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SPORTSMEN PARSONS
IN PEACE AND WAR

THE REV. JACK RUSSELL, M.F.H., M.O.H.
IN OLD AGE

Frontispiece.]

SPORTSMEN PARSONS :: *IN PEACE AND WAR* ::

By MRS. STUART MENZIES, *Author of*
"WOMEN IN THE HUNTING FIELD," "MEMORIES
OF LORD WILLIAM BERESFORD, V.C." "ABNEGA-
TION," "LOVE'S RESPONSIBILITIES," ETC.

*With 31 Illustrations
on art paper*

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PREFACE

BEFORE the war, while turning over the closely-filled pages of my memory, I came across some pigeon-holes containing packets tied up with ribbons of pink, blue, and black ; they led me to some photograph-albums and scrap-books redolent of things and people of yesterday and long ago. There I found a number of what in pre-war days we would have called the "sporting parson," and it occurred to me what a wrong impression many folk had of them. This decided me to write a book dealing with the lives of a few.

There are many more I should like to write about, but want of space forbids.

I think a certain duty rests upon each successive generation to pass on to the next as faithful a record as possible of the men and women who have left pleasant echoes in the valleys where they have wandered.

My critics may say I have met some sublime specimens amongst my parsons, and that I am a hero-worshipper. I think I *have* met some sublime specimens, and that to be a hero-worshipper is not a thing to be despised, for who can say that it may not lead us to become heroes and heroines ourselves ?

It has become the fashion to abuse the sporting parson, in consequence of a few having been a disgrace to their cloth, and they have brought the rest into disrepute. But who are we that we should judge human beings from a policeman's point of view ? Will the opinion of those who are narrow-minded and can only think in kindergarten language or worn-out symbols help us in our study of the deep, dark science of man ? Life

is a religious thing or it is not life at all. I firmly believe that religion is inherent in every human being.

Perhaps it will be well to analyse briefly what we mean when we speak of the sporting parson. Certainly not the old exploded idea of the men who slapped their thighs, drank and swore; but rather the clean-minded, nature-loving, open-air-loving cleries who as a rule are not blessed with a super-abundance of this world's good things, but who seek recreation and health once or perhaps twice a week by following hounds, shooting, fishing—possibly ski-ing, if they can go abroad for a little holiday—or in healthful games.

The element of sport is alive in the hearts of most men worthy of the name, and it is that which makes them brave. The same instinct that made them seek sport in pre-war days made them anxious to go to the front and share the dangers and hardships of the troops, while hoping to be of some use and comfort to them. It is the sporting instinct that makes men straight and true. When we hear a man called a "Real Sportsman" we at once picture to ourselves an individual who under all circumstances can be trusted to play the game fairly and squarely.

Nearly all the soldiers I have spoken to about the army chaplains, have as terms of highest praise, said, "He is a real sportsman." One man whom I asked if he had found a chaplain who was a help and comfort to him replied, "Yes! I like them all—at least, the most of them," and he tried to explain to me how, when going into action, knowing well they were standing on the borders of the Great Beyond, they could speak to a chaplain of things they would not like to say to anyone else, things that would seem "sloppy-like"; and he felt the chaplains could be trusted when they were "sports" to carry out faithfully their wishes, and be kind to those who would grieve if they were killed.

The terrible realities of to-day leave little room or inclination

for sport or recreation, and I doubt if ever again we shall see the old stamp of sporting parson. All the more reason that we should not forget them.

As children we love to be told stories, and the love clings to us through life ; perhaps there may be people who will care to read of the parsons in this book, whose lives, many of them, have been unsung too long. There are a few who do not appeal to us, but I have taken them as they came to my mind, good, bad, and indifferent : happily the good predominate.

To be a successful parson, clergyman, priest, or whatever we call them, requires a man to have all the gifts of the gods rolled into one.

Far be it from me to suggest it is only among the sporting parsons that good and great men are to be found, for it has been my privilege to know many—Father Staunton and Cardinal Manning, for example.

After all, we are only variations of one single theme.

A. C. STUART MENZIES.

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SPORTSMEN PARSONS IN PEACE AND WAR

CHAPTER I

An Ancient Institution—The Prodigal Son in Pink—Sir Tatton Sykes Views Holy Land Pictures—Hunting Attire in 1762—Parishioners' Views of their Parson—The Rev. J. W. Adams, V.C., in India—On the March from Cabul to Candahar—Hunt Hounds—Wins the V.C.—An Eye-witness Tells the Story—Some 1875 V.C.'s—Ivan Heald in the Evacuation of the Dardanelles—The Padre in a Smallpox Camp—An Uncomfortable Contretemps—A Run-away Drive—The Padre's Preaching—He Returns to England—His Death—Lord Roberts Erects a Memorial—The Padre's Charities.

THE hunting parson is as old an institution as the Church itself. In that book of books, the Bible, we read that Nimrod, the hunter, became a mighty one of the earth.

I forget who the artist was who represented the Prodigal Son in pink, breeches and boots, all complete. Perhaps it was the same gentleman who once painted a catch of fish spread out on the shore freshly unloaded from a fisherman's boat. It represented a great day's sport, there being one each of a variety of species, including a lobster of the roseate hue they acquire after being introduced to the boiling-pot.

When the late Sir Tatton Sykes was once being shown some beautiful pictures of the Holy Land, and the artist was breathlessly awaiting some words of appreciation of his wonderful rendering of the haze peculiar to certain parts of Egypt, the marvellous blending of colour in the sunsets, and so forth, Sir Tatton remarked, "Must be a queer country to get across, very queer."

The olden-day monks, who were supposed to be the pioneers of civilisation and easy virtues, were huntsmen—or perhaps I

should say sportsmen. They were the masters of hounds, keeping huntsmen, horses, and hounds, falconers also ; but I imagine with them it was more with an eye to the pot than for the sport.

It must have been a relief in the gone-by days to see the sombre clerical attire of black coat and waistcoat amongst the gaudy garments worn as late as 1762, when it was correct to wear for hare-hunting a blue frock-coat, scarlet velvet cape, and a scarlet flannel waistcoat made to wrap over, or, in other words, double-breasted. Poor souls, they were plucky ! For fox-hunting, a green coat, accompanied by a grass-green velvet cape and waistcoat, was considered proper and dignified. This was rather reversing the present-day style, where green is the accepted harrier colour, and pink for fox-hunting.

There must have been straight runs in those days ; the wonder is that fox, hare, or hounds ever stopped running—they must have been so frightened.

A good deal has been written about a few well-known hunting parsons, but there are others, many of whom I have had the pleasure of knowing, of whom no scribe has written, and whose memory should be cherished for ever.

There is always a certain amount of prejudice against sporting parsons. I wonder why ? It seems so narrow, petty, and short-sighted. One might almost imagine no religion, no example was needed outside the four walls of the church. Besides, why must a man cease to be human the moment he becomes a parson ? Why are they to be allowed no pet weakness or recreation that makes life possible ?

I have tried to gather from grumblers what they consider suitable and befitting a parson. It runs much in this fashion :

If the individual has a princely living, worth £80 or £100 a year, he must do no work to augment his income, or he is neglecting his parish and is a money-grabber.

If he stays at home and improves his mind, he is lazy and idle ; why does he not work and visit his parishioners ?—so that they may grumble and say he always turns up at their dinner-time—that repast being generally a movable one to suit the work of the family. Some may even say their house is their castle just as much as it is to the gentry, and they don't see

what the parson wants, coming poking round. I have many times heard these remarks made.

The parson must not hunt on foot or mounted ; that is considered unbecoming. No, he must sit at home doing nothing perhaps, and wait for some obliging person to die and provide him with suitable work in burying him. It is rather an impossible situation. Parishioners often look upon their pastor as neither fish, flesh, fowl, nor good red herring, but simply as a relieving officer, there for nothing else, and no thanks required.

I think the sporting parson was brought into disrepute by a few who occasionally forgot their calling, and were lacking in reverence and the proper performance of their duties—the deserved anathema of the few descending upon the many.

Turning over the leaves of an old album a short time ago, looking at the faces of those who had crossed my path and those who had travelled with me, amongst my many good friends and true I find sporting parsons are fairly well represented.

As I made a reflective study of each face I came to the happy conclusion, remembering those lives as I have known them, that they were good men—lovable men, many of them, with clean hearts and minds and a consuming charity ; nothing mean, narrow, or unkind about them, their only fault being that sometimes their hearts were larger than their purses.

People are familiar enough with the name of Parson Jack Russell of west country sporting fame, of whom I shall write later, but comparatively few have heard of the Rev. J. W. Adams, V.C., Army Chaplain. There was no cleric better known or better liked in India than the gaunt V.C. Padre who was so human, sympathetic, truly heroic, and a great sportsman. No social function was complete without him in stations where he was officiating ; he was wanted because he held the affections of all without cant, or “pie jaw,” as the school-boys call it. The Tommies adored him in a way they never care for anyone who has not shared hard times and dangers with them, taking the rough with the smooth, offering a helping hand to all. Indeed, he was a great and good man grown old with other people’s sorrows.

Mr. Adams accompanied Lord Roberts (then Sir Frederick) on the celebrated march from Cabul to Candahar during the Afghan war.

It was while the troops were in Peshawar awaiting events that the Padre collected a few hounds, making a scratch pack for the amusement of the officers, men, and incidentally himself, being a great believer in occupation and sport as an antidote to the mischief Satan is supposed to find for idle hands to do. Many times I have listened to stories of the Padre's gallantry which everyone loved to tell, and I was always glad to hear, from the lips of soldiers ill in hospital—from his friends during our early morning hunts when waiting for it to be light enough for hounds to draw.

From the General to the drummer-boy, all were proud of that day, December 11th, 1879, when the brave sky-pilot, the much loved Padre, won that simple Maltese Cross of bronze bearing the thrilling inscription, "For Valour."

This is how the story was told to me by a friend in the 9th Lancers, who was an eye-witness.

"The 9th Lancers had repeatedly charged the Afghans who were swarming round our guns.

"After one charge the Padre saw a young Lancer dismounted and badly wounded, struggling to regain the regiment, but his strength failed and he fell. Mr. Adams jumped off his horse and rescued the lad under a heavy fire, and from amongst many wounded Afghans who slashed at him as he passed.

"It was difficult work carrying the helpless trooper across the broken ground strewn with dead and dying, but he got his burden safely to an ambulance at last.

"Not content with this, he did another fine thing soon afterwards, when some of the 9th Lancers were in difficulties while crossing a deep watereourse. Two of them were drowning with their horses on top of them while still in contact with the enemy, who kept up an accurate and galling fire. Again the Padre went to the rescue, scrambling down the steep, dangerous bank, seized one man, and after some struggling freed him from his horse and brought him to land; then almost in despair of saving the other, started off again to see what could be done. Here again, thanks to his pluck and great strength, he was successful."

All who have spoken to me of that stirring time have said, "The Padre was as cool as a cucumber the whole day."

For a shepherd to save three out of his flock in one day was at that time a record anyone might be proud of, especially when we remember he carried no weapon for self-defence—not even a crook. . . . And thus he earned his V.C.

Until this great war I think Mr. Adams was the only clergyman with the Victoria Cross, that simple-looking and coveted little medal first bestowed upon soldiers after the Crimea, when on June 26th, 1857, in Hyde Park, Queen Victoria, in the presence of her husband and Lord Colin Campbell, decorated sixty-two heroes with the Cross. The ceremony was over in ten minutes !

How strange are the workings of men's minds, that a ceremony taking only a few short moments and the bestowal of a modest small bronze medal "For Valour" should be so prized, so longed for, with a longing almost beyond words to describe ; should so fill them with pride, so recompense them for lost health, lost limbs, and without doubt lost youth.

Men may be worn out in victory as well as in defeat. Who could ever feel young again after the hardships they had endured, and the scenes they had witnessed ?

But men think whole worlds of that bit of red ribbon on their breasts that will live with them all their lives, will ensure them a welcome anywhere. One hero lately expressed himself thus to me, "With my V.C. I can just spit anywhere I like." It was a trifle crude, but I know what he meant.

In the hearts of those decorated and receiving the thanks of their Queen after the Crimea, must have been the tender memory of others who had been just as brave, but who could never receive any thanks or medal.

The following verses, written by Mr. Ivan Heald, must have exactly described their feelings. He wrote them when evacuating the Dardanelles, and when I remember the naturally joyous-hearted writer, who was always happy, always cheery, and enjoyed every moment of his life when I knew him in pre-war days, the lines bring home eloquently what men feel when leaving their pals behind. The verses will find an echo in many hearts to-day.

EVACUATION OF DARDANELLES

So quietly we left our trench
That night, yet this I know—
As we stole down to Sedd-el-Bahr
Our dead mates heard us go.

As I came down the Boyan Nord
A dead hand touched my sleeve,
A dead hand from the parapet
Reached out and plucked my sleeve.

“Oh, what is toward, O mate o’ mine,
That ye pass with muffled tread,
And there comes no guard for the firing-trench,
The trench won by your dead?”

The dawn was springing on the hills,
’Twas time to put to sea,
But all along the Boyan Nord,
A dead voice followed me.

“Oh, little I thought,” a voice did say,
“That ever a lad of Tyne
Would leave me lone in the cold trench side,
And him a mate of mine.”

We sailed away from Sedd-el-Bahr,
We are sailing home on leave,
But this I know—through all the years
Dead hands will pluck my sleeve.

Mr. Heald lost his life later in France.

I suppose the only judgment that interests the human mind is a judgment of valuation; logic plays little part in it. It is the feeling of valuation that surrounds the V.C. with its halo.

At any rate, I know the dear Padre was very proud of his, and was full of tenderness for the memory of the many who were gone, who he said, in his modesty, deserved it so much more than he did.

Bravery of another kind, little known but none the less splendid, I must recount; namely, his work in the smallpox camp, where he spent days and nights trying to cheer, amuse, and comfort the sufferers. To those who do not know the horrors of smallpox as it is known in the East this may not sound very grand, but those who do will realise what this man

did, who was obliged at intervals to leave the tents to be practically ill, and then returned to his splendid self-imposed task.

I once asked him how he accounted for his never being attacked by this most contagious disease, the horrors of which the ordinary British reader has little idea.

He told me he attributed his escape to having been vaccinated every seven years, and that on principle he always drank a glass of sherry before entering the camp, as he believed it was a help in warding off the deadly nausea which is bound to attack those in close touch with the bad cases. He avoided as much as possible entering the tents when tired and run down, as he wished to prolong his services in the hope of being some comfort to the suffering when no one else could go near, and the glass of sherry was his only precaution, beyond vaccination.

The Padre once gave me an account of some of his endeavours during Christmas in the smallpox camp, to entertain the patients well enough to be amused. It was very funny to anyone knowing him, for he was a very dignified, refined man who did not indulge in many words, and one of his efforts had been to sing a comic song in character. As far as I could gather from the account, the screamingly funny part consisted in his utter failure, which amused his audience much more than if he had succeeded brilliantly.

Padre Adams could never be induced to speak of the day when he three times over won the Victoria Cross ; but he told me of a humiliating experience of his when one evening burying many victims of smallpox and cholera.

The graves were dug and ready in melancholy rows, the Padre standing amongst them ready to read the—to many—beautiful and comforting service. As he stepped back to allow a body to be lowered he fell into the open grave behind him, his book shutting up over his face as he disappeared.

Help being at hand, he was quickly hauled up again ; he emerged ruffled and dirty, feeling keenly his undignified and unseemly *contretemps*. He quickly scrutinised the faces of the firing party to see if anyone dared to laugh, being quite prepared to be exceedingly annoyed with anyone who did so ; but all stood like statues, not a muscle moved on any face ; all looked straight over his head without even a twinkle of an eye. I think they deserved a medal.

8 Sportsmen Parsons in Peace and War

It must have been very distressing to the Padre to come up crumpled and dirty, for one of his peculiarities was, no matter what he had been doing he was always clean and tidy, with a well-groomed appearance, being a firm believer that self-respect improves and creates respect in other people ; and there is no doubt the world is apt to take us at our valuation.

Many hunts have I had after jackal in India with the Padre. Not being a rich man, he could not keep many horses, but was never short of a mount, as he had good hands, endless patience, and a strong seat. Therefore, whenever anyone had an awkward beast it was handed over to Mr. Adams for a time, to teach it better manners. I have often seen him struggling with the utmost patience in a far-off corner when out hunting on some bad-tempered brute, not daring to come near the rest of the field for fear of causing trouble.

Most of us had tiresome mounts at one time and another, which is not surprising considering they were often purchased quite unbroken from dealers in the bazaars, and we had to do the breaking ourselves ; once or twice they broke us instead.

I remember Mr. Adams coming to my assistance once on the Lucknow race-course, when a pair of refractory horses refused to take us home or to allow anybody else to go home either, as they had jibbed themselves effectually across the main exit.

Our coachman tried endearing epithets and chirrupings in Hindustani ; also terms, I have been given to understand, which were not endearing or even polite. The whip was tried, only making matters worse, as portions of harness began to fly, and we crashed into the General's carriage just behind, who was waiting, not altogether patiently, until we allowed him to pass.

Seeing what trouble we were in, Mr. Adams made a bee-line through the crowd, and when I had explained matters he quickly climbed on to the box (for it was our state high-day-and-holiday coach) and gently took the reins from our Jehu, telling him to descend and push behind when he gave the order.

For a moment or two the Padre sat perfectly still on the box, leaving the horses' heads quite alone, allowing them to think the show was over ; when, just as they were settling down for forty winks, with a masterly shake of the reins and twist of the wrist his determination was conveyed to our steeds, who, com-

pletely taken by surprise, set off at a mad gallop through the gates, round a sharp corner into the Mall, leaving our coachman, and many willing helpers who were putting their shoulders to the wheel, on their faces in the dust, owing to our sudden, violent start when they were pushing with all their might.

We continued our mad career full gallop, as if the horses were possessed, until, with consummate skill, we were swished round the entrance to our bungalow and pulled up with great *éclat* at the verandah which answered for a front door.

As far as we could ascertain at the moment, we were none the worse for our experience, but we were a little dazed.

After a moment or two's pause to see if all was really over, we recovered our breath and looked up at the Padre, who at the same moment turned round to see how it fared with us. Then the absurdity of the situation was too much for us, and while the horses hung their heads and trembled, we were convulsed with laughter; the Padre always had a keen sense of the ludicrous, and we certainly made a curious picture. He was sitting on the box far above us, a rein still twisted round each hand, his feet firmly planted, thereby helping him to remain on the box and get some purchase, his clerical hat well jammed down over his eyes, while we (a friend staying with me and myself) were mixed up amongst dust-cloaks, cushions, and the contents of the luncheon-basket—sandwiches that had lost their outsides, others that had lost their insides—in the most impartial manner; a syphon of soda-water standing on its head which had been hurled at us out of the hamper as we "hurrushed" round a corner, and which in our endeavours to remain inside the carriage we had trodden on, sending the contents all over our—feet, shall I say?

Before we had extricated ourselves—it took some time, we were so weak with laughter and our experience—we heard more furious galloping, and turned our heads to see who else were enjoying themselves; but it was only my lord and master—who had been riding at the meeting and just heard we were last seen in a cloud of dust with the horses running away—coming to see what had really happened.

He congratulated Mr. Adams on his feat, it being no easy task to steer a couple of run-away horses down the Mall crowded with carriages, horses being ridden and led, natives on foot,

camels mounted by native orderlies, and all the usual race-meeting accompaniments.

It was surprising that we killed nobody. A few people were hurt by falling over one another in their endeavours to get out of the way, and one horse that was being led, when we approached, let fly with his heels, catching a box balanced on the head of a "box-waller" or travelling merchant, throwing him to the ground with some violence.

For a time he declared his back was broken, and never more would he be able to support his grandmother, great-great-grandmother, wife, and many brothers, and we must pay accordingly. Finding we were not as credulous or as sympathetic as he had hoped we might be, he changed his damage to a broken neck, for which he wanted smaller recompense. Only a trifle for his neck.

My memory travels back to other days, from the ridiculous to the sublime, to the English church in the Lueknow Cantonment, the Padre standing in the pulpit with his Victoria Cross and medals showing up on his white surplice as he preached to his large congregation, composed of the majority of the English people in the station. It was an impressive scene : the crowds of soldiers in their different uniforms, the beautiful singing of the choir composed entirely of soldiers, the hymns sung so heartily and yet so tenderly. I feel as if I can hear them now singing softly :

" Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith,
We will be true to thee till death."

It is a pleasant memory. I like remembering this good man surrounded by those who loved him because he was brave, tender, and true, ready at all times to give away half of what he possessed, or even more, and anxious to share both the sorrows and joys of his flock.

He was not a great preacher, for at no time had he a great command of language, and was certainly not at his best in the pulpit, where he had a curious irritating cough which troubled him at no other time ; but he was a fine example of a good man leading a grand life which was worth more than many sermons.

I have many times wished he could have given expression to

his thoughts and the findings of his heart ; he would then have swept all before him.

Most of us had a very warm corner in our hearts for " Our fighting parson," as the soldiers called him, and he saved many a soul from despair. It was not so much what he said as what he did. Can anyone doubt that this sporting parson was faithful, and in the fullest sense of the words carrying out his Master's orders ?

Would that there were more like him ! I have met many parsons, and not a few have mistaken want of tact for plain-spoken righteousness, thereby driving people from the fold ; yet they go happily on their way, tripping themselves up and others with them over their own red tape. The pity of it, when many are sincerely good men acting according to their lights and filled with fervour for the Cause.

The soldiers admired Mr. Adams's strength and activity ; he was a very spare man and as active as a cat.

Peshawar was his favourite station in India ; he had been Chaplain there three times, the first being in 1868, when he received the thanks of the Government for his services during the terrible outbreak of cholera that visited the place at that time.

Mrs. Adams was almost as popular as her husband. She is a sister of Sir Arthur Willshire, late Scots Guards, and I am glad to say she is still living.

After leaving India the Adamases settled down into a quiet country living in Norfolk, which, if I remember rightly, is in the gift of the Duke of Rutland. Here the Padre spent the last years of his useful life, dying in 1903.

Lord Roberts erected a memorial in the church at Stow Bridge to the memory of his old friend, and a brass plate was placed in the church at Peshawar by other friends, amongst the subscribers being the Viceroy at that time, namely, Lord Curzon of Kedleston.

After the Padre's death Mrs. Adams gave the portable altar he had used during the Afghan Campaign to the church where he was working last before his death.

Unfortunately there is no son to walk in his father's footsteps.

Mr. Adams was not heavily endowed with this world's

goods, which was a trial to him, as he could not resist helping people even when they had no claim on his purse or consideration.

Once when walking with him from the Brompton Road to Park Lane I could hardly get him along ; he would stop and hunt for small change for beggars *en route*. The first stop was before a blind man with a pet cat cuddled up inside his coat, while he sat on a little stool by the curbstone with a tray of bootlaces and etceteras resting on his knees, in hopes of tempting people to buy. Here the Padre rattled some pennies into the mug suspended round the blind man's neck. Then we moved on. The next halt was before a pavement artist's work ; the Fire of London, a bloody battle, a favourite racehorse, and various other striking pictures adorned the pavement along the park railings. Here the Padre made another frantic search for small change ; having no coppers, silver was produced and again we journeyed on, only to be held up by a woman carrying a baby and crying over it, having just emerged from St. George's Hospital and evidently very unhappy. This was our third halt, and notes were taken down of particulars of the woman's story ; then another search, but no money could be found except half a sovereign, which he was, I could plainly see, on the verge of giving the woman, until I whispered, " Charity begins at home," and he hardened his heart, and with promises to look her up and see what could be done, we at last came to the end of our walk.

The REV. J. W. ADAMS, V.C.

[Facing p. 12.

The REV. GEORGE HUSTLER, M.F.H.

Facing p. 13.]

CHAPTER II

The Rev. George Hustler—A Horse and Hound Lover—His People do not Approve—His School and College Days—Explains how he Passed his Exams.—His Marriage—His First Livings—Strange Occurrence in his Church—A Refractory Pulpit Door—The Vicar has a Fall—The Sexton on All Fours—Mr. Hustler a Favourite—His Gallant Conduct—He Comes into Family Property—A Picturesque Host—Enjoys Dancing—Acklam Hall—The Drives—Hustlers in James I.'s Time—Knighted for Killing a Pirate—An Historic Ballad—Brothers whose Tastes Differ—Mr. Hustler's Market Cart—A Drive with some Loquacious Ducks—His Hunting-Flask Mixture—Some Old Friends—He Hunts in Yorkshire, Durham, Oxfordshire, Gloucestershire—His Death in the Hunting Field—His Unostentatious Charity—Loves his Old Clothes.

FROM India to Yorkshire is a far cry, but it is worth the journey, for Yorkshire is a grand county full of sportsmen, amongst whom may be numbered a fair sprinkling of sporting parsons, whose merits are worth recording. The Rev. George Hustler was a fine specimen. He was a lover of horses and hounds, and a good judge of both, though how he acquired the taste or the knowledge of their points, maladies, and all things appertaining to them, is a mystery, for none of his people were the least "horsey," not one of them knew anything about horses, and in fact thought there was something rather fast and vicious in love for them, and the Hustler family was pained at the youngest member's affection for them. The other members of the family hired their horses by the year from a big London firm of jobmasters, being willing to pay long sums to be saved all worry in connection with them. If one went wrong it was immediately replaced, and they had no trouble. Horses were to them simply machines, useful as a means of moving about, but not as companions or favourites, the only stipulation made with the dealer being that the horses must always be grey and well-matched; no other colour was allowed in the stables.

I once asked Mr. Hustler how he thought he acquired his love for and knowledge of horses and hunting. He said he thought it was born in him, for he certainly received neither

instruction nor encouragement from his father or elder brother.

George Hustler was the third son of Mr. Thomas Hustler, a most eccentric old man living a secluded life at Aeklam Hall, where his son George was born on June 12th, 1827. At an early age he was sent to a school at Southwell kept by a Mr. Fletcher, a fashionable place where small boys were educated in those days. Several north-country neighbours accompanied him—Sir William Harcourt, Sir Matt. Wilson, Calverlys, Gooch's, and others. Those were coaching days, and fine times the boys seem to have had with pea-shooters, etc., *en route*.

Later he went to Harrow into the sixth form, and was, I believe, the head of it. He had a great love for his old school. From there he went to University College, Oxford, where he took his degrees of B.A. and M.A., and where he was known as the best man on a horse of that time. Needless to say, he hunted regularly, but he worked as well as played, which is more than a good many have done, if we may judge by their own accounts. My friend used to laugh and say he thought his singularly difficult handwriting had helped him immensely in passing his examinations, as the tutors had neither the time nor the patience to read his papers. That was his modest way of explaining why he passed easily and well. It was an argument that might cut both ways, it seemed to me.

From Oxford he went to Durham University, where he was ordained in 1849, and the same year married Louisa Hawley, eldest daughter of Captain Hawley, King's Dragoon Guards, who was present at the battle of Waterloo.

It was a great disappointment to Mr. Hustler that he had no son, as there were none in the family. He had only two daughters; the elder married Richard Hill of Thornton Hall, Yorkshire, and the younger married Colonel Bingham Wright, Munster Fusiliers, at that time on the staff at Chatham.

The first official appointment held by Mr. Hustler in the Church was as curate-in-charge of Blanchland in July, 1849, after which he went to Acaster near Selby in 1850, remaining there until 1859, when he was given the living of Stillingfleet, seven miles from York, from where he hunted with all the neighbouring packs, more especially the York and Ainsty and Bramham Moor.

In his church at Stillingfleet the Prestons of Moreby Hall owned one of the old horse-box pews, large and square, containing a fireplace. In old Mr. Tom Preston's time (grandfather of the present owner), if he found the sermon longer than he liked, or the subject was not approved, he poked the fire diligently. Around the pew ran a sort of wooden framework with narrow panels and bars. Through these he used to poke his head when he wished to see if his workmen and tenants were in church. One Sunday he thrust his head too far through and could not withdraw it, being obliged to remain in that embarrassing position until someone fetched a saw and cut the woodwork away !

It is curious what an affection parishioners have for these squirearchal pews. At one time we wished to do away with ours, but we were begged to do nothing of the kind. Some of the old people became quite tearful, and so it remains, fireplace, chairs and all, as it has stood for many years.

I was in this horse-box one day when, after our Vicar had preached an eloquent sermon that had left us all subdued, he turned to leave the pulpit, but found he could not open the door to descend the steps; the weather being damp, the woodwork had presumably swollen. He pushed with one hand, he pushed with two; it was no use. He then kicked it. Still no satisfactory result; so he hurled his body against the door. This did the trick, and he flew like an avalanche head first down the steps! This was disconcerting, but he picked himself up before anybody had time to render assistance, and marched, red in the face but with dignity, to his place in the chancel.

This scene made the old grey-headed sexton so nervous that when he was carrying up the offertory plate he and his hob-nailed boots had a sideslip on the well-polished and tiled floor. In his endeavour to save himself he shot the contents of the plate in every direction; pennies and halfpennies were rolling with frightful clatter here, there, and everywhere. Several people dashed to the rescue. I emerged from my retreat to help, as it happened by my front door, so to speak. The sexton crawled about on all-fours. The moment was tense! At last, when the sexton informed us all was re-collected with the exception of one halfpenny, we returned to our respective places to continue our devotions, but nothing would persuade the old

man to return until that halfpenny was found, so we left him crawling about still on all-fours.

At a very early age Mr. Hustler taught his daughters to ride, and when they grew up said he must accompany them "To look after them in the hunting field," though I think the daughters were generally left to look after themselves; but he saw that they were mounted on steady and made hunters.

He was a great admirer of the fair sex and a favourite with them, in a most orthodox manner. He was one of the sweetest-tempered and most courteous individuals I ever met. Once when out hunting a lady came to grief and her horse was seen disappearing in the distance, taking her skirt with it; the Vicar was seen in his shirt-sleeves, having gallantly handed his coat to the lady as a substitute for her skirt. It was more disconcerting in those days to be deprived of a habit skirt, as it by no means followed that the equipment underneath was suitable to the occasion. In these days of neat breeches and boots it matters little what happens to the habit skirt.

I am certain that Mr. Hustler's Yorkshire parishioners loved and appreciated him for his love of sport, and with that in common some hearts were reached that would otherwise have avoided the Parson.

In 1874 old Thomas Hustler died, and the eldest son, not wishing to live at Acklam, having other places he liked better, and having no son to come after him, asked his brother George if he would care to live there, in consequence of which Parson Hustler gave up his living at Stillingfleet and went to reside at Acklam without waiting for dead men's shoes. Then the old place awoke from its lethargy, merry voices and laughter echoed and re-echoed through the old hall, horses neighed in the stables, and everything was cheerful; even the rooks became more eloquent and the little birds came nearer to share the feasts. Strings of hunters went out exercising, strings of hunting people came home to tea in the oak-panelled hall, where they hunted all over again the runs of the day and argued about certain incidents that had been seen by all and of which no two told quite the same tale.

Our handsome host looked like an old engraving, with his rather long and very thick wavy grey hair and fuzzy side-whiskers, pink-and-white complexion which no weather seemed

to tan, his figure tall, spare, and well-set up, standing six feet two in his socks. I can picture him now as I have seen him many times when he came in from hunting, standing in front of the fire enjoying his tea and poached eggs. He dared not sit down, for if he did he immediately fell asleep. I have even seen him fall asleep at dinner if he had anyone sitting next him that was inclined to be dull.

He had no love for politics, literature, or music, but loved horses, hunting, and society in general, delighting especially in the society of young people.

He filled his house for every race-meeting and every dance that was within driving distance, though he did not race at all himself, but was one of those tolerant folk who like to see other people enjoying themselves, even if the particular form of amusement does not greatly interest them. He danced with the gayest and youngest, seldom missing an item on the programme, thoroughly enjoying twiddling round and round with a little string-halt action peculiar to himself, which appeared to give him pleasure. Owing to making himself very agreeable he never lacked partners.

I think Acklam itself deserves a little recognition. It was a nice old Elizabethan house standing in well-timbered grounds and approached by two avenues, one stately and dignified, entirely of grass, with a double row of magnificent elms down each side. The other drive was the ordinary gravel affair.

Owing to the number of valuable cattle enjoying themselves on the pasture about the grass avenue, some formidable and tiresome iron gates had been placed at intervals, attached to rather high iron railings. When riding, these were a nuisance, as we generally let our horses have a good gallop on the turf, and they resented being pulled up while we fiddled opening and shutting gates.

The house was altogether an awkward one to visit at night, as in addition to the many gates there was a sunk fence between the lawns in front of the house and the grass avenue. The fence was crossed by a bridge at one side with gates.

Once after some wedding festivities, when our coachman was endeavouring to drive us home with a spirited pair of Irish horses, he mistook the road and proceeded to drive over the sunken fence in the dark. Fortunately the horses were in a

less intoxicated condition than the coachman, and thought it would be a pity to jump the sunk fence with the carriage behind them. While they were having an altercation with the coachman we became aware of our perilous position in time to avoid disaster.

Inside the house there are some beautiful painted ceilings and old-fashioned fireplaces ; also a secret door in the library, and other interesting things.

The Hustlers are an old family, the first I can hear of them being in the reign of James I., when a Hustler was knighted and given the Manors of Bridlington for shooting the noted pirate, Sir Andrew Barton, who in 1511 commanded two Scotch ships, with the help of which, and by his depredations, he amassed great wealth. His ships were usually heavily laden. The Earl of Surrey, who was the chief of the " Council Board of England " at the time, received so many complaints from merchants and sailors of the robberies of this Sir Andrew Barton, that he determined at all costs a stop should be put to his nefarious practices. With this object in view he fitted out two ships and sent them to sea under his two sons with letters of marque. One son was Sir Thomas Howard, called Lord Howard by old historians, afterwards created Earl of Surrey in his father's lifetime ; the other son was Sir Edward Howard, according to an old manuscript I have before me.

After encountering some dirty weather, these sporting seamen fell in with the *Lion*, commanded by Sir Andrew Barton in person, who was tackled by Lord Howard. The other brother Edward came across the *Union*, the second pirate ship. It appears the engagement between these four ships was extremely obstinate on both sides, but at last the fortunes of the Howards prevailed and Sir Andrew was killed, fighting bravely and encouraging his men to hold out to the last, in spite of which the two Scotch ships were captured and carried up the river Thames on August 2nd, 1511.

This was rather a brilliant achievement, as the two Howards were only volunteers, so to speak, acting on the orders of their father. The affair was in a great measure the cause of the Battle of Flodden in which James IV. lost his life on September 9th, 1513.

An old ballad in the keeping of one of the Hustler family

tells the whole story in one hundred and ninety verses. From this it appears that one of the Hustlers served with Lord Howard on his ship, and when they came up with the *Lion* and matters were looking serious, he was called upon to take good aim and kill a certain officer on the enemy ship. The ballad says :

Lord Howard hee then called in haste,
 "Hustler, see thou be true in stead,
 For thou shalt from the maine-mast hang
 If thou misse twelvescore one penny bread." ¹

Then I gather this Hustler slew one named Gordon on Sir Andrew's ship with much skill, and was called upon to repeat the process on another officer named Hambilton.

But Hustler with a broad arrowe
 Pierced the Hambilton through the heart
 And down he fell upon the deck
 That with his blood did streame amaine.

This was considered so brilliant that Hustler was now called upon to kill the pirate himself.

"Oh, come hither, Hustler," says my lord,
 "And look your shaft that itt goe right,
 Shoot a good shoote in time of need
 And for it, thou shalt be made a knight."
 "Ile shoot my best," quoth Hustler, "then
 Your honour shall see with might and maine,
 But if I were hanged at your maine mast
 I have now left but arrowes twain."

I then read that Hustler was again successful, for—

Upon his breast did Hustler hitt,
 But the arrowe bounded back agen,
 Then Hustler spyed a privey place
 With a perfect eye in a secret part,
 Under the spole of his right arme
 He smote Sir Andrew to the heart.

Then Hustler said, "Aboard, my lord,
 For well I wott Sir Andrew's dead."
 They boarded then his noble ship,
 They boarded it with might and maine,
 Eighteen score Scotts alive they found,
 The rest were either maimed or slain.

In return for these services

The king then say'd as a reward,
 "Hustler, thou shalt be a knight
 And land and livings shalt have store."

Other honours were bestowed on those who took part in this great event, but they have nothing to do with the Hustlers.

¹ An old English word for "breadth."

The Acklam Estate became the Hustlers' property in Charles I.'s time. It is now worth ten times more than in those days, as Middlesborough, the home of many industries, has spread itself almost up to the gates, land fetching long prices and big rents gladly paid. In addition to Acklam, Sladnor Park in Devonshire, and Newsham Hall, Darlington, also belong to the Hustlers.

It must have been difficult for strangers to realise that George and William Hustler were brothers, being absolutely unlike both in appearance and tastes, but they had the same gentle voice in common with all Hustlers and had the curious Yorkshire habit of clipping their words. George habitually said "huntin'" and "cubbin'" instead of "hunting" and "cubing"—quite the Dundreary style.

These brothers were always eager to look at the papers for the "meets," but for diametrically opposite reasons. George used to laugh at this, as his elder brother scrutinised the list with the view to avoiding coming into touch with hounds and their followers; he even forbade his grandchildren to walk to a meet near their home for fear they might catch infectious complaints, presumably the infection of sport; while he, George, carefully studied the list to see how many meets were within possible distance for him to reach, and hunt with them. When they were far afield he sometimes used to drive in a remarkably uncomfortable sort of market cart, in which he would pick up anybody he met on the road that he thought would be glad of a lift. A drive in this cart was a real trial. The seat was loose, and had views of its own as to its proper position in life. When travelling in a hilly country passengers started at one side of the cart and speedily drifted to the other, and, unless very careful, might easily find themselves on the road.

Drives with Mr. George Hustler were usually full of incident. He used to take passing fancies to things he met on the road. On one occasion, when driving sixteen miles to a meet, he took a fancy to some ducks, which he stopped and bought, taking them with him in the cart. They never ceased quacking the whole sixteen miles, slowly and plaintively when the horse was walking uphill, furiously and protestingly when trotting. Perhaps, like the poor occupants of the cart who were shaken nearly to pieces, they could not help it!

The REV. GEORGE HUSTLER, M.F.H.
IN THE FOREST OF DEAN

[Facing p. 20.

ACKLAM HALL

HOME OF THE REV. GEORGE HUSTLER

Mr. Hustler was very conservative and rather obstinate ; to try and make him change his mind when once it was made up was simply waste of time—not “all the king’s horses and all the king’s men ” could do it.

Like most hunting people, when motor-cars first came into use he abominated them, and he died before he was weaned of his dislike by finding the convenience and comfort of them.

The mixture he took out hunting with him in his flask was most nauseous, being half whiskey and half quinine. At all times he was moderate both in eating and drinking, and he considered this blend sustaining ! Occasionally he handed his flask to a neighbour who might be without, or to someone who had met with a spill and wanted pulling together ; the fluid was generally successful, chiefly, I think, from surprise.

Although shy and reticent, Mr. Hustler had a number of great friends. Many perished in the terrible Newby Ferry accident when hunting with the York and Ainsty. That same ferry-boat had often carried Mr. Hustler and his daughters when hunting. I have given a brief account of this accident in another chapter in connection with the Rev. Charles Slingsby.

Old Lord Wenlock, the second baron, was one of Mr. Hustler’s great friends, also Sir Matthew Wharton Wilson (the latter had been at school and college with him), the Prestons of Moreby, James Palmes of Eserick, the Lawleys, and countless others, not forgetting Sir George and Lady Julia Wombwell. Sir George hunted the York and Ainsty after the death of Sir Charles Slingsby, being followed by Colonel Fairfax, whose wife was a great horsewoman.

Archbishop Thomson, though he shied a little at Parson Hustler’s hunting proclivities, was an admirer and friend, and the Hustlers often stayed at Bishopthorpe. Bishop Ellicott of Gloucester also was very kind to him.

Amongst the hobbies that interested Mr. Hustler was the rearing of prize poultry, of which he was a good judge, and he officiated at shows, often being successful when showing his own—not, of course, when he was acting as judge himself.

He seldom showed his horses, but his “Wenlock,” if I remember rightly, took a first prize for jumping at Islington. He generally attended all the big shows.

Dogs he was fond of ; lovers of horses generally are. He

collected a large number at one time of Parson Jack Russell's celebrated fox-terriers. They were rather mischievous little creatures and played havoc amongst the poultry, managing to catch them even through the bars of the kennels when any birds were inquisitive.

When still a child, my first day's hunting with the York and Ainsty was on a big sixteen-hand horse of Mr. Hustler's, with a hard mouth but some repute. My friend was anxious I should try him. All went well until hounds found, then I became aware my saddle was too big for me and my mount too much for me—he was finding a difference between 9 stone and 15. As soon as I was in hail of Mr. Hustler, I informed him I feared I must take the horse home, as I could not hold him and might bring him, or possibly some of the field, to grief, or disgrace myself by over-riding the hounds. The advice given to me by the horse's owner was, "Let him go, don't try to hold him." Happily, nothing dreadful occurred.

After a few years of enjoyment at Acklam, the home of his youth, Mr. George Hustler's whole-hearted hospitality began to upset his balance at the bank a little uncomfortably, and his elder brother, who liked neither hounds, horses, nor young people, began to lecture him on his expensive tastes and extravagance. This went on for a time until it became unbearable, and my hunting parson decided to shut the place up and let his brother come back to it if he liked. And so Acklam once more lapsed into silence, and Mr. George and his family went to live near Oxford, where they bought a place called Weald Manor, and continued hunting and being cheery from there.

The following gives a little idea of the amount of sport he enjoyed. On Monday he would go to stay at Oxford, hunting *en route* with the Vale of the White Horse. On Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday he hunted from Oxford. On Saturday he returned to Weald Manor, hunting *en route* with the Vale of the White Horse. On Sunday, though not at the time holding any living, he preached two, and sometimes three, sermons. Finding time between his huntings to collect some good and rare china, also queer and ancient silver specimens. After the house would hold no more, he packed these treasures away over the stables.

As usual, he had a mount or two for friends, and a nephew

who was at the University at that time came in for mounts two or three days a week, having the time of his life. This nephew is the present owner of all these Hustler properties, and takes a great interest in them, as well as in all the leading movements of the day.

Mr. George Hustler prided himself on being able to ride horses no one else could manage, and when the time came that money was not very plentiful this was a boon, as he was able to pick up some very awkward animals for small considerations. They mostly went kindly with him, which was more than some of them did when he occasionally mounted friends on them.

From Oxford he had plenty of hunting and owned some fine horses, but in 1877 an old north-country friend, the Rev. John Burdon, resigned the living of English Bickner, in Gloucestershire, and it was offered to George Hustler, who accepted it, as he had been feeling for some time that he ought to be doing some work. Yet I know he was not entirely in accord with all the English Church's creeds and dogmas and was glad to give up his living at Stillingfleet partly on that account. Perhaps he had become reconciled to the Church requirements, or maybe it was a case of necessity knowing no law.

Poor dear old man ! He often told me he hoped he should not die in bed, a lingering death, but out in the open air amongst all the beautiful works of nature he loved so well. He wanted to die in harness, and his wish was fulfilled, for he died the death of all others he would have liked, "giving no trouble to anyone," as he expressed it.

When first he went to English Bickner, he built kennels at his own expense and hunted the Forest of Dean for deer and fox, but had given up hunting hounds himself a year or two before he died, finding the strain too much for him in his advancing years.

When last I was at English Bickner in his lifetime the kennels were empty, and only two horses stood in the stables, but he still hunted with the Ross Harriers, Mr. Teddy Curren's, and neighbouring packs until the end. He was out with the Ross Harriers the day he died, February 25, 1905. He had been suffering for some years with his heart, and ought not really to have been hunting at all. On the morning of the 25th he appeared to be in his usual health, and started away on his gentle and clever hunter,

“Maccaroni.” While jumping a small fence into plough, with a slight drop on landing, his mount pecked rather badly, but did not fall. It was observed by those near that he made no effort to save the horse, but simply fell off and never moved again, having died of heart failure. He was buried beside his wife in English Bickner Churchyard.

Mr. Hustler was the most extraordinarily sweet-tempered man I ever met. It almost amounted to a fault. I never heard an angry or impatient word from him or a grumble. If his elder brother, who was a very rich man, preached to him about extravagance, no word that was not kind and charitable left his lips. If anybody in his parish was cantankerous he was full of excuses for them, saying their bark was worse than their bite. The poor were well cared for wherever Mr. Hustler dwelt. He was the soul of generosity. I have grieved in his later years, when he wanted many things himself, to see the bottles of wine and good things going from his home just the same as in his better-off days.

He had grown sad latterly, partly from the depression that so often accompanies heart trouble, and also I think he felt rather keenly, though he did not say so, that when he could no longer keep open house and mount people as of old, so few whom he had helped, feasted, and benefited, remembered him. How true it is :

“ Laugh, and the world laughs with you ;
Weep, and you weep alone.”

I used to potter round the empty kennels and stables with him and talk of the wonderful performances of some of his old favourites, feeling very sad. His wife was dead, his daughters married, and he had no son ; it was a very lonely eventide.

I shall carry with me to the end of my days the memory of his unsurpassable gentleness with all things and all people. For twenty-eight years he ministered to the parish of English Bickner, and no one can remember seeing him out of temper or otherwise than gentle.

One of the peculiarities of his household was its unpunctuality. For instance, luncheon was supposed to be at one o'clock—at least, that was the advertised time, so to speak—yet I can remember sitting making polite conversation from one o'clock

until a quarter to three in the afternoon waiting for my luncheon, growing hungrier and hungrier, until it turned to feeling as if I never wished to eat again. It did not seem to strike any of the family that it was inconvenient. I suppose their own insides got accustomed to it, and therefore felt no vacuum. Mr. Hustler was a very small eater himself, almost a teetotaler, and a non-smoker, but could not sit down for five minutes without falling asleep. At intervals he would awake with a smile and look round in an amused way, as much as to say, "Have I been to sleep really?" then make some quite irrelevant remark and fall asleep again with an angelic smile upon his face.

Like most generous, good-natured people, he was considerably imposed upon at times; people with woeful faces and long stories used to take him in. I told him so once, when I saw through an old woman who was robbing him. His reply was characteristic: "Possibly, but I would rather run the risk than feel that perhaps I had refused help to someone in need."

He was very sympathetic to young people. Once when I was staying at Acklam he was taking a large omnibus-load of young folk to a ball in the neighbourhood, when suddenly the light at the end of the omnibus went out and we were all in darkness. There ensued a good deal of laughter and skirmishing. Later in the evening Mr. Hustler told me he was responsible for this episode, saying, "I knew the young people would like it." I think they did!

Acklam has passed now to the son of George Hustler's sister. He has taken the name of Hustler, and has made great improvements to the place and done away with the dangerous sunk fence. He was much attached to his Uncle George, who was a man who should have been always heaped with this world's goods, for he would have spent it royally in giving pleasure to all within his reach, and being happy himself into the bargain.

His charities were unostentatious and unbounded. He hunted out all the most remote cottages where help was needed, both in his own parish and often in his neighbours' as well. An old chimney-sweep, who used to be called Dick Turpin, and who was not generally liked, sent many miles when he was dying to ask Parson Hustler to come and see him, because "he had always spoken kind" to him. Mr. Hustler stayed with him until he passed through the gate into the Great Silence.

Anybody that was looked down upon, or what some people would call "bad characters," especially appealed to him, for he always saw good in everybody. One great and moving sermon he preached giving his text, "Thinketh no evil," and truly he carried this out in his own life.

When in the pulpit it could hardly be called preaching, his words were so simple, his manner so gentle ; he talked to us more than he preached.

One of his peculiarities was his love for his old clothes. He clung to them with tenacity. I rather took his part in this when his family tried to persuade him to wear some of the things he kept put away most carefully ; he was very tidy and methodical at all times, and would never allow anyone to touch his things but himself. When anybody was in need of clothes, and his family were not looking, he used to unearth these better garments and give them away !

CHAPTER III

The Rev. Cecil Legard—An Old Yorkshire Family—They Fight for the Royalists—Mr. Legard at College—A Steeplechase—Disapproval of the Dons—A Bad-tempered Chaser—Hunting with Hugo Meynell—A Wedding on Conditions—The Sale of a Pack of Hounds—Planting Coverts at Brocklesby—The Length of Masterships—The Living of Cottesbrooke—Hunting with the Pytchley—"Time Expired"—Judging at Peterborough and Dublin—Mr. Legard Compiles the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book—A Misunderstood Joke—Manners in the Hunting Field—The Rev. E. A. Milne, M.F.H.—Addresses his Field—Hunts in Pink—His Daughters out Hunting—The Rev. L. B. Morris—Chaplain to Lord Middleton—His Shooting and Hunting—Defies the Cobwebs.

YORKSHIRE, the home of my birth, of which fact I am rather proud, boasts another well-known sportsman cleric in the Rev. Cecil Legard, brother of, and heir to the present and twelfth baronet.

Mr. Legard does not like being called a sporting parson ; he prefers the term "sportsman cleric." So be it ; but, whatever we call him, he remains a true sportsman, and is almost as well known and respected as York Minster. He was born on November 28, 1843. His father, Henry Legard, was the youngest son of the late Sir Thomas Digby Legard, father of the eleventh baronet, and this Henry married the sister of the eighth Lord Middleton, of Birdsall, York. Of this union were born Algernon Legard, the present baronet, and his brother Cecil, of whom I am writing, who is a keen sportsman. How could he be otherwise, with sporting blood on both sides of the family ?

The Legards of Ganton and Anlaby are a good old Yorkshire family, the property of Anlaby having been acquired by them in 1100. Sir John, the first baronet, was so created in 1660, when he fought valiantly for the Royalists. There have been in the family loyal statesmen, soldiers, and divines, all sportsmen in the truest sense of the term.

Note—Mr. Legard has died since this chapter was written.

Mr. Legard's father, before his marriage, was in the 9th Lancers, one of the hardest riding regiments in the Service ; from him no doubt, Mr. Cecil Legard inherited his love for riding, racing, hunting, and all things appertaining to them.

In 1863 Cecil Legard went to Magdalene College, Cambridge. Here he quickly found a place amongst kindred spirits who loved horses and sport as well as he did.

In 1865 we find him in the midst of racing and hunting. It was in that year the two Universities wished to establish an annual steeplechase, a sort of sister to the boat-race, but the Dons did not take kindly to the idea, so it had to be dropped in its original form ; but it was not entirely frustrated, for it appeared as "The Grand Steeplechase Match—Oxford *versus* Cambridge," no owners' names being on the race-card, and the jockeys rode under fictitious ones. Only those in the secret knew who the owners were or who was going to ride.

Amongst these sporting undergraduates they arranged that each University should have four representatives, all to ride twelve stone and over three miles of the Aylesbury Course, the value of the race being £150.

It being no longer a secret who took part in that Steeplechase, I may give the correct names of the owners and riders and the numbers as they finished :

OXFORD.

MR. GRISSELL'S "Marchioness"	OWNER	1
DUKE OF HAMILTON'S "Pantaloons"	MR. FREDERICK	2
MR. A. SMITH-BARRY'S "Loyalty"	OWNER	4
EARL OF HARRINGTON'S "Kate"	LORD WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE	0

CAMBRIDGE.

HON. H. FITZWILLIAM'S "Proposition"	MR. CECIL LEGARD	3
MR. CANDY'S "Colleen Bawn"	HON. T. FITZWILLIAM	5
LORD ABERDOUR'S "The Good Lady"	VISCOUNT MELGUND	0
HON. T. FITZWILLIAM'S "Hermitage"	LORD ABERDOUR	0

by which it will be seen that Oxford won, and Mr. Legard, riding for Cambridge, came in third. "Proposition," the horse he was riding, belonged to the still living Hon. H. Fitzwilliam, at one time a steward of the Jockey Club and founder

of the famous "Whip," so coveted by undergraduates at Cambridge who in those days settled their battles between the flags over the Cottenham Course, while Oxford always went to Aylesbury.

Few are living now of those who took part in the 1865 Steeplechase. I think Captain Grissell, Lord Minto—at that time Lord Melgund—and Lord Barrymore—formerly Smith-Barry—and the Rev. Cecil Legard are the only ones left.

It was the association of Captain Machell with Cambridge University and its nearness to Newmarket that induced so many undergraduates to indulge in turf pursuits. A good number of them used to spend their week-ends at the Turf Metropolis.

Mr. Cecil Legard was among the number who enjoyed those early-day frolics. His cousin, Sir Charles Legard, who was born in 1846 and died in 1901, also raced a good deal and had some good horses. Amongst all these young bloods they seem to have had a real good time.

Although Mr. Legard was disappointed in his place in the Grand Steeplechase in 1865, later he had better luck, winning twice running the Challenge Whip much desired by all.

In 1867 Mr. Legard took his degree, and, before leaving Cambridge, added M.A. and LL.B. to his name. He now felt he could not continue to be associated with too much racing, but to this day takes the keenest interest in the sport. Up to the time war was declared I think there were very few race-meetings of any importance that he did not attend, and he seldom missed the Derby.

He says the best horse he ever owned was "Acrobat," purchased from Captain Machell; but for the animal's bad temper he might have won many races, but he could never be relied on, as when he felt so inclined, in the middle of a race as likely as not, he would stand perfectly still quite suddenly and refuse to move another step until it suited his convenience, or his temper; having allowed the rest of the field to pass him a few hundred yards, he then would do a finish all on his own. Not a horse to put money on! With the exception of his temper, he was good all round, no doubt, as Mr. Legard is an excellent judge—few better—and his advice is still eagerly sought after by those bent on purchase, or wishing to know his views as to horses' possible attainments.

Mr. Legard's first clerical duty was a curacy in Derbyshire. There he hunted with Hugo Meynell's pack, which had been founded in 1816 by the Master, Hugo Meynell, and hunted by him until 1869.

Then the living of Boynton in Yorkshire was presented to him by Sir George Cholmeley, and there he spent nine happy years, from 1870 to 1879. It was in 1870 he married Miss Hall, eldest daughter of James Hall of Scarborough, who hunted the Holderness for the best part of forty years—in fact, up to the time of his death in 1877.

Mr. Hall's two daughters were anxious the pack should not be dispersed, so Mr. Legard, at his wife's request, offered the pack to the county for the sum of £2,500, which was at once forthcoming. When Mr. Hall gave his consent to his daughter marrying Mr. Legard, he made one stipulation with his son-in-law, namely, he must hunt and bring his wife to hunt with him regularly for three months each year.

Mr. Legard now moved to Brocklesby, where another ten happy years were spent. There were several packs near enough for him to hunt with them, but he was mostly seen with Lord Yarborough's.

While at Brocklesby he planted three coverts, calling them "The Scrub Close," "The Ledge Cop," and "Sir Richard Sutton's Thorns," where up to the time of the war many hunted, but few remembered the unselfishness of the man who had given his time and money for the benefit of the country as a little return for the pleasant days he had spent there.

When we think of the lengthy masterships of those bygone days it makes one wonder why they are of such brief duration now—or rather in the years before 1914. What will happen after peace is declared, who can foresee? Perhaps the last generation had more grit, cared nothing for the grumbles and bad manners of their followers, or perhaps the present-day grumblings and fault-findings are only a sign of the age. There used to be rows in the olden times, we know, but that was chiefly over matters of hunting-boundaries and such-like things, not the personal matters we hear so much of to-day concerning the Masters, who spend a good part of their lives and a great deal out of their pockets in trying to show sport and give pleasure to even the humblest follower and smallest subscriber.

One cannot help wondering why the grumblers come out if they so disapprove of the Master's methods ; nobody wants them, though it is amusing to hear how much better they think they could hunt hounds themselves. In many cases I am sure their endeavours would be an instructive and beautiful sight.

Mr. Legard tells me he was proud of having been blooded by Will Carter, huntsman to old Sir Tatton Sykes.

In 1887 Sir H. Langham, at that time Master of the Pytchley, presented the living of Cottesbrooke in Northamptonshire to Parson Legard, and there he remained until 1914, enjoying life and health, holding his own in the saddle against all comers, young or old.

It was a charming little parish, and did not boast of a single public-house.

In a letter I received a short time ago from him he tells me he has now attained the age of " threescore years and ten," and he considers himself " time expired." It seems incredible so many tides have washed the shore, for until his throat began to give him trouble in 1914 he hunted his four days a week with a bright steady eye and unshaken nerve.

His health is now causing him anxiety and he is not able to ride at all, which is a great grief to him ; but when well enough he finds his way down to Tattersall's and any race-meetings there may be. I never heard Mr. Legard preach, but I know that in all the parishes where he has lived he has been greatly liked and respected. He has the stately and very courteous manner of his generation—perhaps a little more sedate than some. Up to a year or two ago he had a bright, fresh complexion. He still retains his bright eyes, and is interested in everything and very proud of his grandchildren. I wonder if they will be able to give as good an account of themselves when they are his age.

This fine old Yorkshireman has officiated several times at Peterborough Hound Show, and has for many years given a silver hunting-horn as prize for the best unentered doghound. His judgment was seldom in error. In 1885 he gave the prize to Lord Willoughby de Broke's "Harper" who proved to be one of the finest hounds of his day.

In 1892 I remember his judging at the Dublin Horse Show—an anxious though delightful occupation—where there is such an enormous entry, and all of the best to decide amongst. On

that particular occasion I think I remember there were two hundred and fifty horses.

At the request of the Master of Foxhounds' Association, Mr. Legard a few years ago undertook the very arduous task of compiling the Foxhound Kennel Stud Book, the labour of which can only be understood and appreciated by those who have even in a small way worked back over a few generations of hounds, endeavouring to fill in their pedigrees faithfully and fully for the benefit and use of future sportsmen and women.

I first met Mr. Legard at Bishopthorpe when staying with Archbishop Thomson, whom as children we called the "Cod-fish," because we thought him so like one. He was really a fine, handsome man, but he certainly did at times remind one of that fish.

There is nothing the least loud or horsey in Mr. Legard's appearance; on the contrary, always neat, as neat as could be, of late years clean-shaven, with a healthy colour. When racing he wears a bird's-eye tie suitable to the occasion, at other times the regulation clerical one; but it would not be Mr. Legard without the tall hat and sensible umbrella which are his habitual accompaniments.

Some years ago an enterprising journalist, meeting him in Piccadilly, asked for a photograph to reproduce with an account of his hunting and racing experiences for one of the leading sporting papers of the day. Not being anxious for this advertisement, Mr. Legard said jokingly he feared it might prevent him being made the next Archbishop of York.

The following week, or at least shortly after this interview, there appeared in the paper the Parson's picture with a well-written article on his sporting activities, and his remarks taken seriously about being the next Archbishop of York.

Poor Mr. Legard! What must his feelings have been! It surely was hard to forgive, but with his characteristic kindness and good nature he took it all in good part.

We are told to forgive our enemies, but we are not told to forgive our friends, which is perhaps just as well, for at times they are hard to forgive.

All the clerical sportsmen I have known have been smart, well-groomed men, keen observers of the ritual of the chase, which leads to respect and a certain amount of reverence.

The REV. CECIL LEGARD

[Facing p. 32.]

THE REV. E. A. MILNE, M.F.H.
IN THE CATTISTOCK COUNTRY

There would not be half the sympathy with hunting that now exists but for a certain amount of pomp and ceremony, the observing of outward and visible signs.

Gaudy garments are not often worn by parsons, but they can be properly turned out all the same. A certain amount of a man's character can be read by observing the details of his toilet, and how his things are put on. No man with a well-balanced methodical mind can put his clothes on higgledy-piggledy, as though with a pitchfork; it would be painful to his feelings and dignity, even if nobody was going to see him except the robin on the window-sill and the snowdrops in the garden. The man who appears in a crumpled-up stock, looking as if he had slept in it for some time, drooping *degage*-looking spurs, and who swears it is all the same to him which side of his horse he mounts from, may be a great genius of sorts and living in the clouds—under which circumstances it would be almost better if he stayed there, for he will not reflect credit on any pack he hunts with.

Such curious animals are we human beings, so influenced by our surroundings, that when a few of these floppity, untidy sportsmen are around us we gradually feel our own backbone giving way, and say to ourselves it will be all the same a hundred years hence, which of course is all wrong—it won't be all the same a hundred years hence. And that is why I think hunting parsons have such a good influence on the field; example does so much; if we are with well-groomed people we like to be well-groomed too, and feel a certain dignity and self-respect in consequence.

Particularly have I noticed how a parson's presence will keep the field free from swearing and disgusting language. I know of no greater example of this than on the Dorsetshire hill-country, presided over by that deservedly popular Master, the Rev. E. A. Milne, M.F.H., who holds his large and sometimes headstrong field in such perfect order. I have often marvelled at the extraordinary way in which this reverend gentleman keeps order without resort to those senseless vulgar oaths so many Masters consider necessary. Instead of these he delivers little homilies on the duties of a field while hounds are at work, with more excellent results than indulgence in invective.

I have come to the conclusion, after years of hunting ex-

perience and close observations of men, that some use "swear words" and Johnsonian words of endearment to relieve their pent-up feelings. Expressing one's feelings is no doubt a relief, but the majority do it because they think it fine and clever, and because others of the same *genre* laugh at their vulgarity, until it becomes a habit and they do not know when they do it, or how much it is spoiling the pleasure of those who see nothing clever or amusing in it.

There is no keener sportsman in the west country than Mr. Milne, who hunts six days a week, and is much sought after as a judge at puppy-shows.

He hunts in pink, which is not a common practice with parsons; he also acts as his own huntsman, and during the hunting-season wears pink in the evening. He says whatever he does he tries to dress the part. On Sundays always a tall hat and black coat, even in his remote little village. He has hunted the Cattistock for seventeen years; before that he was Master of the North Bucks Harriers; before that again, the Trinity Beagles at Cambridge, so he has had considerable experience.

In the Cattistock country he was usually accompanied by one or two little daughters, before they grew up and married. They rode their father's horses and looked picturesque in velvet hunting-caps. It was interesting to hear such small people, as they were when first I saw them, discussing runs in the most highly technical language.

A jocose little bird told me one day that the Rev. Edgar, better known as "Jack" Milne, of the Cattistock, might be seen any day, between early June and August 1st, sitting looking through the bars of the fox-den at the Zoo, deeply pondering from daylight till dark.

Sobriety of manners in the hunting-field carried me on to Mr. Milne before I had finished my Yorkshire sporting clerics, and I wished to include the Rev. L. B. Morris, well known with the York and Ainsty, Lord Middleton's, and other Yorkshire packs. He was chaplain to Lord Middleton at Birdsall for fourteen years, and naturally did a good deal of hunting with his hounds. I met him first staying with the Hustlers; he was always very smart, spick and span, and one day when he had just arrived at the meet, a young mare I was on took the

opportunity to plunge into a deep and muddy ditch close to Mr. Morris, covering him with slimy wet mud. I was quite prepared for scowls if not imprecations, but neither scowl nor harsh words escaped him, and we became great friends.

He is an all-round good sportsman, being as much at home with his gun as in the saddle ; he does considerable execution every year at Studley Royal when shooting with Lord Ripon.

He has now retired from clerical work and lives in peace and contentment the life of the country squire, with his wife (who was a Miss Whitaker, daughter of Marmaduke Whitaker, of Breckamore) and his daughter. Mr. Morris married in 1885 when he went to live at the family living of Thornton-in-Craven, near Leeds. He now lives at Breckamore, and is very busy with county work, magistrates' meetings, and war work of all kinds.

One of his characteristics is his cheerfulness, which is infectious. Wherever he may be people congregate ; yet with all his merriment and banter I never heard him say an unkind thing of anybody ; the merriment is never at the expense of other people.

I have heard it stated that "everybody's friend is nobody's friend," but do not believe it, for here is a character that proves the fallacy of that old saying. Mr. Morris is like Saint Paul, "all things to all men," not, as is often the case, from expediency, but from goodness of heart.

I think it speaks well for a man who has spent his life helping to bear other people's burdens, when he can say he has not lost, once and for ever, every illusion he ever embraced ; and when in the autumn of his days he has defied all the cobwebs ; but then Mr. Morris's life has been spent in pleasant places and he has been comfortably endowed with this world's goods, which doubtless helps to prevent cobwebs from claiming little corners.

CHAPTER IV

The Rev. Jack Russell, M.F.H., M.O.H.—Where he Wrote his Sermons—An Ancient Powder Cupboard—Some Clergy Defy their Bishops—Parson Jack as a Boy—Gets into Trouble and Out Again—Boxing and Hunting at Cambridge—His Fox-Terrier “Trump”—The King’s Admiration of Her—His first Clerical Work—Some Packs of Hounds—He Marries—Mr. Templer of Stover’s Hunting Methods—Some Favourite Horses—His Staff—Two Churches and a Curate on £180 a Year—His Friends the Gypsies—A Well-known Story—Virtue Rewarded—Sells his Pack—Introduced to the Prince of Wales—At Sandringham—Pilots the Prince with Stag Hounds—A Soldier’s View of the Sporting Parson—Bad Luck at Black Torrington—The Rat-Catcher’s Charm—Parson Jack’s Boot-Jack—His Frugal Habits—A Pathetic Funeral.

WHO is there that has not heard of the great sporting parson, the Rev. Jack Russell, one of the most celebrated figures in the west country, and well liked everywhere ?

It has always surprised me that nowhere have I ever read of, or heard any mention of, his little powder cupboard wherein he wrote his sermons, when in his later years he was rector of Black Torrington. This funny but interesting cupboard was no doubt used many times by Mr. Russell’s predecessors, while they sat wrapped in a sheet during the powdering of their wigs for Sunday service, or possibly for a carousal with the squire, maybe for both. I am glad to say when I saw it last, a few years ago, it remained exactly as it stood in Mr. Russell’s time, in a big empty room, not let into a wall or seeking its support, but more like a sentry-box, approached up some steps a little to one side of the room, with a door to shut behind the occupier, and a small square window after the fashion of an attic window not intended to open or shut. Out of it could be seen a glimpse of the spare room, and beyond it some greenery viewed through the window of the room. Inside this curious edifice there stands the original sloping sort of schoolboy-desk, rough with old age, much scrubbing, and innocent of any varnish or decoration. Both desk and high stool are attached to the floor.

