

Dr. Edward Goulburn, D.D., D.C.I., Dean of Norwich, said:

“...in studying Dean Burgon’s character and career, has found him to be in every way too large a man to be adequately portrayed on a very small canvass. While the names of person of less note, who yet may have established a claim to be gratefully remembered by those who come after them, are sufficiently preserved from oblivion by a Memoir, there are those, surely, whose intellectual and moral pre-eminence, and whose manifoldness of gift and power, challenge a Life...His friends claim for Dean Burgon that, in regard of the variety and versatility of his intellectual powers, the intensity of his moral faculties, and that profound veneration for the Word of God which formed the chief feature both of his spiritual character and of his teaching, he showed a pre-eminence among the men of his generation, which abundantly entitles him to a Life as distinct from a Memoir. The outline of his character, now to be traced, will, it is hoped, serve to justify this claim.

I. The first character, then, in which, when his name is mentioned, John William Burgon is thought of, is that of a theologian...

II. But I must pass from his intellectual gifts to speak of the faculties of a more moral cast, in which he was equally versatile.”

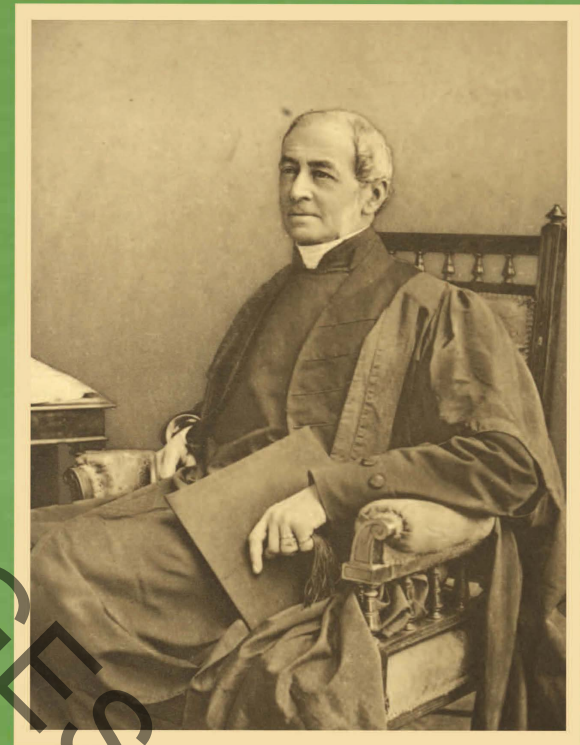
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JOHN WILLIAM BURGON VOLUME I GOULBURN

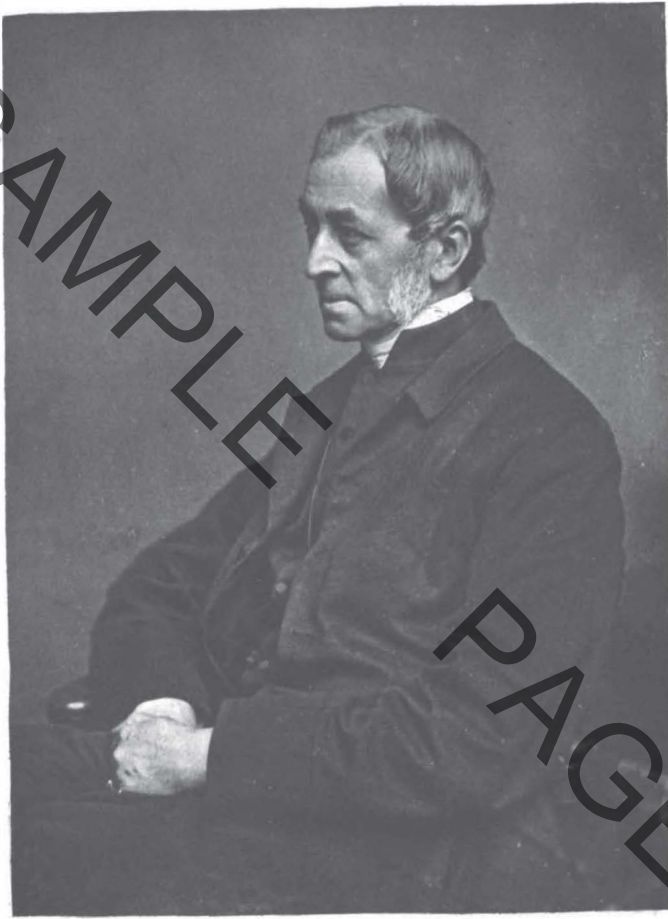
JOHN WILLIAM BURGON A BIOGRAPHY VOLUME I



BY
EDWARD M. GOULBURN

SAMPLE

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John William Burgon.

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JOHN WILLIAM BURGON

LATE DEAN OF CHICHESTER

A Biography

*WITH EXTRACTS FROM HIS LETTERS AND
EARLY JOURNALS*

By EDWARD MEYRICK GOULBURN, D.D., D.C.L.

SOMETIME DEAN OF NORWICH

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IN TWO VOLUMES: WITH PORTRAITS

VOL. I

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1892

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND FATHER IN GOD
RICHARD
LORD BISHOP OF CHICHESTER
WHOSE UNVARYING KINDNESS AND TRUE FRIENDSHIP
THE SUBJECT OF THIS BIOGRAPHY
ACCOUNTED TO BE ONE CHIEF SOURCE OF THE HAPPINESS OF HIS
LIFE AT CHICHESTER
AND WHOSE SERMON ON THAT MOURNFUL SUNDAY
AUGUST 5, 1888
IS DEAN BURGON'S BEST AND MOST ELOQUENT EULOGY
THIS WORK IS (BY PERMISSION) INSCRIBED
WITH SENTIMENTS OF AFFECTIONATE ESTEEM AND VENERATION
AND WITH GRATITUDE FOR ASSISTANCE RECEIVED IN IT
BY THE AUTHOR

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THE LIVES OF TWELVE GOOD MEN.

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P R E F A C E.

