

Henson Journal Volume 74

20 Dec. 1938 – 31 March 1939

N.B. Persons marked with an asterisk are included – or will be included – in the Henson website repository.

The asterisk appears beside their first citation in each volume uploaded as a PDF.

<!201238>

[1]

Tuesday, December 20th, 1938.

The English Correspondent of that rather unpleasant American (Protestant Episcopal) paper "The Chronicle" thus refers in his "special letter" on the Church of England (December 1938) to my impending resignation. It probably expresses the point of view of the "Church Assembly", assisted by some phrases from private letters of my own:

"We are also soon to lose by resignation one of the most brilliant of our bishops, D^r Hensley Henson, of Durham, who will retire in February next. He is by far the most capable speaker on the bench of bishops, and has always been as outspoken as occasions seemed to him to require. **For many years his outlook was perhaps affected by the opposition to his consecration to the see of Hereford.** He has not been afraid to modify his opinions, even after strenuously maintaining them for many years. Possibly no man, with the exception of M^r Winston Churchill,* **has had so little persuasive success:** he too often delights rather [2] than convinces by his oratory. Personally the kindest of men, his verbal arrows are generally very sharp, but he has won great affection in his diocese where he is both honoured and trusted. **Being now half way through the dolorous decade which the Psalmist so tersely described as labour and sorrow,** D^r Henson feels that the government of a large and in some ways afflicted diocese needs a younger man. He will retire in the knowledge that he has worthily adorned a diocese whose bishops include some of the greatest scholars of their time. Perhaps his pen will not be idle in his days of leisure".

The wintry weather expressed itself in a heavy snowfall. Martin and I motored to Heworth, where I collated Neal to the Vicarage of S. Mary's in succession to Richardson. In spite of the cold there was a considerable congregation. On our outward journey, the car skidded violently & I thought that my problems had been quickly solved!

<!211238>

[3]

Wednesday, December 21st, 1938.

[symbol]

A curious and rather pathetic function was performed in the State Room during the afternoon. **A deputation of fifteen Jews**, headed by M^r Toparoff of Sunderland came to present me with a framed copy of the page of the "Golden Book" in Jerusalem, which records the names of Israel's friends and benefactors. M^r Taparoff made an eloquent & grotesquely flattering oration, to which I made reply in a speech, which I had taken care to write. We then had tea in the State room, after which they were shown various objects of interest in the Castle. Then the deputation retired, and I made ready for my next job.

Martin and I motored through falling snow to Sunderland, where I instituted the new Vicar of S. Gabriel's (Blackburn). There was a considerable congregation, and a fair attendance of the local clergy, headed by Stannard,* the Rural Dean, who, by virtue of his position as Rector of the Mother Church of Bishopwearmouth, is patron of S. Gabriel's. I was pleased with the service.

<!221238>

[4]

Thursday, December 22nd, 1938.

The newspapers report with some fulness the proceedings in the State room yesterday, for the Jews had asked permission to bring a reporter with them, and he had not failed in his duty. I was not sorry, as I really wished to get into circulation the notion that the Government should accept large financial responsibility for colonizing the refugees from the continent in the Empire.

The Times and the Daily Telegraph had no report at all, but both the Yorkshire Post and the Manchester Guardian gave fair reports, & the Daily Herald was naturally pleased with my quoting its leading article.

I went to the Bank, & instructed the Manager to sell my £500 certificate. I was told that it had already deteriorated in common with all sorts of investments. **Everything seems to point to the imminence of War**, and what that will mean, we hardly dare guess. [Nevill] Chamberlain's* to Rome may decide the issue of War and Peace. I wish I could feel more trust in his wisdom & courage.

[5]

December 22nd, 1938.

Dear Sir,

You ought to have the following securities of mine:

£4000 converted war stock at 3½ p.c.

£2000 consols @ 2½ p.c. purchased in March 1936.

£1000 new loan purchased in May 1937.

The dividends on these investments have been credited to my account as they accrued.

I shall be glad to know that you find this statement correct.

Believe me

Yours v. faithfully

H. D.

The Manager

Mess^{rs} Barclay's Bank

Bishop Auckland

[6]

[symbol]

The [Katharine] Duchess of Athol* has been defeated, and the Government will be confirmed in its belief that the country is with it. And I think it probable that a large proportion of the female vote is so obsessed with dread of War that it will accept the official description of the Prime Minister as the sole champion of Peace. The informed political judgement of the nation is, I think, averse from a Foreign policy which under the profession of "Appeasement" surrenders honour & interest to the threats of the Dictators. If the Italians, backed by Hitler, confront Chamberlain with an ultimatum on the subject of Tunis, I do not see how war can be averted. Hungary is reported to have joined the Axis. This is graver from what it represents rather than from it directly means. The terror of Germany is having its effect on the smaller states, by which she is boarded. They sink into the position of satellites, & they increasingly model their domestic system on hers. Anti-Semitism is a spreading evil, & the refugees multiply daily.

<!231238>

[7]

Friday, December 23rd, 1938.

The thaw continues – slush and rain, horrible.

I despatched to Durham my Christmas presents viz.

To the Dean I gave the 3 little volumes of John Hales of Eton

To Lillingston, the 3 little volumes of Brougham's "Statesman"

To the Bishop-designate of Jarrow, I gave the facsimile volume of the Caroline Prayer book

To Canon Mayne, Lamennais' Letters from Rome

To Oliver Quick 40 volumes of Fathers viz.

15 vols of S. Crysostom

13 " " S. Augustine

14 " " S. Ambrose

6 " " Venerable Bede

1 " " Tertullian

1 " " Ammianus Marcellinus

Also to the Principle of S. Chad's, I sent Heylyn's Life of Archbishop Land.

I wrote some letters: received more Christmas cards, acknowledged some cheque for my Boots Fund, and made a start on my sermon for South Church on Christmas Day.

[8]

I received from the Prime Minister's Secretary information that the King had approved the appointment of Archdeacon Owen* as Bishop suffragan of Jarrow.

Also, I received from M^r Lucas a letter accepting nomination as Archdeacon of Durham. And suggesting January 15th as the date for his institution.

Tony Chute sends me an affectionate letter, and that rather weak vessel Mr Dermid reminds me that he was ordained 18 years ago by me.

“You once write to the men you had ordained, and mentioned the great link which exists between a Bishop and his Ordinands. To me, as I hope to your Lordship, that tie was, I think, never so strongly felt as at this time, as I look back over the years that have passed to those hours, the night before & the morning of the Ordination on the 19th December, 1920.[”]

It comforts me to be assured that the Ordinations are recalled with pleasure sometimes.

<!241238>

[9]

Saturday, December 24th, 1938.

The bitter cold is returning: and the heating arrangement for the Chapel is reported to have broken down!

I completed the sermon for ~~Sunder~~ Christmas Day.

We all went in to Durham, & attended the "Nine-lessoned" service in the Cathedral. First, I dedicated a "dorsal" given by his family in memory of the late Canon J. W. Parish, Master of Greatham Hospital. Great and, I must needs think, culpable carelessness led to a considerable confusion in the distribution of the books, which I was giving as presents to the members of the Chapter. I was much annoyed.

After tea at the Deanery, & calling in on the Archdeacon & M^{rs} Owen, we returned to Auckland the road being uncomfortably rough with frozen snow.

Jordan* came to ask me to address a meeting in aid of the Jews in Darlington, and, like the yielding fool I am, I gave him as possible dates Jan^{ry} 6th and 11th.

[10]

[symbol]

The Dean & M^{rs} Alington** gave me two little figures of castles, such as are found in old sets of chess-figures, & accompanied the gift with the following interpretation:

To H. D.

You have no taste for building
Fond castles in the air
That gleam with Fancy's gilding -
Yet take this little pair.

(Smaller than that your're [sic] leaving
But large enough to show
How much a friend is grieving
To think a friend must go)

To stir some recollection
Upon your mantel-shelf
Of very great affection
From Hester & myself.

C. A. A.

[11]

The Manager of the Bank writes in reply to an inquiry from me:

23rd December, 1938.

My lord,

We beg to acknowledge receipt of your letter of the 22nd instant, and have pleasure in confirming that according to our books you hold: -

£4000 3½% War Stock – previously 5%

£2368 7.7. 2½% Consols, for which you paid £2000 in March 1936.

£1000 2½% National Defence Bonds purchased in May 1937.

We hold on your behalf the scrip for the War Stock & National Defence Bonds, but find from our records that the scrip for £2368 7.7. 2 ½% Consols was sent to you on March 3rd, 1936. If it is mislaid or lost, it is of no moment as the Stock can be sold or transferred without production of the Stock receipt. We are &c.

F. J. Wood. Manager.

[12]

The Rev. L. J. Causton (Coleman's Hatch Vicarage, Sussex), Hon. Sec of the Auckland Brotherhood writes.

21st Dec, 1938.

Dear Lord Bishop,

Before you finally lay down the high office, in which you have for a number of years commanded our loyalty, please allow representative members of the "Auckland Brotherhood" to express their sympathy & regret in the breaking of this official link. I write, as bidden, on behalf of an informal meeting held for other business at the Westminster Deanery.

We remember in particular, the splendid welcome given us by yourself & M^{rs} Henson at Auckland Castle in 1927, & we hope that your retirement may be filled with increasing thanksgivings in retrospect: & also that your pen may on occasion still through the press help to keep you in our remembrance.

<!251238>

[13]

Christmas Day, Sunday, December 25th, 1938.

The wintry weather continues, & our warming machinery being out of action, the Chapel was bitterly cold. I had urged everybody to wear overcoats, & so, I hope, nobody took any harm. I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. All the servants who are qualified, communicated, and they brought with them some of their women-kind so “the wedding was furnished with guests”. I found it difficult not to break down **as I remembered that I should never again celebrate in that beloved place with that company**. I don’t think anybody else felt the slightest emotion. “How bitterly cold it was”, was [Ernest] Alexander’s* observation in the vestry after service, & I think he spoke more truly than he could know. Perhaps the hardest of the mortal trials is the total incapacity of others, even of those who are nearest & best loved, to understand what one is feeling in such times of emotional crisis. “It is nothing to you, all ye who pass by?” – there is the supreme example of this trial.

[14]

We all motored to South Church for Mattins. I preached from S. John x.10 “I came that they may have life”. This in the Latin is inscribed on Bishop Westcott’s grave in the Chapel, and I linked it on to his design for the North portal of Westminster Abbey, which was an illustration of the text as he understood it. I spoke of the woeful state of the world, & therein socially of the case of the Jews. The congregation, which was considerable, was very attentive, & was, perhaps, impressed.

M^r Collins, the disgruntled clergyman, who finds the conditions of work in Bishop Auckland intolerable, came to lunch.

We all motored to Durham for Evensong in the Cathedral. I felt disposed to weep, as I sate in the Throne, & for the last time on Christmas Day listened to the Carols, and pronounced the Blessing. Then we had tea with the Archdeacon and his family. They are in the pleasurable excitement of receiving congratulations from far and near. After this, we returned to Auckland, and Martin went home to Edinburgh.

<!261238>

[15]

Monday, December 26th, 1938.

[symbol]

A rapid thaw set in this morning, & the snow began to disappear with startling rapidity. The streams in the Park, swollen by the melting snow, became full and turbid.

Most of the morning was occupied in writing letters to the Home Office (Aliens Department) and Archdeacon Hunter, asking for advice on the matter of the unhappy "Non-Aryan" German lady, who says that she is a grand-niece of my step-mother & her husband. Also, I wrote letters of thanks to various people. In the afternoon I walked in the Park, and then settled down to tearing up old letters, until Dick arrived.

The necessity of parting with him is certainly not the last painful of the many painful effects of resigning the Bishoprick. He is, indeed, a very regular correspondent, and his letters are always worth reading, but his frequent presence has given me great pleasure, and when distance is wholly unmitigated by personal contact, even the truest affection loses vitality. My old letters are largely the epitaphs of extinct friendships.

<!271238>

[16]

Tuesday, December 27th, 1938.

After breakfast Dick and I addressed ourselves to the indispensable, and now urgent, task of going through my books, in order to weed out the vols, which I would not take away with me.

The thaw continues, & the snow has almost entirely vanished. Dick and I walked in the Park in the afternoon. The wind was very keen, and I contracted a bad cold. At any time a nuisance: but at this time nothing short of a calamity. On our return to the house, we resumed our work on the books, & had set out 2200 volumes for transit to Hyntle Place by the time that I had again to visit Spedding. How glad that poor man will be when the Bishop of D. has finally taken leave of the diocese!

The Bishop of Sheffield [Leonard Burrows*] writes:

“We shall badly miss you at the Church Assembly & at other times, but **I wonder whether you know how you have won the respect & affection of your clergy as I often hear of it.** They are much distressed at your going. Pardon me for writing this!

<!281238>

[17]

Wednesday December 28th, 1938.

Dick continued to go through the books with me, & we raised the number of books for transport to Hyntle to 3300. ~~Thou is an evil hour, we walked in the Park, where (the wind being unexpectedly cold, & I having rashly abandoned my thick coat) I contracted a chill.~~ Dick returned to Norton after lunch, and I retired early to bed.

Lord Charnwood* sent me an affectionate letter, rather unexpectedly phrased.

I have been thinking much of you of late, and have been much tempted to write my reflections and wishes at tiresome length: for the crisis which you have decided shall come forthwith is solemn to all men to whom it is given to love so long, and to many very difficult. All I really have to say is, God prosper you in it! None of your friends can avoid feeling sadly like the rest of the world, what a terrible blank ~~you~~ [18] you will leave in the ranks from which you are retiring. But I do feel strongly that a wise man's own judgement as to the moment when he should retire from a high office is not to be questioned by others, and I have not the smallest doubt that the freedom & comparative ease from petty and tiresome cares which you will gain will give you plentiful occasion for work as good as ever though in some altered form, and I do most earnestly hope that you will find much personal happiness in your new way of life. You have had, first and last, so hard a time with so much cause for disappointment which some men would feel keenly. Will you forgive my saying, as a friend who has followed your course for now many years, first, that though once or twice (not often) [19] I have disagreed with you, I have done so with a hearty, and quite unfeigned respect, which I do not (I am afraid) easily feel when I disagree; secondly, that my one overwhelming feeling about your public career is that your achievement has been great - far greater than you can be aware -: that in fact you beyond any other man of our times, have decidedly made the Church of England a more habitable place for honest men.

This language reveals great kindness, but makes me feel at once perplexed and humiliated. It seems to me that throughout my life I have suffered from two contradictory misjudgments - over-estimate and under-estimate. I suppose that, in view of the hopelessly enigmatic aspect which I present to myself, I ought not to resent, or be surprised if others, who cannot know me so well, share my perplexity.

<!291238>

[20]

Thursday, December 29th, 1938.

I stayed in bed and breakfasted there. Hardly had I arrived in my room, before Rowaleyn Cumming-Bruce came to see me, & wasted an hour. Then I wrote to the unfortunate non-Aryan lady in Germany, conveying to her the suggestion of Archdeacon Hunter viz. that she might, with the assistance of my recommendation, be invited as a guest by some benevolent person. But how can I recommend one whom I have never so much as seen, and, indeed, of whose existence I was unaware until a few days ago?