The rectory has been in recent years more or less repaired

and done up generally, and I am glad to say the inhabitants have had the good taste to leave this curio untouched.

I feel I know exactly why Mr. Russell retired to this little box when in the throes of sermon-production, for there was nothing to distract his attention, no wistful brown eyes of a favourite old hound to coax him from his work, no old hunter to be seen in the paddock enticing him out.

There is so little I can write of this dear old parson that is not generally known, yet my book would be strangely incomplete without him, one of the finest specimens of the sporting parson that has ever trodden the earth, I imagine.

There are, however, amongst the rising generation, a number of young people, I am told, to whom Parson Jack is only a name. For them I will briefly relate his life and sporting experiences, and it may interest some folk, as it does myself. Observing the characteristic tastes and temperaments of children, and following them through the years to man's estate and seeing what they lead to, how they bury or use their talents; being with them, so to speak, from the cradle to the grave, is an engrossing pastime.

The west seems to be the home of sporting parsons, even more than the north. At one time Mr. Russell owned hounds in Devonshire, and about a score of other clergymen did the same in the Bishop of Exeter's diocese alone, much to that gentleman's chagrin; he remonstrated with several of them, Mr. Russell amongst the number, but they continued to hunt all the same.

Mr. Phillpotts, who was at that time Bishop of Exeter, feared his clergy were not attending to their duties and were neglecting their parishes, "gadding about the country after dogs"; this was his unsympathetic and ignorant—or perhaps meant to be annoying—way of expressing himself. Nevertheless, he allowed Mr. Russell was a fine preacher, and travelled some miles to hear him when the opportunity offered itself.

Mr. Jack Russell was born in 1795 at Iddesleigh rectory, in Devonshire, his father being incumbent, keeping both pupils and hounds. One pony was set apart on purpose for the boys to ride out hunting and used as an incentive to work; the youth who could show the highest marks at the end of the week was allowed to ride it on the next hunting-day.

Mr. Russell, senior, like his son in late years, was a good preacher and a keen sportsman. History relates that the old gentleman's top-boots have been observed peeping out from beneath his cassock in church.

It is evident from whom Mr. Jack Russell inherited his love for sport, which began to show itself very early in life. When at school at Tiverton he kept four and a half couple of hounds unknown to the authorities. An obliging blacksmith on the outskirts of the village kennelled and fed them with flesh. The local farmers and the blacksmith loyally held their tongues, and encouraged young Russell and his partner, a boy named Borey, in the enterprise. Many happy and healthful half-holidays were spent with these hounds.

Unfortunately, after a time the headmaster, named Dr. Richards, a very strict disciplinarian, got wind of the matter, and the boy Borey was expelled. Why this fate should have fallen on him and not young Russell I have never been given to understand; however, the latter did not escape quite free. He was sent for to the master's study. There was no beating about the bush; Dr. Richards began at once.

“You keep hounds, don't you?”

“No, sir, I do not.”

“You dare to stand there and tell lies to me? Your partner who shared them with you has confessed and been expelled.”

“I am not lying, sir. I have no hounds, for Borey stole them yesterday and sent them home to his father.”

“Well, that is lucky for you, or I should have expelled you also.”

This attitude of schoolmasters towards sport and healthy amusement for the boys has often surprised me. I firmly believe that if every big school, especially our public schools, had a pack of hounds which the boys could hunt and follow, on foot for choice, there would then be less of the bullying and vice we hear so much about when youths are congregated together. There would neither be the time nor the same inclination for mischief. At the end of the day they would be healthily tired.

Perhaps it was as well the hounds departed, for after they had gone Jack Russell turned his attention to work, capturing two prizes open to competition, an exhibition of £30 a year, and

a medal for elocution. This brought him into favour with Dr. Richards once more, but had the Doctor known the £30 went to buy a horse from the Rev. John Froude, he might have been less pleased. This Mr. Froude became a lifelong friend of Mr. Russell's, and I think exercised a great deal of influence over him. He certainly encouraged him in opposing and defying his bishop. This Mr. Froude of Knowston was a well-known character. I shall have more to say of him later.

From school Mr. Russell went to Exeter College, Oxford, where he went in extensively for the noble art of self-defence, proving himself a rather formidable person to tackle ; his length of arm and habitual agility were in his favour, and he studied the art under a professional.

One day a Cambridge man, in a weak moment, backed his University against Oxford at boxing. Mr. Russell was one of the three picked men chosen to represent Oxford. Cambridge went home with its tail between its legs.

Hunting was another recreation indulged in while at college. The Duke of Beaufort's badger-pies hunted the Oxfordshire hills from the Heythrop at one season of the year, and the Badminton at another. When they met within reach of Oxford Mr. Russell seldom missed a day. He made a great friend of that faithful and valued servant of three Dukes of Beaufort, Will Long, who acted as their huntsman from 1826 to 1855, making twenty-nine years. He said he thought it remarkable, the way, after an hour in the kennels, Mr. Russell knew every hound by name and recognised them in the field next day.

It used, I know, to puzzle his reverence that men could, and often did, hunt regularly with a pack and yet at the end of a season not know one hound from another. These are the men who hunt to ride, and care nothing for hound work, which was the joy of Mr. Russell's life.

It was while at Oxford he met with the little fox-terrier that was to be the mother and founder of his far-famed breed of terriers. He met the little lady accompanying a milkman on his rounds. Mr. Russell at once made an offer for her, but the milkman was in no hurry to part with his pet ; eventually the bidding became so brisk and tempting he succumbed, and "Trump" became the property of Mr. Russell. Her descendants are scattered all over the world. This breed is now

always associated with Mr. Russell's name ; they are noted for their method in bolting foxes, never worrying them in their earths, or fighting one another underground, which is not an unheard-of thing for terriers to do. King Edward VII. greatly admired little "Trump," and had an oil-painting of her.

Mr. Russell liked both his hounds and his terriers to throw their tongues freely, for the same reason that Lord Fitzhardinge liked to mount his hunt servants on roarers ; he then knew where they were ! He entered his terriers entirely to fox, so there was no fear of their running riot ; the faintest whimper from one of them and the whole pack of hounds would fly to it as quickly as to one of Mr. Russell's marvellous screams.

It was delightful to get him well launched on the subject of his terriers, he was such an enthusiastic lover of them.

Nearly everyone in the west country has some tale to tell of the "Parson Jack," as they call him ; many of the stories have oft been told, but no one wearies of them.

So far, however, we have only accounted for his first pack of hounds when at school, aged sixteen. His second venture was when a curate at South Molton, this time to hunt the otter, so little known and inscrutable. He collected six couple of hounds, a scratch uneven lot from neighbouring friends. Not every hound will enter to otter, as Mr. Russell soon found out. His patience was often sorely tried, for he could not keep his hounds to the water ; they would wander off in search of fox, which had been their training.

While on these long tramps with his disappointing hounds, he learnt the country thoroughly, and the knowledge was useful to him in later years when his hunting had to be done with a limited number of horses, enabling him to save many miles, and take short cuts even in the dark. When almost in despair of being able to do anything with them, he heard of a sporting farmer who had a useful scratch pack with which he hunted fox, hare, and otter, and that he was drafting some of them. Mr. Russell hurried off in hope of securing a hound or two accustomed to the taste of otter, that would teach and encourage the rest of his pack. He found just what he wanted, and for the modest sum of £1 brought home with him a useful hound that quickly taught the rest, after which he enjoyed six years of hunting with them. He had no kennels ; the neigh-

bouring farmers and cottagers gave them a welcome by their firesides.

Unfortunately otter-hunting only lasts for about five months in the year, but there is no pleasanter way of spending the summer months, for you are led into strange unfrequented places far from the haunts of man, where Nature is seen at her best, in her most attractive forms. When the season ended Mr. Russell hunted a good deal with Mr. Froude, vicar of Knowstone, which place was only about ten miles from South Molton; the country was mostly wild moor, heath and furze.

In 1826 Mr. Russell married and left South Molton, returning to the home of his youth as curate to his father. There being no hounds in the immediate vicinity, he soon collected some and blossomed into a M.F.H.; he gathered together some useful workers, several having belonged to a Mr. Templer of Stover, whose methods were original, and who had wonderful control over his hounds. On blank days he would turn out a bagged one in front of his pack, but they were not allowed to touch him; they used to stand round their master with his watch in hand; when he said, "One, two, and away!" off they flew. Most of the hounds glued their eyes on their master's face until the given moment, but one fixed his eyes on his watch, and the moment it was shut with a snap was off in pursuit. Mr. Templer kept about twenty foxes for blank days in a couple of big yards. Each fox had a long chain attached to it so that it could take plenty of exercise, being occasionally assisted by a tandem whip, gently applied to keep them in good form and wind. One fox had been turned out about thirty times and quite understood the game; he was rewarded by a fresh rabbit for his supper at the end of the day. I have been told the fox enjoyed the fun, giving them plenty of galloping. The hounds must indeed have been well disciplined, for when the fox had done enough and refused to run any more, they would stand round him with mouths watering and not touch, for this fox, when he ceased to find amusement in the game, refused to go any further. The Master must have been a hard rider to be up in time always to see that his favourites did not transgress.

This wonderful pack of dwarf foxhounds was sold in 1826, I believe, finding new homes all over the country. Mr. Russell,

knowing their hunting powers, wished to collect a few of them, and succeeded, eventually having one of the finest hunting-packs in the west of England.

It was from Mr. Templer that Mr. Russell said he learnt much of his craft.

Considering the habitual low state of this latter sporting parson's finances, it is surprising the amount of hunting he managed to enjoy. He said he was obliged to ride anything he could get, and his horses had to work hard as well as their master, for there was no hack to carry him to the meet, no dogcart waiting to bring him home, and he used to ride long distances to meets, occasionally as many as thirty miles.

Three hunters were the most Mr. Russell could allow himself. At one time he owned three exceptionally useful gees, "Billy," only a cob of fourteen hands, clever and sturdy, never tired, always game; his owner said no money would tempt him to part with the little horse; "Cottager" and "Monkey" were bad-tempered, and in consequence not considered desirable mounts by most people. The former horse would try and snatch at his rider's boots as he jogged along to the meet, only forgetting his temper during the run. These horses carried their owner for several seasons, and he rode twelve stone.

His staff, consisted of himself as huntsman and whip, unless an occasional friend whipped for him. His only regular help was a rough youth who worked in the garden and stables; he rejoiced in the name of "Sam." His master coached him well, giving him instructions in the science of hunting, as to what should be done under certain circumstances, such as starting a fresh fox in covert, etc. Sam enjoyed this catechism, and proved an intelligent and valuable assistant.

The appearance of his pack troubled Mr. Russell not at all, so long as they could hunt; and some of his mounts have been little more than Exmoor ponies, on which he has started away before daylight and returned after dark. The only person I have ever heard of who could equal Mr. Russell in endurance of long days and fatigues was old Sir Tatton Sykes, the Yorkshireman, but he was mounted on expensive horses, while Mr. Russell often had to content himself with screws. One of the reasons why Parson Jack got so much work out of his horses was due to the care he took of them; in the height of his pleasure he always

remembered his mount and saved him as much as possible, both in wind and legs.

In 1832 Mr. Russell went to Swymbridge, near his wife's old home, and spent forty-five years of his life there with two parishes and churches to look after, receiving the handsome income of £180 a year—and yet I have heard that “a labourer is worthy of his hire.” Out of this £180 a year a curate had to be provided.

During those forty odd years he worked wonders in the parishes. From one service per Sunday it grew to four, the church was restored, and new schools built.

The Gypsies were especially fond of him; he always befriended them, and would not allow them to be hounded from place to place if he could help it, and would always allow them to camp on his land; they much appreciated the way he trusted them. When the King of the Gypsies felt that his days were numbered, he gave instructions that a certain charm he had worn for years should be given to his reverence, as a token of gratitude for many kindnesses, also his much-treasured rat-catching belt, and expressed the wish that he should be buried in Swymbridge churchyard and the service taken by Parson Russell.

Mr. Russell used to ask his friends for some of their cast-off garments for the Gypsies. When there was going to be a wedding amongst them they went to him to see if he had any clothes to make them smart for the occasion; he seldom failed them. He has even supplied the ring sometimes. They treated him, and looked upon him, as their best friend.

There is a story well known in the west, though possibly not elsewhere, that is typical of the man.

Riding home from hunting one evening, as he passed the blacksmith's forge in his village, the owner came out saying a Gypsy who was standing by the forge wanted to buy his black mare, but said he had no money with him. What did the parson advise him to do? Would it be wise to let the mare go? Probably the man would disappear and never be heard of again.

Mr. Russell looked at the Gypsy for a moment, then said, “I think I know your face; you married when camping on my land, did you not?”

“ No, sir, it was my brother.”

“ Well,” said Mr. Russell, “ if I stand for you will you come and pay ? Do you mean to pay ? ”

“ Yes, your honour.”

Turning to the smithy, Parson Jack said, “ Let him have the mare ; if he does not pay I will.”

A week or two later, when again passing the forge, he asked if the Gypsy had paid.

“ Yes sir, every penny, and many thanks to you.”

It was these kindly acts that endeared Mr. Russell to people ; nobody who went to him for advice and help was ever sent empty away. Everybody knew he was not well off in worldly goods, and I think his generosity out of what he possessed, and the way he trusted people, made them straight in return.

I cannot help feeling that if I had volunteered to stand surety for the Gypsy, the blacksmith would have sworn he had never received a penny, then have collected the amount from me *and* the purchaser, and appeared aggrieved with us both.

For about two years, when at Swymbridge, Mr. Russell gave up his hounds in consequence of the way he was worried financially and morally. Some of his kind relations and friends never ceased telling him he was on the high road to ruin ; that he neglected his duties, etc.

He felt very lonely and miserable without his hounds, and when one day he was told six and a half couple were again standing in his kennel, a gift from his old friend Harry Fellows, he was overjoyed, especially when he received a note saying they were a draft from the Vine and all were over distemper. This was a temptation too great to be resisted ; the beauties looked so comfortable and at home in the kennels, and he was happy once more.

People who have no love for animals and sport may feel impatient with those who do care for these things, not being able to understand the exhilaration of the chase, the joy of the country, and the intelligence of our faithful four-footed companions, who try so hard to please us and are so much more dependable and faithful than many human beings. They ask so little from us and bestow so generously and plentifully of all they have to give.

But again poor Mr. Russell found himself obliged to part with his treasures, for much the same reason as before. The hounds had actually left the kennels, starting for new homes, when Mrs. Russell could not stand her husband's look of dejection and persuaded him to keep them, pointing out to him that he had quite as much right to some pleasure as other people ; so back to the kennels they went again, and he hunted hounds without interruption until 1871, when he sold them to Mr. Henry Villebois in Norfolk.

A story is told, and well known in the west country, of Bishop Phillpotts, who, when touring his diocese, came across a pack of hounds in full cry, while amongst the field were such a number of black coats he thought there must have been some epidemic in the neighbourhood to account for so many men being in mourning. He conversed with his chaplain on the subject ; he, being a wise man, held his tongue, and everybody enjoyed themselves, the Bishop in his own particular way, the black-coated gentlemen in their own particular way. I do not know about the chaplain, by the way ; he may have been longing to join the black coats disappearing in the distance.

Mr. Villebois, who bought Mr. Russell's hounds, introduced the old sportsman to the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) . He became a great favourite at Sandringham ; both the Prince and Princess of Wales liked him. He was staying there in 1873 and danced the old year out and the new year in with beautiful Princess Alexandra. The Prince had told him to bring a sermon with him ; this he did, and preached in the pretty little church in the grounds of Sandringham, close to the house. The sermon gave pleasure to His Royal Highness, who complimented the sporting parson on his eloquence and charm of language.

He stayed with his Royal host and hostess again in 1876. It was Mr. Russell who acted as pilot to the Prince when first he hunted with the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds, and a better man could not have been chosen. One of Mr. Russell's most cherished possessions was a tie-pin which the Prince had given to him, and put into his scarf with his own hands.

I am one of the people who regret the passing of the Sporting Parsons ; they were fine, manly, sky-pilots. Far be it from me

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to say there are not many great and good clergymen now who are not sportsmen. What grieves me is that so many earnest and good men should have so little power to attract or hold our interest. A short time ago I was discussing this very subject with an ex-master of hounds, who has seen a good deal of the world, has done his bit for his country, and will now carry the marks of it with him to the end of his days. He said, "The old Sporting Parson was a dignified man one could respect and admire. The Roman Catholic priests I respect and admire; they are dignified, well-educated, often intelligent, and social assets; but many of the English Church clergy are such crawling creatures and so ill-educated and childish, if I get into the train with one I feel I must apologise for him, and when I bid him 'Good-bye' I feel I ought to speak to him as if he is a child and say to him, 'Ta-ta; say good-bye to the lady nicely and run away and play robbers.'"

It is the fashion to-day, as I have already said, to run down sporting parsons, and undoubtedly there have been specimens who have brought them as a class into disrepute, but no one could ever say they were a crawling lot, or wish to bid them "Ta-ta."

In 1879 Lord Poltimore offered the living of Black Torrington to Mr. Russell; this meant £500 a year and a good home, so though he felt leaving Swymbridge, the need of cash necessitated it. When he said good-bye to his old neighbours and friends they presented him with a cheque for £800, all his parishioners and friends, including the Prince of Wales, having subscribed. It was presented to him in the Duke of Bedford's House in Eaton Square, and many kindly things were said about the work he had done in his parishes, and of his Christian charity.

At Black Torrington Mr. Russell fixed himself up very comfortably, papered and painted the old rectory, built new stables at considerable cost, and just as they were finished a fire reduced them to ashes, and unfortunately two good horses and a couple of valuable terriers shared the same fate. The rat-catcher's charm had not brought him much luck. Once more his financial calculations were thrown out; but he was not a grumbler, he squared his shoulders and bought a horse—and a good one, very cheap, being, as he expressed it, "speechless

The REV. JACK RUSSELL, M.F.H., M.O.H.

[Facing p. 46.]

THE POWDER CUPBOARD

WHERE THE FAMOUS JACK RUSSELL WROTE HIS SERMONS

Facing p. 47.

in one eye"—and before long collected a small pack of harriers with which to hunt the surrounding country.

When first Parson Jack began hunting he met with some opposition amongst his neighbours, but, being fairly smart with the gloves, the moment anyone interfered with his hounds he settled it in true old English style, and soon there was no more interference ; those who wished to quarrel with him soon became ardent followers.

Mr. Russell was only a few years at Black Torrington, and died there, but was, of course, well known over the whole country.

What personality the man had will be understood from the way the smallest things that had ever belonged to him are still treasured. A friend of mine has in his possession, and greatly prizes, the old boot-jack his reverence used ; it is now, or was when I saw it a little while ago, badly worm-eaten, alas !

In a cottage I was shown a " piture " (photograph) of Mr. Russell standing in the place of honour on the fluffy mat, beside the family Bible. The owner said he would part with all his possessions sooner than " the passon's piture."

What made this man so loved ? It was his big, good heart, and—it is a very big *and*—because he was what in those days was the first requisite for gentlepeople—a courtier.

His wife was a Miss Bury, one of an old Devonshire family ; she died some years before he did. He had been much attached to her, and felt her death painfully.

It was at Black Torrington he wrote his sermons in the " powder cupboard."

I wish he had written a diary ; there was so much in his life that was interesting, but he kept no record of his doings. He had a wonderful memory and was an entertaining companion ; down in the neighbourhood of his old home and in sporting circles people are never tired of telling one stories of Parson Jack.

Generally speaking, £ s. d. makes the wheels of life turn smoothly and helps to build up fame ; but money played no part in building up Mr. Russell's, for he was always in the lowest water, riding anything he could get ; and it speaks well for his pluck and management that he was able to hunt and enjoy life to a ripe old age, thanks, no doubt, greatly to his frugal life. He always preferred bread and cheese and cider to the most

carefully prepared and costly banquet. He would never sit up late at night, and was usually up with the dawn.

Not many men at the age of eighty-two can ride a horse twenty-five miles home after a day's stag-hunting. He always seemed insensible to fatigue, like old Sir Tatton Sykes, whose feats of endurance were so remarkable.

All the four years at Black Torrington the poor old sportsman's health was failing, and in 1883, with kind people about him, he died. At his own request he was buried at Swymbridge, by the side of his wife, in the parish he had shepherded for forty odd years.

At least a thousand people attended his funeral; beautiful flowers came from far and near, but some of the most touching sights were amidst the cottagers, who came weeping with baskets and aprons full of flowers to shower on to his coffin in the grave. All sorts and sizes were there—lords and ladies, horse-dealers, Gypsies, rat-catchers, old people, young children—all anxious to pay a last tribute to the parson who preached moving sermons from the pulpit, and still more moving sermons by everyday life, of tolerance, love, and charity for all men.

It was remarked a few years ago that there was nothing in the church at Torrington to commemorate his years there. The idea was no sooner mooted than all that was wanted was collected, and now a brass is put up in the church to the memory of the Rev. Jack Russell by his many hunting and sporting parishioners, who cared for him more than a little.

Mr. Russell was not a believer in the silent method of hunting hounds, I am glad to say. He liked to hear the cheery voice of a huntsman better than the rating of a whipper-in. He could carry his hounds through a fresh fox or two without changing from the hunted one, and this by his voice alone, crying, "Come forward! Come forward!"—that wonderful voice of his.

Much of the pleasure of hunting in covert is lost under the silent system, and I think there can be no doubt about which the hounds like^r best.

CHAPTER V

The Rev. Hugh Palisser Costobadie—What his Friends called Him—His Fine Physique—Required Weight-Carriers—An Awkward Colt—An Adventurous Ride—A Short Cut in a Dogcart—An Impossible Situation—How he Circumvented it—His Childhood—Harrow and College Days—He and a Friend as Useful Boxers—"To Let, a Thrashing Machine"—Accepts the Living of Hallerton—A Remarkable Record—Chaplain at Coblenz—Kindness of German Royalty—Their Presents to Him—Mr. Costobadie is Surprised at German Manners—He Admired their Hardiness—A Court Scandal—What the Empress Thought—The Empress Augusta's Advice—A Year's Holiday—Church Innovation—Some Bad Luck—A Windfall—A Roadway Strewn with Banknotes—A Good Example in Stable Management—His Kindness to the Poor—A Railway Porter in Church—Rev. Henry Costobadie Hunts in Pink—His Views on Divorce—The Rev. J. W. King—A Racehorse Owner—His Yorkshire Trainer, John Osborne—His Reverence's Nom-de-plume and his Colours—Some Anxious Moments—Sir Frederick Johnson's Bet—A Sensational St. Leger—Osborne Telegraphs for Orders—None Received—Uses his Own Discretion—All Ends Well—A Winner of Three Classics—Has a Row with his Bishop—His Letter to the Bishop of Lincoln—The Vicar Seldom on a Race-course—Keen Shooting Man—His Death.

THERE are still plenty of people alive who have hunted with the Rev. Hugh Palisser Costobadie in the Billesden country, or with the Quorn and Mr. Fernie's.

Like so many of the sporting parsons of those days, the Reverend "Costo," as his friends called him, was a splendidly-made man, six feet four inches in height, and proportionately powerful, which gave him an imposing appearance when surpliced and in the pulpit, but was not an altogether unmixed blessing when it came to finding mounts capable of carrying him across the big pastures and stiff fences of the shires.

Indeed, he found the problem so difficult that he characteristically decided to go to the heart of the matter, and breed weight-carriers for himself if he could not buy them. He was about thirty when he came to this decision, and at once began collecting a small stud in the paddocks around the rectory at Hallerton. From some half-dozen brood-mares he sought to produce his ideal hunter that should combine blood, bone, and

pace. On the whole, he was fairly successful, but soon made the discovery that so many others have also made—that it was an expensive amusement, and well calculated to lead to financial difficulties ; so he gave up his stud with many regrets.

Anyhow, it was a courageous effort and just like the man, for all through his life one finds this tough spirit that always refused to turn from a project without a tenacious struggle.

Here is an instance of determination that even advancing years could not weaken. One day, when well into his 78th year, he rode a half-broken colt to Kibworth station, intending to send it by rail to his eldest son at Grendon, in Northamptonshire. The colt gave him a very rough ride over the five miles to the station, and when the porters tried to make it enter the box there was a considerable commotion. Mr. Costobadie threw himself into the struggle with enthusiasm, but without success, and after a long tussle they were forced to the conclusion that it was impossible to send the colt by rail at all. However, he had made up his mind that it should go to Grendon that day, so he remounted without further ado, and set off to ride the whole forty miles—no small undertaking at his age, even on a pleasant hack, let alone on a trying brute like that, that had not yet exhausted all its tricks, by any means. About half-way to Grendon they came to a brook that crossed the road in the form of a shallow ford, with a plank footbridge at the side for foot people. At the time the brook was in flood, and nothing would induce the colt to face it ; more tussles followed, without success, but again the old Vicar was not to be denied, and, surprising as it sounds, he succeeded in getting the colt across the narrow plank bridge, that was not more than eighteen inches wide and only protected by a wobbly handrail at one side. Being about four feet above the water, it was one of those feats that sound so easy when contemplated from an armchair, but really provide some rather grim moments in practice. It was all in keeping that when the undaunted Vicar arrived at Grendon he stoutly declared that he was conscious of no undue fatigue whatever.

There is another story about him in the same vein, but this time in connection with a dogcart. While out driving one day, he sought to discover a short cut between Hallerton and Bowden by leaving the high road and plunging boldly down a bridle-path.

There are few more fruitful sources of adventure than exploring bridle-paths in dogcarts, but when the vehicle is drawn by a tandem, as it was in this case, it seems rather like challenging fate. On the whole, he was lucky, for the worst that befell him was to come to a place that was just too narrow to allow the dogcart to pass through. Perhaps to the acquiescent souls of a later generation this would have been a small matter, to be set right by turning cheerfully back and going by the road. Not so with the Vicar, however. He unharnessed the horses, tied them to a tree, took one wheel off the dogcart, man-handled it through the narrow place, re-harnessed the horses, and finished the journey in triumph to his own satisfaction.

Turn back, indeed !

There seems to me something symbolical in the high, uncompromising stocks worn by the country gentlemen of those days, that permitted no weak vacillation, but held the head always severely to the front. A stiff-necked generation, without a doubt. It reminds me of the incident at the Battle of the Alma, when some of our troops found themselves drawn up within range of a dropping fire from the heights, which they could not return, but, although they were not in action at the time, they never dreamed of moving back a few hundred yards, preferring to sit still and lose men. Brave days, no doubt; but times change, and I fear the officer responsible would be promptly court-martialled in these practical times.

The Reverend "Costo" was born at Wensley rectory, in Yorkshire, in 1804, and began to show a love for horseflesh at an early age. While still a tiny child he was often found watching the horses at exercise in the early mornings at a well-known training stable not far off. He was at Harrow with Lord Palmerston and Sir Robert Peel, and then went to St. John's College, Cambridge, where it has been wrongly stated that he was contemporary with Charlotte Brontë's father. This little slip appeared in that charming book, "The Annals of the Billesden Hunt," compiled by the rector's son, Captain F. Palisser Costobadie, who has very kindly allowed me to use several stories of his father that appear in it. The mistake about Brontë arose, he tells me, through Brontë's father having been at the same college, but having left shortly before Mr. Costobadie went up.

While at Cambridge, Mr. Costobadie had a friend called

Wyld, who was a very powerful man, and the two were regarded by their friends as being rather useful boxers. On one occasion the two held a street in a Town and Gown row with great success against a crowd. After this, Mr. Wyld became known as the "Thrashing Machine," and someone put a notice up on his door, "To Let—A Thrashing Machine" !

It was to be expected that Mr. Costobadie's love of horses would draw him to Newmarket Heath pretty frequently, and he was a familiar figure there all the time he was at Cambridge ; of course, in those days undergraduates were allowed to keep their own horses if they felt so inclined.

Parson Costobadie held the living at Hallerton from 1838 to 1843, and it was while he was there that he set up the remarkable record, that has since become something of a classic, which consisted of riding forty miles, taking four services, jumping four gates to save the trouble of opening them, shooting a couple of wild duck, and arriving home with them hanging to his saddle after dark.

In 1850 he was offered, and accepted, the British chaplaincy at Coblenz, which he held for six years, during which time he experienced a great deal of kindness and hospitality at the hands of Prince William of Prussia, who afterwards became King of Prussia, and Emperor William I. of Germany. His Consort, Augusta, *née* the Princess of Saxe-Weimar, was also very kind, being strongly pro-British. Things British were very popular with all classes of the country. The Princess went out of her way to show her interest in the British colony, and was a regular attendant at the chapel, where she expressed the wish that it should be made to look "as much like an English church as possible." She also presented the chaplain with a handsome pair of silver candlesticks for the altar.

It is hard to realise that all this was happening within a life's span of to-day ; but so it was, and it shows how public sentiment will veer under the gentle suasion of its press and political leaders—a trait not peculiar to Germany by any means. History does not give a very edifying picture of life in the numerous small German courts of the period, but the court of Saxe-Weimar seems to have been the exception to the rule, for Mr. Costobadie brought away very happy memories of its simple refinement and its cultured life. He also brought back to

England with him many tokens of Royal friendship, including a fine portrait of the Queen Augusta presented to him by one of the Royal family, but he could not help being surprised at the curious manners of the German people at that time, even among the upper classes of the state, especially at table. But, after all, such things are matters of custom, and for all we know, the good chaplain may often have hurt the feelings of Saxe-Weimar hostesses by failing to sound as if he were enjoying his soup. He always stood up for the Germans as lovers of cold water, after seeing several hardy spirits regularly break the ice and bathe in the river throughout the winter, much as certain hardy ones are reputed to bathe in the Serpentine on Christmas Day every year.

Hohenzollern Princes have never been remarkable for constancy to their consorts, and stimulating court gossip was provided by Frederick, the present Emperor's father, on the occasion of a state ball in honour of his bride's birthday, the Princess Royal of England. She discovered a magnificent pearl necklace in the Prince's apartments just before the ball, and naturally thought it was a present for herself, so pretended to know nothing about it, fully prepared to be amazed and delighted at the proper time. As it turned out, she was amazed, but not delighted, for during the ball she saw the necklace adorning the neck of one of the most famous court beauties. Her mortification was so great that the poor Princess drove off in haste and tears to the palace of the Empress Augusta, to whom she complained bitterly. The Empress failed to be as sympathetic as the Princess expected, and merely remarked that if she took such matters to heart she should never have married a Hohenzollern.

At the end of his chaplaincy the Reverend Costobadie came home and enjoyed a year's holiday in the Isle of Man, fishing and shooting to his heart's content, before returning to the placid, healthy life of a country rector, surrounded by loving friends and relations. He never hunted in pink, preferring a neat black coat, and taking particular pride in the polish of his top-boots, which always shone like glass. He was a moderate High Churchman and distinctly orthodox, one of his favourite sayings being, "All things work together for our good," a belief that, combined with a sound digestion, should insure a long life

to anyone. He preached in a black gown, as was then customary, but was one of the first to adopt the more cheerful white surplice, which was regarded as a frisky innovation by many.

No sooner had the ecclesiastical conscience of England been reconciled to the surplice than a fresh innovation came in the shape of more cheerful Church music, and this, too, he wholeheartedly introduced into his own church.

He did not preach extempore, but his sermons were well reasoned and delivered with obvious sincerity. He was always careful to cut out anything that could be called "high flown," and was equally careful to avoid expressing views that would sound extreme to any of his hearers.

"Every joekey rides best in his own saddle, and I preach best in my own pulpit," was one of his sayings, and he had every reason to be proud of his beautiful old three-decker, for it is one of the most exquisite of its kind in the country. In 1844 Mr. Henry Green, an old hunting friend, offered him the living of King's Norton. Mr. Costobadie accepted it, and held it for forty-three years, although he did not live there until his return from Coblenz in '57. Soon after this he had the bad luck to lose a good deal of money, and was not able to hunt as regularly as in years gone by, but he still managed to see a good deal of sport, mounted on horses that carried him well enough, even though they were not always much to look at.

Things began to improve after a time, and, in 1869, a windfall enabled him to settle up with his long-suffering tradesmen. When this auspicious day arrived, he sallied out on horseback to the town, his hat stuffed full of banknotes with which to gladden the hearts of the butcher, baker, and saddle-makers. He was so prompt with his settlements that most of his friends had not even heard of the windfall, and he created quite a sensation in the main street of Leicester when he took off his hat to a lady and strewed the roadway with notes that flew in all directions. As his hard-up-ness was well known, banknotes were about the last thing anyone expected to see issuing from his hat. More horses now became possible, and it was not long before the vicarage stabling became inadequate, so that the coalshed had to be converted into a loose box.

He was one of the first to come to the conclusion that it was unwise to wash horses' legs after hunting, a contention around

which controversy continued to rage for a long time, but which has now been accepted almost unanimously.

His happy, companionable nature won him many friends, among whom were the "Bishop of Skeffington," father of the Reverend J. R. Davenport, and Mr. de G. Davenport, the well-known sporting correspondent. Mr. Costobadie used to say jokingly, "Never trust parsons, lawyers, or doctors."

Captain Palisser Costobadie, in his book of the Billesden Hunt, says his father was very tender-hearted, and would not refuse work to any who came to him seeking his help; like the parson who, being anxious to assist a man out of work, but having nothing for him to do, pointed to a heap of stones in the corner of his kitchen garden, and told him to remove them. When that was carried out, and the man came and asked what next he could do, the vicar, still unable to think of any suitable work, said, "Oh, well, wheel them all back again"!

Those were the days when dinner was eaten at the unrighteous hour of three or four o'clock in the afternoon. Once, after an early day's hunting, two sportsmen were invited to stay and dine with one of the hospitable and popular M.F.H.'s in the Quorn country. They gladly accepted the invitation, and so thoroughly enjoyed themselves that it was dark before they mounted their horses to return home. In consequence of the dark, and other reasons, they decided to leave it to their steeds to take them safely home. Faithfully and steadily the horses fulfilled the duty imposed on them, but, unfortunately, the riders had mounted the wrong horses, so each arrived at the home of his friend instead of his own!

A favourite spaniel of the vicar's used to cause him some annoyance by coming into church during service. Whenever this happened he always stopped his discourse, and, leaning out of the three-decker, would say, "John, take out that dog, will you?" This reminds me of an old clerk I used to know, who considered himself an important part of the church service, and that the prayers were not complete without his loud "U-MEN" at the end of each. His son, who was a railway porter by profession, came to stay with him, and went to church on Sunday; during the sermon he fell asleep, and as he showed signs of falling off his seat his father nudged him. The youth

immediately jumped up, and shouted at the top of his voice, "All change here for York!"

There are countless stories of the kindness of Parson Costobadie to his parishioners, to whom he used to trundle wheelbarrow loads of coal, and was more than once seen hastening to some sick person's house with his own dinner between two plates, it having occurred to him that the particular dish might prove tempting to some invalid. He never talked religion to them out of church, unless they expressed a desire that he should do so, as he believed that it was easier to get at people *via* their "Little Marys" than by tracts. During the last days of his life, on hearing that hounds were passing through the village, he asked to be lifted to the window to "have one last look at the beauties." He died in 1887, aged eighty-three. Long life is so often given to those sportsmen who live frugally and in the open air. These hardy specimens of manhood have given us many fine Empire-making sons. Most of the sons of the sporting parsons that I have known have turned out well, giving a good account of themselves, and been blessed with fine physique and health. His Reverence's elder brother, the Reverend Henry Palisser de Costobadie, was three years his senior, and the famous Bosworth gorse was situated in the six hundred acres of glebe land attached to his living in Leicestershire. Henry was admittedly one of the handsomest men of his day, and, unlike his brother, sported a pink coat. His good looks and a charming manner made him a great favourite with everyone. He is said to be one of the last parsons to announce hunting appointments from the pulpit, a custom that was continued up to quite recent times at Porlock, in the Devon and Somerset stag-hound country. There is also a legend about him always having the church bells rung when hounds passed through the village, but I will not vouch for this. He must have been quite a bold thinker for those times, as he believed that divorce was a good thing for couples who could not get on together. "If parsons could untie as easily as they tie, instead of being engaged one day a week we should be hard at it all seven," was one of his frequently expressed convictions.

If it came to hazarding an opinion as to the sporting parsons who have held pride of place in their particular sports, I think that I should say that Parson Jack Russell was the most famous

hunting parson, the Rev. Cceil Legard the best known for hunting and racing together, while the Rev. J. W. King undoubtedly leads the van for racing alone, although he was only seen three times on a race-course, and his real name as an owner was little known to the general public until his sensational St. Leger, which he won with "Apology" and was followed by an altercation with his Bishop.

He was vicar of Ashby Launde in Lincolnshire, and inherited his racing stable from his brother, and before him his father, Colonel King. In later years he kept a curate to do most of the parish work and devoted his time to the care of his stud and estate, with Mr. John Osborne as his trainer.

Mr. King did not bet, and, as I have already indicated, he was seldom on a course, but it is questionable if any other parson has ever had such a list of big wins to his credit. He was a great believer in the national value of the stock he bred, as is shown in his not very penitent letter to his Bishop, which I give further on. For many years he bred regularly for sale, "Moonbeam" and "Idolatry" being two of his best broodmares.

Mr. John Osborne, the veteran trainer of all the parson's best-known horses, is still alive, I am glad to say, and celebrated his eighty-fifth birthday some time ago. It is to him that I am indebted for many details connected with Mr. King's racing career, which might otherwise have remained unrecorded; and the photograph of Mr. King has not to my knowledge ever before been published.

"Brilliant" was the first horse the vicar sent to the Osbornes: that was in 1851. He was a nice-looking colt and the last son of "Bessy Bedlam." In the following year "Incense" and others came to join him. After this the Osbornes, father and son, had all the vicar's horses to train that were not sold.

Mr. King ran his horses under the name of "Mr. Launde," and his colours were medium blue body, with red sleeves and cap, registered at Wetherby's in the 'fifties.

Taking all things into consideration, there has been no more sensational St. Leger during the last sixty years than that won by the parson's "Apology." Everyone at Doncaster was excited at the prospect of the meeting between "George

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Frederick," the winner of the Derby, and "Apology," the winner of the One Thousand Guineas and the Oaks.

Both horses arrived at the scene of action, apparently in the best of condition, but the night before the race, "George Frederick" owned by Mr. Cartwright was found to be lame and therefore scratched. Next morning a further excitement was provided by the rumour that after "Apology's" gallop on the Tuesday morning her leg had filled, and she had been standing all night with her leg in a bucket of cold water.

Parson King was ill at home, and John Osborne wired the news of her lameness and awaited instructions anxiously as to whether she should start or not. During the morning the rumour got about that the vicar had wired that as all Yorkshire had backed his favourite mare she was to give them a run for their money at all costs; but this was incorrect, for as a matter of fact, Osborne never received the vicar's wire until the race had been run, and brilliantly won, by "Apology." Not receiving the wire in time, he had used his own discretion in the matter, and while Sir Frederick Johnson was laying 100 to 1 against her, had decided that she should run. As she showed no signs of lameness in the preliminary canter she rapidly regained her place in the betting, and finally started at 4 to 1.

John Osborne, who rode her, won the race in much the same fashion as when he won the race for Lord St. Vincent on "Lord Clifden" in 1863. As a jockey he was never in a hurry, either in a short or long race. A 100 to 1 had been offered against "Lord Clifden" during the early part of the race, so far was he behind, and in the case of "Apology" her backers were not at all happy about her position in the race for a long time. Osborne hated a making of the running mission, but his style, even if not always agreeable to backers, gave him a fine opportunity of seeing all that the others were doing.

Here is a record of "Apology's" classic wins for 1874. There may have been parsons interested in, or owners of race-horses before and since his time, but this must surely be a record:

NEWMARKET.

The One Thousand Guineas.

MR. LAUNDE'S "Apology"	J. OSBORNE	1.	5 to 2
MR. LEFEVRE'S "La Coureuse"	FORDHAM	2.	3 to 1
LORD FALMOUTH'S "Blanchefleur"	F. ARCHER	3.	10 to 1
Nine ran. "Apology" favourite.			

The Revs. H. P. Costobadie and J. W. King 59

EPSOM.

The Oaks.

MR. LAUNDE'S "Apology"	J. OSBORNE	1.	5 to 2
MR. LEFEVRE'S "Miss Toto"	FORDHAM	2.	7 to 4
MR. EAST'S "Lady Patricia"	J. GOATER	3.	5 to 1
Eleven ran. "Miss Toto" favourite.			

DONCASTER.

The St. Leger.

MR. LAUNDE'S "Apology"	J. OSBORNE	1.	4 to 1
SIR R. BUCKELEY'S "Leolinus"	T. OSBORNE	2.	7 to 1
MR. R. MARSHALL'S "Trent"	T. CANNON	3.	5 to 1
Thirteen ran.			

The Rev. J. W. King was in another interesting St. Leger just ten years earlier. In 1864, when "Blair Atholl" won, he had a horse called the "Minor" which beat "Blair Atholl" a few weeks previously in the Great Yorkshire Stakes with J. Osborne riding. The race was a desperate one, "Blair Atholl" being beaten by a head. Perhaps "Blair Atholl" was short of a gallop or two at the time of the Great Yorkshire Stakes. In fact, it must have been one of those flukes that are not uncommon in racing, for the "Minor" was soundly beaten by "Blair Atholl" in the St. Leger. The "Minor" was not even in the first three.

The vicar's 1874 St. Leger, although won under the assumed name, aroused the ecclesiastical ire of his Bishop. Fame had effectually swept aside the thin disguise afforded by the "Mr. Launde," and it was evidently felt in high places that his racing tastes were unbecoming.

In due course his Bishop wrote him letters that I have been unable to trace, but the following is the vicar's sturdy reply, which serves well enough to give us an idea of what the Bishop had been saying :

"From the owner of 'Apology' to the Bishop of Lincoln.

"MY LORD,

"I observe with pain that your Lordship has thought fit to publish your last letter to myself. Your Lordship is aware that I was unable at the time to reply in person, being disabled by an accident which has confined me to my bed, but the publication of your Lordship's letter compels me at whatever cost to do so now.

“ Permit me in the first place to express my deep acknowledgment of the spirit that pervades your last communication and the kind expressions it contains, and to assure your Lordship that had your former letters been similar in character to this, you would have had no reason to complain of their reception at my hands ; but your Lordship must remember that they contained simply threats amounting to notice of proceedings, and left me no alternative except the course which I pursued, viz., to refer your Lordship to my Solicitors. My Lord, in reference to your present letter, it is true that now, for more than fifty years, I have bred and sometimes had in training for the race-course many horses. They are of a breed highly prized, which I inherited with my estate, and which have been in my family for generations.

“ It may be difficult perhaps to decide what constitutes a scandal in the Church, but I cannot think that in my endeavours to preserve this breed, and thus improve the horses of this country—an object of special interest at the present time—I have done anything to incur your Lordship’s censure. I am fully aware, as your Lordship must be too, by this time, that legal proceedings upon your part would be powerless against me, and if, therefore, I resign the livings which I hold within your Lordship’s Diocese, it will not be from any consciousness of wrong or from fear of any consequences that might ensue in the Ecclesiastical Courts, but simply because I desire to live for the remainder of my days in peace and charity with all men, and to save your Lordship the inconvenience, and the Church the scandal, of futile proceedings being taken against one who has retired some time from parochial ministration and is lying on a bed of sickness at the moment.

“ I rest,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ J. W. KING.”

“ Apology’s ” career extended over four years and ended with a win—the Ascot Cup in 1876, soon after Parson King’s death. She was entered for the race under the name of “ Mr. Seabrook,” a name derived from C. Brook. Dr. W. H. Brook was a personal friend of the parson’s, and one of his executors, but did not long survive him. The doctor was succeeded by

The REV. J. W. KING
OWNER OF " APOLOGY "

[Facing p. 60.]

The REV. E. BURNABY
AND HIS LITTLE FAVOURITES

Facing p. 61.

his son, C. Brook, on whom devolved the duty of entering the young stock.

The vicar owned two other good horses, namely, "Agility" and "Holy Friar," the latter's best win being the Gimcrack at York.

I believe the vicar actually visited a race-course on three occasions, but the only time his trainer recollects having seen him on one was at Ascot in 1856, when he had gone to see Mr. J. M. Brook's mare "Manganese" run for the Ascot Cup. It seems strange that a man should be content to race for so many years without ever seeing his horses on the course. I do not know why the parson avoided the meetings so religiously; whether it was because he did not want to go, or whether he refrained because he was a parson, is hard to determine now. If it were the latter highly laudable motive it certainly throws a strong suggestion of sincerity on his declarations to his Bishop that he kept race-horses and raced for the sake of preserving the breed.

Mr. King was also a keen shooting man; for many years he joined Lord Henry Bentinck and Mr. Hall, at that time Master of the Holderness hounds, in a big shoot of forest and moor in Scotland, where the three spent many happy months each year. Lord Henry Bentinck used to concern himself with the deer in the forest while parson King and Mr. Hall busied themselves with the grouse on the heather. The parson died in 1875.

CHAPTER VI

The Rev. Evelyn Burnaby—His ride from Land's End to John o' Groats—What his Horses Thought About it—A Sporting Family—Attached Brothers—Fred Offers to Fight Evelyn's Battles—"Memories of Famous Trials"—The Rev. Evelyn's Legal Mind—Some Contemporaries at Eton—Present with Lord Randolph Churchill at Queen Alexandra's Wedding—Apologises for Slight Lapse of Memory—A Bouquet for a Bazaar—Lord Exeter called a Vagabond—The Jubilee Plunger's Boisterous Spirits—Evelyn Burnaby helps Lamé Dogs—A Troublesome Curate—Sheriff's Officers pay a Visit—Luncheon Under the Sofa—The Prince of Wales at Nice—A Mishap—Some Dandiedinmonts—Abusing Charity—A Racing Dream and a Murderer's Dream.

FIRED by his brother—Colonel Fred Burnaby's—"Ride to Khiva," the Rev. Evelyn Burnaby thought he would like to do a sensational ride on his own account not quite so far afield, and decided it should be from Land's End to John o' Groats. This ride he brought off to his satisfaction in 1892, three horses playing out in the process and having to be returned home or to hospital. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals interfered once. Mr. Burnaby being over six feet in height and riding sixteen stone, was rather a heavy order for any horse to carry day after day in succession, without off-days, and probably they were only half looked after in strange stables after fatiguing days.

Evelyn was the younger son of the Rev. Gustavus Burnaby of Somerby Hall, Leicestershire, for many years rector of St. Peter's, Bedford. Mr. Evelyn Burnaby's mother was one of the four beautiful daughters of Henry Villebois, the squire of Marham Hall, in Norfolk.

Evelyn's father was rather a notable sportsman, and everything he did was carried out with dignity. He drove to race-meetings in a smart carriage and pair, entertained regally, and subscribed to every properly-conducted sport. He was always well-turned-out and rode good horses, and was very proud of his sons and their abilities in sport. It is a truism that it is easy for people of considerable means to do things well. Quite so, but it does not always follow that they do.

Colonel Fred Burnaby, my old friend in the Blues, and his brother Evelyn, were much attached to one another. The letters they wrote were refreshing, so full of fun and affection. I wish it were a more general attitude in families ; brothers and relations are so often jealous of each other, which spoils the pleasure of family life entirely.

Once while Evelyn was nursing Fred, who was laid up near Nice, he had a difference of opinion with a Pole who wished to fight him. Fred interviewed the enraged Pole and pointed out that Evelyn could not very well fight him, as he was reading for Holy Orders, and duelling was not quite the thing for budding curates, but that he would be very pleased to take his place and give the foreigner satisfaction. As Fred's prowess with various weapons was already well known, the offer was not accepted, and the affair subsided.

I do not think the Church was the profession of the Rev. Evelyn's heart. When a boy he was studying for the law, which interested him, but he was told that the family living was being held for him under an Act of George IV., and his fate was sealed one evening at dinner when Chief Baron Pollock and Chief Justice Erle were his father's guests during the Assize week at Bedford, and they were consulted by Evelyn's father as to his son's career. Erle advised Evelyn to take the living, but Pollock said he had made £500 in his first year at the Bar, adding that no doubt it was an exceptional case. The Chief Baron had been Senior Wrangler at Cambridge, and Mr. Burnaby, senior, wishing to puzzle the Judge, asked him to write down "cleven thousand eleven hundred and eleven" in figures. He promptly answered 12,111, remarking, "It is only a trick." The result of the after-dinner discussion was that Evelyn was ordained, but the law was what he loved, and does to this day ; indeed, nothing about Evelyn Burnaby's life interests me so much as his extraordinary interest in great trials. During his career as a parson he made time to attend most of the sensational murder trials that took place in nearly half a century.

From his corner of the court, or seat on the bench, which was often accorded him, this hunting parson watched the human dramas played out with such a keen eye for the dramatic or bizarre that one wonders what his luck would have been if

fate had made him a novelist or play-writer. This wonderful sense of the dramatic is conspicuous in his "Memories of Famous Trials," in which he seizes the "thrill" of a story as unerringly as a trained journalist, but quite instinctively. For instance, he sets out to tell the once famous story of the Wainwright murder. It is worth reading and is a fine piece of sensational journalism. I cannot recollect ever before having seen a man whose life is largely spent in field sports possessing this acute dramatic sense in a similar degree.

He was more often given a seat on the bench than not, as so many of the Judges were his personal friends, including Wightman, who died on circuit at York in 1862, Grantham, Brampton, and Day. I have often wondered if it would not be desirable to discontinue this practice of allowing the curious to occupy seats on the bench. I can understand a man interested in law being occasionally allowed this privilege, but when women of fashion and other sightseers are given seats there for the pleasure of witnessing what must be intensely painful to those being tried, I do not think it decorous, humane, or dignified. It is inconceivable to me, too, how it can be any pleasure to watch a fellow-creature in torture, either mental or physical.

From his earliest childhood Burnaby showed his interest in trials and criminals. When a small boy his father once asked him what he would like for a present, and the prompt reply was: "The Newgate Calendar, please, father."

Later in life, when staying in the Isle of Wight, after a public dinner his old friend Lord Alverstone, at that time Sir Richard Webster, Attorney-General and M.P. for the Island, said to Mr. Burnaby, "You ought to have gone to the Bar." My friend replied, "If I had, Sir Richard, you would only have been Solicitor-General to-night." "Very likely," replied Sir Richard.

Parson Burnaby is a gifted man, and fond of sport in every sense of the word. He has enjoyed his fair share of it, too, having hunted with most of the English packs, those he has hunted with most being the Oakley, Quorn, Cottesmore, Sir Watkin Wynn's, Tedworth, Lord Portman's, Blackmore Vale, South Dorset, New Forest (deer and fox), and the Devon and Somerset stag-hounds. With this last pack he enjoyed much sport, and always speaks with affection of the happy days

spent while staying with the hospitable folk of that pleasant land. He began his hunting in 1853, when five years old, with the Oakley. Both he and his brother Fred were born at St. Peter's rectory, Bedford, where they began their hunting, being taught to ride by the old family coachman, and blooded by Robert Arkwright, at that time Master of the Oakley. Evelyn was born on January 7th, 1848.

The custom of blooding children when first they go out hunting is one that has proved very trying to many; some may feel exceedingly proud, but others are near to tears. Burnaby was told by the Master not to wash his face before his mother had seen him, thinking no doubt that having herself been reared amongst sporting people she would be pleased to see her son showing signs of his hunting baptism.

He was educated at Eton, some of his contemporaries being Mr. A. J. Balfour, Duke of Beaufort, Duke of Argyll, Lord Randolph Churchill, and Ernest Vivian, afterwards Lord Swansea. Many of these have been his lifelong friends. While at Eton in 1863 he was invited to breakfast with Sir Charles and Lady Phipps at Windsor Castle on the wedding-day of the Prince of Wales (Edward VII.), and he saw the newly-married couple drive out of the Sovereign's entrance *en route* to the station for Osborne, where they proposed spending their honeymoon.

Princess Alexandra arrived in England two days before the wedding, and left the train at Slough. Young Burnaby and Randolph Churchill, who were seated on a wall, watched the procession as it passed through Eton on the way to Windsor. I think the mounted band of the 2nd Life Guards impressed them most.

Then came Oxford, where Burnaby graduated with honours. After this he was curate at Christchurch, Frome, with a stipend of £60 a year.

Once while preaching at Keyham, near Borrough, when the candles had been lighted in the pulpit his surplice sleeves were swept through the flames so often during the peroration, in such an alarming manner that a friend dashed up the pulpit steps and whispered, "Do you want all the women to faint? They certainly will unless you keep your arms out of the candles." At times parson Burnaby was a trifle forgetful, and when

preaching at Thorpe Satchville, during the harvest thanksgiving, he entirely forgot the name of the charity the collection was for. After the service, while making his apologies to the vicar for his forgetfulness, he remarked that he feared the collection would not be a good one in consequence. "On the contrary," was the reply, "it amounts to £40, including a promissory note for £35 from someone signing himself Burnaby." The good-hearted late General Burnaby of Baggrave Hall, Leicestershire, had been hunting in the neighbourhood during the week, and hearing that his cousin was to occupy the pulpit, went to hear him preach; observing his forgetfulness he had done his best to make up for it. Parson Burnaby asked him later why he had done it. "I did it for the family name," he replied, "but confound it, I have to make that note good." General Burnaby was like his cousin Fred, never far behindhand with his payments; in which he differed greatly from his great friend Valentine Baker, who, though a rich man, could not be persuaded to pay his bills punctually. He would always say he would see to them by-and-bye, but the "by-and-bye" was a long time coming as a rule.

It was while staying with General Burnaby at Blaggrave that the Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) sowed the seed of the famous covert now a sure find with the Quorn.

When on a visit at Longleat with the late Marquess of Bath, parson Burnaby took a service during which he inadvertently prayed for George IV., and, when teased about it afterwards, got out of it by saying, "Well, it is a long time since anyone prayed for him." He speaks with affection of the late Duke and Duchess of Bedford, their ducal home at Woburn being close to his father's rectory. They saw a good deal of one another, and many happy days of his childhood were spent there. The Duchess was a charitable woman and full of good works. Once when she was busy with a bazaar in aid of the restoration of St. Peter's church, Evelyn Burnaby, then a little boy and anxious to do his bit towards the charity, picked all the choicest flowers in the rectory garden and made them into a bouquet, presenting them to the Duchess's stall marked one guinea. Some time elapsed before any offer was made for this splendid bargain, until the Duchess called on one of the gilded youths present to buy it, which to his everlasting glory he did; but his expression

suggested that he not only disliked it, but did not know what to do with his purchase when he had it.

Another time Mrs. Burnaby, the rector's wife and mother of Evelyn, got up some theatricals at the rectory. The Duchess was among the guests, and seeing Evelyn taking the part of the Prince, remarked that as he was a Prince he must wear royal jewels, and she thereupon adorned his black velvet cap with some of the jewels that once belonged to the ill-fated Josephine. He was glad when the theatricals were over and the jewels safely back in the Duchess's hands again.

Parson Burnaby was installed by the Bishop of Peterborough to the living of Burrough-on-the-Hill, a famous spot in the Quorn country. It will be remembered that this Bishop was appointed by Disraeli so that he might use his eloquence in the House of Lords to save the Irish Church from disestablishment.

[The Bishop of Peterborough was not what could be justly described as a very sympathetic man, but he had a great fund of after-dinner stories. Perhaps none of them come up to the repartee attributed to Archdeacon Baly of Calcutta, when sitting at dinner near a young man whose conversation was inclined to be rather boisterous and interspersed with swear words. Presently the youth looked across at him and said, "I hope I do not pain you with my language, sir, but I always call a spade a spade." "Do you really?" replied the Archdeacon; "I should have thought you would have called it a damned shovel!"

Parson Burnaby was staying one winter in the Isle of Wight. His old friend the late Marquess of Exeter and his wife were living at Shanklin for a time, trying to retrench. Burnaby was arranging a ball in aid of the Primrose League, and asked the Exeters if they would be patron and patroness. The Marquess, who was a delightfully natural man, replied, "Certainly, if our poor names are any use to you; but we have no money."

Sea-fishing was a favourite recreation of Lord Exeter, and one day he walked into the County Club at Ventnor in the grubby old sweater and woollen comforter he had been wearing at sea. The secretary of the club was much upset at his appearance, and not knowing who it was, remarked to Mr. Burnaby that such extraordinary-looking vagabonds should

not be allowed in the club ; he felt rather uncomfortable when he heard who the “ vagabond ” was.

Another interesting visitor on the Island at the same time was the eccentric young man known later as the “ Jubilee Plunger,” who attained notoriety by squandering an enormous fortune in a single year. He was spending the last days of his minority with his guardian. Mr. Benzon—for that was the Plunger’s name—was obliged to be taken by his bear-leader to the Scilly Isles in order to escape from the intrigues of people determined to obtain some of his money.

The young man’s boisterous spirit caused his guardian some uncomfortable moments at intervals. Once Mr. Dorrien-Smith of Tresco Abbey, hearing they were on the Island, kindly invited them to dinner. While waiting for it to be announced, their rather stately host was warming himself after the fashion of men before the fire, with his coat-tails delicately and almost imperceptibly divided, when the exuberant Benzon dealt the elderly gentleman a resounding smack, saying, “ Wake up, old cock ! ”

Mr. Burnaby was present in 1868 at the ball given by the Duchess of Manchester to the Prince and Princess of Wales, and it interested him to watch Maria Marchioness of Ailesbury, dancing the lancers with the Prince, doing her steps and holding her skirts so daintily while her partner likewise did his best, saying, “ We’ll show them how to do it, Lady Ailesbury.” And so they did, with all the grace of movement of the old minuet.

At the same ball the Princess invited the Master of the Oakley, Mr. Robert Arkwright, to be her partner. Burnaby had told him that the Princess was sure to ask him, and he was rather frightened, as dancing was not his forte, the figures of the lancers were beyond him ; when the time arrived his face was full of anguish, but the Princess helped him through.

Mr. Arkwright’s son, who married Mrs. FitzGeorge as her first husband, was looking on at the performance, and was much tickled at his sire’s distress. “ Look at the poor governor ; he would give a good deal to be out of it,” was his verdict.

During Mr. Burnaby’s active life he has met crowds of interesting people, and an hour’s chat with him is not only amusing but instructive. He has been a keen observer and a good friend to many. To my knowledge he has at one time and

another helped friends to the tune of £500 and £800 without ever getting the money back, but still he does not complain. He has written two books, one giving an account of his ride from Land's End to John o' Groats, and the other about famous trials which I have already alluded to.

While holding the family living of Burrough from 1873 to 1883, he was compelled through ill-health to seek the assistance of curates, to whom he gave a stipend of £120 a year. He had a good deal of trouble with some of them ; one in particular gave him a considerable amount of worry. This curate rented a cottage from Colonel Fred Burnaby at two guineas a week ; after a long time it transpired that no rent had been paid, so Evelyn Burnaby thought it might be a convenient plan to deduct the sum from the curate's stipend. He suggested this, but was told, " I do not wish the two transactions mixed up." The next thing that happened was that the curate moved, and was installed in the beautifully furnished rectory, and chanced to meet his rector one day in the parish. The curate remarked pleasantly, " I have had the Sheriff's officers down this morning, and they threatened a seizure."

The furniture being parson Burnaby's, he asked quickly if they had taken anything.

" Not very much, I think," replied the curate casually. " It's all yours, you see." But here his manner changed and he grew stern. " But would you believe who sent the men down ? "

" I have no idea," admitted the rector.

" Well, it was your own brother, sir."

Things went on like this, with writs continually being sent to the rectory for the curate. When the time arrived for the harvest festival, Mr. Burnaby arranged with his old friend Dean Hole to preach the sermon. He and Mr. Burnaby were marching at the rear of the procession, all robed, from the rectory to the choir, the curate being immediately in front of them, when a suspicious-looking individual came and touched the curate on the arm.

" A witter," whispered Dean Hole.

" How dare you touch me when I am taking part in a holy procession ! " cried the curate furiously.

What happened then I do not know, but after church Dean Hole and Burnaby were preparing to eat some luncheon they

had brought with them in the drawing-room of the rectory, the curate partaking of his in another part of the house. The two friends were enjoying their cold chicken, salad, and sherry, when a mounted youth galloped up to the front door in full view of the luncheon-party. "Another writter, you may depend," groaned Dean Hole, hastily hiding the chicken and the sherry under the sofa, and arranging the valance in front of them. Parson Burnaby then sallied out, not doubting that it was indeed another writ-server, and asked in his brusquest manner, "Well, how much this time?" To his surprise the rider became extremely angry and rode away again at top speed. It was not until the galloping figure was out of sight that parson Burnaby remembered that it was the son of the late Sir Frederick Fowke, whom he had invited to have luncheon with them.

At last the curate was got rid of and moved into lodgings in a neighbouring town, where he continued his practice of paying no rent. As the lodgings were usually let to hunting men who paid well and asked no questions, the landlord soon tired of the curate, who had occupied the rooms for six weeks with his wife and family, his only payment having been that once, in a moment of expansion, he gave the landlord's little boy "six penn'orth of sweets." This was the last straw, and that night the curate found that all the blankets had been removed from the bed. After this he migrated to Scarborough, and shortly afterwards made another—but this time compulsory—migration to York Castle until some pressing debts were paid.

After the curate had left the rectory parson Burnaby was busy straightening up the place, when one of the curate's local creditors came to see if there was anything he could take possession of to repay him in some measure for his losses, which consisted of groceries. There was nothing for him except a large pile of empty bottles, which he plaintively remarked were better than nothing, and took them sadly away with him.

Mr. Burnaby was much sought after as a preacher. In Leicestershire alone he preached in thirteen different churches. Perhaps it would almost be easier to count the churches he has not preached in than those he has. He is a Broad Churchman after Doctor Arnold of Rugby's way of thinking, and he

also found himself in complete agreement with all the sermons Canon Farrar preached at the Abbey.

Although Evelyn Burnaby has been in ill-health for some time, he is as interested in things and people as ever, while his memory is so clear that he has been of great assistance to me in remembering old times, old friends, and dates. Perhaps he will write his own memoirs some day : I hope he will.

He used to spend a good deal of time in the Riviera. Once when he was returning with his father and mother in the *Rapide* from Marseilles, which was not timed to stop between Dijon and Paris, they unexpectedly pulled up at Fontainebleau. A bevy of fair ladies, aides-de-camps, officers and obsequious railway officials were on the platform, and some great person was evidently about to join the train.

It proved to be the Empress Eugenie, who was returning to Paris from a shooting-party in the forest. She was lifted into the train from the low platform by an aide-de-camp, amidst much laughter and merriment among the courtiers. This was some fifty years ago, while Paris was still the most brilliant capital in Europe and the Imperial master at the Tuilleries at the height of his power. Burnaby was much impressed by the Empress's beauty. He did not see her again for years, until she passed him in a hansom-cab one day in St. James's Street when she was a widowed ex-Empress, after having escaped to the house of a dentist at the time of the Commune, from whose house she made her way as a fugitive to the coast and was brought to England by an old friend, Sir John Burgoyne, who was given the fee-simple of Sutton and Potter in the county of Bedford.

The height of the railway carriages above the platforms in France has often tried me highly, especially when I have had no aide-de-camp to help me. I remember seeing our dear King Edward, when Prince of Wales, very nearly have a nasty fall once while alighting from the train at Nice. All would probably have gone well if he had been given a chance of getting down in the ordinary peaceful fashion, but a crowd of officials sought to assist him while simultaneously bowing, saluting, and expressing their pleasure at seeing him. So many helping hands were held out to him and so many swords became entangled amongst excited legs, that the Prince missed the steps

altogether and fell into the midst of those greeting him. The cries of horror and anguish that arose made one fear that the Prince or someone had been seriously hurt, but in a moment or two he was on his feet again, being smoothed down and smiling quite happily, his fall having been broken by the crowd of officials.

What impressed itself undyingly on my memory was that everyone had his hat in his hand before the fall, everyone dropped his hat during the fall, and nobody could find the right hat after the fall. It was what a music-hall artist would technically describe as "Funny business with hat." The hobble-skirt days made French platforms even more inconvenient.

Parson Burnaby is a great dog-lover, Dandie-Dinmonts being perhaps his favourites; he was especially devoted to a couple of pedigree dogs of that breed named "Joe" and "Susie." "Joe's" kennel-name was "Mr. Smith"; he was son of the famous "Tartan King," and a winner of many prizes. Another great friend was a pomeranian, who managed once to escape from the train while travelling with his master in France, and was of course missed at the journey's end. Mr. Burnaby at once retraced his journey, keeping a sharp look-out from the railway carriage windows as he went along. Luckily he saw the dog running about the road near the line, and getting out at the next station, recaptured his pet and together they went on their way rejoicing, both having been miserable while parted.

Some amusing stories are told by Mr. Burnaby of his uncle, Mr. Harry Villebois, whom I have already mentioned; he appears to have been a most kind-hearted man, and a little peculiar, after the fashion of those times. His house was one of the finest in Belgrave Square, and the scenes of many balls and dinners to Royalty, while his suppers were one of the features of the season. Mr. Burnaby was often invited there to luncheon on Sundays, and has arrived to find seated in the hall a motley company consisting of a policeman, a crossing-sweeper, a link-man and an old cabman, with his uncle personally ministering to their wants with provisions, assisted by three flunkies in powdered wigs and plush knec-breeches.

Mr. Burnaby's great-uncle, Mr. Truman Villebois, was equally

charitable and made it a custom to give a five-pound note to any woman in the parish who was about to become a mother ; unfortunately, as so often happens to the charitable, he was imposed upon, but he had an innocent mind, and suspected nothing until he found that one woman had claimed the £5 three times in one year. After this discovery he felt vaguely that there might be something wrong, although he was no expert in such matters ; so he sought the advice of a faithful retainer called Sam, who presumably was an expert, as he speedily disillusioned his master by telling him that he had been imposed upon.

