, in the Heaven where you are gone,  
Find you no more, but hear you still.

ALFRED AUSTIN,

The Poet-Laureate."

Above the inscription is fixed the bell which Capern used to ring to announce his arrival when on his rounds.

appreciated in Bideford, but this is in his favour. I wish you would find him out. Say to him that I wish to read his poems—either MS. or in print. He can send to me by the Coach. Tell him how, and let me know all you can about him. But don't be led by Bideford opinions. They praised Kingsley quite enough for me. . . .

“Our gay wedding is to be the 24th of April. One of the Bridesmaids has had the small-pox ever since the reign of Queen Anne. Our Rural Dean (very rural) was here last week. He paced the Nave up and down—grunted—blew his nose, and withdrew. I, as a faithful Protestant, had a right of private judgment which I exercised accordingly, without, however, communicating the result to him, altho' it related solely to himself.”

Hawker evidently cultivated the acquaintance of the postman-poet, for some years later, in 1862, he writes to a friend :—

. . . “I send you a letter from a Man who has made some noise in the North of Devon, Capern of Bideford, the Rural Postman. He has written some verses which have at all events obtained the solid distinction of an Annuity from the Queen thro' Lord Palmerston.”

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“April xv., 1856.

“I don't like your account of yourself. I *have* several times fainted quite away in Church, but then I had reasons to account for it, which you had not, thank God. But *therefore*, as your nerves are *not* shaken, so much the worse. Take care—Remember Lord Bacon's words, ‘He who is married and is a Father hath given hostages.’ Realize this, as I do. When I reflect, and I did two days ago when I met the risk of standing by a Typhus Fever

Bed, I say, only one person in all the earth can be touched by my removal."

*To the same.*

"April xx., 1856.

"Your pony is in many respects a resurrection of Fanny's youth. I have been so interrupted that I have not been able to ride her as I meant—and I have managed one Fall. Just at our Back Gate—trying to open it—her heels were getting out over the brink where the rustic fence is, and I, checking her and urging her at the same time, *just like you*, she reared, and came back, I under, she upon me with her four legs in the air. But no harm to her, and to me only the shake. But don't, for worlds, let anyone know this, so that it can get to Mrs. H. I repeat, the fault was entirely my own. And strange! it completes her similitude, for Fanny turned over exactly so the second time I mounted her."

*To the same.*

"Octr. 7, 1856.

"And now let me ask you. How came you to send here to me such a vile audacious Snob as N——? Not 24 hours in the Parish before he began to scheme to alter our Post. Without one word to me or to any other Person in the Parish, because he is a sleeping partner in the Tripe and Sausage Manufactory in Tooley St., and therefore must advise by every post the price of Horse-flesh. He, the meek Saint, attempts to interfere, and perhaps to lose our daily post altogether. *He did the same to you.* The very reason that this letter of mine must go to Exeter, on its way to you, instead of going *via* Holsworthy to your house to-morrow,—is the meddling

Idiot you and Yule have sent here. Now I must beg that you send your Cart and Horses to fetch his furniture next week. Every Servant a Dissenter. He and She not yet baptised. It certainly does not say much for the discrimination of your neighbourhood that you did not find out his real name. It is Cobden or Bright, but in a village grade. Haste, haste."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

"Octr. xij., 1856.

"I restore to you Mr. Harvey's letter, which is as full of fallacies as it can hold. If the Church is in a 'sad state of dirt and neglect,' it must be from a sinful denial of that debt due from his and others hands, which he ought to exhaust every legal effort to levy and enforce *first* before any other alternative is even conceived or proposed.

"If you do not wait to consider whether funds for repair are raised by a Rate which is a duty or a subscription which is not, you simply break your ordination vow, which is to enforce obedience to the *Laws of God and Man*. Not only would a subscription be a tacit release of an existing and a future bond to pay and levy rate, but such a measure would be a flagrant violation of the *Fourteenth Article of our Church*, and be as *precious a piece of Popery* as you could well commit. I advise you to *copy, send, and urge* that 14th Article as a stern and graphic reply to all his Books.—And, in haste, I remain, with our kind regards.

"Yrs. faithfully,

"R. S. HAWKER.

"Mind, I *seriously* and strongly urge you to refer Harvey to that 14th Article, and to take your stand upon it."

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## CHAPTER XV

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### Literary Work. 1852-1862

CONTRIBUTIONS TO 'HOUSEHOLD WORDS'—(DICKENS *does* PAY)  
—'NOTES AND QUERIES'—'WILLIS'S CURRENT NOTES'  
—'ARSCOTT OF TETCOTT'—"NUMYNE"—'BAAL-ZEPHON'  
—"RUDIS INDIGESTAQUE MOLES"—CHATTERTONIAN METHODS  
—LETTER TO BLACKWOODS'—BLIGHT'S 'ANCIENT CROSSES,'  
ETC.—"A BLUNDERING FAILURE"—MUSICAL YOUNG LADIES—  
'SIR BEVILLE'—AN AUDACIOUS PLAGIARISM—TRE, POL AND  
PEN—TABOOED BY 'THE TIMES.'

HAWKER'S literary output up to 1850 consisted of seven small volumes of verse, namely, 'Tendrils' (1821), 'Records of the Western Shore' (1832, Second Series 1836), 'Reeds Shaken with the Wind' (1843, 'Second Cluster' 1844), 'Ecclesia' (1840), and 'Echoes from Old Cornwall' 1846). Before 1852 he does not seem to have contributed much to periodicals, but the quotation of the Trelawny Ballad in *Household Words* that year brought him under the notice of Dickens. On 30 Novr. 1852 he writes to his brother,—“I am in cordial correspondence with Dickens, and I am to contribute to *Household Words*, and 'cannot send MSS. too often.' There is also in the last No. of *Chambers' Edinburgh Journal* a paper in eulogy of the Vicar of Morwenstow, written by Hurton, the Author of 'From Leith to Lapland.' I am in receipt, too, of daily

letters of encouragement to write, and of praise. But too late—too late.”

About the same time he began to contribute to *Notes and Queries*, though, on 27 Decr. 1852, he writes to his friend Mr. West, “I do not send more than I can help to *N. & Q.*’s. When I discovered that the Editor, after professing impartiality, was a Boundless Protestant, and that he thought fit to keep MSS. which I sent to *N. & Q.* for some large work on Folklore of his own, and what did go into his paper was curtailed, I ceased to intrude save now and then.”

In 1853 the Editor of *Willis’s Current Notes*, a rival then to *Notes and Queries*, applied to him for information about Trelawny (see his reply on page 27), and he began to write for that paper also. A list of his various contributions to these papers will be found in the bibliography at the end of this work.

On 13 Decr. 1853, he writes to the Editor of *Willis’s*, with reference to the song ‘Arscott of Tetcott’ (see his previous letter on page 27). “When you print it, pray send me a few copies of the Song in type. A Sort of flysheets of the letterpress apart from the Notes. Sir W. Molesworth, from whom I have heard, approves of the publication, and has directed his Steward to supply any thing in MS. among the Tetcott papers.” ‘Firm was their Faith’ (*cf. Notes and Queries* of Decr. 10th) is from a Vol. of mine, published by Masters in 1846, called ‘Echoes from Old Cornwall,’ which did not, does not sell, but contains Poetry that I think will be appreciated one day When I am gone.”

*To the same.*

“Decr. xxij., —53.

“DEAR SIR,

“I have received the Slips of ‘Arscott of Tetcott,’ but I cling to the propriety of my own Revise—*e.g.*, There

is a great deal more consciousness of improper usage in the Go-to-meeting abbreviation of G— than in all the exclamations at length of ‘Good God’ that ever escaped a fiery Foxhunter in the course of his Runs.<sup>1</sup>

“Neither can I congratulate your Setter-up on his accuracy. There is no such place as Pencarron, whereas I perfectly remember correcting the same misprint into the well-known name of the seat of the Molesworths.

“Pen Carrow,<sup>2</sup> The Hill of the Deer, as it signifies in old Cornish.

“However,  
 “I remain,  
 “Yrs. very truly,  
 “R. S. HAWKER.”

It is evident from these letters that Hawker never claimed the authorship of ‘Arscott of Tetcott.’ It was a traditional song of the country side, of which many variations still exist. He merely gave it a more literary form, and he did not himself include it in any published volume.

The following letter to Mr. West gives some interesting details of his literary experiences :—

“Morwenstow. Feby. xiii., 1854.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“A reply from London to my letter of inquiry for you enables me to say : i. That ‘Ecclesia’ is entirely out of Print. It was published for me by Rivington, who delivered an account of his Stewardship wherein I was 1/6 in his debt. ii. ‘Reeds Shaken,’ &c., issued by Burns,

<sup>1</sup> This refers to one of his lines in the song,

“Bold Princess and Madcap—good God! how they went!”

<sup>2</sup> “They rode from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,  
 To take their diversion with Arscott of Tetcott!”

also sold out, *i.e.*, the First Cluster. iii. 'The Second Cluster,' published by Mozley of Derby, may be had, *but* all its contents are reprinted in 'Echoes.' Mrs. Hawker's Translations: i. 'Follow me,' from Guido Gorres (Burns), is also exhausted; and, ii. 'The Manger of the Holy Night,' may still be had from Masters. Now all these, with last of all, 'Echoes,' have sold, and well. I never was so simple as to suppose that a Bookseller would depart with a Shilling of current coin to me, but it is absolutely true that I have been compelled to pay the Printers' Bill for many of my little vols.; and poor Mrs. H., being promised by Masters 10£ for 'The Manger,' which she had intended for a charitable purpose . . . every now & then rec<sup>d</sup>. a parcel from him containing his new publications, among others a new version of the penitential Psalms. She thought this very attentive, never having ordered one of these precious productions. At the end of the year came his Acct., wherein she recd. Credit for her 10£, but Mr. Masters, his presents, had brought her in debt a balance of 3£ odd!!

"And now about Dickens,<sup>1</sup> who by-the-bye *does* pay. Mine are 'Aunt Mary,' a Xmas Carol for 1853; 'The Gauger's Pocket,' prose; 'The Light of other Days,' prose, a chip; and Mrs. H.'s Translation from Toni in the No. (of *Household Words*) for Feby. 4, 1854, called 'Too late.' He sent her for this £1. 10. 0., which she gave at once to a Fund in progress to feed our Starving Poor. I inclose some print of mine from 'The Ecclesiastic,' to be returned, for I have no copy. Did your Father write 'Rome under the Popes & Cæsars'?" [See p. 229.]

Mr. West wrote in *Notes and Queries* an article referring to Hawker's poem, 'A Legend of the Hive,' and quoted

<sup>1</sup> In another letter he writes, "You will read in No. 143 of *Household Words* my 'Aunt Mary,' for which C. Dickens gave me one Guinea."



from Howell's 'Parley of Beasts' a similar legend. Hawker writes to him on 13 Jan. 1855 :—

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I never saw or heard of the abstruse vols. from which you quote as sources in *N. & Q.*, until I read their names in your Article. A Book published by Hone mentions the story, and the charm of the Bread is told of among the Crones of Cornwall to this day. There is another horrible usage related to me by an old man. 'You must hide & steal the Bread, and the next Midnight take it in your hand, and go three times round the Church from Sunset to Sunrise (the points), the third time there will meet you a vast Toad ; you must put the Bread into his mouth and then he will make you a Witch.'

In March 1855, he writes to the Editor of *Willis's* :—

"Recovered from a sad illness, I again write. The Verses I now inclose, 'Baal-Zephon,' contain my own solution of the War [Crimean]. Let my own name be annexed.

"I have a great deal under pen, which I will send you. Have you a list of your chief literary *Readers*? I am appointed Secretary for Cornwall by the Society of Antiquaries, Somt. House. But I know nothing of them. Have they a vehicle in print? Who is their Publisher, and who their Stationer? I send you a sea song ('The Midwatch,') about which inquiry was made in your Notes of March 25.<sup>1</sup> My wife, who knows all music, I believe, that ever was published, recites it to me. Her Father

<sup>1</sup> Only a fragment of 'The Midwatch' survives in his mss., as follows :—

"When 'tis Night, and the Midwatch is come,  
And chilling Mists hang o'er the darken'd Main,  
Then Sailors think of their far distant home,  
And on those Friends they ne'er may see again.

"But when the Fight's begun, each hastens to his Gun :  
Should any Thoughts of these come o'er his mind,"

used to sing it about the end of last Century. It was popular in Lord Howe's time (The famous first of June). I insert a Bellrhime or two.

"And in a day or two I will send you some prose that I wish to fix in type for future days. Now pray write me by return of Post."

*To Rev. W. West.*

"How I wish for some Publication which would give me free access to its columns, and thro' which I could pour out a Mass of MSS. notes and Thoughts inscribed in my Solitude of 20 years here by the Sea. I have discovered among other Things a New and another Element: The Atmosphere of God and Angels. I have named it 'Numyne.' Remember I claim the Word."

In reply to a suggestion that he should become a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries he says, "I certainly shall not seek for any F.S.A. I abhor alphabetic titles, and I have no money."

*To the Editor of 'Willis's Current Notes.'*

"April iij, 1855.

"DEAR SIR,

"More MSS. Now Numyne is one of many Eastern Legends, which have been delivered to me. Every word has been weighed, and is defensible, and I cannot help thinking that such MS. will infuse fresh blood into your Notes. You may put my name at full length if you think fit, and leave reply and defence if necessary to me. Do you exclude *all* theology, or do you admit such themes as the 'Heresy of the Russ'—a topic from which all seem to have shrunk throughout the War? Yet as a key to events, and as a source of policy and illustration, no

subject more demands discussion. See how they nibble at it in *N. & Q's.*!”

In another letter he refers to his article on “Numyne” as “recondite *au* Ruskin notes.” He coined the word to express a favourite theory, which the following passages from his MSS. will explain:—

“Knum, the old Sethic word for the God of the Water—thence all Divinity was entitled Numen—thence came Nomen: thus Nomen and Numen were interchanged. *Cf* ‘Go Baptize in *Nomine* P. F. and S. S. OR in *Numine*. Therefore, Whatsoever of the Divine Essence exists anywhere or in any Person or Thing I (R. S. H.) name

“Numyne.

“*Cf.*, also an original interchange of Lumen and Numen.

“NUMYNE.

“Now what shall link and blend the existence of God the Trinity with the Things of Space and Time? A Sacramental Sea of Light—An atmosphere alive with Shechinah—An Essence that, like a Sacrament, should blend Mind and Matter, God and Man—A Substance (*Res habens quidditatem*) that can inherit the mutual Attributes of the Spiritual and Material World—An Element so rarified, so thin, elastic, pure, that it forms the Medium or Woof wherein the Solar Light undulates, glances and glides: so holy and divine, that it is the native Atmosphere of Angels and Spiritual Things, and so replete with Godhead that therewithal The Celestial Persons can become tangible to the Senses, inso-much that clothed in that Numyne a Man can perceive and adore the Glory of God.”

*To the Editor of ‘Willis’s Current Notes.’*

“April xxij., 1855.

“DEAR SIR,

“Numyne reached me safely last night, well-thumbed by some one.

“Baal-Zephon also came in slips, but injured by the Corrector, *e.g.*, in verse 4, there is no note of interrogation, whereas I put two—one at the end of the first line, and another at the end of the last. But worse than this, whereas I wrote and *revised* in the 5th verse, *Lightning-tongue*, the noun *Lightning* joined by a hyphen to the other noun *Tongue*, wherein I of course referred to the Electric Telegraph, your Corrector has inserted the adjective ‘lightening’ (making lighter) and left out the hyphen, and made the verse utter *nonsense*, utter nonsense.

“I should have thought that London would have contained better officers. If it can be corrected in time before the issue, pray do not let me appear the writer of *Trash*.”

His poem ‘Baal-Zephon’ appeared in *Willis’s Notes* for April 1855, with a paragraph on ‘Churchyards,’ which is embodied in ‘Footprints.’

In *Willis’s Notes* for May 1855 was a query signed “Pictor” as to the Jewish Festival referred to in St. John VII. 37. The Editor wrote to Hawker on the subject, and printed his reply, whereupon Hawker writes:—

“June i., 1855.

“When I recd. your query *quoad* the Feast of Tents, I had not the remotest idea that my reply was to appear in type, otherwise instead of the *rudis indigestaque moles* which I sent you by return of Post I should have written with more coherence and care. But even in haste I think I cd. not have written exactly as your demon has set me up; *e.g.*, is it possible that I wrote ‘to *desecrate* from etc.’ was to sin? I certainly must have meant to depart, &c. But no matter. Pray in future say ‘for print,’ or not, as the case may be.”

The “*rudis indigestaque moles*” was as follows:—

“At the time of this verse the Lord Messiah stood in the cloister of Israel, which was the second Court of the Temple, a colonnade of stately pillars surrounding an open quadrangle. It was the octave of the Festival of Tents, which was held in Tisri, or September, after harvest, and it began on the fifteenth day. There then stood Jesu, around him the twelve men, the bearded Bishops of his future church. The columns and the Court were wreathed with bowers of green branches, from the patient palm tree with its turbaned brow, and the willows of the water courses, which in those days grew upright, but which after their rods had been taken to scourge the Lord withal, drooped evermore in memorial grief, the citron bough, heavy with fruit, and the myrtle tree. All at once there was the shout of the trumpet, and a loud and lifted Psalm; it is that Ode which is now read as the twelfth chapter of the book of Isaiah. The Levites draw near, and a procession enters in solemn array. They have drawn water from the brook of Siloam, which flows fast by the Oracle of God. A priest bears it in a golden vase, and they pass on to pour it as their usage was on the altar of holocaust—*πρῶτον μὲν ὕδωρ*, *i.e.*, water was first. They have passed through the cloister of the men, and as their voices fade into the inner sanctuary, a deep and solemn tone proclaims in thrilling words—‘If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink!’

“Were I a painter, I should pourtray the scene, at the right foreground Messiah with the traditionary features of Nicephorus; behind him, Simon, Andrew, James and John. A pillar here and there enwreathed; Hebrew children bearing boughs. A willow drooping nigh with prophetic leaves. On the left the Levite troop disappearing with the golden pitcher in their hands. The finger of the Lord pointing towards them, as in the act of uttering the above summons.”

Hawker added a note on Præ-Raphaelitism similar in substance to that on pages 226 and 330 of this book.

The following letter to Mr. West refers to an article of Hawker's, entitled, ‘The Grottesque in Architecture’:—

“St Peters Day (29 June), —55.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Thank you for yr. genial criticisms. *Quoad* the grotesque *within* Churches, I have always doubted the reference to any source so temporary and trivial as the jealous rivalry of Parties secular or sacred for such eccentricities of Architecture. My Thought has been, When grotesque imagery exists inside I set it down as in my note. When outside Wall or Roof, then Demons or excommunicate Persons are meant. Gargoyles are, I believe, intended to shew Evil Spirits disgorging the superfluous Water of the Ch., which nevertheless cannot cool their actual Tongue. The misery with me is that here I have no Books. Not one Library exists on the total Tamar-Side. I can't afford to buy, so my *Summa* and meditation in my Chancel are the sole sources of thought that I possess.”

In 1855 he contemplated publishing another volume, and wrote to his friend Mr. William Maskell :—

“Novr. x., 1855.

“MY DEAR MASKELL,

“I will fulfil your suggestion, and at once put together ‘ane litel beuk’ of say 100 pages of my best Ballads, if you will help me to a publisher. I am earnest in this matter, and I shall be really glad if you will so mention or introduce my name as to aid my wishes. A Friend of mine, a Cornish Man, Editor of the *Cleveland Gazette*, in Ohio, prophesies sale in America for my verses. Now, I will not mix up other matters with this Lydian Letter, only our kindest regards to Mrs. Maskell. So I remain,

“Yrs. faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

The scheme fell through, however, from lack of funds, and this disappointment depressed him exceedingly. [See his allusions to "a broken purpose" on pages 194-5.]

We now come to a curious instance of his Chattertonian literary methods, and their results. In this matter dates are important. A volume named 'Poems & Pictures,' published in 1846, contained his 'Christ-Cross Rhyme,' with an illustration. Next, in *Notes and Queries*, for 11 March 1854, he writes:—

"Suffer me to reply to a question . . . about a 'Christ-cross row.' This name for the alphabet obtained in the good old Cornish dame-schools when I was a boy.

"*In a book that I have seen* there is a vignette of a monk teaching a little boy to read, and beneath

"'A Christ-Cross Rhyme.'"

He then quotes his own lines!

They appeared again in *Willis's Current Notes*, for November 1855, with a happy emendation—

"Teach me letters A B C."

instead of

"Teach me letters, one two three."

"I utterly disapprove," he writes to the Editor, "of any letters for A B C but Old English Capitals. They and they only will recall to every mind the Horn-Book Criss-cross Row. The more *outré* they look, the more they differ from the rest of the line, the better they will suit the idea in every mind of a piece of their old alphabet risen as it were from the past, and the more graphically will they pourtray a fragment of an antique alphabet, the relique of a School-day's Book."

We now see the sequel to Hawker's cryptic method of

contributing the poem to *Notes and Queries*. A Correspondent sends to *Willis's Current Notes*, of January 1859, a version of the poem, which he says, "met my eye the very day in which I saw those of the Rev. R. S. Hawker in *C. N.*" "I strongly suspect," he continues, "the two canticles are derived from a common source." Thereupon Hawker writes to the Editor of *Willis's*:—

"I must request you to insert the enclosed letter verbatim, with Signature, &c. as it stands, in your February Number of *C. Notes*. It is time to put a stop if possible to the daring robbery perpetrated on my Brain and pen, and that continually. I put my name to assume the whole Contradiction publicly, that others also may fear."

"Morwenstow. Jany xxx., 1856.

"SIR,

"I cannot allow the insinuation of your Correspondent Timotheus as to some common origin of my own 'Christ-Cross Rhyme' and that of the glaring travesty of my verses, which he has transmitted to you, to pass without exposure and contradiction. In the Year 1845, I received from Mr. Burns, the Publisher, a very beautiful Engraving by Dyce of a Monk teaching a Boy to read, and it was the request of Mr. Burns that I would write, for a Volume which he was about to publish, an illustration of that Print. I did so—I derived the thoughts and the verses of My 'Christ-Cross Rhyme' from my own Brain, and from that only source. It was inserted and published by Mr. Burns in his 'Poems and Pictures,' a Volume which issued from the Press in the Christmas Season of 1845-6. Whosoever shall have assumed the subsequent Authorship of a single Thought, or a Solitary line, of my Verses



---

has committed an audacious plagiarism from my recorded Composition.

“ I remain, Sir,  
Yrs. obedly.,  
R. S. HAWKER.

“ It was bad enough to filch my thoughts and language, but to impeach my originality to excuse the transfer is something more.”

Hawker was very sensitive, sometimes unreasonably so, on this question of originality. If he had done a legend into verse, he considered that he had a monopoly, not only of the verses, but of the legend. Thus, in a letter dated Jan. ij., 1858, he says:—

“ Every year of my life, for full ten years, I have had to write to some publisher, editor or author, to claim the paternity of a legend, or a ballad, or a page of prose, which others have been attempting to foist on the public as their own. Last year I had to rescue a legendary ballad—‘The Sisters of Glen Nectan’—from the claims of a Mr. H., of Exeter College. Yesterday I wrote for the January number of *Blackwood*, wherein I see published ‘The Bells of Bottreaux,’ a name and legend which, if any one should claim, I say with Jack Cade, ‘He lies, for I invented it myself!’”

In reality, the accusation against “Mr. H.” was unfounded. He had never seen Hawker’s ballad when he wrote his poem, but took the story from Murray’s Guide. It is quite possible that Murray had obtained it from Hawker, and the fact that Hawker originally called his ballad ‘The Sisters of Glen-Neot,’ lends colour to a suggestion that he transplanted the legend from St. Neot to St. Nectan’s Kieve. In his notes to this poem, and to ‘The Silent Tower of Bottreaux,’ he says in each case

that the local story was told him on the spot. (*Vide* 'Cornish Ballads.') If this were so, he could hardly claim to have *invented* the legends, or complain if other writers, like himself, turned them to literary uses.

When he had obtained *Blackwood's Magazine* for January 1858, he wrote the following letter<sup>1</sup> to the Editor, which is of great interest as indicating the relative proportions of invention and tradition in his ballads :—

"Jany. 13, 1858.

"SIR,

"Just after I had taken my degree of B.A. in company with a College Friend, who is now the Master of Pembroke College, Oxford, I visited Boscastle, Tintadgel, and the Cornish Moorlands in that District.

"My custom of turning things into rhyme had received encouragement in the University, by the Newdigate Prize for 'Pompeii,' which I had won in 1827. In the course of our Tour, whatsoever germs of legend or Tale came in my way, I forthwith put into verse, and among others, as I confess, on very slight ground of local suggestion, I did invent the Ballad that I enclose. The sole materials that I gathered on the spot were, that a certain Church Tower on the Seashore, called in reality *Forrabury*, but by myself in poetic license, *Bottreaux*, was devoid of Bells : because they had been lost at sea. The remainder of the Legend, the incidents and language of the Pilot, the Captain, the Storm ; if any Man should suppose them to be historic, or claim them for his own use, I must encounter him in the phrase of Jack Cade, 'He lies, for I invented them myself.' I have had the honour to recognize my Ballad translated into Prose in many subsequent publications : my friend Mr. Cyrus Redding, adopted it with my permission in his

<sup>1</sup> This letter was kindly supplied by Mr. J. H. Lobban.

Itinerary of Cornwall, published in 1842, and other Tourists have since assumed the putative paternity of my literary offspring, without leave. I have reprinted my 'Bottreaux Bells' in more than one small Volume of Verses, the last entitled 'Echoes of Old Cornwall,' in 1846: the lines have been set to music by more than one amateur friend: and wheresoever I myself am known although within a rural and remote region, there my Legend is known also— And now, Sir, allow me to suggest that, as I have recently had the unconscious honour of appearing, howsoever transformed, in your pages in prose, I ought to have the pleasure of a nook in your next number in verse.

"I trust you will print my letter and its contents.

"And, I remain, Sir,

"Your Faithful Servant,

"R. S. HAWKER."

The ballad, however, was not printed in *Blackwood*.

In 1856 he began another literary undertaking, the origin of which is described in the following letter:—

"August vi., 1856.

"We have also had a visit from a Mr. Blight, Son of a Schoolmaster in Penzance, an Artist, and a most deserving young man. He has already published a Vol., containing the Antiquities (Crosses, &c.) of West Cornwall, and he is now going to publish those of East Cornwall. His next Volume will contain several drawings from this Church and Glebe. . . . I did for him what I have hitherto steadfastly refused to all, and that is, I stood to him for a sketch of myself in Cassock and Hat,<sup>†</sup> and this, if he can engrave it satisfactorily, he intends to publish. . . . He objects to my Name for the outline, which is, 'A Shadow

<sup>†</sup> This sketch appears in the new edition of 'Cornish Ballads.'

from the Wall of Morwenna.' But this, I think, will be the title it will bear."

In a letter to Mr. Blight he says:—"You should transfer my Cassocked Shape, and Berg, my dog, from Dewpath Well, to the Well of St. John."

Blight's volume of 'Ancient Crosses and other Antiquities in East and South Cornwall,' was published in 1858. It contains several pieces by Hawker, both in prose and verse, including his 'Lines of Dedication to H.R.H. The Prince of Wales.'

On 21 Dec. 1857, he writes:—

"My letter to the Palace thro' the Treasurer, Lieut.-Col. Phipps, has been fraught with success, and young Blight's fortunate start in Life is made. I enclose a copy of the Royal answer, which, with allowance for the stiff language of Forms, is very encouraging.

"Windsor Castle. December 29, 1857.

"SIR, I am commanded to inform you that, under the peculiar circumstances, Her Majesty, The Queen, has been pleased to grant Her Sanction to the acceptance by the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, of the Dedication of the Work of Mr. John Blight.

"I have the honour to be, Sir,

"Your obedient humble servant,

"C. B. PHIPPS.

"To the Rev. R. S. Hawker.'"

He took a great interest in the preparation of the book, for he was an enthusiastic student of local antiquities. Writing to Mr. Blight, he says, "The spirit of your volume is the preservation of a memorial of things which soon will pass away. I have read, I believe, every book about Cornwall in Existence, and only these are worth a second look:

Leland's 'Collectanea.'

Little bits in Holinshed.

Camden's Cornish Parts.

Whittaker's 'Cathedrals of Cornwall.'

Cornish Things in 'Magna Britannia.' (Lysons).

In another letter he says, "I have an Engraving from a Sketch made by Sir T. Acland of a demolished Pier Head <sup>1</sup> at Bude, that I wish to go into your work, with names, if he will assent. I think it would make your Sale. . . . Engrave with great care the Pierhead enclosed. Send me three or four Proofs and leave the rest to me. Send me 100 copies of the Carvure of the Trinity and Church. You have done the Dove wonderfully well. So is the Son of Man surpassingly."

Mr. Blight apparently questioned the existence of the word "carvure," for Hawker writes later: "If no such word, it is time there should be. I invent it." "If," he continues, "any of these Notes are printed, they are not to be altered in a single word. And let each be identified by my Cipher." The "carvure" in question is to be seen in Morwenstow Church. It is a curious piece of symbolism. A dove between two human heads typifies the Holy Ghost proceeding from the Father and the Son. The head of the Father—a bearded face—is now missing. A castle on a rock, attacked by a dragon and protected by the dove, represents the Church defended by the Holy Ghost from the onslaught of Satan.

Writing to Mr. Blight on the subject of sea-symbolism in church architecture, Hawker says:—"The Fishermen who were the Ancestors of the Church, came from off the Galilean Waters to haul for men.

"We—Born to God at the Font—are children of the

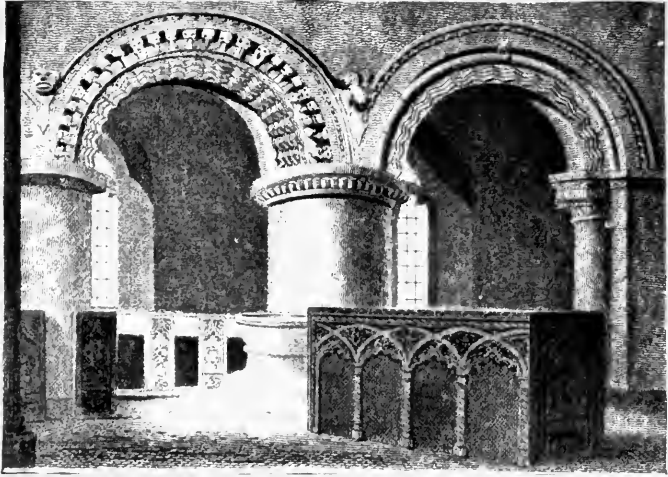
<sup>1</sup> The old pier which was washed away before the present breakwater was constructed.

Water. Therefore all the early symbolism of the Ch. was of and from the sea. The carvure of the early Arches was taken from the Sea, and its Creatures, Fish, Dolphins, meremen and mermaids redound in the early types transposed to wood and stone. And, inasmuch as we, born *first* of the Race of Adam, and *secondly* of the Family of God, are thereby of *mingled* nature of two kinds embodied into one Person, therefore nothing could be more appropriate in symbolism than a mermaid, the hybrid of the Earth and Sea."

Some years later, he writes to Mr. Blight:— . . . "Mr. Maskell has presented to Mrs. Hawker a copy of 'Hunt's Book of Cornwall.' I think it a blundering failure. His ecclesiastical ignorance is conspicuous. One quotation from your Book, about the Mermaid, stamps the Writer. Most of our early churches were built before a single fishing Boat sailed our Waters, and the fishy emblems predominate in places where fishermen and sailors are, as in these parts, unknown to this day. One great principle is, that watery symbolism is the pervading spirit of Ancient sacred Architecture. Even the zigzag or chevron mouldings on our Norman Arches signify the ripple on the Sea of Galilee, the smile of Gennesaret."

The book referred to in the above letter was Robert Hunt's 'Popular Romances of the West of England.' The author says that Hawker's explanations of sea-symbolism in Cornish Churches are "far-fetched," and ascribes such symbolism to the fact that the Churches were built "by and for a fishing population." But along the dangerous north coast there is little or no fishing, except for corpses.

The Vicar afterwards conceived a grudge against Mr. Blight, on grounds which, it must be owned, seem somewhat slight. He details his grievances to Mr. J. G. Godwin thus:—



*From an engraving by Prout.*

NORMAN ARCHES IN MORWENSTOW CHURCH.



CARVING IN MORWENSTOW CHURCH





“Jany. xiv., 1862.

. . . “There is a Book just out, ‘Blight’s Week at the Land’s End’—it sells. You will find most of my ‘bits’ marked with my cipher R. S. H., but some are not. Well, that sort of Book would I think succeed, if all were verse with illustrations. Again, another Book, ‘Blight’s Ancient Crosses,’ 1858, Simpkin & Marshall, to which I contributed. But this man Blight is such a singular embodiment of those Brain-suckers who have surrounded my life, that for illustration, I must give his History. In 1855, I received a suppliant letter. He asked for names. I got him 40 or 50—chief men. The Book sold. Then came another letter, proposing to publish a second collection. He asked me to help him to obtain leave to dedicate to the Prince as Duke of Cornwall. I wrote, and was successful. Not only that. I wrote the Dedication in prose and in verse—‘Hail, Prince and Duke, &c.’ Then came tokens of a divided hoof. I had stipulated that whatsoever I allowed him to print of mine in this Book should be marked with my R. S. H. He agreed. But by degrees he so diminished the size of my cipher, that unless you search for it, you cannot see it at all. Next, he proceeded (after I had obtained the Royal leave to dedicate a new publication of new matter) to annex a second edition of his former Book of the same name, ‘Ancient Crosses,’ to the new vol., and to publish both under dedication to H.R.H. as Duke of Cornwall. But to cut the matter short, I found out by this time that I was in the hands of a trickster. In his next publication, I was chary and reserved, and sent him but little. That little was praised in Reviews, which Reviews were sent to me by other people, but kept back by Blight. Now you can understand him and me, and you will judge the impudence of his writing to me some weeks since, to say that he intended to publish the ‘Ballads

of Cornwall,' and of *course* he *must depend on mine*. I wrote to say that I declined to allow him to print mine, for I intended to publish them myself. Nevertheless, such is the boldness of the man, that it would not surprise me to find him pirating my verses. Wilkie Collins did without acknowledgment in his 'Rambles beyond Railways,' and so did Walter White in his 'Walk to the Land's End.'<sup>1</sup> Indeed this has been my unaltered doom, to help others and myself to be sacrificed. As to Macmillan, I think the 'Records,' 'Reeds shaken with the Wind,' and 'Echoes,' more likely to elicit his help than 'Ecclesia.' I like 'Ecclesia' less than anything I ever published—too hot-pressed—too fine, too elegant to be ever largely liked."

On 25 Novr. 1861, Hawker wrote to Mr. Godwin:—

"A new feature in my history has just set in. Young Ladies have betaken themselves to the office of setting to music (their own) my words. Hence the 'Trelawny Ballad,' and the 'Cornish Mother's Wail,' by a Miss Clare, a friend of the Kennaways. A Miss Harris of Hayne invents a tune and fixes a difficult metre, Moore's Song, 'She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps.' Thus has she extorted from me a Theme of the Cavaliers called 'Sir Beville.' But all this fails to fulfil a single exigency of my realities, *i.e.*, one Golden Coin. I have long adopted Old Johnson's dogma, that he is a fool who writes for any motive but payment. And now Good Night.

"Yrs. always truly,

"R. S. HAWKER.

On January 1st 1861 he writes to Miss Louisa T. Clare:—

"A touch of nature makes the whole world kin, so I

<sup>1</sup> Their piracy seems to have amounted to their telling, in prose legends which they no doubt assumed to be genuine, although in reality they owed their currency to Hawker's verse.

claim old acquaintance with you in the sympathy of song. I thank you very kindly for the honour you have done to my words : your melody for the Hymn is simple and sweet, & if a low voice be an excellent thing in woman, so is it with a children's tune."

Exactly a year later he writes to her again :—

"Jany. 1st, 1862.

"MY DEAR MISS CLARE,

"A happy New Year to you, &, as we say in Cornwall, many of them ! My '*étrennes*' is a song. And I hope you will be induced to blend with it another of your melodies 'of linked sweetness long drawn out'—your Trelawny Music is by all appreciated & admired. My Ballad was sung to your Notes last night, at a Concert in Kilkhampton, by Mr. Thynne, the Rector, as you will see by the inclosed programme. He rehearsed it here at Mrs. Hawker's Piano a few days ago, & gratified us exceedingly. So I entreat you to stand on the Terrace at Stowe—Mark the troop of Horse gathered on the lawn under the Royal Arms & the Granville quartering three Spear Rests. The Cornish Banner of 16 bosses & the legend 'one and *all*'—sounded 'ale'—See Sir Beville, Baton in hand, & recal the spirit of that 1630-40 time, so will you delight us with a Kingly warrior *march*, for March it should be, & each verse should resound the same tune.

"I am, dear Miss Clare, in hot haste,

"Yours faithfully,

"R. S. HAWKER."

"Perhaps a good name for the song," he writes to Mr. Godwin, "in the Advertisements of any Posthumous Publisher would be *Sir Beville's March*, or *The March of The Cornish*, or, *The Western Men*, &c. But it is an exact

shadow of my whole life. Here am I with Three Musical Melodies, which once heard would win immediate Praise and Sale, yet must I bury them out of sight like an untimely Birth."

When he received the music for 'Sir Beville,' he wrote to Miss Clare:—

"Jan. 20, 1862.

"I saw Sir Beville & His Troop marching out of Stowe Woods, bound for Stamford Field, while Mrs. Hawker struck your notes into Sound. It was like Christabelle's Spell, when

" 'The youthful Lord of Triermain  
Came back upon her Soul again—' "

So the scene returned.

" 'When Trevanion's Steed was prancing  
In his Glory and his Pride,  
And Sir Beville's Steel was glancing  
Along the mountain Side.' "

. . . What can I say more to attest your Genius?"

With reference to this lady he writes jokingly to his niece:—

"The Miss Clare you ask about, you must surely recollect. You have read *Marmion*?<sup>1</sup> Well, don't you remember all her history? First intended to be a nun—then changed her plans—marries Mr. Wilton, Junr., and the whole winds up with a saying of Sir W. Scott's,

" 'Twas said of many a wedded pair,  
Love they like Wilton and like Clare.' "

<sup>1</sup> Cf. The last four lines.

“They lived very happily for some time, but Family reasons induce her still to use her Maiden Name. I never saw her, but two summers ago Sir John Kennaway and his Daughter dined here—Sir T. Acland sent them to us with letters—after dinner Miss Kennaway said to me, ‘I sho’d like to play one of your own ballads set to music by a friend of mine, Miss Clare.’ She accordingly did play and sing in a magnificent style, ‘And shall Trelawny die?’ Since then I have heard from and written to Miss Clare, and it struck me that her ‘Cornish Mother’ and ‘Sir Beville’ must suit your voice accurately. . . . Your Aunt’s sight [*i.e.*, Mrs. Hawker’s] is so bad that she can only learn music in bits and by degrees when new to her.”

Hawker’s poem, ‘Sir Beville,’ was subjected six years later to a very gross act of plagiarism, thus described by Dr. T. N. Brushfield, in the *Western Antiquary*. (1889. IX. 41-4.)

“In 1867 there was published a goodly octavo volume of 314 pages, entitled ‘Ballads and Legends of Cheshire,’ compiled by Major Egerton Leigh, of High Leigh, Cheshire, a gentleman much thought of in the county, and well known as the author of some valuable papers, read at meetings of the Cheshire Archæological Society. One of the ballads in it, and consisting of twelve 4-line verses, is headed ‘Old Mynshull of Erdeswick’ (305-8). This, according to the Table of Contents, was taken from an ‘Old Manuscript;’ but, in a prefatory note to the verses, is described as ‘A Royalist song found amongst the family papers in an old oak chest, at Erdeswick Hall, one of the seats of the Minshull family.’ The work was reviewed by Mr. W. E. A. Axon in the *St. James’s Magazine*, “and this ballad, accepted at what it professed to be, was praised for its vivid portraiture of that chivalrous loyalty for which Cheshire . . . has always been remarkable.” A

copy of this review was sent to Mr. Hawker. The latter recognised his own work under the thin veil of alteration. His characteristic reply to Mr. Axon I quote in full :—

“Morwenstow. February 16, 1868.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I thank you sincerely for your Paper and Letter just now received, and most of all for your Photograph. When I can get one of myself I shall be happy to transmit it to you, but I have now not one copy. Our correspondence is, I fear, likely to be discordant, if I may augur from one leaf of your Review of Major Leigh’s Ballads. It reveals one of the most audacious deeds of plagiarism ever perpetrated even on myself, and I have been a painful sufferer from literary theft. The alleged Mynshull Ballad is a clumsy copy of one of my own on Sir Bevill Granville, which I wrote many years ago, and which has been set to march music, and sung in the West of England for a long while. I enclose a copy, which I sent to *Notes and Queries* seven years ago, and by which you will perceive that all that is good in the Cheshire parody is mine, and all that is vapid is Major Leigh’s. I have copied it into my MSS. for publication, and I shall add the date in my own defence. Luckily a friend of mine, Mr. Maskell, the well-known ecclesiastical writer, was aware of my composition, verse by verse (he lived then near me at Bude), and he can attest my original writing if attestation be required. From my remote and solitary abode I have been a more than usual victim to fraudulent writers. I shall be glad to hear what you have to say as to the case, wherein you have been unconsciously led to abet a dishonourable proceeding. I am receiving additions to my list every day, and my friends will soon

be at the work of negotiating with a publisher. I shall be very glad to see any criticism on my book, which you may publish; but there is one literary blotch which you will not be able to fix on me. One thing there is which cannot be fixed on me, and that is plagiarism.

“I am,

“Yours faithfully,

“ R. S. HAWKER.”

It is only just to mention that Dr. Brushfield entirely exculpates Major Leigh from complicity in the deception. He was imposed upon by some one else, but the real culprit has not been traced. Hawker’s Ballad and the ‘Cheshire parody’ are here placed side by side.

“SIR BEVILLE.

I.

‘ Arise ! and away ! for the King and the Land !  
 Farewell to the Couch and the Pillow :  
 With spear in the Rest, and with Rein in the Hand,  
 Let us rush on the foe like a Billow !

II.

“ Call the Hind from the Plough, and the Herd from the Fold,  
 Bid the Wassailer cease from his Revel :  
 And ride for old Stowe, where the Banner’s unrolled,  
 For the cause of King Charles and Sir Beville !

III.

Trevanion is up, and Godolphin is nigh,  
 And Harris of Hayne’s o’er the river ;  
 From Lundy to Looe, ‘ One and all ! ’ is the cry,  
 And the King and Sir Beville for ever !

## IV.

“Ay ! by Tre, Pol, and Pen, ye may know Cornish men,  
 ’Mid the names and the nobles of Devon ;  
 But if truth to the King be a signal, why then  
 Ye can find out the Granville in heaven.

## V.

“Ride ! Ride ! with red spur, there is death in delay,  
 ’Tis a race for dear life with the devil ;  
 If dark Cromwell prevail, and the King must give way,  
 This earth is no place for Sir Beville.

## VI.

“So at Stamford he fought, and at Lansdown he fell,  
 But vain were the visions he cherished :  
 For the great Cornish heart, that the King loved so well,  
 In the grave of the Granville it perished.”

## “OLD MYNSHULL OF ERDESWICK.

(*The bracketed figures indicate the corresponding stanzas of the original.*)

## I (1)

“Arise ! and away for the King and ye Land !  
 Farewell to ye couch and ye pillow ;  
 With spear in its rest, and with rein in hand,  
 Let us rush on ye foe like a billow !

## 2 (2)

“Call the hind from ye plough, and ye herd from the fold,  
 Bid ye Wassiler to take a long pull ;  
 Then ride for old *Erdeswick*, whose banner’s unrolled  
 For the cause of King *Charles* and *Mynshull*.

## 3 (5)

“Ride, ride, with red spur—there is death in delay ;  
 ’Tis a race for dear life with ye *Devil* ;  
 For if *Cromwell* prevail, and ye King now gives way,  
 Our land must in slavery revel



4 (3)

“ *Piers Dutton* is up, and young *Brereton* is nigh,  
And *Ffytton* is over ye river ;  
From *Gawsworth* and *Vernon* ‘ One and All ’ is the cry,  
And ‘ The King and old *Mynshull* for ever ! ’

5

“ There was *Leycester*, and *Massey*, and *Poole* of old fame ;  
And *Leigh* with his famed triple banner ;  
Old *Venables* too, with his dragon and flame,  
And *Egerton* from the old manor.

6

“ Young *Mainwaring* fell by the side of hys sire,  
Stout *Booth* was revenged for him there ;  
For the foe left his grim trunkless head in the mire,  
By the sword of old *Dunham*’s young heir.

7 (4)

“ Aye, ‘ by waif, soc, and theam, you may know *Cheshire* men,’  
’Mid the names and the nobles here given ;  
But if truth to the King be a signal why then  
Ye can find out old *Mynshull* in heaven.

8

“ ‘ By the Crescent and Star my forefathers won  
On the plains of old *Palestine* ;  
The Roundheads shall feel the effect of my steel,  
For age has improved it like wine ! ’

9

“ There was death in each stroke, whilst old *Mynshull* thus spoke,  
And Roundheads fell off in a cluster,  
Such havoc he made, that his trusty old blade  
Told a tale the next day at their muster.

## 10 (9)

“ At *Edgehill* he fought, and at *Worcester* he fell,  
 But in vain were the visions he cherished,  
 For the brave *Cheshire* heart that our king loved so well,  
 In the grave of ye *Mynshulls* lyes perished.

## 11

“ Then hurrah for the king ! and Cheshire men sing,  
 Let the bells give a merry round peal !  
 For loyal and true to his Church and his king  
 Old *Mynshull* for ever did feel.

## 12

“ May his sons prove as true to their church and their king,  
 And act, like their sire, with decision  
 And firmness whenever the foe's on the wing,  
 For from heaven they get their commission ! ”

—(Major Leigh's 'Cheshire Ballads,' 305-8).

It is noticeable that the ballad 'Sir Beville' resembles the more famous one on Trelawny, in that it embodies an old Cornish saying, mentioned in connection with Cornish names by Carew, who says, "Most of them begin with Tre, Pol, or Pen, which signifie a Towne, a Top, and a head : whence grew the common by-word—

“ ‘ By Tre, Pol and Pen  
 You shall know the Cornishmen.’ ”

Hawker's remote position prevented him from making the acquaintance of editors and publishers, often so potent a factor in literary success, and one of which, with his fascinating personality, he would have made good use. His failure to win the popular ear often depressed him. Thus he writes to Mr. West :—

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“Novr. vii., 1861.

“How, I know not, and yet I fear the fault is my own (utter apathy & loneliness of mind), but nearly all my correspondence has ceased. There seems to be no shadow of sympathy between the men of my generation and myself. If I print any thing in prose or verse no one cares even to read it. No one ever notices the thoughts or language—neither the mower nor he that gathereth the sheaves. Only regard my lines on the Comet. They were tabooed by *The Times*, no literary journal would admit them, the Editor of the *Oriental Budget* rejected them because His paper ‘only admitted *literary* compositions.’ Well, I do not often seek recognition in print, and if I win the forbearance of two or three, yourself among them chief, I am and must be content. I am glad that you allow me to write to you. I do not deserve it, but I must once for all entreat you to believe that I do value your good will exceedingly, and only wish I could deserve it more. I respond also to your wish that one neighbourhood could have held us both: as it is, let us rejoice in the facilities of the Post. Like yourself, I still cling to *Notes and Queries*—indeed, badly as the staff have behaved to me, Thoms does admit my MSS., and under different Signatures I send him Prose & Verse. I don’t suppose you recognise my paragraphs, but ‘Breachan,’ ‘Ben Tamar,’ ‘Nectan’ will identify me for you.”

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## CHAPTER XVI

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### Letters to Mrs. Watson,<sup>1</sup> 1855 to 1862

CRIMEAN WAR—NAPOLEON III.—A SON OF DR. ARNOLD AT MORWENSTOW—AN EPITAPH—FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE—LORD CLINTON—A FATAL ACCIDENT—A MURDER—RIVAL CORONERS—A COMET—PLYMOUTH BROTHERS—SPURGEON—THE INDIAN MUTINY—A WRECK—DEATH OF A WRECKER—LORD HARROWBY AT MORWENSTOW—‘THE GREAT EASTERN’—VISIT OF DEAN LIDDELL—THE VERA EFFIGIES—SIR BEVILL GRANVILLE’S COFFIN—THE COMET OF 1861—AMERICAN CIVIL WAR—DEATH OF PRINCE ALBERT—THE EXHIBITION.

AT this point begins one of the strangest episodes in Hawker’s strange career. The appeal which he issued in 1855 on behalf of the Church roof came to the notice of a lady named Mrs. Watson, then living at Budleigh Salterton,<sup>2</sup> an admirer of his poems, but a total stranger to himself. She responded with a liberal subscription, and this unexpected generosity so touched him that, as will be seen, he made her the *confidante* of all his hopes and anxieties. The correspondence thus begun developed into

<sup>1</sup> For the next seven years, up to his wife’s death, there are comparatively few letters to other correspondents. Up to that point, therefore, I have thought it best to place the letters to Mrs. Watson all together in the present chapter, and those addressed to others in the next. After his wife’s death in 1863, there are more letters to other correspondents, and I have put those to Mrs. Watson among the rest in chronological order.

<sup>2</sup> She afterwards lived at Bath, at Ulverstone, and at Grange in Lancashire.

a weekly interchange of letters, which continued, with scarcely an interruption, for fifteen years. His letters to her have all been carefully kept, and would fill a volume in themselves. Only a small proportion of extracts can be given here.

But this was not all. When Mrs. Watson learnt all the story of Hawker's life at Morwenstow she was moved to further liberality. For many years she sent him a regular sum for his private use. The romantic part of the story is that the Vicar and his benefactress never met. About 1870 the correspondence ceased, apparently through the state of Mrs. Watson's health. She died early in 1875, a few months before Hawker, and left a legacy of £200 to his children. The letters quoted will tell all else that can be told about this unique friendship. Unfortunately, her letters to him have not been preserved.

“ May xiv., 1855.

“ I thank you, Dear Madam, very gratefully and in the name of the Church, for that which I cannot but term a noble donation towards the succour of my Roof. You are right, it *is* more blessed to give than to receive ; but altho' many are prone *enough* to quote that text there are but few who proceed as you have done to act on it. When a Woman of Syria had broken the Seal of a Vase of Balsam and poured it on Her Master's feet, it was declared by Him that wheresoever his Gospel should be proclaimed throughout the world, there also should that thing which she had done be told in memorial of Her. So will your gift be announced from my Altar, and the fragrance of your Deed of Mercy will fill God's House. There are not many whom I have allowed to contribute, but I could discern your spirit from your letters, and I rejoice to discover that my confidence was right.

“If I do lack aid again I shall resort to your heart again. Allow me to offer you my thoughts on the War in printed verse,<sup>1</sup> and I remain, Yours, Dear Madam, most faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

“Oct. xix., 1855.

“You ask me which I should prefer, a yearly donation or a gift at once and for all. I answer candidly and for many reasons the latter choice. I am gradually, but with all feasible speed, restoring a New Shingle Roof. Every space of Ten Feet each way costs me Six Pounds. Your last donation with another from one of Sir T. Acland’s Sons [-in-law], Mr. A. D. Troyte, has enabled me to finish a square—And now I shall be fain, with your merciful succour, to proceed while it is yet day before the night cometh wherein no man can work. The desertion of the Ratepayers only makes me cling the more to ‘my Saxon Shrine.’ Ever since Easter 1853 I have sustained the total cost of the Services and Repairs—set up a beautiful carved Screen. . . and the rest you know. My Church is to me that which the Spot of Absalom’s choice was to him, when he said, ‘I have no Son to keep my name in remembrance:’ so he reared a pillar in the King’s Dale—and it is called to this day Absalom’s Place.

“May God for ever bless you, Dear madam, and requite you in the resurrection of the Just.

“Yours gratefully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

There is a parochial character about the Vicar’s comments on public affairs which will nowadays provoke a smile.

<sup>1</sup> ‘Baal-Zephon.’ See ‘Cornish Ballads.’

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Thus he writes on March 24th, 1856, about the Crimean War—

“Three months before the declaration of War, in the time when vainglorious vaunt was loud on every wind, I gave great offence by this prophecy, which I delivered again and again in both my Churches, and on every occasion among my people. England will never win a victory by Sea or Land. England will fail, and be dishonoured in this War. And when I so said I gave my reasons. In former days and later times down to the boasted Waterloo success, this was to a certain extent a Godfearing Land. No hand had then been laid on God’s Tenth or Tithe—No law had made poverty a guilt and interfered with Christian Alms—No efforts had been made to rob the Roofs and Walls of God of repair by rate—But now all these crimes have been committed, not here and there by men or bodies of men, but by the gathered Nation—by assembled voice of law and by collective hand and deed. When victories of old were won, such as are recorded by the Prophet Daniel and others, they were never gained by the human army alone but by the Angel expressly sent from on high. The Angel of England is withheld by the Angel’s God—and therefore, said I, and so still I say, England will not prevail—no, neither in War nor in Council of Peace—no more.

“You asked me about Peace. Here again I prophesied—We must have Peace—whether disgraceful to us or not. It is the will of Napoleon the Third—He so mentally decreed long ago—when *his* troops took the citadel—He wills it, and without him what are we? There does not exist a Nation of the continent which ever speaks of England now but with wondering scorn. They call the War the *French* War: they have asked for many months ‘What will the *Emperors* do?’ but of England’s purposes

or deeds, or thoughts, *nothing!* All this is painful enough, but it is all true.

“Then look at our crimes—Wellnigh every weekly Paper now has its crime column for paragraphs of deeds such as are elsewhere rarely known. It was stated not long ago in a French paper that more capital crimes were recorded by our own papers as committed in England *every week* than are done in France in the whole year.

“Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord, and shall not my soul be avenged for such a Nation as this?”

“April xvii., 1856.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON!

“My never seen, but still my well-known and gentlehearted friend! Not merely as a duty, but as a congenial delight, I wish to confide to your sympathy and trust some account of that comparative stranger to you in person and History, myself.

[Then follows a survey of his married life.]

. . . “One clear, plain and mournful Statement, will record a volume—Not only was every morsel of their land (his wife’s sisters’) sold for the behoof of claimants, but Mrs. Hawker and myself had to surrender her annuity from leaseholds to meet so far as its estimated life value wd. go the surplusage of debt, and I myself incurred and have gradually paid several hundred pounds. This climax occurred about ten years ago. At that advanced period of my own life, a still more advanced one of several years in my Wife’s case, we had as it were to begin that tragedy called Life over again. I have fortified the future as well as I was able by insurances—By one of these £100 a year is secured to Mrs. Hawker for her life if she survives me. By two others whatsoever incumbrances



may remain at my own death will be met. But—But the sacrifice of Income which these measures have enforced is something very painful, and were it not for my Farm (the Glebe) I hardly see how I could carry on a clerical existence; and in addition to this there are still undefrayed claims for which I have given Bonds and Notes of Hand: *now* about four: five existed but a very little while ago: but one, which had threatened me with exposure, misery, nay, ruin, this one was abolished by the unlooked for God-inspired generosity of a Friend, whom I never saw, but whom I pray God to bless on my knees every day, every night, and whom I implore the Angel of my Baptism to watch over, and to guard as he surely will: need I write her name? No! for in the deed I mention you cannot but recognize your own loving-hearted Succour to a broken-spirited Man. Nor is it a light thing, to have succoured me so—I am so placed, ‘to cross the chasm, on the unsteady footing of a spear’ that a single public process—one pecuniary event of open shame must drive me from Morwenstow. My system of nerves has been so rent and assayed, that I have thrice fainted in Church, and if *my people knew why*, I could not enter there again. Let no one upbraid me—I am not ashamed of any outlay of money—I have no reason to blench because of any liability I have ever incurred—far, very far from that—but my yielding is constitutional and involuntary, from boyhood I have been prone to faintness from any emotion of sorrow or joy, hope or fear. Once three years ago, I lost consciousness of passing events for . . . *nearly six weeks!!* and the only medical opinion was pressure of *thought*, and so indeed it was: and how Mrs. Hawker lived through that awful time I know not. The dread of a return so bears me down to the very earth, that when I am threatened, as I was, when I wrote so recklessly to you there

is no sacrifice I would not make to appease and to avert. One overwhelming desire, one prayer so intense as to be almost a Monomania is—Only let me keep this roof over my dear Wife's head in peace while she is spared to me—only let exposure wait till then ; and after *her*, welcome Shame, ruin, utter Poverty for *me*.”

[On thick, Quarto paper—the writing right across the width.]

“June xvij., 1856.

“You ask me to write on small Paper. Do you not perceive how difficult it is—I cannot reduce my handwriting without pain, and I wish to preserve the *pleasure* of addressing you unimpaired. The theme of my last was the Confirmation. I know not how to render my other avocations of the last fortnight of interest to you. Yes, one thing may strike you as it did me. The Inspector was a Son of Dr. Arnold's—Master of Rugby—the Leader of the Church Party in Oxford which is called Low. The Doctor's Family all were brought up rigid adversaries of all High Church practices and men. His eldest<sup>1</sup> Son, Brother of the Clergyman who was here, has departed from the Church of England, and is now a member of that of Rome ; ‘and yet,’ said the Inspector to me, ‘My Brother was always fondly filial, and so like my Father in all his mental habits and modes of life, that he seemed the very last Man on Earth to do as he has done.’ ‘Are you quite

<sup>1</sup> This is a mistake. Matthew Arnold was the eldest son, and he never became a Roman Catholic. The second son, Thomas, father of Mrs. Humphry Ward, joined the Church of Rome, left it, and returned to it again. He was a Professor in Dublin. The one who visited Morwenstow was no doubt Edward Arnold, a younger son, Fellow of All Souls, and, like Matthew Arnold, an Inspector of Schools. These particulars were kindly furnished by Mr. G. W. E. Russell.

sure,' said I, 'that your Father, if he had been now alive, would have been the Partisan he was before he died?' And he could not answer 'Yes.'

[The keeping of Sunday.]

"Do you know that here in England, until the time of Cromwell, Sunday never once was called the Sabbath-Day? But in all this course of thought there is no sanction for sinful usages upon the First Day of the Week—Why should Sin be held more lawful on that Day than on the other Six? There is a wide, wide Gulph between the calm and gentle Gladness of Morwenstow on Sunday Night, and the Theatre—the Race Course—the Gambling Saloons of France, which defile *any* day and all. But when I read the Public Papers, and discern that nine tenths of total England are actually unaware of the difference between the Hebrew Fast and the Christian Festival—when both Houses of Parliament speak of the Seventh Day as if Saturday were still Sabbatically enjoined—when, I say, I read such words, I am every day more and more convinced of my own unfitness to converse or reason with such a Nation as this."

"July ij., 1856.

. . . "Besides the Mr. Fortescue you mention, there was another of the same family (The Castle Hill), who died in Dublin four or five years since, and for whom I wrote, at the request of his Widow, an Epitaph.<sup>1</sup> He had chosen from Mr. Sidney Herbert's New Church in Wiltshire, a

<sup>1</sup> In a letter to Sir Thomas Acland, dated xv. Nov. 1852, Hawker says:—

"I have written and Mrs. Fortescue has adopted the inclosed verse for the Tomb of our lamented and very dear Friend. There is nothing in the lines, as I conceive, that can offend a boundless Protestant, nor would it at all distress me if there were. Because every word is true: and it would be to me a real delight to discover that *you* could concede approval to my inscription."

pattern of a carved Cross for his own Grave, whensoever he should die. It was placed, and beneath this Cross stood these words, which I will write on a separate bit of paper and inclose.

“ ‘ EPITAPH.

“ ‘ Beneath the Cross he sleeps ! that hallowing shade  
Falls where a faithful heart is fondly laid :  
Love strong in Death ! behold the conquering sign,  
O Loved and Lost ! that Victory is thine !’

“ He lies in a Cemetery called Harold’s Cross near Dublin.”

“ July iij., 1856.

“ You were quite right to refuse to take part in the tract-scattering usages which too many Clergymen adopt. I do not find such things mentioned in the Bible as among the Channels of God’s Grace, nor do I conceive that any Sinner was ever brought to Repentance by the ministry of a tract—indeed I have rarely read one but it was meant to convey some party purpose of a religious controversy or to attack other men—and howsoever it may nowadays be forgotten, it is nevertheless most true, that to hate the tenets or the practice of others is not the way to foster religious truth of one’s own.”

“ Aug. vi., 1856.

“ Inclosed I send you a letter for Mr. Kelly of Kelly, near Tavistock, an old College friend of mine, which will explain to you a singular visit we have had.

“ The Lady arrived on Sunday afternoon, the purport of her visit chiefly was to collect information about Sir Bevil Granville (the Great Man of this District during the Civil War), whose Great-Great Grand Daughter she stated herself to be.

“She is the Wife of Sir Benjamin Hall, one of the ministry, whose name you must have seen in connexion with the Sunday Band question. She is Welsh, and spoke of her Grand-children, so you may guess her Age. She told Mrs. Hawker she was thoroughly surprised at finding me look as I did, having expected from what she had heard to find me ‘as old as Methuselah.’ She told us a great deal about the World in which she moves, and among other strange things, one about Miss Nightingale. She is held by one Party as little less than angel, and by others as below woman in hardness of heart. Some say she is so entirely the slave of routine that she withheld enormous loads of supplies until she could deliver them herself. At all events, Party Spirit runs far higher for and against her than on any other question of the political World. Of which story the moral to me is, that Great People are like little ones in their feelings, passions, love and hate.

“Aug. xj., 1856.

“I quite concur in your estimate of the Party Spirit about Florence Nightingale—and I may say to you in confidence that I more than suspected a grudge at her popularity in our recent guest. But what is the Upper World after all but Adam and Eve in Kings’ Houses? Do you know that altho’ I will confess to a strong appreciation of a copious income, perhaps from never having compassed one yet, there is not a single Deanery, Canonry or Bishopric that I would accept if offered me. This is no vaunt of mine but a solemn fact.”

“Oct. xv., 1856.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“Lady Acland told Mrs. Hawker, when she was here for the last time (this day year), that these Railways

had utterly destroyed the Domestic Character of English People. She said that very few of her Friends were content now to endure the monotony of home—the fatal facility of motion had made everybody restless and impatient—dissatisfied unless they had continual change of scene. How strange all this seemed to us two—for we literally never cross the Parish boundary for years.

“Three small vessels foundered last month between my Cliffs and Lundy—only one crew saved. From my Glebe at night we watch Three Light Houses. Two at Padstow and Trevoise Head, and one, a revolving Signal, on Lundy. Sir S. Northcote told me that Lundy is to be a Depôt for Convicts forthwith—this will mar the associations of the Severn Sea. The Island is fifteen miles aslant from this House towards Wales.”

“Dec. 2, 1856.

“You will perhaps have seen in the Papers that your recent place of abode, Budleigh Salterton, has been the scene of festive assemblage to commemorate Mr. Mark Rolle’s coming of age. He is Lord Clinton’s Second Son, and has been here with his Father, who is the owner of the Sheaf Tithe of Morwenstow. He (Lord C.) has been ever since he came into Possession of the Tithe in 1848 more than friendly to me as Vicar. He came immediately as the Lease fell in—ordered a Stained Glass Window for the Chancel from Warrington of London, and when the Farmers rebelled against the Shingle Roof and the Rate, Lord C. ordered a New South Roof for the entire Chancel of Wooden Shingle, as a Rebuke to the Rebels and an encouragement to me. A more amiable, kind hearted man cannot exist. This second son of his is the Successor to the vast Estates of the late Lord Rolle, and therefore he

has taken the name. . . When I ask for anything to be done to the Chancel (which he, Lord C., has to repair), his answer is 'Order whatever you please, and my Steward will immediately pay the expense.' And I am told by others that his little girl, Morwenna, is the Pet of both her Parents."

"Jan. vij., 1857.

"There is a Scotch saying that 'a wilful man maun hae his way.' Therefore must I have mine, and as I have intended for long to break in upon your Birthday with my jangling Bells of rhyme, so now I place this packet on your Table, in memory of the faithful sympathy, the sincere kindness, and the earnest good-withes of us Two, towards you on your Day of Life."

"Jany. xx., 1857.

"The old people have a proverb—

" 'When grass doth grow in Janovere  
It grows the worse for it all the year.'"

And again there is another proverb—

" 'A green Yule, a full Churchyard.'"

"Jan. xx., 1857.

. . . "On a day in this month, I hired a portable threshing machine to thresh out some Corn. Men are now utterly unattainable for such work. A man came with it, and with him my own old man (the Sexton) worked. In the evening we heard a noise down stairs (we always sit up in a small, snug room), and a person coming up fast. I went out and down. At the back door stood George Tape, *my Man*, with one *Hand hanging only by the sinews*, crushed (*wrist* and all) into a *pulp*. I led him in

—placed him in a chair—and how I found nerve I know not—I took my handkerchief—bound it round his arm above the elbow with a twisting stick, so as to make (as a Medical man taught me in early life) a rude tourniquet to stop the bleeding—I then sent off my boy and Pony for the Surgeon. A Farmer living near came in, and we led the poor fellow to the door, where Mrs. H.'s pony chair had been brought by the Farmer, and a horse, and we took him a quarter of a mile to his home. He is a widower, with two Children—a Son a Labourer at Plymouth, and a Daughter living at Stratton, but both in Morw'w. to visit him that very day. Soon after we reached his house, and had cut off his clothes, and so put him to bed, came the Doctor. He at once decided amputation his only chance—but postponed doing it until next Morning. Nearly all that night I was with him—Once after coming home to lie down I was sent for—his daughter came—the tourniquet was loosening—In his pain he had done it. I rushed up—twisted the stick again, and stopped again the bleeding. In the morning came Dinham, my Brother-in-law, who is the Surgeon, and a Mr. King, another Surgeon, to amputate. This I *could not see*, but with the Son I walked up and down under the window. It took  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour. Poor George never cried out nor groaned. He was very very prostrate, and weak, and I soon saw he would not live. I stayed, of course, with him all day, and towards Evening he gradually sank and died! Poor, poor fellow! He subdued even his moans, 'not to vex Master,' and his nerve was wonderful. I sent then the Parish constable 30 miles for the Coroner, and on Saty. (the 10th) was the inquest: on the 11th I buried him by the side of his wife. He was in good circumstances, and his Children are well off. He was 63. Since his death and all last week to this Date I have had little rest."



“ March x., 1857.

“ One of my two Parishes, Wellcombe, is in Devon, the other, Morwenstow, is in Cornwall. They and the two Counties to which they belong are divided by a small Rivulet or Brook. In an eddy of this stream, and just below a deep, dark Pool, a Man—a Miller—found on Saturday the Body of a dead Female Child! He came to me to make known the discovery, and to say that he had brought the little corpse into his own house, which stands on the Morwenstow and Cornish Side. He had found it on the Wellcombe Bank, and drawn it there to land. The Constable of Wellcombe had gone off at once to Barnstaple for the Devon Coroner. I directed him to lock up the Child, and allow no one to see it until the Coroner arrived. On Sunday Morning, about Nine o’Clock, the Miller came again to say, the Constable had returned with a message from Mr. Toller, the Coroner, to state that as the Body had been laid in a House in Cornwall he could not hold an inquest on it, but that it was the Cornish Coroner’s office so to do. I sent at once for the Morw. Constable, and I wrote a statement of the facts at full length, and about half past Ten the Constable started for the Cornish Coroner. He lives about 30 miles from hence beyond Launceston. Then I went to Church here, worried not a little with the horror of the thing. Now, the service at Wellcombe is at half past Two. When I arrived, I found the People excited and full of rumours. Suspicion however had not fixed on any one there. After Church the Churchwarden said a person had passed by who said the Devon Coroner had found out after he had sent the Wellcombe Constable away that he had made a mistake—that it was his duty to hold the inquest notwithstanding that the Body lay on the Cornish Side, because it had been drawn to the land on

Devonshire Soil. Nay more, that Mr. Toller, the Devon Coroner, had gone on to Morw'w. to stay the Night, and to hold the inquest next day. Guess the annoyance added to my usual Sunday's work. Well, Home once more, and at Church at a Quarter past Four. When I came out, a messenger waited at the Porch, with a Note from Mr. Toller. He had heard that the Cornish Coroner was sent for, and wished to know what had better be done. So, I had to go to the house two miles off—and Mrs. H. was angry that he did not come to me—and to cause him to send off a Man on horseback with a letter, to ride all night, and to get in time to prevent Mr. Goode, Coroner for Cornwall, from starting in the Morning. But it was all in vain. Either the Messenger loitered or went by a different road, for so it was that about midday on Monday the two Coroners met at the Mill. Mr. Toller, the Devon man, had first bungled through a shallow and fruitless inquest, and the result was the unmeaning verdict of Found Drowned! When Mr. Goode, and Dinham the Surgeon, who was brought to make the post mortem examination, arrived, High words ensued, and it was my difficult task to pacify Mr. Goode. He persists in saying that Mr. Toller had no right to officiate on Cornish Ground, and the dispute is not I fear yet over. Our Coroner states that he must refer it to the Quarter Sessions, and it is my nervous dread that I may be dragged forward as a Witness. And after all this uproar, not a single discovery of the Mother or the Murderer! Mr. Goode, who examined the Child externally, thinks it was brought to the spot dead, and cast in. But inasmuch as no lungs were searched, it is not known whether it was born alive. Last Night the Sexton at Wellcombe buried it in the Churchyard."

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“April 20, 1857.

“You mention a French prophesy of a fine summer. Have you heard a very fearful doctrine among the astronomers—that a Comet which becomes in its course visible from the earth is in all likelihood so much nearer this time (it appears once in 300 years) that it will scorch up all life on this orb of ours, and that according to St. Peter’s language this world will be destroyed by fire? Such excitement prevails in France on this subject that the discussion is forbidden there. But I saw last week in the paper a work advertised, price 6d. and published by Gilbert in Paternoster Row, entitled ‘Will the Comet strike the Earth?’ There is a great deal of *a priori* likelihood in the thought. The age of the world—not far off the 6000 years which the prophecy of Enoch foretold would be the Earth’s duration. The stealthy approach of such a Thing like a Thief in the Night. The fact that it is not foretold in Revelation, but inferred from the silent study of the Stars—the trouble of the Nations—not one quiet land—the demoniac swing of English crime, surpassing in one year and every year the amount of former centuries—the spread of Hatred throughout the World, &c. The month is foretold, and it is this next June. What a thought of awe it is that this *Thing* may be, and that *we* may be the Race *who will be alive to see it*, as one generation certainly will be. God shield us. Better die one by one.”

“May xx., 1857.

... “I read, but not to Mrs. Hawker, the account in the papers of the onslaught on the Clergyman for the lucre of the Church Plate. I say, not to her, because our own Paten Chalice and Flagon stand on a Cupboard shelf in the next

room to that wherein we sleep. Shall I tell you why? Ten years ago this Church was entered by Night and robbed of the offertory alms, about Twenty Shillings. A week before (because two Churches in the neighbourhood had been broken into and robbed of Vessels which are only of Pewter) I brought ours into the Vicarage, and ever since I have kept it here. The man who committed this Sacrilege was apprehended just after Morwenstow robbery, and the small silver of our alms chest was found in his pockets, but he was committed to prison and convicted on another charge, that of stealing a garment, and his sentence was transportation for Ten Years; therefore if not dead his return may even now be looked for. It is certainly a nervous thought to remember that Three Clergymen have of late been assailed, and of these Two have fired and hit the robbers. I keep my Revolver with its six loads ready with powder and copper cap on the lid of my escritoire, and six bullets close by so as to load at a moment's warning. But I should fire at the legs of an assailant and not at a vital part. For to kill a man would most surely bring on my own death afterwards.

. . . " You ask if illness prevented Mrs. Hawker going with me—no—but her sight is become so dim that she cannot recognise faces, nor walk streets even on my arm with confidence. It is indeed a pain and perplexity to preside at table for more than me. I must say to you, my dear Mrs. Watson, how it cuts me down to the Earth to see her poor eyes weaken and her *activity* passing away. But do not, do not, I entreat you, allude to this when you write. I suppress in reading every passage that could by any possibility cause grief, but sometimes I can hardly bear the life I live. Her mind has been wonderful for strength and energy, but when she does give way to fears

about me, and dread of future anguish for me, it is terrible. But I must change the theme, or no sleep to-night."

"May xxviii., 1857.

. . . "You mention the Lady who is of the Plymouth Brethren Sect. They are usually bitter and furious Calvinists, and have been to me through all my life a theme of horror. I knew them all too well as a boy in my Grandfather's family, and I never recall what I heard and saw among them without a shudder. They hold the Election before all Worlds of a fixed number of Persons who must be saved *be they what they may—murderers or infidels*, and they hold the everlasting damnation of all the rest no matter what their efforts—no matter how holy their total lives. This I have not only heard but seen acted on, and carried out by Persons whom I could not mistake. Mixed up with these broad doctrines come many others—a notion of a millennial reign of our Blessed Saviour—for whom a Knife and fork and Place at Table were kept in many of their houses year after year—A tenet that all things should be held in common and so enjoyed—and such depravity of morals, carefully, however, concealed, that I don't think any entreaty would induce me now to pray in a room where they knelt down. All this I mention to you in full confidence, Dear Madam, and for your Soul's happiness and peace. The language you repeat uttered by Mrs. W. about God's curse and a 'Child of the Evil one,' is as familiar to my memory as household words, and it sounded like the echo of old accustomed phrases to me. How often have I heard it accompanied with looks and gestures that were demoniac. It always seemed to me like the words of a demon exulting in the loss of a human Soul. You see in their faces while they speak a fierce malignant spleen, as though it gratified them to denounce

damnation on other souls. The best counsel I could give any one I loved would be that which now I utter—‘Go not into their tabernacle, O mine honour, unto their assembly be not thou united.’ I could a tale unfold, but I dare not.

“Do not, I pray, send me any paragraphs about the insane vanity of Spurgeon. If he were sincere, he would go down into a coalpit or a mine and there fulfil his mission. But that fearful pride, that display—is self, and hideous self, to the Backbone.”

“June viij., 1857.

“MY DEAR FRIEND, MRS. WATSON,

“Your letter was a great relief to me, for I had somehow apprehended that one of the many ailments, with which the cometicized air is rife, might have grasped you—I say cometicized, that is, acted on by the approaching comet, because such seems to be the general impression among scientific men. The atmosphere around us here is loaded with an access of electricity—the growth of all plants and grass is supernaturally rapid. Thunder is heard, and lightning seen. . . .

. . . “For twenty years Typhus has never raged in this, my Parish, and I have been accustomed to link its absence with the sound of the daily bell for daily prayer. And now, strange to say, it has not smitten down the Church People—but its ravages have been among the Wesleyans. But it is always wrong to trace Earthly Chastisements to such things, because how often are they the kindest touches of a loving Father’s hand.

“What a thought it is to think that the prediction of St. Peter, that this Earth and all upon it will be burned up, may be fulfilled in our very sight, and that this Comet may be the messenger of wrath to execute the doom.

How will men behave as the avenging Thing draws slowly on—What will the multitudes in Cities shout one to another as they gather in their streets? And what shall we Country People do, as night reveals the seething fiery sky? As I said yesterday in Church, we shall die in armies assembled in the fields, as they do in war; instead of one by one. Troops together will pass away. There is in the writings of St. Jerome, who derived his knowledge from Hebrew Legends stored among the Jews from Enoch's time, a prophecy of fifteen signs which shall precede the last day, They are very like a paragraph in a paper which I send you by this post marked with red ink, and which relates the effects of a Comet striking the Earth."

" July x., 1857.

. . . "Pray do with my old Greek Testament whatsoever you deem best. I shall never resume the study of Greek again, and if I had life to go over once more, I would not commit to memory the contents of the New Testament as I have done. Once I could repeat every one of St. Paul's Epistles by heart, St. Peter and the rest: Once I could begin the Old Testament and repeat every prophecy from Genesis to Malachi, which related to our Lord and His Gospel. And now when I lie ill, these all come rushing thro' memory and brain like a torrent, till Sleep is impossible.

. . . "Solomon's Seal is not mentioned in the Bible text. But in the Hebrew commentaries, called the Talmud, I have read many a legend in illustration of the Signacle, as they call it, of the Wise King. I am very glad that you intend to read Josephus, and I wish I had never read it, that I might begin now. But I sometimes think that I have exhausted the usual interests of a literary life, by having read so greedily in early life—Not that I pretend

to be a learned man beyond my fellows, but from reading very fast, especially in Oxford, I have gone through a vast Number of Books. And after all, as Solomon long ago declared, what is there in many books but vexation of Spirit? Here am I now writing with Mrs. Hawker opposite my portfolio, and my chief thought and anxiety that her strength may not fail and her health return.

. . . "What fearful tidings from India! and what vast events! It is the beginning of the end. Long years ago Burke prophesied that we should lose India—'and,' said he, 'when we are driven out from that land, what signs or proofs shall we leave therein that we, the Rulers, were a Christian people? There will not be even the ruins of former Churches.' But Napoleon the First, of St. Helena, which was to him the Patmos of his life, he foretold the time when the English will lose India. It appears to me that we are on the threshold of this time. The natives of India are 150 millions—they worship the old Demons of their Land, not all the same Fiend or all alike in Rite and Sacrifice—but all the Peoples have Demoniatic Gods. These are now roused, and they are urging their Worshippers to fury and to bloodshed. Our Strife will not be, as St. Paul said, with human foe, with flesh and blood, but with the Thrones, Dominations, Princedoms, Virtues, Powers —& these all are the names of these Battalions of Demon-Gods."

"July xiv., 1857.

. . . "No man can well judge another, but it does seem that if Lord Palmerston could but realize that at his age (74) a sudden seizure—a touch on nerve or Brain—and he might fall in the midst of all his Worshippers—on the very floor of the House—a dead corpse, and in five moments His Soul might stand a lonely Form among the angels,



and over against him the Countenance of the Son of Man—I think such a thought would drive me out of the presence of the Queen and her Nobles shuddering. It is utterly impossible that such men can ever think a solemn or a serious thought. But they say the Premier is an Unbeliever.”

. . . “[With reference to a murder trial at Glasgow] . . . There is something to me so awful in the Sin of Cities, that I don’t think I could live in one to be an Archbishop.”

. . . “One Paragraph I saw yesterday, that among the natives in India there has been long current a prophecy, that English Rule would cease a hundred years after it began, and this beginning, they and we date from the Battle of Plassy, fought by Clive in 1757. Is it not most strange that they have all over the East some way of transmitting tidings far swifter than the Electric Wire? How, no one knows. There are Foreigners in London who always know distant Events long before the Government or Papers. This must be, if true, by their Demons. We read in Scripture that the Spirit of Python knew and could proclaim the truth, and we are thoroughly aware that Ages of Time have not altered a single Demoniac Usage. What they were at Gadara or Ephesus they are this day. Spirits good and Evil have one peculiarity, that they are unchangeable. And this is the vast human mistake, that we read the Bible as if it related old Events that now are passed away. Whereas all things remain as they then were—Angels—Spirits—Demons—Possession by Fiends, &c., no change in these, not one. I begin, dear Madam, to write you a simple letter, but from garrulity of pen, or that seductive reason that I have got a listener, I go on till I discuss and dilate. Pray forgive my selfish habits, and at least believe that our thoughts & sym-

pathies & affectionate regards are with you & yours always."

"Aug., vj., 1857.

. . . "The Prayers in time of War? Our Bishop has enjoined us to use the Collect, and to ask the Congregation to join intercession for our 'fellow-countrymen in the East.' The Bishop of London's Form appeared to me the climax of vapid and unmeaning phraseology. The Prayers which they nowadays compose are to me most repulsive. They relate a long history to God! of all the circumstances about which they are going to pray, and then they suggest as it were with a 'May' or a 'Might' instead of a short clear plain request, as it is done in the Collects of old. All the words which teach to pray in the Bible are short, quick, clear signal-sounds such as Ask, Seek, Knock.

"My letters to you, dearest Madam, on whatsoever theme, are at your utter and complete disposal."

"Sept 6, 1857.

. . . "Your Indian inquiry as to the Sepoys is one frequently made but to which reply is not so facile. They are natives of India, either Hindoos or Mohammedans, and in our pay as Soldiers. No public effort has been made to Christianize them, because the compact has been tacitly or indeed expressly made, Give us your bodies and your purses and we shall not meddle with your Souls—one thing is clear, that England has not earned their love or gratitude or respect. We must have been in their estimation most vile, or they would not have been so brutal or fiendish in their warfare.

. . . "I was at College with the Bishop of Oxford [Wilberforce], and knew him well. He has been here once

during a Cornish tour to see me. But I never heard him preach. He is said to be what is called High Church. I should think him too much of a courtier to go into any extreme.

“I do not know much of Dr. Chalmers beyond his lectures on Astronomy, which I read and liked.”

“Septr. xvij., —57.

. . . “Do you know, dear Madam, that it is a striking thing to recall—22 years ago (in August 1835) I came hither to reside—I have buried one generation. The old people—old when I came—are dead. I have baptized another. The infants brought to me at the Font are now young persons in Service or Settled in life, and the Children of the tenants of 1835 are now renting their Fathers’ Farms.

. . . [India]. “One fact will suffice for ever to fill all future history. In 1857, a Hindoo, Nana Sahib by name, did put to demoniac death in cold Blood One Thousand English Persons—Men, Women and Children. I have read, I think, nearly all ancient History, and of course modern also, but I never met with anything at all approaching in ferocity this Man’s deeds—Man I call him, but there is no doubt he is an embodied Demon—a Human Form inhabited by one of the Fiends. One sign of the Demon never alters, and that is cruelty. Cruelty is the distinctive feature of the 19th Century. Consider Palmer—Dove—Bacon—Madeline Smith—Spollen, &c., and you find the principal point in their characters is selfish cruelty. A Tchutgar, say the orientals, *i.e.*, a Demon, never weeps—is pitiless.”

