

# A Diary Notebook

Kept by Sabine Baring-Gould 1862 to 1868

Hymn for processions of children &c with  
Banners.

I Onward Christian soldiers  
Marching as to war  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before  
Christ the Royal Master  
Leads against the foe,  
Forward into the battle  
Do His Banners go.

Chorus. Onward Christian soldiers  
Marching as to war  
With the Cross of Jesus  
Going on before.

Transcribed, introduced and annotated  
by Ron Wawman © August 2010

## Preface

Within days of The Diary of Sabine Baring-Gould,<sup>1</sup> that covered the years 1880 to 1899, going to the printers in October 2009, his great granddaughter, Merriol Almond, pressed into my hand a little leather-bound notebook. To my astonishment and great delight I saw on the opening page the long sought after diary entry made by Sabine on Christmas Day 1862 from which he quoted in *Further Reminiscences*<sup>2</sup>

Entries in the notebook covered the years 1862 to 1868 during which Sabine taught at St John's College Hurstpierpoint then, after ordination, worked as a priest at Horbury and Dalton. These were momentous years for Sabine for in them not only was he ordained, but his mother, Sophia, died and he eventually met and was engaged to Grace Taylor.

In these pages the reader will find Sabine's decided personal opinions on aspects of the contemporary Anglican Church together with quotations from various ancient ecclesiastical texts. Also a fascinating description of Horbury, its inhabitants and his experience of fund raising there. As a journal, however, the notebook contains unexpected gaps and extraordinary omissions. The reader will, for example, find no mention of Sophia or Grace!

There is, however, much else in this notebook, in particular many early drafts of his hymns and poems. These throw light on Sabine's continuing development as a writer. I have no doubt that the reader will derive as much pleasure from reading this mixture of published and unpublished work as I have gained from transcribing and researching it.

## Acknowledgements

I am grateful to Dr Merriol Almond for bringing this notebook to my attention and for her encouragement and permission to publish. Thanks are due to Fr. John Hunwicke for his translation of Latin phrases and his help identifying some obscure contemporary and ancient ecclesiastical references. To Martin Graebe for background information on Yorkshire tales and songs. To Martin Williams, archivist at Hurstpierpoint College for bringing the important Woodard letters to my attention and to Lancing College for permission to publish them. To Andrew Wawn for the translation and interpretation of Icelandic words. As always, a thank you to Roger Bristow for his extensive and informative bibliography to which I found myself referring time and time again. Finally many thanks to Penny Yeo for her painstaking proof reading and editing advice.

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<sup>1</sup> Wawman Ron, *Never Completely Submerged; The Diary of Sabine Baring-Gould*.

<sup>2</sup> Baring-Gould S, *Further Reminiscences*, p 109.

# Sabine Baring-Gould's Diary Notebook 1862 to 1867

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## Introduction

### Preamble

When writing about Lew Trenchard in *Further Reminiscences*<sup>3</sup> Sabine said:

A quotation from my diary in 1862 will show the spiritual deadness of the place that existed twenty years before my induction.

“Christmas Day. Alone, except for my brother, in Lew House. The rats were celebrating Noël. They had a frolic last night, kept high festival, had a wild hunt. They scoured along the passages, they scampered between floor and ceiling, they danced a hornpipe in the storeroom and rollicked up and down the stairs. They kept me awake. Presently I heard the distant strains of carol singers and the groaning of an accompanying bass viol. I ascertained in the morning that the performers were the choir of the Meeting House. The Church, buried in sleep, did not sing to greet the Saviour’s birth. The chapel choir itinerated all night till five o’clock in the morning. They visited every house in the parish except those of the parson and squire, for the former was too orthodox to tolerate dissenting music, and the latter was absent from home. At their return they were all the worse for liquor. In church this morning there were twelve persons, of these nearly all were from the Rectory.”

The whereabouts of a diary with this intriguing entry proved elusive for many years but it eventually came to light in November 2009. The diary is now held in the Sabine Baring-Gould archive 5203 at the Devon Record Office. The entries were made in a small notebook bound in brown leather and at one time fastened with a smart leather strap. Although the leather binding is now somewhat dilapidated the pages and their contents are in excellent condition, apart from one leaf having been neatly cut out of the notebook, presumably at some time in the past.

Sabine’s handwriting was small and cramped. The legibility also varied considerably, depending presumably on the quality of his writing implements, the circumstances and the speed with which he was writing. He occasionally used abbreviations and frequently made use of the ampersand. Ampersands have invariably been interpreted in the transcription as ‘and.’ The transcription is otherwise unabridged and unaltered.

The transcriber has been greatly helped by the excellent condition of the document. This allowed all the pages to be scanned into a computer and the images enlarged on a high definition monitor. This made the task of transcribing difficult passages of text much easier and had the advantage of minimising the extent to which individual pages were handled. There nevertheless remain a small number of words that have so far completely defied interpretation. In the transcription these are denoted as ----- [?]. Some manuscript words although somewhat indistinct can nevertheless be transcribed with reasonable but not absolute accuracy. Such words are followed in the transcription by a question mark in italics and square brackets i.e. [?]. Any other question marks were written by Sabine. Not infrequently Sabine’s spelling is suspect. In these instances the suspect word is followed by [*sic*] to show that this was not an error in transcription.

Sometimes, particularly when working on drafts of hymns and poems, Sabine crossed out words and phrases and inserted new text. The transcriber has decided that such working and editing should be shown and he has done that, where the words are legible, by transcribing and then striking through Sabine’s crossed out entries and denoting the new words inserted by the use of

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<sup>3</sup> Baring-Gould S. *Further Reminiscences*, 1925, London, Bodley Head, p 109.

italics without square brackets. Any words or phrases in square brackets in addition to italics are invariably either the transcriber's explanatory notes or his editing suggestions.

## The Time Scale and Changes in Use Over Time

The majority of entries in the notebook are dated. Sometimes the full date was given by Sabine but more often than not only parts of the date were inserted by him. Occasionally Sabine inserted the year in a different ink to the original entry. This action was probably carried out many years later, possibly when Sabine was referring to the diary when writing his reminiscences. In most instances he was almost certainly correct but on one occasion the transcriber believes he was mistaken whilst on another occasion Sabine appears to have been unsure of the correct date. In general it has been relatively easy for the transcriber to accurately date most partial entries partly by content, partly by reference to adjacent entries and partly by reference to contemporary almanacs. Several of the hymns, poems and items of folklore were undated. In these instances it has been possible to arrive at an approximate date within weeks or a few months of when the entry was made by a combination of reference to the date given to nearby entries and, particularly with some hymns, the date on which it was published. In the transcription, the full date on which an entry was made is indicated where possible. Sabine's contribution to the date is invariably shown in bold. That part of the date arrived at by the transcriber is shown in italics and square brackets.

Although described by its author in *Further Reminiscences* as a diary, this document is unlike the diary that Sabine kept from 1880 to 1899.<sup>4</sup> Ostensibly it covered the period Christmas Day 1862 to early 1868. However, it only functioned as a journal for very limited periods of time and to a limited extent. Many significant events that are known to have occurred during this time, such as his mother's death and his meeting and engagement to Grace Taylor, his future wife, are conspicuous by their absence. Much of the notebook is taken up by drafts of hymns and poems many of which were eventually published. As such the notebook is of importance because it contains the earliest known drafts of his best known hymns, including *Onward Christian Soldiers*.

## The Journal

As the reader will see, the diary does indeed open with the date *1862 Christmas Day* but what follows has largely been paraphrased in *Further Reminiscences*. Significantly, the original entry includes no comment on the chapel singers being the worst for liquor and concluded:

The singers visited every house in the parish but those of the squire and parson, for their 'respectability' would not tolerate dissenting music, or perhaps it would have been too keen a rebuke to their coldness. There were twelve persons in Church this morning and there was no afternoon service. The Church is truly dead in the county: the salt has lost its savour: it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.

It seems likely that the aim of the original entry was to express Sabine's personal dissatisfaction with the state of the established Church and, in this and other entries, his aim was to compare it unfavourably with the healthy state of dissenting churches. By the time he came to write his *Reminiscences* many years later, although he remained critical of the Evangelical wing he was far more in tune with the established Church as a whole and, unfortunately therefore, quite prepared to amend the original entry so that it emphasised the prejudices and aversions to other Churches that he held in his later years.

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<sup>4</sup> Wawman R. *Never Completely Submerged. The Diary of Sabine Baring-Gould*. 2009, Guildford, Grosvenor House Publishing.

### 25 December 1862 to 17 January 1863

Journal entries commenced on 25 December 1862 and continued on an almost daily basis until, less than a month later, they came to an abrupt pause after the entry for 17 January 1863. During that time Sabine's father and younger brother William Drake were mentioned in passing twice. There was no other reference to other members of the family and the reader is left puzzling over where his father had been over Christmas and what his mother, brother William and sister Margaret were doing.

There was, however, a long account of the increasing difficulties faced by the Church in finding suitable candidates to enter the clergy as well as Sabine's opinion that the Church should seek candidates from the middle and lower classes and on how they should be educated.

The entries also include a mixture of church gossip and news, some local to Devon and some national, presumably gleaned following his return to St John's College, Hurstpierpoint for the Spring term. There was, nevertheless, no direct mention of Hurstpierpoint, his return there after the Christmas vacation, or what he and others there were doing there. One member of staff was briefly mentioned in passing although only identified by an initial.

Of particular interest was the commencement of a pattern of referring to the writing of ancient ecclesiastical scholars that he was reading at this time. Some of the opinions and anecdotes of these writers were eventually to make their appearance in his *Post-Mediaeval Preachers*<sup>5</sup>. It is evident from some entries that he had purchased some of the books he was studying but it is also apparent from the preface to *Post-Mediaeval Preachers* that others, some costly and rare, were loaned from Mr John Mozley Stark of the Strand, London. Only two books used by Sabine and mentioned by him in the diary are now to be found in his library. One is *Barrington* by Charles Lever, see page 10, and the other *Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Historia Literaria* by William Cave, see page 25. Both are held at Killerton House.

Draft versions of two hymns also made their appearance, one being a very early version of his hymn, *Now the Day is Over*. These were both entered during the Christmas vacation.

### 30 January 1864 to 3 May 1864

Journal entries did not recommence until almost a year later on 30 January 1864, some 6 weeks after the death of Sabine's mother. Although his mother is never mentioned in the diary, it is probably significant that entries in the early months of 1864 reveal a preoccupation with resurrection and also include a pre-publication manuscript version of his hymn *On The Resurrection Morn*. Emotionally this was a difficult time for Sabine and this may have contributed to the absence of entries in general and a complete inability to comment directly on events that caused especial distress.

Sabine's father is mentioned, in passing, just twice in the whole diary. However on 25 February 1864, Good Friday, Sabine wrote

During Lent I have been coupling another name with mine in all my prayers. The great longing of my heart is that he and I should learn to love Jesus with the perfect love that He alone can give. Last night I dreamed that I heard distinctly the words 'The Lord hath heard thy petition.' I have not the slightest recollection of the person who spoke – but I remember the words very clearly – everything else in connexion with the dream has vanished from my mind.

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<sup>5</sup> Baring-Gould S, *Post-Mediaeval Preachers*, 1865, London, Rivington.

At this time, when Sabine's father, Edward, was still grieving after the death of his wife, Sabine's renewed commitment to ordination had brought his relationship with his father to a low and bitter ebb. In the transcriber's opinion it is most likely that Edward was the unnamed male featured in Sabine's Lenten prayers. Sabine drew up a formidable list of subjects to meditate on during Lent only to later insightfully admit that he had *not done with humility yet* and was *beginning to fear pride!*

As an account of what Sabine was doing and the people he met, the diary is disappointing apart from a number of references to visits to local churches along with his friend Joseph Fowler to study the bells in the bell tower.

Many of the early entries are taken up with critical opinions on various members of the Anglican Church and with examples of his deep interest in and admiration for the work of early theological writers. Although the first part of the diary covered his last 18 months at Hurstpierpoint there is little reference to the college and those who worked there. It was only after he had left the school that his love for it was revealed in the diary.

On 6 February 1864 Sabine wrote:

I believe that I am going to Horbury as curate to Sharpe, [*sic*] there to establish a mission, may God be with me.

Sharp is only mentioned once more by name although at times he is fleetingly referred to as *my incumbent*. Sabine's interview with the Bishop of Ripon is reported and, although no description of his ordination or his arrival in Horbury was entered – perhaps he was too preoccupied with other matters to give the diary attention – we are treated to an account of his self-doubts as the day of ordination approached.

### **1 June 1864 to 4 September 1864**

Sabine was ordained at Ripon on 15 May and arrived at Horbury the next day. Diary entries did not resume however until 1 June. No doubt he was too busy settling in to give any attention to his diary. At first entries were much as previously and the readers would be unaware that there had been a move if they did not have access to Sabine's *Early Reminiscences*. Then in early July 1864, after a fascinating review of the financial challenges of teaching at Hurstpierpoint, the diary suddenly came alive as a journal as Sabine wholeheartedly turned his attention to the business of raising money for the Horbury Brig mission:

I have become a cadger. People are divided into two classes. Those who ask for money and those who are asked. Each of these divisions is again subdivided. The askers are those who beg and get nothing and those who beg and get what they want. Those asked can be divided into those who give and those who don't. Of course the net is not perfect now – nothing in this world is perfect – the net is broken and a few slippery fish escape. They are not asked. If these individuals will furnish me with their names they will speedily, oh, how speedily! – be included in the category of the asked.

Thereafter entries for the next few months are almost entirely taken up with his fund raising efforts and the donations he received. Sometimes the names of donors was entered but often he gave no more than the initials. He did, however, include a graphic but affectionate description of Horbury parish and its parishioners along with his assessment of the difficulties that would face him in the task of fund raising.

### **Hymn Writing, Folk Stories, Poetry and a Letter**

In September 1864, although fund raising for the mission was to continue throughout 1865, Sabine abruptly stopped writing about this and, instead, used the diary as a place to work on manuscript versions of several of his hymns prior to their publication, first and notably *Onward Christian Soldiers*. Above the hymn, some eight months before the Whit Tuesday march at which it was famously introduced, Sabine wrote:

Hymn for procession of Children with Banners.

This statement would seem once and for all to establish beyond any doubt when and for what purpose the hymn was written. Predictably there is no entry in the diary covering the Whit Tuesday march.

February 1865 included the last dated entries in the diary for over two years although, probably around the late spring of that year, he used it for a while to record Yorkshire stories, songs and riddles as he collected them from the lads and lasses of the Horbury Bridge mission. Sadly, his future wife, Grace never appeared in the diary, either by name or by inference and we are merely left to wonder whether she might have been one of those singing the *Christmas Carol* that he had

taken down from the children attending Bridge.

This carol eventually found its way into Sabine's delightful introduction to *Carols for the use of Churches*.<sup>6</sup>

It seems likely that somewhere about the early summer of 1865 Sabine again stopped making entries in the diary – who knows, perhaps he was distracted by his developing relationship with Grace and the need to deal with the social reactions to this – and it was probably not used again until around the late spring of 1867 by which time he was well established as the perpetual curate at Dalton. Another group of hymns, including *The Pilgrims Song*, now made their appearance. These were all given numbers, eg 502, 550, suggesting that they were translated from the same hymn book – presumably Scandinavian. No such book is held now in Sabine's libraries at Killerton and Lew House.

The hymns were followed by a series of twenty three poems the first of which carried the date 6 June 1867 and the last, Xmas Eve 1867. Most of the poems are dated and many appeared in *The Silver Store*<sup>7</sup> that was first published in 1868. It is evident from the introduction to that book that most of the poems were based on translations of stories found by Sabine in various obscure ancient texts. Some of the sources may have been in Sabine's possession but it is also possible that others were held at York Cathedral and that Sabine studied them there. The light nature of his pastoral duties at Dalton probably allowed him time for such studies.

Poetry featured significantly in both this diary and in his adolescent notebook, published independently on this website, and appears to have been Sabine's main literary preoccupation in his early years. He emerged as a competent poet when he had the time to indulge this passion, but not in the top flight - although the transcriber must confess to a great admiration for his humorous verse. Writing good poetry needs time. What might Sabine have achieved as a poet had he given himself time and not been distracted by his other studies and the need to churn out a succession of novels simply to fund the restoration of Lew House?

<sup>6</sup> Baring-Gould S, *Introduction to Chope R R, Carols for the Use of Churches*, 1875, London, Metzler.

<sup>7</sup> Baring-Gould S, *The Silver Store*, 1868, London, Longmans.

Although the notebook was never again used as a journal after February 1865 one more significant entry appeared in the form of a copy of a letter which although written on 26 October 1866 was found tucked away between entries made in August and Christmas Eve 1867. It can be deduced from this letter that Sabine had been expecting to take up his appointment at Dalton on 1 November 1866 and he was now replying to a letter from some unnamed person who had, at the last minute, written to Sabine with the intention of preventing the appointment to Dalton. In his reply Sabine noted that the letter was

requiring me to select some other sphere of influence in preference to Dalton and to return to you my nomination to Dalton.

Sabine no doubt sought the advice of the Rev. John Sharp before concluding his letter

I cannot of course do either till I have corresponded with the patron.

We can only speculate on why this attempt was made to prevent Sabine's appointment to Dalton. It seems likely that this was a reaction to what would have been widely regarded as a socially inappropriate relationship with, and engagement to, a common mill girl. For reasons that are developed in Appendix A, it is probable that Sabine would have been greatly distressed by this challenge to his appointment but it is also likely that the Rev. John Sharp brought his considerable influence to bear on behalf of Sabine. After some two months delay, Sabine was at last able to take up the perpetual curacy at Dalton on Sunday 28 December 1866. Apart from this letter there is no other mention of Dalton in the diary, despite the fact that numerous entries were made during the latter part of his first year there.

## **Two letters from Sabine to the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard**

Not long after this diary came to light, the archivist at Hurstpierpoint College, came across two letters in the Woodard archives held at Lancing College. Both were written by Sabine to the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard, the Provost of the Woodard Schools. The contents of these letters raise serious doubts about the accuracy of Sabine's account, both in his later diary and in his *Early Reminiscences*, concerning how he came to leave Hurstpierpoint and be ordained as curate at Horbury. Copies of these letters together with a discussion of their significance appear as appendix A.

## The Diary

1862<sup>8</sup>

**Christmas Day.** [*Friday 25 December 1862*]

Alone with my little brother<sup>9</sup> in the house. The rats, the rats! They had a frolic last night, kept high festival, had a wild hunt like Hakleberend.<sup>10</sup> The Yule chase of course: and most aggravating it was. They scoured along the passage, they scampered between floors, they danced a hornpipe in the cupboard, they rollicked up and down stairs, and they kept poor me awake. Presently I heard the distant strains of the carol singers and the grunting of a bass viol – mournful rather than cheerful were the notes to my ear. The glimpse of sky which I could see over the rookery was ash-grey. I found out in the morning that the carol singers were the choir of the ‘meeting house.’ The Church buried in sleep did nothing to greet the Lord’s birth. The chapel singers sang all night till five in the morning. If the Church holds her peace, truly the stones cry out! The singers visited every house in the parish but those of the squire and parson for their ‘respectability’ would not tolerate dissenting music, or perhaps it would have been too keen a rebuke to their coldness!

There were twelve persons in Church this morning and there was no afternoon service. The Church is truly dead in the county: the salt has lost its savour: it is fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men.<sup>11</sup>

**St Stephen’s Day** [*Saturday 26 December 1862*]

I suppose in days of persecution it was a great thing to look forward to – the time when the wicked should cease from troubling. To me, the greatest consolation is the thought that hereafter the good will not be the worries of my life and the intolerable nuisances that they are now: what with their advice, and their susceptibility of offence. If this world were filled with good people only! Horrible thought! The great army of pious spinsters! I can not bear to linger on the thought!

Brother Ignatius<sup>12</sup> has been to Exeter. A great mistake, any man who is in earnest should avoid a Cathedral town. A Cathedral town is worse than Tyre and Sidon, it is a Capernaum. Nothing could convert a Cathedral town, its dignitaries and hangers on upon the dignitaries and the respectable people who linger around the hangers on: no! nothing but a miraculous interposition of Providence or the preaching of an Angel from heaven. I don’t think the Angel would do much either: if he preached in his dazzling white of spotless purity – the pious people of the Geneva-gown party would be scandalized and stop their ears. The surplice party would be too elated at the triumph of their faction to give the Angel the slightest chance of touching their hearts.<sup>13</sup>

<sup>8</sup> 1862 is written in a different ink to the text that follows and was undoubtedly written at a later date – possibly when Sabine was writing *Further Reminiscences*. Similar entries for some other years are to be found throughout the diary. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of this entry of the year.

<sup>9</sup> From the description of his brother as a ‘dot’ in the entry for St John’s day, page 16, it can be assumed Sabine was referring to his younger brother, Edward Drake who would have been 11 years old in 1862.

<sup>10</sup> Heklubrandi is the Icelandic form of a Germanic god who appeared in a hat and broad mantle. The hat and mantle became associated with the actions of a storm and with a mythological Wild Huntsman who rode the skies causing chaos and confusion and covering the landscape with cloud. Andrew Wawn, personal communication.

<sup>11</sup> This opening entry in the diary is referred to, paraphrased and distorted in *Further Reminiscences* p. 109 to suggest the dissenting singers were the worse for drink.

<sup>12</sup> Brother Ignatius: Joseph Leycester Lyne, who styled himself Brother Ignatius. He was a charismatic and eloquent Anglican lay preacher who for a time was a lay brother with Fr. Charles Lowder at St Georges in the East. It is possible Sabine became acquainted with him there. Brother Ignatius founded his personal version of a Benedictine Monastery within the Anglican Communion at Claydon, Suffolk.

<sup>13</sup> Low churchmen preached in a “Geneva” gown, because that had been the Church of England custom. But followers of the Oxford Movement preached in the surplice. When the surplice was first introduced, it led to the Surplice riots of the 1840s because the use of the surplice was seen to be popish. Hunwicke J, personal communication. Also Baring-Gould S., *The Church Revival*, 1914, London, Methuen, pp 213-4.

The difficulty of finding clergy is becoming more apparent every day. The demand is greater than ever, and the supply is falling off. Now that government offices are thrown open, the number of candidates for holy orders from universities has sensibly diminished. The church must bestir herself to meet this deficiency. Theological colleges such as Birkenhead and S Bees<sup>14</sup> have been in operation for some while, but the results attained have not been such as to inspire unmixed satisfaction. A new sphere of labour is at the same time opening upon us – the home mission field.

It is a question whether we should not supplement our present body of clergy by another of different calibre. We have hitherto drawn from the highly educated classes for our supply, I venture to ask whether we might not advantageously draw from the lower classes as well. Most earnest clergy have met, in the course of their experience, with men of the lower social grade, fired with zeal and piety, and endued with very considerable powers of elocution – of speaking home to the conscience of others. These men would cheerfully devote themselves to the ministry of the Church, if the Church would only open her ministry to them. But the expense of the Universities, and the extent of education required of them, debar them from seeking orders. But the fire is kindled and at length they speak with the tongue – they become dissenting preachers, and those who might have been pillars in God's house become props in a human schism. Yet is there not work for these men to do? Can we afford to cast away the humblest of those who would work the work of God, as our forefathers cast aside Wesley?

Christianity was planted – not by fine gentlemen with University educations, but by poor fishermen who left their nets, and by a money changer who deserted his tables, all for the love of Christ. The hold that dissent has upon the lower and middle classes arises from the fact that their preachers are taken from among themselves, that the mind of a minister is on a level with the minds of his flock, that there is no fear of the orator talking over the heads of his congregation, and in this – that a power for searching the heart lies in rough earnestness greater than exists in any polished eloquence.

Three years ago I was in a Cornish village on a Sunday morning. On my way to church, I passed four meeting houses, from which rose triumphantly the hymn with the shout of many voices. At last I reached the parish Church – which lay, charmingly situated, at a distance from the village and its 'methody' chapels. The congregation consisted of four visitors, the parson's accomplished daughters, the clerk, the Rector and myself. There was no singing – not even of Tate and Brady<sup>15</sup> – and the subject of the sermon was the proof of the existence of a God, derived from the general consent of mankind, the evidence of design in creation, the internal convictions of the moral principles etc, etc.

One of the most fervid discourses I ever heard was delivered extempore by a literate<sup>16</sup> Priest to a congregation in a pottery district. True – the Queen's English was murdered – but Christ's people were edified.

I do not ask that "vulgar" clergy should be intruded on refined congregations, to shock the delicate sensibilities of educated personages; but only that plain, rough and coarse men may be suffered to work in missions to plain, rough and coarse people. The objection which presents itself to the mind is naturally this. We have tried these men as literate, and as a general rule, they are a failure; we

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<sup>14</sup> St Bees was the first Theological College within the Church of England established outside Oxford and Cambridge. It opened in 1816 and closed in 1895. St Aidan's Theological College, Birkenhead, opened in 1847. Its first principal has been described as 'driven' 'evangelical' and 'partisan puritanical.'

<sup>15</sup> 'Tate and Brady' is the term used to describe the *New Version of the Psalms of David* written in America, 1696, by Hahum Tate and Nicholas Brady. This used metrical versions of the psalms.

<sup>16</sup> In this context the meaning of *literate* is a priest with some education but without a university degree.

have tried these men as scripture readers and they are worse than a failure. I can quite believe this. In the case of literates, they have been educated at a Theological College, given a smattering of knowledge about an infinity of subjects, and an overweening opinion of their own acquirements; and finally, they are placed in positions for which they are eminently unfitted. In the case of scripture readers they have received no sufficient education and are under no efficient discipline. Now the dangers to which the introduction to Holy Orders of men of the lower classes is subject, are these; - that of their teaching heresy through insufficient theological knowledge, that of their proving unruly, from want of discipline, and the danger of their being placed in positions for which they are unsuited.

Now in the first place I believe that heresy is in these days, as widely disseminated among the high as among the low; that contempt for God's word and commandments is just as common among gentlefolk as among the poor; that infidelity is more rife among the learned than among the ignorant. It is not impossible that a poor man who knows nothing save Christ crucified may turn more to righteousness than he who is cumbered with many scientific cases: it is even within the range of possibility that God may choose the foolish things of this world to confound the wise.

With regard then to the education of those men who are to be admitted to Holy Orders from the lower and middle classes, I would strongly urge that they be well instructed in dogmatic Theology, and thoroughly grounded in all the articles of the Catholic faith and be instructed in the outlines of Ecclesiastical history, and not be troubled with high Mathematics, and Classics and the Physical sciences: then there will be little fear of their going far astray in their teaching, or their becoming as conceited and self opinionated as a Battersea or S Mark's man.<sup>17</sup>

I am well acquainted with several excellent young men of the middle class who have been under prolonged training for ministry at our English Altars, by a course of French, English history, Geography and the use of the globes, Chemistry, the Classic languages, drilling, fencing, the evidence of Christianity, linear and perspective drawing, the 39 Articles and Butler's Analogy<sup>18</sup>; yet – there is hardly one of them that I would trust on any consideration to preach on any one of the articles of the Apostles creed, as I am morally certain that he would stumble into heresy through sheer ignorance.

If men of these classes – (I say of these classes for the upper ones are supposed to poke out Theology for themselves – more's the pity) – are to be taught divinity, it must be ground into them, as you grind A.B.C. into a child. Ninety nine chances to a hundred if they would search it out for themselves: they will rather indulge their hearers with washy theology of their own excogitation, as strikingly ~~unlike the~~ *remote from* the doctrine of the Apostles, as it is singularly consonant with the popular Protestantism of the modern sects. But not only this difficulty, but the two others which I have mentioned might be met by a restoration – with considerable modifications – of the monastic institutions. The want which we feel now, was felt in pre-reformation days, and the gap was filled by hedge-priests<sup>19</sup> and preaching friars.

I am not by any means advocating the restoration of the medieval monastery, but of the monastic system adapted to the exigencies of modern days; it would prove of incalculable advantage to the parochial clergy in manufacturing and mining districts. It would also open a sphere of work in connexion with the Church for those who now become pious and devoted ringleaders of schism,

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<sup>17</sup> St Marks College, Chelsea was founded in 1841 by the Society for the Training of Schoolmasters. St John's College Battersea was established in 1840 as a Teachers Training College for the education of teenage orphans. There was intense rivalry between them but they amalgamated in 1923 and are now the University College of St Mark and St John (Marjon) Plymouth.

<sup>18</sup> Joseph Butler, 1692-1752, *The Analogy of Religion, Natural and Revealed*.

<sup>19</sup> Hedge priest: an illiterate cleric.

and also afford an opportunity of embracing the highest life of self-sacrifice, to those in the upper classes, who feel a vocation of so doing. I will develop this scheme another day.

**S John's day**<sup>20</sup> [*Sunday 27 December 1862*]

My father is back.<sup>21</sup> We had a doleful time of it without him – my little brother and I. We kept as merry a Christmas as possible under the circumstances. I at one end of the table, that dot of a child at the other and with no other companions than the grim family portraits: the ruffed and frizzle-wigged gentry and starched and stately ladies looking down on us, sour and solemn. What made matters worse, the key of the celaret<sup>22</sup> was lost so we had to do without wine. Our ~~jollity~~ *Christmas jollity* was kept within the bounds of sobriety, in consequence. When we parted for the night, we both came to the conclusion that the day had not, on the whole been much better, than a Good Friday.

Today Sunday.<sup>23</sup> To be sure, our Church service as rendered here is one of the most soul depressing, despair inspiring solemnities that heart of man could devise. [*sic*] I am afraid J.<sup>24</sup> was rather startled out of his propriety by my telling him that I considered no torment of the damned could be worse than a course of our Sunday service prolonged through eternity.

I have been reading the rules of the Jesuits. This is one. "Let wrinkles on the forehead, but far more, on the nose, be avoided; that serenity may appear externally, which is an index of what is within." (Rule 5 of *Regulae Modestiae*<sup>25</sup>) I am also reading Bellarmin's<sup>26</sup> *De Ascensione Mentis in Deum*.<sup>27</sup> It is a very beautiful book, the language terse and epigrammatic, and the subject treated with extraordinary power and beauty.

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<sup>20</sup> S John's Day: 27 December. A Roman Catholic Feast. Not the most commonly used date for St John but nevertheless one of 7 different days dedicated to the saint.

<sup>21</sup> It is not known why Sabine's father had been away from Lew for Christmas 1862 or why Sabine and Edward Drake did not accompany him. It is also not known where his mother, sister and other brother spent Christmas.

<sup>22</sup> Cellaret: A case or cabinet for holding bottles of wine.

<sup>23</sup> The association of a particular day of the week, Sunday, with St John's Day, ie 27 December, enabled the transcriber to confirm that the year was indeed 1862.

<sup>24</sup> J: It is not possible to identify J. It cannot have been the rector who was Sabine's Uncle Charles. Possibly a curate.

<sup>25</sup> *Regulae Modestiae*: The Jesuits had 39 different sets of rules such as the original *Regulae Communes*, or Common rules and *Regulae Sacerdotum*, the rules for priests. Sabine was reading the rules for modesty.

<sup>26</sup> Saint Roberto Bellarmino. 1542-1621. An Italian Jesuit priest. Described by Sabine in *Post-Medieval Preachers* as a *great theologian*. Canonised in 1930.

<sup>27</sup> *De Ascensione Mentis in Deum*: The Mind's Ascent to God, 1615. The most popular of Bellarmino's ascetic treatises.

**28<sup>th</sup> Monday** [December 1862]

Now the day is ended  
 Night Draweth nigh  
 Shadows of evening  
 Steal through the sky.

Stars of all glories  
 Light one by one  
 Through night's long watches  
 Ceaseless to run.

Lord! give the weary  
 Peaceful repose  
 Eyes, with Thy Blessing  
 Tenderly close!

Grant little children  
 Dreams bright of Thee!  
 Bless Thou those tossed  
 Over the sea.

Comfort the sufferers  
 Watching in pain!  
 Those planning evil  
 Jesu! restrain.

Thou wast at evening  
 Laid in Thy grave  
 Bear Thou the dying  
 Through the chill wave.

And, when Thou bid'st us  
 Enter our tomb  
 Then may Thy beauty  
 Kindle our gloom!

Bodies may slumber  
 Hearts wake to Thee!  
 Rest to the weary  
 Sleeping in Thee.

When shall that morning  
 Dawn on our eyes  
 When in Thy likeness  
 We shall arise!

Then no more sickness  
 Thou all our health  
 Then no more needing  
 Thou all our wealth!

Then no more sorrows  
 Then no more night  
 Thou all our gladness  
 Thou, all our light!

Praise to the Father  
 Praise to the Son  
 Praise to the Spirit  
 While ages run.

**Transcriber's Note:** Above is a early but, despite considerable differences, recognisable version of Sabine's hymn, *Now the Day is Over*, which was published just over 4 years later<sup>28</sup>

I was up all last night at a fire. The girl Balsden has set fire to the stacks and ricks of Down House<sup>29</sup> once more. It seems that the comforts and luxuries of a prison life have such allurements that she wearied of home after a fortnight and did the deed for the sake of getting back to prison. She shed tears on leaving jail, which she had been describing to the village girls as 'a reg'lar heaven' and since the fire, she has done her utmost to ensure her conviction, by affording the police every clue which can render her acquittal impossible.

**29<sup>th</sup> Tuesday** [December 1862]

Once upon a time there were forty Christians at Sebaste<sup>30</sup> who were exposed on a frozen pool to the bitter cold of a Caucasian winter. On the shore was a little pagan temple in which burned a cheerful fire.

<sup>28</sup> Now the Day is Over: *Church Times* 16 February 1867., Vol. 5, p 54.

<sup>29</sup> Down House: The Lew Trenchard home farm

<sup>30</sup> Sebaste or Sebastia: The ancient city of Samaria, north of Nābulus, Israel.

In it were beds and rugs, and on the hob was a pot of warm posset. The forty naked and freezing men were at liberty to enjoy all these good things if they would only leave the pool and enter the temple. But, that act was to be regarded as a renunciation of Christ. Well! They chose to be frozen instead, and now they are, of course, reckoned as martyrs.

The state of the Church in the Diocese of Exeter is just such as to continually remind me of the story of the forty martyrs of Sebaste.<sup>31</sup> The Church is frozen into a dead, hard icy mass. On its shore is the temple of Wesleyanism, warm snug and with all in it that can foster religious warmth and fervour. Some brave fellows remain with the frozen Church and are frozen in it. Well, of course, they are martyrs. The great bulk of the people are however in the little temple over the way, and there too are many of them the really earnest ones. As for the clergy of the diocese they are like Ugolino,<sup>32</sup> cold, stark, and bound hand and foot on the icy fetters of an unbending orthodoxy.

I think it quite a mistake that in all the hymnals I have seen there are scarcely any hymns proper to single Saints. There are many that will do to any one or other, but scarcely any which will draw out the acts of each and individualize them so as to make their virtues objects of special example and subjects of special prayer. Shall I try to remedy this deficiency. I will try at least one as a beginning – and I shall begin with the first in the Calendar.

### S Andrew's Day

Andrew, hail! in tranquil splendour  
Resting from thy pain  
Andrew hail! Thou with thy master  
Endlessly shalt reign.

Andrew, first to call a brother  
To thy Christ and King  
Thou the gentile Greeks to Jesus  
Andrew! first to bring.

Thou the tender lad, so willing  
To thy God to lead.  
Glad to give thine own provision  
Other men to feed.

Blessed type of blessed spirits  
Seeking not their own,  
Full of ardour, drawing others  
To thy master's throne

Thou o'er icy plains didst wander  
Braving northern cold  
Scattered sheep to gather safely  
To the shepherd's fold.

Thou with feet and arms outstretched  
To a cross wast nailed

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<sup>31</sup> A group of forty Roman soldiers who were martyred for their Christian faith near Sebaste in 320 AD.

<sup>32</sup> Ugolino: a character in Dante's *Inferno* who, as punishment, was buried up to his neck in ice. Dante's character was based on a troublesome nobleman of Pisa who was locked in a tower and left to starve to death.

And with scourge and scoff and spitting  
Like thy Lord assailed.

Thou endured'st thy cross with gladness  
Christ shall all repay,  
When He cometh robed in Glory  
On his reckoning day.

Jesu! Grant us zeal like Andrew  
Love like his, and grace  
In thy bright and heavenly city  
At his feet a place.

