HURRELL · FROUDE

BY · LOUISE IMOGEN · GUINEY

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with much affection,
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This ebook is dedicated to

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friend, colleague, mentor, and role model,
who fell off the planet far too soon.

HURRELL FROUDE



HURRELL FROUDE AS A CHILD
From an unfinished portrait by William Brockedon, A.R.A.

HURRELL FROUDE

MEMORANDA AND COMMENTS

BY

LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

WITH SEVEN ILLUSTRATIONS

METHUEN & CO.
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IN PACE

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PREFACE

THE epistolary matter in the first section of this volume is drawn from material already in print: chiefly from Part I. of *The Remains of the Reverend Richard Hurrell Froude, M.A., Fellow of Oriel*, published by the Rivingtons in 1838, and, incidentally, from *John Henry Newman: Letters and Correspondence to 1845*, published by the Longmans in 1890: from one notable work, that is to say, which is wholly forgotten, and from another yet recent, of great and unique interest, which has not yet won its full public appreciation. For the unrestricted use of the desired extracts from these books, the Editor's grateful thanks are due equally to the representatives of the elder branch of the Froude family, and to Cardinal Newman's literary executor.

The liberal selection from Hurrell Froude's Letters which appeared in the *Remains* is invalidated, to modern curiosity, by manifold suppressions and omissions necessary for private reasons then in force. Some clue, however, is to be found, if it be looked for, towards the identification of those to whom his correspondence was addressed. The Editors of the *Remains* silently adopted, for the Letters, the same system of differentiation as they had already

employed, two years before, in regard to the authorship of the collected poems in *Lyra Apostolica*: that is to say, in both books γ stands for Keble, δ for Newman, ε for Robert Wilberforce, and ζ for Isaac Williams. As Hurrell Froude's own contributions to the *Lyra* had appeared over the signature β, it was easy to surmise that *Beta* in the *Remains* might refer to his brothers or sisters, and *Alpha*, by a sort of primacy, to his father: as is certainly the case. But it was more difficult, for instance, to identify η as Mr. Frederic Rogers, or θ as the Rev. John Frederick Christie: for to these there was no key but that of internal evidence of an elusive sort. The Greek alphabet, in the *Remains*, served only as a heading to marshal the recipients of the Letters written by Froude; proper names figuring in the course of the Letters were almost in every instance replaced by a blank. The verification of these names will perhaps be accepted, though not all are based on a manuscript reading;[1] and of course no blank has been filled experimentally without due indication of that process. Nor has effort been made, at any point, to fill out sentences, or gaps of any kind, save those caused by the suppression of proper names. This line of procedure, and, indeed, the entire scheme of the *rifacciamento*, stands subject first and last to the circumstance that the Editor has had no access to the great mass of dated and classified manuscript correspondence now at Edgbaston. As it was impossible to collate the Froude-Newman Letters with the originals, there appeared something supererogatory in reprinting any of the others in their complete form, or including unpublished addenda most kindly placed at the Editor's disposal, when an exception had to be ruled in regard to the most interesting and most important material of all.

Unfortunately, moreover, Froude's letters to his father, the Archdeacon, to Robert Wilberforce and to Isaac Williams, have perished; and those to Mr. Keble, if existent, had not been recovered by his grandnephew, the Rev. George C. Keble, at the time when this volume went to press. A few letters have been pieced together by comparison of passages, as they stand in the *Remains*, and in the Newman *Correspondence*, issued a half-century later. Examination of the fac-simile page of the amusing letter from Barbados, written on December 26, 1834, and of its counterpart in the text here given, copied from that of the *Remains*, will show that some de-editing might be called for, under the right conditions, in the matter of Hurrell Froude's edited correspondence. It will be seen, on the whole, that neither close study nor long acquaintance with the subject could keep the reprinting, as it pressed forward, from degenerating into more or less of a game of guesswork. Yet exclusions and limitations may cast a befitting half-light upon used literature of long ago, which was in itself elliptical, and tends to create new ellipses, inasmuch as its purpose now is to throw stress less on historic or theological issues than on human character. Many given data, or few, yield pretty much the same residuum when the personality which reigns over them is as rich and strong as Hurrell Froude's. Says one of the most penetrating of modern writers:

'The art of biography has accustomed those who read to expect … as the word implies, the portrayal of a life, of a process: the record of the growth and unfolding of a soul and character. This it is which interests the subjective temper of our days…. Our mind has learnt that its choicest food need not be sought from afar, but lies scattered with the wild

flowers by the wayside, and that nothing is so extraordinary as the ordinary. Thus we have come to care less for a full inventory of the events which make up a man's life, or for the striking nature of those events in themselves, than for such a judicious selection and setting of them as shall best bring out and explain that individuality which is our main interest. We care less for what a man does and more for what he is; and it is mainly as a key to what he is that we study the circumstances which act upon him, and the conduct by which he reacts upon them.'[2] A selection and setting to explain individuality: such is the aim, such (it is to be feared) is only very partially the achievement, of this book.

Concerning its second section a few remarks may be called for. That section actually had, from the first, in the Editor's intention, the right of way. It is quite independent, not called into auxiliary play as a mere illustrative collection of *pièces justificatives*. Many of these essays and reviews have authority; a few have great literary beauty; the Editor's work, which could not vie with them, has borrowed almost nothing from them, and thus preserved two integrities. Although limits of space forbade the reproduction of any one chapter of appreciable length quite in its entirety, yet there existed no reason, but only the whim of artistic choice, for the inclusion or exclusion of one part of any paper at the cost of another part. The process of making excerpts, at best, has something of disagreeableness and of danger. Where that process cannot be avoided, it is well, at least, if its lever be not a preconceived theory. An Editor not of Froude's own religious communion should scruple all the more to interfere in any wise with the witnesses. Such lines or pages as are here scored out are not inaccessible in their

original forms. It will be seen that they are not deleted to favour any special plea, but are either somewhat irrelevant to the subject in hand, or a repetition of facts and impressions more succinctly stated in other accompanying papers. Where aught of moment is involved, the fullest and clearest expression of it is in every case allowed to carry the field: *e.g.*, Dean Church's apologetics concerning Froude's so-called 'Romanising' will be found more satisfactory to the uneasy than the paler defence in the first Preface to the *Remains*. A broad selective principle has ruled the Editor also in minor matters: *e.g.*, a poem of Froude's own, imbedded in the text of an early review by Lord Blachford, or a poem of his great friend's imbedded in an analysis by Mr. R. H. Hutton, are, though coveted, left where they are, and are not transferred to the main narrative sketch. A slight overlapping, as it were, is inevitable: what is super-serviceable sometimes serves more than one pen. Nothing written in English about Hurrell Froude which has colour and individuality, has been altogether passed by, though the present scheme is not in the least bibliographical. On the whole, there is set forth a richly varied testimony: comment buttressed on comment, sometimes, and contradiction against contradiction. Everything about the man calls for criticism, and gets it: his private examen of conscience, his verses, his letters, his traditional sayings, his ecclesiastical theory and religious practice; everything, in fact, except his dreaded arguments. These are conspicuously let alone by those who disapprove of them. They lurk, however, beyond the borders of parley, and they constitute the aggressiveness of one, who but for insistence on them, and whatever they imply, was essentially courteous and gentle. By his

commentators he is incessantly quoted: the ‘party of the second part,’ whoever may be writing, successfully holds the stage. It is always instructive to watch reflections of so simple and boyish, yet powerful a personality, on the complex surface of literary interpretation. We count Hurrell Froude’s a long-forgotten name; yet during the sixty-eight years since he died, more serious students than would seem at first thought likely, have felt for this fighting recluse true attraction, or the equally legitimate attraction of repulsion; and their number bids fair to increase.

‘Even as a broken mirror, which the glass
In every fragment multiplies, and makes
A thousand images of one that was,
The same; and still the more, the more it breaks.’

The apprehension of all he was, if not the whole truth about him, should be, in this synod of philosophical friends and deeply interested foes, no difficult thing to win and hold.

It may not be usual to treat a man of genius like an unglossed manuscript, and to set him forth impartially with all his variants. As dear Izaak says in his innocent-seeming irony, this is, perhaps, to impale him ‘as if you loved him.’ But a free hearing is good law and good art; diverging guesses, contrasted points of view, exercised by the competent, have their uses, especially in England; and some natures and motives bear analysis gallantly well. The reason, at bottom, for so catholic a treatment of Hurrell Froude, is that Hurrell Froude, with his singular detachment and sound humour, would not have disclaimed it: that is, if he had come to know that posterity would fain hear of him again. And there is but one conclusion to be drawn from the

spirited discussions about him. As M. Henri Malo was pleased to write, not so long ago, of his historic hero: '*En somme, quelle que soit l'opinion que l'on ait sur son compte, c'est une figure!*'[3]

The sole purpose of this unconventional yet homogeneous volume is to show Froude, the mind and the man, in his inferential completeness, and without primary reference to that application of his best-cherished principles which meant so much then, and which means so much now. Without primary reference, we say: yet to part him by one hair's breadth from the Oxford Movement, who would, and who could? A book which aims at being not a disquisition, not even a biography, but simply a convenient rearrangement of obvious data for the study of a temperament, may plead its own voluntary poverty as a general extenuation. In the matter not of exegesis but of mere quantity, no reader will complain of too little!

The chronology of many of the footnotes has been compiled from the *Alumni Oxonienses*, the *Registrum Orielense*, and the *Dictionary of National Biography*. In a book of this nature, appealing chiefly to those who know by heart the golden commonplaces of the educated world, it has not been thought pertinent to 'overset' or verify the classical quotations.

Something may be added concerning the illustrations. William Brockedon, before he was famous, once started to paint a life-size head in oil of Hurrell, then aged about eleven. It was left unfinished, and is now in the possession of the young sitter's namesake and nephew, R. H. Froude, Esq., of Bernstein, Newton Abbot, by whose kindness a half-tone 'restoration' of it serves as frontispiece to this

book. Outside a casual pencil sketch, it is the only portrait at present known of Hurrell Froude; nor has it ever before been reproduced, save once as a small scratchy characterless detail of a Keble College panorama. The painting was unfortunately abandoned while in its half-chaotic condition: eyebrows and ears are but barely indicated; the entire background, the collar, a portion of the hair growing so wilfully on the large shapely head, remarkable then and always for its even convexity, are a mere disordered wash; and it was difficult to follow, and to fix by process after process, a vision of the beautiful boy, with his melancholy and his racial fire. No idealisation, as need hardly be said, has been attempted. Patience and sincerity, brought to a rather discouraging task, have succeeded, in some measure, in recapturing an imperfect image, and in having it recognised (so far as a man can be recognised in a child), with gratified pleasure, by the one or two known to the Editor who are the enviable rememberers of Hurrell Froude. The reduction of the original head to an almost miniature size justified itself at once in the disappearance of many blemishes. The print from which the block was made is an outcome of the photographic skill and artistic feeling, now historic in England and beyond it, of Mr. Frederick Hollyer. The ‘casual pencil sketch’ just mentioned figures also in this book, and has in even higher degree the preciousness of a unique thing: for the reproduction is made directly from an unaltered original in a portfolio of 1832. Students of that period in England will recall Miss Maria Giberne, the ‘Queen of Tractaria,’ the animated, romantic, and loyal friend of the Newmans, who followed her art with long devotion, and became, later, Sister Maria Pia in the Visitation Convent at Autun, where she

died at a great age. Of her, in her early prime, one who knew her well wrote:

'[Maria Giberne] was always a most excellent talker and narrator, but her great power lay in the portraits she did in chalks. At a very short sitting, and even from memory, she would draw a portrait which was at least perfectly and undeniably true. I have heard her drawings criticised, and her drapery called conventional, but her faces, to my apprehension, were proof against all criticism. Perhaps they are better in outline than when filled up and tinted…. Her interest in the whole [Tractarian] circle was insatiable, and there was hardly anything she would not do and dare for a sight of one she had not yet seen.'[4]

Given, therefore, Miss Giberne's ardour in the matter, and her frequently-recurring opportunities as a visitor, it would seem almost certain that she would not have let slip any chance of portraying so noticeable a luminary as Hurrell Froude, often absent, like herself, from Oxford, during 1831-1833, and away from it almost altogether afterwards. Her discovered sketch-books, preserved in the hands of relatives and friends, yield, so far, but a single page in which Froude appears. She groups and labels him with other conspirators' at a historic moment,[5] in the one Oxford Common Room which 'stank of logic.' Something in the too quiescent gesture of the graceful person 'on the box,' as well as in the nature of the circumstance, make one suspect that the whole was drawn not on the spot, nor from memory, but from hearsay at the time. Were such the case, the implication would be that Miss Giberne had a good prior knowledge of Froude's face and figure, and even that she was not committing these to paper for

the first time. This little drawing is the property of her nephew, George Pearson, Esq., of Manchester; it is owing to his courtesy and kindness that it is here made public.

The picture of Dartington Parsonage, the antique house in the vale three miles from Totnes, Devonshire, where Hurrell Froude was born, and where he died, is from a larger water-colour drawing by Arthur Holdsworth Froude, in the possession of his sister, the Baroness Anatole von Hügel. The Parsonage, in its mediæval simplicity, was first sketched by Archdeacon Froude, then the newly-appointed Rector, in 1799; this sketch yet exists on a fly-leaf of the Parish records. He at once rebuilt the whole west wing, planted shrubs and vines, and drained away the pond; but there were no other alterations until after his death and the removal of the family in 1859-60, when his grandson Arthur drew the house from memory. Even now, the porch, and everything to the right of it, upstairs and down, is practically the very same as in Hurrell's time; elsewhere the gables have disappeared, and the tourelle has changed its place. The Parish Church (of fourteenth century work, like the Hall) is from an old negative by Messrs. Brinley and Son, of Totnes. This view from the south-west shows the low railing over the Froude vault, which lay in the angle of the porch, next the wall. The Church being taken down in 1878, the strong plain Tower was left alone and intact, standing sentinel over the dead; and the large slab shown in the foreground of the modern photograph, covering the burial-place of Hurrell Froude and of his kindred, is as it looks to-day. The print of Oriel College great quadrangle is from a photograph copyrighted many years ago by Messrs. Henry W. Taunt and Co., of Oxford, and here used by their

permission. The inner top tier of three windows next the angle of the Chapel marks the rooms occupied by Froude. They are on the second floor of Staircase No. 3, the door being at the right hand as one mounts the stairs. The beautiful Porch and the whole front have since been renovated, and the tall bold *Regnante Carolo* again runs around the ruined open stone-work parapet, shown in our illustration, which an Oriel man of the Thirties saw every day as he went in and out of Hall.

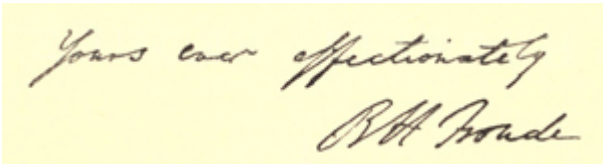
It remains only to thank the family of William Froude, Esq., and the Rev. Charles Martin, the present Rector of Dartington; the Rev. G. Kenworthy, Vicar of Bassenthwaite, whose generosity and knowledge have supplied the Editor with many biographical data of the Spedding family; the Rev. T. Herbert Bindley for authentic information about Codrington College; the Rev. J. Christie for much painstaking friendliness, and the use of a page of one of the Theta letters for a fac-simile; the Rev. G. A. Williams, and several other kind correspondents of Tractarian lineage, who have patiently answered inquiries. Lastly, a more intimate acknowledgment is especially due to the Rev. W. H. Carey, of SS. Michael and All Angels, Woolwich; for chiefly through the sense of his steady encouragement, based on an enthusiasm for Hurrell Froude, the Editor's task, more than once interrupted and laid by, was pushed on to its completion.

OXFORD, *October, 1904*

HURRELL FROUDE

I

SOME MEMORANDA OF HIS LIFE AND OF HIS IDEALS



FAC-SIMILE SIGNATURE FROM A LETTER OF HURRELL FROUDE TO HIS FRIEND GEORGE DUDLEY RYDER ESQ., (AFTERWARDS REV.), 1832.

(*By the kind permission Of the Rev. H. I. D. Ryder, D.D., of the Oratory.*)

HURRELL FROUDE

I

SOME MEMORANDA OF HIS LIFE AND HIS IDEALS

THE persons who most compel our interest in this world are not often the great, exemplars of what we call intellectual eminence: they are rather the men and the women of genius. On that ground they win the eye. Vital and unexhausted spirits, under no subjection to results, can afford, if they choose, to die anonymous; and never having established a pact with their times, nor with Time at all, they are contemporary backward and forward as far as thought can reach. Of this strangely numerous company in England, though he be but

> —'a fugitive and gracious light
> Shy to illumine,'

stands Newman's early friend, Richard Hurrell Froude, the lost Pleiad of the Oxford Movement. Akin to some others, names earlier and later, 'which carry a perfume in the mention,' he left little to prove and approve himself. Such as he, in the

pageant of eternity, are not the tallest harvesters with the most recognisable sheaves. Like Crichton and Falkland and Pergolesi, like Arthur Hallam and Henri Perreyve, he is known to history as it were by a smiling semi-private hint, or a sort of May-orchard coronal which the wind has no power to scatter, rather than by virtue of any personal innings in the complex game of life. He was a mere man of genius. His inheritance was richly varied: of mental currents possible in one cross-bred island, there could hardly be a more spirited blend. 'The thinkers of the West,' as an analytic pen has lately written,[6] 'reveal a certain practical sagacity, a determination to see things clearly, a hatred of cant and shams, a certain "positive" tendency which is one of the notes of purely English thought.' Exact in the wider application, the sentence has an almost startling appropriateness when it is narrowed down to fit the one 'thinker of the West' (not in Mr. Ellis's lists) with whom these pages deal. Never to maunder, never to mince matters, never to pet an illusion, never to lay down arms while there are 'cant and shams' to fight, —all that is very Devonian; and Hurrell Froude, true at every point, was true Devon in this. His ancestral Speddings, on the other hand, had imagination and a love of letters, and were ironic and opinionative after another fashion. They had also, for generation after generation, as an unexpected corollary, a strong turn for science, and even for mechanical science, as the less bookish Froudes, to offset their hard common sense, were restless and romantic lovers of the open air and of the sea. The shy, critical, solitary, but ardent and adventurous character which belonged not only to our particular Fellow of Oriel, but in some measure to all his nearest kindred, seems to have been inherited equally from the contrasted

streams which ran in their blood. All Hurrell's religiousness, all his poetry and fire and penetrative thought, came straight from his beautiful and highly intelligent mother, whom he lost just as he really came to know her, and whom he worshipped during the rest of his life. His stature, colour, and expression, as also his delicacy of constitution, he received through her.

The Speddings were Anglo-Irish, migrating during the sixteenth century to Scotland, then, early in James II.'s time, to Cumberland. John Spedding and his wife Margaret were seated at Armathwaite Hall, in Bassenthwaite parish, Keswick, when their second daughter Margaret, afterwards Mrs. Froude, was born in 1774. Her elder sister Mary, her brothers John, James, Anthony, and William (in order of their age), comprised with her, her father's family; and she was but seven when he died. Armathwaite Hall was left in the hands of trustees, who so wasted it that when John Spedding, the son, came of age he found his patrimony gone, and resolved to leave the country to join the army, then in the thick of the Peninsular War. Meanwhile, four miles away, at the head of Bassenthwaite Lake lay Mirehouse, the owner of which was Thomas Story, Esquire, a bachelor, attached to his Spedding neighbours. In the most opportune and romantic way, he made young John Spedding his heir, just in time to prevent his self-imposed exile, and in 1802 died, and was succeeded by him in the estate. It was thus that the Speddings, who had occupied Armathwaite Hall for over a century, came ultimately to live at the other end of the Lake. John Spedding married Miss Sarah Gibson of Newcastle. They lived to old age, and had a numerous issue. James Spedding, the distinguished scholar, the intimate friend of Tennyson, and leader

of the famous Cambridge set ‘The Apostles,’ known afterwards in the world of letters as the vindicator of Bacon, was their third son. He spent most of his life (1808-1881) at Mirehouse, and is buried not far away, in the old churchyard of Bassenthwaite. He and his knew all the Froudes well; visits were constantly interchanged; and it was he who introduced James Anthony Froude, his cousin, and brother-in-law at one remove, as it were, to Carlyle. For James Spedding’s eldest brother, Thomas Story Spedding, married his cousin Phillis Froude, the second daughter of the household at Dartington.

To revert to the elder generation—Margaret Spedding, her own mother’s namesake, born, as we have seen, in 1774, was dearly loved at home for seven and twenty years; at that somewhat mature age (as it was considered in 1802), she married the Rev. Robert Hurrell Froude, Rector of Dartington in Devonshire. His own people were not less interesting, and even more ancient, than hers. Hurrells, an armigerous family, and Froudes, rising yeomen from Kent, had struck deep and wide roots in Devon soil at least as early as the reign of Elizabeth. The second of these was probably a place-name, though there are those who derive it from the Icelandic frod, wise, not from the likelier Celtic ffrwd, a rushing stream.[7] We find the race numerous and active, and settled chiefly about Kingston, and about Modbury, where in the year of Culloden, Richard Hurrell, gentleman, was married to Mistress Phillis[8] Collings. Their daughter, Phillis Hurrell, became the wife of Robert ffroud of Walkhampton, third son of John, to whom descended the Modbury manors of Edmerston and Gutsford; these two lived at Aveton Giffard, and are buried there in the Parish Church, where their monuments still exist. ‘Robert ffroud Armiger’ died

young, four years after his marriage, which had for issue one son, and three daughters. Phillis the widow, a person of strong character, lived on for sixty-six years longer, and saw the grave opened, or opening, for nearly all her brilliant and fated grandchildren. Her babes, left fatherless in 1770, were Mary, Margaret, and Elizabeth; her son Robert Hurrell was a posthumous child. The latter was to rise to more than local eminence, known throughout an exceptionally long life as Rector of Dartington, and from 1820 on, as Archdeacon of Totnes in the diocese of Exeter.[9] He matriculated at Oriel College, Oxford, in January 1788, aged seventeen, and in due course, in 1795, proceeded Master of Arts. He came from Denbury, of which he was already Incumbent, to his new parish of Dartington, in 1799. Many children were born in Dartington Parsonage to him and to Margaret Spedding his wife, of whom Richard Hurrell Froude, named for his paternal grandfather Richard Hurrell of Modbury, was the eldest. His birth was on March 25, 1803. Certain critics who disliked the aroma, real or imaginary, of the Oxford Movement, seemed to harbour, in after years, a special grudge against Hurrell for his Marian circumstances. It was, as it were, piling offence on offence that he entered the world on the Feast of the Annunciation, and consciously, votively belonged to the College of S. Mary at Oxford. He was privately baptized at home, and with his next brother, carried up the hill to be received in the ancient Church at the Hall gates (again S. Mary's), on the 17th of April, 1805. Hurrell seems to have been from the first a stormy sort of child, handsome, and odd, and adored by his relatives. Like the young Persians in their national prime, he learned 'to ride, and to speak truth.' He was sent early to the Free School at Ottery

S. Mary, where he lived in his master's house. This was the Rev. George May Coleridge, nephew of that poet who has made classic the lovely neighbourhood to all readers of English. He survived until 1847, dear to all the Froudes. (Perhaps it is not generally known that Mr. James Anthony Froude, then in deacon's orders, was responsible for Mr. Coleridge's funeral sermon at S. Mary Church, Torquay.) Hurrell was as happy at his first School as a dreamy rebel boy always subject to moods and to home-sickness could well be. Everything was done, at any rate, to keep him happy. His own memories of the green village, with its great minster and its bright stream, seem to have been pleasant ones. A lady who was but a young child during his last months at Dartington recalls his frank smile at drawing in a lottery a picture of Ottery Church, which she had coveted, lotteries not being abhorred then, as now, by Christian folk. Had the winner known of the little girl's envy, he would certainly have parted with his treasure on the spot; for he was a born de-collector. Hurrell began, almost as soon as he could hold a pen, to draw well, and to write agreeable letters. At thirteen he was sent to Eton. A year or two before, that is, in or about 1814, he sat for his portrait to that lovable interesting man and capable artist, William Brockedon, Archdeacon Froude's particular protégé and most grateful friend.[10] It may have been begun as one of many thank-offerings; for some reason, it was left unfinished. Brockedon was a patient person, by all accounts. Perhaps wild little Master Froude, for all his innocent looks, may have been, in the immortal words of Pet Marjorie, 'whot human nature cant indure.' The Archdeacon, too, was critical, and thought his friend happiest in sketch-work, and that to finish, with him, was,

sometimes, to over-refine. Who could have foreseen that the abandoned canvas was long to take on unique accidental value to persons then unborn who should be interested in his sitter? For though that childish sitter was to live over a score of years longer, and endear himself to men of a certain school of thought for ever, there was no discoverable hand but William Brockedon's to tell them how he looked. There was not known until the other day a single other portrait, not so much as a silhouette, of a draughtsman associated with so many, both at home and at College, who could draw.



DARTINGTON PARSONAGE, AS IT WAS THROUGHOUT H LIFETIME
From a water-colour drawing by Arthur Holdsworth

The boy, with his half-indolent, half-clairvoyant way of studying, and his high spirits in and out-of-doors, got on fairly well at Eton,[11] though his years there seem to have made no great impress on his mind and character. He developed, perhaps, too slowly, and too much by instinct and intuition, to be much harmed or helped by a Public School.

Winthrop Mackworth Praed was one of his memorable contemporaries there; Edward Bouverie Pusey, though in an upper Form, was another.[12] Like Pusey, Hurrell had a talisman and a safeguard in the love of a pious mother. The extreme natural sympathy between them was heightened by the boy's fickle health, and his unconscious appeal for continued care. One experience of early invalidism and its results, lasting for some time, drew from Margaret Froude an oblique comment or protest which is enough to make one love and admire her womanliness. She drew up a letter to an imaginary correspondent, which was really intended for her tall son himself. It sounds wholly like a page from the *Spectator*, in Steele's tenderest whimsical vein; and it would be an ungenerous lad (her Hurrell certainly knew not how to be ungenerous) who would not be touched by the genuine foreboding sorrow breathing through it. Whether it was ever actually left in his way is doubtful; a passage in his Journal may imply that he knew nothing of it until after her death. Its date lies early in 1820.

'SIR,—I have a son who is giving me a good deal of uneasiness at this time, from causes which I persuade myself are not altogether common; and having used my best judgment about him for seventeen years, I at last begin to think it incompetent to the case, and apply to you for advice. From his very birth his temper has been peculiar: pleasing, intelligent, and attaching, when his mind was undisturbed, and he was in the company of people who treated him reasonably and kindly; but exceedingly impatient under vexatious circumstances; very much disposed to find his own amusement in teasing and vexing others; and almost entirely incorrigible when it was necessary to

reprove him. I never could find a successful mode of treating him. Harshness made him obstinate and gloomy; calm and long displeasure made him stupid and sullen; and kind patience had not sufficient power over his feelings to force him to govern himself. His disposition to worry made his appearance the perpetual signal for noise and disturbance among his brothers and sisters; and this it was impossible to stop, though a taste for quiet, and constant weak health, made it to me almost insupportable. After a statement of such great faults, it may seem an inconsistency to say that he nevertheless still bore about him strong marks of a promising character. In all points of substantial principle his feelings were just and high. He had (for his age) an unusually deep feeling of admiration for everything which was good and noble; his relish was lively, and his taste good, for all the pleasures of the imagination; and he was also quite conscious of his own faults, and, untempted, had a just dislike to them. On these grounds I built my hope that his reason would gradually correct his temper, and do that for him which his friends could not accomplish. Such a hope was necessary to my peace of mind; for I will not say that he was dearer to me than my other children, but he was my first child, and certainly he could not be dearer. This expectation has been realised, gradually, though very slowly. The education his father chose for him agreed with him; his mind expanded and sweetened; and even some more material faults (which had grown out of circumstances uniting with his temper) entirely disappeared. His promising virtues became my most delightful hopes, and his company my greatest pleasure. At this time he had a dangerous illness, which he bore most admirably. The consequences of

it obliged him to leave his School, submit for many months to the most troublesome restraints, and to be debarred from all the amusements and pleasures of his age, though he felt, at the same time, quite competent to them. All this he bore not only with patience and compliance, but with a cheerful sweetness which endeared him to all around him. He returned home for the confirmation of his health, and he appeared to me all I could desire. His manners were tender and kind, his conversation highly pleasing, and his occupations manly and rational. The promising parts of his character, like Aaron's rod, appeared to have swallowed up all the rest, and to have left us nothing but his health to wish for.—After such an account, imagine the pain I must feel on being forced to acknowledge that the ease and indulgence of home is bringing on a relapse into his former habits. I view it with sincere alarm as well as grief, as he must remain here many many months, and a strong return to ill-conduct, at his age, I do not think would ever be recovered. I will mention some facts, to show that my fears are not too forward. He has a near relation, who has attended him through his illness with extraordinary tenderness, and who never made a difference between night and day, if she could give him the smallest comfort, to whom he is very troublesome, and not always respectful. He told her, in an argument, the other day, that "she lied, and knew she did," without (I am ashamed to say) the smallest apology. I am in a wretched state of health, and quiet is important to my recovery, and quite essential to my comfort; yet he disturbs it, for what he calls "funny tormenting," without the slightest feeling, twenty times a day. At one time he kept one of his brothers screaming, from a sort of teasing play, for

near an hour under my window. At another, he acted a wolf to his baby brother, whom he had promised never to frighten again. All this worry has been kept up upon a day when I have been particularly unwell. He also knows at the same time very well, that if his head does but ache, it is not only my occupation, but that of the whole family, to put an end to everything which can annoy him.

'You will readily see, dear Sir, that our situation is very difficult and very distressing. He is too old for any correction but that of his own reason; and how to influence that, I know not! Your advice will greatly oblige

'A very anxious parent,
'M. F.

'*P.S.*—I have complained to him seriously of this day, and I thought he must have been hurt; but I am sorry to say that he has whistled almost ever since.'

The kind relative, who was so ungraciously repaid for her goodness, was his aunt Miss Mary Spedding, the eldest of all her family, devoted to her only sister Margaret, and to that sister's memory; the baby brother, who must have conceived of the wolf as a perseveringly disagreeable animal, was James Anthony Froude, then nearly two years old. A year later, on February 16, 1821, Margaret Froude breathed her lovely soul away, and was laid to rest next the south porch of Dartington Church, where her children's feet passed in and out on Sunday mornings over the flagstones, between the first spring flowers. 'The Froudes were eight in family,' wrote Isaac Williams, on a happy visit long after. On the morrow of their bereavement, this was the junior

roll-call in Robert Froude's desolate Parsonage:

> Richard Hurrell, aged not quite eighteen.
> Robert Hurrell, aged sixteen years, ten months.
> John Spedding, just fourteen.
> Margaret, aged twelve years, nine months.
> Phillis Jane, nearly eleven and a half.
> William, aged ten years, three months.
> Mary Isabella, not quite seven and a half.
> James Anthony, under three.

Hurrell Froude was admitted Commoner by the University of Oxford and matriculated at Oriel College, within a few weeks of his mother's death, on April 13, 1821. His delicate health had kept him back: his father and his brothers all matriculated at seventeen. Robert Froude, 'Bob,' was then entering upon his Sixth Form at Eton. Little Margaret began at once, under guidance, her tender and long continued task of comforting her father and mothering the motherless. She found no time to seek her own happiness, till her marriage in 1844,[13] when only her father and herself, William and Anthony, survived. John Spedding Froude died in 1841, thirty-four years old, and, like his two elder brothers, unmarried. Of Phillis, William, Mary, and (James) Anthony, Hurrell's own annals will have more to say. Beside one of the leafy winding roads of Dartington rose afterwards a little grey almshouse, and over the doorway a stone tablet with this inscription:

'IMPENSIS MARIAE SPEDDING
PIA RECORDATIONE SORORIS SUAE
MARGARETAE FROUDE
HAEC DOMUS
IN PERPETUAM ELEEMOSYNAM
EXTRUCTA EST.

AGELLUM CIRCUMJACENTEM IN
EOSDEM USUS EROGAVIT
HENRICUS CHAMPERNOWNE.

A.D. MDCCCXXXV.'

It must have been building during the last year of Hurrell's life, and no doubt with his 'very managing sort of mind' he worked into it some of his rather primitive Gothic theories. There still is the home which Mary Spedding's love built, where age and poverty have privacy and peace, and roses at every window, and thankful sweet remembrance of human kindness, as in the ancient time.

Away from home, and without his mother, Hurrell fell silent enough; and his sadness would have hurt and corroded him, had it not been for the exquisite friendship which sprang up between him and his tutor at Oriel. That tutor was John Keble. It is pleasant to think of these two, with their spiritual foreheads and strong chins, in that fashionable Georgian College full of decanters and gold tufts, and 'rows in quad.' No one in all England whom Hurrell Froude in his youth was likely to know could have so fostered in him, even by his unconscious presence, whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. According to Mr. J. A. Froude's *Short Studies* account, there was no very high level of supernatural religion at Dartington Parsonage. 'My father,' he says, 'was a High Churchman of the old school. The Church itself he regarded as part of the Constitution, and the Prayer-Book as an Act of Parliament which only folly or disloyalty could quarrel with.' This theory perfectly harmonised with the wonted order and general practice fixed for a century before. The Royal Arms, flanked by the lamentable monuments of all

the local gentry, dominated the chancel; the Squire's pew had its fat cushions, and a stove in the middle, and was walled away from any view of the ignored Communion-table chastely covered with green baize; plebeian hats were piled in the Font, and there was a 'national custom of bending forward in Church,' as an almost too fond concession to Christian etiquette. Truthful observers have given us the whole catalogue in print; and it has been corroborated on every side within living memory. The finer spirits who did not turn infidel must have felt all this ugliness to be dreary and hideous enough, though perhaps necessary to feed the sacred spite against the Middle Ages, so Popishly 'dark' with candles and incense-coals, pageants and bright Alleluias, brought into the service of God. But to no one in the Church of England before the Oxford Movement, did it seem an abnormal state of things. Nor was it so, dogma being dead. When poor Hurrell's decided opinions had formed, he must have felt himself in some domestic difficulty. Ritual was nothing to him except as the language of belief: scant where that is feeble, full where that is steadfast and profound; how it can be anything else to man is not quite apparent to an inquiring mind. As he never lived to work out his beliefs very far, he had no drastic changes to suggest in the local ordinances, but he must have dedicated some uphill work to the excellent parent whom he truly reverenced, and ended by making over into a valuable defender of sacramentalism. The numerous clerical progeny of Squire Western, worthies like the famous fox-hunting 'Păsson Freüde'[14] of his own blood, in another part of Devon, remained faithful to the Constitution and Parliament, to pay up for the Archdeacon's partial defection.

Hurrell's attitude towards the mother for whom

his heart ached, and towards those who won his fealty at home, discovered itself day by day in letters to Mr. Keble, a record of occasional thoughts, and the private journals which he kept for his own conscience to whet itself upon. Sacred as these pages are, they have been printed before in the opening volume of his *Remains*; and they prove how very far he was from being a mere intellectual theoriser, oblivious of daily duty and common ties. His strife for perfection, a difficult and joyless one at best, began with these. Some excerpts, scattered or consecutive, will serve to show his sincerity and thoroughness: how his thoughts ran; how he fed upon his mother's memory; with what lowliness he prayed for the divine help, and with what merciless constancy he learned to discipline himself, arraign his own motives, and master the bitter and sovereign science of self-knowledge.

—'Yesterday I was very indolent, but … my energies were rather restored by reading some of my mother's journal at Vineyard. I did not recollect that I had been so unfeeling to her during her last year. I thank God some of her writings have been kept: that may be my salvation; but I have spent the evening just as idly as if I had not seen it. I don't know how it is, but it seems to me that the consciousness of having capacities for happiness, with no objects to gratify them, seems to grow upon me, and puts me in a dreary way. Lord, have mercy upon me.'

—'Spent the morning tolerably well; read my mother's journal and prayers, two hours: I admire her more and more. I pray God the prayers she made for me may be effectual, and that her labours may not be in vain, but that God in His mercy may have chosen this way of accomplishing them; and that my

reading them so long after they were made, and without any intention of hers, may be the means by which the Holy Spirit will awaken my spirit to those good feelings which she asked for in my behalf. I hope, by degrees, I may get to consider her relics in the light of a friend, derive from them advice and consolation, and rest my troubled spirit under their shadow. She seems to have had the same annoyances as myself, without the same advantages, and to have written her thoughts down, instead of conversation. As yet they have only excited my feelings, and not produced any practical result.'

—'Read my mother's journal till half-past twelve: here and there I think I remember allusions. Everything I see in it sends me back to her in my childhood: it gets such hold of me that I can hardly think of anything else. It is a bad way to give a general account of oneself at the end of a day: people at that time are not competent judges of their actions; besides, everyone ought to be dissatisfied with himself always: it is better to give a detailed account like my mother's by means of which I may hereafter have some idea of what was my standard of virtue, rather than my opinion of myself.'

—'O Lord, consider it not as a mockery in me, that day after day I present myself before Thee, professing penitence for sins which I still continue to commit, and asking Thy grace to assist me in subduing them, while my negligence renders it ineffectual. O Lord, if I must judge of the future from the past, and if the prayers which I am now about to offer up to Thee will prove equally ineffectual with those which have preceded them, then indeed it is a fearful thing to come before Thee with professions whose fruitlessness seems a proof of their insincerity!

But Thine eye trieth my inward parts, and knoweth my thoughts, independently of the actions which proceed from them. “O that my ways were made so direct that I might keep Thy statutes! I will walk in Thy commandments when Thou hast set my heart at liberty.”’

—‘Read my mother’s journal. I hope it is beginning to do me some serious good, without exciting such wild feelings as it did at first.’

—‘I must fight against myself with all my might, and watch my mind at every turning. It will be a good thing for me to keep an exact account of my receipts and spendings: it will be a check on silly prodigality. I mean to save what I can by denying myself indulgences, in order to have wherewith I may honour God and relieve the poor.’

(To KEBLE, but never sent.)

—‘Perhaps you may think it very odd, but this summer[15] has been the first time I have had resolution to ask for the papers which they found of my mother’s after her death. The most interesting to me are some prayers, and two fragments of [a] journal, one for the year 1809, I think, and the other in 1815. The prayers seem to have been a good deal later.’

(Not sent either.)

—‘All this summer I have been trying a sort of experiment with myself, which, as I have had no one to talk to about it, has brought on great fits of enthusiasm and despondency, and being conscious at

the time of most contemptible inconsistencies, both in my high and dejected feelings, I set to work to keep a journal of them, to answer the purpose of a sort of conversation between my present and my future self: an idea which I got from reading an old journal of my mother's, which they found after her death, and which I never could make up my mind to look at till this summer.'

—'I have confessed to myself a fresh thing to be on my guard against. Every now and then I keep feeling anxious that by bringing myself into strict command, I may acquire a commanding air and manner, and am in a hurry to get rid of the punishment of my former weakness. I sometimes try to assume a dignified face as I meet men, and am never content to be treated as a shilly-shally fellow. I must not care the least, or ever indulge a thought, about the impression I make on others;[16] but make myself *be* what I would, and let the *seeming* take its course; or, rather, be glad of slights, as from the Lord. This will be a hard struggle. O Lord, give me strength to go through with it!'

—'I felt as if I have got rid of a great weight from my mind, in having given up the notion of regulating my particular actions, by the sensible tendency I could perceive in them to bring me towards my τὸ καλόν. I had always a mistrust in this motive; and it seems quite a happiness to yield the direction of myself to a Higher Power Who has said: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."'

—'It seems to me a great help towards making myself indifferent to present things, to conjure up

past events, and distant places and people before me: things that happened at Eton, or Ottery, or in the very early times of childhood. I felt again to-day as if … the secret world of new pleasures and wishes to which I am trying to gain admittance, is a mere fancy. I must be careful to check high[17] feelings, [as] they are certain to become offences in a day or two, and must regulate my practice by faith, and a steady imitation of great examples: in hopes that, by degrees, what I now have only faint and occasional glimpses of may be the settled objects on which my imagination reposes, and that I may be literally hid in the presence of the Lord.'

—'I might not indeed be too penitent, but penitent in a wrong way. Abstinences and self-mortifications may themselves be a sort of intemperance: a food to my craving after some sign that I am altering. They ought not to be persevered in, farther than as they are instrumental to a change of character in things of real importance: … how hard it is to keep a pure motive for anything!… I will refrain, rather, by forcing myself to talk, and attend to the wants of others [at table] than by constantly thinking of myself.'

—'Made good resolutions about behaviour when I go home. Never to argue with my father, or remonstrate with him, or offer my advice, unless in cases where I feel I should do so to the [Provost?]. For even if it subjects me to unnecessary inconvenience, it would do so equally in both cases; and, if I would submit to it in one case through pusillanimity, I ought in the other for a punishment. It would be a good way to make opposite vices punish each other so, and be likely to cure both in time. In the same way to behave to Bob and my

sisters as I would to [College equals?]: to comply with their wishes, and not interfere with their opinions, except where I would with the latter. I must try at home to be as humble, and submissive, and complying, as I can; and here as resolute and vigorous, till I get to be the same in all places and all company. I do not preclude myself from making amendments in this resolution, till I have left Oxford.'

—'It has turned out a beautiful day, and fasting will cost but little pain. I have just been shocked at hearing that ——'s acquaintance, Mr. ——, had shot himself yesterday. How strongly it reminds me that I understand little of the things invisible which I talk and think about, when the most terrible occurrences having taken place quite close to me affect me so little! I could work up my feelings easy enough, but it is enthusiasm[18] to anticipate in this way the steady effects of moral discipline; even supposing both effects are, whilst they last, the same. I could not help crying violently just now, on reading over my mother's paper. The ideas somehow mixed up together, and forced on my thoughts what a condition I may be in as to things unseen, and yet be unconscious of it. O God, keep up in my mind a feeling of true humility, suitable to my blindness and the things that I am among.'

—'I have just been reading over my account of the time I spent at home last summer…. The great root of all my complicated misdeeds seems to have been (1) A want of proper notions respecting my relations to my father. (2) A notion that I was a competent judge how to make other people happy, by giving a tone to their pursuits. (3) A craving after the pleasures which I admire. (4) Arrogant pretensions to

superiority. (5) A wish to make my conduct seem consistent to myself and others. The first is the main point, and when I have carried that, the rest will all go easily. The only way we can ever be comfortable is by our all uniting to make his will our law, and what little I can do towards this will be better accomplished by example than by presumptuous advice…. Nor do I see how I can so well repress my arrogance as by always keeping in mind that I am in the presence of one who is to me the type of the Most High.'

(To Keble.)

—'Among the other lights which have been gradually dawning on me, one from following the guidance of which I hope I may derive great comfort, has made me conscious of the debt of reverence that I owe my father: not only in that, bearing his sacred name, he is proposed to me as a type of the Almighty upon earth, but that he has, in his high character, so demeaned himself as to become a fortress and rock of defence to all those who are blessed with his protection. Under his shadow I will, by God's blessing, rest in peace, and will endeavour for the future to esteem his approbation as the highest earthly honour and his love as the highest reward. I feel in this resolution real peace; and while I am conscious of endeavouring to act up to it, will try, as you advise me, to quiet my gloomy apprehensions.'

—'O my God! I dare no longer offer to Thee my diseased petitions in the words by which wise and holy men have shaped their intercourse between earth and Heaven. Suffer me, with whose vileness they can have had no fellowship, to frame for myself

my isolated supplication. O my Father, by Thy power I began to be, and by Thy protection Thou hast continued to me my misused existence: yet I have forsaken Thee, my only Strength, and forgotten Thee, my only Wisdom. I have neglected to obey Thy voice, and gone a-whoring after my own inventions. As soon as I was born, I went astray and spake lies. I loved the delights which Thou hast given me more than Thee who gavest them; and I dreaded the might which Thou hast delegated to man more than Thee the Almighty…. Yet, praised be Thy holy Name, Thou hast not even thus utterly left me destitute; but with hideous dreams Thou hast affrighted me; and with perpetual mortifications Thou hast disquieted me; and with the recollections of bright things fascinated me; and with a holy friend Thou hast visited me. Thou hast sought Thy servant while astray in the wilderness; Thou hast shown me the horrible pit, the mire and clay in which I am wallowing: O mayest Thou, of Thy great goodness, set my feet upon a rock, and order my goings. Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean; wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow. Turn Thy face from my sins, and put out all my misdeeds. Make me a clean heart, O God, and renew a right spirit within me. O give me the comfort of Thy help again, and stablish me with Thy free Spirit…. Bless, O Lord, with Thy constant favour and protection that high spirit whom, as Thy type upon this earth, Thou hast interposed between me and the evils I have merited. Fill him, O Lord, with the fulness of Thy grace, that, running with patience the race which has been set before him, he may finish his course at Thy good time with joyfulness, and find a rest from his labours in the portion of the righteous.'

—'I will be cautious about talking of myself and

my feelings: what I like; whom I admire; what are my notions of a high character; how few people I find to sympathise with me on any subject; and many other egotistical, mawkish, useless matters, about which I have suffered myself to prate. Also, I will avoid obtruding my advice, and taking high grounds to which I have no pretensions.'

—'Just now, at breakfast,[19] I felt the inconvenience of not omitting an oath in a story I told of Sheridan. I felt directly that I lost ground, and should be unable to make a stand, if conversation were to take a turn I disliked. I must be watchful and strict with myself in this respect: for, if I comply with my father's wishes, and enter freely into society, I shall have much harder work to fight off my old shuffling vanity, and shall be drawn, from not feeling my own ground, into foolishness and flash, and everything that is disgusting.'

—'I used to speculate on the delight of keeping fasts upon the river in fine weather, among beautiful scenery, rather than in my dull rooms at Oxford; but last Friday was a real fine day, yet I did not at all turn it to this account. Though I ate little, it was something very different from my Oxford fasts, and still more so from what I then used to picture to myself, when I should get home. I waste time in preparing boats, and thoughts in speculating on schemes for expeditions, and for improving our appointments. Also, I observe other bad effects resulting from my misconduct, which I cannot but regard as signs that good spirits are deserting me. The other evening I had an argument with my father, almost in a sort of tone which I used to feel ashamed of last summer, and which, in the Christmas vacation, I think I was not even tempted to; and

when I caught myself getting untuned, it cost me a [severe[20]] effort to check myself; nor was it till the next morning that all the effects of it subsided, and I felt quite good-natured and humble again. In this fight I was greatly helped by the experience of former conflicts, and recollecting the ways I had caught myself in self-deceit, so that it gives me some hope as well as humiliation. I pray God that He will not suffer all my feeble efforts to be wasted, and prove quite ineffectual, and that He will enable me to lie down to-night with a better conscience.'

—'Just now, in riding home from Denbury,[21] I got arguing with my father about the little chance anyone has of doing good, in a way rather inconsistent with our relative condition; yet, when I thought I was going rather too far, could hardly convince myself that, at any particular moment, it was incumbent on me to stop. It is this self-deceiving disposition that I am afraid of.'

—'I will brace myself and keep my attention on the alert on this S[alcombe?] expedition, by a vow about my food: I will make my meals as simple as I can, without being observed upon; will take no command upon myself, but obey my father's instructions to the utmost of my power; will try to make no objections or propositions unless called upon; and that no one may be able to put me out of the way [of self-denial] everyone shall have theirs, however disagreeable they may seem to me.'

—'We returned to-day, and on reading over these resolutions, which I called a vow, I find I have acted very poorly up to them. I believe they have operated as a sort of check upon me in some respects, that I have been less of an epicure and less of an interferer

than I should have been else. But yet, quite at starting, I suggested, when my father proposed going ashore, that it would take a longer time than he calculated on: but this was merely a suggestion. And on one of the evenings when we were by ourselves, I argued about people going to Church in a way very inconsistent with our relative situations; neither was I quite cordial in my acquiescence with propositions of my father's about minor excursions at S[alcombe?] and feel as if I had pressed unpleasantly on him some of my opinions about tides, and names of places.'

—'Yesterday, I was talking to [Phill?] about [Peg?[22]]; and among other things, when I said how considerate she was about everybody's wants, and how she was always on the lookout for an opportunity to relieve them, I said (and have reason enough to say it) that things of that sort did not come into my head. But I am afraid I must confess that I was a little annoyed at [Phill? allowing] that she did not think they did! I cannot accuse myself of having been so insincere as to have laid a trap for a compliment; but I was not quite prepared to find that my negligence was such as to obtrude itself on the observation of those who would always make the best of one. O God! give me grace to look on this as a warning voice from Thee, and let the remembrance of it brace my energies for the future…. Also, I yesterday gave way to a covetous inconsistent wish for a beautiful colt that we happened to see, and which my father had half a mind I should get for my own. I feel all these selfish wishes crowding on me, and have no clear decided rule by which to check them. I think I will always ask myself, when I wish for an elegant superfluity, what business I have to be so much better off than my sisters, and will not allow

myself anything I can avoid till I have got them all the things they are reasonably in want of.'

—'Teach me to be ever mindful of the wants and wishes of others, and that I may never omit an opportunity of adding to their happiness; let each particular of their condition be present with me, what they are doing or suffering. I am most fearfully deficient in this mark of a child of God. Protect me from all covetous desires of the pleasant things which money can procure: the D[enbury?] cottage, the new dining-room window, nice furniture, equipage, musical instruments, or any other thing, in order to obtain which I must lessen my means of benefiting others.

—'I have done many things to-day that I ought to be ashamed of. For instance: I said to the [Provost?] I had not examined carefully an analysis that I had hardly read a word of. I have assumed, too, a harsh manner in examining. I feel too anxious to show my own knowledge of the subjects on which I am examining. Was very inattentive at morning Chapel, and not sorry to find that there was none in the evening. I believe the day before yesterday I made a bungle in examining W[illy] in Euclid, which made him appear to be doing wrong while he was quite right, but did not discover it in time to rectify it by confession (which I hope I should have done).'

The youth who wrote much else thus singularly and severely of himself, had an almost fierce sincerity. At an early hour, he made up his mind to be in his strength, what many men are said to be in their weakness, 'nobody's enemy but his own,' and he carried out both clauses implied in the contract. Neither at Eton nor at Oxford, with opportunities by the score, did he ever make a single 'influential' personal friend; to no position or emolument did he ever aspire, though he was to give unremitting and precious labour to what he believed to be the best cause in the world. 'Froude and I were nobodies,' said Newman, two lifetimes later, with a touch of whimsical pride. Like a child of Socrates, our philosopher would fain see how many things there are which he could do without; like a child of Seneca, he would fain enjoy this life, with the zest possible to those alone who are always ready to leave it. Enough of this Journal, most practical in all its self-searching. It appears to concern itself with trivialities only to those who do not realise how relentless is the ascetic spirit, and how small a quarry it will still hunt when all the tigers are met and exterminated. As was said of a greater than Hurrell Froude: '*Ce diable d'homme a toujours été en se perfectionnant. Il serait devenu honnête homme, si on l'eut laissé vivre.*'

When Mr. Keble went down to his curacy at Southrop, at the beginning of the Long Vacation of 1823,[23] Hurrell went with him to read for his B.A. degree, which he took in December of that year. The summer was to him, as to one of his companions

there, Isaac Williams, the turning-point in his career. In those tranquil fields and winding roads and the solemn little village Church, where he found ‘a man wholly made up of love, and religion a reality,’ Hurrell began to see the Last Things: he never could forget the place, the person, and the occasion which meant so much to him in the Providence of God. His third companion, Robert Wilberforce, ‘did not feel towards Keble,’ wrote Isaac Williams, ‘as we did at that time, having been brought up in an opposite school.’ In all the fresh and brave happinesses of nature and of grace which were round Keble like an aureole wherever he went, Hurrell brightened and strengthened visibly.

‘You are my Spring: and when you smile, I grow.’

He learned from him to follow conscience and to fear applause. As soon as he parted from Mr. Keble, their long correspondence began, and the home-loving pupil was proud indeed when the ‘first man in Oxford,’ as Newman enthusiastically called him, came on a visit to Dartington. We know from recent testimony of a delightful pen[24] how dear the neighbourhood became to Mr. Keble, and how often he would wander away from the animated household of his friends to the fourteenth-century priest’s-house hard by at Little Hempston, an almost unique survival, with its small quadrangle, its hall and solar, of Chaucer’s time. The lovely old Vicarage, in its still secluded situation, had taken captive Hurrell’s twenty-year old fancy, as a letter of 1823 to Mr. Keble shows.

‘I will pledge my own peculiar veracity to the following statement: The situation is, I am confident (and on this matter experience has peculiarly

qualified me to judge), [by] far the most beautiful place in the world, the focus of irradiated perfection, the favoured haunt of romance and sentiment, the very place which, if you recollect the circumstance, you taxed me with a disposition to romanticity for encomiasing, when I informed you that I had destined it for my κρησφύγετον, where, unmolested, *flumina amem silvasque inglorius*. The Parsonage is situated in a steep and narrowish glen, which intersects a long line of coppice that overhangs the Dart for the length of nearly a mile, and rises almost perpendicularly out of the river to the height of about two hundred feet. The stream there is still, clear, and very deep; on the opposite side is Dartington; and a line of narrow, long, flat meadows, interspersed with large oak and ash trees, forms the bank of the river. The steep woods on the Little Hempston side are in the form of a concave crescent (thereby agreeing with Buckland).[25] From the Parsonage to the river is a steep descent through a small orchard; at the bottom of which, on turning the corner which the glen aforesaid makes on its north side with the course of the stream, you come at once on a sort of excavation, of about half an acre, which, terminated by an overhanging rock, forms a break in the line of coppice aforesaid. In this said rock young M. found the hawks' nests. I think they build there every year. On the opposite side, *i.e.* the Dartington side, is what was formerly a little island, but now no longer claims that proud title, in the oaks of which I am in hopes we shall soon have an heronry, as they haunt there all the summer. After this I should not so utterly despair of success, if I felt less interested in the event;[26] but as it is, I can hardly hope for so great a gratification.'

Several months later, he is still in the descriptive

vein.

'When I came home I found things looking most dismal. My father had cut all the laurels to the roots, in hopes of making them come up thicker. A field almost outside the windows, which had been put in tillage, was ploughed so extremely ill that we were afraid it would be forced to be tilled with turnips (*Dî talem campis avertite pestem!*) instead of clover…. The copse also, which overhung the river by the Little Hempston rocks, was in great part gone, "and the place thereof knew it no more." I hope the rest may be spared.'

The laurels he had planted gave the energetic Archdeacon some trouble. In his old age he had them all swept away, and made a needed if unromantic improvement in the outlook of the beautiful old house. Hurrell's implicit differences with his 'knowing, quick, and handy' father, so many of whose best qualities he shared, hinged laughably often on such things as the culture of trees and the make and management of boats. In all, he did his best to become what the epitaphs of the time call 'an humble obsequious son.'

Hurrell took only a second class in Classics and Mathematics (disappointing and astonishing everyone who knew him) during 1824. But he had exactly the sort of mind which, sooner or later, would come to grief with any curriculum.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, March 29, 1825.

'… Be so good as to write a sermon on "*flumina amem sylvasque inglorius*," for the benefit of my father, who objects to our having a four-oar given us,

as infallibly tending to debilitate and torpify the mental faculties! I am afraid it is not in my stars to be ever contented; for I confess I do not feel that serene felicity which I pictured to myself last October as my destiny; though my delight is not impaired as to the misery I have escaped. I am sure the ghosts of those who have taken a degree at Oxford will require a double portion of Lethe before they begin "*in corpora velle reverti.*"

'*March 31. P.S.*—I wrote enclosed the day before yesterday, but, as you will perceive, incapacitated it for going by the post without a cover; so I waited for a frank. And, as I am become so prudent as not to like wasting paper, you are indebted to this circumstance for an elongation of my epistle. I don't recollect whether I told you that I have been reading Clarendon, for which, though I skipped over some parts, I feel much veneration. I am glad I know something of the Puritans, as it gives me a better right to hate Milton,[27] and accounts for many of the things which most disgusted me in his not-in-my-sense-of-the-word poetry. Also, I adore King Charles and Bishop Laud!… You prosed me once for not sending regards, remembrances, compliments, etc., so let everyone choose which they like best, as I commit to you an assortment of each kind for distribution.

'"Tuque vale, sedesque juvet meminisse meorum,
Heu, nunquam rediture."'

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, May 13, 1825.

'Αἰνότατε: I have been long intending to thank you for your benevolent instructions, which (I don't know whether I ought to be ashamed or not in

confessing it) answered a purpose different from what they were intended for; viz., they convinced me and (what was more to the point) my father, that I knew so little about the matter, and had so little time left, that it was no use to proceed. It certainly was no small satisfaction to me to have so good an excuse for giving up what I had exhausted the entertainment of, and had nothing but the laborious to come. Also, the weather has been so very beautiful this spring, and the delicious blue sky, with hardly a cloud on it for six weeks, so very tempting, that it was hardly possible to help being idle. But somehow my conscience rather misgives me, and what with admonitions now and then from my father, and my lately having taken up with reading sermons, I am become "as melancholy as Moorditch or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe"; so that upon the whole I think I must come to you to be prosed and put into a better way…. By the by, I am now officiating as ethical instructor to B[ob?], in which capacity I have been much humiliated at finding how little I know about the matter; but it makes me get them[28] up, which perhaps I should never have done else. I do not think them at all less prosy and long-winded than I used, and I would bet Bishop Butler against all the 'stotles in the world. Among other things I am also becoming something of a florist, and something of an architect, in which latter I make some proficiency. I am a powerful coadjutor (though I say it that should not say it), in the completion of D[enbury], which bears a different aspect from when you saw it last. It will be a pretty monastic-looking erection, and if we could but make it old, and buy a ghost or two, would be somewhat sentimental. For, thanks to my grandmother's[29] perverseness, she would not have a new house except in the shape of an old one

repaired, which superinduced the necessity of so many crooked little passages and such an irregular exterior, that my father had an excuse for doing what would else have seemed fanciful. Talking about architecture, a new town[30] is going to be built down by Torbay, which is to cut out Brighton and every place. The ground where it is to stand is perfectly unencumbered with houses, and covered with trees, so that there is every advantage at starting; and all will be done on a general plan, so that the buildings shall as little as possible interfere with each other. If you know anyone that wishes for a delightful sea-residence, send him there. You must know you narrowly escaped having a poetical effusion from me the other day. I was out in so magnificent an evening; but being, as you know, a man of few words, I found that by the time I had made my verses scan and construe, they would be so remote from an effusion, at least in the quality of being *effunded*, that it was better to be contented with a prosaic statement: viz., that coming home from Little Hempston the other evening after sunset, and having with some difficulty discovered and scrambled into my boat, which was moored under an old stump at the bottom of the woods, as I proceeded on my course down the river, the sky gradually assumed a portentous appearance, and distant flashes of lightning, growing gradually more distinct, began at regular intervals. Things however are not so constituted as to allow the sublime to amalgamate with the comfortable: according to the decrees of Fate, the storm which had lingered in the upper regions till I had got so far on my way home as to be out of reach of shelter from Dartington House, now came down with such violence as to save me the trouble of running at any rate, by convincing me that

whether I was out five minutes or fifteen I should be in an equally bad case. The thunder got very loud, and the lightning was so green and brilliant, that I could see the stiles and gates, and even their latches, like the spectres of the things from which "*nox abstulit atra colorem*." Sometimes the flashes lasted for nearly a second, and dazzled me so that after they were passed I could make no use of the twilight at all. Having got thus far, I feel in the awkward situation of having told a story without a point, and feel inclined to resort to the usual remedy, and apply to my invention to help me out of the scrape with a marvellous conclusion. Perhaps however you may be contented with a moral: so here goes. As good never comes unalloyed with evil, so that very evil often serves to give it a relish which it might otherwise be destitute of. I could not have reckoned this as an adventure, if I had not been forced to change my clothes when I came home.'

To the same 'holy friend' for whom Hurrell privately says on his knees his heartfelt thanksgiving, he writes often, from the first, in a mood of bantering and almost irreverent freedom.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, 1824.

'… Now I proceed to vindicate my character from the unwarrantable aspersions you have been pleased to throw upon it. Be it known then that since the first of May I have read the four first books of Herodotus, three of Ethics, two of Thucydides, *Œdipus Tyrannus*, *Eumenides*, Ἱκέτιδες, and a book of Homer; and all this not carelessly, but with Scapula and Matthiæ. And though there are several posing places in the Æschylus and Herodotus with which I shall in course

of time bother you, still upon the whole I flatter myself that in a short space I shall be at least equal to Peter Elmsley,[31] and I would advise you to prepare the examining masters for the reception of such a luminary…. My father, I must assure you, has received no favourable impression of your moral organisation from the injudicious exposure which you made in your last letter. But I will urge the matter no further; … the shortness of the time during which your ἐνέργεαι have been discontinued may not yet have allowed the annihilation of the ἕξις. I shall rest in hope that this timely admonition may awaken you to a sense of your duty, and reinstate your perceptions of the ἀληθὲς in their full vigour. "Thine by yea and nay, which is as much as to say, as thou usest him."'

Mr. Keble was settled in 1825 as Curate in sole charge of Hursley, Hampshire.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Aug. 16, 1825.

'… *Suaviter ut nunc est inquam*: but it was not so with poor [Williams] in the packet, being that he was sick all the way from Portland Head to Plymouth Sound; and was so completely miserable that he would not be spoken to, and kept on groaning out that he would give all he ever expected in the world to be on shore. By this unfortunate circumstance he was prevented from seeing the sun rise over the watery element in the very act of "pillowing his chin upon an orient wave," and from bearing testimony (which I can do) that there is nothing the least sublime in the mere fact of being out of sight of land, and having nothing but the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky. But what was most melancholy of

all, he was unable to get a glimpse of all the glorious coast of the south promontory of Devonshire…. Next day we came upon Southampton, while it was under one of the most imposing magnificent effects possible: a rainbow, lost in a dark cloud which was raining as hard as it could pelt, was resting one of its ends on the woods: and the sun on the waters, and the spires, made the misty smoke that was rising up from the town, quite imposing and sentimental. However, my complacency was much alloyed by the tantalising sight of the beautiful yachts, with their glittering sails, skimming along in the breeze, which had just started up after the violent rain which had fallen, and the melancholy *Heu, non mea* rushed on me with irresistible force.'

How well he loved a boat! He complains, in one entry of his Journal, that the thought of boats distracts him insufferably during his prayers.

Hurrell was asked to say his say about *The Christian Year*, then in manuscript. He seems to have been inclined to begrudge the fact that Keble had set himself to write not as a poet for poets, but as a challenging voice to 'earth-drudging hearts.' That he appreciated the lasting charm of the book is quite apparent from the singularly apposite quotation applied to it in the second letter on the subject.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Sept. 10, 1825.

'About the poems—it is really too ludicrous for a fellow like me to sit down deliberately to criticise the taste and philosophy of a production of yours: so that I have no inclination to expose or commit myself, by

detailing to you my remarks on particular passages. There are, as you may suppose, many places which, in fun, I would show fight about; and there is something which I should call Sternhold-and-Hopkinsy in the diction, of which I began to note down the first instances I met; but, finding it go through, I concluded it was done on a theory. But though I am not quite such a fool as to think my opinion worth offering in point of criticism, it may not, perhaps, be quite useless to confess it as a matter of fact, with which you may begin an induction as to the probable good you may do by publication. I confess, then, and not without some shame, that you seem to me to have addressed yourself too exclusively to plain matter-of-fact good sort of people … and not to have taken much pains to interest and guide the feelings of people who feel acutely, nor to have given much attention to that dreary visionary existence which they make themselves very uncomfortable by indulging in, and which I should have hoped it was the peculiar province of religious poetry to sober down into practical piety. I know all this may be great nonsense, may be even humbug; for long experience has convinced me how much I can cheat myself as to my real feelings. But that you may see that it has not been concocted since, but was the impression made on me while reading, I will extract a note which I made … I suppose I meant that things like Gray's *Elegy*, which turn melancholy to its proper account, by pointing out the vanity of the world without telling us so, seem to me more to answer the purpose. And now I will cease making an ass of myself!… I am half-conscious that the same sort of objections might be made against the Psalms; and though I cannot but think that they will make your

poems less generally liked and read, I am far from confident that it may not be better, upon the whole, for those who attend to them as a religious duty.

'I can hardly shut up without telling you of such an interesting set of fellows that we heard of in our peregrinations. They were sixteen French fishermen and three boys, who had all come over, in one boat, to get bait on the English coast, and were kept there ten days by the wind: all that time they sat upon the deck knitting stockings and nightcaps; and, when Sunday came, they were just so far out at sea that the people on the coast could hear them singing the Roman Catholic service so beautifully, and in the evening they came on shore, and danced, out of mere jollity, for an hour. They were such grateful fellows, that a gentleman on the coast who had done them some kindness, could hardly get rid of them without his giving them some commission to do for him in France, *i.e.* to let them smuggle something over for him; and, when they could not remove his scruples as a Justice of [the] Peace, they caught him an immense fish, and were quite disappointed that he would not accept it as a present.'

The great mass of Keble's letters to his pupil and friend have disappeared: but we have the answer promptly sent to this, and written with his own winning humility. 'For your telling me exactly what you think about [the verses] I shall hold you in greater honour as long as I live.' He goes on, sweetly and sagaciously, to explain that *The Christian Year* but aimed at helping 'the plain and good.'[32] It will be remembered that the archpriest of letters, Mr. William Wordsworth, once offered to go over *The Christian Year*, with a view to correcting the English.

To that height Hurrell could not rise.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Dec. 6, 1825.

"'Sir, my dear friend,' you cannot tell how much I am obliged to you for your benevolence to my last letter, but that does not make me the less a fool for having expressed myself so; and what provokes me most of all is that I did not give myself fair play by not writing till my opinions had settled; for as far as my memory goes, I think they are now undergoing a revolution, and that if I were to see the pottery[33] in question again, I should think quite differently of it. There is something about them which leaves (to use the words of our friend Tom Moore)

"'A sad remembrance fondly kept
When all lighter thoughts are faded.'

And though I cannot account for the fact, I have been much more sensible of this since a re-perusal of Genesis.—I wrote the foregoing not long after the receipt of your letter, but have been such a dawdle that I have not been able to collect materials for finishing it: and the circumstance which now at last helps me out is a melancholy one, no other than the decease of our friend and companion Johnny Raw:[34] who was taken off, some days since, in the staggers. There was something peculiarly doleful in the poor fellow's exit; and there was a sort of dreariness diffused over all its circumstances, which set it off with almost a theatrical effect. As B[ob] says, it would have not been so much if he had wasted away by a long illness, or if he had heard of his death at a distance; but to have been using and admiring him till within a few days of his decease, to have watched all the stages of his rapid illness, seen

him bled, given him his physic (which seemed to distress him very much, though all along the pain he suffered was evidently very great), and, after all, to have got up at two o'clock in the night, when the crisis was to take place, and come into the stable only a minute after his death, where we could just see him, by lantern-light, stretched out on the straw: —were incidents not calculated to excite pleasure. Add to this, it was one of those shivering cold stormy nights which make me feel as if I and the people with me were the only human beings in the world: a fact, by-the-by, which I am not yet sufficient psychologist to account for. And the next day, when we went out to bury him, the weather was just the same, and there was nothing to excite one cheerful association. Also, it was somewhat staggering to the speculatively inclined, not to be able to discover one single reason why he should not be able to gallop about as well as ever. He was evidently in good condition, his flesh hard, and his limbs sound: and why I should be able to walk any better than he, was more than I could elicit. We buried him under an elm tree in the lawn, and nailed his shoes to it for a monument.[35]

'… My father has found the Εἰκὼν [βασιλική] among some old books, and I have been reading it. It puts me in mind of a verse in this morning's Psalms: "Thou shalt hide me privily by Thine own presence from the provoking of all men, Thou shalt keep me secretly in Thy tabernacle from the strife of tongues"; which seems to point out the clearest and most beautiful instance of the moral government of God being begun on earth. I should like to know the Hebrew of the verse before: "O how plentiful is Thy goodness, which Thou hast prepared for them that trust in Thee *even before the sons of men*." For if

"before" means "in the presence of," then David is drawing the conclusion I want; but I am afraid it must mean "greater than falls to the lot of the rest of mankind." … Please to look, when you are in a humour for it, in *Medea*, 705, where Ægeus says, εἰς τοῦτο γὰρ δὴ φροῦδος εἰμὶ πᾶς ἐγώ. The commentators cited by Elmsley have fumbled much about it, and some of them I do not understand; but may it not mean: "For as to my name continuing in my posterity, in that respect I am clean gone." If εἰς τοῦτο will bear this signification, it is certainly prettier than as it is commonly explained. I like *Hecuba* far better than *Medea*…. Another interval has elapsed, and the leaves, which had held out surprisingly hitherto, have almost totally disappeared, and now we may reckon winter to be fairly set in. I wish I could write verses to perform the obsequies of this delicious summer, the like of which will probably never visit the abodes of mortals again….'

The little implied joke, celibate and Greek, on his own name, is not the least adornment of this charming letter.

At the outset of 1826, Hurrell found at least one modern book to his liking. This was the *Fragments in Verse and Prose, by a Young Lady, Miss Elizabeth S—— with Some Account of her Life and Character*, by H[enrietta] M[aria] Bowdler, a new edition of which, in two volumes octavo, had just appeared. Elizabeth Smith of Burnhall near Durham, the Oriental scholar, was born in 1776 and died in 1806. Our present standard reference, the *Dictionary of National Biography*, which highly commends her self-won learning and its methods, adds that 'her verses have

no merit, and her reflections are of the obvious kind, gracefully expressed.' But the reflections do not seem obvious to some readers, save inasmuch as at first all simple and profound little discoveries of the sort seem so: which is ever their highest praise. The book is but poorly representative, and badly put together: it certainly would give no clear idea, to our own more exacting public, of a personality full of goodness and charm, nor of a remarkable mind with a dozen hobbies, and not one affectation.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Jan. 12, 1826.

'Δαιμόνιε: As I am conscious of being one of those imbecile-minded people who one day admire a thing as if they could never think of anything else, and soon after cease to think of it at all, I must write to you while a little book that I took up the other day accidentally continues uppermost in my thoughts. It calls itself *Fragments in Verse and Prose, by a Young Lady*; and struck with the sentimentality of the title, I took it up to laugh at it; nor did I find anything in the preface to do away with my preconceived opinion. But on opening the book at random, among some fragments extracted from her private meditations, I began to like her most extremely. The mention of Piercefield,[36] and the initials Miss S., made me remember your having told me of a Miss Smith that lived there, while we were scrambling up the Windcliff. I am sure if you had admired her half as much as I do, you would not have let me go till we had hunted out every corner that she mentions. There is something to my mind very peculiar in all the turn of her thoughts, and those half-metaphysical, half-poetical speculations which almost put me in mind of my mother. Yesterday I

mentioned the book to a person who I was surprised to find knew a great deal about her, and from whom I was still more astonished to hear that I myself knew very well indeed her intimate friend Miss H[unt], to whom most of her letters are addressed….'

And again, a little later, winding up an intimate letter in Latin to Keble, there is more of this pleasant heroine-worship, coupled with some feeling analysis and amusing self-portrayal. Hurrell's repugnance to things German were a foregone conclusion, had he never expressed it.

'… I could not find the places you referred me to in Miss Smith, but am happy to find that we sympathise in the extent of our admiration, if not in the sources; though indeed, I am willing to believe, both. But as for old Klopstock, I cannot read about him and his wives;[37] and am rather horrified at Miss S[mith's] having taken so much trouble about him, or any other sentimental old German. What makes me admire Miss S[mith] so excessively, is more than I can give any intelligible account of: she either does not admire, or is not acquainted with my favourite books; and those that she fancies she admires (for I am sure she does it only in ignorance) are my inveterate enemies. Neither could I fix upon any passages in her own writings which would seem to justify me if I quoted them. But somehow I seem perfectly certain I know her intimately, and that I can trace the feelings in which all she says and does originates; and all this is so consistent, as far as it goes, with what I have imaged to myself as the archetype of human perfection, that I have invested her, in my imagination, with all its attributes….

'Lloyd's[38] immense catalogue of books, that he recommends as necessary, has frightened me beyond measure: but I am getting to be of your opinion, that to be fully occupied is almost necessary, in order to get through life with tolerable ease and comfort….'

Says the Editor of the Newman *Correspondence*, in entering upon the annals of the year 1826: 'The Oriel election and Fellowship was this year a momentous one to Mr. Newman, as bringing him into intimacy with the friend whose influence he ever felt powerful beyond all others to which he had been subject.' Newman writes of the election to his mother on March 31, 1826, in terms of convinced enthusiasm which are not unlike Crabb Robinson's after encountering for the first time the youthful William Hazlitt. 'By-the-bye, I have not told you the name of the other successful candidate:[39] Froude of Oriel. We were in grave deliberation till near two this morning, and then went to bed. Froude is one of the acutest and clearest and deepest men in the memory of man. I hope our election will be *in honorem Dei et sponsæ suæ ecclesiæ salutem*, as Edward II. has it in our Statutes.' The Oriel electors had their own standards, and gloried in them. Fellowships depended hardly at all on the technical and the prescribed; indications of the scope and accuracy of acquired knowledge passed for next to nothing; but what did count, in Oriel's golden days, was a man's whole momentum and equilibrium, his relationship to the intellectual life, his mastery over his own faculties: 'not what he had read, but what he was like.' Originality, distinction, was the cachet, and Oriel College was the first in Oxford to throw open her unhampered Fellowships to the entire University. Like Whately, Thomas Mozley, and Newman himself,

Froude who stood only moderately high in the books of the University examiners, had been preferred before candidates who were double-firsts. He took, as was but natural, an even more rapturous pleasure in the event than Newman had done. He wrote to Keble, when he was steadying himself under the impact of a lasting good fortune:

'My dreamy sensations have at length subsided, and I cannot think how I could have made myself such a fool as to be so upset! But it was altogether such a surprise to me, and I knew it would delight my father so much, that I could not stand it all. I do not mean that when the news was announced to me I did not contemplate the possibility of it; for you must know that I am the most superstitious of the species, and that on the first day of the examination I had a sort of indescribable sensation from which I augured the event. But such a confused prophesying as this is so very different from a sober expectation that it served rather to increase than to diminish my surprise at its being realised.'

And again, turning from what he thought an almost unnatural success, he seeks refuge in his own special pun. '*Crede mihi*,' he confides to Keble on the eve of Candlemas, '*idem sum ille φροῦδος qui utroque pede claudicans e scholis evasi: me in nulla re scholastica ex illo tempore usque ad hunc diem sentio profecisse*.' In 'Empty-head' limping with both feet out of the Schools, we are to recognise an allusion to Hurrell's unforgotten double-second class. He was too humble to see that for a Romany rye of his sort, a double-second class was really a quite extravagant toll to pay to University conventions.

Oriel soon became a hotbed of revolution, as the

consequence of her anti-academical processes of selection. Within two years, troubles began, and Froude, with Newman, R. I. Wilberforce, and Dornford, the other public Tutors, took up and for a long time maintained, against the settled paganism of the College, their own ‘fierce’ views of their duty towards undergraduates. Of this duty Froude and Newman had a particularly clear conviction. Keble had struck, and struck strongly, the pastoral note as early as 1818, and developed it in a letter to Sir J. T. Coleridge.[40] On the other hand, the Provost and the administrators held that intercourse between Tutor and pupil should be a routine of lectures only, and not that and a cure of souls beside. The antagonism lasted for nearly four years, during which Froude’s deep friendship with Newman grew up, and was perfected. The end came with Hawkins’ express refusal to sanction the further supply of pupils to the would-be spiritual directors who so quietly defied him. They had ‘led the last struggle for the ancient quasi-parental and religious character of the College Tutor.’[41] As the pupils they had went up for degrees and left the University, they fell quite idle, in that respect, by 1831, and with all their smouldering zeal and moral fire within them, the way was open for another onset of the Laudians which was destined to affect the consciences not alone of young Oriel, but of the nation and the age.

Froude’s allotted rooms were directly over Newman’s, in the Chapel angle of the Great Quad of Oriel College. The new Fellow did not, as such, come into residence until after the Easter vacation; during the following month, April, we find him still luxuriating in Devonshire and plunging deep into abstract metaphysics. ‘I have been taken with a fit of writing,’ he confesses to Keble. ‘I am happier than I

ever was at Oxford, far: but that is not saying much.' Apparently, he had posted manuscripts for criticism, and received it as gratefully and as combatively as usual. 'I am infinitely indebted to you,' he writes, 'for your expeditious attention to my concern, and will try my best to set to rights the places you row [about]. However, I still maintain that my end is both relevant and true and my puzzle-headed antithesis a good one; but I bow my head in implicit confidence, as far as practice goes. Distinctions and refinements are growing on me, and I am all in a maze; and it is delightful to have the shadow of a great rock in a weary land to which I may turn for temporary shelter. If I had a year more, I could not make it at all to my satisfaction; so I must make the best of it.'

His note-books for this year and the next are full of the contemned 'distinctions and refinements.' In trying to beat out his conceptions of moral growth (a thing he refused to recognise in himself), he jots down some striking and arresting thoughts. Two or three which lie metaphysically not far apart, must suffice for transcription. They show the coherence, the synthetic power with which Froude's philosophy knit all worlds into one.

—'For whatever cause the great Author of Nature contrived that resemblance (as it appears to us) which subsists between the part of His dominions of which He has given us a consciousness, and that other part with which we are acquainted only through our understanding, it seems calculated to assist our conceptions of the one to observe what passes in the other…. The business of our life seems to be to acquire the habit of acting as we should do if we were *conscious* of all that we *know*…. It is

delightful to see things turn out well whose case seems in some sort to represent to us our indistinct conceptions of our own. Animals fainting under the effect of exercise, and then again recovering their strength which that very exercise has contributed to increase; the slow and, uncertain degrees in which this increase is effected, and yet the certainty in which it is effected: the growth of trees sometimes tossed by winds and checked by frosts, yet, by the evil effects of these winds, directed in what quarter to strike their roots so as to secure themselves for the future, and by these frosts hardened and fitted for a new progress the next summer:—in things of this sort I am so constituted as to see brethren in affliction evidently making progress towards release.'

—'Some people imagine that there is something blasphemous in the supposition that a finite creature can be conscious in two places at once. This is so far from being true that even our own experience contradicts it. Perhaps there is some absurdity in the very idea which attributes a place to consciousness, or the things capable of it. With regard to ourselves, there is nothing to show us *where* we are conscious (though most people suppose the conscious thing is somewhere within the body), or that we may not be with equal propriety said to be conscious, or, in other words, to *be*, wherever anything is of which we are conscious. It seems to me that the question where we are, is one not of fact, but of degree; and that the only facts which make us suppose we are where our body is, give us likewise the same reason for supposing that in the same sense we sometimes are far away from the body.'

—'Yesterday, before breakfast, while the vacancy produced by fasting was still on me, and I was

reading the Psalms, and craving for a comprehension of the things which I could only look on as words, and was worked up to such a pitch that I felt trying to see my soul, and make out how it was fitted to receive an impression from them,—Merton bell[42] began to go; and it struck me (I cannot tell why) that if such a trifle as that could give me such a vivid idea, my soul must be a most intricate thing; and that when senses were given to the blind part of it, what things would those appear, the apprehension of which I was struggling after! This is as near what passed in my mind as I can find expressions to shape my memory by. This blindness of heart is what, by habit and patience, it is our work practically to remove. We are to shape our souls for its removal, by making it in harmony with the things invisible.'

These passages mark a great point of divergence between the writer and the 'religious genius' with whom his memory is identified to all generations. It is something of an anomaly, even, to find the young Froude, and not the young Newman (rather the less practical of the practical pair), developing so strong a habit of purely speculative thought; but it was that which gave him his silent leadership. He combined with his turn for abstractions (yet with scorn shared with Newman for 'formulas which antedate the facts') an unexpected power of philosophical application of scientific ideas. All these half-mystical gymnastics of the reflective faculty are going to tell in 1833 and after, when the hour of action strikes, and when, by his already gathered impetus, Hurrell Froude is going to dart ahead in a still level flight, like a gull's. He will seem external, as if talking more than he thinks, talking somewhat to the bewilderment of those others who can hardly think for his talking. He will be gay; he will be glib; he will

pass care-free amid the sweat of horses and men, simply because of these long hard mental vigils, pen in hand, up Oriel Staircase No. 3, while he is hearing Merton bell, and trying to see his soul.

To Keble, who was still at home during the spring of 1826, Hurrell confides impressions of the Newman who had already conceived so lofty an opinion of him, and had probably not taken pains to conceal it: the Newman who dearly loved, to the last, to be 'disvenerated.' Many important Fellows of Oriel, such as Arnold, Hampden, Jelf, Jenkyns, Pusey, were absent from Oxford: hence they lack mention in our critic's roster.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, May 25, 1826.

'I should like to detail to you our [College] proceedings, but no striking features occur to my mind at present; so I will favour you with my general impressions. [Whately?][43] is the only one with whom I have got to be at all intimate; he is not the least of a Don, and I like him very much indeed. [Davison?] is a person for whom I have a very great veneration: but he is such an immense person that I hardly dare bring myself in contact with him.[44] [Newman] is, to my mind, by far the greatest genius of the party, and I cannot help thinking that, sometime or other, I may get to be well acquainted with him: but he is very shy,[45] and dining with a person now and then does not break the ice so quickly as might be wished. I venerate [Davison?] but dislike him: I like [Newman] but disvenerate him. Old [Wilberforce?][46] is very funny, good-natured, and, I think, very much improved. And now for my ill-fated inconsistent self; I have been trying

to be diligent, and have been horribly idle; trying to be contented, and yet constantly fidgety; trying to be matter-of-fact, and have nearly cracked myself with conceited metaphysics. This last is principally attributable to Lucretius, whom I have been reading with considerable attention, and intense admiration; I shall very soon have finished him, as I have got on some way in the Sixth Book. In the end of the Book, about the mortality of the soul, there are some magnificent extraordinary reflections on our longings for something indescribable, and beyond our reach; on our having affections which have no adequate object, and which we long to forget and smother, because we cannot gratify them: [reflections] which make a striking preface to Bishop Butler's sermons on the Love of God.'

June 15, 1826, was the five hundredth anniversary of the foundation of Oriel College. Perhaps the observance of it served to stimulate Hurrell's filial piety and his spontaneous regard for the past. Few Fellows of Colleges, then or since, 'supinely enjoying the gifts of the Founder,' as Gibbon says, would have offered, after such an occasion, this private prayer, found among Hurrell's papers:

—'Almighty God, Father of all Mercies, I beg to offer Thee my deep and unfeigned thanks for all the blessings which Thou hast bestowed upon me; but in addition to those of Thy favours which I enjoy in common with all mankind, I more particularly bless Thy Holy Name for those of which I partake as member of this College; for the means Thou hast given me of daily sustenance, and of a continual admission to Thy house and service, through the

pious charity of holy men of old. I bless Thee, O Lord, in that Thou didst put into their heart the desire of erecting to themselves a memorial, and of leaving to posterity a great example in the foundation and endowment of a seminary of religious learning; and I pray Thee that, as it has fallen to my lot to succeed to this their institution, I may fulfil my part in it as I believe they would approve if they could be present with me; that I may not waste in foolish or gross indulgences the means afforded me of obtaining higher ends; or allow myself to consider as my own that time which I receive their wages for dedicating to Thy service, by the advancement of useful learning, and adorning the doctrine of God our Saviour. But more especially do I beg of Thee to accept my thankfulness for those merciful dispensations of Thy Providence which affect my lot in particular. That it has pleased Thee to bring me into the world under the shadow of my holy mother, in the recollection of whose bright society Thou hast given me, as it were, a consciousness of that blessedness which Thou hast taught us to look for in the presence of Saints and Angels. Also, that my lot has been so cast that I should fall into the way of one[47] whose good instructions have, I hope, in some degree, convinced me of the error of my ways, and may, by Thy grace, serve to reclaim me from them; with whose high friendship I have most unworthily been honoured, and in whose presence I taste the cup of happiness.'

The correspondence with Keble continued implicitly confidential at all times. But Hurrell writes freely at the close of his first Long Vacation as Fellow, and after his return to Oriel, of his scruples and self-dissatisfactions and aspirations: 'thoughts

that do wander through eternity.'

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Oct. 14, 1826.

'It will seem rather pompous to announce my determination not to rise till I have got a letter written to you; but unless I start with some such resolution, I shall not be able to get one written at all. I have made three attempts to write … but all of them ran off into something wild, which upon reflection I thought would be better kept to myself. The fact is, that I have been in a very strange way all the summer, and having had no one to talk to about the things which have bothered me, I have been every now and then getting into fits of enthusiasm or despondency. But the result has been in some respects a good one, and I have got to take a very great pleasure in what you recommended to me when we were together at F[airford], the evening before I left you our first summer, *i.e.* good books; and I feel I[48] understand places in the Psalms in a way I never used to. I go back to Oxford with a determination to set to at Hebrew and the early Fathers, and to keep myself in as strict order as I can: a thing which I have been making ineffectual attempts at for some time, but which never once entered my head for a long time of my life….

'I wish you would say anything to me that you think would do me good, however severe it may be. You must have observed many things very contemptible in me, but I know worse of myself, and shall be prepared for anything. I cannot help being afraid that I am still deceiving myself about my motives and feelings, and shall be glad of anything on which to steady myself. Since I have been here I

have been getting more comfortable than I had been for a good bit, from the society of I[saac][49] and P[revost][50] whom I get to like more and more every day…. We were to have wandered over North Wales together, but have been obliged to relinquish that scheme for this time, and perhaps it is a good thing, as far as I am concerned, to have a less exciting life for the present. I have had one bit of romance, viz., a walk early in the morning up the Vale of Rydal to Devil's Bridge. The W[illiamses] wanted us to ride, but I thought I should remember it better by walking…. I shall always like scrambling expeditions as long as I can recollect ours up the Wye. Those few days seem like a bright spot in my existence; or perhaps it would be a more apt similitude to compare it to what you quoted as we were going in the boat to Tintern: "The shadow of a great rock in a weary land."

'I daresay you will think this letter rather strange, but it cannot do me any good to bottle everything up; besides, I think there is no pleasure in letters which do nothing but detail matters of fact. I should have liked much better to have seen you; but as I suppose there is no chance of that for some time, I must make the best of it. When I said that I had taken to liking good books, I did not mean that I had read many. I have read over and over again Bishop Taylor's *Holy Living and Dying*, but till I came here I had not gone farther; since, I have read five sermons of Bishop Wilson, one on the History of Christianity, and the others on Profiting by Sermons; also most of Law's *Serious Call*, about which I remember what you said to me three years ago.'[51]

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Nov. 5, 1826.

'It may seem an odd sort of thing to say, but I got from your letter something more like happiness than I have known since my mother died. Since that time it seems as if I had been ἄθεος ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ; but I hope I may yet get right at last. It is a great comfort to find so many expressions in the Psalms like "O tarry thou the Lord's leisure," as they serve to keep up the hope that, weary and unsatisfactory as are my attempts to be religious, they may in time "comfort my heart." And now I can talk to you about myself, I feel a sort of security against bewildering my mind with vague thoughts, which I did not know where to check, because I could not get anyone to sympathise with them at all.

'I have borrowed Mr. Bonnell's *Life*,[52] and have got about two-thirds through it. I did not at first like the plan you recommended to me about reveries, as I had been directing all my actions with a view to fitting myself for realising my reveries. But it is a wretched unsatisfactory pursuit, for besides that it does not seem to have any real religion in it, I have often felt as if I had lost myself, and that I was acting blindly, without a drift. It is much better to give up all notion of guiding myself, and "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added." I beg your pardon for putting before you the roundabout fantastic methods to which I have been resorting to arrive at a plain simple truth that ought to have come at once; but perhaps they may serve to show the state of my mind better than any direct description I could give. It is

very frightful to see people like Mr. Bonnell so alarmed about themselves, and expressing so strongly the wretchedness of their moral condition. It seems as if, to a fellow like me, it must always be presumptuous not to despair. The evening before last I was much struck with a thought in the beginning of Hooker's Preface to the *Ecclesiastical Polity*, about not permitting thoughts to pass away as in a dream. It seems as if people might make so much more out of their lives by keeping records of them….

'I will write you down some horridly-expressed verses which call themselves to the tune of "Allan Water" and "Rousseau's Dream"; the first sketched in autumn, 1825, but undergoing changes for a long time, poor as is the result; the second written at W[illiams's]. I have not shown them to anyone, and they may give you a sort of guess at the things my mind has been running upon.'

'On the Banks of Allan Water' was his favourite air.

['The Fashion of this World Passeth Away.']

'Ere the buds their stores deliver,
Have ye watched the springtime gay?
Have ye seen the sere leaves shiver
In an autumn day?

Have ye loved some flower appearing,
Tulip, or pale lily tall,
Day by day its head uprearing,
But to mourn its fall?

Have ye on the bosom rested
Of some friend that seemed a god?
Have ye seen her relics vested

In their long abode?

With the years that ye have numbered,
With the flowers that gaily blow,
With the friends whose sleep is slumbered,
Ye shall perish too.'

[HEAVEN-IN-EARTH.]

'Oh, can it be that this bright world
Was made for such dull joys[53] as ours?
Dwells there not aught in secret furled
'Mid Nature's holy bowers?[54]

Is it for naught that things gone by
Still hover o'er our wondering mind,
And dreamy feelings, dimly high,
A dwelling-place within us find?

No: there are things of higher mould,
Whose charmèd ways we heedless tread;
And men even here a converse hold
With those whom they shall meet when dead.

Lord of the World, Almighty King,
Thy shadow resteth over all:
Or where the Saints Thy terrors sing,
Or where the waves obey Thy call.'

To this productive year belong also some haunting unfinished lines which might bear for a title The Summons. Of course none of these three poems of Hurrell's appeared, later, in *Lyra Apostolica*; nor elsewhere than in the *Remains*.

'To-night my dreary course is run,
And at the setting of the sun,
Far beneath the western wave
I seek my quiet grave,

Amid the silent halls of Fate,
Where lie in long and shadowy state
The embryos of the things that be
Waiting the hour of destiny.

I hear thy magic voice;
I hear it, and rejoice….
To-morrow: ere the hunter's horn
Has waked the echoes of the morn….'

Froude at this time was associating a good deal with Blanco White, the Anglicised Spaniard and ex-priest who came to Oriel, aged fifty-one, when Tyler left it, and deeply interested Oriel men with his knowledge of the scholastic philosophy. For some three years he was in great repute among them: his mental gifts were invalidated to them, later, by his aimlessness and instability. To his practical acquaintance with the Roman Breviary, often demonstrated in his own rooms, after dinner, to Froude, Newman, Pusey, and Wilberforce, Hurrell owed much, especially in conjunction with the able lectures on liturgical subjects being delivered by Dr. Lloyd.

Hurrell's most intimate letter of all those addressed to Keble, beating and surging with the pathos which is inseparable from a young man's interior life, ends sadly and bravely on Jan. 8, 1827:

'I am glad of your advice about penance, for my spirit was so broken down that I had no vigour to go on even with the trifling self-denials I had imposed on myself; besides, I feel that though it has in it the colour of humility, it is in reality the food of pride. Self-imposed, it seems to me quite different from when imposed by the Church; and even fasting itself, to weak minds, is not free from evil, when, however

secretly it is done, one cannot avoid the consciousness of being singular…. I have not much more to say, and when anything comes over me, will put it down on a large sheet, and send it off when it is full. I am so very unequal to my feelings, that sometimes I suspect all to be hypocrisy; but the tide has by this time so often returned after its ebbing, that finding myself again on the dry land does not make me so much doubt the reality of all His waves and storms which have gone over me.'

To his dear Robert Isaac Wilberforce, an approaching guest, Hurrell indites on the same day a more mundane theme:

'I must prepare you to find me a great humbug about cock-shooting; for, though I will not recede from my assertions concerning the pre-eminent qualifications of our woods in that line, yet, as our sporting establishment does not go beyond the bare appointments for what Bob calls hedge-popping, the vicinity of the cocks will serve no other purpose than to make you feel more acutely the disadvantages of a connection with such unknowing people.'

His Tutorship was not an unmixed enjoyment to him, after taking his M.A. Of it he writes thus seriously, humbly, and characteristically:

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Oct. 23, 1827.

