CHAPTER IV

1883-1887

CROSTHWAITE. KESWICK SCHOOL OF INDUSTRIAL ARTS. KESWICK FOOTPATH DISPUTE. DEATH OF EDWARD THRING.

All day the birds were practising a song
The New Year should delight in—Skiddaw gleamed
Like the gold Mount of Paradise, it seemed
As if the generous clouds in angel throng
Dropped azure in the valleys,—all day long
Beneath soft curling mists the sunlight streamed
Such yellow floods as shepherd never dreamed
Should break on Hindscarth till the lambs were strong;
But when at last the townsmen's household smoke
Grew moveless opal by the darkened wood,
And God's star-cross stood out in rich inlay,
Thro' Grizedale's gap such roseate glory broke
As made us feel what high beatitude
Was ours—since Heaven would so prolong the day.
At Keswick, Christmas Eve, 1883.

"HERE in Cumberland," wrote Southey, "I miss the nightingale and the violet—but these lakes and mountains give me a deep joy for which I expect nothing else can compensate." At Crosthwaite Hardwicke's cup of joy in life was filled to over-

flowing. From the terrace, which ran under the vicarage windows, can be seen, as Southey tells:

Mountains, lake and vale; the valley in glorious verdure,
Derwent motionless, grey, retaining every reflection
Where its expanded breast now still and smooth as a mirror
Under the wood reposed; the hills that calm and majestic
Lifted their heads in the silent sky, from far Glaramara,
Blea Crag, and Maiden Mawr to Grizedale and westernmost Wythop.

Within a few days of Hardwicke's arrival a mason was busy under his direction cutting into the flags that topped the wall of the terrace the words written by Thomas Gray, the poet of the Elegy, when on a visit to Crosthwaite in 1789:

"I got to the parsonage a little before sunset and saw in my glass a picture that, if I could transmit to you, and fix in it all the softness of its living colours, would fairly sell for a thousand pounds. This is the sweetest scene I can yet discover in point of pastoral beauty."

The historic associations, and the ghosts of those who had peopled the valley in the past, could be summoned by Hardwicke for companionship at every turn. The beauty of the existing pre-Reformation church of Crosthwaite, incorporating stones and relics of the earlier churches on its site, brought for him reminiscences of the time about 553 when St. Kentigern planted his cross in the 'thwaite' or clearing of the wood; of the orders given by the Bishop in the XIVth century that the memory of holy St. Herbert's life of prayer on the island of Derwentwater should be observed; of the monks

of Fountains who from their big hall in the meadow above passed daily to Crosthwaite church—given to them by Richard Cœur de Lion; of the German miners who, at Queen Elizabeth's bidding, came to teach the Cumberland folk the craft of mining, and whose names and history could be made out from the registers. Memories, too, surged in of those who had more lately moved through life, and who had worshipped here; of the courteous laborious Southey, who, after prayerful devotion in the earlier parts of the service would settle himself to patent inattention for the sermon—of the imaginative, impulsive Coleridge, of James Spedding and his guests—Fitzgerald, Tennyson, Carlyle; of the gentle Raisley Calvert, to whose benevolence the poet Wordsworth "owed many years of early liberty."

To these, with endless other interests, were added those of the varied life of the moment, which was always seized and made to yield all of fulness which it held.

In the first number of the *Crosthwaite Magazine* published after his arrival, Hardwicke wrote:

"I believe strongly that the law of Christ and the love of Christ should embrace and govern the whole round of active practical life—the social as well as the intellectual, the commercial as well as the political; the life of action as well as the life devotional and doctrinal; the hours of recreation as well as the hours of labour. And I fear that we sometimes limit the word religion to that which is certainly a part, but only a part, of the Divine life—attendance

at the place of worship, and the reading of the Bible—and sometimes forget that our love to God involves love and very present duties to our neighbours. I shall come to Crosthwaite not only as an ecclesiastic and Church official, not only as a minister and superintendent of the religious services in church, mission room and Sunday-school . . . I shall come as one who holds himself pledged to encourage all good work, and who will try—God helping him—to preach that best of sermons among his friends and fellows—the life of Christian justice, temperance, tolerance and charity."