I wrote to Harry Cumming-Bruce in Jerusalem, to Ruth Spooner, and to Charnwood. I received a letter from Lionel Trotman* who is now living with the Bishop of Calcutta (Westcott*), he writes:

“The Metropolitan is as immersed as ever in all the Group propaganda, & I think he is rather disappointed that more of his clergy don’t “identify” themselves with them.”
There is no fool like an old fool!

<!301238>

[21]

Friday, December 30th, 1938.

M^r Robinson jun., a representative of the bookseller in Newcastle, to whom I had sent the proposition that he should make me an offer for some of the superfluous books, came about 11 a.m. - a sleek, saponaceous, Semite. He spent 2 hours in looking over the books, & making observations, & then took his departure, asking permission to return on the morrow, after he had had the opportunity of consulting his father.

I received a type-written letter, signed Alick Lawrence stating that he had lately come back from Berlin, & enclosing some notes about "what is going on in Germany". He affirms his belief in the truth of the statements, & writes:

"The whole country is now terrorised by the Secret Police far more than before, & they themselves have super Secret Police, marked by "Z" in cases where they wear uniform."

The bestial brutalities proceeding in the concentration camps are almost inconceivable.

<!311238>

[22]

New Year's Eve, 1938.

I breakfasted in bed, being still sadly incommoded by my unfortunate chill.

I sent a cheque for £402:14:2 on account of Sur-tax to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.

William failed to pass his driving test in Durham. This is regrettable, as it may interfere with my hope that he could be settled in the way of a chauffeur.

Gladys Scott-Thomson arrived for lunch. She lent me a book about Hintlesham - Timperley of Hintlesham, A study of a Suffolk Family by Sir Gerald H. Ryan, Bart. and Lilian J. Redstone (Methuen & Co, 36 Essex St., London, W.C.).

On p. 122 I found a reference to my house:

Hill Place, now known as Hyntle Place, was occasionally used by the Timperleys as a dower-house, possibly the chief upon their estate. At other times it let on lease, as in 1559, when William Bunne of Hintlesham willed that his wife should have "the indenture of my [23] farm, which I hold of M^r Timperley called the Hill Place. In 1595 it was in the farm of one Brightwell.

The good lady is as usual full of Town gossip, which, if not always trustworthy, is invariably interesting. She says that M^{rs} Chamberlain is far gone in "Groups", and is thought to influence her husband.

[symbol] I finished reading again that quite abominable book of Sinclair Lewis, "Elmer Gantry" and then burned it. It oscillates between obscenity and blasphemy, but it is so far a successful caricature, that it conveys a recognizable picture of one [of] the unhealthiest religious phenomena of Christian experience - the professional American Evangelist.

After dinner the male quartette choir from the Social Service Castle came & sang carols in the Hall. They sang very badly, but they meant very well. I made them a short speech, and bade Goodbye. The near approach of the "hora fatalis" of departure is very saddening.

<!010139>

[24]

New Year's Day, 1939.

[symbol]

*There was a heavy fall of snow in the night; the **New Year opened with** a white landscape. Will the return of winter hold up the bitter fighting in Spain, where the crisis of the Civil War seems to have been reached, and if it will, which side will be assisted? Did any year open with a retrospect more humiliating, or an outlook more menacing. Shame behind us, ruin in front of us - may God have mercy on His miserable servants!*

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.30 a.m. It was mortally cold, and my cough hampered me much. Ella, Fearne, Gladys, 2 maids, Alexander, Lawson, and William communicated. I used the short prayer in the Revised Book in addition to the prescribed Collects; and also my amended version of the Prayer for peace. And I called for special remembrance of the persecuted brethren in Russia & Germany, naming Niemöller "and other ministers & priests".

[25]

[symbol]

We had arranged to lunch with Sir Cuthbert and Lady Headlam,* but the probable badness of the snow-covered road, and the certain disability of my cough, induced us to cancel the arrangements.

The Sunday Times and the Observer gave reviews of the Old Year and forecasts of the New. Both are, besottedly, apologetic for the Prime Minister's policy of "appeasement", but neither succeeds in wholly concealing its disastrous failure up to the present. What does create a painful impression in a candid reader's mind is the total omission of any reference to the moral aspect of our recent experiences - Abyssinia is not so much as mentioned, and the Jewish horror is dismissed in a perfunctory sentence. Certainly, the spiritual temperature of "Christendom" has fallen woefully since the throw-back to barbarism in Germany, and the cynical "realism" of the dictatorships should be tacitly accepted.

[26]

Times have changed in ~~Ch~~ England when Quakers can address a Bishop of Durham in flattuous [sic] terms. I received from a gentleman who signs himself Mowbray Thompson, Clerk, Durham Quarterly Meeting, Society of Friends, and addresses his letter from 7 Lindisfarne Road, Newcastle-upon-Tyne 2, the following:

My Lord Bishop

Because of the sincere desire of many of the members of the Society of Friends within Durham Quarterly meeting, I am writing to thank you for the splendid & distinguished service which you have rendered to the community in the North.

Your unfailing courage & wise guidance has been of immeasurable help & comfort, not only to the members of your own connexion but to many outside including the Quaker Group, whose Clerk or Chairman I have been for some years.

Throughout stern & difficult years, you have heartened & cheered the folk [27] [symbol] of the North, & you are about to hand on your responsibilities with honour to your successor.

The memories of the years spent amongst the Northern folk as their friend & kindly guide will be a solace to you & your dear wife as you go forth.

I cannot question the kindly purpose which inspires this prodigious bombast, but what can be said of its relevance or good sense? In point of fact my reputation, doubtless well merited, has rather been that of a prophet of woe than of a cheerful philosopher, and I cannot picture myself as “heartening or cheering” anybody. But these are the requisite attributes of a satisfactory minister, as the sectaries conceive of him, & accordingly they fit me out with them! It certainly is high time that I cleared out. The “tribute” of the local Solons are becoming tiresome by their repetition, as well as grotesque by their amplitude!

<!020139>

[28]

Monday, January 2nd, 1938.

Gladys Scott-Thompson took her departure by an early train. I kept my room, and breakfasted in bed, my cough being persistent and clamorous [sic].

I received from my Successor, the Dean of Christ Church, in which he says:

I have had a copy of the valuation from Mess^{rs} Anderson & Garland, I am, of course, entirely content with it, and I am sending to them my moiety of the valuation fee.

You kindly said that I might delay my payment of my debt to you for some little time. I shall gratefully accept this permission, & though you may be sure that I shall pay the whole amount as soon as I can, and in any case well before the date you named: and I hope to make a payment on account in the early part of 1939.

He says that he has decided not to take over my larger car for £120.

[29]

I replied that I should be content if he paid his debt to me anytime during this year, so that the money would be available for the taxes in January 1940.

I sent a cheque for £181:5:0 being my full contribution of £250, less income tax, to the Diocesan Fund. I had hoped to be able to avoid paying more than £25, as I shall not receive the episcopal income for more than one month: but Carter informed me that there was yet one year to run out of the septennial period which I had agreed upon: & so, rather ruefully, I paid up the whole amount. It is certainly the case that any essays in the direction of economy which I embark upon, invariably come to grief, & leave me with nothing more than a sense of meanness!

I continued the miserable process of "purging" my library, accumulating the rejected volumes in the small dining room, & in my study, where they form a squalid mass of worthless literature, which has cost me much in the past, & will now bring me nothing!

<!030139>

[30]

~~Wednesday~~, Tuesday, January 3rd, 1939.

There is again a hard frost, and all the appearance of its continuance.

The Israelites arrived, and, after snuffing round for two hours, offered me - £30. Of course I accepted the offer, being desirous of nothing so much as to see the last of the derelict literature! The purchaser at once produced six five pound notes, and I wrote him a receipt. 'Sic transit gloria mundi'. It would be interesting to know what amount the whole collection has cost me: but such it is with all earthly matters. Their value is as uncertain as it is delusive. Anyway, it is something gained to get the poor things out of my sight!

M^r Robinson, when he stood in my study, observed. "The last time that I was in this room, was to look at Bishop Westcott's books. He had nothing like so many as you have". It is to be hoped that they fetched a better price.

Martin returned from Edinburgh in time for dinner. He is fairly well, but nowise enamoured of his immediate prospect.

<!040139>

[31]

Wednesday, January 4th, 1939.

[symbol]

On New Year's Eve the Archbishop of York wrote to me the following letter:

December 31st, 1938.

My dear Bishop.

Before this year closes I want to send you friendliest greetings for its successor, because I know that its coming is for you burdened with the sadness of giving up your work. That you will quickly find abundant ways of being active I have no doubt: but this does not afford much mitigation of the present sadness.

We shall miss your presence and help in a host of ways. We Bishops are too uniform a crowd - rather a set of Robots - and your independence & courage have been a most precious stimulus. But though we shall miss you sadly, I greatly admire your determination to go before any one [32] could feel that the time was past for your best work, or the performance of your duties in any way suffer from failure of your powers. I hope I may have a similar courage.

I want especially to thank you for your friendship and kindness to me personally both in earlier times and above all in the last ten years.

May every blessing be with you in the coming year and years.

Yours affectionately

William Ebor:

[33]

[symbol]

Henry Markham (Grendon, Northampton) writes:

"I am sad that Durham Diocese is to lose you. But I feel perhaps that your strength of mind and greatness (of) personality have never been more bravely shown than in retiring whilst your abilities are so alive & alert. There is nothing so sad as to see a great man continuing in work that is beyond him. But I am sure that to go as you are going must be a hard thing for you".

He encloses some lines which he was moved to write on the Abyssinian debate in the House of Lords. They do not disclose a great poet: but they have a certain interest as an indication of the impression which the debate made on some not unintelligent contemporaries.

[34]

[symbol]

Lords Spiritual

“Tis in that House of Lords debate
(Which seals poor Ethiopia’s fate)
That words of Durham’s Bishop bold
Rebuke the Leader of the Fold;
– The man of God whose wordy string
Had harried a departing King,
Now speaks of Abyssinia’s right;
Yet codes her to a Man of Might,
Then tries his conscience sore to salve
With words of guile and phrases suave,
Thus bringing shame upon that see
Where martyred Becket used to be.
In contrast Dunelm’s princely sword
Still shields the standard of the Lord!

The admirable Henry is no poet, but **he expresses a disgust of Lang’s speech which I shared myself, & which was widely felt.** My own speech was more sincere than judicious. It went far to destroy whatever measure of popularity I enjoyed in the Painted Chamber!

[35]

The Auctioneers’ agent came to prepare the inventory. The plot thickens!

Dick arrived, hoping to meet Charles [Pattinson*] & Leslie [Morrison*], & with them to “divide the spoils” of my discarded books, but the severe weather & roads unsafe for motoring kept them at home. Dick wasted my morning pleasantly enough, & stayed to lunch.

After his departure, I tried, rather vainly to put together some notes of **another speech on the Jews.**

Martin and I motored over frozen roads with intermittent snow-showers to Middlesbrough where I attended a meeting in the Town Hall convened in order to protest against the persecution of the Jews on the continent. In spite of the weather, there was a large gathering. The Chairman, a Quaker, displeased me by his bombastic & protracted speech, in the course of which he had the impudence to refer to me as “a militant controversialist”! which is the sort of gibe I used to hear many years ago.

<!010538>

[36]

Thursday, January 5th, 1939.

The bitter cold continues, & looks like continuing! It is most unfortunate for the achievement of an Exodus. For, not only does it make every form of activity unnecessarily uncomfortable, but it worsens temper, & creates an atmosphere of complaining discontent. Everybody is at their very worst, and nobody fits in to anything.

I went across to the Bank, walking, like Agag, "delicately" because of the state of the roads; & then, I spent an hour in checking my pass-book, and paying household accounts.

After lunch, I walked through the snow to Bryden's cottage, and said "Goodbye" to him. Our parting was almost emotionally affectionate. I encountered Amy, on my way back to the Castle, and gave her 10/- for a Christmas Box. Lawson speaks of retiring next year. His operation on the jaw makes speaking, & still more shouting, painful to him. Yet his duty involves a good deal of both. The eviction of the aborigines requires much shouting.

[37]

[symbol]

We all motored to Durham, and dined at the Deanery. The College was fully represented, and the diocese was represented by the two admirable laymen, Carter and Ferens. Beside the Dean and M^{rs} Alington were Lavinia and Patrick. After dinner the Dean proposed the health of Ella and me. Everyone seemed to be very friendly, and, if one could ever reasonably build any opinion on appearance, everybody sincerely regretted our departure. The Headmaster of Radley was dining, & I think one or two other outsiders. The roads were snow-covered & had frozen, but, though care in driving was necessary, we did not skid. There was a bright moon, which disclosed the wintry landscape to advantage. In its light Auckland Castle was certainly beautiful.

[symbol] This will, I suppose be the last occasion on which I shall be entertained at the Deanery. When I come back to Durham for the functions on January 27th and 28th, I shall be "perdu" in my rooms on Durham Castle. The emotions of departure disincline me for ~~xxxxxx~~ interviews. I want to get away!

<!010638>

[38]

Friday, January 6th, 1939.

Still the bitter cold. The country is ice-bound. I made a start on the cathedral sermon, but made poor progress.

In the afternoon, I went to walk in the Chapel but found that some disaster to the cistern in the North-wing of the castle was flooding the floor! The plumber was fetched, & the mischief more or less effectively arrested.

I motored to Darlington and addressed a large meeting in the Baths Hall. The Mayor was in the chair, & Lord Eustace Percy was the other speaker. He made a sensible, business-like speech, but he could not truly be described as an orator. I followed, & made rather a discursive speech, which was better received than it deserved. We appealed earnestly for the reception of Jewish children into private families, but I cannot think that there will be any considerable response. In these days, when everything is in a state of reeling instability, it hardly seems reasonable to undertake responsibilities which must continue for some years, & may not easily be ended.

<!070138>

[39]

Saturday, January 7th, 1939.

[symbol]

When I came into my study at 8 a.m. I found Alexander & William busily engaged in wiping the books & papers. A sudden storm had brought the snow in streams through the roof!

Lady Elizabeth Smith, who sought refuge last night from the Commercial Hotel, left the Castle after breakfast with the purpose of motoring to S Andrews.

I wrote to Robin [Vane-Tempest-Stuart*], explaining our present confusion, but asking him, & Romaine to propose themselves for lunch next week. He wrote me a very kind letter:-

Your departure will be nothing short of a disaster to the County. I do not know how the Church will carry on and ~~the m~~ your absence from the House of Lords will be much felt.

The papers have just announced the woeful fact that Robin's sister, Lady ~~Mxx~~ Margaret Muntz, has been divorced by her husband, who, when he married her, was himself a divorcé. It is another cruel blow to the family pride of a great House.

[40]

I went to the Bank, and handed over to the Manager for sale, three golden sovereigns, & one xxx corresponding gold American one. He undertook to place the proceed to my credit.