“Septr. xxiv., 1857.

. . . . . “I foresee gloomier days than these. Be very sure (said Moses to his people) that your Sin will find

you out. And again, with whatsoever a Man shall sin— with the same shall he be punished, or as it is put by Shakspeare into verse—

“ ‘ Our pleasant vices  
Are made the whips that scourge us.’ ”

The Sin of England has been Greed of Gold—Lust for Gain. In pursuit of this the Nation has said ‘Tush’ to the Most High. In endeavours after wealth all has been cast aside—a thousand Souls as nothing to a fraction per cent. And this went on for long. At last God’s hour struck on the Bell. The Signal was given to loosen the Demons. And as our Lord himself said of another doom, ‘It is the hour of darkness.’

. . . “I recommend you to borrow and to read ‘Fortescue’s Residence among the Chinese from 1853 to 1856.’

. . . “With all thankfulness to you for your suggestion to me to be fully employed, I must say in extenuation that I am. My days are, I assure you, all working days (Sundays included). Let me recall. Breakfast over, I see my animals and Glebe, and people who come daily till eleven—then into the Parish with Mrs. H. or alone as she can or not—home—dine at one—till Three, read and write—Church again—Walk if fine—home—read and write till Ten, and after to Mrs. H. in Bed.<sup>1</sup> I read till Midnight. Your motive, as always, is kind. You think employment would banish thought—I wish it could. But thick coming fancies and Thoughts that will have way cluster like Bees round every Path.”

<sup>1</sup> He would read novel after novel to her, when her sight failed, without knowing in the least what they were about. His eye followed the print and his voice uttered the words, but his thoughts were far away. “All taken from the Newgate Calendar,” he remarked grimly to a friend.

“Octr. v., 1857.

. . . [India]. “Our Nation’s doom begun. The judgment of the Just one. We had the Land, we ruled the the people—we were answerable for our Brothers’ Blood. We said ‘Gold, Gold, Gold—Glut us with Gold.’ It cannot be concealed, the injustice—the recklessness of our Reign—the tyranny, even to torture, in exaction of tax—the manner wherein men lived down their own Christian name—calling on the Sepoys to be baptized, and renouncing by their whole lives their own baptism—for all this we are brought into judgment. And how? by loosened armies of Fiends which have received allowance to avenge. This is the key of the total oracle. I say it—I who sign myself with our kindest regards to you & yours,

“Yrs. always affectly.,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

“Novr. xv., 1857.

. . . “Now what think you of India? I do not at all like the cruelties practised on the Sepoys by our Officers. General Neill, a Scotsman, not content with mere death, caused certain Brahmins to dabble in pools of Blood before they were blown from the guns, because they believe it to be punished eternally hereafter to touch blood. So he sought to slay Soul and Body too. At the next Battle he fought General Neill was slain. Now, what must his Soul have felt, if it encountered the Souls of those Brahmins separate from the flesh? An Ancient Poet describes the Spirits of the Slain as carrying on the Fight above the Field in the air: if so, what ferocious onslaughts must have ensued amid the Blue Sky of the East.

. . . “My own throat is sound, and my black cap thrown off. Two Sundays did I officiate in it—a skull cap of black velvet, made for me by Mrs. Hawker. The People

are accustomed to it, but I sometimes detect an unrepressed smile on the Children's Faces, when I catechize them with my Cap on. I preached to-day on the image of Cæsar graven on his coin, and on the Image of God imprinted upon the Face of Adam, and by him debased."

"Novr. xxij., 1857.

. . . "The Indian News we get from private hands is awful. A Mrs. — & Children, relatives to a friend of ours, have arrived at Southampton. Mrs. — with nose cut off, her Children both hands!! and hundreds of others, says she, are like her. And this is the Nineteenth Century of Christian Time!"

"Jany. xxxj. 1858.

"If the Life of Wilberforce you have just read be the same which was published by his Sons with Diary, etc., I read it immediately as it came out. Did I ever tell you that I was at Oxford with Two of them, Robert and Samuel, and they were both friends of mine? I always thought Robert the highest intellect, and no man was ever more esteemed and respected by another than I myself was by Robert W. When Samuel, before he was a Bishop, came down into Cornwall collecting Funds for the Propagation of the Gospel Society, I was with him in this neighbourhood, or rather he with me all the time. Wilberforce's 'Practical Christianity' was once with me a favourite Book.

. . . "I have not seen the work by Dr Cheever that you mention—indeed, unless a Ship freighted with New publications were cast ashore, I have not much chance. Things grow worse and worse in Morwenstow so far as access to the rest of the World is concerned. A Coach that

passed through my Parish every other day, *en route* from Bideford to Bude, is now stopped, and as we have no Carrier, only the daily Post remains to connect us with Europe."

"Feb'y. vij., 1858.

"Last night tidings arrived of another death (12 now since November): an elderly woman, 85, was found by her Husband when he awoke in the morning, dead at his side. She had apparently made neither struggle nor sound. How awful it must be to such a Soul to glide away in silence through the casement or the door—to discover the Angel close by—to follow him, conscious of his office, and to pass along the air while the Stars grow larger on either side—until Behold! The Son of Man—the Judge! Such thoughts will come—do come to me as I toss to and fro in wakeful hours of night. And I say to myself, What if the Soul of such and such a Man be asked, What was the doctrine taught to you by your Minister about Me and My Gospel? Did he charge you to repent, and did he promise to you pardon? What did he tell you to believe? awful! awful!"

"March xj., 1858.

... "I think the incident recorded by Mr. Granville about his Son at Alma one of the most graphic Pictures I ever read of Life in the Nineteenth eventful Century. He went ashore, if you remember, to search for, and perchance to bury, his Brother Bevil. He was turning over the dead, and expecting no doubt to find the well-known Face cold and silent, when all at once a cordial greeting, and he turns to welcome His Brother alive and loving as of yore! This Scene quite haunts me, and it came to mind to-night as I opened and read your long-lingering letter."

“April xxij., 1858.

“The endurance of that brief and introductory measure of our life, which we begin here, in the porch and vestibule of existence, is indeed uncertain: no one can prophecy when the gate will be unclosed thro’ which we pass at death, but one thing is sure, that the life of the soul will never be interrupted or broken, but will go on outside the body just as it did within, only in another place—a new abode—continuously and for ever. . . . You must not grieve too deeply [her elder sister had died] for this reason. God never sends for a Soul too soon or too late, but always at the right and best time for that Soul’s safety. He knows all things—everything shines before Him (as in that circle I sent to you, the symbol of Eternity) in one visible gaze. If looking forward he saw a better time would come for such a Soul to pass away in, God in his pity would wait for that hour, but if he looked onward, and perceived no better day would come but one more perilous, then he commands the angel to bring that spirit hence—and it is done. Therefore by the mingled omniscience and mercy of God the day of early death is the best day that could be chosen for each and all.

“I change the theme. You mention with your usual kindness my verses, and you ask when I composed them. As I always do, on horseback, or in the wakeful hours of night. If I can but fix my mind upon a given subject it is a relief to me at all times to compose—God gave me, I think, the power as a solace.”

“May 26, 1858.

. . . “What strange events rush in to break the routine of my remote and rural existence. On Monday morning (yesterday) I was on Carrow’s Saddle, on my way to visit an aged sick Parishioner, when I met a messenger. ‘A



Vessel wrecked, Sir, at Marsland Mouth,' my Boundary North towards Devonshire. I turned my Pony's head and rode down. The usual scene was there—the beach strewn with spars and Rigging—Sea casting up pieces of Timber and Sails. The preventive men had arrived by chance on one of their walks. They had picked up the Ship's Register in a tin case. The name was the *Temperance* of Padstow—a Sloop laden with Coals. The Boat also had washed on shore. But no trace of any Sailor alive or dead. I did my usual duty—appointed two or three Men to search the Rocks and Shore, with a promise to them of 10/0 reward for every corpse they should find and preserve from being robbed or stripped. Then home with pain and swollen face—a cold. The Storm all night had been fierce—Not much sleep all night—too much excited for that. This morning, up early and out on the cliffs—the wreck occurred only a mile by the shore from this house. About nine I was called in by a messenger. 'A corpse found!' 'Where?' 'At Marsland Mouth, washed in just where the wreck came ashore: we have left him, Sir, not touched till you came, as you told us.' Away on Pony. When I arrived it was a singular scene. A bright, calm, joyous Summer or Spring day. The Sea calm. The wind gone down. A cluster of Rocks, with Men seated around, and in their midst on his back as tho' asleep a young man about 18 or 19, a little bruised about the face by the rocks but otherwise a fine calm look. I removed my hat in the presence of the dead, and thanked the men. Then I had a temporary bier prepared of pieces of wood, and Four men took him up, and followed me up from the rocks towards the road, and so home. I preceded them when I approached the house, to prepare the usual place wherein I have laid out and shrouded and coffined now four and twenty dead Sailors. It is not inside my house, but part of the Church

premises. Then my next work was to write for the Coroner, who lives about 30 miles off. The policeman takes my letter. And now meanwhile comes the painful part—the shrouding and placing in his house of wood—all which comes to my superintendence, as it has for twenty mournful years.

. . . “Among the minor miseries of the last few days one has been that the Storm of Monday Night blew five young rooks out of their nests in the Churchyard trees, and we have them now in a Cage to be fed till they are fit to fly. I told you how they came three years ago in response to my strong wish for them. The trees are very low, the position quite exposed, yet they came and built, and this year 42 nests.”

“June 27, 1858.

“Well, dear Madam, our Revel Sunday to-day. Just as I had finished my third Sermon arrived a Man to say he had found the remains of another Sailor close to the wreck of the late vessel. This is in all likelihood the Captain. I am just back—fearful sight—head gone, trunk decomposed—my men are watching—a rough shell is in making to bring him home in, and I have to send for the Coroner,<sup>1</sup> &c., &c., half this Sunday Night—Is not mine a tangled life? a garment of divers colours existence has been to me.

. . . “Yesterday at Ten O’clock in the Morning arrived a Gentleman to see the Church. Shewed it him, I thought him pleasant, learned and travelled—had a gleam of thought I had seen him before. He knew Blight, etc. Said I then, ‘Sir, do you know a literary Friend of mine,

<sup>1</sup> In another letter referring to this wreck he says, “The Charity Commissioner, W. H., a Barrister. I appeared before him. He and all belonging to the Government a vast Sham, a Pantomime.”

Mr. Henwood?' He smiled and said, 'I am he!' . . . I had not seen him for 17 years."

" July 1, 1858.

. . . "O what a day Monday was—What with People to call (it was our Revel day, Sunday in the week of St. John the Baptist—Midsummer Day)—What with visits from Parishioners—two sets of Bude people—the inquest in the house—we had in all that day 52 people here in this Vicarage. I began the day by carrying the Eucharist to an aged Woman who is dying, and I was on my legs except for one half hour till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past nine at night. Mrs. Hawker only sees a few—a very few—unable to distinguish faces—it is painful to her to come downstairs. How thankful, how overwhelmed with gratitude ought we to be—we two—my poor dear Wife and I—so many long and weary years that we have fought the battle of life together—pilgrims and sojourners, with few and far between that we could call friends. The Garden of Eden before, and behind a howling wilderness.

" July 24, 1856.

. . . "Every day for a week a thick hot mizzling rain and a gloomy mass of clouds coming down as if to crush and stifle Man and Beast. And the tokens amid the corn have undergone a total change. Now we dread, and with reason, rust and mildew, a meagre kerneling, that is the word for which in Cornwall we use the term 'kerneling.' My own, which was so noble in aspect, is now laid—only in spots yet, but, as I dread, this heavy pall of moisture will prostrate more. It reminds us what we are beneath his touch who will command the clouds that they give down or withhold our bread.

. . . "Two other aged persons have been well nigh

terrified to death by cruel threats of removal to the Union House ; both are over 84 years. The Board of Guardians, almost totally Dissenters (two out of our three are local preachers), remove paupers according to their caprice, in utter disdain of law and justice. Here, for instance, they inflict no discipline on the mothers of unlawful Children who in other Unions are compelled to go into the House, but they pick out the extremely aged who ought to be left to be near the Church and Clergyman, and drag them away 8 miles to die. Mrs. Hawker has been in the habit of giving the aged who die calico for a shroud ; they have now decided that if any pauper receives a gift towards burial, the Union pay for the funeral is withdrawn. Is it not fearful to live in such a fierce and savage place ? ”

“ July 31, 1858.

. . . “ I fulfilled your wishes as to conquest of temper in meeting those who had very bitterly wronged me. My thoughts are too full of the end of all things to give room for earthly strife. But nothing rancorous occurred ; the absorbing theme, like Moses’ Rod, swallowed up the serpents.”

[In allusion to his wife’s failing health.]

“ Aug. 22, 1858.

. . . “ What a fearful thing is domestic life. We weave ties that we deem are as our own duration, while not a fibre that binds us to others is in our own power. No web of the Spider is more fragile than the Household Home. A touch upon heart or brain and, Oh ! Merciful Master, where are we ? Blessed Jesu ! thou didst inhabit a happy home at Nazareth, Bind and Shelter us ! ”

“Aug. 27, 1858.

. . . “Have you heard of Mr. Landor and his libel? When I was at Oxford his Poetry was in vogue, and I read it; but he was always utterly void of Religious Belief, and now the end of these things is death.”

“Oct. 10th, 1858.

“I detest the whole system of Union Houses. When we remember that our Blessed Saviour said, ‘Whatsoever ye do (good or evil) to one of these (the poor) ye do it unto me, and I will remember it when I come in my glory,’ this I think should make us very careful how we treat the Poor.”

“Oct. xxiv., 1858.

. . . “Your next question refers to a decree of the Pope forbidding the adoption of the name of Mary for a child. This must be because it is the name of our Lord’s Mother, and as it is forbidden to call a boy by his name, so I conclude it is decreed that a girl is not to bear hers. But this is only a guess of mine. I had not heard of it before.”

“Decr. xix., 1858.

“Home once more from Wellcombe, and through such a storm of Hail and Wind and Thunder as I have seldom encountered. Carrow to the Saddleflaps in Water passing through the brook. But she behaved beautifully and from speed I am not wetted to the skin. The Storm came on while we were in Church here this morning, and the Roll of the Thunder mingled with the backrake, as they call it, of the ground Sea. The Church was black with gloom, and the pale Faces of the People were in solemn contrast. It put me in mind of the verses ‘The Sea and the Waves

roaring, men's hearts failing them from Fear,' and also of Bossuet's Advent Sermon, wherein he said, 'What if this Roof were at this very instant to cleave asunder, and we saw through the rent the Son of Man coming in the clouds!' It is said that all the congregation rose up suddenly and stood trembling.

"You mention the proposed arrival of your Relatives in Bath. There is an old English Proverb which hints thus, Love your relations, but live not near them.

"The Queen's Proclamation seems carefully drawn. Every word is by Lord Stanley, the Premier's eldest Son. He is a correspondent of Friends of mine, and is regarded by those that know him as a more thorough Radical than even O'Connell himself. There will be a strong uproar about the New Reform Bill when Parliament meets. They talk of making many millions of the lower orders voters; if they do, Victoria will be the last of her Race to wear a crown."

"Decr. 26, 1858.

"Just home from Church, and just finished my Sixth Service in 48 hours—Five Sermons since yesterday morning—none in the morning of Christmas Day, because of the Eucharist. But the weather for Ten days has been very very awful and exceedingly strange—Thunder, Hail, Rain, and Storms of Wind. On the 22nd the Lightning, sudden, as its own name, smote the arm of one of the maids and deadened it. Hail as large as marbles came against our glass like shot fired from a gun, and is it not strange, altho' many windows in various parts of the parish were broken not a pane was cracked in the Vicarage or Church. Yet the Storm came from the North West and the Sea. We look out on that Point. Since that day nothing but change from rain to Gales of Wind—a lull—

and a Storm again. And yet, altho' torrents fell yesterday morning, and evening, and again to-day, my rides to and from Wellcombe have been safe and my poncho dry.

“The whole country side is excited about these storms, and the people connect them with the death of a Mr.—, a Merchant of Boscastle and a notorious wrecker. As soon as a Ship was seen he used to mount his horse, and never leave her out of sight until she came ashore, when he would take possession, and make enormous profit by charging Salvage, etc. He did so in Morwenstow twice. Ten days ago a Man called Jabez Brown living at Boscastle was returning at Night when he saw sailing up the Valley from the Sea a Cloud filled with bright fiery light. All the Sailors also saw it. It glided on over——’s House, and passed inland up the glen, until it reached a Church to which he belonged and where his Family Vault used to be and is. This sight so astonished Brown, that he wrote an account of it to *The Times*, and there I read it. On Sunday evening this day week — went out on the cliffs, and was seen watching the sea, it is supposed for Wreck. He returned quite well and went to bed. At 5 in the morning his Servants heard him walk about his room. Then his footsteps ceased. He had returned to bed. At Six O’Clock a vast roll of the Tide came up the Harbour, and one of his Vessels broke loose. The Servants went up to tell him—knocked—no answer—again—silence—frightened, they went in, and there he lay quite dead, His head upon his hand. Ever since that day it is certain the storms have been continual—again and again with violence, and while I now write my Table trembles with the wind. All this is awful. The Enemy of Man, you know, is called the Prince of the Powers of the Air, and what allowance of the demon there may be always overruled for good we cannot tell. It always struck me as a warning that when the demons

were cast out of the man, and because they must rage somewhere, asked leave to enter into the swine (a forbidden herd to the Jews), it was granted, and they rushed into the Waters and perished there."

"May the 1st, 1859.

"To-day my text was from the Gospel, 'Peace be unto you!' our Lord's favourite Salutation. But the thanksgiving for Peace was strangely marred by the Tidings of vast, fierce and cruel War announced at the same date. Often have I said in Sermons and in conversation, A Day will dawn of English humiliation. The unholy Laws which have been a Nation's Sins will have their retribution. I for one believe this is the beginning of that End. The cruel Poor law—The unrighteous robbery of God's Tithes—the Sanction offered to unlawful marriage and Divorce. 'Shall I not visit for these things, saith the Lord, and shall not my Soul be avenged on such a Nation as this?' The first Napoleon used to say, 'A time will come when the World will be Cossack or French.' I have said hundreds of times 'Why not both?' There have been prophecies floating through the East for many years that the Turk would perish as a Power, and the Frank would reign from the Holy City, *i.e.*, Jerusalem. My thought is this: Napoleon has offered to Russia Constantinople and Turkey on condition of his retaining Egypt, and receiving, when they divide the Spoil, Malta, Gibraltar and Jerusalem. Meanwhile England must fold in her horns and be once more an Island only. What can raise up an Army here? Multitudes of Soldiers from the Crimea crippled but of only a short Service, and so no pension, are in Union Houses—the Militia, disbanded without clothing, are filling our Parishes with their murmurs—and now they want more. Would it not have been far cheaper to have paid a



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paltry penny Church Rate than to lose the Angel Michael as the rebellious nation has lost? But they have robbed God, and now where is their hope? They can no longer say, 'My hope, Lord, is in thee.'

“May 8th, 1859.

“Your letter is indeed a touching History of human trial—saddest of all the tidings and the tale contained in the paragraph of print. Saddest to you, the Friends and witnesses from without, of that which Johnson (Dr. Samuel) calls the most mournful aspect of human misery. But whether that unconsciousness of self which is the usual accompaniment of mental loss be not intended as God's especial alleviation of the awful judgment, we cannot tell. To me the theme is full of unapproachable awe: remembering, as I do, a time when stretch and worry so did their work upon my harassed brain, that I knew not for long who sate and watched by my bed of danger. Afterward, I found that my poor Wife had been my well-nigh unaided Nurse. But I must not revert.

“Of your other Nephew's troubles I deem lightly. Young, healthy and active, he can leap 'the crossing stones of the brook' without injury beyond a little delay, and the lessons we gather from experience are of faithful admonition for final good. Sometimes I say, if I could but be set down now with youth and health upon a lowly vantage ground, the World should hear of me. But still Time and the Hour would again whiten the hair and paralyze the hand.

“Do not, I pray you, mistake me, as if I felt or could feel the slightest sympathy with France, or that bold bad man her ruler, or that I failed to appreciate the religious blessings of our native Land. Far, very Far from that. But as I know and bewail my own transgressions, and repent

them deeply and long, so do I perceive that England has many a doom to anticipate for national Sin. The senate is the seat of guiltiness, and there are laws adverse to the Spirit of the Gospel which must be paid for."

"June xij., 1859.

. . . "On Friday Evening at 5, a bustle at the door meant some visitor. On going down I found Sir T. Acland, who had brought from Bude to drink tea the Earl of Harrowby and his Son Lord Sandon. They stayed till  $\frac{1}{2}$  past Nine, and went home by Moonlight. They seemed very sociable. The Countess not long since died. He, the Earl, was Lord Privy Seal in the last Ministry, and expects, I think, to hold office again."

"June xix., 1859.

"Another Sunday added to the Past—one week nearer to that journey through the pathless air to the far and awful home. This is Wellcombe Revel Sunday. The Doctrine of the Trinity is the Pearl treasured up in the Casket of that simple Country Church. It was founded by Nectan, Brother of Morwenna, about 950 A.D., and the day of its consecration has been celebrated for Nine Centuries of Christian Time on the Trinity Sunday of every Year. So it is something to say, that a lonely and rustic Sanctuary here by the Sea has kept and counted 900 Revel days—and this it may be with me the last!"

"July 3, 1859.

. . . "I grieve to say that I think my temper is not so equable as once it was.

. . . "We see by the Papers that the Queen has conferred the Order of the Garter on the late Prime Minister,

Lord Derby, and on our late Guest at tea, Lord Harrowby. He was looking well, it is said, whereby, Mrs. H. says, we infer that his health did not suffer from a thick slice of Bread and Cream which I spread for him. I have had a letter from him this week, most kindly transcribing a passage from Catullus, a Latin Poet mentioned in our Conversation."

"July x., 1859.

. . . "Another letter from Lord Harrowby. I therefore send you (to *keep*) his first, that you may see how an Earl and a Knight of the Garter can lean upon his Pen. I shall write him a long letter as soon as I have time."

*The Earl of Harrowby to the Rev. R. S. Hawker.*

"Westbrook. June 25, 1859.

"DEAR SIR,

"A Catullus having fallen in my way, I have transcribed the lines, which had occurred faintly to my recollection, as confirming our impression, that the *ποντιων κυματων ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* described the sound, and not the appearance of the waves.<sup>1</sup> You will observe, that the corresponding word, *cachinnus*, is used by the

<sup>1</sup> Compare page 192; also William Watson's lines—

"Not since first thy wine-dark wave  
Laughed in multitudinous mirth:"

The extract from Catullus transcribed by Lord Harrowby has not been kept. It was probably that splendid simile in Carmen LXIV.—

"Hic, qualis flatu placidum mare matutino  
Horrificans Zephyrus proclivas incitat undas  
Aurora exoriente vagi sub limina Solis,  
Quae tarde primum clementi flamine pulsae  
Procedunt (*leni resonant plangore cachinni*),  
Post vento crescente magis magis increbrescunt  
Purpureaque procul nantes a luce refulgent."

Latin Poet to describe not the loud lashing, but the gentle ripple.

“Yours, my dear Sir,

“Very truly,

“HARROWBY.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Sept. xxv., 1859.

“You mentioned China, and the war. It is hardly possible to sympathize with such a people. As a Nation they are Infidels, and from disbelief in a Future state they have no Fear of death, and suicide is their most usual mode of extrication from distress. If an army were sent large enough to decimate their population the nine parts would take no warning—

“As to the *Great Eastern*, this is my opinion. She was built in audacity, instead of trust in God: a large Ship, so large as to disdain peril at Sea is built. When finished they dash a bottle of Wine at her Bows in travesty of Christian Baptism, and they call her after the Demon. Leviathan is the name of the Great Enemy of Man in the Scripture. It means the wreathed or coiled Serpent. With such a baptismal title how could she prosper on the Element sacred to the Rest of the Spirit of God—<sup>1</sup>(it moved on the face of the Waters)? I foretold evil, and now it comes.

“There is more in Names than men usually deem. Said the Romans, *Nomen omen*. Now *Nomen* is Latin for name, and *omen* means a foresign. So they mean, The name is often ominous of the life. Said the old Forefathers, *Nomen Numen*. *Numen* means God’s Grace, and I read it, as the name leads so grace follows—and as

<sup>1</sup> Cf his line—“Yonder that couch of God.”

we are baptized so we are. How fully this is born out by events. My name <sup>1</sup> means strength, and whatever I think, or feel, or do, I do strongly. This is a wide field, but I discover in the title given to this Iron Ship an augury of her destiny. Nothing wou<sup>d</sup>. induce me to sail in her."

"Dec. 11th, 1859.

"As Sir Wm. Herschel foretells another and a fiercer Hurricane than the last (in Oct.) before 1859 expires we live in dread. Full fifty years it is said since we had a storm such as that which so fearfully injured us in October. My Barn is not yet fit to use. And the search for the Bodies still goes on. Limbs are cast ashore every now and then, arms and legs, and at Hartland joining Wellcombe, lumps of flesh have floated above High water, and been buried in the ground. Five out of Seven Corpses had no Heads—cut off by the jagged rocks!! It is indeed a fearful country to inhabit. You asked me why other Clergymen objected to my mode of burial. A plain history will reply. Six Corpses were cast ashore at Northam, near Bideford. They were carried on ladders (laid along) to the nearest hut—inquests held—put into boxes without shrouds or any other decency, and buried at a cost of 10/- each man. Now ours are always brought to the dead-house adjoining the Church, and are attended to by the Sexton's Wife, and shrouded like any other dead—measured for the coffin, and buried according to their station in life. And the charge we make to the County is 40 - besides what I outlay. Do you not see that this is enough to excite the sarcasm and the rebuke of those who do otherwise. But enough of this. Since 1843 I have taken up from the rocks and buried 27. But to me the great comfort is, that the souls of all these men are grate-

<sup>1</sup> Robert from *robur*.

ful to me for the respectful interment of their bodies, and that all they are permitted to do for me they fulfil. That they have brought me tokens of goodwill I am persuaded. Do you know, I was surprised to hear you doubt that the dead know what we do. I thought the Scripture clear about this. Besides, how otherwise can we account for the appearance of Spirits for especial purposes to the living—And that they do so appear everybody in every nation under Heaven believes. Did you ever see a Book called ‘The Night side of Nature,’ by Mrs. Crowe? She is well-known to many of my Family. One of these stories relating to my Grandfather used to be told us years ago. It is many years since I read it, and I do not vouch for all the contents, but still, it is a Book that I think you would like to read.”

“Jany. i., 1860.

“There is to me nothing more awful than to stand as we do to-night on the threshold of an unknown year, and to reflect that they know in God’s presence what will befall us one by one; they understand, altho’ we do not, which of us will live through this year, and who will not, while we pass on like men stumbling over graves by night, towards the Valley of the shadows unwittingly, and in a moment the veil may be rent before us, and we may see the angel and hear his Voice—‘Follow me.’

. . . “I have been very much shocked at the death of a contemporary, once called Babington Macaulay, now a Peer, Lord M. He died nearly suddenly last week. I corresponded with him once, and he mentions me in one of his Volumes of History. I know not yet the cause of death. The thought appals me, how many I survive! many whom I thought would out-live me.”

“March 4, 1860.

. . . “To-day I rode through rain to Wellcombe, but the clouds lifted while I was in Church there, and this evening has the smell and look of Spring. I was also yesterday afternoon at Wellcombe to bury twins, Seven months children—a daughter and a Son—one had lived two hours, the other a day and a night, both baptized in emergency by the Surgeon who came to the mother. The entries looked odd in my register book—such dots of human life—the last before them was, ‘A corpse cast ashore: name known only in Heaven.’

. . . “Your next inquiry is about the Lord’s Prayer. So far from thinking as Socinus did, that it was only given to the Apostles to use while they were Jews, I regard it, as not only the most perfect Model of Human Entreaty ever breathed into words by God the Holy Ghost, but in itself the strongest compulsion on God the Trinity that Earth can pour forth to Heaven. The Angels glide and gather like Eagles at the first faint signal of its sound. The Sevenfold supplications condense and deliver all that God can bestow. . . . God knows best how he wishes to be spoken to, and God gave with his lips of flesh this boundless Prayer.”

“March xj., 1860.

“You are perplexed with that mingled gathering of great events contained in the Four Gospels. These Four MSS. may be called, as we should now write, Memoirs of the Messiah—just as Books are now published containing Anecdotes of Great Men, written as they occurred to the Writer, and as one event or saying suggested another. Nothing will clear this to you like a series of dates which I will draw up. When you have read them, remember that the Gospel *was preached, the converts baptized, the Clergy*

*ordained, the Doctrines taught and known, from 50 to 100 years before the New Testament was written or read.* Hence they do not contain that System which was already in full and fixed existence before a Gospel was composed or an Epistle sent. Unawareness of this fact is the great Hindrance to clear Understanding Holy Writ. Why, it is sometimes asked, do not the Scriptures say what vestments the Clergy should wear?—All their apparel, all their usages, were enjoined by the Apostles, and all in practice many, many years before a leaf of the New Testament existed upon Earth. . . . They (the Apostles) carried the Doctrines in their Breasts. They delivered them with their voices and hands. They converted cities and people, and from the year 34 till the year 100 all this went on. They proclaimed — converted — baptized — ordained Clergymen, as Timothy at Ephesus, and Titus at Crete. Afterward one or two would write a Letter on some particular occasion and to some casual city—Ephesus—Colossae—Rome. These Letters were afterward, after 100 A.D., collected together, and called the Epistles. Once now and then, after about 60-65, some place or person would desire a written collection of some parables, some miracles of the Lord Jesu. So St. Matthew wrote a parchment scroll for the Hebrews—St. Luke wrote one for a Friend who knew all about the Gospel before, but still St. Luke thought fit to draw up a clearer MS.: Read the first verses of St. Luke. St. Mark compiled for Rome an epitome of St. Matthew. Last of all, about 100, St. John wrote a Gospel to rebut a number of false doctrines on one or two points. But all these Writings were casual—occasional and supplementary; they contained no set statement of doctrines; all these were known before they had the Apostles' creed—no consecutive or formal record, because the history had been delivered by the Twelve Witnesses."



“ March 18, 1860.

. . . “No one ever remembers the aspect of the wheat-ridges so mournfully unpromising. I preached to-day from the Gospel ‘Gather up the fragments that remain that nothing be lost’—and meaning that the bread which our Lord had touched and blessed was not to be trodden under foot and treated with disrespect, but to be honoured and treasured as the hallowed gift of God. Whereas, when wheat was low in price a year ago, many Farmers here gave it to their swine—a Sin for which they now are punished.”

“ March 25, 1860.

. . . “The Farmers have a proverb here that good Wheat in March should cover a sitting hare. God help us, for he only can.”

“ April 1j., 1860.

“I sympathize sincerely with you in your change of home. I think I should die on the road if I were compelled to go among strangers. Sometimes in those vigils which sleepless habits induce, among the thick-coming fancies is, Where shall I in all human likelihood gather up my feet and die? Not here, I think, not here. Did you ever read that there is among animals a knowledge of approaching death, and they have in the desert and the Forest some covered haunt or Cave to which they resort for their final pain? Buckland and others have so explained those caves in Mountains full of fossil bones. They are supposed to shrink from many witnesses of their last struggles, and to seek out those places, where other animals have perished, to die alone. But I must not dwell on this theme, for my heart drags down, and the eyes fail the pen. Thank God, we, who are bought with a price,

cannot, if we would, go away from God. When we change abodes, we merely pass from one part of God's presence to another part around us in simple existence, like the element of light clinging to our skin—so that we are never alone—never free from the access of God. Thank God for such an oracle."

"April 15, 1860.

. . . "To-day at Nine I went to Wellcombe, had Communion Service only with the Eucharist—no Sermon—home here at Eleven—the total Service and Sermon over at One—at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2, Evening Prayer and Sermon at Wellcombe again—Back to Evening Service and Sermon here—Very much exhausted I am, but I thank God that I can do it at all. I have the thought, which no doubt encourages many a poor labouring man, that is, that I am the Breadwinner of the House. If you ask in earnest whether I would be Bishop of Cornwall if I could, I answer 'A thousand times no.' One only horizon bounds my day. To carry on life and strength as long as my poor dear Wife shall want a sheltering and a succouring hand, and then, when I have fulfilled the final duties of life for her, if God grants me to live longest and to die last, then to gather up my feet as the Men of old time did, and enter into rest. This was my answer when Sir Stafford Northcote, himself in those days a Minister of the Crown, asked me what my ambition sought, what preferment I would ask for if I could, and I replied, 'Nothing that would call on me to move from this roof for a week or day.'

"I was much struck with an answer, or rather a remark, made to me not long ago by an aged Parishioner—a bedlying old Man—82. I said to him, 'I have been to see Granny Olde to-day, and she is ten years older than you. She is 92.' He smiled a cheerful smile, and said, '92! I

hope the Lord will not leave me here so long as that—Ten year more. No—No—if it please God—too much o't, Sir, meaning no offence.' Was not this a singular frame of mind? But the Old Man is a wonderful specimen of simplicity and merry suffering, if I may use the word—in anguish, too, from rheumatism.

. . . "I like your extract, and I shall not return it unless you require it. I have in my Calmet's Dictionary a plate of Ebal and Gerizim, the Mounts of Anathema and Benediction, with the tribes passing through—Moses, Aaron and the Levites on the Hilltop. Once a Parishioner shewed me a Paper of directions how to overcome his enemies, which was given by a White Witch. It was to be read at every gate, and it consisted of the curses in the 27th Ch. of Deuteronomy."

"Aug. 27, 1860.

. . . "We have had a visit to-day, on their road from Bude to Clovelly, from Dr. Liddell, the Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and his wife. Both very affable and kind. She was the daughter of the Earl of Strathmore. They are both a great deal at Court. He officially as chaplain to the Prince Consort, and she as a Guest of the Queen. They speak in the highest terms of the Prince of Wales. His disposition and temper are courteous to the extreme, and his morals unexceptionable. Dr. Liddell told me that the distrust of the French Emperor at Court is complete, and among the ministers not one will believe him sincere towards England except Gladstone."

"Sept. 2nd, 1860.

. . . "I have been shaken and depressed exceedingly, as you will understand when I tell you that for 30 years I have known and associated in my profession beyond the

common usage of the Clergy with Chancellor Martin. He and Lady Jemima, his first wife, sought acquaintance with me when I was but a Deacon, and his position afterward in all matter of Church Law, especially my law suit with Sir John Buller, brought me into his contact and notice continually. If I had been asked to name the Man of strongest nerve, and calmest brain, and also of sturdiest health in the Diocese of Exeter, I should have said at once Chancellor Martin. And now, in a few short hours, that nerve prostrate, that strong intellect shattered, that brawny frame prostrate, is indeed a Shuddering Astonishment. Who is safe? Which of us can confide in what his own will shall resolve, or what his own fingers may do? . . . No one can answer the Apostle's, 'What is our Life?' They say Exeter is in total gloom—the Bishop utterly prostrate, and the Cathedral Clergy walk about pale and silent. Such a deed was never before done by a Man in such a Rank of Sacred life. It will be a sad blow to the Church." [Chancellor Martin committed suicide.]

"Sept. 9, 1860.

. . . "You do not mention your Books. I hope you have some amusing volume in your hands at this time. I never advise a theological work for any one in a sick room. Nor do I ever read such myself when I am an invalid."

"Sepbr. 23, 1860.

. . . "I used to wonder when Strangers said of Morwenstow, 'I would not live there for the world. Eight miles from a Medical Man!' But I have lived to think that we are in that respect forlorn. When I lie awake at night, and think that days are fast drawing near when the nurse and the Doctor must be sought to move about the

room, my heart fails me exceedingly. What can we do? And germs of malady incident to years admonish my own poor carcase to beware, lest the silver cord be loosed, and the golden bowl broken, and the mourners go about the streets.

"I have looked up lately a Mass of MSS., the jotted entries of long years, and gathered them not into bundles to burn, because they contain, I think, sentences of great value to future Scribes and Students of the Oracles of God. How will strange eyes wonder, and voices that I shall not hear repeat the words of the former Vicar, the fragments of his broken mind! What, I wonder, was the purpose of my life? Why was I rescued from the Knees? All was done for the wisest and the best: of this be very sure. But still, I wonder why—O may God grant that I may have bound up the wounds of at least one by the wayside! that I may have carried a cup of cold Water in these hands to *one for whom Christ died*. If I have been his Vicar but to one of his lowly ones, I shall not have lived in vain."

"Nov. xi., 1860.

. . . "Our people have a saying, in the truth of which I fully concur—it is

"The wind that cometh from the East,  
Is neither good for Man nor Beast."

At all events, I can declare before I get up in the morning if it be in that fatal quarter, by an increase of the heavy and depressing weight, midway in the pit of the Stomach, which is too often my drag on the wheel of life. God give us a light bosom at the last day."

"Novr. 25, 1860.

. . . "They say in foreign countries that we in England can be eloquent only on one topic, and that is the weather,

but when we do consider how much depends on it with us it is no wonder. Health and digestion, and God's Worship in Church, all hang upon the Clouds and wind. . . Our aisles are so cold, so forlorn, that it is a relief to me to hear the word from Mrs. H., 'I am afraid to-day.' To me it is become the House appointed, for underneath the place I stand to read from I must lie down at last to moulder, and never do I officiate but that thought grasps and drags this weary heart of mine like the nether millstone."

"Dec. 2, 1860.

. . . "I do not allow Mrs. Hawker to regard it as a Sin not to go to Church in all weathers. . . Your text may well be now, looking at the younger and the strong—'Let Chimham go,' 2nd Samuel, Ch. 19, v. 37. Although we are not as old as Barzillai, the principle is the same, and we may in such cases of ill-health and infirmity stand excused. . .

. . . "And as to stimulants—I cannot drink even one glass of wine without actual suffering. I wish I could. But when I was so ill, and so near death in 1851, Dr. Budd told Mrs. Hawker that he had never encountered in all his practice so excitable a tissue as that which held my Brain. He hinted that any great trial or sorrow would in all likelihood overwhelm my mind, and he then prophesied what I have since found fulfilled that my safety lay in a subdued and low diet. I refer to this peculiar texture my wakefulness at night. A cross parishioner or an angry correspondent has power over my sleep a whole night."

"Dec. 23, 1860.

"My pony, my dear little Carrow, carried me to-day thither, that is to Wellcombe and back, fetlock deep in Snow,

and without a single slip or blunder. Still, I was very thankful when I found myself at home again in safety.

"You ask me from what sources we derive our knowledge of the actual Face and Form of our Master and Lord. The Period of the world's History in which he lived on Earth was remarkable for Sculpture, for Fresco, and Medalling: *a priori*, One so remarkable even as a Man would be portrayed and at all events described. The First Verse of the 3rd Chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians is deemed in original Greek to refer to a Sculptured or a painted Representation of our Lord's Person and Crucifixion well known in Galatia. The woman who came behind him and touched the Broided Border of his Mantle was a native of Cæsarea Philippi. After she was healed, she caused a Statue to be molten in Bronze, an exact likeness of our Lord, with Herself kneeling at his feet, and with her hand stretched out and laying hold of the Flowers worked on the Band. This statue existed in the year 400 A.D., and was then described feature by feature and point by point by Eusebius, a Church Historian. The print which I enclose, and which I obtained from a Friend last week to send you, contains a well known outline of The Blessed Face, as it remained on a Napkin which he took from the hands of Veronica, as he carried his Cross towards Calvary, and when he gave it back to her the outline of his Face remained on it in tracery of Blood and Sweat. You will remark upon it the selfsame Countenance as I have described, only wrenched into anguish by his Sufferings at the time. But these likenesses are chiefly valuable as they corroborate and confirm the accounts which exist in books contemporary with the Times of the Apostles and thence downward. One writer compares his aspect to that of James the Less, and States as one reason of the Kiss of Judas that it was to distinguish him in that gloom of night from St. James. Then another describes his

Mother's face and form, and records the fact that as he was man of the Substance of his mother, in the words of a creed, as he derived his flesh and bones and Limbs and Stature from Her Veins, he was likely to be, and was, like her in Face, and Hair, and look, as Murillo, the Spanish Painter, delineated the Mother and her Son.

“Well, there is then a consent, as it is called among all the Church Writers, as to every feature—every shade, of that Noble Face, when they come to describe it, until about the date A.D. 700. Nicephorus, a well known Authority, relates in exact language all that I have transcribed for you, and from that period until about 1560 every Painter, when he tried to represent our Saviour, never presumed to alter one Feature of the received and recorded Face. After that date Painters, such as Raphael<sup>1</sup> and Correggio, began to paint from Models, and then the Aspect began to vary, until now there are as many Christs (so called) as there are Painters. They chose some Person in the Crowd whose Shape and Features struck their Fancy and that Model became their Christ. This is to me rank Blasphemy. Said the Angel at Bethany to the Apostles, ‘This same Jesus shall so come in like manner as ye have seen him go.’ That which he *was* we know from recorded Semblance. That which he *is* therefore *we know* also. His eye is not grown dim, neither is his natural force abated. That which he will be, we can pourtray in The vision of our minds. I advise you every night before you sleep to call up, and to shape before you, his actual Form and Face, and let your thoughts slumber into prayer, ‘even so Lord Jesu Come.’

“And now, my dear Friend, use, copy and impart anything that I have written as you like. It makes me glad to find anything I can write will interest you.”

<sup>1</sup> Compare pp. 226 and 257.



“Jany. 6, 1861.

“A week of anxious misery—The Police backward and forward—letter on letter—the last now enclosed—no inquest—and the remains of the murdered child buried, without Service, by the Sexton alone. But how many things I have to answer and to clear up. You ask me why notice was not given to the Minister of the Parish. It was. Am I not the minister of Wellcombe, where the body was found? If it had not been my parish I could not have interfered. But, being in my own Parish of Wellcombe, the whole fell on me. The Coroner simply refuses to do his duty—the total guilt falls on him. A medical Man would ascertain the Sex of the Child, But without a Coroner’s Warrant no medical man can examine the corpse. A Girl is suspected, but except on an inquest no suspected person can be examined. The cause of death was a broken skull, but only by and before a Coroner could any formal evidence be taken. Very Strange. On New Year’s Day Coroners’ fees were abolished by Act of Parliament, and a Salary substituted, which the Coroner will receive the same whether the inquests are many or few, and it is predicted here in Cornwall that the Coroner will but seldom come in future. O what evil times we have to dwell in! My only redress would be to lay the case before the Secretary of State, who would in all likelihood dismiss the Coroner. Some years ago I should have done it but my spirits and energy are unequal now. He is a lawyer of B——, once Member for that Borough, and called, from his boisterous habits, Roaring Dick. It is beyond belief. His chief argument is, ‘Because the corpse is *so small*, therefore its murder is too trivial for an inquest, and utterly beneath my notice.’”

“Jany. 20, 1861.

“A kind of prophecy of thaw rather than an actual one

has softened the ground a little to-day under my brave and gentle Carrow's feet. At Wellcombe the mourners filled the seats, as the custom here is always on the Sunday after the funeral. The remains of the poor child were buried by the Sexton alone without Service, and thus the little unit was withdrawn from the great Sum of human life.

. . . "The Revivals which you mention are to us in Cornwall too well known. They occur along this Coast every year—every month—every week, until the grave and sincere Dissenters as well as the quiet Church-folks regard them as 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' The vast and mighty Gift of the Third Person of the Trinity on the day of Pentecost was to deliver inspiration to twelve men, and no more—the Apostles—nobody else there. And that Gift of the Holy Ghost was a proved *Fact* by the *miracle*. Every one of the Apostles became able from that hour to speak, to write, to spell Foreign Languages, that they had never learned nor known. What analogy is there between this Descent of the Spirit on the ordained Apostles and the claims of a promiscuous multitude, who are not Apostles and never can be?"

"Feb. 3, 1861.

"I have gone thro' my duties of to-day amid the anguish of a pain which few regard with sympathy or compassion, the toothache. My number is but scanty—four above, five below, providentially in the middle of the Front, or my articulation would be destroyed. The Archbishop of Canterbury is said to be so toothless that even his text cannot be understood. My voice, which is of a kind called by the Italians a breast tone, meaning deep down in the chest, has always been thus far strong and distinct, and I have for a long time practised using the breath and throat only, so as to be prepared for the worst. I have so determined

a resolve never to admit false teeth in any event, that I hardly know what would ensue—but then the people who come here with the mouth filled with artificial teeth so mumble as to be unintelligible.

. . . “My Sheep thus far again are well, my earliest lamb is expected about the 20th of this month, and no Farmer will have any before me. Under my Vicarage Barn is a Sheep Fold or Pen, with two doors which shut up at night. There sometimes at night I go with my Old Man, who carries their chaff—cut hay—and I the lanthorn. A pleasant and a peaceful sight. They all know us, and push our hands away to get at the Food in the Manger.

. . . “Some time ago a Captain B. (Merchant Service) brought his newly married Wife to Bude to lodge, while he went to Sea. She was a Spaniard, young and beautiful and brown. He sailed. Last Week a letter arrived at Bude for Captn. B.—immediate. She opened it. It was from another and a previous Wife in Liverpool! What a Scene of adventure and romance for our rustic watering place by the Sea.”

[*Re* opening of the Vault of the Granvilles in Kilkhampton Church]:—

“But the strange thing was this. When they opened the Vault first they found Sir Bevil Granville’s lead Coffin—that in which he was brought down from Lansdown, near Bath, where he died in battle—they found this massive ponderous Coffin out of its place, and cast, as it were, on the other side of the Vault, towards the door—it took 20 men with iron levers and implements and chains to move it back again. This Coffin, too, was broken, and the Body having been embalmed, a man had taken away thro’ the aperture a lock of the beard. We have often talked of this, and altho’ Lord John <sup>†</sup> had a theory that the gases from

<sup>†</sup> Lord John Thynne.

the corpse might have lifted it, everybody knew this could not be. I had the curiosity to inquire thro' a friend of one of our first Chemists, who ridiculed the notion. All this happened two years ago.

“About a fortnight agone I received by Post from Kelly a little Book—a sixpenny Tract or Pamphlet called ‘Death-Deeds,’ and it related to events to me clearly of a supernatural kind, which occurred in a Vault of the Island of Barbadoes, when Lord Combermere was the Governor of the Colony. There, in a Vault of arched and massive stone—with a door of heavy stone locked and barred—the same disturbance had existed again and again. Leaden Coffins, which had been laid every one in a Niche apart, had been hurled away, and cast one of them upright against the door—an infant’s of lead also had been cast into a corner, like a loose stone. The Coffins were laid in order in Lord Combermere’s presence, fine sand sifted over the floor, wherein any footstep must have been imprinted—the Stone at the entrance was cemented in its groove, and the Governor’s Seal impressed on the cement. A year had nearly expired when Lord C. had to return. But He went with his staff to examine the Vault. Seals entire : cement unbroken : dust on the pavement : no print of any mark : but, the leaden Coffins cast on End out of place, on head and side, without one broken. . . . With me, such a Book once read remains for ever. I think this remote and rural Neighbourhood has been the Scene of exploits and marvels enough to fill a three volume novel.”

“Feby. 17, 1861.

“When I was ordained Deacon and Priest, among my vows, one was to adhere to every ordinance, and to fulfil every Rubric of the Book of Common Prayer. One of these enjoins the usage of a fixed Service for the First day

of Lent, commonly called Ash Wednesday. So far from its being Popish, it was drawn up by Persons who detested Popery to the Death. My own rule is to follow, I hope meekly and simply, the rules and laws of those above me in the Church, and to leave controversy and cavil to public men.

. . . "Very many instances have occurred of late throughout the land of the cyclone, or local Whirlwind. It bursts all at once down through the air on some particular circle of ground, and beats everything in its path into the Earth; it rushes round and round like a vast wheel, and then passes away. But outside the path of local whirl, seldom more than a mile or two in extent, this hurricane is neither felt nor heard.

. . . "But a singular, and well-nigh beyond natural, event occurred in Poughill, Carnsew's Parish, on Thursday Night last. One billowy flash of lightning. A single roll of thunder, and a Pinnacle with bulwarks was smitten off the Tower, and stones from it were hurled in and thro' a neighbouring roof.

. . . "You ask me whether in my opinion the air is full of inhabitants which are Spirits, messengers to and fro. What my opinion may be is but of little value—it is written in the express language of God's book that *so it is*. Besides the verses to which I refer there are 200 or 300 which tell us the air is inhabited and not by men.

"P. S.—I have just heard that the damage done to Poughill Church will cost £150 to repair. We hardly perceived the Storm. A White Owl shrieked at Flexbury every night the last year of Mr. Carnsew's life, until the Night he died. That Night it ceased and has been never heard since or seen. I mean by shrieked the usual hoot."

“ March 10, 1861.

“The stern and silent march of Time! on, with inevitable tread, and on—and we in this remote and solitary place with no events to mark the lapse, none to count by—why, it makes one shudder to find we have just kept the fourth Sunday of another Lent, and that Easter is once more nigh. The days, too, *lengthen*—which word shortened as our Saxon Fathers uttered it in their quick sound, into *lenten*—give us in their very name the Time of Lent. ‘Forty days’, say the Evangelists, ‘tempted of the devil;’ harassed all that time by the Great Swart Demon, chiefly in the semblance of an Ancient Hebrew Man. Well, it is to me a fearful thought that Lent in every year seems to be the chief Time of the Demons. I see them, as it were, loose forty days. The Fiends are the Princes of the air. They are allowed to rouse the Whirlwind and to urge the Storm, and every Lent I mark the prevalence of the Fiend in atmospheric violence as now. Their influence has, of course, a limit and their evil is transformed into good by Him who is stronger than they, but ‘this is their time and the power of darkness.’ God grant us in the carcase of the lion the honeycomb, and on the dark cloud that beautiful bow which the hand of the Most High hath bent.

“To me God has been very kind. The angel of the Flock has succoured their master.”

“ March 31, 1861.

“We Human Beings occupy the visible surface, pass to and fro upon the ground. And all the while we know, for it is revealed, that myriads of shapes, nothing but soul, come down, go up, glide close so as to touch us, occupy the arch of air, watch and ward us by command, tempt and try also—stoop down to search into the

mysteries of our Religion—and that in every crowd, if we could discern as angels see, we should distinguish them by their foreign aspect and unearthly raiment. How any one can waver in this belief, or rather knowledge, if he reads the New Testament, is to me marvellous. Was not our Saviour soothed on every occasion by the messengers, or, as they are too obscurely called, the Angels? Last week in Gethsemane, and to-day at his awakening in the Tomb. This reminds me to wish you a happy Resurrection! as is the fitting Easter Salutation. In many distant countries the greeting is 'Christ is risen,' and the answer 'He is verily.' God make your grave, dear madam, the Gate of Heaven to you and yours."

"May 5, 1861.

"On Monday Evening I buried the first Pauper that ever came to me from the Union Workhouse—an aged Woman of 90. She was brought without attendants alone, in the Union hearse. The driver, and a lad from the Carpenter's who had made the Coffin, took out the Corpse and laid it at our Churchyard gate. My Sexton came down horrified—'Sir, there be no Bearers!' I went up—Surplice on. I had to send East and West till I had induced Four Men to come, and to bring the coffin to the Church, and thence to the Grave. No Mourners—No Parish officer—none—by myself and casual Bearers. She was a meek and humble old Creature, called Mary Cloutman. Once I said to her in visiting, 'Yours is an odd name, Mary; who were your Parents?' 'Parents, Sir? I never had any. No, Sir, I was found in a basket, tied up to the Mayor of Torrington's door, with a little pink frock on. I never knowed who my Mother was. The Woman they got to nuss me was called Cloutman, and so I tooked her name.' Is not that a strange history? Born

an orphan—a solitary life—for she never married—and a very lonely Burial, as I can testify. If there were not a God to receive her Soul, what would life have been to her?”

“May 12, 1861.

. . . “I was reading lately in Stanhope’s life of Pitt, that he never failed in *small courtesies*, which many great men neglect, and thereby lose many friends. This struck me the more that I am myself conscious of such omissions, and that I always appreciate kindnesses of that kind when I receive them, as we all do.”

“June 2nd, 1861.

“There is a text in the Prophet’s Book which I often think of, and which seems to suit many of us ever and anon. It is this: ‘It hath *pleased* the Lord to bruise him: he hath *put him to grief.*’ It is said of the Messiah or Christ, and it suggests to us this painful and yet soothing thought, that there are occasions when God for our good is the Giver of grief. And there are wise and merciful reasons to justify what a heathen would call this cruelty of God. It is like the grasp of a Father on the shoulder of his child when in a path of peril. Besides the palpitation, which frightens me, in Mrs. Hawker’s pulse, too, too, often, inso-much that a day and a night hardly can pass without it, my own heart seems to give way in every sense of the word, so that it is often more than I can well bear. My daily and nightly prayer for years has been that God will spare me to sustain her to the last, and when I have fulfilled the latest duties of love that I can render to her, then let the angels do their office for my poor Soul. But now the thought comes, and it will come, What if she in her infirm age should be left alone with not a hand on Earth to hold her up—not a voice to cheer her in a World that is to her



already dim? (Oh how I dread increasing failure of sight!) But I assure you others, and not myself, suggest that I have aged, and been more broken lately than could be supposed. At Bude, on Thursday, at the Visitation, the Archdeacon said, 'Why, dear old Hawker, how haggard you are grown. I hope those wretched Dissenters do not worry you!' I answered, 'No, I have survived all that.'

"But I will not depress one who will I know sympathize with me, and therefore to change the theme.

"After church he, the Archdeacon, proposed a walk upon the sand, and accordingly as usual we went off together for an hour and half. . . We talked about Oxford, and the commencement of our acquaintance there. . . He heard me recite my Prize Poem of 'Pompeii' in 1827 (34 years ago), carried it home to his Father, then Dr. Phillpotts, Rector of Stanhope, and so he first introduced my name to the future Bishop, who gave me this fatal gift of Morwenstow, where I invested my poor dear Wife's Fortune in Roofs & Walls to cover Strangers when I am gone."

"June 9, 1861.

"While you have spoken of thunder, lightning, and rain, the latter twice, we have absolutely had nothing but one bleak and arid sky, the Earth iron and the Heavens brass. . . It is as though the command had been issued, 'I will command the clouds that they rain no rain upon it.' . . My Spirits are always so depressed by dryness and East Winds, that these alone are enough to drag one down to the very earth. Bacon, the Earl, used to go out into his garden when soft rain fell and take off his hat, and say, 'It is as if I felt the sweet Spirit of Heaven descending upon me.'"

. . . ["*Re* question of Mrs. Watson separating from her Sister.] Notwithstanding all the provocations, and these I

grant are fierce and extreme, and in spite of all the pain of turning your cheek to the smiter, and bearing all things, enduring all things, I cannot advise an absolute breach. My rule is in such straits always to imagine whatsoever may come to pass, and then conceive how I should have to act in such and such a case. Now suppose you separate and settle each in a home. Let sickness supervene, and death draw nigh. At tidings of your Sister's danger, you, for I know your good heart, tender and true, will make haste to encounter journey, removal, fatigue, pain, till you stand by the bed of disease or death. Never would you surrender a Relative to the touch or care of others, nor allow her to pass away amid the ministry of hirelings. Again, on the other hand, I am fain to think, that if yours were the attack, and hers the duty of vigil and aid, she, too, would forget her past coldness and desertion, and say within herself, I will arise and go to my Sister and say, I have done wrong, here I am : let us be loving in our lives and in our deaths not divided. Believe me, if, as it is said,

“‘ One touch of Nature makes the whole world kin,’

how much rather shall the strength of Nature avail to bind up the wounds of the bruised in heart. When the proverb said, ‘Blood is thicker than Water,’ it referred to much more than the mere tie of family—it breathed a principle which beats with our hearts and flows in our veins, and which none can gainsay or subdue. . . Still, and to return : It does seem the reason why God has thought fit to surround us with chains and fetters of Relationship—that these ties might bind to us certain hearts and hands when the love of many is waxed cold. I see and understand the depth and gravity of the sacrifices which you will have to make. But what is life but one great sacrifice for others

and not ourselves? We are saved by the great Sacrifice of one innocent for others guilty. When we suffer most, we are the most like our Blessed Master who died, the just for the unjust, to bring us to God. I saw with personal sympathy how one word of yours uttered hastily entered like iron into your own soul. How would you be able to endure such a deed as separation from the only living Sister for whom your heart has beaten so long in sympathy and love?"

"June 16, 1861.

"Yours is an interesting account of your Sister's physiognomy and Stature. That kind of curved nose which you describe is said to indicate pride with a justification, like the Duke of Wellington, or vainglory devoid of reasons to justify it, as in ordinary life and people. It was thought in old times that the T, Cross of Adam, as it was called, when developed in the human face was a good feature. The brow bone—that projection at the base of the forehead along which the eyebrows curve, called the Bar of Michael Angelo,<sup>1</sup> because in his face this bone was prominent and straight—this made the transome or top of the Cross; the ridge of the nose descending from it more or less prolonged but straight made the Stock or shaft of the Cross, and both together the T, *i.e.*, T, gave expression and force to the face and Features. This Cross of Adam was called by the Rabbins 'The Tree in the midst of the Garden,' and was deemed the characteristic feature of the countenance of man. Of course, in a female face it could not be so distinct, but the curve or bend outwards they did not pronounce a graceful feature in a Woman."

<sup>1</sup> Compare Tennyson's description of Arthur Hallam—

"And over those ethereal eyes  
The bar of Michael Angelo."

“ July 7, 1861.

. . . “It was on Sunday night,  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 10, when the Servants, going up to bed, saw the Comet, and one came to our door to tell of it. Our Window faces the Sea at West and North West. We watched it, or rather I, for poor Mrs. H.’s sight could not. I got every book I had about such matters, and Almanacks, and found that no such Comet had been foretold. So at 12 O’Clock, I came into this room and wrote Cowie, Canon of St. Paul’s, Senior Wrangler at Cambridge in 1852 (I think), at all events a very learned man in such things. He is Queen’s Inspector of Schools. He lectures, too, on Astronomy at Gresham College. To my surprise, mine was the Second letter only that arrived in London to announce the Event. It is supposed to be a Comet of 300 years orbit. In 1556, when last it appeared, it induced the Emperor Charles the 5th to abdicate his throne; and in 1264, it was thought to predict the death of Pope Urban the 4th, who died that year. The Chinese records relate its appearance in 975, accompanied by direful events. But, as I wrote to Cowie, ‘What about the vaunted science of the 19th Century, when a Servant in a Cornish Vicarage comes to announce to her Master the arrival of a Comet which ought to have been calculated in every Observatory in England, and foretold to a single night years and months before?’ Whereas this Sudden Stranger of the Sky takes the World by surprise. The cloudy Nights have intervened since then to hide it, but last Night, and at certain intervals before, I, who am always vigilant at night, have been able to see it opposite our Window over the Sea, ‘bristling with horrid hair,’ as Milton writes.

. . . “I thank you for the offer of the Book you name. But my mind has been so long made up about the equal duration of future punishment and future reward, that I

will not ruffle it again by dipping into the exhausted controversy. When I was a young man there was a loud and learned strife between a Cambridge Professor and an Oxford Dean, on that topic. I went into it, as I did in those days into all things, and the conclusion at which I arrived was that the doctrine of the early Church was that the same words being used to denote both, both were alike Eternal."

" July 14, 1861.

"I hope you have by this time seen the Comet. It forms the great object of interest now to all Europe, not only from its own intrinsic interest but because of its totally unexpected arrival. All others are predicted and announced, even in the Almanacks of the current year, but this is literally a sudden Stranger of the sky. Leverrier, the famous French Astronomer, the man who shares with Adams<sup>1</sup> of Cambridge the fame of discovering the Planet Neptune—he has published a long statement in the Papers of the novel features of this wonderful and sudden Comet of the Sun. I have condensed all that can be said about it, I think, into verse, and I am going to publish it in some paper—when it is printed I hope to send you a copy with perhaps some notes in Writing to explain the lines—About Seven Stanzas in the measure of my lines on the 'Lost President.' We have no Nightglass, and now the Comet is disappearing with great velocity night after night. The distance at which we have seen it is 17 millions of miles."

<sup>1</sup> John Couch Adams was born at Lanecast, in Cornwall. Hawker has a poem called 'The Signal of Lanecast,' but not about the astronomer. Hawker's verses on the Comet were printed on a leaflet.

“Sept. 1, 1861.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“‘Good and Evil glide together,  
Like two Shades of April Weather :  
Not till Rain and Cloud are past,  
Can the Storm-Bow gleam at last.’

“Surely the Seasons are types of our human Existence. Good chequered with evil, yet good prevailing after all.

. . . “In answer to your remark rather than inquiry, I do not in my heart approve of the modern system of National Schools. To teach children to read, and it may be to write, and in cases to *cipher*, may be a duty, but when as now the Master and Mistress are pushed up into almost equality with the Curate and his Wife, and when the Children are instructed in branches of knowledge to which I hardly had access at Oxford, this is unnatural and therefore wrong. When I was ordained Deacon, 50£ a year was thought a good Salary for a Curate. Now no Master will come to take a National School under £60, £70, and £100. Mistress in proportion. What ensues? The Schoolmistress dresses above her station, can chatter glibly, and assume a confident uppish manner: sometimes the Curate marries her . . . and often a Young Farmer. Chancellor Harrington, Manager of the Normal School in Exeter, laments that a large proportion of Masters and Mistresses, after enjoying all the opportunities of the College at Exeter, go off into other lines of life, and after a high Education which costs them nothing, forsake the Church, and sometimes enter the ranks of her enemies. This is one among many of the signs of our total want of discipline and power. So I am the more reconciled to my subdued School and to my cripple.

. . . “No! I do *not* like Hymns. First of all, I know

of none to be compared in value or in sound doctrine with the very worst version of David's Psalms. Every Hymn that I ever read is more or less tainted with unsoundness in thought or in expression. Besides, how they utterly destroy uniformity—the great object of our Church and State! How they revive the state of things condemned by St. Paul in his Epistle to Corinth, where one has his Psalm, and another his doctrine, and another his Schismatic name. Give me the sweet singer of Israel—the Son of Jesse—the Bethlehemite.

“Good luck have you with your Baptist Servant.

“You mention the Cross. God forbid the Cross should belong to any *one body* of Christians more than to others.

. . . “I earnestly hope your new Servant will behave well—if so, never mind what sect. He or She can't be wrong whose life is in the right.”

“Sept. 8, 1861.

. . . “You rightly infer that —— [a clergyman] is not to my taste. I will tell you candidly why. It is now clearly understood that Lord Palmerston and the Government will not make any man a Bishop, unless he is popular among *Dissenters*. This is to me horrible, because we swear at our Ordination to do our best to drive away all strange Doctrines, and now men are expected by the State to encourage and foster Doctrines that every man of sense knows to be untrue. K. expects a Bishopric. No sooner did he find that Wesleyans formed the majority of —— Parish, than he began to preach and to talk Wesleyanism. I confess I did not, and I do not, like two faces under one hood.”

“Octr. 13, 1861.

“The equinox shook our Seas ten days ago, and when the Demoniac Ship, *The Great Eastern*, once the *Leviathan*,

or Serpent, when she was caught by the gale off the Irish Coast, Her Course was in a direct line with this Channel, as you may see by the map. This is my dread every winter—a Wreck, with a large crew—drowned corpses and late Burial—God shield us!

“Your account of the Curate’s dismissal is sad. I fear from what Mr. L. has disclosed, that an imitation of Spurgeon is deemed a necessary trait in a Curate’s qualifications among many Rectors nowadays. Nothing will satisfy in London, but extempore preaching, which very few are competent to fulfil—a loud, bold, impetuous manner—repetition to weariness of words without meaning—verses quoted over and over again, and without the least connexion with the subject of discourse—in short, Jabber, Gesture and Noise. L. confessed to me that he and many other Clergymen went to hear Spurgeon, and those who can copy him. Yet they know that he is a Sower of Tares in God’s Field, and they have all sworn at their ordination to root out all false doctrine, and to utterly destroy it. But nowadays so rolls the world.”

“Novr. 10, 1861.

. . . “Do you remember, or did I mention, Mr. Granville of Warwickshire? He and his Wife came here from Bude some years since, and stayed a whole day, inquiring and writing down memoranda about the old Granville family. Ever since, he has occasionally written to me, and I to him. He calls himself, and he is, the lineal *Male* Heir and sole representative of the Beville Granville Family. Lord John [Thynne] derives thro’ the *Female* Line. When the last Earl of Bath died, Wm. Granville, there was a lawsuit, and the Lands were given, by a Judgment of the Courts, to Lady Jane and Lady Grace, the Aunts of the claimant by male descent.



. . . “Your question is a natural one as to the Second Body.

“With regard to the employment of the separate soul waiting for the Body, there may be and are many. All the functions of the Soul, which are done here in the flesh, go on uninterruptedly—Memory—recognition—sympathy with their own families, generation after generation—foreknowledge of the future life in the City yet to come—Vision of many worlds seeing them in the Glass of God—recalling friends and kinsfolk, and greeting them as they come in one by one.”

“24 Nov., 1861.

. . . “On Thursday night, we were astonished at receiving tidings from the nearest Farm house, that the Son-in-law and the daughter of the Farmer’s Mother had suddenly arrived from Wisconsin in the United States! Next day the Man, a Mr. Northey, came to call on me. He had left the States, and brought away his Wife in manifest fear for his life and safety, leaving his grown-up children to occupy his Farm, and, as he said, to ‘risk it.’ His account of the state of things is quite appalling. Brothers divided, and in opposite armies—so bloodthirsty that they made boast they would select their own blood-relations to fire on from choice. He said that their hatred of England is intense, and that nothing but their war with each other prevents their attacking our Canada. I asked him what they expected among the Americans would be the result of this war, and he answered *endless bloodshed*. If either side should conquer they cannot combine the States again under one Government, or hold them ever together again as One Dominion—they are all utterly demoralized—fear neither God nor Devil—no one man can ever control or influence another. When they go into battle, the Officers on both

sides are obliged to watch their own ranks, and to shoot down numbers of their own men who are preparing to fall out of line, that is, to desert their regiment for the enemy, or to return home. No discipline anywhere. They seem to live well so far as coarse and common food can supply them, but now every farm is in danger of being visited by the enemy, and after being fed to the full, they burn the combustible, and destroy the remainder. So far as I can gather from this man, who speaks as an eyewitness, it is the English Civil war in the time of Cromwell carried on with a thousand-fold ferocity—and there being no King nor Great men to rule and to repress in America, it may never be pacified or quenched more. How strikingly one such Witness as this man brings before the mind the existing horror more than all the papers that are published.”

“Decr. 8, 1861.

. . . “I think I may assume that you are somewhat habituated to the loss of your pet pussy. True, as you suggest, the uninitiated cannot guess how one mourns for a dear animal, but then what do the wise men say? Lavater, the Physiognomist, in his rules for judgment of Strangers speaks very plainly. If you are at a loss for hints as to the character of a new acquaintance, watch how they receive the caresses of a dog or a cat. If they repel and drive away the animal petulantly, then avoid their society, for be very certain that in their temper and disposition they are harsh, and selfish, and arrogant. I have never seen the token fail, nor did I ever see a true and noble nature, but a kind love for the animals was always a prominent point. No one whose opinion was worth having ever condemned a pet. Come, now, let me say a strange thing but *true*. *Our Blessed Saviour sanctioned indulgence to pets.* The term for little dogs is

in the Greek 'Kynaria,' and it is the exact phrase which would be used in that language for King Charles and Blenheim *small spaniels*. Well, when the Woman, the Syrophenician, pleaded with Jesus for her Daughter, altho' she was a Gentile and an alien in those days from God. Altho' He at first to try her said coldly, using a Syrian Proverb: 'It is not meet to cast the children's bread to dogs,' yet when she made answer and entreated saying, 'Truth, Lord, yet the Kynaria—the favourites—the pet dogs—are fed with the fragments that fall from their gentle Master's Table,' Jesus favourably received her reason—sanctioned the practice—allowed the special favour shown to the petted animals, and so, because of that plea of hers, he granted and approved her prayer. Now henceforth let no one say that indulgence to animals or their favourite companionship is wrong."

"Decr. 15, 1861.

. . . "I must not forget your poor lost pussy—how can I, when I am reminded of him and you every time Grandfer, as we call our youngest Male cat, forces himself into the room? How you would wonder to see him. In Spring when he finds a bird's nest, he brings the young ones up in his mouth, one at a time, and drops them unhurt by my chair. A whole nest of the large sized Tom-tit that he so served were carried back, and lived to fly away, Grandfer being shut up till they were fledged. He has brought up a young mole and a frog—a most intelligent cat."

"Decr. 22, 1861.

. . . "I fear that your poor pet Pussy will return no more. Yet still you may have the sad satisfaction (as I had) of hearing one day his fate. It was a long while

after my Kit's death, that a Man, going to America, sent me word from Plymouth that he and another man had gone out by night, hazing, that is to say, setting wires and nets for hares at the corners of the field and gates, when after turning in their dogs to hunt, they heard a rush and a scream and found the Parson's Tom cat throttled in a wire. They were sorry, he said, and frightened and thought it safest to bury the cat. It was after all something to know, that my poor fellow did not suffer much, and was buried in the Earth. So say I to you, Some one will confess by-and-bye when danger of punishment is diminished.

"My text this morning was Isaiah, Ch. 14, v. 10-11—spoken by the Souls of the Antediluvian Kings to the Soul of the King of Babylon, when he entered Hades, and applied to the Soul of the Prince Consort of England."

"Decr. 29, 1861.

"I do not augur much comfort to you from reading Swedenborg. I read his writings some years ago when they were first published, and at once detected the imposture. He is said to be in reality a Jew, but, be this as it may, he is not a real Christian. If he had called his Works Speculative Theories, or even Fantasies, their injurious tendencies might have been subdued, but pretending to be real, he comes into the category of Falsehood and heresy. No account of a State Future to us that is contradictory to Holy Writ is fit to enter a Christian mind. I thank you for your kind offer to send me his Books, but, as I have said, I already know them too well."

"1861.

"As soon as the tidings [of the death of Prince Albert] came, I did all I could; had the Bell tolled for some time at intervals of half a minute, which brought people to in-

quire. Poor Man! how terrible Death must be to one so Great—so indulged by Rank, and Wealth, and opportunity. He could hardly have had an ungratified wish. He had called around him nearly all that was possible for man to possess, and yet he could not remain a moment among his possessions—durst not tarry one second when the angel came and stood by the bed, with a countenance and form visible to the dying man altho' unseen by all beside—and at the moment fixed by God, that Messenger lifted up his hand for signal that meant 'Follow me.' And the Prince immediately became, as it were, two Men. One lay upon the couch languid, silent, dead—a corpse. The other, exactly alike in shape, and stature, form, and face, stood by that bed—Alive—but airy—ethereal—light—as it were moulded of Breath and Light, a mere and living Soul. It was to this, the Spiritual Body, that the angel beckoned 'Follow Me.' Thus the double Man was divided into Two. The One of Flesh and Bone lay there waiting for Burial. The other, which was a Spirit—the Royal Soul—glided with a gradual motion after the angel, and nothing hindered or retarded their egress into the air. Then their path is traceable—away and afar off, to the Place where the Lord Jesus in the same Bodily Form wherein he went away at Bethany, lives and dwells and waits, that Soul after Soul, as it severs from its Flesh, may come before Him to receive the first judgment. There are for us all Two Times of Doom. One, single—personal—particular, when each by himself as he departs from the Body goes alone (except for one angel), and stands before the Son of Man—to learn from the Voice and the lifted hand of Jesus how it will be with him from that hour. The other Judgment is the public, general Doom of the Souls, of all embodied again, the Valley of Armageddon, where the Lord went up—at the end of all things, the last of the Days.

The First of these, the Private Interview, the Personal decision, the particular Judgment, the Soul of the Prince underwent the Night he died. It must have been a Solemn Sight. A Scene to make the Angel thrill and droop. There stood our Judge—Jesus, a Man of like Feelings with the Prince, yet a God also—remembering the Earth and having learnt Man by Heart—knowing how the hearts of Kings and Queens beat—understanding them afar off. There before Him a Soul called by name Albert. How the Memory of the Prince must have overflowed with recollections of all his past life—every deed was there at once, as in a Glass, alive. How he must have called to mind his vast opportunities of multiplying the honour and worship of that same Jesus. How the Prince must have throbbled all over as he remembered the worship down below in the Chapel at Windsor—the Abbey of English Kings—the Creeds—the Prayers—the Psalms. How he must have watched those awful Hands of Jesu, Lord of life and death. Which will he lift? Aye, Prince Albert, which? If His Right Hand—happy thou. If His Left—Better thou hadst never been born. And all this as actually, as really, came to pass eight days ago, as that I now sit here, as that I write and you read. What a scene to conceive! the arrival of Two Figured Forms as of men at the Gate, the Signal of the Guide, ‘A Soul!’ ‘The Severed Spirit of One who just now was Man.’ His name? ‘Albert of England, Prince! Enter and bow the knee—And He so lately Chief in a Royal Court—so accustomed to Pageantry and Pomp and Pride, so wont to order and command. He shudders in alone—without one companion—not a human friend. How he must have called to mind the Sermon of O’Neil at Liverpool, wherein he compared the visit of The Prince Consort to that city to the Advent of the Son of Man. Well it is a vast a most

unutterable change—And altho' she bears it now, for it takes time to realize such woe, yet I tremble for the balance of the Queen's mind. She has in reality none to cast herself upon and weep out her Soul. The Islanders of the Pacific in Honolulu call a King by a word which signifies *The lonely one*, because their lofty Place is shared by none and they are therefore Solitary above their People.<sup>1</sup> Sympathy can only be complete among those who are equal."

"Jany. xij., 1862.

. . . "I do not hesitate to call the loss of your pet a trouble, because to me there could be none worse. To you I do not scruple to confess that I should feel the death of my poor old Newfoundland Berg, who is now in his 18th year,—my faithful friend of so many years—more than that of any relative I now possess. I don't mean to say with the same kind of grief, but as the loss of—that deepest loss of all—the daily, hourly loss of the watchful eye, and the constant caress. When the Singers were here on Christmas Eve, Mrs. H. took my arm, and went down, as the custom of many years has been, to speak a Word or two before they went. She took a chair, and I saw Poor Old Berg become conscious or aware all at once that we had come in—so he got up and went round sniffing at every Person's legs till he came over to us, and then he found out his Mistress, and lay down with his nose and neck across her feet as happy as a King—And he came here as a puppy in 1844."

<sup>1</sup> Compare Hawker's lines in the 'Quest of the Sangraal'—

"But he, the lofty ruler of the land,  
Like yonder tor, first greeted by the sun,  
And woo'd the latest by the lingering day,  
Must soar and gleam in solitary snow.  
The lonely one is evermore the King."

“ (Jan. xij., 1862.)

. . . “ So your wish and mine also is gratified, and War with America is not to be. They have given up the Prisoners, and made ungracious atonement. It is, I am told, the opinion among the Ministry, and in the Clubs in London, that tho’ Peace is for a time secured, the angry Spirit will smoulder still, and burst out anew at no very distant time. So jealous are they as a people, and so sullen and malignant is their present temper of mind, that they will brood over their present humiliation, and their native-born dislike to England will grow fiercer and fiercer every year. Certain it is that there is something naturally narrow and meagre in the American mind. There is not, it is said, one original Book among their Publications.<sup>1</sup> Nor a single Master Mind as an Orator, or a Poet (Longfellow is tuneful but mediocre) or Statesman or Divine. They copy England with a second rate power. Where they do succeed it is in a dexterous manipulation as a Smith or a Builder might. And what can equal in horror their mode of Savage War? They offer rewards for the head of conspicuous Enemies—Maury the Hydraulic Officer to wit. Their light Infantry the Zouaves carry ropes with a running noose to hang their Prisoners, and they have destroyed it is said for ever the Harbours of the South whence Corn and Cotton were shipped for half the World.”

“ Jany. 26, 1862.

“ I never deem a week lost wherein as in the last six days I have prevented the appearance of two parishioners in that abominable Scene the County Court. A more

<sup>1</sup> In connection with Hawker’s criticism of American literature may be mentioned a note in which he says :—“Holmes the Author of ‘Elsie Venner’ is materialist to the Backbone.”



wretched encouragement of strife could not have been planned. In the former times if one man owed another a few Shillings or a pound he waited a while, and always eventually got it. Whereas now the Creditor, urged on by a sense of importance and too often a temper of revenge, resorts to the nearest office, takes out a summons, adds to the debt a large per-centage, and after the scene in Court and the vindictive language the debt is paid, and then added costs, and two neighbours are enemies for life. The very dread of the court makes many a life miserable. Therefore was I very glad when the two men agreed to adjust the payment by gradual Sums, and to divide the cost of the Summons between them, and shook hands in my presence amicably.

“ I relate this Event to you for reasons. Victories of this kind are very usual in the course of a Country Clergyman’s life. I myself revert to them with the chief satisfaction of my ministry. Are not such things of more value than a popularity for eloquence? What pleasure can there be on one’s Bed of Death, to remember a fine discourse or the applause of a multitude in comparison with the noiseless delight of peacemaking and loving-kindness to the Poor in Spirit whom the Master loves? ”

“ Feby. 9, 1862.

. . . “ With regard to the Book of Days, Mr. Godwin a friend of Robert Chambers sent it to me gratuitously and suggested my contributing to it. If I am to be paid for it I will, but no other motive has power to move me to lift a pen for such unavailing vanities as name or Fame. For all such impulses my answer is, ‘ Too late, too late.’ There is a great deal of good sense in your reasoning that praise might have spoilt me and flattery would have made me proud. But if I could have realized some money while my

Wife could have shared it with me, if I could have earned what would have made her more comfortable, it would have given me a not unworthy pride and much consolation.

“What a success is Tennyson’s. All that now he writes the Booksellers pay him for at the rate of £10 a line. Neither Milton nor Shakespeare ever imagined such a requital in coin. And often I think None ever surpassed those Two Men in Fame and this World’s adulation. Yet what did they think of all that Five Minutes after they were dead? If one of us could now enter where they dwell—each a mere Soul—and we were to relate to them how famous their names and writings were here among men, how would the Spirit of each of the Two turn away ashamed of this Earth and all that are thereon, turn and be glad to forget the sinful breath of the Race of Adam and their praise.

“I do not think and I have told Chambers so that the Book of Days will be a success like his Journal and other Serials. The taste of the Public is not now towards Antiquity. The Past has no Attraction nor I fear has the Future. It is the present only that now fastens on the English Mind.

. . . “There is a great deal about Beards which is not commonly discussed. A Beard in the East is a very different thing from the European Beard. Travellers in the East find their Beards glossy, soft, and rich and flowing. But when these very same Beards arrive in Europe, and especially in England, they become dry and meagre and rusty and poor. Whence many men infer that while the Beard is an ornament and a Grace on the chin of Shem, Japhet ought to shave.”

“Feby. 16, 1862.

. . . “At Poughill on a set day the Belfry was filled with Ringers to inaugurate the Bells—two had been recast.

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The first prize was won by the Stratton Ringers, second Marham Church. Mine did not join—indeed we have but Four Ropes, and such a Peal of Bells can teach no one. Strange all my life long I have absolutely longed for a musical Peal of Bells to cheer one up on entering Church, and I never had any but a jarring Peal of Four at Tamerton and Morwenstow.<sup>1</sup>

“Thank you for the cutting about Beards which I inclose. The Author, Mr. F. Buckland, is a Son of an old acquaintance of mine, Dr. Buckland, that well known Oxford Geologist. Francis, his Son, who wrote the Paragraph, is now a Roman Catholic—he is a Surgeon in the Guards, and the Author of several Works on Natural History. I have not seen or heard from him since he was a boy.”

“March 2, 1862.

. . . “Did you ever hear the saying that if the first lamb be a lady the Mistress of the house will govern for that year, and if *versa vice* the first be a gentleman then the Master. Well my first lamb was a ewe, and so the sway is Mrs. Hawker’s. Poor dear Soul. What I would give to be assured that she would govern me and mine this year and more to come.

. . . “And now my dear friend for a History of another great sorrow. *You* will understand, *You* will not deride or disdain my tale of grief. My poor dear old Dog, the faithful friend and companion of upwards of 17 years, is dead. He had crawled out to his wooden house at the Back door on Friday at Twelve at Noon, and at 3 O’Clock

<sup>1</sup> Hawker would be pleased to know that Morwenstow Church now has a peal of six bells, one of which has been dedicated to his memory, and inscribed with his own words—

“Come to thy God in time,  
Come to thy God at last.”

on their missing him and going to search for him he was found in a calm posture as of sleep quite dead. He had not struggled nor been convulsed, but manifestly his life ebbed away in peace. Will you blame me if I confess that we both wept bitterly. I cannot write this now without tears. When I remember how very few my human friends have been—how treacherous and how unkind, and then compare the long fidelity, the love and the kindness of this poor dear dumb creature, I confess that I mourn as one that mourns for a child. All these years never one angry word from me nor one cold look from him—going for years to Church carrying the key in his mouth, never happy unless allowed to be with me in every walk, and now gone for ever—no more pets—no one shall ever take Berg's place. I feared when I saw him search out his Mistress on Xmas Eve, and lay his head on her feet, and then place his head on my knee in a strange manner of love. I thought then, and I think I told you, that grief would befall in '62. How my boding comes to pass."

"April 6, 1862.

. . . "You say you dread the moving. I say it would slay me on the road. No one can even imagine the horror it is to me to look forward to the journey from hence to Stratton to attend the Confirmation. The streets, the strange faces, the unusual crowd—the Salutations in the market-place are to me, a shy nervous man, an actual trial and a burthen to bear. When I had to attend at the Archdeacon's Visitation at Launceston, 25 miles off, every year, I could not sleep for long nights before, and the faint and sickening sensation I felt at the aspect of the Town was humiliating and depressing indeed.

. . . "I did not express myself clearly about the Visit of the Archæological Society. You assume that I mean to

join them. Now nothing would induce me so to do. So far from Society I want Solitude. A quiet room and a Book with Mrs. Hawker free from pain and I can possess my Soul in patience and be still."