'Perhaps it may amuse you to hear something of my proceedings in my new line of life. I have six Lectures in all: three each day…. I have now got through two days and seen the general aspect of affairs, and as yet no liberties have been taken with me, to my knowledge: however, this is the thing

against which I endeavour to arm myself, and from which I expect a fruitful harvest of moral discipline. I look upon it as one of the best opportunities which can be given me to put my elements into order and harmony. It is a quick and efficacious refreshment to me to think of the south-westerly waves roaring round the Prawle after our stern, or the little crisp breakers that we cut through, when you cruised with us off Dartmouth Harbour. Somehow or other, without having exposed myself that I know of, in any flagrant way, there remains upon my mind a more vivid impression of my incompetence than I expected to await my entrance into the office. I feel called on to act a part for which neither my habits nor my studies have fitted me. I am, and always have been, childishly alive to the pain of being despised, and I cannot but feel that I have not the sort of knowledge to give me any command over the men's attention, or even power of benefiting the attentive; and, if it was not that I know how good it is for myself, I believe I should give it up at once!… Two more tedious days are over; I am not a bit more in love with my occupation, so that this letter, instead of suggesting to you some ludicrous ideas and reminiscences, will terminate in a concatenation of dolefulness, and ask for a consolatory answer.

'Lloyd gave us his introductory Lecture to-day, *i.e.*, settled the books we were to do, and the times of coming, and was very good-natured, as usual, in his reception of all of us. I am afraid my time and spirits will be so much drawn upon in another quarter, that I shall not have much left of either for him. Otherwise an historical account of the Liturgy, tracing all the prayers, through the Roman Missals and Breviaries, up to their original source, for one Lecture, and the Epistle to the Romans and First of

Corinthians for the other, would be a very eligible subject to spend a good deal of time on…. I go to the Tyrolese singers, who perform some national music in the Town-Hall at eight o'clock. I hope they will help to lull me into a momentary forgetfulness; and that I may dream myself among lakes and mountains, far, far away from the vulgar crowd.'

Hurrell's forecast that his time and spirits would be drawn upon to the detriment of his studies, was due to the anxiety he began to feel about his brother Robert. The latter had followed Hurrell to Oriel in 1822, and graduated B.A. on the 8th of June, 1826. Ardent and active in everything, he had taken a chill during that Long Vacation, after a particularly long pull at sea, and the chill was to terminate only in consumption.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, New Year's Day, 1828.

'… I wish I could write verses! and then I should make an attempt to perpetuate in my mind the notions that came into it the other day at seeing the dead body of a poor woman who for the last two years has been in a state of intense bodily suffering, from which she was released a few days since. I do not recollect having seen her before her illness; but while she was alive I had never seen her free from the expression of dull pain; and her face was distorted by a sore wound, which never healed, on the side of her mouth. But the morning after her death there was such a quiet careworn beauty on her countenance, that it seemed to me as if good spirits had been ornamenting her body at last, to show that a friend of theirs had inhabited it. I am willing to

hope that the recollection of it may be a help to me in fits of scepticism, when everything seems so tame and commonplace.'

These serious thoughts haunted Hurrell at home where his brother's health was failing day by day. 'Bob' had the chief share of the physical beauty and vitality of the family. One who knew him well has preserved an anecdote of his lovable mischief.

'The richness and melody of Copleston's[55] voice surpassed any instrument…. It was no small part of the daily amusement of the undergraduates to repeat what Copleston had said, and just as he said it, and to vary it from their own boyish imaginations…. The second of the four Froudes, who died young, made this a special study. Coming out of Tyler's room after a Lecture, he tapped gently at the door, and said in the exact Copleston tone: "Mr. Tyler, will you please step out a moment?" Tyler rushed out, exclaiming: "My dear Mr. Provost!" but only saw the tail of the class descending the staircase. "You silly boys, you've been playing me a trick!" was all that he could say.'[56]

The wheel of fortune brought the Provostship of Oriel not to 'an angel,' John Keble, but to Edward Hawkins, on the promotion of Copleston to the See of Llandaff, early in this year. A letter of Froude's to him has been preserved. There is an entry in the former's Diary, under date of Nov. 22, 1826, thus printed: 'Promised —— I would not vote against him if ever he stood for the ——. Foolish: but I must abide by it.' Hawkins and James Endell Tyler were the two among the Fellows who had for years set their hearts upon the Provostship. Tyler lost his

chance when he left Oriel during the autumn for the living of S. Giles-in-the-Fields, London, where Endell Street, W.C., yet preserves his name. Either to him, or to Hawkins, Hurrell had hastily pledged his word. But when he wrote the following letter he was quite aware of Mr. Keble's definite withdrawal from the candidacy which was not yet announced. As a matter of fact, Mr. Keble had never consented to come forward, and his disciple's course became, thereby, easy as well as plain.

To the Rev. EDWARD HAWKINS,[57] Jan. 23, 1828.

'MY DEAR HAWKINS,—Though I don't set so high a value on the emanations of my pen as to volunteer a superfluous communication, yet, from what Churton said to me in his note, I fancy I ought to supply an ἔλλειμμα in my last letter by making a more formal declaration of my unconditional and uncompromising determination to rank myself among your retainers. I am really very sorry that my stupid delay in answering your letter should have caused you any bother (to use a studiously elegant expression, than which I cannot hit on a better): and this is the more provoking, as I actually had written you an answer the first day; but as I said something at the end of it about my brother, which afterwards I thought too gloomy, and which, I believe, was suggested by seeing him look particularly unwell from some accident, I thought it rather too hard to call on you for sympathy in my capricious fancies. I suppose I may take the liberty to enclose this in a cover to the Bishop, otherwise I should hesitate to draw on your purse as well as your time for such a scribble as this. However, I have left you enough clear paper at the end to work out a question in

algebra, or make the skeleton of a sermon! And as this is probably worth more than any words I have to put into it, I shall conclude by begging you to consider me ever affectionately,

'R. H. FROUDE.'

For poor 'Bob' Froude, full of frolic and power, the *Lusisti satis* had been spoken. He died on April 28, 1828, between the dates of the two following letters, which Hurrell wrote with a heavy heart.

To the Rev. ROBERT ISAAC WILBERFORCE, April 2, 1828.

'… I have not much spirits to write to you, but will not allow my promise to go for nothing. When I first came home I found my brother very much emaciated and enfeebled, but not quite so far gone as I had been prepared for. But since I have been here his disorder has been making very rapid progress indeed…. From what I had heard at Oxford, I almost doubted I might not find all over before my arrival: and the relief which I felt when, on getting off the coach at Totnes, I heard from my father that, not a quarter of an hour before, he[58] had driven in to meet me, was so great as almost to unsettle my resolution. So that now the near prospect of a conclusion is rather hard to face. Even so late as yesterday evening I began a letter to you, in which I expressed a hope that when Monday came my brother and I might not part for ever, but that he would be alive on my return for the Long Vacation. But the medical person who has attended him told me, just now, that unless he was relieved from his present oppression, forty-eight hours would end him.

In this state I really do not think that the [Oriel] election has claims on me so great as those which retain me here; and, unless his illness take some unexpected turn, I shall write to [the Provost] in a day or two, to apologise for absenting myself. I cannot, indeed, flatter myself that any turn will long retard the encroachment of the disorder; but, unless appearances decidedly indicated that, by staying out the Vacation, I should see all, I think it would be foolish to shrink from my business; for, when the time of parting came, it would be worse a fortnight hence than now…. I have known enough of myself to foresee the return of all my fretfulness and absurdity, when I leave this enchanted atmosphere. I hope you will excuse my not writing a longer letter; for most things now seem insipid to me, except such as I have no right to inflict upon you. So good-bye, my dear [Robert], for the present, and do not expect to see me till the beginning of Term. I should very much wish to take my part in the election, and do not even now wholly abandon the idea. For I know that active occupation is the best resource, and I shall not shrink from it merely to indulge my feelings.'

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, May, 1828.

'… The feelings under which I wrote to you last, were, as you say, like the effect of a stunning blow, and I was quite surprised, myself, how quickly they evaporated. I cannot indeed call them either groundless or irrational, and I am, in some respects, not contented at being so soon released from them. Yet many things have occurred to me, which, even to my reason, have made things seem better than they did at first. The more I think of B[ob], the more I am struck with his singleness of heart, and the low

estimation in which he held himself. I have found, too, some things which he had written, which I regret much that he had not shown me, which give me almost assurance that he was farther advanced in serious feeling, and had taken greater pains to fight against himself than anyone supposed. Among others, there is one which seems to me quite beautiful, On the Legitimate Use of Pleasure; which he has headed with: “My opinion, June, 1827. I wonder what it will be next year.” It is well arranged as a composition, quite elegant in the language, and shows that he must have thought over the *Ethics* in a common-sense way, and compared it with Bishop Butler. I had often heard him say what a fool he used to be in thinking that the *Ethics* was only something to be got up, and something quite irrelevant to actual conduct…. But I feel now as if I had been conversing with a person, who, if he had not much undervalued himself, would never have deferred to me….’

To the Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Aug. 12, 1828.

‘I have just torn up a letter which I began for you the other day, and fear that you will have cause to wonder how I could reserve this for a better destiny. For the fact is, that I seem to myself to become duller as I grow older, and to have acquired a fustiness independent of place and occupation, an inherent fustiness which idleness cannot blow away nor variety obliterate…. I fear from what I hear of C[hurton][59] that the chance of his recovery is at present very slender. His brother wrote to me the other day to ask what place in Devonshire we reckoned the best suited[60] to complaints of that description, as his enfeebled state put his going

abroad out of the question. But I know from experience how little Devonshire air can do … I myself am still, as I indeed have been for a long time, perfectly well. But I find the freshness which at first resulted from a relaxation from College discipline now gradually wearing out; and as the images of impudent undergraduates fade away from the field of my fancy, and the consciousness of what I am released from becomes less vivid, a new host of evil genii take possession of the deserted spot. Till within this last week or so, I felt quite differently from what I ever used to, and reckoned myself to have become quite a cheerful fellow; but now I begin to see with my old eyes, and to feed upon the dreams of faëryland.

‘“And as I mark the line of light that plays
O’er the smooth wave towards the burning west,
I long to tread that golden path of rays,
And think ’twould lead to some bright Isle of Rest.”

… I have a brother now at home who is coming to Oriel next term, and will make a very good hand at mathematics unless he is very idle.’

The brother at home referred to was William Froude, afterwards LL.D. (Glasgow) and F.R.S., then newly come from Westminster School. He was entered at Oriel on Oct. 23, 1828, with Hurrell for Tutor.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Aug. 26, 1828.

‘… I have long been meditating a letter to you, and have put it off from day to day, in hopes that when the fine weather should come at last, it might rekindle in me some spark of poetical feeling. But I

was thinking over with myself last night how I could scrape up a verse or two in honour of this long-wished-for revolution, and was, after some fruitless pains, obliged to abandon the undertaking. It is a melancholy fact, yet full often does it force itself upon me, and in too unquestionable a shape, that I get stupider as I get older; and that I either never was what I used to think myself, or that Nature has recalled her misused favours! In vain is it that night after night I have tried to peep through the clouds at Lyra and Cassiopeia, as they chase one another round the pole, and that I have got up at three to see Mercury rise, when he was at his longest distance from the sun; and that I have sailed to Guernsey on a fine day and come back on a finer, when the waves washed in on the deck as each passed in succession; and that (when for a short time off the island in a calm) I found the latitude within a minute by taking the sun's meridian altitude, and that I have seen him rise out of the water, cut in two by the horizon as sharp as a knife. "This brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire,—what seemeth it to me but a pestilent congregation of vapours?" I can partly account for it from the fact that we are so uncommonly comfortable and cosy here, and quite agree with you, that "home by mazy streams" is not the most bracing school in which the recipient of habits can be disciplined.

'Then, henceforth, hail! ye impudent undergraduates: γεύεσθε, μὴ φείδεσθε.'

'I heard from N[ewman] the other day, with the testimonials,' he adds, a little later. '… He is a fellow that I like the more, the more I think of him; only I would give a few odd pence if he were not a heretic!'

This in reference to Newman's early Evangelicalism, not yet sloughed away. As between Froude and Newman, so between Newman and Pusey, affection appears to have preceded perfect intellectual confidence. There is a parallel thought, in more sedate dress, in Newman's private journal of May 17, 1823: 'That Pusey is Thine, O Lord, how can I doubt? … yet I fear he is prejudiced against Thy children…. Lead us both on in the way of Thy commandments!'[61] Hurrell quickly came to a correct reading of Newman, and he presently made sure that his beloved Keble should share it too. He said once, when conversation ran on the traits of undoubted excellence in criminal characters: 'Were I asked what good deed I had ever done, I should say that I had brought Keble and Newman to understand each other.' That mutual love, indeed, despite a long parting, never wavered. There is an odd little footnote to be gathered from Mr. Anthony Froude's 'Oxford Counter-Reformation.'[62] He is speaking of events subsequent to 1845.

'My eldest brother had left to us younger ones, as a characteristic instruction, that if we ever saw Newman and Keble disagree, we might think for ourselves. The event which my brother had thought as impossible as that a double star should fly asunder in space, had actually occurred. We had been floated out into mid-ocean upon the Anglo-Catholic raft, buoyed up by airy bubbles of ecclesiastical sentiment. The bubbles had burst, the raft was splintered, and we—I mean my other brother and myself—were left, like Ulysses, struggling in the waves.'

Says Mr. Thomas Mozley,[63] referring to this time, and to tastes shared in common among Oriel men: 'I

think we all of us found it easier to admire and even to criticise, than to design. Keble, Froude, and Ogilvie undertook a memorial of William Churton, to be placed in S. Mary's. It was to be simple, modest, and unobtrusive, like the subject. Whether the result carried out this idea, I leave others to say,' If we are to judge from a letter of Hurrell's addressed to Keble, the first design emanated from Newman, though drawn by himself. 'I don't make much progress in my design for C[hurton's] monument,' he writes on May 23, 1829. 'O[gilvie] decides on its being Gothic; and if this is the case, it will never do to let it take its chance in the hands of a statuary.[64] Yet the responsibility of doing it one's self makes me so fastidious that I cannot settle on anything,' He had thought of falling back upon 'the sort of niches which are used to hold statues of saints, or [stoups for] holy water: somehow it does not seem quite congruous to make one of these merely to frame an inscription.' However, he draws a narrow pointed arch over a tall pedestal supporting a plain cross, on the suggestion of Newman, adding that he likes it especially, though it may be a bit eccentric.[65] 'It is to stand in the wall over one of the doorways, between the blank window on the south side, and the window in which the gallery terminates. This is meant to be represented standing under an arch cut out in the wall.' There were not many Englishmen attempting Early English decoration in 1829. The memorial to William Ralph Churton, Fellow of Oriel, aged twenty-seven, *phthisi eheu præreptus*, is to be found in S. Mary's Church, though not in the position allotted it in this letter; and the big ugly white sarcophagus with fussy details in high relief on a grey ground is certainly no design of Hurrell Froude's.

Froude's intimate correspondence with Newman began in 1828, their friendship having been forming since 1826. To all to whom the latter spoke or wrote with affection, as Miss Mozley reminds us, he was ever open and confiding. 'But there is distinction in his confidences. Thus to his mother he writes what it would not occur to him to say to anyone else: experiences, sensations, and odd encounters; dreams, fancies, and passing speculations: while to Hurrell Froude, on another field altogether, there is the same absolute trust, and unlocking of the heart.'[66]

Sometimes, in the early letters, the correspondent at Dartington feels impelled to continue his autobiography, in default of anything better to deal with. 'When I come to consider my resources,' he says in his smiling mock-grandiose way, 'I feel that they will not prove commensurate with my malignity, and that I shall not be able even to bore you with success.'

To the Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Aug. 12, 1829.

'Since I left Oxford, little has happened to me, and still less have I done. I have indeed written two sermons, and they lasted near twenty minutes, so that I may hope to get on. But the time that they took me is quite absurd, and that which they gave me an excuse for wasting, under the plea of thought, grotesque indeed. Also, the paper that I wasted on things that turned out to have no reference to the subject would form a distinct object of contemplation; and after all, when I came to preach them, they seemed so rambling and incomplete that I could not fancy, while I was reading them, how

anyone could possibly follow me. Besides this, I have done nothing except getting my equatorial put up and adjusted in our garden, and trying provoking experiments on the insensibility of my hearing organs. I find the summit of perception to which I can attain is to observe that a note harmonises better with its octave, twelfth, and fifth, than with their next-door neighbours. I also can acknowledge a discord in a deuce[67] and a seventh; but as for knowing one from the other, unless they come very close on each other, it passes my comprehension how man can do it…. I am quite ashamed of the length of time this has been on the stocks, and of the shabby performance which it turns out. Alas, it is a sad reflection that I am condemned to retrograde in all respects: to find no resting-place for my self-complacency either in my intellectual, moral, or corporeal prowess, and notwithstanding to be as conceited as ever!'

This was a note of needless dissatisfaction only too sincere, repeated in Keble's ear. 'As for me, I despair of ever becoming a scholar or mathematician either, beyond just enough to amuse myself when I am a solitary country Curate….'

1829 is a silent year with Hurrell, on the whole. He had lost his beloved brother, and he was preparing for his own Ordination. In the late summer he paid his first visit to his cousins at Keswick.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Sept. 17, 1829.

'The evening I received your criticisms I wrote you three sides of a letter, and did not send it, only because I thought time would produce things better

worth writing: and now I am so changed in position and circumstances I think I may as well begin again. So all I will retain of my former letter is a criticism on *The Christian Year*, suggested by a very tempestuous night, in which all our party were crossing the Channel in a pilot-boat. You must not say "the wild wind rustles in the *piping* shrouds":[68] shrouds never "pipe" when trees or rustling can be presented to the fancy, but only on occasions when it is more sublime than comfortable to be a listener. This, in my letter, I endeavoured to enforce by a description of the scene I witnessed, and the night I spent on deck: but I doubt not you will willingly take all this for granted…. I left Devonshire more than a fortnight since for Cumberland. [Dornford?][69] made me stay some time in Dublin, which was my first stage, and is, in point of time, much the nearest way: and also sent me into the north of Ireland after Captain Mudge, who is surveying the coast. In my hunt for him, I saw the Giants' Causeway, every stone of which is beset by some fellow who claims a fee for describing it. It is certainly well worth seeing; but you can conceive nothing so perfectly unlike any of the pretended representations of it. I made two bad drawings there, which will serve to keep it in my own mind, but will do little to illuminate mankind at large. I am forgetting all this while to tell you that, while at Dublin, I found I was within twenty-five miles of

'"The Lake whose gloomy shore
Skylark never warbles o'er":

and immediately hired a horse, to start the next morning at five to see it. I was most unlucky in my day, as it had been fine for the preceding week, and only set in for rain when I got among the Wicklow

mountains. I had a very wild romantic uncomfortable ride through a wholly uninhabited country, till I got within the baleful influence of lionisers,[70] and was pestered out of my wits by humbugging guides who dinned into my ears miserable expansions of Tom Moore's note about St. Kevin, till I was quite out of patience. The day was so misty that it was only once or twice that I could make out the scene distinctly, and so constantly raining, that all my paper was soaked in trying to draw what I could make out. By dint of perseverance, I crawled into poor St. Kevin's[71] cell, which is hardly large enough to coil one's self up in, and when I was there hardly a square foot of it was dry: so the day answered the purpose, at any rate, of showing me that there is a dark side to a hermit's existence. He had chosen himself a most picturesque rocky point, which projects a little into the Lake, with one or two hollies and mountain ashes growing up in its crevices; and cut out a cell for himself in its perpendicular face. It would take too much space to describe the grand gloom of the Lake, the seven ruined Churches on its borders (one of which is still a burial-ground for the Roman Catholics), and that extraordinary Tower, a relic of paganism, which stands in one of the churchyards.

'I am now on the bank of the Lake by which my mother was brought up, and of which I used to hear over and over again. It has been much altered by Macadamisers, and the house she lived in has been sold. Houses seem to have sprung up about Keswick Lake as if it was a Torquay or Sidmouth; and new dandy names have been given to all the creeks and islands, and nothing but gaiety seems to be going on or thought of. But I suppose old Skiddaw looks pretty much the same as he used to do, and will see things

go to pot with their predecessors…. I hope in a day or two to find out the Parish Register, and see her birth and marriage: which is something like poring over the name of a place one likes in a map….'

The home of Margaret Spedding's childhood, Armathwaite Hall, is within six miles of Cockermouth, the birthplace of Wordsworth. It stands at the foot of Bassenthwaite Lake, and looks out towards some of the loveliest and best-known mountains of the district, including Skiddaw, Helvellyn, and the Borrowdale Hills. It had been sold to Sir Frederick Vane, Bart., of Hutton Hall, Penrith, in 1796. Hurrell was a guest at Mirehouse, where his cousin John Spedding was always from time to time entertaining some of the noted literary men of the period.

To Newman, on Sept. 27, 1829, he writes more of St. Kevin's dismal and delightful habitation, and ends with the praises of his mother's county. 'I got to Cumberland about ten days since, and I can safely assert that it exceeds anything that imagination can conjure up. I don't mean that the extensive views of lake and mountain are so especially splendid, for, when the scene is on so large a scale, the trees and rocks become deplorably insignificant, woods seem little better than furze brakes; but, in rambling along the brooks and waterfalls, one comes to such excessively romantic corners, that they have quite put me out of love with Devonshire. The only thing which I desiderate is a Church steeple here and there in the valleys; for the worst of it is, that very few of the Parish Churches here are in exterior little better than a decent barn. What a horrid-looking scribble this is! and I know it is full of false spellings of all

sorts, which will in many places make it unintelligible.'

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Feb. 5, 1830.

'My Lectures this Term are less fatiguing than they have ever been yet, and there are fewer men that one cannot take an interest in. I have a set of very nice men in Pindar, which I am glad to be forced to get up: it certainly is one of the most splendid organs of Tory feeling that I have come in contact with! Don't you think he had the republican artificial style in his head when he talked about

κόρακες ὣς ἄκραντα γαρύετον Διὸς πρὸς
ὄρνιχα θεῖον?'

All was grist which came to this preoccupied critic's mill. He had an unaffected fondness for the classics. His theory about the poet whom he loved and understood best, and whom he is always quoting, is that he was a shy pastoral lyrist driven by officious friends into the epic field. Says Newman in a passing note of interest: 'It was [Froude's] notion that Horace and others used to (what is now called) patronise Virgil, as a man who really had a great deal in him; but who, the pity was, would not conform himself to the habits of society, and so lost opportunities of influence. So they set him upon the *Æneid*, to make something of him.'[72]

On Easter Monday, 1830, the Rev. R. H. Froude preached in the pulpit of S. Mary-the-Virgin, before the University, his sermon on Knowledge. His quiet sober sermons, of which no fewer than twenty appear complete in the *Remains*, are to a reader searching, pitiless, unforgetable. The undergraduate,

however, must have 'disvenerated' them.

This to Newman, on Aug. 1, 1830, in a letter filled with political comment admiring the spirit of King Charles X. and Polignac in their disasters, and growling over Whig successes in England, is too amusing to be omitted. '… I set out in the rain to Exeter. I was not very well; and had made up my mind, as a matter of conscience, to have a tooth out when I got there; because, though it had not yet ached, I thought it probable it might before I had another opportunity. I got to Exeter, went to the dentist, had the forceps applied: the top of the tooth broke; they were applied again: a splinter came out of the side; and so on, till it was down fair with the jaw, and part of the nerve had come away in the fragments. Nothing remained to be done except to punch, etc.; and here I thought: "*Satis jam pridem sanguine fuso*": I had satisfied my debt to my future self; and the present self might be excused from further suffering, till the toothache actually came.'

Froude's lecturing at Oxford was now quite done; Newman's and Robert Wilberforce's likewise; they resigned their Tutorships as gracefully as they might, being joyful over the turn things had taken. The long opposition maintained against their desire to arrange the terminal table in accordance with their own best judgment, ended in total defeat for 'the erect fighting figures' of the three friends. The Provost himself, Hampden, Denison, and the junior Copleston rushed into the breach with Lectures many and purposeful; but Oriel felt the change, whether for good or ill, to be a real crisis. According to one distinguished commentator, her regeneration dates from that day; according to another, she never recovered the loss,

and could but suffer her scholarly pre-eminence to pass, gradually but surely, to Balliol, which has ever since held it. Two at least of the dispossessed Tutors had conceived already a wider field of action for their energies. They had leisure now to think and to write; and leisure bred consequences. 'Humanly speaking,' Newman assures us, in his fragment of autobiography, written throughout in the third person, 'the Movement never would have been, had they not been deprived of the Tutorship, or had Keble, not Hawkins, been Provost.'

Newman made a proposal that Robert Wilberforce or Froude should join him in the care of S. Mary's parish, or rather, in building up at Littlemore what the Vicar ultimately intended even then should become a separate parish: but neither saw his way to accept the work. From letters of this time we gather knowledge of their ever-increasing attention to the Fathers; to the ethical aspects of many great political questions; and to the country walks and rides, apart or together, which did so much to strengthen that pure passion for Nature, 'subdued and cherished long,' which in Newman, as in Froude, lent sweetness and balance to character. Froude's heartfelt love of Devon is conspicuous, whether he be in it or away from it. During the Long Vacation of 1831, he succeeded in carrying Newman off from his books and the stuffy summer air of low-lying Oxford, to the delights of Dartington. As a glowing corroboration of what Hurrell himself was always writing, it is worth while to quote his friend's description of the district, sent to his interested mother at Iffley.

'Dartington, July 7, 1831.

'I despatched a hasty letter yesterday from

Torquay which must have disappointed you from its emptiness; but I wished you to know my progress. As we lost sight of the Needles, twilight came on, and we saw nothing of the coast. The night was beautiful, and on my expressing an aversion to the cabin, Froude and I agreed to sleep on deck…. When I awoke, a little before four, we were passing the Devonshire coast, about fifteen miles off it. By six we were entering Torbay…. Limestone and sandstone rocks of Torbay are very brilliant in their colours and sharp in their forms; strange to say, I believe I never saw real rocks before, in my life! This consciousness keeps me very silent, for I feel I am admiring what everyone knows, and it is foolish to observe upon. You see a house said to have belonged to Sir Walter Ralegh;[73] what possessed him to prefer the court at Greenwich to a spot like this?… I know I am writing in a very dull way, but can only say that the extreme deliciousness of the air, and the fragrance of everything makes me languid, indisposed to speak or write, and pensive. My journey did not fatigue me, to speak of, and I have no headache, deafness, or whizzing in my ears; but, really, I think I should dissolve into essence of roses, or be attenuated into an echo, if I lived here!… What strikes me most is the strange richness of everything. The rocks blush into every variety of colour, the trees and fields are emeralds, and the cottages are rubies. A beetle I picked up at Torquay was as green-and-gold as the stone it lay upon, and a squirrel which ran up a tree here just now was not the pale reddish-brown to which I am accustomed, but a bright brown-red. Nay, my very hands and fingers look rosy, like Homer's Aurora, and I have been gazing on them with astonishment. All this wonder I know is simple; and therefore, of course, do not you repeat it. The

exuberance of the grass and the foliage is oppressive, as if one had not room to breathe, though this is a fancy. The depth of the valleys and the steepness of the slopes increase the illusion, and the Duke of Wellington would be in a fidget to get some commanding point to see the country from. The scents are extremely fine, so very delicate yet so powerful; and the colours of the flowers as if they were all shot with white. The sweet peas especially have the complexion of a beautiful face: they trail up the wall, mixed with myrtles, as creepers. As to the sunset, the Dartmoor heights look purple, and the sky close upon them a clear orange. When I turn back and think of Southampton Water and the Isle of Wight, they seem, by contrast, to be drawn in Indian ink, or pencil. Now I cannot make out that this is fancy, for why should I fancy? I am not especially in a poetic mood. I have heard of the brilliancy of Cintra and still more of the East, and I suppose that this region would pale beside them; yet I am content to marvel at what I see, and think of Virgil's description of the purple meads of Elysium. Let me enjoy what I feel, even though I may unconsciously exaggerate.'

Newman's senses were extraordinarily delicate: he writes as if at thirty he was half unaware of some of his most special faculties.

A week later, a postscript follows, addressed to Harriett Newman, telling of 'a sermon to write for to-morrow, which I do believe to be as bad a one as I have ever written, for I was not in the humour; but I do not tell people so. It may do good, in spite of me!' and this confidence: 'The other day the following lines came into my head. They are not worth much; but I transcribe them:

‘There strayed awhile, amid the woods of Dart,
One who could love them, but who durst not love:
A vow had bound him ne’er to give his heart
To streamlet bright, or soft secluded grove.
’Twas a hard humbling task, onward to move
His easy-captured eye from each fair spot,
With unattached and lonely step to rove
O’er happy meads which soon its print forgot.
Yet kept he safe his pledge, prizing his pilgrim lot.’[74]

There was a lifelong strife in Newman’s mind between created and Uncreated Beauty, or rather, a lifelong choice. He seems to have felt that he could not be as much of a poet as his own heart prompted, and be also as much of a hard-working saint as Divine Grace called him to be. For him, as in the beginning, a loved landscape was ‘pagan’: a temptation towards false gods. How little his attitude was understood, during his life, is well illustrated by the published complaint of Mr. Aubrey de Vere that his friend Dr. Newman of the Catholic University would never make time to go driving with him through the exquisite scenery about Dublin, though invited again and again. In all this, as in much else, he was entirely Augustinian. *Ejiciebas eas et intrabas pro eis.* It does not seem clear that Hurrell Froude, who outran Newman in many austerities, shared fully in the exercise of this signal one. His loneliness of spirit, far more developed than his friend’s, was also far less conscious, and his boyish relish of the beauties of moor and sea based itself, rather, on a philosophy which was Keble’s, and Henry Vaughan’s long before him:

‘Thou who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere!’[75]

Certainly, Newman was never so tormented by his affection for music, or for anything else in the same class, as he was by the glamour of out-of-doors at Taormina, and the homelier charms of 'Devon in her most gentle dimplement.' Spiritual matters apart, one does not perceive what else could have inwrought him more effectually with the very fibres of Hurrell's being, than his felt infatuation for the Dartington he visited but twice in his busy life. They shared the same passion, again, for Rome. The spirit of place can always create a final test between any two cultivated minds. To differ in kind or even in degree of response to it, is indeed to differ.

The principle which lay at the bottom of Newman's renunciation was one, however, which was equally familiar to his friend. It may not always have involved, for him, the need of so determined a depreciation of the loveliness of rural England, as too keen a reminder of

'Isaac's pure blessings, and a verdant home,'

things forsworn by both young men in that 'highly religious and romantic idea of celibacy' which they had adopted for good and all, between them, without Keble's help. As Newman says of S. Basil and S. Gregory, retiring together from the world: 'somehow, the idea of marrying-and-taking-Orders, or taking-Orders-and-marrying; building or improving their parsonages, and showing forth the charities, the humanities, and the gentilities of a family man, did not suggest itself to their minds.' Nothing is plainer than that the arch-celibate was Froude, and not Newman: perhaps it would be quite exact to say that the idea, in Froude, as in Pascal, was wholly endemic, and in Newman only so in part. We are told

in the *Apologia* how the idea was strengthened and supernaturalised by contact with Froude. Hurrell sometimes deplored with unmixed simplicity the social disqualifications of a total abstainer. 'I wrote S[am] a letter the other day,' he tells Robert Wilberforce, when the future Bishop had plighted his troth. 'I suspect it was of the dullest! for I have no knack at writing to people in his interesting situation.' In all this lack of sympathy with ordinary conduct and motive, there was no touch whatever of conscious oddity, but only of childishness. Newman, by far the tenderer heart of the two, never shared it.

Newman has left us an account of the origin of the sermon he mentions, which was preached in the old Church on July 16, 1831: that on the Pool of Bethesda, 'Scripture a Record of Human Sorrow,' in the first volume of *Parochial Sermons*. 'Twice in my life,' he writes about 1862, 'have I, when worn with work, gone to a friend's house to recruit…. When I was down at Dartington for the first time, in July, 1831, I saw a number of young girls collected together, blooming, and in high spirits; "and all went merry as a marriage-bell." And I sadly thought what changes were in store, what hard trial and discipline was inevitable. I cannot trace their history; but Phillis and Mary Froude married, and died quickly. Hurrell died. One, if not two, of the young Champernownes died.[76] My sermon was dictated by the sight and the foreboding. At that very visit [from Oxford] Hurrell caught, and had his influenza upon him, which led him by slow steps to the grave. He caught it sleeping, as I did, on deck, going down the Channel from Southampton to Torbay. Influenza was about, the forerunner of the cholera. It went through the Parsonage at Dartington. Every morning the sharp merry party, who somewhat quizzed me, had

hopes it would seize upon me. But I escaped; and sang my warning from the pulpit…. I am a bird of ill omen.'[77]

Correspondence of course broke out anew, the moment the two were parted. Hurrell's Greek reading progressed on his own summary lines. '*Timæus* gets worse and worse. I can see no point in which it is interesting, except as a fact to prove what stuff people have sucked down…. I have cut *Timæus*,' he announces a bit later, 'and have nearly finished *Gorgias*, which is as elegant and clever and easy as possible.' His weather comments (such being unavoidable in England) are concise and instructive. By way of letting Newman know that there had been a fortnight of fine weather since the latter's own rainy experiences at Dartington, he throws out an abrupt postscript of July 29: 'What a lie old Swith.[78] has told!'

The Rev. Thomas Mozley seems to have received conditional offers or promises from Hurrell of sharing with him a country cure. The former proposed first the vacant Moreton Pinkney, thirty miles north of Oxford, then the parish of S. Ebbe's, within its ancient limits. But both projects failed of realisation. Hurrell's strength had to be hoarded, and Archdeacon Froude was averse to any measure which would create new duties, and cause a stricter separation between them. Keble, on behalf of his friend, would have favoured Northamptonshire rather than the city. He saw Newman on August 10 of this Long Vacation of 1831. 'He wishes you to have a country parish,' Newman writes; 'he did not give his reasons.' Newman himself coveted Hurrell's parochial co-operation. These plans for an active employment of superfluous energies, formed, one

after another, by appreciators of them, were destined to be vain. Meanwhile, relish for historical study was indicating to him how he could be of use, in a day full of most unscholarly conceptions of the past, long before the documentary firmament had been unrolled by Government for the man in the street. *Dandum est Deo eum aliquid facere posse.* He knew the path he meant to take, and communicates his dream to Newman, prefacing it with a bit of encouraging domestic news: 'W[illy] continues very steady, getting up at half-past five, and working without wasting time till two or three.' His next surviving brother William was then twenty years old, and reading for Honours.

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, Aug. 16, 1831.

'Since you wish to have a definite categorical answer to M[ozley's] question, I will say, No; and having said this, will proceed to my reasons and qualifications. First, whatever you may think, I have a serious wish, and (if I could presume to say so) intention of working at the ecclesiastical history of the Middle Ages. Now, my father assures me that such a parish as [S. Ebbe's] would be a complete occupation of itself, so that I am unwilling at once, and without giving myself the trial, to give up the chance of doing what I cannot but think as clerical, as improving, and much better suited to my capacity, such as it is, than the care of a parish. A small parish, and a less bothering one, might be a recreation, almost; but such an absorbing one as this I should be sorry to take, till I found that I could not work at anything else. Secondly, my qualification of the 'No' is this: if you either feel very certain I shall do nothing else, or have a strong opinion as to the

improvement I should get from the occupation you propose, believe me willing to be convinced that my present view is incorrect.

'I have read a good deal of Plato, have stuck in *Parmenides* as in *Timæus*, but think all which keeps clear of metaphysics is as beautiful and improving as anything I ever read. As to Socrates, I can scarcely believe that he was not inspired, and feel quite confident that Plato is responsible for every tint of [puzzleheadedness] which shows itself in his arguments. One is apt, of course, to be carried away with a thing at the moment; but my present impression is, that *Gorgias*, *Apologia Socratis*, *Crito*, and *Phædo*, rank next to the Bible in point of the greatness of mind they show, and in grace of style and dramatic beauty surpass anything I have ever read. I think I am improved in composition, and attribute it to imitation of Plato. I am going to serve D[enbury?] for the next month, and shall have to write a number of sermons.

'How atrociously the poor King of Holland[79] has been used; but nothing yet is so painful as the defection of the heads of the Church. I hear that the Bishop of Ferns[80] is dying: *spes ultima*.'

During the early autumn, Froude returns to the curacy question, and reiterates the conviction which his own idiosyncrasy was strengthening in him every day, and which surely was as warranted as it was sincere.

'I have read the Lives of Wycliffe and Peacocke[81] in Strype; but must read much more about them and their times, before I shall understand them. At present I admire Peacocke and dislike Wycliffe. A

great deterioration seems to have taken place in the spirit of the Church after Edward III.'s death. I hope I shall have perseverance to work up the history of the period. If I do this, I shall not think myself bound to take a curacy.'

It is a thousand pities that we can never have on our shelves the Froude of historical verity, to counterbalance the Froude of historical romance. Hurrell, so far as he got, was certainly all for 'the ideas underlying history, and their organic connection,' and was but poorly adapted for 'the insertion of his own ideas into history … the professing to find in history what he had in reality put there.'[82] Is it not clear that such a fault may spring not from perverseness, but from the too pictorial eye? This the elder brother lacked, as likewise the other disadvantage of a magical prose style. That perturbing possession, the luckiest asset of the essayist, seems to delight in playing tricks on historians, for in the past, at least, the dullest have been the safest.

As one who understood the dangers of style, Hurrell chides Newman for the hair-splitting preliminary method to which he was treating *The Arians*. 'If you go on fiddling with your Introduction, you will most certainly get into a scrape at last!' And then: 'I have for the last five days been reading Marsh's *Michaelis*, which I took up by accident, and have been much interested by it. I see that old Wilberforce[83] owes to it much of the profundity which I have before now been floored and overawed by. It has put many things into my head that I never thought of before.'

The first unmistakable symptoms of Hurrell's

chronic illness had developed by the January of 1832. ‘I don’t think he takes care of himself,’ Keble says anxiously, in a letter to Newman, shortly after his election to the Professorship of Poetry. And Hurrell himself had confessed to Newman, as it were, ‘how ill all’s here about my heart: but ’tis no matter.’ Hence the reply from Oxford, on the 13th.

‘Your letter was most welcome, sad as it was; I call it certainly, from beginning to end, a sad letter, and yet somehow sad letters, in their place, and in God’s order, are as acceptable as merry ones. What I write for now is to know why you will not trust your brother to come up by himself? Let him go into your rooms; and do stop in Devonshire a good while, in which time you not only may get well, but may convince all about you that you *are* well—an object not to be neglected…. Your advice about my work is not only sage, but good, yet not quite applicable, though I shall bear it in mind. Recollect, my good Sir, that every thought I think is thought, and every word I write is writing, and that thought tells and that words take room, and that though I make the Introduction the whole book, yet a book it is; and though this will not steer clear of the egg blunder, to have an Introduction leading to nothing, yet it is not losing time. Already I have made forty-one pages out of eighteen.’ The correspondence between the two, then as ever, gives diverting glimpses of the mordant and ineffably frank critic away from Oxford, and the divine and man-of-letters in residence who continually sought, ‘in the beaten way of friendship,’ the advice he did not invariably need. Thus he sends a rough draft to Dartington of ‘a sermon against Sir James Mackintosh, Knight,’[84] expecting strictures, ‘should you discern anything heretical,’ and calling special attention to the argument: ‘therefore be

sharp.' The young censor was pleased to approve 'on the whole,' though with minor reservations. 'As to your *Annotationes in Neandri*[85] *Homiliam*,' Newman writes cheerfully, 'to be sure I have treated them with what is now called true respect; for I have spoken highly of them, and done everything but use them! I did not have them till Saturday morning; so having your authority for what I wanted (*i.e.*, the soundness of the main position and the τόποι), I became indolent.'

Meanwhile, towards the end of January, Hurrell sends an asked-for bulletin of his physical progress, and follows it up with several others, in all of which he makes it unconsciously plain that he has more pressing interests than his own sinking barometry. His mind was going forward by leaps and bounds towards convictions then unguessed-at, now quite general, about 'the Tudor Settlement.'

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, Jan. 29, 1832.

'I promised I would give an account of myself, if I did not appear in person by the beginning of Term. I am getting rid, though by slow degrees, of all vestiges of cough, and, what is more to the purpose, my father is quite easy about me, which he was far from being when I first came home.... I have been very idle lately, but have taken up Strype now and then, and have not increased my admiration of the Reformers. One must not speak lightly of a martyr, so I do not allow my opinions to pass the verge of scepticism. But I really do feel sceptical whether Latimer was not something in the Bulteel[86] line; whether the Catholicism of their formulæ was not a concession to the feelings of the nation, with whom

Puritanism had not yet become popular, and who could scarcely bear the alterations which were made; and whether the progress of things in Edward the Sixth's minority may not be considered as the jobbing of a faction. I will do myself the justice to say that those doubts give me pain, and that I hope more reading will in some degree dispel them. As far as I have gone, too, I think better than I was prepared to do of Bonner and Gardiner. Certainly the ἦθος of the Reformation is to me a *terra incognita*, and I do not think that it has been explored by anyone that I have heard talk about it.'

With what astonishing prescience this novice surveys his *terra incognita*!

Again, writing to Newman on Feb. 17, the obsession for historical truth, as the handmaid to religious reform, breaks through some melancholy detail. He has been asked for a full bulletin; he confesses that the doctor states, and that he himself cannot deny, that there has been an attack on the lungs, attended, however, with but little pain or fever. He finds it 'disheartening,' for he had been taking long rides, and was in great spirits. Then he runs on to a topic which occurs to him not for the first nor for the last time. Might it not be a good thing to turn journalist, to have a Quarterly, and to speak in it the thing which is? 'Imagine me in a yellow jacket,' he says elsewhere to Newman; imagine him seated, and goose-quilled, and editorial. It was never to be. Was it not quite as well? Would not Mr. Froude (if the pun will pass muster) have proved gunpowder in a Magazine? He talks as he always talks of his own inspirations, derisively. But plainly, his heart is in it. He would start, this time,

‘on a very unpretending scale,’ and design his foxy Quarterly ‘to be at first only historical and matter-of-fact, so that writing for it would be the reverse of a waste of time even if it failed entirely, which I really hardly think possible, considering the ridiculous unfounded notions most people have got, and the vast quantity of unexplored ground. A thing of that sort might sneak into circulation as a book of antiquarian research, and yet, if well-managed, might undermine many prejudices. I am willing to think that I could contribute two articles per annum to such a work, without losing a moment of time, indeed getting through more than I should else. Memoirs of Hampden would be a subject [Keble] would take to with zest, as he hates that worthy with as much zeal and more knowledge than your humble servant. However, this is a scheme formed at a distance, which, as Johnson remarks, makes rivers look narrow and precipices smooth. Can you tell me where to go for the history of Lutheranism? I must know something of it, before I get a clue to Cranmer and the rest.’

Lastly, to the same correspondent, on Feb. 26.

‘… I trouble you with a few lines of grateful acknowledgment for the concern you are so kind as to take in my welfare, though I cannot at the same time refrain from observing that your advice does more credit to your heart than your head…. I was at Dr. [Yonge’s[87]], where I stayed three days, and was thoroughly examined. He assures me that whatever may have been the matter with me, I am now thoroughly well, and that I may return to Oxford at once without imprudence. At the same time, he says I must be extremely cautious, as the thing which

formed in my windpipe proves me to be very liable to attack, and he looks on it as an extraordinary piece of luck that I got rid of it as I did. I am to wear more clothing than I have hitherto done, and to renounce wine for ever; the prohibition extends to beer: *quò confugiam*?'

Before Hurrell left home, his father had notified Newman of their conditional intention to visit the Continent. 'If the doctor advises it,' the Archdeacon writes on Feb. 22, 'I have offered to be Hurrell's companion to the Mediterranean, or any other part of the world that may be supposed most favourable in such a case as his. I own [that] my faith in the advantages to be gained by going abroad is not very great, unless they can be procured under the most favourable circumstances. At any rate, I think your suggestion for his giving up the office of Treasurer[88] shall be followed.' He had held this office of Junior Treasurer since 1828, to the great general satisfaction, sharing with Newman the mental quickness, the 'constitutional accuracy' and the conscientiousness which go towards the casting-up of a perfect accountant. Hurrell, however, came up in the spring, whence he blithely reports his improved health.



Common room Oriel July 12 1832
H. Froude J. Mozley J. H. Newman
From a pencil drawing by Miss Maria Giberne

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, May 5, 1832.

'… Thinking that you may wish to know something of my concerns, and wishing to know something of yours, … I send you the following. As to myself, about which valuable thing I am most concerned, you must know that I have at last found a κρησφύγετον in barley-sugar; only to think that my stars should let me off so easily! Sucking has had a most wonderful effect on me, and has removed nearly all that F[airford][89] had left of tendency to irritation; I might say all, if I could suck continually, but just now these east winds take advantage of casual intervals, and remind me that I am not perfectly at liberty. However, I have left off my handkerchief, and never feel the want of it; also, I am up at half-past six every morning; and taking an enlarged view of myself, I think my condition to be approved of.'

Up to July 31, Froude remained in Oxford, being and doing with all his usual zest, writing his papers on architecture, proving a very well-head of vitality to his friends, and 'living his life.' Could it have been indeed as early as this that he cut across the preliminaries described by Lord Blachford,[90] and paralysed an intended appeal to Bishops and Deans by announcing that he, for one, meant to 'get on the box' in person? This is thought to be the moment of Miss Giberne's inspiration. It would seem as if the date should be a year later. In July of 1832 the Tutorial question was over; and there was no other *agendum* in debate between Froude and Newman. However that may be, there in the handsome lady's sketch-book is Hurrell, smoothly, almost infantinely, mischievous, with one obedient Mozley to listen and abet; there is Newman, at an angle of the ottoman, distinctly not surveying with fond adoring gaze and yearning heart his friend (as he says he does, in a poem, part of which, at least, was written that very week), but back to back with him, sulking furiously, and putting on a silent stare which sufficiently expresses human disapproval: that little sudden void stare, entirely characteristic, as of one who is forced to survey, for the time being, an endless vista of Siberian snows.

It was a boding time; the cholera was raging all about; Newman himself was tired and dejected from overwork, and none too hopeful concerning Hurrell's health or the impending prospect of separation. Long after, annotating his own correspondence at Edgbaston, he tells us something special about the lines just referred to, in what may be called, from a merely literary point of view, one of the most successful, though one of the least known, of his shorter lyrics. Hurrell's share in it is no more, so to

speak, than a tiny marginal portrait of him, tender, in passing, as the work of some old Flemish illuminator. Newman ascribes the origin of the last lines to this July. 'With reference to the memory of that parting, when I shook hands with him, and looked into his face with great affection, I afterwards wrote the stanza:

'And when thine eye surveys
With fond adoring gaze
And yearning heart, thy friend,
Love to its grave doth tend.'[91]

But it is remarkable that the completed poem is dated Valetta, January 30, 1833: as if to mark the vanishing of the only shadow which ever crossed the united path of Newman and Froude; and that shadow was due, as we shall see, to a fancy of Newman's, conceived in illness. Abstract and gnomic as his verses are, two human faces, nameless but recognisable, look through them with 'sad eyes spiritual and clear.' One is Mary Newman's, in her sisterly youth;[92] the other is Hurrell Froude's. Dearly as Newman loved his many friends, then and after (and as Dean Church reminds us, mutual affection as profound as that of the early Christians, was the very hall-mark of the Tractarians), there is but one friend discernible in the long vista of his poetry, most of which was written in his living presence. Hurrell may never have suspected as much. The temper of both, shrinking from the least emotional emphasis, would have precluded any open give-and-take. The privilege of being English has its own system of taxation. The Cardinal, in his old age (possibly when *Little Lord Fauntleroy* was overrunning the stage), had to assure some inquirer, by post, that he hardly had been in the habit of addressing Hurrell

as ‘Dearest,’ in the prose exigences of every day.

The truant Fellow, restored to his father’s Parsonage, was able to send a definite announcement of his future movements, within a fortnight of his leaving Oxford.

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, Sept. 9, 1832.

‘I am afraid poor [Willy] will make no hand of his Second Class. He has no interest, and can pick up none, for what he is about; and all his interleaves and margins are scribbled over with lug sails. You will be glad to hear that I have made up my mind to spend the winter in the Mediterranean, and my father is going with me, the end of November, and we shall see Sicily and the south of Italy. We are both very anxious that you should come with us. I think it would set you up…. I have read M. Thierry’s stuff.[93] His ignorance is surprising. He supposes Oxford to have been a Bishopric in Henry the Second’s time, and he sticks in Saxons *ad libitum*, quoting authorities with which I am familiar, and where nothing of the sort occurs. My translations have been at a standstill…. Also, I am getting to be a sawney,[94] and not to relish the dreary prospects which you and I have proposed to ourselves. But this is only a feeling: depend on it, I will not shrink, if I buy my constancy at the expense of a permanent separation from home. I think this journey will set me up, and then I shall try my new style of preaching. We must indulge ourselves and other people with a little excitement on such matters, or else the indifferentists will run away with everything!’

William Froude, at Michaelmas, took his First Class in Mathematics, and a Third in Classics, quite as Hurrell expected. As to the microbe of travel thus featly introduced into the post, it did its work upon the recipient, though not without much hesitation and debate. One of Newman's arguments against a plan with which, it is plain, he fell violently in love at once, was the state of his own health, involving, possibly, some additional responsibility for Archdeacon Froude. 'You need fear nothing,' Hurrell gallantly assures him, 'on the score of two invalids: I am certainly better now than I have been for more than a year. I bathed yesterday with great advantage, took a very long walk, drank five glasses of wine, and am better for it all. My contemplated expedition is wholly preventative, so don't be uneasy on that score…. As to my sawney feelings, I own that home does make me a sawney, and that the First Eclogue runs in my head absurdly. But there is more in the prospect of becoming an ecclesiastical agitator than in *At nos hinc alii*, etc.'

On Monday, December 3, Newman set out on the Southampton coach, reaching Exeter next day, and Falmouth, whence the Maltese packet of 800 tons, called the *Hermes*, was to sail, early on the Wednesday morning following. He wrote there his poem,

'Are these the tracks of some unearthly friend?'

the first of eighty-five dating from the Mediterranean voyage, the eighty-fifth being the 'Lead, Kindly Light'

which has endeared to English-speaking pilgrims the Straits of Bonifacio. When the Froudes arrived at Falmouth, Newman had a nocturnal adventure to relate to them. He had been very roundly sworn at by a person, apparently a gentleman, who sat near him on the box. 'I had opened by telling him he was talking great nonsense to a silly goose of a maid-servant stuck atop of the coach; so I had no reason to complain!' The hasty fellow-traveller afterwards apologised. In the moonlight he had attributed a highly laic motive to Newman's interference, so the latter explains to his mother. On the 8th of December the *Hermes* sailed. The three friends were to be together for five months, and their route is minutely and enchantingly mapped out in the first volume of the Newman *Correspondence*. The journey held unique experiences, filled with interest, for the two younger men, and they, on their part, seemed to have interested deeply many whom they met. Hurrell kept a log as they moved, for his brothers and sisters, for Mr. Keble, for Mr. Williams, and a few others; and out of it a fairly connected narrative can be extracted, of a colour and form quite other than Newman's, the better correspondent, but graphic enough. Before starting on his voyage, Hurrell had seen in print, in the first and second volumes of *The British Magazine*, both his pioneer papers on Gothic Architecture, and the earlier chapters of his history of S. Thomas à Becket; these were followed, in volume iv., by The Project of Henry II. for Uniting Church and State, A.D. 1154.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Dec. 12, 1832.

'We started from Falmouth about eleven, on the 8th. "*Jamque tibi e mediis pelagi* mirabilis *undis*,"

about sixty-eight miles to the south of Oporto, and thirty from the shore: the sea a perfect sheet of glass, showing the reflection of the stars, particularly Sirius, which is most splendid. The Pole-star sinking perceptibly: I am sure the Great Bear's tail must have had a dip as he went his rounds. It has been very calm all day, and we have gone seven-and-a-half miles an hour: when the sun came to the meridian our latitude was 41° 36′. In the daytime the sea was a pale blue colour; I will not attempt to describe the sunset. Yesterday was very interesting: when we came on deck in the morning we could just make out Cape Ortegal to the south-east of us, at a distance of about forty miles. It was very pale, and scarcely to be distinguished from the sky, but rose very high above the horizon, and, as we neared it, seemed to be quite precipitous; we did not get within thirty miles, so that it has left on my mind only the ghost of an impression: but it is a grand ghost. We saw where Corunna lay, and must have been within twenty miles of some part of the coast between that and Cape Finisterre, which we doubled in the dark. All of it was of a very singular character, but insignificant compared with Cape Ortegal. All that day the wind was fresh from the east, and the sea very wild and grand, of a deep black-blue, covered with breakers: we went rather more than eight miles an hour, though the ship tossed amazingly. This was the first day that we had had a clear sky, and marvellous it was: a strong east wind in the middle of December, and the climate like May! our latitude at noon 44° 3′. There is something in the colour of the sea out of soundings, which is very striking to one who has only seen the shallow water that surrounds England. There is not a tint of green in it; to-day it has been a pale blue, like a beautiful lake; yesterday it was a

black-purple. We find that this steamer is to touch at Cadiz and Algiers, and to spend two days at Gibraltar, in the way to Malta, and that afterwards it is to spend four days between Zante, Cephalonia, Ithaca, and Leucadia, touching at Patras (*olim* Patræ), then to spend six at Corfu, and afterwards return to Malta the same way; so we shall certainly extend our trip. The commander and the midshipmen are a very gentlemanlike set, and we the only passengers: so it is most luxurious…. And now I am stupid; if there is nothing more to tell to-morrow, I shall fill up the blank between Falmouth and Cape Ortegal, which may be regarded as our Dark Age.

'*Thursday evening.*—The day has again been beautiful, and quite summery, with scarcely a cloud. When the sun rose we were off the Berlingas (some small sharp rocks, which you will see in a map), and from thence we kept near shore all the way to the rock of Lisbon. The greater part of the way we could not have been much more than a mile off. The sea has been its old green to-day; the coast all along very peculiar, not very high, but wild, and strongly marked; the rock precipitous, and deeply indented, and every promontory relieved by a thin mist of spray from the breakers of the Atlantic. We watched them curl in upon the shore, each rising in a green transparent line as it came to its turn to break, and then turning partially into a delicate mist where it met the more prominent rocks, till at last the whole line seemed to burst, and another rose behind its aërified relics, and put me in mind of Ἀφροδίτη…. When we passed Mafra we saw the cupolas of the palace of Cintra, and, through an opening of the hills, made out the greater part of it through glasses. The situation is strange for so magnificent a building. And now we had a clear view of the ridge on which

the Duke took up his position on the northern side of the lines of Torres Vedras. I will not attempt to describe it, except that it is grand to a degree, rising in spire-like shaggy tops, and cut by deep ravines, the sides of which were fringed with what we were told were cork trees. As we got near we saw many villas about half-way up, and on the two highest points were two convents. The Roman Catholics are queer fellows: they are determined to be admired and not envied; we, unhappily λαχόντες ἀντιοστρόφον τυχὴν, are envied and not admired. We doubled Capo Roca at three, and then went down to dinner. The mouth of the Tagus was too distant to make anything out, except the masts of the English ships, who are there to bully Don Miguel.[95] On Friday we got up at seven to see Cape St. Vincent, and passed close under it. The light on it was very fine, and the form of the rocks bold; but yesterday had spoiled us. The day is fine, cloudless, and windless—almost too hot…. Just now we saw a fishing-boat, and made towards it. The people were in a great fright, and pulled with all their might, while they thought there was a chance to get away; at last they gave up in despair. When we came up we found they had no fish: there were four of them, very dark complexions, and, as well as I could judge, Moorish features: the boat, sails, and all, perfectly un-English (a word which has ceased to be vituperative in my vocabulary). The coast which we are now passing is too distant to be very interesting, but a grey ridge of mountains rises behind, out of a dead flat, reminding one that we are off a strange land. The lateen sails, too, of which many are about, and two turtles which we almost ran over just now, and a shark's fin just showing above water, all tell the same story…. On Sunday morning it was foggy

and disagreeable, and we were in the dreaded Bay of Biscay: however, I was still well enough to do Service on board…. All the ship's crew attended except the steersman and the stokers, *i.e.*, the fellows that feed the fire of the engine. The commander had them all upon deck in the morning and gave them a practical discourse on good behaviour, which amused [Newman] and me by being so much to the point: he is a nice fellow, I think. After Service I was fairly done up, and lost my character…. Next day we were in the middle of the Bay: still cloudy and damp, and a long gentle swell: but we had served our time, and were all alive and merry…. In the evening we found that the commander was a musician and a painter; he had a very elegant miniature of his wife that he had finished up for his amusement at sea; and he sang us several songs, accompanying himself on the Spanish guitar, in very good taste, as [Newman] said: we the ἀμύητοι liked it much; and we have not had any qualms since: and now I have got on to where the rest begins. We live splendidly on board, have a cabin each, capital dinners, and good company: the three midshipmen, gentlemanlike obliging fellows as can be: yesterday they went out of the vessel's course, to show us the coast to advantage.

'*Saturday.*—On getting up, found ourselves in Cadiz harbour; the convent bells put us in mind that we are in a religious country: it sounded just like Oxford before Morning Chapel. We found ourselves in quarantine and unable to land. The Consul's boat came off for the letters, rowed by eight Spaniards, such odd-looking fellows! they row without rullocks, having a strap and a τροπωτήρ…. We saw the unfinished Cathedral very distinctly through a glass: it had not at all an ecclesiastical look, but was large and picturesque. It will never be finished now, I

suppose, as the day of apostasy seems at hand in Spain.

'*Sunday morning.*—Here we are at Gibraltar.'

Newman's letters, enthusiastic over sky and sea, are full of the horrors of the ship (which he says was not properly cleaned before being sent down from Woolwich), and of the little stuffy rooms which are enough to kill a valetudinarian; but valetudinarian Hurrell seems to have enjoyed it all.

To the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, Dec. 27, 1832.

'… We were at Gibraltar only forty-eight hours, and of that we were in quarantine forty. The remaining eight hours, however, we turned to account, under the auspices of the Colonel of engineers, who was kind enough to lend us horses, and go over everything with us: unfortunately we were there so short a time, that we could only see what was curious, and had no leisure for the picturesque; to enjoy which, it would have been necessary to ride away five or six miles, on what they call the neutral ground: the low sandy isthmus which joins the rock to the continent; but from the fortifications we saw enough to convince us what a magnificent object it must be. In our scramble we had the luck to see three or four monkeys, scrambling, with the greatest ease, up and down what seemed a smooth precipice. I know how odious descriptions are, yet I must just tell you that, among other things, we were taken through a gallery cut out in the most precipitous face of the rock, about 650 feet above the base, and 800 feet below the top, so that when you peep out through the port-holes,

which are cut every here and there for cannon, you seem suspended in mid-air, and feel giddy, in whatever direction you look. Thanks to Colonel R[ogers] we saw so much that we had no right to grumble at the quarantine: but it really is something so exquisitely grotesque, that one cannot help being provoked. We were moored close alongside of a coal-wharf, and all the day that we were imprisoned, a parcel of fellows of the town were at work, wheeling coals into our vessel, and upsetting them on the deck, so that they were in all but contact with our crew for a whole day; also, all packages were received, after undergoing the ceremony of a partial ducking in the water; and letters had a chisel dug into them, which was supposed to let out the cholera. And while all this absurd farce was going on, we were imprisoned in one of the most interesting places in the world, not knowing when we should be released, or whether at all; however, even in this time, we had some amusement from the variety of curious figures that came down to the Quay to look at us. One fellow, a Moorish Jew, was dressed so picturesquely, and looked so exotic altogether, that I tried to draw him; but he saw what I was at, and first hallooed out: "You no paint me," and, when I went on, he bolted as fast as he could. The Moors are magnificent-looking fellows, with very high stern features, dark eyes, and very marked nostrils that give to the full face rather a look of ferocity; even the lowest of them look like aristocrats. The Spanish women, too, were worth looking at: three of them came down to visit a merchant who came with us from Cadiz; the high head-dresses were the only peculiarity in their dress, but one of them was very fine-looking, and very unlike an Englishwoman. I should have thought her

ladylike, only she spat with the most perfect indifference, just as —— would in C[ommon] R[oom]. We left Gibraltar at ten on Monday night, and had very calm beautiful weather for two days…. We got to Algiers [Thursday morning] about three, and it was then rough, cloudy, and blowing fresh. This is the most wretched, wicked-looking place I ever set eyes upon. I can associate its idea with nothing but a wasp's nest. It is huddled together, leaving no apparent room for its streets; its windows are loop-holes, as if to fire through. All beyond its walls looks perfectly desolate, except a number of white specks, which are houses where the rich inhabitants retire in time of plague. The town itself is a mass of white, as perfectly white as a chalk quarry; and the monotony of the glare[96] is only relieved by the rust of weather-stains, which are not white-washed by the French so regularly as by the Moors.

'The Quay, as every one knows, is a strong battery, expressly for the shelter of pirates; and, when one thought of the horrors that had been practised in that detestable place, and felt the personal discomfort of an approaching storm, and saw, for a foreground, the infamous tricoloured flag on the ships, the general impression was as much the reverse of favourable as can easily be fancied. A boat came alongside with the Vice-consul, for letters. His Excellency was an English Jew, and there was an half-starved Frenchman for his πάρεδρος. He was rowed by four fellows, of what race I know not…. Their features were perfect apathy, and looked like stuffed red leather more than flesh and blood. If we had touched any one of the crew we should have been in for a hundred days' quarantine in every port of Europe, and yet the wretches had the impudence to insist on our slitting all the letters, to let out the

cholera. We stayed an hour, and then started; and sure enough, the storm came. The wind was north-west, and blew right across from the Gulf of Lyons, which I shall always think more formidable than the Bay of Biscay. The wind lasted till we got under the lee of Sardinia; and what with the stink of the bilge-water, which was stirred up by the tossing, and the constant noise, and the difficulty of standing and sitting and eating and drinking, we were constantly wretched enough. My father spent the whole time in his berth; [Newman] and I the greater part of ours. But ills have their end. The sea and the stink subsided, and we made the rest of our voyage to Malta stilly and quickly, arriving there on Monday morning after breakfast. [Newman] does not think his health perceptibly improved yet,[97] but he has entirely got over sea-sickness, and has written an immense deal for the *Lyra Apostolica*.[98] He has written so many letters to his mother and sisters, that I need say no more about him. He will write to you soon. I know you will think this a very dull letter, as it is about places and not people; but we have been so little on shore, that I have not been able to indulge your taste. Kindest remembrances to O.[99] I will write to him soon.—Yours affectionately,

R. H. F.'

From Malta also, on Christmas night, a letter was despatched to Dartington, addressed, apparently, to John Spedding Froude, which carries on the record of the travellers. All the Froudes, like all the Hares, could draw.

'… There is so much that is picturesque and

singular about this place, that I do not despair of occupation for all the fifteen days in drawing, if the weather is only tolerable. The boats, and the dresses, and the colours and forms of the buildings are all as good practice as anything I can fancy, and I shall not be sorry to have time on my hands for studying them at leisure. We shall be allowed to go about the harbour [in quarantine] as much as we like, and there are several places where we may land. This will have to start a day or two after our return, so you will not hear much more of Malta till the next packet. As yet I have made egregious failures in attempts to colour; indeed, I have had no opportunity of doing anything from nature, and recollection supplies one too indistinctly. My father has made many very interesting coast drawings as we have come along, but he has done nothing in a finished way.

'*Corfu, Jan. 1.*—We got here the day before yesterday, after a most interesting voyage. The sea has been as still as a lake, and we have had a light breeze in our favour; but it must be owned that we have sailed away from the fine weather. Ever since we got here it has rained torrents, and is now blowing a violent gale, so that we thank our stars we are in harbour. On Friday morning we (as you would say) made Zante on our larboard bow, at a distance of about fifty miles. The high land of Cephalonia appeared at the same time, so they kept her away three-quarters of a point, and made for the passage between the islands. The south point of Cephalonia is a very high mountain; it was covered with snow, which here and there appeared through the clouds. Zante is cliffy, and not so very unlike some of the Isle of Wight.[100] We got to the town just after dark, and went ashore to make out what we could. We went to

a billiard-room, a coffee-house, the head inn, and two or three shops. Everything was filthy to a degree, but there seemed to be some really handsome houses, such as Sir John Vanbrugh might have built. The shops are all open to the street, and one would think that the shopkeepers had never taken more than coppers in their lives; yet in a tobacco shop, on asking the price of a cherry-stick pipe, which I should have guessed at twelve shillings in England, they told me it was one hundred dollars, and a midshipman who was with us, and had lived a great deal in those parts, said that it was not at all dear at the money. The mouthpiece was amber inlaid with turquoise, and in that miserable-looking shop there must have been thirty or forty more pipes as costly: I wonder where they get customers? We drank a bottle of Zante wine at the head inn, and very nice it was; on asking the price, the landlord most unaffectedly said there was nothing to pay, and when we gave him a shilling he seemed to think it was most munificent.

'… The town is now in possession of a Suliote chief, who has taken the castle into his own hands, and has quartered himself and his followers in all the best houses of the town, which is now newly building, and promises to be regular, and even elegant. The streets are quite straight, and cut one another at right angles, and the houses all have piazzas before them; but everything is now at a standstill, and the streets themselves, unpaved, are more like the courses of rivulets than anything else. It was a night of rejoicing, this being the Day of St. Dionysius, and all the common people were assembled in the bazaar, a sort of shambles, and the gentlemen in a coffee-room, smoking and playing cards, in their best dresses: most of them were fine-

looking fellows, very quiet and polite. We had coffee there, and very capital it was, but thick and almost like chocolate. I should like to know how they make it. The Greeks there were all dressed in their white linen petticoats, embroidered coats, and shaggy capotes, except one old fellow, who had on an English box-coat, and one other fellow, whom, from his vulgar impudent countenance, I conclude to have been an English blackguard. They all say the Morea is in a most wretched state, full of banditti and pirates, so that you cannot go anywhere without an escort. Next day we found ourselves just off Ithaca, at breakfast-time, and got breakfast over before we entered the strait between Ithaca and Cephalonia. This was the first day that I attempted what is called sketching, and I made a tolerable hand of it; at least, I found out how to make memoranda that did to work upon afterwards. I can make no hand of colour, and think I shall hardly attempt it, till I have time to make some finished studies from nature. You and W[illy] care so little about classics, that I need not trouble you about Ulysses' castle, Sappho's leap, etc. We got here on Sunday night, and the rain came soon after us, and has persecuted us incessantly ever since. We got ashore yesterday and walked about the town, which is very picturesque, and exactly like the panorama….

'We were at a ball at Corfu on the anniversary of the installation of the Ionian Government, at which all the native population were expected; but the day was so stormy that it made a poor show. I meant to have got you a real Albanian capote, but they were not to be had at Corfu, and the cherry-stick tobacco-pipes were too dear.'

To the Rev. ISAAC WILLIAMS, Jan. 10, 1833.

'We spent Christmas Day at Malta in an incessant row, taking in coals, while the bells of all the many Churches of Valetta told what was going on in that land of superstition;—watched one poor fellow in quarantine all day, saying prayers to himself, and looking towards the Church nearest on the shore, opposite to the Lazaretto.[101] The time is now drawing nigh when we shall spend fifteen long days in that abode of the unblessed. It is now the 10th of January, and we are just in sight of Malta, on our return from the Ionian Islands. We have not seen them under the most favourable circumstances, as the weather has been wintry, *i.e.*, either very stormy or very cold. I have been often longing for the bright hot Spanish sun which conducted us from the Bay of Biscay to Gibraltar…. Among other things, we spent half an hour in the coffee-house [at Zante] where the Greek merchants were assembled for the holiday evening: a little wretched dirty place, but the company were very polite to us, and we were surprised at the cleanness of their dresses, and a certain refinement in their appearance and manner. We were under the guidance of Major L[ongley] brother of L[ongley] of H[arrow][102] who is Governor of Cythera, and knows something of the habits and language of the people. The company all rose to him, and sat down when he said κάθεστε; but they pronounce so queerly, that one can hardly ever make out a word, although their newspapers are quite intelligible, and differ but little from old Greek. I would give much to live among them for a bit, and get into their notions. As it is, we have seen nothing but the surface, and heard the notions of the resident English, which cannot be relied on…. In Corfu, the breed is very mongrel, mixed up with Venetian and

Italian blood; so that, altogether, the sight was uninteresting, except that when one saw a splendid set of apartments, with magnificent English furniture, and brilliantly illuminated, with a band of music, etc., it contrasted itself oddly with the thought of old Thucydides and the Corcyrean sedition. The remains of the old town are very scanty, and one cannot make out anything satisfactory about τὸ Ἡραῖον, etc. There is a rock that they call Ulysses' ship; but I suspect the name of a Venetian origin. In one place there is the remains of an Ionic temple, on a very small scale, lately discovered; but we had no time to go into antiquarian questions. We rode over most of the island, and saw several of the villages, all of which bear marks of having been tenanted by a rich population; but everything is of a Venetian character. I cannot make out whether the people are religious or not; yet they seem, on the whole, to be an innocent civil set. Every small knot of families have their priest and their chapel, but no parishes that we could hear of. Their Churches are very small, but great numbers of them: two or three to a small village. [Newman] and my father went into one in an out-of-the-way village, in which there [were] fine silver lamps, a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's Last Supper, well executed, and several pictures of Saints, in the hard German style of the fifteenth century. I went twice into the Church which is the depository of the body of St. Spiridion;[103] and people were praying there both times, one person apparently from the higher classes. In the chapel where the body lies, lamps are always kept dimly burning, and the people go in and kiss the shrine. The feet are stained with tears, and there are many splendid offerings there of precious stones. They keep all the Saints'

days by going to Church, and playing cards afterwards; and on the fast days they fast fairly…. On our way back from Corfu, the curtain was drawn back which had before hung over the scenery, and the long ridges of the Acarnanian mountains appeared in full splendour; among these many points in the range of Pindus were visible in the distance; and from Zante we certainly saw the summit of Parnassus, though partially intercepted with clouds. To look at, Mount St. Meri, in the north of Morea, is the most magnificent, but I do not know its classical name.[104] And now I suppose I must bid farewell to these extraordinary places for the rest of my life; having only just seen enough of them to know how well worth seeing they are.'

The fifteen days of detention were not quite so annoying or so monotonous as the travellers had feared. 'This Lazaret,' says Newman in the course of a long letter to his sister Jemima, 'was built by the Knights [of St. John at Malta] for the Turks…. We burn olive wood. I assure you we make ourselves very comfortable. We feed well from an hotel across the water. The Froudes draw and paint. I have hired a violin, and bad as it is, it sounds grand in such spacious halls. I write verses, and get up some Italian, and walk up and down the rooms about an hour and a half daily; and we have a boat, and are allowed to go about the harbour.' An incident on the quarantine island is responsible, in Newman's biography, for the one and only tiff between himself and Froude.[105] In reality, it was no tiff at all, as Froude was wholly innocent of offence. (Newman, it may be remarked in passing, had just written his *David and Jonathan*.) It seems that during the January nights in the Lazaretto, all three of the

English travellers used to hear unaccountable footsteps, in the rooms and galleries, their own doors having been locked from the outside. On one occasion Newman thought he heard the noises in Archdeacon Froude's room. 'The fourth time it occurred, I hallooed out: "Who's there?" and sat up in my bed ready to spring out. A deep silence followed, and I sat waiting a considerable time: and thus I caught my cold.' A week later, there is no clean bill of health to send Mrs. Newman. 'The weather has been unusually severe here. My cold caught in the Lazaret ripened the day I came out of it into the most wretched cough I ever recollect having, as hard as the stone walls, and far more tight than the windows.' In short, Newman was housebound, a close prisoner, and miserable enough, despite his successful completing of his 'Patriarchal Sonnets.' Archdeacon Froude forbade his going out to Church. The next day, Monday, he confides to the all-sympathetic bosom of his family: 'I am properly taken at my word. I have been sighing for rest and quiet. This is the sixth day since I left the Lazaret, and I have hardly seen or spoken to anyone. The Froudes dine out every day; and are out all the morning, of course. Last night I put a blister on my chest; and never having had one on before, you may fancy my awkwardness in taking it off and dressing the place of it this morning. I ought to have had four hands. Our servant was with the Froudes…. Well, I am set upon a solitary life, and therefore ought to have experience what it is; nor do I repent…. I have sent to the library, and got *Marriage*[106] to read. Don't smile—this juxtaposition is quite accidental! You are continually in my thoughts. I know what kindness I should have at home.' He ends dismally, not without citing the Apostolic precedent of going

not alone but two and two: 'I wonder how long I shall last without any friend about me!' One can imagine the anxiety and indignation of the devoted hearts at Iffley. Early in April their unfriended John Henry received his sister Jemima's answer, distinctly uncomplimentary to Hurrell Froude; whereupon Newman rushed into explanation: he could not have Froude blamed; he had begged to be left alone ('you know I can be very earnest in entreating to be left alone'): he had refused his repeated solicitations even to let him sit by him and read to him; he had, in short, driven him away. Hurrell, indeed, was not cut out by Nature for a nurse. Be that as it may, would it be far wrong to surmise that it was influenza which had been playing its now-well-understood tricks on Newman? But he made up like a lover for his passing semi-accusation. Froude, as it happened, was singularly well at this time, though the reprieve from discomfort was to be but brief.

The three companions went from Malta to Messina, where, in wretched weather, they had divers small misadventures, shared with Rohan-Chabots. Hurrell kept, that week, a sort of journal of events; and the pages describing the capture of lodgings at Palermo seem worth transcription, since they show the revered Vicar of S. Mary-the-Virgin defeated by female diplomacy, and in the unexpected rôle of a sprinter.[107]

'We got to Palmero about eleven or twelve next morning [Feb. 11, 1833]: the sea calm, the sun hot, and everything beautiful to a degree. Here we knew that there was to be a scramble for rooms; so when we anchored, [Newman] and I made a rush for the ladder, and were first in the boat; but unfortunately,

when we were in it we found that we had mistaken the landing-place. Our boat was nearest the Quay; and we had to clear out round all the others to make for the custom-house and town, which were a mile off; also, our boat had only one man. So we saw two other boats give us the go-by, in one of which was the wife of the Governor of Moldavia and Wallachia:[108] they landed about four minutes before us, and we thought to make up our way by running. I was soon left behind by [Newman] and the boatman. When they passed the Countess, I saw her tap a fellow on the shoulder, who ran off for a coach, in which she set off as hard as she could for the Albergo di Londra. We found afterward that she had secured Page's whole house by letter; and not contented with this, she had two servants ahead, who, when [Newman] came up with them, raced him; and being fresh, they contrived to keep ahead by a foot or two, so as just to bespeak Jaquerie's whole house before he could speak to the landlord. On this, we despaired, and put up with the first place we could find to hide our noses in: luckily, it had no fleas! and that was more than we had bargained for.' Newman, in his own letters, does not single out for praise the one negative charm of their temporary dwelling. "It is astonishing," he says from the depth of English decency, "how our standard falls in these parts!"

The Archdeacon, with his attendant spirits, was off at four in the morning for Egesta. They had a carriage to themselves, drawn by three mules with bells, and a boy and a guide, besides the driver; much æsthetic rapture and next to nothing to eat, seems to have been their portion. But the culminating point, the complete satisfaction of the heart's desire, was Rome. 'All the cities I ever saw are but as dust, even dear Oxford inclusive,

compared with its majesty and glory,' writes Newman to the Rose Hill auditory. This enthusiasm of his was not without its scruples and torments. He adds an occasional colophon of genuine self-comfort, being sure that 'our creed,' the while, is 'purer than the Roman': a matter which, apparently, Hurrell forgot to dwell upon. He never had to rid himself of the least taint of the Pharisee, although he had been scandalised enough at Naples. That alien city of all badness had given his notions of its nominal religion a rude shock. Frederick William Faber, passing through Cologne in 1839, got, unwillingly, the very same sort of painful disedification which Froude got at Naples.[109] The sadness of the decay of an ideal, even though a misplaced and mistimed one, hangs over some of the letters sped towards holy Oxford.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, March 16, 1833.

'*Rome.*—… I should like to be back at the election much; *sed fata vetant*. Being abroad is a most unsatisfactory thing, and the idleness of it deteriorating. I shall connect very few pleasing associations with this winter, and I don't think I shall come home much wiser than I went. The only μάθησις on which I can put my hand, as having resulted from my travels is, that the whole Christian system all over Europe "*tendit visibiliter ad non esse*."[110] The same process which is going on in England and France is taking its course everywhere else; and the clergy in these Catholic countries seem as completely to have lost their influence, and to submit as tamely to the State, as ever we can do in England…. Egesta … by good luck we have been able to see, though we were obliged to abandon the rest of our Sicilian expedition. It is the most

strangely romantic place I ever saw or conceived.[111] It is no use attempting to describe it, except that the ruins of the city stand on the top of a very high hill, precipitous on three sides, and very steep on the other, literally towering up to heaven, with scarcely a mule-track leading to it, and all round the appearance of an interminable solitude. After going some miles through a wild uninhabited country, you approach it by winding up a zigzag path cut in the face of what looks a perpendicular and inaccessible rock, and, till you have got some way up, it wears so little the appearance of a track, that without guides no one would venture on. At the top the old walls of the town can be distinctly traced, where one would think that mortal foot had never or rarely been, and numbers of tooled stones [are] scattered in all directions, evidently the remains of well-finished buildings. Here and there is a broken arch which makes one fancy the remains to be Roman, and in the most conspicuous place a fine theatre, nearly perfect. When you come to the ascent on the opposite side, you all at once see the Temple, in what seems a plain at the bottom, with its pediments and all its columns perfect, and only differing from what it was at first in the deep rich colouring of the weather-stains. When we saw it there was a large encampment of shepherds in the front of it, with their wolf-dogs and wild Salvator-like dresses; and, by-the-by, as we found afterwards, with no great objection to lead Salvator-like lives; for when by some accident we were separated from one another, they got round [Newman] shouting "*Date moneta!*" and, he thinks, would certainly have taken it by force, except for a man with a gun who is placed there by Government, as *custode* of the Temple, and who came up when the others were getting most

troublesome. On getting close to the Temple, we found that it stands on the brink of a precipitous ravine 200 or 300 feet deep, which gives a grandeur to the whole scene even beyond what it gets from the mountains and the solitude. Compared with Egesta, Pæstum is a poor concern, and so is Naples when compared with Palermo.

'But Rome is the place, after all, where there is most to astonish one, and [it is] of all ages, even the present. I don't know that I take much interest in the relics of the Empire, magnificent as they are, although there is something sentimental in seeing (as one literally may), the cows and oxen *Romanoque foro et lautis mugire Carinis*. But the thing which most takes possession of one's mind is the entire absorption of the old Roman splendour in an unthought-of system: to see their columns, and marbles, and bronzes, which had been brought together at such an immense cost, all diverted from their first objects, and taken up by Christianity: St. Peter and St. Paul standing at the top of Trajan's and Antonine's columns, and St. Peter buried in the Circus of Nero, with all the splendour of Rome concentrated in his mausoleum. The immense quantity of rare marbles, which are the chief ornament of the Churches here, could scarcely have been collected except by the centre of an universal Empire, which had not only unlimited wealth at its command, but access to almost every country; and now one sees all this dedicated to the Martyrs. Before I came here I had no idea of the effect of coloured stone in architecture; but the use Michael Angelo has made of it in St. Peter's shows one at once how entirely that style is designed with reference to it, and how absurd it was in Sir C. Wren to copy the form when he could copy nothing more. The

coloured part so completely disconnects itself from the rest, and forms such an elegant and decided relief to it, that the two seem like independent designs that do not interfere. The plain stone-work has all the simplicity of a Grecian temple, and the marbles set it off just as a fine scene or a glowing sky would. I observe that the awkwardness of mixing up arched and unarched architecture is thus entirely avoided, as all the arched work is coloured, and the lines of the uncoloured part are all either horizontal or perpendicular. So Michael Angelo adds his testimony to my theory about Gothic architecture.

'As to Raphael's pictures, I have not had time to study them with attention. The most celebrated of them, especially your friend Heliodorus, are so damaged or dirty that one cannot see them distinctly except close; they say we should use an opera-glass. All that the painters say of Raphael tends to exalt him as a poet and a man of genius, but rather at the expense of his technical skill; he and Michael Angelo seem, by what they say, to be counterparts. But I wish I could hope to form an opinion of my own about it.

'There is an English artist here, a Mr. S[evern],[112] to whom [Newman] had an introduction, and who certainly is a very clever man, who gave us a most curious and interesting account of a German school of painters that is now growing up in Rome. He says that several of them are here, living on pensions from German Princes, particularly the King of Bavaria, and are studying Raphael in a very singular way: curious fellows, with a great deal of original enthusiasm (utterly unlike the βαναυσοί of England), who have got it into their heads that the way to study Raphael is not to copy him, but to

study the works he studied, and to put their mind into the attitude in which he formed his conceptions. So they poke away at the old hard pictures of early Masters, with stiff drapery and gilt backgrounds, and are so intent on dissociating Christian and classical art, that they think grace and beauty bought too dear, if they tend to disturb the mind by pagan associations. One of these fellows,[113] he said, had become intimate with him in a curious way. Mr. S[evern] has made colouring his principal study; he seems to be a bit of an enthusiast himself, and has been aiming at combining the colouring of the Venetian school with the designs of the Roman. Well, this German, who is a shy, reserved man, having been one day in Mr. S[evern's] studio, returned the next day with ten or twelve of his German friends, and again, the day after, with as many more; and so on, for some time. At last Mr. S[evern], who took it as a great compliment, asked him what it was that had attracted his notice. He said he had always gone on a notion that colour had nothing to do with the poetry of painting, but was merely sensual, and that a Madonna he had seen of Mr. S[evern's] made him alter his mind; so he had been bringing friends to see if they felt the same about it. Since this time they have been very intimate; but the man is so reserved, in general, that except for this accident he might have kept his notions to himself. Mr. S[evern] says his designs are quite in the spirit of Raphael, and that his whole mind is so taken up with Catholic ἦθος, that he has given up his Protestantism, and is a rigid conformer to all the ordinances of the Church. I have prosed about this because I was struck with it. I hope it is no mare's nest…. I don't know whether I mentioned to you that [Newman] and [Williams] are going to indite verses for *The British Magazine*, under

the title *Lyra Apostolica*? [Rose][114] would not take a sonnet that I made, because it was too fierce; but says it may come by-and-by. I will write it out for your edification and criticism.

‘ΠΕΡΙ ΤΗΣ ΜΙΣΗΤΟΥ ΣΤΑΣΕΩΣ.[115]

‘“The Powers that be are ordained of God.”

‘Yes, mark the words: deem not that Saints alone
Are Heaven’s true servants, and His laws fulfil
Who rules o’er just and wicked. He from ill
Culls good; He moulds the Egyptian’s heart of stone
To do Him honour, and e’en Nero’s throne
Claims as His ordinance; before Him still
Pride bows unconscious, and the rebel will
Most does His bidding, following most its own.
Then grieve not at their high and palmy state,
Those proud bad men, whose unrelenting sway
Hath shattered holiest things, and led astray
Christ’s little ones: they are but tools of fate,
Duped rebels, doomed to serve a Power they hate,
To earn a traitor’s guerdon, yet obey.

‘I mean to do one on Lord Grey’s interpretation of the Coronation Oath.[116] Will you do some? A mixture, some fierce and some meek: the plan is to have none above twenty lines…. My cough is just the same as when I left England. The climate is worse than an English autumn, and sight-seeing does no good. I was almost well at Malta, and if I had stayed there should have been quite so now. I expect to see the original Epistolæ S. Thomæ in the Vatican Library.’

Overbeck seems to have attracted Froude purely, or chiefly, on moral grounds, but he found at Rome

an abiding object of enthusiasm in the lovely genius of Francesco Francia. One of his letters to his second brother, from Leghorn, illustrates both his own passion for thoroughness, and the range and zest of his lifelong interest in arts and crafts. He was ‘an ingeniose person,’ and constantly invites the application of that favourite and comprehensive seventeenth-century word.

To WILLIAM FROUDE, April 12, 1833.

‘… If you choose, you may easily find out in London what is the particular process by which the red colour of glass is produced from gold, and also in what way they would go to work to give glass a vitrified coat of gold, retaining its own colour; and whether any accident in attempting the latter might effect the former. For it has always struck me as a puzzle how so recondite an idea as that of producing a ruby tint from a yellow metal should come into the heads of the early glass-painters; and it has occurred to me that some such accident as I have guessed at above might be the key to the puzzle, for the practice of giving glass a vitrified coat of gold for the purpose of mosaic work was very common, long before the use of coloured glass in windows had been thought of, and specimens of it are to be seen in Rome of almost every age between [A.D.] 400 and [A.D.] 1000. Please not to forget this question, or be contented with vague answers. It will be likely to take some time and trouble to get at the truth, but it is curious, and there is no hurry, and you will at any rate have more opportunities than I shall. The best red colour that has been produced in modern times has been managed by a French chemist, and there is a wholesale house of his goods somewhere in Holborn.

The Pope's mosaic manufactory in Rome is curious: there are eighteen thousand shades of colour in it, which can be looked out as in a directory. Some of the imitations of pictures which they have made are so perfect that you must look close before you can see joinings and transitions of colour; and they have the advantage over every kind of painting, being mellow from the first and brilliant to the last. In St. Peter's there are many very fine ones, copies of all the most famous pictures, and they are said to have cost 4500*l.* a piece. St. Peter's itself is the great attraction of Rome, worth all the classics put together. I think the dome is built with all the layers of stone horizontal, so that the principle of the arch applies not to the vertical section, but only to the horizontal. I am not sure of this, but I think so.'

It does not appear, though Newman and Froude saw the Pope's mosaic manufactory, that they saw the Pope himself, Gregory XVI. They seem to have gained their chief vistas of Roman society through their acquaintance with the Prussian Chargé d'Affaires, Baron Bunsen,[117] and his English wife, at whose house of all hospitality Sir Walter Scott, then near his end, had been the beloved guest less than a year before. Hurrell must have had his own impressions of the excellent Bunsen, with his pleasant Teutonic habit of holding up his finger and hushing the company, before he began to speak. There is no mention of our modest and all-observing pilgrims in the published correspondence either of Bunsen or of Joseph Severn, for 1832-1833.

On April 13, 1833, Hurrell sends to the Rev. John Frederick Christie one of the most discussed letters in the first volume of the *Remains*.

‘It would not become me to apologise for not having written before, since I much doubt my capacity[118] to produce anything worth the postage. Nevertheless, I have for some time been intending to write to you, and can’t account for having let so much time slip through my fingers. My father and I are now on our way home, having left [Newman] to retrace his steps to Sicily…. I hope to be at Genoa to-morrow morning…. Between [Lyons] and Paris, I hope to visit and make drawings of some of the Abbeys, etc., which are connected with the history of St. Thomas of Cant. “Sixth and lastly,” if the Fates allow, we shall cross from Havre to Southampton by the first steamer in May … soon after which you may expect to see me in Chapel. I congratulate you on having got over your first audit so prosperously;[119] … it is better occupation than travelling, take my word for it. It is really melancholy to think how little one has got for one’s time and money. The only thing I can put my hand on as an acquisition is having formed an acquaintance with a man of some influence at Rome, Monsignor [Wiseman][120] the head of the [English] College, who has enlightened [Newman] and me on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us[121] in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found to our dismay that not one step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole! We made our approaches to the subject as delicately as we could. Our first notion was that the terms of communion were, within certain limits, under the control of the Pope … or, that in case he could not dispense solely, yet at any rate the acts of one Council might be rescinded by another; indeed, that in Charles the First’s time it had been intended

to negociate a reconciliation on the terms on which things stood before the Council of Trent. But we found, to our horror, that the doctrine of the Infallibility of the Church made the acts of each successive Council obligatory for ever, that what had been once decided could never be meddled with again, in fact, that they were committed finally and irrevocably, and could not advance one step to meet us, even though the Church of England should again become what it was in Laud's time….

'… So much for the Council of Trent, for which Christendom has to thank Luther and the Reformers. [Newman] declares that ever since I heard this I have become a staunch Protestant, which is a most base calumny on his part, though I own it has altogether changed my notions of the Roman Catholics, and made me wish for a total overthrow of their system. I think that the only τόπος now is "the ancient Church of England," and, as an explanation of what one means, "Charles the First" and "the Nonjurors." When I come home I mean to read and write all sorts of things; for now that one is a Radical, there is no use in being nice![122] I wish you had sent a longer postscript to [Newman] about the position of things; all I have heard, directly or indirectly, has made me long to be home again. You don't say whether you have done anything for the *L[yra] A[postolica]*?[123]…. Tell [Isaac Williams] that I think he has used me basely to send me a mere scribble of a few lines, prosing about some theory of poetry, when there were such a lot of atrocities going on on all sides, of which one can get no tolerable account through the papers.

'*Genoa, April 15.*—Here we are, as at Leghorn, detained a day beyond our time, though there is a

perfect calm, because these absurd fellows are afraid of a swell which was got up by last night's wind. The more I have to do with these wretched Neapolitans, the more my first impressions about them are confirmed. I wonder how anyone can tolerate either them or their town, which is as nasty and uninteresting a place as I ever set foot in. As to this Genoa, I should not grumble at being detained here, if I were in plight for sight-seeing, for it is truly magnificent, both in itself and in its situation; but, unfortunately, I was taken with a very severe feverish cold the morning we landed, *i.e.*, the day before yesterday; and that day and yesterday was confined to my bed, where I should probably be now but that I had to get up early, in hopes the vessel would keep its appointment…. Never advise a friend of yours to come abroad for his health! It would be very well if one could have Fortunatus' cap, and wish one's self at Rome; but travelling does more harm than change of climate does good.

'While we were at Rome [Newman] and I tried hard to get up the march-of-mind phraseology about pictures and statues, and we hoped we were making some little progress under the auspices of a clever English artist, to whom we had an introduction: but, unfortunately for our peace of mind, just before our departure we became acquainted with [a Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge], who, though he had not been in Italy much longer than ourselves, had attained an eminence so far beyond what we could even in thought aspire to, that we gave the thing up in despair, and retire upon the τόπος, that "we don't enter into [those] technicalities." Certainly those C[ambridge] men are wonderful fellows; I know no one but [Head][124] that could compete with them at all. They know everything, examine everything, and

dogmatise about everything; they have paid particular attention to the geological structure of this place, and the botany of that, and the agriculture of another, and they are antiquaries, and artists, and scholars, and, above all, puff off one another with the assiduity of our friends the [W.]s. W[hewell's][125] book, and S[edgwick's][126] Lectures, and T[hirlwall's][127] research, and H[are's][128] taste, pop upon one at every turn…. We mean to make as much as we can out of our acquaintance with Monsignor [Wiseman], who (by the by), is really too nice a person to talk nonsense about. He desired me to apply to him, if on any future occasion I had to consult the Vatican Library: and a transaction of that sort would sound well….'

The 'transaction would sound well': this, as if the writer's study were only to heighten others' opinion of him! Newman was surely right in calling attention, years after, to this habit of Froude's of depreciating, nay, belying, his own motives. It was not an affectation, but it was a little piece of sheer cruelty.

The friends had parted at Rome, the Froudes very loath to leave Newman behind; and he, on his part, roaming about the Janiculum after they had gone, in a silent passion of grief, reproaching himself for his wilful fancy to return, under a sort of romantic obsession, to Sicily alone. There he was all but destined to meet an untimely death. Hurrell finished his long letter to Mr. Christie as he moved homeward.

'*Marseilles, April 22.*—This France is certainly a most delicious place: we landed in Hyères Bay,

owing to a storm from the north-west, and found everything so warm and green that I could quite enter into John of Salisbury's[129] feelings. The people, too, [are] so extremely civil that I cannot help hoping there may yet be the seven thousand in Israel, and that sometime or other we may be able to talk of *la belle France* with some kind of pleasure. I feel like a great fool here, from not being able to talk French. In Italy half the population kept me in countenance, but here it is a constant humiliation. And what is worst, I can't hope to make progress; for having learned the little I know by writing and not [by] speaking, I annex wrong-shaped words to all the sounds. It is like talking Latin[130] to a foreigner.'