Mr Huntly, the proprietor of the garage came to see me. I told him of my desire that William should be taken on at his garage, & started in a chauffeur's career. He was very civil, & promised to find him a temporary job in preparation for permanent Employment. He said that my Austin car was yet unsold; that it was worth about £150; that if still unsold, he would himself buy it for £120. I said that I should be satisfied of the car fetched £120.

Martin and I essayed to walk in the Park, but found the slush intolerable, & betook ourselves for exercise in the Chapel. After walking in that holy place for 45 minutes, I resumed the interminable & repulsive labour of tearing up letters, until it was time for me again to visit the long-suffering Spedding, with whom I stayed for more than an hour.

[41]

[symbol]

Lord Londonderry [7th Marquess of Londonderry*] sends me an amiable reply to my letter:

"I am really grieved that your long official connection is to be severed with the County, and in addition that you will no longer occupy a seat in the House of Lords. These are two national losses which it would be difficult to exaggerate.

I must have appeared to you remiss, but I found this last year that I really have attended to nothing in any orthodox or regular way. I think so many people without a definite work are always assailed with this difficulty. You do not know how much or how little to do and if I try and take on everything then I spend my life going backwards and forwards unendingly, and achieving nothing. But in this position I have seen nothing of you & have regretted it very much indeed.

[42]

[symbol]

The international outlook is very gloomy and I feel that I have no advice to give on it except the barren one of re-arming & being ready to meet all emergencies.

My advice all through these years has been brushed on one side, and is only acted on by Neville Chamberlain at the very last moment in the face of brutal threats. If only we had got hold of the Germans in 1936, when I went to Germany, and had a real influence over the German leaders, how different the situation would have been now. I think our Foreign policy is quite hopeless, & I look on Halifax as a broken reed.

Poor Londonderry, with many amiable qualities, and not without ability, and native Hibernian charm, is self-deluded into the belief that he is a born statesman, & that the world is suicidal when it fails to appreciate the fact!

<!080139>

[43]

1st Sunday after Epiphany, January 8th, 1939.

The thermometer in my bed-room at 8 a.m. stood at 52°, 10 degrees higher than yesterday. Most of the snow has disappeared.

Martin and I went to S. Anne's, & received the Holy Communion there. The Curate, Larry [?] Jones, celebrated, & Martin served. There were surprisingly few communicants, but the service was reverent, & edifying. It is sad that, at the close of my episcopate, I should be unable to use the Great Chapel.

In the afternoon we walked to Bryden's cottage, and back. On my return, I resumed the miserable business of destroying letters, and (save for the interval of dinner) continued so employed until 10.30 p.m. when I went to bed. I have certainly destroyed a great many letters of considerable biographical interest; but it is difficult to see how they could have been used, for (α) the circumstances which occasioned them have fallen out of remembrance; and (β) the writers are in many cases no longer living, so that I could not, even if I would, obtain the consent to my publishing their private communications.

<!090139>

[44]

Monday, January 8th, 1939.

The mild weather continued, & the snow has wholly vanished. There are reports of floods from many parts of the country. I continued my destruction of letters and sermons – a hateful business.

Braley* called after lunch, and took me for a walk in the Park. The weather, which had been brilliant in the forenoon, grew to be colder. It was boisterous and wet.

Martin and I motored to Pelton, where I admitted M^r Knox to the perpetual curacy in succession to Richardson. In spite of the wet weather, there was a large congregation. And a fair attendance of the local clergy.

On our return to the Castle we found that Charlie Lillingston had arrived from Cambridge.

Knox is a pleasant fellow to look at, but his academic record is deplorable. His brilliant Oxford hood signifies little indeed. Charles Nye,* who knew him at Oxford, speaks well of his character, but has nothing to say for his brains. However, if he will work, he may justify his appointment.

<!100139>

[45]

Tuesday, January 10th, 1939.

[symbol]

A frost gives firmness to the soil; and shakes our souls with fear that the severe weather is returning. I tore up letters & papers all the morning. Lady Eden* came to lunch. She looks dreadfully white & emaciated.

Charlie Nye came to see me. I gave him my reprint of Scot's Discovery of Witchcraft, and several pictures.

Martin and I motored to Washington where for the last time I administered confirmation in this diocese. Sixty-five candidates were presented, of whom only 10 were males. They were adults who had been "roped in" by the Convention, held in the parish last October.

Ella's constitutional inability to reach a decision on any subject, & her grotesque devotion to everything connected, however remotely, with the vast & multiplying cousinry, is so delaying our preparations for departure, that there is real danger that all our plans may be disarranged. The dear lady is at her very worst, and most provoking just when time is short, and business is really urgent.

<!110139>

[46]

Wednesday, January, 11th, 1939.

A heavy snow-fall took place in the night, and continued, through most of the day. We cannot get out of this spell of wintry weather.

Ella having betaken herself to the dentist, I seized my opportunity, and, summoning Fearne & Alexander to my assistance, fell upon her accumulations of letters &c. and caused them to be forthwith destroyed. The dear lady, perforce recognizing the necessity of this destruction, acquiesced in it amiably.

I spent the morning in continuing preparations for departure; and sent "token payments" for my accustomed subscriptions, explaining that, as I had ceased to be the Bishop of Durham, I could no longer maintain my "official" contributions to the diocesan funds.

M^r Huntley wrote to me with reference to the Austin car, which I desire to sell and which my successor, very unwisely as I think, has decided not to purchase.

[47]

M^r Huntley writes:

As we have been unable to sell this car, our offer is definitely confined to the sum of £120 (one hundred and twenty pounds), and we would take this car into stock and effect a sale ourselves, as we believe you would wish this clearing up before you go.

We would therefore like to make it perfectly clear that we are prepare [sic] to pass you a cheque for £120.0.00 in full payment of the car, & will take same into our own stock & and sell to the best advantage, on this price.

Trusting this has made the situation perfectly clear.

I am, &c

I wrote a long letter to my successor, giving him information in certain matters, which he ought to understand, & put together some papers more or less interesting & relevant to his position.

[48]

[symbol]

M^r Kurt Hahn* arrived in time for dinner. He is a rather heavily-built man, rather stern in face, but not without dignity. He speaks English well, & gives the impression of thoughtfulness & determination. He has suffered at the hands of the Nazis, and "the iron has entered into his soul". He assured me that expressions of opinion in England were not without effect in Germany, & he instanced the speech which I made in the Assembly on the

persecutions of the Jews, which he said had made a great impression in Germany. It was no doubt true that the German people were kept in the dark about foreign affairs; but the Times was largely read in Germany, & there was a well-rooted distrust of their own Press. He showed me various statements from victims of the Concentration camps, from which it appears that the most abominable tortures are inflicted. The methods of the medieval Inquisition are adopted, & many victims die under their application.

[49]

[symbol]

M^r Hahn spoke with enthusiasm of Prince Max of Baden, and of the school at Salem, of which the Prince & he had been the founders. The school is on the site of a great Cistercian monastery in part of which the Prince has his residence. There are now more than 400 boys. Prince Max is himself a Protestant, while the people are largely Roman Catholic. Both Papists and Protestants are included in Salem school, they all unite for a morning service, but then Papists go off to Mass on Sunday.

We spoke of Buchman's Groups, for which he expressed an abhorrence. He thought ill of Buchman himself, & considered his influence on adolescents distinctly unwholesome. He would not allow the movement to have admission to his school.

He said that there was a remarkable revival of religion in Germany; that the churches were crowded; & that, notwithstanding the hostility of the Nazi State, there was no lack of young men seeking admission to the Christian Ministry.

[50]

[symbol]

He spoke strongly about the disastrous effect of the Munich agreement. It had re-placed Hitler in power when he was under imminent danger of falling. Chamberlain himself was popular in Germany because he had by his surrender averted war, and war is not desired by the German people; but if he had stood firm at Munich, war would not have broken out, & Hitler's down fall would have been hastened.

I showed him the Chapel after breakfast on Thursday, and he expressed great admiration. He spoke of himself as a Jew, & declared his belief that one result of the present affliction would be a notable turning of the Jews to Christianity. He was evidently not entirely favourable to the Zionists, who represent the most intractable Judaism.

Incidentally he warned me against the lack of precise accuracy in the reports about Jews in the Manchester Guardian. Generally I was impressed by the man, and interested in his conversation.

<!120139>

[51]

Thursday, January 12th, 1939.

M^r Kurt Hahn left the Castle after breakfast.

Jack Longland came with a car, and carried away such pictures as he thought would be useful in his Social Service Clubs. I gave him a large book on Westminster Abbey, with plates as a farewell gift to himself.

Leslie Morrison came after lunch to collect his share of the "loot", and to say Goodbye. My walls are gradually being stripped of pictures, and my shelves of books.

I put together a few thoughts for the Institution of the new Vicar of Spennymoor. It is my last function of the kind in a parish priest, and I determined to speak about the lessons of my experience as to the main causes of pastoral failure. For my text, I chose the richly suggestive description of verses in Hebrews xi.27. "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible".

Martin & I motored to Spennymoor, where I admitted the R^{ev} Kenneth Moir Carey to the perpetual curacy of the parish. There was a good congregation, & I think the service was edifying.

<!130139>

[52]

Friday January 13th, 1939.

The frost is as sharp as ever, & seems likely to continue. The roads are not very pleasant for motoring.

I thought it advisable to write to M^{ESSR} Dorman, Long & C^o reminding them that the rent (=£21.) is due to me for the last time, & will in future be due to my successor, and that it would be convenient if it was now paid.

I wrote to Gilbert, to Sir James Irvine and to Robin Castlereagh.

Robin writes that he had just been making a speech on "Youth in Politics":-

"My principal argument was that it was only the good and efficient men who voluntarily retired & vice versa. I quoted you, & your impending departure".

I have always had a kindly feeling for Robin, who has very good impulses, but is, perhaps, too weak to translate them into action. And Romaine is, I am persuaded, a really good woman.

<!140139>

[53]

Saturday, January, 14th, 1939.

Frost and threatenings of fog – an evil outlook for motorists. The post brought the catalogue of the Sale on January 25th – an imposing record of superannuated rubbish, the potential value of which would, I imagine, hardly cover the cost of selling it, with the hustle and humiliation thrown in!

Cecil McCullagh came to see me for the last time. He will hardly have had a less satisfactory patient in the course of his life. But I have at least paid his bills!

For the last time, I corrected proofs of the Bishoprick.

Lawson sent me for signature the Kennel Club documents transferring from myself to him ownership of “Trevor” and “Prince”. So the links are being cut quickly now, and I shall be glad when the process is over.

John Wrightson* to lunch, and to say Goodbye. He has but just returned ~~xxx~~ from Turkey, where he found the “Young Turks” full of loathing for Germany, & affection for England.

[54]

[symbol]

John was recently in Vienna where he visited the Jewish quarter, saw the ruins of the synagogue which the Nazis had wrecked, and the Jewish shops, which they had plundered, boarded up. He went to the Stephankirche, and was astonished to find it filled with a congregation engaged in prayer. He was impressed by the friendliness of the people in Germany, & their evident horror of war.

While I was taking a constitutional in the chapel, John and Faith Owen came to say “Goodbye”.

The Hereford Diocesan Messenger for January 1939 was sent to me, and my attention was directed to some allusions to myself. An editorial note informs the world that my “resignation deprives the Church of the services of one of its most eloquent and farseeing bishops”. Really! Then there is a flatterous article headed ‘H.H.H.’, and signed with the initials C.R.N. which are evidently those of my erstwhile chaplain Charlie Norcock.

[55]

[symbol]

H. H. H.

The announcement of the impending resignation of the Bishop of Durham will have been received with regret far beyond the borders of his own great diocese.

D^r Hensley Henson occupies an unique place in the councils of the Church of England. Like Archbishop Whately on his Oxford days, or Dean [Arthur] Stanley* at Westminster, he is a perpetual stimulus to sincerity and reality in theory and in practice alike.

His tenure of the see of Hereford, following as it did immediately after the long episcopate of that truly great man, D^r Percival, was scarcely long enough for him to leave the impression on the diocese which he was undoubtedly on the way to make. Nor did our lethargic Herefordshire climate, as in "a land where it was always afternoon", really suit his health. But his keenness, humour, & uncompromising dislike of shams made themselves felt amongst us.

[56]

[symbol]

*Two little memories may be allowed to the writer of these notes. The first is connected with that very ridiculous and altogether discreditable agitation which arose out of D^r Henson's appointment to Hereford. It was all over, and he had been duly enthroned in his cathedral. **The present writer accompanied him to one of his first Confirmations.** As we drew near the village, the car "back-fired", smoke poured from it, and startled a flock of sheep. "Here's a pretty state of things," remarked the Bishop, "the shepherd of the flock arriving in a cloud of blue smoke, with the sheep fleeing before him!"*

The other memory touches on another side of the Bishop's character altogether. It was in the Red Cross Hospital at Knighton. The Bishop had confirmed some six or seven wounded soldiers. Then he went round the wards, stopping here & there at a bedside to say [57] [symbol] just the right word in season. It was the pastoral vein in him which was most in evidence that afternoon.

Somehow or other it has become a sort of fashion with the thoughtless to speak of D^r Hensley Henson as a man who has sharply changed his views. That is not how it appears to some of us. We have seen him follow, at whatever cost, what seemed to him to be the line of logical development as John Henry Newman strove to follow the kindly light at every step in his career. A whole-hearted loyalty to the English Church has always been the outstanding mark of D^r Henson's convictions, & beneath that loyalty is a simple & single-minded devotion to our Lord. An acute observer described him quite recently as "an Elizabethan" & indeed he is no unworthy successor of men like Matthew Parker, Richard Hooker, & William Cecil, whose lot was cast in an age of great personalities in Church & State.

[58]

We shall think of him with gratitude & affection, & wish him those quiet years of peaceful happiness which his strenuous life of active service has most surely earned.

C. R. N.

I have copied this article into my journal, because it has a certain evidential value, as indicating the impression that was made on a young clergyman, at that stage of my career. Of course, as a statement of fact, it is ludicrously wide of the mark, but it has a certain value for biographical or autobiographical purposes, and, therefore, I place in safe-keeping for possible use presently.

The effect on me of all this exaggerated talk is to make me feel an utter humbug. How has it fallen out that I have given so grotesquely false an impression of myself? Happily, the only Judge who matters is not open to such delusions. And His verdict?

<!150139>

[59]

2nd Sunday after Epiphany, January 15th, 1939.

[symbol]

January 15th, 1939

My dear Charlie,

The Hereford Diocesan Messenger contained an article on 'H. H. H.' over your initials, which I read with mingled feelings. I do not deserve the generously kind things which you say about me: but the evident kindness, and I am even bold enough to say, personal affection, which exhales from your words, move & comfort me greatly. And I want comfort just now, for, though I think it is right for me to retire from active service, & leave this famous house, in order to sink into the poverty-stricken solitude of pensioned privacy, I feel intensely the pain of the parting. So I am really grateful for the assurance that our fellowship, though brief, is recalled by you so kindly: and I assure you that I reciprocate your kindness fully.

Always affect^{ly} your Friend,
Herbert Dunelm:

The Rev. Preb. Norcock.