He felt a parish magazine must be a power if it is individual, and that it gave opportunity of carrying into the homes of readers deeper impressions of thought and will than could be left by a casual visit; and he never grudged the time and trouble month by month spent on the editorship of the *Crosthwaite Parish Magazine*. It was a stimulating publication. Besides being a chronicle of all events and matters in connection with the church and schools, there was allusion to anything likely to interest the people of the town and neighbourhood. The Wesleyan minister's departure for a new sphere of work would be noted with a few words of farewell and of recognition of his good influence; the progress of the Keswick School of Industrial Art was recorded; there were notes on the weather, on agricultural doings, on the movements of birds, on the changing beauty of the scenery and meteorological records of rain, wind and sunshine. Few incidents of national importance were left unmarked; short appreciations

appeared of men of distinction as they passed away; there were comments on acts of heroism or deeds of valour, explanations of movements for social betterment—such as re-housing, the prevention of tuberculosis, or pure milk supply; and, as might be expected, there was almost invariably a poem by the Vicar.

From early on Sunday morning till late on Saturday night Hardwicke lived in ceaseless activity, physical and mental. His sermons were one of the first charges upon his time and thought. Thring's forceful advice was constantly sought and given. "I don't agree," he wrote, "with your pitching into your congregation. The only power in the spiritual world is *οἰκοδομή*—'orderly building.' The glory and happiness of doing good ought to be the preacher's sole theme, with a dash of how to do it. To paint a thrilling and touching heart-picture is a hard thing—so to draw a clear and striking path of holiness is a hard thing, but to knock a fellow on the head is easy; it merely wants a fist, the other wants heart and head. If clergymen spoke of the Heavenly Father's glorious gifts of love, and the happiness of the sons who receive and act, we should not have so much evil; but people get frightened at God, and repelled instead of attracted." Professor Baldwin Brown recalls that "Hardwicke had received no special theological training, and at the time of his ordination he probably knew only so much of scriptural and ecclesiastical lore as was necessary to satisfy his bishop, but it was characteristic of him and a striking proof of the acuteness and retentive power of his intellect that from the earliest days of his ministry he gave to his sermons the stamp of scholarship. He had a natural instinct for what ought to be known and what were the best sources of information, and knowledge thus gained was never allowed to slip away or to get rusty."

He could not rest content to leave the preparation of sermons until Friday or Saturday; they were constantly in mind, and on paper as early as possible in the week, to be amended again and again. As it was his invariable custom to speak in connection with whatever event in the world was at the moment filling his own mind, and therefore probably the minds of his hearers, some sudden happening towards the end of the week would upset his plans and give him moments of acute anxiety, feverish thought, and much work against time. But by bracing his mind to the study of the problems of the day and crystallizing his opinions in the effort to teach right thinking on all affairs of life, striving always to present his teaching in the best literary form and language of which he was capable—a point to which he always paid special attention—he acquired a vigour of phrase which succeeded in awakening the vital interest of his hearers, and thus gained greatly for himself in the training of mind and character. Jowett writes in 1884:—"I heard him preach when I was at Keswick in the spring, and I was pleased to see the hold he evidently had on his congregation."

In 1885 Hardwicke edited a volume of twenty sermons by English and American clergy—*Christ for To-Day*—compiled, as stated in the Preface, "with the sole and earnest desire to bind men into closer union by showing the influence of Jesus Christ as it is brought to bear by His ministers upon the deep problems of modern life."

When Southey lived in Keswick he lamented in his *Colloquies* :—"Not a bell rings on St. Kentigern's day, and not a trace of the saint remains in the parish." Hardwicke felt this a reproach for forgetfulness and ingratitude which must no longer be merited at Crosthwaite. St. Kentigern's day (January 13th) in 1885 was duly observed, the church bell was rung and a special service was held. Year by year the Vicar would in his address recall the story of the saint, his journey from Glasgow and "how when he had come to Karleolum (Carlisle) he heard that many among the mountains were given to idolatry and ignorant of divine law, so he turned aside and, God helping him, he converted many from their strange belief to the true faith." He would speak of the day the worshippers left their Druid's circle above Keswick and gathered to hear what was the message the new preacher, St. Kentigern, had to give, as he stood by his cross in the thwaite, or baptized his hearers in the Derwent stream at Holy Corner, How wray or Howrah. As the church came to be beautified, St. Kentigern was always remembered; and the four symbols, the tree, the bird, the bell, and the salmon with a ring in its mouth, appear in both the beautiful ironwork of

the churchyard gates and in the designs of the mosaic pavement of the sanctuary.