Praise the Father King of Heaven  
Jesus! praise to Thee  
Praise the Spirit coeternal  
Blessed One in Three                      Amen

### 30<sup>th</sup> Wednesday [December 1862]

Suarez à S. Maria in his *Conciones in Apocalypsim*, which I have just bought and have now reading [*sic*] observes of the Seraphim that they have six wings “with twain they cover their faces, with twain they cover their feet and with twain they fly,”<sup>33</sup> and we have that thus “they stand above the throne.” They stand flying. “How is this?” asks Suarez, “that they are able at the same time to stand veiling their heads and feet and at the same time to fly? Listen to the definition of Love. The Seraphim inflamed by the fire of true love, fly by desire, and rest in joy: just as a flame is seen to fly up and soar yet ever is with the source of the fire. ‘See the flame at once standing and flying!’ says S Bernard. At one and the same time it loves and rests, “*gaudendo Christus de bonis suis acquisitis.*”<sup>34</sup>

Suarez à Maria conc. In Apoc. serm IV.

### 31<sup>st</sup> Thursday [December 1862]

I have met with a shrewd remark of Cha. Lever<sup>35</sup> in his ‘*Barrington.*’ He observes that the rule, ‘Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves, applies as much to moral qualities as to temporal concerns. Many a man is lost by disregarding the little pennies, the venial sins, the little foxes which spoil our vines.

## 1863

### 1<sup>st</sup> Friday [January 1863]

Drove to Kelly and walked on to Bradstone to call on Procter. He is rather out of place in a country parish having been accustomed to a poor densely crowded district like S Stephen’s Devonport. He tells me that his time there was really occupied in a hand to hand fight with Satan and his angels for the bodies of the poor girls and young men in that corrupt neighbourhood. His sisters were of

<sup>33</sup> Isaiah 6:2

<sup>34</sup> The transcriber has been unable to find any references to Suarez à S. Maria. It is possible that Sabine meant Francisco Suarez, 1548-1617, a Spanish Jesuit priest, philosopher and theologian. However *Consiones in Apocalypsim* does not feature in his writing. A literal translation of the Latin by John Hunwicke is: “Christ by rejoicing concerning the good; [people or things] he has acquired” This defies meaningful translation.

<sup>35</sup> Charles J Lever. His novel *Barrington* was published in London by Chapman and Hall in 1863. Sabine must have obtained a very early copy. A copy of this book is still held in that part of Sabine’s library housed at Killerton House.

immense help to him. His successor is not a man for a mission field, he likes to take things easy and to let the Devil have the people if he particularly wishes to have them, though on the whole of course he had rather they remained 'good.' His wife is fond of society, dines out four or five times a week, of course taking her husband with her, and while the Priest is talking blandly to the ladies in the drawing room of all the pretty nothingnesses of the world, his flock are falling, falling, falling.

## **2<sup>nd</sup> Saturday [January 1863]**

Rabanus Maurus<sup>36</sup> is a commentator to my mind, he sees Christ throughout the Old Testament. He is restless and unhappy over any portion of the sacred writings in which he does not see his Beloved. It is all dark, till his eye catches Christ's eye and then all is clear. Into a large room with the windows closed, the sun may pierce in one tiny ray – and all is gloom till one stands on the right spot and from that one spot, however minute the piercing may be, the whole circle of the sun is visible and all its glory. You are dazzled in a room where others grope in darkness.

## **3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday [January 1863]**

This from the Isle of Wight Observer.

“the 7<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the dedication of S. Thomas, Newport, was celebrated on Tuesday evening last at the Queen's Rooms, where a plentiful supply of tea, cake etc. was provided through the kindness of the ladies of Newport and its neighbourhood. The tea being over, and the Rev W I Meggison having said grace, the large assembly present were treated to an entertainment of no ordinary character. The Rev<sup>d</sup> the vicar, with his usual good taste, read a tale, entitled 'Mrs. Livriper's Lodgings' and humorously remarked that he had, but to blow his whistle to set the train in motion and thus introduce them to the evening's programme.”

Truly a catholic and interesting solemnity this!

## **4<sup>th</sup> Monday [January 1863]**

The Bishop of Exeter<sup>37</sup> has forbidden Brother Ignatius<sup>38</sup> preaching in his diocese. I cannot for the life of me see why we should trample out every atom of fire which God in mercy gives us. The sparks of zeal are few enough, Heaven knows, without the Episcopal boot coming down on them the moment they appear. If a Bishop wishes to sober down these erratic [*sic*] zealots, they should take them up and patronize them. Nothing could be found more calculated to put down all zeal and enthusiasm than Episcopal patronage.

A friend of mine, a worthy rector, who was not 'great' in his pulpit, had a curate who was remarkable for his vehemence and fire in preaching; beside the curate, the rector cut but a sorry figure. The parson managed matters without coming to an open rupture. The curate preached in the evenings just after the Rector's dinner. The Rector took to inviting 'his young man' to dine with him every Sunday before service time. Now the parsonage was famous for a certain pudding familiarly called 'Duffy' made of dough, suet, potatoes and goodness knows what else. Madam made the curate eat a good slice of 'Duffy' every Sunday. There was no escaping Duffy it was made a matter of necessity that the curate should eat of it, otherwise, Mrs Rector would have been hurt, the custom of the house would have been outraged etc. etc. Now what do you think was the result? When the curate was in the pulpit the Duffy lay on his stomach like a lump of lead, how could he become energetic, fiery, how could he kindle with his subject, burst into impassioned periods, with Duffy always there to steady him! It was impossible. Duffy made him prosy and he and the Rector were ever on the best of terms. Could not our Bishops take a lesson from the Rector and his pudding?

<sup>36</sup> Rabanus Maurus Magnentius: c 780-856. Benedictine monk and Archbishop of Mainz. Prolific author of scriptural commentaries. Also wrote an acclaimed collection of poems concerning the Cross: *De laudibus sanctae crucis*.

<sup>37</sup> Bishop of Exeter: Henry Philpotts.

<sup>38</sup> Brother Ignatius: See page 13 and footnote 12.

**Transcriber's Note:** *The date on which Sabine returned to St John's College, Hurstpierpoint, after the Christmas recess is not known, but it could well have been at this point after which the character of entries changes. They become shorter and include observations on various unnamed individuals, Church news and laconic comments that may well have been picked up in conversation.*

**5<sup>th</sup> Tuesday [January 1863]**

There can be no doubt about it, the Earth that the meek inherit, is the dust they have to lick, and the dirt they are constrained to eat, at least now

**6<sup>th</sup> Wednesday [January 1863]**

Miss P — is generally considered a very pious individual, she is most assuredly if her theological acquirements are a proof of piety, and her mightiness in argument an evidence of her sanctity. But, alas! some people ascend to Heaven, not like larks, to sing, but like hawks, to dart down on their prey: they kneel, ~~but~~ not for worship, but, like a front rank man, to take better aim at their opponents.

**7<sup>th</sup> Thursday [January 1863]**

Mr. J<sup>39</sup> is dead. He died 'pious' having I believe repented of his not very virtuous life on his death bed. He had always postponed his repentance until his bed of death — just like children who are put on the stool before being put to bed. Some religious people go up the mountain of contemplation to be transfigured, others, like Moses, only get into a cloud.

**8<sup>th</sup> Friday [January 1863]**

I have lately seen a person since his transfiguration into an Archdeacon. His new dignity has materially affected his personal appearance. If a man wishes to assume the characteristics of an Ecclesiastical dignitary, let him suspend a plummet from his shoulder, and let the lead hang clear till it touches his heel.

**9<sup>th</sup> Saturday [January 1863]**

A Couple of Scotch proverbs. 'A man may be very great among eggs with a stick.' 'He must be short of news who begins to tell how his father was hanged.'

Montague<sup>40</sup> related that there is a certain savage nation among whom parents are eaten by their children under the impression that a more decorous sepulchre could hardly be found for paternal and maternal bodies than filial bellies.

**11<sup>th</sup> Monday [January 1863]**

If the public finds fault with one, if friend or relation rebuke, it is folly to treat the rebuke as naught: There is certain to be a grain of right in it, to say the very least.

**12<sup>th</sup> Tuesday [January 1863]**

A. has begun to grow whiskers, to plant out his ugliness I presume.<sup>41</sup>

**14<sup>th</sup> Thursday [January 1863]**

I do not believe that Stanley<sup>42</sup> will do much harm as Dean of Westminster. The strings of a Dean's hat are like the wires to a ginger beer bottle cork: both keep the spirit down. Unfortunately people

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<sup>39</sup> Sabine's 'J's and 'I's are difficult to distinguish. The identity of Mr. J is not known. Could this have been the J in the entry of 27 December 1862?

<sup>40</sup> It is difficult to be sure whether Sabine wrote Montague or Montagne.

<sup>41</sup> A: Possibly a colleague at Hurstpierpoint.

walk about with the same corks who have no spirit in them, who could not everveess, [*sic*] or who, if ever liable to frothing over, did so long, long ago. The canons of Cathedral chapters, I presume, were allowed to stand till they became perfectly flat before they were bottled off, for when the cork is out and they pour forth their contents, one finds that they contain something very like soap and water. The unfortunate infection of Cathedral coldness chills all in the city. I do not know a single Church in Exeter where the Christianity of the Apostles, Xavier<sup>43</sup> or Wesley is to be found. There are several priests who make great pretence to be High Churchmen but they are like waistcoats, good fine cloth in front, but only calico behind.

### **15<sup>th</sup> Friday [January 1863]**

The greatest Saints are to be found in the worst society. Extremities of evil often produce a reaction to extreme holiness. The water lily has its roots in the slime and ooze, which is the haunt of the effete and toad; and Maria Farina's<sup>44</sup> is an abode of fragrance amidst a Cologne of stinks.

### **16<sup>th</sup> Saturday [January 1863]**

On the whole the Reformation was a great move. We want Reformation in everything. Even Christ's seamless robe wants shaking out, to prevent weevils from congregating in its folds.

### **17<sup>th</sup> Sunday [January 1863]**

R.C.<sup>45</sup> preached: He is a fellow of S. College Cambridge<sup>46</sup>. He merely contradicted scripture once and made one heretical statement. It was quite a relief to me that he did no worse. I really believe that the sum and substance of the Dogmatic Theology possessed by our clergy may be stated in the sentence 'There is a God,' and their knowledge goes no further. I have heard such different sermons preached on the same text. Indeed I have one by me now on the same text as that we had today. Mine is by Dr Barzia Bishop of Cadiz<sup>47</sup> in the 16<sup>th</sup> Cent. It is a right noble sermon; that I heard today great rubbish. But one man turns water into blood, whilst another converts it into wine. The mediæval dagger was used by knights either for stabbing enemies or for picking teeth. Cowhide is used for binding Bibles or for thrashing niggers.

*Transcriber's note: At this point a page has, at some time in the past, been carefully cut out of the diary. This may have happened when, in great old age, Sabine was writing his Reminiscences. The reason for this is not known but it is possible that Sabine wanted to remove an embarrassing entry. See appendix A for a discussion of Sabine's various difficulties at that time.*

*What immediately follows bears no relationship to the preceding entries and is undated. Furthermore the missing page appears to coincide with an unrecorded period of just over a year. The next dated entry was on 30<sup>th</sup> January 1864. The most momentous event for Sabine in 1863 was the death of his mother on 8 December 1863 after what was probably a long and distressing illness, but his immediate reaction to this event was not recorded in the diary. Indeed his mother was never mentioned in this diary.*

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<sup>42</sup> Dean Stanley: a Broad churchman. According to *The Church Revival*, pp 35-37, it is apparent that, over the years, Sabine developed less benign views of Dean Stanley describing him as *a thorough Erastian, regarding the clergy in no other light than as the moral police force of the State and conservators of her ancient monuments*.

<sup>43</sup> Xavier: Sabine probably meant Xavier: St Francis Xavier of Navarre, 1506-1552, a founding member of the Society of Jesus.

<sup>44</sup> Johann Maria Farina, 1682 - 1754: The creator of Eau de Cologne.

<sup>45</sup> R.C: Presumably a visiting preacher at the College Chapel, Hurstpierpoint.

<sup>46</sup> Probably Selwyn or Sidney Sussex College.

<sup>47</sup> Joseph de Barzia, Bishop of Cadiz in the early 17<sup>th</sup> century. *Post-Mediæval Preachers* includes a chapter on him.

*Transcriber's Note: The first entry after Sabine resumed writing in the diary in 1864 was an undated analysis of the parable of the sower written by Meffreth. The opening lines of the analysis Anagogicé is absent – presumably it was on one side of the missing leaf.<sup>48</sup> The complete analysis, described by Sabine as ‘exhaustive,’ can be found in the section on Meffreth in Post-Mediæval Preachers. As the next dated entry, on 30 January 1864, referred to the preparation of the parable of the sower for a divinity class at Hurstpierpoint, it can be assumed that this entry was made no more than a few days, at the most, before then. For completeness the missing lines, taken from Post-Mediæval Preachers, have been inserted by the transcriber in italics.*

I. Anagogicé<sup>49</sup> —

1. God the Father sowed seeds of two kinds:

A. Angelic nature, sown in the beginning,

- $\alpha$  – On the way: i.e. on Christ, its true resting-place, from which some of the angels were snatched away by pride.
- $\beta$  – On the rock: i.e. on Christ. On this rock Satan fell and was broken. This is the rock which at the last day will fall on him and grind him to powder.

- $\gamma$  Among the thorns: ie envy and ambition
- $\delta$  On good ground: ie the faithful angels

B Human nature sown on the 6<sup>th</sup> day of creation

- $\alpha$  On the way of luxury: for the woman saw that the tree was good for food and pleasant to the eyes.
- $\beta$  On the rock of pride: for the woman was tempted by the promise ‘ye shall be as God’
- $\gamma$  Among the thorns of ambition: for the woman saw that the fruit was good to make one wise and she desired to be ‘known’ good and soil.

2. God the Son went forth from the Bosom of the Father to sow

A. His own self in the Virgin’s womb: a triple seed was He: as he sowed:

- $\alpha$  His divinity
- $\beta$  The humanity of Adam’s flock
- $\gamma$  The human soul.

B. His own self when He left the Virgin’s womb.

- $\alpha$  That he might sow the Gospel, which fell
  - 1. On the wayside of the impenitent.
  - 2. On the rock of pharisaic pride.
  - 3. Among the thorns of worldliness and avarice
  - 4. On the good ground of the elect.
- $\beta$  That He might sow the Divine Grace
- $\gamma$  That He might sow His mercy, pardoning iniquity: and this fell
  - 1. On the wayside of luxury.
  - 2. On the rock of despair.
  - 3. Among the thorns of riches.

C. His own self when He left Earth for Heaven there to sow the roses of martyrdom, the violets of confessors, and the lilies of virgins.

II Aligoricé<sup>50</sup>

<sup>48</sup> The missing opening lines of the analysis ‘Anagogicé’ can be found at Appendix D.

<sup>49</sup> Anagogicé: Mystical interpretation.

<sup>50</sup> Aligoricé: Allegorical interpretation.

A. The sower is a preacher of the gospel: the seed is the word. The resemblances are

- α The seed attracts the moisture of the earth, without which it is sterile
- β The seed occupies the place of weeds
- γ It generates seed in its own likeness.
- δ It contains in itself the principle of life.
- ε It is in a state of continual progression, 1<sup>st</sup> the seed, then the blade, the ear and the full corn in the ear.
- ζ It multiplies itself.

B. The sower is a preacher: his characteristics

1. Discretion as to where he sows
2. -----do----- when ---do---
3. -----do---how much---do---
4. -----do--what quality---do---

He must also go forth.

- α from evil communication
- β from covetous desires, lest
  1. His example injure.
  2. His eye be darkened.
  3. He forget his vocation.
- γ to contemplation

C. The soil is fourfold in its quality

1. It is trodden down by the continual passing to and fro of worldly and carnal hosts.
2. It is stony ground: without depth of conviction.
3. It produces thorns: pleasures, riches, ambitions, ease, luxury.
4. It is ~~an~~ good ground.

III Moralities.

But as this contains much repletion of what has gone before I shall not follow it through.

**30 Saturday [January 1864]**

Engaged in getting up the parable of the sower for my divinity class tomorrow. I shall not trouble the boys with an interpretation anagogicé.

**1<sup>st</sup> February Monday [1864]**

Vigil of the Purification<sup>51</sup>, and why a vigil, I cannot for the life of me see.

**3<sup>rd</sup> Wednesday [February 1864]**

Coster in his sermons (colon 1608)<sup>52</sup> says that we have two long arms but only a little tongue: the hands are free, but the tongue is imprisoned within the teeth: to show us that we should be continually working but seldom talking. So Christ prepared for his ministry for 30 years but spent only three in teaching: in those three he performed many works, but we only know of one sermon. If the clock is always ringing twelve, whilst the hand stands at one, we may be sure that the works are out of order.

**4<sup>th</sup> Thursday [February 1864]**

<sup>51</sup> Vigil of the Purification of the Blessed Virgin Mary, 1 February.

<sup>52</sup> The eminent Belgian Jesuit, Francis Coster. A revised edition of his *Enchiridion controversiarum præcipuarum nostri temporis de Religione* was published in Cologne 1608. Sabine devoted a chapter to him in *Post-Mediæval Preachers*.

Either Coster or Meffreth,<sup>53</sup> I forget which tells the following beautiful story. A certain old priest and a young boy planned to say Prime together. The first day the old man overslept himself. The lad lighted the tapers, but the Priest came not. He was then sorely tempted to run out, neglect Prime and amuse himself in the fields. However he overcame the temptation. Same thing next day, same trial, same victory. Throughout the week the old man lay in bed and the boy sang a lone prime. On the seventh morning, as the priest slept he dreamt that he saw our Lord standing with seven gold crowns in His hands which he was laying by in his treasury "Oh my Lord!" exclaimed the dreamer; "are these crowns for me?" "For your pupil" answered Christ, "seven times has he been tempted, seven times has he resisted, therefore shall he be crowned with seven crowns. Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when he is tried he shall receive the crown of life." When the priest awoke, he related the dream to his pupil, who was thereby greatly rejoiced and encouraged in his battle with the temptation.<sup>54</sup>

A Brazilian nun was subject to grievous temptations to impurity and her prayer for many years was that this cup might pass from her. Her prayer was at length granted, all temptations to impurity were removed, but, in their place, thoughts of blasphemy and unbelief poured into her mind. In an agony of fear she cried to the Lord, who answered her "Oh my daughter, I endured temptation, shall not my members bear it too. Thou must needs endure the assaults of world or flesh or devil. Choose which thou wilt." So she elected to return to her former conflict, for that was against the flesh, whilst the second was against the devil.

#### 6<sup>th</sup> Saturday [February 1864]

I believe that I am going to Horbury as curate to Sharpe, [sic] there to establish a mission, may God be with me!<sup>55</sup>

I go now on half holidays with Fowler<sup>56</sup> to examine the bells of neighbouring Churches. Went today to Clayton.<sup>57</sup> Borrowed a ladder from the Archdeacon, rotten like himself. So we had to get a second. Did a deal of mischief to the paint on the pews in drawing the ladder into the gallery that we might ascend to the bell-cot. The bell is fine. Has on it some good founders seals, and the inscription 'Sancte Thome ora pro nobis.'<sup>58</sup> The bell at Wivlesfield<sup>59</sup> – by the same founder, bears 'Wox Agustine sonat in aure Dei.'<sup>60</sup>

#### 8<sup>th</sup> Monday [February 1864]

<sup>53</sup> Meffreth: Little is known of Meffreth, a German priest of Meissen who flourished about 1443. He was a preacher of great popularity in the 15th century but was regarded as a heretic by some. Meffreth merited a chapter in *Post-Medieval Preachers*. Sabine's judgement was that Meffreth's object was the exhibition of his own ingenuity and learning – not the saving of souls.

<sup>54</sup> This story, somewhat elaborated, was the basis of *The Three Crowns*, a poem eventually published in *The Silver Store* in 1868, where it was attributed to Labata, *Thesaurus Moralis*, Colon, 1652. The story was found by Sabine in the works of Francis Coster and appears in the chapter on the Jesuit priest in *Post-Medieval Preachers*.

<sup>55</sup> Sabine's mother and, more reluctantly his father, had withdrawn their opposition to ordination before his mother died on 8 December 1862. It is evident that Sabine had lost little time fulfilling his ambition following his mother's death. See Baring-Gould S, *Early Reminiscences*, 1923, London, Bodley Head, p 329 and *Never Completely Submerged, the Diary of Sabine Baring-Gould* pp 64-5 for the background.

<sup>56</sup> The Rev. Joseph T Fowler: Appointed chaplain to St John's College in December 1863. Fowler had been curate at Houghton-le-Spring since 1861. It is not known where Sabine struck up his friendship with Fowler. Before taking orders Fowler had been a medical practitioner and had been working at St Thomas's Hospital, London when he became drawn to Anglo-Catholicism, around the time Sabine was at St Barnabas. It is possible they met there.

<sup>57</sup> Clayton: W Sussex, 2 miles S of Hurstpierpoint Anglo-Saxon Church of St John the Baptist.

<sup>58</sup> This inscription translates as *Saint Thomas, pray for us*.

<sup>59</sup> Wivelsfield: W Sussex 5 miles NE of Hurstpierpoint. St Peter and St John the Baptist.

<sup>60</sup> Sabine underlined the errors in this inscription. This should read: *Vox Augustini sonat in aure Dei* which translates as *The voice of Augustine sounds in the ear of God*.

Macharius the younger<sup>61</sup> (AD 373). in his sermon on the departure of and state of souls after death, says that for 3 days they wander ‘per duos enim dies permittitur animæ – in terras ubicunque vellit obambulare quæ corporis igitur arnon [?] mancipata est anima aliquando domum, in qua separata est circumagitur non nunquam sepulchrum in quo reconditum est corpus.’<sup>62</sup> A remarkable testimony to the antiquity of the popular belief that the ghosts of the dead are seen for three days after burial. See Cave Scrip. Eccl.<sup>63</sup> under Macharius.

### **9<sup>th</sup> Shrove Tuesday** [February 1864]

I act in a farce entitled ‘As mad as a hatter’ My part is Dr Amens a mad-doctor.

### **10<sup>th</sup> Ash Wednesday** [February 1864]

This is my rule for Lent this year.

Be present at Matins daily at 7.

Say each hour of the day when the clock strikes these few prayers – Our father. O Lord who hast taught us etc. O saviour of the world etc. God be merciful to me a sinner.

Subjects for meditation = The six things that God hateth (Prov. vi. 16)<sup>64</sup>

Subjects for prayer. Humility. Sincerity. A good example. A clean heart. Recollection. Peace.

Subjects of intercession. Relations. Friends. The cold and indifferent. Restoration of Religious Orders. The Perfection of the Saints.

### **11<sup>th</sup> Thursday** [February 1864]

Walked with Fowler to Piecomb.<sup>65</sup> Could not get at the bells as there was no ladder. So let the boys skate on the pond.

### **14<sup>th</sup> First Sunday in Lent** [February 1864]

The appointment of Harold Browne<sup>66</sup> to the Bishopric of Ely is not bad: the best appointment Lord Palmerston has made. It is trying to one’s faith to have men appointed to Bishoprics by such a person as L<sup>d</sup>. Palmerston – yet, if people are ever to be set on pinnacles of the temple, there must be a Devil to carry them thither.

### **15<sup>th</sup> Monday** [February 1864]

I have just stumbled on some verses I wrote on the back of a letter, after the death of poor little Kirby.<sup>67</sup> They are not worth much and they are unfinished but I shall insert them just that they may

<sup>61</sup> St Macarius the younger; 4<sup>th</sup> century Alexandria. Lived in the desert practicing severe austerities.

<sup>62</sup> This phrase translates as: *Because for two days it is allowed to the soul to wander around on earth where ever it wills. So the soul which is freed from the xxx [?] of the body sometimes goes round the house in which it was separated [from the body] and quite often the tomb in which the body is interred.*

<sup>63</sup> William Cave: Patristic Scholar 1637-1713. Chaplain to Charles II and canon of Windsor. Wrote among much else *Scriptorum Ecclesiasticorum Historia Literaria*. Ie: the writings of the eminent fathers of the church. A copy of this book is held in Sabine’s library now held at Killerton House.

<sup>64</sup> Proverbs. vi. 16-19: *There are six things the Lord hateth. Seven that are detestable to him: haughty eyes, a lying tongue, hands that shed innocent blood, a heart that devises wicked schemes, feet that are quick to rush into evil, a false witness who pours out lies and a man who stirs up dissension among brothers.*

<sup>65</sup> Pyecombe: W Sussex, 3 miles S of Hurstpierpoint. The Church of the Transfiguration.

<sup>66</sup> Harold Browne. See *The Church Revival* p. 182. A High Churchman. One time incumbent of St. Sidwells, Exeter, and eventually translated to the see of Winchester. Praised by Sabine for his great work on the 39 Articles and for his judgement and fairness.

<sup>67</sup> Charles Gibbs Kirby, a pupil who died at Hurstpierpoint of St Vitus Dance, a complication of rheumatic fever, on 15 November 1863, Obituary: Hurst Johnian December 1863.

not be lost and give myself the opportunity of finishing them off some day, should I ever think it worth my while doing so.<sup>68</sup>

*[In pencil:]* Nudine [?] 184 O Kehr Zürich<sup>69</sup>

~~I am~~ the Shepherd good and true am I  
 Who for my *wand'ring* sheep hath died,  
 They ~~O!~~ Mark my bleeding hands and feet  
*O see* My deeply pierced side!  
 I love my sheep with constant love  
 I feel their every *wound and* smart  
 There's not a grief that woundeth them  
 That *doth not also* woundeth ~~not~~ *[sic]* my heart.  
 I will not lay on them more pain  
 That they, dear sheep *as well* must bear,  
 I suffered – they must suffer too  
*And they* with me ~~some~~ a Cross ~~to~~ must bear.  
 For all the pain that I endured  
*Behold* I merit Cross and throne  
 Then share with me, ~~dearest ones~~ *My elect!* ye know  
 I will not ~~reign~~ *triumph all* alone.  
 When I my tender sheep put forth  
~~Then~~ Then I go ~~on~~ *on the way* before  
 And dost thou fear ~~yon~~ the narrow way,  
 When I, ~~your shepherd am~~ *I also* am the door!  
 (Within my loving arms I fold  
 My little lambs *that fall* asleep  
 In tranquil dream, whilst hourly doth  
~~Redemption~~ *The hour of waking* nearer creep)  
 My fold is hedged with green about  
 And green ~~too is~~ as xxxx [?] the lovely [?] bed  
 Whilst here and there a ~~golden flower~~ *yellow cup*  
*Is looksing* up and shakes its head.  
~~There let~~ my sheep reposed [?] with feet to east  
*Are couched* in beds of six foot long  
 Laid to the ~~sound~~ *toll* of ~~tolling~~ *solemn* bell  
 And swelling psalm and song.  
 I'll come! I'll come! Some Easter morn  
 I'll come, arise and all the Heavens shall flame,  
 And ye shall wake when xxxx [?] my voice shall call  
~~Each~~ by ~~his~~ xxxx [?] Christian name.  
 Oh, day how bright! Oh, happy day  
 When long shadows ~~are past by~~ fall and fly  
 And Thou, Oh Christ, shall fill each heart

<sup>68</sup> What follows are lines that have at a later date been subject to changes involving striking through of some words and the insertion of other words in pencil. In the transcription the new words denoted by italics are difficult to read.

<sup>69</sup> The implication of the pencilled note *Nudine 184*, presumably added at a later date, could be that the hymn was eventually finished and published. *Nudine 184* could be a clue to the editor/publisher and the number of the hymn. The accompanying title is also in German, but Sabine has placed the umlaut over the wrong 'u'. The German should read Zürich. The phrase then translates as *O Come Back*. Such a title could be a plea to the *wandering sheep* of the hymn. See also p 68 and footnote 154 for another hymn with a reference to Nudine but without a title, German or otherwise.

And *then shall* fill each lifted eye.  
~~And~~ When in fulfilment hope is lost  
 And faith is merged in sight  
 And only love remains to burn  
 More fervent [?] and more bright.  
 Oh Christ! That we may reach that time  
 That Golden longed for morn,  
 We'll bear what here is laid on us  
 Thy Cross, thy scourge, thy thorn.

I have added a few verses after all and completed the little trifle.

### **18<sup>th</sup> Thursday** [February 1864]

Oh, Lord! I purposed to have meditated this week on Sincerity and I have not done with Humility yet! I think that one subject must last me through Lent. I am beginning to fear Pride. I never knew before its horrible nature. I am reading and making an analysis of R P Coster's<sup>70</sup> sermon on the Gospel for the first Sunday in Lent: - the temptation of our Lord. The old Jesuit knew more of the depth and wonder of the Scripture than any of our Anglican Divines.

### **19<sup>th</sup> Friday** [February 1864]

The country white with snow. Oh Jesus! Would that thou didst snow down on me the whiteness of Thy Purity that this dark wintry heart were prepared as a bride for thee! That it were overlaid with the altar linen of Thy Virginity, whereon Thou mightest rest, when Thou comest in thy blessed sacrament to visit and abide with me. I have been looking at the beautiful little chrystals, [*sic*] so perfect in their symmetry so immaculate in their whiteness: and how soon do they melt away with a big tear. I could not help thinking of the dear children about me – whose souls white beautiful and clean will alas! soon melt away and dissolve into – Ah! Please God it may be into – tears of repentance.

### **21<sup>st</sup> Sunday** [February 1864]

I feel a sinking of heart at the thought of my so soon being in the ministry. Ah! My God what cases what sorrows, are in store for me. I do feel most keenly the guilt of others and when I have that to bear as a Priest, I feel as though I should be crushed with the weight. Some years ago we had a sad case here of sin in which many of one's dear ones were involved. The discovery bowed me down, I almost sank, with sorrow, into despair. What will it be when I have so many, many sinners to deal with. The Gospel for this Sunday – the Syro-Phoenician woman – always brings me special comfort in seasons such as this – it teaches me how I can make the cause of another quite my own. The poor woman pleading for her daughter cried "Lord help me!"<sup>71</sup>

I have been obliged wholly to give up my Icelandic studies: I cannot bear to read those dear Sagas now when I know that my hopes of ever revisiting Iceland are over. Some of the boys were looking over my sketches today. I could hardly control myself it really upset me. I think that the life of all others which I should enjoy would be that of a hermit in some Alpine glen. I know of no earthly happiness greater than: the contemplation of beautiful scenery, and a life of prayer is one of perfect peace.

### **22<sup>nd</sup> Monday** [February 1864]

<sup>70</sup> RP Fr. Coster: Reverendus Pater Francis Coster, see footnote 52 p 24. Francis Coster was one of the principal preachers featured in *Post-Medieval Preachers* and was much admired by Sabine.

<sup>71</sup> The Syro-Phoenician woman whose daughter, possessed by a demon, was healed by Jesus. Mark vii, 25-30; Matthew xv, 21-28.

P's bed is arranged with the feet towards the wall and the head away from it. L. has tried often to make him alter it, by laughing at the absurdity of its appearance, the unmeaning position, the untidy look it gives to the room. But P. will not give way. L. does not know the reason why the bed is so placed. P. always likes sleeping with his feet to the East: So do I, – in the way in which he must one day lie for his long sleep. He may as well accommodate his mind to it now.<sup>72</sup>

I have come across the following pretty story in Meffreth's sermon for Feria 2<sup>nd</sup> part Reminiscere. A certain hermit planted an olive. He prayed to God for rain that it might be well watered and take root. So it rained. Then he prayed for sun to warm the soil, and the sun came out. He prayed for frost to brace up the strength of the young plant vigour to its roots: So frost came on. Then he prayed for warm weather to restore sap to the branches and swell the buds. So warm weather came. – But the olive died. Some days after the old man visited a neighbour and saw that he had a young flourishing olive tree. In surprise the hermit said "I too planted an olive. I prayed for rain, for sun, for frost, for heat, all was granted to my prayer just as I deemed most needful for my olive and yet it died!" "And I" answered the other, "I planted my olive and left it to God's care without limiting the means. He knows best what is good for my olive, and He will give what is required, when and how he wills."<sup>73</sup>

### **23<sup>rd</sup> Tuesday** [February 1864]

The foremost part of the vessel in which S. Paul was, stuck fast in the ground, but the hinder part was broken with the violence of the waves.<sup>74</sup> What matters so long as the heart be firm aground on the shore of our true country – if this frail body be broken with the violence of the waves and storms of this veiled [?] world.

### **24<sup>th</sup> Wednesday** [February 1864]

Raulin<sup>75</sup> says that all our works are Christ's, if we devote ourselves to Him: as whose is the tree, His are the fruit.

### **25<sup>th</sup> Thursday** [February 1864]

Went out with Fowler after bell castings. Went to Twineham<sup>76</sup> where are found two very interesting bells one with a medallion on it containing an excellent portrait of Henry VIII. We had a terribly muddy journey across country, over hedge and ditch, through mire and clay, across ploughed fields and through swollen brooks. The church<sup>77</sup> tower is very rude but admirably proportioned

### **26<sup>th</sup> Friday** [February 1864]

There is a Rabinical [*sic*] story to this effect.<sup>78</sup> An old man once showed a youth the abode of the Blessed – the Heavenly city. For joy of heart the lad took hop, skip and jump and in a twinkling was half over the wall. "Fie, fie!" cried the old man, "Paradise is not to be taken by storm, you must enter it like me, with slow and measured tread with a pair of crutches and gouty legs." Alas, how many of those who would rush into the path of perfection are drawn from it by the counsel of older men who have no taste for it themselves, and try to hinder those who are drawn towards it.

### **March 3<sup>rd</sup>** [1864 Thursday]

<sup>72</sup> Presumably P and L were two of Sabine's teaching colleagues at Hurstpierpoint.

<sup>73</sup> This story was the basis of *The Olive Tree*, a poem eventually published in 1868 in *The Silver Store*. The story is found in the chapter on Meffreth in *Post-Medieval Preachers*.

<sup>74</sup> Acts xxvii, 41.

<sup>75</sup> Jean Raulin, 1443-1514, French Benedictine Priest. *Post-Medieval Preachers* includes a chapter on him. According to Sabine, a dry and methodical preacher who delighted in far fetched similes and sometimes descended to buffoonery.

<sup>76</sup> Twineham: 2 miles north of Hurstpierpoint.

<sup>77</sup> St Peter's. Red brick early Tudor. Peel of five bells.

<sup>78</sup> Versified at page 85 of this diary. The short poem was published as *A Parable* in *The Silver Store* 1868, London, Skeffington.

Some cover themselves with Christ's scarlet robe of perfection, whilst others tear it to pieces, and at last perhaps are content, like Rahab,<sup>79</sup> to be saved by one thread.

**4th [March 1864 Friday]**

Rupert of Duytz<sup>80</sup> in speaking on the verse 'The spirit of the Lord shall rest on Him, i.e. on the Branch' remarks 'Hitherto had the Holy Dove wandered through the thick grove of humanity without finding rest for the sole of the foot, but now having discerned this One Flower, on it the spirit lights, there to find perpetual repose.'

**5th [March 1864 Saturday]**

I forget whether I have already mentioned the graceful remark of Raulin, that when we enter upon the Sabbath of rest, the 7<sup>th</sup> hour of this our day, then the fever of life is over: quoting the words used by the centurion's servant.<sup>81</sup>

**10th [March 1864 Thursday]**

Tauler<sup>82</sup> the Dominican has the following story in one of his sermons. As he was on his way to church he met a beggar and wished him 'Good day' 'I never have a bad one' replied the pauper. 'Well, well, may you be happy!' 'I am never unhappy' was the retort. Tauler turned round with surprise and said 'You are a strange man then, never to be unhappy, never to have a bad day! What say you to wind and rain?' "I bless God for it and am content." "Ah! but frost and cold?" "I praise God's Holy name for having sent it. It is God's will, and my happiness consists in God's will being done." "But" suggested the preacher; "Would you be content were it the Lord's will that you should be cast into Hell?" "Mark you," answered the beggar, "I have two lusty arms, they are love and humility, with these twain would I clasp my saviour so tight, that I would drag him down with me into the abyss: and it would be happiness to be with Him there, and misery to be in Heaven without him."

**12th Saturday [March 1864]**

Went to town to exhibit my Icelandic sketches at the Royal Society soirée. Slept at Gen<sup>l</sup> Sabine's<sup>83</sup>

**13th Sunday. (Passion Sunday) [March 1864]**

Went to church with my Uncle and Aunt in the morning. Christ was absent. There was no celebration of the B. Sacrament. We went like the Mariés, but Christ was gone, and we saw only a tomb and emptiness. Like the children in the Gospel we asked for bread and were given a stone – for instead of the B. Sacrament the Incumbent treated us to a dreary sermon. In the afternoon attended S. Barnabas,<sup>84</sup> and again in the evening.