It may perhaps be questioned, even by some of those who greatly esteemed and admired John William Burgon, whether his claims to be gratefully remembered by the Church, and had in honour by future generations of English Christians, might not have been satisfied by a short Memoir,—whether the part he played in ecclesiastical affairs, and in the history of religious thought during the past half-century, was of sufficient importance to justify so detailed a record of his life as is attempted in these volumes. The author entirely thinks it was so, and for the following reason. Burgon was in this country the leading religious teacher of his time, who brought all the resources of genius and profound theological learning to rebut the encroachments of Rationalism, by maintaining inviolate the integrity of the written Word of God as the Church has received it; by pointing out its depth, its versatility of application, and absolute inexhaustibility of significance; and by insisting upon its paramount claims to the humble and reverent reception of

mankind, as having been "given by Inspiration of God." That Rationalism has been in our times largely undermining the simple faith of our Bishops and Clergy, as well as our laity, in those parts of the Divine Testimony which seem to present difficulties either to the understanding or moral sense, there are unhappily only too many evidences on all sides of us. "By faith we stand" spiritually. And the great object of faith,—the stay and support on which it assures itself in temptation and trial,—is the Word of God. Rationalism therefore busies itself industriously with the Word of God,—to see whether it cannot call in question its certainty, and throw doubt upon its infallibility. The initial question of Rationalism, the question by which the Evil One succeeded in supplanting the loyalty of our first mother to her Creator, was, "YEA, HATH GOD SAID?" "Is His Word genuine? Is it authentic? Are you sure that it was He who spake to you? Are you sure of what He spake? And if indeed He uttered the vexatious restriction which prevents your enjoyment of a tree 'good for food,' and 'pleasant to the eyes,' and 'a tree to be desired to make one wise,' how does that restriction comport with His goodness and His desire to make you happy?" This was pure Rationalism in the germ thereof, and as it came from the mouth of its author. And it was to receive subsequent developments in the history of the Church. Sadducaism was its great development in the Church of the Old Dispensation. And Sadducaism outlined with great exactness the features of modern Rationalism. Without rejecting the Scriptures of the Old

Testament, as the Jewish Church had received them, the Sadducees declined to interpret them in the obvious sense which was ordinarily and traditionally attached to them; they explained away,—it is hard to say how, but probably by some convenient allegorizing—such passages as were understood to assert a life after death, and a world above and beyond the senses;—“the Sadducees say that there is no resurrection, neither angel nor spirit.” Now the two methods of modern Rationalism are to call in question, wherever it can, the genuineness of much which has hitherto passed as Holy Scripture, and, where it cannot do this, to offer natural explanations of the supernatural, and to regard the narrative, where it presents difficulties, not as historical in the strict sense, but as an instructive legend or fable. And the fundamental fallacy of all such methods will be found to be an entirely wrong and derogatory mental attitude taken up at the outset towards what the Church presents to us as the Word of God. That Word is conceived of as an ordinary book, to be subjected to criticism of exactly the same kind as that which is applied to Livy, or Herodotus, or Homer, by way of discriminating the genuine from the spurious, the authentic from the fictitious. The student is not in the cell of an oracle, listening devoutly on his knees for the response of the Deity, but in the dissecting room of an anatomist, going to work with the scalpel upon a body which he conceives of as dead, but which really in the minutest member of it is instinct with the Divine Life,—the breath of the Holy Ghost. When shall we

learn that no profit is to be had from God's Oracles,—aye, and no progress to be made in the right understanding of them—unless they are approached in quite a different spirit? “When ye received the word of God which ye heard of us, YE RECEIVED IT NOT AS THE WORD OF MEN, BUT AS IT IS IN TRUTH, THE WORD OF GOD, WHICH EFFECTUALLY WORKETH ALSO IN YOU THAT BELIEVE.”

Now this view of Holy Scripture as, in virtue of its having been “given by Inspiration of God,” altogether unique in its character and its claims upon mankind, Burgon stoutly and consistently defended in our time against the underminings and corrosions of Rationalism, bringing to the defence, as has been said, (what thousands of those who entirely concur with his views have not to bring,) talents, accomplishments, and learning of the highest order, and that patient indefatigable industry of research, which never jumps prematurely at conclusions, however attractive, but toils and plods on, in the assurance that the highest Wisdom reveals herself only to those who bestow upon her the miner's toil, “seeking her as silver, and searching for her as for hid treasures.” That in protesting for the grand truth, to the maintenance of which he consecrated his life, he was guilty of occasional extravagances; that the very impetuosity of his zeal for the integrity of God's Word and its paramount claims carried him away now and then into sallies of the pen, which it would have been better to restrain, and perhaps sometimes led him to take up positions not altogether defensible,—may be freely admitted, without

in the least disparaging the value of the great work which he did, or the grandeur of the position which he held, as the brave champion in a rationalizing generation of God's Inspired Word. No great cause was ever maintained successfully without infirmities of temper and extravagances of statement in its champions. The Reformation might have been strangled in its birth, had it not been for Luther. But few indeed of those who acknowledge the deep indebtedness of the Reformed Church to Luther, would care to defend all his paradoxical assertions about good works, or the slur passed by him upon the Epistle of St. James as "an epistle of straw."

Moreover, in a state of society, when a fresh originality of character seems, under the levelling tendencies of the day, to have become almost extinct among us, a strong vivid individuality, like that of John William Burgon—especially when it is an individuality which has consecrated itself to a grand cause,—seems to deserve a distinct and detailed record. The very circumstances of Burgon's birth and breeding contributed to give him an originality of character possessed by few indeed among the English clergy of his day. Of foreign extraction by the mother's side, with a strong infusion of Smyrniote blood in him (which of itself accounts to a great extent for that *perfervidum ingenium* of his, which was always breaking forth); destined originally for a mercantile life, and leading it till he had attained an age, ten years in advance of that at which young Englishmen usually go to College; familiar too, long before

he came up to Oxford, with poets, artists, archæologists, literary men,—his antecedents, so entirely out of the ordinary groove, gave a peculiar complexion to his character throughout life, and made other men, however gifted, more or less tame in comparison with him. But quite independently of external circumstances, which may have contributed to form his character, the character itself was one of great originality, with a vivid colour, and an indomitable force of will all its own. This force of will, while it gave him a tenacity of purpose in carrying into effect everything he undertook, by its very unyieldingness failed entirely to carry others with it. Compromise was a word unknown to him; he was incapable of making the smallest concession to those who differed from him; perfectly assured of the truth of his own conclusions, he was also perfectly assured that those who arrived at different conclusions were in the wrong; and therefore he stood and acted alone, and never had (as indeed he never cared to have) a following among his equals. Neyer, it is thought, were two members of the same Communion so singularly contrasted in character as he and Archbishop Tait, whose biographers have recently presented the Church and the world with so faithful and so graphic a portraiture of that very considerable figure in the English Church of our day. Here was a born ruler of men, a man who had the secret of carrying his own point with others, but carrying it (as only it can be carried in a free society, every member of which has a voice of his own,) by conceding whatever he did not think to involve a vital principle, in order that

what was vital might be maintained and preserved. Thus the Archbishop became a great social force, not only in the Church, but in the State;—his weight was distinctly felt, and consciously acknowledged, in the Upper Chamber of the Legislature. The Dean, though ardently beloved and profoundly revered by his disciples, was no social force at all. His work lay in literature, not in affairs. He attracted by overwhelming kindness; he attached others by the strongest ties of gratitude, affection, sympathy; but he was no wielder of movements, nor leader of men; God had not formed him to be so. Other points of vivid contrast between the two characters will probably strike those who were acquainted with both men,—such as the calm, deliberate judgment of the one, the passionate impulsiveness of the other; the phlegmatic temperament of the one, the excessive sensibility of the other; the ultra-Liberalism of the one, the old-fashioned Toryism (not only by hereditary sentiment, but also by mental constitution) of the other; the somewhat prosaic, unæsthetic mind of the one, and the exuberant poetry, romance, and artistic proclivities of the other;—contrasts which cease only when one reaches the lowest deep of both characters, where it is seen clearly enough that both were men of prayer, and both men of God. And when the survey both of the contrasts and of the fundamental harmony is completed, the truth is realised of that profound and weighty saying of the Apostle's; "Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are

diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

But putting on one side the interest of the character which it is the purpose of these pages to depict, the author ventures to hope that the work may be regarded as a humble contribution to the Church history of our times—times characterized by a restless fermentation of thought on all religious questions, and by the equally restless movement which must always follow upon such fermentation. If the review of these times has been in the main a saddening one, if the movements and changes have seemed to take a wrong direction, and if at present the outlook upon religious thought in this country is as dismal as it well can be, Rationalism speaking out more confidently than ever its insinuations as to the fallibility both of the written and the Personal Word of God, writer and reader alike must console themselves with the thought that a deference is due to accomplished facts, as having been, even when calamitous, brought about in the order of Divine Providence (as punishments, it may be, of the Church's sin); and that there are still the "seven thousand in Israel," "the remnant according to the election of grace," who value the Inspired Volume of Holy Scripture above all earthly treasure, and whose simple child-like faith in its testimonies is proof against all the suggestions of its fallibility thrown out by the (so-called) Higher Criticism. In the hearts of all such persons the memory of John William Burgon will be embalmed for ever.

In concluding this Preface, the author desires to

remind the reader that Burgon himself has not yet said his last word on the subject nearest his heart. The Church yet anticipates the great work, to the preparation of which he devoted the better part of his life, but which he was not permitted to complete,—his “*Exposition of the true principles of the Textual Criticism of the New Testament, and the Vindication and Establishment of the Traditional Text by the application of those principles.*” It is confidently expected that this work, now in process of completion under the able editorship of the Reverend Edward Miller, will, when it makes its appearance, set its seal upon the fame of Burgon as a Textual Critic of the highest order, equally indéfatigable in research, cautious in judgment, and keen in acumen.

The enthusiastic affection, which Burgon inspired in those who knew him well, and came under his influence, has been the means of procuring for the author a vast mass of materials, both in the shape of letters, and written contributions; and he is quite sensible that by far the greater part of the interest of his work is due not to his own share in it, but to communications made to him by the friends of the deceased. To enumerate all those who have made these helpful communications to him, would be to fill several pages with names, and thus materially to lengthen the Preface. Let it suffice, while cordially thanking all contributors, whatever shape their contributions may have taken, to acknowledge his special obligations to Mr. Robert Harry Inglis Palgrave, of Great Yarmouth, the letters lent by whom (addressed to the

late Mr. Dawson Turner) will be found to constitute the chief interest of the earlier part of the work ; to Mrs. Samuel Bickersteth, a typical disciple of Burgon's, whose letters to her show, better than any description can do, the affectionate ties which bound him to the younger members of his flock ; to the Venerable Arch-deacon Palmer, who has given all sorts of aid, including a most able and interesting paper upon Burgon's ministry at Finmere ; to the Reverend R. G. Livingstone, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Oxford, who, like other of Burgon's former curates, writes with a warmth of affection and liveliness of appreciation about him, which shows what he was to his colleagues in the Ministry ; to the Reverend Alfred Hensley, of Cotgrave Rectory, his earliest Oxford friend, who, despite some differences of opinion, clung to him to the last with unabated affection ; and to Lord Cranbrook, who had the discrimination to see his singular merits, and the claims which he had established upon the gratitude both of the Church of England and the University of Oxford, and who was doubtless the means of procuring for him some recognition of these claims, in the very modest preferment to which quite late in life he attained.

We, his friends, deeply deplore him, not only from the warm personal love which we entertained for him, but also from its seeming to us, in our purblind view of capacities and coming emergencies, that in the great struggle which is impending for the genuineness, authenticity, and infallibility of the Holy Scriptures, he was the man, who

from his studies, his genius, his faithfulness, could most effectively have helped the cause of Divine Truth. But be we assured it is best as it is. As regards the cause, God has many other arrows in His quiver, and can and will raise up "the man of His right hand," and "make him strong for His own self." And as regards our friend,—while we have lost, not indeed his sympathy nor his prayers, but his counsel, and that access to him which was so enlivening and so edifying,—it is our comfort to think that he has been spared from witnessing the more recent developments of a Rationalising Criticism and a Latitudinarianising Theology, and that

THE RIGHTEOUS IS TAKEN AWAY FROM THE EVIL
TO COME.

BRIGHTON,

September 18, 1891.

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LIFE OF DEAN BURGON.

CHAPTER I.

THE EARLY LIFE.

*From his Birth [Aug. 21, 1812] to his Matriculation at
Oxford [Oct. 21, 1841.]*

IT is usual to begin a Biography with some notice of the ancestry of the person whose life is to be recorded. If a prelude of this sort is in any and every case suitable and appropriate, much more so is it in the case of the subject of this memoir, JOHN WILLIAM BURGON. For with many other striking characteristics he combined a perfect passion for pedigrees, and a remarkable industry in the investigation of them. Among many other works of a character wholly dissimilar, he has left behind him a series of papers which he entitled "Parentalia," being the results of a research into the pedigrees of his father and mother; a research to which, besides prosecuting it at odd moments, he devoted a tour in the West Riding of Yorkshire during the autumn of 1840. In a letter descriptive of this tour, which he addressed to his great friend Mr. Dawson Turner, of Great Yarmouth, under date Dec. 2, 1840, other extracts from which will be given lower down, he writes:—

"At the risk of being laughed at, I must tell you what I principally wished to do, in taking the queer tour I am going to describe. Without such an explanation, you will set me down for a tasteless ass, with all the world

before me, to select the West Riding of Yorkshire for the scene of my summer pilgrimage. I wished to fill up the wanting links in my *pedigree*, and to investigate the history of my worshipful progenitors by a local inspection of wills, parish registers, and the like. So with a little portfolio of memoranda collected in previous years, a map, and my sketching apparatus, I started; and Tom" [his younger brother] "was the companion of my wanderings aforesaid."

