

ARTICLE VI.

MY TIME AT RUGBY (1869-74).

BY THE REV. HENRY HAYMAN, D.D.

FIRST PAPER.

OF course on both sides of the Atlantic we have long been familiar with the strife of parties, and with the tenacity and virulence of the passions which they engender. In unregenerate humanity, and in much that is taken to be regenerate, the spirit of faction and what St. Paul (Gal. v. 20) calls *ἐπιθειαι*, will never be wholly extinct. But in England it was a novel experience in 1869, when I was elected Headmaster of Rugby School, to find that spirit raging in a public school, poisoning the fountain of wholesome discipline, and tending to subvert authority in its administration. Rugby stands in that central England which is rich with the memories of St. Chad, Wicliff, and Shakespeare, and contains such battle-fields as Evesham, Worcester, Bosworth Field, and Edge Hill. The School forms one of the nine foremost ancient public schools, the group which is led by Winchester, Eton, and Harrow. Its normal strength is about five hundred boys, not now often entering until they reach their lower teens, and staying mostly into their upper. Indeed, I found one good fellow who was quietly coming of age, owing to a mistake in the record of his birthday, as it were unbeknown, and was earnest in begging that he might be allowed to return after the then summer vacation, in which case he would have attained his majority before leaving. But I said to him, "I'm delighted to find that Rugby is so beloved of its

alumni in the present; but, though sorry to shorten your happiness, yet the time, I think, has come to part now, as you can't stop here for good and all." So he was reconciled to his fate, I hope.

The five hundred contained but a small element of the purely local residents, for whom the founder intended his benefit; these, known as "town boys," frequenting it as a day school only. The great majority were recruited from nearly all parts of the British islands, with a predominance perhaps from the northern and north-midland counties, and were grouped in eight boarding-houses, each under a senior master, the largest, known as the School-house, being that of the Headmaster himself, which in my time had over seventy inmates, the others receiving from about five and twenty to forty each. The whole five hundred were principally grouped in an ascending order of "forms," culminating in the Sixth Form, Upper and Lower; both these last pursuing some studies under the Headmaster in person, while for others in which they were too unequal in proficiency, the Lower Sixth would be detached. Each form in the School had normally its own form-master, who guided the classical and general studies, with promotions normally more or fewer, at the end either of a "term" or of the school-year, which included three terms. For mathematics, natural science, etc., other divisions existed under masters specially qualified, but still reckoned on the general staff. But besides all this there was attached to every boarding-house, and similarly to the town-boys, a tutorial system, with its own course of special and distinct studies, between which and "form-work" the curriculum was divided; and every form-master was ordinarily a tutor as well. Thus any boy might be doing form-work in one school-hour and tutorial-work the next, or alternating between the two in the course of, at any rate, every other day. As he rose from

form to form a boy would come successively under the form-master of each of them. But from the lowest to the highest grade he commonly retained the same tutor, even as he continued in the same boarding-house throughout. In the "School-house," however, the number of its boys being large, and the Headmaster, its domestic chief, being multifariously occupied, there were usually two tutors, selected by him from among the form-masters, as his special deputies in his own house, for that function. And I found two such carrying on the tutorial work of the School-house, but appointed by my predecessor.

The relation of every tutor to the boys placed under him was usually regarded as confidential, and closer than that of the form-master to those of his form. The tutor, being attached to the boy from first to last, was able to study the development of each character closely, and without violating discipline to temper its application to the individual accordingly. He might correspond with the boys' parents, and report confidentially to the Headmaster. To work such a system with harmony and success, it was of course a primary requisite that every tutor should be thoroughly in the confidence of the Headmaster. But above all was this necessary in the case of the tutors of the School-house.

The Sixth Form were trusted with great authority and a large share of the oversight out of school hours which good discipline requires. This their function was called that of a "prepostor," and it was a point requiring careful study that the forty or fifty Sixth-formers who shared it should be duly distributed throughout all the boarding-houses in some proportion to the boys in each. It will be seen from the above outline of distribution of authority that, apart from and below the assistant masters and tutors, the Headmaster's two main governing organs were (1) the Sixth Form and (2) the School-house. The first

gave him the topmost horizontal stratum of the whole graded mass of boys; the second gave him a vertical section of it, including all grades and ages and attainments. It was hardly possible for any morbid symptom to spread and gather head without its being at once manifest in one or both of these. By carefully noting any current of feeling in either of these two, the Head would, as it were, have his finger upon the pulse of the school at large.

Of the assistant masters about one-half, the senior half, enjoyed a privilege as "foundation" masters, the chief point of which was that, although appointed by the Head, they were not removable by him, but only by the trustees and governors—a body mostly of peers and country gentlemen connected with the midlands and the county of Warwick, about sixteen in number. They appointed the Headmaster, administered the endowments, and were responsible to the Court of Chancery and to public opinion, but did not ordinarily interfere with management, with appointments on the staff, with teaching, or with discipline. A vacancy among the trustees had been uniformly filled by their own coöptation up to the time of my appointment as Head by them. But, owing largely to certain political movements then recent, a revolution in their relation of Governors to the School was impending. A new "Governing Body" had been provided for, to consist of two about equal moieties; one taken from the trustees themselves, the other elective, and representing various universities or high functionaries, together with one member to be chosen by the Head and assistant masters jointly. The trustees might have avoided this by simply coöpting at their own choice four representatives of literature and science to be associated with them in governing the School. The time during which this was possible had, I believe, just expired when I became Headmaster, or was then running out with the year 1869. The reason why it is neces-

sary to explain the above features of the School and its Governing Body will be apparent in the sequel. However, the trustees who elected me continued to govern until near the close of 1871, when the new Governing Body was duly constituted from old trustees and newly-elected members, as stated just above.