**14th Monday. [March 1864]**

Saw the Bp. of Ripon at 8 o'clock in the morning,<sup>85</sup> I had not a long interview as he was hungry. There was an excellent Passiontide breakfast on the table, consisting of Ham, pies, a leg of cold mutton and preparations for cutlets and stakes. Bishops are advised in the Epistle to be given to

<sup>79</sup> Rahab: Biblical prostitute of Jericho who sheltered Jewish spies and was told to mark her house with a scarlet thread. to ensure it would not be destroyed when Jericho was captured by the Jews. Joshua vi, 25.

<sup>80</sup> Rupert of Deutz Abbey, Cologne. Abbot and influential Benedictine theologian. 1075-1129.

<sup>81</sup> The healing of the centurion's servant: Luke. 7. 1-10.

<sup>82</sup> Johannes Tauler: German Dominican and mystic theologian, who influenced both Catholic and Protestant thinking.

<sup>83</sup> Sabine's Great uncle, then Major General Edward Sabine, later President of the Royal Society. He was promoted General in 1870.

<sup>84</sup> Sabine would have been much more at home at the influential Anglo-catholic church of S Barnabas with Fr. Lowder both of whom he knew well and admired.

<sup>85</sup> *Early Reminiscences* p 336 gave a somewhat different account of this interview. In it Sabine wrote that the bishop had already eaten when they met. Where in London the interview took place is not reported. Clearly some distance from 13 Ashley Place, Victoria Street, where Gen. Sabine lived and with whom Sabine was staying.

hospitality. Ripon probably differs in his opinions from S. Paul on that score, as he probably does also on every article of the Catholic faith; he certainly never invited me to breakfast with him, though he had dragged me all across London without my breakfast to see him at that unearthly hour. Returned in the evening to Hurst.

**16<sup>th</sup> Wednesday** [*March 1864*]

I found this among my waste papers

1. All the world in sin was lying<sup>86</sup>  
Hid from God the Father's light  
As a cloud across the Heavens  
Keeps the golden sun from sight.
2. God the father's face was veiled  
Satan held man in his sway  
Jesus came from Heavenly glory,  
Wiped the cloud of sin away.
3. Punishment each sin demanded  
Jesus payed [*sic*] the bitter price  
Sins of thought, of word of action  
Thus atoned by sacrifice.
4. Jesus Christ Himself the victim  
Now as Priest in Heaven doth stand  
Offering his wounded Body  
Lifting up each pierced Hand.
5. For each sin on Earth committed  
We that sacrifice must plead  
Asking Him with God the Father  
For our guilt to intercede.
6. Then that sacrifice we offer  
When on Altars here below  
Wine is outpoured, bread is broken  
And the Lord's death forth we shew.
7. Come we then with heart's devotion  
To the Sacrament divine  
In the bread see Jesus Body  
And his dear blood in the wine!
8. Let us hail Him, low adoring  
And th' Angelic anthem swell,  
Praising Christ the spotless Victory  
Ransoming the world from Hell.

**24<sup>th</sup> Maundy Thursday** [*March 1864*]

Went into Brighton to make my confession.<sup>87</sup>

In the train was a little child asleep; it awoke as I watched it and looked listlessly about. Presently its eye caught its mother's, and at once the little face was transfigured. Light sprang up in its eyes, a flush over ran its smiling cheeks, out went its tiny arms and its face was in a moment buried in its mother's cheek. I could not help reflecting how this was a dim shadow of our resurrection joy – when waking from the long sleep of death, our eye rests of [*on?*] Jesus whom we have so loved, our

<sup>86</sup> Published as *Mission Hymns II* in *Church Times*, Vol.2, Page 243, 30 July 1864.

<sup>87</sup> As the sacrament of the confessional is known to have been an integral but controversial part of the philosophy of Hurstpierpoint College this is an unsurprising confirmation that Sabine made use of a confessor during this period of his life.

whole frames will be transformed with joy – waking up after his likeness we shall be satisfied with it.

### **25<sup>th</sup> Good Friday [March 1864]**

During Lent I have been coupling another name with mine in all my prayers.<sup>88</sup> The great longing of my heart is that he and I should learn to love Jesus with the perfect love that He alone can give. Last night I dreamed that I heard distinctly the words ‘The Lord hath heard thy petition.’ I have not the slightest recollection of the person who spoke – but I remember the words very clearly – everything else in connexion with the dream has vanished from my mind.

### **Low Sunday [3 April 1864]**

The articles of the Creed are like the waymarks in Iceland. There are no roads in the island, but heaps of stones called vörður<sup>89</sup> just within sight of each other mark the track. If you fail to discern one the whole track is lost. Each is of the utmost importance, tho it may appear but a trifle, for without it you would infallibly lose your way.

### **April 20<sup>th</sup> Wednesday [1864]**

A long blank in my diary – the fact being that I have been engaged upon the 39 articles<sup>90</sup> – a subject enough to drive a Christian man out of his senses. It is sad that our clergy should be bound by such miserable fetters. The Church in 16 Centuries imposed but three Creeds upon her children as articles of faith and this hole and corner Establishment must needs forge thirty nine uncouth all-but heretical propositions which it rams down the throats of its members.

In receiving a charge the front men kneel – in the conflict with the world and powers that be our front rank men are those who are found kneeling.

This world is much like Sinbad’s island<sup>91</sup> – just as slippery, quite as uncertain. Sinbad found a green pleasant isle on which he disembarked and prepared to fix his quarters. But when he began to drive the tent pegs, the island sank beneath the waves – for he had landed on the back of a whale. This world is but a restless globule of quicksilver, bring it in contact with the gold of charity [?] and it dulls it and makes it worthless, let it but touch the silver of a clean conscience and it turns it to lead. In the sulphur of the last fire it may be reduced to a stable residuum – and that black.<sup>92</sup>

I should like to see the British Workman, that remarkable man who is supposed to take an unbiased view of every topic, who is religious without being sectarian, a politician without being a partizan. [*sic*] I have not seen him yet.

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<sup>88</sup> Sabine gave no clue to the identity of the person whose name was coupled with his in prayer. However we know from his later diary that at this time, although his father had consented to Sabine being ordained, he did not really approve and had told Sabine that he would be disinherited if he was ordained. The relationship between father and son was at this time strained. This would have caused Sabine great distressed. It was therefore most likely that it was Sabine’s father whose name was coupled with his in prayer. See appendix A. Also R Wawman, *Never Completely Submerged, The Diary of Sabine Baring-Gould*. p 65.

<sup>89</sup> Vörður: In Icelandic the plural of varða, a cairn built to guide travellers.

<sup>90</sup> The Thirty-Nine Articles of Religion: Established in 1563. They are the defining statements of the doctrine of the Anglican Church in relation to the Reformation.

<sup>91</sup> Sinbad’s First voyage.

<sup>92</sup> In the Introduction to *Post-Medieval Preachers* this story is attributed to Meffreth.

**May 1<sup>st</sup>.** [Sunday 1864]

These lines have been for some months in a portfolio<sup>93</sup>

1. On the Resurrection morning  
Soul and body meet again,  
No more sorrow, no more ~~tears~~ *weeping*  
No more pain.
2. Here awhile they must be parted  
And ~~a widowed~~ *the flesh its* Sabbath keep  
Waiting in a Holy stillness  
Fast asleep;
3. ~~And awhile~~ *For a space* the tired Body  
Lies with feet towards the dawn:  
Till there breaks the last, and brightest  
Easter Morn.
4. ~~And But~~ the soul in contemplation  
Utters earnest prayer and strong  
Bursting at the Resurrection  
Into Song.
5. Soul and Body reunited  
Thenceforth nothing shall divide  
Waking up in Christ's own Likeness  
Satisfied.
6. Oh, the Beauty! Oh, the Gladness  
Of that Resurrection Day  
Which shall never, never, never  
Pass away.
7. Oh that happy Easter morning  
All the graves their dead restore  
Father, sister, child and mother  
Meet once more.
8. To that brightest of all meetings  
Bring us Jesus Christ at last!  
To thy Cross through death and judgement  
Holding fast.

**May 3<sup>rd</sup>** [Tuesday 1864]

'We are not saved' says Albertus Magnus<sup>94</sup> 'by verbs but by adverbs. The verb may be, to pray, to fast, to communicate, to give alms, but the adverbs are devoutly, sincerely, fervently, liberally. Alb. Mag. Comp. Theol. Book 5.C.12.

***Transcriber's Note: Above is the last entry made in the diary by Sabine while at Hurstpierpoint.***

<sup>93</sup> It has been assumed that these lines in Sabine's portfolio were written about the time of his mother's death on 6 December 1863. Her name does not appear in this diary. The version copied into the diary and slightly revised, with new pencilled words shown in italics, is very close to the version published as *Mission Hymn I* in the *Church Times*, Vol. II, p 234, on 23 July 1864.

<sup>94</sup> St Albertus Magnus: 1193- 1280. Dominican Friar and Bishop of Regensburg. A notable medieval scholar who advocated the peaceful co-existence of Science and Religion.

*On Whitsunday. 15 May 1864 Sabine was ordained by the Bishop of Ripon and on the following day presented himself to the Rev. John Sharp, vicar of Horbury<sup>95</sup> to commence his curacy there.*

**June 1<sup>st</sup>** [Wednesday 1864]

Men are always most bitter against those who are doing what they have once done and have given up. I have noticed this frequently. L.<sup>96</sup> for instance can not feel or say anything to [sic] illnatured against the Catholic party in the English Church – because he himself belonged to it at one time but has since settled down into a Church and State man.

**June 2<sup>nd</sup>** [Thursday 1864]

The butcher here was lately married by special licence. He took his wife a bridal trip of a few days. On his return home he sat him down at the table and began counting his money. “Humph!” quoth he; “Thee hast cost me a tidy bit of money, wife! Let me see how much thee weighs?” And he weighed her at the steel yard. Then taking a pencil and paper he made his calculations: – “Humph. sevenpence ha’penny a lb. thee hast cost, that’s a dear bit of meat! wife!”<sup>97</sup>

**June 3<sup>rd</sup>** [Friday 1864]

Next to the pulpit I really think the stage is the best moral education of the people: the London rag-tag perhaps get many a good lesson from the stage which they never would get elsewhere. No sermon ever preached could give a noble lesson in a more impulsive form than either the “Collier’s bairn” or “Ticket of leave Man”.<sup>98</sup>

**June 4<sup>th</sup>** [Saturday 1864]

Only three in church today, a Sister of Mercy, a servant maid and a bumble Bee.

**June 5<sup>th</sup> Sunday** [1864]

I very much question whether sermons are of the slightest use. They go in at one ear and out at the other, tickling the conscience on their passage, or perhaps I should say scratching it. What slightly pains is also frequently a source of pleasurable sensations, as when a man scratches himself, scarification will never heal the itch, though it may relieve it. So, I suspect, a searching address from the pulpit gives a momentary smart to the irritated conscience, allaying the itching without curing the disease.

**June 14<sup>th</sup>** [Tuesday 1864]

A Joint Stock company is like a Cold Bath – get out of it a quick as you can.

**July 1<sup>st</sup>** [Friday 1864]

Roland the painter had a daughter who was much attached to one of his pupils, but the painter refused his consent to the union unless the young man could produce a painting true to nature, in which the roses were blue and the lilies brown. The girl had such faith in the goodness of God that she did not despair even at the accomplishment of such an apparent impossibility, but went to the convent where she had been brought up, and asked the nuns to pray for her, and to give her the charge of the altar for nine days. On the ninth day, her lover, kneeling behind her, she was on the point of making up her mind to be resigned to what appeared to her to be the will of God, when her lover gently touched her and drew her attention to the altar flowers, she looked and the roses were blue and the lilies brown – for the sun was shining through the western painted window and the

<sup>95</sup> Baring-Gould S, *Further Reminiscences*, 1925, London, Bodley Head, p.1.

<sup>96</sup> The initial ‘L’: Sabine was probably referring to someone other than one of his fellow curates at Horbury as none of these had names beginning with L. Lister K, *Half My Life*, 2002, Horbury, Charnwood p 29.

<sup>97</sup> This anecdote, somewhat changed, is to found in *Further Reminiscences* p 16.

<sup>98</sup> *Ticket of Leave Man*. Melodrama by Tom Taylor. First performed 27 May 1863.

blue of the Virgin's robe smote the roses and the brown of S Dominic's garb overshadowed the lilies.

The picture was painted and the two were united.

### July – [1864]

A Church gathering at A. The spot was distant from the railway. It was like Heaven, very hard to reach, and when you got there, you found so many persons you never expected to see, and missed so many you counted on for certain.

I have become a cadger. People are divided into two classes. Those who ask for money and those who are asked. Each of these divisions is again subdivided. The askers are those who beg and get nothing and those who beg and get what they want. Those asked can be divided into those who give and those who don't. Of course the net is not perfect now – nothing in this world is perfect – the net is broken and a few slippery fish escape. They are not asked. If these individuals will furnish me with their names they will speedily – oh, how speedily! – be included in the category of the asked.

I am beginning to realize a sense of transformation. I was a tadpole, now I am a frog. I was once badgered and worried by the askers. Now I ask myself. Oh! glorious exchange! I thought at first, alas and woes! the day I find the second condition the worst ~~of the two~~ *than the first*. I had at one time an income of 25£, per ann. together with my board and lodging. Then I was a schoolmaster. It was an act of charity my going at that price. I thought in the simplicity of my heart that I could clothe and doctor myself at that price – I had forgotten the human fleas – mosquitoes – I was asked to support the cricket club. All the masters gave 10<sup>sh</sup>. [shillings] Then I was asked to support the library. All the masters gave 10<sup>sh</sup>. So my income dropped to 24£. Then I was asked to subscribe towards the support of a poor scholar, every one else gave 1£ so I gave one £. My income was 23£. Then there was the foundation of another school, I was expected to give 1£ to that – I gave 10<sup>sh</sup>, we wanted a new chapel, I had to give 10<sup>sh</sup> to that – so my income dropped to 22£. An organ was wanted, 10<sup>sh</sup>. was the least that could be paid. There were sports, steeple chase, hurdle race and the devil to pay – I had to spend 10<sup>sh</sup>. on that. Then there came the 5<sup>th</sup> November bonfire. I thought 5<sup>sh</sup>. would do and I stood xxxx 5<sup>sh</sup>. [?] A Christmas tree cost 5<sup>sh</sup>. more – so I was left with 20£ 10<sup>sh</sup>.\*

\* [at the bottom of the page] What is more I never received my 1<sup>st</sup> quarter's salary. Why? Because I never asked for it. I had not then learned the lesson I know now.

After a while I obtained a salary of 50£ and then for two years 75£. However I was not content but must be an asker. Now I am a deacon in the diocese of Ripon and I am organising a Mission in a poor district I am learning my trade of begging.

What I need is this. My district is a poor one, in fact it consists entirely of mill hands, lads and lassies wild and unbroken, colliers a few, and bargemen a few. There are several large factories in the place, one of which is in Chancery, another belongs to a dissenter, and a third has just been built and the owner has stretched his utmost to erect it, so I do not see that I can get anything from them. The parish has been tasked to its uttermost for the restoration of the Parish church and the debt on it is not paid off yet. Besides the school is also begging and the clothing club needs support so that Mother Church is much like the horse leech which had 3 daughters crying "give, give give!"<sup>99</sup> In my district there must be I suppose 700 people, there are people just over the ~~border~~ *boundary* of the parish, some 2 miles from their own parish Church and they are certain to come to my chapel if my chapel gets up. If – by all the powers – no ifs in the case, it shall.

<sup>99</sup> Proverbs xxx:15: *The horseleech hath two daughters, crying, Give, give.* King James bible.

How to do it is the next question. But I will first sketch the flock over which I am pastor. Imprimis they are very black externally as well as internally, corporeally as well as spiritually; their presence in dye works gives them a coating of blue over the skin, ~~much like the woad of the ancient Britons.~~ Judging from their hands and faces which they exhibit as samples of the whole article, they must be true Britons in their war paint of woad. The atmosphere of the place is anything but pure or fragrant. The air is charged with blacks and I came home from a walk with three or four smuts astride of my nose like ragged urchins on the back of a horse. The perfume of dye works is any thing [but?] agreeable, the odour of a soap manufactory any thing but savoury. Dye and oil and coal drippings run into the river and turn it into a hideous black glistening drain – the soap work opens on it also, but what ever detergent properties soap may have it will not wash water clean.

The people are very dirty, the men more so than the women, the women more so than the children, because the larger they are the more surface is presented for the dirt to accumulate. Dirt is unavoidable in a manufacturing place. The people are not uncleanly in their habits, but the contact with oil and dye naturally dirties and discolours. The cleanest of folk are those who at times are the dirtiest, these are the colliers. They emerge from the pit as black as sweeps, but they betake themselves to the tub the moment they reach home when they wash all over except the backbone – they have a fancy that washing the spine weakens it, and there is consequently a line of black shining [?] as though black leaded down the spine of a collier.

I have had designs made for my chapel it will seat about a 100 and cost 100£.

The thing is how to get the money to erect it. I accordingly wrote to all my friends and received refusals by the score, I extracted 10£ out of a stranger, I got 5£ from an uncle and 5£ from a cousin, but for the most part I turned friends and relations into personal meanies by dunning them, I then began by asking the people I met – I am a sensitive individual and I soon found I was regarded much as our forefathers regarded lepers: and I stood the chance of being solitary in the world. I then wrote the Church Times the following letter

***Transcriber's Note: It seems likely from the strip of gummed paper at the side of the page that a letter was pasted in and has since disappeared. Presumably this is the letter dated 27 June 1864 that is reproduced on pp 35-6 of the biography, Half My Life by Keith Lister. It was published in Church Times 2 July 1864.***

This brought me in 11/- of which 5/- came from the bookseller at Wakefield. I waited a week and then inserted a second letter

***The second letter was also pasted in as printed and has survived intact:***

#### HORBURY BRIDGE MISSION

Sir, – Let me acknowledge, thankfully, through your columns, a donation of one shilling towards the Mission Chapel at Horbury Bridge, from some kind person at Leamington, and 5/- from Exeter. As my appeal towards building the shed which is to serve for mission purposes is so unfruitful – and as I believe people will give if they know exactly how their money will be disposed of – allow me to entreat some good Christians to give me either a rush bottomed chair, price 1s. 9d., or so many feet of roof felting, price 1d. a square foot, or so many feet of wooden plank for the walls, price 4 ¼ d. a foot – that is 4d. for wood and ¼ d. for sawing. Now if any charitable person will send me the money for any of these objects, it shall be applied to the purpose specified.

The need for a Mission chapel on the spot mentioned in my former letter is most pressing. We are very moderate in our demands, only wanting £100 to build with; one cannot do

much for that sum, but one can get under cover, and that is all I ask for. If there were only a cottage which might be hired, I should be quite content with that, but there is not a [*the word vacant inserted in manuscript*]<sup>100</sup> cottage in the place. My building will be 36 feet x18, and the walls nine feet high. On the south side there will be a tiny vestry, and at the west end a bell cot. The east end will be occupied by a platform from which to preach, and the body of the chapel will be filled with the chairs which I hope some of the readers of the *Church Times* will give me.

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully

S. BARING GOULD

Assistant Curate of Horbury

Horbury, Wakefield, July 12 1864<sup>101</sup>

The day that the second letter came out I dined with a Commercial Traveller in the wool line and met there another in the watch business, good sound and earnest Churchmen both. The subject of conversation turned on the subject of my chapel, still I did not calculate on getting anything from them, indeed I scarcely wished to ask of them. Merry, kindly fellows they were, ready to do any thing in the world for Mother Church. After dinner, we came over to Horbury where they wished to inspect the alteration in the Church. They were much gratified by this and they had tea with me. Before they left: one gave me 10/-, another 5/- towards my chapel. God reward them.

Next day, **Sunday**, [17 July 1864]

the weather was delicious and in the evening several people from Wakefield walked over to Evensong. After Church they came into the parsonage and I met for the first time a Railway clerk, Joe Layton, J.A. clerk in an attorney's office, M. Hirst I knew before he is assistant in a Bookseller's shop. J.W. was also present, he had been to Scarboro on the previous day and he came exulting to inform me that he had netted 10/- for my chapel.<sup>102</sup> J.A. at once produced the same sum, and M.H. 2/6. They will of a surety be recompensed at the Resurrection of the Just. I did not ask them for help, they volunteered it themselves, I would not have asked them for anything for I knew well how ill they could afford to give. But I have learned the lesson by my begging. Those who have least are the most ready to give, I am glad too that my chapel should be raised on the offerings of those who have little means, for I am sure those offerings will be most fruitful.

On **Monday** [18 July 1864]

I got the following letter from Bath<sup>103</sup> [No letter is now included in the diary]

With this came a note from an old pupil of mine containing a sensible remark. B Also a note from an old college friend whom I had lost sight of for years, he sent me 2 shillings and his address, we can now renew an old friendship – one broken for so long. In the work of God one meets with friends.

**Tuesday** [19 July 1864]

I got 10/- from G S N at Newcastle, 5/- from someone who did not give name or initial. 4/- from an old pupil whom I had not seen for years.

I have been reading an interesting book by an eminent naturalist. I wrote to this naturalist informing him of the fact that I had been charmed with his book and that I had been particularly struck by an observation he made in it – that the greatest works were often the result of the humblest artificers,

<sup>100</sup> The very same manuscript correction in Sabine's handwriting can be found in the copy of the letter reproduced in *Half My Life* by Keith Lister.

<sup>101</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> letter published *Church Times* on Saturday 16 July 1864, but came out the previous day 15 July.

<sup>102</sup> J.W: Probably the un-named man in the mills who donated his 10/- dog-fighting prize. *Further Reminiscences* pp 10-11.

<sup>103</sup> Letter from Bath: See page 38, letter from Monica.

and that mountains were built by the smallest particles. Following out this idea I said that I was erecting a mission chapel on the small contributions of those who had little to give. I wait panting for his answer. But I developed this idea still further and wrote the following letter to the Guardian.

“Sir,

The chalk hills of England are formed of the siliceous cases of myriads of Infusoria, each individual being too minute for the naked eye to discern it. The influence of these tiny atoms upon the world in which we live is almost beyond belief. Sir John Ross and other Arctic explorers, speak of a large bank called the Victoria Barrier, 400 miles long and 120 miles wide, composed almost entirely of these microscopic infusoria. Now, in the place of a bank I intend erecting a Mission chapel, and instead of its dimensions being measured in miles, they must be measured in feet. 36x18, and to effect the building of this barn I rely entirely on the diminutive contributions of charitable people. I want 100£ and have collected 33£ chiefly from persons who could ill afford to subscribe. God reward them. True, in the midst of this sum lie one 10£, and another, 5£ note, but they are like gigantic pachyderms alongside countless diatoms. I have got enough to erect three walls and to floor the area. Who will add their mites to erect the east wall and to roof in the building with felt?

Yours etc  
S Baring Gould

This cannot appear till next week. In the mean time I have urged my Incumbent to write to the Church Review. He has done so – a capital sensible letter, everything that can be desired but, it has extracted nothing, not one penny. This is the letter as it was

***Transcriber’s Note: At this point there is a gap at the top of a page where presumably the letter was pasted in. Alas, the letter has not survived. What followed referred to a discussion between Sabine and the Rev. John Sharp.***

‘quite’ said I, pointing to the words ‘quite necessary.’ You have the same word repeated twice within little distance of each other. Had you not better put absolutely necessary. My Rector laughed and changed the word. When the letter came out it had very in the place. Oh, what might not absolutely have extracted.

**Wednesday [20 July 1864]**

I received 5£ from some one who withheld his or her name, at Ramsgate. I got also 2/- from Brighton for one chair and 2 ft. felt. 2/6 from A J F for felt roofing; letter C from Brother and sis. Today I wrote to a wealthy banker – a letter describing the state of my district and telling him of the subscriptions I had already obtained; I told him that the result of my experience hitherto was that those who were poor in this world’s goods, were the most ready, to give, but I was open to a change of view on this point, if as a fact I found that the money wanted did come from rich people. I informed him that all my contributors of whom I knew anything were people who could ill afford to give: that I had written to numerous people of wealth and had been refused with two exceptions and that I was convinced he would make the third.

I have been thinking over Monica’s letter<sup>104</sup> and feel that she must be one of those persons who would never have left the English Church had not Bath been given up wholly to the extreme low Church party. If the Church of England had only been presented to her in its proper colours she would never have left, but Bath Protestantism is enough to drive anyone over who has not Faith as a

<sup>104</sup> Letter from Monica: See page 37, letter from Bath.

grain of Mustard seed<sup>105</sup> shall I say! nay – as big as an ostrich's egg. I have written a letter to her requesting her prayers before the B. Sacrament for the prosperity of my Mission.

**Friday Thursday 21<sup>st</sup> [July 1864]**

I get 2/6 from a little boy who was lately my pupil. D. God bless the little fellow. The following letter E was forwarded to me by the publisher of the Church Times. I answered it privately. I told M<sup>r</sup> D that by the publisher sending it to me privately instead of inserting it in his paper, D had providentially been saved from committing a great sin – in opposing the work of God and throwing stumbling blocks in the way of the faithful and that he ought to be very thankful for having been thus preserved and should testify his gratitude by making a thanks offering which I should be happy to apply to the purposes of the Mission. I have this on the hip!

I received also 10/- from Cowley and 10/6 from an army surgeon.

Low Churchmen choose the narrow way just as a donkeys ~~would~~, *prefer lanes to highroads for they can to munch at the hedges on either side without the inconvenience of zig-zaging*. They block the way – it is their fault if I run along the top of the hedge.

Every man exposes his weak point with perfect unconsciousness of so doing, just as a cat ~~which~~ persists in erecting its tail.

When an old sow farrows more piggies than there are titties for them to suck, the supernumeraries suck the tails of the suckers till they die of inanition – I must be careful in my begging not to suck those who are themselves sucking but go to the fountainhead first. Unfortunately there are more who need *[to?]* suck than titties to suck.

***Transcriber's Note: At this point in the diary a small undated notice from an unknown periodical was pasted in. The contents of the notice are as follows:***

AN OPPORTUNITY. – In the Gospel for next Sunday, we are bidden “Make to yourselves friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness;<sup>106</sup> that when ye fail, they may receive you into everlasting habitations.” Those who are disposed to put in practice what they are taught, may send help towards the erection of a wooden Mission Chapel at Horbury, Yorkshire. The case is urgent; the district very poor.  
S. Baring Gould, Horbury, Wakefield.

The only way for me is to bite the tail of one of the sucklings and when he turns to squeak, to seize the nipple which for the instant is disengaged – woe betide me if I let go again.

**Sunday [23 July 1864]**

The first lesson this morning struck me as being peculiarly applicable. Elijah lays his wood in order for a sacrifice and the children of Israel were ready enough to pour water over it, and that is pretty nearly all the hand they had in the offering. Now anyone bent on erecting a sanctuary to the Lord will see at once how the same thing is acted over and over again now. There are few to assist in the sacrifice, plenty to throw cold water upon it.<sup>107</sup>

All our fathers were under the cloud – this is especially applicable to last century, for the former generation was certainly involved in a hopeless Theological fog.

**Monday [24 July 1864]**

<sup>105</sup> Parable of the mustard seed: Luke 13. 18-19; Mark 4. 30-32; Matthew 13. 31-32.

<sup>106</sup> Mammon of Unrighteousness: Luke, xvi, 9.

<sup>107</sup> Elijah on Mount Carmel: 1 Kings, xviii, 16-46.

The Guardian declined to insert a begging letter except on the terms of an advertisement. I shall send it to the Church Review. This mornings post brings in 14/9. One good soul sends me 1/9 for a chair, 1/1 for 3 ft wood, 9<sup>d</sup> for 9ft of felt roofing. M<sup>r</sup> Drummond sends me the thank offering – it is only for 5/-. The great talkers are the little doers, those most disposed to pick holes in their neighbours coats are least disposed to supply them with needle and thread to mend those holes. Not much of a plaster 5/-, to cover such a wound as M<sup>r</sup> D. made. I have acknowledged it thus.

Sir — Many thanks for the 5/- plaster you have sent me for the grievous wound you made – yours truly etc.

**Wednesday [27 July 1864]**

Received this morning received [*sic*] 1 chair from some Anonymous person, 1 chair from some lady whose letter I preserve, and from two young sisters 5/- a bag of 8/6 altogether.

A.C. has given me an acc<sup>t</sup> of the manner in which he got up a sum of money for endowment of his Church which is one of those built under the Peel act.<sup>108</sup> The mother church is Alverthorpe<sup>109</sup> of which W. is incumbent. I shall give his story as much as possible in his own words.

“Walton came to me one morning and said, ‘Now be sharp, Cass<sup>110</sup> we have no time to idle here as we are to catch the train,’ I took up an old hat with the brim flexible from the frequency with which it had been trampled [?] and with patches of grease showing distinctly on the outside. ‘My dear fellow put on a better hat.’ ‘No thank you’ said I ‘I am the crushed pastor living on 40£ a year, can’t afford a new hat – when I am going to beg.’ We caught the train, W. bustling along, globular and rubicund as he had a right to be on 300£ per ann. I depressed and ~~pallid~~, lean and seedy in costume as I must be on 40£ per ann.

We reached Leeds and proceeded at once to the Town Hall where the B<sup>p</sup> was with his council. Walton rattled up the stairs, fussing and puffing like an incumbent well to do and a family man. I raised my legs at each step with a woebegone look and a deficiency of vigour. We marched right into the room where John Thomas Longley<sup>111</sup> Divine R<sup>t</sup> etc R<sup>t</sup> Rev<sup>d</sup> etc sat with the council and Walton began at once with his case. The B<sup>p</sup>, courteously but emphatically snubbed him. It was not our turn, we must follow his turn, we must ~~return~~ go back to the waiting room and there tarry till our names were called. So W. toddled, I tailed out and retreated to the room indicated which was at the bottom of the stairs.

There sat some 20 parsons all in a huge state of excitement, but pretending – or trying to pretend – perfect coolness. Aye! but I could see that they were all in a state of high nervousness. Parson A took off his spectacles and wiped them, then arranged his cravat, then put his spectacles into their case and returned the case to his pocket: presently out it came again, the glasses were drawn forth wiped and replaced on the nose. Parson B, gave short coughs at intervals, raising his hand to his mouth to veil them each time. He was sitting with his knees apart and with his walking stick across them and his pocket handkerchief hung over the stick. Parson X, tried to talk. Rain was wanted – crops were failing – Farmers crying out. Parson D. answered in monosyllables and then there ensued a pause. Parson X presently began an observation to E on the Danish war and when E assented to the statement that it was a sad affair, another pause ensued. Parson E then

<sup>108</sup> The Populous Parishes Act, 1843: This empowered the Ecclesiastical Commissioners to create new parishes and provide the necessary stipends.

<sup>109</sup> St Paul’s Church, Alverthorpe. W. of Wakefield.

<sup>110</sup> A Cass: Possibly someone related to William Cass, curate at St Michael’s, Wakefield, see Lister K, *Half My Life*, 2002, Horbury, Charnwood p 29.

<sup>111</sup> John Thomas Longley, Bishop of Ripon and Leeds.

remarked that the late murder in a railway carriage of Mr. Jones was a horrible thing. Parson G said ‘Shocking,’ and so the matter dropped. Parson H looked at his watch every few minutes and presently asked whether any one could tell him the exact time. The 19 clergy immediately drew forth their watches and examined them attentively. All were different – They went by the time of day in X’s parish, but they go by railway time in Leeds. As each was summoned a flutter of excitement ran through the assembly: B coughed low and fast, A polished his glasses rapidly, X felt his white tie, H kicked his legs together.

At length I was summoned. ‘Come along W’ said I, and we both ascended the stairs. When we entered the committee room the B<sup>p</sup> bowed stiffly (the apostles were great dons, they were!) and the committee – set of old owls – and even greater fools than his Lordship – bowed too. I did the crushed man on 40£ to a turn. I sat me down on the extreme edge of the chair, and placed my battered and discoloured hat between my feet, I ~~placed~~ rested a hand on each knee and looked down into my hat ~~as into a well~~, the Bishop on one side of the hat, I on the other, like K Richard and Bolingbroke with the Crown.

Now is this (golden crown/aged hat) like a deep well  
that owes two buckets filling one and other;  
the emptier ever dancing in the air,  
the other down unseen and full of water:  
that bucket down and full of tears am I  
drinking my grief while you mount up on high.  
(K. Rich. A.4. sc.1)

I looked the broken king every inch.

“Mr. Cass” began the ~~Bishop~~ Registrar in a bland tone

“What is your population?”

“4,000, My Lord – chiefly poor.”

“And your income at present?”

“40£: that is 14<sup>s</sup> a week”

~~That told.~~ Aye! I knew it did, so I dropped my eyes into my hat. I knew the board was studying me from top to toe.

“Have you – ahem! – I believe you have no curate Mist –er C?”

“No, my Lord, I conduct my services alone.”

“And what are they?”

I handed in the following list.

Sunday morning

Communion

Mattins

Ante communion<sup>112</sup> with Sermon

Afternoon Litany with catechising

Evening. Evensong with Sermon

Monday. evensong. Tuesday. Evensong

Wednesday litany. Ev. Evensong and lecture

Thursday and Sat as Mond. Friday Lit. Evensong

Holidays. Communion. Mat. Sermon. Even.

“What!” broke in Canon J in amazement,

“Service everyday and all by yourself”

“By myself: and, Sir, in Advent and Lent I have two sermons on weekdays, which makes four in the week besides Collects [?] which is as bad as a fifth. In Holy week last, I had comm. every day except of course Good Friday and Easter even, and sermons morning and even,

<sup>112</sup> Ante Communion: The earlier part of the service of Holy Communion.

Good Friday I had three – which made up fifteen sermons in the week and 21 services, besides all which there is the school —”

Canon J. got up in his seat – sat down again. I heard the Board pass flying whispers; my eyes were still at the bottom of my hat.

“Ahem!” said Archdeacon T “You have no curate to assist you!”

“Out of 40£ – that is 15sh a week, could I? —” It was unnecessary to finish the sentence, but I just lifted my depressed eyes and sent a look flying – I felt it – right into the Archdeacon. He had a living of 1,500£ a year, a curate and two Sunday services: that was all.

“Mr. C” coughed the Canon, “This is a remarkable case – it must be considered.”

“I think we may proceed to Mr. Jones” said the B<sup>p</sup> and W. and I were bowed out.

My first act on the closing of the door was to begin a war dance around W. “We have got it, old boy!” and got it I had – 150£ towards my endowment fund.

### **Thursday 28<sup>th</sup> [July 1864]**

Received 5/3 by post i.e. two chairs and 2 ft. border – also from Anon a parson in the place the sum of 5£.

### **Friday [29 July 1864]**

Rec<sup>d</sup>. 7/6 in two sums 5/- from a lady I never heard of before 2/6 from Anon Brighton – and best of all 2/- from one of my old pupils a lad of 13. It gives me more joy getting trifles from these dear boys than any larger sum from unknown individuals. Thursday morning I was much depressed by receiving a M S returned from O and W.<sup>113</sup> which I had calculated on being taken and which they had half promised to accept. By this I lost 3 guineas – however consolation came by a subscription of 5£ to my chapel, during the course of the day. Thursday I was in a sad state of depression, it was the day when the bonny lads went back to school at Hurst and I could not but think of the pleasure it used to be for us to see their bright honest faces again all the brighter for their holiday. Alas! I can not look back yet on that happy time of Schoolmaster without a pang. I was so happy there.

### **Saturday 30<sup>th</sup> [July 1864]**

Received this morning by post an order for 1£ from my grandmother and a promise of 10/- from my Aunt, also 2/- from W.R. Scarboro’. A promise also of 2£ – to my incumbent.

### **Monday 1<sup>st</sup> [August 1864]**

Received 10/- from editor of Ch. Times and the following letter from a carpenter. (G)<sup>114</sup>

This is another instance of the wonderful manner in which Church Principles and grace for Church work are being felt among the artizan [*sic*] class. To this I replied

Dear Sir

Many thanks for your ready offer to help in doing God’s work. I feel confident that the Mission will be blessed, for it is the result of self denial and exertions of those who have little of their own to give. If the Chapel were to be built out of the abundance of some rich men I should not feel half as satisfied as to the blessing which will attend its opening but built, as it will be out of the small donations of those who are not rich in this world’s goods, but who are rich in faith and good works – I feel convinced that the Mission is springing up from a true basis. The plans for the building are not complete yet – if I can raise 150£, it may be rendered somewhat Churchlike externally as well as internally. We do not propose having a pulpit – but to preach and conduct the service from the Chancel platform. A faldstool<sup>115</sup> at which to kneel for the prayers would be of great use to us. I

<sup>113</sup> The full name of this publisher is not known. The initials do not relate to any name in the list of publishers included in Sabine’s bibliography.

