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a very important district, and its population at the recent census was 1,084,844.

Within the present area of the diocese of Liverpool there were ten churches in 1292 (Taxation of *Pope Nicholas*). In 1541, when Chester became a separate diocese, there were twenty-eight. In 1650, when an inquisition was held at Wigan, thirty-seven. In 1722, when Bishop Gastrell compiled his "Notitia," thirty-eight. In 1803, according to the list referred to, fifty. In 1850, when the late Canon Raines wrote, 122. In 1880, under the new bishop, 215.

d. Conclusion.

My last words are naturally retro-spective, and yet they are pro-spective. It is permitted to us—for the law must sanction the Act—to found three new Sees yet, and these are as follow:—

(xxxii.) NEWCASTLE.—For this, the whole of the endowment has been raised, and the Rev. Canon Ernest R. Wilberforce has been nominated as Bishop.

(xxxiii.) SOUTHWELL.—An interesting diocese will be attached to this See when it is founded, consisting of the two counties of Nottingham and Derby; and there is a magnificent church ready as the cathedral.

(xxxiv.) WAKEFIELD.—This will probably be completed last of the three, as it has to encounter difficulties which were not known, or less known, at some of the other places.

It thus appears that from 180 to 1880, or in 1,700 years, there have been thirty dioceses founded on the large scale; one brought in with new population; and three others sketched out. This is not much for a rich and Protestant country like England, but it is something; and it is desirable and proper that the facts should be extensively known.

A. HUME.

Reviews.

Memories of Old Friends. Extracts from the Journals and Letters of CAROLINE FOX, from 1835 to 1871. Edited by HORACE N. PYM. Pp. 350. Smith, Elder & Co. 1882.

CAROLINE FOX, of Penjerrick, Cornwall, we read, "was one of the three children of distinguished parents—distinguished not only by their fine old Quaker lineage, but by the many beautiful qualities which belong to large hearts and minds." She was born in the year 1819. Her father, Robert Were Fox, was not less conspicuous from his public spirit and philanthropy than from his scientific acumen, his geniality, and the simplicity of his life. Her only brother, Robert Barclay Fox, married Jane Gurney, daughter of Jonathan Backhouse, of Darlington. In the year 1840 commenced her friendship with the Mills and the

Sterlings, much interesting record of which will be found in her Diaries. She was also well acquainted with the Carlyles and F. D. Maurice. She passed through much conflict. The editor of these Letters and Journals writes thus of her spiritual life:—"It seemed to those who knew her best that the intense reality of her faith gave a joyousness to her bright days, and sustained her through dark and perplexed times. Her quiet trust conquered all the doubts and conflicts which hung over her early years; and her submission to a Higher Will became even more and more confident and satisfying—nay, one may dare to say, more triumphant." In a paper found in her desk after her death, but which was written when she was but one-and-twenty years of age, she says that she fully believed in Christ as a Mediator and Exemplar, but could not bring her reason to accept Him as a Saviour and Redeemer. "What kept me (in the year 1840) from being a Unitarian was that I retained a perfect conviction that though I could not see the truth of the doctrine, it was nevertheless true, and that if I continued earnestly and sincerely to struggle after it, by prayer, reading, and meditation, I should one day be permitted to know it for myself." Acting in accordance, as it seems, with the Saviour's comfortable words (John vii. 17) "If any man will (is minded, *willeth*, to) do His will, he shall know, . . ." she strove "to live a more Christian life," looking for brighter days, "not forgetting the blessings that are granted to prayer." Her sympathies with the poor and sick were active, and, no doubt, helpful. From comments on the roth of Hebrews she learned much as to the atoning Sacrifice; and after a time, through grace, she was able to say, "I *will* believe in the Redeemer and look for His support in my contest with unbelief." With earnestness and faith she was able to make the petition, "Lord, increase my faith," and also to recognize the workings of the Holy Spirit in her heart. There were seasons of conflict apparently, in the course of her Christian life, and her insight into the great truths of the Atonement may have remained imperfect; but there was quietness, patient waiting, deep thankfulness, and a consistent desire that Jesus, her God and Saviour, might in and by her be glorified. In the year 1863 a journey to Spain was undertaken with her father, who had been chosen as one of the Deputies to plead for the freedom of Matamoros, and warnings of physical weakness followed. She became subject to chronic bronchitis. At the New Year, 1871, she took cold while going round to the cottages with gifts, and after a short illness entered into rest.