This tour added considerably to the genealogical particulars respecting his ancestry, which he had been for several years previously engaged in collecting; and the fresh particulars were incorporated in the "Parentalia." After a lengthy introduction, telling his reader how he was first "put on the right scent" in his genealogical researches; how difficult any such work proves "when accuracy and detail are aimed at" ("the age of a maiden aunt being sometimes as great a mystery as any of ancient Eleusis"); how much still remains to be done by him in the way of research "at Doctors' Commons, at the Rolls' Chapel, and other similar repositories"; and how he is "wholly unable to sympathize with men who are strangers to an interest" in such enquiries, he divides his subject thus: "My plan is simply this. My prefatory matter is followed by (1) a dissertation on our family name; (2) some account of the several families who have borne that surname; (3) some account of our own family. This genealogical and biographical sketch is accompanied by a pedigree and abstracts of wills, etc. Then comes a short account of the *De Cramer* family" [his mother's]; "then of the *Johnson* family, and the families of *Murdoch* and *Broomer*; then of *Eyre*. After which come some notices of *Rose*. These are followed by a series of pedigrees of *Burgon*, from which a collateral descent alone is to be traced." He labours learnedly to

prove that the name Burgon, or Le Burgon, "simply signifies 'the Burgundian,' the native of Bourgogne or Burgundy." From the mass of "Dryasdust" genealogical details there emerges every now and then (as could not fail to be the case with one so brimful of sentiment) the sentiment of the writer; as, when he comes to the Burgons of Silkstone, in the West Riding of Yorkshire ("a village," as he writes to Mr. Dawson Turner, "degraded by its coal-mine, and by the vices such a neighbour is ever productive of");

"It is a pleasure to think that *Silkstone* was the first parish in this part of Yorkshire which was christianized,—that from this spot, as from a centre, the rays of Gospel-light first disseminated themselves over the neighbourhood. My forefathers therefore enjoyed in a peculiar degree the privileges" (in these early days he always spells the word thus, as was the fashion formerly), "and dwelt among the hills which were first imprinted by 'the beautiful feet of them who preach the Gospel of peace.'"

He has not put upon record anything remarkable as to his ancestry on the father's side; but as to his mother's father, the Chevalier de Cramer, Austrian consul at Smyrna (who was born at Cologne, Feb. 10, 1757, and died at Smyrna, Nov. 9, 1809), he tells this story, which will be read with interest for its own sake, and more especially in connexion with the character of the teller. The Chevalier's antecedents were these:—Meeting with indifferent success in commerce, he changed his line of life, and having been thrown across an American gentleman (one Isaac Cramer¹), who took a strong fancy to

¹ The original form of the Chevalier's name was *Cremer*; but Isaac Cramer made him his heir on condition of his taking the name of

Cramer,—a process easily effected by the change of a single vowel. The change, however, was duly legalized.

him, and furnished him with the necessary funds, he studied law and diplomacy at the University of Vienna, and so distinguished himself in this more congenial sphere, that in 1777 he was appointed Austrian Consul at Smyrna. How he became Chevalier will be seen by the following anecdote, given in one of the notes to the "Parentalia."

"When Napoleon was at Jaffa" [March 4 to 14, 1799], "the French Church of St. Polycarp at Smyrna was treated by the Turks as part of the spoil of the enemy. Karasman Oglu², claiming to be the lawful proprietor of the church by right of conquest, sold it to the Greeks for the sum of 50,000 thalers, 30,000 of which were actually paid into his hands by the Greek purchaser. A few Turkish soldiers had already entered the church, and seated themselves upon the altars. At this juncture intelligence of the outrage was brought to my grandfather by the Curé of the church. 'Sir,' he said, 'there is no French Consul here for me to apply to. To him of right would belong the duty of defending this church from sacrilegious invasion. But your faith supplies a sufficient reason why you should stand forth as the defender of the Church of St. Polycarp.' Not an instant was to be lost. My grandfather had not even time to draw on his

² Readers of Byron will be reminded of Giaffir's recommendation to Zuleika (in "The Bride of Abydos") of the bridegroom he had selected for her,—a kinsman of this very "Karasman Oglu."

"a braver man
Was never seen in battle's van.
We Moslem reck not much of
blood;
But yet the line of Carasman
Unchanged, unchangeable hath
stood

First of the bold Timariot bands,
That won and well can keep their
lands.

Enough that he who comes to woo
Is kinsman of the Bey Oglou."

The note on this passage says;

"Carasman Oglou, or Kara Osman Oglou, is the principal landowner in Turkey; he governs Magnesia. Those who, by a kind of feudal tenure, possess land on condition of service, are called Timariots."

boots. He hastily put on his uniform, and seizing the Austrian banner, repaired alone to the scene of outrage. He quickly drove out the one or two Turks, whom he found within the sacred edifice, and took up his station on the threshold, grasping the Austrian flag, while the banner of France floated about him. It was not long before Karasman Oglu appeared in person, attended by about two hundred Janissaries. Finding the entrance of the church so guarded, he called upon my grandfather instantly to withdraw. The other refused. 'This church,' said the Turkish Prince, 'was French property, and by right of conquest has become mine.' The other replied that a possession of the Church cannot change hands like a secular estate, and may on no account be forfeited. The Turk advised the other not to resort to extremities, declaring that he was resolved to obtain possession of an edifice which he had already sold. My grandfather for all reply drew his sword, and vowed that no one should enter that church except by pulling down the Austrian banner, nor cross that threshold except over his dead body. His firmness triumphed. He saved the church of St. Polycarp, and won for himself the abiding friendship of Karasman Oglu, who, by the way, refused to refund the 30,000 thalers, declaring they were the price of the trouble he had already taken in the affair, 20,000 thalers more being required for the actual transfer of the property. When the story of his heroism was related to the Pope, my grandfather was created a count of Rome³. To this day, on the anniversary of its rescue out of the hands of the infidels, a Mass is celebrated in the church of St. Polycarp to the memory of Ambroise Hermann de Cramer."

It is impossible for anyone who knew John William Burgon not to recognise in him that chivalrous gal-

³ In a note to the "Parentalia" he says; "My maternal grandfather received his *lettres de noblesse* 28th Feb., 1800; and by a Bull of

Pope Pius VII, dated 30th Sept., 1802, was created a Chevalier of the Order of Christ."

lantry, that utter carelessness of what might be the consequences of a generous action to himself, which had come down to him in the current of the Chevalier's blood. He was just the man, had he been a soldier, to have put himself at the head of a forlorn hope, and, grasping the banner of England, to lead it into the breach. He has been called, with something approaching to a sneer, "the champion of impossible orthodoxies." Substituting for the word "impossible," "offering difficulties to belief" (as what really orthodox creed does not? the difficulties of belief are the trial to which God submits our faith), we his friends, who mourn his loss, not for our own sake only, but still more for that of the Church, accept that description of him. In the true spirit of his maternal grandfather he planted himself resolutely in the doorway of the sanctuary of the Faith, and grasping the banner of Divine Truth, he vowed that the rationalist's desecrating foot should never enter, except by pulling down the banner, "nor cross that threshold except over his own dead body."

There was another person of some mark among his ancestry, of whom something may here be said,—his mother's aunt, Mrs. Baldwin (*née* Maltass), of whom he himself wrote an obituary notice in the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' for December, 1839. The extraordinary beauty of this lady,—whose portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds, with an ancient coin of Smyrna (her native place) in her hand, is still to be seen in Lord Lansdowne's gallery at Bowood,—created a great sensation, both at Vienna and in London, procured for her attentions from the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV, and elicited even from Dr. Johnson a burst of clumsy amorousness.

"In all the pride of youth and beauty," writes her great nephew to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*,' "she was brought before the aged and infirm sage, whose curiosity had been aroused by the story of her foreign birth, and residence in distant lands. Johnson asked her what was the colour of the Abyssinians? Mrs. Baldwin replied that she did not know. 'But what colour do you *think* they are?' persisted the author of *Rasselas*. After some hesitation, and renewed professions of utter ignorance on the subject, Mrs. Baldwin said that she supposed they were *brown*. The doctor next said that he should like to give her a kiss; and the husband's permission having been obtained, a kiss was formally inflicted. Mrs. Baldwin could never forget the forbidding exterior of her Platonic admirer, and the servile adulation of his future biographer."