<sup>114</sup> There is clear evidence that at some point a piece of paper – presumably the missing letter – had been pasted in.

<sup>115</sup> Faldstool: A small desk at which the litany is said or sung in Anglican churches.

enclose a design. In a short while I shall be able to let you know how much felt we may require.

I remain etc.

1. Hail to Thee, thou blessed Jesus!<sup>116</sup>  
From Thy pierced side  
Pouring forth the Blood and water  
In a mingled tide.
2. Art thou open, side of Jesus!  
Flows that Fountain still?  
Aye, I know, I know it floweth  
And through ages will!
3. Water thou in Fonts art gathered  
Baptized was I in thee  
And the spirit gently hovering  
Settled down on me.
4. Then the stain of old transgressions  
Purged was quite away.  
I was first a child of darkness  
Then a child of day.
5. Naaman in the wave of Jordan  
Dipped and came forth clean;  
So was I transformed, renewed  
From what I had been.
6. But Oh Jesus! I have sinned  
Fallen far from Grace  
How Oh Jesus! how recover  
That my former place?
7. Lo! From out my side, He answers  
Blood doth ever flow,  
That shall blot out thy transgressions,  
Cover guilt and woe.
8. Absolution it affordeth  
Sin it wipes away,  
Once more purgeth out all darkness  
Maketh sons of day.
9. Lo! My priests, to them committed  
They my Blood apply,  
The relieving words they utter  
I do ratify
10. Flee we then when sin oppresses  
To that purple tide  
Feel the drops of pardon sprinkle  
From the pierced side.
11. Praise we Jesus for His mercy  
For the mingled flood!  
Praise to Jesus for the water!  
Praise him from the Blood!

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<sup>116</sup> Published as *Mission Hymns III* in *Church Times*, Vol. II, p 250 on 6 August 1864, a mere 5 days after it was entered in the diary. This suggests that the version here is a copy of the version submitted. This would explain the unusual absence of amendments.

**Tuesday Aug 2<sup>nd</sup> [1864]**

Received from a lady and friend 5/- from J R Edmunds who is I think the father of one of my old Hurst boys 2/-, from J King 5/- in answer to appeal in Church Review. from W. Sharpe an old friend 1£. 5. and from Guild of S Albans with the following letter 17/-<sup>117</sup>

**Wednesday 3<sup>rd</sup> [August 1864]**

Rec<sup>d</sup>. From an old lady who danced me on her knee when I was a baby and whom I have not seen since 4/-. Also from Weston super Mare 2/6 with a bushel of advice for which I don't care a pinch of snuff and which I shall not follow. From someone with a tremendous crest 2/6. A bad day – bringing in only 9 shillings.

**Thursday [4<sup>th</sup> August 1864]**

Today scarcely better bringing in only 9/6.

I have written a batch of begging letters today, they have occupied the whole of the morning. I have also dispatched a bundle of MS to Mess<sup>rs</sup> Saunders and Otley<sup>118</sup> for their approval as a Xmas book. I hope they will buy it off me at a fair price.

**Friday [5<sup>th</sup> August 1864]**

10/- from Mr Hewitt, letter enclosed.<sup>119</sup>

**Saturday [6<sup>th</sup> August 1864]**

A barren day bringing in no money.

For 300 years the Church of England has worn stays and a deal of lacing up those reformers did. I wish that the stays were off her, they impede her breathing, they check the circulation of her life blood they enfeeble her spine. We want the elasticity which characterises the Roman Communion. We cannot do anything to reach the masses but apply 'Dearly beloved,' morning, noon and night. Dr. Sangrade<sup>120</sup> had a variety in his applications, cold water or bleeding in which to ring the changes. It is wearisome going on for 300 years aqua [?] cold water alone. The Ranters have their camp meetings, the Jews had their feast of booths<sup>121</sup> and tabernacles, the Romans their fete Dieu, why can not we have some form of religious picnicing. [*sic*] The Natural Man is fond of out of door junketings and if the spiritual man can be profited thereby all the better. Abroad the Church is mixed up with all the popular festivities, she goes with them as far as she can, she sanctifies them as far as she may, and the consequence is that the Church is regarded abroad as a loving Mother, not as a crabbed Nurse.

Our mediæval forefathers managed things better, pilgrimages, well decking and the like were attempts to give a Christian tone to the human passion for sight seeing and picnicing. [*sic*]

<sup>117</sup> This letter is not now included in the diary.

<sup>118</sup> Saunders and Otley do not appear in the list of publishers included in the bibliography.

<sup>119</sup> No letter enclosed.

<sup>120</sup> Dr Sangrade: Referred to in *The Adventures of Gil Blas of Santillane* by Alain-Rene Le Sage in the early 18<sup>th</sup> century. The doctor's invariable remedy for any ailment was bleeding and copious libations of water. There were deaths.

<sup>121</sup> Feast of Booths: Another name for the Feast of Tabernacles, Nehemiah, viii, 14.

1. Jesus Christ from highest Heaven<sup>122</sup>  
Unto Earth in mercy came,  
Pray O people through all ages  
Adoration to His Name!
2. Lo! He cast aside His glory,  
Lo! He left his royal Throne  
To assume our soul and body,  
Mortal flesh and blood and bone.
3. He endured the ills we suffer,  
Hunger, poverty, and woe,  
And He died the death of anguish  
To redeem us from the foe.
4. His dear Body, pierced and bruised  
Then was buried in the tomb,  
To arise on Easter morning,  
Full of beauty, full of bloom.
5. In that Body He ascended  
To the throne He had before  
At the right hand of the Father  
To be seated evermore.
6. Thence in sacramental channels  
He dispenses for our food  
From the Altars of our Churches,  
His true Body and His Blood.
7. That same Body born of Mary,  
That same Body which did rise,  
That same Body which is seated  
With the Father in the skies.
8. Once again, upon the morning  
When Creation shall awake,  
And the Earth to its foundations  
In its agony shall shake,
9. On the clouds of Heaven seated,  
Shall the son of Mary gleam,  
And the wounds which he received  
Shall like planets brightly beam.
10. By Thy sacred Body offered  
On our Altars, Lord I pray,  
~~Behold~~ Look upon me in compassion,  
On that great and awful Day!

**Monday** [8<sup>th</sup> August 1864]

From Guild of S. Alban Bradford 17/-

E. T. N. 2/6. Richd. Gould 1£. Slater 1/-

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<sup>122</sup> This hymn was published as *Mission Hymn IV* in *Church Times*, Vol. 2, p 259 on 14 August 1864. A cutting from that issue is to be found pasted into the penultimate page of the diary. See page 135.

**Friday etc.** [12<sup>th</sup> August 1864]

3/- from Fowler.

**Hymn on faith**<sup>123</sup>

(Tune of S. Joseph Take up they †)

1. Give Thou me Faith, O Jesu kind,  
Give Thou me Faith in measure due,  
Give Thou me Faith – that I may find  
Thee where Thou art in Presence true.
2. When I my lips in prayer uncloseth  
When in the hymn my heart doth cry,  
Then give me faith which truly knows  
How Thou dost hear each Psalm and sigh
3. When at the altar step I kneel  
And when the Priest before me stands  
O give the faith which will reveal  
Jesus reposing in his hands.
4. O give me faith my master dear,  
Thy real presence to discern;  
Faith alone makes my vision clear,  
Faith alone makes my ardour burn.
5. What though to eye Thy form be mean  
Lowly and veiled in Bread and Wine,  
Faith alone pierces every screen  
Faith alone sees Thy presence shine.
6. Then give me faith, thou Jesu, kind,  
Give me the faith in measure due,  
Give me the faith that I may find  
Thee where Thou art in Presence true.

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<sup>123</sup> Published as *Mission Hymn V* in *Church Times*, Vol. 2, p 267, 20 August 1864.

**Saturday 13<sup>th</sup>** *[August 1864]*

Per Mrs Jon Rayner 1£.

**Sunday** *[14 August 1864]*

From Mr. Knight 2/6

**Monday** *[15 August 1864]*

Per Record, Avon House 3/6 – per Richd. Gould 2<sup>£</sup> 2<sup>s</sup>.

**Wednesday** *[17 August 1864]*

Per Sharpe 5/- from Gammel 5/-

**Thursday** *[18 August 1864]*

Per Record (Brighton) 3/6. Ch. Rev.<sup>124</sup> (Halstead) 3/6

**Friday** *[19 August 1864]*

Per Rec<sup>d</sup>. 7/- and from Miss Cobham Henfield 3/6

**Sat** *[20 August 1864]*

From Z. 2/- Total this week

**Sunday** *[21 August 1864]*

From the lasses<sup>125</sup> for the bell 3£.

**Tuesday** *[23 August 1864]*

Miss ..... 10/-

**Thursday** *[25 August 1864]*

Mrs. Sabine 5£. Rc<sup>d</sup> Beckett 5£. from Worthing 3/- E.H. 3/-.

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<sup>124</sup> Ch. Rev.: Probably Church Review.

<sup>125</sup> The lasses: It is likely that 'the lasses' were the young mill girls who attended Sabine's Mission school. Grace Taylor, Sabine's future wife, may have been one of them.

**The Case of Constantia<sup>126</sup>**Newman<sup>127</sup>

How one A.B sent a case of Constantia to the mayor of C and how the mayor did not get it.

The shades of night were falling fast,  
As through a county town there passed,  
A Porter bearing something nice  
A hamper with this strange device  
Constantia.

His brow was sad, his mouth beneath  
Seemed scarce to feel the passing breath,  
He licked his lips with watering tongue:  
And through the air this motto rung  
Constantia.

Mind what you're at, the old man said  
The Mayor's a man that you should dread.  
Taste not his wine, he'll rusty<sup>128</sup> ride!  
But still the Porter's voice replied  
Constantia.

The maiden cried, Oh, it were best  
That thou should'st die ere thou should'st taste,  
He eyed the hamper wistfully  
And still he answered with a sigh  
Constantia!

"Beware the stocks, the jeering town  
Beware his Worship's angry frown,"  
'Twas thus the mob his ears did greet;  
A voice replied from up the street,  
Constantia!

A Porter by the home-ward bound  
Police was in the gutter found,  
Grasping like an iron vice  
A hamper with this strange device  
Constantia!

There in the twilight cold and grey  
Drunk and incapable he lay;  
And all the comfort for the Mayor  
Was but to find the motto there  
Constantia!!!

<sup>126</sup> A delicious satire on Longfellow's poem: *Excelsior*. Constantia is a South African dessert wine from the Constantia district south of Cape Town. It was widely imported into Europe in the 18<sup>th</sup> and 19<sup>th</sup> century.

<sup>127</sup> A possible significance of the reference to *Newman* is that Francis William Newman wrote *The Life of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow* in 1862. Perhaps Sabine was reading Newman's book when he wrote the satire.

<sup>128</sup> Rusty ride: This could perhaps be interpreted as 'rough ride.'

Some people are ready enough to regard themselves as good Christians because they keep a few of the Commandments. They do not steal, nor commit murder, but they speak evil of their neighbours and covet. They have a wish to be saved; but strong aversion to being Saints. Just as when the asperger goes round with the Holy water brush,<sup>129</sup> people are ready enough for a drop of blessed water, but shrink from a splash.

Those who become more ungrateful the more benefits you heap upon them are like refrigerators of porous clay. The warmer the beam which lights on them, the colder the water becomes within. Marchantius<sup>130</sup> says that the body turned to dust and scattered to the winds will be gathered into one, and rise as it was before, just as when you shiver a globule of mercury into countless particles and then collect the atoms in your palm they flow instantly to one centre and unite in one globule one in form and one in nature with what it was before. Many a Christian says à Kempis<sup>131</sup> thinks its good to be with Christ in Thabor<sup>132</sup> who would shun Calvary, would don the crown of victory without the wreath of thorn, would eat of Xst's bread to the last crumb, but refuse to drink of the cup of His Passion.

**Monday [29 August 1864]**

5/- from Scott — 2/- by post from E.C. High Wycombe

**Tuesday [30 August 1864]**

5£ from Mrs Bergmann.

**Wednesday 31 Aug. [1864]**

10/- from Harriet Browne 5/- M<sup>r</sup> Fowler 3/- Enquirer, per Ch. Times.

Paid 4/6 adv. Record. 5/- adv. In Bell's Life.

4/- adv. Ch. Times. . . . Christian Times

**Thursday 1<sup>st</sup> Sept. [1864]**

1£ from Cath Barlow. 1£ Miss Daunay. 3£ from Mr Leatham Promise of 2£ from M<sup>r</sup> T Collins

**Sunday 4<sup>th</sup> September 1864**

4£ from Emma Fawcett and Mary Yates

10/- from J. T. Hayes

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<sup>129</sup> Holy water brush or aspergillum.

<sup>130</sup> Marchantius, Jacobus: 1537-1609 . However In Post-Medieval Preachers this simile is attributed to Jacques Marchant, 1585-1648, to whom Sabine devotes a chapter.

<sup>131</sup> Thomas à Kempis: German Catholic monk. 1386-1471. Described by Sabine in *Post-Medieval Preachers*, along with other preachers, *as grave and dignified, his sermons remarkably simple in construction and full of wisdom and fervour.*

<sup>132</sup> Mount Thabor, near Nazareth. This may have been the site of the transfiguration of Jesus. 2 Peter i, 16-18.

**Transcriber's Note:** At this point in the diary the year 1864 had been inserted in a different ink from surrounding entries, then, also in that ink, the figure 5 was written rather more firmly over the 4 thus altering the date to 1865. The writing was shaky and in a hand that may or may not have been that of Sabine Baring-Gould. These dates were undoubtedly added some time after the following hymn was written and are misleading. It is known that *Onward Christian Soldiers* was first published in the *Church Times*, Vol. 2, p 331 on 15 October 1864 as Mission Hymns VII. Although the diary version of the hymn is reasonably well-polished, there are slight changes in the final published version which are arguably an improvement. Therefore it is likely that the version of *Onward Christian Soldiers* that was written here in the diary was an early version and written between 4 September 1864, and early October 1864. Where the published words differ from those in the diary, these have been added in the transcription in square brackets and italics. It is of interest that, some seven months before the 1865 Whit Tuesday March, at which it was first sung, the heading to the hymn in the diary clearly stated that the hymn was for procession of children with Banners. It can therefore be assumed that while he was writing the hymn in the autumn of 1864, Sabine knew that it would be used seven months later at the Whit Tuesday march.

### Hymn for procession of Children with Banners

1. Onward Christian soldiers  
     March as tho' [*marching as to*] to war  
     With the Cross of Jesus  
     Going on before  
     Christ the Royal Master  
     Leads against the foe,  
     Forward ~~on~~ *into* to battle  
     Do [*See*] His banners go  
         Chorus.           Onward Christian soldier  
                             Marching as to war  
                             With the Cross of Jesus  
                             Going on before.
2. At the sign of triumph  
     Satan's host doth flee,  
     On then Christian soldiers  
     On to victory.  
     Hells foundations quiver  
     At the shout of praise  
     Brothers lift your voices  
     Loud your anthems raise.  
         Chorus.           Onward Christian etc.
3. Like a mighty army  
     Moves the Church of God,  
     Brothers, we are treading  
     Where the Saints have trod,  
     We are not divided,  
     All one Body we,  
     One in Hope, in Doctrine,  
     One in Charity.  
         Chorus.           Onward Christian etc.
4. What the Saints established  
     That I hold for true  
     What the Saints believed  
     That believe I too.

Long as Earth endureth  
 Men that faith will hold,  
 Kingdoms, Nations Empires  
 In destruction rolled.

Chorus. Onward Christ etc.

5. Crowns and thrones may totter [*perish*]  
 Kingdoms rise and wane  
 But the Church of Jesus  
 Constant will remain.  
 Gates of Hell can never  
 'Gainst that Church prevail  
 We have Christ's own promise  
 And that cannot fail.

Chorus. Onward Christian etc.

6. Onward then ye people  
 Join the happy throng  
 Blend with ours, your voices  
 In the Triumph song  
 Glory, laud, and honour  
 Unto Christ the King  
 This through endless ages  
 Saints [*Men*] and Angels sing  
 Chorus. Onward Christian etc  
 Glory, laud, and honour etc.

## Jack and Jill

An Idyl [*sic*]after Alfred T.-----n.<sup>133</sup>

There lay a fountain – mystic – wonderful –  
In the black hill, among the beetling rocks,  
Sullen and dark – and then the moon shone out.

A little while she stood upon the brink  
With poised foot that glimmered in the light,  
A little while, reluctant – lingering.

The lonely hill, the silence and the gloom  
Of the dark water bubbling; – her young heart  
Touched with a passion, and sweet agony  
Of joy, and terror, mystery and romance.

And so she knelt upon the ledge and gazed  
Upon the pool, half lighted by the moon,  
That cut its blackness with a silver knife  
Until she saw the likeness of her face  
deep down, beside the image of the moon.

Then said —“’Tis all in vain, too late, too late.”  
And sighing, filled her pitcher at the fount.  
And sought her homeward path among the rocks.  
An ash hard by, stood, [?] ruined, cavernous  
Hanging its mossy branches o’er the track.  
“Ah why too late, too late?” there spake a voice,  
That mingled with the sobbing of the boughs.  
“Ah why too late?” From out his lurking place  
Sprang Jack – “Not yet too late, not yet, sweet Jill.”

So, hand in hand, they took their zigzag course  
Slow-winding in and out the pointed rocks,  
In silence, – for his great, great grandmother,  
The nurse of Guenever, [*sic*] had told the tale  
Of Arthur’s parting with the Queen – “Too late,  
And why too late?” she said and nothing more.

And so, in silence, to the rock that throbbed,  
Beneath the pulses of the fevered sea,  
The last grey rock, precipitous, they came.

And then, all nature, in a jubilee  
Trilled out the strains, eternal, heavenly  
That she had heard at young Creation’s dawn,  
Till all the woods full-swelling harmony,  
Mixed with the deep sea-trumpet of the shore.

And listening, in delirious ecstasy  
Unto that music of the chanting sea,  
And with his eyes on heaven, full with tears,  
not knowing where he went, but dreamily,  
Jack headlong fell among the kelp and slime.  
– The rude sea music laughing on the rocks.

Then with a sigh – and a full symphony  
Of all bright voices in the Earth and sky  
Jill rose to follow –

<sup>133</sup> Sabine would seem to have been trivialising and mocking Alfred Tennyson’s style.

The full bosomed whale  
Churned the white curdled wave; the Fox  
looked arch intelligence from out the cliff.  
Bright things were leaping out from tree to tree  
And hanging by their tails

The sequel came  
In solemn whispers from the drunken sea.

## The Cross<sup>134</sup>

Hail the sign, the sign of triumph  
 Bright and royal tree  
 Standard of the Monarch, planted  
 First on Calvary  
Chorus Hail the sign all signs excelling  
 Hail the sign Hell's powers quelling  
 Cross of Jesus Hail.

Hail the sign, the King preceding  
 Down to Hell's domain  
 Lo the brazen gates it shatters  
 Bars it snaps in twain

Hail the sign on Easter morning  
 Breaking from the tomb  
 In the hand of X<sup>t</sup> dispelling  
 Sorrow, death and gloom

Sign to martyrs joy and refuge  
 Sign to Saints so dear,  
 Sign of wicked men abhorred  
 Sign which Devils fear.

Sign which on the day of vengeance  
 Meteor like shall flare  
 Dazzling on the brow of heaven  
 Steeped in blood red glare.

Men shall shriek for very terror  
 Guilty hearts shall quail  
 But the Saints with exultation  
 Shall that vision hail.

Lo the sign of X<sup>t</sup> my Master  
 On my brow I trace, †  
 May it keep my mind from evil,  
 Doubt and fear displace

Lo I mark the Cross of Jesus *upon my lips I seal it*  
 Sign of Jesus slain †  
 Mightier lips should never utter  
 Evil words and vain.

Lo! I mark the Cross of Jesus  
 Meekly on my breast †  
 May it guard me, waking sleeping  
 Dying be my rest.

---

<sup>134</sup> Published as Mission Hymn VIII in *Church Times*, Vol.2, p 371 on 10 November 1864.

In the name of God the Father +  
 And of God the Son +  
 And of God the Blessed Spirit +  
 Ever Three in One

-----

**Feb. 14 1865**<sup>135</sup> [*Tuesday*]

Troubles are like the rising of the Nile. The higher they mount, and the more copious they are the richer the deposit left. The daisy looking at the sun has a sun for its heart and all its petals radiate from that golden centre as white beams, yet each is touched or tipped with pink. A figure of those pure souls which live in constant contemplation of God, till their hearts, steeped in his glory mirror His perfections and all their acts radiating from that sunny heart are white in their simplicity, yet each is touched and whitened by the Blood of Christ.

**Feb 28.** [*Tuesday 1865*]

Souls leaving the hand of their Maker are white and pure as flakes of snow. But see how soon they soil through contact with earth, how their whiteness fades, how their purity is tarnished, how they lose all semblance of their former selves till they are resolved with a dark and polluted slush. And yet there is snow which never loses its purity, which ever glitters in dazzling whiteness but that is high up, above the storms which devastate the plains, high up on Alpine peaks, near to heaven, near to God.

The reformers treated the English Missal much as the Church wardens of last Cent. treated our Parish Churches. Any bit of gorgeous Mediævalism was swept away or overlaid with a hideous plaster of whitewash, the pillars of the temple were cut into, materially imperilling the whole sacred structure to make room for monuments of their frightful taste in the form of 'dearly beloveds.' Like all tinkers they made a hideous patches to stop little holes.

What would the Church do without the dissenters? They keep it up, just as buttresses support a fabric by thrusting against it.

A modern preacher uses his text much as he would use a cigar. Both solid and tangible facts, but *soon* in his mouth ~~they~~ are resolved into spittle and smoke.

That state of life in which God has placed us is the state best adapted to us, and that in which there is greatest chance of our salvation. We sigh, and deem, if this or that were my portion, how different should I be: but wrongly, he who sins under the sign of the ~~Red-Lion~~ Dragon would not be a Saint under that of the Angel.

Many a man hopes for Heaven: sets it before him as his object, yet all his labour, all his toil withdraws him further and further from it, just as a rower looks steadfastly in one direction and his every stroke impels him in the opposite.

Nehemiah IV "And the rulers were behind all the Children of Judah." How true of the rulers in our Israel. If there is any building of the wall of Jerusalem, any work doing for the Lord and for His House, the Rulers, the Bishops are behind all the people, drags or clogs to the vehicle of the Church. "Do nothing without the Bishop," said S. Chu. [?] <sup>136</sup> — that means nowadays do positive by nothing at all.

<sup>135</sup> 1865 is written in different ink and probably at a later date. However the handwriting is in Sabine's hand. The date is probably correct.

<sup>136</sup> The name is reasonably distinct but the transcriber is unaware of any saint of that name. The command was however undoubtedly given by St Ignatius, bishop of Antioch, circa AD 67-108, in his epistle to the Magnesians.

## West Riding Household Tales etc

Told by Sarah Ann Hirst mill-lass<sup>137</sup>

There were two lasses, daughter of one mother, and as they came home fromt' fair, they saw a right bonny young man stand int' house door before them. They never saw such a bonny man afore. He had gold ont' cap, gold ont' finger, gold roundt' neck, a red gold watch chain. Eh! but he had brass. He had a golden ball in each hand. He gave a ball to each lass, and she was to keep it, and if she lost it she was to be hung.

One of the lasses lost hers. (How my informant could not tell) So she was taken to be hung. And as she was brought ont' scaffold the hangman said 'Now, lass! tha must hang by t'neck till tha' be'st dee-ad' But she cried out

"Stop, stop, I think I see my mother coming!

O mother, hast' brought my golden ball  
Or come to set me free?"

"I've neither brought thy golden ball  
Nor come to set thee free

But I have come to see thee hung  
Upon this gallow-tree."

Then the hangman said "Now lass, say thy prayers, thee must dee!" But she said

"Stop, stop, I think I see my sister coming!

O sister hast' brought my golden ball  
Or come to set me free?"

"I've neither brought thy golden ball  
Nor come to set thee free.

But I have come to see thee hung  
Upon this gallow-tree."

Then the hangman said "Hast done thy prayers lass, then I must put thy head in tut noo-ise." But she cried: "Stop, stop I think I see my brother coming etc. . . then aunt, then uncle, then cousin.

At last the hangman said "I wee'nt stop no longer, ta's making gam of me, so tha must be hung at once." But now she saw her sweatheart coming through t'crowd and he held over his head int'air her own golden ball, so she cried

"Stop, stop I see my sweatheart coming,

Sweatheart hast' brought my golden ball  
And come to set me free!

"Aye! I have brought thy golden ball  
And come to set thee free

I am not come to see thee hung  
Upon this gallows tree."

<sup>137</sup> Baring-Gould S. *Appendix on Household Stories* in Henderson W., *Notes on the Folklore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*. 1866, London. Longmans, Green pp 333-5.

In 1861, Sarah A Hirst, aged 10 was living in White Row, Horbury with her parents, Nathan, a wool dyer, and Mary. Martin Graebe, personal communication.

**The following told by James Shilton, railroad boy<sup>138</sup>**

There was once a rich man and he had brass, that he had. One day he was riding out oft' town and he saw an old witch and her child had fallen in tut mire and she axed rich man to hug him out, but he wouldn't do nowt oft' sort. Eh! She wor angry! She said to him "Tha must have a son and he shall dee afore he be turned 21."

Well he had a son. And he was flayed<sup>139</sup> lest what she'd said would come true so he built a tower all round and there was not a door int' tower and only a window and he put ba'rn in there: And he put an old man int' tower to fend for ba'rn and he send him he's food and clothes and all he wanted by a rope up in tut lodging. Well when lad was one and twenty, ont' very day, it was cold and t'lad was right down starved so he said tut owd man that he'd fain have a fire and they let downt' rope and they brought up a bundle of wood. T'lad hugged bundle and cast it ont' fire and as he cast it a snake came out fromt' bundle in which it had been hidden and it bit lad and he died so t'word of old witch cam true. But she wor a bad 'un: and she wor as hugly as a flay-craw!<sup>140</sup>

**Lying Tale** told by Joe Wilson. Chorister.<sup>141</sup>

There was once 5 men, th' one had no eyes, the second had no legs, the third was dumb, the fourth had no arms, the fifth was neck't.<sup>142</sup> The blind man exclaimed, Eh! lads I see a bird, the dumb man said I'll shoot it, the man without legs said I'll run after it, the man without arms said, I'll pick it up, and the neck't man said I'll put it in my pocket. Chorus of Yorkshire children. Eh! That is a lee!

***Transcriber's Notes:*** The impression given is that Sabine was unclear of the meaning of some of the words in these stories and struggled to express the dialect accurately in the written word. It is easy to imagine the scene, with Sabine repeatedly asking the children to stop, then repeat and sometimes interpret some words for him. They must have had a great deal of fun. Sabine particularly seemed to struggle with the word bairn – to this day commonly used in Yorkshire for child. In the manuscript it sometimes looks like bain, at others barn. The transcriber, not unfamiliar with Yorkshire dialect, has chosen to use ba'rn. On the whole Sabine made a good attempt to write and interpret what he heard.

<sup>138</sup> Baring-Gould S. *Appendix on Household Stories: The Prophecy* p336.

James Shilton, aged 9 in 1861, was living with his father, James Shilton and his mother Ann. His father was station master at Horbury Junction. Martin Graebe, personal communication.

<sup>139</sup> Flayed: scared.

<sup>140</sup> Flay-craw: Yorkshire dialect for scarecrow.

<sup>141</sup> Baring-Gould S. *Appendix on Household Stories: Lying-Tale* p 337.

<sup>142</sup> Neck't: naked.

## Yorkshire Riddles

- |     |  |   |  |
|-----|--|---|--|
| 1)  | Goes up white, and comes down yellow   | X | An egg.                                |
| 2)  | As I were going over London bridge<br>I saw a man ste-aling pots.<br>And the pots was all his own  | X | Pot ste-als. (hardly)                  |
| 3)  | As I were going over London bridge<br>I met a load of hay<br>I shot wi' my pistol<br>And all flew away.  | X | A bird                                 |
| 4)  | All round t'house, all round t'house<br>And int' cupboard  | X | A mouse                                |
| 5)  | Four and twenty white beasts, and t'red one licks them all.  | X | The tongue and teeth.                  |
| 6)  | A House full, a hoile full<br>And ya canna catch a bowl full.  | X | Reek                                   |
| 7)  | Over t'water and under t'water<br>And never touches t'water  |   | (woman with water can crossing bridge) |
| 8)  | As I were going over London B.<br>I pepped into a winder<br>And saw four and twenty ladies<br>Dancing on a cinder.   | X | Sparks.                                |
| 9)  | Black and breet<br>Runs without feet   | X | An iron                                |
| 10) | What goes upstairs on t'head   | X | A nail in a shoe.                      |
| 11) | As I went over London B.<br>I met a load of soldiers<br>Some in nickets, some in nackets<br>All in yellow jackets.   | X | A swarm of wasps.                      |
| 12) | Black within red without<br>Four corners round about.  |   | Chimney                                |
| 13) | As round as a happle<br>As plump as a cup<br>Not all t'Kings horses<br>Could draw it up.   | X | A well.                                |
| 14) | As I were going over S. Anthony bridge<br>I met a S. Anthony scholar<br>And drew off his cap<br>And drew off his glove<br>I've told you the name of the scholar.                                     |   | Andrew.                                |
| 15) | Little Nanny Etticoat etc. [?]   |   | No answer given                        |
| 16) | Always wor and always will be<br>Never wor and never will be.  |   | No answer given                        |
| 17) | As I were going over London Brig<br>I met a boy. I asked him where he was going.<br>He said he was bound to his father with his<br>dinner. And his father died (dyed) 7 years before<br>He was born. |   | The answer is in the brackets          |
| 18) | As I was going over L. B<br>I saw a house<br>It would not hold a mouse<br>And of windows it had more   |   |  |

- Than all K George's palace.
- 19) It wistles [*sic*] it [*int'*] wood, it rattles it [*int'*] town,  
It addles it' master many a crown.
- 20) There was a man, he had no eyes  
He went out to view the skies  
He saw a tree wi' apples on  
He took none off and left none on.
- 21) Two legs sat at top of three legs, one leg laid by.  
In comes four legs, sams up one leg  
Up gets two legs, throws 3 legs at 4 legs  
And gets one leg back.
- 21)<sup>143</sup> As I went thro a cornfield  
I ~~peered over a wall~~ *seed summat* white  
It was neither flesh bone nor fowl  
I took it home and kept it, till it run about
- 22) As I were going over L. B  
I saw a man a standing  
I pulled off his head  
And drunk off his blood,  
And left his body standing.
- 23) All round cloise, all round cloise  
And never touches cloise
- 24) Swimming ont' water  
And never touches water.
- 25) As round as a cup  
And all water it' world  
Wouldn't fill it up
- (From Mrs Warren 26–30)
- 26) Eleven men riding by  
Eleven pairs hanging high  
Each man took a pear  
And left eleven hanging there.
- 27) What goes round the house and round the house  
and lies up in every corner?
- 28) I went to the wood and I got it  
When I had got it, I looked for it  
The more I looked for it  
The less I liked it. And I brought it home  
because I could not find it.
- 29) (Devon) What is it that hangs and bears  
Tho' it never blossoms?
- 30) As high as the wall  
As bitter as gall  
As white as milk  
As soft as silk  
And yet the king could eat it.
- 31) Hippi-pippi
- (Thimble)
- A fiddle.
- Man with one eye took one  
apple
- X  
Man, leg of mutton, dog, stool.  
X
- An egg
- A bottle of wine
- A calf in its mother's womb
- An egg in a duck.
- A riddle.
- Dust.
- A thorn
- The chimney crook
- A walnut

<sup>143</sup> The reader will notice there are two numbers 21.

- Sits at top of wall  
 Hippi-pippi  
 Can not fall  
 Not a lady in the land  
 Can take hippi-pippi by the hand.
- 32) Stiff – stuck in a bed  
 First white and then red.
- 33) The King of Northumberland  
 Sent Queen of Cumberland  
 A bottomless vessel  
 To put flesh, blood and bone in
- 34) The king of Agrippa  
 Built a great ship  
 Ann' at one end  
 His daughter did sit  
 If I had to tell her name  
 I should be much to blame  
 Tho' I have telled her name  
 And pray what it is.
- 35) As I went over Ummi Jumli (field)  
 Umli, jumli, jarni  
 I spied an old raja majay (shepherd)  
 Taking away my compani (sheep)  
 If I'd had my itti kitti (gun)  
 Itti kitti karni  
 I would have slain the raja majay  
 For taking away my company.
- The sun.
- A carrot.
- A Ring.
- Ann
- Irishman taking away a sheep  
 seen by shepherd.

### Christmas Carol<sup>144</sup>

Taken down from the children at Horbury Bridge.

- Sant Joseph was an old man  
 And an old man was he  
 He married sweet Mary  
 And a virgin was she.
2. As they were a walking  
 Thro the garden so green  
 They spied some ripe cherries  
 Hanging over yon treen.
3. Mary spake to Sant Joseph  
 With her sweet lips and smiled  
 Go pluck yon ripe cherries off  
 For to give to my Child.
4. Joseph said to the cherry tree  
 Bow down to my knee  
 That I may pluck some cherries off  
 By one two and three.
5. Mary loved her only son  
 She dressed him so sweet  
 She laid him in a manger  
 Her dear God to sleep.
6. And as she stood over Him  
 She heard angels sing  
 God bless our sweet Saviour  
 And our Heavenly King.

**Transcriber's Note:** In his *Introduction to Carols for Use in Church* edited by R R Chope, Sabine wrote: I was teaching carols to a party of mill-girls in the West Riding of Yorkshire, some ten years ago, and amongst them that by Dr. Gauntlett —

“Saint Joseph was a-walking” —

When they burst out with “Nay! We know one a deal better nor yond;” and, lifting up their voices, they sang, to a curious old strain, — the carol above.

In Chope, Sabine continued below the carol: Hone gives a complete version of the Cherry-Tree Carol —the first three verses much like those I heard.

Verse 5 was omitted from the version in the introduction to Chope. Sabine also somewhat varied the words from his original transcription.

<sup>144</sup> Baring-Gould S. *Introduction to Carols for Use in Church* by Chope RR, 1875, London, Metzler, p xi.

**The Jovial Reckless Boy<sup>145</sup>**  
**A ballad: from the children Horbury B.**

1. I am a jovial reckless<sup>146</sup> boy  
 And by my trade I go.  
 I trudge the world all over  
 And I get my living so.
2. I trudged this world all over  
 A pretty fair maid I spied  
 I asked her if she would go with me  
 And be my lawful bride.
3. The pretty fair maid denied me  
 And said "If I do so  
 I shall be ruined for ever  
 And shall be loved no mo'."
4. "O How will you be ruined"  
 The reckless boy replied  
 "For I am sure I will marry you  
 As soon as work I find."
5. "Now hold your tongue from clattering  
 And tell me none of your tales  
 For you are a jovial reckless boy  
 And that is your only trade."
6. "How do you know me so, my dear?  
 And how do you know my trade?"  
 I know you by t' fringes of your apron,  
 Of your apron," she said.
7. "The fringes of your apron,  
 And by your slender shoe  
 Your stockings they are as white as snow  
 So that's how I know you."
8. I could not help for smiling  
 To hear the girl say so,  
 I threw my arms around her waist  
 And along we both did go.
9. She brought a glass all in her hand  
 And filled it to the brim  
 "Here's health to every reckless boy  
 That calls (shouts) my true love in?"

(last line evidently corrupted. I cannot obtain the correct version.<sup>147</sup>)  
 The melodies are very old and curious.

<sup>145</sup> *The Jovial Reckless Boy* was published under the title *Yorkshire Ballad* in 'Yorkshire Notes and Queries' January 1866.

<sup>146</sup> Reckless: It is likely that Sabine misheard the word 'Heckler.' A heckler was an itinerant comber of flax who travelled from farm to farm offering his services. His trade would account for the description of his apron and stockings. Martin Graebe, personal communication.

<sup>147</sup> The published last line was *That calls my true love his*.