My predecessor at Rugby, Dr. Temple, had been a vehement and prominent party-politician; and the vacancy was caused by Mr. Gladstone's (Prime Minister in 1868-69) bestowing on him—what wonder?—the first vacant miter, that of Exeter. On July 31, 1868, Parliament was prorogued, with dissolution to follow. It was the summer vacation at Rugby. Forth went Mr. Gladstone on the stump for a Division of Lancashire, and forth went Dr. Temple following him, like an esquire attendant on a knight. At Clitheroe in that county, where I was invited to a public function in 1874, I found that the memory of Dr. Temple's visit and share in the electoral campaign of 1868 was still green. His efforts in the Warwickshire region I learned in closer detail. There, I was told, his neophyte zeal led him to attend meetings of not only his own, but the *opposite* party, and denounced its policy under its own platforms. This was viewed as against the rules of the game, voted an intrusion, and resented by ejection. Indeed, before I had been long at Rugby, I was introduced to "the gentleman who had turned Dr. Temple out of the room." Of course in 1869 the memory of such incidents was still recent. They easily admit of exaggeration; but I did not find that his admirers seriously disputed his share in the campaign of canvassing—they rather gloried in it. Equally, of course, such incidents could not escape the notice of the Trustee-Governors, among whom were several peers and four county M.P.'s, and if these novel heroics of partisanship inspired disgust, that feeling was not lessened when the new Parliament, elected under the above aus-

pices, proceeded to confiscate in 1869 the Irish branch of the United Church, and to deprive the English of its oldest common-law right—that of the maintenance of its fabrics and worship out of the public rates.

My own political life had been one of studied neutrality. I had given votes twice on grounds of personal friendship to men whom I esteemed. But when, in 186—, Mr. Gladstone was ousted from the Oxford University seat by Mr. Gathorne Hardy, when the waves of party ran tempestuously high, and my own college was conspicuous as a storm-center, mine was among a few score of votes *not* recorded. Neither had I signed any of the various protests which have vexed our church during the time that I have been in her ministry, including the most indignant of all, viz., that called forth by the appointment of Dr. Temple to the Exeter see. I am not parading this attitude as meritorious, but merely stating a fact which has an important bearing on the cavils and insults which the spirit of faction heaped upon me shortly afterwards. The same dislike to partisan connections has followed me all my life.

In short, the more I admire politics, the more I abhor party. It seems to spoil the best men, to blemish conscience, and sully the sensitiveness of honor. The man, good generally, becomes good at promises, excellent at excuses, and, in proportion, good for little else. At every general election there is a fall in the moral barometer all over the kingdom. You are used to that sort of thing in the United States, "only more so." I can call to mind no one man on whom party spirit has had an elevating influence; and if such there be, he must have been of a singularly low type to start with. I can call to mind scores whom it has tarnished or debased. The late Mr. Gladstone should be a high authority on this question, if on no other. "He concluded," says the recorder of his conversations, "with the melancholy observation, 'Nowhere does the ideal enter

so little as into politics, nowhere does human conduct fall so far below the highest ethical standard. *I did not always think this, but am convinced of it now.*"¹ What a pathetic note of unavailing regret sounds in the last words! Thus in the maturer judgment of a veteran in the service, the tarnish of character is the *Nemesis* of "politics." That veteran thus turns "Kohemoth" upon his own career, and condemns it of "vanity." And the same recorder proceeds next to quote a remark of the late Lord Beaconsfield to the same tenor. This bitter root of truth had not been, I suppose, however, dug down to in 1869, either by the leader or by his enthusiastic follower, Dr. Temple.

Yet the newspapers would have it that I was an orthodox conservative, and the word was taken up on both sides with noisy zeal as by hounds in full cry on a false scent. The *London Times* even declared that my election "was calculated, if not designed, to revolutionize Rugby in the interests of conservatism." Upon this one of the trustees wrote a public letter, quoting that statement, and traversing it as follows:—

"I wish, with your permission, to give this statement an unqualified contradiction; and to inform you that I knew nothing, and I believe that none of the trustees had any means of knowing anything, about Dr. Hayman's political opinions, except this—that in one of his testimonials, not, as far as I can remember, a printed one, were words to this effect:— 'As regards his politics, I should best describe them as being of a negative character, for I do not think he has ever taken one side or the other. . . . What we did know of him, apart from his scholarship, in which he appeared quite equal to any of his competitors, and what I own did influence my individual vote, was his character as a very sound churchman, free from any peculiar high or low tendencies. How far this qualification on his part may have been the cause of the formidable conspiracy deliberately organized from the first day he set foot in Rugby, it is not for me to say.'"