"27 April, 1862.

. . . "I had seen the account given by Dickens before of the Burial of the wrecked Sailors. But I don't like this principle of a Collection among Strangers for her. It is unfortunately too much nowadays the usage to take such modes of payment, but I had rather God paid me & that in his own ways."

"May 11th, 1862.

[*Re* the Exhibition.]

"The C——s went up to be in time for the opening of Vanity Fair—and with very few exceptions the Clergy, the Gentry, and even the Chief Farmers are going to indulge that pride of the eye which is classed by St. James with the lust of life. I cannot but utterly condemn the total principles on which such things proceed — rivalry — emulation for vainglory. But I hear from many quarters that the effort is a failure. Tested by the sole English criterion of success the money receipts fall short. And it is already prophesied that the matter as a speculation will not require the outlay. The Building of 1851 cost in erection £125000. This will cost £420000 and the Tickets at the Door fall very short so far of 1851. It is a gigantic experiment of what Man with his Purse can do without God's Grace, and how far mere Money will avail. As I have before said, I deem all such Schemes a direct endeavour to substitute the lower motives of human action which existed before the Xtian Era for the higher and purer impulses taught by the Gospel. Instead of attempting to restrain and to subdue the natural mind with its

selfish and evil bias to overreach and to subvert others, direct encouragement is given in such enterprises as this to envy, hatred, ill-will. 'Love not the world,' is the axiom of God. 'Make the World's Praise a principle of conduct,' is the modern doctrine. But I will not weary you with my doctrines drawn as they are from an old-fashioned Book, only entering my protest against all share in the English Madness of 1862. What worries me also is this, that I hear continual complaints of poverty, of being unable to afford a £5 note to support a Parish School, or to assist destitute Parishioners to emigrate, and yet when such opportunities of self-indulgence as these arrive, they can spend £20 in the journey up and down and in outlay there. I am told that besides myself and Waller there will not be a Clergyman in this Deanery who will be absent from this Glare in London.

. . . "[No Government grant to school.] Throughout Cornwall one in 75 Parishes, and one only, has received assistance, So after 25 years of Struggle my heart is gone.

"How differently once I thought. I well remember cherishing my correspondence with the Bishop of Exeter, in the hope that it might lead to some canonry or Arch-deaconry or other high Preferment. And all this went on until about Ten Years ago. Then anxiety, domestic and other kinds, and Griefs many subdued me, and my chief Thought came, Where most peacefully could I die? Where be most tranquilly buried? and so I gathered inwards every thought—every hope, and became as I am now, rooted to my own Graveside without an external plan or desire. I yearn for a calm and *blameless* sepulchre: thereto I cling and tend and go. And, like me, every thoughtful mind when past the midway travel of our days is wont, I think, to pause and dwell on the last resting-place and final home."

“June 15, 1862.

“On Friday I went to my first Visitation at Holsworthy for Wellcombe Parish in that Deanery.

“Temple West was there and I could not but perceive the traces of a shock on his features. I went across the chancel before them all to shake hands with him, and I saw his eyes moisten as he took my hand joyfully. What a world we live in! A wretched miscreant to extort money threatened him with an awful accusation, from which he is universally pronounced innocent as a little child. The wretch has been compelled to depose upon oath that he invented the whole, and he has attested this by his signature before a magistrate. But any one on Earth must be liable to similar atrocity.”

“June 29, 1862.

. . . “A letter arrived last week from a Son of our Postman, who is a corporal in the Army of the North, in America. He is stationed near Corinth, the Scene of the Battle, and he describes the carnage as most fearful. The Soldiers live by taking possession of anything they can obtain, Food and other valuable things. . . The Scenes of violence, which he could not invent, and especially of their conduct to Females, exceed in horror what we used to read during the French War or the occupation of Spain. The pay of this man who writes is £5 a month, so that the private with them is paid like an Officer with us. Their war expenses are confessedly a *million sterling a day*, and *another million* unacknowledged.”

“July 6, 1862.

“Did you ever hear that for every 100 miles you live from London, you must reckon yourself a Century back from your own date? We therefore, who are 250 miles off, are now in the year 1610 in all that relates to agriculture

and civilization. . . . The Six Weeks from Midsummer Day to Lammas, the 1st of August, usually decide the produce of the crop. The word Lammas is from Loafmas, that is the Sacrament served with new Bread from the Harvest of the Year."

"Sepr. 14, 1862.

"So shattered am I in every fibre that I could not resolve to enter a Railway Carriage. How men can be found ever to accept the offices of Dean or Bishop in the Church I cannot imagine. Yet once I had courage for anything, and when I recited my Prize Poem, 'Pompeii,' to 2000 people, among them the Magnates of the Land, I never gave way. But since then what have I gone through!

. . . "Remember we never saw a Railway but once, and only once travelled by it, and a sad muddle we made of it then.

. . . "You will be glad to hear that my harvest is over, and all safe under the thatch. But only through the self-denial and noble conduct of my Church Warden Cann. He actually postponed his own Reaping until my Corn was saved. He came himself, a married Brother, and their two men, they worked night and day most anxiously, and so it was and is that my wheat and even my Barley were all in thoro' safety first of all the Parish. I should have been utterly annoyed if they had incurred loss, but no, theirs is all in the mowhay, and they have been rewarded by a good crop and no moisture on a saved sheaf. But this is by no means the case with the Parish in general. . . . The reason why I so dwell on my saved Corn is that now I trust to be able to pay my Farm Wages in Wheat as the custom is, while for the last two years I have had to find money instead. To small Farmers and Vicars the Mowhay is the Farm Bank."



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“Octr. 12, 1862.

. . . “The routine of our lonely Dwelling has not been varied—Sickness is on the increase as always follows the close of the Harvest. Two deaths at least impend—one an Old Man—the Shock of corn coming in in his Season, the other Decline (Phthisis) in middle life. And one by one the green mounds that I see from my Window increase, and the Cottage hearths have a vacant chair.

. . . “It is a prudent thing to do as I have learnt to do—I ask questions, Who would weep for me if I were sent for suddenly? Who would find me wanting? How would N. or M. bear my loss? And I love to think that one or two would soften and grieve if I were not. How much rather would the vacant chair of others move to gushing tears. For there are not many left to whom my existence is a thing of value. The Summer is over and gone—and the Echoes of Winter are already loud among our rocks. I know not why, but I have a shuddering dread of this Winter and that of '63. See! I have written it.”

This foreboding was sadly fulfilled, for his wife died in the following February.

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## CHAPTER XVII

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1856-1862

LETTERS TO J. G. GODWIN—DEAN COWIE—REV. W. D. ANDERSON—REV. W. WEST—BUDDHISM—"FRAGMENTS OF A BROKEN MIND"—THE EVIL EYE—A CASE OF PASSIVE RESISTANCE—"THE POET OF CORNWALL"—THE DEMON'S AUTOGRAPH—PRINCE ALBERT AND SWEDENBORG—ST. THOMAS AQUINAS—THE SPASM OF THE GANGLIONS—"ESSAYS AND REVIEWS"—A REPUGNANT NOSE—"THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT."

THE Letters in this chapter cover nearly the same period as those to Mrs. Watson in the last chapter. In 1856 Hawker made the acquaintance of the late Mr. J. G. Godwin, who afterwards edited his poems and prose. Mr. Godwin was at that time in the publishing firm of James Parker at Oxford, and happened during a holiday to spend a day at Morwenstow, where he fell in with the Vicar. Books and the University formed a bond of sympathy, and a lifelong friendship began. Mr. Godwin became "the wise adviser" in all publishing and literary matters. He edited Hawker's 'Poetical Works' in 1879 and his prose in 1893. The following is Hawker's first letter to him: but the main bulk of the correspondence begins some years later:

"Novr. xxiv., 1856.

"DEAR MR. GODWIN,

"You said when you were here that I might ask you any question within your opportunity of knowledge

in Oxford and that you would kindly reply. I want a copy of the Creed of Pope Pius the Fourth. Can you put me in the way of getting it without any grave outlay? You see that like Gilpin

“‘Altho’ I am on learning bent  
I have a frugal mind.’

I have no Catalogue of such Books to which I can refer. Anything of the sort which you can indicate to me by name will oblige Yours,

“Dear Sir,  
“Sincerely,  
“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“Octr. v., 1857.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Whensoever your letters remain unanswered you may understand that something has gone wrong with me. Mrs. Hawker has been in the last Five Weeks Four times Ill . . . But these frequent returns I need hardly say terrify me exceedingly, indeed my depression, although I do my best to conceal it, is extreme. A load like lead is never away from my ganglions, and reading, except aloud to Mrs. H., and writing I have quite given up. The End of a fierce life like mine is loss of the Brain. Besides all other goads there is the dull daily drop on drop that wears out the soul with low mean degrading money fears. Pray write when you can, and when Mrs. H. is able to sit at table in comfort I will write to you to come. But I am the only Nurse within twenty miles.”

*To Rev. W. West.*

“Morwenstow. Novr. vi., 1857.

“MY DEAR MR. WEST,

“I will not apologise for my slowness to respond to your ever welcome letters, because to you I have made known the Fact that Bad Bodily Health and a Deep Depression of Mind are the two Warders that keep the Door of my Earthly Existence. I am now seated at my Blotting Paper just able and no more to move the pen: an abscess in my throat broke the night before last: a malady to which I am prone: and freed me from some peril and agonizing pain. Now what shall I first record? Your lack of a curacy is one that I should have very much rejoiced to find attainable on the Tamar Side, but I know none vacant or if any were fitted for you to hold either in emolument or position. A Methodist Bawler is far better adapted to the tastes and the exigencies of the West of England than St. James or St. John. We are fast approaching the Time of another Surrender of our Chancels and Pulpits to yelling Laymen, only the Revolution will be this time produced by some Act of Parl: Chap. 2 & —4, instead of any Convulsion from without. How glad you must be that you did not fulfil your Indian purpose. If Men did but read the Oracles by the Light of the Lamp which hath Seven Branches! instead of which they use one taken from some Pagan Sepulchre. My own mode is to go into my own dim Chancel divided from the Nave by a Screen, there kneel, walk, or sit and meditate, close the eye and send out a Spiracle of Research from every pore. Gradually in such an atmosphere every fine fibre of the Soul brightens like the gossamer—St. Mary’s Silk—upon the grass, and becomes a Ray—hence knowledge and reply. I believe: *πιστεύω*: I acknowledge and I trust in the Sympathy of the Saints, the ethereal Wires that reach from the Habitant

of Flesh to those who are (just now) nothing but Soul. Along these filaments questions flash and answers glide. Thoughts which are oracles come and go. How otherwise should I know the Dream and the Interpretation thereof? But do you know? Try! Well then. These Hindus—Whence and Who? Descendants of the Tribes led captive Eastward by the Assyrian: Heirs of the indelible Tribe or Caste, men who avoid both Swine's Flesh and Bull's. Cruel as the Levite of Mount Ephraim. Demon-dwelt. Cannot they be made Xtian? Did any of the Ten Tribes return to their own Land? No—None. Certain numbers of the Two Tribes did and thereby they symbolized that fulness of Israel that came into the Church in the Apostolic Times. But of the Ten—None. Is not this however repugnant to the Mercy of God? No, The *Existence* of an Attribute does not imply its *Exercise*. Here is a fatal source of our Mistake. We know from Native Reason and the Oracles that in God the Trinity there are certain attributes such as *e.g.*, Omnipotence and omniscience. And then we proceed to infer that these because they exist must be exercised. Whereas the very name and nature of the First of these (Omnipotence) implies Power to employ or to suspend any of the others at any time. God knows all that I shall ever do. God *can* interfere with me and direct all, etc. But he suspends his Power in order to leave me Free. Just so with the Attribute of limitless Mercy. God will only exercise this Attribute so far as shall consist with His Wisdom and His Will. Said the Mussulman, In the War of Heaven the Watchword that the Archangel may always give of his own accord is 'Allah Akbar,' God is Great. But the Word 'Allah Kerim,' God is Merciful, must not be used till it is given out by God himself. Thus then I infer that the Conversion of the Hindu is a thing reserved. How do you know that it is not postponed to

another Scene of continuous Existence? I think I have mentioned to you the Buddhist Formulary. The Total Creed of the largest Share of Mankind this very day, only Six Syllables and Four Words. All through Hindustan, Thibet, Tartary, China, carved on Altars, woven into Tapestry, painted over Tombs, chanted by myriads, taught to children and Men, sounded in Prayer, proclaimed by Lama and Priest as an embodiment of all human Knowledge and Divine Revelation. Here it is in my Autograph

Om = Mani = Padmī = om.

pronounced oūm. mǎnnī Pādmī = oūm. I enclose a copy in Sanscrit, one of Five sent from India last year by a Friend. But what does it mean--What teach--What reveal? It is no more--no less than the Gasp of many Lands--the agony of Nations in their Prayer--an unfulfilled entreaty--as it were the Echo of a Hope denied. O! in the sense of Utinam! 'O for'--or, 'O that' I could win--or, O that I had not lost. O! for the Jewel of the Lotus. . . [the letter is here mutilated owing to the signature having been cut off]<sup>1</sup> . . . a vast multitude in this utterance of pleading anguish is a sound so woebegone that few can hear it without tears, altho' they know not the

<sup>1</sup> The substance of the sentence here lost may be gathered from the following note copied from a MS. of Hawker's sent by him to Sir Thomas Acland:—

“Oum : mani : padmi : oum :

Now these words literally signify, and they exactly mean

“O, for the precious thing of the Lily.

What is this Echo, but the vast unconscious sigh, wherein the Hearts of many People pant for the fulfilment of the mystic Symbol, the Mother and the Child? Thus all over the Earth these Flowers of the Field, created it may be for this principal intent, prophesy with unchangeable voice.

“There is the Rose ruddy as Blood and wreathed with its Thorns, the emblem of Him who was pierced for many Men. And the cup-shaped Lily,—from the Lotus, in the carven Hand of Brahma, to the Chalice, or the Fleur de Lis on an English Boss,—is still the everlasting Type of Her who out of Egypt carried her Son.”

meaning of the Voice. Such a Wail might have come up the Valley of Olives from the banished City if she had understood the tone of that 'Farewell, Jerusalem! Jerusalem!' or Such may be the lament of the exiles on the Left Hand when they hear their Signal 'Depart'—or such the Chant of those Angels after the Judgment who may recall the Imagery of Egypt and old Nile and repent but cannot be forgiven. Well Well—Good Night. God bless you both."

*To Dean Cowie.*<sup>1</sup>

"Feby. xxv., 1858.

"MY DEAR COWIE,

"So I call you while I can. Before long it will be 'My Lord Bishop!' and would to God it might chance 'of Exeter.' . . .

"No one among your Friends can rejoice more faithfully than we do, in this lonely house, in your *ascent*. Often I apply to you old Jacob's thought when he kindled with the memory of his deeds of arms and said as you may say to your son:—"Behold I have given thee one portion above thy Brethren which I won from the Amorite with my sword and with my bow.'"

*To Rev. W. West.*

"March i., 1858.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"When you called me in your letter 'a Man of Sorrows' you employed a phrase that is literally historic of my whole life. They say that among the angels who rebelled there was one who turned back from the onset of Sin and was forgiven. But you may always distinguish him among the myriads of Heaven by the sadness of his eye—What he is I have been amid the most prosperous of

<sup>1</sup> See page 342.

my days. And now as the Shadows lengthen my existence is wellnigh more than I can bear—*κυριε! ἐλεησον!*

“Strange as it may seem I have not written one voluntary letter on a literary theme except to yourself for fully three years. A whole mass of correspondence upbraids me from my *escritoire* in vain *πεθνηκοτα λογια*. But you, dear Mr. West, must now begin to love life for others’ sake. You have given hostages as Bacon said. A Face will wear your Features and a voice utter your name in the presence of unborn generations. You have been rescued from the Wail, ‘No heir of mine succeeding.’ And another Life has blended itself with the Stream of your days as long as both shall live. These links are the green withes that fasten the Strong Man to the Things that are seen. And it is well that it should be so or it would not have been. And now let me entreat you if you can do so without much effort write to me again. And I will rouse myself and reply since you seem to wish it. I do not now see *N. & Qs.* so that I cannot tell how far you still aid that fast failure. My own writing is of this kind. A sewn book, *i.e.*, twelve of these sheets sewn together sermon shape without covers always is laid upon my table. When a thought occurs or phrase worthy of ink I jot it down and when one MS. Book is full another is sewn and in this way many scores of such memda. books are now gathered into my drawers. Perhaps one day they may be read and printed as ‘the Fragments of a broken mind.’”

*To Dean Cowie.*

March iv, 1858.

“MY DEAR COWIE,

“Said Dryden,—

“‘An awful Silence now invades the ear,  
And in that Silence we a Tempest fear!’



For which saying of his he got flayed by the Critics. Still I thank him because his words express my own Sensations when I unlocked my bag to-night and yelled to Mrs. H. 'No letter from the Bishop elect.' Seriously I want a word—a line—Will the Derby dilly<sup>1</sup> book you for one of the insides? If not let me know and I have a Tchutgur<sup>2</sup> and he knows my Ring. Did I ever tell you of my letter to Mrs. Guelph about her eldest boy?<sup>3</sup> You may trace her answer in the inclosed Print. [See p. 264.] Haste."

"March vij., 1858.

"MY DEAR COWIE,

"I have taken heart to-night and written to 'the Lord,'<sup>4</sup> as R. calls him, myself. R's threat to the Kilkhampton people is 'I shall tell the Lord.' They thought at first he meant the Lord of Hosts. When do you preach at the Abbey? And why not before? Unless C. Wordsworth<sup>5</sup> is vastly altered since I met him, and yourself likewise, you ought to have led the way for him."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

"May 22, 1859.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Police called in at Wellcombe, Writing on the Porehwall of Church threatening Damnation (gratis) to all Churchgoers. Letters to the same purport: something makes them wince. A woman's writing. In our House and Farm, Loss and Misery. Old Mrs. B—— whom I took

<sup>1</sup> Probably a local carrier's cart.

<sup>2</sup> A demon or familiar spirit.

<sup>3</sup> *i.e.*, his application to Queen Victoria for permission for Mr. J. T. Blight to dedicate his book 'Ancient Crosses,' etc., to the Prince of Wales.

<sup>4</sup> *i.e.*, Lord John Thynne.

<sup>5</sup> Bishop Wordsworth. See epitaph on his wife in 'Cornish Ballads.'

had evil eye = jettatore. *πονηρὸς ὀφθαλμὸς*—nine lambs died, chiefly neglect. 3 ewes Rams fell over the Cliff—neck broken. Heifer miscarried—Calf 6 mo's old—Since Lady Day Parson's luck turned."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

(Undated Fragments.)

"It is at last made known that all the affairs of the Nation have passed into the sole hands of one Firm, Messrs. Brag & Sham. Hissing and clapping are legal in Churches, as on any other Stage, and so that you believe certain Persons are sure to be damned, it does not matter a penny whether you believe one atom of the Gospel or not. And this is the 19th Century! Your Englishman is discovered to be a dexterous Blacksmith, and nothing more, and the sole evidences of Xtianity are the votes of the largest number of grimy miscreants. The doctrine of the Trinity must be extinguished, because it does not give satisfaction to the greatest number of the people. We had a visit from the Clydes last week, after an absence of many months. The Parish of Bradworthy does not appear to be the terrestrial Paradise. Enoch and Elijah don't farm there. Sir F. L. is disappointed because the Ratepayers won't supply funds for lighting and warming the Church, and sustaining the Staff of the Organ. Did you hear of the text at the Inauguration? The Singers go before, the Minstrels follow after, in the midst are the Squire and his Organ!"

*To Dean Cowie.*

"June xv., 1859.

"MY DEAR COWIE,

"To a Man of One Book as I am and to a hermit afar off from Libraries it is an inestimable advantage to

possess a power of resort to those 'Wells of Learning undefiled,' Senior Wranglers and Double Firsts. '*Dives Pauperem me petit.*' To them therefore I appeal in my vacuity of knowledge. 'Thither the other Stars repairing In their golden Urns draw light.' In one of my favourite Volumes, Brewster's Book, I discover and transcribe a Gordian passage—here it is inclosed—and as the Cornish Charm for Cramp says

“‘The Devil is tying a knot in my leg,  
S. Peter, S. Peter, unloose it, I beg.’”

So say I to you. I admonish you to acquaint me by return of Post with the exact and clear definition of the phrase 'the Problem of three Bodies': and again of the name 'the luminiferous ether.' Tell me as you would tell one of your pupils in plain simple small words. So shall you be requited with junket and cream when next you toil hitherward, as I had the honour to requite an Earl a Viscount and a Baronet three days ago. By the way the Earl (Harrowby) is a Relation of yours, being a Double First of Oxford. He ratified my rendering of the *ἀνήριθμον γέλασμα* by quoting '*Cachinnus*' as the tantamount word used by Catullus of the Sea.

[Extract enclosed.]

“From 'More Worlds than One,' by Sir D. Brewster, page 73 :—

“‘On a Planet more magnificent than ours may there not be a type of reason of which the Intellect of Newton is the lowest degree? May there not be telescopes more penetrating and microscopes more powerful than ours? processes of induction more subtle of analysis, more searching and of combination more profound? May not *the problem of three Bodies* be solved there—*the enigma of the luminiferous ether* unriddled—and the transcendentalisms of mind embalmed in the definitions and axioms and theorems of Geometry?’”

“Novr. xxix., 1859.

“MY DEAR COWIE,

“In all my perplexities and especially when I get entangled in the Cone of Space I refer to you for solution. I have not even Euclid in the House nor a single Book which contains the ruts of the Planets. I want on a Sheet of Paper or on a Page to examine an outline of the usual Conic Sections. I confide in your sending me cut out of print or drawn by your own pen—the Ellipse—the Parabola—and the Hyperbola—one Page with all the Conic Sections named on it will suffice.”

“Decr. vij., 1859.

“MY DEAR COWIE,

“My hearty thanks to you for your long-sought Books and your cheerful compliance with my troublesome request.”

“Now I am able to trace the ruts of the Planets as they career amid the Cone of Space. You asked me why I so call it. Because Space is ‘*mensura loci*’ a measured part of God’s presence ‘*axes atque orbitas gerens*,’ holding within its centres and curves for the roll and return of the Starry Worlds. Space is the only Part of God’s Presence that our minds can embrace; the rest is *φῶς ἄβατον*.

“Time is *mensura motus prius et posterius habens*. I say that Space is in a cone because all the orbits are Sections of that Figure and every material existence such as Space must have Figure and Form. But all this you know better than I. ∴ Good-night.”

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“8 June [? 1860].

“To mark my indignation at the profligate malversation of the Poor Rate and the unprincipled amounts assessed

(always twice the Sum required or applied to the Poor) I refused to pay my rates at any other time than at the two Audits—and then only retrospectively. After applying to two Magistrates in vain A. got G. of Jacobstow to sign a Summons on me on the 6th of June, Visitation Day, to be heard next day, yesterday. I did not appear in person but R. did for me. Full bench at Stratton—C. K. of Holsworthy was retained against me. Case gone into and fully heard and smashed. They were told they might distrain on another, but had no power to distrain me. So they were dismissed, looking more like baffled fiends than ever. Far, far greater sneaks than Judas, because he had the Grace to hang himself, while these miscreants are mean enough to give others that trouble. *Now* other Clergymen say they see the injustice of prepaying Rate on Tithe not received, and they shall refuse, having this man Moses to stand before them in the gap. How like the Race. . . .

“At the ArchD.’s visitation on Wednesday at Stratton I was with him all day. He walked to the Church and from with me, and in the hour’s interval before Dinner John drove the ArchD. and myself to Bude to see it. To my utter surprise after Dinner, he (the ArchD.) proposed my health as the ‘Poet of Cornwall,’ and it was cheered loudly, how sincerely I know not, by the Clergy.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“June xvij., 1860.

. . . “My motive, partly selfish, was to ascertain if you could borrow for me a copy of Mr. Morris’s Translations from S. Ephrem Syrus. You will see by the inclosed that I naturally cherish Writers like S. Ephrem. I suppose ‘Nature,’ a Poem also by Morris, is inaccessible. We used to call him ‘Union Jack’ when he was an Oxford Man.

Poor dear fellow—I hold now a Vol. of Gretser which he lent me 10 years ago.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“June xix., 1860.

“Have you ever heard that there is at All Souls in the Library a Signature, or at least the Autograph, of the Enemy of Man? It is annexed to or traced on one of the MSS. Perhaps Mr. Kirkland may have heard this among the many Legends of the University, which he cannot fail to have encountered in his half Century. I have not one Friend left now in Oxford, except the Vice Chancellor, and he is too awful a Person now to be written to on such a theme.”

*To Dean Cowie.*

“May xxj., 1861.

“MY DEAR COWIE,

. . . “Thanks to you for your address—unexceptionable—cast upon the Waters to be found again after many days with a mitre in its leaves. I am thoroughly sick of the Essays & Reviews. After S. Oxon with his Snailjuice and Sugar remarks had made the thing more nauseous than before, he appears in the character of a Lutheran Reformer of a Canon and displays in his Convocation Speeches an amount of ignorance of Sacramental Antiquity disgusting in a Chorister. Whereas the primal Church, graphic in the lowliest of her usages, evermore preserved the contrast between the Two Births which was defined by Our Lord to Nicodemus by night, and because the Natural Parents inflicted on us the First and Evil Existence they were therefore repelled from the Sacrament of Spiritual Life and forbidden to perplex with their very presence the delivery of our Second Birth by Water and God. It was my State-

ment before many Witnesses that no repeal of any Canon could obliterate from Baptism this great principle of the guilt of Parental Access to the Font. Accordingly Sir. G. Lewis unfolds to the Commons their tardy discovery that if the Canons were annulled there are still impediments among the ancient Laws of the Church. Then again Sir. M. Peto proposes a Statute whereby a single clause shall enable a Dissenter of any hue to perform a Burial Rite in a Church-yard, unaware, he and 155 other Legislators in their boundless idiotcy, of the fact that if the Act had passed there remained a Mass of Common Law, Canon, Rubric and Principle, which would forbid a *Lay*-person from performance of any effort at ministerial office in a consecrated piece of ground. So much for Buckingham.

“The *Vera Effigies* has been as you are aware with me an earnest theme of research. I have gathered some jottings of value hereon. But as I often find I am overtaken by the Age. In the Jany. No. of the *Art Journal* and in each succeeding No. to May you will find a Series of illustrated Papers, well done as far as they go, on this very Subject. The Two that I cut out to inclose will supply suggestive notion. But in London you can easily look at the Work. No. 2 is from the Sacristy of St. Peter’s (Vatican) and is engraved in wood from a worn and discoloured cloth sent to King Agbar in y 2nd Age. No. 1 is from a similar cloth (unless I blunder writing away from the Book). But at all events you must read the Papers and obtain access to the writer—Thos. Heaphy Esq. 5, Bulstrode St., Manchester Sq. When you have caught him hold him fast till I come.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“June xxix., 1861.

“Altho’ severed from the World and all Friends and acquaintance except my Rooks and Daws: *ubi aves ibi*

*angeli:*' yet have I in each great city I trust one literary friend. My sole correspondent in Oxford is yourself: my Oxonian exigencies now are these—i. A copy of the Prize Poem Newdigate of 1861, 'The Vikings,' I think—if the inclosed 1/- in stamps be inadequate you will tell me. ij. To ask the name of a very old translator of Herodotus in quaint Shakspearian English. I remember it but I cannot identify. iij. The same of Pliny's Natural History—was it Philemon Holland? iv. Is there a portable edition of Drayton's Polyolbion and his Barons' Wars—And if these exist, can they be bought, borrowed, or stolen for a brief while? You who understand exactly my position, abode, and Lares, can judge what I mean. When I get a book I devour—then chew the cud—and convey the pith and marrow into my MS. Day-book, where repose all the good bits of the Hearn you lent me. How the Oxford of the Essays must contrast with the Oxford of 1830 odd."

*To Dean Cowie.*

"July 10, 1861.

"MY DEAR COWIE,

"Thanks many, but how about your scientific Astronomy of the 19th Century when new Comets are for the first time announced in a Country Vicarage by the maid going to the well for water? We have had two or three brilliant interviews with this Stranger in Jerusalem since Sunday Night. My notion is that this is the Comet of 1560<sup>1</sup> with a 300 year cycle and which had something to do with the Soul of Harry the Eighth. We were at the Castle yesterday, and Maskell and myself actually fought the Battle of Galileo and Aristotle at Pisa on the Canal Bridge. M. asserting and offering to back himself to any amount that a large stone would reach the water below in half the time

<sup>1</sup> 1556.



that a small one would splash. Of course I took Galileo's part, and my little pebble very nearly beat his big one twice. But, as I told Maskell, how Oxford must have neglected him. Now I want to ask you a favour, and I never so resort to you in vain. My School, never fully finished, is in want of a new floor and apparatus, *i.e.* desks and forms. I put down at the bidding of your Council a lime-ash floor and the boys have kicked it into holes. I had money once, but it is all gone, invested in Morwenstow for the benefit of the unborn. Tell me how I am to find an Uncle in London to advance in L. S. D.? But I have an avenue of better days. The Landlords have discovered on reaching the scene how shockingly I have been deserted and how little impulse of succour can move the intestinal mind of a Cornish farmer. . . ."

About this time Hawker sent a copy of his poem 'The Comet' to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, Dr. Grant, who acknowledged it in the letter that follows. While this letter certainly expresses a desire to convert Hawker, there is nothing to show that he responded to the overture [See p. 442]:—

"St. George's. July 29, 1861.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I received your kind remembrance & your striking thoughts about the 'Comet' this morning, and I lose no time in thanking you for your goodness.

"I am all the more pleased to get this letter as I feared from your silence that I had gone too far in asking you to let me say how anxious I was to see you a member of the Holy Church.

"I thank you therefore very sincerely, & I humbly cherish the hope that you who look much on the stars will recollect the saying of a peasant who hearing Mrs. Shelley exclaim

as she looked at the stars & said '*Quanto è bello,*' replied, 'Ah, if the reverse of the medal is so beautiful, fancy the front thereof. *Se il rovescio è tanto bello, quanto ne sarà più il dritto!*' And how shall we meet in Heaven unless we enter as children of the Holy Church and of Her whom you love to invoke as *Stella matutina?*

"Yours very sincerely,

† "THOMAS GRANT."

To ———.

"October xv., 1861.

"———,

"I have been about to write to you for some time but I have not had the heart. You who only see me when I am urgent to gratify my guests little know the low base mean teeth that gnaw at the roots of my weary existence. You remember a kindly effort you made to get X. to appoint a Church Tenant for ——— Farm. He instead allowed one Y., the paralysed Wesleyan, to select one Z., Mrs. Y.'s relation, a bitter, insolent, secular Dissenter. Well, at Bude this month there was at the Falcon a Masterless Steed—a Horse without an owner. Search made, no Rider found. Fears of Suicide or accidental Drowning in the Canal; the Police sent for. At last after vigilant travel there was discovered in a Hogstye in Burton's Marsh a Farmer asleep, but not alone. He was girded by the Arms of a lewd lady from Bodmin, a common girl, and the man was Z. the chosen Tenant of Messrs Y and X. . . T. returns this week to find his Flock gorged with cold Spurgeon without mustard. L., Curate of St. James, confessed that He and His went to the Fellow's place to hear him, and, as all the people infer, to copy him. One thing is clear, Wesleyans who resisted going to T.'s Services *thronged* to sit under K. and L. Say they, 'We like the Master and we like his Man

Jack also.' Jack's gestures and jabber were described to me as clumsily spasmodic. But now comes my grief, I have lost and cannot find the exact address to the Authorities in Office in Betton's Charity. Will you in compassion to the Fragments of a broken mind send me the Address."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"1861. Octr. xxij.

"Reeds shaken with the Wind? Which cluster? There were two small books No. I. and No. II. one published by Mozley of Derby and the other by Burns. Both exemplified my destiny. They were printed, sold immediately to nearly the last copy—every shilling was intercepted by the Patrons of Literature. Have you succeeded in your Search for the Demoniac Autograph? If you do, pray secure a tracing of it. I have heard or read somewhere that such Signatures are scratched as it were with the claw of a cock on the Sand. There is a link between the Bird that chants the dawn and the Fiend that I want to verify. The Bird with the girded loins in Job—The Demon-Bird that exulted at Simon's Denial—the Bird which devoured the Shallow Seed in the parable expressly said to pourtray the Fiend—Then cometh the Devil—The axiom '*Ubi Aves ibi angeli*'—this last word in the sense of Spirits good and evil—All this however will not reveal the writing which exists I am persuaded in Oxford, howsoever reluctant the members of a College may be to avow their Founder's Kin. . ."

*To the same.*

"Octr. 30, 1861.

"North's Plutarch? to be had? and price?

. . . "I give you a great deal of trouble but I have no other Resident Friend for literary topics in the University

What a place Oxford has become for unsettling every dogma! Old Test: gone—N. T. going—The Apocrypha? London worse. There the Clergy I am told feed with cold Spurgeon and without mustard!!”

*To Dean Cowie.*

“November 1861.

“MY DEAR COWIE,

“A Girl at F. but not expected to live. Thus you see the power granted to me. Why, I know not, but such ‘*Potentia non Potestas*’ do I possess that I have said again and again to Mrs. Hawker ‘the daughter of the Stranger shall mar the inheritance.’ ‘There must be no male child.’ Therefore *experto crede Roberto*. My ‘*vis insita*’ may, it is true, languish, but so long as I hold my own you may confide in me. We were at the Castle on Friday and we heard all the local news. Among the rest that the Officers of State in ‘Poughill, the Field of the Gull’ had received notice to hold themselves ready to assist at the Accouchement, and that Mrs. D. the Dame of the Chrysome was fully awake. Still I have visceral augury. No Heir of Hers succeeding. K. of Merton and T. Diocesan Inspectors have been visiting this District—every School I believe but mine. Still the Bust of Brutus is not in the Triumph. . . .

. . . “About America? The name Anglo-Saxon will not so well cohere with their nature as *Faces Romuli*. Not one great mind in any department. Longfellow? No, a successful chanter of verses, a man of rhythm. But no Orator, Statesman, General or even Mechanician. No Officer able to get 5000 Soldiers into a Battle or out of it save by a run. But no room. Our kindest regards to you all from us two.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Decr. xvj., 1861.

. . . “I restore to you also the vol: of Bp. Andrewes. Either he or I is utterly changed since last I read his Sermons. . . Have you access to any Foreign Book-seller’s Catalogue (I mean of one residing abroad). Father Oswald of Downside a Benedictine who has lately visited me tells me that there are many libraries in Italy even now dispersing and Books accessible at low rates. They (the Benedictines) are still the literary Orders as their Forefathers were. Amalfi is a good place for inquiries. At any time an aged Oxon Paper or such like source of tidings of How grows The Great Denial will be welcome to

“Yrs. faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To the same.*

“And now for your usual catechism. Do you know in what Form the Cardinal [Wiseman] published ‘Lectures on Language’ some years ago? And now will you ascertain, for it must be matter of colloquial notoriety in Oxford, Who visited ministerially the Prince [Albert] in his last illness? Who delivered the Eucharist to him? Was the Service for the Sick of our Bk. Cn. Pr. used in his Presence? Did he die in the Anglican or the Lutheran Communion? He is said to have recited one of Toplady’s Hymns. Did he rehearse any other Confession of Faith? Of course I would make no offensive inquiry, but so much is said of the Royal Example of His Princely Life that it would be well to know.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Feby. xvij., 1862.

[*Re contemplated book.*]

“If Maskell’s reference to Chambers be another failure I must accept it as an omen of defeat and contend no more against the palpable doom. What else can I understand? Every objection is answered on the Spot. If the plea is no taste in the public for verse—answer ‘Golden Treasury’ 10,000 a month. If they resist Puseyism then have they a score of such as The ‘Bottreau Bells,’ &c. But the whole is utter and entire falsehood. An Enemy hath done this. I deem it all mere and unmitigated Demonism. I never feared the Demons and they know it. Therefore they never spare me. And inasmuch as from despite of Baptism and choked channels of Grace nine out of every ten men are inhabited, the Fiends have vantage ground whence to baffle me: And they do. It is the old old Story. Hereafter my verses will be sought after sold illustrated read aye and extolled to the very echo. The Ballads will be called by every noble name—and then will come the ower-true tale ‘In his life-time they could find no printer brave enough to shed his ink in their behalf and so they died.’

. . . “I have for long been a Man of one Book and that the wonderful Summa of Aquinas. I have read it through several times. I search the indexes every week. How I wish I could get a copy of Maskell’s Edition—my own is the 30s. Folio of Paris full of blunders and in puny flea-bitten type painful to eye and mind. Can you ascertain from some Book Catalogue the value of a mutilated copy of Hals? I mean of course his Parochial History of Cornwall. All copies of his Work are mutilated. His account of the old Cornish Families was found so scandalous that it was perilous to print and publish, hence all

copies have been more or less destroyed. . . The stamps were inclosed to alleviate the abominable tax I inflict on you in the shape of Postage. If you won't so receive them I must diminish the number of my letters and very sorry should I be to forfeit the advantage of yours."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"March xxx., 1862.

. . . "I am very grateful for the access you disclose to the *Ed: Gent: Mag:* I will draw up a Sketch of this Foundation, and perhaps you had better read it on its way.

"I have received from Mrs. Acland two small photographs of the Museum [at Oxford], one the long outside Front, which looks, unrelieved as it is by Porch or Projection, like a Row of Buildings, rather than one Vast Structure: and the other is a Side of the Quadrangle, as I suppose glazed: these graven bits are neat and accurate, but, sooth to say, one cannot but regard such Roofs in Oxford as cenotaphs of the Human Mind. Because not one original conception—no added Store of Thought—not even a graphic or graceful phrase, ever seems to arise from the dead on Oxford ground. They deny, and nothing is easier than that, all the former things, and for these they substitute a guess, a hope, an enthymeme, of that which may be and is not. When I was an Undergrad. the Head of a House recommended to my Soul a Book—Hey's Lectures on the Articles.<sup>1</sup> It was a Granary of 'Essays and Reviews.' I read, and I doubted the total Revelation. My Notes contain at this day each an embryo of a modern infidelity. The Book was a Seedplot of Schism and Disbelief. A Friend referred me to the Summa of St. Thos. Aquinas. I read and I was rescued. I found therein

<sup>1</sup> Compare page 122.

every question in Theology that can enter into the imagination of a Man discussed *pro* and *con* with the inference laid down and the authorities. Since then I have made it my solitary Book. Not one Human Thought about another World, not a single question that the Mind of Man could ask, but there it is stated, discussed, and solved. When a theme of controversy brattles in the air, while hostile language throngs the voice and mind, I uncloset my ancient page, and there I read the doubt of Ages solved. A few still small words and there is no more to be said—*e.g.*, When the Stony doubt hardened as to the conflict between geologic and Mosaic Time I sought the Oracle. Said He in the Words of St. Augustine, The Days of Moses cannot be Solar days, because until the 4th the Sun was not created. What then were they? Seven Scenic Sections of Revelation to the Angels for delivery to Man. This with his clear and stern definition of Time closes every question, settles every doubt—Time, the measure of movement having a former and a later point.

“But I have gossipped out my paper, and I must have done. . . .

“Yrs. very faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“April v., 1862.

“I am glad that Hey’s insidious infidelities are discarded from modern research. Nevertheless the Book of ‘Essays and Reviews’ is but a meagre reissue of the Norrisian Professor’s doubts and denials. Your statement as to the lax reading of Young Oxford is no surprise to me. The England of the sixteenth Century is  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths Wesleyan in Theology. One and only one tenet identifies this Schism. Every Methodist Preacher or Hearer must attest by Vow



and Signature his assent to a Paragraph in Wesley's xith Sermon on the Witness of the Spirit, a Form of Words wherein is taught that a sensible testimony, a testimony through the sense of corporal feeling, perceived about the region of the diaphragm, is the Sole Evidence of our Pardon—our Second Birth—our reception into the family of God. This Spasm of the ganglions as I have named it is the single solitary aim hope endeavour of the whole Wesleyan Life. Once perceived or *fancied* all other Doctrine is unnecessary all other Discipline vain. No need of Creeds, Forms, Sacraments, Books, or other channels of access to Holiness or God—No room for farther Hope or Fear of judgment day. To myself it is often said when I have charged or detected Sin 'O Sir I had a very clear Witness' at such a date in such a place. 'My place in Heaven is sure,' and this Witness, which is ascribed to the Third Person of the Trinity alone, has led to the practical Abjuration of the Attributes of the First and Second Persons the Incarnation and its Fruits. Now this tenet in some form or other is the lonely dogma of Evangelical or rather of Ecclesiastical England. Go whither you will—to the condemned cell—the College or the Church, and the sole question to the Sinner is 'How do you *feel*? What do you *think*? What is your own judgment on your own case?' There is not one other doctrine in all the land. The Three Creeds? 'Well, they *ought* to be believed, but if not we can't help it.' There is no punishment or legal loss in that disbelief. Holy Scripture? 'Well, well—a good Book: it contains somewhere or other all things necessary to Salvation, but no body knows where nor is a man to be blamed or punished if he feels in doubt about any part of the Doctrine,' and in these two last answers you have the History of the English Church in a Nutshell. When the Leaders of the Great

Revolt drew up their Series or List of Denials they omitted to assert or enforce one Dogma. 10,000 Negations do not establish one Statement. You may deny every known Creed and yet not thereby obtain one of your own. Hence comes Chaos.

“Shipley’s Tract is good. Thank you for that and all the light you shed in this dark place from distant sources. I want the *Dublin Review*. How can I get the No. mentioned by McLaren on the within paper? The Lectures he refers to are now in course of delivery and are nervous and clear: only a Catholic can deal with such men as wrote Essays and Reviews. To any Denomination of Protestantism they reply ‘You deny—I deny—My denial is as valid as yours.’ The total Denier is but a boundless Protestant after all. A word about the Prince. . . I have it from a sure hand that he died as he had lately lived, a Swedenborgian. Hence his repulsion of all Ecclesiastics. The Easter Communion which he with all his Family approached was literally a mere matter of Form a sort of Test and Corporation necessity. Another loftier name is said to share his bias—hence that calmness which proceeds from the tenet that Death is a mere withdrawal of the Body, The Soul is at Windsor still. Do you know the ‘Arcana Celestia’ of Swedenborg? If you have it perhaps you would lend it to me, or any other embodied Statement of his heresies. What line of reading do you yourself incline to? I mean in Theology. If I knew it is just possible I might be able to save you trouble, having for so many years wasted irrevocable time in resolution of doubt. This is only asked on your account not for vain curiosity.

“A weary letter to you I fear. Good Night.

“Yours faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

To J. G. Godwin, Esq.

“1862. April xix.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Always welcome sincere and true are your letters to me. . . I have not received a single copy of *Notes & Queries* since Thoms took higher office in the Library at the House of Lords—a lapse which identified him irrevocably with that publication. I do not however regret the failure of that Paper from my letter-Bag, for reasons. When it was started, a measure ‘*cujus pars minima fui*,’ there was loud profession of impartial dealing in Religion. It was this lure which led me on. But very soon I found the slime on the leaves, and indeed in his private letters Thoms was virulence itself in all things Catholic. So justly he lost the Cardinal, poor Dr. Rock, West (Eirriónach) and last and least myself. Is it not well that the chief impulse of England should be hatred against a Church that be she what she may is the Mother of us all in Sacred Literature at least? I must not lose sight of the Aquinas on any account. Where is it? How can it be got into England and when? Please to answer these queries. And now for tidings. A letter from Sir T. Acland to announce a present of a couple of Ewes with their Lambs from Holnicote his seat in Somerset near Minehead where he feeds a noble Flock of the native Horned Breed of Exmoor. He did this ten years ago. A letter from Turnbull. Did I tell you he has been my correspondent for many years? By the way I have for you a singular Relique. Once He was a Lord of Scottish Land, rich to vastness—one of the cronies of Scott &c., in their Advocates and Bannatyne Publications. He had in those days a Library fit for a Cell of Benedictines. It is the mere Catalogue that I intend for you. But it is rare and monumental—recording that such things were and were

nobly lost. He fell a Victim to those Religious persuasions which made him a Catholic. Well, he writes that a Friend of his own, W. Francisque Michel of Bordeaux, has edited a Poem on the Sangraal and gathered into his Notes all that is known about that Vessel. I have written to know where the Book can be had."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"May v., 1862.

. . . "I suppose you will visit the pomps and vanities in Town [the Exhibition]. To me it is a Scene of Terror. When I recall the list of excluding Sins and among them 'Emulations strife envyings' hatred wrath, I cannot but regard this vast effort to foster the worst impulses of Adam as a People's Sin. Then too the well known fact that no great excellence ever grew out of competition or from rivalry. The mightiest efforts the noblest achievements of the mind and finger of Man are accomplished in solitude. . .

"That fatal Stone! Did you know that in the House of the Owner of the Koh-i-noor the loftiest always dies? I saw that prophecy in 1856-7."

*To the same.*

"May xj., 1862.

. . . "Does the Dean of Ch. Ch.<sup>1</sup> ever stroll into your domain—if so and you converse say you heard me say that I quite exulted to have had the happiness to receive such 'a Scholar and a ripe one' in my Morww. Vicarage.

"When you go to seethe in the vast Cauldron don't forget that the choice bits for the brain are in the Roman Court. See likewise the Topaz Cup because the Sangraal was a Vase of one perfect Gem—it may be of a Natural growth—at all events not carven or shaped by any tool—

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Liddell.

it grew in some Womb of Gold or precious Stones. The Paten at Genoa has always puzzled me—that is one emerald—said to have been a spoil of Sulimaun's Temple grasped by barbaric hand. Perhaps the new Provost of Queen's may consent to surrender for a Photogram the Demoniac Autograph. It would be a capital test of skill in pronouncing Character in Handwriting."

*To the same.*

" May xxj., 1862.

. . . "This Morning by Carrier from Bideford arrived in safety and good condition The Edition of St. Thomas which without your kind and active sympathy I should never have possessed. All that I can say is that a greater favour could not have been conferred on me. The type will be legible for I hope many years whereas that of my Folio in former use has been fading away from my ocular faculties for some time. Again and again I thank you. . . .

. . . " I will say no more till I hear from you except that not a day will now glide without a recurrence of your name in my snuggery when I take down a vol : of your Books."

*To the same.*

" Aug : 5, 1862.

" July exhausted and you have not appeared among the many who have visited our Rocks. Last Week every day and the week before five times we, as the great folks say, 'received.' And such a mixed multitude as came up out of Egypt—among them some known to you by name. Bromley—is the spelling right?—the Master of the training Place at Cheltenham—R.———, Curator at K.———, a Man who fulfilled the prophecy of his repugnant Nose and controverted all that was said. He came with Maskell—and many nameless men. But not among them one better

known than yourself. Did you not announce such a journey—or is it yet to come? I hope so and I trust still to see you enter in. We were glad to see you when last you came, and you have augmented your welcome since by many kindly courtesies. We have both been unwell . . . My chief solace has been my St. Thos. Do you know why Cajetan's Notes are on the expurgated list at the Vatican? My authority that it is so is Maskell, but he cannot tell me why."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Sept. ix., 1862.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You are as I infer once more in the happy midst of your Books and Maps, &c., and you can, like the Bee, 'your fragrant fortress build' for the memory and solace of the years that will come when the shadows lengthen on the wall. Our Harvest Home was chimed last Saturday Night not without Song. Be it well known that until my Corn was safe beneath the thatch my Warden Cann (our companion that night) would not put a single sickle into his own Wheat—among the faithless, faithful he. And now my Farmers confess that the Parson's Crops are the heaviest and his Harvest over first of all the Parish. Amid the varying grounds of ecclesiastical fame around us this is something.

. . . "Yesterday before I was dressed it was announced to me that a Gentleman had asked for the key of the Church and wished to see me. It was Mr. M. of Oxford. He had slept at our Beer House on the Green. We gave him a cup of tea and talked Oxford for an hour till he started for Bude. I did not fall in with him, indeed no one could coalesce with that repugnant nose of his. By the laws of Lavater<sup>1</sup> such men *must* contradict all you say.

<sup>1</sup> Author of a work on Physiognomy.

When a Man rears for his Banner a Nose which is a Boss, a thick and knobby feature, he cannot avoid butting at his Neighbour's voice like a surly ram. Mark men with podgy noses and observe how they plunge against all that you advance. We have had a billowy week (various visitors) and all the while the Gulf Stream of the Harvest rushing through our troublous Sea. . . The Vex of the coming Confirmation is now great. No standard of age or preparation and a careful disclaimer from the Bishop<sup>1</sup> that his access or his Office can confer any good on a ceremony which is so entirely the Children's home—what a zeal they show to prove that their Ministry contains no grace, has nothing to confer! You remember how I run to prose and will bear with me."

*To the same.*

"Sept. xij., 1862.

. . . "I have heard two names suggested as Successors to J. Cant. One Tait now Bp. of London: the other Lonsdale of Lichfield. Of the latter I lately heard that when a friend applied to him in favour of a Clergyman whom he described as most earnest—all his Soul in his work—such a capital Parish Priest, Said the Bp, 'But is he chaste? Does he pay his debts? Can you rely on his word? Because I would begin with a few pagan virtues, we will come to your phraseology bye and bye.'"

*To the same.*

"Octr. v., 1862.

. . . "What is the cost of the Benedictine Edition of St. Jerome? No start for Jeune you perceive or Jacobson in the links of the House that Jack built, the English Bishopric. Is Tait to be by the Wrath of God ArchBp. of

<sup>1</sup> Not Bishop Phillpotts.

York? Field,<sup>1</sup> Vicar of Madingley, where the Prince of Wales sojourned while at Cambridge, and his Wife, dined with us last week. They told us that the Queen still causes the Shaving Water to be carried up every day for the Dead Prince and commands his Bread and Butter to be cut daily. They could not comprehend the reason why until we explained to them the tenets of Swedenborg in which he died.

“Two lines<sup>2</sup> I remember never written—

“Ho ! for the Sangraal mystic Vase of God,  
That held, like Christ’s own heart, a Hin of Blood.”

<sup>1</sup> In another letter he says, “His (Field’s) wife is a Sister-in-law of Horatio Tennyson, and was full of all the Poet’s family.”

<sup>2</sup> These became the first two lines of ‘The Quest of the Sangraal.’



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## CHAPTER XVIII

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### Wreck and Desolation

LOSS OF THE 'BENCOOLEN'—'A CROON ON HENNACLIFF'—  
DEATH OF MRS. HAWKER

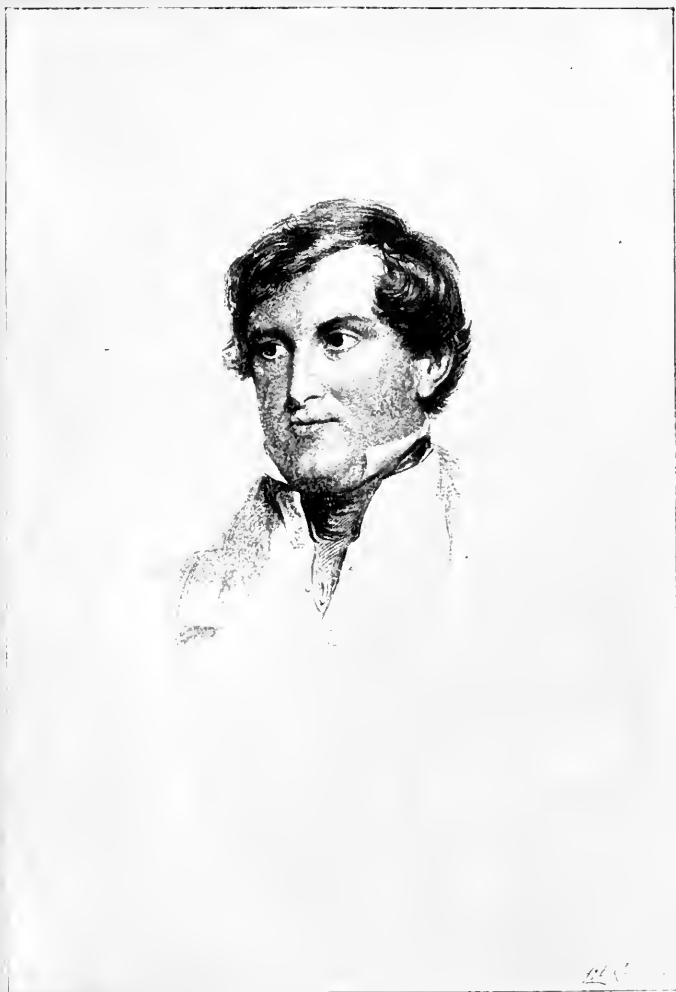
"Ho! gossip! for Bude Haven:  
There be corpses six or eight."

ONE of the most terrible wrecks remembered in Cornwall took place at Bude on 21st October 1862. Hawker, though not an eye-witness, has left a vivid account of the event in a letter to Mr. Godwin:—

"Oct. 23, 1862.

"I must resign every topic to tell you of the one absorbing event of this week. On Thursday last Sir T. Acland, Griffiths and the Miss Troytes dined here. On ascending Hennacliff our tall cliff we saw Wales, and I at once prophesied the immediate result of that Sight A Hurricane in 48 hours. It came and it lasted till yesterday Seven Days and Nights. Wrecks were of course imminent. On Tuesday at Two O'clock Afternoon a hull was seen off Bude wallowing in the billows. All rushed to the Shore. At Three she struck on the Sand close to the Breakwater—not 300 yards from the Rocks. Manby's apparatus was brought down—a Rocket fired and a Rope was carried over the Ship. The Mate sprang to clutch it—missed—and fell into the Sea to be seen no

more alive. 'Another Rope!' was the cry. But from the mismanagement of those in charge there was no other there. They then saw the poor fellows—34—(two lost before) constructing a Raft and launching it. A Call for the Life Boat, one of large cost provided with all good gear kept close by. She was run down to the Water. A Shout for Men—none—A few of the Hovillers, pilot men, got on board, but refused to put off—Conceive the Scene—the Baronet shrieking in vain—all Bude lining the Cliffs and Shore—Well well—to abbreviate a horror, The Raft was tossed over. About six were washed ashore with life in them, Four corpses, and the rest were carried off to Sea dead—26 corpses are somewhere in our Waters, and my men are watching for their coming on shore. The County gives 5/0 for finding each corpse, and I give 5/0 more. Therefore they are generally found and brought here to the Vicarage where the inquest and the attendant events nearly kill me. I went down to the Scene on Wednesday and what a scene! The total Sand covered with cases of Machinery and other Freight. She was the *Bencoolen* from Liverpool for Bombay with Machinery for some new Cotton-cleansing plan in India and for Telegraphic lines on Railways, etc., etc. Just where she struck lay the lower half of the Hull—the upper half had washed away and was stranded opposite the Cottage. Hordes of people picking up—Salvors with Carts and Horses—and lookers on. It reminded me of old Holingshed's definition 'a place called Bedes Haven (Bede a Grave).' When the Masts went over, the Captain, married a fortnight before, rushed down into his Cabin drank a bottle of Brandy and was seen no more. The Country rings with crys of shame on the dastards of Bude. . . . Ten years since the *Alonso* of Stockton - on - Tees came ashore at Bude—one mile from Shore—I was



SIR THOMAS DYKE ACLAND 10TH BARONET

(BORN 1772. DIED 31 JUNE 1851)

*From a drawing by George Romney.*



there watching her. I had the Life Boat launched. I offered a Sovereign each to get men, and I offered to go myself with them. I went on board and challenged them to come with me. Only one man came at my call—next day the Sea lulled and a calm—the scoundrels went on board with the same boat and robbed the vessel.”

The *Bencoolen* wreck inspired the verses ‘A Croon on Hennacliff,’ a bitter satire aimed at the Bude men who failed to rescue the crew. But Hawker’s criticism of their conduct seems to have been unjust. He was prejudiced against them to some extent because the Bude people were mostly Dissenters [see pages 461-2]. It must be remembered that wrecks always agitated him intensely, and that the letters here quoted were written at fever-heat.

An eye-witness of the disaster<sup>1</sup> says that there were really no skilled hands available to man the life-boat. Of the nineteen little coasting vessels belonging to Bude, only two happened to be in harbour. The crew of the life-boat therefore consisted chiefly of shore men unaccustomed to go out in such tremendous seas. The vessel, he says, was beautifully steered for the difficult entrance of the harbour, flags being put up to guide her, but she was too large for the Channel and grounded at the entrance, just off the end of the breakwater. There was just one chance when they might conceivably have reached the ship, and that was when she swung round at the end of the breakwater,

<sup>1</sup> A description of the wreck will be found in Mr. C. F. Crofton’s interesting little book ‘Bencoolen to Capricorno,’ an account of wrecks at or near Bude from 1862 to 1900. “It is sometimes asked,” he writes, “‘Why did not the life-boat go out?’ But I do not think that this question is put by any sensible man who has seen the awful possibilities of a Bude sea.” He pays a warm tribute to the heroism of Bude men in saving life from wrecks. “These actions are done by them, not in a spirit of dare-devil recklessness, but quietly, unobtrusively, in the interests of humanity. . . . To reckon such men among one’s personal friends is indeed a privilege.”

forming as it were another breakwater beyond. But the opportunity passed, and within twenty minutes her planks were flying out of her.

On the 12th Novr. 1862, Hawker writes to Mr. Godwin :—

“ The Channel is full of wreck—Cargo—and among it corpses—13 came ashore at Bude at the time of the wreck, some lashed to the raft—these are buried all in one pit in Bude Churchyard.<sup>1</sup> This I do not call Christian Burial. We have lived in continual horror ever since, *i.e.*, in sad and solemn expectation of the Dead. Accordingly on Tuesday the 4th the message came at Night, ‘ A Corpse ashore, Sir, at Stanbury Mouth,’ a Creek a Mile South. Then came the mournful detail—Six Bearers with staves and planks sent off to bring the Stranger—my Lych House cleared and a plank or two laid to receive the dead. A message—They are nearly come—I go out into the Moonlight bareheaded and when I come near I greet the nameless Dead with the Sentences ‘ I am the Resurrection and the Life,’ &c.—They lay down their burthen at my feet—I look upon the Dead—Tall—Stout—wellgrown—Boots on, Elastic, and Socks—girded with a Rope round the Waist. I give him in charge to the Sexton and his Wife to cleanse, to arrange, to clothe the dead. I order a strong Coffin and the Corpse is locked in for the Night. I write a letter for the Coroner and deliver it for transit to the Police. And here the misery begins. Instead of a direct Messenger, the Parish Constable, there is a new and therefore a clumsy loathsome law. The letter is passed on from Parish to Parish thro’ 4 or 5 hands—some at home, some to be searched for in the Night—and thus by this vague and tardy line of successional Police my letter only arrives with the Coroner at Noon next day. He fills up at my

<sup>1</sup> The figurehead of the *Bencoolen* stands in Bude Churchyard.

request a Warrant to bury, the inquest being uncalled for, but being sent by the same mode I do not receive it until Noon on Thursday, and by that time the poor dissolving Carcase of Adam, 17 days dead, has so filled the surrounding air that it is only by a strong effort of my own and by drenching my men with gin for Bearers, that I can fulfil that duty which must be done, but which nothing could sustain a man to perform but the remembrance that to bury the dead won Raphael to Tobit's house and is one of the Seven Corporal Acts of Mercy for a Christian Man. Well—Just as we had begun to recover ourselves again on Tuesday last another Corpse arrived on my Shore with the selfsame detail to be done, and a few days since I was startled at night with a message, 'A Woman has brought a Man's Right Foot, Sir, picked up at Combe.' This too we have laid in the ground till perhaps its Body too may come. And now with 12 Bodies still unfound and the Set of the Current always urging on the Creeks of Morwenstow you will understand the nervous wretched state in which we listen all day and all night for those thrilling knocks at the door which announce the advent of the dead. When all is done it is not without a Battle that we can win from the County Rate about 30/0 a corpse for each interment, the balance, always 2£ or 3£, coming from my own purse. And I have this day buried my Thirtieth Sailor in the Seaman's Burial Ground by the Upper Trees. I thought you might like to know the details of this Branch of ministerial duty here by the Sea."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"Novr. 30, 1862.

... "No more corpses thank God in this Parish on shore. But strange to say My letter to Killerton to tell Sir T. Acland of the neglect at Bude to search the Sand

in the Hull of the Wreck brought orders from him to have an examination made and they found immediately and not very far from the Surface the Body of the chief *Mate*. Yet the Survivors said that his leg was broken by the Fall of the Mast and that they had lashed him to the raft when they pushed off from the Vessel. Another total falsehood and another evidence that there was some vile atrocity committed among that crew. It really seemed as though it were true, as the Sailors at Melita said of St. Paul, that Vengeance suffered them not to live. Braund who has called here twice on his visits to the sick gave sad accounts of the Scene. Two or three when they were washed ashore were warm and moved But all efforts at resuscitation were ineffectual. One opened his eyes and died. In their pockets were found evidences of crime. The Gold Watch of the Captain as I told you in the Steward's Pocket and leaden bullets in another and a Revolver. Lloyds gave Braund a vote of thanks and a handsome *douceur*. Sir Thomas has sent me two handsome Photographs. One is of his own Statue<sup>1</sup> in Granite set up in Northernhay in Exeter by subscription—this is framed and glazed—the other is a view of the *Bencoolen* as she lay on the Sands the day after the Wreck with people around her.”

“Decr. 7th, 1862.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“The heart of a woman never forgets is the saying of a wise man and I believe that in all the best affections and feelings of the Soul the memory of your Sex is unfailing. I suppressed all mention of the Day of my Birth and thought that perhaps it might escape your recollection. But the fidelity of your remembrance recalled the fatal third of this month when with me sorrow

<sup>1</sup> Cf. Hawker's poem on this statue.



began. The first sound that we utter is a cry as if we knew what a world of mourning we had entered into. It is a very difficult thing to decide and one that puzzled Solomon the King whether it is best to have been or no. On the one hand a Poet writes—

“Count o'er the joys thy days have seen :  
Count o'er thine hours from anguish free :  
And know, whatever thou hast been,  
'Tis something better not to be.

On the other hand there is the theological doctrine that it is so much better to have life than not that Souls are given even to Children born unlawfully on that account. Still when one comes to survey one's own individual life it is very difficult to avoid thinking that the words of Job are right ‘Would to God that I had died upon the knees. Woe unto the night in which it was said “There is a man-child born.”’ What can I call my own poor existence? After all a most unavailing life. As to what I have been able to do for a few Souls another could have done it as well—And yet perhaps I am ungrateful. I have been able to accomplish many things for this remote and wild place which others might have shrunk from. Altho' most ruinous to me there are here a Vicarage and Glebe Houses—A School and Master's abode—A restored Church—and other Parochial Comforts which may lead the future Incumbents to be glad that I went before them. I found it a Wilderness and I shall leave it a habitable place for those I know not.

“Never yet during my incumbency of 27 years did the prospects of farmers and labourers and poor assume so dark a hue. They come to me for advice. If they have a few pounds out of the wreck my advice always is ‘Emigrate!’ And accordingly nearly a hundred in the current year go

across the Sea. Our population in 1851 was 1074 in 1861 it was 868 a decrease not only of 206 but also of that increase which in a thriving parish ought to have so accrued as to have made the 1074 into 1280."

In the winter of 1862-3 Mrs. Hawker fell ill with bronchitis. She was then eighty years of age, and her health for some time had been gradually failing. Hawker's letters during her last illness are full of passionate and almost incoherent grief. Only a few of the calmer passages need be given here. On January 1st, 1863, he writes to Mrs. Watson:—

"I thank my God and Saviour that all is done that can or could be done.

. . . "Did I relate to you about Dr. Budd? When I resolved to send for him my poor Warden Cann offered himself to go, and another man offered to go to Whitstone for my Sister. Both were off at Seven O'Clock in the Evening and travelled all thro' that Night, to Barnstaple 30 miles, to Whitstone 15 miles. They were all here by 6 O'clock in the morning I think. . . .

"My Sister and her daughter are the best nurses that ever existed.

"So the warfare is waged, on the one hand disease and age, on the other medicine diet and care, and God the merciful on high holding his hand over all. I have vowed a vow to my Master that if he will spare her to me a little longer yet I will give up all my strength all my means all my time to God's Poor, washing thus my own dear Master's feet.

"What would I not give in the shape of money or goods for the surety that God would spare her life? How much of my own life would I not give to purchase prolongation of days for her? . . . Not a murmur—now and then a word to comfort me—if Angels could die, so would they pass away."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

“MY DEAR SIR,

“My poor Mrs. Hawker has been slowly dying 15 days. She breathes still and no more—I shall henceforth be a living corpse—crushed. When I can write I will—Her awful harmlessness is hard to bear.

“Yrs. always,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Feb. 2, 1863.

“My dear friend shall learn from my own hand that She our dear and blameless Sufferer is at rest. She passed away without much pain at Two O'clock. I was with her all Night until she became unconscious and then they took me into another room. She had much pain during the night, but nothing violent. Her last Word to me was ‘Go lie down, dear, you will want your strength.’ After I went away she knew no one nor uttered any coherent or intelligible word. Light is sown for the righteous and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.<sup>1</sup> I am somewhat calm and I do not shed many tears But who will grieve as I grieve?

“Yrs. aff.,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

His announcement to Mr. Godwin is touchingly brief and simple:—

<sup>1</sup> Writing to Mrs. Watson some months later he says, “Pray get a Book of Common Prayer—Find the 97th Psalm—Read the 11th verse—and you will know the only words that I intend to record on the Flat Stone in Church besides the name and date. The last word [‘true-hearted’] expresses her total character.”

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“Feb. 3, 1863.

“DEAR MR. GODWIN,

“My Brave my true-hearted Wife died yesterday at 2 o'clock—happy as a harmless child.

“Yrs. in sorrow,

“R. S. H.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Feb. 8, 1863.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“I thank you gratefully for your kind thoughts and words—I cannot write much yet. It was yesterday that we committed to the silent ground my poor darling's quiet frame. All was done as she would herself have wished—peacefully—without pretence and in decent care—Her grave just outside her Seat door in Church where the Chancel meets the Nave. After death for a couple of hours her countenance changed so with pain, for she had some pain at last after I left the room—so much that they advised me not to see her. But after a few hours such a most blessed alteration ensued, that I was called in, And there she lay with full thirty years gone from her age—not one wrinkle on her face nor line, and on her lip such a sweet and placid smile that I shall see it to my dying day—a smile that said ‘Never mind. Don't grieve,’ as she often said to me before during her last days—a smile that was a signal of peace and happiness—such a look as I could not have believed the dead could wear. The Nurse said she had never beheld such a look before—And, it came on after hours had passed—My darling—She told me calmly all she wished me to do—all I had to arrange for my own comfort—and talked so happily of going away to God that no one could ever wish her to remain in such a world of anguish as ours.

“The remnant of my life must be a quiet lonely unbroken time of thought and prayer.

“It will be long before I shall sleep. Nearly 40 years and never 5 Nights away from her. And now I start up to desolation. Every thought and plan centred in her—Husband and Wife but a trivial part of the tie. God bless you and rescue me from despair.

“Yrs. affectionately,  
“R. S. HAWKER.”

Among the many letters of condolence is one from Dr. Jeune :—

“Pembroke College, Oxford. Feb. 14, 1863.

“DEAR HAWKER,

“I have heard with much sympathy and regret that your beloved wife is no more. You will have every consolation which can alleviate such a visitation. She had reached a ripe old age, her life had been happy, and she died in the hope of a glorious immortality. On your side, you have the recollection that you have well fulfilled your obligations as a Christian husband, that you have made her happy for a long course of years, and that your kindness, of which I have heard, has assiduously relieved the weariness of age and loss of sight. Yet your loss is a grievous loss ; and what should console may for some time yet only make more piercing your grief. My wife desires me to express her feelings of sorrow and regard ; you will not doubt how sincerely prays for your comfort and happiness your old friend,

“FRANCIS JEUNE.”

“Feby. 15, 1863.

“MY DEAR FRIEND MRS. WATSON,

“To-day has been indeed a time of great trial—we have all been to Church and to visit as the usage here

is the grave. Mr. Chope preached her sermon<sup>1</sup> from the text, 'Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.' The Church was quite full. All came even the Dissenters to testify their respect and the tears shed were many and loud. The scene as I need not say was too much for me nor have I yet recovered the terrible thoughts that overwhelmed me as I stood by her dear Grave and fancied her sweet hands folded and as it were held out towards me when I looked on her, and one with her ring. O Lord heal me for my heart is broken!"

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"Feb. 22, 1863.

"I have been so accustomed to identify and blend every thought and action and event with her that I cannot realize the fact that I am alone—alone for ever. She was many years older than I in age although not in look or in speech or manner, and even after death Joanna told me with astonishment that her limbs and form were neither wasted nor worn but like a woman of forty, always to me young and cheerful and kind. In all my griefs I used to go to her and consult and she gave me advice and encouragement. When my letters came I went to her to read them and hundreds of times I should have shrunk into ruin but for her soothing words. For herself she never incurred a bill or spent one shilling that could be avoided. Her gowns and other clothing I have sent for for Years unknown to her until it came home. In her noble disinterestedness she avoided every personal outlay and it was by watching and by stealth that I found out what articles of wearing apparel she required. On close

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. T. H. Chope, who is still Vicar of Hartland, writes with reference to this sermon, "I remember during the delivery of it looking down upon her faithful dog lying on the slab over her grave at the Foot of the Pulpit."

remembrance of the 40 years I cannot discover a single instance of selfishness of wrongful feeling in all her whole life. It has soothed me exceedingly to find how all in my Parish loved my poor dear unassuming wife. She made no pretences of any kind, was never demonstrative even to those she loved best, but then every word was true and sincere, every thought high-principled and just and kind. A thought of self never debased her mind. All concur from the Bishop and Sir Thomas Acland down to the lowliest Servants that never can she be replaced. And as I vowed before her She shall rule this House from her Grave. I ask myself every hour what does she wish me to do and I do it. How would she deal with this or that emergency? and so I follow her desires. I thought I saw her dear face a night or two ago—just by her long-accustomed chair. I said to my Niece ‘Look there! It is your Aunt’s face!’ But whether reality or my dream I cannot rightly tell. In visions of the night I have seen her often and she has asked me to lift her by the hand as she did in life and spoken to me so affectionately that I grieved to awake and find her gone.<sup>1</sup>

“You would have liked Thynne’s Sermon to-day. His text was, ‘After the Fire a Still small voice,’ and the pith of his Doctrine was that Elijah could endure the Earthquake and brave the Storm and encounter the fire but was shaken more than he ought to be by the still small voice. Just so he said there were men (meaning myself) who could boldly face hard trials of the world, and who did not fear the great terrors of men, who nevertheless were prone to give way and to fall prostrate before the

<sup>1</sup> Cf. “Tears of the widower, when he sees  
     A late-lost form that sleep reveals,  
     And moves his doubtful arms, and feels  
     Her place is empty.”

approach of a lowlier grief or household sorrow. I *cannot* brave my Service yet. I should fall down upon her very grave. It is close to my pulpit and desk. I shall look down on it near me as long as I live."

*To Rev. W. D. Anderson.*

"March v., 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I shall be glad to hear how you are and where you intend to fix your abode. Remember you are still in the noon of life and have the chief future of man's existence still before you. Unlike my desolate self, to whom the end of all things is now so near, that it cannot matter much where I live and how the fragment of my days may fall to dust. I am indeed crushed. Every thought and feeling and plan have been so blended and fastened on Her that I am like a Man without a hope or fear. I shall have to suffer days of great bitterness before I die and indeed my own death is as it were already begun.

. . . "God bless you, dear Anderson, is my broken-hearted prayer.

"Yrs. always,

"R. S. HAWKER."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"March 22, 1863.

. . . "You ask me how I account for all my losses on the farm. Not by want of care. Cann has taken ten times more than I ever could, but Shakespeare explains it when he writes—

"When sorrows come they come not single spies  
But in battalions."

"Have you not observed that when death enters a house



other deaths follow—perhaps my own—and when trouble settles down on a house it multiplies. All our cats except one are dead, and he, poor fellow, follows me about crying and as I fancy nestling about my legs as if he thought we were both lonely and our companions gone.”

*To the same.*

“March 29, 1863.

“My path is clear before. Duty done and patience under God’s hand and waiting for my time to come also.”

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## CHAPTER XIX

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### 1863. 'The Quest of the Sangraal.'

HAWKER'S MASTERPIECE—COMPARED WITH TENNYSON'S 'HOLY GRAIL'—OPINIONS OF LONGFELLOW AND TENNYSON—THE EARL OF CARLISLE AT MORWENSTOW—SKETCHES THE VICAR ON CLOVELLY QUAY—FIRE AT THE VICARAGE—HORATIO WALPOLE CALLS—A NEW PARISHIONER—"A BLESSING OR—?"—MISS "LEBJINCKSKI"—"SLIGHTLY CRACKED"—A LUCKY SPECULATION OF SIR GALAHAD—THE DEMON-BIRD—LETTER TO THE QUEEN—"AN UTTER DONKEY"—LETTER FROM CARDINAL WISEMAN—"ICHABOD."

ALL poets, in different language, confirm the dictum of Shelley, that

"Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought."

And so it was with Hawker, that under the inspiration of sorrow he achieved his masterpiece. His wife's death left him more than ever alone, and the desolation of a childless old age spread drearily before him. He sought relief in poetry, and in the words which he puts into the mouth of King Arthur he expresses his own loneliness. In a letter to a friend he says—"You will recognize the Writer speaking with the lips of another in my 'Quest.'

"I have no son, no daughter, of my loins,  
To breathe, 'mid future men, their father's name :  
My blood will perish when these veins are dry ;

Yet am I fain some deeds of mine should live—  
I would not be forgotten in this land :  
I yearn that men I know not, men unborn,  
Should find, amid these fields, King Arthur's fame !  
Here let them say, by proud Dundagel's walls—  
'They brought the Sangraal back by his command,  
They touched these rugged rocks with hues of God :'  
So shall my name have worship, and my land."

"The plan of the poem," writes Mr. Godwin, "had long been in his mind, and it was to have embraced three other chants. However he only wrote the opening lines of the second:—

"'Ho ! for the Sangraal, once again I cleave  
The dream of Echo with the shout of Song.  
Come, let us trace Lord Lancelot's northward way.'"

Everyone who knows the first chant must regret that the others were never accomplished. The majesty of the sea is in this poem. The great lines follow each other with a measured roll and thunder,

"Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore."

There is also to be felt throughout the writer's intense devotion to his creed. It is the spirit of the Apocalypse wrought into blank verse. Hawker is too often regarded as merely a versifier of local legends. He himself in a letter resents being "damned with the faint praise of a ballad-monger." As a matter of fact, he is among the greater religious poets of England. He has not the defect of mere Churchiness. There is no mild sermonizing or dry metaphysical speculation in his verse. It is concrete and vivid, full of colour and romance.

The legend of the Graal seems to have been an almost

life-long study of Hawker's, to judge from the following letter to Mrs. Watson written just before his 'Quest' was published :—

“ 22 Nov., 1863.

“ The Sangraal, as I think I have said before, was the Chalice in which our Lord celebrated his last Passover of the Jews and his First Eucharist as the Lord of the Church. It was preserved by Joseph of Arimathea, so runs the Legend, and brought by him to Glastonbury, where his Staff took root and became the celebrated Christmas Thorn. It was taken away when the Land became sinful, and the Search for it was proclaimed at Dundagel by King Arthur to the Knights of the Round Table. The Sangraal has always been regarded as the Type of the Gospel, and the loss and recovery are emblems of the failure of our light and its Restoration.

“ But I must tell you the source of this theme for me. Nine and thirty years ago on the 4th of Novr. 1824 [*sic*] I was married, and we went from Stratton, where my Father was Vicar, to Dundagel in Lodgings for a Month—close to the Castle of King Arthur and amid the legends of his life and deeds. There we used to roam about and read all that could be found about those Old-World Histories, and often was this legend of the Sangraal talked of as a fine Subject for Verse. Often I have said ‘ If I could but throw myself back to King Arthur's time and write what he would have said and thought it would make a good Cornish Book.’ The crest of Her Family was three Birds, the red-legged Chough, King Arthur's Bird, as the common people call it around the Castle. Thus I have told you but to nobody else the reason of my choice, and whereas, as you know, the custom is to select some great Person as a Patron and to dedicate your Work to Him or Her, I shall not do so—

but in the Place of the Dedication will stand this—'To: a vacant Chair: and an added Stone: I chant these solitary sounds:'

"It is to me so striking and so strange that after nine and thirty years of travel thro' life I come back to the same old scene, circling like some hunted animal to die where my life was born.

"I don't hope or suppose that you will care about such a Poem, because I have been compelled to make it mediæval and to speak as they spoke in those old times. It will be a 2/6 book and if I can sell 200 copies the outlay will be paid for. Some men can sell 1000 copies in a month. But they are well known and I am the lonely solitary Vicar of Mw. Well, I can say as well as if I were the Bishop of Exeter, 'God bless yours and you,' and I can always sincerely be

"Yours affectionately,

"R. S. HAWKER."

In 1861 he wrote to Mr. West:—

"What is the exact origin etymon and usage of Sangreal? It is W. Maskell's opinion that some reference was intended to the Real Blood, but I don't think so, and I want to establish by the verbal Elements 'Holy Vessel.' That it was a native Gem or precious Stone, 'one whole Chrysolyte,' is the suggestion of Sister Emmerich the Belgian ecstatic. She saw it first in the hands of Melchisedech who brought in it to Abraham the Myth of Bread and Wine. Afterwards in the Time of Solomon she describes it as a Vessel of deep veneration, and there is now at Genoa a dish—one pure emerald—which they shew and revere as a relique of that King's Time and Worship. But under the Herods, when many valuable Utensils of Gold and Jewels had been stealthily withdrawn,

this Vase was rescued and preserved until it arrived in the family of Veronica, who delivered it to St. Peter and St. John for the usage of their Master at his final Pasch and First 'sacring of the Mass.' After the Cross this Chalice or 'Charger,' for it was shallower than a chalice and yet deeper than a dish, was cherished by Joseph of Arimathea who brought it they say to England and delivered it to certain of God's messengers—when he died you remember that the search for the Sangreal was the theme of many a graphic legend of old time. I shall be really glad if you can verify the Etymon of the Name. Here I have no access to a single Book."

To another friend he wrote, some years later:—

"I know not that I can give you any better authority for the meaning of Sangraal than the literal interpretation of the old French words, San the abbreviated form of Saint, Holy, and Graal, or Grayle, a chalice, cup, or bowl, or deep charger, or dish. Villemarque the French writer on the romance of King Arthur takes it in this literal sense, so does the Life of King Arthur by Sir Thomas Malory and twenty other books. If Tennyson or Montalembert use it for the contents of the Vase, sc. blood, this is by a perverted use of Metonymy, a figure which employs a part of anything for the whole. It is so undoubted a matter to call the Chalice used at the first Eucharist Sangraal that it hardly requires authority beyond the continual and unbroken use."

Hawker's poem naturally suggests a comparison with Tennyson's 'Holy Grail.' They approached the subject in different ways, Tennyson as the pure artist, Hawker as the fervent mystic. In a letter to Mr. Godwin, dated 5 Aug. 1862, Hawker says:—

"Maskell has bought in London this visit the First Edition (1830) of Tennyson's Poems. There are 30 pieces

in it which he never republished. I have the Book now in the House & I am going, if I can find time, to copy them. One or two strike me as the Writings of a Religious Man, such as I fear he is not now, being a Maurician. Anything Churchy would have been fatal to his future fame in England, therefore he cut all such. This is my version. Any tidings of y Sangreal? I wanted him (T) to undertake that theme: it would make a magnificent Idyll. But I don't think somehow that he is endowed with the necessary faculty to deal with it. He is not the Father of a Reverential Boss. I ought to explain. Starting with the patristic axiom, *Dat Formam Anima*—The Soul it is that gives the corporeal & cranial mould, I hold that we are the Fathers of our own Bumps, and not, as the Phrenologists affirm, the Sons. And with this thought I don't conceive Tennyson would so revere the Sangreal as to win the Grace demanded in its Scribe."

Tennyson himself had the same feeling. In October 1859 he wrote to the Duke of Argyll,—

"As to Macaulay's suggestion of the Sangreal, I doubt whether such a subject could be handled in these days without incurring a charge of irreverence. It would be too much like playing with sacred things. The old writers *believed* in the Sangreal. Many years ago I did write 'Lancelot's Quest of the Grail' in as good verses as I ever wrote, no, I did not write, I made it in my head, and it has now altogether slipt out of my memory."

Tennyson's 'Holy Grail' was not published until 1869, five years after Hawker's 'Quest.' The two poems are conceived in such a different spirit, set in such a different framework, and based on such different versions of the legend, that they cannot be compared, as it were, line by line. For the incidents of the tale Tennyson follows Malory, while Hawker gives rein to his own imagination.

Tennyson makes Arthur disapprove the Quest. Hawker makes him the moving spirit. The quality of Tennyson's poem is ethereal beauty ; that of Hawker's rugged strength. Tennyson's language is pictorial, Hawker's rhetorical. There is nothing in Hawker's verse of that elaborate mosaic of syllables such as,

“ The spires  
Prick'd with incredible pinnacles into heaven.”

or the consummate vowel-changes in such lines as

“ Only the rounded moon  
Thro' the tall oriel on the rolling sea.”