Mrs. Baldwin had infirmities of temper, it appears (for which, however, great excuses and allowances were made by those acquainted with her circumstances), and in a letter to Mr. Dawson Turner, accompanying the obituary sketch above cited, her nephew, who, "knowing that she was living *quite* alone, and but indifferently off, used to pay her a periodical visit," describes amusingly how the loss of a penny had on one occasion made her violate the son of Sirach's precept, "Be not as a lion in thy house, nor frantic among thy servants." She was storming at her maidservant. "On such occasions I used to sit quietly and say nothing; for though I verily believe she loved me exceedingly (simply because I used always to be very respectful to her), I dared not begin any buffoonery, such as 'Well, Aunt; it certainly is a very bad business, but I'll soon find it for you,' and then by a piece of legerdemain fumble a penny out of my pocket; for she was so *sensitive*, so *extremely shrewd*, so clear sighted in spite of her obliquity of mental vision, so clever in spite of all her absurdities, that one would

have been infallibly detected, and, if detected, rebuked in the manner one does not like to be rebuked by a woman, young or old." He dutifully accounts for these occasional outbursts by her having been alternately spoiled by adulation, and soured by unkindness; but doubtless she was naturally a woman of strong and passionate temper,—and those who love him best, and esteem him most, will be the last to deny that he too inherited a share of this characteristic of his mother's family, while entirely free at all times from resentment and personal dislike.

But to come to his immediate progenitors.

JOHN WILLIAM BURGON was born at Smyrna, August 21, 1813. His parents were Thomas Burgon, of London, merchant (born Aug. 1, 1787), and Catharine Marguerite de Cramer⁴ (born Aug. 7, 1790), eldest daughter and child of the Chevalier Ambroise Hermann de Cramer, Austrian Consul at Smyrna (some particulars of whose life have

⁴ It may be convenient here to give a pedigree of the descendants of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Burgon, in reference to the members of the

family who are mentioned or alluded to in this narrative, as also to show who are its present representatives.

Thomas Burgon, Esq., b. Aug. 1, 1787, d. Aug. 28, 1858.			Catharine Marguerite de Cramer, b. Aug. 7, 1790, d. Sept. 7, 1854.		
Sarah Caroline Burgon ^a , b. July 1, 1812, d. Apr. 6, 1889.	JOHN WILLIAM, b. Aug. 21, 1813, d. Aug. 4, 1888.	Thomas Charles, b. June 25, 1816, d. Feb. 14, 1872.	Emily Mary, b. Feb. 16, 1819, d. May 6, 1871.	Helen Eliza ^b b. May 28, 1823.	Catharine Margaret, b. Oct. 27, 1828, d. Apr. 28, 1836.

^a Married (May 24, 1838) to the Rev. Henry John Rose, Rector of Houghton Conquest and afterwards (1866) Archdeacon of Bedford, who died Jan. 31, 1873. They had five children, four of whom survive,—Emily Susannah, Hugh James [d. 1878], William Francis (Vicar of Worle), Anna Caroline, Gertrude Mary.

^b Married (July 26, 1858) to Charles Longuet Higgins, Esq., of Turvey Abbey, Beds.

been given above), by Sarah Maltass, daughter of William Maltass⁵, a merchant of Smyrna. Mr. Thomas Burgon's family had for many years been connected with the commerce of the City of London. He was a Turkey merchant, and a member of the Court of Assistants of the Levant Company, which position gave him a voice in the management of the Company's affairs and the appointment of its officers. The Company, while it existed, enjoyed a monopoly of the trade in the Levant; but in the first quarter of this century monopolies were becoming out of keeping with the spirit of the times; and by an Act of Parliament passed in 1826 (6 Geo. IV. cap. 83) the Levant Company, which had long carried on a thriving business, was abolished. Mr. Burgon's house, which was an old established one and had excellent connexions in the Levant, maintained its ground for some time; but the competition which the abolition of the Company introduced into the trade, told more and more unfavourably upon it, and having struggled vainly for some fifteen years against losses, which towards the end of that time

"huddled on" its "back,
Enough to press a royal merchant down,
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms, and rough hearts of flint,"

⁵ Mrs. Thomas Burgon, therefore, was on her mother's side English, as on her father's Austrian. Mrs. Baldwin (*née* Jane Maltass) was her mother's younger sister. The mother, however, of Sarah Maltass (afterwards Madame de Cramer) and of Jane Maltass (afterwards Mrs. Baldwin) was one Margoton Ickhard (*or*, Icard). Of what nationality was this lady?

Dean Burgon is often said to have been of Greek extraction. But how? If Margoton Icard (his mother's maternal grandmother) were Greek, he would have had Greek blood in his veins. But probably the word Greek is used loosely to denote a Smyrniote. Mrs. Thomas Burgon was a Smyrniote, as having been born and bred at Smyrna, where her family resided.

at length collapsed in August 1841, and began to wind up its affairs, a calamity memorable principally for the effect it had upon the fortunes of the subject of this Biography, for, had it not occurred, he would never probably have felt at liberty to gratify what had long been the cherished wish of his heart, and to enter the Sacred Ministry of the Church. Mr. Thomas Burgon, though in the earlier part of his life distracted by the calls and cares of business, incidental to the position of the head of a great mercantile house, made himself, under the prompting of a natural instinct, one of the most eminent antiquarians of his time. So innate in him was the passion for research into the monuments of antiquity, that, as a child, he is said to have buried halfpence in his father's garden, and to please himself with digging them up again, and making believe that they were old coins discovered by excavation. As his son inherited from him this propensity for archæology, and in his early days contributed several articles to the '*Numismatic Journal*,' besides a paper to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' "On a cairn in the Isle of Skye⁶," it will not be out of

⁶ Here are two private memoranda of his own.

"My contributions to Akerman's '*Numismatic Journal*' were as follows:—

1. Review of Millingen's '*Sylloge of Ancient Unedited Coins of Greek Cities and Kings*' [Oct. 1837]. No. VI. Art. xiii. p. 81.

2. On the Current Coins of Great Britain, considered as works of Art [Nov. 1837]. No. VII. Art xvii. p. 121.

3. Review of the Marquis de L 's '*Description de quelques Médailles inédites de Massilia*,' etc.

[Apr. 1838]. No. VIII. Art. xxvii. p. 237.

