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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php

among the people, but the almost entire obscuration of the nationality of the English Church is distinctly due. John, holding the realm of England as the vassal of Innocent III., is the natural outcome of the fierce Archbishop falling under the swords of the knights in the dimly-lighted church on that December evening.

GEORGE G. PERRY.



ART. IV.—PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LAKE POETS.

FEW names have, in their day, been more intimately associated with each other, in the public mind, than those of the three Lake poets, Wordsworth, Southey, and Coleridge. There was a time when the mention of one would recall to mind the image of the other two. Nor is this chain of association, even *now*, altogether broken, though it is not so firmly riveted as in former days, when their writings and their respective characters were less known and understood than they afterwards became. At that time a sort of general notion prevailed that they were “birds of a feather,” and therefore “flocked together.” Their style was supposed to be similar, and the word *Lakish* was used to designate the poetry of their school, which was regarded by most persons as mawkish, childish, and insipid. But in due time the public became more or less aware of the fact, that in reality no three men could possibly have been more unlike, both in their cast of intellect, habits, and style of writing, than were the three poets of the north.

This must have been always apparent to those who knew them, and was so to us in respect of two of them; of Coleridge we can only judge by hearsay, for we were never in his company, though we knew his son Hartley intimately. Wordsworth and Southey we saw frequently, though our acquaintance with the latter began, unfortunately, at a time when the powers of his mind were beginning to give way, the commencement of that decay of intellect which was destined to end in a state of total fatuity. But having been intimate with several of his relatives, we are tolerably well able to conceive what he must have been in his best days, especially with the help of his works, which are a picture of his mind. The contemplation of the character of two such men as Wordsworth and Southey is in itself interesting; but the interest is en-

hanced when we compare them, and observe the striking contrast which they present. They were, in fact, so dissimilar that, strong as was their mutual friendship, they had, probably, not as much sympathy with each other as they had with Coleridge, who, being larger minded than either of them, could take in the nature of both. In some cases two persons are drawn together by their very differences; they are, as it were, the complement of each other, mutually filling up a gap in one another's mind. But such was not the case with Wordsworth and Southey. Their tastes and interests flowed in totally different channels, and could not easily mix.

This may be best exemplified by giving a description of the two men, their characters and their habits. Southey, when first we saw him, was tolerably advanced in years, but there was nothing in his outward man which could indicate that the process of mental decay, of which we were just now speaking, had commenced. His appearance was certainly most peculiar and striking. If faithfully represented in a picture, it would have seemed like an exaggeration, or even a caricature. The features were so prominent, and the profile so strongly marked. And in addition to these peculiarities, the hair, which time had whitened, but not thinned, stood erect from his head in a thick and bushy mass, insomuch that it was made the occasion of an elaborate compliment from a gentleman who once met him in company. He remarked that his hair was so luxuriant that it would hide the laurels which the public awarded to him, but receiving no response from the poet, and thinking the remark too good to be lost, he repeated it to his wife (the second Mrs. Southey, Caroline Bowles that was). Had the compliment been addressed to Wordsworth (to whom, however, it would have been inapplicable) he would have received it with gratification. We have seen portraits of Southey in his earlier days, and in these there was very little eccentricity of appearance; but they do not represent him as exactly handsome, nor is it easy to conceive that he could ever have been so, though Byron once remarked that to have his head and shoulders he would almost have written his sapphics!

Southey's place of residence presented as great a contrast to that of Wordsworth, both in its outside and inside, as did his personal appearance; the external was perhaps accidental, but the interior was characteristic of the man. Greta Hall stands on the top of a hill, from whence it looks down on the vale of Keswick in front, and commands a view of the great Skiddaw, which stretches its vast length like a lazy giant, and seems to regard the plain beneath in an attitude of indolent repose. But the house itself (we are speaking from the

recollection of many years ago) did not, like Wordsworth's, strike the eye as an appropriate residence for a poet. It was plain-looking, and perhaps too much exposed to view. But its interior was just what we might expect, considering the habits and tastes of its owner. The rooms literally swarmed with books, in any of which (if opened at random) you were very likely to find a paper of notes and memoranda, testifying to Southey's unwearied industry. All these were written in a neat, methodical, and upright hand, very unlike the writing which is supposed to be characteristic of a man of genius and a poet, and very dissimilar to that of Wordsworth, which was less neat, less upright, and rather sprawling. But nevertheless it was not the hand of an ordinary man, and was indicative both of a powerful and industrious mind. And such the mind of Southey certainly was. In fact, his industry was carried almost to an excess. There was scarcely any time given to pure relaxation.

