EGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH

A MEMOIR

LADY GROGAN

1/3

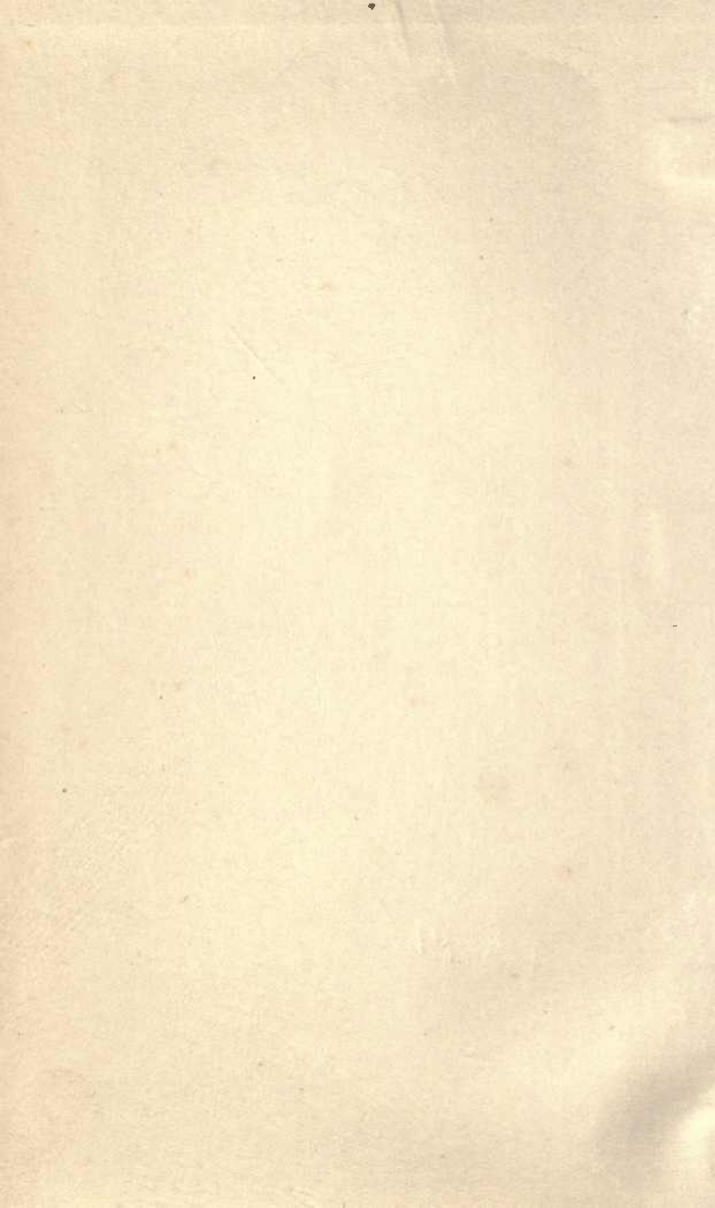
cl

Sowerby

850

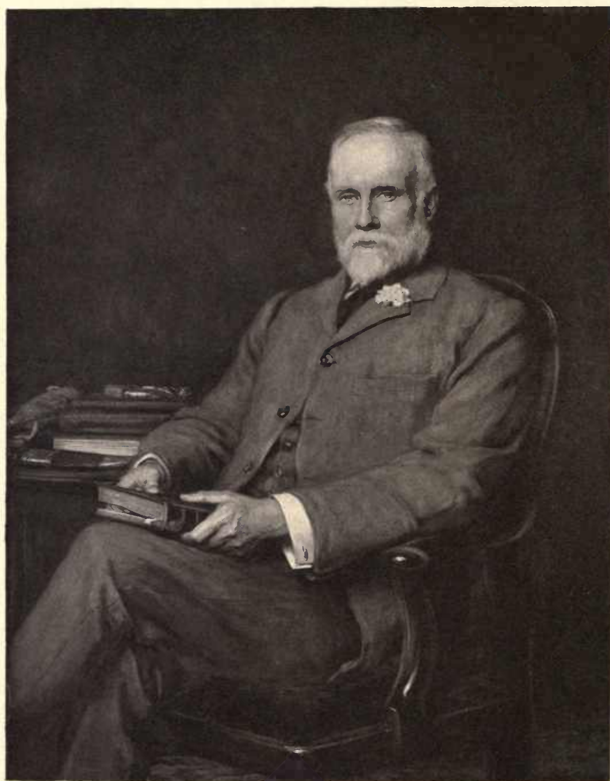
2/-

THE LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES



*

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH



Photograph by Pouncy, Dorchester

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH

A MEMOIR

BY HIS DAUGHTER

LADY GROGAN

London

JAMES NISBET & CO., LIMITED

22 BERNERS STREET W.

1909

ILLUSTRATIONS

Reginald Bosworth Smith . . . . . *Frontispiece*
After a portrait by H. Rivière

Mrs. Bosworth Smith . . . . . *To face page* 1
After a portrait by George Richmond

Stafford Rectory . . . . . . „ 31
From a photograph by W. Pouncy, Dorchester

Harrow on the Hill . . . . . „ 65
From a photograph by Hills & Saunders

The Knoll . . . . „ 105
From a photograph by Hills & Saunders

Reginald Bosworth Smith in 1899 . „ 193
From a photograph by Elliott & Fry

Bingham's Melcombe . . . . „ 261
From a photograph by W. Pouncy, Dorchester

Bingham's Melcombe . . . . „ 290
From a photograph by Captain J. Acland

The illustrations are reproduced by the kind permission of the artists and photographers named above.

INTRODUCTION

THE task of attempting to present a picture of my father's life has from the first filled me with great misgiving. His life was one of ceaseless activity, but there was no striking or varied action, no definite climax to mark it or to appeal to the world at large. Thirty-seven years of his life he spent as a schoolmaster at Harrow, and schoolmastering, arduous, important, far-reaching in its effects though it is, may seem, perhaps, to the outside world rather a monotonous and wearisome career.

On the other hand, my father's interests were so varied, his gifts were so great, his influence so wide, and the affection he called forth so warm and enduring, that it seemed to some that an attempt should be made to put together an account of his life as a whole, and above all, to draw, if it might be, a picture of his much-loved and delightful personality.

One who has no qualifications to deal adequately with any part of his work can hardly hope to make the bare chronicle of the facts of his life interesting,

how much less can she hope for success in the presentment of the man himself? How can the sympathy, the transparency, the enthusiasm, the force, the humour, the gentleness, which went to make up the charm of his character, be conveyed "through the cold medium of written description"?

In the introduction to his "Life of Lord Bowen," Sir Henry Cunningham, whose phrase I have just quoted, has said, perhaps, all that can be said to justify such an attempt as the present, and he has said it with such simplicity and delicacy, that I venture to repeat his words as they stand:—

"When a friend, loved and admired, passes away from us, there is a natural desire for something which may serve to give distinctness and permanence to the impression which he made upon us in his lifetime. Such a desire is reasonable. When nothing of the sort is done, we become more than ever conscious of a loss which, in one sense, grows with the lapse of time. The definite outline becomes blurred; year by year the figure stands out in less bold and clear relief; the colours fade; recollections, however affectionately cherished, become vague, faint, and inaccurate. So the dull processes of oblivion begin."

There is, perhaps in this case, another consideration. Those who knew my father in one capacity only—as a delightful and inspiring teacher, or as an eloquent speaker, or as a historian and biographer, or as a defender of the National Church,

or as an ardent lover of birds and flowers, or as a keen sportsman and the pleasantest of companions, or, again, in later life, as a kindly host at Bingham's Melcombe, happy among his treasures in his beautiful surroundings—hardly realised his many-sidedness and his varied powers.

Perhaps some, who thus knew my father but partially, may be glad to have a record—more complete than his modesty would ever have allowed them to gather from himself—of the part he took in public life; a record which should show, at all events, that in a profession, the exacting toils of which tend sometimes to stereotype the character and to narrow the outlook, freshness and originality may yet be preserved, and room be found for the widest interests.

A few words must be said about the scope and arrangement of this book. Such a biography must needs be a study of mind and character, rather than a chronicle of events. The actual facts of my father's life are to be found in the first three and last chapters; the other chapters deal with what is quite as essential, if anything is really to be learnt about him—with the nature of his influence at Harrow, his books and articles and letters—into which he put very much of his own personality—the way in which he came to write them, their effect on himself and others. Wherever quotation marks occur without other acknowledgment, and when the passage is not

obviously from another source, the words are his own.

A good many letters written to him have been quoted. He was a great keeper of old letters, and could hardly bring himself to destroy any that had been hallowed by a few years' preservation. He loved his friends with whole-hearted affection, he treasured what they wrote to him, he valued every word that came from any one of note in politics and literature, and, apart from their own interest, a biography would not be characteristic of him, nor a true record of what he cared for, unless some of these letters were included in it. Our best thanks are due to those who have kindly allowed their letters, or the letters of those whom they represent—for many of my father's correspondents have passed away—to appear here, as well as to the editors of the *Dorset County Chronicle* and the *Harrovian*, in whose columns many of the character sketches in this book first were printed; and warm thanks are due to those who have kindly written down what they remember of him at different times of his life. My mother, at whose desire my own share of the book was undertaken, has arranged and supplied all the material for it, and her notes and recollections form its backbone.

If parts of the book deal with "old, unhappy, far-off things and battles long ago," they yet illustrate the development of his thought and feeling,

and those who knew my father will not think that they can hear too much about him. But, as a rule, all the subjects on which he wrote or spoke were of great and permanent interest.

In this generation, at least, he will be remembered in warm and faithful affection, here and there, throughout the world, where his friends of many creeds and races are scattered. Books are quickly crowded into oblivion, eloquence is soon forgotten, but the influence of a beautiful life and character, intangible, beyond analysis as it is, "vibrates in the memory" and lives on in the hearts and lives of others.

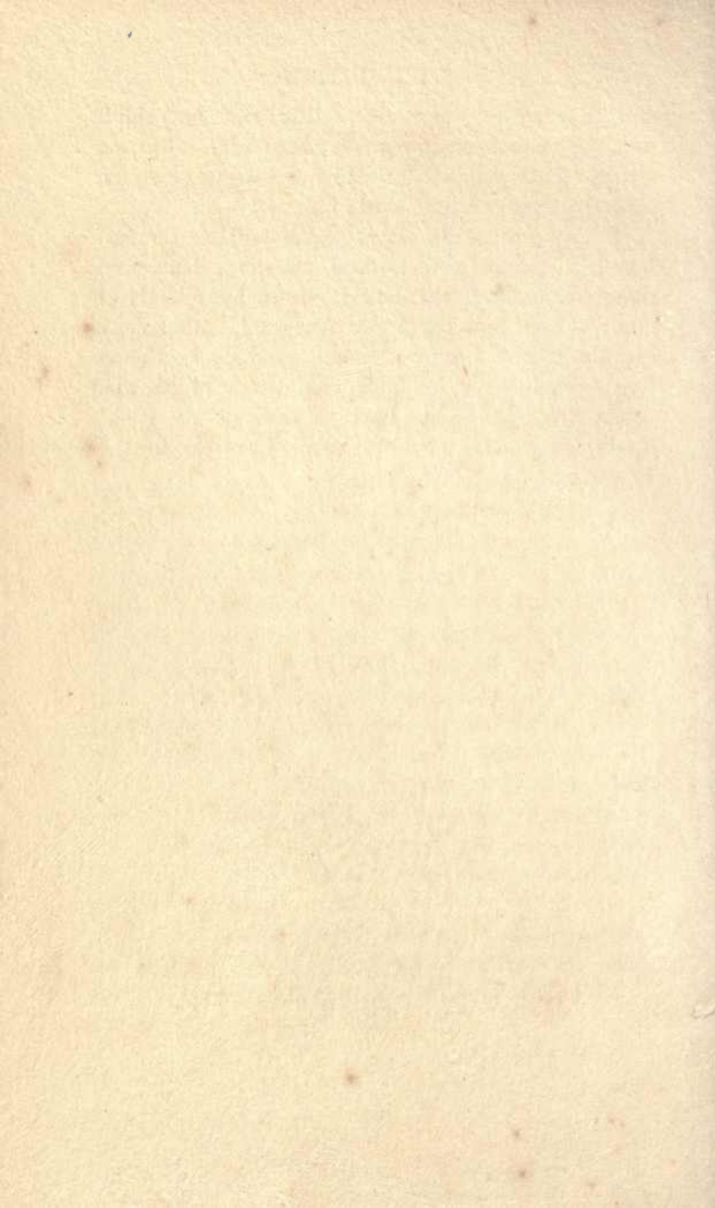


Photo:
W. Pouncy,
Dorchester

MRS. BOSWORTH SMITH

After a portrait by George Richmond

LIFE OF
REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH

CHAPTER I

STAFFORD RECTORY

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH was born on June 28, 1839, at West Stafford, in Dorsetshire. His father, Reginald Southwell Smith, was the fourth son of Sir John Wyldbore Smith, Baronet, of Sydling, Dorset.

The branch of the Smith family to which he belonged had held land in Dorsetshire since the time of Queen Elizabeth, and had come originally from Devonshire. The first of the family to acquire wealth and position was a certain Sir George Smith of Matford or Madford at Heavitree near Exeter. By his first marriage, Sir George Smith, who died in the time of James I., was the father of three children: Sir Nicholas Smyth of Larkbeare, who married a daughter of Sir Ralph Horsey of Melcombe Horsey in Dorset — of the sister manor-house, that is, to Bingham's Melcombe (not one mile from it), which three hundred years later was

to become the home of Reginald Bosworth Smith; Elizabeth, who married Sir Thomas Monk, and became the mother of George Monk, Duke of Albemarle, the restorer of the Stuarts to the throne; and thirdly, Jane, who married Richard Henning of Poxwell Manor in Dorset. By his second marriage with Grace Viell, the relict of Peter Bevil, Sir George Smith became the father of Grace, who married the "most high-minded and devoted of cavaliers," Sir Bevil Grenville.

It is from a younger brother of this Sir George, the marriage of whose daughters had thus brought the family into intimate connection with the leading men and events of their time, that the Smiths of Sydling are descended. From Devonshire this branch of the Smiths had migrated through Somerset into Dorset, where, as has been seen, they already had property and connections. A monument in Lyme Regis Church, dated 1677, which the restorer has deposed from its former conspicuous place, commemorates William Smith, Mayor of the Borough, and states that though his ashes rest below, his chin has found a loftier abode! (*mentum* for *mentem*, "chin" for "mind").

The grandson of this William Smith acquired a large fortune in commerce, became an Alderman of London, and M.P. for Lyme Regis. The wish of his heart was to restore his family to the condition in which it had flourished in the time of

Queen Elizabeth. He bought the property of Sydling in Dorset about 1712, which passed from him to his distant cousin, Sir John Smith, first baronet.

Sydling Court House, which the Smiths held under the College of Winchester, is a solid country house of no special attraction, lying in a remote part of Dorset. Three miles away is the ancient town of Cerne, which is known to antiquarians chiefly from its proximity to the uncouth figure of the "Cerne giant"—which some think is of Phœnician origin—on the down above it.

The first Sir John, who was a rather pompous old gentleman, received once an intimation that the Government of the day was about to offer him a peerage. Much gratified, he started off for town in his coach and four, and as he passed the gates, the lodge-keeper cried to him, "Good morning to you, Sir John." "Sir John no more," shouted back the future peer, and went rejoicing on his way, to find when he reached London that the Government had suddenly gone out, and that "Sir John" he would remain to the end of the chapter. Sir John married first, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Robert Curtis of Wilsthorpe in Lincolnshire, and secondly, Anna Eleonora, daughter of Robert Morland of the Court House, Lamberhurst, Kent.

The family possess some charming portraits of the second baronet, Sir John Wyldbore Smith, Reginald Bosworth Smith's grandfather; among

others one painted by Opie, which shows him as a boy of fifteen with long, curling hair and dark, arched brows; and a miniature by Engelhardt, which represents him as equally handsome in silver-haired old age. Doctors and doctors' stuff were the ruling passion of Sir John Wyldbore's life. Never did he arrive in any place, if even for a night's visit, without at once sending for the nearest apothecary. "Collins," he once said ruefully to his old butler, "I must have taken enough pills in my time to sink a ship." "Yes, Sir John," was the prompt reply, "and you've swallowed enough black draughts to float one." Sir John Wyldbore was a stern magistrate, and he had the great satisfaction of breaking up and bringing to justice a band of highwaymen, who had been the terror of the lonely Blandford Downs, by means of a detective whom he hired from London, and who lived unknown in the housekeeper's room at the Down House. The gang were duly hanged with great pomp and circumstance before the Dorchester Gaol.

About 1817, Sir John Wyldbore Smith bought the Down House near Blandford, a sporting lodge that had belonged to Lord Camelford, the notorious duellist. Sir John Wyldbore rebuilt the house on a much larger scale. His wife was Anne Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of the Rev. James Marriott of Horsmonden, Kent; her portrait by F. L. Abbott (the painter of what is considered the best

portrait of Lord Nelson) shows her as a charming young girl, with powdered hair and dark, clearly pencilled brows. Though she had a soft heart, and was full of generosity to the poor, such was the feeling of the times just following the French Revolution, that she never set foot inside a cottage on her husband's property. In old age, Lady Smith used to take her exercise in an upper corridor at an uneasy jog-trot on the stiff springs of a hobby horse, which is still preserved at the Down House; there was a handle at either end of this machine, by which two stout varlets propelled and pumped the rider up and down.

Sir John Wyldbore was succeeded by his son John James, who married Frances, daughter of John F. Pinney of Somerton Erleigh, Somerset. Lady Smith, who was left a widow in 1862, made her house at 30 Berkeley Square a delightful centre for at least three generations of her husband's family. At the age of ninety-six, she was still able to charm a whole assembly by her warm sympathy, her genial manner, her delicate irony, and her pungent but pleasant little speeches, in which homely and most uncommon common-sense was delightfully blended with the rare quality of unexpectedness. Much had she seen of men and manners of the great world, both in London and on the Continent, especially in Rome, and the quaint graphicness of her reminiscences was a delight to all who listened to them. Lady Smith belonged to

the old Evangelical party; her piety was intense, her charity and generosity boundless, and while she was too clever and brilliant herself not to realise the fact that excellence may often coexist with dulness and narrowness, her patience and her kindness seemed inexhaustible. Lady Smith was Reginald Bosworth Smith's godmother, and they appreciated to the full each other's gifts and qualities.

Sir John James Smith—a man of singular uprightness and charm of character—was followed by his brother, who assumed his mother's name and the arms of Marriott; he held the combined estates in Dorset and Kent, which, after his time, were divided between his sons. He was a fervent admirer of Sir Walter Scott, to whose memory he raised a tower on his Horsmonden property. His son, Sir William Smith-Marriott, the present owner of the Down House, was Bosworth's first cousin and lifelong friend, as dear to him as a brother.

Reginald Southwell, the younger brother of Sir John James and Sir William Smith-Marriott, was sent with his younger brother Frank to Winchester, then a place of torment as much as of education. The bullying itself was hardly worse than the flogging and the privations. Reginald Smith, then a fair, frail child of ten, was, on the day of his arrival, told by another boy to help him open his box. Grasping the key, he attempted to turn it in the lock, and uttered a cry of torture; for the key had been heated red hot, and then allowed to

blacken over just sufficiently to deceive the victim. Among his school-fellows were Christopher Wordsworth, Roundell Palmer (afterwards Lord Selborne), Anthony Trollope and a brother of his who went by the name of Badger, Ralph Disraeli, Charles Bingham (the clever and witty Sydney Smith of Dorset), John Floyer, William Eastwick, and Edmund and Frank Wickham. Frank Wickham, while at Winchester, was buried in the ground up to his neck by his school-fellows, who then flung stones at his head; he and many others who suffered tortures of the kind never recovered from the effects of their Winchester experiences. It was indeed a question of the survival of the fittest. Reginald Smith once compared his school experiences with those of a parishioner who had been brought up in the workhouse, and at the end the man said, "Well, sir, I do believe I had the best of it after all."

Reginald Southwell Smith, after some years at Balliol College, took Holy Orders and became curate to Dr. Frederick Parry Hodges, the stately and autocratic Vicar of Lyme Regis, a wit, a collector, and a formidably fine gentleman, who used to celebrate the Holy Eucharist in white kid gloves, and who as a young man and a curate had replied with dignity to his Bishop, who had admonished him on some point, "My lord, one thing is evident, either you or I must leave the diocese!" To Lyme Regis, in 1835, there came to recruit

from the shock of recent widowhood Mrs. Henry Hanson Simpson, with her daughter Emily Geneviève, who was always known as Mimi. Mr. Simpson, who came of a Cumberland family, had been a considerable traveller, and as a wit and clever festive host had been one of the chief stars of the brilliant old Bath society. Mrs. Simpson, who was a Miss Duberley, was a good musician; her exquisite white hands had received the admiration of no less a person than the Prince Regent, who, after she had been playing for him, once said to her, "A beautiful piece," and, raising it to his lips, "a still more beautiful hand that played it." The Simpsons had four children—William, who was afterwards A.D.C. to Lord Gough in the Chinese War, and who became Major Simpson, C.B., and three daughters. Mimi had from the first travelled with her parents wherever they went on the Continent; she spoke French like a native; she sketched and sang beautifully. At the age of four she had been overheard saying her prayers aloud: "O God, make it fine on Thursday for Miss Mimi to go to the Races." A few years later "Miss Mimi" would have regarded the Races as almost a vestibule of hell, for, as a girl of seventeen, she had come under the influence of the Evangelical Revival, and she gave up everything that savoured of a worldly character; but there remained plenty of tastes in which she could still conscientiously indulge—her exquisite singing, her vigorous and original sketch-

ing, her passion for travel and for collections of every sort and kind. Her voice was so full and beautiful, so free and liquid were her shakes and runs, that the master engaged for her instruction confessed that he could teach her little. She would sing at any time, for any one who asked her, without making a favour of it, and for as long as they cared to listen to her. In the last few years of her life, at the age of fifty-eight and fifty-nine, she actually gained three notes. Jenny Lind and she once sang together, and Jenny Lind always remembered her wonderful shakes.

The rector and the curate of Lyme Regis both fell in love with Mimi Simpson; the curate was preferred, and in 1836 she was married to Reginald Southwell Smith and went to live at West Stafford, a small country parish of some two hundred inhabitants, three miles from Dorchester, the county town of Dorset.

The living was presented to Reginald Southwell Smith by his early friend, John Floyer, the squire of Stafford, and from this time forward the two friends were destined to live within a stone's throw of each other, for over fifty years, in "close companionship, unbroken by one single misunderstanding or one single hasty word. Seldom, surely, have squire and clergyman—Church and State personified, as it might well seem to the simple villagers—so walked together, for such a length of time, in such unbroken union, based on such

common fear of God and such common love for men."

"The village of Stafford," Bosworth Smith says in one of the fragments of autobiography that he put together, "lies in the rich valley of the river Frome, a beautiful trout stream, with water meadows on either side, which, in old times, before they were as well drained as they are now, were the haunt of snipe and bittern and plover and curlew and every variety of wild and water fowl. In a frost-bound winter large 'drifts' of wild fowl flock thither from the sea. On one side of the valley rise high chalk downs with countless tumuli, separating it from the sea, whose roar upon the innumerable pebbles of the Chesil beach, ten miles off, may, at times, be distinctly heard. On the other side is a vast extent of heath land—hill and dale—interspersed with large fir plantations, the haunt and home of heron and raven, crow and magpie, hawk and owl, stretching away in unbroken sweep to the New Forest, and beyond to Weybridge and to Bagshot, and admirably described in all its monotonous variety by the pen of Thomas Hardy. The whole neighbourhood of Stafford is indeed, in a sense, classic ground, for in a little cottage in Upper Bockhampton, two miles away, between the fir wood and the heath, Thomas Hardy was born and bred, while the Rectory of Came, a village one mile in the other direction, was for many years the home of William Barnes, the sweet Dorset poet."

In his last book, "Bird Life and Bird Lore," Reginald Bosworth Smith has described the old

thatched Rectory, where the family of twelve brothers and sisters were born, and which was to each of them throughout life the ideal of a home.

"It is difficult," writes his youngest sister, Mrs. Caledon Egerton—and the sketch that follows, as well as much that precedes it, is from her pen, or from the pens of her two sisters, Alice and Eva, each acting, as has been the case through life, as the complement of the two others—"to paint in words a picture of that wonderful old Stafford Rectory home—the atmosphere of love and reverence, of wonder and enjoyment, that pervaded it, the extraordinary influence which our parents exercised over all who came in contact with them. In our family life, the sons, if possible, took the foremost place in their mother's heart, and we, the sisters, were brought up, from our earliest years, to devote ourselves, soul and body, to their pleasure in the holidays. Great walking parties—ranging from the youngest to the eldest—would sally forth for long afternoon progresses to heath and wood, the younger and weaker members encouraged on their toilsome way by the cheerful voice of their mother, bidding them step out and make things pleasant for dear Henry and Bosworth. Not unfrequently we would meet another advancing army—the Moules—Mr. Henry Moule of Fordington, and our dear friends, his sons, most of them now Bishops, Archdeacons, or University dignitaries—one of whom, the present Bishop of Durham, I can remember scurrying behind a hedge, in his shyness, to avoid the impending encounter.

"My mother always carried a large wool-work 'carriage' bag, containing a heavy miscellany of

sketch-book, guide-books, tracts for the poor, and biscuits and chocolate for us, and, occasionally, a heavy stone, surreptitiously added by a mischievous son. Our walks always had an object—some cairn on the heath built by our own hands, or distant hawk's or heron's nest, discovered by Bos, which we would approach on tiptoe in solemn silence, while he stalked on ahead to tap the tree and watch the mother bird fly off.

"In these lax days of keeping Sunday, when so much scorn is poured on the good old days of Sabbath observance, we often look back with regret to the old Sundays of Stafford Rectory. Not that there were, I fear, any great signs of early piety among us ; but our mother had a knack of turning everything into a treat, and if at times we found the services and sermons too long, the discipline and patience were good for us, and the sense of contrast enhanced the pleasure of every-day life. All our arrangements were altered on Sundays. By eight o'clock we would all be assembled round our mother's dressing-table to repeat our Sabbath hymns and portions ; we liked saying them to her, because she would unconsciously repeat the whole of each verse before us, while she twisted up her ringlets, and so correct knowledge was unnecessary on our parts. Occasionally our father would call us into his dressing-room for the repetition, and then the full depth of our ignorance would be disclosed. One hymn, lisped out by our infant voices, ended up with—

'Life's morn is past,
Old age comes on,
And sin distracts
This heart alone.'

"Then came Sunday school, in which we all took classes as a matter of course. Bos used to endure agonies when sent to instruct the boys in the first class, and would sit with his eyes fixed on his book, for fear he would see them misbehaving and have to reprove them.

"Meanwhile, in the Rectory, the house had already been transformed, all the things that savoured of the week having been put away on the Saturday night. All works of fiction and secular periodicals were hidden. In our nursery, the oak box containing our dolls' clothes was turned upside down, and all toys were banished.

"The services seemed very long in those days, for after the barrel organ had wheezed itself into its last, long sleep, there was no instrument at all. The clerk in the gallery would tune up his pitch pipe, and he from above and our mother from below would outsing each other, he in his broad nasal Dorset, she in her exquisite soprano, which trilled like a bird, as she relieved with runs and shakes the otherwise dull monotony of the metrical verses of the psalms. The children sat in the square Rectory pew, and during our father's sermon, which seldom lasted less than three-quarters of an hour, our mother would by loud hems and clearings of the throat direct our flagging attention to the pulpit. From his square pew opposite ours, the tall and stately squire, John Floyer, would turn round before the beginning of the service, to get a bird's-eye view of the gallery, and if any of his tenants were missing, he would be 'told of it' in the coming week. In his mother's time, the whole congregation would rise as she entered the church, and I am told this was a common custom in the

villages in the early years of the nineteenth century. The men sat in the gallery, and the children were crowded on the low kneeling-benches round the altar rails, the boys' hats reposing inside them, and if any child behaved badly, he or she was made to stand out alone, in the aisle facing the congregation. On leaving the church they would all curtsey and bow, as they passed our pew and the squire's.

"On one occasion, a stray visitor—not a parishioner—rose up in the gallery and blasphemed God, the squire, and the parson. Old Mrs. Floyer stood up in her pew, and promptly ordered him to the stocks, where he was at once lodged, and visited later by the horrified congregation.

"On another occasion, seeing that the Rector looked ill, Mrs. Floyer stood up and said in a loud voice, 'Reginald, I will not have any sermon to-day;' whereon he at once descended from the pulpit.

"When afternoon church was over, children and nurses sat down to a substantial tea. Our mother would meantime read out to us the fascinating 'Fairchild Family,' in each chapter of which Mrs. Sherwood contrives that her characters should break one of the commandments in turn. Then we would be shown folios of pictures or cabinets of curiosities, one of those cabinets being chosen which contained the water of Jordan, leaves from the Garden of Gethsemane, or some other Biblical relic. Every available shelf or drawer in the old Rectory was crammed with treasures. After the exhibition we would stand round the ancient square piano and sing hymns together—'Here we suffer grief and pain,' 'There is a happy land, far, far away'—that Happy Land in which our blessed parents and

our eight brothers and sisters now await the little remnant of the family still left on earth.

"After supper, we would adjourn to the study, where our father would read aloud to us some ponderous memoir, the dulness of which we would while away by looking at pictures in old missionary records. We sometimes indulged in the game of 'Abraham's beard,' until our father directed us to change the name of the father of the faithful to 'Cæsar,' when the frankly secular nature of the amusement stood revealed.

"We children all slept in the whitewashed attics, where no fires were possible, the rooms being too close to the thatch. Henry and Bosworth slept in two tiny rooms, with dormer windows peeping out of the deep thatch: you could see nothing from them but the sky, unless you mounted up on a chair. The rooms were full of the boys' small treasures, which they preserved religiously to the end of their lives. One, a collecting box, was in the shape of a thatched Hindu hut. It was full of coppers, but as they are in it to this day, it is, alas, too evident that they never reached the object for which they were intended. Henry used to be so long at his prayers, that Bosworth would endure agonies, thinking he must be dead. Afraid to reveal his fears, he bored a small hole in the partition, by looking through which he could reassure his anxious mind. A travelling pedlar had deluged the Rectory with a number of round China plates, one of which hung in Bosworth's room, inscribed with the words, 'Prepare to meet thy God.' Indeed the 'Last Things'—Death, Judgment, Hell—formed always a dark and sinister background to the cheerful pleasures of our younger days. The

elder children were brought up in the full rigour of the Evangelical system, which, as years went on, was somewhat tempered for the younger ones.

"We always accompanied our parents to the various meetings of the Evangelical Societies at Dorchester. The chief of all these functions was the annual Church Missionary meeting, which took place in the early summer in our church. It was a gala day for us. The church was filled with huge hoops of laburnum and lilac, and jugs of boys'-love, peonies, and gillyflowers. There was a picture of the missionary ship, *Williamson*, cut out in black on a white calico ground, hung in the porch. All obstacles likely to impede the congregation's view of the speakers were removed. The tall oak cover was taken off the font, and placed upon the Holy Table, and the font was for the occasion converted into a receptacle for hymn-books.

"There was an innocent familiarity with sacred things at Stafford in those days, which was very far removed from the least touch of intentional irreverence. The speakers sat in the capacious reading-desk, the overflow, in their black coats, inside the altar rails on kitchen chairs lent by the villagers; the tradespeople and farmers flocked out from Dorchester, and our mother, stationed on a low chair by the font, would welcome in late-comers, and point them to their seats, which would often involve clambering over benches placed across the aisle. The meeting lasted some three and a half hours, and after the collection, usually forty or fifty pounds, had been taken in a kitchen soup-plate by our mother, all classes adjourned to a sumptuous feast in the Rectory dining-room, the chief feature of the repast being a church with Gothic windows,

formed of jam tartlets and barley-sugar. Our dear friends George, Arthur, and Handley Moule would often speak at these meetings; Mr. Barnes, the Dorset poet, came in his picturesque knee-breeches and buckled shoes, with his grey plaid thrown over his shoulder, and Charles Bingham, the well-known rector of Bingham's Melcombe.

"There was also a festal meeting for the Bible Society at Martinstown, but this was on a less ambitious scale than ours; no flag was hoisted, and there was only one bell to toll instead of three to chime. The vicar and his wife, who belonged to an even older world than our parents, were saintly in their lives and patriarchal in their simplicity. Mrs. Ludlow always dressed consistently as 'a woman professing godliness,' in a straight, plain gown, a voluminous cape, and a large black bonnet. They dined with their servants on the Lord's Day, to save the trouble of a separate dinner, and, if they indulged in any earthly pride, it was in the possession of the largest collection of missionary reports in the whole county.

"But there was another side to the religion we learned from our parents. They loved God and man, and in the atmosphere of that love of theirs we could grow and expand like flowers in summer sunshine. Our treats and pleasures had a glamour about them which has never faded. There was a small shady territory in the garden, 'The Bushes,' where the children reigned supreme. Here our precious broken mugs and departed cats and rabbits were interred with solemn funeral rites. Once a year, we would make our way underground along an earthy tunnel, thirty-five feet long, into a vault that had been made by Henry and Bosworth,

as a possible refuge, if Napoleon III. should invade England. And what joy it was to play in that world of mysterious shadows, the great tithe barn —the place of all others that filled our imaginations with the tempered awe that is so dear to the heart of a child; what joy to climb the church tower and view the crawling villagers and thatched homesteads as the birds view them, from above! And once a year there was a great picnic—family, servants, and a few close friends—at Ringstead—a glen by the sea, a hidden woodland garden of ivied trees, clear streams, and great ferns, guarded at the entrance by a great mound of almost human shape. Perhaps of all the delicious Stafford days, the Rectory hay-carrying bore off the palm, when the whole family would travel in the laden wagon across the deep ruts, down the lane through the grassy stable yard into the tithe barn.

"Our parents and the Floyers were absolute rulers in the village, and they largely controlled its dress, manners, and morals. Our father would often be called in to make the people's wills. On one occasion he mislaid a will he had drawn up, and at the death of the testator he divided the property according to his own ideas, the legatees being quite satisfied with his judgment. Many years afterwards one of us chanced to find the will, but our father decided that it would only unsettle the minds of the people to say anything about it, and that it was best to let well alone. Our father was truly a law unto himself!

"He had found the village in a very godless state when he first became rector in 1836. His predecessor, Archdeacon England, had been a great breeder of horses, and he had always turned a blind

eye to one source of his parishioners' income. The great tithe barn at the Rectory was placed at their disposal, and often scores of kegs of brandy, which had been smuggled from France to Lulworth Cove, lay there, or in the church belfry, in perfect security. His son used to say to his parishioners at Came, 'Don't ee do as I do do, but do as I do tell ee!'

"The village schoolmistress could read but not write. Two at a time, as they repeated their lessons, she would pin the children by their aprons to her gown to prevent their running away.

"Labourers' wages in those days varied from five shillings to seven shillings a week, and if there was a large family, only one or two of the brood would be sent to school, because the parents could not spare the necessary penny a week. The labourers seldom tasted meat; their tea was usually made of the scrapings of the black crusts of their loaves. The women wore short lilac prints and sunbonnets, the men smock-frocks. We were trained to live much in the lives of the villagers, and the whole place was like one large family: the babes were all welcomed with presents, we called even the aged men and women by their Christian names, entered their doors without knocking, attended their weddings and their funerals. 'To stand at tea' and 'go to Isaac Reed's funeral' were among the treats once provided for us by our mother, to console us during her short absence from home.

"From his earliest years Bosworth made friends with the cottagers, and his reminiscences of them were countless. It was from men who, in the old smuggling days, had had constant practice in cliff-climbing, that he learned to approach the nests of

the cormorants, and gulls, and ravens that build on the almost perpendicular cliffs near White Nose. One of his chief friends was George Gill, the foreman on the estate, whose will neither squire nor labourer dared to dispute. Gill's daughter recalls how she often heard her father say, 'There goes Master Bos, a-rummaging wi' the blessed birds again.'

"Bosworth himself drew, in later years, a vivid picture of this remarkable man, who, unable to read or write, 'was able to arrange and carry in his head complicated accounts, and to manage with admirable skill his master's estate and all that appertained to it.' 'In appearance he was most striking; his huge person, his sallow complexion, his scanty hair, his prominent cheek bones, his deeply sunken and obliquely slanting eyes, which were often lit up with a twinkle of grim but kindly humour, would bring to one's mind the description one had read of the old-world followers of Attila and of Timour the Tartar. "The last of the Huns" one who knew him well not inaptly called him. His conversation was always entertaining, and sometimes even brilliant. The staple of it was, of course, the politics of the village, the short and simple annals of the poor, so uniform in their variety, so varied in their uniformity, yet affording, as the poems of William Barnes and the novels of Thomas Hardy have so abundantly shown, a rich field for the study of human nature, a school where much can be learned that can hardly be learned elsewhere. It was not Gill's master alone who would consult him on matters of practical importance. The village Nestor, who never called a spade anything but a spade, would give his opinion

frankly—perhaps sometimes too frankly; and was quite as ready—perhaps more ready—to tell those who consulted him when he thought them wrong, as when he thought them right. He would use many animated gestures, but he would generally stand with his eyes fixed on the ground, or with his back turned full on the person he was addressing, and he would often also walk ten or a dozen steps in the middle of his discourse, as if to emphasise his advice, his surprise, or his contempt, and then again return to the charge. . . . As one reflects on the sterling integrity, the stalwart worth, the open-handed generosity from amidst very scanty means, the grim but kindly humour, the life dignified by hard labour and, perhaps I may add, by humble trust in God, of such a man as George Gill, one feels indeed the full truth of the poet's utterance, "An honest man's the noblest work of God."'

"Another of Bosworth's great friends was Susan Treviss, who assisted at all the bringings in and layings out of the parish. Susan's cottage was a picture, with its chimney-corner and dresser covered with bright china, and on the wall hung a sampler worked by her own hand—

'To think of summers yet to come that I shall never see,
To think that once a weed must grow of dust that I shall be.'

Susan used to have wonderful dreams, which Bosworth loved to hear her tell. 'The End' was usually the subject, and once she dreamt 'that all in church, the gentry and such as we together, had to pass up before the Almighty, who was seated in the gallery.' 'First did come the squire, then your Pa, then one and another, and when my turn

did come to go up before 'en, my legs did sheäk so, I did wake up.'

"If people were ignorant in the old days, there was often a touching simplicity and originality in what they said and thought. An old labouring man at the beginning of his illness said he did not so much fear his 'judgment,' for he had never learnt to read or write, so he felt sure he would not be 'tried in the scholar's class.' An old shepherd, when he was dying, said he had no fear that the Good Shepherd would turn round on another shepherd. One man, very old, very ignorant, and reputed to be ungodly, used to go out at night, so our father discovered, and kneel in the cold river in penance for his sins.

"How faithful servants were then! Our beloved nurse, Mary Marshfield, is with us still at the age of eighty-six. Our old gardener, Bevis, used to rise and begin work at 3 A.M. I can see him now, a gruff, grim old man, with his ill-shorn chin, his smileless eyes, his grey hair, and skin like a winter apple. He grudged our being allowed to pick *his* fruit, and he refused to waste his time over 'such nonsenses' as flowers. If he respected any one, it was Bosworth. When Bosworth got his First Class at Oxford, he came up, and knowing no other academical distinction, congratulated our mother on 'Bosworth's having got the spellen prize.' His daughter, who was our cook all her days at twelve pounds a year, was a grim person too, but she had a soft place in her heart for the Rectory children. 'Buoys and gurls,' she said, 'they be all alike, there b'aint no fault in 'em.'

"In later days, the villagers felt the elections were the one precious opportunity for asserting

themselves against the power of the gentry. But, on one occasion, a lady in the village made the following satisfactory declaration of her husband's principles: 'Tom have no political convictions of his own, Miss, none whatever! and what's more, he don't desire none. He say, "We're born under very good gentry"—your Pa, Miss, and Mr. Floyer and Dr. Hawkins—"and what *they* think, *I* am content to think!" And when them nasty Radicals comes a botheren 'em, as in a place like this they will, Miss, Tom turn round to them, and he just say, "You be born to labour and labour you must!"'"

The picture of "the beautiful and beloved village," to use the words of the Bishop of Durham, "bordered with meads, and washed with silver brooks, over which the grey church tower and the great thatched Rectory (wonderful house and home, impossible to describe with all its charms) watch for blessing," was ever in the background of Bosworth's thoughts and imagination, and the memory of his parents was treasured with an only increasing love and reverence. His own words can best describe them and his devotion to them. Of his mother, he wrote:—

"Her heart seemed wide enough for everybody, and for everything; no one ever went to her for sympathy and came empty away.

"Energy of every kind was pleasurable to her. To climb, at the age of fifty, mountains fit only for a strong and active man in the prime of his life;

to weary out, in her unflagging interest, the most indefatigable of sight-seers in London, or archæologists in Rome; to seek in 'foreign scenes' the relaxation which would better enable her to discharge her duties in England, doing thoroughly in a week what others would do superficially in a month; to sit up night after night till the small hours of the morning, and that after the labours of a long day in a house of which she had been the life and the light and the soul, in order that in undisturbed quiet she might read, or write, or commune with the Unseen; to take, when on a journey, while others were resting from their fatigues, a sketch of a building or a mountain which will be treasured to all time for its beauty as well as for its dear associations by those who have lost her; to pour forth rivers of melodious song which enthralled the hearers, and which seemed to those who loved her to have, even then, less of earth in them than heaven, and which, like echoes from a far-off country, still seem to be ringing in their ears; these were a few, a very few, of the multifarious directions in which her natural tastes led her to take the most keen delight, and in which she would have shone, as few others have, had she given herself entirely to them.

"But these and other pleasures she was always ready to give up, and was never so happy as when she gave them up, at the call of duty; in fact she used them only as helps to fulfil that duty.

"Her most vivid happiness she found in self-sacrifice—nay, in self-annihilation. A darling scheme, which she had planned for months, she would give up when she found that it crossed the wishes of others, and would settle down with zest and

energy to occupations for which she had a natural distaste.

"She possessed the faculty of attracting new friends even to the end of her life; no one ever kept her mind more open to new subjects and new interests; her sympathies and her capacities, great as they always were, seemed to expand as she grew older. One wonders whether they can be greater even now!"

Of his father, who lived on into a beautiful and peaceful old age, he has drawn a picture which seems to sum up all that was best and most charming in a generation that has gone:—

"He spent his days in the little village of West Stafford, the centre of a home which his children may well regard as the perfection of a home, dear to them always, and dearer to them now than ever; not receiving and not coveting any higher ecclesiastical dignity than that of a canonry of Salisbury, devoting himself primarily to the good of his parish and to the advocacy of those great societies and agencies for good which were, in his earlier career, just starting into life, yet regarded by all who knew him as a sort of unmitred bishop, a final Court of Appeal, a perennial Christmastide of peace and goodwill and reconciliation, to be consulted by clergymen and laymen alike, on every disputed question, moral, social, and religious; better than all, as the friend of God and of man, one who seemed to reflect the very spirit of his Divine Master, and whose sweet and genial influence seemed to breathe around it an atmosphere of

peace, and hope, and forbearance, and humility, and love, and holy calm.

"He belonged to the Evangelical portion of the English Church, and he was always proud of the name. But he was conspicuously devoid of all narrowness and exclusiveness. The moment that he recognised that the same religious depth and fervour were to be found in the High Church party which had given birth to the Evangelical, and had, at one time, been practically confined to it, his heart broadened out towards it. His tendency was always in the direction of comprehensiveness and of unity. His sympathies were never narrow; but they seemed to become wider and wider as he neared the heaven which was already, in so large a part, his home. Many men—indeed, most men—are stereotyped in thought and character by the time they arrive at middle life. Such was not the case with him. As life mellowed, he took a mellower view of everything and of everybody. He possessed in large measure that Divine credulity which sees the soul of goodness—perhaps tries to see it, even where it does not exist—in things evil. He was always ready to make allowance, to give full credit to the motive, even when he deplored the opinion or the act.

"When he preached, as he often did, on a verse from the Sermon on the Mount, one felt that no words, or few words, were needed to enforce the lesson which was conveyed by the features, by the expression, by the tone of the voice, by the manner, by the man. His face was a beatitude in itself. There was in it a delicate and subtle blending, as of colours deftly shot into a fine and precious fabric, of gravity and of mirthfulness, of religious fervour

and of religious reserve, of self-respect and of self-forgetfulness, that was a message in itself, and went straight to the hearts of all who heard him.

"He enjoyed life, so far as his feeble health would permit him, in all its fulness, its richness, its variety. A quiet mirthfulness indeed formed the genuine under-current of his soul. He had his joke for every one whom he loved, and there were few except the supercilious, or the hypocritical, or the worldly-minded whom he did not love. And it was a joke that often twinkled in his clear blue eye for some moments before it rippled from his lips. A joke against him, if indeed it can be called against him, gave him at least as much pleasure as did a joke made by him, and his childlike unconsciousness of self, his unbusinesslike habits, his delicious obliviousness of time and place, gave abundant field for them.

"His kindliness of heart and his generosity in money matters often cost him dear. In defiance of the political economist, his hand would go into his pocket before he so much as heard the tale of woe which a passing tramp would extemporise not for the first time. . . . His tact and judgment rarely failed him, and well was it that it was so, for when he perhaps did happen to take what might be a mistaken view on any public or semi-public question, such was the influence of his name and fame that, where it was a matter of voting, he generally carried the day. 'If Canon Reginald Smith said it was right, right it must be!'"

By the side of the Country Rector's picture must stand that of the Country Squire, his lifelong friend, John Floyer, for it well may seem, that

these pictures are not unworthy to hang in the long gallery that contains, among many others, the portraits of Goldsmith's Village Parson, Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley, and Thackeray's Colonel Esmond.