At Christmas-time in London, notwithstanding the fact that he owned many carriages and horses, he always sallied out in a cab driven by the old cabby that he fed on Sundays, and with him distributed fat turkeys and game among friends who he thought might be glad of them.

Mr. Burnaby's great-grandfather was a famous whip, and is said to have been the author of the paradox dealing with the rules of the road :

If you go to the left
You are sure to go right
If you go to the right
You go wrong.

Among parson Burnaby's great friends were the late Dean Hole and the late Lord Vivian, known as " Hook and Eye " because of the affinity between his nose and chin. Lord Vivian was a patron of the turf, and like the late Lord Poulett, had a curious dream about a race ; in this case he dreamed that a horse called " Teacher " would win the City and Suburban, so he enquired if such a horse was running. There was no entry under that name, but he was told that there was a horse entered that had once been called the " Teacher," and that it had no chance. In spite of that he backed it at long odds, and won a large sum of money.

Mr. Evelyn Burnaby was married twice : his first wife, whom he married in 1871, was Winifred Crake, a very beautiful woman ; she died at Somerby Hall in 1873 at the age of twenty-two. His second wife was the Hon. Margaret Erskine, daughter of the fourth Lord Erskine.

In Mr. Burnaby's book of famous trials he tells the curious

story of the three attempts to hang the Babbacombe murderer, who had been convicted of killing and trying to burn the remains of his old mistress at Torquay.

While in Exeter jail, the night before the execution was to take place, Lee dreamed that three attempts would be made unsuccessfully to take his life. He related this dream to his warder Bennett, who in turn told it to the Governor, who made a note of it hurriedly in his diary.

The dream came tragically true, as is well known, and created a great sensation at the time.

At the end of that most distressing day, when the Governor was looking up his diary, each day of which was headed with a verse of Scripture, he noticed that the day appointed for the execution which had ended so dramatically had written above it :

“Surely it is the hand of the Lord which has done this thing.”

Dreams and sleep are strange and delicate things which few of us understand—that great mystery of sleep when we pass into another world of influences and presences as when we leave our earthly bodies at death. It has always seemed to me that death and sleep are so nearly allied—more a difference of duration than condition. In our daily sleep we keep our carriage waiting at the door to take us back ; in the other, having reached home, we dismiss it, having no further use for it.

The premonition of Lee's dream provides food for thought.

CHAPTER VII

The Rev. Charles Kingsley—Highly Strung—Writes Poetry and Sermons at the Age of Four—Preaches to the Chairs—Night-shirt Surplice—Not Popular at School—A Gentle Reproof—His Opinion of District Visitors—Inward Struggles—Boxing under a Negro Tutor—A Lengthy Walk—More Settled Convictions—Letter to his Mother—A Great Preacher—Crowds at his Church—Becomes Vicar of Eversley—His Love of Hounds—Author of “Tom Brown’s School-days”—His Great Friend—A Good Run—His Enthusiasm—Occasional Conflicts with other Clerics—Dallying with Socialism—Reconciling Science and Religion—His Views on Women’s Rights—An Angry Incumbent—The Bishop of London Interferes—Cardinal Newman and Kingsley—Newman Scores—Restless Habits—“Water Babies”—Clerical Wild Oats Forgiven—Devotion of his Wife—His Death—A Picturesque Funeral.

THE REVEREND CHARLES KINGSLEY, who was born at Holne Vicarage on Dartmoor, is an outstanding figure in English literature, which, as everybody knows, he enriched with “Westward Ho!” and “Water Babies.”

He was a delightful and interesting man whom I always regret not having met, as he died just before I was launched from the dry-dock of the schoolroom into the deep waters of the world. He was one of those highly-strung, emotional people, with the rare faculty of doing his thinking for himself, who are always arresting and often have the power of imparting some of their enthusiasm to others. As in the case of Jack Russell, much has been written about Kingsley, with his deep erudition and gift of golden writing, but his love of sport, especially fishing, has never received the attention it deserves, for he certainly comes within the category of sporting parsons, and was, moreover, a sporting cleric of the very best sort, who never laid himself open to the charge of neglecting his duty to make time for his pleasures. His letters show that if he had turned his attention to writing of sport he would have made it live in his pages as Whyte Melville did.

He must have been a precocious child, as we hear of him writing sermons and poetry at the age of four, and improvising

pulpits for himself from which he delivered his addresses to rows of chairs arranged around him, while becomingly robed in his night-shirt. Perhaps it is not surprising that such a wildly volatile nature should have developed a stutter during his early childhood that clung to him more or less all his life. There must have been so much to say that required saying quickly that one can almost hear the stutter beginning.

When twelve years old he went to school at Clifton, and later to a grammar-school in Cornwall. It is a little curious that while he was never popular at school, he was a general favourite when he went to Cambridge. As a schoolboy he did not take the slightest interest in games. I admit it with anguish, and public-school readers must forgive him as best they can. His passion was science and art, but occasionally he came out of his seclusion and performed lonely feats of school-boy prowess, such as climbing notoriously unclimbable trees, or jumping the grimmest obstacles, which created sensations, even if they only served to confirm the general verdict that he was a "rum chap."

Charles Kingsley never quite conquered his stammer, and never lost his love of Devonshire, where he first made the intimate acquaintance of birds, fishes, and all the beautiful things of nature which were more to him than food and raiment.

Speaking of his love for the home of his youth, he says: "You must not despise their accent, for it remains of a purer and nobler dialect than our own, and you will be surprised to hear me, when I am merry, burst into pure unintelligible Devonshire. When I am very childish my own country's language comes to me like a dream of old days."

One of the stories I like best in Mrs. Kingsley's book of memories, is, when her husband was dining with some officers at Aldershot, someone present began to ridicule religion and was reprimanded by Mr. Kingsley; an apology followed at once, the speaker having forgotten a clergyman was present. "All right," said Kingsley, "but do not apologise on that account. We are paid to fight these arguments, as you are paid to fight in another way. If a clergyman is worth his salt you will always find him ready to try a fall with you. Besides, it is better for your friends, if they are to have poison, to have the antidote in the same spoon."

When his father was given a living in Chelsea by Lord Cadogan, Kingsley went to King's College, walking backwards and forwards from Chelsea daily, and became not a little bored with the unending parochial activities in his parents' parish. Both the district visitors and the young ladies given to good works failed to please him, judging by a letter he wrote to a friend at this time, in which he refers to these worthy people as being—"Nothing but ugly splay-footed beings, three-fourths of whom can't sing, and the other quarter sing miles out of tune with voices like love-sick parrots. Confound!"

In 1838 he went to Magdalene College, Cambridge, where at first he showed signs of being something of a recluse. He read the Oxford pamphlet, which appeared at this time, and became entangled in the theological hurly-burly that swept over the two great universities. He worked himself up into a distressing state of mind, beset on all sides with doubts and speculation; of course what was happening was only the mental upheaval that all active minds have to meet and conquer, as has been told by Carlyle in his "Sartor Resartus," and is there for those who are ready to dig for it under the mantle of obscurity the author has thrown about his meaning, in that strange work of genius. All Kingsley's letters show how this struggle was raging within him at the time. First the Athanasian Creed got up against his path, and we hear such phrases as, "Bigotry, cruelty and quibbling." By the way, he ultimately became quite reconciled to the creed, but that was years later. There were passionate letters of doubt written: "You cannot conceive the moments of self-abasement and self-shame I have. . . . If the philosophers of old were right, and I am right in my religion, alas for Christendom! and if I am wrong, alas for myself! . . . I cannot say, with the French atheist, 'O God (if there be a God).' I cannot entreat Him on the chance of His possessing a power I do not believe He possesses." Then came a time when nothing seemed to matter. It was the centre of the whirlpool. He wanted to fly to the far west and live all by himself in the prairies. This led to the conclusion that he would have a good time first. Why not? as nothing mattered. So he hunted, played cards, shot duck in the fens, learnt boxing under a negro fighter, neglected his work, and incidentally became very popular. There is a description of

him at this time that I should like to quote : “. . . A bold thinker, a bold rider, a most chivalrous gentleman—sad, shy and serious habitually ; in conversation at one moment brilliant and impassioned, the next reserved and unapproachable ; by turns attracting and repelling, but pouring forth, to the friend whom he could trust, stores of thought, feeling, and information on every sort of unexpected subject which seemed boundless.”

Presently his “have a good time” mood began to change, and in his restlessness he walked from Cambridge to London, a distance of fifty-two miles, in a day, thereby doubtless working off a little more spiritual indigestion.

He was physically a very strong man, and a quick walker, his impetuosity plainly discernible ; many young men found difficulty in keeping up with him.

Soon after this he refers to himself as “Saved,” and exults in the calm repose of settled convictions. It was now that he met his fate in the shape of Miss Fanny Grenfell, whom he ultimately married and loved with lifelong devotion, saying prettily that his first day of real wedded life was the first day he saw her. It is to her admirable Life of her husband that I am indebted for these extracts from his letters. At times he worked hard, and gained a scholarship in 1839, when he was first of his year at the May examinations. His letter home on the subject is a little pathetic : “Pardon the wildness of my letter, for I am so happy I hardly know what to say. You know I am not accustomed to being successful.”

In another letter written to his mother while he was at Cambridge, he says :

“My heart is much older than my years. . . . I feel that within which makes me far more happy or more miserable than those about me. . . . I shall be an old man before I am forty. My heart is very full and I am rather lonely. . . . God bless you . . . God bless you, and if you rejoice that you have born a man into the world, remember that he is not one like common men, neither cleverer nor wiser, nor better than a multitude, but utterly different to them in heart and mind . . . legislate for him accordingly.

“Your own boy,

“C. KINGSLEY.”

During his time of doubt he hardly worked at all, and had a hard grind to win his degree at the end, putting three years' work into as many months.

After his ordination by the Bishop of Winchester in 1842 he became curate of Eversley in Hampshire, where he found matters in a bad state, as was not uncommon in rural parishes in those days. Not one adult labourer in the parish could read or write, and village sanitation was practically non-existent. There was no congregation at the church, which itself badly needed repair, and the whole work of the parish was left to him by the vicar.

He was a great preacher, and never stuttered in the pulpit. People thronged to hear him, soldiers home from the Crimea—amongst others one who had been dangerously wounded at Scutari, who had read his "Yeast," and determined if he lived to return home he would make a point of going to hear the man preach who could give such a picture of a hunting scene as the one in the opening chapter.

In 1844 things grew brighter, as the living became vacant, and was given to him by Sir John Cope at the wish of the parishioners. This enabled him to marry, but the picture was slightly clouded by the heavy dilapidations to the rectory he had to pay. He was by no means rich, and was never free from money worries. This was one of the reasons why he did not hunt more regularly. The temptation to follow hounds was a sore one, as the pack—now known as the Garth—was kennelled at Bramshill, quite near, so that they were continually passing his windows on the way to their meets. His friends have seen tears come to his eyes as he watched them go by and could not join them.

In the course of time he acquired a horse to facilitate his journeyings about the parish. It was not a showy beast, being strictly utilitarian, but he managed to imbue it with enough of his own fire to enjoy an occasional day's hunting on it. When he and his "Rosinante" did turn out, he was assured of a hearty welcome by the members of the field.

Here is an account of a hunt he snatched from the middle of a day's parish work. It is to his great fishing companion and bosom friend, Thomas Hughes—author of "Tom Brown's School-days"—and is dashed off in the true Kingsley state of glowing enthusiasm :

"I had just done my work and seen my poor, and dinner was coming on to the table yesterday—just four o'clock—when the bow-wows appeared on the top of the Mount, trying my patch of gorse, so I jumped up, left the cook shrieking—and off.—He wasn't there, but I knew where he was, for I keep a pretty good register of foxes (ain't they my parishioners and parts of my flock?) and, as the poor fellows had had a blank day, they were very thankful in five minutes to find themselves going like mad. We had an hour and a half of it—scent breast high as the dew began to rise (bleak north-easter always good weather), and if we had not crossed a second fox, should have killed him in the open; as it was we lost him after sunset, after the finest grind I have had these nine years, so I went back to dinner. The old horse behaved beautifully, not fast, but in the enclosed woodlands he can live up to anyone, and earned great honour by leaping in and out of the Loddon, only four more doing it, and one receiving a mucker.

"I feel three years younger to-day. The whip tells me there were three in the river together, rolling over, horse and man! What a sight to have lost, even by being ahead.

"Have you seen the story of the run on January 7th, when Mr. Woodburn's hounds found at Blackholme at the bottom of Windermere and ended beyond Helvellyn, more than fifty miles of mountain? After Applethwait Crag (where the field lost them) they had a ring on High Street (2,700 feet) of an hour, unseen by mortal eye; and after that were seen by a shepherd in Patterdale, Brother's Water, top of Fairfield (2,900 feet), Dunmail Gap, and then over the top of Helvellyn (3,050 feet), and then to ground on Birkside Screes—I cannot find it on the maps—but what a poetic thing! Helvellyn was deep in frost and snow. Oh, that I could write a ballad there anent. The thing has taken possession of me but I can't find words. There was never such a run since we were born; and to think of the hounds doing the last thirty miles alone!"

Whenever he had had a great day, either in the field or by the river, he always had to sit down and let Tom Hughes hear all about it, even when he came in late and tired.

For a good many years Charles Kingsley's advanced views often served to get him into conflict with less advanced clerics. It was a time of unrest. First the Oxford movement disturbed

him, as we have seen, and then science began to pick quarrels with religion, or was accused of doing so, and social questions became increasingly pressing. Socialism rattled its bones and gave people cold shivers, and Kingsley dallied with it, or at any rate he agreed with some of its principles, to the unbounded horror of his cloth. Dissatisfaction awoke in the land, and the anger that set Watts painting his accusatory pictures "Mammon" and "Hope," sent Kingsley off at score on the ideal of Christian socialism. Among other good things this was to reconcile science and religion, for, in his love of science, he had greeted the revelations of Darwin and Huxley with open arms, while his interest in economic questions led him to correspond with John Stuart Mill.

Then came the cause of women's rights, and this too he was quite ready to consider; but certain tendencies he perceived in this movement led him, after a time, to withhold his support.

He believed it would be good for the race generally if women qualified as medical practitioners. On this subject he was enthusiastic. He wrote a good deal about it, as well as other matters, under the *nom-de-plume* of "Parson Lot."

It will be seen that he was fairly deep in the questions of the day. Science he was convinced could walk hand-in-hand with religion amicably enough. This sounds a tame idea now, but at that time Bishops had not got over being called monkeys; and dallying with Darwin was a first-class misdemeanour. Once, when preaching in a London church on "The Message of the Church to the Working Man," the incumbent became so infuriated by his discourse that he jumped up and protested. A rumpus of the first magnitude ensued, and in due course the thunders were invoked in the shape of the Bishop of London, who decreed that Kingsley should preach no more in the churches of his diocese.

A controversy that troubled him far more, was one between himself and Newman (afterwards Cardinal Newman).

Kingsley had written an article in *Macmillan's Magazine* in which he said that Newman did not consider truth a necessary virtue, that Papal prerogatives cannot touch the civil allegiance of Catholics, etc.

The main point at issue was not really the personal integrity of Doctor Newman, but the question whether the Roman

Catholic priesthood are encouraged or discouraged to pursue "Truth for its own sake." After all, Kingsley said nothing more harsh of the Church² of Rome than Newman had already said himself, though he recanted his sayings later.

In Newman he found rather more than his match, for the to-be Cardinal was a highly-skilled controversialist and scored points heavily against his antagonist.

The Bristol riots, which Kingsley had seen as a schoolboy at Clifton, awakened his interest in the conditions under which the working-classes lived, and it never abated. It was what he saw in the slums of his father's London parish, and the condition of Eversley when first he went there as a curate, that turned his attention to the question of sanitation, and he achieved great things, collecting a band of fellow-workers about him whose efforts materially widened his sphere of influence.

He preached the doctrine of fresh air and cold water from the pulpit wherever he went, and his methods were the origin of the term "Muscular Christianity" which caught the popular fancy as only empty phrases can do. Much of the improvement in sanitation that took place during the succeeding quarter of a century was directly or indirectly due to his ceaseless efforts.

Kingsley habitually overworked himself, and his temperament that made it difficult for him to sit through a meal without jumping up and fidgeting about the room at intervals, did not help him to take much rest, however urgently needed. Several times he was obliged to go abroad for a holiday, but fishing was his favourite method of recuperation. The days he loved best were spent by the river with his friend Tom Hughes, and when he had to go alone, his first thought was always to let his friend hear all about it.

Kingsley was a keen naturalist as well as a geologist. It is probably true that he was interested in too many subjects, for his early writings gave promise of considerably greater things than he ever achieved. His volatile nature sent him on a thousand quests and always prevented him concentrating on one theme, which might have given a really great writer to the world.

As it is, his "Water Babies" is an exquisite thing, and, like "Alice in Wonderland," has given delight to more grown-up

babies than almost any other work originally meant for children. I seldom see a stream in flood without thinking of the wonderful description of a spate in "Water Babies," when all the living things of the river awake to the call of the sea, and rush downstream crying, "Down to the Sea, Down to the Sea !" Salmon, eels, and the evil otters forget all their fears and jostle one another in the flood, among the sticks and stones and other flotsam of the spate, all intent on getting down to the sea. It is very clever, and thrills me, making me feel that I want to jump in and go down to the sea too—just as I am sure Kingsley felt when he wrote it.

I like reading his fishing letters, and am glad he was too busy a man to fish as often as he liked. It would have been too sad if he had grown *blasé*.

Kingsley often had correspondence with strangers who had heard of his skill as a naturalist and wrote to him for information or advice. There was an interchange of letters with a Mr. Stainton over some wonderful caddises the latter possessed, and which they both became quite excited about.

As Kingsley grew older he became less and less revolutionary in his views, as is so often the case. In the course of time his clerical wild oats were forgotten or forgiven, and he was appointed chaplain to Queen Victoria, and Canon of Westminster. The Prince of Wales (King Edward VII.) was probably instrumental in getting him the former appointment, as he was very fond of Kingsley, and sent down Sir William Gull from London to attend him in his last illness ; while the Royal children tried to amuse their kind old friend by sending him pictures they had drawn for him. Not long before his death he was filling Westminster Abbey with vast crowds to hear him preach, but it was noticed that his strength was failing, and shortly afterwards he took to his bed at Eversley, where he died on January 23rd, 1875, aged fifty-six.

Pneumonia was the immediate cause of his death, but he had been reckless of his health from the day that the doctors had told him that his wife, who had been ill for some time, could not hope for ultimate recovery. He said : "Then my own death-warrant is signed." His devotion to his wife was touching and picturesque. She was lying ill in bed in one room of the rectory while her husband was dying in another ; he managed

to reach her room for a few minutes, and then, happy and content in the belief that they were not going to be parted, that they would make their last journey together, he died.

This, however, was not to be, for she lived until 1891, dying on December 12th, aged seventy-seven.

Kingsley was buried in Eversley churchyard. He had arranged all the details of his own funeral some time before he died. His parishioners, who loved him, carried him to his last resting-place. Around the grave was gathered a large crowd of all denominations and ranks.

A naval officer who was present said he had seen many state funerals, but had never seen such a sight as Charles Kingsley's presented. Among the soldiers attending were three V.C.'s: Colonel Evelyn Wood, V.C., Colonel Alfred Jones, V.C., Colonel Sir Charles Russell, V.C. The Master of the Garth and his hunt-servants in pink, the horses and hounds stood at the gate. The Prince of Wales's representative was there, the squire of the parish, and Governors of distant colonies, authors, publishers and Gypsies—who called him their "Priest King," and who believed he had gone to Heaven on their prayers. For months afterwards they continued putting flowers on his grave.

There is a memorial in Westminster Abbey to Kingsley's memory, placed there by his admirers and friends; and another in the churchyard at Eversley erected on the grave by his wife.

CHAPTER VIII

The Rev. Charles Slingsby—Lover of Nature and Sport—A Bad Fall—Curious Coincidence—Sir Charles Slingsby, M.F.H.—His Tragic Death—The Ferryboat Disaster—Mr. Clare Vyner Saves a Friend—Education of Rev. Charles Slingsby—The English Church Union—Marriage and Hunting on a Small Income—Lord William Beresford in a Ditch—Captain Forester Master of the Quorn—A Yorkshire Song—History Repeats Itself—Another Tragedy—An Impressive Scene—Animal Instincts—A Devoted Fox-Terrier—Archbishop of York Preaches a Sporting Sermon—A Memorial Window—A Discovery at Harrogate—A Scarborough Barber Writes Verses—Sir Eric Geddes at Scriven.

THE REV. CHARLES SLINGSBY, of Scriven Park, was one of the best-known members of the York and Ainsty Hunt; a man of marked personality, with the charming smile born of a kindly heart, a good Churchman, a high-principled, kindly neighbour, genial and courteous in the extreme—qualities that endear a man to all around him.

He was Lord of the Manor, patron of two livings, magistrate of the West Riding of Yorkshire, a keen sportsman and a true lover of nature, appreciating all her favours, and possessed of great courage. Not many men at the age of sixty-eight would take a bad fall out hunting as he did only about a year before he died, receiving a considerable shaking and a broken rib; but, nothing daunted, he was in the saddle again in a surprisingly short space of time. The shock alone, without the broken rib, would have taken the nerve out of most men at that time of life.

He was evidently a believer in my theory that the best way after a spill is to mount again as soon as possible, if wishing to retain one's nerve.

Mr. Slingsby inherited Scriven Park under the will of his uncle, Sir Charles Slingsby, the tenth and last baronet. It is a curious coincidence that two Squires of Slingsby should have met their deaths in the hunting-field, and both while out with the York and Ainsty.

At the time of Sir Charles's death he was, and had been for

86 Sportsmen Parsons in Peace and War

years, Master of that pack. The date of his tragic death was February 4th, 1869.

There are many living who can remember that terrible day when the greater part of Yorkshire was thrown into mourning, and all were shocked and sad. Some of the rising generation, and others to come, may be glad to know the particulars, even if briefly told. I will therefore give a slight resumé of the tragic occurrence which made the Rev. Charles Slingsby owner of Scriven Park after the death of his cousin, Mrs. Emma Louisa Slingsby.

The hounds had met at Stainley House on February 4th, 1869, and were running a fox hard from Monkton Whin, when it became necessary for the followers to cross the river Ure, at all times dangerous, and doubly so at the moment, there being a raging torrent and the banks all flooded.

A rush was made for the private ferry belonging to the Vyners of Newby Hall. In the hurry and excitement of the moment thirteen men and eleven horses crowded into the boat, which was in charge of two of the Newby gardeners and worked by a chain: they are included in the thirteen men. This was in excess of its proper carrying powers, yet all might have been well had not "Saltfish," the horse ridden by the Master, kicked out at the one ridden by Sir George Wombwell, which endeavoured to return the compliment. "Saltfish," thinking such close quarters were not to his liking, promptly jumped overboard with his rider; the rest of the boat-load, without thinking of the consequences, rushed over to that side, hoping to be able to help Sir Charles: the result was the boat capsized.

What a horrible scene, thirteen men and eleven horses struggling and plunging about in the torrent! The names of the unfortunate people were: Sir Charles Slingsby, Bart., M.F.H., Mr. Edward Lloyd of Lingcroft, Capt. Key, Major Mussenden, Capt. Molyneux, R.N., Mr. Richard Meysey Thompson, Mr. Clare Vyner, Mr. White, Sir George Wombwell, Bart., Mr. James Robinson, William Orvis (kennel huntsman), and Christopher and James Warriner, the two ferrymen.

Six men lost their lives: Sir Charles Slingsby, Mr. Edward Lloyd, Mr. James Robinson, William Orvis, and the two ferrymen. Nine horses were drowned, the only two who escaped being "Saltfish," who was the cause of the disaster, and a horse named "Woodpigeon," belonging to Mr. Meysey Thompson.

SIR CHARLES SLINGSBY, M.F.H., BART.
AND HIS HUNTER "SALTFISH"

[Facing p. 86.]

The REV. CHARLES SLINGSBY
OF SCRIVEN PARK

Facing p. 87.]

Mr. Clare Vyner, who was a strong swimmer, succeeded in reaching the overturned boat, and was able to help Sir George Wombwell, who was fortunately carried near, by a friendly current in the midst of the swirling, boiling water, and was no longer able to help himself, being thoroughly exhausted.

Thus in that brief hour in the midst of their pleasure all was changed to woe for those left to mourn them, the sun gone out of the lives of the wives, children, and lovers ; but perchance those who had gone had found the Sun.

The subject of this chapter, the Rev. Charles Slingsby, was born at Raskelfe in Yorkshire, and was educated at Rossall School and St. Edmund's College, Oxford. A story told of one of the boys at this school amused me.

While doing his gymnastic exercises he fell and bit his tongue nearly in two, so several stitches had to be put in to keep the unruly member in order. When the time came to have the stitches taken out the lad sent them home to his mother in a letter, asking her to be sure and keep them !

When at college two of Mr. Slingsby's greatest friends were Arthur Lloyd, afterwards Bishop of Newcastle, and the Rev. A. Suckling, who was later vicar of St. Albans, Holborn ; it is therefore not surprising that he developed into a Churchman with pronounced views and was one of the earliest supporters of the English Church Union, being chairman of the local branch at the time of his death.

In 1860 Charles Slingsby was ordained, and became assistant curate at Helmsley and later rector of Horswell, where he worked for thirteen years, during which time he devoted himself to the rebuilding of the church. Following this, in 1880, he became rector of Kirby-Sigston, where he remained for more than twenty years ; here he restored the church, collecting £1,000 for the purpose from amongst his neighbours and friends.

He had married in 1873 Susan, daughter of Charles Reynard of Beverley, another well-known Yorkshire family. They were a brave couple, for when first they married their united incomes did not come up to £300 a year ! Notwithstanding this they contrived to keep a couple of hunters, with the helping hand of Mrs. Slingsby's sister, who was a well-known sports-woman and often lent them mounts.

I have observed that the sport enjoyed by members of some

of these small establishments, when each day has to be contrived and carefully thought out, has far outshone the pleasure experienced by those who have only to say what horse they will ride and what time the car has to be at the door.

Mr. Slingsby used to groom his own horses, or rather help to groom them, and he occasionally pressed a friend into the service. There was a certain Jack Parker and his wife who delighted in taking a turn; the lady, not being tall, had to stand on an upturned bucket, which enabled her to reach to use her wisp of hay effectively.

After succeeding to Scriven there was no longer any necessity to contrive, and at times the horses hardly had enough work to do, as was proved once when Lord William Beresford (who was related to the Slingsbys) was staying with them. Being an accomplished whip, he had been asked to take the ribbons and drive himself and his host to keep some appointment—I forget where, but it does not matter, as they never reached their destination. The horses were so fresh not even Lord Bill's masterly handling could restrain them. If I remember rightly, he was driving tandem in a dogcart; before long the horses ran away and landed the occupants in a ditch. Happily neither was much the worse.

Captain Forester, Master of the Quorn, who has hunted that pack since 1905 up to the time of writing this book, was a friend of Mr. Slingsby's and always liked him to stay there each season for hunting, providing him with the best of mounts. For a man of a shy and retiring nature, Mr. Slingsby had a number of warmly-attached friends, more especially as he possessed that delightful but dangerous gift of caricaturing; the gift was, however, perfectly safe in his hands.

He loved the Yorkshire dialect and delighted in telling stories in the vernacular, and told them well. There was one Yorkshire song he was often called upon to sing, and as it is now difficult to get, some north-country folk may like to be reminded of it. The title is :

LEEDS O'D CHURCH

I was at home wi' my fayther and mother, I never had no fun ;
 They kept me at it fra' morn till neet, so I thought fra' them I'd run.
 Leeds fair was coming on, and I thought I'd have a spree,
 So I clapped on my Sunday coat and hat and went away merrily.
 With a bumpsey bumpsey bay,
 Ra too ra roo ra laddiday.

First thing I saw was a great big mill, I'd never seen yon afore,
There were winnies and jennies and slubbers and spinnies and wheels by mony a
score,

And every strap had a wheel and every wheel had a strap.
"By gum," says I, "t' maisterman o'wd Harry's a rare strong chap."
With a bumpsey bumpsey bay, etc.

Next thing I saw were Leeds o'd Church, I'd nubbut been i' yon i' my days,
I felt almost ashamed of mysen, for I didn't know their ways.
There were twenty or thirty folk i' tubs and boxes sat,
When up comes a saucy old chap; says he, "Lad, take off thy hat."
With a bumpsey bumpsey, etc.

And then there cam' a great lord mayor, and over his shoulder a club,
And he donned on a white sack-poke and gat into t' topmost tub,
And then there came another chap and I think they called him Ned,
And he gat into t' bottommost tub and mocked what t'other chap said.
With a bumpsey bumpsey, etc.

And then they began to pray and to preach, they prayed for George our king,
When up jumps chap in t' topmost tub, says he, "Good folk, let's sing."
And I thought some sang very well, while others did grunt and groan,
And everyone sang what they liked, so I sang "Bob and Joan."
With a bumpsey bumpsey, etc.

And when the praying and preaching were over and the folks were going away,
I went to the chap in t' bottommost tub; says I, "Lad, what's to pay?"
"Why, now't, my lad," says he; by gum, I were right fane,
So I clicked hold of my old club stick and went whistling out again.
With a bumpsey bumpsey, etc.

Besides being able to sing a good song, Mr. Slingsby had, as I have already stated, a fund of good stories, which he told well. Once when coming out of church after a harvest festival one of his parishioners attracted his attention to the number of stacks in his yard, and with pride pointed to one, saying, "That one is for butcher's meat—that one is for groceries"—then, coming to the largest—"and that one is for Gin and Warter."

History repeats itself, and I must continue now with the sad story of how the Rev. Charles Slingsby ended his days in a field on his own property while out with the York and Ainsty.

On this occasion hounds had been taken to the Red House Wood, which for generations has been the property of the Slingsbys. After about a quarter of an hour a fox went away on the south side; hounds were laid on and began to run sharply over Thickpenny Farm. The country was green and fenced with strong thorns, well cut and laid. As usual, Mr. Slingsby was going well to the front, and while putting his horse at one of these bound fences it pecked heavily, throwing its rider on to his head with great force, breaking his neck. It is believed that death was instantaneous. Most of the field had

gone on, not knowing anything had happened ; however, a few friends were near : one galloped off for a doctor and fortunately met one on his rounds in a car about two miles away. He instantly jumped up behind the messenger, and together they galloped back across country to where that pathetic figure was lying so still.

Alas ! there was nothing to be done, the doctor pronounced life extinct ; the only comfort he could offer to those anxiously awaiting his verdict was that he could have suffered no pain.

Then followed one of the most impressive scenes ever witnessed in the hunting-field.

There had been no doctor out with the hounds that day, but there had been another hunting parson, the Rev. A. S. Crawley, rector of Bishopthorpe, one of the Archbishop's chaplains. The moment the doctor pronounced life extinct he held a service over his comrade as he lay in the field just where he had fallen. There came a " hush " while all the members and followers of the hunt gathered close around as if to keep him still with them, while in a voice shaken with emotion the rector from Bishopthorpe commended the soul of the " faithful " to the care of the Great Unknown.

All lingered for a few moments in silent prayer, making a beautiful and striking picture, bent bare heads, scarlet coats and grief-stricken faces, some of the field having been sobered into realising for the first time that " in the midst of life we are in death." And what of the other silent witnesses, the birds and the beasts ? I wonder if any of my readers have ever noticed the restlessness of our faithful companions when in the presence of that great mystery which, for want of a better name, we call death ; the look that comes into their eyes betraying the understanding of a something of which they cannot speak, the look of something troubling them.

I have seen it both in horses and dogs, and though I fear I am straying away from my subject, I must give one instance of this instinct, understanding, or whatever it may be in animals.

A devoted little fox-terrier once quite broke me down when I was most needing my self-control.

I was helping a dear friend to nurse her husband in India ; he was dying from dysentery and fever. The end was very near. His little fox-terrier that always slept on the end of his

bed had been restless and miserable for some days, hardly taking his eyes from his master's face.

We had wished to move poor "Pickles" some time before, but our patient objected and begged us not to take his pet away.

Suddenly the dog began to whine, poked his nose into the listless hand on the bed, stood still and stiff for a moment, looking enquiringly at the figure lying so still, then jumped off the bed and began to do all the tricks his master had taught him. First he stood on his head against the wall, which required the most careful manœuvring; then jumped round after his own tail, sat up and begged, brought his master's slippers; then, receiving no applause, with frightened, worried eyes stood by the bed.

We noticed a change come over our patient, and "Pickles" noticed it too, for suddenly his coat stood on end, and staring, he shivered and trembled, then throwing up his head, howled dismally. He would allow neither of us to touch him, not even the poor widow, who wished to weep with him.

I wonder if Mr. Slingsby's mount knew what it had done. I think animals know and understand much more than we give them credit for.

The funeral of Mr. Slingsby, or the "Squire," as many called him, took place at the quiet little parish church of Moor Monkton, on the Slingsby estate, as he had expressed a wish in his lifetime that when he was called away he would like to be laid to rest under the shadow of its nine-hundred-years-old walls and within sound of the bells.

Anyone who thinks lightly of sporting parsons should have been at that service; they would have felt for evermore ashamed of themselves, for they could not have failed to see how deeply loved and respected the "Squire" was, and would have heard many a whispered story of his goodness. Gratitude is not a marked feature in our present-day state of civilisation; there must have been something very special about Mr. Slingsby to attract people and make them love him as they did.

The coffin was made of plain oak from off the property, and was carried shoulder-high by retainers from the estate, preceded by the hunt servants in their scarlet coats.

A cross of scarlet geraniums rested on the coffin, beside which lay his whip and spurs.

Only a few of the hundreds who attended the funeral were able to find room in the church.

The "Squire" was lowered into his moss and violet lined grave that had been arranged by the villagers' loving hands.

As the parishioners who were unable to bring more costly tributes of affection filed past the open grave, they threw in sprigs of gorse from the whin close by, where but a few days before he had been hunting.

The death of this fine old sporting parson gave rise to what I believe to be a unique incident in ecclesiastical history, namely, a sermon on Hunting Parsons by an Archbishop of the Established Church.

On November 16th, 1913, the Archbishop of York dedicated a stained glass window and a memorial brass to Mr. Slingsby's memory at Moor Monkton Church. Both had been erected by members of the York and Ainsty hunt and a few other friends.

Before referring to this remarkable appreciation of a hunting parson by Archbishop Lang, I think the window and brass are worthy of description, and I should like to picture to those who have not seen the memorial something of its beauty.

The subjects are so appropriate. On the left is Saint Hubert, patron saint of the chase. He is shown in hunting-dress, and the stag with the crucifix between the antlers is introduced by his side, which, according to the legend, appeared to the saint when he was hunting in the forest and brought about his conversion. Saint Hubert was afterwards bishop of Liège.

On the right-hand light is depicted Saint Francis of Assisi, the lover of nature.

The saint is shown, according to the legend, ministering to the birds, which had assembled to meet him, and, having received his message, did not fly away until he gave them his blessing and made the sign of the Cross—when they formed themselves into the shape of a cross, and flew away east, west, south, and north, singing wondrous songs.

Under the window in old English letters is :

"To the glory of God, and in affectionate memory of the Rev. Charles Slingsby of Scriven Park, Knaresborough, who was killed while hunting on his own property, close to the Red

House, on November 15th, 1912, in his 70th year, and buried in the Churchyard, this brass and window were erected by the members of the York and Ainsty Hunt and his friends in Yorkshire."

Here are some quotations from the address, which should be taken to heart by any anti-hunting cleric in the land, for it is quite free from dogmatism and the red tape of officialdom, and is inspired by that straightforward open-air Christianity of which the good squire's life had been emblematic.

All in that crowded church were united by one great sympathy, dignified, impressive, picturesque. The Archbishop in his robes (attended by his Chaplain, who had held the little service in the field, and his apparitor, Mr. Bonner) delivered an address worthy of note, an exhortation to the living as well as a pæan to the dead.

Two Bible phrases were chosen as *leit-motifs* for the address: "A man of the field," and "A faithful priest." Archbishop Lang said: "Hunting is a sport which develops some of the finest qualities of human courage and endurance, readiness to face risks, comradeship. . . ."

"There are many kindly courtesies, both to man and beast, which spring naturally from the sport of the field. . . ."

Turning to the significance of hunting in these days of social unrest, he went on:

"At a time when we know that one of our greatest dangers is the severance of the classes, here is something which quite simply, naturally, and spontaneously draws the classes together—peer and squire, business man and farmer meet upon a common ground. . . ."

"This, too, is a time when we are all doing what we can to think how to increase the resources, the pleasures, and the attractions of country life, and here is a sport which, once again quite simply and naturally, gives just such a special feature and interest to life in the country."

Here His Lordship became somewhat entangled in the intricacies of hunting terminology, by referring to "even the labourer, when he feels the stirring of the meet, or sees the sudden burst of hounds and horses, gets just one of those fresh incidents, sights, and scenes in what otherwise is often a very

monotonous life." If correctly reported he, of course, referred to the quickening of the pulses which even the labourer shares when confronted with the pageantry of sport ; and although not himself a sportsman, there can be no doubt as to his opinion of them, after the following passage :

" I think it is true that some of the very best Yorkshire Christians who have ever lived have been keen sportsmen. . . ."

Then, as a last reference to Mr. Slingsby, he summed up his life admirably :

" He was one of those—and I think there should be more of them in the ranks of the clergy—who loved the country for its own sake, who loved the people, the birds and the beasts who inhabit it."

So Mr. Slingsby was " A man of the field," but he was also a " faithful priest." For thirty-six years of his life he had been an earnest, faithful servant of the Church in Yorkshire.

After this appreciation from the Archbishop any description of mine concerning Mr. Slingsby would be superfluous.

The Slingsbys are an old north-country family who fought for their king in the Battle of Flodden in 1513. The monuments in Knaresborough Church attest the antiquity and fame of the family.

One of Mr. Charles Slingsby's ancestors, Sir William Slingsby, was the reputed discoverer of Harrogate mineral springs ; he was Commissioner-General in 1595 and honorary Carver to Anne, Queen Consort, in 1603 ; in that same year he was knighted. He was a great traveller, and during his journeyings tasted the chalybeate waters in Germany and at once recognised the virtue of what is known as the " Old Spa " or Tewitt well on the Spray at Harrogate. This was about 1596, when the whole district was merely part of the old Forest, and Knaresborough the chief town. It was not, however, until nearly a hundred years later that the valuable properties of the waters became recognised, and for a long time there was only one inn, or hotel, as we should now name it, where people could stay.

Sir William's son Henry also gave this country something by which he may be remembered. As Master of the Mint in the time of Charles II. he was author of the motto on the coinage, " Decus et Tutamen."

During the two hundred and thirty years that have passed

The Memorial Windows.

To the Glory of God and in affectionate memory of
The Rev. Charles Slingsby of Scribner Park, Warrington,
who was killed whilst hunting on his own property close to Red
House on the 15th November 1912, in his 70th year and buried in
this Churchyard, this Brass and Window were erected by the
Members of the York and Ainsty Hunt, and his friends in Yorkshire.

The Brass.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS AND BRASS
OF THE REV. CHARLES SLINGSBY

[Facing p. 94]

SCRIVEN PARK

SOUTH FRONT. THE HOME OF THE SLINGSBYS

since the granting of the first baronetcy there have been seven generations of the family at Scriven, and no fewer than five of the holders of the title died unmarried or without children.

Beyond the heirlooms in the house of Scriven there is little to show of its associations with mediæval times.

In Sir Henry Slingsby's time (the Royalist), in his diary he refers to "that rotten house at Scriving." So unsatisfactory was it at that time, that it became necessary to borrow furniture from his tenants before he, his wife, and daughter could stay there on taking possession.

I must refer again for a moment to the ferry-boat disaster when Sir Charles Slingsby lost his life, as I have heard so many different versions of the accident and what everybody did in the excitement of the moment, I hardly know what to believe. One eye-witness told me Mr. Clare Vyner was the only man to save life that day; another tells me that Mr. Meysey Thompson received the Humane Society's medal for saving life on that fatal day, and he was the only person who did so.

Then, again, there has been some controversy as to the number of Vyners present on the boat; some say Captain Bob was there as well as Mr. Clare, but this was not the case, for Captain Bob witnessed the accident when on the banks of the river with Lord Harewood and Lord Downe: all were trying to think of some way of helping those in the water, but the accident happened on the far side of the river.

At last Captain Bob Vyner, unable to bear inaction any longer, pulled off his boots and plunged into the angry swollen river and all but succeeded in rescuing Mr. Lloyd; but he was a big heavy man and too much for Captain Bob, who had to give up his heroic efforts and make for the banks, being himself in an exhausted condition.

After a few moments to regain his breath he once more plunged in, and with help from the bank in the shape of planks, lashed whips, etc., was able to assist in saving one or two who were nearly drowned.

Poor Mr. Robinson, who had hunted regularly for years with the York and Ainsty, occupying rooms in York each winter for that express purpose, and who was known amongst his friends as "Fluffy," had always had a marked dislike to crossing

water, even at a ford; he also had a strong feeling about thirteen being an unlucky number.

By the kind permission of *Horse and Hound* I give below some verses composed by a Scarborough hairdresser in connection with this accident.

The Key below answers to the number, which may be of assistance to those not well acquainted with Yorkshire and Yorkshire folk.

A MEMORABLE DAY
WITH
THE YORK AND AINSTY FOXHOUNDS
AT STAINLEY HOUSE,
Feb. 4th, 1869.

A POEM by Alfred John Tugwell, Scarboro'.

Published in the *Yorkshire Chronicle*, Feb. 13th, 1869.

“ Good morning, gentlemen ! Good morn !
I'm glad to see you here !—
Keep off that hound, sir, if you please—
Don't bring your horse too near.

“ Good morning, Downe ! ⁽¹⁾ You're down for sport.
Ah, Lascelles, ⁽²⁾ how d'ye do ?
Fine day, Sir George ! ⁽³⁾ Well, Robinson ! ⁽⁴⁾
How are you, Molyneux ? ⁽⁵⁾

“ The scent will lie this morning, Lloyd, ⁽⁶⁾
Make ready for the fun ;
A fox was seen in Monkton Whin,
We're safe to get a run.

“ Come, Mussenden, ⁽⁷⁾ we'll move away ;
I see 'tis half-past ten.”
Thus spake Sir Charles, ⁽⁸⁾ the gentleman
Of Yorkshire's gentlemen.

The whin was tried, and Reynard broke
The gorse without delay.
Sir Charles exclaimed, “ Pull up your girths,
We'll show you sport to-day.”

The hounds were laid upon the scent,
Their music filled the air ;
The boldest riders rushed in front,
And all was bright and fair.

The fox was of a right good sort ;
He gaily led the chase
O'er meadow, fallow, dale, and hill,
Nor ever slacked his pace.

For sixty minutes he defied
The York and Ainsty hounds,
Then ran towards the river Ure,
Near Lady Mary's grounds. (9)

He took the stream right gallantly,
And laved his weary flanks ;
He lapped a cool, refreshing draught,
Then climbed the northern banks.

The hounds dashed in the swollen stream, (10)
All keen upon their prey ;
The foremost horsemen eyed the flood
With doubt and dark dismay.

Sir Charles cried out, " We'll ride down stream,
And take the ferry-boat—
As oft before we've had to do—
And o'er the water float."

A score of horsemen galloped fast
Down to the wherry side,
All eager to secure a place,
And cross the rushing tide.

They urged the boatman (11) to be quick,
Also the boatman's son ;
Or they would mar the royal sport
Of such a splendid run.

Full soon the wherry-boat contained
Within its ample space (12)
Sir Charles and ten more men (13) with steeds,
Intent upon the chase.

The boat was pushed from off the shore,
And as she left the strand
The only men whose hearts were sad
Were those upon the land.

Just then Sir Charles's " Old Saltfish " (14)
Grew restive, kicked and shied ;
He reared aloft, then madly plunged
Beneath the surging tide.

Sir Charles was dragged into the deep ;
A rush was made to save ;
The boat capsized, when steeds and men
Were struggling 'neath the wave.

Clare Vyner was the first to rise,
And seized the upturned boat ;
He scrambled up its slimy side,
And kept himself afloat.

He saw Sir George, of Newburgh Park,
Stern, resolute, and brave ;
He grasped his manly form, and saved
Him from a watery grave.

The men upon the bank now strove
 To lend a helping hand,
 By logs of wood, and whipthongs tied,
 Brought many safe to land.

"But where is Slingsby? Edward Lloyd?
 The Warriners? The 'Whip'?
 Ned Robinson? Can it be true
 Death holds them in his grip?"

"Speak! speak! and tell if they be safe,
 Ye men who stand around!
 Have any seen them come ashore,
 Or have they all been drowned?"

Sir Charles and Lloyd were seen to swim
 Towards the southern bank;
 When, quite exhausted and outspent,
 They in the middle sank.

"Go fetch some boats, and poles, and lines,
 We'll drag the river's bed;
 Strain every nerve to save each man—
 They may not yet be dead!"

Four boats were brought, the river searched—
 Alas! 'twas all in vain;
 Six bodies to the surface came
 That ne'er would breathe again.

Eight horses, too, were drowned that day,
 Of purest hunting blood;
 "Old Saltfish," who had caused the woe,
 Was rescued from the flood.

Poor Slingsby's watch had stopped at
 Fifty minutes after one,
 Precisely indicating when
 The deadly work was done.

Thus closed in darkest gloom the day,
 A day so well begun.
 Ah! sure, no hunting page can tell
 Of such a fatal run.

Ye men of England's noblest sport
 Together mingle tears;
 Bow down the head in silent grief
 Around these mournful biers.

Prepare a set of marble scrolls,
 Erect them o'er their graves;
 Portraying how these gallant men
 Were drowned beneath the waves.

KEY

(1) Viscount Downe, of Danby Lodge. (2) Lord Lascelles, of Harewood.
 (3) Sir George Wombwell, of Newburgh Park. (4) Edmund Robinson, Esq., of
 Thorpe Green. (5) Captain Molyneux, Thorpe Arch. (6) Edward Lloyd, Esq.,
 of Lingercroft. (7) Major Mussenden, 8th Hussars. (8) Sir Charles Slingsby, of

Scriven Park,¹ Master of the pack. (9) Lady Mary Vyner, of Newby Hall. (10) About sixty yards wide. (11) C. Warriner and son, gardeners and ferrymen at Newby Hall. (12) Nine and a half yards long by three and a half yards wide. (13) Sir Charles Slingsby, Sir George Wombwell, Major Mussenden, the Hon. Henry and Captain Molyneux, Captain Key (Fulford), Clare Vyner, Esq. (Newby Hall), E. Lloyd, Esq., E. Robinson, Esq., Captain White, 15th Hussars, W. Orvis, the "Whip," C. Warriner and son. (14) Sir Charles Slingsby's old and favourite hunter.

¹ Scriven Park is now in the occupation of Sir Eric Geddes.

CHAPTER IX

Dean Hole—Church Reformer—Horticulturist—Raconteur—Youthful Artist—Love of Games—Wrote Plays at the Age of Ten—Dramatic Scenes—First Accepted Poem—Experiences of the Wicked World—Owes £300—Talk of Duels—Early Hunting Days—A Lethargic Mount—Overcome with Grief—Some Rufford Meets—Lord Manners' Impressive Arrival—Sarcasm—Wellington with the Belvoir—John Leech Fawned on—Famous Archers—A Forgotten Custom—Dean Hole to the Rescue—Thackeray and Sir John Tenniel—The Dean Organises Rose-Shows—Breaks the Law—His Views on Temperance.

NOT so very many years ago no big rose-show would have been complete without the burly figure of Dean Hole towering above the crowd with his six feet three inches of height and careless mass of silvered hair, from under which his kindly eyes smiled on everybody. Author, horticulturist, Church reformer, sportsman, and brilliant *raconteur*, Dean Hole was one of the best-known and most striking Church of England clerics throughout the best part of the nineteenth century. He was a surprisingly versatile man, and among his other accomplishments might, by his own account, have also been an artist if his mother had not discouraged him from painting his baby sister with his first sixpenny box of paints !

What art lost the Church gained on this occasion, for Hole was destined to bring the influence of a commanding personality into the ecclesiastical field at a time when the Church had fallen on evil days and needed just such men as Hole and Kingsley, who both did incalculable good, each after his own fashion ; but I touch on Dean Hole's clerical activities more fully later.

As a sportsman his experience was a wide one, including the now more or less defunct archery. Cricket he loved, and remained a member of several cricket clubs till late in life ; he believed in the game as a first-class amusement for the working-man, and therefore to be supported with all the means at his disposal. He was often the guest of both cricket and football clubs. Fishing he was fond of, but was a better shot than

fisherman, and took out game licences without a break for half a century ; while he hunted steadily all his life until old age and seventeen stone made him reluctantly give up riding.

His early youth was spent at Caunton Manor, Newark, his parents' home, and he abandoned the demure joys of a rocking-horse for the fiercer delights of pony-riding at the age of four, when the family coachman took this branch of his education in hand. Before he was many years older the leading rein was abandoned and a cob supplanted the pony. When he was about ten he began writing plays, which he acted with his little sister. That he had an eye for dramatic situations is clear from the first act of one of these plays, which begins : Act. I.—“ Enter a man swimming for his life.” If he had lived in the days of cinema play-writing he would have had a great success ! Our present-day actor-managers have their little weaknesses, and it was not surprising that, being author-actor-manager, Hole should write leading parts for himself in which he nearly always appeared in the admiration-compelling *role* of a hero just returning from the field of battle. Wearying of the drama, he took to verse, and actually got a poem about the death of William IV. accepted by the *Nottingham Journal*, which was not bad for a ten-year-old.

It was a toss-up whether he should go into the army—those were the days of bought commissions, which the Duke of Cambridge maintained were the backbone of the army, and without which the Service would go to pieces—or whether he should go to Oxford. The latter scheme was adopted, but first of all he sallied out to see the world. Judging by his plays he was a youth who longed for adventures ; and if this was so, he was not long in finding one, for no sooner had he arrived in Paris than he fell in with three most agreeable fellow-countrymen whose charm of manner and dashing worldliness quite fascinated the boy. Having first taken the precaution of leading him to a shooting-gallery, where they impressed him with their remarkable skill with pistols, they proceeded to stand him a dinner in the most hospitable manner, after which they played cards until he was in their debt to the tune of something like £300.

He rose to the occasion remarkably well, considering he was a mere boy and thrown entirely on his own resources for the first time. He felt sure he had been cheated, and calmly announced

that until he had made certain enquiries about them next day he did not propose to settle up ! Of course this caused much wild and whirling talk of instant satisfaction, duels to the death, and so on, but he stuck to his guns and went back to his hotel. Next morning enquiries at the office of the Procureur du Roy elicited the information that his charming friends of the night before were notorious sharpers, and he heard no more of them. What seemed to tickle him most about the affair was that while he had paid them nothing, they had given him an excellent champagne dinner.

The first cob on which he hunted was of a lethargic temperament, and occasionally gave a deep sigh and slowly lay down from sheer boredom while waiting outside a covert. Slight refreshers were necessary with the whip to cut short these dozes. A much more curious instance, more or less of the same sort, happened to him later in life while hacking home on a very old but excellent hunter. It suddenly stopped and appeared to drop dead under him. Overcome with grief, he extricated himself and stood by the body of his old favourite, thinking over all the beautiful traits in its character and mourning its loss. He had almost made up his mind to remove its saddle and bridle and leave it alone in its glory, when the horse came to life and began carelessly cropping the grass within its reach, while it settled itself into a still more comfortable position. Like the mother who heartily spansks the child that has just failed to be run over by a motor-car, the Dean's grief suddenly turned to indignation, and the rest of the homeward journey was performed at a smart trot.

He had very decided views on whether parsons should hunt or not. He believed they should certainly hunt, or enjoy any other manly sport, so long as it did not involve betting or interfere with their work or embarrass them financially. His own limit was one day a week with hounds. Another rule he would have liked to make was that if a parson wished to hunt he must ride straight, otherwise he had better stop at home. He often expressed this view, and I must say I do not agree with it.

He rode hard himself, while in his prime, but I cannot see why a parson or anybody else who goes hunting as a relaxation from work should not enjoy himself in his own way, so long as he does not interfere with anybody else. He may be riding a

fat cob which is also the only thing his wife has to drive ; he may be fat himself, or infirm ; he may honestly prefer to potter —a thousand good and sufficient reasons might be given why he should not ride hard or straight which would be quite satisfactory to my mind.

In the case of the parson it is perhaps different ; it would not be conducive to mutual respect if the parishioners thought him a funk and he was aware of the fact, and no one knows better than the parson how ready his flock is to criticise ; so no doubt Dean Hole thought the parson should ride straight as an indication of strength of character, pluck, and so forth, even at the risk of laying up the family cob.

His views were much the same about women hunting. He said he liked to see any number of them at the meet, but he would wish only those who were really competent and experienced horsewomen to follow the pack across country. In those days they wore the dangerous long habit, and only rode on side-saddles, so that he had the argument that these two facts added materially to their danger. This was true to some extent, I dare say, but I disagree with him even then. One hears the same sort of thing being said by the older generation to this day. I contend that those who really desire to exclude the other half of the human race from the field should stay at home themselves, and then their sensibilities would not be hurt.

In his early days he hunted with the Rufford in the palmy days of the “ Dukeries,” when their meets were “ a thing to see and marvel at,” for nearly all the ducal homes in the neighbourhood were occupied by their owners, and peers of all the lesser denominations abounded. Clumber, Welbeck, and Worksop Manor all sent their contingents to the Rufford meets, which would have delighted the hearts of latter-day tourists from the other side of the Atlantic on account of the methods some of the bigwigs saw fit to employ to come to the trysting-place.

Lord Manners usually arrived in an open carriage, drawn by four horses ridden by postilions in cherry-coloured jackets, not to mention a couple of prancing outriders. The noble earl seems to have outrivalled the late Lord George Sanger both in the matter of taste and splendour. Perhaps it was only to be expected, after all this, that Lord Manners’ arrival was considerably more impressive than his performance when mounted,

for he jogged about in the wake of the hunt with a groom to open gates for him. One day a stranger came out who was of the same turn of mind, and potted about after Lord Manners until the latter could stand it no longer, so he turned on his unwelcome follower and said, "Sir, for many years I have enjoyed the *exclusive* privilege of being last in this hunt"—which was almost as good as Lord Henry Bentinck's masterly rebuke to a man who galloped madly through the pack at a check on a staring ewe-necked mount he could not hold, "May I ask, sir, do you smell the fox?"

Lord Scarborough also thought it becoming to go to meets in a resplendent four-in-hand. Brave times, no doubt, but fashions change, and, speaking literally, I suppose these days of the great war are the bravest days the world has ever seen. The modern subaltern would be surprised to know that at least two officers went into action at Waterloo carrying umbrellas without apparently occasioning any surprise or comment!

While Dean Hole's brother-in-law, Mr. Francklin, was Master of the Rufford, he improved the pack considerably by introducing Belvoir blood. Hole married Miss Caroline Francklin in 1861, daughter of Mr. Francklin of Gonalston, in Nottinghamshire.

The only time Hole hunted with the Belvoir was while the great Duke of Wellington was visiting that country, and all the neighbourhood turned out in its thousands to see the General. They crowded the hillside at the meets just as the vast concourse did at the pre-war opening meets of the Devon and Somerset staghounds on Cloutsham Ball. In these days it is difficult to think of anybody for whom half the county would turn out at a meet purely for the pleasure of gaping. The forms that hero-worship often took in those days fairly set twentieth-century teeth on edge (those few twentieth-century people who have any). When John Leech attended one of the annual Fêtes des Roses given by Hole, the guests literally fawned on him, calling him by such names as "Delight of the Nation," and so on. They also continually pestered the unhappy man by drinking his health in claret-cup.

The standard of taste has altered, surely for the better, and it is now almost inconceivable how they can have been so gross. The classic example of this sort of thing was on the occasion of

Doctor Johnson's tour in the Hebrides, when the conversation on one occasion turned on some lady's indiscretion. The daughter of the house turned to the learned but uncouth Doctor, saying, "Ah, sir! if she had had such a son as you, would not her offence have been excused?" We are told that Johnson was immensely pleased by this charming remark.

It is curious how small social changes take place and are immediately forgotten. When Hole was a young man, and archery was still fashionable, he was friends with most of the famous archers of the day, such as Higginson, Hippley, and Peckett—household names then, but now they sound quite strange to the ear. At that time it was an ordinary thing to see three or four earnest gentlemen sitting round the library fire dabbling their fingers with lightning-like rapidity on a hot poker in their efforts to make their finger-tips hard for using the bow-string. It was on one of these occasions, while Hole was staying with people for an archery meeting, that his hostess's dress was set on fire by the hot poker, and was extinguished by Hole rolling her up in one of the dressing-gowns men wore while smoking their after-dinner cigars—another forgotten custom of yesterday. Imagine the surprise of a dinner host of to-day asking his guest to have a cigar and getting the answer, "Thanks, but just wait a moment while I fetch my dressing-gown!" These little things are not remembered because contemporary writers never think of mentioning them, which is a great pity, for the value of autobiographical writers to succeeding generations mainly depends on these very details, as witness, for instance, Pepys and Boswell.

Hole's archery was brought to an untimely end by his cutting his thumb so badly that it spoilt his grip of the bow for ever after, which was a great grief to him, as he was a very good amateur performer. People got bitten with archery then just as they now do with golf, and solemn warnings used to be launched against them giving up too much time to it.

Dean Hole was the happy possessor of a keen sense of humour, which is the gift above all others that helps most to give its owner happiness. His good stories were proverbial, and made him beloved of hostesses at dinner-parties; but most of his stories have already been recorded, I am afraid.

He was a great admirer of the Americans, our kinsmen, who

transcend us in many things—hard work, secular education, and inventive genius—but found it difficult to live up to their strenuousness when on arrival at midnight in an hotel in New York he was invited through the keyhole of his bedroom door to commence a conversation with a gentleman outside who “bid him discourse” just when prepared to become a companion of the bath. Some of the enquiries were complicated and required more consideration than the opportunity seemed to suggest! The interrogator asked in rapid succession what the Dean thought of New York City, Oliver Cromwell, and the intermediate state!

He had a very amusing story he told extremely well of a dinner-party he went to at the house of an aged lady who was accustomed to have a hot foot-warmer placed under the table to keep her toes warm. The guests entered the dining-room while the footman was still under the table putting the foot-warmer in position, and the people sat down. Hearing a slight commotion under the table, the old lady took it to be the pet retriever, and called, “Rollo, Rollo! come out, Rollo!” and affectionately patted the agonised man’s head as it emerged from under the table-cloth!

Another story he tells in his own Memoirs is of a clergyman who observed that the congregation was large and that there was only one collection-plate, so he told a rustic parishioner to run over to the vicarage, enter the dining-room by the open French windows, and bring one of the plates he would find on the sideboard. This the yokel did, and took his plate up one side of the church while the usual plate was taken up the other. At the end of the collection he came to the vicar and whispered, “I took the plate all up the aisle, but *nobody* would take one.” The plate was full of biscuits!

I think most people have heard the one about a bygone Lady Cork who was so much moved by the sermon one Sunday that she borrowed a sovereign from the man sitting next her to put in the collection. The sovereign, however, went into Lady Cork’s collection, as when the plate came along she could neither bring herself to put it in nor return it to the man!

Mr. Hole’s university career was like that of thousands of others. He went up determined to work hard, and read furiously; then he read steadily; then read with weariness,

and then hunted regularly with the Bicester and Heythrop. In after years he hunted with any pack he could get out with, but only had one day with the Quorn. It was a great day for him, and he never forgot the delight he felt in galloping across the elastic turf after the heavy clay countries he had been accustomed to. To use his own robust metaphor, taking fences was like "leaping from a spring-board to an athlete."

Literary and artistic people always got on well with him. He and John Leech once went to Ireland together for a holiday and enjoyed themselves very much, Leech sketching everything he came across, including a sneeze and the smell of Cork harbour, while Hole wrote an account of their wanderings which was afterwards published. They even hunted together sometimes, but Leech was no thruster and told Hole that his ideal mount was one on which he could carry an umbrella in a hailstorm. One reason why Leech did not take many risks was that he had once broken his arm and was afraid that a second fracture might ruin his drawing. He hacked quietly about, watching the field with his keen artist's eyes that saw so much that others missed.

While the field was jumping a fence on the way from one covert to another one day, he drew Hole aside to watch each person's way of taking the business, and told his companion to notice that no two riders and no two horses would be quite alike in their methods; and sure enough, they were not. Apart from the broad difference between those that jumped big and landed wildly, and those that crashed sluggishly through rather than over, there were a thousand subtle differences, such as the riders who went at it with a great show of determination but did not like it in their hearts, and managed to communicate their faintness of heart to their horses; and those whose joyous determination seemed to almost lift reluctant mounts over the obstacle by sheer force of will.

Leech makes Hole appear in several *Punch* pictures of the day, notably one in which a dashing youth describes a capital run he has had "with only five falls." Thackeray, Sir John Tenniel, and four editors of *Punch* were among Hole's friends, and he dined at the famous *Punch* round table at which forthcoming cartoons were discussed. I believe he was the only outsider who ever attended this editorial dinner, with the

exception of Sir Joseph Paxton, whose name is now immortalised by a particularly luscious strawberry named after him. Such is fame ! and how few of us will be immortalised even by a strawberry.

As a gardener, Dean Hole knew as much about plants and flowers as any man of his time. He had a beautiful fancy that perhaps it is some dim remembrance of Paradise lost that makes little children love flowers.

At one time he owned four thousand rose-trees, and was so great an authority on the subject that rose-growers from all over the country sent him specimens for his criticism or advice, which he was always glad to give, although he used to get rather annoyed with people who would send roses packed in frail cardboard boxes on which the postman invariably seemed to have trodden. He organised the first National Rose Show, and was always in demand as a judge at flower-exhibitions all over England. In time he became an expert in detecting the cloven hoof, which makes its appearance even at such apparently innocent things as flower-shows.

I always pictured the exhibitors at flower-shows as sylph-like beings with guileless faces and utterly ignorant of all mundane vices. I liked to think of them dancing through the dew, bearing posies to the flower-show, and singing as they came ; but apparently I was all wrong. One sylph, for instance, exhibited twelve varieties of a plant, having secretly hired half of them for the occasion from a florist. Hole got wind of this and drove off post-haste to the exhibitor's garden to verify the facts, and was in time to prevent the first prize being awarded to the fraudulent twelve, so that when the expectant sylph arrived he found, not the prize card, but one bearing the words : " Disqualified and Expelled from the Society."

Gardening was not nearly so universally popular in Hole's early days as it is now, and the fashion was for stiff, formal gardens ; but he liked broad effects best with plenty of grass and trees and no straight lines. When in town, he often escaped from the noise of the streets by flying to Veitch's nursery-garden in the King's Road, Chelsea, where he had known the proprietors for two generations and could spend congenial hours in their glass-houses whenever he liked ; and he was never tired

of fussing over flowers, whether it was in advising as to the laying out of somebody's vast new pleasure-grounds or tending the humble window-box.

His first achievement with a gun was to shoot a partridge in August, thereby breaking a leash of laws: carrying a gun without a licence, shooting game without a game licence, and shooting game out of season. This bad start for a high ecclesiastical career happened when he was a very small boy, and a great admirer of the village good-for-nothing. One day he accompanied this worthy to the cornfields, where he was employed as a bird-scarer. Hole borrowed his ancient muzzle-loader, which was charged to the muzzle with copious doses of powder, shot, and newspaper wads, and set out to stalk a yellow-hammer, but in the middle of the stalk a family of partridges whirled over and the excitement of the moment was too much for him. He discharged his formidable piece of ordnance at the covey and brought down a bird, at which both he and the village good-for-nothing were panic-stricken. Fortunately the crime remained undiscovered and is still unpunished.

When he grew older and was given a gun of his own, he went through a strict course of training, his father making the excellent rule that whenever the boy presented him with a view of the muzzle he should be sent home. By this means he learnt to be a careful shot, a thing that can only be taught when young. It seems to be an undoubted fact that people who have got into the habit of carelessness when young can never wholly get out of it afterwards. In his time he shot in some of the best pheasant-shoots in the country, but good rough shooting was his favourite form of the sport. He could enjoy himself with a dog and a ferret on a frosty morning among the rabbits quite as well as at a swagger *battue*. In one of his books he has some unfavourable comments on modern shooting methods. Most people will agree with him in what he says about the shooting of semi-tame hand-reared birds, but then he goes on to compare the frugal shooting-lunches of his youth with the spreads of to-day. He illustrates this by describing a typical lunch under the trees, enjoyed in his young days.

It consisted of Irish stew, puffs, cheesecakes, peaches, beer, sherry, and brandy. It all sounds very nice, but I am bound to say, in justice to modernity, that I have seen shooting-lunches

that were no more elaborate as regards food, and considerably less elaborate in the matter of drinkables, even in the much maligned times of milk and honey that immediately preceded the war. Indeed, I should have thought the shooting of the guns after beer, sherry, and brandy would have been far from good. I could have shown them very fine shoots in the south of England where they would have been offered nothing to drink but cider.

I have devoted most space to Hole as a sportsman, but it would be wildly wrong to regard him as more sportsman than cleric. He was a cleric first, and everything else as an after-thought. He was a popular and very human preacher and platform orator, while his early love of writing lasted all his life and caused him to write sheaves of witty and charming letters which have been collected and produced in book form; also a number of books, some on religious subjects and others on gardening. His "Memoirs" are very interesting and amusing, and have been of great use to me in compiling his sporting record.