Perhaps the composition of his smaller and more facetious poems, and the light reading which supplied the subjects for them, may have afforded him a certain amount of rest from more laborious studies, and from the toil attendant on the composition of graver productions; but even these must have involved a certain amount of mental exertion, and it was probably this excessive and continuous application, combined with the distress of mind from which at one period of his life he suffered, owing to the prolonged illness of his wife, which contributed very much to that total loss of intellect which clouded his latter years. At one time he read, while taking his daily walk; latterly, however, he had a friend who generally accompanied him, so that this unhealthy habit was stopped.

There was no man who made literature more entirely his profession than Southey. But his success was hardly equivalent to his exertions. And though, with the help of the Laureateship, he managed to support himself and his family, yet, on the whole, his career is rather a confirmation than a refutation of what Sir Walter Scott said with reference to literature, "that it was a good stick to walk with, but not a crutch to lean upon;" far more so, indeed, than it was in Sir Walter's own literary career, for he (if his affairs had been properly managed by his publishers) might have maintained himself in affluence, free from pecuniary embarrassments. Southey, indeed, succeeded in earning a livelihood, and was never, to our knowledge, burdened with debts; but it was at the expense of his brain. His may not, however, be a fair specimen of what literature can do for a man, for there have been other writers far less voluminous, whose works

have brought them more profits *relatively*, and perhaps even *actually*, than his. But even *their* case does not disprove Sir Walter's assertion; for public favour is at best an uncertain thing. This is true, even with regard to novelists, much more with those who engage with more solid literature. And with respect to Southey, his own expression, "that the *Quarterly Review* was that by which he made the pot boil," is alone a proof that the sale of his other productions was by no means great. His most popular prose work was "The Life of Nelson." This, it has been said, he rather regretted having written, because it induced so many youths to go to sea, or to wish to do so.

His poems (at least his longer ones) had a certain run, but after a time they ceased to be popular. Macaulay said of them that he doubted very much whether they would be read some years hence; but that if they *were*, they would be admired. The first part of this prophecy has certainly come true, for no one now knows "Thalaba," "Kehama," or "Roderick," except by name perhaps, and it is only a few of his minor poems which have survived. His own favourite among the larger ones was "The Curse of Kehama." And this verdict is not perhaps so much at variance with public opinion as that of authors generally. They usually regard their works as parents do their children, loving best those which give them the most trouble. And this we believe was Southey's great reason for preferring "Kehama." Besides which, the Hindoo mythology on which it is founded, hideous as it is, had probably great attractions for him. His taste for what is marvellous, strange, weird, or fantastic, was very strong, and is displayed in his graver as well as in his facetious poems, and exhibited itself in his social and domestic life. His love of jokes extended to some which might perhaps be called childish; but if so, this taste rendered him the more lovable, and showed the heartiness and geniality of his temperament. It is pleasant to see a man of great intellect amused by trifles.

In all the private and social relations of life Southey was most amiable. It seems strange, therefore, that in his writings he should have shown (as he occasionally did) such a harsh and bitter spirit towards those who differed from him. It seemed as if that were the medium by which his poetical irritability found its vent. But it is probable that had he mixed more in society with his fellow-men, and with those of different views, his literary acrimony would have been softened; but he led very much the life of a recluse, and even when in society was silent and reserved, unlike his friends Wordsworth and Coleridge, who were both of them great talkers.

It is characteristic of the two men, Southey and Wordsworth, that Spenser was to Southey what Milton was to Wordsworth, his favourite, and to a great extent his model. Though to read "Roderick, the last of the Goths," one would have thought that it was modelled on Milton, for it has all his mannerism, though it is devoid of his power.