Nor was St. Herbert, who had lived and prayed and died on the island of Derwentwater, forgotten. It is true Hardwicke did not carry out the injunctions given by Bishop Appleby to the Vicar of Crosthwaite in 1374 bidding him "go to the island of St. Herbert on the 13th April and there celebrate the special mass of St. Cuthbert and publish this our letter to our parishioners"; but certainly on more than one 13th of April notice was duly given "that on St. Herbert's day the Vicar of Crosthwaite will go, if fine, according to the old charter of 1374 to the island and will give a lecture there. Boats will leave at 3 P.M."

There in the open air, for no chapel now exists, a gathering of people would meet to hear of the two saints and friends, St. Herbert and St. Cuthbert, who died on the same day—13th April, 637.

Hardwicke never failed to try to establish human relations with anyone with whom he came in contact; and probably by daily intercourse, and at many meetings, he made as much way with the Keswick folk in the chair as in the pulpit, and a large amount of his best spiritual work was done by his life of genuine feeling touching theirs. His presence on every sort of occasion in the town soon came to be looked for. He delighted to tell of a visit paid soon after his arrival to an infirm old woman. He took her a basket of fruit, saying that it was from the vicarage garden. She eyed the unconventional

figure, the dark straw hat, grey flannel trousers and short coat, and asked him to give her best thanks to the Vicar, adding—"You'll be the gardener, likely!"

He wrote drafts of letters for despairing young men to their potential future fathers-in-law, he made wills, arbitrated in quarrels after the fullest possible investigation of the rights and wrongs of the case, scolded and exhorted his curates—who one and all gave to him a most unswerving loyalty—and was ready with boundless sympathy and help for all who needed it.

The following letter was written to the mother of a much-loved friend who died suddenly in 1884, in the fulness of her powers—one of great nobility of character and Christlike ideals, but who was unable to accept fully the orthodox view of Divine Revelation:—"Your letter of this day shows me your distress of mind. And though I cannot say that I can at all give what shall seem to you my reasons for being less distressed, I can at least try. Your fretting about Alice's future state seems to me, if I may say so, to show rather your own want of faith in the God of truth and love as being what the Scriptures tell us He is—absolutely just. That God of truth will never cast out one of the least of us who sincerely desires to come to Him and to a knowledge of Him. Now do you, or did you ever, know one who so sincerely desired to be where truth was as Alice? I don't. Next this Heavenly Father is a Spirit, and to be worshipped in spirit and in truth. Did you ever know anyone whose whole life was more Spirit-led in its search for truth? I did not. As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God. Then if any child of man may be said to have been God's child your beloved Alice was and is such an one.

"The pure in heart shall see God. Did you ever know a purer-hearted? I doubt it. Then she sees God.

"That Alice did not accept our Gospel story as all that could be desired to make us wise is true. But it was because she was not content with only knowing so little. Is this a fault? Not surely in God's sight Whose wish is that we should ever be striving, never attaining this side the grave.

> There lives more faith in honest doubt
> Believe me, than in all the creeds.

That Alice did not look on the Revelation of Christ as you and I look on it we may regret, but remember it has been written for our comfort that in the last day the Christ will own as His faithful servants many who never knew Him, and who will say 'When saw we Thee?' Alice will be of that number. It comes to this, that Christ can't disown Himself, and since the Spirit that was in Christ was also in Alice, He can't disown her. Of one saint's happiness I am assured, even as I was assured of her sincerely pure, holy and unselfish life. That saint is Alice. Take heart and be comforted."

A memorable talk with Ruskin in Hinksey digging days had first impressed Hardwicke with the necessity and duty of making every possible

effort to brighten the life and bring happiness to the lot of the labourer. He had not been long at Crosthwaite before he and Edith realized that there was need among the working men and boys for some interesting occupation to fill their leisure time during the long winter evenings, when they were not employed, as in the summer time, in ministering to the wants of visitors. It was as believers in Ruskin's teaching, "Art is the expression of man's delight in the works of God," that, in November 1884, classes were formed for metal work and wood carving, which, associated with drawing, should eventually be a means of procuring remunerative occupation for the men, and by the training of hand and eye develop insight into the beauty of nature around them. The Keswick School of Industrial Arts began in a humble way, meeting in the parish room on three nights a week, the pupils clearing the room afterwards so that it might be ready for parochial purposes on the following day. A professional teacher in wood carving was engaged, the help of a neighbour skilled in design was enlisted, and Edith herself superintended the teaching of metal work, and during the first ten years of its existence attended at the school for three nights a week during the winter months, in every sort of weather, in spite of the many calls she already had on her time and strength. The success of the undertaking was rapid and continuous. In two years' time thirty persons were employed, in four years sixty-seven were working. The pupils were exhorted not to hurry or scamp their work, to look

not so much at pecuniary as at artistic results, but to do their work well and, if need be, slowly.