As I have said, he was one of the principal champions who brought new life to the Church of England in its dark days of what the decorous call "depression," and the profane "slump." The desertion of two such brilliant men as Manning and Newman to the Church of Rome was only a sign of the times, and their example was followed by innumerable smaller fry. The gloomiest forebodings were freely expressed that the Church was on its last legs. I have described in another chapter how Kingsley rushed into the breach with his Christian socialism. Hole's remedy was to brighten things up by what lukewarm people call "High Church" methods, and the hostile critics savagely denounce as "Popery"—that vague but ever-terrifying word!

He worked very hard for the new movement and was eminently successful in diffusing new energy into the ancient structure of the Church. Of course he and his co-reformers met with opposition, but that only served to spur them onwards with the fine fury which the word "crusade" always awakens, and added the vitalising sense of fighting against odds. It may seem curious now that most of the Bishops opposed their efforts. To the mere lay mind it seems obvious enough that

reforms were needed, what with the viscous system of plural livings and the inevitable result—non-resident parsons. In many cases even the curates they employed to do their work lived miles outside their parishes; but Bishops are kittle cattle!

Dean Hole's idea was to have frequent and bright services, with plenty of good music; he liked to see bands and other forms of instrumental music in church in addition to the organ, and he had some quite exciting times with the "No-Popery" people. The first parsons to adopt the white surplice were often hooted at, and the Primitive Methodists held meetings with great clamour outside his church as a sort of protest. This went on until some genius thought of an effective counterblast. They held a bell-ringing practice whenever the Methodists clamoured, and it proved so successful that the enemy had to remove its meeting elsewhere.

At the time that Hole was a curate, earning £100 a year, he heard village orators assuring their hearers that he was a bloated aristocrat with a salary of £1,000 a year, and was also an intimate friend of the Pope. It seemed as if nothing the clergy could do was right—a position, it seems to me, that was not peculiar to that era alone. Again and again I have noticed in villages that if the parson visits his parishioners he is called a busybody, and if he does not, he is slack and they wonder what he is paid for. Hole said clergymen were like the flying fish, that are seized by albatrosses if they fly and are devoured by dolphins when they return to the water.

His views on the temperance question were strong, and he opposed the prohibitionists tooth and nail, believing that the proper way to combat drunkenness was to improve public-houses and educate the populace out of bad ways. I have heard vitriolic prohibitionists describe this attitude, which is the one generally adopted by the "moderates," as being ready to do anything to mitigate the evil except cure it; which seems rather unkind, but I am content to leave its refutation to abler scribes.

Dean Hole died in 1904, at the age of eighty-five, one of the best-loved and most respected men of his generation.

CHAPTER X

The Rev. E. Chard—"Bishop" of the Taunton Vale—The Hero of Rorke's Drift—If I were a Parson—Isandula—England Dumb—The Burning Hospital—Hatch Beauchamp Church—Queen Victoria's Wreath—The Hero's Last Days—The Farmers' Friend—A Gentle Voice—A Confidential Whisper—A Martyr to Gout—A Strange Coincidence—Between Here and There—The Rev. John Froude, M.F.H.—An Unruly Member—Bishop of Exeter Remonstrates—Mr. Froude is Saucy—An Interview—The Bishop tries Again—He Smells Rats—A Faithful Partner—Some Sporting Sermons—The Rev. Jack Michell—An Epoch-making Run—Master of the Cotleigh Harriers—Enduring Hunters—Badger Hunting—Mr. Michell's Charity—He Shames a Thief—An Enthusiastic Fisherman—Advice when Shooting—A Song well Sung.

IN the Taunton Vale country "The Bishop" is still sadly missed. It is curious how well known this nickname was; indeed, many people knew him by no other.

When staying in Northumberland a year or two ago, I was asked if I knew what "The Bishop's" real name was, and was glad to have an opportunity of telling a houseful of hunting people about the Rev. E. Chard, rector of Hatch Beauchamp, in Somersetshire, for I knew they would appreciate all I had to tell of this sporting, kindly, and popular parson.

For fifteen years parson Chard acted as honorary secretary to the Taunton Vale foxhounds, and it says much for the beauty of his character that at the end of these years he still could not bring himself to believe or see harm in anyone. Just think of it in this mind-our-own-business, out-of-sight-out-of-mind world!

He was the youngest of the three sons of William Wheaton Chard, of Pathe, Somerset, and Mount Tamar, Devonshire; he must have been a proud man to have three such distinguished sons!

The eldest of the three, Colonel Wheaton Chard, commanded the 7th Fusiliers, had a distinguished career, and died at the age of fifty—a comparatively young man.

The second son, Colonel John Chard, Royal Engineers, of whom I cannot think or write without thrills, was the

hero of Rorke's Drift, on January 22nd, 1879, when he—then Lieutenant Chard—and Lieutenant Bromhead, 24th Regiment, accomplished almost superhuman tasks in defending the hospital and the stores when taken by surprise and surrounded by three thousand Zulus.

This is not the place to recount the magnificence of those men's bravery, for I am writing about parsons, but it is impossible to mention the name of Chard without referring to it, and I would like to recount the story afresh every year, so that the rising generations may hear all about it, and be fired with the hero-worship so inspiring and good for any son of man.

If I were a parson I would set apart special days to preach sermons on the lives of some of these great men; I would take them for my text; I would point out what possibilities lie within us all of forgetting *self*—what it is that makes men stand out like beacons in the hours of darkness and strife.

I can remember that black January, 1879, when the news of the awful disaster at Isandula reached England, and we were dumb with grief at the thought of all our brave soldiers that perished there, marched to their death with contradictory orders and insufficient ammunition. We felt crushed as a nation, broken-hearted as individuals.

Quickly on top of this blow came the news of the attack on Rorke's Drift, held against such overwhelming numbers by a handful of England's best. It was here Lieutenant Chard, taken by surprise, without even time to cut down the bush surrounding them, which gave such excellent cover for the enemy, quickly made defences of biscuit-tins, all with him following his orders and working hard.

At the last moment the Natal native contingent, disheartened at the disaster at Isandula, deserted, making matters worse for this brave handful, who only had time to build up the biscuit-tins and boxes two tins high, when the enemy were on them and the hospital attacked.

Lieutenants Chard and Bromhead carried out all the sick it was possible to move, but in spite of their efforts the hospital was set on fire; the three privates stationed at the doors to protect the helpless inside, came to the end of their ammunition and stood at their posts repulsing the enemy at the point of the bayonet. . . .

It was growing dark, and, as the burning hospital fell in, the gallant defenders were forced to retire to another defence of heaped-up meal-bags, and a desultory firing was kept up at them all night by the light of the burning hospital. They were completely surrounded, but evidently the enemy had no idea how few were opposed to them, and at dawn on January 23rd moved off, giving Lieutenant Chard time to collect the arms of the fallen Zulus, and fortify themselves in case of fresh attack.

This was accomplished none too soon, for at 7 a.m. the enemy appeared in sight again; but Lieutenant Chard succeeded in getting a message taken to Helpmakaar, a few miles away, for help, which arrived about eight o'clock, seeing which, the enemy retired, and thus ended this most gallant defence.

The third son, Rev. E. Chard, rector of Hatch Beauchamp, in Somersetshire, the parson of whom I write, while his brothers were fighting for their country, was working saving souls and gathering all together for the great Roll Call, loved and respected by all in his parish.

He was a familiar figure with the Taunton Vale foxhounds, and he acted as their secretary for fifteen years; all the surrounding packs likewise welcomed him. He was a great favourite with the farmers, who were drawn to him through his sporting propensities in a way that might otherwise have been impossible, for here in the field they were on neutral ground, so to speak, and together they enjoyed the beautiful country, fresh air, and all the glorious things the good God has provided for our happiness if we only choose to embrace them. Out hunting it is possible to meet farmers and men who would otherwise fight rather shy of the parson.

I have heard some sporting parsons spoken of lightly, but never parson Chard. I have thought much of his popularity was due to his wonderful memory, his sympathy, and *his gentle voice*. The latter had a charm peculiar to itself. His memory enabled him to say the right thing to each person he met, appearing interested, as indeed he was, in the lives of all around him; one man would be congratulated on taking a prize with his cattle, another on his wonderful crop of beans; others had sick relatives asked after—everyone receiving a little attention and no favourites made.

His charities were many, and carried out so as to avoid the

THE REV. E. CHARD
("THE BISHOP")

The REV. J. MICHELL
(FROM THE ONLY PHOTOGRAPH BELIEVED TO BE IN EXISTENCE.)

Facing p. 113.]

recipient feeling it was "charity"—that virtue that is supposed to cover a multitude of sins, but often defeats its own ends by creating them.

Women as a rule predominate in our English churches, but this order was reversed at Hatch Beauchamp; the church was generally full of men, young and old, with a good sprinkling of women. I remarked on this once to one of his parishioners, who was a well-to-do farmer; he replied, "We love and respect him as a man, a sportsman, a gentleman, and a FRIEND."

Mr. Chard was not "out," as the schoolboys say, to save the saints, though no doubt he was very pleased to see them; it was those who had made mistakes—the "sinners," I believe is the usually accepted term; he wanted to help them.

Mr. Chard hunted all his life, beginning at the age of six and continuing up to within a year or two of his death. At one time he hunted a good deal with the Pytchley; latterly mostly in the Somerset, Devon, and Dorset countries. He was educated at Emmanuel College, Cambridge, as his father was before him. His first curacy was in a big parish in Birmingham, where he was exceedingly popular with the mothers; at Cambridge they thought he held the babies "so nice."

Once while performing the christening ceremony he could not make out whether the child's name was to be Anna or Hannah, so stooping down he asked the child's mother, "How do you spell it?" The parent in an embarrassed and confidential whisper replied, "Well, I ain't no schollard neither, sir!" She was evidently disappointed at his ignorance; fancy his having to ask her how to spell! She had thought better of him.

The last time I saw Mr. Chard was at a hunt breakfast we gave when my son was hunting a pack of harriers in the west country. He had been laid up for some time, and a small crowd was around him congratulating him on being in the field again; all were merry and laughing, "The Bishop" one of the merriest, but not at anyone's expense. He loved a joke; amongst the hearty laughter I heard his voice at intervals as gentle as a woman's; indeed, much more gentle than the voices of some women I know, and they were out that day.

It was a sorry day both for "The Bishop" and his friends when he had to give up hunting; for the last two years of his life he was a martyr to gout, which is not a complaint that

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generally leaves people gentle and good ; but Mr. Chard was remarkably patient, never the least irritable, and was nursed devotedly by his wife.

Parson Chard died, if I remember rightly, sitting up in his armchair in his study at Hatch Beauchamp ; he knew the end was near and was only sad for those he was leaving behind.

It is a strange coincidence that all three brothers died at about the age of fifty.

The favourite hunter of " The Bishop " was a strong, good-looking, useful grey. On the day of the funeral the horse was very restless, and as his master was carried down the drive it followed along under the paddock railing, neighing and whinnying, and could hardly be prevented from getting out and following up the road.

The same day his little dog, who had been fretting for his master, lay quietly down and died. It seemed as if nothing could do without him.

I wonder if any of my readers ever feel the bitter resentment I feel at times when I see the world showering flowers, tears, and eulogies around our dear dead who have done so much for the happiness and well-being of those around them during their lifetime, receiving so few words of kindness and encouragement in return ; and now, when too late to raise a grateful smile, too late to heal the hidden sores of their hearts, kind words and tears are spent in extravagant profusion. I can never help repeating to myself—

" Why do we grudge our sweets so to the living,
Who, God knows, find at best too much of gall,
And then with generous, open hand, kneel giving
Unto the dead our all ? "

It makes me sad, as I write, to think how many of these sportsmen have gone from us, never more to hear their cheery voices ; happily nobody can rob us of their memories, and as the years pass by, and we have to take to carpet-slippers and mob-caps, in armchairs by the fireside, we shall live with them again, in the gloaming before the lights are lit, when we are nodding with our hearts asleep and our minds somewhere between Here and There.

Alas ! " The Bishop " will pass this way no more. The

cottagers still tell me they miss him, and that they used to wait at their doors just to see him ride past on hunting mornings, on the chance of hearing his gentle voice. From what I know of "The Bishop," not many waited in vain.

In God's Acre at Hatch Beauchamp, close under the shadow of the church, on the south side, are two marble crosses, close together, one raised "To the memory of the Rev. E. Chard, rector of the parish," etc., bearing the inscription :

"To the memory of The Rev. Charles Edward Chard,
Born Dec. 4th, 1856. Died Sept. 12th, 1910.

" Father, in Thy gracious keeping,
Now we leave Thy servant sleeping."

The other to the memory of Col. John Merriott Chard, V.C., Royal Engineers ; Hero of Rorke's Drift. Born Dec. 1st, 1847. Died Nov. 1st, 1897.

Inside the beautiful little church where the Rev. E. Chard officiated for so many years there is a handsome brass to his memory, placed there by his parishioners. A beautiful window is also there, to the memory of the Hero of Rorke's Drift, and beside it what is left of the wreath sent by Queen Victoria for his grave.

When last I visited these graves (a very short time ago) it struck me as comforting and restful—the church standing as the Rock of Ages, amid the peaceful surroundings of a quiet country village, shut in by a high wall and well-clipped and tended laurels and shrubs, over which again, the ancient trees spread out big protecting arms—trees that have witnessed the ceremonies and anguish of many generations, but never a word or whisper tell, no sound is there but the gentle sighing of the leaves ; and as I left I turned for one last look. The sun was pouring over the brothers' graves, and flooding the window with light to the Hero's memory.

The rectory where "The Bishop" lived overlooks the churchyard, and it was here the Hero came to end his days under the care of his brother, who nursed him tenderly through a long and terrible illness, to the end. It must have been a comfort to Colonel Chard to be able to spend his last days under the shadow of his brother's goodness.

The tragedy of it all ! I used often, as I passed the pathetic

figure in the lanes, being wheeled in his invalid's chair, feel sick at our impotency : so powerless to help this brave man in his awful suffering, who had done and dared so much for others, but was now too ill even to speak.

But I must return to "The Bishop." I have observed that only people who are popular get these sort of names attached to them ; this round-faced, apple-cheeked little man was one of several I have known rejoicing in the epithet.

It would be difficult to imagine two characters more unlike than those of Parson Chard of Hatch Beauchamp and the Rev. John Froude, M.F.H., vicar of Knowstone in Devonshire, but the latter was of a generation before Mr. Chard, and was a most determined, headstrong man who seemed to take pleasure in annoying his Bishop and those in authority ; while Mr. Chard would have gone considerably out of his way to avoid doing anything of the kind.

I am unable to give a very correct and detailed account of Mr. Froude's life. He was long before my time, and the only relation I can find of his, does not seem to be greatly enamoured with recollections of him, for in reply to my letter asking if he were any relation, etc., I was informed he was a distant relation, and reading between the lines I gathered he knew little about him and cared less.

I have asked many Devonshire people about this sporting parson and been told various strange stories, and I fear he was rather an unruly member of the clerical fraternity, but a fine sportsman with a grand voice, his view-halloo being a thing to remember. Hounds flew to him when they heard it. All I can gather, points to his having been an independent gentleman, rather given to what the schoolboys call "cheek," no respecter of persons and brooking no interference from anybody. He was a near neighbour of Jack Russell, and I do not think he had a very good influence over him. As he did not possess the tact, courteous manners, and personality of Jack Russell, his sporting proclivities caused more comment, and not always of a kindly order. At any rate rumours reached the ears of the Bishop of Exeter that the vicar of Knowstone neglected his parish ; in fact, grave charges were brought against him, in consequence of which the Bishop of Exeter wrote a somewhat bombastic note requesting Mr. Froude to appear before him and explain

some of the stories that he had heard. The reply received was to the effect that he saw no reason why he should do anything of the kind, and, as far as I could gather, he gave the Bishop to understand he had no intention of appearing. As the molehill would not go to the mountain the mountain decided to go to the molehill. His lordship was distinctly ruffled, and, regardless of the expense, hired what in those days was, I believe, called a "post-chaise," and in this was ambled over to Knowstone vicarage.

A little bird must, I think, have arrived in advance of the prelate, for when he was shown into what I believe was termed the "parlour," he was kept waiting for some time. This did not improve the Bishop's state of mind, and I feel sure he must have been rehearsing to himself some of those very telling reprimands, which at the time seem so conclusive and from which we depart entirely, saying something quite different when the actual moment arrives. His patience and dignity were strained to breaking-point when, while striding up and down the room, the door suddenly opened and a female requested him to "walk this way, please." Complying with this request, he found himself in the presence of Mr. Froude, rolled up in blankets, with a shawl over his head, sitting close into the fire, apparently hardly able to speak in consequence of a violent cold in his head and chest. Under ordinary circumstances no doubt the Bishop would have made polite enquiries into the state of the vicar's health, but nothing was further from his mind on this occasion, and he at once opened the conversation by plunging into the reason of his visit, saying pompously:

"Good-day, Mr. Froude. I have come to ask if certain stories are true that——"

MR. FROUDE.—"Oh yes, yes, my lord, I quite agree with you, very cold, yes, very cold travelling; do 'ee sit down now and have some nice hot brandy and water. There is nothing like it for keeping off the shivers!"

BISHOP (*indignantly*).—"No, thank you, I *never* partake of anything between meals!"

Mr. Froude's cold was evidently so bad it had made him deaf, for he rang the bell, and when it was answered by his housekeeper Mary, requested her to bring hot brandy and water for the Bishop, adding, "And, Mary, he likes it strong!"

BISHOP (*now most uncomfortable*).—"No ! No ! Mr. Froude, I have not come to drink hot brandy and water, but to ask you about certain charges."

But here again he was interrupted.

MR. FROUDE.—"Yes, my lord, it is my only doctor, and if I had been wise and taken it at first I should not have been sitting here now like any old woman, as deaf as an adder——"

This was the last straw. The Bishop made a solemn bow and dignified exit to his carriage, and gave orders for home.

If history is to be believed, as soon as his lordship had disappeared Mr. Froude's cold suddenly disappeared, and just to shake off the last remnants of it, he jumped into the saddle and was away.

It sounds more like a mischievous schoolboy's trick than the conduct of a clergyman. I wonder how he reconciled it to his conscience, and what his housekeeper thought, who was used as a tool !

As the stories of Mr. Froude's doings did not grow less, the Bishop thought he would try again, meaning to talk to the vicar like a father.

On arriving at the vicarage he was again shown into the same sitting-room, and Mary explained that her master was much too ill to see anyone.

The Bishop was so impressed by the solemn face of the faithful Mary that he feared the illness must be serious, but still pressed his point, saying, "But I feel sure Mr. Froude would like to see *me*. Tell him the Bishop is here !"

MARY.—"Indeed, sir, I fear he is much too ill to see anybody ; indeed, sir, I don't know perhaps as how I ought to tell you——"

BISHOP (*interrupting nervously*).—"It is nothing infectious, I trust ?"

MARY (*in a relieved, almost cheerful voice*).—"That's it, sir—a terrible infection, indeed ; they call it a fever !"

BISHOP (*with suppressed agitation*).—"What kind of fever, my good woman—not scarlet fever ?"

MARY.—"Oh no, my lord, *much* worse ; they do tell me as how it be typhus fever."

This was too much. The poor Bishop began to feel symptoms of internal trouble, and made hastily for the door. He

would gladly have jumped out of the window if it had been low enough, but he was out of the house in a surprisingly short time, murmuring something about coming another time, which, however, he never did. Perhaps he was wise.

I have been told that once more Mr. Froude quickly recovered and was galloping away from home directly his ecclesiastical superior had left the premises.

I cannot vouch for the truth of these stories of Mr. Froude's endeavours to avoid coming into collision with his Bishop, but they are very generally known in Devonshire. Amongst the first things you are told on going to stay with friends in that county are stories of Jack Russell and Mr. Froude, and they are repeated every time you return to the land of beautiful cream. It is obligatory that you should be surprised and interested, as if you had never heard them before.

There is one story of parson Froude that always amuses me, and people have sworn to me it is true.

Mr. Froude, who was always surrounded with dogs, was out walking one day with a favourite whippet, when the Bishop hove in sight and enquired in a strained but studiously polite voice and manner, "And may I enquire, Mr. Froude, what kind of dog you call that?"

In broad Devonshire accents came the reply, "Oh, that is what we call a lang dog, and if your lordship war just on'y to shak' yere appern at un he'd go like a dart!"

This story will not be amusing to those who are unaware of the rules appertaining to whippet-racing, the signal for these dogs to start their race being given by the shaking of a handkerchief.

The picture of the dignified Bishop shaking his apron strikes me as funny.

At the time of which I am writing there were numbers of hunting parsons in the west country. I do not know why Mr. Froude was especially marked for correction by Bishop Phillpotts who was then Bishop of Exeter. Perhaps he did not know that under his very nose there were clergymen who hunted foxhounds, harriers, and otter-hounds.

Once the Bishop, smelling rats (if ever these dignitaries do such things), sent for a churchwarden to ask him if it were true his vicar hunted and neglected his work,

The faithful old Devonshire farmer was not going to give his vicar away, and replied. "Don't you believe a word on't. I've heard strange things about your lordship, but don't believe a word on't."

This same Bishop appears at times to have been equal to the occasion. Once a clergyman went to tackle him about the hunting question and asked, "Is it true your lordship objects to my hunting?"

"Not at all," said his lordship, "not at all! Who could have said such a thing? What I object to is your ever doing anything else!"

One would require time to find a suitable smart reply to that. It is so difficult to find piquant replies on the spur of the moment, though during the night they race through one's brain.

Mr. Froude hunted his pack of foxhounds for many years, and the farmers around him approved and played into his hands.

Sporting parsons, like old maids, are always having funny stories told about them. I do not know why, but as there are no old maids now and not many sporting parsons left, and what there are do not care what is said about them but rather enjoy the joke, I need not worry myself.

The following parson story was told to me a short time ago and struck me as amusing, but I fear it was the outcome of some imaginative brain.

A sporting parson who had arrived at the end of his ideas for sermons asked a couple more of his fraternity, likewise sporting, to come and help him. They promised to do so, one to preach in the morning and one in the evening, but were rather dismayed on hearing their host wished the subjects to be connected in some way with the chase. The fox-hunting parson, after racking his brain for some time, decided on his text, "We heard of him at Ephrata and found him in the wood." The poor harrier parson, who was to preach in the evening, found it still more difficult to find a text he considered suitable, but at last he decided, and when the time arrived to deliver his eulogy this was what he had chosen, "Here is the heir (hare); let us kill him."

There is still another great "has been" in the Devonshire sporting-parson group, like Jack Russell and Billy Butler, household words. I have often heard it said, "Parson Michell

he preached, as well as galloped, hard." And I am told he attracted large congregations; people came from great distances to see and hear the bold, fearless rider in the pulpit when he pleaded with eloquence his Master's cause.

He was rector of Cotleigh, near Honiton; it was the home of the Michells, for not only had his father but his grandfather and great-grandfather reigned there before him.

Mr. Jack Michell hunted what was known as the Cotleigh and East Devon harriers, though, like many of the Devonshire and west country packs, they were really dwarf foxhounds, hunting fox and hare, occasionally hunting both the same day with equal dash and drive. They were an extraordinarily useful little pack, hunting badgers, fox, and hare equally successfully. Once after a clinking run they killed a dog-fox as late as June the 10th, in the grounds of Netherton Hall, at that time occupied by Sir Edmund Prideaux.

Another most remarkable run when Mr. Jack Michell owned and hunted them: they found at Silcombe, which is near Honiton, and killed their fox in the dark in a neighbouring county, three miles north of Taunton—a good twenty-mile point.

The curious part of this epoch-making run was that the Master had no idea they had killed until next day, when a farmer who had witnessed the kill enclosed the ear of the fox, the only part left when the obedient, well-trained hounds responded to the horn, calling them off after darkness had set in. The farmer, not knowing whose hounds they were, seeing no followers, thought they belonged to Mr. Eames of another Cotley, near Chard, and sent the ear to him, who of course forwarded it to its rightful quarters.

One of the peculiarities of the Michell family was that neither the Rev. Jack nor his father, the Rev. William, used to get off their horses from start to finish on a hunting day; I understand they made this a rule, and had I not been told it by a near relative of their reverences, I should not have believed it.

The old school of bipeds was certainly more hardy and enduring than most of the present generation; the same may be said of horses and hounds. Most horses in these days, if asked to carry a heavy man from early morning to dewy eve

without his getting out of the saddle, if they did not play out altogether, might be looked upon as certain to give some heavy falls.

I think most would require second horses and possibly some vaseline at the end of "the day." It certainly sounds rather hard on one horse to ride it all day, especially if many twenty-mile points were made. It is not in accordance with our present-day notion, when we jump off on every possible occasion to ease and rest our gees, if only for a few minutes.

For some years Mr. Jack Michell also kept a pack of badger-hounds entirely at his own expense, showing record sport, accounts of which appeared in the *Field* and other papers, attracting followers from all parts of the country.

During the early summer nights he used to take hounds to Court Wood, not far from the kennels, and hunt badger, not often having a blank night, the old keeper Jim Agland having previously stopped the "earths" when Messrs. Brock started forth on nocturnal prowls.

I confess my sympathies are rather with the cleanly, interesting little badger, but hunting at night is always exciting and full of surprises, stumbling along by the light of a hand lantern, falling headlong over barbed wire unseen in the semi-darkness, and stepping into brooks.

I wish it were possible to collect more of the doings of some of those bygone days of fine old sportsmen. I have tried hard, but only a few stories of them are left, sketchy little bits here and there, oft repeated.

I understand this old huntsman was a delightful companion and *raconteur*, with that great gift, a sense of humour, which helps us over many awkward stiles.

One story he was fond of telling showed the way his father dealt with those who strayed from the path of rectitude, not being a believer in preaching except from the pulpit.

An old woman came almost daily at one time to the rectory to receive some of the many benefits the rector showered on all who needed help, for he never could bring himself to send anybody "empty away"; but it had been observed for some time that after the old lady's visit other things had disappeared as well as the "benefits" placed ready for her. Amongst the things most often missing were pounds of butter. At last this

was reported to Mr. Michell, who, seeing her walk past the door one day where he was busy cooking hound-food over a roaring fire, asked her to stop and come in to have a chat with him. At first she seemed reluctant, but was at last persuaded and a chair was drawn up for her close to the beautiful warm fire. The rector chatted away to her, keeping her quite happy and occupied in thought until there appeared on the floor by her feet a fair-sized puddle of melted butter. Her attention was attracted to this curious phenomenon.

Besides being a keen huntsman, parson Jack Michell was a successful fisherman, holding very decided opinions as to the proper flies to use and what he considered the necessary and correct panoply for the sport. Any man who sallied forth with a big book of flies was scorned; if, added to the big book of flies, there were landing-nets and suchlike items, then indeed he was considered no sportsman.

I must say I think he deprived himself of a good deal of pleasure. I can spend a happy afternoon doing nothing but examining and admiring my book of lovely flies, some bought and some I have tied for myself. Our parson, however, was never so frivolous: two flies were all he allowed himself, the "Wrentail" and "Blue Upright," but he did considerable execution with them.

There were few of the pleasures of life this old sportsman did not enjoy; besides hunting and fishing, he loved his gun and was considered a very good shot and could be relied upon to replenish the larder when desired so to do.

He shot with a "Joe Manton" (muzzle-loader), always carrying it at half-cock, being a wise and cautious man, and he never fully cocked either barrel until the birds were on the wing, but seldom failed to bring down his right and left. Stories have been told of a wonderful setter he had; as soon as she winded her game *she dropped*, and would stand indefinitely until her master came up.

A neighbour of this versatile sportsman tells me he has often shot with Jack Michell and seen him kill his right and left at woodcock in the woods surrounding his home, and describes him as a "splendid shot"—which reminds me I should have got a splendid right and left once in Wales at woodcock if I had not missed them!

When pheasant-shooting Mr. Michell used to say, "When a bird rises take out your snuff-box, have a pinch of snuff, then shoot the bird."

In 1860, feeling no longer very young, he gave up his living and hounds at the same time. I have been told that anyone entering the village, or indeed the neighbourhood, when his decision had been made known might have thought some national calamity had befallen the county; everybody was walking about with long faces condoling with one another. He only lived nine years after this, and the county felt they had lost a cheery neighbour and a good friend when he passed away on September 18th, 1869.

In this ever-flowing stream which keeps renewing the world, which is the most precious of all the hurrying things that we can hold and keep? Surely it is the memory of a good and kindly life.

I often think the lives of some of our clergy are like beautiful songs ill sung, but Parson Michell's was a splendid song well sung.

CHAPTER XI

The Rev. Pierce Armar Butler—Purbeck Pilgrim—His Ancestors—Worthy Sons—Three Years as Army Chaplain—Good-bye to the Seventeenth Division—Feeling Miserable—A Coal-heaver's Farewell—A Popular Sermon—Some Happy Days—"Not Taking Any"—A Sporting House-Master—An Uncommon Experience—A Triumphant Run—A Missing Spur—A Bobbery Pack—Purbeck Pilgrim Jumped on—"Artexerxes" has Antipathies—A Small Girl on a Clever Pony—A Holiday in Ireland—Great Preparations—A Disappointment—Billy Butler no Relation—Rector of Frampton—A Friend of George IV.—The King makes a Present—Mr. Butler makes a Mistake.

PURBECK PILGRIM, who for years wrote the South Dorset Hunting Reports for the *Field*, is at home in East Stoke rectory, Dorset, where he is known as the Rev. Pierce Armar Butler. He was born in 1863, and is son of the big-game shooter and explorer, the Rev. Pierce Butler, a notable pioneer in the Palestine Survey.

Mr. Butler, who is a big, finely-made man and very genial, is the great-grandson of the Earl of Carrick, and comes from a family of sportsmen and soldiers whose names have shone in the annals of our country. One of his ancestors was James Butler, a Major in the Coldstream Guards who distinguished himself at Silishia. Another, Henry Butler, was A.D.C. to the Duke of Cambridge: both these Butlers were killed in the Crimea.

History repeats itself, and alas! two of Purbeck Pilgrim's sons have given their lives in this war. One, Ralph, a promising lad in the Navy, was pursued by fate, being torpedoed in the Mediterranean while on the *Dublin*, after which he joined the *Hampshire* and went down with Lord Kitchener and his Staff. The other son, Armar, in the South Lancashire Regiment, served two years at Salonica, where he was badly wounded. Later he transferred to the Flying Corps, and died in action. Another son, Rollo Pierce, drove a Red Cross Ambulance in Italy and had a very rough time during the big retreat. Yet another son, Hubert, in the Third Dorsets, was badly knocked about at Arras and brought home nearly dead.

The sporting father of those lads was himself invalided out

of the army after three and a half years' work as chaplain. Soon after war broke out he was attached to the Seventeenth Division, but was left in England when they went abroad, being medically unfit. The latter part of the three years was spent with the Dorsets at Weymouth, where he was known as "the Chaplain on the grey horse."

When the division was leaving England he rode with the men for a long way on their march to Winchester. At last the moment came when he must leave them and turn back, though he felt the parting horribly. Bracing himself up, he said good-bye to General Pilcher and his great friend Brigadier-General Surtees; then he stood beside the road watching the division pass and feeling, to use his own expression, as if he "must break down and howl." His favourite battalions rolled past with their lads from Northumberland, Lancashire, and Yorkshire shouting, "Good-bye, Passon," and "Best of luck, Padre." Just as he felt he could not stand it any longer, his old soldier-servant—a Lancashire coal-heaver—came past, and looking up most woefully said, "Good-bye, Chaplain, it's b——y hard luck you can't come," and a yell of laughter that went up saved the situation.

"I could never call a man over the coals for swearing like that, for it was just the most sincere affection in farewell," was Mr. Butler's judgment of this lapse. A year later the man came back to the Padre badly wounded, but amazingly cheerful. When Mr. Butler tried to express his sympathy the man's only comment was, "Well, it might have been worse." Looking at the wreck before him, Mr. Butler wondered, and asked, "How much worse?" "Why, I might have been dead," was the surprised reply.

Mr. Butler believes that one of the most popular sermons he delivered to troops was preached one bitterly cold day when the men were shivering at an open-air service. "I think the best sermon I can preach to you to-day," he said, "is no sermon at all."

He has a high opinion of the judgment of soldiers, considering them to be fine judges of real religion, but allows they do not like the butter laid on too thick, and they read their chaplain's character very quickly.

Mr. Butler regards the time spent with the troops as the

happiest days of his clerical career. The army was originally intended to be his profession ; in fact, he served some years with the 3rd West Kents and only gave it up after volunteering for the Egyptian campaign and being refused.

In 1915, while sitting at mess in Woolwich camp, Mr. Butler noticed a Major gazing fixedly at him, who at last said, " Aren't you Butler ? I mean P. A. Butler." The impeachment being admitted, he continued, " Why, the last time I saw you was at Maidstone in 1880, when you were having an altercation with your Colonel at the ranges, because he wanted you to ride across the hollow in front of the targets with the bullets whizzing about !—his argument being, that until our time for death comes, the Almighty will take care of us ; but you were not taking any."

The Major must have had a good memory. Perhaps, like so many, he could remember the happenings of long ago better than those of later years.

Mr. Butler was educated at Marlborough, and here his first real hunting began. Happily his house-master was very keen on the same sport, and the fellow-feeling making him wondrous kind, these two used to snatch hasty luncheons on half-holidays, then mount hirelings, and away together to look for the Tedworth or Craven. They enjoyed some good scurries, to be lived over again many times in their memories—some glorious times over the Downs with the Tedworth. Many of us owe debts of gratitude to the hireling ; he is a long-suffering friend and has done us numberless good turns.

It was on one of these patient friends that Mr. Butler took part in rather a remarkable run of thirty-five minutes over the Downs, being then only a boy and a lightweight. Mounted on some good blood he was able to keep in touch with the hounds the whole thirty-five minutes. Being well up he enjoyed the uncommon experience of seeing one of the leading hounds run for quite a quarter of a mile singly beside the fox while they were snapping at one another, the hound evidently not daring to run into the fox until the rest of the pack came up. It is no uncommon thing, and a curious trait in hound character, that single-handed they do not care to tackle their quarry, nearly always waiting in awkward moments, for the rest of the pack to come up and keep them in countenance. I have known a

basset hound that would not tackle a hare alone, but kept dodging about and jumping up and down until the rest came up, when he at once became most valiant. I believe if the hare had come for him he would have run for his life.

Another eventful day from Marlborough was in a run with the Craven when Sir Richard Sutton was the Master, right through the Tedworth country to ground in the Duke of Beaufort's. Only two or three were up at the finish, but young Butler was amongst them, with three shoes off his nag, wet and cold, having wallowed through two or three brooks, weary, capless, and one spur gone. But it was a wet and triumphant day, one of those thrilling experiences when you may be suffering from many bloody wounds, big scratches from thorns and brambles, yet absolutely unconscious of it at the time owing to the passion of pursuit.

It was thus with young Butler. Not until the fox was run to ground and the day far spent did he realise that his mount had lost three shoes, that both he and his horse were sopping wet; and very grateful he was to Sir Richard Sutton when he kindly offered to lend his knitted gloves to this plucky boy to warm his cold fingers. The Master had watched and appreciated the lad's fine performance throughout the day. Years afterwards Mr. Butler saw his missing spur hanging up over his late master's study mantelpiece (then headmaster of a well-known public school), a memento of a schoolboy's eventful day.

So much for boyhood. The next matter of moment was when he joined the West Kent Militia. At this time he hunted with various packs, sometimes in Dorsetshire with Mr. Radclyffe's hounds, but more often with the Cambridgeshire, occasional odd days with the FitzWilliam hounds, and on foot with the Trinity beagles.

Whilst reading for Orders he used to hunt with the Goodwood and also with harriers from Bognor. It used to be said of him in those days that although seen on all parts of his horse he always managed to get back into the saddle again; but he says this is not strictly true, as at times he did taste Mother Earth; and small wonder, for if hounds failed to supply them with the means of working off some youthful steam and energy, a few ardent spirits used to take on a bit of country and try to pound one another.

Later, in his curate days, he hunted mostly with the Warnham staghounds, Surrey Union, Crawly and Horsham, Lord Leonfield's and the Chiddingfold. It was during this period that he owned the best hunter of his life, a lean, one-eyed chestnut named "Cyclop," a very clever three-quarter bred mare, a marvel over timber—and what a joy a real good timber-jumper is! the delightful flick of the quarters that just does the trick. The way an accomplished hunter who loves jumping settles down and arranges his own paces when he sees timber ahead of him is beautiful to behold, and still more beautiful to experience.

Once Mr. Butler hunted a pack of his own. It consisted of a bob-tailed harrier, two beagles, a Gordon setter, a poodle, and various terriers. Generally they ran a "drag," but one epoch-making day the only resident hare of the neighbourhood was encountered in Bembridge Marsh and hunted for half an hour with this motley but happy and sporting pack to the accompaniment of the most soul-stirring music, all running with wonderful dash and drive. Whether the poodle or the bob-tailed harrier led the van I know not, but suddenly they checked, no amount of casting recovered the line. Any ordinary pack might have lost the hare; not so his reverence's, for the trusty setter came to the rescue, standing firm and staunch at a hedge. Quickly the huntsman got his pack to the other side of the hedge and lured the setter on. Result—a kill, and to-day the vicarage study wall is ornamented with puss's profile.

Most of us who go out hunting meaning real business meet with nasty falls now and then, but happily we do not often get jumped on, which was the unpleasant experience of Mr. Butler, whose face was "somewhat bashed out of shape," as he expresses it, and left him looking "almost as if a professional pugilist had been walking all over it."

Unfortunately the very next day there was a village wedding, and the couple with their friends were hoping to see their vicar handsome and imposing as usual. Not wishing to disappoint his parishioners by having a deputy, Mr. Butler struggled to the church. Whether he succeeded in seeing out of one of his "jumped on" eyes or whether he knew the service by heart I cannot say; perhaps it was between the two, and combined with pluck and grit, he got satisfactorily through the service.

In the East Stoke rectory stables are to be found some useful weight-carriers, for the nine-stone Marlborough boy has grown into a sixteen-stone man. "Artexerxes" was the name of a favourite heavy-weight hunter that did him well for several seasons, carrying him well to the front in two or three big heath runs. He bought the horse, which was sold to him by a man who said it was a vile brute in stable and at the forge; indeed, so awkward was he that the village smithies trembled when they saw him coming to be shod, and he often had to be cast before it was satisfactorily accomplished. In spite of his queer temper, however, he was pleasant to ride, and as clever as a cat.

Poor old "Artexerxes" was sold once when the "Purbeck Pilgrim" was very ill and the doctors said he would hunt no more; but I am glad to say their prophecy was not fulfilled, for he is going as strong as ever again and riding young ones requiring "hands" and "seat."

One of the most interesting hunts of his life was in Dorsetshire, when after a fast run across the heath he espied a black speck crossing the nastiest bog in the neighbourhood and wondered what it could be—discovering at last it was his very precious and only daughter on her Shetland pony. She had broken away from her governess on hearing hounds, and made her way across the dangerous morass—thanks to her clever pony—in safety.

The Master blooded her, and so great was her pride she would not allow it to be washed off that night. The poor distracted governess who had lost her charge made her way home to break the news, and was overjoyed to find the little lady had been safely escorted home by her father.

Hunting is by no means the only recreation Mr. Butler indulges in. He enjoys all the good things that come his way. He is a good shot and sought after when "the bag" is the chief consideration, but perhaps excels as a dry-fly fisherman, that most fascinating of pastimes, and he is exceedingly keen. In the Frome close to his rectory he has landed many good salmon up to thirty-five pounds.

Once he decided he would spend a happy holiday in Ireland fishing. He made great preparations so as to have plenty of baskets to send his fish home in, and to his friends, who naturally

were looking forward to the moment when the baskets would begin to arrive. Some kill-joy dared to suggest he had better catch the fish first and see about baskets afterwards. Of course no notice was taken of these croakers, and away went Purbeck Pilgrim and his friend to Ireland, and no doubt thoroughly enjoyed the holiday, as everyone does in Ireland; but unfortunately the fish-baskets remained empty, for not a single one was caught, and only one was seen on the rod of an enthusiastic angler who had bought it for twenty-five shillings just to see what it felt like to have a salmon on his rod! As a matter of fact, it felt like nothing at all, at all, as it had views of its own and got off again in exactly half a second. Twenty-five shillings for half a second's run was an expensive burst.

Mr. Butler has written a good deal on sport; all the sporting matter in the "Victorian Counties History of Dorset" is from his pen, and many articles in papers and magazines. He writes as he speaks, cheerily and amusingly, and has a good sense of humour. He always signs himself "Purbeck Pilgrim."

I fear from my account of his sport I may have misled my readers into thinking Mr. Butler's parish is neglected, but this is not so really; he is one of the hardest-working parish priests, and never allows sport to come first: duty comes first and sport second. His parishioners always try to enable him to get away to fish, shoot, or hunt; they take pride in his prowess—at least, that is how it seems to me; perhaps they like a little reflected glory for their village.

This interesting character is a High Churchman, and he is a socialistic old Tory who loves his people, and they love him. His chief pride is his wee daughter on her Shetland pony, entered to hounds a few years ago.

The sayings of school-children are often amusing. In one of this cleric's village schools the ten-year-old son of a village carter was asked, "Why did Joseph tell his brethren not to fall out by the way?" He replied, "'Cause there wern't no tail-board t' the cart."

I think Mr. Butler is what Bishop Temple would have described as one of the "Nimrod, Ramrod, Fishing-rod Parsons."

There is yet another parson Butler well known in the west country, but he is no relation to "Purbeck Pilgrim," and belonged to quite another generation. His name was the Rev.

William Butler. If you were to ask anybody in his county of Dorset or any of the surrounding counties if they had ever heard of the Rev. William Butler they would shake their heads and say, "No, never"; but say, "Do you remember Billy Butler?" and their reply will be quite different, for his name is a household word. He was always called "Billy" with the familiarity of affection by his fellow-sportsmen, and as such is remembered to-day by those of his contemporaries who are still living, while others know of him so well they almost feel as if they also had been personal friends.

With perhaps the exception of Jack Russell, I know of no other hunting parson so well known or so frequently quoted. His memory has endured well, for he died in 1843, at the age of eighty-one, and hunted up to the end of his days—a round-about, jolly old man.

The Rev. Billy was rector of Frampton in Dorset, and was a great friend of George IV. when Prince of Wales, who hunted a pack of hounds from Crichel in 1800, kennelling them at Puddletown.

Many are the stories told relating to the friendship between His Royal Highness and Mr. Butler. It was in the hunting-field they first met, and I believe what drew them together in the first instance was Mr. Butler's assistance on a blank day.

There had been a long and fruitless draw, and all were dispirited, when somebody pointed out Mr. Butler as a man who knew the haunt of every fox in the neighbourhood, and he was asked where he thought one would be found. He at once advised a neighbouring gorse to be drawn.

Hounds went through it, but owned to no fox. People began to think their infallible Billy was at fault for once, but they were mistaken. Going up to the huntsman, he asked which was the most reliable hound in the pack. "Trojan" was pointed out. Mr. Butler at once began friendly overtures to this hound, and at last picked him up in his arms and struggled with him through the middle of the gorse, and after a little persuasion got him to put his nose down.

A whimper, and then a deep note soon told the field the parson was right after all. The whole pack was away full cry on the line of a fine fox, which had lain close in the thickest part of the gorse.

THE REV. PIERCE ARMAR BUTLER
("PURBECK PILGRIM")

THE REV. BILLY BUTLER

Facing p. 135.]

It sounds as if the parson's nose was the one to be relied upon!

Mr. Butler was always a welcome guest at Crichel during the Prince's stay there, and during one of his visits His Royal Highness told Mr. Butler he might go into the stable and choose any horse he liked. It did not take his reverence long to pick out a good-looking chestnut and ride off on it, evidently being of the opinion that a horse in hand is worth two in a stable, if I may be allowed to so pervert the old proverb.

A few days later a groom arrived at the rectory with a note, saying, unfortunately Mr. Butler had taken away a horse belonging to somebody else and not the Prince's, but a cheque for £150 was enclosed to help to break the blow.

The Prince being exceedingly kind and generous, a little later gave Mr. Butler another choice out of his stables, this time not to be taken away again.

Mr. Butler was educated at Wadham College, Oxford. His first living was Sturminster Newton, where he was much liked and respected, winning golden opinions also as a preacher, which has not been one of the leading features of the majority of parsons. Here, again, he resembles Mr. Russell, who was an eloquent preacher, with a good voice, and that touch of human sympathy which conveys itself so quickly to other people.

By the way, talking of preachers, one of the worst I ever heard—which is saying a good deal—used to be so moved at his own oratorical powers that he shed tears of emotion, which so affected his speech we had to take a good deal for granted as to how it all ended, and fill in the gaps for ourselves.

The Rev. Billy had one of those faithful trusty servants not often to be met with in these days. I have forgotten the man's name, but wherever his master went there was the faithful attendant; if his reverence went to church, so did his factotum; if Mr. Billy went a-hunting, so did the servant; if he went out to dinner, so did his shadow.

We may be forgiven for thinking at times this must have been inconvenient, but there were occasions when it was an advantage, especially when Mr. Butler had promised to take services and keep appointments which in his later years slipped his memory.

On one occasion, when master and servant were well on their way to a meet, meaning to hunt, suddenly the "shadow"

remembered his master had promised to take a special service that morning, which had quite slipped their memories. He at once reminded Mr. Butler, and they both turned their horses' heads and galloped back, reaching the church in time to tie up their horses at a proper distance from the place of worship.

The service was held, with the faithful servant forming one of the congregation, both hoping the surplice would hide the hunting garments. Having decorously performed his duties, Mr. Butler and the faithful one remounted and hurried off in the direction they hoped might bring them in touch with the hounds.

The great age so many of these sportsmen attain proves the healthfulness of the out-of-doors life and happy surroundings of Mother Earth and Dame Nature; and it is pleasant to think that though we hear many funny stories of them—and some of their doings were not altogether in accord with our present notions of propriety—we never hear of their having been unpopular in their parishes as we often do now; neither does any man remember meeting with anything but charity in word or deed from them.

Billy Butler was rector of Frampton for forty years. A brother cleric who was not entirely of Mr. Billy's way of thinking was constrained to allow, "Mr. Butler's career as a divine was not without some redeeming features, and he was much respected for the exemplary discharge of his parochial duties, and enjoyed some popularity as a preacher." There is a slight account of this Mr. Billy Butler in the "History of Dorset."

At one time when a valuable living became vacant it was offered to Mr. Butler, but he declined it, saying he would be happier ending his days in the little vicarage at Frampton.

The picture of Mr. Butler is not what one might consider artistic, but it speaks to us of the date when it was originally taken.

CHAPTER XII

The Rev. E. A. Aldridge—Takes Medical Degree—Becomes a Chinese Mandarin—In the Pytchley Country—Poaching—Beware of the Butler—Please “Shut up”—Known as a “Plodder”—With Sir Robert Hart—Obligations of the Mandarin—Five Years on Hainan—A Thousand Miles up the Yangtze River—The Foreign Devil—A Narrow Escape—House Burnt to the Ground—Reverence for the Missionary—A Simla General’s Views on Missionaries—Working in Leeds Slums—Good-bye to Sport—Running Saves Him—A Species of Freedom Again—Shadows of the Oxford Movement—Dress Etiquette at Cambridge University—Tommy Atkins of Yesterday, and To-day—A Few Axioms—A Wooden Leg—The Rising Generation—Some Sporting Generals—A Callow Jest—The Jester Dwindles—First Volunteer in Hannington—At Loos—Wounded—With the Scottish Division.

THE REV. E. A. ALDRIDGE has undoubtedly had an exciting career.

Having taken good medical degrees before becoming a parson, he joined the Royal Army Medical Corps in 1914, and has served as a doctor with the forces in France, being still there at the time this is being written. Medicine is only one of his accomplishments; among other things he is a Mandarin of China, member of the Alpine Club, Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society, and an all-round sportsman. As for adventures, he has had his fair share, and it is a profound mystery why he was not killed by any of the various mobs of Chinamen which pursued him from time to time for the express purpose of taking his life.

He was brought up in the country and tutored, with a score of other boys of his own age, at Welton vicarage in the Pytchley country, with those excellent fox-coverts, Barlby and Badby woods close at hand, so that the inspiring sight of hounds and the galloping field was often afforded them. The vicar rarely refused a holiday when hounds met near, so that Aldridge and his companions not infrequently had a day on foot, although the Pytchley is not an ideal country for those hunting on foot.

In addition to these opportunities for hunting, there was a

good-hearted old Major living at Welton Place who might have stood for the original of Kipling's Colonel Dabney in "Stalky and Co.," for he gave the boys the run of his park and unlimited fishing in the lake, to the undisguised anguish of his keeper, who suspected the boys—with perfect justice—of poaching rabbits.

Years after Mr. Aldridge was dining with a sedate country squire who had been his boy friend at Welton, and reminded him of their many poaching exploits together; but the train of thought was broken by a kick from his host's foot under the table, which drew his attention to the fact that the squire was making warning faces at him. "My butler must hear nothing of that," he whispered. "I, at all events, am now a respectable character, and want the butler still to think so. Besides, I often have to go for poachers on my own shoot, so please shut up." Mr. Aldridge obediently "shut up," and his host is still basking in the sunshine of his butler's esteem.

Mr. Aldridge has always loved nature and all its birds and beasts, which led him, as a boy, to show even more than the usual boyish fondness for pets, and he tamed, or tried to tame, every sort of animal he could get hold of. He was known by the illuminating nickname of "Plodder," but it is not clear if this referred to his method of pursuing knowledge or field sports. Perhaps both.

He took his degree from Trinity College, Cambridge, where he ran for the 'Varsity hare and hounds and hunted with the Trinity beagles—that remarkable little pack with which more well-known sportsmen have served their apprenticeship than with any other beagles in the country.

At this time Mr. Aldridge had no idea of entering the Church, and went abroad. After knocking about the world for some time, he found himself in China under Sir Robert Hart, a remarkable man who made a reputation for himself in the East that has never been equalled by another European. At the time, Sir Robert was Inspector-General of the Customs in China, having practically created the customs service of that country as it exists to-day. Mr. Aldridge spent seventeen years out there, generally being given the wildest and most sporting stations by his chief, where the attractions mainly consisted of excellent shooting and the prospect of murder. After some

years of hard work he received mandarin rank by an Imperial edict in recognition of his services. I reproduce his photograph in his mandarin robes. One rather trying obligation imposed on mandarinhood by ancient Chinese law, is that they are required to accuse themselves of any shortcomings they may detect in their own conduct, and demand punishment. This seems to me like taking bread out of the lawyers' mouths !

As his work generally took him away from the haunts of other white men, he did not get much riding, except when he happened to be near Shanghai, where there was a race-course, even in those early days, as well as frequent paper-chases. The only mount he took with him into the wilds was a little Chinese pony, but the shooting was still unspoilt, and his dogs and gun were his constant companions. He spent five years on the then unexplored island of Hainan, and for another five years was buried one thousand miles up the Yangtze river—an epic in loneliness that would have been too much for most people. Large fat volumes remain unwritten of his adventures and hair-breadth escapes during this time, for thirty years or more ago the “ foreign devil ” received as cold a welcome in the wilds of China as anywhere in the world.

One of his narrowest escapes was when his would-be slayers so nearly caught him that he only escaped by slipping his arms out of his coat, which had been seized by the foremost of his enemies. He ultimately made his escape by hiding in a tangle of undergrowth among deep creeks, after running the gauntlet of showers of stones. He could hear the mob encouraging themselves by such kindly remarks as, “ Kill him, kill him ! ” and “ Kill the foreign devil ! ” On second thoughts I think I ought not to have said foreigners received a “ cold ” welcome in China ; I should have said a warm one. During another riot he lost everything he possessed except three dogs, which followed him in his flight while his house was being burnt to the ground ; and he subsequently took part in the defence of the Government buildings from the mob until relieved by British blue-jackets.

It is probably to his up-country shooting-trips that he owes the fact that he is now a parson, for it was while in the interior that he saw much of the missionaries and was impressed by their self-sacrificing devotion. I am glad to hear this, for although I have travelled about the world a good deal and lived

in the East for some years, I confess I do not cherish a very deep love for the missionary ; but I dare say that is only because I have not been fortunate in those I have met, and my untutored mind fails to grasp their virtues. I remember being chided by an old General who sat next me at dinner in Simla years ago, because I said I did not admire missionaries. In his view, he said, they performed most valuable service to the state by occasionally getting eaten, thereby providing most excellent training for young officers who accompanied the punitive expeditions sent out to avenge them ; but at that time there was not enough fighting to go round, and I am sure the General would change his view if he were alive to-day.

Mr. Aldridge came home intending to return and work with the missionaries as a layman, but was persuaded to take Orders and stay in England to take up work in the crowded slums of Leeds. No change could have been more complete. After years of sport and adventure in the East, with few of his own race about him, and those few all cheery sportsmen, he found himself planted in the midst of the crowded squalor of an industrial slum. I doubt very much if he had seen anything in the wilds worse than the grim misery our civilisation can show, or if any number of missionaries could ever enable the heathen Chinese to appreciate what he had missed. In these new surroundings he even felt obliged to refuse pheasant-shooting invitations for fear he should offend the susceptibilities of his Leeds vicar ; yet how he must have longed for an occasional day among trees and open country to remind him of the old free life, after weeks and months in the choking gloom of the slums !

The call of the wild gradually grew on him—it would have been amazing had it not—and he began to feel like a caged bird. He took to running—quite an exciting sport in the crowded streets of a city—and it earned him the title of the “running parson,” but helped to keep him alive.

The shackles of conventional city life grew always more intolerable, and at last he obtained a country living, and something of the old sense of freedom returned so that the call of the East grew fainter and less insistent ; but it is in his heart to this day, and still occasionally raises its small voice.

At his new home Hannington, in Hampshire, he naturally

found his recreation in sport, particularly hunting, but he has strong views on the subordination of sport to duty and has evolved a code of rules for his own guidance which will be of interest to all hunting parsons. In a letter to me on the subject of hunting he says, "The stories told of the old hunting parson—let us hope they are greatly exaggerated—must never be heard in modern times." But I am afraid there can be little doubt that the stories were not exaggerated. It is impossible to read the records of some of the hunting parsons of the first part of the nineteenth century which appear in this book without seeing that, however lovable they may have been as good fellows, however good sportsmen, and however charitable in their squirish way, they were often not parsons in any real sense of the word, and should never have set out to be clergymen at all.

They had more than a little to do with the bad state of the Church of England before the reawakening set in and changed everything for the better—an event that may be dated, for want of a better landmark, from what is called the Oxford Movement. I have never heard of an officiating clergyman of the present day who has ever been accused of neglecting his work for the sake of sport, and I should not think there is a sensible person who would not agree that the modern hunting parson is generally the best parish cleric to be found in his county.

Mr. Aldridge believes that a hunting parson should be even more than usually punctilious in the discharge of parish work. He once indulged in a morning's shooting before taking a wedding, and although he gave himself plenty of time to change before the service, he afterwards regretted having shot beforehand.

Talking about dressing for church recalls a strange experience he had while a youngster at Cambridge. Before starting for the training-camp at Aldershot, he attended chapel in uniform and was promptly told by the janitor to go and change his "Buck-shooter's" dress. In the end he had to cover the Queen's uniform with a long surplice before he was allowed to take part in the service. This is a beautiful example of the different treatment accorded soldiers in peace and war. In peace time, right up to August, 1914, a private soldier was

ousted from saloon-bars with lofty scorn by the local greengrocer and his friends, and told to go to the jug-and-bottle entrance. A month after war was declared—the greengrocer and his like being thoroughly scared—Thomas Atkins, dazed but flattered, found himself being fed on buttered toast in mayoral drawing-rooms.

But this is a shocking digression. Mr. Aldridge believes that a parson should pay attention to his hunting-kit and always turn out well dressed, as laymen note such things and like to see their parson smart. The question as to what is the correct kit for clergymen in the hunting-field remains unsettled, as no clerical tailor seems to have thought of devising a correct and distinctive outfit, which is a pity.

Among his axioms are the following. The first I have already quoted; it deals with the necessity of parish work always coming first.

“If a clergyman wishes to enjoy the sport of fox-hunting, he must remember that ‘none of us liveth to himself,’ and take care not to let his ‘good be evilspoken of.’” Which I take to mean that he has to be extra unselfish, because his most ordinary doings are more likely to be observed and criticised than those of laymen.

“His hunting should meet with the approval of all around him, or he had better leave it alone, lest he bring discredit upon his high calling.” A counsel of perfection indeed! He is a lucky man who can do anything with the approval of all around him.

“Let him buy his oats and straw in the village. . . . One day’s hunting a week, with a frequent extra, will not be thought too much.”

“Whatever a parson does should be done well, and he should ride straight to hounds if he hunts, and take his falls cheerfully, for there are laymen inclined to look on him as an effeminate creature, neither fish nor fowl.”

It will be seen that this last axiom is almost identical with the oft-expressed opinion of Dean Hole, which is referred to in another chapter, and I feel rather crushed, as I ventured to disagree with it; but Mr. Aldridge gives a good reason for his opinion, nor is he so arbitrary as Dean Hole, who would not let a parson hunt unless he rode straight, if he could have had his

way ; so I still hold a brief for the elderly and adipose cleric on the elderly and adipose cob, who, I maintain, has as much right to enjoy himself in his own way as anybody else.

Once, while hunting with Lord Middleton's hounds, Mr. Aldridge remarked on the good influence of parsons on hunting-fields to a pal of his, a Yorkshire squire. " I don't know about the field," replied his friend, " but I do know it is very good for the parson."

Here I quote Mr. Aldridge : " The kindly and honourable courtesies of hunting etiquette are so splendid. Its unwritten laws are not those that are more honoured in the breach than in the observance, and they should be specially upheld by the parson, and he can do so by being the first to jump off and open a heavy hanging gate ; help a friend in trouble ; ride clear of vetches, beans, or swedes, and warn the young thruster to do likewise. In the hunting-field I have never found anything but kindness and good-comradeship shown and self-restraint taught. I have never heard anything to give offence to a lady, even when righteous indignation has fallen sharply on the man over-riding hounds or injuring crops."

A good example of courtesy and forbearance happened to him one cold morning while the Vine hounds were drawing a covert. The young cob he was riding lashed out, for the first and last time in its life, and inflicted a deep cut on the shoulder of the horse just behind. Its rider was almost a stranger to Mr. Aldridge, whose consternation and concern can be imagined. He had hardly time to begin expressing his regret, when the other cut him short, " Don't worry about it ; it couldn't be helped. Why, once while out with the Tedworth, my horse kicked, and I heard a loud thud behind me. Looking round, I said, ' I hope I have not personally injured you, sir ? ' I got the consoling answer, ' No, no, it was only my wooden leg.' "

In this manner Mr. Aldridge made a new friend who has remained so to this day. The cut on the horse's shoulder was a bad one, but luckily a local veterinary surgeon was out and at once came to the rescue and sewed up the wound, refusing a fee, although they had all lost a day's hunting. From first to last there was not a word of complaint from anybody.

Most of his hunting before the war was with the Vine, under the mastership of Lady Portal, who seldom gave the order for

home before most of the field had already sought theirs, while she was often accompanied not only by her son, but by her grandson.

At an early cub-hunting meet of these hounds in the autumn before the war Mr. Aldridge found himself one of the youngest members of the scanty field. The air was full of the delicious smell of autumn and there was new life in the breeze that came across the downs, but he looked in vain for the younger generation. There were three old Generals out, all old gunners, two of them being over eighty and Crimean veterans, while the third had distinguished himself at Ladysmith. The young bloods were presumably still in bed, but I will quote Mr. Aldridge. "Where are the rising generation?" I thought. "Probably just rising or still in bed; their sport to be taken behind a motor steering-wheel, or languidly sitting on a stick until the whirr of partridges or pheasants over their heads rouses them to energy."

So much for the rising generation of 1914. Most of them have found another and more lasting rest by now in the mud of France and Belgium since that early morning meet, and—who knows?—the three dear old Generals are still at the covert-side all by themselves.

Mr. Aldridge thinks that the pleasant chaff that is exchanged at the covert-side does everyone good. One day a friend said to another in his hearing, "Aldridge tells me that you have asked him to shoot on Monday; I hope you have insured your life?" "No," replied the other, "but I have bought an extra thick pair of gaiters for the occasion." "That may not save you," chimed in Mr. Aldridge. "A man I know did that once when shooting with a German at Naiho. The German promptly peppered his legs through the hedge, and then exclaimed in a disappointed voice, 'Ach! Mein Gott! I thought you was one red fox.'"

On another occasion, outside Hey wood in the Vine country, a youth said to Mr. Aldridge, "I say, Parson; to pass the time, suppose you give us a sermon." To this callow jest he returned the reply, "Certainly, but as it is an uncommon request, suppose we do the uncommon thing and take the collection first?" Suiting the action to the word, he presented his hat to the facetious youth, who dwindled visibly, the dwindling process being further accelerated by the gruff com-

THE REV. E. A. ALDRIDGE, M.D., F.R.G.S.
IN HIS MANDARIN ROBE

[Facing p. 144.]

THE REV. R. WYER HONEY
ON HIS FAVOURITE HUNTER "LITTLE BILL"

ment of an M.P., "Well said; you answered him quite right." Which showed that the good M.P.'s heart was in the right place even if his grammar was not.

To all who can hunt, Mr. Aldridge says, "Do so, and keep young." Hunting in winter and mountain-climbing in summer have kept him surprisingly young and fit, and enabled him to stand a period of hard service in France that has knocked up many a younger man.

One impossibly frosty day with the Vine he had a fall through his horse slipping on ice, and subsequently slithered off rather unexpectedly while negotiating a jump. On the way home he was in high spirits, maintaining that he had extracted more fun out of a poor day's sport than anyone else by his various catastrophes. "Oh," said one of his companions, addressing the company at large by way of excusing his hilarity, "Aldridge is still only a boy; he was born so, and will remain so till the end of the chapter." I think that to have that said about one late in life must be pleasant.

"No one knows better than I do how difficult it is to be a good country parson," he once wrote to me. "And I claim the parson's privilege of not always practising what I preach."

He was the first in Hannington village to volunteer for service in August, 1914, but the villagers were not long in following his example and won the prize for the greatest proportional number of recruits. As I have said, he served as a doctor in the R.A.M.C. He was with the Brigade of Guards Hospital, and also with the Guards Division at Loos, where he was slightly wounded, and on the Somme. From them he went to the 12th Lancers, and later to the famous Scottish Division. He is still on active service as I write these lines, and doubtless working hard and gaining fresh experiences.

CHAPTER XIII

A Hundred Years Ago—Unostentatious Meets—The Rev. Wyer Honey—The Marland Harriers—One Thousand a Day—Sporting Management—The Vicar's Gardener—Typical Devonshire Farmer—Distemper in the Kennels—Mrs. Honey to the Rescue—Whisky and Milk—Exercising on Bicycles—Occasional Grief—A Terrier Runs with the Pack—The Terrier and the Baby—Was it an Adder?—The Duke of Beaufort's Horses—The Huntsman's Nightmare Realised—A Hare out at Sea—The Hounds have a Swim—An Uncommon Hiding-place—Horse-clipping with Scissors—Dragged by a Dog—Tea-Parties and Tittle-Tattle—Hard Clerical Work—Horse and Rider Turn a Somersault—Refusing to Part with Boots—A Poor Shot—"Blink Bonny" Defeated—Drunken Men in Church—The Vicar Deals with them—A Patient in a Vegetable Cart—Volunteers for the Front.

IT is said that a hundred years ago all the parsons in North Devon hunted more or less regularly. I daresay it is true, and it is certainly still a remarkable county in that respect, as will be seen by reckoning up the number of sporting parsons who hail from Devonshire that appear in this book.

Devonshire, like the lake-country and Ireland, is the home of the unostentatious hunt. Hidden away in the hills of those wild countries are little packs, the very names of which are hardly known to the outside world. Strangers are seldom seen out with them, for their territories are always too rough to attract visitors, and they exist solely for the enjoyment of the sporting folk of the locality.

It is with the doings of one of these interesting little packs, the Marland harriers, that the name of the Rev. R. Wyer Honey is associated, for he restarted the pack in 1910 and hunted them until the great war necessitated their dissolution not long ago.

Mr. Honey was born at Raithby rectory, Louth, Lincolnshire, in 1871, where his father, the Rev. Doctor Wyer Honey, was rector. Dr. Honey was not a sportsman, and while he did not actively oppose his son's sporting proclivities, he did nothing to encourage them, so that it was lucky for the boy that

he had a grandfather whose tastes were more like his own. This old gentleman, Mr. William Honey, who only died some sixteen years ago at the age of ninety-one, was a great sportsman, good shot and fisherman, good man to hounds, and something of a steeplechase rider in his day. Even in his later years he never weighed more than ten stone.

The horses he owned as a young man used to be clipped with scissors—a process that took about three days, as clippers had not then been invented.

Young Honey spent a good deal of his time with his grandfather, who shot over red setters and disliked being out with more than two guns, large shooting-parties being his pet aversion. One day the boy was leading a young setter in leash for his grandfather, and the dog, being wild, tried to break away after a rabbit. As Honey was only a very small boy at the time he was dragged along, face downwards, by the dog, but did not let go as he had been roundly scolded for doing so on a previous occasion. This time, rather to his surprise, he could hear his grandfather shouting, “Let go, let go!” but he did not at once do so. At last he was dragged into some brambles, and as he could still hear cries of “Let go!” he let go, but only just in time, for he found himself looking down a disused mine-shaft. Another foot and he would have been down it. The grandfather knew of its existence, hence his anxious shouts.

Mr. Honey went to the old grammar-school at Tavistock, which has since been pulled down. From there he went to a private school in Scarborough, and thence to a tutor, the Rev. Canon A. E. Moore, who prepared boys for the army and universities. At Jesus College, Cambridge, his career was uneventful.