"Caroline Fox was unusually rich in friendships," says Mr. Pym, the editor of her writings, "and she had the power of graphically sketching scenes and conversations." Her criticisms are often bright, sharp and humorous, but they are never bitter or uncharitable; her "culture" was worthy of a Christian home,

where,
Supporting and supported, polished friends
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

Open these pages where one may we find a quotable remark or anecdote. A few quotations may well be given.

On page 22 we find Sir Charles Lemon recording that Professor Airy was so shy that he never looked a person in the face. A friend remarked to him, "Have you ever observed Miss ——'s eyes? They have the principle of double refraction." "Dear me, that is very odd," said the philosopher. "I should like to see that; do you think I might call?" He did so, and at the end of the visit begged permission to call again to see her eyes in a better light. He, however, found it a problem which would take a lifetime to study, and he married her.

On page 46 we read:—

1839. Nov. 5. A pleasant visit to Carclew. E. Lemon told us much of the Wolfis: he is now Doctor, and has a parish near Huddersfield. She was Lady Georgina's bridesmaid, and the wedding was an odd affair indeed. It was to her that Lady Georgina made the remark after first seeing her future husband, "We had a very pleasant party at Lady Olivia Sparrow's, where I met the most agreeable, interesting, enthusiastic, ugly man I ever saw!" She is a clever, intellectual woman, but as enthusiastic, wandering, and desultory in her habits as himself.

A story is told of Chantrey (p. 226) that, after sustaining a learned conversation with Lord Melbourne to its extremest limits, the wary sculptor, to hide his embarrassment, said, "Would your lordship kindly turn your head on the other side and shut your mouth."

On page 230 (year 1848) we read:—

Read Carlyle's article on the Repeal of the Union. Terrible fear and grim earnest, such as a United or other Irishman would writhe under; it gives them such an intense glimpse of their smallness, their rascality, and their simple power of botheration.

Barclay dined at the Buxtons, and met M. Guizot and his daughter, Arthur Stanley, and others. Guizot expects sharper work in France. . . . R. Buxton writes of a charming coterie she has been in at Lowestoft—Guizot, the Bishop of Oxford, and Baron Aldersøn.

In 1849, Miss Fox writes:—

A large dinner party at Abel Smith's. C. Buxton spoke of a day's shooting in Norfolk with Sir Robert Peel, when he was by far the best shot of the party. He talked incessantly of farming, and with a knowledge far deeper than they had met with before; in fact, he was the whole man in everything, and yet so cold and unapproachable that they felt quite frightened at him.

Dined at Carclew, and met Henry Hallam. The historian is a fine-looking white-haired man of between sixty and seventy. Something in the line of features remind one of Cuvier and Goethe, all is so clear and definite. He talks much, but with no pedantry. . . . He thinks the English infatuated about German critics.

Heard of a poor woman in Windsor Forest who was asked if she did not feel lonely in that exceeding isolation. "Oh, no! for Faith closes the door at night, and Mercy opens it in the morning."

In June, 1851, Miss Fox writes:—"Attended a Ragged School meeting; Lord Kinnaird in the chair, instead of Lord Ashley (who has become Lord Shaftesbury by his father's death). Dr. Cumming made an admirable speech."

In 1853, May 4, she writes:—"To the Bible Meeting. Dr. Cumming was most felicitous in language and illustration; Hugh McNeil very brilliant and amusing on Tradition *versus* Scripture; then an American Bishop and his friend spoke as a deputation."

Notes and Jottings from Animal Life. By the late FRANK BUCKLAND, M.A. With illustrations. pp. 410. Smith, Elder & Co. 1882.

THE late Mr. Buckland was a most enjoyable writer; and to many who knew or cared very little about Natural History his chatty and pictorial descriptions of animal life were always agreeable. The volume before us consists of some thirty papers which had been selected and arranged by himself, shortly before his death, with a view to their early publication. The substance of the papers had appeared in *Land and Water*. "Mr. Pongo, the Gorilla," "My Otter, Tommy," "My Suricate Jemmy the Third, Joe, the Tame Hare, and my Jackass," "Polar Bear

Cubs," "Lord Bute's Beavers," "London Birdcatchers," are the titles of some of the chapters. It is well stated in a prefatory note that these Articles "will recall to many the vivid and original power of observation and illustration, and the earnest love of Nature, with which their author was gifted." For ourselves, we had a great admiration for Mr. Buckland; his strong common-sense was as conspicuous as his skill in observing and describing; in not a few respects, indeed, he stood alone.

In reviewing such "Notes and Jottings from Animal Life" the temptation to make quotations is almost irresistible. But our space is limited; and besides, our desire is to whet our readers' appetite, and send them to the book. From the many passages which we had in view, therefore, we will select only two or three.