### Riddles (Contin)

36. There was a man rode thro this town  
 Grey grizzel was his name  
 His saddle bow was gilt with gold  
 Three times I've told his name  
was.
37. ~~As I went thro' S. Andrew~~  
 Long legs short thighs  
 Little head and no eyes.  
 Tongs
38. As white as snow and isn't snow  
 As green as grass and isn't grass  
 As red as fire and isn't fire  
 As black as coal and isn't coal?  
 A Blag (Blackberry)<sup>148</sup>
39. As I went over L.B  
 I saw a piece of paper  
 I ripped it up and flung it down  
 And it danced like a Quaker.  
 A toad in a paper.
40. Black and white and read all over  
 Newspaper.
41. Three feet upwards as dead as a stone  
 Three f<sup>t</sup> downward of flesh blood and bone  
 The eyes of the living are under the dead  
 Tell me the riddle if you can  
 A man with a posnet<sup>149</sup> on his head
42. Under the earth I go  
 Upon oak leaves I stand  
 I ride on a filly that never was foaled<sup>150</sup>  
 And carry the mare's skin in my hand  
 A man was going to be hung, put earth in cap. leaves in shoes.  
 cut open the mare, skin made into whip<sup>151</sup>
43. A little house with a long entrance  
 A pipe.

<sup>148</sup> Blackberry: Written in Sabine's hand but as a later addition in a different ink.

<sup>149</sup> Posnet: A small cooking pot.

<sup>150</sup> In the published version a 3<sup>rd</sup> line is added: *I carry a bridle cost dearer nor gold,*

<sup>151</sup> The answer in the published version is somewhat longer: *A man going to be hung, put earth in his cap, leaves in his shoes. The filly is the gallows, the bridle that costs so dear is the rope that costs his life, in his hand is a leather whip.*

44. Wick<sup>152</sup> at both ends, dead in't middle  
A plough.
45. A little home and all in it very good  
A nut
46. Life i'death, six i'one  
Tell me this riddle, my life is done.  
A nest
47. Hicklety Picklety at one side of wall  
“ “ at t'other  
If you go near H P  
H P. will bite you all.  
A nettle.
48. As I was set under my sav'ry [?] tree  
Poor inicle pinicle conical cob  
Came into my sinicle, pinicle conical presence  
I sent my son William  
An errand to lend  
To lend me his bow  
And his conicle feather  
To shoot this poor inicle pinicle conical cob.  
Which came into my cinicle pinicle conical presence  
Butterfly.
49. Who am I that shine so bright  
With my pretty yellow light  
Peeping thro your curtains grey  
Tell me little girl I pray  
The moon
50. There was a man rode thro this town and yet he walked.  
Man rode, his dog 'Yettie' walked
51. Shaped like a miln door  
Ears like a cat.  
You mun guess 40 things  
Before you guess that  
Five [?] brigs

---

<sup>152</sup> Wick: Yorkshire dialect for quick ie alive.

**Hymn**511)<sup>153</sup>

Soon will my ~~life~~ days be past  
 Sands will be run  
 Fever of life be o'er  
 Grave be begun.  
 Handfuls of mold will fall  
 Cold on each eye  
 And with my feet to East  
 Hushed ~~I will~~ *will I* lie

Then when all cares are o'er  
 Pleasure and pain  
 Oh for the Crosses here,  
 Crowns shall I gain?  
 Teach me sweet Jesu  
 Life so to spend  
 That I may be with the[e]  
 World without end.

---

<sup>153</sup> This hymn, and three of the four hymns that follow, all have a number written alongside the title or first line. All the hymns and numbers are written using the same ink and nib so were probably written about the same time. It is known that one of the hymns, *Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow*, was translated from the Danish or Icelandic poem by Ingemann. It is therefore tempting to assume that all these numbered hymns were translations from the same Scandinavian hymn book.

Transcriber's Note: *Below is an early version of Sabine's translation of the Icelandic hymn Through the Night of Doubt and Sorrow. This was published in the People's Hymnal in 1867 probably not long after it was entered in the diary. The published version is shown alongside for comparison*

(502)

**Pilgrims Song**

SBG

**Diary Version**

1. Through the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the Pilgrim band  
Singing songs of Expectation  
Marching to the promised land.  
And before us thro' the darkness  
Gleameth clear the guiding light  
Brother clasps the hand of Brother  
And steps fearless thro' the night.
- 2 One the light of God's dear presence  
Never in its work to fail  
Which illumines the wild rough places  
Of the gloomy haunted vale.  
One the object of our journey  
One the faith which never tires  
One the Earnest looking forwards  
One the hope our God inspires.
3. One the strain the mouths of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one.  
One the conflict, one the perils  
One the march in X<sup>t</sup> begun.  
One the gladness of rejoicing  
On the resurrection shore  
With one Father o'er us shining  
In his Love for ever more.
4. Go we onward Pilgrim brothers  
Visit first the cross and grave  
Where that cross its shadow shineth  
Where the boughs of cypress wave.  
Then a shaking as of Earthquakes  
Then a rending of the tomb  
Then a scatt'ring of all shadow  
And an end of toil and gloom.

**Published Version**

1. *Through the night of doubt and sorrow  
Onward goes the Pilgrim band  
Singing songs of expectation  
Marching to the promised land  
Clear before us thro' the darkness  
Gleams and burns the guiding light  
Brother clasps the hand of Brother  
Stepping fearless thro' the night.*
2. *One the light of God's own presence  
O'er his ransomed people shed  
Chasing far the gloom and terror  
Brightening all the path we tread  
One the object of our journey.  
One the faith which never tires  
One the Earnest looking forward  
One the hope our God inspires.*
3. *One the strain that lips of thousands  
Lift as from the heart of one.  
One the conflict, one the peril,  
One the march in God begun  
One the gladness of rejoicing,  
On the far eternal shore,  
Where the one almighty Father  
Reigns in love for ever-more.*
4. *Onward therefore Pilgrim brothers  
Onward with the Cross our aid  
Bear its shame and fight its battle  
'Til we rest beneath its shade.  
Soon shall come the great awaking,  
Soon the rending of the tomb  
Then the scattering of all shadows  
And the end of toil and gloom.*

550)

**Hymn**

When my tongue can no more utter  
~~Either~~ praise or psalm  
 When Oh ~~give~~ *grave* my *longing* spirit ~~longingly~~  
~~For thy~~ blissful calm.  
 When the last faint sigh is breathed  
 Ope the door of pearl,  
 Bid my holy guardian angel  
~~His white~~ wings unfurl.  
 That thro' regions wild, unbidden  
 Lone I may not roam,  
 Bid him bear my quaking spirit  
~~Softly~~, softly, home

Home to the Angel land  
 Home to where no shadows fall  
 Home to the golden strand  
 Home to my Monarch's hall  
 Home from all risk of harm  
 Home to the land of rest  
 Home to my Father's arms  
 Home to my Saviour's breast  
 Jesu! To thee!

**Amen**

Utter Amen every tongue  
     Amen is our song of praise  
 Amen is in Heaven sung  
 Amen on the Gold harps rung  
 Amen here on Jordan's side  
 Amen there beyond the tide  
     Note which men and Angels raise

Amen word with virtue stored  
     Amen is redemption's sign  
 Amen on the font and board  
 Amen is the Holy Word  
 Spoken to restore the lost  
 Said to consecrate the Host  
     And ordain with power divine

Utter Amen every day  
     Angel choirs and choirs of men  
 Amen to the prayer we pray  
 Amen to the Creed we say  
 Amen to the signet meet [?]  
 Making Holy works complete  
     In the name of God Amen.

In this world of cloud sin and sadness  
troubles,[?] care<sup>155</sup>

Scarce a sweet without a bitter  
 Not a rose without a thorn  
 Not a smile without a ~~teardrop sorrow spasm~~<sup>156</sup>  
 Alternating [?] eve and morn.

~~Sometimes~~ plunged *at times* in doubt and darkness  
 When Thy Face I cannot see.  
~~Sometimes~~ full of light *at times* and splendour gladness  
 Jesu, contemplating thee.

Christ, O Christ! without thy mercy  
How could I my burden bear.

<sup>155</sup> Sabine appears to have been undecided between the words *troubles*, *care* and *everywhere*.

<sup>156</sup> Sabine appears not to have reached a conclusion on the right word to end this line.

Will<sup>m</sup>. Barry father of Rv W. B. when a boy ~~was~~ knew an old tramp who was wont to come peddling thro' the county. As the old man was eccentric the boys were wont to tease him, but W. B never did this. After some years he disappeared. One night W. was in bed with his brother Edward who had gone to sleep when he saw a light in the corner of the room, and then he saw crouching down the tramp in his usual brown ragged cloak, slouchy hat, wallet and lanthorn – the latter lighted, but a mysterious light also surrounding the figure. The lad was too frightened to cry out, and for some little while he remained motionless, at last he attempted to rouse his brother, when the apparition sprung up and in an instant was at his side, and punched his neck below the ear on the left side, giving him such excruciating pain that he shrieked aloud. At once the lanthorn was extinguished and the figure vanished. The parents rushed in but could see nothing and the house was searched in vain. All that night the punched spot swelled and became a painful and discharging lump which baffled medical skill,<sup>157</sup> and it was at last removed by a charmer who thrice washed it in butter milk with some words of incantation. Curiously the very same night that W. B had this vision, it appeared as well to another lad and treated him a similar manner, and with like results. This was told me by the son and daughter of Will<sup>m</sup>. Barry and they had heard the story often from their father.

### **Miss Barry pudding<sup>158</sup>**

Half teacupfull [*sic*] of rice, quart of milk, sugar and spice to taste, bits of butter on top. bake 2 ½ h<sup>rs</sup> in a slow oven.

### **Lazy pudding**

Thick slice of bread, cut off crust, rub together very fine, mix 1 quart milk and 2 eggs, spice and sugar to taste. ¼ lb currants. Butter the dish. Mix all together, and bake an hour.

Ger 8 lb. of ribs beef i.e cross. cut stakes [*sic*] off for a day or two. (bones for soup) make pickle i.e put salt in water till an egg will swim. Tie remainder of beef in bag and boil till done.

### **Brisket of beef.**

Hang up before fire till brown all over, then stew in very little water to keep from burning with cloves, allspice, sliced carrot, turnip and onion. Pour off gravy and warm stock up, and flavour with sauces.

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<sup>157</sup> The most likely cause of a discharging swelling in the neck, mid-19<sup>th</sup> century, would have been an abscess in a lymph gland – almost certainly tuberculous from drinking milk from an infected cow. This would not need a blow to be painful. The 'vision' was probably part of a nightmare, possibly associated with fever. As for a similar event in another boy, tuberculous lymph glands would have been common in the mid 19<sup>th</sup> century as would nightmares associated with fever. The abscess would discharge and heal very slowly.

<sup>158</sup> Presumably Miss Barry is the same Miss Barry who was involved in telling the above story. The recipes however are written in a different ink and probably a different pen. They may therefore have been recorded on different days.

The Rabbi Joachim<sup>159</sup>[Thursday] June 6<sup>th</sup> 1867

The Rabbi Joachim, no little sore  
 At heart to see fair Bethlehem no more,  
 Went forth with staff in hand, and banged [?] white head  
 And locked his door.

The Rabbi Joachim, what e'er befell  
 Said "Man is not as God, he cannot tell  
 What is the best for him, but what God doth  
 He doeth well.

He had grown old with Miriam; and none  
 Had seen them striving *together*. She was gone  
 The Rabbi smote his breast. "God doeth well  
 That he hath done.

There was to Joachim a little child  
 It died. The Rabbi looked to Heaven and smiled.  
 What my God doeth, he doeth well" he said  
 Reconciled

Then there was famine, and the Rabbi fed  
 The *starving* poor with all his substance; dead  
 Were all those he *had* loved "Why should I save?"  
 The old man said

And now he packed from his home to fare  
 Far off, with nothing his, save clothes to wear,  
 A faithful dog, a little lamp of oil,  
 A book of prayer.

He journeyed till the setting of the light  
 And then he sought a shelter for the night  
 For tempest clouds rolled up from off the sea  
 With vulture flight.

Unto a farm hard by he went, to pray  
 A lodging, but they asked him "Can you pay?"  
 "I have no single drachma!" They scoffing cried  
 "Away, away!"

Then as they slammed the door, he turned his gaze  
 Upon the East, in rain expiring rays  
 And said, "What God doth, he doeth well I know  
 Though dark his ways."

He was constrained to creep beneath some trees  
 Through which went whistling the awaking breeze  
 He lit his lamp, and set his book of prayer  
 Upon his knees.

And from the Book and flame the Rabbi drew  
 Sweet comfort, though the chill wind pierced thro' -  
 His scanty clothing; - suddenly a gust  
 The lamp out blew.

<sup>159</sup> Published in *The Silver Store*, where Sabine wrote that the story he versified was taken from Talmud, Berachoth, ix. Fol. 60. In Talmud Berachoth the Rabbi is called Akiba. In "Ta'anith," Tract III. 21, his name is Nahum.

The Rabbi sighed and shuddering drew a fold  
 Over his bosom to keep out the cold  
 "What God hath done is well His reasoning *though*  
~~Though~~ *To us* untold  
 And presently ~~there was~~ *he heard* a crash and spring  
 A howl which made the distant forest ring  
 A tiger seized his faithful dog, and Joachim  
Cried shuddering.  
 The Rabbi Joachim a deep sigh heaved  
 "Of every comfort here I am bereaved  
 Yet God doeth well what he hath done in whom  
I have believed  
 When the dawn lightened the old man rose  
 With the wet dripping from his sodden clothes  
 And his teeth chattering, and his heart oppressed  
With many woes.  
 He tottering went towards the farm again  
 Thinking they now will pity my great pain!  
 When lo! He found it empty, robbed and all  
Its inmates slain.  
 "Now!" said the Rabbi gravely, "I can tell  
 How the Lord wrought in each thing that befell  
 And know I surely that whatever God doth  
He doeth well.  
 Had I last night found here a home and bed,  
 I had this morn been lying with these dead.  
 The lamp light or the dog's bark would the murderers  
To me have led  
 Our eyes are holden and we cannot scan  
 The workings out of God's mysterious plan  
 But all He doth is well, though unperceived  
His thoughts by man."

# The Devil's Confession<sup>160</sup>

[Saturday] June 8<sup>th</sup>. 1867

Through the tall Minster windows at Cologne  
 The flaming safron [*sic*] of the evening shone.  
 A golden dove suspended in the choir  
 It turned into a bird of living fire  
     Floating above the Sacramental shrine.  
 It was the evening of that Maundy Night  
 When in the ghastly, glimmering moonlight,  
 The Saviour prostrate fell in sweat of blood  
 And by his side an awestruck Angel stood  
     Wiping the paindrops from his face divine.  
 2{ And Penitents were thronging all the fane<sup>161</sup>  
   { Seeking release from the long gnawing pain  
 1{ In the ~~Of conscience~~ *confessionals* from hour to hour  
   { Sat the priests wielding the absolving power  
     Of conscience poisoned by the tooth of sin.  
 And many a sob broke out upon the still  
 Dim air, and sent an answering thrill  
 Through unlocked hearts; and praying on their knees  
 They bent and waited their turn of release  
     From horrors haunting the waste soul within.  
 A little space apart, with restless eyes,  
 Upon his face a blank look of surprise  
 And on his brow a shadow of great dread  
 Not kneeling, not erect, with outthrust head.  
     Stood a mute stranger in a nook of gloom,  
 Where lay a prelate with a seven clasped book  
 And in one hand a floreate pastoral crook  
     Sculptured in alabaster on his tomb.  
 The stranger's dress was carved with antique slash  
 Around his waste was knotted a red sash,  
     And in his bonnet waved a scarlet plume.  
 He was a Fallen Spirit. Now he saw  
 In a wild flutter of hope, hate and awe,  
 Souls that were blackened with guilt's deepest stain  
 Pass to their shriving, and come forth again  
     Assoiled and white;- then caught a distant ring  
 Of Angels chanting 'To the Lamb be praise  
 Who from the Book of Death doth sins erase,  
 With his own blood. O ecstasy untold,  
 When brought the lost sheep back into the fold,  
     And found the coin marked with the image of the King!'  
 He thought:- if these from chains are sent forth free,  
 Can there, Oh! can there be a chance for me?  
 That I, who long from Heaven have outcast been,  
 I, who the joys of Paradise have seen,  
     Flowing from union with a Holy God,

<sup>160</sup> First published in *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. 76, pp 320-323, Sept. 1867. Republished in *The Silver Store*, where the source of the story versified here was given as CÆSARIUS HEISTERBACHENSIS. De Miraculis et Visionibus sui Temporis, lib, iii, c. 26, A.D. 1230.

<sup>161</sup> Fane: Temple. From the Latin, fanum.

That I, who tasted have the woes of hell,  
 Since, before Michael's flashing lance, I fell,  
 And all the passages of gloom have trod,  
 Where burns the fire of deathless hate /an undying  
 Burning to strangle, scorch and suffocate;  
 And envy's worm feeds ever;- where,  
 Horror of all! Is unrelieved despair

That I can also pain [?] like these like these may also go forth  
 shriven?

Once more become a denizen of Heaven!"

When the last foot was gone, and all the aisle  
 Wast silent, he slipped forth with leer of smile  
 And gliding down to a confessional, brushed  
 In by a priest in meditation hushed

And said "To thee will I uncloset my sin  
 Of lawless thought and word, and evil deed  
 That I of all the consequences freed,

When the bright doors are open, may pop in.  
 Then said the priest "Begin in God's true name."

Devil: "I have a hitch of speech and cannot frame  
 The words in German."

Priest: "Then in thine own tongue"

The Devil muttered with a sort of scoff  
 "Nomine Dagon, Beelzebub, Ashtaroth  
 My sins, Oh Father! my sins are of the deepest dye  
 Shutting They bar me out from tranquil courts on high  
 Where endless praises anthems of great my God are sung."

Then from his lips was his confession hissed

It was of crimes a long appalling list.

But *he* only had advanced a little way

Ere the confessor ordered, angry, "Stay!

Thou art not kneeling son, that I can see."

"Father, there's something crooked in my knee."

w "Go on then," said the priest in lower tone.

Devil "I have sinned exceedingly through fault my own

I have stirred up in peaceful families strife

Have urged the husband on to hate his wife

And the child bade against its parents rise

The thief I prompted to his vilany [*sic*]

The adult'rous flame was kindled up by me

I turned the glances of the envious eyes.

As sower, sowed in families mistrust

And friendship cankered I, with envy's rust

The suicide I prompted to his deed

I roused the unsatiable money greed

The eyes I dazzled with the blink of gold

And taught that heaven could be bought and sold.

And faith I staggered, sowing weeds of doubt

The slanderous lie by me was deftly wrought

Pure minds I sullied with polluting [*sic*] thought

Working like leaven." How fiercely he laughed out

A hideous burst of wild discordant laughter

Shaking the wall and quivering each rafter  
 And flung in echoes all along the roof  
 The old confessor starting terrified  
 Said "In the sacred name of Him that died  
 Profane one! Outrage not the holy Rite!"  
 "~~You~~ pardon *me* father pray, my breast I smite,  
 I have convulsions, but at your reproof,  
 The fit has passed – And now let me proceed."  
 Then he unfolded many a godless deed  
 And muttered on an hour and was not done  
 So the confessor stopped him, saying, "Son  
 Thou couldst not crowd these many actions in  
 A hundred years of unremitting sin"  
 Devil "Rather An hundred times ten hundred say  
 Labouring at crime, unflagging night and day,  
 Through all the ages from the hour I fell."  
 Shuddered the priest and made the holy sign  
 "In the name of God and of his Son divine  
 Who art thou, answer?"  
 "A spirit lost of hell"  
 The priest leaped up, with an affrighted cry  
 "Angels of Jesus, stand me succouring by!"  
 Then he relapsed and laid aside his dread  
 "Why hast thou sought the hallowed rite?" he said.  
 "Wherefore these horrors to my ear reveal?"  
 Devil "I saw thee veiled with a wondrous might  
 To make the sons of darkness heirs of light  
 Blackest of souls became as drifted snow  
 And to the sentence of the priest below  
 The Judge of all things setteth to his seal.  
 And I thought. – Oh! if purged of my great stain  
 I might the gates of Paradise regain.  
 Say is there any shred of hope for me?"  
 Priest "I know the mercy of the Crucified  
 Is very lofty, deep, exceeding wide  
 Then, if they sorrow only be sincere  
 In the Lord's name, I bid thee have no fear!  
 The blood of Christ will reach as far as thee."  
 Devil Father, why question ~~you~~ *thou* my strong desire  
 To flee the abyss of eternal fire  
 And from deep misery obtain release  
 And refuge in the home of matchless peace.  
 There comes a thrill on me, as now I grope  
 With feeble glimmer for a thread of hope."  
 Priest "Son, ere I utter the absolving word  
 I of thy ~~penitence~~ *contrition* I must be assured  
 Therefore on thee a penance I impose."  
 Devil "Give me ten thousand of acutest woes  
 And from my purpose, mark you, if I swerve  
 Bid me be bound upon a flaming wheel  
 Set with the sharpest blades of tempered steel  
 Bid it revolve in fire at whirlwind speed

Parch me, and lacerate, and make me bleed  
 And suffer with the finest mortal nerve  
 Turn into flaming brimstone ~~all my~~ *drops my coursing* tears  
 Let me thus writhe through fifty thousand years  
 And I will hug the woe and not repine.”  
 “Son,” said the pastor, “no such test be thine”  
 As thou didst fall through thy unbounded pride  
 Bow to the figure of the crucified.  
 But once and utter with a broken sigh  
 “I am not worthy to look up to heaven  
 O be free pardon to thy rebel given.”  
 “What!” said the devil, with an angry cry

2 | “Ha! When another twist of Fortune’s wheel  
 | Might have sent me up and cast Him below.  
 | What! To the Son of Mary shall I bow

1 | Bow to a God so lost to sense of shame  
 | As to take human nature and man’s name  
 | Bow to a God who could Himself demean  
 | To suck the breast, and keep the kitchen clean  
 | And sweep up chips for Joseph! *One* who died  
 | Upon a gallows [while all men deride] *with a mangled side!*  
 | Then with a curse he turned upon his heel.

## The Sacristan Eberhardt<sup>162</sup>

The much respected Master Eberhart  
 Of ancient Saint Sibaldus Sacristan  
 Lived high up in the tower above the bells.  
 His duty was to look the country round  
 And when he saw a rising smoke or flame  
 To toll the alarum on the turret bell.  
 His chamber was a stage of the square tower  
 Four windows looked to North and East and West  
 And South, rough glazed, and in a corner rose  
 A crazy wooden ladder to the leads;  
 Below it to the bells, descends a stair.  
 The room was furnished with a highbacked chair  
 A table, and a second chair. Against the wall  
 Was hung the Saviour on the tree of shame.  
 A strange man was the Sacristan who thus alone  
 Lived in the windy steeple, seldom going down  
 Except to Mass, or for his milk and bread.  
 And none came up to see him save the Priest.  
 Yet had the Sacristan his friends, strange friends  
 Were these, and yet to him surpassing dear.  
 There were four gurgails [*sic*] ~~to~~ *where* the spire broached  
 Life size, a horse, a dragon and a hawk,  
 The fourth a monk, and he had lost his nose.  
 These statues crouched e'er gaping, formed to spout  
 The rain from off the steeple. Yellow stains  
 Dappled these sculptures. As the monk looked west  
 A red light kindled him at eve; he seemed  
 Terrible *then* as though besprent with blood  
 Sweet was it on a balmy summer day  
 Upon the leads ~~to lean~~ *against* the battlements  
 To lean, and with the Monk discuss the world.  
 So thought the Sacristan, a genial light  
 Then beamed on the maimed face, it seemed to smile.  
 Upon a moonlight night when lights went out  
 Like sparks on tinder in the town below,  
 The Sacristan would, in the shadow, kneel  
 Cast by the monk, whose cowl and battered face  
 Cut the white moon disk, kneeling thus he sang  
 His hymn 'Te Lucis ante terminum.'  
 Sometimes, thought Eberhart, the shooting lips  
 Moved as he sang and prayed, xxxxx[?]  
 (Turn over 17 pages) [*continued on page 86*]

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<sup>162</sup> This poem is a versification of a the first part of a story in, what Sabine described to his mother as, his '*mystical style*.' It was first published in the *Hurst Johnian* 7, 1858, December, 238-250. Also see the Devon Record Office letter from Sabine to his mother dated 7 December 1858 also on this website. The poem, still incomplete, is continued on page 86.

**Robin Readbreast's Corn**<sup>163</sup>[Monday] June 10<sup>th</sup> 1867<sup>164</sup>

In a quiet sheltered valley  
     Underneath a furzy hill  
 Where to North from rocky ledges  
     Silver threads of water spill  
 Patient Benedictine brothers  
     Thatch their cotts with russet fern  
 Singing "Ave Maria Stella"  
     To the flowing of the burn.  
 They have come from southern corners<sup>165</sup> [?]  
     To the wastes of Finisterre  
 Without scrip, or purse, or weapon,  
     Trusting in the might of prayer.  
 In a pleasant sunward hollow  
     Of the barren purple fell.  
 They have built a rustic chapel  
     Hung a little tinkling bell.  
 Here alone in Christ believing  
     Wait the brothers God's good time  
 When shall spread the Gospel tidings  
     Like a flood from clime to clime.  
 Yonder is a Druid circle  
     Where the priests dance on the dew  
 Singing of Ceridwen's kettle  
     And the oxen of old Hu.  
 Now the brothers cut the heather  
     Stack the turf for winter fire  
 Wall about with lichenized moorstone  
     The enclosure of the byre.  
 And they drain a weedy marish  
     Praying in the midst of toil  
 And with plough of rude construction  
     Draw slight furrows in the soil.  
 Then seek wheat:- it was forgotten  
     And their labour seems in vain  
 The barbarians about them  
     Little know of golden grain.  
 Said the Prior:- "God will help us  
     In this hour of bitter loss."  
 Then one spied a Robbin Readbreast  
     Sitting on a wayside cross.  
 Doubtless came the bird in answer  
     To the words the Prior did speak  
 For a heavy wheatear dangled  
     From the Robbin's [sic] polished beak.  
 The poor Brothers when he dropped it  
     Picked it up and careful sowed

<sup>163</sup> Although this poem was published in *The Silver Store*, Sabine did not give the source there.

<sup>164</sup> 1867 is written in a fainter ink and was presumably added at a later date. The accuracy is confirmed by the dates given to the poems written before and after this poem.

<sup>165</sup> Corners: In the published version Sabine opted for *regions*.

And abundantly in autumn  
    Reaped the harvest where they strewed  
Do you mark the waving glory  
    O'er the Breton hillslopes flung.  
All that wealth from Robbin Readbreast's  
    Little ear of wheat has sprung.  
Do you mark the many churches  
    Scattered o'er the pleasant land  
All resulted from the preaching  
    Of that Benedictine band.  
Therefore Christian small beginnings  
    Pass not by with lip of scorn  
God may prosper them, as prospered  
    Robbin Readbreast's ear of Corn.

# The Building of S Sophia<sup>166</sup>

[Monday] 1<sup>st</sup> July 1867

Justinian, Emperor and Augustus, bent  
 On the Imperial city's due embellishment, [*sic*]  
 Whilst musing, sudden started up and cried  
 "There is no worthy Minster edified  
 Unto the ruler of earth, sea and skies  
 The One Eternal, and the Only Wise.  
 Solomon the Great a temple built, of old  
 To the omnipotent, at cost untold,  
 Great was his Power, but mine must his surpass  
 As ruddy gold excells [*sic*] the yellow brass.  
 I too a stately Church will dedicate  
 Working God's majesty and of my state."  
 Then called the Emperor an artist skilled  
 With sense of beauty and proportion filled  
 And said – "In the Name of Wisdom build.  
 Build of the best, best ways, and make no spare  
 The cost entire ~~my~~ our privy purse shall bear.  
 Solomon took gifts of gold and wood and stone  
 But I we, Justinian, build this Church alone.  
 Then go ye heralds forth to square and street  
 With trumpet blare, and everywhere repeat.  
 That a great Minster shall erected be  
 By our August Pacific Majesty,  
 And bid none reckon in the work to share  
 For we ourselves the whole expense will bear."  
 And as Justinian lay that night awake  
 Weary and waiting for white day to break,  
 The thought ~~arose~~ ~~rose up as turning in his bed~~  
~~he lay~~ "Now when that I am dead  
 My soul, by its attendant spirits led  
 Shall hear the angel at the great gate call,  
 What Ho! Justinian comes, Magnifical,  
 Who, to the Eternal Wisdom uncreate  
 A Church did build, endow and ~~dedicate~~ consecrate  
 The like of which by man was never trod,  
 Then, rise Justinian, to the realm of God."  
 Now day and night the workmen build, apace  
 The Church arizes, [*sic*] full of form and grace  
 The walls upstart, the porch and portal wide  
 Are traced, the marble benches down each side  
 The sweeping apse, the basements of the piers  
 The white hewn stone is laid in level tiers.  
 Upshoot the columns, then the arches turn.  
 The roof, with golden scales begins to burn.  
 Next white as mountain snow the mighty dome  
 Hangs like a moon above the second Rome.

<sup>166</sup> First published in *Temple Bar*, Vol. 21, pp 34-37, August 1867. Although this poem features in *The Silver Store*, Sabine did not give the source of the story there.

Within, mosaic Seraphs spread their wings  
 And cherubs circle round the King of Kings  
 On whirling wheels ~~and set~~ besprent with myriad eyes.  
 And golden with gold hair against blue skies  
 Their names beside them, twelve apostles stand,  
 Six on the left, and six on the right hand.  
 And from a glory set with jewelled rays  
 Looks down majestic ~~at~~ *calm* the Saviour's face.

3            2

~~Now~~ fixed *is* the silver altar, raised the screen  
 A golden network, prinked ~~with red~~ blue and green  
 With icons studded, hung with lamps of fire  
 And ruby curtained round the sacred quire.

{ *That all may see and read*

2 { ~~Above the door on marble east~~, the sculptors grave  
 { "This ~~Church~~ *House* to God, ~~all-wise~~, Justinian, *emperor* gave."

1 { Then on a slab above the western door  
 { Through which next day the multitude shall pour

And now, with trumpet blast and booming gong  
 Betwixt long lines of an expectant throng  
 The Imperial procession sweeps along.  
 The saffron [*sic*] flags and scarlet banners flare  
 Against the sweet blue sky above the square.  
 In front the ~~white-new~~ Church of ~~Wisdom~~ *Hagia Sophia* glows  
 A pile of jewels set in burnished snows.  
 Begemmed, and purple-wreathed, the sacred sign  
 Labarum<sup>167</sup> moves, ~~dread-Cross~~ *Standard* of Constantine.  
 Then back the people start on either side  
 As ripples ~~past~~ *by* a molten silver tide  
 Of Asian troops in polished mail, next pass  
 Byzantine guards, a wave of Corinth brass.  
 And then with thunder tread the Varanger<sup>168</sup> bands  
 Tall champions gathered from ~~white~~ *grey* northern lands  
 Above them Odin's raven flaps its wing  
 And in their midst, in a gold harnessed ring  
 Of chosen heroes; on a cream white steed  
~~With~~ *In* gilded trappings, of pure Arab breed  
 Justinian rides in all his pomp, to see  
 His gift made over to God's Majesty  
 With fuming frankincense and flickering lights  
 The sacred choir come forth as he alights,  
 Now shrill the silver clarions loud and long  
 And clash the cymbals, ~~and rolls~~ *bellows* forth the gong,  
 A wild barbaric clash. Then, on the ear  
 Surges the solemn chanting, full and clear,  
 "Lift up your heads ye gates, and open swing  
 Ye everlasting doors before the King!"

<sup>167</sup> Labarum: The sacred military standard of the Christian Roman Emperors.

<sup>168</sup> Varangian: A Scandinavian member of the bodyguard of the Eastern Roman Empire.

Back start the valves – in sweeps the train  
 Then flood the multitude the Holy fane.  
 Justinian, entering, halts a little space  
 With haughty exaltation on his face  
 And in a glance the stately Church surveys.  
 Then reads above the portal of the nave  
 “This House to God Euphrasia widow gave.”  
 “What ho!” he thunders with a burst of ire,  
 As to his face flashes a scarlet fire.  
 “Where is the sculptor? Silence all you choirs!  
 Where is the sculptor?” Ceases the choral song  
 A hush falls instant on the mighty throng.  
 “Bring forth the sculptor who yon sentence wrought,  
 His merry jest he’ll find full dearly bought!”  
 Then fell before him, trembling, full of dread,  
 The graver. “Caesar! God preserved!” he said  
 “I cut not that! Exchanged has been the name  
 From what I chiselled. I am not to blame.  
~~I sculptured Sire, as thou thy orders gave I did engrave~~  
~~“This House to God Justinian Emperor gave”~~  
 This is a miracle, for no mortal hand  
 Could banish one, and make another stand  
 And on the marble leave nor scar nor trace  
 Where was the name deep hewn, it did efface.  
 Beside the letters Sire this stone is whole!”  
 “Hah!” scoffed the Emperor, “Now by my soul,  
 I deemed the sacred age of marvels passed away!”  
 Forth stepped the patriarch and said “Sire, I pray,  
 Hearken. I saw him carve, nor I alone,  
 Thy name and title which have fled the stone.  
 And I believe the Finger was Divine  
 Which set another name, and cancelled thine.  
 The Finger, that, which wrote upon the wall  
 Balshazzar’s doom, in Babel’s sculptured hall  
 The Finger that which wrote in years before  
 On Sinai’s top, on tables twain, the law.”  
 Justinian’s brow grew dark with wrath and fear  
 “Who is Euphrasia, widow, I would hear,  
 This lady who my orders sets at naught.  
 And robs me of the recompense I sought.  
 Who is Euphrasia?” And none spake a word  
 “What of this wealthy lady have none heard?”  
 Again upon the concourse silence fell.  
 For none could answer, none could tidings tell.  
 “What no man know? Go some the city round,  
 And ask if such ~~can~~ *be* in Byzantium found.”  
 Then said a priest, and faltered, “Of that name  
 Is one, but old, and very poor, and lame,  
 Who has a cottage close upon the quay  
 But she – most surely, Sire, it cannot be.”  
 “Let her be brought.” Then some the widow seek  
 and bring ~~her the tottering, bent, tattered and~~ aged woman, tottering, weak,

With tattered dress, and thin, white straying hair,  
And in one hand a stick, and feet all bare.  
“Euphrasia,” said the Monarch sternly, “Speak.  
Wherefore didst thou my strict commandment break  
Contributing against my order to this pile?”  
The widow answered simply with faint smile,  
“Sire it was nothing! For I only threw  
A little straw before the beasts which drew  
The marble from the ships, before I knew  
Thou wouldst be angry. Sire! I had been ill  
Three weary months, and on my window sill,  
A little linnet perched, and sang each day  
So sweet, it cheered me, as in bed I lay  
And filled my heart with love to Him who sent  
The linnet to me; then with full intent  
To render thanks, when God did health restore,  
I, from my mattress, did pull a little straw  
And cast it to the oxen – I did nothing more.”  
“Look!” said the Caesar, “Read above that door!  
Thy gift, tho’ little, was the gift of love,  
And is accepted of our King above.  
And mine rejected as a gift of pride  
By Him who humble lived, and humble died.  
Widow, God grant, hereafter, when we meet  
That I may find a footstool at thy feet.