The main objects of the school, as stated by Hardwicke, were:

I. To counteract the pernicious effect of turning men into machines without possibility of love of their work.

II. To make it felt that hand-work did really allow the expression of a man's soul and self, and so was worth doing for its own sake, and worth purchasing even at some cost to the buyer.

III. To try to displace by hand-work the crude metal and wood ornaments that are now produced by steel dies and hydraulic presses.

IV. To show that there was here in England, while we are crying out that German cheap art labour or Japanese cheap art labour is ruining us, an abundance of skill of hand which is wasted, but which, if any education worth its name could be given to the whole working man—to his eye, to his hand, to his heart as well as his head—could and would help England here and now.

Hardwicke was an integral part of the movement from the first, and Professor Baldwin Brown writes, that he "will never forget Rawnsley's appearance on the platform at an Art Congress held in Liverpool where he stood, surrounded with shining pots and pans, which he waved before a delighted audience as he expatiated on their merits, their cheapness and their moral influence in raising the tone of the life of their makers." He never missed an opportunity of making the work of the school known. A lecture

given by him even on the incongruous subject of "Mummies," was followed by a spontaneous exposition of hammered brass and the work of the K.S.I.A.

From time to time progress was reported to Ruskin, and his notes of encouragement were greatly prized; but already for him the mists were gathering. Edith writes after a visit to Brantwood, "We found him alone and he was most kind and helpful, but we came away rather cast down." The school prospered, and its work came to be generally recognized as reaching a high standard of merit. At the end of ten years better workshops and a show-room had become an imperative necessity. The public, who now knew of the K.S.I.A., subscribed £800, among those who helped being Walter Crane, Holman Hunt, and that truest champion of the movement for home industries—G. F. Watts; the County Council gave a grant, and the earnings of the school itself supplied the balance necessary for the erection and equipment of the present picturesque and suitable building close by Greta Bridge.

As Hardwicke and Edith left for Switzerland in May 1893, after the usual scramble of departure, the carriage was stopped on the way to the station, and they cut the first turf for the building, which was declared open, free of debt, in 1894. Much good, beautiful and honest work has since been produced there under various teachers; during seventeen years under the direction of Mr. Robert Hilton, and later of Mr. G. A. Weeks, and though

for a time the educational side of the work had been discontinued, it has now been revived, and there is ground for hope that in the future, as in the past, the motto on the school by Greta side,

> The loving eye and skilful hand
> Shall work with joy and bless the land.

will again be fully realized.

Hand-spinning and weaving had been saved from complete extinction in Langdale and established, in 1884, as a local industry by the late Mr. Albert Fleming and Miss Twelves, under Ruskin's inspiration. Five years later Miss Twelves came over the Raise, and under her enthusiastic guidance, with much encouragement and help from Hardwicke and Edith, the spinning wheels were set going again in Keswick. At first this was a branch of the Keswick School of Industrial Arts, but after a few years the linen industry was dissociated from it, and still goes on in Keswick in a quiet way under the auspices of the St. George's Guild.

Another interest in which Ruskin—lover of all innocent pleasure—shared, was the inauguration by Hardwicke, in 1885, of May Day festivities, which each succeeding May have been of such importance to every child in the Keswick neighbourhood. For a little May Queen is then chosen by her fellow scholars in one of the elementary schools; and dressed in white, with crown and sceptre of flowers—the embodiment of Spring—she rides through the streets of Keswick. For more than a generation Hardwicke, as Master of the Ceremonies,

led "the Queen's palfrey" by the bridle, enjoying the gladness of the scene as much as any child, as he walked at the head of a procession of all the Bands of Hope in the neighbourhood.