There is little more that remains for us to say of this great man, except to notice his melancholy end; melancholy to others rather than to himself. For the state of fatuity into which he gradually sank, in his latter days, probably saved him from much suffering. It is singular how his old habits clung to him till the last, even when they had become unmeaning and purposeless. He would sit turning over the leaves of books when he was no longer able to read them or understand their contents. Another thing is also curious to remark, as regards his outward man. We mentioned the thick crop of white hair which contributed to his personal peculiarity. It is remarkable that it grew darker in his latter days, as if some of the nourishment which had ceased to feed the brain had given colouring matter to the locks.

We must now turn to Southey's brother poet, Wordsworth, a man whose works live far more in the minds and hearts of many at the present day than his, and who, if he be still unappreciated by the mass of mankind, has gained more than an equivalent, in the intense admiration of those who do appreciate him, and in the high intellectual character of his admirers.

Though Coleridge and Southey, as well as Wordsworth, are both called Lake poets, the latter alone deserves the name of "the poet of the Lakes." For with the former two their connection with that part of England was a separable accident; with Wordsworth it seemed inseparable from the essence of the man. We cannot conceive of him living in any other region than that from which he derived his chief inspiration, whose mouthpiece he was, giving its mountains and lakes a tongue, though it must be confessed that he made them speak *his* language rather than their own, so that his poems bring Wordsworth before us rather than the image of the scenes which he describes. Still he is essentially the poet of the Lakes, and the only one who deserves that title. And as *we* cannot imagine him living elsewhere, so *he*, on his part, was never quite in his element when absent from his mountain home. Those who had met him in London, remarked that though he talked a good deal when in society, he did not seem so much at his ease as at home. In person he was (at least in his old age, which was the period at which we knew him) exactly the beau-ideal of what we should fancy the poet of the Lakes ought to be. His hair was white, scantier, and standing

less upright than Southey's. The forehead, lofty and dome-like, betokening (phrenologists would say), an ample development of some of the moral and intellectual organs, and a face nearly as rugged as his own beloved mountains. So appropriate was his appearance to the peculiar niche which he filled in the intellectual world, that a stranger entering for the first time the small chapel which he attended on Sundays, would have found little difficulty in singling him out from the rest of the congregation, and identifying him as Wordsworth. His portrait (at least that one which was attached to his collected works) failed to do him *quite* justice, perhaps because they tried to do him *more* than justice. Hartley Coleridge remarked that they lost the grandeur of his countenance in the endeavour to make him appear, what he was not, a handsome man. His house with its surroundings was as suitable to, and as characteristic of, the man as was his personal appearance. It was (as many already know, and as its name, "Rydal Mount," implies) situated on a hill, overlooking the high road from Keswick to Kendal; thoroughly rural in aspect, perhaps a little too much shut in by trees. Everything about it, its garden and shrubberies bore the stamp of poetical repose. In wandering over the garden, we frequently met with tablets containing verses appropriate to the place. The interior of the house was simple and pervaded by a spirit of calm, enhanced by the presence of its venerable owner. It filled the mind with a sort of repose to sit and listen to his conversation, or rather his *talk*, for he was more of a talker than a converser, at least when he could get a good listener, for he was not like Coleridge and Macaulay, a man to insist on monopolizing the conversation. He would on some occasions readily give place to a great talker. But his pleasure was to deliver (when he could do it without interruption) a sort of extempore declamation, worded in somewhat stilted English, very different from the language of his poems, which showed that the simplicity of the latter was the result of *theory* rather than of *nature*. One of his grandchildren, an intelligent child, once made an unconscious comment on his style by exclaiming, "Grandpapa reading without a book!" His talk was generally pleasing, and characterized by strong common-sense when his prejudices did not intervene to warp his judgment, but we very seldom remember his exhibiting any poetical feeling, or giving expression to any political ideas, so that there would have been little in his conversation to remind us of what he was, were it not that he would occasionally discuss the merits of certain poets. Among these, the one whom he constituted his oracle, and to a certain extent his model, was Milton. His next favourite was Burns. The style of that poet is indeed very unlike his

own, but there was this point of similarity between them which probably attracted Wordsworth, *i.e.* that both loved to extract poetry out of homely scenes and incidents. But it is remarkable that, admiring Burns as he did, he denied the merits of one of his most popular songs, "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled." He said there was only one good line in it—"Wha would fill a coward's grave?" But after all, the poet whom he liked most to speak of, and to quote, was Wordsworth, and some persons thought that he carried this too far. But it is what we should naturally expect from the character of his poems, which show a mind very much occupied with itself. Of Coleridge we did not often hear him speak, perhaps because the memory of him was connected with some things which were painful; but he once related an interesting incident in his life connected with him.