"Mr. Floyer, for many years M.P. for Dorset, and for half a century the chief support of every organisation which aimed at the good of his native country, was a perfect specimen of an English gentleman of the old school, absolutely straightforward in thought, word, and deed. He was frank, genial, unaffected, simple. There was an old-world courtesy, a quiet dignity, a sweet gravity about him which drew respect and disarmed opposition. His mind was essentially open and evenly balanced. His reading was wide and varied. He kept up his knowledge of the classics, and read them with pleasure even to the last. Wordsworth was his favourite poet—a fact which helps to show something of his love of nature, of his sympathy with the poor, of his reverence for the sanctities of domestic life. He was essentially a Dorset man; he loved Dorset ways, and was full of Dorset folklore and reminiscences. He was not a born orator, but his manly and noble presence, the radiant smile which often played about his face as he spoke, his incontestable sincerity, his innate refinement, sometimes made his speeches to be scarcely less effective than if he were. His language was English pure and undefiled, but there was here and there about it, so I fondly believe, a faint aroma of that nobly expressive dialect which is so dear to all Dorset men, and which has been embalmed in the im-

perishable verse of Mr. Floyer's old friend and neighbour, William Barnes. His industry on behalf of others was unflagging, and his only ambition was the honourable one of doing all the good he could in the world. He was a devout and humble Christian. No man whom I have ever known lived more truly, more wholly as in the sight of God. To see his features and his bearing, Sunday after Sunday, to hear the tones of his voice in the little church, from which never but from necessity during the last seventy years has he been absent, was, in itself, a religious influence of no mean kind; it was, in itself, a religious education."

Of the twelve brothers and sisters who were born at Stafford Rectory, Henry, the eldest, with the heart of a poet and a passion for mountain climbing, was fated to spend his days at a desk in the War Office and to die of consumption at the age of forty. Emily, the eldest sister, gifted and charming as all the sisters were, married the Rev. John S. Thomas, for many years Bursar of Marlborough College, and died in 1879 of consumption in Madeira. Ellinor, of whom Bosworth could never, till the end of his life, speak without his eyes filling with tears, died of consumption when she was eighteen years old. She was tall and fair, with masses of long, gold-coloured hair and grey eyes full of light; and her devotion to Bosworth and her triumph at his success were only equalled by his devotion to her. Two little sisters, Harriet and Constance, and a little brother died

in early years; Edward Floyer Noel Smith, the creator and for twenty-six years the devoted priest of the Marlborough College Mission at Tottenham, died in March 1908, a few months only before the brother, who had felt his loss so profoundly, was to follow him.

One brother, Colonel Walter W. Marriott Smith, late R.A., survives, and three sisters, Alice, Eva, and Blanche (Mrs. Caledon Egerton), still live near the enchanted ground of their old home.

"What a home it has been," writes one who knew it as well as the Rectory children themselves; "the sick and sorrowful from far and near found brightness, love, and comfort there. Orphans were received into arms so kind and motherly, that they almost forgot they were motherless."

If I have dwelt at some length on the early days of Bosworth's life and the surroundings in which he grew up, it is because the influences of his home, with its atmosphere of austere and fervent piety, mingled with intense enjoyment of earthly things, and all irradiated by the joy of vivid imagination, permeated his whole life, and the "memories of the past fell always on his soul like dew to refresh it in the toils of later years." From his warm-hearted, gifted mother he inherited many of the tastes and qualities that characterised him, and there are several passages in his own sketch of his father which one would hardly alter, had one wished to describe himself. Ties of the strongest affection

united the whole family, each to each, and no picture of Bosworth's life would be a true one that did not dwell on the unending happiness which the love and sympathy of his parents, brothers, and sisters brought to him. Again, he loved the Dorset villagers, he understood them, he appreciated their homely wit, he delighted in their talk, he respected their patience, their generosity to each other, their simple piety. The soil of Dorset, its water meadows, its heaths, its lonely clumps of firs, its ancient manor-houses, drew him back to itself as with a charm.

And apart from all other considerations, the picture of the old-world village and Rectory, with their patriarchal customs and simple inhabitants, has surely an interest of its own. It belongs to a past which we are leaving behind us at an ever-accelerating pace, and in its quaintness, its unlikeness to our own days of restless movement, there is a charm which may appeal, if only by force of contrast, to those whose lives have been swept into other currents.

CHAPTER II

MILTON ABBAS SCHOOL—MARLBOROUGH—OXFORD

BOSWORTH'S earliest memories were, strangely enough, not of his Stafford home, but of Madeira, whither in 1841 his father was sent, as it was thought, in an almost hopeless state of consumption. The captain of the sailing vessel on which the family were passengers was naturally treated by all on board with great deference, as a person of importance; and his parents used to recall with amusement how Bosworth, then a child of two years old, looked up in the captain's face and reminded him of the fate common alike to sea captains and to ordinary mortals, by saying, "Captain Aerth will die some day!" Bosworth always asserted that he could remember the Portuguese servants, and the hammock in which he was carried up the hot hillside, as well as the little plaid dress which he wore. The family came back in 1842 to Stafford, and Canon Reginald Smith, though always delicate, lived on till 1896.

The children's education was carried on by their parents, assisted by various tutors, as well as by a "writing master," to whose instructions it must be

owned that Bosworth did no credit, for his handwriting was, from the first, barely legible even by his own family. On September 17, 1849, Bosworth's mother's diary records: "To-day my dear husband told our dear boys, Henry and Bosworth, aged eleven and ten, of his intention of placing them at Mr. Penny's school at Blandford, which they seemed to feel very much, specially dear Bosworth, who was quite depressed for some time;" and on their last Sunday at home, she writes that their father preached on "conscience," and that "dear Bosworth seemed to feel it. Most affectionate and clinging they were, and listened to my advice."

Milton Abbas School, where many Dorset boys of that time and of earlier generations were educated, was one of "King Edward VI.'s Grammar Schools." It was founded and endowed by the Lord Abbot of Milton in 1521, and had been built under the shadow of the stately Abbey of Milton in the heart of Dorset, but about 1786 the Lord of the Manor (Lord Milton), after long litigation, had the school removed to the market town of Blandford. Admiral Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's friend, a Dorset man, is said to have been a Milton Abbas schoolboy before the remove; and Bishop Smythies was a distinguished pupil of more recent years.

"The Rev. J. Penny," says Mr. L. B. Clarence, a school-fellow and lifelong friend of Bosworth

Smith's, "who was Headmaster of the school in Bosworth's time, was of St. John's College, Cambridge, and thirtieth wrangler in the Mathematical Tripos of 1842. Under his charge the school increased and prospered greatly. No railway reached Blandford in those days, but mail-coaches ran daily through the town between Bath and Poole, Salisbury and Exeter. It was customary for the boys on their homeward journeys, at the end of the half—for holidays came but twice a year in those days—to arm themselves with pea-shooters, which were concealed or imagined to be concealed in trouser legs, as the wearers walked a trifle stiffly to the coach-office; these pea-shooters were sometimes let off just as the coach carried the boys beyond the reach of their master. The country round Blandford is lovely, with its fertile fields and pastures, its clear streams, its woodlands and high swelling downs. Two of these high downs are especially striking, namely, Hod and Hambleton, a few miles north of Blandford. Hod is well-nigh precipitous at a point where it overhangs a bend of the river with glistening water-lilies. At Hambleton it was that, in August 1645, Cromwell found the Dorset clubmen gathered together 'to the number of two thousand,' who, poor fellows, were quickly dispersed by Cromwell's Major, who 'got in the rear of them, beat them from the work, and did some small execution among them,' whereon, as Cromwell noted in his letter to Fairfax,[1] they promised 'to be very dutiful for time to come,' and 'will be hanged before they come out again.' We schoolboys used to imagine that Cromwell had performed the impossible feat of

[1] Cromwell to Fairfax, August 4, 1645. Printed by Carlyle in "Cromwell's Letters and Speeches."

charging with his Ironsides up the precipitous face of Hod."

Bosworth Smith's own words, taken from an address he gave to the boys of Milton Abbas School at the prize-giving in November 1903, give a simple, homely picture of his old school:—

"I have never enjoyed games more than those played within the narrow compass of the school-yard, some of them probably quite unknown to fame now, such as 'Egg-hat,' 'Warning,' 'Crosstouch,' all helped by the four old pollard elms and the single yew tree of the playground. Better still were the games of cricket and hockey on the downs outside Shaw's Folly, or of 'I-spy' on Mill Down, or on the remote Stourpaine Bushes. I well remember the horror with which, hiding in one of the thickest bushes, we found the body of a man hanging there by his neckcloth—a man who had disappeared from Stourpaine some weeks before; and I remember the weird fascination which we felt for the place ever afterwards. We played hard, and we worked hard. Mr. Penny, by precept and example, encouraged in us all a love for natural history, which has been, to me at least, a joy through life. It was my greatest pleasure here. There was not a wood within six miles of Blandford which, in spite of the terrors of the gamekeeper, I did not know well, and which did not yield me some rare treasures or something interesting to observe. Mr. Penny, knowing my taste, used to give me leave to go away by myself at twelve o'clock on half-holidays, and I had not to be back until eight in the evening. Some of you may have read my account of the raven's nest

in Badbury Rings. I encountered almost equal difficulty in getting to a heron's nest, a bird which I knew was building in Lord Portman's cliff. It was a pouring wet afternoon, and that favoured my design. I had first to climb over the shed at the bottom of the yard, made difficult by overhanging wires, then to drop into the garden, climb the garden wall, drop into the lane, and then run the gauntlet of the windows, where, if Mr. Penny happened to be looking out, all my pains would have been thrown away. Next I had to climb the park wall, which at that time was guarded inside by spring guns fastened by wires which, if you trod upon them, brought down the keeper upon you at once; then to climb the lofty fir-tree under which Lord Portman himself passed, observed but not observing, while I was near the top of it. I got a sample of the eggs, and ended by a tumble of some fifteen feet to the ground, which, as the ground shelved rapidly away, made me turn several times head over heels like a shot rabbit. Mr. Penny had an excellent assistant, Mr. J. J. Raven (now Dr. Raven, F.S.A.), an accomplished story-teller, who used to pour his stories out into our delighted ears on our walks to all the church towers and belfries within eight miles of Blandford, that he might take the bell inscriptions, a subject on which he is now one of the greatest living authorities. We had among us, small though our total numbers were, several pupils who have made a mark in after life. Among them was Lang, who never went to any other school, but who, thanks to Mr. Penny's tuition, came out a high wrangler at Cambridge; James Handley, who became a judge in India; Charles Roe, now Sir Charles Roe, K.C.S.I.; Clarence, a devoted friend

of the school, who became member of the Supreme Court in Ceylon; Grenfell, who became Sirdar of the Egyptian army, and is now Lord Grenfell; the three Stuart brothers, two of whom have become successively Earls of Moray, the second of whom married a much-loved cousin of my own; Eugene Noel; Douglas, now Sir Robert Douglas, and one of the highest authorities on China at the British Museum; and one whom you at Blandford all know, Williamson Daniell, of whom all his life I have known nothing but good."

Mr. Clarence records that young Grenfell was a most amusing boy, with a great turn for acting, and that Bosworth was a hard worker, never idle, and that he would often in springtime rise early to work in order to be free for bird's-nesting later in the day. Bosworth's own account of his adventurous expedition after a raven's nest in his "Bird Life" has often been quoted, but, as it was a real feat of daring and endurance which he recalled with special pleasure, it must find a place in the record of his life:—

"I had for some years been fond of birds, in a rather truer sense than that in which Tom Tulliver was 'fond of them—fond, that is, of throwing stones at them.' Some six miles from Blandford, between it and Wimborne, at the end of a stretch of open down, and near the park of Kingston Lacy, there stands, on high ground, a noble clump of Scotch firs, younger and smaller trees outside, older and bigger within. Round the clump run several concentric circles of fosse and rampart, the work of bygone races, British, Roman, or Saxon, which

give to the whole the name of 'Badbury Rings.' There, from time immemorial, so tradition said, a pair of ravens had reared their young, and many attempts had been made without success to reach their eyrie. The trees selected were too big in girth to swarm, and the lower branches, for forty feet upward, had disappeared. The raven, I knew, was the earliest of all birds to breed—earlier by some weeks than the rook and the heron, which are the next to follow it.

"It was the 26th of February 1855, and the snow lay thick on the ground. When school was over at noon I applied for leave to go to Badbury Rings. My good master, the Rev. J. Penny, after a decent show of objection—'the snow was so deep that we could never get there,' 'the tree so hard that we should never be able to climb it,' 'the season so backward that no sensible raven would be thinking of laying her eggs yet'—gave me the necessary permission. I was accompanied by T. H. Taylor, now of Trinity College, Cambridge. We bought a hammer and a packet of the largest nails we could get, some sixty in number, and some ten inches long, and we set out on our expedition; but, what with the weight of the nails and hammer, and the depth of the snow, and our losing our way for a time near the half-way village of Spetisbury, we did not arrive till half-past three o'clock. As we approached we heard, to our delight, the croak of the ravens, and saw them soaring above the clump, or wheeling round it, in the pursuit of one another. We entered the clump. There were two or three raven-like-looking nests, apparently of bygone years, and we did not want to assail the wrong one; so we crouched down and watched till we saw, or thought

we saw, the raven go into one of them. Creeping up, we gave the tree a smart tap and out the bird flew; but as birds often go into their nests and 'think about it' some days before they lay in them, we did not feel over sanguine as to its contents. The tree was just what we had expected, and there was nothing to be done but to go at it, hammer and nails. It was a task of delicacy and difficulty, not to say of danger, to lean with one foot the whole of one's weight upon a nail, which might have a flaw in it, or might not have been driven far enough into the tree; to cling with one arm, as far as it would reach, round the bole, and with the other, to hold both nail and hammer, and to coax the former into the tree with very gentle blows—for a heavy blow would at once have overbalanced me—and then to climb one step upwards and repeat the process over and over again. The old birds, meanwhile, kept flying closely round, croaking and barking fiercely, with every feather on neck and head erect in anger, and often pitching in a tree close by. It is well that they did not make-believe actually to attack me; for the slightest movement on my part to ward them off must have thrown me to the ground. In spite of the exertion, my hands and body were numbed with the cold. I had taken up as many nails as I could carry, some six or seven in a tin box tied round my waist, and let it down with a string from time to time, to get it refilled by my companion. As I climbed higher, the work grew more dangerous, for the wind told more, and a slip would now not only have thrown me to the ground, but have torn me to pieces with the nails which thickly studded the trunk below. At last the first branch, some fifty feet from the ground, as measured by the

string, was reached, and the rest was easy. There are few moments more exciting to an enthusiastic bird's-nester than is the moment before he looks into a nest, which he has had much difficulty in reaching, and which may or may not contain a rare treasure. One can almost hear one's heart beat, and 'to my inexpressible delight,' if I may quote the phrase I find that I used in my diary for that night, my first glance revealed that the nest contained four eggs. It had taken me two and a half hours to attain to them. Two of the eggs are still in my possession. They are speckled all over with grey and green, twice the size of a rook's egg, and perhaps a third larger than a crow's; and if the value which one puts upon a thing depends very much, as I suppose it does, on what it has cost one to get it, I have the right to regard them as among my most treasured possessions. The nest was a huge structure, nearly as big as a heron's, but built of larger sticks and better put together. The eggs lay in a deep and comfortable hollow, lined with fibres, grass, dry bracken, a few feathers, some rabbits' fur, and, strangest of all, a large portion of a woman's dress, probably a gipsy's—for in those days gipsy encampments were common thereabouts. The descent would have been comparatively easy, except for the darkness, which had come on apace, and made it difficult to find the nails. We did not reach Blandford till 9 P.M., worn out with cold, hunger, and fatigue, but proud in the possession of the first raven's eggs I had ever seen.[1] It is a curious coincidence that, in the very same year (1903) in which I wrote the first draft of this

[1] Mr. Clarence remembers that a search party had been sent out to look for the boys.

account, Mr. W. H. Hudson, the noted naturalist of the Pampas, when wandering, as is his wont, through out-of-the-way parts of the country observing birds, should have happened to be at Sixpenny Handley, on the edge of the county of Dorset, where he had never been before, and should have asked, as is also his wont, a countryman in the fields about the birds of the neighbourhood, and in particular, whether a raven was ever heard or seen there. 'Not often now,' replied the labourer, 'but look over yonder'—and he pointed to Badbury Rings, many miles away—'a pair of ravens did always used to bide and build there;' and he went on to tell him how, many years ago, when quite a young man, he had determined one day to go over and try to get the young ravens. He had only a bit of bread and cheese in his pocket, and when he got there, very tired, he found that the tree containing the nest was 'stuck all over with big spikes, which made it impossible for him to climb it,' and he had returned disappointed and exhausted. The 'big spikes' which—perhaps conjoined with his own exhaustion and the terrors of the ravens' croaking—had made it impossible for him to climb the tree, were, doubtless, the very nails which alone had enabled me—or could have enabled any one—a few weeks, or a few years before, to climb it."

Bosworth became in time head of the school and the winner of many prizes. His mother's diary says, in the quaint phraseology of those days, in which even the most natural and warm-hearted of human beings felt bound to express herself, "Dear Bosworth won the second prize for general history.

God be praised for this new proof of his diligence. May he not be lifted up, but kept lowly!" "In those days," Bosworth Smith used to say in later life, "we *read* our prizes as well as won them. My sons, who have won their share of them, think that prizes are meant to be looked at on a shelf, and would never dream of reading them." His six years at Milton Abbas School were very happy, and he always felt he owed much to Mr. Penny's teaching, as well as to his wise encouragement of his special tastes. "I knew White's 'Selborne' pretty nearly by heart before I was twelve," he said in after years.

Mr. Penny is happily still living, and his words about his "much-loved friend and pupil" have a touching interest of their own :—

"I have shrunk," he writes, "from writing of him lest I should not do justice to him. Again and again I have thought of Dædalus, as Virgil represents him. He longed to set up a memorial in gold of his son's misfortune, but Virgil says, 'Twice fell the father's hands;' and so I would fain tell my story in golden words, but words fail me. . . . Sixty years ago your father was placed under my care, and for close upon six years he was with me. In most respects he was like other boys—but in two things he distinguished himself: he loved the pursuit of natural history, loved it enthusiastically; but he never allowed his fondness for it to interfere with his school work. This under no pretence whatever was neglected by him. At the right

moment he was ready with all he had to prepare; and the secret of all was, that whatever he had before him, whether in the way of study or of recreation, he did thoroughly. I have always regarded his memorable achievement at Badbury Rings as containing the great element of his character—indomitable perseverance—a determination to complete whatever he undertook. As a boy, if he had anything to do he did it; and as time went on there was the same all-conquering, unyielding '*labor improbus.*' Whether it was his 'Carthage' or his 'Life of Lord Lawrence' (at which, I know, he worked until his eyes almost refused to serve him for pain), or his charming 'Bird Life' (the last, to our sorrow, of his beautiful books), or the reminiscence of a friend, or a speech on any subject —nothing that came from him was incomplete. It was not necessary to say to him, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.'"

From Milton Abbas Bosworth went in 1855 to Marlborough.

"He came there," writes Canon T. L. Papillon, "at an unusually late age, and was at once placed in the form next below the Sixth. We who had worked our way up from the lower forms, and were perhaps inclined to think our own experience the only one worth having, soon found that this newcomer was intellectually our equal, if not our superior, and that his reading was wider, and his tastes more varied, than were usually developed by the then narrow curriculum of a public school. In those days scant encouragement was given to nature study in any form, and Bosworth, his pet raven, and

his knowledge, already wide, of birds and their ways, was a new phenomenon in the upper part of the school. He was also more of a politician than most of us, and a readier speaker in our debating society, and we could not help noting that the master thought him worth talking to, and put trust in his opinion on school and other matters. He was withal a genial companion and a firm friend; somewhat 'peppery,' if suddenly crossed, but never bearing malice; and all who were thrown much into his company both liked and respected him. As a boy he had the courage of his opinions, and was outspoken against anything wrong, or in support of what he believed to be right; and his influence among his companions, and on the school generally, was all for good."

"The Headmaster," Bosworth Smith writes, "was Dr. Cotton, afterwards Bishop of Calcutta. In my last year, when I was head of the school, I was brought into much contact with him, and owe more than I can express to his influence and example. As head of the school, I had to present the testimonial subscribed for by the boys on his leaving for Calcutta, and he continued most kindly to correspond with me until his untimely death in the River Ganges."

A letter to Bosworth Smith from Dr. Cotton was found on board the steamer which he was attempting to reach when he made the fatal slip from the plank. Bishop Cotton's death in 1866—the news of which was broken to Bosworth with the greatest

kindness by the Rev. F. W. Farrar (afterwards Dean Farrar)—was a deep grief to him.

An *In Memoriam* sketch of the man he loved and honoured so profoundly was the first of many such sketches which he was to write in after years. These writings were due, partly to a natural impulse of his warmly affectionate disposition, partly to a sense that it was his duty to put in words what others felt, but would be less willing to express. Many of these brief memoirs, which describe character and influence rather than chronicle events, were written under the influence of strong emotion, and all of them with almost fastidious care. They contain passages of singular delicacy and beauty, and to many who have the best right to judge, they seem to present a true and touching picture of those whom they have loved and lost. They possess, indeed, something of the qualities of refinement of touch, of insight into the essential as apart from the superficial and accidental, which give a good portrait a charm to which no photograph can lay claim.

Writing of Bishop Cotton—the first man of such calibre with whom he had been brought into contact—Bosworth says :—

"He was a man of few words, but we felt that where a word was necessary it would be forthcoming, and that beneath that calm exterior there was a rare humour, dry or even grim, but a genuine under-current of the soul, a subdued mirthfulness

of disposition. . . . When he condemned, it was not the condemnation of one who had never failed himself; it was a condemnation tempered by love. . . . His self-command, combined as it was with almost uniform gravity of presence and of countenance, was appreciated most by those of us whose duty it was to assist him in governing the school. He was not what is called a man of tact—he was far too great for that; he never wantonly offended prejudices, but neither did he tamper with them or with his own sincerity. Always open to argument, and ready even to undo a thing when it was proved that it had been unwisely done, he would never make a show of hesitation when he did not really hesitate. But little would his rare gifts of intellect have availed had we not felt that there was more still behind. The greatest lesson we learned from him was the lesson of his life. With him we always felt that morality and religion went hand in hand; it was the life of Christ that he set forth to us in his sermons, and that he evidenced in his own life. His sermons, his confirmation classes, his solemn addresses to the Sixth Form at the close of each half-year—all were laden with the same burden, the task of working our religion into every action, however small, and blending duty with religion until the two were inseparable."

When Dr. Cotton left Marlborough, he commended his successor, Dr. G. G. Bradley, afterwards Dean of Westminster, to Bosworth Smith's "care," and Dean Bradley always remembered how much he owed to the zeal and loyal help of his first Senior Prefect, and a warm affection and sympathy existed

between them through life. "I well remember," writes Canon Robinson Duckworth, who from 1858 to 1860 was Assistant Master at Marlborough, "how strong and valuable his influence was as head of the school."

At Marlborough began his friendship with John Shearme Thomas, who afterwards became his brother-in-law, and who, as Bursar of the College, for forty-seven years rendered such splendid service to the school.[1] "The Bursar," Bosworth Smith said on the Jubilee Day of the College, "is the permanent element in the place, the depositary of the whole of its history and of its traditions." Later on he wrote: "He was at the service of every one who loved the place, down to the youngest boy whose life he could sweeten or whom, by a word in time, he could save from what was wrong. He sought not his own but the good of the community; and his loyalty begat loyalty in all around him; his energy begat energy; his sincerity, sincerity." John Thomas, with his energy and thoroughness, his warm heart and his unwavering faith, always seemed to his brother-in-law and to his countless friends "a tower that stood four-square to all the winds that blow."

"The beautiful downs and large fir-woods and the unique Savernake Forest gave me plenty of scope for my favourite pursuit of bird's-nesting. Among my intimate friends and contemporaries at Marlborough were several who have since become

[1] He married, secondly, Evelyn, eldest daughter of Dean Farrar.

well known; such are Courtenay Peregrine Ilbert and T. L. Papillon, Alfred Robinson, and R. H. Collins, perhaps my greatest friend — now Sir Robert Collins, K.C.B., the tutor and intimate friend of the late Duke of Albany, afterwards Controller of the Duchess's household."[1] Sir Robert Collins, whose charm of character won him devoted friends in all ranks of society, always delighted to recall the happy days bird's-nesting in Savernake Forest, especially the crowning triumph of the discovery of a raven's nest in a clump of silver firs in 1859. He and Bosworth never lost touch with each other, and they were hardly separated at the end, for Sir Robert passed away only a fortnight after his friend.

Sir Courtenay Ilbert, K.C.B., Chief Clerk of the House of Commons, whose warm and faithful friendship followed Bosworth Smith through life, has kindly written down something of his early recollections:—

"Bosworth Smith, when I knew him first, was a full-faced, fair-haired, grey-eyed boy of fifteen. I was two years his junior in age, but I went to Marlborough as a very small boy, and when he arrived there and took his place in the Upper Fifth,

[1] It was at one time the idea of H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany, who always showed the greatest kindness to Bosworth Smith and his wife, to place her son, the present Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, in his house at Harrow; but later on it became necessary to give the young Duke a German and not an English education.

I was already in the Lower Sixth. However, he soon joined me, and during each of his half years after his first we sat side by side in the Sixth Form. He preceded me as Senior Prefect, and his initials are still to be seen carved just above mine on the Senior Prefect's desk in the Upper Sixth class-room. I remember him as a quiet, silent, reserved boy, very tenacious of his opinions and of his purposes, and singularly independent in his ways. Devoted though he was to all that concerned the honour and welfare of his school, his personal interest in the ordinary school games was small, and he did not distinguish himself either at cricket or football. His outdoor interests, then as always, lay, not in the orthodox playing fields, but in the observation and study of wild life, especially of bird life. For such studies Marlborough, with its magnificent forest on one side, and its wide-spreading downs, besprinked with coppices, on the other, presented an unrivalled field. It was in the glades and recesses of this forest, or high up among the branches of some gaunt and ancient fir tree in these coppices, that he spent every hour that he could spare. And before his three Marlborough years were over, there was not a bird that was to be found within walking distance of the school with whose ways and habits and haunts he was not on terms of intimate familiarity. This, it must be remembered, was before the time of compulsory cricket and football, when schoolboy life at Marlborough, if less disciplined, was more varied; and when there was nothing incongruous in the sight of a grave Senior Prefect 'shinning' up a lofty tree towards the nest of a hawk, raven, or crow. My own tastes had much in common with

his, for though I had not his knowledge of bird lore, I also was country bred, and had, in those delightfully lawless days of the 'fifties' at Marlborough, often tasted the fierce delight of outwitting or outstripping a surly farmer or keeper in the pursuit of (shall we say?) natural science. Our book studies too, as was natural to boys who sat side by side during school hours, had a great deal in common. He was a hard and conscientious worker, a sound, but not, I should say, a first-rate scholar in the narrow sense, and cared more for history than for the niceties of language. Even at school he was a ready and forcible speaker when on his legs, and though his handwriting always suggested the ramblings of a drunken spider, his pen moved swiftly and easily. He had views of his own, views which he maintained with great fervour and conviction, about the things which were not worth learning. Among them he numbered (he may have changed his opinion in later life) the French language, and he was content to scramble through his Guizot or what not, with the aid of a rapid construe from me, just as he relied on our dear old friend, Alfred Robinson, for assistance in the detested problems of mathematics. He was Senior Prefect during Cotton's last year and at the beginning of Bradley's rule, and his strong, independent character made him a great force in the school during a critical period of its history.

"We visited each other in our holidays, and I think it must have been before he left Marlborough, at all events before I did, that I went to stay with his people in the thatched Dorset Rectory, and that he came down to scramble with me over the South

Devon cliffs, which the red-legged chough had not yet forsaken, and where the raven still builds.

"When I went up to Oxford in the autumn of 1860, Bosworth Smith was half-way through his undergraduate course. He and Papillon were my companions on my first Long Vacation reading-party in the summer of 1861. We took lodgings in a solitary farmhouse called Letter, on the north side of Loch Katrine, far away from the stream of tourists, who passed us daily in their crowded steamer, but avoided the shore. The young farmer studied at the University of Edinburgh in the winter, and worked on his farm in the summer. He recited Ossian to us, and borrowed our books, which he read aloud to his mother in the evening. One evening he read, or thought he read, how at the battle of Marathon, Cynegeirus had his head cut off by an axe, and died of the wound. The mother thought the last statement unnecessary, so the book was put down, and the pair sat up till late in the night discussing, in earnest Scottish fashion, why such an otiose remark should have been made. The difficulty was submitted to us next morning, and was solved by the suggestion that the dim light had misled the reader, and that it was not the head but the hand that had been severed.

"Our ages and temperaments were not such as to be affected seriously by adverse weather, and it did rain almost continuously. I don't remember a single quarrel. We discussed politics, and especially the American Civil War, which was then raging. Both Bosworth and I were strong Northerners in our sympathies, and we took in John Bright's organ, the *Morning Star*.

"In the following summer, that of 1862, I met

Bosworth Smith accidentally in Switzerland, and we travelled home together in happy and leisurely fashion. I found that he had not got over his contempt for the French language, and that he had very definite and deeply based views about the costume appropriate to 'the Continent,' an expression which, according to him, embraced, without discrimination, a Swiss mountain side and a Parisian street. This was an article of faith.

"Soon afterwards came the brief college fellowship, cut short by a happy marriage, and the thirty-seven busy, useful years at Harrow, of which others will write with fuller and better knowledge. But Harrow is within easy reach of London, and my London memories, both in earlier and in later years, are charged with pleasant Harrow pictures; the drawing-room, bright with lovely golden-haired children, the new house a-building, whose rafters tempted to perilous climbs, the garden ambitiously advancing its boundaries down the hill, the odorous corner where the raven called 'Holloway' and the great solemn owls blinked and snapped. And, linking together the scattered, fragmentary memories of fifty-three years and more, runs the golden thread of a friendship always warm, staunch, and unfailing, both in hours of sorrow and in hours of joy."

"I was elected in 1858 to an Open Scholarship at Corpus College, Oxford. I obtained a First Class in Classical Moderations and a First Class in the Final Classical School (1862), and very shortly afterwards was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity College, Oxford, and became also lecturer at Corpus. Life at Oxford was never much to my liking although I made many friends there."

Such is Bosworth Smith's own brief account of his University career. Leaving Marlborough was the final breach with his early associations, for Marlborough with its downs and water meadows and woods had still recalled his native Dorset, and its isolated position made it, like his own home or Milton Abbas School, something of a world to itself. Up to the time of his going to Oxford he had seen little enough of the outside world, nor had he met many people beyond his own relations. His attachment to his home and his own family was so great that customs and ways of thought, other than those which he knew there, seemed to him, at first, altogether wrong, and it was not till later life had familiarised him with men and manners of widely different types that he lost a certain spirit of intolerance, and something of the quality best expressed by the French word *farouche*, which were due to his early upbringing. "I wonder how many of what we consider to be our maturest convictions," he said himself in later life, "rest on, or are coloured by, our earliest prejudices?" Like all ardent and impulsive characters, he was never free from strong prejudices in certain directions, but nothing was more marked, as years went by, than the steady expansion of his sympathies and the ever-growing warmth of his geniality and benevolence.

He felt leaving Marlborough very keenly, and in the solitude of his first evening at Oxford the contrast between his present state—unknown

and friendless—with the proud position he had held at Marlborough, prompted some regretful verses, written in the metre of "Locksley Hall"—the only English verses, it seems, that he ever wrote.

While he was at Oxford, Bosworth Smith spent some of his vacations at the Holmwood Vicarage in Surrey, the home of his father's Winchester and Balliol friend, Edmund Dawe Wickham. The Holmwood is a romantic village scattered over a wide common, near to the fir woods of the Redlands and to the Leith Hill range; the Vicarage is a charming large house with a beautiful garden. Edmund Dawe Wickham came of an old Somersetshire family, who claimed kinship with the great William of Wykeham, whose arms and motto they bore, and with whose marked aquiline features more than one member of the Holmwood family showed a strong resemblance. Edmund Wickham was Vicar of the Holmwood from 1851 till 1893. He was a man of singularly handsome presence, a good talker with a great love of a joke or a good story, a clergyman and gentleman of the old school, of real kindness of heart, deeply interested in missions and in all that concerned his parishioners. He married Emma, only daughter and heiress of Archdale Palmer of Cheam Park, Surrey. Mrs. Wickham was a woman of marked personality; to her children and her husband's parishioners the best of advisers and the truest of friends.

"Her interests," Bosworth Smith wrote of her, "were not in any way confined to her children and the parishioners. She had an unusually wide circle of friends with whom she corresponded, and to whom, as to her children, her gifts, intellectual and social, were the source of the keenest enjoyment. Highly accomplished, quick-witted, ready at repartee, clever and amusing in conversation, she was often able to pierce in a moment to the true kernel of a difficulty, to point out the flaw in an argument, and to pass a judgment which, if it was not elaborately reasoned out, was always incisive, luminous, suggestive. In thought, word, and deed she was sincerity itself; and if the keenness of her insight, and the frank directness of her speech, often probed a weak place, it seldom left a sting behind. Exceedingly rapid in thought and execution, it was not every one that could understand her, but it may be truly said that those who understood her best loved her best."

The Wickhams—almost the only family, not of his own relations, with whom Bosworth had ever stayed before—had been brought up under a more rigid and more conventional Evangelicalism than the Stafford Rectory children, but there was no lack of originality and force of character among them.

The six daughters had been exceptionally well educated, and they had been brought up to enjoy the simple pleasures of country life. Emmeline, the eldest daughter, afterwards married the Rev. J. Franck Bright, for many years Master of Uni-

versity College, Oxford; and Bertha, the fifth daughter, married later Bosworth's elder brother Henry, and secondly, the Rev. T. Holt Wilson of Redgrave, Norfolk. The fourth sister, Flora, was then a lovely girl of seventeen; Bosworth fell in love with her soon after they met at Stafford, and they became engaged in August 1862, just after he had won his First Class. She shared his love of natural history; her knowledge of the notes of birds was greater than even his own, and the most radiant days of a romantically happy engagement were spent together in the open air. They met thus at what was for both of them the outset of life, and the nature of their attachment changed so little, that in the letters which he wrote to his wife during their last separation, he unconsciously repeated many of the same expressions of affection which he had used in his letters to her during their engagement more than forty years before. A story was told that once, when the sisters were running down a hillside, one of them fell, and when some one asked Bosworth, "Did you see Bertha?" his answer was, "No, I only saw Flora."

In May 1863, when his full energies were needed in his Fellowship examination, his sister Ellinor, who had been his special friend and companion, was drawing near her end; his thoughts and his heart were all with her, and it seemed almost impossible to remain at Oxford and to face the examination. Her sister Eva writes of her: "She had a great

power of enjoyment, a strong imagination, a still stronger sense of humour; she was quick and passionate, but the spiritual side of her was vividly developed, and her power of living in the interests and feelings of others was extraordinary." She died on May 23, and with a breaking heart Bosworth went through his examination all that week, and when the Fellowship was won it seemed scarcely to touch him, since she was not there to rejoice in his success.

Canon Duckworth writes:—

"It was a great happiness to me when he was elected to a Fellowship at Trinity and appointed to a lectureship. During the Fellowship examination I acted as his amanuensis, and I wrote his English essay from his dictation. His writing was difficult to decipher, and it was felt that he would be unfairly handicapped if he was not allowed the assistance of a more legible scribe. He used often to refer gratefully to this little service, which it was such a pleasure to me to render. His lectures at Trinity were thought very able and useful. He found time to keep up his intimacy with the feathered creation, and his pet raven had its home in the Fellows' garden. We missed him sadly when he left for Harrow."

Among the friends whose names appear most constantly in his correspondence, besides those already mentioned, are E. C. Boyle, C. H. Wright, A. S. Aglen, Professor John Connington, and Edward (now Sir Edward) Donner, with the last

of whom his friendship was specially close. "We did nothing remarkable or interesting together," writes Sir Edward Donner, "we just lived and thought together." Bosworth's own words, "A great spurt and a little pause," characterise his method of work, not only at Oxford, but through life. His time at Oxford coincided with the great Jowett controversy, and his letters to his future wife show what he felt on the subject:—

"My sympathies are with him, as they always will be with one who is persecuted for his religious opinions, provided they are honestly arrived at, however unorthodox they may be. I am not one of those who believe that absolute truth has been attained by the English Church or any other Church, and the only way to get nearer it is to have free inquiry. The Bible has everything to gain by criticism, and hence I should be most sorry to see a man who knows more of the Bible than any of his persecutors, and certainly carries its spirit into practice more than most people I have seen, driven from a position where, cheated though he is of his pay, he makes himself intellectually and morally the guide and teacher of the whole University. . . . A 'court of heresy' I look on as a revival of mediæval iniquity."

Sir Kenelm Digby's most vivid recollection of his friend at Oxford relates to the stormy scene when the Jowett question came before Convocation. "I can see his face glowing with righteous indignation," he writes; "he had climbed up to a corner,

which placed him close to Archdeacon Denison, who was opposing the vote on the ground of Jowett's supposed heterodoxy. There was a good deal of noise and confusion, but his voice was heard shouting above all the tumult."

His letters mention "Mark Pattison's essay-like sermon, which must have shocked the anxious parents who swarmed in Oxford yesterday," and "Stanley's parties, which are the pleasantest in Oxford in every way—he did much to hold together and strengthen the Liberal party. I was just in front of him during his last sermon at Oxford, and could see his soul moving in his face, as one earnest appeal after another came out. The subject was our Saviour weeping over Jerusalem, and he preached for an hour and a quarter—the idea was, Oxford as it is compared with Oxford as it might be."

In 1862 Bosworth was elected President of the Union without a contest; his chief effort there was a vehement three-quarters of an hour speech on the subject of Kagosima. "My blood boils," he wrote, "with indignation at the ruthless massacre we have been perpetuating on the innocent Japanese. It is one of the most fiendish things ever done in war." He found warm sympathy with his attitude in Professor Goldwin Smith, Francis Otter, and others of the Liberal party at Oxford, and in January 1864 he made his first appearance in print by a letter on the subject in the *Daily News*, and thus, on the first

occasion of public writing, he struck the note which was characteristic of many of his writings in later life—a passionate indignation against what seemed to him a misuse of power by a civilised over a less civilised race.

The following notes were kindly written by the Right Hon. James Bryce, at present British Ambassador at Washington, for whom my father always felt the warmest admiration and affection. They complete the picture of his Oxford days and of his circle of friends.

"Corpus Christi College was," Mr. Bryce writes, "when your father came up to Oxford as one of its scholars, nearly the smallest college in the University, and certainly one of the most agreeable. There was a particularly pleasant set of men in residence. A spirit of good-fellowship prevailed. Undergraduates from other colleges were always glad to go to dine in hall at Corpus, because everybody was genial and kindly, and the college seemed like a group of family friends. There seemed to be no 'sets' and no jealousies. Among the scholars who were intellectually its *élite*, as they had been in the days when Arnold and J. T. Coleridge were scholars of the College, there were some men of striking ability, whose performances at the University had already marked them out for distinction in the world. Among these were Sir H. A. Giffard, afterwards a leading Queen's Counsel, and now High Bailiff of Guernsey; Henry Nettleship, afterwards Professor of Latin, and one of the bright ornaments of British scholarship; Charles Bigge,

afterwards a Canon of Christ Church and Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History; Edward Donner, now Sir E. Donner, Bart., of Manchester, one of the first citizens of that great community; George Augustus Simcox, a scholar of extraordinary promise, and with literary gifts which were equalled among his Oxford contemporaries only by A. C. Swinburne. These were among your father's friends at Oxford, and their society was very stimulating as well as enjoyable. Edward Donner, who was nearly his contemporary, and Henry Nettleship, who was a little his senior, were, I think, the two with whom he was most intimate. He came up from Marlborough College with a great reputation, of which I had already heard from our common friend Edward Colquhoun Boyle, then Scholar and afterwards Fellow of Trinity. Boyle was himself a Marlborough man, devoted to his school, and he had already formed a strong attachment to your father, and expected great things from him. It was my good fortune to know some other distinguished old Marlburians then at the University, such as Anthony Aglen (afterwards Archdeacon Aglen), and C. P. Ilbert (now Sir Courtenay Ilbert), and T. L. Papillon and C. K. Chatfield, and in their company, as well as in Boyle's, I met your father pretty frequently. The Marlborough men kept much together in those days. From the first I was greatly impressed by the vigour of his mind, and the quiet, self-contained strength of his character. In a large party he generally listened more than he spoke, but he was a delightful companion in small gatherings and in the long country walks which we undergraduates were then fond of taking, especially on Sundays—I am sorry to hear that this habit has

begun to be less in favour at Oxford. He had already acquired a great knowledge of birds and bird life, and he loved all sides and aspects of the English country, his own Dorsetshire most of all. We were all very fond of him; and one of the things that attracted us was the sense of the deep fund of affection he possessed, and a peculiarly winning smile that now and then broke over his face.

"With this somewhat reserved manner, he was by no means a recluse; and used to speak from time to time at the Union, the famous debating society of the University, which had then lasted more than thirty years. He had an easy command of clear and forcible language, and was among the best speakers of his time. I recollect a motion he brought forward in 1859 (I think) on the subject of the existence of ghosts, which was debated through two of the weekly meetings, and drew many speeches from members who, like myself, had never before 'taken the floor.' He was in those days a strong Liberal, and sided with the Northern States in the most exciting public question of those days, the American Civil War. Like most youthful speakers, he did not often indulge that strong vein of humour which he already possessed, and which his friends already, and his Harrow pupils long after, used to enjoy; but was generally earnest and serious in debate.

"In the autumn of 1861, E. C. Boyle and I, who were also reading in Scotland, visited your father, Ilbert, and Papillon at Letter, a lonely spot on Loch Katrine, and this gave me an opportunity of getting to know him still better. He loved the wild mountain region round Loch Katrine, and already knew all the birds."

There was no money, and it was necessary to settle on a profession as soon as possible. Mr. Matthew Arnold has frankly admitted that he adopted the profession of school-teaching in order to marry, and in point of fact the same motive determined Bosworth Smith's career; schoolmastering seemed the only chance of obtaining a settled income immediately. At that time Rugby naturally stood high among public schools, and he was anxious to go there or to Marlborough, whither Mr. Bradley pressed him to return. But when an offer of a mastership at Harrow came from Dr. Butler, his friends strongly advised him to accept it, and he took up work there in September 1864. He had already been to Harrow in December 1862 as an examiner, and had stayed with Dr. Butler. He wrote to his future wife on that occasion:—

"I was at once set at my ease by Dr. Butler, whom I like extremely, and have very long talks with every night, when the rest are gone to bed. He gives me the impression of being very able as well as a most perfect scholar, and he alarms me not a little, when he takes up one of my papers and opens a discussion upon some point of scholarship connected with it. The first night there was a formidable party of masters to whom I had to be formally introduced. . . . The school gives me the impression, after Marlborough, of being too much split up into small divisions by the number of houses. I had to read out the results of the examination by torchlight on the

school steps, and you can imagine I was in rather a fright."

His letters show that he left Oxford with the feeling that he might have made better use of his time, and when he revisited it a little later, he apparently realised more fully how much he had missed, elsewhere, the atmosphere of the place and the companionship of his friends.

Photo: *Hills & Saunders*

HARROW ON THE HILL

CHAPTER III

LIFE AT HARROW

On September 16, 1864, Bosworth Smith writes: "I found myself face to face with my form of twenty-seven boys, half of them new. I trust we shall rub along somehow. I occupy half the Fourth Form Room, the other half being occupied by another Mr. Smith, the greatest celebrity here for his earnestness and the power he acquires over all the boys in the school. He is a genuine apostle in his earnestness and love." In 1878 the Rev. John Smith, one of the most saintly men who ever gave their lives to Harrow, wrote to Bosworth Smith: "May I say how thankful I am that you have taken up your abode here; not only because all your work is so first-rate, but because your general influence is so good and healthy. I only hope some day to see you one of a valuable company of lay preachers, addressing us in the chapel, on equal terms with the clerical members of our society."

After a year in Edward Bowen's house, came Bosworth Smith's marriage, a marriage that brought him complete happiness. From the first there was

absolute community of interest. His wife's energy and practical ability relieved him from the necessity of dealing with business details, which were uncongenial to him, and it was her sympathy, her devoted care of him, and the self-sacrificing earnestness with which she threw herself into all his pursuits, that enabled him to widen his sphere of usefulness beyond his actual daily work, and to lead, as indeed he did, many lives in one. Not only did she combine, in later years, the care of her large family with the unassisted management of her great household, but she often translated, abridged, or criticised for him some work in a modern European language of which he was ignorant, and she was ready at all times, even at the close of a long day, to copy his manuscript or letters, or to write at his dictation far into the night. "If he had not written so badly," she used to say, "I should never have got to know his thoughts so well." He could never be happy long without her, and there was no subject that they did not discuss together. His dependence on her and devotion to her seemed only to grow with the years.

In the sixties there was little or nothing of the suburbs about Harrow. The hill, crowned with its stately church spire and red school buildings, was set in a wide expanse of well-timbered grass country. Between the hill and the circle of the horizon, on which the landmarks of Hampstead Heath, St. Paul's, the Crystal Palace, and the dim

outline of Windsor Castle can be traced, there was then hardly a house to be seen or a puff of smoke to mark a railway. "Why, Bosworth," his old relative, Colonel Pinney, looking out of the Knoll drawing-room window, used to say, "what a magnificent park you have, and nothing to pay for keeping it up."

The town itself scarcely extended beyond the top and northern slope of the hill; nearly all the residents were more or less directly connected with the school. Of late years the place has, with the increase of building and multiplication of railways, lost something of its distinctive character.

The public schools of England have the faculty of calling forth the lifelong devotion and whole-hearted service of men of the most different types; the very stones of the buildings, the trees, the sound of the bell seem to those, for whom their school means anything at all, not as other stones and trees and bells. The traditions of the place, even the routine itself, which pursues its way regardless of who may come or who may go, are an inspiration and an absorbing interest to those who feel their power.

It was not long before Harrow became as dear to Bosworth Smith, or almost as dear, as Marlborough had been; and when in 1869 he was invited by Dr. Butler to build a house as an addition to the school, his attachment to Harrow was cemented by the acquisition of a home of his own.

"The Harrow recollections are of course countless," writes Dr. Butler to Mrs. Bosworth Smith, "and I think I may say all delightful. One of those which I cherish most is the brave 'venture of faith' which he made when first offered the opportunity of converting the small house into a large one. There had been some croaking owing to a decline of numbers in the school. Fully believing that the falling off was not significant, I put before him the prospect at once, and the risk of building virtually a new house. He did not hesitate, and long before the house was finished his list was, as I knew it would be, full. How its prosperity was maintained no one now knows so well as yourself, and with what special love your house boys always regarded their dear master. He will be long remembered at Harrow and by hundreds of families in all parts of the world."