Ruskin writes in 1885:

MY DEAREST RAWNSLEY,—You have made this day snow-white for me and it began grey, with your letter and the proclamation and the quite lovely poem, the best piece of sacred song I have read this many a day. God save you and help you in all you are doing, and spare me for a year or two—if so He please—to see the things done. But you don't tell me how the Queen was elected. I have been tired in London and long to get near you again. I have good news from Coniston of the Wood School, and feel sure it will be all you wish for at Keswick soon. Ever your loving,

J. RUSKIN.

Early in 1885 public indignation in Keswick was roused by the action of two landowners. A footpath at Fawe Park and another over Latrigg, giving access to Skiddaw—both of which the people of Keswick firmly believed to be public—were barred, and stated to be private. What came to be known as the Keswick Footpaths Dispute, touched Hardwicke nearly, and roused all his combative energy. In an article "Footpath Preservation," published in the *Contemporary Review* in 1886, he urged, "that it is a public duty to make every reasonable effort to

preserve ancient rights of way, in order to hand on to succeeding generations our pleasant byways, as well as our necessary but sometimes unpleasant highways," and he added, "One hears with grief for the people's loss, not untempered with sympathy for the landlord, that in the Ambleside neighbourhood alone, during the past fifteen years no less than twenty-two supposed ancient rights-of-way have been closed against the tourist and neighbourhood alike."

The "Keswick and District Footpaths Association," which had been founded in 1856, was resuscitated with Hardwicke as president *pro tem.*, and Mr. H. I. Jenkinson, of guide-book fame, as secretary, and some eighty meetings were held before the dispute was settled.

Barriers were set up by the landowners and removed by the Footpath Association—the Vicar, on at least one occasion, leading an attacking party; and after a statement was made by the landowners that the public was not interested, and that the dispute was only the work of three or four agitators, demonstrations were held. Four hundred townspeople visited Fawe Park and removed the barriers under the leadership of officers of the Association; and a few days later two thousand persons walked up Latrigg, traversing the disputed road. The barriers were forced in as orderly a manner as possible, the throng listening to speeches *en route* made by the veteran Mr. Samuel Plimsoll, who had come from London in order to show his sympathy with the cause. Meetings, with Hardwicke as the principal

speaker, were held in London, Oxford, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, Bristol and elsewhere; committees were formed to raise funds to cover legal expenses, and much publicity was given to the matter in the press, so that the affair became of almost national interest. The Kyrle Society issued an appeal signed by Miss Octavia Hill, Sir Robert Hunter and others, urging "that the loss which would be inflicted on the public by the closing of the footpaths in the Lake District, which have so long been a source of enjoyment to the community, would be indescribable, and it is obvious that unless the attempts to shut the Keswick paths are strenuously resisted, the right of access to the mountain tops, not there only, but elsewhere in the Lake District will be imperilled, while the cause of footpath preservation throughout the country will be seriously affected."

Eventually the owner of the land over which the Latrigg road passed, issued writs against eight members of the Keswick Footpath Association for damages, and for an injunction to prevent a repetition of trespass. The Footpath Society appealed for the case to be tried by judge and jury, and it was heard at Carlisle Assizes in July 1888. At the close of the defendants' evidence a compromise was agreed to, and the matter was settled by consent, each party paying their own costs. As a result the Footpaths Association were enabled to issue a statement to the effect that "Access to Latrigg top, for which they were striving . . . has been won for ever, and the Association has, by the verdict

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given, established the nearest right of way from Keswick to Skiddaw through Spoonah (Spooney) Green."

It was inevitable that action such as Hardwicke was moved to take on this and similar occasions could not commend him to the affection of all. He fought with vigour, and while his adherents rejoiced in his cheery optimism and constant courage in the face of odds, as well as in the soundness of his judgment, his opponents of the hour found him a formidable adversary. But as years went on it came to be realized on all sides that he had no axe to grind, that the stubborn pertinacity he exercised in endeavouring to achieve his aims was inspired by sincerity of purpose—in this case by the belief that natural beauty is a vital necessity for the education of the world. He felt with John Stuart Mill that "solitude, in the sense of being alone, is essential to any depth of meditation or of character, and solitude in the presence of natural beauty and grandeur is the cradle of thoughts and aspirations which are not only good for the individual, but which society could ill do without." He considered therefore that it was an imperative duty to preserve all natural beauty and the "possibilities of loneliness that the rural footpaths and mountain walks offer to meditative England."