Hawker uses a broader manner. His eloquence is more forthright and simple. His blank verse is to the smooth rhythm of Tennyson as the dash of breakers to the ripple of a lake : the brattle of trumpets to the “ horns of Elfland faintly blowing.” Only in one instance can passages in the two poems be said to correspond in subject, and that is in the legend of Joseph of Arimathea. This is Tennyson's version :—

“ ‘Nay, monk ! what phantom ?’ answer'd Percivale.  
‘The cup, the cup itself, from which Our Lord  
Drank at the last sad supper with his own.  
This, from the blessed land of Aromat—  
After the day of darkness, when the dead  
Went wandering o'er Moriah—the good saint,  
Arimathean Joseph, journeying brought  
To Glastonbury, where the winter thorn  
Blossoms at Christmas, mindful of Our Lord.  
And there awhile it bode ; and if a man  
Could touch or see it, he was heal'd at once,  
By faith, of all his ills. But then the times  
Grew to such evil that the holy cup  
Was caught away to Heaven, and disappeared.’ ”



Hawker takes longer to cover the same ground :—

“Then came Sir Joseph, hight of Arimathèe,  
 Bearing that awful Vase, the Sangraal !  
 The Vessel of the Pasch, Shere Thursday night,  
 The selfsame Cup, wherein the faithful wine  
 Heard God, and was obedient unto Blood.  
 Therewith he knelt and gathered blessèd drops  
 From his dear Master’s Side that sadly fell,  
 The ruddy dewes from the great tree of life :  
 Sweet Lord ! what treasures ! like the priceless gems  
 Hid in the tawny casket of a King,—  
 A ransom for an army—one by one !

“He lived long centuries and prophesied,  
 A girded pilgrim ever and anon,  
 Cross-staff in hand, and, folded at his side,  
 The mystic marvel of the feast of blood.  
 Once, in old time, he stood in this dear land,  
 Enthral’d—for lo ! a sign ! his grounded staff  
 Took root, and branch’d, and bloom’d, like Aaron’s rod :  
 Thence came the shrine, the cell ; therefore he dwelt,  
 The vassal of the Vase, at Avalon !

“This could not last, for evil days came on,  
 And evil men : the garbage of their sin  
 Tainted this land, and all things holy fled.  
 The Sangraal was not.’”

To sum up the comparison, it may be said that while the Laureate’s Idyll surpasses the Cornish Vicar’s fragment as a work of art, the latter poem has in it more of the breath of life. Hawker, by virtue of his faith and his mediæval sympathies, tells the tale with an air of conviction and an earnestness of purpose that are lacking to the greater poet, and makes the shadowy figures of chivalry live and move upon the page.

Hawker well knew the merits of his own work, and, with those who shared his confidence, was not restrained by false modesty from measuring himself against the Laureate. In 1870 he writes to Mr. Godwin:—

. . . “Tennyson has sent me his ‘Holy Grail’ with his Autograph. I have read it—and my first thought was, ‘Would to God I had but one friend on Earth who would contrast mine with his and publish passages side by side.’ When the themes concur I should have no fear of the result.” . . .

Again, in the same year, he writes:—

“I have received of late several satisfactory testimonies which confirm your good opinion of that Poem. In America Longfellow said lately to Mrs. Jared Sparks ‘I have read Tennyson’s ‘Holy Grail’ and Mr. Hawker’s ‘Quest,’ and I think the latter poem far superior to the Laureate’s.’ King [R. J.], the Critic who is on the Staff of the *Quarterly*, has written the same opinion to me. I know that one day my ‘Quest’ will be discussed line by line and the myths and legends understood.”

Having asked his publisher for a few copies of ‘The Quest,’ he says to Mr. Godwin, “I want them to send to Friends for comparison with Tennyson!! Audacity!” In 1874 he writes, “A Friend of mine, Harris of Hayne, told me this Summer that Tennyson had said, speaking of my ‘Quest,’ ‘Hawker has beaten me on my own ground.’” In the same year he was pleased at being told that a passage had been set at Rossall School for Greek Iambics.

In the letters that follow we can almost watch him at work upon the poem, in the intervals of other events and occupations.

Some of the letters do not refer to the ‘Quest,’ but, as they were written during the time he was engaged on it, I have thought it best to place them in this chapter.

On 10 June 1863 he writes to Mr. Godwin:—

. . . “I want help about the Sangraal and I cannot even fix the orthography of the name. Is there any Book known or discoverable wherein the archæology of the legend is to be attained? Any Encyclopædia of Sacred Antiquity? I cannot decipher your French Friend’s reprint—I mean I cannot read it into modern French. Nor have I access to a single book. The old Rabbinical Comments on the Book of Job would be valuable to me. Have you St. Gregory (M) on Job in a single volume—or one of a collection of his works with that in it? Mignet’s Edition? The Archæology of Job is magnificent. If the Remarks or Comments of St. Gregory Major on Job can be had in one vol. in Latin I should like to see it. Do you see *Once a Week*? Maskell has inserted two of my Ballads lately in it, one illustrated by Watson. . . . I should like the Work on the Pyramid. I think I have read it, as I do all about Egypt. I should have written to you before but I only began to read again and write yesterday.”

*To Dean Cowie.*

“June xx., 1863.

“MY DEAR COWIE,

“As an old Oxford Man it interests me to read all the Reports of Colleges and Schools and their Doings. In a report in yesterday’s *Times* of the opposition day at St. Paul’s the familiar name of ‘Mr. Cowie’ greeted me as bracketed in *my* chief test, Latin Verse, with Black, the actual Captain of the School, atho’ the said Cowie must be in years and standing very junior. If, as I augur, this signifies your Son, you have reason to be very proud of him, for I am, altho’ only his Cornish Cousin. Give my kindest regards to your boy and tell him if he likes to abjure his

Father's house he shall come to mine—'No heir of mine succeeding.' Tell him that like all Egotists I like to be put in mind of myself, and when I see a lad urging beyond his mates I say with the German—'He stood before me like my youth, Clothing the palpable and the Familiar with golden exhalations of the dawn.' I have taken your advice, chosen a difficult theme and I am at work on it—here it is—The Quest of the Sangraal. Thus it begins—in blank verse—

"Ho! for the Sangraal! vanished Vase of Heaven,  
That held, like Christ's own heart, an Hin of Blood."

My best regards to your Wife and all the Candidates for the honours of the sixth Age."

Hawker's friend of undergraduate days, Mr. Arthur Kelly, stood to him in the relation of candid critic, and read the poem in manuscript. "I send passages to Kelly," writes Hawker to Mr. Godwin, "partly because his forte is criticism, and because he is a kind of concordance of modern poetry, so that if I approach plagiarism I am pretty sure he will detect it."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"June 28, 1863.

"I have written, just as Tennyson<sup>1</sup> told me he always did, a few lines every day, altering and expunging as he went on, and I have finished nearly an hundred lines. I am very thankful to you for St. Gregory. But the Translation I think will suffice. I have had Warton's Vol. from London with the Note on Sangraal, and I am glad to find that my orthography is sustained by Nares. By the way what an excellent Book that Glossary is. I should very much like the whole. The loose discarded Sheets of a spoilt copy would amply satisfy me. Villemarque came to-night.

<sup>1</sup> See Notes on page 192.

Thank you for your Oxford fragments of Commemoration—*Mediocria firma*—which I once translated ‘Mediocrity sticks fast.’ When I see you I shall have a great deal to say. A Bed and I need not add a hearty welcome await you here in my cell.”

*To the same.*

“1863. Morwenstow. July xiiijth.

“As you will soon be in Rob Roy’s country I must issue my commands. No one may refuse me homage on the Tamar Side. As soon as you can prophesy your movements let me know—And as you will come to this Place from Barnstaple on the north I fix on Clovelly for our Tryst. Fix the day and hour that you will be there and I shall be punctually there to bring you on hither. This, as the Chinese say, is final. This do and I think I can obtain the Stratton ‘Records’<sup>1</sup> at about half your offer. I always thought I had sent you the First Cluster of the Reeds, but as I did not I can obtain for you a copy, tarnished but by myself if that will do. I transmit this *avant courier* to await you when you arrive. I have written nearly 150 lines of the Sangraal, and if you care to listen, I will read it to you.

“Your Sheets are aired already.”

*To his Niece.*

“August 2, 1863.

“MY DEAR MARY,

“Just home from Stow where I have driven a young Barrister, Mr. Lovell Lovell, Son of the Town Clerk of Wells. He came yesterday bringing a noble altar Cloth worked by his Mother & Miss Drake of Huntsham according to a promise made two years ago when they were here. It covers

<sup>1</sup> ‘Records of the Western Shore,’ Second Series, published at Stratton, 1836.

the Altar and comes down nine inches all round; the Border is a purple wine Colour and the pattern large Fleurs de lis in Gold coloured Worsted, very thick, heavy, and substantial, just what I like, the top is a scarlet cloth. It looks magnificent, and the Cocoa Fibre Matting for the whole Chancel is sent for at Lord Clinton's expense. Then the Chancel will look well.

"Last week Mr. Godwin came & stayed three days. He arranged for the publication of the Sangraal. Maskell and Dr. Meynell from Oscott are coming this week."

. . . . .  
*To Dean Cowie.*

"August viij., 1862.

"MY DEAR COWIE,

"I ought to have remembered that a London Dignitary demands Form and embassy and august ceremonial and therefore I should have issued Letters invitatory to assure you how that I earnestly entreated you to visit Morwenstow and its cell. But if I write as long a letter as St. Paul I can say no more than that few things would give me greater pleasure than to hold converse with you while the Bairns enjoy the Cliffs and Sea. Will you then write me a line and fix on what day next week you and Mrs. Cowie and all your 'hostages' will come up. They shall have their junket and you the 'Sangraal.'"

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"1863. Mww. Aug. xiiij.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Where are you? I am quite put out at not hearing from you. 'The Quest' is advanced to 307 lines—and must now wind up. If you concur, a Fly leaf with

'The Quest' &c. In five chants, by R. S. H. Chant the First 2/6. Will this do?

. . . "I should like to choose my type, margin and paper. Where should the notes come? . . . All who have seen it say they like it exceedingly. But this may be Bosh. I pray you write me as soon as you arrive in Oxford. I have enumerated the Regions thrice over with varied imagery, to imprint that Doctrine on the reader's mind. In poetry, as in Prose, *me judice*, only that which is true is beautiful. . . . Can you send me from St. Gregory's Job his comment on the Cock in Job Ch. 38, verse 36? [*sic*]. I want the myth there, for there is one. I introduce

"The Bird of Judgment chants the doom of day!"

as a line. But I have written lines every day since you went away. I am at the Hut at six every evening, and I remain till after sunset. When I left you I drove down to Clovelly and while the Horses fed I walked down to the Pier. A young Man spoke to me. I saw he was an Undergraduate somewhere. Accordingly a week after Thynne drove over with a friend of his. It was the same man—George Howard<sup>1</sup> of Trin: Coll: Camb. Thynne introduced him as a remarkable Artist in Drawing. We went to the Hut. I asked to see his Sketch Book and found that his forte lay in Faces and Figures. All the Fanes were there, Thynne, and, in Wide Hat and Jersey, myself—from memory—a merry likeness but not a caricature.<sup>2</sup> He hoped I was not angry—certainly not—but he must give me a copy—this he promised—if he does I will send it on to you. I saw him at the same work in the Hut. Among my notes to the Graal it will be necessary

<sup>1</sup> Now Earl of Carlisle.

<sup>2</sup> This forms the frontispiece of the present volume. See preface, p. xiv.

that I should print 'Aishah Shechinah,' 'The Comet' and perhaps 'King Arthur's Waes Hael.' This at all events will swell the Book. They will be illustrative of the text of the Poem."

Just at this time his work on the 'Quest' was rudely interrupted, as the following letter relates :—

"Aug. 23, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"You bid me soothe and cheer you with my reply, but alas you know not what you enjoin. In the midst of this most miserable world who can forecast tomorrow? Another disaster which might have been destruction has darkened this fatal 1863. I have had a mournful menace of my house destroyed by Fire. But for God's especial mercy it must have ensued. But before I go on let me assure you that, altho' the Fright has been fearful, the actual loss has not been large. It was on Monday while I was seated at my table reading, that the Servant rushed into the room pale and trembling and saying 'O, Sir, the house is on Fire.' A Man at work in a field opposite had seen smoke issuing from the Gable towards the Sea. I rushed up to the turret stairs and saw fire. I ran down and out towards the barley field where the men were mowing. They ran in. Cann came. The neighbours rushed in. They mounted the roof and then it flashed into my mind that there was hardly any water. The Well from long Summer was low. So I grew faint and fell. No one perceived it and I came to myself. But it so chanced that a fortnight ago I had caused a pond to be made for my brood of ducks and there we had found a spring. I called out 'To the pond!' There they found water. Still this would not have availed. But Kinsman the Parish Mason, who had been



conversant with Fires, mounted the roof and called for a Sledge Hammer and saw. With these he broke down about three feet of the roof *behind the fire* and cut away the timber and very soon that faithful fellow Cann came down from the roof and ran to me. I was on my knees imploring God to spare *her* Roof so long—and he shouted, ‘They have conquered the fire, Sir.’ And so by God’s express miracle they had. The Wind was blowing from the Sea—and the pond although gushing was small. But the fire was then overcome. What a scene! The poor Servants had called on the people to save the Furniture and every thing in the house had been carried out on the lawn. Anything more noble than the conduct of the people was never seen. They risked life and limb and the Dissenters were conspicuous among them all for vigour and zeal. What a blessing that I was insured.

“My hand trembles as you may perceive but when I can get some sleep all will come back I trust. One good thing I must announce. My Wheat is saved. Cann came with his men and before he touched a sickle or a scythe he had reaped and bound set up and carried in every sheaf of my Wheat. I don’t think there ever was a Man so true and sincere. He has grown up under my especial care, he and his family, and I never knew or heard of so blameless a man. But after their conduct on Monday I must never doubt the goodwill of my whole people. Their conduct was beyond all praise. I shall never forget it or cease to be grateful for it as long as I live. The delicacy too with which when the fire was stopped they went away, as if not to intrude even for praise, was very striking.

“And now I must close this prophet’s roll written within and without with lamentation and woe. Once more God bless you. He who has been so merciful to me will never fail you—trust him.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Sept. 6, 1863.

“We saved the Barley on Tuesday in an interval of about Six hours of Sunshine. Here my churchwarden again acted most kindly. Altho’ he had Barley himself in the ground and oats, he postponed his own corn which he has not yet saved and brought his Men Waggon and horses and made mine secure by nightfall. It really grieves me to know that he suffers from his great kindness. But he altho’ of low degree was born with the feelings and the demeanor of a gentleman and he avoids ever referring to his corn in my presence. He saved his Wheat well and he is the only Farmer in the Parish who has done so. Ours is a late and slow people and their seedtime is often tardy, therefore their harvest is likewise.”

Describing the fire to his brother-in-law, he writes:—  
“Hardly a china tea cup was broken yet all my trinkets and curious things were out on the grass. The reports were fearful, the house burnt down—with all its contents. Maskell came up to offer me shelter, and all the people around have shewn entire sympathy. I did not write. I have not been able to sit down in quiet since. I am far more shaken than you would imagine from having to gather together papers and scattered things that I had not had the courage to look at since February—You will be surprised to hear that I am a lean thin worn old man—I have lost all my girth and my clothes have been taken in 3 or 4 times and still too large. I am not stouter than I was at 21.”

The following letter to Mrs. Watson illustrates the complexity of Hawker’s nature, the nervousness and sensitive need of sympathy suddenly changing to a mood of stern invective:—

“Aug: 30, 1863.

“I know so well your keen and sensitive sympathy with others and I feel so deeply your own misery that I suppress many an utterance that I should otherwise allow to escape my pen. I do not think I am a selfish man but my nature is to lean and not to sustain others as I ought. I do so yearn also for sympathy that the tenderness I have lost cuts me down to the very earth. Bitterly and witheringly I now feel that I am very nearly alone upon Earth.

“But I must reply to your queries and forget.”

[*Re Mrs. Watson's landlady.*]

“I can really hardly bear any more than yourself to write that miserable Woman's name. I guessed rightly that she had received obligations from you long ago and hers being a very base nature ingratitude was the probable fruit. I cannot think your just and righteous indignation can be any impediment of a sacramental kind. It is written in the Book of God ‘Thou shalt despise the vile’—And so long as she is impenitent towards you so long you are not bound to forgive her.”

“When base natures have received kindness it turns to poison. The Man who could so express himself to defenceless ladies as this man has to you must be an unmitigated miscreant. I thank God that your last letter to me has been addressed from such a den of thieves . . . Your's only arrived by to-night's Post and its contents have made me so indignant that I shall not sleep much to-night. If I dream it will be that I am horsewhipping Mr. P. God bless you and yours and bring you safe to your new abode.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Sepr. 5/63.

“I cannot give you the contents of the other envelope. It is the only outline ever taken, the only one that ever

will be attempted of my worn-out face. If you like to have it copied you may do so, and the original, for so it is literally, must recur to me. The artist is Mr. George Howard, the Heir presumptive, if the Earl has no future children, of Lord Carlisle, Viceroy of Ireland.

. . . "To my great surprise St. Gregory does not deliver a mythic meaning of the Cock. There is, I am persuaded, a deep and secret doctrine in that cockcrow which rebuked the Rocky Apostle. Morris gives from the Morning Thanksgiving of the Jewish Prayer Book—'Blessed be thou O Lord my God Thou ruler of Eternity Thou who hast granted to the Cock the Skill to test twixt day and night.' I have called the Cock at Dundagel thus:—

"The Bird of Judgment chants the doom of Night!"

and I wanted a Note. But never mind: I don't want to show off or to seem to do so if I can help it.

"But with regard to the Type. It seems to me so far to go to Scotland to invest £20 or £30. A homely Printer on ever so coarse a paper so that the type is distinct and manly would surely do as well—your friend Mr. Pollard as well as any. I have heard of him as a good Churchman and only last week I sent Mr. Thynne to him for Books for the School. But I will be guided by you—as soon as I see my way. I am arrived at line 347. The King is bidding them Farewell under Carradon on the Moor amid Rock and Barrow &c. and I shall not carry it much farther if at all. Surely the price cannot exceed 2/6. Now 100 at 2/6 = £12-10-0. 200 would pay for Printing, and 300 I suppose will cover all cost. It would be most stony if I could not win 300 friends at 2/6 each. As John Milton said 'Fit audience find the few.' So say I. I do not covet the slime of the *Faces Angliæ* on the page.

"A Voice seems always in my Ear 'Too late, Too late.'"



4

R. S. HAWKES.

From a sketch by the Earl of Carlisle, 1845.



*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Sept. viij., 1863.

“Again I thank you for useful aid. Lyra’s Gloss puts the inspiration of the Cock just as I suspected from guess in the myth of St Peter’s denial. Said Lord Jesu in his Soul ‘Think not your inspiration will save you from error or render you faithful. Lo! the Bird of Night inspired by me to adjudge between the darkness and the dawn shall put you to rebuke and shame. He will be true to his Paraclete and thou false to thine—A living Dial of God that girded fowl—a breathing Oracle of Day.

. . . “You mention Jacobson. Did you speak of the Sangraal to him? Any little word of encouragement from any source would be of real value to me—here alone—like the King ‘Around his Soul Dundagel and the Sea!’ I have got in some strong bits on the Barrows The Pillared Rocks and craggy Carradon. There will be I think a great deal of what Maskell calls *meat* in my Sangraal—even the First *Chant*—(you write *Chaunt* but surely ‘u’ cannot travel in from the etymon). These doubts make me wish for an old Nares.

. . . “If we could afford it I should like an outline of the nearest guess to the Sangraal on the cover. It would foretell the nature of the theme. Yet not unless it were near the truth, and nothing will yield any approach, *me judice*, to this, but some hint from the Catacomb-frescoes—Did you ever see the Giant Folio, 75 Guineas, from Rome? Only Three came to England; one Brit: Museum.”

*To the same.*

“Sept. xij., 1863.

“Your letters are the only cheering MSS. I get. I fear my failure will again be in LSD. . . . I fear when it comes to half-crowns the Thanes will fly from me.

. . . "I don't much care about the shape &c. for this First Chant, because we shall not come in contact yet with the cup itself. Still it is full of interest. As you suppose Mr. Shipley has written to me and sent me a copy of his recent issue beautifully got up, and his contents are more fearless than is usual nowadays. He asks for pieces of mine to publish—I think you have all and I none. Have you a Xmas Ballad printed in *Ns and Qs* some time back about the Southern Cross and the Magi. This might suit him. Anything you have Mr. Shipley may print. He gives his name at your request for my Sangraal.

"I have got to line 385 and now a few more will close it.

. . . "I have harassing weather for out of door, still every Evening you may conceive me from Six till dark at the hut looking over the Sea and, save for the two dogs, alone. They never leave me night or day. Charlie sleeps at my Bedside vigilant as Cerberus.

. . . "I fear I am a great tax on your time, but I do feel so utterly crushed sometimes here in my utter loneliness that it is a relief to me to sit down and talk to you with my nervous pen. You may always tell my frame of mind by my hand-writing. Shamefully reckless to-night."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Sept. xij., 1863.

. . . "I never fancy that I personally understand or enjoy a finical or huddled type as I do a bold clear manly letter. Do you know a Book, published by the Cardinal of England for a Charity, called 'A Few Flowers from a Roman Campagna'? I like the type of the prose and the poetry very much. On second thoughts I will send it to you (a gift) that you may see my taste. I should like the type of his Prose for my Verses. It was a little wetted



during the fire—you will know the name of the type—I do not. Just in from the hut—a noble set of Sun on the Sea—Rather worn too am I—Three Sermons never conceived till I am in Church is exhaustive for the nervous or fibrous tissue. To-day the Gospel of the Birds and the flowers. Our Lord on Mount Thabor with the fed multitudes grouped in the distance, the Syrian Farmers at the Foot of the Hill—Clusters of flowers between the Rocks, Birds gliding to and fro, So he called on the people to choose their World, which of the twain, &c.”

*To Dean Cowie.*

“Sept. 22, 1863.

. . . “I have had queer visits, Your member for Cambridge, Walpole, bringing Lord Justice Turner and his Three Daughters, one of whom by her Father’s command is to send me a drawing she made, which reminds me that I have not asked who wrote those pretty earnest lines you enclosed. I was very glad to receive them (tell her so) and nothing but a fire could have made me omit to write and say so at the time. When you read the ‘Sangraal’ and come to the lines ‘I have no Son—no daughter of my loins’ ‘To breathe ’mid future men their Father’s name:’ ‘My blood will perish when these veins are dry:’ it was your Children’s faces that were in my mind as I wrote. Mind that and tell them so. I am going to print the Poem at my own expense and sell it myself—I and Godwin of Oxford. I have been so robbed by the miscreant Booksellers that if I lose they shall not win.”

It is said that when the distinguished visitors mentioned in this letter arrived at the Vicarage, Hawker was upstairs, and kept them waiting some little time before he made his appearance. Apparently his guests had shown some signs of impatience, for Hawker, when he

came down, apologised and said, laughingly, "If the Lord Chancellor had called, you know, I could not have appeared while I was shaving." The Rt. Hon. Spencer Horatio Walpole was afterwards Home Secretary at the time of the Hyde Park riots of 1866. He is said to have shed tears when a certain deputation waited upon him. On hearing of this Hawker remarked, "A very good father, no doubt, but not much of a statesman."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Sept. 25, 1863.

... "I don't want a larger page if the type be ever so large. Still less do I want any ornament of type or any other kind. It cannot be too simple so that it be legible and plain. It always struck me that the 'Idylls' were printed in a most unsuitable way for the theme. The small neat finedrawn letters do not cohere with a mediæval Subject or antique theme. I send you also Pollard's letter about the toned paper. His scale of charges to me seems miraculously subdued. There seems no bias to imposition or to overpay. I don't think I shall add any more to Chant the First. I had intended to close with a vision shewn to Merlin and the King on Dundagel battlements, but I fear it will take more time than I can now bestow."

"Sept. 27, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"Your own cheerfulness amid so many anxieties is indeed a lesson to me to subdue my morbid tendencies, but you are a Woman and I am a Man, and it is God's wise and gracious law that your Sex shall have power to control your own sorrows in order to soothe ours. How often do I remark this in lowly life and among my own

parishioners. The Sick bed of the man is querulous and impatient and very often selfish towards the Wife and daughter, while a woman is always ready to subdue her pain and to make the best of her ailments lest they should harass the man. Never were there truer lines than those of Scott—

“‘When pain and sickness rend the brow,  
A ministering angel thou.’

. . . “I do not think I know Dr. James even by name, but this goes for nothing now for I literally read no modern book at all. If you could see my little room! just large enough to hold a kind of oblong couch like a sofa-bed, a table, and my chair. Over against me are ten or twelve folio volumes—Calmet’s Dictionary of the Bible and St. Thomas his Summary of Theology—a Latin Bible and Concordance—an ancient History of the Church and two or three more Books—and there you have my library—my Study and my bed—the world that I inhabit—where I shall live and die—from my Window the Church and the Sea.

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Sept. 28, 1863.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“The inroads which I make on your time and patience will cease in all likelihood at the Collation of the New Incumbent of Morwenstow. There will be no heir of mine succeeding to your correspondence. As I have said in the ‘Quest’ in one of the Speeches of the King ‘My blood will perish when these veins are dry.’ This thought often arrives to me in my dreary life. But to your letter. . . It will *not* do to defer the minor poems to the end of all—Because each of them is in the nature of a note in itself

*e.g.*, 'Aishah' illustrates the usage of that word as an exclamation instead of Arthur's favourite word 'Marie.' The line about the feast

"Hear how the Minstrels prophesy in Sound,  
Shout the King's Waze-hael and Drink-hael the Queen!"

introduces naturally 'King Arthur's Waze-hael,' my ballad. Not one, I think, will take a place unconnected with the Poem. I wish them not to be utterly lost after I am gone.

. . . "I inclose one or two cuttings that I found in sorting papers, one of my sad and frequent occupations now, also a Note<sup>1</sup> from Emily Tennyson the Poet's Wife, which I would not burn. You will be glad to hear that the repairs of my Fire are nearly completed and are to be paid for by the Insurance Co. No one will pay me for the heart-beat which has continued I am sorry to say ever since. Vascular disease my only inheritance from my poor dear Father.

. . . "Will you look out in Nares 'aumry'—or 'aumbry:' it is the breviat of Almeries for Aumoire (I think) and meant originally what we call Alms-chest or *perhaps* Archive, or *vulgo* Cupboard. I want the etymon and accurate reading of the word as I use it of Merlin's SS.

"on the Runic hide  
Of a slain deer, roll'd in an aumry chest."

Could you at my cost get me a copy of my own Face? Here I am helpless and I am asked. But tell me first."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Sept. 30, 1863.

"A letter from your Father and two vols. of De Foe. De Foe a Failure—most meagre and vapid in his reference

<sup>1</sup> This is the letter given on page 197.

to this country. How miserably a quotation in a Magazine misled me. Bolton Corney at all events is sincere. He has sent me the whole of Michel's Preface copied out in his own hand! I must relinquish my search for the Shape and Material of the early Cups till I write my Second Chant."

"Octr. 2 /63.

. . . "A letter from Sir T. D. Acland who is at Bude to announce a visit here and to ask leave to bring Cousins the Engraver with him. I am expecting every day the arrival of my new Parishioner Mr. Valentine, Vicar of Whixley, Yorkshire, who has bought a Farm and House of Semi-annual Abode. He may be a blessing or——. At the hut to-night—A man obliged to go with me to hold by, the Storm was so fierce and strong and noble—the cruel Sea!"

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"11th Octr. 1863.

. . . "I fear the sands you speak of are quicksands. If so pray adopt a circuitous route rather than cross them. I once saw Lady Acland driving her ponies over the sands at Bude where it used to be firm land, and the wheels sank to the axle and the ponies to their bellies. Had it not been for a carter she would have met with a fearful accident."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Octr. 24, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Never suppose that when I fail to write you the cause is any cessation of regard, but the truth is, I am and have been for some time exceedingly depressed and cast down. Nothing of strange import has occurred but

only an aggravation of former griefs. This fatal 63 is slaying me. Nothing prospers—my poor animals languish and die, and all were her pets. And now I cannot shelter myself in the hut Evenings, for my dog Charlie (Berg's son) has taken to worry sheep and has nearly killed two of my own. He was the only companion left to me—when quite a puppy he came to the Bedside and was greeted by one of the last smiles—And now when I moan in my bed he comes and searches my face and puts his arms round me as if to soothe me. . . . The family of new Parishioners (did I tell you?) Valentine? who has bought lands here, are come to reside—Vicar of Whixley, Yorkshire. He is regular at Church—a simple-minded Man, as you will see when I tell you that he thinks it a treat! to hear me preach! Thank God I never was a popular preacher and never shall be. . . . I have written two Visions called up by Merlin, and the other I really cannot drag out of my Brain. However the Poem will end well enough without them.

. . . “Great illness here. . . . I go from Bed to Bed to comfort, wanting it myself most of all. I cannot summon one soothing thought.”

*To Dean Cowie.*

“Octr. 29, 1863.

“MY DEAR COWIE,

“I know too well the absorbing pressure on your time to look for a reply from you to all my letters—only let me say how glad I always am to see the exactitude of your Senior Wrangler Handwriting. I have gratefully used your Astronomical tidings as you will discern in one of my learned notes.

. . . “When you can, tell me something about the events of the world I shall never see. I have have had the usual flittings hither of the Bude Swallows and now my lonely

Winter is setting in. I never saw the Wrath of the Atlantic fiercer than it is now."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Octr. 29, 1863.

"The Leopard was the Norman Beast in the Conqueror's Shield. May I say *Libbard*? Will you look in a Glossary and let me know? I want to use it to mark the Norman period of History. You say 'don't despond'—why! the weight of a ton of Lead is dragging at my Ganglions while I write. I do so dread the Morrow. But I will not say more to worry you.

"I hope you described Morwenstow and the Vicar to *Mrs. Jacobson*. She once took kind interest in me. Pray tell me if anything passed."

"Novr. 1, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"Since I wrote last the Bishop has lost his faithful Wife, I may say his vigilant guardian. She never allowed him out of her sight. She told me herself that she always went with him to the House of Lords and sat in the Ladies Seats until the House adjourned, no matter what hour. She never to the last would let him travel without herself and she must have endured tortures to accomplish it. . . . How dearly he has paid for his career. And now what is it? His Soul must arise and go whenever God sends his Angel to require it, and when that Soul stands before God it will wear no robe nor mitre nor carry a crosier there in that awful Presence wherein we all must stand. And then—what will avail us then? One cup of cold Water which we have given to a thirsty Brother for Christ's sake will outweigh a diadem. What are we in the hands of God?—dust and ashes.

"Our Storms are fearful. I have been watching two days yesterday and to-day a Schooner in distress and the

Cliffs lined with Men. God grant no wrecks. On Friday the Hail beat on our Glass as large as marbles—and cracked the Glass. The Tillage of Wheat has been at a pause for full Ten days. It is indeed a fearful Coast. Let that comfort you in your inland home. In every Spot there are compensating events. I have learnt the lesson of life and found that having food and health and raiment every one ought to be content. No one is able to be ever so high to enjoy more than those three elements of human comfort.

. . . I have visited every day a dying old man at our Almshouse, 72, worn out with hard work and disease. I administered the Sacrament on Friday and that Night he slept the first time for a whole week and awoke prostrate but resigned. I have often seen that result of our Blessed Saviour's Sign.

“I read with much pleasure your contented account of your new home. Depend on it the Mind or rather the Soul creates its own scene around the body. What we think, we are, and it is our thoughts that make a Palace of a cot with a meek and gentle mind. You say your Neighbours are lowly. So much the better. I have found that the English Virtues like a sheltered spot and an humble home. If I were to travel I should always choose a third Class Carriage. They say that in the Second Class there is always a doubtful sort of gentility whereas in the third there are people lowly but honest. So is it in life.”

*From Dr. Phillpotts to Rev. R. S. Hawker, in reply to a letter of condolence on the death of Mrs. Phillpotts.*

“Bishopstowe. 29 Oct. 1863.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I heartily thank you—and know that you would not wish me to write more than this, for my bodily as well



as mental disability imposes restraint on my usage of the pen.

“I wish your sympathy were not the reopening of your own sorrows. But the indulgence of these sorrows is I feel an enjoyment. Be moderate in that indulgence.

“Yrs. very faithfully,  
“HY. EXETER.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Novr. iij, 1863.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I finished to-day The First Chant and stopped at the 470th line. . . . If I had any Great Friend to offer it to, I would have a vellum copy also, but I have not one. . . . I am still a Prisoner in my Couch Room for poor dear Charlie’s sake. I had a muzzle made for him but as soon as I put it on he comes and places his head on my knee and nothing will make him move away. The valves of my heart terrify me night and day. A thought of terror will pass into the central ganglions of my breast like a stab of Steel. We have had a fearful Storm and a Vessel off Hennacliff on Friday under bare poles for some hours. I was obliged to go out held by a Man.”

*To the same.*

“Novr. 5, 1863.

. . . “I know the tax I levy on your patience and time, but when you sit down to write, realize my position, alone nearly all day except when I go out for duty and alone all Night in this small room not much bigger than my grave.

. . . “The more I think about it the more assured I am that my Chant will contain more ‘meat’ than any thing

printed for 100 years, but that it will not be appreciated until Centuries after I am dead. I have given the Record and the Rationale of Keltic Cornwall, The Rock, Barrow, Moor, Mountain, all there, with the Spirit of our Fathers rehearsing their intent.

. . . "I think to ask Mozley, who drank tea here in the Summer, to notice it in the *Times*. Did I tell you that the only satisfactory account of the Chalice in which our B. L. communicated his apostles is in the trances of Sister Emmerich, an extatic in Belgium?

"Memoranda.

"Mozley saw Dundagel and was amazingly struck with it. He speaks very strongly of his impressions of Morwenstow—altogether the Spirit in which he writes is most fortunate if he should write a *critique* on it in the *Times*.

"Wellcombe.

"As I entered the Gulph between the Vallies to-day, a Storm leaped from the Sea and rushed at me roaring—I recognised a Demon and put Carrow into a gallop and so escaped. But it was perilous work. There once I saw a Brownie;<sup>1</sup> and Thence at Night the Northern Glances Gleam.

"Good Night."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Novr. 7, 1863.

"Another letter from Thoms sending stamps and saying that for Auld Lang Syne's sake he had inserted an Advertisement of the 'Quest' in this day's *N. & Q.*

"Novr. xij., 1863.

. . . "I have ordered a vellum copy for Mrs. Guelph

<sup>1</sup> See page 100.

and I shall be glad if you will find out the proper officer through whom to write to her. Perhaps Jacobson may know, or Dr. Liddell.

. . . "I think Chant the Second must be Lancelot's Failure in the North."

The following letter to Mrs. Watson, dated Nov. 8, 1863, contains the same thought as the final apostrophe of England in the 'Quest':—

"Like a gleam of light in a dark day is a pleasant letter amid my daily gloom. But the Weather here is indeed terrific. Three days during last week it was so dark that one or two farmers came to ask if I could tell the reason of such unnatural darkness. It was like a pall. And most strange to record throughout the whole Three days the Weatherglass in my hall went up without pause until it stood at set Fair. I was really and actually *terrified*. Mine is a very oldfashioned perpendicular Barometer: it has been in the family 80 years and never before did it fail to rise or fall as the Weather became fair or foul. And now all the while that it so went up, the Rain fell, Storm raged and lightning now and then. It is still a mystery to me. I should tell you that so accurate has it always been, that Farmers have come and sent for miles to inquire in doubtful weather how the Parson's Glass stood. It is as I suppose among the mysteries of the air.

"I have been compelled to solve that and other wonders of the Weather, by my real opinion that God is angry with this land. And so I think and fear. In all that is called material success England prospers—in Wealth, in Arts and Arms—but that is of the Earth and Earthly. Demons may be the Authors of that. For did not the Great enemy say to our Lord Himself when he shewed him all the Kingdoms of the Earth 'All these,' said he, 'will I

give thee for *they are mine* and to whomsoever I will I give them.' There is not in the Bible a more fearful text. To think that Earthly Success, Earthly grandeur may be the direct gift of the Demon. Coupled with this thought is the state of the Weather. We know from Scriptures also that this great Foe is the *Prince of the Powers of the Air*. He is of course under control and can only go to the length of his limit, but these Storms this Gloom may be the delighted work of our Great Enemy revelling in Acts of Judgment which he is allowed to perform as the Instrument of Doom. This is the thought that makes Storm and Tempest too fearful to a thoughtful Mind. Out of Evil God will eventually bring Good. But meanwhile Evil and the Powers of Evil may work great mischief to a sinful land."

The following letter from Dr. Grant, Roman Catholic Bishop of Southwark, makes a clever appeal to Hawker's tastes and sympathies, his love of the miraculous, his devotion to "The Maiden Mother undefiled," his care for the shipwrecked sailor. What effect the appeal had upon him at this time there is nothing to show, but at any rate one may infer that he had not responded to Dr. Grant's previous overture [Page 379]:—

" St. George's. Nov. 9, 1863.

" DEAR MR. HAWKER,

"Your kind letter of the vi. has come to hand to-day, *dilata quidem sed pergrata*. I shall be very glad to see your verses the 'Quest of the Sangraal.' I suppose you know that part of the Table of the Last Supper is in St. John Lateran's. The silver nails of the silver plates, that once covered it, are still there.

"How earnestly I pray that you may be consoled in your sorrow for the departed, of whose death I lately

heard, by coming to the one Fold under the Chief Pastor, St. Peter's Successor. In that Fold alone will your love of Mary Immaculate and Blessed, and your quest of the Treasure that made the Sangraal holy be satisfied. Come, come, *sine mora, ut Ecclesia sit refugium naufrago.*

“Yrs. vy. sincerely,  
“† THOMAS GRANT.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Novr. xvj., 1863.

“A very kind letter from ‘J. B. Edinburgh’ to-night. That invitation to Henley or Scotland which is to me such mockery, just as if you asked a Cherub to sit down, he not having the wherewithal to do so. Can you conceive a Pole in Morwenstow Church, a Miss Lebjinckski or some such name, Governess to my new Parishioners at Chapel farm? The Father's property all merged in the American War—Children obliged to earn life and her first effort along these rocks. Mr. Valentine (did I tell you his name?) brings the people, I see, to Church. Lord P's<sup>1</sup> affair is, I see, oozing out. My last page is sent off to Pollard. I don't think the actual text will exceed 26 or 28 pages. The Appendices embrace verses and prose all more or less illustrative of the Quest, *e.g.*, Aishah naturally introduces that Poem wherein I am said to have rehearsed the Incarnation in a way not yet found in the language—Dr. Grant Bishop of Southwark and Dr. Ullathorne of Birningham will do justice to my ‘Quest.’”

The “Miss Lebjinckski” mentioned in the above letter was Miss Pauline Anne Kuczynski, whom the Vicar afterwards married.

Strange how our future destiny may be shaping itself, and the ties that will bind us to other lives gradually woven,

<sup>1</sup> Lord Palmerston.

while we are all unconscious of the process. Just a week later Miss Kuczynski wrote to her uncle in London:—

“The Rector, Mr. Hawker, is a clever man but most eccentric, and tip top high church. He is 65 and a widower! [‘65’ was a mistake. He was only 60.] . . . Mr. Hawker has the most absurd delusions. . . I heard him questioning the school-children yesterday. One Question he asked was ‘What is an Angel?’ Answer ‘A Young Man.’ ‘Quite right,’ said Mr. Hawker, ‘and remember, without wings. It is only foolish people who think of angels with wings—wings would impede the progress from heaven to earth, and they are always passing to and fro.’ He instills into the youthful mind of Morwenstow the most absurd superstitions about Ghosts and Brownies, which he believes actually exist.”

A comparison of this with Mrs. Hawker’s later letters is an instructive commentary on the value of first impressions. “Beginning with a little aversion,” as becomes a young woman, she was gradually drawn under the spell of his personality, until her heart and mind were merged in his, and whatsoever he thought and did became the law and Gospel of her life.

On 30th Dec., 1863, she writes, “Christmas Eve Carol-singers came round and Mr. V. the children and I took tea at the Vicar’s, where the Carol-singers had a kind of tea and supper. Mr. Hawker our Vicar is slightly cracked—but he’s a very clever old soul.”

On Jany. 4, 1864, “New Year’s Day afternoon and evening I spent with Mr. V. and the children at the Vicar’s. Mr. Hawker took me and the children to *his* cliff—his Glebe land lies on the Cliffs chiefly—a little way down one called Vicarage Cliff he has made out of the hull of one of the vessels wrecked on Morwenstow rocks a hut. There we sat an hour as snug as possible, with the most splendid

panorama of sky sea and rock before us and Mr. Hawker telling me most interesting accounts of wrecks off this immediate Coast—once he buried 9 poor sailors whose corpses had been washed up on to the beach. He is a most interesting old gentleman. Fortunately we get on well—where he takes he's charming, where he does'nt he's the other thing. He has lived a life made up of eccentricities. When he was 19 he married a lady of 45. She died last February aged nearly 90."

On Jan. 14, 1864, "I'm reading such a capital novel by Bayard Taylor—'Hannah Thurston'—Mr. Hawker has a subscription at Mitchell's and I have the benefit of it."

Miss Kuczynski's letters of this time are those of a high-spirited, warm-hearted girl, not yet taking life very seriously.

We must leave Hawker's own letters to tell the rest of the story. For the present, however, it remains in the background, and in his weekly letters to Mrs. Watson there is little hint of the new influence at work in his life. His next letter to her (reverting to the order broken by this digression) is dated Nov 22, 1863 :—

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

. . . "Your monotony of life is a counterpart of mine. Day unto day uttereth the same speech, and night unto night can but reiterate the self-same knowledge. To be sure I have from my window the ever-striking scene of the Sea, and what a storehouse of incident and imagery is there. We have escaped actual Shipwreck throughout these hurricanes and yet only just escaped. A Ship last week was cast ashore only Six miles from my house, but in the Parish of Hartland which flanks Wellcombe on the North. There was a misty Night and this vessel loaded with Copper with 15 hands on Board was looking out for

Lundy Light and got inside that island instead of out: 5 of the Crew or rather of the people on Board were drowned but 10 got ashore from the Ship. Two of the last were children of the Captain who had his Wife and family on board, and this is, so the Sailors say, always unlucky. The anxiety for them often bewilders the judgment and perplexes the efforts of the Captain and Crew. Our Government always blundering have issued orders to the Authorities of Lundy Island to fire a Cannon every five minutes on a misty day but have not ordained it to be done by Night when it is so much more required. These men say that such a Signal would have shewn them their position and might have saved their Ship."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Novr. 25, 1863.

"My Work is over and I sit down in my quiet vault to write to you. . . I hope you will like the Three Visions at the Close called up by Merlin for the King, The First—England under Arthur and His Wars, Second the Saxon and Norman Times of Sangraal Light, Third from 1536 to 1863 with my notions of the Battle of Waterloo and the Armstrong Gun—Gas, Steam, Electric Telegraph. I am anxious that you should read it in full and give me your candid and first impression. I don't expect Success, much less encouragement to go on. But I am glad I have written it because it is Monumental Morwenstow throughout. I have touched on every Cornish feature in existence, Our Rock Altars, Barrows—Moors &c. But I will not worry you. Pray write, for on your letters I lean."

"Novr. 29, 1863.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"How forcibly your letter recalls the verse with which I precede the Funeral at the Grave 'In the midst of



Life we are in death : of whom may we seek for succour but of thee O Lord !' Sometimes I think that sudden death is a mercy and then again I recall the need of earthly and spiritual preparation for that most awful end of all things. The prayer we make in our Litany to be delivered from *sudden* signifies unready death—death without the Sacraments and the Services which the church supplies to strengthen and sustain the solitary Soul. One thing is sure that our Father is merciful to the latest breath, too merciful to take us away unprepared when he perceives that warning and time would make us ready. . . . My own poor Father died suddenly. A bloodvessel burst in the heart—a rush of Blood ensued and he was gone in a few minutes—my mother in the room. When I look back on that Scene in the Vicarage at Stratton it is really more than I can bear. But after all what is my life, what is the life of all on Earth but a remembrance of scenes of anguish pain and death? It was a true word that the aged Patriarch said ' Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been.'

“On Tuesday last I saw Mr. Valentine. While I was at the School hearing the Children (I catechise them once or twice a Week) they came in and stayed till I dismissed the Class. Then I walked towards their Farm with them and, remembering your injunction, I sounded him as to his wishes about assisting in Service of the Church. I found it was a strong desire of his to do so and I therefore asked him to preach this morning's Sermon which he has done. Like all deaf people his voice is loud and rather harsh—manner simple and unaffected. I should think low Church certainly rather than high but without any strong bias so far as I can judge who never hear others preach. His text 'The Harvest is past, The Summer is ended, and we are not saved.' It was known that he was going to preach

and this brought a larger congregation than usual—many dissenters. Their children cannot say a word of the catechism, whereas in the School I have children of 5 and 6 who can say it all. The young person<sup>1</sup> who has charge of them is not very exalted I think in grade but then I really know nothing about such things. They said it seemed so odd to meet a person like myself who had never but once seen a railroad and who had neither seen nor wished to see a Great Exhibition. My doctrine that such things were sinful they were thoroughly astonished to hear, but they could not contradict the Scripture, and when I proved from the Galatians 5th Chapter and 20 and 21 verses that rivalry and competition for prizes and envy one of another would keep men out of the Kingdom of God they knew not what to reply. They said ‘all you say is true, but then how entirely wrong all the world must be.’ ‘So said our Saviour,’ was my immediate reply.”

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

“Dec. ij., 1863.

“Next week the book will be out and it will be the longest thing I ever wrote. It is not the kind of work you would expect. For example, I have pourtrayed the comparative merits of the Whitworth and Armstrong guns and said all that can be said of the proud position of England under Lord Palmerton’s ministry. I flatter myself that I have succeeded best in *modern History*.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Decr. 2, 1863.

. . . “In the Visions I have referred to the Advancement of Science in both the Universities and ascribed to

<sup>1</sup> His future wife.

every Professor his righteous due. This lengthens the Poem but I could not resist my descriptive impulses and so you will say. . . . It seems that in the *Dublin* there is a *Critique* on Tennyson, some kind of prophetic criticism on any one who should write upon the Sangraal, and I must be a bold man to adopt it in the teeth of such a Critic. . . . With regard to LSD only one point with me. I want to sell enough to pay Pollard's Bill. When that is done I repose from my anxieties. I do not think it will win upon the public. I fear that there will be a want of relish for such a theme and that those who do like the Subject would rather I had discussed the money value of the Vase and its array of jewels and dealt with the Quest as a lucky Speculation of Sir Galahad."

*To the same.*

"Dec. 17, 1863.

. . . "No, I have no friend connected with the *Saturday Review*, nor can I conceive any verses more unsavoury to the tone of that publication than mine. However, if you like you can resort to it for a 'file for the goads,' as Samuel writes of the Philistines. I think you are wrong about the latter part of the Poem. It is certainly the best. No, I cannot begin for the first time in my life to seek notoriety from the Serials or Papers. One line describes my life. 'Remote, unfriended, solitary, slow.' My talent, if I have one, has always been hidden in other people's napkins, and I often compare myself to poor Goldsmith, whom a Bookseller concealed in his Garret while he sold off the produce of his Brains. So M & Co. have always kept me out of sight, profited by my little Books, and never dropped a Shilling in the dark for me to pick up. . . .

. . . "Certainly the sooner I can the '*nummos contemplor in Arca*' the better for my sake and Pollard's."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Dec. 20, 1863.

. . . "Don't you suppress opinions about the 'Quest' from notions of my taking offence. I assure you I do not feel the slightest annoyance from an adverse criticism. I know the points in it too well to mind any undeserved rebuke, and the real faults when pointed out I will freely acknowledge. You will oblige me and do me good by telling me all and every thing said of the verses by anybody. . . . O how I wish this fatal Season, this fearful year were over. I sometimes think I must give up the battle of life. My health is shuddery—nine-tenths mental too. I never eat meat, for my appetite is utterly gone. Eggs now and then, but chiefly bread and milk. Very few could stand this vaulted life of mine. Don't complain. Your ills must be small in comparison with my Mountains."

*To the Rev. W. West.*

"Dec. 23, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,

. . . "I see by the last No. of *N. & Qs.* that you have not deserted the former columns nor the Well-known Signature. What a dearth of research there is among the Writers on Antiquity there—*e.g.*, Waeshael. If you had come on hither I should have shown you a 'tawny Bowl,' date 1687, one year before the devolution of the Church to State Purposes. The cover is rounded and the Total Bowl not unlike what it was intended to recall—the Bosom of the nursing Mother of Bethlehem. On each side there is a nipple of the same ware through



THE WAES-HALL BOWL

*Now in the possession of Mrs. H. J. B. of Rotterdam, Holland.*



which the Waeshaeler used to pass a Reed and thus literally sucked the wine spiced, which was the Church emblem of Blood. Milk is White Blood, as the Chinese call it. This is the respectful mode of drinking from the same origin of thought. The Pope draws the Wine from his Chalice through a Nasus or Silver tube, and in the oldest Chalices there are pipes descending within and projecting above the rim and called ministerial for the use of the Clergy."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Dec. 29, 1863.

"MY DEAR SIR,

. . . "King's letter is good.<sup>1</sup> His connexion with the *Quarterly* is a valuable opening. Meynell is the Professor of Theology in St. Mary's College, Oscott, and a constant writer in the *Dublin Quarterly* and *Rambler*. I await tidings from you of the reception and opinions of the Great Babel.

. . . "Can you refer to Lyra's Gloss for the Cock? The passages are Job 38 ch. 36 v. one in Isaiah one in Proverbs. I cannot put my hand on the reference but I think I gave it to you before—in a note about the tender-

<sup>1</sup> R. J. King said in his letter:—

"I have read 'The Quest of the Sangraal' (let me thank you heartily for it) with great interest and with very much liking. I *wish* there had been more of it. A longer effort—as long perhaps as to fill such a volume as Tennyson's 'Idylls'—would have more chance with the public—and would do more towards placing you where I cannot but feel with yourself that you might and ought to be. Would that any words of mine could induce you to try. I believe, honestly, that 'The Quest'—if completed on a sufficiently large scale—might turn out a greater success than either of us imagine.

. . . "Anyhow, my dear Sir, you have the satisfaction of knowing that your name will always be connected with some of the most romantic spots in the County which has never had a truer lover than yourself. You and your verses are better known and in higher repute than you imagine—though I grant that more may still be effected." . . .

ness of our Translators towards the Demon and his Banner-Bird the Cock—*Ales cristatus*. Mind, you can't use a concordance because in spite of three passages in Hebrews the very word Cock is suppressed in our English Bible. Do you know why Printers are said to employ Devils? Because they do Demon's work. *e.g.*, Words which in the First Bibles were set up in Italics to signify that they were not found in the original but were inserted to supplement the sense affixed by the Translation—Well, in course of reprint these words were no longer put in Italics but in the Same type as the other Text. Now with this knowledge take down the Te Deum. Thou hast opened the K of H to *all* Believers—a falsehood—'all' is an italic addition but not textual.

. . . "On Wednesday last a long rush of Red coats swept thro' Wellcombe. Rolle's hounds had brought a Fox from the inland. They came to a check there, and Old Hopper, a burly Farmer whom you saw at the Sexton's was assailed with inquiries from the Hunters if his Parson (R. S. H.) hadn't printed a Book—Was it to be had &c. ? Queer sort of fame this. If you could have seen old Hopper's Face and heard his fruitless efforts to say after me 'Sangraal!'"

The note referred to in this letter was as follows :—

#### "THE COCK.

"Throughout the English Translation of the SS. the Enemy of Man is dealt with gently respectfully and with reticence *cf.*, *e.g.*, the rendering in Ephes. 6/12 where 'Spirits of Wickedness' &c., is softened into 'Spiritual Wickedness' &c. Now I discern the same delicacy in the matter of the Cock. This Bird is the usual Eastern Emblem of the Great Spirit who fell, The Lord of the Demons. The Rabbins assign to him and his the Shape of this Bird. The Worshippers of Shectaun (Satan), the Yezidees, personify their Idol thus. Now, *cf.* Three passages Job 38-36



Isaiah 22-17 and Proverbs 30-31 in the Vulgate and in the English Bible. When the Bird which rebuked St. Peter is regarded as the Symbolic Spirit, created good once and retaining still his original knowledge of Good and Evil, we perceive the contrast, *sc.*, 'Even the Demon and his Bird shall know and shall announce the difference between darkness and light, while Thou even thou wilt deny thy better knowledge of thy Master.'

Hawker sent a vellum-bound copy of 'The Quest' to Queen Victoria with the following letter. She acknowledged the gift through her secretary.

"Morwenstow, Cornwall. Decr. 30, 1863.

"Madam,

"I have been assured that His Royal Highness the Prince your revered and lamented Husband took an interest in our Cornish King Arthur, his Castle here by the Sea, and the local Legends of his life. It is on that account therefore that I have ventured to proffer for your Majesty's Sympathy these my Verses on such a theme: and this I do with more than the usual Homage and the natural Reverence of a Subject, because I too until this sad year had a soothed and a happy home and now by the death of my dear Wife I am companionless and alone. I trust that your Majesty will at least forgive the intrusion of one who cannot too strongly record himself

"Your faithful and

"dutiful Subject,

"R. S. HAWKER,

"Vicar of Morwenstow.

"Her Majesty The Queen."

On 9 Jan., 1864, he writes to Mr. Godwin:—

... "At last a Criticism. Get immediately a copy of the *Weekly Register* of to-day and there you will see the

first instalment of a Review by Meynell's friend, or rather as I suspect of Meynell himself. My only Fear is lest Praise in that Quarter may not bring me Censure from those whose only Religion consists in hatred of the Religion of other men. Never mind. 'Fit audience find though few.'"

In a letter to Hawker Dr. Meynell says:—"I did not *write* the notice of you in the *Register*; though you do recognize my sentiments; for I told the writer what to say and described to him your charming abode and the scenery of Morwenstow. What a mess the *reader* has made of it! well: you are not worse treated than poor Alexander Smith. He wrote—

" 'See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire,'  
and they made it

" 'See the pale martyr with his *shirt on fire*.'"

*To "The Revd. Pelagius Cowie!"*

"Dec. 31, 1863.

"MY DEAR COWIE,

"I must acknowledge the punctuality with which you pay your debts by P.O. order and also the subtlety with which you postpone reading the *Quest* until after you had written—but to be a complete copy of the Bishop of Exon you ought to have said something of the undoubted pleasure with which you looked forward to that perusal—Well, never mind. If the half crowns come in so as to enable me to pay for Print and Paper never mind the Praises—These I never coveted in my best days and they are long ago fled. Tidings I have none save that my two Heifers Blitha and Katy conspired to calve on the same day—and produced Two Heifer Calves, thoro' Jersey White with olive spots like Pards. So

there is future Cream for your Children and mine. They are named Lottie and Lizzie. The Birth was certainly supernatural.

“If you don’t choose to write about Sangraals why cannot your wife & Daughters? I am half in anger, half in haste.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Jany. 2, 1864.

. . . “The Four lines you stumble at I merely meant as a touch of Character to identify Sir Kay and to contrast with the general gravity of the Poem. Kay was a kind of Thersites of Dundagel,—always at hand with a sarcasm and sneer—hence ‘arrowy tongue.’ He sees how they devour and rend and exclaims ‘Joseph and Pharaoh!’ the two names that occur in union to his mediæval mind in connexion with Famine in Egypt fed by Joseph’s care for Pharaoh’s land. Just as I might say, looking on at Exeter Hall Dinner, your Exeter College, I mean, ‘Mitchell and Symons! how they get on!’ That is all. No mystery nor latent meaning.

. . . “O what a Xmas! I have gone through all the old usages and not shrunk from one, although it was heart-breaking work.

. . . “Now I hope in exchange for my report in full of all that I know that you will keep me *au fait* of all the Sayings in Oxford and about the ‘Quest’ and the Writer. Never mind abuse. Let me hear it. Better be reviled than disdained.”

*To the same.*

“Jany. xj., 1864.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“A degrading and lying Notice of my ‘Quest’ appears in the *Church Review* of Saturday last. ‘I have

no originality,' whereas I will pay the Reviewer 10£ if he will detect one borrowed image or stolen phrase. He condemns my dogmatism about Our Lord's Burial in the Garden, to which I have not in the remotest degree alluded. It is, however, a consolation that the Man who reviles me can find no better English to do it in than the slipshod language and Grammar of a fourth-rate penny-a-liner. The Editor or somebody for him sent me the Paper, the existence of which I did not before know of. I do hope soon to be attacked at least in sound diction, and to all righteous Criticism no one is more ready to bow than I. No other letters. By the way how did the *Church Review* get a copy—From you? If so you can perhaps guess the Writer. I should like to know his name, not for notice but for admonition of the Kind of animal who writes. If you hear of anything don't spare to tell me howsoever adverse—*e.g.*—This Man calls me pedantic. So I am, and I know all my own faults better than he does. But Plagiarism is not one. Haste.

“Yrs. always,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

I cannot resist printing another letter on the subject of this review, though expressed in much the same terms. They are too racy and characteristic for either to be lost.

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

“Jany. xij., 1864.

“MY DEAR JOHN,

“A Paper addressed in your writing with a Review of my ‘Quest.’ I trust that the writer is no friend of yours, because I must pronounce him an utter donkey and worse. My faults are better known to me than to any other person. I know that I am dogmatic, proud, and mysterious.

But I am not a plagiarist, and I will give you or yours 10£ to name a thought a phrase or a word in my Poem that is copied from another Man. If he means that I write in the same metre as Tennyson no one but an idiot would call that imitation any more than Milton could be called a copyist because he wrote his Paradise Lost in the common metre of his own day and of those who went before him. What can the fellow mean by accusing me of writing obscurely about the Burial of Our Lord, a matter I have not in the remotest degree alluded to? But enough of this. Thank you for sending it, altho' the Author of the Paper or Editor had taken care to send it to me before. Tell me again all you hear. What I deserve I bear without a murmur. What I do not I care not one jot about.

“Yrs. affy.,

“R. S. HAWKER.

“The Queen has *very graciously* accepted her copy, and Sir C. Phipps is commanded to thank me for it in good words.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Jany. 24, 1864.

. . . “Tell me what to say to R. C. A letter from the Man whose Judgment I venerate more than any man in England, Dr. Ullathorne Bishop of Birmingham. He convicts me of a real fault in Note P. 17. Can you get me an account of Rhabdomancy—Divination by the Rod? ‘Dowsing’ is the Cornish Keltic name.”

*To the same.*

“July 31, 1864.

“No, thank you, no Stanley for me. I don't think he deemed it any assumption to compare himself to the

Prophet of Nazareth of Galilee. . . . I send you copy of a letter which I received to-day :—

“‘Cardinal Wiseman begs sincerely to thank the Revd. Mr. Hawker for his beautiful Poem with which he was already acquainted, and the subject of which much interested him, when in his youth he read the Death of Arthur.

“‘Ramsgate. July 27, 1864.’”

On the Death of Cardinal Wiseman in the following year Hawker wrote the memorial verses entitled ‘Ichabod.’ The poem, which is highly eulogistic, ends thus :—

“Where reigns he now? What throne is set for him  
Amid the nine-fold armies of the sky?  
Waves he the burning sword of Seraphim?  
Or dwells a calm Archangel, crowned on high?

We cannot tell. We only understand  
He bears an English heart before God’s throne;  
In heaven he yearns o’er this his chosen land;  
His zeal—his vows—his prayers—are yet our own!

“*Die Cinerum*, 1865.”

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## CHAPTER XX

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1863-4

WRECK OF THE 'MARGARET QUAYLE'—BRAIN FEVER—VISIT  
TO BOSCASTLE—JOHNNY VALENTINE.

“They will save the Captain's girdle,  
And shirt, if shirt there be :  
But leave their blood to curdle  
For my old dame and me.”

*A Croon on Hennacliff.*

ON 3 Dec., 1863, Hawker writes to Mr. Godwin :—

. . . “For Two days and Two Nights a Storm and a Hurricane. Mr. Valentine and I going to the Hut together were both blown down so as to fall flat on the ground to avoid accident. A Vessel two miles off in distress and while we were watching her she disappeared from our very sight—either by foundering and sinking or by her Masts going over the side and her hull falling over so as to be unseen in the trough of the Sea.”

A day or two later he sent to Mr. Godwin the following vivid narrative :—

“The Wreck of the  
*Margaret Quayle* of Liverpool.  
1050 tons. Cargo Salt.  
On Friday, December 4, 1863.

A cry at Sunrise—a Ship lying dismasted off Hennacliff  
one mile off—Rushed out—saw Men on board the Hull—

Ship at anchor—In—wrote a Note to the Coxswain of the Bude Life Boat—‘put your Boat on her wheels, get Horses at my expense and hasten up towards us—putting to Sea at the first feasible Creek, to take off the Crew.’ Out again on my Cliffs with a Glass—saw the Crew in knots on board to and fro—presently a boat lowered—5 men got in, pointing for Marsland Mouth. Got my pony and Mr. Valentine his—Rode up to Hennacliff, and then on along the Cliff Brink side by side as the boat rowed—up and down hill and valley. Boat heading still upward, sometimes under the waves, then mounting them—on to Speke’s Mill—on to Hartland Quay—allowed no signal to be made—Surf near Shore too high for Boat to live. At last watched her round the point and saw them make Clovelly Bay safe—Down to Hartland Quay—saw Coast-guard—got them to promise to watch all Night—turned towards our own Cliffs again. Dusk—saw when we got near Marsland again another Boat lowered—saw her staved at the Ship’s side—washed ashore at the Mill 4 oars no men. Dark at Marsland Mill. Found a concourse there, among them Captain Ward Inspector of Lifeboats. He was accidentally at Bude when my Note came—had the Boat put off at Bude—wrong place—worst Surf anywhere on the Coast—Two men in her washed over, rescued, then desisted. To my question ‘Why not put on wheels and brought on?’ no answer. Home. House full—Coast guard from Bude—Police. Cliff again in the dark. At the Hut. Saw a Watch Light burning on Board the Hull—Flag flying half up a Spar—distress signal—Figures on board passing to and fro. Stayed in the Hut till Midnight. Appointed Valentine to come down at daylight—next Morning, Saturday, Ship at anchor still. No hope of help from Bude. Started with V. for the North determined to go on till we got help. At Clovelly found the Mate and



4 Seamen—told us there were 19 more on Board—one man drowned, [washed] over in heaving out the Anchor. Tried every effort to induce Clovelly Men to go off in a Skiff—sneaking Wesleyan Cowards—offered any Sum they might ask—We to indemnify loss of Skiff. No help. Arrived from Bideford Gossett, Collector of Customs. He, seeing our distress and excitement, offered to send off to Appledore near Bideford for their Lifeboat. He did so and at Night we returned home. House full again. At hut again—But no light at Vessel that Night—thought her sunk. Sunday Morning—sent off Cann to go Northward for tidings of Life Boat—at Church—First Psalm—a knock at Chancel Door—Cann with a Note.—‘The Captain and Crew of the *M. Q.* desire to return thanks to Almighty God for their rescue from Wreck and death.’ Read it to the people and gave thanks. Off for Wellcombe. In the first field met Gossett and the Captain, Hugh Rowland, coming to me. They had patched up an old Boat on board full of holes—by a sail passed round her and tarred on and pieces nailed—oars made from broken wood—Half the 19 bailed Half rowed and reached Clovelly at 12 on Saturday Night, *Two hours before the Appledore Life Boat arrived there on Wheels with 10 horses !!* Gossett and the Appledore Men behaved nobly—Bude and Clovelly like thorough Wesleyan sneaks. Sent back a Man to order Jane to get Dinner for Gossett and the Captain and there I found them on my return in the Dining Room comfortable. All went to Evening Church and the Captain returned thanks personally during Service. Ever since, Cann in charge of the Masts and Rigging under Hennacliff. Sale at Noon to-morrow. House always full of Guard, Police and our people. T. came Saturday—went off to Bude—offered 40 horses—no use. John Wesley years ago corrupted and degraded the Cornish Character, found them wrestlers, caused them to change

their Sins and called it conversion. With my last Breath I protest that the Man Wesley corrupted and depraved instead of improving the West of England, indeed all the Land. He found the Miners and the Fishermen an upstanding rollicking courageous people. He left them a downlooking lying selfish-hearted throng. I maintain that he did not effect a single Moral Change. It is not Conversion to establish *a change of Sins*. The Vices of the *Body* are not after all, bad as they are, so *hateful* as the *Sins of the Mind*. These latter the Demon prefers and practices. He cannot be sensual tho' he tempts men thereto. When Our Lord said 'By their fruits ye shall know them' he did not refer so much to the conduct of the Heretics themselves as to the *result of their doctrine* where-soever it is sown. Well, well. I have written in haste as you may see an account of the Wreck. So now farewell."

A neighbour of Hawker's says:—"He drove up to my house in a terrible state of agitation, as he always was when a wreck occurred. 'What are you going to do?' he said. I suggested sending for the Bude lifeboat. 'Bude? No,' he said, 'No good ever came from the West. I will go East—Clovelly—Bideford—Swansea, if necessary.' So he drove off to Clovelly, with Mr. Valentine and the mate. The little procession went down the main street of Clovelly [a long flight of steps], Hawker expostulating, the mate swearing, and Valentine offering untold gold. But all to no purpose. The Clovelly men would not move."

At the risk of repetition in a few particulars I give also part of a letter to Mrs. Watson describing the wreck, as it reveals more of Hawker's own state of mind on these trying occasions than the telegraphic style of his other account. It takes up the story at the point when he and Mr. Valentine returned after seeing the first boat land at Hartland.

“ Decr. 6, 1863.

. . . “ We came back—The cliffs thronged with people. She lay rolling. Night fell. All Night her large light was visible from this Window. Next day, Saturday, no tidings from the Mate till Nightfall. Then he came in a Fury. He had offered at Clovelly any Sum they demanded, if they would only go off to the Vessel to bring off the Crew. Not a Man would volunteer. He had telegraphed on to Bristol and Swansea asking for a Steamer to go down—answers—at one place the Steamer already engaged in saving another Vessel, and at another a vague promise to come down Channel if possible. The Poor Man was in such a State that Mr. Valentine sent down again to Bude offering a Sum of Money if the Life Boat would try again—answer—they could not risk it—thus affirming my judgment and prophecy that she would never save life. Mr. Thynne sent down his team of horses offering to draw the boat up near the Vessel if they would try. But they still refused.

“ Meanwhile a Mr. Gossett, Collector of Customs at Bideford, arrived at my House. I at once assailed him with every entreaty in my power to make effort to save the Crew. In order to understand it you must realise the Scene. The tall Cliff 454 feet high at my Right hand—Before my very window at the bottom of my Valley this Ship at anchor with 19 Souls hovering between life and death and the poor Mate and Seamen imploring me continually with tears to rescue their companions. When Gossett saw the Scene He said ‘ Well, Mr. Hawker, if only to shew my sense of your past kindness to the Sailors on your Coast I will send off to Appledore (21 miles) for our Life Boat there. She shall be brought on her Wheels to your Parish and her Crew shall try to get off these men.’ He sent off an order for ten horses last night and we are earnestly awaiting them now. I shall keep this letter open

all night and add a line of failure or success to-morrow before daylight. But my very heart is broken when I am so racked and strained and no kind voice to cheer me as in such scenes of old. I cannot avoid my duties and here are the events of my Parish—no man ever was tried as I am. Mr. V. is as kind as a Man can be and he has done a part of the duty again to-day. But it is the inner strain that as it were slays me.

“The Captain and Mate and all the Crew are saved. They were taken off the Wreck by their own boat last night. I am writing at Seven on Monday Morning by Candlelight, having got up to finish my letter. They have left two dogs on board—poor creatures. But the 23 men are all saved. God is merciful. The Captain saw my Church from Deck and vowed a vow to give God thanks in it if he ever got ashore again. Vessel called after Owner’s dead Wife.”

“Decr. 8, 1863.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“The Captain came on Monday, yesterday, to thank me in the name of the men for my efforts which they had seen from the Ship—perceiving a Gentleman in a loose and Clergyman-looking garb. They left their dogs on Board—Two—one a Retriever the other a Newfoundland Dog—and three pigs: the latter could get at Corn but the dogs had only biscuit. I reproved him for leaving them. He said it cut him to the heart to do it but there was not room for even one of them in the boat. Two days before the Storm the dogs refused their food and came aft howling, looking up in their faces and meaning some fore-sign of evil. I charged him to try to get them off and he promised me he would endeavour. He had sent the Mate to Bideford to telegraph for a steam tug to take the Vessel

off, and to-day we have seen it done. She is by this time safe in Swansea over against. Last Night sitting here at midnight with everything so still the long distant howl of the dogs coming over the Sea pleading for rescue quite overcame me—and my poor wicked fellow [his dog, who had taken to worrying sheep]—heard it and whined. The Captain desires me to return public thanksgiving in my Churches on Sunday for their safe deliverance. The Psalms for Sunday were singularly applicable and so was the Gospel, on the first words of which I preached down to ‘The Son of Man,’ telling my people that when the terrors come and the Sea and the Waves roar there is evermore the Son of Man upon the Cloud.

“No corpse yet. The Captain told me he never had so good and peaceable a Crew—the only wild man was the Boatswain and he was knocked overboard by the anchor and drowned. The Masts, Sails, and cordage are all on my Rocks on the Glebe, and they will be at Auction on Wednesday for the benefit of the People who insured the Vessel.”

“Decr. 13, 1863.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“I have forestalled my tidings by a Second Letter but not yet exhausted the Records of the Western Shore. You will understand me when I say that I have escaped the horrors of Two more Wrecks and by a narrow chance. One Ship is now ashore at the North, Seven Miles off at my Right Hand, and all her Crew are saved, and another nine miles off, a mile beyond Bude on my left hand, a French Schooner her hands also (7) escaped alive on Shore. Still the Water contains several corpses and this is the ninth day until when as the common people say no dead body floats. This is actually true but not from any superstitious

notion, only that until decomposition takes place the body does not float, and this commences under the Water nine or ten days after drowning.

“Still, as you remark, it is providential that I have a Clergyman for a Parishioner because if I am knocked up by influenza or worry there will be some one to take my place in Church and Burial. Poor Mr. Valentine! he has been terribly excited and appalled, and he implores me to write my history or to give an account of the Scenes which have occurred in my path of duty on this Shore. I tell him when the drop subsides into the Sea it is remembered no more, and such will soon be the fate of one who saw his threescore birthday fade on the 3rd of this Month.

“I will enclose Mr. Gossett’s letter to me after his return home. You see he sympathizes with my anxiety for the dogs and announces their arrival in Safety on Shore. I know not in all history a more striking instance of the faithfulness of a dumb creature than that of the Retriever, only a mile from Shore, able to swim perfectly well to the Land, but refusing to leave the Ship tho’ hungry and deserted by the men. The Captain said a finer Creature never trod a deck and Mr. Quayle valued him at £20.”

The sequel to the wreck was a lawsuit over the question of salvage. In April, 1864, Hawker writes to Mr. Godwin:—

“I have been sounded by a Mr. Stevens, a Solicitor in Cardiff, as to my readiness to go to London to give evidence as to the behaviour of the Men of Clovelly in the affair of the *Margaret Quail* [*sic*], the Ship wrecked under my Cliff last year. But this would be too formidable an undertaking for me, and luckily Mr. Gossett, Collector of Customs at Bideford, was present all the time, heard our offer, Valentine’s and mine, for any Sum they might claim for fetching the Crew off the Wreck and their refusal—whereas the next day they went off to rob the Owner by

unshackling the Anchors, casting her adrift so that when the Tug arrived to tow her away she was loose on the Sea. Yet on the plea that she was a derelict these rascals are claiming Salvage. So Mr. G's Evidence will supersede mine. Conceive me! in the Witness-Box of the Admiralty Court."

The Vicar took no pains to conceal his indignation at the behaviour of the Clovelly men. Mr. Baring-Gould says "They would probably have made a wreck of him, had he ventured among them." As a matter of fact, he did venture among them, a few months later, and the result was a dramatic scene. Hawker describes it himself in a letter to Mr. Valentine dated 5 July, 1864:—

... "Yesterday I ordered the horses and Cann and took with me Captain John Valentine<sup>†</sup> and his Nurse and went off to Clovelly for the express purpose of getting Fish. There was a kind of riot on the Quay when the Trawlers came in. I took a boat and went on board. To my surprise the First and Second Boat refused to let me have any Soals under 8d a lb—the selling price to the Fishmen being 4d. While I was on the deck of one Vessel a Man sung out from the Quay 'Don't you sell any Fish. This is one of the Parsons who tried to take away the money from the Clovelly Men who saved the *Margaret Quayle*.' Then I understood all the matter. Old Breage the Master of the *Ranger* had a share in these two trawlers. But there arose friends all around who cried—'Parson Hawker the Sailors' Friend, He that buried so many poor drowned fellows at his own expense. Shame that he should want Fish.' So a Man called Burman, owner of another Trawl, came to me and said, 'Only wait, Sir, till my Trawl comes ashore, and you shall have the

<sup>†</sup> Mr. Valentine's little son, who was staying with Hawker, while his father was away.

pick of mine.' I did so, and amid a whole mob of rascals I stood ruling them with my eye and look. 'Hurrah for Parson Hawker and Parson Valentine!' from the opposite party. End was Six Couple of magnificent Fish—Crabs and Lobsters many—Hake, Tub, &c—quite a loaded Hamper. Some are gone to Combe to-day, Some dressed here, and a dinner for me after my long fast.

"Johnny won great homage. He marched down the Street leading by my hand and Cann's, shouting like a Trooper. A Lady unknown came up and said 'What a fearless little Boy yours is, Sir.' 'Madam,' said I, 'He is not mine. I have only borrowed him, as people do in London to excite interest and gain goodwill.' I have told Johnny of an excellent little boy called Richard Valentine who always behaves well and gets the cakes. And now when he has been rebellious he comes to me demanding the Boy-Boy who is behind the Scenes."



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## CHAPTER XXI

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1863-4

THE VICAR'S LONELINESS—DEATH OF THACKERAY—THE VICAR HAS BRAIN FEVER—GARIBALDI—NEWMAN AND KINGSLEY—“A VERY UNPRETENDING OLD-FASHIONED YOUNG LADY”—JEUNE MADE A BISHOP—HIS BLUE SWALLOWTAIL—THE VICAR PHOTOGRAPHED—EVEN THE WARTS—DARWIN AND LYELL—“BLUE EYES MELT: DARK EYES BURN”—LOVE POEMS—LITTLE JOHNNY VALENTINE—“DO YOU THINK I OUGHT OR NOT?”

NOW that his poem was published, and he had nothing to distract his thoughts, the Vicar began to feel his loneliness more and more. In a letter to Mrs. Watson thanking her for a book she had sent him he says—

“In order to understand the value of such a solace from without, you should realize my nightly life from Nine till Twelve. The House silent—Servants in Bed—and I by my lonely lamp with only the deep breathing of the dog in my room, and outside the loud sob of the seething Sea—Wakeful and thoughtful—my Book before me and my pen at my side to jot down some solitary thought. A more dreary unbroken watch you cannot conceive. Sometimes Theology and sacred subjects become too oppressive to be borne, and then I read the Newspaper for relief.”

He was much affected at this time by the sudden death of Thackeray, on 24 Decr., 1868. “Thackeray the Author,”

he writes to Mrs. Watson, "a Man of strong and impulsive nature, was found dead three days ago in his prime. Sheer excitement did it—that and disappointment. What a terror for such natures! O may God shield me from such a doom, for it is one to the unready."

It seems strange that anyone should apply to Hawker in his remote solitude for information about events in London: but he took a strong interest in public affairs, and through his many correspondents he was a busy gatherer of personal gossip. In reply to a question of Mrs. Watson's he writes again about Thackeray:—

"Only one new thing about him has occurred to me, and that is that he kept a Carriage and Pair of Horses, a custom that in London implies an Income of £2000 a year, and that he lived altogether in a more splendid manner and far above the usual custom of a literary man. What a contrast! Here am I uncertain if I shall gain enough to Pay for the print and paper of my little Book, and if I do quite satisfied, while he revelled in thousands a year. Still my Book is too unimportant to attract any great regard or sale."

In his next letter he says:—

"When you asked about Mr. Thackeray I wrote to a friend likely to know his history, and from him and other sources I find that he was a very fortunate man. His Father left him a fortune which he spent partly at College and partly abroad. He then began to Write, and he soon got a name among the booksellers and in the London World. He lived luxuriously, and realized not only a large but an enormous fortune by his pen. What his habits were may be guessed from the following fact. He once sent for a famous Architect and said to him, 'I place in your hands £10,000 and I require from you in exchange for that sum a good House in such and such a Situation, furnished and prepared for me to enter upon, without buying or providing

personally a single thing?' His friend fulfilled the commission, and Thackeray drove to the door when it was complete, and began to occupy it without a care or a trouble. He kept a fine Establishment, and visited the first Nobility of the day. He has left to his daughters £300 a year each, besides a great deal of personal property and the House. His Mother lived with him, and as she slept in the room over him, heard him moving about in the night just before he is supposed to have died.

"He rose into notice first by writing satire and verse of a humorous nature and in *Punch*. I confess to a want of relish for that Paper, nor do I sympathize with satirical writings. There is too much in our Natures to sadden and subdue, and I do not like that men should mock one another, all being in God's image and Brother men. Thackeray was writing a novel when he died, and he had reached the fourth number just a day or two before. I do not find that he was A Man of any religious feeling or habit, and in short, he passed his whole time in that most frivolous of all human gatherings called London Society. He is said to have been a very handsome Man, with a head, however, unnaturally large. His Brain was nearly twice as heavy as that of other men. He had a mass of flowing hair almost white from silkiness not from age. He was a Man of Genius no doubt, but his satirical vein made many enemies, and only a fortnight before he died he was refused admission into a Body of Literary Men, who had combined into a Shakspeare Committee, because of this tendency. These points which I have mentioned are not to be found in the public prints but may be depended on."

Soon after this the Vicar had a severe attack of brain fever. The troubles of the previous year, the excitement of the wreck and of publishing his book, had told upon him. He missed also the careful hand that had ordered his

household, and he had become careless about his food. After an illness of some weeks, he went on a visit to his brother at Boscastle, and while there revisited Tintagel. "I stood on the Bastion of the Castle last week," he writes to Mr. Godwin. "Not a stone altered for 40 years." What would he say if he could go there now, to find a huge modern hotel planted among the ruins of King Arthur's hold?

He returned to Morwenstow better in health, but the sight of the familiar scene revived sad associations. On 10 April 1864 he writes:—

"MY EVER DEAR FRIEND, MRS. WATSON,

"Once more I sit down to write to you in order from my accustomed Chair—opposite hers which no one has occupied or shall occupy while I live. But, whereas this simple fact is a solution of much of my anguish, let me tell you that the reason why I am so much worse here than elsewhere is that this House and Church and ground are as it were one vast Sepulchre to me. If I look out at the Windows I see the Church that bends over her Tomb—the paths are those she trod with me—the rooms are as she left them—and all as she arranged. She was orderly to a fault. I shall not revert to this again but I wanted to reveal to my dearest friend the reason why this place can never be to me a cheerful abode more."

"Mr. Valentine is gone to his Living, Whixley in Yorkshire. He writes most kindly. One proof will shew this. When I was worse I was very anxious about my poor dog—her pet—I thought he would be hung for his propensity to worry sheep. So I asked Mr. Valentine to take him and to promise that he should not be put to death. He did promise and he took the dog immediately into his own charge. This is taking real trouble to oblige me and

I am grateful. You say rightly. My illness has brought out a great deal of latent kindness that I had not thought existed."

"April 17, 1864.

"MY DEAR FRIEND, MRS. WATSON,

"I am able to fulfil my duties again and how can I ever thank God enough that his hand was not shortened but that he is still mighty to save."

. . . "Poor Cann gets me out as much as possible, Dr. Budd having charged him so to do. You are thoroughly right about Budd. He is not only an excellent Physician but a good and kind man. I find that he told all about me to write to him if I became worse, but hinted that he would come down without further charge and undertake any trouble for my welfare in his power. It soothes and gratifies to discover so much and such unselfish kindness in all."

"The surrounding Clergy have surprised me by what they have done and said. They told my Brother how much they regretted I should so shut myself up—that if I would but go amongst them they would look up to me and follow my lead in Church matters and rejoice to do so. But the truth is, as *you* well know, that while I had one to watch over and care for I could not leave my home and since I have had no heart. I will do all in my power to shew that I am grateful, but I cannot at my age and position begin to visit as some do."

"You must not accuse me of despair—very far from that; but when you recall the fact that for 40 years I never left her side—never was absent six hours—that all my wants were foreknown, every thought and action *shared* and mutual, you must perceive what a wrench it is to be utterly and entirely alone and, as you yourself say, at night restless sleepless and full of thick-coming fancies and thoughts."

*To the Rev. W. Valentine.*

“April 23, 1864.

“Home from Penstowe last night after four days visit. Better. . . Now take my advice, Anchor a Curate there as soon as you can and come down to us. . . Say *I will* and act on it. That word is omnipotent. We had a pleasant day enough on Thursday. Mrs. V and Miss K came to Penstowe to dine. We went to the Concert where I established an encore of two Songs from Mrs. T and Trentham. All went off well and I put them into the Carriage at half past nine under charge of Sir John Spence Bart., M.P. for Chapel.<sup>1</sup> Eva was however disgusted and shewed it. The Band terrified her as it did me.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“April 22, 1864.

. . . “My memory as I told you is so gone that I fear I may be repeating myself if I send you my lines on the *Buccaneer*.<sup>2</sup> No London Paper will I suspect insert them except the *Weekly Register*. Very glad indeed you have made me by your promise for July. God grant us a calm and happy meeting. I hear from very reliable authority that the Queen said when the papers proclaimed Garibaldi's reception ‘I was never ashamed of England until now.’ The look and the gesture of Napoleon when he said what he did of the English ovation were eloquent of scorn and derision. All he meant was that the uproar and outcries of the English people were such as he should have expected of such a Nation! There is no room to doubt that pressure was brought to bear on the Corsair to induce his departure. . . You mention the Book-box. Do you know

<sup>1</sup> Spence was Mr. Valentine's coachman, Chapel the name of his house.

<sup>2</sup> Garibaldi. See page 97.

any good Library besides the Baptist Preacher's Mudie to which I could subscribe?"

"April 24, 1864.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"In the small Parish of Wellcombe I have had 3 funerals since this day week—one a sudden and therefore a happy death—one a child, the third brought from Bideford to rest with Country Relatives in my small peaceful silent ground. I cannot now read the Service as I used to—emotion is apt to overcome me. You will not accuse me of vanity if I tell you that when I buried Mrs. Chope Sir George and Lady Stucley were present and told Mr. Valentine that they never heard the Burial Service read so impressively in all their lives. I think it is because I feel it now in every word.