The garden became from the first his chief pleasure and recreation. "To acquire love of flowers is like acquiring a sixth sense," he said himself in later years. "Gardening is one of the few occupations and amusements which have no objectionable element at all in them. It has no element of cruelty, like all field sports, however pleasant they may be. It gives no encouragement to drinking, gambling, or betting. It is very difficult to believe that any one who is really fond of flowers can have anything seriously wrong with his character."

By a series of ingenious little lawns and paths, the steep hillside with its fine elm trees was converted into a charming garden, and here he kept

his owls and his tame raven Jacob, whose cough and imitation of his master's voice amused generations of visitors.

The early years at Harrow were perhaps especially happy for him. He was devoted to little children, and his own were an unending delight and amusement and interest to him. He always loved to recall their early sayings, which, like those of most children, seem generally to have referred to some religious problem. His eldest boy at the age of five announced that when he heard a text he did not like, he did not believe it—a not uncommon method of dealing with such matters; the same child protested that he could not both try *and* succeed; and another of the same age was found to repeat the Doxology thus: "Glory be to the Father, and to the Sun and to the Moon"—a curious and unconscious return to fire-worship! He was especially proud of two little golden-haired sons who ran a mile race with the boys of his house, often sitting down to rest for a while, and then starting on again to accomplish the distance in their own time. The long summer hours with him in the garden, or the winter evenings in his study, when he would read aloud to them a Scott novel or poem, are among the precious recollections of each of his children.

The pleasant atmosphere of friendliness and sympathy which seems to have pervaded the place in those days was due not a little to the influence of

Dr. and Mrs. Montagu Butler. For Dr. Butler, Bosworth Smith felt all through life the warmest admiration and affection, and he was never happier than when talking with Mrs. Butler and her sister, Mrs. Cruikshank. A sketch which he wrote of Mrs. Butler in 1883 seems to preserve something of the fragrance of her beautiful character:—

"There was a transparent simplicity, an artlessness, a grace about her, which took one captive at first sight. No lapse of time can efface the pure bright image which, in all the charm and freshness of her early life, stamped itself in imperishable colours on the writer's mind when he paid his first visit to Harrow, now some nineteen years ago. The thousand acts of kindness to him and his, and the unbroken friendship of subsequent years; the singular beauty and poetry of her letters, one of which seldom failed to come at the time when it would be most valued; the contagious influence of an exhaustless fund of sympathy; a divine incredulity as to evil; a not less divine credulity as to what was good; a blithesomeness of disposition which communicated itself to all around her, and forced them often, in spite of themselves, to forget their troubles and grievances. . . . It was not that she was what would be called a great or brilliant talker, or that she could have been ordinarily said 'to shine' in general society. Her nature was too retiring, too refined, too simple, too deep for that. It was hers to glow, rather than to shine; to attract attention rather than to challenge it; to influence and charm men and women alike, rather than to dazzle. She would often sit for many minutes

together, silently listening to a conversation which she enjoyed, without taking any part in it. But her silence, her looks, her presence, the occasional ripple of laughter which burst from her when anything touched her singularly delicate sense of humour, were more eloquent than other people's speech. They diffused warmth and brightness all around her."

There were not a few men of note among the Harrow masters forty years ago. In a sketch of his friend, the Rev. E. H. Bradby, afterwards Headmaster of Haileybury, he wrote :—

"Harrow in those days was favoured with the presence of many remarkable preachers—Dr. Butler, Bishop Westcott, Archdeacon Farrar, and Mr. John Smith among them. One of these, perhaps, excelled all others in spiritual fervour, in insight, and in contagious enthusiasm; another in learning and in historical and moral sweep; another in glowing eloquence and in that indignation against all that is base, which lifts the hearers more than one step towards all that is noble; another in the perfectly unconscious revelation of a saintly life. Each of these sermons was, from some points of view, greater than those of Mr. Bradby, but there were others in which they were less. Quietly and simply, as though he were thinking aloud, he would go straight to his mark with an unmistakable earnestness, but with a sobriety of judgment and expression and a pregnancy of thought, not without an element of poetry which indicated a great reserve of strength."

The colleague with whom Bosworth Smith was

perhaps most intimate all through his Harrow life, though weeks might at times pass without their meeting, was Edward Bowen, a man in some ways the direct antithesis of himself, but for whose true and tender nature, devotion to duty, and generous magnanimity Bosworth Smith had the warmest appreciation.

"Seldom, surely," he wrote in 1901, "has any one with such brilliant and varied gifts devoted himself so unreservedly to the work he had marked out for himself at Harrow. He seemed to have an unlimited supply of life, and an unlimited capacity for enjoying. What, indeed, did he not enjoy, except, perhaps, repose? The humdrum and routine, which must form so large a part of a teacher's life, were never humdrum to him; for round the driest details of his work there played and flickered, as with lambent flame, his joyous spirit, finding expression, now in a striking paradox, now in a touch of humour, now in that pathos which forms the under song of all earnest life—which, all taken together, made every lesson of his a revelation, every task a pastime."

Among other colleagues of whom Bosworth Smith saw most in the first decades of his life at Harrow were Henry Nettleship, Arthur Watson, James Robertson, R. H. Quick, J. Stogdon, and his neighbour George Griffith, all men of strongly marked if widely differing individuality. James Bryce, Courtenay Ilbert, and Francis Otter, would sometimes walk down from London and spend Sunday in the Knoll garden. In Harrow itself, several people

were living whose society added not a little to the interest of the place: Mr. Matthew Arnold and his wife—of whom he said, "Fanny Lucy has all my graces and none of my airs;" Lord Charles Russell, at that time Black Rod; Sir Frederick Goldsmid, whose wide experience of Eastern countries and gentle, courteous ways made him a pleasant companion; and Sir Thomas Gore-Browne, the most courtly and delightful of Colonial Governors, with whose family the Bosworth Smiths formed a lifelong friendship.

Life at Harrow was by no means devoid of varied interest. My mother's diary records German readings, Shakespeare readings; lectures by Ruskin and Professor Connington; Joachim and Schumann Concerts; visits to the school paid by Mr. Gladstone, the Queen of Holland, the Emperor of Brazil. She mentions a dinner party, one of many at the Knoll, with the names of Dr. Butler, Mr. and Mrs. Matthew Arnold, Mons. Masson, James Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Steel, F. W. Farrar, the Hon. Mrs. Norton and her grand-daughter Carlotta. No one, however young, who once saw Mrs. Norton could forget her commanding stature, her dark hair, and her flashing eyes. With equal brevity and sangfroid she records on the same page:—

"*November* 29, 1868.—Uncle Edward died. He passed behind me in the dining-room at Harrow."

This was Bosworth's uncle, Major Heathcote Smith, a charming old gentleman, whom she had

never known well; my mother, who is in no degree visionary, learnt afterwards that he had always much liked her. He appeared to another relation also at the moment of his death.

The new house was of course an absorbing interest and anxiety, but chance brought the Knoll a first head boy, who helped to assure its future at once. "*Ecce*," Dr. Butler wrote, "here is a remarkably good-looking, active, manly fellow, just the one to be head of your new house." This was Robert Yerburgh, who, in after life, as M.P. for Chester and in many different ways, not least as President of the Navy League, has done excellent service to his country. Bosworth Smith always felt a warm affection for him—an affection that was repaid by countless acts of kindness on Mr. Yerburgh's part. "If Mr. Yerburgh has any reason to be proud of his house, I am sure his house has reason to be proud of Mr. Yerburgh," he once said of him.

Outside his own house, the boys of whom Bosworth Smith saw a good deal in early days, before the pressure of public work came on him, were Henry Montgomery, afterwards Bishop of Tasmania, and then a member of both the elevens; James Cotton Minchin, than whom for the forty-four years that followed he had no more faithful friend; the four Carlisles; the Bovill brothers; Randall Davidson, now Archbishop of Canterbury, with whose family he and his wife stayed in Scot-

land in 1867; and Bosworth's cousin, Kenelm Wingfield Digby, afterwards of Sherborne Castle and M.P. for North Dorset. Kenelm's father had placed his son in another house "because Bosworth was such a red-hot Radical," but Kenelm spent most of his spare time at the Knoll.

The first impulse to write came to Bosworth Smith indirectly from Dr. Butler, who had initiated a kind of Essay Society among the masters. The essays were to be written on any subject that interested them outside their usual school work; and it was an essay, written in this way, that first suggested to Bosworth the possibility of independent study and composition. The writings of Max Müller, Dean Stanley, and F. D. Maurice had turned his thoughts towards the study of comparative religion, and the relations between civilised nations and those on a different plane of culture had already begun to interest him.

His "Mohammed and Mohammedanism" took the form of four lectures, which were first delivered in 1872 at Harrow before a small number of friends, and in 1874 before the Royal Institution of Great Britain. Charles Darwin, Llewellyn Davies, Dr. Congreve, Dean Stanley, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Professor Tyndall, and Matthew Arnold, among other well-known people, attended some or all of the lectures; and as soon as the course was over, they were published in book form by Messrs. Smith, Elder, & Co.

No author could have wished for a kinder publisher, a more courteous critic, or a truer friend than Mr. George Murray Smith. His little notes, exquisitely written and expressed, took the sting out of many a hostile review, and added pleasure to one that was appreciative. His daughter, afterwards Mrs. Yates Thompson, became one of the Bosworth Smiths' truest and dearest friends.

From this time on, the outlook began to widen in every direction, and henceforward, almost month by month, new friends and new interests began to come into his life. The bare record of his literary work, of the causes for which he wrote and spoke, the people he met, presents a picture of a full life, apart from all consideration of his continuous, self-sacrificing, and devoted work at Harrow.

His "Mohammed" brought him into touch with many interesting people, and this first sight of a wider world was full of pleasure and excitement for him. Dr. Badger, the great Arabic scholar, with his long white beard, his energetic expressions, his hearty laugh, and the hookah prepared for him by Mrs. Badger, was a special delight to the children, for he would amuse them with an endless variety of curious tricks, or sometimes send them strange and uneatable Arab sweetmeats; they were scarcely less impressed by the massive gold bracelets which Mrs. Badger wore, and which had been given to her by the Sultan of Zanzibar. More awe-inspiring from the children's point of view but not less like-

able was Dr. Blyden, the Negro savant, at that time Plenipotentiary for the Republic of Liberia. His intellectual countenance, his quiet and dignified manner, and his beautiful English made a great impression on all who met him. My father always considered Dr. Blyden as one of the most remarkable men he knew. Dr. Blyden would often bring Negro missionaries or merchants or native princes with him, and he fully convinced his host of the great possibilities of the Negro race.

Then there were the Rev. T. P. Hughes, a missionary from Peshawur, who wore Afghan dress; Lady Strangford, *petite*, elegant, and clever, then fresh from her relief work in the Balkans, where her name is still gratefully remembered; Mr. Syed Ameer Ali and other Mohammedan gentlemen of high culture; and Captain Eastwick and Colonel Yule.

A letter written about this time to Edmund Wickham, his old Winchester schoolfellow, from Captain William Eastwick, who afterwards became one of his closest friends, records his first impressions of a visit to Harrow. "I was much struck with Mr. Bosworth Smith's intellectual power and enthusiasm. He certainly will not spare pains to make himself master of every subject he undertakes. He has brought out forcibly the lights and shades of Islam; previous writers have generally been content to dwell on the shades, but that to my mind is not impartial history."

When the Russo-Turkish War broke out, Bosworth Smith's sympathies, for reasons which will be found elsewhere, were on the side of the Turks. He wrote two letters on Turkey and Russia, the first of many to the *Times* on burning questions, and an article on the same subject in the *Contemporary Review*, the forerunner of many articles on different matters, most of which appeared in Sir James Knowles's publications.

"Mohammed" was scarcely launched when Bosworth Smith began to work in earnest on a subject which had since his Oxford days attracted him—the history of Carthage. The materials for such a study, as he pointed out, are extremely fragmentary; the medium through which they are presented is distorted by the bias of the Roman historians. He could not hope to add much, if anything, to what was already known of Carthage and her two greatest citizens; but he could at least attempt to draw an impartial picture of the great struggle between Rome and Carthage, and to throw "some new interest around a city and civilisation which have never been able to speak for themselves." "I have, in all cases, gone direct to the fountain-head," he writes; "reading carefully every passage that has come down to us from the ancients, comparing conflicting statements with each other, and always endeavouring in the first instance to form an independent judgment upon them. On points which seemed in any degree doubtful, I have afterwards consulted the chief

modern writers on the subject"—no light task, where disputed points, such as Hannibal's route over the Alps, are concerned. In his comparison between the rival cities he was aware that he must sometimes appear to be the advocate of Carthage, although he was himself convinced that the victory of Rome meant on the whole the victory of civilisation and progress. The comparison and contrast between the characteristics of the rival cities themselves form one of the most interesting chapters.

His enthusiasm for his subject was able to illuminate what historians themselves have felt to be the dull period of the First Punic War. His power of seeing his subject as a whole gives a dramatic completeness to his treatment, and the reader is carried on, even through the mazes of Hannibal's last thirteen years in Italy, with an interest which culminates in the tragic fate of Carthage itself. Hamilcar Barca and Hannibal, the Hasdrubals, the Magos, the Hannos, the long succession of Roman Consuls and Generals, stand out as real human beings, with personal characteristics that modify or direct the course of history.

In 1877, Bosworth Smith went to Tunis with his wife and his friend Mr. Stogdon, to see for himself the site of ancient Carthage. It was his first sight of Oriental life; and his delight in the vivid picturesqueness of Tunis, as yet untouched by the French, was only less than his deep interest in the cisterns, the harbours, the outline, all that

is left above ground of ancient Carthage. "It seemed to me, throughout, that I was taking a last rather than a first view of the sight of ancient Carthage, and was driving home impressions that had been made long before, rather than forming new ones."

It was his personal interest in Tunis, added to his deep sense of what is due to a weaker race and his hatred of aggression, that in 1881 prompted him to make a strong though unavailing protest in the *Times* against the French occupation of the Regency.

The book was now complete; but before it was published, his mother, to whom he had dedicated it, and to whom he was intensely devoted, died after a sudden illness, and for a time his grief seemed to blot out all the interests of his life.

Early in 1878 he gave seven lectures on Carthage at the Royal Institution, the success of which promised well for the success of the book itself. Mr. Gladstone, Dean Stanley, and other well-known men were at times among the audience. Dr. Butler, in talking to Sir Richard Temple, some years later, said he considered the "Taking of Carthage" as one of the best bits of historical writing that he knew; and Mr. Bryce characterised the first lecture as the best historical lecture he had heard. It was at a dinner at Mr. Bryce's, about this time, that Bosworth Smith first met Mr. Gladstone.

The book was published in May 1878 by Messrs.

Longmans, and in October a second edition was ready. It met with a most cordial reception not only in all the chief reviews and newspapers at home, but also in Germany and France, including the *Revue des Deux Mondes.* The critics said that English readers had here for the first time a vivid presentment of the imperial city which had rivalled Rome, and that, as a general history of Carthage, no book equalled it in brilliancy and completeness. "His masterly descriptions read with that kind of fascination which the story of a modern campaign excites." A condensed edition was published later by Longmans in their series of "Epochs of Ancient History," under the name of "Rome and Carthage"; this was published also by Scribner in the United States, where it was well received. Although its chief sale of late years has been perhaps as a school book, it has been widely appreciated as a delightful and vivid monograph, by students as well as by the "general reader." The style, as Mons. Réville was quick to note, recalls that of Gibbon and Macaulay; and though, of late years, taste in historical writing may have undergone some change, surely no fitter models could have been found for the chronicle of events so heroic and so tragic as the life and death struggle of two imperial nations.

A far heavier task now lay before Bosworth Smith. During the summer of 1879—a year marked for him by the bitter grief of the loss

of his sister Emily, Mrs. Thomas, and his brother Henry—he was asked by the family of Lord Lawrence to undertake his biography. For the next three years, every hour that was not given to his school work was devoted to the fulfilment of his trust. The task was of such absorbing interest to him, it brought him into touch with so many notable people, and it so fully called forth his highest powers, both mental and physical, that it has seemed best to treat this part of his life separately. The book was published in 1883, and passed through five editions within the year—the record, it is said, for any work on an Indian subject.

So well did it establish his reputation as a biographer that he was afterwards asked—among other such propositions—by the families of those concerned, to undertake the life of the first Earl Russell, of the seventh Earl of Shaftesbury, of Lord Stratford de Redclyffe, and, by a firm of publishers, of the Duke of Wellington. Three of these propositions once reached him in the course of a single week. The suggestion which, in the abstract, would have tempted him most was the biography of Lord Shaftesbury. But the materials were such, that he did not feel he could gain a lifelike portrait of the man himself from them; and the idea of compiling a man's biography while he was still living with, at best, his partial assent to the project, was highly uncongenial.

He felt much honoured by the trust shown in him by Countess Russell and her son, the Hon. Rollo Russell, by their proposition. It was thought at the time that there was little private correspondence available; but Mr. Russell states that, later on, many letters were found, and this of course facilitated the biographer's work. Bosworth Smith's friends and relations did what they could to dissuade him from undertaking this second task. They doubted whether his health could stand the second strain after the first. They doubted whether he would be able to repeat the great success which he had achieved in his "Lord Lawrence," and it was thought his Harrow work might suffer. But it was with great reluctance that he brought himself to decline the invitation, and, in a sense, it was a turning away from literary ambition. The following letters from him show what passed in his mind about it:—

To the HON. ROLLO RUSSELL.

HARROW ON THE HILL, *March* 29, 1884.

I do not like to let a post go by without writing to thank you for the high compliment which I consider that Lady Russell and you have paid me by asking me to undertake so honourable and so responsible a work, and one of such great national interest, as would be the life of Lord Russell.

Of course it is a matter requiring deep and earnest consideration before I can give even a provisional

answer one way or another. The objections are naturally these which strike one most strongly at first sight.

The labour would of course be very great, when added to all my other work. It may be answered that I have already done such a work with success and general approval, but I nearly killed myself with the labour which Lord Lawrence's Life involved, and I could hardly hope that my health would stand such another strain.

Then, again, I had not the pleasure of a personal acquaintance with Earl Russell—an acquaintance such as, in spite of all its other difficulties, gave me a little start in beginning Lord Lawrence's Life. Once more, I have no special knowledge at present of the period covered by Earl Russell's life, nor do I think I have quite the aptitude or tastes which you would look for in a man who is to write the life of an English statesman. My interest, for example, in Parliamentary life and strife of parties is not naturally keen. On the other hand, there is hardly a single object which Earl Russell proposed to himself in his long and eventful political life with which I should not have a lively sympathy. I am afraid, from your account, the materials for the biography as distinguished from the political and historical part of the work are rather meagre. One wants letters, anecdotes, conversations with intimate friends, if one is to put flesh and blood in the central figure and to make him live and breathe, as I hope I have in some measure been able to do with Lord Lawrence. Do you think there are sufficient materials available for this? Are many intimate friends of his living, and would they be able and willing to give considerable help? Many other questions

occur to me, but I need not bother you with them now. In particular it would help to give me courage to undertake the work if I knew that a certain number of people, besides your own family, who knew Earl Russell well, were strongly in favour of my undertaking it. What, for instance, would Mr. Gladstone or Lord Halifax think of it? It is a little curious that just a year ago Lord Portman, in writing to me about "Lord Lawrence," remarked, "How I wish that Lady Russell would ask you to undertake the life of her husband!"

To COUNTESS RUSSELL.

May 2, 1884.

It cost me a good deal, I can assure you, to say no, and I hope I have done rightly in the matter. There are parts of Earl Russell's life which I believe I could have made intensely interesting. . . . I should like to have had the writing of that part of the biography which turns on the relations between the Queen, Lord Russell, and Lord Palmerston. I could certainly have made a good defence for Lord Russell in all respects.

The years that followed the completion of "Lord Lawrence" were scarcely less fully occupied. Bosworth Smith had already lectured on Mohammed both at the Midland Institute at Birmingham and at Newcastle-on-Tyne (where he had stayed with Dr. and Mrs. Spence Watson, for whom he always retained a warm admiration). Later on, at different times, he gave lectures either on Mohammed, Carthage, or Lord Lawrence at Toynbee Hall, Sion

College, Haileybury, and Marlborough, and to the clergy of Kensington.

In 1885 the fear of an attack on the Church of England by the Liberal party moved him to write a series of letters to the *Times*, which attracted great attention, and served for the moment to stem the tide against Disestablishment. It has seemed best here, again, to deal with his views on Church matters and home politics separately, and only to mention that from this time forward he wrote and spoke constantly on both subjects.

A reaction had been certain to come after the overstrain of the years of work at Lord Lawrence's Life. He was always subject to bad headaches and to sleeplessness, and in 1889, after some attacks of terrible pain, he broke down so completely that, on the advice of his friend, Dr. Symes Thompson, he gave up work for a time. Mr. Edward Graham, who had been his pupil and head of his house, and to whom he was greatly attached, took charge of his house for him, and he and his wife went to Egypt, where they went up the Nile and later stayed in Cairo with Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff, with whom and with whose family a permanent friendship was formed. This tour and the return by Greece was a time of intense enjoyment to them both.

But troubles about his health were by no means over. In 1891, he slipped on a plank and broke his leg. Very serious complications followed the accident, and for twelve weeks he lay very ill at the

Knoll. There were many days and nights when it seemed scarcely possible that he could survive the agonising attacks that came upon him. But the same will-power which had so often enabled him to do his work, whatever it might be, when physically unfit for it, came to his aid, and the devoted care of his wife, nurses, and doctors brought him back to a fair measure of health. In the following year he was well enough to take an active interest in political questions once more, and to share in the Uganda campaign with the greatest enthusiasm and effect.

The three breaks of the school year are the salvation of men who do their school work with all their hearts; toil of such a kind almost necessitates travel, and Bosworth Smith travelled at different times a good deal on the Continent. He went with his wife twice to Norway to shoot, in the days when there were very few restrictions on grouse-shooting; and he travelled in Italy and in Spain—which he enjoyed perhaps most of all—in Germany and France, and in Sicily, where his travelling companion, Mr. Edward Graham, found him, with his accurate and vivid knowledge of its past history, the most delightful of companions.

Bosworth Smith, unfortunately, could not speak or understand conversation in any modern language, nor could he master a foreign coinage, far less a Bradshaw, nor find his way in an unfamiliar place. The duties of courier, which fell on his companion —his wife, Edward Graham, or his brother Edward

—were, naturally, apt to be heavy; but his appreciation and enjoyment of all he saw, his well-stored memory, together with his gratitude for all that was done for him, atoned amply for the anxiety he sometimes caused his guide.

When he did not go abroad, he nearly always went to his old home at Stafford, for no bird-nesting, no heather in bloom, and no wild-duck shooting seemed to him to have the same charm elsewhere, just as no society gave him more pleasure than that of his parents, brothers, and sisters. He very often stayed at the Down House for shooting with his cousin, Sir William Smith-Marriott, and at Somerton Erleigh, in Somersetshire, where his aunt and godmother, Lady Smith, lived with her old brother, Colonel Pinney, one of the kindest as he was one of the most original of men. For many years in succession he spent a supremely happy fortnight of August grouse-shooting in Scotland, either with his friends the Sandersons at Inverpolly, or the Crosses at Inverlair, or, on one occasion in Ross-shire, with the Hon. Charles Lawrence—a day here, when he shot thirty brace of grouse to his own gun over dogs, stood out as a red-letter day in his memory—or, again, at Barwhillarty, with Mr. Yerburgh, where the conversation interested him no less than the grouse-shooting. Very often a house was taken at Lyme Regis, in Dorset, and his attachment to the place, with its early associations with his own family, its steep old-world streets, its Cobb, cele-

brated by Jane Austen, and the romantic Pinhay Cliffs beyond it, was so great that he was at one time inclined to settle there permanently.

Every spring he would snatch a happy day when he would go off to Oxhey Wood, "a great preserve," says Mr. H. T. Hewett, "a few miles from Harrow, whither, upon a whole holiday in the bird's-nesting season, he would bring a happy party of lucky boys, to the indignation of the keepers, who had no notice of the projected visit. But even an indignant keeper could not be cross with Bos, once he had speech with him." Another red-letter day, which he commemorated in his "Bird Life," was an expedition with Mr. Henry Upcher, one spring, to Lord Walsingham's mere in Norfolk; and a visit to White's Selborne, where his friend Canon Edward Bernard was then living, was another pilgrimage after his own heart.

Bosworth Smith never believed that his school work suffered in any degree from the existence of interests which lay beyond it, or from his wide circle of friends. He had a horror of getting into a groove. "I do my form work better, not worse, if I have the stimulus of seeing interesting people," he used to say. If the great fatigue, the constant rush and strain of school life, combined with almost incessant literary work and many social engagements, did indeed use up his strength prematurely, still I think that he would never have chosen to have filled his years otherwise. As to Edward

Bowen, so to him also, it seemed better to wear out than to rust out.

It is impossible, in the space available to me, to chronicle in any detail the engagements outside his school work which gave zest and variety to his life. Lists of guests or visits, however interesting in themselves, make tedious reading, unless notes of the conversation which gave distinctive charm to the occasion have been preserved. But my father's affection for his friends was so warm, his admiration of their gifts, his enjoyment of their talk so great, that to omit all mention of the many visitors who came to the Knoll would be to blot out much of the light and colour of his life. In many cases, indeed, the names themselves are suggestive enough, for among those who sometimes dined or stayed at Harrow were Dr. Martineau, Miss Anna Swanwick, Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, Sir Clements Markham, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir Richard Temple, Canon Ainger, Canon Duckworth, Admiral Colomb, Mr. Main Walrond, Sir William and Lady Flower, Canon Elwyn, Colonel Yule, Captain Eastwick, Sir Frederick Halliday, Mr. Meredith Townsend of the *Spectator*, Sir Henry Cunningham, Sir George Trevelyan, Canon Tristram, Prince Krapotkin, Sir Archibald Geikie, Sir Courtenay Ilbert, Captain Lugard, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, Mr. and Mrs. Yates Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Murray Smith, Dr. Blyden, Lord Acton, Sir Henry Howorth.

It was probable, of course, that some of the

guests in parties which were made up of varied elements should appreciate each other less warmly than their host appreciated each of them; but it was still more probable that, when rival authorities on the same subject met, mutual appreciation should diminish almost to vanishing point. The parties to which old friends of Lord Lawrence's came were composed, naturally, of men of the same school of thought in Indian politics; their store of reminiscences, their delightful personalities, and their pleasure in meeting each other, made these parties specially pleasant. It was otherwise when two notable but, unfortunately, rival authorities on natural history met at dinner; and a no less distinguished naturalist of a younger generation, Mr. G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, was an interested auditor of a heated discussion. The situation became threatening during the course of the evening, but it was temporarily saved by the well-timed ignorance of a lady present, whose bewilderment over the nesting habits and migrations of the "cream-coloured coursers," which she had not unnaturally assumed to be the late Queen's celebrated ponies or a special race of Arab barbs, providentially served to amuse the combatants and to avert a catastrophe.

Another critical moment was the unexpected meeting — unexpected to them — of three well-known African travellers on the lawn before dinner. There were hurried questions which told their

own tale. "That is never Sir ——!" "I hope that is not really ——?" But when the first shock was over, *savoir faire* and good temper prevailed, and every one parted the best of friends.

Bosworth Smith was always more anxious to hear what others had to say than to talk himself; although he was a little shy by nature, his intense interest in the small things of life as well as the great quickly made him forget himself. In later years, especially, in spite of the growing deafness, which was his great trouble, his deference to the opinion of others, his genuine sympathy, his eagerness to know and to hear, his wonderful and ready memory, his sense of humour, made him the kindest and most delightful of hosts.

"Among the residents of the town of Harrow," writes Mr. Edward Graham, "not connected with the school, he had many friends, and always the kindliest welcome from innumerable acquaintances. It was astonishing how many personal calls he managed to pay, and how many talks he had with those who had any interesting experience to talk about. For active social work among his fellow-citizens he had neither the gift nor the leisure. But those occasions on which he spoke in public were always marked successes, and showed the respect in which he was held by all alike, whether they approved or disapproved of the view he had expressed."

It was not only in Harrow that the Bosworth Smiths saw their friends. They often dined in

London at houses where they met interesting people, among others Tennyson, Robert Browning, Professor Drummond. One luncheon party at Dr. Moncure Conway's included Mr. Lowell, Froude, and John Bright. At the house of Bishop Walsham How—a man whom every one loved—they once met three authoresses, Edna Lyall, Jean Ingelow, and Charlotte Yonge. They went regularly to the receptions of the Royal Society and Indian Association. In 1880, Bosworth Smith became a member of the Athenæum, and though he did not go there very often, at one time his visits generally meant talks with men like Dean Bradley, Bishop Magee of Peterborough, Lord Aberdare, Sir Edwin Arnold, or his old relative, Colonel Pinney, from which he would come back to his work happier and fresher.

He had, to no small extent, the faculty of veneration, a faculty which is now held in light esteem, and which seems, indeed, to have become almost obsolete. Many of the friends whom he reverenced and loved belonged to the older generation, and of those whose friendship, perhaps, he prized most—Captain Eastwick, Sir Henry Yule, Lord Ebury, Dr. Martineau, and Miss Anna Swanwick—all have now passed away.

Among those whom my father came to know in middle life, there was no one whom he reverenced more than Dr. James Martineau, the great Unitarian divine, whose intellectual and moral in-

fluence on his own time are unquestioned. Sir Edwin Arnold, in a letter to Bosworth Smith, says: "He is, in my judgment, one of the three chief masters of the high art of writing English prose." Dr. Martineau, with his fine head, his silver hair, his sad, clear blue eyes, which seemed to look beyond material things, always appeared the most impressive figure in any assembly where he might be; the eye was arrested by him, and his calm and austere personality seemed to detach itself from his surroundings and to exist on a more spiritual plane. The impression of austerity lessened when he spoke; his kindness, his simplicity of character, and his wealth of reminiscence made him a delightful visitor. Dr. Martineau's many letters to Bosworth Smith show a remarkable openness and confidence in him, and there was no man, perhaps, with whom my father spoke more freely of the deepest things of life than with Dr. Martineau. Projects for ecclesiastical reform, which should pave the way for national Christian union in England, lay very near Dr. Martineau's heart, and many of his letters refer to this subject. He seems to have felt that he was before his time in these ideas, and that the Church of England must abate some of her claims before this union could become possible. "Who can suppose," he wrote, "that the expelled minorities will be charmed into her embrace by the sound of the *word* 'Catholic' in its present excommunicating sense? . . . Such

as I am would easily be drawn into your Church by a widening that is by no means impossible. But the portion of the nation which represents the Puritan element is as hopelessly irreconcilable with 'Prelacy' as ever the Covenanters were."

Once or twice my father kept notes of his many talks with Dr. Martineau. In March 1888, he writes:—

"Talk with Dr. Martineau on Liturgy. What object in repetition in daily service of a creed, by repeating which so many laymen forfeit their honesty? Why not keep it for ordination, confirmation, &c.? Why also repeat all imprecations in Psalms? Danger of all religious newspapers becoming narrow, in that the reason of their existence is to uphold one or other definite line of thought. Had recommended new French version of Bible by Reuss (aided by John Muir) to Dean Bradley for use in his lectures on Job.—Carlyle's bursts of fun after his explosions of wrath—'Those workmen are breaking every one of the ten commandments with every stroke of their hammers;' his deference to his wife, her wit, her comparison of a certain noble poet to 'a little cock robin hopping about.'—'I can *bear* the alterations in the Old Testament better than I can in the New.' No revision satisfactory by a committee. 'Deliver us from the evil,' perhaps best, meaning 'the evil of temptation.'—Cruelty less in England, except among boys, than elsewhere; terrible in Africa and China and Portugal."

Miss Anna Swanwick, the translator of Æschylus, was another friend of middle life to whom my father was greatly attached. Miss Swanwick, in her puce-coloured satin gown and black mittens, seemed to be a kind of "fairy godmother," she was so diminutive, so fragile, so old-world in appearance, so gifted, and so wise. She was a wonderful talker—able to hold her own, as the writer remembers, even with Mr. Gladstone himself. Her words came with a finish and grace and fluency which made most other speech seem rude and halting; but when a reviewer characterised her conversation as didactic, my father hastened to challenge the criticism:—

"'Didactic' is the very last word which any one who was capable of appreciating her delightful conversation would think of applying to it. If it was 'conversation' in any true sense of the word at all, it could not be 'didactic'; and if it was 'didactic,' it could not be really delightful. It was sustained, suggestive, brilliant, original; but it was also simple, sympathetic, reciprocal. She put every one at his ease in a moment, and she talked almost as much upon the subjects suggested by her friends as she did upon those started by herself. Its charm, indeed, defied analysis. She put the whole tenderness and variety and purity of her character into it. No one ever came away from a lengthened talk with her without feeling himself strengthened, elevated, refined, humbled by it. If he did not, it was his own, not her fault."

Dr. Martineau once said of her to Bosworth Smith, " She was the noblest woman I have ever known."

It is often the small thing, the unimportant, that one remembers when the memory has ceased to hold the greater; and the present writer recalls a dinner-party at the Knoll, at which Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff and Miss Anna Swanwick were present. The conversation turned on ghost stories, and Sir M. Grant-Duff read aloud a letter he had just received, with a story of a lady who, when for the first time she went over a house in Scotland which was said to be haunted, felt a strange familiarity with each room, even recognising a change made in the arrangement of certain vases. She asked the housekeeper if she had ever seen the ghost. With some hesitation, the housekeeper replied, " Why, yes, madam, for it is you, yourself, whom I have seen here." Miss Swanwick related how, on one occasion when table-turning was in vogue, she had taken part in a séance, at which a celebrated medium was present, and how a ring, that she herself was wearing at the time, had, as her hands rested on the table, burst in two and fallen on the table.

Yet another friend, whose letters and talk my father appreciated very highly, was the venerable Lord Ebury. An acquaintance which was begun by the return of a book which my mother had left in the train, became a steady friendship. Lord Ebury never failed to write sympathetic and

suggestive comments on any letter from Bosworth Smith that might appear in the *Times*. After his death at the age of ninety-two, in 1893, he wrote of him in the *Times*:—

"While he had much sympathy with what was new, his pronunciation of certain words and the general tone of his thought carried one back to the time of those who might have listened to Pitt and Burke and Wilberforce. . . . An Englishman to the backbone, enthusiastically fond of all English sports, conspicuously aloof from all mere party spirit, a supporter of every philanthropic scheme, clear-headed, single-hearted, combining much of the mellow wisdom of old age with much, even to the end, of the freshness of youth, God-fearing and God-loving, he has carried many precious memories with him, and there are, it is to be feared, not too many public men of his kind left among us."

Captain Eastwick, who had been at Winchester and Oxford with both Bosworth Smith's father and father-in-law, was another friend of the older generation, whose vivacious conversation and delightful letters were from 1877 till his death in 1883 a constant source of pleasure to my father. Captain Eastwick had been, among other things, assistant political secretary at the India Office; he had translated a great deal from Persian and Hindustani, and he had prepared a valuable handbook on India for Mr. Murray. A man of generous

enthusiasms, of deep religious convictions, and great warmth of heart, his strongly marked features and bright eyes, with his look of intense life and intelligence and energy, recalled not a little the outward characteristics of Mr. Gladstone, for whom he was more than once mistaken.

Colonel, afterwards Sir Henry, Yule, was in many ways a great contrast to his friend Captain Eastwick. Colonel Yule had served with distinction in India under Lord Dalhousie and Lord Canning, and on the India Council. His "Marco Polo" and other works on Asiatic travel had placed him in the front rank of geographers. Colonel Yule, with his white hair, his refined and beautiful face, and his quietness of manner, was in outward appearance the ideal of a mediæval student; but nearly everything that he said or that he wrote—learned foot-note to a book of travels or private letter to a friend—was illuminated by a touch of humour, which made him the most charming of authors and of companions. An entry in my father's commonplace book (a storehouse of stories or passages which struck him in the course of reading or conversation, from which, however, it is, unfortunately, impossible to quote here, because he nearly always forgot to add the sources from which the words came), says: "Colonel Yule told me of an Afghan translation of the New Testament, which turned the command, 'Judge not, that ye be not judged,'

into 'Do not do justice, lest thou shouldest be done justice to.'"

In 1895, Bingham's Melcombe, "an old manor-house, which has every charm a house can have in my eyes," came unexpectedly into the market. The place had been familiar to Bosworth Smith, as an ideal, at all events, all his life, and when the telegram came which announced that he was the successful purchaser, and that, thanks to the kind exertions of Sir Robert Pearce-Edgcumbe, the place was his, he was overjoyed. He could now leave Harrow without the desolate feeling that he was "going into the world houseless and homeless, not knowing where I shall live." His father, of whom his own words have drawn a picture to which nothing need be added, died on Holy Innocents' Day that year, and the old home at Stafford—the *cor cordium* of his life—was broken up. But it was something to feel that he was still rooted to Dorset soil. His attachment to Bingham's Melcombe grew with every visit that he paid to it during the school holidays, and he looked forward to the time when he should watch the whole seasons, and not parts of each, pass over the woods and garden and downs of his own home.

But the parting from Harrow was a wrench, all the more, perhaps, that it was rather long drawn. Dr. Wood, for whose continual kindness Bosworth Smith always felt warm gratitude, asked him to stay an additional two years after the age fixed for

masters to retire. At the final house-supper on July 11, 1901, the largest gathering of its kind ever known in Harrow, their beloved master spoke to his old pupils for the last time; he reviewed his thirty-seven years at Harrow, and recalled old stories and characteristics with the simple pleasure which they had always given him.

"I never missed a house-supper," writes Mr. F. Gore-Browne, K.C., "while I was in the house or afterwards. It is difficult to say whether the master's individual recollection of and affection for each boy or the boys' enthusiasm for their old friend was most remarkable. At the final house-supper every heart was full, and the best crown we could offer for the past years of generous work was our gratitude and love, which every one present gave to the utmost extent."

Mr. Yerburgh, on behalf of all the old pupils, presented Mrs. Bosworth Smith with a diamond bracelet, and to him they gave the fine portrait of himself by Mr. Hugh Rivière. It was not the first time his house had shown their affection to him by presents in which they had all shared; on his silver wedding day they had given him a fine silver dessert service; but the portrait seemed to him to represent the "concentrated affection of all the pupils who had ever been under him." To those who knew him best, the portrait, in refinement and delicacy of characterisation—above all, in the expression of his blue eyes, thoughtful, gentle, and

profoundly touching—seems to be almost strangely life-like, and to reveal something of the beauty of his soul and mind.

Sir Archibald Geikie, K.C.B., then Director-General of the Geological Survey of the United Kingdom, wrote at this time :—

"In your case there will be an infinity of consolation. . . . You have a splendidly useful past to look back upon. You have gained the esteem and affection of every boy who ever sat under your class-room roof, and of every governor who knew how to appreciate the loyalty, devotion, and genius which you have so long and so unsparingly given to the school."

The thirty-seven years at Harrow were over, and he could look back on a very strenuous, but on the whole a very happy life. His children had, most of them, gone out into the world. His eldest son had married and settled in Florida ; his second was in the navy ; two others were in South Africa, and one in India, in the Indian Civil Service—Nigel, who had rejoiced his father's heart by his success at Harrow, where he had been head of the school, winner of many prizes, in both the elevens, and school racquet player. His youngest son was already high up in the school at Harrow.

He had served under three Headmasters—Dr. Butler, Mr. Welldon, and Dr. Wood ; and with the death of Edward Bowen, he had lost the last colleague who had been at Harrow when he first came

there. The sons of more than one of his old pupils had passed through his house or form. He had seen many changes, to which he could not always easily adapt himself. He had made countless friends, both connected with the school and beyond it. He had produced three notable books, and he had given of his best in letters, articles, and speeches on many subjects, in burning protests against injustice, in appeals to patriotism in its best sense. The time had fully come when he might learn one of the few things he had never learnt—the joy of leisure.

CHAPTER IV

WORK AT HARROW

If Bosworth Smith had at any time been asked to write an article on his own theory and method of education, he would undoubtedly have declined, on the ground that he had nothing definite to say. Probably he never formulated his theories even to himself, and much of what he did for his pupils, and of what he was to them, came from the unconscious influence of his own personality, rather than from any set scheme which he had put before himself.

For this reason, it is easier to show, by their own words, what was the nature of his influence on those around him, than to attempt to lay down the exact principles that guided him. This chapter is little more than a collection of impressions of his work at Harrow, written by men who, in spite of the natural divergence between their several points of view, yet seem on this subject to think and feel alike to a very remarkable extent. Influence, if it is of the highest value, must touch the many, not alone the few, and only by such a collection has it seemed possible to bring out at all forcibly the deep impression he made on men of many different stamps.

Photo: *Hills & Saunders*

THE KNOLL

The following sketch of his work at Harrow, both in relation to his pupils and to his colleagues, is by Mr. Edward Graham, who knew more of him in both capacities than any one else, for Mr. Graham was head of his house, and later on returned to Harrow as a master. They had much in common with each other, including a love of flowers and birds, and Mr. Graham proved himself, not least in times of trouble and ill-health, the firmest and most helpful of friends.

In a letter to Mr. Graham in 1901, thanking him for an affectionate appreciation of his work at Harrow, which he had written in the *Harrovian*, Bosworth Smith said: "When I die, I shall neither need nor deserve any other obituary notice than yours, though I don't deserve half you have said. What you have said of my wife is specially precious to me." It seems peculiarly fitting, from every point of view, that it should be Mr. Graham who should sum up and describe, as far as possible, his friend's work at Harrow:—

"For more than thirty years Reginald Bosworth Smith presided over a house at Harrow, which was always in full demand, and which for a considerable period was *the* house in the school. Of all the many generations which passed through his hands the boys loved and respected him, and in after-life treasured his friendship.

"What was the secret of this success?

"First I would put the fact that he built and opened his own house, and he was able to establish

his own traditions, and stamp his character upon the life of his boys. Many a good schoolmaster has had to fret and chafe for years against the inherited traditions of his predecessor and the conservative aversion of boys for change. 'Bos,' as every one called him, was free from such trammels, and able to strike out new lines for himself. He was all his life a hater of 'red tape,' routine and those useless privileges which entail the sacrifice of the weak to the strong, or the young to the old; and it suited him to have no such restrictions to the freedom of his own special developments in the government of his house.

"But this consideration, though important, would not carry a house-master far on the road to success. He must be in himself a man of strong character, wise tolerance, and real sympathy.

"In these three qualities Bosworth Smith was pre-eminent. The rules he made were neither vexatiously numerous nor draconic in their inelasticity. But, with all good temper, he saw that they were obeyed, and the punishment for the breach of them was sure. His pupils were taught to feel that a dishonourable action tarnished the house and deeply pained the master of it. One of them has said that he once went to the study in a totally unrepentant frame of mind for some piece of ungentlemanly conduct: but when he realised how the knowledge of it had hurt Bos, he said he could have kicked himself all the way down the stairs. Indeed, his distress and sorrow and sympathy often did more to touch the heart of the offender than the punishment which he had to bear. 'The worst of it all was, that it hurt Bos so much,' one boy wrote to his father. Troubles with his boys seemed to shake him to the

foundations, but it was in hours of remorse, or, it might be, personal grief, that the boys learnt to know more of his God-fearing, devout, and simple nature, with its wide charity and firm beliefs.

"Again, it was a token of his strength that he impressed so much of his own character on the house, and induced the boys to do so much for him cheerfully. Did he wish a large field to enter for school prizes, and attend his preparatory lectures on divinity, history, or geography, at the sacrifice of their own spare time? He would select his candidates, often from unpromising material, and his persuasion or pressure to compete never failed. The house in consequence reaped a rich harvest of prizes and honours; but Bos was just as pleased when a dull boy got a good place and an honourable mention, as when a clever boy was first. Did he require maps and plans drawn for his lectures on Carthage before the Royal Institution? A pupil felt honoured by the task of executing them on a sufficiently gigantic scale, just as another would be proud to write at his dictation some pages of the book he was writing. Every boy was proud of doing him a service; nobody thought of taking a liberty with him, or at all events nobody thought of doing so twice.

"His tolerance was no less marked than his strength: indeed the one was the outcome of the other. One result of this tolerance was seen in the cosmopolitan tincture of his house, especially during his later years at Harrow. Bosworth Smith was a name to conjure with in Eastern lands; and he was pressed to take under his roof princes from Persia, India, Egypt, and Zanzibar.[1] His colleagues often

[1] The present Sultan of Zanzibar and Prince Mohammed Hassan, a cousin of the Khedive's, were at one time in his house.

shook their heads over this admittance of coloured races: but Bosworth Smith's own sympathies were wide, and he thought that the advantage of an English education should not be less widely opened. Certainly the foreigners could have come under no more tolerant guide of youth: he smoothed their paths among English companions, and himself showed them all that was best in English character. On the whole his policy was justified by results.

"It is a common reproach against our public schools that their products are too stereotyped: and this is also true, to some extent, of the individual houses in a school. The boy who deviates from the house 'pattern' is apt to suffer in the process of having 'his corners rubbed off,' and the master too may unconsciously contribute to this result, by a failure to show interest in what are to him the less congenial types. But Bos could be all things to all boys. His mind had as many sides as the facets of a diamond, and all were bright and attractive to the young. The scholar and the athlete, the bookworm and the sportsman, the naturalist and the traveller, all alike found in him interest, encouragement, and information. His first question to a new boy was, 'What is your hobby?' and he never committed the *faux pas* of forgetting the individual's taste. 'Always aim at having a hobby of some sort outside your usual work and play,' he said in 1903 to the boys of his own first school. 'Collect something, make yourselves strong in something; even stamps are better than nothing. But take up some branch of natural history or poetry and it will be a joy to you through life.' 'I would rather draw out what is good in a boy than try to put anything into him,' he used to say. And so in his nightly wandering

round his house, from room to room, he would sit and chat with each boy on his own subject. The studious lad was led on to discuss his books; the naturalist told with glee of his last-found nest, or mouse, or flower; the traveller described his holiday ramble, and received more illuminating information in return; the athlete found a sympathetic listener to his scores or his failure to score. No boy or man was ever dull in his eyes, except indeed the conceited, and for them he had no soft corner of his heart. But the unconventional boy was treated with the same wise tolerance as the typical, and knew that to his house-master he could look for that friendly support which saved him from the sensations of a pariah.