**Hadad<sup>169</sup>**

[Thursday] July 4. 1867

“With me what has thou lacked!” Pharaoh said  
 As Hadad stood before him with bowed head.  
     And folded hands and downcast eyes  
 “Here hast thou had in Egypt goodly lands  
 Cornfields and pasture, and large servant bands  
     And all the heart of man should prize  
 I have exalted thee next to the throne,  
 Of strangers thou art honoured, thou alone;  
     Thou hast to wife the sister of my Queen  
 Taphnes; thy word must all attend  
 Obsequious crowds before thy presence bend  
     Thy virtue flashes with the jewel’s sheen,  
 Thy chests are stored with gold; a goodly pile  
 Thy *new white* palace mirrored in ~~the flowing~~ *the* Nile  
     With glittering ~~terraces~~ *courts* and stately towers  
 And colonnades above the sacred stream  
 Which washes past them as a flowing dream  
     Watering thy gardens sweet with flowers.  
 What hast thou lack’d, that thou would’st fare away?”  
 “Nothing,” He answered, “yet let me go I pray  
 Thou hast been good to me, and passing kind;  
 Yet, with enough to satisfy the mind  
     The heart is empty, let me go!”  
 “What, hast thou not a dearly treasured wife,  
 Whose love is platted with thy thread of life,  
     To fill thy heart to overflow!  
 Whose white arms lace thee to a faithful breast,  
 In a true woman’s love is perfect rest.”  
     “No Sire!” said Hadad sadly “No!”  
 “What hast thou lacked?” once more asked the King.  
 Then Hadad slowly raised his head; “- Nothing  
     Yet – let me go!”  
 “Sire, ~~it is~~ many years ~~ago~~ *have passed*, a feeble child  
 I was brought up in Edom’s rocky wild  
     Upon a hillside, in a little tent.  
 Before were soft brown hills, a gravelly dell  
 Seven stately palm trees by a leaking well  
     A torrent bed – the water spent.  
 I used to watch the morning sun arise  
 Over sharp mountain ridges into skies  
     Bluer than turquoise in this ring  
 And floods of glory down the valleys rolled  
 Turning the seven palms into trees of gold  
     And gilding birds on passing wing.  
 I heard the rock doves calling with soft coo,  
 Among the ~~broken~~ fragments where *the wild* pinks grew  
     And ~~strawberries reddened amid~~ *avens*<sup>170</sup> *scrambled sunny eyed.*

<sup>169</sup> The Source of this poem, which was probably never published, was 1 Kings, xiv, 14-22. Sabine exercised a degree of poetic licence in that Hadad’s motive for returning to Edom was not to visit the grave of his parents or see once more the beautiful countryside, but to raise an army and take revenge on Israel, now that King David and Joab were dead.

I saw the jackall skulking to his lair  
 And from the dewy herb upstart the hare  
     And ~~glittering~~ lizards from their hollows glide  
 And where white rocket to the cliffs would cling  
 Danced sulphur butterflies on flickering wing,  
     I watched the burnished beetles creep.  
 With bird and beast and insect, I would play  
 Or climb the rocks for flowers, thus pass my day  
     Or steal into the shade to sleep.  
 Sire I must Edom see again, once more,  
 This land is exile, and my heart is sore  
     Thinking of Edom and the past  
 As in my rustling silks my hall I pace  
 I think not of its splendour, beauty, grace,  
     xxxxxxx [?] Nothing my heart can satisfy,  
 I value not my riches, nor the pride  
 Of rank and rule, I but half love my bride  
     I must see Edom or I die!  
 There lived my father and mother,” – his head  
 As he spake sank lower, “But they are dead,  
     O’er ~~poor~~ Edom Joab’s fury rolled  
 He swept our pleasant land with sword and flame  
 Carried our sisters off to toil and shame  
     As slaves our little brothers sold.  
 The land was purpled with our people’s blood  
 Their carcases were cast, as vulture’s food.  
     I saw my aged father fall,  
 About him were my mother’s sweet arms wound  
 She lay with him upon the kneeded ground  
     I spoke – she answered not my call!  
 There is a purple glen with shingle slides  
 And mossy ledges where blue gentian hides  
     There, in a narrow rock hewn cell  
 I laid them gently *sleeping* side by side,  
*Alone*, with arms entangled as they died.  
     Years have gone by, and yet, full well  
 I know the place where is their simple grave.  
 Above it, fragrant juniper bushes wave,  
     Below it, is a bubbling well.  
 At night I hear the ~~hyena’s~~ *raven’s* doleful cry  
 And starting wake, and turn upon my bed and sigh  
     And think upon that lonely tomb  
 I have no rest, ~~Sire~~, I made their grave alone  
 Trembling, and hastily, I closed the stone  
     And when the ~~jackall~~ *hyena*, in the gloom  
 Snarleth – I fear —” ~~And~~ Then his utterance failed  
 And Pharaoh said, “What thou hast now detailed  
     Should be forgotten; past recall  
 Are childish years. These things are lost for e’er  
 That made to thee thy barren Edom dear

<sup>170</sup> Probably wood avens: otherwise known herb bennet. This has yellow flowers.

There hast thou nothing, Here hast all!"  
 "Something there is, – still is that mountain line  
 The same birds and flowers, and the same light shine  
     At morn and eve. – I know that, slain  
 Or gone are those who clasped me in their arms,  
 Hewn down by Joab are those seven green palms,  
     And yet – maybe, their stumps remain.  
 And there are father's, mother's bones, I know  
 Sire! – Broken men! I pray thee, let me go!

### **The Parable.<sup>171</sup>**

[Thursday] **July 4. 1867**

A youth caught up an aged pilgrim on the way  
 Of life, and to him said, – "My father, tell me, pray,  
 Where Paradise may be, that I may hither speed,"  
 The old man halted, and thus answered him; "Indeed,  
 The road I know full well, my son, look on before,  
 Yonder is Paradise, and yonder is the door."  
 Forthwith off sped the youth with bounding step, to fly  
 Towards the portal – Loud after him did cry  
 The old man - "Not so! for Paradise must entered be  
 On crutches, and with gouty feet, my son, like me."

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<sup>171</sup> *The parable*, described by Sabine as a Rabbinical story, appears in this diary as the entry for 26 February 1864, footnote 78 on page 29. It was eventually published in *The Silver Store*.

**Sacristan Eberhardt** (continued) [*from page 76*]

But we who live upon this Earth below  
 Know well this was but fancy, nothing more.  
 For long the Sacristan knew not the name  
 By which to call his friend; but it fell out  
 One day the priest came up to see him, he  
 Beneath his arm carried a mighty book.  
 The father sat and told him of a Saint  
 Who lived upon a pillar, wrapped in prayer,  
 Never blown off, however high the wind  
 And eating only leeks, ~~and~~ he was Simon height.<sup>172</sup>  
 Now as he heard the tale a *sudden* gleam of  
 Shot through the old man's brain, and looking up  
 To where he saw the monk above the stair  
~~He~~ With ~~noded~~ friendly nod he hailed him "Father Simon"  
 Good Master Eberhardt had notions clear  
 Of things in general, and notions bright  
 Expansive too, as was his belfry view,  
 But as in that he looked o'er gable points  
 Topped each with crosses – so in Earth's affairs  
 The Master saw the Cross in all things clear.<sup>173</sup>

<sup>172</sup> Simon height: In the original story the name was S Simon Stylite. A stylite was an ascetic who lived on the top of a pillar. St Simeon Stylite, c. AD 390-459, lived for 37 years on a small platform on top of a column at Aleppo, Syria.

<sup>173</sup> This poem is a versification of the first part of a story in what Sabine described to his mother as his 'mystical style' It was first published in the *Hurst Johnian* 7, 1858, December, pp 238-250. See also, on this website, Devon Record Office letter from Sabine to his mother dated 7 December 1858.

**Jaltha**<sup>174</sup>(Talmud Bab. Berachoth<sup>175</sup> VII fol. 51)

Rav Nuaman and Mur Ulla sat  
 Awaiting supper, now the latter  
 Of the twain was far the fatter  
 Indeed, your presence saving – grossly fat  
 Not gifted with profundity  
 Of views – yet with rotundity  
     Blessed  
     He ne’er distressed  
 His mind with puzzles of Rabbinic lore  
 Nor sought his intellect with quirks to store  
 The other, Nuaman the leaner,  
 In tout ensemble and demeanour  
 Was very angular and bony  
 His heart not fatty was, but stony.  
     At supper  
     In the upper  
 Portion of the room the twain  
 Waited, and the driving rain  
 Equalled not the pattering  
 Of their incessant chattering.

Now e’er that they did eat or sup  
 The pious Hebrews hurry [?] up  
 Rav N.[uaman] assumed the cup  
 And pouring in some wine and water  
 The former in proportion shorter  
 Than approved Mur Ulla quite  
 Began the Blessing to recite  
 According to Rabbinic rite.  
 With creaking voice with eyes all white  
     Ulla chanted his amen  
     Decorously enough and then  
     “Now prithee, be not shabby  
     My good friend and Rabbi  
     But fill fuller  
     The bowl” – said Ulla  
 “For Jaltha there – my gentle wife  
 My Heaven preserve her precious life  
     Standing in the gloom  
     At the end of the room  
 For Nuaman, it is but proper  
 Before that you insert the stopper  
 That she poor soul should have a taste.”  
 Then spoke the Host “I can not waste  
 This gen’rous liquor and this water  
 On fallen Ever abandoned daughter

<sup>174</sup> The transcriber is not aware that this poem was ever published by Sabine.

<sup>175</sup> Babylonian Talmud. Berakoth VII folio 51.

For wretched woman is a scorn  
 Of philosophers a very thorn  
 To worry mortal flesh." "Oh stuff  
 Enough, Rav Nuaman, enough, enough!  
 Mur Ulla spoke, "My wife, God bless her  
 And do you think that I'd distress her

By eating and drinking  
 Of my own self thinking  
 And never offering her a share?  
 By all the Patriarchs I swear –"  
 Upon his guest did N[*uaman*]. stare  
 And mutter "Profanity  
 Is incipient Insanity

Now list to me – a woman's nought  
 But Numen's paltry afterthought  
 And in Creation is a blot."  
 "Upon my conscience she is not."

Interrupted Ulla  
 An indignant colour

Arising in his merry face.

"Poor womankind" demure and calm  
 Continued N[*uaman*]. with his arms [?]  
 And with his elbow on the table

"Is but a concentrated Babel.  
 Why! Paradise had been man's lot  
 Had helpless Adam never got  
 An Eve to ruin all his wheel  
 And make him pain and misery feel  
 Alas in the poor world below  
 Man no tranquillity can know  
 With woman ever at his elbow

Her tongue wagging  
 Her temper nagging  
 Her hands dragging  
 At his pocket, fagging  
 At floor scrubbing  
 And child drubbing  
 And hullibubbing

(Turn to end of Sentence on Thief) [*page 130*]

**Blind Austin**<sup>176</sup>July 5<sup>th</sup> 1867

In a lowly hut a shepherd  
     Lived to God with tranquil mind  
 Cherished by a little daughter  
     And the aged man was blind  
 Five and twenty years had vanished  
     Since God shut the shepherd's eyes  
 Since he saw the waving meadows  
     And the ever changing skies.  
 Never had his eyes unclouded  
     Looked upon the simple child  
~~And That has~~ in tender gleaming beauty  
     ~~That upon him~~ on the old man ~~looked~~ beamed and smiled  
 But with open heart, undarkened,  
     Gently would *poor* Austin say  
 "God who pleased to give me vision  
     At His pleasure took away."  
 Every morning, ~~Austin pleaded~~ *he entreated*  
     "Lassie, bring me thro' the door,  
 That in sweet and pleasant sunshine,  
     I my Master may adore.  
 Hour by hour he tarried, kneeling,  
     With dark orbs upon the sky,  
 Wrapped in silent contemplation,  
     Praying, praising inwardly.  
 When the evening shadows gathered  
     And the weary world was calm  
 At his casement leanéd Austin  
     Singing low his vesper psalm.

Said the maiden, parting, "Father  
     I have heard, on yonder hill  
 Is a Chapel for poor pilgrims  
     Where is healed each mortal ill.  
 There the deaf recover hearing  
     There the lame foot leapeth light  
 There the feeble gather vigour  
     There the blind regain their sight."  
 Hearing this, the old man trembled  
     "Would my sight were given me!  
 That the glory of Creation  
     Once again these eyes might see.  
 See the yellow sun of summer  
     And the moon and stars of night  
 See the ruddy firelight flicker  
     See again all gladening [*sic*] light.  
 See the hawthorn in the hedges  
     And the daisy at my feet,  
 And the scarlet poppies winking  
     In the waving amber wheat.

<sup>176</sup> Published in *The Silver Store*.

See my little crumbling cottage  
 And the misty smoke upcurl.  
 See thee whom I clasp and cling to  
 Thee my own dear little girl!"  
 Through the weary night he wakened  
 Tossing fevered on his bed,  
 "O that light, sweet light of heaven  
 Were on these dark eyeballs shed!"  
 Forth he went at early morning  
 To that shrine his way to grope  
 Fearing not the toilsome journey  
 In the eagerness of hope.  
~~See him in our Lady's~~ *Lo he kneels in Mary's Chapel*  
 Weary, wayworn, faint, footsore  
 With his *tremulous* arms extended, ~~trembling~~  
~~Kneeling~~ *Praying* on the sacred floor.  
 "Holy Saviour, Only succour!  
 Ope my eyes that I may see!  
~~Holy~~ *Gently* Mary *Virgin* Mother,  
 In compassion pray for me!"  
 Then – a sudden cry of rapture  
 And a glad ecstatic thrill  
~~Roll~~ *Flowed* the light ~~where~~ *whence* long excluded  
 Seeming all his frame to fill.  
 Now he saw the ~~little~~ *rustic* altar  
 With its flowers and candles six  
 And the ruby star which glimmered  
*Wavering* before ~~the~~ *sacred* pyx.  
 Now beheld the little maiden  
 Kneeling in a golden beam,  
 Tranced in wondering devotion  
 Like an angel in a dream.  
 Now beheld the throng of pilgrims  
 Gathered in ~~the gorgeous~~ *our Lady's Shrine*.  
 Now beheld the sun of summer  
 Through the western widow shine.  
 Saw a glimmer through the doorway  
 Of a vaporous azure plain,  
 Saw the swallows in the sunlight  
 Skimming low before the rain,  
 Saw a bush of flowering elder,  
 And dog daisies in its shade  
 Saw the shadows weaving patterns  
~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ *[?] with a blushing wild rose braid*  
 Saw a distant gleam of water  
 Flashing like a fallen sun,  
 Saw the winking of the ripples  
 Where the mountain torrents run.  
 Saw the peaceful arch of heaven  
 With a cloudlet on the blue,  
 Like a white bird winging homeward  
 With its pinions dipped in dew.

~~Then old~~ Austin sought to gather  
 All his thoughts for Solemn praise  
 But, alas! their chains are shattered  
 Every thought in freedom strays.  
 Austin strove his heart to quicken  
 For the sacred act of prayer  
 But from earth's absorbing beauties  
 Not a moment ~~could~~ *can* it spare.  
 And attention ~~was~~ is distracted  
 Winging here and winging there  
 Cried the shepherd "O sweet Saviour!"  
 With a sudden fear oppressed  
 "Be thy will, not mine accomplished,  
 Give me what thou deemest best."  
 Then once more the clouds descended  
 And the eyes again waxed dark  
 All the glory of the daylight  
 Faded as a dying spark.  
 Then the closéd heart spread its petals (or /*closéd heart expanded*)  
 Like the flower that blooms at night  
~~And as,~~ *Whilst*, Philomel, the spirit  
 Chanted to the waning light.  
 "Shut my eyes" the old man whispered  
 Close to Earth's distracting sight  
~~Open not~~ Until the spirit breaks its fetters  
 Speedeth heavenward its flight  
 Then to open to the Glory  
 Of thine uncreated light."

# Poor Robin<sup>177</sup>

July 8<sup>th</sup> 1857

Robin the cobbler, blithe and gay  
 Fiddled at night time, cobbled at day;  
 Busily working till the Curfew rang  
 Then caught up his bow and fiddled and sang.  
 Robin lived under a marble stair  
 Which lead to a terrace broad and fair  
 Adorned with exotics bright and ~~fair~~ rare,  
 Where every evening, taking the air  
 A nobleman walked with brow depressed  
 And within his bosom a sea of unrest  
 Trembling now at the frown of the King  
 Lest titles and honours should spread their wing  
 Then at the fate of a suit in Court  
 Then at some insult to be outfought  
 And Oh! For the cares unreckoned which ~~xxxxxxxx~~ [?] rolled  
 From that plentiful source, the wealth of gold.

The nobleman watched the declining sun  
 Day with its business and cares was done  
 And now strained spirits could have [?] recoil  
 From work, with the hearty children of toil  
 But for such as the nobleman came no rest  
 As the sun went down in the scarlet west  
 For rest is none for ambition's strain  
 None for the heart where pride holds reign.  
 None for the breast filled with greed of gain.

| *and now for the hearty sons of toil*  
 | *The strained spirits had glad recoil*

Then sudden he heard the tremulous string  
 Robin's sweet carol accompanying,

~~Joyous as~~ *Unreckoned the hours that speed sped by as he sang* | *Unnumbered the hours that*  
 | *glided by*

~~Joyously late~~ *And as Robin twittered, the fiddle rang*

| *As Robin sat warbling*  
 | *cheerily*

When the moon ~~rose~~ went up, in the darkling sky  
 Robin was warbling as cheerily.

| *With the moon going up in*  
 | *etc*

"Now this is strange" the nobleman said  
 That poor man labouring for his bread  
 With a crust to eat, and a straw strewn bed  
 Should be so jubilant, – free from sorrow  
 Without a care or thought of the morrow.  
 The secret of having light heart, if found,  
 Cheap would I count at a thousand pound."

When Robin was out at a job one day,  
 The nobleman hid a gold bag in the hay  
 Of the cobbler's pillow, and hasted away.  
 That night as its wont the Curfew rang  
 But Robin the cobbler nor fiddled nor sang.  
 For Robin had lit on that bag of gold  
 For in turning the pillow, ~~forth had rolled~~

| *His glad eyes fell*

<sup>177</sup> A versification of a story from Meffreth, Hortulus Reginae. Norimb. 1847, that was wrtten by Sabine in the chapter on Meffreth in *Post-Medieval Preachers*. These verses were published in *The Silver Store*.

*His wonder and joy*  
~~Eagerly the money he spread and told;~~  
 Now silent and musing the cobbler sat  
 His heart oppressed with a leaden weight  
 His mind revolving where to conceal  
 This treasure, that none might find and steal.  
 Cautiously locking and bolting his door,  
 He ~~hid~~ *buried* the purse underneath the floor,  
 Then over it cast his litter of straw.  
 Little he slept, waking often with fear  
 Imagining burglars drawing near.  
 Slumber unbroken seemed fled for e'er.

Night after night the nobleman strode  
 The terrace above poor Robin's abode,  
 But hushed was the voice of the cobbler now  
 And laid aside were the fiddle and bow.

Then the nobleman stood before Robin's stall  
 And said "By accident I let fall  
 A purse of gold through a chink in the wall,  
 Into thy cell, to thy straw it rolled,  
 Now have I come to reclaim my gold.

Then the *poor* cobbler upraised a board,  
 Extracted the purse and the prize restored,  
 And scarce had the nobleman turned away  
 E'er he heard the fiddler begin to play.  
 And he had not reached the terrace again  
 E'er the voice was ~~xxxxxxxx~~ chirping a jocund strain

| *On the purse with a wonder*  
 | *unspeakable*

## Launcelot<sup>178</sup>

Aug 1<sup>st</sup> 1867

Swift and dark set in the night  
 Yet, in the North, a pallid light  
 A glimmering thread of white  
     Lay, blotted with black trees.  
 Launcelot at the Church door stood,  
 Holding with his hands to the wood,  
 Muffling his features with his hood,  
     Aghast, and with quaking knees  
 Wherefore aghast he could not tell.  
 Then rang out the compline<sup>179</sup> bell  
 But it sounded like a knell  
     In the evening hushed and still  
~~Then~~ a bat came wheeling by  
 Dashing out of the dark sky  
 And diving in presently.  
     Far off on a low hill  
 Sudden ~~there~~ flashed *up* a spark  
 And a dog began to bark,

<sup>178</sup> Published in *The Silver Store* as Lancelot. No source given.

<sup>179</sup> The seventh and last service of the day, at 9 pm.

The light vanished, and all was dark  
     Save that shimmer in the north.  
~~Then~~ a wildfowl flight o'erhead  
 Northward whistling sped  
 By ~~their~~ wondrous instinct led,  
     Whilst Lancelot [*sic*] looked forth.  
 Up leaped a silvery ray  
 Like the dawning of new day  
 To the Northward far away  
     And tremulously danced  
 Then another beam arose  
 Of the colour of the rose  
 In fitful throbs and throes  
     And Lancelot gazed entranced  
 Of deep carnation glow  
 A mighty shining bow  
 O'er the vault began to grow  
     And fall to flakes of fire  
~~And~~ *Then* drop, a ~~shining~~ *glitter* rain,  
~~That~~ *Or* gathering again,  
 In patches of red stain  
     To waste *away* and then expire  
 Now swept a fog of blight  
 'Twixt Lancelot and the light  
 Obscuring for a while all sight,  
     In a glowing furnace blast  
 Whereat the shadowy trees  
 Writhed as in agonies  
 Or shivered, till the breeze  
     And the cloud were past.  
 On Lancelot's ear a tread  
 Sounded, heavy measuréd  
 And Lancelot would have fled  
     But was paralyzed with fear.  
 Like a memory, deemed slain  
 Of past guilt, which throbs again  
 With pulses of dull pain  
     Came the tread upon his ear  
*For* Stalking past the door  
 Lancelot a figure saw,  
 He had never seen before  
     Like a vision of the dead  
~~Just~~ *And* as it nearer drew  
 He marked the yellow hue  
 Of the face, and locks which blew  
     In tanglesd around his head  
~~It strode~~ *In a* flapping saffron vest  
 It strode. It was the Pest  
 It smote Lancelot on the Breast  
     And Lancelot's spirit fled.

**Ingimund Thorkill Mani**<sup>180</sup> (Landn.I. sig. p.31)<sup>181</sup>

I am dying, O my children! *so* come around my bed  
 My feet are cold as ashes, and heavy is my head,  
 You see me powerless lying, - I, who was of old  
 The scourge of evil doers, Ingimund the Bold.  
 I can not mount my warhorse, now I cannot wield  
 My great blue sword there hanging rusting by my shield.  
 Sons, look at these white fingers, quivering and weak  
 Without the power a little ~~sannet~~ [?] thread to break,  
 My sons! I have been asking wither I shall go  
 When this old body ~~dieth~~ *withers*. Sons! I do not know.  
 There is a tale of Odin, sitting in Valhall  
 Who to a banquet summons, those in strife who fall  
 To drink and to be drunken, then to rise and fight  
 To wound and to be wounded, be smitten and to smite.  
 But when a man is drawing to the close of life  
 He yearns for something other than eternal strife  
 And it is slender comfort, when he craveth peace  
 To hear of war and bloodshed which shall never cease.  
~~He yearneth with intense desire to taste the simple joy~~  
~~He knew before he learned to fight, as little guileless boy~~  
 But He the sun who fashioned in the skies above  
 He who the moon suspended, ~~children~~ *surely* must be love  
 Heed therefore, O my children, do this thing I ask  
 To Bear me through the doorway in the sun to bask  
 Upon that bright globe gazing in the deep blue sky  
 Surely Thus and only thus, in comfort shall I die  
 But chambered here in darkness ~~upon~~ my doubts I brood  
 But ~~there~~ in the golden sunlight I feel that God is good.  
 A God to mortals tender, the very fount of light  
 Not Odin whose whole glory is to ~~tipple and to~~ *booze and fight*  
 What will become of me, I ask, when gathered to the door  
 I think I, the Creator of the sun, may trust  
 He lays that lamp of beauty in a western bed  
 And every morn it ~~springeth~~ *liveth*, rising from the dead  
 And if the sun, a creature, can arouse the ~~sleeping~~ grain  
 That like a ~~body, reft of life~~ *corpse* in earth, hath long time buried lain  
 Then surely the Creator – ~~wherefore should I~~ be afraid!  
 Will care for man the noblest creature he hath made.  
 Away with Thor and Odin. To him who made the sun  
 I yield the life he gave me ~~and~~ which now seemeth done  
 Then through the doorway bring me, sons, that I may die  
 With the sunshine round me falling, my face towards the sky!

<sup>180</sup> The words *Thorkill Mani* and the source are written faintly with a different ink and pen. Presumably these additions and alterations were made at a later date and prior to publication..

<sup>181</sup> Baring-Gould S, *The Silver Store: Thorkell-Mani, the President, son of Thorstein, was a heathen, living a good life as far as his light went. Etc. Landnama Bok, i. C. 9.* An excerpt from this poem is also to be found in *The Origin and Development of Religious Belief*, 1877, London, Longmans Green, Vol I, p.275.

## The Mass for the Dead<sup>182</sup>

Aug 3 /1867

All day unflagging in his stall,  
     Sat Hildebrand the priest, and heard  
 Confessions made, and over all  
     He spake the glad absolving word.  
 But, as the light of garish day  
 Passed with the setting sun away,  
 A heaviness and languor stole  
 Unperceived upon his soul.  
 Full oft at the confided sin,  
     The loving priest had silent wept;  
 Now, wearied, as the dusk set in  
     He leaned him back and slept.  
 Nor woke he at the vesper bell,  
 Heard not the organ's solemn swell,  
 Heard not the verger's closing call,  
     Nor the chiming of the transept clock;  
 Heard not the valves together fall,  
     Nor the key turned in the lock.  
 And only turned within his seat,  
 At the sound of the retreating feet.  
 And as the night hours glided by,  
 With the wain wheeling in the sky,  
 Hildebrand slumbered heavily.  
     Now first a spark and then a flame  
 Like an uplighted beacon came,  
 And then a ~~splash~~ *streak* of silver light  
~~Fell upon~~ *smote along* the vaulting white  
 As the moon in her first quarter  
 Rose out of the Eastern water.  
 Suddenly pealed the watchman's blast  
 When the hour of midnight was past,  
 And the echoes clung a while  
 To the ribbing of the *Minster* aisle.  
 Still heavily the priest ~~did~~ *doth* rest,  
 His grey head nodding on his breast,  
 And thus the night hours glided by  
 With the wain wheeling in the sky,  
 Hildebrand slumbering heavily.  
 The presses and misereres of oak  
 Warped and snapped, and each stroke  
 Of the clock though loud and clear  
 Fell unheard on the priest's ear.  
 A sea breeze rose and idly strayed  
 Upon the windowglass, and played  
 Faint pipings where it found a rent,  
 Or sung about the battlement,  
 A click – a rush of whirring wheels  
 The hammer of the old clock reels,

<sup>182</sup> Published in *The Silver Store* where it is described as *A Legend of Messina*.

And strikes one stroke upon the gong,  
 Followed by a long drawn undersong.  
~~And Then Hildebrand the priest~~ suddenly the sleep bands broke,  
 And Hildebrand the priest awoke,  
 And conscious instantly, he gave  
 One stride, and stood in the great nave.

The altar tapers were alight,  
 Chalice and paten glimmered bright,  
 The service book was open wide,  
 Wafers and cruets were at one side,  
 And on the rail in meet array  
 Alb, amice, stole and vestment lay.  
 And one knelt on the altar stair  
 As server, hushed, immersed in prayer  
 In convent garb, and with feet bare.

Now with mute horror and surprize,  
 And scarcely crediting his eyes,  
 The priest discerned the whitened bone  
 Of feet where flesh and skin was none.  
 With quivering knees and throbbing blood,  
 And chattering teeth, the roused man stood.  
 Whilst each vibration of the clock  
 Beat on his pulse with liveliest shock.

Up rose the monk, – and his bones ground,  
 As he arose and turned him round,  
 And spread abroad his wasted hands  
 As doth the celebrant who stands  
 Making the *dread* adoréd sign  
 Closing the mysteries divine.  
 Sudden a voice the silence broke,  
 With words articulate, and spoke,  
 From underneath the drooping cowl,  
 Clear as the peal of a sanctus bell,  
 Hildebrand heard each syllable [*sic*]  
 “Who will say Mass for a poor soul?”  
 “I will!” said Hildebrand, and strode  
 Towards the altar of his God.  
 And so, that night it came to pass.  
 A priest intoned the holy Mass,

*In the Cathedral for one dead  
 Whose soul unshriven suffered,*

And all the while he prayed, he felt  
 That a dead man behind him knelt  
 But never did he dare to look  
 On the face of him who served the book  
 The cruets, and the sacred bread,  
 With serge cowl covering his head.

Now when the office was complete,  
 He marked the monk upon his knees  
 Muttering, as winds among dry trees,  
 And with dead hands holding his feet,  
 Who said; - “What years of bitter pain  
 My soul in purgatory hath lain

And panted for release in vain!  
 Beneath yon slab, my body lies.  
 No loving fingers closed my eyes  
 Alone in my last agonies.  
~~With~~ Alone gathered [?] my *expiring* sighs.  
 Yonder was an unguarded well  
 Into which by mischance I fell  
 And, where I was, no mortal knew  
 For no man thence the water drew.  
 And ~~round about~~ *thro' the town* the tidings spread  
 That from my cloister I had fled.  
 Thus, for my soul no mass was said  
 Nor was my body buried.  
 And as the well was used no more  
 As time passed, it was covered o'er,  
 But nightly for two hundred years,  
 Here have I cried aloud with tears,  
 And none have heard my wail till now  
 Or answered to my prayer but thou.  
 Priest Hildebrand! God's blessing light  
 Upon thee for thy deed tonight.  
 I would repay but power have none  
 Save this, that e'er thy sands are run  
     I may appear again."  
 And as he spake, a pallid ray  
 The harbinger of coming day  
     Shot though the Eastern pane  
 Then first, enabled by God's grace  
 The priest looked on the dead man's face  
 Turning towards the Crucified  
 As in a rapture, glorified  
 And solemnly, priest Hildebrand  
~~Uplifted~~ *Extending* o'er the monk his hand,  
~~And~~ *He* traced upon his ashy brow  
     And the uplifted head,  
 The sacred sign that Angels know,  
 And devils dread; so, saying "Peace"  
 The monk responded '~~and~~ *with*, Release.'  
     And so vanished.

The evening fell as I passed through the town,  
The streets were silent, and of folk were none,  
~~Hurrying~~ *That hurried*, or ~~loitering~~ *ed*, saving ~~only~~ one,  
Who stood whistling in a deserted square

<sup>183</sup> This poem, slightly shortened, was used in *Early Reminiscences* pp 217-9 to illustrate Sabine's point that in 1851 the prelates were acting like *mere marionettes*. An extract from the poem, somewhat modified, was used for a similar reason in *The Church Revival* p 200. The amendments in the notebook are written in at least three different inks and may well have been made at various and possibly much later dates.

<sup>184</sup> Sain: To make the sign of the cross. In this context the archaic interpretation seems meaningless to the transcriber. The word does not appear in the published versions. The transcriber has no doubt about the spelling.

*Ran his breath o'er the scale, and then addressed  
His leaping figures, half in scorn, half jest,  
And twitched his knee and gave the thread a strain  
Warbled a polka, then relaxed again,  
Looked here and there with many a bantering word,  
But careless whether any saw or heard.*

“Tweedle dee! Now as I ~~play~~ say,  
Dance obedient, Marionettes!  
Forward, backward, ballancez [*sic*]  
Each one to his partner sets  
Up with elbows, out with legs  
Jump and jig in Irish reels,  
Look! how nicely this one begs,  
Now spin round upon your heels!  
Clicker, Clack! set to and fight.  
Use your fists, you frisking dolls  
Striking out, before, behind,  
Rapping one and other's polls.  
Tweedle dee! Upon your knees  
Meekly bend and bow your heads,  
Asking O dear mother please,  
~~Put us back into~~ Give more feather to our beds!  
Tut! No shuffling; sad or gay,  
Dance unflagging in your line  
Remember that you must obey  
Not your wills, poor dolls, but mine.  
What! it will its dancing scout!  
Look! yon sulky crowned head lags,  
While this beggar flings about  
Thoughtless in his fluttering rags.  
Puppet! you forget that's all –  
Knight or lady, queen or king,  
Dance or stand, and rise or fall,  
Only as I work this string,  
Dance then whilst my pipe I play  
Better caper with good grace  
Or I tear you clean away  
~~And~~ put another fills your place. [*sic*]  
Higher leap! more madly now  
Whirl in giddy clattering rout.  
Attention! – stand and make your bow,  
Sir! the pretty show is out.”

But then I said, “These puppets, are they sold,  
And did you buy them? or did you make and mould  
And dress these figures? They seem sadly bruised.”  
“Sir! And no wonder, they are daily used.  
I have made some, and reformed the rest  
Altered, adapted, and improved, redressed.  
~~Some are my work, as this attorney and~~ See this attorney in my hand, I take  
An especial pride in those dolls I make.

His every ~~thread and~~ fibre, turn of head or limb  
 He owes to me, for I created him.  
 I like to make of solid wood the head,  
 (I always cast the heart of heavy) *and for his heart a bullet cast of lead,*  
 I form the springs of iron, tho t' will rust,  
 And make up all the rest with bran and dust.  
 Then dress my marionette demure or smart  
 As I ordain for him his trivial part.  
 This one I altered, – he was not so pliant.  
 I cut him to a pigmy from a giant,  
 An author he, who would not to my tune  
 Caper; he was of crabbed timber hewn,  
 And when I piped he flew me in the face.  
~~So~~ I cut, and cut, and now he knows his place.  
 Those that are lofty, I chop down a bit,  
 Those that are low, with other feet I fit.  
~~Some that danced badly I have cast aside~~  
~~And with fresh dancers have their place supplied~~  
 All wait implicitly upon my will  
 And at my pleasure their positions fill.  
~~Some are more supple in their joints than other~~  
~~And some occasion me a world of bother.~~  
 Here is a judge! with him I've done my best  
 But yet he will not budge at my behest  
 Though wearing a great wig and beautifully dressed.  
 Here's one of other nature kind, my ready tool stuff with head of wool,  
 Look at this feeble, flexible, jiggering *obsequious* fool!"  
 And he ~~exposed~~ *held* up, with ~~concentrated scorn~~ *contemptuous yawn*  
 A doll in rochet<sup>185</sup> black with sleeves of lawn.  
 "This one I got, half formed, from one whose trade  
 Was making saints, but this, aside he laid  
 For how ~~could~~ a saint, he asked, be fashioned  
 With a knot at heart, and a maggot in the head!  
 Rejected it, but in prelate's vesture set.  
 It made no Saint but ~~made~~ *makes* a marionette.  
 (Ah! He is nimble on his little feet,  
 And capers to the people on the street)  
 Obedient to whatever I may please,  
 Bows, dances, leers, ~~eats capers~~ *advances*, stands at ease.  
 His ~~paces to myself some~~ *actions are to me at times* ~~are~~ bewildering  
 He foots *it* to whatever tune I pipe  
 '~~The Old Hundreds~~' xxxxxx [?] "~~Villikins~~" "~~God Save the Queen~~" or "Cherry  
 Ripe"  
 But he takes well with ~~the~~ women and children  
 '~~Ladies and Gents!~~' I cry '*Here is another doll*' 'What shall he do?  
 Ask and I put my Bishop or Archbishop *He is a statesman and I put him through.*  
*As flexible as was that doll in lawn*  
*He'll dance pace conservative or dance Reform*  
 Stand back, stand back! – and give a little place  
 Make room for his Lordship, room for his Grace! *my marionette to show his pace!*

<sup>185</sup> A close fitting surplice worn by bishops.

~~Miss, put some silver underneath his heel~~  
~~And see my solemn prelate hop and reel~~  
~~And bow to you kind Miss! And humbly kneel.~~  
~~Only a penny! well then, down he goes~~  
~~Touching the pavement, abject, with his nose~~  
 Ah sir, you little know how dearly he  
 Loves to do penance, bending low to me  
 To gain a word of praise, look! down he goes  
 Touching the pavement with his nose  
 And if I only stray, my puppet, giving power  
 To caper, he will caper hour by hour  
~~Ah, little ladies, come and mark how he~~  
~~Loves to do homage, cringing low to me~~  
 Now, Sir, would you like to see the puppet in a flutter  
~~Treat him to what he loves, thick clots of butter.~~  
~~You Mam! just try to praise him, only call~~  
~~'Nice dancing doll.' And at your feet he'll fall."~~  
 I interrupted him and said, "I pray  
 Tell me, are these dolls rattling all day?"  
~~"I make them dance~~ *He answered "Yes, they dance from rising sun*  
 Until the day with all its toil is done."  
 Again I spoke., "And when the shutters close  
 And weary men from labour seek repose,  
 And gentle slumber draws the blinds of sight  
 And Earth is silent in the trance of night,  
 When from the ~~sickened~~ *aching* heart and anxious head  
 By ~~kiss of Gods right sceptre~~ *day's* care is banished,  
 When angels stoop about the infant's bed,  
 Then, to these puppets, do you give no rest,  
 With their long labours ~~fagged, battered,~~ wearied, bruised, distressed.