[60]

A stormy morning, but the southerly wind is warm, and the snow has nearly vanished before it. There is still enough ice on the roads to make walking perilous. I was glad of the support of Alexander's arm when we went across to S. Ann's for the Celebration at 8 a.m. I was grieved that, on my last Sunday in Auckland Castle, I was unable to celebrate in the great Chapel: but, as Tillotson told the punctilious Beverage [?], "Charity is above rubrics". With the heating apparatus out of action, it would have been irrational as well as uncharitable to hold service in the un-heated Chapel. The Epistle includes the words of S. Paul on which I have often dwelt – "Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to things that are lowly". The apostle's admonition is eminently relevant to the case of a man, who is withdrawing from high office into the unregarded obscurity of private life.

[61]

"No worse" is the heading of Garvin's* article in the 'Observer' on the Roman visit. The "Sunday Times" which is, of course, devotedly Chamberlainite, is unable to say anything enthusiastic, or even optimistic, though it tries its best. The fact is that the Dictators are bent on carrying out their programme, and nothing that any non-Axis power can say or do will have any effect. The only chance for the world lies in one of two directions viz. either, that one or both of them is assassinated, or that they may fall to quarrelling with each other. Nobody, outside themselves, knows exactly what this programme is, or, by what stages they mean to carry it out. Meanwhile, pending the fuller disclosure of their criminal ambitions, we delude ourselves with phrases and dreams. America might conceivably "come to the

help of the Lord against the mighty”, but there is small likelihood that she will. She cannot unlearn so quickly the lessons of her own brief and discreditable history.

[62]

We lunched at Holywell with Sir Cuthbert [Headlam*] and Lady Headlam. Then we went on to Durham, for Evensong. Before the service I collated the Rev. Edgar Lucas to the Archdeaconry and Canonry which were vacated by the death of the late Bishop of Jarrow. When Evensong had ended, we went in procession to the Chapter House, & the new Canon took the oath, and was given a loaf of bread and a bottle of wine. Then he was presented to me, sitting in the Abbot’s chair, & so the business ended: and we went into the Deanery for tea. I was greatly annoyed by the delay in getting hold of Leng for our return to Auckland. He had the impudence to go off to the Lodge for tea, leaving no word of his whereabouts, & neglecting to learn when he would be required. I suppose that he imagines that liberties may be taken with impunity since I am on the point of departure! But he is my servant until ~~January~~ Feb. [added in pencil] 1st, & I cannot tolerate disobedience or neglect.

<!160139>

[63]

Monday, January 16th, 1939.

The Exodus begins. After an infinity of exasperating & irrelevant delays, Ella and Fearne left the Castle shortly before 10.30 a.m. designing to make for Boroughbridge, and to lunch there. Then to continue on their southward journey until they could find a convenient place with an adequate hotel, wherein they might stay the night. On Tuesday, they intend to continue their journey to M^{rs} Townley's house, near Royston, where they would stay that night. Then, on Wednesday, they would go on to Hintlesham, where they would put up on that night. On Thursday they hope to join me at Hyntle Place, where I hope to arrive in the afternoon. I gave them £10 for the road-expenditure.

Meanwhile, the Vans had arrived, and Fraser's men began to pack the furniture. They are rather daunted by the amount, & suggest that a third van will probably be required. One hardly realizes the amount of stuff that accumulates in 19 years.

[64]

[symbol]

M^r Ellis came to pay his rent for the Castle garden with the bothy, belonging to it. It was not due until Feb. 1st, but he thoughtfully anticipated the date.

As soon as he had left, I went to the Bank, & paid in his cheque (£38) to my account.

Returning to the Castle, I fell in with the Vicar, who was in a humourous vein, and told me a novel definicious [sic] of the term 'herbaceous border':- a woman ordered to leave her slum, & go to live in a "Council" house, made an expedition to investigate the new residence, & returned well-pleased. Describing her impressions to a neighbour, she confessed to being puzzled as to the 'herbaceous border', of which the Council tenant was very proud. Her neighbour hazarded the suggestion, that, having so many rooms, she took in lodgers, and that 'herbaceous border' meant that she would receive 'vegetarian boarders'. A brilliant guess!

[65]

Martin and I walked in the Park during the afternoon, holding friendly but melancholy discourse.

I received a telegram from Fearne saying that they had arrived safely at the George Hotel, Grantham, at tea-time, & had a successful run.

I wrote to Moulsdale and to the gardener at Hyntle Place, warning them of our arrival. The furniture men worked well all day, but they say that there is far more stuff to be removed than two vans can carry. There will have to be a third van, which involves delay and additional expense.

I received from M^r Huntly a cheque for £120 as purchase-money for the Austin car, and with it a very civilly expressed letter. I took occasion in replying to remind him of his undertaking to start William, and I made a copy of my letter for insertion in this journal. The weather continues to be blustery and damp, but mild.

[66]

January 16th, 1939

Dear M^r Huntly,

I enclose receipt for the purchase money of the Austin car, and thank you for your kind letter and good wishes.

I have been much bound to you during recent years for much help in many ways, and for many friendly actions. It is a great satisfaction to me that you will give a start in qualifying for a chauffeur's profession to the lad Clarence Ward, who will leave my service on January 31st. I commend him to you very confidently as an intelligent, well-mannered, and thoroughly trustworthy lad.

With all good wishes,
I am
Sincerely yours,
Herbert Dunelm:

W. Huntly, Esq.

<!170139>

[67]

Tuesday, January 17th, 1939.

[*symbol*]

The maids who are accompanying us to Hintlesham went away early this morning, and they were soon followed by the departure of the first van-load of stuff. Then, our room being quite plainly more desired than our company, Martin & I motored to High Force to see how it looked when swollen by melted snow. It was a grand spectacle, but, we were assured, nothing like so grand as for about twenty minutes last Sunday, when the water completely covered the rock. We lunched very comfortably at the Hotel, and then returned to the Castle, where the packers had been actively engaged on my books. Arthur Loft sent me a very kind letter, & the excellent church-warden of Wolsingham called to say Goodby[e].

The evening post brought me a cheque from my brother's solicitors in Minehead in payment of his legacy of £5000. I wrote testimonials for Alexander and William.

<!180139>

[68]

Wednesday, January 18th, 1939.

A warm, damp day, infinitely depressing. The packers examined my study table, and decided that the legs were irremovable, and that with the legs it could not be carried into my study, as the doors & passages were too narrow to admit it. I ordered it to be left for sale at the auction.

This is distressing, for I love a large table for my work, & this table is endeared to me by nearly 40 years of use.

Then I went to the Bank, & deposited the cheque for poor Arthur's legacy (£5000). It seems prudent to postpone investment until the financial proposals of the Gov^t have been disclosed.

I went round to the servants, and said Goodbye. They seem to be really distressed by my going. I myself felt near to weeping. I walked round the Bowling Green, & looked at the Castle with a sad heart.

[69]

[*symbol*]

At 10.30 a.m. Leng & I started on our journey. We motored to Boroughbridge, & lunched at the Three Arrows. While I was about to pay my Bill, the Bishop of Carlisle came in for lunch. He was on his way to the Convocation at York. We had some friendly talk. He said that he thought I was probably right in resigning: & spoke of the difficulties caused by the ancient bishops, e.g. London & Gloucester. The latter's natural obstinacy & deepening deafness are very trying. We left Boroughbridge at 1.30 p.m.: & went on to Grantham, where we had tea in the George Hotel. At 5.30 p.m. we resumed our journey, and reached the George Hotel at Stamford shortly after 6 p.m., where we halted for the night. Very luxurious rooms had been reserved for me, with a comfortable private bath-room. More pleasant than economical!

<!190139>

[70]

Thursday, January 19th, 1939.

I went round to their houses, & said Goodbye, to Lawson, Webster, & M^{rs} Leng. Then, with a sad heart, I turned my back on Auckland Castle.

I left Stamford about 10 a.m., and motored to Hintlesham, where I went to the Rectory for the night. The Rector & his sister, M^{rs} Frazer, were most hospitable, & did everything in their power to mitigate the discomfort and inconvenience of our situation.

<!200139>

[70]

Friday, January 20th, 1939.

The incoming of the furniture created a series of truly formidable problems. We had brought much more stuff from Auckland than we could easily get into Hyntle Place. I was engaged in supervising, as best I could, the unpacking of my books. They were far more numerous than I had intended, or, perhaps, they required far more space than I had supposed. The shelves in my library were soon filled, and still many boxes were unemptied. I received from Earl Baldwin a kind letter, which I think deserving a place in my Journal:-

[71]

[symbol]

18th January, 1939.
69 Eaton Square, S.W.

My dear Bishop,

I have hesitated to write to you, but I have been hoping that when you leave Durham and are nearer London, you may occasionally be moved to come and see me, and have a talk on such jolly subjects as retirement & how to grow old gracefully. I have such happy recollections of the occasions on which you were good enough to share my breakfast in Downing Street.

Am I hoping too much?

I am, with kindest regards,

Sincerely yours,

Baldwin of Bewdley.

[72]

[symbol]

Hyntle Place,
Hintlesham,
Ipswich.

January 22nd, 1939

My dear Lord,

Your very kind letter was sent on to me to this place, where, I suppose, I shall live until my final removal to the Churchyard. I am sitting in a tangled mass of books & furniture (like Marius amid the ruins of Carthage), a pitiful sight. However in time things will straighten out, and I shall grow accustomed to my new surroundings.

Your letter gave me very real pleasure, for there is no man living whom I hold in greater regard than yourself, and that you should have given a thought to me was very greatly appreciated. I hope that I may sometimes get to Grillions and the Club: & have the good fortune to discover that my dining there coincided with yours. You know how much I value any opportunity of getting speech with you.

[73]

[symbol]

I hate leaving my Bishoprick, and sinking into the pauperous obscurity of pensionerdom: and yet I think it is my duty to retire. When a man has got into his 76th year, he cannot wisely allow the partial assurances of his friends, albeit afforded by his own exorbitant conceit, & their congruity with his personal wishes, to cheat him into the belief that he is really adequate to the charge of a great & difficult diocese in such times as these.

I have bought this little Elizabethan house – not much bigger than a cottage – and I have built a fairly large room for my books.

Forgive me for writing about myself, when my sole object in addressing you was to thank you heartily for your kind letter, which, as I have already said, gave me very great pleasure.

May you long be spared to the country which never needed you more! I take leave to thank you for the noble & moving appeal which you made recently for the victims of Nazi brutality.

[74]

[symbol]

It went some way towards restoring our national self-respect which has been badly bruized in recent years.

Believe me,
My dear Lord,
sincerely and gratefully
Herbert Dunelm:

The Right Hon:
Earl Baldwin K.G.

I went to Church, and communicated at 8 a.m. The Rector uses the statutory service, but interpolates it at intervals, and only says the first half of the formula of administering the Elements. This may, perhaps, be excused by his lameness.

I wrote to Lord Baldwin (copy inserted above) and to Martin, Arthur Lock, & Ralph Rumney. Then I employed myself in the futile and wearisome effort to get the books into some degree of intelligible order. It is annoying that so many have been sent which I had expressly set out for rejection!

<!230139>

[75]

Monday, January 23rd, 1939.

The weather is damp and chilly. The post brought me two copies of the opening number of the new "Westminster Abbey Quarterly".

The packers resumed their work, and emptied the contents of the boxes of books, until there was hardly space to move in my library and in the adjoining room, all the available shelves being already filled, & many unemptied boxes yet remaining! I caused Leng & James to carry a mass of discarded books (including many old friends) to the garage, where they may reside until I succeed in getting some bookseller to take them off my hands. Much tiresome exertion & a considerable expenditure of money (which I can ill afford) have been caused by my carelessness in not personally supervising the packing of my books. Many, which I don't want (including many very weighty works) have been carried the length of England, and all have been so mixed up that it will be many weeks before they can be arranged in a workable order. Moreover, the book-space at my disposal will certainly not accommodate more than two-thirds of the books that have reached Hyntle!

[76]

I received from Martin the following telegram:

Dean offers £10 to preserve Barrington Chairs for Castle. May they be withdrawn from sale.

I replied, 'Yes: very willingly', though I do not quite understand what is meant by "preserving" the Chairs for Castle: & I think the Chairs (I understand there are 12 of them) are worth more.

The packers departed, assuring me that everything had been unloaded. I signed their quittance paper, adding that I had been "most favourably impressed by their skill and courtesy". I think that this note was well merited, for they had to perform their duty in circumstances of difficulty owing to the imminence of the sale at the Castle, and they could not be blamed for packing so many superfluous books. Alexander was probably rather over-driven at the end, and failed to distinguish accurately between what had been "taken over", what was to be sold, and what was to be carried to Hyntle Place!

<!240139>

[77]

Tuesday, January 24th, 1939.

The weather continues to be wet & stormy and the news from abroad makes bad reading. The omens are all unpropitious. It is hard to imagine that the situation which is developing in Europe can have any other dénouement than War.

The dreary process of unpacking books for which there is no room continued. I decided yesterday to make another purge, & seek the aid of some other Israelite [sic]! So a mass of books, not by any means useless, were transferred from the House to the garage. Even so, my study floor & that of the smoking room remain covered with books, for which there are no shelves.

The Prime Minister broadcast an address on A. R. P. His voice sounds as if he were both tired and disheartened: & his appeal suggested an imminent conflict! The prospect of having a number of evacuated children sent to us is certainly alarming, for, not only is this house extremely inconvenient, but we may very probably be without a household in a few weeks!

[78]

I received, and accepted, an invitation from the Governors of the Lowestoft Technical Institute & School of Art "to present the prizes at the Annual Distribution in the Empire Hall of the Grand Hotel, Lowestoft, on Monday, March 6th at 7.30 p.m. & to address the assembled students, parents and friends".

The whole morning was filled with the miserable labour of getting some reasonable order into the chaotic mélange of books and furniture which makes my study as difficult to move about in as a Brazilian Forest! In the afternoon I went into Ipswich, and inquired of Fraser whether he could advise me as to the disposition of my superfluous and discarded books. He said that he would send out somebody.

The first number of the new Quarterly which the Westminster Abbey people have issued arrived. My article in it reads briskly. On the whole the publication has an attractive appearance.

[Page numbers jump from 78 to 81: one page torn out.]

[81] [sic]

We lunched comfortably in the George Hotel at Stamford, and had tea in the Three Arrows Hotel at Boroughbridge. Both these houses are excellent. We reached Durham Castle at 9.30 p.m. and were welcomed by Martin. He gave a melancholy account of the Sale of my Furniture in Auckland Castle yesterday. My study table, at which I have worked for nearly forty years, and which I was compelled to leave because its size made it incapable of admission to Hyntle Place, was sold for five shillings! I cannot recall what I paid for it to Armitage Robinson from whom I bought it when I succeeded him in the Westminster

Canonry, but I know it was at least a hundred times as much! All the large pieces were sold for the most trivial sums: and even Queen Victoria's bed fetched no more than £7! Sic transit gloria mundi!

<!270139>

[82]

Friday, January 27th, 1939.