"And no less marked was his tolerance for the offenders. It was his nature to trust boys, and to let them know that they were trusted. I will not say that he was never deceived: but he never regretted confidence, and never failed to trust again the boy who was clearly making a fresh start. Of all the hundreds of boys who passed through his hands, I only remember one whom he could not forgive, and the mention of whose name he could not bear—and he was right. He made allowance for the weakness and inexperience of youth, and maintained that offenders at school often made the soundest of men in after life.

"Nor did he make the common mistake of exaggerating peccadilloes into deadly sins. For instance, his house always had a notoriety for catapulting, and many were the complaints from suffering neighbours. The offenders, when caught, were duly punished: but Bos in his heart was amused by this outlet of the sporting instinct, and never pretended

that it was wicked. He himself alluded, in one of his house-supper speeches, to the exploits of one 'master caterpulter who, like the left-handed Benjamites of old, could catapult "to a hair's breadth and not miss." In vain did he promise that he would break himself of it, till he destroyed his store of catapults. He kept his promise for just a fortnight, and then, one Sunday morning, I found two wrens lying dead side by side. His friend Barlow had not yet been sent out, as he generally was, to bury the dead and put a mark upon their graves. I went up to Ramsay's room and simply said, "Where is it?" and he produced the fatal catapult.'

"He lived among his boys, and entertained them frequently at his table with a flow of unaffected chaff and amusement. One very special treat for the boys with country tastes was an annual expedition to the neighbouring woods of Oxhey or Ruislip in the summer term. A whole holiday would be selected, and a long day's bird's-nesting enjoyed. The score of nests and eggs discovered by each member of the party was elaborately kept; but no one was allowed to take more than one or two eggs from each clutch. Lunch and tea was provided by Mrs. Bosworth Smith, and the incidents of the day discussed over supper at the Knoll after the return. One year he had first decided against an expedition for a certain whole holiday: then about ten o'clock he changed his mind, and sent for two boys to invite them. To his surprise they raised difficulties and urged postponement. However, he insisted, and the expedition was made. Again he was surprised to find languid searchers after nests, and his astonishment culminated when several of the boys (including his own son) fell asleep over tea. Then the

secret came out: at daylight in the early summer morning the disappointed boys had escaped by a sheet from a window, and had only just returned in time to receive his invitation for an expedition to the woods which they had already ransacked for hours.

"Another institution at the Knoll, which no one will ever forget, was the triennial house-supper, to which every old boy received a cordial invitation. 'To the boys at large he seemed happiest, perhaps, at some of the triennial house-suppers, which he spared no pains to make memorable and complete. His pride in his boys on those occasions was so plain, and, as we thought, so amply justified. His reminiscences, even of the ne'er-do-weels, were so shrewdly humorous, so genially acute. And his affection for us all, for good and bad, for prodigies or dunces, was so large, so undeniably sincere, that even the most grudging spirits must respond.'[1]

"The numbers attending these suppers steadily grew, until the dining-hall at the Knoll became too small, and a tent on the lawn was necessary to hold the guests. 'Old boys' came from all corners of the three kingdoms to meet their house-friends, to discuss the old days and repeat the old stories, and above all to testify their devotion to the master. It was the custom, in the great speech after supper, to record the achievements of the house during the past three years, the distinctions of the former members in their several professions, and the movements of all those who had written to him from distant lands. For every 'old boy' was encouraged to write to him from time to time; and they knew how it would rejoice Bosworth's heart

[1] Mr. C. E. Mallet, M.P.

to hear of their doings, and their impressions of travel, especially in the more untrodden paths of the world. In this way, to a large extent, grew his wonderful collection of antiquarian and barbarian curios, sent to him by pupils and other friends, whose wanderings led them far afield. Their letters and their gifts show how often he was in their thoughts, and how sure they were of his abiding interest in all that they might see or do.

"But perhaps the greatest and best lesson that he instilled, and that by his own example, was simplicity. No man was ever more transparent and free from *mauvaise honte*. His three great books—the Lives of Mohammed, Hannibal, and Lord Lawrence—show that he was an ardent hero-worshipper: and of all heroic qualities he was most attracted by simplicity. Again, he was a champion of the weaker races of the world against aggression or oppression: and it was the simplicity of these children among the nations that most appealed to him. And he was the same in all his dealings with boys. If their lives and conversation were natural and unassuming, he loved them one and all: but for affectation and conceit he had a righteous horror. The boys, too, saw his open life, for nothing was concealed: and everything that he said or did was straightforward, simple, and of good report.

"At that period of his life when he undertook so much literary work, many of his friends, including Edward Bowen, feared that the extraneous tasks might absorb his energies to the detriment of his service to school and house. But his boys saw as much of their master in these as in other years, and the rapidity of his work enabled him to find time for literary tasks and social duties, added

to his scholastic routine. That his subsequent health suffered from the strain of these years is probable: but at the time the difference was little noticed.

"And what of his teaching in form or pupil-room? Here, again, I think that the prevailing note was unconventionality and freedom from routine. He was a classical master, and during his thirty-seven years at Harrow he took almost every form in that department of the school, from the lowest up to the Second Fifth. The classics, therefore, were the staple of his teaching: but he treated them in his own way, making more of the subject-matter and the literary qualities of the author than of the grammatical and linguistic envelope. Forty years ago he was one of the first classical tutors at Harrow to break away from the tyranny of Latin verses, then enforced on all boys, for the majority of whom they were useless and repellent. In their place (though he continued to teach them admirably to the good scholars) he substituted much geography and history, of which subjects he was a born teacher.[1] These lessons, with others on the Bible and Milton,[2]

[1] Bosworth Smith says, in some notes on history teaching: "I have no belief in teaching general truths or laws, unless there is a good substratum in the learner's mind of facts behind them. The abuse which Locke called 'principling' the young is to be avoided in history, even more than in other studies. General principles are taught by crammers with frightful ease, and are reproduced with frightful and often misleading fidelity by the examinees. If the boy has a sufficient basis of facts to go on, he will be able to justify, to illustrate, to criticise or to overthrow the general views brought before him in lectures or in books, and he will be working on the inductive method."

[2] He was wont to say that a passage could be found in "Paradise Lost" to illustrate every event in human life and every condition of mind, and the passage would usually rise at once to his memory with the occasion that suggested it.

will always dwell in the memory of the boys who passed through his form. The subjects, as treated by him, lived and glowed with illustrations poured upon them from all sources interesting to boys. No one who had been to his history lectures could feel again that history was a dull subject, and no geography pupil could fancy again that geography was a question of statistics and lists of products; his interest in travel, in native races, in ancient buildings, in different conditions of life, made geography in his hands a most fascinating study. This power of illustrating one subject by another, one period by another, from his extraordinary memory and storehouse of knowledge, was attractive to the form, but often sorely puzzling to his colleagues. Bos would tell his form to find out by the next day an incident parallel to some story in the life of Abraham or Epaminondas or Oliver Cromwell. 'Ask your tutors,' was the only clue he gave: and his poor colleagues would be tasked to search the pages of Grote or Gibbon or Scott, rather than confess to ignorance. In teaching the Bible he dwelt chiefly on the historical groundwork of the Scriptures and the moral qualities of Bible characters. Illustrations from the Koran or other Eastern writings, from the ancient monuments and inscriptions, and from secular history, made the Bible studies lucid and human. I remember that during my own term in his form, now more than thirty years ago, the period was that of the Captivity and the Return; and how we all became absorbed in the identification of the various Ahasueruses and Artaxerxes. Every week this form had to write an exercise on the last Scripture lesson: and the boys cheerfully spent hours in searching the sources of information which he had indicated.

"One of the duties of every tutor at Harrow is to prepare boys for the annual Confirmation in the school chapel. Bos's addresses were eminently practical, and typical of his own simple and steadfast faith. I think now that his Christianity, at all events thirty years ago, was strongly leavened by the teachings of Dean Stanley and F. D. Maurice. He did not dwell much on the Sacramental aspects of the Faith. English boys are not often expansive when being prepared for Confirmation: but he invited us to bring him our difficulties, and I ventured on some boyish objection to certain phrases in the Church Service. His answer was characteristic. He told me that, though the Prayer-book was not altogether such as would nowadays be written, he had personally only one serious objection, and that was to a phrase, or rather one word, in the Invitation to Holy Communion, 'to be by them received in remembrance of His meritorious Cross and Passion, whereby *alone* we obtain remission of our sins and are made partakers of the Kingdom of Heaven.' He thought the word '*alone*' was inconsistent with the boundless mercy of God, as excluding from salvation so many millions who could never have even heard of the Atonement of Christ. And this remark was made just at the time when he was publishing 'Mohammed.'

"Another feature of his form-teaching was the introduction from time to time of 'Flower-schools.' This meant the conveyance into school of large baskets of flowers or leaves, which were held up one by one, or passed round the benches for identification, and marks of course were given to the knowledgeable boys, or the successful guessers. Or again, he would spend ten minutes, before or after

school, on the terrace garden, of which he was for years the loving custodian, and where a memorial will shortly be erected to him by his old pupils. Here he would go round the borders, followed by his boys, telling them the names of shrubs and flowers, and often awakening a lifelong love of gardens. Or yet again, he would carry into school a box containing a tit's nest with the mother closely incubating, and pass her round the form. Or he would stop the lesson in progress to ask a stumbling construer to identify the bird that happened to be singing in the garden below his windows. But enough has been said to show how every lesson was humanised, and why so many boys, whom other masters pronounced dullards or Philistines, found under him an outlet for general knowledge, and continued to look back on their months under Bosworth Smith as an efficient period of school-teaching.

"So far I have written of Bos in his relation to boys—what is my recollection of him as a colleague? Certainly he was highly popular with the staff: the very fact that to every colleague he was 'Bos' speaks for itself, and shows that there was nothing distant or 'stand-offish' about his personality. Not that his friendships ever degenerated into familiarity, but that he kept no colleague, however junior, at arm's length. He was punctilious about making calls on the newcomers, and his hospitality at the Knoll was widespread. Indeed, he was almost the last of those who felt that regular and frequent entertainment of his colleagues was a duty and a pleasure. He had a quick eye for all men's good qualities, and a generous recognition for keen and devoted service to the school. No assistant master,

I think, ever had a serious quarrel with him, though his assiduous vindication of the amiable culprits in his house sometimes taxed the patience of more draconic colleagues. Though friendly with all, and censorious of none, he had of course his closer intimacies, with Dr. Montagu Butler, his Headmaster for twenty years, with E. H. Bradby, Arthur Watson, James Robertson, Charles Colbeck, H. G. Hart, Thomas Field, and above all, with Edward Bowen. To such friends the inmost treasures of his mind and heart were revealed, with them he took counsel on the more important issues of their lives and his own. But to all his colleagues he was accessible for advice in difficulties; and the lessons of his ripe experience were freely communicated, and always given on the side of good temper, leniency, and conciliation. At the same time he was, in school matters as on public questions, fearless in denunciation of injustice and wrong, whether to masters or boys. Many a second chance was given, at his timely instigation, to a young colleague who seemed at first incapable of maintaining his influence. Report has it that Bosworth Smith, like Edward Bowen, was during his first term at Harrow himself the victim of persecution from the boys. Many a hasty or severe sentence on erring youths was mitigated at his request. Many a jar between discordant masters was smoothed or explained away.

"He was not, I think, strong in the talent for organisation, for he loved a free hand himself, and could not brook over-centralisation of authority or 'bossing' of any kind. Thus, in his later years at Harrow, he was often found in opposition to reforms which had become necessary in the organisation of

school studies, because he knew how to get good work out of the old conditions, and dreaded the inelasticity of new rules. When changes were made, he would calmly proceed on the old lines, and people only smiled and said, 'Bos is a chartered libertine.' Nor was he always effective at the masters' deliberations. He lacked the rapid play of Bowen's subtle argument and the concise and business-like acumen of Colbeck's advice. He relied too little on the living voice of advocacy, and too much on written arguments, which he read from manuscript, and which were often more weighty than convincing."

What has been said of Bosworth Smith as a colleague is borne out by the testimony of many others. Dr. Butler writes: "He was, far more than most men, 'born to be loved'—so true, so sympathetic, so loyal, so affectionate. What a brotherhood we were years ago! They were very happy days, and I think we can see God's blessing rested on them." "I am only one of hundreds," writes Dr. T. Field, Principal of Radley College, "in whose lives his words and teaching and example are a living force—people who are different and who are better than they would have been, if they had never known him—and, as they think of this or find themselves doing that, say, not unfrequently, 'This was *his* way and that is what *he* said.'" "One of the dearest men that ever lived has gone," writes another colleague, Mr. A. J. Richardson, who was most kindly "lent" to him by the Rev. J. Sanderson

of Elstree, when he could ill be spared. "How I cherish his memory, and how vividly I remember the two happy terms I spent at the Knoll. I assuredly learnt far more than I taught."

What was the feeling of his pupils towards him, and what was the impression that he made on them? The answer can best be given in their own spontaneous words, taken from a few of the many sources available.

Sir George Douglas, Bart., writes, in some Harrow recollections published in "Scottish Art and Letters": "With special gratitude and affection, the writer remembers Mr. R. Bosworth Smith. What could be done to instil life into instruction, to rouse the powers of the budding mind—this that gentleman assuredly accomplished. Whether others felt as I did I know not, but for myself his wide range of learning, to which 'the charm of nature' in him imparted unfailing interest, made the hours spent in his class-room by far the pleasantest of the day." "I never knew an old Harrovian whose face did not light up with a kindly smile when his name was mentioned," writes one who was not himself a Harrovian. "It was you," writes a former pupil who is making a career in literature, "who first impressed upon me the need for that width of mind and the broadest culture which your works so splendidly illustrate." Another, who found himself the master of a great factory soon after leaving school, writes that he owes his love of English literature, which

is the joy of his short leisure, to Bosworth Smith's suggestive lessons. "He humanised everything, even Latin and Greek," is a phrase that recurs constantly when men wrote or spoke of his teaching, and the burden of many letters is, as one of his numerous Australian pupils put it, "Our affection for you grows greater as we become better able to appreciate how good you were to us."

"There never was a kindlier teacher and friend, nor one who did more to develop whatever good or useful was to be found in his pupils," writes Mr. F. Gore-Browne, K.C. "No one could wish for a better training for a young mind than he gave; it was well for me that that time of growth was directed by the kindliest and most intelligent care, which could overlook weaknesses and vanities, or, better still, could direct them so as to be sources of advantage. It has always been marvellous to me how any man could, in addition to his school work, undertake such exacting literary work as he did. I can only say that the stupendous labour never prevented us boys getting attention to all our needs and helps in our own affairs."

"He made us all feel that the ordinary work was part of a large whole," writes a pupil who had good reason to know him well, "and that education was not simply learning things for examinations. He could make the different things interesting by allusions and quotations, and the secret of his success in actual teaching was that he was so intensely

interested in the subject himself. Although I was very bad at history and geography, I remember I used to love these lessons with him. He made all the characters so human and the places to which he had been so real. He kept us all alert and attentive. It was his idea to stimulate us to effort and thinking for ourselves, more than merely to teach us facts. I remember how extraordinarily successful he was in making boys keep their eyes open to what was going on around them. When a boy was asked if he had noticed something or other unusual on his way to school, and said he had not, Bos used to make him come to him every single school and tell him of some new thing he had noticed. I remember one boy who, after a few weeks of this, became splendidly observant. He made us all love Milton, even though we could not really understand it very well then. He read it out to us, asking questions and explaining it as he went. My general impression of the effect of his form on me and other boys was, that we began to be interested 'in things in general.' Of course I was very lazy then, mainly because I wanted to have two terms instead of one in his form."

The mother of a boy in his form once gave him real pleasure by quoting what her boy had said: "Why, mother, it's delightful; it's the nicest form in the school!"

"One day in school," writes one who remembered the incident, "a sound of laughter came up from

Mr. Field's schoolroom not far off. Bos sent down a boy to ask Mr. Field, 'Please, sir, Mr. Bosworth Smith wants to know what the joke is?' And when it was duly brought up to the form, it had the same happy effect there. Mr. Field had been asking who had been born in different places, such as 'Who was born at Stratford-on-Avon?' and 'Who was born at ——?' when a very small boy, quite low down and usually silent to every question, became wide awake, and volunteered quickly to give the answer. 'Well, who was it?' 'Please, sir, *I* was.'"

"No one can tell what he did for me at Harrow," writes one who was in his house there, "and what a good friend he was to us all—he was more like a kind father to his house, and we always felt our troubles and joys were his as much as ours." "I owe and never could have repaid a great debt of gratitude to him for kindness and sympathy and encouragement at a time when they were of very special value to me," writes another. "All that he was to us boys at Harrow we can never adequately measure or express. His power of never losing that most attractive care and sympathy for all who had been in his house has been most inspiring and touching to us all," writes a third. Such testimonies could be multiplied almost indefinitely; they show the close tie between the boys and the master, of whom again and again they wrote, "he was not like a master to us, he was like a friend; we trusted him and we loved him."

He won this trust and love without conscious effort, for no man ever courted popularity with boys less than he did. He was simply his natural self with them; always young at heart, the boy in him responded quickly to what was amusing in their ways and ideas, and his sympathy was always open to the less easily understood or the less generally liked among them. His own words about one who was cast in no ordinary mould throw a sidelight on his relations with a difficult type of character, and illustrate the deep interest he felt in the careers of his pupils. Harold Brown, who was a fearless traveller in little-known countries, was one of Wilson's force, who in 1894 died fighting against heavy odds in Matabeleland.

"I doubt," he wrote, "whether a spirit such as his could have remained subject to any strict or unsympathetic discipline without a violent and probably, at least, a partially successful effort to throw it off. He could not put two lines of Latin and Greek together without alarming mistakes. What he did not like, he could hardly be prevailed upon to do at all. But he was a fellow of great ability, of wide and varied reading, and with almost a touch of genius, which came out alike in his English verse and in his English essays. Above all, he was a true and stalwart and resourceful friend. I well remember how his face, which was usually firm set, would brighten up when anything came uppermost in form which appealed to the spirit of adventure, the spirit of discovery, which have done so much to build up and preserve the

vast fabric of the British Empire. He never returned from one of his adventurous journeys without coming straight to me to report progress, as I had begged him to do, when I first saw in my form the stuff of which he was made. . . . He was with the pioneers who first made their way to what is now called Fort Salisbury, and a letter which he wrote to me describing his adventures with the lions which then swarmed in the country, was so full of out-of-the-way information and so graphic, that I sent it on to the editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who published it anonymously. It caught, however, the ever-wakeful eye of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in South Africa, who immediately wrote to the editor, asking him to divulge the name of his talented correspondent, doubtless that he might utilise his resourceful energy in extending and cementing that South African Empire, the furthest bound of which he has just stained with his blood. It is probably the death of all others which, if die he must, he and his companion in the death struggle, Harry Kinloch, would have chosen to die."

It was a delight to Bosworth Smith to keep in touch with his pupils. Their long letters to him from all parts of the world, telling of their sport or work in life, whatever it might be, show how sure they were of his sympathy and interest, although some twenty or even thirty years might have passed since they had left Harrow. He was wont to dash off an answer by return of post—a delightful letter, that could have been written by no one else—often barely legible,

in spite of his efforts, full of sympathy and news and interest. "I had so much to tell him," wrote a former pupil, whom he loved, from a distant city in Asia Minor, when the news of his death reached him, for no one could appreciate more keenly than Bosworth Smith accounts of native character and customs, or know better the topography and history of that remote region.

No fact about his Harrow life made more impression on his own family—and they alone could fully realise all it meant—than his painstaking preparation of each lesson as it came. "Surely you know all about Hannibal or Ovid or the Battle of Salamis?" they would say to him; and so in all probability he did: but for all that, he would leave his gardening or his absorbing literary work, and concentrate his mind on the task in hand; and it is not too much to say, that he never once went to his pupils without having gone carefully through the lesson beforehand and having verified the illustrations and quotations which suggested themselves. Only by this conscientious refreshment of his memory could the teacher, he thought, keep his knowledge accessible, and bring freshness and accuracy to his lesson.

Possunt quia posse videntur—"They can, because they think they can"—was the motto he gave his form, and there is something stimulating even in the possession of such a motto, however

little individuals may live up to it; more stimulating still was the force of the daily example of untiring service and unflagging enthusiasm before them.

From one point of view, what a Sisyphean task, renewed three times a year, to bring a batch of boys up to a certain point of knowledge by the end of a term, only to know that they will be succeeded by another set for whom the same process must be repeated! But Bosworth Smith's enthusiasm for his subjects, his human interest in his work, and his sense of humour, helped him through much which would otherwise have seemed monotonous drudgery.

In his speech at his final house-supper, which abounds in humorous allusions and reminiscences of too personal a nature for quotation, he rejoiced in the keenness his house had shown in taking part in competitions for prizes, in the "intellectual energy, which is the greatest of all desiderata at Harrow, in extra work, and in voluntary work" which these competitions entailed. "This has produced an *esprit de corps* in the house, such as, I think, nothing else could have done. Once and again, when after we have, perhaps, carried off three prizes out of four, or perhaps all four, and some one in the house has come out fourth or fifth, I have sent for him to condole with him, the response has almost invariably been, 'Never mind, sir, the house has got it.' That is house patriotism of the noblest kind."

"Boys are undeniably anxious to excel at games," Mr. H. T. Hewett wrote, in an appreciation of his old master, which appeared in *Baily's Magazine* for December 1908, "and do not require any incentive to do or die for the glory of their house. Intellectual distinctions are generally a more selfish and personal matter—at least, so we always regarded school prizes, until Bosworth Smith came along and taught us to win prizes for the honour of the house. The English subjects—history, geography, and divinity—as being open to all, whether or no they possessed a profound knowledge of Latin and Greek, were the subjects upon which he elected to coach his boys, and to teach them to improve their minds for the good of the house. The idea of impressing upon boys the existence of *esprit de corps* in extra work of a voluntary nature was a daring one, and other masters must have smiled inwardly at these boys of no marked ability, who were the first to yield with puzzled faces to his gentle pressure.

"Here is an instance of his method: a member of his house, with a mere bowing acquaintance with the classics, was fortunate enough to get into the school football eleven. Bos was most sympathetic in his congratulations. 'But,' he added, with a twinkle in his eye, 'you must not let yourself be known merely as an athlete; you must cultivate your abilities more than ever in other respects. So come to my private reading-classes and help the house to win the geography prizes as well as the Cock House match.' And, of course, the footballer became—thanks to skilful coaching—a

geographer, and did happen to pull off the double event."

As to the "gentle pressure" alluded to by Mr. Hewett, Bosworth Smith was wont to say that in later years it was rather the boys who pressed him than he who pressed them. "Once or twice I have forgotten to ask one boy or another to come in, and he has generally come to me with a stern rebuke."

But though the English subjects that he taught were specially dear to him, though he cared greatly for the prestige of his house, it was in no sense for the momentary success of prize-winning that he worked. It was of the life beyond and after Harrow that he thought. His flower-schools, his lectures on natural history, the hours devoted to history or geography which might have been play hours, did they not show the way to habits of observation, which must needs stand a man in good stead, be his career what it may? to new fields of pleasure and interest, which would only increase with the years? When he taught his boys to respect the high traditions of the house, to care for its honour, and to spare neither time nor effort for its sake, was he not training them to reverence what is best in the past, to feel responsible for "moral continuity" with it, and to an ideal of citizenship, of self-sacrifice for cause and country?

This record of the impression made on many minds by Bosworth Smith's personality and teaching would not be complete without some allusion to his relations with the parents of his boys. Two, out of the many kind and cordial letters which came to him, must stand as a testimony to what many parents felt and said :—

"Under your admirable influence," wrote the late General C. E. Luard, "my boy's career at Harrow has been a constant source of satisfaction to me, and whilst feeling very proud of him, I very fully recognise the deep debt of gratitude which I owe to you for all your goodness to him. It is your own high character which moulds your boys, and I know that our connection is not severed simply because my boy will no longer be under your charge."

"Although I am a stranger to you," wrote Mr. R. Reade of Wilmont, Co. Antrim, "you are not a stranger to me. My acquaintance with you began by my reading the 'Life of Lord Lawrence.' It has been ripened by my two boys, who were at Harrow—not in your house—to whom you extended the great kindness of occasional invitations, and who used to speak of you with enthusiasm. It was, indeed, under a title, wanting apparently in dignity, but which, I believe, actually signified both affection and respect."

One who knew Bosworth Smith well has recorded his impressions of the many talks on school-

mastering they had together in later life, when Bosworth's own direct connection with the work was over :—

"I always thought he was a wonderful example of how impossible it was for boys to understand what is really being done for them by schoolmasters. I knew so many Harrovians who were under him: all of them loved him, but they naturally did not realise the immense cleverness that underlay his methods in dealing with boys. They looked on his keenness for his house and so on just merely as some personal characteristic of his own, never stopping to think that the man, who was writing books that will always live, could all the time carry out a deeply thought out scheme for the moulding of those who came under him, on lines broader than anything conceived by the ordinary type of successful schoolmaster. In fact, he was one of the very few in our profession to set before himself something beyond the school and its life, and to work for a citizenship of manhood, hoping—perhaps often against hope—that such work might really endure. It was the wider outlook, the larger scope, the instinct that taught him that nothing based on compulsion can permanently endure, which led him to work on lines all could not understand. He spent his life in a profession where motives for a particular course of action are nearly always misunderstood, where patience is too often mistaken for leniency, and where success from the world's point of view is generally the result of the exercise of just those qualities which should never or very seldom be brought into play in dealing with the young. The 'successful' schoolmaster is often the

man who is too inclined to be intolerant of the tiresome, the backward, and lazy boy; who is too apt to regard a flower-bed standard of excellence and a good all-round show in an examination as the criterion at which we ought to aim. Bosworth Smith was the exact opposite of this; he was always ready to leave the ninety and nine and go after the one lost sheep; and not only that, but the splendid spirit of contradiction within him led him to see all sorts of dormant qualities for good in the sinner, which these strenuous, self-centred persons had neither the time nor patience to discover. Here lay the secret of his power, and his personal 'encouragement' that was the watchword of his Gospel. He once said to me, 'Till boys are twenty years old, we ought to try and educate ourselves to believe that, no matter how flagrant their actions may appear, they are too young and inexperienced to do anything which should really put them out of court.' That was the man's view of life. A high standard for himself, a broad outlook for those with whom he had to deal, an outlook terminated neither by the class-room or playing field, infinite patience, infinite enthusiasm, and above all a sense of humour which nothing could dim or destroy. He saw something good in every one, and he believed in dwelling on the good side."

"School life may have its limitations," Mr. C. E. Mallet, M.P., writes, "but it never limited Bos's activity or dulled his mind. It gave him a daily opportunity of doing admirable work. It enabled him to take, outside of Harrow, a part in literature and politics which reflected honour on the school

he served. It won him a wide company of warm and grateful friends. And it has left to those of us who knew him the memory of a nature singularly true, counting, with its simplicity and tenderness, among the best things that our lives have known."

From the many letters which came from those who had been with him at Harrow, after he had passed away, it would be almost sacrilege to quote; but two sentences, eloquent in their simplicity, may bear witness to the love his pupils bore him: "I am too miserable to write, but I must tell you how all my heart is with you, and how it aches. I loved him so much, and he was such a friend to me." "He was the best friend I ever had."

To those who read that outburst of affection, it seemed that he would have wished no more precious memorial. But he would have prized, as those nearest to him prize, the great memorials at Harrow—the marble tablet in the chapel, and the beautiful balustrade on the chapel terrace, which will remain as a lasting testimony to the warm and generous affection he called forth. The words inscribed in the chapel can hardly fail to bring up a picture of his many-sided and beloved personality, not only for those who know how true they are, but for generations yet to come:—

IN MEMORY OF

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH

Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford,
From 1864 to 1901 a Master at Harrow,
Historian, Biographer, Naturalist.
A Born Teacher of History and Literature,
A Weighty Speaker on Truth and Justice,
A Generous Champion of Weaker Races,
A Loving Student of Birds and Flowers,
He drew to Himself the Hearts
Of Boys, Masters, and Friends,
And left a Name Honoured and Beloved
At Harrow, in His Country,
And in Distant Lands.
Born June 28, 1839. Died at
Bingham's Melcombe, Oct. 17, 1908.

CHAPTER V

MOHAMMED AND MOHAMMEDANISM

As soon as the idea of writing on Mohammedanism had assumed definite shape, Bosworth Smith set himself to study all the material in European languages which was accessible to him on the subject. The Koran itself he read several times continuously from beginning to end, both in the orthodox and chronological order—a task which Bunsen and Sprenger and Renan all pronounce to be almost impossible.

The fascination of the subject grew quickly upon him. The unchanging nature of Islam, the simplicity of its creed, its resistless spread, the wild races who profess it, the character of its founder, its likeness and unlikeness to Christianity—all appealed almost equally to the intellect and to the imagination.

Further study made him realise that "most Christian writers had approached Islam only to vilify and misrepresent it"; and his strong sense of justice impelled him to make an attempt "to treat it, not merely with a cold and distant impartiality, but even with something akin to sympathy and friendliness."

It is impossible here to give more than a bare outline of the scope of the book, but this much at least is necessary, to account for the storm of criticism which some of the opinions it contained created, and also because, though time of course modified many of those opinions, still his general attitude to religious questions remained unaltered to the end of his life.

Moreover, a study of the relations between Christianity and Mohammedanism cannot but be of permanent interest and importance to English people, for "the King of England rules over sixty millions of the followers of the Prophet in India—a greater number, that is, than those under the direct rule of the Sultan of Turkey himself"; and with the extension of our Empire in Africa, we must in every direction come into contact with the forces of Islam.

Briefly, then, the preface states that the lectures are "an attempt to render justice to what was great in Mohammed's character and to what has been good in Mohammed's influence on the world. To original research they lay no claim, nor indeed to much originality at all."

Starting with the postulate that all religions are holy ground, and that they differ in degree rather than in kind, Bosworth Smith claimed that from the study of Mohammedanism, the latest and most purely historical religion, something of the development of other religions could be learnt. Christianity should not claim the monopoly of all that is good

and true, nor is it the only revelation of Himself that God has given to the world. Then he traced the history and spread of Islam, and drew a comparison, which was not in favour of the Christians, between the success of Christian and Mohammedan missions, notably in Africa. He examined the life and character of Mohammed himself, and the violent misrepresentations of the Prophet and his work which had obtained everywhere, down to the days of Gagnier, Gibbon, and Carlyle; and while he was compelled to admit certain grave moral charges against Mohammed, he yet claimed that he was indeed an inspired Prophet of God, and that Mohammed himself had never lost his own faith in his inspiration and in his mission. The essence of Mohammedanism was a belief, not only in the unity of God, but in Him as a righteous Ruler, to whose will it was man's duty to submit; and this faith, which, if need be, might be enforced by means of the sword, meant the overthrow of idolatry wherever it spread in Arabia and Africa, and the substitution of a far higher form of worship and a far purer moral system.

Finally, with the question before him, what should Christians think of Islam and how should Christian missionaries approach it, he dwelt on the points of resemblance rather than of difference between the two religions, and on Mohammed's reverence for the Founder of Christianity, although he knew only the Christ of tradition, and not the Christ of the

Gospels. Christianity, he argued, was better suited to the higher and more progressive races and Mohammedanism to the lower and more stationary races of the world. It was impossible that Islam should give way before Christianity altogether, but Christian missionaries might do much to revive and purify Islam, not by discrediting Mohammed and the Koran, but by dwelling on the morality rather than on the dogmas of Christianity, and on the simpler truths which underlie and are common to both religions.

The limit of time imposed for the lectures necessitated great condensation, but the style was forcible and eloquent, and there was throughout a sincerity and earnestness and a spirit of tolerance, combined with a strong religious feeling, which lifted the book to a high plane. If it contained passages which might have been written otherwise, had the author himself lived in Mohammedan countries; if it contained passages which he modified or omitted in later editions, this scarcely detracted from the value of the book as a whole, and the general verdict, when the clouds of controversy had cleared away, seemed eventually to be that the lectures had marked a new era of criticism on the subject.

At first, however, the book met with scant appreciation. The Church papers—the *Guardian* alone excepted—fell on it, almost with one accord, with a bitterness and violence which showed plainly enough the need of its teaching. The *Church Missionary*

Intelligencer, in particular, though the reviewer asserted that there was nothing original in the book from cover to cover,[1] devoted some twenty pages to the demolition of both its theories and statistics. Another paper found that the author's ignorance of Oriental languages and his lack of acquaintance with Mohammedan countries put him out of court at once; a third inquired what the parents of Harrow boys must feel, now that they realised into what hands they had committed their sons.

Bosworth Smith had, of course, expected criticism from certain quarters. His first assumption, that religions differ in degree and not in kind, his views concerning miracles, shocked many of the older school; his comparison, actual or implied, between the Koran and the Bible, and between Mohammed and the Founder of Christianity—reverent and entirely Christian, as it must seem now to an unprejudiced reader—laid him open among one class of critics to the charge of Unitarianism; while his bold assertion that Mohammedanism is better suited to certain races than Christianity itself, and his suggestions as to the methods of Christian missionaries, naturally aroused great indignation among the missionary societies. Contempt and obloquy, though

[1] Much the same view was apparently taken by the author's eldest son, then aged five, who, seeing the book in a shop window, asked his father, "What is Mohammed and Mrs. Mohammed about?" and when a short explanation was given him, said, "It has either all been told before, or else it is a make up"—a veritable dilemma, as his father had to confess.

they are scarcely criticism, are yet capable of inflicting real pain; but what concerned him far more than newspaper attacks was the attitude of some of his personal friends and near relations. Here again, however, he had realised beforehand that many of his views must needs perplex and pain those who clung to a different idea of Christianity; and it is a proof of his sincerity, if proof were needed, that when he published his book, he knew that he must face the risk of grieving his parents, whom he revered and loved so intensely. The long correspondence about the book, which followed its publication, with his parents and with others of the same way of thinking, brings out his gentleness and his respect for the opinions of others, even when they seemed to him bigoted and illogical. "I firmly believe," wrote an old friend, "that God speaks of the Mohammedan delusion as smoke from the bottomless pit. . . . God may *use* Mohammed, as He did Sennacherib or Satan himself, but that is a different matter."

To a lifelong friend, Mrs. Knipe, Bosworth Smith wrote on June 4, 1874:—

"It is a new and very strange sensation to me to feel that, though the book has as yet a small circulation, it is stirring so many widely different minds. I certainly feel the responsibility which you spoke of before. I am quite aware that if the book is misrepresented, as it is almost sure to be in all the so-called religious newspapers, it must be the in-

direct cause of some mischief, but I cannot look upon myself as responsible for misrepresentation. The thrill of delight that Gladstone's letter gave me was, I believe and hope, quite as much because of the earnest it seemed to give me that the book was good and useful, as that it was that he was kind enough to consider it able and interesting. But a review such as that in the *Christian Observer*, which is sure to be followed by similar ones in the *Record*, will, I fear, do not so much harm to the book, as make the book the innocent cause of harm, and this really troubles me : moreover, it will perturb my dear father's mind again, after he has taken it all so sensibly and justly and equably. Altogether, just now I am more anxious than happy about it, though I am as convinced as ever that the book was called for, and that it is really an influence in the right direction, and essentially Christian. . . . I am glad you like the style of the book, though it was the last thing I thought of in writing. My object was always to let the thought set the style and suggest it, and not *vice versâ*."

To a friend who took a very severe view of his opinions, he wrote later on :—

"I feel, as you remark, the great responsibility of publishing a second edition of my book. I know that I have made mistakes of details, that I may be wrong in some important matters, that I have purposely not dwelt upon the dark side of the picture in Mohammedan countries now ; but, on the other hand, subsequent study, and the opinion of competent judges in all parts of the world, encourage me to cherish the hope, that the spirit with which I at

least tried to approach the subject is the right spirit for my purpose. The creeds as creeds have very much in common, and the system of morality they inculcate has so many points in common, that I am very sanguine as to the influence Christianity may have on Islam, even if it does not make many Muslims Christians."

"Never having been in the East," Bosworth Smith says in some notes on this subject which he made in 1886, "and not having the chance of studying Oriental languages, I had only ventured to hope that the book might interest some who were almost ignorant of the subject. But much to my surprise and pleasure, the book was taken up and carefully criticised by Orientalists everywhere.[1] It was republished in America, and has been translated into Hindustani (by Mir Aulâd Ali of Trinity College, Dublin). It was reviewed appreciatively by Dr. George Percy Badger (the famous Arabic scholar) in the *Contemporary Review;* by Professor Nöldeke, the highest German authority on the subject; by Professor E. H. Palmer in the *Quarterly Review;* and by Dr. Blyden in a series of very remarkable articles in *Fraser's Magazine*. Dr. Blyden is an African of the purest Negro blood, a man of great ability, and an accomplished linguist; his articles form, I think, an epoch in the history of the Negro race. To this day, I am told that I am prayed for in the mosques along the West Coast of Africa, as having attempted to do justice to Islam, as a civilising and elevating agency among pagan Negroes.

[1] It is not too much to say that the book has been used and quoted as an authority by the writers of nearly every subsequent work on Mohammedanism or kindred subjects.

This is worth mentioning, as showing that in the uncompromising support I have given to the best of my ability to the English National Church, I have done so from no mere narrow or partisan or sectarian point of view. The book has brought me close friends and interesting correspondents in all parts of the world, not least among the native races, to the better aspects of whose creed I have attempted to do full justice, such as the Persians, the Afghans, the Mohammedans of India, the Turks, the Moorish races, and the Negroes."

Keenly sensitive as Bosworth Smith always was alike to praise and blame, appreciation from a quarter where appreciation meant valuable encouragement gave him intense pleasure.

The first favourable review of the book appeared in the *Academy*, and was from the pen of Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole. Mr. Lane-Poole comes of a family of celebrated Orientalists, and the grand-uncle of whom he speaks was Edward William Lane, the acknowledged chief of Arabic scholars, author of "Modern Egyptians," translator of the "Thousand and One Nights," and compiler of the Arabic lexicon.

"On this subject," Mr. Lane-Poole writes, "there is not now much need of original research. Sprenger has collected almost everything that bears upon the question of Mohammed's character and teaching. What is wanted is exactly what Mr. Smith possesses—a clear judgment, unfettered by a too

dogmatic form of religious belief, and free from the cynical distrust of humanity which Sprenger occasionally manifests."

And in a private letter to the author, Mr. Lane-Poole says :—

"You will be pleased to hear I talked the whole question over very carefully with my grand-uncle, Mr. Lane—to whom I, like my father, am indebted for whatever knowledge of Arabic and of Arab ways and thoughts I have—and I am led to believe that my grand-uncle takes almost exactly the same view I do myself with regard to your very interesting book. If he and I differ at all on the subject, it is only on account of the difference which must always exist between one man's view of a religious question and another's. You may therefore look upon my view as being substantially Mr. Lane's opinion, though he probably would take scarcely so enthusiastic an estimate of the Prophet as I do."

Two characteristic letters from Mr. Gladstone, for whom at this time Bosworth Smith felt the most enthusiastic veneration, must be quoted :—

21 CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE, S.W.,
May 14, '74.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you for kindly sending me a copy of what I easily perceived to be a very able and interesting work on a most important subject.

In your general principles of judgment upon religions other than our own, if I understand them aright, I should concur : but it seems to me that there may conceivably be a difference in kind of

religions taken objectively, while there may be a difference in degree only as to religions taken subjectively. Nor have I as much faith as you in amalgamated religion. Thus far I have only read the two first lectures, but I shall proceed to those which follow with an enhanced desire.

You would do me a favour if you could direct me to any sources where I might obtain information as to the preference of the Arabs or other Orientals for the mare. I believe the point to run back in a most curious manner as far as Homer.

It gives me much pleasure to learn that my translation of the reply of Achilles interested you.—Believe me, faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

HAWARDEN CASTLE, CHESTER,
October 22, '74.

MY DEAR SIR,—I have only very lately received your interesting letter of the 4th.

I am very glad that you take so indulgent a view of my paper on Ritualism, and that you so accurately estimate its purpose.

I perceive its point of fact with your own most interesting disquisition. From that point of contact there opens a subject of exceeding width, as to the principle of accommodation in religion. I think you would find much interesting matter on this subject in two authors whom I will venture to mention. One of them is Gioberti in the *Gesuita Modicino*. He discusses at great length and censures severely the accommodations of the Jesuits in China. The other is a greater man by much, though Gioberti was not small; namely, Leibnitz, who, living at the time, discusses the same questions, and I believe takes the side of the Jesuits strongly against the

Pope. But I have not read what he has written. I speak from a very full and large account of his opinions by Dr. Pichler, *Theologie des Leibnitz*, München, 1836.

Thank you very much for all you have told me about the mares. The preference certainly supplies a new link between Homer, and thus between Europe and the East, and helps to make up an item in a body of evidence which I think will finally prove to be of the utmost interest and historical importance.—I am, my dear Sir, very faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

Professor John Tyndall, the celebrated natural philosopher, "who did more than any other man of his generation to spread scientific knowledge among English people," wrote to him :—

"Your lectures made an impression upon me which suggested thoughts more or less like these :—

"Science has been long withstood—it is nowadays gaining ground, but it has still much to claim in the way of recognition. But after it has gained all that it ought to gain, after it has dissipated all that deserves to be dissipated, will it suffice to satisfy the demands of human nature? I do not believe it. I believe that the ethical and æsthetical side of man will have its yearnings after the satisfaction of the understanding. The objects which satisfied these yearnings in time past cannot continue to satisfy them—they are losing their hold more and more—but that they are destined to perish without a substitute, I do not believe. In another age I believe they will be remodelled so

as to do no violence to exact thought. In the passage from this age to that other age, men of earnest, pure, and elevated minds are specially needed—men who have a life within them strong enough to maintain itself through a period of transition, when doubt has for a time destroyed the old stimuli. I thought, as I heard you, that you were one of those men; and hence your lectures had a profound interest for me."

Bosworth Smith wrote in reply, on May 1, 1874:—

"One line of thanks for your very kind and most interesting and suggestive letter. I wish that fortune would one day throw me into your company for a short time. I should much enjoy a talk to you on the subject of your letter. From my point of view, I should be inclined to say, not that the objects of man's infinite yearnings will perish, but that the way of looking at them will be different. Dogma as to the unseen will of course be swept away, but there will be boundless toleration for every æsthetic or spiritual belief which does not trench (*a*) on morality, (*b*) on science. My lectures may be, I hope, a help to some in that direction."

Dean Stanley sent him three sheets of notes, jotted down as he read the book, partly verbal criticism, partly warm commendation; Mr. Llewelyn Davies said that, though he dissented from many of his conclusions, he was "delighted with the modesty, straightforwardness, reverence, and en-

thusiasm which characterise the book." George Eliot wrote of his "brave truthfulness, especially in relation to our actual dealings with nations whose culture and genius differ from our own. Permit me to say also that the dedicatory page is one of those which I read with much interest."[1]

Matthew Arnold wrote:—

"It seems to me to be done in a way to be *useful*, which is what I most care for in English books. In Germany all books but novels and poems are written for a public of professors. In England we have no public of this kind worth speaking of; we have only the general public; but, on the other hand, this public is far more interested in literature and science, and far more influenceable by them, than the general public on the Continent, and this is a great advantage to the nation. Any book on an important subject, which is at once readable by our general public, and at the same time carries fresh and sound doctrine to them, is a real and valuable help—and yours, in my opinion, is such a book."

Monsieur A. Réville, Professor Nöldeke, Ernest de Bunsen, Lord Stanley of Alderley, Professor F. W. Newman, Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, Mr. Syed Ahmed Khan Bahader, Mr. M. H. Hakim—three

[1] The dedication runs:—

Uxori meae
Nullius non laboris participi
Hujusce praesertim opusculi instigatrici et administrae
Studiorum communitatis
Has, qualescunque sunt, primitias
Dedico.

Mohammedan writers of distinction—were amongst those whose letters or reviews gave him special pleasure and encouragement.

Mr. Syed Ameer Ali, writing in March 1879, said:—

"Your book has not only confirmed me in my own faith, but it has given me a far higher idea of Christianity than I yet possessed. Like all those who grow up amidst the corrupted form of a once pure religion, and whose constant attempts at accommodating what they *know* to be true to what they have been *taught to regard* as true, seem to me, if not entire failures, at least in great confusion, I had naturally begun to be sceptical on many points, and it was a relief to find that some matters, at any rate, which were hitherto quite obscure to me, could be explained on a more rationalistic principle than I had yet seen applied to them."

This passage from Mr. Syed Ameer Ali's letter suggests that, just because he had not been in Mohammedan countries, it had been possible for Bosworth Smith to write with greater detachment, and to depict Islam as it was in its earliest and more ideal form.

The thanks of the Ottoman Government for his attempt to do justice to Islam were conveyed to him through the Turkish Ambassador, Musurus Pasha; but it must be added that, when some copies of the book were sent to Constantinople, with a view to translation into Turkish, the authorities, with the amusing inconsistency which is

characteristic of Turkish proceedings, refused to admit them into the country, and only after long correspondence were they allowed to pass the censor.

Perhaps one of the chief encouragements of all was the verdict of Dr. George Percy Badger, whose colloquial knowledge of Arabic was unrivalled, and whose personal experience of Arabs, whether at Aden, in Syria, or Zanzibar, entitled him to speak with the highest authority. Dr. Badger's English-Arabic Lexicon is still the standard work on the subject.

Lady Strangford, who knew Dr. Badger well, forwarded a note from him to herself, in which he said:—

"I have read his book with the deepest interest, and without committing myself to all his views, I do not hesitate to pronounce it the best work yet written on the difficult but deeply important subject of Islam."

After Dr. Badger's review of his book in the *Contemporary*, in which he had expressed his dissent from many of Bosworth Smith's conclusions, the latter wrote to him:—

"Your review seems to me to come as near to the highest ideal I can form of the way in which criticism ought to be conducted. It is sympathetic, careful, and appreciative, and at the same time incisive, suggestive, and scrupulously just. . . . I am particularly grateful to you for having allowed me

to speak for myself so often by quoting the *ipsissima verba.* It is very interesting to me, from a purely intellectual point of view, to notice the insight with which you point out the weak places—my vague use of the term 'inspiration,' for example—in my armour."

Dr. Badger replied:—

"That you should have taken my hard hits—albeit kindly aimed—is a proof to me that I rightly estimated your character. Your book convinced me that you were a true man, loving truth for truth's sake."