"But I do pride myself in Wellcombe far more than in this Parish. When I began to serve it many years ago not ten people came to Church and now it is as full every Sunday as it can hold, and their breathless behaviour strikes every Clergyman with surprise.

"I cannot yet make up my mind to continue visiting. In fact with my health good I am nowhere so calm and contented as in my own house. I often think of the Shunamite who when Elijah asked if she would be spoken of to the King or to the Captain of the Host answered 'I dwell among my own people.'"

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"April 25, 1864.

... "I have seen extracts from the Newman and Kingsley controversy in the *Weekly Register* &c. but no fuller account. I should think the contest must be unequal.

... "The Queen is said to have postponed the Second

Drawing Room which had been announced, solely from disgust at the certainty that the People who came to greet her were reeking with Garibaldi.

. . . "Your Bampton Lecturer this year is, I see, Mozley, my correspondent. Nothing very original or orthodox I apprehend. But what can you expect with men like Stanley, the English Renan, in high place? I read his lectures on the O. T. lately, and I am ready to go before a Master extra in Chancery and swear that he is a Socinian Infidel. His mind is so circumcised that he deems and calls the Second Person of the Trinity a Prophet of the degree of Moses or Mohammed, and in his doctrine about Sacrifice and atonement he does not even ascend to the level of a Thalmudist Jew."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"May 11d., 1864.

. . . "There is a Miss Kuczynski a Pole by one Parent who is Governess to the Family of Mr. Valentine. Her Father-in-law [he means her step-father] Mr. H. Stevens,<sup>1</sup> who is a kind of Bookselling Agent between America and England, is going down to consult Books in the Bodleian. She will accompany him and as she has heard me frequently talk of my Friend Mr. Godwin and has seen his Photograph she may calculate on an introduction. Now from what you know of that Gentleman would he like it? She is a very unpretending old-fashioned young Lady of 21 or 2 and would give no trouble to any one. But you may perhaps know Mr. Stevens. He is important enough to have been invited by Mr. Adams the American Minister to meet the Ruddy Assassin<sup>2</sup> last week in London.

<sup>1</sup> The late Mr. Henry Stevens of Vermont, at that time a well known figure in the world of books.

<sup>2</sup> Garibaldi.



. . . "I wish I could aid you in your upper County walk along the Roman Road. There is a Ride in another direction which I have projected for you when you come down, so that you must not be absorbed in another line nor curtail by one day the full time you can spare me here. My appetite is I think returning and my health. You will find me surrounded by the old fidelities, Cann and Jane and Mary my young Maids. Their anxiety for me (all through my illness) has been beyond praise. Thank you kindly for *John Bull the English Churchman, &c.*

"May 8, 1864.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"Another week of comparative health and middling appetite and better rest at night. Another mercy won from my Master in Heaven. Thynne said to me one day 'Hawker, how old are you?' 'Sixty last Decr.' 'Then you have had your life and gifts of mind and fame above all your surrounding brethren. You ought to be thankful.' So I am, and every month and year now granted me is a boon from above. But neither he nor any others except you my kind friend in Lancashire whom I have not yet seen and to whom I have told all things can guess how much misery has filled my cup of life. Still if I reckon fairly I have a large balance of God's loving kindness to confess and be grateful for.

"What shall you do with my likeness? Why, order it to be burnt, that no trace may remain of one who has little cause or wish to be remembered here but who hopes to meet you face to face in the presence of God—there to converse about the first world wherein we sojourned a little while before we began the more enduring life that will end no more—where all tears shall be wiped away from all faces and we shall know even as we are known. Our loving

Father in Heaven has prepared this for all who love him as I do and I am sure you do also."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"May xj., 1864.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"At last then Jeune is a Bishop and now for the way wherein he will sustain the rôle. How old Oxford comes back upon the mind at occurrences like these. I remember his First Class and Jacobson's hysterical Second. When he found that a Second only awaited him and knew well that his Rival Jeune would rank higher he was seized with a fit of sobbing and was helped out of the Schools. Then Jeune had his Fellowship and was appointed Tutor. His High Street garb in those days was a blue Swallowtail Coat with yellow Buttons. Then at King Edward's School, Birmingham, he, the Oxford Radical, became Conservative and orthodox. But at St. Heliers as Dean, Whig again. He may turn right again. . . . I have written to-night my letter of gratulation. As Lord Ellenborough said to Law his Brother, when he kissed hands (George 4th) on his appointment, said Lord E. before the King 'Now, George, I have been fool enough to recommend you for a Bishopric: don't you be fool enough to open your mouth in the House of Lords.' I wrote to Neate the other day asking him if I was unforgotten to get a nomination to a Civil Clerk's examination for a young Parishioner,<sup>1</sup> and he obtained it for me from Milner Gibson last week. I did not meditate a *total walk*. I fear I shall not be equal to the toil. But I did intend to drive as far as wheels can go among the Logans and Pillars of Rowtor and Brownguillie Dundadgel &c. . . . I thank God my Brain is free from

<sup>1</sup> Mr. R. A. Mountjoy. See page 496.

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any evil effects of disease and save a little sciatica I am well.

. . . "What trash Goldwin Smith has been writing about the Athanasian Creed. Men whose shoe's latchet he is not worthy to unloose have understood and acquiesced in what he pronounces unintelligible and untrue. But the truth is any Fool can lift up his voice with his No No—any deny what wise men say. Good Night.

"Yrs. very faithfully,  
R. S. HAWKER."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"May 15, 1864.

"If I sought for change or Preferment elsewhere there is now a means within my reach. Jeune late Head of Pembroke College Oxford one of my first and longest College friends is made the Bishop of Peterborough. He had been Dean of Lincoln for five months. It was an old promise of his that if ever he came to be a Bishop I should have the choice of whatsoever Patronage fell to his gift. But of course all this is to me now impossible. A Canonry of £1000 a year would not now lure me away from this Church with its grave and its remembrances. Health and Solitude are the only Blessings that I ever pray for now. Do not call it churlish. It is not. But long long habits have moulded my mind and you must remember that for many many years I have had but one companion. So entirely alone have I lived on that except in my Father's lifetime and in his Church I never preached in any other Pulpit but my own. Yet Strangers and those who seek to flatter me say that in a Town I should be a very popular preacher and have hundreds to listen instead of this small flock."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“ May 22, 1864.

“ The Lady whose letter I enclose is Mrs. Mills who was Agnes Acland the Wife now of Mills Member for Taunton.

“ How the world outside my Vicarage marches on while I stand still. Little Agnes Acland who used for years to come every Summer and sit upon my knee to eat fruit is now a Member's Wife and dispensing Patronage at my request. She asked me in the Autumn when I was here to sit for my Photograph and although I have a great dislike to do it I have consented to do it.”

*To the same.*

“ May 23, 1864.

. . . “ Nothing much amiss but my appetite will not return nor my sleep. So last week I drove up to Barnstaple to confer with Dr. Budd. I was at his house all the time I I was there—among other things he induced me to sit to a Photographer who tried twice to take my likeness and failed. But Dr. Budd is himself an Artist and he took one that he calls a beautiful specimen.”<sup>1</sup>

*To the same.*

“ May 29, 1864.

“ On Thursday the Archdeacon held his Visitation at Bude and thither I rode down early with Cann for my company. There was no Sermon but a long charge from the Archdeacon and not in my own private opinion a judicious one. He brought before us and the Churchwardens laymen and Farmers all the topics of the day—about Colenso and Darwin and Sir C. Lyell who have

<sup>1</sup> This photograph by Dr. Budd is here reproduced.

impugned the Bible records of Creation and the Origin of Man and the Flood. What I condemn is his introducing subjects of infidelity and doubt in order to refute them of which the auditors had never before heard. Many of the Farmers, so Cann informed me, would remember the objections to the Bible who would not understand the Arch-deacon's replies. You know I dare say from the Papers that Colenso attacks the Chronology of Holy Writ, whereas my little children at the School would teach him that whereas in Heaven Time does not exist there could be no such thing regarded in inspiration as Dates or Periods or Years. Darwin's Theory is that Man was gradually produced in a series of life beginning with shellfish—and ending in the First Man. Lyell holds that the Earth is older than the Scriptural History relates judging from the Strata of the crust: but here again comes in the fact that with God and therefore with those whom God had inspired there could be no measured duration of events for want of Time to measure with—Time which is the Clock of Adam invented by man to reckon withal but which in Heaven no one could understand."

*To Rev. W. Valentine.*

"May 31, 1864.

... "Yesterday I had a kind of good-bye dinner for Miss Kuczynski and the three children. Gloom among the Children to-day at losing Miss K. altho' they behaved very well promised not to cry and did not much. I hope and trust she will return altho' great efforts are I see to be made by her Mother and her Step-Father to prevent it.

"I send you my lines on dear little Eva's Birthday. They are to be read to her every Birthday till she is Sixteen and then to herself and her Husband."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“June 5, 1864.

“Well I have had sent to me what is called a Proof or Specimen of my own Photograph Seated in a chair—holding in one hand my hat. I was told to assume a steady natural attitude and to call up some pleasant thought. I did so, thought of a distant friend and tried to smile. The likeness is pronounced to be accurate and I see delineated even the warts, as Cromwell told the Painter when he sate for his Portrait, ‘Be exact,’ said he, ‘whatever you do, and don’t omit a single wart.’ But the Sun is no flatterer and every defect is as faithfully copied as a good feature.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“June v., 1864.

. . . “I have not written for I am not what I was. A kind of apathy or recklessness whichsoever it be has so absorbed me that I cannot even read as I once did, and driving or riding out is of no avail. The only lines I have written since the ‘Quest’ are on the birthday of Valentine’s little daughter about five years old.

. . . “At Bude last week the Archdeacon’s Visitation Talk turned on Garibaldi. I gave my Four lines with emphasis to the Archdeacon’s great delight: there were two or three Garibaldians among the Clergy.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“June 26, 1864.

“I am promised by this Post my Photographs. I sate in a chair to be taken with the hat which I usually wear, in my hand. It is the only characteristic usage about me now, therefore I retained my hat. And now you will allow me to express my regret again that you refuse to exchange Photographs. Your signals of age cannot equal



Portrait of a man sitting in a chair, holding a hat.





mine, for all who know me judge me ten years older than I am, and you may see even in Photographs tokens of the wear and tear of the last few years. I was as a young man reckoned handsome, and if I had been allotted the usual quietude and comfort of an English Parsonage I might have worn well, but 'whatever burns consumes and only ashes remain.' The cark and care the toil and turmoil of my latter life have told upon face and form—and the Ten or Twelve Deathbeds that I have stood by in my poor dear Wife's family and my own have made me 'the wreck I am, the living death men see.' Poor Cann said to me the other day 'Why Sir when we used to find the dead Sailors on the Shore, and carry them in, you didn't use to give way, but now I see you weeping when you go into Church.' He spoke the mournful truth. But I must not dwell, as I am too apt to do, on myself."

"July 3, 1864.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"Your opinion of my Photograph is I find that of many others who have seen it. Like yourself as you know I never did like these sun-pictures as they call them. It is true they must be likenesses but they not only do not flatter they actually distort and to coin a word uglify the original as does a caricature. My poor Wife never could bear them and resisted every entreaty of mine to have hers taken.<sup>1</sup> She used to say that every person who had a Photograph taken tried to call up a forced and unnatural expression under the notion of trying to look better and otherwise than their natural countenance and therefore the result was failure. Still I do regret exceedingly that she could not be prevailed on, because I should have liked that others might have known the features that I can never

<sup>1</sup> This is the reason why there is no portrait of her in this book.

forget. Her face was indeed a perfect image of noble Womanhood—oval—blue-eyed—with a nose slightly curved somewhat like my own—a firm mouth, and a forehead moderately high banded with soft light hair that never turned gray to the last. But it was the expression that was so striking. You could see every kind emotion and loving impulse on her face and She never heard a good thought or noble sentiment without moistened eyes and quivering lip. In my dining room there hang upon the wall pictures of her two elder Sisters, Twins, her youngest Sister and her Father. She was most like the latter—but of her dear face no outline except that graven on my heart and that comes to me ever and anon in dreams.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“ July 17, 1864.

“ A Mr. L'Estrange, a Clergyman, writes me from his yacht dating from Penzance Harbour that he was here last week and felt great interest in the Church but could have wished to have seen me to explain the Antiquities. He asks where he could obtain my books—‘Echoes from Old Cornwall,’ and ‘The Quest’—and he is very complimentary. It is a part of my misfortune in writing that while all my books sell I never reap a pecuniary profit from them. To be mixed up with booksellers is to fall among thieves—all authors complain of them but none ever were so luckless as I. But now I hope by Godwin's help to get some small profit. I intend to print at Oxford a thick volume, a collection from all my published works of the best poems, and this book if I can I shall sell in copyright to Parker and he will undertake risk and outlay. But it always strikes me now as a thing too late: my life seems over, and my work done. You very kindly encourage me to hope for added years but then you do not cannot know

how I am worn out. I have lived in every year *two* of ordinary events and trials, and hence it is that I am so shaken.

“Did I ever tell you that that beautiful verse about Moses is mistranslated. It runs in our Version—‘His eye was not grown dim neither was his Natural force abated.’ But in the literal Hebrew it is ‘His eye had not grown dim neither were his teeth loosened.’ This latter clause is most expressive. When the teeth are gone it is a sure token of general decay. Now I have literally none—stumps only. The last two fell out this Summer. Yet nothing would induce me to wear the teeth of other men—for say what they will of artificial teeth the truth is that the false teeth of the modern dentist are taken from the human jaw.

“After the Crimean battles there were always Jews on the field who were employed in drawing the teeth of the dead. It is told that a ton of them, twenty hundred weight, were exported in one Vessel.

“You ask me why I dislike to preach at Kilkhampton? I have had all my life a horror of Shew Sermons—that is to say of a Man’s getting up to preach a fine discourse to win admiration. We should always ask ‘what is our mission?’—mine is to teach my own people. I am not *sent* to instruct Thynne’s flock. You remember Our Lord himself was most scrupulous about doing anything out of place. He said ‘I am not sent but unto the lost Sheep of the house of Israel,’ and again when they came to ask him to advise about property he asked ‘Who made me a judge and a divider over you?’ The praise accorded to him by the Evangelist was, He did nothing out of accord with his office. Nothing you know is more usual than for men to seek to become popular preachers and to covet the applause of any congregation besides their own flock. This has always struck me as very sinful. Every Minister has

a Flock of his own whom he is bound to teach and feed and for what he does to them as teacher he will be requited by God. But no man is sent to address another man's own people. No reward is promised to a Man for any duty not laid upon him nor have we any right to elect and choose what duties we will fulfil. St. Paul calls all such efforts wrong and encroaching on another man's line. It is on account of these reasons that I have always confined myself to my own pulpit and desk. I have been in Holy Orders upwards of 30 years and yet except in my poor Father's Church and because of the illness of another Clergyman I do not remember preaching in any Church but my own. I never preached a Charity Sermon in my life I think nor did I ever deliver a discourse with a view to human praise. It is not churlishness—no man ever called me churlish—nor is it from ill-nature but from a sense of duty and retiring habits of body and mind. I cannot think I am wrong. How many Men I have known who in order to get popularity have preached not what they themselves believed but the doctrines current among the people underneath the pulpit. I remember well when the Present Bishop of Oxford<sup>†</sup> came to this Country to collect funds for the Propagation Society he asked me what opinions were common among his audience, that he might accommodate his Speeches to them and their prejudices instead of uttering his own opinion and the truth. All such time-serving is unworthy a Minister. He is ordained to teach and told to reprove rebuke exhort with all authority. It is this custom of shrinking from a due delivery of the truth that has made the English Nation what it is. Every untaught person is emboldened to regard himself as a Judge of Divine Truth and so every man becomes his own Arbitrer of Right and Wrong.

<sup>†</sup> Samuel Wilberforce.

“And now Good-night. The blessing of God the Trinity be on you for ever.

“Yrs. affectionately,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“July 24, 1864.

“I do not like Politics in Sermons such as you describe. How can it help a hearer towards Heaven or God to know what Denmark or America are doing in the field of battle? Such themes degrade a Church into a debating Society or a political Club. Our Blessed Lord carefully avoided all such topics. When one came to him to discuss a point of law about an inheritance he said ‘Who made me a Judge and a Divider?’ And when two political parties, The Pharisees and the Herodians tried to entangle him in his talk about the legality of a tax He gave out that sublime saying ‘Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar’s, and to God the things that are God’s.’

... “I know well that since my last illness my memory is not what it was. Names of people I utterly forget, and although in my illness I tried myself lying in bed by repeating passages and chapters in the Bible to ascertain if my faculties had failed me I could remember all such things, but the events of ordinary life escape me now. How can I expect the Machine to last uninjured? My nervous tissue like your own has been worn and harassed, and the fibres of course wear out like the tracery of any other complicated engine. God keep me sane in my mental powers. I have a terrible dread of losing power over my own mind. Like Dean Swift I have a horror of becoming ‘a spectacle to men.’”

*To Rev. W. Valentine.*

“July 27, 1864.

“I have been so ill—depression and want of appetite—

that I have had no heart to grasp the pen. My last calm day was at Speke's Mill Bay, Hartland, where I drove your Niece Fanny on the box, who took the reins the chief part of the way thither and back, Mrs. Calcraft and Mrs. Valentine in the Carriage and your Maud. You will remember that one of your Nieces has blue eyes and one black, and thereby you will understand the verses for the day which I inclose. ['Blue Eyes melt: Dark Eyes burn.']

. . . "We have had rather a filthy business here. While I was absent, my miscreant Tommy Box, having found out that a swarm of Bees had made honey in the Church Roof, got two or three other rascals to accompany him, and with a Bar of iron broke down a hole in the Roof, lighted a fire to smoke out the bees and stole a great deal of honey. In their wicked work they caught the Roof of the Church on Fire, and being tindery with the long drought and no slate but all wood the miracle is that the Church was not burnt down. They actually returned to the Spot at Night and made three attempts to carry off honey. As soon as I was told of it I ordered Cann to send for Doidge the Policeman, whereupon the only good of all the matter ensued, Master Tommy absconded and I am rid of the rascal altogether. A viler set of wretches was never hanged. But all was not yet over. Howard the Miller, whose boy was one of the party, arrived two days after with my short gun which he found hidden under some wood at West Mill. Tommy had stolen it from my little room and it is supposed sold it to the Miller's boy.

. . . "Doidge has not yet been able to find Master Tommy at home to inquire about the Gun. His Mother came up to ask me to forgive him and to take him back. I told her it was God's deliverance from a Scoundrel when he absconded. . . . Miss Kuczynski would hardly believe that

the 'President' MS. was written by anyone older than 25. Pray write: you know how I value the sight of your letters in my repulsive Bag."

"Aug. 6, 1864

"MY DEAR VALENTINE,

"Your resolve to come down is the most pleasant tidings I have received for a long while.

. . . "Johnny [Mr. Valentine's little son] is well and wicked. He goes to Jane for anything he fancies and says Hawker sent him.

. . . "Because I must use a twopenny stamp I inclose another Photo. It may do for some friend. But the one done by Thorn in an attitude standing at my door sells very fast at Bude.

"All here from Combe last night. Breachan and Gladwys took them home. What do you think? Johnny was at afternoon Church in the Chancel with me, perfectly quiet all the time of Service—on my knee while they sung and when they ceased he said softly to me 'Again!' What an encore!"

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"August xij., 1864.

"Yesterday I went up to Kilkhampton for an hour. It was a School Feast. While I was there Maskell and his Wife came there to call. He mentioned his Caxton. It was a translation of the 'Speculum vitae Xti'—I think He got it for a trifle and sold it to the Brit. Museum for £1000—the money to go to a Religious House, Query the Castle<sup>1</sup> at Bude. Meynell my Reviewer is there and coming up here. The Evil Eye again is at work here. One of my Ewes died suddenly yesterday and the Ram is taken ill."

The following lines, written while Miss Kuczynski was

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Maskell's house.

away in London, have not before been printed. They, and the letters to Mr. Valentine, show the new influence at work in the Vicar's life. In spite of his emphatic vow that no one should occupy his dead wife's place, his nature craved for that womanly sympathy to which he had been so long accustomed. He used to say that he married his second wife because the spirit of his first wife rested upon her.

“AUGUST 12, 1864.

“Night falls! the dreary Shadows creep  
Between the Mountains and the deep:  
The sunset rustles o'er the sky,  
While here I breathe my Syrian Sigh!

“All dark! but gloomier from the light  
Just faded from my yearning Sight:  
The violet eyes! The violet eyes!  
That gleam'd, a glimpse of Paradise!

“Ah awful hills! ah shuddering Wave!  
A living Death: a ready grave:  
One only Star to soothe the Scene—  
The gleaming Brow of dear Pauline!”

These verses show the question that was absorbing his mind—should he marry again? All other questions, money difficulties, were for the time forgotten. Man does not live by creeds alone. The Vicar was fully aware of the perils that might attend such a venture. “What a blessing,” he writes to Mrs. Watson two days after the date of the poem, “What a blessing to me that anxiety for Children of my own is not added to my other terrors. I really think madness would have ensued if I had only one Son or Daughter to survive me. How could I have borne the utter desolation that my death would bring to any one dependant on me? Depend upon it the isolation of Age is often a Blessing in disguise. What is a tie but a link that



it would be painful to rend, and since the looser we sit to the World the less it costs us to leave it the fewer fetters of Relationship that bind us to life the happier we. . . . I contemplate even Sickness and death with less anxiety because I live and suffer alone."

*To the Rev. W. Valentine.*

"August 15, 1864.

"MY DEAR VALENTINE,

"It is seldom that you fail to reply but two letters of mine are not only unanswered but in your letters to Combe<sup>1</sup> you do not refer to them. In one I sent you two Photos, one of myself for any Yorkshire Sweetheart you might select for me, and one of my Churchyard.

. . . "Now listen. My Clover Crop transcends any in the County—heavy share nearly all Clover—tossed out of Swathe by women behind the mowers—turned all next day and morning of the 3rd day—saved in the afternoon, carried into Rick green and completely made—so good that it hardly shrank at all—at 5£ a ton 80£ worth of hay. Well, 12 acres best barley in the Parish, a score of Bags, *i.e.*, 40 bushels an acre. Wheat wonderful. Now mark. No manure bill—not an oz. of Sand. Whence these crops? The land used to be let for 60 years at 10 0 an acre. Whence I say these crops? My two ploughs in one furrow! Whereby I win every advantage of the Steam-plough and of spade trenching, for I literally trench with the ploughshare. Yet how well I know the Cornish Swine called in courtesy Farmers. If they see it done, if they know my profits ten times theirs, they are too great pigs to follow it. They say rightly 'Our Breed have always grabbed with their tusks and snout and so will we.'

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Valentine's family were staying at Coombe Cottage under Miss Kuczynski's care.

“ Dear little Johnnie is my sole companion. He will sit on my knee for an hour while I am smoking, making imitation puffs with his little mouth, as fat as a Doe and as frolicsome.” The following Lines headed ‘The Monthly MS. Magazine,’ were written in answer to a letter from Miss Kuczynski:—

“A Violet in a lonely dell,  
 Type of the eyes I love so well :  
 A lily shrinking from the breeze,  
 Where teardrops fall from loving trees :  
 A linnet in her mossy nest,  
 That sings to soothe her own full breast :  
 These images of Flowers and Birds  
 Float by me as I read these words,  
 And teach my hand the fitting theme  
 Wherewith to greet each gentle dream.  
 Fair bloom the bowers tho’ few be nigh,  
 And sweetest Song-Birds sing and die.

“ R. S. H.

“ Aug. xvij., 1864.”

*To the Rev. W. Valentine.*

“ Aug : 18, 1864.

‘ MY DEAR VALENTINE,

. . . “ All well here and at Combe.

. . . “ Johnny is not gone. How could I when he came out to me sobbing softly, put up his arms to pet me, and said ‘ Johnny stay.’ They had been telling him he was to go to Combe and he actually without prompting came to me with his little grief. What could I do but kiss him and soothe him and promise he should not go away yet. It will make me sob to lose my little companion, and you will not grudge me a little longer your precious boy. I know how awful is the responsibility but save when I am away from home he is seldom out of my sight.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“August 28, 1864.

“Our Harvest work is well nigh over—the wheat safe and the bread of another year secured. It is a happy sight to see so many stacks rising throughout the parish and to know that God’s gracious promise is fulfilled for this year also.

“But I often think what heavy hearts there must be in the gathered fields—the toiling labouring husbandmen. They know well that the profit of all the increase is not for them, that they must still drag on life and labour to win their daily share of daily bread. There is not a clod in the furrow so hard as a Farmer’s heart. The very wages so hardly won they pay with grudging hands and they measure out the rates for the poor with strong reluctance—2/6 a week for the Seven days food and clothing and fuel of an aged woman or man. How they live at all is a mystery. But they do and that cheerfully bring their weekly penny for the club and look forward a whole year to the Christmas bounty.

“My poor dear Wife used to find them out and soothe and succour many a sinking heart that must find her wanting now. I cannot do as she did. A Man is helpless to do a Woman’s work. But I must not complain.

“I have been and I am very anxious about poor Valentine. Mrs. Valentine is gone up to him and taken with her one child. The rest are here with the Servants and the Nursery Governess. It is heart-breaking to see their little faces and to think as I do what one death may bring to such a family. Life is a perilous thing at all times but to a Father of five children and a Husband it is indeed an awful responsibility. *How happy a fate it is to*

*have no children. I think if I had only one Child it would bring on madness.*

“He writes to me to recommend the Children to my sympathy and I who always take a gloomy view of things I find the tone of his letter ominous of evil. God in his mercy preserve him for the sake of the little faces that turn to me when I call and ask what I think of Papa.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Sept. xx., 1864.

. . . “No thank you I do not take any interest in the stonebreaking vascular minds of the men that meet at Bath.<sup>1</sup> In Three recent Nos of *All the Year Round* ending with last Saturday’s you would find Three pieces of mine ‘The Eyes that Melt,’ ‘The Rushing Raven’ and ‘The Queen’s Round’ for which Wills sent me £3-3-0 with a request for more. Thank you for poor Pusey’s spasm. It reached me in mid-illness so I omitted to thank you. Thank you also for the *John Bull*. I read nothing now but Papers and Aquinas. Pray do write. I cannot rally.”

*To the same.*

“Octr. viij., 1864.

. . . “Great consternation at ——. W.’s Curate published on Sunday his own Banns with his housekeeper a Woman who nursed him when a babe, a Widow (60) having had 13 Children: one lives with her at the Vicarage. The uproar is intense. Certainly it will illustrate but not fortify the Article which rules that Bps Pts and Deacons may marry.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Octr. 23, 1864.

. . . “One person is added to my list for pastoral care and she a mournful instance of the fact that ‘the Wages of

<sup>1</sup> Some scientific Congress.

Sin is death.’ She is a Dressmaker and a Mother of two Children although never a Wife. She repented bitterly after her first fall and abstained from evil until one of the Farmers of the Parish again led her into guilt and her second Child was his. And now that disease has assailed her she is in a rapid decline, and want and misery arrive. She is refused relief by the Guardians, both relatives of the man, and threatened with the Union house for her dying home. She is deeply and sincerely penitent now, but although God will forgive her Man will not. How striking it is to remark how the Gospel for the Day often sounds in the Church like God’s loud rebuke to some existing event or scene. The hardness of heart shewn to this woman has been the topic of conversation all the past week and to-day I read the words in the Service for the day ‘Shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow Servant even as I had pity on thee?’ I saw people look towards a Guardian who was at Church and apply the words as it were to him.” [Doubtless Hawker emphasized the ‘thou’!]

“Novr. 13, 1864.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“Another lovely week—comparative health and strength to fulfil duty. ‘And what more could the Lord thy God have done for thee than that he hath done’ was Moses his question—but the rest of the verse is hardly applicable ‘Not one good thing hath failed.’ Still amid my many surviving blessings let me cease gradually to forget those which I have lost. Man they say is woven of a three-fold texture the Memory the Intellect and the Will. With me the first is loaded with sorrow and the two last weakened with Years. Like you I acknowledge the want of some one to ‘manage and mend,’ as the common people say, but I do not want what is implied in the term a wife.

. . . "I inclose also another letter from a rather remarkable person in this neighbourhood, The Honble. Mark Rolle, Lord Clinton's second Son, the heir and successor to the famous Lord Rolle, of whom you when in Devonshire no doubt have heard. Valentine brought down with him a very fine and spirited mare which Mrs. Valentine is very much afraid to allow her husband to ride, especially in his present *bandaged* state. So she begged me to induce him to sell her, and I accordingly have written to Mr. Rolle who is Master of a Pack of Foxhounds in this country, and his answer you see. I was glad to receive so kind a recognition from a young Nobleman whom I have not seen since as a boy many years ago when he came with Lord and Lady Clinton to see the Painted Window which Lord C. had given to my Church. It is pleasant not to be forgotten even by the young.

"The other letter from young Mountjoy is also a satisfaction. He and all his Family except the old man I lately buried is a Dissenter and a Wesleyan. But he asked me to patronize him, and through Charles Neate, M.P. for Oxfordshire, with whom I was at College 40 years ago, I did obtain for him a Government Nomination—he has passed his Examination is appointed to a lower grade of Clerkship but will travel upward if he behaves well and is now provided for for life—one more to remember me when he visits my grave."

The beginning of the last letter contains an obvious hint that the Vicar was again contemplating matrimony, a hint which Mrs. Watson, with a woman's perception, was not slow to understand. Hitherto he had evidently shrunk from approaching the subject with her. To Mr. Godwin he was more outspoken. "I wish," he writes, "I could take Miss K. myself, but I have a horror of Lady House-keepers and I would almost rather marry again. Do you think I ought or not?"

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## CHAPTER XXII

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### Second Marriage—1864

“ I thought the quench'd Volcano's tide  
Slept well within the Mountain side:  
That Time's cold touch would still control  
The warring Hecla of my soul!

“ Why did we meet? For me to learn  
The ashes of my Heart would burn!  
That the dark flame at last would rise,  
Kindled beneath those flashing eyes!”

WIEN Miss Kuczynski wrote of Hawker that he had lived a life made up of eccentricities, and at the age of twenty had married a woman of forty, she little thought, we may be sure, what the next eccentricity would be: that at the age of sixty he would take as a second helpmeet a young woman of twenty, and that young woman none other than herself. Yet so it came to pass, and the strange thing was that, on both sides, it was evidently a genuine *affaire de cœur*. Beneath all his weight of cares, Hawker kept alive that boy's heart within the man's, which enabled him thus, on the threshold of old age, to win the love of a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter. What marvellous vitality! Consider, too, the effect which this rejuvenescence had upon his verse. Hitherto there has been always a note of melancholy, of wistfulness, and resignation. Now for the first time he begins to sing of love, and with a freshness and a zest that seem the inherent qualities of youth. Witness the lines to the child Eva Valentine; also the

charming little song, Shakespearian in its verve and felicity, "Blue eyes melt : dark eyes burn."

"Ah ! safer far the darkling sea  
Than where such perilous signals be ;  
To rock, and storm, and whirlwind turn  
From eyes that melt, and eyes that burn."

The marriage was not in the worldly sense a prudent one, for either of them. Burdened as he was with debt, he could not hope to make adequate provision for those who should survive him. The disparity of age was the least objection, for Miss Kuczynski said, in answer to those who urged it, that she would prefer ten years with him to a lifetime with any other man. Her wish was fulfilled : she had just ten years of married life, and, save for the common ills that flesh is heir to, they were ten years of unalloyed happiness. But the letters must be left to tell their story. He did not win his bride without a struggle.

"Thursday Evensong. [undated].

"DEAR MISS KUCZYNSKI,

"I restore your Hoofshoe which I have worn with very great advantage. I found that the Cross Town Jettatura<sup>1</sup> had not her usual power over me as I rode through : nor indeed did Carrow shy as usual at things seen by her though not by me. I wore your skin also with much satisfaction. The mesmeric effects are wonderful. I am more amiable than I have been for long : so acute also and so tentative that I quite envy you the possession of such a Mantle of Elijah. But the oddest result of assuming your vesture is that I am quite overwhelmed with a propensity to draw my pen and to shed the ink of Morwenstow. I could even cross and recross this letter. I must write to your Mother. Pray therefore send me her address and with

<sup>1</sup> Sally Found, a reputed witch.



very sincere thanks for the loan of the amulet and the mantle—

“I am,

“Yrs. sincerely,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To Mrs. Henry Stevens (Miss Kuczynski's mother).*

“Nov. 17th, 1864.

“DEAR MADAM,

“I have not the happiness to be personally known to you but the theme of my intrusion will amply justify it. Ever since I knew her, a year and a day from this date, I have fondly and unswervingly loved your Daughter Pauline. It is true that I have not until lately asked her to become my Wife, but it has been for this simple and sincere reason that I durst not hope that a young woman with a Face and Form to win an Emperor, a mind to comprehend the Universe, and a taste and judgment congenial with all that is great and good among men, would condescend to take me as her Husband. But she has consented to make my Home as happy as a Paradise by promising to enter it as my Wife. She will tell you all her hopes and the likelihood of happiness and homage from one so devoted to her future life as I must be. But I could not fold her in my arms as my Wife with perfect tranquility if I had not the inestimable Shield of a Mother's blessing. Give it I entreat you to us and our Home to your own dear Daughter Pauline and to one who will become to you

“Your faithful and affectionate Son-in-law,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Novr. 27, 1864.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“Thank you for your kind and thoughtful letter. I

confided in your true and unfailing sympathy and it is a comfort to my bruised and wounded spirit that you are faithful to me. You have rightly guessed. I have chosen my companion, and one I think who will realize all the expectations I have formed. But I am not sure that her friends will assent to her becoming the Nurse-Wife of a sick man of my age. She is not what is called pretty, but well-looking, not too old nor too young—not 30—economical to exactitude—kind to the sick and poor, and I am told that the parishioners have chosen her for me long ago and wished in their simple way that Miss K. would have pity on the Vicar and go to be his Wife. They know me well my habits and my wants and are in their way as accurate judges and critics as one could desire.

“But I am all this while confiding in what may not come to pass. I spoke to her yesterday and while she confessed a regard for me strong enough to induce her to be my faithful wife she appeals to her Mother for that consent without which she will not marry. No, No. I would not marry any one who did not feel towards you the same kindly love that poor Charlotte felt, nor will I give up my letters to you for any Woman living. But I am sure that she will only be too happy to add to my writing some of her own. I do not expect what is usually called love nor deep feeling but only that companionship which in my dreary desolate house I cannot live without. Now I will confess to you that I have often feared and so have others also that my brain would give way. If you could see me in my lonely house shut in by the cliffs and Sea, with the Church and graves the only objects visible from my door and windows, with no relief beyond the bedsides of the sick and poor, only some casual visitor by day and the winds howling over the roof all night, you would discern that to a man of my impulsive temperament and studious habits only

a kind voice would soothe me and a kind hand satisfy and relieve.

“I would not have your love for me lessened for the World. You have been truer to me than all the world and I owe to you my Roof and Health. Give me then your blessing.

“I will not write more now. She is going to London to see her Mother to-morrow and I can perceive that she doubts being able to induce her to consent. So after all it may terminate in failure. Gales around and over my house ever since Friday Night. A Ship foundered off my Cliffs—all on deck went down with her. Forgive my agitated handwriting and believe me in all fates and times always most affectionately Yours,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

“I did not express myself clearly about leaving Morwenstow. I meant, if I do not obtain a Companion I must then change my home. Here I cannot live.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Decr. 4, 1864.

“MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“Ever faithful, always kind. And how keen and far-sighted a true-hearted woman is. Every difficulty you see. Every feeling you seem to guess. Yes Her Mother does resist very strongly the marriage and I have just received her resolve not to marry without that Mother’s consent. Well I can but retreat into my former Solitude and let the vision fade. Yet I thought to have been once more happy. There was everything to blend with the living and nothing to clash with the dead. She is now in London with her mother and I hear every day. Besides the disparity of years her friends at once suggested that objection which occurs to you—the frequent destitution of a Clergyman’s Widow. And as I scorn concealment I made a full revela-

tion of the state of my affairs and they say, and I cannot contradict them, that to enter a home harassed by money-demands will be but to increase my depression and forbid the hope of health. Their stipulation is that I should be freed from those liabilities which involve peril to my person and peace and furniture and stock before they can sanction the marriage. This is a stipulation so impossible that it amounts to a final prohibition and I have written to say that if this be insisted on as a preliminary it is tantamount to a positive refusal and that the only course open to me as an honourable man is to cancel the offer and withdraw. So that in all likelihood the proposal is at an end.

“Conceive me here at my desk alone—not one voice in the house—not a single sound. All dark and as it were hopeless—not one real friend on Earth save her to whom I write. Now if this matter breaks off I must arrange my future life. My plan is to do without any indoor Servant at all and so save a considerable annual Sum. I really want for my personal attendance no one and when visitors find that I have no Servants they will relieve me of their company. Cann my Warden comes every day to manage the Farm, and my Old Man who has no encumbrance can sleep in the house. I think this feasible and wise and in carrying it out I shall have the satisfaction of applying every year a Sum saved to extrication.

“I mean to set about copying all my writings for a two or three volume Book for Parker the Bookseller and with this compulsory occupation I shall sustain my mind. I confess that I am so shaken by this gleam of hope and disappointment that I shall be relieved by absolute solitude. Valentine and his family go to Yorkshire in March and thus my Society will be withdrawn. I must make the Sick and Poor my companions and them alone. Pray for me, my faithful friend. You seem to know and I wish you to know

all that passes in my mind. I have no other adviser or confidante. But all as I suppose is over. Pray for me. May God for ever bless and requite you in both worlds for your truth to

“Yrs. affectionately,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

“Decr. 11, 1864.

“MY EVER DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“I write in a state of extreme anguish. Pauline is at her Mother’s in London utterly overcome. She says that her own love is fixed and her whole affection given to me. I did not think I could have so gained the strong affection of a woman again, but it is manifest, and now that she knows all there can be no interested motive in her love. I was very wrong to speak so strongly against marrying again. Pauline came in such a singular way that it did seem providential and now she is gone none other comes for me. One good is come out of it—another trial of your friendship and it has not failed me. God for ever bless you—my eyes fill and my heart gives way. God bless you.

“Yrs. always affectionately,

“R. S. H.”

Within the next fortnight the Vicar started off to London to seek a personal interview with Mrs. Stevens. What an effort it was may be gathered from the fact that for thirty years he had never left Morwenstow, save for one visit to Oxford to take his M.A., and he had never been to London before in his life. However, he went, he saw, and he conquered.

Some amusing stories are told of his visit to the metropolis. On the journey his brown beaver hat blew away as he was looking out of the carriage window. Tradition relates that he pulled the communication cord, and when the train came

to a standstill demanded that they should go back and pick it up. The guard, indignant, threatened to prosecute him. On arrival at Salisbury he sent for the station-master, and asked, in his grandest manner,

“Where can I buy a hat at this station?”

“We don’t sell hats,” replied the astonished official.

“Bless my soul,” returned the Vicar, “What a benighted place this is!”

So he arrived at Waterloo, hatless, with a red handkerchief tied round his head. He put up at the Great Western Hotel at Paddington. While there, writes his sister, he invited a friend, Lord Exmouth, to lunch. The Vicar was dressed in his accustomed garb, fisherman’s jersey, wading boots and all, just as he walked about his parish.

Lord Exmouth went to the Hotel and asked a waiter to take his card to a clergyman who was staying there. The waiter said: “There is no clergyman staying here, my Lord.” “Oh yes there is,” said Lord E., “he has written me to say he should be here.” The waiter said, “I assure you, my Lord, there is no clergyman here; there is an old gentleman in No. —” “Then take this card to him and tell him I am here.” Hawker came down and, amid roars of laughter, Lord E. said, “I am not surprised the waiter should say there was no clergyman here.” Hawker said, “No doubt you would rather see me dressed like the waiter with a black suit and white choker! I’ve felt obliged to say ‘Sir’ to him already.” During lunch they were kept waiting a long time. When the waiter came Hawker asked him whether Job ever stayed there: “Who, sir? no, sir, I think not, sir; do you happen to know his number, sir?”

In his interview with Mrs. Stevens the Vicar’s eloquence prevailed, and he won her consent to the marriage. In view of his advanced age there was no reason for delay. On 18 Dec. 1864, he writes to his Churchwarden, Cann:—

“MY DEAR THOMAS,

“I inclose some Memoranda of things I wish to be done at home. We intend to be married here on Wednesday, go on to Oxford until Friday and then we return home. I trust and hope to find all well. This is a most sorry wretched place. It costs us ten Shillings a day to go about in what they call cabs. Let Tom Lang deck the Church as usual with Holly and Ivy. Let Mary make a large and very good Wedding Cake: the currants &c. will be at Crimp on Wednesday. Cakes for the Children on Christmas Day.”

The wedding took place on 21 December 1864, and a short honeymoon was spent at Oxford. “Our Marriage,” he writes to Mrs. Watson, “was as simple and unpretending an affair as could well be arranged. We went in our travelling garments to Holy Trinity Church, Paddington. She was given away by her step-father Mr. Henry Stevens, and her Mother and Mrs. Valentine, and a friend, were the only witnesses of the ceremony. A cab took us to the train and here we are amid the old faces and parishioners as quiet and matter-of-fact in our Vicarage as if we had been married a year.”

He was glad to be at home again. “My own journey by Train,” he writes, “was to me a very wondrous event. I breakfasted in this Vicarage and I dined the same day in London, having travelled all the vast distance in the Second Class Carriage of the South Western Railway Company for £1-17-0. This my second experience of Railways has by no means increased my desire to move away from Morwenstow: on the contrary with all its cares and all its anxieties and terrors there is no place to me like my own Vicarage.”

His new happiness had an immediate effect on the Vicar's spirits. He regained his old buoyancy and playful-

ness, and renewed his interest in literary work. On 28 Dec. 1864 he writes to Mr. Godwin :—

“You have been in our thoughts and on our lips once and again ever since our return. At the Station [Oxford] we met Jacobson who asked me what relation I was to his old friend the Vicar of Morwenstow. Said I, ‘his eldest Son.’

. . . “Home about Two or  $\frac{1}{2}$  past in the morning. Reception everywhere most striking. . . . Do pray tell us what ripple if any on the Isis from our unknown keel. If you want to know how I am, turn out Polycrates King of Samos in Lemprière. Our kindest regards to Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, who seem to have been old friends of half a century. Look out in *All the Year Round* for a Ballad called ‘Pauline.’ I am going to coach up an Article on Morwenstow Church for you for the O. G. [? Old Gentleman’s] Magazine.”

A week or two later he writes :—

. . . “The Bag is arrived with the Boots : they are very beautiful. We look in them like the Bird Ibis which haunts the Nile and is said to understand Arabic and to pray in that language, standing among the Reeds with Red Shanks glowing in the Sun.”

For the next year or two, until the anxieties of fatherhood began to press upon him, the Vicar was entirely happy. In a letter dated Jan. vi., 1865, to his brother-in-law, Mr. Somers James, he writes :—

“MY DEAR JOHN,

. . . “I send you for your public usage a brief history of my Wife. Her father was a Pole of noble rank in his native country. He fought with his Countrymen against the Russian Czar and was banished into Exile. He came to England where he married a Lincolnshire Lady, a





*Emma F. H.*



THE VEAR OF MORWYN'S FLOW AND HIS SECOND WIFE

*Published by the University of Toronto*



Newton of the family of Sir Isaac, and by her he had two Children, a Son who is now in a Merchant's office in London and my Wife Pauline. He obtained a Position in the Rolls Office and died young. His widow married a Mr. Stevens an American whose mercantile career has been shaken by the War. So when her future home became unsettled and unsure, Pauline, who had been very highly educated and is a Woman of rare Talents and high Nature, resolved to establish her own Independence by her own exertions. She came to the knowledge of Mr. Valentine a Yorkshire Vicar who had just bought Chapel and Dean from Trood. The whole arrangement was preternatural. He heard of the Estate by Chance—came to see it by unaccountable impulse—purchased it against my advice and brought his family down with Pauline. I saw her in Novr. 1863. You understand that I know a fair and graceful Woman when I see her. I appreciated her Intellect and character found her tastes congenial to my own and her accomplishments such as fitted her for Society of the loftiest rank. She was not then 21—Yet I wooed and won her and she is come to my Vicarage to rule and gladden my home and me. When you come to see her you will confess that I could not have found in all the land one more suited to my mind and habits of literary life. Her manner and form are perfect, Blue Blood in every vein, and altogether one whom you might have called it audacity in me to seek to win. Still I have done it. I have brought a born Lady to my home and there you will find her. All my local friends have more than welcomed her and all my relations whose opinions are of any value have rejoiced at my success. So will you when you know Pauline and in order that you may do so if you do not come over soon we shall go to see you. Meanwhile send me some grapes, some Broad figs, and a little smoked Salmon. I enclose stamps. Thank Sommers

for the Diary. It will be kept, though not by me. And now, my dear John, Good-night. Among all our changes one thing sits fast, our mutual regard—only enlarge it now to include Pauline, who desires her kind love to her new Brother-in-law and Cousin Sommers—Nephew?”

“Yrs. affy.,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

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## CHAPTER XXIII

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1864-1868

COLENSO AND THE CHURCH—POLITICS—MR. GLADSTONE'S SPEECHES—ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN—CONTRIBUTIONS TO MAGAZINES—BIRTHS OF HIS CHILDREN—CATTLE PLAGUE—DEMONS—VISITATION SERMON—"ECCE HOMO"—A WHALE AT MORWENSTOW—WRECK OF THE 'JEUNE JOSEPH'—ABYSSINIAN WAR—IRISH DISESTABLISHMENT.

AFTER his marriage Hawker settled down again to the usual routine of parochial life. During the next few years he worked hard, with his wife's help, to increase his income by contributing to London magazines. Though successful in placing his articles, he did not produce enough materially to improve his position, and after a time he became disheartened. Along with these literary efforts there grew up in his mind a vague idea of winning distinction in other ways. It was the ghost of a belated ambition. In the long years that he had spent at Morwenstow he had schooled himself to forget those

"High hopes that once were mine  
Of loftier verse and nobler line."

Now, perhaps, with a young wife, he felt as though the world ought to be before him. But it was too late. In 1865 he writes in fun to Mr. Godwin, "I shall be glad if you will urge in Oxford my appointment to the Headship of Magdalene Hall. I wish to get it to hold with Morwen-

stow." Such an appointment would, in fact, have suited him exactly. He loved Oxford and the Bodleian, and in that atmosphere his great powers of oratory and conversation would have found a stimulus and won the recognition they deserved.

We now return to the letters.

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

"March viij., 1865.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"When King James the First asked one of his Bishops which See he would prefer, Bath or Wells, he, speaking broad Scotch, answered, 'Bauth an it please your Majesty,' and from that very time the two Dioceses were joined. This suggests to me the fit and proper reply to your question as to which breed of pullets I should prefer, Spanish or Minorca. I answer 'Bauth' and you can unite them as King Jamie did. Majorca is a Spanish Island or at all events the breeds are similar if not the same. My MSS., 'The Remembrances of a Cornish Vicar,' begin to appear this very week next Saty. and will I hope be continued in Successive Numbers<sup>1</sup> as I can write them. If we could manage it we should very much like to visit you at Plymouth as parts of the great show, but we must travel Incog: as Major and Mrs. Binney near relations of the celebrated Dissenting Preacher in London. Remember these names. The Broad Figs, &c., did not disagree with me last week. Have you heard from Miss G. lately and how does she like her new abode? The climate will, I should imagine, cure her complaints.

[Mr. Somers James adds a note here saying that no figs, &c., had been sent him, and that Miss G. had died some time before!]

<sup>1</sup> Of *All the Year Round*.

“Do you know what became of the Balls Pictures? Two or three ought to be mine. They are of my Grandmother when she resembled me and of the Doctor when he was a promising boy. Will you see about my claim? Our kind love to you both. You know the Proverb—‘*bis dat qui cito dat.*’

“Yrs. affectionately,  
“R. S. HAWKER.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“March 24, 1865.

“Your Box reached us in safety last night. All in it was very welcome. I do not intend to smoke the Giant Pipes full. . . . The result of your efforts to win reception for my MS. is identical with my own for another Paper in *All the Year Round*. I have had it rejected, the plea being the very absurd one that similar wreck stories are told by The Uncommercial Traveller. You will recall enough of the Crew of the *Alonzo* and the Corpse under the Rock to know that these events are unparalleled in Europe. It does not really annoy me that I cannot write down to the Cockney slipslop of modern serial literature, but I see clearly, as I have often told you, that in the modern scramble for L : S : D I have no chance of a handful. Still I have other things to be grateful for as I am.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“March 26, 1865.

“It seems peculiarly a time of change wherein we live. And this reminds me of a very terrible event, to all the Clergy at least, that has occurred in the last week. I suppose you are even more fully informed of it than myself. I mean the Colenso affair. The Supreme Court of Appeal, The Council of the House of Lords, has given Judgment. It

seems that Dr. Gray, Bishop Metropolitan in Africa, and under whose authority every one supposed Colenso to be, had condemned judicially the Doctrine and publications of the recreant Bishop. But he appealed to the higher Courts and now a judgment has been issued by which Colenso is released from all former decisions and is free to teach and to write what he pleases—indeed the result of the decision will be that no Bishop will be able to enforce punishment or discipline as it appears to me in any Diocese. A Man may now preach almost whatever he likes and deny as many tenets as he pleases and altho' his Bishop may disapprove and censure he cannot deprive him of his endowments or revenue or silence his voice. This is a mournful state of things and one that will lead eventually to all kinds of infidelity and doubt. Things have been tending to this point for a very long while. It began when the Bishop of Exeter failed in his attempt to punish Mr. Gorham, and several other Bishops have been baffled since, till now the climax is reached. I find that the excitement among the Clergy is extreme and the effects of the judgment among the enemies of the Church are regarded as highly satisfactory.

“To me it can matter little. I have lived aloof from all parties in the Church and out and been contented with the quiet life of a Country Clergyman, but I discern in these legal interferences with the Bible and the Prayer Book the germs of a great revolution in our Church. No one seems popular unless he denies some doctrine or opposes some discipline among things of old held sacred—nor is it easy to stop the tide of doubt and denial once set free.”

In other letters, written at various times, Hawker alludes to Colenso, and these allusions I have thought it best to gather together here.

In 1862 he wrote to Mr. Godwin:— . . . “Bishop Colenso is I think Son of a Wesleyan Preacher in this



County, and indeed Colenso is a multitudinous name in the West, and all Children of Schism. No thank you I don't wish to read his *réchauffé olio* of mouldy heresy. Origen refuted him when he appeared under the name of Celsus among the Old Energoumenoi. By the way, if you meet with a portable copy of Origen contra Celsum libri viij et ejusdem Philocalia Greek and Latin I should like to borrow it. That which makes me mad is that I see the Miracles and Wonders of Revelation received with reverent belief by such majestic intellects as St. Augustine and St. Jerome and then to be carped at by the unutterably debased minds of this sixth Age, who are really and literally incompetent to criticise the Catechism of the Church."

Elsewhere he writes to Mrs. Watson:—"I sent you a copy of the *Athenæum* but I do not like the contents in general. The Editor is I am told a Scoffer and a Sceptic and so I should judge from the contents every now and then. He is of the Colenso School as they call it. How can such a Man as Colenso bear to die? If he knows anything at all he knows that immediately after Separation he will stand nothing but Soul before the very Face of the Lord Jesus. Having insulted him and denied his Godhead upon Earth how will he bear to look on the Countenance of the Son of Man?"

In 1863 he wrote to Mr. Godwin:—"Ours is a Church of deportment without dogma or discipline. Colenso is a sturdy Protestant but nothing more. His denial is of dates and figures: while others deny tenets and abjure rites I suppose he deems his negation as lawful as another man's. When I was an undergraduate I remember that Hales in Chronology and Hey in doctrine [were] in equal force of negatives with this Man of Natal. But how should the Scripture be exact in measurements of Time and Space? These two are utterly unknown amid the sources of inspira-

tion. On Earth Time flows and Men measure it and count. In Heaven Eternity stands still and there is no sense of succession—former or latter things. Adam had a Dial. God has none. In Heaven with all their knowledge they cannot tell you what hour it is on the clock or what day month or year.”

. . . “I do not wonder at the lapse of the Young Men amid the unanswered onslaughts of Colenso and others. The truth is our Bishops and other Chief Captains have for long years done their best to annul and annihilate authority. The Bible cannot be enforced without the Church, and when the Mother is repudiated who is to prove the Birth and Parentage of the Children ?

. . . “Thank you for your inclosures. Nothing however can save Oxford. It is becoming more and more and every day a mere husk and shell—pith and marrow gone. I found to my great horror a Sunday or two ago that my little Wilderness of Wellcombe was full of Colenso. The Wardens had attended a Visitation held by Archdeacon Bartholomew and he filled his charge they said with attacks on ‘a Bishop who denied the Bible!’ So I had to preach about their shameful ignorance of chronology in Heaven.”

To return from this digression—the Vicar writes on 20 April 1865 to Mr. Godwin :—

. . . “I have sent off another MS. on the simplicities of Wellcombe to Wills but from his silence I infer rejection. I cannot help it, I am quite unable to copy the slipslop Reporter and Police Style of the London Press. Twenty epithets for a single noun and the vapid tasteless ungrammatical kind of language that wins the favour of Cockaigne. If I may not call a spade a spade I cannot write at all. I have been writing Lord Palmerston. I want him to make a friend of mine a Baron but I fear he will not. When Dr. Macbride’s days are numbered don’t forget my

wish. Our Farm is our chief interest now. There everything prospers. The Old division of Wealth used to be God's riches and Man's. God's was the produce of the Soil and flock and herd, Man's L : S : D. I usually receive the first and miss the last—34 lambs and 5 more expected—Calves looming along the lawn—Crops promising—the Hut-down is in Barley. I find your small pipes very good. I have only tried one big one once half filled.

. . . “How fully the Colenso Judgment verifies and fulfils all I have said to you about the rotten state of things in England and her Church.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“April 1865.

. . . “I am fain to take another degree—do you think that Oxford would grant it to me in succession to M.A? It is that of L.S.D. I infer from the Ratting Leader in the *Times* that Lord Derby is looming in the distance—if so Jacobson even yet may be a Bishop and of Exeter. Tell him I say so. Sell the German Bible for what it will make. Pauline often wishes you were here to regulate my Books. I told her of your horror at the state they were in. Is it not strange that not one thing of mine can win admission into any paper? My epigram<sup>1</sup> on Lord Derby's Homer was refused by the *Standard* his own paper. What is there repellent in the lines?”

*To the same.*

“April 27, 1865.

“We continue to have glorious Weather and we get Sangraal Sunsets from the hut. I can easily understand how uncongenial the Low Church atmosphere of Bath must be to you. We were at Clovelly yesterday—a miserable

<sup>1</sup> Printed in ‘Cornish Ballads.’

dinner and not an atom of Fish. It is most striking, but throughout the Coast of Cornwall every Seaport as it becomes occupied by Dissenters is deserted by the Fish. I could specify many, and the only Ports that are lucky in their fishing are those that export every Fish to the Fasting Countries *e.g.* Port Isaac, Mevagissey, to Spain and Portugal. Strange tidings about Lincoln and a fierce comment on the text 'Whoso sheddeth Man's Blood by Man shall his blood be shed.' No living Man has caused so many death-wounds as the Rail-splitting King."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"May 5, 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I have to thank you very kindly for the parcel of Latakia and your letter. Twice following you have been the first to announce to us some of the terrible events which are marking our Era and Times. Lincoln's Death at a Theatre and on a Good Friday was a deed full of horror but as a death no worse than the thousands of those bloody slaughters which have desolated New York alone with 20,000 Widows. Only a King anointed with oil can declare or levy lawful War. Every other Person so presuming to shed blood inherits the guilt and doom of Cain and violates the command 'to do no murder.' My opinion of the American War has undergone no change. There has been a murderous quarrel in the Servants' Hall and no wise Master will ever interfere. The slang about Slavery was long ago denounced and adjusted by St. Paul. He met one day a bought Slave, Onesimus by name. He converted, baptized him, and sent him back to his legal Master, Philemon, and withal He wrote him a letter wherein he tells him that he had restored Onesimus to his proper place with an injunction that he was to be regarded thence-

forth not only as a Slave, but as a Xtian Man, a temporal bondsman but with a spiritual and Eternal tie. In the Old Testament God the Trinity ordains and ratifies Slavery as an Institution of the Pictured People. In the New Test. the Second Person of the Godhead adopts as his own appellative a hundred times the name of δούλος, Slave, altho' the Puritan translators corrupted that word into Servant, a word, as significant of one hired for wages, unknown to that age and generation."

*To the same.*

"May xv., 1865.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"On the principle that I should advise no one to go into [the Servants' Hall while a row exists I should counsel a friend not to enter New York or any Northern State. Depend upon it they would 'smell the blood of an Englishman' and wreak their revenge accordingly. 'Unto their assembly O mine honour be not thou united.' . . . I had a letter from L'Estrange dated on board his yacht off Penzance asking questions about my Church. In reply I sent him a slip or two which I had by me and referred him to Blight's Book for the Legend of St. Morwenna. But he neither asked nor did I give any consent to publish. But is it not my universal doom? What I write is always deemed available for the Sale of other Books, never worth a farthing for my own profit.

"For reasons  
good and strong Will you  
send me another packet of  
Latakia as you did before  
exactly."

To J. G. Godwin, Esq.

“Morwenstow. May 23, 1865.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“At whatsoever time it will suit you best to come we shall be most glad to see you. Gladstone does not seem quite so sure of Oxford as he may imagine. Pusey’s woolly mind appears to cling to him, another justification of my invariable distrust of the man. His involved clumsy tortuous style always seemed to be symbolic of his perplexed intricate mind. I had a strange dream or trance last night wherein Dr. Morrell, Bp. of Edm. [sic] acted a conspicuous part. I had searched out my list of Sangraals sent to see if his name were among them *before* I opened your *John Bull*. Therein I found a record of his marriage at Henley and departure for the Continent. If you can ascertain the time of his intended return and subsequent address I shall be especially thankful to you. ‘Down in Cornwall,’ a name chosen by Wills is in No. 314 of *A the Y R*. I have sent him another sketch of Old and Original manners on the Tamar-side called ‘Black John.’ You remember the Portrait in my Drawing-Room. I am writing another Sketch to be named ‘Daniel Gumb’s Rock,’ a scientific stonemason and hermit of 1735 who dug out a cave on our Cornish Hills and lived and died there. But it is most debasing to have one’s MSS. at the mercy of such a Man as Wills. What about the *Union Review*? I have had a letter from the Editor (F. G. Lee) to ask for the ‘Quest’ to review. And now I have to reveal to you a great atrocity. In my article sent last (down in C.) I had written a careful Section about Birds—among other phrases my almost slang saying ‘*Ubi Aves ibi Angeli.*’ This paragraph however Master Wills cut out. Well you may guess my wrath when I read in the very next No of *A the Y R* a paper headed ‘Birds’ and in

the very midst of it my own words the very Phrase ' *Ubi &c* ' wherein I had condensed a theory of Ephrem Syrus years ago but which Eph. Sy. never wrote—in short a paragraph verbatim in my own language without acknowledgment but inserted as part of another man's composition. I have written to ask Wills and I will tell you his reply. Meanwhile I will write a Note to L'Estrange and inclose to you to be sent to him thro' his Publisher to ask at all events for a copy of his work and explanations. Thanks many for Molitor. I shall condense it. How I do wish I could get some position or other in Oxford and tenable with this—so as to go up in term time and read."

... "Any news of 'Morwenstow Church'? I should like to see in Black and White the actual reasons that make the Editors retreat from my MSS. There is not a line in it untrue or that a Sincere High Church Man could shrink from. But it is England Protestant all over. Deny what you like and no one shall touch you. Believe one atom of asserted truth and we'll drive you out of English Life. What a Mess is that Pic-Nic called Protestantism, where every man brings his own dish and eats it sullenly by himself."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"May 28, 1865.

... "I have had an offer of another Diploma for the office of Local Secretary<sup>1</sup> to the Society of Antiquaries at Somerset House which I inclose for your perusal, and which I have accepted for the Term of Four years. There is no Salary attached to it but there are presented Books which will come to my share and there is no expense incurred not even of postage. I did not solicit it nor had I any ambition of their notice but as it comes to me in

<sup>1</sup> In this capacity he was instrumental in saving from destruction the old church of St. Levan, near Penzance.

the way it does it may have a meaning on my life and destiny.”

. . . [American affairs] “What a fierce revenge the new President Johnson appears to meditate on the Southren Rulers. His Reward of a vast amount of Dollars for the arrest of Davis and the other Chief Men seems most bloodthirsty. And yet in a very short time each of these men will be standing before a personal Judge—their bodies left behind them on their Beds and they each of them a lonely and a shuddering Soul. What will their thoughts then be when they will recall their whole lives and every event by a single effort of memory and have to render an account of their deeds to a Just and Righteous God. And that such men should cherish the purpose of shedding more blood under a pretext of law! There is One whom their jargon cannot deceive.”

“No one can fail to be shocked at the foul assassination that has made Mrs. Lincoln a Widow, but in the Judgment after death it will be remembered that there are 21,000 Widows in New York and that 20,000 of them were made so by the War which Lincoln himself carried on and for which he must answer in the Great Day. What rivers of Blood have been shed in that unhallowed War, and yet the great boast of the day is, how wonderfully Man is improved in civilization in this 19th Century. Whereas I cannot find in all history such a record of brutish inhuman Warfare as our own days have witnessed.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“May 27, 1865.

. . . “I wish Orby Shipley could *read* my MS. : he might be convinced that it is too *original* to be confounded with the current literature he mentions. I am obliged to be content with Wills’ explanation but it is almost the



coolest thing I ever heard of to expunge a passage from my Article (the best in it) and then to use it unacknowledged for another Man's paper. But this has been my fate all my life. My own writings *as my own* are scorned and unrequited, but stolen by others found popular and useful. Well, well, I must be patient as Issachar and stoop like an ass 'between my burdens.' I do use the Alb and Cope and St. Cuthbert's Stole always. I have got Froude's address and I mean to write to him in a day or two. Letter from M., very kind and all the meeker for his affliction. . . Full of kindness to Pauline, my standard now for friendship and good offices."

*To the same.*

" June xvij., 1865.

. . . "I attended the Visitation on Wednesday at Bude. . . At our public dinner not only did they all from the Archdeacon downwards treat me with marked and cheerful kindness, but the Dean Rural (Simcoe) in a kind and happy Speech proposed Mrs. Hawker's health which was drunk with acclamation. Nothing could be in better taste or more cordial Sympathy than their demeanour the whole day—it quite roused me, for I am very proud of my little wife and it did gratify me to see how they all appreciated her."

*To the same.*

" June ix., 1865.

" Now how can my MS. [' Morwenstow ' ] be called local ? Every explanation I have given is of the Catholic principles of imagery and they are applicable to all the Churches of England as to Morwenstow. Take one instance—the zig-zag moulding that they call by a fine phrase chevron pattern is I say the Ripple on Gennesaret the sea of sighs the Lake

of the Paraclete, and is significant of the Holy Spirit of God couching and gliding on the Water wherein we become Children of the Font, Sons and Daughters of that Element which is the Seed of God the Trinity wherewithal we are begotten into the Family of God. And the Seal of the interpretation is equally Universal Worldwide and Vast. But the truth is unless I could create Readers with Taste and Imagination I cannot expect to be understood or appreciated. Hence the taste for the trite meagre low writing of the present day. But I am weary of it all. I am ready to write my fingers off to get pay but I cannot alter my whole mind. Wills has inserted another article 'Black John' but cut out all my best parts and worse he has put in some trash of his own as mine and made me talk nonsense in the last paragraph. No one ever was treated as I am on all hands. I only hope my load of troubles will not weigh down the bright Spirits of my poor dear Pauline. She has brought me health and happiness and when I hear her singing like a bird it breaks me down."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"25 June 1865.

"The Clergy around all express their wonder how I can go thro' my Sunday Work—Three full Services, sometimes four, and such a ride as very few could bear. I must have had a strong constitution. Budd always says that he seldom met with stronger muscle than mine and tried too as it has been beyond most men's. Thank God for long and continual strength and shelter. What a life mine would be if it were all written and published in a book!

"I had occasion to write to Lord Clinton about the repair of his Chancel here, and his reply I enclose. He is a fine Specimen of a Christian Nobleman poor in Wealth but rich in mind.

“If, as the prophets infer, all this fine weather implies a Wet Harvest, it will indeed be a mournful contrast. But depend upon it God’s system in this world is based on compensations. There is no misfortune so adverse but something comes to make up for it, and no position so happy but there is what the quaint old Writers call a ‘Crook in the lot.’”

Hawker used to say that conceit was the compensation afforded to a fool. He would often remark, quite gravely, as though it were a compliment, “So-and-so has plenty of compensation,” thereby puzzling those who had not the key to his meaning, and to the secret amusement of the initiated.

About this time his old friend, Dr. Jacobson, was made Bishop of Chester. In a letter to Mr. Godwin, dated 22nd July 1865, he says:—

. . . “I wrote to Jacobson on his promotion and began my letter with ‘Charge, Chester, Charge! On, Stanley, on,’ were the last words of Marmion.’”

*To the same.*

“August 13, 1865.

. . . “I have said the Prayer for Fine Weather to-day in both Churches in spite of the Queen’s Chaplain Mr. Kingsley who derides the thought that Man’s Prayer can alter God’s decrees. Whereas we are taught in the Book that Prayer is that condition which unless we perform no favour from on high is promised. *Ask*—and on that fulfilment of your duty ye shall obtain. *Seek* and so ye shall find. *Knock* and when you have done so the Gate of Mercy and Kindness shall be opened for blessings to descend. Therefore Prayer is the Key in the Lock of God’s promises.

“Nothing can be kinder than Budd’s demeanour to me for many long years and for any temporary advice to me such

as this he makes no charge. . . . But his chief advice I am unable to follow. It is to keep myself very quiet and to allow nothing to dwell in my mind. He little knows the nature of my terrors and troubles. What a subtle and intricate mechanism is the human frame—and mine the most astonishing and fearful. A thought will often stab me like a sword and a Fear or dread will thrill throughout my bodily frame as if some one had struck me a blow. My Grandfather and Father were both of the same excitable temperament although not in so aggravated a degree.

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Aug. 27, 1865.

“A Mr. Edrupp, Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury, who was walking through Cornwall last week, called here and we had quite a controversy. He said ‘the Englishman of the Nineteenth Century is a fine type of an Enlightened moral man.’ I answered ‘I call him a dexterous Blacksmith and nothing more, who murders his Wife in a fit of drunkenness and poisons his Children when they become a burthen to him.’<sup>1</sup>

. . . “I am glad you agree with me in the value of herbs. They were not created by God for nothing but each had a purpose. ‘Every herb of the field bearing seed behold I have given it to thee’ are words of deep meaning. I always keep a gathering of Elder Blossom and the Mints and Pennyroyal, commonly called organs; and Wormwood and Feverfew grow about my Garden. All my Parish people confide largely in herbs and I have learnt a great deal from them of their use—one is Agrimony, another Wild Sage.

<sup>1</sup> This recalls Matthew Arnold’s antidote to “our unrivalled happiness”—“Wragg is in custody!”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Aug. 29, 1865.

. . . “I have sent a brief critique on Hodgson’s book to Lee for the *Union Review*. Perhaps he may reject the Article as my Editors do, but I know it contains Definitions and Illustrations of Time and Space unknown to this vile and ignorant generation. Your prophecy of Pipes is yet unfulfilled.

. . . “A visit from Mr.———. A formal and weak man with prodigious viscera. He did not depart until he had severely taxed his gastric juice. He staggered away at Evening as well as he could with a loaded Colon.”

*To the same.*

“Sept. 24, 1865.

. . . “Sir T. Acland has sent another present to Mrs. Hawker of a brace of birds and grapes. He does not yet name the day of his visit. . . . I shall of course be glad to receive him ‘one year more’ in his own phrase. He always says it will be the last year and he has held that expression full five years. He is wonderfully hale and hearty still, I am told, and will no doubt take his accustomed walk on my Cliffs. Thirty years ago he measured the height of my tallest Cliff with a line and lead and Lady Acland held the Cord at the top while he verified the length at the bottom—and now he always goes to visit the spot whenever he comes up.

“Your account of the Old Woman of 91 reminds me of my own old people whom I found here and have buried—no such lives now. One Couple had lived in married life 75 years. The Man died at 95, The Woman 93. The Eldest Son decrepit with age tottered along leaning on a Staff at the Funeral. She was the last of the Spinners in my Parish that is Women who spin yarn with a wheel.

There is actually not one left in Morwenstow and in Wellcombe only one and she 80 years old. She is spinning however for me this year again the Wool from my Black Sheep which I always wear. . . . It is an interesting proof of the wisdom of Old times and the weakness of modern knowledge that they are compelled to return to the ways of our Forefathers and their Herbs. In simple old Wellcombe they seldom resort to a Medical Man but those despised 'Old Women,' as they are scornfully termed among the polite, cure all manner of diseases with their Elderflowers and Agrimony.

. . . "We are looking anxiously forward to the time of dread and peril, [the expected birth of his child] and here again Human aid is scanty and frail. . . . But God is close by and in his very midst we live and move and have our Being. What a thought it is that the very round globe we dwell on rolls amidst the silent and surrounding touch of a vast and boundless Spirit who enfolds us like the air or light and is yet a Presence that is *alive* and *conscious* of every existing thing. If not a Bird can die without its Heavenly Father's knowledge are not we of more value than many Birds? If we only make this a real image and idea in our minds we can feel safe."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"Octr. 22, 1865.

"Every sign indicates a severe winter. Snipes are come in and my one October Woodcock which I have sent annually for 29 years to the Bishop of Exeter has been transmitted and acknowledged. But in his letter what a sad change! last year although in a shaky and indistinct writing he wrote me a few lines in his own hand. But now he dictates to his Secretary a kind and hearty letter and he only has just managed to inscribe his cramped and all but illegible

‘H. Exeter.’ He bestows his formal benediction on myself and my Wife and on ‘the unborn Child’ of which he congratulates me as about to become the Father. It may be and in all human likelihood will be his last communication to myself, for in his 87th year and with all his bodily faculties gone or impaired it is not likely he will survive long. Yet see how inscrutable are God’s decrees. His great adversary in politics Lord Palmerston at 82 is gone before him! Lord P. used to say that he hoped he should live to present a new Bishop to the See of Exeter, adding that it would afford him more pleasure to nominate a Successor to that Bishopric than he had ever felt in promoting other Prelates. And in that evil Spirit of Gambling which is so disgraceful in England I have heard that very large bets at the Clubs in London have long been laid as to which of the two, Palmerston or our Bishop, would outlive the other. A cold carried off the Prime Minister after recovering from another severe attack of Gout. What strong excitement will now ensue in London and elsewhere as to the new Premier. The choice appears to lie between Lord John Russell and Mr. Gladstone. For my own part I care not one farthing who may win or who may lose the empty honour. Some one will take it who must needs die and soon be as Water spilt upon the ground, as the Wisest of Men wrote who summed up the whole of such matters in a single verse—‘Vanity of Vanities! All is Vanity.’”

*To the same*

“Novr. 26, 1865.

. . . “I set down your restless nights to that dominion of the mind over your Body which is the penalty of all sensitive natures: your fibres predominate over the muscular texture of your frame. I saw an explanation of this once in a medical book. There is just over the pit of the chest a

cluster of nerves like the root of an onion called the ganglions—a nervous centre. Therein Mind and body join. When we have any depression of the spirits or a shock we always feel it first there. In this point it is said Soul and Body as it were meet, and thence fibrous ducts lead to the Brain and all over the frame. Thoughts act on this knot of nerves and thence travel upward to the Brain. The whole Nervous System is like a woven garment worn throughout between the Flesh and the Bone and thrilling in every fibre with the Action of the Mind. Well might the Psalmist say that we are ‘fearfully and wonderfully made,’ and it is well that in God’s Book are all our Members written.”

“All Great Men and among them the First Napoleon were unable to attain sound sleep from the thick-coming thoughts—‘The written troubles of the Brain,’ as Shakespeare calls them. I never thought it a credit to the Duke of Wellington that before or after a Battle he could always sleep soundly. I (like you) am not strong in hope but prone to despond. From a Child a coming event has always assumed to my thoughts its worse aspect. I see as it were before every bad possibility and I have suffered great anguish from events that never happened after all. Mrs. Hawker is just the reverse. She hopes all things and it is as well she should—poor Soul—at this trying time. . . . God created Women stronger in courage and resolve than Men because they have to endure more and to go through what Men would shrink from. I remember that Mrs. Kelly once said to me after the birth of a child ‘If Men had to bring forth Children the World would not be half peopled.’ I thought it a strong and singular speech but it expressed what was in her mind. Nothing can exceed the language of Scripture. ‘A woman when she is in travail hath sorrow because her hour is come but when the Child is born she remembereth no more her sorrow for joy that a Man child is born into the world.’ I hardly like



to decide about a thing which is still in God's hands but if a Son is given to us he shall bear my name but I must add also the name of Pauline's Father (a Polish Noble). He was called Vincent Kuczynski."

During this anxious period the Vicar composed and used the following Latin prayer:—

"Ave Maria! Gratia plena. Dominus tecum. Benedicta tu in mulieribus et Benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus! Ora, Sancta Dei Genetrix, pro Uxore mea dilectissima Paulina Hawker. Ora, te obsecro, ut per intercessionem benedictam tuam infantem nostram sine dolore, sine pœna, gignere possit. Da mihi hæc beneficia pro signo atque in memoriam quoad Deus in gremio tuo vocatus est Jesus. Amen."

["Hail Mary! full of grace. The Lord be with thee. Blessed art thou among women, and blessed is the fruit of thy womb, Jesus. Pray, Holy Mother of God, for my beloved wife, Pauline Hawker. Pray, I beseech thee, that by thy blessed intercession she may without pain or penalty bring forth our child. Grant me these benefits for a token and in memory that a God upon thy lap was called Jesus. Amen."]

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

"Novr. 28, 1865.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"Last night just before midnight I heard the first faint feeble cry of my Daughter Morwenna Pauline—a lovely gentle little maid—you will understand our great delight. I am very much obliged to Sommers for his kind present—the most useful thing I fill up. [It was a pipe.] He shall lose nothing by it, for I have determined to bring him in for the borough of Gooseham in this parish. I must

postpone announcing the Birth of our Boy till another time  
—Our Kindest love to you all.

“Yrs. affectionately,

“R. S. H.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Decr. 3, 1865.

. . . “After a time when the Nurse had got it ready I went in to see the Mother and the Babe. It was and is without my natural partiality a very lovely child. My Forehead curved and high, my ears which have that singular peculiarity no *lobes*: the lower part of the ear slopes down to the side of the cheek without any lobe. The Duke of Wellington had ears of this shape, and, I hope I may say it without impropriety, although there are few to whom I would mention it—you of course the exception—you trace this feature in all the accurate pictures of our Lord from the Vera Effigies or exact likeness handed down from Ancient times. But to return to my Baby. Her eyes are a dark blue—Nose mine again—lower face lips and chin her Mother’s. Her hair, which is for an Infant abundant, is soft and light—golden as mine when a boy. She has double-jointed thumbs turning back when she moves them. This is from her Polish blood. Her Mother inherits the same thumbs from her Father. . . . Every one in the Parish has been quite excited with kindness. The Ringers asked leave to ring one peal but no more from the closeness to my house of the Tower. . . . At Church to-day I have been quite besieged with congratulations but mingled like yours with regret that it was not a Son. Well, a human life begun in my house and that will be prolonged into the far depths of Eternity is an awful joy. I cannot help picturing my Baby at the future age of 10 and 20 years encountering it may be the trials and the anguish of a mortal existence and closing

life at the last with remembrances of sorrow and pain. Yet she may by God's marvellous mercy do well and find friends as her Father has done and pass away from this Earth to stand and minister before God in Heaven. To look at her now as she lies on her mother's breast drawing the sources of life and strength, no one would think that a thing so frail could live through all the chances and changes of this miserable world. Then comes the thought that for us men our Blessed Lord one of the Trinity became a human babe upon an Earthly Mother's Knee, and it was to honour Childhood and Manhood that a God upon a Mother's lap was called Jesus."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Decr. 4, 1865.

"The Oxford Panorama exhibits singular Figures and Scenery. But the thought will arise as the Characters cross the Stage 'Are these Men really Deans and Canons and Bishops or do they perform the part of hire? Are they Masks or Men? . . . We are in every respect as we were plus a Baby.'"

An old parishioner, asked whether Mr. Hawker was not a very proud father and fond of his children, pausing a moment to think of an emphatic phrase, said, "There shudn't so much as a fly pitch upon mun, if he cud a help it, in that kind of a way, you know, Sir."

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

Feby. v., 1866.

. . . "You are in the midst of a worrying world of Politics and Men, and the opening of the great Mindspeech (Parliament) of England is your great event of this week. My own rustic interpretation of public events differs somewhat from a Londoner's thought. *E.g.*, When the Sinners at

Gadara were occupied by Demons they lost their swine who all perished in the Sea. In like manner the Demonism of England is *me judice* punished by the Cattle Plague, as preternatural a scourge as the murrain of ancient days in other sinful lands. The Ministerial Measures for Reform among animals or men are not likely to be comprehensive or satisfactory. Gladstone is an adroit speaker and a dexterous man, but his mind never seems to me able to embrace a vast principle or a world-shouldering plan. Lord John Russell has been all his life a morsel-minded Minister, and was never so well pourtrayed as by *Punch* who shewed him up as the Boy who chalked 'No Popery' on the Shutter and ran away. He may use the catch-words of a Party, but he will always shrink from consequences that imperil himself. I should advise you to go as often as you can to the House of Commons, saying Virgil's [He means 'Horace's'] words—'*Haec olim meminisse juvabit . . . forsan.*'

"We are surrounded by Shipwreck and Storm. Things of value, cotton bales, chests of tea &c. float ashore, and fragments of lost vessels, but thank God no corpses yet. I have suffered so much from their burial in former times that I hear in every gust of the gale a dying sailor's cry."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"Feby. 11, 1866.

"I see by the paper, and a *Times* sent by Godwin is full of it, no topic is touched in the New Parliament but the one great Terror the Plague among the Cattle. It is creeping still nearer to us, and one thing said in the House of Commons struck me with panic. Padstow where the disease rages is within 20 miles of us by Sea—and from my Cliffs this place is the most prominent object in the Sea-view. I often see Ravens and Buzzards and other Birds of prey winging their homeward flight at Evening from the

Padstow Cliffs to my own where they roost and breed. Well, one of the members said that Birds would feed on the reliques of diseased cattle buried carelessly and then carry the infection in their feathers and beak and talons Leagues away. What shall shelter us from this danger? There may be at this moment a piece of infected flesh brought by a Bird 200 yards from me while I write. Ravens are the chief birds on Hennacliff my tall steep bounding my Glebe 450 feet high, and you remember Ravens carried Bread and Flesh to feed Elijah every day and brought it a longer distance than from Padstow to my glebe—namely from the Altar of Burnt offering at Jerusalem to the brook Cherith beyond Jordan where Elijah lay. Is not this a striking source of dread?

“We have had a terrible event connected with this same Padstow. A Vessel of this Port was found at Sea water-logged with a Man seen in the Rigging. This proved to be the Captain a Cornishman well-known on this coast. He was taken off nearly dead and he had been 28 days without food! Five of the Crew dead were found below in the Ship.”

*To the same.*

“Feby. 18, 1866.

“For myself I must die in harness. I have fought the battle so long here by the Sea that I must not desert my Ranks, although I feel often that I could have filled a better and higher post with honour. After all the total time of human life is so short and fleeting when compared with the hundreds of years we shall count in the next State of our Existence that it does not matter much where or how the threescore years and ten may glide away.

“You ask about my living and its value. You have forgotten but I sent you a statement some years ago. My

Tithes were commuted into a Rent of £365 a year *gross* value. This is lessened by Rates and Taxes £100 a year. This brings it to £265. Then the averages and Insurances bring it down to £180 net, and this is all that comes to my actual hand. Then there are Clubs (Charities) and Subscriptions that no one can avoid, £10 a year more: add to this my School £5 or £6, and you will see that the burthens on a Country Living reduce it to a small amount. If it were not for my Farm I could not manage at all."

The following letter, written three years later, shows that his income had then still further diminished:—

"April 4, 1869.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

. . . "My *Gross* value of Rentcharge and Glebe is £365. Out of this is deducted first 10 Per Cent for the Corn averages which vary every year according to the price of Corn—they amount now at the 10 Per Cent to £33-6-8. Next are to be deducted Land-tax Poor's Rate Way rate Court fees at Visitations, &c £109-0-0: then the £50 a year I used to pay for Policy of Insurance up to 1863 is now augmented to £78-10-0. These deductions altogether come to £220-6-8, leaving £145 clear out of the Gross calculation and from this at least from £5 to £8 a year is lost by bad debts! The increase in my Policy is because I insure age against age and therefore since 1865 I have had to pay more. My resources are also decreased since then every quarter. No I have never made things worse than they are, God forbid; nor is there any need: they are bad enough. I confess I did not expect to have had children born to me but God has sent down to each an immortal Soul and he has reasons known in heaven why they are born or it would not be. So I am bound to welcome God's image in the

harmless face of each little child and I think that their Father in Heaven will not forsake them.

“You may forget it but I have sent you this statement of my Income before. It is not my case alone. The outgoings of the Clergy are so shameful that Mr. Gladstone has promised to appoint a Committee to inquire into and alleviate their terrible case and it will be done this year. In justice and equity our Rentcharge ought not to be taxed at all. The Landlords’ Rent is free and he has 9 parts and we have one. So every Clergyman’s Income is only *nominal*. If a fair research and equitable arrangement ensue we shall be relieved. Many Rates such as Police and County Rate are called Poor Rate and levied on us.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“March 4, 1866.