In the paper on Pongo, a gorilla, who arrived in the year 1877, Mr. Buckland makes several observations on the Darwinian theory. He says:—

I am afraid the disciples of Darwin will be greatly discomfited by the advent of this gorilla. If the reader will kindly put his or her hand to the ear, he or she will find a very slight little hard knob on the external edge of the fold of each ear, about a quarter of an inch from its highest point. The presence of this knob, according to Darwin, indicates "the descent" of you and me, my friends, "from a hairy quadruped, furnished with a tail and pointed ears, probably arboreal in its habits, and an inhabitant of the Old World." I was especially careful to examine the gorilla's ear, and I discovered that he *does not wear a knob on his ear*.

Pongo is but three and a half years old, and therefore quite a baby. I was most interested to see how his infantine instinct is more in accord with the human infantile rather than with the adult mind. He is respectful, grave, and towards adult ladies and gentlemen somewhat distant. A little boy and girl came in to see him while I was present. After a while they both began to play with Pongo. Gradually they fraternized, and began to play together after the manner of little children. Not being a child, I cannot enter into their funny sayings and doings about nothing at all. So these three, the little boy and girl and the gorilla played together after their own childish fashion for nearly half-an-hour, and I made the children experiment on him with ornaments, handkerchiefs, &c.; but no—the ape's brain could not understand the human. Pongo put everything in his mouth, and tried to bite it up.

When the two humans and the gorilla were sitting at play on the floor I could not help seeing the amazing difference between the countenances of the gorilla and the children; the one decidedly and purely monkey, the others decidedly human. I could not in fact help seeing what a vast line the Creator had drawn between a man and a monkey.

Moreover, the human lips are made for speaking; not so the gorilla's. They are the lips of a beast. Humans have hair on their heads; Pongo's hair is not hair in our sense of the word, but simply a kind of fur continuous with the other covering of the body.

Finally, Pongo's structure and manners confirm my conviction that Darwin's theory is here at fault, and that we are *not* descended from monkeys. In actual structure we resemble them somewhat, just as a watch that will wind up, as sold in the streets for a penny, resembles the finest chronometer ever tested at Greenwich by the Astronomer Royal. No, human beings are not monkeys.

Why not rest satisfied with the origin of our race thus revealed to us by the great Creator Himself? "So God created man in His own image, in the image of God created He him; male and female, created He them." For centuries past this has been, and for centuries to come it will be, the standpoint of human intellect and faith.

Having lived with monkeys in my sitting-room for so many years, one thing I have learnt for certain is that monkeys will not intelligently imitate the actions of men; their sense of hearing, smelling and sight, far surpasses that of ordinary civilized human beings, but their brain is not sufficiently developed to imitate intelligently. For instance, a monkey will sit before a

fire till it goes out, but the monkey will never put a bit of wood or coal on the fire to keep it alight. I have tried this over and over again with my monkey the Old Hag, who was my constant companion at the fireside for so many years. I have placed a stick in her hand and guided her hand towards the fire, but her brain could not see the connection between the burning stick and the warmth produced therefrom. Now, I believe that a half-grown baby would put a stick on a fire that was fast burning away, and for the simple reason that the human brain would enable it to appreciate the connection between the lighted stick and the heat.

Mr. Buckland's suricate (*Suricata Zenick*) was a very pretty little beast, somewhat like a small mongoose or very large rat. An African animal, living in burrows on the plains, sometimes called the "prairie dog," the suricate has teeth half carnivorous, half insectivorous. "Jemmy the Third" followed two other Jemmys.

Mr. Buckland's "Jackass" was an Australian kingfisher—the giant kingfisher (*Dacelo gigas*), called by the natives "Gogera" or "Gogobera," probably from its note resembling the sound of the word.

The chapter on Polar Bear Cubs is excellent.

The chapter about Lord Bute's beavers is entertaining and instructive. In the year 1872 the Marquis wrote to Mr. Buckland that he was anxious to obtain some beavers to turn out in the Isle of Bute. After two years' inquiry, one pair from France and one pair from America, were procured; but unfortunately they did not live long. The usual price for beavers, it seems, is between seventy and eighty pounds a pair. In the year 1875, through the famed Mr. Jamrach, eight more beavers were obtained, originally captured in North America. "In September, 1877," writes Mr. Buckland, "I was fortunate enough to have the opportunity of examining Lord Bute's beavers in the beautiful home he had prepared for them. H.M.S. *Jackal* in her cruise anchored at Rothesay, and the morning after our arrival, Captain Digby, the officers of the *Jackal*, my colleagues and myself, chartered a carriage to pay a visit to the beavers:"—

At some little distance from Mount Stewart House there is a lonely pine-wood. Through part of this wood runs a natural stream. In the centre of the wood a stone wall has been built in such a manner as to keep the beavers perfectly quiet and undisturbed. As far as could be ascertained by the curator of the beavery, there were twelve beavers. There were certainly one or more young ones in the big house which these most intelligent animals had erected. These when born are about as large as rats; and from their size and other observations the curator thinks that beavers have two litters of cubs in the year.