4. Pistrucchi's Invention: A letter to the Editor [June 1838] *Num. Chron.* No. I. Art. vii. p. 53.

5. On the Amelioration of the Coinage, A.D. 1560 [May, 1839]. No. V. Art. IV. p. 12.

6. On a hoard of Pennies of Henry II. found in Bedfordshire [June 1839]. No. V. Art. XI. p. 54.

7. On a new Method of obtaining Representations of Coins [Jan. 1841]."

And again;

place here to re-produce the obituary notice of Mr. Thomas Burgon, which appeared in the '*Athenæum*' of Sept. 11, 1858:—

"In the death of Mr. Thomas Burgon the world of collectors and connoisseurs of ancient art has lately suffered an irreparable loss. He was long and honourably known for his experience and judgment on matters connected with antiquities and painted vases; but more especially in Greek and Roman metallurgy. His dictum respecting the genuineness of a work of Art belonging to these branches was almost infallible, and not a few instances could be brought to bear in which the judgment of foreign authorities deferred to his. To classic learning he had no pretension; and all his scholarly attainments appear to have been purely the result of his devotion to the relics of antiquity. In early life, Mr. Burgon was occupied in commerce, and his long residence at Smyrna as a Greek merchant afforded him peculiar opportunities of becoming practically acquainted with the various circumstances under which particular

"My contributions to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*' are as follows:—

1. A memoir of poor *Boddington*. See the Obituary of the" [Feb. 1838. New Series, vol. ix. p. 211. No signature*.]

"2. Strictures on the Review of Tytler's Book—Defence of Tytler's views." [July 1839. Vol. xii. New Series, p. 22. "A lover of Historic Truth."]

"3. A Memoir of Mrs. Baldwin. See the Obituary for" [Dec. 1839. New Series, vol. xii. p. 656. No signature.]

"4. A reply to Bolton Corney (refused).

5. A reply to Mr. John Bruce on the orthography of Shakspeare's name." [March 1840. Vol. xiii. p. 264. Signed, John William Burgon.]

"6. A review of Rose's New General Biographical Dictionary." [May 1840. Vol. xiii. p. 497. No signature.]

"7. A reply to Mr. Bruce's Reply to my former letter^b."

"8. On a cairn in the Isle of Sky^c."

"9. A letter on D. Turner's book of painted screens^d."

* The insertions in square brackets are not in the original memorandum, the hiatuses of which have been filled up by a reference to the '*Gentleman's Magazine*.'

^b [May 1840. Vol. xiii. p. 474. Signed, John William Burgon.]

^c Sky." [Jan. 1841. Vol. xv. p. 33. Signed, J. W. B.]

^d [Oct. 1841. Vol. xvi. p. 375. Signed, J. W. B.]

objects were to be found. In his vocation he was necessarily a traveller; but his own choice may, probably, have kept him so much among the Islands of the Archipelago. He was at one time as much an explorer as a collector, and his researches and excavations in the Island of Melos (*Milo*) have tended considerably to enrich the stores of the British Museum. At Athens, also, Mr. Burgon carried on extensive excavations, and discovered many fine vases, especially the celebrated Minerva one, containing burnt bones, with the inscription upon it, 'Τον Ἀθνεθεεν Ἀθλον εἰμι,' from which the accidental omission of a letter puzzled Brøndsted⁷ and all the learned world for a considerable time. His entire collection passed some fifteen years ago to the British Museum. Having so long had dealings with the Turks, Mr. Burgon well knew how to pursue and to obtain without suspicion objects of value that had been discovered. His taste and judgment on Greek coins were unparalleled; and at an early period of his career, the eminent connoisseur, Payne Knight, whose bronzes and coins now form so important a part of the British Museum, purchased from him a handful of Greek coins, not indeed for an enormous price, but for (at that time) a very large sum. Late in life Mr. Burgon found a quiet retreat in the Medal Room of the British Museum, where his wonderful memory and quick detection of forgeries were of especial value in regulating the numerous acquisitions made by that department, and

⁷ The Panathenaic Amphora in question was found by Mr. Burgon at Athens, near the old Acharnian Gate, in the year of his eldest son's birth (1813). The letter accidentally omitted by the copyist from the inscription on this Amphora is the third ε of the word Ἀθνεθεεν. As the word appears on the Amphora, it is Ἀθνεθεν. The Chevalier Brøndsted restored the missing letter in his Monograph on Panathenaic Vases published in 1832

[London, A. J. Valpy, M.A.],—a translation of which monograph into French was the earliest published work of the subject of the present Biography. The whole inscription, taken out of the archaic Greek spelling (which does not recognise long vowels) runs thus: Τον Ἀθηνηθεν ἄθλων εἰμί;—"I am [one] of the prizes from Athens." It is written from right to left, like Hebrew.

where his courtesy and readiness to convey information to visitors will ever be remembered with thankfulness. He died on the 28th of August, in Burton Crescent, aged seventy-one."

Before we part company with Mr. Thomas Burgon it may interest the reader to be presented with a short sketch of his character drawn by his son in a letter to his intimate friend Mr. Fellows; "He is very anti-poetical—never read a romance in his life—a high Tory and high Churchman—the creature of habit—fond of matter-of-fact reading and conversation—still fonder of chewing the cud of his own thoughts over his pipe—in a great measure self-taught—that is to say all his pursuits were struck out and followed alone—not *too* rich—and having the care of a great business. . . . Before quitting the subject however I must tell you that he *likes* and *esteems* you, and, being a most indulgent parent—indulgent to a fault—in no way opposes my fondness for you and yours, tho', in his dry way, he wonders at times what our correspondence can be all about."—If the son has rightly conceived the father's character, we must suppose that the strong element of poetry, sentiment, and romance, which was so marked an ingredient in his own mind, came to him from his mother.

Here is an extract from '*Music and Friends, or Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante*,' (a work by William Gardiner, of Leicester, [1838, Longmans]), which gives a somewhat lively picture both of Mr. and Mrs. Burgon. [Vol. I, pp. 422-3].

"Dr. Reid also introduced me to his near neighbours, Mr. and Mrs. Burgon of Brunswick Square. Mr. Burgon, our Consul⁸ at Smyrna, is respectably noticed by Clarke

⁸ It may be queried whether Mr. Burgon was ever *British Consul* at Smyrna. Undoubtedly he was a Turkey Merchant who had resided there.

in his Travels as a Collector of Grecian Antiquities. He employed not less than twenty men at Athens in constantly digging for curiosities, and the coins he has collected are considered rare and of great value. The impressions of some are as fresh as if just come from the mint. Mr. Taylor Combe, one of the Curators of the British Museum, spent the evening with us," [at the Burgons' house in Brunswick Square], "and I was much instructed by the knowledge he displayed upon all the Greek antiquities. He particularly admired a gold coin of Alexander, the helmet in such high relief that it projected with an inconvenient degree of sharpness.— He pronounced it superior to any one in the Museum, and said it was worth fifty times its weight in gold. But the most invaluable of Mr. Burgon's eastern treasures was his wife, a native of Greece⁹. Though not beautiful, her form and manners were singularly elegant. I could not but notice the peculiarity of the Grecian outline in the nose forming an almost straight line with the forehead, and the peculiar length of her neck. She spoke, with great facility, most of the European languages, and had a fine taste in music. I tendered my service in choosing her a grand pianoforte at Broadwood's. In going there, I complimented her upon her walking, when to my surprise she replied; 'I walk pretty well, consider I learn only *tree* year. In my own country I always was carried.' This lady realised in her person all the epithets which the poets of old have bestowed upon the female form and grace of the Circassian women."