I must have been greatly fatigued by yesterday's motoring (295 miles) for I slept from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. with unaccustomed soundness.

Among my dressing-table requisites I came upon the latch key of 21 Park Lane, which the late Countess of Scarbrough [Lucy Lumley*] gave me for use, when I was staying there. I returned it to Lord S. [Scarbrough – Aldred Lumley*] in a registered envelope, with the covering letter here inserted.

The weather was comparatively fine in the forenoon, but by lunch time rain was falling again: & at 3 p.m. there was a vehement downfall. In spite of this untoward circumstance, there was a large & representative congregation. The University, headed by Warden Duff and Rector Percy attended, & the School filled most of the nave. The Mayor & Corporation were present, & a considerable number of the parochial clergy in their surplices. The service was admirably arranged by the Dean.

[83]

[symbol]

Hyntle Place, Hintlesham, Ipswich.

January 27th, 1939.

My dearest Lord.

Now that I am "clearing up and clearing out", my sins come to my remembrance, and, among them, my neglect to return to you the latch-key to N^o 21 Park Lane, which my dear and kind friend, the late Lady Scarbrough* was kind enough to give me, when I had the joy of being under your roof.

I send it back to you, chartered with a thousand memories in which She and You have place, and with my heart-felt thanks for an infinity of kindness received from you Ever since I came to the North.

I am writing from Durham Castle, where, for the last time, I am occupying the Bishop's rooms. This afternoon I am preaching my "farewell" sermon [84] in the Cathedral, and sitting for the last time in the Great Throne. Tomorrow I perform my last official function by laying the foundation stone of the new Chapel of Bede College: and, then, on Monday, like Wolsey, I must bid "a long farewell to all my greatness", and go to my little house in Suffolk, henceforward, for the brief remainder of my life, to live in the poverty-stricken obscurity of a pensioned ecclesiastic!

I don't like the prospect at all: but I cannot doubt that it is right for me to retire before the advent of Senility is ~~not~~ too grossly apparent.

I am very sorry to lose my seat on the Episcopal Bench in the House of Lords for, although I have been so rarely able to attend the debates, I retain a grateful [85] memory of the generosity with which I have always been treated there.

I have placed the address of my future residence at the head of this letter in the hope that I may sometimes hear from you.

And so, Goodbye, my dear and kind friend. May God bless you, and make the evening of your life, calm and bright.

Be sure that I am
Always yours
Affectionately & gratefully.
H. Hensley Henson
(till Feb:1st Bishop of Durham)
The Right Hon:
The Earl of Scarbrough. K. G.

[86]

~~Saturday, [?], January 28th, 1939.~~

~~The weather was calm and fine in the forenoon, & I was allowing myself to hope that there would [be] favourable conditions for the Commemoration Service in the afternoon, but there was a sinister change about lunchtime: & it was raining fiercely at 3 p.m. when the Service began.~~

Considering the dreadful weather, and the relatively inconvenient hour, 3 p.m., at which the service was held, I must needs think that the attendance, of clergy and laity was impressively large. The Magnates were absent, but Londonderry and Barnard are abroad. Scarbrough is a non-resident, and Sir Cuthbert Headlam is in Paris. There is much sickness. The service itself was most impressive, and the attention to my sermon, which was rather long, never flagged for one moment. Moreover, there was a very apparent goodwill and sincerity in the proceedings.

<!280139>

[87]

Saturday, January 28th, 1939.

Snow fell during the night!

I put on galoshes, & walking in the manner of Agag “delicately” I went down the hill into the City, & bought newspapers, and a “sweater” to keep me warm on my journey home.

Sir John Simon* was in Durham last night, making an important political speech. The report of his speech naturally “crowded out” the report of my sermon! I think also that the Bishop of Durham’s retirement has ceased to be good “copy”. I am myself sick to death of the subject.

Bill May came to say Goodbye. He is growing formidably stout for so young a man. He says that Robin Castlereagh mentioned the names of several Cabinet ministers, who believe that War is at hand. The mot d’ordre on the Government side appears to insist on an almost braggart optimism. Thus Sir Samuel Hoare,* the Home Secretary, assures us that the British Empire is “invincible”, & everybody who doesn’t hail Chamberlain as a Prince of Peace is denounced as a “war-monger”!

[88]

Three students came to ask me to write my name in books of mine. Two of them had “The Parson in England”, & one “Christian Morality”. Leng arrived at 2 p.m., and motored Martin and me to Bede College, where I laid the Foundation stone of the new Chapel. The Architects, Paget, a son of the late Bishop of Chester, and Seeley, a son of Lord Mottistone, presented me with a little plaster model of the statue of the Venerable Bede, which, full size, is to adorn the Chapel tower. The ceremony was well arranged, & attended by a considerable assembly: but rain began to fall as soon as I began my address, & somewhat marred a service which had been carefully prepared. We had a brief Committee Meeting, at which dear old Patterson, maundered about me! Then we returned to the Castle, where I had a fright because my wallet was not in its usual pocket, and as it contained more than £25 and the banks will not be open in time on Monday for me to change a cheque, I was much relieved to discover it in my trowser pocket!

[89]

I received a kind letter from [John] Pemberton* who wrote from London:

My dear Henson,

Since I saw your resignation of the Bishopric announced, I have been meaning to write to you to express first the feeling of satisfaction of an old and true friend at the good work you have done; and, second, the regret that you have found it right to resign when to me at any rate, who know [sic] you well, you are still in full possession of all your powers. Perhaps, the fact that I had shortly before decided to

resign my Chairmanship of Sessions made me feel the break, though my work was slight besides yours: but after all it is the break in a long course of work, which counts & I have often thought that comes better with death than by voluntary effort. I am sure you have done well - really well - as Dean and Bishop and I am [90] for many reasons in a position to know, being jealous of your reputation. I think History too will look back on you as one of its great Bishops, tho' I admit my long friendship may perhaps anticipate the verdict.

I want you to get this before you preach your sermon tomorrow at the Commemoration Service you re-started, & which for so many years I attended, tho' prevented this year by the weather.

Ever yours affectionately,
John S. Pemberton.

Carter, Ferens and Dick joined Martin and me at dinner in my room. Coleman, who acts as Chaplain here, came in to ask whether I would care to celebrate in the Chapel tomorrow at 8.15 a.m.: and I said that it would please me to do so. It was civil of him to think of asking me.

<!290139>

[91]

4th Sunday after Epiphany, January 29th, 1939.

It is raining, but the prospect from my window is still mainly snow-covered. The outlook for tomorrow's motoring is not very favourable. I do not anticipate serious difficulty until I get beyond Newmarket. Then I shall be entering the badly flooded districts. However, if the worst comes to the worst, I shall put up for the night either at Cambridge or at Stamford, and try to reach Ipswich by a detour which will avoid the flooded roads.

Cecil Ferens commented on the meagre attendance of the Corporation of Durham in the Cathedral on Friday. I noticed it myself, and it was the one exception to the general procedure. I suppose it is explicable by the fact that the Mayor is a Roman Catholic of a rather bigoted type, and that the majority of the municipal body are strong "Labour" men. Thus religious and political motives would disincline them to take any action which might be interpreted as indicating approval of the outgoing Bishop of Durham!

[92]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the College Chapel; at 8.15 a.m. Coleman assisted, and a score of undergraduates communicated. It was all very moving & consolatory. The collect, with its reference to "the many & great dangers & adversities" in which we are placed, matched my case: & the Gospel with its picture of the Saviour calming the tempest was very comforting. I am glad to add this Communion to my memories of Durham. Coleman spoke of my departure as uncalled for by any decline of my powers: & of course, if retirement meant cessation from work, that consideration would be weighty; but it is my firm resolve that I shall not be idle; & there is the general interest of the Church to consider. The last does seem to require an earlier retirement of the Bishops, & I trust that my example may not be without effect. Certainly, if it be right basis of judging human decisions, which makes their quality depend on their repulsiveness to him who makes them, then I am certainly right in deciding to resign.

[93]

Martin was pledged to celebrate at Whitworth, so I had to breakfast alone. As soon as I had done with the feeding, I wrote letters. I wrote to

Pemberton
Wykes
Poole
Mason (Bp. Auckland Chamber of Trade)
Salter
Ardagh-Walter
Alexander

I lunched in Hall with the College. Everybody was most kind.

M^{rs} Braley fetched me in her car at 4 p.m. and carried me to Bede College, where I had tea very pleasantly with her & her husband. They gave me a golden pocket pencil, which was very kind of them, but I shall almost certainly lose it! Also, I took away the little figure of Bede, which the Architects gave me at the stone-laying yesterday. The ground is freezing hard, & I am rather anxious about the state of the roads tomorrow.

[94]

It would be difficult to imagine more sharply divergent types of clergyman than Canon Salter, the Rector of Hartlepool, and Ardagh-Walter,* the Rector of South Shields. The first is rough, able, independent: the last, cultivated, devotional, Catholic. Yet both have written to me in terms of affection and regret. In any reasonable attempt to estimate the quality of my episcopate, I suppose it would be irrational to ignore such letters as theirs; and, for that reason, I transcribe them here. But I am perplexed and humiliated as well as cheered and comforted by the numerous assurances of respect and affection which I have received. For, when all is said, the writers cannot know enough about me to justify either censure or approval.

Best friends would loathe us, of what things perverse
We know of our own selves, they also knew
But, what, O Lord, who knows worse
Shouldst loathe us too!

[95]

Canon Salter writes:

I simply cannot allow you to leave the Diocese without expressing my deep and sincere gratitude for all that your ministry has meant to me personally For eighteen years I have served under a Bishop whose leadership and friendship I have always trusted and valued.

Ardagh-Walter writes:

To have known and served under you I shall always regard as a privilege: & I shall remember your kindness and forbearance towards me with gratitude. May I wish you what seems to me to be one of the best of all possible rewards for bearing the burden & heat of the day - time & strength to work at tasks of one's own choice without pressure & without distraction. May God bless your years of retirement!

These letters are representative of many.

[96]

Jan^{ry} 29th, 1939

My dear Alexander,

I hope to return to Hyntle Place tomorrow, and I suppose it is not probable that I shall return to the diocese.

Before I depart for good, I want to send you a few lines of deep appreciation of your loyal & efficient comradeship throughout my life at Auckland Castle. In sickness I have made heavy demands on you, and you have always responded with sympathy & success. I am sincerely sorry to part from you.

May God bless you, & guide your course! I shall hope to hear from you sometimes, and, if you come into the County of Suffolk, it would be a pleasure to see you.

I am,
affectionately your friend
Herbert Dunelm;

[97]

January 29th, 1939.

Dear Miss Mallabar,

I am told that the wonderful writing in the Book of Signatures, which has been presented to me on my retirement, is your achievement.

I should like to send you a few lines of thanks. The book will be greatly prized by me, and your work adds greatly to its beauty and interests.

I am very sorry to leave Durham, and shall never forget the place and the people.

With all good wishes, I subscribe myself
for the last time

Herbert Dunelm:
Miss E. Mallabar

[98]

Martin and I dined together. It was my last use of this room, and the consciousness of the fact lay heavy on my mind.

The Acting-Master of the College, Professor Abbott came in to give me a book of his own – “A catalogue of Papers relating to Boswell, Johnson, & Sir William Forbes found at Fettercairn House, a Residence of the Rector Lord Clinton 1930 1931”. The Preface has an interesting look, but the bulk of the volume has the interest, neither less nor more, of a Catalogue. The Professor talked with me in the friendliest manner for half an hour.

Martin spoke about his own future. It is apparent that he has not been attracted by my successor, and does not look forward with any confidence to acting as his chaplain. Indeed, the Bishop-designate seems to have hinted at the possibility of his doing without a chaplain; & given the impression of re-casting Auckland Castle into a private residence, dismissing the notion that it is an official residence, charged with important diocesan services. I don't like it.

<!300139>

[99]

Monday, January 30th, 1939.

The weather has become milder during the night, and the journey to Hyntle Place was achieved mostly under sunshine. The floods had everywhere receded so that we were able to travel without difficulty or detour. Leng arrived with the car shortly after 9 a.m., and we left the Castle about 9.20 a.m. We lunched at the George Hotel in Grantham, and had tea in the Angel Hotel in Bury, arriving at Hyntle Place about 6 p.m.

Ella and Fearne had not been idle during my absence, and their labours had gone far to give a habitable appearance to the house. Before I started, the post brought me a very affectionate letter from Cecil Ferens.

Mary Rainbow* had the courage to come to my room last night, & say Goodbye. When I shook hands with Miss Jobling at the White Gate, she burst into tears. I felt perilously near to weeping myself. Certainly, my departure from Durham has been marked by a wonderful display of affection. I was not prepared for it.

[100]

Every previous removal has carried me to larger employment and higher dignity. This removal takes me out of public work, and consigns me to obscurity and neglect!

There is yet another to be endured, and that will take me out of life itself!

"Lord, let me know mine end, and the number of my days, that I may be certified: how long I have to live".

I received a letter from Mess^{rs} Anderson & Garland, the auctioneers, who arranged and achieved the débacle at Auckland Castle.

"My Lord,

We beg to advise you that in our opinion the sale which we held on your behalf at Auckland Castle was successful, the amount realised being just over Five hundreds and Fifty pounds (£550).

We shall prepare the accounts & send same to you together with cheque to balance in due course.

I wonder what remnant will finally reach me, when they have paid themselves.

<!310139>

[101]

Tuesday, January 31st, 1939.

Today I cease to be Bishop of Durham and return to the proper insignificance of my personal position. I find it extremely difficult to realize the new situation.

I went in to Ipswich in order to open my account with Barclay's Bank, & to get my hair cut. The last I achieved, but not the first for the manager was absent, attending a Committee for relieving the suffering from the recent Flood. Ella & Fearne who had been flirting with Frasers, which for them has all the magnetic attraction of a beer-shop to a drunkard, kept me waiting, & so sweetened the mood in which I returned home!

In the afternoon I called at the Rectory for a few minutes, & then hastened back to the house in order to meet the clock-maker, Leng's relative who undertook to put the time-pieces in working order. I began to suspect that an electric clock is more a cause of worry, than a convenience. Moreover, I have an irrepressible apprehension as the electrical wires extend over every corner of the house.

<!010239>

[102]

Wednesday, February 1st, 1939.

I am no longer Bishop of Durham.

I am not now a Spiritual Peer.

I have no place in either Convocation, and I am not a member of the National Assembly. I am in plain terms, just

Nobody.

The Dean of Norwich send me a kind note.

30 Jan. 1939.

My dear Bishop,

I believe you are in office till Feb. 1st, and can address the envelope in the old way. I cannot tell you how sad I feel that you are giving up. My only consolation is that you are coming to this neighbourhood, & that we shall see more of you. When I write later on to ask you to preach, I hope you will give the matter your favourable consideration. I shall miss you greatly next week at the Church Assembly.

D. H. F. Cranage.

[pp. 103, 104 missing, but a slip on Henson's part; no page removed]

<!020239>

[105]

Thursday, February 2nd, 1939.