On entering the enclosure one might easily imagine that a gang of regular woodcutters had been at work felling the trees all around them. Woodcutters had indeed been at work very busily, but they were not biped labouring men working with sharp axes, but fur-clad quadrupeds, armed by Nature with exceedingly sharp, powerful teeth.

The original stream, which flows gently down a small incline, is now divided out into one larger and two smaller ponds by means of dams or weirs, which the beavers have built directly across the run of the water.

It is difficult, if not impossible, to see these wonderful dam-makers at work, as they generally, I hear, are out at work at night, and are very shy beasts. From the structure they have made, it is evident that they work with a design, I may even say with a definite plan. The trees have been cut down in such a manner that they shall fall into the position in which the beaver thinks they would be of the greatest service to the general structure, generally right across the stream. The cunning fellows seem to have found out that the lowest dam across the river would receive the greatest pressure of water upon it. This dam, therefore, is made by far the strongest. They seem to have packed, repaired, and continually attended to the tender places which the stream might

make in their engineering work. A fact still more curious—the custodian of the beavers pointed out to us a portion of the work where the dam was strutted up and supported by the branches of trees extending from the bed of the stream below to the side of the dam—forming, in fact, as good supports to the general structure as any engineer could have desired.

The beavers' hut, made by themselves, looks like a heap of sticks or waste firewood, and presents nothing to attract much attention. Of course I could not disturb it, but it appeared to be composed of tree boughs and barked sticks. In *Land and Water*, March 28, 1868, a drawing is given of the "beavers' home," as seen by a correspondent who had an opportunity of taking a beavers' house to pieces; here is his report:—"The beavers' home looks like a huge bird's-nest turned upside down, and is generally located in the grassy coves of lakes, by the edge of still-water rivers or artificial ponds, and less frequently by a river side, where a band or jutting rocks afford a deep eddying pool near the bank. The house rests on the bank, but always overlaps the water in which the front part is immersed, and as a general rule the bottom of the stream or lake is deepened in the channel approaching the entrance by dredging, thereby assuring a free passage below the ice."

Beavers were at one time common enough in North Wales. Giraldus Cambrensis, who wrote in 1188, says that they were found in considerable numbers near one of the Cardiganshire rivers. No record of the existence of beavers in the Emerald Isle has been found in the Irish annals. Dante mentions the beaver as existing in the Danube (Canto xvii. of "Inferno")—

Lo bevero s'assetta a far sua guerra ;

but the poet was evidently at a loss to know what the beaver was waging war against. The beaver is not a fish-eater; he is a typical rodent or gnawing animal. The Italian name is now *castoreo*.

We should add that this attractive volume is beautifully printed,

Short Notices.

Sport in the Crimea and Caucasus. By CLIVE PHILLIPPS-WOLLEY, F.R.G.S., late British Vice-Consul at Kertch. R. Bentley & Sons.

This is a readable book, and full of interesting information. The narratives of the author's sporting adventures are ably written and attractive; his remarks on the condition of the people in the portions of the great Russian Empire which he describes are well worthy of attention. "I believe that the whole of the misery of Russia," he says, "her political discontent, her Nihilism . . . are due, not to the autocratic form of government under which she exists . . . but to the utter want of religious training among all classes, and to that widespread corruption in the official world from which all who come in contact with it suffer continually." "In spite of the gorgeous apparel of their priests, and the splendour of their ceremonies, few educated Russians believe in anything; though the peasant is as truly religious as any peasant in the world." Less compulsory military service, greater encouragement given to agriculture, and more religious training, these are the chief needs of the Russian Empire. The peasants are thoroughly loyal to the Czar; but the injustices of petty provincial officials and the rottenness of officialism generally foster discontent.

In the chapter headed "The Black Sea Coast," occurs an allusion to hotel accommodation:—

One of a long corridor in the stable-yard, with only too ample ventilation, my room stands a whitened sepulchre, with an iron bedstead, a wooden table, a mattress, short and dirty cushion, no washing utensils of any kind, no bed-