Mr. Thomas Burgon was well known to, and on intimate terms with, many of the literary, artistic, and scientific men of his day. Rogers, the poet, as will appear a little later in this chapter, was one of them; C. R. Cockerell, the celebrated architect, another. In the year after John William Burgon's birth the family moved from

⁹ Mrs. Burgon's nationality has been discussed in a previous note. [See above, p. 9, note 5.] By "a native of Greece" is meant a Smyrniote.

Smyrna to England, stopping at Athens in their way. Here they accidentally encountered Mr. Cockerell; and the father showed his friend with some pride the eldest son, who had been born to him at Smyrna rather more than seven months ago. Then followed a freak of Mr. Cockerell's, which borrowed part of its point from the circumstance of Mr. Thomas Burgon's having in the preceding year discovered at Athens the Panathenaic Vase above referred to, and gained a name in consequence among the *savants* and virtuosos of the day. "He carried me up to the Parthenon on his shoulders" (says a memorandum of the late Dean Burgon's), "and dedicated me to Minerva at Athens on Sunday 3rd of April, 1814." And the perpetrator of the freak attests the fact, and gives it a happy turn in the following letter:—

"20 July, 1842.

"My dear John,—I can indite nothing more interesting to you or to me on this page than the reminder that about the year 1813" [the exact date, however, is that given in the memorandum,—Sunday April 3, 1814] "I dedicated you to the Athenian goddess of Wisdom, carrying you up to the Acropolis in my arms" (it doubtless was so; the child would be too young to sit on a man's "shoulders," though it may have been raised to that position for a moment in the act of dedication), "which I should be very sorry to do now, and in company with your father and mother.

"You have shown me that my labour was not in vain; for from Athenian you have now devoted yourself to Divine Wisdom, and I doubt not will do credit to us all

—"Affectionately yours,

"C. R. COCKERELL."

Here is an earlier letter to him from Mr. Cockerell, advertng to the dedication at the Parthenon, written in reference to his article in Akerman's '*Numismatic Journal*,' "On the Current Coins of Great Britain, considered as Works of Art" (Nov. 1837).

"My dear Burgon,—When I had the pleasure of thanking you for your essay on our coinage, I was really not qualified (by the hasty view of it) to endure any cross-questioning on the subject. Since then I have read it more carefully, and with very great pleasure, as well as instruction.

"I think the criticism most apt and valuable, and hope you will circulate it. The ideas thrown out are ingenious, and often beautiful, and very creditable to you. The justice done to Pistrucci is also a worthy act, though I think Pistrucci *over-rated*, and differ with you on the St. George and Dragon as a composition, and will satisfy you of its absurdity any day you please, or I will eat one.—Then I think the lively, good humoured, and smart manner (without flippancy) in which you have written the article is entirely Platonic (?)¹, and a style never to be lost sight of on all subjects, because it is *Athenian*, giving 'to science a milder air, and making art but nature.'

"Go on and prosper; be assured that these elegant tastes will make you more really prized and more really happy, than if you were to be Lord Mayor, monopolizer of the Turkey Trade, cloathed outside with fine linen and inside with turtle, in short, than if you were a Bashaw of four Tails.—I feel to have dedicated you to the Athenian Goddess to some purpose, and trust you will remain a faithful devotee.

"Ever yours,

"C. R. COCKERELL."

¹ The writer has doubts whether the word used by Mr. Cockerell is

"Platonic," his handwriting being here and there difficult to read.

THE EARLY LIFE.

It should perhaps be said, as even great reputations do not in these days of rapid movement long survive, that Mr. Cockerell was very eminent as an architect, and also as a man of general cultivation, and had spent many of his early years in the study of ancient architectural remains in Greece, Rome, Sicily, and Asia Minor, from which circumstance he imbibed a predilection for the classical style of architecture. He was architect of the Bank of England. Like most of Burgon's early friends, he was considerably older than Burgon himself,—a full quarter of a century.

It is a curious circumstance, the memory of which still survives in the Burgon family, in connexion with John William's inborn propensity to the use both of the pen and the pencil, that, before he was two years old, and when he could only speak a few words of modern Greek, which he had picked up from his mother and his nurse, he would imitate the action of writing with his little hand on the table, saying, *γράφω, γράφω!* (*Grapho, Grapho*; "I write," "I write.") His parents often mentioned with amusement this incident of his earliest years; and added that "Johnny was never happy, unless he had a pencil in his hand."

Having received instruction from his mother during the first eleven years of his life, young Burgon was sent to a school at Putney, kept by Mr. Watts, October 2, A. D. 1824. 1824. He had already acquired the rudiments of drawing at home, under the private tuition of Mr. Woodley; and it is characteristic of him both that one of his early sketches (he had made attempts at drawing ancient vases when he was only five years old) should be a drawing of his first school, and also that his first letter from school to his mother is to ask her acceptance ("as I know that you are fond of poems") of a book of poems "by Mr. Alaric Watts, who is Mr. Watts's brother." Æt. 11.

In connexion with his school life at Putney his surviving sister writes :—

“From a very early age my brother was a most religiously disposed boy. I have heard my mother say that at his first school (Mr. Watts’s, at Putney) it was his custom, besides showing kindness to and supporting any little boys in trouble, to protect a French boy, who was a Roman Catholic, while saying his prayers. J. W. B. used to keep guard at the door of their bedroom, and give notice of the approach of his tormentors... From infancy he was, I should say, wonderfully pure, thoughtful, liberal, and loving to the poor. I have heard my mother say that, when quite a little boy, he would occupy himself of an evening in making little articles of worsted work for a poor woman (who sat with her basket near our house in Brunswick Square) to sell. He would take the articles to her *himself*, and on his return would describe to our mother her thankfulness, and say ‘she had *blessed* him.’ This he dwelt upon, and seemed to appreciate. These visits to the poor woman afforded him the liveliest pleasure.”

A. D. 1828.

Rt. 15.

In the summer of 1828, when he had not been quite four years at Putney, where latterly **he does not** appear to have been **happy**, **he was** removed to a school at Blackheath, and placed under the charge of Mr. Greenlaw. Several of his letters to his parents from both schools have been preserved. While their topics are the ordinary topics of schoolboys’ letters, they show every now and then, as might be anticipated, an intelligence and an interest in certain branches of knowledge (not in the regular school-work) above the average; and they derive a certain importance, in connexion with his life and character, from the following memorandum made by him respecting them when he came of age, which, even if it shows perhaps a little sense of self-importance, shows also a power of introspection not very common at the age of twenty-one.

“*Memorandum.* To-day, by mere chance, I stumbled on this bundle of letters, written for the most part by myself from school at an early period,—and I lay them aside, thinking that at some future day they may be interesting.