From the first he desired to become a clergyman. On the subject of sport and work I quote his own words: “I chose the Church for a profession, although some well-meaning friends at the time told me that they thought it was incompatible with my known sporting proclivities; but looking back on the last twenty years, I do not honestly think that my work has suffered in the least degree from my love of sport; in fact, on the contrary, I think one has helped the other.”

His best hunting was enjoyed with the Southwold foxhounds when he was a youngster and being mounted by a kind old

friend, a Mr. George Oliver. Most of his school holidays, and later his vacations, were spent in his stables, as he lived only half a mile from the Honeys'. There were always a few colts and made hunters there, and he rode the youngsters for Mr. Oliver. Sometimes he would find himself on a capital mount, and at others he would have to deal with most awkward brutes, which was excellent training for him. One hunting morning Mr. Oliver said, "Now, Reg, I am going to mount you on the five-year-old chestnut, and if we get a decent run I want you to send her along, as I fancy she has a good turn of speed. I will give you a lead on a made hunter if you require it, and if she proves as fast as I expect, I shall run her in the Brocklesby and Southwold point-to-points, and you shall ride her."

Young Honey was elated at this prospect, but it never materialised, as a week later the horse landed with its forefeet in a grip, or shallow drain, and strained its shoulder so badly it was never sound again. The fine big pastures and flying fences of thorn, with occasional guard rails, were a great treat to him and a complete contrast to the tiny fields of Devon, where there is no chance of letting a horse out between the fences.

His first and only curacy was under the Rev. George Clark Green, at Modbury, near Plymouth. The vicar was a dear old man, an old Etonian and a great gentleman, who lived a gentle life in the love of his parishioners and the mild pleasure classical scholarship seems to give its possessors. He liked shooting, which he did badly, and was fond of fishing, which he did well, and had some fifty years at his vicarage to dream over on sunny afternoons when the fish were not rising. He had never hunted, but when the new curate said he was fond of a day with hounds, and he hoped the vicar did not object, the old man woke out of his day-dreams and remembered that he was a bit of a sportsman himself, so all he said was, "So long as you do not neglect your duty I shall not mind." And then, thinking perhaps that this was the occasion for a little homily, he added, "I would sooner see a young fellow have a good day's hunting once a week than spend three or four afternoons at tea-parties talking tittle-tattle." So the thing was satisfactorily arranged.

After some years the old vicar's health began to fail, and he drifted into a bath-chair, in which he continued to come to church, but could take no active part in the service ; so that all

the work fell on Mr. Honey, who did not complain, as the vicar had always taken his full share, and sometimes more than his share while he was able to do so. But the work was no joke for the curate single-handed, as there were two churches, three miles apart, and there were always four services on Sunday.

While still a curate, he was taking the three o'clock service in St. John's Church, Modbury, one Sunday, when in walked two extremely drunken men and sat down, one at each end of a bench. As they were quiet, he proceeded with the service until the second lesson was reached, when one of the men suddenly stood up, letting the one at the other end of the bench down rather heavily on to the floor. Loud argument broke out between them, followed by blows and tumult. At that time Mr. Honey weighed nine stone seven pounds, which is a lovely hunting weight, but of little use when it comes to over-awing drunken coal-heavers. He bore down on them, nevertheless, and bade them begone. The combatants merely turned from their wrath for one short moment to see who it was that interrupted them, and then returned to their battle. This was a bad start, but the curate assumed his fiercest expression and addressed them again. "Now," he said, "I give you both half a minute to get out, and if you don't go then *I shall put you out!*" To his surprise and joy they picked up their caps and went. Some days later he rode past them sitting at the side of the road, and one of them called out to him, "Passon Honey, we be coming to your church again soon." But they did not carry out their threat.

Mr. Honey got on well with Gypsies, and understood their ways. They often camped in the neighbourhood, perhaps because his horse-buying qualities endeared him to their hearts. One awful night of wind and rain his friend, the parish doctor, was awakened by a Gypsy who said his wife was "terrible bad." "All right, I will come and see her," said the doctor, resigning himself to the prospect of a midnight ramble in the rain. "You need not do that," was the unexpected reply; "I have brought her along in a cart for you." And sure enough, there she was laid on straw in a little cart. I tell this story to please country practitioners, who will instantly recognise this practice as a valuable one which will make their lives much happier if it becomes more widely adopted.

As a parson Mr. Honey found it impossible to make time for both hunting and shooting, so gave up the latter entirely, which he did not mind much, as he was not a good shot ; indeed, he calls himself a " rotten shot," but it would be more accurate to say he was a very uncertain one. Sometimes he did fairly well, but on a bad day—he was very bad. One of these bad days happened to fall on the same date as a shooting-party at which he was one of the guns. By three o'clock, having fired many salvoes but failed to bag a single bird, the other guns became quite fascinated with watching him. At last one of the guns, who was wearing a brown bowler, offered in the kindest manner to throw his hat into the air if it would give Mr. Honey any pleasure to shoot at it. The hat was duly thrown and Mr. Honey blew it to pieces—the first hit of the day !

Although he had no time for shooting in the winter, he has done a lot of show-jumping in the summer. Being very fond of training horses, he not only managed to win a good many cups but often sold a horse at a good price after showing it.

He once beat " Blink Bonny " (of the 1907 Olympia show) at an agricultural show near Plymouth while riding his bay horse " Silver Tail," which was a clever jumper as a rule, but had the disconcerting trick of taking every sort of show jump at full gallop. It was the only way he would jump, and sometimes led to making a mess of things, especially at the in-and-out hurdles. He occasionally managed to clear in-and-outs with one flying leap ! The day he beat " Blink Bonny " he was in one of his good moods, but when he was not, he was of little use in the ring.

The best hunter Mr. Honey ever had was a chestnut gelding of just under sixteen hands. Bought as a four-year-old, it won several prizes in the hunter classes at shows. At its first show it took second prize in a very big class, and a dealer at once offered £120 for the horse, but Mr. Honey refused the offer and rode the chestnut for the next eight seasons, doing a regular two days a week and only getting two falls during the whole time. In the end Mr. Honey sold it to carry the huntsman of Mr. Scott Brown's hounds, and it came to an untimely end two years later. It broke away from a groom who was leading it at exercise and ran wild up the road until it collided with a dog-cart, the shaft of which pierced its side so deeply that it fell dead.

In 1913 Mr. Honey won the Stevenstone point-to-point with

a little brown horse. There were thirty-three jumps in the three-mile course, and the horse led throughout. Mr. Honey has judged at hunter, hack, and harness classes at nearly all the shows, local and otherwise, held in Devonshire.

He has been the vicar of Peter's Marland for about fourteen years, and is said to be nearly as good in the pulpit as he is across a country. His method is to make fairly full notes, amounting to about half the sermon, and to fill in the rest by inspiration as he goes along.

The Marland harriers and their followers owed much to Mr. Honey's management and energy. I give a detailed description of this hunt establishment, as it is a typical one, and shows the amount of work and devotion it entails on those responsible for its management when the wheels have to go round without the all-powerful lubrication of an ample subscription list.

Let the great Nabobs who calculate the expenses of running a foxhound country on the "One thousand a day" principle (*i.e.*, two days a week, two thousand a year; four days a week, four thousand a year, etc.) pay attention to this story of the Marland subscription harriers.

A good many years ago the country was hunted by a pack owned by Colonel Moore Stevens, but it was given up. When Mr. Honey took the living of Peter's Marland, near Torrington, he set about reviving them. First of all he gained the good-will of the tenants and landlords; then hares had to be bought and turned down, as they had become very scarce since the former pack ceased to exist. Finally a meeting was held, at which Colonel Moore Stevens was elected master, and Mr. Honey huntsman, of the newly-established pack of sixteen-inch beagles. This was in 1910; two years later they were turned into harriers, the hares having done their duty nobly, and the stock increasing rapidly.

This part of Devonshire is a country of small fields enclosed by big, unkempt banks which are difficult obstacles for beagles to negotiate, and impede the pack much more than they do the hare. No doubt this was one of the chief reasons why the pack was changed into eighteen to eighteen-and-a-half-inch harriers, sixteen couples being kept.

Some of the vicarage outbuildings were turned into kennels, and at first the honorary secretary acted as whipper-in on

hunting days, providing his own horse and hunt kit, but he had to resign the post owing to the exigencies of business. The vicar's gardener developed into kennelman, and did everything except shoot old horses sent to the kennels as flesh. The kennelman was so keen that he followed the pack on foot for a few hours when they met near, before returning to his work, so when the honorary secretary could no longer whip-in he was promoted to that high office; but his genius did not lie in this direction and the experiment had to be abandoned. A professional whipper-in therefore became necessary, but, as Mr. Honey pointed out at the committee meeting, the feeding of an extra horse would be a severe tax on the hunt's resources. The difficulty was overcome by a sporting farmer on the committee getting up—his name deserves to be recorded: it was Mr. John Martin of Little Marland—and saying, "Look here, sir, the extra horse shan't cost you or the hunt anything for its keep." And he provided hay, straw, and oats throughout the season. The horse question settled, Will Ford was engaged as whipper-in. The vicar took his full share of the work in kennel and stable, in addition to digging the garden in spare moments.

In the spring of 1912 this little establishment was overtaken by a dire calamity. In the first place most of the puppies were down with distemper, and on top of that there was an epidemic of influenza which prostrated both Mr. Honey and the kennelman. In this crisis Mrs. Honey came to the rescue and managed to keep things going while her husband was laid up. She exercised the pack on foot and on a bicycle, nursed Mr. Honey and also the puppies, who had to be fed with spoonfuls of whisky and milk every three hours, as they were too bad to lap on their own account. Anyone who has had to nurse hound puppies through a bout of distemper will appreciate what that item, alone, of her task meant.

In summer-time Mrs. Honey also helped to exercise the pack with her husband, starting at six thirty a.m. and returning at eight. Bicycles were used, except when coupled puppies were running with them, as they used to invariably bring the riders to grief by getting the couplings across the front wheel.

After this fashion the pack was kept going season after season, all hands doing their best towards the common end. The question of flesh was always an important one in a kennel

where expense had to be considered in every detail, because flesh is cheaper than meal, and the more meat you can get the less meal is used; but flesh is not easy to come by in most countries. Mr. Honey got a good many old horses from the Gypsies, who knew he was always a buyer, and often brought them from considerable distances. He paid a fixed price of seven shillings a horse, which was cheap, the usual price at kennels for old horses in the west country before the war being ten shillings each, or more.

These harriers hunted three days a fortnight and were always turned out in a neat and workmanlike manner. For several seasons a terrier ran with the pack, which is unusual with harriers, owing to the unquenchable love for rabbits shown by most terriers. The dog had come to the country with Mr. Honey, a great pet and redoubtable badger-drawer—in fact, he was afraid of nothing and had been known to bowl over vulgar sheep-dogs of three times his own size. By this I do not mean that he was a loud and truculent dog seeking trouble everywhere; on the contrary, he was restrained in manner and assumed the “I-don’t-want-to-fight, but-by-Jingo-if-I-do”! attitude. When his master restarted the harriers, the dog insisted on going with the hounds. He often found hares by working the hedgerows, and followed the pack when running with a deadly earnestness that generally enabled him to catch up at checks, although he was always hopelessly left when they ran at all hard. Sometimes he would get completely left behind, in spite of all he could do, in which case he would go sadly home by himself, but more often he stuck it out till the end of the day and trotted home beside the huntsman’s horse, to the entire satisfaction of both dog and horse, as they were fast friends, the terrier sleeping in its loose box at night. It was friendly with all, including the Honey baby.

One day he did not return with the pack, nor was there any sign of him at home. He was absent all the next day, but crawled in that night in a pitiable state, being swollen to nearly twice his proper size. It was difficult to say what was the matter with him, and the vet. was called in. The dog recovered, and it was supposed that he had been bitten by an adder, which is quite a common snake in Devonshire and often bites hounds, especially otter-hounds during the summer months.

I once sent a favourite old hunter to Black Torrington, which is quite close to Peter's Marland, to a doctor who kindly offered it a good home, and the poor old thing was almost at once bitten by an adder and died.

Of the many horses that have passed through Mr. Honey's hands, only one was a made hunter when he bought it. As a rule he only indulged in raw colts and made them into hunters himself. The hunt stables held two horses, one for the whip and one for himself.

I remember once my son asking the Duke of Beaufort how many horses he owned, counting those out at grass. After musing awhile he admitted that he really did not know exactly, but hazarded the guess that he must have "about a hundred." But I doubt very much if that kind and splendid old sportsman got as much fun out of his six-day-a-week establishment as Mr. Honey did out of the Marland harriers.

Before he hunted the Marland, Mr. Honey was master of the Modbury harriers in South Devon during the season 1905-6, and before that had whipped-in for some years. On one awful occasion with this pack he realised the traditional huntsman's nightmare by seeing the leading hounds disappear over the cliffs. They had met at Battisborough Cross, and had a first-class run of over an hour without a check, when the hare and three leading hounds came to the cliffs and went over. Hastening to the beach by a less precipitous route to pick up the pieces, he found, to his relief, that both hare and hounds had managed to get down safely. The hare was sitting on a rock some way out to sea, with the three hounds swimming round. As none of them seemed inclined to come ashore, the master feared they would be drowned, but a plucky horse-breaker, who was out, volunteered to swim to them, which he succeeded in doing. Another day, during the same season, he had run a hare for some time, and saw her jump a bank about half a field ahead of the pack. When the hounds reached the spot they checked, and a forward cast failed to recover the line. At last he saw the hare sitting on the roof of a shed, or "linhay," as they call them down there. She had evidently run along the bank and jumped on to the roof from it.

I have seen hunted hares take to stranger hiding-places than this. Once in particular I remember a pack of harriers

checking outside some stables belonging to a large country house. The hare seemed to have completely evaporated until an old groom appeared in the stable door carrying a bucket which he phlegmatically turned up as if to throw away water, but instead of water out jumped the hare. The groom had seen her steal into the stable and quietly jump into the empty bucket.

On another occasion when I was out, there was a check in an orchard late one frosty evening, when it was freezing so hard we thought there would be no more hunting for a long time to come. The way hounds checked suggested that the hare might be squatting somewhere close at hand, so the master and whipper-in dismounted and entered the orchard on foot; but the grass was quite short and there did not seem cover enough to hide a mouse. After searching in vain, the master regarded the hare as lost, and happened to sit down for a moment on the trunk of a fallen apple-tree. As he sat, his attention was drawn to a tiny trickle of steam rising into the frosty air through a little hollow knot apparently leading into the solid trunk of the tree, but examination showed that the tree was hollow and the hare inside.

The best run Mr. Honey had with the Marland was with a little Jaek hare at the end of the season. They ran for an hour and a half from Berry Farm to Bursdon in Langtree parish, where they killed. It was a five-mile point and nine as hounds ran, with only two checks; while the jumping provided by the frequent banks was enough to satisfy anybody.

Every man who hunts regularly, especially if he rides unbroken or half-broken colts, has his fair share of falls, but all Mr. Honey's have been more or less good-natured tosses, except one which came near to being his last. The Dartmoor hounds had had a good run of over an hour and were just about to run into their fox. Mr. Honey was pushing on as fast as he could so as to be in at the death, although, of course, his horse was fairly blown. Horse and rider began to descend a steep tor, which is about the last thing he can remember clearly. Whether the horse stepped on a slide of loose stones, or put its foot into a hole, is now impossible to say; anyhow, it fell, turning a complete somersault and landing right on top of its rider.

Mr. Honey thought its neck must be broken, as it never

moved, and lay on him like a log. He did not know how long they lay like this ; it began to snow and he became only semi-conscious and it seemed as though eternity had begun, although it was really only about twenty minutes before two returning sportsmen found him. Luckily enough, one was a doctor. All this time the horse was lying as though dead, and had to be rolled out of the way before Mr. Honey could be moved. It was found that his collar-bone and three ribs were broken, in addition to internal injuries, and the doctor feared his spine was affected, as he had lost the use of his legs. They carried him on a hurdle to the bottom of the tor, where a cart took him to a local asylum, which happened to be the nearest building. At the asylum they wanted to cut off his hunting boots, but he feebly protested, so to humour him they pulled them off ; long afterwards he was told they did not think at the time that he would ever want any sort of boots again. He did not reach home for five hours after the accident, and was in bed from March till June. For a long time it did not seem that he would quite recover the full use of his legs, but to-day he is as sound as ever.

In the Stevenstone country he once turned up at a meet wearing a most beautiful new top-hat which he justly believed to be the object of general admiration. Soon after hounds had found he jumped a fairly large boundary fence, over which the landing was so soft that his horse sank in and pecked so badly that he was thrown over its head and landed on his own, plunging his hat into the spongy ground and remaining in that ostrich-like attitude for some moments. When he extricated himself the hat-brim encircled his brow and the crown remained stuck in the ground as neatly as a new golf-hole ! The sad affair was made the subject of a sketch by an artistically-minded friend.

Mr. Honey must have inherited his resourcefulness from his father, who was richly endowed with that quality, as is evident from the following story. At his Bible-class one afternoon the boys were reading the description of Jacob's ladder set up from earth to heaven with the angels ascending and descending. One boy suddenly asked the vicar why winged angels should want a ladder ? This was a poser to which he could find no immediate answer, but he rose to the occasion magnificently by saying, " Now that is a very sensible question, very sensible indeed, and I am sure there must be some of you who

can answer it correctly." A long and thoughtful pause followed, broken by an erudite youth with spectacles. "Please, sir, perhaps they was moulting!"

One of Mr. Honey's stories is of a yokel, met on the road one evening.

VICAR.—Well, George, where are you going?

GEORGE.—B'aint going nowhere.

VICAR.—But you must be going somewhere.

GEORGE.—No, I b'aint, I be coming back.

When the war broke out it was decided to disband the Marland pack, partly owing to the high price of meal and the decrease in subscriptions, and partly because Mr. Honey's horses had been commandeered by the Government. Two sporting farmers took the hounds, and continued to hunt them one day a week as a trencher-fed pack, known as the Hatherleigh and Marland harriers. Mr. Honey volunteered to go to the front as a chaplain, and got his Bishop's consent, but the War Office considered him too old.

CHAPTER XIV

The Rev. Samuel Davis Lockwood—In Shirt-sleeves—As Medicine Man—A Romantic Affection—Classical Scholar—A Prodigious Jump—A Passion for the Heythrop—Puppy Walking—An Enthusiast—Was it Hallucination ?—A Fox on the Door-mat—Labour Troubles—Joseph Arch, the Primitive Methodist—Anxious Moments—Common-sense Methods—Clerical Modesty—“ The Dream of an Old Meltonian ”—A Sackful of Sermons—An Overdue Tithe—A Born Teacher—Greek at Westminster—Macaulay as a Boy—A Pedantic Reply—A Wreath from Penny Subscriptions.

THE REV. DAVIS LOCKWOOD, rector of Kingham, near Oxford, for over thirty years, was a simple man and a furious hard worker. He did not wear clerical kit, preferring to go about his business looking like what he was—as much a worker as any of his parishioners.

On high ecclesiastical occasions, when he felt bound to put on the white collar of his profession, it did not suit him, and he was never really happy until it was off again and he was trotting about the village in his rough clothes, sometimes hatless and in his shirt-sleeves.

His was the typical life of the old Tory country parson of good family. The years slipped by in the contented performance of parish duties, including the farming of his own land and enlivened by a penchant for doctoring his parishioners which earned him some fame as a medicine man. He was at peace with everyone and everyone very much at peace with him, but behind all this placid humdrum routine smouldered two separate and abiding passions : a passion for teaching, at which he was uncommonly successful, and a passionate love for the Heythrop hunt, for which he cherished a romantic affection all his life.

Fishing he did not care for, preferring the duties of his parish to a day beside the finest trout-stream, and he never shot ; an afternoon spent in routing about in an Oxford don's library was much more to his taste, and he read classics to such purpose that he often took the wind out of the sails of University pundits by the wide range of his Latin and Greek quotations.

When he went for country walks he was absorbed in natural

history and spent hours in studying the ways of birds and beasts, only drawing the line at things that crawl, such as beetles, which he did not like. He would go his gentle way like this from Monday until Friday, and then on Saturday he would go out with the Heythrop and ride "like the dickens," as I have heard it expressed, and as though he had a spare neck in each pocket.

No one who had not seen him on a horse would have taken him for a sportsman, nor was he one except in his love for hunting; once on a horse he was a different man. The book-worm was transformed into the hardest of hard-riding top-sawyers whenever he drew on his well-worn hunting-boots and sallied out on one of the odd-looking screws he bought cheap and schooled into useful hunters for his own use.

An awe-stricken sportsman, after watching him take the locked railway-gates of a level crossing as an in-and-out jump, once ventured to murmur his congratulations, but the vicar's only reply was, "Well, you needn't tell my wife about it!"

Even on the best of mounts one might be forgiven for avoiding such stout and high gates as the railway companies affect, especially with steel rails to land on, and the second gate to take practically from a stand; but when it is remembered that he nearly always rode little horses that some people would unhesitatingly call screws, it becomes a noteworthy feat, but quite in keeping with his usual methods. His mount in the photograph of him is typical. A finer example of an ewe neck could not be found outside the pictures of Rossetti's damsels.

"If you want to see sport, you must be where hounds are," was his hunting motto, and he consistently lived up to it. In a magazine article published some years ago on the members of the Heythrop hunt, there is a reference to him. "We must not omit to mention the Rev. Davis Lockwood of Kingham, of whom it is said that he can get over a bigger place on a small horse than any member of the field."

Strangers out with the Heythrop were often advised to take the old parson, wearing the out-of-date tall hat and old cord breeches, as a pilot, but very few ever managed to do it successfully. He was fortunate in only having one really bad fall in his life, and that was in 1898, when he broke four ribs and also probably injured his heart, for he often complained of it

afterwards, and it was heart-failure that killed him eventually.

He was faithful to the Heythrop all through his hunting career, and never hunted with any other pack except Captain Evans's harriers when a small boy. He was hunting with the Heythrop before even Mr. Albert Brassey began his long mastership in 1873. The country, the pack, the people, he loved them all. To him a hound was a beautiful and wonderful thing, and he walked Heythrop puppies for thirty years, suffering the unending worries of their presence about the vicarage uncomplainingly. Like so many regular puppy-walkers, he was most unlucky in the matter of winning prizes at the puppy shows, and never won a cup until the year before his death, when he took second prize for dog-hounds with "Vanguard;" he was very pleased, and in responding to the toast of the successful walkers he wound up by saying, "I have had so many happy days with the Heythrop, that if I could walk the whole pack I would be pleased to do so."

There is no doubt that hunting does create a sentimental affection that other sports do not. The keen shooting man does not feel it. If he hears shots they do not awaken in him the strong emotions the old hunting man feels when he hears the cry of hounds after years of absence. I think if anyone shares his feelings it may be the fisherman on hearing the babble of some once-loved trout-stream.

Like his horses, Mr. Lockwood was not showy, and rather despised matters of dress in the hunting-field. Epochs such as the advent of the cut-away pink coat or the lesser affairs of square or rounded corners to coat skirts left him cold. His clothes were always strictly utilitarian, and his tall hat seldom free from the concertina marks of some bygone fall.

The type of man that religiously sticks to his own country and never hunted in any other was more common in the last generation than in this. One of his axioms was, that all that is best in horseflesh is usually to be found between fourteen and fifteen hands in height. Naturally, after a lifetime spent in one hunt, his knowledge of the country was profound and he was credited with the legendary power of knowing the run of every fox in the country. He often left the house at four o'clock in the morning for some distant cub-hunting meet long after he had ceased to be by any means a young man, and he said he

found as much pleasure in cubbing as in the full-blown sport of December or January.

His extraordinary keenness made him one of the most remarkable figures the Heythrop country has ever produced. He belonged to the little band of enthusiasts that exists in most countries, who really do not care whether they finish a day five miles from home or fifteen, and stay out with the pack to the bitter end, even at the most distant meets.

Returning from hunting one afternoon after the pack had lost, he was amazed to see a fox—perhaps the hunted one—asleep on the mat at the back door of the vicarage. After contemplating this unusual spectacle for some moments he softly dismounted and stole round the house to fetch his little daughter to see it, but when they returned the fox was gone. Those who know anything about foxes will agree that this is an extraordinary story. It seems to me that it must have been a case of suggestion: his mind had been running on foxes in general, and the lost one in particular, and this absolutely life-like illusion of a sleeping fox on the door-mat was the result. If so it was a very strange example of this sort of thing, for it was not a glimpse, but a sustained picture that was there all the time he was dismounting, and part of the time he was tip-toeing round to look for the child. This explanation was often put to him, but he would never accept it, and was always firmly convinced that he had seen an actual fox. Of course, on logical grounds it is impossible to say that a fox will not come and fall asleep on the door-mat in the middle of the afternoon, but it seems almost incredible in practice. There is the story, anyhow, and the knowledgable ones of the Psychical Research Society can judge the matter, if suggestion comes within the scope of their investigations.

I always believed implicitly that if you brought up a child in the way it should go, as soon as it was old enough it would do the other thing, but this belief has been shaken by the records of the Lockwood family, for both Mr. Lockwood's father and grandfather were good parsons and hard riders to hounds in their day. His father was vicar of Kingham for many years, and when he died, in 1880, Mr. Lockwood succeeded him at rather a trying time, for the uprising of the farm-labourers under the now forgotten Joseph Arch was still in progress.

Joseph Arch (who recently passed away) was a Warwickshire farm-hand who became a Primitive Methodist preacher, and, later on, M.P. He founded the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, which was the first attempt to gain organised representation for the farm-men. The effort created a good deal of unrest at the time and, in Kingham, aroused a hitherto unheard-of wave of criticism and suspicion. The old relationship between parson and peasant was in danger of being lost, and the struggle—for it was a real struggle—caused Mr. Lockwood a good deal of unhappiness; but not for long, for his perfect honesty and good-will reconciled even the fiercest revolutionaries, who became his friends almost to a man.

Mr. Lockwood saw little of the world outside his parish, but inside it he knew every man, woman, and child, and understood them thoroughly.

In the early days of compulsory education, the village mothers went to him to air their pent-up storms of indignation over the iniquities of a law that sent their children to school instead of to house-work, or when their offspring had been chastened by the schoolmaster. On these occasions his method was simple. "Let them have their say out, until they have no breath left in them, and then soothe them down with a few plain words," was his description of the method. After one of these ladies had exhausted herself in this manner, he remarked, "The hounds will be at Churchill Heath in about half an hour." At this she jumped up and made off in that direction quite happily. A little irrelevance seems to have done almost as much good as a few plain words in this case—a not unusual occurrence in village controversy.

His sermons were modest enough, and he often amused people by starting his discourse with an emphatic expression of disbelief that they were of the slightest use. Doubts as to the powerful effects wrought by their sermons are not very usual among cleries, but Mr. Lockwood's expressed uncertainty was real, and not mere modesty. In a letter to his brother, thanking him for a copy of verses, he wrote, "The last five verses are better than a sackful of sermons, and might with advantage be fixed on every church door in the country."

In the hope that readers may extract benefit to the equivalent

of a sackful of sermons, I give the verses referred to, which have been lent to me in manuscript by the vicar's brother, Captain H. Lockwood. They are from the late Bromley Davenport's poetic eruption, inspired by a great run from Ranksborough gorse, entitled "The Dream of an Old Meltonian."

And oh, young descendants of ancient top-sawyers,
By your lives to the world their example inforce.
Whether landlords, or parsons, or statesmen, or lawyers,
Ride straight, as they rode it from Ranksborough gorse.

Though a rough-riding world may bespatter your breeches,
Though sorrow may cross you, and slander revile,
Though you plunge over head in misfortune's blind ditches,
Shun the gap of deception, the hand-gate of guile.

Oh ! avoid them, for see, there the crowd is contending,
Ignoble the object, ill-mannered the throng.
Shun the miry lane falsehood with turns never ending,
Ride straight for truth's timber, no matter how strong.

I'll pound you sure over, sit steady and quiet
Along the sound headland, if honesty steer ;
Beware of false holloas and juvenile riot,
Tho' the oxer of duty loom wide, never fear.

And when the run's over of earthly existence,
And you get safe to ground, you shall feel no remorse
If you've ridden, no matter the line, or the distance,
As straight as they rode it from Ranksborough gorse.

How far he was right in his belief that sermons have little influence on their listeners is a matter of opinion, but Mr. Lockwood's, at any rate, were always full of common sense, and men of travel and experience sometimes went to hear him twice on the same Sunday. His sermons began life in the form of notes on the back of old envelopes, scribbled during breakfast on Sunday morning, and he always robed in the house, walking to church in full canonicals.

He had three pet subjects which by persistence and recurrence really did seem to make an impression on his villagers. The first subject was backbiting ; the second the responsibility of parents for the upbringing of their children ; and the third consisted of denunciations of an extreme brand of Calvinism which led people to regard themselves as "elect." This last, his discourses apparently succeeded in uprooting. His admonitions against backbiting were exemplified in his life, for he never said a word against anyone if he could possibly help it. But there was one man against whom he could not resist launching a few mild censures ; this reprehensible person died worth

seventy thousand pounds, after refusing all his life to pay Mr. Lockwood his tithe of eighteen pounds a year. The rector's delivery was rather melancholy as a rule, but when one of his three pet subjects was the order of the day he became strong and effective.

Next to hunting came teaching in his affections. It is wonderful that there should be people who really enjoy instructing fellow-mortals. The average person's hair begins to turn grey at the very thought, but Mr. Lockwood revelled in it and was never happier than when jockeying pass-men at Oxford through their examinations.

As a youngster he was not intended for the Church, and joined the 13th Bengal Cavalry in the Peshawar division, which was then commanded by his relative, General Sir Sydney Cotton ; but he did not stay in India long, as his health broke down and he came home on sick leave. It was decided that he was not strong enough for the army, so he sent in his papers, and made up his mind to take Orders. As he was too old to enter a college in the ordinary way, he went to St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, to work for his degree. He had forgotten all the Greek he had learned at Westminster—if he ever learned any there ; he always stoutly maintained that he never learned anything at school whatever. As a consequence he had to start all over again with the Greek alphabet, but perseverance pulled him through, in spite of the fact that he hunted three or four days a week each season. He must have been helped through his time at Oxford by his exceptional memory. It does not sound like a very grand memory when I say that he had forgotten all his Greek so soon, but we know he had not learnt much at Westminster, as he said, for the fact remains that he really had a very fine memory, and Wilberforce, then Bishop of Oxford, who ordained him, told a relative of Lockwood's afterwards that he had been the best of all the candidates in Greek !

He was always a voracious reader, and ransacked his friends' libraries for fresh books to read. Once he had been through a book he could quote extensively from it for years afterwards, so that in time friends found it hard to find him something he had not already read. The " Pickwick Papers " he could quote from *ad lib.* Scott and Dickens were his favourite authors, Marryat's " Peter Simple " he was very fond of, but works on

natural history and travel were his staple diet. Poetry was not much in his line, but Pread's "Vicar"—a gem which I fear is almost forgotten—delighted him, especially the stanza which ends :

And when religious sects run mad,
He held, in spite of all this learning,
That if a man's belief is bad
It will not be improved by burning.

Learning must be a comparatively easy matter to people with very retentive memories. When I read a book its contents are reflected before me as in a mirror and soon become a more or less blurred memory, but to men like Mr. Lockwood reading a book must be like hanging a minutely exact steel engraving in one's mind ready to be consulted at any time. Very nice in moderation, no doubt, but it might become too much of a good thing, as in the case of Macaulay, who could repeat *verbatim*—commas, stops, and everything—whole columns of anything he had read for years.

It may have been the first-fruits of this affliction that enabled him at the age of four when his mother asked, "Is darling baby's nasty toothache better?" to reply, "I thank you, madam, the agony has somewhat abated." At least so the story goes, but I do not vouch for it.

While Mr. Lockwood was reading for his degree he met the man who was to be his lifelong friend, Mr. Warde Fowler, a don and also an accomplished naturalist, and it is to him that I am indebted for so much information about Mr. Lockwood's life.

After his ordination Mr. Lockwood acted for some time as his father's curate at Kingham, and then took a small living at Woodeaton in 1871, and married Miss Sophia Theresa Wynter, daughter of the Rev. Philip Wynter. Woodeaton is close to Oxford, and it was at this time that his unusual gifts as a teacher came to light. Mr. Warde Fowler had more college pass-work than he cared for, so he entrusted him with the Latin prose of a few undergraduates, and the venture proved an instant success. He understood exactly what was wanted and rarely failed to get his pupils through their examinations.

When he left Woodeaton to take the Kingham living after his father's death he sorely missed this work, and it was many

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years before he had another opportunity of teaching pupils worthy of his steel.

The living of Kingham came into the Lockwood family by the marriage of his great-grandfather with Miss Doudeswell of Worcestershire, who rebuilt the rectory in 1688. In addition to the many sporting parsons they have produced, there was a fighting parson, rector of Towcester, who was wounded beside King Charles at the Battle of Naseby.

Mr. Lockwood had never been a strong man, and as he grew older his health was by no means good. He often ventured out hunting rashly, when his asthmatic bronchitis was on him, and it was a hunt in November, 1911, that brought on so severe an attack that heart-failure supervened. He was buried a few days later in Kingham churchyard, where a lych-gate has since been put up to his memory. Mr. Lockwood was very popular both amongst hunting people and parishioners, and the school children sent a beautiful wreath to his funeral, subscribed for by penny subscriptions all on their own initiative.

The REV. S. LOCKWOOD

[Facing p. 166,

[*Photograph by Val. L'Estrange, 135, Sloane Street, S.W.*]

The REV. RUPERT INGLIS

Facing p. 167.]

CHAPTER XV

The Rev. Rupert Inglis—A "Blue"—Becomes an Army Chaplain—Letter to his Parishioners—No. 23 General Hospital—A² Wounded Boy's Appetite—A Friendly Postman—A New Disease—A Much-Travelled Bullet—Chaplains' Duties—No "Cushy Job"—American Terms of Endearment—Princess Christian's Ambulance Train—A Lesson for the Kaiser—Doubtful Kindness—Bishop of Winchester's Son Killed—Tragic Meeting of Brothers—The Rev. Neville Talbot Wins Military Cross—Twenty-seven Wounds—A Peep into German Trenches—Curious Find in a Church—A Promise Fulfilled—A Gifted Corporal: His Romantic Life—Shell-shock Sufferers—Doctors and Nurses Quarrel—A Factory Dressing-Station—Scratch Pack at Mess—Domestic Life in the Trenches—Mr. Inglis "Cute" at Dressing Patients—Tragedy of the Towels—Sunday Work—Liquid Fire Shells—Gordon Geddes Inspecting—Chaplain Inglis and Captain English get Mixed—Some "Topping Things"—A "Little Beast"—Talking Sport—An Awful Night—A Week-end in a Shell-Hole—A Resurrection—The Shropshires' "Little Affair"—Through Fire and Water—Gallant Lance-Corporal—Doctors Worn Out—The Prince of Wales in the Trenches—A "Full House"—German Written Orders—Padre Inglis Missing—Some Letters and a Memorial Chapel.

IN 1914 Mr. Inglis was the rector of a little Kentish village where he had lived some years, and where he took it for granted he would die in due course and be buried after the fashion of previous rectors.

On September 18, 1916, he was killed in the battle of the Somme at the age of fifty-three, while rescuing wounded with conspicuous gallantry.

Years ago I remember being thrilled by the adventures of Conan Doyle's "Brigadier Gerard," a soldier of Napoleon's Grand Armée. It seemed to me that it was wonderful that there could ever have been days of such heroic adventures, of such great battles, such bravery, such suffering, and it seemed quite clear that there could never be such days again.

To-day the story of a quiet middle-aged rector, suddenly snatched from his vestry meetings and Sunday-schools and flung into the world-war, where the dormant passions of his fighting forefathers awoke and carried him through scenes of terror and horror to a most noble death, is a commonplace one, one of a thousand others as strange, and stranger. Yet in those few

months the rector saw what was vaster, more terrible and far grimmer than the veterans of Napoleon's army ever dreamed of.

The Rev. Rupert Inglis was a parson of the traditional kind. He entered the Church as the youngest son of Major-General Sir John Inglis, K.C.B., the defender of Lucknow during the mutiny, and was neither daringly High Church nor depressingly Low, but a plain orthodox Church of England man.

His athletic career at Rugby and Oxford had been a good one, for at school he got his colours both for cricket and football, and at Oxford was in the Rugby XV. for three years, and won the Rugby International Cap. He was given his "Blue" as a freshman at Oxford, as he was a fine forward who made the most of his weight in the pack. After leaving Oxford he joined the Blackheath club and played in the three English matches against Scotland, Ireland, and Wales.

In course of time he was ordained, and after a couple of curacies married and settled down to the life of a country parson at Frittenden. He was not a poor man as parsons go in these days, and had heaps of relations among the county families, so that he often had some excellent shooting, and life was pleasant enough. Two little girls and a boy were born to the rector and his wife; and he grew fond of his parishioners, while they likewise grew fond of him.

Then came the catastrophe of 1914, and he preached stirring sermons to his villagers, bidding them do their duty like men and join the new armies. Then he disappeared from his parish and his flock heard no more of him until they received the following letter:

"DEAR PARISHIONERS,

"I think most of you will understand how I come to be writing from France. I have felt that in this great crisis of the nation's history, everyone ought to do what he can to help. I have said this both publicly and privately, but it has been hard to tell people that they ought to leave their homes to go out into strange and new surroundings, to endure discomforts and danger, perhaps to face death. It has been hard to tell people that this was their duty and then remain comfortably at home myself. So this is why I have left you for an indefinite period.

"I am proud, very proud, of what Frittenden has done. I know how hard it has been for many of the soldiers to leave their homes, their families and occupations, but the harder it has been the greater the credit and the greater the reward.

"I ask for your prayers. I ask you to pray that I may be a help to those to whom I have to minister out here. That God will bless and keep you all is the prayer of

"Your affectionate rector,

"(Signed) RUPERT E. INGLIS.

"FRANCE, *July 7th*, 1915."

The son of the man of Lucknow had found it impossible to sit at home and twiddle his thumbs.

After this, the story of his adventures is told in his letters to his wife, who has had portions of them printed in the form of a little book, for private circulation, and dedicated to his children, "Joan, John, and Margaret, just to help them now, and in years to come, to understand a little of their father's life among our wonderful soldiers."

I quote from them at some length, not because they are records of adventure above the average of the time, for they are not, but rather because they are so typical of the thousands of letter-histories that have been written in this war, and there is the same tragic family likeness running through them all.

To begin with, there is the newness of everything at the Base; then comes the excitement of joining a Brigade and becoming familiar with life at the actual front—a quiet part of the front at first. After this comes the beginning of the end, references to long marches across country without any mention of what lies ahead. I have read all this in a dozen such sequences of letters, and there is always the same care to conceal the fact that the writer is in the converging movement of troops marching into one of the great battle-areas, so that the anxiety of those at home may be lessened as much as possible. To have mentioned the name "Somme" would have been to chill the heart of the recipient, and what would have been the use of that? The last letter seems to come almost automatically after that, and in this case it ends, "I shall probably be back early to-day. . . ."

Most of these last letters were written within the iodine and blood smell of the advanced dressing-stations.

His first letter sent home after reaching France is dated—

“ *July 10th,*
“ NO. 23 GENERAL HOSPITAL,
“ ETAPLES.”

In this he says :

“ For the first time I am allowed to say where I am.” He then goes on to explain that he is Chaplain of a hospital with one thousand one hundred and sixty beds, and that he had arrived after much travelling, at 11.30 p.m., and found no bed anywhere, so arranged a shake-down in an empty hut, sleeping in his valise on the floor, and found he possessed more bones in his body than he had hitherto been aware of, but did not sleep badly and felt rather like the street-arab whose grace after a small meal was, “ I could have eaten more, but thank God for what I have had,” “ for I didn’t think I should sleep at all.” The letter continues, “ I could write you miles, but I have promised to go and write letters for men in the hospital,” then adds, “ I want a gramophone and as many tunes as you can get for the men in hospital.”

July 12.—“ I have a little office in the main tin building where I am now writing, and have quite a nice little wood-and-canvas hut five feet by ten. I sleep on the floor in my valise . . . The Commanding Officer is a Colonel Harrison, who was a Doctor in the Guards. After to-morrow there will be only one other English officer here ; the rest are all Americans from Chicago. . . . The nurses also are Americans.

“ The objection to this place is that the camp is on sand. There has been a high wind and everything has just been full of sand, ink included. One is a long way from the war, but realises it more here. My hut is not fifty yards from where all Red Cross trains come in. Two big trains full of wounded came in yesterday. The men are awfully good and plucky ; some of their wounds are awful. One boy showed me a bit of shrapnel nearly two inches long that had been cut out of his middle. Another boy had a bullet clean through his face and is not a bit the worse for it, no pain, and eats like a Trojan.”

July 14.—“ All the appliances here are very good and up-to-date. We have a beautiful operating-theatre, X-ray room, photographic studio, etc. My postman is a Yorkshire miner.

We spend much time together, as I am acting censor and he has to lick down all the letters. This morning, having got very intimate, we exchanged photographs of our wives and families. Amongst other sundries he has been blessed with two pairs of twins ! ”

From this I gather the exchange was hardly equal, as Mr. Inglis had only three bairns.

July 17.—“ Our Chapel is a perfectly bare room, or was at first. A trestle table is being moved in as an Altar and some benches by way of ecclesiastical furniture. Our services to-morrow are at 5.15 a.m., 6.30 a.m., 10.30 a.m., and 6 p.m. . . . Have just heard I am to be attached to a brigade, which is work I like, as it gives me a better chance of getting to know the men.”

July 18.—“ I have had quite a busy Sunday. Celebrations at 5.15 and 6.30, and at 10.30 a service for the patients. It was such a nice service ; we expected thirty or forty and had only seats for that number, but we had one hundred and fifty patients and had to go about collecting seats for them, as most of them were not fit to stand. I started the hymns ; they went with great gusto. You might tell — we shall hardly require the organ when I come back, as I shall be able to do it myself ! On second thoughts perhaps my efforts were not so successful, for after the service one of the nurses came and offered me twenty dollars towards the purchase of a harmonium. We made the Altar quite nice for the early Celebrations. The frontal was turkey-twill off a patient’s screen, and the candlesticks just bedroom candlesticks. The flowers were Dorothy Perkins. They were put on the Altar by a Roman Catholic matron who was doing her own Altar at the other end of the room. They did not agree very well with the turkey-twill, but we are not very particular over these things here. . . . The men are so nice and say such funny things ; one man to-day said he was suffering from ‘ Diagnosis,’ but he got better of that. . . .

July 20.—“ Yesterday they had an extraordinary operation. They extracted a bullet from a man, and there was something behind it, so they went on and took out a penny which had been driven in by the bullet. It had saved the man’s life, as it was pressing against an important artery which the

bullet would otherwise have severed. There are really the most extraordinary wounds, it is wonderful how they ever recover. One man was shot in the nose, the bullet went through his mouth, right through the tongue, down his throat and out at his shoulder. The man is really quite well now and able to smoke."

I do not think it is generally understood at home how much the Chaplains do besides their spiritual work. Many of them help to load and unload wounded men, write letters for them, collect the discs from the shattered fragments of those killed, and write the letters which carry desolation to many homes; arrange and form clubs for the men when resting, collect games, books, and amusements for them, act as mess-president, help in the operating-theatre, ready at all times to do anything.

I have heard it suggested that the life of a base-camp chaplain is a "cushy job," but this is a mistake; his life is by no means an easy one. He not only has the base-camp to attend to, but is at the beck and call of every hospital camp in the place. So surely as he tries to go into the town or to have a meal he is sent for to attend the sick, often being wanted in two places at once in opposite directions. Added to this he is mess-president and has to see proper delicacies are ready for the officers, and collect the subscriptions from each officer who enters the mess, though only staying a day or two.

In the July when Mr. Inglis wrote the last letter, from which I have quoted, he was acting censor, and grew very weary of reading other people's letters. He considered the Americans had a very good way of expressing themselves. One favourite form they had of addressing their wives was, "Dear old Sport," and "Little Bit of Ginger." In a letter dated July 26, Mr. Inglis says:

"I was very busy yesterday, and quite enjoyed myself. I had a variety of services and congregations: Celebrations, 6.30—we had all sorts; morning service, 10.30—all wounded; morning service, 11.30—about seven hundred soldiers, drawn up on an open square. I took it from a balcony, and though I had the wind against me, they looked as if they heard me. The only failure was my organist (I mean pianist) was too ambitious. He wanted me to sing the Venite, and it did not

go well. I and the men seemed to be singing different tunes. . . . The rest of the day I was kept busy censoring letters. I had half-an hour off to meet Field-Marshal French ; he came to visit the hospital."

July 28.—"An ambulance train (Princess Christian's) came in last night, or rather early this morning. It came the same time as the telegram announcing its arrival. It brought us one hundred patients, most of them wounded, some of them terribly. I have only seen the bad cases at present. I hear there are some West Kents in.

"I would like to condemn the German Emperor to spend the rest of his life going round a hospital looking at the newly wounded, and to *make* him look at them. It is a pitiful sight, and with the really bad cases one can do so little for them. The one blessing is they are splendidly looked after, and everything that can be done is done. One of the surgeons has performed a wonderful operation. He has saved the man's life—though his spinal cord was almost completely severed by a bullet—but the man must be an invalid to the end of his life. I think I should have left the poor fellow alone, but everyone says it is marvellous. They are the saddest cases of all ; they may live for years and will always be paralysed.

"The gramophone arrived this morning ; it is now in Ward 21, which is full of patients. You never saw anything like their delight with it. It really was a treat to see their happy faces.

"I am writing quite early this morning ; they called me up about three o'clock. Another convoy had come in ; some of the men had been in a hospital near the front and the Germans had shelled it, and as far as I could make out some had been wounded a second time. The hospital had to be emptied."

August 6.—"We had another convoy in last night, but only twenty stretcher cases. I armed myself with a big box of cigarettes and went to meet them. It is really wonderful how quickly they transfer men from the trains to the ambulance, and do it so smoothly. I never saw anything in the nature of a jolt, so the poor things are not made to suffer more than is absolutely necessary. They had a terrible long journey, as some had been in the train for twelve hours, and were just dog-

tired; they lay down on the platform and waited for the motors. The M.C.C. have sent me a splendid lot of cricket things.

“I think people forget the enormous number of R.A.M.C. that are required to run these hospitals. We have over two hundred here, still forty under strength; we have thirty-five doctors and seventy-five nurses.”

August 7.—“I am awfully busy, as I have such a lot of letters to write for other people, and such difficult letters as a rule. A boy who is desperately ill always tells you to write that he is going on splendidly. I have two of that kind waiting now. One of the boys I am looking after is going to be seventeen in a day or two. I was with him when he was having his wound dressed and he hung on to my hand and didn’t cry, but he cried a bit when the others had gone and he told me he thought they were going to cut his leg off; so I had to collect the doctor and nurses again, and they told him his leg was quite all right and no chance of it having to be amputated. He promptly cheered up and smoked a cigarette.

“I have just had to write a long letter to the Bishop of Winchester, as the man who was with his son, Gilbert, when he was killed, was brought into this hospital. As the man had both his arms wounded they asked me to send all particulars. I heard from the brother, Neville Talbot, who is a Chaplain at the front. He crept out after dark and found his brother’s body close to the German trenches.”

The Rev. Neville Talbot won the Military Cross on this occasion at Hooge.

August 12.—A letter written on this date says:

“Have you realised what to-day is? It made me feel a little gun-sick, and visions of Glanwyne and Carradale came up. Well, I suppose I shall not do any shooting this year. I shall not be home to shoot birds, and they won’t let me shoot Germans.

“Did I tell you a boy came in yesterday? He will be fifteen next month. He has been out a long time and is now wounded. He does not want to go back to England, but would like to have another go at the Germans. I asked him how he got on with the hard work and carrying his pack; he said, splendidly, as long as he had plenty to eat, but that he went to

pieces whenever he was short of food, which is to be expected of a boy who is growing.

“In one mental deficiency ward we have a very fine and large fat nurse. Yesterday one of the patients looked at her steadily and in astonishment for some time, and then said, ‘Am I dreaming, or do my eyes magnify?’”

August 15.—“We have had a great many deaths this week; there is a boy I am very fond of wounded in twenty-seven places, and, as so often happens, one of the wounds showed signs of poisoning and I am afraid he cannot live.

“I find all the doctors and nurses very nice to me, and they take a lot of trouble to let me know if any of the men are very ill.

“Besides my canteen, I have been asked to organise a large tea and bovril stall. All the water, fuel, and oil has to be carried about two and a half miles; as everybody is very busy I may not be able to get a water-cart, but I am going to try.

“I am rather like you knitting in a game of bridge, for I am writing in the middle of a game of picquet, while my opponent is discussing military matters.

“This morning ‘Sigs’¹ and I climbed up in the church tower, from which we got quite a good view of the surrounding country and could look into the German trenches. We then explored the bottom of the church. When we first came to the village (which we have now left) someone hit a stone near the door and it sounded hollow, so they pulled it up and found a passage going down about two hundred feet, winding round and round. The air was very foul; they could not get in for some time, but now it is all right. At the bottom of the two hundred feet there are a lot of biggish caves, large enough to hold a battalion. It is now used as a dug-out if the village is being shelled.

“Our mess is a public-house in the main road, and it is quite as noisy as Piccadilly at its worst.”

August 19.—“That nice boy I told you about died. Another boy, Crutchfield, is a little better to-day; he is only sixteen. I was in his ward as the doctor was going to dress his wounds. He asked me to stay with him, and as the doctor had no objection I did; it took just one hour and five minutes. How

¹ Signalling officer.

the boy has lived I don't know. The doctor said he was wounded in at least fifty places, most of course small, but some quite big. The lad hung on to my hand and he just moaned now and then, but it must have hurt him very much. I should have been glad to cry for him. . . . The boy Crutchfield is better. Yesterday I promised he should have an apple, and sent down to the store for it. When I got in this morning I found he had never received it, as the supply was run out. He quietly insisted that I should fulfil my contract, much to the amusement of the other boys in the ward. I had to tramp into Etaples myself to get it, as the men are not allowed in the town owing to an epidemic of measles.

"We had another convoy in last night. All our Tommies speak in a very kindly way of the Saxons. We have a wonderful man among our patients, a Corporal in R.F.A.—name Gore Brown; his mother is a Russian Princess. He speaks in twenty-three different languages and writes fourteen of them. He has fought in every war of modern times—was a Major in the Japanese Army. Until he became a private in the British Army he was Commander-in-Chief of Madero's forces in Mexico. He was at Eton, and has a wonderful gift of speaking.

"In the field ambulance last night I saw men suffering from shell-shock; they were quite unconscious, but I was told they would recover. They belonged to a battery that had been heavily shelled all day. One hundred and eighty shells had been thrown at it, but they did not have a single casualty."

September 1.—"It is a horrible day, blowing and rainy, but not enough rain to stop the sand flying, and my eyes, nose and mouth are clogged with it. They say the sand is encroaching terribly in this country, and I certainly believe that if the hospital were left alone for a year it would disappear under the sand.

"The nurse asked me to go round while Crutchfield was having his wounds dressed this morning. The boy insisted on my making a minute examination of each wound and reporting on it. They are awful, but I really think they do look better. There is still a chance he may have to lose his arm, and I doubt if he could stand that.

"The dear old Colonel has just been in to help me finish the

letters. The American letters are generally full of praise of him.

“The doctors and nurses quarrel a good deal. I suppose it is natural, as we are all sorts on board ship together; but I have never found anything but praise of the British Government, British Tommy, and British Staff.”

September 17.—“I have just received my marching orders, and am off on Monday to 21 Casualty Clearing Station. I have not the remotest idea where it is, so cannot tell you, and if I did know should not be allowed to.

“I am glad to say nearly everything has come for my Chapel, and I shall leave it looking quite nice. Thanks to you, all the hospital is splendidly set up with everything for the patients. I shall leave a great many books, games, sweets, etc., for my successor.”

September 21, C.C.S.—“This Casualty Clearing Station is a great deal rougher than what I have been accustomed to at the Base. It is quite unavoidable. We have to keep near the firing-line, and if the line moves we should move with it, so we can't be cumbered with much stuff. Sometimes if there is a train we only keep the wounded long enough to have the wounds dressed—the great majority stay from twelve to thirty-six hours. As a rule the Casualty Clearing Stations are in tents. We are fortunate in having the greater part of ours in an old bicycle-factory. It all looks very uncomfortable after the beautiful beds and clean sheets of a Base hospital, but all who come in seem to think it very luxurious. We may be called on to deal with six hundred cases: if that happens it will mean day and night work for all of us. I went to the operating-theatre and saw two operations which were not very serious ones. I thought I had better accustom myself to this sort of thing. I have spent most of the day in hospital, and have done a good deal of letter-writing. The patients are almost all on stretchers on the ground; they are very close together, and of course one can never get to know them. Still, one can do a bit for them.

“We have a wonderful scratch pack for a mess: the Colonel an Irishman, one doctor a West Indian, one a Canadian, one an Australian, the French Interpreter, and myself; two

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others I think are English. A pretty good variety for a small number.

“ I saw the Matron to-day and asked her what was wanted ; she said bed-socks. The hospital is very draughty, so you might set to work on these.

“ I am living in a very comfortable farmhouse ; there is a Gloire de Dijon just opposite my room and a covey of partridges in a field between us and the hospital. I have put it up twice.”

It is quite astonishing how little birds and some of the smaller animals are upset by the appalling hurly-burly of battlefields. A relation of mine, writing from the front, says : “ Even my dug-out is being utilised in the great scheme of things, for there are families of mice working out their destinies in the confusion of straw and pack forming the roof. As I lie on my back at night I can see papa and mamma move, hurrying to and fro across the beams, twiddling their tails to maintain their equipoise after fearless excursions among my rations in the corner. I can hear the angry squeaks of combat among the gallants, and domestic twitterings from a very young family of mice in the innermost sanctuaries of the straw. I am much impressed by my family of mice amid all this banging and counter-banging ; they make me wonder why people want gilded domes and pealing organs to make them realise the majesty of things in general, when they are to be found so close under one's own nose.”

The same relation told me he had seen a chaffinch singing on the wounded branch of a wrecked tree, and a shot coming in that direction carried the branch away ; nothing daunted, the little songster mounted on to a twig higher up and continued its love-song. It evidently had no intention of being put out by trifles.

Late in September, 1915, Mr. Inglis saw for the first time three large ambulance barges drawn by a small steam-tug ; he thought they looked very comfortable.

They are on all the rivers in France now.

It was at this time Mr. Inglis was asked by his Bishop if he would like to return to 23 General Hospital as permanent Chaplain until the end of the war. He declined this offer, for although he had been very happy there, he felt he would rather

take his turn with all the other Chaplains, the usual arrangement being two or three months in front, and two or three months with a brigade, and then back to a base hospital, and so on.

Another letter of his says :

September 24.—"We had a lot of bad cases in yesterday and everyone was very busy, so I was able to make myself useful. We sent out one hundred and forty-six patients, and there was an awful rush. I gave quite a lot of them their dinner and helped to dress them. I got quite cute at putting on their socks. One man I gave all his dinner from a spoon, and in the intervals of feeding we discussed the shooting at Faccombe, as he always used to go out beating there."

September 26.—"I started the day with a Celebration in the attic at 6.45. It was very nice—a huge room with rafters and a peaked roof. To my surprise sixteen Tommies and a nurse came to the service, but there were about fifty Tommies lying on stretchers round the room. They were as quiet as mice. At ten o'clock we had Matins in the same room. I was amused to see how many of the stretcher cases could raise up when I started 'God save the King.'"

On October 2, two friends had been accepting Mr. Inglis's hospitality while on their way back to billets, and the Padre had fed them on tinned herrings and tea, followed by a tub in his big bath. Describing this occasion in a letter home, he says, "The tragedy is, they have used my only two clean towels!"

This good Padre certainly did not spare himself; the following is an account of one Sabbath day's work.

October 4.—"It is 10 p.m. I have just got in from my last service. There has been variety in the places where I have held services to-day. I started in one attic at 6.45. I had the next Celebration at the hospital at 7.45. The Altar was the magistrate's desk. The next service was in the attic, and the fourth back at the police-court. At 4.45 I motored some miles to headquarters for a service at 5.15, which was held in a wine-shop. We had to be out of it by 5.45, as the shop began business at that hour. I then motored another four miles, when I was met by the Flying Corps motor and taken another twelve or

fourteen miles to the aerodrome, where we had a service in a very large barn. We stood throughout the service among the straw. There was just one bright light in the centre and the rest of the place all dim. They were such a nice lot of fellows.

“ I have been invited to go and look at the German trenches from an aeroplane.

“ Eight o’clock.—We had about forty-eight patients in to-day. An aerial torpedo exploded in a dug-out ; there were thirty men in it—eight were killed and all the rest were burnt, mostly in the face and hands. They were an awful sight coming in. The shell evidently contained liquid fire. One or two will probably lose an eye. I went into the operating-room while one was having his face dressed. They were very helpless, only their eyes and mouth could be seen. I and a nurse fed ten of them ; beef-tea and milk had to be poured down their throats.”

Mr. Inglis now got leave and went home for a few days, arriving in London about November 16, and returning on the 24th, and in a letter home says :

“ I found everything much easier after the splendid week at home. This afternoon I was making arrangements about the recreation-room. We hope to open it next Thursday. All the games from Harrods’ have arrived. We have got a piano, quite a good one. I am going to interview a General about supplying us with chairs and tables, and another at headquarters about coal and lights. Then I shall go into Amiens and buy cups and kettles. It is rather a business, and two of the chaplains who have helped me are gone away.”

November 29.—“ Gordon Geddes called for me at 10 o’clock this morning and I had a most interesting time with him. We visited several batteries, inspected dug-outs, and went to an artillery observation-point from which we could see the German trenches. In fact, we looked right into them and could see the French shells bursting round and about the trenches.”

December 3.—“ I went into Corbie to-day to get the club into order. Things were quite upsetting. In the first room the stove smoked so badly we had to let it out, then the windows, which ought to have been mended last week, were not mended,

and the mantles for the gas which ought to have arrived last week had not done so. In the course of the day things got more straightened out, and we had a big crowd this evening."

December 5.—"I received my marching orders to-day and am off to-morrow. I should very much like to have gone all round this front with Gordon Geddes. He has been most awfully kind to me. It is the sort of opportunity I shan't be likely to get again. It is a pity I can't tell you straight forwardly all about things."

December 13.—"No news as to my movements yet. Yesterday was lovely. I went for a twenty-mile walk. While lunching I was patted on the back by Eric Thesiger. It is very nice meeting people out here. I had a very disturbed night, as the bed was only five feet six inches, which made it difficult for me to fit in. Then a battery of artillery lost its way in the dark and one of the riders came and knocked at my window to see if I could help—and I could. Then a rat came and gnawed over my head for the rest of the night. I talked to it violently several times, but it never stopped. My billet is in a very old house attached to a mill, and is full of rats. I am feeling very dirty. I haven't had a bath for nearly a week, and I haven't had a change of clothes since I don't know when."

December 31.—"Just at present they are leaving the troops here such a very short time that it is difficult to do anything for them. They are in one day and out the next. This is New Year's Eve. I don't know why, but I have felt more hopeful of things lately, though I am not expecting an immediate return to my cabbage-patch—wish I did. We are all very sick of the war, but I believe it's nothing compared with the German sickness of it. This year they are getting all that they give and a little more, and it makes a vast difference to last year, when they gave us ten times as much as they got."

January 2, 1917.—"This place is thick with generals. One said to me, 'By the end of the year we should have a very decent army, and it ought to be able to finish the war by the end of 1917.' It's a long way ahead, and I hope for better things, but still one can't tell."

January 6.—"This is a great day. I have had a bath.

I had my tea for the band this evening. We managed to get a certain number of spoons and forks together, and had a hot supper. Pork and beef were the *pièces de résistance*. They gave me a huge helping, about as much as I usually eat in a week. I had to say I dined in the middle of the day and hardly ate anything at night. They took away about half. It was very highly seasoned. The light was bad, and the first thing I put into my mouth was a large bit of pork fat! I wished I had never been born! We also had cheese-cakes and peaches.

"The beautiful boots have arrived. It seems wicked to put them on to walk straight into a foot of mud. My old Norwegian boots are nearly gone."

January 22.—"I did not get home till twelve last night. When I got to the Field Ambulance a man was just going to have a biggish bit of shrapnel taken out of his leg. It was not far in, so he did not have an anæsthetic. It must have hurt him sadly, but I talked as hard as I could to keep his mind off it. He bore it very well. It was the third time he had been wounded. One poor boy died just as he was brought in, and the man who was carrying him out of the trenches had a nasty wound in his back. Though it touched the spine I think he will get all right, but he was in a good deal of pain, so I sat up with him until he was more comfortable, and left him smoking. He was a Yorkshire man and told me he was married when only fifteen."

February 14.—"I had a baddish night at the Field Ambulance last night. It is rather trying, but it is nice to think one is a little bit useful. I don't suppose now that I have started I shall let anyone else do it. I have been over to my service at the anti-aircraft. They sent me home in their car. They do drive fast in the dark with no lights. I don't mind the ordinary risks of a campaign, but I don't like taking extra ones. When I came down from this place one of the boys said to the driver, 'Now see how fast you can go.' Little beast!"

February 26.—"My Field Ambulance is on the main road between two towns. Of course none of the cases are kept very long, not more than twelve hours, as a Field Ambulance must be kept as empty as possible. It is a long wooden building divided

into three parts. The first is the office where men who are not very bad give their names, number, regiment, etc. The next part is the ward. We have no beds. All the patients are on stretchers on the floor. The third division is what they call the theatre, where men have their wounds dressed and attended to, and an immediate operation if necessary. I generally see first that all the men in the ward have something to smoke, but I spend most of my time in the theatre. Our best surgeon is a very nice Irishman and he always takes the worst cases, and I sort of work with him. The men have generally had morphia given to them, but they do not often give an anæsthetic in a F.A., so it is often very painful for the poor chaps having their wounds attended to. A man often suffers a lot anticipating he is going to be hurt, and by talking to him and interesting him you can often take his mind off—about all sorts of things, cricket, football, boxing. The other day we had a Welshman who had some very painful wounds. As a rule Welshmen do not stand pain very well, but this man was very keen on football, so we carried on a violent discussion about football and he got through splendidly, and I went on to another man. When the doctor found there was something more to do to the Welshman, he came over to me and said, ‘Come along, my local anæsthetic, I want you to talk some more football.’”

March 1.—“This is an advanced dressing-station of the Field Ambulance. I have lately seen what I have often heard of but never before seen, *viz.*, a man’s life being saved by a New Testament in his pocket. That and a new service-book were right over his heart. It cut out a bit of the cover of the book exactly its own shape and size, and then made an awful mess of the inside of the book, but did not go through it.”

March 8.—“It must have snowed pretty well all the night. We have a funny little home here (on the canal bank near St. Jean). It is just a nice little tunnel about eighteen feet long and eight wide. We get light and air through the door, and we have a stove at the other end. Our beds are right and left of the stove. Our beds are stretchers. They do for seats in the daytime. We have a very good armchair, which is loot from somewhere, two tables and several other chairs. Our wash-stand is a chair, and we are really very comfortable. The

drawback is we are either too hot or too cold. When the fire is going it is like an oven, and when it is out it is like an ice-house. You can't do a great deal of work here. It is really a sort of rest-cure."

March 10.—"Our dug-out is at the end of about a mile of dug-outs. Outside there is a duck-walk and then water, so everyone passes within six feet of our door, and a great many look in and pass the time of day. I saw an air-fight quite close which I am sorry to say ended unfavourably for us. They can't all end well, I suppose. Our man manœuvred very well, but he had a faster machine against him."

March 14.—"We hand over this dug-out in the morning. I shan't be sorry to have a bath. We are not allowed to take our clothes off up here, and I have not had mine off for over a week. One really gets used to anything. It is rather nice to get out of bed, shake yourself like a dog, and go out. My hair feels awfully funny, just like pigs' bristles. The Colonel is very keen—and rightly so—on the men and the officers having their hair cut with clippers, so I have fallen into line. It feels very nice and cool."

March 19.—"General Sir H. Plumer came over to-day to attend the Parade Service, and wished all units to be there . . . about two thousand men in the open. The band has not come here, and all I could raise was a piano, and the music was a distinct failure. The distance was too great. Two thousand men in a square take a lot of room, and you can't keep the singing together. I quite enjoy camp-life, and we are really and truly a very happy family. The tent here is a Y.M.C.A. There are two ladies, and a certain number of men, civilians, whom I don't like seeing here. Some of them look as if they might be doing other things. They say they have all been passed as unfit."

April 17.—"One of the mess sergeants brought in some papers last night. The Colonel asked who they were for. 'They are all the Rector's,' said the man, so apparently that is my name among the Tommies. . . .

"My beautiful long boots were hanging up outside the dug-out to-day and they were completely spoilt by a piece of

shell, which went through them both. They were wounded in six places."

Easter Day.—"It is two days since I wrote. I could not finish it on Good Friday night, as while I was writing it a tremendous bombardment was going on, and I knew the battalion I am with was in it and I could not collect my thoughts. In the evening the battalion went out, and I went to the dressing-station. It was a perfectly awful night."

April 24.—"It seems that the battalion has done very well indeed, and in spite of the awful conditions has done almost all if not more than they were sent out to do. They have been tremendously complimented, but I hear the Colonel is dangerously wounded. One of the officers killed was Jumbo Johnson (author of 'At the Front' weekly in *Punch*); such a good chap and just engaged to be married. From what they said to me when they bid me good-bye, I think the Colonel and Johnson had a presentiment that they would not come back. . . . While I was at the dressing-station the faithful Williams found me out and brought tea in a thermos, which was much appreciated by the wounded. They were in an awful state, wet through and muddy from head to foot. One of the battalion was found dead smothered in the mud. One officer, a nice boy, lay in a shell-hole with a broken leg from Friday night to Saturday night. He was then found, and it took eight men to carry him. The mud was so awful they could not get him out before it was light, so they had to leave him in the trench, and he stayed there all Sunday. They got him out on Sunday night. It has been rather a strenuous time, but it has only been a small affair as things go nowadays."