For some months Hardwicke had repeated attacks of illness—the inevitable result of overstrain—for which one doctor after another ordered complete physical rest and less brain fatigue. In January 1887 he left home meaning to spend a short holiday

to try and get some necessary quiet, with his mother and sisters at Cannes.

Owing to the serious illness of his brother Walter, Hardwicke was called away to Cairo, where he stayed for some weeks, and the charm of the East quickly reasserted its hold on him. He spent much time in studying the mummies in the Boulak Museum, especially the newly-unwrapped Rameses II., collecting material of which he very soon made use in a lecture "How I saw Pharaoh in the flesh."

He left Cairo for Cannes, and soon after his arrival there, a serious earthquake occurred in the night. There was great alarm, almost a panic, among the visitors in the hotel, and there was a general desire to get away from the place at the earliest possible moment. Hardwicke remained imperturbable and refused to move, declaring with calm assurance that the shock was "merely the result of a marginal disturbance." This comforting *dictum* was arresting, it passed quickly from mouth to mouth, and soon reached the ears of the proprietor, who came to Hardwicke begging him to make this statement in writing. He complied at once, and the gratified proprietor hurried off and posted this "important pronouncement of a distinguished scientist," in a prominent position in the hotel, with most satisfactory result—confidence was restored and not a single visitor left.

Preparation for Jubilee celebrations absorbed much time during this summer. A chain of bonfires was planned throughout England, and it was on this

occasion that Hardwicke first took an active part in bonfire organization, for which later he came to be looked upon as an expert. He was responsible for the bonfires throughout Cumberland and the Lake District, and with enthusiastic helpers at Coniston and Windermere, the mountain heights were illumined and answered each other as star to star. Macaulay's ballad was in his mind, and Hardwicke determined that the "red glare on Skiddaw" should once again rouse "the burghers of Carlisle." He personally supervised the building of the scientifically constructed piles on Helvellyn and Skiddaw. Not since 1815 had a bonfire been lit upon Skiddaw. Then, as Southey records, he with Wordsworth, Dorothy Wordsworth and others, with a great crowd of Keswick folk, shouted 'God Save the King' round a fire of blazing tar barrels, to commemorate the great victory of Waterloo. June 22, 1887, was a perfectly clear summer evening, and after an arduous day in the valley below, four hundred people climbed to the top of Skiddaw and thence saw no less than a hundred and forty-eight fires gleaming like diamond points on mountain heights and littoral plain. After the singing of the National Anthem the Vicar was seized and carried shoulder-high by the cheering crowd.

Hardwicke and Edith spent part of the summer in Switzerland, and the vicarage became the home for some weeks of Dr. Temple, then Bishop of London, who wrote characteristically, "Nothing can be nicer, pleasanter or more comfortable than the house and all its belongings. There is only

one thing that I vehemently desire to change. I vehemently long to cut down trees at the bottom of the garden. How you can endure to have them I cannot conceive. I am sure they were not there when Gray was here. However, I promise to keep my hatred of them within due bounds. Everything else is perfect. It is very pleasant to be in a house where something of an artistic poetical spirit has presided over all the arrangements."

Hardwicke was back at Crosthwaite before July was over, and among the many visitors came Phillips Brooks of Boston, who preached at Crosthwaite Church and who wrote later :—" It is very pleasant to be able to recall the beauty of your home, and all you told me of your work and many interests. A full life is the true life—full of perplexities, distraction and dissatisfaction as it is. And when it is surrounded by beauty and inspired by enthusiasm like yours, the man must be very happy. I am sure you are." In 1890 Hardwicke dedicated a volume of his poems to Phillips Brooks, for whom he had sincere admiration, " With gratitude for all he has done for the religious thought of England."

The death of Edward Thring in October 1887 came as a great personal bereavement. " His Captain called him while his armour was still on his shoulders. From the altar of the school chapel, whilst in the very act of administering Christ's soldiers' oath to his schoolboy sons, came the summons to him, and with a look of willing and honourable surrender upon his face, without a call for aid, he walked down through the long rows of

boys who knelt in prayer, and passed solemnly—almost proudly—to as calm a deathbed as a warrior of God ever died upon." This extract is from an article in the *Spectator* which told something of Hardwicke's veneration for Thring, and was later amplified in a small book, *Edward Thring as Teacher and Poet*, published in 1889.