“England has never prospered at home or abroad for many years, & the only sign of what is called success is that Mercantile Men amass large fortunes by demoniac help & call silver and gold prosperity. Whereas as the Great Demon told our Saviour upon the mountain ‘All these are mine & to whomsoever I will I give them.’ All things seem to announce the End. Any rational Man would desire to be one of the last generation who will witness alive the close of time. The last Men we are told by St. Paul will not die but will undergo an instantaneous change in a moment in the twinkling of an eye & these will see the Son of Man coming in the East among the Clouds for Judgment. It will be a Scene worthy the gaze of mankind. I sometimes fancy the ground in my own Churchyard unclosing & the Bodies of the Dead standing up from their graves while the Earth falls from their shoulders crumbling down. ‘But who shall abide the day of his coming & who shall stand when he appeareth?’ This is a question we all ought to

ask at such seasons as this. If one of the arisen dead in the Churchyard were to turn to another & say 'Hast thou any money?' what a shout of derision would ensue!"

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"March ix., 1866.

"With regard to Gretser I think you had better send it back for me to copy what I want and then you can have it again. When I translated it it was not without a purpose of making it one day serve for publication. It is the only English rendering in Existence and is of course of great value. It took me a whole Winter and there are notes of my own. I believe 'Daniel Gumb's Rock' will be in this weeks *A. the Yr. Rd.* I have nearly finished another—'Antony Payne the Cornish Giant' and another, 'Philemon of Colossæ'<sup>1</sup> on St. Paul's Epistle with that Inscription. . This and copying for the Vol. absorbs us both. Poor Whewell! I often wonder and am grateful that with all my Falls on Horseback I never yet broke a bone. Chambers has sent me 30/- for my three Ballads in the 'Book of Days.' He wanted the Copyright for that Sum. I refused."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"March 11th, 1866.

. . . "Now ensues the uproar about the New Reform Bill. People have it seems found out that to enable a lower class of persons to have a vote will be a panacea for all the evils of the land. It does seem infatuation. Lord John Russell at 75 is soothed and satisfied with being Prime Minister when most people would be thinking of making ready for another life in the midst of the Angels of God.

"We are to keep Friday the 23rd of this month as a day

<sup>1</sup> This, apparently, was never published, and the ms. is lost.



of Fast and Prayer for rescue from the Plague. It is most absurd. In this Diocese there are four different days for as many different Deaneries. No King in Israel. No Bishop able to direct and all is left to the lower Authorities, hence diversity and discord.

“Sir T. Acland is better. His Son Leopold is made Canon of Exeter in the room of Archdeacon Bartholomew who is dead. When people wonder that the Bishop does not prefer me to any higher rank in the Church they are not aware that years ago he talked to me about it and I assured him that it would not be possible for me to leave Morwenstow. Nor could I on any of the usual chances of preferment.”

“ March 25, 1866.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“A sad misfortune has befallen me on my Farm. On Friday, Fast day, I took for the lessons the First and Second Chapters of Job and preached on his history. I told the people that Job was a Rich and prosperous Farmer with many Flocks and Herds. He was proud of them and it pleased God to try him by chastisements. He did so by allowing the Enemy, the Demon, as he is called by St. Paul, the Prince of the Powers of the Air, who smote his Cattle with Storm and Lightning and destruction, just as England and her herds are now smitten by Plague. As the Evil Angel was allowed also to smite the people in David's time when he numbered them for pride and boast. This was the scope of my Sermon. A Man or a People offending God. The Enemy allowed by God as his Scourge to slay. While I was in the pulpit so violent a hurricane broke over the Church that I referred to it and said ‘Such a Great Wind the Adversary of Man was permitted to arouse and therewith to crush down the house of Job.’

“ We came out of Church and I went on to Wellcombe—the Storm increasing all the way. I preached there the same Sermon and the people all the time were looking up at the quivering roof of the Old Church expecting it to give way. I returned in terror. The Wellcombe people offered to go with me and to walk two of them at my side. But I refused. Twice my Pony turned back unable to face the Storm and Hail and Rain. On coming home I changed my clothes and went to Church again at Four O’Clock. I preached on David’s Sin, 2nd Book of Samuel 24 Chapter, and the doom wrought by the Evil Angel. While we were in Church the Hurricane struck the Roof and Gable Wall of my Barn and full half the Building was one Mass of Ruin. But worst of all, in the Shippen under the Floor of the Barn my Sheep and Lambs had been brought for Shelter and the Fall of the Wall on the Floor shattered it quite down and crushed to death Four of my best Ewes and one Lamb. My Barley prepared for Seed was heaped on that part of the Floor and all except four Bushels was scattered among the ruins below.

“ It was the most unaccountable misfortune that ever occurred in the Parish by Storm and has created a great sensation. The sympathy of the people is strongly expressed. My text in the Morning was Job the First Chapter 20-21-22 verses. Was it not at all events a strange coincidence? I felt all day a sense of this thought:—I am exposing to shame and rebuke the Enemy of Man and proving him to be the Author of Evil. He may wreak his Revenge on something of mine, as He was suffered to do with God’s Servant Job, but he durst not touch his life, neither will he touch mine, and this made me confident amid the real danger of my whole day’s work nor did it make me flinch in a single word. You remark, because God loved Job Satan hated him, and although God allowed him to be

tried it was his purpose all the while to bring Good out of Evil, and when he had ascertained the patience of his Servant he made the latter end of Job more blessed than his beginning. Nor is such an accident as mine a sign of God's displeasure. Whom he loves best he tries most and I have always regarded my trials in life as the touch of a Father's hand on the Shoulder of his Child to keep him in the straight and narrow way that leadeth unto life. You may well guess that I have no room for other thoughts at this time. I omitted to say that one short half hour before the building fell my Old Man and a Neighbour were standing among the sheep on the very spot where the Ewes were crushed and left it to come in to Church."

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

"5 April 1866.

"I am very glad to hear that you avail yourself of the opportunities which London affords of hearing popular speakers and watching the mental achievements of men who develop the mind of the Age. Kingsley was not born an Orator, and Birth only, not education, can bestow that Endowment. I knew him as a Youth and I have watched his subsequent career, and I should define his character in one slang word 'Nosey.' The gift of real eloquence is exceedingly rare. It consists of '*Noble and Natural thoughts uttered in graphic and graceful language.*' If you apply this definition as a test to any speech or Sermon that you hear it will always enable you to supply a test or standard of perpetual judgment. The great mass of Modern English Oratory will fail to satisfy this trial. Its thoughts so far from Noble are common-place and meagre—so far from natural they are far-fetched and forced—so far from Graphic that they never make a notch in the memory or become phrases to fascinate and instruct future generations, and so

devoid of Grace or Beauty that they are forgotten as soon as heard. This is my own opinion of what is termed Gladstone's Eloquence. It appears to my ear always like an incontinent flow of words which slip over the mind like so much verbal slush full of sound and echo but signifying little. I don't know one phrase of his utterance that has ever become a proverb in the English language or a catch-word to embody and recall a great thought. When his speeches are printed they contain so many lines, so many long sentences, so many words—and there is their total history. The flesh and skin of a speech is there but there is neither blood nor bones. Nearly all popular Sermons are of similar kind. If you want to analyse a speech or discourse or to make one yourself ask these three questions:—i. What is the Fact? ij. Why is it so? and iij. What follows from it? and the replies to these three queries will always convey to you the pith and marrow of the whole matter. Take as one instance St. Paul's Epistle to Philemon. What is the Fact? St. Paul having converted and baptized a Black Slave named Onesimus sent him back to his master. Why? To reveal that God had created one to rule and another to serve—that Baptism did not annul the bondage, that a Xtian Master should now deal with him as a Xtian Slave—their union would be for ever. What follows? When Slaves nowadays are instructed and baptized and their better treatment assured, send them back like Onesimus to a Master."

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

“May 1, 1866.

“I suppose the excitement of the London mind is intense and intestinal at this time. Statesmen always like that some one great question should be under discussion and never (for long at least) finally adjusted. This fastens into one point the fibres of the thought among the commonalty:

withdraws the interest from other troublesome topics and supplies mental pabulum for the '*Fæces Romuli*.' Of this kind were the old 'Catholic question,' 'Protection and Free Trade,' more recently 'Reform.' So necessary are themes of such sort to absorb and occupy public opinion that if they do not arise naturally a wise minister would invent them. Not one M.P. in twenty cares a simple farthing for Franchise or its increase, nor do many regard the grant or the restriction as of the slightest import, but they know well that they have each a part to perform and a place to keep, so they fret and fume and jabber and 'each man in his time plays many parts.' But the true history of nearly all Parliamentary Performances is 'It is a tale told by an idiot, Full of sound and fury signifying nothing.' Did you read Carlyle's Speech at Glasgow? It was a Sermon on the old axiom 'Speech is silver Silence is Gold.' Four men in the Commons made good utterance, Bulwer Lytton, Lord Stanley, Lowe, and Mill (John Stuart). Each of these fulfilled their dramatic functions very creditably.

"I hope to hear from you the London news."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Mww. May i., 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Great events have occurred since last we exchanged remarks. The fatal five in Gladstone's majority among them. The whole impression which I gather from the debate is that no one except the Birmingham levellers appears to be in earnest. Lytton Bulwer has notched the memory with several deep indentations. Lowe has certainly uttered himself very strongly and given impress of power. He must again be called Whiteheaded Bob, and Stanley and Mill have sustained their parts. But the giants afore-time, the Mighty Men that were of old, the Men of renown,

where are they? And Echo answers 'where?' How very few Proverbs have been added to the Wisdom of Solomon by English Men. I turn from these trivial topics to those of graver import, our animals and Birds. Poor old Cowslip has reached her last days. She lies down and cannot be got up again without help. Two more Calves are added to our herd and another expected every day. Our Poultry flourishes—Gallinas that lay valuable eggs. Hens sitting abroad—12 or 14 eggs every day. . . . We have a Turkey hen and an old Goose with three Goslings. She sate on 15 eggs but 12 failed, it is supposed from excitement about Coleridge's Oxford Bill. . . . I dined at the Archdeacon's Visitation on the 24th of April. After dinner and the healths of Church and Queen and the Bishop, the Archdeacon (Wm. Phillpotts) proposed in a kindly speech Morwenna Pauline Hawker and it was drunk with Acclamation."

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

"May ij., 1866.

. . . "You see *All the Year Round*. I send up to the Editor a Ballad on a Knight of old days, Sir Ralph de Blancminster, a Crusader, and when you read it you will recognize the scene. It will worry the Trustees for the Church and Poor of Stratton. Gladstone has brought in a Church-Rate Bill of which I will only say that it is adroitly conceived and that no Man of High Genius ever had a dexterous mind. I, as you know, am the only Clergyman in this Country who supports a Liberal Member<sup>1</sup> by vote, altho' my Friends are Conservative. I do not therefore speak Politically but as I hope an honest Man, and I see in

<sup>1</sup> In 1868 he writes, "I have no Radical or Liberal tendencies in my nature. So far as taste and judgment go, my mind is cast in the Old Conservative mould."

this New Bill a measure to add £250,000 a year to the Agricultural Income of the Landlords. It will embitter every existing difference. How Samson's Hair has been sheared away. I am told that Gladstone's manner and language of late have seemed quite paralysed. Thus Conscience doth make Cowards of us all. They used to call England a Monarchy. I have lived to see it a vast Republic. The Queen as it were Member for Windsor and Clerk of the Parliament, compelled to trace her Signature whensoever called on by the Houses but with no power of refusal—devoid of all influence even to promote a Clerk in a Government Office. The Prime Minister for the time is the virtual King of England. He rules so far as personal Rule can go.

“*P.S.*—Sad news since I began to write; the Panic in the London Money Market is felt even here and by myself. Strange that a distant War in Europe should have power over this Room in the Rocky Land wherein I write!”

“May 20, 1866.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“I have ridden to-day in the loveliest weather of an English May. The Birds in Wellcombe Wood have sung their sweetest Song, and when I tell you that, besides the usual Thrush Blackbird and Finch, I rouse as I pass along Kingdoves Gold and Green Woodpecker the Water Ousel and the Heron you will understand what an Aviary we have here in the Wilds. I thought to-day how you would enjoy a Walk in such a scene.

... “And now let me announce a vexation which has arrived to harass me altho' you will scold me for calling it one. The Bishop has nominated me to preach the Visitation Sermon at Launceston on the 5th of June. You may wonder that I should dislike it but when I tell you that I

have hardly ever preached except for my poor Father out of my own Church and that I have never sought to be held up as a Popular Preacher you will forgive the terrors of a nervous man. I have chosen my text 'This generation shall not pass away till all be fulfilled.' By 'this Generation' This Race and Lineage of mine—This my Church shall endure to the End of Time. I must write my Sermon because I cannot stand up among such an assemblage and talk extempore as I do here among my own people."<sup>1</sup>

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"June 12, 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"But for the arrival of the *John Bull* I might suppose you transferred to Office in the Gladstone Ministry and removed to London. This time the *hiatus* in Writing is with you. The Bishop's Visitation at Launceston held by his Son the Archdn as Vicar-General came off last week. I preached having received the Bp's nomination only 5 days before my MS. had to be completed. Text Luke 21-33 as a promise of the Eternal endurance of the Ch. A large concourse—full of compliments—a general request to print and an offer to contribute for the expense. But of course I declined. Too late now. Wills has never offered yet to pay me for 'Daniel Gumb' and of two Ballads I sent him a Month ago he has taken no notice either in print or by letter. All this disheartens every effort. I have a

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Baring-Gould gives in full the Sermon which he says Hawker preached at Launceston, but with another text and date. In her copy of his book Mrs. Hawker has written, "This is as unlike my Husband's language as it is possible for anything to be. It so happened that he *wrote* this Sermon, as was his custom when for any very special occasion. I have the original. This Sermon from beginning to end is not even a good reproduction." These discrepancies were pointed out in 1876 by Mr. Maskell in the *Athenaeum*, but they still appear in Mr. Baring-Gould's latest edition, without any explanation.



paper by me now on Antony Payne, the Stowe Giant, and I have not the heart to copy it for type."

*To the same.*

"June xv., 1866.

... "I should like to see 'Ecce Homo' if you could get me a loan of it. Postage paid of course by me to and fro. I also want a 6d copy of Doctor Newman's 'Dream of Gerontius' if that is the accurate name (to buy). No, thank you, I would not accept any Professorship if offered me. All this is too late. I inserted in my Sermon an account of the discovery of St. Thomas the Apostle's Death and Burial in India thus. The sole question ever was, Is it apostolic? then it must endure. Was it from the xij? then it will never pass away. A small company of Xtian Men found in Upper India among the Mountains, origin unknown; afterwards a Tomb with Staff and  $\bar{\Gamma}$ , a legend that there lived, laboured, and was slain St. T the Ap.: St. T the Twin. Even in his ashes survived the Apostolic fire—and whole ages after he was dust Virtue went out of the dust of St. Thomas of India. I remembered this from Gretser and wanted my MS. to amplify. When shall I receive it back?"

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

"Mww. July 5, 1866.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"Your tidings concerning ——— [a member of a very rich family] are sorrowful. But I have long seen that howsoever prosperous the family may be in money success they have not God's blessing. If we could know the secret history of many others of these pecuniary magnates of London we should find that they are under a similar doom. When they arrive at such a point of wealth that

they say, 'Where shall I bestow my goods?' the judgment falls—'This Night thy Soul shall be required' and then 'Whose shall these things be?' To avert this a Rich Man ought to invest in Paradise, and to lay up Treasure in Heaven, as he might so easily do, for like the Post Office Banks the Angels will take even Sixpence on account and pay noble interest for a Cup of Cold Water invested in their Master's name. The only one of the Apostles who clutched the Bag was a lost man and a miserable suicide. . . ."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Sept. ix., 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You must be glad to be at home again after your worry in chase of pleasure. Napoleon used the word 'Glory' in his Bulletins. But Wellington substituted 'Duty' as better befitting an English Man.

"We had a Mrs. Wilder here on Saturday: she was a Miss Hawes daughter of Sir Benjamin, M.P. for Lambeth. . . . She asked if I should be offended if her Husband had fulfilled his purpose of offering me a donation towards my Church and Poor Expenses here. I said I should have received anything thankfully from 50£ to sixpence. So he will send a gift. She is a distant connection of mine through the Brunels. There is a question I have been going to ask you but forgot. In my Aquinas there is continual reference to the Golden Truths 'Aureae Veritates.' What is meant? Have you ever seen a Glimpse of the Gloss (Lyra's) on the SS. which you obtained once and I ought to have had. I intend to work hard this Winter at MS. and reading. . . . The pith of 'Ecce Homo' is an English Version of the Eastern formula and may run thus—'There is no God but Jehovah and Jesus is his Prophet.'

But pronounce Jehovah Yēa-hō-vāh a Dactyle in Prosody the first syllable long the two next short. I inclose you a piece of a letter from Dr. Crocker of Bristol. When you go there you had better call on him. He is a Self-made Man and a simple straightforward mind. I like him. The Weather is quite worthy of the Prince of the Powers of the air to whom the atmosphere of this Island is surrendered because of the great majority of Vassals of his own which exists in this Vulcanic nation. He won this pre-eminence by becoming the Baal of English Worship and his ministering Demons have given up in return the Myths of Steam & Gas and the oxydes for Anglican Reward."

*To the same.*

"Sept. 25, 1866.

. . . "I suppose you are again in full Oxford Harness. I wish I could be with you on that old ground—the only place for which I would exchange Morwenstow. . . ."

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

"Sept. xxj., 1866.

"I am expecting 'Sir Ralph' every week in *Once a Week* with an illustration—Seven fat Feoffees<sup>1</sup> in the grasp of the Demon just above Stratton Tower making off, their oil melting out as they go. Do you remember Bold Cop-pinger the Marsland Pirate? He died 87 years ago. I am collecting materials for his life for *All the Year Round*.

<sup>1</sup> This ballad of Sir Ralph was suggested by an ancient local Charity of which he was the mythical founder. The Charity is governed by seven Feoffees, and Mr. Somers James at that time was a member of the board. This is of course a chaffing letter. In the ballad the devil consoles himself for the loss of Sir Ralph's soul by the reflection that the souls of the feoffees will be an easy prey—

"'Ho! ho!' cried the fiend, with a mock at Heaven:

"'I have lost but one: I shall win my seven.'"

If you know any anecdotes of him or Dinah his wife will you let me know. . . .”

*To J. Somers James, Esq.* (asking him to enquire about the price of a pony-gig).

“25 Sept., 1866.

“Can you go so far? If not cannot you prevail on Sommers to mount his rushing steed ‘Foal of a Hundred Sires his flashing eye Shared in his Master’s pride and flashed with Victory.’ Let him sit well back—the inner side of his knees and thighs pressed against the side—his elbows square and his wrists brought low down. When this is settled and arranged let him bound along the lanes and with his Spur ‘Provoke the gambol that he seems to chide.’ Will not the rosy housemaid as she leans out to wash the outside glass pause, brush in hand, to exclaim ‘My eyes! what a Rooster! Cock-a-doodle-doo!’ . . . But all this is irrelevant.”

*To the same.*

“Octr. 22, 1866.

“MY DEAR JOHN,

. . . “I inclose you a copy of a Circular <sup>1</sup> which I am about to issue for an effort to imitate you in accumulation. I have fixed a young age, but if you or Sommers like to come I will teach you at all events self-denial and a few other Gentile duties in which you are defective. A Man, you know, may be a very good Christian and yet be a bad

<sup>1</sup> The circular ran as follows :—

“The Vicar of Morwenstow, Cornwall, will receive into his House by the Sea Two or Three Pupils from the age of 14 to 17 years to be prepared for the Universities or otherwise.

“For terms and details apply to

“R. S. HAWKER,

“Vicarage, Morwenstow

“Octr, 22, 1866.”

Pagan after all. Show the circular to Coombs and ask his opinion and also to Prynne. I prefer this mode of publicity to Advertisement. A Telegraphic cable is laid down between England and America and messages are said to travel to and fro. Do you remember old Nanny Cornish<sup>1</sup> who lived opposite Stratton Vicarage? She died forty years ago come Candlemas. Well, well, good Night."

"Yrs. affectionately,

"R. S. HAWKER."

"Do write at once. S—— is in this Neighbourhood lionizing. I should not like him to put his head in my mouth."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"Novr. 25, 1866.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"How very strange that the arrival of a Whale on our Rocks should have recalled your reminiscences of your early life and been a subject with which you should have been so entirely conversant. You never adverted to this branch of the Merchandize wherein your Father's life and household must have been familiar. The Tenant of the land bordered by the Shore where this Monster lay took as I told you possession, had cut the carcase into junks and drawn off many hogsheads of Oil. He was boasting of having made a very large profit: several Sums were mentioned from £100 to £300, for they reckoned on 30 casks at £10 a cask, when all at once on Tuesday down came a bevy of Preventive Men from the Bideford Coast-guard and took possession of all—the Body of the Whale and the oil drawn off. They took it as a Royal Fish, and the claim was made for the Prince of Wales as owner of the Duchy of

<sup>1</sup> Possibly the original of Nanny Heale in 'A Ride from Bude to Boss,' which Hawker was writing about this time.

Cornwall. The Tenant claimed payment for what he had done and his labour, but they answered, 'No,' he had not given any lawful notice to the Authorities and had intended to take possession for himself and therefore he must not look for payment. On Friday they held the Sale for the remains of the Whale and for the oil which had been secured—the result in money has not transpired nor do people know to what uses they can put the oil. It is a thick fluid like melted grease and appears to require some clarifying process before it could be made to ascend the tubes of a lamp. The Preventive Officer told me that by an ancient law the whole Fish went to the Crown and that the head with the whalebone was regarded as the perquisite of the Queen and the rest of the Body went to the King."

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

"Novr. 27, 1866.

"We liked W. at least the little we saw of him. Of what was behind his Beard we can say nothing. He gave no specimen of his musical capabilities, except a subdued rumbling in his Bowels which I attributed to his dining with — . . .

"'Sir Ralph' has killed Two of the Artists for *Once a Week*—both died since it was set up in type and they or theirs were illustrating it for Walford the Editor. Hadn't you an Aunt called Coppinger? Do pray write; you utterly omit to answer my most important questions."

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

"Decr. xij., 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,

• • • • •  
 "I have sent Sir Stafford [Northcote] a clear statement of your reasonable pretensions to that which you seek

and I have told him the plain fact that I am personally interested in your success, that I make it a personal plea. Still you remember the Psalm 'Put not your trust in Princes' nor indeed in any child of Man."

"I received the Magazine. The paper on Cornwall is written by a man well known to me by repute and that by no means good. A piece of meagre absurdity; nor do I relish '*Laus in ore peccatoris specioso*' from a Man whom Job and I disdain to put with the dogs of the Flock."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Decr. xiv., 1866.

. . . "You will see 'Cruel Coppinger' in the No of *A y Yr Rd* for to-morrow. I am now writing a Paper on Thomasine Bonaventure in 1447 who from a Cornish Shepherdess became Lady Mayoress of London. The worst point I see in these MSS. is that Somebody always cuts out the best phrases and the most salient lines. No pay yet from Wills. 'Sir Ralph' will appear in *Once a Week* in January. . . Thank you for the *Church Times* as well as the *John Bull*. I have made up my mind to give up all distinctive usage in Service. I will not be in the power of the Base and I can look for no protection from the Powers of Earth. How can a decision of the Courts or Bishops override individual practice? The Corner Stone of the Establishment is private judgment—that is, Personal opinion,—whatsoever tenet or usage an Englishman thinks right *is* right."

*To J. Somers James, Esq., Junior.*

"Decr. 15, 1866.

"MY DEAR SOMMERS,

"Duties are seldom pleasures. Nevertheless a duty signifies a thing that must be done. This axiom

applies to Blackwood's Scribbling Diary for 1867. Unless it reaches me before New Year's Day how can you expect a Happy New Year, and unless I regularly use it how can I enter what you had for Dinner on your visit to Morwenstow? 'Awful thought,' as Grandfather says in his Poor Man's Portion. Your name does not occur in the Diary for 1866.

[Mr. Somers James was in the habit of sending him one of these diaries every year. He had omitted to do so in 1866.]

"Remember I have it in my power to cut you off with a Shilling, and I know a Man who will lend me a Shilling to do it with. Soothe your Relieving Officer [Mr. Somers James, Senior]. I fear he is wrothy because I did not write.

"R. S. H."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Decr. xxiv., 1866.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"With every good wish and Sympathy of the Season I write to acknowledge the safe arrival of the MS. which I have re-read and will restore to you as soon as possible. I cannot discover one paragraph to alarm any one but a *Record* correspondent. The Engravings are mostly taken from type already published. But there is a deadly hatred nurtured against me by all the Press. When I preached the Visitation at Lanson<sup>1</sup> this Summer every other Visit of the Archdeacon was reported and every other Sermon given in detail. Because I preached there *all mention of Lanson* was omitted by every local paper. Paragraphs have been going the round of the Press on the subject of Ruskin's Candidature for the Poetry Professorship, and they give a list of the Newdigate Prizemen omitting *my name only*. Yes, they actually give the man before me

<sup>1</sup> Launceston (pronounced 'Lanson').





RIV. ROBERT HAWKER, 1<sup>ST</sup>  
VISCOUNT HAWKER. PAINTED BY J. H. RAYNOR.



who won it and the man after but my Prize year is totally omitted. *Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?* But even Sylvanus Urban has published Papers by Blight of Penzance which contained passages by me—but in my own name *nil*. Yet I never won a name to become invidious. Can you send me the Account of the Shepherdess of the Wiltshire Downs who became Lady Mayoress of London? This must be a fiction, for all the Histories of Cornwall relate the fact of Thomasine Bonaventure of Wike St. Marie."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"March 10, 1867.

... "The practice you mention at the Christening is one I never heard of before. I do not know what the Romans may do, but I should think whatever they wear they put it on in the Vestry. But there is always something strange and new coming out now in the Churches, and I do not wonder that the people are repelled by novelties they cannot understand. I sometimes think that there will be a revolution in Church matters soon : every one seems involved in some strife except myself. I think there are not many in England who have gone on such years in one place as I have unnoted and unassailed."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"March 18, 1867.

... "The MS. in the *Gent's Mag* : ['Morwenstow'] I sent to Maskell and asked him to do the best he could with it. The Result you have seen. I do not yet know what requital in Money I am to have for it, nor can I guess. Thomasine Bonaventure is in No. 412 of *All the Year Round*. I mean to work hard now that I have extorted a little encouragement from the austere Editors of Modern England. All here as usual except the Weather and that

is as bitter as the Shores of Zembla. . . . Our poor animals are indeed tried. Scarcity of food added to severity of weather. One of my Cart-horses Old Prince the White Horse died last week—24 years. Old Polly lives but is bareboned.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Easter Sunday, 1867.

“This day Our Blessed Saviour awoke in his Sepulchre in the Garden and as it is said in Prophetic Scripture ‘He arose at the voice of the bird,’ for a Dove aroused him with her soft and thrilling tone on a Tree outside the Tomb. And all Nature around us here is in unison with the glad event we celebrate to-day. The Birds sung in Wellcombe Wood and my Robin was on the accustomed bough. I have thought for years it was the same Bird that greeted me there every Spring. The Woodpeckers building in our Valley have been cooing among the leaves. The Rooks in the Churchyard are busy with their young, and little Polly has been out with food for the hens calling ‘cup cup’ with her little voice. And so ’twill be when I am gone, is the thought that arises in the mind, when a Stranger shall occupy these walls and names we know not shall be sounded here. What a brief and shadowy period it is after all this three score years and ten. It is even as a dream when one awaketh.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“May i., 1867.

. . . “My Paper ‘A Ride from Bude to Bos,’ the very best of all I ever wrote was sent up to Town on a Wednesday. On Sunday Evening I received the Proof for Revision—to be corrected and returned, it was said, by immediate Post. This I did and on the strength of the acceptance of

the first MS. I wrote and sent off a Second, a continuance of the first, 'A Ride from Bos to St. Nunn's'<sup>1</sup> and dispatched it. Yesterday arrived a note from Wills to say that to his regret they were unable to accept my Two Papers: they were found too discursive. Being accounts of a journey along the Coast and Moor it would have been wonderful if they had been condensed into one spot. I had prepared another 'The Botathen Ghost,' which is now in Wills's hands but which I expect back every day. Discouraged—baffled—broken-minded—all effort for extrication seems hopeless and indeed amid such insulting repulsion who can write?"

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

"May 4, 1867.

"The phrase to which you refer in 'Sir Ralph'—'By seal and signet, knife and sod' relates to the mode of giving possession of lands when devised by will or sold in old times. The Will or Deed was of course sealed and signed and then a knife & a piece of turf cut with the knife from the surface of the soil was delivered as symbolic of possession given thereby to the parties concerned.

"I take no interest in Politics & I am always sorry when any friends of mine do so. It is far better to keep aloof in times like these from every thing but *duty* the great implement of human success."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"May 19, 1867.

"MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

"I often think in my troubles of St. Augustine who once said 'I never thought myself one of God's chosen

<sup>1</sup> This article does not appear to have been published in any magazine, and cannot now be traced.

ones until I became chastised year after year with grievous sorrow. Then I understood,' he goes on to declare, 'by these continual afflictions in this world that God had predestined me to inherit the joyous consolations of the world to come.' This has already struck me as a graphic illustration of the text 'Those whom God loveth he chasteneth and scourgeth every one whom he receiveth at the last.' I am very sure that if 'in this tabernacle of our flesh we groan' it is that we may yearn for the city yet to come and wean ourselves from this abode before we come to die. The old pagan and indeed the Jewish notion was that all God's favourites were distinguished by earthly happiness and transitory reward, but the Christian truth is the direct reverse of this. Our Lord pronounces those blessed who should mourn and suffer, be poor and wretched here in this world, because theirs would be the kingdom of Heaven.

"I know not why, but I always in my own secret thoughts doubted your comfort in London scenery or life. I personally hate a Town. So many evil persons so much pain so great temptations gathered together in one place must invite the demon and the Evil Spirits to infest every path and besiege every home. Where the Race of Adam assemble in such multitudes they carry all the evil of their origin with them in their veins. I dread cities. Whereas in the Country amid God's free air with fields around and the animals feeding there the Angels must delight to minister and the very scene will soothe. I think whatsoever change may remove you from the reeking city will be in itself a blessing. . . . But for duty I should never go outside the boundary of house and glebe."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"June i., 1867.

. . . "I have awaited day after day all this while, ever

since March 1st, a remittance from Walford for Sylvanus Urban. But nothing to this date. He said not long ago that Bradbury would so resent being asked for payment that no future MS. would be accepted. Now as the only motive that induces me ever to write is L : S : D I shall certainly not obtrude anything of mine on him or his again. The whole procedure is disgustingly illustrative of the treatment of Writers by Mammoth Publishers in the sixteenth Age. Nothing meaner ever disgraced the days of Johnson, Dryden, Chatterton. It has been to me so real an inconvenience that a dead weight of discouragement has loaded my mind ever since. Is it true that a Wesleyan Conventicle is to be built in Oxford and endowed from the University Chest? And there is a report that Undergraduates on admission are not to be expected to sign their names but to make their mark if unable to write."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"June 2, 1867.

"Your letters remind one of the verse—

"Dearly bought the hidden treasure  
Finer feelings can bestow :  
Chords that vibrate sweetest pleasure  
Thrill the deeper notes of woe."

Lines that I often apply to myself."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"June x., 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Thank you very much for introducing my 'Quest of the Sangraal' to the Marquis of Bute . . . His ancestor was a Great Patron in the Georgian days. God knows I want one now. Nothing from Walford altho' I have written twice. My

heart is almost gone. I am much too prostrate to write. That accursed Balance at the Bank is a Millstone around my neck and will drag me under one day. No one can have striven more than I have for the last Six months to make money and a paltry 15£ is all my requital. . . .

“P.S.—Do you think from what you know of me and my Style that I should succeed as a Preacher in a Town or City or University?”

*To the Rev. W. West.*

“June xi., 1867.

“MY DEAR Mr. WEST,

“Your surmises were partly true. My own health or rather my Spirits depressed and our gentle little Celt Morwenna ill. In August my Wife hopes to be again a Mother and we earnestly trust that the Angel of Souls may have shed on us the Spirit of a Son. A Manchild! Our Babies thank God will not have much in their veins of the Saxon Swine. My Mother’s Father was a Dane. My Wife is a Pole of blue descent, and my Ancestor on the Male side came over from Ireland, a Celt and Master of the Hawks to one of the Thomonds—hence the name. I shall be very glad to see your life of Leighton. I shall try to get it in a distinct Form; his Works I don’t care much about notwithstanding Coleridge & his eulogy. I have long ceased to read anything more recent than the Era of our Revolt. The Summa of St. Thos., my one book, is sufficient for a human life. I wish I could go on with the ‘Quest,’ but a Man with a Millstone round his neck in the shape of an adverse Banker’s Balance, whose Shadow like that of an Eastern Prince will never be less, is enough to plunge any Man’s Soul into the Sea. The curse of all Writers has always been upon me. All other gifts if you seek them without stint, but neither Silver nor Gold. This of yore I did not heed, but



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now another thought comes from the Faces around me and I shudder as I look."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"June 22, 1867.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I fear I shall not be able ever to appear in another Pulpit. I must bear my Burthen here as long as I can and then Farewell. . . . I am nearly crushed into the Earth with the continual worry of my bitter existence. . . . I think I shall soon cease to write even my own Signature."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"July 7, 1867.

. . . "I feel every now and then that I do not deserve such blessings of house and hearth as I have around me and then what can I do for them?"

"If I could but obtain employment from the Publishers I should then rejoice to give all my spare time to working for pay, but the truth is that unless you can and will write sensation stories full of horror and guilt you will not be popular in the present day. When I get anything accepted in *All the Year Round* I only receive 10/0 a column, the amount that Mr. Rowe [his Solicitor] pays his copying clerk for Law Papers and is what he calls it Scrivener's pay."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Oct. 14, 1867.

. . . "I quite envy you the place you live in. Oxford always seemed to me a place *sui generis* with its own pursuits and occupations, where amid the fine old Architecture of the Past the toil and turmoil cark and care of the present might be shaken off and forgotten. Thank you for the *John Bull*. I have given up *The Times* and so lost one

reminder of the Wretchedness of England. Messrs Brag & Sham, that purely English Firm, seem to have turned their hand to Church Matters and ruled and reigned in the Pan-Anglican Synod. What trash they have issued. They might as well have informed the Clergy that there is a God and that men are bound to worship him. . . . Our little Rosalind is doing pretty well. . . . Her Baptism was good and satisfactory. The Babe was tranquil up to the Aspersion and then cried, as if by Signal, to avouch the departure of the Fiend. . . .”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Oct. xxj., 1867.

. . . “I agree with Mr. Hackman in his estimate of the Pan-Anglican circular. Strange that a Synod of Bishops should not have the faintest suspicion as to the real nature of Our Lord’s Mediation. Theirs and the commonly uttered opinion seems to be that the Second Person of the Trinity is a God upon his knees approaching the other Two Persons in the inferior and humiliating Attitude of Prayer. This is very far from the true meaning of the Doctrine of God. In all Prayer there is humiliation and inferiority. To impute either of these to our Blessed Redeemer is heresy and Sin. He stands in the midst of the Trinity to grant and bestow all benediction and forgiveness through his Middle nature royally.”

*To the same.*

“Novr. xij., 1867.

“The gratuitous Assassin has again fled in failure and shame. Any one whose eye has not grown dim must see a hand man cannot see, that shields and rescues the Successor of the Galilaean Pilot from peril and death. Tell me the difference between Stephens the Fenian and Gari-

baldi the Nizzard except that the Former can allege the plea of Patriotism whereas the latter is not even an Italian but a native of Nice, for which land he never uttered a sound when it was annexed."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"Decr. 29, 1867.

"Little did I think that the Fenians would be able to harass us here. Yet it is so. Policemen are sent to line and watch our Cliffs and strange vessels are seen off the shore sounding the depths of the Sea. Even Wellcombe is in a state of great excitement about this new terror. And at Bideford an incendiary fire of, it is said, Fenian origin. No corner of the land is free. . . . I am glad you have gone back to a part of the Bible which I have always valued. It is called Apocrypha because the Authors for the most part were secret Scribes, but its authority was in ancient times, when they knew best, equal to that of the other Books of the Old Testament. Ecclesiasticus is a word signifying The Preacher and it was written 200 Before Xt by Jesus or Joshua the Son of Sirach of Jerusalem. There is not in all the World a Book so full of historic and useful learning or so valuable in the affairs of human life. Many of its chapters are beautiful Summaries of Sacred History full of poetic beauty and graphic as a picture."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Decr. 31, 1867.

. . . "The Season demands the interchange of good wishes between Friends. . . . I hardly hear now from any correspondents indeed I seldom write any one but yourself. Bloxam wrote to ask for a copy of my Trelawny Ballad and after some weeks I sent it. I cannot love the

world nor the people of the world for I feel that the world has not used me well. 'As well as you deserve,' said a still small voice at that moment, and the whisper was right."

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

"Jany. 4, 1868.

"Winter is gliding away in stormy moisture, a result of the nearer approach of the Gulf Stream to our Shores. A vast Sea River of warmed water gushes from the Gulf of Florida across the Ocean heated by a thinner crust of the Earth over its interior Fires than elsewhere just at the source. This massive Volume of Sea water rolls unmingled along with an Arch of Rarefied Air curving over its breadth and length. This lightened Atmosphere draws the wind from other currents and kindles them into cyclones hurricane and cloud. Hence our mild Air, Rain, and sudden bursts of Storm, and this is all the news I can send you from the Far West."

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

"January vj., 1868.

"MY DEAR JOHN,

"I thought so much about you and yours last night in Stratton Pulpit that I yield readily to the impulse which urges me to write to you to-night. At Rowe's express desire and from no other motive I preached for his schools there—Text 'Go therefore and teach all nations,' and for the half hour of my utterance you might have heard a pin drop. The result was an Offertory of £5-14-6, the former collections having been from 28 - to 39 -. There were 150 pence, 8 half-crowns, 10 florins, and two gold—one of these a George the Second Spade Guinea with the

legend 'For the good old times.' You know they were holed and inscribed and worn very often as memorials. I should like to know who gave it as it is worth 25/-, I believe. There were hordes of strangers, indeed a Church quite full. You may guess what old recollections were called up, what comparisons arose in my broken mind. I observe that you and Sommers pointedly absent yourselves from my orations. Pauline would go. Caroline had a house full and we supped at Rowe's. I served three Churches in one day and travelled 36 miles before I got home at night.

"How I wish you could see us once more before we are shattered. My most bright and blessed child little Morry quite appals me. She converses in long sentences, discovers our very thoughts, and is intellect and loveliness personified. I shudder over her all day long. Linda too is a lovely babe and will I trust be like her sweet Mother. No more I hope. I only wish Linda had been a boy. Yet why should the male mould be prolonged? better broken once for all in me. Now *write* me. It is my command.

"Our best love.

"Yours affectionately,

"R. S. HAWKER."

A Stratton man who heard the Sermon mentioned in this letter says that Hawker had often been asked to preach on that annual occasion, but had always before declined, saying he was sure he would break down, as so many of his friends and kindred were buried in and around that church. His father's grave is in the chancel. When he was at last persuaded to preach, it happened as he had predicted. He suddenly interrupted the thread of his discourse, and with faltering voice exclaimed, 'I stand amid the dust of those near and dear to me.' Preacher and congregation alike were moved to tears.

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Jany. xij., 1868.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“In *Notes & Queries* for Jany 4 I see advertised ‘The Quest of the Sancgreall’ by T. Westwood ; Publisher, Russell Smith. Do you know anything of this? or can you ascertain? He I doubt not will win what I lose. Do you know his other Publications? ‘The Burden of the Bell’—‘Chronicle of the Complete Angler’? . . . Do you know any cheap copy of the Thalmud—Latin translation? The parts are two, The Mishna and Gemara, Text and Comment. I always regret your transfer of ‘Lyra’s Gloss’ to your Magdalene friend. Macdonald the Author has been at Bude this Summer. His daughters came here with Mr. Mills but he did not accompany them. . . . No notice of my Second Bude to Boss Paper has been taken by the Lords of Belgravia.

“Our Xmas is gone off as usual sadly and in gloom. The Gale on Saturday did me great injury. It rent away 10£ worth of the remaining Roof of my Barn. It is like a doom. My own interpretation is that from my being the only Clergyman in the Diocese who exposes continually the existence and usages of the Demons I am especially obnoxious to them. I was actually saying in Church in a Sermon on Job ‘Touch not his life’ when on the Fast day the first Roof fell down, and now I had been denouncing them as the Authors of Storm and Tempest Fire and Hail when this second onslaught was made on me in the night.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Feby. 2, 1868.

“The name Fenian is said to be the title of the old Celtic Princes of the Irish Tribes, and so adopted to claim identity with the original people. Moore the Poet uses the term in

one of his National Songs. It seems to mean now Rebels and Murderers. What the end will be no one knows. I think the old prophecy will be fulfilled and 1868 will be the beginning of the end in England.

“Poor old Doctor Macbride<sup>1</sup> who was the Head of my College in Oxford died last week aged 90. He was very rich but tormented for years by the dread of poverty. This is one of the punishments inflicted for love of riches in this world. Old Morrison the Atheist Draper in Bread Street London, who died worth a Million, always affirmed he was maintained by the Union and made his heir pay him 2/6 every week that he might be saved from starvation.”

*To J. Somers James, Esq. Junr.*

“Feby. vij., 1868.

“MY DEAR SOMMERS,<sup>2</sup>

“I am very glad that you have obtained so valuable a Master for our Dustyfoot [a dog] as Mr. Square. When you see Mr. Square pray tell him how glad I am that I shall not have to entrust old Dusty to an entire Stranger. He was born in the latter part of 1863.”

Dr. Square afterwards attended Hawker in his last illness.

“Feby. 23, 1868.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“We are in the midst of the old horrors. On Wednesday we had with all England a fearful hurricane. Six Vessels came ashore on this immediate coast. Three near Bude. Two at Hartland Point and one on my own Rocks just where the *Caledonia* was lost in 1845. I was sent for from the Cliffs early in the morning and on going

<sup>1</sup> He writes to Mr. Godwin:— . . . “I see Poor Macbride’s death. I wish some one would get me his Place at Magdalene Hall. I should like a Residence in Oxford.”

<sup>2</sup> Usually spelt “Somers,” but by Hawker, “Sommers.”

out I found a lugger Masts gone drifting in on the Beach. An hour after she struck—No man visible on board. As soon as the tide had ebbed we got on board and found none of the crew there. The Boat soon after washed on Shore empty. The hull was terribly battered and crushed in. The cargo Buckwheat. We found a Tin Case with the Ship's Papers. Her name the *Jeune Joseph* of Ridon in Brittany, Crew 5 men—all French. I sent off a Man for Mr. Rowe of Stratton who came at once. Men were put in charge and to search the Rocks and Sea for the Crew. Next Morning the Watchers found the Body of one of the Sailors clothed only in a Red Jersey and belt. He was as usual jammed in between the rocks. He was carried to my Premises and placed in the Room up in my yard which we always use as a Deadhouse. We sent off a pressing letter to the Coroner 27 miles off at Launceston, to beg him to come as soon as possible, and we made the usual preparations by having the Body washed and shrouded and a Coffin made. On Friday came the Coroner and held the inquest and in the Evening I buried him. Poor nameless fellow! He had not been long dead, so there was not much to distress us in the state of the Corpse. But now we await in terror and dread the discovery of the other four. And besides there are two Crews drowned and in the Water off Hartland Point—all which are liable to drift in with the strong currents we have towards our beach."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"March 1, 1868.

"Another Vessel and that a Steamer came ashore under the Wellcombe Cliffs on Tuesday night. The Cargo was Coal tar and no man alive was found on Board but next day the Crew arrived by land having got on Shore at Clovelly in their Boat. They say that their Vessel sprung a leak and



began to fill fast, so they deserted her and took to their boat. This was good news to me because the Wreck occurred in my other parish and they nine in number would have made mournful work for me if drowned.

“I have written in French to the Curé of the Parish in Brittany to which the Crew of the French Vessel belonged, to tell him the sorrowful tale that he may inform the Friends of the dead. I found and sent to him a letter to one of the Crew from his promised wife, his *Fiancée*, hoping for the speedy return of her lover whom now she will never more see. I also told him of the Burial of the Sailor who was found and laid under our Trees, describing his height and appearance that if possible he might be identified. I have carefully kept my poor Wife in the house and managed to pacify little Polly’s inquiries about the people who come and why Dadda goes to the Churchyard and Church. She is indeed a Child of amazing intellect. She is, you know, two years and three months only of age, yet besides her little spontaneous prayers she can say the Lord’s Prayer every word kneeling at my knee. She said the other night, ‘Dear Jesus made that prayer, Dadda.’ Yet I had never told her so nor can I find that any one had. But she refers all things relating to the Sky and Heaven to Our Saviour by name. O may he shield her in her Sorrows that will surely come thick and fast.”

*To the same.*

“March 1868.

“A letter from Brittany to ask if I can sign a certificate that I have buried the Captain, Pillard, & his Photograph to assist identity. I fear I cannot from the decay of the features.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“March 3, 1868.

. . . “Could you ascertain by Mitchell’s leave the Title and Edition of the Latin Translation of the Thalmud which belongs to Magd: Hall Library and which Macbride allowed me to bring down to Bude and read in the Long Vacation. That infamous and invidious article in the *Quarterly* ought to be branded if possible. It is an *Ecce Homo* effort.”

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

“22 March, 1868.

“I thank Sommers very warmly for his royal gift of a princely pipe, and I thank you also for yours as I understood you are the donor of the small one. No such instrument was ever seen in Mww. before, & as our Parish vestry is to be held on Tuesday I shall have to produce it then for inspection & possibly for vote. I will let you know the result.”

“April 19, 1868.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“You always give me hard tasks to perform. How *can* I with the sights and scenes before my eyes, children’s faces and my Wife’s, avoid thinking of my bodily ailments and mental prophecies? A letter from Budd which I cannot send on to you is just what I foretold but is it not strange? his advice and yours is the same—not to think on my symptoms unless forced on me and to preserve a cheerful temper and mind. How wonderfully did Shakespeare delineate my thoughts! Macbeth says to the Doctor:—

“‘Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased,  
Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,  
And with some sweet oblivious antidote  
Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff  
That weighs upon the Soul?’”

The Doctor says—

“‘My Lord, therein the patient  
Must minister to himself.’

and Macbeth answers—

“‘Throw physic to the dogs !  
I’ll none on’t.’”

“April 26, 1868.

“MY DEAR MRS. WATSON,

“‘As in water face answereth to face so doth the heart of man to his friend.’ Your kind letter cannot fail to elicit every pleasant and cheerful response in my power. Do you know that your good advice as to the regulation of the mind recalls to my recollection a Lecture to Young Men delivered at Ipswich some years ago by Cardinal Wiseman. He told his hearers that when they were assailed by unpleasant and irksome thoughts it was in their own power to banish them by selecting some agreeable and useful theme of thought, and saying with firm resolve *Now I will think* at this very moment on such and such a subject and no other and thus by fixing the attention and the mind on the chosen topic banish every other from the mind. I have tried this especially since I received your last letter and Dr. Budd’s and I really do discover that I am able to think nearly as I will and that the new and chosen topic soon banishes the old and evil one altogether. Those two phrases ‘*I will*’ and ‘*Now*’ are said to be the strong sources of success in every man’s life. And as we can choose the subjects on which we write so can we those on which we think.”

*To the same.*

“May 3, 1868.

. . . “The Abyssinian victory, costly as it is, is better

than prolonged war and death. No one seems to compassionate the dead King. Yet he must have had some good points. He might have put the captives to death after his first defeat but did not do so. Then he might have blown up the fort at Magdala after our troops got in and so even dying himself have slain multitudes. But all this he did not do. His whole demeanour and his death reminds me very much of Saul and his insane anger and violent death."

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"May 17, 1868.

. . . "Yes! Lord Brougham's death at a very advanced age is a word of warning to all. The Bishop of Exeter and he were born in the same year. He I fear will follow soon. Lord B. made a great noise but his life was a failure throughout. He stirred up many minds and he set agoing many Societies for the improvement of England, but he succeeded in nothing. Shall I tell you why? He was a Socinian, therefore not a Christian, and in all his human efforts he left out God. Therefore Grace never rested on him, never aided him. A good and learned Mohammedan would have done quite as much as Lord Brougham.

"We do indeed live in wonderful times. Everything ancient and venerable seems to be assailed with fierce and persevering hatred. The aim and purpose of the measure so much talked of is to take from the Established Church of Ireland her Revenues and her support by the State. The tithes are to be alienated by Parliament. The Bishops are to be appointed no more by the Queen nor to sit in the House of Lords—indeed the Irish Church if they succeed will be on the same footing with Wesleyans or Baptists or any other Sect. And this done because the Great majority of the Irish People do not belong to that Establishment. But the same argument may by and by apply to the English

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Church also. If a Census be taken and it be found that a majority of the English People do not enroll themselves as Members of the Church then they may proceed to dis-establish us in England as they now propose in Ireland. The Times we live in are indeed fearful. Everything goes by vote of the common people, and they always prefer Barabbas to Christ."

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## CHAPTER XXIV

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1868-1870

‘CORNISH BALLADS’—LETTERS FROM FROUDE—WRECK OF THE ‘AVONMORE’—BISHOP TEMPLE—ARCHBISHOP TAIT—‘FOOTPRINTS’—MONEY TROUBLES—THE VICAR PHOTOGRAPHED.

EARLY in 1868 Hawker began to think of collecting his poems into a volume, and this idea took shape the following year in the publication of ‘Cornish Ballads’ by James Parker of Oxford.

By this volume Hawker has won for himself a distinctive place in English literature. First, it establishes him as the poet of Cornwall. There are but few instances of a muse so thoroughly local in spirit. Among the greater names, those of Scott, Burns, and Wordsworth most readily occur. Hawker’s ballads, as for example, ‘Sir Ralph de Blancminster,’ have much in common with the verse of Scott. But even his ballads are pervaded by a religious sentiment peculiar to himself, and it is, after all, as a religious poet, as the singer of the Sangraal rather than of Trelawny, that he finds his chief title to fame. It is generally assumed that religious poetry must be dull; but this is not the case with Hawker. Religion in his verse is more akin to romance than metaphysics.

To the Rev. W. West.

“Morwenstow. Feby. x., 1868.

“MY DEAR MR. WEST,

“The occurrence of my name in *Notes & Queries* after a long lapse may recall to your memory the fact that for a long time you have ceased to manifest your former sympathy with my house and home. I quote myself—‘Say! is the Old Affection yearning still?’ You may gather from the Notes I have written in the last 3 or 4 Nos. of *Ns & Qs* what it is that troubles. A Mr. Westwood has thought fit to adopt my Title ‘The Quest,’ etc. I hold a letter from him wherein he acknowledges to have read my Poem before he wrote his own. After this he gives his Book the same name. But my first line every word of which by the ashes of Merlin I invented myself he has twice inserted in his verses and then to vindicate his own plagiarism he accuses me of stealing it from some other source—hence my Note in *I hope Ns & Qs* for Saty next. But it is time for me to claim & identify my own productions which have been for long a common prey among the literary Dog fish of these Islands.

I am about to issue my ‘Cornish Ballads and other Poems, including a Second Edition of the First Chant of the Quest.’ The price of the Book will be in all likelihood about 5/0 and I wish to obtain as many Subscribers’ names as possible previously to publication that I may go to my publisher with a better basis of negotiation. May I ask you to move in this matter? Is thine heart right as my heart is with thy heart? If it be give me thine hand. I know not how many of my Ballads you may have seen, but the truth is my whole literary life has been frittered away in little books. Here they are! ‘Records of the Western Shore’ (Two Series First & Second); ‘Reeds

Shaken with the Wind' (First also and Second. Two); 'Ecclesia'; 'Echoes from Old Cornwall.' Six small Books all sold and rapidly, nearly all charged to me for printing & publishing, and from not one of them all did I ever receive a shilling and hardly 5 copies of any one of them for my own behoof. So with the prose. In my Ecclesiastical days I wrote Pamphlets & Articles many—no pay—no Copy, all praised and sold. All this has been the result of my remote and secluded abode here among the rocks and also that I have never had friends. In my whole struggle into MSS. I hardly remember a word of encouragement, an act of succour. Every one of my compositions has been forthwith sold but for no advantage of mine, and here I am at the close of my days unnoted unknown and worst of all unpaid. Legends which from the meagreness of the materials I almost entirely invented I have recognised worked up and used as their own by Wilkie Collins, Walter White, and local thieves in troops. Now I have two sweet Children, Morwenna Pauline 2 years & 2 months old and Rosalind 5 months, my Copyright might be one day of use to them & value. So I mean to exert myself & at all events demand the recognition of my own Writings. Have you any knowledge of Publishers in London—The most courteous? the least terrific? Still I am asking perhaps all these questions in vain: your reply will reveal."

*To Rev. W. West.*

Easter Octave., 1868.

"I am so cut down by the refusal of risk by the Publishers that but for two small faces that plead to me I should burn the MS., and strew the ashes in my Churchyard grounds."

"How happy for you that Nairn is so remote from degraded England, and her fatal year 1868."



*From Rev. W. West to Rev. R. S. Hawker.*

“Nairn. March 10, 1868.

. . . “Your naif confession of the manufacture of legends reminds me of the reply of the Guide to the seven Churches at Glindalough to a friend of mine, who asked how he employed himself in the winter time when there were no tourists :—‘ I be invintin’ ould traditions.’”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“June vj., 1868.

“I have written to Maskell and urged him to send my MS. to you. The rest I must entrust to your judgment and sympathy. I am too unwell even to suggest. A letter once a fortnight is nearly all that I can achieve. God shield me and mine. It would cheer me if my Book could be made tangible for my two little ones to be able to say ‘ This my Father wrote,—these thoughts are his. He had good images once in his mind.’ I wonder at your perseverance in favour of a fading Body of Men. The End of all things is at hand. Be ye sober and watch.”

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

“July xxvii., 1868.

“We are in the pangs of a penal drought. God has commanded the Angels that they shall withhold the former & the latter rain. What chief sins of the Nation may have brought on the doom I know not, but they are many. England has never prospered since the passage of the Poor Law Bill whereby such direct insult & injury were wrought upon the Person of the Redeemer of Man. Whatsoever ye do to the least of these my poor Brethren ye do it unto me. Lock Him up. Give Him 4oz. of Bread.”

*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

“12 August, 1868.

. . . “Bude very full. We have had Lady Franklin here, Sir John’s Widow. You will see among the advertisements a Novel by George Macdonald entitled ‘Annals of a Sea-board Parish.’ Get it—the Scene is laid on this Coast.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Octr. 28, 1868.

“MY DEAR SIR,—I congratulate you with all my heart on your move upwards in the literary world from Oxford to the Bute Libraries. How I envy you the researches you will be able to make in the buried literature of perhaps many generations. I hope you will acquaint me with the existence of any learned treasures among the Books of the Marquisate. Such a position would have great allurements if accessible for myself and one, too, far more valuable than my most precarious position here and now.”

*To Christopher Harris, Esq, of Hayne.*

“Novr. xv., 1868.

“MY DEAR HARRIS,

“Will your Executors open this letter or are you still alive? I have been expecting a letter from you for *months* with your specific address of which I am by no means certain. We have been invalids more or less ever since our return from Widemouth. The Villa was not the place for us. I am never so well as when the shadow of my own Hills darkens around us. Then my foot is on my native heath and my name is MacGregor, as Rob Roy said. Do pray write and say how this Round World vibrates underneath your tread. Bude is now returned to its normal estate and Crusoe would be exceedingly surprised at the print of a Man’s footstep on the sand. That was a good

speech of Dizzy's at the Lord Mayor's Gorge and very cheeky also. Is it not most singular that the Premier has passed me over in his nomination to Canterbury? I begin to think I shall never now fulfil my own motto, which is 'Halah! Mount'—said by the Hawker to the Falcon on his wrist.

"Our best love to you all.

"Yrs. faithfully,  
"R. S. HAWKER."

*To R. A. Mountjoy, Esq.*

"Dec. xj., 1868.

"Jewel of Sturston refused to vote for Sir J. Trelawny because he had heard that Mr. Hawker had said that Sir John was an Infidel.

"Now I don't recollect writing such a piece of intelligence but if I did I certainly did not expect it to be used as Capital by the Conservative party.

"I did not vote at all either for Devon or Cornwall, holding all such low Ambition in the field of Politics in supreme & entire disdain. We shall now soon see the results of Gladstone's Scheme. His career is now relieved from all impediments of Earth & if his Schemes be indeed sanctioned by God they will prevail. The next Ten Years will witness a great change in the history of England. The concurrence of Seasons this approaching Year is strange, & there is an old Proverb

"'When Easter falls in Lady day's lap  
England will meet with a sore mishap.'"

The following letter to Mrs. Watson proves that at this time, at any rate, he had no doubts as to the Anglican Communion:—

“Jany. 10, 1869.

. . . “I am sorry to hear that you have not been able to take your place with others this Christmas at the Holy Communion. I hope you will be able to repair this neglect at an early opportunity. Our Saviour commanded it to be received by all who seek their forgiveness through his Death and Sacrifice, and when we come to stand before him, as we shall when we separate from the body, what excuse shall we make to him for disobedience to his commands? He made the duty very plain when he said, ‘Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink his Blood ye have no life in you.’ How can we hope for a glad and peaceful life eternal if we do wilfully neglect so peremptory a saying? But I hope that yours is only a temporary omission. You used, as I remember, to be a Communicant whenever you could. Believe me, the sin of disobedience is in proportion to the greatness of the command, and greater than this is there none.”

*To the Rev. Roger Granville.<sup>1</sup>*

“Jany. xj., 1869.

“DEAR MR. GRANVILLE,

“No death out of my own family could have given me more real sorrow than that of your dear Father. Our correspondence, interrupted only by his going abroad, was interesting and confidential, and I was just about to write to your Uncle for his Brother’s address in order to call your Father’s attention to a volume just published of mine called ‘Cornish Ballads,’ wherein more than one reference occurs to the Granvilles of Stowe, of whom your Father and now yourself are the true and the only lineal Representatives.

<sup>1</sup> Now the Rev. Prebendary Granville, Rector of Bideford. He preached at the dedication of the memorial window to Hawker in Morwenstow Church, on 8th Sept, 1904.

When Time the Healer shall have enabled you to recur to such matters I should like to know what you intend to do with the large MS. Book of the Granville Papers which your Father brought to my house, when with Mrs. Granville he paid me a visit and we passed some delightful hours in comparing our recollections and discoveries. If I can be of any use in establishing a permanent record of these MS. collections I shall be at your Service. My notion is that they should be printed as *Mémoires*, as the French say *pour Servir* i.e. to assist future History.<sup>1</sup> It is a strange fact that Lord John Thynne imagined the Granville crest-quarterings to be clarions until I shewed him that Spear-rests gave the imagery."

*From J. A. Froude to R. S. Hawker.*

"5 Onslow Gardens, S.W. Jan. 14 [1869].

"DEAR MR. HAWKER,

"I have your poems. I cannot trust myself to say how much I admire them: of the thing called Poetry now-a-days—which is merely cultivated thought cut up into lengths—we have an infinite quantity. Your ballads belong to a kind which cultivation can no more create than it can create a living flower or tree. Had I time to do you justice I would gladly undertake a task which would be as delightful to me as any literary occupation could possibly be. At any rate I will place you in good hands and *Fraser*<sup>2</sup> shall not be behindhand in doing you honour.

"Most truly yours,

"J. A. FROUDE."

<sup>1</sup> Prebendary Granville has since carried out this suggestion and published a History of the Granville family.

<sup>2</sup> *Fraser's Magazine*, of which Froude was editor. The number for Novr 1869 contained a long and kindly notice of 'Cornish Ballads.'

On July 7, 1869, Froude writes again :—

“DEAR MR. HAWKER,

“When your letter came at the beginning of April, I had just started to read the history of the Armada in the Spanish Archives—The letter was not sent after me—so that I fear you must have thought me sadly wanting in courtesy—I have now returned to my post as Editor of *Fraser's*—and I shall be most happy if I can be of any use to you in that capacity. You yourself know best the subjects on which you can write to good purpose. If you would mention one or two I could tell you at once whether they would suit us. Whatever you write will I am sure be curious original & clever.”

The *Daily Telegraph*, of 26 April 1869, contained the following remarkable criticism of ‘Cornish Ballads’ :—

“‘The Guest [*sic*] of the Sangraal’ is a poem evidently inspired by the high echoes of Mr. Tennyson’s harp . . . all who care for ‘the days of Arthur,’ and the hundred lovely legends of Tintagel and Camelot, will find in it a nautical guide-book full of the *genius locorum*.”

This was no doubt written by one of Matthew Arnold’s “Young lions,” roaring as mildly as any sucking dove.

The first edition of ‘Cornish Ballads’ did not bring much profit to its author, for on 25 August 1869, he writes to Mr. Godwin :—“My book is a failure, and I acquiesce in my usual doom.” About this time he fell into moods of despondency, and his health also began to fail. On 18 Sept. 1869 he writes to a neighbour, the Rev. W. Waddon Martyn :—

“I will not say, forgive me for my silence. You must do that ; but how can I state my miseries ? First of all, for a fortnight I have been a cripple from sciatica, only able to creep bent double from room to room. On Sunday night

a hurricane smote my house at midnight, burst in the whole of our bedroom window at a blow, and drove us out of bed to dress and go down. Two lights of the Drawing-Room window are broke to smash. No man or boy in the house. Well, we had a bed made up in the servant's room till the morning. At Morning tidings that a large vessel was ashore in Vicarage Bay, just under the hut. I was put into the gig, and carried out. Found the crew in death-horrors. Rocket apparatus arrived, and 15 men were dragged ashore alive. The other seven (Blacks) were drowned among my rocks. Guess my state. The whole glebe alive with people—7 corpses to come ashore for burial. Graves already dug, and shrouds prepared; but none yet. The Cargo, coals, 1600 tons, vessel 1900 tons, largest ever seen here. Broken up to-night. My path down is now made for donkeys. What can be saved is to be brought up and sold, and the broken ship. Cannot you get help for one Sunday and come over? It would be the act of an Angel to come to my rescue. You have your house, and you could do much that I ought to do and cannot. Come, I entreat you. God bless you, and help me; for I am indeed in much anguish, and my poor Pauline worn out."

The wrecked vessel turned out to be the *Avonmore* of Bristol, bound from Cardiff to Monte-Video.

*To Mrs. Watson.*

"Octr. 12, 1869.

"The Scene on my Cliffs is appalling. The Wreck will not be cleared away for weeks or months. There is a vast heap of broken timber Sails and pebbles under which the men say by the fearful smell there is another corpse. But until the Sea shall wash it low we cannot extricate the dead man. Four Black men are still in the Water and from the Sharks that begin to haunt the Scene we think they are

rending and eating the dead: they come close to the shore with their great dorsal fins above water. May God have mercy on us all, for such scenes are harrowing close to one's own abode. There is not one consoling thought.

“You have seen the appointment of Dr. Temple to the See of Exeter—a very Infidel writer, one of the Authors of ‘Essays and Reviews’ and one who will be hostile both to High Church and Low Church—to all who believe in the Divinity of Our Blessed Saviour. So from him I have no hope of even forbearance. There is such an outcry against him that they say the Dean and Chapter will dispute the nomination. He will of course take Wellcombe from me and then my ruin is inevitable.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Octr. 24, 1869.

“This day week just as I was going to Morning Church news arrived of another dead body lying among the Rocks at the foot of my Cliff. Cann my good Churchwarden called out of Church half a dozen Men and caused them to be the bearers and bringers of the dead. They were a long time in fulfilling that most repelling duty. He had been in the Water for one month and four days and was disfigured poor fellow and broken exceedingly. I was however enabled to identify the corpse as that of the Second Mate because he was white and all the remaining dead are black. He was very tall and young (19) and it was a great comfort for his Parents to learn that his body had been found. He had a very high character on board the vessel and was said to be far above the common in education and demeanour. You will be grieved to hear that I again gave way in the Churchyard from emotion and indeed from terror, for the risk of perilous disease from the infected atmosphere is very great. I was compelled to rest on the sofa and bed for three or four



days and I was utterly incapable of conversation or duty all that time. Four of the drowned are still in the Water in my little bay and every hour teems with apprehension. The Coroner at last was moved with compassion and instead of coming to hold an inquest he sent me an order to bury the dead immediately.

“I feel deeply grieved for you amid all my own distress and I pray for you earnestly every day. I do not think such a correspondence as ours ever occurred before. Such a tissue of sorrows and anxieties on both sides and on mine such a strange history of unusual events.

“There is a great uproar in the Diocese about the New Bishop Dr. Temple. He is assailed on all sides as a Heretic in opinion and as very lax in his Church doings. I need not say that I take no part in these discussions. I shall only be too grateful if he allows me to go on as I have been allowed by the former Bishop, but this I can hardly hope. I hold Wellcombe by no legal authority but only by the Episcopal word as it is called, and as he and Dr. Phillpotts were bitterly opposed to each other I must look to share in the odium attached to the nominees of the late Diocesan.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“Dec. xi., 1869.

“Dr. Temple is near and I for one expect collision and strife. God shield us all. My friend Robartes is to be a Peer with an old family title revived. I wonder if he knows the old legend that Lords seldom live long this side the Tamar.”

*To Mrs. Watson.*

“Decr. 12, 1869.

... “Nothing yet is known about the New Bishop except that he is said to be very stern and unyielding, taking his

Stand more upon the law than the Gospel. Unmarried and a Schoolmaster, as he has long been at Rugby, rather than a Bishop. He is to be consecrated on the 21st., St. Thomas the Doubting Apostle's day, and then comes down to reside. I tremble at his approach as I have often told you why."

Hawker gives a description of Dr. Temple from the account of a neighbouring clergyman who had been to Exeter. "He describes his manner as most amazing. He slaps his Clergy on the back and calls them good fellows just like a big schoolboy. His voice is very metallic and his continual laugh most harsh and shrill. He inquired for me and told him he recollected me many years ago but did not say where, I suppose in Oxford. From his sermons and speeches, apart from all doctrine, I should think his mind much below mediocrity. His style is very meagre and commonplace—altogether an entire failure."

At an Archdeacon's Visitation soon after the appointment of Dr. Temple the clergy were discussing the question as to the attitude which they ought to take up towards their new bishop. Hawker, who was present, said that it was their duty, like the sons of the patriarch, to hide the theological nakedness of their reverend Father in God. He ended a witty speech with the words, uttered in a tone of the profoundest gravity, 'My brethren, we must cover Noah!'

In spite of doctrinal differences, however, his relations with Dr. Temple were at all times cordial, and his gloomy forebodings about Welcombe proved unfounded. He did not join in the petty discourtesies offered to the new Bishop by hostile clergy in the diocese. A little incident will show this.

At one of his first Visitations Dr. Temple was robing among other clergy in the vestry. They all pointedly shunned him; but Hawker, who was the oldest present, when he saw the situation, at once went forward to help the Bishop with his vestments.

The Vicar himself describes a similar occasion in the following letter :—

*To W. Rowe, Esq.*

“ April xij., 1872.

. . . “ The Charge full of Nonconformist grievances which we must redress—one that their righteous limbs are fettered in Breeches Trousers and dress Coats, while we flaunt & strut in gown & Cassock. So they pray that we may be compelled to abjure *robes*, not that they may wear them; this their meekness disclaims. They complain also that the Clergy are too poetic & diffusive in their private prayers & ask that such usage may be restrained. F. Exr. thinks their pleas reasonable. They do not, he put it, wish to copy your Forms but that you should abjure them for your Brothers’ Sake. After Church Town Hall again, Clergy chiefly in the Streets; I should think that at least 40 men & Women asked to be introduced to me. Enough to turn one’s head. Dinner ordered at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 2. Time came—no Bp.; half an hour no Bp. At last he came. I met him at the Door and asked him to relieve me from attendance at Lanson next week having shown myself here. The old Man was very agreeable & gave gracious leave. He then said ‘ But you will dine with us.’ Replied, ‘ 25 miles to travel to get home. Dinner now too late.’ So I started & got home at 8. Worn nearly out. On the whole *I never heard any Bp. so universally repulsed & assailed*, & if I were Vain I should say no Common Clergyman was ever more petted than I yesterday.”

Another time he met Dr. Temple at a Confirmation. “ The Bishop,” he writes, “ was civil but hard. A Man without a tear.”<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The Rev. Prebendary Hingeston-Randolph writes :—“ This was a mistake. He was easily moved. I have seen tears running down his cheeks often.”

It is evident from his letters that the Vicar found Dr. Temple's appointment a sore stumbling block to his trust in the Church of England. It was another step in that rationalising process which had resulted in the justification of Colenso, and which was so distasteful to a mind like Hawker's that held fast to the literal meaning of the Bible and the ancient dogmas of the Church. His difficulties were increased by the appointment of Tait to Canterbury. Doubts were raised as to whether Tait had ever been properly baptised; and Hawker, who attached such paramount importance to that sacrament, was more troubled by this than can well be realised by those who do not share his point of view. He also considered that Tait exceeded his authority as Archbishop. In January 1870 he writes to Dr. Lee:—

“Tait claims to be a Pope, and his provincials allow it, without rebuke or protest. He acts, and they register his will, in unanticipated and shameful silence. In Capetown, and India, and Canada, he actively interferes, without jurisdiction; and superior men bow the head as well as the knee. But he is a Pope, without Cardinals for councillors or Congregations for advisers. His beardless and unfledged chaplains know nothing, and can advise nothing; save to grease the creaking wheels of the Establishmentarian coach well, and to sacrifice everything which concerns the World to come, in order to make things more pleasant and comfortable for the World that is.”

At this time Hawker collected into a volume his recent contributions to magazines. On 23 Feb. 1870 he writes to Mr. Godwin:—

. . . “I am about to publish a prose volume, of reprints chiefly, a 5/0 book as I suppose. It will bear the name of ‘Footprints of the Former Men in Old Cornwall.’ J. Russell Smith is to give me £10 for leave to print 1000

copies. My poverty and not my will consented to this meagre pay."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"March 2, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Thank you for your kind letter. It has soothed my mind very much. I thought I had hardly a friend left until I read your silent efforts on my behalf. The Bargain you made for me with Parker *was* far better than mine with Smith, but there were reasons which impelled me to accept his offer. I have been for long so prostrate that except my letters I can write nothing. I am the Wreck of the Vessel now. R. J. King advised me to get a list of subscribers and take on myself the risk, but that would have postponed all payment too long for me to wait for it. All my griefs through life and my terrors have flowed from one Sole source the want of L-S-D. I shall die the Victim of this great Sorrow. Very often my whole future hope hinges on the temporary acquisition of £5 or £10 and many very narrow escapes have I lately had. I have never appealed to you and I will candidly say that until your last letter opened my eyes I held that you were disinclined to sympathize with my distress. I beg your pardon now. . ."

*To W. Rowe, Esq.*

"June 26, 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"In the scuffle of the *Visitation* (What other Word can describe it) I failed to find you after Church: after dinner, when I had gone through my usual annoyance, a Speech on my legs, I went in for one minute at the so-called meeting of the Clergy, but it was impossible to bear it. I found R. K. making a Speech in favour of appointing lay instructors

on the model and precedent of the Friar Preachers of the Middle Ages!! I went with Pauline to Thorn's and stayed *hours!* having my *Photograph* taken in various attitudes!!"

*To the Rev. W. West.*

"July v., 1870.

"I have not heard from you since I caused to be sent to you and your friends my 'Cornish Ballads' And now that I have issued another volume to the World I hardly know whether you take interest in my Books or me. Still I send you as a matter of course my Prospectus, and I shall be glad to hear from you if you care to write. My own three small daughters and our constant anxieties about them make me feel a natural sympathy with yours and you. But 'children must be paid for,' is the omnibus notice in London, And the blessing of their arrival is largely counterbalanced by the terrors that they bring—My dear little wife's Polish blood carries her through far better than her Husband can bear The Toil & turmoil cark & care,

"New griefs that coming hours unfold  
And sad remembrance of the old."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"July v., 1870.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"I cannot better occupy St. Morwenna's day than by writing to a former and I would fain hope a future friend. . . Of myself I have nothing pleasant to relate. My Second Book is already a failure and from the same cause the languor of the Publisher. The doom of the unimportant is upon me and it is in vain to struggle. . . No, my fate is fixed. Here on this Star nothing of any palm: it is reserved for another Sphere a far-away world. I have



*Painted by S. C. ...*

ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKE.

Age 70.





literally nothing to say. . . my life is absorbed by two eras—before the letter-bag time, terror, after it grief. All my correspondence has ceased. Friends I have none but instead of them Booksellers.”

A year or two later he writes to Mr. H. Sewell Stokes,<sup>1</sup> another Cornish poet, “My ‘Footprints’ have had but a sluggish Sale. . . You are valued in your life time. I may be perhaps hereafter.”

<sup>1</sup> Author of ‘Restormel, a Legend of Piers Gaveston,’ ‘Memories, a Life’s Epilogue,’ ‘Poems of Later Years,’ ‘The Vale of Lanherne’ (all published by Longmans, Green & Co.), and ‘The Gate of Heaven, The Plaint of Morewenstow, and other Verses,’ published by Liddell & Son, Bodmin.

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## CHAPTER XXV

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1870-1874

OCCASIONAL VERSES—'AURORA'—AUSTIN DOBSON—THE FRANCO-PRUSSIAN WAR—MR. SPENDER'S REMINISCENCES—THE BISHOP OF LONDON AT MORWENSTOW—LETTERS OF CONDOLENCE—PRAYER FOR THE DEAD—PRAYER FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES—CHURCH RESTORATION—A GREAT STORM—LETTER TO H. SEWELL STOKES—ILLNESS—REV. JOHN RAWLINS—ANECDOTES.

AFTER the disappointing result of his publishing ventures the Vicar confined his literary efforts to occasional verses, and wrote no more prose articles. "I must give up competition with the writers of these days," he remarks gloomily to Mr. Godwin, "and confine myself to newspapers for gratuitous pieces. As soon as my letter-bag ceases to cut me down daily like a blow I will think of your suggestion and try to undertake another Quest." But this intention he never put into effect. A friend in London, Mr. R. A. Mountjoy, brought his poems to the notice of Mr. Austin Dobson, with reference to whom he writes on 10 Nov., 1870, "Will you find an opportunity to convey to Mr. Dobson my delight at the kind appreciation he bestowed on my 'Croon on Hennacliff' and 'The Round.' ['Queen Guennivar's Round.'] If ever the chance should occur it would give me great pleasure to make his acquaintance."

"I send you slips of my verses," he writes to the same

friend, "interred in a Provincial Paper. I have sent copies to Mr. Dobson. Thank you for your efforts though fruitless. Tell me if my 'Aurora' is intelligible to your friend." Again, "In my 'Aurora' it is my great wish to instruct, to teach my own countrymen what they ought to know." This poem had been suggested by a brilliant display of the Aurora Borealis.

"I adopted a theory," he writes, "of the time of Origen, that the scene of the Intermediate State is the hollow centre of the earth, and that the Northern Lights are flashed from the opening of the Gates at the Poles."

Mr. Austin Dobson has preserved Hawker's letter to him, which is as follows:—

Morwenstow. Novr. xvij., 1870.

"DEAR SIR,

"Allow me to offer you slips of the unfortunate Poem which you so very kindly proffered for insertion to Macmillan. It has found its level in a provincial paper. Still I am much obliged to you for your unavailing effort. I admired, without knowing the author, your verses 'Before Sedan.' I am,

"Yours faithfully,

"R. S. HAWKER.

In a letter to Mr. John Lane Mr. Dobson writes:—

"I cannot now remember how our correspondence first arose. But I know that the poem Mr. Hawker refers to was that called 'Aurora,' and that I had sent it to *Macmillan's Magazine* without success. I had long admired some of his pieces, and find I had copied 'Queen Guenivar's Round' and a 'Croon on Hennacliff' into a MS. book when they first came out, anonymously, in *All the Year Round* in Sept., 1864. Probably I told him this."

Another subject which inspired Hawker at this time was the Franco-Prussian War. "My own sympathies," he writes on 30 July 1870, "go with France and her Emperor." Again, on 12 Jan. 1871, "you will see soon in some second-rate Newspaper my 'Carol of the Pruss,' in which I have tried to embody what must be the thoughts and wishes of the King of Prussia at this time. I sent it to Mr. Spender, who is the Editor of more than one paper at the Central Press Office, 112, Strand, and as I have received a Proof to revise I suppose it will appear somewhere."

Mr. Spender contributed his recollections of Morwenstow to the *Western Morning News* of 18 Aug. 1875:—

"It is a dozen years almost this very day," he writes, "since, weary and footsore on a walking tour through North Cornwall, I found myself in this charming spot, and tasted its owner's hospitality.<sup>1</sup> One rarely looks upon a finer man than he was then, with his venerable silver hair and mighty chest and shoulders. . . . The church, which he did much to restore, used to be open all day, and the parson himself would toll the bell for daily prayers. Altogether it was a bit of 17th Century England intercalated with the latter half of the 19th. . . . Mr. Hawker had an almost unrivalled faculty for projecting himself back into a past age, and losing his identity in the people of whom he wrote. Nor was he known by his books merely. The man himself was unique. There where he could hear only the thundering surges of the Atlantic, and the wild plaintive cry of the seabird—in that remote 'land beyond railways,' far more inaccessible

<sup>1</sup> Mr. Spender, an uncle of Mr. J. A. Spender, the present editor of *The Westminster Gazette*, who writes:—"My uncle was editor and chief proprietor of *The Western Morning News*, a well-known journalist who practically invented the London Letter. No doubt he saw Hawker many times. He and his two eldest sons were drowned together while bathing on the Cornish coast in 1878." Mr. J. A. Spender visited Morwenstow in 1873 with his father, Dr. Spender, of Bath.

than the Land's End itself—he lived the life of an English parson, such as parsons used to be in the days of George Herbert and Bishop Ken.”

A letter to Mr. Godwin, dated 4 Oct., 1871, relates two incidents that happened at this time.

“Sunday was a heavy day! Poor Jewel the Sexton at Wellcombe died on Thursday and I fixed to bury him after the Service. But in Church, five minutes after I had begun my Sermon on the Young Man of Nain, a mass of the Roofing about four feet square fell suddenly on the people below. There was a shout screams and a rush. I was calm but thoroughly frightened. Still under the Sounding Board I was safe and I directed every body to keep quiet and they did so. I told them to cross the aisle and leave the dangerous side and then I commenced ‘And as I was saying, Brethren’ &c &c. But I was personally afraid that more would follow. Luckily it was not the Wood work but only laths and the plaister of years thickened. To-day another start. I was sitting in the smoking room with Inge the Kilkhampton Curate when a dark man in a wide-rimmed hat came down the path, rung and sent in his card ‘The Bishop of London.’ So I was fairly caught. Four or Five daughters came with him. He apologized for not having paid his respects to me before, &c &c. They stayed two hours saw the Church and went away apparently pleased. I had had two invitations to meet him at Dinner . . . and refused them both.”

The visitor was Bishop Jackson, who had succeeded Tait when the latter was translated to Canterbury. The Vicar and the Bishop were evidently not in sympathy on matters theological. Hawker gives an amusing account of a letter in which he described the interview to his Roman Catholic friend, Mr. Maskell.

“I have written Maskell and told him of the visit I

received from the successor of Bonner. I said 'He has arranged every preliminary for your Stake and Chain. The event is to come off in the middle of the Castle Green at Bude [*i.e.*, in front of Mr. Maskell's house]. You are to be brought out clad in a loose Gown with all your Works fastened fiendishly around your Waist. A. is to preach, which is very bitter. I asked the Bishop for your ashes; but he refused, saying 'With Martyrs of that kind there is no sediment whatever.'

*To Dean Cowie,*

"Octr. xj., 1871.

"MY DEAR COWIE,

"In a letter from Maskell a month ago he said 'I suppose you have heard of Miss Cowie's excellent marriage.' Now how should I hear except by a bottle picked up on the shore with a message from you just about to founder with all hands? I had therefore to write to Carnsew to inquire, and from him I had a confirmation of the happy tidings with the name. God bless her and hers, and make her husband as blessed as Pauline has made me—more no man could say. Shall we ever meet more? I know not, unless you come ashore from the wreck of the vessel which should have borne you to your degradation, a Colonial See. Do, I pray you, write. I have seen a near Friend of yours—successor to Bonner. I did not pay homage to him as perhaps I ought, but he made a visit here last week and apologised for not having done so before—why I know not. I was glad to hear that you were one of his nominees at St. Paul's pulpit. I am in the midst of School Horrors. You could do me no greater kindness than to refer me to a Master: certificated: and Mistress. Can you and will you try? Now write. Let me boast, '*Dives pauperem me petit.*'"



WILLIAM MASKELL

*Engraving by J. R. Kneller, in the possession of Mr. Alfred Maskell*





*To J. Somers James, Esq.*

“Dec. ij., 1871.

“MY DEAR SOMMERS,

“The mournful tidings in Mr. Coomb’s letter has as I need not say shocked and shaken me exceedingly. It is but a few days ago that I had a hopeful letter from your dear father in reply to my inquiry about his illness. And now the most valued of my Relatives is suddenly gone from our midst. I will not dwell on the true Affection that existed between us, for that is well known to you all. He loved me very faithfully and I him. It is a comfort to look back on his kind, consistent and amiable life, and to have no remembrance of a painful nature to recall in all our intercourse of brotherly years. I shall pray earnestly for him and so will you. When I am better able to write I will do so again—meanwhile God give you strength to bear your bitter and sudden grief.”

Another letter on the same subject, to Mr. Rowe, gives an exposition of the Vicar’s view as to prayers for the dead :—

“Dec. iv., 1871.