Again, on May 23, to William Froude, is expressed further commendation of the French people, founded on the keenest instinctive understanding of them: an understanding even more unusual then than now. Newman, until later, was certainly far from sharing it, or wishing to learn to share it. The ordinary attitude of the contemporary Oxford mind was frankly, though playfully expressed, by the young W. R. Churton, some years before. He gallantly addresses France: 'What have I seen in thee that should make me long to see thee again? Have I seen a gentleman from Calais to Beauvoisin? Have I seen one gleam of poetry in the country or its inhabitants?'[131] Hurrell Froude was 'un-English' enough to be arrested, but not repelled, while on the Continent, by the spectacle of extra-English human nature. We have heard him longing, at Zante, to 'live among them a bit, and get into their notions.' This beautiful and uncommon openness of mind stamps him an ideal traveller, despite his lack of opportunity; at no single point of a hurried route, beset with difficulties, could he look far below the

surface of things. But it is strikingly inaccurate to say of him, as Mr. Mozley does, that he lacked not only opportunity, but curiosity, 'to see the interior of either the political or the religious systems they came upon.'[132]

'What I have seen since my last letter ends, has been more interesting than anything else except Rome. We stopped about at many places in the central part of France, to see out-of-the-way things connected with Becket's history, and found some of them so very curious and striking in themselves, that they would have amply repaid us by their own merits. But what I was most interested with was, that the French seem to me to have been so grossly belied as a nation. I never saw a people that tempted me to like them so much, on a superficial observation. I declare, if I was called upon to make a definition of their national character, I should say they were a primitive innocent people. The fact seems to be that France is governed by a small despotic oligarchy, the aristocracy of wealth, who by their agitating spirit have contrived to get the franchise so restricted as to secure to themselves a majority in the Chamber, and the command of the military, by which they keep France under such a strong hand…. There is now in France a High Church party who are Republicans,[133] and wish for universal suffrage, on the ground that in proportion as the franchise falls lower the influence of the Church makes itself more felt; at present its limits about coincide with those of the infidel faction. Don't be surprised if one of these days you find us turning Radicals on similar grounds.'

The next communication posted to Mr. Keble, on June 26, contained a nameless poem. The title and the motto here given belong to the version in *Lyra*

Apostolica.

'Trembling Hope.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

'O Lord, I hear: but can it be
The gracious word was meant for me?
O Lord, I thirst: but who shall tell
The secret of that Living Well
By whose waters I may rest,
And slake this lip unblest?

O Lord, I will, but cannot do!
My heart is hard, my faith untrue.
The Spirit and the Bride say, Come;
The eternal ever-blessed Home
Oped its portals at my birth;
But I am chained to earth.

The Golden Keys,[134] each eve and morn,
I see them with a heart forlorn:
Lest they should iron prove to me.
O set my heart at liberty!
May I seize what Thou dost give,
Seize tremblingly; and live.'

'Very flat, I know,' the author says, in his usual undecorative manner; but he adds: 'I wrote it the night before you went; I wanted to show it you, that you might do one on "He that testifieth these things saith: Surely I come quickly"; and then, after the verse, to finish with: "Even so, come, Lord JESUS." I think that so it might make a composition on which some people's thoughts would run.[135] You may think all this bother; but I cannot help fancying that

this sort of arrangement is worth some little trouble.' Hurrell's poem stands collocated with Keble's 'Encouragement' in the *Lyra*, with its opening 'Fear not': and its heartening beauty is almost a direct address to the burdened spirit who called it forth:

'Surely the time is short:
Endless the task and art
To brighten for the ethereal Court
A soiled earth-drudging heart!
But He, the dread Proclaimer of that hour,
Is pledged to thee in love, as to thy foes in power.'

Even the text from S. John, which Hurrell had suggested as colophon, stands under his separate β after Keble's poem, in every edition, as if by some solemn little rubrical observance. Both Keble and Newman were most careful, in all these delicate ways, to preserve their friend's least touch upon the early printed work of the Movement. It was his death which led to the revelation of the authorship of all the poems in *Lyra Apostolica*. They would else have remained strictly anonymous. 'One of the writers in whom the work originated,' says Newman in his very brief preface, dated at Oxford on All Saints' Day of 1836, 'having been taken from his friends … it seemed desirable … to record what belonged to him, while it was possible to do so; and this has led to a general discrimination of the poems, by signatures at the end of each.'

Two days after 'Trembling Hope,' on June 28, Hurrell sends to his old Tutor the most beautiful, and also the most characteristic of his verses.

'DANIEL.

εἰσὶν εὐνοῦχοι, οἵτινεσ εὐνούχισαν ἑαυτοὺς διὰ

τὴν βασιλείαν τῶν οὐρανῶν.
—S. MATT. xix. 12.[136]

‘Son of sorrow, doomed by fate
To a lot most desolate,
To joyless youth and childless age;
Last of thy father’s lineage;
Blighted being! whence hast thou
That lofty mien and cloudless brow?

Ask’st thou whence that cloudless brow?
Bitter is the cup, I trow:
A cup of weary well-spent years,
A cup of sorrows, fasts, and tears;
That cup whose virtue can impart
Such calmness to the troubled heart.

Last of his father’s lineage, he
Many a night on bended knee,
In hunger many a lifelong day,
Hath striven to cast his slough away.
Yea, and that long prayer is granted:
Yea, his soul is disenchanted.

O blest above the sons of men!
For thou, with more than Prophet’s ken,
Deep in the secrets of the tomb
Hast read thine own, thine endless doom;
Thou by the hand of the Most High
Art sealed for immortality.

So may I read thy story right,
And in my flesh so tame my spright,
That when the Mighty Ones go forth,
And from the east and from the north
Unwilling ghosts shall gathered be,
I, in my lot,[137] may stand with thee!’

And immediately after, linked with a quotation from the beloved Eclogues: ‘I send you some sawney

verses…. Can these be doctored into anything available, or are they dotings?'

'Old Self and New Self.[138]

NEW SELF.

'Why sittest thou on that sea-girt rock,
With downward look and sadly-dreaming eye?
Playest thou beneath with Proteus' flock,
Or with the far-bound sea-bird wouldst thou fly?

OLD SELF.

I sit upon this sea-girt rock
With downward look and dreaming eye;
But neither do I sport with Proteus' flock,
Nor with the far-bound sea-bird would I fly.
I list the splash, so clear and chill,
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar;
I watch the waves, that rippling still,
Chase one another o'er the marble shore.

NEW SELF.

Yet from the splash of yonder oar
No dreary sound of sadness comes to me;
And the fresh waves that beat the shore,
How merrily they splash, how merrily!

OLD SELF.

I mourn for the delicious days
When those calm sounds fell on my childish ear,
A stranger yet to the wild ways
Of triumph and remorse, of hope and fear.

NEW SELF.

Mourn'st thou, poor soul? and wouldst thou yet
Call back the things which shall not, can not be?

Heaven must be won, not dreamed; thy task is set:
Peace was not made for earth, nor rest for thee.'

Four other sacred poems which Hurrell wrote in 1833 may as well be given here. He and Newman burst into song together, though he with far more remote and infrequent music. Probably no lyrist ever had such a poor opinion of himself. But in the qualities of clearness, simplicity, orderly thought and noble severity, there is something very remarkable in Hurrell's few brief scattered verses. They have a strong singleness and sad transparency, the tone of them a little chilly, yet almost Virgilian, and arrestingly beautiful; they, like himself, are impersonal, and full of character; abstinent, concentrated, true. The unexpected grace is their cunning harmony, and the trick of that is neither derived nor deliberately invented. His every line instinctively sings and flies. He has nothing to match a certain refrain of Newman's, in what he calls his 'ecclesiastical carol,'—

'For scantness is still Heaven's might.'

It is a good instance of an always interesting literary anomaly that such a line, in its raucous sibilation, should have been produced by an accomplished musician, whereas unfailing melody belongs to Froude, who, loving naturally what he once called 'the bright and silent pleasures of poetry,' had small sense of music as an independent art. Yet Newman certainly was capable of a sustained grandeur, as in his verses on Greek models, which Froude did not attempt, and could not attain.

'TYRE.

'High on the stately wall

The spear of Arvad hung;
Through corridor and hall
Gemaddin's[139] war-note rung.
Where are they now? The note is o'er:
Yes! for a thousand years, and more,
Five fathom deep beneath the sea,
Those halls have lain all silently,
Nought listing save the mermaid's song,
While rude sea-monsters roam the corridors along.

Far from the wondering[140] East
Tubal and Javan came;
And Araby the blest,
And Kedar, mighty name.
Now on that shore, a lonely guest,
Some dripping fisherman may rest,
Watching on rock or naked stone
His dark net spread before the sun,
Unconscious of the dooming lay
That broods o'er that dull spot, and there shall brood for aye.'

'Sight against Faith.

'"And Lot went out, and spake unto his sons-in-law that married his daughters, and said: 'Up, get you out of this place; for the Lord will destroy this city.' But he seemed as one that mocked, unto his sons-in-law."

'Sunk not the sun behind yon dusky hill
Glorious as he was wont? The starry sky
Spread o'er the earth in tranquil majesty,—
Discern'st thou, in its clear deep, aught of ill?
Or in this lower world, so fair and still,
Its palaces and temples towering high,
Or where old Jordan, gliding calmly by,
Pours o'er the misty plain his mantle chill?
Dote not of fear, old man, where all is joy!
And Heaven and earth thy augury disown;
And Time's eternal course rolls smoothly on,

Fraught with fresh blessings, as day follows day.
The All-Bounteous hath not given to take away;
The All-Wise hath not created to destroy!'

'Farewell to Feudalism.[141]

'"The grass withereth, the flower fadeth: but the word of our God shall stand for ever."

''Tis sad to watch Time's desolating hand
Doom noblest things to premature decay:
The feudal court, the patriarchal sway
Of Kings, the cheerful homage of a land
Unskilled in treason, every social band
That taught to rule with sweetness, and obey
With dignity,—swept, one by one, away!
While proud empirics rule, in fell command.

Yet, Christian! faint not at the sickening sight,
Nor vainly strive with that Supreme Decree.
Thou hast a treasure and an armoury
Locked to the spoiler yet; thy shafts are bright.
Faint not: Heaven's Keys are more than sceptred might,
Their Guardians more than King or Sire, to thee.'

'Weakness of Nature.

'"Be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart."

'Lord, I have fasted, I have prayed,
And sackcloth has my girdle been;
To purge my soul I have essayed
With hunger blank and vigil keen.
O God of mercy! why am I
Still haunted by the self I fly?

Sackcloth is a girdle good:
O bind it round thee still!
Fasting, it is Angels' food,

And JESUS loved the night-air chill.
Yet think not prayer and fast were given
To make one step 'twixt earth and Heaven.[142]

The following fragmentary lines are appended to the poem as given in the *Remains*, though they do not, of course, appear in *Lyra Apostolica*:

'As well might sun and rain contending
Their sweet influence array
On new-fallen seed descending,
To raise a forest in a day.
Think'st thou prayer and fast alone
Can animate a heart of stone?
* * * * *
It must be rooted in charity.
* * * * *
Thinkest thou art fit for fasting at all yet?
* * * * *
The food of Saints is not for thee!'

From poetical 'dotings,' Hurrell, having reached England, throws himself gladly into the interests of the young scientist his brother, who was already at work on the unique experiments concerning the resistance and propulsion of ships, which now stand connected, all over the world, with his successful name. He was going forward to be, as Hurrell anxiously wished, no 'mere engineer,' no 'Liberal,' *i.e.*, agnostic or materialist, 'at heart.'

To William Froude, July 11, 1833.

'… I cannot understand how the dock-gates can make any further resistance to the water after the curvature has been squatted out of them, nor how, if the curvature is right, the pressure should have any tendency to alter it. Tell me if you succeed in getting

a verdict against them; also, how your resistance experiments succeed. I will never believe that a sail will do as much work if you split it in two; but, if R ∝ area, you might have each cloth independent, and all would do as well. I never gave you an answer about the Book of Job, for I cannot get a distinct idea of its argument. It is said to be a discussion on the moral government of God; but my view of it is not more distinct than what ladies get of Butler's *Analogy*.'

Honest Hurrell and his baffled Willy were looking for the sort of intellectual company which misery is said to love, and found it in 'ladies.' These, as yet, were certainly busier with worsted samplers than with the problems of the educated.

On July 14, the day of the storming of the feudal Bastille, came the formal start of another revolution which had a quieter, but no less ominous foot. Mr. Keble mounted the pulpit stair of S. Mary-the-Virgin's at Oxford, and preached his memorable Assize Sermon, which went to press under its title of *National Apostasy*. It served as a bugle to let men know that the work of recapturing Faith for England had begun, and that 'things have come to the pretty pass' (in Lord Melbourne's celebrated expression), 'that religion is to invade the sphere of private life!' There had been long preliminary agitation, and much personal consciousness, especially on Newman's part and on Froude's, of 'a work to do in England.'

Secular authority was on the eve of abolishing in Ireland ten Bishoprics, which, in that country at least, it is not pretended that it had not created. But there could be no guarantee whatever that secular

authority, so gorged, would be sated; and operations in England being only too likely, it was time for the objectors to rise. Besides, the general change effected during 1832-3, in the relations of Church and State, was the most disheartening or enraging thing in the world to the sentinels at Oxford, according to individual mood. Up to then, 'spiritual cases were referred by the Sovereign to the Court of Delegates, which contained a majority of spiritual persons. But in those years, the final appeal was transferred, by Act of Parliament, from the Court of Delegates to, first, the Privy Council, and then a Committee formed from it.'[143] In that bondage, a worthy legacy from the 'unidea'd' reign of William IV., the Church of England stood, and stands. Things had been bad enough before. Already Hurrell had cried out in private: 'The Church can never right itself without a blow-up.' This was more sanguine than Dr. Arnold's simultaneous jeremiad, and quite as loyal. 'The Church as it now stands,' he said, 'no human power can save.' But now Froude's song is: 'If the State would but kick us off!' caught from Lamennais and the great democrat-Ultramontane agitation in France. The wish is translated into the weighty and telling pages of the long essay which stands first in his *Remains*, and which he wrote in 1833. *More suo*, he uses in it all the original documents which he can lay his hands on, and furthers his argument by italicisation and capitalisation of leading words and phrases. Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle once remarked that the step of throwing off the supremacy of the State had been dreamed of, in England, only by the Nonjurors, and 'the first authors of the *Tracts for the Times*.' Has it not been dreamed of ever since? The deification of a Privy Council was the occasion, not the cause, of the High Anglican onset, itself but one

movement of several against the intrenchments of British materialism, but distinct from them all, inasmuch as Scott and Coleridge, riding just before, with the armed protest of Carlyle, of Ruskin, and of Emerson to follow, bore no known emblems of a Christian Crusade. The hour of latent dissatisfaction had crept up to flood-water mark. As we are well aware, no great movement springs full-armed from the brain of any local Jupiter; and this one was a birth, and only a birth, of 1833. For years previously, semi-active agitation, fed by the feeling all over the country, was quite patent and open. There was much popular stir and screaming, all making, no doubt, for righteousness and right ideas. The thinkers, the Universities, were far clearer as to what they did not mean, or wish, than as to what they did. 'Newman and I are both so consequential,' Froude writes in a leave-taking letter of 1832, 'that we fear all sorts of things going wrong while we are away.' It is perfectly true that these men did not create, but evoke, the religious spirit of their time. The Chinese narcissus bourgeons at a miraculous rate from a bulb a year old. The Platonic theory of individual knowledge should be extended to meet the case of nations: they, too, remember, and have rhythms which antedate the conscious life, and recur throughout it. We are always forgetting the commonplace that a spirit rather than intelligent persons with a polity, a law rather than its visible agencies, is the true operative force. Well-meaning students of the Movement have looked upon one name or another as the generating cause, whereas the real leader is ever nameless, like Odysseus in the cave of his baffled giant. There was 'an unseen agitator,' as Newman knew. His earliest friend of undergraduate days, whom he called, afterwards,

Princeps Apostolicorum, was, for one, independently aware of it, as soon as events began.

'… What a wonderful drama is going on,' Mr. Bowden[144] writes, 'if we could but trace it as a whole, and know the multiplied bearings of each varied scene upon our nation and our Church! However, we can see our own parts, and that must for the present suffice us.' Newman confessed the same wide vision, writing later in that year to Froude: 'I do verily believe a spirit is abroad at present, and we are but blind tools, not knowing whither we are going. I mean, a flame seems arising in so many places as to show no mortal incendiary is at work, though this man or that may have more influence in shaping the course, or modifying the nature of the flame.'

'This man or that' was not lacking, and there was work for him: work for 'the bright, vivacious, and singularly lovable figures with whom the eyes of Oriel men were then familiarised.'[145] Mr. Charles Kingsley thought them, as it would appear, not 'virile': a necessary opinion for any 'virile' Kingsley to hold. So much depends upon definition! It was a passing conversational remark made by Hurrell Froude concerning the great Churchmen of the Middle Ages, that their portraits had 'a curious expression as of neither man nor woman, a kind of feminine sternness.' A very similar remark was made at almost the same moment by the prince of English metaphysical critics. Of the coincidence Froude was not aware; but his Editors, in a footnote, fail not to refer to it. '[Wordsworth's] face is almost the only exception I know,' said Coleridge, 'to the observation that something feminine, (not effeminate, mind!) is discoverable in the countenances of all men of

genius.'[146] This angelic or epicene aspect is, indicatively, the most terrible force in the world. It is certain that the Tractarians lacked the girth, the gait, the entire and triumphant visibility of John Bull going out with his gun. They lived with abstract ideas, and came to look like them.

'Mr. Froude, if anyone,' wrote Newman anonymously in *The British Critic* of April, 1839, 'gained his views from his own mind.' But indeed, as is implied, none of us ever gain our views from our own minds: views coming with an underived spontaneous air are born of a man's superior attentiveness to the working Mind of things. Hurrell, pacing Trinity Gardens, his hand on Williams' shoulder, with the off-hand edict: 'Isaac, we must make a Row in the world!' recalls to us another agitator of whimsical disinterestedness, Camille Desmoulins. Or he is speaking a too free translation of the message of high and urgent poetry which La Pucelle once poured into the ears of Durand Laxart at Domremy. (It is always of French genius that his genius reminds us.) In all the polemics of the day his voice is the Æolian one, fitful and laconic, unexpected and alarming, yet oddly sweet. He is very busy chastising and correcting himself; but that other strife going on is far more interesting: he is a soldier of fortune, he must fight, he must interfere. When the outriders of the whole sea of returning Catholicism charge at first singly and silently, then with uproar, along the levels of the sleeping Protestant kingdom, the Hurrell Froude who loved duty and hard work, and abhorred display and conspicuosity, rises, despite himself, a little dominant, a little spectacular. He is inevitably marked, to ear and eye, as the legendary ninth wave, the foamiest green breaker of the line, ever re-

forming and breaking, so long as he is visible, brighter, taller, and farther in-shore than the rest. With the year 1833 he comes into public play, and vanishes almost as soon.

To J. F. CHRISTIE, Esq., July 23, 1833.

'… By the bye, I write ["Newman"] as if you knew he was returned. He came back last Tuesday week.[147]… He has been delayed by what one can now look back on without uneasiness, as he has not suffered eventually; but the fact is, he has had a very narrow escape of his life, owing to a severe epidemic fever which he caught in Sicily, and in a place where he could get access to no kind of medical aid. At the place where he was seized he was laid up for three days, unable to move, and at the end of that time strangely took it into his head that he was well. In consequence, he set out on his journey, and after having gone about seven miles, was carried almost lifeless into a cabin, just at a moment when, by a strange accident, a medical man was passing. This person relieved him sufficiently to enable his attendants to remove him to a town some way farther on, in which a doctor resided: Enna, or Castro Giovanni. Here he was eleven days before the crisis of his fever arrived, and it was long thought he had no chance of recovering…. He was afterwards delayed at Palermo by the stupid vessel, which did not sail for three weeks after it had promised, and thus lost all the advantages of a good wind. However, he is back safe at last, and really looks well, though his hair is all coming off, and his strength is not yet thoroughly restored. Do something for the [Magazine] and the *Lyra*. Wherefore stand ye all the day idle? I am going to

[Hadleigh] in an hour or two to concert measures.'

Hadleigh Rectory, in Suffolk, was the scene of the little four-days' congress called together on July 25, by the independent Cambridge forerunner of the Movement, the Rev. Hugh James Rose; 'the most eminent person of his generation as a divine,' Dean Church calls him. It is interesting to recall that the young Richard Chevenix Trench was Curate of Hadleigh at this time. Neither Keble nor Newman was able to attend. It was the first rally of those willing to fight 'for the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, and for the integrity of the Prayer-Book'; and means were about to be taken to found a powerful Association of Friends of the Church. Froude, impatient of talk and of preliminaries, distrustful of the need of organisations, cherishing a preference such as Newman was to express long after, writing to Pusey, for 'generating an ἦθος rather than a system,' went down from Oxford somewhat grumblingly. The subjects brought forward at Hadleigh were chiefly disciplinary. The complicated relationship of Church and State, the call for Lay Synods, and the ever-burning topic of the manner of the Appointment of Bishops in the Church of England, seem to have engrossed the four men present, Froude then as always, in his extreme abstract way, pushing on to conclusions the others were not ripe for. He found Rose, disinterested as he knew him to be, 'conservative'; he lamented that Rose and Palmer of Worcester clung to what he calls the 'gentleman heresy,' to 'the old prejudices about the expediency of having the clergy gentlemen, *i.e.*, fit to mix in good society; and about "prizes" to tempt men into the Church, and the whole train of stuff…. What I have learned,' he adds, generalising,

‘is not to be sanguine, not to expect to bring other people into my views in a shorter time than I have been in coming to them myself.’ And again to Newman, with candour: ‘You seem to think I am floored, and in fact, I partly am so; at least the predominant impression left on my mind is that I am a poor hand at entering into other people’s thoughts.’ There follows a description of a fellow-guest, which must have made both Newman and Keble smile, as being possibly applicable to another and more fiery spirit who, as Mr. Rose their host said afterwards, with his delicate Gallic justness of criticism, was ‘not afraid of inferences.’ It can hardly be proved that Hurrell appreciated Mr. Rose, who was a sort of precursor in Pusey’s spiritual dynasty, as Hurrell himself was in Newman’s. But he overrated Mr. Perceval. Newman was given to understand, at the close of the session, on the thirtieth day of July, some of Mr. Perceval’s excellences and moral dangers.

‘Perceval,’[148] Hurrell writes, ‘is a very delightful fellow in ἦθος, a regular thorough-going Apostolical; but I think Keble should warn him about putting himself in the way of excitement. Some of the things he says and does make me feel rather odd. I am sure he should be set to work on something dull that would keep his thoughts from present interests. I never saw a fellow who seemed more entirely absorbed, heart and soul, in the cause of the Church, and without the remotest approach to self-sufficiency.’

‘Both Rose and Palmer,’ wrote Newman on the other hand, after he had heard from those allies, ‘think Froude and Perceval very deficient in learning, and therefore rash.’ Considerable time had been

spent in revising the *Churchman's Manual*, by Mr. Perceval. Books, committees, bylaws, and such tangible machinery, seemed important to Mr. Rose, who was intelligently planning a great local campaign, to improve the position of his disadvantaged party. Froude, ahead of Newman or Keble, seems from the first to have outrun anything of this sort. To these three, the very existence of religion, whether expressed in the public worship and formularies, or in the conduct and belief of Englishmen, was at stake. He alone lacked a just conception of minor needs, what was the nature of these, or how far they should be satisfied: he felt only the need of supernaturalism in a society again grown godless since Wesley's time. He did not, therefore, march forward in order, but by a long leap threw himself half-blindly upon 'incomprehensibles, and thoughts of things which thoughts do but tenderly touch.' Certainly, cohesion, as not being the note of the Church of England, was not the note of the conference at Hadleigh. Froude especially, with his terrible consistency, his capacity for getting all there was to get out of the mere innuendoes and half-lights of circumstance, his passion (to employ a serviceable expression of Locke's) 'to bottom everything,' must have obstructed unconsciously the deliberations of a great liturgiologist and a true ecclesiastical statesman, both born to move with caution, and to end in the deltas of compromise or sheer weariness. Froude felt then, as afterwards, what he calls his 'stigma of ultraism'; what really worried him more than that, was the slow foot of reform, toiling behind his own. He wished nothing less, as we have seen, than a 'blow-up,' and reconstruction. His poetic foresight made him implacable; consequences, not processes, were in his

foreground. He had the individual vision. Galahad-like, he saw, while wise men were spurring up and down upon the quest. Mr. Palmer's adjectives were well chosen: Hurrell was not 'learned,'[149] and he was 'rash.' But it is also true that learning will call anything rashness which travels towards a given goal by a shorter route than its own. An extremely fine definition of Froude's might be wrested from its context, and applied to his discomfiture at Hadleigh, and his position in general. 'The understanding,' he says, 'pursues something which it does not know by means which it does; while genius endeavours to effect what it has a previous idea of, by means of which it has to ascertain the use.'[150] The 'bold rider across country' would perhaps look unnatural as a mounted collaborator in a procession. It is to be feared that the Rev. Richard Hurrell Froude was a difficult factor, a Montagnard, in the debates of nascent Anglo-Catholicism.

In the strife of ideas, during the summer, there were not lacking pastoral interludes.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, August, 1833.

'… You can't think what delicious weather we have had here [at Dartington]. It is like May back again…. I saw the other night what I can hardly convince myself not to have been a supernatural fire. I and one of the [Champernownes?] and two other boys, and a labourer, were coming up the river in a boat when it was dark, and we all saw as distinctly as possible under a tree, close by the water, what we took for a wood fire: hot embers, which did not blaze, but gave off sparks; the boys thought a wasp's nest must have been burned out there, and landed to

stir up the embers and examine; in landing we lost sight of the fire for a minute behind the bush, and in going to the place found nothing; no smell of burning, no ashes, no marks of fire on the leaves or grass: in fact, there certainly could not have been any fire there! The labourer was really frightened, and I cannot account for my not having been so; but somehow the thing has made an impression on my imagination. I never dream of it, nor think of it in the dark, or anything: yet I am absolutely certain of the facts, and wholly unable to account for them. Sometimes I look on it as a half-miracle, of which the counterpart is in store for us. The return of rough times may revive energies that have been dormant "in the land of peace wherein we trusted." Is this nonsense?… I am very well, all but my cough, which is exactly what it was, and is likely to continue….'

This touch of mysticism, gracing a phosphoric phenomenon, reminds one keenly of what Newman thought and expressed about the whole Movement, if not of the men who seem to us now 'of unearthly radiance.' 'No mortal incendiary,' he said, in one of his splendid phrases already cited, 'is at work.'

To Newman, during this August, Hurrell pours out his mind, with his usual forecasting irrelevance.

'*Aug. 22.*—I have written a sermon on the duty of contemplating a time when the law of the land shall cease to be the law of the Church; and I hope to get it preached by a friend of mine at the Bishop's Visitation. My father thinks it most temperate and satisfactory.[151] If I had strong lungs I should go about the country, holding forth.

'*Aug. 31.*—… It has lately come into my head that the present state of things in England makes an opening for reviving the monastic system. I think of putting the view forward under the title of "Project for Reviving Religion in Great Towns." Certainly colleges of unmarried priests (who might, of course, retire to a living, when they could and liked) would be the cheapest possible way of providing effectively for the spiritual wants of a large population…. I must go about the country to look for the stray sheep of the true fold: there are many about, I am sure; only that odious Protestantism sticks in people's gizzard. I see Hammond takes that view of the Infallibility of the Church which P[almer] says was the old one. We must revive it. Surely the promise, "I am with you always," means something?'

It is extraordinary how Hurrell's talk runs not so much on existing outer problems as on notions which 'have lately come into my head.' The others were content to face emergencies the moment they arose. He knew not how to wait till things turned up: he went forward to turn them up. His vocation was less

to lead than to prompt the men born to be leaders. The hard necessity of his lot, the denial to so vigorous a spirit of the physical fuel to keep it alight, imposed this upon him: to be what Emerson calls 'the seeing eye, not the helping hand.' Yet his enforced contemplative life kept those active brother lives together; he riveted their armour, mounted their banners, and re-tipped their spears. It was his destiny to give very much more than they could use, so highly congested and quintessential were his ideas, and the verbal hints born of them:

'Such sounds as make deep silence in the heart,
For Thought to do her part.'

He is the vision of a pilgrim entering from the Middle Ages, barely laying down his staff and wallet before turning roadwards again, yet managing to blurt out, irrespective of the tavern conversation, fragments of his own correlated thought, immemorial things which he, at least, seems never to have forgotten. He is no opportunist, and chooses neither the audience nor the hour. 'What to assume and what to prove,' as he says, do not sort themselves in his mind. He is only oracular. He instructs Newman, in relation to no particular topic whatever, but on a mere salutary general principle: 'Do keep writing to Keble, and stirring his rage. He is my fire, but I may be his poker.' His influence over Keble's fearless intelligence, felt from the first, was ultimately very great. His influence over Newman will hardly bear analysis, for Newman and he were one: the gnomon and the disk of a dial, or the arrow and the bow of some busy archer. We have all seen just such influence as Froude, invalided, had upon the Movement, privately exercised by Ministers of State, or by wives with a ripe understanding of their

husbands' practical concerns. It is the uncatalogued and intangible power, almost a plaything to its possessor, least known among the powers which move human society; and, therefore, perhaps it is the grimmest reality of all.

On September 9, Newman burst forth with the famous first sentence of his famous first Tract: 'I am but one of yourselves, a Presbyter.' Hurrell wrote no comment on the move; he was intimately aware of it from the beginning, and the earliest and hungriest reader. By the 16th, he is deep in study; there is a new historical theory to start, opening with an ironic reference to Mr. Keble's 'friends':

'… I have been reading a good deal lately about your friends the Puritans in Queen Elizabeth's time; and really I like poor Penry very much. I think of writing An Apology for the Early Puritans, whose case I think to be this. The Church of England had relinquished its claim to the *jus divinum*, and considered Ordination to emanate ultimately from the Queen. These poor fellows, *i.e.*, Penry and Co. (not Beza and Co., nor Knox and Co.), detested so abominable a notion: but what could they do? They had been bred up in a horror of trusting history in matters of religion, so they could look for a divine institution and a priesthood nowhere except in the Bible. Here, then, they looked, assuming as an axiom that they must find; and finding nothing more reasonable than the platform, they caught at this. In the meantime our people, and the smug[152] fellows on the Continent, were going on with their civilities to one another, and servilities to their respective Governments, and left these poor men to fight for a *jus divinum*, though not the true one. It seems to me that Saravia and Bancroft are the revivers of

orthodoxy in England, and that the Puritans shielded them from martyrdom. Had it not been for their pertinacity in claiming a *jus divinum*, that tyrant[153] would certainly have smothered the true one. Such are my crude speculations, on a rough survey: if you think me hopelessly wrong, floor me at once, and save me from wasting my time. How do you like my "Appointment of the Bishops?"[154] I have sent one on "State Interference in Matters Spiritual," very dry and matter-of-fact, and mean to have a touch at the King's supremacy, which I think Hooker would not justify under present circumstances. I think, if we manage well, we may make the idea of a Lay Synod popular. Its members should be elected by universal suffrage among the communicants, *more primitivo*. I find this view most effective in conversation. I am very well, and don't think of going abroad this winter, though you seem to say I must. Time and money are two good things, and I don't like wasting more of them. I have done enough in that line already…. I am quite surprised to see how much less of a conservative [Rose?] is than he was six months since. I do believe the progress of events is converting every one, and that we shall not have much longer to encounter the stigma of ultraism.'

Froude supplied, at most, but four of what George Eliot called *The Tracts Against the Times*, if we are to count as his only what he wrote out with his own hand. Of these, the earliest, briefest, and most comprehensive is No. 8, The Gospel a Law of Liberty, the authorship of which was, and is, frequently assigned to Newman.[155] It somewhat complicates matters that in Newman's printed correspondence are various remarks addressed to him as responsible for No. 8, which bear no disclaimer in any note or parenthesis supplied by himself. It is also noticeable

that he writes to Hurrell on November 13, 1833: 'Evangelicals, as I anticipated, are struck with The Law of Liberty, and The Sin of the Church. The subject of Discipline, too, I cannot doubt, will take them. Surely my game lies among them.'[156] He might have said 'our game,' but he does not. Nor does The Gospel a Law of Liberty appear in Froude's *Remains*. Dean Burgon, however, prints in the Appendix to his *Twelve Good Men* an extract from a letter of the Rev. Charles Marriott to the Rev. A. Burn of Chichester, Jan. 29, 1840. 'You ought to know,' says that gentle and unimpeachable authority, 'that Froude was the author of the Tract, The Gospel a Law of Liberty, which is the subject of No. 8.' Froude and Newman may well have devised this No. 8 in concert. So far as the wording goes, Newman's light galloping touch is certainly upon it. In idea it is intensely Froude-like in its concentrated suggestiveness: in it we see the very pupa, as it were, of the wide-winged theory of Dogmatic Development, broached at Littlemore so long after. No. 8, with its *staccato marcato* form, is perhaps the most typical of the early *Tracts*, and most expressive of the spirit in which they were conceived. These shared in common (in the opinion of Dr. Pusey's conjoint biographers, men who usually see things as they are) a 'startling and peremptory language.' 'First rouse,' ran Hurrell's business-like programme, 'then modify.' Newman certainly, in his office of rouser, availed to set gentle and simple by the ears. Briefly, pungently, he did his inimitable work. Dr. Pusey, with his serious grasp, his moral weight, his immense learning, by contributing to the series his great signed Tract on Baptism, changed the fashion as we know. To 'modify' began with him, and progressed with him. He had the genius of explicit statement. It

might even be said that his whole influence and care, especially from 1845 on, were on the side of expounding and applying, as Newman's and Froude's had been preponderately on that of naked presentment, full of novelty, excitement, and 'danger.' The little guided Israel which had followed the pillar of fire by night, found it well, in due course, to follow the pillar of cloud by day.

Froude's other contributions to the *Tracts* were No. 9, On Shortening the Church Services; No. 59, Church and State (incorporated in the *Remains* as the concluding section of State Interference in Matters Spiritual); and No. 63, on The Antiquity of Existing Liturgies. The last-named was intended to display the novel features of the Communion Service in the Book of Common Prayer, as contrasted with those Uses having inter-resemblance and an unbroken Apostolic derivation. It is shown that every Ordo except the English contains a memento of the dead; a sacrificial oblation; and a prayer 'that God may make the bread and wine the Body and Blood of Christ.' The method adopted by Froude in printing the Forms of Consecration is that of the parallel column: an early instance of the employment of that practical and sometimes deadly modern device. He calls the Tract, elsewhere, 'my analysis of Palmer,' and it was certainly fitted to concentrate fresh attention on Mr. Palmer's *Origines Liturgicæ*, as well as on the norm of the matter it deals with.

Hurrell's hands were full of writing in 1833; and being so busied with larger matters, he ceased to compose and preach sermons. Two very fine sombre ones, on S. John Baptist, and Riches a Temptation, date from June of this year; but they were his last. His true work lay in a less trodden field. The strong

essays signed 'F.' in *The British Magazine* are in a happier vein than any of the sermons, and far more spontaneously worded. Like Dr. Johnson, Hurrell had a writing language, and a talking language which made faces at it. The only papers of his which approach in animation the unconventional utterances of his living voice and of all his letters, are just those upon historic-ecclesiastical, not secular subjects. There he sends up rockets too, though with a certain resigned decorum, and would have filled the sky had he not been curbed, as time went on, both by Rose and by Newman.

He came up to Oriel on October 5. Newman, now in the thick of affairs, and overjoyed to have him close at hand, writes privately to Keble, whom it 'grieved to the heart': 'I fear that Calvert,[157] whom you may recollect here, and a physician now, has pronounced about Froude (not *to* him) a judgment so unfavourable that I cannot bear to dwell upon it, or to tell it. Pray exert your influence to get him sent to the West Indies. I know he has a great prejudice against it; but, still, what other place is hopeful? They say Madeira is not. He might take a cargo of books with him. *N.B.*—Could you not manage to send Isaac Williams too?' On Oct. 26, Hurrell left Oxford for home, Keble going with him as far as Bath. He sailed away on his second long voyage a month later. During the interval, he takes up his tireless pen.

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, Oct. 29, 1833.

'Thank I[saac Williams] for a Thomas à Kempis he sent me, and tell him to know more about the other Sanctus Thomas before he draws invidious

comparisons. I have got here without increasing my cough at all…. We will have a *vocabularium apostolicum*, and I will start it with four words: "pampered aristocrat," "resident gentlemen," "smug parsons," "*pauperes Christi*."[158] I shall use the first on all occasions: it seems to me just to hit the thing…. Love to C[hristie] the prefect, and all the sub-Apostolicals. I am like the man[159] who "fled full soon on the first of June, but bade the rest keep fighting."… Mind and write me all the news as it comes to hand; else I shall go to sleep at Barbados entirely…. Tony Buller[160] was here yesterday. He is a capital fellow, and is anxious to assist us with trouble and money in any way he can. I told him it was better not to say anything about money yet, till we had given people a longer trial of us. It is no use to form expectations of people, but I am willing to hope that he is a most zealous fellow, and will not start aside like some other broken bows.'

By early November the address of the clergy to the Archbishop (Howley) of Canterbury, which covered much ground, took many revisions, and ultimately was so well received, was afoot. Hurrell was ready, with his own uncompromising diction, to help it into being, leaving it to others to 'supply the etiquette about "the undersigned clergy, etc."' Rhetorical drapery was hardly in his line. He sends to Newman some pithy sentences about 'the misapplication to which some of the Services [of the Church of England] are exposed by the practical disuse of the Rubrics prefixed to them, and the inefficiency of attempting to act on these Rubrics without first completing the ecclesiastical system they presuppose.' Also, he would have the reformers declare their conviction that 'measures such as these,

affecting the spiritual welfare of the Church, ought to originate only with its spiritual rulers, and that in such matters they deprecate every kind of extra-ecclesiastical interference.' '*Satis hæc lusisse*,' he breaks off. 'I am very well indeed;—not had so little cough as to-day and yesterday, since the Lazaretto at Malta.'

So on Nov. 4; and on the 14th, some affectionate abuse: 'Ἀγείων ὄχ' ἄριστε. Have you not been a spoon to allow the Petition to have nothing about "the system presupposed in the Rubrics," and to leave out your key-words "completing" and "extra-ecclesiastical"? The last word I would introduce thus: "They take this opportunity of expressing their conviction that the powers with which God has entrusted the spiritual rulers of the Church are sufficient for its spiritual government, and that all extra-ecclesiastical interference in its spiritual concerns is both unnecessary and presumptuous." My father is annoyed at its being such milk-and-water. Do make a row about it. I see already that I shall find in your book[161] sentences which I am sure stood, when they were first written, after some other sentence than that which affects to introduce them now, and seem conscious of being in the neighbourhood of a stranger: "buts" where there should have been "ands," etc., of which I shall make a catalogue, and pay you off for all the workings you have given me before now. However, it looks very pretty; and when I puff it, and people turn over the pages, they have a very imposing effect. People say, "Ah! I dare say, a very interesting work."… Love and luck to all the Apostolicals. Why do you say "yours *usque ad cineres*"? If I am wrecked on Ash-Wednesday you will be the cause of it….'

'My father' was usually the bridle, not the spur, to his young high-pacing 'Apostolical.' 'I have often told Hurrell he was going too fast,' the Archdeacon writes a little later to Newman. 'He alarms people by his speculations, and is incautious in talking to persons who cannot enter into the purity of his motives. I dare say he laid himself completely open on his visit to Archdeacon Lyall.'[162]

Hurrell could not but enjoy his too quickly-ended months at the Parsonage. However, he was never, even in full health, very social, because having tested society, he feared the effect of it upon himself. Much of it, he thought, would wake in him pettiness of various sorts, and lead him to be 'flash and insincere,' and tempt him also to value those who thought him clever and charming, and to form 'wild schemes about becoming popular.' But he 'made himself agreeable,' as it is called, to please his father. He even rode to hounds, though on principle he objected to hunting; and he put up generally, without visible grimaces, with the customs, viands, amusements and conversation of his class. He hated eccentricity, most of all in himself, and very likely from his native fastidiousness, as well as from the supernatural motive. Conscious idiosyncrasy is so cheap! a deliberate escape from the vulgar being essential vulgarity. 'Any eccentric pleasure we have a fancy for, particularly if we think it a proof of genius,' had small chances with Froude. His very difficult ideal, borrowed unconsciously from S. Benedict and S. Bernard, was moderation, the mean of things, the spiritual adornment of the ordinary. He would attain to the 'humdrum.' 'Whatever is disagreeable,' he formulates to himself at twenty-three, 'whatever, at the same time, makes us like

other people, is an opportunity for self-denial,' and through self-denial he meant, if possible, to remodel Hurrell Froude. That was his fine art and his religion. To 'make a few saints,' as he told his friend Rickards, was the way for each man to build up Christianity again for all.

'I have heard from dear Froude, who is certainly downcast,' Newman confides to Keble towards the middle of this month of November, in an undated letter. 'He left home to-day, and was to be with Canon Rogers till Saturday, when the packet sails. He is full of disappointment at the address; but then, say I, it effects two things: first, it addresses the Archbishop as the head of the anti-innovators, and it addresses him, and not the King or Parliament: which has a doctrinal meaning, and is a good precedent. However, Froude calls me names, and bids me stir you up into a fury, if I can.'

Newman's thoughts continued to play pensively about his friend 'ordered South.' He reverts to him, without naming him, on the 22nd, when he writes to Mr. Rickards, in reply to a letter of censure: 'Nor can I wish anyone a happier lot than to be himself unfortunate, yet to urge on a triumphant cause: like Laud and Ken in their day, who left a name which after ages censure or pity, but whose works do follow them. Let it be the lot of those I love to live in the heart of one or two in each succeeding generation, or to be altogether forgotten, while they have helped forward the Truth.'

Hurrell put to sea, again from Falmouth, this time without Newman or his father. 'Blowing a full gale … and I to start to-morrow morning!' And, by way of

hygienic consolation: ‘A sailing vessel is as nearly the cleanest thing in the world as a steamer is the dirtiest.’

Mr. Keble, who may have chiefly influenced his decision to go to Barbados, would be intimately interested, for a dozen reasons, to hear of Hurrell’s welfare in a field where he himself might once have found his lifework. As long before as 1824, he had been offered the Archdeaconry of Barbados (worth £2000 a year), and declined his only ecclesiastical dignity, as he declined or accepted pretty much everything, for a pious domestic reason: his father was too infirm.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Jan. 9, 1834.
Barbados.

‘With hands bitten sore by mosquitoes, I set to, upon a sheet of paper which will witness many fresh bites before I get through it. The wretches are flitting about me on all sides, and every moment I am forced to put down my pen and hit at them. People soon cease to care for them: that is my only consolation. The weather here is most delicious, the thermometer averaging eighty-three degrees, and showers flying in all directions. When it rains here, they say: “What a fine day!”… The room I am in has seven windows and four doors, with a thorough draught every way; everything is contrived for getting up thorough draughts: long passages open at both ends, for the everlasting east wind to blow through, and windows on every side of a room where it is possible, or immense doors opposite them, where it is not. I suppose before the hurricane[163] this must have been a house fit for a resident gentleman of high

pretensions; now it consists only of two rooms, and a number of sheds erected round them against the walls that remain standing…. The sum which was set aside by Government to repair the injury done here is not allowed to go to the repair of Churches, even though 24,000*l.* of it is still in hand, which they do not know how to dispose of, and seven Churches are in complete ruins….

'I have heard some facts which seem to show a good spirit among the clergy…. Mr. ——, about whom you may remember the great row that took place some years since for admitting a black to the Communion in company with whites, has now so completely broken down that feeling, that last Sunday, when I received the Sacrament at his Church, at which near two hundred people were present, all colours were mixed indiscriminately. In the Roman Catholic islands this was always insisted on, and carried with a high hand…. This island is very green, and its plants very exotic-looking, but there is a total want of beauty. For all I have yet seen, the coasts of the Mediterranean are the places "*mortalibus ægris munere concessæ Divom*." Also, the negro features are so horridly ugly, at least the generality of them: now and then indeed one sees finely-chiselled Egyptian features, and among the others one can distinctly trace the difference of caste in all shades from man to monkey…. You will be shocked at my avowal, that I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation. It appears to me plain that in all matters that seem to us indifferent or even doubtful, we should conform our practices to those of the Church which has preserved its traditionary practices unbroken. We cannot know about any seemingly indifferent practice of the Church of Rome that it is not a

development of the Apostolic ἦθος; and it is to no purpose to say that we can find no proof of it in the writings of the six first centuries; they must find a *dis*proof if they would do anything…. I have been reading the controversy between Law and Hoadly for the first time. Law's brilliance quite astonished me: I think it the most striking specimen of writing I ever saw. Yet I own now and then he seems rather wild. Surely one could get such splendid compositions into circulation by puffing them? It was a noble end of Convocation to be put down for censuring Hoadly, and the censure looks well as the last record in Wilkins's *Concilia*. The sun that set so bright must have a rising!… I have translated all the Becket correspondence, and should go [on] at once to Anselm, if I was not on the point of starting with the Bishop[164] on his Visitation. All I hear makes me wish to go to America, though I do not conceive the views of the clergy in general there to be very high. Preaching goes for everything, and a person that cannot fill his Church gets dismissed. I think that in the present state of religion preaching should be quite disconnected from the Services, and looked on as an address to the unconverted.[165]… We ought to employ itinerant talkers in England; I am sure I could stir up people very much in Devonshire and Cornwall in that way.'

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, Jan. 25, 1834.

'… I have a very poor account to give you of my studies. I have been here near a month, and have not set to work regularly on anything. Although I have not done anything like regular work, I have picked up a good deal. I have been looking about, here and there…. Does not the Archbishop of Canterbury

claim patriarchal authority (*qualem qualem*) over as large a portion of the globe as ever the Bishop of Rome did? and are not the Colonial Bishops just as much exonerated from their oath of canonical obedience, by proving that there is no universal Bishop recognised in Scripture, as ever Cranmer was?… I have been much surprised to find that the first Latitudinarians were Tories: *e.g.*, Hales, Chillingworth, and that set. How Whiggery has by degrees taken up all the filth that has been secreted in the fermentation of human thought! Puritanism, Latitudinarianism, Popery, Infidelity; they have it all now, and good luck to them.[166] I see the reason Convocation was put down in 1717 was the remonstrance of the Lower House against the Upper, to make them censure Hoadly's *Preservative*. The Upper House had a very little while before taken part with the Socinianising Bishops against the Lower. Also, what a curious thing it is to see the popularity of High Churchism among the lower orders at the time of Sacheverell's trial! These matters have opened to my weak mind a field of thought and inquiry which I have no great chance of following up. If I had 5000*l.*, I would pay all the clever fellows I could find to analyse the pamphlets, etc., of that time, and make a good History of Protestantism. A continuation of Collier[167] would just take in all I desiderate, and if done well, most curious and amusing it would be…. The most sensible people here seem to think it certain, that, after the emancipation of the slaves, no estate will be profitable enough to pay for a manager, so that all English proprietors who from age or habit, etc., are not able to come out and reside on their own property, must sell at a reduced price; also that since this climate, state of society, etc., suits the coloured

people better than the whites, it will answer to them to buy at a higher rate than others, so that the islands will by degrees become what they call “brown” islands, and relapse into a semi-savage state by the gradual withdrawal of those who now keep up the tone of acquirement, etc.; that this will happen without any bloodshed, but will destroy the commercial value of the islands, for that not more than one-fifth of the sugar will be grown, and the rest of the land employed in growing sustenance for the idle population.’

To the Ven. Archdeacon FROUDE, Feb. 6, 1834.

‘… The weather has been very boisterous since I have been here: people say that they should have called the night of Friday 17th [January] a hurricane, if it had been in August or September…. I don’t know whether I may lay any blame on the weather, but certainly my cough has made no progress for the better since I landed. I don’t mean that I am worse, for I certainly have gained flesh, but my cough is exactly where it was when I first got into the warm latitudes: an improvement on what it was in England, but no more. The temperature of the air is quite delightful, but there is nothing to interest one out-of-doors: horridly ugly faces, most uninteresting scenery, an extremely shabby town, the population of which may, in point of morals, be called almost the sink of humanity; and then the vulgar names of all the places (I forget them as fast as I hear them), and money-making associations, which intrude into everything one sees and hears, offer a sad contrast to last winter’s work. But I don’t mention this out of grumbling, only as a reason why I am not more out-of-doors: the fact is, I spend my

time in-doors very agreeably indeed. The Bishop stands very high in my estimation as a man of imperturbable equanimity among great trials to his temper, and the footing on which all his clergy are with him is a model.… The Bishop's library is capital —much better than I expected; and as the daily expectation of setting off on the Visitation has kept me from going to work on anything regular, I have been dipping about, to my great amusement.… They say that if the growth of sugar were discontinued the island would produce sustenance enough for a very much larger population, almost without any cultivation. The vegetation is really wonderful. The guinea corn grows near fifteen feet high: and in the sugar crop there seems to be a mass of solid vegetable matter thrown up, as much as there is in a copse of ten years' growth. It is an impenetrable thicket of rank iris: the cane part is just like the knotty root of an iris straightened out, and rising six or seven feet out of the ground; its colour is the richest yellow-green that can be conceived.

'*Feb. 6.*—At anchor off Nevis,—between it and St. Christopher's, which the Protestants have vulgarised into St. Kitt's. The Bishop is ashore confirming, and I have stayed to fetch up leeway. Since Monday, Jan. 26, when we started on our voyage, I have been in quite a new state of things.… I have a very uncomfortable hot, dark berth, which I could go into amusing details about, if it was worth the trouble; but "beggars must not be choosers," as they say, so I may think myself well off to have any berth at all. The first place we got to was Antigua. About seven in the morning I came on deck, and found we were close to it: quite unlike Barbados; it put me in mind of Ithaca, or bits of the Sicilian coast: very beautiful, but on a small scale. While we stood off and on

before what seemed an iron-bound coast, a pilot-boat emerged from one-could-not-say-where; and when the pilot was on board, we tacked, and sailed straight against a rock. As we got quite close, it began to appear that the shore was not a continuous line, but that one rock overlapped another, and between these there turned out to be an entrance about a gun-shot wide, which took us into a beautiful little lake, where there was just room to anchor. You will find it in the map, under the name English Harbour. And now I will not go on bothering with descriptions. We landed at the dockyard, where a file of soldiers were drawn up in compliment to the Bishop, and as he stepped out of the boat the batteries saluted. That part of Antigua is exquisitely beautiful; very deep bays and rocks, and pasture and wood and mountains, put the sugar and the niggers quite out of one's head. The people seem a superior set to what you have elsewhere. I liked some of the clergy much, and the resident proprietors are said to be, with some exceptions, intelligent gentlemen…. We were at Antigua six days; since that we have been at Montserrat and Nevis, both mountainous on a large scale, and generally lost in cloud. Nevis is not unlike Pantelaria. Yesterday we dined at the President's,[168] and had turtle for the first time.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Feb. 8, 1834.

'Here I am with the Bishop on his Visitation, so that I have the advantage of a good long sea-voyage and some variety of scenery, both [of] which are good for me, though I cannot say they have as yet produced any perceptible effect. I seem to be just as well and no better than I was last summer; in fact, this is nothing else than a protracted summer, and it

is unreasonable to expect more from climate here than from the same climate in England. You will see in my letter to [Newman] how I have employed my time in Barbados, and the length that I am being pulled on in anti-Protestantism. Would not Hammond, and Fell, and the rest of those holy humble men of God have altered the Articles?[169]

'… [Rose?] seems to think anything better than an open rupture with the State, as sure to entail loss of caste on the clergy. Few men can receive the saying that the clergy have no need to be gentlemen….

'… We have just left St. Christopher's; it is the most beautiful of any of the islands I have yet seen. Mount Miserere is quite fine; a precipitous granite crag, quite bare, and of a very great height, rising out of the rich woods with which the mountain is clothed up to the top, and stooping over a very deep hollow, which has once been the crater of a volcano. I should have liked much to get up there, but had not time, and besides, they say it is very difficult. The people here seem to have very little curiosity: in fact, few tastes except acquisitiveness…. I see the papers have begun to talk; addresses to the Archbishop are said to be pouring in. I wish I could get my lungs right again to make preachments, and give the Yanks a talking over. We shall be back at Barbados the second week in March, and about then the weather in New York brightens up. I think I have made up my mind not to be in England till the latter end of May, whatever news we have, so I shall certainly have time on my hands, and if I can't preach I can prose; so I may as well go at any rate. Do ply the people with Tracts on the "safest course" principle: the more I think of it, the more important it seems as the intellectual basis of Church authority…. We have

now got a north-west wind, which a few years since would have been almost a miracle in these latitudes. It is generally said that the trade-winds are becoming yearly more irregular, and have been for this last fifty years. It will make a curious change if they cease altogether; certainly nothing can be more irregular than we have had them, both in quantity and direction; it goes from a storm to a calm in no time, and the other night went all round the compass. This puts me in mind of an adventure we had the other evening at Nevis. There is no harbour there, but only a beach to land on, and sometimes a heavy surf. We landed in the morning, in still weather. In the course of the day it came to blow on shore, and we had to embark in the dark, in a very heavy sea breaking on the sands most furiously. The Bishop slept on shore, but the Commodore, the Captain, the Chaplain, and myself were carried on men's shoulders to the boat, which was lying as near the shore as it could, in the midst of the breakers. I was put in second, and was only wetted by the water in the bottom of the boat, but the two last were fairly soused…. I am sure this stuff is not worth sending across the Atlantic.'

To WILLIAM FROUDE, Feb. 12, 1834.

'… I will try to scrape together stuff for a letter to you. We are becalmed with Saba off our starboard quarter, in the *Forte* frigate, forty-six guns, Commodore P…. Somehow, this frigate is beyond my comprehension. I am not up to taking an interest in its movements; it is 1150 tons and the sails are so large, and the masts so high, and such an immense lot of ropes, that I see no hope of learning anything about it. When they get up the anchor they have 100

men at the capstan, and if they want to tack quickly they put 300 men to work at once. They do their work to the sound of two fiddles and a fife, instead of the gibber that one is accustomed to in the *Ranger* and elsewhere; so, as the [Provost?] would say, "I don't comprehend the style of things." The day before yesterday we had two adventures. (1) A man was to be flogged, and as I knew that he would be let off out of compliment to the Bishop, I went on deck to see the preliminary ceremony. The whole ship's crew were mustered, while the fellow stood under guard; then a grating was lashed to the gangway, and his wrists and ankles made fast to it, his jacket having been stripped off in readiness; the officers stood in full dress on one side of him, and the boatswain's mates on the other; and the Commodore read over the articles of war. I watched the fellow's countenance closely. At first he seemed very unconcerned, but the ceremony seemed by degrees to work on his imagination, and just before his pardon was announced he seemed in considerable dismay. The thing has stuck in my mind deeper than I expected, and I feel rather sick at thinking of it. The officers say that letting him off did a great deal of harm. Last night ever such a lot were drunk, and I suppose they will catch it in a day or two! Twenty-four hours must elapse between the offence and the punishment. (2) The other adventure was falling in with a man-of-war by night, so that we could not distinguish each other's colours. On nearing them we heard them pipe to quarters, and on coming up we found them, contrary to etiquette, with their main-deck lighted up, their guns and rigging manned, and with every demonstration of readiness for action; so we had to make similar preparations with all speed: powder was got up, and both sides loaded and

shotted, exactly as if we intended to fight. On passing them the Commodore asked what they were, and they would not tell, and nothing more came of it: a beautiful mare's nest. The officers say it was a Dutch frigate, and that since our ill behaviour to them they have made a point of showing our ships disrespect; however, if a gun had gone off by accident, which might easily have been, as they all have flint and steel locks, it would have ended in a fight, most likely…. From St. Thomas's we go to Santa Cruz, and from thence to La Guayra, so I shall have a fine cruise altogether; yet somehow I take no interest in the places I see: there is something so unromantic among the English, and so unpleasing about the niggers, that they spoil the scenery altogether. The thing that strikes me as most remarkable in the cut of these niggers is excessive immodesty; a forward, stupid familiarity, intended for civility, which prejudices me against them worse even than Buxton's[170] cant did…. I want much to hear about your steam-engine…. I begin to think that the Nonjurors were the last of English divines, and that those since are twaddlers. The more I read, the more I am reconciled to the present state of things in England, and prospects of the Church. It seems to be only the fermentation of filth which has long been in existence, and could not be got rid of otherwise…. And now my ideas run slow, and take more trouble writing than they are worth reading; so, with best love to J[ack].'[171]

To the Ven. Archdeacon FROUDE, April 2, 1834.

'… We left the island [Santa Cruz] at four o'clock on Thursday, the Bishop having been conveyed to Fredericstadt in the Governor's carriage and four,

escorted by an aide-de-camp, and embarking under a salute. We were under weigh in about an hour, with a breeze east-north-east. On Saturday evening we saw, like a pale blue mist rising above the clouds, the outline of the South American mountains. The next morning, when I came on deck, we were within nine miles of the coast, and the gigantic features of the scenery produced the same effect that we observed between Salerno and Amalfi, viz., of making distant objects seem so near each other. The mountains rose boldly out of the sea, as far as the eye could reach before us and behind us, as we sailed along the coast. Their height varies from 5000 to 9000 feet. One of them (the highest) is a perpendicular precipice for 8000 feet: Humboldt describes it as the most remarkable precipice in the world. However, the effect, as a whole, cannot be compared to that of the Italian or Sicilian coast. The mountains are richly covered with wood from the very bottom to the top, except the peaks of the very highest, which are naked granite, but so high that the rocky features, when diminished by the great distance and rendered indistinct by the haze of the hot air, lose all their raciness; so that there is no variety of colour, but a mass of uniform green, or rather gray, more or less pale according to the distance. We coasted along about twelve miles almost under the shadow of the rocks, yet near nine miles from them. Early in the morning they were visible from top to bottom, but indistinct from the dazzle of the sun, which was behind them. About ten o'clock a line of little misty dots formed at a uniform height above the sea, perhaps 3000 feet. This became denser and denser, till it became one impenetrable cloud, above which we could see nothing. About twelve we anchored at La Guayra, which Humboldt says is the hottest place

in the world. The thermometer in the cabin window was ninety degrees. The Bishop and Commodore disembarked that evening and rode over the mountains to Caraccas; I and some of the officers were to follow before daylight. Accordingly, having ordered mules over-night, we got up at half-past three, breakfasted on board, and set out for the shore, two boat-loads. There was a very heavy rolling swell, and the landing-place is a wooden stage upon piles, which does not keep off the sea at all. We lay by anxiously waiting for a lull, and all of us in the first boat succeeded in landing dry on the stage, and running off before a wave had time to reach us; but when the second boat was lying on its oars, in hopes of a lull like ours, a wave far above the size of the rest broke just ahead of them; and really, I never saw such a nervous sight! The boat, in which were ten rowers and several officers, seemed to stand quite upright on its stern, so as to leave us doubtful which way it would fall. The whole was hid for a moment in a mass of spray, except that we could see the blades of the oars sticking out, all in confusion, as the water took them. When the wave passed and the boat righted, they say it was full up to the thwarts. On seeing this Captain H. ordered them to pull off, and sent a shore boat for them, i.e., two niggers in a canoe, which took them out one or two at a time. The last load consisted of the Commodore's steward, an old Italian for whom I have an affection, and a midshipman. As they were alongside the stage a wave broke outside them; the mid was lucky enough to catch hold in time, but the poor Italian, canoe, niggers, and all, totally disappeared, and were seen again about thirty yards off progressing with the crest of the wave towards the beach, on which all were deposited safe, after a

dive of near 600 yards. *N.B.*—The niggers and Spaniards, when landing themselves, never think of going to the stage, but sitting very steadily in their canoes, wait where the waves begin to break, and only taking care to keep the boat straight, and paddling a little to assist it in getting way at first, they are shot in without any effort, on the crest of the wave, with wonderful velocity, keeping on the downhill side of it all the time, and at last are deposited high and dry. When I saw this first, I could hardly believe my eyes.

'I shall stay here a fortnight longer at least, and then set off for New York. I am very grateful for your long letters, which come by every packet.'

There follows a letter on April 8, 1834, conjointly addressed:

'Joannibus Keble et Newman: *fratres ignavissimi, ut quid fecisti nobis sic*? as St. Thomas says to the Bishop of Poictiers…. The Bishop [of Barbados] is a thorough Z;[172] and I can make no impression on him, though I think I have frightened him. If he had not been as kind to me as one man can be to another, I should be terribly provoked with him sometimes…. You may like to know of my health: I really think I am getting well. I left England in the impression that I was μινυνθάδιος, as you may see in a scratched-out passage in one of my letters; since I have conceived hopes, I have become much more careful. I should not wonder, if I stayed here, till[173] I get quite rid of my cough. The Bishop's library is a great piece of luck. I don't think I am wasting my time here, independent of my health. I don't ask how anyone is, for I shall certainly be gone before I can have an

answer; and when I shall go to Yankland I do not know…. *Valete, et confortamini in Domino.*'

The Rev. J. KEBLE to the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, April, 1834.

'… As to Froude, I know, of course, no more than the letters have told us both, and the first was so flattering that I was disappointed at the other; yet, on consideration, I see no additional reason for alarm. It seems much as it used to be, and we cannot be wrong in hoping the best. Anyone who remembers him three or four years ago must acknowledge that to have him now is much more than we could have been sure about. I wish him strong enough, please God, to take duty and wait on some flock. I think he would get more calm and less young in his notions, or rather in his way of putting them, which makes people who do not know him think him not a practical man. What a wise old[174] letter! Well, good-bye.'

On May 2, Hurrell makes to Mr. Keble the frank confession that he is not well enough to return to England, or to travel at all. He never saw the United States. He adds, referring to clauses in the Oriel Statutes, which he seems to have known by heart, 'Try to satisfy the College that though my *ægritudo* is *diutina*, it may not be *incurabilis*.' And he goes on to say that a mathematical instructor is wanted at Codrington College,[175] 'so I mean to offer myself, on condition of having a room given me, and being allowed to battel.[176] Mind, this is mere castle-building as yet, but it is ten to one it will be realised. In fact, unless I get suddenly and decidedly well

before the end of this month, I see no chance against it; so will your worships have the goodness to get together a few sets of the [Oxford] Tracts; also three or four copies of a work[177] which I see much praised in *The British Magazine*, as coming from the pen of "a scholar, a man of refined taste, and above all, a Christian"; also a copy of an anonymous work called *The Christian Year*, which I forgot to bring with me; also the parts *Autumnalis* and *Hyemalis* of my Breviary; also any newspapers or reviews, or anything else which will throw light on your worships' proceedings; and send the package to [my father]: let it be a good big one; and mind to send lots of Tracts, for I shall try hard to poison the minds of the natives out here…. There is a most commendable production in the supplemental December number, signed C.[178] Whose is it? he should be cultivated. I should like to see a good one on clergy praying with their faces to the Altar and backs to the congregation. In a Protestant Church the parson seems either to be preaching the prayers or worshipping the congregation…. The climate out here is certainly delicious, though it alters one's metaphors a little: *e.g.*, the shady side of the hedge would be the cheerful one. The only nuisance is that everything is so inelegant: money and luxury are the people's sole objects, and their luxuries are only of the kind that can be enjoyed on the instant: no one counts on living here, so there are no porticos, no fountains, no avenues, nothing that makes the south of Europe such a fairyland. Windmills and boiling-houses, treeless fields and gardenless houses, are the only things one sees; except at my dreamed-of residence, Codrington College, where there is a grand avenue of gigantic palms,[179] a delicious spring of the freshest (nothing is cold here) clearest

water, and a very tolerably nice flower-garden with mowed turf, and roses that smell, and almost complete seclusion. If I go there I shall turn sentimental, and sit παρὰ θῖνα θαλάσσης ἀτρυγέτοιο δακρυχέων. I wish I could be in England now, and see a little of "Nature's tenderest, freshest green," etc. Out here it is the leafless time….'

One circumstance which would turn Hurrell's thoughts the more readily to a tutorship was that he could no longer be domestic Chaplain. The Bishop of Barbados had gone on a long visit to England.

Beginning in June of this year, and lasting into October, appeared in *The British Magazine*,[180] copious excerpts from the ancient Parish Books of Dartington. There is a very high value put now upon all such publications, and a very general interest in them; but one wonders how many readers of the time, brought up on controversy, begrudged the space given to the statistics of bygone village people. Archdeacon Froude sent up copies of his registers to London, in response to the behest of that busy antiquary in the making, his eldest son: that seems an obviously safe deduction.

Newman has something to say to the absentee on June 15.

'Was it not a strange mishap, that much as you abused me for making you a cat's paw, yet when the time of danger came, you should get out of the way, and leave innocent me to trouble? So it was: only think how mildly I have always spoken of Arnold, and how bitterly you! Never did I use a harsh word against him, I think, except that once, and then at Rome, and with but one or two friends.[181] Yet even

from Rome those few words are dragged forth, and I have to answer for them…. In the next place, my *Tracts* are abused as Popish; as for other things, so especially for expressions about the Eucharist. Here, as you well know, it was you who were apt to be unguarded, not I. I could tell you much, only it is renewing sorrows, and nothing else, of the plague the *Tracts* have been to us, and how we have removed them to Rivington's. That the said *Tracts* have been of essential benefit it is impossible to doubt. Pamphlets, sermons, etc. on the Apostolic Succession are appearing in every part of the kingdom…. H[enry] Wilberforce engaged to marry Miss S[argent] last December, was afraid to tell me, and left Oxford without; spread abroad I had cut R[yder][182] for marrying. Yet he has not ratted,[183] and will not: so be it. Marriage, when a crime, is a crime which it is criminal to repent of.'

Poor Henry Wilberforce, caught red-handed, did not repent. He had poured forth various misgivings in the ear of the ever sympathetic Rogers. 'Indeed, though I did not tell Neander (as who would?) yet I did tell his sister, and gave her leave to tell him…. I suppose, however, he will cut me. I cannot help it. At any rate, you must not…. Nor again, am I without a feeling of the danger, as you know, of married priests in these days of trouble and rebuke; but I have taken my line.'

'It is needless to say,' adds Miss Mozley in her narrative notes, 'that "Neander" did not "cut" the writer of this letter, whose firstborn was subsequently his godson.'

But to return to Newman's letter to Froude, which goes on:

'I have long come to the conclusion that our time is not come, *i.e.*, that other persons can do the day's work as well as, or better than we can, our business being only to give them a shove now and then. You send home flaming papers, but, after all, I fall back to what I said last year on your articles about the Præmunire. Not that it is not right, very right, to accustom men's imaginations to the prospect of changes; but they cannot realise the arguments: they are quite beyond them…. This is our gain, and I intend to make use of it…. Meanwhile let us read, and prepare ourselves for better things…. As to Rose, he is a fine fellow, certainly he is, and complains that he has no one, all through London, in whom he can confide. O that you were well enough to assist him in London! You are not fit to move of yourself, but you would act through Rose as spirit acts on external matter through a body. He has everything which you are without, and is so inflammable that not even muscles are more sensitive of volition than he would be of you.'

The 'flaming papers,' as Newman calls them, were the disconnected, wide-branching chapters dealing with various aspects of Rationalism in relation to doctrine, composed entirely at Barbados during 1834, and pieced together and published in 1839 from four incomplete manuscripts. Fragmentary as they are, they would, under careful editing, and coupled with the *State Interference* and *Church Discipline*, display Froude's tangential and remorseless intelligence at its very best.

The proposed conjunction of Froude with Rose was less than a dream: a flat impossibility. It is wonderful that Newman, who loved Rose truly in a measure, should never have quite sounded the

reasons why he and Froude were not in closer accord and amity. When they were both in their untimely graves, Newman associated their memories as fellow-workers of the Will of God, in his comforting letter to Mr. Rose's widow. But the two, clearly, were temperamental antipodes, partners in nothing but their stainless zeal, and their uncomplaining battle with long disease.

Once settled as instructor of mathematics to his young theologians, Hurrell pays epistolary dues to his father, and offers some ghostly counsel of a then drastic kind.

To the Ven. Archdeacon FROUDE, August 22, 1834.

'… I am now at Codrington College, where Mr. P[inder][184] the Principal, and his wife, have made me very comfortable indeed. I am quite ashamed to think how much trouble they have taken. I have two rooms about thirteen by fourteen each, twelve high; the sitting room looks out on the Atlantic, which is about half a mile off at the bottom of a very steep hill to which the Babbacombe[185] one is nothing. The view is very pretty: the foreground is the Principal's garden, which is the most English thing in the West Indies, they say: then comes some very rough uncultivated ground, some part of which is quite parkish; and at the bottom a beautiful little bay which just now, while the wind is south, is as still as a millpond.

'I give two Lectures a day, which is an amusement, and helps me to avoid thinking, which is ruination, I am sure. Some of the youngsters are very

stupid, some passable, and one rather clever; so that the work is not monotonous. I have commons from the College kitchen very comfortably, and since I have had the ordering of my own dinner, I have entirely left off animal food. My dinner is a sort of slimy vegetable, the name of which I forget, but which tastes something like an oyster; and custard pudding, and a tumbler of water. At breakfast I eat two eggs, and put lots of butter to my bread; it is only lately that I have got over my dislike to Barbados butter. The first hour after daylight, I work myself with dumb-bells, which is very dull, but they say a good thing; and washing afterwards is a great treat. Also I sometimes undress in the middle of the day, and have a bout at the same dull occupation to get an appetite for dinner; and about half-past five in the evening I get an hour's walk: so I am doing all I can for myself if nature will but help me, and if my patience will hold out. The disheartening thing is, that if I ate a beefsteak and drank a bottle of porter and six glasses of wine a day, I don't believe my pulse would rise or my cough increase an atom. However, I hope to give this abstemious plan a fair trial; for unless it weakens me, which I have not yet found, it can do no harm.

'I wish you did not set your face so pertinaciously against any alteration in the mode of appointing Bishops; that is the real seat of the disorder of the Church: the more I think of it, the more sure I am that unless something is done about it, there must be a separation in the Church before long, and that I shall be one of the separatists. It will not do to say that you see great evils in any proposed new plan: that is a very good argument when the present state of things is good; but when a man is dying, it is poor wisdom in him to object that the plans the surgeons

propose for his relief are painful and dangerous. There is another reform, which I have been thinking of lately more than I did before, though I have long thought something should be done about it; and it is one which every clergyman can make for himself without difficulty. I believe it to be the most indispensable of all the duties of external religion, that every one should receive the Communion as often as he has opportunity; and that if he has such opportunity every day of the week, it is his duty to take advantage of it every day of the week. And further, as an immediate corollary from this, I think it the duty of every clergyman to give the serious members of his congregation this opportunity as often as he can without neglecting other parts of his duty. Now at [Dartington] if you had the Communion every Sunday you might make sure of a sufficient number of communicants: and I don't know of any other duty that you would have to neglect in consequence. Or, at any rate, you might have it every month without the slightest difficulty, and need assign no reason for the change; indeed, people would not find out at first that there was any change. I wish you would turn this over in your mind. I dare say you will think my view overstrained, and very likely it may be a little. Yet the more I think of it, the less doubtful it seems to me. I know that neither N[ewman][186] nor K[eble], when I left England, saw the thing in the light in which it now strikes me; they thought that it was desirable to have the Communion as often as possible, but still that the customs of particular places ought not to be changed without particular reason. But it really does seem to me that the Church of England has gone so very wrong in this matter, that it is not right to keep things smooth any longer.

The administration of the Communion is one of the very few religious duties now performed by the clergy for which Ordination has ever been considered necessary. Preaching, and reading the Scriptures, is what a layman can do as well as a clergyman. And it is no wonder the people should forget the difference between ordained and unordained persons, when those who are ordained do nothing for them but what they could have done just as well without Ordination! If you are determined to have a pulpit in your Church, which I would much rather be without, do put it at the west end of the Church, or leave it where it is: every one can hear you perfectly; and what can they want more? But whatever you do, pray don't let it stand in the light of the Altar, which, if there is any truth in my notions of Ordination, is more sacred than the Holy of Holies was in the Jewish Temple.

'I have just heard that the postman is going, and so must write for my life. The College is about fourteen miles from Bridge Town, and about in the same latitude on the east side of the island. It is a long handsome stone building, which has been very ill-repaired since the hurricane. It consists of a Hall and Chapel, each about fifty feet long, with a handsome porch between them, and two wings in which the rooms are. I will give you a sketch in my next. The Principal's house, which is a separate building at the west end, is a very good specimen of a Queen Anne house, only without chimneys. The carving of the staircase and doors is very costly, in cedar. It is so well built that the hurricane hardly hurt it at all. I generally drink tea there; but breakfast and dine in my rooms. I get out of bed as soon as it is light, if they bring me my coffee so soon; else I wait for it. You can't think how odd one feels

at getting up without a cup of it. I did not feel this at first, and perhaps it is only habit now. I breakfast at half-past eight, dine at three: give Lectures from twelve to two; and the rest of the day give my body as much exercise, and my mind as little, as I can. There are about fourteen students here: very little for so expensive an establishment. If I was the Bishop, I should not make it a place for the exclusive education of gentlemen, but should let the respectable coloured people, who had time and inclination to study divinity, come here and prepare for Orders, without insisting on Latin and Greek. These colonies are not ripe for supporting a learned clergy; the wealthy are too irreligious to pay towards the maintenance of anything like a sufficient number to look after the population. The Bishop should take people of the caste in life that the Wesleyan ministers come from, and taking care to keep a tight hand over them, should ordain all who have sufficient zeal and knowledge to undertake the burden. I will not even insist on their giving up their trades; for if a parish priest can keep a school, I am sure he may make shoes without giving up more of his time: and if St. Paul could maintain himself by tent-making while he discharged the duties of an Apostle, I don't see why other people should not be able to maintain themselves as well, while they do the duties of a parish priest. The notion that a priest must be a gentleman is a stupid exclusive Protestant fancy, and ought to be exploded. If they would educate a lower caste here, they would fill the College directly.'

It was not long after the date of this letter that a restoration, not 'an addition,' as Mr. Thomas Mozley says,[187] was made, from Hurrell's designs and under his superintendence, of Codrington College. The

hurricane which had wrought the original havoc spent itself in August, 1831. The great porch between Chapel and Hall, an open passage locally known as the Belfry, was rebuilt, retaining the triple arch below, but not the cupola or small dome which formerly lifted itself over the palm-trees and the bridged waters. The whole remains as our amateur architect left it. Busy as he was, he thirsted for fuller news from home.

To FREDERIC ROGERS, Esq.,[188] Sept. 25, 1834.

'… By the time you get this, it will be near a year since I have heard a word about you…. Of N[ewman] I heard as late as December 15, 1833: I have just referred to the rascal's letter. But as to K[eble] and C[hristie] and you and the M[ozleys], I am in utter ignorance on which side the Styx you are all residing…. I have entirely left off animal food, which has cooled me without weakening me; and I have left off writing radicalism, which did myself harm, and no one else any good: for I see neither N[ewman] nor [Rose] will take any of it. Also, above all, I have left off thinking, which, on matured reflection, I am convinced is the great evil of human life…. If the sun was not so intensely hot as to make sitting in the open air intolerable (*N.B.*, there is no shade here), I should take to drawing; but, somehow, there is not much to tempt one in that department. The lights and shades are here a third proportional to the lights and shades of an English summer day, and those on a moonlight night. Everything is one mass of brightness, except for the first and last half-hours of the day. The skies, too, are entirely deficient in that glow which one's English imagination associates with heat; pale transparency, which one can hardly look at for its brilliance, stares at one on every side, and every part of the sky reflects so much light on every part of the landscape, that you may apply to day what Virgil says of night:

'"——*cœlum condidit [igne]*
Jupiter, et rebus [lux] abstulit [alma] colorem."

‘The two things which I should like to make drawings of are the bread-fruit tree, and the particular kind of palm which, in the poetical language of the country, they call the cabbage-tree; both of which are certainly very beautiful, the former most especially so; and both so unlike anything English, that I don’t yet understand how to touch the foliage…. I have two very pleasant rooms in the pleasantest spot in the whole island, and battel just as at Oxford, which serves to keep up a pleasant illusion. The College is about four hundred feet above the sea, which is about two-thirds of a mile off, and the aspect of my sitting-room is straight towards England; so that when I am sentimental and dumpish,

πόντον ἐπ’ ἀτρύγετον δερκέσκομαι ἀχνύμενος κήρ.

‘This windward coast is for ever exposed to the full roll of the Atlantic, and its monotonous perturbation wearies one’s imagination, as well as the mud and sand, neither of which does it suffer to repose for a moment. I often wish for what I used to think no very interesting object, the motionless calms of Torbay or Dartmouth.’

‘Rogers heard from Froude yesterday,’ runs a postscript of Newman to Keble on Nov. 10. ‘He says nothing about his health, but is evidently homesick and lonely.’ And two days after, Newman tenderly explains to Hurrell himself: ‘I am not surprised you should be so unjust to me, for I should be so to you under the same circumstances. You see we expected you here with the Bishop of Barbados till the middle of May, and therefore did not send letters. When we

found him here without you, we instantly began to write; by accidents which we could not help (*e.g.*, the box was a fortnight on the road to Dartington), it was August before it was off. However, you had news of Oxford up to the minute of its going…. Keble's father has taken to his bed, and is so ill that Keble does not leave him.'

Meanwhile, Hurrell had pursued his grievance, attacking Mr. Keble with wistful humour, during October. 'I wish I knew Horace's receipt for giving the sound of a swan to mute fishes,[189] and I most certainly should administer you a dose. I know you must have a great deal on your hands, so I should be contented with extracting only two pages in as big a hand as an idle undergraduate's theme: but I really do wish to hear something of you…. Concerning your worship's self, I have been able to collect that you were in existence on or about the 12th of June last…. [Davison's?] death was a great surprise to me, and I may almost say a shock, as I had always looked to him to do something great for us…. Do you know, I partly fear that you … are going to back out of the conspiracy and leave me and [Newman] to our fate? I mean to ally myself to him in a close league, and put as much mischief into his head as I can. He has sent me a great many of his pamphlets, etc., which I admire greatly for their ἦθος and execution; and I have written back to him, pointing out wherein I think him too conservative.'

The deceased colleague may well have been John Davison, who had died on the sixth day of May, 1834; but Hurrell would not have seen the announcement before July. Davison is commonly reckoned as one of the old school, the Oriel Noetics, or Liberals; but there is a contrary impression of him

to be drawn from some charming pages in Mozley's *Reminiscences*.[190] Newman twice names him with Rose as a steadfast encourager of the earliest *Tracts*.[191] There is no doubt that he sympathised with the Tractarians more than his indecisive habit would suffer him to testify by deed, and he was much beloved by them. Hurrell's expectation of 'something great' from him would almost inevitably centre about the Scripture Commentary which he was known to be writing and rewriting, but his fastidious self-criticism got the better of that and him, after a most Oxonian fashion, as he directed his widow to burn all his manuscripts. Besides, he was fifty-seven, and naturally preferred an evening siesta on Troy Wall to any chances of war. Newman, looking back, wrote feelingly of him in April, 1842: 'It is surely mysterious, considering what the world is, how it needs improvement, and, moreover, that this life is the appropriate time for action, or, what is emphatically called in Scripture, work, that they who seem gifted for the definite purpose of influencing and edifying their brethren, should be allowed to do so much less than might be expected…. Left to ourselves, we are apt to grudge that the powers of such a mind as [Mr. Davison's] have not had full range in his age and country, and that a promise of such high benefits should, owing to circumstances beyond man's control, have been but partially accomplished.'[192]

Hurrell's playful use of the word 'conspiracy' to indicate the Movement, will be noted. It was habitual with him from the first. It irritated many excellent persons at the time; it irritated Dean Burgon fifty years later. In the chapter devoted to Mr. Rose, in *Twelve Good Men*, Dean Burgon administers to

Hurrell an oblique rebuke. 'Froude, a man of splendid abilities and real genius, but sadly wanting in judgment and of fatal indiscretion, rendered the good cause the greatest disservice in his power by speaking of the Hadleigh Conference in a letter to a friend as "the conspiracy": which letter was soon afterward published.' Yet the word was really employed, and it may have been even invented, a fortnight before the meeting at Hadleigh, by none other than Mr. William Palmer! 'Now I hope you will be able to join in this little plan and conspiracy,' he wrote to Mr. Perceval on July 10, 1833. A more recent, and an equally historic use of the word (not ironic in the least, this time), is Archbishop Tait's, in condemning the publications of the Society of the Holy Cross:[193] 'to counteract what I feel obliged to call a CONSPIRACY within our own body against the doctrine, the discipline and the practice of our Reformed Church.'

In this later Newman correspondence, as Miss Mozley the Editor of it remarks, 'R. H. Froude appears more as critic than originator or author. His more intimate friends required his criticism, and rested on his judgment. In his own person, this faculty acted mainly as a check. He often speaks of trial and failure in his own attempts to bring out what was working in his mind; as, for instance: "I have tried to write a criticism on the Apollo [Belvedere], but cannot bring out my meaning, which is abstruse and metaphysico-poetical. I always get bombastic, and am forced to scratch out." His critical faculty was too masterful to be practised upon himself, but when exercised for the benefit of friends to whom he looked up, he could give free license to a pungent pen, and yet leave the modern reader to understand how anxious those friends

might well be to secure his comments, as long as they were attainable. Keble, in his own simple way, sends his papers to his old pupil to be overlooked by him; and Mr. Newman was more at ease with Froude's *imprimatur*. Thus, he sends him draughts of papers; for example, "No. 2, Keble's, No. 1, mine"; with the order: "criticise the whole very accurately in matter and style, and send it back by return of post." Of course the state of Froude's health made criticism more possible than authorship, but, also, different intellectual powers and functions are called into play.'[194]

It is certainly noticeable enough, in all the intercourse of these years, between Keble, Newman and Froude, how the ordinary business of the University is completely ignored. It is like necromancy to remember that men were really still hastily reading the *Ethics* by the fire, and emptying bottles, and, with their pipes, racing off to Shotover, through the white salve-like mud, for a constitutional. 'The *Tracts*,' says Mr. Mark Pattison sadly, 'desolated Oxford life, and suspended, for an indefinite period, all science and humane letters, and the first strivings for intellectual freedom which had moved in the bosom of Oriel.' Such æsthetic havoc was never caused in a city, unless under Savonarola, when all the wonted social graces went to the dust-bin, and works of art made acceptable fagots, and Christ was hailed, without legal precedent, King of Florence.

On November 18, 1834, Newman resumes, in reference to complaints from Hurrell, 'suffering under intolerable delays incident to distant correspondence in those days':

'I am so angry with you, I cannot say! Have we not sent you a full box? That up to Sept. 29 you had not received it, is as hard for us to bear as for you. Why will you not have a little faith?… I suppose all this is for your good. You want a taming in various ways. It is to wean you from your over-interest in politics … so you see you are being taught to unlearn the world, the ecclesiastical as well as the worldly world. A strange thought came across me about you some six weeks ago, when I saw a letter from Tucker[195] of C. C. C., giving an account of his prospects in India. He is not at all an imaginative or enthusiastic man; but really, a religious spirit has sprung up among military men at our stations, and having no angel to direct them to Joppa, they have turned Evangelicals. The various sects there have a leaning towards the Church, and the men of colour are forming centres of operation. My thought was, if your health would not let you come home, you ought to be a Bishop in India….'

What Newman did not confess to his friend was that he had dreamed of their fates as one: he, too, would be a Bishop in India. To his sister Jemima he had written from Tunbridge Wells on October 2: 'I have been much struck with a most sensible account of the state of India just received here from Mr. Tucker, in almost every word of which (it is full of practical and doctrinal matters), I agree. Though he is a Calvinist, I do believe our differences would, in India, almost be a matter of a few words. He gives a most exciting account of his field of labour, without intending it. At this moment, could I choose, and have all circumstances and providences at my disposal, I would go as an independent Bishop to his part of India, and found a Church there. This, you will say, is an ambitious flight. I am sure some one

ought to be sent as Bishop; but the State, the State! we are crippled. I can fancy the day coming when India might be a refuge, if our game was up here.' Froude agreed. He says elsewhere: 'The present Church system is an incubus upon the country. It spreads its arms in all directions, claiming the whole surface of the earth for its own, and refusing a place to any subsidiary system to spring upon. Would that the waters would throw up some Acheloides, where some new Bishop might erect a See beyond the blighting influence of our upas trees.[196] Yet I suppose that before he could step in, an Act of Parliament would put its paw upon the κρησφύγετον, and include it within the limits of some adjacent diocese. I admire [Mozley's?] hit about our being united to the State as Israel was to Egypt.'

To return to the letter sent to Barbados on November 18. Around this half-quaint suggestion of young mitred revolutionaries in unhampered Sees, Newman's love and genius break forth together.

'It quite amused[197] me for awhile, and made me think how many posts there are in His Kingdom, how many offices, who says to one "Do this, and he doeth it," etc. It is quite impossible that some way or other you are not destined to be the instrument of God's purposes. Though I saw the earth cleave and you fall in, or Heaven open, and a chariot appear, I should say just the same. God has ten thousand posts of service. You might be of use in the central elemental fire; you might be of use in the depths of the sea.'

To the editor of the *Letters and Correspondence to 1845* we owe, again, this enriching footnote:

'In Vol. ii. of the *Parochial Sermons* (Ascension

Day, p. 214) there is a passage which throws light on this ardent confident strain, prompted as it is evidently by the failure of hope in his friend's recovery for service in this present scene. "Moreover, this departure of Christ and coming of the Holy Ghost leads our minds with great comfort to the thought of many lower dispensations of Providence towards us…. This is a thought which is particularly soothing as regards the loss of friends, or of especially gifted men who seem, in their day, the earthly support of the Church…. Doubtless, 'it is expedient' they should be taken away; otherwise some great mercy will not come to us. They are taken away, perchance, to other duties in God's service equally ministrative to the salvation of the elect as earthly service. Christ went to intercede with the Father: we do not know, we may not boldly speculate, yet it may be that Saints departed intercede, unknown to us, for the victory of the Truth upon earth … they are taken away for some purpose surely; their gifts are not lost to us; their soaring minds, the fire of their contemplations, the sanctity of their desires, the vigour of their faith, the sweetness and gentleness of their affections, were not given without an object."'

Lastly, the long letter closes with a little budget of news welcome to the exile, and with its crowded mention of names unforgotten, familiar fifty years after as they were then.

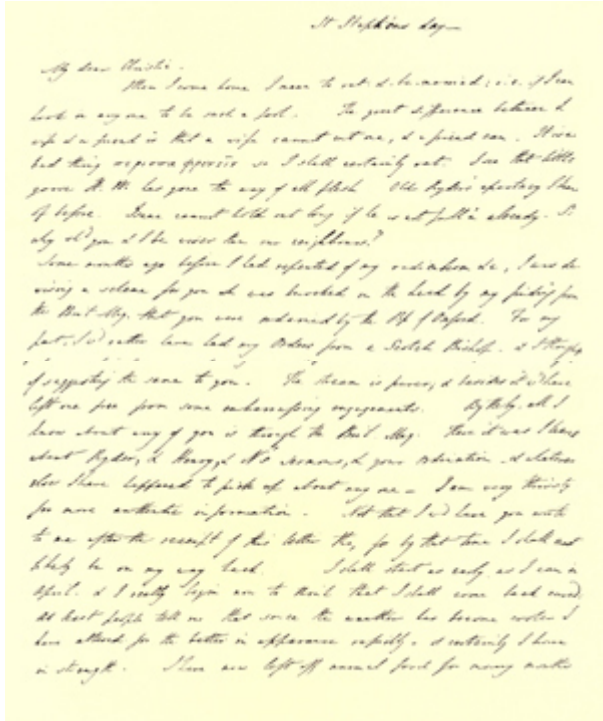
'The Tracts now form a thick volume. We have put a title-page and preface to them, and called them *Tracts for 1833-4*. I think you will like them, as a whole. You go too fast yourself. Williams has been so unwell, we were going to send him out to you; but he has lately mended. I have just engaged with

Rivington to publish another volume of *Sermons*. The first volume was nearly sold off in the course of nine months: one thousand copies. I have not dared all along to indulge the hope that I should be favoured with having you here again; but now really the prospect seems clearing. I do not like to say so, lest I break a spell! Rogers' eyes are little or not at all better. Gladstone is turning out a fine fellow. Harrison has made him confess that the doctrine of the Apostolical Succession is irresistible.'

A long letter to Newman, on Nov. 23, opens: 'Do you know, I am hungry and thirsty to hear about you, and whether your health stands, in the midst of your occupations? My father tells me your *Sermons* are talked of in all directions…. I have entirely left off meat; my dinner is toast, and a basin of very weak chicken broth. Breakfast is my chief meal, and consists of a vast joram[198] of milk and arrow-root. It is an odd thing, [as] milk never used to agree with me, but I find that by putting a good lot of cinnamon into it, I can digest any quantity. I find I must not take exercise so as to put me out of breath, as that increases my cough, yet the more I take the stronger I get; so that I am in a dilemma, which I shall cut by borrowing one of the Bishop's horses instead of walking. I am perforce as idle as possible, my chief occupation being to keep thoughts out of my head. In this respect I find my friend Sanctus Thomas[199] of infinite use. Dawdling over translations, and picking facts out of allusions just keep one going for the time, without supplying any materials to brood over. If you see Keble, congratulate him on the Yank edition of *The Christian Year*,[200] which has gone on Oakeley's[201] plan of putting the fine passages in italics. It is amusing to see the selection which he[202] has made…. As to sentiment, I am heartily tired of

this place and climate. I am sure it has been too hot for me, particularly during August, September, and October, the hurricane months. I fancy, too, if there was something more to interest one, I should have been benefited by it. Niggerland is a poor substitute for the *limen Apostolorum*! However, I do verily believe that if I had stayed in England I should have had a confirmed disease on my lungs by this time…. I have not written a verse since I have been out here, and could not, for the life of me…. If I had the necessary books here, I should like much to get together materials for the Lives of Bishops Andrewes, Cosin, and Overall. They might be made into a nice first volume for a series of Lives of Apostolical Divines of the Church of England: a genus which seems to me to have come into existence about the beginning of James I., and to have become extinct with the Nonjurors…. I wish I could say, as John of Salisbury of Saint Thomas: "*Domino Cantuarensi, quoad literaturam et mores, plurimum profuit exilium illud.*" But somehow I think I have become even more uncharitable and churlish than I was!'

Hurrell addressed both Christie and Newman on Saint Stephen's Day. The letter to the former caused immense laughter at Oriel. 'Even Froude is beginning to joke about matrimony!' writes James Mozley to his sister. Never was a joke in less danger of becoming practical.



‘When I come home, I mean to rat-and-be-married: *i.e.*, if I can hook in anyone to be such a fool. The great difference between a wife and a friend is that a wife cannot cut one, and a friend can. It is a bad thing περισσὰ φρονεῖν, so I shall certainly rat.[203] I see that … [Henry Wilberforce][204] has … Old [Ryder’s] apostacy I knew of before. [Isaac][205] cannot hold out long, if he is not fallen already. So why should you and I be wiser than our neighbours?[206] Some months ago, before I had repented of my radicalism, I was devising a scheme for you, which was knocked on the head by my finding from *The British Magazine* that you were ordained by the Bishop of Oxford.[207] For my part, I would rather have had my orders from a Scotch

Bishop, and I thought of suggesting the same to you. The stream is purer, and, besides, it would have left one free from some embarrassing engagements.[208] By the by, all I know about any of you is through *The British Magazine*…. I am very thirsty for more authentic information. Not that I would have you write to me after the receipt of this letter, though; for by that time I shall most likely be on my way back. I shall start as early as I can in April, and I really begin now to think that I shall come back cured. At least people tell me that since the weather has become cooler I have altered for the better in appearance rapidly, and certainly I have in strength…. For the last three weeks, I have had a horse, which I have been cool enough to smug from the Bishop's stables in his absence;[209] and this, I think, has been of use to me.'

The letter to Newman, as usual, goes deeper, and touches sadly on more intimate matters.

'… There was a passage in a letter I have just received from my father that made me feel so infinitely dismal, that I must write to you about it. He says you have written to him to learn something about me, and to ask what to do with my money. It really made me feel as if I was dead, and you were sweeping up my remains; and, by the by, if I was dead, why should I be cut off from the privilege of helping on the Good Cause? I don't know what money I left: little enough I suspect; but, whatever it was, I am superstitious enough to think that any good it could do "*in honorem Dei et sacrosanctæ Matris Ecclesiæ*," would have done something too "*in salutem animæ meæ*."