Dr. Badger's letters to Bosworth Smith abound in wise sayings, which illustrate Eastern modes of thought. For example:—

"Islam," he says, "will admit of no doubt, no reasoning, no discussion. Believers among ourselves in the verbal inspiration of the Bible are Liberals as compared with Muslims. Those nowadays who doubt are incipient unbelievers, not because they have found reason to doubt the declarations of the Koran, but because they dislike their strictness."

Perhaps none of his then unknown correspondents, many of whom afterwards became personal friends, interested him more than Dr. Blyden, the Negro savant, missionary, and diplomat. It was Dean Stanley who had first drawn Dr. Blyden's attention to "Mohammed," and he at once wrote to the author to confirm, after years of travel in

Africa, the views which he had put forward as to the influence of Mohammedanism there. This was the beginning of a constant correspondence and lifelong friendship between them.

Another interesting and original correspondent, whom Bosworth Smith never actually met, was Mr. Stewart E. Roland, then Chairman of the Maritime League. Part of Mr. Roland's adventurous life had been spent in North Africa, Turkey in Asia, and in North Persia, where he had lived for some years, usually in tents with the Bedouins.

The rapid growth of the spirit of tolerance during the last forty years finds an illustration in the attitude of the Church of England towards my father and his opinions. Twice in after years he was invited to speak on Mohammedanism at the Church Congress; and when the third edition of his book came out in 1889, it was warmly welcomed by some of the very newspapers which before had condemned it.

The first invitation to speak at the Church Congress, in 1889, he reluctantly declined, because he felt he could not deal adequately with so vast a subject during the twenty minutes allotted for the purpose, and that, "by flinging his bare conclusions at the heads of his hearers, he would give needless offence." Canon Isaac Taylor, who took his place, rushed upon the dangers, which Bosworth Smith had foreseen, without adequate study of his subject, and his over-favourable picture of Islam, and de-

preciation of Christian missionary work, raised a storm, which raged in the Church papers, the *Times*, and the Reviews for weeks, and even months afterwards. Canon Isaac Taylor, who had naturally resorted to easily accessible sources for the preparation of his paper, had, among other authorities, largely used "Mohammed."

Bosworth Smith felt that Canon Taylor's statements needed many modifications, and that a comparison between the precepts of one religion and the practice of another could never be a just or true one. In the fifteen years that had passed since his "Mohammed" was written, he had learnt much of Africa from Government officials, missionaries, and natives themselves; his information was more accurate, his outlook wider, his views more mature.

In a fine and temperate article in the *Nineteenth Century*, full of curious illustrations and anecdotes, he endeavoured to weigh the work done by Islam and Christianity, respectively, in Africa. Islam dominates half, if not three-quarters, of Africa; Christianity has touched but a few spots. Islam elevates the pagan who embraces it morally and socially; it prohibits strong drink, combats fetishism and its horrors; but, on the other hand, it allows and encourages the evils of slave trade, religious wars, polygamy. Christianity has, so far, failed in Africa, because the Negro learnt it first as a slave from his owner in a strange land, and because no Christian nation has clean hands in Africa;

because Christianity came to the Negro as something foreign, alien, dogmatic. It is the educated Christian Negro of America, rather than the white man, who can best impart Christianity to his countrymen in the form in which they can best receive it, and through the Negro missionary Mohammedanism may, perhaps, be leavened by Christian morality. Above all, the success or failure of a religion should never be gauged by the number of converts it makes, for "the conversion of a whole Pagan community to Islam need not imply more effort, more sincerity, or more vital change, than the conversion of a single individual to Christianity."

This article gained the warm approval of Sir Robert Montgomery, the Hon. George Brodrick, Colonel Yule, Mr. Eugene Stock, Secretary of the Church Missionary Society, and Mr. Bunting (now Sir Percy Bunting), editor of the *Contemporary*, who said: "When I finished your article I felt there was nothing more to be said, it was so complete, though perhaps you do not think so."

In the paper which he read before the Weymouth Church Congress in 1905, Bosworth Smith repeated, with no uncertain sound, his matured convictions as to the way in which Christian missionaries should approach Mohammedanism; once more he urged that they should dwell on what is common to both faiths. "Let us endeavour," he went on, "to exhibit Christianity to the untutored mind in

its very simplest form, as it was taught by Him who spake as never man spake, and was lived by Him who lived as never man lived." "A creed," he said, "unless it be of the simplest and shortest, like the creed of Islam, 'There is no God but God; and Mohammed is His prophet,' tends, *ex vi termini*, to be legal, logical, technical, metaphysical. It registers results, rather than stimulates growth. It is protective and polemical in its form. It aims at exclusion rather than at comprehension. We hear, as it were, the strife of tongues between each sonorous cadence of the Nicene; we catch, as it were, the distant echoes of the clash of swords between each balanced antithesis, each perilous definition, each dread anathema of the Athanasian Creed."

But the completest statement of his thoughts on the whole matter can perhaps be found in a simple and convincing speech which he made on the British Empire and its Missionary Responsibilities at the annual meeting of the S.P.G. in 1903. What he said won the enthusiastic appreciation, not only of the Archbishop of Canterbury and Bishop Montgomery, but of others who were not naturally in great sympathy with foreign missions. It was a subject on which he had spoken and written many times, but he came to it again with ever-fresh enthusiasm, and with ever-deepening convictions. British rule, wherever it penetrates, must of necessity disturb the beliefs of uncivilised nations, and only by the determination to "implant

something better in the place of what we sweep away," and by giving of the best we have to give—Christianity in its simplest form—can we justify our conquests and our annexations.

"If we believe Christianity to be truer and purer in itself than any other religion, we must needs wish others to be partakers of it, and the effort to propagate it is thrice blessed. It blesses him that gives, no less than him who takes—nay, it often blesses him who takes it not. The last words of a dying friend are apt to linger in chambers of the heart of him who has heard them, till the heart itself has ceased to beat; and the last recorded words of the Founder of Christianity are not likely to pass from the memory of His Church till that Church has done its work. They are the marching orders of the Christian army—the consolation for every past and present failure, the earnest and the warrant, in some shape or other, of ultimate success."

Was there an inconsistency between Bosworth Smith's earlier and his later views? Had he ceased to think that Mohammedanism was better adapted to certain races than Christianity itself? Did he, indeed, desire the extinction of Buddhism, Confucianism, and Islam itself in an all-absorbing Christianity? He never made a "fetish of consistency," and the fact that he thought in one way yesterday could never bind him to the same opinion if to-morrow he should learn that it was ill based

or one-sided; but here I scarcely think that any inconsistency will be found if, not the bare gist of his argument, but each of his sentences, with its qualifications and reserves, the one balancing the other, be studied.

And further, it must be remembered that he had always held that Christianity, if offered in its simplest and purest form, had lost none of its attractive power, and that, in its widest aspect, it was wide enough to embrace all mankind. Forty years ago Christianity, as he knew it best, had scarcely freed itself from the trammels of a narrow formalism, and when he first spoke, devout and earnest men were not able to receive his words. But, if indeed he was among the first to catch sight of truths that were then hardly above the horizon, it was because the atmosphere was already clearing, and, before long, in the broadening light of day, men forget that there had ever been a time when things had been less distinct and evident. It was the wider spirit of tolerance, the more liberal tone of the great religious bodies, and the more common-sense methods they adopted, that led him in later life to hope confidently for a return of what seemed to him to be the Christianity of the Gospels.

A letter which reached Bingham's Melcombe in November 1908 speaks for itself:—

"Representing the Muslim community of Sierra Leone, the undersigned beg most respectfully to convey to you on its behalf the deep feeling of

sorrow with which it has learned of the death of your beloved husband, who has laboured so long and so successfully in the cause of the Holy Religion they profess. May God accept him and cool his resting-place. They had hoped that such a worker as your husband would have lived almost for ever in this world, but it has not so pleased God, and He has taken him just as he was entering old age."

CHAPTER VI

LIFE OF LORD LAWRENCE

BOSWORTH SMITH owed his first introduction to Lord Lawrence to his friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hart. Mr. Hart, at that time a master at Harrow and, later, Headmaster of Sedbergh, was married to the only daughter of the great Sir Henry Lawrence, and his mother was a sister of Sir Bartle Frere. Lord Lawrence's youngest son was then in Harrow School, and in this way it happened that the chief representatives of the "forward" and "backward" schools of Indian frontier policy—Sir Bartle Frere and Lord Lawrence—met sometimes at the same house at Harrow. The strong opinions which Bosworth Smith formed on the frontier question were the result—in part, no doubt—of the long conversations he had from time to time with Lord Lawrence, who, broken in health and almost blind as he then was, from the first made the deepest impression on him. Two letters which Bosworth Smith wrote to the *Times* during November 1878, in which he protested against the policy which led to the second Afghan war, woke a warm response in Lord Lawrence, who had then just made his last

heroic effort on behalf of the policy which he had always advocated in Afghanistan. The last time that they met was in March 1879, at his house in London, for in June the end came.

The first intimation that the Lawrence family wished Bosworth Smith to undertake the "Life" was brought to him one Sunday in the summer by Lady Lawrence's second son. Mr. Hal Lawrence had, much to his amusement, almost to force his way past a small boy of six, who had stationed himself at the gate of the Knoll as a voluntary guard, to keep his father's leisure hour among the strawberries undisturbed, and who inquired if the stranger wanted to see his father about anything "important, like a dinner-party"?

The first feeling was that the thing was impossible. The magnitude of the subject, which must necessarily involve the history of India for the past fifty years, and the heavy responsibility of presenting a life-like picture of such a personality as Lord Lawrence to the world, might well have appalled him. He had no special knowledge of Indian affairs, he had never been in India, nor had he been thrown at all with Indian officials. His work at Harrow was already arduous enough, and the physical labour alone seemed to be an insuperable obstacle; but it was evident that, in spite of his natural hesitation, he could hardly bear to turn his back on so magnificent a subject.

On October 29, 1879, he wrote to Lady Lawrence:—

". . . I have, of course, thought much on the subject; indeed, I cannot get it out of my mind for an hour together, and I confess that the difficulties in the way do not seem to diminish. Every one tells me that the labour would be enormous, and I feel that the two books I have written, both being founded on printed matter and referring chiefly to times long gone by, are not much of a preparation for this, which turns chiefly on unpublished documents, and deals to a considerable extent with burning questions and with people still living. On the other hand, it is fair to say that nearly every one whom I have consulted in the matter is urgent, and in many cases is enthusiastic, for my making the attempt. Colonel Yule declared that he was delighted to hear it, that he thought nobody could do it better; and Mr. Froude took the same view.

"One point on which I should be very anxious to get a clear idea from you is as to the amount of help you, personally, and members of your family could give. The official and semi-official correspondence of which you speak will, no doubt, be most valuable, especially as I feel sure that Lord Lawrence, unlike most public men, always wrote, even in official documents, *exactly* what he thought! But still these alone would, I think, hardly enable him to *live* before me, as he ought to do if the biography is to be a good one. What one wants most are characteristic anecdotes, which would show his splendid figure in its different aspects. The more of these you can entrust me with, the more likely am I not to make a failure. If the task seems more

difficult as I think more of it, it also seems more fascinating, and I do not think I shall bring myself to give it up, unless I am convinced that, owing to lack of time or of knowledge, it would be a failure in my hands. . . . I do not think the Afghan frontier question need be any difficulty. I agree strongly with the backward as opposed to the forward policy, and wrote to Lord Lawrence to express my general agreement after his first two letters."

Three months passed from the time when the question was first mooted, before he wrote to Lady Lawrence, definitely accepting the task, and three months again elapsed before he felt able to write the first word of the biography. They were months spent in unremitting study of all that could throw light on the subject or on the character of the man himself, in interviews with people who had known Lord Lawrence well. Help was promised on all sides, and the existence of an index to the vast official correspondence, which had been prepared by Lord Lawrence's lady secretary, Miss Gaster, now Mrs. Garbett, was a definite encouragement.

"When the great boxes of books and letters and other documents came down," Bosworth Smith writes, "my heart sank within me." How well his family remember the piles of bound MSS., with paper stained and ink faded by the Indian climate, much of them in the clear handwriting of Lady Lawrence herself, that covered every available corner of his little study—floor, shelves, and tables—for the next three years. How well they re-

member the illegible sheets of foolscap, written and re-written, which he himself could scarcely decipher, all of which had eventually to be copied by his indefatigable wife. How well, too, do they remember the white, strained look on his face as he sat at his study table, or wandered in his garden for the few minutes' refreshment that he allowed himself.

It was a task which, however great his enthusiasm for his hero might be, had to be faced doggedly day by day. "At times I almost despaired of success," he wrote. He could not wait till he was in the mood to write—the work had to be done in stray half-hours; but he used to say that, by reading back for a page or two of his MS., he could always recover the train of thought, and start with renewed interest. He worked usually far into the night; and when he stopped, his mind was often seething with the effort too much to allow him to sleep. The holidays he spent in constant toil, much of it of a kind not naturally congenial, dealing as it did with highly technical matters, all of which were new ground to him. But there was no part of his task—the vexed question of tenant right or of land assessment included—to which he did not conscientiously bring the full force of his mind. One great encouragement came before a word of the biography had actually been written. Mr. George Murray Smith wrote on December 6, 1879:—

"I do not remember having written to an author in the manner in which I am writing to you. My

custom is to wait until it is his pleasure to write to me. But I cannot refrain from saying to you that the paragraph which I saw in the *Times* newspaper set me a-thinking how much I should like to publish your 'Life of Lord Lawrence.'"

Bosworth Smith replied:—

"How very kind of you! I am delighted to find you are willing and anxious to publish the book when it is ready. Only I feel at present so weighed down by the responsibility and difficulty of the work I have undertaken, the materials are so enormous; and I am so heavily handicapped at starting, not having been in India, and only having known Lord Lawrence during the last five years, that I shrink at present from contemplating anything like publication. Indeed, I have told Lady Lawrence that I must be free to give up the work if I feel that I am unable, as I fear I may be, to do the subject anything like justice. In any case it will be the work of many years. Lord Lawrence's papers alone form a library in themselves, and the burning questions and reputations of living people who are involved add to the difficulty. . . . Longmans wrote to me in the same sense as you did, on the day the paragraph in the *Times* appeared."

A letter to a friend, who had asked him for his opinion about a certain book, shows incidentally what Bosworth Smith considered a biography should or should not be:—

"The book is very painstaking," he wrote; "it is scrupulously just and moderate, and several of the

chapters, especially those in which the writer is able to speak from his own experience, are very interesting and life-like. It seems to me that the writer has made the best of his materials; but then the materials must have been singularly scanty, and would probably, under no circumstances, have enabled him to do much more than he has done. There are very few letters of ——'s own, there are hardly any of interest written to him, there are no incisive expressions or remarks such as would make him live. There are very few parts that *carry one away* with them. . . . And then his whole domestic life is an *absolute blank*, with one sole exception. How much do you know of a man, if you do not know anything of him as he was in his family? The impression one gets of the man, his gentleness, his goodness, his unselfishness, is pretty clear; but still the whole man does not seem to *live*, to have sufficient flesh and blood upon him. That —— was a truly noble, chivalrous character no one can doubt who either reads the book or has heard, as I have heard, his chief contemporaries speak of him. But I am not sure that he will not stand higher, in the estimation of posterity, on the strength of a very few strong expressions of admiration, which are to be found in books dealing with the period, than if they are scattered over a memoir which must contain many chapters not of general interest."

To Colonel Randall, Lord Lawrence's son-in-law, he wrote:—

"It is one of the thousand difficulties that meet me—the great fault of books on the Mutiny, it seems to me—that they do not tell the whole truth, do not

bring out the characters in sufficient light and shade. Moreover, the prevailing tone in them is to applaud every act of 'vigour,' to show a recklessness of human life, provided it was Sepoy life. I had heard much in old times of Lord Lawrence's severity in the Mutiny. . . . I do not think I could have undertaken the biography, certainly I could not have done it *con amore*, had I not convinced myself, before I finally undertook it, that he was for saving human life, wherever it was possible to do so. . . . Except my wife," he adds, with a touch that says a great deal, "there is absolutely nobody here who knows anything of the subject, or whom I can ask for an independent judgment on anything."

The inclusion of a certain number of private letters evidently seemed to him essential in a biography, if much were to be learnt of the man himself, and Lord Lawrence's private correspondence was unfortunately small.

But if private letters were few and far between, there was another way in which it was possible to learn much of his personality. In 1880, many of those who had served with him in the Punjaub or in later days, and who had themselves played great parts in India, were still living, and there was hardly one of all these men whom Bosworth Smith did not come to know personally—some of them, indeed, intimately. It was his duty, as a biographer, to face many difficult problems, to sift evidence on contested points, and through all the mass of detail to see clearly for himself the figure and character of his

hero, and then to make this figure equally clear and distinct for his readers; and if he succeeded in his task, it was due, not a little, to the kindness of Lord Lawrence's friends, who ungrudgingly gave him all the help they could. The list of those whom he consulted personally or with whom he corresponded during the next years, comprises the names of the chief survivors of half a century of Indian history: Sir George Lawrence, General Richard Lawrence, Colonel Randall, and Sir Henry Cunningham, among Lord Lawrence's own relations; Sir Robert Montgomery, Sir Alexander Taylor, Sir Henry Norman, General Reynell Taylor, Sir Frederick Halliday, Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, Sir Henry Maine, Sir William Muir, Sir George Birdwood, General John Becher, Mr Edward and Mr John Thornton, Dr. Farquhar, Dr. Hathaway, Mr. Raikes, Mr. R. B. Chapman, Sir George Campbell, Sir Charles Trevelyan, Sir Peter Lumsden, Sir Henry Daly, Sir Owen Burne, Sir Richard Temple, Colonel Malleson, Sir Erskine Perry, Sir Richard Pollock, Sir Seymour Blaine, Sir John Strachey, General Strachey, General Crawford Chamberlain and Sir Neville Chamberlain, Sir Bartle Frere, Lord Hobhouse, Lord Halifax, Lord Napier of Magdala, Lord Roberts, Lord Ripon, the Duke of Argyll, and, not least, Mr. Walter Seton Karr, who made most valuable suggestions and, with self-denying kindness, accomplished a great labour of love for the sake of his friend, Lord Lawrence, by read-

ing through the whole manuscript of his biography. The list, though by no means complete, is a long one; but it proves that Bosworth Smith did not consult with men of one school and one way of thinking only, but that his impressions and his information came first-hand from men to whom the events and characters he was to describe were real and living. To the reminiscences of men like these are due countless touches, that give a personal interest to the book, and help to make the central figure human and lifelike.

"Old Indians!" a lady once said to my mother; "aren't they all very old and ugly and cross and worn out?"—a general impression, perhaps, but strangely at variance with one's recollections of the many who came to the Knoll—the handsome Pollocks and Chamberlains, for instance, or the genial Sir Frederick Halliday, whose gigantic stature had so greatly impressed the natives of Bengal, and many another, whose vivacity and simplicity, no less than their stores of experience, make them charming and interesting visitors.

Among others whose help and encouragement were unceasing was General John Becher, C.B., and to him Bosworth Smith was always greatly drawn. He writes to him:—

"The notes of our three talks have been of the greatest help to me, and I often want you at my elbow when I am writing. A hundred things occur to me to ask you about. . . . What a beautiful

tenderness there is in all John Lawrence writes to you. His letters to you and Donald MacLeod stand by themselves in that respect."

A letter from General Becher to Dr. Farquhar, written after the book had appeared, says :—

"It (the book) has greatly absorbed and interested me, and I admire much the great masterly labour and quick enthusiasm which it evidences. I do not think a better biographer could have been found, or a more painstaking—besides this, he is a scholar, and with literary experience which I think no Indian official could equal. . . . I was delighted with the frank, genuine kindness and simplicity of himself and his wife."

To Colonel Yule, Bosworth Smith writes on July 21, 1884 :—

"I am grieved beyond measure to gather from your note that dear John Becher is dead. He was a delightful man. Of all the Indian celebrities with whom I have conversed during the last few years, I do not think I got more pleasure from any one (except yourself) than from him. He had very delicate feelings and keen sympathy combined with a sense of humour. His conversation was suggestive, and many of his hints I have worked into the book with, I think, good results. He was one of the few men who were equally attached to Henry and to John Lawrence, and appreciated them equally, and John Lawrence was really attached to him."

Bosworth Smith read aloud nearly the whole of his MS. to Lady Lawrence, whose help and sym-

pathy were unfailing, as well as to other members of the Lawrence family. The chapter on the two brothers, Henry and John—the part of the work which perhaps needed the most delicate handling of all—he read to Sir Henry's only daughter, Mrs. Hart. When he ceased reading, she rose and silently kissed my mother—a tribute, surely, to the sympathy and understanding with which that parting of the ways for the two great brothers had been treated. He read to Sir Robert Montgomery (who, from 1859 to 1865, had been Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub) the parts of the book which related to the time when Sir Robert occupied the third seat on the Punjaub Board—"no bed of roses." Sir Robert's kind and genial personality stands out among the many "old Indians," from whose unassuming modesty no one would have guessed the great parts they had played, and Bosworth Smith always spoke of him as "dear Sir Robert." Intercourse with men of this stamp was, of course, a delight to him, and if the actual labour which the book entailed has been much emphasised, it is only just to dwell on the other side of the work; the new friends he made, many of whom he came to love, and who came to love him; the great widening of interests; the sense of living constantly in the presence, as it were, of a man of such heroic mould as John Lawrence; the sense, too, of discharging to the utmost of his power, what seemed to him nothing less than a national obligation, and the

consciousness, as time went on, that his efforts were not to be unsuccessful.

The feeling of relief was naturally intense, when the work drew near completion, and a lecture which he gave on the subject at Harrow, as well as a course of lectures early in 1883 at the Royal Institution, met with a very cordial reception. His great friend, Colonel Yule, it is true, slept peacefully at intervals during the lectures, but Colonel Yule protested he would sleep under the preaching of St. John Chrysostom, or while Shakespeare was reading "Hamlet."

On February 12, 1883, the book was published by Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., and it was reviewed in the chief newspapers on the day of publication. Within five days the first edition of one thousand copies was exhausted, and by the middle of April a fourth edition was called for; a sixth edition was published in 1885. The reception of the book in America was equally remarkable, for the American Government paid it the high compliment of placing a copy in all the great public libraries and on every man-of-war in the United States Navy. The work was translated into Urdu, and was much read in India.

The public success of the book was gratifying enough; but what pleased the author yet more was the fact that those who had entrusted him with the great responsibility, Lord Lawrence's own family, felt that he had done justice to his subject.

On February 25, 1883, Lady Lawrence wrote from Pau:—

Hal has sent me your letter to him, which has indeed rejoiced my heart. I am more glad and thankful than I can say—for your sake, as well as my own. I believe this work will live, and your name be also immortalised with it. Believe me, how grateful I feel to you and your dear wife. The more I read it, the more I am astonished at your grasp of Indian subjects, as well as of the noble character you so grandly develop and show to the world. Surely such a work must do good and inspire other lives. I have had several letters from my own brothers most truly appreciative. . . . God bless you and yours.—Believe me, always yours most affectionately, H. LAWRENCE.

Lord Lawrence wrote that he could with difficulty express his thorough appreciation of the book, and that people in his own neighbourhood were "raving about it." A friend had told him that his father was never known in this country, and that now people, after reading this book, would be able to see what sort of man he was. Lord Lawrence's third son, the Hon. Charles N. Lawrence, wrote:—

MY DEAR BOS,—I heartily congratulate you on the success of the book. I have so far heard nothing but praise from all whose opinion is worth having, and this cannot but be gratifying to you, after the enormous labour you have had to wade through. . . . The chapter on the two brothers is, in general opinion, quite first-rate. I am sure all our family owe you a lasting debt of gratitude.

Mr. Francis Buxton, Lord Lawrence's son-in-law, named a number of well-known people who had expressed the great pleasure the "charm of the writing" had given them: "they say they cannot put it down." "I am proud of this record of my father-in-law, and must express to you my very great gratification and pleasure. How glad you must be to get it over, and how still more glad must be Mrs. Bosworth Smith." Lord Lawrence's brother-in-law, Dr. Kennedy, told him he did not wish one word changed.

Next to the opinion of the immediate family, Bosworth Smith was naturally anxious to know the verdict of Lord Lawrence's friends and colleagues—the men of all others who had the best right to speak and to criticise his work. Nothing strikes the reader more, even after the lapse of a quarter of a century, than the generous appreciation which these men accorded to him, and the warm, ungrudging way in which it was expressed. A few letters, taken from those written by Lord Lawrence's most intimate friends, bear witness to what they deemed the truthfulness and charm of the picture he had drawn:—

From SIR ROBERT MONTGOMERY, K.C.B.

March 5, 1883.

I have finished Lord Lawrence's "Life." It is a *grand work*, and is a fine monument to his memory

and a lasting testimony to *your own great merits* as a biographist and public writer—no one could have done it so well. You have brought out his whole life in a marvellous manner, from boyhood to mature age. It's a work that will be read by future generations. An example of devotion to public duties rarely, indeed never, met with, and carried out so consistently, with a determined mind and a clear head, under extreme difficulties. . . . I much regret I have come to the end of the "Life"—the more I read the more interested I became. . . . For the general reader it may be too long, though it would be hard to say where it could be curtailed.

From the same.

May 5, 1883.

I have watched carefully the progress of your book. There is a perfect consensus of applause, and in families the book is most frequently read out to the circle. This is, I find, common. The Duke of Argyll read it to the Duchess. He told me he did not know you—seemed to wish he did. . . . You might write to him, as *legibly as you can*, and say you would call on him: you may retort legibility on me, and I won't be offended. Sir Henry Lawrence used to say that if I only made the *first* and *last* letters of a word clear, that was all he wanted! . . . Many of Lord Lawrence's intimate friends had no idea of his greatness till they read your life of him. The publication has raised his character, and I congratulate you and your devoted wife—such a helpmeet! It would be against human nature if no fault could be found, but the success is immense—well-merited; and so long as

the name Lawrence lives so long will that of his biographer.

Sir Robert, who knew the pleasure he would give, wrote again to say that a friend of his own had presented a copy of the book to each of his six sons!

It was of no small interest to the writer to learn that the "Life of Lord Lawrence" was the book given, as a fitting token of sympathy, by Miss Florence Nightingale, "with a touching inscription," to a sister philanthropist, Miss Irby, whose work in Servian lands will long be remembered there.

Dr. Farquhar, whose devoted service at Agra and in the Punjaub had won him the esteem of all the officials with whom he had been thrown, and who, as his body surgeon, had been closely associated with Lord Lawrence, wrote that he and his wife had been "living upon the 'Life.' You have handled him bravely and well, and any reflecting Indian will wonder at the way you have treated Indian subjects, catching the Punjaub spirit and sketching many men to the life. Your book will be helpful to many a man struggling to live a busy life in India, but fainting or halting from heat and want of sympathy. The natives of India may read every word of it—many writers forget there is a vast public there who scan the lives of public men."

Dr. Hathaway, who had been closely connected with the Lawrences in the Punjaub, and had been

Lord Lawrence's secretary during the Viceroyalty, wrote as follows:—

BATH, *Feb.* 14.

I got the "Life" last evening, and sat up till half-past two this morning—my sixty-sixth birthday—in going through the twenty years that connected me so closely with the Lawrence brothers. You have done your work well, and its greatest value in my eyes is the truthfulness with which the character is drawn: a character not perfect—not without more than one flaw in it—not understood even yet by many who only saw the outside and at a distance, but which, like the "Koh-i-noor," came out after the long grinding and wearing, very beautiful at the finish. How much influence such men as Henry and John Lawrence had in moulding the characters of those who came in contact with them will never be known, but one of the most interesting points (in my estimation) that you have thrown light upon is how the two brothers acted and reacted on each other, until on several occasions the one seems to have changed places with the other, and the reader shuts his eyes and says, "Of whom is the author speaking?"

Captain Eastwick bought each edition of the book as it came out, and he never tired of discussing it with his friends.

From CAPTAIN EASTWICK.

15. 2. '83.

I cannot tell you how interested and delighted I have been with the perusal. . . . You seem to me

to have brought out marvellously the human tenderness and strength of Lord Lawrence's character. Your anecdotes are happily selected. You have treated the difference between the two noble brothers with tact, judgment, and fidelity. The book is never dull; there is light and shade, and the tone is worthy of the subject. Every one connected with you will feel proud of it, and your children after you. Disraeli says in one of his novels that, after finishing a book, the intellectual effort always gave him a lift upwards, though the strain while working was often great.

From the same.

24. 2. '83.

In my humble judgment the conception and execution are alike admirable. I can truly say that I have never read any biography which has more deeply interested me or afforded me more real delight. The skill which you have displayed in educing order and perspicuity out of the chaos of documents is remarkable; the thread of continuity is preserved. The separate periods stand out clearly, and the filling in of the details is marked by a freshness, a vigour, and ability which must add greatly to your literary reputation. What especially commands my admiration and respect is the high moral, and, I may add, religious tone, which pervades the book. . . . What can be finer than your sketch of Nicholson, with his strong, ungovernable temper, and your description of the way John Lawrence recognised his military genius and handled him with a wise forbearance. You have a keen eye for the picturesque. Think of Nicholson sitting bolt upright upon his horse in the full glare of the sun, perfectly motion-

less, and his weary soldiers snatching a hasty sleep on the ground around him!

From the 8th DUKE OF ARGYLL.

CANNES, *May* 9, '83.

I have read your biography of Lord Lawrence under conditions which are in themselves a test of at least some of the best of its characteristics. During a long and tedious illness I have read it aloud to the Duchess, and I can sincerely say that we have both been delighted with it. If it is the great aim of biography to bring out vividly the *personality* of the man whose life is given, you have succeeded in this great aim completely. The grandeur and simplicity of his character leave an indelible impression on the reader, and the tenderness of his domestic character and affections, which are much less generally known, you have touched delicately, yet with effect. The Duchess was enchanted by the book. Her first husband was Colonel Anson, who served with great distinction throughout the Mutiny, was at the Relief of Lucknow and Siege of Delhi, and was personally attached to Lord Clyde. She tells me that he had an intense admiration of Lawrence—thus representing the very best feeling and opinion of the army in all those operations. She was therefore delighted to come to know *who* and *what* the man was of whom she had heard so much. I have really no criticism to make—except the usual one, that here and there there is some redundancy, and passages are repeated to the same effect in almost the same words. One feels such cases more in reading aloud,

especially when one is not strong. But they are no serious blemish in the book.

Nothing, perhaps, gave Bosworth Smith greater pleasure than the two following letters from Lord Dufferin, who was then on his way out to India to take up the Viceroyalty :—

From the MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN *to* LADY LAWRENCE.

SUEZ, *November* 27, 1884.

DEAR LADY LAWRENCE,—I have just finished reading the biography of your husband ; and though this is not the purport of my letter, I cannot refrain from letting you know what a profound impression the story of his life has made upon me. Of course, like the rest of his countrymen, I admired him extremely on those grounds which were known to all who were acquainted with the leading features of his career ; and I had always a grateful recollection of his personal kindness and goodness towards myself, on the few occasions I had the pleasure of coming into contact with him ; but it is not until now that I had been able to comprehend the majesty of his nature, in all the nobleness of its full outlines, and the strength, power, and beneficence of his mind and character.

It is, indeed, a wonderful record of a career of unfailing duty, patriotism, and self-sacrifice ; and I am appalled to think I should have been called upon to fill a seat so strongly occupied.

Indeed, after closing the book, I told my wife I thought the best thing we could do would be to take

the return steamer back from Suez to England, as it would be hopeless to approach such a predecessor.

From the MARQUESS OF DUFFERIN *to* R. BOSWORTH SMITH.

SUEZ, S.S. *Tasmania*, *November* 27, 1884.

I cannot refrain from writing you a line of thanks for the extraordinary pleasure and profit I have derived from your 'Life of Lord Lawrence.' It is one of the best biographies I have ever read in my life, giving such a clear picture of your hero in such strong and bold outlines, and accompanied by so many details, which enhance the charm and individuality of the character without either confusing the narrative or the image you have presented to us.

But what a subject it is with which you have to deal! What simplicity, strength, and majesty were in the man! And how unfailing, unswerving, and unresting was his sense of duty! And, again, how dramatic his gradual ascension to the place appointed for him, and the unfolding of the scenes in the Punjaub as they led to the crisis at Delhi! It has quite appalled me to think that I should have been called upon to sit on that throne which was once filled by so imperial a figure.

However, I will do my best to follow in his footsteps, and to profit by the landmarks he has erected for all time to guide his less experienced successors. I hope you will forgive me for troubling you with these lines, but I could not help liberating my soul on shutting up your beautiful volumes.

From the MARQUESS OF RIPON.

SIMLA, *7th November* 1884.

I read the book as soon as it reached me with the greatest interest and pleasure; and if I did not at once express my appreciation of it, it was because the public verdict in its favour was so marked and general as to make any expression of individual opinion unnecessary and almost unbecoming. I can only say now that I find in your book the man portrayed as I knew him, and that the story of his noble life appears to me to be told in a manner worthy of its theme. If I am to criticise at all, I should be inclined to say that the account of the Viceroyalty is less interesting than the earlier portions of the narrative. But the reasons for this are obvious. A due regard to personal considerations doubtless rendered it impossible to speak unreservedly. . . .

But if Lord Lawrence's immediate circle of friends were pleased with the delineation of his character, beyond that circle were the many who had spent their lives in India, or who were recognised authorities on Indian affairs. A writer who had never been in India had much to fear from such men; but here again it appeared that he had been able to gain a correct appreciation of Indian life, and a sense of Indian atmosphere, which disarmed criticism. Sir Courtenay Ilbert, writing from Simla, told him that he had managed to steer clear of little technical slips with surprising success; Sir

Alexander Taylor, President of Cooper's Hill College, of whom John Nicholson had said, "If I survive to-morrow, I shall let every one know that Alec Taylor took Delhi"—one of the "old Indians" for whose simple-mindedness and charm Bosworth Smith felt a special appreciation—wrote that it was marvellous how, without having been in India, he had been able to realise and describe so exactly the characters and scenes of the country. "I congratulate you," he adds, "on having produced a book that will live for ever." Sir William Hunter, whose thirty years' experience of India entitled him to speak with authority, said his assimilation of Indian things was "almost incredible."

From MR. F. A. H. ELLIOT, C.I.E., *at that time Tutor and Governor to H.R.H. the Gaekwar of Baroda.*

BARODA, *October* 19, '83.

How did you manage it? What is the secret? There is not the slightest error or shade of uncertainty in any of your descriptions of climate, daily life, official life, at least as far as I know. I am glad you have given so much space to the early part of the great man's career. Few of us out here will have the chance of knowing what we should do as a Chief Commissioner or Lieutenant-Governor, &c. The matter does not touch us. But many of us are district officers, and it's pleasant enough to read what the best men can do in that line, unapproachable though the example is.

From his own friends, some of whom had no direct connection with India, there was much the same chorus of cordial appreciation.

From DR. G. G. BRADLEY, *Dean of Westminster.*

March 18, 1883.

DEAR FLORA,—Excuse both the familiarity and the delay. I am glad you like the lectures—but oh, the "Lord Lawrence"! I am quite mad about it, and having no time but the evening, am furious at every evening engagement that keeps me from it. No book has interested me so much for years. It is admirably done. A blessed day in bed gave me a start with it.

Another friend wrote that he read it with greedy interest akin to that which used to be kindled in his young mind by "Ivanhoe" and "Guy Mannering." General Becher thanked him for the charmed hours it had given him, and told him that its continued dramatic interest had led him captive from page to page; and the venerable Lord Portman, writing to Lady Smith, said:—

"I have been revelling in the 'Life of Lord Lawrence' by your nephew, and I want you, if you see him, to tell him I think it is the best-written history of a real hero that I have read for many a day. His description of the great events are equal to the best parts of the Greek historian Thucydides. He has a good man to portray, and he has done it admirably. Your nephew does credit to his mother indeed."

Sir George Trevelyan quoted a friend who had called it the most readable book about India he had read, and said for himself, he would not, on historical grounds, have it at all shorter.

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH *to* COLONEL YULE.

February 4, 1883.

One thing I can say conscientiously, that not one word in the book has been dictated by party motives. I hate party. The first Afghan War was made by a Liberal Government, and have I not used quite as strong language about a Governor-General and a Secretary of State as I have in the second war, which happened to be the work of a Conservative Government? Party feelings do not come near the matter.

Those who were closely connected with Bosworth Smith may perhaps be pardoned if they dwell a little on these kindly letters, which he treasured all his days, and on the recollection that the chief literary effort of his life was crowned with success. It is a recollection that is tempered with sadness, for one book crowds another out, and it is given to very few biographies to live on even into a second generation of readers.

Bosworth Smith carefully preserved with, we may be sure, a humorous appreciation of its very real value, a sheet of suggestions made by his wife on his style and general treatment of his subject. They were noted down in his own handwriting,

and they show that he had the help of an acute critic at his side, whose advice other biographers would do well to follow, if they could!

"Avoid superlatives; don't be too insistent on your admiration; don't give introductions to letters; lessen their number; sometimes abstract them only; don't be blind to his faults; bring out his responsibility in the Orissa famine, for he was to blame; don't think how any particular person will regard any particular bit, but write independently of them all; don't be too sentimental; I don't object to pathos when the thing is really pathetic, *e.g.* Henry Lawrence's death, but remember you have much more sentiment and imagination than Lord Lawrence had, so tone down what you have said; as a whole, nothing could be better; but as to parts! it is my duty to pick holes; you spoil your sentences by putting in a 'perhaps' or 'in some measure'; if it is necessary to say a thing, say it; never use the word 'touching.'"

He had not expected, or indeed wished, to escape criticism from without, for the subject necessarily involved the treatment of many points of contention. As regards one controversy, which was carried on for a time with great bitterness, I prefer to quote only General Becher's comment, which I believe to represent truthfully my father's motive in the matter. "I know well," he writes, "that what you have said proceeded from a fine sense of honour, and a hatred of

evil, which you deemed a part of the duty of a historian."

His treatment of the frontier question naturally excited much hostile criticism, and some of his friends tried to make him modify certain strong expressions which he had used in denouncing Lord Lytton's policy. In 1883 opinion still ran high on the Afghan question, and it was difficult for the biographer of Lord Lawrence—remembering his lifelong policy, not less than the obloquy to which his views had exposed him in his last days—to treat the matter dispassionately. Some critics objected that, in dealing with open questions, Bosworth Smith assumed too controversial a tone, and that he obtruded his own views too largely; while others, again, complained that there was too much "undigested matter" in the book. Here, then, were two pitfalls in opposite directions, into both of which, according to his critics, he had fallen. The views which he put forward, however, were in many cases not his, but rather what, after a careful study of material which few but himself had seen, he believed to be Lord Lawrence's own; and if he had not attempted to put each situation in John Lawrence's life, as it occurred, concisely before his readers, they might well have blamed him for shirking one of the most difficult parts of his task. The "undigested matter," which displeased the other class of critics, referred probably to the letters and reports which he believed would

speak for themselves better than abstracts or comments could do, and from which he thought readers would be able to form for themselves the figure of the man.

Then there were those who thought that they themselves, or those whom they specially admired, had not been given due prominence in the story: and others—a rarer and smaller class—who thought that they themselves or their friends had been too much mentioned.

That there was a certain tendency to diffuseness may, perhaps, be admitted; for the book did not lose by compression, when it was eventually republished in a shorter form. It was the first time that Bosworth Smith had written without a strict limit of space, and he allowed some of his sentences and descriptions, perhaps, to overgrow themselves. He himself saw John Lawrence's life as a great dramatic whole, and his anxiety that his readers should see it all as he did, led him to repeat retrospects and forecasts of his career at too frequent intervals and possibly with over-emphasis.

From the charge of hero-worship he was not concerned to defend himself; for it seemed to him that any man, who had spent three years in close study of such a personality and such a record, must of necessity come to look on John Lawrence as a hero indeed, and that to rise from such a study cold and unmoved, would have been a

source of shame, rather than of self-congratulation.

He claimed, with all justice, that no man living knew more of the mind of Lord Lawrence than he did; and he felt it his duty, whenever questions of Afghan frontier policy recurred, to put forward what he believed would have been Lord Lawrence's views on the subject. In 1880, after the second Afghan War, he strongly advocated the abandonment of Candahar. A letter written to his cousin, Kenelm Wingfield Digby, who had recently been elected member of Parliament, gives a simple and forcible statement of his views rather later:—

May 8, 1885.

MY DEAR KELLY,—I don't know whether you saw the enclosed letter to the *Times*, written when the Government seemed to be quite determined to say to Russia, "Thus far, and no further." It will show you what I think, and what I believe Lord Lawrence would have thought, under these altered circumstances. The real difference between his and Lord Lytton's policy, where I thought and still think he was absolutely right, was that he was always against invading or annexing Afghanistan or any part of it as a necessary warding off of Russia. "Keep within your own frontier," he said, "till the Afghans apply to you for aid against Russia, and then help them by all means, when they will regard you with confidence as their natural allies." Lord Lytton tried to force an envoy upon them at Cabul, an act which repeated Viceroys had promised to abstain from,

and which was certain to involve the Afghans in both civil and foreign war. His policy and the retention of Candahar after the war would, I am sure, have made the Afghans regard us as their worst enemies, and have thrown them at once into the arms of Russia, and then we should have been in a far worse plight than we are, bad as that is.

I regard the present policy of the Government as a decided retreat before Russia, likely to injure us in the opinion of Asiatics everywhere, and calculated to shake the confidence of the Afghans in our power to withstand Russia. In particular, the withdrawal of Sir Peter Lumsden is a great mistake, done to please the Czar and the military party in Russia; the rupture is only postponed, and it would have been far better for us for the struggle to come now, before the Russian railway to Merv and Sarakhs is finished, and while our troops are half-way to India at Suakim, and the allegiance of the native princes of India is unquestioned, and the colonies are eager to help us. I agree with you that from the military point of view we ought not to go further than Candahar. To go such a terrible distance from our base as Herat would be too great a risk. We can go to Candahar now with the full assent of the Ameer, should there be war, whereas if we had retained it at the end of the last war, we should have been his deadly enemies. The railway to Candahar then would have been an equal mistake; but we certainly ought to have completed the railway to Quettah, as that was our own, and we intended to hold it permanently. It was most short-sighted to pull up the rails.

If I were going to speak in the debate I should dwell on two or three points in particular :—

1. The utter untruthfulness of the Russians, as shown by their history and their broken promises.

2. The desirability, if we are really going to leave them at Penjdeh, of binding them in the most formal manner by treaty not to go beyond that frontier.

3. A solemn declaration by us that any advance would be regarded as a *casus belli.*

. . . I met Vambéry the other night at the Salisbury Club: Colonel Malleson, Sir Owen Burne, Demetrius Boulger, Sir Edward Hamley, Edwin Arnold, all very anti-Russian and *Tory*, were there. I am rapidly becoming one of them, tell your father.

In January 1895, in a letter to the *Times*, *àpropos* of the Chitral campaign, he suggested that the time had now come when the supporters of the rival schools of frontier policy might at last join hands, and that the policy of the moment was the legitimate corollary and outcome of Lord Lawrence's policy, given the nearer approach of Russia and greater friendliness of the Afghans. The retrocession of Candahar had convinced Afghanistan of our good intentions, and had saved her from bankruptcy. And in February 1898, he contrasted the policy of "influence," which had been paramount from 1842 till 1846, with that of "advance," which had for a time succeeded it. He contended that when we had just been

through a disastrous war, such as the Tirah campaign had been, it was no time to add to our responsibilities; and he quoted a story which he had often told before, to illustrate his meaning.

"An old widow woman once came to the great conqueror of Central Asia, Mahmud of Ghazni, to ask for imperial redress, because a caravan had been cut off and her son killed by robbers in one of the Persian deserts. Mahmud, in his reply, dwelt upon the impossibility of keeping control over so remote a portion of his dominions. 'Why, then, do you take countries,' she bitterly retorted, 'which you cannot govern, and for which you shall have to answer in the Day of Judgment?'"

In April 1903, the town of Clifton placed a commemorative tablet on the house which from 1819 had been for many years onwards the home of the Lawrence family, and in which some of the boyhood of Henry and John, as well as that of Sir George Lawrence and General Richard Lawrence, had been spent. Field-Marshal Sir Henry Norman, who had borne such noble testimony to John Lawrence's services in his official report after the taking of Delhi, unveiled the tablet, and his presence and that of Lieutenant-General Sir James Hills-Johnes, as well as that of Sir Henry Lawrence's two surviving children, and some eighty Crimean and Indian veterans, lent additional interest to the occasion. It was here that Bosworth Smith paid his last tribute to the two great brothers, whom he knew, perhaps,

better, and certainly reverenced no less, than did their old comrades of the time of the Mutiny.

"It was my lot," he said on this occasion, "to live, as it were, for three years after his death, day by day and hour by hour, in the company of Lord Lawrence—that is to say, in the study of his life. I read every word of importance which had been written by him, every word of importance which had ever been written to him and had been preserved; I conversed with his nearest and dearest relations, with his friends and companions, with those who supported and with those who opposed his general policy. I did the same, though of course in a lesser degree, with Sir Henry Lawrence; for I soon found that the lives of the two brothers were so intermixed and so inseparable, though so different, that you could hardly understand the one without understanding the other. The brothers differed *toto cœlo* from one another in temperament, in aptitudes, and in policy. But there was still a likeness in the difference—they had the same high and noble objects, the same disinterestedness, the same passion for hard work, the same love for the people of India, the same aversion to all unnecessary or aggressive frontier wars, the same absolute devotion to duty. Which of the two rendered the noblest service to the State, it is difficult to say, the life of the one being cut short so soon; but it is not difficult to say that the chivalry, the generosity, the sympathy of the one, the strength, the judgment, the magnanimity of the other, present to the people of India the noblest impersonation of British rule."

A few words written by Maharajah Singh, son of

Sir Purtab Singh, and first cousin of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, connect in a vivid way Bosworth Smith's work at Harrow and in the great world beyond :—

"I was his pupil for two terms in 1893," he says, "and I had the greatest respect and affection for him. I cannot forget his kindness to me, and the freshness and charm of his teaching. But he was much more than a master of Harrow. The Indians owe much to him, and Indian Mussulmans should remember that he was one of the first Englishmen to take a truer, juster, and more sympathetic view of the great Arabian. Only a few months ago I received a long letter from him, in reply to one from me expressing my humble appreciation of his great works on Mohammedanism and Lord Lawrence. It was a letter full of sympathy for this country and its people, and will be a treasured possession. May he rest in peace."