A fine day, but bitterly cold. I spent the morning in writing letters. Among these was one to Kenneth Hodgson, and another to Canon Dolphin.* The latter had written a clever and curious description of the outgoing Bishop, which Charles [Pattinson*] had very properly declined for publication in the Bishoprick, but which had evidently been written with care. It has a certain value for biographical purposes, as disclosing the impression which the poor gentleman made on one who knew him well.

The Dean wrote an extremely kind letter in which inter alia he referred **to the letter which he received from me at the time of his ~~xxx~~ Ordination. Hester Alington also wrote with much kindness.** I should be more or less than human if I were not moved, and comforted by the outburst of personal affection which has marked my retirement from my bishoprick. I was not prepared for it, nor can I quite understand it. Certainly my conscience does not endorse the lavish compliments which have been paid to me. But, the personal affection rings true.

<!030239>

[106]

Friday, February 3rd, 1939.

[symbol]

Another fine day, and rather milder.

I received a letter which surprised, interested, and pleased me, from M^r Fred^k W. Earle, who said that he was a boy at the Broadstairs Collegiate School, when I was there myself. The announcement of my resignation had moved him to write & "congratulate" me on my achievement in the Church.

Since those early days when I remember so well how you ~~was~~ used very often to be seen in that old Lecture Hall on a half-holiday writing a sermon or essay while we young rascals were out enjoying ourselves. And I also remember how you were often able to teach old Dick Burbidge instead of him teaching you.

I do remember Earle, but his description of me hardly accords with my recollections. It is, however, true that I did not play games, & that I held the Headmaster, Burbidge, in contempt. It is odd to have this picture of oneself more than 60 years ago.

[107]

[symbol]

Hugh Cecil writes characteristically from Eton.

Jan. 31st, 1939.

My dear Bishop,

I just write one line while you are still Bishop of Durham, to say how sorry I am you are going, and also how much I admire your courage and good sense in going before any one could ask why you didn't. To mix metaphor, Bishops should always get up while people are still hungry for them. Certainly your resignation gives only a poignant sense of loss not the least one of tardily fulfilled hope.

I comfort myself with thinking that you will be active with your pen. That will be a satisfaction to all who love good writing.

Ever yours

Hugh Cecil

[108]

Copies of the Bishopruck were sent to

1. Lord Hugh Cecil.
2. Arthur H Rawle.
3. G. Aubrey Henson.
23. Rev F. Ellis
24. Rev F. A. Craggs.

4. E. H. Blakeney.
5. Dean of Norwich
6. “ “ Westminster
7. “ “ Chichester
8. The Master of Magdalene, Cambridge.
9. Miss Veronica Irvine.
10. Dean of Lincoln.
11. “ “ Gloucester.
12. “ “ Wells.
13. “ “ S. Paul’s.
14. “ “ Exeter
15. “ “ Hereford
16. “ “ York
17. “ “ Manchester.
18. The Warden of All Souls.
19. Archbishop of Armagh
20. Inge
21. Archdeacon Hunter
22. Canon Peter Green.

<!040239>

[109]

Saturday, February 4th, 1939.

Very cold; report of dense fog in London. I received the following from the Secretary of the University Press, Cambridge.

February 3rd, 1939.

My dear Bishop,

Thank you for your letter of 1 February. I can well appreciate the reasons for your failure to be entirely punctual in the later of the delivery of the MS. I shall not press you for a guaranteed date, but now that you are in a position to enjoy your leisure in the calm of East Anglia, I shall look forward to receiving the MS as soon as you are able to complete it.

I also hope that now that you are nearer to Cambridge, you may be able to ~~complete~~ convey the MS ~~to~~ in person, & to have lunch with me in my College, Pembroke, which is very conveniently situated immediately opposite the University Press.

Yours sincerely

S. C. Roberts.

[110]

I answered immediately as follows: -

February 4th, 1939.

My dear M^r Roberts,

Thank you so much for your kind and magnanimous letter. I have no other commitments, and shall work at the Book until it is finished unless all plans are broken up by the War, which it is impossible to regard as an improbable or remote contingency; and, certainly if and when it is finished, I will gladly bring it to you myself, & lunch with you in Pembroke as you so kindly suggest.

Believe me,

Sincerely & obliged

H. Hensley Henson

S .C. Roberts Esq.

Cambridge University Press

Cambridge.

[111]

[symbol]

The Dean's letter to me has a distinctive interest, which, perhaps, justifies its transcription.

The Deanery
Durham.

Feb. 1st, 1939.

My very dear Bishop.

Your letter – like all your letters – was a [Greek quotation] – but in this case it had a special value from its occasion.

You know how happy I have been to work under you (saving, as you would wish to have saved, the rights of the Dean & Chapter!), and Durham won't be the same place to me without you. You have always been most gracious in your appreciation of what I've been trying to do for the Cathedral, & your love for it has been an inspiration.

I hope you realized that the Founders & Benefactors Service was very largely a personal tribute to you, & though **[112]** I know you would not wish that side of it emphasized, the thought was present to all our minds.

I should like you to know that I keep and value greatly a letter you wrote to me when I was being Ordained, little thinking then that we should ever work together for so great a place. Non omnis aberis from the Diocese in the future.

Thank you again for a very great many kindnesses to us both.

Every yours aff^{ly}

Cyril Alington

You will like to know that Lady Thurlow, Lord Barnard, & Sir Henry Havelock Allen, shared in my conspiracy about the Barrington Chairs.

[113]

The Town Clerk of Darlington sent me the following Resolution.
Resolved –

That the Council record their regret at the departure from the See of Durham of the Right Reverend Herbert Hensley Henson, and their appreciation of the great religious, educational, & social work which he has done during his Episcopate; & the Council trust that after the duties and labours of Office, filled with such success, he will find renewed health, & strength, & deep contentment.

Certified
H. Stephens.
Town Clerk.

[114]

The Archbishop of Canterbury writes me a type-written letter in which he says

"I sometimes wonder why you should have chosen to retire to a somewhat remote Suffolk village. I can only hope that you will devote yourself to writing, possibly resuming your studies of Church History of the 16th century, or perhaps editing those massive notebooks of reminiscences which you have accumulated, though I fear many of their most pungent passages had better be reserved for the delight of future generations!

I am not surprised that you should have been greatly touched by the inscription of the book presented to you by your Dioceses. It was a wise and discerning man who conceived it.

I hope that sometime when you come to London, you will remember that bed, board, and welcome will always await you here".

<!050239>

[115]

Septuagesima, February 5th, 1939.

I reflected in bed on this "Speculum Ecclesiae Anglicanae" or "Book on the Church of England as it now is", which I am pledged to produce this year. There must be a chapter on doctrine, which might be headed "Ecclesia docens", & which would contain a close & careful examination of the Report of the Commission on Doctrine. It occurs to me that I might usefully draw on Oliver Quick* to make sure I don't misunderstand the intention of the Commissioners. He was himself one of them, & is a candid & generously-minded though orthodox Churchman. Moreover, we are on friendly terms, & he could hardly resent being cross-examined in strict confidence. [Arthur] Rawlinson* is at once more narrowly orthodox, and more audaciously critical, but [I do not trust him, as I trust Oliver. He is adroit and ambitious "running with the hare, & hunting with the hounds".] [*previous sentence in square brackets crossed through in red pencil*]

I have no confidence in, & perhaps, not much sympathy with the "Catholic Modernists", whom he represents. Vernon Storr*, who heads a mob of muddle-headed folk, who call themselves "Liberal Evangelists" is perhaps, more honest and less adroit.

[116]

We all attended Mattins at 11 a.m. and I celebrated the Holy Communion afterwards. There was very small congregation, & the coughing, distributed and persistent, was maddening.

In the afternoon, Colonel Smith and a deaf female cousin came to tea. Their conversation was limited to the Cousinhood, whom I neither know no [sic] care to know, & it was punctuated by explosion of the Colonel's cough. I thought they would never go, and was reduced to despair. If conversation be any indication of interests & mental quality, these good people must have empty minds.

After they had gone I wrote to the Editor of the Guardian in acknowledgement of a very civil letter that he sent me, suggesting that I should ~~xxx~~ sometimes, when so disposed, write for, and to, his paper.

[symbol] I started re-reading [Arthur] Headlam's* book "The Church of England", and found myself much irritated by its egotistic dogmatism. On p.35, he has a very insolent reference to Coulton* a man incomparably more learned and impartial than himself.

<!060239>

[117]

Monday, February 6th, 1939.

A beautiful day, calm & bright. In the afternoon, I walked to Chattisham, the parish which has been united with Hindlesham. It is about 2 miles distant, & has an attractive look. There is a medieval church, with a massive XIVth century tower, but, as it was fast-locked, I could not see more than the outside.

In the forenoon, I went in to Ipswich, and had an interview with the Manager. I instructed him to invest £6000 in a local loan, which he recommended. It w^d, he said, purchase about £7000 stock at 3 p.c. This would leave me very ill equipped to meet the Income Tax cormorants next year.

I, also, went through the annual contributions which have been paid through my Banker: and struck out several, but the more considerable had to be retained viz:-

The Athenaeum	£15 : 15 : 0
Grillions	4 : 0 : 0
The Club	3 : 10 : 0
Order of S ^t . John	2 : 0 : 0
London Library	<u>3 : 0 : 0</u>
	<u>£28 : 5 : 0</u>

[118]

Old Smith's pension, which I haven't the heart to cut off, will cost £26. per annum: and the subscriptions at least £54. Add the "envelope-guaranteed" contribution to the offertories, about £10. and my income is reduced by £90. before the normal expenditures begin. Then the personal expenses viz.

Clothes & boots)	
Railway Fares)	
Tips)	
Stamps & Telegrams)	These will certainly exceed <u>£100</u> .
Hair-cutting & Shaving)	
Newspapers)	
Books)	

The outlook is certainly not promising. However, I will go on for a few months, and ascertain by experience more precisely what my commitments are. Any reasonable estimate must include a 'sinking-fund' for the motors, as well as some provision for doctors, dentists, and holidays. I am more than ever perplexed as to the way in which the parochial clergy manage to pay their way.

<!070239>

[119]

Tuesday, February 7th, 1939.

[symbol]

A beautiful day. I was busy in my study most part of the forenoon, and in the afternoon, walked for an hour and a half to Washbrook, and back.

Somebody called Baker sent me the 'Newark Parish Church Magazine'. It contains the same article, "The Bishop of Durham, a Personal Sketch", as that which was sent to me by the parson, Moor, now beneficed in London, who was recently Vicar of S. Barnabas, Hendon. It is evidently written by somebody who has collected a good deal of information about my career, but is disfigured by the usual ridiculous exaggerations, and is not, I suspect, inspired by any friendly intention. It is illustrated by a particularly unpleasant portrait. I think the time is fully come, when this poor gentleman, who has voluntarily withdrawn into the obscurity of a rather penurious private life, should cease to provide 'copy' for the newspapers. He himself is heartily sick of the subject.

<!080239>

[120]

Wednesday, February 8th, 1939.

A dull morning, mild, with threatenings of rain. Ella and Fearné went to London for the day. I received from the Ipswich banker a letter stating that he had purchased for me £7000 Local Loans 3% Registered Stock at 82% [?] for £5766 : 5 : 0. which (with Commission £17 : 10 : 0, and Contract Stamp 8/=) amounted to £5784 : 3 : 0.

I looked in on the Rector, & found him meditating on an invitation he had just received from our Papist squire, to a meeting in the parish at which the said Squire would preside at a discussion of Henry George's social policy! It appears that he combines Papistry & Socialism, and builds much on Leo xiiith's famous Encyclical.

I wrote to Martin, sending him the Commissioners' cheques for two of the clergy, endorsed by me "Herbert Dunelm:", for the wretched parsons cannot wait for their money, & the cheques are dated on the very day, February 1st, on which I ceased to be 'Herbert Dunelm:'.

[121]

[symbol]

The Church Assembly by "very nearly a unanimous vote" adopted a resolution which was moved by Lord Hugh Cecil:-

"That it is desirable that every holder of a benefice, including a bishopric, should voluntarily retire at a fixed age, and that the age of retirement should in normal circumstances be 75."

It was, perhaps, rather unfeeling to pass such a resolution at a moment when general attention is directed to the Bishop of London's retirement at the age of 81.

I confess to being surprized that [Winnington] Ingram, who is an unmarried man, & cannot therefore plead the necessity of making provision for a wife & perhaps also for children, should have consented to a public appeal for funds to make him comfortable in his old age. The pension of a thousand pounds (£1000) will hardly seem so woefully inadequate in the eyes of his East End friends as it appears to be in his own. Moreover, it does [122] [symbol] not appear to me really admirable that he should have made no provision for his old age, if the official pension w^d not suffice. He sets a bad example to the parochial clergy, who are but too ready as it is to plead their poverty as an excuse for making no provision for their dependents. Certainly, his career would have been more symmetrically concluded, if he had refused to accept a testimonial. And the apology for the appeal based on his generosity tacitly assumes the moral legitimacy of giving away what is properly required for prior claims.*

I think it is generally admitted that the effort to raise a large sum of money as a testimonial to Archbishop Davidson was unwise, and that the amount contributed was disappointing.

Yet the case of the archbishop was in some respects far stronger than that of the Bishop of London. I doubt not that there is much unpleasing comment among the poorer clergy.

<!090239>

[123]

Thursday, February 9th, 1939.

Fearne drove me into Ipswich, where I called at the Bank, and signed the various documents connected with my purchase of stock. The dividends will begin to be paid in April, and are to be paid into my account at the Bank.

Friday, February 10th, 1939.

Dolphin writes in terms of great satisfaction at discovering that I did not resent his impudent article about me, which Charles very properly declined to accept for the Bishoprick. He says that he is 'uneasy at the steady growth of the Roman Catholics in his parish.'

“They have a school & nuns & a resident priest, but the real source of their steady increase is the written pledge they exact in mixed marriages

“I am told that the R.C. steel workers here have the ‘priest’s money’ deducted weekly from their pay in the works.”

The death of the Pope was announced in the Evening papers.

<!110239>

[124]

Saturday, February 11th, 1939.

[symbol]

The electric clock, for some unknown reason, has stopped!

The Times is filled with laudations of Pope Pius xi: an immense obituary notice, a flattering leading article, and a whole page of illustrative photographs, convert "Jupiter" into a papal agent!

Abyssinia is dscreetly omitted from the list of the Pope's triumphs, but his zeal for the extension of Christianity ^in Africa!^ is emphasized!

I received a request from the Council of the Modern Churchmen's Union that I would preach at its annual service in S^t Margaret's, Westminster, on Wednesday, the 17th May.

[symbol] *Arthur Headlam is developing into a champion of Hitlerism: but the Church Assembly passed unanimously a resolution of sympathy with the persecuted Christians. Considering that the Bishop of Gloucester has just denied that there is any persecution in Germany, this action is almost equivalent to a vote of censure on his Lordship.*

<!120239>

[125]

Sexagesima, February 12th, 1939.

A bright morning with a cold wind.

We all went to church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. James wears a surplice, and with the server, receive the Sacrament first. The two lads, Arthur & Peter, have been well instructed, & perform their rather complicated functions to admiration. They are the raw materials out of which we develop our impossible priestlings: but at their present stage of puerile pietism, their main spiritual danger is spiritual priggishness! It is a pity, for they mean well.