2            1

Have you no pity, ~~player!~~ Are you *not* endued  
 With ~~no~~ *some* compassion, ~~have you~~ *with* no gratitude  
 To those who yield you homage, pleasure, bread?"  
 He looked at me *with sneerings*, and shook his head  
 "At night I dance them on some tavern floor  
 I dance them, till they can dance no more.  
 And when they are broken, out of joint, once fail  
 To draw a crowd, then, as of no avail  
 I cast them in yon box." The box was black  
 Long, edged with many a ~~white rounded~~ metal tack  
 Bearing a coffin plate, inscribed whereon  
 I read the ~~characters~~ legend plain engraved **Oblivion.**  
 Then I ~~moved onward~~ *was moving on* but ~~sudden~~ *paused to say awhile*  
 To ask, "Strange piper, ~~standing here at set of day~~ *with sardonic snarl*  
 Winding your threads, casting your dolls away,  
 With fallen mask, tell me your name I pray!"  
 He raised himself, and after me he hurled  
 The answer fiercely, "*Sir* my name's the World."

# The Telescope<sup>186</sup>

Aug 8 '67

John Brown and wife a fairing went  
 On business or on pleasure bent,  
     He to inspect ~~some~~ *the* cattle;  
 She to procure some household stuff  
 A boa, crinoline, and muff.  
     And taste some tittle tattle.  
 John sold full well a drove of sheep.  
 And bought some bullocks middling cheap,  
     After a wordy battle.  
 And Mrs. Brown ~~procured~~ *obtained* some toys  
 For William and for Joe, her boys  
     A ~~skipping rope~~ pop gun and a rattle.  
 Now when the fair was done, the weather  
 Held up, so John and his wife together  
 Walked thro' the fields to there [*sic*] abode  
 And sent the bullocks by the road.  
 Said John, "How should you think, my lass,  
 That I have spent my extra brass,  
     On self, not Joe or Billy."  
 Then M<sup>rs</sup>. B. with toss of head  
 "This thing is certain, Brown," she said  
     "It went on something silly."  
 "Alack!" he sighed; "Upon my life,  
 You are a thorough woman wife!  
     And rush at rash conclusions  
~~It~~ *There* is no silliness, I hope,  
~~The~~ *In* purchasing a telescope  
     To see through vain delusions!  
 It makes the distant prospect clear  
 Remotest objects draweth near,  
     My oath upon the bible!"  
 Unluckily he had not learned  
 To use it, and he therefore turned  
     The wrong end to his eyeball.  
 Sudden his wife's loud cries begun  
~~Exclaiming~~ "*O for your life*. Run, Oh, Johnny! run!"  
     Here comes a mad bull tearing."  
 "Steady" said John with lifted glass  
 "Don't be uneasy, Betsy, lass!  
     I'll take the mad bull's bearing.  
 Why! wherefore should you feel alarm?  
 A bull can never do us harm  
     That still is ten mile distant."  
 "Oh John, Oh John! I pray you fly!"  
 Brown with the spyglass to his eye  
     Said; - "At the proper instant."  
 "He's coming, lad! with lowered horn."  
 Brown answered with a laugh of scorn

<sup>186</sup> The transcriber does not know if this poem was ever published.

“He’s five miles off at present.”  
 She fled at *once and* refuge took,  
 Beyond a pailing, [*sic*] hedge and brook,  
 Thus, saved from aught unpleasant.  
 2 In confidence without alloy  
 1 John looking through his purchased toy,  
 Felt jocund as a linnet,  
 To Betsey’s [*sic*] utterances of fear  
 He answered, “When the bull is near.  
 I’ll fly that very minute.  
 The hedge and stream are ~~both~~ *close* at hand,  
 And soon I may in safety stand,  
 I shan’t take long on crossing.  
 He’s now a mile off, so, I’ll run.”  
 – That instant in the air he spun  
 Upon the bull’s horns tossing.

x                      x                      x

I saw a damsel, giddy, gay  
 Who fluttered through the summer day  
 Without a thought of sorrow  
 With heightened colour, gilded hair,  
 And costly dress and ~~jems to wear~~ *jewells* [*sic*] *rare*  
 She looked not at the morrow.  
 Death draweth nigh, I said, yon [?] maid!  
 When all this pageantry must fade,  
 Have you once thought of dying?  
 A colour to her forehead rushed  
 As mockingly she past me brushed  
 With all her ribbands flying;  
 With jingling chains and rings, “Alas  
 You, through the wrong end of the glass  
 Are looking,” I said sighing.

I saw a youth with reckless laugh  
 Temptations poisoned chalice quaff,  
 Body and soul defiling.  
 And I cried “Death comes presently  
 Thro’ door or window bursteth he  
 Or breaketh thro’ the tiling.”  
 “Distant is death,” he said, “My friend  
 But e’er it come I will amend  
 And so he went off, smiling  
 Alack! but who possess the power  
 To know when comes the closing hour?  
 This madness is amazing!  
 The science of the glass unlearned  
 Thou also, with thy spyglass turned  
 Art thro’ the wrong end gazing.

I saw an aged usurer, deep

In reckonings plunged; with reckoned bags  
     The King of Dread was nearing  
 The old man little deemed that those  
 Accounts another hand would close,  
     So laboured on unfearing.  
 Vainly attention to awake I tried  
 Oh fool! one moment put aside  
     The bargain thou art booking.  
 One item is o'erlooked, alas!  
 For, thro' the wrong end of the glass  
     Incessantly thou'rt looking.

~~Then,~~ *Oh!* Little child in aspiring [?] youth  
 Learn from my lips the sacred truth  
     The truth all wisdom summing  
 Put thou the small end to thine eye  
 Thou ~~when thou wilt~~ sees death drawing nigh  
     Prepared ~~thou~~ for his coming.

**The Green Dragon**<sup>187</sup>  
*[Transcribers title]*

Aug 9<sup>th</sup> 1867

As I went past the "Dragon" bar  
 I heard the barmaid Susan Farr  
     Behind the taproom sighing.  
 "Ah me! ~~This is~~ *I lead* a weary life  
 In midst of drunkenness and strife  
     All laughing, flirting, lying.  
 This is no ~~place~~ *sphere* for me, I pine  
     Midst pewter pot and flagon  
 I should do better, I should shine  
 As maid beneath the "Angel" sign  
     ~~Than under~~ *Instead of* the "Green Dragon."

Well! I suppose that every day  
 The world all over, people say  
     As long as ages wag on  
 We are not in our proper sphere  
~~In which~~ *wherein* our virtues would appear;  
     Here all we do is fag on.  
 Now, were we ~~in our chosen~~ *left to chose our* line  
 We'd serve beneath the 'Angel' sign  
     ~~Instead of~~ *And give up* the "Green Dragon."

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<sup>187</sup> Sabine gave no title to these verses. The transcriber does not know if they were ever published.

# The Luck Flower<sup>188</sup>

Aug 11. 1867

A meadow tremulous with dew  
 A lifted firmament all blue.  
 And bushes shedding *[sic]* many a tear  
 But all of joy in the morning clear.  
 Bending bladed glasses fret  
 In the light wind, dripping wet.  
 Buttercups adorn the floor,  
 With their goblets brimming o'er;  
 Purple orchis lines the hedge,  
 Mary gold *[sic]* among the sedge,  
 Robin shakes his jaunty tatters  
 And the dewdrop from them scatters  
 Breaking through the gosámer *[sic]* threads.  
 Dandylions *[sic]* globous heads.  
 Seem the gentle breeze to pray  
 'Puff my feathered seeds away,'  
 Chafers to the leaves that cling  
 Strive to dry the draggled wing,  
 Admirals on back of oak  
 Tarry till the sunny stroke  
 O'er their scarlet stripes and rings,  
 Sips the water from their wings.  
 Ladybirds with spots of black  
 On the rounded russet back  
 Dash about, or linger sipping  
 Bells with fragrant honey dripping.  
 Now the redstart on a spray  
 Pipes, the shrike in gold and grey  
 Answers, and from throbbing throat,  
 Bursts the throstle's bubbling note.  
 Forth strode Walter staff in hand  
 Singing, straying through the land  
 With a spirit light and gay  
 As each forest bird that day.  
 With the flower heads he played  
 As he through the meadows strayed;  
 Then he turned towards a hill,  
 Following a tinkling rill.  
 Where a little pathway wends  
 Walter ~~up~~ *there* the slope ascends  
 Towards the mountain grey that towers  
 O'er that vale of meads and flowers  
 Thinking 'Now with sturdy strain  
 I the mountain top will gain.'  
 With a cry of joy he stopped  
 Sudden, on his knee he dropped  
 Peering where underneath a braid  
 Of red roses in whose shade,

<sup>188</sup> The transcriber does not know if this dramatic poem was ever published.

Where through mosses ever weeping  
 Are the whispering waters creeping.  
 Thence the youth, exalting, drew  
 A flowerlet of the turquoise hue,  
 On his breast the plant he set  
 With a feeling of regret  
 That, to glad another eye,  
 Friend or parent was not by.  
 Little then, young Walter knew,  
 The virtue of that blossom blue,  
~~But h~~He the flower of luck had got  
 The wishing wort forget-me-not  
 That blooms but for a single day,  
 When summers seven have slipped away.  
 Not an iron block or lock,  
 Not an adamant rock,  
 Can resist that flow'et's shock.  
 But before that Herb of Day,  
 Stoutest bars and chains give way,  
 And the gaping rock reveals  
 Treasures which its womb conceals.  
 It can ope the prisoner's cell  
 Burst the barriers of Hell,  
 Aye! To Heaven's gates applied  
 Starts the crystal bar aside  
~~Swing And the doors, flung~~ *portals* open wide.  
 Now himself the youth addressed  
 With that blossom on his breast  
 To the task of the ascent  
 Forward on his ash-staff bent.  
 Higher up the mountain flank,  
 Through the vegetation dank,  
 Thus his pathway Walter ~~forced~~ *broke*  
 Through a coppice wood of oak.  
 Then beneath a bracken [?] shade,  
 Through a fragrant ferny glade,  
 Upward still a passage frayed.  
 On towards a rocky height  
 Where the saxifrages white  
 Patterned out a lace of light.  
 Up a rough and shattered edge  
 To a verdant cushioned ledge,  
 Where the sun was busy drying  
 Primulas that had been crying.  
 There he stood before a scar  
 Striking up, the way to bar  
     To all further climbing  
 From its ragged face it flung  
 Echoes of some bells that rung,  
     In the valley chiming.  
 There the youth before it stood,  
 In distressed and doubting mood,

Seeking cranny, shelf or root,  
 Grasp for hand, support for foot.  
 Caught a tuft of purple stock,  
 Grappling, breast against the rock.  
 Sudden! with a hollow moan  
 As the luck flower touched the stone  
 xxxed [?] a fissure, larger growing,  
 Shattered fragments downward throwing  
 Waxing wider every minute  
 And disclosing depths within it.  
 Then! Oh sight of awe and wonder!  
 With a gathering roar of thunder  
 Yawned a cavern access giving  
 To abysses, no man living  
 E'er had seen. The youth amazed  
 Down the mighty passage gazed;  
 There beheld the gems, the gold  
 Mountains in their hearts enfold  
 Garnered wealth by man untold.  
 There the emerald glimmered green,  
 Rubies glowed with crimson sheen,  
 Diamonds shot their coloured rays  
 Red carbuncles were ablaze,  
 Amber topaz flickered bright  
 Glowed the yellow crysolithe<sup>189</sup> [sic]  
 Varied gems, exhaustless stone  
 Crusted the vast caverns o'er.  
 Strewed with nuggets was the floor  
 Like the clots of dribbled gore  
 From the severed veins of ore,  
 Which were leaking still, and flowing  
 Streams of liquid gold were glowing.  
 In his hand his rod he clasped  
 Down the passage Walter passed  
 Full of trembling eagerness  
 Somewhat of that xxxxxx<sup>190</sup> [?] to possess;  
 In a moment wealth to gain  
 Without labour, care, or pain.  
 In the mountain's womb he stands  
 All is ready to his hands,  
 Round wherever he may turn  
 Gold and precious jewells crystal burn.  
 With a throbbing pulse he kneels  
 And the glittering pebbles feels,  
 Gathers drops of gold that fall  
 Trickling down the spangled wall  
~~Chokes~~ Pockets choked with golden shining dust  
 Up his sleeves the gems are thrust  
 Filled his cap with jewells [sic] rare  
 Hitches more among his hair,

<sup>189</sup> Sabine probably meant cryolite: an ice-stone.

<sup>190</sup> This word looks like *praecory*. No such word exists. Sabine possibly intended *praecocial*, ie premature.

In the bosom of his blouse,  
 Puts Some ~~and~~ others in his shoes.  
 Valued not, as down he stooped  
 From his breast the blue flower droops,  
 And falls upon the glittering soil.  
 All unheeded amidst that spoil.  
 There, encumbered with his store  
 Powerless quite to carry more,  
 Back towards the light of day  
 Walter slowly ~~bends~~ *bent* his way.  
 Hark! he heard a feeble sigh  
 And a low entreating cry  
     Forget me not! Forget me not!  
 Alas! What spake he little knew  
 It was the magic floweret blue;  
 But he turned, once more and took  
 Round that mighty vault a look,  
 Misconceived the voice that spoke,  
 And from the side two gems ~~he~~-broke,  
 Diamond drops like frozen tears  
 And, filled each pocket, pouch and poke,  
 He thrust these jewells in his ears.  
 Once again the feeble sigh  
 Once again the entreating cry  
     Forget me not! Forget me not!  
~~He~~ But the voice no more discerned,  
 Towards the ~~gate~~ *portal* [*sic*] again he turned.  
 Then — a rumble, roar, a shock  
 Bowed and reeled the living rock.  
 In his terror Walter fled  
 Stones were falling round his head,  
 Right and left the gems he threw  
 As he towards the entrance flew,  
 Cast each diamond padded shoe,  
 Reached the gate, was nearly through —  
 Then — a boom and burst of thunder  
~~Lurched~~ the mountain *lurches* with a crash  
 And the sides together clash  
 And the youth is cut asunder.  
 Friend! Some little flower may lie  
 In hollows of thy memory  
 Dropt, which pleads with sainest cry  
     Forget me not! Forget me not!  
 Some little flower not long to last  
 Would ~~ope~~ *snap* to thee the gates of brass  
 If firmly to thy bosom clasp't  
 Some flower whose touch would open hurl  
 The Heavenly gates of lucid pearl  
 Some little flower that ne'er again  
 Though sought in penitence and pain  
 Once lost thou ever cans't regain.  
     Forget it not! Forget it not!

**Doctor Bonomi**<sup>191</sup> [Tuesday] 13<sup>th</sup> Aug [1867]  
[Wednesday] 14 --- [1867]

By chance  
An alchymist doctor whose fortunes were down  
Came to set up ~~one day~~ in a very small town  
In France.  
~~Now~~ He hired a house, and affixed to the door  
A name that the people had never before  
Seen.  
The doctor was upright and stiff as a wall  
Remarkably boney, uncommonly tall  
And lean.  
Now into his house from a wagon was brought  
Whilst a crowd gathered staring, a monstrous retort  
And, sweating and swearing, a staggering porter  
Bore *in* a leviathan pestle and mortar  
Then horrible squirts, tubes, alchymistical fixtures  
And great podgy bottles of all coloured mixtures.  
A flutter  
Among the gazers, who deemed every drop  
~~Was~~ explosive material, to go off with a pop  
And splutter.  
Therefore the people kept back in the street  
Ready to beat an immediate retreat  
Should the doctor a tendency show to be loading  
The squirts, or the bottles show signs of exploding  
By fizzing.  
Some gazed in mute awe on his spectacles big  
Others the cut of his comical wig  
Were quizzing.  
~~All~~ unheeding the doctor paced solemnly round  
In silence that whispered of wisdom profound  
And vast.  
But when all his chattels were carried within  
To the last  
The physicians grave features relaxed to a grin  
As he said "That will do, I think I have nearly all  
For this little city, of needful material.  
Now round with the speed of a fire the report  
Of the squirts, the great bottles, the tubes, the retort  
Flew.  
And from every quarter ~~the inquisitive pour~~ *each yard and each lane*  
Men, and of women ~~of course a vast store~~ *a quantity came*  
And the multitude fast round the alchymist's door  
Grew.  
Sudden the cryer emerged with a horn  
Calling "O yes, o yes. This blessed morn  
Into our city, - of doctor's e'er born  
The chief  
Psalmanazzer Bonomi

<sup>191</sup> First published in *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. 76. pp 601-607, November 1867. Republished in *The Silver Store*.

Physician extraordinary to the king of Dahomy  
*A deeper read doctor no mortal can show me*  
 A He's doctor of medicine of famous Louvain  
*Salamanca boasts of him (Salamanca is in Spain.*  
~~Item and professor of Salamanca, in Spain~~  
~~Item.~~ And to prove that his ~~knowledge is~~ *qualifications are* thorough  
~~Of~~ He passed at Montpelier, Bologna, ~~Paris~~, Edinburgh.

In brief

This alchemist-doctor of great Salamanca  
 Is (expressive tho' vulgar ~~the expression~~ term) is a spanker.  
 Now vain the delusion of him who supposes  
 The doctor sets plasters, lets blood, or gives doses,  
 Applies leeches, pounds powders, rolls pills, spreads a blister  
 Far other, good people the practice of mister

Bonomi!

Don't dream if you're ill for the doctor to send  
 For certainly to you he will not attend  
 What ever your malady, be well assured  
 You must not seek him, if you want to be cured.  
 Should he like a common drudge doctor, go round,  
 He, the Elixir of life, who has found,

At Bologny?

No, he visits neither prince, noble, buyer, or peasant.

Why should he? A score

Of doctors or more

Are set up in the pokey old city at present

So, those who have croup

And those with the whoop

And those who have cholera, stomach complaint

2 Influenza or measles, have fits or who faint

1 *Have* rheumatics, lumbago, or ~~have~~ *boils*, inflammation

3 Or fever, convulsions, tic, gout, palpitations

Don't

Let them by calling, Doctor Bonomi bother  
 He will not attend, they must summon another.  
 Nor strive to induce by a quadrupled fee  
 Or by flatt'ry to bring him to visit, for he

Won't.

But when you have found all physicians to fail  
 And every prescription has ceased to avail.  
 When the pulse beats no more and the last sigh has sped  
 When the last tear has trickled, the last word been said

When

Still is the heart and when motionless lies  
 The patient sans breath, sans ears, and sans eyes  
 Sans feeling, sans thinking, sans all things, in bed.  
 In a word, when you know that the patient is dead  
~~And then if he's been long buried,~~

Then

Send for the illustrious Doctor Bonomi  
 For then, ~~to you~~ in his own *graphic* words ~~men~~ *all people* will know me  
 To be

*The only* Bonomi \ / to have any science  
 The Only physician / \ with none in alliance  
 Who sets all the doctors in France in defiance.

So he  
 Urges all those of high and low station  
 Who wish to regain a departed relation.  
 Who father or mother  
 Sister or brother  
 Uncles or aunts, wife husband or lover  
 Any one dead that they wish to recover  
 Let 'em  
 Apply to the doctor at their earliest leisure  
 And if not engaged, ~~he~~ *it* will ~~have~~ *give him* greatest pleasure  
 At a trifling fee of five francs ~~and~~ *each* no more  
 The ~~dear~~ *precious* departed to life to restore  
 And set 'em  
 In vigorous health *once* again in their places  
 With their old dispositions, old habits, old faces.  
 To all who desire at a ~~trifling~~ *trumpery* cost  
 To recover a friend or relation that's lost,  
 Have only to come to the doctor, and he  
 Will their wishes attend at the aforementioned fee.

N.B.

A reduction in families; children half price  
 Under twelve, and not according to size.

Well! the doctor he waited, the cryer he cried  
~~Handbills, advertisements~~ newspaper notices, placcards [*sic*] were tried,  
 But the crying and waiting proved wholly in vain  
 And ~~day after day as it~~ *days as they* passed, made it *daily more* plain  
 That folk were not eager to recover again  
 Those who had died  
 For – no one applied.

So after the Doctor, a fortnight had waited  
 And nobody came  
 He issued a poster the colour of flame  
 Wherein it was stated  
 That greatly to blame  
 Were the people for thinking that he was deceiving 'em  
 And therefore, before he determined on leaving 'em  
 He did intend  
 At the week's end  
 To prove he had power to do what he said,  
 He would go to the churchyard to raise all the dead.

Now scarce had the placcard appeared in the street  
 'Ere there came to the door a loud clatter of feet  
 And one  
 Bust in on the doctor with colour ~~red~~ *less* cheek,  
 And in his excitement scarce able to speak.  
 "Did you say you proposed at the end of the week

To raise all the dead from the graves of the city!"  
 He fell on his knees wailing, "Doctor, have pity  
     Do not arouse  
     My slumbering spouse.  
     Though fun  
 To a stranger like you such experiments be,  
 Its death and perdition and worse Sir! to me.  
     If my wife  
 Who is dead, Rest her soul! came to life  
     What should I do  
 For, scarce had I seen her in sepulchre laid  
 'Ere I put in the banns and was ~~married again~~ *spliced to her maid*  
     It never would do  
     Wives to have two  
 Especially when the first wife was a scold  
 Very ~~fat, xxx~~, *corpulent*, fussy, and ugly and old  
 And after her death one's enjoying her gold  
     With Kitty  
 Who is dapper and young and smiling and pretty"  
     Then he pressed  
 A well weighted purse on Bonomi, and said  
 "Now Doctor, remember, in raising the dead  
     ~~You~~ let her rest."  
 Now scarce had this gentleman taken his hat  
 E'er there pealed on the door a loud rat a tat tat.  
 Then in came another man puffing and blowing  
 With forehead perspiring and cheeks all a glowing  
 Who said in an accent of trouble and fear  
 Whilst with a blue handkerchief mopping his face  
 "Why, Doctor, good Heaven! is it true what I hear;  
 That you're going to rouse all the dead of this place?  
 Why, bless me! My uncle has lately deceased  
     And left me his heir  
     And Sir! I declare  
 That now from pecuniary troubles released  
 I'm only beginning life's pleasures to taste  
 Oh Doctor! If you've not the heart of a stone  
 Have pity and leave my poor uncle alone.  
 I pray you accept of this trifle and save  
 Me the *terrible* blow ~~by letting~~ him rest in his grave."  
 Then came another with face of despair  
 Who said to the Doctor "I pray you forbear,  
 My brothers are dead. I'm enjoying there [*sic*] share  
 Of the fortune my father amassed, I don't care  
 To have to refund it, surrendering the pelf  
 It's a thousand time's nicer to have it oneself.  
     Beside  
 Providence knew, I am sure, what was best  
 When, by measles, it took my dear brothers to rest.  
     They died  
 By Heav'ns decree; and shall mortals perverse  
 Adventure, what providence rules to reverse?

They are better by far  
 I believe, *I'm convinced*, where they are.  
 (Here Doctor I pray you to finger this purse)  
 Earth was no home  
 For souls such as theirs ~~so leave them alone~~ *so the Heavens flame*  
*Rose to the ether sublime whence it came*  
*O monster inhuman, rerivet again*  
*Of spirit and matter the long shattered chain*  
*Replace the poor bird in the cage whence its flown*  
*Cast once more from his home the poor exile restored!*  
*O'er the criminal pardon'd again lift the sword*  
*For my brothers' sake, doctor, give ear to my plain*  
*And let them alone."*  
 The next to appear was a lady who said  
 With pattering tears and pendulous head  
 Alack!  
 My poor master who lay for a long time in bed  
 A terrible sufferer, whilst by his side  
~~For years I kept dancing~~ *I tenderly waited and watched* till he died.  
 And must he, with every fond fancy and whim  
 Come back!  
 For years I kept dancing attendance on him  
 And only when I was released by his death  
 The leisure obtained to look round and take breath  
 Now I enjoy  
 without any alloy  
 My freedom and income which he, 'ere he died  
 In return for my nursing took care to provide.  
 Oh Doctor! I'm tired of being a nurse,  
 So I pray you to take a few coins from this purse  
 And save  
 My feelings, by letting him rest in the grave.  
 The next to arrive was a gentleman eager  
 With sharp pointed nose, long, lanky, and meagre.  
 Like a rat's  
 Was his face. He, the tallest of hats  
 With the smallest of brims in his fingers were holding  
 Whilst the stiffest cravat his long neck was enfolding  
 His swallowtails hung to the calf of his leg,  
 Now thus in shrill tones, began he to beg.  
 Making a bow  
 "How are you, Sir, how  
 Are you, dear Doctor Bonomi I'm calling  
 To assure you I fear the event of a riot  
 In the city at the prospect, which is truly appalling  
 Of our dead folk not being allowed to be quiet.  
 I have come to you Doctor in hopes to impress  
 On your mind an ~~idea~~ *sense* of the prevailing distress  
 Which is caused among many good folk by the thought  
 Of the miracle which is about to be wrought  
 But perhaps you would best understand, if I place  
 Before you an instance, a representative case.

My lady gave birth  
 Twice to twins, in the earth  
 They are lying, very much to their benefits surely  
 And to my satisfaction, they always were poorly  
 And because of their ailing,  
 they never ceased wailing  
 Till their happy release  
 Gave the family peace.  
 They are well where they are, but I fear ~~your proposal~~ *and suppose*  
 With the others these babies to revive, ~~I suppose you propose.~~  
 What monies they'll cost me, in victuals and clothes!  
 Why to think sir, he added, with agonised pace  
 Of the cost of of <sup>192</sup>*[sic]* little boy's breeches alone,  
 Which always give way at <sup>193</sup>*[sic]*  
 > **B**  
 I have children already enough and to spare  
 At the prospect I am ready to die of despair  
 (Already my wife has found grey in my hair)  
 Of having ~~four more~~ *to provide*  
 For ~~four howling~~, <sup>2</sup>*hungry* <sup>1</sup>needs things ~~to provide for~~ *beside*  
 Therefore Good Sir, ~~when~~ *if* you wake those who sleep  
 Clear of my babies I ~~entreat~~ *beseech* you to keep.  
 Here's a reminder – a gold Louis-d'or  
 And in rousing the dead, pray my children pass o'er.  
 Now he heard in the street of wheels a loud rumble  
 Then a sudden portentous loud rap at the door  
 Then up the stair  
 With a tumble  
 And grumble  
 And into the room came bouncing the Mayor  
 "Ahem," *said his worship* Sacre blue, *[sic]* mille diables!" ~~he said~~  
*[Are you?]* going to arouse from their graves all the rabble  
 "Are you Sir the man who will rouse all the dead"  
 Puffing and blowing  
 "What! Such an infringement of order indeed!  
 Revolution and anarchy certain to breed  
 Do you think I am going  
 To tolerate it for one moment? Odds bobbins!  
 To pay Peter, verity, Paul would be robbing.  
 For I fear I should have to get out of my chair  
 If among all the others you rouse the ex-mayor.  
 So out of the city, I bid you be packing  
 Or me, ventre bleu, Sir! you will not find lacking  
 In putting in force ~~all the~~ *the full* weight of the law  
~~And~~ *By* sending you where you were never before  
 Into prison; and mark me, when once you are inside  
 You won't find it easy to get out in a minute.  
*But I'm generous doctor and ready to offer*  
*A compromise. Here are rouleaux in this coffer*

<sup>192</sup> In *The Silver Store* the line reads ...cost of four little boys....

<sup>193</sup> In *The Silver Store* the line ends ....give way at the seat and the knee;

*Take them. Your absence I am ready to buy it  
 Only for mercy's sake, leave the dead quiet.  
 To the money you're welcome, accept and be gone  
 But what ever you do, leave the ex-mayor alone*

So pack

Up your traps, it's a beautiful morning  
 For shifting your quarters. ~~Beware of [?]~~ *No slighting my warning*  
 "Why!" added his Worship with iciest stare  
 "I'm whelmed with amazement to think you should dare  
 To dream of upsetting Me – Me, Sir, the Mayor."

Then back

With your bottles and drugs to the wilds of Dahomey  
 There practice at ease on fresh corpse and old mummy

Without fear

But *only* not here

Now! out of the town with you, Dr. Bonomi."

B:

*which always give way at the seat and the knee*

*Which they are ever outgrowing*

*Which take buttons and sewing*

*Alas! but four boys would be ruin to me!*

*They would always be yelping for something to eat*

*They would cost me a fortune in bread Sir and meat,*

*Then their education*

*Befitting their station*

Aug 16<sup>th</sup> 1867**The Little Scholar**<sup>194</sup>(Caesarus Heist. II. C. 10)<sup>195</sup>

There went a little scholar  
     With slow and lagging feet  
 Towards the great Church portal  
     That opened on the street.  
 Without, the sun was shining  
     Within the air was dim,  
 He caught a waft of incense  
     A dying note of hymn.  
 He drew the crimson curtain  
     And cast a look inside  
 To where the sunbeam lightened  
     The form of Him who died,  
 Between SS John and Mary  
     On rood loft crucified.  
 The curtain fell behind him  
     He stood a little while  
 Then signed him with the water  
     And rambled down the aisle.  
 Behind a great brown pillar  
     The scholar took his stand,  
 And trifled with the ribbon  
     Of the satchel in his hand.  
 His little breast was heaving  
     His blue eyes running o'er  
 Like April rains, the tears  
     Fell spangling in the floor.  
 An aged priest was passing  
     He marked his grief and said  
 "Why little one this weeping  
     And why the sunken head?"  
 "My father, O my father!"  
     Broke forth the simple child  
 "I have no rest of conscience  
     Till I am reconciled.  
 Oh list to my confessions!"  
     He fell upon his knee,  
 "The weight of my transgression  
     Weighs heavily on me."  
 But then a burst of weeping  
     And sobs his utterance broke  
 Nor could the priest distinguish  
     A single word he spoke  
 In vain were all his efforts  
     For wildly tossed his breast  
 He could not still the tumult  
     With hands upon it pressed.  
 Then said the pastor gently

<sup>194</sup> Published in *The Silver Store*.<sup>195</sup> In *The Silver Store* the source is given as Cæsarius Heisterbachensis, lib.ii. c. 10.

"You have a little slate  
 Write on it the confession  
 You're powerless to relate."  
 Then ~~quick he opened~~ *child* his satchel *opened*  
 And strove his sins to note  
 But still the tear drops dribbled  
 As busily he wrote.  
 Now when the tale was finished  
 He held it to the priest  
 With sigh, as from the burden  
 He felt his soul released.  
 The old man raised the tablet  
 To read what there was set  
 But could not, for the writing  
 Was blotted ~~by~~ *with* the wet,  
 Then turned the aged confessor  
 Towards the kneeling boy  
 His countenance enlightened  
 With pure and Holy joy.  
 "Depart in peace, forgiven,  
 Away with doubting fears!  
 Thy sins have all been cancelled  
 By the torrent of thy tears."

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## Pope Boniface<sup>196</sup>

Pope Boniface with folded arms was pacing in the court  
 With furrowed brows and knitted lips and spirit steeped in thought  
 He scarcely gave attention to the droning of the talk  
 Of prelate, prince, and cardinal accompanying his walk.  
 They told of bitter rivalry in politics and wealth  
 Between the faction Ghibeline [*sic*] and faction of the Guelf.<sup>197</sup>  
 How there was discord gathering and enmity was rife  
 How one ~~was~~ *side* egg~~ged~~ the other on to overt acts of strife  
 How bitter words of mockery were banded to and fro  
 And each was burning with desire to strike the mortal blow,  
 And night and day incessantly, there sped some precious life  
 Sent forth before God summoned it, by hired assassin's knife.  
 And from the sacred judgement hall, had justice taken flight  
 For there was judgement only given by party, not by right  
 A Cardinal Archbishop spake, pray Heaven from our land  
 Will root the traitorous Ghibeline with all his mundane band,  
 And all his perjured judges too, and all his craft and stealth,"  
 "Out on thee!" roused a Nobleman, "The traitor is the Guelf.  
 The Guelf is ever spattering with blood the Italian soil  
 Is robbing honest peasants of the object of their toil  
 Is violating sacred fanes, is ruining all trade  
 Save that of the Stiletto [*sic*] mind! and that is richly paid."  
 "Now silence!" cried the Cardinal, with fiercely kindled eye  
 "Back in thy throat, thou Ghibeline, I hurl the damnéd lie."  
 "A lie! Ha, Ha! Your Excellence, who hatches lies ~~him~~ *yourself*!  
 If men would find rare liars, they must search the ranks of Guelf."  
 "Now mark" the Ecclesiastic raged, "The day will come and must  
 When Guelf shall break the Ghibeline and stamp him in the dust,  
 And beat his pride to powder." "So! well done, Sir Priest, His pride  
 Hurrah for Guelf humility!" the scoffing noble cried.  
 "I scorn you" said the Cardinal "A base and beggar crew"  
 "Please God," the noble answered him "The Guelf shall have his due."  
 "Please God," the Christian [?] prelate cried, "Thou this insolence shalt rue."  
 Then sudden stooped P. Boniface, and without speaking thrust  
 His hands along the pavement, and scrabbled up the dust.  
 Then rising, turned on noble and archbishop hot with ire,  
 This grey eye flashing lightning flakes, and launched these words of fire  
 "Fond partizans, [*sic*] so full of wrath, I pray you, tell me whence  
 The Guelf and Ghibeline arose, and, when they sprung hence  
 To what must they return, I ask, both Ghibeline and Guelf?  
 See Ghibeline, this handful, and thou other, see thyself.  
 'Tis hence you sprung, to this return, when all this strife is past."  
 And in their faces, Boniface, the dusty handfuls cast

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<sup>196</sup> Published in *The Silver Store* as Pope Boniface VIII.

<sup>197</sup> In the 12<sup>th</sup> and 13<sup>th</sup> centuries, the Guelphs and Ghibellines were warring factions in Northern Italy. The role of Pope Boniface VIII in this feud is far from clear.

## Draft Letter concerning Sabine's appointment as Perpetual Curate at Dalton

Horbury  
Wake.  
Oct<sup>r</sup>. 26  
1866

D<sup>r</sup>. Sir - Your letter has greatly surprised me; I was due ~~on~~ at Dalton on 1<sup>st</sup> Nov<sup>r</sup>., and today the 26<sup>th</sup> Oct<sup>r</sup>., your letter reaches me, requesting me "to select some other sphere of influence [?] in preference to Dalton; and to return to you my nomination to Dalton. I can not of course to [sic]<sup>198</sup> either till I have corresponded with the patron<sup>199</sup>

I remain  
Yours truly  
S Baring Gould

**Transcriber's Note:** This is an intriguing draft of a reply by Sabine to some unknown person in a position of authority who was attempting to thwart Sabine's appointment as perpetual curate to the Parish of Dalton, Thirsk. The reason for the objection is not given. Sabine's outspokenness, his Anglo-Catholic leanings and his relationship with a mill girl are all possible reasons. It could well be that his incumbent, the Rev. John Sharp, used his influence to carry the day for Sabine, but, assuming that the date for his eventual appointment at Dalton given by Sabine in his other diary, i.e. 6 January 1867,<sup>200</sup> was correct, then the objection nevertheless caused a delay of over two months. The objection and the subsequent delay are not mentioned in that diary, in his two volumes of *Reminiscences* nor in any other known unpublished work.

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<sup>198</sup> 'do' intended?

<sup>199</sup> Patron: The dowager Viscountess Downe.

<sup>200</sup> Wawman R, *Never Completely Submerged*, p 66.

## Turn Again<sup>201</sup>

(Talmud Jerusalem Tract. Chagigah. II Halacha 1.; with variations also in Talmud Babyl. Tract. Chagigah II. F.15. Also in Medrash Rabba Ruth III. 13. I have taken a few liberties with the original)

Elisha ben Abuja, deeply skilled  
 In mysteries of science, and a Rabbi filled  
 With wisdom and great power of speech  
 And able mightily to expound and teach,  
 Fell into doubt about the sacred Law  
 And from the childlike faith he had before  
~~He fell~~ Sank from first doubts into doubting more, *and more*  
 Then broke the bonds, and cast the cords aside  
 That bound him in the Covenant to abide  
 And changed his name and lived a Gentile life.

Then to the Rabbi weeping came his wife  
 And said, "When on our youth still hung the dew  
 Elisha ben Abuja well I knew,  
 But Gentile Acher cannot be the same  
 Without the Father's creed, with foreign name  
 I must depart from him to whence I came!"  
 Then drew his father nigh with silvery head  
 Bent low, and bending lower, said  
 "I had a son, of Levi's sacred line  
 Elisha was he hight<sup>202</sup> but none of mine  
 Is he named Acher. Woe! I had a son  
 But my grey hairs bow to the grave with none  
 To close my eyelids for me when ~~I~~ *I am* gone."  
 And next his mother, with a bitter cry  
 Rent out her hair and strewed it to the sky  
 Wailing – "As these thin locks from me have sprung  
 And now are torn away, and from me flung  
 So is my child – he to these eyes was light,  
 In days of old, – now I see only night."