Who the individual trustee was that wrote the above, I never knew nor sought to know. The late lamented Earl

¹Talks with Mr. Gladstone, by the Hon. L. A. Tollemache, p. 168.

of Warwick, however, being one of the same body, pronounced later on the same calumny:—

“ While I positively deny the statement and hope to disprove it, I protest against the assumption that a man’s political opinions, be they conservative or be they liberal, ought to disqualify him for the position of Headmaster in a public school, unless those opinions are so conspicuously aggressive as to make them offensive to the parents of the boys. . . . Dr. Hayman was to me an utter stranger, as were all the other candidates; nor did any one canvass me on his behalf. After satisfying myself as to his classical ability, I was drawn to him by the earnest care in the religious teaching of his pupils, on which his testimonials lay great stress. Of this I am not ashamed. Up to the last, however, I was uncertain for whom to vote; and I therefore determined to apply for advice to one high in the church and to whom I was scarcely known. His name, could I mention it, would be a guarantee for experience, judgment, and impartiality—a Liberal in politics, and appointed to his position by a liberal Government. Placing the testimonials of all the candidates before him, I simply and without comment asked his opinion. That opinion was in favor of Dr. Hayman.”

I here venture to assert the belief that Lord Warwick’s referee was my distinguished predecessor in the same Headmastership, Archbishop Tait, who had been nominated to the Deanery of Carlisle and the bishopric of London “by a liberal Government.” He was moved to Canterbury in 1868, when Mr. Disraeli was hardly more than nominally in power, and under influences which deprived the appointment of any party significance. But to have been more precise in that respect would have been almost equivalent to naming him, which Lord Warwick was obviously reluctant to do. From the Archbishop, as my troubles at Rugby thickened in 1873–74, I received much personal kindness; and I may here quote a passage, from his published life,¹ illustrating his own Rugbeian practice:—

“ More than once he protested in his sermons against introducing boys prematurely to political and religious controversies. . . . In the ferment of thought which he found existing at Rugby [where he came next after Dr. Arnold], he doubtless thought it well to allay rather than excite the fever. . . . In the Rugby of that day a little cold water from time to

¹ Vol. i. pp. 142–143.

time kindly administered was not without its uses. Stanley's Life [of Arnold] had greatly excited us, and the danger was that boy-life would lose all its naturalness and unconsciousness, while striving prematurely after effect."

Some twenty years later, for Dr. Tait guided Rugby in 1849, the Rugbeian furnace of party was "heated some seven times hotter" than it had been when Dr. Tait sought to mitigate its blast. Had not its Headmaster been posing as a platform star in at least two counties the very year before I was elected? Such prominence, bruited abroad in all the papers, could not but have an inflammatory effect upon the boys. My first sample of this effect was in the School debating society, to one of whose meetings, in my first visit of a week to Rugby in December, 1869, Dr. Temple himself introduced me. There, to my surprise, I found one of his assistant masters in the chair, and the custom thoroughly established, that masters and boys met in the fence of debate, in all the rhetorical array of mutual chaff and bombast, "from lively to severe," on apparently equal terms. I can hardly imagine any system more certain to aggravate the feverish symptoms which Tait had labored to abate. By all means let the young fellows exercise their lungs and their wits, as well as their limbs and their endurance, in rhetorical as well as physical athletics; let them blow off their nonsense-steam *ad lib.* I had myself, in the halcyon days of B.A., when we believed in Gladstone, led the Oxford Union, and divided its debaters two to one in his favor, contributing doubtless my full quota to any un wisdom there talked. But our deans and tutors did not mix on that floor. It would have been thought against privilege if they had offered to interpose. This democratic or demegoric republic, a "Pnyx" of boys and masters, seemed to me non-conducive to good discipline; but I waited my time to interfere.

In July, 1871, the Rugby *Meteor*, a should-have-been schoolboy periodical, but this too, I believe, edited by a

master on the staff, reported a "debate" with an "amendment carried," "that the Commune of Paris was justified in the means it adopted by the ends it had in view"—a rather Jesuitical standard of ethics, even given the "ends" as unimpeachable. But seeing that a shudder of horror had then lately passed over Europe at the dare-devil atrocities enacted by the said "Commune," this seemed to me rather too red-hot for the decencies of humanity. Of course once published in the *Meteor*, it might be recopied to the world's end, coupled with the fact of the presidency of a Master. I therefore gave a hint to my colleague the president, which led to his resigning the chair, and the voice of Rugby debate *sublato iure nocendi*, I will not say, *turpiter obticuit*, like the Comic Chorus of old, but continued without further notice from me. The presence and speechification of the other masters had been withdrawn earlier, as soon as I became Head.

It is well known that English boys are tenacious of traditional usage. The custom of displaying a sprig of oak on May 29th, the anniversary of the Stuart line restored in Charles II., has probably come down from the time when Busby wielded the birch at Westminster, has long survived that line's tenure of the Crown, was *in* (literally) *viridi observantia* when I was a schoolboy myself and when I went to Rugby as Head was flourishing still. From the upper windows of my house commanding the close or play-field, a Sixth-former, "coated and sprigged," as the heralds might say, was observed to cross the field of view. Enter to him a master capped and gowned. Dumb show only was observable. The latter stopped the former as with an air of challenge, and was seen to point with deprecating gesture and look of aversion to the oak-sprig as unworthy of a Rugbeian bosom. The youth with sheepish look was seen to extract and throw it away. This was the form the "ritualistic" controversy took in Rugbeian

politics. Thus "the wearing of the green" has become a text of offense on both sides of the Irish Channel. The incident is trifling, of course, but shows the priggish pharisaism of scrupulosity, like that of a Hebrew of strict orthodoxy purging out leaven on the eve of the Passover, which distinguished some of my colleagues—those fore-chosen, I mean of course, by Dr. Temple.