Later.—"Had to leave this and go and take some funerals. I looked in at the dressing-station. There was a boy there brought in this morning. He had been buried in a dug-out in the trenches for six days. He had nothing to eat and only a little water to drink. He was not wounded, and when I saw him two or three hours after he had been brought in he really was extraordinarily well. He had only been allowed a little food. It would not have been safe to give him much. He had his first cigarette while I was there.

"Another man was brought in last night who had been

wounded, but not badly, and could have walked back, only he was embedded in a shell-hole, and they had the greatest difficulty in getting him out."

The account of this "little affair as things go nowadays" was given by that gifted writer, Mr. Philip Gibbs, in the *Daily Telegraph* soon after the occurrence, and is worth quoting, giving, as it does, a clear idea of what a "little affair" means. It explains fully why Mr. Inglis, the Padre, could not collect his thoughts to write letters while his boys were in the throes of battle.

GALLANT SHROPSHIRES

By Philip Gibbs

"The King's Shropshire Light Infantry have the names of many great battles on their colours, as those of Nieupoort and Salamanca, and the Shropshire lads, country born and bred, who have followed the plough down the big brown furrows of our great English soil have fought on many fields of Europe before this war. The old stock has not weakened. A few days ago, on the night of April 21st, they proved themselves again to have very stout hearts and steady nerves, not afraid of obstacles which would have spoilt the fighting spirit of men less brave.

"It was not a great action in which they were engaged, nothing more than the retaking of a captured trench, and in this war such incidents will hardly find a record. But the marvel of it was first the courage of the men, a courage that made them stick to a job almost hopeless in its difficulties and carry it through to success by sheer will-power. Imagine what it was like to assault that position which had been taken from us by the enemy on April 19th along the Ypres-Langemark road. When the Shropshires left their own trenches in the night there was a heavy downpour of rain and they had in front of them a great quagmire, through which they would have to wade in order to reach the enemy's wire.

"The ground had been churned up by shell-fire. High explosives had dug out craters everywhere, very deep and filled with mud and water. Old communication trenches had been smashed up and become a welter of earth with rain-filled gullies.

The day of storm had flooded all this bit of country and made the soil beneath a soft bog, in which men sank here and there actually up to their armpits. Well might their hearts have sunk when they began to flounder in this Slough of Despond in front of the enemy's guns. But the Shropshire lads struggled on. To prevent themselves from sinking they lay flat on the mud and pushed themselves along with hands and knees, throwing their rifles in front as they gained each yard, or using them as poles to support them in the slime. A few fell into shell-craters and were drowned. Some were so caught and stuck by the mud that they could not get free or move a yard. The assaulting companies all struggling like this lost touch with one another in the darkness, but pressed forward independently to their objectives. The men on the right, or as many as could keep together, rushed the enemy's trenches at about half-past one in the morning, and took possession of a portion of it in spite of heavy rifle, grenade, and machine-gun fire from the enemy's support trenches. Bombing parties worked up further and established posts, but could find no sign of the men who had advanced with them on the left. At first it seemed as if the men here were alone in the enemy's lines, but later cheering was heard, which showed that the centre of the assault had reached the goal through the quagmire behind. Those Shropshire lads in the centre had been through fire and water. As soon as they left their position they became exposed to a hail of rifle bullets, and their Captain fell wounded. Several men dropped. Through the darkness came cries for help from men up to their waists in shell-craters and badly hurt. But the others pressed on and jumped into the trench. A few Germans attempted resistance and were bayoneted or shot, and others fled.

“ The place was hardly a trench. It had been shelled out of all shape, but very coolly and methodically the Shropshires began to consolidate the shell-holes, and succeeded in building some cover and digging in before the first gleam of dawn came across the flood. A young officer with one Lewis gun and a party of men attacked a point still held by the enemy and took it without loss, having killed all the Germans. At 5 a.m., when the sky was lightening and there was a twitter of birds in spite of all the guns, the enemy massed for a counter-attack by a ruined cottage behind our old trench, which was now back in

our hands, but when they advanced a quarter of an hour later they were caught under the fire of our rifles and machine-guns and broke. On the way back they suffered heavily in the barrage of our artillery. In this early hour of a new day about thirty Germans with a machine-gun were seen in a trench to the right, and a party of Shropshires organised a bombing attack and drove them out towards the ruins of a little 'estaminet' or inn on the right of the position. Here they were raked by the rifle-fire of the company facing that point, and few of them reached their own lines. The machine-gun is now a trophy of the Shropshires, with another taken in a sap later in the day. The men who attacked on the left had similar adventures at first in the flood, and then through sharp bursts of rifle-fire and in the recaptured trench, where they killed some of the enemy, and chased out about thirty more. The Germans' counter-attack at dawn arrived within about thirty yards of this position, but it seemed disorganised and was quickly repulsed. The Shropshires gained and held the lost line.

"This is the general narrative of the action, but individual acts of courage and self-sacrifice come very clear and shining out of that night of darkness when masses of men struggled through a bog to another quagmire. There was a lance-corporal who was shot badly in the shoulder, but toiled under heavy fire to bring back a wounded comrade to safety. It took some hours to cover that six hundred yards with the stricken man. Another Shropshire lad held an isolated sap single-handed, and armed with bombs, against the German counter-attacks. One of these country boys was severely wounded in the first assault, but crawled into the German trench and stayed there for thirty-six hours, during which he helped to repulse two counter-attacks. One of the Shropshire officers led his men to the assault while one of his arms was hanging by a thread after a piece of shrapnel had struck him. A private in the Army Medical Corps organised rescue-parties for the wounded who lay out in the open under heavy shell-fire, and though hit in the head by a shell splinter or shrapnel bullet, continued his work and helped to save about fifty men. A sergeant went back twice for support over open ground which was being fiercely shelled, and though he sank up to his armpits in the bog, struggled out and fulfilled his task. Another sergeant worked for two hours in the zone of fire,

digging out men who had fallen and were too weak to rise.

"The Colonel of the Battalion was killed by a shell splinter towards the end of the assault, and before he had the happiness of knowing that his Shropshires had gained the day. The officer who then took command was, he tells me, 'born in the regiment,' which was commanded by his father before him in years gone by.

"It is a long way from Flanders to that little county of Shropshire, where the orchards must be white with blossom now, but not too far, I think, for the story I have told to thrill many hearts in the old farmsteads there. The Shropshire lads have done well, and England will be proud of them for that night's work."

Writing after this splendid work of the Shropshires, Mr. Inglis says:

"On Sunday I had to wake the doctor. He had been two days and nights without sleep. I had the greatest difficulty in waking him at all, but at last he sat up and talked to me for at least twenty minutes and told me everything.

"A few days later, when meeting the same doctor, he began to tell some of his experiences all over again, not having the faintest recollection of ever having mentioned the subject before."

This is by no means uncommon when individuals have been through great mental strain.

Writing of the Colonel's death he says, "I went to see Luard. He was not conscious. A telegram came later to say he was dead. He is to have a military funeral and I am taking it to-morrow. He *was* a good chap. . . ."

After the funeral was over he writes of it, saying, "It was a beautiful day. The officers and one hundred and fifty men went in lorries to the cemetery for the Colonel's funeral. It was an impressive service. Our cemetery is beautifully looked after, and is just a mass of daffodils now. At the end of the service it has always been the custom to sound the bugles. I asked that we might have the Réveille sounded after the Last Post, and Murray agreed. It was suggested to me by the Brigadier, and it is such a nice idea that I thought it was worth adopting."

April 27.—"It is very interesting here; one hears a good deal of information first-hand, but I am afraid it does not make my letters more interesting, as I cannot pass the information on. One thing I have learnt from personal knowledge, and that is that the German communiques are guilty of direct lying.

"Just been interrupted by 'Sigs' (the signalling officer), a nice boy who looks about fifteen. He wanted me to go out and hear the cuckoo; it is the first time I have heard it this year. I also saw my first pair of swallows to-day."

April 28.—"I don't think I have any news for you, as one does much the same thing every day; the only variety comes from the way in which the enemy behaves. For example, this morning he amused himself by throwing gas-shells over us for about an hour. They have a nasty sickly smell and rather spoilt the taste of my breakfast; it is extraordinary, considering the amount of stuff they throw, how little damage they do. They tell me the shells that are being thrown over are pretty bad ones (I mean badly made), and there was not a heavy charge in them.

"We give him more stuff here than he gives us—bigger stuff and better stuff. They say our shrapnel is infinitely superior and does more damage, which I can quite believe. Last night they were sending over quite a lot of shrapnel and it was all of it bursting about a hundred yards up, which is, of course, no good at all.

"It is a lovely evening and there are a good number of aeroplanes about of all sorts. I certainly think the German aeroplane does not have nearly as much his own way as he did when I was up before, which is satisfactory."

May 6.—"We are near my old hut in the wood. This morning I sent Williams over to get a change of clothes from it. It seems that two days ago two shells dropped close to it and all the inhabitants fled. They apparently managed to get all their own things away, but they left mine, Reed's, and others'. The Belgians broke in and stole the lot. I was a little bit cross—all my spare clothes have gone; I have only got the shirt and pants that I stand up in."

Happily a little leave home at this time enabled Mr. Inglis

to replenish his wardrobe. On his return to duty he resumes his letters.

May 23.—"This morning I wrote some letters and went to see Reed, who lives about ten minutes from here. It took just two hours to get there, as I met so many friends on the road. It is like going round Lord's on an Oxford and Cambridge day."

May 27.—"I have been out almost all day. I met Colonel Gathorne Hardy this morning, the one in the Guards; he was in charge of rather an exalted person who looked a perfect child. [The Prince of Wales.—*Author.*] Everyone is agreed that he ought not to be allowed up here. He has gone now."

June 14.—"This is rotten weather, it has hardly stopped raining for the last twenty hours.

"I went down to the Château to see Murray and the K.S.L.I. They were all looking very weary, having been heavily shelled all night. I only stayed at the dressing-station till about twelve, and on my way home got pretty well wet through. As I slushed through the mud I thought how nice a 'flea-bag' would be, but when I reached my dug-out I found 'Sigs' juggling with two basins trying to catch all the water that was pouring into my bed. He caught most of it, but not all. I managed to find some dry spots and emptied the basins, rearranging them so as to catch the water. On a small bunk I and the two basins made rather a full house, but I managed to sleep and, strange to say, did not upset the basins."

June 19.—"I was shown to-day a very interesting document which was taken off a wounded German one day this week. It was a German General's order. It began by saying their losses had been very heavy in taking certain trenches. It went on to say that these trenches were very important and must be held at all costs (those trenches have now been taken back by us); then it went on to say that all English equipment was to be very carefully collected: boots, leather belts, etc. It specially mentioned, further on, that the English dead were to be stripped of their boots, and all woollen garments, as these, it said, 'are essential to our success.' It rather looks as if there was some shortage."

July 27.—"I am sending off to-day a skull-cap, and I want two or three hundred to start with. They are for the Buffs; they go inside the steel helmet and make it quite comfortable, and, to speak plainly, absorb the sweat.

"The rats are terribly noisy again to-night."

The dug-out in the Ypres salient is now left behind and they are on the march—towards the great struggle on the Somme, but Mr. Inglis does not say so; there are merely repeated references to being on the march.

July 31.—"I think I shall probably send a bag of things home, as we shall be travelling light for a time."

August 5.—"We had another move yesterday, only about six miles. I started off a little after nine with a limber and two men for the canteen. I have got a small brigade canteen running. My shop is set up under a tree in an orchard. It is rather difficult to manage these things when you are never more than forty-eight hours in the same place, but they all make it as easy as possible, and it is a great boon to the men."

August 11.—"We could do with a great many more skull-caps; the number I could do with now is one thousand five hundred. We had our service right by the guns in case they were ordered to fire."

After this the letters got very hurried, as they are evidently in the thick of it. One of the new trenches dug in the battlefield was christened the 'Reetor trench,' in honour of Mr. Inglis, who was known amongst the officers and men as the 'Reetor.' Referring to this with evident satisfaction in a letter, he says, "I have been shown the Reetor trench on the map; it goes right up to the German lines."

All were roughing it now, and the Padre was sleeping under the stars, and learnt the useful trick of scratching a hole in the ground for his hip-bone to rest in, which is familiar to every soldier and most sporting folk whose journeyings carry them far afield.

September 12.—"It mercifully did not rain last night; though the ground was rather bumpy I slept very well. It's

just splendid the way our guns keep going. It is just a roar all the time."

September 14.—"I think it is quite possible you may get this letter late and may have to wait a long time for others."

September 16.—"I was up yesterday morning at 5 and on the move by 5.45. I had a two hours' walk, and took up my abode in a crater of a German mine where we had a very rough dressing-station; we were very busy. It was awful getting the wounded down, over a very rough country full of shell-holes. Some of the men must have been four or five hours on the journey. We had at least ten men hit while bringing them down, and that means pain for the wounded they are helping."

September 17.—"This is Sunday, I believe, but I have not realised it at all and have no services, have arranged none. We are trying to clear the battlefield. Being very antique, I always have a soft job. Ingram (a doctor) was collecting with the stretcher-bearers and bringing the wounded to me. I was in charge of the stretcher-bearers from K.S.L.I. headquarters to the dressing-station. We had rather a disastrous evening. I got two lots down and was back in the King's Shropshire Light Infantry headquarters by ten o'clock. Ingram had just gone off again, leaving word I was to keep all his stretcher-bearers who came in till he returned.

"About 10.45 the Corporal with his party came and reported that Ingram had crawled off by himself and had not returned. Murray sent off an officer and one man, also Ingram's Corporal, to see if they could find out anything. They got right up to the German lines and could see the enemy, and they are rather afraid that in the dark Ingram went right into the German lines. I do hope he is all right and at worst a prisoner. He is such a good chap; many have got the V.C. for a great deal less than he has done.

"I did not get back till 6.30 this morning. I had a good three hours' sleep. In a few minutes will be off to the dressing-station. I shall probably be back early to-day."

These were the last words he wrote. He died in No-Man's-

Land while rescuing the wounded, amongst whom he probably hoped to find his friend, Ingram.

In the inevitable confusion of so great a battle it was difficult to find out exactly what had happened. Rumours that a Padre had been killed came through the brigade headquarters, and the Reverend Neville Talbot, S.C.F., did all he could to find out the facts. On Wednesday, September 20, he wrote to Mrs. Inglis, giving her the full story as follows :

Wednesday, September 20, 1916.—"On Monday afternoon about 3.15, whilst searching for wounded who had been lying out for several days, he was hit by a shell and killed instantly. You would have heard before had the brigade to which he was attached clearly known what had become of him, but while his brigade (and division) has been in the big fight he has been acting rather as a free lance . . . making his quarters back at the transport lines and going up for longish spells to help with the wounded at the advanced dressing-station near the lines. Our attack, which his brigade and others in the division made last Friday, was unsuccessful, with the result that at nightfall our line was behind the ground over which the troops had tried to advance. This meant that many wounded had to be left out—some of them, at any rate—until Monday morning, when the ground was won by a successful attack.

"I think your husband joined in efforts that were made previous to the successful attack to rescue the wounded by night. Others will, I hope, tell you about that. What I do know is that on Monday he joined a party of stretcher-bearers under Captain Moir, R.A.M.C., which went out after the successful attack and therefore behind our front line, to search for wounded.

"I will ask Captain Moir to write to you himself. He got his leg torn by barbed wire and came down through my dressing-station (some five or six miles back) and asked me if I knew anything about your husband. It seems that Moir and he got separated; the former lost his way and never rejoined your husband."

What had happened was this: Mr. Inglis, unknown to the headquarters, had joined a party of stretcher-bearers headed by Capt. Moir, from whom he got separated, but met and fell in

with another party which had been sent out by the Sherwood Foresters under Lieutenant Mellor. Mr. Inglis having located some wounded, asked this party to come and fetch them in ; whilst they were doing this, shelling began again and Mr. Inglis was hit in the leg. He, Mellor, and a stretcher-bearer named Stretton, of the Sherwood Foresters, got into a shell-hole, and the latter began to bandage the wound, when another shell landed in the shell-hole, killing Mr. Inglis and Stretton, and dangerously wounding Mellor, who died two days later.

Sergeant Rogers, who was with Mellor's party, was able to give this accurate account ; he had hidden in another shell-hole and at once went to see what had happened, and found that without doubt the brave Padre had been instantaneously killed. Rogers, who was in the Sherwood Foresters, has since been killed in action.

In a letter from Mr. Talbot he says :

" I have got the spot marked on the map and have reported it to the brigade. A big burial party was at work all over the ground last night ; I think it is fairly certain they will have carried out the burial. If there is any doubt I and the brigade staff will not rest till we have seen to the burial. It is not an easy place to get to, as it is often shelled, but it shall be managed.

" I cannot overstate the sorrow there is to-day in the brigade ; they simply loved him, so said several officers and men in the Shropshires to me to-day. He has fallen doing gallant work for others. . . . You will, I believe, feel the glory of such a death met while saving others ; yours, ours, is the loss, not his. He is mourned throughout the division.

" You must not blame anyone. The brigadier and staff were absorbed in the fighting ; they had tried to restrain him, but he could not bear the thought of the men lying out wounded hour after hour thinking they were forsaken and forgotten.

" He has glorified his profession and his Master. I hope to find out where the grave is and mark it with a cross, but the conditions of this awful battlefield are such that it is very difficult to do all that ought to be done to honour those who have fallen."

September 23.—" I have been to-day to the spot where on Tuesday last some of the 1st Cheshires buried the rector's body.

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It is an exposed position at present, and I am afraid it is very likely to be shelled again, but I have driven a good strong cross, with metal lettering on it, deep into the ground."

Numbers of letters were written to Mrs. Inglis's family ; all speak of him with the greatest affection and respect, and it will be clear to the minds of those who have read his letters from the front that he was a clean-minded, unselfish, and intensely sympathetic man.

Amongst the letters written of him to his wife there are one or two I should like to quote. One from Colonel Murray, K.S.L.I.

" . . . None knew his worth more than we did, as he lived with us for so long. One of the bravest men I have ever met, and we see many here ; he gave his life to help others. I fear that one of the reasons that took him to that part of the field was that he was looking for my doctor, whom he was very fond of, as he had previously wanted to go out and I had stopped him, but the day on which he met his end I did not see him. He always was much upset about wounded having to lie out any time, and he worked night and day to help them."

Again, Colonel Lord Henry Scott, Commanding 8th Bedfords, writes :

" He was one of those whom it was only necessary to meet and then to love. He was always so kind to me, and we had much in common. He alone in this brigade had many friends who were also friends of mine ; he also knew and shot on our moors at home. You know how splendid he was at gathering up the wounded on the battlefield. I said to one of the medical officers that I thought he was taking too much risk ; the M.O. answered, ' Anyhow, if he had not gone up, many of your wounded men would not have been brought in. ' "

To my humble mind that last sentence is the most comforting of all the kindly efforts to carry healing to grief-stricken hearts. One would be proud to have lived for that alone.

Private F. Edridge, 1st Buffs, writes :

" I have been with this regiment at the front for twelve months, and I can vouch for what I say, as I saw it all myself. I should like to say that he is a great favourite of the men and

we are all very proud of him. . . . On the night of the battle, at much inconvenience to himself, Mr. Inglis was around the trenches with a word of comfort for all, which nerved us for dangers we knew awaited us. The next time I saw him was after the fight ; he was with a party of R.A.M.C. men, and although the shells and bullets of the enemy were still tearing up the earth all around, and it was pouring hard with rain, he was helping the wounded and getting them back to cover and safety, working as hard as any man on the field that day. I only hope that his grand work was seen by someone in authority who will give him the honour and credit he so well deserves. I cannot say more, beyond that it was most noble and grand of him, and may it please our Lord and Master in Heaven to bless and reward him accordingly."

From General L. Nicholson :

" He was a man in a million, and very many of us in the 16th Brigade owe more to him than we can say. Personally, I am proud to have had him for a friend, even for that short time we lived together, and his death is a great grief to me. . . . Of him it can be truly said, ' Greater love hath no man than this, that he gave his life for his friends.' "

His brother-officers wrote some touching tributes ; one says :

" I shall never forget when I was wounded and taken to the dressing-station on the canal bank how wonderful he was, cheering up all the men and handing cigarettes round, and he had been two days without rest. All the time I was in France I never met a Chaplain anything like him."

The Rev. J. Dwyer Keily, C.F., Wesleyan, writes :

" May the spirit of the dear rector live in the hearts of his children and make them great. . . . Always careless of himself and thoughtful for others. I never met a man so universally loved and respected in the brigade as he was, and as he passed along I think people felt kinder and better."

Mr. Sidney Byass, of Llanlough Castle, Cowbridge, who had been one of Mr. Inglis's greatest friends for thirty years, has built a little chapel at La Panne to his memory. It has been

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furnished by Mrs. Inglis. It was at first used in connection with the Queen of the Belgians' hospital and was consecrated by Bishop Bury (Bishop of North and Central Europe) in June, 1917.

There is a plate in the chapel explaining it was built in memory of The Rev. Rupert Edward Inglis by his friend Sidney Byass.

British soldiers are in that chapel now, having been removed from the hospital, which was being shelled.

How pleased Mr. Inglis would have been to see the numbers of soldiers outside, in lines, awaiting their turn to attend the daily service now held there. But who amongst us dare say he does not know?

One of the most charming of Mr. Inglis's characteristics was his devotion to his mother. There are many devoted sons and mothers, but the relationship between Rupert Inglis and his mother was out of the common.

I have often noticed it is the men who love their mothers who live pure lives and carry brave hearts; their love is a talisman. Men's love for their mothers makes them tender and respectful to women. The man who believes in no woman's goodness and integrity is like a ship without a rudder.

Lady Inglis, his mother, was the daughter of the first Baron Chelmsford (the Hon. Julia Selina Thesiger). She wrote a book of her experiences during the siege of Lucknow, which interested me, as I know the place intimately. The Rev. Rupert Inglis's father commanded the 32nd Regiment during the Mutiny, and marched with it into Lucknow in January, 1857.

When Sir Henry Lawrence was mortally wounded in the Residency, he said no one better than Colonel Inglis could be found to command the troops.

Lady Inglis (then Mrs. Inglis) and her children were shut into the besieged Residency or Bailie Guard with the other women and children. I know the room where she lay when ill, and the exact spot where Sir Henry Lawrence died.

It seems fitting that the son of such a fine soldier as Sir John Inglis should have died amongst fighting soldiers.

Mr. Rupert Inglis liked comfort and the good things of this world to which he had been accustomed, but was eager to throw it all on one side to go out and do his bit.

He was a finely-built man, over six feet in height, and very

strong, so in a measure he suffered less from his privation than some of his less robust fellow-workers ; but his height made some of the wayside iron beds and the dug-outs somewhat inadequate at times.

I think what he termed his " rude health " partly accounted for his cheerfulness and sunny temper. Like most gentle natures, he hated pain for anybody or anything, and I am glad his own end was not one of long suffering.

His religion was unostentatious, but very real. An intimate friend, speaking of his views, said, " He disliked the term ' high church ' and ' broad church,' and he could not have been classified under either heading, as a broad-churchman is so liberal in his views as to have no principles left, and a high-churchman is a person who can be enthusiastic over the cut of a cope or number of candles. Rupert Inglis was a loyal adherent of the Catholic party in the Church of England, and was fearless in upholding what he felt to be the true ideals of the historic Church."

That may have been his friend's view, but I think Mr. Inglis was undoubtedly what we mean when we say a man is High Church. It is a silly expression, but through custom it conveys to our minds certain mental and religious attitudes.

He was a man of quick temper, but well controlled, devoted to all his family and very proud of his children. He married the daughter of Mr. W. O. Gilchrist, of Queen's Gate.

Mr. Inglis was born just after his father's death and spent a good deal of his childhood with the Chelmsford grandparents. Once when staying with them he shot a hare which was not on the family preserves. When it appeared on the table Lord Chelmsford, meaning to reprimand his grandson in a kindly way, said, " I cannot possibly eat poached hare." Rupert replied, " You eat poached eggs, so why not poached hare ? "

From his earliest years Mr. Inglis had a distinct vocation for Holy Orders. He studied under Canon Luckock for a couple of terms, then went abroad to study languages, and returned to study under Canon Newbolt, whose influence was one of the strongest in his life.

After being ordained in 1889, he held curacies at Helmsley, in Yorkshire, and later at Basingstoke. While curate at Helmsley, he was told by a farmer's wife, whom he was visiting,

that she had brought fourteen children into the world and the churchyard had been no friend to her ; from which it might be imagined that she had buried some of them. But it was only her quaint way of expressing herself ; what she meant was all her children had been spared to her, so the churchyard had not been called upon to befriend her.

In 1899 Mr. Inglis was appointed rector of Frittenden, in Kent, from where the guns could be heard that were to end his earthly career.

At first the Frittendens and their rector did not entirely agree in matters ecclesiastical, and there were little storms in teacups, but when, in 1915, their shepherd left them to join the troops as army chaplain, none were left behind who bore him any ill-will. One old lady said, " I don't mind my son going now, for Mr. Inglis will look after him."

The rector of Frittenden said he always regretted having devoted so much of his time in his youthful days to games and sport, as it had prevented him reading as much as he ought to have done ; but he made up for it later, and perhaps in his last days he may have ceased the regret when he found what a passport it was to the soldiers' hearts ; how a chat in hospital with the wounded over cricket, football, boxing, shooting, or whatever it might be, helped them to forget their pain, and what was in many cases worse than physical pain, the lying thinking, and trying to solve the problem of life with limbs gone, eyesight, or possibly paralysed for life. A man may be gloriously brave physically in the excitement and heat of battle, with a collective courage in him, but great spiritual bravery is needed to face life maimed and nerve-shattered. I think Mr. Inglis felt this, and spent every spare moment with the wounded trying to cheer them and help them to be brave. He had a great admiration and love for the British soldier, and understood him, never under-estimating his difficulties, and by never appearing shocked gained their confidence. Being blessed with a certain amount of worldly goods he had the happiness of ministering to their material needs as well as their spiritual.

CHAPTER XVI

Captain the Rev. William Benton—"Doing a Bunk"—He Enlists—Fights a Corporal—Deserts—Joins Australian Artillery—Becomes Richard White—On Robben Island—Cooks for the Lepers—A Mission of Help—Father Engleheart's Work—Lives of the Lepers—A Court-Martial—The King's Pardon—Ordained—First Curacy—"Beer and Bacey Free"—In the Slums—Boxing Classes—At the Wash-Tub—A Poor Church Collection—South Africa Again—An Encounter with a Madman—Return to England—An Anonymous Letter—A Moving Sermon—Becomes Chaplain in France—An Act of Vengeance—Mr. Benton Cooks for the Soldiers—Doctors at Work—Ordered to Bed—Mr. Benton becomes a Combatant—As Sniping Officer Wounded—Impressive Services—Wounded Again—Home on Leave—Scouting and Scouting Officer—Dressed as an Old Woman—A Woman Spy—With Refractory Soldiers—A Long Good-bye—Wounded once More—Unconscious in Shell-Hole—Leg Amputated—The End.

I DOUBT if this great war has ended any more remarkable and valuable life than that of Captain the Rev. William Richard Benton, who fell in the battle of the Somme in August, 1916. He was a man of many parts, his whole life a big adventure, a real and living romance.

As a boy he was undoubtedly a scallawag, and scallawags are usually the most lovable members of a family ; we love them much better than "the good young man who died."

Captain Benton's parents lived at Herne Bay, in Kent. His father, Thomas Mansford Benton, was a stockbroker and must have been sorely tried by his son, who was an emotional, headstrong youth, resenting any form of discipline, and, to impress this upon the minds of his parents, ran away from school three times. He always enjoyed what he called "doing a bunk." Twice he was sent back in ignominy, but the third time it was considered wasted energy.

At the age of ten he ran away from home and sold his play-box to get money to buy food. He was by way of being educated at Framlingham College. When he was seventeen his father died and he came into a small fortune. He chose stock-broking as a profession, presumably because his father had been a stockbroker, but of all the professions he could hardly have

chosen one more unsuitable to his temperament. The life was much too tame and unexciting, but it was short-lived. A combination of stockbroking and love affairs ran away with all his money, and, to put it shortly, he played the mischief all round.

He then disappeared and enlisted in the Royal Marine Artillery. With his Majesty's shilling in his pocket the prison walls of the barracks swallowed him up, but only for a short time. The army is a mill that grinds "exceeding small." Harum-scarum young Benton had already demonstrated to all whom it might concern that he objected to being ground small after any fashion whatever. It was, therefore, not surprising that he and the army soon came into collision, which led to a fight with a corporal and desertion.

The history of these events is rather slight, but he appears to have been in the habit of paying other men to do his fatigues for him. One day the corporal told Benton (who had enlisted under the name of White) to scrub his allotted span of floor himself. Benton suggested the corporal could do it; this led to words, followed by blows, and the non-commissioned officer being laid out on the floor under discussion. Benton, being an athlete and quick with his fists, had the corporal at a disadvantage.

After this little episode Benton ran away and hid himself in various places until an opportunity of going to Australia came his way. The date of his departure I do not know, but he arrived in that country being known as, and having travelled as, Richard White. He now kept himself with any odd job that came his way until the Boer war broke out, when he immediately volunteered and joined the Australian Artillery as a gunner, still under the name of Richard White. He served all through the Boer war without being wounded and without any illness. He had been recommended for a commission when peace was declared.

Being now a homeless wanderer once more, he made up his mind to join the Cape Mounted Police, and was stationed in a part of the country where opium-dens abounded.

While in Cape Town he heard of a vacancy for a cook on Robben Island amongst the lepers. For this post he applied and was engaged, proving himself a useful man, acting as cook, painter, laundryman, and general factotum.

By this time he was what the world calls a "tough customer." Kipling has sung of England's Benton in the "Lost Legion."

"There's a Legion that never was 'listed,
That carries no colours or crest,
But, split in a thousand detachments,
Is breaking the road for the rest.
Our fathers they left us their blessing,
They taught us, and groomed us and crammed ;
But we've shaken the clubs and the Messes
To go and find out and be damned (dear boys),
To go and get shot and be damned."

The runaway schoolboy, stockbroker, private soldier, deserter, war veteran, mounted policeman, and cook had grown into a lean and sun-tanned man with keen eyes grown hostile with much looking on the rough side of life, the sort of person a man does not pick a quarrel with in a saloon if he can help it.

What follows is at once extraordinary and commonplace. Much of the story of his conversion by the missionaries on Robben Island reads like the wonderful histories of "How I was saved," which are expounded at Salvation Army meetings ; but, however that may be, this is the true account of a man whose after-life shows him to have been a magnificent fellow, which makes it interesting if for no other reason.

His letters home at this time are not literature, but they are the genuine outpourings of one who has suddenly found himself and is struggling to become articulate. Phrases that sound platitudinous to unsympathetic ears are to him splendid discoveries that he is passionately anxious to make others understand and exult over as he does.

It so happened that just at this time a Mission was being held in the island by Father Fitzgerald, who named it a "Mission of Help."

One evening as Benton was passing the place where Father Fitzgerald was holding a meeting he thought he would look in and see what it was like. At this time he believed in nothing, was an agnostic, but he became interested in the address being delivered by the missionary, and next day went to see him and had a long talk. From this moment Benton began his life afresh, taking a more serious view of his obligations and responsibilities, ending with a very strong wish to take Holy Orders,

feeling from his own experiences he would know how to help others and be able to sympathise with them. That holy man Father Engleheart, who was a chaplain to the lepers on Robben Island, took a great interest in young Benton, becoming to him a father in spirit and in deed.

His advice to the young man was that he could not hope to take Orders until he had given himself up as a deserter ; this was a great shock, as Benton quite thought that his active service with the Australians had purged his desertion. He was told this was not so, and was advised to journey home and give himself up, and that should the sentence be of a nature to disqualify him, he must accept it as God's indication that He did not call him to the Priesthood. This was a bitter pill.

Some of the letters he wrote home during this moral upheaval are interesting ; they were mostly addressed to his step-mother, to whom he was greatly attached. Writing from Robben Island on December 3, 1904, while still living under the name of White, he says :

“ I hardly know how to start writing to you, as I feel so utterly ashamed of myself for neglecting so long to answer your kind letter to me. I am afraid the truth is that until quite lately I have been so utterly selfish in thinking of my own advancement that I could not spare time to write to anybody ; however, thank God that time has passed, and I am writing to ask you to forgive my past unkindness and neglect and let us make a fresh start. I am the more encouraged to ask it now at this season of peace and goodwill towards all men, as I remember you used to think so much of this season.

“ Am settled down on this wonderful little island close to Cape Town and yet absolutely cut off from it. Later on, when I have paid all my debts (which is at present taking up every penny of my wages), I will send you some views of the Island. It is difficult though, even with them, to get any idea of what it is really like, and quite impossible to form any idea of the inhabitants. It is a wonderful idea to think of being put down in a place where there are over 1,000 souls composed of lunatics, lepers, and convicts, with the object of serving them. Were it not for the great fact that we can see Jesus Christ gazing at us and asking pity from their eyes, we might often feel them

repulsive and loathsome, but with that thought to guide us it is nothing short of marvellous the affection you get to feel for them all.

"I don't think I should ever have known and felt this beautiful pity and love for them had it not been for that great 'Mission of Help' which has been out here. I went on the first night and then never missed. I seem to have lived my whole life in the most intense ignorance of what is wanted and required of us. I had a chat with the missionary, a Mr. Fitzgerald; he is a very High Churchman and not at all like what we generally fancy missionaries to be. That chat led to others, and now I feel a different being altogether."

A great remorse seems to have seized him for the way he had treated his people; it suddenly came home to him how unkind he had been to them. Now the home he had run away from was remembered lovingly, and a great longing came to him to see it and all appertaining to it again. Later in the same letter he says:

"I should indeed love to see the little cottage and the old church again. Would you mind putting a bunch of flowers on dear old Dad's and Mother's grave for me? I should like to think of them being there."

He then expressed the wish for letters, the same longing experienced by most exiles, letters from home.

The relationship between stepmothers and stepchildren is not always a happy one, but the affection between Dick Benton and his stepmother was quite charming; she thought the world of him and he was devoted to her.

The following letter gives some idea of this.

"ROBBEN ISLAND,

"NR. CAPE TOWN,

"CAPE COLONY, S. AFRICA.

"February 1, 1905.

"Your letter received this mail. You cannot think how delighted I was. It was such a beautiful letter and I have read it over many times. . . . You are a born comforter, and you always have something nice and cheery to say to me. . . . You ask me to tell you what I am doing. Well, at the time of writing I am clerk in the works' department office of Robben Island.

. . . This is perhaps the most unique spot on the face of the earth, about eight miles from Cape Town and six from the nearest land. The island itself is only about six or seven miles round, simply a dot in the ocean. Nobody is allowed on it except by Government permit. The population is made up of long-lived convicts (coloured), lunatics, lepers; and all the criminal cases come here, together with the various warders, attendant nurses, workmen and Government officials necessary to look after them. I am one of the latter."

Writing evidently in answer to a question from his step-mother :

"No, I am not a missionary yet, but I may be some day. You know, you can't go on a Mission just as you can walk into a shop and buy a penny bun; a long course of training is necessary before you are fit for such work.

"You must not think we are in a desert, or anything of that kind. We have not much in the way of trees and shrubs, it is mostly rock and sand, but there are good substantial buildings for the higher officers and the patients. The rest of us live in houses made mostly of corrugated iron and wood, very complete, but a proper harbour for bugs and fleas; that, however, is merely a detail.

"We have cricket here, dances and concerts. All drink is well guarded. I have given up all intoxicants, though not a teetotaler. I find I am better without it, and besides, I cannot afford it. We need to keep our wits about us. The patients are sometimes dangerous and the convicts have to be watched carefully, so all things considered I think it is better to do without.

"Some of the lepers are in an awful state, and yet they are wonderfully patient under their trials. I was working in the leper compound as a house-painter when first I came here, and so got to know a lot of them very well. I now go in my spare time to visit them and try to cheer them up a bit. There is one I go especially to see. He is an Englishman of good family and was at one time leading a fast life. A good-hearted chap, owned his own race-horses and was a most popular fellow. Then this awful disease came out on him. He was in a great state of despondency at first, and confessed he had thought of

destroying himself. We who are well are not half thankful enough for all God's great mercies. . . . Taken to-day my first service in church here to help a chaplain. It was for coloured boys, and was my first official service for God, and I was and am so thankful to Him for using such an unworthy vessel as I am in His service ; may He grant that we may all in our several ways help to spread His Kingdom.

" I have been playing a good deal of cricket here. . . . I am now living with the chaplain ; he is such a friend to me. He is one of Sir Thomas Engleheart's sons, and gave up a most comfortable living at home to come here and do good. He is very humble and never seems to see that he is doing so much good. He has a private income and gives a lot away, living in the plainest possible manner himself, begrudging even a shilling a month for his own tobacco. He lends me his books and is always helping in some way or other. Last week he gave me a watch and would not allow a word of thanks ; never will, saying it was as much for himself as for me, as he wanted me always to be in time for meals. That is the way he puts things off.

" He has offered to pay all expenses for me to go to a Theological College at home, probably St. Chads, Durham, if they will take me to be trained as a priest for the sacred ministry.

" I am waiting for an answer from Father Fitzgerald to know if they will take me, and I have started reading Greek and Latin, as there is an entrance examination to this college which I am afraid will be very stiff to me after being so long away from school.

" I wish dear father had lived to see my happiness, but still, he will know after all. The only bar to it all is my own unworthiness. It seems awfully presumptive to have wasted so many of the best years of one's life and then to take the remainder and offer it to God. May I think that all of you at home will rejoice with me that I have found my true vocation ?

" Father Engleheart has been to immense trouble finding out and arranging all sorts of things for me, even to my taking my right name again ; but I cannot do that until on my journey home, which will be about October. Father Fitzgerald has written to say he thinks they will take me at St. Chads. It will mean very hard work, as I have a lot to read up and preparation to do, but it will be a work of love, which makes it much easier.

“ We played Wellington yesterday at cricket and beat them easily. Our opponents couldn’t get back to town again owing to a heavy south-easter that was blowing ; these winds cut us off entirely from the mainland, as no boat can live in the sea.

“ I am settled down now in the Commissioner’s office to steady work, and could remain here to the end of the chapter, but I think that I can do better work for our Lord in the Church.

“ Many things attract me here, and I shall be very sorry indeed to leave. It has been a home to me when I was friendless, but it has been more than that, it has been the place in which I have truly found my God. For that reason alone it will ever hold the very strongest place possible in my affections.”

At last the definite news came that the Theological College would take him in spite of the past, and he came home after his long absence to give himself up and face his court-martial.

Father Engleheart, whose advice he was following, had meanwhile, I think, been at work himself and got others to work in Mr. Benton’s favour.

The much dreaded, yet anxiously looked forward to day arrived for the court-martial, and speaking of that time, Benton said :

“ When I went in to receive sentence the President held out his hand and said, ‘ I congratulate you, Benton ; here is the King’s pardon,’ and I was let off scot free. I believe that such a thing has never happened before, and when my director heard it he said, ‘ This is the finger of God, your way is clear.’ ”

Benton then went to Lichfield Theological College for two years, and was ordained by the Bishop of Lichfield in 1908.

His first curacy was at Walsall, in Staffordshire, which was the very place for him, being largely a slum parish providing plenty of scope for his energies, and he felt, no doubt, that whatever the drawbacks of his career it would at least enable him to deal with the rough elements, as milder brands of curates could scarcely hope to do.

He found his vicar a very good man, but one who stood somewhat aghast before the slums into which he had failed to penetrate in the spiritual sense. It is easy to imagine how Benton’s enthusiasm was fired by this situation, so when his

chief mourned to him over the "Submerged Tenth," he replied, "This is not your work, vicar; it requires a bachelor to go and live among them, and I will go."

If the good vicar was slightly scandalised at so much assurance on the part of his new curate he must have felt relieved at the idea of the slums being taken off his shoulders, so he consented.

Benton took rooms in the worst part of the district and set about converting the submerged. His methods were original, and if the vicar knew all, his hair must have stood straight on end, for on the door of his lodging appeared a large notice, "Beer and baccy free; come and have a talk"—which as a preliminary must have endeared him to the hearts of the temperance party! but he was absolutely fearless in his convictions and ideas. If he felt a thing was right he would do it, although his methods were often misunderstood and criticised.

With this stimulating announcement on his door he awaited events. No one came for some time, but at last a few venturesome spirits dropped in and were greeted something after this fashion:

"Here I am come to live among you, whether you like it or not. My door will always be open and you can come and help yourselves to a pipe or to a meal, but don't take anything away. If I have any tobacco it will be here, and if I have any beer it will be here. If it is not here it will mean I have not got any."

Mr. Benton said, as far as he knew, his rough visitors never did take anything out of the house.

It was almost impossible to get any facts from him of his work amongst the poor, but I know a good deal of his endeavours and doings at different times in his life.

Some of his experiences in the Walsall slums were unusual. He was known amongst the habitués as the "Fighting Parson." This was in consequence of his settling disputed points in pugilistic fashion, which no doubt he found was the method they understood best.

Once when finding a man and wife having a fierce fight he ventured to interfere, and while so doing another man came up behind and struck him a violent blow behind the ear. After Mr. Benton had finished with the married couple he turned to his second assailant, who said by way of explanation, "You

have no right to interfere between another man and his wife." Mr. Benton then invited him to take his coat off; this he did with a good deal of action to show how brave and strong he was—a man of determination, in fact. The curate promptly knocked him down; the man got up expressing himself as anxious to continue the fight, and was promptly knocked down again; asked if he would like some more, the man shamefacedly replied in the negative. He was then invited to go and drink a cup of tea with his opponent.

The curate seems to have been lucky in his battles, for although an experienced boxer, it is not unusual for experts to meet with disaster when they try to fight roughs where unconventional methods are sometimes adopted, such as butting with the head and kicking; but probably he had learnt a thing or two with the Cape Mounted Police. On more than one occasion he surprised some of those he met in the slums by taking his coat off and inviting others to do the same.

It was not long before he had many sincere admirers, for the sporting spirit was strong in him and this attracted men who liked to talk cricket, football, running, and boxing with him. He held classes on all sorts of subjects for the amusement and instruction of his neighbours. His boxing classes were in great favour. I think it struck the men he had found it necessary to knock down and teach a wholesome lesson, that it was very sporting and decent of the parson to teach them the noble art of self-defence!

While on his round visiting amongst the very poor one day Mr. Benton came across a woman, very tired, at a washing-tub; he told her to rest awhile and mind the kiddies and he would finish the washing for her. His coat was off and hung up, his sleeves rolled back and the soap-suds flying, before the woman realised what was taking place.

Mr. Benton's knowledge of men and the seamy side of life, combined with his most earnest and eloquent preaching, made him an ideal slum parson. The fire was burning fiercely in his heart; from an undisciplined, emotional scallawag he had become an altruist, no longer so undisciplined, but still highly emotional, longing to make up for his wasted years. For instance, one day when he thought the collection in church had not been worthy of the cause he had been preaching, he rushed

home and made it up with a cheque of his own, altogether out of proportion to his means, declaring as he signed it he had never been so angry in his life.

So hard did he work in Walsall that after two years his health broke down, and after a severe hæmorrhage he was ordered abroad and went to Switzerland; after a nine months' cure he was advised to try the climate of South Africa. While there he went to a mission station in the high mountains, where he met Miss Ida Wrentmore, to whom he became engaged. After working two years in Namaqualand he went to St. Andrew's Church, Newlands, near Cape Town, for a few months, then as senior curate to St. Barnabas' Church, Klooprood, Cape Town.

Just at this time his old friend Father Engleheart, the chaplain on Robben Island, wished to go home to England on hearing of his mother's death, but was unable to find anybody to take his place while away. Mr. Benton offered himself and returned once more to work amongst the lepers. So little is known of this island and its unhappy inhabitants with their loathsome disease, that to many people the self-sacrifice of those who willingly go to work amongst them cannot be realised. It takes about one and a half hours from Cape Town to Robben Island, and the journey is all by sea. The place was chosen as a leper settlement because of its isolation. There are several hospitals, one with a doctor for lepers alone, another for the officials and lunatics. The nurses are mostly men, and called warders. The disease is most unpleasant and repulsive; the face is the part generally affected; the hair falls off and the voice becomes hoarse and nasal, or lost altogether. Dusky red and livid tubercles of various sizes, varying from a pea to an olive, appear on the face, ears, and extremities, often causing ulceration of the whole surface, accompanied by extreme fœtor. In some forms the fingers and toes fall off; other poor victims become quite blind and mad. Sometimes their poor lips are all eaten away, and Mr. Benton had to feed the sufferers with a spoon, even giving the Sacraments by spoon. Nothing certain is known of the cause of the disease. It is carried in many ways. The germs have been found on vermin, flies, and once on the wing of a partridge. No cure has yet been found, but corrosive sublimate and arsenious acid in minute doses are the

most likely to be of use. Sulphur baths have also been recommended. Cold aggravates the patients' sufferings, and fish diet is supposed to make the symptoms worse, though I believe this is now a disputed point. The disease may continue for many years without causing death; when far advanced it is incurable; even in its early stages a cure is uncertain.

While on the island Mr. Benton did untold work for the lepers. He used to wash and dress some of the most pitiful cases, carry them out to enjoy fresh air, feed them, cook for them, and help to cheer them during their long, miserable days.

There are some vivid glimpses of the awful experiences Benton went through in some of his letters.

Here is a perfect nightmare of a story :

"Some of the lepers are mad and have to be kept in cages. Well, one day I was going round to talk to the lunatics and went inside a cage, and like a fool let the door swing to behind me and it locked itself. Seeing I was locked in, the lunatic at once made for me and tried to bite me. Now if there is a safe recipe for getting leprosy it is a leper's bite, so I scooted round for all I was worth, yelling for the keeper to come and open the door. Fortunately I had the legs of the man, as one of his was wooden. At last, seeing he could not catch me, the leper pulled up, took off his leg and hurled it at me. Mercifully he missed me and I made a dash for it, and by brandishing it with threats of braining him I kept him at a distance until the keeper came and let me out."

In some cases the poor objects have no features left at all, and are a "writhing mass."

I think enough has been said to show what the life of Mr. Benton was during his work on the island. I ought perhaps to have said the lepers are enclosed with barbed wire, and no one without a permit from the Commissioner is allowed near them. The men and women live on different sides of the island. There is a home for the children, looked after by some sisters from St. Margaret's. They have a beautiful chapel. It is wonderful what the poor little souls can do, considering their infirmities. There is great rejoicing when a child leper dies, as the pain gets worse as they grow older.

Mr. Benton had enormous sympathy with the lepers, who so bitterly felt their hard lot and being cut off from everything

and everybody. They used to say, "What have I done to be so punished?" and what was there to say in reply?

The Faculty, I am now told, state the disease is not hereditary and the children are never born with it.

Every community weaves around itself certain conventions, has its little dignities of which it is a jealous guardian, resenting any infringement of its social status. Even these poor maimed, suffering, and disfigured mortals on Robben Island have a grievance outside their piteous malady, for they resent passionately that their island should be a dumping-ground for convicts; they feel it is a slur on themselves.

While working as priest in Cape Town it was part of Mr. Benton's duties to act as chaplain to all the members of the theatrical companies visiting the country. This interested him, and he had many souvenirs that he treasured from those he had helped in more ways than one.

He now married, and having the curacy-in-charge of Bearsted, in Kent, offered to him, he returned to England with his restored health.

The sleepy little country village of Bearsted was suddenly called upon to wake up, for Mr. Benton's methods were rousing and unconventional; perhaps considered by some unorthodox. He rather horrified some of the saintly parishioners by suggesting the Church, Christianity, and God's mercy were all for sinners as well as saints; in fact, the sinners were his special charges, on them he devoted his greatest efforts. He would go into the public-houses to talk and smoke with the habitués, to try and win them; this, of course, laid him open to considerable criticism. There were those who said it was easy to get people to church and sing in the choir if bribed to do so by "beer and baccy"! Before long Mr. Benton had a string of followers, some becoming choirmen, some communicants, and I do not think either beer or baccy had anything more to do with it than having been the means of bringing curate and parishioners into closer touch than would otherwise have been possible; and long after Mr. Benton had left the parish those whom he had won over to the faith of our fathers were still regular churchgoers.

One old peasant whose attendance at church had been very limited was evidently touched by Mr. Benton's administrations,

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for when ill and a layman went to see him, he was told to "Go away! I want *my* clergyman; where is *my* clergyman?" meaning Mr. Benton.

Another man in quite a different class of life, who had been in great trouble, said, "I don't know what I should have done without Benton."

Boxing classes were soon going again full swing. One night when giving a class of boys lessons in boxing, a strange man walked in and said he would like to have the gloves on and have a turn with the parson. Mr. Benton explained he was busy with the kiddies, but would with pleasure give him a turn another night.

An appointment was made and kept, but when they began sparring it soon was quite apparent the stranger was growing savage, so Mr. Benton said, "Look here, do you want to box or to fight?" "To fight," replied the man. "Oh, very well then, I only wanted to know," said Mr. Benton, and in a very short time the man was knocked out.

While in the midst of his work at Bearsted Mr. Benton received an anonymous letter threatening to expose his past, so he very wisely and bravely determined to tell the Bearstedonians all about it himself. He therefore one Palm Sunday chose the text for his sermon out of Isaiah vi., "I am a man of unclean lips." He then continued, "I once knew a man of whom this was true," etc., describing his own failings and giving a faithful autobiography. Before the sermon was over the preacher broke down and many of his hearers were in tears. From that day all hearts went out to Mr. Benton, and the Bearstedonians became greatly attached to the man whose religion must be a vital, living thing, to enable him to stand up and tell his congregation of all his sins and mistakes, in the hope that by so doing he might be a help to others, make them feel less like castaways, that there was hope for them yet.

He was a gifted preacher and seemed most at home when preaching to men, who were always attracted by his personality. They felt that here was one who could sympathise with their own lives.

Possessed of much musical talent and a good voice, he set himself to build up the choir, and he was well rewarded. Some of his choirmen were so angry that anyone should have dared

to write an anonymous letter to Mr. Benton that they went about trying to find the author of it, meaning if they captured him to cool his malice in the village duckpond.

Many who knew Benton in those days have written and spoken to me of his goodness and wonderful work, how every waking moment he devoted to working in some way for the God he so truly loved. His personality and sympathy with human frailty enabled him to reach many hearts hitherto untouched, or only lukewarm. No one could remain lukewarm where Mr. Benton was working, his earnestness and enthusiasm were too real and infectious. Many to-day write and speak of him with affection, and a thousand regrets that he will return to them no more.

In August, 1914, the declaration of war was just another glorious opportunity for his adventurous spirit, and he was restless until in the same month he joined the forces as chaplain in France. His first letter home was written on September 14, and addressed to his wife. He tells her he will try and write regularly, but has not much time, as he is very busy "buzzing about in motors, and a lot of wounded are being brought in."

The following extracts from his letters to his wife give some idea of his life :

September 17, 1914.—"I am hard at it now. We have about six hundred wounded here. Some are in great pain, but all are very brave. They seem glad to see me and enjoy a friendly talk. I went across and saw some German wounded this morning. Some of them have terrible wounds. Our fellows are very cheerful, and many are anxious to get back to the front again. The Army Medical Corps are doing splendidly. They work like Trojans. I like them all, from the Colonel down. I am busy round the tents and marquees all day long. Am just called away, so must stop."

An undated letter written a little later says :

"We got in a Celebration on Sunday and an evening service for all kinds, but were hard at work all day pitching more tents for the wounded. They are coming down in droves now, and our hands are full up. Some of the wounds are awful, but our fellows are simply marvellous in their pluck. We have a

splendid surgeon, most quick and skilful, but greatly overworked. He is a sight to see when he comes in to wash before luncheon or dinner, bespattered all over with blood and stuff from face to feet. . . . Do not mind if you do not get many letters. We are sometimes up day and night getting wounded off by trains or taking them to camp. Our hospital and all tents are full of them. It is cold out in the open at nights now. I could do with some writing-paper and envelopes, I write so many letters for the wounded."

Later :

" CONVALESCENT CAMP,
" ROUEN.

" We are all under canvas here. It is really wonderful to see what they have done in the way of fixing things up ; there are literally miles of country rigged and being rigged up into hospitals and camps."

10 STATIONARY HOSPITAL.

November 4, 1914.—" We have moved again and are now within six hours' journey of London (in peace times), but yet how far away ! Travelling here is very slow, and we were thirty-nine hours in the train, and having got here had to unload twenty-six tons of luggage from the train, reload it and cart it something over a mile to hospital, then unload it again and arrange it all. The whole of this in four hours !! We were awfully tired, but had to take over about one hundred cases in hospital. We had just finished when the Major received an urgent wire instructing him to receive one hundred and fifty bad cases from a sick train, so we began again and were at it all night, but managed to get all settled in by 7 next morning. Some were in a dangerous condition and have since died. We bury them in blankets in an enormous trench, side by side. The French are very kind and decorate the trench with flowers and flags. I have been busy to-day seeing off a hundred of our patients by ambulance train for the Base, and from thence home. I would not mind a trip with them.

" I was out yesterday at the front about two hundred yards behind the trenches. I went with our senior Chaplain. . . . We took a motor-car full of cigarettes, tobacco, pipes, matches, and soap. The men were so thankful. The artillery fire was

terrific. One of the large German shells had hit the road and made it impassable. There was a hole just as if a huge tree had been pulled out by the roots. I also saw a fight in the air between a German Taube and an English aeroplane. The former soon cleared off, so the Englishman chased him for a bit and then returned."

November 25, 1914.—"I am attached now to the Lahore Division clearing hospital. At our last place we cleared—that is, took in, treated, and passed on—some one thousand two hundred and fifty men in five days. Here we have had five hundred and fifty through in two days, and I am feeling tired. I was nearly asleep while walking about to-day. I am hoping I may get a rest to-night, but a convoy of wounded may come in any moment.

"I heard of a horrid act of vengeance the other day. It was told to me by an officer in the London Scottish who saw it personally. A certain sergeant-major who had shot six or seven Germans went out at night to try and find their rifles. Two days afterwards, when the British got into the village, they found him crucified to a door with bayonets. Whether done before death or after, it was a vile act of revenge. These things make me wild. I meant to write more, but they are calling for me."

NO. 10 CLEARING STATION HOSPITAL.

October 11.—"We are trying to keep up next Sunday in a special way here, as it is St. Luke's Day, and so the great festival for all connected with hospital work and the work of healing. . . . By the way, if you could manage to send me a packet of matches I would be very glad. They are a scarce commodity here, and those we do get are no good and are tipped with yellow sulphur. Some of the men call them 'Wait-a-bit'; the more euphonious name is the good old English 'Stinker.'"

In some of Mr. Benton's letters, when writing of the funerals he had been taking, he says :

"It is really a very impressive sight. All the people stand still and cross themselves as we go by, and the soldiers, both French and our own, stand to attention and salute as the procession passes. . . .

“ The Germans, though they are committing awful atrocities, are fighting very fairly in the main, and will take a lot of beating. . . . My French efforts at times would make a cat laugh.”

NO. 7 CLEARING HOSPITAL.

November 18.—“ Since coming here we have been working night and day. We were only one section of a clearing hospital with three surgeons and twenty-one men all told. We had no proper cook. Two of the orderlies volunteered to try and do it, but they could not make much of a hand at it, so I got in and tried to help. I made a stew of meat and vegetables, and gave them tea. They were very thankful. I lived for the first forty-eight hours here on the run between the cook-house (which was in the open, the sleet and rain coming down hard) and the operating-theatre. I have seen such sights in the latter as will last me for all eternity. The surgeons were magnificent. Two of them worked on without a break for thirty-six hours, operating and dressing ghastly wounds. I led them away afterwards, for they could hardly walk. Then we packed some of the cases into the ambulance train, but as fast as we emptied out ambulance wagons fresh ones drove up packed with men, and so the round has gone on till last night, when orders came that we were to take no more cases but were to evacuate what we had and stand by for fresh orders.

“ We managed to get in a Celebration this morning, and twenty-eight orderlies, officers, and patients joined us. It was very beautiful and yet very weird, for in the middle of it a Taube dropped a bomb in the Square about two hundred yards away, and the remainder of the service was carried out to an accompaniment of shots by an anti-aircraft gun at the Taube.

“ To-day another Padre, one of our surgeons named Bates (a real hero), and myself went out to see the town that has been the centre of the fighting lately, to get some snapshots. We understood they had left off shelling it, and we got into the middle of the town when suddenly they began to shell it again. For about twenty minutes we were in a centre of flying bricks, stones, broken glass, etc., not to mention shells.

“ Providentially we got away all right, but we had quite eight Jack Johnsons burst within three hundred yards of us, and two of them within one hundred and fifty. It was quite

exciting. I badly wanted to find our guns and get the O.C. to allow me to relieve the gun-layee (being an old hand with a first-class gunnery instruction certificate) for a little, and help to get some of our own back, but the other chaps had not been under gunfire before and so we retired as rapidly as possible. I heard a J.J. coming over during our retirement and went down flat on my tummy in some soft mud and got very dirty. I presented rather an undignified appearance for a parson.

“However, here we are safely back and retiring some twenty miles to-morrow. I would not have gone had any of us known the danger, but now that it is over I would not have missed the experience for anything.

“I am dog-tired. . . . My C.O. is here ordering me to bed.”

Finding he was not allowed in the front trenches with the men, Mr. Benton asked to be allowed to take a combatant commission so that he could fight and carry on his work as Padre at the same time and be with the men in their most anxious and strenuous moments. Writing to his people at this time he says, “There are plenty of chaplains but a great dearth of experienced officers,” and he thought he could be more useful as a soldier, having had previous experience. He then continues, “I have seen the Archbishop of Canterbury, and though he does not approve, he does not condemn my action.”

With the permission of the Ecclesiastical authorities, Benton received his commission as a lieutenant in the Manchester Regiment in April, 1915, and was at once made Brigade Sniping Officer. In six weeks he was promoted to Captain, and was exceedingly popular with both officers and men. In September he was wounded, and the following letter will show how he broke the news to his wife so as to give her no shock.

“Just a line to let you know I’m quite all right. . . . I got a bullet in my left forearm yesterday, but it did no damage. I went into a main station and had it taken out. They had to cut about one and a half inches deep. However, I am back to my work all right. The General came round and saw me this morning. I am just going to have a good dose of morphia and go to sleep for a bit. I think I got the fellow who hit me. I could not reach him with my rifle, so got the artillery officer to bring in five rounds of high-explosive shell—and he went up!

The sniper was behind a bullet-proof plate and I was behind one of our plates. The bullet ricocheted up under the plate and caught my forearm. Wasn't it a good thing it was not my tummy? We've got so far twenty-three enemy hit (five snipers), eighteen plates broken, four observation-posts spotted and destroyed, four batteries spotted, and thirty or thirty-one periscopes outed. Not bad for eighteen days, eh? I was going to write some more, but the things are beginning to work " (morphia). " Good-night."

There is another interesting letter written from No. 8 Clearing Hospital. It is undated, and in consequence a little confusing, as he speaks of his wound which he received when sniping in September and at the same time refers to the impressive service he has been holding. I was under the impression he ceased to hold them when he became a combatant.

Here, however, is the letter:

" I am still going on all right." This was three months after his forearm was wounded in September, so it cannot have been a trifling affair, though he told his wife the bullet had done no damage! He continues in the same letter, " I have charge of both hospitals for a few days, as Gillingham has gone home for ninety-six hours' leave. I am the only one of the men who came out before the end of August who have not gone home on leave.

" We had some wonderfully impressive services on Sunday. There were sixty-four at the 8.30 Celebration, six hundred (about) at the 9.30 service, four hundred and fifty at the 10.15 service, and about five hundred at the 11 o'clock. All ranks were present, from Generals to Tommies. I get a bit tired in the throat.

" The death-roll is still very heavy. I have funerals every day."

I am not sure of the date, but it was about this time Captain Benton was again wounded, in the thigh this time, and he would not go into hospital with it, but went to have it dressed every day. Septic poisoning, however, obliged his going home, where he stayed for four months; but not in idleness, for after seven weeks of recuperation he was sent to Ripon, in Yorkshire,

as Sniping Officer, to organise scouting and sniping schools all round the country.

While carrying out these duties he was thrown a good deal in the society of Major Tullock, D.S.O., the 1st Batt. West Kent Regiment, who became a close and valued friend, and he tells me Captain Benton was rather upset at having to undertake theoretical and practical instruction for officers and men instead of being at the front.

After it was pointed out to him that the influence he would have in the training of men at home would be farther reaching than he could hope for in France, he became reconciled and entered heartily into the task.

Those who understand these things say Captain Benton was a most thorough and able instructor and lecturer, and besides this did "untold good, being aided by his wonderful personality."

His lectures were listened to with deep interest and attention. Knowing his subject from A to Z, his audience soon gained confidence in him, and every word he uttered carried weight. By degrees, instead of hundreds attending his classes, there were thousands, and he began to think that perhaps after all he was doing his share for England as truly as if in the trenches.

He considered the average Englishman the most unimaginative and unsuspicious of men, and he used to have some fun in consequence, while endeavouring to teach his classes to be more observant. He would tell them to meet him at a given point and then appear there dressed in some old civilian clothes topped with a most disreputable old cap, under which his face was disguised by the free use of charcoal and some mud. He would walk past his class first of all to see if any of them would recognise him, and as they never did under such circumstances he then walked up to them and began asking questions as to what they were doing there, keeping up a whistling accompaniment to himself all the time. Finally he would make himself known, pointing out at the same time that if a scout were so unsuspicious he would not be much use to his country.

Captain Benton was distinctly practical, and in order to increase the watchfulness of one of his classes he told them that he would pass along a certain road between definite hours and they were to meet him. He then left the class to go and think

of the best method of evading their alertness. As he sat by the side of the road smoking his pipe and turning the matter over in his mind, a cart drove by with an old woman in it wearing a huge sun-bonnet. He at once realised that this was the disguise he needed, and after a certain amount of discussion, persuasion, and a small *douceur*, the old lady was induced to lend her bonnet and an exceedingly dirty shawl. I believe the putting on of the bonnet and its final arrangement caused both of them considerable amusement. When all was fixed up satisfactorily, if not comfortably, Captain Benton sat in the corner of the cart among cabbages and vegetables of all sorts while the woman drove him along, carrying on an animated conversation with her sun-bonneted friend.

The ruse was completely successful, and the chagrined and bamboozled class had to admit that they were not as wide awake as they ought to have been. I cannot help feeling a little surprise that they did not suspect something after their previous experience.

Captain Benton made a splendid observation officer. He had such an eye for detail, and his memory was extraordinary.

Once when passing through a large military camp a woman who was walking in the same direction as himself began asking him questions about the camp which he considered suspicious. He therefore made a mental note of her smart appearance, which he afterwards wrote down and communicated to the authorities. His description turned out to be astonishingly accurate in all particulars: height, hair, eyes, size and shape of hat, details of dress, stockings and shoes, even to the gloves and shape of hands, as well as a small bag she carried. So clear was the description that the police identified the woman in the course of two days. He had only seen her for a few moments. Captain Benton often said the British soldier was too unsuspicious, and in consequence easily outwitted by a more wily enemy. He was very anxious to dress up in a German soldier's uniform and see if he could not pass through an English camp undetected, and he believed he could do it. The idea was not carried out, owing to the difficulty at the time of getting the necessary uniform.

Captain Benton was at all times anxious to hand on what he had learnt from experience. This was much appreciated by

most of those with whom he came in contact. In the words of one who knew him well, "he was loved as an unselfish, whole-hearted, true soldier and friend." If he could save a soldier from getting into trouble he was happy.

While at Ripon holding these classes he failed one evening to turn up for tea where his belongings were awaiting him. He had been giving a lecture in the North Camp. Time passed on, midnight came, and still no Captain Benton. He arrived in the early hours completely exhausted, and explained he had been detained. It was found out he had been on his way home, and when passing through the town had come across various soldiers just back from leave. All were more or less intoxicated and had no officer or non-commissioned officer with them. The men were quite unable to find their way to camp, and resented interference from him, but he forced them to form fours and arrive at some sort of order, collecting others until he had about fifty or more, and then marched this strange company through the town and out of harm's way, keeping them on the move until discipline was fully restored and the men recovering, when he took them back to the North Camp.

It was difficult to get anything from him about the incident, but I know he was very happy at having saved the men from getting into trouble.

In February, 1916, Captain Benton returned to France, but before leaving England he wrote to his sister, saying :

"I hope I shall see you to say 'good-bye,' as it may be a very long one. At the present rate of officers falling there is mighty little chance of coming through. They seem to be dead-marking all our officers, and that is why we shall need every available man before we're finished. God bless you always.

"Your affectionate brother,

"DICK.

"P.S.—Remember me sometimes."

On rejoining the troops he was again put in command of the Brigade Snipers. Writing home on April 3, 1916, he says :

"I am still with the 51st Brigade and like them very much. General Pilcher sent for me the other day and told me he thought

that great credit was due for the way in which we had got under the evening sniping on our front. They had the best of it to begin with, but we have only had two men hit by snipers since we came in (though we have had many hit by shells and shrapnel-fire), and they were both on the first day, and we have knocked over thirteen of them. There is a lot of shelling going on. I am at present working under Lord Dunmore.

"We have a man coming out to stay with us who will have some money to spend on the men for games and things. We shall be glad of his help. Yesterday the Editor of the *Westminster Gazette* and his wife came out to visit our camp. He was very much struck with all our arrangements, and he is starting a fund in his paper for providing amusements and games for our men.

"Did I tell you that General Maxwell called me out and thanked me personally for the assistance which the Major told him I had given him? I was rather bucked, though I don't know that I have done anything particular here. . . .