The two poets having agreed to take a tour together to the south of England, determined to compose a few poems in order to pay their expenses. It was at that time that Coleridge wrote "The Ancient Mariner," and we were surprised to learn that the most ghastly incident in that strange and weird production, *i.e.* that of the dead men rising up to pull the ropes of the ships, was Wordsworth's suggestion. Had it been Southey's we should not have been astonished, but in Wordsworth the taste for the marvellous seemed utterly wanting; but this fact only shows that there were perhaps in him, as in many others, veins of thoughtful feeling which were seldom worked and therefore yielded little produce. The same may be said with reference to another gift, the faculty of humour. It was very little of this, indeed we may say none, that Wordsworth displayed in his conversation. But there is one of his poems, and (as far as we recollect) only one, *i.e.* "The Waggoner," which is of a humorous cast. The little poem called "We are Seven," which has been both admired and ridiculed, was composed during the same tour, in the course of which Coleridge wrote the "Ancient Mariner;" Coleridge gave a little assistance in its composition. It was written at the house of a mutual friend, and composed backwards. When Wordsworth had finished all but the first verse, he was summoned to tea; and Coleridge told him he would write that verse for him, which he did—the verse which commences "A simple child."

We do not like to close this slight sketch of the poet of the Lakes without giving some thoughts respecting his works; not, indeed, any detailed criticism, for, even if we had space for it, we should feel ourselves hardly competent for such a task, being what his worshippers would call a heretic on this subject; so far, at least, as this, that though we have repeatedly tried and earnestly desired to take a pleasure in his

writings, we felt ourselves unable to do so. We do not, however, doubt that poetry which could produce such an effect on the minds of some of the greatest intellects of the age must possess great power, for it would be presumptuous in anyone to deny the reality of a great intellectual magician, merely because he has never come within the magic circle of his wand; though this is an error which men often fall into, especially in judging of works of taste. We will not, however, make ourselves out to be more insensible to the merits of Wordsworth's poems than we are. There are parts of them which we *can* admire, but the amount of our admiration is what we fear his worshippers would consider as an insult, rather than a tribute to his memory. Therefore we must only stand at a distance, and respectfully wonder at the mysterious power which this poet has exercised over so many minds. A lady of our acquaintance, a person of considerable powers of thought, once told us that the reading of Wordsworth's poems afforded her positive happiness. And John Stuart Mill, in his gloomy "Autobiography," says that he was brought out of a state of despondency and weariness of life by the perusal of "The Excursion." Being an infidel, and having been educated as such, he never thought of seeking peace of mind from a higher source.

On us, however, the poems of Wordsworth generally produce a feeling of uneasiness, which we could not account for till we had read Hutton's "Essays." What he says on this subject is too long for quotation, but the substance of it is this, that Wordsworth never plunges directly into the beauty of his subject, is never led away by it, but by an act of self-restraint hovers round it, tasting, as it were, only its edges—a mode of procedure which to some minds is tantalizing, because it awakens desires without gratifying them. Now if this manner of handling a subject is consistent with the highest style of poetry, as distinguished from prose, then the whole world before Wordsworth's time, and the larger part of it now, must be utterly wrong in their conceptions of poetry and in their poetic instincts, which is hardly probable. Without, therefore, questioning Wordsworth's genius, or the merits of his poetry, we may be allowed to doubt whether the poetic element existed to any high degree, either in the man or in his works. As regards the man, the fact we have already noticed with respect to his conversation shows, either that this element was not strong in him, or that it was repressed by habit and on principle. Perhaps this was attributable to both causes. As regards his poetry, J. Stuart Mill seems to have entertained something of our view, for when he speaks of the calming effect which "The Excursion" produced on

his mind, he adds that a more poetical poet would have had less influence on him, because his own temperament was not highly poetical.