'… My father's letter was a dismal one altogether. He tells me Isaac[210] is far from well, and Sir George and Lady Prevost obliged to leave England. Also that my poor sister [Phillis] has just sailed for Madeira to escape the winter, for fear of an affection just like mine…. Also that Mr. Keble[211] is supposed to be on his death-bed. About you personally I hear nothing. As for myself, it really seems as if I was going to have a respite. I have still some symptoms which make me fear it may turn out moonshine, *e.g.*, great irritability of pulse, and shortness of wind in walking up hill. But everyone says, and I cannot help observing, that my looks are greatly altered for the better…. Sometimes I seem to myself very ridiculous to give way to such doleful thoughts, considering how very little there is apparently the matter with me; and if it was not for the effect consumption had taken on my … family, I should be ashamed of myself. But the pertinacity of my trifling ailment has sometimes seemed to me like a warning that fate had put its hand on me for the next [world].

'When I get your letter, I expect a rowing for my Roman Catholic sentiments. Really, I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more,[212] and have almost made up my mind that the Rationalist spirit they set afloat is the ψευδοπροφήτης of the Revelations. I have a theory about the Beast and Woman too, which conflicts with yours; but which I will not inflict on you now. I have written nothing for a long time, and only read in a desultory, lounging way; but really, it is not out of idleness, for I find that the less I do the better I am, and so on principle resist doing a good deal that I am tempted to. One of the Bishop's horses has contributed much to my recovery, as well as amusement. To my great satisfaction, I have found

that just beyond the range of my longer walks there is a range of real fine scenery that I had not a dream of.

Οὔρεά τε σκιόεντα θάλασσά τε ἠχήεσσα.

'I start sometimes between three and four, and come back between six and seven, in which interval the thermometer averages between 78° and 76°, and there is generally a roaring wind from the sea…. I wish I knew how you were, and what you are about.'

To the Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, Jan., 1835.

'I am ashamed of myself for having grumbled at you; your letter[213] almost made me cry! My dumps are my only excuse, and you may guess I have had a good dose of them. Now I am in much better spirits about myself, and flooded with letters to boot, so I ought to be in a good humour; yet I don't know whether the prospect of being home again soon, and the knowledge of what is going on there, has not made me less contented…. I am sorry to hear such poor accounts of you and Isaac. Keble says you are overworked. So does Christie; yet I would not have you leave any of it except the Deanship. On one or two points I am inclined to grumble at you. You seem to be finessing too deep. Why publish poor Bishop Cosin's Tract on Transubstantiation?[214] Surely no member of the Church of England is in any danger of overrating the miracle of the Eucharist?… I am more and more indignant at the Protestant doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist, and think that the principle on which it is founded is as proud, irreverent, and foolish as that of any heresy, even Socinianism. I must write you out a sentence of Pascal on this. (My edition is differently arranged

from most, so I cannot refer you to it.[215]) Speaking of Isa. xlv. 15, he says: "*Il a demeuré caché sous la voile de la nature qui nous le couvre, jusqu'à l'Incarnation; et quand il a fallu qu'il ait paru, il s'est encore plus caché, en se couvrant de l'humanité.... Enfin, quand il a voulu accomplir la promesse qu'il fit à ses apôtres de demeurer avec les hommes jusqu'à son dernier avènement, il a choisi demeurer dans le plus étrange et le plus obscur secret de tous: savoir, sous les espèces de l'Eucharistie.*" And then he goes on to say that deists penetrate the veil of Nature, heretics that of the Incarnation; "*mais pour nous, nous devons nous estimer heureux de ce que Dieu nous éclaire jusqu'à le reconnaître sous les espèces du pain et du vin.*" I believe you will agree with me that this is orthodox.... Also, why do you praise Ridley?[216] Do you know sufficient good about him to counterbalance the fact that he was the associate of Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and Bucer? (*N.B.*—How beautifully the *Edinburgh Review*[217] has shown up Luther, Melancthon, and Co.! What good genius has possessed them to do our dirty work?) I have also to grumble at you for letting Pusey call the Reformers "the Founders of our Church," in that excellent and much-to-be-studied paper on Fasting.[218] *Pour moi*, I never mean, if I can help it, to use any phrases even, which can connect me with such a set. I shall never call the Holy Eucharist "the Lord's Supper," nor God's priests "Ministers of the Word," nor the Altar "the Lord's Table," etc., etc.; innocent as such phrases are in themselves, they have been dirtied: a fact of which you seem oblivious on many occasions. Nor shall I even abuse the Roman Catholics *as a Church* for anything except excommunicating us. So much for fault-finding.... I am amused to see among your *Sermons* the Naples one and the Dartington one. I can

see the train of thought which suggested the latter.[219] Since then I have never been well, and then came my poor sister's business, who, by the bye, is now at Madeira…. I have two schemes about the *Tracts*…. 1st, I should like a series of the Apostolical Divines of the Church of England…. 2nd, I think one might take the Jansenist saints, Francis de Sales,[220] the nuns of Port Royal, Pascal, etc., who seem to me to be of a more sentimental imaginative cast than any of our own, and to give more room for writing *ad captandum*…. Must it not be owned that the Church of England Saints, however good in essentials, are, with a few rare exceptions, deficient in the austere beauty of the Catholic ἦθος? K[eble] will be severe on me for this, but I cannot deny that Laud's architecture seems to me typical.'

This is the letter so charmingly annotated for us by Lord Blachford's anecdote. 'There's a Basil for you!' said Newman, with humorous deprecation, when he read the grudging advice to lay by, in his great weariness, ever so little of his accustomed work. The comparison rose readily to his lips, for he had been busy writing the chapters of his *Church of the Fathers*, month by month, and he was fresh from the beautiful portraiture of SS. Basil and Gregory Nazianzum.[221] He had called Hurrell his Basil under no mere momentary sense of a certain ineradicable blithe hardness in his friend. Newman, as sensitive and seeing as S. Gregory himself, must have been conscious at the time how mysteriously fragments of modern biography were getting lodged into his Early Christian exegetics: for in truth he and Hurrell were as like Gregory and Basil as their impersonators in a miracle play. The analogy is not irrelevant, and it is the more attractive the more it is followed out,

especially as there is in it nothing akin to the painful difference which long severed the loving-hearted great Saints from each other. 'Basil' at Dartington pitied no one much, himself least of all; the personal consideration affected him at all times as little as it had affected his mighty archetype, a man of yea and nay, of cloudless vision and unstinted enterprise.

Newman had written: 'One of the more striking points of Basil's character was his utter disregard of mere human feeling where the interests of religion were concerned…. This self-sacrifice, which he observed in his own case for the good of the Church, he scrupled not to extend to the instance of those to whom he was related, and for whom he had to act. His brother and his intimate friend, the two Gregories of Nyssa and Nazianzum, felt the keenness and severity of his zeal as well as the comfort of his affection.' And again: 'Gregory disliked the routine intercourse of society, he disliked ecclesiastical business, he disliked publicity, he disliked strife …; he loved the independence of solitude, the tranquillity of private life, leisure for meditation, reflection, self-government; study and literature. He admired, yet he playfully satirised Basil's lofty thoughts and heroic efforts. Yet upon Basil's death, Basil's spirit, as it were, came into him…. Was it Gregory or was it Basil that blew the trumpet in Constantinople, and waged a successful war in the very seat of the enemy, in despite of all his fluctuations of mind, misgivings, fastidiousness, disgust with self, and love of quiet? Such was the power of the great Basil, triumphing in his death, though failing throughout his life. Within four or five years of his departure to his reward, all the objects were either realised, or in the way to be realised, which he had vainly attempted and sadly waited for.

His eyes had failed in longing: they waited for the Morning, and death closed them ere it came.' All this amounts to a strange and touching forecast.

Newman writes again most tenderly on Jan. 18, from London.

'… I could say much, were it of use, of my own solitariness, now you are away. Not that I would undervalue that great blessing, which is what I do not deserve, of so many friends about me: dear Rogers, Williams, ὁ πάνυ Keble, and the friend in whose house I am staying (whom I wish with all my heart you knew as *Apostolicorum princeps*, Bowden); yet, after all, as is obvious, no one can enter into one's mind except a person who has lived with one. I seem to write things to no purpose, as wanting your imprimatur. Perhaps it is well to cultivate the habit of writing as if for unseen companions; but I have felt it much, so that I am getting quite dry and hard. My dear Froude, come back to us as soon as you safely can; and then next winter, please God, you shall go to Rome, and tempt Isaac, who is very willing, to go with you. But wherever you are (so be it!) you cannot be divided from us.'

Hurrell held an irregular correspondence with some old friends to whom he was warmly attached, and remembered them in his winter leisure.

To the Rev. Robert Isaac Wilberforce,
Feb. 25, 1835.

'I would give twopence if circumstances should ever so turn up that you could make an occasional residence in Oxford compatible with your clerical

duties,[222] and that we could concoct a second edition of old times again. It makes me laugh when I think of your old clipped horse, and how I was choused[223] by John G.; and sundry other matters which come into one's head when more serious matters ought to be there. I wonder if you are the same fellow now that you used to be? I am afraid my old self is determined to stick by me till the last. But to talk sense: I really do indulge the hope that sometime we may be thrown together again. Undoubtedly you owe a debt to your destinies, which as a mere parish priest you can never repay. Your old project about the Mendicant Orders was the sort of thing: though perhaps something connected with later times would tell more just at present. As to myself, θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται whether I am ever to be of any use, though I now begin to entertain serious hopes that I shall recover. Perhaps you know that I have been out here, in exile *inter nigridas*, for this year and a quarter. The first winter I got very little good; and in the summer the heat kept me in a feverish state, which low diet could not counteract; so I began to think it was up with me; ὅταιν ὕδωρ πνίγῃ, etc., and I own I felt very doleful: but since the cool weather set in I have made a decided start, which has put me in a better humour; and the cooler it is the better I am; so that I dare say if I had gone to Madeira, or to Rome a second time, I might have been well. I shall not be sorry for an excuse for spending another winter in the south of Europe.

'While out here I have stuck to my old prejudices as tight as I could; yet I fairly own that I think the niggers less incapable of being raised in the scale of being than I used. I don't mean that, generally speaking, they are at all fit for the situation in which the law has placed them; but that here and there you

see specimens which prove them, unequivocally enough, to be of the race of Adam, is not to be denied. Many of them are clever, and some affectionate and even honest, and if a more judicious system had been pursued, I should not have despaired of seeing them become generally so. As it is, the prospect is even in this island a very gloomy one, and in the others, the state of things seems next to hopeless. In Antigua, where they are quite let loose, they have been playing a very clever trick in many places: which is very characteristic of the negro intellect, sharp enough as to the moment, and absolutely without thought as to the next. In making sugar it is very important that the canes should be squeezed as soon as possible after they are cut: a few hours hurts them, and twenty-four spoils them; so our friends Quakoo and Co. cut away very diligently, and then strike for wages. Here in Barbados they cannot play the same trick, as the magistrates would flog them; and indeed flogging is scarcely less common, and more severe now, than under the old system. In this island, the most melancholy result of the change yet discernible is the condition of the emancipated children under six. The mothers, who have gone on hitherto in their lax amours with a certainty that any consequences that might result would be rather in their favour than otherwise, have been bringing a host of wretched urchins into the world and consigning them over to the estate nurses, *sans soin*; and now the produce of the last six years is returned upon their hands, unless they will consent to apprentice them; this they will not do, out of spite to their masters, but take the trouble on themselves they will not: so the squalid little wretches starve and die off shockingly; and those that live are locked up in their mother's house while she is at work,

doing nothing but quarrel, growing up in absolute uselessness, and with no chance of improving…. As to the religious prospects of these colonies, I think them very bad indeed. If the Church was thrown on the voluntary system, and left to make its way as the Wesleyans do among the poorer classes, it would make sure as it went, though perhaps the progress might at first seem slow; but now all is mere show and rottenness…. Another difficulty arises from the views of the Clergy: those who have any deference for Church authority are too generally mere Z's…. Religious instruction out here means marrying the niggers, baptizing them, and teaching them to read.

'"The age[224] is out of joint. O cursèd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!"

'*Vivas, valeas, et Apostolicus fias.* I shall be back in May.'

Sir James Stephen was very wroth with Froude for his attitude towards the slaves of the West Indian Colonies, deducing that attitude from some allusions of Froude's own to 'anti-slavery cant.' The Editors of the *Remains* attest that Hurrell did not suffer (as later Mr. J. A. Froude was said to do, from other alleged causes) from negrophobia. But certainly his speech about 'the niggers' does not always sound reassuring. Perhaps in this, as in other matters, he leans upon the reader's general knowledge of him, and requires that to supply the marginal comment.

It is a common jibe against reformers, though not always a true one, that their range of ideas is disproportioned or partial. Members of the Anti-Vivisection Society are supposed to be indifferent to wife-beating. Perhaps, if known, Hurrell's *tendre* for

his only Roman Catholic, Monsignor Wiseman, and for 'Roman Catholic sentiments,' as he calls them, would seem enough to account for his limitations of sympathy on an island where he spent an unwilling year-and-a-half. It is interesting that to a Wilberforce, of all persons, he confides his final impressions, still pessimistic enough, of 'our brothers carved in ebony.' The Bill for the total abolition of slavery in the British dominions had received the Royal assent on August 28, 1833, and had come at last into full operation as Froude wrote. He was not wont, in other matters, to judge of the justice of a measure by its practical workings, or by the local material it had to work upon.

Hurrell approaches Keble in his most lucid and mischievous argumentative mood on the same day.

'I have a miscellaneous jumble of things that I want to talk to you about, if I can but arrange them in any sort of order…. And first, I shall attack you for the expression "The Church teaches" so-and-so, which I observe is in the Tract[225] equivalent to "The Prayer-Book etc. teach[es] us" so-and-so. Now suppose a conscientious layman to inquire on what grounds the Prayer-Book etc., are called the teaching of the Church: how shall we answer him? Shall we tell him that they are embodied in an Act of Parliament? So is the Spoliation Bill. Shall we tell him that they were formerly enacted by Convocation in the reign of Charles II.? But what especial claim had this Convocation to monopolise the name and authority of the Church? Shall we tell him that all the clergy assented to them ever since their enactment? But to what interpretation of them have all, or even the major part of the clergy assented? For if it is the assent of the clergy that makes the

Prayer-Book etc. the teaching of the Church, the Church teaches only that interpretation of them to which all, or at least the majority of the clergy have assented; and in order to ascertain this, it will be necessary to inquire, not for what may seem to the inquirer to be their real meaning, but for the meaning which the majority of the clergy have, in fact, attached to them! It will be necessary to poll the Hoadleians, Puritans, and Laudians, and to be determined by [the] most votes. Again, supposing him to have ascertained these, another question occurs. Why is the opinion of the English clergy, since the enactment of the Prayer-Book, entitled to be called the teaching of the Church, more than that of the clergy of the sixteen previous centuries; or, again, than the clergy of France, Italy, Spain, Russia, etc., etc.? I can see no other claim which the Prayer-Book has on a layman's deference, as the teaching of the Church, which the Breviary and Missal have not in a far greater degree…. I know you will snub me for this…. Surely no teaching nowadays is authoritative in the sense in which the Apostles' was, except the Bible? nor any in the sense in which Timothy's was, except that of Primitive Tradition? To find a sense in which the teaching of the modern clergy is authoritative, I confess baffles me.[226] …

'Next, as to *The Christian Year*. In the Fifth of November—[as to]

> '"There present in the heart
> Not in the hands,"—

how can we possibly know that it is true to say "not in the hands"?[227] Also, on the Communion … you seem cramped by Protestantism. I desiderate something in the same key with

‘“Shall work a wonder there
Earth’s charmers never knew,”

and

‘“When the life-giving stream,” etc.[228]

So much for quarrelling. I have attacked N[ewman] for some of the Tract Protestantism…. However, the wiseacres are all agog about our being Papists. P. called us the Papal Protestant Church, in which he proved a double ignorance: as we are Catholics without the Popery, and Church-of-England men without the Protestantism…. It seems to me that even if the laity were as munificent as our Catholic ancestors, they could do nothing for the Church, as things are, except in their lifetime. Any Churches they might build, any endowment they might make, would be as likely as not to become in another generation propagandas of liberalism. Certainly we cannot trust the Bishops for patrons…. I don’t feel with you on the question of tithes. They cannot be a legal debt and a religious offering at the same time. When the payment began to be enforced by civil authority the desecration took place…. The Wesleyan system is voluntary … they are the strongest, and most independent of their congregations, of any existing society in the United States, and, I believe, in England….’

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, March 4, 1835.

‘… My dearest [Newman], I suppose by this time you will have learned to think as little of my inconsistent reports as I do when making them! I see [that] on one and the same day I must have sent my father a cheerful account, and you a dismal one. I am

forced to say something, but have no data to judge by, and so talk at random. Certain indeed I am that my pulse is still progressively calming, and that now it is scarcely more irritable than it ought to be; but in nothing else can I be sure that I change at all…. *Favus distillans labia tua*, as someone said to John of Salisbury.[229] What can have put it into your head that your style is dull? The letter you sent me in the box was among the most amusing I ever received. I have now made up my mind to come back [in] the packet after the next, so as to be in England the middle of May, and am not wholly without hope that the voyage may do something for me. The notion of going to Rome with Isaac is very gratifying. I must learn French for it, though; for I have no notion of trusting "Providence," as I did last time. The sun has already got almost to his full strength, though the earth is of course [only] beginning to collect its stock of caloric, and the experience of last year assures me that the less I have of it the better…. I am most sincerely sorry to hear of Mr. K[eble's] death.[230] I suppose if there ever was anyone to whom death was like going to bed, it would be Mr. K[eble]. I have written lots of stuff since I have been out here, some of which I must inflict on you on my return; but none of it will do to publish. When I look over anything long after I write it, I see such jumps and discontinuities as make me despair of ever being intelligible. How I wish to see you all again!'

Shortly after this letter was sent to post, Hurrell left Barbados for good. No personal records of him exist there, and all memories of him have faded away. His face was set at last towards another island where his few remaining days could be crammed full of intelligent toil, and played at their full value.

From Bristol, on May 17, he was able to announce: '*Fratres desideratissimi*! here I am, *benedictum sit nomen Dei*, and as well as could be expected. I will not boast, and indeed, have nothing[231] to boast of, as my pulse is still far from satisfactory….

'When we asked our pilot "Who was Speaker?" he did not know; but after much cross-examining he recollected that he had heard it cried about the street that the old one was turned out; who "the other gentleman" was, he could not tell. Our next informant was the Custom House officer, who boarded over night, when we anchored, to see that nothing was taken out of the ship. All he knew was that "there had been a jabbering" about a change of Ministers.[232] The day is as dull and gloomy as possible; but after the torrid zone, any English May day is "a sight for sair e'en." … I hope to get a sight of you soon. And now goodbye both! also I[saac] and R[ogers], and all that are within reach.'

This is Newman's narrative note, drawn, thirty years after, from his own retentive memory:

'R. H. F. made his appearance in Oxford on Tuesday, May 18. On the morrow occurred the Convocation in the Theatre, when the proposed innovation of a Declaration of Conformity to the Church of England, instead of Subscription to the Articles, was rejected by 459 to 57. It was the last vote he gave…. He left Oxford, never to return, on June 4. During this time Bowden was in Oxford; and for the first and last time saw R. H. F.'

Miss Anne Mozley, too, remembered in old age her only sight of Hurrell Froude.

'It happened to [me], passing the coach office, in

company with Mrs. Newman, to see Froude as he alighted from the coach which brought him to Oxford, and was being greeted by his friends. He was terribly thin, his countenance dark and wasted, but with a brilliancy of expression and grace of outline which justified all that his friends had said of him. He was in the Theatre next day, entering into all the enthusiasm of the scene, and shouting *Non placet* with all his friends about him. While he lived at all, he must live his life.'



ORIEL COLLEGE, OXFORD (BEFORE RESTORATION)

Frederic Rogers was of the company at Convocation who protested against a local Repeal of the Test and Corporation Act. He had no very hopeful feelings about the much-welcomed immigrant, and wrote to his sister from Oriel on May 2:

'Wilson, Ryder, Wilberforce, Harding, spent several days here, with a quantity of other contemporaries, and Hurrell Froude arrived just in time from Barbados to cut into the middle of it. It quite surprises me how little people change! All these

gentry, married and single, were so exactly what they always had been, that I could hardly believe I was not a freshman again. The only painful thing was that I fear Barbados has not done much for Froude. I was quite shocked to see him, but I suppose I had been too sanguine; his wretched thinness struck me more than it had ever done. They say, however, that no one ever gains flesh in the West Indies, but that it tells when they come back: I most earnestly trust it may be so. He talks of spending the winter at Rome again, going straight there, and coming straight back. He certainly cannot spend it in England. I cannot describe the kind of sickness I felt in looking at him when just the first meeting was over. I suppose it is a hopeful sign that his spirits are just as high as they always were; at least, were so when he first came here: for I am afraid we must look for a change in that, as Newman tells me he has heard to-day that his sister who was so ill is given over. I have not seen him since his hearing the news. However, I am getting mopish.'[233]

William Froude was still in Oxford also, having moved into Hurrell's vacant rooms. Says the Rev. Thomas Mozley, in his most entertaining book:[234]

'William Froude gave his heart in with his brother's work at Oriel, though his turn even then was for science…. He was the chemist, as well as the mechanist of the College. His rooms on the floor over Newman's were easily distinguishable … by the stains of sulphuric acid (I think) extending from the window-sills to the ground. The Provost must sometimes have had to explain this appearance to his inquiring guests, as they could not but observe it from his drawing-room window.'

With Hurrell and William, during these May days, was Anthony Froude, a boy of seventeen, coming up to Oriel with his private Tutor (with whom he was reading in the neighbourhood) in order to see his eldest brother.

'When I went into residence at Oxford my brother was no longer alive. He had been abroad almost entirely for three or four years before his death; and although the atmosphere at home was full of the new opinions, and I heard startling things from time to time on Transubstantiation and suchlike, he had little to do with my direct education. I had read at my own discretion in my father's library.'[235]

Anthony matriculated during the early December of this very year, two months before Hurrell died. Perhaps not many College rooms have known three such notable successive occupiers of one family, each of strong idiosyncrasy, and alike in nothing whatever but in personal charm.

The happy three weeks ended, Hurrell set out for Devon, with Mr. Keble for companion part of the way. People who had known him 'looked horribly black at me, at first,' until they became 'accustomed to my grim visage,' he tells Newman, five days later. Doubtless it was a harrowing thing in the pastoral neighbourhood, this continual spectacle of young faces at the Parsonage visibly withdrawing from the summer air. And another indomitable dying Froude was there, poor Phillis Spedding, the tradition of whose pathetic beauty yet lingers about the Cumberland hillsides whither she came as a bride.

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, Dartington, June 11, 1835.

‘*Dulcissime*, I got home Friday evening before dark very comfortably. My poor sister is perfectly cheerful, and free from pain, but daily declines in strength. Indeed, she is now very visibly weakened since I first saw her. It is impossible she should live many days. She is quite aware of her state, and seems to be as composed, and almost [as] happy, as if she was going to sleep…. There is something very indescribable in the effect which old sights and smells produce in me here just now, after having missed them so long. Also, old Dartington House, with its feudal appendages, calls up so many Tory associations as almost to soften one’s heart with lamenting the course of events which is to re-erect the Church by demolishing so much that is beautiful! “rich men living peaceably in their habitations.” On my way from Oxford, Keble talked a good deal about Church matters, and particularly about the ancient Liturgies, and my analysis of Palmer,[236] which had put the facts to him in rather a new point of view.’

And he reverts, in his animated vein, to the propaganda never out of his thoughts, saying encouragingly to Newman:

‘I have heard from my sisters and the Champernownes of the efficacy of your opuscula in leading captive silly women. One very curious instance I heard the other day of an exceedingly clever girl who for the last two or three years has been occasionally laid up with a very painful illness, and suffered severely. Nobody that she lives with can have acted as channels for infecting her,[237] as they are all either commonplace sensible people, or Evangelical, or lax. But she has got it into her head that there is a new party springing up in the Church, which she calls “the new men,” and has been

pumping my sisters about you, and whether your notions are spreading, etc…. They say she has been working the Dartmouth Evangelicals with your *Sermons*, and made one of the parsons knock under! I have also heard of a learned lady (a very good and sensible person, by-the-bye), poking away most industriously at your *Arians*, and saying that her views had been much cleared by it.'

Phillis Spedding did not long survive her return to England. She died at Dartington three days after the date of Hurrell's letter, on June 14, 1835, in her twenty-sixth year. Her one little child, Edward Spedding, then aged eighteen months, grew up only to attain his majority, and to be buried in January, 1855, at Bassenthwaite, not with his mother. Thomas Story Spedding, living on at the manor which he had so romantically inherited, married again.

Meanwhile, in Littlemore, Mrs. Newman was about to lay the corner-stone of her son's Early English chapel, with the plans of which the architectural zeal of Mr. Thomas Mozley, the Vicar's future brother-in-law, had much to do. The rumour that Hurrell Froude had designed it got some currency; and there is a mirth-provoking growl on the subject in the pages of that watchful worthy, the Rev. Peter Maurice of Yarnton, Chaplain of New College.[238] Upon the return of Newman and Froude from Rome in 1833, he says, 'we soon found that the malaria of the Pontine marshes, the nondescript fogs of the fatherland of all heresy, began to develop their miasmata in a new diagnosis…. That edifice [Littlemore Church] was constructed from outlines and plans sketched out for the architect by an

amateur friend of [Newman's] own: the Rev. R. H. Froude. It was in a particular style of Church architecture which they were plotting to introduce. It was, in fact, the very first Church in modern times[239] that was ever consecrated with a stone altar, a stone cross, and credentia.'

Hurrell, however, at this very time, 1835, was busying himself with artistic needs nearer home. After his death, Archdeacon Froude wrote to Newman in one of his letters, which affectionately begged for a visit: 'I hear you have a splendid Altar-table at Littlemore. That which dear Hurrell designed, and had executed for my chancel, is now in its proper place.' This was in December, 1836. Hurrell's Altar, practically modelled on the High Altar of Cologne Cathedral, has always been preserved as his gift at Dartington, and constantly used; it has undergone no alteration except that it had to be raised for convenience, after Archdeacon Froude's death, as he was short, and both his successors have been very tall men. It was brought from the old Church to the new. Hurrell also changed the place of the chancel-screen in the Church now destroyed, moving it eastward, from the entrance to the choir, to enclose the rail at the Altar-foot, so that none but communicants passed beyond it: an irregular proceeding for an ecclesiologist. But it seems clear that he meant by the action to emphasise the sacredness of the Altar itself.

He was ever on the move, physically and mentally, in and about his father's parish. Neighbours and social equals found it a bracing pleasure to see and hear him again, after absence; he had the greatest possible influence with them; those of his own age, fifty years later, and scattered all

over England, were still quoting him. He dearly loved children, whom he met upon equal terms. Wherever there were children, Hurrell was always testing their metal, while romping with them. Would they run away from a comrade in danger? Would they throw blame on others? Would they break promises? He knew of what stuff every lamb of them was made, and it has been quite impossible for any of these, either, to forget him. This sweet solicitude, comeliest in one *auquel une grâce particulière a révélé le prix et la beauté de la virginité sacerdotale*,[240] played in and out among his graver cares. That, and the old preoccupation with architecture, stood for his best diversions, during his final year. It would appear that he also visited London. The admirable critic of the Movement just quoted lays some stress, in passing, on Hurrell's interview with Dr. Wiseman; he even surmises that it was caused by spiritual anxieties of one sort or another.[241] But he forgets that Hurrell's intention then was to return to Rome, and to historical work in the Vatican Library, and that, long before, Dr. Wiseman had promised his aid and interest in obtaining for him facilities for research.

The Gothic plotter (no more Gothic, Mr. T. Mozley thinks, than he should be), was employing his July of 1835 in outdoor devices. He tried to allure Newman as far as Torbay. 'I am sure the lark will do you good, and the money (£2, 15s.) will not be grossly misspent.' To which his friend replies on July 20: '… I should like of all things to come and see you, but can say nothing to the proposal at present, being very busy here, and being, in point of finances, in a very unsatisfactory state. I am at present at Dionysius and the Abbé, whom Oh! that I could despatch this

vacation!'

This is the Abbé Jager, the Rev. Benjamin Harrison's Parisian friend, a lively, learned, and apparently provoking controversialist, author of *Le Protestantisme aux Prises avec la Doctrine Catholique*. Newman received his reply promptly from Paignton, though he put off the visit. '*Frater desiderate*,' says Hurrell, 'speak not of finances, since all the people here are ready to subscribe for you; as for the Abbé, you can work him here as well as anywhere. It is exquisitely pleasant here: a hot sun with a fresh air is a luxury to which I have long been a stranger. If you were to stay here a fortnight, you might get on with your controversy, and be inspired for the novel! I give out in all directions that you mean to write it, and divulge the plot.'

Miss Mozley thus comments on this inciting of a new literary activity in Newman. 'There is nothing in the papers before [me] to show that any ground whatever, in fact, existed for the novel Froude here talks of. In the Postscript to *Callista*, the author speaks of being stopped at the fifth chapter "from sheer inability to devise personages or incidents." Was the attempt to express the feelings and mutual relations of Christians and heathens in early Christian times already an idea in the author's mind?' The intrinsic evidence is certainly strong against the likelihood of Newman's earlier story, *Loss and Gain*, or anything remotely resembling it in subject or framework, being contemplated in 1835. Attentive readers of that very Oxonian book will recall, incidentally, that Devonshire becomes the home of the Redings, and may even, without being too fantastic, detect some faint irregular adumbration of Hurrell Froude, Froude deduced as

Newman would fain have him, in the phantom figure, so illusive and attractive, of Willis.[242] Perhaps 'the novel,' the plot of which Froude was so pleased to divulge, was but an original inspiration of his own. He had long before formed a critical, if rather despiteful interest in fiction, as the unwelcome supplanter of poetry in a decadent age; and perhaps he had invited Newman to write a story as Newman had invited him to dream of the Indian Bishopric: all *ad majorem Dei gloriam*. At any rate, five weeks before, Froude had mentioned what is apparently the same 'novel' as his own affair, in a letter to Newman printed in the *Remains* but not in the Newman *Correspondence*. 'My ideas about the novel,' he says, 'are but cloudy, as I have no books of reference to get details out of. Would that the stars may let me return to Oxford before long, to work at things,[243] and rub up my intellects!' It would be pleasant, were there any sure grounds for it, to associate the profound spiritual passion, as Mr. R. H. Hutton calls it, of *Callista*, with the emulating and holy friendship of John Henry Newman and Hurrell Froude.

Newman had been bringing forward in print something very dear to both: the monastic ideal. With his usual scrupulousness, he had begun to fear that he was laying too great a burden upon his well-wishers in leaving them to accept and defend a thesis so inexpedient, because so hostile to the spirit of the time; and Hurrell strikes out against the expressed misgiving before ending the letter of July 31 just quoted. His father, as ever, was his standard of wise moderation.

'… As to your Monasticism articles in *The British Magazine*,[244] my father read the offensive part in the June one, and could see nothing in it that any

reasonable person could object to; and some persons I know have been struck by them. I cannot see the harm of losing influence with people when you can only retain it by sinking the points on which you differ with them. Surely that would be *Propter vitam vivendi*, etc.? What is the good of influence except to influence people?' To Mr. Keble, at the same time, Froude expresses a generous envy of Newman's 'taking' utterance (what Newman himself calls his 'mere rhetorical or histrionic power'), and admits again the difficulty of winning any such command over souls in England, with his own very elliptical genius. 'I find myself so ignorant of the way to get at people, that I never know what to assume and what to prove!' Froude's straightforward case was Jeremy Taylor's of old, of whom Chillingworth regretfully said: 'Hee wants much of the ethickall part of a Discourser, and slights too much, many times, the Arguments of those hee discourses with.'

Newman tells his dear sister Jemima, on August 9: 'I think I shall go down to Froude for ten days. I am very unwilling to do it; but it is so uncertain whether he will be able to come to Oxford at all, that I think I ought to secure seeing him before he goes abroad.' And again, to the absent comrade, a fortnight after: 'I am sick of expecting a letter; for the last week I have every day made sure of one, and been disappointed. I cannot help fearing you are not well…. I must (so be it!) come down to you before Vacation ends, to get some light struck out by collision.' For Newman had been trying to work out alone 'whether Tradition is ever considered by the Fathers, in matters of faith, more than interpretative of Scripture.' To Mr. Rogers, at the same time, he speaks of the contemplated move. 'I have little to show, this Vacation, in point of work done. The time seems to have slipped away in a

dream. Perhaps it would be as well to go down to Froude, were it only to adjust my notions to his. Dear fellow! long as I have anticipated what I suppose must come, I feel quite raw and unprepared. I suppose one ought to get as much as one can from him, *dum licet*.'

Newman himself was again over-busied and ailing. No reader can fail to notice the deepening tenderness of the correspondence between the two during these last months, where yet sportiveness and candour, and a certain mutual deference, keep their old due order. Words go quickly and lightly, without emphasis or strain, as if driven willingly on the rising wind which is the eternal silence.

'My dearest Newman,' opens the awaited missive of Sept. 3, 'I am afraid you will have been grumbling in your heart at me…. But really, I am not to blame, as I have not put pen to paper for a fortnight, except yesterday, when I began a letter to you upside down. I cannot explain what has been the matter with me; but I am sure that the apothecary into whose hands I fell made a fool of himself…. As to our controversies, you are now taking fresh ground, without owning, as you ought, that on our first basis I dished you! Of course, if the Fathers maintain that "nothing not deducible from Scripture ought to be insisted on as terms of communion," I have nothing more to say. But again, if you allow Tradition an interpretative authority, I cannot see what is gained. For surely the doctrines of the Priesthood and the Eucharist may be proved from Scripture interpreted by Tradition; and if so, what is to hinder our insisting on them as terms of communion? I don't mean, of course, that this will bear out the Romanists (which is perhaps your only point?), but it certainly would bear out our party in

excommunicating Protestants…. You lug in the Apostles' Creed, and talk about expansions. What is the end of expansions? Will not the Romanists say that their whole system is an expansion of the Holy Catholic Church and the Communion of Saints?'

Finally, on the 10th, arrives Newman's definite word: 'I propose coming to you next week,' coupled with anxious inquiries about his health. Hurrell replies at once:

'We shall be ready for you whenever you come. Dr. [Yonge] and a young doctor called Hinkson, who has paid much attention to the stethoscope, examined my chest all over; and they both told my father they never examined a chest in which there was more complete freedom from bad symptoms. Yet they say the disorder in my throat is dangerous unless stopped. Dr. Yonge is decided that I am not to go abroad this winter.'

Newman reached Dartington on the 15th, and was most happy there, among scenes and faces 'loved long since,' for nearly a month. Every one who has ever come across it remembers the phrase in which he briefly sums up the end of the visit: 'I left, and took my last farewell of R. H. F. on Sunday, October 11, in the evening, sleeping at Exeter. When I took leave of him his face lighted up, and almost shone in the darkness, as if to say that in this world we were parting for ever.' The angel, the 'beautiful young man girded,' who knew well 'the way to the country of the Medes,' had turned homewards, his mission over, and was to walk with Tobit no more.

Travel was an unconscionably slow business then, especially in the south-west. On the following Thursday Newman wrote from Southampton to Mr.

Rogers at Oriel:

‘I have just got here from Lyndhurst, and find the Oxford coach full. Nothing therefore is left for me but to go up to London, and try to get to Oxford in that way. Be so good as to make my excuses to College for my non-appearance: it is the first time, I believe, I ever was away any day of an Audit, (except when abroad) since I have been Fellow. I trust I shall be with you to-morrow.

‘Dear Froude is pretty well, but is languishing for want of his Oxford contubernians. I trust I have been of use, in this way, in stimulating his spirits. So strongly do I feel this, from what I see and hear of him, that I mean almost to make myself responsible for some intimate going down to him at Christmas. He is allowed to read now, which is a great comfort. I am to send him a lot of books. It is wonderful, almost mysterious, that he should remain so long just afloat, and as far as it is mysterious, it is hopeful. Really, it would seem as if he were kept alive by the uplifted hands of Moses: which is an encouragement to persevere [in prayer].’

The delayed traveller wrote to Hurrell the day after his arrival at Oxford:

‘St. Luke’s Day, 1835.

‘I have been obliged to come round by London, and having business there, I did not regret it. Rivington will publish a third volume [of *Sermons*]; and please will you manage to get for me your father’s leave to dedicate it, in a few words, to him? Keble was married on the 10th, and told no one. The College has but heard from him that he resigns his Fellowship on that day, without a year of grace.[245] I

engage to undertake and pledge myself to provide a visitor for you next Christmas: Rogers, or [Tom] Mozley, or Williams. But if no one comes, I shall come myself, which would be too great a pleasure: for I cannot put into words, or rather I do not realise to myself, how much the *genius loci* of Dartington Parsonage draws. I could be very foolish did I allow myself! All my own reminiscences of the place are sad, and I am almost debarred from them; and I seem to have no right, *alienigena*, to intrude elsewhere.'

Newman adds his parenthesis long, long after. 'This feeling is expressed in the verses I wrote on my first visit to Dartington, in 1831:

'There strayed awhile, amid the woods of Dart.

I have never seen Dartington since I saw Hurrell there.'[246] He shared to the full, as we have seen, Hurrell's own passion for the place, a place even yet, despite the profane railway along the very bank of the Dart, of romance and peace; but he held his dedicated heart aloof from it in 1835 as in 1831, as a passage in a letter to his elder sister shows: 'This country [Devon], is certainly overpoweringly beautiful and enchanting, except to those who are resolved not to be enchanted.'

To the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN, *Die Omnium Sanctorum*, 1835.

'*Carissime*: After all this delay I write without being able to report progress;—but don't be hard on me. For a long time the weather has been so very bad as to confine me entirely to the house, which has dullified me, partly by its inherent dulness, and partly by making me rather worse, to such a degree

that, till the last two days, which have rather revived me, I have been up to little more than thinking in my arm-chair, or listening to a novel. Yesterday I got a drive, and to-day a ride, which I hope have done me good; and if I can go on so for a week, I shall be as well as when you went, I have no doubt; and in a diligent humour I am willing to hope…. Don't be conceited if I tell you how much you are missed here in many quarters. Now you are gone, I clearly see that a step has been gained. Even I come in for my share of the benefit, in finding myself partially extricated from an unenviable position hitherto occupied by me: that of a prophet in his own country….

'Before I finish this, I must enter another protest against your cursing and swearing[247] [at the end of the first *Via Media*] as you do. What good can it do? —and I call it uncharitable to an excess. How mistaken we may ourselves be on many points that are only gradually opening on us! Surely you should reserve "blasphemous," "impious," etc., for denial of the articles of the Faith.'

This latter passage is well known from its incorporation in the *Apologia*. Again, Hurrell resumes on the 15th:

'You will be in a rage with me when I tell you I have not answered [Boone].[248] If I was sure of being able to think and write whenever I chose, I should not have hesitated for a moment to promise the [article] in a week or two. But this is far from my case; and I was in a particularly do-nothing way, the day I got your letter. I don't know whether you know the sensation of a pulse above 100°? If you do, I think you will admit it not to be favourable to

mental exertion. So you see I can't count on myself, or make promises, and wish much I was not committed at all. As to the review of Blanco White, it is an amusement to me, for which I am grateful to you; but being tied up about time, correcting the proofs, etc., are my bothers. I may, indeed, be up to business-like work soon, and I hope I shall; but I am no prophet. So I have almost a mind to tell Boone that I will let it stand over till the next.'

Newman's instant reply was reassuring:

'… I shall write to Boone to-night to tell him that you think you could not get the article done in time for January. I will take it through the press, if you will trust me. Do not fuss yourself, or think yourself pledged….

'Keble was thrown from his horse, and broke a small bone in his shoulder, but is better. He will not be editor of the *Tracts*….

'M. Bunsen has pronounced upon our views, gathered from the *Arians* (!), with singular vehemence. He says that if we succeed, we shall be introducing Popery without authority, Protestantism without liberty, Catholicism without universality, and Evangelism without spirituality. In the greater part of which censure you doubtless agree!'

The all-but-dying invalid finished the long, able, dispassionate review, entitled 'Mr. Blanco White: Heresy and Orthodoxy,' for the printers. It appeared in time, in *The British Critic* for January, 1836. It ends: 'We must now, however, leave our argument imperfect, hoping very shortly to recur to it.' This is the colophon from Hurrell Froude. It is diligent and collected, and keeps the colours boldly flying after a

fashion wholly characteristic. The manuscripts went in sections to Newman.

'In the last five days I have written forty of the enclosed sixty-three pages. If the humour lasts, I may do the rest in a jiffy. I have spent a week with Dr. Yonge…. [He] was not satisfied with the effect of steel, and changed it for I know not what, three days ago; since when I am decidedly stronger. But the Bishop of Llandaff[249] has warned us against confounding succession with causation. If Rogers will bring my Breviary, I shall be obliged. I shall be delighted if Mozley comes with him. They will meet Wilson, though but for a day.'

The Breviary is the celebrated identical book, first studied under Blanco White's direction, the history of which is briefly given in the *Apologia*, and which is, to Dr. Abbott, so important an agent in determining Newman's after-career. It may be assumed that Mr. Rogers forgot to take it, that Christmastide, to Dartington, as it was on the shelves of Hurrell's rooms at Oriel when he died, and when Archdeacon Froude asked Newman to choose a keepsake there. It is still at the Oratory in Edgbaston.

A long letter to Newman from the Rev. R. F. Wilson, on Dec. 19, contained, incidentally, no very cheery news of their friend, succumbing to consumption of the throat.

'It was a great pleasure to me to meet poor Froude, though he looks sadly, and without any abatement of those symptoms which must make his friends most anxious about him, appears weaker [by] a great deal than when he was in Oxford. To me, he was a more interesting person than ever, because I

find that his peculiar way of thinking, and manner of expressing himself, which I thought might only belong to him in health and strength, continue just the same. I saw also Rogers there, for a day.'

Froude himself 'continues just the same,' on paper. He was busily hoisting sail in the offing, and quite calm about it. 'I don't know that it does one any harm,' he had written eighteen months before, 'to have the impression brought seriously before one that one is not to see out the changes which seem to be at hand.'

He keeps on rallying Newman in his old animated strain, on Dec. 21, winning the quick official contradiction: 'As to our being out of joint here! No, no; we are doing well.'

'By Rogers' account, things don't go exactly as they ought at Oxford. Golius[250] has rebelled, he says; and Ben Harrison[251] has jibbed; and the Theological meetings go flat; and old Mozley[252] won't work. Harpsfield is the writer on the Breviary services whose name I could not remember. Rogers says that Sancta Clara is rich. Wilson,[253] for your comfort, is much less tender in the finger's end than he was last spring, though I hear Keble does complain of his being rather soft. I very much wish to hear of your putting into execution your plan of a campaign in London, and enlarging the basis of operations.

'… When you write, tell me if you think there was any of the "nasty irony"[254] you used to complain of? I tried to avoid it…. I am entirely confined to the house, which we succeed in keeping very warm, though out-of-doors it is a sharp windy frost.'

Frederic Rogers wrote to Newman from Dartington, where, according to Newman's arrangement, he was spending Christmas with Hurrell:

'I am excessively amused at the alternations of treatment Miss Froude is subject to from Hurrell and Mr. B[ogue].[255] In fact, I can hardly help being in a constant half-laughter when anything is going on between Froude and his sister.'

'Mary Froude,' adds Newman's annotating hand in or about 1860, 'was one of the sweetest girls I ever saw. She was at this time engaged to Mr. B[ogue]. He used to come with a great consciousness of his situation, much gravity, and great reverence for her. Hurrell, on the other hand, treated his sister, in a good-humoured way, as a little child, calling her "Poll," and sending her about on messages, etc., to Mr. B[ogue's] seeming scandal and distress. Mary Froude all the while was the very picture of naturalness and simplicity, receiving with equal readiness and equability the homage of the one, and the playful rudeness of the other.' Mr. Bogue won his bride only to lose her. Her strength had been greatly impaired by her devoted attendance on her favourite brother; nor did she long outlive him. She was the youngest of Archdeacon Froude's three daughters. The inscription over the vault in the old beautiful churchyard next Dartington Hall, on the slope of the hill, thus includes her name:

'Also Mary Isabella Froude, wife of the Rev. Richard Bogue, [who] died August 7, 1836, in her 22nd year.'

Shortly after the loss of his young wife, Mr. Bogue bought the patronage of Denbury from the Duke of

Bedford, and enlarged the old Rectory House. He was Curate there for a good while to Archdeacon Froude.

'The most important year in the history of the Oxford Movement was the year 1836,'[256] the Hampden year. The great fight at Arques was coming on, with 'brave Crillon' far away. Newman duly wished a Happy New Year to Hurrell at Dartington. Sadly welcome are such conventions, when nothing less may be said, and nothing more can be said. He sends divers comments, with a postscript: 'T. Mozley cannot come to you. His brother is going to marry my younger sister.'[257] There was the usual prompt answer, touching on the testimonial to Wellington, then Chancellor of the University, as 'abominable' and *doctrinaire*; and on the 16th Mr. Rogers wrote from Bridehead, as he knew well that Newman would be anxious for personal news, as soon as might be:

'I have left Froude, who professes to remain much as he has been, rather weaker than when you were with him, from never being in the open air, but not worse than he has been from the beginning of his confinement. I am afraid, too, he is not quite in such good spirits as he used to be. You ought to send Harrison down to him, to take lessons on the subject of the Reformers; for certainly he has a way of speaking which carries conviction in a very extraordinary way, over and above the arguments he uses. Did Froude tell you that some good lady who has read you wonders how it is that you and Arnold should have any difference between you, your sentiments and general tone so perfectly agreeing? (!)'

As the young host at Dartington had always loved

the younger guest, it is natural to find the praises of the latter in Froude's notes to Newman. Thus on Jan. 12: 'Rogers leaves us on Thursday, having been the greatest of acquisitions, in the eyes of everyone.' 'The greatest of acquisitions' of course meant an acquisition to the Cause: Mr. Rogers' own worth being properly valued, and that valuation added as so much credit to local impressions of the Movement. Hurrell had no merely social triumphs in mind. He had paid Newman, as guest and passive proselytiser, the same compliment.

Again: 'R[ogers] left us on [Thursday]. We had many arguments and proses,[258] in the former of which he was generally victorious, but in the latter I think I may boast of having succeeded. I do believe he hates the meagreness of Protestantism as much as either of us.'

One who had never spared himself scrutiny and blame could, without affectation, arraign his dying languor as 'selfishness' and 'idleness.' Poor Hurrell's capacity for work and perseverance had always been on the heroic scale. 'These are not times,' he had written in 1831, 'in which people who think their own principles right have any business to be shilly-shally … [but] times when it seems almost a sin to be jolly.' Newman knew how to cheer on that astounding energy, though with an aching heart.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, Jan. 7, 1836.

'I am quite ashamed to think how long it is since I got your last letter; but illness makes one selfish, at least mine does, and dislike of writing, or in fact of doing anything, except trying to keep myself as

comfortable as possible, has become a ruling passion. Since autumn set in I have done actually nothing except that review of B. White, which N[ewman] committed me about in such a way that I could not back out, and so was forced to go forward whether I would or not. However, I hope to turn over a new leaf as the weather mends, and indeed I begin to feel its reviving influence already. It is now more than two months since I have been out of doors, except in a close carriage, and for the last three weeks I have not been out at all, but have lived in an artificial summer at about the temperature of sixty-five degrees…. I am also prohibited altogether from eating meat, poultry, etc., or any animal food except fish, which, considering that milk does not agree with me, makes my case rather a hard one. On the whole, however, I am very comfortable, if it was not for an occasional twinge of conscience at my total idleness, for which I fear I really have no excuse, as I did not find myself a bit worse when obliged for a week to work as hard as I could for *The British Critic*. N[ewman] is now trying to hook me in for something else in the same line, and though I doubt not I shall be provoked with myself for having agreed to it, when the time for delivering the MS. draws near, yet I really think that the stimulus is a good thing for me. I am really very much obliged to you for your compliments about Becket,[259] for they really are the only ones I get in any quarter.'

There was no longer the least hope for a patient who had inherited consumption; who had never taken care of himself; whom no change of climate had ever benefited; whose long austerities had done, no doubt, their share of the work. As it was, he had entered his thirty-third year, outliving several of his

family. But the treatment to which he was subjected seems radically wrong to those who glory in hygienic science revolutionised since his day. The hot climate, the low diet, the extra clothing while in England, the atrocious dumb-bell exercise, instead of a gentle and uniform strengthening of every muscle in the body, and last of all, the deprivation of fresh air, his one possible alleviation, were so many superfluous death-wounds in the fight. Mr. Keble, like Mr. Rogers and Newman, deplored the shut windows at Dartington, remembering their friend's lifelong predilection for the open. 'I am sorry to find they think it necessary to confine him so,' he sighs to Newman. And then he adds, with a whipped-up miscellaneous optimism: 'His being able to write is an excellent sign. What have you set him on now?… Thank you for sending me Wilson's letter: it shows him in a most amiable light. You have all of you made much more than I meant out of that little word of mine of his being "softish." I only meant that he was not as disposed to hang all Whigs, Puritans, etc., as some might be; but this we charitably attribute to the bad company he has kept in London.'

From Oriel Hurrell had, every few days, a full journal of the party's doings, interspersed with all manner of private and autobiographical references. Newman, dining with a celebrated Evangelical (Mr., afterwards Sir James Stephen), sketches in the latter's instructive conversation. 'It is so hard to [repeat] without seeming to bepraise myself; but since I am conscious I have got all my best things from Keble and you, I feel, ever, something of an awkward guilt when I am lauded for my discoveries. He did not like my *Arians*, which, if I understood him, jumped about from one subject to another, and was hastily written, though thought out carefully….

He seemed to treat with utter scorn the notion that we were favouring Popery: this age of Mammon and this shrewd-minded nation were in no danger of it…. Further, the most subtle enemy which Christianity has ever had was Benthamism. Now he thought our views had in them that which could grapple with it…. He wanted from me a new philosophy…. Indeed, go where I will, "the fields are ready for harvest," and none to reap them. If I might choose my place in the Church, I would, as far as I can see, be Master of the Temple. I am sure, from what little I have seen of the young lawyers, I could do something with them. You and Keble are the philosophers, and I the rhetorician' … the fascinating miscellany of a letter goes on. And another quickly follows, when the writer (who had been named to Lord Melbourne as well as Keble) fears that Keble will refuse the Divinity Professorship at Oxford if it be proffered him, and flies to Froude as to one who can help to prevent that calamity. 'I dread lest he should decline it. I write to you, that if you agree with me, you may write to him at once. For myself, I should go by your judgement, if such a thing occurred to me…. *Carissime*, I think I may say with a clear conscience I have no desire for it, and, had I my choice, would decide that the offer should not be made to me. I am too indolent, and like my own way too well, to wish it. I should be entangled in routine business, which I abhor. I should be obliged to economise,[260] and play the humbug, in a way I should detest, and I have no love for the nuisance of house and furniture, adding up bills, settling accounts, hiring servants, and getting up the price of butcher's meat. I have the unpopularity, the fame, of being a party man, [with] the care of Tracts and the engagements of agitation. I am more useful as I am;

but Keble is a light too spiritual and subtle to be seen unless put upon a candlestick.' There is a most affectionate ending to his letter sent to the post on Candlemas Day. 'Θάρσει, φίλον ἦτορ. You could not but get weaker this weather, so confined.'

Meanwhile Hurrell had written 'the last letter he wrote to me, perhaps the last letter he wrote at all.' It is dated Jan. 27, 1836; the flow of it, the wonted pace, is gallant as usual, though it held both serious criticism and sad news. 'You may perhaps have seen in the papers,' he says to Newman, that my grandmother died, the 14th of this month. She retained her faculties to the last, and seems to have undergone the minimum of suffering which death requires. She was within a month or two of eighty-nine.' This was his father's mother, Phillis Hurrell.

'It is very encouraging about the Oxford Tracts, but I wish I could prevail on you, when the second edition comes out, to cancel or materially alter several. The other day accidentally put in my way the Tract on "The Apostolical Succession in the English Church"; and it really does seem so very unfair, that I wonder you could, even in the extremity of οἰκονομία and φενακισμὸς have consented to be a party to it.[261] The Patriarchate of Constantinople, as everyone knows, was not one "from the first," but neighbouring Churches voluntarily submitted to it, in the first instance, and then by virtue of their oaths remained its ecclesiastical subjects; and the same argument by which you justify England and Ireland would justify all those Churches in setting up any day for themselves. The obvious meaning of the canon [of Ephesus] is that Patriarchs might not *begin* to exercise authority in Churches *hitherto* independent,

without their consent.

'Christie tells me you have had a letter from poor Blanco White, pleased rather than otherwise with [my] review,[262] and mistaking it for yours, and sending you a copy of the book. Poor fellow: I should much like to know in what tone he wrote; it must have been a painful thing answering him…. I don't gain flesh, in spite of all the milk. Indeed, I suspect that in the last six weeks I have lost a good deal, but the symptoms remain the same.' It is in this letter that Froude arranges for the continued dedication of the accumulated dues from his own Fellowship to the propagation of the Cause dear to his heart. 'So spend away, my boy,' he calls cheerfully to Newman, 'and make a great fuss, as if your money flowed in from a variety of sources!' It was his valediction.

Archdeacon Froude, early in February, leaves a blank on the last page of his communication to Newman, 'for your regular correspondent to fill.' Then comes the ominous postscript: 'Hurrell wishes me to say that he has nothing particular to say just now, but that you shall hear from him in three or four days. He has received your two letters. And now (as he will not ask to see what I may write), I will tell you in a few words that my fears for him have increased considerably within the last week. There can be now no doubt that he has been losing ground, that he is much thinner than when Mr. Rogers left us, and as evidently weaker…. He is generally cheerful, sleeps well, and takes a sufficient quantity of food.'

Newman's thirty-fifth birthday came on February 21, and upon that day, absorbed as he now became in fighting Hampdenism, he penned a loving letter of

'long, long thoughts' to his favourite sister Jemima, betrothed to John Mozley. 'Thank my Mother and Harriet for their congratulations upon this day. They will be deserved, if God gives me grace to fulfil the purposes for which He has led me on hitherto in a wonderful way. I think I am conscious to myself that, whatever are my faults, I wish to live and die to His glory; to surrender wholly to Him as His instrument, to whatever work, and at whatever personal sacrifice, (though I cannot duly realise my own words when I say so). He is teaching me, it would seem, to depend on Him only; for, as perhaps Rogers told you, I am soon to lose dear Froude: which, looking forward to the next twenty-five years of my life, and its probable occupations, is the greatest loss I could have. I shall be truly widowed; yet I hope to bear it lightly.'

At intervals of five days, Archdeacon Froude gave Newman his melancholy bulletin. Nowhere is he more admirable than in facing the impending loss of the son who had come to be his pride and glory, and his bosom friend. Says the Rev. Thomas Mozley: 'There was a sort of stoicism about Archdeacon Froude's character which sometimes surprised those who had only seen him for a day or two, conversing, or sketching, or sight-seeing. He once rather shocked his clergy by delivering a Charge while a very dear daughter was lying dead in his house: but there was a romantic conception of duty in the act which affords some key to Richard Hurrell's character.'

Feb. 18, 1836.

'My dear Hurrell desires me to account to you for his long silence, but … I am sure you must have attributed it to the real cause, and be prepared for a

confirmation of the fears I then expressed…. All hope of his recovery is gone; but we have the comfort of seeing him quite free from pain, and in sure trust that the change will be a happy one whenever it shall please God to take him. His thoughts continually turn to Oxford, to yourself, and Mr. Keble; but my heart is too full to add more than his instructions to thank you for all you have written to him, and to say how much he was interested in Mr. Rogers' most amusing account of the late proceedings in the University.'

Feb. 23, 1836.

'Your friend is still alive. The morning after I wrote my last, he awoke with a fluttering about the heart and a pulsation at the wrist I could not count. Our apothecary thought he could not live out the day; but our doctor holds out no hope of any change having taken place that should raise our expectations beyond that of a short respite. As he continues free from pain, or any very uncomfortable sensation except that of extreme weakness … I am thankful that he is permitted to remain with us, even for a few days. On no account, my dear Mr. Newman, would I have you come down: no good could come of it. You shall hear again from me in a few days; sooner, if anything occurs that should call for an earlier communication. Hurrell desires me to thank you, and also to say that he is "sorry that he has given you any trouble about those stupid accounts," to use his own words, and that he "cannot scrape up ideas and strength enough" to write to you himself. Should he, (contrary to all reasonable grounds for hope), get a little about again, do tell Mr. Williams [that] his paying us a short visit will give us great pleasure indeed.'

Feb. 28, 1836.

‘My dear son died this day. Since my last he has been gradually but quietly sinking. After a rather more than usually restless night, he spoke of himself as being quite comfortable this morning, and appeared to hear the Service of the day, and a sermon, read to him with so much attention that I did not think the sad event so near as it has been. About two o’clock, as I was recommending him to take some egg and wine, I observed a difficulty in his breathing. He attempted to speak; and then after a few slight struggles, his sufferings were at an end.’

He was laid to rest on March 3, beside his mother, brother, and sister, close to the Church porch. The burial service was read by the Rev. Anthony Buller, a Devonian and an Oriel man, an old friend who dearly loved him. Apparently neither Newman nor Keble travelled down for the day to Dartington Parsonage, though the former, at least, had arranged to do so from London. But the Archdeacon’s tidings were sent to Oxford, and it was only on the morning of March 1 that Newman learned of his loss. It quite overcame him. ‘He opened the letter in my room,’ writes Thomas Mozley to his sister, ‘and could only put it into my hand, with no remark. He afterwards, Henry Wilberforce told me, lamented with tears (not a common thing for him), that he could not [have seen] Froude just to tell him how much he felt that he had owed to him in the clearing and strengthening of his views.’ Keble, too, at the Hursley Altar, the Sunday after Hurrell’s home-going, which must have been his own first Sunday there as Vicar,

broke down completely, and for some minutes could not go on. At Oriel (to overhear again the Rev. T. Mozley addressing his brother John): 'Froude's death seems not a gloom, but a calm sadness over the College. Newman showed me his father's letter written the same day, perfectly quiet and manly, making various arrangements, and telling Newman and his [other] friends to make selections from Froude's scanty collection of books, to keep for his sake. I suppose Froude never got a book or anything else, in his life, merely for the sake of having it. His absolute indifference to possession was something marvellous. Did I ever tell you that for two years, at least, he has given his Fellowship to Newman, to go towards the *Tracts*? Yet he was by no means careless about money matters; for he with great pains put the accounts of Junior Treasurer (which I find troublesome enough even now), on an entirely new and simpler plan, to the great convenience of his successor…. I dare say there is no one who has said more severe and cutting things to me, yet the constant impression Froude has always left on my mind is that of kindness and *sweetness*.' This testimony, indeed, was general.

On March 2, Newman wrote to his old friend J. W. Bowden, from Oxford:

'Yesterday morning brought me the news of Froude's death; and if I could collect my thoughts at this moment, I would say something to you about him; but I scarcely can. He has been so very dear to me, that it is an effort to me to reflect on my own thoughts about him. I can never have a greater loss, looking on for the whole of my life, for he was to me, and he was likely to be ever, in the same degree of continual familiarity which I enjoyed with yourself

in our undergraduate days…. It would have been a great satisfaction to me had you known him. You once saw him, indeed; but it was when his health was gone, and when you could have no idea of him. It is very mysterious that anyone so remarkably and variously gifted, and with talents so fitted for these times, should be removed. I never, on the whole, fell in with so gifted a person. In variety and perfection of gifts I think he far exceeded even Keble. For myself, I cannot describe what I owe to him as regards the intellectual principles of religion and morals. It is useless to go on to speak of him: it has pleased God to take him, in mercy to him, but by a very heavy visitation to all who were intimate with him. Yet everything was so bright and beautiful[263] about him, that to think of him must always be a comfort. The sad feeling I have is that one cannot retain in one's memory all one wishes to keep there; and that as year passes after year, the image of him will be fainter and fainter.'

The long-memoried man who uttered that was only too conscious that he had no portrait of his departed friend.

On the 6th, turning aside from other things, Newman says, in his thrilling undertone, to Keble:

'… We have indeed had an irreparable loss; but I have for years expected it. I would fain be his heir. When I was with him in October, I so wished to drink out his thoughts, but found they would not flow except in orderly course, as all God's gifts. It was an idea of Bowden's, the other day, that as time goes on, and more and more Saints are gathered in, fewer are needed on earth: the City of God has surer and deeper foundations, day by day.'

Some thought of kindred wing crossed at the same time the mind of Charlotte Keble at Hursley. 'I shall be very glad,' she says, feelingly, to her sister-in-law Elizabeth on March 9, 'for poor Mr. Newman to have the comfort of John's being in Oxford. He seems very much to need it; and nobody, I suppose, can so entirely sympathise with him, both in his distress for the loss, and also in the views and opinions which knit them all three together. I can't help thinking (at least, one doesn't know), but that Mr. Froude may in some way or other be of more service now than if he had been kept here longer.'[264]

Perhaps no apology need be made for dwelling on the impression left by Hurrell Froude on the minds of his comrades, above all, on the mind of his best-loved comrade, after he had passed away. This afterglow, this 'trailing cloud of glory,' is biographic comment indeed. He had lived so detached a life that it is pleasant to associate him, at the last, with the *schwärmerei* of much tender common human sorrow, with sorrow sure of his own immortal continued interest in all that he had worked for in England: for it helps to show him less as an elf and a 'kinless loon,' than as the Saint-errant which, through his thirty-two years, he was.

The heavy blow of his mother's unexpected death fell on Newman in May. The association of this loss with the sharp foregoing one, and the remembrance of Froude, whom he had known and lived with so happily since they first became colleagues at Oriel, are palpable enough in the brave sigh of that greatly religious soul, breathed in a letter to Harriett Newman, dated June 21, 1836:

'You have nothing to be uneasy at, so far as I am

concerned. Thank God, my spirits have not sunk, nor will they, I trust. I have been full of work, and that keeps me generally free from dejection. If it ever comes, it is never of long continuance, and is even not unwelcome. I am speaking of dejection from solitude. I never feel so near Heaven as then. Years ago, from 1822 to 1826, I used to be very much by myself, and in anxieties of various kinds which were very harassing. I then, on the whole, had no friend near me, no one to whom I opened my mind fully, or who could sympathise with me. I am but returning, at worst, to that state … and after all, this life is very short, and it is a better thing to be pursuing what seems God's Will than to be looking after one's own comfort. I am learning more than hitherto to live in the presence of the dead: this is a gain which strange faces cannot take away.'

Less than a year later, a similar strain comes like a music of triumph over sorrow in such a letter to Frederic Rogers, on the death of his sister, as none but Newman could write:

'This is only a fresh instance of what I suppose one must make up one's mind to think, and what is consoling to think, that those who are early taken away are the fittest to be taken, and that it is a privilege so to be taken, and that they are in their proper place when taken. Surely God would not separate from us such, except it were best both for them and for us; and that those who are taken away are such as are most acceptable to Him seems proved by what we see: for scarcely do you hear of some especial instance of religious excellence, but you have also cause of apprehension how long such a one is to continue here…. We pray daily: "Thy Kingdom come": if we understand our words, we mean it as a

privilege to leave the world, and we must not wonder that God grants the privilege to some of those who pray for it, … pray for our eventual re-gathering, but our dispersion in the interval. The more we live in the world that is not seen, the more shall we feel that the removal of friends into that unseen world is a bringing them near to us, not a separation. Our Saviour's going brought Him nearer, though invisibly, in the Spirit.' It is all reticent and impersonal, but it rises, before his great battle begins, from Newman's stricken lonely heart. 'Thou doomed to die,' as he had said, long before, in his poem, 'David and Jonathan':

'Thou doomed to die: he on us to impress
The portent of a blood-stained holiness.'

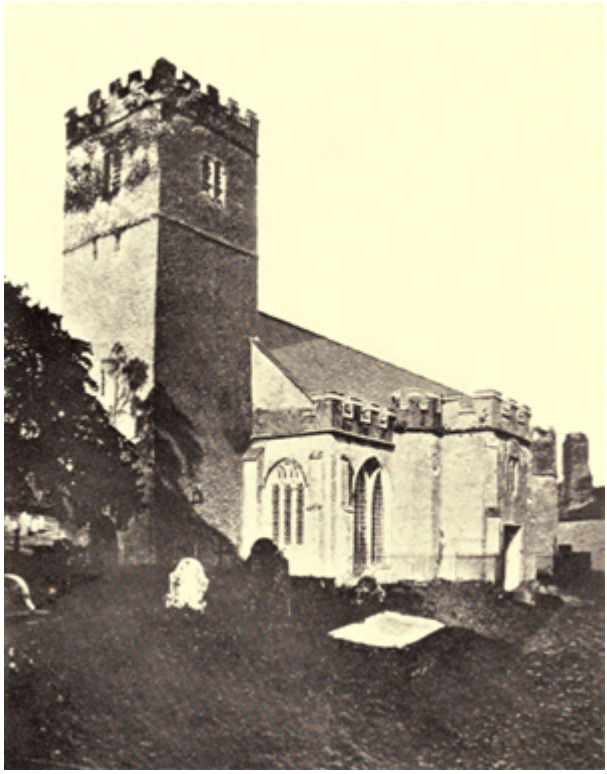
Last of all, come from his half-unwilling hand the lines well-known to students of sacred verse.

'Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know:
And yet we both refrain.'

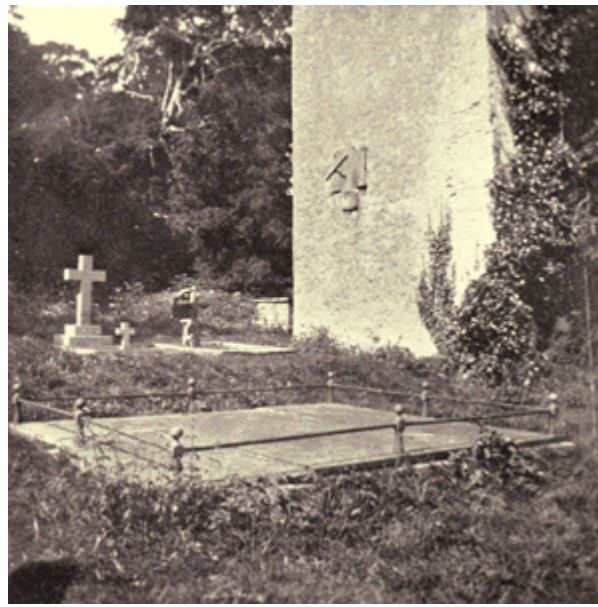
What beauty is in that word 'refrain,' a filament of English feeling kept between the quick and the dead! It occurs in a little afterthought of a stanza, which was the only poetic offering of Newman's pen to Hurrell Froude gone.[265] Never was there so imponderable an obituary; nor ever any more exquisitely in keeping.

For 'the rest' was indeed 'silence.' A proposal for a monument in S. Mary's at Oxford, affectionately brought forward by Robert Wilberforce, as due to 'our incomparable friend,' 'that invaluable friend,' somehow fell through. A special paper for *The British Magazine* fell through too, neither Newman nor Keble being able, in his first grief, to write it to his own

satisfaction. The only actual notice of Froude's decease occurred in a bare alphabetical list printed in the April number, 1836. 'Tributes of Respect' were usual in the Magazine, but he had none. The *Annual Biographer and Obituary*, published by the Longmans in 1837, does not include him. Nor had he any epitaph, not even when Archdeacon Froude died twenty-three years later, until Dartington Church was taken down, being thought too remote from the village population, in 1878, and the stones used in a re-erection close to the highway below; then the vault was railed in, where it was left in the lonely grassy space, with only the ancient Hall, the grey ivied tower, and the sun-dial for solemn neighbours, and the name and dates of each of the Froude family were cut on the plain slab. They are unaccompanied even by a text, or a Christian symbol. And thus, in the abstention which was his lifelong garment, Hurrell sleeps. On the hundredth anniversary of his birth, March 25, 1903, a great garland of leaves and simple Devon blossoms lay there, with a dedicatory good word from his favourite Book of Daniel: 'O man greatly beloved! peace be unto thee: fear not; be strong, yea, be strong…. But go thou thy way till the end be; for thou shalt rest, and stand in thy lot at the end of the days.' It cannot be for ever that 'Froude of the Movement' shall lack a less perishable memorial.



DARTINGTON OLD CHURCH, NOW DESTROYED
(*The railing by the south porch enclosed the tomb of the Froudes*)



THE PRESENT ASPECT OF HURRELL FROUDE'S BURIAL-PLACE (IN THE FOREGROUND), DARTINGTON OLD CHURCHYARD

In 1836, the 'vanishing of such a spirit without sign' was not to be endured. It was the most natural thing in the world that all he had written should be gathered together, that such a lover of books (as Leigh Hunt says somewhere, in one of his happy literary retrospects), should himself become a book. Hurrell became a singular book, as it happened, made up, paradoxically, of matter never prepared by himself for publication; and he and it were put forth as a party manifesto. It may not be uninteresting to review the origin and character of *The Remains of the late Reverend Richard Hurrell Froude, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford*, printed by the Rivingtons in 1838 and 1839, and consisting of four volumes octavo. The Editors, whose names do not appear

upon the title-page, were the Rev. John Keble and the Rev. John Henry Newman. The latter is generally supposed to have done most of the work; there are published letters of Keble's to Sir John Coleridge, and of Newman's to Mr. Frederic Rogers, which go to show that the idea of bringing out the *Remains*, and the initiatory labour, including the first Preface, were Newman's. But according to Coleridge's *Memoir*, Mr. Keble, as collaborator, wrote by far the greater part of both Prefaces. For the very beautiful second one he was certainly responsible.[266]

Of Part I. of these *Remains*, Vol. i. is devoted to a Private Journal; Memoranda personal and philosophical; Letters to Friends; one Latin and five English poems; seven pages of remembered miscellaneous sayings; and a diary as Appendix. The companion volume is devoted to Sermons complete and fragmentary; three Essays on subjects connected with arts and sciences, and three on subjects purely ecclesiastical. Part II., Vol. i., has five papers and some fragments, none of which are on secular themes; and the final volume is given up to the History of the Contest between Thomas à Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Henry II., drawn from original documents and State Papers, left unfinished by Hurrell Froude, and carried on and edited by the Rev. James Bowling Mozley.

The collecting of 'dearest Froude's papers' had begun before April, 1836; they were looked over at Hursley in July; by September, Newman, otherwise busy as he was, writes that he is getting on with the transcriptions, and that James Mozley has been hard at work during the whole Vacation on S. Thomas of Canterbury. Archdeacon Froude sends up his auxiliary supplies in October, from Dartington

Parsonage.

'… I sent off a parcel to you, three days ago, by Henry Champernowne: it contains the text of dear Hurrell's manuscripts. All your letters to him that I can find are also enclosed. With the latter I must confess I have not parted without regret. They are memorials of your affectionate friendship with one whose image is ever before me, and to which I could never turn without a delightful interest that I cannot describe. His correspondence for many years with myself[267] turns principally on little passing incidents, or relates to matters of private concern; but it is of great value to me as a sort of journal from early boyhood nearly to the time of our separation.'

Lyra Apostolica was issued in November, and several of the critics had taken pains to single out 'β's' poems for special commendation, even if at the expense of Keble and Newman: certainly Samuel Wilberforce did so, in his asked-for review, the tone of which was so disconcerting and unexpected to the asker;[268] and *The Christian Observer* had saluted Hurrell as 'the most spiritual and least bigoted of the whole set.' All this was encouraging to the projectors of the *Remains*, who knew better than outsiders of how keen and high an intellect, how holy an inspiration, their cause had been deprived. Newman's notes, as the editing progressed, are very sanguine.

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, June 30, 1837.

'… I have transcribed [R. H. F.'s] Private Thoughts, and am deeply impressed with their attractive character. They are full of instruction and interest, as I think all will feel. I have transcribed

them for your imprimatur. If you say Yes, send them to me; I propose to go to press almost immediately. These Thoughts present a remarkable instance of the temptation to rationalism, self-speculation, etc., subdued. We see his mind only breaking out into more original and beautiful discoveries, from that very repression which, at first sight, seemed likely to be the utter prohibition to exercise his special powers. He used playfully to say that his "highest ambition was to be a humdrum," and by relinquishing the prospect of originality he has but become the more original.'

On July 5, Newman gives to Rogers categorical reasons for his plan of publication.

'1. To show his … unaffectedness, playfulness, brilliancy, which nothing else would show. His Letters approach to conversation, to show his delicate mode of implying, not expressing, sacred thoughts; his utter hatred of pretence and humbug. I have much to say on the danger which I think at present besets the Apostolical Movement of getting peculiar in externals, *i.e.*, formal, manneristic. Now Froude disdained all show of religion. In losing him we have lost an important correction…. His Letters are a second-best preventative.

'2. To make the work interesting, nothing takes so much as these private things.

'3. To show the history of the formation of his opinions. Vaughan[269] was observing the other day that we never have the history of men in the most interesting period of their life, from eighteen to twenty-eight or thirty, while they are forming: now this gives Froude's.

‘4. To show how deliberately and dispassionately he formed his opinions. They were not taken up as mere fancies: this invests them with much consideration. Here his change from Tory to Apostolical is curious.

‘5. To show the interesting growth of his mind, how indolence was overcome, etc.; to show his love of mathematics, his remarkable struggle against the lassitude of disease, his working to the last.

‘6. For the intrinsic merit of his remarks.

‘If you think the notion entertainable, I wish you could put the MS. into the hands of some person who is a good judge, yet more impartial than ourselves, in order to ascertain his impression of it…. If you and the other agree in countenancing the notion, then send down the MS. to Keble, with an enumeration of [my] reasons for publishing.’

To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, July 16, 1837.

‘… Williams has suggested the publication of extracts from Hurrell’s letters. I feared at first they would be too personal as regards others; but then I began to think that if they could be given, they would be next best to talking with him, and would show him in a light otherwise unattainable. Then there are so many clever things in those he sent me: the first hints of principles which I and others have pursued, and of which he ought to have the credit. Moreover, we have often said the Movement, if anything comes of it, must be enthusiastic. Now here is a man fitted above all others to kindle enthusiasm. I have written to William Froude about it, who caught at the idea, which he said had already struck

him. Considering the state of the University, everything which can tell against Hampdenism[270] will be a gain.'

Newman continued sanguine.

To J. W. BOWDEN, Esq., Hursley, Oct. 6, 1837.

'… I am here for a week to consult with Keble about Froude's papers, which are now in the press, and require a good deal of attention. You will, I think, be deeply interested in them. His father has put some into my hands of a most private nature. They are quite new even to Keble, who knew more about him than anyone…. All persons of unhackneyed feelings and youthful minds must be taken with them; others will think them romantic, scrupulous, over-refined, etc.'

The 'papers of a most private nature' dated chiefly from Hurrell's twenty-third to his twenty-seventh year. 'They have taught me,' Mr. Keble writes to that friend, his own earliest biographer, whom they were to disturb and shock when once in print, 'they have taught me things concerning him which I never suspected myself, as to the degree of self-denial which he was practising when I was most intimate with him. This encourages me to think that there may be many such whom one dreams not of.'

How Froude came to leave these secret manuscripts behind him is not perfectly clear. Mr. Keble had advised burning them, long before. During the months and even years when there was natural opportunity for disposing of all his affairs, Froude had abstained from destroying his papers. The only

explanation is that he was too completely indifferent, in all such matters, to make a move of any sort. He belonged to a journal-keeping age and a journal-keeping family: to write, and to dismiss the writing from memory, were to him easy matters. Neither his kind of memory, nor his degree of self-attentiveness, would have helped him to produce an *Apologia*. His diaries, properly speaking, have absolutely no egotism: he is merely dramatically concentrated on R. H. F. as a moral 'dummy' convenient for observation and correction, and it was quite in keeping with his habit that he should have taken no thought whatever of a testamentary nature, towards the end. He could, of course, have had no suspicion of the ultimate use to which his confessions were soon to be put. Besides, he would harbour no fear of depreciation, but would rather have desired that, even in the grave.

On the fly-leaf of the finished book they placed a sweet motto from the *Adeste, sanctæ conjuges*, the midnight hymn appointed for the Office of the Commemoration of Holy Women. It came from the Parisian Breviary, in which Froude had delighted. Newman was editing the Hymns included in it at this very time.

'*Se sub serenis vultibus*
Austera virtus occulit,
Timens videri, ne suum,
Dum prodit, amittat decus.'

Isaac Williams' sensitive translation is a fit mate for the Latin:

'Neath [a] look serene concealed,
Stern Virtue hid her shield,
Fearing to lose that Love, within,

Which half is lost by being seen.'

Such a motto, it might be urged, was both too personal and too deprecatory. The perfect posy for the venture would have been, instead, a word of Felippo di Boni:

'*Son soldato*
Ancor io:
Stringo una spada
Che forte in pugno
Ed immortal mi sta.
Dio mi l ha data;
Equando morto io cada,
Fatta spirito mio,
Combatterà!'

The Editors felt, no doubt, that anything like this, for all of its fitness, would have imported a note of unnecessary defiance. To print the *Remains* at all was certainly war-cry enough.

The first Part, comprising two volumes, appeared at mid-winter, 1838. It was much talked of, as was inevitable, among the interested friends and foes of the High Church party, and it bred the most contrary impressions. Beyond the familiar circle, Froude's comrades and their followers, what success the book won was a frank *succès de scandale*. Its one tangible result was to urge on Low Church zealots to build the Martyrs' Memorial at Oxford. It was dedicated in 1841; and subconsciously, it was from plinth to finial what Mr. Keble called it, 'a public dissent from Froude.'[271] Love for Ridley, Latimer, and the great Cranmer who, as F. Rogers once predicated, 'burned well,' were less potent in raising that graceful landmark than heated disapprobation of Froude, Newman, and Keble himself. *Sic vos non vobis.* Hurrell liked ironical situations. Here was one to his

hand.

The sale of the *Remains* was never great; in fact, it was so restricted that the publishers, about seven months after the launching of the first Part, made considerable demur before bringing the second Part out at all. No extra edition was called for; the work has stood, ever since, among the out-of-print rarities of London catalogues. Of the mass of writing which it comprised, sacred or secular, there has been but a single paper reprinted: the remarkable paper on State Interference in Matters Spiritual, issued by Selwood in 1869, with a strongly corroborative Introduction from the pen of that good militant shepherd, the Rev. William J. E. Bennett, Vicar of Frome.

On March 29, 1838, Newman wrote from Oxford to Keble, on the subject then uppermost in their minds.

'You must not be vexed to have a somewhat excited letter from Edward Churton[272] on the subject of dear Hurrell's *Remains*. I doubt not, too, you really will not be so. All persons whose hearts have been with Cranmer and Jewel are naturally pained; and one must honour them for it. It is the general opinion here that the Journal ought to have been published, and is full of instruction. Yesterday morning I had the following pleasant announcement from William Froude: "My father is much pleased with Hurrell's book. He had been rather alarmed by some comments made upon it in a letter from Sir John Coleridge; but the book itself has quite reassured him. The Preface says exactly what one wished to have said."'

If Archdeacon Froude felt satisfied, that would atone for much. Mr. Rose's opinion was next in

importance to the Archdeacon's, to the Oriel men responsible for this particular exercise of it. Fortunately, he was sufficiently favourable, writing to Pusey from King's College on March 14, 1838, to ask for 'an account,' or 'a sketch' of 'poor Froude's most interesting *Remains*. I do not know to whom to give them for review. For very few can understand or appreciate his very peculiar excellences. A book so miscellaneous, touching on so very many points is a very hard matter for a regular reviewer.'[273] Apart from these graded expressions of private sympathy, there was censure and even ridicule to bear; and self-earned troubles are proverbially not the sweetest. Violent denunciations arose on all sides, and especially within the bosom of an ungrateful Church. The Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity fulminated from the very University pulpit; the Bishop of Ferns and Leighlin, the most persevering 'charger' of all, thundered against 'that very rash and intemperate young man.' Even the House of Commons was, on one occasion at least, disturbed by godly zeal exerted against the book. To James Mozley, during July, Newman wrote: 'You see Lord Morpeth[274] has been upon me in the House, as editor of the *Remains*. Gladstone has defended me; Sir R[obert] Inglis the University.'[275] And Rogers sends his vivacious message to Newman: 'What do you think of Gladstone's exculpation of you? And what of the face Froude would have made at being quoted in the House of Commons as "an accomplished gentleman" by Lord Morpeth?'[276]

The *Remains*, quickly as it fell out of print, was a storm-centre. Mr. Gladstone, concerned with defending the good faith of the editor-in-chief, yet handled the oppugned work with repeated regrets.[277] He has left it upon record, referring to an

earlier year, and echoing the adjectives of Bishop O'Brien just quoted: 'My first impressions and emotions in connection with [the Oxford Movement] were those of indignation at what I thought the rash intemperate censures pronounced by Mr. Hurrell Froude upon the Reformers.'[278] Newman's *Correspondence*[279] gives quite a roll-call of the Bishops, editors, magazines, and private persons 'opening on us.' He adds: 'I can fancy the old Duke sending down to ask the Heads of Houses whether we cannot be silenced.'

Some who took the *Remains* to heart were more than half sorry that it was published. The real reasons for that measure had been in the Prefaces a little obscured, because largely taken for granted as obvious. So much is clear: the need had been felt of issuing a book to serve as a dead friend's only monument. But the moment one came to handle his compositions, all warlike, all new, one foresaw the ethical risk of putting them forward, without first educating a public to read them. Mr. Wilson, representing his own earliest feeling, and that of Mr. Keble his Vicar, sympathised, in the very beginning, with Newman over 'the great difficulty and perplexity you must be in at present, as to what course to take…. We cannot afford by any shock even to throw back into their former upright posture of indifference or suspicion some who are now leaning our way.' To publish poor Hurrell at all turned out a large diplomatic matter. Confident that he needed only to be known to be loved and trusted, Newman resolved to make him intimately and unmistakably known, and his opinions, in consequence, heeded as they deserved. The *Remains* is almost the first among modern English books to expose what is sacredly private: we are all used now,

whether with diminishing or undiminishing protest, to exhibitions of the spiritual anatomy of humankind. The Editors' challenge to an Erastian world seemed based on the belief that their cause had bred its perfect flower in Froude, and that only to show him as he was, with his mighty single-hearted zest, his aspirations towards holiness, and his playful gentleness, would be to show also the attaching loveliness of their cause. They proceeded upon one or two syllogisms which had no flaw, but also no application. For, plainly, Froude was impossible to be understanded of the people, and the more he himself was expounded the worse it was for the system which he personified. An eminent critic led the way in dwelling, not on the question so unmistakably thrust forward, of Præmunire, but on Hurrell's confessed and repented glance to see 'whether goose came on the table at dinner!' That goose is well known to a number of contemporary persons who have never owned a copy of the *Remains*, nor heard what ascetic theology has to say of such a thing as concupiscence of the eyes. Hurrell, in a secret hour, had named the goose only to his guardian angel, between whom and himself the sense of humour could hardly come into play. Keble's humour, and Newman's likewise, were almost incomparably keen: one knows not how these passages survived the proofreading. It was inevitable, however, that public attention should fasten upon them with disrelish and horror. They were unusual, they were not 'self-respecting'; they belonged to types outgrown and superseded; in short, they were fatally 'un-English,' to that most respectable year 1838. It was bidden to admire a humility and disinterestedness in which it could not believe. A completely non-sentimental religion was a trying

spectacle, even to the most religious among Early Victorian readers. A young man ever accusing himself, a young man waiving his own profit, and doing these monstrous things by force of will and habit, all his life, was simply an offence to common morals. Natural virtues are well enough: truth, industry, ambition, family affection, are at least legal: they are not a slap in the face to what is called a Christian community. But a temper fed from hidden springs, and full of austerity and detachment, must ever look to the mass of men like an alien thing, the outcome of hypocrisy or sheer foolishness. Nothing but an outward and visible career passed in nursing the sick in hospitals can, to this day, redeem it.

'The public,' says a sociologist,[280] with charming scorn, 'are acquainted with the nature of their own passions, and the point of their own calamities; can laugh at the weakness they feel, and weep at the miseries they have experienced: but all the sagacity they possess, be it how great soever, will not enable them to judge of likeness to that which they have never seen, nor to acknowledge principles on which they have never reflected. Of a comedy or a drama, an epigram or a ballad, they are judges from whom there is no appeal; but not of the representation of facts which they have never examined, of beauty which they have never loved.' The good public and anything which savours of the merely supernatural, the good public and the Kingdom of Heaven, in short, are incongruous. But it is only fair to them to quote, again, the word of a far more practical observer, which had, from the first, a bearing on those whom the writer calls 'the firebrands of the Movement': 'I do not say the English are a people of good sense, but I say they abhor extremes, and

always fly off from those who carry things too far.'[281] They do indeed. But every conclusion becomes an extreme, and a thing carried too far, where they are concerned.

Froude had always trimmed his sails not so much to the wind, as according to a theory of navigation. It follows that 'the picture of a mind,' his mind, such as his friends wished to exhibit it, was not a 'necessity to the times': in fact, it was an intrusion upon them. It was in deadly hostility not only to their low ideals, but to their ordinary characteristics and best accepted spirit. Froude, or his unconscious influence, was only too well organised to 'toss and gore several persons,' and the self-satisfied Establishment which had honourably reared them. An illustration of existing contraries may not be far to seek. Two good men of mark, born and dying in the roomy Church of England, once expressed, each in his turn, his feeling about his epitaph. Mr. Robert Southey was pleased to say (with what his age considered perfect decorum, with what our age must admit to be perfect truth): 'I have this conviction: that die when I may, my memory is one of those which will "smell sweet, and blossom in the dust."' He also repeated the sentiment in verse. But the testamentary ideas of Richard William Church ran in another mould:

'*Rex tremendæ majestatis,*
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, Fons Pietatis!'

It is safe to predicate that thinking persons who sympathise with the one, revolt from the other. Now the cleavage between the dispositions which brought about these irreconcilable expressions, is the cleavage in the national ideals. What is so sure of blossoming in the dust, although professedly it lay all

stress upon the Vicarious Atonement, is Protestantism. The belief in the necessity of the co-operative human will in the scheme of Redemption, although it attain only to an awestruck hope of the Almighty Mercy, is, well—not precisely Protestantism! Between the two moods there is no mutual approach, still less, amalgamation: for between them is set up the Sign to be contradicted. It is to be feared that Hurrell Froude, had he known of an admired poet's intention for ever to 'smell sweet,' could hardly have been restrained from quoting his kinsman Hamlet's 'Pah!' Piety which of malice prepense smells sweet, will like Hurrell Froude no better now than it liked him in the Tractarian twilight. It will be seen that Mr. Southey was not enthusiastic over the *Remains*.

To put the *Remains* on the open market was too bold a venture of faith, though they would have served their dialectic purpose well, and found their own readily, even had they been privately issued, even if edited with greater reserve. It was quite natural that Froude should have passed posthumously for a mere agitator given up to triviality and impudence. If it were true that for him living, 'one constantly trembled, in mixed society,' what can have possessed his Editors to think that his anarchist voice (the voice, really, of a great constructive critic) would be suffered in a four-volume monologue? All he was, all he thought, separated him by whole elements and universes from the ordinary citizen. Accost between them turned farcical in the act: 'as if a dog should try to make friends with a fish!' His disqualifications for the final mission given him were intellectual as well as moral. To name but two among them, he was in love with the 'Dark' Ages, the fountainhead of hard logic and

thorough craftsmanship, and still more in love with the original document, at a period when historical research was not only unfashionable, but inferentially abhorred; and his animus must needs have seemed 'Popish' or worse, when it but led him to handle as self-evident fallacies the darling predilections of centuries of British basilolatry.

It would have been bad enough had his convictions been expressed always in academic terms, such as he himself, after all, did employ pretty constantly in addressing the magazine public. But Hurrell's 'little language,' superadded to his strong opinions, was too much for a day of buckramed dignity. His verbal polity spared neither himself nor the species, and it must have been appalling to others beside the Holy Willies. Moreover, there was such gusto and emphasis in all he said, that the effect was almost that, as it were, of calling a spade a spade, with a plebeian 'swear-word' before it. Nobody else in that English generation, not even Welby Pugin, dealt in so elastic a vernacular. But surely, private letters may take what tone and pace they please? Why did it not occur to everyone to allow, in extenuation of this too lively fashion of 'sparks running to and fro among the reeds,' that the Rev. Mr. Froude was young, and younger, moreover, than his years? The ideas of personal chronology then current were illiberal. We know that men and women aged thirty were looked upon as fairly venerable figures in the world of our grandfathers, and were bound to have shed the last of the pin-feathers of indiscretion. For purposes of general protest against the common vanities of plumage, primitive attire may with profit be retained: but it is likely to enrage the barnyard. There is a good deal to be said for the speech which suggests to us not Court

dress, not even dressing-gown and slippers, but overalls. It puts everything at once on a workmanlike basis. A masterly critic has observed how great a debt Newman owed to Hurrell Froude in the development of his peerless ease and naturalness. To go further, it may truly be said that one caught up the living accent of the other. As a good latter instance, take Newman's famous passage in the *Apologia* about 'seeing a ghost' when the point raised in an article on the Donatists first arrested him in 1839. The echo is yet clearer in a contemporary letter. 'It gave me the stomach-ache,' he says. Such sportive phraseology sounds the majestic capacity of educated human expression. But sportive phraseology had its disadvantages, when it was sent forth broadcast to 'dictate to the clergy of this country,' or contribute towards 'the picture of a mind' known by the picturers to be chastened and grave. The innumerable chapters of the *Remains* which were sober as a monochrome were quite overborne, in popular estimation, even where that estimation inclined to friendliness, by some few prancing words or lines. The amice and cope of the stately Muse of Theology symbolised nothing to the carpers who believed that they had once caught a handmaid of hers in the neat no-drapery of the *corps de ballet*. Indisposed to look below the surface of Froude's puzzling temperament, they found only effrontery in his clear, terse, vivacious call, and only dulness in his underlying mood, master of statement and definition, and of armoured synthesis. It was not altogether their fault: because his slang, it may as well be admitted, constitutes a defect of character. It was a conscious revolt against all that goes to make up 'donnishness,' and in so far an element of strength as well as of comedy; but it was also the makeshift of

a man who contemned himself almost to the point of eccentricity, and who often could not bear without a mocking grimace, the serious utterance of his most serious thought. Keble was full of fun, but Keble had no Hurrellisms, no 'little language.' With the other, it is the note of a certain spiritual unrest; an impiety against his own nature which all sensitive human nature resents in some degree: the jest, indeed, of a philosopher who never lost courage, but who never found joy. Self-valuation and its calmly pompous accents are understood, and even commended, all over the intellectual world. But this bitter mood, as of a Cabinet Council plus the Court fool, is too strange and new. There are those now, as there were then, whom it shocks and deters.

Closely allied with all this is the question of his so unceremonious dealing with men and things. As we are reminded by his Editors, most of it was impersonal enough, for his mind was set on principles only. 'I allow hatred is an imperfect state, but I think it is just young people that it becomes': is a remark from his remembered talk. 'The most difficult virtue to attain,' he went on, 'seems to me the looking on wanton oppressors as mere machines, without feeling any personal resentment.' This is akin to a curious axiom of Hazlitt's, which would exonerate almost any cynic and sluggard, that 'to think ill of mankind, and not to wish them ill, is perhaps the highest genius and virtue.' Many adherents, unblessed with imagination, of Froude's own party, might be brought to bay by his Common Room pronouncement that 'the cultivation of right principles has a tendency to make men dull and stupid.' (His friend Thomas Mozley goes even farther in the impious generalisation, and accuses Evangelical goodness, 'mixed with poverty and a

certain amount of literary or religious ambition,' of producing 'an unpleasant effect on the skin!') These endearments were, as was but just, not confined by Froude to the elect. He was a hard hitter also against individuals non-Jacobite and non-Apostolical; he made ninepins of living and dead, great and small. On this faculty, however, he was very far from priding himself. No one could be more keenly aware of his sharp tongue than he. Given events as he saw them, and his naked eye to transpierce them, and his store of natural animation fostered in a home atmosphere which was at all times highly charged with criticism, and we have some explanation of his merciless proficiency in adverbs and adjectives, applied impartially to the Bishop Jewels of a past age, or the undergraduates of his own. From the first, he had felt this smartness of speech to be his pitfall. His journals are full of self-accusations, prayers, and resolutions on the subject. 'To-day, when —— called on me, I was forced to watch myself at every turn, for fear of saying something irreligious or uncharitable.' … 'I have again been talking freely of people.' … 'Not to go out of my way to say disrespectful things … not to say satirical things either in people's presence or behind their backs, or to take pleasure in exposing them when they seem absurd, or to answer them ill-naturedly when they have said offensive things.' … 'I said I thought —— an ass, when there was not the least occasion for me to express my sentiments about him. And yet I, so severe on the follies, and so bitter against the slightest injuries I get from others, am now presenting myself before my great Father to ask for mercy on my most foul sins, and forgiveness for my most incessant injuries. "How shall I be delivered from the body of this death!"… I see nothing for it

but not to talk at all, and let myself be reckoned stupid and glumpy: and this I will do. I must give up talking altogether except where civility absolutely requires it. I am not to be trusted with words.'