“I prayed for him the Evening your letter came, and I shall pray for him Every day. A Comfort to him in the Communion of Saints that nothing else can give. The Scoundrels that led the Great Revolt to justify if they could their Robbery of the lands given to sustain Prayer for the Dead, cut away every wire that linked us to the unseen world, and bade us forget the dead as soon as they were buried out of our sight. But I thank God for my whole life I have never lost the link that bound me to those who were gone before, nor would I forego this intercourse for all the Preferment England could bestow. . . . Again God bless you, my dear surviving friend.”

The Vicar believed in prayer for the living as well as for the dead. Our present King (then Prince of Wales)

was ill and lying at the point of death. "The Prince," writes Hawker on 14 Decr. 1871, "still fights the Battle of Life. Does it not appal you to see all that Skill and Money and Rank can do on the one side of his Bed and on the other Azrael the Angel of Death? What a lesson! And no prayer for him until he had been 21 days ill. I prayed for him in Church on the 3rd of December my own muffled birthday and again on the 10th—on the 12th I received the Form such as it is. It was the Second Person of the Trinity visible in Human Form who was the Great Healer of the Nations. It was He who cured the Sick and raised the dead. He is to this day the middle nature between God and Man. Yet in all these prayers he is utterly ignored and unnamed. Socrates might have written and used the Episcopal Prayers of England—Pagans to a Man."

Hawker's prayer was published in *John Bull*:—

"O Lord Jesu Christ! Thou second Person of the glorious and undivided Trinity! Thou who wert once blended here upon earth thirty and three years with the visible form and nature of a man! Hear us, Thou Healer of the nations, hear! In and by thy manhood, built from an earthly mother's veins, and taken into God, Thou didst assuage all manner of disease, and even death, by Thy voice, Thy touch, Thy silent command. Thou art the self-same Redeemer still! the unalterable God! We call upon Thee for Albert Edward, the first-born Prince and hope of the Royal House of England, the future King, beneath Thy will, of our native and natural land! Say but the word which Thou didst utter in Cana of Galilee, 'Thy Son liveth,' and in the same hour the fever shall leave Thy servant, our Prince, and he shall be made whole. Restore him, O Lord, to the yearning hearts of his people; to the wife of his youth; and to the Royal lady weeping over her child, her child. Even so, Lord Jesu, and by the memory of Thine own great impulse at the gate of the city called Nain, and of her who won Thy latest love upon the Cross, deliver him to his mother. Hear us, Oh healer of the nations, hear! and grant our trusting prayer to God the Trinity through Thy manhood, Jesu Christ our Lord. Amen."

Hawker's Thanksgiving on the Prince's recovery was also published in *John Bull*. Against a cutting of this he has written, "Said in my Church on the 25th of Decr. 1871" :—

"O Jesu Master! my Lord and my God!—We utter our earnest and faithful Thanksgiving to Thee for that Thou hast heard and granted our prayer. We besought Thee to have mercy on thy Servant, Albert Edward, our Prince of the Royal House of England, in his perilous disease. Thou hast fulfilled our vows. In thy mid-nature between God the Trinity and mankind, Thy heart, human and Divine, hath been the channel of a nation's entreaty and a people's benediction! Thou hast given back to the Princely sufferer strength and hope and life. Command, O mighty Redeemer, that he, like those whom Thou didst make whole when Thou wert visible here among men, may arise from his bed healed and forgiven! Let him follow Thy voice and be Thine for ever! Blend him, O Lord, and his wife, tender and true, with his gracious mother, our Queen, into Thy house and lineage of heaven; so that, at the last, with penitence for all sin, and trust in that which Thou didst suffer upon the Cross, this Kingly race of England may be gathered into the realm of eternal pardon and peace in the kingdom of God.

"Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world, even Jesus Christ our Lord.'—Amen."

On 3 Jan. 1872 he writes to Mr. Godwin :—

"On the 24th and 25th ultimo I said the Service six times, one being Eucharistic, and I preached five Sermons all above my usual mark they say. One on the Record of John I wish I could recall for you because thoughts came into my mind in Church such as I never conceived before, and they were tinged with the breath of a distant Shore. On Xmas Day we had 40 people at dinner and gave away the cold meat and pudding next day to 30 more. We sold from our stock to accomplish these things and we shall be requited I am sure by a far-away friend on his Pay

Night. I wrote and rehearsed a Thanskgiving for the Prince of Wales which made one or two rough Farmers cry."

*To Dean Cowie.*

"Morwenstow. Octr. 30, 1872.

"I learn from the papers that one very earnest wish of my heart has been fulfilled and that a step in your upward career has been accorded you in the Deanery of Manchester. I offer you my sincere gratulation and faithful sympathy at this success. But you are not to halt upon your thigh, remember, or stand still. Other and loftier points of elevation are before you and my augury will not be fulfilled until you take your seat in the House of Lords as the Lord Bishop of ———. It is a satisfaction to watch from the loopholes of retreat the elevation of friends and no regret to myself that I am left on the shore at ebb of Sea. Whatsoever could be offered to me I could not enjoy. My House is thick with sorrows hard and heavy as the Nether Millstone to bear. My poor dear Wife a chronic and crippled sufferer from rheumatic gout—my children, it is true, bright and healthful, but their future!—God help them—what I cannot bear to look on—And I myself a living death—in bondage to a daily dread lest . . . but I will not grieve you. One day you will hear tidings and grieve over your friend. But now Good Night. I would say God bless you but without contradiction it is the less that is blessed of the greater. Yours, dear Cowie, sadly and faithfully."

In this year the Vicar was engaged on a second restoration of his Church, and issued the following appeal, dated "Ascension Day, 1872":—

"Jesus said—'Ye have done it unto Me!'

"The ancient Church of Morwenstow on the Northern

Shore of Cornwall, notwithstanding a large outlay by the present Vicar, has fallen into dilapidation and disrepair. A great part of the Oak Shingle Roof requires to be relaid: The Walls must be pointed anew: and the Windows Benches and Floor ought to be restored. To fulfil all these purposes a Sum amounting to at least Five Hundred Pounds will be required. In the existing state of the Church-Rate-Law it would be inexpedient and ineffectual to rely on the local succour of the Parishioners, although there is reason to confide that the usual levy of a Penny in the Pound per Annum (16 $\text{£}$ ), now granted in aid of other resources, would never be withheld.

“ But this Church from the Interest attached to its extreme antiquity and its striking features of ecclesiastical attraction is visited every year by One or Two Hundred Strangers from distant places and from Bude Haven in the immediate neighbourhood. It appears therefore to the Vicar and his Friends that an appeal for the sympathy and succour of all who value and appreciate the solemn Beauty and the sacred associations of such a Scene might happily be fraught with success. . . .

Writing to Mr. Godwin a year later the Vicar says:—

“ Baring-Gould has been corresponding with me for some time about my Foundress St. Morwenna. He is writing her life among his lives of the Saints, and he has unearthed many curious legends about her and her times. One to me very satisfactory discovery is that She is buried in my Church. The Spot is as yet undefined, but when St Aubyn has trenched the ground, as he proposes, to lay down 18 inches of Concrete over the whole extent, the chances are that we may discover her Reliques. If incased as is not unlikely in lead it is just possible that she may be even yet unchanged and we may look on the features of one whose memory I have already evoked from oblivion

and caused her name to be borne by a daughter of Lord Clinton, of Sir Paul Molesworth, and my own bright girl."

In a letter dated July, 1874 Hawker says:—"The Prince of Wales in reply to my letter has allotted to our Restoration £25, but to be paid when the Work approaches completion. This will defer payment to the days of the next Incumbent of Morwenstow."

During the progress of the restoration, a great storm swept over Morwenstow. "Yesterday," writes the Vicar, on 10 Decr. 1872, "I had reached Hollacombe Gate on my way to Wellcombe where and when a Land Cyclone broke over the carriage. With difficulty we reached Wellcombe and there it did indeed rage such a Gale I hardly ever remember. It was very difficult to get the horses to face it going home and over Crimp we thought again and again that the Carriage would turn over. I was obliged to be helped by the Men up to Church and there it seemed as if the Tower would come down upon us. Luckily Tape had finished thatching Reed over the leaky places in the roof and no rain came in. We put 64 Nitches of Reed with bands of wood to keep the Roof dry till the Spring when we shall I hope begin to restore. Well, all the evening the gale raged against and *all round* our house. We thought without exaggeration that every window would beat in. As it was, parts of nearly every window were smashed, and we with W. Olde to help were busy till midnight nailing up boards &c to keep out the Rain and hail. Our Window was blocked up with 3 or 4 Rugs baize Curtains &c: yet nothing kept out the Wind and Rain—a large piece was smashed. Such a Night. Pauline had her usual night's sleep broken by pain and I mine of horrors. But every morning I am up soon after 5, sometimes before, pacing the

passages like a troubled ghost. At 5 I called John Olde who slept here and sent him off to Combe for H. Tape. When the Men came in their tidings were sad. At Cross Town every house except 'The Bush' is ripped—the Poorhouse nearly bare. The people had been up all night. Only two or three rooms covered. Strange that last week Pauline and I were planning to lay out all that we could spare at Xmas on roofing in that house. Indeed an estimate must now be made of the repair, and somehow or other I must raise the money to keep the roof over the Poor. But not only there, throughout the Parish roofs are ripped Chimneys toppled down and mows of corn hurled over. I dread to hear the news from the middle of the Parish and Chapel. As I have said for years the Weather of guilty England is penal Weather and the fiend is loose. So Morwenstow is like the Prophet's roll written within and without with lamentation and mourning and woe. Our Cattle are, thank God, all safe.

. . . "The Parish is in a state of great excitement about the Gale and old Tom Lang thinks it is not all quite right. Perhaps Sally?<sup>1</sup> All the old people declare that they never remember anything like it before nor do I. The *Avonmore* Storm was much less furious. But no news of any Wreck yet, altho' last week there were at least half a dozen between Padstow and the Land's End. All the Bunnies are well to-night—our bright spot is their cot at night."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Aug. xij., 1873.

. . . "The Honble T. Edwardes<sup>2</sup> Son of Lord Kensington is staying at Eastaway and he altho' ill is very kind in

<sup>1</sup> Sally Found, the old woman supposed to have the evil eye.

<sup>2</sup> Hawker wrote 'Impromptu Lines,' to Mr. Edwardes' little daughter.

help. He always reads Prayers and I have so far managed to preach. But I suffer from the exertion sadly."

In his later years the Vicar suffered a great deal from eczema. "Although I cannot move much during the week," he writes in Octr. 1873, "I have gone through my three Services up to this time with other duty. I am bound for the sake of the dear faces around me to exert myself to the last. . . . My Roof becomes more uncertain a Shelter every day. The only solace amid all is that my three dear Children are healthful and happy and unconscious of our griefs. I trust that He who created and infused an immortal Soul into each of their sweet bodies will not forsake them when their natural protectors are not. . . . I am making great efforts to get Subscriptions for the Church. . . . I should not like to leave the Church in debt when I go hence. But what can one so helpless as I am do? I am so weak that I can hardly write these lolling words to you instead of my usual autograph."

As time went on the Vicar's anxieties increased, for early in 1874 his wife had a dangerous illness. "The scene darkens," he writes to Mr. Rowe. "I am indeed the Victim of Morwenstow. I entreat you stand by me to the last, not far off, I fear. Pray pray think for me, for I am incapable of coherent thought." Mr. Rowe sent up one of his servants to nurse Mrs. Hawker, and the Vicar writes to him:—"The gift of a thousand pounds although very welcome would neither have done me so much good nor have elicited more gratitude than your and dear Mary's loan of Mrs. Marshall. It was an act of real religion self-sacrifice and 'kindness with God in it'—my translation of *Caritas* in the Gospel. I will not weaken our thankfulness by diluting it into words and therefore I will simply record my firm belief that under God Mrs. Marshall rescued Pauline from death. After what has passed, I should



deem it a crime to allow Mrs. Marshall to walk a yard of her homeward way. No—wait and she shall come to you like Agag delicately & in proper time.”

He was at last obliged to have some assistance in his clerical duties. The Rev. John Rawlins, now Vicar of St. Andrew's, Willesden, and at that time Chaplain at Powderham Castle, went to Morwenstow at the instance of a mutual friend and stayed some months at the Vicarage. “As permanent Curate,” writes Hawker in his wholesale way, “He is with some peculiarities the Person to fit in here of the whole English Clergy the best for me.”

The Vicar, says Mr. Rawlins, was very much broken in health, and so lame as to be hardly capable of fulfilling his duties. The church was in a sad state of disrepair. The oak shingles on the roof had decayed and in wet weather the rain poured through. The floor also was full of holes, and there was some danger of treading through on to the coffins beneath. The chancel was very untidy. The floor was covered with matting, and strewn with dried herbs and the refuse of a former harvest festival. The altar-cloth had become threadbare and was thick with grease from the two candles that were always lighted for service. Mr. Rawlins burnt it. The Vicar was too ill and unsettled in his mind to give heed to these things. One day Mr. Rawlins determined to have a cleansing. He took a dust-pan and broom and filled two barrow-loads with the sweepings of the chancel. He then wheeled the barrow down to the dining-room window of the Vicarage, where the Vicar was sitting. The old man was much shocked: he had not realized the condition into which his church had fallen. But he did not request Mr. Rawlins to seat himself on the top of the rubbish, in order to make the pile complete, according to a story told in Mr. Baring-Gould's memoir. “In that book,” remarked Mr. Rawlins, with a smile, “I appear as

the domineering curate!" It would not have been easy to domineer over Robert Hawker.

The pulpit was very high, and was entered by a narrow door through the screen. Mr. Rawlins lowered the pulpit, whereat the Vicar was much perturbed. "I always regarded the sermon," he said, "as tidings from on high."

At that time the regular congregation of Morwenstow numbered but few! The dissenting Chapels drew the majority of the people. On the occasion of a revivalist meeting in the parish, when a dissenting preacher was addressing a large assemblage in the open air, the Vicar took as his text, "Abide ye here with the ass, while I and the lad go yonder and worship." He so worded the beginning of his discourse that his hearers thought he alluded to himself as the ass, but he proceeded to show that to "go *yonder* and worship" meant to go to the sanctuary appointed by God, the lonely altar which their fathers had set up on the far hill-side, and that to "abide with the Ass" meant to stay away from church and follow false prophets.

When the Son of an old parishioner, a churchman, married a dissenter, the Vicar was greatly grieved, and still more so when their child was christened at Chapel. When a second child was born, however, the grandfather induced the parents to bring it for baptism to Church. The Vicar felt that in the circumstances he ought to perform the ceremony himself, although, as Mr. Rawlins says, he was really quite unfit to leave the house. It was almost at the risk of his life that he did it. When the service was over, the grandfather of the child touched his forehead and asked respectfully the amount of the fee. "My Fee?" exclaimed the Vicar, in a great voice, drawing himself up. "My fee is a thousand pounds." The grandfather looked aghast. "I be feerd, sir," he said, "'tes moor'n I can pay." "Don't you know," went on the Vicar, his voice echoing through

the Church, “that the sacraments of God are invaluable? that no amount of money can pay for them?” He chuckled hugely over the incident afterwards. “That,” he said to Mr. Rawlins, “will be repeated at every inn and hearth-side in Cornwall. It will teach them to appreciate the sacraments of the Church.”

His playful humour never deserted him to the end of his life. One day, when he went over to Barnstaple with his wife and her aunt, to consult Dr. Budd, they went into a confectioner's shop. There was no one there to serve. The Vicar slipped behind the counter, laid aside his hat, and tied an apron that was lying near round his waist. Some customers came into the shop and he gravely served them, while the ladies were overcome with laughter outside. He had a great command of countenance.

At family prayers he would sometimes read out passages that seemed strangely appropriate to recent domestic incidents. Mrs. Hawker on these occasions could not always retain her gravity, and the Vicar would pause and say, in a tone of reproach, “Pauline!” Afterwards she would say, “Robert, I'm sure what you were reading isn't in the Bible.” “My dear,” would be the reply, “That is because you don't understand Greek. I read from the Greek Testament, translating as I go along.” A lady who resided for a time in Morwenstow writes:—“I remember when Cherry (short for Charity), the new housemaid, came, the lesson that evening happened to be the Chapter on Charity in Corinthians. I wonder if it really was its turn!” On Sunday afternoons he always gave his servants note-paper and a stamp apiece, and told them to write home.

“Mr. Hawker,” says a former parishioner, “strongly appreciated gratitude or kindness. An old uncle of mine used to bring presents of fruit and flowers to the Vicarage. The Vicar cried like a child when he buried the old man.

He was very excitable. In the middle of tea once he jumped up in great alarm and ran to the window, which looked westward over the sea. The sun was setting in a blaze of crimson. 'It's the end of the world!' cried he, in great excitement. 'I knew it was coming. I knew it.' He was perfectly serious. 'Nonsense, Robert,' said Mrs. Hawker. 'It is only the sunset.' He would not believe it at first, and it was sometime before she could persuade him to return to the table. This was not long before he died." <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Just before sending this book to press, I have received a vivid reminiscence of Hawker from the Rev. W. H. Thornton, Rector of North Bovey:—

"North Bovey Rectory. 19 December 1904.

"Dear Sir,—You write to me to ask me for any recollections I may retain of the late Mr. R. S. Hawker of Morwenstow, and therefore I have a right to suppose, as I think, that you will not be offended if without malice I tell you the story of the little I know of a very eccentric man. Everybody felt, and everybody feels, most kindly about him, but he was very eccentric. So far as I know, I only saw him twice. On the first occasion, in or about 1859, I was at the 'Falcon' Hotel at Bude, in company with the Rev. J. A. W. Collins, now Vicar of Newton St. Cyres. We had, on the previous day, walked by a devious route from Barnstaple, taking Torrington and Stratton on our way—some 40 miles as I suppose. We had bathed in the early morning in the sea, and were having our breakfast at the 'Falcon,' when two gentlemen outside passed, and repassed, the open window of our room. One of them was struggling with a cigar which would not draw, and was venting his annoyance in language which was really remarkably strong. He was the Venerable Archdeacon Phillpotts, come to hold a North Cornwall Visitation Court, and he was evidently greatly dissatisfied with the quality of the tobacco supplied at the hotel at that time.

"His companion was the Rev. R. S. Hawker, who had come to attend at the Visitation. He was very stout, and was clad in a complete suit of blue serge. His dress everywhere fitted very closely to his body, and his jacket had no skirts or tails, or such like ordinary appendages, and the bright blue colour thereof was very remarkable, more especially considering the errand he was on. [Probably Hawker had taken off his cassock or coat, for the sake of coolness, and was walking about in his jersey]. I enquired of the landlord, or waiter, of the inn, and I was informed that I was in the presence of two remarkable, but singular, men. They appeared to be very well acquainted with each other, and presently Mr. Collins and I marched off for Okehampton through the rapidly assembling clergymen, who were coming from all quarters to the Visitation. Some twenty years later I was walking along the

cliffs, from Hartland to Bude, with the Rev. Ernest Browne, now, as I think, residing in Clifton. My habit was never to eat or drink between start and finish, no matter what the weather might be, nor how long the march. The day was hot, however, and my companion rather wearied as we neared Morwenstow Village, and I looked, on his behalf, for a decent inn, and was disappointed. But I knew Prebendary Kempe of Merton, and I also knew that he was friendly with Mr. Hawker, and I remembered my meeting with him at the Visitation on the former occasion, so I told Mr. Browne, who was much younger than myself, that if he liked, I would call at the Parsonage and we could interview a very remarkable man, and ask him to show us a very remarkable Church, built on a very remarkable spot, and I suggested that it was possible that he might offer my companion some refreshment as well.

“We met the second Mrs. Hawker in the hall, and saw and heard her children, then very young, and we were shown into the drawing room by the maid. There Mr. Hawker came to us, clad in a blue dressing gown, laced with golden braid. He had on red slippers adorned by silver spangles, and he was puffing at an unusually long Churchwarden clay pipe. He seemed astonished at our call, but I explained our object, a former introduction at the ‘Falcon,’ mutual acquaintanceship with Preb. Kempe, our desire to see an interesting Church under first class, first rate guidance, our general thirst (for information), etc., etc. I told him how far we had walked, and expatiated on the heat of the sun on the bare cliffs, and I apologised for our untidy appearance. He nodded, and disappeared, but soon came back, with no eatables, but with a large old leathern black jack full of excellent but rather strong beer.

“We drank, and being possessed of remarkably strong heads positively maintained equilibrium! Then I blundered over St. Morwenna, and he was upon me in a moment, eagerly rebuking my ignorance! Then he took us round the Parsonage grounds, and with great pride showed us many figure-heads, etc., of derelict ships, wrecked just below his house, and he told us of the drowned sailors whom he had buried. I thought that, if the ships had to be wrecked, and the men drowned, he was very pleased that the calamities should occur near Morwenstow! Then he showed us the Church, and gave us much learned information thereon. He was picturesque, kind, clever, imaginative, but as I thought, very peculiar! I think he had several cats in and about the Church, and credited them with much moral responsibility! Then we parted and went into Bude, and I never saw him afterwards. Now, Sir, once again, you asked for my recollections, and you have them. Yours truly,—W. H. THORNTON.

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## CHAPTER XXVI

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1874

VISIT TO LONDON—HAWKER AT THE OPENING OF PARLIAMENT—  
AT THE ZOO—AT THE PRO-CATHEDRAL—AT WESTMINSTER  
ABBEY—LETTERS TO DR. LEE—PREACHES AT ALL SAINTS,  
LAMBETH—PREACHES AT ST. MATTHIAS, BROMPTON—LETTER  
FROM LONGFELLOW—THE PUBLIC WORSHIP REGULATION BILL  
—“A VERY INFERIOR LOT!”

IN February 1874 the Vicar decided to go to London for medical advice both for himself and Mrs. Hawker. “On Monday,” he writes, “We go hence on our shuddering journey to London. . . No mind can conceive no tongue can tell the terror with which I contemplate this journey, but they say that Pauline’s life depends on it and I cannot take the responsibility of refusing to go. . . Rawlins undertakes our house and Parish. Chope will serve Wellcombe. John Olde will manage the Farm. So my Staff is good and reliable.”

“The Sunday before he left,” says Mr. Rawlins, “he preached a farewell sermon, taking for his text, ‘There was a man sent from God, and his name was John.’ ‘My Brethren,’ he said solemnly, ‘When the people of the great metropolis ask me in whose charge I have left my little flock in the wilderness, what answer shall I render?’ Then turning round and stretching out his hand towards me in the chancel, ‘Shall I not say, “There was a man sent from

God, and his name was John?" My Brethren, there he is."

The Vicar wrote a good many letters from London describing his experiences.

*To W. Rowe, Esq.*

"16, Harley Road, South Hampstead. Feby. 27, 1874.

. . . "Dr. Goodfellow examined me like an Anatomist yesterday and pronounced me devoid of any dangerous symptom and 'to have good work in me still.'"

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"16, Harley Road, South Hampstead. March 12, 1874.

"I saw the opening of Parliament and the choice of the Speaker, heard the Mover and the Seconder speak the meagre common Speeches with the Counter-jumper's gestures and 'House of Commons' twang—orators!!! No. I went to S. Mary Magdalen, Paddington, on Sunday, where I am asked to preach for an Offertory for Mww. Church. I am also offered access to the pulpits of Mr. Haines, Brompton, and others, but I shall not be able to summon up cheek to face a London Audience. So I must forfeit the money. We went to Evensong at Westminster Abbey the day we saw you but it was very disappointing—'fastidious' you will say—yes perhaps I am—country people often are."

While Mr. and Mrs. Hawker were in Harley Road, the three children stayed with Mr. Henry Stevens at Vermont House close by. One of them made a penwiper for Mr. Stevens out of a little American flag, and Hawker wrote these lines to be presented with it:—

"I have nothing to give you, dear Grandpa, alack!  
But stars for your eyes and stripes for your back!"

*To William Maskell, Esq.*

“16 Harley Road, South Hampstead. March 19, 1874.

“MY DEAR MASKELL,

“I went down myself to the Reform Club and found you had been gone that morning for Dorset. An officer in a splendid uniform whose throne was in a Chrystal Palace near the door was very civil to me. Conceive my assisting, as the French say, at the opening of Parliament! I saw the Speaker chosen and heard the speeches of the mover and seconder and of Mr. Gladstone. I have also taken the children to the Zoo and their remarks were very original. Nothing could induce Juliot to put a piece of biscuit ‘up the elephant’s nose.’ I went to the Pro-Cathedral and heard a lovely Sermon from the Archbishop. I have also been at St. Mary Magdalen, Paddington, Trinity Church and the Abbey, and the chief feature that struck me in all was the amazing content and gratefulness of the English People. To see how they receive what they receive is very wonderful. Such Services and Sermons and no complaint. Are you coming up? I feel very forlorn. So many thousand faces and not one that I know.”

“Early in March of 1874,” writes Dr. Lee in his ‘Memorials,’ “Mr. Hawker did me the honour to apply to me for specific information regarding certain perplexing details bearing upon the validity of Church of England ordinations. The fact that direct and undoubted evidence has not, as yet, been discovered of William Barlow’s consecration; coupled with the doubt, which will possibly always exist in some minds, as to Barlow’s *intention* in consecrating Matthew Parker, troubled him sorely.”

“He wrote to me about that period thus:—‘Another question which I cannot get answered is this: Why, when our dear old Church possessed forms for Ordination and



Consecration, which were universally regarded as valid, (and this without an exception) should other forms have been substituted for them, which have been questioned ever since the dark day of change? Did not the restoration and improvements of 1662 come a century too late?'"

The expression "our dear old Church" shows that, whatever his doctrinal doubts and difficulties may have been, he still retained a strong affection for "the house of the Mother that bare him."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"16 Harley Road, South Hampstead. March 28, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Your announcement that you are going out of Town after Easter terminates my efforts for any Sermon for my Church. Because I sincerely meant what I said when I told you that unless you took me to the Church and sustained me by your presence there I could not assume the Courage necessary to preach. Mrs. Hawker is still too unwell to accompany me and I am too weak to go among Strangers alone. Perhaps it is meant to check my too probable failure. At all events it is consonant with my usual ill-fortune in all attempts outside my own Parish. . . . Dr. F. G. Lee has written me very kindly and presented me with a copy of his excellent work on Anglican Orders."

"On the evening of Easter Day, 1874," writes Dr. Lee, "Mr. Hawker was brought down to my Parish Church, All Saints', Lambeth, by our mutual friend Mr. J. G. Godwin. I had not seen the venerable Vicar of Morwenstow for more than twenty-five years, since I, as a youth, was presented to him about the year 1847 or 1848, at Oxford; and, at first sight, he appeared so altered that I should have scarcely recognised him; but, by degrees, his old form and face

returned again, and I had the pleasure of seeing before me, and affectionately greeting, a Poet-Priest, who, through evil report and good report—ever standing up for principle—had done so great a work in his Cornish parish; whose memory is deservedly respected wherever that work is known; and for whom, both as Priest and Poet, benevolent, refined, and courteous, I myself entertain so true and deep a regard.

“His Sermon I shall never forget. He spoke most eloquently of the certainty of the Resurrection, of the Faith and the Hope and the Joy of the Mother of God, and of the blessed end of our own enduring warfare here. His voice, melodious and of a wide compass, was as clear as a bell; his manner simple, dignified, and loving: his oratory perfect. The congregation listened with breathless attention, and were deeply struck by his remarkable powers.”

*To Dr. F. G. Lee.*

“April 10, 1874.

“I hope my publisher has sent you a copy of my book, ‘Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall,’ as I ordered him. You must hold it *in memoriam*. You have given me gold for lead in your noble volume on ‘The Validity of our Ordinations,’ one that ought to have been the chief text-book of the Church of England in this Age of Doubt.

“I shall take with me to the grave the service in your church on the evening of Easter Day. I never felt more impressed than by the gleam of Paradise as we turned in from the dull lanes and streets of Lambeth, into your lighted Hall of God. It must be to you like an inspiration, to rule and reign in such a sanctuary. May God the Trinity give you a throne in your chancel for long and coming years!” . . .

*To the same.*

“April xvj., 1874.

. . . “I am desirous to strike a blow for Restoration of my Church, but I know not where to seek for Pulpits. . . . Will you favour me with one line of suggestion?”

*To the same.*

“April 26, 1874.

“Thanks, cordial thanks, for your letter to the *Post* [on Archbishop Tait’s Bill]. What a forcible and incisive letter it is! You would have made a fortune at the bar. The ears of those with whom it deals ought to tingle as they read it. God be with you in the conflict, and grant us a triumph! I myself am sad and doubting, and very low; for I believe we are losing the battle.”

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“16 Harley Road, South Hampstead. April 28, 1874.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“Everything has gone wrong and I attribute a great deal to your absence from London. No one to advise me, none to help. Dr. F. G. Lee has behaved, however, most kindly. He sent me Notes of Introduction to White, St. Barnabas, Pimlico, and to Stuart, Munster Square. The former was denied to me when I called, although confessedly at home, and in reply to a Note from me inclosing one from Lee he sent me a flat refusal. He wanted all his Offertories for himself. Liddell of St. Paul’s, Knightsbridge, refused for the same reason. Stuart, whom I saw when I called, snubbed me. Compton of All Saints, Margaret Street, has not replied to a Note from me inclosing one of request from T. ‘Doctor, The Thanes fly from me.’ I have

preached for Morwenstow once only and that at Evensong. This was a great success. 'Splendid—lovely—most eloquent—original'—these were the epithets among some of the 1500 people present. The average Offertory at Evensong in that church for 1872-3 had been under £5. They gave me £26-18/- and Westall the Curate wrote me a few days after to say that he could not express how I had 'delighted and edified his people and they had talked of nothing else since but the Sermon:' he thanked me also for what I had taught him. This Sermon, which proves that I could have preached if I had been allowed, I shall write down from memory for Pauline and the Children. I have sent a copy of the Ballads to Longfellow and asked if he can get the Book printed in America since England will not have it. I do wish I could get the copies out of Parker's hands so as to print a new Edition with added Poems left out in the last. You will be sorry to hear that we go down to-morrow week the 5th May with my poor dear Wife hardly a shade better. I am nearly frenzied with the failure of this bitter and costly effort. My resources too are exhausted and my Normal State of Misery from this cause is deeply increased. Without some succour the results must at no distant time be fatal. Since I wrote the above words I have received a letter from the Churchwarden of St. Matthias to say that after deducting the average amount of the four previous Evening offertories I am to be allowed the Balance! What bitter meanness! So that if I had not happened to get an excess and the Offertory had been an average one I should have had nothing! Well, my Journey has revealed to me the utter narrowness and selfishness of the Ritualist Clergy—and the Bigoted restriction to Self of all their efforts. By the Archbishop's Act my Ruin will be accelerated and you will have to grieve, as you will, over the exile and destruction of my house and home. No one could have a daily Service at

Wellcombe and Morwenstow. Good Night. God bless you. Yrs. faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

Longfellow's reply to Hawker's letter was as follows:—

“Cambridge. May 11, 1874.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I should have thanked you sooner for your kindness in sending me your ‘Cornish Ballads,’ but wished first to ascertain whether there were any chance of getting them republished here.

“I have made two or three attempts, and I am very sorry to say without success. The exceedingly depressed state of the book-trade makes publishers unwilling to undertake anything new.

“The merits of your book are very marked, and I have read it with great interest and pleasure. Many of the Legends are strange and striking; and you have treated them all very artistically and successfully. This only makes me regret the more the impossibility of having them republished on this side of the water.

“Accept, I beg you, my best thanks for the volume, and my regrets at not being able to carry out your wishes.

“I am, my Dear Sir,

“Yours truly,

“HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.”

Longfellow afterwards included many of Hawker's ballads in his collection of ‘Poems of Places.’

*To Dr. F. G. Lee.*

“April 28, 1874.

“Thank you very earnestly, my dear Dr. Lee, for your kind efforts to obtain pulpits for me. But I regret to say

that I have not been successful. . . . Well, we shall soon, I infer, have neither churches nor ritual. Has Archibald Tait ever been baptized? If he has, the exorcisms were omitted, if one may judge from the demonism of his measure [the Public Worship Regulation Bill]. I wish he and his could be induced to renounce the Devil in old age. One of your flock, whose name I do not know, followed me to Brompton because of my sermon at Lambeth. Was not this a compliment? My Repulsion elsewhere makes me more grateful to you."

Dr. Lee gives the following extracts from other letters which he received from Hawker at this time :—

"April 1874.

"I accept the omens. It is not from London that God intends the resources of my restoration should be drawn. Nor are the doomed and selfish clergy of this earthly city to be my trusted allies in the humble warfare which I wage for the gray old shrine on the Tamar side.

"The open disobedience of the Ritualistic party is to myself a problem and a puzzle. I obey (in the question of relinquishing the use of the sacerdotal vestments); bowing my head before circumstances, and throwing the whole responsibility on my Father in God. What else can a Christian priest do? But I am getting paralysed and stricken down with anxiety as to the future."

After his return to Morwenstow, Hawker, meeting a friend, gave a long account of his experiences in the metropolis. At the end he said, with great emphasis, and slowly weighing his words, "On—the—whole, a—very—inferior—lot, the London Clergy."

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## CHAPTER XXVII

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1874-5

REV. J. F. CHANTER'S REMINISCENCES—MATTHEW ARNOLD'S BROTHER AT MORWENSTOW—ECCLESIASTICAL QUESTIONS—TAIT'S BAPTISM—EPIGRAMS—ANOTHER WRECK—'A CANTICLE FOR CHRISTMAS'—LETTERS FROM MANNING AND NEWMAN—'PSALMUS CANTICI'—THE NEW CURATE—"MY MIND! IT IS GONE."

SOME reminiscences of the Vicar during his last summer at Morwenstow have been kindly furnished by the Rev. J. F. Chanter, now Rector of Parracombe in Devon :—

"In the summer of 1874," he writes, "My Father took the old Manor House of Tonacombe. One of the first callers was the Rev. R. S. Hawker. I was very struck at the time with his personal appearance. He was dressed in a brown Cassock, with a broad-brimmed, brown felt hat. His hair was white and long—clean-shaved face—with bright rosy cheeks.

"Our first conversation at his house was on the subject of Tonacombe. There was an external stone stair leading from the little courtyard to a bedroom: this room he told me was called Master Zachary's chamber which was haunted by the spirit of Master Zachary.

"Afterwards our talk nearly always glided into the subject of the unseen world, on which he had always much to say—but if there were others present and a laugh arose he

would stop at once, saying 'I do not care to discuss such subjects in the presence of unbelievers.' It seemed to me that Mr. Hawker lived in a world of spirits and they were his constant companions and friends—more than those still living on the earth. I remember once telling him I was going one afternoon to Marsland; on which he said, 'You must go and look at the old house there—there is a very curious old lady there you may see—come into my study and I will shew you her picture—she died, at least her body did, some sixty years ago. I frequently see her and talk with her.'

"I saw the picture, but was not able to see or speak to the old lady—a sceptical age laughs at those things, but I prefer to believe that to the pure in heart a sight into the spirit-world is given which is hidden from more mundane mortals. Sir Beville Grenville seemed to be also a great friend of his—and besides these spirits of mortals—there were other spiritual beings, from the divine and higher orders of angelic beings ever in the presence of God to the lower and lapsed ones with their curious actions and gambols in which there was some imitation of the higher beings, with whom in his mind he certainly mingled and conversed. In these points Mr. Hawker has always seemed to me the original of the dear old Vicar of Ashley—in 'John Inglesant'—who taught him the mysterious Platonic philosophy seen thro' the reflected rays of Christianity, and the Rosicrucian theories of spiritual existences, and belief in souls separate and their converse with each other.

"Most of us, and perhaps more than we think, are given at times to metaphysical speculation and day dreams, and Mr. Hawker was a master who led his listener's thoughts into that mysterious channel.

"Mr. Hawker's sermons on Sundays made a deep impression on us, they were so out of the common, and under them all lay that feeling and belief in spiritual beings and



existences to which I referred. I remember, at Morwenstow, I stood as sponsor for a child at baptism, and afterwards Mr. Hawker preached on the baptism—his subject was guardian angels—he described most vividly a scene in heaven as a guardian angel was chosen to care for the newly baptized infant—the descent of the angel—his hovering round the font at the baptism—it was all so vividly described that you felt it was something the Vicar had seen himself, and one involuntarily glanced round to look for the presence of the angelic being. Mr. Hawker's manner of delivery of his sermons was very impressive—he stood at the entrance of the chancel screen with one arm at times around it, in surplice—red stole—long white hair, and rather red face—slow and solemn in his manner, and emphasizing his points with movement of one arm.”

Another visitor to Morwenstow in this summer was the Rev. E. P. Arnold,<sup>1</sup> a younger brother of Matthew Arnold, and, like him, an Inspector of Schools. In the report book of the Parish School is an entry by him dated 9 July 1874 :—

“I cannot help congratulating the Vicar, of whose uphill labours to support a school in this remote district I have been witness for so many years, that he has at last succeeded in getting this substantial and well-filled School erected, and that it is now at work under a Certificated Master, with every prospect of success.”

It is curious, seeing that Mr. Arnold had visited Morwenstow for so many years, that there is no allusion to his brother Matthew in Hawker's letters, especially as Matthew Arnold's poems were among the Vicar's few and treasured volumes.

Hawker continued to take a strong interest in the theological controversies of the day. On July xix., 1874, he writes to Mr. Godwin :—

<sup>1</sup> See page 284.

“Our Postal affairs under the Ministry of the Circumcision are very worrying and evil. I want a Service Book of the Greek Church on loan in Latin. I want to expose the Doctrines and Ritual of a Church more idolatrous in a Protestant Sense than Rome.”

Again, on Sept. 3, 1874:—

“I want to write to the *Church Herald* if I can do so with safety, *i.e.* if my name can be solemnly preserved in secrecy. I seek a resolution of doubt as to Tait’s Baptism. I want again to put a question to the Wesleyan Authorities. What channel should I seek?”

On 21 Sept. 1874 he writes. “The Reason why success does not attend all these spasmodic efforts to bolster up the Anglican Body is that they are all hollow and selfish and insincere. A Mass of Men see and hear of a noble gift, a generous succour, and they cry out, ‘What a good Man! What a fine-hearted Fellow!’ An Angel standing by and looking into the Man’s Mind and discerning his motives mocks his efforts and glides away with God’s benediction unopened in his hand. The Two Worlds are nearer than we think, and the transactions between them are daily and graphic. A Bishop in his Place in Parliament utters a defiant and rancorous speech Godward. Soon after his Horse stumbles and the Angel of his Baptism holds aloof and unsuccoured he dies.<sup>1</sup> Another Bishop apes the Apostle and the Martyr among the barbarous people of the Southern Seas. In peril an arrow or a club which the least of God’s angels could have averted by a touch, yet did not, slew him. Even I wondered until his Episcopal Life was written and printed. Then saw I the cause of these things. The Doctrines uttered by this Man to the listening Heathen were fallacious and untrue. He was

<sup>1</sup> Samuel Wilberforce, then Bishop of Winchester, died of a fall from his horse in 1873.

Arian, Wesleyan, heretical, and the Messages he invented were not sent by God. So among the Savages he was left alone. I firmly believe that the daily affairs of us all are discussed among Spirits and Angels, and are helped or hindered by them as usually as one earthly friend helps another. The angels hear what we say, read what we write: one is looking over my shoulder now: and they are empowered to requite good and evil, not only, said Augustine, 'according to God's general command but by the exercise of their own rational and reasonable power.' If you have seen my letter to the Plymouth Paper<sup>1</sup> you will understand the office they fulfil in the Economy of the Universe. A Traveller in Yorkshire in 1852 encountered on a Moor a Person who seemed to him to be a Pedlar carrying a pack. They sate down upon a Rock and conversed. Said the Stranger 'In fifty years from this time the great mass of the English people will be divided into Two armies and their names will be Catholic and Infidel.' The Traveller knew not who the Stranger might be nor did he touch him so as to ascertain that he was really a man, and soon after, how he could hardly tell, he had glided away. I read this Book of Travels and I have often thought of it since. I hope you will always be a faithful friend to my dear ones when I am not. There are materials in MSS. in this house that if they could be arranged and printed would be of enormous money value. O my lost life—that failure throughout."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Octr. 7, 1874.

. . . "Yesterday the Bishop of Llandaff with his Wife and Daughter dined here. Zero in Church Matters.

<sup>1</sup> *Western Morning News* of 9 Sept, 1874.

Maskell has asked me to allow him to print my Epigrams (did you ever see them?) for private distribution, and I have consented. . . . The Epigrams are very trivial and not worth anything in money, and it was the consciousness of this which made me adopt Maskell's proposal. I too want another copy of 'Rural Synods,' because I gave your copy, for which I very much thank you, to the Bishop of Exeter. I want to disarm my Accusers, especially one deadly adversary. . . . He it was who introduced every Roman feature into my Chancel—Credence—Dossel—Super Altar and large Cross, yet I am forsooth too Roman to be allowed to remain Vicar of Morwenstow!!”

It is very difficult to define from Hawker's letters his exact attitude at this time towards the Church of Rome, but the allusions thereto are increasingly frequent. He does not seem to have lost his belief in Anglican Orders. “The *Church Herald*,” he writes, “Shelves the strongest point of attack in all the Battle—Tait's unbaptized condition. His orders, Confirmations, his Votes in Parliament are all invalid.” This implies that the orders conferred by Tait would have been valid if he had been properly baptized. In writing to a neighbouring clergyman on 17 Nov. 1874, for help in obtaining a curate, Hawker says:—

“Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate; you can acknowledge that this is not the scene for strut or grimace or falsetto but that any honest or sincere man would find in Mww. a sphere of great usefulness and a ladder-foot for enterprise Heavenward.”

It is impossible to suppose that if the Vicar were conscious that he was in a false position as holding an Anglican benefice he would have spoken thus of sincerity and honesty. Yet on the very next day we find him writing to Mr. Godwin the letter that follows. He did not understand consistency. He was like the Roman Catholic Scientist of

whom it was said that when he entered his oratory he shut the door of his laboratory, and *vice versa*.

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

“(18 Nov. 1874.)”

“MY DEAR SIR,

“You ask me what I think of Dizzy and Gladstone? I inclose an opinion.

“An English boy was born : a Jew : so then  
On the eighth day they circumcised him Ben !  
Another child had birth : baptized : but still  
In public phrase surnamed The People’s Will !  
Both lived impenitent, and so they died,  
And between both the Church was crucified !  
Which bore the Brand? I pray thee tell me true,  
The perjured Christian or the recreant Jew ?”

. . . “My health is not what you would wish. Still up to last Sunday I fulfilled Three duties and preached three Sermons without note or forethought just as I did to your knowledge at Lambeth. Amid all the Deluge I wonder you don’t seek the obvious Ark—You so independent and so quite unfettered. To the helpless there is hardly an avenue left. The Chief of the Anglican Body a Pagan unbaptised, the most of the Rulers reckless infidels or idiots. You would grieve to see me. All my pluck is gone. I am utterly despondent.

“R. S. H.”

*To Dr. F. G. Lee.*

“Nov. 19, 1874.

“I think that the dogged reticence of Dr. Tait as to his baptism is the most offensive fact in modern controversy. Could not an appeal to him for decision of doubt be made for signature by the persons directly involved? Mrs. Hawker

was ostensibly confirmed by him at St. Pancras', when he was Bishop of London ; and if she attached any value to his office would be very much dismayed by the discovery that he had laid on her the empty hands of a Pagan officer, 'as one that beateth the air.' There is something almost demoniac in the way in which some mock at the grace of the Paraclete in all their functions. But the total history of our times is a record of the Battle of the demons with the Battalions of the Living God. I hope to have a line from you soon. In these days it is something to receive a Sacramental Letter from a true man. God speed you in all your ways."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq.*

"Decr. 2, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"You are indeed a Citizen of the World—London—The Isle of Bute—Cardiff, &c., &c. Still I do not envy you. My horizon is bounded but I could be content if I could but have peace and hope therein. Still let me reckon up my comforts. Mrs. Hawker's health is restored my children happy and well and I as well as I can ever hope now to be, for my bodily ailments are such as will continue as long as I breathe. They are perilous and chronic. I place myself in the arms of God's mercy and I can only hope that my good may be set over against my evil and that my Sins may be blotted for my Redeemer's sake. I trust among your journies you have not forgotten one and that is hither. Why not spend Xmas day with us and as much added time as you can spare? My efforts to obtain a Curate are fruitless. Dr. Lee has tried in vain. Advertisements fail to attract. This is no sphere for strut and grimace and self-conceit. A sincere honest heart satisfied to win Souls might make this place a ladder-foot of Heaven but such souls are rare in England now.

But to reply to your letter. What kind of thing is *The World Paper*? Extracts from it seem good. But you ought to know best. Did I send you my Epigrams, one on Tait<sup>1</sup>? I won't print any; it might rouse up enmity and revenge. A mournful wreck under Wellcombe Cliffs on Sunday Morning—3 or 4 drowned but none washed ashore yet. We expect the bodies every hour. Bude Vessel (the *Nancy*). Captain leaves a Widow and 2 or 3 children."

*To the same.*

"Decr. 26, 1874.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"The copies of my Canticle arrived safely and I thank you . . . My Deacon comes on the 31st. married (40) with no children. I do not confide much—the omens are adverse—handwriting, style of letters, manner &c. . . Our Xmas Dinner yesterday; 20 dined here and 30 had a lb of Beef and a lb of pudding each to-day. Our Church is beautifully decorated. Miss Savage has worked hard and Mrs. Hawker. . . . How is my Canticle liked by impartial men? . . . Do write. Our kind regards & every kindly wish & sympathy of this Blessed Season."

It is pleasant to think that the old Vicar's last Christmas was thus spent, in kindly remembrance of the poor; and that he could so far detach his mind from gloomy thoughts as to feel once more the spiritual glow of poetry. And it was fitting that the poet, who on a Christmas nearly forty years before had sung so tenderly of 'Modryb Marya,' should turn again at the last to that 'sweet story of old' which was the corner-stone of his faith.

<sup>1</sup> See page 98.

“A CANTICLE FOR CHRISTMAS, 1874.

“Lo! a pure Maiden, meek and mild,  
 Yearns to embrace an awful Child!  
 Those limbs, her tenderest touch might win:  
 Yet thrill they with the God within!

“She gazes! and what doth she see?  
 A gleaming Infant on her knee!  
 She pauses: can she dare to press  
 That Glory with a fond caress?

“Yet 'tis her flesh: that Form so fair!  
 Her very blood is bounding there!  
 The mother's heart the victory won:  
 It is her God! it is her Son!

“Hers the proud gladness mothers know,  
 Without a thrill, without a throe;  
 And Mary—Mary undefiled,  
 Claims for her breast that awful Child!”

He sent his ‘Canticle for Christmas’ to Cardinals Manning and Newman, who replied in the following letters:—

“Archbishop's House,

“Westminster, S.W. Jan. 2, 1875.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“I thank you much for your Christmas Carol. It is beautiful, and full of faith, which in these days is becoming scant. The light of the Incarnation is very dim in multitudes all over the Christian world.

“May God bless and prosper you in this New Year.

“Believe me always,

“Yours faithfully in J. C.

“† HENRY E. “Archbp of West.”



*From Cardinal Newman to Rev. R. S. Hawker.*

“The Oratory. Feb. 20, 1875.

“MY DEAR MR. HAWKER,

“I was away from home when your kind letter came. I thank you most heartily for it and for the beautiful poem which it inclosed. Of course there is just one thought which rises in a Catholic’s mind, which he finds it difficult to answer ; and the more he discerns the grace and skill of the composition the more the question intrudes itself upon him.

“Do not think me ungrateful to you in thus speaking—I am constrained to do so, and the more pleasure I take in what you so kindly say of me, the more I am bound to recollect that in what I say to you I have to please Another, not myself.

“With every good thought & prayer, I am,

“Most truly yours,

“JOHN H. NEWMAN.”

On 20 Jan. 1875 the Vicar writes to Mr. Godwin:—

“You have paid all your visits save one and that one where you would certainly be as welcome as at any house wherein you have sojourned—this Vicarage. You were due here this month and I hope nothing will induce you to postpone it much longer. It will not long be in my power to receive you, For my state of disease admonishes me to prepare for the end. I have consulted Dr. Goodfellow again and his reply is very ominous.”

*To the same.*

“Feby. 5, 1875.

“MY DEAR SIR,

“If you knew how anxiously we watch every Post for tidings from you, you would not omit to write if it were but

one unavailing line. I do entreat you to say when we are to send to meet you. I am so crushed that only to see you and hear your voice would be a solace to me and mine. Griefs are crowding in upon me on every side great and small and my whole frame of Body and mind gives way. And now that I am writing I remember you cannot have this until Monday. I have so much to say to you when we meet. Do strain every Point and come. I implore you not to fail me."

*To J. G. Godwin, Esq. (after his visit).*

"March 4, 1875.

. . . "I was so glad to see you. Would to God I could look to see your face again. Never was Man so harassed with diversity of dooms as I am. What shall I do? Those faces—those blessed faces downstairs—How can I brook to see hem? I pray you write and comfort me if you can. What shall I do?"

It was characteristic of Hawker and his utter incapacity for economy that while bewailing his financial straits to Mr. Godwin he commissions him to make purchases in London, generally of an expensive kind. Thus he writes, on 16 March 1875 :—

"The watch arrived in safety—going—with London Time. Thanks sincere. I must ask you for a pair of Red or Red-like Gloves, Red if to be had, if not as nearly red as possible. I used to be able to get Red Gauntlets but now Gloves would do. . . . I prefer the Gold Glasses—they sit so firmly—and suit my tastes—embossed Gold I should not like. . . . Can I have a very good single-blade Pen-knife with horn or any other common handle? I would give anything for one good Razor honed or Sharpened for immediate

use. . . . I enclose cheque and will others when outlay requires it.

“ ‘Ho ! for the Sangreal ! once again I  $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{smite} \\ \text{cleave} \end{array} \right.$   
The dream of Echo with a Shout of Song.’

Can you send me a Paper (not the *Weekly Register*) with a full account of the Consistory wherein Manning received his Hat ? The ceremony at length.”

The poem entitled ‘*Psalmus Cantici*’<sup>1</sup> was written to commemorate Manning’s elevation to the Cardinalate. It is the last that Hawker wrote. Whether he ever sent it to the Cardinal does not appear, for it is not mentioned in the following letter :—

*From Cardinal Manning to Rev. R. S. Hawker.*

“ Archbishop’s House,  
Westminster, S.W. May 30, 1875.

“ REV. & DEAR SIR,

“ Do not think my slowness to write has arisen from insensibility to your kindness in sending me the greeting of your letter. I have been overdone by work and by writing letters : yours was laid in order for its turn : & I now thank you very sincerely.

“ I pray every day in the Holy Mass that the England of S. Edward both in popular liberty and in Catholic unity may return once more.

“ I wish my Countrymen knew how I love England and Englishmen. If I ever seem to speak sharply it is only against the errors which mislead so many, & the miseries which make havoc of our beautiful land.

<sup>1</sup> Included in ‘*Cornish Ballads*’ (new edition).

“What do the men of to-day know of the Sins of the 16th. Century? They did not commit them & they do not make them their own.

“May every good gift be with you.

“Believe me, always,

“Faithfully yours in J. C.,

“HENRY E., C.,

“Archpb. of Westmr.”

On 22 April 1875 Hawker writes to Mr. Godwin—

“You will be glad to hear that I have secured a Curate, one of the most eligible men in Cornwall, Mr. Comber, a descendant of Dean Comber, whose work on the Prayer Book you will recall. A married Man with Six Children—earnest and zealous and well informed, without any false taste or pretension.”

Again, on May 19th. “I am responsible to Comber for £100 a year and House Rent and Taxes for Dean Lodge £25 more, in all £125 a year. From what diggings this Sum is to be exhumed does not yet appear. I am charged to avoid emotion as perilous. Yet every day brings a new worry. Can you buy for me a cheap Photograph of the Sorcerers Moody and Sankey? The Photograph of the Cardinal is too expensive. Haste and bad Stationery.”

A week later he writes—“You would grieve to know how feeble I am—weaker every day. Mrs. Hawker talks of taking me away as soon as Comber comes but I fear I shall not be able to move from hence again. A Confirmation between the 4th and 25th of July. Two club Sermons at hand but they will occur before Abrahall goes away and he must preach them. School Inspector from London on the 2nd June. Accounts made out.

Balance due to me £20 odd. Last year it was £30-15-0. To alleviate this Tarratt sent me £10, Mrs. T. Senior £5, Lord Clinton £10, spontaneously. But every year will shew the same defect, and I must make up my mind. But how wild all this is—my mind! It is gone.”

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## CHAPTER XXVIII

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1875

### THE LAST JOURNEY.

“Fret not. Our Inn, the Church, hath rooms diverse :  
He passed from one to another here.”—F. G. LEE.

AS soon as his Curate was installed in the Parish, the Vicar went away on a visit to his brother Claud, at Boscastle. A writer in the *Western Morning News* of that date says, “on the authority of one very dear to him,” that “Mr. Hawker had felt for some weeks that his end was approaching, and so strangely impressed was he with this idea, that on the Sunday previous to his departure he preached a farewell sermon to his parishioners at Morwenstow, who were so moved by it that after the service they crowded round him in tears.” The Rev. J. F. Chanter writes in his reminiscences already quoted, “When I revisited the scene it was just after his death. The Churchwarden told me that just before Mr. Hawker went to Plymouth, where he died, he sent for him and said, ‘I am sure I shall never come back alive, and so I have sent for you that I may tell you where I wish my body to be laid.’”

At Boscastle a gleam of his old humour is recalled by a trivial incident. His brother had a servant named Good, and the Vicar instructed his children always to say, “Good, will you be good enough,” when they required his services.

The following letter is the last addressed to Mr. Godwin. The writing is painfully small and cramped, an utter contrast to the large firm hand of his vigorous days. His handwriting was ever an index of his frame of mind. This letter is a sad symbol of ruin and decay :—

“ 9, Lockyer Street,  
“ Plymouth. June 11, 1875.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ My life has been so varied of late that I have hardly been able to command time place or pen to write anyone. This is my first effort at a letter. Three weeks ago we resolved to make one attempt to break away suddenly from work and worry, and having secured Mr. Comber of Truro as Curate we turned our backs on the Visit of the Bishop on the 12th instant, and on his approaching Confirmation on the 23rd at Kilkhampton, and resolved to go off to Boscastle to seek rest and quiet with my Brother there. On our arrival we found that the doom pursued us—the fiend. Poor Claud my Brother had been attacked two days before with a dangerous malady, Fistula of the Spine. We had gone as we always do *en masse*.—Miss Savage and the 3 children with us. So our visit was sheer dismay. But they were very kind. Mary, Claud's Wife, insisted on our stay. We tried it. But it was a fearful Scene—Claud in Bed—I helpless—the children of course in trouble. Still we stayed on for some days. Indeed we had no home. Mr. and Mrs. Comber with six children were in our Vicarage getting ready Dean Lodge for their own abode; and we pledged as it were to give up our own house to them till theirs was ready for them. So after long thought we resolved to come on here where I was born and on the Monday after we reached Boscastle, June 21, we came on here not having

lodgings or temporary home. However my poor dear Wife did accomplish our purpose and we had shelter for the Night—the lodgings where we now are. But all is I fear in vain. My heart is still under disease—the symptoms do not improve. My Wife has received strength from God to nurse me and to take care of the children, and with failure of every means of life among strangers here we are still. My doom is more than I can bear, nor do I think this state can continue long. We have a skilful Doctor [Dr. Square]. His only consolation is that we may ameliorate what we cannot cure. I pray you write—you see that I can barely hold the pen. I cannot say more, if you can read this. Our best regards.

“Yrs. faithfully,

“R. S. HAWKER.”

On June 30th he wrote to a parishioner, “The change does not produce much benefit, and we shall get home again as soon as possible.”

The following letter, addressed to his Curate, is the last he ever wrote:—

“9, Lockyer Street. July 26, 1875.

“DEAR MR. COMBER,

“Thank you kindly for all your successful work. The Bishop’s demeanour I value most of all. I especially wish you to be without fail at the Wellcombe visitation. As I told you I have reasons for this desire. Present my letters to all—dine there and carry the outlay to me—My small payments Ward will defray—Let him present to the Archdeacon the Offertory Book and relate the circumstances—the truth that one year’s Offertory has equalled 3 yrs Church Rates and will enable us to roof the Church nearly. If I get home, which I doubt, don’t expect to see anything but a carcase. I am weak to prostration. We shall come





*Portrait by Mrs. P.*

THE VICAR OF MORWENSTOW

*Painted in the August, 1872, at the residence of the vicar.*



home, if we do, without help from Morwenstow, hiring as we come.

“With kind regards,  
“Yours faithfully,  
“R. S. HAWKER.”

Thus, like the shipwrecked Captain of the *Caledonia*, “his last thoughts were full of duty to his owners and his ship, and his latest efforts for rescue and defence.”

There is no doubt that, in these few weeks at Plymouth, the Vicar's overwrought brain began to give way. His nephew, who up to the last fortnight drove out with him every day, says that after that he was not right in his mind. He would look at his relatives who visited him, without recognition, then suddenly, as the remembrance returned, would call them by name in surprise.

It was during this time that Mrs. Hawker, with a foreboding, no doubt, that the end was at hand, persuaded the Vicar to sit to a photographer. He had not been taken for some years, and always hated the process, so that considerable coaxing was necessary. It occurred to Mrs. Hawker that she would like a remembrance of him as he appeared when ministering in his Church, so she sent to Morwenstow for his surplice, stole and biretta, and the likeness was taken which is here reproduced. It shows too well the look of death upon his face.

The end came suddenly. On 13 August Mrs. Hawker wrote to Mr. Godwin:—“My dear Husband is alarmingly ill. On Tuesday morning we were to have left for home, but on Monday night, finding one of his arms and hand dead and cold, I sent for the Doctor who discovered that a clot of blood had settled in the artery of his left arm and that the pulse that side was gone. On Wednesday his mind began to wander, & though he now knows us all he is not

conscious of what he says to us & is confined altogether to his bed."

On the following evening, the 14th of August, an event took place which has aroused more controversy, perhaps, than any other episode in the life of a Parish clergyman. To some readers this event is already known. Those who have made Hawker's acquaintance for the first time in these pages may or may not be surprised to learn that on his deathbed he was received into the Church of Rome. The ceremony was performed by Canon Mansfield, one of the clergy attached to Plymouth Cathedral, who was summoned by Mrs. Hawker to her husband's bedside. Her letters show that he did not at this time ask her to send for the priest, but that in doing so she felt that she was fulfilling his desire. "I think I may venture to say to you," she writes to a friend, "that Robert would never himself have sent for him, because he had no doubt a prevision of all the trouble his avowal would bring upon me after his death, & his great love made him willing to risk the salvation of his soul rather than bring by his own act possible misery on me. That was Robert Hawker's character."

In this chapter, however, we are concerned with events, and these, it would seem, can be best described in the words of those who were with the Vicar at the last, namely, his wife and a lady, Miss Savage, who was then acting as governess to the children. The latter writes, "We were all packed on the Monday (9 August) ready to start on the Tuesday, when we were stopped at about seven in the evening. We then hoped that we might leave in a few days; but the doctor said that Mr. Hawker would never leave Plymouth again. . . . On Thursday his pulse was weaker, and Mrs. Hawker then sent for John Olde (his manservant) as we found it very difficult to move him. . . . On Friday John came. Mr. Hawker expressed his joy at seeing him & thanked him in

his own words. On the same evening he had a visit from young Dr. Square, knew him perfectly and talked to him. I saw and stayed with him for some time; he was quite conscious; knew everything & each of us who attended to him. On the Saturday morning I was present when he was told that Canon Mansfield was coming that evening to receive him into the Church. [Miss Savage, it may be mentioned, was not a Roman Catholic]. I shall never forget the scene. He looked so peaceful, & was so full of thankfulness."

"When I told my Husband what I had done," writes Mrs Hawker, "he raised himself instantly, &, seeming for the moment as if all bodily anguish was forgotten, exclaimed, 'Thank God, the Church, & Pauline.' 'Tide of Glory,' 'Tide of Joy,' The Gloria in excelsis Deo, to the end—then the Te Deum. Hitherto the penitential Psalms had been constantly on his lips. But, on that Eve of the Assumption, the last day of his life, after he had heard that the desire of his Soul was about to be satisfied, he repeated all joyful Canticles, & again & again & again these two verses: 'What shall I render to the Lord for all that he hath rendered unto me? I will take the Chalice of Salvation & call upon the name of the Lord.'

"Once he lifted his hand & pointing towards the closed door, as if he saw a supernatural form, said, 'His banner Over me was love.'

"When Canon Mansfield entered the room, although they had never met, my Husband gave him an earnest welcome and carried his hand to his lips—what followed is sacred to the memory of the dead.

"At twenty minutes past eight o'clock on the morning of the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady the Soul of Robert Stephen Hawker passed into eternity. After his body was laid decently and in order, all who gazed upon him were struck with the look of youth and peace upon his

face. It brought to mind his teaching, that in the Resurrection the Arisen dead will be of the age of Our Blessed Lord—the Young Man of Nain—Lazarus—the Ruler's Daughter—in middle life. Those who die old will renew their strength. The child will grow to the perfect stature of the fulness of the man."

The funeral took place on 18 August 1875. In accordance with the dead man's taste, purple instead of black was worn by the mourners. The coffin was of oak, with a plain brass cross upon the lid, bearing the inscription—

"ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER.  
For 41 years Vicar of Morwenstow,  
Who died in the Catholic Faith,  
On the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Lady,  
1875.  
Aged 71.  
*Requiescat in Pace.*"

"All was done," wrote Mrs. Hawker, "in accordance with my own expressed wishes, based upon indirect suggestions of my Husband's. The first Sunday evening we were in Plymouth he attended the only Service at the Cathedral at which he was ever present. Returning home he said, 'How much I should like to pass a night in that Cathedral!' For this reason his body was lodged there on the night previous to his interment—And for the rest, I bore in mind the charge given by the bold Crusader Sir Ralph de Blancminster in my Husband's own Poem :—

"Let Mass be said and requiem sung,  
And that sweet chime I loved be rung.  
Those sounds along the Northern wall  
Shall thrill me like a trumpet-call."

The illustration shows the granite cross over the grave in



This is the tomb of  
**ROBERT STEPHEN HAWKER**  
 80 7/8 YEARS NEAR OF NEWENSTON CORNWALL  
 PRAY FOR HIS SOUL  
 DIED AT PLYMOUTH DEC. 5 1883 HE DIED AT  
 PLYMOUTH IN THE CATHOLIC FAITH ON THE  
 FEAST OF THE ASSUMPTION OF  
 OUR BLESSED LADY 1875  
 ALSO OF **PAULINE ANNE**  
 HIS WIDOW  
 WHO DIED "MAY 5 1883"

THE GRAVE IN PLYMOUTH CEMETERY.

At the foot of the base of the Cross is a line from "The Quest of the Soul" (1877)

"I would not be forgotten in this land."

On the sides of the tombstone are inscribed the words of St. Monica's last prayer:

"I beg only anywhere, be not forgotten about that. The only thing I ask of you is that you make remembrance of me to the almighty God, when you pray." S. M. S. V.





Plymouth Cemetery, where, eighteen years later, his wife was laid at his side. At the back of the cross are inscribed the words of St. Monica's last prayer, which Hawker had been fond of quoting, and which, it will be remembered, forms the subject of one of Matthew Arnold's sonnets :—

“LAY THIS BODY ANYWHERE. BE NOT CONCERNED ABOUT THAT. THE ONLY THING I ASK OF YOU IS, THAT YOU MAKE REMEMBRANCE OF ME BEFORE THE ALTAR OF THE LORD WHERESOEVER YOU ARE.

“*S. MONICA.*”

The words engraved on the top of the granite block, round the base of the cross, are those of a line in ‘The Quest of the Sangraal’—

“I would not be forgotten in this land.”

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## CHAPTER XXIX

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### SECESSIONAL.

“He sleeps in yonder nameless ground,  
A cross hath marked the stone ;  
Pray ye, his soul in death hath found  
The peace to life unknown.”

*The Cell by the Sea.*

EVERYONE who treads the churchyard path at Morwenstow must regret that Hawker's grave is not to be found among the quiet stones that bear witness to his pastoral care. But though his body must lie in alien ground, the spirit and the memory are here, and will remain here so long as the ancient church endures. These thoughts were finely expressed in the memorial verses of Mr. Henry Sewell Stokes,<sup>1</sup> ‘The Plaint of Morwenstow.’—

“That he was brave the white-haired cragsmen tell,  
Round all the coast from Hartland to Pentire ;  
And shipwreck'd mariners remember well  
How grand he look'd when flash'd the beacon-fire.

“As down the cliff he rush'd against the gale,  
Well might he seem the Angel of the Storm ;  
While his deep voice the stranded bark would hail,  
His strong arm stretch to save some gasping form.

. . . . .

<sup>1</sup> Hawker's own criticism of another elegy by Mr. Stokes may appropriately be recalled here. On 5 March 1869 he wrote to him:—“Thank you for allowing me to see the lines on the deaths of Mr. Foster and his son. I can better admire than exceed the touching simplicity and pathos of your verses—clear, subdued, and thrilling as ever dirge should be.”

- “When falls Tintagel’s tower, its solemn chime  
In Hawker’s rhythm will echo on the blast,  
And still repeat, ‘Come to thy God in time!’  
And say to each, ‘Come to thy God at last!’
- “He heard and went : but where his dust should sleep,  
Tears on a vacant sepulchre are shed ;  
And still the cry comes from Morwenna’s steep,  
Complaining that they bring not home the dead.
- “The seabirds miss him on the headland’s verge,  
And wailing seek their guardian ’mong these graves ;  
And to the cavern’d shore’s Aeolian dirge  
Succeeds the ‘De profundis’ of the waves.
- “Rest where he may, this place is hallow’d ground :  
Genius, Love, Duty, tried by crucial pain,  
Here in one noble human mould were found,  
The secrets of his soul with God remain.”

The author of these lines expressed, with equal felicity, the view taken by large-minded people of the closing episode in Hawker’s life,—“To infer from his reception into the Roman Catholic Church on his deathbed that he had deliberately practised deception and hypocrisy during any portion of his long life, is to do cruel wrong to his character & memory ; and, notwithstanding the unhappy controversy that has arisen, there are few who really knew him who will not continue to regard him as a true man, a genuine poet, and a sincere Christian. . . . But more cruel still than the *post mortem* inquisition into his mental condition during the few days and hours before his decease, is the curiosity that would intrude into the chamber where he was soothed and comforted in his mortal agony by his devoted wife, the mother of his children. While the departed receives charity and respect, let no injustice or unkindness be done to the bereaved.”

At the time of Hawker's death there were not many able, like Mr. Stokes, to repress the impulses of the *odium theologicum*. A bitter newspaper controversy raged for many weeks. It is the anxious hope of all concerned in the preparation of the present volume that this controversy may not be reopened. Let us bear in mind the words of Tennyson—

“He gave the people of his best :  
His worst he kept : his best he gave :  
My Shakespeare's curse on clown and knave,  
Who will not let his ashes rest.”

As Professor Huxley wrote, “Few literary dishes are less appetising than cold controversy.”

At this distance of time, nevertheless, we can look back upon the event more calmly and dispassionately, and it seems only fair to the memory of the dead that certain considerations should be urged on behalf of those who cannot answer for themselves.

If, on the one hand, we decide that Hawker was received into the Roman Church with the consent of his faculties, we must not condemn him for not seceding before. It is obvious that to the very last he cherished a deep affection for the national Church as an institution, as well as a belief in the efficacy of her sacraments. It was only with her temporary leaders, and the rationalistic Spirit of the age, that his quarrel lay. A still deeper love, linked with the associations of forty years, bound him to the lonely altar at which the Church of England—“our dear old Church,” as he called her in 1874—had appointed him to minister. Let no one say that he failed in duty, either to flock or fold. The precise date at which convictions change it is never possible to fix. Such changes take place gradually, insensibly, and with much shifting of the vane. A temperament like

Hawker's was peculiarly liable to veer, now East, now West, with every wind of impulse. He would take different sides at different times, and with equal vehemence.

Only a few weeks before his death he was conversing with a Plymouth gentleman, Mr. John Shelly, who writes—"He spoke to me always as an English Churchman, admiring and loving the Roman Church and its Bishops here, Cardinal Wiseman certainly more than Cardinal Manning, and with a great affectionate reverence for the Pope, but at our last interview I was putting forward some reasons which I did not think conclusive but weighty in favour of the doctrine of the infallibility of the Pope, and he argued very strongly and earnestly against it. He always spoke of his return to Morwenstow to take up his work again there as a Priest of the Church of England, and though I knew of his interest in and affection for the Roman Church, and that he contributed to Roman periodicals, I was not prepared to hear that he had been received into the Roman Church."

Now in thus arguing against Infallibility Hawker must have been either sincere or deranged. His idea of consistency, we must remember, was that five minutes must elapse between the expression of one view and its opposite. [See page 220.] We must remember, too, the influence of opium on a mind and body broken by age, anxiety and disease. But most of all we must remember that it is not for us to sit in judgment, and that questions of this kind rest between a man's conscience and his Maker.

If, on the other hand, we decide that Hawker when in health did not desire to secede, there is no ground for attributing to his wife anything but an error of judgment. She was not, as has been stated, a Roman Catholic before her marriage, but had been brought up in the Church of England. She joined the Church of Rome after her

husband's death. The responsibility which she assumed in summoning the priest did, as she foresaw, bring great trouble upon herself. From a worldly point of view she had nothing to gain, and everything to lose, by such a step. From this point of view, her action was certainly rash. At the same time it was the action of a brave, unselfish woman, whose one thought was her husband's happiness. A worldly woman would have regarded the opinion of the world, and the effect on her own social position. Mrs. Hawker chose the difficult, unpopular course, which involved the estrangement of friends, the attacks of enemies, and the beginning of life anew with a prospect of poverty.

The following two letters received by Mrs. Hawker show the feelings entertained for the Vicar of Morwenstow by brother-clergymen of the Church of England who were best acquainted with his theological opinions:—

“Broomholm, Dumfriesshire. Aug. 21, 1875.

“DEAR MADAM,

. . . “Though I have never seen Mr. Hawker, I have been in correspondence with him for the last 25 years, and I have a number of very interesting and remarkable letters which I have never had the heart to destroy. In this way I came to know him very well and grew much attached to him and now the sudden announcement of his having departed this life makes me feel very sad. It is one of the regrets of my life that I have never seen him and that when staying with Mr. Hockin of Phillack I was unable to make my way to Morwenstow as the good Vicar wished. I have always thought of him as of one born some 500 years too late—a thoroughly mediæval and Dantesque mind. . .

If you have a Photograph to spare I should treasure it as

a most valued memorial of him whom having not seen I have loved. . . .

“Your sincere and faithful friend,  
WILLIAM WEST.”

“All Saints Vicarage,  
“Lambeth. 25 August 1875.

“MADAM,

“You may perhaps know me by name as one who had the high privilege of your husband’s friendship for a quarter of a century. Every scrap of letter he wrote me I have from the first carefully preserved. His death gave me a severe shock. I lived in the hope of seeing him again. I should be so deeply grateful if you would give me a line with regard to his end. There was no single clergyman in the Church of England for whom I had a deeper or heartier reverence, & I pray God that we may meet in a better world. With every respectful sympathy for you & an apology for this intrusion,

“I am, Madam, Yr. faithful Servant,  
“FREDERICK GEORGE LEE.”

In September 1875 Mrs. Hawker wrote to Dr. Lee :—

“In a position such as mine is now, when so many are ready to cast a stone at one to whom they were not worthy to hold a candle, such a tribute as your Poem is as Balm in Gilead.” The poem is given here.

“ON THE DEATH OF A POET PRIEST.

I

“Not where th’ Atlantic sighs upon the shore  
Of the most sacred station of a saint :—  
Not where uprises Ocean’s ceaseless plaint  
Or swells its fury to tempestuous roar ;

Not near God's acre, which he loved so well,  
 Where sunbeams creep athwart Morwenna's shrine,  
 Where Sacrament is shed, and signs divine  
 Speak of a time when seas shall no more swell ;  
 But near the confines of his boyhood's home,  
 (Now work is done and stormy skies grow black,  
 Changes too rude ; more dangerous the track ; )  
 Came the short summons of his Master, " Come,  
 O faithful servant blest." That Garden grows  
 Heaven-sunned the Mystic Sharon's blood-red Rose.

## II

" So, on the day when Blessed Mary slept,  
 But lived, by grace encircling Her, to stand  
 In golden vesture, Queen, at God's Right Hand,  
 Her client likewise closed his eyes. Friends wept,  
 Because of separation, round his bed ;  
 Then joyed, with deepening thankfulness, that he  
 Should pass the waves of Earth's sore-troubled sea  
 With pleading mother's smile above him shed.  
 Fret not. Our Inn, the Church, hath rooms diverse :  
 He passed from one to another here. Then on  
 Where angel-guardians, sheltering, wait to guide  
 God's servants to the Valley's other side,  
 Scaring all demons, smit with eternal curse  
 To their dark lairs. Soon upward towards God's throne."

*Good Jesus, mercy. Mary help. That way  
 Most surely brightens to a perfect day.*

The gist of Dr. Lee's Memoir is contained in a letter which he wrote to *John Bull* before its publication. " From it " [the Memoir], he says, " it will be seen that his faith in the Established Church was seriously weakened (1) By the appointment of Dr. Temple, Editor of the infidel ' Essays & Reviews,' to Exeter ; and (2) that it was positively undermined by the action of the English Bishops in the



passing of the Public Worship Regulation Act. That Mr. Hawker was a Roman Catholic for years I know to be wholly and altogether false, as correspondence in my possession abundantly and most conclusively shows."

Mr. Godwin, to whom Hawker's most intimate letters were addressed, wrote in his Preface to the poems, with reference to his secession:—"To those best acquainted with the workings of his inner life, this step did not cause the least astonishment or surprise."

A letter written by Cardinal Newman to a friend about this time expresses the view which he took of Hawker's death-bed change. He of all men was able to understand the difficulties, and to sympathise with the pain which such a change involves. It is not surprising, therefore, that he touches on the question in a humane and tolerant spirit.

"Till we die ourselves," he says, "we are no judges of the thoughts and sentiments which come over a dying man, if he is himself—and therefore, while we live, we cannot be judges of his acts, and if we attempt to assign motives to them, we are going beyond our warrant.

"Moreover, Mr. Hawker was, if reports are to be trusted, eccentric in some points, and would be understood by few, even in his lifetime.

"I never saw him, but from time to time, and shortly before his death, I had letters from him."

The *Athenaeum* of 25 March 1876 contained extracts from Hawker's correspondence with Mr. Maskell which are difficult to explain on any other theory than that he had long been, at least, favourably disposed to Rome. The letters, however, from which these passages were taken, do not appear to have been preserved, and quotations without the context are never satisfactory.

Private letters always take a tone and a bias from the

character and opinions of their recipient, and Mr. Maskell was a Roman Catholic. As Tennyson says:—

“Sender and sent-to go to make up this,  
Their offspring of this union.”

Mr. Maskell recognised this principle in the interpretation which he placed upon them.

“No observation need be made,” he says, “which can be understood or intended to deduce from them, as a certainty, that for many years his mind had been fully, firmly and absolutely determined with regard to the claims of the Catholic Church upon his obedience. . . I cannot believe this of Robert Hawker; I cannot believe it of any man.

. . . . .

. . . “One assertion, at least, may be made. None among the many who knew him, especially those of his own parish, will ever think of Robert Hawker without remembering his genial manner and kindness of heart; his unwearied hospitality; his hatred of the misuse of power; his readiness at any cost to resist oppression, not of himself only but of others; and, above all, his love and tenderness for the poor. Qualities such as these may well serve to cover, if they could be named, a multitude of sins.”

The testimony of Mr. Maskell in this matter is important, as he might fairly be expected to be biassed in favour of the Church to which he himself belonged. In a letter to Mrs. Hawker he says:—

“July 28, 1871.

“I can only adhere to my own impressions, viz: that until within a day of his death, Mr. Hawker’s course of duty was not plain before him.

. . . “I cannot put my view of the case more clearly

than in this way—if Mr. Hawker had died in the Anglican Church, I should not have been surprised, nor thought him insincere in his belief. On the other hand, when the late Bishop of Exeter died, I was very much surprised, and disappointed. My belief from his language and old conversations had long been that *he* would send for a priest<sup>1</sup>: my belief was not so as regards Mr. Hawker, equally judging from his previous actions and language.”

And now it is well that this thorny subject should be finally dismissed. I have endeavoured to treat it in a perfectly impartial spirit, not with a view to provoking argument, but merely lest the well-informed person should arise and say, “There is this, or this, that you have not mentioned,” and thus cause a repetition of the controversy. At the same time I have not thought it advisable to revive, from the mass of newspaper literature bearing on the subject, every letter or reported conversation. These at the time were in no case conclusive, and would not be so now. Doubtless the evidence here given will obtain different verdicts in different courts. In these matters men mostly believe what they wish to believe.

<sup>1</sup> The fact that Mr. Maskell's relations with Bishop Phillpotts were of a most intimate character lends weight to this remark.

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## CHAPTER XXX

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### CONCLUSION.

“So now farewell, my lieges, fare ye well,  
And God’s sweet Mother be your benison.”

*The Quest of the Sangraal.*

When Mr. Godwin’s collected edition of Hawker’s poems appeared in 1879, Mrs. Hawker sent a copy to Longfellow, who again bestirred himself most kindly in promoting the sale in America. In writing to her he said—“Most of the poems, as you know, have long been familiar to me; but I have been reading them again, and find the old impression of their strength and beauty deepened by the re-perusal.”

In the year following the appearance of the collected poems, a Civil List pension of £80 a year was granted to Mrs. Hawker, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone. In reply to her letter of thanks he wrote:—

“Hawarden Castle,

“Chester. 19 Sept. /80.

“DEAR MADAM,

“I was much pleased to receive your note, and am truly glad to think that my recommendation to Her Majesty is so appreciated.

“I hope it will increase your satisfaction, if I assure you that the grant of the pension was not the result of any solicitation, nor even of sympathy, however just that may

have been, but was awarded on the ground of true poetical merit.

“I remain, dear Madam,

“Your faithful servant

“W. E. GLADSTONE.

“Mrs. Hawker.”

We must now say farewell to the companion with whom we have been walking step by step through life, and we stand for a moment, at the end of the journey, to look back over the ground that we have traversed. What has his companionship been worth? and whither has it led us? What is his claim to be remembered among men? These questions, which naturally arise at the end of a biography, every reader will answer for himself.

Robert Stephen Hawker lived apart from the world. He was restricted early to a narrow sphere of action, from which he never emerged. It is impossible to avoid the reflection that his powers were to a certain extent wasted in his isolation, and that if he had had more scope he might have done greater things. And yet how much we might have missed that goes to make his charm! Much of his originality, his independence of mind, and his delightful eccentricities would have worn away among the conventions of a town. One cannot picture him living anywhere but at Morwenstow, in his lonely glen, by the brow of his great cliffs, within the hearing of his beloved sea.

When we come to assign his final place in English literature, we are again compelled to acknowledge a sense of disappointment. He never did himself justice. A poet who at the age of sixty could write “The Quest of the Sangraal” ought to have produced much more work of equal quality. He seemed incapable of sustained effort, and,

where he had imagined an epic, succeeded only in realising a fragment, unsatisfying from its very splendour. His mind was like a billow of mid ocean, rolling along with mighty force and volume, but without direction. His literary power expended itself on the innumerable, disconnected paragraphs which fill his note-books, If only he had continued his Quest! But it was too late! Old age was upon him, and troubles were increasing. That which he did achieve, moreover, was never appreciated at its proper value.

“Fame,” as Milton tells us,

“is the spur which the clear spirit doth raise,  
To scorn delights and live laborious days.”

To some artistic natures praise and recognition are a necessary food, and Hawker's energies in this respect were starved. He dwelt outside the charmed circle wherein reputations are mutually promoted, and he never caught the public ear. But since his death, as he himself prophesied, his fame has continued to grow.

Mr. Gladstone's letter touches the keynote of his life; for, like the grant of public money to his widow, so that larger pension of the world's praise will be awarded “on the ground of true poetical merit.” His actual achievement in verse represents but a small part of the poetry that was in him. It entered into all his written or spoken language; his prose, his letters, his sermons, his conversation. No man ever more fully realized Matthew Arnold's idea of the Christian religion as ‘concrete poetry.’ Christianity was to him a grand spiritual epic, culminating in the central mysteries of the Incarnation and the Resurrection. The Bible and the Church presented to his mind a series of beautiful legends, and with Hawker there was no shadow of difference between a legend and a fact. In theology he accepted that which appealed to his imagination. Whatever

could be clothed in the language of poetry was, for him, true. His literal interpretation of the Bible, demonology and all, was, in an age of compromise, unparalleled. As Matthew Arnold was called 'our last Greek,' so Hawker might be termed 'our last Christian,' in the sense that St. Francis of Assisi, for example, understood Christianity.

So in the region of thought he holds a singular position; the position of one who, living in the nineteenth century, was dominated by the beliefs and sentiment of the Middle Ages. He was an anachronism, entirely out of accord with the modern spirit.

His social creed, as expressed in the concluding vision of 'The Quest of the Sangraal,' was reactionary.

“‘Ah! haughty England! Lady of the wave!’  
 Thus said pale Merlin to the listening King,  
 ‘What is thy glory in the world of stars?  
 To scorch and slay: to win demoniac fame,  
 In arts and arms; and then to flash and die!  
 Thou art the diamond of the demon-crown,  
 Smitten by Michael upon Abarim,  
 That fell; and glared, an island of the sea.  
 Ah! native England! wake thine ancient cry;  
 Ho! for the Sangraal! vanish’d Vase of Heaven,  
 That held, like Christ’s own heart, an hin of blood!’”

Scientific progress and modern commercialism were alike repugnant to Hawker. The vaunted marvels of steam and electricity merely filled him with that disgust which prompted Ruskin’s passionate reproach:—“There is not a quiet valley in England that you have not filled with bellowing fire!”<sup>1</sup> If he was sometimes extreme in his prejudice against science, overlooking its good results, he commands more sympathy in his hatred of commercialism. The contrast between the British Pharisee’s Sunday pro-

<sup>1</sup> ‘Sesame and Lilies,’ p. 74 (14th Edition, 1894).

fessions and weekday practices is nowhere more scathingly drawn than in the letters denouncing Exhibitions. From Hawker, on his serious side, Christian England may learn much as to the application of Christianity to life.