William Howitt tells us that Wordsworth's views of life, and his theories respecting the spirit in which it should be regarded, so far from being new, are the same that the Quakers have always held; but if so, they certainly did not produce on Wordsworth the calming effect they have on that placid body of men—though there were not wanting those who supposed that they had done so. We recollect that once a gentleman, not intimately acquainted with Wordsworth's daily life, spoke of him as a man who, in his old age, had learned to soar above the cares and trials of the world. Those who knew the poet intimately, smiled at such a description of him; for they were well aware that there was scarcely a man living to whom it would less apply. He possessed a large share of the poetic sensitiveness of temperament, and was easily ruffled by the smallest worries; more so, indeed, than the average of mankind. We have, however, reason to suppose that this restlessness was much calmed down as he approached nearer to the confines of eternity. We scarcely ever saw him in the last few years of his life, but we have heard that in his latter days his mind seemed increasingly occupied with the great truths of religion, for which he had always a reverence. He dwelt continually on the subject of the atonement, and the contemplation of such a theme must have exercised a more calming power over his mind than any theories of life, which stopped short of this great truth. And in the hours of weakness and failing strength he probably learnt,

The teaching then best taught
That the true crown for any soul in dying
Is Christ, not genius; and is faith, not thought.¹

We must now turn to a very different person—*i.e.* Hartley Coleridge, the eldest son of the poet. He, in a measure, served to fill up the gap which the death of his father, S. T. Coleridge, made in the Lake poets, and was better fitted than the rest of his kindred to stand in his father's place, and carry the family reputation into the second generation. Not that this generation were wanting in ability—far from it; for it is remarkable that since the death of the great Coleridge, there has been scarcely one of that name who was not possessed of talents more or less above the average. It would seem as if nature has been endeavouring to make up for lost time, and

¹ Bishop of Derry.

to indemnify the family for their former obscurity, by an unusual bountifulness in the distribution of mental gifts. But the one among them on whom the mantle of S. T. Coleridge fell, both for good and evil, was his son Hartley. It is with a mixture of pleasure and pain that we recall the memory of this singular man; of pleasure, when we think of his lively and interesting conversation, and his poetical gifts; of pain when we call to mind the faults and infirmities which injured his usefulness, his happiness, and his respectability. His life and character remind us of what Macaulay says of Lord Byron, where he compares him to the child in the fairy-tale, at whose birth several beneficent fairies attended, each bestowing a gift—gifts of which the good was marred by the intervention of a malevolent fairy, who added something of evil to each of them.

The parallel, in the case of Hartley Coleridge, was not so complete as in that of Byron, but still there is a sort of similarity. He was born of an illustrious father, and his own natural gifts were neither few nor contemptible. He was endowed with a lively, delicate, and refined poetical fancy, a poignant and discriminating wit, and acquiring faculties, which enabled him with little difficulty to become a ripe and accomplished scholar, and with great powers of composition. But, on the other hand, his father's want of self-control was exaggerated in him, insomuch that he was a lamentable verification of the proverb which says, "Genius to weakness ever is allied." Indeed, weakness of will seemed in him to amount almost to a disease, so that we cling to the hope that (though he certainly could not be called insane) he might possibly not have been so entirely responsible for his conduct as others. The same tendency which in his father led to the fatal habit of opium-eating, in his case took a grosser form of intemperance. But besides this drawback to his success in life, he possessed others, which were simply misfortunes, not faults. Such, *e.g.*, as an utter helplessness in the ordinary affairs of life, which rendered him in some respects like a grown-up child, and a personal appearance decidedly strange and eccentric, to the defects of which he was not (like some in the same case) blind, but was bitterly conscious of them. He gave as one of the mottoes to his volume of poems, those lines from Chaucer where some man speaks of himself as one who "ne dare to love for mine unlikelyness." As a converser he was delightful; for though he did not inherit his father's fluency of speech, or his melodious voice, he had even greater wit, and his general remarks were full of liveliness and penetration. We regret that we cannot at this distance of time remember as many of them as we could wish. He showed himself to