"General Woodhouse has been round to inspect the Company. He congratulated the Major and the staff on the 'splendid work done in camp and the tone of the men' (his own words), so we feel rather pleased about it.

"One of the doctors and I are digging in our spare time a $6 \times 6 \times 6$ ft. sunk pit for an officers' bath-tent. The ground is gravel and flint, so it takes some getting through."

In May, 1916, Captain Benton writes to his friend, Major Tullock :

" HD. QN. 51ST IMP. BGDE.,

" 21. 5. 16.

" . . . I have been trying to write to you for quite a long time but have had no chance. You may guess what it has been like when I tell you that I was thirty-one days in the trenches at the final."

Then, evidently referring to some leave he might have had, but did not take, he continues :

"I did not want to be away, as the Boches attacked on each side of us, and as we were expecting to be relieved it seemed likely they would have a go at us. However, they made a

miss. We came straight out and did a four days' march here, had twenty-four hours' rest, and are now doing eleven days' intensive training for 'the attack.' After that nobody seems to know what will happen. . . .

"I am glad the sniping is going on so well in the north and west. The more I see of it out here the more I am convinced that in normal trench-warfare there is no better way of inflicting punishment on the enemy, and preventing wastage in our own ranks, than *well-organised* sniping, but it must be wholeheartedly taken up or not at all.

"In this Brigade we began a little doubtfully. They only allowed eight per battalion for sniping and observation. Later they allowed four more and later again another four, making eight snipers and eight observers per battalion. Later I asked again for four more snipers and got them, at the same time propounding a scheme with coloured maps showing sniper- and observation-posts in the zones of fire and observation, and offered, if they would let me have four more men per battalion, to keep the whole front watched and leave every other man free for duty, work, or what not. It was granted, so we now have one officer and twenty-four N.C.O.'s and men per battalion. These we used half in the trenches for eight days and half out. The half out practised shooting during the day on a range we had made, and then came up at night for four hours to build sniper- and observation-posts. The half in the trenches kept watch and shot day and night.

"Later on I hope to get the scouts for night work, patrols, etc. Our bag at the finish was seventy-one men hit (including three jaegers and five other snipers), forty-four plates smashed or perforated, one hundred and twelve periscopes—these make excellent practice for our men, and they came on wonderfully and seldom missed one if it showed during the last couple of weeks.

"The trenches we took were in a pitiable state and a mere death-trap. Wherever you went if you looked round you could see the Boche lines looking right down into you. The communication trenches were very little waved, and wide enough to drive an eighteen horse-power along. The Brigade worked marvellously. The men in rest only had twenty-four hours for a night and a halt, and then up again. Three companies from

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each battalion every night for work. The amount of sheer earth shifted was colossal. We left the trenches with a parapet in front varying from eight to thirty feet thick in front, the close supports and subsidiary lines all built up and revetted, five strong localities in front line almost crump-proof, the communication trenches narrowed, curled, and revetted, and generally the whole place in a strong defensible state. The Corps Commander gave his opinion that the 17th Division had done fine work, and especially the 51st Brigade, but the best comment came from the C.R.A.

"I met him one day at the 4.5 howitzer battery, and was telling him of a beastly village over against us in the enemy lines which looked right down into us and worried us day and night with machine-guns, snipers, fixed searchlights, and in which the Boches could move about at will to annoy us. He could not be convinced that it was necessary to strafe it down, so I asked him if he would come along our front line and I would convince him. At first I thought he would put me under arrest for cheek, but eventually he consented. It was the funniest thing to see him. I would take him along a few yards under cover of the front-line trench and then step him back about two yards from it and tell him to look round and then he was looking bang up at this village. 'Oh, Lord!' he would say, and duck under like smoke. This happened all along the line, and he was very much convinced, and when we got back he promised he would do his best to get all the heavies turned on and level it. They had levelled every brick that was anywhere near our lines, and so I pointed out this unfair advantage.

"On our return he remarked on the amount of work done, and asked how long it had taken and how many pioneer battalions we had to help. When I told him none he would not believe it, and when finally convinced said, 'Well, all I can say is it's colossal.'

"My wound is all right again, though I felt the shock from it a bit. You should not blame me for not having come home for a week or two, but about that time the work was very heavy and some of the youngsters lately out from home were doing nothing but wish for Blighty. By good fortune I got a chance of correcting them, and naturally took it, and my lecture has been successful. I have heard less of Blighty since.

"It was hard lines to be moved when we had got the lion's share of the work done; however, the incoming troops will benefit. The weather is very hot now and a little trying for intensive training.

"Yours to a cinder,
"DICK BENTON."

The next letter I have before me was written to Mrs. Benton by Major Magnay, 12th Batt. Manchester Regiment.

"B.E.F., FRANCE.
"August 8, 1916.

"DEAR MRS. BENTON,

"Just a short note to tell you that your husband was wounded the other day. He asked me to write to you if things went wrong. I am afraid he has gone through most of the torments of Hell, but I consider him the most gallant gentleman in the world. He knew absolutely no fear. On my orders he went forward to try and reorganise after an attack which had failed. Whilst on the front line he saw a wounded man trying to crawl back from near the German trenches. He at once went out to help him. He got him back some way when both were hit by snipers, your husband in the right leg below the knee. He got into a shell-hole. He was wounded about 5 a.m. I sent four parties out to try and get him in, and two other battalions sent out patrols at my request to bring him in, but they could not find him, and when they shouted they drew bombs and machine-gun fire and several men were hit. Next morning your husband showed himself, and two officers went out at about twelve, noon, and brought him in. I cannot tell you what a relief it was to me to see him again. I have known him only for three or four weeks, but in that time I have come almost to worship him for what he is, and that is the finest and manliest man I have ever known.

"I am desperately sorry to have to tell you that he is wounded, but I am sure that you will be relieved to have him safe at home under any conditions. I am very sorry to lose his services and only wish I had him with me when we go back into the fight.

"With kindest regards,

"Yours sincerely,
"P. W. MAGNAY (*Major*)."

This was followed by a letter from the Chaplain :

“ 36 C.C.S., B.E.F., FRANCE.

“ 17 August, 1916.

“ DEAR MRS. BENTON,

“ It is with the deepest regret I write to let you know that your dear husband, Capt. W. Benton, passed away about 2 o'clock this morning. I have been in close touch with him since he was admitted here on the 6th, and he was always so grateful for my ministrations. He received Holy Communion two or three times, and I read and prayed with him almost every day. I was with him till twelve o'clock last night, and he was then sinking fast, and the night nurse tells me he passed peacefully away about 2 a.m. During the first few days after being admitted we had such pleasant conversations. He told me of his ministerial work and his chaplaincy before he took a combative commission. It is a comfort to know he died not only a good and brave soldier of the King, but as a good soldier of the King of Kings.

“ Please accept my sincere sympathy in your very sad loss, and I pray God may comfort and sustain you.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ C. A. ADDERLEY, C.F.”

And so this wonderful man, who had ministered to many, was ministered unto, at the last, as he passed peacefully and I feel sure happily away ; and can we doubt that if we could render his welcome in the other world into language we can understand, it will have been, “ Well done, thou good and faithful servant ” ?

In the last letter Captain Benton wrote to his wife after his leg had been amputated he says :

“ . . . I got a smack on my right leg which broke it up a bit and I had to have it amputated, as it got septic, as I was left out and could not move to get in for a day or two. . . . I always thought if I got one on the right side it would be a warm one. Love to all. Cheery oh ! . . . ”

Major Magnay writes again, dated August 25, 1916 :

“ . . . I cannot tell you how deeply I sympathise with you in your great loss. . . . He was so brave and cheery all through.

The doctor sent me a note saying what a magnificent fight for life he made, as we knew he would, but that the septic poisoning got the upper hand at last. . . . I made him my second in command (though really he was far more fitted to command the battalion than I). He often spoke to me of you when we were alone together, and he left me a note at last asking me to write to you, as he cared for you so much. . . . Perhaps this letter may make your grief even harder to bear, but I only wished you to know that although I am a stranger I too share your loss, and that his place in the battalion can never be refilled.

“ If ever I can be of the least service to you I hope that you will remember that I was his friend.

“ Yours sincerely,

“ PHILIP MAGNAY (*Major*),

“ Commanding 12th Manchester Regt.”

At the time these letters were written breaking the news to his wife, much was still unexplained of how it all happened. Sitting peacefully at home it is difficult to grasp all the confusion, turmoil, and surroundings of a battlefield. I have seen something of it and know that often, for some time, it is not possible to gather up and connect the threads of the battle's happenings. I have heard since that while gallantly rescuing a wounded man who was trying to crawl back from No-Man's-Land, Captain Benton was severely wounded while carrying the man on his back. The enemy snipers had exactly got the range; besides wounding Captain Benton they shot the man on his back dead, and the man at his side helping to support the rescued. Captain Benton then crawled into a shell-hole with a wounded left arm and right leg. There he remained unconscious for two days. When found he was brought into the dressing-station, being then in a serious condition. Two operations were performed in hopes of saving his leg, but it became necessary to amputate it, and after this he died. He had previously been wounded three times; the fourth was fatal.

There were many people who considered Captain Benton should not have undertaken combatant service, but remained a chaplain. Whether it is right or not for clergy to fight is a much discussed question. There are strong points both for and

against, and I think that in whatever capacity Captain Benton was employed he would always be working for the God of Hosts whom he found among the lepers on Robben Island. The echoes left in the many valleys where Captain Benton wandered are haunting and pleasant, being full of hope and encouragement to other wanderers. His moral courage was remarkable, born of deep religious conviction and an enthusiastic and emotional nature which enabled him to lead where many would have hesitated. In the trenches he would kneel down, whether muddy or dry, and say his prayers out loud, hoping that perhaps others might join in and find help or comfort in prayer.

A memorial service and requiem for the repose of the soul of Captain Benton was held in the parish church at Bearsted, where the dead soldier-priest had worked during the incumbency of the Rev. T. G. Lushington of Sandling Park, Maidstone. The church was packed with people who were anxious to pay a last tribute to the Padre's memory.

The service was well arranged and impressive. The band of the Royal Engineers (from a camp near) and their choir took part in the service. Gounod's "Berceuse" was well played as an opening voluntary by the band.

Mr. Lushington, vicar and rural dean, preached a touching sermon, choosing as his text, "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit." After speaking of the great work done by Captain Benton as priest and soldier, he told the congregation that "an officer going into the War Office not long ago said, 'The bravest man I ever came across was a man called Benton,' " and the man who said it did not know he was speaking to one of Benton's friends. Other officers who had known the man they mourned had said he earned, if he did not win, the Victoria Cross some five or six times and the D.S.O. some twenty times. The preacher confessed he regretted it when his friend decided to give up his work as a chaplain for that of combatant officer, but he could not condemn that choice after such magnificent testimony. If there were some who did not approve of all his methods they knew that a great man had fallen—a man cast in no usual mould, but that heroic mould in which the world's great princes were made, a fearless self-sacrificing spirit.

At the end of the service the congregation remained standing

while the combined choirs led the singing of the *Nunc Dimittis*, after which bugles at the church door sounded the Last Post.

Major Magnay, who wrote such kindly letters to Captain Benton's widow, was killed in action soon afterwards.

CHAPTER XVII

The Rev. Hon. Maurice Peel—Vicar of New Beckenham—As Army Chaplain—Bravery at Festubert—Receives Military Cross—Wounded in Three Places—Home on Sick Leave—In Bethnal Green Slums—East End Children—Their Holidays—Not always Happy—Starving amidst Plenty—The Vicar's Views of Social Intercourse—Vicar of Tamworth—London "Peelers"—Back to the Front—With the Stretcher-bearers—Where the Shells Fell—Bar to Military Cross—On the Anniversary of Festubert—A Sniper's Bullet—Missing—A Plucky Priest—A *Morning Post* Notice—The Rev. Briggs Gooderham in the Ranks—Receives a Commission—An Unexpected German Shell—A Farewell Meeting—Homely Language—A Mild Reproof—The Dublin Easter Riots—Trench Experiences—Loss of Self-control—Reason Tottering—A Vaster Pity—Lines by Captain Colwyn Phillips—The Rev. Percy William Beresford—From Curate to Commanding Officer—And D.S.O.—Influencing the Young—Life's Finger-posts—Forming a Cadet Corps—Deplorable Ecclesiastical Bigwigs—Many Battles—Wounded—Gassed—The Adjutant's Graphic Picture—"Fine Death for a Beresford"—The King's Condolences—"Carry On."

IT is difficult, among the many brave men who have given their lives in this war, to know which to write about, each and all having their own special interest. Most have died while rescuing the wounded, the Rev. and Hon. Maurice Peel amongst the number. He was the youngest son of the first Viscount Peel, Speaker in the House of Commons.

Mr. Peel was vicar of New Beckenham just before the war, and a little book has been written to his memory by his successor, the Rev. G. V. Sampson, who has given it the title of "A Hero Saint."

At all times Mr. Peel was a modest, unpretentious man, almost too depreciative of his own powers and certainly of his own goodness.

When in 1914 the world was convulsed with the news of war between our country, utterly unprepared—and with a hopelessly inadequate army—and an enemy that had been preparing for "the day" for many years, Mr. Peel was among those who at once volunteered to go out as chaplain, and was promptly attached to the 7th Division in France. All say that he was

devoted in his attentions to the sick and wounded, and was wounded in several places while attending the sick at the Battle of Festubert and obliged to return home.

As I have already stated, before taking up his military chaplaincy he was vicar of St. Paul's, Beckenham, before that rector of Wrestlingworth for about three years. Before that again, and after leaving Oxford, he worked in the slums of Bethnal Green, being ordained in 1899.

To a sensitive man of considerable refinement the plunge from Oxford amidst the leisured classes to the squalor of Bethnal Green, while being most satisfying to his spiritual aspirations and longing for earnest work in the cause of God and poor humanity, must have been trying to him in many ways. His sympathies must have been divided and torn into fragments, his olfactory nerves tried to the utmost, and his big heart damped by the vastness of the field for work.

Some temperaments would have felt this less keenly than he did, for at all times he mistrusted himself and his powers, fearing he did not make the most of his opportunities and thinking he might have won more souls by better work.

Perhaps Mr. Peel was not a great preacher; they are few and far between; but he was intensely sympathetic and gentle, which, if he could only have realised it, carried as much, or more, weight than much fine oratory.

When first he went to work in the East End he found the church empty, schools neglected, and things in general at sixes and sevens. How Mr. Peel faced it all with his very indifferent health I cannot think. He took great interest in the Church Lads' Brigade founded in 1896, and being anxious to make himself thoroughly proficient in drill so as to undertake the management of one of the clubs, he had a regular course of instruction which qualified him to pass as battalion officer. He said it was necessary for a commander to inspire both small and large boys with a proper mixture of love and fear.

Unfortunately Mr. Peel's health obliged his giving up the East End work, but he had the satisfaction of leaving all church and parish matters on a sounder footing, churches full and schools full.

Then followed three years in Bedfordshire amid healthier surroundings, while rector of Wrestlingworth and vicar of

Eyeworth. Lord Peel was patron of the latter, and the vicar was still spoken of as "Master Maurice."

The East End children were not forgotten, and parties of them were invited for a week or two's change into the country.

We always think slum children would love the country and that we are being very kind in having them for a while from their dirty, squalid homes; but this is not always the case. I have known the little cockneys utterly miserable and lonely away from their gutters and orange-peel; they would rather play with a treasured and battered old sardine-tin in puddles caused by pails of dirty water thrown out into the street, than have a clean face, clean clothes, and be told to play in a field of golden buttercups where terrifying cows and sheep are feeding. They miss the crowds and noise, miss the swearing of drunken men, miss the scraps of food they love, the floating pieces of orange-peel, odd lettuce-leaves and rotten fruit thrown from the barrows.

I have known them cry miserably day after day until it was time to go home again. A pig wandering down a lane or an inquisitive cow coming to look at them in a field caused them sleepless nights and horrid nightmares.

It is disappointing when we have done our best and are patting ourselves on the back for taking so much trouble to make them happy. I do not suggest all are miserable in the country, but I have known quite a number who were, though when safely home again, with no possibility of cows and pigs coming round the corner, they have talked bravely of their experiences!

Mr. Peel had no far-reaching schemes by which humanity was to be benefited and the country purified until the lion and the lamb were lying down together and the country overflowing with the milk of human kindness; but wherever he went, and in every parish where he worked, he took the trouble to do what is often overlooked by the clergy, namely, he took considerable trouble to bring together and introduce people of the same tastes and same way of thinking, which resulted in happy intercourse and sociability.

How often we find people starving amid plenty, so to speak, because they know nobody who is interested in what appeals to them. A man may be fond of reading and be of an enquiring

[*Photograph by C. E. Weale, Victoria Road, Tamworth*]

The REV. and HON. MAURICE PEEL, M.C.

[*Facing p. 234.*]

LT.-COL. P. W. BERESFORD, D.S.O.

Facing p. 235.]

turn of mind, loving books of science ; he would be introduced by Mr. Peel to another equally interested, so that they could study and compare notes together. Again, he would find girls and boys longing to taste life and be useful ; he would introduce them to people who could help them. A girl wishing to learn gardening and how to play tennis would be introduced to others who knew how to do both.

By these tactful and sociable ways his parishes were happy and wholesome. He believed in clubs where people could meet and exchange ideas, and many club-feasts he arranged in his parishes. He realised that if you can make people work they will be happy, and given congenial surroundings and congenial employment, they are on the high road to being good.

From Bedfordshire he went to St. Paul's vicarage, Beckenham, where he spent his brief but happy married life, and from there to the front, where he was wounded badly in three places while carrying the wounded at the Battle of Festubert, and was sent home to recuperate.

When sufficiently recovered he was appointed vicar of Tamworth, dear from family associations, and where there stands to-day a bronze statue of his grandfather, who represented Tamworth from 1833 to 1850, when he died from an injury he received by a fall from his horse. The London police received the nickname of "Peelers" owing to his having reorganised the force while Home Secretary. He was a man much respected, and of whom Wellington said, "I never knew a man in whose truth and justice I had more lively confidence."

At Tamworth Mr. Peel worked happily, and quickly gained the affections of his parishioners, but during the early part of 1917, when the great offensive was imminent and he heard the men in his old division were asking for him, he rejoined the colours.

At no time in his life was he what might be termed a robust man, and his endurance at this time was remarkable. Directly he returned to the front he found himself in the thick of the fighting once more, and remained for thirty-six hours without a moment's rest with the stretcher-bearers on the advanced patrol, never for one second thinking of himself but only of the men. Wherever a shell fell he ran to see who wanted help. He received a bar to his Military Cross for his devoted services,

and while all his people at home were being congratulated, came the news he had been killed while tending the wounded at Bullencourt—truly Christ-like, for he died to save.

A letter from the Rev. Eric Milner-White, the senior chaplain at the front, gives some account of his last days on earth. It appeared in the booklet entitled "A Hero Saint," compiled by the Rev. Gerald Sampson.

" . . . I write as senior chaplain of the Division to tell you first what a tremendous loss he is to the Division and his brother chaplains ; next, to give you all the details that are clear as to his death and burial ; and last, though not least, to convey to all you who love him our reverent sympathy and our fellow-pain.

" Maurice (we all called him by his Christian name) was the greatest chaplain in France ; none could be greater. His own ' immortal ' Division used to call him ' the bravest man in the Army.' He always accompanied his men into the line. Wherever a shell burst he at once ran towards it, lest any man had been hit and he might be of service. The men, of course, worshipped him. . . . When he came back to us in January he did not rest on the laurels gained so desperately on Festubert field. He nerved himself to greater efforts of mercy on the battlefield and went everywhere regardless of risks, wherever a wounded man lay. . . . At dawn on the 15th, the second anniversary of Festubert, he got out of his trench to visit either a wounded man or an isolated post of men. On the way a sniper's bullet caught him in the chest ; he fell unconscious and died very shortly, one Welsh Fusilier officer crawling out and staying with him till the end.

" That same night one of the chaplains, McCalman, with great courage went up to B—— with a cross, hoping to bring in the body and bury it. Arrived within a few yards, he was not allowed to go further, the risk being too great."

The little notice in the *Morning Post* when Mr. Peel's death became known struck me as very charming. The writer had instinctive and sympathetic knowledge of the soul-searching moments when men are going into battle. I feel I cannot do better than quote the words : " When the solemn moments arrive and the men are waiting in tense and poignant expectation, though there may be many a joke, there is always a great

seriousness. I love the picture painted to me of the late Maurice Peel, chaplain to a battalion of a great Welsh Regiment. As they stood in the trenches waiting for the attack, that peerless man sent messages along the line giving them the great courage of purpose . . . his last message, 'The Padre says, Jesus said, "I am with you always,"' and then over the top to death or glory, and among the dead was the gallant Padre."

One of the nicest things I ever heard said of Mr. Peel was that he had the purity of heart and purity of life of a good woman.

The Rev. I. J. R. Briggs Gooderham is yet another name to add to the list of the younger clergy who in the face of opposition carried out what they believed to be their duty in enlisting in the combatant ranks. From the commencement of hostilities Mr. Gooderham wished to take his share of the fighting, and embraced the first opportunity that offered. He afterwards received a commission and was in charge of a machine-gun section at the time of his death. Before the war he was a curate at Christ Church, Crouch End. The young men of his congregation were fired by his example and many also enlisted.

Mr. Gooderham's life was a very brief flight through the world. He was left an orphan when quite a small boy, and was brought up by relations. His first school was at Alnmouth, a small seaside village near Alnwick. Later he went to Durham School and then on to Caius College, Cambridge, followed by the Ripon Theological College, and was ordained in 1912. His first and last curacy was at Crouch End in the North of London, where he worked until November, 1914, when he enlisted. In 1915 he was given a commission in the 3rd Royal Irish Regiment and later joined a Machine Gun Company, and in October, 1916, went to France, but was only granted a very little while to serve his country, being called to Higher Service on December 12, 1916.

His sister says he was not a sporting parson in the usual acceptance of the term, but was most sporting in the best sense of the word, as he gave up his position in the Church, his home, everything to join the army. He could not bear to sit at home and let others fight for him.

His end is described by his Commanding Officer to the aunt who brought him up.

"The death, which was caused by a large German shell, was unexpected, as German shells were rare in that part of the line, so his last days were quite ordinary. He was in charge of three guns and had just been round them and was talking to some of his men and brother-officers. He cannot have been back in his dug-out more than a few minutes when the shell came which killed him and his servant instantaneously. Both were buried in the *débris*. After much labour we managed to recover both bodies, and they have been buried side by side by one of the Brigade chaplains.

"The death of so promising a young officer was a great blow to us. He was very popular, his soldierly and cheerful qualities being much appreciated, and you have our sincere sympathies in your loss of a nephew of whom you may well be proud."

That Mr. Gooderham's patriotism was approved by the people he had worked amongst at Crouch End is vouched for by an interesting little ceremony that took place in the vestry after evening service on January 10, 1915.

Mr. Gooderham had been asked to attend this little gathering, as the churchwardens wished to present him with a remembrance from his friends in Crouch End.

Having been given forty-eight hours' leave for the occasion, he arrived in the vestry for the first time as a soldier of the King, having travelled up from Felixstowe in uniform. No notice of the meeting had been given except in church, but a whisper had got abroad and the gathering was a representative one, comprising people of all ages.

The vicar spoke a few kind words, saying he had been very fortunate in his curates, all of whom had possessed distinctive qualities. Mr. Gooderham had made but a brief stay at Crouch End, but many would never forget him, his singleness of mind and unvariable amiability being particularly attractive. He trusted his late curate would return from the war safe and sound, and be able to resume his career as a minister of the Church of God. Some letters were read that had come from subscribers to the parting present, which was a pair of good field-glasses. One man, who had been a contributor, said he had never met anyone who came so near to his conception of an ideal Christian. Many said their thoughts and prayers would follow him.

Mr. Gooderham was naturally pleased, but told those present he did not recognise himself in the language that had been used, as he was very conscious of many deficiencies. There would always be a warm place in his heart for Christ Church, Crouch End, and he hoped to meet them all again in times of peace.

The Rev. C. J. Sharp, a former vicar of Christ Church, speaks of Mr. Gooderham's character as one of delightful frankness, and that he was liked by all for his lack of professional aloofness. "His unconventionality was to me one of his greatest charms."

Mr. Sharp was with him once when a lady complained of not receiving an earlier visit from the clergy. "Why did you not grouse?" replied the curate.

Another lady he told that he did not visit her as he saw her in her window every morning.

Once he took the vicar's place at a United Prayer Meeting presided over by the Wesleyan minister. All were delighted with the address and prayers of the curate that they thought looked little more than a boy.

During Mr. Gooderham's Cambridge days, when studying theology he parted with some of the beliefs of his childhood, beliefs still treasured in many pious households, especially amongst those who do not reason. He chose to prepare for ordination under the guidance of Mr. Major at Ripon. He was the third young clergyman who was trained there to fall in the war.

There seem to have been quite a number of people who predicted Mr. Gooderham would come back no more from the front, his vicar amongst them. Why, I do not know, unless the depressing accounts in the daily papers and the long Roll of Honour lists got upon their nerves.

It was some time after enlisting before Mr. Gooderham went to the front. At first he was on the East Coast, then as an officer of an Irish Regiment at Dublin. He was there when the Easter Rebellion took place, waiting, and stationed about fifteen miles out of Dublin with his machine-guns in readiness for immediate action should it prove necessary, as the rebels were believed to be in some strength between them and the city.

From a hill near they watched the flames which told them what was taking place in Dublin. He must have been longing to turn his guns on to those responsible for those flames.

His desire to see some active service was gratified at last, for directly he landed in France he went into the firing-line, where he almost at once met his death.

In a letter to his late vicar which he wrote from the firing-line, he spoke of Donald Hankey, whom in some ways he resembled. He had been reading an article of his in the *Spectator* entitled "Do not Worry," which he thought very fine and true. Like the writer of whom he spoke, he was without fear and died quite happily and cheerfully at his post, trusting in God's mercy.

It is heartbreaking to think what it must be to some of our boys straight out from home, where they have been sheltered from all things hurtful and unpleasant, suddenly plunged into scenes of carnage, bloody human shambles, the earth rocking with vibrations of the ceaseless guns, the bursting of shells and the cries of agony all around. Small wonder that it turns the brains of even experienced soldiers who have been in many a battle; but hitherto the world has never seen battles that are now the daily bill-of-fare for our troops.

A letter I received from a very young and near relation of mine in 1915, written from one of those stormed trenches, gives some idea of what our boys experience.

"No one place is safer than another in the trench, as these great shells dig out the entire section of trench they hit, and bury everything and everyone under tons of earth. At the end of the day there are hundreds of yards of trench that could only be traced in the ground. Quite early in the day my pack and equipment were blown to nothingness.

"So the endless days wear on. Survivors rushing to the places where the last salvos had burst, where the half-buried and crushed were shrieking hoarsely for help, digging frenziedly with tools and hands like dogs, in their efforts to release the men before they were suffocated.

"If you found legs sticking out of the earth you pulled at them; if there was any response you tried to pull them out, but if they made none you presumed they were dead, and dug where you could be some use.

"An oldish grey-looking man near me who had been quietly chuckling to himself and drawing figures in the mud with his finger, suddenly gave yells of laughter and sprang out of the

trench before anyone could save him. He ran about, jumping and shouting, until he fell riddled by the machine-guns that had been sweeping up and down in the hopes of catching unwary heads.

“Just before that I had to tell off an orderly to look after a man whose hand had been shot off, who was trying to do just the same thing.

“It must be impossible for you to realise how people can lose their control like this, but that is because you cannot go by the standards of human experience that held before the war.

“These things are quite beyond human experience of yesterday.

“It is an extraordinary sensation to feel your reason tottering and your self-control slipping. It is a real, almost physical, sensation. You feel it slipping as plainly as the first quickening glide on a switchback at Earl’s Court, and the effort to hold on is as real as gripping the sides of the car as it plunges forward.

“I think everyone has had to build up a dual personality. For instance, take the universal phenomena out here of the man who at home would certainly not have made a hearty meal had it been served to him in a well-stocked mortuary, but because you see him now eating jam and biscuit amid appalling human wreckage, it does not mean that he has been brutalised ; on the contrary, he is now, and for always, a far sadder man with a vaster capacity for human pity than he ever knew before.

“A prolonged bombardment has a great physical effect, too. Your hands become slow and stiff as if they were very cold, and you become slow and stupid. If you see two or three men having a meal together afterwards you notice this at once.”

Think what all this must be to the gentle heart and mind of a man who could, for instance, write the following lines to one he loved when in those ghastly trenches surrounded with unutterable things.

I love thee as I love the holiest things,
Like perfect poetry and angels’ wings,
And cleanliness and sacred motherhood,
And all things simple, sweetly pure and good.
I love thee as I love a little child,
And calves and kittens, and all things soft and mild,
Things that I want to cuddle and to kiss
And stroke and play with, dear ! I love you like this.
And best of all I love thee as a friend,
A fellow-seeker of a mutual end.

These lines were written by Captain Colwyn Phillips of the Royal Horse Guards. He was the eldest son of Lord St. David, and he was killed in action at Ypres.

It is not without parallel in this war for a country curate to become a commanding officer of his battalion, or a D.S.O., and no one was surprised, though all were glad, when Lieutenant-Colonel the Rev. Percy William Beresford was awarded that honour, for Beresfords from the days of Agincourt and before that have been famous for their gallantry. -

What the exact relation was between Colonel Beresford and the Waterfords I do not know, but his sister tells me they belong to the elder branch of that family; the late Judge William Beresford was his grandfather. By my brief sketch of his life it will be seen how he became a cleric and a soldier.

Rossel School and Magdalen College, Oxford, were responsible for his education. He was much liked at both. The headmaster of his school described him as a boy of unusual culture and wider reading than most. Sir Herbert Warren spoke warmly of his life and influence, and especially of his gentleness.

When at Oxford he worked, which is not a universal habit of university students. He passed well in classics and hoped to take Orders, but family reasons prevented him entering the Church at that time, and as his father's health was failing he entered business, which was most distasteful to him; his heart was set on the Church. Nevertheless, he found time to do some of the work that was beckoning him.

During his meditations at Oxford he had become convinced of a great truth so often overlooked, namely, that the greatest good may be done to the greatest number by influencing the young, more especially the youths of our country, and this was the great work of his life which he never for a moment let slip out of his sight. He was wise enough to see that the physical condition of young men is largely responsible for their moral condition, and that congenial work is as necessary for their well-being as is their food. With this in view, after attending to his own business all day, he collected boys and held classes for them at night and on holidays, arranged for plenty of healthy exercise, games and amusements, during which his influence was beginning to bear upon them imperceptibly, and they preferred

spending an evening with their instructor and genial friend to standing at the street corners with their hands in their pockets hatching mischief.

The influence of a kind and judicious friend during those impressionable years when standing at the cross-roads with life's finger-post pointing in different directions is incalculable and may bear fruit for generations to come. At that age they can be taught to dislike obscenity, vulgarity, and excess instead of thinking it clever and manly.

Splendid though he was as a soldier, yet it is for his work amongst the rising generations that I shall always remember him.

As an employer of labour when in business, Beresford also took interest in the lives and welfare of his men. In consequence of the interest he took in their social matters he was asked to offer himself as Councillor at Bermondsey.

In 1902 he went to live at Westerham, in Kent, going by rail daily to his work. Here again he interested himself in the young men of the place and was founder of the Westerham Cadet Corps, the first *parish* cadet corps in the country, and all his spare time was devoted to them.

It was uphill work at first. Some parents would not allow their sons to join. They feared militarism, and disliked "new-fangled notions," but they were counting without their chicks. At first only about six joined, but they dribbled in by degrees, bitten with the idea of being soldiers, and the parents had to give in, and very glad before long that they had done so when they saw the result of Beresford's efforts, their sons having both physically and morally improved.

The first drill was on Farley Common, and the different tone of the boys was soon noticeable. They became smart, good-mannered, and respectful, enjoying the training and looking forward to the time spent with their instructor, who firmly believed that the best possible training and moulding of their characters would be a military one, which would impress upon them the ideas of patriotism, the duty of self-denial, punctuality and discipline, all of which help to build up fine character and conduce to efficiency in every walk of life. He felt strongly that all military training acted as a sort of national university.

The cadets admired and respected their instructor; many

regarded him as their best friend, and each cadet who has gone out to face the world has carried with him the priceless blessing of the influence of a good man upon his life.

It has always seemed to me that the shadows we cast upon those around us form one of our greatest responsibilities.

At last, in 1905, the wish of his life was fulfilled and he was ordained by the Bishop of Rochester, and became curate to the Rev. Sydney Le Mesurier, vicar of St. Mary's, Westerham, where he was working when war was declared. He at once volunteered for service with the troops, his bishop having "gladly welcomed" his holding his commission side by side with Holy Orders.

Previously he had held a commission in the 4th Volunteer Battalion of the Hants Regiment, and was at the time when war broke out captain of the Cadet Corps; he now joined the 3rd Battalion of the London Regiment.

What a pity more bishops have not "gladly welcomed" the patriotic spirit of the young clergy who have volunteered to fight for *right* and to enable the dignitaries to sit at home in peace! The prestige of the Church of England has suffered through the action of some of its authorities preventing clergy of military age from taking their share of warlike activities. The attitude of the ecclesiastical bigwigs has been deplorable, and if they knew how much their conduct has done to kill religious feeling in our hearts it would surely fill them with regret. Not all the precious blood of the brave young clergy who have lain down their lives can ever obliterate the harm that has been done.

Beresford found he could hold services, attend to the spiritual needs of those around him, and still be a man and a soldier. His previous experience and his keenness made his services the more valuable.

First Beresford was sent to Malta, then France and Flanders. He seemed to have a charmed life, living through three years of incessant danger, having taken part in the battles of Neuve Chapelle, Festubert, the Hohenzollern Redoubt, Bullecourt, Ypres, Givenchy, a place he called the "Duck's Bill," wherever that may be—possibly it was only a fancy name invented by his regiment, for I do not remember hearing of it before—and Poelcapelle, which was the last, on October 26, 1917. A shell

burst close beside him and he only lived a few minutes after being hit.

He had not passed through those three years quite unscathed, having been wounded on April 24, 1915, and gassed in September of the same year.

After the April wound he was sent home from hospital to be nursed. Westerham was overjoyed to see him again.

His promotion had followed quickly on his arrival at the front, and when he died he was a Lieutenant-Colonel and had been mentioned in despatches twice. It was at Bullecourt in March, 1917, he won his D.S.O.: "For conspicuous gallantry and ability in command of his battalion during heavy enemy counter-attacks. The skill with which he handled his reserves was of the utmost assistance to the division on his right, and his determination enabled us to hold on to an almost impossible position. He repulsed three counter-attacks and lost heavily in doing so."

The assistance referred to was given to an Australian Division. A most appreciative letter was written by the General in command to his next-of-kin, who is his sister, Miss Beresford, but it is put away amongst other precious things in the bank until the end of the war, so I am unable to reproduce it.

The Adjutant of his battalion was present when Beresford was mortally wounded, and gives a graphic picture of the last scene; and so does Dr. Maude, who was in the same regiment with him. When Colonel Beresford was hit by a shell bursting close to him, he turned to the Adjutant saying, "I'm finished—carry on." A painful pause; then, to the field-doctor who went to see what could be done for him, "I'm finished; don't bother about me, attend to the others." A smile lit up his pale, handsome, and still boyish face. "Look after my sister. . . ." A longer pause, and, "This is a fine death for a Beresford," and he was gone.

I have been unable to get many particulars of this time; all where he fell are fighting for their lives, and ours, and much that I should like to know I must wait for until happier times.

Dr. Maude writes, "His work as a commanding officer was extraordinary. He never spared himself, and though he worked his officers very hard they adored him. It was a pleasure to see the terms on which he was with his junior officers. . . . He was

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a wonderful man and a great soldier, and had he survived he must have attained high command."

All remarked upon his contempt of danger. One evening he was sitting on the ground of another Colonel's dug-out reading his prayer-book, when a piece of shell landed between him and his friend, striking his water-bottle. He went on reading just the same without moving, somewhat to his friend's surprise. A sergeant accounts for this coolness in a letter to the vicar of St. Mary's, Westerham.

"DEAR SIR,

"Having seen a photograph and a notice of the late Lieut.-Colonel Beresford in the daily press and learnt with deep regret of his death, I cannot refrain from sending to his vicar the tribute of one who had the honour to serve under him as a non-commissioned officer and who loved and respected him as a gallant Christian gentleman.

"A nobler or better man it would be impossible to find among many good and noble men. A soldier every inch. I have heard the men discussing his coolness under fire say, 'It is his religion that makes him like that.' That is indeed a tribute from men who themselves gave very little thought to religious matters at that time.

"When he was gassed at Loos in 1915 he was back to the regiment within a week, and I was present at a Celebration of Holy Communion at which he officiated, though hardly able to speak.

"The welfare of his men was ever near his heart. I do not think he ever thought about himself.

"Trusting that you will not consider this letter an intrusion on your own grief,

"I am, sir,

"Yours very faithfully,

"HAROLD KEEN.

"Lately Coy. Q.M.Sgt.,

"1/3rd London Regiment."

The King sent a letter of sympathy to Miss Beresford, dated January 25, 1918.

A correspondent sent the following to one of the daily papers, referring to Colonel Beresford :

“Seven months as chaplain in the regiment of which he was in command have left an indelible impression upon my mind of one who had a tremendous sense of duty, and I had a great admiration for his personal intrepidity, his passionate love for the honour of his regiment, and his strenuous life. Yet with it all was his sensibility of the fact that he was a priest of the Catholic Church.

“His personal fearlessness was the continued astonishment and anxiety of his officers, for (though bearing already two wound-stripes on his arm) he never showed the slightest trace of fear, and if possible preferred to walk across the open to the trenches rather than up a communication trench. I have known him stand on the façades of a front line and talk to his men. It is surely a striking fact and a lesson to some of us that he always found time to say Matins and Evensong, and would walk miles with me to the different companies on Sunday.”

He died October 26, aged forty-two years.

Once when speaking to a friend not far from where he fell, he said, “People so often attend church for what they can get out of it—a good sermon, you know, or good music. If only they came to give instead of to get! You, for instance, who complain that the service is dull, why don’t you take something with you to make it brighter—cheerfulness, thankfulness, humility, any kind of virtue would help; it would make all the difference if you went to give instead of to get.”

Mr. Le Mesurier in the Parish Magazine, soon after Colonel Beresford’s death, spoke tenderly of him. He felt his death very much and liked to think some of the happiest years of his dead friend’s life had been spent with him in Westerham. Those years numbered fifteen—quite a slice out of a man’s life. In the magazine the vicar said Colonel Beresford was the “soul of honour.”

The Bishop of Rochester said, “Would that I had a Beresford in every parish in the diocese.”

This soldier-priest, a D.S.O. and having been mentioned in despatches, lies in the Gwalia British Cemetery at Elverdinghe, near Poperinghe, and from this quiet resting-place there comes across the sea his last message, “Carry on.”

CHAPTER XVIII

Father Brindle as Army Chaplain—His Greatest Friends—Homely Expressions—The Soldiers' Boast—Who did the Washing?—Father Brindle Captains a Boat—Wins a Prize—Advice to the Soldiers—How they Followed it!—The Taube Responsible—Father Brindle carries Despatches—Saves an Awkward Situation—Discipline—Gordon Memorial Service—A Special Prayer—Caton Woodville's Picture—Queen Victoria Disappointed—Mentioned in Despatches—Queen Victoria and the D.S.O.—With Lord Kitchener in Egypt—Commanding a Gun-boat—Many Decorations—Father Brindle becomes Bishop of Nottingham—A Letter from Kitchener—Letters of Appreciation—The Duke of Portland and Father Brindle—A Touching Prayer—A Funeral Pageant—The Last Post.

FATHER BRINDLE was the most famous of army chaplains and the first to receive the D.S.O. for heroic conduct in the field, at Atbara in 1898.

Lord Kitchener was a warm admirer of his, and they died very nearly together in the month of June, the younger man going first, coffined in the *Hampshire*, Father Brindle passing peacefully away in his bed very shortly after.

Father Brindle loved the army, and amongst his greatest friends were Lord Kitchener, Lord French, Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., and Colonel Kenna, V.C.

In his book, "From Midshipman to Field-Marshal," Sir Evelyn Wood refers several times to his old friend, and always in terms of appreciation; while Lord Wolseley used to say that Father Brindle was the bravest man he ever met, and I know he tried more than once to get him knighted for his services in the Soudan.

The soldiers loved their chaplain, who shared all their hardships throughout the campaign, insisting on marching every inch that they did; a pony was kept exclusively for his use, but he kept it only for the sick and footsore.

I remember him in Egypt about that time, and he certainly was the most popular man in the expedition that went to rescue poor Gordon. I believe, as a matter of fact, he took part in nearly all the operations in which the British troops were

engaged from 1882 (when he was the first chaplain to arrive in Egypt) to 1886 ; and again from 1896 to 1899, when he resigned his chaplaincy. Being thin and æsthetic-looking, the soldiers used to marvel at all their Padre could do.

I think this delicate look stood Father Brindle in good stead ; the men felt more grateful to him for his efforts on their behalf than they would have done to a big robust-looking man. They thought it was so wonderful the way he marched with them, even carrying the rifles of those who were played out, and they liked the homeliness of some of his expressions.

A favourite saying of his was, " Do your duty and let the rest go hang." His sporting spirit and unselfishness endeared him to all. The men used to boast that the Padre had marched with them all the way from Fort Atbara to Omdurman. After travelling some hundred and ten miles, Metammeh was reached. Khartoum lay a hundred miles beyond, but neither the scorching sun by day nor the frosts at night deterred him, one of his convictions being that the functions of a military chaplain were more efficacious when discharged by example than by any amount of preaching or precept.

Smartness hardly seems a suitable term to apply to a Roman Catholic priest, yet it was really applicable to Father Brindle. No matter the time, place, or work to be done, he always appeared clean and trim ; nobody knew how he managed it, and someone whispered that he did his own laundry work. In camp he wore white uniform, which was always spotless. When going into action he wore ordinary khaki ; both were well-cut and made.

He was present at the battles outside Suakin in 1884, and took an active part in the Nile expedition. At the request of Lord Wolseley he captained one of the boats of the Royal Irish Regiment, and won the prize of £100 for that regiment offered by Lord Wolseley to the first boat to reach the end of the river journey with the smallest relative loss of supplies.

General Sir Evelyn Wood described Father Brindle on this occasion as " burnt brown with the sun, face and hands covered with blisters," and noticed that when he stepped out of the boat he was stiff with fatigue from pulling against the fast-running water.

" Father, why are you working so hard ? " asked the General,

“ Oh, to encourage them,” was the reply.

“ Any result ? ”

“ Very little.”

Sir Evelyn Wood also tells a story about a sermon Father Brindle preached in the desert during Lent. Addressing the men, he said :

“ Now, my men, I cannot ask you while here on service to abstain, but you might do something which would be pleasing to the Almighty and will gratify me—abstain from using bad language.”

Looking into the upturned faces, he hoped from their sympathetic expressions that he had effected some good.

When the parade was over he stood talking for a few minutes to some officers, and then while walking behind two of his recent congregation, who had evidently not heard his footsteps in the sand, he overheard one man say to the other, “ I say, Bill, that was a b——y fine sermon the Father gave us ! ”

Which reminds me of a Padre in Flanders not long ago who likewise had been trying to stop his men from using bad and disgusting language, without much result. But one day when standing amidst a group of men who had been offending by their language, he looked up at a Taube overhead, pointed to it and said, “ My God, look at that b——y Taube.”

The men were struck dumb, and instead of looking up at the Taube stood staring at the Padre, open-mouthed with surprise and horror.

“ Now, my men,” said the Padre, “ you know what I feel like when you use profane and disgusting language.”

The lesson had a marvellous effect.

In 1886 Father Brindle was present at the battle of Ginnis, after which he came home and worked for ten years at Colchester and Aldershot amongst the soldiers. When, however, Lord Kitchener organised his expedition to Dongola, he requested Father Brindle to join the expeditionary force ; this he was delighted to do, and distinguished himself by his devotion to the sick during the terrible outbreak of cholera that year, and during the long wait at Sarras.

At Dongola he successfully took a gun-boat into action.

It was during this expedition that he won his D.S.O. Our troops came under the fire of some of our own guns, so that it

became necessary to send the gunners an order to prevent them inflicting further casualties on our own men. Father Brindle took this order to them across open ground that was under a heavy fire from the enemy, and was thus able to save rather an awkward situation.

Speaking of the battle of Omdurman, he was full of admiration of the skilful generalship and tactics of the British commander, who had told him several months before the event came to pass that he would be in Khartoum on September 1st. His arrangements had been made with the utmost forethought, and they were as complete as skill could make them. He considered the organisation at Omdurman wonderful, and said :

“We found ourselves lined up, British, Egyptians, and Soudanese, numbering 20,000 men. All distances had been marked, and when the Khalifa’s men charged magnificently, as they did at the first blush of dawn, we knew the day was Kitchener’s.”

The story of this battle has been told many times. The beating of the war-drums, the onrush of the Dervishes, how they rode to the attack and were mown down as they advanced.

In the advance of our troops Father Brindle was in the firing-line. He loved in his own quiet and convincing way to relate the incidents of this victory.

His love for discipline was much appreciated by Lord Kitchener, for not only did he impress its necessity on the men, but he himself gave implicit obedience to all in authority. Once when the troops were making a forced march he remained behind. Lord Kitchener sent for him and asked, “Why were you not there?” receiving the reply, “Because, sir, I received no orders.”

After the final wipe-out of the Dervish armies there came the memorable entrance into Khartoum and the impressive memorial service. No one realised more fully than Father Brindle what that day was to Lord Kitchener: one of bitter regret at being too late, and intense joy and gratification at having successfully accomplished his task.

Lord Kitchener felt strangely drawn to Father Brindle on this occasion, I know, and was grateful for his tactful sympathy.

There were three officiating chaplains at the Gordon Memorial Service, and a special prayer composed by Father

Brindle for the occasion was recited by him, and was printed for distribution by Lord Kitchener's orders.

Mr. W. G. Stevens, describing the service, says, "Snow-haired Father Brindle, best beloved of priests, laid his helmet at his feet and read the memorial prayer bare-headed in the sun."

Mr. Caton Woodville painted a picture of the religious service in the ruins of Gordon's palace, where every stick and stone seemed to throb with painful imaginings of poor deserted Gordon's despair.

When the picture was shown to Queen Victoria she remarked to the artist, "But you have forgotten the clergymen!" She evidently expected to see them in full canonicals. It was explained to her the clerical garments were not forgotten, and that the officiating clergy were in khaki, each one being pointed out to her.

I was talking to a near relative of mine a short time ago about the Egyptian campaign and Father Brindle; they were both toiling up the Nile at the same time and knew each other well.

He spoke of the priest's charming personality and what an idol he was of the soldiers, the amount of work he managed to get out of the southern Irishmen who then, as now, were "agin all law and order." The same relative told me that when they returned to Korti after the desert march he one day saw what looked like a battalion parade of an Irish regiment; on making enquiries he was informed it was only the defaulters who had been making merry on their return to civilisation. In those days it was not considered bad form to drink too much, and the regiment had only been doing on service what they were accustomed to doing in peace. The only reason I refer to this little incident, which cost them very dear and is an old story now, is because of the astonishing control Father Brindle had over the men; but for him there might have been serious trouble. He understood the Irish better than the majority of we dull Saxons.

As Father Brindle mounted the scale of the hierarchy he became wonderfully little spoilt, and even as a Bishop his charm of manner could be detected, though perhaps of a slightly stiffer bearing.

Father Brindle was mentioned in despatches five times, and twice promoted for war service. In addition to his D.S.O. he

won an array of British and Egyptian medals and clasps, as well as the Turkish order of the Medjidie and Osmanieh; he was, moreover, the recipient of a "Good Service Pension," and would have had the grants of a civil C.B., but this could not be conferred on a chaplain.

Queen Victoria expressed a wish that he should not wear the distinctive decoration of the D.S.O. until she had herself personally invested him with it; he therefore received the honour at her hands.

The prayer-book for Catholic soldiers which has been adopted by the War Office was compiled for them by Father Brindle, who was at their side during the two fights off Kasassin, at El-Teb and Tamai in 1884, up the Nile with them in 1884-5, and marched across the Baynda desert to Metemmeh with them, and at the decisive action which broke the Dervish power for the time being at Wady Halfa.

I think he was rather proud of Lord Kitchener's faith in him when putting him in command of the third gun-boat, which had troops on board struggling up the Nile.

It will be interesting to Catholics and others to know what all the brave show of medals on Father Brindle's breast are.

The British War Medal for Egypt, 1882, with three clasps, *i.e.*, Suakin, 1884, El-Teb, Tamai and the Nile, 1884-5, Soudan, 1898.

The Turkish order of the Medjidie (third class) and the Osmanieh (fourth class).

The Egyptian War Medal, 1896-8, with three clasps, *i.e.*, Halfa, Atbara, and Khartoum.

The Khedival Bronze Star, 1882.

On the morning of Tel-el-Kebir Father Brindle was lying in hospital with English cholera, and consequently unable to be present with the troops, who missed his cheering presence.

I have been told he was called the "soul of the regiment."

In 1899 his long connection with the army ended, and he visited Rome, where he was consecrated Bishop of Hermopolis that he might act as auxiliary to Cardinal Vaughan, who was growing rather infirm. Father Brindle acted as Bishop Auxiliary of Westminster until 1901, when he was translated to Nottingham.

During the time of his episcopate the Bishop did not appear much before the public, but at King Edward's special request he instructed Princess Ena for the change of creed necessary on her marriage with King Alfonso.

None will wish to deny that Father Brindle was an ornament to his profession, an earnest servant of his Church, a man with sporting instincts that appealed to the soldiers, who like men who play the game. His manner was cheerful but dignified: a thorough Englishman, not entirely without some of our English prejudices, which, however, in no way detracted from his lovable character.

Some of the letters received after retiring from service with the army speak of the feeling entertained by the writers for him. One from Lord Kitchener when staying at Combe, in Honiton, dated October 2nd, runs :

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ I like this form of address better than your exalted title of Bishop. I wonder you did not excommunicate the War Office and its contents, including the staff that now rules there; perhaps you had not a bell, book, and candle with you and only murmured the formula.

“ As an Irishman I much wish I could come and see your Irish friends, but it is a far cry to Liverpool. Next time I stay at Knowsley, which I do sometimes, I will see what can be done.

“ I often look back in memory to the old Soudan days when you used to lead the troops across the desert, and wish those days back again.

“ I am shortly going back to Khartoum and to shoot up the White Nile.

“ I was delighted to get your letter and to feel that you still have a kindly remembrance of your old friend, Kitchener.”

This letter shows the affectionate side of Lord Kitchener's character, which many people thought did not exist. In a measure he was a hard man, and yet I have more than once seen that cold frigid manner put on when he was feeling very much.

I remember seeing him walk down a room full of people waiting to shake hands and congratulate him after his success and

return from Khartoum. He walked down the whole length of that big room like a wooden image, shaking hands with first one and then another, a cold fixed glitter in his eyes, and never a smile. Many thought him ungracious, some even declared he was rude and ungrateful and were sorry they had bothered to come and greet him. He did not even turn and say something gracious, as I hoped he might, when the end of the room was reached ; but I knew he was feeling intensely.

When he was holding himself hard, either in pleasure or pain, he used to turn colour. I have known one other man do exactly the same. Both used to set their mouths tight and turn a pale green-grey, and my heart has ached for these men.

Part of another letter from a Government official is interesting :

“ I have still got as one of my most treasured mementos of the Soudan campaign a copy of your prayer at Gordon’s memorial service which you wrote out for me.

“ Do you remember when you walked from Gatacre’s camp to the Atbara to a dying man in hospital ? I wonder if those now under you will ever know what you have done for the British soldier.”

A stranger wrote to the Bishop as late as April, 1915, referring to the prayer :

“ I never read the words but there is a gulp in my throat. . . .”

How well we can understand the pleasure these letters brought to the old priest, how he would read and re-read every word, living again in mind, those stirring times.

One or two other letters referring to the old soldiering days are worth notice. One is from the “ boots ” at the Crown Hotel :

“ DEAR SIR,

“ Reading in the paper about your jubilee, I has one of the men who went through the Soudan campaign with you and used to attend your Sunday evening services. I thought you would like to hear from any of ours, for you always had a kind word for any of us and if you remember you gave us a little book as a present and I cherish that book for you was good to us all, it did not matter whether we were Church of

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England, or Roman Catholics, and I hope God will bless and keep you in good health for a good many years to come and we all loved you.

"I remain, one of the late 1st Royal Warwickshire Regiment, at present Boots at the Crown Hotel. . . ."

Again, from a retired Reuter's war correspondent :

"It is now some years since we met at the battle of Tamai, when we tried so hard to obtain a few winks of sleep in an ambulance wagon which was riddled from top to bottom, which disturbed much our comfort and efforts to sleep. I then assisted you in helping to relieve the awful sufferings of the wounded. . . ."

One more old soldier's letter I would like to quote.

"YOUR HOLINESS,

"I trust you will excuse me writing to you in this manner. I am an old soldier of the Seaforth Highlanders, and served with you in the Soudan campaign in 1898. I was reading in the *Nottingham Guardian* of the prize distribution of the Robin Hoods, and I saw a face sitting on the left of the Mayor that I remembered having seen in the desert.

"My mind went back to that solitary figure marching in front of the British fighting square, the only man outside the square except the colour party, and that was Father Brindle, D.S.O.

"I have taken the liberty of writing to ask the favour of one of your photographs to keep in remembrance of you.

"I have seen a good deal of warfare, like yourself, have four war medals and eight clasps, and am very much interested in old veterans.

"I am now the store-keeper at the — Coal and Iron Company. . . ."

When failing health obliged Father Brindle to give up active work and retire from the See of Nottingham, he went to Mount St. Stephens College, near Sheffield, in which he had always been interested, and there he ended his days, becoming entirely an invalid in March, 1916, and dying in June of the same year.

Shortly before leaving Nottingham, amongst the many letters in his post-bag was one from the Duke of Portland, from

Welbeck Abbey, dated January 30, 1916, in which he said how sorry he was to hear that the Bishop was relinquishing his high office in Nottingham, adding, " Though I know I am unworthy to say it, yet I should like to tell you that I am sure you are immensely respected and admired as a man, a priest, and a soldier. . . . I hope you will forgive me for venturing to express my feelings."

When Sir Evelyn Wood heard of Father Brindle's illness he at once wrote asking to be kept informed of his condition.

There were many more letters of interest, all couched in the same kindly strain. It is refreshing to find that occasionally the good works of individuals are recognised during their lifetime.

After Bishop Brindle's death rather a touching little prayer was found written on the back of one of his old envelopes :

Dear Lord ! You are my guest to-day,
And love has made me bold,
So kneeling at Your feet I pray :
Give me not years, not gems, not gold,
Not honour, fame, nor earthly praise,
Not lengthened years—but fill
My heart with one desire—always
To do, dear Lord, Thy Will.

The funeral was a great pageant. Not before in England had a soldier funeral been given to a Bishop. It was impressive.

The body was conveyed by train from St. Mary's College to Nottingham and there transferred from it to a gun-carriage by eight non-commissioned officers. Six horses mounted by men of the Royal Engineers drew the gun-carriage through a mile of mourners. This was followed by three hundred men of the Yorkshire Light Infantry and other regiments, one hundred and sixty cadets from Mount St. Mary's College, a band with draped drums, boy scouts, and mounted police.

When this procession reached the Cathedral the coffin was carried into its dimness and placed facing the High Altar on a catafalque of purple and gold, bearing the dead man's coat-of-arms.

A Guard of Honour was provided by the older cadets of Mount St. Mary's College. They stood with reversed arms at the four points of the catafalque. On the coffin, draped with

the Union Jack, lay the Bishop's mitre, his war medals and decorations, including the D.S.O.

Dr. Bourne, the Cardinal Archbishop, in his scarlet robes and archiepiscopal mitre, gave emphasis to the ceremony. He was supported by a number of Bishops, including the Rector of the English College at Rome, numerous Canons and other officiating clergy all taking their places at the High Altar.

The Requiem Mass was sung and the solemn ritual culminated in the giving of the absolutions, the sprinkling and incensing one by one of the Bishops, and lastly with deep impression by the Cardinal himself.

The music ceased—and in sharp contrast, tearing the wings from our emotions and bringing us back to earth, with a crash the buglers sounded the Last Post.

After the service many thousands of people passed the bier to pay their respects to a much-loved priest.

Later in the day the body was lowered into the crypt of the Cathedral.

The RIGHT REV. BISHOP BRINDLE, D.S.O.

[Facing p. 258.]

MAJOR WILLIAM MACKENZIE, M.C.
SALVATION ARMY CHAPLAIN TO AUSTRALIAN TROOPS

Facing p. 259.

CHAPTER XIX

Caring for Spiritual Needs—The Salvation Army—Miss Booth at the Front—War Office Recognition—Chaplain Mackenzie and Chaplain Green—With Australian Contingent—Waiting for Orders—Hells in Egypt—Captain Mac's Endeavours—Off to Gallipoli—Constantinople or Loos—Some Printed Leaflets—Grit, Guts, and Gumption—A Husbandy Letter—The Chaplain's Post-Bag—Distracted Parents—Missing Son—A Poet Baker—Broken-Hearted Sergeant—A Joke in Hospital—Salvationists' Huts—Eggs and Tea—Vigorous Prayer Meetings—"When the Devil was Sick"—Unspeakable Horrors—Letters from Home—"I Die quite Happy"—A Military Cemetery—Wondrous Tommies—Chaplain Mackenzie breaks Down—An Inspired Being—Lord French on Salvation Army—Lord Derby's Thanks—Admiral Jellicoe's Tribute—General and Mrs. Booth in India—Father Bergin at the Point of the Bayonet—On the Eve of Battle—A German Pill-Box—A Bursting Shell—Father Bergin Killed—A Quiet Corner in Renninghelst.

THE spiritual needs of the army have been well catered for in this war as compared with previous campaigns ; the proximity of one of the war zones has made it comparatively easy for all denominations to be in touch with their followers.

The Salvation Army, that in its early days was so much ridiculed, has been well represented ; their ranks and titles make it rather confusing to the uninitiated, as both sexes are Captains, Majors, Adjutants, etc. Miss Booth, granddaughter of the founder of the army, is "Adjutant," and now out at the front in France. Their chaplains are not ordained and they have no sacraments, but they do fine work, and more than once during this war have administered the Holy Communion to dying men.

The Australian Government were the first to recognise the work of the Salvation Army to the extent of appointing their officers as chaplains on an equal footing with the chaplains of the Church of England and other recognised denominations. A little later the New Zealand and the Canadian authorities followed suit ; still later the United States authorities ; last of all the British War Office has recognised them, and as I write

the first duly accredited and officially appointed officer chaplains are preparing to join the troops in France, and they hope to go to the Eastern Mediterranean.

Two of their chaplains that I know of have been awarded the Military Cross for general devoted service rather than for any special act of gallantry. Captain Chaplain Green, at present attached to the headquarters of the New Zealand troops in London, was, I believe, the first of the Salvationists to receive that distinction while in Gallipoli.

The other chaplain, Captain Mackenzie, came over with the first contingent of Australians and has by them been christened "Captain Mac." Yet he is not an Australian, though he passionately loves them all; but, as may be gathered from his name, he is Scotch and is proud of his Highland blood and the piety of his ancestors.

In his early youth he had wished to enlist in the Seaforth Highlanders, but instead was taken to Australia, where by his energy and push he soon found firm foothold. He was determined to get on, and quickly began to do so, but Scotland was far away and the piety of his ancestors a thing of the past. His idea at this time was all self and push; he meant to make money and get on in the world—nothing else mattered.

Suddenly all his ideals and theories were upset and became things of naught; self and worldly fame lost all value in his eyes. The Salvation Army was responsible for this. It so happened that what I presume they would call a battalion of them were visiting the place where Mackenzie was working; their earnestness appealed to him, he became interested, and arrived at the conclusion, after a certain amount of spiritual wrestling, that there was better work waiting for him than money-making and self-advancement. He had discovered hidden away in the lumber-room of his heart a precious thing that every man possesses without perhaps being aware of it until something happens to bring it to light—namely, his religion. The Salvationists having helped him to find it, he naturally thought he would like to join them and help others in the same way.

When war broke out he signed on as a chaplain. At that time he was a big strong man with a huge voice and abrupt manner which, however, covers a kind and gentle heart. The

Anzacs are fond and proud of him. Every Australian you meet will in course of conversation tell you two things—his admiration for Captain Mac and his yearning to return home to Australia ; but not until they have done what they came for, not until they have had their whack !

Poor souls ! they had that in Gallipoli, where they faced death with such sublime courage and won for themselves undying glory out of that tragic failure.

While waiting in Egypt for orders before proceeding to the Dardanelles, the Australians found the truth of the old adage that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do. The mischief in this instance lay in the horrible dens which abound in the East, where drink of a most poisonous kind and vice walk hand-in-hand—veritable hells. In the first instance the soldiers were only in search of amusement to pass the time away ; then the drink and the amusements provided began to fascinate them. Captain Mac tried hard to dissuade the men from visiting these places, where the scenes were degrading and the drink poisonous, but occasionally they would slip away, only to be quickly followed by Captain Mac. To one he would say, “ Come away, lad ; what would your mother say if she could see you ? ” To another, “ Be a man and come out of this. How will you ever face your sweetheart again ? ”

Not content with this, he went to the authorities and asked if nothing could be done to prevent the fine healthy lads coming to fight for the Mother Country from being led into such temptation. Thanks to Captain Mac, much has been done, not only for the troops but for Egypt also.

At last the joyful orders came and they moved on to Gallipoli. The men were all eager for a fight ; plenty was awaiting them. It hardly bears thinking about. Captain Mac was by their side through it all, with the fighting, with the dying, and once or twice I have heard that when the Turks became too pressing he had something to say to them himself.

There were calls for Mac everywhere from the Anzacs. They admired him for his strength, endurance, and almost womanly tenderness. They attended his services, repeating the prayers after him word for word, singing his hymns, and many of them dying in his arms, mingling their tears and sweat with his. They listened for his encouragement when storming

the heights, and turned to him for sympathy when told that what they had won at such a cost had to be given up again.

The news that all had to evacuate came as a bombshell, and many were the curses on civilian-controlled campaigning. They did not know then that a new plan had dawned upon the authorities and its name was Loos! It had been a toss-up between Constantinople and Loos, and the latter had won. The first to evacuate were the Irish and French divisions to Salonika. It is old history now, therefore I presume there can be no harm in referring to the curious fact that the Turks did not interfere in any way with the evacuation of these divisions with the exception of dropping proclamations at 9 o'clock next morning to tell the native regiments that they were being left behind by their white comrades to have their throats cut. What makes this so interesting is that the Turks must surely have been printing their leaflets during the time the evacuation was in progress, and it throws some light on the complaisance they showed during the subsequent evacuations.

I have some interesting letters dealing with that time, but they had better stay in the dark for the present, though it is difficult to see how what happened three years ago can now be prejudicial. It is all part of a very bitter and ignominious past.

The much-grieved Australians and their Captain Mae now went to France, having tasted both victory and bitterness together.

To my mind Captain Maekenzie's most charming attribute was his passionate love and admiration for the Australians, whom he describes as "not merely big men, but men with brains, who, though they slouch about when there is nothing to do, are altogether different when any business has to be carried through. I am sorry for those who get in the way then, for nothing stops them but death. Tell them there is a difficult job for them to see through, *then* they are all the three big 'G's' put together, as I heard someone express it: Grit, Guts, and Gumption. Oh, they are princes—men—great!"

He says he loves every mother's son of them, and feels it a privilege to be able to do anything for them; their courage is so supreme no one could help loving them. Nerve-shattering shells, thundering guns, mud, snow, rain, or general wretchedness cannot make them other than cheerful.

It is easy to understand Mackenzie's exaltation. He must be proud even to be of the same sex. He loves to wait on them, do little things for them. I have heard from others what some of those "little things" consist of. He has been known to walk many miles at the end of a heavy day's work to carry letters of importance for the wounded, or fetch some delicacy for a patient in hospital.

The letter-writing for the men is quite a formidable undertaking by itself. One of the chaplains—I think it was Captain Mac—was asked to write "a real nice husbandy letter" to a man's wife!

Besides the outgoing post the chaplain's incoming bag is generally a heavy one; everybody feels they can fly to him for help. Here are a few requests to be attended to in one day's post. An Australian mother writes that she and her son have had a bit of a difference; will the chaplain be kind enough to talk to the young man? Another letter from distracted parents asks him to tell them where their son is laid, and will he take a snapshot of the grave and send it to them? A third has heard nothing of their only son for a long time; will the chaplain try and find him? It would be very easy to answer all these with a few strokes of the pen, pointing out that amidst the hundreds and thousands of killed and missing it would not be possible to carry out their wishes. Instead of this they take the utmost pains (most of them) to do all they are asked. One of the Salvationist chaplains—I am not sure whether it was Captain Mackenzie or another—diligently searched for the missing boy, and after considerable trouble found him in hospital, where he was very comfortable and well looked after. It so happened that it was his nineteenth birthday, and being a favourite with the nurses and the doctors, a variety of little presents were around his bed—flowers, fruit, and other little tokens likely to please and cheer him; but the chaplain was glad the parents could not see their boy, for he was terribly disfigured and had been wounded in seventeen places. When first he was hit he implored his mate to shoot him and put him out of his agony.

A letter was sent that very day to the parents giving the consoling news that their son had been found, was in hospital doing well, and a favourite with everybody. Even the hospital

cook had been moved into making him a special cake, on the top of which in icing-sugar was the following choice poem :

Private Bunker
Wasn't a funkier
But was a hero.