I pondered the matter of preaching to the Modern Churchmen. Shall I accept their invitation? Is it wise to identify myself with that mangle-mangle of hereticks? Is it fair to refuse association with those who, not wholly without excuse, would claim me as a fellow dabbler in heresy? The sermon is to be in S. Margaret's, Westminster, & that circumstance might provide a sufficient explanation of my preaching there. And, of course, Hitler may settle the matter for me!

[126]

[symbol]

I wrote to the Secretary accepting the Council's invitation to preach in S. Margaret's, Westminster, on May 17th, at 11.30 a.m.

We all attended Mattins, when I read the lessons, and the Rector preached.

The "envelope" system, which Moulsdale induced me to accept, **is a cunning device for getting those who come under it to pledge themselves to contribute to the collections more than they wish, and sometimes more than they can afford.** I said that I would undertake to make a weekly contribution of 2/6: but this made no provision for more than the service, at which the envelope was collected. I gave 2/- at the early service; so that this Sunday's contribution has risen to 4/6.

This high westerly wind, almost a gale, makes the chimneys smoke, and this coal distributes a dirty deposit, which makes my study at once dull & unclean. I hope this will not be a frequent visitation.

Also I started a rabbit on the lawn. This promises destruction for the garden, for the beast is as fecund as it is omnivorous.

<!130239>

[127]

Monday, February 13th, 1939.

[symbol]

Ralph sends me a kind letter, in which he says

How much wiser you are than A F [Arthur Foley Winnington Ingram] London with his 'testimonial' - a gift of money, I fear, which he ought not to want. It is, as you say, a bad custom. I was afraid you did not look too happy when we met the other day. It must be a wrench giving up so great a position, and one in which you have done so much. It was quite different with me.

We motored to Ipswich, and returned the Bishop's call. We found him at home with his wife and daughter, and had some friendly talk with him. His account of the session of the Church Assembly suggested that, though there were many speeches, thanks to the "ten-minutes rule", there was very little spoken that was worth listening to. He showed me the Chapel which had been added to the house, and designed by Munro Cautley. He is a friendly man, of good practical sense.

<!140239>

[128]

Tuesday, February 14th, 1939.

[symbol]

To a correspondent who had written to inquire whether "Bishop Henson's addresses to Confirmation addresses" had been published and, if so, where he could obtain them, I wrote :- [symbol]

My confirmation addresses have never been published for the sufficient reason that they do not appear to me to be suitable for publication. The occasion compels a certain similarity in substance; and the circumstances almost demand ~~an almost~~ a quasi-domestical simplicity, with the result that the addresses are never written, and rarely coherent enough to read tolerably! If they serve their immediate purpose, the Bishop is content.

The Provost of the Cathedral in S. Edmundsbury wrote a very civil letter inviting me to preach there on Easter Day, but I had to decline as I am already pledged to ~~preach in S. Paul's~~ assist in Hintlesham on that day. I do not think there will be any lack of these requests.

[129]

The Bishop of Knaresborough ^{^(Bateman-Champagne [Champaign])^} acknowledging some letter wrongly addressed to me but plainly meant for him, writes;-

"It gives me the excuse, which I welcome, of writing to you and saying that I am always grateful to you for your kindness to me when I was at Newcastle. Probably you do not realize how much your presence at Durham helped us in our hidden corners in the North-East."

He is very kind to say this; but I cannot "put a face" - on him, though I vaguely recall preaching for him!

Squance* sent me a type-written account of his experiences under the Enabling Act. I wrote him a letter of thanks.

[symbol]

The Morris car was reported to be so seriously in need of repair, that a[sic] expenditure of nearly £40 would be requisite to put it into working order. I was rash enough to order the garage-proprietor æ on the Hadleigh road to undertake the work.

<!150239>

[130]

Wednesday, February 15th, 1939.

[symbol]

A brilliant day, cloudless and windless. The workmen brought the bookcases, and set them up. They were speedily filled with volumes, but placed in most admired disorder.

The Dean of Norwich writes;

'I quite agree with you about the Bishop of Gloucester. My Vice-dean, Canon Green is a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, and he tells me they have passed a resolution disavowing what he has been saying and doing. In the face of that, surely, he will think it advisable to resign.

I doubt it. Little short of a surgical operation would be necessary in order to induce Headlam to acknowledge that he has blundered!

Jack Clayton* writes that he had attended the annual service of the A.E.G.M. (Anglican Evangelical Group Movement'[sic]: at which the preacher was the Bishop of Birmingham;-

He ~~preached~~ prefaced an outspoken & interesting sermon (with which I could not feel in agreement) by some appreciative [131] [symbol] remarks about S. Margaret's nearly 40 years ago which I was glad to hear: **he said that he used often to attend** the Sunday evening service when the Rector of that day (yourself) was then the strongest force on the side of liberal Christianity in London; he added that your congregation did not consist only of intellectuals but he always noticed many young people of a humbler class of society.

He has been attending the Assizes in Hereford as Sheriff's Chaplain:-

"The first case was that of a half-witted youth of 20 charged with theft & his Christian's names were 'Herbert Hensley', so I conclude that his parents were among the admirers of the Bishop of Hereford in 1918/9".

This habit of adopting the names of public persons sometimes has ill consequences.

<!160239>

[132]

Thursday, February 16th, 1939.

I wrote to Miss Blackbourne consenting to preach in Ely Cathedral at the Summer festival thereof: on June 20th at 6 p.m. Also, to M^r Acland, the Headmaster of Norwich Grammar School, promising to give away prizes on July 31st.

So the mortgages on my leisure begin to multiply.

I received a letter from the Evening Standard, asking me if I would “consider writing an article of about 1200 words on the Special Areas.”

We devoted ourselves to filling the new book-cases with the volumes which lay in heaped confusion on the smoking room floor – a fatiguing and filthy employment: in the course we discovered with some chagrin that a considerable number of quite useless volumes, many of which had been deliberately set aside as not worth removing from the Castle, had none the less been transferred from Durham to Suffolk! The packing was very badly done.

<!170239>

[133]

Friday, February 17th, 1939.

There was a sharp frost last night. The temperature in my bedroom at 7 a.m. was 44°.

The Times has on its front page a letter from Sir Malcolm Stewart headed "Youth without work".

It pleased me so much that I **forthwith wrote a letter to the Editor expressing my approval.** It will be interesting to see whether he will think it worth publishing. Then, cautiously reflecting that in my present circumstances, I must close no door of potential gain(!), I wrote an Article for the "Evening Standard", and addressed it to the "Features Editor", whatever that may mean.

Sir Bunnell Burton* called in the afternoon, and was most friendly. He expressed admiration for my study, and offered to put me up for election at the County Club. He said that the discussion of the question of clerical and episcopal resignation in the Church Assembly had been brisk and amusing. "You ought to have been there," he said, "for a good many references to you came into the speeches".

<!180239>

[134]

Saturday, February 18th, 1939.

[symbol]

Frost last night: temperature at 7 a.m. 48°. A beautiful morning. With the early sun lightening my study through its eastward facing window, the room has a cheerful, and inviting aspect.

The Times has my letter on its front page, and a short leader on the subject of it was friendly. This is quick work, since the letter was posted in Ipswich about 11 a.m yesterday.

A pleasant [sic] post brought me letters from Dick, Leslie, & Tom Elliott. The solitude of unemployed old age may, if they don't weary of writing to an old man, be relieved by correspondence with them.

Fearne motored us to Felixstow[sic] in the afternoon. While I walked to the end of the long pier or jetty, Ella & Fearne did some shopping. On returning to the house, I found a note from M^r R. Stokes, the M.P. for Ipswich, who is the Squire's brother, indicating his desire to discuss his project of taxing site values!

[135]

[symbol]

Ella & Fearne with the maids attended a parochial function in the parish hall. I read through Gervase Markham's account of his work as curate in Bishopwearmouth. It is an amusing composition, for the dear Boy has a sense of humour, and "lets himself go". But it is impossible to miss the note of something very like disillusionment. So many things have been tried, but nothing seems to succeed: & everywhere the presence of the holy spinsters is exasperating. It is apparent that Christianity, as it is presented in that parish by 4 able & devoted clergymen, makes little appeal to men. Neither older nor younger men will come to the services. It is curious. "Holy Communion in this parish is becoming entirely a women's service. That is no exaggeration." My own observations accord with this. It is certainly regrettable that while more & more emphasis is being placed on the Blessed Sacrament, men are turning away from it more resolutely. Why should this be?

<!190239>

[136]

Quinquagesima, February 19th, 1939.

Ella and Fearne arrived home shortly before midnight, and, assuming that I had retired to my bedroom, neglected to announce their return to me in my study, where I remained in deepening perturbation until 12.15 midnight. Ella had assumed that I was asleep, because no sound was audible from my empty bed. This episode sent me finally to bed in an ill temper, partly a justifiable resentment against what was certainly an unintelligent, though, of course, unintentional neglect; and, partly, in a not less justifiable discontent with myself for indulging a mood, which was both irrational and unjust. The first, because such lapses from common sense are normal incidents of human life, and the last, because, since no unkindness was intended, no offence should have been taken. It is ever so with me; as it was with the unconverted Apostle "The good which I would I do not, but the evil which I would not that I do". But I do not feel able to indulge his antinomian reasoning, not can I echo his joy in supernatural rescue.

[137]

I wrote to Ralph, and to Ruth. Also to Downie, who had begged me to recommend his brother-in-law, Canon Blackburn, to the Trustees who are patrons of Hurworth, as a suitable successor of Faber: and to the Secretary of the Protestant Association Trust doing this. I strongly suspect that that section of "the Protestant Underworld" will "look down their noses", when they are confronted with a recommendation from the late Bp. Of D.! I read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Communion at the 11 a.m. service. But, for some reason or other, I was flustered, & blundered grossly. Peter, the serving lad, contributed to my confusion by his loyal correctness. I fear that I must have badly damaged whatever respect for the Episcopate he may have cherished! The Rector himself was not quite as serenely pontifical as usual. I suspect that the excitements of the parochial entertainment may have had something to do with the pervading atmosphere of spiritual dishevelment!

[138]

I wrote at some length to the Bishop of Jarrow.

Colonel Smith came to tea, & discussed family traditions with Ella, at considerable length, while I wrote letters.

At 6 p.m. the M. P. made his appearance. [symbol] M^r Richard Stokes is a large, loosely-built man, with a frank manner, and an expansive smile. He told me that he was a "Catholic", and, indeed, I might have guessed as much for he has that facile, rather enigmatic, friendliness which marks that breed. He talked with much energy and disarming candour on politics, & was evidently anxious to impress on me that he was (to use his own phrase) "on the fringe" of Socialism, but a keen advocate of Henry George's land policy, and an admirer of Sir Stafford Cripps.* On the whole I liked the man, & I think that he liked me. We parted after an hour's conversation very amicably. **I was pleased to learn that he thought an outbreak of**

War improbable, basing his opinion on the information gained from a diplomatic friend in Berlin.

<!200239>

[139]

Monday, February 20th, 1939.

A cold but brilliant day. I worked at the Book, but made little progress. The wind being in the north, I was, for the first time, perturbed by the smell of the manure heap in the field behind the house. It was not, as such smells go, offensive, suggesting rather a stable, than a dung-hill, but, none the less, it alarmed me. James informed me that the farm next-door has just "changed hands". It is a matter of some concern to us what manner of man the new tenant will be. We can but, in M^r Asquith's classic formula, "Wait and see", and hope for the best.

In the afternoon, Fearn drove us to see the two grand churches, Lavenham and Melford. There is only 4 or 5 miles between them. There can be few ~~places~~ counties in England which, in such close contiguity, can show such masterpieces.

The afternoon post brought me a letter from Ruth, written in the tiny cursive, which that good lady employs to the despair of her friends.

<!210239.

[140]

Shrove Tuesday, February 21st, 1939.

[symbol]

A sharp frost last night: a bright cold day. The post brought me a civil letter from Sir Malcolm Stewart, thanking me for my support in the Times.

[symbol] **Also, Lord Daryngton,* wrote approvingly of my letter in last Saturday's issue of the Times. He made a kind allusion to my retirement:**

It was sad to see your empty seat in the Church Assembly. & reference was made to the great loss that body has sustained.

Dame Muriel Talbot and M^{rs} Carruthers (Violet Markham)* also write very kindly to express agreement with what I wrote to the Times. She adds

It is sad to think how much Durham must be missing you.

Violet Markham wrote with characteristic impetuosity and at her accustomed length. She enlarges on the evil situation of the world, refers to her lasting sorrow for her husband's death, and declares her unshaken confidence that everything will come right in the end.

[141]

Then she alludes to the old days in Westminster

Looking back on my own life, I am always conscious of how crucial your influence was in it, that whatever its failures and imperfections, any good in it goes back to the turning point of S. Margaret's and yourself thirty years ago.

I cannot but read such declarations with mingled thankfulness and humiliation. Their sincerity is apparent: their irrelevance to my personal action is painfully certain. I am, however, really pleased to renew the old friendship, which strangely seemed to have petered out.

Sir Charles wrote:

Your letter in the Times was very much to the point. I hope you will not cease to stir the public conscience in the future now & then, as you have so often done in past years.

But H. H. H. is not H. D.: nor is Hyntle Place equivalent to Auckland Castle.

[142]

[symbol]

The Rev. F. E. Bland, (S. James's Parsonage, Bray, C^o Wicklow) writes a letter, which, though disclosing a full measure of Irish "blarney", pleased me sufficiently to secure admission to this journal.

[symbol]

My Lord Bishop,

I wonder if I may be allowed at this time of your retirement to express my deep gratitude for what our influence has meant to me for many years past.

[Scholarship apart, your Lordship's honesty of thought & fearlessness in expressing it have always been an example & inspiration to me: but of late years I have had the privilege (through my son-in-law, the Rev. J. H. Shore, late of Fencehouses) of being introduced to "the Bishoprick", from which I have learned more of your mind on many subjects, religious, social, and other.]

I would like also to thank you for your "Introductory Essay" to "the English Bible",¹ published last year. I have read [143] [symbol] it several times, & it is to my hand as I write. I have given away copies of this book as Christmas presents – one to a daughter of mine at Simla, who, though religion means much to her, sits very loosely to it as conventionally understood & conventionally practised, & I am thankful to say that she is very pleased with it, & this she w^dnot say unless she meant it.

When I was reading in this month's "Bishoprick" your Lordship's farewell words at the Diocesan Conference in November last, I ad just come across H. A. L. Fisher's quotation of Q. Elizabeth's farewell to her last Parliament:

"Though you have had & may have many mightier & wiser princes on this throne, yet you never had nor shall have any that loved you better".

No doubt it was the "loving" in both cases which have its quality to the work laid down.

[144]

[symbol]

May I express the hope that you will look on your retirement as a release for wider service in the Church, and that you will continue to give us for many years to come the ever-ripening fruit of your thought, judgement, and advice.

With sincere apologies for anything that may seem like presumption in this letter.