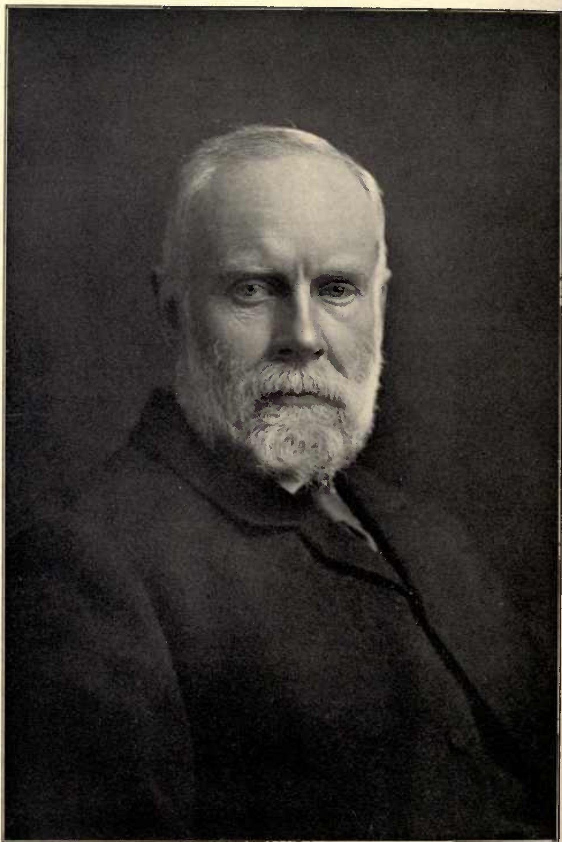
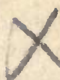


Photo: *Elliott & Fry*

REGINALD BOSWORTH SMITH IN 1899



CHAPTER VII

THE NATIONAL CHURCH

THERE was no episode in Bosworth Smith's life, on which he looked back with more thankfulness, than the part which he was enabled to take, in 1885, in the movement against the Disestablishment of the Church of England. That this part was a very important one, there was at the time a general consensus of opinion; and his eloquent letters in the *Times*, which roused public opinion, and finally induced Mr. Gladstone to break his long silence on the question, won the admiration and gratitude, not only of Churchmen, but of men of many different shades of thought.

It may be as well to say something here as to his attitude to the Church of England and to religious matters generally. He strongly disliked what he used to call "religious labels," and he would never identify himself with any party in the Church. His Evangelical upbringing no doubt influenced his manner of thinking, and there were certain practices of the High Church party which he regarded as "un-English," and with which, therefore, he had no sympathy. From the days of the Jowett con-

troversy onwards, he was opposed to anything like persecution for conscientiously held opinions, although he maintained that in Church matters the law must be strictly observed, and the authority of the bishops upheld. But he rejoiced in the latitude and elasticity of the Church of England, and he never tired of pointing out that within her bounds there was room for men of widely differing opinions. He thought that the Church would only be strengthened by the removal of all possible disabilities and stumbling-blocks.

His description of the late Lord Ebury's attitude to the Church of England defines his own with equal precision and brevity. "He was opposed to Disestablishment, not because he thought the Established Church was free from faults, but because he thought the National Church to be the greatest organisation for doing good which the nation possesses, and because he was convinced that national greatness was in no slight measure bound up with national acknowledgment of God."

This conviction, that the National Church was the most powerful agency for good in England, came to him, he says himself, "from the remembrance of what I had seen done, from my earliest years onwards, by my father and mother in the little village of Stafford. I argued outwards from our own parish, which I knew intimately, to the scores of neighbouring parishes, which I knew less; and thence to the thousands of other parishes which I

knew resembled them, in all essential particulars; and I tried to estimate what would be the effect on them, and so on the country at large, if all that was being done, and could be done, by a good country clergyman and his wife and family were to be swept away by a rude and ostentatiously unjust method of Disendowment and Disestablishment, such as had been outlined in the Radical programme and was then being distinctly threatened by Mr. Chamberlain. My indignation was stirred within me by the insinuations, the covert sneers, and the scarcely veiled appeals to the greed of his hearers indulged in by Mr. Chamberlain, in the presence of vast numbers of newly enfranchised and ignorant rustics, and still more by the apparent apathy or indolent acquiescence of the accredited leaders of the Liberal party, not least of Mr. Gladstone. No one of them opened his lips to condemn what was being done. Many of the rank and file, thinking that the conclusion was foregone, were blindly following in Mr. Chamberlain's wake, and it seemed only too likely that, without a word of protest from any of the Liberal leaders, Disestablishment and Disendowment would be enrolled as an article in the Liberal programme, and that judgment would be registered against the National Church, as it were by default."

It will be remembered that in August 1885, Parliament had been dissolved; that Mr. Chamberlain was an avowed supporter of the principle of Disestablishment, and that Mr. Gladstone, in his address to the electors of Midlothian, had stated that two great home questions were impending—the question of Disestablishment and that of the government of

Ireland. He had gone on to say, however, that the vast question of Disestablishment could not "become practical until it shall have grown familiar to the public mind by thorough discussion, with the further condition that the proposal, when thoroughly discussed, shall be approved."

The "thorough discussion" Mr. Gladstone foreshadowed was not long in coming, for Churchmen felt that, while Mr. Chamberlain and the Liberal caucus were in earnest, Mr. Gladstone's own attitude was, to say the least, ambiguous. The newspapers were filled with letters and articles on the subject, and if the elections were not actually fought on the point, Disestablishment was, at all events, an important factor in the contest, which no candidate could afford to ignore.

Bosworth Smith's first letter to the *Times*, on October 13th, struck a new note, which found a quick response all over the country. In forcible but temperate language he pointed out that Mr. Gladstone, although he declined to head the attack on an institution which he had so often defended, had merely noted with regret that the current of the age was setting towards Disestablishment, and had contented himself with the fond hope that the work of destruction, when it came, would be marked by a "large observance of the principles of equity and liberality." He contrasted the attitude of the leader of the Liberal party with the clear and definite utterances of Lord Salisbury, and—in a different

sense—of Mr. Chamberlain. The Liberals had just largely added to their responsibilities by admitting two million rural voters to the franchise, and he urged that the birth-throes of the English democracy was not the time statesmen should choose for so sweeping a change as the abolition of the English Church.

"The Church of England is a great historical institution. It has grown with the growth of England and developed with her development, and no serious person can pretend to doubt what this really means. If it is not doing a good work now—if it is, from its constitution, incapable of doing still greater good hereafter—by all means take measures for its ultimate abolition; only be quite sure that you have something better to put in its place. But will anybody maintain that the Church of England is an effete or useless institution? It has thrown off the lethargy and the worldliness which, in the last century, seemed to spread like a very leprosy over everything that was good in England. The country clergyman is no longer content if he can hit it off well with the country squire, and can drone through two sleepy services on the Sunday. The bishop is no longer like that Bishop of Gloucester who, as one who heard him has assured me, in his episcopal charge begged his reverend brethren 'not to waste their time in visiting the poor, but to stick to their studies; if they did so, they would probably get preferment here, and, at least, they would be rewarded hereafter.' The Church of England has long been pre-eminently the Church of the poor. It opens its doors and its ministrations to all who

care to avail themselves of them. During the last fifty years it has covered the land with hundreds of new churches, and has rebuilt or enlarged many hundreds more, and all from the voluntary contributions of its devoted members. It is no longer a political institution in any low sense of the word; still less is it, as popular orators have recently been describing it, 'a hotbed of Toryism.' It took up the cause of popular education when no political party would have cared to do anything to educate the poor, and it supplied the vast majority of country parishes with excellent schools, which it supported for years and is supporting still. It is the most liberal and tolerant and national of all existing National Churches. It gives the clergy independence and a large and ever-widening field for free religious thought, while it protects the laity from the vagaries of ritualism and the tyranny of sacerdotalism. Its cathedrals are the delight and the despair of Churches that are less ancient and less historical. Its chief dignitaries have been, many of them, among the men of whom England is most proud and who have made England what it is. It has been the nursing mother and the mainstay of hundreds of charitable organisations and institutions. The parsonage of the country clergyman has, in the vast majority of cases, long been the centre of nearly all the good that has been done in the country parish—the day school, the night school, the coal club, the clothing club, the lending library, the penny savings bank, the allotment ground, the coffee tavern, the temperance movement; and the parson himself, in a like majority of cases, has been the friend, the helper, and the adviser, in things temporal as well as things spiritual, of every inhabi-

tant of his parish—most of all, of the poor, the widow, the orphan, the infirm, and the afflicted. Never, in a word, in the whole course of history, has the Church of England shown more exuberant evidence of energy and vitality than it is doing at this day.

"This is the institution, with its roots deep down in the history of the past, its branches intertwining with every part and fibre of the higher national life, and able, as I believe, to receive within its ample and ever-widening embrace more and more of all that is religious in England, which is to be swept away by the fiat of Mr. Chamberlain and his followers, if not in the next, at least in the ensuing Parliament. And yet the most venerable and venerated of our Liberal statesmen have not yet made up their minds whether the thing is to be or not to be. In the turmoil of party strife they have hardly a word or a thought to spare for the subject. Their followers look to them for guidance, and, hitherto, they have looked for it in vain. *Quousque tandem?*"

In a second letter, a fortnight later, Bosworth Smith dwelt on the historical aspect of the case, and developed his argument that

"The Church of England deserves to be the National Church, because it is the outcome of circumstances and centuries, of national peculiarities and national needs. It was neither concocted by a constitution-monger, nor was it imposed upon England, ready-made, by any king or priest, or representative assembly. It has not advanced by sudden leaps, but it has grown with our growth, and, like our liberties themselves, and like everything else in our national history which is of per-

manent value, it has 'broadened slowly down from precedent to precedent.' We may, very possibly, succeed in destroying an institution whose germs may be traced back almost to apostolic times, and are certainly coeval with the earliest germs of our national life; an institution which has enshrined itself in such inimitable buildings, has found expression in such a noble literature, and has been consecrated by so many philanthropic and so many saintly lives; an institution which is regarded with such passionate devotion by so large a part of the nation; which has, in the last half-century, done so much to keep pace with the extraordinary development and the multifarious needs of modern life, and has, as we believe, a still more rapid development and a still wider field of activity in the immediate future. But, if we do succeed in destroying all this, we shall destroy that for which we can find no substitute, and we shall wake up, when it is too late, to find that we have irrevocably broken with the past, and that we have bartered away a priceless inheritance on the strength of hopes and promises which, in the nature of things, never can be realised.

"No truly religious man will fear that religion is about to perish because the framework of a particular Church is threatened. Man's spiritual wants, whatever their origin, are his truest wants, and the something which satisfies those wants is the most real of all realities to him. Sweep, if you can, religion clean away from the world to-day; you will have to look for it again to-morrow. Still less will any one who believes that in Christianity, in its simplest form, there is a promise and a potency, a self-expansive and a self-adjusting force, which may enable it, under various shapes, and in unlooked-for

developments, to embrace all that is best and noblest in modern life, feel any fear that the majestic fabric of Christianity will itself come toppling to the ground, because, here in England, we are rudely knocking away what hitherto we have been tempted to regard as its stateliest buttresses and supports."

The victory, if victory there was to be, would be regarded by Christendom as a victory of irreligion over religion; and would be won, not so much by those Nonconformists and Liberals whose convictions were sincere and honourable, as by men who were hostile to all forms of religion. The gain, even to the Nonconformists themselves, would not compare with the loss caused by the general disintegration, the wounded feelings, the fight for the spoils which must ensue on Disestablishment. Mr. Chamberlain, seeing the way public opinion was tending, seemed inclined to postpone the crisis; but Mr. Gladstone, to whom Bosworth Smith again appealed with the admiring reverence he then felt for him, still had not spoken.

Mr. Gladstone did not leave this appeal unanswered; and his reply to Bosworth Smith, which was, by his consent, published in the *Times* and other newspapers, broke the long silence which had perplexed and pained so many of his own supporters:—

HAWARDEN, *October* 31, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR,—I thank you for several more than courteous references to myself in your letters to the

Times, which I have read with interest. You state, in the first of them, that this is the crisis of the question whether the Church of England shall be disestablished, and you call upon me to declare my views upon that crisis. I entirely differ from your opinion that the crisis has arrived, and I consider that in discussing this crisis, which has not arrived, and which is not likely to arrive, I should commit a gross error, by drawing off public attention from those matters, which are likely to employ the ensuing Parliament, to other matters, not less important in themselves, but for which the public mind is in no way prepared. We have before us a group of great political and social questions, on which the Liberal party are agreed and prepared to act; there are other questions lying wholly beyond these—lying in what you observe I have called the dim and distant future—on which the members of the party are not only not prepared to act, but are not agreed as to the side which they should take respectively. It is at least an intelligible manœuvre for the Tories, fearful of the approaching verdict of the country, to aim at thrusting aside the matured subjects on which they have now to confront a united party, and forcing forward other subjects on which differences prevail, so that judgment may be given, not on what is before the country, but on what is not, and so that the Liberal force may not be united but divided. Accordingly, it is not by the Liberals, or even by the Radical portion of the Liberals, that the great subject of English Disestablishment is at this moment forced forward. It is forced forward by the Tories, to whose obvious motive I have referred, and I regret to find from your letters that you think their manœuvre may, in certain cases,

have some promise of success. I trust these cases will be few, because I am certain they will be unfortunate. The more our opponents succeed in raising a premature alarm, in attracting the votes of the Churchmen, in withdrawing from the Liberal councils all moderating influences, and in forcing, so far as they can, the article of Disestablishment into the Liberal creed, the earlier in its time and the worse in its form will be the crisis you desire to avert. Whether the Tories will greatly lament the acceleration of that crisis, provided the fear of it shall have strengthened them as a party in the meantime, I do not feel sure. But I cannot consent to put a bandage on my eyes and to take part in playing their game. For my own part, I have embraced no new opinion, and I have neither shared in nor assented to any attack upon the Church; but I have never been in the habit of blowing the trumpet for battles in which I could take no part; and I cannot now agree to darken the controversy in which we are engaged, and hazard its issue, by perplexing the public mind with topics which are perfectly unreal with respect to the true political and social crisis of this election, and with which I have an entire assurance that, if hereafter they become practical, it will be for others, and not for me, to deal.—I remain, my dear Sir, faithfully yours, W. E. GLADSTONE.

R. BOSWORTH SMITH, Esq.

In his reply to Mr. Gladstone, Bosworth Smith submitted that a question that was agitating the country as it had not been agitated for a quarter of a century, and in which four hundred and eighty

Liberal candidates had pledged themselves to act, could not be said to be beyond the range of practical politics.[1] He noticed with satisfaction that Mr. Gladstone admitted that the question ought not to have been started by leading Liberals, that it would, when raised, seriously shatter the old Liberal party, and that he himself had "neither shared in nor assented to any attack upon the Church." Once more he appealed to Mr. Gladstone, not indeed to "blow the trumpet," as he had put it, "for a battle in which he could take no part," but at least to sound a retreat when a false and reckless move had been made.

Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches only emphasised and expanded what he had said in his letter to Bosworth Smith, and, in a final letter to the *Times*, the latter referred with sorrowful disillusionment to Mr. Gladstone's maxim that "the most important duty" of a leader was not to lead, to guide, to inspire, but simply to "ascertain the average convictions of his party, and largely to give effect to them." "Why, sir," he wrote, "the average of people, whether they call themselves Liberal or Conservative, have no enthusiasms or convictions of their own at all. . . . The man who is content to express the average convictions of his party is not their leader,

[1] Lord Milner, then Mr. Alfred Milner, was at the moment Liberal candidate for the Harrow division, and it is interesting to note that he was one of those who risked his election by his conscientious and open opposition to Disestablishment.

he is their servant—I would rather say, their slave." A reprieve, however, had been granted to the Church; let her use it, by sweeping away abuses, as to which all were agreed, and let the introduction of timely reforms show that she did not identify herself with Conservatism alone.

The three letters to the *Times* and the correspondence with Mr. Gladstone were at once printed by the Church Defence Institution as a pamphlet, with the title, "Reasons of a Layman and a Liberal for Opposing Disestablishment," and obtained a very wide circulation. In some constituencies a copy was sent to every householder, and the letters were reproduced in various forms throughout the country.

Space forbids the quotation of more than a few of the hundreds of letters which reached Bosworth Smith. Nearly all the bishops and deans, and very many clergy and Churchmen of differing views, wrote to thank him for his unexpected and timely championship; and many who were themselves outside the Church expressed their sympathy with the tone of his letters. The whole correspondence is interesting, because the subject is approached from many different standpoints, and the discussion of a question, which is still awaiting final settlement, by some of the ablest statesmen of twenty-five years ago, has a definite value even at the present day.

From DR. BENSON, *Archbishop of Canterbury.*

November 4, 1885.

I had read your letters with admiration for their solid reasoning, and for their knowledge of facts, historical and mental. And now we have to thank you again for your analysis of the oracles. One may deceive oneself, but I have all my life tried to look at the English Church from an unecclesiastical point of view, as well as to live to her; and I feel as sure as I can be of anything that, if I were no cleric, my mind could equally go with what you have written and be ready to act on it. I trust your advice may be taken; but in any case, you have done what will go far to counteract the mischief of its not being taken.

From DR. G, G. BRADLEY, *Dean of Westminster.*

Your letters have touched a higher plane of thought than anything else I had read. Nothing could possibly be better.

From CANON B. F. WESTCOTT, *afterwards Bishop of Durham.*

We seem to have been learning in late years the nobility of corporate life, and that statesmen should be eager and willing to sacrifice the organ, through which the highest aspirations and most unselfish energies of a nation find natural expression, is to me amazing. I would that Mr Gladstone even now would listen to your most touching appeal. He

certainly cast away the greatest opportunity he ever had, even if, in doing it, he has roused men to see there is in life something stronger than a current of tendency. My anxiety comes from the fear that we may be unable to bear much longer the denial of liberty for spiritual growth. I am sure that I am not impatient, but unless reasonable powers of self-government are given to the Church, I hardly see how we can support our burden.

From DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

December 23, '85.

Your letter of November 16th on Disestablishment I had read in the *Times* with delighted admiration and sympathy; and I thank you most sincerely for completing my knowledge of the series. For nearly fifty years I have been a most unwilling Nonconformist; compelled to be so by inability to accept the theology of the Anglican formularies; but believing in a fundamental unity of religious sentiment in the English people, attaching great importance to its national expression—and longing for the time when the ban of exile may be removed, which excludes so large a multitude at present shut out from Church communion. Mere personal banishment, however, has no effect in diminishing my historical reverence and social affection for the most venerable and beneficent of all English institutions, the gates of which I would still defend from assault, although her fellowship were to be denied for ever to such as I am. At the same time, the more profound my homage to the Church, the more eager is my desire to see her

wake up to the full range and grandeur of her mission to this nation of ours. And I am painfully struck by what I cannot help calling the pettiness and poverty of such schemes of reform as are set forth from time to time by her own members. It is well and needful, no doubt, to amend her internal ecclesiastical constitution in many ways: and her own work, *within its present bounds*, will be more effective when this is done. But it is not from this side that her chief danger threatens. There is an irreconcilable variance between her assumed theory of Christianity and the living inward Christian pieties which stir the hearts of religious people in our time, and which alone will stir them in the future. Among Nonconformists, who have no stereotyped forms of worship, obsolete elements can drop silently away: and the whole tone and character of their services have accordingly changed and are in harmony with their preaching: while in the Church the contrast is often painful between the sincere and earnest *breadth* of the pulpit and the unreal phrases which can no longer be appropriated in the creeds and prayers. One of the best of the London clergymen, lamenting to me the consequence of this, said: "The only man I have ever known who really *prayed the Prayers* was F. D. Maurice." So long as this is even tending to become true, surely a fatal canker is at the root of the Church, whose clergy it concerns. Mr. Gladstone's attitude does not surprise me. I well remember a conversation with him in either 1863 or 1867, which led me to say to a friend next day that, if in his time the Liberationist agitation came to a head, *he* would be the man to disestablish the Church. He laid down two positions: (1) The

Anglican Church is divine and (except in ecclesiastical machinery) unalterable; and (2) the State must bear itself impartially towards all the religions of its subjects. The inference is inevitable: the Church is unsusceptible of enlargement; the State must choose between the establishment of all religions and the establishment of none. The responsibility in this great matter rests primarily, it seems to me, with the serious-minded laity of the Church, especially the members of Parliament. They have *bound the clergy by subscription*, and it is shameful to throw the burden upon men thus placed. Pardon an old man's garrulity, and believe me, yours most truly,
JAMES MARTINEAU.

From A. J. WATERLOW, Esq.

19th October.

I am a Dissenter in religious matters, but I should regard it as a national calamity that the splendid inheritance we have belonging to our National Church should be dissipated and destroyed. Some day this large property and organisation may be even more usefully employed.

From the 8th DUKE OF ARGYLL.

November 5, 1885.

Mr. Gladstone's reply is, of course, quite valueless for the future. He speaks only for himself, and for the day after to-morrow. He is now a mere "opportunist," as every man must be who seeks no more than to lead for a short time so very motley a crew. The friends of the Established Church

should relax no exertion, although, of course, I fully admit that if her position is really so strong as to be unassailable, it would be best to sit absolutely still, saying, "Let them rave." But I do not think it quite her position—an adverse vote in the disorganised House of Commons might easily be got, or a "Resolution," and this would have a bad effect on the future of the question. The two Established Churches rest on different bases, and are open to different kinds of attack. But pure "Voluntaryism" as a principle, and almost as a dogma, is equally fatal to both; and this is the strongest enemy in Scotland. In my Glasgow speech I have indicated my own objection to the principle of Voluntaryism, as such; in England simple *jealousy* is the motive force, and this can't be met by an argument.

From the same.

November 30, 1885.

The controversy in the two countries does not turn *wholly* on the same arguments. That is to say, we in Scotland have long discussed it upon grounds in regard to spiritual independence which few, *as yet*, stand upon in England. But the main attack now—the demand for what is called "religious equality"—is equally applicable, and may be met by the same arguments. Gladstone's "peewit" illustration is hardly honest. If the Liberal party had got a triumphant majority, Chamberlain and Co. would have set aside Gladstone's *mot d'ordre* without scruple.

From the MARQUESS OF SALISBURY.

29th November.

They [the letters] were a very valuable contribution to the defence of the Church, and probably did more than any other statement of the case to rouse the attention and feelings of those whom it was of the greatest importance at that time to influence—namely, the large body of Liberal Churchmen.

From LORD HALIFAX.

November 18, 1885.

I thought your reply to Mr. Gladstone conclusive, and I cannot help saying how much he has disappointed me throughout the whole controversy. One in his position is bound to try and lead his countrymen in what he believes to be the right way; and though I might have disagreed with him, I should not have complained if he had declared himself in favour of a separation of Church and State, and told us why he was so. I might even have been convinced by his reasons; but what I cannot understand is his ignoring the whole merits of the question itself, and contenting himself with telling us it would be *difficult* to disestablish the Church. We require no leader to tell us that. It will be a great misfortune if Churchmen are led to identify themselves exclusively with any one political party, but if it is so, it will be largely Mr. Gladstone's fault, not for what he *has* said, but for what he has studiously refrained from saying.

From the EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.

10th November.

It is easy to understand Mr. Gladstone's difficulty, but it is quite impossible to admit his excuses for not speaking out. The Church question is one which he has made so peculiarly his own that he cannot but have some opinion, and he is morally bound not to conceal it. It is unfair to the country at large, to the supporters of the Church Establishment, and to the moderate Liberals themselves, that he should withhold his counsel; but, as he declines to speak out, it becomes doubly incumbent on the friends of the Church to make their own declaration of policy, and this is, I hope, one good result that may come out of the unsatisfactory language held by the spokesman of the Liberals.

From EARL SPENCER.

6th November.

I cannot add anything to strengthen what Mr. Gladstone has said, but I confess that as a Churchman I view with great alarm the line that has been taken by Churchmen and politicians on this subject. If the Liberation Society has made this election the occasion of pressing forward their views, this is no new policy on their part. They have long and consistently pushed their attacks. I do not therefore see why their action makes it incumbent on Liberals to answer categorically the question as to whether they will support Disestablishment or not. Many Liberals who are warmly attached to the

Church, and wish to maintain it, will very properly, in my opinion, decline to pledge themselves. The result of this action will be that the Church will be using its strength in favour of the Conservatives, and will be running the serious danger of alienating Liberals from its support. This seems to me very serious, for the strength of the Church rests in having men of all sides and views in its ranks. Any movement which has the tendency of leaving the support of the Church exclusively to Conservatives is, to my mind, wrong. I myself adhere strongly to the principles which were adopted by Mr. Gladstone in regard to the Irish Church, but the position of the English Church is very different at the present time.

From the HON. WALTER JAMES, M.P., *now Lord Northbourne.*

When the Church is separated from the State I cannot say who might be the residuary legatees of the property; but, in the main, I am confident it is never likely to pass to objects and purposes very different from those it is employed on now.

From LORD TENNYSON.

12th December.

The letters, as they have reached me separately, I have read with the greatest interest. With you I believe that the Disestablishment and Disendowment would prelude the downfall of much that is greatest in England. Abuses there are, no doubt, in Church as well as elsewhere, but these are not

past remedy. As to any "vital changes in our constitution," I could wish that some of our prominent politicians, who look to America as their ideal, might borrow from her an equivalent to that conservatively restrictive provision under the fifth article of her constitution. I believe it would be a great safeguard to our own in these days of ignorant and reckless theorists.

Lord Morley, in his "Life of Gladstone," is, not unnaturally, not expansive on the subject of Disestablishment, as it presented itself in 1885; but it is interesting to note that, in an account of some conversations with Mr. Chamberlain, written to Lord Granville by Mr. Gladstone on October 8, he says: "The question of the House of Lords and Disestablishment, he (Mr. Chamberlain) regards as still lying in the remoter distance;" that is, at an early date in the agitation Mr. Chamberlain had already, unknown to the Liberal party at large, relegated the attack on the Church to an indefinitely later period. Speaking of Mr. Gladstone's speeches in Midlothian just before the elections, Lord Morley says: "Disestablishment was his thorniest topic, for the scare of 'the Church in danger' was working considerable havoc in England, and every word on Scottish Disestablishment was sure to be translated to Establishment elsewhere. On the day on which he was to handle it, his entry is: 'Much rumination . . . spoke seventy minutes in Free Kirk Hall: a difficult

subject. The present agitation does not strengthen in my mind the principle of Establishment.' His leading text was a favourite and a salutary maxim of his, that 'it is a very serious responsibility to take political questions out of their proper time and their proper order,' and the summary of his speech was, that the party was agreed upon certain large and complicated questions, such as were enough for one Parliament to settle, and that it would be an error to attempt to thrust those questions aside, to cast them into shade and darkness, 'for the sake of a subject of which I will not undervalue the importance, but of which I utterly deny the maturity at the present moment.'"

Lord Morley implies that "the scare of 'the Church in danger'" was at this time little more than a party cry; if, as is of course likely, there were some who made use of it in this way, Bosworth Smith was not among them. It is not too much to say that he never advocated a cause in which he did not fervently believe. He had never been what is known as a party man, but the line which he had now taken had brought him into direct opposition with the leader, whom he had before regarded with almost idolising enthusiasm, and with the ideals of whose party he had hitherto sympathised. Two letters of his own show his attitude of mind:—

To Captain Eastwick.

I have read your letter aloud to my wife, and I can truly say that the effect of either a letter or a talk with you is, upon both of us, exactly what you describe as having been the effect upon you of a visit to Lord Shaftesbury. These letters have indeed come straight from my heart and conscience, and it is to this fact mainly that I attribute their astonishing effect. I did not dream when I wrote that first letter what it would lead to, or what enthusiasm they would cause. The correspondence that they have led to has been of quite extraordinary and unique interest, and includes nearly every one of mark in the Church and State who is not officially or by nature a partisan. . . . I believe and hope that I am in no way elated, but only deeply thankful for having thus been the instrument—I hope it is not presumptuous to say, in God's hand—of having helped forward a noble cause and roused people to a most real danger. Sometimes I feel humiliated at my having been in some sort pitched upon for this great work. I am not an ecclesiastic in any sense of the word. Church history and Church dogmas do not particularly interest me, but I have a firm belief in the vitality of Christianity, and think it would be sheer wickedness and folly to overthrow such a wonderful instrument for good as the English Church has been, and still more, may be in time to come. I only hope that the reprieve that has been gained may be utilised to the utmost to make the Church more useful still, and therefore more impregnable. . . . You will see Lord Tennyson's

letter to me on the Disestablishment letters, which his son and secretary, Hallam Tennyson, doubtless by his father's wish, asked me to publish. So I sent it to all the papers, and it will doubtless be quoted with effect hereafter when the next serious and reckless attack is made upon the Church.

To Professor Tyndall.

Allow me to give you a revised and collected copy, in a rather less ephemeral shape, of the letters you were good enough to say you had enjoyed reading. I well remember the keen pleasure I felt when, on meeting you on the stairs at the Royal Institution some years ago, you told me you had enjoyed reading my first lecture on Mohammedanism. That was my first effort of a public nature, and the kind sympathy expressed by a man of your eminence, who, I knew, did not like my standpoint, was a great encouragement to me, and I have never forgotten it. In the same way now, I know that you could not regard the Church as a civilising and humanising institution quite in the same light in which I do, but I could have felt certain beforehand that you could sympathise with the tone and spirit, and the appeal to a higher morality than is common among public men, which has animated them throughout. . . . They have had an extraordinary influence on the public mind. Nothing I have ever written has produced anything like the effect.

There is no need to conceal the fact, that Bosworth Smith felt a vivid pleasure in the apprecia-

tion of those whose opinion he valued ; a pleasure which is probably common to all but the most cynical and the most self-sufficing. A certain reticence usually prevents the open expression of this pleasure, but his nature was too impulsive, and, perhaps, too childlike to hide it, even had he wished to do so, and the desire for sympathy, not less than an ingenuous surprise at himself, sometimes impelled him to put in words what many keep to themselves. What gave pleasure to him, he was always anxious to extend to others. When any one spoke warmly of another to him, he made a point of transmitting the appreciation to him whom it concerned, for he believed that praise seldom harms, but rather that it warms the atmosphere of what sometimes seems a cold and self-centred world.

Nearly a quarter of a century has passed, and the attack on the Established Church of England has not been seriously renewed. Men's minds have grown familiar with the idea of Disestablishment, but until the question comes definitely forward, it is impossible to say whether the people of England consider that the Church has, since 1885, justified the efforts which were then made on her behalf, and whether men will once more be found to defend her with equal enthusiasm.[1] The idea of Disestablishment does not now, as it did formerly, strike all

[1] At the Pan-Anglican Congress of 1908, mention was made of the great revival in the Church dating from the attack on her in 1885.

earnest Churchmen alike with fear. In 1885, a working man, who wrote to Bosworth Smith on the subject, pointed out the wide distinction, which was patent to him, between the Church and the Establishment; and to many Churchmen it seems, as it seemed to him, that to do away with the Establishment, might yet leave the Church unharmed. On the question of Disendowment, which, unfortunately, must be bound up with that of Disestablishment, and which seemed to him to entail retrospective dishonesty, his views remained unaltered all his life.

He was asked to take part in the work of the Society for National Church Reform by the Hon. Albert Grey and Dr. Abbott, but this he declined, as details were never congenial to him, nor had he any aptitude for work on a committee. In December 1885, Mr. Longman asked him to edit a book in a popular form, which was to be entitled, "Why I should not Disestablish," and which was to contain the opinions of leading men on the subject. The idea was not specially attractive to him. On January 5, 1886, he wrote to Mr. Longman as follows:—

"I have not been idle since I saw you; I saw Dean Church after I left you. I went to Addington on Monday, and met there both archbishops, and the Bishops of London, Peterborough, and Durham. I went on Tuesday to Lord Egerton of Tatton, where I met the Bishop of Chester, and on Satur-

day to Davidson at Windsor, and with each of them I discussed the subject of the proposed book. The Archbishop of York thought there had been enough elaborate writing on the subject, and that the plan proposed would be the best, and to this the Archbishop of Canterbury quite came round. All were anxious on the whole that I should undertake it, though some took the view that I might be doing more original and therefore more worthy work. All agreed, however, that it would be a matter of great difficulty to induce the right and the most important people to write for it, and that a poor book, containing second-rate opinions of second-rate men, would be worse than useless. They urged upon me, however, that if any one could get the right people to write I could, for the general sympathy which my letters to the *Times* has called forth. I am prepared, therefore, to write as soon as possible some twenty letters to the very best and ablest men whose utterances could be of most weight, and if I get a fair proportion of favourable answers to undertake the book; otherwise not, for I should not be helping the cause, but the reverse, and nothing would induce me, holding the views that I do hold, to help to steer the vessel on the rocks."

Very few of the people to whom Bosworth Smith wrote saw their way to contributing to the proposed book, although Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, author of "John Inglesant," promised to attempt to write an essay on lines which seemed to him of peculiar interest.

From Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, *Author of "John Inglesant."*

January 10, 1886.

I regard the Church of England as a perfectly unique and priceless institution, at once the agent and the result of the highest pitch of cultured thought and existence, provided that culture speaks with authority, and is listened to with humility. This is the principle—you may call it an aristocratic principle if you like—which has ever been at the basis of the Church system, but in the case of our Church it has been so modified by State government, by lay patronage, by social ties, by sympathy with popular pleasures and pursuits, an inestimable legacy by the Catholic period, that the result has become the unique and priceless one which we see. But I do not look forward with hope to this state of things, and being able to resist the wild tempest of uneducated and ignorant democracy; and any tampering with the Church system to propitiate the democracy, to reconcile it with the principle of government from *below* instead of from *above*, would seem to me worse than a fairly compromised scheme of Disestablishment, which would, one might hope, still preserve a Church in the van of cultured thought and cultured and reasonable religion, which unites in an astonishing perfection such opposing elements as reason and sacramentalism, feudalism and democracy, the noble and the peasant, the man of the world and the saint, the agnostic and the fanatic for verbal inspiration. Should you find that a short article on these lines would be of any value, or

not clash with the general tone of your book, I shall be glad to see what I can do, but I *never* promise anything until I see whether I can in any degree satisfy myself.

From DR. JAMES MARTINEAU.

January 8, 1886.

Greatly interested as I am in your projected volume, I yet am obliged to decline the privilege of being a contributor to it. I have reached the age when work is slow and the time for it is short; yet when the incomplete designs of life press their claims with a rebuking importunity of appeal, the duty of concentration is plainly imperative on me, though rendered difficult by an unabated freshness of interest in the new movements of thought and social action. But I have too many arrears to discharge to permit my entrance on further engagements. The very large and complicated nature of this Church question oppresses me with a serious fear of the effect of flinging it, in a perfectly unshaped condition, into the chance medley of public discussion. If it were possible to refer the whole subject of Ecclesiastical Reform to a well-chosen council of the wise—perhaps in the shape of a Royal Commission—and reserve the first exhibition of it in all its relations till the presentation of their Report, subsequent discussion would fall within rational limits and proceed upon trustworthy data. But if the problem is pre-occupied by the competitions of incompetent disputants and dreamers, there is no knowing what nonsense may come uppermost, and what dissensions may

repel from each other people who have become committed to the absurd or the impossible. The difficulty of religious union in England lies, I am persuaded, much less in the essence of men's convictions and affections than in the mutual ignorance of Churchmen and Dissenters. They know little or nothing of each other's lives and literature; and though alike animated by intense national feeling, direct it chiefly upon opposite parties in the historical struggles which have made us what we are. It is time that this narrowness of admiration and sympathy should cease, and one sanctuary of reverence and piety should embrace both.—Believe me, yours very sincerely,

JAMES MARTINEAU.

From the EARL OF IDDESLEIGH.

10 DOWNING STREET,
January 13, 1886.

I have kept your letter for some days, feeling very uncertain as to the answer I should give. Your volume would, no doubt, be interesting and suggestive; and I would expect it to be valuable. But the scheme seems to me to be open to some objections. In the first place, I doubt whether it is for the friends of the Establishment principle to take the initiative in the struggle which their opponents may be presumed to be preparing for; I think it should rather be our line to defend when we are attacked, and not till then. I should say, that I do not mean by this that we should delay to amend what should be amended for the sake of defence; but that we should not begin

to discuss the grounds on which the principle or principles of Establishment rest prematurely. I doubt whether writers are likely to do themselves justice in a compilation of opinions written *ad hoc*: and if they put forward anything short of their best, their challengers will take advantage of any weak points and fasten upon those. Shades of difference of opinion between one writer and another, such as may be due to the different methods of approaching the question, will also be made much of, and may lead to explanation, and explanations are very awkward in a controversy. I do not pretend to have fully thought out the question, but, not liking to keep your letter unanswered any longer, I have put down some thoughts which have occurred to me. I shall be glad to hear whether you decide to go on. I am sure that if such a book is to be produced, you will bring it out better than any one I could name.

On the grounds which Lord Iddesleigh so clearly put forward, Bosworth Smith abandoned the task, and the project fell through.

On August 3, 1886, he made, at the annual meeting of the Church Defence Institution, what Lord Beauchamp characterised as a "nervous and eloquent speech." It was a warning not to be caught napping, an exhortation to fresh efforts, and incidentally he dwelt on one of the features of the Established Church, which, next to its historical aspect, appealed to him most nearly, the parochial system—"that system, which provides that in every

of course well known, it was brought to a successful conclusion.

In 1893, during Mr. Gladstone's fourth administration, an attack was made on the Welsh Church, and the injustice of the proposed Suspensory Bills roused his utmost indignation. In a letter to the *Times*, dated February 2, he drew a vivid picture of the Church, "on a sudden maimed, but not killed; manacled from without, but not enfeebled from within; forbidden even to die with dignity;" and, three weeks later, he called attention, in the same way, to three special points in the matter. First, "it is not the Welsh Church, or the 'English Church in Wales,' as it is sometimes absurdly called, it is the English and Welsh Churches together, which are the object of the attack; for it would be true to say that it is the old Welsh Church which has grown into and taken possession of her younger English sister." For seventy years past, the Welsh Church had shown all the signs of a reviving Church, and in Wales greed for land was at the root of the matter. The English Church should put forward her whole strength to defend her oldest and, for the moment only, her weakest member, and with her should be prepared to stand or fall. Secondly, it seemed to him both foolish and cruel that the Welsh Church should be condemned unheard in a single-night debate, and that the English Church should be thus torn to pieces practically by the Irish vote. Thirdly, once more

he recalled Mr. Gladstone's well-known love for the English Church, he quoted his past utterances, and contrasted them bitterly with his present actions.

The Scotch Church, no less than the Welsh, was also to be "suspended," and, as it seemed to him, from the same motives—jealousy and the necessity for votes in favour of the Home Rule Bill. In a letter to the *Times* on March 16, he attacked Mr. Gladstone with an impetuosity and growing bitterness, which were due in part, no doubt, to the views he entertained on the subject of Home Rule.

Here, as was often the case with the most impressive of Bosworth Smith's writings and speeches, a strong sense of abstract justice, and the equally strong emotion roused by any outrage on this abstract justice, took the place of a close knowledge of detail. Members of the Established Church of Scotland or of the Free Kirk would, for instance, probably have been able to name many reasons why the two Churches should not and could not unite once more, but both might well have recognised the warm generosity of his tribute to both Churches and to the "greatest of Scotch Secessionists," and both might well have been moved by the vigour and earnestness of his appeal from lower motives to the highest. In the same way, people who had studied minutely the question of religious bodies in Wales could, no doubt, have quoted facts and statistics which might have put the case in a different light. But a sense of abstract justice is a rarer, and, per-

haps, a not less valuable quality than the power of ascertaining and arranging facts and figures.

On May 16, 1893, Bosworth Smith was one of the speakers at a great meeting of protest against the Welsh Suspensory Bill in the Albert Hall. The speakers included, it would seem, the most representative Churchmen then living; amongst others, the two archbishops, the Bishops of London and Durham, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Selborne, Sir John Mowbray, and Professor Jebb.

The fall of Lord Rosebery's administration in 1895 carried with it Mr. Asquith's Welsh Disestablishment Bill, and the Welsh Church has had a further respite until the present year.

In March 1899, Bosworth Smith took part in the controversy that was raging in the Church with regard to the attitude of the English Church Union and certain ritualistic clergy. He himself was the first to admit that rubrics, vestments, and details of Church history appealed to him but little, and that he had no special knowledge on such matters, on which, however, in a controversy of this nature, exact knowledge is of the first importance. He was equally opposed in principle to the "Holborn recusants" and the violent methods of Mr. Kensit, and his letters in the *Times* and his article in the *Nineteenth Century* were calculated to please the extremists of neither party. But here again, it was not the details of the controversy that moved him; it was the wider point of view—the fear that the

Church should be weakened, possibly even disintegrated, not by attacks from without, but schism from within. That this should happen seemed to him the worst of all calamities, and on this ground he appealed earnestly to the advanced High Church party not to steer the vessel on the rocks.

A more peaceful and congenial occasion was his chairmanship of the Bible Society at Harrow, in March 1900. Few people knew their Bible better than he did; as a child he had read it through from beginning to end many times, rising in the early morning and sitting close to the dormer window of his little attic in the thatched Rectory. The illustrations which abound in his writings, when they do not come from Milton, are nearly always scriptural. He never willingly declined an invitation to help by his presence or his words any organisation which seemed to him to be for the general good, but the preparation of even a brief speech cost him considerable pains, for every word was weighed and carefully written out, and practically committed to memory before he would venture to address an audience. This speech, which was reprinted as "a model speech from the chair," ran as follows:—

"The Bible Society, it seems to me, has two recommendations beyond almost every other charitable or religious organisation in this country.

"First, it represents the unity of Christendom rather than its unfortunate divisions. It unites all Christians who are worthy of the name on a basis

firmer, deeper, more comprehensive, more truly Catholic, than those which involve any questions of Church government, or any formularies of belief, drawn up by professed theologians. It is behind and above and beyond them all. It is able to assist all other Christian agencies, many of which indeed, like the great Missionary Societies, could hardly exist without it, and that, too, without compromising either its own universality or their special aims.

"Secondly, it is the only Society of which it can be confidently affirmed that it does, and can do, nothing but good. Nobody can have too much of the Bible. In other societies, the agent, however little he himself may wish it, must be almost as prominent as the work he does. In the Bible Society the work is everything, the agent nothing. The agent is lost, as he would wish to be, in his work.

"And what a work it is to have issued, in 350 different languages, 160 millions of copies of the most venerable, the most universal, the most elevating, the most inspiring book in the world; the book which is a whole literature in itself, the work of statesman and legislator, historian and philosopher, poet and prophet, and apostle; the book which starts, in its first chapter, with the dim and distant origin of the human race, and which throws, in its later portions, gleams of celestial light on its remotest future; the book which has brought God down to man, and raised man towards God; the book which, above all the other religious books of the world, proclaims the true Fatherhood of God and the true brotherhood of humanity; finally, the book which, in its highest revelations of all,

exhibits the one divine example and the one perfect life."

A speech which he made as chairman of a large meeting for Church Defence at Dorchester in 1902 could not be called a "model speech from the chair," for it far exceeded the limits to which such a speech should be confined; but the Bishop of Bristol, Dr. Browne, aptly described it as "a most noble *apologia pro ecclesiâ suâ.*" He resumed here, in weighty and eloquent words, the reasons that were in him for his support of the National Church; reasons that had increased in cogency and number since the day when, twenty years earlier, he had first appeared as her champion. While he upheld the use of the word "Protestant," and pointed out that through the Evangelical movement of the early part of last century the Church had come into a more personal relation with God, he did full justice to the Anglican revival, which "put new meaning into formularies and ceremonies, which had seemed only half alive before, and has shown that art and order and beauty and music, as they come from God, so they may be made in their measure the handmaids of religion." Of the Liturgy he spoke with the reverent enthusiasm he always felt for it. "It possesses a Liturgy of incomparable beauty, which, without one jarring note, gives utterance at once to the deepest and simplest feelings of each human soul, and to the yearnings and aspirations of

the universal Church, and, mellowed by the spirit of the ages which is embalmed within it, seems, in the majestic harmonies of its language, to have already caught on earth a far-off echo of the music of the spheres, of the harmonies of heaven."

When Bosworth Smith had finally settled in Dorset, he was elected a member of the Salisbury Diocesan Synod, and later on as a representative member of the House of Laymen, and thus of the newly formed "Church Representative Council."

His increasing deafness precluded his usefulness in debate, but he spoke at times on matters about which he felt strongly, and always with effect. A speech on the restrictions imposed on the services of laymen in Church matters in 1906 is full of refreshing life and humour and good sense. "What claim have I," he said, "to be heard on the question of lay readerships? None whatever, on the ground of special experience in Church work. I have no natural turn for direct Church work, and if I were set down before you, my Lord Bishop, for examination in the functions of reading, speaking, catechising, and preaching, I am afraid I should cut a sorry figure. I should go away with a painful sense of my own emptiness, and without, I fear, your episcopal license." He complained that there was too much "cold water" about the scheme under which laymen were to be admitted to Church work. "We surely do not need to have it rubbed into us in every other line of the regulations that we are nothing but lay-

men and not priests. We may be Levites, or hardly even Levites, Nethinims, Gibeonites, hewers of wood and drawers of water in the service of the sanctuary, but we are not like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. We do not wish, like them, to claim the priesthood, any more than we wish to share their fate." He protested against the definite assent to the whole Book of Common Prayer and the whole Thirty-nine Articles, which was to be exacted from laymen before a license could be obtained—the time of such severe tests had long gone by; and he drew a humorous contrast between the zeal of a supposed layman, burning to utter his message, and the chill regulation which debarred him from the pulpit, and directed him to enter the reading-desk and there to read a "homily or somebody else's sermon." "Read a homily! Why, the very sound of it makes me feel drowsy and lifeless. What are the homilies? They were written by some of the Reformers, three or four hundred years ago, under royal command, and Queen Elizabeth herself directed, by one of her right royal orders, that they should be read Sunday after Sunday without a break, and as soon as the somewhat sombre series was finished, they were to begin over again. I myself have never heard one read, and the very phrase, 'I read him a homily,' or, worse still, 'He read me a homily,' has passed into a proverb for something which is severe and long and dull. As regards reading another person's

sermon, it was commonly believed in Dorset, in former times, that the chief object of the Archdeacon's triennial visitation was to give the clergy an opportunity for a friendly interchange of sermons. 'I do not know how it be,' said the gardener-coachman of one of these old-fashioned rectors, 'but our maister do seem to always get hold of a stock of uncommon dull ones.'"