But he was also a humourist. His humour, to those about him, was an inexhaustible delight. It sparkled on the surface, and often served to conceal, even from himself, depths of gloom beneath. Without it his existence would have been indeed a tragedy. No one acquainted only with his poems would imagine how great a part humour played in his daily life : though much of it has been arrested for us in his prose, his letters, and the recollections of his friends, these are after all but echoes of the living voice.

And when we consider him in his dealings with his fellow men, what is the impression that remains ? It is that of an unique and winning personality, strong enough to disregard convention, and free to develop in solitude a peculiar charm. In the retrospect of those long years at Morwenstow, we remember chiefly his charity to the poor, his care for the shipwrecked, his hospitality to friend and stranger, his tenderness to all living creatures, his whole-hearted devotion to wife and child and home. Such is the abiding memory of Robert Stephen Hawker.

“ His life was gentle, and the elements  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, *This was a man !* ”



## RESURGES?

(WRITTEN IN THE HUT AT MORWENSTOW)

O Spirit, where art thou fled  
Thro' the deeps of air and sea?  
Wilt thou not return from the dead,  
To be mortal one hour with me?

I gaze from thy crag-hewn seat  
O'er the spreading, limitless main,  
And the deep foam-thunders beat  
At their rocky bars in vain.

The land still wars with the deep,  
And the storm sweeps valley and hill :  
But the dead rise not yet from their sleep,  
And the stormy Spirit is still.

Will the dead rise up from the past,  
When the dark gates open to me?  
Shall I greet thee, O Spirit, at last,  
On the verge of that vaster sea?

C. E. B.



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## APPENDIX I.

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### THE HAWKER MEMORIAL WINDOW.

THIS is an age of literary shrines and pilgrimages, and it was fitting that there should be at Morwenstow some visible memorial of him to whom the place owes its very identity, and with whom its name is indissolubly linked.

Accordingly some two or three years ago a local movement was begun with a view to collecting funds for this purpose, and as a first result two new bells were hung in the church tower, one of them, the leading bell, being dedicated to Hawker's memory, and inscribed with words from his own ballad 'The Silent Tower of Bottreaux':—

"COME TO THY GOD IN TIME,  
COME TO THY GOD AT LAST."

The other new bell was inscribed to the memory of the late Miss Ann Elinor Shearme, who had provided for the cost of the bell in her will.

It was felt, however, that there should be some more obvious memorial of Hawker in the Church itself, and this has taken the form of a beautiful stained glass window, of original and appropriate design. Of the larger lights one is a restoration of the mural painting discovered a few years ago in the chancel (see page 46). Three others represent episodes in the life of St. John the Baptist, and the remaining two contain respectively the figures of St. Morwenna and her brother St. Nectan. In the smaller lights appear various objects in and around the Church which are especially associated with the Poet-Vicar. Proceeding from left to right we see the interior of the Church as in Hawker's time. The Well of St. John, with Hawker and his dog standing by, the Lych-gate, the Shield of David from a boss in the chancel roof, the Churchyard Cross, the Manning Tomb

(see page 81), the Font, the Piscina, the Pentacle of Solomon, the Figurehead of the *Caledonia* in the Churchyard, the Well of St. Morwenna in the cliffs, and the exterior of the Church.

Running round the whole window, as a border, is the tracery of the Vine, copied from the carving in the Church roof, which is the subject of one of Hawker's sonnets.

The window was executed by Messrs Lavers & Westlake, of Endell Street, Bloomsbury.

The unveiling ceremony took place on 8th September 1904, and was performed by the Rev. John Tagert, Vicar of Morwenstow, who has held the living since Hawker's death, and has now reached the venerable age of ninety-two. The sermon on the occasion was preached by the Rev. Prebendary Roger Granville, a friend of Hawker's (see page 578), and a descendant of the great Sir Bevill Granville of Stowe. The chief promoter of the memorial was another friend of Hawker's, Mrs Waddon Martyn, of Tonacombe Manor. One of the largest contributors was the Earl of Rosebery. That Hawker is not forgotten across the Atlantic is evidenced by the fact that the list also contains the names (among others) of three American writers of to-day, Mrs Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Sarah Orne Jewett, and Mrs James T. Fields.

At a public tea held in the village hall after the Dedication Service, Mr Francis Coutts read aloud his poem on the occasion, which, in a slightly altered form, is to be found in his recently published volume, 'Musa Verticordia.'

#### "MORWENSTOW.

"Nature bestows on every place  
 A gloom, a glory, or a grace;  
 But yet strange power belongs to Man  
 The hill and vale to bless or ban.  
 Here, by this black, forbidding coast,  
 Dwelt one who heard the heavenly host  
 Singing in every wind that blows,  
 In wave that breaks or stream that flows.



THE HAWKES MEMORIAL WINDOW IN MOORE'S CHURCH, NEW YORK

DESIGNED BY THE ARCHITECT

PLATE 11



And surely deemed that love divine,  
Whose tendrils all his church entwine,  
Is not too distant to be won  
By Nature's humblest orison.

Wherefore amid these moors and steeps  
His spirit ever laughs and weeps,  
Weeps with the storm or laughs with glee  
For rhythmic laughter of the sea :

For who beside Morwenna's well  
The "former gladness" tries to tell,  
Or reads in Tonacombe's "mild" stream  
The pathos of the poet's dream,—

Who lingers by St. Nectan's Kieve,  
Watching the "foamy waters" leave  
Their mossy cave, to seek for rest  
In Severn Sea's unslumbering breast,—

Who strays where rushy Tamar spills  
Her new-born flood in slender rills,  
Unguessing in her modest source  
The "goodly channel" of her course,—

Who pauses reverently to con  
The sacred well-house of St. John,  
Whose fountain feeds the lustral bowl  
Wherein is laved each infant soul,—

What pilgrim—sinner, saint, or sage,—  
Who ponders here a vanished age,  
By main or moor, by holy grot  
Or mystic knoll, remembers not

The name of Hawker? Honoured long  
In Cornwall for his life and song,  
And now in British hearts enshrined,  
A man at peace with God, in friendship with  
Mankind.

FRANCIS COUTTS."

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## APPENDIX II.

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## APPENDIX III.

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### A LIST

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## INDEX

- ABERDEEN, VIII.**  
 'Abide ye here with the Ass,' text of sermon, 604  
 Abrahall, Mr., Curate at Morwenstow, 630  
 Absalom's Pillar, 280  
 Abyssinian War, 569  
 Acland, Agnes, 480  
 Acland, Lady, 287, 435  
 Acland, Leopold, 537  
 Acland, Sir Thomas (10th Baronet) 36, 187, 219  
 ———, at Morwenstow, 241, 316, 525  
 ———, Hawker dines with, 244  
 ———, letters to, 13, 230  
 ———, ms. sent to, 368  
 ———, presents of live stock, 109, 389  
 ———, statue at Exeter, 400  
 ———, wreck of *Bencoolen*, 395  
 Act of Uniformity, 179  
 Adams family, 47  
 Adams, John, of Stanbury, 159  
 Adams, John Couch, the astronomer, 343  
 Adams, Mr., American Minister, 476  
 Adams, Sir William, 50, 119  
 Addison, Hawker criticises, 19  
 Agag, 603  
 Agbar, King, 377  
 'Aishah Shechinah,' poem, 424, 443  
 Alb. See Vestments  
 Alcohol, Hawker on use of, 328  
 Alford, Dean, 193  
 All Saints, Margaret Street, London 613  
 All Souls College, Oxford, 376, 381  
*All the Year Round*, Hawker writes for, 499, 506, 511, ff. See also Appendix II.  
 Allen, Rev. J., 193  
 Alma, incident at, 305  
*Alonz*, *The*, wreck of, 164, 396, 511  
 669
- Altar-cloth, 421  
 Altarnun, 3  
 Amalfi, books for sale at, 383  
 America, 382, 520  
 ———, Civil War in, 347, 354, 361, 516  
 ———, Hawker known in, 658  
 'Ancient Crosses and other Antiquities,' etc, 263-4  
 Anderson, Rev. W. D., 203, 365 ff, 408  
 Andrewes, Bishop, 383  
 Anerithmon gelasma, 191, 317, 373  
 Angels, 137, 228, 281, 337, 620-1  
 ———, take 6d. on account, 546  
 ———, wingless, 232  
 Anglican Church. See Church of England and Protestantism  
 'Anglican Orders,' Dr Lee's book on, 611  
 Animals, death of, 323  
 ———, Hawker's love of, 102 ff, 333.  
 See also, horses, dogs, cats  
 ———, immortality of, 105  
 ———, names of cows, 454-5.  
 'Antony Payne,' 536  
 Apocrypha, 561  
 Appledore Life Boat, 461, 463  
 Aquinas, St Thomas, 122, 239, 384-6, 389, 391, 546, 558. See also 'Summa Theologiæ'  
*Arbroath Guide, The*, 161  
 Archbishops, powers of, 200  
 Architecture, Church, Hawker on, 265.  
 See also Symbolism, Grottesque, Gargoyles, Gennesaret  
 Argyll, Duke of, Tennyson's letter to, 415  
 'Arisen Dead, The,' 225, 638  
 Aristotle, 378  
 Armstrong Gun, 446  
 Arnold, Dr, 284, 'Latin Prose,' 19

- Arnold, Matthew, 284, 580, 619, 639, 652, on Cornish Revivals, 57  
 Arnold, Rev. E. P., 284. Report on Morwenstow School, 619  
 Arnold, Thomas, son of Dr Arnold, 284  
 'Arscott of Tetcott,' 27, 250-1  
*Art Journal, The*, 377  
 Ash Wednesday, 335  
 Ashburton, Lord, 231  
 Ashley, Lord, 214  
 Assumption, Feast of, 637  
 Athanasian Creed, 479  
*Athenaeum, The*, xi., 513; Hawker's letters quoted, 647; letter of Mrs. Hawker, xi.; Maskell's reviews, ix; 15; Trelawny Ballad, 29. See also Appendix II.  
 'Aucepts,' pseudonym, 201  
 Augustine, St., 386, 513, 555, 621  
 'Aumry,' etymology of, 434  
 'Aunt Mary,' poem, 252-3. See also 'Modryb Marya' and Appendix II.  
 'Aureæ Veritates,' 546  
 'Aurora,' poem, 591 ff  
 "Avide, Satan!" 60  
*Avonmore*, wreck, x., 581  
 Axon, W. E. A., 271  
 Azrael, 596
- B. A., Hawker takes his, 34  
 'Baal-Zephon,' poem, 238, 253, 256, 280  
 Bacon, Lord, Hawker quotes, 246, 339, 370  
 Bagot, Bishop, 217  
 Balaam's Ass, epigram, 94  
 Baldhu, the Vicar of, 185  
 Ballads, Hawker's, 262. See also 'Cornish Ballads,' 'Trelawny Ballad,' Poetry  
 'Ballads and Legends of Cheshire,' 271  
 Baptism, 207  
 ———, aspersion, 560  
 ———, Hawker's ceremonial, 134 ff, 140  
 ———, "My fee is £1000," 604  
 ———, parents at, 376  
 Barabbas, 571  
 Barbadoes, 334  
 Baring-Gould, Rev. S., viii., xi., 38, 80  
 ———, correspondence with Hawker, 599  
 ———, domineering curate, 603
- Baring-Gould, Rev. S., Dr. Hawker's hymn, 6  
 ———, drunken coachman story, 116  
 ———, 'The Gaverocks,' 51  
 ———, Hawker's first marriage, 15  
 ———, Legend of Morwenna, 42, 599  
 ———, pillion story, 17  
 ———, visitation sermon, 183, 544  
 Barlow, William, consecration, 610  
 Barn, wrecked by storm, 538-9, 564  
 Barnstaple, 480, 606  
 Bartholomew, Archdeacon, 39, 537  
 Bath, 515  
 ———, Earl of, 346  
 Bath and Wells, Bishop Bagot of, 217  
 ———, origin of Bishopric, 510  
 Beards, 87, 356  
 Beasts, clean and unclean, 156  
 Beddoes, T. L., 20  
 Bees, habits of, 243; in Church roof, 488. See also 'Legend of the Hive' and Appendix II.  
*Belgravia*, 564  
 Bells in Morwenstow Church, 357, 657  
 'Ben Tamar,' pseudonym, 277  
*Bencoolen*, wreck of, 395 ff.  
 Benedictines, the, 383  
 Berg, Hawker's dog, 204, 264, 353, 436; death of, 357  
 Betton's Charity, 381  
 Bible Christians, 57  
*Bibliotheca Cornubiensis*, xii.  
 Bideford, 244-6  
 ———, Tennyson at, 196  
 Bigamy, a case of, 333  
 'Binney, Major and Mrs.,' 510  
 Birds, 103, 109, 377, 532-3, 543, 554  
 Birthplace, Hawker's, 1  
 'Black John,' 518, 522  
 Black Rock, The, 51, 231. See also Featherstone  
*Blackwood's Magazine*, 262  
 Blake, William. See Dr. Hawker in List of Illustrations  
 Blancminster, Sir Ralph de, 542, 555, 638  
 "Blaspheming Dog!" 145  
 Blight, J. T., 195, 263, 266 ff. See also 'Ancient Stone Crosses, etc.'  
 Bloxam, Dr., 19, 561  
 'Blue Eyes Melt, etc.', occasion of poem, 488, 498  
 Bodleian Library, The, 18

- Bodmin, 168, 170, 380  
 Bone, Rev. Canon, 93  
 "Bonner's successor," 594  
 'Book of Wraks,' 158  
 Books, Hawker's love of, 228, 372, 374,  
 378, 381 ff., 391, 419, 433, 558, 619  
 Boscastle, visits to, 32, 196, 202, 472, 632  
 Bossuet, 312  
 'Botathen Ghost, The,' 555  
 Box, Tommy, 488  
 Bradworthy, 372  
 Brag and Sham, Messrs, 372, 560  
 Brain fever, Hawker has, 471  
 Brantyngham, Bishop, 168  
 Braund, Dr., 117, 400  
 'Breachan,' 277  
 Bread Street, London, 565  
 Brewster, Sir David, 373  
 Bright, John, 247  
 Brimacombe family, 47, 71  
 "Broken purpose, A," 194-5, 259  
 Brompton, Hawker preaches at, 609  
 Brooke, W. T., 6  
 Brougham, Lord, 570  
 Brown Willy, mountain, 203  
 Browne, Rev. Ernest, 607  
 Brownie, Hawker sees a, 100, 440  
 Brunel, Sir Isambard, 546  
 Brushfield, Dr T. N., 271, 273  
 Bryant, Betty, 170  
 Buckland, F., 323, 357  
 Buckland Brewer, 245  
 Budd, Dr Richard, 116, 328, 473, 522-4,  
 568; photographs Hawker, 480  
 Buddhism, 368  
 Bude, 230  
 ———, Carew's description, 14  
 ———, castle, x., 489, 594  
 ———, church, 14, 37  
 ———, lifeboat, 78, 396, 460  
 ———, old pier, 265  
 ———, Tennyson at, 189  
 ———, visitations at, 339, 480, 521, 607  
 ———, wrecks at, 13, 395  
 Budleigh Salterton, 288  
 Buller, Mr., of Downes, 170  
 Buller, Sir J. Y., Hawker's lawsuit  
 with, 168 ff., 229, 326  
 Burial Act, 377  
 Burial of sailors, 161, 164, 307-8, 319,  
 398-9, 463, 465-6, 483, 566, 582.  
 See also Wrecks  
 Burial service, 475  
 Burns, Mr, publisher, 260  
 Burying Dissenters, 150  
 Bute, Marquis of, 557, 576  
 Byron, 193  
 Bytton, Bishop, 168  
 CABS, HAWKER ON, 505  
 Cajetan's Notes on Aquinas, 392  
 Calcraft, Mrs. and Misses, 488  
*Caledonia*, wreck, 159 ff. Hawker  
 compared to Captain, 635  
 Calmet's Dictionary, 325  
 Calvinism, 295  
 Camden, historian, 265  
 Camelford, 213  
 Cann, Thomas, 362, 392, 402, 408,  
 425-6, 461, 468, 477, 483, 502, 582  
 'Canticle for Christmas,' 625 ff  
 Capern, Edward, 244  
 Carew's 'Survey of Cornwall,' 14, 51,  
 276  
 Carey, Dr., Bishop of Exeter, 34, 39  
 Carlisle, Earl of, xiv., 423-4, 428  
 Carlyle, Thomas, Speech at Glasgow,  
 541  
 Carnsew, Thomas, 335, 594  
 'Carol of the Pruss,' 592  
 Carrow, Hawker's pony, 105, 306,  
 311, 328, 332, 498  
 Carvure of Trinity, 265  
 Casebourne, G., 217  
 Cassock, 83 ff., 187. See also Dress  
 Catacomb Frescoes, 429  
 Cats, 108, 204, 409; "Grandfer," 349;  
 Lost pet, 348 ff  
 Cattle Plague, 532-3  
 Catullus, 317  
 Caxton, 'Speculum Vitae Christi,' 489  
 'Cell by the Sea, The,' origin of poem,  
 54  
 Chalmers, Dr, 301  
 Chambers, Robert, 355-6; 'Book of  
 Days,' 356, 536; *Chambers' Journal*,  
 249; letter to Hawker, 23  
 Chancel, meditation in, 227; 366  
 Chanter, Rev. J. F., 617, 632  
 Charity, 117, 546; definition of, 602  
 Charles V., Emperor, 342  
 Charles Church, Plymouth, 1, 4, 177 ff  
 Charms, 65, 373  
 Chatterton, 557; literary methods, 259

- Cheltenham Grammar School, Hawker at, xv., 10
- Cherub, asked to sit down, 443
- Cheshire Archæological Society, 271
- Child-birth, 528
- Child-murder, cases of, 291, 331
- Children, Hawker's love of, 99 ; anxiety of, 490, 493-4
- Children, Hawker's own, 534-5, 560, 574-5, 588, 598, 602
- , birth of Morwenna, 526, 529-30
- , birth of Rosalind, 560
- , birth of Juliot, 610
- , their prayers, 567
- , wish for a son, 530, 558, 563
- Chimneys of Morwenstow Vicarage, 80
- China, war in, 318
- Chope, Mrs, funeral, 475
- , R. Pearse, 207
- , Rev. T. H., 85, 406, 608
- Choughs, red-legged, 412
- Christ. See Trinity, Second Person of, and Mediator
- 'Christabel,' 270
- 'Christ-Cross Rhyme, A,' 259 ff
- Christian Miscellany*, 156
- Christmas customs, 118, 597
- Christophers, Rev. M., 156
- Chronology, Biblical. See Time.
- Church Herald*, 620, 622
- Church of England, Hawker's opinions of, 512, 513, 514-5, 560, 610, 612 ff, 620, 622 ff, 642 ff
- , Disestablishment, 571
- , efficacy of sacraments, 577-8
- , "fading body of men," 575
- , Hawker despairs of, 616
- , incomes of clergy, 535
- , "No King in Israel," 537
- , private judgment the corner stone of, 551
- , Temple and Tait, 586. See also Protestantism and Reformation
- Church Rates, 150 ff, 227, 234, 247 ; Gladstone's Bill, 1866, 542-3 ; Parochial disputes, 147
- Church (Morwenstow) restoration, 150 ff, 199, 278 ff, 598-9, 604, 616
- , Hawker preaches in London for, 612 ff
- Church Review*, 455
- Churchwarden, letter to a, 178
- Churchwardens, duties of, 180
- Circle, symbol of eternity, 306
- Circular, Hawker's, re pupils, 548
- Clare, Miss L. T., 268 ff
- Classics, Hawker's opinion of, 18
- Cleveland Gazette*, Ohio, 258
- Cleverdon, Uncle Tony, 69
- Clift, Robin, 60
- Clinton, Lord, 288, 422, 496, 522, 600, 631
- Clive, Lord, 299
- Cloutman, Mary, 337
- Clovelly, 421, 515 ; wreck of *Margaret Quayle*, 460 ff, 467
- Clover crops, 491
- Clyde, Vicar of Bradworthy, 202, 372
- Coastguard, 230
- "Cobden, a Village," 247
- Cock, the, symbolism of, 381, 423, 428, 429, 451-2
- Cockney style of literature, 511, 514, 522
- Coffins, strange behaviour of, 334
- Colenso, Bishop, 480-1, 511
- , family history, 512-3
- Coleridge's Oxford Bill, 542
- Collins, J. Churton, 193
- Collins, Rev. J. A. W., 607
- Collins, Mortimer and Frances, 167
- Collins, Wilkie, 268, 574
- Comber, Mr., Curate at Morwenstow, 630, 633
- , letter to, 634
- Combermere, Lord, 334
- Comet of 1857, 293, 296
- , of 1861, 342, 378
- , Hawker's poem on, 277, 343
- Commercialism, 653
- Compensation, 523
- Compromise, age of, 216
- Confectioner's shop, Hawker serves behind the counter, 605
- Confirmation, 393
- Consistency, 220, 622
- Coombe Bridge built, 76
- Coombe Cottage, 21, 22, 491 ff
- Cope. See Vestments
- Corney, Bolton, 435
- 'Cornish Ballads,' 572, 580
- , binding of new edition, 206
- , Hawker's prophecy re, 384
- , Longfellow's opinion of, 615

- 'Cornish Mother's Wail,' poem, 268  
 Coroners' inquests, 291-2, 331, 398,  
 583  
 Correggio, 330  
 "Count o'er the joys," etc., 401  
 Country life, love of, 556  
 County Court, 354-5  
 Courtney, W. P., xii.  
 Cousins, the Engraver, 435  
 Coutts, Francis, 658-9  
 Cowie, Dean, 342, 369*ff*; 594, 598  
 ———, his son, 419  
 ———, "Rev. Pelagius Cowie," 454  
 Cowie, Miss, 594  
 Crime in England, 282, 293  
 ———, famous criminals, 301  
 Crimean War, 253, 280-1, 485  
*Critic, The*, 245  
 Crocker, Dr., of Bristol, 547  
 Crofton, C. F., author of 'Bencoolen  
 to Capricorno,' 397  
 Cromwell, 482  
 'Croon on Hennacliff, 397, 590  
 Cross, The, 201  
 ———, blown up, 214, 215  
 ———, Cornish Crosses, 203  
 ———, Hawker's use of, 110  
 ———, in Morwenstow Churchyard,  
 216  
 ———, sign of, 202  
 Crowe, Mrs, 320  
 'Cruel Coppinger,' 547, 551  
 Crying the Neck, 112  
 Cup, silver, presented to Col. P'Ans,  
 13  
 Curate weds a mother of 13, 494  
 Cyclone, 335. See also Storms  
  
*Daily Telegraph*, 'young lions,' 580  
 'Daniel Gumb,' 518, 536  
 Dante, 239  
 "Dantesque mind, A," 644  
 Darwin, 480-1  
 Davis, Parson, of Kilkhampton, 202  
 Days of Creation, 386  
 De Foe, 434  
 De La Rue, Messrs., make Hawker's  
 notepaper, 87-8  
 Dean Lodge, Morwenstow, 633  
 Death, Hawker's descriptions of, 219,  
 305, 351, 437: sudden death, 447:  
 "Where shall I die?" 323  
 Demons, 212, 244, 336, 384, 532  
 ———, barn wrecked by, 537-8-9  
 ———, the cock a demon-bird, 381  
 ———, England in the power of, 547  
 ———, Hawker attacked by, 440, 564  
 ———, Indian Mutiny and, 298-9  
 ———, printers', 452  
 ———, riches and weather, 442  
 Denison, on the Real Presence, 237  
 Derby, Lord, 216, 219, 317  
 ———, his 'Homer,' 515  
 Devil's autograph, 376, 381, 391  
 Devil's Door in Welcombe Church,  
 206  
 Dickens, Charles, 24, 26, 28, 249, 253  
 ———, does pay, 252  
 ———, on wrecked sailors, 359  
 'Dictionary of National Biography,'  
 xii.  
 Dinham, Dr John, 190, 290  
 Diocesan Synods, 172  
 Disraeli, Benjamin, 96-7, 219  
 ———, epigram on, 623  
 ———, speech by, 577  
 Dissent, 240. See also Wesleyanism  
 Dissenters, 146*ff*; 234  
 ———, burials in churchyards, 150,  
 377  
 ———, a Dissenter found in a hogstye,  
 380  
 ———, Hawker's friendly relations  
 with, 154*ff*; 425  
 ———, his prejudices against, 397  
 ———, respect for Hawker's memory,  
 xiv.  
 ———, shooting, 218  
 Dobson, Austin, letter to, 590*ff*  
 Dogs, 349, 353, 430, 436, 439  
 ———, in church, 108  
 ———, left on a wreck, 464-5-6  
 Dominicans, The, 236  
 'Don Juan,' 193  
 'Down with the Church,' poem, 35  
 Doyle, Sir Francis, 33  
 Drake, Miss, 421  
 Drayton, 'Polyolbion,' 378  
 'Dream of Gerontius,' 545  
 Dress, Hawker's eccentricities of,  
 83-86, 187, 503-4, 506, 607  
 Drewitt, Stephen, 1  
 Dryden, 370, 557  
*Dublin Review*, 388, 449, 451

- Dundagel, 167, 196. See also Tintagel
- Dupath (or Dewpath) Well, 264
- Dustyfoot, a dog, 565
- EASTERN CHURCH. See Greek Church
- Eastway, Manor of, 51, 601
- 'Ecce Homo,' 546, 568
- 'Ecclesia,' 249, 251, 268
- Ecclesiastic, The*, 252
- 'Echoes from Old Cornwall,' 249, 250, 252, 263, 268
- Edrupp, Mr, visit of, 524
- Education, Hawker on, 344
- Edward VII. See Prince of Wales
- Edwardes, Hon. and Rev. T., 601
- Eford Manor, 14
- Egypt, Hawker's interest in, 419
- Eldad Chapel, 2
- Election, Doctrine of, 295
- Ellacombe, Rev. T. H., 77
- Ellenborough, Lord, 478
- Eloquence, Hawker's definition of, 539
- 'Elsie Venner,' 354
- Emigration of parishioners, 401
- Emmerich, Sister, 413, 440
- Endowment of Morwenstow, 168
- England, Hawker's denunciations of, 240, 242-3, 281, 300, 302-3, 372, 387, 441-2, 524, 535, 653
- English Churchman, The*, 174, 477
- Enoch, prophecy of, 297
- Ephphatha, 228
- Ephrem Syrus, 375, 519
- Epigrams, Hawker's, 94 ff, 515, 622, 625
- Epistles, The, origin of, 322
- Epitaphs, by Hawker, 141 ff.
- , on M. Fortescue, 230, 285-6
- Eschatology, Hawker's ideas on, 293, 296-7, 535
- Esplin, J. S., 161
- 'Essays and Reviews,' 19, 376, 385-6, 388, 582
- Eucharist, The, 141
- Eusebius, 329
- Evangelicals, 186
- Evangelists, The, 322
- Evil Eye, 489. See also Superstition, Witchcraft, Ill-wishing
- Evolution, Hawker on, 122
- Excalibur, 191
- Exeter College, Oxford, 455
- Exeter, religious riot at, 215
- Exhibition, The (1862), Hawker denounces, 359, 390, 448, 653
- Exmouth, Lord, lunches with Hawker, 504
- Exorcism, 212, 227
- 'Eyes that Melt, The,' 494
- FALCON HOTEL, Bude, 189, 339, 380, 606
- Family ties, Hawker on, 339
- Fanes, the, of Clovelly Court, 423
- Farming, Hawker's interest in, 109, 491, 515, 542. See also Animals, Horses, Harvest, Labour Questions
- Feast of Tents, The, 256-7
- Featherstone, the wrecker, 51, 231
- Fenians, 560-1
- , Celtic derivation, 564-5
- 'Field of Rephidim, The,' sermon, 183
- Field, Vicar of Madingley, 394
- Fields, Mrs J. T., 658
- Filleigh Estate, The, 231
- Fire at the Vicarage, 424 ff, 434
- Fish Seal, Hawker's, 91
- Fishing Villages, Cornish, and Dissent, 516
- Flexbury, Poughill, 335
- Flowers, use of in Church, 185
- 'Follow Me,' Mrs Hawker's book, 252
- Font, Morwenstow, 241
- 'Fools build houses,' etc., 82
- 'Footprints of Former Men in Far Cornwall,' viii., 52-3, 99, 612
- , binding of new edition, 206
- , first publication of, 586
- , Oxford reminiscences in, 20
- , "sluggish sale" of, 589
- Forraburly Church, 262
- Fortescue, Matthew, 230, 285
- Fortune's Travels in China, 224
- Found, Sally; the Morwenstow witch, 67, 601
- "Fragments of a broken mind," viii., 327, 370, 381
- Franco-Prussian War, Hawker's view of, 592 ff.
- Frankenstein, 203
- Franklin, Lady, at Morwenstow, 576
- Fraser's Magazine*, 245, 579-80

- Freewill, Hawker on, 367  
 "French of Stratford-at-Bow," 240, 567  
 Frere, Judge, 205  
 Frontispiece, history of, 423  
 Froude, J. A., 521  
 ———, letters from, 579-80
- GALAHAD, SIR, lucky speculation of, 449  
 Galileo, Hawker backs, 378  
 Gambling, Hawker denounces, 285, 527  
 Ganglions, 528  
 Gargoyles, 258  
 Garibaldi, 474, 476, 560-1  
 ———, Hawker's epigram on, 97  
 ———, Hawker recites his epigram, 482  
 'Gauger's Pocket, The,' 252  
 Gennesaret, the ripple on, 521  
 Genoa, holy cup at, 413  
*Gentleman's Magazine, The*, 24, 385, 553  
 George II. guinea, 562  
 George III., Dr Hawker preaches before, 3  
 George IV., 478  
 George, Elias, 7  
 Ghost, Hawker dressed up as a, 21  
 Ghost story, 158  
 Gibson, Milner, 478  
 Gilbert, Davies, 23-4  
 Gilpin, John, Hawker compares himself to, 365  
 Gladstone, W. E., 227, 230, 325, 527, 541, 577  
 ———, Church Rate Bill, 542  
 ———, epigram on, 97  
 ———, Hawker hears him speak, 610  
 ———, incomes of clergy, 535  
 ———, letter to Mrs Hawker, 650-1  
 ———, oratory of, 532, 540  
 ———, Pusey's influence on, 518  
 Glastonbury, 412, 416  
 Gleaning, 109  
 Glebe farm, 283. See also Farming  
 Glindalough, the seven churches of, 575  
 God, nature of, 526  
 Godwin, J. G., 355, 364, 476, 484, 587, 611  
 ———, edits Hawker's Poems, 650
- Godwin, J. G., last letter to, 633  
 ———, librarian to the Marquis of Bute, 576  
 ———, on Hawker's secession, 647  
 ———, on 'The Quest of the Sangraal,' 411  
 ———, visits Morwenstow, 422, 628  
 'Golden Treasury,' 384  
 Goldsmith, Oliver, 449  
 Goode, Mr., coroner, 292  
 Goodfellow, Dr., 609, 627  
 Gooseham, 529  
 Gorham, the Rev. G. C., visits Morwenstow, 204  
 Gorham Judgment, The, 204, 209, 512  
 Gospels, the origin of, 321  
 Gossett, Mr, of Bideford, 461 ff, 466  
 Graham, Sir James, 176  
 Grant, Dr Thomas, R. C. Bishop of Southwark, 379, 442, 443  
 Granville, the Rev. Preb. Roger, 30, 305, 346, 578  
 ———, 'History of the Granville Family,' 579  
 Granville, Sir Beville, 52, 269, 286, 333  
 ———, ghost of, 618  
 ———, coffin in Kilkhampton vault, 333  
 Grave, Hawker's, chosen at Morwenstow, 632  
 ———, in Plymouth Cemetery, 639  
 Gray, Bishop, 512  
*Great Eastern, The*, steamship, 318, 345-6  
 Greek Church, 85, 185, 620  
 Gregory, St. (Major), 419, 428  
 Grenville, Sir Richard, 52  
 Gretser's 'Book of the Holy Cross,' Hawker's translation, 201, 214 ff, 233, 376, 536  
 Grey, Sir G., 211  
 'Grotesque in Architecture, The,' 257  
*Guardian, The*, Hawker's letter to, 209, 214, 215, 216  
 'Guinevere,' Hawker's favourite lines in, 195, 196  
 Guizot, 192  
 Gulf Stream, 562
- HACKMAN, MR., 560  
 Hall, Sir Benjamin, 287

- Hallam, mentioned by Tennyson to Hawker, 192
- Hals's 'Parochial History of Cornwall,' 51, 384
- Hampstead, Hawker stays at, 609
- Handwriting, Hawker's, 88-9, 633
- Hangman, polite, 216
- Harold's Cross, near Dublin, 230, 286
- Harper, Rev. T. N., 183
- Harrington, Chancellor, 344
- Harris, Captain of the *Primrose*, 222
- Harris, Christopher, of Hayne, x., 418  
 ———, letter to, 576  
 ———, on Hawker's first marriage, 16
- Harris, Miss, of Hayne, 268
- Harris, W. G., x., 116, 155
- Harrowby, The Earl of, at Morwenstow, 316-7, 373
- Hartland, 54
- Hartland Quay, 460
- Harvest, 309, 362-3, 392
- Harvest customs, 112
- Harvest Festivals, Hawker originates, 171
- Haslam, Rev. W., 185
- Hat blows away, 503-4
- Hawes, Sir Benjamin, 546
- Hawker, Claud, 208 ff, 632-3
- Hawker, first Mrs R. S., 15-16, 282  
 328, 338, 472, 493  
 ———, at Oxford, 20  
 ———, books by, 252  
 ———, death, 402, ff  
 ———, character, 406-7  
 ———, dislike of photographs, 483-4  
 ———, eyesight failing, 143, 271, 294, 309  
 ———, grave of, 404  
 ———, 'her inestimable worth,' 218  
 ———, personal appearance, 484
- Hawker, Rev. Jacob Stephen (father of R. S. Hawker), 1  
 ———, takes orders, 3  
 ———, Vicar of Stratton, 38  
 ———, death, 447
- Hawker, Rev. John, of Stoke, 2
- Hawker, Rev. Robert, D.D. (grandfather of R. S. Hawker), 1, 295  
 320, 511  
 ———, Hymn, 'Lord Dismiss us,' 6  
 ———, 'Morning and Evening Portion,' 552
- Hawker, Dr., preaches before George III., 3
- Hawker, R. S., character, 11? ff, 427, 456, 648, 651  
 ———, charity, 117  
 ———, dress and eccentricities, 83 ff  
 ———, excitability, 114, 328, 524, 606  
 ———, extravagance, 628  
 ———, constitution, 522  
 ———, deathbed scene, 637  
 ———, funeral, 638  
 ———, generosity, 113  
 ———, heart disease, 634  
 ———, hospitality, 93, 391  
 ———, humour, 654  
 ———, last illness, 635 ff  
 ———, nervousness, 358  
 ———, opium habit, 102, 643  
 ———, personal appearance, 83, 426, 530, 592, 617  
 ———, place in literature, 651 ff  
 ———, secession to Rome, 636 ff
- Hawker, second Mrs R. S., 507, 521, 522  
 ———, character, 528  
 ———, illness, 603, 614  
 ———, death, 639  
 ———, letter to *Athenaeum*, ix.  
 ———, part in Hawker's secession, 636 ff, 641, 643, 644  
 ———, Polish blood, 588  
 ———, See also Kuczynski, Miss
- Hawker, Tom, 210
- Hawker, W. S., 190
- Hawker family, history of, 558
- Heaphy, Thomas, 377
- Heber, Bishop, 33
- Hemans (? Mrs.), 240
- Hennacliff (or Raven's Crag), 45, 166, 195, 230, 244, 439, 459-60, 525, 533
- Henry VIII., 198, 379
- Henwood, Mr., 309
- Heraldry, leopard in, 437  
 "Herba Impia Gorhamensis," 205
- Herbert, George, 593
- Herbert, Sidney, 285
- Herbs, 524, 526
- Herodotus, 378
- Herrick, Robert, 80  
 ———, pet pig, 35
- Herschel, Sir William, 319



- Hey's Lectures on the xxxix. Articles, 122, 385-6  
 High Church Party, 199. See also Tractarian Movement  
 Hindus, conversion of, 367  
 Hoaxing, 5 ff, 99  
 Hockin, Canon of Phillack, 644  
 Hodson, Mrs Mary G., 4, 10  
 'Holacombe,' 208. See also Welcombe  
 Holinshed, 265  
 ———, etymology of Bude, 396  
 Holland, Philemon, 378  
 Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 354  
 Holnicote, 389  
 Holsworthy, 361  
 'Holy Grail.' See Tennyson  
 Homer, Tennyson quotes, 190  
 Honolulu, 353  
 Hook, Theodore, Hawker emulates, 5  
 Hopper, Farmer, 452  
 Horses, Hawker's, 246, 554  
 ——— names of, 107-8, 306  
 "Horsewhipped the Dissenters," 155  
 "Horsewhipping Mr P.," 427  
 House of Commons, The. Hawker at, 609-10  
 'House that Jack Built, The,' 393  
*Household Words*, 26, 249, 252. See also Appendix II.  
 Hovillers, 396  
 Howard, George. See Carlisle, Earl of  
 Howe, Lord, 254  
 Hunt, Robert, 266  
 Hurton, author of 'From Leith to Lapland,' 249  
 Hut, the, in the cliffs, 165, 430, 435, 459; a flirtation in, 444-5  
 Huxley, Professor, on controversy, 642  
 Hyde Park Riots (1866), 432  
 Hymns, Hawker on, 344-5  
  
 I'ANS, COL. WREY, 12  
 ———, his daughters, 14  
 ———, death, 14  
 I'ans, Miss Charlotte, 15  
 'Ichabod,' 458  
 'Idylls of the King,' 192, 194, 195  
 ———, type used for printing, 432  
 Ilminster, 193  
 Immaculate Conception, Papal Bull, 235, 238, 442-3  
 Incarnation, The, 443  
 Income. See Living  
 Index Expurgatorius, 392  
 Indian Mutiny, 298 ff  
 Infallibility of the Pope, Hawker argues against, 643  
 Ink, Hawker's tastes in, 89  
 Inscription over Vicarage door, 80, 187  
 Insurances, 282, 534  
 Iphigeneia, 192  
 Irish Disestablishment, 570  
 Irish Famine, Hawker's sermon on, 129 ff  
  
 JACK CADE, 261-2  
 Jackson, Bishop (of London), at Morwenstow, 593  
 Jackson, Mr. and Mrs., 506  
 Jacobson, Mrs., 437  
 Jacobson, W., Bishop of Chester, 17, 32, 429  
 ———, made Bishop of Chester, 523  
 ———, mediocrity of opinion, 18  
 ———, meets Hawker at Oxford, 506  
 Jacobson, W., Solicitor, 10  
 Jacobstow, 375  
 James I., anecdote of, 510  
 James, J. Somers, junior, 548  
 James, J. Somers, senior, 9, 457, 547  
 ———, death of, 595  
 ———, letters to, 1, 506 ff  
 Jerome, St., 393, 513  
 Jersey Cows, 163  
 Jettatura, a, 498  
 Jeune, Francis, 17, 32  
 ———, Dean of Lincoln, 479  
 ———, High Street garb, 478  
 ———, letter from, 405  
 ———, made Bishop of Peterborough, 478  
 ———, Master of Pembroke, 18  
 Jeune, Sir Francis, 32, 34  
*Jeune Joseph*, wreck, 566-7  
 Jewett, Miss Sarah Orne, 658  
 Jewish Prayer Book, 428  
 Job, Book of, 381, 419, 423  
 ———, Hawker quotes, 401  
 Job and the waiter, 504  
 Job, sermon on, 537  
*John Bull*, x., 477  
 ———, C. Harris's article in, 16

- John Bull*, prayers published in, 596-7  
 'John Inglesant,' 618  
 Johnson, Dr., 268, 557  
 Johnson, President (of U.S.A.), 520  
 Joseph of Arimathea, 412, 416-7  
 Josephus, 297  
 Judas, greater sneaks than, 375
- KAY, SIR, 455  
 Keble, John, 173, 236  
 Kelly, Arthur, 17, 33, 286, 420  
 Kelly, Mrs., 528  
 Kempe, Rev. Preb., 607  
 Ken, Bishop, 593  
 Kennaway, Sir John, 271  
 Kennaways, the, 268  
 Kennedy, the traveller, 218  
 Kensington, Lord, 602  
 Kilkhampton, 21  
 ——— Church, 53  
 ———, concert at, 269  
 King Arthur, 192, 410, 416, 428  
 ———, favourite oath, 434; Hawker compares himself to, 433  
 King Edward VII. See Prince of Wales  
 King Edward's School, Birmingham, 478  
 King, Dr., 290  
 King, R. J., 194, 418, 587  
 ———, letter from, 451  
 Kingdon, Mrs., Hawker's sister, 402  
 Kingdon, Rev. W., 20  
 Kingsley, C., 49  
 ———, controversy with Newman, 475  
 ———, Hawker on, 245  
 ———, letter to Capern, 244  
 ———, not an orator, 539  
 ———, on prayer, 523  
 Kinsman, J., saved by a raven, 64  
 Kinsman, Mr., parish mason, 424  
 Kirkland, Mr., 376  
 Koh-i-noor, 390  
 Kuczynski, Miss, 443 ff, 496 ff  
 ———, family history of, 506-7  
 ———, Hawker describes, 476, 500  
 ———, Hawker's letter to, 498  
 ———, letters, *re* Hawker, 444-5  
 ———, *re* Hawker's age, 488 ff  
 ———, returns to London, 481  
 ———, "the nursery governess," 493
- Kuczynski, Miss, "the young person," 448  
 ———, verses to, 490, 492, 497  
 ———, See also Hawker, second Mrs.  
 Kuczynski, Vincent, 529
- LABOUR QUESTIONS, 174 401, 493  
 ———, conditions of farm labourers (1825), 71  
 'Lady's Well, The,' 238  
 Laffer, Rev. A., 6  
 Lammas, derivation, 362  
*Lamp, The*, 239  
 'Lancelot and Elaine,' 196  
 Lancelot, Sir, 411, 415, 441  
 Landor, W. S., libel action, 311  
 ———, on Edward Capern, 244-5  
 Laneast, 343  
 Lane, John, xiv., 195,  
 ———, reminiscences of Capern, 244  
 Lang, Tom, 113, 601  
 Latakia, 517  
 Latimer, John, article on 'Trelawny Ballad,' 29  
 Launceston, 183, 214  
 ———, Hawker preaches at, 544  
 Lavater, physiognomist, 348, 392  
 Lavers & Westlake, Messrs., 658  
 Law, Dr., Bishop of Bath and Wells, 34  
 Lawsuit, 168 ff.  
 "Lebjinckski," Miss, 443  
 Le Dain, Edward, 159 ff, 163  
 Lee, Dr. F. G., viii., xi., 172, 518, 586, 610 ff.  
 ———, book on validity of Ordinations, 612  
 ———, elegy on Hawker, 645-6  
 ———, his Newdigate, 231  
 ———, letter to *John Bull*, 646  
 ———, letter to Mrs. Hawker on her husband's death, 645  
 ———, meets Hawker, 611  
 'Legend of the Hive,' 252  
 Legend of Holy Bread, 253  
 Leigh, Major Egerton, 271 ff, 273  
 Leighton, Archbishop, 227  
 ———, West's Life of, 558  
 Leland's Collectanea, 265  
 Lent, derivation of, 336  
 L'Estrange, Mr., 484, 517, 519  
 Letters, use of Hawker's, xii., 194  
 Levant monasteries, 226

- Leverrier, the astronomer, 343  
 Leviathan, 318  
 Lewis, Sir G., 377  
 Liddell, Dean, 390  
 ———, at Morwenstow, 325  
 'Light of Other Days,' 252  
 Lilbourne, John, Trial of, 31  
 Lincoln, President, 520  
 ———, assassination, 516 ff  
 Liskeard Grammar School, Hawker  
 at, 6  
 Literary work, 249 ff, 509 ff  
 ———, disappointments, 555, 590-1  
 ———, frittered away in "little  
 books," 573  
 ———, See also Bibliography, Appen-  
 dix II.  
 Literature, Cockney style, 559  
 Living, value of, 533-4  
 Llandaff, Bishop of, at Morwenstow,  
 621  
 'Locksley Hall,' 191  
 London, Hawker goes to, for first time  
 (1864), 503  
 ———, second visit, 608 ff  
 London clergy, 613 ff  
 ———, "an inferior lot," 616  
 Longevity, 525  
 Longfellow, 354, 382, 418  
 ———. Hawker sends 'Cornish Ballads'  
 to, 614  
 ———, letter to Hawker, 615  
 ———, letter to Mrs. Hawker, 650  
 Lonsdale, Bishop, 393  
 Lonsdale, Lord, 234  
 'Lord Dismiss us,' hymn, 6  
 Lord's Prayer, 321  
 'Lost President,' poem, 489  
 Lovell Lovell, 421  
 Lowe, the politician, 541  
 'L.S.D.,' 242  
 Lundy Island, 45, 288, 446  
 Lyell, Sir C., 480-1  
 Lyra, commentator, 429  
 Lysons, 265  
 Lytton, Bulwer, 541
- Macaulay, Lord, suggests Sangrail to  
 Tennyson, 415  
 ———, writes to Hawker, 26  
 'Macbeth,' 193, 568  
 Macbride, Dr., 514, 568  
 ———, death, 565  
 MacCabe, Editor of *Weekly Tele-  
 graph*, 240  
 Macdonald, David, 162  
 Macdonald, George, 564  
 ———, novel by, 576  
 Maclean, Douglas, 20  
 Macmillan, Messrs., 268  
 Magdala, capture of, 570  
 Magdalen Hall, Oxford, 17, 509, 565,  
 568  
 'Magna Britannia,' 265  
 Mahometanism, 367  
 Malory, Sir T., 414, 415  
 Manchester, Duke of, 214  
 'Manger of the Holy Night,' 252  
 Manning bed, the, 81  
 Manning, Cardinal, letters from. 626,  
 629  
 Mansfield, Canon, 636-7  
 MS. books. See Note-books  
*Margaret*, wreck, 230  
*Margaret Quayle*, wreck, 459  
 ———, lawsuit *re*, 466-7  
 'Marmion,' 270, 523  
 Marriage, first, 15. See also Hawker,  
 first Mrs.; l'ans, Charlotte  
 Marriage, second, 490, 495, 497 ff  
 ———. at Paddington, 505  
 ———, opposition to, 501. See also  
 Kuczynski, Miss; and Hawker,  
 second Mrs.  
 Marriott, Charles. ('Tractarian'), 19  
 Marshall, Mrs., 602  
 Marsland House, 50  
 ———, haunted, 618  
 Marsland Valley, 206  
 Martin, Bill, 57  
 Martin, Chancellor, suicide of, 326  
 Martyn, Mrs. Waddon, 47, 134, 658  
 Martyn, Rev. W. Waddon, 229, 580  
 'Martyrs of Vienne and Lyons,' 231  
 Mary, the name, 311  
 Maskell, William, x., 204, 258, 272,  
 378  
 ———, arrangements for martyrdom  
 of, 594

- Maskell, William, the Castle, Bude, 489  
 ———, criticism of Hawker's 'Quest,'  
 429  
 ———, on Hawker's correspondence,  
 vii.  
 ———, on Hawker's first marriage,  
 15  
 ———, on Hawker's secession, 648-9  
 ———, letter to, 610  
 ———, pamphlet on Hawker, xi.  
 Masters, J., publisher, 250, 252  
 M'Neile, speech of, 214, 216  
 Medal worn by Hawker, 239  
 Mediator, Christ the, 560, 596-7  
 Mediocrity, Hawker on, 421  
 Memory, loss of, 283, 487  
 Merlin, 446  
 Mermaid, Hawker masquerades as, 7  
 Mermaids, 69, 167  
 ———, in architecture, 266  
 Methodism. See Dissent and Wesley-  
 anism.  
 Mevagissey, 516  
 Meynell, Charles, 422, 451, 454  
 Michael Angelo, 233  
 ———, the bar of, 341  
 Michel, W. Francisque, 390, 435  
 Michel & Co., of Truro, 222  
 'Midwatch, The,' song, 253  
 Mill, J. S., 541  
 Mills, Mrs., 480  
 Millman, Dean, his sons visit Hawker,  
 93  
 Milton, Hawker's allusions to, 194,  
 232, 239, 342, 356, 428, 457  
 Milton Damerel with Cookbury, 203  
 'Modryb Marya,' 625. See also  
 'Aunt Mary.'  
 Mohammedanism, 367  
 Molesworth, Sir Paul, 600  
 Molesworth, Sir W., 27, 250-1  
 Money troubles, Hawker's, 187, 282  
 ff, 502, 557-8, 587, 598, 614  
 ———, income, 533-4  
 Monica, St., prayer of, 639  
 'Monumental Morwenstow,' 446  
 Moody and Sankey, 630  
 Moore, Tom, 268, 564-5  
 'More Worlds than One,' (Brewster's)  
 373  
 Morrell, Dr., 518  
 Morris, J., author of 'Nature,' 375  
 Morrison, 'the atheist draper,' 565  
 Morwenna, Lord Clinton's daughter  
 named, 289  
 Morwenna, St., 41, 599  
 ———, day of, 588  
*Morwenna, The*, ship, 223  
 Morwenstow, Hawker's description  
 of, 42-3  
 ———, Hawker offered living of, 39  
 ———, his attachment to, 479  
 ———, his work at, 401  
 ———, view from, 44  
 ———, Hawker's article on, 521 ff,  
 553  
 Morwenstow Church, description of  
 interior, 46  
 'Moses,' effigy of, 21  
 Moses' Rod, 310  
 Motto, the Hawker, 577  
 Moulton, Mrs. Louise Chandler,  
 658  
 Mountjoy, R. A., 47, 478, 496, 590  
 ———, letters to, 531 ff  
 Mozley, of Derby, publisher, 252, 381  
 Mozley, *Times* critic, at Morwenstow,  
 440. Bampton lecturer, 476  
 Mudie's Library, 475  
 Munster Square, church in, 613  
 Mural painting in Morwenstow  
 Church, 46  
 Murillo, 330  
 'Musa Verticordia,' 658  
 Music, Hawker's poems set to, 268,  
 270  
 Music in Church, 144. See also  
 Services  
 Mutilation, in Indian Mutiny, 304  
 NAIRN, 574  
 Names, local, 47  
 ———, significance of, 318  
 Nana Sahib, 301  
 Nancy, wreck, 625  
 Nanny Cornish, 549  
 Napoleon I., 298, 528, 546  
 Napoleon III., 281, 325, 474  
 Nares' Glossary, 420  
 Neate, Chas., M.P., 478, 496  
 'Nectan,' pseudonym, 277  
 Nectan, St., 206, 316  
 Nectan's Kieve, St., 261  
 Neill, General, 303

- Nelson, death of, picture, 241  
 Neptune, planet, 343  
 New York, 516-7  
 Newdigate, Hawker on Dr. Lee's, 233  
 ———, Hawker wins, 33  
 ———, 'Pompeii' omitted from list, 552  
 ———, 'The Vikings,' 378  
 Newgate Calendar, 302  
 Newman, Cardinal, 19, 184, 545  
 ———, controversy with Kingsley, 475  
 ———, letter from, 627  
 ———, on Hawker's secession, 647  
 Newton, Sir Isaac, 373, 507  
 Newton, T. Duncan, 5  
 Nicephorus, 257, 330  
 'Night Side of Nature,' by Mrs. Crowe, 320  
 Nightingale, Florence, 287  
 "No Popery," 219  
 Noah, "Cover Noah," 584  
 Noble, J. Ashcroft, essay on Hawker, 10  
*North Devon Gazette*, 244  
 North, ill-omened, 423  
 North side of Church, 207  
 North Tamerton, Hawker Curate of, 34  
 Northam, 319  
 Northcote, Sir Stafford, 170, 288, 324, 550  
 Northey, Mr., 347  
 Noses, repugnant, 391-3  
 Note-books, Hawker's, viii., 125 ff., 327, 370, 378, 652  
*Notes and Queries*, 167, 216, 227, 250 ff., 259 ff., 277, 389, 430, 564, 573  
 Novels. Hawker reads, to his wife, 302  
 "Numyne," 254 ff.
- O'CONNELL, 312  
 ———, on consistency, 220  
 Offertory, 'The, 174 ff., 178 ff., 181 ff., 281  
 'Old Mynshull of Erdeswick,' 271, 274 ff.  
 Olde, John, 636  
 Omnipotence, 367  
*One a Week*, 419, 547 ff., 550  
 O'Neil, sermon at Liverpool, 352  
 Onesimus, 516, 540
- Opium habit, 102, 643  
 Ordination, Hawker's, 34  
 'Oriental Budget,' 277  
 Origen, 513, 591  
 Oscott, 422, 451  
 Oswald, Father, 383  
 Oxford, 378, 382  
 ———, architecture of, 385  
 ———, dangers of, 18  
 ———, escapades at, 20  
 ———, Hawker at, 12  
 ———, Hawker's love of, 559  
 ———, Hawker returns to, 17  
 ———, honeymoon at, 505  
 ———, "nothing can save," 514  
 ———, "Panorama," 531  
 ———, reminiscences, 375-6 ff., 478  
 ———, Wesleyan Conventicle at, 557  
 ———, wish to live at, 519, 547, 565
- PADDINGTON, G. W. R. Hotel, Hawker at, 504  
 ———, Holy Trinity Church, Hawker married at, 505  
 ———, St. Mary Magdalen, 609  
 Padstow, 532-3  
 Palmerston, Lord, 298-9, 345, 443, 448  
 ———, feud with Bishop Phillpotts, 527  
 Parker, James (publisher), 364, 484, 572, 587  
 Parker, Matthew, 610  
 'Parley of Beasts,' Howell's, 252  
 Parliament, Opening of, Hawker at, 609-10  
 'Parnell, Cherry,' 69, 71  
 Parochial disputes, 152  
 'Pauline,' Ballard, 506  
 Pauper funeral, a, 337  
 Payne, Antony, 53  
 Pearse, Rev. Mark Guy, 155  
 Pedlar, a mysterious, 621  
 Peel, Sir Robert, 176  
 Pembroke College, Oxford, 203  
 ———, Hawker matriculates at, 12  
 ———, Hawker's letters in Library, 20  
 ———, 'History of,' 20  
 ———, trio of dons, 17  
 Pen Carrow, 251  
 Pension, granted to Mrs. Hawker, 650

- Penstowe, Hawker's visit to, 474  
 Pentire, Tristram, 63  
 Percy Society, 28  
 Peto, Sir M., 377  
 Pets, sanctioned by Christ, 349  
 Philemon, Epistle to, 516  
 'Philemon of Colossae,' 536  
 Philistines, 449  
 Phillips, C. M., letter to, 181  
 Phillpotts, Archdeacon W., 480-1,  
 542, 606  
 Phillpotts, Bishop, 39, 40, 339,  
 437  
 ———, burnt in effigy, 215  
 ———, letters from, 177, 438-9  
 ———, Lord Palmerston's dislike of,  
 526  
 ———, Maskell expected would  
 secede, 649  
 Phillpotts, Mrs, 140  
 ———, death, 437  
 Phipps, Sir C., 457  
*Phoenix*, wreck, 164  
 Photographs of Hawker, 588  
 ———, Dr. Budd's, 480, 482-3  
 ———, taken at Plymouth, 635  
 Phrenology, 415  
 Physiognomy, science of, 341  
 Piano, Mrs. Hawker's, 217 ff, 269  
 Pig, Hawker's pet, 35  
 Pipes, Hawker's, 511, 568  
 Piscina, in Morwenstow Church, 242  
 Pitt, Stanhope's Life of, 338  
 Pius IV., Pope, 365  
 Pius IX., Pope, 208 ff, 230, 235,  
 238  
 Pixies, 100-1  
 Plagiarism, Hawker on, 34, 261 ff,  
 273, 420, 456-7, 519, 521, 573-4  
 ———, 'Sir Beville' plagiarised, 271  
 Planets, The, 374  
 Pliny, 378  
 'Plutarch,' North's, 381  
 Plymouth, Hawker born at, 1  
 ———, boyish pranks at, 5  
 ———, Hawker in solicitor's office at,  
 10  
 ———, last days and death at, 633  
 ———, Roman Catholic Cathedral,  
 636  
 Plymouth Brethren, 295  
 'Poems and Pictures,' 259  
 'Poems of Places,' Longfellow's col-  
 lection, 615  
 Poems, unpublished, by Hawker, 128,  
 135-6, 147  
 Poet of Cornwall, The, Hawker toasted  
 as, 375  
 Poetry, Hawker's, 652; criticism of,  
 411, 416-7, 572  
 ———, Hawker on his own, 384,  
 418-9  
 ———, "meat" in, 439  
 "Poets and their Bibliographies," 192  
 Politics, Hawker on, 219, 312, 531-2,  
 542  
 ———, "low ambition," 577  
 ———, "no interest in," 555  
 ———, tactics of statesmen, 540-1  
 Pollard, J., printer, 428, 432  
 Polycrates, King of Samos, 506  
 'Pompeii,' Hawker's prize poem, 33,  
 39, 339, 362  
 Poncho, 313  
 Poor Law, Hawker on, 173, 281, 310-  
 11, 374-5, 495  
 ———, "Lock Him up," 575  
 'Poor Man and his Parish Church,'  
 173  
 'Poor Man's Morning and Evening  
 Petition,' 3  
 'Popular Romances of the West of  
 England,' Hunt's, 266  
 Port Isaac, 516  
 Possession by devils, 212. See also  
 Demons  
 Postal arrangements of Morwenstow,  
 233, 241, 247, 304-5  
 Potato thief story, 36  
 Poughill, 382  
 ———, church bells, 356-7  
 ———, pinnacle blown off the tower,  
 335  
 Powderham Castle, 603  
 Præ-Raphaelitism, 226, 257, 330  
 Prayer, Hawker's use of, 203, 523  
 ———, for the dead, 595  
 'Prayer, Book of Common,' 179, 334  
 Prayers, composed by Hawker, 169  
 ———, family, 605  
 ———, for Prince of Wales, 596  
 ———, Hawker's Latin prayer to  
 Virgin Mary, 529  
 ———, in time of war, 300

- Praying for rain, anecdote, 58  
 Preaching, Hawker's, 129, 186  
 —, readiness of resource, 133. See also Sermons.  
 Preferment, reason of not getting, 537  
 Prevost, Sir George, 211  
*Primrose*, wreck, 221 *ff*; presentation mahogany case, 223  
 Prince Consort, death of, 350-1 *ff*, 383, —, holds tenets of Swedenborg, 388  
 Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.), 325, —, at Cambridge, 394  
 —, dedication of book to, 264, 267  
 —, Hawker's prayers for, 595-7  
 —, subscribes to restoration of Morwenstow Church, 600  
 Pro-Cathedral, The, Hawker at, 610  
 Propagation of the Gospel, Society for, 304, 486  
 Prophecies of the end of the world, 296-7  
 —, *re* English in India, 299  
 Protection, Hawker on, 224  
 Protectionists, 219  
 Protestantism, 213, 388  
 —, definition of, 210  
 —, a Pic-Nic, 519. See also Church of England.  
 Proverbs and sayings, 323, 523, 542, —, Chinese, 421  
 —, East wind, 327  
 —, Easter, 577  
 —, first lamb, 357  
 —, "Fools build houses," etc., 82  
 —, relations, 312  
 —, Scottish, 289  
 —, Spanish, 218  
 Prynne, Dr., 549  
 'Psalmus Cantici,' 629  
 Pseudonyms, 277  
 Psychology, 528  
 Public Worship Regulation Act, 97, 614, 616  
 Publishers, Hawker's dealings with, 381, 449, 484, 557, 574, 588-9  
 —, "posthumous publisher," 269  
 Pulpit, in Morwenstow Church, 156, 604  
*Punch*, 4-1  
*Punch*, on Lord John Russell, 532  
 Pusey, Dr., 19, 494  
 —, his Sermons, 121  
 —, "woolly mind," 518  
 Puseyism, 214  
 —, in Hawker's poetry, 384  
*Quarterly Review*, 418, 451  
 —, "that infamous article in," 568  
 Quayle, Mr., 466  
 Queen and Bishops, 214  
 Queen and the Church, 210  
 'Queen Guennivar's Round,' 590  
 Queen Victoria, 264, 353  
 —, letter to, 453  
 —, "Member for Windsor," 543  
 —, "Mrs. Guelph," 440  
 —, on Garibaldi, 474  
 'Quest of the Sangraal.' See Sangraal  
 Quicksands, 435  
 RAILWAYS, 287-8  
 —, Hawker on, 240  
 —, first journey to London, 503-5  
 —, second journey to London, 608  
 —, third class best, 438  
*Rambler*, 451  
 'Rambles beyond Railways,' 268  
 Raphael, 226, 330  
 Ratisbon, 201  
 Ravens, 532-3  
 Rawlins, Rev. J. A., 603 *ff*, 608  
 Reading, Hawker's, 297-8, 326, 378, 494. See also Books  
*Record*, 552  
 'Records of the Western Shore,' 249, 268  
 Redding, Cyrus, 262  
 'Reeds Shaken with the Wind,' 249, 251, 268, 381  
 Reform Bill, 312, 536  
 Reform Club, Hawker calls at, 610  
 Reformation, The, 213, 387-8, 595, — See also Church of England and Protestantism  
 Regions, doctrine of, 423  
 Relationship, 490-1  
 'Remembrances of a Cornish Vicar,' 510 *ff*  
 Renan, 476  
 'Resurges,' 655

- Resurrection, The, 535  
 ———, of the body, 347  
 'Resurrection morning,' 59  
 Revivals, 332  
 Revolver, Hawker's, 294  
 Rhabdomancy, 457  
 Rhone, The, 184  
 'Richardson, Mr.," the imaginary, 5  
 Riches, 545  
 'Ride from Bos to St. Nunn's,' 555  
 'Ride from Bude to Bos,' 32, 196, 549  
 Riding, instructions on, 548  
 Ridon, Brittany, 566-7  
 Ritualists, 614, 616  
 Roaring Dick, 331  
 Rob Roy, 421, 576  
 Robartes, Lord, 219, 220, 583  
 Robberies of church plate, 293-4  
 Robin, stag, 186  
 Rock, Dr., 389  
 Roof, Church, 278  
 Rooks, 104, 308, 377  
 Rolle, Hon. Mark, 288, 496  
 Roman Catholic Church, 84-5, 126,  
 128, 200, 208, 210-11, 247, 311,  
 335, 454, 553, 560, 610, 620, 622,  
 642 *ff.* See also Newman, Manning,  
 Wiseman, Grant, Ullathorne, Mey-  
 nell  
 ———, compared to Rhone, 183  
 ———, Hawker's reception into, 636;  
 Lee on Hawker's secession to, 646;  
 letters quoted by Maskell in  
*Athenæum*, 647; Maskell's opinion,  
 648-9; Mr. Godwin's view, 647;  
 newspaper controversy, 642, 649  
 ———, Hierachy re-established in  
 England, 199  
 ———, "obvious Ark," 623  
 ———, overtures from, 379, 442  
 ———, reference to offertory 182  
 ———, T. Arnold secedes to, 284  
 ———, vestments, 178  
 'Rome as it was under Paganism and as  
 it became under the Popes,' 229, 252  
 Rosebery, the Earl of, 658  
 Rossall School, 418  
 Roughton, 203  
 Rouse, Rev. E. A., 143  
 Rouse, Rev. O., 49  
 Rowe, W., Solicitor, 13, 559, 587, 595,  
 602  
 Rowland, Hugh, 461  
*Royal Cornwall Gazette*, 164  
*Royal Devonport Telegraph*, 24  
 "R. S. H.," cipher initials, 265, 267  
 "Rural Synods," 172, 622  
 Ruskin, 255, 552, 653  
 Russell, G. W. E., 284  
 Russell, Lord John, 18, 527, 536  
 ———, caricature of, 532  
 Russo-Turkish War, 235  
  
 SACRILEGE, 179  
 St. Aubyn, Mr., architect, 599  
 St. Barnabas, Pimlico, 613  
 St. Cuthbert, 521  
 St. Francis of Assisi, 102, 653  
 St. Heliers, 478  
*St. James's Magazine*, 271  
 "St. John of the Spasms," 208  
 St. John's Well, 168 *ff.*, 194  
 St. Levan Church, 519  
 St. Lucy, 227  
 St. Monica, 639  
 St. Paul, on slavery, 516, 540  
 ———, with a teapot, 223  
 St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, 613  
 St. Paul's School, 419  
 St. Thomas, in India, 545  
 St. Thomas Aquinas. See Aquinas.  
 Salisbury, Hawker at, 504  
 Salomons, Alderman, 210  
 Sandon, Lord, 316  
 'Sangraal, The Quest of the,' 353,  
 394, 410 *ff.*, 651 *ff.*  
 ———, *Daily Telegraph* review, 580  
 ———, dedication, 413  
 ———, etymology, 414  
 ———, Gas, Steam, and Electric  
 Telegraph, 446  
 ———, Hawker unable to continue,  
 558  
 ———, line on Hawker's tomb, 639  
 ———, reviews, 450, 455-6  
 ———, T. Westwood's poem, 564,  
 573  
 ———, W. Francisque Michel on, 390  
 Satan's front door, 9  
*Saturday Review*, 449  
 Saul, King of Abyssinia compared to,  
 570  
 Savage, Miss, 625, 633, 636-7



- "Saxon swine," 558  
 Scarecrow, an ineffectual, 104  
 Schiller, Hawker's translation from, 34  
 School, parish, 360, 379, 594, 630  
 ———, building and naming, 77  
 ———, Hawker catechising at, 444  
 Sciatica, Hawker suffers from, 580-1  
 Science, Hawker's views on, 122, 481, 547, 653  
 ———, atomic theory, 122-3  
 Scott, Sir W., 270, 389  
 ———, Hawker quotes, 433  
 ———, on Trelawny Ballad, 23, 25  
 Screen, in Morwenstow Church, 280  
 Scripture, Hawker learns by heart, 297  
 "Scrivener's pay," 559  
 Sea-symbolism, 263  
 Seals, Hawker's, 90-91  
 "Sediment, no," 594  
 Sellon Controversy, 199  
 Sepoys, 300, 303  
 Sermons, Hawker's, 436, 479  
 ———, on Baptism, 618-9  
 ———, Birds and Flowers, 431  
 ———, ceiling falls during, 593  
 ———, on death of Prince Consort, 350  
 ———, dislike of shew sermons, 485-6  
 ———, on Dissent, 154  
 ———, farewell (1875), 632  
 ———, "Field of Rephidim," 183  
 ———, "Fragments that remain," 323  
 ———, five in a day, 598  
 ———, image of Cæsar, 304  
 ———, on Job, 537-9  
 ———, on Job and demons, 564  
 ———, at Lambeth, 612, 616, 623  
 ———, "Man sent from God," 608-9  
 ———, politics in, 487  
 ———, at St. Matthias, Brompton, 614  
 ———, at Stratton, 562-3  
 ———, visitation at Launceston, 543, 552  
 Servants, Hawker's treatment of, 114, 605  
 Services, Church, 143 ff.  
 ———, daily, 185 See also Baptism, Burial, Eucharist, Music  
 Shakespeare, Hawker quotes, 302, 356, 408, 528, 541, 568  
 Sharks, seen at Morwenstow, 381-2  
 Sharp's Nose Head, 166  
 'She is far from the land,' model for metre of 'Sir Beville,' 268  
 Shearm, Mr., 71, 149  
 Shearme, Ann Elinor, 657  
 Shearme, E., 71  
 Shearme, John, 11th in succession, 47  
 Shelly, John, 643  
 Shelley, quoted, 410  
 Shelley, Mrs., 379  
 Shephard, family name, 47, 71  
 Shingle roof of Church, 150 ff, 288, 599, 600  
 Shipley, Rev. Orby, 388, 430, 520  
 "Shirt on fire," 454  
 Shorthouse, J. H., related to Hawkers of Somerset, xiii.  
 Shunamite, The, 475  
 'Silent Tower of Bottreaux,' 262, 657  
 Simcoe, Mr., Rural Dean, 521  
 Simpkin & Marshall, 267  
 'Sir Beville,' novel by A. C. Thynne, 52  
 'Sir Beville,' poem by Hawker, 268 ff, 270, 272-3  
 'Sir Ralph de Blancminster,' 547 ff  
 'Sisters of Glen Nectan,' poem, 261  
 Slaughter, ethics of, 107  
 Slavery, Hawker advocates, 516, 540  
 "Slightly cracked," 444  
 Smith, Alexander, 454  
 Smith, Goldwin, 479  
 Smith, J. Russell (publisher), 564, 586-7  
 Smuggling, 61, 547  
 "Sneak in House of Commons," 219  
 Snuff-box, presented to Col. l'ans, 13  
 Society of Antiquaries, Hawker secretary for Cornwall, 253-4, 519  
 Socinus, 321, 570  
 Socrates, 597  
 Solitude, Hawker on, 359, 439, 469, 500, 502, 574  
 Solomon, 401, 527  
 ———, seal of, 90, 297  
 Space and time, 374  
 Spain, Tennyson in, 192  
 Sparks, Mrs. Jared, 418  
 "Spasm of the Ganglions," 153, 387  
 "Spasmodic John," 211  
 Speke's Mill Bay, 488

- Spence, "Sir J.," 474  
 Spender, Mr., at Morwenstow, 592  
 Spinning, (hand) at Welcombe, 525  
 Spirits, Hawker's belief in, 102, 335,  
 618-9 See also Demons and Angels.  
 Sponsors, 135 ff  
 Spurgeon, 296, 346  
 ———, without mustard, 380, 382  
 Square, Dr., 565, 634, 637  
 Stag, pet, 186  
 Stamford Hill, near Stratton, battle of,  
 270  
 Stanbury, Bishop, first Provost of  
 Eton, 50  
 Stanbury Mouth, 398  
*Standard, The*, article in, on Morwen-  
 stow, 161  
 Stanley, Dean, 457, 476  
 Stanley, Lord, 312, 541  
 Stevens, Henry, 476, 507  
 ———, "stars and stripes," 609  
 Stevens, Mr., Solicitor, of Cardiff, 466  
 Stevens, Mrs. Henry, Hawker inter-  
 views, 503  
 ———, letter to, 499  
 Stoke-Damerel, Hawker baptized at, 2  
 Stokes, H. Sewell, 197, 589  
 ———, elegy on Hawker, 640-1  
 ———, view of Hawker's secession,  
 641  
 Stole. See Vestments.  
 Storms, great, 435, 437-8, 439, 532-3,  
 581  
 ———, cyclone in 1872, 600-1  
 ———, during service, 311  
 Stowe, 51, 269  
 Strathmore, Earl of, 325  
 Stratton, 3, 542  
 ———, Board of Guardians, 375  
 ———, feoffees of Blancminster  
 Charity, 547  
 ———, Hawker's pranks at, 6 ff  
 ———, Hawker preaches at, 562-3  
 ———, Hundred of, 51  
 ———, riot at, 214, 215  
 Stucley, Sir George and Lady, 475  
 'Summa Theologiæ,' 258. See also  
 Aquinas.  
 Sunday, observance of, 285  
 Sunset, mistaken for end of the world,  
 606  
 Superstition, Cornish, 66, 99, 313, 498  
 Surplice question, the, 173, 178  
 "Swabs," a game of, 73  
 Swansea, 462-3, 465  
 Swedenborg, 350, 394  
 ———, 'Arcana Celestia,' 388  
 'Sweet and Twenty,' novel by Mor-  
 timer Collins, 167  
 Swift, Dean, 487  
 "Sylvanus Urban," 553, 557  
 Symbolism, in architecture, 265, 521-2  
 TAGERT, Rev. J., 658  
 Tait, Archbishop, 393  
 ———, baptism doubtful, 586, 616,  
 620, 622  
 ———, epigram on, 98  
 ———, Public Worship Bill, 613  
 Talmud, The, 297, 564  
 'Tamar Spring, The,' 40  
 Tape, George, accident to, 289  
 Tarratt, J., 631  
 Taunton, 480  
 Taylor, Bayard, author of 'Hannah  
 Thurston,' 445  
 Tchutgar, 301, 371  
 Tea, 224  
 ———, price of, 87  
 Tea-totalism, Hawker on, 115  
 Teeth, 332, 485  
*Temperance, The*, wreck, 307  
 Temple, Dr., Bishop of Exeter, 582 ff,  
 646  
 ———, Hawker meets, 585  
 'Tendrils,' by Reuben, 10  
 Tennyson, Alfred, at Morwenstow,  
 189 ff  
 ———, borrows a pipe, 193  
 ———, 'Holy Grail,' and 'Quest,'  
 414 ff  
 ———, in Spain, 192  
 ———, letter to Capern, 244  
 ———, letter to Hawker, 196  
 ———, Life of, by his son, 189  
 ———, Personal appearance of, 190  
 and 193  
 ———, says farewell to Hawker at  
 Coombe, 21  
 ———, sends Hawker a book, 243  
 ———, success of, 356  
 Tennyson, Emily, 197, 434  
 Tennyson, Horatio, 394  
 Thackeray, death of, 469 ff

- "Thanes fly from me, the," 613  
 Theatres, Hawker on, 285  
 Thersites, 455  
 Thibet, 368  
 'Thomasine Bonaventure,' 551, 553  
 Thompson, Prof. Sylvanus, 195  
 Thoms, W. J., Editor of *Notes and Queries*, 202, 277, 389  
 Thorn, S., photographer, 489, 588  
 Thornton, Rev. W. H., 606  
 "Throw her down," 235  
 Thynne, Rev. Canon A. C., 52, 269, 423, 428, 463, 477  
 ———, sermon by, 407  
 ———, 'Sir Bevill,' 52  
 Thynne, Lord John, 149, 211, 333, 371, 579  
 Time, Clock of Adam, 481  
 ———, Geologic and Mosaic, 386  
 ———, space and, 513, 514  
*Times, The*, 174, 209, 277, 559  
 Tintagel, Hawker at, 203, 262, 472  
 ———, honeymoon at, 16, 412  
 ———, Tennyson at, 194  
 Tithes, 281  
 Tobacco, 87, 517  
 Tobit's house, 399  
 Toller, Mr., Coroner, 291  
 Tonacombe Manor, 617  
 ———, description of, 47  
 ———, original of "Chapel" in 'Westward Ho!' 49  
 Toni, translation from, 252  
 Tooley Street, 247  
 Toplady's Hymns, 383  
 Torquay, meeting at, 181  
 Torrejos, Spanish rebel, 192  
 Torrington, the Mayor of, 337  
 Tractarian movement, 19, 121, 185, 216  
 ———, leaders of, 19, 184  
 Trawlers, Clovelly, 467  
 Trebarrow, 34  
 Trelawny Ballad, 271  
 ———, history of, 23 ff  
 ———, set to music, 268  
 Trelawny, Sir J., "an infidel," 577  
 Trelawny, Sir W., Governor of Jamaica (1772), 29  
 "Tre Pol and Pen," 274, 276  
 "Tremaine, Canon," 167  
 Trentham, Rev. J. B., 474  
 Trewin, Farmer, 73  
 Trigg Major, Deanery of, 172  
 Trinity, Second Person of, 560, 596, 597  
 Troyte, A. D., 280, 395  
 Truro, 222  
 Turkey, 235  
 Turnbull, convert to Rome, 389  
 Turner, Lord Justice, at Morwenstow, 431  
 Turnips and sermon ashes, 132  
 Twining, Miss Louisa, 224, 241, 242  
 Twining, Richard, 90, 224, 241  
 Typography, 428, 430, 432  
  
 ULLATHORNE, BISHOP, 443, 457  
 "Uncommercial Traveller," 511  
*Union Review*, Hawker writes *critique* for, 525  
 Unions. See Poor Law  
 Urban IV., Pope, 342  
  
 VALENTINE, EVA, verses to, 481, 482, 497  
 Valentine, Johnny, 467 ff, 489 ff, 492  
 Valentine, Rev. W., 435 ff, 443, 459 ff, 472 ff  
 ———, buys Chapel, 507  
 ———, his horse, 496  
 ———, leaves Morwenstow, 502  
 ———, preaches, 447  
 Vatican, 377  
 "Vera Effigies," 329, 377, 530  
 Vere, Aubrey de, 189  
 Vere de Vere, Lady Clara, 192  
 Veronica, Saint, 329, 414  
 Vestments, 127, 134, 521  
 Vestry Book, old, 71  
 Vicarage, building of, 77  
 ———, interior of, 81  
 "Victim of Morwenstow," 603  
 Victoria. See Queen Victoria  
 'Views and Opinions,' 92  
 Villemarque, 414, 420  
 Virgil, 192  
 Virgin Mary, 236  
 "Vis insita," 382  
 Visions, 228  
 ———, dead wife's face, 407  
 Visitation Sermon, 183  
 Visitations, 375, 480, 481, 482  
 Voice, Hawker's, 332

- 'Voice from the Place of Saint Morwenna,' 199, 209
- WADDON LANTERN 49
- Waes-hael, King Arthur's, 424, 434  
 —, bowl, 450-1
- Walford, editor of *Once a Week*, 550
- 'Walk to the Land's End,' 268
- Walpole, H. Spencer, at Morwenstow, 431-2
- Walter, John, Hawker's letter to, 174, 209
- Ward, Captain, 460
- Ward, W. G., 19
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry, 284
- Warts, 482
- Watch, with one hand, 207
- Watson, Mrs., 278  
 —, her landlady, 427  
 —, legacy to Hawker's children, 279  
 —, unique correspondence with, 583
- Watson, William, at Bideford, 245  
 —, quoted, 317
- 'Week at Land's End,' 267
- Weekly Register*, 453, 474
- Welcombe, 154, 209  
 —, ceiling of Church falls, 593  
 —, Church, 207  
 —, derivation, 207  
 —, description of, 206  
 —, excitement about Fenians, 561  
 —, foxhunters at, 452  
 —, Hawker's article on. (See also 'Holacombe'), 514  
 —, Hawker becomes curate of, 202  
 —, Hawker's fear of losing, 582 ff  
 —, Hawker proud of, 475  
 —, Hawker riding to, 100, 311, 313, 321, 324, 538  
 —, Revel, 316  
 —, "simple old Welcombe," 526  
 —, writing on Church wall, 371
- Well of St. John, 168 ff
- Wellesley family, 217
- Wellington, Duke of, 95, 341, 528, 530, 546
- Wesley, John, 56, 208, 228  
 —, "change of sins," 462  
 —, his 11th sermon, 387
- Wesley, John, influence on Cornish character, 461
- Wesleyanism, 153. See also Dissent
- Wesleyans, 461  
 —, typhus among, 296
- West, Rev. W., 227, 276, 370, 389, 558, 573  
 —, his letter to Mrs. Hawker on Hawker's death, 644  
 —, letters to, 367 ff
- West, Temple, 361
- West of England Conservative*, 200
- West Putford, 245
- Westall, Curate of St. Matthias, Brampton, 614
- Western Antiquary*, 271
- Western Daily Mail*, 199
- Western Luminary*, 164
- Western Morning News*, 621, 632
- Westminster Abbey, Hawker visits, 609-10
- 'Westward Ho!' Kingsley's, 49
- Westwood, T., 564, 573
- Whale at Morwenstow, 549
- Wheat, 323  
 —, divine origin of, 111
- Whewell, Dr., death, 536
- White, Walter, 28, 268, 574
- Whitstone, 12, 14, 20, 35
- Whittaker's 'Cathedrals of Cornwall,' 265
- Whitworth guns, 448
- Whixley, Yorkshire, 435
- Widemouth, 231  
 —, visit to, 576
- Wife-selling, 72
- Wightwick, Mr., of Plymouth, 170
- 'Wilberforce, Life of,' 304
- Wilberforce, Robert, 304
- Wilberforce, Samuel, Bishop of Oxford, 138, 300, 304, 376, 486  
 —, death of, 620
- Wilder, Mrs., 546
- Will, the power of, 569
- William IV., King, 76, 78
- Williams, Edgar, portrait of Capern, 245
- Williams, Rev. J., biographer of Dr. Hawker, 3
- Willis's Current Notes*, 27, 34, 250 ff, 254, 259 ff

- Wills, Editor of *All the Year Round*,  
518 ff, 520, 522, 544
- Window, Chancel, in Morwenstow  
Church, 288
- Window, Memorial, in Morwenstow  
Church, 578, 657
- Wisconsin, emigrant returns from, 347
- Wiseman, Cardinal; 'A Few Flowers  
from a Roman Campagna,' 430  
——, lectures at Ipswich, 569  
——, 'Lecture on Language,' 383  
——, letter to Hawker, 458
- Witches, 67, 253  
——, White Witch, 325
- Woodcock, October, 526
- Wordsworth, Bishop C., 371
- Wordsworth, W., Tennyson and  
Hawker discuss, 191
- Workhouses. See Poor Law.
- World, The*, 625
- "Wragg is in custody," 524
- Wrecker, death of a, 313
- Wrecking, 63
- Wrecks, 230, 288, 319, 501
- Wrecks, *Avonmore*, 581  
——, *Bencoolen*, 395 ff  
——, at Bude, 1783 and 1790, 13  
——, *Caledonia, Phoenix, Alonzo*, 157 ff  
——, *Eliza*, 62  
——, *Jeune Joseph*, 566-7  
——, *Margaret*, 229  
——, *Margaret Quayle*, 459  
——, *Nancy*, 625  
——, Padstow vessel waterlogged,  
533  
——, *Primrose*, 221  
——, Rochefort vessel, 240  
——, St. Paul at Melita, 400  
——, *Temperance*, 307
- YULE, Rev. J. C. D., 241
- ZACHARIAH, Hawker quotes, 180
- Zebra story, 9
- Zoo, The, Hawker at, 610
- Zouaves, the, 354
- Zwinglius, heresy of, 214



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