As an example of how boys will play at politics even when let alone, take my own experience at my first school of any bigness, and when I was of no bigness myself. As the bell rang us in one morning, I found the vestibule kept by two uppers, who asked each boy (the year would be 1831-32) on entering, "Is your father a Reformer?" If he had asked, "Is your father a Supralapsarian?" I should have understood as much of what he meant. But catching an omen, as I thought, of the affirmative from his eye, I rashly answered, "Yes, he is," only to find myself wholly in the wrong box. I was told off to have my "head punched" after school. But I believe the authorities got wind of it; for that final act of the tragedy never came off. Probably from that incident my aversion to party designations may have dated, and anyhow has increased with advancing years.

And here, with these neutral proclivities, I was called in 1869 to succeed such a fire-eating ballot-boxer as Dr. Temple, who was just gone, as it were, from the "stump" to the crosier; and who handed over to me a staff of masters and boys trained on the "mutual improvement system" (including, I suppose, mutual admiration) of declamation on half-holidays. That prelate-elect had a few years before helped to set his church's hair on end with a volume of "Essays and Reviews" to which he contributed. His (one of seven) was probably the least aggressive of the lot. It seemed to me to arrogate too much to the voice of conscience in the individual, and not to

draw the line clearly between this and the verdicts of natural scientists on certain biblical statements. But the volume lit up a wild-fire blaze and he suffered from the bad company into which perhaps by accident he fell. Matters came very near to a quarrel between him and Tait (then Bishop of London) in consequence. He has since followed Tait into the chair of St. Augustine. And I foresee that what I say of his conduct to myself will not gain credence with many in consequence of that elevation—a step for which the church here has no more responsibility than for the palace intrigues of China. The rule here is to “shut your eyes and open your mouth” to swallow whatever Primate the slave of the ballot-box (who is then at once the autocrat of men and miters) may send; and then, once swallowed, to keep your mouth shut for ever after. But this, by the way. I had before 1869 once seen and heard Dr. Temple in the Oxford pulpit preaching before the chief scientific society of the day (1860). The relations between science (i.e. natural science) and religion was the subject, and the discourse, from a purely deistic standpoint, was a model one. If the Apostles’ Creed had consisted of its first clause alone, the doctrine would have satisfied it completely. “Did you ever taste orange peel and water?” says the child “slavey” in one of Dickens’s works, adding, “if you only make-believe a great deal, it’s quite nice.” So of this discourse, “if you only make-*dis*believe a great deal, it’s quite nice.” There is one passing reference to the “ministry” and “message of Christ” as facts of human history, much as one might speak of the ministry and message of Mohammed. But as the pulpiteer of 1760

“Never mentioned Hell to ears polite,”

so he of 1860 was careful not to mention Redemption to ears scientific. I dare say the then preacher may have become a very different man since I was his three-days’

guest nearly thirty years ago, but I write of the facts of that time, not of this.

Among them the most noteworthy was a visit, at the close of the week in which my election took place, from a Mr. Potts, then leaving Rugby School to become principal of Fettes' College, Edinburgh. I perceived at once that his visit was not a friendly one. He bore a letter signed by himself and, I think, nearly all the assistant masters. One of them only, who had known me before, the Rev. L. F. Burrows, had refused to sign it. It impugned my election, impeached my testimonials, insinuated an undue use of some, declared the "traditions of Rugby" violated, and not obscurely intimated that my proper course was to withdraw. The fact was, as I learned later, that these assistants, led by Dr. Temple, had strongly backed another candidate, a Mr. Theodore Walrond, of high distinction, but a layman, and later M.P. for a Scotch seat. I also found out later that the alleged "traditions" mostly dated from Dr. Temple's reign; but inquired of Mr. Potts, with some curiosity, how I had shocked them. The remarks on the testimonials question I did not think fit to notice, except to say that the electing trustees were the judges to whom that question pertained. Mr. Potts replied:—

"Every public school rests upon its traditions. Those of Rugby are distinctly liberal, and have been so for a long time. You come among us as a High-churchman and a Conservative, and such an appointment gives a shock to them."

Here the cloven foot of party peeped out—exactly what I had always abhorred. I heard subsequently that my visitor was known among the Rugby boys as "Citizen Potts"—a tribute to his pronounced democratic sentiments; which, combined with his semi-detached position, qualified him, I presume, for his function as the fittest bearer of this missive of defiance. I inquired as to the authority on which the imputed High-churchmanship, etc., rested, and

was only told, "The newspapers say so"—those infallible oracles of party, who hit off any man's likeness, especially if obnoxious to them, by instantaneous process at a moment's notice. The writers of the letter declared their "grief, anxiety, and sorrow" over the

"established traditions of the place, which," they go on to say, "are established and respected because they are just and right, and because we feel that they are so."