All this 'mortal moral strife' dates from his earliest manhood. He certainly never relaxed the effort toward humbleness and mental correction; though a superficial reader might question whether he had, at the end, succeeded in attaining any appreciable measure of either. But it is worth while to remember here that his whole effort would be not to let his friends at Oxford become aware of his victory, if he gained it. Sooner than face human approval in these matters, he would say, every day in the week, that he 'thought —— an ass,' if only to keep up appearances.

Again, and apart from the amenities, the *Remains* are not edited in a way to conciliate the unwilling. In one department, they are provokingly presented with raggedly-pieced phrases, names suppressed, and divers eliminations, almost enough to kill interest; in another, they commit to the general scrutiny amorphous themes, repetitions, the mere crude bones of theory, fragments never shaped for the press. Never was it truer, of any book or of any man, that

'—you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.'

The just apprehension of such an one is never discoverable from what he may write. To be told that here was an Oxford Fellow of genius and culture, and to be shown, in proof of it, no professional arts whatever, but a stripped argument, and 'the rigour of the game,' flying personalities, tonic commonplaces, buried first principles,—this was somewhat

disconcerting. Those who knew Hurrell Froude would take pride in the Spartan simplicity of his every page, where sincere words are welded with sincere thought. Those who knew him not might turn away from that as from downright incapacity.

Of Keats, in his marvellous development, Mr. Lowell beautifully says: 'He knew that what he had to do had to be done quickly.' So, in a contrasted fashion, with Hurrell Froude, intent not upon his own artistic perfection, but upon the leavening of the national mind. Graces were just what he could best afford to neglect in that too hurried working-hour. He had begun to die at eight-and-twenty, and he was to die unconsummated; therefore speech compacted and anticipative became his sole concern. He is not light reading. His typical sentences, apart from his many paradoxes, move like the Latin axioms which break the heads of unwilling schoolboys in walnut-time. A skeleton style, it must be confessed, has its disqualifications as a miscellaneous entertainer. Anything more unlike the golden, glowing, misleading glide of the language of another Froude with whom this generation is more familiar, can hardly be imagined. Yet it was Hurrell who was the poet. It was Hurrell who, according to all evidence, communicated in even higher degree the extraordinary fascinations of that fascinating family. It is not the least lovely of his attributes that he sacrificed the literary possibilities of a born historian, as he sacrificed everything else, to his holy master-passion, and carried his genius for reigning into a hidden door-keeping of the House of God.

The novelty and unexpectedness inseparable from his original mind appear in print only as by innuendo, and in the conduct of some coherent train

of thought. Slyly quiet can be the manner in which he understates, and negatively proceeds through harmless analogies, until, of a sudden, readers find with surprise, and cannot shake off, that 'sting in their bosoms' which is referred to in a piercingly apposite phrase, itself of classic origin, of the second Preface (1839) of the *Remains*. All his papers, at least, of whatever nature, display his faculty, which was like a scout's or frontiersman's, of discovering, breaking, and defending border ground. They are remarkable chiefly for their practical far-seeing sagacity. Written over seventy years ago by a mere unconscious young prophet with no conceit of himself, they have an amazing modernity. The keen prescience of the few random secular essays is, however, intensified in the other essays on religious subjects. They 'look before and after.' They have not begun to seem out-of-date, nor to label their author as fit only for the never-dusted top shelf. In a day when views of Inspiration and Revelation are no longer Butler's or Paley's; when new keys are tried, and new tools taken up, and in the ancient workshops men live and die to a different and far more perplexing spheric music, such staying power, independent of any encouragement of it, is sufficiently remarkable. It gives Hurrell Froude an illustrative importance. His very catchwords have a diverting contemporaneousness; witness his uses of 'Protestant' as applied by him to the unloved majority in his Church. The stuff of his intellectual daily life is never altogether the timid, domestic, and amateurish thing which Anglicanism must be, even at its best. In Froude himself there is nothing very cognate to the long development of European Christian thought; but at least he is no slave of conventions, and from that tendency towards

shrinkage and encrustation which makes ‘every Englishman an island’ he is always shaking himself free, by a half-unconscious gesture. It is this good chronic revolt, this heroic reaching-forth, which lends to him, in his incompleteness, a sporadic air of greatness. In the spirit, as in the flesh, he was the traveller of the party. His written pages are not, like Newman’s, literature for ever. Their worth is that they show, with loyal plainness, not only Froude’s dedicated interests, but the weight and depth of his selfless intelligence; his bold adventurings and outridings; his habit of looking unflattering deductions in the face; his preoccupation with framework and foundation, and with them exclusively; his instinct for the essential, for major issues, for one or two premises which matter most, on subjects of faith, and for the events of real significance in the history of England which bear upon the Church. This instinct, in him, was spontaneous and uncompanioned. In the whole field of dogma, he first, of the seeking Wise Men of that generation, was drawn towards the ‘Eucharistic doctrine with its huge wealth of meaning, its promises of light, its complicated connection with the body of revealed truth, to a great extent unexplored, a mine of treasures hardly touched’;[282] in the whole field of ecclesiastical discipline, he alone fastened upon the principle of freedom as the divine prerogative of the Church. He inspired another to write of Hildebrand; he himself wrote of the great Becket who was honoured, we know, by Henry VIII. with a hatred highly intelligent and quaintly contemporary; he notes more than once how Henry VIII.’s tyrannising work, yet active, was in many respects the very work attempted by Henry II., against whose ideals S. Thomas of Canterbury flung

his influence and his life. On these topics of incalculable importance, Froude laid his pausing finger. He never occupied himself for one moment with accidents and incidentals. Yet it has been said: 'The Movement brought into action not a few who, like Mr. Richard Hurrell Froude, could never advance beyond the impertinent minutiæ and the ecclesiastical fopperies which became the badges of their fraternity.'[283] It has been said. Let it pass for 'funny tormenting.'

Coleridge remarked, in summing up his old friend Charles Lamb,[284] that he had more totality and universality of character than any man he had ever known. In some such terms must be couched the eulogy of Hurrell Froude. He is all of a piece. 'From his very birth,' as his mother put it, 'his temperament has been peculiar.' He knew his mind, and went his way. He, at least, did not

> '—half-live a hundred different lives.'

He paid for such concentration of purpose with long oblivion. Biography, a purblind creature, took him at his own valuation, as we have seen, and gathered him not to her bosom. The history of all the other Tractarians was written, the history of the men who lived very long, long enough to see as Cardinal Manning once said, the polarity of England changed, when the one among them who died young was given his chance. Until Dean Church, abetted by Lord Blachford, made his worth plain, in the beautiful subduing art of a book where all is charity and serene wisdom, Froude had inhabited shadow-land, and was less than the phantom of his brother's brother. Eventually no mystic, but a wide-awake, matter-of-fact person, he yet had always a sort of seal

upon him of the objective, the remote, the unearthly. Now that he has his station and we have our perspective, these qualities increase rather than diminish. The enfranchised vision of him now is his inner self, more like a harper than a trumpeter. We seem to see the thin tender face 'shine' out of night air, as it shone at parting on his friend at Dartington, fifty-four years before it smiled again at him out of the Light. Time is the only crystal which gives us the souls of men and things. Whatever looks like idealisation there must be the literal truth.

Hurrell Froude's poet-friend Williams calls him

'Like to himself alone, and no one else.'

But he is unique without being isolated. His habitual mood was a country of far distances, not unlike his own Devon, where the rote is audible from a stern coast, and the desolate tors stand up abrupt and sharp against the white February horizon: a country which gets, in due season, its own merriment of interlying verdure, and builds a most delicate overhanging opal sky. There is in him, though unexpressed, a wholeness and relativity as of this landscape. His saliency and roguery, his affection, his wistful oddity, his extraordinary intensity of life, the endearing charm which has served to keep his memory bright as racing sea-fire, only remind us the more how fully he belongs to the issues to which he gave himself of old. The temptation to think him a good deal like the sworded poets of the Civil Wars, with their scarcely exerted aptitudes for the fine arts, whose names leave a sort of star-dust along the pages of the anthologies, need not blind us to his severer aspect: he is also a good deal like the more militant among the Saints. His first Editors thought so, and

say so in that most fragrant and touching Preface of theirs to his volumes printed in 1839. He was wing and talon to them and to their holy hope. 'Froude of the Movement': he is that, first and last. Great as is to the mere humanist eye his individual interest, he cannot fairly be separated for a moment from the ideal to which all that was in him belonged; to which he belongs in its present and its yet unrevealed phases; to which he will belong when, as the very vindication of his foregone career, helping to breathe into successive generations the spirit of cleansing scrutiny and renewing faith, Catholicism shall triumph in England.

With that thought, we come suddenly out, as through a black mountain-pass, into a quiet-coloured vista rolling between us and the dawn. It is only too possible, in the beclouded state of fallen man, to mistake some stage of a vast progress for a disconnected trivial episode. But who are they so unblest as to do it in this instance? Chiefly those enemies who belong to the household. It was a convert squire of Leicestershire, the friend of Montalembert, who in the boldness of sanguine charity welcomed the very first *Tracts* as nothing less than a pledge, given as it were in sleep, of 'the return of the Church [of England] to Catholic Unity and the See of Peter';[285] and it was an Oxford Dean, long after, who denied any orthodox future or any legitimate past to the Ritualists of his day, refusing to connect them or their great popularising leaven with the theoretic fathers that begat them. There is little morality in this preference for reducing everything to scraps and segments. Those who dare search for processes rather than for dead issues may at least be respected. To them, in an hour of all Latin degeneracy, the old sap of the strongest of the

northern races laughs in a stock long barren but sound. Great outlooks call for great patience, lest they strain the sight; and so with a spiritual event, believed-in, and hardly descried. The lens of controversy will never bring it nearer; only constant prayer, like an eye purged and made new, can peer forward, and rest on the horizon-brink. If Catholicism indeed triumph in England, Hurrell Froude's cannot ultimately remain a hidden and homeless name. Is it not undeniable that he is to his own communion to-day, exactly what he was long ago, a Hard Saying? Who have fought shy of him, who have even belittled, hushed, buried him, if not they? Has a single one of the vital questions which his restless agitation opened, been settled by the exerted authority of the corporate Church of England? In her immense miraculous increase of 'Catholic-mindedness,' who has gone beyond this wild, pathetic, precursive child in groping towards the fulness of Revealed Truth, yet groping in the dark? He loved reality, and entity: they were there next his hand, and he felt them not. He seems never to have surmised the existence beside him of the down-trodden *Ecclesia Anglicana* of Continental sympathy, which in his brief day timidly lifted up her long-shrouded penal head. But she, on her part, saw him reconstruct, as in a worshipping dream, her every lineament. It was a remark of Mr. Bernard Smith's[286] which impressed Dr. Wiseman, that 'my friends at Oxford all think and speak of Catholic practices and institutions as past or possible, not as things actually existing and acting.' That remark would not need to be made now, when a people who owe nothing to their Tudor organisers have won back by the power of what Sir Thomas Browne calls 'reminiscential evocation,' so much of the spirit of

the religion which is their heritage. But when it was made, the remark was curiously accurate. Even Froude, in his *Becket*, cites the never-suspended usage of religious houses in having books read aloud in the refectory, as an English custom of 'those times.' As in trifles, so in graver matters: Froude, and the contemporaries never quite abreast of him, knew nothing of the continuity of family habit in the historic Church. Newman tells us that while he was in Italy, (and it can hardly have been otherwise with his friend,) he did not guess at the significance of the burning sanctuary lamps in Churches. 'Radiantly sure of his position,' as Canon Scott Holland says, Froude was indeed; he had no personal misgivings; his good faith was intact. Yet even he feared for his 'Branch';[287] and he laid stress upon something in himself higher than loyalty. If certain reforms did not follow, he would set up for a 'separatist.'[288] He did not live long enough to make his choice; but those reforms have not followed. It stands for little that some of his nearest relatives, and especially the one friend whom he had most breathed upon, were constrained to go the 'separatist' way; it stands for something more that to a group of able observers of various creeds, he himself has seemed a moving aurora, and not a fixed star of the Anglican heaven. The speculation whether or no Froude would have been 'out in the '45' has no lasting pertinence; but it has its illicit unavoidable interest. No one who studies him tries to blink it. Some among the distinguished High Churchmen who have written of him are practically unanimous in the conviction that longer lease of life would have made no difference in his views, or that in any case he would have dwelt always in the tents where he died. But the majority, having broached the contrary opinion, encourage it,

and lean towards it: of this company are the Nonconformists, the Deists, the Catholics. Dr. Rigg, a profound student of ethics, goes so far as to say 'there can be no doubt' that Hurrell Froude would have changed his creed; Dr. Abbott's strong arraignment implies nothing less; many reviewers of Dean Church's history propound the question and assent to it; and Mr. James Anthony Froude saw fit to play with it. The men of the 'extreme Left,' in this convocation, speak after a non-committal fashion, yet there is no mistaking their longing, partly unexpressed: M. Thureau-Dangin, Cardinal Wiseman, and the rest of their following, seem to be ever thinking what only Canon Oakeley quotes: *Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!* They might make, with perfect justice, the indisputable claim that the *Remains* exerted the deeper influence over those very men whose consciences drove them at last to leave the Church as by Law Established in these Realms: the book bore a confessedly vital part in the formation of William Lockhart, of James Robert Hope-Scott, of Frederick William Faber, of William George Ward. It is curious that the Rev. Thomas Mozley should father the statement, that the *Remains* 'never brought any one to Rome.'[289] But he may have had only direct or primary causation in mind. That prickly book, moreover, active as Hurrell himself, may be said, without exaggeration, to have reacted on Newman's 'young men' at Oxford, who first disturbed, and then outstripped, their master. It was the very crux of the complaint against them that, as Newman himself was to say so accurately of Froude, they were 'powerfully drawn to the Mediæval, not to the Primitive Church.' We know how the cross-currents, coming from Ward, Oakeley, Dalgairns, and the other extremists, cut across the

path of Newman turned anchorite, like a spring freshet from unimagined hills. The 'new party' spoken of in Stephens' *Life* of Dean Hook,[290] as being 'as different in its teachings from the original Tractarians as they had been from the Evangelicals,' were men almost all of whom entered the Catholic Church of the Roman Obedience. They were filled with the idea of the ever-living Interpretative Voice, as against the mere bookish appeal to Christian antiquity. They were strong in zeal, will, and prayer, and self-sacrificing; they were also rash, notional, irrepressibly gay. Newman, whom they so worried, did not suspect their descent; no critic seems to have suspected it since: but were they not the true and immediate seed of Hurrell Froude? If they were not, then, in the language of the heralds, *obiit sine prole*. How difficult it were to accept that as part of the epitaph of so generative a spirit! No school of thought in any communion, since 1836, has reproduced so markedly the singular physiognomy of the author of the *Remains*. To them alone he was not in the least 'dangerous.' But it is clear that in what has been called the Church of Lord Halifax, there are a thousand young Froudians, a collateral kindred with plenty of trouble before them, flying his crest.

If we know aught about the trend of human character, we know that there was a highly integrant strain in Hurrell Froude; his whole short life was a thirst after the coherence and continuousness of the things of faith. If we know aught about the laws of moral motion, we know that he could neither have gone round in a circle, nor stood still. Like the paradoxical Briton he was, *il savait conclure*. It is far truer, potentially, of him, than of Newman. Says Père Ragey, after the neat and merciless manner of Frenchmen: '*Pour pousser ses idées jusqu'à leurs*

dernières conséquences, Newman, n'avait eu qu'à suivre la nature même de son esprit. Il était un de ces esprits (assez rares parmi nos voisins d'outre Manche) qui se laissent conduire par la logique, qui vont jusqu'au bout de leurs idées, et qui savent conclure. La vie et les écrits de Pusey, au contraire, nous montrent en lui un de ces esprits anglais si bien décrits par Taine, qui "restent en chemin et ne concluent pas." … De plus, il sentait bien qu'il n'était pas seul. Il avait avec lui plus que des corréligionnaires, plus que des collaborateurs, plus que les disciples: il avait avec lui et pour lui l'esprit anglais. Les anglais, tout en admirant beaucoup Newman, et en le plaçant au-dessus de Pusey, reconnaissent mieux leur esprit dans Pusey que dans Newman.'[291]

Nothing can be safer for all of us conjointly than to answer 'No' at once to that pithless query: Would Froude have followed Newman? Froude would never have *followed* Newman. Nor would the latter have paced up and down for long lonely years in Oriel Lane, and in the *Limbus Innocentium* at Littlemore, nor invented *Oret pro nobis* for an anodyne, had Froude been alive. It is the summing-up of a thoughtful review that 'most readers of the *Apologia* are under the impression that [Newman] had started on the road to Rome as soon as Froude's influence succeeded to Whately's; and that if he were not unfaithful, he had to go on to the end…. Certainly, it does seem as if, after he had lost Froude, Newman was very liable to be perplexed by opposition, to watch for omens, to be at the mercy of accidents.'[292] Nothing gives one such an idea of the immense propelling force which Hurrell Froude was, as the untoward indecision into which Newman soon fell, though he still had Pusey's fortress-like strength at his side. Even Keble, without the beloved 'poker,' burned with a somewhat darker flame. His silent

beneficent career at Hursley was a different matter from his career as Oriel captain of artillery; and no careful student can fail to notice that his later spiritual direction tended more and more towards the nebulous. As for Hurrell, he was bound to be astir, living or dead, in one direction or another. Without being prepared to look frankly upon October 9, 1845, as his true field-day, open-minded persons may harbour a sympathetic wonder whether in the English event which crowns it he were quite unimplicated? 'Was it Gregory or was it Basil, that blew the trumpet in Constantinople?' When Newman sadly transferred himself to Oscott, in the February of 1846, he would have remembered, after his remembering habit, how strangely, yet naturally, in the Providence of God, he was keeping the tenth anniversary of the loss of his dearest friend, no part of whose office could be filled even by an Ambrose St. John, 'whom God gave me when He took all else away.'

'Hurrell Froude lives,' says Principal Fairbairn epigrammatically, 'in Newman.' It would be an interesting task for a biographer to examine and define the measure of response with which 'the Vicar,' in his historic seclusion, worked into one scheme his ideas, and the ideas bequeathed to him by the least 'flinching' Anglican in the world. Froude had managed to give Newman, (and with no more ceremonial pomp than one infant employs in tossing sea-shells to another,) the norm of every single one of his great theories. This short span beside that old age, this quick, forward-reaching, never-ripened thought beside the 'long gestation' of the sublime soul whom we know better, may not unfitly be compared to a keynote struck in a grace-note before the full major chord. The chord owes nothing of its

position, or its compotent harmony, to the mere sweet hint which announces it and is instantaneously whelmed in it, but it certainly does owe to it almost all of what may be called its idiomatic beauty. To no educated ear is the chord with that apposition, and the chord without it, conceivably the same.

It is his glory that Froude cannot be severed, early or late, from the superior genius once so 'fain to be his heir.' As he stands fast with what Mr. Wilfrid Ward has named 'that great crisis of spiritual animation, unparalleled in our age and country,' which has transformed the Church of England, and with his Achates, as that Achates was up to 1845, so he walks on with the white-haired Cardinal of all men's honour, through whom a torrent of new life streamed, and streams, into the English-speaking children of the Apostolic See, but who

'—came to Oxford and his friends no more.'

Newman's unnecessary readiness to acknowledge any moral debt, was surely no small part of his delightful greatness. Never was it better justified than in his lifelong sense of obligation to the clear brain and pure devout heart of a young man of no celebrity, whose full significance is not past, but to come.

To a Catholic, Froude has something yet finer than his 'totality and universality of character.' He has the grace of God. He stands in a mysterious place,

'Beautiful evermore, and with the rays
Of dawn on his white shield of expectation,'

and it would be covetous indeed, it might be even impious, to wish to dislodge him. Such as he is, and

where he is, he stands pledge enough for Reunion. Meanwhile, let him enjoy the irony for what it is worth, that to compensate for many of his own who esteem him not, many ‘swallowers of the Council of Trent as a whole’ esteem him well. The English Oratory has for him a sort of veneration, as for a little brother lost who had Saint Philip’s very brow and mouth;[293] the Benedictine monks at Buckfast Abbey, near his old home, familiarly remember him, on birthdays, with prayer which is both a gift and a petition; and there are lay hearts which cannot think of his lonely burial-place, in snow-time or in rose-time, without the sense of hearing over it a solemn music from the *Purgatorio*:

‘*Qui sarai tu poco tempo silvano;*
E sarai meco senza fine cive
Di quella Roma onde Cristo è Romano.’

That wonderful prophetic strain, meant for eternity, must linger in the ear of every ‘Roman’ who has learned to love Hurrell Froude.

THE END.

FOOTNOTES:

[1] The present Editor once hit upon a copy of the *Remains* in a bookstall, which had many of these names filled out in pencil; several of them, not all, proved to be accurate, and have been incorporated without acknowledgment to a nameless and deceased annotator.

[2] 'What is Mysticism?' in *The Faith of the Millions*. First Series. By George Tyrrell, S.J. Longmans, 1901, pp. 254-255.

[3] *Un Grand Feudataire, Renaud de Dammartin de la Coalition de Bouvines.* Par H. Malo. Paris: Champion, 1898.

[4] *Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*, by the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1882, ii., 42-43.

[5] See p. 75. The incident was recognised by the Rev. T. Mozley when he again saw the sketch, in 1891, as having taken place in the Common Room, not in 'Newman's rooms.'

[6] *A Study of British Genius*, by Havelock Ellis. London; Hurst & Blackett, 1904, p. 53. The passages cited first appeared in *The Monthly Review*, during 1901.

[7] This, and much of the condensed genealogical information following, is from a paper on the Froudes or Frowdes of Devon in the *Reports and Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, 1892, written by the Rev. R. E.

Hooppell, M.A., LL.D., D.C.L.

[8] Always so spelled, in this family.

[9] Archdeacon Froude, sixty years Rector of his parish, died Feb. 23, 1859. See *Gentleman's Magazine* for that year, i., 437, and *Boase's Modern English Biography*, i., 1110.

[10] W. Brockedon, F.R.S., F.R.G.S. (b. 1787, d. 1854), was a watchmaker and inventor at Totnes. In 1809 he was enabled by Archdeacon Froude and Mr. Holdsworth, M.P. for Dartmouth, to go up to London to study at the Royal Academy till 1815, when he went abroad and started upon his career.

[11] 'Poor Att' [little Anthony Froude], Hurrell wrote in 1828, 'is such a very good-tempered little fellow that in spite of his sawneyness [*i.e.*, sensitiveness, or softness] he is sure to be liked.' 'I,' he goes on to say, 'was an ill-natured sawney, and do not at all wish my time at School to come again.'

[12] *Eton School Lists*, edited by H. E. Chetwynd. Stapleton, 1864.

[13] She married William Mallock, Esq. The distinguished writer, Mr. William Hurrell Mallock, is their son.

[14] The 'Passon Chowne' of Mr. Blackmore's *Maid of Sker*.

[15] 1826.

[16] 'To do our best is one part, but to wash our hands smilingly of the consequence is the next part of any sensible virtue.' *The Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson.* New York: Scribner, 1899, i., 342.

[17] *i.e.* extravagant or emotional.

[18] In the now obsolete sense of fanaticism.

[19] Oxford.

[20] ‘Mere’ in *Remains*.

[21] Archdeacon Froude had come into possession of his Denbury estate, through the three coheiresses of the last feoffee, in 1807, when his eldest son was four years old.

[22] His two elder sisters are always so called in his letters.

[23] Keble quitted Oxford when his mother died, and took sole charge of East Leach, Burthorpe and Southrop parishes, near his father’s home in Fairford. He had one thousand people to look after, in all; the three livings aggregated but £100 a year.

[24] The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, *The Book of the West*. Devon, i., 319.

[25] Buckland-in-the-Moor, near Ashburton, celebrated for its rocky heights and magnificent views.

[26] Mr. Keble’s first visit.

[27] Milton, as early as 1817, was one of Keble’s own big bold prejudices. It is but fair to Froude to quote, in order that his remark may not be misconstrued, his conviction that ‘it is not perhaps too much to say that [Milton’s] was the most powerful mind which ever applied itself to poetry.’ Like Professor Raleigh in our own day, Froude denied that colossal genius to be, properly speaking, a religious poet at all. See *Remains*, part i., ii., 318-321, and Note.

[28] The moral philosophers of the ancient world.

[29] Phillis, widow of Robert ffroud.

[30] Torquay.

[31] Peter Elmsley, S.T.P., 1773-1825, then Principal of S. Alban Hall, and Camden Professor of History in the University of Oxford.

[32] *A Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A., late Vicar of Hursley*, by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, D.C.L. Oxford: Parker, 1869, p. 121.

[33] *i.e.*, poetry.

[34]

> ‘His rapier he’d draw,
> And pink a *bourgeois*,
>
> (A word which the English translate “Johnny Raw”).’

—‘The Black Mousquetaire,’ *Ingoldsby Legends*.

[35] There is no old elm tree now on Dartington Parsonage lawn [1902].

[36] Piercefield Park, Chepstow, Monmouthshire, where Elizabeth Smith had lived from 1785 to 1793.

[37] Her translation of the *Memoirs of Frederick and Margaret Klopstock* form, in most editions, the second volume of Miss Elizabeth Smith’s *Fragments*. ‘Old Klopstock’: Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, 1724-1803, married Margarethe Möller (Meta) who died in 1758; and in 1791, in his sixty-eighth year, her cousin Johannah von Wenthem.

[38] Dr. Charles Lloyd, 1784-1829; then Canon of Christ Church, and Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, appointed a year later Bishop of Oxford.

[39] The first was Robert Isaac Wilberforce, 1802-1857, second son of William Wilberforce, and the flower of a remarkable family of brothers. He became Vicar of East Farleigh, preceding there his brother Henry, and Archdeacon of the East Riding. He died at Albano in 1857, while preparing for the priesthood at Rome.

[40] *Oriel College* (College History Series), by David Watson Rannie, M.A. London: Robinson, 1900, p. 185.

[41] *Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*, by the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. London: Longmans, 1882, ii., 388.

[42] Merton College lies south-east over against Oriel: the beautiful tower stands up just behind the roof of Hurrell's rooms.

[43] Hurrell seems to have known and liked his senior, Edward Hawkins (1798-1884, Fellow of Oriel, 1813, Provost, succeeding Copleston, 1828), at this time. But 'not the least of a Don' is emphatically not descriptive of him, but of Richard Whately, 1787-1863, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin. 'No Don was ever less donnish … he revelled in setting conventions at naught,' etc. Dr. Rigg, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, lx., 423-429, *inter alia*.

[44] John Davison, 1777-1834, Fellow and Tutor of Oriel, afterwards Vicar of Old Sodbury, Gloucester, and Prebendary of Worcester Cathedral. He had a very high repute at Oxford, and, like Whately, was mentioned 'with bated breath.'

[45] 'Newman's relations with Whately largely cured him of the extreme shyness that was natural to him.' W. S. Lilly, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, xi., 342.

[46] Probably Hurrell's old friend, Robert Isaac Wilberforce, then, like himself, a newly-made Fellow of Oriel. ('Old' was Hurrell's most endearing adjective: he applies it unexpectedly in one letter: 'old Becket.') Robert Wilberforce's temperament was far more studious and calm than that of his genial younger brothers, but apparently he could be 'funny' and 'good-natured' too. 'R. Wilberforce was as merry as he generally is,' writes his hostess, Mrs. Rickards, from Ulcombe, to Miss Jemima Newman, in the autumn of 1827.

[47] Keble.

[48] 'To' in *Remains*.

[49] Isaac Williams, 1802-1865: Scholar of Trinity, afterwards perpetual Curate of Treyddn, Flintshire, and author of *The Cathedral*.

[50] Sir George Prevost, Bart., 1804-1893, M.A., Oriel, 1827, married Jane, sister of Isaac Williams, 1828. Curate to Thomas Keble at Bisley, 1828-1834: afterwards perpetual Curate of Stinchcomb and Archdeacon of Gloucester.

[51] See p. 236 for Mr. Keble's rebuke to Hurrell for a verbal flippancy. 'When at Oxford, I took up Law's *Serious Call to a Holy Life*, expecting to find it a dull book, as such books generally are, and perhaps laugh at it. But I found Law quite an over-match for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational inquiry.' *Boswell's Johnson*, edited by George Birkbeck Hill, i., 68.

[52] *The Exemplary Life and Character of James Bonnell, Esq. [1653-1699], late Accomptant General of Ireland*, by William Hamilton, A.M., Archdeacon of Armagh. The book was first published in 1703.

[53] The common flash going on. R. H. F.'s note.

[54] A foot wanting. R. H. F., *ut supra*.

[55] Edward Copleston, 1776-1849: from 1814 to 1828 Provost of Oriel, afterwards Bishop of Llandaff. The Hurrells had Copleston blood.

[56] *Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*, by the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. London: Longmans, 1882, i., 384.

[57] From the chapter entitled Edward Hawkins, the Great Provost, in *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, by John William Burgon, pp. 208-209.

[58] 'Bob.'

[59] William Ralph Churton, Fellow of Oriel, the brilliant and much-loved younger brother of the better-known Edward Churton, Archdeacon of Cleveland. He died at his home in Middleton Cheney, Northamptonshire, during the following month. His *Remains* were privately printed in 1830, and are dedicated to the then Archbishop of Canterbury, and to nine clergymen, the Oxonians Keble, Ogilvie, Cotton, Perceval, and Froude among them. Their friendship, says the Preface, 'honoured him in his death'; perhaps they bore together the expenses of publication. There is nothing particularly memorable in the book.

[60] Misprinted 'situated' in R. H. F.'s *Remains*.

[61] *John Henry Newman, Letters and Correspondence to 1845*. Edited by Anne Mozley. Longmans, 1890, i., 103.

[62] *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, 4th Series. London: Longmans, 1883, p. 235.

[63] *Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement*, by the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A.,

sometime Fellow of Oriel. London: Longmans, 1882, i., 18.

[64] Sculptor. How recently has ‘statuary’ become an obsolete word!

[65] A print of it appears in the *Remains*, i., 235.

[66] *John Henry Newman, Letters and Correspondence to 1845*, i., 8.

[67] The interval of a second in music: an amusing employment of the word, in this sense then, as now, obsolete and rare.

[68] *The Christian Year*: Forms of Prayer to be Used at Sea, line 5, not quite correctly quoted:

> ‘The wild winds rustle in the piping shrouds
> As in the quivering trees.’

[69] Joseph Dornford, 1794-1868, Fellow of Oriel; after a military career, Rector of Plymtree, Devon, and Canon of Exeter Cathedral. He had travelled in Ireland this summer.

[70] The word now has come to imply a sort of hero-worship based on a questionable social motive; but in Froude’s day it meant only those who showed, described, or patronised celebrated places, these being the ‘lions.’

[71] A half-legendary contemporary of S. Columbkille. Sir Walter Scott had crawled into the Hole or Bed at Glendalough in 1825.

[72] *Remains of the Rev. Richard Hurrell Froude*, part i., ii., 318, Note.

[73] At Greenaway on the Dart, between Dartmouth and Totnes, opposite Dittisham.

[74] The lines were written in some lady’s autograph album during this visit.

[75] *The Christian Year*: Septuagesima Sunday, closing stanza.

[76] Arthur, eldest son of Arthur Champernowne, Esq., of Dartington Hall, died during this year, 1831, aged 17. His next brother Henry died in 1851, aged 36.

[77] Newman, *Letters and Correspondence*, ii., 73.

[78] Of course in allusion to the proverb that rain on July 15 (S. Swithun's Day) means a more or less prolonged downpour.

[79] William I., King of the Netherlands, formerly William Frederick, Prince of Orange.

[80] Thomas Elrington, M.A., D.D., formerly President of Trinity College, Dublin, an active and devoted prelate. He lived until July 12, 1835.

[81] The name of the Bishop who was the great antagonist of the Lollards, Fellow of Oriel in his day, is properly spelled Pecock.

[82] 'The Time-Spirit of the Nineteenth Century,' in *Problems and Persons*, by Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, 1903.

[83] Robert Isaac Wilberforce. His mind was truly profound, and it was 'authentic,' to borrow the word beautifully applied to him in a memorial verse of his friend Mr. Aubrey de Vere.

[84] On Justice as a Principle of Divine Governance. *University Sermons*, VI.

[85] Neander: this playful Hellenising of Newman's name was general, at one time, among Oxonians of his own circle.

[86] Henry Bellenden Bulteel (1800-1866), a

Devonshire man, Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College, Hurrell's former contemporary at Eton. He got into difficulties with the Church of England and the University in 1831; after his calling the Heads of Houses 'dumb dogs,' from the pulpit of S. Mary's, Bishop Bagot revoked his licence; he then married a pastry-cook's sister in the High Street, spent £4000 building the Baptist Chapel in the Commercial Road, and set up as an independent dissenting minister. He was the anonymous author of *The Oxford Argo*. A good deal laughed at in his day, Bulteel had, according to evidence, the sympathy of Hurrell Froude in his ill fortunes. 'Froude went about for days with a rueful countenance, and could only say: "Poor Bulteel!"' *Reminiscences*, Mozley, i., 228.

[87] James Yonge, M.D., F.C.P., 1794-1870, a graduate of Exeter College, Oxford, and resident at Plymouth, where his practice was famous in its day, all over England.

[88] Of Oriel College.

[89] Hurrell had visited Keble there early in April, and caught a fresh cold.

[90] See p. 257.

[91] Prosperity, in *Lyra Apostolica*. Edited by H. C. Beeching, M.A. London: Methuen [1900], p. 146.

[92] Mary Sophia Newman, the youngest of the family, died, aged 17, on January 5, 1828.

[93] *Histoire de la Conquête de l'Angleterre par les Normands.* Par Augustin Thierry. Paris: Santelet, 1826. Tomes 1-4, 2de edition, 8°.

[94] A sentimental complaining fellow: the 'dreary prospects' being the prospects of a single

life devoted to moral reforms.

[95] The usurper of the Portuguese crown, third son of King John VI. The English destroyed his fleet off Cape St. Vincent, July 5, 1833.

[96] 'Stare' in the *Remains*.

[97] Six weeks later, an English lady, Miss Frere, writes home from Malta of our three tourists, 'Archdeacon Froude, his son, and another clergyman' … 'all very agreeable.' She laments the ill-health of Mr. Newman, but adds that 'the son, on whose account they are travelling, is quite well.' *Works of the Rt. Hon. John Hookham Frere*, vol. i., Memoir, by the Rt. Hon. Sir Bartle Frere. London: Pickering, 1874, p. 242.

[98] Newman says, 'It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*' (*Apologia*, 1890, p. 34); this letter antedates the arrival at Rome by some days. Newman dates the *Lyra* from Froude's choosing its motto from the *Odyssey* on the eve of magazine publication.

[99] The Rev. C. A. Ogilvie? or Frederick Oakeley? or the young Devonian Nutcombe Oxenham, who, like Isaac Williams, his tutor and lifelong friend, was a Scholar of Trinity? The associates of Mr. Williams were almost exclusively of Oriel.

[100] Froude had visited Samuel Wilberforce there, at Brighstone.

[101] 'We are keeping the most wretched Christmas Day … by bad fortune we are again taking in coals…. This morning we saw a poor fellow in the Lazaret, close to us, cut off from the ordinances of his Church, saying his prayers with his face to the house of God in his sight over the water; and it is a confusion of face to me…. The bells are beautiful here … deep and

sonorous, and they have been going all morning: to me very painfully.' Newman to his sister Harriett, *Letters and Correspondence*, i., 274.

[102] Major John Longley, afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of Dominica. Charles Thomas Longley, Head Master of Harrow School from 1829 to 1836, became Archbishop of Canterbury. Cythera is Cerigo.

[103] Spiridion or Spiridon, patron of the island, Bishop of Tremithus near Salamis, present at the first General Council of Nice, and at the Council of Sardica. The Greeks keep his feast on the 12th, the Western Church on the 14th of December.

[104] [Mount Scollis in Elis.]

[105] *Correspondence*, i., 293-300, *passim*: and p. 332.

[106] The well-known novel by Susan Edmonstone Ferrier, published at first anonymously in 1818. A beautiful edition, marking some revival of popularity, was issued in 1902.

[107] He could jump well, too: 'a larking thing for a Don!' as he tells his mother. *Letters and Correspondence*, i., 159.

[108] Provinces now merged in the kingdom of Roumania.

[109] *Life and Letters of Frederick William Faber, D.D., Priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri*, by John Edward Bowden of the same Congregation. Richards, 1869, p. 78.

[110] A quaint phrase from the Oriel Statutes. They read: '*Quoniam omnia existentia tendunt ad non esse*.'

[111] 'I am drawn to [Sicily] as by a loadstone. The chief sight has been Egesta: its ruins with its Temple. O wonderful sight! full of the most strange pleasure…. It has been a day in my life to have seen Egesta … really, my mind goes back to the recollection of last Monday and Tuesday, as one smells again and again at a sweet flower.' Newman to his sister Harriett, *Letters and Correspondence*, i., 302.

[112] Joseph Severn, Keats' friend, 1793-1879.

[113] Friedrich Overbeck, 1789-1869. He became a Catholic in 1814.

[114] Rev. Hugh James Rose, founder and editor: 1795-1838, M.A. of Cambridge University, Rector of Hadleigh, Suffolk; Principal of King's College, London.

[115] 'On The Hateful Party: probably the Liberal Party of 1833.' *Lyra Apostolica*, Beeching's edition, p. 140. But possibly the reference is to the English Reformers, and the poet's idea that they should be considered serviceable, in a way, to the very spirit of Catholicism which they did their best to destroy. However, the context of Froude's letter to Keble, going on to mention, as it does, a current political interest as inspiration (not forthcoming) for the next copy of verses, tends to bear out Mr. Beeching's theory. *Lyra Apostolica* began as a separate poetic section of *The British Magazine* in June, 1833. The poem above is an unconscious expansion of S. Augustine's *Ne putetis gratis esse malos in hoc mundo, et nihil boni de illis agere Deum*.

[116] Exactly what this interpretation was is not apparent from Lord Grey's biographers, nor from his *Letters*. On this ground, he was suspect, after his significant remark in the House of

Lords, on May 7, 1832: 'I do not like, in this free country, to use the word Monarchy.'

[117] Christian Carl Josias, Baron Bunsen, 1791-1860, Minister Plenipotentiary, and German Ambassador to England from 1841-1854.

[118] Misread, and misprinted 'ability' in the *Remains*.

[119] The first audit at Oriel, Mr. Christie being then, as Froude's successor, Junior Treasurer of the College.

[120] Afterwards Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster.

[121] [All this must not be taken literally, being a jesting way of stating to a friend what really was the fact, viz., that he and another availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting a learned Romanist to ascertain the ultimate points at issue between the Churches.] Note, *Remains*, 1838, i., 306.

[122] Newman writes to a friend then out of England, R. F. Wilson, Esq., on Sept. 8 following: '… If we look into history, whether in the age of the Apostles, St. Ambrose's, or St. Becket's [*sic*], still the people were the fulcrum of the Church's power. So they may be again. Therefore, expect on your return … to see us all cautious, long-headed, unfeeling, unflinching Radicals.' Newman, *Letters and Correspondence*, i., 399.

[123] The contributors to the *Lyra* numbered but six, in the end. Mr. Christie is not among them.

[124] Sir Edmund Walker Head, Bart., 1805-1868, an accomplished Oriel man, Fellow of Merton, M.A., D.C.L., F.R.S., and K.C.B.,

Governor-General of Canada, author of a *Handbook of the Spanish and French Schools of Painting*, and of various philological and literary essays. Hurrell might have named also a young Mr. Gladstone, late of Christ Church, already eminent in the Oxford academic world and beyond it, who spent a good part of this year, 1832-1833, in Italy.

[125] William Whewell, 1794-1866: Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The particular 'book' may be, judging from the context and the date, the *Astronomy and General Physics, considered with Reference to Natural Theology*.

[126] Adam Sedgwick, 1785-1873: Woodwardian Professor of Geology in the University of Cambridge.

[127] Connop Thirlwall, 1797-1875: historian and Bishop of S. David's.

[128] Julius Charles Hare, 1795-1855, of Trinity College, Cambridge, afterwards Incumbent of Hurstmonceaux, and Archdeacon of Lewes. Like Thirlwall, he was a familiar friend of Baron Bunsen. For a passing instance of the 'puffing' contemned by Froude, see *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, 1876, iii., 224.

[129] John of Salisbury, afterwards Bishop of Chartres, the companion and biographer of S. Thomas à Becket, and 'for thirty years the central figure of English learning.' (Stubbs, *Lectures*, p. 139.) He was born *circa* A.D. 1118, and died in the year 1180.

[130] Anglicised Latin, that is: Latin taught with the Continental pronunciation, or any approach to it, being unheard-of in the England of that time.

[131] *Remains of William Ralph Churton* (Private

Impression), 1830, p. 162.

[132] *Reminiscences*, etc., i., 294.

[133] Froude means the Abbé de Lamennais, Lacordaire, Montalembert, and their friends, to whom he was strongly attracted. Lacordaire, newly withdrawn from *L'Avenir*, was at this time at Nôtre Dame, not yet a Dominican. What a friend he would have been for R. H. F.!

[134] The Absolutions, in the Book of Common Prayer.

[135] [Here, and in many other places, it is the author's way to bring forward as motives of action for himself and others what were but secondary, and rather the reflection of his mind upon its acts, and that as if with a view to avoid the profession of high and great things. Such, too, is the Scripture way: as where we are told to do good to our enemies, as if 'to heap coals of fire on their heads,' and to take the lowest place, in order to 'have worship in the presence' of spectators.] Note, *Remains*, 1838, i., 314.

[136] The motto appears first in *The British Magazine*, Dec., 1833, followed by: 'Compare *Daniel* i., 7.'

[137] Dan. xii., 13.

[138] The reading here, slightly altered and bettered from the copy printed in the *Remains*, is from *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836.

[139] Ezek. xxvii., 11.

[140] The text in 1833 has 'wandering.' The Rev. H. C. Beeching adopts it, with this Note: 'Perhaps the line should run: "Far-wandering from the East."'

[141] In *The British Magazine* for May 1835 (vii.,

518) this poem first appears, and there bears no motto, and has 'The Exchange' for title. The title in the *Remains* is 'Farewell to Toryism.'

[142] S. Paul, Eph. ii., 8.

[143] *The Anglican Revival*, by J. H. Overton, D.D. London: Blackie, 1897, p. 206.

[144] James William Bowden, 1798-1844, the most zealous lay participant in the early Movement.

[145] *Reminiscences*, Mozley, i., 580.

[146] *Specimens of the Table-Talk of the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge.* Murray, 1835, ii., 26. The curious inference may be made, in regard to Froude's Editors, that they did not light upon Coleridge's passage at first-hand, but that somebody brought it to their attention: they, on their part, had accomplished, by chance, the extraordinary feat of ignoring Coleridge. 'In extreme old age Newman wrote to a friend: "I never read a word of Kant. I never read a word of Coleridge…. I could say the same of Hurrell Froude, and also of Pusey and Keble."' *Newman*, by William Barry. Literary Lives Series. Hodder & Stoughton, 1904, p. 30. The inclusion of the name of Dr. Pusey, Germanic by temperament and by his line of study, is remarkable.

[147] This was July 9, 1833. The Froudes had never had word by post since he had parted from them, and they knew something had gone wrong.

[148] Arthur Philip Perceval, 1799-1853, of Oriel, brother of Lord Arden, and Vicar of East Horsley; afterwards Royal chaplain, and expounder of High Church principles, on one celebrated occasion, before Queen Victoria.

[149] Nobody but Dean Hook calls him ‘learned,’ and the concession may have been thrown in to balance the depreciatory context. ‘With a kind heart and glowing sensibilities, Mr. Froude united a mind of wonderful power, saturated with learning, and from its very luxuriance productive of weeds, together with many flowers.’ *A Call to Union on the Principles of the English Reformation*, 2nd ed., 1838, p. 167.

[150] *Remains* of R. H. F., part i., ii., 307. On the Causes of the Superior Excellence of the Poetry of Rude Ages.

[151] This is not among his published Sermons, but may have gone to make up the mosaic of State Interference papers in the *Remains*, part ii., i., 184-269.

[152] ‘Snug’ in *Remains*.

[153] The Queen.

[154] *The British Magazine* for July, 1833, vol. iii., The Appointment of Bishops by the State. Correspondence under the same title opens in the September number, v., 290 *et seq.*, signed ‘F.’

[155] Newman figures as responsible for it in the valuable Appendix to the third volume of the *Life* of Dr. Pusey.

[156] *Correspondence*, i., 421.

[157] John Mitchinson Calvert of Crosthwaite, Cumberland, and of Oriel, M.A., M.D., who knew Froude well, and was his own age.

[158] S. Thomas à Becket’s word for the poor.

[159] The ‘man’ is Jean Bon de St. André, Deputy to the Convention for the Department of Lot during the Reign of Terror; he was preferred by

Napoleon, and died in 1813. He was present when Earl Howe defeated the French fleet on June 1, 1794, and distinguished himself after the fashion commemorated in the Elegy which appeared in the *Anti-Jacobin Review and Magazine* on May 14, 1798, and was the joint production of Canning, Gifford, and Frere:

> 'Poor John was a gallant captain
> In battles much delighting;
> He fled full soon,
> On the first of June,
> But he bade the rest keep fighting.'

The stave appears again, of course, in *Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin*, Edited with Explanatory notes by Charles Edmonds, 3rd edition, London, Sampson Low, etc., 1890, p. 187. The *New Anti-Jacobin*, a brilliant monthly advocating high Tory principles, sprang into life for April and May, 1833, and died. Froude must have been deeply interested in it. Nothing we know of him is more engaging than this very gallant applying to himself of such a quotation at such a time, and for such a reason.

[160] Rev. Anthony Buller, 1809-1881, afterwards Rector of Mary Tavy; ordained at Exeter on Oct. 27 of this year.

[161] *The Arians of the Fourth Century.*

[162] Mr. Rose's friend, William Rowe Lyall, 1788-1857, then Archdeacon of Colchester, afterwards Dean of Canterbury. Owing to Mr. Rose's failing health, the two exchanged livings this year, and Archdeacon Lyall remained at Hadleigh till 1841, Mr. Rose having died in Italy.

[163] Of 1831.

[164] William Hart Coleridge, 1789-1849,

brother to George, Master of Ottery Free School; first Bishop of Barbados and the Leeward Islands, 1824, and reorganiser of Codrington College. He resigned in 1841, when the diocese was divided.

[165] 'Unconnected' in the text of the *Remains*, but corrected in the little list of *errata*.

[166] This, of course, is one of the passages upon which the Editors of the *Remains* rely to prove negatively their contention that Froude's Anglicanism was immutably fixed. The 'Popery' in this passage is not in its 'grammatical sense,' but plainly refers to furtherance of O'Connell's measures.

[167] Jeremy Collier's *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, first published in two volumes folio in 1708, 1714.

[168] Lieutenant-Colonel J. Lyons Nixon, L.G.

[169] [If they had had the *whole body* of the English Church in agreement with them. The sort and amount of alteration which the writer probably contemplated may be seen in *Tracts for the Times*, Via Media.] Note, *Remains*, i., 348. So sure was Newman of R. H. F.'s posthumous approbation.

[170] Thomas Fowell Buxton, 1786-1845, M.P., knighted in 1840, prison reformer (brother-in-law of Mrs. Fry), and William Wilberforce's successor as head of the Anti-slavery party in England.

[171] John Spedding Froude.

[172] A 'Z' stood, in Tractarian, for an 'Establishment man.'

[173] Thus in the *Remains*, but 'if,' by a misprint, in The Newman *Correspondence*, ii., 33.

[174] Keble was eleven years older than Froude, nine years older than Newman.

[175] Founded by a bequest to the S.P.G. of Christopher Codrington, 1668-1710, the munificent Fellow of All Souls, Oxford; licensed by Queen Anne; opened as a Grammar School in 1742; but not a Collegiate institution for West Indian clergy, as originally intended, until 1830.

[176] To 'battel' is a verb purely Oxonian by origin. Battels are a man's College accounts for supplies from kitchen and buttery, or else all College accounts, inclusive of board, lodging, tuition, rates, and sundries.

[177] *The Arians of the Fourth Century; their Doctrine, Temper, and Conduct, chiefly as Exhibited in the Councils of the Church between A.D. 325 and A.D. 384*, by John Henry Newman, M.A., Fellow of Oriel College. London: Rivingtons, 1833. The book is dedicated to Keble. The review is in *The British Magazine* for January, 1834, v., 67. Mr. T. Mozley thinks that *The Arians* is the landmark of Newman's progress from Low Church to High Church.

[178] There are two brief papers and a poem signed 'C.' in *The British Magazine* Supplement, Dec. 31, 1833, in vol. iv. The matter referred to is probably that dealing 'Apostolically' with Confirmation and First Communion. The Editor has not been able to identify 'C.'

[179] This still exists, the tallest, (a huge tree in Froude's time,) being over one hundred feet high.

[180] Vol. v., pp. 667 *et seq.*; vi., 380 *et seq.*

[181] 'Some one, I think, asked in conversation at Rome [1833], whether a certain interpretation of Scripture was Christian. It was

answered that Dr. Arnold took it; I interposed: "But is *he* a Christian?" The subject went out of my head at once.' *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, 1890, p. 33.

[182] The Rev. George Dudley Ryder, second son of the Hon. and Rt. Rev. Lord Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry. He married in June, 1834, Sophia Lucy, youngest daughter of the Rev. J. Sargent, Rector of Lavington, Sussex, sister of Mrs. Henry and of Mrs. Samuel Wilberforce, and of Mrs. H. E. Manning.

[183] To 'rat,' a favourite verb with the two hide-bound purists who used it daily, means obviously to forsake or abandon anything, as rats skurry away from a sinking ship.

[184] The Rev. John Hothersal Pinder, M.A., Cambridge, first Principal, from 1830 to 1835, subsequently first Principal of Wells Theological College.

[185] North-east of Torquay.

[186] Newman, prompted by Isaac Williams, and following Thomas Keble at Bisley, had, unknown to Froude, begun a month before to read the two Church services daily in the chancel of S. Mary's at Oxford: but a daily Eucharist was then unheard of in the Church of England.

[187] *Reminiscences*, i., 217.

[188] Frederic Rogers, afterwards Lord Blachford, 1811-1889. He had been Froude's pupil, and also Newman's, through a dazzlingly brilliant University career. He occupied Froude's rooms at Oriel on staircase No. 3 for at least one term during his absence.

[189] In reference to Lib. iv., Carm. iii., 19-20:

Ad Melpomenen.

[190] Vol. i., 369-372.

[191] J. H. N., *Letters and Correspondence*, i., 397-399.

[192] *Essays Critical and Historical*, by John Henry Cardinal Newman. London: Longmans, 1891, ii., 375.

[193] *Chronicle of Convocation, Sessions, July 3-6, 1887.* The capitals occur there, as here.

[194] J. H. N., *Letters and Correspondence*, i., 423.

[195] John Tucker, 1793-1873, Fellow of Corpus Christi College, and at this time Dean; Vicar of West Hendred, Berkshire.

[196] The Note in the *Remains*, i., 405, calls attention to the circumstance that R.H.F. was speaking of the Church *system* only; *i.e.*, the Establishment.

[197] Both Newman and Froude often employ this word in a sense now quite obsolete. 'The notion of diversion, entertainment, is comparatively of recent introduction into the word. To amuse was to cause to muse, to occupy or engage, and in this sense indeed to divert, the thoughts and attention.' Trench, *Select Glossary*, 1890, p. 7.

A perfect example of the bygone function of the word occurs in Daniel's *Musophilus*, where he condoles with 'Sacred Religion, mother of form and fear,' in the days when she must

> 'Sit poorly, without light, disrobed; no care
> Of outward grace to amuse the poor devout.'

[198] Joram or jorum is a drinking-bowl.

[199] *I.e.*, the work, then in progress, on *The Life*

and Times of Thomas à Becket.

[200] *The Christian Year: Thoughts in Verse for the Sundays and Holy-days Throughout the Year.* First American Edition. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea and Blanchard, MDCCCXXXIV.

[201] Frederick Oakeley, 1802-1880: Tutor and Lecturer of Balioll College, Select Preacher to the University in 1831, Minister of Margaret Chapel (on the site of All Saints, Margaret Street, London W.) 1839-1845, and for the last thirty years of his life priest and Canon of the Archdiocese of Westminster.

[202] The American editor, 'G. D. W.' [George Washington Doane].

Among the footnotes is the following: 'The Editor is accountable, throughout the volume, for the use of the Italic letter. He has adopted that method of designating such lines as possess, in his judgment, peculiar beauty.' The preface is dated July 1, 1834. More than twenty-five editions had been published in England at this time.

[203] With Froude always, though not with Newman, domesticity spelled desertion of the Cause: to be married was, practically, to 'rat.'

[204] *The British Magazine* for September, 1834, had announced the marriage of H. W. Wilberforce, Esq., M.A., Oriel College, to Mary, second daughter of the late Rev. J. Sargent, Rector of Lavington.

[205] Hurrell may well have known the state of poor Williams' heart in regard to Miss Caroline Champernowne of Dartington Hall: the marriage, however, did not come off until 1842. Mr. Keble is not mentioned in his worshipping disciple's incriminating list, but he had married

Miss Charlotte Clark at Bisley on the tenth of the preceding October. He was then in his forty-fourth year. The engagement was of several years' standing.

[206] Mr. Christie married in 1847.

[207] John Frederick Christie, M.A., Fellow of Oriel, received Deacon's Orders in the Cathedral at Oxford, on May 25, 1834, and Priest's Orders in the same place, on December 20, 1835.

[208] [Such as the necessity of holding by the union of Church and State; of contenting himself with the English liturgical services, etc. Note, *Remains*, i., 386.] The Editors mistook Hurrell's word 'one' in the text, printing it as 'me.'

[209] To smug is to confiscate without ceremony.

The *Exeter Flying Post*, during the last week of the preceding May, had announced the arrival of 'the Bishop of Barbados and his family, on a visit to Mrs. Coleridge's father, the venerable Dean of Winchester.' The 'thorough Z' was in delicate health, and it forced him, ultimately, to resign his charge. His only son, a young child in Froude's time at Barbados, Mr. Rennell Coleridge, has just died at Salston, Ottery St. Mary (May, 1904).

[210] Isaac Williams was long believed to be hopelessly ill, but recovered.

[211] The Rev. John Keble, Sr., Vicar of Coln St. Aldwyn, father and sole educator of John and of Thomas Keble, up to the time of their entering the University. He had inherited what he so splendidly transmitted: the Carolian and Nonjuring tradition.

[212] He was by no means alone in indulging this pious sentiment. On all sides, in 1835, 'from Newman to Macaulay, from Cobbett to Arnold, the Reformers were receiving scathing criticism.' The Life-Work of Cardinal Wiseman, in *Problems and Persons*, by Wilfrid Ward. Longmans, 1903.

[213] Of Nov. 18, 1834. This is a homespun boyish acknowledgement of Newman's beautiful flight of words, straight to the heart of his friend.

[214] Newman's note some thirty years later, *Letters and Correspondence*, ii., 7. '*N.B.*—Froude would not believe that I was in earnest, as I was, in shrinking from the views which he boldly followed out. I *was* against Transubstantiation.'

[215] In the standard modern edition, *Pensées Fragments et Lettres de Blaise Pascal* … par M. Prosper Faugère, Paris, Leroux, 1897, the passage occurs in Lettre V. (à Mademoiselle de Roannez), fin d'Octobre, 1656, pp. 52-53.

[216] Probably in a letter. Mr. Christie was at this time devoting himself to Ridley, whom he looked upon, Mr. Mozley tells us, as a Saint and an Authority; his papers appeared later in *The British Critic*.

[217] Sir William Hamilton's celebrated (anonymous) article on 'Admission of Dissenters to the Universities,' *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lx., pp. 202 *et seq.*, for October, 1834, includes some telling paragraphs on the Practical Theology (in reference to the countenancing of polygamy) and the Biblical Criticism (boldly destructive) of Luther, Bucer, and Melancthon.

[218] First published as Tract 18: *Thoughts on the Benefits of the System of Fasting enjoined by our*

Church. It is dated Oxford, The Feast of S. Thomas [1834], and signed E. B. P., being the first of the *Tracts* to bear a signature, by way of disassociating its author from the real Tractarians.

[219] The 'Dartington one' is, as we have seen, 'Scripture a Record of Human Sorrow'; the 'Naples one' is possibly 'Religious Emotion,' Nos. xiv. and xxv. in *Parochial Sermons*, by John Henry Newman, M.A., Vicar of S. Mary the Virgin's, Oxford, and Fellow of Oriel College. London: Rivington, 1834.

[220] Did Froude mean to write 'Gallican'? Saint Francis de Sales as a Jansenist fills a new rôle.

[221] 'The Rise and Fall of Gregory,' chapter ix., in *The Church of the Fathers*. Reprinted from *The British Magazine*, by Rivington, 1840, p. 146.

[222] Robert Isaac Wilberforce, as Vicar of East Farleigh, near Maidstone, Kent, was out of Oxford life practically from 1831 to 1849.

[223] Choused means swindled, duped.

[224] *Sic*.

[225] Unidentified.

[226] He has forgotten, for the moment, his own illuminating word spoken two years before: 'Surely the promise "I am with you always" means something?' …

[227] The famous emendation of the thirteenth stanza in the Gunpowder Treason hymn, which now reads in all editions of *The Christian Year*,—

> 'There present in the heart
> As in the hands,'

was made after Keble's death, by his executors,

and in accordance with his own request. The request was based upon that of ‘my dear friend Hurrell Froude,’ over thirty years before. Keble had long held out against the alteration, and for what he thought good cause, even against Pusey, maintaining that ‘Not in the hands’ should be understood as ‘Not [only] in the hands.’ He had precedents and analogies to lean upon. But when Bishop Jeune on February 9, 1866, quoted the original lines in Convocation as against the Real Objective Presence, the poet, then near his end, eagerly effected the change. The ordinary reader may wonder whether a more astounding variant be known to doctrinal statement.

[228] Both quotations are from one of the loveliest and tenderest numbers of *The Christian Year*: that entitled ‘Holy Baptism,’ stanzas v. and iii.

[229] ‘Someone’ was of course quoting from the Vulgate, the Song of Solomon, iv., 11.

[230] The Rev. John Keble, Sr., died on Jan. 24, 1835, aged 89.

[231] Thus in the Newman *Correspondence*, ii., 94. In the *Remains* the reading is ‘little to boast of.’

[232] Froude would not have heard of the famous contest for the Speakership on Feb. 19, 1835, as he left the West Indies in March, or early April. James Abercromby, Esq., of Edinburgh, obtained on that day a majority of ten over Sir Charles Manners Sutton, who thereupon retired in chagrin from public life, and was created Viscount Canterbury.

[233] *Letters of Frederic Lord Blachford*, edited by George Eden Marindin. London: Murray, 1896, p. 24.

[234] *Reminiscences*, ii., 14.

[235] 'The Oxford Counter-Reformation,' in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, 4th Series: 1883.

[236] Tract 63, afterwards published, with additions, in the *Remains*, part i., ii., 383-423.

[237] (With dogma: not with disease!)

[238] *The Ritualists, or Non-Natural Catholics.* London: Shaw & Co., 2nd edition, 1867, p. 73.

[239] In the Church of England, he means. Catholic altars were, and are, always of stone, the custom of stone altars having been ruled as obligatory at the Council of Epaon, A.D. 517. Dr. Pusey's dismay will be remembered at the adverse decision given on 31st January, 1845, against stone altar-slabs, as 'revived' in S. Sepulchre's Church at Cambridge. (Liddon's *Pusey*, ii., 483.)

[240] *La Renaissance Catholique en Angleterre*, par Paul Thureau-Dangin de l'Académie française. 1re Partie. Paris: Plon, 1899, p. 160.

[241] '*Que se passa-t-il entre eux? Wiseman ne l'a jamais révélé.*' *Idem*, p. 104. M. Thureau-Dangin's treatment of Froude throughout is exquisite and just, though he contrives to miss a point or two.

[242] Newman warns us in the Preface to *Loss and Gain* against actual identifications of his scenes and characters; and the warning is just, because there is no warrant for the identifications. But reading between the lines is particularly profitable with every page of Newman's, dictated by an almost unexampled deliberation and sensitiveness. Reding (for one instance out of many), quitting his beautiful and beloved Oxford, goes early in the morning to kiss the willows along the Water-walks good-

bye. It is almost impossible that the man who thinks such a thing should not also be the man who has done it.

[243] 'Things,' one is left to infer, which depended more or less on the proximity of the Bodleian, and implied something in the way of historical fiction.

[244] In vol. vii., 1835. The article for June, pp. 662-668, is Letter No. xii. in *The Church of the Fathers*, and consists of a little essay on S. Augustine, with excerpts from his treatises and private correspondence on the subject of the religious life.

[245] The Statutes excluding married Fellows being still in force.

[246] Years after this was written, late in the seventies, he must have passed near it, going to visit his brother-in-law, the Rev. Thomas Mozley, at Plymtree.

[247] *I.e.*, haranguing against 'Romanism.'

[248] James Shergold Boone, 1799-1859, an Oxonian, then editor of *The British Critic*.

[249] Copleston.

[250] The Rev. Charles Portates Golightly, 1807-1885, M.A., Oriel: King of the 'Peculiars.'

[251] The Rev. Benjamin Harrison, 1808-1887, M.A., Christchurch, afterwards Archdeacon of Maidstone and Canon of Canterbury.

[252] Probably Thomas Mozley, newly appointed Junior Treasurer of Oriel.

[253] The Rev. Robert Francis Wilson, M.A., Oriel, was appointed Mr. Keble's Curate in 1835, and became his lifelong friend.

[254] In the review of Blanco White's *Observations on Heresy and Orthodoxy*.

[255] The Rev. John Richard Bogue, a Cambridge graduate, then, or later, Curate of Cornworthy, towards Dartmouth.

[256] *Life of Edward Bouverie Pusey*, by Henry Parry Liddon, D.D., etc. London: Longmans, 1893, i., 359.

[257] John Mozley and Jemima Newman were married on April 28, 1836. Thomas Mozley's first wife was Harriet Newman, married to him in September of the same year. Not only the Mozleys of the Tractarian group, but two of the Wilberforces (Samuel and Henry), and the two Kebles, married sisters.

[258] A 'prose,' in this pleasant sense, seems always, with Oxford men of that date, to mean a disquisition in the nature of a monologue.

[259] Hurrell Froude's first instalments of the articles embracing translations of S. Thomas à Becket's original letters (from the Vatican Archives and other original sources) appeared in *The British Magazine* for November, 1832, ii., 233-242, and had run on pretty regularly ever since.

[260] In the theological sense.

[261] William Palmer (Vigornensis, as he was locally called to distinguish him from his namesake at Magdalen College), and Newman, in lesser measure, were responsible for this Tract, numbered 15.

[262] During this month Blanco White had avowed himself a Unitarian, and quitted Archbishop Whately's house in Dublin.

[263] By accident, the same adjectives had

instinctively occurred in a postscript of Harriett Newman's, written a month or two before. 'Who can refrain from tears at the thought of that bright and beautiful Froude?' she writes. 'He is not expected to last long.'

[264] Coleridge's *Memoir of John Keble*, p. 235.

[265] 'Separation,' *Lyra Apostolica*, Beeching's edition, p. 17. See p. 331 of this book.

[266] Cholderton (Thomas Mozley's Rectory), Oct. 3, 1839.—'Keble's Preface to the *Remains* [Part II.], which awaited me here, is very good, as far as I can judge; but somehow I want the faculty of judging anything of Keble's.'—*John Henry Newman, Letters and Correspondence to 1845*. Longmans, 1890, ii., 213, 257.

[267] Lost.

[268] Newman. The anonymous review appeared in *The Christian Observer* for July, 1837, pp. 460-479. The volume bears no number.

[269] Probably Henry Halford Vaughan of Christ Church, 1811-1885; the distinguished jurist; elected Fellow of Oriel in 1835; afterwards Regius Professor of Modern History.

[270] Renn Dickson Hampden, D.D., 1793-1868, received in October, 1836, his famous (Dean Burgon's adjective was 'scandalous') appointment by Lord Melbourne to the Regius Professorship of Divinity in the University of Oxford, against the vehement and prolonged opposition of both Low Church and High Church, to whom 'Hampdenism' meant nothing less than the negation of Christian doctrine and the Catholic spirit. Hampden, if not 'Hampdenism,' was to be greatly crippled by the Oxford Convocation of the following May.

[271] The Rev. R. C. Fillingham's wit, wasted on a winter Sunday morning in the Pembroke Street Chapel, Oxford, may be worth hoarding up. 'The Martyrs died to protest against the ridiculous doctrine of the Real Presence, and the man who preached that doctrine from the pulpit was a traitor, and deserved to be drummed out of the Church. (Applause)…. The new religion of the Church of England was founded in 1833 … in order to save the endowments, and was really a pecuniary dodge. The Martyrs' Memorial protested against it, and said this new thing was not the religion of the true Church of England. The Memorial protested against dishonesty; it stood as a protest against shams, etc., etc.'—*The Oxford Times, Jan. 16, 1904.*

[272] The Rev. Edward Churton, 1800-1874, Rector of Crayke, the Spanish scholar, biographer of Joshua Watson.

[273] *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, by John William Burgon, B.D., late Dean of Chichester. London: Murray, 1891, p. 129.

[274] Afterwards seventh Earl of Carlisle.

[275] *Correspondence*, ii., 255.

[276] *Letters of Frederic Lord Blachford*, edited by George Eden Marindin. Murray, 1896, p. 50.

[277] *Life of William Ewart Gladstone*, by John Morley. Macmillan, 1903, i., 306.

[278] *Idem*, p. 161.

[279] *Remains*, vol. ii., 229, 250, and elsewhere.

[280] Mr. Ruskin.

[281] Rose to Pusey, in Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, p. 125.

[282] 'A More Excellent Way,' in *The Faith of the Millions*. First Series. By George Tyrrell, S. J. Longmans, 1901, p. 5.

[283] Sir James Stephen, 'The Evangelical Succession,' in *Essays in Ecclesiastical Biography*. London: Longmans, 1860, 4th edition, i., 462.

[284] Quoted in *The Monthly Repository* for 1835, discovered and reproduced in Mr. Bertram Dobell's *Sidelights on Charles Lamb*, 1903, p. 325.

[285] *Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle*, i., 199. Compare the Rev. Spencer Jones' remarkable article, 'Who Makes the Division?' in *The Lamp* for April or May, 1904. 'The *terminus ad quem* of the Oxford Movement, by logical and divine necessity, seems to us to be the return of the Anglican Church to the supreme authority of the Holy See. To it we must come, if we desire to possess a sanctuary once more.'

[286] Canon Smith, Rector of S. Peter's Catholic Church at Marlow, once the Anglican Rector of Leadenham, died, aged 89, on October 24, 1903, while the first sheets of this book were passing through the press.

[287] It is the saying of a contemporary wit: 'Did you ever see a clever Anglican who did not worry over his Church? and did you ever see a clever Roman who did?'

[288] See p. 148.

[289] *Reminiscences*, i., 441.

[290] *Life and Letters of Walter Farquhar Hook, D.D., F.R.S.*, by his Son-in-Law, W. R. W. Stephens. Bentley, 1878, ii., 103.

[291] *L'Anglo-Catholicisme*, par le Père Ragey. Paris: Lecoffre [1897], pp. 4, 7.

[292] Mr. Simcox in *The Academy*, May 22, 1891, xxxix., 481.

[293] The physical resemblance between R. H. F.'s child-portrait and *il buon Pippo*, becomes none the less noteworthy when one turns towards what Newman wrote from Rome to his sister about S. Philip Neri, on January 26, 1847. 'This great Saint reminds me in so many ways of Keble, that I can fancy what Keble would have been … in another place and age; he was formed on the same type of extreme hatred of humbug, playfulness, nay, oddity, tender love of others, and severity.' *John Henry Newman, Letters and Correspondence to 1845*, ii., 424.

HURRELL FROUDE

II

SOME REPRINTED COMMENTS ON HIM AND ON HIS RELATION TO THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

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PART II.—COMMENTS

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HURRELL FROUDE

II

SOME REPRINTED COMMENTS ON HIM AND ON HIS RELATION TO THE OXFORD MOVEMENT

From 'THE OXFORD MOVEMENT: TWELVE YEARS, 1833-1845,' By R. W. CHURCH, M.A., D.C.L., sometime Dean of St. Paul's, and Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co., 1891.

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'What was it that turned [Keble] by degrees into so prominent and so influential a person? It was the result of the action of his convictions and ideas, and still more of his character, on the energetic and fearless mind of a pupil and disciple, Richard Hurrell Froude. Froude was Keble's pupil at Oriel, and when Keble left Oriel for his curacy at the beginning of the Long Vacation of 1823, he took Froude with him to read for his degree. He took with him ultimately two

other pupils, Robert Wilberforce and Isaac Williams of Trinity. One of them, Isaac Williams, has left some reminiscences of the time, and of the terms on which the young men were with their tutor, then one of the most famous men at Oxford. They were terms of the utmost freedom. “Master is the greatest boy of them all,” was the judgment of the rustic who was gardener, groom, and parish clerk to Mr. Keble. Froude’s was a keen logical mind, not easily satisfied, contemptuous of compromises and evasions, and disposed on occasion to be mischievous and aggressive; and with Keble, as with anybody else, he was ready to dispute and try every form of dialectical experiment. But he was open to higher influences than those of logic, and in Keble he saw what subdued and won him to boundless veneration and affection. Keble won the love of the whole little society; but in Froude he had gained a disciple who was to be the mouthpiece and champion of his ideas, and who was to react on himself and carry him forward to larger enterprises and bolder resolutions than by himself he would have thought of. Froude took in from Keble all he had to communicate: principles, convictions, moral rules and standards of life, hopes, fears, antipathies. And his keenly-tempered intellect, and his determination and high courage, gave a point and an impulse of their own to Keble’s views and purposes. As things came to look darker, and dangers seemed more serious to the Church, its faith or its rights, the interchange of thought between master and disciple, in talk and in letter, pointed more and more to the coming necessity of action; and Froude at least had no objections to the business of an agitator. But all this was very gradual; things did not yet go beyond discussion; ideas, views, arguments were examined

and compared; and Froude, with all his dash, felt as Keble felt, that he had much to learn about himself, as well as about books and things. In his respect for antiquity, in his dislike of the novelties which were invading Church rules and sentiments, as well as its Creeds, in his jealousy of the State, as well as in his seriousness of self-discipline, he accepted Keble's guidance and influence more and more; and from Keble he had more than one lesson of self-distrust, more than one warning against the temptations of intellect. "Froude told me many years after," writes one of his friends, "that Keble once, before parting with him, seemed to have something on his mind which he wished to say, but shrank from saying, while waiting, I think, for a coach. At last he said, just before parting, 'Froude, you thought Law's *Serious Call* was a clever book; it seemed to me as if you had said the Day of Judgement will be a pretty sight.' This speech, Froude told me, had a great effect on his after life."[294]

'At Easter, 1826, Froude was elected Fellow of Oriel. He came back to Oxford, charged with Keble's thoughts and feelings, and from his more eager and impatient temper, more on the look-out for ways of giving them effect. The next year he became Tutor, and he held the tutorship till 1830. But he found at Oriel a colleague, a little his senior in age and standing, of whom Froude and his friends as yet knew little except that he was a man of great ability, that he had been a favourite of Whately's, and that in a loose and rough way he was counted among the few Liberals and Evangelicals in Oxford. This was Mr. Newman. Keble had been shy of him, and Froude would at first judge him by Keble's standard. But Newman was just at this time "moving," as he expresses it, "out of the shadow of Liberalism."

Living not apart like Keble, but in the same College, and meeting every day, Froude and Newman could not but be either strongly and permanently repelled, or strongly attracted. They were attracted: attracted with a force which at last united them in the deepest and most unreserved friendship. Of the steps of this great change in the mind and fortunes of each of them we have no record: intimacies of this kind grow in College out of unnoticed and unremembered talks, agreeing or differing, out of unconscious disclosures of temper and purpose, out of walks and rides and quiet breakfasts and Common-Room arguments, out of admirations and dislikes, out of letters and criticisms and questions; and nobody can tell afterwards how they have come about. The change was gradual and deliberate. Froude's friends in Gloucestershire, the Keble family, had their misgivings about Newman's supposed Liberalism; they did not much want to have to do with him. His subtle and speculative temper did not always square with Froude's theology. "N. is a fellow that I like more, the more I think of him," Froude wrote in 1828; "only I would give a few odd pence if he were not a heretic."[295] But Froude, who saw him every day, and was soon associated with him in the tutorship, found a spirit more akin to his own in depth and freedom and daring, than he had yet encountered. And Froude found Newman just in that maturing state of religious opinion in which a powerful mind like Froude's would be likely to act decisively. Each acted on the other. Froude represented Keble's ideas, Keble's enthusiasm. Newman gave shape, foundation, consistency, elevation to the Anglican theology, when he accepted it, which Froude had learned from Keble. "I knew him first," we read in the *Apologia*, "in 1826,

and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 till his death in 1836."[296] But this was not all. Through Froude, Newman came to know and to be intimate with Keble; and a sort of *camaraderie* arose of very independent and outspoken people, who acknowledged Keble as their master and counsellor.

'"The true and primary author of it" (the Tractarian Movement), we read in the *Apologia*, "as is usual with great motive powers, was out of sight…. Need I say that I am speaking of John Keble?" The statement is strictly true. Froude never would have been the man he was but for his daily and hourly intercourse with Keble; and Froude brought to bear upon Newman's mind, at a critical period of its development, Keble's ideas and feelings about religion and the Church, Keble's reality of thought and purpose, Keble's transparent and saintly simplicity. And Froude, as we know from a well-known saying of his,[297] brought Keble and Newman to understand one another, when the elder man was shy and suspicious of the younger, and the younger, though full of veneration for the elder, was hardly yet in full sympathy with what was most characteristic and most cherished in the elder's religious convictions. Keble attracted and moulded Froude: he impressed Froude with his strong Churchmanship, his severity and reality of life, his poetry, and high standard of scholarly excellence. Froude learned from him to be anti-Erastian, anti-Methodistical, anti-sentimental, and as strong in his hatred of the world, as contemptuous of popular approval, as any Methodist. Yet all this might merely have made a strong impression, or formed one more marked school of doctrine, without the fierce energy which received it and which it inspired. But Froude,

in accepting Keble's ideas, resolved to make them active, public, aggressive; and he found in Newman a colleague whose bold originality responded to his own. Together they worked as Tutors; together they worked when their tutorships came to an end; together they worked when thrown into companionship in their Mediterranean voyage, in the winter of 1832 and the spring of 1833. They came back full of aspirations and anxieties which spurred them on; their thoughts had broken out in papers sent home from time to time to Rose's *British Magazine* ("Home Thoughts Abroad") and the *Lyra Apostolica*. Then came the meeting at Hadleigh, and the beginning of the Tracts. Keble had given the inspiration, Froude had given the impulse; then Newman took up the work, and the impulse henceforward, and the direction, were his.

'Doubtless, many thought and felt like them about the perils which beset the Church and religion. Loyalty to the Church, belief in her divine mission, allegiance to her authority, readiness to do battle for her claims, were anything but extinct in her ministers and laity. The elements were all about of sound and devoted Churchmanship. Higher ideas of the Church than the popular and political notion of it, higher conceptions of Christian doctrine than those of the ordinary Evangelical theology—echoes of the meditations of a remarkable Irishman, Mr. Alexander Knox—had in many quarters attracted attention in the works and sermons of his disciple, Bishop Jebb, though it was not till the Movement had taken shape that their full significance was realised. Others besides Keble and Froude and Newman were seriously considering what could best be done to arrest the current which was running strong against the Church, and discussing schemes of

resistance and defence. Others were stirring up themselves and their brethren to meet the new emergencies, to respond to the new call. Some of these were in communication with the Oriel men, and ultimately took part with them in organising vigorous measures. But it was not till Mr. Newman made up his mind to force on the public mind, in a way which could not be evaded, the great article of the Creed, "I believe one Catholic and Apostolic Church," that the Movement began. And for the first part of its course, it was concentrated at Oxford. It was the direct result of the searchings of heart and the communings for seven years, from 1826 to 1833, of the three men who have been the subject of this chapter.

* * * * *

'Hurrell Froude[298] soon passed away before the brunt of the fighting came. His name is associated with Mr. Newman and Mr. Keble, but it is little more than a name to those who now talk of the origin of the Movement. Yet all who remember him agree in assigning to him an importance as great as that of any, in that little knot of men whose thoughts and whose courage gave birth to it…. He was early cut off from direct and personal action on the course which things took. But it would be a great mistake to suppose that his influence on the line taken, and on the minds of others, was inconsiderable. It would be more true to say that, with one exception, no one was more responsible for the impulse which led to the Movement; no one had more to do with shaping its distinct aims and its moral spirit and character, in its first stage; no one was more daring and more clear, as far as he saw, in what he was prepared for. There was no one to whom his friends so much

looked up with admiration and enthusiasm. There was no "wasted shade"[299] in Hurrell Froude's disabled, prematurely shortened life.

'Like Henry Martyn, he was made by strong and even merciless self-discipline over a strong and for a long time refractory nature. He was a man of great gifts, with much that was most attractive and noble; but joined with this there was originally in his character a vein of perversity and mischief, always in danger of breaking out, and with which he kept up a long and painful struggle. His inmost thought and knowledge of himself have been laid bare in the papers which his friends published after his death. He was in the habit of probing his motives to the bottom, and of recording without mercy what he thought his self-deceits and affectations. The religious world of the day made merry over his methods of self-discipline; but whatever may be said of them, (and such things are not easy to judge of), one thing is manifest, that they were true and sincere efforts to conquer what he thought evil in himself, to keep himself in order, to bring his inmost self into subjection to the Law and Will of God. The self-chastening which his private papers show, is no passion or value for asceticism, but a purely moral effort after self-command and honesty of character; and what makes the struggle so touching is its perfect reality and truth. He "turned his thoughts on that desolate wilderness, his own conscience, and said what he saw there."[300] A man who has had a good deal to conquer in himself, and has gone a good way to conquer it, is not apt to be indulgent to self-deceit or indolence, or even weakness. The basis of Froude's character was a demand which would not be put off for what was real and thorough; an implacable scorn and hatred for what he counted

shams and pretences. “His highest ambition,” he used to say, “was to be a humdrum.”[301] The intellectual and the moral parts of his character were of a piece. The tricks and flimsinesses of a bad argument provoked him as much as the imposture and “flash” of insincere sentiment and fine talking; he might be conscious of “flash” in himself and his friends, and he would admit it unequivocally; but it was as unbearable to him to pretend not to see a fallacy as soon as it was detected, as it would have been to him to arrive at the right answer of a sum or a problem by tampering with the processes. Such a man, with strong affections and keen perception of all forms of beauty, and with the deepest desire to be reverent towards all that had a right to reverence, would find himself in the most irritating state of opposition and impatience with much that passed as religion round him. Principles not attempted to be understood and carried into practice; smooth self-complacency among those who looked down on a blind and unspiritual world; the continual provocation of worthless reasoning and ignorant platitudes; the dull unconscious stupidity of people who could not see that the times were critical, that Truth had to be defended, and that it was no easy or light-hearted business to defend it;—threw him into an habitual attitude of defiance, and half-amused, half-earnest contradiction, which made him feared by loose reasoners and pretentious talkers, and even by quiet easy-going friends, who unexpectedly found themselves led on blindfold, with the utmost gravity, into traps and absurdities, by the wiles of his mischievous dialectic. This was the outside look of his relentless earnestness. People who did not like him or his views, and who, perhaps, had winced under his irony, naturally put down his strong

language, which on occasion could certainly be unceremonious, to flippancy and arrogance. But within the circle of those whom he trusted, or of those who needed at any time his help, another side disclosed itself: a side of the most genuine warmth of affection; an awful reality of devoutness, which it was his great and habitual effort to keep hidden; a high simplicity of unworldliness and generosity; and, in spite of his daring mockeries of what was commonplace or showy, the most sincere and deeply felt humility with himself. Dangerous as he was often thought to be in conversation, one of the features of his character which has impressed itself on the memory of one who knew him well, was his "patient, winning considerateness in discussion, which, with other qualities, endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart."[302] "It is impossible," writes James Mozley in 1833, with a mixture of amusement, speaking of the views about celibacy which were beginning to be current, "to talk with Froude without committing one's self on such subjects as these; so that by and by I expect the tergiversants will be a considerable party." His letters, with their affectionately playful addresses, δαιμόνιε, αἰνότατε, πέπον, *Carissime*, "*Sir, my dear friend*," or "Ἀργείων ὄχ' ἄριστε, have you not been a spoon?" are full of the most delightful ease and verve and sympathy.

'With a keen sense of English faults he was, as Cardinal Newman has said, "an Englishman to the backbone"; and he was, further, a fastidious, high-tempered English gentleman, in spite of his declaiming about "pampered aristocrats" and the "gentleman heresy." His friends thought of him as of the "young Achilles," with his high courage, and noble form, and "eagle eye," made for such great

things, but appointed so soon to die. “Who can refrain from tears at the thought of that bright and beautiful Froude?” is the expression of one of them[303] shortly before his death, and when it was quite certain that the doom which had so long hung over him was at hand. He had the love of doing for the mere sake of doing what was difficult or even dangerous to do, which is the mainspring of characteristic English sports and games. He loved the sea; he liked to sail his own boat, and enjoyed rough weather, and took interest in the niceties of seamanship and shipcraft. He was a bold rider across country. With a powerful grasp on mathematical truths and principles, he entered with wholehearted zest into inviting problems, or into practical details of mechanical or hydrostatic or astronomical science. His letters are full of such observations, put in a way which he thought would interest his friends, and marked by his strong habit of getting into touch with what was real and of the substance of questions. He applied his thoughts to architecture with a power and originality which at the time were not common. No one who only cared for this world could be more attracted and interested than he was by the wonder and beauty of its facts and appearances. With the deepest allegiance to his home, and reverence for its ties and authority, (a home of the old-fashioned ecclesiastical sort, sober, manly, religious, orderly,) he carried into his wider life the feelings with which he had been brought up; bold as he was, his reason and his character craved for authority, but authority which morally and reasonably he could respect. Mr. Keble’s goodness and purity subdued him, and disposed him to accept, without reserve, his master’s teaching: and towards Mr. Keble, along with an outside show of playful criticism and privileged

impertinence, there was a reverence which governed Froude's whole nature. In the wild and rough heyday of reform, he was a Tory of the Tories. But when authority failed him, from cowardice or stupidity or self-interest, he could not easily pardon it; and he was ready to startle his friends by proclaiming himself a Radical, prepared for the sake of the highest and greatest interests to sacrifice all second-rate and subordinate ones.

'When his friends, after his death, published selections from his journals and letters, the world was shocked by what seemed his amazing audacity, both of thought and expression, about a number of things and persons which it was customary to regard as almost beyond the reach of criticism. The *Remains* lent themselves admirably to the controversial process of culling choice phrases and sentences and epithets surprisingly at variance with conventional and popular estimates. Friends were pained and disturbed; foes, naturally enough, could not hold in their overflowing exultation at such a disclosure of the spirit of the Movement. Sermons and newspapers drew attention to Froude's extravagances, with horror and disgust. The truth is, that if the off-hand sayings in conversation or letters of any man of force and wit and strong convictions about the things and persons that he condemns, were made known to the world, they would by themselves have much the same look of flippancy, injustice, impertinence, to those who disagreed in opinion with the speaker or writer; they are allowed for, or they are not allowed for by others, according to what is known of his general character. The friends who published Froude's *Remains* knew what he was; they knew the place and proportion of the fierce and scornful passages; they knew that they really did not go

beyond the liberty and the frank speaking which most people give themselves in the *abandon* and understood exaggeration of intimate correspondence and talk. But they miscalculated the effect on those who did not know him, or whose interest it was to make the most of the advantage given them. They seem to have expected that the picture which they presented of their friend's transparent sincerity and singleness of aim, manifested amid so much pain and self-abasement, would have touched readers more. They miscalculated in supposing that the proofs of so much reality of religious earnestness would carry off the offence of vehement language, which without these proofs might naturally be thought to show mere random violence. At any rate the result was much natural and genuine irritation, which they were hardly prepared for. Whether on general grounds they were wise in startling and vexing friends, and putting fresh weapons into the hands of opponents by their frank disclosure of so unconventional a character, is a question which may have more than one answer: but one thing is certain, they were not wise, if they only desired to forward the immediate interests of their party or cause. It was not the act of cunning conspirators: it was the act of men who were ready to show their hands, and take the consequences. Undoubtedly, they warned off many who had so far gone along with the Movement, and who now drew back. But if the publication was a mistake, it was the mistake of men confident in their own straightforwardness.

'There is a natural Nemesis to all over-strong and exaggerated language. The weight of Froude's judgments was lessened by the disclosure of his strong words, and his dashing fashion of condemnation and dislike gave a precedent for the

violence of shallower men. But to those who look back on them now, though there can be no wonder that at the time they excited such an outcry, their outspoken boldness hardly excites surprise. Much of it might naturally be put down to the force of first impressions; much of it is the vehemence of an Englishman who claims the liberty of criticising and finding fault at home; much of it was the inevitable vehemence of a reformer. Much of it seems clear foresight of what has since come to be recognised. His judgments on the Reformers, startling as they were at the time, are not so very different, as to the facts of the case, from what most people on all sides now agree in; and as to their temper and theology, from what most Churchmen would now agree in. Whatever allowances may be made for the difficulties of their time, (and these allowances ought to be very great), and however well they may have done parts of their work, such as the translations and adaptations of the Prayer-Book, it is safe to say that the divines of the Reformation never can be again, with their confessed Calvinism, with their shifting opinions, their extravagant deference to the foreign oracles of Geneva and Zurich, their subservience to bad men in power, the heroes and saints of Churchmen. But when all this is said, it still remains true that Froude was often intemperate and unjust. In the hands of the most self-restrained and considerate of its leaders, the Movement must anyhow have provoked strong opposition, and given great offence. The surprise and the general ignorance were too great; the assault was too rude and unexpected. But Froude's strong language gave it a needless exasperation.

'Froude was a man strong in abstract thought and imagination, who wanted adequate knowledge. His

canons of judgment were not enlarged, corrected, and strengthened by any reading or experience commensurate with his original powers of reasoning or invention. He was quite conscious of it, and did his best to fill up the gap in his intellectual equipment. He showed what he might have done under more favouring circumstances in a very interesting volume on Becket's history and letters. But circumstances were hopelessly against him: he had not time, he had not health and strength, for the learning which he so needed, which he so longed for. But wherever he could, he learned. He was quite ready to submit his prepossessions to the test and limitation of facts. Eager and quick-sighted, he was often apt to be hasty in conclusions from imperfect or insufficient premises; but even about what he saw most clearly he was willing to hold himself in suspense, when he found that there was something more to know. Cardinal Newman has noted two deficiencies which, in his opinion, were noticeable in Froude. "He had no turn for theology as such"; and, further, he goes on: "I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others was not equal to his other gifts": a remark which he illustrates by saying that Froude could not believe that "I really held the Roman Church to be anti-Christian." The want of this power—in which he stood in such sharp contrast to his friend—might be either a strength or a weakness: a strength, if his business was only to fight; a weakness, if it was to attract and persuade. But Froude was made for conflict, not to win disciples. Some wild solemn poetry, marked by deep feeling and direct expression, is scattered through his letters, kindled always by things and thoughts of the highest significance, and breaking forth with force and fire. But probably the judgment passed on him by a clever

friend,[304] from the examination of his handwriting, was a true one: "This fellow has a great deal of imagination, but not the imagination of a poet." He felt that even beyond poetry there are higher things than anything that imagination can work upon. It was a feeling which made him blind to the grandeur of Milton's poetry. He saw in it only an intrusion into the most sacred of sanctities….

* * * * *

'Froude's first letter to Mr. Newman is in August, 1828. It is the letter of a friendly and sympathising colleague in College work, glad to be free from the "images of impudent undergraduates"; he inserts some lines of verse, talks about Dollond and telescopes, and relates how he and a friend got up at half-past two in the morning, and walked half a mile to see Mercury rise; he writes about his mathematical studies and reading for Orders, and how a friend had "read half through Prideaux and yet accuses himself of idleness"; but there is no interchange of intimate thought. Mr. Newman was at this time, as he has told us, drifting away from under the shadow of Liberalism; and in Froude he found a man who, without being a Liberal, was as quick-sighted, as courageous, and as alive to great thoughts and new hopes as himself. Very different in many ways, they were in this alike, that the commonplace notions of religion and the Church were utterly unsatisfactory to them, and that each had the capacity for affectionate and whole-hearted friendship. The friendship began and lasted on, growing stronger and deeper to the end. And this was not all. Froude's friendship with Mr. Newman overcame Mr. Keble's hesitations about Mr. Newman's supposed Liberalism. Mr. Newman has put on record what he

thought and felt about Froude: no one, probably, of the many whom Cardinal Newman's long life has brought round him, ever occupied Froude's place in his heart.[305] The correspondence shows in part the way in which Froude's spirit rose, under the sense of having such a friend to work with, in the cause which, day by day, grew greater and more sacred in the eyes of both. Towards Mr. Keble Froude felt like a son to a father; towards Mr. Newman like a soldier to his comrade, and him the most splendid and boldest of warriors. Each mind caught fire from the other, till the high enthusiasm of the one was quenched in an early death.

'Shortly after this friendship began, the course of events also began which finally gave birth to the Oxford Movement. The break-up of parties caused by the Roman Catholic Emancipation was followed by the French and Belgian revolutions of 1830, and these changes gave a fresh stimulus to all the reforming parties in England: Whigs, Radicals, and Liberal religionists. Froude's letters mark the influence of these changes on his mind. They stirred in him the fiercest disgust and indignation, and as soon as the necessity of battle became evident to save the Church (and such a necessity was evident) he threw himself into it with all his heart, and his attitude was henceforth that of a determined and uncompromising combatant. "Froude is growing stronger and stronger in his sentiments every day," writes James Mozley, in 1832, "and cuts about him on all sides. It is extremely fine to hear him talk. The aristocracy of the country, at present, are the chief objects of his vituperation, and he decidedly sets himself against the modern character of the gentleman, and thinks that the Church will eventually depend for its support, as it always did in

its most influential times, on the very poorest classes." "I would not set down anything that Froude says for his deliberate opinion," writes James Mozley a year later, "for he really hates the present state of things so excessively that any change would be a relief to him." … "Froude is staying up, and I see a great deal of him." … "Froude is most enthusiastic in his plans, and says, 'What fun it is living in such times as these! how could one now go back to the times of old Tory humbug?'" From henceforth his position among his friends was that of the most impatient and aggressive of reformers, the one who most urged on his fellows to outspoken language and a bold line of action. They were not men to hang back and be afraid, but they were cautious and considerate of popular alarms and prejudices, compared with Froude's fearlessness. Other minds were indeed moving, minds as strong as his; indeed, it may be, deeper, more complex, more amply furnished, with a wider range of vision and a greater command of the field. But while he lived, he appears as the one who spurs on and incites, where others hesitate. He is the one by whom are visibly most felt the *gaudia certaminis*, and the confidence of victory, and the most profound contempt for the men and the ideas of the boastful and short-sighted present.

'In this unsparing and absorbing warfare, what did Froude aim at—what was the object he sought to bring about, what were the obstacles he sought to overthrow?