“From a hasty glance over their contents, I perceive that I was 10 years ago much the same creature that I am now. I notice the same love of books and of study, the same hatred of school and contempt for the society of my equals in age, which since I was 11, and first went to school, I have never been able to shake off,” (he always, in his earlier days, lived with men older than himself), “the same love of quiet, and consequent love of home, the same ill-health, which is after all at the root of half the evils of life; in fact I perceive that, save in a general *manliness*, which at 21 everyone must more or less acquire, the 10 years in question have produced very little alteration in the *materials* of my moral organisation.

“Good-night to you.—Sunday Night, 1 o’clk.

“June 8th, 1834.

“JOHN W. BURGON.”

A few short extracts from these schoolboy letters are here subjoined, showing the affectionateness and domesticity of his character, and his interest (even at that early age) in antiquities, and in the vindication of the truth of the Holy Scriptures.

Aug. 22, 1828 [*Atat.* 15]. (Returning, with his younger brother Thomas, to school at Blackheath.) To his Mother.

“I am sure the reason why the boys do not mind so much leaving home is, because they do not feel the same happiness in their circle at home, which proceeds from that mutual affection which we always have, and I am sure we ever will enjoy.”

Blackheath, Oct. 27, 1828 [*Atat.* 15]. To his Father.

“I heard from Greenlaw” (the master of his school) “that a *mummy* lately arrived from Egypt has been discovered to have been the high priest of Pharaoh, by

means of the hieroglyphics, in which great improvements are making. This event is perhaps as excellent a proof of the truth of Scripture History as can be produced for the conviction of the incredulous, and I dare say it will make many a fellow, who is fond of being thought remarkable in his notions, &c., appear a most egregious ass."—In this last observation there is surely an augury of much that was to come after.

His account of his Confirmation (by Bishop Murray of Rochester) will be read with interest. It shows his seriousness in attending the Ordinance, though not the sensibility which was so marked a feature of his character.

A. D. 1829,
Æt. 16.

Blackheath, May 26, 1829. To his Father.

"I thought it a very solemn ceremony; but my companions seem to think very little about it. One thing though I thought very absurd; several of the women and girls were in tears!! Now Mr. G. has been kind enough to explain to us all, so often, and so fully, the whole meaning and purpose of Confirmation, that I was very far from anything like this; and indeed, to tell you the truth, this circumstance provoked my laughter in spite of myself. I see nothing further to be implied, than that you own that you are old enough to perceive the necessity of doing your duty, and the propriety of what has been promised in your name, when an infant, and that in confessing your belief in Christ, you undertake to do your best to do what is right. Three sermons I have heard, and two I have read on the subject, and this is what I extract from them. The bishop seemed young. He was attended by a great many clergymen. I enclose a little sketch of him from memory. Which I think is rather like²."

² It surprises us to find in his Journal of the year 1834—the year in which he came of age—this entry: "March 28, Good Friday . . . Took the Sacrament for the second time in my life." The date of his first Communion does not seem to

be recorded; but it appears strange that in the five years which had elapsed since the Confirmation of one so religiously minded from boyhood, he should have only communicated twice; more especially as his attendance at Church on

It is very many years since the writer saw Bishop



Bishop of Rochester. -

May. 26. 1829.

Murray; but "the little sketch" (in pencil,—the slightest thing in the world—done with wonderfully few strokes) seems to summon back the stately and dignified presence of the Bishop with his wig. Beneath it is written by the draughtsman, "Bishop of Rochester, May 26, 1829."

It may be mentioned here that in later life Burgon, who, as has been said, received instruction in drawing

Sundays (frequently twice, and not unfrequently thrice) is carefully noted, and observations are usually made on the preachers he hears. It must be remembered however that it is quite of late years that the desirableness of frequent Communion has been recognised in our Church, and admonitions to it and opportunities for it given, and that in the earlier part of the century the notion of something terrible and repelling in connexion with the great Ordinance ("as if a different God entered the Church after the sermon," as an eminent divine of those days well and pointedly said) prevailed very

widely, and kept a persistent hold even upon the minds of those who were quite bent on doing their duty, and were very attentive to other religious observances. Mistaken as this notion undoubtedly was, it yet furnished a security against irreverence and the dispensing with previous preparation, and it may be gravely questioned whether, since this security has been swept away, good Christians have not been somewhat the losers in edification. Constant Communion implies a life of constant watchfulness and prayer, and only in association with those conditions can a blessing be expected upon it.

before he went to school, from Mr. Woodley, had a few lessons from Dibdin in landscape-painting; in which he attained great proficiency, as may be seen from the beautiful water-colour drawings which he made in the course of his tour to Egypt and Palestine.

His desire to take Holy Orders dated from his earliest youth, and it was only in deference to his father's strong wish, and out of his own sense of the duty of filial obedience, that he went into the counting-house after his removal from school. "He disliked it more than I can tell" (writes his surviving sister), "and found relief only in the pursuit of Poetry and Art during his leisure moments, when he returned from the city."

A. D. 1830.
Aet. 17.

And thus we are brought to the year (1830) succeeding his Confirmation, when he commenced a book of extracts from his reading with the following memorandum, which shows his thoughtfulness at that early age, and his serious determination to improve his mind:—

"I have now attained my 17th year; and although in the course of the last 10 years I have perused several works, the contents of many, and the titles of a still greater number, have escaped my recollection. This may have been partly owing to my youth; but must, I think, be principally attributed to my never having preserved extracts from them, or committed to paper my opinion of their contents: such a custom would have induced me to read with greater care, and by leading me to reflect on what I had read, might have materially assisted me in forming my judgment and taste.—Although I have suffered so many years to elapse without doing this, I do not intend any longer to do so; but as I read, shall note in this book everything that may appear interesting or worthy of observation.

"For my note book.

"(Signed)

J. W. BURGON.

"Aug. 27, 1830."

It should be added that, by way of completing his education, he attended lectures at the London University, where he gained a prize for the best Essay in the Junior Class, at the conclusion of the Session of 1829-30.

And now it will be well, before going further, to take a general view of his occupations and surroundings during the eleven years which were to elapse between 1830 and 1841. He was taken into his father's counting-house, in the expectation that he would one day succeed to the headship of it. The work, always most distasteful to him, occupied most of his mornings, and often detained him, especially on "Turkey Post days," till a late hour in the evening. But so extraordinary was his mental energy, that he not only (as will be seen further on) composed his '*Life and Times of Gresham*,' and many other literary pieces, both in prose and poetry, of a more fugitive and less substantial character, but found time, chiefly by sitting up to a very late hour, to become versed in several departments of Art and Archæology, in the knowledge of rare and old books, of pictures and engravings, and in the study and criticism of Shakspeare. And we are to think of him as moving, from his school-days onward, in the society of men of high cultivation, and literary or artistic eminence, who were frequent guests at his father's house. This fell in with his intellectual leaning, which was towards research and literature in all its forms, and also with his moral temperament, which was of an aspiring character,—a leaning and a temperament recognised by himself in the memorandum which he made on coming of age, and which has been given above: "I notice the same love of books and of study, the same contempt for the society of my equals in age, which since I first went to school I have never been able to shake off." (See above, p. 19.)