It takes no far sight backwards to discern the fountain of this mass of "established traditions" in Dr. Temple himself. Dr. Tait, as his Life above quoted attests, found the boys feverish with party symptoms, and strove to allay the mischief. His successor, the late Dean Goulburn, was of all men, by temperament and character, the very last who would have rekindled the *fureur*. To him succeeded Dr. Temple, with the results noticed and sampled above. To him, therefore, the "traditions" of political partisanship belonged of right as their source. I had not the reputation of being a traditionist of that stamp or clique. I was therefore set down at once as laying profane hands on the Ark. Here then was a clique, with their leader's reputation founded, if on anything, on casting tradition to the winds and on leading a school of thought which rated Prayer-book and Articles of Faith as nothing, and the Bible as very little; yet declaiming on the sacrosanct character of Rugby "traditions" derived at most from fifteen years back!

I was detected as being no propagandist of shibboleths, as unambitious of platform prestige and caucus honors. It was no holiday amusement to me to spout the war-cries of party over two constituencies. I did not lodge at the famous and popular sign of the "Magpie and *Stump*," was not tempted to provoke a cry of "turn him out," with action suited to the word, at vote-catching meetings. Therefore I was denounced as a reactionary, a zealot of the op-

posite faction. Neutrality is too tame a thing to raise a cry over. "The extremes," says Aristotle, "are opposed to the mean as well as to one another." But if you want to denounce a man, you must paint him not of neutral tint, but of the opposite color. My only ambition was to teach and train boys to be *men*, not party-colored men. My ideals were those higher ethical ones—*probos mores docili iuventae*—so mournfully renounced by Mr. Gladstone as inaccessible to the politician. Nor did I intend to make my Sixth Form a furnace to heat red-hot shot, to serve the "Liberal," or any partisan, batteries. Therefore I was, in the eyes of the faction dominant at Rugby and just then sweeping the board in politics, a reprobate. So they ran up the red flag, with three cheers for Bishop Temple, "Citizen" Potts, and the sacred "traditions," not "of the elders," but the youngsters.

No wonder they eked out the assertion that those traditions "were just and right" with the subjective assurance, "WE feel that they are so." I saw at once that my seat was to be in a hornets' nest. When the matter came, as it did nearly five years later, to trial at law, this letter of the assistants was universally condemned. Even the counsel who, on behalf of Bishop Temple and the New Governors, then opposed me, admitted that it was indefensible. The only step I took was to forward it at once to the trustees who had elected me, and were the official superiors of the assistants and the Head alike. To them it was an indirect insult, as implying that they had elected me upon flawed testimonials. Myself it insulted directly, as charging me with a dishonest use of them. There were other absurdities in the letter such as arrogance and self-conceit betray men into, but I care not to dwell upon them now.

A week later I received an invitation from Dr. Temple to spend the last week of the term at Rugby. It included my wife, and seemed civil enough; and I accepted it, in

order to study Rugby "traditions" in their native soil. Examinations and football-matches were the chief feature of the *terminalia*. The routine of the School and of the School-house was complex, that of the scholastic finance much more so. To become conversant with these details in a few days would have been difficult, even had every one been disposed to befriend me; and I had to study them under the cheerful presentiment that any slip I might make would meet with criticism the reverse of friendly. While Dr. Temple's guest, I invited the hostile masters to a conference, in hope that personal contact might allay their *virus*, and determined to keep the door open for reconciliation and loyalty as long as possible. I took brief notice orally of most points in their letter, urging the unreason of their assailing myself, when the trustees who had chosen me should be the *forum* for any appeal against that choice. This indeed was so childishly obvious and palpable, that I could only suppose that they thought to frighten me into resigning by a personal attack of the kind. I concluded by expressing a hope that, for the sake of the School, prejudices might be sunk, but that any who could not work cordially with me would let me know in time, that the School might not suffer. To this no response was made. I had but slender hopes that differences would be composed, judging from their manner of receiving what I said. But of course, if I had not held the conference, the insinuation was ready that I had not had the courage to face them. At an interview with Dr. Temple later, I expressed as politely as I could a hope that he, at any rate, would use his influence with his late colleagues, to dissuade them from extreme courses, which could only damage the School in the public eye. On this he broke out into a rude tirade to me, his invited guest, under his own roof, upholding their attitude, and approving their conduct, vilipending my previous experience and denouncing my ap-

pointment as disastrous; and adding that he felt it a duty incumbent on him to impart that opinion to the trustees. Of course I saw at once that he and the rebel masters were acting in concert. They were to try to intimidate me, and he the trustees, in the hope of getting the election quashed, in case the masters failed in driving me to resign by their insolent letter. I briefly replied that, as he held that view, I would no longer trespass on his hospitality; and abruptly withdrew to the friendly roof of my one friend, the Rev. L. F. Burrows, for the few remaining days of my stay at Rugby.

Dr. Temple wrote his letter to the trustees. It may rank as a classic of personal controversy. So far as it framed anything reducible to charges, they were three:—

(1) "I had not in 1845 made any impression on the University of Oxford."

This I think I may contradict. I was in the spring term of that year placed on the committee of the Oxford Union Society—the first term in which its honors were by law accessible to me; and later in the same year placed on a select committee of three, to reduce to organized method the laws of that society—being the first time such an attempt had been made. I was in the same spring term offered an oar in the annual boat-race with Cambridge University.