In 1907 he spoke far more seriously on the position of the laity at the Representative Church Council at Westminster. By the terms of the draft constitution the Lay House was either "to accept or reject a measure in the terms in which it is submitted to them, and shall have no power to propose any amendment thereof." This clause seemed to Bosworth Smith to impose an indignity on the Lay House, who were thus to reject or accept what was submitted to them in silence. His protest was marked by all his old vigour and his unfailing indignation against what seemed to him injustice; but it was hotly opposed by the High Church party in the Council. The Bishop of Salisbury, after consultation with the archbishops, saved the situation, which seemed likely to end in a deadlock, by an ingenious amendment which met the views of the contending parties.

This chapter is an attempt to give an outline of what was one of the main works and interests of my father's life, to record the bare facts of his activity on behalf of the National Church, and the

effect of his efforts, both on the minds of thinking men and on the actual events of the time. His views on more salient points, when they have seemed specially characteristic, have been given, as far as possible, in the eloquent, if sometimes highly elaborated, language with which his thought naturally clothed itself. His many-sided mind was rich in ideas and illustrations, and his difficulty, especially in later years, lay in compression, although he would often, at the suggestion of a humble critic, sacrifice an epithet, or curtail an over-long sentence with a half-amused sigh of resignation. Occasionally, perhaps, he unconsciously exercised the faculty—common to all people of vivid imagination and quick emotions—of persuading himself into convictions which grew in strength by the force of his own eloquence. But his convictions were none the less sincere if they were arrived at through the emotions rather than through the cold processes of reason, and there was nearly always a freshness, sincerity, and a loftiness about his point of view on no matter what subject, which compelled interest and commanded respect, even if they did not always carry conviction with them.

His chief practical work for the Church was done in 1885, when the force and eloquence of his utterances—as the letters of one great Churchman after another, now in my possession, not less than those of many a leading layman, abundantly testify—were largely, perhaps mainly, instrumental in re-

pelling the threatened attack on the Establishment. But his whole life—with his personal kindness and sympathy and love, his untiring labour on behalf of all that he thought worthy, his ever-widening charity of outlook—was a daily witness to the living power of his simple faith.

CHAPTER VIII

THE NEAR EAST—UGANDA—HOME RULE—LAY HEADMASTERSHIP

ALTHOUGH Bosworth Smith's literary life falls naturally into certain divisions, such as, for instance, the times when his main energies were concentrated on his book on Mohammed, or on his "Life of Lord Lawrence," or, again, on his writings which relate to the National Church, the record of his interests and his activity would be by no means complete, unless mention were made of other subjects which, on various occasions, roused his enthusiasm or his indignation.

This chapter, which endeavours to deal, superficially enough, with some of the main subjects on which he wrote and spoke, must necessarily be disjointed in form; but without some such attempt to bring together his miscellaneous writings, no picture of his many-sidedness could be obtained.

His earliest writings on foreign politics were naturally suggested by his study of Mohammedanism, and the attitude he took up was determined by his sympathetic interest in all that touched Mohammedan nations.

In 1876 Mr. Gladstone's burning words had raised everywhere a storm of resentment against the Turks ; Canon Liddon and Canon McColl had returned with their tales of Bulgarian atrocities, and the country had been flooded with literature and speeches, in which the Turk was branded as a scarcely human monster, who must be chased from Europe—to vent his rage on Asiatics instead of Europeans. It needed some courage, on the part of a man so little known as Bosworth Smith then was, to point out, at this moment, that there was a good side to the Turkish character, however impotent, corrupt, and cruel the Turkish Government might be ; to remind people that Christian nations themselves had learnt religious tolerance only in the nineteenth century, and that every act of cruelty or injustice committed in the Turkish Empire "was as emphatically and repeatedly condemned by the Koran as by the Bible itself." His dread of Russia —always one of the keynotes of all that he wrote on Eastern questions—of her bad faith and her aggressive tendencies, no less than his horror at the cruelties of General Kaufmann's recent Turcoman campaign, made the idea that she should succeed to the inheritance of the Turks in Europe intolerable to him.

In a week's hard work he put together his views in an article which, with its just and vivid appreciations of the Turks and Bulgarians themselves, and its now partly realised suggestions, is as valuable

a contribution to Balkan literature to-day as it was thirty-three years ago.

He took the article to Mr. Knowles, afterwards Sir James Knowles, editor of the *Contemporary Review*. Mr. Knowles had published Mr. Gladstone's and Canon McColl's articles on the other side; he had other articles on hand in the opposite sense; but he was persuaded by a note from Mr. Kegan Paul to read what Bosworth Smith had written. He was delighted with it, and gave it a place of honour in the next number of his *Review*, where it appeared in December 1876, as a pendant to Mr. Gladstone's "Hellenic Factor in the Eastern Question."

That Bosworth Smith overrated the possibility of reforms in Turkey under the control of the Great Powers, subsequent events have proved; but had England been able to take then what he called her grand chance, had she become the protector of the Christian populations of the Turkish Empire, much of their sufferings during the past decades might have been averted. He looked forward confidently to the time, which now at last seems a stage nearer, when the Turk should "be ready to take his place peaceably on terms of social and religious equality among the nations which make up his empire."

Early in 1877 he wrote an energetic letter to the *Times* headed "Inaction or Coercion"—the alternative policies, that is, between which his friend Mr. Bryce had declared that England must now

take her choice in the Near East. It was a further appeal "not to stir the fire with the sword," to give the Turks another chance to set their own house in order. With all his enthusiasm for the grand qualities of Islam, he hardly realised that, unlike other religions, its strength is to "sit still," changing nothing, conceding nothing to the unbeliever. The conservatism of Islam seems almost to preclude the possibility of fundamental reform.

In two letters to the *Times*, in 1878, on the subject of the Russian advance on Khiva, he repeated the lessons to be learnt from Russian tactics in Asia in the past, and urged that Christian civilisation can only be established in semi-barbarous countries by convincing the natives that "European supremacy means supremacy of justice, moderation, and of unswerving good faith."

Two characteristics mark all his utterances on subjects where weaker races are concerned: an eager championship of their rights, and an appeal, from the mere exigencies of the moment, to what he confidently believed was the English national sense of justice and uprightness. His quickness to perceive where these things were involved is illustrated by a brief and powerful letter to the *Times* in 1884, when he was among the first Englishmen to protest against a price being put on the head of Osman Digna. "No considerations of political expediency can justify us in seeking to get rid of a brave foe by treachery and assassination."

In February 1885, he raised his voice against undue haste in deciding to advance on Khartoum. If we went there only to avenge General Gordon's death and then to return, we should leave confusion worse confounded; but if we were prepared to remain and to bring order out of anarchy, no sacrifice would be too great.

A subject on which his utmost indignation was aroused was the painful one of Stanley's rear column. There is no need now to dwell on the details of that bitter controversy; but the gist of his argument, as it appeared in an article in the *Contemporary Review* for January 1891, was that to hush up discreditable truths, to assume that actions, which would be condemned in Europe, were justifiable when they were done among savage tribes, would be to involve the deterioration of those qualities on which Englishmen had hitherto prided themselves in their dealings with weaker races. The "divine right" of Lord Salisbury, or of any one else, to partition out what did not belong to them was a perplexing matter, but more important still was the question, Is Africa to be exploited for selfish ends, or "to be helped forward—Africa for Africans—to a natural development of her own?" The question has an even wider application and importance at the present day than it had some twenty years ago.

In the autumn of 1892, Bosworth Smith joined in the brief and successful campaign which had for its object the retention of Uganda. The Liberal

Government had threatened to evacuate the country within three months, and had in advance "disclaimed all responsibility for the consequences of evacuation." Here, again, he was one of the first (probably, outside the small circle of those who were immediately interested in Uganda, the first of all) to realise that the good faith and honour of England were involved in the question. On October 18, 1892, he wrote a letter to the *Times* headed "The Cry of Uganda," and, as he rarely failed to do when he wrote or spoke on any subject on which he was deeply moved, his words at once raised the matter to a higher level and into purer air. It was no longer a question of commercial gain or loss, but of the good name of England in uncivilised Africa. To him it seemed that to abandon to their fate natives with whom we had entered into engagements was treachery of the worst kind; for evacuation would mean for them anarchy, massacre, and slavery. Uganda, which had been first explored by British travellers, and which was consecrated by the memories of heroic missionaries and native converts, seemed, of all places in Africa, the one spot marked out as belonging naturally to England. And, most important of all, it was in Uganda, from its geographical position, that a blow could best be struck at the internal slave trade of Africa.

There was no time to be lost if public opinion were to be stirred up; and two days later a deputation from the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery

Society waited on Lord Rosebery at the Foreign Office. Bosworth Smith, in a short speech in which he urged the views contained in his *Times* letter, used the phrase "the continuity of the moral policy of England." Lord Rosebery "fastened on the phrase, and made it the text of some of the most soul-stirring of his brilliant sentences" in his reply to the deputation. A few days later Bosworth Smith, in a further letter to the *Times*, developed the idea of this "moral continuity," which, together with the instincts of freedom, of empire, and of philanthropy, he considered one of the chief characteristics of the history and the people of England. "It is upon our moral force, upon our determination to govern for the good of the governed, that our empire rests. If an act of cold-blooded cruelty is reported—from India or from the depths of Africa—as committed by an Englishman, a nerve is touched, and the sensation vibrates to the heart and the extremities of the empire. And it is to their conviction that such are our objects that we owe it that the natives, who rarely love us—for we are too cold and unimaginative for that—yet everywhere respect and trust us." There has never, he claimed, been a break in our moral policy, for here there can be no question of party, and nowhere has the continuity of our policy been more marked than in our attitude towards slavery and the slave trade. To abandon a territory where we should have the best possible chance of stopping the "open sore"

of the internal slave traffic would be to lose our place in the forefront of the battle against evil.

The two *Times* letters were reprinted by those who were interested in the question, and they had a large circulation. Meetings of protest were organised all over the country, and he was asked to speak in many directions.

On November 10th he spoke at a meeting organised by the present Bishop of Peterborough, at Kensington Town Hall, at which the Marquis of Lorne (now the Duke of Argyll) and Captain Lugard (now Sir Frederick Lugard)[1] were the other chief speakers. On November 14th he spoke at Leeds, on November 25th at Cambridge, on December 2nd at Birmingham, and, once again, on December 12th, at Rugby; and on December 13th he followed up the matter by a third letter to the *Times*, headed "Is Uganda safe?" The appointment of Sir Gerald Portal as Commissioner, "to report and not to rule," seemed to him no guarantee for the future, and he condemned the attitude of the Government towards the East African Company, which had borne the burden of the day in Uganda. He reiterated his belief that the railway should be made at once, and that a firm policy should be announced.

[1] It gives a touch of human interest to record that, all through his splendid and almost single-handed work in Uganda, Captain Lugard had been suffering tortures from toothache, without the possibility of relief; and, when he came back to England, his time was so entirely taken up by his efforts on behalf of the country that weeks again elapsed before he could spare time to think of his own health.

But the day had already been won, and won by the strenuous efforts of a few men, who, by their eloquence and conviction, had been able to rouse public opinion and to influence the decisions of the Government.

From all sides Bosworth Smith received enthusiastic appreciation of his share in the work.

Lord Ebury, then in his ninety-second year, wrote on October 26:—

"My dear old friend,—that is, the friendship is old, but the man is not. I feel that he will be disappointed if amongst the many early congratulations he will be receiving to-day he does not see my handwriting. I never read a more able or eloquent letter than that which appeared under your signature in yesterday's *Times*, or one which spoke more directly and judiciously to the people of England at such a moment as this."

"We shall not go back now," wrote Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff,[1] "but we should have done so, had it not been for the vigorous protests." Canon Tristram, of Durham, told him that his much-quoted phrase, "the continuity of moral policy," had become a household word already, and Professor Buckle said that he was charmed with the expression. "Your sentences ring like a trumpet call, and make one's blood run quick and with some of the fire of youth," wrote the Rev. A. Aglen,

[1] No British official "employed in the Egyptian service during the early days of the occupation," says Lord Cromer, "did more to make the name of England respected than Sir Colin Scott-Moncrieff."

his old Marlborough friend. The Rev. F. Hayward Joyce wrote: "You are one of the men who are teaching your fellow-countrymen to think noble thoughts of England and to take a pride in her name and fame."

Dr. Martineau said he was one of those "whose gratitude and admiration were deeply stirred by the letters. They were too weighty and impressive to spend themselves on the flying sheet of a day."

Lord Salisbury wrote on November 6, 1892: "The proposal to evacuate Uganda is a very unwise one. We have never before had such a chance of crushing the slave trade in its home—and we never shall have it again. If we keep the line of the hills and make the railway, the slave trade must die out."

The episode was a brief one, but in its completeness and success it might well form a source of thankfulness to one whose disinterested efforts had done so much for the cause. It is strange to reflect, that not one of the inhabitants of Uganda, who are now living peacefully under settled British rule, has ever heard the name or known of the existence of the white man, to whose burning sense of what was due to a weaker race they owe in no small degree their present safety and prosperity.

A few notes on his own career, which were found among Bosworth's Smith's papers, conclude with a brief statement of his views on Home Rule. The notes were written in 1886.

"I am strongly against giving an independent or separate Parliament to Ireland, above all, under existing conditions, and in the way and at the time in which Mr. Gladstone has proposed it. Early in December 1885 (before, that is, the 'balloon' had been sent up from Hawarden) I wrote to the *Times* urging that the leaders of both sides should hold a conference and come to an agreement, before Parliament met, as to what it was safe and what it was not safe to yield to the Irish demands; and early in February this year (1886) (before, that is, Lord Hartington and other leading Liberals had announced their determination to oppose Mr. Gladstone's disintegrating proposals) I wrote an article, which was published in the March number of the *National Review*, headed 'The Liberal Party and Home Rule,' in which, in the strongest terms that I could command, I called upon the Liberals, who had again and again declared against Home Rule, to have the courage of their convictions, and to refuse to swallow their most sacred pledges at the bidding of a leader, however eminent."

The *National Review* article was reprinted by the Irish Loyal and Patriotic Union. It was a forcible statement of the views which led to the severance of the Liberal party in 1886; it admitted to the full the misdeeds and mistakes that had been committed by the English in Ireland, but deprecated the idea that undue concessions should be made now, in order to secure the Parnellite vote. Bosworth Smith had little sympathy with the type of mind of either Sir William Vernon Harcourt or of

Mr. Chamberlain, and the recent attack on the Church had greatly embittered him against the latter, and there is a good deal of strong language about both of these politicians in his writings. It was, of course, a parting of the ways for many, and Home Rule meant in some cases the breach, not only of political, but of personal friendships. Although Bosworth Smith claimed that he could honour those who were avowed and convinced believers in Mr. Gladstone's scheme, he found it difficult to realise that some of his own friends were among this number, and for him, as for many others, it was a time of some heart-burning and bitterness, although, in his case, there was, happily, no kind of permanent breach with any of his friends.

A letter to him from the late Duke of Argyll shows the feeling among those who had been of Mr. Gladstone's own friends and party :—

March 4, 1886.

The position of affairs is unprecedented and incredible. I hear that Cabinet Ministers have no conception what their leader is to propose. But they will swallow anything! at least, I fear so; and what is much worse, a large part of the new constituencies will also swallow anything that Gladstone proposes.

This is a most unsafe condition of things. We are tied to the tail of a sky-rocket—as violent in its rush, as uncertain in its goal.

It was the same silence of those who ought to

have the courage to speak out, the same consequent uncertainty of the rank and file of Mr. Gladstone's party as to the nature of the measures they would be called on to support, which led, in August 1892, to one of the most notable of all Bosworth Smith's many letters to the *Times*. He called his letter "The Conspiracy of Silence"; it was written in a remote village on Exmoor, and its composition shows the influence of leisure and meditation, more than is the case with some of the letters which he dashed off at white heat in the midst of his toils at Harrow.

The passage descriptive of the first meeting of Parliament after the recent elections—whether the interpretation put on the scene be accepted or not—is simple and dramatic:—

"The great consult began. Mr. Asquith was put up to move the amendment to the address, and to apologise for his impertinent curiosity at an earlier stage of the proceedings. He said his '*peccavi*' with a good grace and a good heart, and sat down gagged henceforward; and, doubtless, he will have his reward. Mr. Redmond, on behalf of the Parnellites, formulated his demands with a clearness which left nothing, Mr. M'Carthy, on behalf of the Anti-Parnellites, with a clearness that left little, to be desired; both of them going in the direction of total separation, far beyond what any English Gladstonian had hitherto hinted was possible. Now was Mr. Gladstone's chance, if words of his and of others were to have any meaning, and if pledges were to have any binding

force, to declare the Irish demands to be wholly inadmissible. He practically ignored Mr. Redmond altogether, and met Mr. M'Carthy's demands with a cloud of words which might mean everything or nothing, according to the prepossessions of the hearer and the shifting contingencies of the future.

"There was one chance more. Mr. Chamberlain, in a memorable speech, quoted trenchant sentences from the speeches or letters of two late Chief Secretaries for Ireland, and challenged them each and all to say then and there whether they stood by their words or recanted them. Like Milton's fallen archangels—

'They heard and were abashed,'

and would that I could add, what Milton adds, even of his fallen archangels—

'And up they sprung.'

Posterity will hardly believe that not one of them stirred or uttered a word. There is a silence of stolidity, there is a silence of perplexity, there is a silence of exasperation, there is a silence of expectation, there is a silence of moral cowardice. On one side of the House there was the silence of expectation. Which was it on the other? . . . We have heard of 'One man, one vote.' Has it already come to this with the great Liberal party—the party of free thought and free speech—to 'One man, one voice'? . . . They knew that the inherent impossibilities of Mr. Gladstone's Irish policy are impossibilities still. There is still the nearness to England, which makes political separation—the

only policy which thorough-going Irish Home Rulers think worth fighting for — impracticable; there are still in Ireland the irreconcilable differences of manner, race, and creed; there are still in it, not one nation, but two nations."

Although there was not now an article in Mr. Gladstone's programme with which Bosworth Smith was in sympathy, he still felt his personal fascination. "From our childhood upwards," Dr. Butler has said of Mr. Gladstone, "we have all talked of him, read of him, wondered at him, praised or blamed, loved or dreaded, supported or opposed; but never has he been to us either nothing or but little." What Mr. Gladstone thought or said or did, still mattered intensely to those who, like Bosworth Smith, had given him their earliest and most fervent admiration. "The spectacle of a man of Mr. Gladstone's years and of his surpassing ability struggling in an all but hopeless case, in the full belief that the policy, whatever means he may use towards it, is for the good of the State, is a spectacle in itself, which all can, in a measure, marvel at and admire." The reverse side of the picture "is a spectacle which makes his warmest admirers mourn, and over which angels themselves might weep."

A year later, when the Home Rule Bill, by means, as he thought, of the gag and the guillotine, had passed the House of Commons, in a second letter, entitled "The Outcome of the Conspiracy

of Silence," he compared Mr. Gladstone's attitude with that of the Arabian prophet who, "when the messages revealed to him from day to day by the Angel Gabriel were found to differ too glaringly from one another, was, it is said, compelled to invent the essentially opportunist doctrine that a subsequent revelation cancelled a previous one. Mr. Gladstone has improved upon his prototype. The prior revelation is not annulled; it is only temporarily suspended, and may be called to life at any moment."

He had not yet said his last word on Mr. Gladstone's fourth Administration, or rather what remained of it, after Mr. Gladstone's retirement and Lord Rosebery's accession to power. A Government whose *raison d'être* had been Home Rule ought, so he wrote in the *Times* in May 1894, to disappear with the retirement of the one man in it who was pledged to the measure. He feared that Lord Rosebery, for whose abilities and statesmanship he expressed warm admiration, might compromise his future career by the prolongation of the state of things which now seemed intolerable.

With the exception of a single occasion, Bosworth Smith wrote nothing on educational subjects. This one exception (which, though it affected his own profession primarily, had an importance considerably beyond it) was the question of lay headmastership. Until recent

years a lay schoolmaster was absolutely debarred from rising to the highest position in his profession, with the result that, as clerical candidates alone were eligible for headmasterships, and as they numbered about one-eighth of the whole profession, the field of choice was greatly limited, and did not necessarily include the men best suited for the posts. Again, an unfair inducement to take Holy Orders was thus virtually held out to men who felt no special call to the service of the Church, and who yet wished to rise in their profession.

In a private letter, written in 1863, with reference to the testimonials which candidature for such posts involved, Bosworth Smith says:—

"I think religious views ought not to be paraded in a testimonial. They ought rather to be inferred from what is said about one's general character and likelihood of doing as one ought, by persons who are known not to undervalue religious truth themselves. In common language, religious views mean religious war-cries and shibboleths, with none of which I am prepared to identify myself. A man's deepest feelings need not always be hung up to view in the most conspicuous place."

The idea of obtaining a headmastership came to him more than once in the course of his career; and once, in 1876, in view of the definite possibility of the headmastership of Marlborough,

when there would have been no chance for a layman, he had earnestly debated the question of ordination for himself. Such a step would have seemed natural enough to those who afterwards came to know him as a champion of the National Church, or to those who knew anything of the beauty of his character and the firmness of his belief. But he hesitated; he disapproved more, perhaps, at that time of the principle of subscription, even for the clergy, than he did in later life, and however well fitted he might be for the work of a clergyman, it would, nevertheless, have been impossible to deny that he had sought ordination not primarily for its own sake, but for other motives. His best advisers were all against the step.

"I agree with every word —— says," wrote one whose affection for him and whose knowledge of his character were unsurpassed, "as to your real fitness for the Church, and think he was very right in his judgment of your 'pastoral gifts,' and yet I have a dread that your divergency from the Church of England may be too great for you to bind yourself to all her doctrines and formularies, when you go thoroughly into the question. And, further, even if you found yourself honestly able to do so now, a mind constituted like yours — so full of *growth* and development, and so open to new convictions —may, by-and-by, find itself hampered by the ordination vows, and a painful conflict might

arise between your conscience in the matter of personal belief and your conscience as a clergyman of the Church of England, and master of Marlborough. Also, what you said in your former note about your dislike of the sacerdotal parts of your duty, was just what I had supposed in you, and seems a point to dwell upon seriously. It was such a pleasure to hear from —— that you were greatly beloved at Harrow."

There can be no doubt that his decision not to be ordained and not to stand for this post was a wise one. His influence in later years, especially in his support of the National Church, was due largely to the fact that he was an independent layman, and not a clergyman. Ecclesiastical control (though on principle he always upheld it) would, unless very judiciously exercised, have been liable to irritate him, while details of organisation and administration, such as must fall within a headmaster's duties, were not his strongest points, and were not especially congenial to him.

In March 1895, there was a correspondence in the *Times* on this subject, in relation to the election of a headmaster for Rugby. It was pointed out that Dr. Arnold had insisted that "nearly every one of his assistants should be ordained, because he regarded a mastership as a cure of souls." "May we not now," Bosworth Smith wrote, "take rather the converse view, and say that nearly every

assistant master regards his mastership as so fundamentally a 'cure of souls'—he discharges, unchallenged and without rebuke, so many pastoral functions—that he regards ordination as in no degree essential to his religious work. Parents, it is said, require ordination as the best guarantee for a religious education. But does ordination in itself give any guarantee which cannot be obtained in other ways by due inquiry? If a man does not feel an inward impulse towards ordination, he will not be more, but less, fitted for religious work, should he have been induced to take Holy Orders, either by personal ambition or by the pressure of a headmaster, even such a headmaster as Dr. Arnold."

Bosworth Smith felt that the Bishop of London had moved the whole question forward greatly when he stated, though he would prefer a clergyman, *cœteris paribus*, to a layman for Rugby, yet "if I found evidence to satisfy me that a layman was distinctly superior to all the other candidates, I should certainly vote for him." Mr. Charles Roundell, who had always advocated the principle that laymen should be eligible for headmasterships, quoted in the *Times* a letter from Mr. Henry Hart of Sedbergh. "Lay headmastership," wrote Mr. Hart, "seems to me urgently needed, now that so many good schoolmasters do not take orders. At Harrow we always felt that we should prefer a sermon from Bowen or Bosworth Smith himself to many that we heard."

He felt so strongly that to debar laymen, as such, from these posts was as unwise as it was unjust, that he rejoiced when his friend Henry Hart was among the first to break the spell, and to become Headmaster of Sedbergh School. In 1903, he had the satisfaction, as Governor of Marlborough College, of being instrumental in the election of a layman to that headmastership, not by any means simply because Mr. F. Fletcher was a layman, but because he regarded him, on his own merits, as the best candidate, and because the election seemed to establish a principle for which he had always contended.

From first to last, some thirty letters by Bosworth Smith on various subjects appeared in the *Times*, "that unique instrument for speaking *et urbi et orbi*," as he called it; and it seems fitting here to acknowledge once more, as he so often did himself, the kindness of the editor of the *Times*, who thus enabled him to speak to thinking men and women all over the world.

"What a power is gone from us," wrote the Bishop of Salisbury when he had passed away. It is impossible not to wonder whether, had his lines been cast in other places, that power could not have been more widely felt and still usefully employed. And yet, if he himself did not regret the way in which his life was spent, why should others regret it for him? Neither the Church, the Bar, nor the University could have offered him an

entirely congenial career, though he might well have gained distinction there. For actual administrative work he had no special aptitude, although few could grasp a subject both in its broad lines and in its details better than he. Party politics were never to his liking, and his deliberate, highly finished manner of speech would have been out of place in the modern House of Commons. More leisure in which to enjoy life, more leisure for literary work, this one could have wished for him, but perhaps in no other profession could he have preserved more completely his freedom of thought and speech, and in no other could his personal influence have reached so directly so large a number of lives.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Randall Davidson, writing of "him who was to so many of us a stimulating and inspiring friend," says:—

"It must now be some forty-five years since I began to learn all sorts of helpful things from him at Harrow, and from those days onwards I have scarcely ever met him—and happily the occasions were always presenting themselves—without going away the better for something that he said. His life has been one of genuinely high service to a very wide circle. Some of us owe to him our *first* thoughts about the greatness of India and about the story of Islam, and about Uganda, and many other abiding things."

From his daughter, no critical estimate of his place in literature or of his work in life will be ex-

pected, but this at least she may say confidently, that in public life he never spoke or wrote except with earnest conviction of the truth of what he said, and of the need for saying it, and that he used his great gifts for no small or selfish or party ends. He could see the larger issues, the moral principles involved in each question that moved him to speech, and, over and over again, he was able to say the words which made others see things as he did. His books owe their interest and their charm to the same sincerity of purpose, clearness of vision, and human sympathy, which made his influence over all who came within its sphere so strong, so abiding, and so beautiful. Of him it could be said with truth that the more one knew him the more one loved him, the more one realised the deep tenderness, the simplicity, and the richness of his nature.

Photo: *W. Pouncy, Dorchester*

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE

CHAPTER IX

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE—"BIRD LIFE"—CONCLUSION

In August 1901, my father took up his abode permanently at Bingham's Melcombe in Dorsetshire, an old manor-house eleven miles from Dorchester on one side, and ten from Blandford on the other. The all too short seven years that followed were perhaps the happiest and not the least characteristic of his happy life. Now that the pressure of work, which had often almost overwhelmed him at Harrow, was removed, he could at last divide his time as he himself wished; he could devote long hours to books, to talk, to weeding, to wandering about his well-loved garden, where each point of view brought him its own special pleasure. It is as he was at Melcombe, genial, kindly, never unoccupied, always contented, in surroundings that were in harmony with him as he with them, that those who loved him like best to recall him.

His power of enjoyment and his freshness of mind were unimpaired, and his keen interest in life in all its aspects was in no way dulled. Time had

only mellowed his whole character and his way of looking at things. The impetuosity of early days, which had sometimes led him into hasty controversy or extreme views, had disappeared. Life had taught him a wide tolerance, and his sympathy and charity overflowed alike on the just and the unjust. It seemed to pain him physically if a hasty or uncharitable judgment were uttered in his presence. He himself looked for kindness and friendliness everywhere, and he found them, and his whole nature expanded in the atmosphere of peace and leisure which seemed to belong to his beautiful home.

In his "Bird Life" Bosworth Smith has drawn a picture of Bingham's Melcombe to which no word need be added; he has described its massive gatehouse, its inner courtyard, where in summer-time the faint pink of massed hydrangeas blends delicately with the mellow Ham Hill stone of its carved and gabled oriel, its bowling-green, its walled ladies' garden, venerable yew hedge, long green walks, fishponds and shrubberies, its peaceful and lonely surroundings. "I love it all," he said to his eldest daughter, in the last week that he was to spend there, "more every time I come back to it, even after I have been away from it for an hour."

The rock garden, which he made himself on a sunny slope with the aid of broken pieces of old carved stone, was perhaps his chief pleasure of all. Every year, or twice a year, he would surreptitiously

deprive the kitchen garden on either side of yet another strip of ground, which would be joined on to the former rock garden so ingeniously, that his wife would fail to detect the change, until it was too late to correct the boundary. A new plant for his rock garden was almost as great a pleasure as a new curiosity for his collection.

The house dates, in its earliest part, back to the time of King Stephen, in the latest addition to that of Queen Anne; the beautiful oriel was built in the time of Queen Mary. Within, the great "Armada Table," some fine oak furniture, and several pictures preserve the continuity of the eight hundred years of the Binghams' occupation. Bosworth Smith's own possessions, inherited or collected by himself: old furniture, old china, pictures, and above all, his curiosities—West African canoes and arrows, Dervish spears, devil-dancers' masks, Albanian guns, Buddhas, knives from Central Asia, carvings from India and Armenia, Thibetan banners, Mexican and Cyprus pottery, Basutoland ornaments, his unique "moons" from Suffolk, strange gods and bones and figures and weapons—found an admirable setting in the hall and panelled rooms of Bingham's Melcombe. And what a variety of donors had contributed to this great collection: Colonial Bishops and Governors, former pupils, native Africans, men who had travelled for sport or for duty in some of the wildest places of the earth, his own children, who were scattered far

over the world! His enjoyment of his curiosities never waned: one of the pleasures of his last summer was the making out of a catalogue of his collection, aided by his son Reginald; and in his last week at Melcombe, the expression of a face on a Dervish wand from Damascus, which had just been brought to him, caused him amusement, even in all his pain and anxiety.

A few weeks only had passed since they had settled at Bingham's Melcombe, when a great sorrow fell on Bosworth Smith and his family. The second son, Alan Wyldbore, a lieutenant in the Royal Navy, a typical sailor, a keen lover of sport,[1] cheery, open-handed, warm-hearted, met a sailor's death as a sailor should meet it. He had been commissioned to bring a new turbine destroyer, the *Cobra*, round from Newcastle to Portsmouth. It was the first time such a task had been entrusted to him, and he was proud of the honour. They put to sea on September 17, in a gale which became a storm, and in the early morning of the 18th the ill-fated destroyer—owing to

[1] His father greatly appreciated this story of Alan. Once, when he was out shooting in the desert near Suakim, he took off his boots in order to get near a *dig-dig* (a kind of antelope), and after securing the animal he found his boots had vanished, and had to limp back as best he might to the ship, where the ship's surgeon extracted no less than 343 thorns from his feet and legs. *Three* Arabs claimed rewards for *three* boots which they had found. As a little boy of seven, Alan greatly amused his father by announcing that he thought "scenery was made for girls"; and when as a midshipman he visited the Pantheon at Rome, his only comment in his letter was, "Dogs are not admitted."

some structural defect, as the court-martial subsequently found—broke her back in the waves, sixty-two of the seventy-seven men on board perishing with her. "Lieutenant Bosworth Smith died at his post, like the gallant officer and gentleman that he was. It is stated by one of the survivors that, having given the last few instructions that were necessary, the unfortunate lieutenant stood on the bridge with folded arms and watched with calmness and fortitude the departure of the only link between himself and the world from which he was being cut off for ever."[1]

Writing to his lifelong friend, Mr. Charles Moule, Fellow and Librarian of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, Bosworth Smith says, on October 2:—

"It is the first break in our family, and his poor mother is terribly crushed by it, but even now she is able to feel a glow of pride sometimes at the way the poor boy met his end. We cannot call him ill-fated, for how could he or any one have died better? We had hoped at our time of life that we might pass away without the agony of losing a child—but it was not to be. His example, however, will do good, and stimulate and elevate long after we have gone."

The brass tablets to Alan's memory in the little church at Melcombe and in Salisbury Cathedral, inscribed with his father's words, may well, for those

[1] The *Sketch*, October 2, 1901.

whose eyes light on them, call up a picture of a brave death, where simple duty became unconscious heroism. The text, "I will fear no evil," which follows the brief inscription, was found underlined years before by his childish hand in his old Bible, and his parents added a promise of consolation: "Mine own will I bring again from the depths of the sea."

Another loss came in April 1902, in the sudden death of Sir Harry Langhorne Thompson, K.C.M.G., who had married Bosworth Smith's eldest daughter. Sir Harry was then Administrator of St. Lucia, in the West Indies.

"He was a man of remarkable simplicity of mind and character," Bosworth Smith said of him; "straightforward and unselfish, genial and considerate, even-tempered and sympathetic. In his reports and despatches, which were models of clearness and insight, he did full justice to every one—but to himself. His highest ambition was to do the work he had in hand, and right well he did it. While Administrator of St. Vincent, in a most depressing period of West Indian history, he had to deal with the widespread devastation and misery caused by the terrible hurricane of 1898. He won the hearts of all, and his energy, his endurance, his ability, his success, received the unstinting praise of his chief, Sir Alfred Moloney. He was loved by the people of the dependencies which he helped to govern, in Cyprus as in the West Indies, as very few Englishmen are loved."

These great sorrows, which Bosworth Smith felt almost as much for what they meant to others as for what they meant to himself, darkened the beginning of the Melcombe life. Before this, when trouble had come—and his grief at the death of his parents and those dear to him had been intense—there had always been the solace of work that must be done—a solace, it is true, which numbs rather than consoles. His was a disposition, however, which turned naturally to sources of consolation, and though he was at all times liable to moods of depression, it was generally possible for those who knew him to help him, and he would quickly respond to their efforts to cheer and interest him. To those who realised this side of his character, he seemed one of those "happy souls" spoken of in the old hymn, which, with its allusion to the "birds that sing and fly" in Paradise, always specially appealed to him.

"I do not like the idea of all *work* being over," he wrote to Mr. Charles Moule, just before he actually left Harrow, "even though I feel I have done the work of an ordinary lifetime."

But work of different kinds came naturally to him at Bingham's Melcombe also. He took part, as far as his growing deafness would allow, in the public life of the county. He became a Vice-president of the Dorset Field Club, and often read papers before the Society, and greatly enjoyed

their expeditions. He was elected a member of the Salisbury Diocesan Synod, and later, of the House of Laymen at Westminster. He was frequently asked to speak on various occasions, and—no matter how small the gathering might be—he would spare no pains, whether he were well or ill, in the preparation of a little address, which often had much of the charm and distinction of his more elaborate writings. "Any cause," said the editor of the *Dorset County Chronicle*, who always took a patriotic pride in his career as a distinguished son of Dorset, "which succeeded in obtaining his support by word or pen was fortunate. He touched nothing that he did not adorn." Whether it was a political speech—and it was often the personal character of the candidate whom he was supporting that seemed to him as important as his opinions—or a presentation to the Bishop, or an address to a Labourers' Improvement Society, or even an attack on the Education Bill, there was always the same happy humour, the same love of the country, and especially of the county of Dorset, which would appeal strongly to his hearers. He had the gift of putting things in what seemed to his audience exactly the right words, and they would recognise their own sentiments and opinions expressed with a literary finish, which gave them a pleasant feeling of surprise.

Bosworth Smith understood and sympathised with every phase of country life; he delighted in

a talk with a labourer or farmer, whom he might meet in the fields and lanes about Melcombe; people in Dorset are seldom in a hurry, and these talks would sometimes be of surprising length. One who had listened to some of these casual conversations, said that he marvelled at the way in which, in a few minutes' sympathetic questioning, he seemed to bring out of the man all the special knowledge and original characteristics that were in him. Another recalls his kindly interest in a strange old Dorset wanderer, who for years had had a grievance against his kind, and for years had never slept under a roof. Years before at Harrow, it had often been his custom on Bank Holidays to invite all passers-by into his garden, to rest or wander about as they liked—a privilege which his unknown guests never abused—while he would talk to them delightfully about his flowers and birds. Personal sympathy and human interest of this kind have a very real value of their own.

He fully realised what the life of a country doctor must be, as he showed by a little picture which he drew of its hardships, difficulties, and possibilities, on the occasion of a presentation to the doctor of his own widespread and lonely district; and to people who might say hard things of the country clergy, he would say: "Think what it must mean to be the only man of education, perhaps, in a parish, and to preach, Sunday after Sunday, to the same people without the help of any outside

stimulus, and always to be troubled by want of means."

When he first came to settle at Melcombe, my father had looked forward with great pleasure to the near neighbourhood of Mr. John Mansel-Pleydell, "the *beau idéal* of a country gentleman, a man of profound scientific attainments, but simple as a child, with a keen sense of humour, with benevolence written on every line of his countenance, and with a charm of presence and manner which won all hearts."

Mr. Mansel-Pleydell's long letters to him, beginning always, "My very dear Bosworth," deal chiefly, perhaps, with Church matters, in which he was a doughty champion of the Evangelical party. They were in completer sympathy still where natural history and Dorset lore were concerned. When Bosworth Smith first came back to Dorset he could easily ride, or even walk, accompanied by his younger daughters, the eight or nine miles of down and wood which separated Melcombe from Whatcombe and the Down House, the homes of his two great friends, Mr. Mansel-Pleydell and Sir William Smith-Marriott, and visits to and from them were among the chief joys of his Melcombe life. Mr. Mansel-Pleydell's death in 1902 left a blank for him which never could be filled. His picture, with those of a few men whom he especially loved and honoured—Bishop Cotton, Dean Bradley, Dr. Martineau, Sir Henry

Yule, and his own father—hung always above his study table.

Another country gentleman of the same high-minded, unself-seeking nature, was Mr. Kindersley-Porcher, no less than six of whose sons had been in Bosworth Smith's house at Harrow. Almost the last published words that he was to write sketched Mr. Kindersley-Porcher's life of tireless energy on behalf of his tenants and his county, and commemorated in him the things which he himself prized most in life — simplicity of character and whole-hearted service of God and man.

But in spite of the pleasure of such friendships and of a return to his beloved Dorset, there was at first the inevitable feeling that life would be less interesting and less full than it had been in the past. "You will have plenty of time to write now," people used often to say to him, when he first came to Melcombe. "But I have nothing to say," he would answer; "I am quite played out." "Why don't you write something about birds," it was suggested to him; "it would be no trouble to you—it would only mean writing down what you know already, and what you are always thinking about, as you sit on the bowling-green or walk by the fish-ponds—you would *enjoy* doing it." And it was in this way that he came to write a series of charming essays on the birds which he knew best—his "Bird Life and Bird Lore"—the book which, with its close and loving observation of nature, its wealth of

stories and quotation, its passages of delightful word painting, its freshness, and, above all, its unconscious revelation of himself, won him more friends than anything else he had ever written.

Much of the book is autobiographical. "The Thatched Rectory and its Birds" reveals, incidentally, what his old home was and always meant to him; the chapters on bird life at Melcombe show glimpses of his own daily life there, not less than that of the owls, the wagtails, and the kingfishers. All that he recounts is real and interesting and vivid, just because it is the result of his own watchings and waitings, which gave him his insight into the lives of birds—an insight which, surely, was scarcely less than an instinct.

Something of the charm of the book is due to the fact that he often appeals directly to the reader in the second person, so that there is throughout the feeling of a conversation with a delightful companion. "You must be prepared," he says, for example, "when you put your arm into what you fancy to be an owl's hole, sometimes for a disappointment, sometimes for a smart rebuff." "Look out of the window upon the bowling-green, at the very first dawn of day, and listen to 'the earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds' in the shrubs close by. You may catch sight, if you are lucky, of the hedgehog scuttling off when, like the ghost in 'Hamlet,' he scents the 'morning air,' from the soft, sweet grass, which he has been searching all night for

insects, towards the friendly shelter of the old yew hedge."

Here is a sample of the pictures, which the passer-by—though he may perhaps lack the inclination to rise at dawn, or to venture his hand into the hole of an owl—may yet see for himself in many a landscape:—

"See how the swallow sips the nectar as he flies, and, taking his morning bath, will all but dip himself beneath it, ruffling the surface into little ever-expanding circles, till at last—not, I think, because he is tired, he does not seem to know what fatigue is—he will perch on the dead branch of some overhanging tree, and there, for the space of several minutes together, he will first shake off the dew-drops, and then, puffing out his little frame, will delicately preen his bright plumage, lifting first one wing and then another high above his body, and burying, for a moment or two, his chestnut head in the cosiest corner beneath it; and then, after pouring forth the ecstasy of his heart in twittering song—one of the most jubilant sounds in nature—will launch off again into his native air."

An account of Bosworth Smith's life is not the place for anything like a review of his books, even though his "Bird Life" is, in the truest sense, a record of what may be called the golden thread that ran through all his days—his love of nature; but one or two other passages must be quoted to show something of the quality both of his writing and of his observation. Here is a little vignette, which recalls

a Bewick tail-piece or a figure from a novel by his friend Thomas Hardy:—

"The fame of 'the thatcher,' generally an hereditary occupation handed down, in long and jealous succession, from father to son, spreads, if only he be an adept in his art, far beyond his own to all the surrounding villages. A cluster of ricks, his handiwork, marvels of symmetry and neatness, and often set off with fantastically twisted ornaments of straw at the top, are the admiration of every passer-by. . . . He is often skilled in folk-lore. He knows the inner character of each house and household better, perhaps, than any one else; for he has advantages of his own; he can look down upon the inhabitants, observing but unobserved, from his lofty perch, and can hardly help catching glimpses of them through the windows, as he ascends or descends his inseparable companion, the ladder."

The delicate accuracy of perception and expression in his account of flight shooting recalls Turgenieff's wonderful "Sketches of a Sportsman":—

"The moor-hen, the coot, and the water-rail creep forth from their lurking-places in the withy bed, and, with a cheery note of confidence, call to their fellows to follow their example. The dabchick dives and disports herself, in careless security, on the moonlit water at your very feet. The water-rat scuttles along in the stiff herbage, or, sitting up on his hind legs, cleans his face at

his leisure. The wild cries of the snipe and the heron, the peewit and the curlew, the golden plover and the sandpiper—birds heard but not seen—startle and charm the silence. It is not for them that you are watching and waiting. A little later, and you catch in the distance the loud whirring of unnumbered wings; you hear the shrill cry of the leading duck or widgeon, anxious, in the gloom, to keep his followers together—and I would remark that all the birds that fly by night have, with this end in view, a loud, shrill cry—you just catch sight of them, and they are gone; gone, as they fly, three gunshots aloft, towards some more favoured feeding-ground far up the river."

Or take the description of one of the hereditary roosting-places of the starling—"one of the most interesting sights that birds can give us within the limits of the British Isles":—

"It is a hazel plantation in the middle of open upland fields. Go there an hour before sunset, and the place is as sombre and silent as the grave; but first one and then another company come dropping in from all points of the compass, increasing in size and frequency as the minutes pass on, some of them of 'numbers numberless,' and very high in air, as though coming from a great distance, and gathering others to them, like a rolling snowball, as they make their way onward. They first pitch in the grass fields around, 'making the green one' black. When they rise in a body, it is 'as with

the sound of thunder heard remote.' As they pass over your head they literally darken the air, and they go through a series of most intricate evolutions without so much as one sound from their throats. But, at a signal, given we know not how, they swoop down in a moment into their roosting-bushes; and then, for a quarter of an hour or more, each of the myriad throats exerts itself to its utmost in one continuous 'charm' or twitter — their vesper hymn, which can be heard at the distance of half a mile, and which I can only compare to the sound of multitudinous waterfalls. At another signal there is a sudden and absolute hush, and then perfect silence ensues till an hour before sunrise next morning, when matins are sung with the same overpowering force, and for the same duration. Then they rise in one vast body, circle round a little, and finally move off, each in his proper flock, to their happy and widely scattered hunting-grounds."

Bosworth Smith has himself clearly defined the scope of his book:—

"I pretend to no scientific knowledge of the subject, but the observations and the studies—even if they should be somewhat 'random and desultory'—of any one who has loved birds with a passionate love all his life may have some little value of their own. They may rouse a general interest in the subject which purely scientific details may fail to do. They may add to the enjoyment of country life, and they may

tend towards the preservation of birds which, even if they are guilty of an occasional depredation on game or on the flock, surely do much more than atone for it by the oddities of their habits, by the beauty of their movements, and by their sonorous cries."

The book "aims at penetrating, as far as may be," he says again, "behind the graceful shapes, the lissom movements, the beautiful mask of feathers, to the eager little life, vivid, attractive, mysterious, almost, but not, I think, quite impenetrable, which underlies them all. By so doing it aims at creating an interest in birds, which . . . will give a kind of sixth sense to its possessor, lending a fresh charm to every walk, to every copse, to every hedgerow, peopling them with ever appearing, ever disappearing, friends—friends hitherto unnoticed and unknown—and enabling the eye to see what it has never properly seen, the ear to hear what it has never fully heard, and the imagination to picture to itself what it has never consciously imagined before."

Here and there he dwells on what he calls the "human background" to his birds, and his illustrations from literature and amusing stories from real life make the book a treasure-house of "things old and new." The choice of a title was a matter of difficulty; there was so much about human beings, so much about the country in general, that his youngest daughter, Joan, suggested "Birds and

Digressions from Them" as a more appropriate title than the one he finally chose.

The papers appeared first in a series of articles in the *Nineteenth Century*, spread over the time between November 1902 and February 1904; each paper as it appeared brought him a number of cordially appreciative letters, not the least enthusiastic of which were from the editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, Sir James Knowles, who wrote, in December 1902:—

"I shall be charmed to have some more articles of the same kind as the 'Owls,' whenever you will send them to me, and feel sure that you will make 'Ravens' equally fascinating. Everybody is delighted with the 'Owls,' including, I feel sure, themselves, although they may be too blind to recognise their benefactor. Pray keep the series for the *Nineteenth* alone, and do not be bribed away elsewhere!"