'He was accused, as was most natural, of Romanising: of wishing to bring back Popery. It is perfectly certain that this was not what he meant, though he did not care for the imputation of it. He was, perhaps, the first Englishman who attempted to

do justice to Rome, and to use friendly language of it, without the intention of joining it. But what he fought for was not Rome, not even a restoration of Unity, but a Church of England such as it was conceived of by the Caroline divines and the Nonjurors. The great break-up of 1830 had forced on men the anxious question: “What is the Church, as spoken of in England? Is it the Church of Christ?” and the answers were various. Hooker had said it was “the nation”; and in entirely altered circumstances, with some qualifications, Dr. Arnold said the same. It was “the Establishment,” according to the lawyers and politicians, both Whig and Tory. It was an invisible and mystical body, said the Evangelicals. It was the aggregate of separate congregations, said the Nonconformists. It was the Parliamentary creation of the Reformation, said the Erastians. The true Church was the communion of the Pope, the pretended Church was a legalised schism, said the Roman Catholics. All these ideas were floating about, loose and vague, among people who talked much about the Church. Whately, with his clear sense, had laid down that it was a divine religious society, distinct in its origin and existence, distinct in its attributes from any other. But this idea had fallen dead, till Froude and his friends put new life into it. Froude accepted Whately’s idea that the Church of England was the one historic uninterrupted Church, than which there could be no other, locally, in England; but into this Froude read a great deal that never was and never could be in Whately’s thoughts. Whately had gone very far in viewing the Church, from without, as a great and sacred corporate body. Casting aside the Erastian theory, he had claimed its right to exist, and if necessary, govern itself, separate from the State. He

had recognised excommunication as its natural and indefeasible instrument of government. But what the internal life of the Church was, what should be its teaching and organic system, and what was the standard and proof of these, Whately had left unsaid. And this outline Froude filled up. For this he went the way to which the Prayer-Book, with its Offices, its Liturgy, its Ordination services, pointed him. With the divines who had specially valued the Prayer-Book, and taught in its spirit, Bishop Wilson, William Law, Hammond, Ken, Laud, Andrewes, he went back to the times and the sources from which the Prayer-Book came to us, the early Church, the Reforming Church (for such, with all its faults, it was), of the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries, before the hopelessly corrupt and fatal times of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, which led to the break-up of the sixteenth. Thus, to the great question, What is the Church? he gave without hesitation, and gave to the end, the same answer that Anglicans gave and are giving still. But he added two points which were then very new to the ears of English Churchmen: (1) that there were great and to most people unsuspected faults and shortcomings in the English Church, for some of which the Reformation was gravely responsible; (2) that the Roman Church was more right than we had been taught to think, in many parts both of principle and practice, and that our quarrel with it on these points arose from our own ignorance and prejudices. To people who had taken for granted all their lives that the Church was thoroughly "Protestant" and thoroughly right in its Protestantism, and that Rome was Antichrist, these confident statements came with a shock. He did not enter much into dogmatic questions. As far as can be judged from his *Remains*,

the one point of doctrine on which he laid stress, as being inadequately recognised and taught in the then condition of the English Church, was the Primitive doctrine of the Eucharist. His other criticisms pointed to practical and moral matters: the spirit of Erastianism, the low standard of life and purpose and self-discipline in the clergy, the low tone of the current religious teaching. The Evangelical teaching seemed to him a system of unreal words. The opposite school was too self-complacent, too comfortable, too secure in its social and political alliances; and he was bent on shaming people into severer notions. "We will have a *vocabularium apostolicum*, and I will start it with four words: 'pampered aristocrats,' 'resident gentlemen,' 'smug parsons,' and '*pauperes Christi*.' I shall use the first on all occasions; it seems to me just to hit the thing." "I think of putting the view forward (about new monasteries), under the title of a 'Project for Reviving Religion in Great Towns.' Certainly colleges of unmarried priests (who might, of course, retire to a living, when they could and liked) would be the cheapest possible way of providing effectively for the spiritual wants of a large population." And his great quarrel with the existing state of things was that the spiritual objects of the Church were overlaid and lost sight of in the anxiety not to lose its political position. In this direction he was, as he proclaims himself, an out-and-out Radical, and he was prepared at once to go very far. "If a National Church means a Church without discipline, my argument for discipline is an argument against a National Church; and the best thing we can do is to unnationalise ours as soon as possible"; "let us tell the truth and shame the devil: let us give up a *National* Church and have a *real* one."[306] His criticism did not diminish in

severity, or his proposals become less daring, as he felt that his time was growing short and the hand of death was upon him. But to the end, the elevation and improvement of the English Church remained his great purpose. To his friend, as we know, the Roman Church was either the Truth or Antichrist. To Froude it was neither the whole Truth nor Antichrist; but like the English Church itself, a great and defective Church, whose defects were the opposite to ours, and which we should do wisely to learn from, rather than abuse. But, to the last, his allegiance never wavered to the English Church.

'It is very striking to come from Froude's boisterous freedom in his letters, to his sermons and the papers he prepared for publication. In his sermons his manner of writing is severe and restrained even to dryness. If they startle, it is by the force and searching point of an idea, not by any strength of words. The style is chastened, simple, calm, with the most careful avoidance of over-statement or anything rhetorical. And so in his papers, his mode of argument, forcible and cogent as it is, avoids all appearance of exaggeration or even illustrative expansion: it is all muscle and sinew; it is modelled on the argumentative style of Bishop Butler, and still more, of William Law. No one could suppose from these papers Froude's fiery impetuosity, or the frank daring of his disrespectful vocabulary. Those who can read between the lines can trace the grave irony which clung everywhere to his deep earnestness.

'There was yet another side of Froude's character which was little thought of by his critics, or recognised by all his friends. With all his keenness of judgment and all his readiness for conflict, some who

knew him best were impressed by the melancholy which hung over his life, and which, though he ignored it, they could detect. It is remembered still by Cardinal Newman. “I thought,” wrote Mr. Isaac Williams, “that knowing him, I better understood Hamlet, a person most natural, but so original as to be unlike any one else, hiding depth of delicate thought in apparent extravagances. *Hamlet*, and the *Georgics* of Virgil, he used to say, he should have bound together.” “Isaac Williams,” wrote Mr. Copeland, “mentioned to me a remark made on Froude by S. Wilberforce in his early days: ‘They talk of Froude’s fun, but somehow I cannot be in a room with him alone for ten minutes without feeling so intensely melancholy, that I do not know what to do with myself. At Brighstone, in my Eden days, he was with me, and I was overwhelmed with the deep sense which possessed him of yearning which nothing could satisfy, and of the unsatisfying nature of all things.’”[307]

‘Froude often reminds us of Pascal. Both had that peculiarly bright, brilliant, sharp-cutting intellect which passes with ease through the coverings and disguises which veil realities from men. Both had mathematical powers of unusual originality and clearness; both had the same imaginative faculty; both had the same keen interest in practical problems of science; both felt and followed the attraction of deeper and more awful interests. Both had the same love of beauty; both suppressed it. Both had the same want of wide or deep learning; they made skilful use of what books came to their hand, and used their reading as few readers are able to use it; but their real instrument of work was their own quick and strong insight, and power of close and vigorous reasoning. Both had the greatest contempt

for fashionable and hollow “shadows of religion.” Both had the same definite, unflinching judgment. Both used the same clear and direct language. Both had a certain grim delight in the irony with which they pursued their opponents. In both it is probable that their unmeasured and unsparing criticism recoiled on the cause which they had at heart. But in the case of both of them it was not the temper of the satirist, it was no mere love of attacking what was vulnerable, and indulgence in the cruel pleasure of stinging and putting to shame, which inspired them. Their souls were moved by the dishonour done to religion, by public evils and public dangers. Both of them died young, before their work was done. They placed before themselves the loftiest and most unselfish objects, the restoration of truth and goodness in the Church: and to that they gave their life and all that they had. And what they called on others to be they were themselves. They were alike in the sternness, the reality, the perseverance, almost unintelligible in its methods to ordinary men, of their moral and spiritual self-discipline.’

[Supplementary Chapter, written by LORD BLACHFORD (FREDERIC ROGERS).[308]]

‘Hurrell Froude was, when I, as an undergraduate, first knew him, in 1828, tall and very thin, with something of a stoop, with a large skull and forehead, but not a large face, delicate features, and penetrating grey eyes, not exactly piercing, but bright with internal conceptions, and ready to assume an expression of amusement, careful attention, inquiry, or stern disgust, but with a basis of softness. His manner was cordial and familiar, and

assured you, as you knew him well, of his affectionate feeling, which encouraged you to speak your mind (within certain limits), subject to the consideration that if you said anything absurd it would not be allowed to fall to the ground. He had more of the undergraduate in him than any "don" whom I ever knew: absolutely unlike Newman in being always ready to skate, sail, or ride with his friends, and, if in a scrape, not pharisaical as to his means of getting out of it. I remember, *e.g.*, climbing Merton gate with him in my undergraduate days, when we had been out too late boating or skating. And unless authority or substantial decorum was really threatened he was very lenient: or, rather, had an amused sympathy with the irregularities that are mere matters of mischief or high spirits. In lecture it was, *mutatis mutandis*, the same man. Seeing, from his *Remains*, the "high view of his own capacities of which he could not divest himself," and his determination not to exhibit or be puffed up by it, and looking back on his tutorial manner (I was in his lectures, both in classics and mathematics), it was strange how he disguised, not only his sense of superiority, but the appearance of it, so that his pupils felt him more as a fellow-student than as the refined scholar or mathematician which he was. This was partly owing to his carelessness of those formulæ, the familiarity with which gives even second-rate lectures a position of superiority which is less visible in those who, like their pupils, are themselves always struggling with principles; and partly to an effort, perhaps sometimes overdone, not to put himself above the level of others. In a lecture on the *Supplices* of Æschylus, I have heard him say *tout bonnement*: "I can't construe that: what do you make of it, A. B.?" turning to the supposed best

scholar in the lecture; or, when an objection was started to his mode of getting through a difficulty: “Ah! I had not thought of that; perhaps your way is the best.” And this mode of dealing with himself and the undergraduates whom he liked, made them like him, but also made them really undervalue his talent, which, as we now see, was what he meant they should do. At the same time, though watchful over his own vanity, he was keen and prompt in snubs in playful and challenging retort, to those he liked, but in the nature of scornful exposure, when he had to do with coarseness or coxcombry, or shallow display of sentiment. It was a paradoxical consequence of his suppression of egotism that he was more solicitous to show that you were wrong than that he was right. He also wanted, like Socrates or Bishop Butler, to make others, if possible, think for themselves.

‘However, it is not to be inferred that his conversation was made of controversy. To a certain extent it turned that way, because he was fond of paradox. (His brother William used to say that he, William, never felt he had really mastered a principle till he had thrown it into a paradox.) And paradox, of course, invites contradiction, and so controversy. On subjects upon which he considered himself more or less an apostle, he liked to stir people’s minds by what startled them, waking them up, or giving them “nuts to crack.” An almost solemn gravity, with amusement twinkling behind it (not invisible, and ready to burst forth into a bright low laugh when gravity had been played out), was a very frequent posture with him. But he was thoroughly ready to amuse and instruct, or to be amused and instructed, as an eager and earnest speaker or listener on most matters of interest. I do not remember that he had

any great turn for beauty of colour; he had none, I think, or next to none, for music, nor do I remember in him any great love of humour; but for beauty of physical form, for mechanics, for mathematics, for poetry which had a root in true feeling, for wit (including that perception of a quasi-logical absurdity of position), for history, for domestic incidents, his sympathy was always lively, and he would throw himself naturally and warmly into them. From his general demeanour (I need scarcely say) the "odour of sanctity" was wholly absent.

'I am not sure that his height and depth of aim and lively versatility of talent did not leave his compassionate sympathies rather undeveloped; certainly to himself, and, I suspect, largely in the case of others, he would view suffering not as a thing to be cockered up or made much of, though of course to be alleviated if possible, but to be viewed calmly as a Providential discipline for those who can mitigate, or have to endure it. J. H. N. was once reading me a letter just received from him in which (in answer to J. H. N.'s account of his work and the possibility of his breaking down), he said in substance: "I daresay you have more to do than your health will bear, but I would not have you give up anything except perhaps the Deanery" (of Oriel). And then J. H. N. paused, with a kind of inner exultant chuckle, and said: "Ah! there's a Basil for you"; as if the friendship which sacrificed its friend, as it would sacrifice itself, to a cause, was the friendship which was really worth having.

'As I came to know him in a more manly way, as a brother Fellow, friend, and collaborateur, the character of "ecclesiastical agitator" was of course added to this. In this capacity his great pleasure was

taking bulls by their horns. Like the “gueux” of the Low Countries, he would have met half-way any opprobrious nickname, and I believe coined the epithet “Apostolical” for his party because it was connected with everything in Spain which was most obnoxious to the British public. I remember one day his grievously shocking Palmer of Worcester, a man of an opposite texture, when a council in J. H. N.’s rooms had been called to consider some memorial or other to which Palmer wanted to collect the signatures of many, and particularly of dignified persons, but in which Froude wished to express the determined opinions of a few. Froude stretched out his long length on Newman’s sofa, broke in upon one of Palmer’s judicious harangues about Bishops and Archdeacons and such like, with the ejaculation: “I don’t see why we should disguise from ourselves that our object is to dictate to the clergy of this country; and I, for one, do not want anyone else to get on the box!” He thought that true Churchmen must be few before they were many: that the sin of the clergy in all ages was that they tried to make out that Christians were many when they were only few, and sacrificed to this object the force derivable from downright and unmistakable enforcement of truth in speech or action.

‘As simplicity in thought, word, and deed formed no small part of his ideal, his tastes in architecture, painting, sculpture, rhetoric, or poetry were severe. He had no patience with what was artistically dissolute, luscious, or decorated more than in proportion to its animating idea, wishy-washy, or sentimental. The ornamental parts of his own rooms (in which I lived in his absence) were a slab of marble to wash upon, a print of Rubens’s “Deposition,” and a head (life-size) of the Apollo

Belvedere. And I remember still the tall scorn, with something of surprise, with which, on entering my undergraduate room, he looked down on some Venuses, Cupids, and Hebes, which, freshman-like, I had bought from an Italian.

'He was not very easy even under conventional vulgarity, still less under the vulgarity of egotism; but, being essentially a partisan, he could put up with both in a man who was really in earnest and on the right side. Nothing, however, I think, would have induced him to tolerate false sentiment, and he would, I think, if he had lived, have exerted himself very trenchantly to prevent his cause being adulterated by it. He was, I should say, sometimes misled by a theory that genius cut through a subject by logic or intuition, without looking to the right or left, while common sense was always testing every step by consideration of surroundings (I have not got his terse mode of statement), and that genius was right, or at least had only to be corrected, here and there, by common sense. This, I take it, would hardly have answered if his trenchancy had not been in practice corrected by J. H. N.'s wider political circumspection. He submitted, I suppose, to J. H. N.'s axiom, that if the Movement was to do anything it must become "respectable"; but it was against his nature.

'He would (as we see in the *Remains*) have wished Ken to have the "courage of his convictions" by excommunicating the Jurors in William III.'s time, and setting up a little Catholic Church, like the Jansenists in Holland. He was not (as has been observed) a theologian, but he was as jealous for orthodoxy as if he were. He spoke slightingly of Heber as having ignorantly or carelessly

communicated with Monophysites. But he probably knew no more about that and other heresies than a man of active and penetrating mind would derive from text-books. And I think it likely enough, not that his reverence for the Eucharist, but that his special attention to the details of Eucharistic doctrine, was due to the consideration that it was the foundation of ecclesiastical discipline and authority: matters on which his mind fastened itself with enthusiasm.'

From 'APOLOGIA PRO VITA SUA,' by JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. London: Longmans, Green, Reader & Dyer, 1873.

[By the kind permission of the Rev. W. P. Neville of the Oratory, and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

'… Hurrell Froude was a pupil of Keble's, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him. I knew him first in 1826, and was in the closest and most affectionate friendship with him from about 1829 until his death in 1836. He was a man of the highest gifts: so truly many-sided, that it would be presumptuous in me to attempt to describe him, except under those aspects in which he came before me. Nor have I here to speak of the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion, which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart; for I am all along engaged upon matters of belief and opinion, and am introducing others into my narrative, not for their own sake, or because I love them and have loved them, so much as because, and so far as, they have influenced my theological views. In this respect, then, I speak of Hurrell Froude, in his intellectual aspect: as a man of high genius, brimful and overflowing with ideas and views, in him original, which were too many and strong even for his bodily strength, and which crowded and jostled against each other, in their effort after distinct shape and expression. And he had an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold. Dying

prematurely, as he did, and in the conflict and transition-state of opinion, his religious views never reached their ultimate conclusion, by the very reason of their multitude and their depth. His opinions arrested and influenced me even when they did not gain my assent. He professed openly his admiration of the Church of Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers. He delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system, of sacerdotal power, and of full ecclesiastical liberty. He felt scorn of the maxim, "The Bible and the Bible only is the religion of Protestants," and he gloried in accepting Tradition as a main instrument of religious teaching. He had a high severe idea of the intrinsic excellence of Virginity, and he considered the Blessed Virgin its great Pattern. He delighted in thinking of the Saints; he had a vivid appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibility and its heights; and he was more than inclined to believe a large amount of miraculous interference as occurring in the early and middle ages. He embraced the principle of penance and mortification. He had a deep devotion to the Real Presence, in which he had a firm faith. He was powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive.

'He had a keen insight into abstract truth; but he was an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete. He had a most classical taste, and a genius for philosophy and art; and he was fond of historical inquiry, and the politics of religion. He had no turn for theology as such. He set no sufficient value on the writings of the Fathers, on the detail or development of doctrine, on the definite traditions of the Church viewed in their matter, on the teaching of the Ecumenical Councils, or on the controversies out of which they arose. He

took an eager courageous view of things, on the whole. I should say that his power of entering into the minds of others did not equal his other gifts: he could not believe, for instance, that I really held the Roman Church to be anti-Christian. On many points, he would not believe but that I agreed with him, when I did not: he seemed not to understand my difficulties. His were of a different kind: the contrariety between theory and fact. He was a High Tory of the Cavalier stamp, and was disgusted with the Toryism of the opponents of the Reform Bill. He was smitten with the love of the Theocratic Church: he went abroad, and was shocked by the degeneracy which he thought he saw in the Catholics of Italy.

'It is difficult to enumerate the precise additions to my theological creed which I derived from a friend to whom I owe so much. He taught me to look with admiration towards the Church of Rome, and, in the same degree, to dislike the Reformation. He fixed deep in me the idea of devotion to the Blessed Virgin, and he led me gradually to believe in the Real Presence.

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'There were other reasons, besides Mr. Rose's state of health, which hindered those who so much admired him from availing themselves of his close co-operation in the coming fight. United as both he and they were in the general scope of the Movement, they were in discordance with each other, from the first, in their estimate of the means to be adopted for attaining it. Mr. Rose had a position in the Church, a name, and serious responsibilities; he had direct ecclesiastical superiors; he had intimate relations with his own University, and a large clerical

connection through the country. Froude and I were nobodies, with no characters to lose, and no antecedents to fetter us. Rose could not go ahead across country, as Froude had no scruples in doing. Froude was a bold rider: as on horseback, so also in his speculations. After a long conversation with him on the logical bearing of his principles, Mr. Rose said of him, with quiet humour, that "he did not seem to be afraid of inferences." It was simply the truth. Froude had that strong hold of first principles, and that keen perception of their value, that he was comparatively indifferent to the revolutionary action which would attend on their application to a given state of things; whereas, in the thoughts of Rose, as a practical man, existing facts had the precedence of every other idea, and the chief test of the soundness of a line of policy lay in the consideration whether it would work. This was one of the first questions which, as it seemed to me, on every occasion occurred to his mind. With Froude, Erastianism, that is, the union (so he viewed it) of Church and State, was the parent, or if not the parent, the serviceable and sufficient tool of Liberalism. Till that union was snapped, Christian doctrine never could be safe; and while he well knew how high and unselfish was the temper of Mr. Rose, yet he used to apply to him an epithet, reproachful in his mouth: Rose was "a conservative." By bad luck, I brought out this word to Mr. Rose in a letter of my own, which I wrote to him in criticism of something he had inserted in his Magazine: I got a vehement rebuke for my pains; for though Rose pursued a conservative line, he had as high a disdain as Froude could have of a worldly ambition, and an extreme sensitiveness of such an imputation. But there was another reason still, and a more elementary one, which severed Mr. Rose from

the Oxford Movement. Living movements do not come of committees, nor are great ideas worked out through the post, even though it had been the penny post. This principle deeply penetrated both Froude and myself from the first, and recommended to us the course which things soon took spontaneously, and without set purpose of our own.

* * * * *

'It was an apparent accident which introduced me to [the Roman Breviary], that most wonderful and most attractive monument of the devotion of Saints. On Hurrell Froude's death, in 1836, I was asked to select one of his books as a keepsake. I selected Butler's *Analogy*; finding that it had been already chosen, I looked with some perplexity along the shelves, as they stood before me, when an intimate friend at my elbow said: "Take that." It was the Breviary which Hurrell had had with him at Barbados. Accordingly, I took it, studied it, wrote my Tract from it, and have it on my table in constant use till this day.[309] That dear and familiar companion,[310] who thus put the Breviary into my hands, is still in the Anglican Church. So, too, is that early-venerated long-loved friend,[311] together with whom I edited a work which, more perhaps than any other, caused disturbance and annoyance in the Anglican world, Froude's *Remains*; yet, however judgments might run as to the prudence of publishing it, I never heard any one impute to Mr. Keble the very shadow of dishonesty or treachery towards his Church in so acting.'

From ‘THE CHERWELL WATER-LILY AND OTHER POEMS,’ by the Rev. FREDERICK WILLIAM FABER, M.A., Fellow of University College, Oxford. London: Rivingtons; and Oxford, Parker, 1840.

[By the kind permission of the Rev. Charles Bowden of the London Oratory.]

Verses sent to a Friend with a copy of Froude’s *Remains*.[312]

‘The languid heart that hath been ever nursed
By strains of drowsy sweetness, ill can brook
The rude rough music that at times doth burst
From him whose thoughts are treasured in this book.
It was his lot to live in days uncouth
That shrink from aught so hard and stern as Truth.

I know my generous friend too well to fear
This holy gift will be unsafe with thee:
Thou never yet hast had the heart to sneer
At the eccentric feats of chivalry;
And well I know there are cold men who deem
This saintly Cause a weak knight-errant’s dream.

When thou hast marked him well, thine eye will trace
Lines deep and steadfast; features grave and bold;
Beauty austere and masculine; a face
And stalwart form wrought in the antique mould;
And if some shades too broad and coarse are thrown,
’Tis where the Age hath marred the block of stone.’

From 'THE EVANGELICAL SUCCESSION,' in 'ESSAYS IN ECCLESIASTICAL BIOGRAPHY,' by the Right Honourable Sir JAMES STEPHEN, K.C.B. London: Longman, Brown, Green & Longmans, 1849.[313]

[By the kind permission of Herbert Stephen, Esq., and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

'… In obedience to the general law of human affairs, arrived the day of reaction. A new race of students had grown up at Oxford. They were men of unsullied, and even severe virtue; animated by a devotion which, if not very fervent, was at least genuine and grave; conversant with classical literature, and not without pretensions, more or less considerable, to an acquaintance with Christian antiquity. As they paced thoughtfully along those tall avenues, to which, a hundred years before, Whitfield and the Wesleys had been accustomed to retire for meditation, they recoiled, with a mixture of aversion and contempt, from the image of the crowded assemblages, and the dramatic exercises, in which the successors of those great men in the Church of England were performing so conspicuous a part. They revolved, not without indignation, the intellectual barrenness with which that Church had been stricken, from the time when her most popular teachers had not merely been satisfied to tread the narrow circle of the "Evangelical" theology, but had exulted in that bondage as indicating their possession of a purer light than had visited the other ministers of the Gospel. They invoked, with an occasional sigh,

but not without many a bitter smile, the reappearance amongst us of a piety more profound and masculine, more meek and contemplative. They believed that such a change in the religious character of their age and country was a divine command, and that a commission had been given to themselves to carry it into effect.

* * * * *

'… It came to pass, in the Oxonian as in other leagues, that the head moved forward by the impulse of the tail. Step by step in their progress, "the Church," whom they worshipped, changed her attitude and her aspect. She soon disclaimed her Elizabethan or statutory origin, and then made vehement efforts to escape from her Elizabethan or statutory ceremonial. She assumed the title, and laid claim to the character, of the Primitive Church, or the Church of the Fathers, and at length arrogated to herself the prerogatives of that Catholic or universal Church, which "lifts her mitred front in courts and palaces," whether at Rome, at Moscow, or at Lambeth, but whose presence is never vouchsafed to any who cannot trace back from Apostolic hands an Episcopal succession.

'At this stage of the history of the Oxonian league, its progress was quickened and animated by the panic which exhibited itself from one end to the other of the hostile camp. The disciples of Whitfield and of Wesley, united to those of Newton and Scott, of Milner and of Venn, and, reinforced by the whole strength of the Nonconformists, began to throw up, along the whole field of controversy, entrenchments for their own defence, and batteries for the annoyance of their assailants. Amongst the literary

missiles cast by the contending hosts against each other, there are few better worth the study of those who wish to estimate the probable result of the conflict, than the *Life* of Richard Hurrell Froude. It was launched from a catapult under the immediate direction of Messrs. Keble and Newman themselves, and, though it is a book of no great inherent value, it has a considerable interest as the only biography which the world possesses of a confessor of Oxford Catholicism. It contains a vivid picture of the discipline, the studies, the opinions, and the mental habits of his fraternity, and is published by the two great fathers of that school, with the avowal of their "own general coincidence" in the opinions and feelings of their disciple. We have thus a delineation, at full length, of one of those divines who are to effect the conquest which was attempted in vain by the Bellarmines and the Bossuets of former times. If it teaches us nothing else, this biography will at least teach us what is the real extent and urgency of the danger which has so much disturbed the tranquillity of the guardians of the Protestant faith of England.

'Richard Hurrell Froude was born, as we read, on the "Feast of the Annunciation," in the year 1803, and died in 1836. He was an Etonian, a Fellow of Oriel College, a priest in Holy Orders of the Church of England, the writer of unsuccessful prize essays, and of journals, letters, and sermons; an occasional contributor to the periodical literature of his theological associates; and, during the last four years of his life, an invalid in search of health, either in the south of Europe or in the West Indies. Such are all the incidents of a life to the commemoration of which two octavo volumes have been dedicated. A more intractable story, if regarded merely as a narrative, was never undertaken. But Mr. Froude left

behind him a great collection of papers, which affection would have committed to the fire, though party spirit has given them to the press. The most unscrupulous publisher of diaries and private correspondence never offered for sale a self-analysis more frank or less prepossessing. But the world is invited to gaze on this suicidal portraiture, on account of "the extreme importance of the views, to the development of which the whole is meant to be subservient," and in order that they may not lose "the instruction derivable from a full exhibition of his character as a witness to those views." Heavy as are the penalties which the Editors of these volumes have incurred for their disclosure of the infirmities of their friend, the world will probably absolve them if they will publish more of the letters which he appears to have received from his mother, and to have transmitted to them. One such letter which they have rescued from oblivion, is worth far more than all which they have published of her son's. Though both the parent and the child have long since been withdrawn from the reach of this world's judgment, it yet seems almost an impiety to transcribe her estimate of his early character, and to add that the less favourable anticipations which she drew from her study of him in youth, were but too distinctly verified in his riper years. She read his heart with a mother's sagacity, and thus revealed it to himself with a mother's tenderness and truth.

'"From his very birth his temper had been peculiar; pleasing, intelligent, and attaching, when his mind was undisturbed, and he was in the company of people who treated him reasonably and kindly; but exceedingly impatient under vexatious circumstances; very much disposed to find his own amusement in teasing and vexing others; and almost

entirely incorrigible when it was necessary to reprove him. I never could find a successful mode of treating him. Harshness made him obstinate and gloomy; calm and long displeasure made him stupid and sullen; and kind patience had not sufficient power over his feelings to force him to govern himself. After a statement of such great faults, it may seem an inconsistency to say that he nevertheless still bore about him strong marks of a promising character. In all points of substantial principle his feelings were just and high. He had (for his age) an unusually deep feeling of admiration for everything which was good and noble; his relish was lively, and his taste good, for all the pleasures of the imagination; and he was also quite conscious of his own faults, and (*untempted*) had a just dislike to them.'"

'Exercising a stern and absolute dominion over all the baser passions, with a keen perception of the beautiful in nature and in art, and a deep homage for the sublime in morals; imbued with the spirit of the classical authors, and delighting in the exercise of talents which, though they fell far short of excellence, rose as far above mediocrity, Mr. Froude might have seemed to want no promise of an honourable rank in literature, or of distinction in his sacred office. His career was intercepted by a premature death; but enough is recorded to show that his aspirations, however noble, must have been defeated by the pride and moroseness which his mother's wisdom detected, and which her love disclosed to him; united as they were to a constitutional distrust of his own powers, and a weak reliance on other minds for guidance and support. A spirit at once haughty, and unsustained by genuine self-confidence; subdued by the stronger will or

intellect of other men, and glorying in that subjection; regarding the opponents of his masters with an intolerance exceeding their own; and, in the midst of all his animosity towards others, turning with no infrequent indignation on itself,—might form the basis of a good dramatic sketch, of which Mr. Froude might not unworthily sustain the burden. But a "dialogue of the dead," in which George Whitfield and Richard Froude should be the interlocutors, would be a more appropriate channel for illustrating the practical uses of "the Second Reformation," and of the "Catholic Restoration," which it is the object of their respective biographies to illustrate. Rhadamanthus having dismissed them from his tribunal, they would compare together their juvenile admiration of the drama, their ascetic discipline at Oxford, their early dependence on stronger or more resolute minds, their propensity to self-observation and to self-portraiture, their contemptuous opinions of the negro race, and the surprise with which they witnessed the worship of the Church of Rome in lands where it is still triumphant. So far all is peace, and the *concordes animæ* exchange such greetings as pass between disembodied spirits. But when the tidings brought by the new denizen of the Elysian fields to the reformer of the eighteenth century, reach his affrighted shade, the regions of the blessed are disturbed by an unwonted discord; and the fiery soul of Whitfield blazes with intense desire to resume his wanderings through the earth, and to lift up his voice against the new apostasy.

'It was with no unmanly dread of the probe, but from want of skill or leisure to employ it, that the self-scrutiny of Whitfield seldom or never penetrated much below the surface. Preach he must; and when

no audience could be brought together, he seized a pen and preached to himself. The uppermost feeling, be it what it may, is put down in his journal honestly, vigorously, and devoutly. Satan is menaced and upbraided. Intimations from Heaven are recorded, without one painful doubt of their origin. He prays and exults, anticipates the future with delight, looks back to the past with thankfulness, blames himself simply because he thinks himself to blame, despairs of nothing, fears nothing, and has not a moment's ill-will to any human being. Mr. Froude conducts his written soliloquies in a different spirit. His introverted gaze analyses with elaborate minuteness the various motives at the confluence of which his active powers receive their impulse, and, with perverted sagacity, pursues the self-examination, until, bewildered in the dark labyrinth of his own nature, he escapes to the cheerful light of day by locking up his journal. A friend (whose real name is as distinctly intimated under its initial letter, as if it were written at length) advises burning confessions. "I cannot make up my mind to that," observes the penitent; "but I think I can see many points in which it will be likely to do me good to be cut off for some time from these records." On such a subject the author of *The Christian Year* was entitled to greater deference. That bright ornament of the College *de Propagandâ* at Oxford had also gazed on his own heart through the mental microscope, till he had learnt the danger of the excessive use of it. While admonishing men to approach their Creator not as isolated beings, but as members of the Universal Church, and while aiding the inmates of her hallowed courts to worship in strains so pure, so reverent, and so meek, as to answer not unworthily to the voice of hope and reconciliation in which she

is addressed by her Divine Head, this “sweet singer” had so brooded over the evanescent processes of his own spiritual nature, as not seldom to render his real meaning imperceptible to his readers, and probably to himself. With how sound a judgment he counselled Mr. Froude to burn his books, may be judged from the following entries in them:

“‘I have been talking a great deal to P.[314] about religion to-day. He seems to take such straightforward practical views of it that, when I am talking to him, I wonder what I have been bothering myself with all the summer, and almost doubt how far it is right to allow myself to indulge in speculations on a subject where all that is necessary is so plain and obvious.”—“Yesterday, when I went out shooting, I fancied I did not care whether I hit or not; but when it came to the point, I found myself anxious, and, after having killed, was not unwilling to let myself be considered a better shot than I described myself. I had an impulse, too, to let it be thought that I had only three shots when I really had had four. It was slight, to be sure, but I felt it.”—“I have read my journal, though I can hardly identify myself with the person it describes. It seems like having someone under one’s guardianship who was an intolerable fool, and exposed himself to my contempt, every moment, for the most ridiculous and trifling motives; and while I was thinking all this, I went into L.’s room to seek a pair of shoes, and on hearing him coming, got away as silently as possible. Why did I do this? Did I think I was doing what L. did not like? or was it the relic of a sneaking habit? I will ask myself these questions again.”—“I have a sort of vanity which aims at my own good opinion, and I look for anything to prove to myself that I am more anxious to mind myself than other people. I

was very hungry, but because I thought the charge unreasonable, I tried to shirk the waiter: sneaking!"—"Yesterday I was much put out by an old fellow chewing tobacco and spitting across me; also bad thoughts of various kinds kept presenting themselves to my mind when it was vacant."—"I talked sillily to-day, as I used to do last Term, but took no pleasure in it, so I am not ashamed. Although I don't recollect any harm of myself, yet I don't feel that I have made a clean breast of it."—"I forgot to mention that I had been looking round my rooms, and thinking that they looked comfortable and nice, and that I said in my heart, 'Ah, ah! I am warm.'"—"It always suggests itself to me that a wise thought is wasted when it is kept to myself, against which, as it is my most bothering temptation, I will set down some arguments to be called to mind in time of trouble."—"Now I am proud of this, and think that the knowledge it shows of myself implies a greatness of mind."—"These records are no guide to me to show the state of my mind afterwards; they are so far from being exercises of humility, that they lessen the shame of what I record, just as professions [of] goodwill to other people reconcile us to our neglect of them."

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'As it is not by these nice self-observers that the creeds of hoar antiquity, and the habits of centuries are to be shaken; so neither is such high emprise reserved for ascetics who can pause to enumerate the slices of bread and butter from which they have abstained. When Whitfield would mortify his body, he set about it like a man. The paroxysm was short indeed, but terrible. While it lasted, his diseased imagination brought soul and body into deadly

conflict, the fierce spirit spurning, trampling, and well-nigh destroying the peccant carcase. Not so the fastidious and refined “witness to the views” of the restorers of the Catholic Church. The strife between his spiritual and animal nature is recorded in his journal in such terms as these: “Looked with greediness to see if there was goose on the table for dinner.”—“Meant to have kept a fast and did abstain from dinner, but at tea eat buttered toast.”—“Tasted nothing to-day till tea-time, and then only one cup and dry bread.”—“I have kept my fast strictly, having taken nothing till near nine this evening, and then only a cup of tea and a little bread without butter, but it has not been as easy as it was last.”—“I made rather a more hearty tea than usual, quite giving up the notion of a fast in W.’s rooms, and by this weakness have occasioned another slip.” Whatever may be thought of the propriety of disclosing such passages as these, they will provoke a contemptuous smile from no one who knows much of his own heart. But they may relieve the anxiety of the alarmists. Luther and Zwingle, Cranmer and Latimer, may still rest in their honoured graves. “Take courage, brother Ridley, we shall light up such a flame in England as shall not soon be put out!” is a prophecy which will not be defeated by the successors of the Oxonian divines who listened to it, so long as they shall be [able?][315] to record, and to publish, contrite reminiscences of a desire for roasted goose, and of an undue indulgence in buttered toast.

‘Yet the will to subvert the doctrines and discipline of the Reformation is not wanting, and is not concealed. Mr. Froude himself, were he still living, might, indeed, object to be judged by his careless and familiar Letters. No such objection can, however, be made by the eminent persons who have

deliberately given them to the world on account "of the truth and extreme importance of the views to which the whole is meant to be subservient," and in which they record their "own general concurrence." Of these weighty truths take the following examples: "You will be shocked at my avowal that I am every day becoming a less and less loyal son of the Reformation. It appears to me plain that in all matters which seem to us indifferent, or even doubtful, we should conform our practices to those of the Church which has preserved its traditionary practices unbroken. We cannot know about any seemingly indifferent practice of the Church of Rome that it is not a development of the Apostolic ἦθος, and it is to no purpose to say that we can find no proof of it in the writings of the first six centuries: they must find a disproof if they would do anything."—"I think people are injudicious who talk against the Roman Catholics for worshipping Saints and honouring the Virgin and images, etc. These things may perhaps be idolatrous: I cannot make up my mind about it."—"P. called us the Papal Protestant Church, in which he proved a double ignorance, as we are Catholics without the Popery, and Church of England men without the Protestantism."—"The more I think over that view of yours about regarding our present Communion Service, etc., as a judgement on the Church, and taking it as the crumbs from the Apostles' table, the more I am struck with its fitness to be dwelt upon as tending to check the intrusion of irreverent thoughts, without in any way interfering with one's just indignation."—"Your trumpery principle about Scripture being the sole rule of faith in fundamentals (I nauseate the word), is but a mutilated edition, without the breadth and axiomatic character, of the

original."—"Really I hate the Reformation and the Reformers more and more, and have almost made up my mind that the Rationalist spirit they set afloat is the ψευδοπροφήτης of the Revelations."—"Why do you praise Ridley? Do you know sufficient good about him to counterbalance the fact that he was the associate of Cranmer, Peter Martyr, and Bucer?"—"I wish you could get to know something of S. and W." (Southey and Wordsworth), "and un-Protestantise, un-Miltonise them."—"*How is it* WE *are so much in advance of our generation?*" Spirit of George Whitfield! how would thy voice, rolled from "the secret place of thunders," have overwhelmed these puny protests against the truths which it was the one business of thy life to proclaim from the rising to the setting sun!

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'Penetrating the design and seizing the spirit of the Gospels, the Reformers inculcated the faith in which the sentient and the spiritual in man's compound nature had each its appropriate office: the one directed to the Redeemer in His palpable form, the other to the Divine Paraclete in His hidden agency; while, united with these, they exhibited to a sinful, but penitent, race the parental character of the omnipresent Deity. Such is not the teaching of the restored theology. The most eminent of its professors have thrown open the doors of Mr. Froude's oratory, and have invited all passers-by to notice in his prayers and meditations "the absence of any distinct mention of our Lord and Saviour." They are exhorted not to doubt that there was a real though silent "allusion to Christ" under the titles in which the Supreme Being is addressed; and are told that "this circumstance may be a comfort to those

who cannot bring themselves to assume the tone of many popular writers of this day, who yet are discouraged by the peremptoriness with which it is exacted of them. The truth is, that a mind alive to its own real state often shrinks to utter what it most dwells upon; and is too full of awe and fear to do more than silently hope what it most wishes."

'It would indeed be presumptuous to pass a censure, or to hazard an opinion, on the private devotions of any man; but there is no such risk in rejecting the apology which the publishers of those secret exercises have advanced for Mr. Froude's departure from the habits of his fellow-Christians. Feeble, indeed, and emasculate must be the system, which, in its delicate distaste for the "popular writers of the day," would bury in silence the Name in which every tongue and language has been summoned to worship and to rejoice. Well may "awe and fear" become all who assume and all who invoke it. But an "awe" which "shrinks to utter"[316] the Name of Him Who was born at Bethlehem, and yet does not fear to use the Name which is ineffable; a "fear" which can make mention of the Father, but may not speak of the Brother, of all;—is a feeling which fairly baffles comprehension. There is a much more simple though a less imposing theory. Mr. Froude permitted himself, and was encouraged by his correspondents, to indulge in the language of antipathy and scorn towards a large body of his fellow-Christians. It tinges his Letters, his Journals, and is not without its influence even on his devotions. Those despised men too often celebrated the events of their Redeemer's life, and the benefits of His Passion, in language of offensive familiarity, and invoked Him with fond and feeble epithets. Therefore, a good Oxford Catholic must envelope in mystic terms all allusion to Him

round Whom, as its centre, the whole Christian system revolves. The line of demarcation between themselves and these coarse sentimentalists must be broad and deep, even though it should exclude those by whom it is drawn, from all the peculiar and distinctive ground on which the standard of the reformed Churches has been erected…. The martyrs of disgust and the heroes of revolutions are composed of entirely opposite materials, and are cast in quite different moulds. Nothing truly great or formidable was ever yet accomplished, in thought or action, by men whose love for truth was not strong enough to triumph over their dislike of the offensive objects with which truth may chance to be associated.

'Mr. Froude was the helpless victim of such associations. Nothing escapes his abhorrence which has been regarded with favour by his political or religious antagonists. The Bill for the Abolition of Slavery was recommended to Parliament by an Administration more than suspected of Liberalism in matters ecclesiastical. The "witness to Catholic views," "in whose sentiments, as a whole," his Editors concur, visits the West Indies, and they are not afraid to publish the following report of his feelings: "I have felt it a kind of duty to maintain in my mind an habitual hostility to the niggers, and to chuckle over the failures of the new system, as if these poor wretches concentrated in themselves all the Whiggery, dissent, cant, and abomination that have been ranged on their side." Lest this should pass for a pleasant extravagance, the Editors enjoin the reader not to "confound the author's view of the negro cause and of the *abstract negro* with his feelings towards any he should actually meet"; and Professor Thöluck is summoned from Germany to explain how

the “originators of error” may lawfully be the objects of a good man’s hate, and how it may innocently overflow upon all their clients, kindred, and connections. Mr. Froude’s feelings towards the “abstract negro” would have satisfied the learned Professor in his most malevolent mood. “I am ashamed,” he says, “I cannot get over my prejudices against the niggers.”—“Every one I meet seems to me like an incarnation of the whole Anti-Slavery Society, and Fowell Buxton at their head.”—“The thing that strikes me as most remarkable in the cut of these niggers is excessive immodesty, a forward stupid familiarity intended for civility, which prejudices me against them worse even than Buxton’s cant did. It is getting to be the fashion with everybody, even the planters, to praise the emancipation and Mr. Stanley.”

‘Mr. Froude, or rather his Editors, appear to have fallen into the error of supposing that their profession gives them not merely the right to admonish, but the privilege to scold. Lord Stanley and Mr. Buxton have, however, the consolation of being railed at in good company. Hampden is “hated” with much zeal, though, it is admitted, with imperfect knowledge. Louis Philippe, and his associates of the Three Days, receive the following humane benediction: “I sincerely hope ‘the march of mind’ in France may yet prove a bloody one.”—“The election of the wretched B. for ——, and that base fellow H. for ——, in spite of the exposure,” etc. Again, the Editors protest against our supposing that this is a playful exercise in the art of exaggeration. “It should be observed,” they say, “as in other parts of this volume, that the author used these words on principle, not as abuse, but as expressing matters of fact, as a way of bringing before his own mind things

as they are."

'Milton, however, is the special object of Mr. Froude's virtuous abhorrence. He is "a detestable author." Mr. Froude rejoices to learn something of the Puritans, because, as he says, "it gives me a better right to hate Milton, and accounts for many of the things which most disgusted me in his (not-in-my-sense-of-the-word) poetry!"—"A lady told me yesterday that you wrote the article on Sacred Poetry, etc. I thought it did not come up to what I thought your standard of aversion to Milton." … There are much better things in Mr. Froude's book than the preceding quotations might appear to promise. If given as specimens of his powers, they would do injustice to one whom we willingly would believe to have been a good and able man, a ripe scholar, and a devout Christian; though as illustrations of the temper and opinions of those who now sit in Wycliffe's seat, they are neither unfair nor unimportant. But they may convince all whom it concerns, that hitherto, at least, Oxford has not given birth to a new race of giants, by whom the Evangelical founders and missionaries of the Church of England are about to be expelled from their ancient authority, or the Protestant world excluded from the light of day and the free breath of Heaven.'

From ‘A MEMOIR OF THE REV. JOHN KEBLE, M.A., Late Vicar of Hursley,’ by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. COLERIDGE, D.C.L. Oxford. London: James Parker & Co., 1870. [3rd ed.]

[By the kind permission of Messrs. J. Parker & Co.]

‘Of Hurrell Froude Dr. Newman has written: “He was a pupil of Keble’s, formed by him, and in turn reacting upon him.” This sentence is followed by a short and striking account of this extraordinary man, to which it would be unwise in me to attempt any addition, except as it may bear on the object of this memoir. I knew [Hurrell Froude] from a child, and I trace in the somewhat singular composition of his character, what he inherited both from his father, and his highly gifted mother: his father, whom Keble after his first visit to Dartington Parsonage playfully described to me as “very amiable, but provokingly intelligent, one quite uncomfortable to think of, making one ashamed of going gawking as one is wont to do about the world, without understanding anything one sees”; his mother very beautiful in person and delicate in constitution, with a highly expressive countenance, and gifted in intellect with the genius and imagination which his father failed in. Like the one, he was clever, knowing, quick, and handy; like the other, he was sensitive, intellectual, imaginative. He came to Keble full of respect for his character; he was naturally soon won by his affectionateness and simplicity, and, in turn, he was just the young man in whom Keble would at once take an interest and delight, as pupil; and so in fact it was. I find him again and again in Keble’s letters

spoken of in the most loving language, yet often not without some degree of anxiety as to his future course: he saw the elements of danger in him, how liable he might be to take a wrong course, or be misunderstood even when taking a right one. Yet his hopes largely prevailed; and especially I remember his rejoicing at his [Froude's] being elected Fellow of Oriel, thinking that the new society and associations, with the responsibilities of College employment, would tend to keep him safe. That Keble acted on him (I would rather use that term than "formed") is certain; and even when, in the later years of his short life, symptoms of coming differences in opinion may be traced in his letters, there is no abatement of personal love and reverence, nor, indeed, in a certain sense, of his feeling the weight of Keble's influence; and though I gather from these that there was more entire agreement with Dr. Newman as to action, yet it seems to me that there still remained a closer intimacy and more filial feeling with regard to Keble….

'… That Hurrell Froude "re-acted on Keble" is true also, I have no doubt, in a certain sense; it could scarcely be otherwise where there was so much ability and affectionate playfulness, with so much originality on one side; so much humility on the other; and so much love on both. It would be idle to speculate on what might have been, when the hour of trial came which none of those specially engaged probably then foresaw. Before it arrived, Hurrell Froude had sunk under the constitutional malady against which he struggled for four years. What he would have been, and what he would have done, had his life been prolonged, no one can say; it would be unfair to judge him by what he left behind, except as rich grounds of promise. This I believe I may

confidently say, that those who knew him best loved him the most dearly, and expected the most from him.

'… My readers will have observed how Keble writes respecting Hurrell Froude and his *Remains*. His death was a heavy blow to him, and no wonder: those who knew him but were not on terms of intimacy, could not but regard mournfully the end of one so accomplished, so gifted, so good and so pure; a man of such remarkable promise, worn out in the very prime of life by slow, and wasting, and long-hopeless disease. But it was much more than this with Keble: they were more like elder and younger brothers. Reverence in some sort sanctified Froude's love for Keble, and moderated the sallies of his somewhat too quick and defiant temper, and imparted a special diffidence to his opposition, in their occasional controversies with each other; while a sort of paternal fondness in Keble gave unusual tenderness to his friendship for Froude, and exaggerated, perhaps, his admiration for his undoubted gifts of head and heart. And these were greater than mere acquaintances would be aware of: for he did not present the best aspects of himself to common observation….

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'I had the misfortune of giving [Keble] pain, not only by differing from him on the subject [of the *Remains*], but, owing to misinformation, or misapprehension, on my part, by what turned out to be a fruitless and ill-timed interference to prevent the publication. I need not now explain how this arose; but I must confess that my opinion remains unchanged. It is a deeply interesting book; not only

perfectly harmless now, but capable of instructing and improving those who will read it calmly and considerately. Still, I think that it was calculated, at the time, to throw unnecessary difficulties in the way of the Movement; that it tended to prevent a fair consideration of what the "movers" were attempting, to excite passion, and to encourage a scoffing spirit against them. Some part of the anger and bitterness with which the Ninetieth Tract was afterwards received, may fairly be traced to the feeling created, unjustly indeed, but not unnaturally, by the publication of the *Remains*. The one seemed to be the result of the other, and the sequence of the two was held to show a deliberate hostility to the Anglican, and an undue preference of the Roman Church.'

From 'ESSAYS HISTORICAL AND THEOLOGICAL,' by J. B. MOZLEY, D.D. Rivingtons, 1878. [From the Essay on Dr. Arnold.]

[By the kind permission of Messrs. J. R. & H. W. Mozley.]

'The Church of England had, after a century of growing laxity, just come to the point at which she must either retrace her steps into a stricter state, or go forward into a formal latitudinarianism. Arnold was for the latter course; the writers of the *Tracts for the Times* for the former. The two schools met at these cross-roads, as it were, and a remarkable contrast indeed they presented. The foremost characters in the Church Movement (if they will excuse us looking at them so historically) were undoubtedly phenomena in their way, as Arnold was in his. Of one of these we can speak: the death that robs us of so much, gives us, at any rate, this privilege. Singular it is that antagonist systems should so suit themselves with champions; but if the world had been picked for the most fair, adequate, and expressive specimens of German-religionism and Catholicism (specimens that each side would have acknowledged), it could not well have produced better ones for the purpose than Dr. Arnold and Mr. Froude. Arnold, gushing with the richness of domestic life, the darling of Nature, and overflowing receptacle and enjoyer, with strong healthy gusto, of all her endearments and sweets,—Arnold, the representative of high joyous Lutheranism, is

describable: Mr. Froude, hardly. His intercourse with earth and Nature seemed to cut through them like uncongenial steel, rather than mix and mingle with them. Yet the polished blade smiled as it went through. The grace and spirit with which he adorned this outward world (and seemed, to an undiscerning eye, to love it), were but something analogous in him to the easy tone of men in high life, whose good-nature to inferiors is the result either of their disinterested benevolence, or sublime unconcern. In him, the severe sweetness of the life divine not so much rejected as disarmed those potent glows and attractions of the life natural: a high good temper civilly evaded and disowned them. The monk by nature, the born aristocrat of the Christian sphere, passed them clean by with inimitable ease, marked his line, and shot clear beyond them into the serene ether, toward the far-off Light, toward that needle's point on which ten thousand angels and all Heaven move…. The Catholic system, as it advanced from the worlds beyond the grave, came with some of the colour and circumstance of its origin. It contrasted strangely with the light, hearty, and glowing form of earth that came from wood and mountain, sunshine and green fields, to meet [it]. And the unearthly, supernatural, dogmatic Church opposed a ghostly dignity to the Church of Nature and the religion of the heart….

* * * * *

'The notion of the Church being an independent body, and able to keep her own succession going on, apart from the State, is [to Arnold] "all essentially anarchical and schismatic," and he is only defending, he says, "the common peace and order of the Church, against a new outbreak of Puritanism, to

oppose it." It appears a curious objection at first sight, from a man like Arnold, to urge against a particular religion the claim that it would have been considered treasonable in the days of Queen Elizabeth. But this … is the period of English History to which he always goes for his ecclesiastical principles. Another point of accusation, more of a moral one, does not come with peculiar grace from Arnold, viz., the charge of immodesty and impudence in personally daring to go so counter to received opinions in their views of things and persons. "I have read Froude's volume," he says, "and I think that its predominant character is extraordinary impudence. I never saw a more remarkable instance of that qualification than the way in which he, a young man, and a clergyman of the Church of England, reviles all those persons whom the accordant voice of that Church, without distinction of party, has agreed to honour, even perhaps with an excess of admiration."[317] Now, let it be ever so true that "the accordant voice of the Church of England" has taken one view of Cranmer and the Reformers, whereas Mr. Froude took another, Arnold was not precisely the person to found a charge of impudence upon such a fact. A man who without a vestige of internal scruple or misgiving, unchristianised the whole development of the Church from the days of the Apostles; who made the very disciples, friends and successors of the Apostles teachers of corruption; who made the priesthood an Antichrist, and had just himself shocked the whole Church of England by the promulgation of a religious theory repugnant to the feeling and ideas of almost all her members to a man,—was certainly not a person to be tender in requiring compliance with received views from

another, or quick to call impudence in another what in himself was the necessary adjunct of philosophy.'

From 'MEMOIR OF JOSHUA WATSON,' edited by EDW. CHURTON, Archdeacon of Cleveland. 2 vols. Oxford: J. H. Parker, 1861.

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'… The first clear indication of this new principle [a theory of Catholic union, to which all other considerations were to bow] was seen in the publication of the *Remains of R. H. Froude*, a young man of great promise, Fellow of Oriel College, who died at the early age of thirty-two, and of whose stray papers, letters, and remnants of conversation, a full collection was published by J. H. Newman, then a Fellow of the same College, now for some years past a member of the Society of the Oratory in the Church of Rome. The first two volumes of these *Remains* were published early in 1838. The work never obtained a wide circulation; but enough was done to give deep offence to many minds, and to unsettle the principles of many more.

'Those who know Richard Froude best knew that he was in the habit of expressing himself, both by writing and in conversation, in strong, pungent sentences, such as are not altogether uncommon with young men of brilliant minds and vivacious temperament, and are often used by them as much with the design of provoking answer and contradiction, as that of conveying the speaker's real sentiments. But when the Editor, in his Preface to an unlimited and indiscriminate accumulation of such winged words, claimed for them the consideration due to the deliberate opinions of a matured reason, it

was a mode of treatment which stamped them with an importance not properly their own, and justified the censure of those who without concerning themselves much for the reputation of the dead, or making allowance for what was with too little decorum brought before the public, saw the publication announcing itself as an expansion of the principles of the *Tracts*. And this claim was made, although poor Froude again and again declared himself, in the pages of these volumes, as one whose mind was in a state of progress and puzzle, sympathising at one time with Roman, at another with Puritan, till, in a lengthened illness, and absence in foreign lands, it fed upon its own solitary musings, with that morbid dissatisfaction at all things which sometimes accompanies the decay of vital power. However, the appearance of such an unreserved exposition of distracted fancies was a great discouragement to the hopes which had for a while found their centre at Oxford; and the disease of Richard Froude's mind seemed to have communicated itself to his more distinguished Editor.'

From 'WILLIAM GEORGE WARD AND THE OXFORD MOVEMENT,' by WILFRID WARD. London: Macmillan & Co., 1889.

[By the kind permission of Wilfrid Ward, Esq., and of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

'… The scheme which Newman proposed, to restore to the Anglican Church in some measure the discipline and doctrine of the Fathers, was bold and captivating to [Mr. Ward's] imagination; but it seemed to [him] to be bolder and more drastic in the change it must in consistency require, than its authors were aware. It was plain to him that nothing short of an explicit avowal that the principles of the Reformation were to be disowned, and its work undone, could meet the logical requirements of the situation. And the leaders hesitated to go thus far…. On the appearance of the first part of Froude's *Remains* early in 1838, in which the Reformation was avowedly condemned, and its condemnation tacitly[318] adopted by the two Editors, Newman and Keble, Mr. Ward acknowledged to himself the direction which his views were taking. "From that time," he wrote to Dr. Pusey, "began my inclination to see Truth where I trust it is." The final influence which determined his conversion was the series of lectures by Newman on The Scripture Proof of the Doctrines of the Church, published afterwards as Tract 85. Newman, in these lectures, dealt with the philosophical basis of latitudinarianism on the one hand, and of the Anglo-Catholic view of the Church

on the other, with a power which did not fail to give satisfaction to his new disciple, and to justify, on intellectual grounds, the position which was now invested, in Ward's mind, with all the charm of Froude's romantic conception of Catholic sanctity, the fire of his reforming genius, the unhesitating completeness of his programme of action…. Dean Scott (the late Dean of Rochester), who saw Mr. Ward daily in the Common Room at Balliol, notes some points of interest as to the impression produced on his friends by the change which Froude's *Remains* wrought in his attitude:—"I can speak with perfect assurance of their purport [the purport of Mr. Ward's remarks on the volumes published in 1838]. They were substantially these: 'This is what I have been looking for. Here is a man who knows what he means, and says it. This is the man for me! He speaks out.' But though we were amused, and gave him credit for having achieved the feat which the pseudo-scholastic doctor ascribes to the angels, of passing from one extreme to the other without passing through the middle, I do not really think that those words indicated the actual turning-point. As I look back on them, they seem to me to imply that the turn had taken place, but that he was looking for a pledge, on the part of those to whom he was attaching himself, that they were in earnest, and knew what they meant." The appearance of Froude's *Remains* was indeed an epoch in Mr. Ward's life. "The thing that was utterly abhorrent with him," writes Lord Blachford, "was to stop short"; and this was precisely what the *via media*, with all its attractiveness, had hitherto appeared to do. All this was changed when Froude's outspoken views were adopted by the leaders. "Out came *Froude*," writes Mr. Ward to Dr. Pusey, "of which it is little to say

that it delighted me more than any book of the kind I ever read." "He found in Froude's *Remains*," continues Lord Blachford, "a good deal of his own Radicalism (though nothing at all of his own Utilitarianism or Liberalism), and it seemed literally to make him jump for joy."

'… There was a good deal in Froude's open speech and direct intellect which resembled Mr. Ward's own characteristics, different as the two men were, in many respects. Newman describes him as "brimful and overflowing with ideas and views"; as having "an intellect as critical and logical as it was speculative and bold"; as "professing openly his admiration for Rome, and his hatred of the Reformers"; as "delighting to think of the Saints," "having a vivid appreciation of the idea of sanctity, its possibilities and its heights"; "embracing the principle of penance and mortification"; "being powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church, but not to the Primitive." All this might be said, with great truth, of Mr. Ward himself. The boldness and completeness, the uncompromising tone of the *Remains*, took hold of Mr. Ward's imagination. A clear, explicit rule of faith was thus substituted for perplexing and harassing speculation. There was no temporising, or stopping short. Mr. Ward's dislike of the current system was echoed in the plain statement which he was for ever quoting. "At length, under Henry VIII., the Church of England fell. Will she ever rise again?"[319] Froude's writing, then, recommended itself to Mr. Ward as having the attribute of Lord Strafford's Irish policy: it was thorough. And in opposition to this, Arnold's system stopped short at every turn. Froude's picture of the Mediæval Church was that of an absolute, independent, spiritual authority, direct,

uncompromising, explicit in its decrees, in contrast with the uncertain voice of the English Church, with its hundred shades of opinions differing from, and even opposed to, each other. Instead of groping with the feeble light of human reason amid texts of uncertain signification, he interpreted Scripture by the aid of constant tradition, and of the Church's divine illumination. The stand for moral goodness against vice and worldliness was witnessed in the highest and most ideal types of sanctity in Church history. The personal struggle of the ordinary Christian against his evil inclinations was systematised and brought to perfection in Catholic ascetic works. The doctrine of a supernatural world and supernatural influences was not minimised, as though one feared to tax human powers of belief: it was put forth in the fullest and most fearless manner. Angels and Saints, as ministers of supernatural help, were recognised; and their various offices in aiding and protecting us, and listening to our prayers on all occasions, forced on the attention constantly in the Catholic system. There was no mistiness, or haze, or hesitation. All was clear, complete, definite, carried out to its logical consequences….

* * * * *

'Ward himself speaks in no doubtful terms of union with Rome as the ideal vision which inspired him. "Restoration of active communion with the Roman Church", he writes to a friend in 1841, "is the most enchanting earthly prospect on which my imagination can dwell." His remarks, too, on Froude's book (in a letter written in the same year to Dr. Pusey) indicate the same line of sympathies. "The especial charm in it to me," he wrote, "was … his hatred of our present system and of the Reformers,

and his sympathy with the rest of Christendom." The love of Rome and of an united Christendom, which marked the new school, was not purely a love for ecclesiastical authority. This was indeed one element, but there was another yet more influential in many minds: admiration for the Saints of the Roman Church, and for the saintly ideal, as realised especially in the monastic life. We have already seen how this element operated in Mr. Ward's own history. Froude had struck the note of sanctity as well as the note of authority. He had raised an inspiring ideal on both heads; and behold, with however much of practical corruption and superstition mixed up with their practical exhibitions, these ideals were actually reverenced, attempted, often realised! in the existing Roman Church. The worthies of the English Church, even when sharing the tender piety of George Herbert or Bishop Ken, fell short of the heroic aims, the martial sanctity, gained by warfare unceasing against world, flesh, and devil, which they found exhibited in Roman hagiology. The glorying in the Cross of Christ, which is the keynote to such lives as those of St. Ignatius of Loyola, and St. Francis Xavier, while it recalled much in the life of St. Paul, had no counterpart in post-Reformation Anglicanism.[320] The state of things which made this directly Romeward movement tolerable to any considerable section of the English Church was, however, sufficiently remarkable. The Anglicanism of the party must have receded very considerably from the views of the early *Tracts* before such a thing could be possible. Perhaps two events were especially instrumental to such a preparation: the first was the language used with respect to the English Reformers by Newman and Keble, in the Preface to the second

part of Froude's *Remains*, early in 1839. However guarded and measured the expressions were, such language expressed a definite view, with far-reaching consequences; and the extraordinary weight attaching to Newman's lightest utterances gave the words additional significance. "The Editors," one passage ran, "by publishing [Mr. Froude's] sentiments … so unreservedly … indicated their own general acquiescence in the opinion that the persons chiefly instrumental in [the Reformation], were not, as a party, to be trusted on ecclesiastical and theological questions, nor yet to be imitated in their practical handling of the unspeakably awful matters with which they were concerned." Again, the differences between the Reformers and the Fathers, both in doctrine and in moral sentiment, were insisted on by the Editors. "You must choose between the two lines," they wrote; "they are not only diverging, but contrary." And certain questions as to the practical Christian ideal are specified as instances: "Compare the sayings and manner of the two schools on the subjects of fasting, celibacy, religious vows, voluntary retirement and contemplation, the memory of the Saints, rites and ceremonies recommended by antiquity." The conclusion which, though unspoken here, was undeniable once it was suggested, the conclusion "in these matters Rome has preserved what England has lost; in these matters we may take Rome for our model if we would return to antiquity,"—could not but gain a footing in the minds of Newman's disciples.'

From ‘A NARRATIVE OF EVENTS CONNECTED WITH THE PUBLICATION OF THE TRACTS FOR THE TIMES,’ by WILLIAM PALMER, Author of *Origines Liturgicæ*, etc. Rivingtons, 1883. [From the Introduction.]

‘The publication of this work [*Origines Liturgicæ*] had the effect of introducing the author to the acquaintance of some of the leading spirits who afterwards exercised a decisive influence on the foundation of the Oxford Movement of 1833, usually called “Tractarian.” He had, in this work, vindicated the Church of England on what are sometimes called High Church principles, affirming the divine institution of the Church, and its essential independence, in creed and jurisdiction, of merely temporal powers. He had also argued against the Nonjurors, and sustained the harmony of Church and State. He had vindicated the Reformation. He had defended the Catholicity and continuity of the Church in England, and had opposed the pretensions of the See of Rome. No one could mistake his principles, and these principles were felt by the great mass of Churchmen to be in harmony with their own. In forming the acquaintance of Newman and Froude, then very distinguished Fellows of Oriel, and amongst rising men in the University, the author knew that his principles, at least, were fully known to, and approved by, these eminent men….

‘… The autumn and winter of 1832 passed away, but early in 1833 Froude returned to Oxford in better health, and I had once more a friend with whom I could work with entire sympathy in Church

questions. For never did I meet with a more cordial response to all that I felt upon these matters, or a fuller sympathy. The only point on which I could not concur with him was the manner in which he spoke of the union of Church and State, which he esteemed unlawful *per se*, while I only objected to its abuses. His language as to the Reformation, too, I could not concur in, having considered with some attention the point as urged in Nonjuring works, and arrived at the conclusion that the Reformation did not merit the unfavourable judgment pronounced. After some months, in July we were joined by Newman, who had been detained by illness in France; and this greatly strengthened our hands.

'In an article in the *Contemporary Review*[321] on the Oxford Movement, I have ventured on the remark that I was not aware of an incident mentioned in Froude's *Remains*, illustrative at once of the absence of elementary knowledge of the Roman Catholic system, and of the disposition to frame ingenious hypotheses upon the most important practical subjects. The incident referred to I described thus: "Froude had, with Newman, been anxious to ascertain the terms upon which they could be admitted to communion by the Roman Church, supposing that some dispensation might be granted which would enable them to communicate with Rome without violation of conscience"; and I elsewhere remarked on Newman [that] "those who conversed with him did not know that while in Italy he had sought, in company with Froude, to ascertain the terms on which they might be admitted to communion with Rome, and had been surprised on learning that an acceptance of the decrees of Trent was a necessary preliminary"; and I added: "had I been aware of these circumstances, I do not know

whether I should have been able to co-operate cordially with him." Nay, if I had supposed him to be willing to forsake the Church of England, I should have said that I could, in that case, have held no communion with him. As to his knowledge of the Roman Catholic system at that time, it was not grounded on the critical examination of Roman Catholic works of controversy. It was, I think, superficial, at that time and long after….

'The passage on which my remarks were based was in Froude's *Remains*, pp. 304, 307, in which he says: "The only thing I can put my hand on as an acquisition [at Rome] is having become acquainted with a man of some influence at Rome, Monsignor [Wiseman], the head of the [English] College, who has enlightened [Newman] and me on the subject of our relations to the Church of Rome. We got introduced to him to find out whether they would take us in on any terms to which we could twist our consciences, and we found, to our dismay, that not one step could be gained without swallowing the Council of Trent as a whole." Mr. Newman, in editing this passage, in Froude's *Remains*, represents it as merely "a jesting way of stating to a friend what was really the fact: viz., that he and another availed themselves of the opportunity of meeting a learned Romanist to ascertain the ultimate points at issue between the Churches." Cardinal Newman insists upon it that this is the true version of the affair. I merely ask the reader to compare the two statements: that of Froude, made at the time, and distinctly, and that of Newman, made some years after, to explain it. I ask whether the explanation is not throughout inconsistent with the statement, whether it is not a plain attempt to explain away the statement of Froude, whether Froude's is not

evidently the true version? No doubt Newman thought such explanation quite within his province as Editor. This little piece of *finesse* merits no grave animadversion, and I trust that I have so explained the point … as to relieve me from the imputation of accusing of dishonesty an old friend so much honoured for virtue and honour.'

[From the Narrative.]

'I had not been very intimately acquainted with Mr. Newman and Mr. Froude, and was scarcely known to Mr. Keble, or Mr. Perceval, when our deep sense of the wrongs sustained by the Church in the suppression of Bishoprics, and our feeling of the necessity of doing whatever was in our power to arrest the tide of evil, brought us together in the summer of 1833. It was at the beginning of Long Vacation when, Mr. Froude being almost the only occupant of Oriel College, we frequently met in the Common Room, that the resolution to unite and associate in defence of the Church, of her violated liberties and neglected principles, arose. This resolution was immediately acted on; and while I corresponded with Mr. Rose, Mr. Froude communicated our design to Mr. Keble. Mr. Newman soon took part in our deliberations, on his return from the Continent. The particular course which we were to adopt became the subject of much and anxious thought; and as it was deemed advisable to confer with Mr. Rose on so important a subject, Mr. Froude and myself, after some correspondence, visited him at Hadleigh, in July; where I also had the pleasure of becoming personally acquainted with Mr. Perceval, who had been invited to take part in our deliberations…. On our return to Oxford, frequent

conferences took place at Oriel College, between Mr. Froude, Mr. Newman, Mr. Keble, and the writer, in which various plans were discussed…. I prepared a draft of the third formulary printed by Mr. Perceval, which was revised and improved by a friend, and was finally adopted as a basis of our further proceedings.[322] The formulary thus agreed on was printed and was privately and extensively circulated amongst our friends in all parts of England, in the autumn of 1833. Our intention was not to form a society merely at Oxford, but to extend it throughout all England, or rather, to form similar societies in every part of England. But finding that jealousy was expressed in several high quarters at the formation of any associations, and the notion being also unacceptable to Froude and others (Newman), at Oxford, we ceased, after a time, from circulating these papers, or advising the formation of societies. Some permanent effects, however, were produced….

'The publication of the *Tracts* commenced and was continued by several of our friends,[323] each writer printing whatever appeared to him advisable or useful, without the formality of previous consultation with others…. I confess that I was rather surprised at the rapidity with which they were composed and published, without any previous revision or consultation; nor did it seem to me that any caution was exercised in avoiding language calculated to give needless offence…. The respect and regard due to the authors of the *Tracts* rendered me anxious to place the most favourable construction on everything which they wrote, and to hope that my apprehensions might be ill-founded. In the course, however, of the extensive correspondence of the autumn and winter of 1833 which has been mentioned, so many objections were raised by the

clergy against parts of the *Tracts*, and so many indiscretions were pointed out, that I became convinced of the necessity of making some attempt to arrest the evil. With this object, I made application in a direction (Newman) where much influence in the management of the *Tracts* was exercised, and very earnestly urged the necessity of putting an end to their publication, or at least of suspending them for a time. On one occasion, I thought I had been successful in the former object, and stated the fact to several correspondents; but the sequel proved that I was mistaken.[324] … Certainly, I had, in private conversation with Mr. Froude, and one or two others, felt that there were material differences between our views, on several important points. I allude more particularly to the question of the union of Church and State, and of the character of the English and the foreign Reformers. Mr. Froude occasionally expressed sentiments on the latter subject which seemed extremely unjust to the Reformers, and injurious to the Church; but as his conversation generally was of a very startling and paradoxical character, and his sentiments were evidently only in the course of formation, I trusted that more knowledge and thought would bring him to juster views….

* * * * *

'I will not say that the writers of the *Tracts* have not been in any degree instrumental in drawing forth this spirit;[325] I will not inquire how far it is traceable to the publication of Froude's *Remains*, and to the defence of his views contained in the Preface to the second series of the *Remains*; nor will I examine how far it may be a reaction against ultra-Protestantism: it is unnecessary now to enter on this

painful and complicated question, on which different opinions may be entertained.’

From 'OXFORD HIGH ANGLICANISM AND ITS CHIEF LEADERS,' by the Rev. JAMES H. RIGG, D.D. London: Charles H. Kelly, 1899.

[By the kind permission of the Rev. James H. Rigg, D.D., and of Mr. Charles H. Kelly.]

'Newman's principles as the active leader of the Oxford Movement were imbibed from his intercourse with Keble and Hurrell Froude. Newman himself says expressly and emphatically that Keble was the real father of the Oxford Movement, and it was the influence of Froude which brought together Keble and Newman. It was Froude who effected that blending and focussing of the sympathies and aims of Keble, Newman, and himself which furnished the first inspiration and impulse of the Oxford Neo-Anglican Movement. Newman, that is to say, though afterwards the leader, was first the disciple of Keble and even of Froude, and Keble and Froude derived their Anglican indoctrination and inspiration not assuredly from the Evangelical Revival, which they were brought up to hate, and did, both, sincerely hate through life, but from the High Church school of the early years of the eighteenth century, of which Dr. Routh was a living representative at Oxford for many years after Keble obtained his Fellowship at Oriel…. Keble was the tutor and the loving and sympathetic friend of the bitter and contemptuous Froude, who "hated the Reformation," and reserved his utmost scorn and antipathy for "irreverent Dissenters." … His personal opinions were extreme,

so extreme as to lead him to admire the character of Froude, in spite of his immodesty, his intolerance, and his puerile asceticism, because there was in the young man such heartiness, such good fellowship, such zeal, such talent; and all consecrated to the cause of "Catholic" restoration and Christian progress, as he understood it.

'… The characters of [Newman and Keble] were not likely to blend, except under the influence of some common solvent, some medium of overpoweringly strong affinity with both, through which characters so sharply contrasted might be combined in sympathy and united in counsel…. Nor could a fitter instrument have been found for bringing about the union on this basis than Hurrell Froude. He was himself, in several respects, as great a contrast to Keble in character as even Newman. But then he had been Keble's pupil, and he remained his devoted and admiring friend…. Moreover, though Newman in his *Apologia* speaks of Froude as "speculative," he was not metaphysically sceptical, and his speculations appear to have been confined within theologically safe regions. Froude, in fact, stood in fear of Newman's speculative tendency; and in one place, whilst expressing his delight in his companionship, expresses his doubt whether he is not more or less of a "heretic."[326] In no sense was Hurrell Froude doctrinally or metaphysically speculative. He had seemingly, from the first, bound himself to tradition. His affections went after antiquity, but, in particular, he doted upon the Mediæval Church. His "speculations" never led him towards the verge of unbelief. Whilst his zeal was hot, and his mind active, his intellect seemed to make good its safety by servility to traditional dogma. If he mocked at the Reformers, he held fast

by the “Saints.” Furthermore, although such a zealot for traditional Church authority, and so bold and hot against all Protestants and Puritans, he was to his friends gentle, tender, playful, pleasant, and most open-hearted. It is easy to see by what ties such a man would be attached to Keble and to Newman. The former regarded him somewhat as a mother regards a high-spirited, spoilt, but frank, true-spoken and affectionate son. She is proud of him, while she disapproves of some of his proceedings. She reproves him, but gently, lovingly: too gently by far. She views all his conduct with a partial eye; his very faults seem to her but the exuberances of a noble spirit. It must be remembered also that Froude’s animosities correspond to Keble’s dislikes, and that his enthusiastic and passionate admiration was bestowed in accordance with Keble’s preferences. The tempers of the teacher and pupil were very different, but their tastes and opinions were well agreed; and, in fact, those of Froude had been formed by Keble. What Keble instilled by gentle influence became in Froude a potent and heady spirit. Keble, accordingly, forgave the violence of his pupil, in part for the sake of his orthodoxy, and in part because of his dutifulness and affection to him personally. His excesses were but the excesses of a fine young nature on behalf of what was good and right. “E’en his failings leaned to virtue’s side.” While such were the ties which attached Keble to Froude, Newman was drawn to him both by agreement in theological and ecclesiastical opinions and tendencies, and also by a strong natural affinity of disposition. No one can read Newman’s description of Froude and himself in the *Apologia* without feeling that he and such a man as Froude must have been most congenial companions. Both were,

intellectually, what he describes Froude as being: "critical and logical," "speculative and bold." Newman, no less than Froude, "delighted in the notion of an hierarchical system of sacerdotal power, and of full ecclesiastical liberty." "Hatred of the Reformers," "scorn" of Protestantism, are noted by Newman as characteristics of Froude. And, as to himself, "I became fierce," "I was indignant," "I despised every rival system," "I had a thorough contempt for the Evangelicals,"—such expressions as these abound in his delineation of his own character at this period of his life. It is no wonder, therefore, that Froude and Newman clave to each other…. Froude was the energetic and wilful partner of Newman in the new enterprise: Froude, who with far less genius, far less personal tact and persuasiveness, and no gift of public or pulpit suasion, such as Newman possessed in a wonderful degree, was a man of intense and resolute character, of great logical daring, of unsparing pugnacity, of far-reaching ideas, whom Newman, and, as we have seen, Keble also, greatly admired and even loved, though he was loved by few besides. These two men, Newman and Froude, were mutually complementary: together they planned the first lines of the Tractarian Movement…. For his characteristic work at Oxford, Newman had been prepared by the influence of Keble and Froude. To quote Dean Church, "Keble had given the inspiration, Froude had given the impetus; then Newman took up the work." If Froude had lived a few years longer, it cannot be doubted that he would have gone over the imaginary line of division, and would have found himself consciously and professedly at Rome. Keble had neither logic nor courage to take him across the line…. Newman, alone of the three, slowly and reluctantly, but by

force of sincere and overmastering convictions, followed his principles out to the complete end.

'… To the Movement, as a Movement, Keble seems to have actively contributed no momentum whatever, although his reputation (like Pusey's later on) lent it a powerful sanction. To Newman belongs all the merit or demerit of the Tractarian line of policy and action. Without him, the Movement would never have taken form or gathered way. Froude was, very early, a powerful and energetic colleague: indeed, without him, Newman would not have been what he was, nor done what he did…. The chief interest attaching to Froude is that being what he was, he so powerfully influenced Newman, who said of him in his *Lectures on Anglicanism*,[327] that "he, if any, is the author of the Movement altogether": a saying hardly, however, consistent with the statement already quoted from the *Apologia* as to Keble's relation to the Movement. Froude was a man of much force of will, and superior natural gifts; he was handsome and attractive, a bright and lively companion, a warm and affectionate friend, a "good fellow," but very free indeed of his tongue. He was ignorant, self-conscious, and audacious; as intense a hater as he was a warm friend; a bitter bigot, a reckless revolutionist; one who delighted to speak evil of dignitaries, and of departed worthies and heroes reverenced by Protestant Christians at home and abroad. Church, who did not know him, but took his estimate of him mainly from Newman, makes a conspicuous figure of him, giving much more space to him than to Pusey,[328] more even than to Keble. That this should be so, shows how deeply Church had drunk into the spirit that prompted and inspired the Tractarians. Even his friendly hand, however, cannot omit from his picture certain features which,

to an outsider who is not fascinated by the *camaraderie* of the Tractarian clique … will be almost sufficient, without further evidence, to warrant the phrase, "a flippant railer," in which Julius Hare (himself, assuredly, no Evangelical bigot or narrow sectary) describes the man whose *Remains* were edited and published by his two great friends, that Anglican Churchmen might be led to admire the zeal and devotion, and to drink into the spirit, of this young hero of the new party. According to their view, his early death in the odour of sanctity (although of true Christian saintliness in temper or spirit he seems to have had as little tincture as any persecuting Spanish saint), left an aureole of glory upon his memory.

'Such was Froude's hatred of Puritanism that, as may be learnt from Dean Church, he was "blind to the grandeur of Milton's poetry." Church speaks, himself, of his "fiery impetuosity, and the frank daring of his disrespectful vocabulary." He quotes James Mozley as saying: "I would not set down anything that Froude says for his deliberate opinion, for he really hates the present state of things so excessively that any change would be a relief to him." He says that "Froude was made for conflict, not to win disciples." He admits his ignorance. "He was," he tells us, "a man strong in abstract thought and imagination, who wanted adequate knowledge." He quotes from the *Apologia* Newman's admission of two noticeable deficiencies in Froude: "he had no turn for theology"; "his power of entering into the minds of others was not equal to his other gifts." Such a power, we may note, is very unlikely to belong to men of fierce and hasty arrogance and self-confidence. It finds its natural home in company with "the wisdom from above," which is not only

"pure," but "gentle and easy to be entreated," the characteristics of a saintliness of another sort than that of Froude. Dean Church admits that the *Remains* contain phrases and sentiments and epithets surprisingly at variance with conventional and popular estimates: "as, for example, we may explain, when Froude speaks of the illustrious Bishop Jewel, whom Hooker calls 'the worthiest divine that Christendom hath bred for the space of some hundreds of years,' as 'an irreverent Dissenter,' Church adds that 'friends were pained and disturbed,' while 'foes exulted,' at such a disclosure of the spirit of the Movement." The apology he offers is that "if the off-hand sayings of any man of force and wit and strong convictions were made known to the world, they would, by themselves, have much the same look of flippancy, injustice, impertinence, to those who disagreed with the speaker or writer…. The friends who published Froude's *Remains* knew what he was; they knew the place and proportion of the fierce and scornful passages; they knew that they did not go beyond the liberty and the frank speaking, which most people give themselves in the abandon and understood exaggeration of intimate correspondence and talk." To which the reply is obvious: if the Editors (who were no other than Newman and Keble) had disapproved of the tone and style of these *Remains*, as it is evident that Dean Church himself, notwithstanding his strong friendly bias, could not help disapproving of them, they would either not have published them, or would at least have suggested some such apology as that suggested by Dean Church. But, in fact, they published them without any such apology, and it cannot be seriously doubted that they rather rejoiced in than condemned such gross improprieties. Further,

if this sort of writing is common in the intimate correspondence of responsible clergymen, how is it that it is so hard, if it is at all possible, to match the flippancy and insolence of these *Remains* in any other correspondence or remains of men of Christian culture and character, known to modern literature? Dean Church, indeed, cannot but admit that "Froude was often intemperate and unjust," and that "his strong language gave needless exasperation." He endeavours, however, to make one point in favour of the Movement, from the publication of the *Remains*. Whether it was wise or not, he argues that "it was not the act of cunning conspirators: it was the act of men who were ready to show their hands and take the consequences; it was the mistake of men confident in their own straightforwardness." I have no wish to revive against the first leaders of the Movement, as represented by Froude and the admirable Editors of his *Remains*, the charge of being conspirators, though, as I have already stated, Froude himself was the first to describe the Tractarian Movement as a "conspiracy." Certainly Froude, in the earlier stage of the Movement, like Ward in its later stages, had little in him of the conspirator's subtlety or craft, whatever may be said as to Newman. But an unbiassed historian would hardly describe the act of publication as Dean Church does: he would rather say that it was the act of men whose honesty may be admitted, but who were sanguine partisans, men strongly biassed by their sectarian temper, by their over-weening self-confidence….

'But it was a strange little world, that world of Oxford, in which Froude was regarded as a bright and leading character, sixty years ago. It seems, as we look back upon it, to be very much farther away

than half a century, and to belong almost to a different planetary sphere…. It was, in fact, a young and ignorant, as well as bigoted circle, in which the idea of the Oxford Movement first germinated…. It was a school-boyish sort of clique, and in wildness, enthusiasm, ignorance of the actual forces and the gathering movements of the world outside, their projects and dreams remind us of schoolboy plans and projects for moving the world and achieving fame and greatness….

'Schoolboys' friendships are often intense and romantic. Those of Newman and his circle were passionately deep and warm, more like those of boys, in some respects, than of men; perhaps still more like those of women who live aloof from the world in the seclusion of mutual intimacy: intimacy suffused with the fascinating but hectic brightness of a sort of celibate consecration to each other, apart from any thought of stronger or more authoritative human ties that might some time interfere with their sacrament of friendship. This *morbidezza* of moral complexion and temperament, this more or less unnatural and unhealthy intensity of friendship, was a marked feature in Newman's relations with those around him. There is no doubt a touching side to this feature in the Tractarian Society of Oxford. Dean Church speaks of "the affection which was characteristic of those days." … Of the mutually feminine attachment which bound Newman and Froude together, there is no need to say more…. The *Apologia* sets it forth all the more fully because Froude was no longer living…. Newman's was a characteristically feminine nature: it was feminine in the quickness and subtlety of his instincts, in affection and the caprices of affection, in diplomatic tact and adroitness, and in a gift of statement and grace of phrase which find their

analogies in the conversation, in the public addresses, and not seldom in the written style, of gifted women…. Hurrell Froude, his chosen and most congenial friend, was more feminine still than Newman, feminine in his faults as well as in his gifts and his defects. For sympathy and mutual intelligence the two were wonderfully well assorted…. It was a saying of Charles Kingsley … that all the Tractarian leaders were wanting in virility: *i.e.*, not so much effeminate as naturally more woman-like than masculine.'

From 'HISTORICAL NOTES ON THE TRACTARIAN MOVEMENT, A.D. 1833-1845,' by FREDERICK OAKELEY, M.A., Oxon., Priest of the Archdiocese of Westminster. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1865.

[By the kind permission of Sir Charles W. A. Oakeley, Bart., and of Messrs. Longmans, Green & Co.]

'The only one of these remarkable men who has passed into the region of history[329] is he who, though the youngest of the whole number in years, deserves to be commemorated as the first who took a comprehensive view of the bearings and character of the Movement. Mr. Froude was a College contemporary of my own, and I enjoyed at one time the privilege of constant intercourse and familiar acquaintance with him. Those who have formed their impression of him from his published *Remains* will scarcely, perhaps, be prepared to hear how little there appeared, in his external deportment, while he was at Oxford, of that remarkable austerity of life which he is now known to have habitually practised, even then. To a form of singular elegance, and a countenance of that peculiar and highest kind of beauty which flows from purity of heart and mind, he added manners the most refined and engaging. That air of sunny cheerfulness which is best expressed by the French word *riant*, never forsook him (at the time when I knew him best), and diffused itself, as is its wont, over every circle in which he moved. I have seen him in spheres so different as the

Common-Rooms of Oxford, and the after-dinner company of the high aristocratic society of the West of England; and I well remember how he mingled even with the last in a way so easy, yet so dignified, as at once to conciliate its sympathies and direct its tone. He was one of those who seemed to have extracted real good out of an English Public School education, while unaffected by its manifold vices. Popular among his companions for his skill in all athletic exercises, as well as for his humility, forbearance, and indomitable good temper, he had the rare gift of changing the course of dangerous conversation without uncouth abruptness or unbecoming dictation; and he almost seemed, as is recorded of St. Bernardine of Sienna, to check, by his mere presence, the profane jibe, or unseemly *équivoque*. To his great intellectual powers his published *Remains* bear abundant witness; nor do we, in fact, need any other proof of them than the deference yielded to his opinions by such men as those who have acknowledged him for their example and their guide. Let it not be supposed that this high panegyric is prompted by the partiality of friendship. Although I enjoyed constant opportunities of intercourse with Mr. Froude, and made his character a study, yet I have no claim whatever to be considered his intimate friend. We were not, indeed, at that time, in anything like complete religious accord; and I remember his once saying to me, in words which subsequent events made me regard as prophetic: “My dear O., I believe you will come right some day; but you are a long time about it.” Poor Hurrell Froude! May it be allowed to one who was your competitor in more than one academical contest, and your inferior in everything (save in his happy possession of those religious privileges which

you were cut off too early to allow of your attaining), to pay you, after many years, this feeble tribute of gratitude and admiration! Never again will Anglicanism produce such a disciple; never, till she is Catholic, will Oxford boast of such a son.

"'*Ostendent terris hunc tantum fata, neque ultra*
Esse sinent. Nimium vobis Romana propago
Visa potens, superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent …
Nec puer Iliaca quisquam de gente Latinos
In tantum spe tollet avos: nec Romula quondam
Ullo se tantum tellus jactabit alumno."

As I have begun this quotation, I may as well go on with it:

"'*Heu, pietas! heu, prisca fides! invictaque bello*
Dextera! non illi se quisquam impune tulisset
Obvius armato …
… Manibus date lilia plenis:
Purpureos spargam flores, animamque [sodalis]
His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere."

To adjust such a character with Catholic facts and Catholic principles is no part of my present object. The reader who takes an interest in this question will find it discussed in Dr. Newman's *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*. For me it will be sufficient to take leave of this gifted person in the well-known words: *Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!*

* * * * *

'The estimate taken [of the Reformers and] of their work by Mr. Froude, Mr. Keble, and Mr. Newman became sufficiently manifest on the publication of Mr. Froude's *Remains*, with the remarks prefixed to them by the friends just mentioned. Mr. Froude had described the English

Reformers in general, as "a set with whom he wished to have less and less to do." He declared his opinion that Bishop Jewel was no better than "an irreverent Dissenter," and expressed himself as sceptical whether Latimer (of whom, as a "Martyr," he did not wish to speak disrespectfully) were not "something in the Bulteel line." Dr. Pusey was too humble and forbearing to enter any kind of public protest against statements and views so different from his own. But he was generally believed not to go along with the tenour of these expressions, nor to approve, otherwise than by passive acquiescence, of the publication of those parts of the work in which they were contained…. [Living,] Mr. Froude's frankness and attractive personal qualities gained from the rising generation of Oxford a favourable hearing for the (to them) original views, which he so ably and dashingly inculcated…. No one can read Mr. Froude's *Remains* … without seeing that with him and with those with whom he corresponded, the ethical system of Oxford had exercised no small influence in the formation of mental habits. Those who, like myself, were personally acquainted with Mr. Froude, will remember how constantly he used to appeal to [the] great moral teacher of antiquity, "Old 'Stotle," as he used playfully to call him, against the shallow principles of the day. There is a sense, I am convinced, in which the literature of heathenism is often more religious than that of Protestantism. Thus, then, it was that the philosophical studies of Oxford tended to form certain great minds on a semi-Catholic type.

* * * * *

'Towards the close of his mortal career, his opinions appear to have undergone some change

which was perceptible to many of his friends even in his outward demeanour. He associated less than formerly with the old High Church party of the Establishment, as he became convinced that the ills of the Church must be cured by sterner and more unworldly methods of discipline than that party was prepared to accept. An air of gravity, and a tone of severity, even in general society (so far as he mixed with it), had replaced that bright and sunny cheerfulness which was characteristic of his earlier days; and this change of exterior was greater than could be explained by his declining health, against which he bore up with exemplary fortitude. Together with a more anxious view of the state and prospects of the Establishment, he had apparently taken up a less favourable opinion of the Catholic Church, at least in its actual manifestation. A visit to the Continent had operated (from whatever cause) unfavourably upon his judgment of Catholics, whom he now first stigmatised as "Tridentines": a strange commentary, certainly, on the view put forth later by Mr. Newman, to the effect that the prevalent Catholic system was erroneous in that it had deviated from the Tridentine rule, not in that it represented that rule! This and similar dicta, some of a still more painful import, have led such of Mr. Froude's friends as have clung to the Established Church to believe that, had he lived, he would have remained on their side. Such a question will naturally be determined, to a great extent, according to the personal views and wishes of those who speculate upon it. Certain at any rate it is, that had he come to us, the Church would have secured the humble obedience and faithful service of a rarely gifted intellect; while, had he stayed behind, he would have added one more to the number of those

whose absence is the theme of our lamentation, and whose conversion, the object of our prayers. It is part, however, of the historian's office to investigate such questions according to the evidence at his disposal; and in the instance before us, that evidence is far more accessible and far more satisfactory than is usually the case in posthumous inquiries. Mr. Froude's Letters to Friends, published in his *Remains*, give an insight into his character and feelings, with all their various developments and vicissitudes, such as is commonly the privilege of intimate personal acquaintance, and of that alone. His bosom friends could hardly have known him better than the careful student of these Letters may know him, if he desire it: indeed, it is to such friends that he discloses himself in those Letters with almost the plain-spokenness of the Confessional.

'Now, it must be admitted that these Letters leave the question as to the probability of his conversion very much in that evenly-balanced state in which, as I have just said, the wishes of friends or partisans come in to determine it on either side. His Letters contain, on the one hand, many passages from which, if they stood alone, it might be concluded that he was, at certain times, almost ripe for conversion. They also contain others apparently of an opposite tenour. In the former class must be reckoned those indications of antipathy, continually deriving fresh fuel from new researches, to the English Reformation and Reformers.[330] Mr. Froude's theological sentiments had long passed the mark of the Laudian era, and settled at the point of the Nonjurors.[331] He thinks one might take for an example Francis de Sales, whom, by the way, he classes with "Jansenist Saints."[332] Again, he was most deeply sensitive to the shortcomings and

anomalies of his communion: he calls it an “incubus” on the country, and ascribes to it the blighting properties of the “upas-tree.” It is evident that he was in advance both of Mr. Keble and Mr. Newman: he twits the former, in friendly expostulation, with the Protestantism of his phraseology in parts of *The Christian Year*, and laments the backwardness of the latter on some questions of the day. On the other hand, and in the same direction of thought, he expresses admiration of Cardinal Pole; he scruples about speaking against the Catholic system, even its “seemingly indifferent practices”;[333] he can understand, on the principle of reverence, the Communion under one species,[334] perhaps the greatest of all practical difficulties to many Anglican minds. Moreover, when at Rome, he evidently opened the subject of reconciliation to a distinguished prelate whom he met there.[335] *Per contra*, we have painful sayings against supposed practical abuses in the Church. “He really thought,” as he tells us, that “certain practices which he witnessed abroad are idolatrous”; he charges priests with irreverence, ecclesiastical authorities with laxity, etc.[336] Yet even these opinions he partially qualifies, and is disposed to attribute to defective information.[337] He shrinks from speaking against Rome *as a Church*.[338]

‘Unwilling as I am to hazard conjectures on the subject, especially against the judgement of any among his more intimate friends, I do not think it unreasonable to conclude, from a comparison of these passages, that Mr. Froude’s objections were chiefly directed against imaginary abuses, or possible relaxations of discipline, which time and reflection would have shown him to be entirely independent of the real merits of the controversy. I find it also

difficult to believe that, as the principle of the English Reformation received these illustrations in the Established Church which we have lived long enough to see,—as her constituted tribunals were found to give up, in succession, the grace of the Sacraments, the authority of the Church, and even the inspiration of Holy Scripture itself, as necessary truths,—his clear and honest mind would not have accepted some or all of these tokens of apostasy as a summons to enter the True Fold. Assuredly, too, we have known no instance of a mind equally candid, intelligent, and instructed, whose advances in the direction of the Truth (especially when assisted by extraordinary acuteness of conscience and purity of life) have stopped short, as time has gone on, of the logical conclusions, except in cases where the progress of such a mind has been arrested by conflicting tendencies of deeply ingrained Protestant or national prepossession: such as in his case were singularly absent.