(2) "If I had been capable of taking such a post as the Headmastership of Rugby, I should not have reached the age of forty-five without being much better known than I was."

Thus, it will be observed, I was at once too obscure in my own profession to be worthy of succeeding my traducer; and yet conspicuous enough politically "to revolutionize Rugby School in the interests of conservatism." This sounds sufficiently absurd. But, I may add—and if "I have become a fool in glorying," yet the traducer has

“compelled me”—that I had been for some years on the staff of the *Saturday Review*, in what I have since seen spoken of as its most brilliant decade, in company with Sir H. Maine, Professors Freeman and Owen, and other more famous names. I was also on the staff of the *Dictionary of the Bible* and of the *Christian Remembrancer*—this last analogous in class to the BIBLIOTHECA SACRA on your American side. I did not seek such notoriety as Dr. Temple had achieved.

(3) “My testimonials contained many of old dates,” with an insinuation that, had it been known that they would be used for Rugby, I should not have obtained them.

Dr. Temple continued :—

“He [myself] is quite incompetent to perform some of the most important duties of this place. His friends speak of him as possessing considerable ability, and he has the ability implied in a clear perception of his own purposes, much power of expression, and extraordinary strength of will. [Possibly the trustees may have thought that these, especially taken as the admissions of an avowed enemy, were no bad qualifications, as far as they went.] But in the true insight into character which will alone enable a man to deal justly with the elder boys, or to govern able and high-minded men [how the “high-minded men” were employing themselves about this time, I will presently show], he is absolutely deficient. . . . His government of the Sixth will assuredly fail, and he will never get men of high mark to work under him. The confidence of the parents will be justly withdrawn.”

On these latter strictures, Sir R. Malins, V.C., in court remarked :—

“How in that visit of three days which Dr. Hayman made . . . the Bishop had discovered that he was deficient in all these qualities, entirely passes my comprehension !”

On the Bishop’s *Acte d’accusation*, my friend Mr. George Long, of hard-headed scholarship at Cambridge in his day the type and flower, wrote as follows :—

“I have read Temple’s ill-written letter with amazement. I could not have believed that a gentleman who had left a school would write such a letter about his successor. It is mean, ungenerous, and arrogant. The charge about the testimonials is absurd. Old testimonials are often used, and there is no reason why they should not. They carry on their face

the evidence of what they purport to be. And I think that a man who can . . . produce both old and new testimonials, offers more evidence than a man who can only produce either old or new. He charges you with being 'absolutely deficient in true insight into character.' I don't see how he could know that. It is very difficult to judge a man's character; and want of insight into character is part of a man's character. . . I know something of a man's character when I see what he does; and I thought I saw into Temple's character when he made a long foolish speech in Convocation, when a wise man would have said little, and a wiser man would have said nothing. The way in which he speaks of your ability is absolutely intolerable in a gentleman: it may be allowed in a bishop-elect, perhaps. I suppose that by 'a clear perception of his [your] own purposes' he also has intended a sneer. He gives you credit for 'strength of will,' which is a great thing when it is well directed. . . Can Temple suppose that you have any purpose except to manage the School in the best way? Which means best for the School and for yourself, for your interests and those of the School cannot be separated. A man may be mistaken about the way of accomplishing a purpose; but Temple's words imply that you have a particular purpose of your own, which may even be a bad purpose. Clearly he allows us to see into his interiors, as some philosophers speak. He has not a clear head; or if it is sometimes in a tolerable state, passion and, I think, something worse than passion, obscured his vision when he wrote this letter."

Mr. Long is probably still known on both sides of the Atlantic by his editions of Cæsar and of Cicero and his erudite contributions to the elucidation of Roman law. Few can recollect him personally now; but those few will, I think, agree that he was about the last man to be warped by any personal partiality in the judgment expressed above. I should add that I knew him only on paper, and had never seen him in my life. As regards the predictive element in Dr. Temple's letter, a prophet who pulls the wire of accomplishment on behalf of a party of accomplices ready made to back him alike from within and from without—on the school-staff and in the press—need never despair. I almost think I could on these terms turn oracle myself.

But on one point the facts signally falsified the oracle. The new colleagues who accepted positions on my staff at Rugby were unsurpassed in their high mark of efficiency,

attainments, and power of winning golden opinions from their pupils. And the ladies of Rugby, whose suffrage counts for something, declared that the masters whom I appointed "were such gentlemen!" Dr. Temple's letter also contained some disparaging remarks on my "credit as a laborious scholar" which might invite reprisals—but I forbear. Certainly they do not admit of a *tu quoque*.