His pupil Meir alone to him remained  
 He, by the Master's learning was restrained  
 From leaving; for he said: "He teacheth well,  
 His equal is not found in Israel.  
 I eat the nut, and cast aside the shell"

And thus for five long years did Meir his seat  
 Retain, to listen at his teacher's feet,  
 And all this while, the Holy law of God  
 Was as a lantern to the way he trod,  
~~Nor stumbled he nor fell as had before~~  
~~His master studying God's sacred holy law.~~  
 It came to pass one Sabbath day they went

<sup>201</sup> First published in *Fraser's Magazine*, Vol. 77, pp 452-454, April 1868. Then published in *The Silver Store*

<sup>202</sup> Hight: called. (archaic)

Together forth on mutual converse bent.  
 The apostate Acher on a horse did ride  
 With his disciple pacing at his side.  
 And thus they fared, till Acher turned his head  
 And glancing at his pupil, gravely said,  
 "I reckon from the treading of thy feet  
 That thou hast reached the limit that is meet  
 To journey on the Sabbath. So refrain  
 From going further with me. Turn again."

Then halted Meir, and looking in the face  
 Of his old Master said:- "Do thou retrace  
 The journey thou hast made. Why should'st thou roam  
 An exile from thy ~~people~~ Faith, from thy True Home?  
 A Rabbi thou! And then a reprobate!  
 Turn thee, Elisha ben Abuja! Turn again."  
 "I cannot" answered, with a spasm of pain  
 The apostate Acher, "It is all too late.  
 As I was riding by the prostrate wall  
 Of Salem, in the moonlight, I heard call  
 A doleful voice, that to my people cried  
 'Return to God ye sinners; but abide  
 Thou Acher in thy sin. Thou knewest well  
 The way to Me, and witting, from Me fell.'  
 Hearing that voice I knew that I was lost  
 And, in uncertainty no longer tossed,  
 Have burst thro' all restraints unto the last  
 And Hope is dead, my son, dead, like the past."

Then cried the pupil with distilling tear  
 "Oh listen but one moment, Master dear!  
 Here is a school, come with me through the door  
 And hear the boys repeat the Sacred Law,  
 That they have learned, perchance some word maybe  
 Levelled with hopeful promise ev'n at thee.

Then Acher from his saddle leapt, [*sic*] a while,  
 Stood at the school door with a mournful smile  
 Upon his lips. But Meir, he entered in  
 And elder boys addressing said: "Begin  
 Recite the lessons ye this day have learn'd  
 Each in your order, and in order cease  
 Then to the ~~eldest~~ tallest of the scholars turned  
 Who spake "Thus saith my God, there is no peace  
 Unto the wicked"

(Is LVII. 21)

~~Then a~~ And the shadow fell  
 Deeper upon the apostate's soul. "Ah well,  
 Thou second ~~speaker~~ answer scholar," said Meir with his rod  
 Pointing. He answered "Master, thus saith God  
 Why dos't thou preach my laws, and wherefore take  
 My statutes in thy mouth, my law to break  
 And cast thy words behind thee?"

(Ps L. 16)

Then a moan  
 Escaped him standing on the threshold stone,  
 And Meir who heard it, with a faltering hand

Marked out a third. Then answered him the boy  
 “False tongue that speakest lies! God shall destroy  
 Thee from thy dwelling; from the Living land  
 Shall root thee out!”

(Ps LII 5.6)

A loud and bitter cry  
 Burst from the apostate, and with haggard eye  
 And staggering feet he turned him feebly round  
 To leave, and caught the doorpost – to the ground  
 Else had he fallen. – Then a little child  
 Came bounding up with ruddy lips that smiled  
 And said: “I know my lesson, Master, let me run  
 Forth to the butterflies, the flowers, the sun!”  
 And ~~then~~ so to Acher in a chanted strain  
 Repeated timidly, with bated breath  
 “He bringeth to destruction, – then he saith  
 “Children of men, I bid you – **turn again.**”

(Ps XC.3)

Lo! when these words sank down in Acher’s ears  
 Forth from his heart leaped up a stream of tears  
 And stretching ~~forth~~ out his hands, as he did yearn  
 For something, – with a glitter in his cheek  
 Sobbing – and struggling in distress to speak,  
 Gaspeth forth at last – “I will, I will return.”  
 Then unto him went Meir, and whispered low –  
 “Elisha ben Abuja, do not go,  
 Tarry this night, and it shall be at morn  
 That He who is thy kinsman shall for thee  
 Accomplish what thou want and set thee free.  
 As the Lord liveth! lie down till dawn!”  
 And so Elisha with his hands outspread  
     Towards the ruined temple, fell. Into the sun  
     His task accomplished had the scholar run  
 Leaving Elisha on the threshold dead.

(Ruth iii. 13)

**Transcriber’s Note:** In The Silver Store, at note (2) Sabine wrote “*Talmud Jerusalem*” Haggada II. Halacha 1; *Talmud Babylon*,” Haggada II. Fol. 15; “*Midrash Rabba*,” Ruth iii, 13, and other places. I have taken some liberties with this tale. In its original form it is as follows: Meir and the apostate entered the school. Then said Elisha to the nearest lad, “Repeat your lesson.” The boy replied in the words of Isaiah lvii. 21. Elisha asked the second, and he repeated Ps.I. 16; then he rushed from the school. But Meir went after him with the words, “Thou leadest men to destruction; again though sayest, Turn again, ye children of men.” (Ps. xc. 3.) Then Elisha burst into tears and died. After his death an uneasy flame danced on his grave; but Meir laid it by repeating over the tomb the words of Ruth iii 13.

## The Sentence on the Thief<sup>203</sup>

A notable thief of Rotterdam [*sic*]  
     The worry of all the city,  
 Was taken at last and made doubly fast  
     In the prison with scanty pity.  
 Excitement arose to boiling point  
     The folk would take no denial  
 But were all agreed to have indeed  
     In the market place the trial.  
 The magistrates said "It may terror strike  
     In the guilty and embolden  
 The innocent, so be content  
     It shall be in public holden."  
 The day arrived, and the mighty crowd  
     Their way to the market fought,  
 For the people all both great and small  
     Rejoiced that the thief was caught  
 The Judge was seated in scarlet cloak  
     The officers quelled disorder  
 Lawyers were there with preoccupied air  
     And the clerk and the recorder  
 Witnesses came, were questioned and heard  
     And the culprit felt with fear  
 And a pallid face, that his ugly case  
     Was made uncommonly clear.  
 And when the moment of sentence came  
     The judge to the people turned  
 "Some have had life by this ~~murderer's~~ *fellon's* [*sic*] knife  
     Taken, and some have had burned  
 Their houses; and all have something lost  
     Or suffered from him some way.  
 So I direct that you shall elect  
     The penalty he shall pay."  
 "Death," they cried, "is what we decide."  
     Yelling in ecstasy  
 But how carried out, the turbulent rout  
     In no way could agree.  
 Said one man "Let him suspended be  
     As a warning from the steeple"  
 But another said, "Let us cut off his head,  
     In the presence of the people."  
 Said another, "There is a charming sport  
     The breaking upon the wheel."  
 Said another man "There's a better plan  
     Chopping to bits with steel."  
 Said another "I've heard in good old days  
     That fellons were stewed in oil."  
 Said one "He shall bake," and one "at the stake

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<sup>203</sup> Published in *The Silver Store*. In his notes Sabine gives the source as Johannis Raulini *Itinerium Paradisi*, A.D. 1842: *De Matrimonio*, Sermon xi.

He shall roast," said another "Boil."  
 Then slowly arose from his seat the Judge  
 And said "If you can't agree  
 Then lend me your ear and you shall hear  
 A suggestion made by me.  
 "What sort of pain would you give the man  
 Continuous? Or soon past?"  
 Then shouted all, both great and small  
 "Long long Sir may it last."  
 "Would you rack his body both heart and mind  
 Or rack ~~his body~~ *also him* only in part?"  
 Then shouted all, etc. [*both great and small*]  
 "Body and mind and heart."  
 "Would you make him pray for a quick release  
 Or close his life with a blow?  
 Should he greatly desire Purgat'ry fire  
 As release from present woe?"  
 They shouted all etc.  
 "Protract a tormented life!"  
 Said the Judge, "Very well, to the criminal  
 I here make over my wife.  
 "I could wish my enemy nothing worse  
 Than a course of matrimony  
 With that creature so grim in visage and limb  
 Who has fastened herself on me.  
 Shall this be the sentence I proclaim?"  
 The criminal gave a groan.  
 Shall the woman be – who worries me  
 The culprit's worry alone?"  
 The people all etc.  
 Shouted "We so decide."  
 Said the Judge "For thee, I feel pity  
 Criminal claim thy bride.  
 Happier far had death been thine  
 And now to have yielded breath  
 Than saddled to be with the ghoulish she  
 Through a lingering living death."

## Pastoral Advice<sup>204</sup>

A young man sought his parish priest  
 The day before the village feast  
     To gather his advice.  
 "I'm sick of being celibate  
 Tomorrow I shall seek a mate  
     And you the pair shall splice  
 But parson! I shall meet a batch  
 Of lasses! Which am I to catch  
     So many being nice?  
 There's Mary Jane has roses red  
 And Bessy has a shrewdish head  
     And Susan has some money  
 And Josephine is such a cook  
 And Isabel is great at book  
     But Polly is so funny.  
 And Laura has such laughing eyes  
 Phoebe's are calm as summer skies  
     And Siss is always sunny.  
 And Grace has temper ever sweet  
 And Anne is frank whene'er we meet  
     And modest Rose is shy.  
 And Nelly, she's the girl to dance  
 And Rhoda casts a longing glance  
     At me as I go by.  
 But Parson, how am I to find  
 Among so many to my mind  
     The one to be my wife?  
 I can not marry all, full well  
 I know, but which I can not tell  
     I can't sir! on my life!  
 The roses red of Mary Jane  
 May languish with old age or pain  
     And Bessy's shrewdish head  
 Might make her master, so I think.  
 And so might Susan's chink and chink  
     The honeymoon once fled.  
 And Josephine the cook might turn  
 Her hand to grill and baste and burn  
     Her husband. Isabel  
 Might leave her book to lecture me  
 And Polly to wit might be too free  
     In chaffing me as well.  
 And Laura's dancing eye might light,  
 So giddy, on some other wight  
     While Phoebe's tranquil eyes  
 Some bad propensity may hide  
 For waters deep do stillest glide.  
     And Siss, like summer skies

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<sup>204</sup> The transcriber is not aware that this delightful poem was ever published.

Might cloud and flash at her husband  
 When company was not at hand  
     And Grace's temper sweet  
 At home might soon acidulate  
 And Anne, forgetful of her mate  
     Might frankly others greet.  
 And modest Rose my have a thorn  
 That lurks beneath her shyness, worn  
     To hide it; As for Nell  
 Perhaps instead of work, she'd dance  
 And as for Rhoda's longing glance  
     It may be all a sell.  
 But Parson you my nature know  
 I'm amiable but rather slow  
     Of wisdom have a grain  
 At school, the master always said  
 That I had got an empty head  
     Of reason and of brain.  
 In innocence, I'm quite a child  
 In temper I am bland and mild  
     And butter won't dissolve  
 When in my mouth upon my tongue —  
 Now therefore pray, for me who'm young  
     My difficulties solve.  
 If I should wed a girl with sense  
 She'd soon discover I was dense,  
     And speedily revolve  
 About her finger Me – as twine.  
 So I'd be hers, not she be mine.  
     She mistress I her man,  
 Her love for me would quickly cool  
 She'd treat me only as her fool  
     Or puppet stuffed with bran.  
 I think I'd better pick – don't you?  
 A lady minus just a screw  
     And softer than myself  
 I'd rather like a pretty face  
 and laughing eye, and ease, and grace  
     And I could pocket pelf.  
 But first and foremost I must find  
 A woman without trace of mind  
     I [*sic*] I would rule my house  
 Indeed, I can not any way  
 Content, the second fiddle play  
     To satisfy a spouse."

The Parson mused, and looking grave  
 Rebukingly the answer gave  
     "No, no! In verity  
 "For if a baby came – my lad  
 It would not do. T'would be too bad  
     Upon posterity.

A foolish pair would surely breed  
Most foolish offspring to succeed  
What else can you expect?"  
"But father! nature doth abhor  
A vacuum, and it would store  
My child with intellect  
"And our deficiencies supply,  
And make our child a prodigy  
If only we had one."

"The girl who's sensible and wise  
She only is your proper prize  
Take her or marry none."  
Deliberately the parson spake  
"Two negatives will never make  
A positive my son."

**Jaltha** (continued) [from page 88]

**Transcriber's Note:** This part of the poem appears to have been completed in a great hurry. The handwriting is at times a barely legible scrawl, the punctuation is incomplete and no effort has been made to correct or amend. As far as the transcriber is aware this poem was never published. Perhaps Sabine thought that there were already enough humorous poems in *The Silver Store*. A pity – it is amusing.

Woman in truth she is man's woe  
     Baby producing  
     Funds reducing  
     Fools seducing  
 As stinging and hot as Eastern curry  
     Rasping  
     Grasping  
 Woman is man's unending worry  
     Is mischief brewing  
     It is all her doing  
     Flipping, flapping  
     Snipping, snapping  
     Rat-tat-tatting  
 She's ever doing in a hurry skurry.  
 Now as the Rabbi paused for breath  
 There sounded from the depths beneath  
 A loud continued crash of glass  
 Rav N.[uaman] started. "There alas  
 In certainty man's direst bane  
 Is at it, – at it – at it – again."  
 "Surely quoth Ulla, It's the boys"  
 Again there rang that crashing noise  
 And Ulla turning round his head  
 "My J.[altha] dearest spouse, he said  
 I beg descend and ascertain —"  
 And then that hideous crash again  
 Mur Ulla stopped, became aware  
 His lady J.[altha] was not there.  
 "My wife he murmured loud and plain  
     Where are you where?  
 And J.[altha] standing on the stone  
 Of the cellar stair  
 Replied "Oh Ulla husband mine  
 Assure yon R.[av] Skin and Bone  
 He'd best leave womankind alone  
     Or else beware  
 Already I have cracked the throttles  
 Of 400 of the bottles  
 Of his best xxxxxx<sup>205</sup> [?] wine  
 I've spattered all about the grease  
     In the kitchen

<sup>205</sup> This word looks like *Aspargos* but that seems doubtful. *Aspargos* is Portuguese for asparagus – it has been said that asparagus and wine do not really go together. Another doubtful possibility is *Asperges* – associated with the sprinkling of Holy water!

And I'm pitching  
Into the fire his roasted geese  
Poor woman claims but honour due  
From sturdier [?] man, her service true  
For that she will repay. Of old  
From Paradise she banished man  
Now, by her love she lifts the ban  
And bids him no more exiled roam  
To Paradise restored by her, in Home.  
But man – if he her due refuse her  
Woman or man which is the loser  
Woman or man which is the winner  
Amongst broken bottles and no dinner.

*There follows a blank page before the final manuscript entry on page 132.*

Storm the city! ~~straight~~ as forward go  
 Quake ~~thou xxxx~~ *defiant* Jericho!  
 At the sacred trumpet-calls!  
 Crash ~~at last~~ the adamantine walls!

1. Long hast thou defied the host  
 Worldly pomp and strength thy boast  
 Might of man and leader bold  
 Strength of wall and wealth of gold  
 Storm the city!
2. How ye flouted, laughed and jeered  
 As our harrassed [?] ranks appeared  
 How ye scoffed, our strength decried  
 Scorned our king, the Crucified  
 Storm the city!
3. Down in dust the worldly power!  
 Done thy long ~~defiant~~ *despotic* [?] hour!  
 Bite the dust in bitter shame  
 Toss in all involving flame!  
 Storm the city!
4. Long the Church in solemn line  
 Bore the everlasting shrine  
 Round the walls with trumpet blast  
 Fervent prayer, and frequent fast!  
 Storm the city!
5. 6. Haughty city Jericho!  
 Where thy pride they power now!  
 As a dreamlike [?] thy dominions past!  
 All thy spoil is over at last!  
 Storm the city!
6. ~~In the name of God we Trust~~  
~~Bear the Everlasting Ark~~
5. See the strong foundations shake  
 See the kings and judges quake!  
 See the captured [?] people kneel  
 See the ~~haughty~~ powers *riven* reel  
 Storm the city!

<sup>206</sup> This may be the original German title of a poem that Sabine had translated. The title translates as: *I Raise My Call to Battle*.

<sup>207</sup> Date: Much as he is reluctant to do so, the transcriber has concluded that the year in which *Jericho* was entered in the diary was 1884. Sabine's 8s are very distinctive and quite unlike his 6s even though at times, as here, they superficially appear similar. How did the poem find its way into this diary? It can only be assumed that Sabine, looking around in a hurry for a suitable place to write *Jericho*, could only find this diary. In his other diary, see *Never Completely Submerged*, pp 147-8 there are no entries in 1884 between 26 January and 19 May. It is possible the diary had been mislaid and could not be found on 1 May 1884.

**Transcriber's Note:** *After the poem, Jericho, there are eight blank pages before the final entries on the last two pages including the end paper of the notebook.*

*These entries consist of four printed hymns, two of which carry Sabine's initials while the other two bear the initials of unknown authors. The hymns had all been cut out of copies of Church Times and pasted in. In order they are as follows:*

### HYMN FOR THE SICK

Jesu, who for us wast born  
 As an infant tender,  
 Who to buffeting and scorn  
 Did thyself surrender,  
 And upon the saving Tree  
 Didst hang in bitter agony:

Jesu, who for us didst die,  
 To the grave descending,  
 Who mankind didst glorify  
 To the skies ascending,  
 Where upon the great White Throne,  
 Thou dost hear the sinner's moan.

By Thine infancy of pain,  
 Give to weakness vigour,  
 By thy bursting Satan's chain  
 Stay disease's rigour,  
 Grant us patience, Lord, and grace,  
 Till in light we see Thy Face.

R. F. L.<sup>208</sup>

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<sup>208</sup> The identity of RFL is not known to the transcriber. Presumably this hymn was reproduced here because it was on the same page as Sabine's hymn *Heaven deep, from thee peep*.

## MISSION HYMNS

VI<sup>209</sup>

(From the German).

Heaven deep, from thee peep  
 Countless hosts of golden stars!  
 Countless more graces pour  
 From the Blessed Sacrament.

Ocean strand, strewn with sand,  
 Countless grains in thee are stored!  
 Countless more graces pour  
 From the Blessed Sacrament.

Mighty sea, how in thee  
 Countless drops of water stand!  
 Countless more graces pour  
 From the Blessed Sacrament.

Summer field, thou dost yield  
 Countless grains of golden corn!  
 Countless more graces pour  
 From the Blessed Sacrament.

Forest green, in Thee seen  
 Countless leaves in beauty spread!  
 Countless more graces pour  
 From the Blessed Sacrament.

Sunbeam bright, in thy light,  
 Countless motes in glory shine  
 Countless more graces pour  
 From the Blessed Sacrament.

Evermore, untold store,  
 Countless hours dost thou contain!  
 Countless more graces pour  
 From the Blessed Sacrament.

S. B. G.

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<sup>209</sup> Although there is no manuscript version of this hymn in the diary it was published by Sabine on 1 September 1864 in *Church Times*, Vol.2, p 291.

## MISSION HYMNS

IV.<sup>210</sup>

Jesus Christ from highest heaven  
 Unto Earth in mercy came;  
 Pay, O people, through all ages,  
 Adoration to his Name!

Lo! He casts aside His glory,  
 Lo! He left the royal throne,  
 To assume our soul and body,  
 Mortal flesh, and blood, and bone.

He endured the ills we suffer—  
 Hunger, poverty, and woe  
 And He died the death of anguish  
 To redeem us from the foe.

His dear Body pierced and bruised,  
 Then was buried in the tomb,  
 To arise on Easter morning,  
 Full of beauty, full of bloom.

In that Body He ascended  
 To the throne He had before,  
 At the right hand of the Father,  
 To be seated ever more.

Thence in sacramental channels,  
 He dispenses for our good,  
 From the altars of our churches,  
 His true Body and his Blood—

That same Body born of Mary,  
 That same Body which did rise,  
 That same Body which is seated,  
 With the Father in the skies.

Once again, upon the morning,  
 When Creation shall awake,  
 And the earth to its foundation,  
 In its agony shall shake.

On the clouds of heaven seated,  
 Shall the son of Mary gleam,  
 And the wounds which He received,  
 Shall like planets brightly beam.

By Thy sacred Body offered,  
 On our altars, Lord, I pray

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<sup>210</sup> See page 45 for the original manuscript version of *Mission Hymn IV* which was published in *Church Times*, Vol. 2, p 259, 14 August 1864.

~~Behold~~ Look upon me in Thy compassion<sup>211</sup>  
 On that great and awful day!

By the Side the soldiers pierced,  
 By the pierced Hands and Feet,  
 On that Morning of all mornings,  
 Bid me rise my Lord to meet!

May I hear Thy accents tender!  
 Call me, Jesu, to adore,  
 Both Thy Manhood and Thy Godhead,  
 To be sundered nevermore.

***Transcribers Note:***

*The final printed hymn, by GM, entered overleaf is on a separate page from Mission Hymn IV. It is possible that Sabine included it in his diary for no other reason than because he liked it. Another possible explanation could be that Sabine and G M were friends.*

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<sup>211</sup> These amendments made in manuscript in Sabine's handwriting.

**ST. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.**  
 SEPTEMBER 29<sup>th</sup>.  
 TRANSLATED FROM THE ANCIENT RESPONSORIES

To be sung after the Third Collect. The reclamation marked by a \* to be sung loud and full by the choir.

There is silence in heaven, a little space,  
~~While~~ *For*<sup>212</sup> Michael and Satan face to face,  
 With arms of celestial proof have striven,  
 In furious fight for the gates of Heaven;  
 And a voice swells up from ten thousand tongues,  
 Salvation and strength to our God belongs  
 For the evil accuser is swept away,  
 Who accused the brethren, night and day.

Thousands of angels, every one,  
 Veil their faces before the throne;  
 With gestures of awe and with reverence low,  
 A thousand ten thousand bow:  
 \*And a voice swells up from ten thousand tongues,  
 Salvation and strength to our God belongs;  
 For the evil accuser is swept away,  
 Who accused the brethren night and day.

An Angel stood the throne before,  
 A censer of gold in his hands he bore,  
 And incense was given to offer alone,  
 With prayers of the Saints before the throne:  
 With swinging censer the coal he fanned,  
 And the smoke rose high from the Angel's hand,  
 And the cloud of sweet incense floated by,  
 Before the sight of the Lord on high.

In sight of the Angels I sing to Thee  
 In Thy holy temple I bow the knee;  
 Thy name shall on my lips, O Lord, confess,  
 And praise they mercies numberless;  
 \* With swinging censer the coal he fanned,  
 And the smoke rose high from the Angel's hand,  
 And the cloud of sweet incense floated by,  
 Before the sight of the Lord on high.

The archangel Michael must speed away  
 From the gate of Heaven in bright array,  
 With angel escort in joy to bring  
 The souls of the saints to the Heavenly King.

Send forth Thy Spirit, O Lord at length,—  
 The spirit of wisdom and ghostly strength.

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<sup>212</sup> This amendment made in manuscript by Sabine.

\* With angel escort in joy to bring  
The souls of the saints to the Heavenly King.  
All praise to the Father and Son be given,  
And Holy Ghost both in earth and heaven.  
\* With angel escort in joy to bring  
The souls of the saints to the Heavenly King.

G. M.<sup>213</sup>

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<sup>213</sup> The identity of G. M. Is not known

## Appendix A

### Life is One Series of Bitter Disappointments<sup>214</sup>

On 12 September 1880 Sabine Baring-Gould wrote in his 20 year diary<sup>215</sup>:

After eight years [*that I had*] spent there, [*Hurstpierpoint*] my friend Joseph Fowler was offered the vacant chaplaincy. He came down to Hurst. He was very anxious to take it. I was most anxious to secure him for the place, as I feared the church tone was declining.....Fowler said he could not take the chaplaincy as he was engaged to go to Horbury to be curate to Revd. John Sharp.

On a sudden inspiration of enthusiasm I said "I will go and take your place if Mr Sharp will have me in deacon's orders in your room." Fowler wrote, Mr. Sharp consented to the substitution, and gave me a title for orders. I had long desired to take orders but my father and mother had constantly refused me permission and I did not like to go against them in so important a matter. They just endured me being at Hurst in a position they thought very unsuitable.

My father put it plainly before me as his determination, if I went into orders I could not hope to inherit Lew. The property was entailed on a son, but not on an eldest son, or so he informed me. The living was destined for one son, the estate for the other. If I took orders I must be content to be only rector at Lew, and Willy<sup>216</sup> should be squire.

Before my mother died, she withdrew her opposition and asked my father not to refuse his consent should I again solicit it.

When I had finally made up my mind, I wrote to him, to ask his consent. He gave it but again let me understand that I was cut off from the succession to the property.

This situation is also covered along broadly similar lines in *Early Reminiscences*, partly on page 297 and partly on page 336, where he states:

I did not look out for a curacy, but remained a master at Hurstpierpoint. We had lost our chaplain, [*The Rev E Field*] moved to Lancing College, and I was particularly desirous to have a friend, the Rev J T Fowler, eventually Honorary Canon of Durham, as a suitable successor. He was, however, engaged to go to the Rev. John Sharp, Vicar of Horbury, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, to start a mission there in an outlying part of the parish. Accordingly I volunteered to go in his room, if Sharp would give me a nomination, and accept a deacon, waiving his claim on Fowler. Sharp raised no objection....

The Rev J T Fowler's appointment to the chaplaincy to St John's College, Hurstpierpoint was announced in the December 1863 issue of the school magazine, the *Hurst Johnian*. It is now known that in that same month Sabine wrote two letters to the Rev. Nathaniel Woodard, Provost of the Woodard schools. In the first letter, from St John's College on 3 December 1863, Sabine wrote

<sup>214</sup> Wawman, Ron. Based on an article to be published in the Newsletter SBGAS, No. 64, October 2010.

<sup>215</sup> Wawman Ron. *Never Completely Submerged*, p 64.

<sup>216</sup> Willy: Sabine's younger brother.

Dear Sir

After much consideration I have decided on leaving Hurst at Easter, and spending a few months with my father, till the shock of my mother's loss has worn off: after which I shall take duty somewhere where I can be near him. This will relieve you from the difficulty which you seem to feel in giving me a title, and which had led me to consider whether it would not be better for me to get ~~one~~ *a title* where I can have more opportunities of learning parochial work.

Sabine's reference to being refused *a title* can only refer to his being refused a request to be ordained while still in a teaching post at St John's College. It is known that some ordained teachers in the Woodard schools functioned as assistant chaplains.<sup>217</sup>

Sabine's mother was still alive when this first letter was written. She died 3 days later on 6 December. It is probable that the letter was written immediately after learning that his mother's death was imminent and returning to Lew to be with her. On 22 December 1863, Sabine wrote the second letter to the Rev Woodard, this time from Lew House.

Dear M<sup>r</sup>. Provost

I do not know that I can tell you yet for certain what will be my final destination, but I have decided on the following course which seems to me sufficiently rational.

I go, as I told you, to my father at Easter, and I shall remain with him at least till Michaelmas. Then, if he wishes me to continue to live with him, I shall consent to do so, if he will do what he has often talked of – settle in some town, where I can get a title for Holy Orders, and if he will give me such allowance as will, with my curacy, be equivalent to what I get at Hurst. Should he decline to meet me so far, I shall consider myself free to return, may be, to my former work.

My ultimate object is to establish a mission in Cornwall, but a few years more at Hurstpierpoint might give me opportunities of studying Theology, which I should not have if I were engaged in mission work.

I confess that I was much hurt by your declining to nominate me for ordination at Christmas, and it was your apparent reluctance to giving me a title which was one cause of my thinking of applying for one elsewhere. Your explanation that the difficulty arose from the Bishop and not from yourself, was therefore a great relief to my mind, as I could not but think that, after having worked in the Society for seven years, I had a right to ask for a title.

Three facts become very clear at this point:

1. At the time that the Rev J T Fowler was appointed chaplain at St John's College, Sabine had just had his hopes of ordination at St John's College dashed and patently had no thoughts of a nomination to Horbury.
2. It was Sabine's presumption of rejection by Woodard that had triggered his thoughts of seeking ordination elsewhere rather than stay at St John's. He was intending that such an appointment would be in conjunction with entering into a supportive role with his father somewhere other than Lew. It is very doubtful that a Northern industrial town would have been considered as a likely destination for them both.
3. On learning that it was Bishop Gilbert of Chichester, who had little love for Woodard or his schools<sup>218</sup>, who had rejected Sabine's application to be ordained at St John's Sabine again

<sup>217</sup> Wawman, Ron. *Sabine and the Ministry of the Keys*, 2008, Transaction SBGAS, vol.8, p 44.

<sup>218</sup> Wawman, Ron. *Sabine and the Ministry of the Keys*, p 45.

entertained the thought that he might eventually return to Hurst as a teacher after all. As late as 22 December a move to Horbury was not being considered.

The first intimation of a move to Horbury appeared as an entry in Sabine's 1862 diary made on 6 February 1864 when he wrote

I believe that I am going to Horbury as curate to Sharpe, there to establish a mission, may God be with me!

How did this come about? It is likely that Sabine's unrealistic thoughts that he and his father would set up home at some place where Sabine could be ordained, received short shift from a grieving father with whom Sabine already had a difficult relationship. It is quite possible that Sabine had prompted his good friend, Joseph Fowler to apply for the post at Hurstpierpoint. Could it be that, on Sabine's return to Hurst for the spring term, Fowler, now established as chaplain at St John's, had taken his grieving and doubly rejected friend under his wing? If so Fowler may well have pointed out that the curacy at Horbury that he had been offered was still vacant and that working with a well-known Anglo-catholic priest and being involved in the establishment of a mission would be right up Sabine's street.

The important question remains – how was it that, not only in his *Reminiscences* but also in his diary, Sabine gave a completely erroneous account of how he came to leave his beloved Hurstpierpoint and be appointed to Horbury. Such very inaccurate reporting of momentous happenings is not easily explained.

This was an emotionally traumatic period for Sabine involving as it did the distressing terminal illness and death of his much loved mother, rejection by the Church and rejection by his father, Edward. Edward had always been disappointed with his eldest son and heir and despised Sabine's love of fantasy, his artistic and bookish interests and his espousal of the Catholic wing of the Anglican Church with its concerns for the beauty of church architecture and liturgy. He undoubtedly saw all this as signs of effeminacy and weakness. He therefore strove unsuccessfully to force such tendencies out of his son and mould him for a career in the army – thus making a man of him! He had made it clear to Sabine that if he persisted with his intention to be ordained then he would never inherit Lew House. Under the circumstances it is not difficult to imagine the sort of reception that Sabine's plans for them both, as expressed in the letters to Woodard, would have received from Edward at a time when he was deeply grieving for his wife. Edward may well have exploded ferociously and left Sabine in no doubt about what his father thought of him.

The extent of Sabine's distress over this further deterioration in his relationship with his father can be gauged by the entry made in his diary on Good Friday 25 March 1864. There is no reason to believe that these comments referred to anyone other than his father:

During Lent I have been coupling another name with mine in all my prayers. The great longing of my heart is that he and I should learn to love Jesus with the perfect love that He alone can give. Last night I dreamed that I heard distinctly the words 'The Lord hath heard thy petition.' I have not the slightest recollection of the person who spoke – but I remember the words very clearly – everything else in connexion with the dream has vanished from my mind.

After considerable thought I have reached the conclusion that over the years Sabine had suppressed these unpleasant memories of rejection. There is much to suggest that throughout his life Sabine was sensitive to criticism and the possibility of rejection. He professed not to read critiques of his

work, although the presence of numerous reviews in his Common Place book<sup>219</sup> suggest otherwise. His French friend l'abbé Duine,<sup>220</sup> who came to know him well wrote:

I tried valiantly in our letters and exchanges to awake his prudence as regards the lines that he took in these areas of patient and difficult work. To the point where one day when I had sent him back certain pages he replied "I never read what displeases me or anything that attacks me".

He was reluctant to reveal his inner feelings to others in his Reminiscences where he wrote:

Others will remonstrate at my digressions, yet, if I digress, it is precisely for the sake of avoiding to talk of self<sup>221</sup>

He was similarly reticent in exchanges with close members of his family, such as his half-brother, Arthur.<sup>222</sup>

In his novel *Arminell*<sup>223</sup> Sabine conveniently rationalised such reticence as the outcome of the cultural demands of being a member of the upper classes:

When our temper is ruffled, we do not fret with it those we meet – when our heart is bitter, we do not spit our gall in the face of our friends – when our blood boils in our veins we are careful to let none of it squirt on and blister the hand that is extended to us. A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain – that is true, but a man or a woman may smile, and smile, and be exceedingly sorrowful, may dance and laugh with an aching heart.....So it is with all who have gone through the great discipline of culture; they no more expose their wounds and cry out for sympathy than they expose deformities....

However the personal springs of this private secrecy are not difficult to find. Sabine was aware from an early age that sharing his feelings and opinions with his father was likely to incur displeasure so he learnt to keep his thoughts to himself. As a youngster he was faced, as eldest sons in the upper strata of 19<sup>th</sup> century society sometimes probably were, with a need to find favour with a demanding father who had high but also selective expectations. But Edward disapproved of almost all Sabine's interests and aspirations. For Sabine the disapproval of his father would have been distressing while the thought of overt rejection, with all its implications, would have been unbearable. Put simply Sabine would have been faced with three alternatives

- To conform and go under.
- To rebel and go his own way.
- To stick to his personal beliefs, but strive to eventually find favour and acceptance, through his achievements.

People are inclined to describe Sabine as 'driven' without comprehending what that meant. It is likely that he was driven by the consequences of the internal conflict that arose from adopting the extremely difficult third alternative. He took up this option in Bayonne when, at the age of 17, he committed himself the three purposes in life from which he *never wavered*.

- To improve the spiritual life of the parishioners in Lew Trenchard,

<sup>219</sup> Baring-Gould, S. *Common Place book*. Held in the Baring-Gould Archive 5203, Devon Record Office.

<sup>220</sup> Heudré, Bernard. *The memoirs of abbé François Duine*, Newsletter SBGAS 63, June 2010, p 2.

<sup>221</sup> Baring-Gould, S. *Early Reminiscences*, p 343.

<sup>222</sup> Wawman, Ron. *Never Completely Submerged*, p 12.

<sup>223</sup> Baring-Gould, S. *Arminell, a social romance*, 1889, London, Temple Bar.

- to restore Lew Trenchard church,
- to restore Lew House.

### Conclusion

Sabine adhered to his three purposes throughout his life and succeeded against all the odds. He did eventually achieve acceptance by his father but it was a near run thing and he only became sure of inheriting Lew House just days before his father's unexpected death in 1872.

The price he paid for success was a compulsive need to work, overcome opposition and achieve his goals, with all the problems this created. Associated with the need to succeed would inevitably be a fear of failure. Such a fear would be accentuated in periods of mental depression during which sufferers often have many self doubts. This could account for the marked and unusual reduction in literary output by Sabine for some two years following the death of his daughter Beatrice in 1876.<sup>224</sup> A fear of failure and rejection also led to Sabine's reluctance to face criticism and his inability to accept rejection. He dismissed criticism, as far as he could, and dealt with rejection by suppression, denial and rationalisation. Thus the memory of rejection by the Church and his father in 1863 was suppressed while the real reason for leaving Hurstpierpoint and going to Horbury was denied and instead rationalised as helping out his old friend, Joseph Fowler. Similarly the social problems created by his engagement to Grace and the resultant obstacles put in the way of his appointment at Dalton<sup>225</sup> are not to be found in his retrospective writing.

What is not known is the extent to which rationalisation or denial of other adverse events in his life have led to these being understated, misrepresented or ignored altogether in both published work and diaries. In this scenario such poignant statements in Sabine's diary as

*Life is one series of bitter disappointments and  
Every wave goes over me, and yet I am never completely submerged*<sup>226</sup>

take on a special significance. The accuracy of retrospective accounts of events in Sabine's life, in either published or unpublished work, cannot be relied upon on their own. Wherever possible, those involved in biographical work should compare such work with contemporary accounts and correspondence.

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<sup>224</sup> Wawman, Ron, *Never Completely Submerged*, pp 234-6

<sup>225</sup> See p 121.

<sup>226</sup> Wawman, Ron, *Never Completely Submerged*, pp 103 and 147.

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