'There is, however, one phase of Mr. Froude's mind with which it is far more difficult to reconcile the belief of his probable conversion than any other. This phase, indeed, seems to have been a characteristic of himself as compared with nearly all of those who took a leading part in the Movement, including even Mr. Keble, who was the nearest to Mr. Froude in general character. The peculiarity to which I refer is that of an extraordinary leaning to the side of religious dread, and a correspondent suppression of the sentiments of love and joy. Mr. Froude's religion, as far as it can be gathered from his published Journal, seems to have been (if the expression be not too strong) more like that of a humble and pious Jew under the Old Dispensation, than that of a Christian living in the full sunshine of

Gospel privileges. The apology for this feature in his religious character, and for any portion of it which appears in those of other excellent men of the same period,[339] is to be found in the ungraceful and often irreverent form in which the warmer side of the Christian temper was exhibited in the party called Evangelical: whose language, based as it often was upon grievous errors of doctrine, had a tendency to react, in religious minds, on the side of severity and reserve. Such a form of religious spirit, however, where exhibited in the somewhat unusual proportions which it assumes in Mr. Froude, must undergo almost a complete revolution before it can be naturally susceptible of the impression which Catholic devotion has a tendency to produce, or even tolerant of the language which pervades our approved Manuals. It is certainly difficult to find in the Mr. Froude of the *Remains*, a compartment for devotion to Our Blessed Lady,[340] for instance, or even to the Sacred Humanity of Our Lord, in all its attractive and endearing fulness. Yet, taking the phenomena of his case as a whole, and duly estimating the respective powers of the two conflicting forces, I cannot help thinking that the Church would more easily have conquered his prejudices than the Establishment have retained his allegiance.'

From 'THE BRITISH CRITIC,' Jan., 1838, Vol. xxiii., pp. 200 *et seq.*, by FREDERIC ROGERS, Esq., M.A., afterwards Lord BLACHFORD.[341]

'… The first volume of this book, to which the following observations will be confined, presents an unusually perfect history of as remarkable a mind as it is often our lot to fall in with. It is remarkable, not merely for its talent, energy, and depth of religious feeling, but because the character in which these qualities issue, is one almost new to the eyes of this generation; and with this unusual tone of thought and feeling, is joined a deep reality and consistency which forces attention, and perhaps deference, even when the author's views least coincide with our own settled prejudices….

'… There is a wide intermediate range of character among those who neither neglect nor rest in their fellow-men. With some, those feelings of reverence and admiration, which seem like the voice of God assigning to every man his province, are more deeply touched by the quiet holiness of domestic life, its little delicate self-sacrifices, its affectionate attentions and glad confidence. The idol of their hearts is one whom men love even when he is most severe, or, if they love him not they dare not avow it, knowing that the world would hold them self-condemned; whose enjoyment it is to confer enjoyment, who moves about with a heart and sympathies open to all he meets, expecting no evil; and, when encountered by vice, rebukes it with a

mixture of horror, pity, and simplicity, which, if they fail to convince, at least never irritate or harden. Not that such an one need be wanting in the expression of just indignation, but he shows no intention to punish, no assumption of superiority. He speaks either by way of affectionate remonstrance, or to disburden his own conscience; and those who are too bad to be affected by mere goodness, only say of him "that he is as kind-hearted a man as can be; pity he should let his fancies run away with him."

'It need hardly be said that this is Christian love, but not its only form. Minds more bitterly alive to the unsatisfying nature of earthly things, will thirst after some more immediate form of self-devotion to God: and the same feelings which render their brethren less adequate representatives of their Heavenly Father in their hearts, imply capacities which render them less necessary. They will press as close to God as He will let them, anxious, if it were possible, to anticipate His purposes concerning them, watching for permission to throw away earthly comforts in His service, if He will give them the signal to take to themselves that honour; laborious, by meditation and mortification of the flesh, to root out from their hearts every idle desire that interferes with His presence there, and to bend to His direct service every high taste and faculty which He has given them: who would sing songs to His glory though there were none to hear them, and would adorn holy places though there were none to see them; anxious for no result, but for the mere happiness of devoting heart, head, and hand to His honour, if they have but an instinct or a word of His to tell them that He will be pleased with their little offering. These men will no more forget their brethren than the others will forget God; they will

have their words of encouragement for the penitent, of courtesy for the stranger, of deep affection for their friends. But they do not go about, overflowing with kindness and confidence to all men. Perhaps circumstances have thrown upon them one of those great works which ever lie about the world unappropriated, and they are "straitened till it be accomplished." Perhaps the work of their own salvation lies heavier on their spirits than on theirs who live and die in happy, quiet, uniform thankfulness. Perhaps their own renunciation of the lesser pleasures of life makes them less understand the value which others set on them. At any rate, their constant endeavour to realise within themselves their own high aspirations, tends to unfit them for sympathising with buoyant earthly merriment, or sanguine earthly wishes, except it be with the passing interest which we give to the careless gaiety of a child.

'Again, the stern examination by which they purge their own hearts, that they may be worthy of God, opens to them the secrets of others. It shows them what is their own meanness in the sight of God, and what it may be in the sight of their fellow-men; but it lays upon them the painful power of seeing through profession and self-deceit, and it teaches them how, by word and eye, to silence and chastise as well as protest.

* * * * *

'These men, it need scarcely be said, are not talked of as "kind-hearted fellows"; they are felt to be partisans, and are reverenced or hated accordingly. Their presence, when it does not deepen the interest of conversation, is apt to impose a check

on its freedom. Men are afraid of being frivolous and unreal in their presence; doubtful what will offend them; or what degree of forbearance they may reckon on; suspicious of their motives, as of men who do not speak freely, unless they speak with authority, of what they most deeply mean; and cautious in accepting their friendship, for it is only firmly given to similarity of religious aim. But the loftiness of sentiment which confines, deepens also the flow of their sympathies; their power of severity gives meaning to their affection, and their singleness of aim a high harmony to their thoughts and tastes. Those who will take their hand and walk with them will find the fruit of their friendship rich according to its noble origin and tenure.

'Now of these two characters it would perhaps be overbold to say which is holiest; at any rate, the loveliness of one is very different from the majesty of the other: different, not indeed in essentials, but in the hopes, fears, tastes, and sentiments, which it forces uppermost…. The later Church of England character is very decidedly of the former cast. Ours is the Church of Walton and Herbert, not of Athanasius and Ambrose. And truly we have been born into a beautiful inheritance. Our fathers have bequeathed to us the appreciation of a kindly and a holy spirit; a spirit of affectionate unobtrusive meekness, of considerate friendliness, of calm cheerfulness. And these are in their measure not only appreciated but realised amongst us: the domestic and social virtues of our clergy are in the mouths of every panegyrist of the Church of England, and are hardly denied by her enemies…. And it is true, that there are passages of Scripture which address themselves to a very different class of minds: passages which ὁ δυνάμενος χωρεῖν, χωρείτω, which "all men cannot receive,

but they to whom it is given." There are a whole class of expressions in the New Testament, which though surely they do not condemn the English Church, yet seem somehow not to have received their natural development in it.[342] "If thou wilt be perfect, go and sell that thou hast … and come, follow Me." "Blessed are ye when men shall hate you." "Woe unto you that laugh now, for ye shall mourn and weep." "Κάλον ἀνθρώπῳ γύναικος μὴ ἅπτεσθαι." "Every one that hath forsaken brethren or sisters, or father or mother, or wife or children, for My Name's sake, shall receive an hundredfold, and shall inherit everlasting life." We seem afraid of these.

* * * * *

'Within our own Church, we are over-careful to soothe enthusiasm, and somewhat helpless in directing it. In judging foreign Churches, or other ages, we talk of a "misguided zeal for what they consider the glory of God," "the fantastic rigours by which men render themselves callous to the sufferings of others," "the extinction of the domestic affections to aggrandise one ambitious Church," words which may be true or not, as they are applied, but which, as commonly used, are rather rashly bandied about, considering all the hints and recommendations that Scripture contains.[343] We can be warm enough in our censures of those who would call down fire from Heaven, or sit at the right hand of Christ, but have perhaps too much fellow-feeling with him who went away sorrowful when he found he must not only obey the law, but sell his property. The book now before us is, most unquestionably, not of the peculiar Church of England character, but of that cast which we are somewhat apt to depreciate,

or to look on as a romantic unreality….

‘In his Private Journal, which was written chiefly in 1826, when he was about twenty-four, the feeling round which all others seem to group themselves, is a craving after an ideal happiness, real and attainable, though not yet, of which all our refined perceptions of beauty, nobility, and holiness are but indications and foretastes, and in which, as our character becomes equal to our capacities, they must eventually converge. With this is joined, as perhaps its necessary condition, a sensitive and pure taste for all that is beautiful or lofty to sight or mind; high, though unpractised, poetical powers; and an earnest appreciation of the reverence due to holy things, even to our own higher thoughts and deeper emotions.

‘This itself explains why these powers and feelings, lying, it seems, deepest, were unknown, almost unsuspected, by more than two or three of his nearest friends. His acquaintance more readily perceived and appreciated an unusually deep and true mode of dealing with mathematical questions; a subtlety, boldness and ingenuity of reasoning; a frank and accurate apprehension of the full force of an adverse argument; and a definiteness of conception and expression which seemed to cut through an intricate question, throwing off, rather than grappling with objections, with a clearness which one could hardly believe not to be sophistry.

‘But this book derives its commanding interest from the stern self-chastisement of body and mind, from which both reason and imagination receive their tone and substance. With this the Journal acquaints us; and there is something which really

cows an ordinary reader, in the unsparing steadiness with which faults are sought for, the bitter self-abasement with which they are felt, and the unrelenting determination with which they are punished; all being recorded, except when addressed to God, with a plain and sometimes contemptuous homeliness of expression, which seems as if the author wished to do dishonour to himself and his thoughts, or held that a feeling which claimed to be deep and true, should not disdain to buy, by humiliation, the privilege of utterance….

'… In 1825, in which year he took his degree, passages in his letters show the existence of those romantic views of religion which occupy so prominent a place in his character from that time forward. Of part of the intervening time, he speaks often in his Journal with very deep contrition: but anyone who observes the deep humiliation with which he confesses faults of which ordinary persons would think but little, (common indeed to all who have really high views of Christian excellence,) will be very cautious in inferring much as to the facts themselves, from this most bitter recollection of them. The Journal itself may perhaps be best introduced by some letters, giving an account of the first part of the time which it records.'

[To the Rev. JOHN KEBLE, but not sent.]

Sept. 28, 1826.

'"I have been meaning to write to you every day for a long time, and I do not suppose you would wish me to be influenced in putting off longer by the sad thing we have just heard.[344] At least, if I may judge from myself, there is so little difference between

what are called real afflictions and imaginary ones, that it seems just as rational to go on in the common way when under the former as the latter. With me, this last summer, both at the time, and looking back on it, seems to have gone very strangely; and I do not see any ground why my reason should contradict my feelings, because the things which affect me are either, in their nature, confined to the person who feels them, or are thought trifles by people in general. I have been trying almost all the Long [Vacation] to discover a sort of common-sense romance: I am convinced there must be such a thing, and that Nature did not give us such a high capacity for pleasure without making some other qualification for it besides delusion. But the speculation has got much more serious, and runs out into many more ramifications than I expected at first; and it seems to me as if I might make it the main object of a long course of reading, the first step of which would be to follow your advice in learning Hebrew and reading the early Fathers. This I have determined upon doing immediately upon my return to Oxford; and the intervening space I shall pass away as I can, with I. and P.,[345] among the mountains and waterfalls. Since I wrote this in the morning, I have been walking with P., whose quietness of mind makes me quite ashamed of my speculations, and I hardly like sending you this letter; however, if I have been making myself a fool all the summer, it is better I should not go on brooding on it by myself; for letting somebody know the state of my thoughts is the only way of keeping them straight; and I know no one but you who would make sufficient allowance for me to venture on such things with. Perhaps you may think it very odd, but this is the first time I have had resolution to ask for the papers which they found of

my mother's after her death."

'The writer seems to have shrunk from allowing this letter to reach his friend. In its stead, the following was sent:

'"I have made three attempts to write, but all of them ran off into something wild, which, upon reflection, I thought would be better kept to myself. The fact is, that I have been in a strange way all the summer, and having had no one to talk to about the things which have bothered me, I have been every now and then getting into fits of enthusiasm or despondency. But the result has been in some respects a good one, and I have got to take very great pleasure in what you recommended me when we were together at F.,[346] the evening before I left you, our first summer, *i.e.* good books; and I feel [I] understand places in the Psalms in a way I never used to. I go back to Oxford with a determination to set to at Hebrew and the early Fathers, and to keep myself in as strict order as I can: a thing which I have been making ineffectual attempts at for some time, but which never once entered my head for a long time of my life….

'"And now I must drop back to myself. I wish you would say anything to me that you think would do me good, however severe it may be. You must have observed many things very contemptible in me, but I know worse of myself, and shall be prepared for anything. I cannot help being afraid that I am still deceiving myself about my motives and feelings, and shall be glad of anything on which to steady myself."

'It is exceedingly interesting to trace in the Journal the actual working day by day of the feelings

to which these letters refer. The following extract is, in effect, its opening:

"'*July 1, 1826.*—I think it will be a better way to keep a Journal for a bit, as I find I want keeping in order about more things than reading. I am in a most conceited way, besides very ill-tempered and irritable. My thoughts wander very much at my prayers, and I feel hungry for some ideal thing of which I have no definite idea. I sometimes fancy that the odd bothering feeling which gets possession of me is affectation, and that I appropriate it because I think it a sign of genius: but it lasts too long, and is too disagreeable to be unreal."

"'*July 5.*—I do not know how it is, but it seems to me as if the consciousness of having capacities for happiness, with no objects to gratify them, seems to grow upon me, and puts me in a dreary way. Lord, have mercy upon me!"

'These feelings continue occasionally to appear, assuming, more and more, a distinct and practical shape, till his return to Oxford in October, 1826 (the period when the Letters before quoted were written), when they gave rise to the following resolutions:

"'I have been coming to a resolution, that as soon as I am out of the reach of observation, I will begin a sort of monastic austere life, and do my best to chastise myself before the Lord; that I will attend Chapel regularly; eat little and plainly, drink as little wine as I can, consistently with the forms of society; keep the fasts of the Church, as much as I can, without ostentation; continue to get up at six in the winter; abstain from all unnecessary expenses, in everything; give all the money I can save in charity, or for the adorning of religion. That I will submit

myself to the wishes of the [Provost?] as to one set over me by the Lord, but never give in to the will or opinion of anyone from idleness, or false shame, or want of spirit. That I will avoid society as much as I can, except those I can do good to, or from whom I may expect real advantage; and I will, in all my actions, endeavour to justify that high notion of my capabilities of which I cannot divest myself. That I will avoid all conversation on serious subjects, except with those whose opinions I revere, and content myself with exercising dominion over my own mind, without trying to influence others. The studies which I have prescribed to myself are Hebrew and Ante-Nicene Fathers…."

'We extract the following philosophical reflections, taken from the Occasional Thoughts of about the same date, as similarly characteristic of the author's steady and systematic procedure:

'"*Dec. 1, 7*, and *17*.—It is the object of our lives, by patient perseverance in a course of action prescribed to us, so to shape and discipline our desires that they may, through habit, be excited to the same degree by the objects which are presented to our understanding, as they would by nature, if we had senses to relish them; that is, that the degree of our appetites for these objects should so far exceed that which we feel for sensible objects, as the known value of the former exceeds that of the latter. The former field of existence is what I think St. Paul had in his mind when he spoke (Heb., vi. 19) of 'that which is within the veil,' into which Jesus Christ had gone before us: the veil signifying our unconsciousness, in spite of which, 'by two immutable things, in which it was impossible that God should lie, we might have strong consolation

who have fled to lay hold of the hope set before us.' All this seems the real meaning of faith, as insisted on so much in the New Testament.

'"Of the objects which we pursue or avoid, some we immediately perceive to be either present or absent; some we only believe to be so through the intervention of the understanding. The various dispositions of our fellow-creatures towards us are of the latter sort. We have no faculties for perceiving love or admiration; but being conscious of the feeling ourselves, and recognising in others the effects which we know to proceed from them, we believe their presence upon evidence, and are affected therewith. Of being in society we cannot be conscious, if by society we mean not that of certain shapes doing certain things, but of beings which feel in some respects as we do. The existence of such beings we only believe on evidence, having observed effects like those which proceed from our own feelings, in so many instances as to make it appear that the causes are likewise similar. The same sort of evidence we have of the existence of other beings, in some respects like, and in others different from ourselves. That a Being exists endued with power and wisdom, the limits of which we cannot reach to, is, I think, more certain than that we have fellow-creatures.[347] All men, whether they know it or not, act as if they believed in a Being endued with intelligence and power and will, superior to any interference. They count on the course of Nature continuing as it is, because they know that what they have long continued to do they go on with; and rely without any doubt on its skill and ability for perfecting their undertaking, where their own skill and ability fall short. That this Being has any other attributes, we have not the same evidence. These are

the ‘things within the veil’; they are κυρίως, the objects of faith. But consideration will show that the difference is not in kind but in degree, and that among what we call the things visible, motives are proposed to us to be acted on, approaching to it by degrees imperceptible.”

‘“Isa. xxv. 7, 9. ‘And He will destroy in this mountain the face of the covering cast over all people, and the veil that is spread over all nations…. And it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us; this is the Lord; we have waited for Him: we will be glad and rejoice in His salvation….’

‘“The business of our life seems to be, to acquire the habit of acting in such a manner as we should do, if we were conscious of all we know; and in this respect no action of our lives can be indifferent, but must either tend to form this habit or a contrary one: so that those whose attempt to act right does not commence with their power of acting at all, have much to undo, as well as to do. The craving, and blankness of feeling, which attends the early stages of this habit (‘show some token upon me for good’), makes anything acceptable which can even in fancy fill it; and it is delightful to see things turn out well, whose case seems, in some sort, to represent to us our indistinct conceptions of our own. Animals fainting under the effect of exercise, and then again recovering their strength, which that very exercise has contributed to increase; the slow and uncertain degrees in which this exercise is effected, and yet the certainty that it is effected;—the growth of trees sometimes tossed by winds and checked by frosts, yet, by the evil effects of these winds directed in what quarter to strike their roots, so as to secure

themselves for the future, and by these frosts hardened and fitted for a new progress the next summer:—in things of this sort I am [altered in the MS. from 'we are'] so constituted, as to see brethren in affliction evidently making progress towards release…."

* * * * *

'The impression left on the mind after a first perusal of the Journal is doubtless a depressing one, both from the unhappiness which it records, and (it may be) from a fear that if we would exercise the same strict vigilance over our own hearts, or would aim at the same high mark, we might find cause for disquiet too. It is a real satisfaction to find, both at the end of the Journal that the author considers himself to have passed into a happier state, and in his Letters, that he gradually ceases to speak of his own despondency, either openly to his nearest friend, or in those half-jesting hints of which his other friends must only now feel the meaning. His external demeanour, both from natural disposition and from his contempt for any display of feeling, seems always to have been so full of life and energy, that from it alone, perhaps, no change in this respect could have been inferred. This despondency we have not attempted to show in the extracts, though it does slightly appear there; but rather his high desires to "enter within the veil," to be "hidden in the presence of the Lord," and the mode which he took to realise them. This forms a remarkable contrast with the self-confidence and unreality which too frequently springs from the consciousness of high views. It is, unfortunately, not often that we see men of bold and independent minds, subtle and comprehensive powers of reasoning, and romantic desires, giving up,

till they shall be fit for it, all notion of "influencing others"; checking, without throwing aside, their own high feelings; subduing, with a systematic humility, their impulses to express them, and submitting to learn their duty by the slow and common-sense process of "following great examples," "studying Hebrew and the Ante-Nicene Fathers," and in the meantime obeying scrupulously the voices of those whom they feel to be better than themselves….

'The volume before us touches the magic keys with a bold hand; and though some of the notes which come forth are rather startling, and may be untruly struck, yet there is a meaning in them which deserves to be analysed by those defenders of the English Church who are looking about for weapons to wield, and ground to stand on. Two principal wants, then, the author seems to have felt in the English Church: authority, and richness; and that not in the spirit of a dreaming philosopher, but of one who knew that we were here not to think only, but to act; that evil was given us that we might strive against it; Truth, that we might uphold or restore it; Revelation and moral instincts, that we might know both one and the other; Talent and energy, that we might form projects, recommend, and execute them. Nor would the restraints he set on his impulses to influence others, till circumstances and a conscious fitness should call him to it, make him likely to shrink from his task when he felt it given him. He seems early to have thought that his powers would enable him to serve the Church more effectually as a reader and writer than as a parochial clergyman: by acting on those minds which are to guide the masses, [rather] than on the masses themselves. To this his position as College Fellow seemed also to invite him; and the following extracts illustrate part of the spirit

in which he devoted himself to this task, and the tastes he sacrificed to it.

‘“*July 27, 1827.—*

‘What is home, you silly, silly wight,
That it seems to you to shine so bright?
What is home?—’Tis a place so gay,
Where the birds are singing all the day;
Where a wood is close by, and a river dear,
And the banks they sleep in the water clear;
Where the roses are red and the lilies pale;
And the little brooks run along every vale.

Is it nowhere but home, you silly-billee,
That the thrushes sing in each shady tree?
That the woods are deep, and the rivers too,
And the roses and lilies laugh at you?
O there are thousands of places as well!
So be quiet, I pray, and no nonsense tell.

Oh yes, but faces of kindness are there,
Which brighten the flowers and freshen the air;
Sweetly at morn our eyes do rest
On those whom waking thoughts have blest,
And guarded in sleep by a magic spell,
O’er which “Good-nights” are sentinel.

Is kindness, then, so dainty a flower,
That it grows alone in one chosen bower?
Hast thou not many a brother dear,
With thee to hope, and with thee to fear,
Owning a common Father’s aid,
Resting alike in a common shade?

Yes, friends may be kind, and vales may be green,
And brooks may sparkle along between;
But it is not Friendship’s kindest look,
Nor loveliest vale, nor clearest brook,
That can tell the tale which is written for me

On each old face and well-known tree.'"

"'*July 28.*—This stagnant effusion was enough for one day, and I must not put off any longer," etc.

"'*Sept. 9, 1832.*—Also I am getting to be a sawney, and not to like the dreary prospects which you[348] and I have proposed to ourselves. But this is only a feeling; depend upon it, I will not shrink, if I buy my constancy at the expense of a permanent separation from home."

"'*Sept. 27.*—As to my sawney feelings, I own that home does make me a sawney, and that the first *Eclogue* runs in my head absurdly; but there is more in the prospect of becoming an ecclesiastical agitator than in—*At nos hinc, alii*," etc.

'And this introduces us to a side of his character on which we have as yet scarcely touched: the fertility, buoyancy, boldness, and versatility of his mind. It has been left unnoticed, partly because no one who was ever so little acquainted with the author, or who would read ever so cursorily the book before us, could well overlook it, partly because the peculiarities on which we have dwelt seem to have exercised a far deeper influence in making him what he was. Both the Journal and the Occasional Thoughts, though principally interesting as showing the processes by which his character and opinions formed themselves, and the depth of thought and determination of purpose on which they were based, cannot but in part show those too; but in the Letters we are flooded with the pointed suggestions, the bold historical views of a keen-sighted politician, the vigorous statements and earnest queries of one who was seeking and contending for divine Truth, and the ingenious hints, on questions of taste or science, of a

man of genius who thought nothing unworthy to employ his powers which could be pressed into the service of religion….

'From what has been already said, some general notion may be gained of the author's formal opinions. It may be added, that he was one of those who, feeling strongly the inadequacy of their own intellects to guide them to religious Truth, are prepared to throw themselves unreservedly on Revelation wherever found, in Scripture or Antiquity. Any more definite account it would be difficult to give without unfairness either to the author or to the reader: to the reader, if we omitted his more startling views; to the author, if we stated them detached and unsupported. His Letters seem to show that his opinions ran somewhat in advance of those to whom he was most closely bound. Still less should we venture to pledge ourselves to every statement and suggestion contained in the two volumes; yet we cannot but express our hope that they will be very generally read and weighed, as likely to suggest thoughts on doctrine, on Church policy, and on individual conduct, most true, and most necessary for these times.'

From ‘THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ISAAC WILLIAMS, B.D.’ Edited by his Brother-in-Law, the Ven. Sir GEORGE PREVOST. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1892.

[By the kind permission of the Rev. G. A. Williams, and of Messrs Longmans, Green & Co.]

‘Keble took us into his house,[349] where I formed a most valued friendship with Froude. He was an Eton man, and at Oriel of a little older standing than myself. [We found] religion a reality, and a man wholly made up of love…. Here were many of us, taught with much pains and care by one till then a stranger, and altogether gratuitously…. Each of us was always delighted to walk with him, Wilberforce,[350] to gather instruction for the Schools, and the rest of us for love’s sake…. I spent all this vacation [1823] at Southrop, and, I think, all my subsequent ones. It was, I think, on this occasion that John Keble said: “Since you have shown me your Latin poems, I shall be vain enough to show you my English ones,” and he then lent me to read what has since been called *The Christian Year*. It was carefully written out in small red books. I read it a great deal, but did not much enter into it. No more did Froude, when he saw it; and, I think, even long after he was averse to the publication of it. Among other things he said: “People will take Keble for a Methodist!” At that time I told Keble my favourite poet was Collins: he said there was not enough thought in him to please himself. Froude was always maintaining some

argument with Keble, occasionally some monstrous paradox. He was considered a very odd fellow at College, but clever and original; Keble alone was able to appreciate and value him. If he had not at this time fallen into such hands, his speculations might have taken a very dangerous turn; but as his father, the Archdeacon, told me, from this time it was much otherwise: he continued to throw out strong paradoxes, but always for good.

'On returning to Oxford, Froude had now taken the place of my former companions, Keble being a great bond between us. I think he took more to me than I did to him, because I had been used to more of worldly refinement and sentiment, whereas he was unworldly, and real. But still, we were much united, and became more and more so…. Froude told me, many years after, that Keble once, before parting from him, seemed to have something on his mind which he wished to say, but shrunk from saying. At last, while waiting, I think, for a coach, he said to him before parting: "Froude, you said one day that Law's *Serious Call* was a clever" (or "pretty," I forgot which) "book: it seemed to me as if you had said the Day of Judgement would be a pretty sight." This speech, Froude told me, had a great effect on his after-life; and I observed that in the published Letters in Froude's *Remains*, he twice alludes to it…. Henry Ryder (like Wilberforce) had been brought up in a strict Evangelical school of the better kind; and on one occasion got up and left a College party in consequence of something that Froude had said that seemed to him to be of a light kind. But when he afterwards came to know the deep self-humiliation and depth of devotion there was in Froude's character, which was engaged in the discipline of the heart, he became so shocked with himself and his

own opinions, that he adopted the opposite course….

'It was in August, 1825, that I first went with Froude into Devonshire. We went by a steamer from Cowes to Plymouth, as described in a letter in Froude's *Remains* (Part i., Vol. i., p. 181). From Totnes, we walked up the Dart by Dartington House to the Parsonage: that place which ever since has been to me dearer than my native vales, of which I always say:

'*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes Angulus ridet.*

'The Froudes were eight in family, and the Archdeacon became a great friend. But the people after my own heart were at Dartington House.[351] … With the Archdeacon and Hurrell we rode along the coast, being very hospitably entertained at different houses; and at last, from the Holdsworths' house at Dartmouth we came up the river Dart by boat…. Prevost, [the] summer of 1826, came to Cwm,[352] and was engaged to my sister; and afterwards Froude came there too, and gives an account of his stay there in his published Journal, where I am mentioned under the letter I., and Prevost under that of P. All this time I was very unwell, and preying on my own mind. I went to Oxford to reside my Bachelor's term, and lived with Sir Charles Anderson, and saw much of Froude, who was very kind to me. I went to Dartington, with the Archdeacon, from Oxford, and spent the Easter there…. When I went to reside in Oxford, in October, [1831], as College Tutor, I felt what a great change had come on my mind since residing there before, on account of the influence of Bisley[353] and Windrush,[354] and I found this the more on returning to the society of Froude, for I was become so much more soft and practical,

and he more theoretical and speculative…. Yet this change that had been going on, from difference of circumstances, in no way lessened my friendship and intimacy with Froude, but rather increased it; for though naturally inclined to speculation, he was himself entirely of the Keble school, which in opposition to the Oriel or Whatelian, set ἦθος above intellect…. Living at that time so much with Froude, I was now, in consequence, for the first time, brought into intercourse with Newman; we almost daily walked and dined together. Newman and Froude were just then turned out of their tutorships at Oriel, together with Robert Wilberforce, who left Oxford for his living of East Farleigh. Their course had, as yet, been chiefly academical, but now, released from College affairs, their thoughts were more open to the state of the Church…. I was greatly charmed and delighted with Newman, who was extremely kind to me; but [I] did not altogether trust his opinions. Although Froude was in the habit of stating things in an extreme and paradoxical manner, yet one always felt conscious of a thorough foundation of truth and principle in him, a ground of entire confidence and agreement; but this was not so with Newman, even although one appeared more in unison with his more moderate statements.[355] … At this time he was coming to look to Keble altogether, as he received him second-hand through Froude…. But I always thought Froude an unfair exponent of Keble's opinions: they were stated by him in a manner so much his own, so startling and original, and put in so extreme a light, that I could hardly recognise them as the same, so different was his from Keble's manner of expressing himself. [*Note.*—Froude used to defend his startling way of putting facts and arguments on the ground that it was the only way to rouse people,

and get their attention; and he said that when you had once done this, you might modify your statements. There is, of course, some truth in this, but it always seemed, and still seems to me, a dangerous line. John Keble could not do so: his great humility and diffidence would prevent it, and that strict conscientiousness which hindered him from even willingly overstating any fact, or pressing any argument, beyond what he said it really did prove….]

'… The circumstance which I most remember about that time[356] was a conversation with Froude which was the first commencement of the *Tracts for the Times*. He returned full of energy and of a prospect of doing something for the Church; and we walked in the Trinity College gardens, and discussed the subject. He said, in his manner: "Isaac, we must make a row in the world! Why should we not? Only consider what the Peculiars" (*i.e.* the Evangelicals) "have done with a few half-truths to work upon! And with our principles, if we set resolutely to work, we can do the same." I said: "I have no doubt we can make a noise, and may get people to join us; but shall we make them really better Christians? If they take up our principles in a hollow way, as the Peculiars" (this was a name Froude had given the Low Church party) "have done theirs, what good shall we do?" To this Froude said: "Church principles, forced on people's notice, must work for good. However, we must try; and Newman and I are determined to set to work as soon as he returns, and you must join with us. We must have short tracts, and letters in *The British Magazine*, and verses (and these you can do for us), and get people to preach sermons on the Apostolical Succession and the like. And let us come and see old Palmer" (*i.e.* the author

of the *Origines Liturgicæ*) "and get him to do something." We then called on Palmer, who was one of the very few in Oxford (indeed, the only one at that time) who sympathised with us; and although he did not altogether understand Froude, or our ways and views (the less so as he was not himself an Oxford, but a Dublin man), yet he was extremely hearty in the cause, looking more to external visible union and strength than we did, for we only had at heart certain principles. We, *i.e.*, Froude, Keble, and myself, immediately began to send some verses to *The British Magazine*, since published [in] the *Lyra Apostolica*….

'… From this time forth, after Newman's return, I was thrown more and more entirely into his society for about seven years, Froude waning more and more away, and disappearing from Oxford….

'… I much regretted not being with poor Froude at or nearly before his death…. Poor Froude! he was peculiarly *vir paucorum hominum*: I thought that knowing him, I better understood Shakespeare's Hamlet. Froude was a person most natural, but so original as to be unlike anyone else, hiding depth of delicate thought in apparent extravagances. *Hamlet* and the *Georgics* of Virgil, he used to say, he should have bound together. Many have imagined, and Newman endeavoured to persuade himself, that if Froude had lived he would have joined the Church of Rome, as well as himself. But this I do not at all think. There was a seriousness and steadfastness, at the bottom, in Froude, so that I had always confidence in him:[357] Newman told me once, half-seriously, that the publication of Froude's *Remains* was owing to me, as I had said to him, if persons could have so much brought before them that they

could thoroughly understand Froude's character, then they might enter into his sayings; but unless they knew him as we did, they could not understand them. For, indeed, one constantly trembled for him in mixed society, both in Common Rooms and in other places, feeling that he would not be understood…. On the day of the book coming out, I went into Parker the bookseller's with Copeland; and there we were startled at seeing one who then was the chief opponent of the Church principles of Newman and ourselves. It was Ward of Balliol, author of the *Ideal*. He sat down with the book in his hands, evidently much affected; and then we afterwards heard, to our astonishment, that he had been very much taken by the book, had bought a copy for himself and another to give away, and was, in fact, quite converted.'

From ‘ORIGIN OF THE TRACTS FOR THE TIMES,’ a poem in the 1852 edition of ‘THOUGHTS IN PAST YEARS,’ by ISAAC WILLIAMS.[358]

‘It was before the summer holidays,
A noon I well remember, as we sat
Conversing in my College rooms, my thoughts
Mingling unconscious with the trembling leaves
Of poplars from the window; and meanwhile,
In converse still unbroken, thence we passed
Into the stately garden-walks, and there
Paced to and fro beside the aged yews
Which once like living guardians of the lawn
Had marshalled all the place with verdant walls:
Now, mere memorials of their former sway.
’Twas a dark vapoury noon, while ruddy gleams
Were mingling with the sun, and fell athwart
The cloistral lime-tree avenue beyond;
And like a curtain, the moist atmosphere
Hung heavily around us, yet withal
Glowing and warm, not adverse to my friend
(Lately returned from genial Italy,
Death in his frame and cheek), and to his eye
Lent more than its own brightness. He was one
I loved: ah, would that I had loved him more!
For he was worthy of a good man’s love.
“Yes,” said he, with my name, as he was wont,
Sportfully playing, “we must make a noise
In the large world; why should we not? How they
Of Low Church views, Peculiar, through the land
Make themselves felt and heard; and ring aloud
With a few truths, half-truths! and shall not we
With the whole Truth forgotten for our theme,
The pillar and the ground of all our hopes,
Or, rather, say the Faith entire and one
In all its due proportions, and the Church

Our witness of old time,—why should we not
Lift up, as like a trumpet through the land,
With no uncertain sound, our warning voice?"

My answer I remember: "Noise abroad
I doubt not we can make as well as they.
And then to be as hollow partisans,
Supporters,—this were easy, and the Church
To be familiar in men's mouths; but then
Will they beneath all this be better men,
More humble?"

"They will be so," he replied.
"For the great Truths themselves, depend on it,
Will work, and work for good; but hollow men
There will be, and needs must."

Yet, to and fro,
I urged the adverse part: "I fear the weight
On spirits unprepared, undisciplined;
Of others and ourselves I am afraid.
Could men be fuller leavened with the thought
Of Judgement and Hereafter, could we lay
Foundations deep in honesty, 'twere well;
But else, mere superstructure on the sand!
Fashion, religious fashion, and the tide
Of popular feelings,—I can never wish
To have them with us. We must walk in doubt
And fear, and do our parts, come what come may."

"Yes," said he, pausing, "very true": with look
Half-loving and half-pitying. "My friend,
You now must creep no more; for all too long
You have in country hamlets shady grown.
For part of this our duty, ere we die,
Is to be up and stirring; we must rise
Or be for ever fallen: God will help.
Else all that's good and holy in the land,
Beneath the blasting influence of the State
Will wither and dry up and droop and die,

As neath the upas-tree. We must be up,
And moving, now, at once; and when our friend
Shall have returned from ancient Sicily,"
(He spake of one whom he had left behind
Bound for the classic shores of Syracuse),
"Tracts we must have, and, by what means we can,
Launch them abroad, short Tracts; we must begin,
And you, too, you must aid, and with your verse.
Come, see what you have ready for our hand.
The *Monthly*, as you know, *The British* named,
Is open for our letters, prose, and rhyme.
But deeper the foundations must be laid
In these our Tracts; subsidial aid we need,
Full many: to get friends (if here and there
One may be found, or two) to bring to aid
Their pulpits, and proclaim there is a Church
Planted by Christ's own hand within our isle.—
And let us now to Worcester." Then of one
He spake, well-honoured for good service done
Linking our Liturgies unto the past.
"Hearty he is, and earnest; though not meet
Throughout to understand and sympathise,
Yet in his line will lend us his good aid,
Though looking for external front, and powers,
More than on principles which we are bent
To scatter broad and deep. Let's now to him."
And thus, full-sailed in academic garb,
Through the Collegiate gates, archway, and porch
We passed in conversation, bent to raise
The Signal: 'twas the day of little things.

That friend with whom I thus in council walked,
Associate of my earlier years, long since
Is in his peaceful grave; nor did he live
To see our sorrows. There was that in him
Wherein one might cast anchor. Often wont
To talk in paradox, it was his mood
Of playfulness, as one that inly smiled
Mocking at the conceptions which the tongue
Is weak to utter; venting heart-felt truths

In startling shape preposterous; with a smile
At incongruity of our poor thoughts
To match our endless weight of destiny;
Yea, at himself, to see intention yoked
So strangely with performance, which still paced
Unequally, and limped or dragged behind.
His intellect was keen-edged as the sword
Of Saladin, well-matched with battle-axe
Of Cœur de Lion; while in poetry
And arts, his judgement was the sculptor's nail;
But, like the royal Dane of Shakespeare wrought,
One by himself, not of a class or kind:
Like to himself alone and no one else.
    There was within him such repose on Truth,
Absence of self, such heart-controlling fear,
I feel that, had he lived, he had not been
The sport of his own sails, or popular winds
That he had courted for our object's sake.
Men hurry to and fro; but he the while
Hath found the Haven where he fain would be.'

From 'CARDINAL NEWMAN,' by RICHARD H. HUTTON. London: Methuen & Co., 1891. [English Leaders of Religion.]

[By the kind permission of the executors of Mr. Hutton, and of Messrs. Methuen & Co.]

'The friendship between Newman and Mr. Hurrell Froude, the elder brother of the historian, which commenced in 1826, and became intimate in 1829, lasting thence to Mr. Froude's death from consumption in 1836, was certainly one of the most important influences which acted on Newman's career at the most critical period of his life. Newman's was one of the minds which mature slowly; and it was not till he was twenty-six years of age that it became clear whether he would be, in the main, a religious leader, or one of the pillars of the Whately party; that is, the party who threw their influence into the scale of minimising the spiritual aspect and spiritual significance of Revelation, rather than of maximising it. Newman himself mentions that for two or three years before 1827, he was "beginning to prefer intellectual excellence to moral," or, in other words, "drifting in the direction of Liberalism." "I was rudely awakened from my dream, at the end of 1827, by two great blows, illness and bereavement." And then, in 1829, came fuller intimacy with Hurrell Froude, which seems to have fully determined, if anything were then needed to determine, the direction in which his mind would proceed. Mr. Hurrell Froude was, as Newman

describes him, a man of the highest gifts, gentle, tender, playful, versatile and "of the most winning patience and considerateness in discussion." … I feel little doubt that Dr. Newman's wrath against "Liberalism" (as for many years afterwards he always called it, identifying, as he did, Liberalism with Latitudinarianism) was, to a very considerable extent, a moral contagion caught from Hurrell Froude.

'There are a few singularly beautiful lines, added by Newman after Hurrell Froude's death, to the exquisite poem called "Separation of Friends," written in 1833; and these sufficiently prove the tenderness of Newman's friendship for Hurrell Froude, and the intimacy of the relation between them. The poem, as it was first written, on the separation of friends caused by death, ran thus:

'"Do not their souls, who neath the altar wait
Until their second birth,
The gift of patience need, as separate
From their first friends of earth?
Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
By Eden's angel flame,
But that earth knows not that the dead has won
That crown which was his aim.
For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
About his silent bier,
A breathless struggle Faith and Sight between,
And Hope and sacred Fear.
Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
Hope raised her chalice high;
And the twin-sisters still his shade attend,
Viewed in the mourner's eye.
So, day by day, for him, from earth ascends
As dew in summer even,
The speechless intercession of his friends,
Towards the azure heaven."

‘This was an abrupt close. Nearly three years later, it appeared that the true close had but been reserved till the friend with whom, in his illness, Newman had been travelling, had left him alone here to offer this “speechless intercession” on behalf of him who had departed. Then, after Froude’s death on February 28, 1836, Newman added the final lines:

‘“Ah, dearest! with a word he could dispel
All questioning, and raise
Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well,
And turning prayer to praise.
And other secrets, too, he could declare,
By patterns all divine,
His earthly creed retouching here and there,
And deepening every line.
Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
And yet we both refrain.
It were not good: a little doubt, below,
And all will soon be plain.”

‘Such was Newman’s feeling for the friend (already suffering from the commencement of the consumption of which he died three years later) with whom he visited the Mediterranean between December, 1832, and April, 1833, when they separated at Rome…. They visited Ithaca, but in his poems written “off Ithaca” Newman never mentions the name of Ulysses, though in passing Lisbon he had recalled that strong pagan figure, in the lines which he headed “The Isles of the Sirens”:

‘“Cease, stranger, cease those piercing notes,
The craft of siren choirs;
Hush the seductive voice that floats
Upon the languid wires.

Music’s ethereal fire was given
Not to dissolve our clay,

But draw Promethean beams from heaven,
And purge the dross away.

Weak self, with thee the mischief lies!
Those throbs a tale disclose:
Nor age nor trial has made wise
The man of many woes."

'There you see some trace of the influence of Froude's high ascetic nature speaking in the heart of a devotee of music, but a devotee of music of the most exalted kind. Hurrell Froude, in a letter home, mentions that the commander of the steamer in which they sailed sang several songs, accompanying himself on the Spanish guitar, and it must have been these songs which suggested to Newman "The Isles of the Sirens." When the friends reach Ithaca, Newman seems to forget "the man of many woes" altogether; he is musing on the difficulty of keeping himself "unspotted from the world": which is the last thing, I suppose, that Homer's Ulysses ever thought about; while Byron, in the same scenes, thought only of how he could spot himself most effectually…. Newman's nostalgia was more in sympathy with that of Moses than with that of Ulysses: the home he longed for was a home he had never yet gained. There is something very strange in the connection between these classical scenes and the thoughts they excited in the travellers, for I cannot help thinking that most of these poems must have owed their origin almost as much to Froude's suggestion as to Newman's pen. The lines, for instance, on England,[359] in which Newman calls her "Tyre of the West," and accuses her of trusting in such poor defences as the fortified rock of Gibraltar, and such poor resources as her rich commerce supplied, look as if they had owed a good deal of their inspiration

to Froude's cavalier contempt for the wealth earned by trade, as well as his scorn for any ostentatious display of power not rooted in a devout theocratic Faith…. There is, to me, something very striking in the contrast between the class of thoughts which the old Greek and Roman localities suggest to a Whig poet like Byron, with a broad dash of licence in his Whiggery; to classical scholars like Clough, imbued with what is now called "the modern spirit" (as well its moral earnestness as its intellectual scepticism), and to grave spirits like Newman's and Hurrell Froude's, dominated not only by a religious, but by a strongly-marked ecclesiastical bias…. As regards the influence of this journey on Newman's future career, it appears that while, in many respects, it diminished his horror of Romanism, in consequence especially of the influence of Hurrell Froude, it had a contrary effect on Hurrell Froude's own mind, and later (again, through him, to some extent, I suppose) on Newman's. Hurrell Froude writes from Naples[360] on February 17, 1833: "I remember you told me that I should come back a better Englishman than I went away: better satisfied not only that our Church is nearest in theory right, but also that practically, in spite of its abuses, it works better; and to own the truth, your prophecy is already nearly realised. Certainly, I have as yet only seen the surface of things, but what I have seen does not come up to my notions of propriety. These Catholic countries seem, in an especial manner, κατέχειν τῆν ἀλήθειαν ἐν ἀδικία, and the priesthood are themselves so sensible of the hollow basis on which their power rests, that they dare not resist the most atrocious encroachments of the State upon their privileges." And after detailing the abuses of the Roman Catholic system in Sicily, he goes on: "The Church of England

has fallen low, and will probably be worse before it is better; but let the Whigs do their worst, they cannot sink us so deep as these people have allowed themselves to fall, while retaining all the superficials of a religious country." When it is considered that this was the impression of Roman Catholicism, judged by its fruits, which that one of the two friends who was by far the more inclined to the Roman system brought away from his life in a Roman Catholic country, we cannot wonder that Newman should have remained for eight more years a zealous Anglican, before he even began to foresee clearly whither he was tending.'

From 'THE ANGLICAN REVIVAL,' by J. H. OVERTON, D.D., Rector of Epworth and Canon of Lincoln. London: Blackie & Son, 1897.

[By the kind permission of Messrs. Blackie & Son.]

'The fact is that [in 1833] Rose, Palmer, and perhaps Perceval on the one hand, Froude, Keble, and Newman on the other, represented, not exactly two different parties, but two different classes of mind. The former group were essentially conservative: they did not share the dissatisfaction with the Church as it was, which was so strongly felt by Keble, Newman, and Froude; they only desired to see it freed from what they regarded as the oppression of the State. They were very different types of men, Rose representing the brilliant and fascinating, Palmer the learned, and Perceval the aristocratic or territorial element. But none of them was prepared to follow what Newman calls the "go-ahead" course, for which he and Froude were ready, and from which Keble was not at all averse…. As a matter of fact, the Movement was carried on by the latter, not by the former group.

'… Pusey's adherence was an instance of the right man coming in just at the right time. The public had now [1835] been fairly aroused; they had had sufficiently impressed upon them the duty of maintaining Church principles; they had now a right to demand that those principles should be fully and definitely explained to them in detail. The time for

short, stirring appeals was over; the time for solid, sober treatises on divinity had arrived…. [Pusey's] mild and conciliatory spirit introduced a healing element into the Movement which was certainly needed. The "fierceness" (to use his own expression) of Newman, and especially of Newman when "kept up to the mark by Froude,"[361] had the very natural effect of raising opposition; and even in Keble, the gentle, humble Keble, there was a strong spice, if not exactly of fierceness, yet of a tendency to give vent to the most unpopular sentiments in the most uncompromising way, without the slightest attempt to tone them down. Pusey, again, was far more apt to recognise two sides of a question than was Keble, Newman, or Froude…. The Movement gained Pusey, and lost Hurrell Froude, almost at the same time. When Pusey joined the party, Froude was practically a dying man; and in February 28, 1836, to the infinite regret of his many friends, he died at his native Dartington. With Froude passed away the most daring and "go-ahead" spirit connected with the whole Movement. Newman was enthusiastic, but Froude was far more so; Newman waged war against the complacency which was so characteristic of the old Church party, but Froude was still more exasperated against it; Newman was not over-cautious in his invectives against the fallacies and prejudices of the age, but Froude was ten times less so. With an intense earnestness and thoroughness of conviction, with a fiery energy which would ride over anything, with a courage which sometimes amounted to audacity, and with an irresistibly attractive personality, there is no saying what would have happened if his short life had been prolonged! But it is not a very profitable speculation to conjecture what might have been. Suffice it to say

that in one respect the influence of Froude was likely to have had exactly the opposite effect to that of Pusey. The one seemed, of all men, the most calculated to trouble the waters, the other, to pour oil upon them; and the fact that Froude dropped out just when Pusey began to make his influence felt, seemed to promise that henceforth the Movement would create less hostility. After events, however, proved that this was not to be the case; and the causes are not far to seek….

'One of the most startling … events was the appearance, in 1838, of the first series of Froude's *Remains*, edited by Keble and Newman jointly. It is not surprising that this publication raised a violent outcry: it gave to the world the off-hand utterances of a young enthusiast whose opinions would probably have toned down with age, but were here expressed with all the recklessness of inexperience, and were only intended, in the first instance, to be read by sympathetic friends.

'His views on the English Reformation and Reformers were sufficiently startling. "The present Church system is an incubus upon the country"; "the Reformation was a limb badly set: it must be broken again in order to be righted"; the English Reformers generally were "a set of men with whom [I wish] to have less and less to do"; Jewel, in particular, was "an irreverent Dissenter"; Latimer, "a Martyr somewhat in the Bulteel line." One can conceive the horror with which such sentiments would be read by men with whom "our happy Establishment in Church and State," "our glorious Reformation," and "our martyred Reformers" were almost articles of faith!

'It has been thought that the Editors miscalculated

the effect which the book would produce; but the theory is not very complimentary to their judgement. Surely must they have known that the glamour of Froude's personality would not affect the general, still less the hostile, reader (and his name was legion), who would greedily seize upon any handle which could be turned, as Froude could so easily be, against the Movement. Moreover, how does it agree with the fact that when they found out their mistake, they nevertheless published in the following year, 1839, a second series as *outré* as the first? And this they introduced with a Preface pointing out how Froude's sagacity had anticipated all the improvements that had taken place, and representing him, not as a disturber of the people, but as a prophet indeed. This Preface is said to have been chiefly the work of Keble, and it is highly characteristic of the man, though not of the popular conception of him: for Keble was always for the bold course.

'The other Editor, Newman, writing to his friend Frederic Rogers in July, 1837, gives six reasons why Froude's private letters should be published; and to his Co-editor he writes at the same time: "We have often said the Movement must be enthusiastic. Now here is a man fitted above all others to kindle enthusiasm." May it not have been that both Editors put forth the *Remains* with their eyes perfectly wide open as to what the result would be? that they were not unwilling the *enfant terrible* of the Movement should say his say, and startle the public? The public was startled: it took in all seriousness the audacious dicta of Froude as if they were stamped with the approval of the whole party, which it denounced with increased vigour, accordingly.

‘It is impossible to help connecting with the publication of Froude’s *Remains* the starting of that project which gave to Oxford one of the most beautiful of its many beautiful monuments, the “Martyrs’ Memorial,” opposite Balliol College, on the spot on which Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer had been burnt.[362] The greatest offence of Froude was that he had spoken disparagingly of the English Reformers generally, and of these men in particular. The project of the Memorial originated in a small meeting held towards the close of 1838, at Oriel, in the rooms of Mr. Golightly, who, having begun as a friend of the Movement, had soon become its bitterest and most persistent foe. Everybody seems to have connected the Memorial with the *Remains*; but there was some division of opinion as to the course which should be pursued. Keble and Newman were from the first opposed to the project, and so were moderate men like Palmer and Benjamin Harrison. But Hook and S. Wilberforce were in favour, and so, strange to say, was Pusey, to a certain extent, at first, until he was persuaded otherwise by Keble and Newman…. Keble writes to Pusey … “I am not at all prepared to express a public dissent from Froude in his opinion of the Reformers as a party.” On the other hand, S. Wilberforce writes to Hook, regretting that “our good Oxford friends run down Reformers, and will not subscribe to the Martyrs’ Memorial.” It was said of the Memorial, “it will be a good cut against Newman”: but it was not a cut which made him smart.’

From 'ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS,' by NICHOLAS CARDINAL WISEMAN. London: Dolman, 1853, 3 vols.[363]

[By kind permission of the Executors of His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan.]

'It is not often that the leaders of opinions let the public into a view of their secret counsels and feelings; but when they do, we think it does credit to the uprightness and sincerity of their intentions…. Nay, the more unreservedly the human weaknesses of the individuals are revealed, and the more the feeling is expressed that with their exposure, or in spite of it, their cause will succeed, the more highly we shall estimate their confidence in the correctness of their views, and the disinterestedness of their zeal in propagating them. These reflections have been suggested to us by the perusal of Mr. Froude's *Remains*. He was, while living, one of the most enthusiastic members of the theological school from which the *Tracts for the Times* have emanated. He died in 1836, having attained only the age of thirty-three;[364] and was thus prevented from arriving at that full maturity of religious ideas which was evidently preparing in his mind, and bearing him onwards towards the perception of Catholic truths.

'A preface of twenty-two pages betrays the Editors' anxiety to repel a twofold charge: one against themselves, the other against their deceased friend…. When one whose noble and public proofs of great virtue far outweigh the errors of youth, or

whose public reputation makes his example, when evil, a warning; and when repentant, a reparation and an encouragement,—when one, in short, like St. Augustine, boldly but humbly reveals to the eyes of the Church the wretchedness of his early sinful life, we admire, in awe, the strange manifestation of a sublime spirit of Christian virtue, and we bless the Divine Wisdom that hath caused it to be vouchsafed to us. But the struggles of one who has not compensated his weaknesses by any noble results, who withdraws from our sight a combatant, and not a victor; who only presents us the spectacle of a frail nature, such as we all may have, wrestling with daily and anxious trials, and not overcoming them; (these, too, not spontaneously exhibited, but transferred from the closet to the public arena)—have neither the grandeur nor the instruction of the other lesson. Still, there may be reasons unknown to us who are not in the secrets of the party, to justify, certainly in their own eyes, this sacrifice of private feeling to a sense of public utility…. [The Editors] would have materially strengthened their reasoning by the following passage in [Mr. Froude's] Letters to Friends: "There was a passage in a letter I have just received from my father, which made me feel so infinitely dismal that I must write to you about it. He says you have written to him to learn something about me, and to ask what to do with my money. It really made me feel as if I was dead, and you were sweeping up my remains: and by the by, if I were dead, why should I be cut off from the privilege of helping on the Good Cause? I don't know what money I have left,—little enough, I suspect; but whatever it was, I am superstitious enough to think that any good it could do *in honorem Dei et sacrosanctæ matris ecclesiæ*, would have done

something, too, *in salutem animæ meæ*." From these words, it appears that the author did contemplate his power of doing good to the cause wherein he was so ardently engaged, even after his death.

'The censure of their friend which the Editors foresee, is that which forms their bugbear in all their theological researches: that of approaching too near the Catholic, or, as they call it, Romanist doctrines. But we must express our conviction that the Editors have not done much credit to their friend by the manner in which they have thought it right to shield his memory from the charge. It consists in a careful collection of some of the most hasty, unhandsome, and decidedly unreasonable judgements and opinions of the author, respecting chiefly what he saw in his travels…. We think we are justified in saying that proof of Mr. Froude's disinclination to Catholicity must have been very scarce, to have led the Editors to bring together these superficial observations made during a brief residence in a Catholic city[365] not generally reputed the most edifying in its conduct! These, however, will not bear comparison with the growing and expanding tendency of his mind towards everything Catholic….

'… The extracts from [his] Journal present us a picture at once pleasing and distressing, of a mind yearning after interior perfection, yet at a loss about the means of attaining it; embarked on an ocean of good desires, but without stars or compass by which to steer its course. The minute scrutiny into the motives of his actions, the distress occasioned by discovering his relapses into faults which most would overlook, show a sensitiveness of conscience in the youthful writer, far more honourable to him, and far more interesting to us, than abilities of a much

higher order than what he really possessed could ever have appeared…. How far it may be advisable to commit to paper, even for personal benefit, these investigations of our most secret tribunal, we have considerable doubt; and instructive as is their record in the case before us, in nothing is it more so than in the proof it gives us of the necessity of guidance for the conscience and heart such as the institutions of the Catholic Church alone provide. In the account which he gives of his own infirmities, of his almost fruitless attempts to subdue them, and of the pain and anxiety produced by his solitary struggles, he presents a picture familiar to the experienced eye of any spiritual director in our Church, and a state fully described and prescribed for by the numerous writers whom we possess upon the inward life and the direction of consciences. Many are they who are tossed in the same billows of secret tribulation, many are they who are bewildered in the same mazes of mental perplexity; but they have not at least the additional horrors of darkness and night. Ere they can sink, a hand is stretched out, if they will only grasp it. The troubles and trials which haunt minds constituted as Mr. Froude's, many a skilful guide would have shown him to be mere illusive phantoms that only serve to turn the attention away from serious dangers, or from solid good: snares cast by a restlessness of spirit upon the path, to entangle the feet that tread it…. The consequence of all his irregular and undirected austerity, into which, with youthful eagerness, he rushed, was, that instead of deriving thence vigour of thought, and closer intimacy with some spiritual feelings, his spirit, on the contrary, flagged and at length grew weary, and so fell into that despondency which failure will produce in sensitive minds. This discouragement is

visible in many parts of his Journal…. In fact, Mr. Froude discovered that most important principle, that obedience to the ordinances of authority gives the great merit to the first degrees of penitential works, those which belong to ordinary Christians: such, that is, as have not reached the perfection of ascetic life…. While he seems so taken up, through his Journals, with examination of his fasts and austerities, we miss from his pages those cheerful views of religion which result from confidence and love, from the consciousness of a strong will to do [God] service, and an humble reliance on His mercy which will measure that, rather than our success. What snatches there are of prayer, bear more the character of one sinking under the fatigue of foiled attempts, and troubled with anxiety from hopelessness of success, than of a young and trusting mind that presses forward to a work it deems glorious: the work of God and His religion….

'We certainly think that his ardent way, more perhaps of expressing himself than of feeling, leads him often to a harsh and reckless manner of speaking of others, that must give an unfavourable impression regarding his character, which we have every reason to believe was amiable and gentle. Still, there are so many fine points about him: so much distrust of himself, blended with no inconsiderable powers of genius; so much independence of thought, coupled with deference to the sentiments of others, those he esteemed more learned or more virtuous than himself; so much lightness of spirit, united to such seriousness of mind upon religious truths;—in fine, so earnest and sincere a desire to improve and perfect himself, that our feelings lead us to pass lightly over his faults, and dwell with pleasure upon his finer qualities. If we have dilated somewhat upon

the former, it has been that we considered them the result of the system to which he was by education attached, and which is alone accountable for them.

'As, however, he increased in years, his mind began to open to the defects and wants of that system, and boldly to conceive the necessity of correcting them. In this he ran manifestly before his fellows, and seems only to have been prevented by his premature death from reaching the goal of Catholic Unity…. First, as to the Blessed Eucharist, we find him early desirous of going beyond the timid phraseology of his party, and attributing to the priesthood such power as the Catholic Church alone claims…. In 1835, he condemns what he calls the Protestant doctrine of the Eucharist in strong terms. These are his words: "I am more and more indignant at the Protestant doctrine on the subject of the Eucharist, and think that the principle on which it is founded is as proud, irreverent, and foolish as that of any heresy, even Socinianism."[366] Still more, writing to the author of *The Christian Year*, he blames him for denying that Christ is in the hands of the priest or the receiver, as well as in his heart.[367] These passages show how far prepared he was to outstrip his friends in approximation to Catholic doctrines and Catholic expressions…. The state of celibacy, and with it the monastic life, seems also to have been an object of his admiration…. The last fragment published of his attests how anxiously, how candidly, and how powerfully his mind was at work with the great subject [of Church authority], the hinge on which the differences between us and these new divines may be justly said to turn. This piece[368] is a letter dated Jan. 27, 1836, a month before his death; and as his last illness was of some weeks' duration, this document may be considered as his

theological will and testament, the last declaration of his yet unbroken mind…. After this, what more can we desire in proof of what we asserted at the beginning of this article, that these *Remains* prove Mr. Froude's mind to have been gradually discovering more extensive and more accurate views of religious truths and the principles of Faith, with such steady and constant growth as gives us every reason to believe that longer life alone was wanting, to see him take the salutary resolve to embrace the conclusions of his theories to their fullest legitimate extent? While the writings of the new divines seem to represent their theories as perfectly formed, and their views quite fixed, the extracts we have just made show them to be but the shifting and unsettled opinions of men who are yet discovering errors in what they have formerly believed, and seeking further evidence of what they shall henceforth hold. Our concluding extract shall give fuller evidence of this fact: it is a letter to Mr. Newman, dated All Saints' Day, 1835. "Before I finish this, I must enter another protest against your cursing and swearing at the end of the [Via Media] as you do. What good can it do? And I call it uncharitable to an excess. How mistaken we may ourselves be, on many points that are only gradually opening on us! Surely, you should reserve 'blasphemous,' 'impious,' etc., for denial of the articles of Faith."[369]

'With this passage we close Mr. Froude's *Remains*. Peace be to him! is our parting salutation. The hope which an Ambrose expressed for a Valentinian,[370] who died yet a Catechumen, we willingly will hold of him. His ardent desires were with the Truth; his heart was not a stranger to its love. He was one, we firmly believe, whom no sordid views, or fear of men's tongues, would have deterred from avowing

his full convictions, and embracing their consequences, had time and opportunity been vouchsafed him for a longer and closer search. He is another instance of the same mysterious Providence which guided a Grotius and a Leibnitz to the threshold of Truth, but allowed them not the time to step within it, into the hallowed precincts of God's Visible Church.'[371]

From 'THE ANGLICAN CAREER OF CARDINAL NEWMAN,' by EDWIN A. ABBOTT. London: Macmillan & Co., 1892.

[By the kind permission of Dr. Abbott and of Messrs. Macmillan & Co.]

'Newman was now [1826] on the point of making a new friend who would do more than any other human being, perhaps more than any other single external influence, to direct his course, or to determine its final direction. "Bye-the-bye," says Newman to his mother, telling her of the election to the Oriel Fellowship, March 31, 1826, "I have not told you the name of the other successful candidate: Froude of Oriel. We were in grave deliberation till near two this morning…. Froude is one of the acutest and clearest and deepest men in the memory of man." Clearly, Froude had had, not only Newman's vote, but also his strenuous advocacy in that prolonged deliberation. And it was no bad preparation for the reception of Froude's influence into Newman's heart, that the latter should thus have favoured and befriended him…. What took Newman, in Froude, was his originality and suggestiveness, his hatred of shams, his downright and aggressive earnestness, and perhaps, too, some glimpse of what was afterwards revealed in him: an anxious, ascetic, and almost superstitious aspiration after a mediæval type of holiness…. There were walks that Froude tells us of, in which the two talked a good deal together. Froude complains that he allowed himself to say to Newman more than he intended, revealed too much, suffered himself to be drawn into

argument, and was puzzled … but if the older beat the younger in argument, that would rather help than hinder the influence of the latter. Expert in logical fence, Newman could not help gaining victories which he disdained as soon as won; but Froude was effective in protests, and all the more with one who, most vulnerable when victorious, had just achieved a dialectical triumph.

* * * * *

'… To get at Newman, a friend had to appeal to him through the imagination; … indeed, one of the friends whom we shall have before us, did actually, though indirectly, influence Newman's action at so many points in his career that if we omitted a sketch of him here, we should have to be constantly digressing for explanations afterwards. The three friends are: Edward Bouverie Pusey, John Keble, and, as a climax in respect of influence, Richard Hurrell Froude…. Froude's opinions, [Newman] says, arrested him, even when they did not gain his consent…. In all these beliefs [enumerated in the *Apologia*] Froude certainly preceded, and evidence will hereafter clearly prove that he also led, the friend who had been gradually disengaging himself from the Evangelical School. Even in other matters where, at first, Newman and he differed, Newman, in the end, came round to him. Froude was "powerfully drawn to the Mediæval Church," Newman to the Primitive; but the Mediæval finally triumphed. He set no great store on theological detail, nor on the writings of the Fathers, but "took an eager courageous view of things as a whole."[372] Omit "courageous," perhaps also the "eager," and the sentence will describe the nature of Newman's final decision. He, too, took "things as a whole": it was the

personified majesty of the vision of Rome that ultimately took him captive. Recognising the difficulty of enumerating all the additions to his creed which Newman derived from a friend to whom he owed so much, the *Apologia* selects four: admiration for Rome, dislike of the Reformation, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, belief in the Real Presence. But there is perhaps not one in the long list of Froude's other opinions [on sacerdotal power, ecclesiastical liberty, acceptance of tradition, the intrinsic excellence of virginity, miraculous interferences, delight in the Saints, and the principle of penance and mortification: see the passage in the *Apologia*] in which his influence on Newman is not perceptible. If not first planted, some of them were at all events "fixed deep," and firmly rooted, by the friend who had previously received them. If, therefore, we would understand Newman's development, we should spare no trouble in attempting to understand that one of all his friends who is shown by evidence, direct and indirect, to have contributed most to it. For this purpose all the more pains are needed, because the very friends who loved him best dealt somewhat hardly with his reputation. In his literary *Remains*, they gave to the world the most secret records of his private life, in which, besides hinting at deeper "vilenesses," he sets down in detail, with unflinching severity, if not with exaggeration, the very smallest infirmities of will and deed. The *Apologia* speaks of "the gentleness and tenderness of nature, the playfulness, the free elastic force and graceful versatility of mind, and the patient winning considerateness in discussion which endeared him to those to whom he opened his heart"; and other testimony enables us to believe that in the small circle of those who knew him well,

he was really such as he is there described; but if we are to judge from his *Remains*, it is a question whether this gentleness and considerateness reached far beyond the close company of those who were struggling for the religious cause which he had at heart.

'… The Journal begins in the year 1826, when he was elected to the Oriel Fellowship. The second line is as follows: "Feb. 1, Oxford. All my associations here are bad, and I can hardly shake them off." He determines to wrestle with his conceit, affectation, wandering of mind, lassitude…. Then follows an allusion which Newman, devoted by a kind of inward vow to celibacy since the age of sixteen, would well understand: "The consciousness of having capacities for happiness, with no objects to gratify them, seems to grow upon me. Lord, have mercy upon me." This is the mood which he elsewhere describes to Newman as "sawney": natural at times to those who are under a kind of vow to serve a cause, without domestic distractions or encumbrances.

'The problem exhibited in these pages … is the old but never antiquated one: "How to keep the human machine in order." Roughly speaking, we may say that there are two solutions. Men can be delivered from the beast within them by love, or by fear. The second may be called no deliverance at all by those who have a keen appreciation of the first, but it is deliverance, of a sort; and Froude's Journal shows us a man of immense strength of will: of acute intellect, and of high imaginations; restless and masterful almost to the extent of tyrannical malignity, in his youth; conscious of grievous lapses in the past and of something (he hardly knew what) terribly wanting in

his present moral condition; now at last goaded by bitter remorse, and urged by the pressure of new responsibilities, to reform his corrupt nature, and attempting to work out his salvation through an asceticism dictated, at first, by something like terror…. In 1826, Froude had sent a letter to Keble, curiously tingeing with his own gloom the language of the Psalmist, who prays to be hidden under the "shadow of the wings" of the divine Protection: he speaks of God as a Being whose presence is mainly manifested by control, and by a holy "terror":

'"Lord of the World, Almighty King!
Thy shadow resteth over all,
Or where the Saints thy terrors sing,
Or where the waves obey Thy call."

'… Froude's religion, then, so far as it depended upon his conception of God, was a religion of almost unmixed fear. So far as it was of something better, it was purified, first, by a love and admiration for "the holy men of old," such as the founders of the Oxford Colleges, in whose steps, after his election to his Fellowship, he aspired to tread; secondly, by his affection for Keble, for whom, in the prayer written at the same time, he thanks God, as one who had convinced him of the error of his ways, and in whose presence he tasted happiness; but above all, by his devotion to his mother, in whose recollection he found a consciousness of that blessedness which he had been taught to look for in the presence of Saints and Angels. These were feelings which were better than his religion, and which, if they could have developed and grown with the latter, might have delivered it from fears, and have converted it into a source of peace as well as of activity: but whether from the irremediable taint of the past, or owing to

influence that proved too strong for Keble's, this growth did not go on.

'Newman … taught at an early period that self-knowledge is the basis of all religious knowledge. Whether Froude adopted or originated this doctrine, it must have stimulated his fears: for it was a proverb with him that "everyone may know worse of himself than he possibly can of Charles the Second." In less than six months after the thanksgiving recorded above, we find him protesting (January 10, 1827) that he dares not now utter the prayers of wise and holy men, and that God has affrighted him with hideous dreams, and disquieted him with perpetual mortifications…. It is to Keble that he owes his release, for how long he knows not, from the misery in which he has been recently bound. At the same time Keble advises him to give up his ascetic self-denial, and Froude acquiesces. Though it had the colour of humility, it now appears to him to have been in reality the food of pride: self-imposed, it seems to him "quite different from imposed by the Church." What sort of self-denials they were, and what Froude's self-introspection implied, the reader ought to be informed for two reasons: first, because they show the fierce determination and almost bitter self-hatred with which the young man turned against himself, in his resolution to suppress his own egotism and conceit; and secondly, because Newman and Keble (or perhaps Keble instigated by Newman), thought it worth while to record the minutest of these details, and spoke of the Journal as a most valuable contribution to Tractarian literature. Froude sets down, for example, (and they print!) that he was ashamed, on one occasion, to have it known that he had no gloves; that he was ashamed, on another, that he had muddy trousers (although he would not go to

the length of concealing them); that he was pleased, on another, when there was no Evening Prayer; that he felt an impulse of pleasure on finding that W. was not at Chapel one morning; that he ostentatiously hinted to S. that he got up at six o'clock; that he read affectedly in evening Chapel; that he felt an inclination to make remarks with a view to showing how much he had thought upon serious subjects; and that once, after accidentally breaking one of W.'s windows, he felt a disposition to "sneak away." … He seriously argues the pros and cons ("bothering" himself about it for three days), concerning the purchase of a great-coat. On the one side, there is the fact that he "wants," *i.e.*, needs it, which one would have thought would have been conclusive; but against this he sets the fact that he "wishes" it; and therefore it will be well to deny himself the satisfaction…. By his own confession, he occasionally made himself stupid and sleepy through his ascetic habits. But to the last he retained his admiration for them, at all events when they were imposed by external authority….

'Why did the Editors of Froude's *Remains* give to the world these extraordinary confessions?… If, indeed, Froude had taken Keble's advice, they could not thus have made his secrets the property of posterity; for he had advised his pupil not only to give up his self-imposed asceticisms, but also to burn his confessions. But this advice was given in 1826; whereas the *Remains* were published in 1838. Are we wrong in inferring that during this interval, Keble may have been pushed forward by Newman his Co-editor, who taught that all religious knowledge must be based on self-knowledge? From the Letters, this seems probable…. It follows, at once, that there is very little thankfulness in Froude's form of

Christianity. The visible world seemed so full of delusion, mockery, and temptation, that a hostile or ironical attitude towards it was the only one possible. “This irony,” says James Mozley, “arose from that peculiar mode in which Froude viewed all earthly things, himself and all that was dear to him not excepted.” What was this peculiar mode? To define it briefly would be difficult. It must have recognised something of reality and goodness in those friends and allies towards whom his heart went out, and with whom he was ready to labour, to the end, for what he considered the “Truth,” freely placing his fortune, his faculties, and his last breath, at their disposal. But still, it was not the “mode” of St. Paul, nor of Keble; it was more like, though not quite like, that of Newman. It was certainly not the “mode” of the author who wrote that “God giveth us all things richly to enjoy.” Indeed, “irony” is perhaps hardly the right word to use of the superficial self-mockery, but more profound self-hatred and self-contempt, approaching sometimes to despair, with which, in some of his self-introspective moods, Froude smites and rends himself, and his faults; yes, and his resolves to correct his faults, sometimes even pouring scorn upon himself for writing down his own good resolutions, and for thinking well of himself, in the act of doing it. “The chief reason,” he says, “for my being interested in any object, is the fact that I happen to be pursuing it,” “nor can I look with serious feeling on the miseries of anyone but my own. The blight of God is on me for my selfish life.” … Is “irony” a term quite strong enough to denote this savage, sarcastic self-laceration, which, if persisted in, would result in moral and spiritual suicide? So far, it would seem that the two friends resembled each other in almost every one of their

principles of religious thought. A religion of fear; a profound sense of an awful Holiness; an absence of general loving-kindness and human-heartedness; a vast and almost servile respect for power as power; an inclination to asceticism, in the older of the two as a test of sincerity, but in the younger, rather as a means of suppressing the passions; a dread of wilfulness, and a rooted suspicion of self,—these feelings appear to have been, in both, so powerful and original, that whatever influence either might exert upon the other would result, not in changing, but in confirming and hardening; or at most, in suggesting some new application of the theories common to both.

'We now pass to the only principle in which the two seem first to have differed, but ultimately to have agreed. This principle (if it may be so called) is that of tact or management, especially in the diffusion, colouring, and sometimes in the reservation or suppression, of religious doctrine, with a view to surmounting prejudice and instilling truth. To this, Newman (though not the first to use the word in this sense) gave the name of "economy." There are many reasons for concluding that in this one respect Froude was passive, a simple recipient from Newman…. Froude anticipated, and endeavoured to develop precipitately, the logical results, both of the principles which they held in common, and of those which he instilled into his friend, and also of this particular principle which alone his friend seems to have instilled into him. Such a development may be often noticed, when a strong-willed man who sees only one side of a question, takes up a plan invented by another who sees many. The inventor may be moderate; the adopter carries the invention to excess. Froude was

at that time (1834) dragging Newman onwards towards Roman doctrine; but he may have submitted to learn from Newman the best method of diffusing it. He did not like the method, and therefore he called it by bad names, such as “undermining,” “poisoning,” and the like….

‘Newman’s formal usual doctrine [was] that as we cannot be sure about our own salvation, so neither can we about that of others; that we have enough to do with thinking and fearing about our own eternal concerns; that, as before God, no man can help another, for we must not only die alone but live alone, nor can there be any spiritual contact between soul and soul, in this life. Yet at least on one occasion his feelings were too strong for his dogma. When Froude drew near to death, Newman refused to fear for his sake. With him in his mind, he would not use his favourite metaphor of “grovelling worms,” to describe the relation between the human and the divine. Casting away all reserve, all doubts, and all terrors, he shoots up to a Miltonic height, in the confidence that God cannot waste this immortal soul which He has made. Thus he writes to Froude himself:

‘“It made me think how many posts there are in His kingdom, how many offices, Who says to one Do this, and he doeth it. It is quite impossible that, some way or other, you are not destined to be the instrument of God’s purposes. Though I saw the earth cleave and you fall in, or Heaven open and a chariot appear, I should say just the same. God has ten thousand posts of service. You might be of use in the central elemental fire; you might be of use in the depths of the sea.”[373]

‘The same passionate conviction, based not upon Authority or upon Scripture, but upon his own sense of what must be right, finds expression also in a sermon written about the same time.[374]

‘“They are taken away for some purpose, surely; their gifts are not lost to us: their soaring minds, the fire of their contemplations, the sanctity of their desires, the vigour of their faith, the sweetness and gentleness of their affections, were not given without an object. Yea, doubtless they are keeping up the perpetual chant in the Shrine above, praying and praising God day and night in His Temple like Moses upon the mount, while Joshua and his host fight with Amalek.”

‘… Deprived of Froude, and now of his mother, with one sister married, and the other to be married a few months afterwards, Newman must have felt alone indeed. How much this feeling of communion with the departed had been growing in Newman may be seen from the only two poems of 1835[375] (the last until we come to the Roman period), both of which bring before us the intercession of the dead for the living. There can be no doubt whose voice Newman was henceforth to hear most distinctly amid all the earthly din and uproar of the conflict of the *Tracts*: it was that of the man whose Breviary (assigned to him by a chance utterance of some friend, which he accepted as a message from Heaven) lay always on his study table, destined to lie there for half a century; to the possession of which he attached such importance, that besides minutely describing the incident in the *Apologia*, he records it in the *Letters*, along with his mother’s death, as one of nine important events of this critical year: “My knowing and using the Breviary.”[376]

'Froude (not Froude's opinions, but Froude himself, or his personality, Froude first, living, and then, as a posthumous influence, still more powerful after death), did more than any other external thing to make Newman what he became, and to shape, through Newman, the Tractarian Movement. Some of Newman's most important steps dated from the year of their intimacy. It was in 1829 that the two became close friends: Newman the non-political, and Froude the High Tory…. *A priori*, we ought to be prepared to believe that Froude pushed Newman on. Froude was a High Churchman from the first, with an inclination towards the Mediæval Church, and from this he never swerved: Newman was an Evangelical, extricating himself from Evangelicalism. The former had no doubts; the latter was at that time perpetually doubting. How could it be otherwise than natural that the former should take the lead of the latter?

'… Froude is not quite fairly, or at least fully, represented in the *Remains*. The Journal, and even the Letters, fail, perhaps, to express some latent feeling which might have softened apparent harshness. To those who knew him well, his words were interpreted by his personality, which all concur in describing as bright, graceful, and even "beautiful." … It was this brilliant and graceful embodiment, in one so earnest, so ascetically strict, so clear-headed, and so confident, [one] of definite consistent imaginations about spiritual things (which imaginations Newman describes as "intellectual principles") that first arrested, and ultimately captivated the older friend, who was at first disposed to smile at, even while admiring, the erratic, "sillyish," "red-hot" High Churchman….

'… Fundamentally agreeing with Froude, from the

first, in the principles of religious fear, obedience, and self-distrust, Newman differed from him only in the expression and application of them; and on these points Froude's mind was settled while Newman's was still in flux. No wonder that, by degrees, Newman lost confidence in any utterance of his own unless Froude first stamped it with his approval. Did not Froude always take the lead, experimenting, as it were, on himself? And had not Newman repeatedly to confess that Froude was right, and he himself wrong? One reason for this was, that Froude, being of an æsthetic bent, instinctively turned from the Primitive Church, which was, to him, an affair of books, and of which he knew very little, to the Mediæval Church, with which he was in complete harmony, or to the Anglican Nonjurors, about whom he had some sympathetic knowledge. This gave to his notions a naturalness and a practicableness in which Newman's were deficient. For this, and for other reasons, Froude seemed to be a seer in regions where Newman was only a groper; and so, in time, the latter came naturally not only to depend on the former, but also to avow his dependence so far as to declare his unwillingness to commit himself to anything definite till the man who could see had given it his imprimatur. Still, the brighter and more pleasing side of Froude's character must not allow us to forget that his search after holiness implied not only something bordering on abjectness towards God, but also strife on earth, and the appearance of ill-will towards a great multitude of men. These qualities explain in part the secret of his power over Newman, who would not have allowed himself to be influenced by any but a detached soul holding aloof from all the world, and especially, perhaps, from the rabble, that "knoweth not the law." But Froude was

by far the more combative of the two, and appears to have acted on Newman, as on Keble, in the way of an inciting cause, or, to use his own metaphor, a "poker."

'We find here depicted [in the *Remains*] a Christian in whose most secret records, self-examinations and prayers, there appears scarcely any mention of Christ as a Person, and very little trace of any love of Christ (who hardly appears at all in them except in some reference to the sacramental Body and Blood); yet one who with all his heart and soul is seeking after that salvation which he supposes to be derivable from Christ's Church; a man who obstinately detested, first in himself, then in others, the least vestige of affectation, cant, and hypocrisy: who spoke what he meant, as he meant it, and would always have gone, if his friends had allowed him, by the straightest of ways towards what he deemed the best of objects; a man, therefore, of an essentially truth-loving disposition, searching for Truth in all sincerity, but restricted by a "system" to a search within certain limits and through certain methods; shut out from the great world of men, and shut into the comparatively small world—not indeed, as Newman was, of books, but—of ecclesiastical traditions and imaginations; by nature, without any deep feeling of human-hearted sociality, without love of man as a fellow-man; by ecclesiasticism led rather to hate than to love; loving indeed a few, but only as a Spartan might love his companions-in-arms, loving those select spirits by whose side he could battle for the interests of "the Church."

'Such a picture, though "instructive," is not pleasing. Yet those who feel inclined to ridicule, or to give way to disgust, as they peruse records of one

whom they may be disposed to call the Minute Ascetic,—telling us of his shame at feeling ashamed that he had muddy trousers, or no gloves, or of his remorse for talking "flash," or for not finding it easy to keep awake during a sermon, or for wanting to win sixpences at cards, will, if they read a little further, generally find other entries of a different character, as, for example, touching a certain offertory: "Intended £2: 10s., but thought I should be observed, so vowed £5 to the —— Mendicity Society." We cannot smile at the man who, beneath under-statements conveyed half in slang, half in the language of Tractarian reserve, concealed a resolution not only to deny himself, but even, so far as he could, to suppress himself; who so hated his own individuality, and was so alarmed at the least touch of the self-will of genius within him, that he made it his "great ambition to become a humdrum." Doomed to an early lingering death, and to leave others to continue the religious conflict in which he, of all the combatants, took the keenest and most passionate pleasure, he drops no word of self-commiseration and repining; and in the last month of his life, having contributed the proceeds of his Fellowship to the cause, he asks Newman to use it at his pleasure, and to make people infer that the money was being contributed by a large number of subscribers. "Spend away, my boy, and make a great fuss, as if your money came from a variety of sources." If this was "economy," it cannot, at all events, be scoffed at. Nothing is here for contempt, least of all from commonplace, compromising, half-way-halting semi-Christians or quasi-Christians. Manifestly, we have here a man: no mere word-bag or lump of sensations, but a being with a will, and with a controlling purpose; one who knew his own

mind, and therefore had a right to lead those who did not know theirs; a fine specimen of the ecclesiastic militant, essentially a champion of holiness, though essentially, if charity be essential, not a Christian. Such was Richard Hurrell Froude, who, while living, influenced Newman much, and after his death, more; "re-touching the faith," and "deepening every line," not as Newman's poem suggested, of himself, but of the poet, his survivor, his second self. When [Froude] died, a book of his, by what most people would call an accident, passed into Newman's possession. Newman deemed it more than an accident. From that time forward it lay on his study table; and by it, though dead, his friend continued to speak to and to guide him: always in one direction. Rightly does Newman record as one among nine important events of the "cardinal" spring of 1836, "my knowing and using the Breviary."'

‘Oriel College,’ by David Watson Rannie, M.A. London: F. E. Robinson & Co., 1900.

[By kind permission of D. W. Rannie, Esq., M.A., and of Messrs. Robinson & Co.]

‘The chief aim of the Fellowship [at Oriel] was to test dialectical power; a chief occupation of the Common Room was to practise it…. Newman himself, who did more than any other man to divert the College from criticism to submission, has left a vivid picture … of his own argumentative *brusquerie* in the congenial atmosphere of the Oriel Common Room. And it is noticeable, both in his case and that of Richard Hurrell Froude, his chief coadjutor in sowing the seed of the coming Tractarianism in College, that their method was essentially dialectic and modern, even though its effect, on themselves and others, was to lead them into “fierce thoughts” against the modern spirit and the modern trend of things. Pusey might bury himself in theology, and Keble might be the singer and sweet saint of a revived devotion; but Newman and Froude, even when the gates of authority seemed about to close on them for ever, were questioners and controversialists and gladiators, striving to rationalise reason out of its own supremacy.

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‘In hurrying on the birth of the new issue, both at Oriel and beyond it, the influence of Richard Hurrell Froude was very great. We have seen that he was

elected a Fellow of Oriel in 1826. He was an Oriel man throughout, and had taken a double second in 1824. He was the eldest son of the Archdeacon of Totnes, and the eldest of three eminent brothers, all Oriel men: William, the engineer, born in 1810, and James Anthony, the historian, born in 1818. Hurrell was born in 1803. Always delicate, he fell into consumption early in the Thirties, and died in 1836. But though his career was short and enfeebled, and though there is little of him in print but what the affectionate appreciation of his friends put there, it is certain that Hurrell Froude had in his College an influence both intense and peculiar, which radiated widely, and was answerable for some of the most marked phenomena of Tractarianism. Froude was perhaps the most convinced, the most outspoken, the most throughgoing Mediævalist among the young men who thought the Church of England in an unsatisfactory condition; and he had the incommunicable and inexplicable gift of great personal influence, which, in his case, took the most irresistible of all its forms: that of impressing others with his equal pre-eminence in intellect and character. While the other Tractarian propagandists of the immediate future were recoiling in fear and anxiety from the advance of the Liberal and Erastian tide, Froude was ardently counselling reaction, loudly and scornfully proclaiming the loveliness and rightness of at least a large number of Roman opinions and practices, and laying a zealous axe at the root of the Protestantism of the Church of England.

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‘In fact, one can plainly see that the religious revival which was coming to the English Church was

the real cause of the tutorial quarrel at Oriel in 1830. The Tutors had the new wine of it in their veins; they were the subjects of an enthusiasm which they were impelled to communicate, and which was intolerant of restraint; whilst the Provost [Hawkins] was, and was to remain, outside the range of the new ideas. In such a situation compromise was impracticable…. This change had certain important and well-marked results on the College. In the first place, it riveted the authority of Provost Hawkins, and made him for the rest of his life the dominant force in Oriel. In the second place, as the deprived Tutors remained Fellows and attached members of the College, it did nothing to reduce the spread of their influence in Common Room, and indirectly, in College generally, but rather tended to increase it, by opposition. Lastly, and most important of all, it dealt a blow to the intellectual prestige of the College, from which it never recovered during Hawkins's long reign.'

From ‘THE OXFORD COUNTER-REFORMATION’ in ‘SHORT STUDIES ON GREAT SUBJECTS.’ Series IV. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1883.

[By the kind permission of Miss Froude and of Messrs. Longmans.]

‘… The last forty or fifty years will be memorable hereafter in the history of English opinion. The number of those who recollect the beginnings of the Oxford Revival is shrinking fast; and such of us as survive may usefully note down their personal recollections as a contribution, so far as it goes, to the general narrative. It is pleasant, too, to recall the figures of those who played the chief parts in the drama. If they had not been men of ability, they could not have produced the revolution that was brought about by them. Their personal characters were singularly interesting. Two of them were distinctly men of real genius. My own brother was, at starting, the foremost of the party; the flame, therefore, naturally burnt hot in my own immediate environment. The phrases and formulas of Anglo-Catholicism had become household words in our family, before I understood coherently what the stir and tumult was about.

‘We fancy that we are free agents. We are conscious of what we do; we are not conscious of the causes which make us do it; and therefore we imagine that the cause is in ourselves. The Oxford leaders believed that they were fighting against the

spirit of the age. They were themselves most completely the creatures of their age. It was one of those periods when conservative England had been seized with a passion for reform. Parliament was to be reformed; the municipal institutions were to be reformed; there was to be an end of monopolies and privileges. The Constitution was to be cut in pieces and boiled in the Benthamite caldron, from which it was to emerge in immortal youth. In a reformed State there needed a reformed Church. My brother and his friends abhorred Bentham and all his works. The Establishment, in its existing state, was too weak to do battle with the new enemy. Protestantism was the chrysalis of Liberalism. The Church, therefore, was to be unprotestantised. The Reformation, my brother said, "was a bad setting of a broken limb." The limb needed breaking a second time, and then it would be equal to its business.

'My brother exaggerated the danger, and underestimated the strength, which existing institutions and customs possess, so long as they are left undisturbed. Before he and his friends undertook the process of reconstruction, the Church was perhaps in the healthiest condition which it had ever known…. The average English incumbent of fifty years ago was a man of private fortune, the younger brother of the landlord perhaps, and holding the family living; or it might be the landlord himself, his advowson being part of the estate. His professional duties were his services on Sunday, funerals and weddings on week-days, and visits, when needed, among the sick. In other respects he lived like his neighbours, distinguished from them only by a black coat and white neckcloth, and greater watchfulness over his words and actions. He farmed his own glebe; he kept horses; he shot and hunted moderately, and

mixed in general society. He was generally a magistrate; he attended public meetings, and his education enabled him to take a leading part in county business. His wife and daughters looked after the poor, taught in the Sunday school, and managed the penny clubs and clothing clubs. He himself was spoken of in the parish as "the master," the person who was responsible for keeping order there, and who knew how to keep it. The labourers and the farmers looked up to him. The family in the "great house" could not look down upon him. If he was poor, it was still his pride to bring up his sons as gentlemen; and economies were cheerfully submitted to at home to give them a start in life at the University, or in the Army or Navy.

'Our own household was a fair representative of the order. My father was Rector of the parish. He was Archdeacon, he was Justice of the Peace. He had a moderate fortune of his own, consisting chiefly in land, and he belonged, therefore, to the "landed interest." Most of the magistrates' work of the neighbourhood passed through his hands. If anything was amiss, it was his advice which was most sought after; and I remember his being called upon to lay a troublesome ghost. In his younger days, he had been a hard rider across country. His children knew him as a continually busy, useful man of the world, a learned and cultivated antiquary, and an accomplished artist. My brothers and I were excellently educated, and were sent to School and College. Our spiritual lessons did not go beyond the Catechism. We were told that our business in life was to work, and to make an honourable position for ourselves. About doctrine, Evangelical or Catholic, I do not think that in my early boyhood I ever heard a single word, in Church or out of it. The institution

had drifted into the condition of what I should call moral health. It did not instruct us in mysteries, it did not teach us to make religion a special object of our thoughts; it taught us to use religion as a light by which to see our way along the road of duty. Without the sun, our eyes would be of no use to us; but if we look *at* the sun we are simply dazzled, and can see neither it nor anything else. It is precisely the same with theological speculations. If the beacon lamp is shining, a man of healthy mind will not discuss the composition of the flame. Enough if it shows him how to steer, and keep clear of shoals and breakers. To this conception of the thing we had practically arrived. Doctrinal controversies were sleeping. People went to Church because they liked it, because they knew that they ought to go, and because it was the custom. They had received the Creeds from their fathers, and doubts about them had never crossed their minds. Christianity had wrought itself into the constitution of their natures. It was a necessary part of the existing order of the universe, as little to be debated about as the movements of the planets or the changes of the seasons.

'Such the Church of England was, in the country districts, before the Tractarian Movement. It was not perfect, but it was doing its work satisfactorily. It is easier to alter than to improve, and the beginning of change, like the beginning of strife, is like the letting out of water. Jupiter, in Lessing's fable, was invited to mend a fault in human nature. The fault was not denied, but Jupiter said that man was a piece of complicated machinery, and if he touched a part he might probably spoil the whole.

'But a new era was upon us. The miraculous

nineteenth century was coming of age, and all the world was to be remade…. History was reconstructed for us. I had learned, like other Protestant children, that the Pope was Antichrist, and that Gregory VII. had been a special revelation of that being. I was now taught that Gregory VII. was a Saint. I had been told to honour the Reformers. The Reformation became the Great Schism, Cranmer a traitor, and Latimer a vulgar ranter. Milton was a name of horror, and Charles I. was canonised and spoken of as the holy and blessed Martyr St. Charles. I asked once whether the Church of England was able properly to create a Saint? St. Charles was immediately pointed out to me. Similarly, we were to admire the Nonjurors, to speak of James III. instead of The Pretender; to look for Antichrist, not in the Pope, but in Whigs and revolutionists and all their works. Henry of Exeter,[377] so famous in those days, announced once, in my hearing, that the Court of Rome had regretted the Emancipation Act as a victory of Latitudinarianism. I suppose he believed what he was saying….

* * * * *

'These were the views which we used to hear in our home-circle, when the Tracts were first beginning. We had been bred, all of us, Tories of the old school. This was Toryism in ecclesiastical costume. My brother was young, gifted, brilliant, and enthusiastic. No man is ever good for much who has not been carried off his feet by enthusiasm, between twenty and thirty; but it needs to be bridled and bitted; and my brother did not live to be taught the difference between fact and speculation. Taught it he would have been, if time had been allowed him. No one ever recognised facts more loyally than he, when

once he saw them. This I am sure of, that when the intricacies of the situation pressed upon him, when it became clear to him that if his conception of the Church, and of its rights and position, was true at all, it was not true of the Church of England in which he was born, and that he must renounce his theory as visionary or join another Communion, he would not have "minimised" the Roman doctrines that they might be more easy for him to swallow, or have explained away plain propositions till they meant anything or nothing. Whether he would have swallowed them, or not, I cannot say; I was not eighteen when he died, and I do not so much as form an opinion about it; but his course, whatever it was, would have been direct and straightforward; he was a man far more than a theologian: and if he had gone, he would have gone with his whole heart and conscience, unassisted by subtleties and nice distinctions. It is, however, at least equally possible that he would not have gone at all….

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'The terminus, however, towards which he and his friends were moving, had not come in sight in my brother's lifetime. He went forward, hesitating at nothing, taking the fences as they came, passing lightly over them all, and sweeping his friends along with him. He had the contempt of an intellectual aristocrat for private judgement and the rights of a man. In common things, a person was a fool who preferred his own judgement to that of an expert. Why, he asked, should it be wiser to follow private judgement in religion? As to rights, the right of wisdom was to rule, and the right of ignorance was to be ruled. But he belonged himself to the class whose business was to order rather than obey. If his

own Bishop had interfered with him, his theory of episcopal authority would have been found inapplicable in that particular instance.

* * * * *

'… The triumvirs who became a national force, and gave its real character to the Oxford Movement, were Keble, Pusey, and John Henry Newman. Newman himself was the moving power; the two others were powers also, but of inferior mental strength. Without the third, they would have been known as men of genius and learning; but their personal influence would have been limited to and have ended with themselves. Of Pusey I knew but little, and need not do more than mention him. Of Keble I can only venture to say a few words…. The inability to appreciate the force of arguments which he did not like saved him from Rome, but did not save him from Roman doctrine. It would, perhaps, have been better if he had left the Church of England, instead of remaining there to shelter behind his high authority a revolution in its teaching. The Mass has crept back among us, with which we thought we had done for ever, and the honourable name of Protestant, once our proudest distinction, has been made over to the Church of Scotland and the Dissenters.