But I must show next how the "high-minded men" of the Temple following exemplified that character. While their late chief was delating me to the trustees and they were prosecuting their appeal against me there, they were busy "earwiggling" my former pupils of the three schools at which I had previously been Head, of course in hope of strengthening the case against me. From such former pupils I received two cards of name and address of such emissaries as had called upon them. On one the surname was the same as that of one of the Rugby masters, my opponents. The other bore the surname of one of the unsuccessful candidates against me, who had earlier been on the Rugby staff of Dr. Temple. The young Oxford men, my informants, wrote with the generous indignation of youth at the attempt thus made upon their loyalty; and one added, that he talked with absolute unreserve, as certain that, the more he told, the more he should disappoint his questioner. Another, "One man basted him [the emissary] so hotly, that poor — had to take his departure very suddenly, to avoid worse treatment." My old friend, the late Warden of Bradfield College, under whom I had been Head, informed me that they had sought to pump him too; and I learned later that similarly at Cambridge a branch of the same private inquiry was opened. This game of fishing the backwaters in quest of mud to fling, is so despicably base, as to put those who pursue it out of court, wherever gentlemen form the panel. It can only be described by a word which gentlemen seldom use, and

which therefore I here refrain from using, although it slipped from Mr. Gladstone's pen on one memorable occasion of controversy. If I had not had the most irrefragable evidence of these malpractices at first hand, I should not here speak as I do.

As no dirt was fished up to fling, it was necessary to have some invented. My detractors had at once recourse to the sympathetic obloquy of the press. The *Pall Mall Gazette* of December 18, 1869, had the following in reference to my last previous post:—

“Is it true that the B. College had materially fallen off in numbers under his [my] care? that he provoked a rebellion in the College by violent and very injudicious severity to one of the oldest of the præpostors? and that, as a result of the rebellious feeling which his policy excited, some of the elder lads were expelled, but received back again on the express understanding that no apology for their conduct should be required of them?”

This suggestion was mendacious in every particular. Owing to causes wholly *antecedent* to my joining, there had been a fall in the numbers of the College which the shortness of my stay there, only eighteen months, did not enable me to overtake. The string of malicious suggestions was prepared and timed, to just precede the meeting of the trustees, known to be fixed for the 20th of December, for consideration of an appeal which the assistant masters had made to them against my election, concurrently with Dr. Temple's letter denouncing the same. If anything had been extracted from my former pupils to my detriment, it was of course to have been used in support of that appeal. But as this resource failed the appellants, the only thing left was to malign me in the press.

The trustees' meeting was duly held, the allegations of Dr. Temple's letter and the appellant masters was in a brief minute of December 20 unanimously dismissed as unfounded or insignificant; coupled with a declaration that “Mr. Hayman has acted with perfect good faith in the use

made by him of the testimonials laid before the trustees." But they added no rebuke of the insolent cartel which I had received from the masters a month before and had laid before them; giving herein the first sample of official poltroonery which drew other and worse consequences later. It practically assured the insolent of impunity. And one of these masters accordingly, some months later, reminded me in my own study, that "the masters had taken up a position *from which they had never receded.*" Of course the trustees ought to have given at any rate the seniors and ringleaders the option of retracting that insolence or retiring; and I suppose I ought at the time to have insisted on this. But, having held out the olive-branch at our meeting in Dr. Temple's house previously, I was willing to hope that time might heal and sympathy of work efface differences, and accordingly for an entire year I forbore any such step, in order to await the experiment. The trustees' support to me was like a battery fired with only half-charges in the guns, unable to reach and pierce.

Next to Dr. Temple my most prominent assailant was Mr. (since Dr. and Dean) Bradley. He had himself written me a testimonial in 1866, which I had included among the others of older date sent in for the Rugby post. He had himself been previously on the Rugby teaching staff, and knew most of those there in 1869. Of course they made the situation unpleasant for him. Accordingly, being a man of vigorous character, he, to make them amends, (1) began a correspondence with myself, I presume with the idea of inducing me to withdraw; (2) wrote to the trustees against me; (3) wrote to the *London Times* a letter expressing his "anxiety," so dated as to appear on the morning of the 20th of December. He and Dr. Temple, thus pledged to oppose me from the first, were afterwards, with the usual unscrupulousness of political faction, placed on the new Governing Body over me, and behaved there

in a way worthy of their antecedents. They both knew Rugby from top to bottom, and had thus every resource of detail available for ambushades; and of course soon acquired the influence on the Board which such knowledge gives.

The first term of 1870 was only a few weeks old when one of the Sixth Form in my House innocently brought to my study a letter signed "F. Exon.," Dr. Temple having by then been consecrated bishop. Some question of school discipline had troubled the prepostorial mind, and the boy at once wrote off—I cannot think he would have done this unless primed by some other influence—to consult his *former* chief on the subject. The bishop's letter dealt with the question raised, and gave advice upon it, as though he were still filling the post which he had vacated. The letter contained no reference to my authority. You might suppose from it that the writer accepted the *rôle* of direction and claimed to be, besides a bishop, a sort of Headmaster *in partibus*. The obvious tendency of such correspondence was to intercept the growth of confidence between myself and the Upper boys on whom I was to rely for discipline. Whether that was also the motive, I must leave others to decide; having regard to the bishop's prediction, that I should never get on with the Sixth Form and his denunciation of my appointment as disastrous. He behaved, at all events, as if resolved to do his best to make it so.