the greatest advantage when he read out some of his favourite poets, which were Shakespeare and Wordsworth, and accompanied these readings with his criticisms, which were always pointed and acute, and generally just. With Wordsworth, however, though he was lavish in his praises of him, he was also unsparing of his satire, insomuch as to suggest the idea to some that he was jealous; and perhaps he might have been, for though no one admired Wordsworth more enthusiastically, and though he was most ready to acknowledge his inferiority to him, yet it was not improbable that other feelings of a less amiable nature may have co-existed with these. When in Wordsworth's company neither of them showed to advantage, for he generally made a point of contradicting whatever the latter said.

As a writer, both in prose and poetry, his merits were such that we can only regret that we have so little of him; but the fact was, that though the publishers would have given him any amount of work if they could have been sure that it would be completed in time, or indeed completed at all, could never reckon on this, and therefore his publications have been few, consisting merely of a small volume of poems, a preface to the plays of Massinger and Ford, and a book containing the lives of several of the northern worthies. These are the only productions of his which, as far as we remember, ever saw the light, with the exception of a few essays which his brother published after his death. The history of the publication of the "Northern Worthies" is rather a singular one. He had engaged with a publisher at Leeds to write this book; but when a considerable time had elapsed, and the work was, we believe, not even commenced, the publisher, thinking it was necessary to take strong measures, drove down to Westmoreland, intending to call at Hartley Coleridge's lodgings. He met him, however, on the way, took him into his gig, drove him to Leeds, and kept him a prisoner in his house till the book was completed, or at least as much of it as was ever written, for a rich friend, pitying his captivity, paid a sum of money to release him from part of his engagement, which was indeed a kindness to the author rather than to the public.

Of the merits of his writings we can only speak from the impressions which they made upon us when we were very young; viewing them as we did then, we should say that his prose works were, like his conversation, always interesting and entertaining. His style was elegant and piquant, though with a certain degree of mannerism about it which verged on affectation. His poetry, if not of the highest order, was perfect in its kind, full of delicate and airy fancy, and imbued

with strong and often highly pathetic feeling. He might have said of himself very much what the fairy in "Lalla Rookh" says:

"Mine is the lay that lightly floats, and mine are the murmuring dying notes,
That fall as soft as snow on the sea, and melt on the heart as instantly."

Sir Aubrey de Vere described his verses by a simile as apt as it was beautiful; he compared them to the moonlight of a warm country. This exactly expresses what they are: they emit no dazzling brilliancy, but a soft silvery lustre like that of the moon, but without the coldness which accompanies that luminary in northern climates.

All his writings are characterized by a sound moral tone, as was his conversation generally; and on those occasions where he advocated wrong principles, it was, perhaps, in a great measure from a spirit of bravado. His feelings on religious subjects were reverential, but they had not the effect of restraining him from his unfortunate habits of intemperance. His never having been led into infidelity, he attributed to his father's influence, whose own views were in the latter portion of his life, free from any taint of scepticism, and who, we have reason to hope, died a sincere Christian.

Hartley Coleridge's religion, such as it was (though it is not for us to judge him, or to say what he would have been without it), seemed to have no other effect than, perhaps, to make him unhappy. He was an occasional, though not a regular attendant at church; but when there, seemed restless and uneasy. This was owing to his peculiar temperament, and was satisfactorily accounted for, in a characteristic remark which we once heard him make. "He could not," he said, "understand how anyone could go to hear a sermon, except from a sense of duty; because, in the first place, you had to sit still, and in the next place you had to hold your tongue." Two conditions, which *he* must have felt most irksome! At his death, however; which took place (we believe) before he was fifty, it is said that he was very penitent. He died regretted by his friends and relatives, to whom he was warmly attached, and greatly beloved by the lower classes in his neighbourhood.