And again later, Sir James wrote: "I trust the series will go on, and shall be excited to know who will be the next candidate for your fascinating aviary, for it will be *very* fascinating and refreshing."

Sir Archibald Geikie, with whom for many years past a warm friendship had existed, wrote:—

"Will you let me say with what delight I have read your article on owls? The closeness of observation and wide range of knowledge of the subject would alone arrest attention; but you have touched

it all off with such literary deftness, that I am sure every reader must wish that you may be induced to continue such papers."

Some of his correspondents—no small proportion of whom were personally unknown to him—such as Dr. Jacob Cooper, for instance, of New Brunswick, U.S.A., sent him stories and observations of their own, many of which enriched his essays, when, in 1905, they were republished as a book by Mr. John Murray.

To a great extent it would seem that his object was attained; the first edition of his book sold out at once, the reviews were cordial, and if, as Sir Archibald Geikie says, "the best reward a writer can have is to find that he can give pleasure to other people," Bosworth Smith received that reward in full, for the many letters that came to him spoke of "the unfeigned pleasure," "the intense enjoyment," the book had given them, and the words "charming," "delightful," and "fascinating" seem to come naturally to the pens of all his correspondents when they write of it. Each chapter in turn was singled out by one or another as the best in the book.

"That he who could write 'The Wild Duck' will write no more," wrote one of his nearest friends, "is doubtless like the *farewell* performances of Mario and Grisi, which, if I don't mis-remember, amounted to some five hundred; and tho' I fear yours will hardly amount to as many as *that*, I

hope their number will be figuratively legion. Remember the fate of the poor gentleman who laid up his talents in a napkin and got drowned or burnt alive or died of thirst, which, according to Captain Marryat, is the worst death of all, and write off another as soon as mebbe."

Sir Archibald Geikie told him his volume should "stand on the same shelf, shoulder to shoulder, with old Gilbert White. As works of art, apart altogether from their enthusiasm and knowledge of bird life, your pages stand on a far higher level than his. Could you not some day take up a definite bit of Dorset—your own home, for instance—and do for it, in your own way, what White did for Selborne? If ever you do that, let me come and write a letter or two on the geology, which is scarcely less interesting than the birds."

"I don't know much about birds," wrote his brother-in-law, R. W. Wickham, "but I do about Bos, and as the book is so very much the man as well as the bird, it is very fascinating. His soul is as simple as that of his feathered friends." "The birds have been heroes more completely after your own heart even than Mohammed or Hannibal or Lord Lawrence," wrote his sister Eva; and he was especially touched by a few words from the great-great-niece of Gilbert White.

He had by no means counted on winning the approval of scientific naturalists, but he had nevertheless the pleasure of appreciation,

among others, from Professor Alfred Newton, Mr. W. H. Hudson (for whose works, especially the "Naturalist in La Plata" and "British Birds," he had the warmest admiration), his own former pupil, Mr. G. E. H. Barrett-Hamilton, and the late Professor Leverkühn, a well-known continental authority on birds, who was at that time secretary and librarian to H.R.H. the Prince of Bulgaria.

Bosworth Smith repeated his paper on "Owls" as a lecture at many of the public schools, and wherever the lectures or the articles are known, there has been the same appreciation of them, though the hope expressed by more than one reviewer, that the book would "find a place in every bird-lover's library," has, so far, by no means been realised.[1]

"I am persuaded from long personal experience," he writes in "Bird Life," "that an enthusiastic love of nature and a genuine love of sport may often go hand in hand. A naturalist need not necessarily be a sportsman, but a man cannot be a true sportsman who is not also a true naturalist, for the simple reason that a true sportsman is never a butcher—he hates killing merely as killing. He cares far more for the freshness of the air, for the fragrance

[1] Birds were for him, as he says himself, "the solace, the recreation, the passion of a lifetime," and there is a special fitness in the fact that the last words of his that will see the light should be a series of articles on birds, which he had written for "The British Book of Birds" edited by F. B. Kirkman, which will be published (by Messrs. Jack) about the same time as these pages.

of the heather, for the myriad beauties of the moor, the forest, or the stubble field; for the 'working' and evident enjoyment of his dogs; for the engrossing interest, and therefore the complete rest from work, which it gives to a busy man; for the health, the strength, the skill, the energy, the endurance called for by his favourite pursuit, and increased by it in turn, than for the mere brute weight of his bag. In other words, with him the chase is worth more than the game, the process itself and its accompaniments than the results."

To this declaration of faith, his further views on sport are a natural corollary; he detested the principle of big battues, as much as he disliked the idea of shooting syndicates, who value the land only according to the number of the head of game; and he abhorred the wholesale destruction of birds of prey, simply with a view of increasing "the number of animals slaughtered at the annual battue." He maintained that the kestrel, the buzzard, and the whole tribe of owls rarely touched a bird, and denounced, in the strongest terms he could command, the pole-trap "with all its unspeakable tortures," and an equally infernal invention which at the time was much advertised, not only in his book but in private letters, at the Bird Protection Society, and in the *Times*.

That his book had a direct influence of a practical kind was shown by letters which he received from land-owners in several parts of the country, telling him—and how it rejoiced his heart!—that

they had given orders to their keepers to spare owls and ravens and magpies, and other birds of prey, as far as possible or altogether, and from others, here and there, telling him of the "sanctuaries" for wild life on their estates. It was a personal and intense relief to him when, thanks to the exertions of the Buxton family and others of the same opinions, himself included, the "accursed" pole-trap was made illegal.

Bosworth Smith's own love of sport remained keen as ever, as long as, and even longer than, his physical strength held out. He enjoyed a day's hunting—although his family never felt sure that he would not be thinking more of the scenery at a critical moment than of his horse—and he would face any fatigue for the pleasure of a day's duck-shooting on the ground of his friend, Mr. Robert Hayne, or elsewhere in Dorset. He always looked on duck-shooting as the finest form of English shooting—partly, no doubt, because it took him into the places he loved best of all, the water meadows that fringe and intersect the heath country. His annual visit to the kindest of kind friends, Mr. Phelps and his son at Overton, for partridge-shooting, was a great enjoyment to him. His interest in his sons' sport, whether in the Punjaub or in Basutoland—where his fifth son, Mervyn, is known as a fearless and untireable hunter—was as unfailing as his interest in the details of their very different careers. But he would, in the same way, travel any distance to

see a nest or a bird that might be unfamiliar to him, not only to spots in Dorset, like Melcombe Park—the least disturbed haunt for wild life in the neighbourhood—or to his favourite clumps, where the ravens used to build, but on one occasion he went to Darnaway in the North of Scotland, whither Lord Moray specially asked him to come in order to see a peregrine falcon's nest, and to Doune in Perthshire, where Lord Moray's keeper was able to show him four nests that were new to him—the capercailzie, the yellow wagtail, the water ouzel or dipper, and the golden plover. In 1907, he went with his wife to stay at Chillingham Castle, in Northumberland, with Sir Andrew and Lady Noble, whose son George was one of the keenest naturalists Bosworth Smith had had in his house at Harrow, in order to see the sea birds nesting in the Farne Islands, an experience which fulfilled his highest expectations.

"In the first ten minutes after we had landed on the principal island," writes his wife, "we had seen eighteen different birds on their nests. Everywhere we trod into puffin holes which literally perforated the ground. We gazed at an inaccessible crag, which makes a peninsula off the island, and which was so crammed with gulls on their eggs, that when a mother bird wished to return after going off to feed, it seemed impossible for her to make room for herself at all again, and how she knew which were her own eggs is a mystery. We saw the eider-duck, the oyster-catcher, and the lesser

tern on their nests that day. Lindisfarne interested him just as much in another way."

During the years at Melcombe, there is no doubt that my father enjoyed general society more than he had ever done before. He would drive any distance for the pleasure of seeing an old house, a beautiful garden, or a charming person, and it was a delight to him to make his house, which was equally near, or rather equally remote, from every one, the meeting-place for friends and relations, who inhabited the most distant corners of the country. He never wearied of showing his house and garden to visitors, many of whom were often complete strangers, who had been attracted to the place through the guide-books or through his own writings. People who like old houses generally know something about them, and if the visitors were appreciative, as indeed they always were, their host seemed to find fresh pleasure in his own possessions every time that he showed them.

The list of chance visitors who came to this remote manor-house is a surprisingly long one, and it contains not a few notable names. Twenty or thirty at tea in the courtyard—most of them unexpected or even unknown guests—was no unusual thing for days together during the summer. If any one repined at the number of people who had "never seen Bingham's Melcombe," and who

therefore would like to see it, it was never the master of the house. There were few, indeed, who did not go away charmed and refreshed by his courtesy and kindness. To the end he retained the gift of making new friends, and, as Mr. James Bryce has said, "no truer friend ever lived." The nature of his work, its disinterestedness, its freedom from all party considerations, not less than the nature of his profession, precluded all possibility of worldly distinction for himself; but he used his not inconsiderable influence over and over again on behalf of others. Where a few words from him or some personal trouble could avail—for instance, a preface to a book of verses by a child-poetess, or an election at the Athenæum—he would be unsparing of his efforts.

Bingham's Melcombe was a home to which his children loved to return from the distant corners of the earth to which their fate had led them. Their mother's unfailing letters had kept them in constant touch with home; his own, if they were not so frequent, were none the less delightful. His children could always treat him as a friend, and they could count on his entering into every detail of their lives with interest. To discuss a matter with him was to tell him everything, knowing that no complication was too complicated for him, that he would understand and remember everything, that his sympathy would abound, to comfort, to counsel, or—scarcely less precious—to

dispel a difficulty or disagreement, by a sudden appreciation of the humorous side of it. He was quite unmusical himself, but he liked to hear everything about his daughter Frida's musical career, and he was equally interested in his younger daughters' drawings, although his own taste in art was rather a matter of association than of critical knowledge. In later years, when he could not hear general conversation, he liked to be told, by the child who sat next him, any and everything that was said; and if the remarks retailed were in any degree incisive or amusing, his face would light up with intense enjoyment, and he would take up the points with a quickness and intuition that made one realise yet more fully the trial deafness was to him.

It was a delight to him to feel that some representatives, at least, of the friendships of each period of his life came to see him at Melcombe—friends of the old Stafford, Milton Abbas, Marlborough, and Oxford days, no less than those of later years. Visits to and from Lord Peel were a special pleasure to him, and it would be difficult to name any one whose conversation he enjoyed more. He and his wife stayed with Lord and Lady Wimborne, where on one interesting occasion they met Lord Hugh Cecil and Dean Wace—a party which represented opposite poles of Church opinion, no one of which was perhaps very near his own; with Lord Eustace Cecil at Lytchett, whose varied interests and kind-

ness made such visits a real refreshment; with Mr. and Mrs. Wilton Allhusen in Skye, where he greatly enjoyed the grouse-shooting, the scenery, the sight of ravens, and the pleasure of being with congenial hosts; and at Lexden, with Sir Mountstuart Grant-Duff, in whose company one was immediately brought into touch with books and men and women of the past, in a way which seems to have vanished with him.

Bosworth Smith's interest in his Dorset neighbours, rich and poor, and his liking for them, were warm and genuine, and their appreciation of him was evident. "Nothing was too small for his great mind," was said of him by one who enjoyed his talk and interest about people and current events, as well as about more serious subjects. "Talking to him was like going into a better country—he was like no one else," another friend wrote; and a third, one of the younger generations, paid him a compliment after his own heart when he said, "You would never think that Mr. Bosworth Smith was a very clever man from the way he talks to all of us; he never seems busy, and yet he is always working and writing, and one would never guess it." To young people he was specially kind and gentle; only the cynical, the supercilious, the selfish, or the entirely frivolous found no place in his heart.

The letters which came from far and near after he had passed away were a revelation, even to those nearest to him, of the affection he had called

forth. Almost every letter added a personal touch, a special trait or memory, from which, perhaps, a better picture of what he was could be drawn than by any more studied or elaborate means.

"I do not think," writes Mr. Alexander Foote, who was for a time a near neighbour, whose talk had been one of the pleasures of Bosworth Smith's Melcombe life, and whose graphic, Whistler-like sketch was written on the impulse of the moment, when the news of his death reached him, "that I ever met any one who attracted me so strongly after a short acquaintance as he did. Such an interesting personality! A Richard Jefferies with wider sympathies, a David Thoreau with a saner judgment. Happy, like the American philosopher in his Walden, with the birds and flowers, he could still at times scent the battle afar off in Church and State, and hear 'the thunder of the captains and the shouting.' Imperishable memories of the kindly face with its strong lines and its changing lights; of the great unfailing urbanity and the old-world courtesy! In our little world he was a radiating focus of goodwill, and his entrance into a room was as though another candle had been lighted. We have lost him, but we have not lost all his influence for good. He has left us all a very great and excellent legacy of hallowed memories."

"Bosworth Smith belonged to the great world of letters," wrote Canon Edward Bernard, Chancellor of the Diocese of Salisbury; "it was there that he made his mark, and there he will continue to be honoured, but his remembrance will also live among his own Dorset people in his own

diocese. . . . Born and bred in Dorset, of a family long known and honoured, he was all his life a true Dorset man, though for thirty-seven years his work lay elsewhere. It was indeed a gain to the county to have as a resident a man of so much ability, so patriotic, courageous, and independent, and not less was it a gain to the diocese. 'He was lovable.' That was what one said of him, who knew him well, and it was most true. He had a warm heart, and every one felt it. In his life there was no waste, or at least, none that man could perceive. He used all his gifts faithfully, for he was true to his favourite motto, *Labor omnia vincit*. He was one who knew the trials of the age, the doubts and difficulties that beset our faith. But he cherished that blessing of his early training, and it supported and held him fast. His faith was supported by love and worked by love. He loved his own, his friends and neighbours, his dear county of Dorset; he loved his Church and his country. He loved nature in its varying moods; he loved all God's creatures, the birds, the beasts, the flowers. So he has passed from us with a life, *not wasted*, having fully learnt the main lesson of life, the lesson of love."

"It is difficult to say what epithet one would choose as most distinctive of him," wrote Mr. F. Gore-Browne, K.C. "I should, I think, select 'great-hearted,' to include love of country, love of home, love of others, kindliness, sympathy, and generosity of heart."

"The county has suffered a heavy bereavement," wrote the editor of the *Dorset County*

Photo: *Captain J. Acland*

BINGHAM'S MELCOMBE

Chronicle, "but no Dorset man has ever passed away who enjoyed a higher degree of admiration and esteem."

The two letters which follow were written by Bosworth Smith to two friends of his boyhood; they show something of the quick, warm appreciation of the work of others, and that wonderful sympathy in their sorrows, which enriched the lives of those who came within the sphere of it.

The following letter is to Mr. Charles Moule. It refers to a beautiful little poem which Mr. Moule had written, in 1904, on the death of his brother, Henry Moule, whose knowledge of Dorset was only surpassed by his love of it:—

"That elegy is most touching, and quite, I think, perfect. It is Barnes *at his very best*. How Henry would have loved to have such an elegy written on him, written by a brother, written in his own Dorset, and each stanza giving a complete little etching of himself, or of some scene in Dorset which he knew and had sketched. Handley's poem, too, is delightful. Needless to say, I have cut both out and kept them, though it will be hardly necessary for years, for I know the verses almost by heart."

The second letter, written in 1906 to the Bishop of Durham, Dr. Handley Moule, relates to the memoir of his daughter—a book which, in its simplicity and beauty, had affected him profoundly. Bishop Moule had told him that almost the last thing that he had read to his daughter, not of a

directly spiritual nature, had been parts of "Bird Life":—

"I would not write to you till I had read the little memoir which you have so kindly sent me; and now that I have read it, I hardly know how to express in words the effect it has had upon me. I have hardly ever read anything more touching or more beautiful. It brought tears to my eyes often as I read it, nor do I think I have ever read a book which made me more realise the real power of religion to give courage, patience, unselfishness, beauty, happiness under the most distressing circumstances. What a sweet character, what a sweet face and pose of the head, and what power and courage she had! What a comfort it must have been to you and to her mother to be able to record so much of what she said and did and thought, and what a delight, too, it must be to you to feel that, through the wide circulation of the memoir—at which I do not wonder now that I have read it—what a power for good she is still and is destined to be in this world as well as in that to which she has been translated! There are many passages in the book which I should like read to me when my own end is drawing near."

He never uttered the empty commonplaces of consolation, which he knew sounded like mockery to those whose light had gone out, but he seemed to find the thing to say that would bring comfort, and to say it in simple words which went straight to the heart.

To one who was grieving to think that she might

perhaps have done more for one who was gone, he wrote:—

"It is perhaps the beginning of the end of all your misunderstandings, and the coming to the surface of that *under-current of love* which, though it is sometimes hidden by the froth and foam on the surface, is still flowing on in full force all the time."

One of Bosworth Smith's efforts during his Melcombe years was in keeping with the place and his own life there, and it showed in a measure a return to the old ideas and influence of his upbringing at Stafford Rectory.

"Early in 1907," writes his wife, "a request came from my brother Archie (Archdale Palmer Wickham, Vicar of Martock, Prebendary of Wells, and Rural Dean) to help him at a meeting at Martock to promote the better observance of 'Sunday.' After the usual amount of persuasion and smoothing away of the difficulties, that at first would predominate in his mind, before he would undertake any fresh writing or face any fresh scheme I might suggest to him (he used to say the very word 'scheme' on my lips would make him tremble), he yielded and set to work. He liked to get a thing written out in my writing after he had worked it well into shape himself, because he declared that put it all clearly before him. After the speech at Martock, Bos became thoroughly interested in the subject, and early in April, at the Diocesan Synod at Salisbury, he proposed the motion, 'That the rapidly increasing appetite for

amusement, and the corresponding neglect of religious ordinances, threaten to prove a national calamity.' Colonel Robert Williams, Major Dugdale, and others supported it, and it was carried unanimously. In July his views on Sunday observance appeared as an article in the *National Review*, and the editor allowed it to be reprinted at the request of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. The attractive little green book called 'Sunday' has had a very wide circulation, and what he said awoke a sympathetic response in very many directions."

He himself took no ultra-Puritanical view of Sunday. "The Puritans, if they laid to heart the first part of the verse, 'This is the day that the Lord hath made,' forgot or seemed to forget the second part, which is the corollary to it, 'We will rejoice and be glad in it.' Sunday was with them a day of religious gloom, when long and dreary services at church were followed up almost immediately by equally long and dreary services at home. It was a day of prohibitions and restrictions: even Sunday toys—the irreproachable Noah's ark among them—were discouraged; and what was more ill-judging still, heaven itself was represented as little else than a prolongation, to all eternity, of such gloomy days on earth; a place

> 'Where congregations ne'er break up
> And Sabbaths never end'!

What wonder that a young boy, when asked in-

sinuatingly by a religious relative which day of the week he preferred, replied without hesitation, 'Monday, much.' 'Why so?' asked the disappointed inquirer. 'Because it is furthest from Sunday.'"

The English people had hitherto steered happily between this extreme and the continental extreme; but now it seemed to him that peace, "the central feeling of all happiness," had well-nigh disappeared. His picture of a country Sunday ("The very birds—I have noticed it all my life—seem tamer, blither, and are more easily approached, as though they were half conscious that, during the Truce of God, they were safe from the hand of man") forms a pendant to a description of the hustle and rush to get out of London, the pleasure-seeking, the total lack of consideration for the work entailed on others, on what should be a day of rest for all.

He realised how infinitely greater were the excuses for those who work all the week, and who must crave for change and fresh air on Sundays; and he rejoiced to think that "the study and enjoyment on Sunday afternoons of the beautiful and the spiritual in works of art" was now possible, at all events, for the inhabitants of large towns. He thought that to secularise Sunday would be to lose an institution "intended to give man time to develop his higher nature, to take stock of his position, thinking of the past and future as well as of the

ever-importunate present, to enable him to join with others, during some set portion of the day, in prayer and praise, and so to gain the strength which comes from a common purpose and from the contagion of numbers"; and he thought that the question affected "the well-being in the highest sense of the word—physical, moral, intellectual, spiritual—of every man, woman, and child in the country." Rest, he held, was a condition of all fruitful labour, but rest means change of occupation—and this leisure for calm thought and self-improvement was an essential for all life, if it was worth living.

My father's own way of spending Sunday was consistent with what he wrote about it. He liked to spare the servants extra work; he liked the day to be different from others, quieter, more peaceful; and he himself was faithful and regular in his church-going. He generally miscalculated the two minutes' walk to the little church; and if he arrived late, it would be because he had been in the garden to find a flower to hold in his hand during the service. He always read the lessons; and it is said that his enjoyment of the story of Jehu and Jezebel was so great, that he repeated it on three consecutive Sundays to a congregation which was only dimly aware of an increasing familiarity with the details of the history. "I thought I must get to Harvest Festival, to hear Mr. Bosworth read the lessons once more," a village woman said, when he had gone away on that last journey to London—

that time when Mr. Thomas Hardy, speaking, as it were, for all Dorset, said, "It is such a *strain* for us all;" and to many in that simple congregation, all of whom he knew well, his clear voice, with its reverent appreciation of what he was reading, and his beautiful expression as he read, will remain as a precious memory.

His last word on the politics of the day was altogether characteristic of his manner of thought; for it was a protest, as eloquent and forcible as any that had come from his pen, against what seemed to him the injustice and hypocrisy of the Licensing Bill. He left the discussion of details to others, and dealt with the subject on broad lines of principle. He spoke as "an Englishman who is jealous—sensitively jealous—for the honour and good faith of his country, and who is unwilling, for the first time almost in English modern history, to see its Government embarking on a predatory policy, with which no one can feel safe, and of which no one can foresee the end. . . . There is a cause which is greater, more fundamental, more sacred even than that of temperance, and that is the cause of justice." The Bill, he contended, was unnecessary, for Mr. Balfour's Act was working admirably; it was hypocritical, for it left Scotland and Ireland, which needed it more, alone; and it did not touch grocers' licenses or clubs; and the evil it claimed to combat would, in practice, only tend through its provisions to increase. Again,

"if temperance is really a national object, as it certainly is, let the nation as a whole pay for it;" to speak of "compensation" at all, in the present case, is an abuse of terms. It seemed to him deplorable that the National Church should, in its zeal for temperance, identify itself with a policy of injustice, and help "to do a great wrong to do a very little right. . . . I would rather see England just first, and sober and free afterwards."

"When Bos had read through the draft of the Bill," writes his wife, "and had considered how it would act, not only on those who sold, but on those who bought intoxicating liquors, his heart burned within him, and he felt he must write or speak to protest against the injustice, in the first place, of depriving the proprietors of property which they might legitimately consider their own, and that without adequate notice; and also he saw that the Bill would in reality facilitate the purchase of drink in other ways. And so in the cause of temperance and justice he spoke at a meeting at Weymouth, and his speech, thanks to the energy of the editor of the *Dorset County Chronicle* and Mr. Alfred Pope, was at once reprinted and sent to every member of both Houses of Parliament before the discussion came on. Bos hesitated very much as to his name being appended to each pamphlet, as he thought it might look as if he were taking too much upon himself to do so. The Secretary of the Property Defence League in London took the speech up warmly, and it was very widely distributed, and as usual a flood of letters came in from friends and from strangers, who were

delighted to find that the Bill would not go forward without attack, at all events. One man wrote of his satisfaction in finding 'a clergyman (as he imagined Bos to be) had had the courage to point out the mistaken views of some of the bishops and clergy, whose zeal in the cause of temperance has outrun their sense of justice.' 'Such a Bill would never pass,' wrote another, 'had English minds their ancient fibre and English hearts their old stoutness and freedom from cant and sentiment.' Bos spoke boldly in the same way at the Salisbury Synod, and again in London, in the Church Representative Council. Just before the proceedings, he told his friend, the Bishop of London, of the line he was about to take, and the bishop said, 'Go on, it will be well worth hearing.' 'Feeling ran high towards the close of the debate,' says a Church newspaper; 'the Bishop of London and Bishop Gore, who almost passionately supported the Bill, betraying some anxiety as to the result.' The Bishop of London's motion, 'That the Licensing Bill, though requiring amendment in many important details, deserves in its main outline the support of the Church,' was lost by a large majority, an amendment moved by Bos in quite the opposite sense having previously been carried. He did not write in the *Times* about it, except a few words to say that his brother Edward, the Marlborough Missioner at Tottenham—and few were more competent than he, after his long experience with the London poor, to judge—had thought the Bill unjust. He said in his letter that it was 'a Bill to be rejected or withdrawn, while a better one, a scrupulously just one, is being prepared in its place.'"

The later modifications made in the Bill would have probably commended themselves to him, but at the time when they were under discussion his interest in human affairs had passed away.

Enough has perhaps been said already to show that life at Melcombe was from first to last full of happiness for Bosworth Smith. He had the rare faculty of finding enjoyment in common things; and apart from the wider interests with which he was in touch, the simple pleasures of his life, whatever they might be, were still invested with something of the same charm and excitement for him as they might have been for a child.

He would enjoy a morning's study of the classics with his youngest son, Nevil Digby, or his youngest daughter's description of her day's hunting, or reading aloud with his wife, or a long visit to his sisters, or a day's shooting with his kindly neighbour Mr. Woodhouse, or even a garden party, with a freshness and zest that seemed to speak of perpetual youth.

His taste in English literature never greatly changed, and he remained faithful to the books he had known longest. Gibbon, Shakespeare, Milton, and Tennyson (in the music of whose verse he delighted, "The Princess" and "Enoch Arden" being, perhaps, his favourites) he read constantly; he could quote largely from George Eliot, and her books, with those of Scott, Dickens, Jane Austen, the Brontës, and the early novels of Thomas Hardy,

were the only works of fiction for which he really cared. Latterly, he was greatly impressed by the "Dynasts," and he read Tolstoi's "War and Peace" with immense interest but very slowly. Memoirs of all ages, if they were at all human and graphic, delighted him. Of classical writers, Homer, Herodotus, Pliny, Tacitus, and Thucydides were most often in his hands, and they seemed to afford him perpetual pleasure and refreshment.

In 1906, his third daughter, Lorna, was married to Edwin Goldmann, Professor of Surgery at the University of Freiburg, in Breisgau, and in the following year he went with his wife to see her in her home in Germany. In September 1907, his eldest daughter was married to Sir Edward Ion Grogan, Bart., of the Rifle Brigade; and a fortnight later his second daughter, Frida, was married to Herr August Heisler of Mannheim.

In March 1908, Bosworth had to go through one more of those partings which he felt so poignantly. His brother Edward, a man of great force of character and warmth of heart, and with an almost unique power of attracting and attaching his parishioners to their church, who had devoted his whole life and energy to the service of the Marlborough College Mission at Tottenham, died after a short illness. "I shall miss his sympathy and interest at every turn," my father wrote; and indeed, all through his life, he had counted on the kindly, humorous criticism and the enthusiastic apprecia-

tion of his younger brother, whom, though their views often differed considerably, he had in turn loved and admired with all his heart. "That long line of graves in Stafford churchyard," he wrote, some two months before his own place was to be filled by the side of those beloved relatives, "is so pathetic and so sacred."

There is very little more to tell. For some years past there had been certain disquieting bodily symptoms, and in the summer of 1908, in view of his almost incessant discomfort, he decided to undergo an operation, which it was confidently hoped would restore him to a fair measure of health for some years to come. He himself believed that the operation was necessary, and he faced the ordeal with a quiet courage and a brave heart. But in the spring, as though some premonition had come to him, he had set his house in order, and had thought out many arrangements for the future.

"I saw him at Bingham's Melcombe in the last month he spent there," writes Mr. F. Gore-Browne, K.C., "when he knew the operation was hanging over him and fully realised the danger. He showed the greatest courage, and spoke of it openly and simply, but dwelt very little upon himself. The old keenness showed itself, and he took from his bookshelves the classic authors to quote appropriate sayings from the ancient philosophers. Had it not been for his courage, it would have been impossible to keep back tears."

The time of waiting was unexpectedly protracted, but it was cheered by the presence of his son Reginald, who was at home on leave from South Africa with his wife and a baby, whose charms were an unending joy and solace to her grandfather. The two of his married daughters who could come, came from abroad to be with him; he was as full of interest and enjoyment of the amusing side of life as ever he had been, although there was a distressed look of suffering on his face. "I dread the discomfort and pain of all this intensely," he said to his wife, "but I do not fear death; it is only a translation." The worst for him, perhaps, was over when he had driven away from his much-loved Melcombe; he had seemed scarcely able that morning to tear himself away from his rockery and his flowers. He wrote to his sisters the night before the operation that he "was in good heart."

The operation, which took place in a nursing home in London, was technically successful, and there seemed at first every reason to be hopeful; but he did not regain his strength, and symptoms of a latent disease began to show themselves. After five weeks of intense anxiety, during which his wife's presence alone seemed to bring him a moment's comfort, it was admitted that there was no longer any hope of his recovery. On October 17, when the risk of a journey meant but little, the doctors consented to his removal, and he was granted the wish of his heart, and was brought back to his

home. All through his illness his broken words had been of Melcombe, and he had pined to be there once more. It was his faithful friend, Edward Graham, who arranged the details of the long journey in such a way that he was hardly conscious of fatigue; but it was only owing to the devoted care of his wife, his youngest son, and of the two nurses who accompanied him, that his strength held out. He was able to realise that he was once more in the country, and he fixed his eyes on the sunset toward which he was travelling. The carriage reached Melcombe about nine o'clock in the evening, and he was carried through the courtyard, which was still beautiful with hydrangeas, and through the old hall, which had been lit up and decorated with the tall autumn flowers which he loved, to his own room; and two hours later, in the full consciousness of his surroundings, he passed from his earthly to his heavenly home.

His body was laid to rest, as he himself had wished, surrounded by flowers, in the little churchyard at Stafford, by the side of his parents and his brothers and sisters, in the presence of many, rich and poor, who loved him, and who felt the world without him a poorer place that day.

INDEX

AFGHAN Question, 158, 185, 187–190
Africa, 141, 156
  "Christianity and Mohammedanism in," 152
  "Stanley's Rear Column," 242
  Uganda, 242–247
Aglen, Anthony, 61, 246
Albany, Duchess of, 48
Albemarle, George, Duke of, 2
Ameer Ali, Syed, 77, 148
Argyll, 8th Duke of, on Lord Lawrence, 177; on Mr. Gladstone and Disestablishment, 209, 210; on Mr. Gladstone and Home Rule, 249
Arnold, Sir Edwin, 93, 94
—— Matthew, 63, 73, 75; on the reading public, 147
—— Dr. Thomas, 256, 257
Athenæum, The, 93

BADGER, Dr., 76; on "Mohammed," 149; on Islam, 150
Barnes, William, 10, 17, 29
Becher, General John, 167, 168, 182, 184
Benson, Dr., Archbishop of Canterbury, 229; letters from, 206, 226
Bernard, Canon Edward, 89, 289
Bible, The, 230, 231
—— reading, 230, 296
—— Society, speech for, 230
Bingham's Melcombe, 1, 100, 261 *et seq.*
Biography, views on, 84, 160, 163
Biographies, suggested, 82, 83, 84
"Bird Life," 10, 37, 43, 271–282
Birds and bird-nesting, 10, 12, 19, 20, 35–43, 47–52, 62, 69, 88, 89, 105, 110, 116, 271–285
Blyden, Dr., 77, 150
Bowen, Edward, 65, 72, 90, 117, 118
Bradby, Rev. E. H., 71, 117
Bradley, Dr. G. G., Dean of Westminster, 46, 63; letters from, 182, 206
Brown, Harold, sketch of character, 123, 124
Bryce, Right Hon. James, reminiscences by, 60–62, 72, 73, 80, 90, 240, 286
Butler, Dr. Montagu, 63, 70, 75, 80; reminiscences by, 68; preaching, 71
—— Mrs. Montagu, In Memoriam sketch, 70

CARLYLE, Dr. Martineau on, 95
"Carthage and the Carthaginians," 78–81; visit to Carthage, 79
Chamberlain, Mr., and Disestablishment, 195, 197, 199, 210, 214
Character sketches by R. B. S.—George Gill, 20; his mother, 23–25; his father, 25–27; John Floyer, 28, 29; Bishop Cotton, 45, 46; John Shearme Thomas, 47; Mrs. Wickham, 55; Mrs. Montagu Butler, 70; Rev. E. H. Bradby, 71; Edward Bowen, 72; Miss Swanwick, 96; Lord Ebury, 98, 194; Harold Brown, 123, 124; Mr. Mansel-Pleydell, 270
Children, R. B. S.'s, 52, 69, 102, 263, 264–266, 283, 286, 301, 303
Church Congress, speeches at, 151, 153
—— defence, speeches for, 224, 232
—— House, the, letters and speeches for, 225, 226
—— the National, 86, Chap. VII. *See* Disestablishment, Scottish Church, Welsh Church
—— Representative Council, 233, 235
Clarence, L. B., reminiscences by, 33, 34, 36, 40

Clifton, Lawrence memorial tablet at, 190
Collins, Sir Robert H., 48
Confirmation addresses, 115
Contemporary Review, articles in—"Turkey and Russia," 78, 240; "Englishmen in Africa," 242
Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 52, 60, 61
Cotton, Dr., Bishop of Calcutta, 44, 45, 46, 270
Creeds, 153, 154
Cunningham, Sir Henry, x, 90
Curiosities, collection of, 112, 263

Davidson, Dr. Randall, Archbishop of Canterbury, 74, 220; on R. B. S., 259
Disestablishment, 86, 193; letters to *Times* on, and correspondence relating to, 194–225
Dorset, 31, 88, 269, 297, 304
Douglas, Sir George, reminiscences by, 119
Down House, the, 46, 88, 270
Duck-shooting, 88, 279, 283
Duckworth, Canon Robinson, reminiscences by, 47, 57
Dufferin, Marquess of, letters from, on Lord Lawrence, 178, 179

Eastwick, Captain William, 7, 98; letters from, 77, 175, 176; letter to, 216
Ebury, Lord, 97, 98, 194; letter from, 246
Egerton, Mrs. Caledon, reminiscences by, 11–23
Elliott, F. A. H., letter from, 181
England, 123, 128, 241, 242–247, 297, 299
English Church Union, 229
Evangelicalism, 8, 12–17, 26, 156, 193, 232, 293

Farrar, Dean, 45, 47, 73; preaching, 71
Flight-shooting, 274
Flowers, 68, 105, 133, 261, 262, 303, 304
Flower-schools, 115, 116, 128
Floyer, John, 7, 9, 13, 27–29
Foote, Alexander, reminiscences by, 289

Gardening, 68, 262; *see* Flowers
Geikie, Sir Archibald, 102, 278, 279, 280
Geography, teaching of, 113, 121, 127, 128
Gladstone, Mr., 80, 193 *et seq.*; letters from, on Mohammed, &c., 143, 144; letter from, on Disestablishment, 201–203; Morley's Life of, 196, 214, 215; Dr. Martineau on, 208; Duke of Argyll on, 249; Dr. Butler on, 252; and Home Rule, 248–253
Goodwin, Dr. Harvey, Bishop of Carlisle, letter from, 226
Gore-Browne, Sir Thomas, 73
—— Frank, K.C., reminiscences by, 101, 120, 290, 302
Graham, Edward, 86, 87, 92, 105, 304; reminiscences by, 105–118

Halifax, Lord, letter from, 211
Hardy, Thomas, 10, 90, 274, 297, 301
Harrow, first visit to, 63; life at, Chap. II.; work at, Chap. III.; colleagues, 71, 72, 117, 118
Harrow Chapel, 132, 133
Hart, Henry, 158, 257, 258
Hewett, H. T., reminiscences by, 89, 127
History, teaching of, &c., 113, 114, 121, 127, 128, 133
Home Rule, writings on, 248–253
House-suppers, 101, 111, 122, 126
Hudson, W. H., 41, 281

Iddesleigh, Earl of, letters from, on Church questions, 212, 223
Ilbert, Sir Courtenay, 48, 61, 72, 80; reminiscences by, 48–52
Indian Frontier. *See* Afghan Question
Influence, personal—at Marlborough, 47, 52; at Harrow, 65, 102, 106, 112, 118–122, 127–132; of his "Mohammed," 137, 156, 192; of his "Lord Lawrence," 171, 174, 177, 178; on Church questions, 193, 196, 201, 205, 206, 211, 216, 217, 226; of his Uganda letters, 243, 246, 247; of his "Bird Life," 282; general, 259, 260, 286, 289, 290

Jowett controversy, 58, 59, 193

KAGOSIMA, letter to *Daily News* on, 59
Khartoum, 242
Khiva, Russian advance on, 241
Kindersley-Porcher, E., 271
Knowles, Sir James, 78, 240; letters from, 278
Koran, The, 114, 134, 138, 150, 239

LANE, Edward William, views on "Mohammed," 142, 143
Lane-Poole, Stanley, 142, 143
Lawrence, Lord, 82, 83, Chap. VII.
—— Sir Henry, 191; Sir Henry's daughter, Mrs. Hart, 158, 169
Lay headmastership, 253–258
Laymen, speech on position of, 233–235
Lectures, various, 75, 80, 85, 170, 281
Letter, reading-party, 51, 62
Letters to *Times*. See *Times*
—— personal, from R. B. S. to his wife, 58, 59, 63, 64, 65, 254; to the Hon. Rollo Russell, 83; to Countess Russell, 85; to Edward Graham, 105; to pupils, 124; to Mrs. Knipe, 139; to friends, 140, 163, 293; to Professor Tyndall, 146, 217; to Dr. Badger, 149; to Lady Lawrence, 160; to Mr. George Murray Smith, 162; to Colonel Randall, 164; to General Becher, 167; to Colonel Yule, 168, 183; to Kenelm Wingfield Digby, 187; to Mr. Gladstone, 203; to Captain Eastwick, 216; to Sir H. Longman, 219; to Charles Moule, 265, 267, 291; to Bishop Handley Moule, 292; to his children, 286, 301, 302; to his sisters, 303
Licensing Bill, speech on, 297–300
Literature, teaching of, 113, 119, 120, 125, 133; favourite, 300, 302
Liturgy, Dr. Martineau on, 95; R. B. S. on, 115, 232
Longman, Sir H., 163; letter to, 219
Luard, General, letter from, 129
Lugard, Sir Frederick, 90, 245

MADEIRA, voyage to, 32
Maharajah Singh, letter from, 192
Mallet, Charles, M.P., reminiscences by, 111, 132
Mansel-Pleydell, John, 270
Marlborough, 43–54, 254, 258
Martineau, Dr. James, 93, 94; talk with, 95; letters from, 207–209, 222, 223, 247
Maurice, F. D., 75, 115; Dr. Martineau on, 208
Milner, Lord, 204
Milton, teaching of, 113, 121; quotations from, 230
—— Abbas School, 33–43
Missions, views on, 138, 151–157
"Mohammed and Mohammedanism," 75, 115, Chap. V.; and Christianity in Africa, 152; later views on, 155, 156
Montgomery, Bishop Henry, 74, 154
—— Sir Robert, 153, 169; letters from, 172, 173
Moray, Earl of, 37, 284
Morley, Lord, "Life of Gladstone," 196, 214, 215
Moule, Charles, letters to, 265, 267, 291
—— Dr. Handley, Bishop of Durham, 11, 17, 23; letter to, 291

National Review, articles in—"Liberal Party and Home Rule," 248; "Sunday," 294
Near East, letters and articles on, 78, 239–241
Negro Race, 77, 141, 150, 152, 153
Nightingale, Miss Florence, 173
Nineteenth Century, articles in—"Christianity and Mohammedanism in Africa," 152; "Crisis in the Church," 229; on "Bird Life," 278
Norton, The Hon. Mrs., 73
Northbourne, Lord, letter from, 213

OSMAN Digna, letter on, 241
Oxford, 54–64
Oxhey Wood, 89, 110

PAPILLON, Canon T. L., 51, 61; reminiscences by, 43
Parish clergy, 224, 269
Penny, Rev. James, 33, 34, 38; reminiscences by, 42, 43
Pole-trap, the, 282, 283
Portman, Lord, 36; letters from, 85, 182
Praise, thoughts on, 217, 218

INDEX

READE, R., letter from, 129
Ripon, Marquess of, letter from, 180
Rivière, Hugh, portrait of R. B. S., 101
Rosebery, Earl of, on Uganda, 244; his administration, 253
Russell, Earl, life of, suggested, 83-85
Russia, views on policy of, 239. *See* Afghan Frontier, Khiva

SALISBURY, Bishop of, Dr. Wordsworth, 235, 258
—— Diocesan Synod, 233, 268, 293, 299
—— Marquess of, letters from, 211, 247
Savernake Forest, 47, 48, 49
Scottish Church, Disestablishment of, 288
Scott-Moncrieff, Sir Colin, 86, 246
Scripture, teaching of, 114
"Selborne," White's, 42, 89, 280
Shaftesbury, Earl of, suggested biography of, 82
Shorthouse, J. H., letter from, 221
Sierra Leone, letter from Moslem community of, 156
Simpson family, 8
Smith, Alan Wyldbore Bosworth, 264, 265
—— Alice and Eva, 30, 280; reminiscences by, 3-23
—— Mrs. Bosworth, 56, 65, 66, 73, 87, 101, 147, 162, 169, 171, 172, 184, 265, 304
—— family, 1-6, 29, 30
—— Edward Floyer Noel, 30, 87, 299, 301
—— Ellinor Theophila, 29, 56, 57
—— Emily Geneviève, 8, 9, 23-25
—— George Murray, 76; letter from, 162; letter to, 163
—— Reginald Southwell, 1, 6, 7, 9, 25, 26, 27, 32, 100
Spencer, Earl, letter from, 212
Sport, 87, 88, 281-283
Stanley, Dean, of Westminster, 59, 75, 80, 115, 146
Stanley, H. M., 242
Strangford, Lady, 77, 149
Stratford de Redclyffe, Lord, suggested biography, 82
Sunday, observance of, 12-15; article on, 293-297
Swanwick, Miss, 95-97

TAYLOR, Sir Alexander, 181
—— Canon Isaac, 151
Teaching. *See* History, Geography, Literature, Scripture
Tennyson, Lord, letter from, 213; favourite poems by, 300
Thomas, John Shearme, 29, 47
Thompson, Sir Harry Langhorne, 266
Times, letters to, 78, 80, 86, 98, 158, 187, 189, 193, 201, 203-205, 225, 227, 228, 229, 240, 241, 242-247, 248, 250-253, 256, 270, 282, 299
Travels, 79, 87; interest in, 123-125
Tunis, visit to, 79; letter on, 80
Tyndall, Professor John, correspondence with, 145, 146; letter to, 217

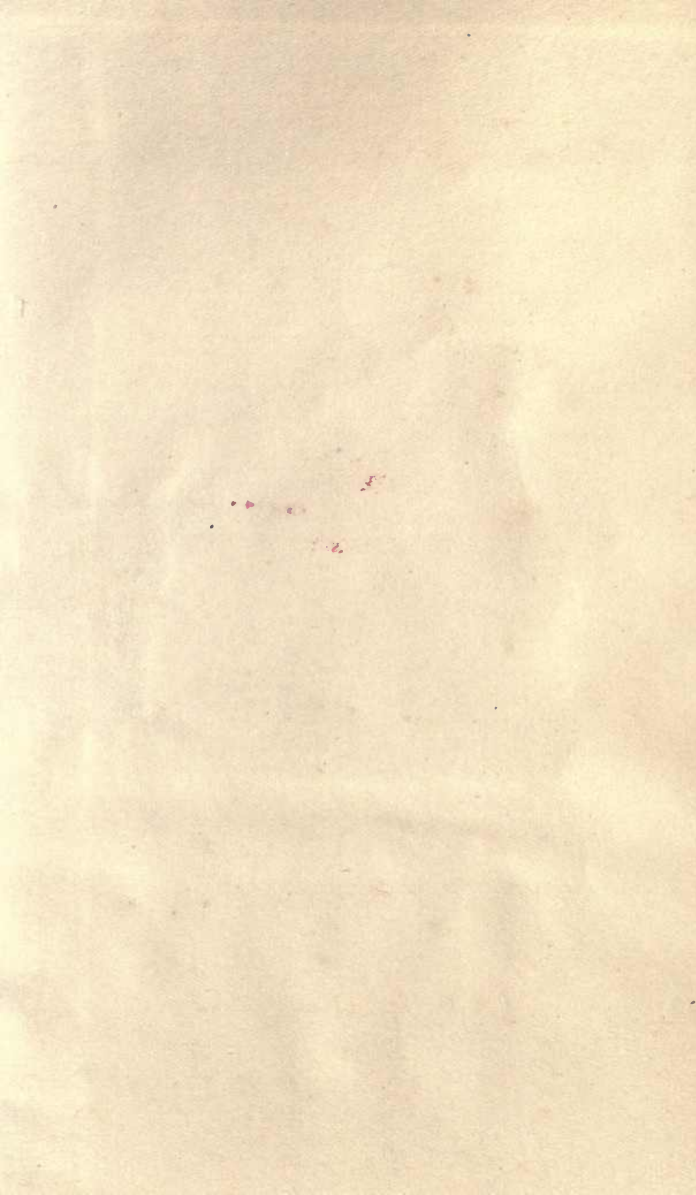
UGANDA, retention of, 87, 242-246
Union, Oxford, President of, 59; speeches at, 62

WATERLOW, A. J., letter from, 209
Welsh Church, Disestablishment of, 227; Albert Hall meetings on, 229
Westcott, Bishop, preaching, 71; letter from, 206
White, Gilbert, 42, 89, 280
Wickham, Edmund Dawe, 54; Mrs., 54, 55; daughters, 55, 56; R. W., 280; A. P., 293
Winchester, a hundred years ago, 67
Wingfield Digby, Kenelm, 75; letter to, 187-189

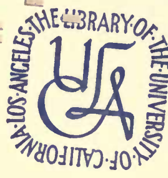
YERBURGH, Robert, 74, 88, 101
Yule, Sir Henry, 99, 170; letters to, 168, 183, 271

ZANZIBAR, 76, 149; Sultan of, 107

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & CO.
Edinburgh & London



PLEASE DO NOT REMOVE
THIS BOOK CARD



University Research Library

CALL NUMBER
SER VOL PT COP
AUTHOR

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY
A 000 037 965 1

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY
Los Angeles
This book is DUE on the last date stamped below.

LD URL JAN 25 1977

INTERLIBRARY LOANS
DEC 14 1976
DUE TWO WEEKS FROM DATE OF RECEIPT

JAN 6 1977

Form L9–Series 444