An easy machinery for the propaganda of disloyalty to myself lay ready to hand in the constant resort of Old Rugbeians to the School on all occasions of interest. Between the customary matches of "Old against Present," and the fact that the Tercentenary of the Rugby Foundation was nearly due, to be celebrated by the enlarged school chapel, by the new gymnasium, and other structural additions to the school buildings, now more or less advanced, such oc-

casions were extraordinarily frequent in my first two years at Rugby. The "Old Rugs" thus revisiting their *alma mater* were by custom the guests of the boarding-houses to which they had belonged; and, being thus on free and easy terms with masters and boys alike, were an apposite medium for conveying to the latter the sentiments of the former. Whether the "high-minded men," who were not above essaying to pump *my* former pupils to my detriment, as described above, were likely to be scrupulous about using *their own* as conduits of disaffection towards me, is a question which any reader can decide for himself. But I invite readers to decide it in the light of the following public fact, to which numerous living witnesses could depose.

At recurring intervals the School gave a concert or other reception, to which the masters invited their friends, and any "Old Rugs" within reach were privileged by custom. Custom equally required the proceedings to close with "Three cheers for the Headmaster." Not once but often, so recurrently indeed as to show set purpose, some perfervid zealot of the Temple faction would vociferate instead, "Three cheers for the Bishop of Exeter!" The motive was unmistakable—to efface the Headmaster and supersede him by keeping his predecessor in the public eye. Considering that all who were not present officially were there as my guests, the rudeness of the affront was equally evident. It was persisted in periodically, until the nuisance was abated by one of the senior Rugbeians present calling out, "Three cheers for Archbishop Tait!"—the antepenultimate Head. This *reductio ad absurdum* was followed by an appreciative burst of laughter, and the unmannerliness was killed by ridicule. I may here add that Templeian Rugby as I found it was not a school of finished manners, more especially in the School-house—my own. There were gentlemanly young fellows there in dozens or scores, but the average "Rug" was somewhat

rugged; as though he had caught the manner, and was a "Templar" more or less pronounced.

In illustration I may quote an anecdote, with which one of my children, visiting at a house where an "Old Rug" of the School-house was in company, refreshed my memory lately, from which it had lapsed. He said: "Did you ever hear of the tea-table row of your father's time?" "No, what was it?" "The fellows had a bad habit of flinging lumps of sugar at each other across the room at teatime." "Well, and what happened?" "Oh, the Doctor [myself] put us on soft sugar for a while, and that had the desired effect." Great are the virtues of soft sugar. It gives the *suaviter in modo*, without so much of the *fortiter in re* as is presented by the angular cubes of its hard-edged brother. Let me recommend it to my successors in office as that which

"Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros."

The Christmas recess of 1869-70 was, I believe, editorially considered, a flat time, and newspapers were glad of a bone to growl over. So presently the whole *ménagerie* of penny-a-liners broke out in howls of discord over the appointment to the Rugby post—a semichorus of war-whoops on each side, of which I was the center. The radical party, considering itself aggrieved, led off with its weeklies and dailies. The *Spectator*, I believe, was first to give tongue, whom the *Daily News* quoted, following, and denouncing the trustees' choice, and their audacity in abiding by it, as "an insult to Rugby, its past, present, and future." Then followed a letter in the *Times* of a column and a half long, "from the unmistakable pen of a Rugby Master" (so described by one who, signing as *Oxoniensis*, commented upon it in another paper). The *Echo* was true to its name; of the *Pall Mall Gazette* a sample has been given. Some fastened on the testimonials question, some on my supposed politics or church views, some on the sa-

cred *depositum* of Rugby "traditions" profaned, some on my previous career, published works, etc., mingling true and false, black and every darker shade in bewildering confusion, and spreading the sail wide to catch every breath of calumny. Sometimes the statements showed such an inner knowledge of Rugby as to prove that information was supplied; sometimes they were so wild and wide as to show an editor at the last gasp for a sensational novelty. On the other side the *Standard*, *Globe*, and more rarely the *Morning Post*, were equally emphatic; while in the provinces the *Birmingham Post*, *Manchester Courier*, *Edinburgh Courant* (I really forget on which side some of these were) were all busy in writing me up or writing me down—nice holiday reading for my pupils!—until I was as weary of my defenders as of my assailants, and ready to cry, "A plague on both your houses!" Some carried the war into the enemies' camp, by dwelling on Dr. Temple's early achievement as principal of "Kneller Hall," which "failed utterly, after costing the country enough to build a frigate"; or pilloried him as a political bishop, who would "never have found a place there if he had not been an ardent radical," etc., etc. To me personally all this was amusing rather than irritating. But to the School it boded disaster. I was dragged into the arena—a non-combatant—for the war of pens to go on over my body. Novel topics editors must have. *Unde habeas quaerit nemo, sed oportet habere*. I suppose, also, that my studied silence was a contempt of court, an offense to their Areopagus of calumny. I would not drag the affairs of a great school into the circle of quidnuncs' gossip, and my taciturnity was my condemnation in their eyes. The big battalions of votes were just then on the side of the Gladstone-Bright-Temple party; and all the skirmishers of scribbledom who wait on "the jump of the cat," thought mine was the losing side, and flung wide their columns to invective and de-

traction. I suppose that all the contentious press-matter diffused over all the English public schools together, during a much longer period, would not equal the tenth part of the slips and cuttings which I have preserved; although my collection is by no means complete. The press batteries were concentrated on Rugby, exclusively among schools, for about four years and a quarter. This alone shows the enormous odds against which I had to contend. It shook parental confidence and was, I cannot but believe, deliberately designed to have that effect.