Wordsworth, though a much older man, survived him some years. He was the last of the tuneful throng, and now the Lake Country, once prolific of literary talent, is silent. Its presiding geni have all passed to their rest. But the memory of them will, in the hearts of many still living, be always interwoven with the spots which they graced with their presence; and when those who knew them in former days shall revisit

those spots, "the thought of other years" will come "like the odour of brine from the ocean,"—the more powerfully because the aspect of the country where they dwelt cannot be so materially altered by buildings and other improvements, or disfigurements, as many parts of England. As long as the world lasts the mountains will retain their stern rugged grandeur, and the lakes their serene beauty, untouched by the hand of man. Were it otherwise, we could hardly imagine Wordsworth as resting quietly in his grave; for we well remember how disturbed he was when some landed proprietor meddled with the banks of the Rotha, in order to make alterations which he thought improvements, but which, in Wordsworth's eyes, were injurious to the beauty of that river; and as there was probably no spot so dear to him as the Lake district, there was none in which it would have been more painful to him to see any alteration. It would be strange if he really thought the scenes which surrounded his own home superior to any others—for he had visited not only Scotland but Switzerland; and yet, we are not quite sure that in point of mere beauty, as distinguished from the grandeur produced by gigantic height, he would not have given the preference to the former. The only spot which we ever heard him compare with Westmoreland was the Lakes of Killarney; and on the whole, he thought them inferior to his own lakes, though he allowed that the view between the Upper and Lower Lake was superior to any in Westmoreland. But whether or not we agree with him on these points, we cannot deny that the English Lakes have associations connected with them peculiar to themselves, and which add to their charms, from having been the residence of so many eminent literary characters. Wordsworth, Southey, and the two Coleridges, De Quincey, Dr. Arnold, and Miss Martineau, besides one or two other persons of talent less known to the public. Perhaps it is well for some of these that they do not live now, at least as inhabitants of a country which is visited by tourists; for if Wordsworth was subjected (as he often was) to the impertinent intrusion of strangers, what would it be now, when the number of tourists multiplies almost every year? For though the mania for lion-hunting, so characteristic of our country, is not quite what it was some thirty or forty years ago, still it exists. Up to a point we can sympathize with the feeling which makes people desire to have a sight of an eminent man, or still more, to have speech of him; but it becomes worse than ridiculous if it leads them, as it sometimes has done, to break through all the laws of decorum, and that when, perhaps, they have never read the works of the man whom they are so desirous of seeing, and if they had read them would not be able to appreciate their worth. Wordsworth

was perhaps more tolerant of being made a lion of than some other eminent men; but even his equanimity was disturbed, when tourists called on him without an introduction, or without any other pretext for doing so. And it could not have been otherwise than disagreeable to his feelings to have them looking in at his windows when they went to see his garden and grounds.

On one occasion, we recollect, a young Irish lady (who certainly must have been dipped in the Shannon, as the saying is) gave him her company in a walk, saying only by way of apology, "I am sure the poet will excuse me," and entertained him with details about her own family, which probably were more interesting to her than to him. Such are the penalties which a man has sometimes to pay for celebrity, especially if he lives in a place which is resorted to by visitors. But every condition of life has its drawbacks.

We must now bring this paper to a close. We have not (as the reader will see) attempted anything like a sketch of the lives of the distinguished men of whom we have spoken. But these, after all, may be obtained from their published memoirs, while the personal recollections which we have recorded are not known to many, and therefore may, by some, be considered more valuable than a mere summary of facts which may be found elsewhere.

EDWARD WHATELY.

ART. V.—THE DIACONATE.

IN a most able, learned, and interesting article which appeared in *THE CHURCHMAN* of July, 1882, on "The Extension of the Diaconate," the Rev. Jackson Mason has gone over the whole ground so exhaustively as to leave little else to be said on the subject. It is, however, one so full of interest, and is just now so much in the thoughts of Churchmen who are anxiously casting about for recruits to serve in the army of the Lord under His commission, that I cannot but respond to the invitation given to me by the editor of *THE CHURCHMAN*, and endeavour to supplement Mr. Mason's article by a few remarks of my own, even at the risk of repeating in less appropriate language what he has already written.

During the last year the subject of the Permanent or Self-supporting Diaconate has been discussed at the Church Congress of 1882, and at several Diocesan Conferences. So far as