When the chaplain asked the patient if there was anything he wanted the youth replied, " Yes, sir, I want some ginger-ale." Unfortunately there was none to be had anywhere near, but the chaplain trudged through miles of mud and got some for him.

The chaplains often have to do the censoring of the letters, and Captain Mac did his share. He noticed what several others have told me, namely, that there are very few in which religion is not mentioned in some form or other.

The Colonel commanding the Salvation Army headquarters has given me some delightful stories of the workings of their army and their chaplains. Stories of the terrible mud through which the men often had to wade when returning to billets : terrible sticky mud in which tired, spent men have sunk up to their armpits and died. Captain Mackenzie used to go out and meet them, to cheer and if possible to help them in.

The men often begged him not to expose himself to danger when not obligatory. He replied, " Boys, I have prayed with you and I have preached to you. Do you think I am afraid to die with you ? I'd be ashamed to leave you when you are up against it hard."

Chaplains see humanity robbed of all its shams, all its veneer, but what they see and hear is sacred, therefore much of their work is unknown to the world. They seldom speak of their experiences as relating to individuals, but the Australians themselves delight in telling stories of their Captain Mac, whose sympathy is sought by all, as well as his spiritual aid.

One big, splendid-looking sergeant coming back from the firing-line on the Somme threw himself into Mackenzie's arms, sobbing like a child, and saying, " Oh, Mac—Charlie's dead—Charlie's killed ! However shall I tell mother ! " The man's brother had been killed at his side.

The pluck of the wounded is very wonderful. They manage to laugh and joke when it might seem impossible. A Salvation Army chaplain going into hospital to see a man who had lost

both his arms greeted him thus, "Well, I won't offer to shake hands with you!" The poor man laughed heartily—enjoyed the joke.

There is no end to the good work done by the Salvationist huts. I have several times heard of soldiers being stranded and having asked where they could go for some food and rest, and of their having been directed to the Salvation Army shelters, where they have been well fed and cared for. I have been told it as a fact that in one such shelter as many as one thousand five hundred eggs and four thousand cups of tea have been provided in one evening. What an undertaking!

Vigorous prayer-meetings are also held in these huts; their services are very bright and attract crowds of men, their hymns are not gloomy and sad, their choruses have an inspiring lilt. In one place where a service was being held a great number could not get into the building, though it was a very large one, but the men stood outside and joined in the chorus. Speaking of this service one of those who had been inside the building described it to those outside as this: "The Major he let off a slap-up-ding-dong-soul-stirring meeting."

The ritual of these services is well arranged. They are heralded by a band marching up beating drums and troling cheery tunes. An interval is allowed of a few minutes and another band comes marching along, perhaps a third on gala-days, and each band collects a following; some come perhaps out of curiosity and remain for pleasure and spiritual profit.

No one can have taken part in this war with its unprecedented horrors without its having been brought home to them that "in the midst of life we are in death"; the veriest scoffer before the war now thinks, as regards religion, that there must be "something in it, after all."

We have all heard the story of

When the devil was sick
'Twas a saint he'd be,
But when he was better
Divil a bit of a saint was he.

This may apply to some of the new religious enthusiasts, but I doubt if it will to many, for the experiences of to-day can never be forgotten.

Those who have seen nothing of the horrors of battle cannot

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perhaps appreciate what the present unutterable human carnage has been to some of our boys, straight out from home, where they have lived sheltered lives shielded from all things hurtful and unpleasant. They quickly cease to be boys—and never again can they feel young. The unspeakable horror of it all has robbed them of their youth. The world they have known is gone from them for ever—a thing of the past ; has become like a dream of long ago.

The only thing that has saved many from going mad has been letters from home. I wish this were more realised than it is. I wish people realised more what the despair, the hopelessness is, that seizes the hearts of our lads sitting in shelled trenches, the earth rocking under them from the thundering guns while they are like moths pinned to a cork ; the bodies of their pals blown to pieces all around them, and then, poor lads, they are sent to collect the discs from amongst the human wreckage. Small wonder that home, peace, and beautiful things seem very far away. Then it is, that letters from home are priceless treasures, letters breathing of love and endless prayers for the safety of the recipient, telling of all the homely things, the everyday little nothings that seem so great to them now. Even the cat having had kittens seems to bring home nearer. Next to letters from home, I think the Padres bring most comfort to the fighters.

Miss Booth, of the Salvation Army, takes special interest in looking after the graves of the fallen, and lays flowers on them for those unable to do so themselves. Many are the lonely graves that have been decorated and cared for by her kindly hands, where the sleepers have been claimed by none.

I remember wandering through a cemetery soon after a big battle. I was searching for the grave of a brave man whose last words had been, " Tell them all at home I die quite happy."

Many sights met my eyes that made me see everything through a mist. It was almost unbearable. The rows and rows of white crosses, just a number telling those who cared that a young man, barely in his prime, had made the supreme sacrifice, before time had been given to him to enjoy half the lovely things in life.

Among the multitude of graves lay love-tokens of every description : flowers in jam-pots, artificial wreaths in glass

cases, a pathetic little paper cross all gone to pulp, and a little further on a poor frenzied woman with arms outstretched over the newly-turned earth, crying out that she could not leave him "all alone."

The chaplains all agree the British Tommies are wondrous beings, and are at their best when in tight corners. I have known them angry and unbearable over trifles in ordinary times of peace. I have known them superb and forgiving over cruel wrongs—dying caked in mud and blood, asking you to leave them and attend to others who "need you more." I have known them well attended to and comfortable between snowy sheets in hospital; but I like best to remember them—and it was worth risking much to see their faces—when three pieces of tape had been tied to the foot of their beds, for in hospital parlance that meant "For home."

The way some of the officers meet the disagreeables of war is instructive. One man who had been brought up in the lap of luxury shed real tears of annoyance when the mud and the rain went down the back of his neck, but when the pinch came it did not prevent him from leading a forlorn hope.

I am sorry to say Chaplain Mackenzie, after three years in God's service at the front, has entirely broken down in health and been obliged to return to Australia.

What he was as a preacher I do not know, but that his religion was a real thing to him I feel sure. Perhaps it would have been difficult to him to "put his reason in writing," as the lawyers say, as to why he believed and embraced certain theories appertaining to his religion, and probably he would have come off second-best in a profound theological argument, but he would have pounded many learned divines at Scriptural quotations, chapters and verses. His religion made him very happy and bright, assisted, no doubt, by his robust health. He sang and laughed and used his robustness to help those less fortunate than himself.

I think he was rather an inspired being. He felt there was something in him which acted as his guide, counsellor, and friend; not the thin small voice we call conscience, but stronger than that and different. What some people might term coincidence he attributed to this "something" in him telling him what to do, and what to avoid. This "something" turned him back

once when bound on an errand of mercy, and the road on which he would have travelled was torn up by shell-fire. At other times he was led to places he had no reason to visit, and found men alone and dying. He feels it is the Spirit of God working in him.

The Salvation Army has met with a good deal of encouragement and appreciation. Lord French recently said, "Of all the great associations and organisations which have sprung into existence in the last fifty years for the temporal and spiritual welfare of the community, none have offered finer work, attained more splendid results throughout the British Empire, than the Salvation Army. In particular its activities have been of the greatest benefit to the soldiers in the war." Lord Derby sent them encouraging messages through their General. In a letter he says, "All good wishes for your success. The splendid work which the Salvation Army has done amongst the soldiers during the war is one for which I as Secretary of State for War should like to thank them most sincerely. It is work deserving of all support." Admiral Sir John Jellicoe also pays them a tribute: "His Majesty's Services owe much to the Salvation Army."

I remember when I was in India years ago dear old General and Mrs. Booth coming up to Simla. I think it was the year Mrs. Booth died. Lord William Beresford lent them the theatre to hold one of their meetings. I was staying with Sir West and Lady Ridgeway, and was in their box with them. The Ripons were opposite in their box, and the house was full. Many of us, I am afraid, went thinking we should be amused, and when the procession filed in beating drums and clashing brass instruments, some smiles wandered round the theatre; but directly General Booth with his snow-white hair and beard began to speak, his common sense and earnestness at once aroused our interest, and he was so eloquent he carried us along with him until we all felt ashamed of the little smile that visited us when first the meeting began. After addressing us in English he addressed the natives fluently in the vernacular. He indulged in none of his understudies' wearisome repetitions of "and I was saved," or as some of them expressed it, "I was sived." His language was refined and polished.

Mrs. Booth also spoke, and it must have been apparent to

all that she was very far from strong and simply burning to save us all. It was a vital matter to her, and I believe she would have gone on pleading with us until she was completely exhausted if her husband had not very kindly and tenderly stopped her.

Miss Booth, the granddaughter of these very earnest people, has lately written an interesting little book giving an account of the Army's work all over the world.

A monster hut has been erected in France by the Australian Salvationists, and they crowd into it. Services, sing-songs, and amusements all take their turn in it. Captain Mackenzie used to sing to them there, provide them with books, magazines, games, and material for letter-writing, to try and help them to forget all the hardships of the trenches.

I read somewhere the other day that those who live to tell the tale, when they return to their homes in Australia will sing :

I daundered here and I daundered there
And I daundered round the corner,
I daundered into an army hut
And I got Salvation yonder.

And they will sing it to the tune of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."

There was also a Roman Catholic chaplain who came over with the Australians, Father Bergin by name. His early missionary career was in the Holy Land and Syria. Had there been no war he would probably still be alive and well, carrying out God's work in that lonely outpost of civilisation. But Father Bergin being a British subject and Turkey being at war, necessitated for him, as for many others, a very hasty and undignified departure at the point of Turkish bayonets from the scenes of his labours.

The home of the Jesuit Order in Cairo became his temporary home, and it was from this home early in 1915 that he first came into contact with the A.I.F. (Australian Imperial Force).

He served with them in France and was with them through all their battles from Ypres to the Somme, up to the time of his death on October 12, 1917. He could not be prevailed upon to take rest and leave, so devoted was he to his work.

His chief characteristic was his simplicity and gentleness.

All who ever met him, from staff officers to privates, liked him as a friend, and all regarded him as a man of God.

It is rather difficult to write of the work of the priests and clergy of all denominations ; it is not for the eyes of the world.

A colleague in the same division with Father Bergin gives an account of his last days in this life. He and his unit had been having a few days' rest behind the lines, and the Sunday before returning to the front line again he held a service in the little local church and had a fine parade of his boys. Within a few days a Requiem was sung in the same church for Father Bergin. He had moved up with his Brigade to an advanced post on October 10th in order to attend to the wounded. On the evening of the big attack made by the gallant Australians on October 12th he was standing at the entrance to the Aid Post—an old German " pill-box " of spacious size and great strength. The shelling was violent, but the danger was not very close at hand. In fact, he was actually watching some men who were hard pressed at some little distance, and standing with him was the first staff-captain and the signal officer of the Brigade. Suddenly a heavy shell burst a few yards off, killing Father Bergin instantly, also the signal officer, Lieut. Darke. The staff officer escaped with a severe shock.

In a little quiet corner of the cemetery at Renninghelst rests the remains of Father Bergin amongst the British and French who have fallen since the days of 1914.

CHAPTER XX

Church of England Bishops—Roman Catholics—Nonconformists—Helpful Priests—Roman Catholics in 1688—Father Finn at Sedd-el-Bahr—With the Dublin Fusiliers—The Last few Words—Preparation for Death—The *Clyde* run Aground—A Desperate Landing—The Colonel's Advice—Father Finn's Reply—A Boat-load and what was Left—Riddled with Bullets—A Ghastly Scene—Men Digging like Dogs—A Crippled Arm—The Sign of the Cross—Bleeding to Death—A Last Question—The Rev. T. A. Harker Describes the Scene—A Crimson Sea—Sympathy of the King and Queen—A Strong Presentiment—Admiral de Roebuck's Despatch—Father Finn's Early Days—Bishop of Middlesborough's Appreciation—The Late Mr. John Redmond—His Letter to the Author—Father Gwynn—At the Western Front—Buried Alive—Fights his Way Out—A Priestly Act—The Rev. Richard Hall—Appreciates the Catholic Priests—Father Bradley's Unselfishness—Infectious Piety—"A Good Job Too"—A Service before Action—An Experience of German Submarines—A Rush for Life-belts—With an Eye to the Future—Father Willaert—Sees his Brother Shot—Asked "Not to Look."

I HAVE made several discoveries while writing this book, one being that there is no more instructive method of observing the psychology of the various great religious organisms than in compiling a book of this sort. It seems to me that nothing but good can come of recording the achievements of some of the undeniably splendid men who have served as chaplains in the great war, because the chaplains' department has not received anything like its share of recognition in war literature, and I think it is certain that the parsons' work with the armies in the field is underrated by the man in the street.

My views seem to be shared by the Roman Catholics and Nonconformists, at any rate, for when I have applied to them for any information in connection with my subjects I have received nothing but kindness and prompt help. When it came to the Bishops of the Church of England it was like trying to get information out of the giant tortoise at the Zoo, which it was impossible to say whether it was alive or dead. Dealing with the Roman Catholics and Nonconformists was dealing with real live people, while—and I say it with sorrow, being a member of the Church of England—our ecclesiastical dignitaries

are amazingly and deplorably apathetic. One Bishop I wrote to asking some questions concerning the chaplains who had left his diocese, replied saying he knew nothing about the branch to which I referred; another, after a few more or less meaningless sentences, thought that when all had done so well it would not do to mention any one in particular; while a third, whose son is a chaplain and has been decorated, said his son had told him he had "done nothing."

The Catholics, from the Cardinal Archbishop downwards, have been most helpful, and evidently know every detail of the splendid work done by their priests. The helpfulness of the latter makes me wish I had been brought up in the Catholic Faith.

For many years there were no Roman Catholic priests allowed to serve in the British Army. The first was appointed as chaplain during the Crimea, and sent to the hospitals at Scutari and Malta. After that campaign they became a permanent part of the establishment, but in a very limited number, usually one Catholic chaplain to every expeditionary force. When military operations were on a very large scale additional temporary chaplains were appointed, and they received the same pay and relative rank as the Anglican and Presbyterian chaplains, rising according to length of service to the grade of chaplain of the First Class, with the rank of Colonel.

From the Revolution of 1688, for about a hundred years, if a Roman Catholic wished to enlist in the British Army he was obliged to attend the Protestant services at the Church Parades. In those days I believe the Catholics who felt attracted to a military career served in the Irish Brigades of the French army or entered the Austrian or Spanish service. In these armies many Catholics, mostly from Ireland but a few from Great Britain, rose to high rank.

Under the stress of the conflict with the American colonies and the war with France, Catholics were at last allowed to enlist, the higher ranks of the army being closed to them. A few years after Waterloo this rule was relaxed.

At the beginning of the war in 1914 there were not enough Catholic priests for the needs of the army, and the War Office had to ask for more. Even then there have been complaints that there are not enough. The War Office, in spite of Lord

Kitchener's warning, failed to recognise the enormous undertaking ahead of us.

Each Catholic priest has been paid by the English Government and everything provided for him at the public expense, even a portable altar and all things necessary for the celebration of the Holy Communion in the field.

The first army chaplain of any denomination to fall in the war was Father Finn, who was attached to the 1st Dublin Fusiliers. He was killed on April 25, 1915, at Sedd-el-Bahr at the mouth of the Straits—"the worst and bloodiest of all the landings," according to John Masefield.

On the Ides of March, 1915, heedless of Cæsar's warning, the 1st Dublin Fusiliers, who had been training at Kenilworth, left that town with their officers and chaplain by the 10.30 p.m. train, for they knew not where.

All Kenilworth used to run to their garden gates when they heard the "Dubs" (as they affectionately called the Dublin Fusiliers) marching along and trying to keep their hearts up by singing "It's a Long, Long Way to Tipperary." No one in Kenilworth can bear to hear it now. After the dark night of March 15th had swallowed up those cheery lads who had won the hearts of Kenilworth, all was wrapped in mystery. No little bird whispered where they were, no little bird even pretended to know, and for all Kenilworth knew the "Dubs" might have been swept off the face of the earth, until the papers arrived one bright May morning—I think it was the 4th—the newspapers arrived blazing with the account of the brilliant and successful landing of the heroic "Dubs" at the Dardanelles, a feat of arms "that will add lustre to the glorious records of the British Army": so said the papers.

In General Sir Ian Hamilton's vividly-written despatch picturing those landing operations he says, "It is my firm conviction that no finer feat of arms has ever been achieved by the British soldiers or any other soldiers than the storming of those trenches from the open boats on the morning of April 25th, 1915."

That was the date of the landing of the 29th Division on the Gallipoli peninsula. These troops were especially assigned that almost impossible task, being well-seasoned men, the last large unit remaining of the old regular army.

With this Division were the 1st Dublin and 1st Munster Fusiliers. Father Finn ministered to the spiritual needs of both, the majority of the men being Catholics, and most sincerely did he love the men and most unceasingly did he work for them.

On board the transport during the voyage out, when the men became depressed with the monotony of the life, Father Finn would tell them amusing stories, sing to them, arrange sports for them, all with a view to cheering them up.

At last the weary journey came to an end. On Saturday, April 24th, the transport lay just off Tenedos surrounded by the warships of the Allied Fleets that were preparing for the great bombardment next morning. Father Finn held his last Mass on board and was very happy, as so many attended the service and partook of the Sacrament.

His addresses to the men were homely and simple, what he called a "few words." He knew, and the men knew, there was some deadly work before them. Many of the priest's "few words" were on the subject of contrition. He told them if they were wounded and no priest was near, they should say, "O my God, I am sorry that I have sinned against Thee, because Thou art so good; I will try and sin no more," and that this would be acceptable to their Heavenly Father. His last "few words" to the men while addressing them were on "Preparation for Death." Little did any of them think that before another sun would set the majority of them would have laid down their lives.

In the darkness of that early Sunday morning, with all lights out, the s.s. *Clyde* ran aground, according to orders, close to the shelving beach. With the first glimmering of dawn began the thunder of the guns, the commencement of the great bombardment. It was certain death attempting to land, and they all knew it, for this was no surprise attack on the enemy; they knew our troops were coming and they had been preparing a warm reception; all was in readiness.

All the landings were desperate undertakings, the Turks, under German directions, having arranged every conceivable device in barbed-wire traps, hidden machine-guns, etc., to make impregnable these narrow landing-places.

The moment the men from the *Clyde* began to disembark

shells crashed into her from the shore, machine-guns were turned on to the two exits made in her sides from which the men were emerging, mine-sweepers with boats in tow packed with men were leaving the transport for land, covered by a fierce bombardment of the enemy's shore position from our battleships and cruisers.

When the men were disembarking Father Finn was observed to be preparing to go with them. The Colonel advised him to stay on board and attend to the wounded as they were sent back, but he was determined to go with his beloved Dublins. Again the Colonel tried to stop him, saying, "You are very foolish, it means certain death." Father Finn replied, "My place is with the dying soldiers, I must go," and he stepped on to the gangway to share the fortunes of the men. He had only moved a yard or two when he was struck by a bullet in the chest. Nothing daunted, he stepped into the boat with the Colonel. Before the shore was reached Father Finn received two more wounds, one in the thigh and another in the arm, rendering it almost useless, and the Colonel was dead. Out of that boatload of forty-five men five only lived to reach the shore.

Father Finn, driven to tears with the sight of his men falling in crowds as they reached the beach, while others died in the boats without even landing, jumped out of the boat and waded through the water towards the men—a brave struggle for a thrice-wounded man—and he had to climb half-sunken barbed wire amid a storm of shrapnel, machine-gun and rifle fire. He succeeded in joining the men on the shore, where already the water was crimson with the lifeblood of brave men.

Those that were left of the Dublins were lying on their faces on the open shell-raked beach, trying to work forward by short rushes, yet scarcely gaining a foot of ground, for as they rose they were mown down.

The Turks tried hard to drive all into the sea and nearly succeeded, but the 29th Division were there, and those who were left held their ground. The men dug and scraped frantically with their hands to try and make a little cover, until their nails were gone and fingers bleeding, and what use was it in that exposed position?

Amid these shambles Father Finn dragged himself from group to group of wounded and dying men. He was seen crouching down by a man who was mortally wounded, holding

up his poor crippled right arm with his left to enable him to make the sign of the Cross as he absolved the man of all his sins.

Some of the Dublins wanted to carry him to the pinnace taking wounded back to the ship, but he would not leave his men, though at the time he was practically bleeding to death, being riddled with bullets. The last words before a bursting shell fractured his skull were, "Are our fellows winning?" and amid the soldiers he loved so well and served so faithfully, and the thunder of the guns on land and sea, he passed away. None died more gloriously that terrible day than the young priest, who was barely forty.

The Rev. T. A. Harker, the chaplain who buried Father Finn, in a letter home describing what happened, says, "The little boats were trying to land, but just as they reached the shore they were met with a fusillade of rifles and machine-guns; the slaughter was appalling, men drowned, men dying without any hope of being assisted, and soon the only passage to the shore was over the bodies of the dead and dying. . . . It is unfortunately true that many of our wounded have been bayoneted and outrageously treated."

The landing that had been pronounced by many as impossible had been accomplished, but at what a cost! Within an hour of breakfast the Brigadier, the Brigade-Major, and the Catholic chaplain were lying dead, and a steam-pinnace by 8 a.m. was alongside the transport laden with broken men, the first of many such loads. More than half the men who attended Mass the day before on board the *Clyde* were dead.

None who witnessed that gallant effort of the 29th Division will ever forget the scene. On the beach more than a quarter of a mile in width lay in heaps the shattered bodies of what once were men, in the stillness of death, the happy heedlessness of death. An hour before, all were eager to "do or die," but what chance had they? One man, speaking of that day, said, "We had no run for our money." Another, "It was a foregone conclusion and a certain death-trap."

It took the chaplains four days and nights, working unceasingly, to bury the dead.

News of Father Finn's death reached his brother at Hull with the usual cold and official regrets, perhaps a trifle softened

by "Lord Kitchener expresses his sympathy." The King and Queen also sent messages of sympathy.

Father Finn had a strong presentiment he would be killed, and in a little more than a month from his leaving England's shores the presentiment was fulfilled.

It is difficult for those at home to picture what that landing meant. Admiral de Roebuck in his despatch gives us a little idea of the superhuman task the brave 29th Division were called upon to face at V. beach. He says, "This beach it was anticipated would be the most difficult to capture. It possessed all the advantages for defence which W. beach had, and in addition the flanks were strongly guarded by the old castle and village of Sedd-el-Bahr on the east and perpendicular cliffs on the west ; the whole foreshore was covered with barbed-wire entanglements, which extended in places under the sea. The position formed a natural amphitheatre with the beach as stage." In the first boatload of men to leave the ship all were killed or wounded, another boat entirely disappeared, in a third only two survived ; the boats were heaped with dead.

The letter of another chaplain who landed with the 29th Division is before me. He writes, "We put off in small boats towed by pinnaces from the warship. Those who went ashore first had an awful time, especially the Dublin and Lancashire Fusiliers. In both regiments the Colonels were killed, the Adjutants, and practically all the officers, including chaplain Finn. On landing I found hundreds of wounded and dying ; most of them were the Dublin and Lancashire Fusiliers, and to them belong the honours of the day. They stormed up a steep cliff with fixed bayonets in the face of a galling fire from rifles and maxims, but they made it possible for us to land. They won for themselves everlasting renown."

A loving hand quickly fashioned a wooden cross to mark the place where Father Finn rests.

And how has all this carnage profited us ? That is the thought that pursues us. What has been gained by the death of all those mothers' sons ?

The Rev. William J. Finn, otherwise known as Father Finn, spoke of himself as a Yorkshireman with a strain of Celtic blood, an Irishman battened on Yorkshire Moors. He was born at Hull and was the son of Mr. Austin Finn, a well-known citizen

of that place. His education was commenced at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, and he finished his theological studies at the Gregorian University, Rome. In August, 1900, he was ordained priest at the Cathedral, Middlesborough, by the Rt. Rev. Dr. Lacy, the first and present bishop of that busy centre, who speaks in terms of high appreciation of Father Finn, his preaching and his work.

In a letter I received not long ago from Father Lacy, Bishop of Middlesborough, whom I have known since I was a child, he says, "In private life Father Finn was very genial and had a keen sense of humour. I took him to Rome with me in 1909 and I noticed he very soon made friends with his fellow-travellers. On board ship he was quite the life of the company he fell in with. As he had studied for a time in Rome he enjoyed his second visit to the Eternal City very much."

Father Finn spoke of his four or five years in Middlesborough as a happy time. He certainly found there a large field for his work, the population being ninety-one thousand souls, composed of many nationalities working in the shipyards, steel and iron-works, salt and soda-works, as well as other industries. As usual among such crowds of toilers, there were times of discontent resulting in strikes, which are apt to end in defiance of law and order, but Father Finn's influence had a certain amount of restraining effect during moral and social upheavals. One of the reasons of his influence and popularity was his broadmindedness, a characteristic not usually very marked in Catholics.

After leaving Middlesborough he was a year at Whitby and four at Thirsk, then went as chaplain to Colonel Langdale, of Houghton Hall, where he remained until war was declared and he volunteered for the post of army chaplain. The Bishop reluctantly gave his consent.

Father Finn was of a temperament easily depressed and equally easily excited, and at times he doubted whether he had not made a mistake in taking this step. He was never very robust, and those who cared for him were anxious lest he should be unequal to the strain. All his life he had been of a studious nature, but fond of games and sport, being captain of his school. He spoke French and Italian fluently, and was well versed in Latin and Gaelic, fond and proud of his good classical library.

The REV. WILLIAM FINN

THE FIRST ARMY CHAPLAIN TO GIVE HIS LIFE IN THE GREAT WAR

[Facing p. 278.]

The REV. WILLIAM FINN MEMORIAL TABLET

The study, rather than the battlefield, seemed more suited to him.

An oil-painting of Father Finn has been presented to the College at Ushaw bearing the inscription, "The Rev. W. J. Finn, C.F., attached to the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, who fell at Sedd-el-Bahr, April 25th, 1915. The first Army Chaplain of any denomination to give his life in the Great War.

"Presented by his sister."

I am sorry there has been no official recognition of Father Finn's glorious death, and I know my regret was shared by Mr. John Redmond, who exerted himself in every possible way to obtain this recognition, meeting with the most sympathetic reception in the matter both from General Sir Ian Hamilton and General Sir Hunter Weston, each of them describing Father Finn's gallantry as worthy of the highest recognition.

Mr. Redmond tells me the only reason why such recognition was not given was because it was impossible to obtain the two living witnesses who were necessary in order that the Victoria Cross might be conferred on him after his death, and that the other decorations at the disposal of the War Office cannot, according to the rules and regulations, be conferred posthumously.

I doubt if Father Finn would have cared for worldly recognition of anything he had done, and it certainly cannot matter to him now, but it is a duty and a pleasure for the living to keep ever green in their hearts and minds the heroic deeds of those who have gone, and it would have been a great pleasure to his friends and to the regiments he served so faithfully, to the members of the parishes where he had worked, and to Ireland generally.

Since writing this chapter Mr. John Redmond has died. One of the last letters he wrote before his operation, was to me, and dated from the House of Commons, expressing his admiration of Father Finn and his pleasure that I was writing of his gallantry, and saying how sorry he was that it had been impossible to gain any public recognition of his bravery. Everything connected with Ireland and the Irish was dear to the heart of Mr. Redmond.

The Roman Catholic chaplains have a fine and honourable record. Father Finn was the first to fall on the Eastern front

and Father Gwynn was the first to be killed on the Western front. He volunteered and was appointed to the Irish Guards. Several war-correspondents have described how before going into action, before going forward in a charge, the Irish Guards would kneel for a few moments in prayer. This was Father Gwynn's teaching ; they knelt for his absolution.

His services amongst the men were all too brief. He was wounded in the brickfields near La Bassée on February 1, 1915. The wound was not serious ; he had it dressed and was back again amongst the men in half an hour, but a few weeks later he met his death in another attack on German trenches.

An Irish Guardsman writes, " I saw him just before he died. Shrapnel and bullets were being showered upon us in all directions. Hundreds of our lads dropped. Father Gwynn was quite calm. He seemed to be all over the place, trying to give the last Sacrament to the dying. Once I thought he was buried alive, for a shell exploded within a few yards of where he was and the next moment I saw nothing but a heap of earth. The plight of the wounded concealed beneath was most harrowing. Out of the ground came cries of ' Father, Father ! ' from those who were in their death-agonies. Then as if by a miracle Father Gwynn was seen fighting his way through the earth. He must have been seriously injured, but he went on blessing the wounded and hearing their confessions. The last I saw of him he was kneeling beside a German soldier. I believe he was killed immediately after this act of priestly charity to a fallen opponent."

In letters from the front both from officers and men there have been many references to Father Gwynn's devoted courage and popularity, not only with his own people and Irish Guards, but with all other denominations.

An English chaplain, speaking of the Irish Guards during the retreat from Mons, is full of praise of them in a charge that has now become famous ; not entirely on account of its success, but from the action of the men before the advance took place, for it was the subject of enthusiastic comment from one end of the British lines to the other. On receiving the orders to prepare to charge, the men, as if by common impulse, dropped on their knees and for a few moments prayed with bared and bent heads, then rose, made the sign of the Cross, and dashed

with fixed bayonets at the German positions. Several who have tried to explain this moment to me have declared the men's faces were quite happy, as though inspired.

The Rev. Richard Hall, Wesleyan chaplain to the forces on the western front, addressing a meeting of Methodists in Ulster in 1915, paid an eloquent tribute to the fighting qualities of the Irish Guards and the Roman Catholic chaplains, whom he said he remembered amongst his best friends. Father Bradley he considered one of the finest and best men he ever met.

One night when the troops were lying on the ground, endeavouring to sleep, by a river, Mr. Hall, not feeling well and very cold, remarked on the fact to Father Bradley, who at once offered his blankets, which of course were refused with many thanks. The following morning when Mr. Hall awoke he found Father Bradley's blankets covering him.

It is pleasant to hear of the various chaplains working so happily together. This war has taught us many things.

The attitude of the Catholic soldiers to their priests is interesting. They seek them as they would their doctor, and their piety is infectious. Thousands who never dreamed of turning Catholic have felt themselves drawn into Catholic ways. For instance, when Father Eric Green, chaplain of the Naval Division at the Dardanelles, gave all his men badges of the Sacred Heart before going into action, he was asked by numbers of other denominations to give them one to wear.

An English soldier of the Church of England, writing to his people from Gallipoli, while telling them of his experiences on the voyage and after landing, speaks highly of the priests: "You know I am not allowed to say very much, but I will tell you how we landed. We had a rough voyage, chased by German submarines. Well, a Catholic Father sailed with us, and a good job too. We thought we were done for, but he was like a good shepherd. I learned how to pray then if I never prayed before. . . . I think if I am spared I shall take care to lead a good Christian life. I shall never forget the way he taught us to pray. The soldiers run after him shouting, 'Bless me, sir, same as you have done that man!' Well, he blessed us all on the ship and everyone kissed a cross he had. It seemed strange to me, but I did what they did. The men do pray in the field. We all wish he could stop with us always.

There are several fathers and ministers, but none take same as him. I don't know his name."

The men generally speak of their regiment as being the best in the service and their Padre the best in the world. I like to hear it.

One man writing of the time when the force from Suvla Bay came in touch with the advance from Anzac, speaks of Father John Lineham as moving about the whole day between the firing-line and dressing-station bringing in wounded on his back regardless of creed or nationality—Ghurkas, Australians, New Zealanders.

Another letter says, "After we had halted at the foot of Chocolate Hill to reform, I heard a great cheer, and there was Father Day coming along quite steadily across the battlefield (he had halted to succour some dying soldiers). He shouted as he came, 'Good cheer, boys!' and went searching for water, which he found, and then supplied many burning throats with a drink."

It is delightful to hear the Tommies (most of them) on the subject of the army chaplains. One youth tells me, "And the chaplain he come along the trenches and he says to me, 'Jerry, you keep your heart up and your head down.'"

Another man waxed eloquent over the amount of work other than priestly duties that the chaplains have done and are doing. Amongst the things that had surprised him was seeing a couple of Roman Catholic priests take off their coats and wash down some blood-soaked ambulance cars. With a sigh of sympathy he added, "And one of them was a bit stout and he did puff and blow!"

Up to the time of writing, more than twenty Catholic chaplains have been mentioned in despatches and granted various military decorations.

Father McMullen was with General Townshend at Kut-el-Amara.

It is easier to write of the dead than the living; we are so much less captious of the dead. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum.*

An impressive service was held in a little village in Flanders on the eve of a big attack. The little chapel that has escaped destruction was crowded with men anxious to make their peace with God; there was barely standing room. Close your eyes

and picture that scene. The priest could hardly be heard for the noise of the guns as he gave the Holy Communion. Two priests, one each side of the door, in the open, hearing confessions from muddy war-stained men with grim, absorbed faces. Then, when blessed, pardoned, and absolved, all sang from their souls, "Faith of our fathers, Holy Faith," and went forth to battle, each man knowing well the chances were all against his being alive at that hour on the morrow.

None but those who have been at the front can form any idea of the present efficiency of our artillery ; it is positively weird, its accuracy, quantity, and quality, beggars description.

The Rev. A. Gribbin, a Catholic priest, had an experience on board a hospital ship of being shelled. His description of it both interested and amused me. His religious gratitude for escaping death, combined with a businesslike eye to future needs, impressed me. The story is best told in his own words.

"About 5 p.m. as I was sitting reading in my cabin, I heard a couple of shots fired, and went on deck to investigate. I was too interested to be alarmed, when I saw another four shells drop into the sea not very far away from us and a German submarine about four miles away wasting her shot on us. The last shell, a shrapnel, seemed to be aimed at our wireless apparatus, but passed harmlessly over the ship. Here we wisely stopped, and the chief officer rowed towards the enemy in a lifeboat to learn our fate. When the commander of the submarine saw we were unarmed and innocent, he sailed towards us and examined our papers with the list of the personnel on board. Being satisfied as to our credentials, he wished the chief good-night and a pleasant voyage and allowed us to proceed.

"Such in brief is an account of our experience, though many little incidents were packed into those two hours. At first when I thought matters looked serious and I was afraid we were going to be shelled, I went round and gave my little flock absolution and then made secure my chalice and holy oils. The boats were lowered ready to get into at a moment's notice, but they were never actually dropped into the water. It gets very tiring standing at boat-stations for over an hour with our fate in the balance, but there was absolutely no panic or alarm from the very first, and with not being sunk immediately we hardly seemed to realise our danger. When we found time was being

given, there was quite a rush for the cabins to pack necessary articles, but apart from my chalice, etc., I only took my overcoat and some Horlick's tablets. The important thing was to see to plenty of blankets for the sisters and provisions for each boat, because we were one hundred and thirty miles from the nearest point of land—a long voyage in an open lifeboat.

"Five of the sisters had been on the *Braemar Castle* when she came to grief, so you can imagine what a terrible shock they suffered.

"We must give the Huns credit for playing the game squarely, because with the exception of the doubtful shot near our wireless and over the boat, the other shells were only as a warning to stop. Please God we shall always be as lucky, because the sea is a terrible place in these days.

"I did not forget to say a Mass in thanksgiving for my escape, *because we may be in need of help any time!*"

Ingenuous Mr. Gribbin!

The lists of priests killed in the vicinity of Namur alone is appalling; twenty-seven were done to death and twelve have disappeared God only knows where.

Father Willart was an eye-witness to his brother's death after the burning of Louvain. Fugitives were making their way to Brussels on foot. The majority were allowed to enter peacefully, but the priests were supposed to have incited the people to fire on the Germans, so they were all searched. Father Willart's brother was a young Jesuit scholastic, aged twenty-three, not yet ordained. In his pocket was a diary of passing events with some of his own comments. For this he was condemned to death without any trial. He was placed against a tree at the side of the road. He asked his companions "not to look." A volley was fired, but he was not killed. A German officer then stepped up close to the young man and put a couple of bullets through his brain. A hole was dug under the tree and his body thrown in.

I could write chapters more about the experiences of the army chaplains, but space forbids, and it will not be possible until after the war to make a complete list even of the fallen.

CHAPTER XXI

More Discoveries—"The United Army and Navy Board"—Nine Million Communicants—Recruiting Sergeant's Advice—Compulsory Church Parades—What the Soldiers Think About it—A Nonconformist Discovers a Great Truth—Service before Battle—A Post-Card gone Astray—Soldiers and their Sports—Football to Accompaniment of Guns—Tommy Atkins and the Chaplains—The Rev. E. L. Watson—His Varied Career—A Festive Evening—The Rev. T. Tattersall—Understands Soldiers—Some Soldier Stories—A Nonconformist Minister turns Combatant—Behind the Lines—A "Lucky Dog"—But Far from Happy—Sir Percival in Quest of the Holy Grail.

OTHER discoveries have been made during this war, one on the part of the War Office; they have discovered the Free Church parson as chaplain. Another even farther-reaching discovery—the parsons of various denominations have discovered each other. Before the war only Roman Catholics, Anglicans, Presbyterian, Wesleyan and Jewish forms of religion were recognised by the War Office; the rest were looked upon as "Fancy Religions," to quote from the old regular army sergeant.

In those days there were comparatively few Baptists, Congregationalists, Primitive and United Methodists in the army. As soon, however, as recruiting began on a large scale, and still more when universal military service was introduced, the men of military age from amongst the Nonconformists ran into thousands and it became necessary to provide for their religious needs.

The War Office naturally did not wish to send any more men to the front than could possibly be helped, as it meant taking both the room and the food needed for combatants; but the Rev. J. H. Shakespeare's perseverance at last gained the necessary sanction of the authorities to send out Nonconformist ministers to look after their chosen flocks.

Eventually the Baptist joined with the Primitive and United Methodists, forming what is now called "The United Navy and Army Board," and they all work together. This

combination appears to have answered well and has facilitated the work of the chaplaincy department of the War Office.

This combined board has chaplains in France, Salonika, Egypt, Palestine, Mesopotamia, and Italy.

In the English-speaking world, including America, there are no less than nine million communicants belonging to the Free Church, outnumbering the Anglican Church by three to one. It seems only fair they should be voiced.

It is much easier now for soldiers to join the army under their own denominations than it was in pre-war times. Anyone acquainted with the ways of the army will know that the first piece of advice given to a recruit on joining was to the effect that if he were wise he would declare himself a member of the prevailing Church in the regiment he wished to join. For instance, if he were going into an English regiment he was advised to say he was Church of England, if to an Irish regiment he was to say he was a Roman Catholic, or if to a Scottish regiment he should say he was a Presbyterian.

The idea was that by this means he would attend the most convenient church parade on Sundays. Take, for example, an English regiment. The Church of England parade would be at 11 a.m. and the chapel probably within a stone's-throw of the barracks, while the unwary few who had declared themselves Roman Catholics might have to parade at cock-crow and march to some far-distant chapel. This was so well understood that men did not often split hairs over the particular denomination to which they belonged ; they had to belong to one of the five recognised religions, and that was an end of the matter, for if once recruits were given the chance of saying they belonged to any religion they liked, the difficulties of enforcing the compulsory church parade would at once become much greater. Men would declare themselves Buddhists, for instance, and who could insist on their attending church parades after that ? It is no use being shocked and saying they would never do such a thing, for anyone who knows anything about Thomas Atkins knows quite well that plenty of them would gladly seize any opportunity of avoiding compulsory church parade.

It is also no use the clerics saying the men do not hate this compulsory church parade, for they do. Look at it this way : if they would not prefer to stay away, why make it compulsory ?

It is curious that amongst the many clerics I have conversed with the only chaplain who seems to have grasped this simple truth was a Nonconformist, and I see it is referred to in a little booklet compiled by Frederick Spurr and published by the United Board. Mr. J. H. Shakespeare has kindly sent it to me.

A chaplain says, "The parade service is not altogether a happy thing; we do not have many of them—war conditions are against them: so are both officers and men. Compulsion in religion is profitless. Sometimes the services set men against religion."

A service to which all may come *if they like* is another matter altogether.

The most stirring service and the best attended is the one held on the eve of battle, when all men of whatsoever denomination have a desire to offer a last prayer for those they love, one last supplication for God's Mercy. The Padre feels that he holds in his hand a God-sent moment, and he uses it to his utmost capacity. The men listen intently . . . all is ready, rifles and bayonets cleaned, their own private roll-call has been answered; they have done with yesterday and to-day, and await to-morrow.

And from their hearts, with grim, set faces, they sing some of their favourite hymns, "Abide with Me," or "Nearer, my God, to Thee." The service is over, all have received the Sacrament who wish to do so, they file past the chaplain, exchange a hand-grip and a look, then pass on into the dark. Most are silent and most have a letter or two to write; their hearts are full of things they want to say, but no word will they breathe of any possibilities of the near future. They know what is before them, many have already had a taste, and all have been in the midst of this war's unparalleled horrors.

The following post-card was written in one of those soul-stirring moments, and by some mischance was carried into battle instead of posted. It was found beside the dead writer in a blood-soaked trench.

"DEAR JANE,

"I ope this will find you as it leaves me—in the pink. We're moving soon. There's no news. Your loving sweetheart. x x x x."

I believe the crosses were meant to represent kisses.

I am glad to find the Free Church chaplains fully realise what sport means to the soldier. One of the Baptist chaplains says: "The men must have their cricket, football, and boxing even while guns are dealing out death and destruction all the time. The love for sport follows Tommy wherever he goes.

"I attended a football match the other day played under first-class rules by first-rate players.

"Two regiments were competing for the simple glory of the win, before an admiring and appreciative crowd of soldiers. I watched the game from between a couple of Uhlan lances that served as goal-posts and admired the dash and good humour of the contest from start to finish. The only good and convenient ground was against a heavy battery, which thundered out death to the Germans during the game and drew some rather startling replies from the enemy, but the game continued all the same; it added spice to the sport.

"I enjoyed the time thus spent with the men immensely, for it was a clean, healthy, and profitable piece of sport."

The Padre who enters into the men's love of sport and games reaches their hearts by the shortest cut.

I have heard many soldiers discussing the chaplain question. One man said, "I was five months in the thick of the fighting during the early part of the war with the old army, and I never set eyes on a parson once, either in the trenches or out of them, except when we had to attend church parades within a few hours of leaving the trenches, when we were aching for sleep and rest, but were told all uniform, brass buttons, etc., had to be cleaned for an early morning church parade. How we cursed it and the parson, who was the only one having a good time. He was fresh as paint, we were dog-tired."

Another man said, "Oh, the chaplains! The Base is crawling with them having a 'cushy time,' eating up all the good things and sending on to us what they don't like themselves. They keep all the strawberry jam and send plum-and-apple on to us in the trenches; that is considered good enough for us."

A happier example was a man who said, "Our parson was the finest chap in the world; any one of us would have died for

him. He was a *man* and practised what he preached ; he was a sportsman and played the game. We said if religion made men like that we would be religious too. He had the heart of a lion, the arm of a pugilist, and the gentle smile and voice of a woman."

The first Free Church Military chaplain to be appointed was the Rev. E. L. Watson, a man who appealed to all with whom he came in contact. He was massively built, with the jaw of determination and iron will, and possessed of a fine voice. He could sing a song, preach a sermon, tell a good story, or carry on a soothing conversation by a sick man's bed.

Being an Australian, his rough early life had made a man of him. He could turn his hand to anything—ride, shoot, fell trees, forage for his food and cook it. Australians are broad-minded, independent, and free from conventionality ; they also have a shrewd understanding of human nature.

From being at one time a collier, Mr. Watson became a local preacher, and as so often happens while trying to convince other people, he became firmly convinced himself and entered the Victoria Baptist College. After completing a graduate's course he became the Pastor of a Melbourne church, in combination with which he worked as chaplain to the Commonwealth Forces.

Coming to England, he became chaplain in connection with the Guards, and when war broke out volunteered for field-work, ready, like many another, to throw himself into any sort of work helpful to the soldiers.

It has already been shown that preaching is by no means the chief part of a chaplain's business ; to be of any use he has to be a factotum.

In Mr. Spurr's booklet, to which I have already referred, he gives some interesting stories of their chaplains' routine, and some touching stories of soldiers' sayings and doings. Soldiers are naturally optimistic and fond of music. Mr. Spurr remarks on this and on the amount of natural talent there is amongst the men. The chaplains help the men to get up evening sing-songs and entertainments in which Jews' harps, mouth-organs, nigger-minstrels, dancing and singing all take part. Mr. Spurr gives the following account of one of these cheery evenings :

“ In a borrowed piano left intact by the Germans we possessed the very pivot of the ring. In the rush of talent to the programme one soldier volunteered to sing ‘ Annie Laurie.’ ‘ If the pianist would kindly give the note and then vamp I shall commence,’ he announced. After receiving the note, with difficulty he commenced his solo. He certainly possessed a powerful voice, but oh ! his ear was never tuned to the song of angels, for he pitched his song, in spite of frantic efforts of the pianist, in such a key as to first put the piano out of action and then lose poor Annie Laurie. After a desperate effort at recovery, in which cold and hot sweat was teeming from his noble brow and tears of laughter from the eyes of the audience, he found himself wandering ‘ on the bonny, bonny banks of Loch Lomond,’ with all the fellows joining in the closing bars of the popular song.

“ Thinking the applause was in appreciation, he insisted on giving a demonstration of his ability as a dancer in response. This unfortunately ended in disaster, for his dancing was so thunderous and energetic that the thin boards of the temporary platform gave way, affording a most undignified flourish of arms and legs prior to complete collapse. The whole scene was such a piece of unexpected comedy that apart from some really splendid items it was pronounced the gem of the evening.”

No doubt there are persons who regard all this kind of thing as quite outside the province of a chaplain, whose main business is to win men’s souls to God ; but who shall say this is not one of the wisest ways of winning them ? I wish more people realised that God gave us this beautiful world and health to enjoy it, and that He loves us to be happy. Long faces and cant do not win souls. Surely many things that in times of peace seemed of supreme importance, now, in time of war, when so many are standing on the edge of the Great Beyond, appear very trivial.

Soldiers want reality and brevity. The Rev. T. Tattersall, of the Free Church, understands this and understands soldiers and their worth. He says, “ Their instincts are deeply rooted, and the foolish wayfaring man with a shibboleth on his lips might easily miss them. There is no parade of religion in the army. A soldier is a man of action, he has scant respect for

broad phylacteries. He looks for the proof of faith in moral heroism."

Most, if not all men, have religion deeply rooted in their hearts, only they call it by the name of "honour."

One soldier who on his way out from home had boasted that he believed in no religion, was seen by his companions, when some desperate fighting was taking place, the earth rocking and the skies seemed to be falling, to suddenly drop upon his knees praying.

"Hullo, old chief! thought you didn't hold with prayer and such-like," said a pal.

"No," came the reply, "but a fellow cannot be in a place like this without believing in a God or a devil, and as I cannot believe in a supreme devil I am driven to pray to a supreme God."

Reasoning machines pale before the situations they have to face to-day, they have no logic ready at hand. How can a man without faith find words wherewith to comfort a poor mother to whom he has to return the letters from her dead son's pocket, soaked through and through with his life-blood? How can moments like these be faced in cold reasoning? Where would the men be without religion and faith, when day after day the pal of the morning with whom they cracked jokes becomes by evening a silent "It"?

To quote again from Mr. Spurr's little book. He tells a story with pride and affection of one of his Free Church boys. "The Welsh Regiment were handing over their trenches at Landmerke to the French at 3.30 in the morning. A Black Maria from the Germans fell upon a platoon, killing twenty-one at once and wounding nineteen others, all of whom had lost a limb. The remaining nine men cleared after recovering from the shock, but one remained until dawn, creeping about amongst the wounded, though being shelled all the time. He was bandaging up the maimed as best he could, then made his way to the village, procured a horse and galloped off for the field ambulance and made his report to the Colonel, urging upon him the necessity of bringing back the wounded. The Colonel considered the firing much too dangerous, but could not resist Evans' entreaties, so still under heavy shell-fire the ambulance, guided by Evans, made its way to the desired spot and collected

the poor men, who no doubt thought they had been left to die. The ambulance moved off, but Evans could not bear to leave the dead unburied, and begged for permission to remain. The Colonel told him he was mad, it was too late in the afternoon and the shelling was unceasing, and he had not been out of the deadliest danger since early morning."

The recounter of this little story was a chaplain, and he says he does not know whether Evans' courage received recognition. "But this I know, such men—and their name is legion—are worthy of the highest honours. It was to minister to such men I came out. Was it not worth while? I trudged back to camp with a song in my heart."

The stretcher-bearers, who do such untiring and dangerous work, never seem to come in for any recognition, yet many I know have grown jumpy at times after ceaseless work amidst revolting and heartbreaking scenes, carrying the wounded over difficult ground, crossing and recrossing fire-swept centres, while their own insides were empty, their clothes heavy with mud and rain, their nerves all on the jump, and never a word of encouragement.

A relative of mine, writing in 1915 from the trenches in Flanders, tells me of a soldier commanding a company in the same trench as himself who before the war had been a Non-conformist minister, but the sporting spirit had been too strong in him, he felt he must be doing his bit actively. The letter is long and full of interest, so I will begin where he leaves the trenches after having been in occupation of one end while the Germans held the other, the time having been distinctly lively.

"It is a great mercy to be in billets again for a bit of a rest. It is always interesting here behind the lines watching the ceaseless industry that goes to keep a great army in being. I cannot understand the foolish people who say that romance has gone out of modern war. They must be the same people who go to London for the first time and declare that the chief things to impress them were the dome of St. Paul's and policemen controlling traffic, utterly blind to the real point, which is, of course, that London is like the Garden of Eden, in which the animals are so tame that the birds of the air descend and feed from your hand and the shy waterfowl leave the lakes and waddle at your

very feet. War is infinitely more romantic than it has ever been, now that it is a war of populations and not a mere affair of professional fighters. Now, your poet from Chelsea has thrown aside his pen and is at death-grapples with the waiters who once served his table at Soho; the bank-manager of Lombard Street who used nearly to faint when a horse fell down is now sweating at the head of a bombing party, exulting in his power to kill. The great feats of chivalry and the knightly daring of legends are paling into nothing before the lives of these commonplace people.

“There is a perfect example of the sort of man I mean in the battalion called —, a company commander now, and incongruously enough rather a special pal of mine, although his idea of bliss is to produce most miserable hymn tunes and dirges on a tin whistle every evening. He used to be a Nonconformist minister, but is now a tremendously keen soldier whom no horrors can sicken and no fatigue daunt. He is really one of those splendid fellows one can admire wholeheartedly.

“His name appeared in the lists of those decorated for conspicuous bravery some time ago, and people think him rather a lucky dog, but I doubt if there are many men who suffer more in this war. Sometimes when things are slack he crawls into my dug-out and lets himself go. You can see all the mental agony this austere Nonconformist suffers. It is literally true to say that the sheer wickedness of it all makes him miserable and desperate. It is for him a holy war, and he is straining every nerve in the personal effort to win what he hopes may be universal peace for humanity. Meanwhile his life is far from a happy one. Even the questionable wit of camps is hateful to him. It was men like this that Cromwell had the wit to see would carry him anywhere—and they did.

“I suppose the critic who says there is no romance left in war would see nothing in — but a gaunt young man with a Lancashire accent who might easily be suspected of eating peas with his knife. To me it is the most perfect legend of chivalry being re-lived.

“If my Nonconformist is not Sir Percival in quest of the Holy Grail, who is he? The knight inspired, heedless of all but the pursuit of a flaming ideal!

“After all, Sir Percival probably ate peas with his sword!”

CHAPTER XXII

The Rev. H. Hall with the 29th Division—A Memorial—Sir Ian Hamilton Unveils it—Starting a Rifle Club—Some Anonymous Letters—What they Said—Colonel Carrington Smith—Confirmation Classes in War-time—Heroic Middies—A Fateful Sunday—Breakfast at 5.30 a.m.—A Cheery Party—What Happened to Them—A Commander Dies in Mr. Hall's Arms—A Gruesome Sight—Four Days' and Four Nights' Hard Work—Searching for the Brigade Major—Turkish Snipers Busy—Agility of Mr. Hall—The Rev. Mazzini Tron—With the Bush Brotherhood—At Suvla Bay—Wins D.S.O. and Bar—The Rev. W. R. F. Addison in Canadian Lumber-Camp—In Mesopotamia—Wins Victoria Cross—His Love of Nature—Addison Ancestors—What a Little Bird told the Author—A Chaplain's Recompense.

THE REV. H. HALL, who has reigned at Holy Trinity Vicarage, Eltham, since 1907, when the Bishop of Southwark sent him to that quiet old-world village, was with the ever-to-be remembered 29th Division in Gallipoli, and he is proud that his church now holds the memorial to all those gallant men who fell during that heroic endeavour to do the impossible. It was unveiled by General Sir Ian Hamilton, on April 25, 1917. Each year a service is held in memory of those who fought and fell in Gallipoli, 1915-16.

Mr. Hall is a devotee at the shrine of athleticism and sport. The first thing he did after becoming vicar of Holy Trinity was to astonish the dreamy inhabitants by such an unheard-of innovation as forming a rifle-club, and with the help of Sir John Stevens, Sir Harry North, the European manager of the Canadian-Pacific Railway, and other leading lights, it was soon an accomplished fact.

By the wish of that keen soldier, Colonel H. B. Tasker, Mr. Hall became the Padre to the 2nd London R.F.A. (Territorial Forces), and learnt the delights of summer camps—when the floods are not out! About this time he received a number of anonymous letters from those brave persons who love to write letters they are ashamed to sign with their names. The purport of these letters was to ask what he meant by marching about with troops and getting up rifle-clubs to teach men to shoot one

another, when he was supposed to be a man of peace? The brilliant writers perhaps had not brains enough to grasp the fact that the way to keep peace is by being prepared for war, but probably these letter-writers have by now quite changed their views.

Mr. Hall left England to join the troops as chaplain on board the *Aragon*, since torpedoed in the Mediterranean. Colonel Carrington Smith, commanding the 2nd Hants Regiment, was most sympathetic both to Mr. Hall and Mr. Hardy, the Wesleyan Padre on the *Aragon*, helping as much as possible to facilitate their work. Colonel Carrington Smith was killed on the bridge of the *Clyde* that desperate Sunday, April 25th.

On arrival at Mudros Bay those on board the *Aragon* found the inner and outer harbours crowded with men-of-war, transports, and other vessels.

Mr. Hall tells me he found it difficult amidst the excitement attending a campaign to carry on his Confirmation classes. I should have thought it would have been quite impossible, mingled with rehearsals of landing and so forth, and I wonder he tried to keep them up at such a time, when the men could have so little leisure for quiet thought and preparation; but no doubt he had good reasons for endeavouring to hold the classes.

Various journeys had to be undertaken by Mr. Hall to and from the *Implacable* and *Euryalus* and from beach to beach. These he says he enjoyed on launches "under the care of that most entrancing of heroic souls, a young midddy." As most of these journeys were undertaken amidst shrapnel salutations they must have been exciting.

Then came that fateful Sunday, April 25th. Breakfast was at 5.30. Near Mr. Hall sat Brigadier-General Napier, Major T. D. Costeker, who had won his D.S.O. in France in 1914, Colonel D. F. Cayley, and Colonel Carrington Smith. Out of the four three were killed before the sun was up and without having set foot on shore. Captain Walford, Brigade Major of the Royal Artillery, a warrior-student rich in promise, won his posthumous V.C. by his gallant leading of the decisive charge through the narrow ways of Sedd-el-Bahr; and countless others, each more heroic, if possible, than the last.

I have in a previous chapter described the terrific bombardment at that landing from the war-vessels of the Allies, which it

was hoped would put a considerable number of the Turks out of action, but which proved to have been most abortive. Anyone looking on, thought Sedd-el-Bahr and its old fortresses must have been rendered innocuous, but before long all were undeceived, and for days to come were praying for howitzers and still more howitzers and guns of high trajectory. For an account of the magnificent part played by the troops in this action Sir Ian Hamilton's historic and classic despatch and Mr. Masefield's epic, provide brilliant and tragic details.

Mr. Hall is full of admiration of the British army and navy. He says, "For absolute pluck and self-forgetfulness commend me to a British naval officer." The gallant commander who had been in charge of the landing operations was badly hit in the knee, but as he lay in the boat which brought him to the *Aragon* he was still full of fire and vim, and continued to give directions with that directness of energy, voice, and gesture that were very naval. The commander in charge of the submarine base at Malta had volunteered to help in the landing and was so badly wounded he died in Mr. Hall's arms.

The *Aragon* was some little way from V. beach, yet little did they know of its many tragedies; but through their glasses they could see what looked like a crowd of men resting as if for a first meal on shore. What looked like men resting were those who had lived through the deadly hail from machine-guns, rifles, and shrapnel; they were sheltering under that providential forty-one inches of abrupt rise from sea-level, but unable to move one step in any direction, either right or left. Little did those on the *Aragon* then know of the thousands of Turks unscathed by the bombardment who from trench and crevice, castle and village, were pouring a murderous storm of lead upon the invaders.

When the beach was reached Mr. Hall found a gruesome sight. The dead lay in heaps. The cliffs, festooned with wire, had dead soldiers hanging in its entanglements, many in places it was impossible to reach for some time.

Three chaplains, named Hall, Hardy, and Foster, now set to work hard, burying the dead—as many as eighty-eight bodies in one grave. They worked unceasingly for the best part of four days and four nights.

That Sunday evening, April 25th, while busy burying the

The REV. H. A. HALL

[Facing p. 296.]

The REV. W. F. ADDISON, V.C.

Facing p. 237.]

dead, a message was brought to Mr. Hall that Major Costeker lay dead near the battered lighthouse hard by Sedd-el-Bahr. The three parsons climbed along the cliff-tops of Cape Helles, skirting an abandoned Turkish trench, until they came to the outpost of the 4th Worcesters, where they learned it was not their own Brigade Major whose body was supposed to be behind the lighthouse, but the body of the Brigade Major of the 86th Brigade; but they found the body, with face as peaceful as if the brave man had only fallen asleep. The chaplains wished to stay and bury him, but it was pointed out all were utterly exhausted after a long day of fighting, so the burial had to be postponed until the morning; then when Mr. Hall was peacefully carrying out his work, having little idea the Turks were so near, he was made cognisant of the fact by a sniper having a couple of shots at him. Mr. Hall says if only he had possessed a stop-watch at the time, he is sure he could prove that his immediate leap into the afore-mentioned trench and his quick departure were done in record time. But before he got back to the beach the Turks had commenced that fierce counter-attack which for a time threatened to drive all the British into the sea.

Mr. Hall described that day as one never to be forgotten by any who were present—the flares, rockets, thundering of the mighty guns of our ships, incessant crackling of rifle-fire, all very wonderful, and withal startlingly beautiful. All hands were pressed into the defence, either to handle a rifle or carry ammunition to the firing-line. At this time Mr. Reid, the Presbyterian chaplain of the King's Own Scottish Borderers, won the Military Cross and was mentioned in despatches for his zeal and courage.

It was Mr. Hall's first experience of war, and he found no comfort in the thought, as the bullets whistled by, that there is no danger from those that can be heard, for there was the certainty of more to follow.

The Eltham vicar says he believes “three causes prevented them all being driven into the sea that night—the steadiness of the British infantry, such as the 1st Essex and 4th Worcesters; *inter alia* the help of our war-vessels; last and indeed not the least, but the ultimately decisive cause, was, I believed then and I believe now, the direct veto of God Himself.”

Mr. Hall is full of stories of interest and deeds of heroism during

that ghastly failure when thousands died nobly—for what? Nothing. But as he hopes to write a book of his own experiences I must not trespass. He says he is “proud to have served under Sir Ian Hamilton, a man of such charm and military distinction,” and remarks on the affection England has for sending a handful of men to do the work of thousands.

I wonder, when the history of this war is written, how much of the truth will ever be allowed to appear in print. I could tell some surprising stories, but the Press Bureau would sit upon me, so had better not; and after all, what can be expected of a civilian-controlled army? Readers of history will know what to expect.

The chaplains’ note-books would be full of interest, but they contain many things that must ever remain secret between themselves, God—and the dead.

Methinks the spirit-world is filling very fast, and during these days of tension and battle it seems almost as if we can hear the rustle of the spirits as they pass to their new homes; our nerves get strained—or shall I say attuned?—with constant watching, longing, and praying.

When I look back over the past few years and remember all the Generals I have known, who after having spent the best of their lives serving their country and having achieved fame, have been flung from their pedestals, often through no fault of their own, I marvel that any man is to be found with big enough heart to undertake such responsible and thankless tasks. If in the morning he achieves a success he is a brilliant strategist, a genius and brave man. In the evening may come a reverse, and he is a blundering idiot and no earthly use; but he must behave like a properly disciplined soldier and carry with a smile the burden of other people’s mistakes and say nothing! Such is life!

I must hurry on and bring my book to an end, though there are a number more parsons I should like to write about, quite a number who are alive to-day who have done gallant deeds; but they do not like to be written about, it makes them shy. We must wait until the war is over before anything like a full list can be compiled, but there are just two more about whom I must speak for a few moments.

The Rev. Mazzini Tron, born of working folk in the north.

As a boy he was a member of the Church Lads' Brigade; his vicar became interested in him, and sent him to a theological college. He subsequently worked with the Bush Brotherhood. At the outbreak of war he joined an Australian Unit of the R.A.M.C. and was at Suvla Bay, where he was the sole survivor of his patrol. For his resource and bravery he received the Military Cross and was transferred to the chaplains' department. He further distinguished himself in France, taking charge of a dressing-station when the doctor was killed. I would like to tell you much more of wonderful things he did, but he does not wish it. Anyway, he got a second bar to his medal, and the D.S.O. All honour to him.

As I began my book with a V.C. parson perhaps I cannot do better than finish with one, though here again I must say very little, as the hero is alive and very shy, and begs me not to say much. The Rev. William Robert Fountaine Addison was the second army chaplain to be honoured during the war. Four others on whom the Victoria Cross was conferred at this time lost their lives in winning it.

Mrs. Addison feared her son had not had education enough and had not the physical strength or ability to succeed in England, so arranged for him to become a colonist, and to Canada he went, and appears to have had a very dull and lonely life there on a farm, but gained considerable experience in riding and breaking horses. In the lumber camps he shared the life of the lumber-jacks—tree-felling, etc., but, like many other Canadians, he is unwilling to recall memories of that time.

Mr. Addison's uncle, knowing this life was uncongenial to his nephew, assisted and persuaded him to return to England. After his return, in a letter to his uncle, he says, "Looking back upon my life in Canada it is like a ghastly, vivid nightmare. You alone have rescued me from a dark, dreary, and slaving life. . . ."

During Mr. Addison's lumber-camp experiences he learned to deal with many types of men, and this has no doubt been a help to him in later years.

After his return from Canada he went to Salisbury Theological College, and was ordained in 1913; after which he became curate at St. Edmunds, Salisbury, and worked there until he obtained an army chaplaincy.

All his services have been in the east ; he has not been in Flanders or the western front up to the time of writing.

He sailed from Suez to Basra on board the *Kalyan* with the late General Sir Stanley Maude, and it was in Mesopotamia that he won his V.C., "for conspicuous bravery in carrying a number of wounded men and bandaging their wounds while under heavy rifle and machine-gun fire." In addition to this, his splendid example of utter disregard for personal danger encouraged the stretcher-bearers to go forward under heavy fire and collect the wounded. What is not generally known is that for a whole day he carried wounded men and dressed their wounds.

Writing home at this time he says :

"I do thank God that He allowed me to accomplish what I set out to do, and also that I have received the V.C., as that seems to have caused you and others much joy."

This letter was dated November 3, 1916, from Mesopotamia. Mr. Addison also took part in the withdrawal from Gallipoli.

At present his ambition is to achieve something in sermon-writing. I think, like many others who have been through terrible scenes and experiences, he wants a long rest.

One of the pleasures of his life lies in ornithology, and when in Mesopotamia he spent most of his spare time studying the ways of the birds and beasts he found there ; he sent several interesting letters and articles to the *Times* and *Field*, which were published.

For four successive generations the eldest sons in the Addison family have been clergymen, and the present W. R. F. Addison makes the fifth. His father was an artist whose works were exhibited at the Royal Academy, Royal Institute, and other exhibitions. The grandfather Addison was a great worker amongst the poor, both in Reading, where he was vicar of Christ Church, and at Gibraltar, where he was head of the English Cathedral. When on the "Rock," after three heavy services in the Cathedral he managed to fit in a service for the sailors on ships at anchor in the Bay ; even when storms were raging and the notice-board said, "Double danger, double fare," he went out in a small rowing-boat and held a service on a hulk anchored in the centre of the shipping, in the true sporting spirit.

It is not therefore difficult to see where the V.C. Addison's courage and endurance came from.

A little bird has told me that when Mr. Addison won his Victoria Cross he was really disobeying orders, as he had been forbidden to expose himself to so much danger, and when a certain General heard he had again "gone over the top" he used some strong language and declared he would have him court-martialled; instead of this, however, at the end of the day he was publicly thanked by two Generals for what he had done.

Mr. Addison returned to England in 1917, and in July of that year was married and received his Cross from the King at Buckingham Palace on August 8, 1917. His regiment, the King's Own Royal Lancashire, gave him a handsome wedding-present in the form of a silver salver, as well as a substantial cheque from the Brigade. We all know how precious and valued are these tokens of friendship and appreciation.

And of the chaplains themselves, what do they feel after sharing the hardships and stress of battle with the soldiers? They are, I know, deeply grateful and uplifted when they see any return for their services. The following little story shows how occasionally the Padres find crumbs of comfort and encouragement when, having cast their bread upon the waters, some of it returns after many days.

Just before a big push a chaplain was addressing his men and administering the Holy Communion, and in his address he quoted the text, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

During the battle that followed, when this Padre was helping the walking wounded out, in the dark, one lad badly hit in the mouth, which was full of blood, put his face close to the Padre's and, spluttering blood all over it, pressed close up and with difficult speech said, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

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