'Far different from Keble, from my brother, from Dr. Pusey, from all the rest, was the true chief of the Catholic revival—John Henry Newman. Compared with him, they were all but as ciphers, and he the indicating number.'

Controversy from 'THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW' and 'THE NINETEENTH CENTURY' between Prof. E. A. FREEMAN and Mr. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE.

[From *The Contemporary Review* for March, 1878, xxxi., 822 *et seq.* By E. A. Freeman.][378]

'… Mr. Froude, in his present attempt to paint the picture of the great men of the twelfth century, puts on the outward garb of one who has read and tested his materials, and has come to a critical judgement on what he has read and tested. But he happily leaves a little cranny open which enables us to look within. The very first words of Mr. Froude's *Life and Times of Thomas Becket* are enough to show us that the seeming historical inquiry is really designed as a manifesto against a theological party which once numbered its author among its members. To those who know the whole literature of the subject, it has a look more unpleasant still. Those whose study of twelfth-century history goes back to times when those who are now in their second half-century were young, will not fail to remember a time when the name of Froude reminded them of another, an earlier, and (I have no hesitation in saying) a worthier treatment of the same subject. And some of those who go back so far may be tempted to think that natural kindliness, if no other feeling, might have kept back the fiercest of partisans from ignoring the honest work of a long-deceased brother, and from dealing stabs in the dark at a brother's almost forgotten fame…. [Mr. Froude] is controversial,

something more than controversial, from the beginning. He undertakes the study, not to throw fresh light on the history of the twelfth century, but to deal a blow at a party in the nineteenth. His first words are: “Among the earliest efforts of the modern sacerdotal party in the Church of England was an attempt to re-establish the memory of the Martyr of Canterbury.” It is not everybody who reads this who will fully take in what is here meant. The first attempt made, within the memory of our own generation, to examine and compare the materials for the great controversy between King and Primate, was made by Richard Hurrell Froude of Oriel College: the Froude of the once famous *Remains*, the elder brother of the man who makes this somewhat unbrotherly reference. The elder Froude doubtless belonged to what the younger calls “the sacerdotal party.” His wish undoubtedly was “to re-establish the memory of the Martyr of Canterbury.” To those with whom historic truth comes foremost, and who have no special fanaticism, sacerdotal or anti-sacerdotal, the effort of a “sacerdotal party” to re-establish the memory of Thomas of Canterbury may seem at least as worthy an object as to re-establish the memory of Flogging Fitzgerald, or of King Harry himself. To re-establish the memory of Thomas is, at the worst, a question of words and names, and of a certain law: it does not, like the other two re-establishments, imply the defence of any matter of wrong, or wicked lewdness. And the elder Froude’s history of controversy, if undertaken with a purpose of theological partisanship, was still a piece of creditable historical work. Done forty years or so ago, it was, of course, not up to the level of modern criticism on the subject. But it was the beginning of modern criticism on the subject. The elder Froude is

entitled, at the hands of everyone who writes or reads the story of Thomas, to that measure of respectful thanks which belongs to a pioneer on any subject. As for his spirit of partisanship, those who stand outside the arena of all such partisanship might say that when the elder Froude wrote, it was time that the other side should be heard, in its turn. The name of Thomas à Becket had been so long the object of vulgar and ignorant scorn; his character and objects had been treated with such marked unfairness, even by historians of real merit, that fair play might welcome a vindication, even if it went too far the other way. Such a vindication was the object of the elder Froude: in the course of it, he got rid of several prevalent errors, and made ready the way for more impartial and critical examination at the hands of others. The elder Froude did something to put one who, whatever were his objects, whatever were his errors, was still a great and heroic Englishman, in a historic place more worthy of him. At all events, he deserves better than to have his work thus sneeringly spoken of by his own younger brother: “And while Churchmen are raising up Becket as a brazen serpent on which the world is to look to be healed of its incredulities, the incredulous world may look with advantage at him from its own point of view; and if unconvinced that he was a Saint, may still find instruction in a study of his actions and his fate.” This way of speaking may seem startling to those who know the relation between the long-deceased champion of the one side, and the living champion of the other…. The point of view of those whose sole object is historic truth may well be different either from the point of view of “Churchmen,” or from that of the “incredulous world.” At all events, historic truth has nothing to do

with the point of view of either.’

From *The Nineteenth Century* for April, 1878, iii., 621.
'A Few Words on Mr. Freeman,' by J. A. Froude.

'Mr. Freeman commences with a sentence which is grossly impertinent. "Natural kindliness," he says, "if no other feeling, might have kept back the fiercest of partisans from ignoring the work of a long-forgotten brother." How can Mr. Freeman know my motive for not speaking of my brother in connection with Becket, that he should venture upon ground so sensitive? I mentioned no modern writers, except, once, Dean Stanley. Natural kindliness would have been more violated if I had specified my brother as a person with whose opinions on the subject I was compelled to differ. I spoke of rehabilitation of Becket as among the first efforts of the High Church school. My brother's *Remains* were brought out by the leaders of that school after his death, as a party manifesto; and, for my own part, I consider the publication of the *Remains* the greatest injury that was ever done to my brother's memory. But this is venial, compared with what follows. He goes on: "And from dealing stabs in the dark at a brother's almost forgotten fame." "Stabs in the dark?" Can Mr. Freeman have measured the meaning of the words which he is using? If I had written anonymous articles attacking my brother's work, "stabs in the dark" would have been a correct expression; and Mr. Freeman has correctly measured the estimate likely to be formed of a person who could have been guilty of doing anything so discreditable. Irrespective of "natural kindliness," I look back upon my brother as, on the whole, the most remarkable man I have ever

met in my life. I have never seen any person,—not one! in whom, as I now think of him, the excellences of intellect and character were combined in fuller measure. Of my personal feeling towards him I cannot speak. I am ashamed to have been compelled, by what I can describe only as an inexcusable insult, to say what I have said.'

From *The Contemporary Review*, May, 1879, xxxv., 218 *et seq.* 'Last Words on Mr. Froude,' by E. A. Freeman.

'… With regard to Mr. Froude's treatment of his brother's writings, I see that what I have said has pained Mr. Froude. I am so far sorry for it; but I do not admit that I said anything beyond fair criticism. I know that the friends of Mr. R. H. Froude were deeply pained by what Mr. J. A. Froude wrote in his *Life and Times of Thomas Becket*. I cannot say that I was pained, because I never knew Mr. R. H. Froude. He was, to me, neither a friend nor a kinsman, nor a man in whom I had any personal or party interest. But as a student of twelfth-century history, I do owe him a certain measure of thanks as a pioneer in one of my subjects of study. Therefore, if not pained, like his personal friends, I was indignant: because I thought that he was unworthily treated, and that the treatment was the more unworthy because it came from the hands of his own brother. When I spoke of "stabs in the dark," I meant that the victim (I must use the word) was in the dark. Very few of Mr. Froude's readers would know that it was his own brother of whom Mr. Froude was speaking, in a way which, brother or no brother, I hold to be wholly undeserved.

'But if any impartial judge thinks that I ought not to have mentioned the fact of the kindred between the two writers, I regret having done so.'

From ‘THE REMAINS OF THE REV. RICHARD HURRELL FROUDE, M.A., Fellow of Oriel’ [edited by the Rev. JOHN HENRY NEWMAN and the Rev. JOHN KEBLE]. London: Rivingtons, 1838. 2 vols.

‘[Richard Hurrell Froude] was the eldest son of the Venerable Robert H[urrell] Froude, Archdeacon of Totnes, and was born, and died, in the Parsonage House of Dartington, in the county of Devon. He was born in 1803, on the Feast of the Annunciation; and he died of consumption, on the 28th of February, 1836, when he was nearly thirty-three, after an illness of four years and a half. He was educated at Eton and Oxford, having previously had the great advantage, while at Ottery Free School, of living in the family of the Rev. George Coleridge. He went to Eton in 1816, and came into residence as a Commoner of Oriel College in the spring of 1821. In 1824 he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, after having obtained, on his examination, high, though not the highest honours, both in the *Literæ Humaniores* and the *Disciplinæ Mathematicæ et Physicæ*. At Easter, 1826, he was elected Fellow of his College, and, in 1827, was admitted to his M.A. degree. The same year he accepted the office of Tutor, which he held till 1830. In December, 1828, he received Deacon’s Orders, and the year after, Priest’s, from the last and present Bishops of Oxford.[379] The disorder which terminated his life first showed itself in the summer of 1831; the winter of 1832, and the following spring, he passed in the south of Europe; and the two next winters, and the

year between them (1834), in the West Indies. The illness which immediately preceded his death lasted but a few weeks.

'He left behind him a considerable collection of writings, none prepared for publication: of which the following two volumes form a part. The Journal, with which the first commences, and which is continued in the Appendix, reaches from the beginning of 1826, when he was nearly twenty-three, to the spring of 1828. The Occasional Thoughts are carried on to 1829. The Essay on Fiction was written when he was twenty-three; the Sermons, from 1829 to 1833, when he was between twenty-five and thirty.[380] His Letters begin in 1823, when he was twenty, and are carried down to within a month of his death.

'Those on whom the task has fallen of preparing these various writings for publication, have found it matter of great anxiety to acquit themselves so as to satisfy the claims of duty, which they felt pressing on them in distinct, and, sometimes, apparently opposite directions.

'Some apology may seem requisite, in the first place, for the very magnitude of the collection: as though authority were being claimed, in a preposterous way, for the opinions of one undistinguished either by station or by known literary eminence.

'That apology, it is believed, will be found in the truth, and extreme importance, of the views to the development of which the whole is meant to be subservient; and also in the instruction derivable from a full exhibition of the author's character as a witness to those views. This is the plea which it is

desired to bring prominently forward; nothing short of this, it is felt, would justify such ample and unreserved disclosures: neither originality of thought, nor engaging imagery, nor captivating touches of character and turns of expression.

‘Still more is this apology needed, on the more serious grounds of friendship and duty. The publication of a private Journal and private Letters is a serious thing. Too often it has been ventured on, in a kind of reckless way, with an eye singly to the good expected to be accomplished, no regard being had to the author himself, and his wishes. It is in itself painful, nay, revolting, to expose to the common gaze papers only intended for a single correspondent; and it seems little less than sacrilege to bring out the solitary memoranda of one endeavouring to feel, and to be, as much as possible alone with his God: secretly training himself, as in His presence, in that discipline which shuns the light of this world. To such a publication, it were objection enough that it would seem to harmonise but too well with the restless unsparing curiosity which now prevails.

‘No common motive, then, it may be well believed, was required to overcome the strong reluctance which even strangers of ordinary delicacy, much more kinsmen and intimate friends, must feel on the first suggestion of such a proceeding. It may be frankly allowed that gentle and good minds will naturally be prejudiced, in the outset, against any collection of the sort. But the present is a peculiar case, a case in which, if the survivors do not greatly deceive themselves, they are best consulting the wishes of the departed by publication, hazardous as that step commonly is. Let the reader, before he

condemns, imagine to himself a case like the following.

'Let him suppose a person in the prime of manhood (with what talents and acquirements is not now the question) devoting himself, ardently yet soberly, to the promotion of one great cause; writing, speaking, thinking on it for years, as exclusively as the needs and infirmities of human life would allow; but dying before he could bring to perfection any of the plans which had suggested themselves to him for its advancement. Let it be certainly known to his friends that he was firmly resolved never to shrink from anything, not morally wrong, which he had good grounds to believe would really forward that cause: and that it was real pain and disquiet to him if he saw his friends in any way postponing it to his supposed feelings or interests. Suppose, further, that having been for weeks and months in the full consciousness of what was soon likely to befall him, he departs, leaving such papers as make up the present collection in the hands of those next to him in blood, without any express direction as to the disposal of them; and that they, taking counsel with the friends on whom he was known chiefly to rely, unanimously and decidedly judged publication most desirable for that end which was the guide of his life, and which they too esteemed paramount to all others; imagine the papers appearing to them so valuable, that they feel as if they had no right to withhold such aid from the cause to which he was pledged: would it, or would it not, be their duty, as faithful trustees, in such case to overcome their own scruples? would they, or would they not, be justified in believing that they had, virtually, his own sanction for publishing such parts even of his personal and devotional memoranda, much more, of

his letters to his friends, as they deliberately judged likely to aid in the general good effect?

'This case of a person sacrificing himself altogether to one great object, is not of everyday occurrence: it is not like the too frequent instances of papers being ransacked and brought to light, because the writer was a little more distinguished, or accounted a little wiser, or better, than his neighbours: it cannot be fairly drawn into a precedent, except in circumstances equally uncommon.

'On the whole, supposing what in this Preface must be supposed, the nobleness, and rectitude, and pressing nature of the end which [Mr. Froude] had in view, the principle of posthumous publication surely must, in this instance, be conceded? The only question remaining will be whether the selection has been judicious. On this, also, it may be well to anticipate certain objections not unlikely to occur to sundry classes of readers. If there be any who are startled at the strong expressions of self-condemnation occurring so frequently, both in the Journal and in the more serious parts of the Correspondence, he will please to consider that the better anyone knows, the more severely will he judge himself; and since this writer sometimes thought it his duty to be very plain-spoken in his censure of others, in fairness to him it seemed right to show that he did not fail to look at home; that he tried to be more rigid to himself than to anyone else.

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'Censure may be expected … [on] what will be called the intolerance of certain passages: the keen sense which the author expresses of the guilt men

incur by setting themselves against the Church. In fact, both this and the alleged tendency to Romanism,[381] are objections, not to the present publication, but to the view which it is designed to support, and do not therefore quite properly come within the scope of this Preface. To defend the severe expressions alluded to would be in a great measure to defend the old Catholic writers for the tone in which they have spoken of unbelievers and corrupters of the Faith. The same portions of Holy Scripture would be appealed to in both cases; those, namely, which teach or exemplify the duty of austere reserve towards wilful heretics, and earnest zeal against heresiarchs. Perhaps it may be found that [Mr. Froude's] demeanour and language on such subjects is a tolerably striking and consistent illustration of that sentiment of the Psalmist: "Do not I hate them, O Lord, that hate Thee?" He hated them in their collective character, as God's enemies, as the antichristian party; but to all who came in his way individually, he was, as many of his acquaintance can testify, full of unaffected, open-hearted kindness; entering into their feelings, and making allowance for their difficulties, not the less scrupulously because he sometimes found himself compelled to separate from them, or declare himself against them.

'To judge adequately of this point, we must, further, take into account a certain strong jealousy which he entertained of his own honesty of mind. He was naturally, or on principle, a downright speaker, avoiding those words of course and of compliment, which often, it may be feared, serve to keep up a false peace at the expense of true Christian charity. His words, therefore (playfulness and occasional irony apart), may in general be taken more literally than those of most men. It is easy to see that this

would make his criticisms, whether literary or moral, sound more pointed and unsparing than those in which a writer of less frankness would indulge himself. And this introduces another point, not unlikely to be animadverted on as blameable, in the present selection. Many, recoiling from his sentences, so direct, fearless, and pungent, concerning all sorts of men and things, will be fain to account them speeches uttered at random, more for present point and effect, than to declare the speaker's real opinion; and, so judging, will of course disapprove of the collecting and publishing such sayings, especially on high and solemn subjects, as at best incautious, and perhaps irreverent. But they who judge thus must be met by a denial of the fact. The expressions in question were not uttered at random: he was not in the habit of speaking at random on such matters. This is remarkably evinced by the fact that to various friends, at various times, conversing or writing on the same subjects, he was constantly employing the same illustrations and arguments, very often the same words: as they found by comparison afterwards, and still go on to find. Now maxims and reasonings of which this may be truly affirmed, whatever else may be alleged against them, cannot fairly be thrown by as mere chance sayings. Right or wrong, they were deliberate opinions, and cannot be left out of consideration, in a complete estimate of a writer's character and principles. The off-hand unpremeditated way in which they seemed to dart out of him, like sparks from a luminous body, proved only a mind entirely possessed with the subject; glowing, as it were, through and through.

'Still, some will say, more selection might have been used, and many statements at least omitted, which, however well considered by himself, coming

now, suddenly, as they do, on the reader, appear unnecessarily startling and paradoxical. But, really, there was little option of that kind, if justice were to be done either to him or to the reader. His opinions had a wonderful degree of consistency and mutual bearing; they depended on each other as one whole: who was to take the responsibility of separating them? Who durst attempt it, considering especially his hatred of concealment and artifice? Again: it was due to the reader to show him fairly how far the opinions recommended would carry him. There is no wish to disguise their tendencies, nor to withdraw them from such examination as will prove them erroneous, if they are so. Any homage which it is desired to render to his memory would indeed be sadly tarnished, were he to be spoken or written of in any spirit but that of an unshrinking openness like his own. Such also is the tone of the Catholic Fathers, and (if it may be urged without irreverence), of the Sacred Writers themselves. Nothing, as far as we can find, is kept back by them, merely because it would prove startling: openness, not disguise, is their manner. This should not be forgotten in a compilation professing simply to recommend their principles. Nothing, therefore, is here kept back, but what it was judged would be fairly and naturally misunderstood: the insertion of which, therefore, would have been, virtually, so much untruth.

'Lastly, it may perhaps be thought of the Correspondence in particular, that it is eked out with unimportant details, according to the usual mistake of partial friends. The compilers, however, can most truly affirm that they have had the risk of such an error continually before their eyes, and have not, to the best of their judgement, inserted anything, which did not tell, indirectly perhaps but really, towards

filling up that outline of his mind and character, which seemed requisite to complete the idea of him as a witness to Catholic views. It can hardly be necessary for them to add, what the name of Editor implies, that while they, of course, concur in his sentiments as a whole, they are not to be understood as rendering themselves responsible for every shade of opinion or expression.

'It remains only to commend these fragments, if it may be done without presumption, to the same good Providence which seemed to bless the example and instructions of the writer while yet with us, to the benefit of many who knew him: that "being dead," he may "yet speak," as he constantly desired to do, a word in season for the Church of God: may still have the privilege of awakening some of her members to truer and more awful thoughts than they now have, of their own high endowments and deep responsibility.'

‘Remains of the Rev. Richard Hurrell Froude, M.A., Fellow of Oriel’ [edited by the Rev. J. H. Newman and the Rev. John Keble]. London: Rivingtons, 1839. Part II.

‘It was of course impossible but that the quantity and variety of censure, which was elicited by the publication of the former part of these *Remains*, should be felt by the Editors as a call for much calm and patient consideration, before proceeding, in further fulfilment of their trust, to offer these additional volumes to the world. One thing has at least become evident, which was at first very uncertain: that it was a publication of some importance for good or for evil. The notice which it has attracted, favourable or otherwise, is at least a token that the Editors were not mistaken, as partial friends are so apt to be, in their estimate of the force and originality of [Mr. Froude’s] character, or of the keen, courageous, searching precision, with which he had, though it were but incidentally, put forth his ecclesiastical and theological opinions, and applied them to things as they are.

‘But in such measure as all doubt on the importance of the publication is removed, the responsibility of it is doubtless enhanced; and it seems right to preface it with something like a fair and full statement of the reasons why the Editors have judged it, on the whole, their duty to persist in this step: not wilfully slighting any man’s scruples or remonstrances, but still thinking that the cause of the

Church, which is paramount to everything else, leaves them not at liberty either to withdraw any important portion of what has been already made public, or to suppress what remains. And what will be alleged for perseverance now, will be found, perhaps in a good measure, to justify the original publication; taken, as it must be, in aid and in enforcement of the considerations offered in the Preface to the first volume.

'And first, if there be any persons, as undoubtedly there are not a few, who think, more or less explicitly, that the mere circumstance of a book's raising an outcry constitutes a strong objection to it, they are requested to put themselves for a single moment so far in the position of the Editors, as to imagine the case of [Mr. Froude's] views being mainly and substantially true; and then to consider how such outcry could have been avoided. For if it be found that uneasiness, discontent, clamour, nay, if you will, permanent unpopularity, are the necessary results of a certain statement, supposing it to be true, then the actual prevalence of such feelings, however undesirable in itself, is no objection to the truth of the statement, but rather an argument in its favour, as far as it goes.

'Suppose, for example, that the common opinions of the Protestant world concerning the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist were indeed verging as near to a profane rationalism, as these *Remains* in several passages assume: would not the charge of superstition, mysticism, and Popery be echoed all around, against both Author and Editors, much in the same way as it has been heard for the last few months? Suppose it again true, that there is some secret but real and fatal connection between the

aforesaid faithless rationalism, and those views regarding the great doctrines of Christianity and their application to individual Christians, which have of late arrogated to themselves exclusively the name of vital religion: is it not certain that the disregard (for it is rather that than actual opposition) which those views constantly meet with, at the hand of this Author, would unite against him the champions of those apparently opposite schemes, just in the manner in which we see them actually united? If it should so be that there is a large portion of Churchmen whom the circumstances of these or of former times have led to form an exaggerated opinion of the necessity and sacredness of the alliance of Church and State; to sacrifice more or less of the very being of the Church, in order, as they think, to secure its well-being: could it fail to happen that such as these would be alarmed and disgusted at the fearless uncompromising tone in which the inviolability of the Church is here asserted, and the past and present tyranny of the State, in every part of Christendom, denounced? Lastly, should there be any considerable number of decent religionists in the land, who would themselves make no scruple of professing that hatred of "asceticism" is a main ingredient in their notion of Christianity, it were little trouble to point out the pages, in this work, at which they are likeliest to be startled and disgusted: and yet it might be true, all the while, that the writer's views are Scriptural and Catholic, and those which they have glided into, discountenanced by the Bible and the Church.

'So far, then, as the unfavourable criticism, with which these *Remains* have been visited, may be set to the account of any or all of the four classes now mentioned, it was of course to be expected, nor is

any particular deference due to it; and the bitterer and louder it is, and the longer it lasts, the more reason may it, perhaps, give, to a considerate person, for suspecting that the words which provoked it were not altogether unseasonable. But there seems to be a fear entertained, among persons worthy of all respect, of no less an evil than encouragement given to irreverence and lightness on sacred subjects, partly by certain opinions of [Mr. Froude], which would lead Englishmen (it is feared) to disparagement of their Church as it is; partly by something, in his tone and manner of writing, which many find startling, and can hardly reconcile to themselves. To these persons, and these feelings, a more particular explanation seems due: and such will, therefore, be now attempted, though in no sanguine expectation of satisfying them to any extent; yet not altogether without hope that in some instances they may be led to suspect their own misgivings, as arising from impulse and habit, rather than from sound and true views of sacred things.

'The best way, perhaps, will be to commence by calmly recalling a few plain facts. It is no long time ago, and yet the career of events has been so rapid, that it seems far removed from us: but let us endeavour to realise for a moment the posture of mind in which sincere Churchmen found themselves, in 1832 and 1833, when the Constitution of the country had been changed by threats of violence, and the cry of Church Reform was being raised with a view to a similar process, and no person knew how much strength it might gather, or by what unscrupulous means it might be enforced. The Liturgy, in particular, seemed to be an object of attack; and the authority of Bishops was so slighted, both in and out of Parliament, as to make men

apprehend that in no long time the whole functions of the Church would be usurped by the State. At that crisis, the writer of these *Remains* felt in common with not a few others, but with a vividness and keenness of perception almost peculiarly his own, that a call was given, and a time come, for asserting in their simplicity the principles of the only Primitive and True Church: those essential rights and duties which seemed in danger of being surrendered, in mere ignorance, to preserve certain external trappings. He surrendered himself to this feeling, without reserve: he spoke, and wrote, and acted from it continually; he devoted to it what remained of life and health; and it seems to have been this, more than anything else (excepting, perhaps, an unaffected mistrust concerning the sincerity and depth of his own repentance), which caused the sort of anxiety to recover, many times traceable in his correspondence. To use the words which Walton has reported of Hooker, "he could have wished to live longer, to do the Church more service."

'This being so, it cannot but be interesting and useful, now that Providence has brought us a stage or two further on in the warfare which he was among the foremost to commence, to have the means of consulting such a record as the present volumes supply, of the wishes, counsels, and anticipations of a mind so rare as his, concerning the conduct and probable course of the struggle. Those who have been sharers or approving witnesses of the several gatherings (so to call them) which the events of the last six years have occasioned, tending more or less to the revival of old Church principles, will here find many a sentiment which animated them half-unconsciously at the time, not only expressed in a way to sink into men's hearts, but brought out in its

full bearings and pursued to its legitimate consequences: it was wild inarticulate music before, but now we have the words and the meaning. And conversely, events have been continually happening, which have tended in a remarkable manner to illustrate [Mr. Froude's] remarks and confirm his prognostications: so that, already, many things which sounded paradoxical and over-bold when he first uttered them, may be ventured on with hope of a reasonable degree of acceptance. His sagacity, it begins to be found, did but anticipate the lessons of our experience. If he loved to dwell on the noble act of Convocation in censuring Hoadly, and to forebode the rising of the sun which set so brightly, the great majority of the University of Oxford has since judged a like warning, however painful on personal grounds, yet most necessary, in regard of certain opinions not very unlike Hoadly's. If he speaks what some would call bitterly concerning any party in the State, on account of an hostility to the Church, whether conscious or instinctive, which he thought he discerned in them, it seems now to be generally acknowledged that the subsequent proceedings of that party have been such as to justify a Churchman's aversion. If he had what were then esteemed exaggerated feelings about Parliamentary suppression of Bishoprics, we have since seen the sense of the Church so strongly expressed on that subject, as to force from the Legislature the restoration of a See which had been actually extinguished, as far as any act of theirs could extinguish it. If he deprecated the current notions about the necessity of clerical endowments, good connections, and the like, as the most effectual bar to all projects for true Church Extension; is not the Church in our Colonies, even now, applying for

Bishops without endowment? and are not new Churches being everywhere consecrated, at home, with only bare nominal endowment? If he had learned of other times to regard each Bishopric as a divinely instituted monarchy, and therefore to condemn all intrusion on episcopal authority, by Parliaments or otherwise, as not only disorderly, but profane, are not the clergy of England even now, in the case of the Church Discipline Bill, asserting that same principle against the authority which, personally, they would most revere? If he had brought himself habitually to contemplate the separation of Church and State as not necessarily a fatal alternative, there have been recent declarations, lay and ecclesiastical, to the same effect, in quarters which cannot be suspected. The Church has been congratulated on having "recovered herself" so far as "to feel her own strength and look to her own resources"; on having "become sensible that however desirous to act in unison with the State, she can boast of an independent origin, and can, as she has done before, exist in a state of independence."[382] And (to go no further in enumeration at present), if the writer of these *Remains* thought very seriously of the importance of those arrangements in Divine Service which tend most to remind the worshipper that God's house is a house of prayer and spiritual sacrifice, not of mere instruction, we have but to look around us on the new Churches, and new internal fittings-up of Churches, which are in progress in most parts of the country, to be convinced that on this point, also, men sympathise with him to a much greater extent than they did.

'Other instances might be mentioned, in which his judgement, both of persons and things, has been remarkably verified, even in so short a time; but

these may be sufficient to explain in some measure why his Editors should have been more than usually scrupulous in suppressing any of his deliberate opinions or forebodings, however lightly he might have chosen to express them. Long experience had taught them how much meaning and truth lay hid even in his most casual observations on such subjects; and how probable it was that those who were at first startled by them, would, on mature consideration, find them reasonable and right. And whereas it has been truly observed, both in friendly and unfriendly quarters, that the development of old principles, which now seems to be advancing, is not such as to be accounted for by the efforts of any particular individuals (it is something in the air, something going on in all places at once, and in spite of all precautions); it seemed a circumstance worth remarking, that it should have been thus anticipated and rehearsed in a single mind: a mind of itself inclined to rationalism, but checked first in that process, and finally won from it, by resolute and implicit submission to the lessons and rules of the Church in England, and rewarded (if we may humbly judge) for such submission, by a more than ordinary insight into the true claims of the Universal Church, and the means of improving to the utmost our high privilege of being yet in her Communion.

‘One who knew and appreciated him well (whatever subordinate differences might exist between them), and whose honoured name it is now more than ever a satisfaction to join with his,—the late lamented Mr. Rose,—used to say of him, that he was “not afraid of inferences”: meaning, as it would seem, that he was gifted with a remarkable fearlessness in regard of conclusions, when once his premisses were thoroughly made good. To see his

way rapidly and acutely, was common to [Mr. Froude] with many: but to venture along it with uncompromising faith, was, in a degree, peculiar to himself. Perhaps it was this quality, humanly speaking, which kept him always somewhat in advance of his time, and of those with whom he most cordially acted. However, since it was in him consistent, bearing fruit in action as well as in speculation, and causing him to deny himself as unsparingly as he contradicted popular opinions, it does seem to give all views of his a peculiar claim to consideration, on the part of those who agree with him in first principles. There will always be a fair presumption, previous to inquiry, that his conclusions are the legitimate result of propositions which we admit in common with him, but which we have not as yet the courage to follow up as he did: not to dwell on the moral nobleness of such fearless and devout adherence to the Truth. It is the very description of Faith "to obey and go out, not knowing whither it goes"; and a character of which that is the principal mark, is surely not ill-fitted to exemplify what the whole Church may soon be called on to practise. So far, in his papers and life we seem to have, as it were, embodied a type of the kind of resistance due to the spirit of this age on the part of the Catholic Church, and of all her dutiful children. Could it be right, merely through dread of censure incurred, or disturbance given, to suppress such a document, providentially coming into our hands?

'Now when the great principle of Catholicism, *Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, had once rooted itself in the mind of a person thus determined not to flinch from results; when he had once come to be convinced that the only safe way for the Church is

to go back to the times of universal consent, so far as that is possible, inasmuch as such universal consent is no doubtful indication of His Will, in Whom we are all one Body,—would he not naturally go on and say to himself: "If I lay down this rule on one question, I shall not be dealing fairly with myself, honestly with my opponents, reverently with Him to Whom I am virtually appealing, except I carry the same mode of reasoning into all other questions also, wherein it is applicable? Accepting the Church's interpretation of Scripture as to the necessity of real outward Baptism, I must accept it, also, as to the connection of the Gift of Regeneration exclusively with Baptism; accepting her view of the Sacrament of the Holy Eucharist, I must not decline her doctrine of the accompanying Sacrifice, gathered from the same Liturgies and the same interpretation of Holy Scripture; believing her concerning the genuineness of the Bible, I must believe her also concerning a transmitted Priesthood; taking it on trust from her Creeds that such and such is the only true account of the doctrines of the Bible, I may not doubt her consistent and perpetual witness that such and such are the right rules for interpreting the same holy Book; I believe, because she assures me, that Bishops only have the right to ordain; must I not believe her equally positive assurance that Excommunication is also theirs by exclusive and indefeasible right, and that it is no true Eucharist which is not consecrated by hands which they have authorised?" These are instances of the manner in which the Author of these papers reasoned; and certainly, at first sight, there seems to be much force in his mode of reasoning; the *onus probandi* seems cast on those who demur to it. It seems, if it were not for its practical consequences, more satisfactory than the summary ways of dealing

with such matters, which we find not seldom adopted; fairer and more ingenuous than the saying: “Times are altered; it might be all right then, but it does not follow that it is so now”; more reverential than the other saying: “The Fathers were good sort of men, but no number of fallible beings can make an infallible Church”; more in harmony with Scripture and with God’s general Providence, than to dismiss such portions of the ancient system as we think proper, with the aphorism: “It may be, and has been abused, and therefore is best let alone.” And having all these advantages, it seemed to him part of Faith to suppose that, in the end, it would prove also the best and most effective way of maintaining the Truth of God against superstition and idolatry, as well as against scepticism and profane exaltation of reason.

‘But further: such a mind as is here supposed, thoroughly uncompromising in its Catholicity, would feel deeply that as ancient consent binds the person admitting it alike to all doctrines, interpretations, and usages, for which it can be truly alleged; so there is something less tangible and definite, though not less real than any of these, which no less demands his dutiful veneration, and to which he is bound to conform himself in practice: that is to say, the cast of thought and tone of character of the Primitive Church, its way of judging, behaving, expressing itself, on practical matters, great and small, as they occur. For what, in fact, is this character, but what an Apostle once called it: “the mind of Jesus Christ” Himself, by the secret inspiration of His Spirit communicated to His whole mystical Body, informing, guiding, moving it, as He will? A sacred and awful truth: of which whoever is seriously aware will surely be very backward to question or discuss the propriety of any sentiment allowed to be general

in Christian antiquity, how remote soever from present views and usages; much more, to treat it with anything like contempt or bitterness.

‘Should it appear to him, for example, that the Ancient Church took in their literal and obvious meaning those expressions of Our Saviour and of St. Paul, which recommend celibacy as the more excellent way, so as to give honour to those who voluntarily so abode, that they might wait on the Lord; and in particular, to assume that the clergy should rather, of the two, be unmarried than married:—he will not permit the prejudices of a later time to hinder him from honouring those whom his Lord so delighted to honour; he will consider that the same cast of thought which leads men to scorn religious celibacy, will certainly prevent marriage also, which they profess to honour, from being strictly religious. Should he find that the records of the Fathers bear witness in every page to their literal observance of the duty of fasting, and the high importance which they attached to it, it is not the titles of Jewish, Pharisaical, self-righteous, nor yet that of ascetic (more widely dreaded than all!) which will deter him from obeying his conscience in that particular. Should he perceive that the counsels and demeanour of the holy men of old towards heretics and other sinners, correspond much more truly with the Apostolic rule, “Put away from among yourselves that wicked person,” than with the liberal and unscrupulous intercourse which respectable persons now practise, for peace, and quietness, and good-nature’s sake; it is a conviction which cannot but widely influence both his judgment of other times, and his conduct towards his contemporaries. It will lead to many a sentence that will sound harsh, and many a step that will be counted austere; it will

cause him often to shock those by whom he would greatly wish to be approved; and yet, thus he must judge and act, if he will be true to his own principle, and conform himself throughout to that Will of God which the consent of those purer ages indicates.

'Another very distinguishable circumstance in the tone and manner of the early Church is its reverential reserve with regard to holy things: of all its characteristics apparently the most unaccountable to the spirit of the present age. This also we may expect to discover in a true, courageous, consistent follower of the ancients: not so much by any conscious endeavour of his, as because it will come to him instinctively, as some birds are said to contrive ways for enticing observers away from their nests. And because it is reserve, we may expect now and then to be startled at the very form of it. The nature of the thing excludes conventional expressions, and drives people, often, on such as are rather paradoxical; deep reverence will occasionally veil itself, as it were, for a moment, even under the mask of its opposite, as earnest affection is sometimes known to do. Any expedient, almost, will be adopted by a person who enters with all his heart into this portion of the ancient character, rather than he will contradict that character altogether by a bare, unscrupulous, flaunting display of sacred things or good thoughts.

'Once more: he who makes up his mind really to take Antiquity for his guide, will feel that he must be continually realising the presence of a wonder-working God; his mind must be awake to the possibility of special providences, miraculous interferences, supernatural warnings, and tokens of the divine Purpose, and also to indications of other

unseen agency, both good and bad, relating to himself and others: subjects of this sort, if a man be consistent, must fill up a larger portion of his thoughts and affections, and influence his conduct far more materially, than the customs and opinions of this age would readily permit.

'Other particulars might be mentioned; but these which have been enumerated are surely sufficient to teach persons a little caution how they apply the readily occurring words, "overstrained, fanatical, ascetic, bigoted," to notions and practices such as have been now alluded to. Previous to examination, they cannot be sure that any such notion or practice is not a development of the character which Our Lord from the beginning willed should be impressed on His Church. If we have not the boldness to take it on ourselves, and follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth, at least let us not throw stumbling-blocks in the way of those who are more courageously disposed! When a thing is fairly proved superstitious, uncharitable, ascetic in a bad sense, unwarranted by Scripture and Antiquity, then let it be blamed and rejected, not before; lest we incur such a rebuke as he did, who, with more zeal than knowledge, would have prevented Our Lord Himself, as these would the least of His brethren and members, from taking up and bearing the Cross. It was in love to Christ that he remonstrated; yet what was Christ's reproof? "Get thee behind Me, Satan; thou art an offence unto Me; for thou savourest not the things that be of God, but the things that be of men…."

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'We should not, perhaps, be duly thankful for so much of the Apostolical Ritual, preserved to us by a

gracious Providence, if we were not sometimes called on to take notice how narrowly we have escaped losing the whole: neither, again, can our escape be rightly appreciated, without taking into the account the tendency of the school to which our Reformers had joined themselves, and the little dependence that could be placed on their love of Antiquity, as a safeguard against that evil tendency. All this, of course, implies that whatever praise and admiration may be due to individuals, both some of the principles of the movement which is called the Reformation, in the several countries of Europe, and in parts also, the tone of character which it encouraged, were materially opposed to those of the Early Church. At the risk of prolonging these remarks, already much longer than is desirable in a Preface, a few heads shall be mentioned, to which [Mr. Froude] would probably have referred, as mainly accounting for his feelings on this matter.

'First of all, he would have complained of their tone with regard to the Apostolical Succession; not this or that writer only, but the general body who favoured that cause, treating it as no better than a politic invention to secure the influence of Church governors, in the absence of true doctrine and visible spiritual gifts. Nor would he probably have thought this charge answered by any number of quotations from their writings, apparently tending the contrary way: because, where opposite sets of quotations may be adduced from the same writer, and from compositions of the same date, either his opinions are so far neutralised, or we must ascertain by his conduct, his connections, the cast of his sentiments generally, and such other evidence as we can get, in which of the two statements he was overruled, and in which left to the free expression of his own mind.

By the same mode of inquiry, he would come to judge unfavourably of their tenets about Sacramental Grace, especially in the Holy Eucharist; about the Power of the Keys, and the sacredness of the ancient Discipline; and about State interference in matters spiritual; although in this latter point, especially, their conduct spoke out for them too plainly to admit of any construction but one. Anyone who pleases, may verify or contradict the impressions of [Mr. Froude] on these and similar points, by simply examining the remains of the principal Reformers, with such cautions as are above indicated. Until he has done so, and satisfied himself that those impressions were not merely erroneous, but such as no student of tolerable fairness could adopt, it may be questioned whether he has much right broadly and positively to condemn [Mr. Froude], for wishing "to have nothing to do with such a set."

'And this more especially, if he take into consideration, likewise, certain less palpable but not less substantial differences in the way of thinking and moral sentiment, which separate the Reformers from the Fathers, more widely, perhaps, than any definite statements of doctrine. Compare the sayings and manner of the two schools on the subjects of fasting, celibacy, religious vows, voluntary retirement and contemplation, the memory of the Saints, rites and ceremonies recommended by Antiquity, and involving any sort of self-denial, and especially on the great point of giving men divine knowledge, and introducing holy associations, not indiscriminately, but as men are able to bear it: there can be little doubt that, generally speaking, the tone of the fourth century is so unlike that of the sixteenth, on each and all of these topics, that it is absolutely impossible for the same mind to

sympathise with both. You must choose between the two lines: they are not only diverging, but contrary.

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'But some say: "Whether right or wrong in his views, [Mr. Froude] ought not to have spoken so rudely of these subjects": and this brings us to the second head of offence, his way of expressing his sentiments on grave matters, generally. Such censurers appear to forget that his feelings are conveyed to us in familiar Letters, and of course, as his other *Remains* prove, in a different tone and manner from that which he would have adopted had he been preparing to give the expression of them to the world: not, however, more unsuited to the occasion than the epistolary tone and manner of very many imaginative persons, on points concerning which, nevertheless, they feel the deepest and most serious interest. This however, it may be thought, is only shifting the blame from him on his Editors. But it will be found that his phrases, however sportive, or even flippant, in their sound, had each their own distinct meaning, embodied his views, and the reasons of them, often in a wonderfully brief space, and could not be omitted without much loss of instruction, and frequent risk of missing their point and meaning. Like proverbial modes of speech, they were, of course, not always to be taken literally, though the principle they contained might be true in its fullest extent. Thus he once told a friend that he was "with the Romanists in religion, and against them in politics." Again he says, in a letter to a friend: "When I come home, I mean to read and write all sorts of things; for now that one is a Radical, there is no use in being nice!" In another: "We will have a *vocabularium apostolicum*, and I will

start it with four words: 'pampered aristocrats,' 'resident gentlemen,' 'smug parsons,' '*pauperes Christi*.' I shall use the first on all occasions; it seems to me just to hit the thing. How is it we are so much in advance of our generation?"[383]

'Next, the reader is requested to consider whether a good deal of what has startled him in that way may not be accounted for by the nature of εἰρωνεία: not mere ludicrous irony, according to the popular English sense of that word, but a kind of Socratic reserve, an instinctive dissembling of his own high feelings and notions, partly through fear of deceiving himself and others, partly (though it may sound paradoxical) out of very reverence, giving up at once all notion of doing justice to sacred subjects, and shrinking from nothing so much as the disparagement of them by any kind of affectation. This whole topic admits of forcible illustration from different persons' ways of reading sacred compositions. There is an apparently unconcerned mode of enunciation, which in fact arises from people's realising, or at least trying to realise, their own utter incompetency to speak such words aright. Again, of all the serious persons in the world, it is probable that no two could be found who would thoroughly enter into each other's tones and expression. We must have a little faith in our neighbour's earnestness, in order not to think his reading affected. A little consideration will perhaps show that most of what some might be tempted to call harsh, or coarse, or irreverent in this work, may be accounted for in the manner here indicated: *e.g.*, [Mr. Froude's] playful custom of speaking of his own and his friends' proceedings in the language which an enemy would adopt: calling himself and his friends "ecclesiastical agitators," their plans for doing

good “a conspiracy,” and the effect of them “poisoning people’s minds”: and his use of cant schoolboy words, which no doubt has disgusted many, may be referred to the same head.

‘Often, indeed, he seemed instinctively to put his own or his friends’ views and characters in the most objectionable light in which they could be represented, as if to show that he was fully aware of the popular view which would be taken of what he approved, or the arguments against it which would seem plausible to the many; and that he was not in the least moved by it. Thus he somewhere utters a wish that “the ‘march of mind’ in France might yet prove a bloody one.” Elsewhere he regrets “that anything should be done to avert what seems our only chance:[384] a spoliation on a large scale!” Thus he habitually forced his mind to face the worst consequences or the most unfavourable aspect of his own wish or opinion, the most obnoxious associations with which it could be connected: and therefore used terms expressive of those consequences or associations. It was one form of his horror of self-deceit. Put these things together: add also the fertility of his mind, his humour, his pointed mode of expression, his consciousness of fearless integrity, his hatred of half-truths and cowardly veils, his confidence in his friends’ understanding him and allowing for him: and it will be found that they go far towards explaining the manner, just as the principle of adhering to Antiquity accounts for the matter, of what he says. But if after due allowance made for all these things, there should still remain more than we can easily reconcile ourselves to, in the way either of severity, or of seeming rudeness of speech; coldness where we expected fervour, and criticism where we looked for

sympathy; we shall do well to remember, that the fault, if there be a fault, is not necessarily all on [Mr. Froude's] side: it may be right to suspend our judgment, till we have ascertained whether these things be not in fact due to the character of Christian Antiquity, which he might be unconsciously realising in greater perfection than his age could yet bear.

'Does there yet remain something that troubles us, something that we cannot at all explain? We must not forget (it is a deep and high allusion, but not, it is humbly trusted, altogether irrelevant to this case), that, as all other manifestations of Our Lord, so those which He has vouchsafed to make of Himself in His Saints, have ever been more or less mysterious and unaccountable. Which of the great Scripture characters is there, whose conduct, even that part of it which the Holy Spirit seems to mention approvingly, is not, in some respect or another, a riddle and a paradox to us, with our modern views? Are there not things recorded of the Ancient Church which we know not how to enter into, yet must needs venerate because she gave them her sanction? Nay, and is it not very conceivable that every one of those approved in God's sight would be in like manner, were his history fully disclosed, "a monster" (as the Psalmist phrases it) to every other? that Faith is necessary, in a degree, for our holding by Christ in any one of His members, as it is the great requisite whereby we keep hold of Him our Head? These remarks are, of course, hypothetical: nothing is asserted of peculiar sanctity in any one: only it seemed advisable to remind men, that where there are appearances in one part of a character of holiness and self-denial in a remarkable degree, there we may expect, by a kind of law of God's Providence, to find, in other matters, something very much beside our

expectations, and unlike our own moral taste.

'At the same time, it should not be forgotten that there are persons in the world to whom this very disposition to irony and playfulness, and what we may perhaps call a certain youthfulness of expression, serves to recommend [Mr. Froude's] views, and attract them to him. That seeming lightness, which was natural to him, is natural also to some others, perhaps not a few: and it is useful that they should have the means of knowing that it is not inconsistent with high and earnest thoughts of things invisible, and strict rules of Christian obedience.

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'After all, it is not to anything that we see, or that the world is likely to see, that we look for the effect of these *Remains*. If there be any who brood over them in secret, who have found them implant a sort of sting in their bosoms, who feel that it would have been a privilege to know their author, and watch his ways of discipline and obedience; and if they had known him, to remember him afterwards, and say silently, *Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari, quam tui meminisse!* if there be any, who have an eye for all that is exquisite and beautiful in Nature and art, yet gladly turn away from all to admire any plain downright specimen of self-denial and obedience in the little ones of Jesus Christ; if any person dwell with regretful love on parents, kindred, home, friends, humbling himself all along with remembrance of past unworthiness, and disparagement of them, yet more willing, as he values them more, to part with them for the Church's sake:—that is the sort of reader to whose judgement,

if to any human, the Editors of these *Remains* would appeal, from the prejudices, religious and political, of the day. But who they are that will so read, and how much they will be profited, may not be known in this world.'

From 'Reminiscences chiefly of Oriel College and the Oxford Movement,' by the Rev. T. Mozley, M.A. 2 vols. Longmans, Green & Co., 1882.[385]

[By the kind permission of Mrs. T. Mozley, and of Messrs. Longmans & Co.]

'If there ever could be any question as to the master spirit of this Movement, which now would be a very speculative question indeed, it lies between John Henry Newman and Richard Hurrell Froude. Froude was a man, such as there are now and then, of whom it is impossible for those that have known him to speak without exceeding the bounds of common admiration and affection. He was elder brother of William, the distinguished engineer, who died lately, after rendering, and while still rendering, most important services to the Admiralty, and of Anthony, the well-known historian, the sons of Archdeacon Froude, a scholar and no mean artist. Richard came to Oriel from Eton, a school which does not make every boy a scholar, if it even tries to do so, but which somehow implants in every nature a generous ambition of one kind or other.

'As an undergraduate, he waged a ruthless war against sophistry and loud talk, and he gibbeted one or two victims, labelling their sophisms with their names. Elected to a Fellowship, and now the companion of Newman and Pusey, not to speak of elders and juniors, he had to wield his weapons more reverentially and warily. But he had no wish to do otherwise…. Froude's voice combined the gravity

and authority of age with all the charms of youth, for he might be at once reasoning with a senate, and amusing a circle of children…. He was a bold rider. He would take a good leap when he had the chance, and would urge his friends to follow him, mostly in vain…. Froude delighted in taking his friends for a gallop in Blenheim Park, to the no small peril of indifferent riders, for the horses became wild, and went straight under the low hanging branches of the wide-spreading oaks.

'His figure and manner were such as to command the confidence and affection of those about him. Tall, erect, very thin, never resting or sparing himself, investigating and explaining with unwearied energy, incisive in his language, and with a certain fiery force of look and tone, he seemed a sort of angelic presence to weaker natures. He slashed at the shams, phrases, and disguises in which the lazy or the pretentious veil their real ignorance or folly. His features readily expressed every varying mood of playfulness, sadness, and awe. There were those about him who would rather writhe under his most cutting sarcasms than miss their part in the workings of his sympathy and genius.

'Froude was a Tory, with that transcendental idea of the English gentleman which forms the basis of Toryism. He was a High Churchman of the uncompromising school, very early taking part with Anselm, Becket, Laud, and the Nonjurors. Woe to anyone who dropped in his hearing such phrases as the Dark Ages, superstition, bigotry, right of private judgement, enlightenment, march of mind, or progress. When a stray man of science fell back on "law," or a "subtle medium," or any other device for making matter its own lord and master, it was as if a

fox had broken cover: there ensued a chase and no mercy. Luxury, show, and even comfort he despised and denounced. He very consistently urged that the expenses of Eton should be kept down so low as to enable every ordinary incumbent to send his sons there to be trained for the ministry. All his ideas of College life were frugal and ascetic. Having need of a press for his increasing papers and books, he had one made of plain deal. It must have been Woodgate who came in one day, and finding some red chalk, ornamented the press with grotesque figures, which long were there. Froude and Newman induced several of the Fellows to discontinue wine in the Common Room. As they had already had a glass or two at the high table, they did not require more. There was only one objection to the discontinuance, but it was fatal at last; and that was its inconvenience when strangers were present. This preference of tea to wine was no great innovation in Oriel. When I came up at Easter, 1825, one of the first standing jokes against the College, all over the University, was the "Oriel teapot," supposed to be always ready, the centre of the Oriel circle, and its special inspiration. How there ever came to be such an idea I cannot guess, but wherever I went, when I passed the wine, I was asked whether I would not prefer some tea, much to the amusement of the table.

'Self-renunciation in every form [Froude] could believe in; most of all in a gentleman, particularly one of a good Devonshire family. His acquaintance with country gentlemen had been special, perhaps fortunate. He had not been in the north[386] of England, in the eastern counties, or in the midlands. It was therefore in perfect simplicity that, upon hearing one day the description of a new member in the Reformed Parliament, he exclaimed: "Fancy a

gentleman not knowing Greek!" I chanced one day to drop, most inconsiderately, that all were born alike, and that they were made what they are by circumstances and education. Never did I hear the end of that. No retraction or qualification would avail….

'… In July, 1832, the *History of the Arians* was ready for the press, and as Newman was now relieved of his College duties, he was more a man of leisure than he had ever been, and was also in more need of rest. Hurrell Froude (as Richard was always called, though there was another Hurrell in the family) had now to submit to be ruled by his anxious relatives. He must spend the winter on the Mediterranean and its shores, … and Newman was easily persuaded to go with him. In these days, it requires little persuasion to induce ordinary people who happen to be free from pressing engagements, to accept the offer of a Continental trip, especially southward, in the winter. But this did rather take Newman's friends by surprise: the only reason they could suppose was his great anxiety for Hurrell Froude…. He never made a tour for pleasure's sake, for health's sake, or for change's sake. He did move about a good deal, but it was to the country parsonages to which so many of his friends were early relegated….

'… It must have been soon after Froude's return from the Mediterranean that I had with him one of our old talks about architecture. He was as devoted to science and as loyal to it as any materialist could be. But architecture and science are very apt to be at variance, and Froude was always disposed to side with the latter. As for Greek architecture, there is no science in it except the mystery of proportion and a

certain preternatural and overpowering conception of beauty. The Temple of Egesta, which won the hearts of our travellers, has no more science in its construction than Stonehenge. But Roman architecture was for all the world, for its gods as well as for its mortals. The arch, and still more the vault, were mighty bounds into the time to come.

'Always leaning on tradition where possible, Froude wished to believe the pointed arch the natural suggestion of a row of round arches seen in perspective. Of course, a deep round arch in a thick wall only shows its roundness when you stand directly before it, but seems pointed from any other direction. I remember ventilating this idea to Sir Richard Westmacott and Turner, the great painter, at the former's table, and I remember also the great contempt with which the latter dismissed such mechanical ideas from the realm of the picturesque. But it was the dome that chiefly exercised Froude's mind. It was a positive pain to him that so grand a building as the Parthenon should have been constructed, as he believed, in such ignorance of science. His notion was that if Agrippa had known the qualities of the catenary curve he would have used it, instead of the semi-circular curve: that is, in this instance, the spherical vault…. Had any common utilitarian made such a suggestion I should not have thought it worth notice. I only mention it as showing the scientific character of Froude's tastes. The objections are obvious and overwhelming. In the first place, beauty must lead in architecture, and construction must obey…. Spherical domes are the crux and the pitfall of architecture. They involve false construction and positive deception…. Froude had a soul for beauty; but he did not like shams. He did not like a thing to seem what it was not. Few

buildings are prepared to stand such a test. Amiens Cathedral, for example, the first love of the English tourist, is nothing more than an iron cage filled in with stone…. Robert Wilberforce had been much impressed with Cologne Cathedral and with the galleries of early art at Munich. It is an illustration of the turning of the tide, and of the many smaller causes contributing to the Movement, that in 1829, German agents (one of them with a special introduction to Robert Wilberforce) filled Oxford with very beautiful and interesting tinted lithographs of mediæval paintings, which have probably, long ere this, found their way to a thousand parsonages: a good many to Brompton Oratory!… About the same time, there came an agent from Cologne with very large and beautiful reproductions of the original design for the Cathedral, which it was proposed to set to work on, with a faint hope of completing it before the end of the century. Froude gave thirty guineas for a set of the drawings, went wild over them, and infected not a few of his friends with mediæval architecture. As an instance of the way in which religious sentiment was now beginning to be disassociated from practical bearings and necessities, Froude would frequently mention the exquisitely finished details at York Minster and other Churches, in situations where no eye but the eye of Heaven could possibly reach them…. He was most deeply interested in architecture, but it is plain that he was more penetrated and inspired by St. Peter's[387] than even by Cologne Cathedral. After spending three days with me in taking measurements, tracings, mouldings, and sketches of St. Giles at Oxford, one of the purest specimens of Early English, he devoted a good deal of time at Barbados to designing some homely Tuscan addition to Codrington College….

'It was now [1833] deep in Long Vacation, but no period in the annals of Oxford was ever more pregnant with consequences than the next two months. The returning travellers had lost time. The world had got the start of them, and they had to make up for it. Froude's imagination teemed with new ideas, new projects, topics likely to tell or worth trying; to be tried, indeed, and found variously successful. They came from him like a shower of meteors, bursting out of a single spot in a clear sky, for they had been pent up. Every post had brought the travellers some account of fresh "atrocities." *The Examiner* was the only paper that talked sense. Conservative Churchism Froude now utterly abhorred. In passing through France, he had listened with hopefulness to the dream that a deeper descent into republicanism than that represented by Louis Philippe, would land that country in High Churchism. How could the Church of England now be saved? By working out the oath of canonical obedience? By a lay synod, pending the apostasy of Parliament? By a race of clergy living less like country gentlemen? By dealing in some way or other with the appointment of Bishops? By a systematic revival of religion in large towns; in particular, by colleges of unmarried priests? By Excommunication? By working upon the *pauperes Christi*? By writing up the early Puritans, who had so much to say for themselves against the tyranny of Elizabeth? By preaching Apostolic Succession? By the high sacramental doctrine? By attacking State interference in matters spiritual? By an apostolic vocabulary giving everything its right name? By recalling the memory of the Gregorian age?

'It was perhaps a happy diversion of his thoughts that he had so much to say on other topics, such as

architecture, and the construction of ships and dock-gates. It was now plain that he had brought home with him not only his own fervid temperament, but some of the heat of sunny climes, where indeed he had not taken proper care of his health, or any care at all. Like most other Englishmen, he would not be indoors by sunset, or put on warmer clothing when the thermometer dropped 20 or 30°. It happened to be an exceptionally cold winter in the Mediterranean. As far as regards health, the experiment had been a failure.

'One thing, however, is quite clear from his Letters and other remains; and, as he was all this time somewhat in advance of Newman, it has a bearing on his mental history. Froude came home even more utterly set against Roman Catholics than he had been before. His conclusion was that they held the Truth in unrighteousness; that they were "wretched Tridentines everywhere," and of course, ever since the Reformation; that the conduct and behaviour of the clergy was such that it was impossible they could believe what they professed, that they were idolaters in the sense of substituting easy and good-natured divinities for the God of Truth and Holiness.

'Froude stayed in England just long enough to take a present part in the great Movement, and to contribute to it, and then, as he sorrowfully said of himself, "like the man who 'fled full soon, on the first of June, but bade the rest keep fighting,'" he found himself compelled by his friends to leave England for the West Indies.

'All these vivid expressions, delivered with the sincerity of a noble child or a newly-converted savage, chimed in with Newman's state of feeling,

and struck deep into his very being, to bring forth fruit. Yet in neither Froude nor Newman could now be discovered the least suspicion of what these outbursts might lead to, for at every point they found Rome irreconcilable and impossible.

* * * * *

'Froude, who had now bidden farewell to Toryism, much in the same key as he had written of old Tyre and the Cities of the Plain, was contributing to the *Tracts*, from Barbados, and also freely criticising them when they seemed to him to temporise, or to fall into modern conventionalisms. In fact he was keeping Newman, nothing loth, up to the mark.

'In May, 1835, he returned from Barbados. On landing, he found a letter from Newman calling him to Oxford, where there were several friends soon to part for the Long Vacation. His brother Anthony was summoned from his private tutor, Mr. Hubert Cornish. Froude came, full of energy and fire, sunburnt, but a shadow. The tale of his health was soon told. He had a "button in his throat" which he could not get rid of, but he talked incessantly. With a positive hunger for intellectual difficulties, he had been studying Babbage's calculating machine, and he explained, at a pace which seemed to accelerate itself, its construction, its performances, its failures, and its certain limits. Few, if any, could follow him, still less could they find an opening for aught they had to say, or to beg a minute's law. He never could realise the laggard pace of duller intelligences. I have not the least doubt he did his best to explain Babbage's machine to his black Euclid class at Codrington College, and that without ever ascertaining the result in their minds….

'… Froude was brimful of irony, and always ready to surprise and even shock men of a slower temperament, when he could by a smile smooth or disarm them. As he talked, so he wrote in his letters. The Editors of his *Remains* were under a temptation, which they construed into a necessity, to reproduce him as he really had been, to the very words and the life, and let his words take their chance. Upon the whole, they were right; for no one ever charged, or could now charge, on Froude, that his expressions had brought anyone to Rome, or could doubt that Froude himself was Anglican to the last….

'… There had never been seen at Oxford, indeed seldom anywhere, so large and noble a sacrifice of the most precious gifts and powers to a sacred cause. The men who were devoting themselves to it were not bred for the work, or from one school. They were not literary toilers or adventurers glad of a chance, or veterans ready to take to one task as lightly as to another, equally zealous to do their duty, and equally indifferent to the form. They were not men of the common rank, casting a die for promotion. They were not levies or conscripts, but in every sense volunteers. Pusey, Keble, and Newman had each an individuality capable of a development, and a part beyond that of any former scholar, poet, or theologian in the Church of England. Each lost quite as much as he gained by the joint action of the three. It is hard to say what Froude might have been, or might not have been, had he lived but a few more years, and been content to cast in his lot with common mortals bound by conditions of place and time.'

From 'THE BRITISH CRITIC AND QUARTERLY THEOLOGICAL REVIEW,' April, 1840. [By the Rev. T. MOZLEY.][388]

'Mr. Froude's Editors have now taken another step in what they consider their sacred duty to their friend who is not dead, but sleepeth, and to the Church, by presenting the Catholic reader with the second instalment of his *Remains*. The contents of the present collection are, like those of the first, very miscellaneous, and rather fragments and sketches than complete compositions. This, of course, might be expected in the work of a man whose days were few, and interrupted by illness, if indeed that may be called an interruption which, at least all the period in which the pages before us were written, was every day sensibly drawing him to his grave. In Mr. Froude's case, however, we cannot set down much of this incompleteness to the score of illness. The strength of his religious impressions, the boldness and clearness of his views, his long habits of self-denial, and his unconquerable energy of mind, triumphed over weakness and decay, till men with all their health and strength about them might gaze upon his attenuated form, struck with a certain awe of wonderment at the brightness of his wit, the intensenesss of his mental vision, and the iron strength of his argument. It will perhaps be giving a truer account of the state in which these papers appear, to say something of the sort of intention with which we conceive they were written. If it is permitted so to apply the words, they were the

outpourings of a soul consumed with zeal for the house of God. The author had that in him which he could not suppress, which of itself struggled for utterance; he also was conscious that the night was fast approaching in which no man can work. Yet the good work which he believed had been prepared for him to do was somewhat in advance of his own day; and he felt no temptation to square, or round, and soften and disguise the awful themes that glowed within him, till they should be perfectly within the taste and compass of the men and times he lived to see…. With no anxiety, then, for present effect, and no embarrassing reference to any particular set of readers, he let his spirit take its own free course. He only desired to spare no labour of thought that was necessary for a thorough elucidation of his views, to detect the lurking fallacy both in his own and in others' minds, and set the whole matter in the clearness of noonday. He wrote as he thought and felt.

'… We will venture a remark or two with regard to that ironical turn which certainly does appear in various shapes in the first Part of these *Remains*. Unpleasant as irony may sometimes be, there need not go with it, and in this instance there did not go with it, the smallest real asperity of temper. Who that remembers the inexpressible sweetness of his smile, or the deep and melancholy pity with which he would speak of those whom he felt to be the victims of modern delusion, would not be forward to contradict such a suspicion? Such expressions, we will venture to say, and not harshness, or anger, or gloom, animate the features of that countenance which will never cease to haunt the memory of those who knew him. His irony arose from that peculiar mode in which he viewed all earthly things, himself

and all that was dear to him not excepted. It was his poetry. Irony is, indeed, the natural way in which men of high views and keen intellect view the world: they cannot find middle terms of controversy with men of ordinary views; they feel a gulf between them and the world; they cannot descend to the level of lower views, or raise others from that level to their own. As, therefore, there is no common ground which they can seriously or really assume with inferior and worldly minds, they fall into a way of pretending to assume common notions, and reasoning on them with unreal seriousness, in order to expose them. They cannot suppress a smile at the false assumptions and pretensions and hopes of this perishing world. The same temper leads them to assume, for the purpose of mirth, or argument, or self-discipline (which you please), the very worst that the world can possibly think of themselves, their own views and designs. Irony, in fact, seems only an ethical expression of the logical *reductio ad absurdum*, as applied to matters of taste, morality, and religion. Great examples have shown it to be compatible with real humility and wide benevolence; though, like many other peculiarities of style, such as depth of reflection, subtlety of reasoning, great affectionateness, poetry, or humour, it may only be understood by those who have something corresponding in themselves.

'… As to the author now immediately before us … while we expect certainly a great effect upon the religion of the day from a mind so singularly gifted as his, we certainly do not expect, and never have expected, a sudden and perceptible effect. Views so bold, so original, so uncompromising as his, seem to float upon the surface of the current notions of the age as oil upon the waters; they seem to have no

affinity to things as they are, and to be without a medium of acting upon them. We do not, then, look for any great extension of Mr. Froude's works or name for a long time; we are prepared to think that when talked of, it will be but objectively, as it may be called, as a phenomenon too far removed from the speakers to interest them or affect them; as what they have just heard of, or hardly seen. But all the while a secret influence may be extending itself: persons may adopt his views who are better able and willing to dilute and temper them to the feelings of the many; the tone of religious opinion and the standard of recognised principles may gradually be rising; popular errors or assumptions may be silently dropped; and numbers talk "Froudism," as it is called, who neither know the source of their own views, nor will credit it when taxed with it. We are able to point at this very time to two remarkable instances of deep thinkers, with one of whom we have no, and with the other but faint sympathy, Bentham and Coleridge, but whom we must still allow to be unusual minds, the chief philosophers of their day, who yet in their lifetime were not understood, or appreciated, and have at length grown into celebrity, and are receiving the suitable reward of their intellectual powers, by means of what may be called the atmosphere of congenial thought which they have at length formed around them. They have created the medium in which their voices would sound, and then have been heard far and near. A like result, in the cause of Truth, not of worldly philosophy, we hope awaits the author of these volumes.'[389]

From 'LYRA APOSTOLICA,' edited by H. C. BEECHING, M.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology at King's College, with an Introduction by H. S. HOLLAND, M.A., Canon and Precentor of S. Paul's. London: Methuen & Co. [The Library of Devotion.]

[By the kind permission of the Rev. H. C. Beeching, the Rev. H. S. Holland, and Messrs Methuen & Co.].

[I. *From Canon Scott Holland's Introduction.*]

'"It was at Rome that we began the *Lyra Apostolica*. The motto shows the feeling of both Froude and myself at the time. We borrowed from M. Bunsen a *Homer*, and Froude chose the words in which Achilles, on returning to the battle, says: 'You shall know the difference, now that I am back again.'"[390] So wrote Dr. Newman in the *Apologia*, and the words give exactly the note of the temper with which the book still tingles from cover to cover. It sprang out of a critical hour in which the force of an historical movement first found speech. It was an hour of high passion that had been gathering for some onset dimly foreseen, and had now, at last, won free vent, and had flung itself out in articulate defiance…. With the defiance, goes also a strong note of confidence. The men who write, however dark their outlook seems to be, speak as those who see their way, and have made their choice, and have found their speech, and have no doubt at all about the issue. There was a certain rapture of recklessness about them at the time, such as belongs to young souls who have let themselves go, under the inspiration of a high adventure. They have burned

their boats. There is no going back. Forward all hearts are set. The opportunity is come. It is now or never. Hurrell Froude was the embodiment to them of this spirit of confidence, with its tinge of audacity. He had the glow and the fascination of a man consecrated to a cause. He wrote very little of the book, but his touch is on it everywhere. And in a poem like "The Watchman," with its splendid swing and radiant courage, we can see how the subtler brain of Newman was swept by the fire and force of the man who was to him like an inspiration.

'"Faint not, and fret not for threatened woe,
Watchman on Truth's grey height!
Few tho' the faithful and fierce tho' the foe,
Weakness is aye Heaven's might.

Infidel Ammon and niggard Tyre,
(Ill-attuned pair!) unite;
Some work for love, and some work for hire;
But weakness shall be Heaven's might.
* * * * *
Quail not, and quake not, thou Warder bold,
Be there no friend in sight:
Turn thee to question the days of old,
When weakness was aye Heaven's might.
* * * * *
Time's years are many, Eternity, one;
And One is the Infinite.
The chosen are few, few the deeds well done:
For scantness is still Heaven's might."

'And with Froude, too, is to be associated much of the stress laid on personal discipline which so deeply marks the poems, and which was so congenial to both Newman and Keble…. All the heart of the men comes out in this cry for control, for austerity. It expressed their revolt against the glib and shallow

tolerance of the popular religion, and the loose and boneless sentimentality of the prevailing Evangelicalism. They were determined to show that religion was a school of character, keen, serious, and real, which claimed not merely the feeling or the reason, but rather the entire manhood, so that every element and capacity were to be brought into subjection under the law of Christ, and to be governed in subordination to the supreme purpose of the Redemptive Will. No labour could be too minute or too precise, which was needful to bend the complete body of energies under the yoke of this dedicated service. Hurrell Froude's diary, edited by Newman and Keble, startled the easy-going world of the Thirties by its exhibition of the thoroughness and the rigour and the precision with which this self-discipline had been carried out. Such a temper of mind was, of course, capable of becoming morbid, strained, unnatural. And in the hands of smaller men, it would rapidly show traces of this. But here, in the *Lyra*, it is still fresh and clean; and the men themselves who are under its austere fascination are so abounding in vitality, and so rich in personal distinction, and so abhorrent of anything pedantic or conventional, that the record of it cannot but brace us into wholesome alarm.'

[II. *From the Rev. H. C. Beeching's Critical Note.*]

'Of the one hundred and seventy-nine pieces in the collected volume [*Lyra Apostolica*] (and all but two of those published in *The British Magazine* were reprinted), Newman wrote one hundred and nine, Keble forty-six, Isaac Williams nine, Hurrell Froude eight, J. W. Bowden six, and R. I. Wilberforce one. To speak of the lesser contributions first. Robert

> Wilberforce's single contribution is not particularly happy…. Mr. Bowden's poems are not so infelicitous in substance, but they leave much to desire in other ways…. The contributions of Isaac Williams consist of a few translations and critical sonnets. Altogether of a higher stamp are the poems by Hurrell Froude. No one could accuse that fiery spirit of being commonplace; and perhaps because verse composition in English was not a constant exercise with him, the few poems he wrote for the *Lyra* have a free grace, as well as a lyric intensity that removes them from the rank of the ordinary imitations of Keble. In XXXVI. ["Weakness of Nature"] he strikes a note that recalls Blake:

'"Sackcloth is a girdle good:
O bind it round thee still!
Fasting, it is Angels' food;
And Jesus loved the night-air chill."

'In the "Dialogue between the Old and New Self" (LXXIX.), he is an apt pupil of Andrew Marvell.

'"NEW SELF.
Why sittest thou on that sea-girt rock,
With downward look and sadly-dreaming eye?
Playest thou beneath with Proteus' flock,
Or with the far-bound sea-bird wouldst thou fly?

OLD SELF.
I list the splash, so clear and chill,
Of yon old fisher's solitary oar;
I watch the waves, that rippling still,
Chase one another o'er the marble shore."

'He uses his fisher again, to give effect, in the poem on Tyre (CXXIX.):

'"Now on that shore, a lonely quest,

Some dripping fisherman may rest,
Watching on rock or naked stone
His dark net spread before the sun;
Unconscious of the dooming lay."

'Froude's sonnets are some of the best in the book: the one entitled "Sight against Faith" (CXXXVI.), supposed to be addressed to Lot by his sons-in-law, being an especially vivid piece of imagination.'

‘NEWMAN,’ by WILLIAM BARRY. (Literary Lives.) London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1904.

[By the kind permission of the Rev. Dr. Barry, and of Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.]

‘Keble was an elegant scholar, from whose rarely-opened lips pearls and diamonds of wisdom dropped, when listeners were congenial; he could not brook, as he did not understand, variety of opinions; and charming as he proved to all who would not contradict him, none was constitutionally less fitted to be at the head of a great party. His genius had in it no elements deserving the name of original thought. Rather did he serve Newman as the living embodiment of institutions now deemed Apostolic, and, so to speak, himself a present antiquity. He possessed none of those gifts which strike and subdue the unconverted. Hurrell Froude, the “bright and beautiful,” cut off in the midst of his days, was another sort of man. “He went forward,” says his brother Anthony, “taking the fences as they came, passing lightly over them all, and sweeping his friends along with them. He had the contempt of an intellectual aristocrat for private judgment.” This, which sounds like a bull, but is only a paradox, was equally applicable to Newman, despite his infinite consideration for persons as they came before him. The Many could be neither wise nor right, except when they listened to the Few who were both. It was Froude that made Newman and Keble really known to each other: he boasted of it as the one good thing

he had ever done. It was certainly the most important. “You and Keble are the philosophers, and I the rhetorician,” wrote the Vicar of St. Mary’s to him in 1836. There was so much of a foundation in the contrast that Newman did always look to Froude as a standard, a test, and a light by which to judge of his own utterances…. But [Froude] disclaimed being original as other men have prided themselves upon it. Thoughts and speculations, nevertheless, were his daily bread…. Alone among Newman’s correspondents, he writes as his born equal, criticising freely, breaking out into the genial humour, so fresh and unconstrained, which lights up this all too serious intercourse of country parsons, London dignitaries, and unfledged Oxford dons.

* * * * *

‘When preaching on the Greatness and Littleness of Human Life, [Newman] refers secretly to this lofty spirit as among the men who, “by such passing flashes, like rays of the sun, and the darting lightning, give tokens of their immortality, … that they are but angels in disguise.”’[391]

From ‘The Life and Correspondence of the late Robert Southey.’ Edited by his Son. London, 1850.

Robert Southey to the Rev. John Miller, July 21, 1838.

‘The publication of Froude’s *Remains* is likely to do more harm than ——[392] is capable of doing. “The Oxford School” has acted most unwisely in giving its sanction to such a deplorable example of mistaken zeal. Of the two extremes, the too little and the too much, the too little is that which is likely to produce the worst consequence to the individual, but the too much is more hurtful to the community; for it spreads, and rages, too, like a contagion.’

From 'A KEY TO THE POPERY OF OXFORD,' by PETER MAURICE, B.D. London: Baisler, 1838.

'The volumes themselves [the *Remains*] are highly valuable to every practical student of the human character, because they exhibit an individual in his true colours, and afford evidences of what the human mind (even with all the advantages of natural talent and education) may be brought to, when not guided by the Light which is from above. They cannot but fill the heart of every true Christian with horror, and his eye with tears, when the reflection crosses the mind that views like these are held up as a religion of a meek and lowly Saviour, and that an influence such as that exerted over the wretched object of these memoirs should be permitted to draw away any poor sinner from that open Fountain of purity and holiness which is filled with joy, peace, and love, for all that humbly visit it. There are from time to time a few gleams of light faintly discernible amidst the dark confusion of the moral wilderness; but they are transient and unsatisfactory.'

From ‘MEMOIRS,’ by MARK PATTISON, late Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford. London: Macmillan & Co., 1885.

‘John Belfield, a Devonshire man … god-fathered me. Belfield’s special chum [1831] was William Froude, the engineer, brother of Anthony, and of Richard Hurrell Froude at that time Fellow of the College. The opening thus made for me through William Froude to Richard Hurrell’s acquaintance might have been of inestimable use to me, had I been capable of profiting by it. But I was too childish and ignorant even to apprehend what it was that was thus placed within my reach. I spent one evening in Richard Hurrell’s rooms, without appreciating him myself, or appearing to him to be worth taking up.’

From 'THE LIFE OF SAMUEL WILBERFORCE, Bishop of Oxford and Winchester.' By his Son REGINALD WILBERFORCE. London: Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., 1888.

[From his Diary, March 17, 1838.]

'*Evening.*—Read a little of Froude's "Journals." They are most instructive to me; will exceedingly discredit Church principles, and show an amazing want of Christianity, so far. They are Henry Martyn un-Christianised.'

From ‘Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman,’ edited by Anne Mozley. London: Longmans, 1890.

‘Hurrell Froude passed away so early in the work of the Movement, and could work so little for it, that his actual share in it needs to be sought out through contemporary records. Little as his pen did, short as his life was, those who can recall the time feel the influence of his mere presence to have been essential to the original impulse which set all going. They cannot imagine the start without his forwarding, impelling look and voice. His presence impressed persons as a spiritual, though living, influence. He stands distinct, apart, in the memory of those who can recall it, the more that years[393] do not dim the brightness and fire which became him so well in his office as inspirer.’

From 'CATHOLICISM, ROMAN AND ANGLICAN,' by A. M. FAIRBAIRN, Principal of Mansfield College, Oxford. London: Hodder & Stoughton, 1899.

'The Romanticist tendency … was the positive factor in Anglo-Catholicism…. This gave the creative impulse; it was the spirit that quickened. The men in whom it took shape and found speech were three: Keble, Newman, Pusey. Perhaps we ought to name a fourth, Hurrell Froude: but he lives in Newman. He was the swiftest, most daring spirit of them all; his thought is hot, as it were, with the fever that shortened his days; his words are suffused as with a hectic flush; and we must judge him rather as one who moved men to achieve than by his own actual achievements.'

FOOTNOTES:

[294] [Isaac Williams's MS. Memoir.]

[295] [*Remains*, i., 232, 233.]

[296] [*Apologia*, p. 84.]

[297] [*Remains*, i., 438; *Apol.*, p. 77.]

[298] [I ought to say that I was not personally acquainted with Mr. Froude. I have subjoined to this chapter some recollections of him by Lord Blachford, who was his pupil and an intimate friend.]

From the *Life and Letters of Dean Church*, edited by his daughter Mary C. Church. Macmillan and Co., 1895, p. 315.

'ST. PAUL'S, *Sept. 12, 1884*.

'MY DEAR BLACHFORD,—… Sometime or other I shall have to ask you for a little help; that is, if I go on with my notion of having my say about the old Oxford days. One thing that I should try to do is to bring out Froude. Of course his time was cut short. But it seems to me that so memorable a person ought to be duly had in remembrance; and people now hardly recognise how much he had to do with the first stir. But of course all my knowledge of him is second-hand, or gathered from his books. He reminds me of Pascal: his unflinchingness, his humour, his hatred of humbug, his

mathematical genius (architecture, and the French-*révolutionnaire*), his imagination, his merciless self-discipline. I should like to bring all this out, if, as I suppose, it is true. I don't suppose Pascal would have loved the sea! He would have been "*seek*."'

[299]

['In this mortal journeying, wasted shade
Is worse than wasted sunshine.'
Henry Taylor, *Sicilian Summer*, v., 3.]

[300] [*Remains*, part ii., i., 47.]

[301] [*Remains*, i., 82.]

[302] [*Apologia*, p. 84.]

[303] Miss Harriett Newman.

[304] The Rev. Samuel Rickards, Rector of Ulcombe, Kent, and of Stowlangloft, Suffolk. Said in 1827.

[305] Dean Church knew what he was saying: none better.

[306] Remarks on Church Discipline, *Remains*, part i., ii., 272, 274.

[307] [A few references to the *Remains* illustrating this are subjoined, if any one cares to compare them with these recollections: i., pp. 7, 13, 18, 26, 106, 184, 199, 200-204.]

[308] A prior and corroborative sketch is appended, by the same hand:

From LETTERS OF FREDERIC LORD BLACHFORD, Under-Sec. of State for the Colonies, 1860-1871. Edited by GEORGE EDEN MARINDIN. London: Murray, 1896.

[By the kind permission of G. E. Marindin, Esq.]

'[Hurrell Froude] was anything but "learned." In lecture he gave you the idea of not being, in knowledge, so very much in advance of those whom he taught; but he had a fine taste, a quick and piercing precision of thought, a fertility and depth of reasoning, which stimulated a mind which had any quickness and activity. He had an interest in everything; he would draw with you, sail on the river with you, talk philosophy or politics with you, ride over fences with you, skate with you: all with a kind of joyous enjoyment. Mischief seems to have been his snare as a boy, and a controlled delight in what was on the edge of mischief gave a kind of verve to his character as a man. This made him charming to those whom he liked. But then he did not choose to like any whom he did not respect; and he could be as hard and sharp as you please on what he thought bad, [*i.e.*,] profane, vicious, or coxcombical.'

* * * * *

'In Newman's sermons and H. F.'s conversation, I found an uncompromising devotion to religion, with discouragement of anything like gushing profession … also a religion which did not reject, but aspired to embody in itself, any form of art and literature, poetry, philosophy, and even science, which could be pressed into the service of Christianity.'

[309] Its owner and lover for more than fifty years has written a summary of its history upon the fly-leaf.

[310] Frederic Rogers, Lord Blachford.

[311] The Rev. John Keble.

[312] In the later editions, the poem appears

without indication of Froude's name.

[313] The first draught of this paper appeared under the title 'The Lives of Whitfield and Froude: Oxford Catholicism,' in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. lxvii., pp. 500-535: the issue for July, 1838. Rogers writes to Newman, on October 4 of that year: 'I was sorry to hear that your friend Mr. Stephen of the Colonial Office was the author of the article on Froude, though that is better than if it had been a younger man. Doyle talked of it, and spoke of the *Remains* as having produced the impression of an unamiable character!' (*Letters of Lord Blachford*, edited by George Eden Marindin, 1896, p. 51).

[314] Misprinted 'B.' in these Essays. 'P.' is Prevost, in whose company Hurrell was when this entry was made, Oct. 2, 1826.

[315] 'Vacant' in text.

[316] In *written* prayers.

[317] Arnold to Dr. Hawkins, 1838. *Life and Correspondence of Thomas Arnold, D.D.*, by Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, M.A. London: Fellowes, 1844, ii., 125.

[318] [I say 'tacitly,' because their avowed acquiescence first appeared in the Preface to the second part of the *Remains*, published in the following year.]

[319] Not quite correctly quoted. '[The Church] became a ready prey to the rapacious Henry. It had been polluted; it fell: shall it ever rise again?' State Interference in Matters Spiritual, *Remains*, part i., 227.

[320] [This general account of the attitude and spirit of the new school is derived, in substance, from private notes of the Dean of S. Paul's

(Dean Church), to which he has kindly given me access. It is corroborated by the writings of Ward, Dalgairns, Oakeley, and others, a few years later, in *The British Critic.*]

[321] Vol. xliii., pp. 636 *et seq.*, the issue for May, 1883.

[322] [Suggestions for the Formation of an Association of Friends of the Church.]

[323] [The leader in the Movement was Newman, but others supported him.] Mr. Golightly has a similar statement, tartly expressed in his *Correspondence Illustrative of the Actual State of Oxford*, 1842: 'Mr. Newman is the real leader of the party, not Dr. Pusey, who is no more entitled to give a name to it than Amerigo Vespucci was to give a name to the New World. This is, of course, understood in Oxford: but it is desirable that it should be known elsewhere.'

[324] [This effort is alluded to in Froude's *Remains*. I cannot but think that Froude's influence, which was very great, was on many occasions exerted in a direction contrary to mine. He has expressed his disapprobation of the only Tract in the composition of which I was in any degree concerned.] This is No. 15. See p. 194.

[325] Of 'Romanising,' in *The British Critic*, after 1840.

[326] Froude so called Newman in 1829 (see p. 55), but not in relation to any new disapproved 'speculations.'

[327] *Lectures on certain Difficulties felt by Anglicans.* London: Burns and Lambert, 1850, p. 32.

[328] Dean Church's *History of the Oxford Movement* is a history of that Movement as bound up with its chief and hero; and the scope of it extends but to the year 1845. What Dr. Rigg takes to be the disproportionate space given to Froude is therefore no disparagement to the operative influence of Dr. Pusey, which may be said only to have thoroughly begun by 1845.

[329] Published while Mr. Keble, Dr. Pusey, and Dr. Newman were all living: in the year, in fact, of their memorable and touching meeting at Hursley, after the long outward separation.

[330] [*Remains*, part i., i., 389, 393, 394, 403, 405.]

[331] [*Idem*, 363.]

[332] [*Idem*, i., 395.]

[333] [*Remains*, part i., i., 336, 395.]

[334] [*Idem*, p. 410. 'If I were a Roman Catholic priest.']

[335] [Dr. Wiseman, afterwards Cardinal. *Remains*, i., 306.]

[336] [*Passim*, Editors' Preface to *Remains*, ii.]

[337] [*Remains*, 14, etc.]

[338] [*Idem*, i., 395.]

[339] Newman writes to Mr. Williams from Abbotsford, December 21, 1852, (*Autobiography of I. W.* London: Longmans, 1892, p. 129): 'You only say the truth when you anticipate [that] I remember you tenderly in my prayers, though you are, my dear Williams (if you will let me say it in answer to what you say yourself) of "the straitest sect," and as a matter of duty, will

not let Heaven smile upon you.'

[340] The quite contrary statement in the *Apologia* had not then seen the light. If there was any written reference to Our Lady, as seems probable, in Sermons or elsewhere in the *Remains*, the Editors barred it out, doubtless for the same reasons which so long kept Mr. Keble's beautiful 'Mother Out of Sight' from the public.

[341] A review of Froude's *Remains*, Part i.

[342] Froude says the same thing to Newman, Jan., 1835. See p. 165.

[343] The Rev. Hugh James Rose to Joshua Watson, Jan., 1838. 'I think that review of Froude' [*British Critic* for that month and year, as above] 'the most to be regretted of anything which I have seen of our Oxford friends. It shows a disposition to find fault with our Church for not satisfying the wants and demands, not of the human heart, but of the imagination of enthusiastic and ascetic and morbid-minded men. This no Church does or can do by any honest means. He who has these desires may satisfy them himself. The mass of men have them not. To quarrel with the Church [of England] on this ground, is to show a resolution to quarrel with her!' *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, by John William Burgon, B.D., late Dean of Chichester. London: Murray, 1861, p. 135. Compare what Newman writes to Mr. Hope-Scott in reference to monastic institutions, on Jan. 3, 1842: 'Men want an outlet for their devotional and penitential feelings; and if we do not grant it, to a dead certainty they will go where they can find it. This is the beginning and the end of the matter.' Ornsby's *Memoir of James Robert Hope-Scott of Abbotsford*. London: Murray, 1884, ii., 6.

[344] The death of Mr. Keble's dearest sister, Mary Anne.

[345] Isaac Williams and Sir George Prevost.

[346] Fairford.

[347] Newman says of his own early youth: '[I rested] in the thought of two, and two only, absolute and luminously self-evident beings: myself and my Creator.' *Apologia*, 1890, p. 4.

[348] Newman. Dean Church says: 'The idea of celibacy, in those whom it affected in Oxford, was in the highest degree a religious and romantic one.' Froude would inevitably translate 'religious and romantic,' as applied, however truly, to Newman and himself, as 'sawney.'

[349] Southrop, near Fairford.

[350] R. I. W.

[351] The Champernownes. The Rev. Isaac Williams married, in 1842, Caroline, third daughter of Arthur Champernowne, Esq., of Dartington Hall, Devon.

[352] Cwmcynfelin, near Aberystwith, Cardiganshire.

[353] The Rev. Thomas Keble, Vicar. Bisley in Gloucestershire should be memorable as the place where daily Anglican services were first revived, 1827.

[354] The Rev. James Davis, Vicar. Mr. Williams had been his Curate there.

[355] In Isaac Williams's extremely beautiful Πόθος (in *Thoughts in Past Years*) he again says of Newman:

> 'A soul that needed nothing but repose …

But urged by something that repose to flee,
* * * * *
Insatiate made from mere satiety.'

[356] In 1833, on Froude's return from Italy.

[357] [I find that John Keble and others quite agree with me that there was that in Hurrell Froude that he could not have joined the Church of Rome.] There is a somewhat corroborative passage in *A Short Sketch of the Tractarian Upheaval*, by Thomas Leach, B.A. London: Bemrose & Sons, 1887. 'It is possible, of course, as Dr. Newman would seem to imply, that Froude would have gone over side by side, or rather in advance of, his fellow-leader: for Froude was one to be in advance generally of those with whom he journeyed. On the other hand, we must give due weight to the fact that Froude, as Dr. Newman himself tells us, was "an Englishman to the backbone in his severe adherence to the real and the concrete."' The inference, pleasing to some minds, is that 'Rome' is a mere chimera.

[358] The lines occur in the section of the book called 'The Side of the Hill.' The needlessly prosy narrative is mainly an amplification of a statement already quoted from the *Autobiography*, and is included here purely because of the subject-matter, and not because it can in any degree represent with truth one of the most charming poets of his generation.

[359] *Lyra Apostolica*, p. 149. The poem strangely foreshadows Mr. Kipling's 'Recessional.'

[360] To Mr. Keble. 'I cannot in fairness withdraw specimens such as these of the view taken by my very dear friend of Italy and its religion, though, of course, I leave them in the text with much pain. He was a man who did

nothing by halves. He had cherished an ideal of the Holy See and the Church of Rome partly erroneous, partly unreal, and was greatly disappointed when, to his apprehension, it was not fulfilled. He had expected to find a state of lofty sanctity in Italian Catholics, which, he considered, was not only not exemplified, but was even contradicted, in what he saw and heard of them. As to the Tridentine definitions, he simply looked at them as obstacles to the union of Anglicans with the See of Rome, not having the theological knowledge necessary for a judgement on their worth.' Note to a Letter addressed to the Rev. Godfrey Faussett, D.D., on Mr. R. Hurrell Froude's Statements Concerning the Holy Eucharist and Other Matters, 1838, in *The Via Media of the Anglican Church*. London: Pickering, 1877, ii., 196.

[361] Froude and Ward were both 'fiercer' than Newman. When Froude lay dying, Mr. William George Ward had not yet come upon the scene.

[362] Designed after the Eleanor Crosses, by Sir G. G. Scott, R.A., the three statues being by H. Weekes. It does not stand, however, on the site of the stake.

[363] Written in 1839. A review of Froude's *Remains*, part i.

[364] Thirty-two years, eleven months, three days.

[365] Naples. [*Remains*, i., 293, 294.]

[366] [*Remains*, i., 391.]

[367] [*Idem*, pp. 403-404.]

[368] [*Idem*, p. 426.] The remark on the Patriarchate of Constantinople: see p. 194. Dr. Wiseman thought it the very argument

applicable to the Papal Jurisdiction.

[369] [*Remains*, i., 422.]

[370] *S. Ambrosii Mediolan. Epis. De Obitu Valentiniani* [II.] *Consolatio*. Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, tom. xvi., coll. 1355-1383. An apparently condescending, but truly affectionate reference.

[371] Note by Cardinal Wiseman, 1853, in reprinting, after fourteen years, his review of Froude's *Remains in Essays on Various Subjects*, ii., 93. '[It] remains marked, with gratitude, in my mind, as an epoch in my life,—the visit which Mr. Froude unexpectedly paid me, [at the English College, Rome, March, 1833], in company with one [J. H. N.] who never afterwards departed from my thoughts…. From that hour I watched with intense interest and love the Movement of which I then caught the first glimpse. My studies changed their course, the bent of my mind was altered, in the strong desire to co-operate in the new mercies of Providence.' In 1841, he had written to Phillipps de Lisle: 'Let us have an influx of new blood, let us have but even a small number of such men as write in the *Tracts*, so imbued with the spirit of the early Church: men who have learned to teach from Saint Augustine, to preach from Saint Chrysostom, and to feel from Saint Bernard;—let even a few such men, with the high clerical feeling which I believe them to possess, enter fully into the spirit of the Catholic religion, and *we* shall be speedily reformed, and England quickly converted…. It is not to you that I say this for the first time, for I have long said it to those about me, that if the Oxford divines enter the Church, we must be ready to fall into the shade, and take up our position in the background. I will gladly say to any of them: *me oportet minui*…. Their might, in His,

would be irresistible. Abuses would soon give way before our united efforts, and many things which appear such to them would perhaps be explained.' The writer's 'intense interest and love' for the Movement never changed. *Life and Letters of Ambrose Phillipps de Lisle*, by Edmund Sheridan Purcell. London: Macmillan, 1900, i., 290.

[372] 'On the whole' is Newman's phrase. See p. 260.

[373] *J. H. N. Letters and Correspondence*, ii., 66.

[374] *Parochial Sermons*, ii., 214: Ascension Day.

[375] There are four 'Delta' poems of 1835 in *Lyra Apostolica*, one of 1836.

[376] Memorandum in *Letters and Correspondence*, ii., 176.

[377] Henry Philpotts, 1778-1869, Bishop of Exeter from 1831.

[378] The following correspondence arose out of an article contributed in June, 1878, by Mr. J. A. Froude to *The Nineteenth Century*, vol. i. It was entitled 'Life and Times of Thomas Becket.' It was founded upon *Materials for the History of Thomas Becket, Archbishop of Canterbury*, edited by James Craigie Robertson, Canon of Canterbury, and published under the direction of the Master of the Rolls, 1877. Mr. Froude, in reprinting his essay in *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, 4th Series, 1883, withdrew the passage which Mr. Freeman had made the text of his remarks.

[379] The Right Rev. Charles Lloyd, D.D., and the Hon. and Right Rev. Richard Bagot, afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells.

[380] Essays and Sermons comprise vol. ii. of

part i., *Remains*.

[381] Archdeacon Froude to Sir J. Coleridge, March 26, 1838: 'Neither abroad nor at home, did I ever know [Hurrell] to be the apologist of the Papal Church, much less hold it up to approbation, except for its zeal and unity…. In our own, Bishop Bull and the Nonjurors were, I think, the patterns he proposed to himself for everything that was noble and disinterested in temporal, and sound in doctrinal matters. But I feel I am quite unable to explain or defend the notions he had formed on these important subjects.' *Memoir of the Rev. John Keble, M.A., late Vicar of Hursley*, by the Right Hon. Sir J. T. Coleridge, D.C.L. Oxford and London: Parker, 3rd edition, 1870, p. 255.

[382] [Dean of Chichester's Charge, 1839.]

[383] [*Remains*, part i., i., 306, 329.]

[384] The only chance, *i.e.*, of disestablishment as a Church.

[385] These extracts are much scattered in the original, hence not strictly consecutive in their piecing together.

[386] An error. He was not so well acquainted with the North, however.

[387] The preference for the style of the Italian Renaissance came to be shared by other faithless Oxonians, as all the world knows, particularly, for practical reasons, by Newman, Faber, and the whole English Oratorian group. It must seem a distinct note of impending degeneracy in Froude, to those who have the heart to distrust him.

[388] A review of Froude's *Remains*, part ii.

[389] The Rev. James Bowling Mozley had this

criticism to make on his brother's article quoted above: 'It gives too much the impression of Froude as a philosopher simply, instead of one who was constantly bringing his general maxims to bear, most forcibly and pointedly, on the present state of things; on particular classes, sects, and parties. It does not bring out Froude's great, practical, and almost lawyer-like penetration.' *Letters of the Rev. J. B. Mozley*, p. 102.

[390] This nobly applied and famous motto is a happy development or paraphrase. Achilles says only, it will be remembered, that he has been altogether too long out of the fight.

[391] Selections Adapted to Seasons of the Ecclesiastical Year from the *Parochial Sermons of John Henry Newman, B.D.* [Edited by the Rev. W. J. Copeland.] Rivingtons, 1878, p. 344.

[392] Newman's, probably, is the suppressed name.

[393] This was written more than fifty years after his death.

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