¹ Vernon F. Storr (ed.), *The English Bible: essays by various writers* (London, 1938), with an Introduction by H. Hensley Henson.

I am,
Yours with great respect,
(Rev.) F. E. Bland

I looked up the writer in Crockford, & learned that he had been a C. M. S. Missionary in China, where for 16 years he had been Principal of a Boys High School in Foochow. He was ordained in 1895, and has, therefore, been 44 years in Orders. He must be nearing 70 years of age. His letter is well-expressed, and his reference to Fisher's history may justify the surmise that he is a reader of better books than the rank & file of C. M. S. missionaries commonly read.

<!220239>

[145]

Ash Wednesday, February 22nd, 1939.

An unpleasant morning, chilly & wet.

By my advice Ella remained at home, but Fearne and I went to Church, and received the Holy Communion. Besides ourselves there was but one communicant, a maid from the vicarage did as much of the server's business as a maid may viz. prepared the altar tc.

<!230239>

[145]

Thursday, February 23rd, 1939.

A stormy night was followed by a bright but cold and gusty day.

I spent the morning in revising the chapter on "The English Bishop". It will make some people very angry, but is in itself sound enough.

M^{rs} Rudgard came to tea, having driven 55 miles from the house which her husband has bought near Norwich. She gives an ill account of the big man. He seems to live in such a state of chronic sulk, as makes the suggestion of some mental derangement not wholly improbable. He is an illustration of the familiar phenomenon of a busy man completely undone by the advent of leisure!

[146]

[symbol]

I wrote to Dick, to Gervase Markham, and to Tom Elliott – three excellent and intelligent young clergymen, whom I have myself ordained. I must write to Noel Lamidey in Australia: to George Nimmins in Java: and to Jack Carr in Nigeria. The isolation of retirement may be mitigated by correspondence with these younger men, who love me, and whom I love.

[symbol]

The Rector sent to me with a note of commendation a letter from the Rector of Ufford, Woodbridge, The Rev. F. Drake, requesting me to preach to a company of Pilgrims to the site of S. Botolph's Monastery, Iken! That gentleman must rate my intelligence very low, or my complaisance very high! One of the very silliest of the many silly affectations of medieval piety, in which our latter-day Anglo-Catholics indulge, is pilgrimages to the sites of once famous shrines. It is humiliating to learn that I am thought capable of indulging in that puerility.

<!240239>

[147]

Friday, February 24th, 1939.

A dull morning, & not quite so cold.

Two more invitations to preach came by the morning post, the one from the Dean of Wells, and the other from the Vicar of S. Matthew's, Northampton. I refused them both.

I worked all the morning on the chapter which deals with the Parochial System, and therein cannot but deal with the Freehold of the Benefice. In this connexion, I could not avoid criticizing Headlam's characteristically exaggerated defence of it as securing the much vaunted freedom of the parson, & the tolerant comprehensiveness of the Church of England. This is regrettable, but, I fear, unavoidable. I think it will be requisite to append two notes to this Chapter. 1. On Patronage; and 2. on Exchange of livings. Possibly, there should be a 3. on the Parochial Council.

We returned M^{rs} Wise's call. There called also M^{rs} Cobbold, & another lady, M^{rs} Bland. The latter's husband was a great grandson of Bishop Maltby of Durham.

<!250239>

[148]

Saturday, February 25th, 1939.

An unpleasant day, gusty and wet.

*I worked on the "Via media" most of the day, but it is an ambiguous subject, more often lauded or denounced, than understood. It is an odd description to be applied to a communion, which can hardly be said with truth to have any "via" of its own. Half of its members, & the bulk of the clergy, move more or less resolutely on the road to the right, which leads backwards to Medievalism, which can only mean Rome, since there alone does Medievalism survive as a living power: most of the rest, move, but less resolutely, to the left, which leads them to the exhausted disintegration of Modernism. **The Anglican of the Via Media lingers on the stage, but is plainly passing.** He is almost always an old man of eminent virtue but small intelligence and no imagination. He sometimes associates himself with the platitudinous absurdities of Buchmanism, & makes heroic efforts to master its language & simulate the hilarity!*

<!260239>

[149]

1st Sunday in Lent, February 26th, 1939.

[symbol]

A beautiful morning, mild, sunny, & calm. We all went to Church, and received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. James, and the 3 serving lads were, beside myself, the sole males present, & there were 9 or 8 women. [symbol] **This is certainly not a church-going village.** The Rector is positive that most of the villagers are "subnormal": but that may be rather the expression of pastoral disappointment than the verdict of knowledge & justice.

We attended Mattins, and I read the lessons. The Rector preached on Abel's sacrifice, and announced his purpose of making Sacrifice the subject of his preaching throughout Lent. His sermon was so naively conventional that it might have been delivered, so far as its assumption & argument went, at any time before the year 1850! He has considerable facility: he arranges his material effectively and his sublimely dogmatic, almost oracular, manner could hardly fail to impress rustics, but educated people would find his strong and rather vulgar accent, very trying.

<!270239>

[150]

Monday, February 27th, 1939.

[symbol]

A white frost gave a wintry aspect to the country: but the sun was bright.

Lord Roche* asks me to dine in the Temple on the Grand Night: and the Dean of York asks me to preach at the great military service in the Cathedral. These dear people evidently mean to be kind, but they do not realize that I am now come into a situation which makes it difficult to afford railway fares!

[symbol]

Lord Roche told me that he was born at Ipswich (1871) and educated there. He evidently has a deep affection for the place. He said that Lord Woodbridge (who seems to be a generous benefactor of Ipswich, and now lives at Abbey Oaks, Sproughton) was a close personal friend of his, & that he would urge him to make my acquaintance. If only my poor Ella were not so deplorably deaf. I should be pleased that she should go into companies, which she enjoys, and is well fitted to adorn. As things are, I have no interest in that kind of society, and only wish to live out my days in unmolested obscurity.

<!280239>

[151]

Tuesday, February 28th, 1939.

A wet morning. Fearne motored me into Ipswich, where I caught the 9.50 a.m. train to Liverpool Street, and arrived there about 11.30 a.m. For the first time since I entered the sphere of gaiterhood, **I travelled third class, & found it horrible. The carriage was filled: I had to sit with my back to the engine: & some fat, coughing females insisted on having the window closed!!** I drove to the Athenaeum, & having deposited my bag, went on to the hairdresser, & was dealt with professionally.

[symbol]

I dined with the Club at the Café Royal. It was a very pleasant party of 10:

1. Lord Macmillan in the Chair
2. The Marquis of Crewe
3. Lord Mackinnon
4. Prof. George Trevelyan
5. Sir Charles Oman
6. " Frederick Kenyon
7. The Master of the Rolls (Sir Wilfrid Greene)
8. Sir Edward Peacock
9. Sir Charles Peers
10. H. H. H.

[152]

[symbol]

The conversation was animated, interesting and well-sustained. As the company was not too numerous, and sate at a round table, everybody had his share of the talk. I was interested to hear the two eminent judges – [Hugh] Macmillan and Mackinnon – agree in the opinion that Sir Stafford Cripps was by far the ablest barrister now practicing in the Courts. They contrasted with amazement his carriage in the Courts, with the extravagant nonsense he talks in the House of Commons, and on the platform. We discussed the decay of oratory in Parliament. Lord Crewe said that the great orators, whom he had heard in his younger days had left no successors. He agreed that Roseberry and Buckmaster were almost the last of the succession. Macmillan gave some extraordinary instances of Scottish book-learning which he had himself met with in Scotland. I could not but acknowledge that in England nothing of the kind could be found. Altogether, I enjoyed the dinner very much.*

<010339>

[153]

Wednesday, March 1st, 1939.

[Charles] Peers* and I joined tables at breakfast, and afterwards walked to Westminster where we spent the morning in the Abbey. I saw with astonishment the transformation of the muniment room, & Chapter Library, **which has been carried out at the expense of the Pilgrim Trust.** Lawrence Tanner, who is now established as the Abbey archivist, has a noble work-room. He shows his treasures with pride and knowledge. I was much impressed by the fine head of Abbot Islip, which has been recently discovered. Peers has cleaned the Chancel walls, & thus greatly enhanced the beauty of the spectacle. I failed to find the inscription to Palaeologus, which used to be near the hideous Nightingale monument.

[[*paragraph struck through in red pencil*] I called on Dashwood*, and discussed my income tax business. He was full of gossip as usual. He said that Garbutt*, the Bishop of Winchester, was to succeed Ingram in the See of London. I lunched with Dashwood in the Oxford & Cambridge Club.

[154]

[symbol]

[symbol in margin] I dined with Grillions. Only six members, but none the less, an unusually interesting party, viz.

1. Lord Willingdon
2. .. Chatfield
3. .. Rushcliffe
4. .. Crawford & Balcares.
5. Sir Francis Humphries
6. H. H. H.

We had a great discussion on India. *I was struck by the agreement of Willingdon & Chatfield* in a very unfavourable estimate of Gandhi. Chatfield impressed me most favourably. He has the bluff frankness of a sailor, with a kindly fun of his own. He has just returned from India, where he has been Chairman of a Commission to consider Indian defence. His account of the native witnesses was most entertaining. **Sir Francis Humphries told some amusing stories of his experiences with natives in India.** On one occasion he had to decide on the ownership of a house. The witnesses were numerous, positive, & irreconcilable. At length he announced his intention of seeing the house himself, [155] [symbol in margin] and proposed to do so on the following Tuesday: but, after consultation, both parties said that day was impossible. Would Wednesday serve? Again, they found the day unsuitable. Would they themselves suggest a day? **They declined, admitting that no house existed!***

It is obvious that the Indian princes are deeply disturbed at the probable effect on their governments of a Federation which would bring them into direct association with the 'democratic' states.

Lord Willingdon spoke with much energy of the racial exclusiveness of the English in India, and told us how he had striven to correct it.

We kept up our talk for nearly 3 hours, and then I fled.

I read through Lord David Cecil's book, "The Young Melbourne", which has been much and deservedly praised. The miserable story of Byron and Lady Caroline Lamb is told with much care & psychological insight.*

<!020339>

[156]

Thursday, March 2nd, 1939.

I walked to Park Lane, and saw Lord Scarbrough, who looked remarkably well, in spite of his 82 years. I also called at Londonderry House, to enquire for Robin [Viscount Castlereagh], who is said to have influenza.*

I returned to Ipswich by the 3. 8 p.m. arriving at 4.40 p.m. Ella & Fearne met me at the station, & brought me to Hyntle Place.

<!030339>

Friday, March 3rd, 1939.

[156]

This day was frittered away, mostly in writing letters. I did devote two hours to the Book, but made little progress: and wasted my eyes, my interest, and my time on the newspapers.

<!040339>

Saturday, March 4th, 1939.

[156]

Another day of laborious futility!

In the afternoon we returned the call of the Archdeacon – a pleasant man about my age. **He said that he had stayed with me at Bonskeid, some 53 years ago, had been a devoted friend of Hutton, and also a member of S^t John's College, Oxford.** Winifred Parker arrived.

<!050339>

[157]

2nd Sunday in Lent, March 5th, 1939.

[symbol]

I finished reading the very remarkable book which Abp. Temple says, in his 'Foreword', "is likely to remain for many years to come the classical treatment of its theme." It is styled "The Christian Message in a Non-Christian World", and its Author is H. Kraemer, Professor of the History of Religions in the University of Leiden (Holland). It is published for the International Missionary Council by 'the Edinburgh House Press. 2 Eaton Gate, S.W.1. 1938'. In his 'Preface' the Author says: "The highest ambition I foster is that it (his book) may prove to be a helpful contribution to the Church's rediscovery of its apostolic nature."

*The book is either a translation, presumably from the Dutch, or written by a Dutchman, who though knowing English well, yet thinks in Dutch. Hence its style is cumbrous, involved, and rather pompous. **Nevertheless, it is an arresting, thought-provoking, and extremely puzzling composition. It is ever like a penal pilgrimage in the Middle Ages, in which the penitent took 3 backward to 4 forward steps!***

[158]

[symbol]

Dick has heard of it, and that it is thought to be excellent. **There is a very evidently Barthian flavour about it, which I don't like. Indeed, I suspect that at bottom I belong to the eclectically minded Christians whom the Author denounces.** His division of religions between those that are 'theocentric', and those which are 'anthropocentric' is not wholly satisfactory. All religion must ultimately have its origin in Divine Action: and the capacity of man to desire, recognize, endorse, & express the approaches of the Divine Spirit confers on his religious achievements [sic] the character of Divine Activities ("He hath shewed thee, O man"). **This Barthian divorce between the Divine and the Human seems to me degrading to human nature, and wholly incompatible with the Religion of the Incarnation.** But I am not sure that Kraemer swallows the entire Barthian dogma: & undoubtedly he says much that is searching, sound, and greatly worth considering.

[159]

[symbol]

We all went to Church for the service at 11 a.m. I read the Lessons and Celebrated. After Mattins, the Bishop of S.E. and I dedicated as a side-altar the old Jacobean Table, which had once been in the Church, & had been recovered by the late Sir Gerald Ryan. He also dedicated an image of S. Nicholas as a memorial of his late Secretary.

The Bishop preached a short suitable sermon. **He introduced into it a kindly reference to my arrival in the parish.** A photographer took a picture of the Rector between the two bishops. Then we all (save Ella, who went back to Hyntle Place to entertain Winifred) lunched at the Rectory.

[symbol] Winifred and I walked for an hour after tea. She is very markedly pro-Arab in her view of the Palestinian problem. It certainly is extremely unfortunate that the Jews are everywhere so greatly disliked. Their merits are very great: their wrongs are beyond description: their abilities are unquestionable, but everybody hates them! Why?

<!060339>

[160]

Monday, March 6th, 1939.

A bright morning. Winifred returned to London after breakfast, and I prepared notes for the Lowestoft prize-distribution.

The wind being in the West, my study chimney smoked abominably to my grievous discomfort.

The carpenter set up in my study the barometer which was given me, together with the arm-chair, by my curates, when I left the vicarage of Barking in 1895.

Fearne motored me to the County Hall in Ipswich, where I joined M^r Missen, the Director of Education who had undertaken to carry me to Lowestoft. With him were his wife, a pleasant young woman, and a young colleague. Missen is a well-built man, good-looking, intelligent, and with a taking friendly manner, who talked freely as he drove to Lowestoft. I liked him, and found his conversation interesting & informing. He said that he had served 3 years in Mesopotamia, during the War, and, save for an attack of fever, had come through unscathed.

[161]

After Mesopotamia, he had served in Persia, and had returned through Constantinople and Africa. **He had kept a diary, some of which he had published.** We discussed some of the vexed questions of educational policy, and I found him uncommonly free from the too-familiar official bigotries. The function of Prize distribution was held in a large hall, which had been the dance-room of a hotel. There was a large attendance, the 1000 chairs being supplemented by a ring of 'standards'. The company was mostly very poor & rough specimens of the upper artisan and lower middle class sections of the populations: while the 'platform' included the leading clergy & local 'magnates'. There was the usual interminable & tiresome "Report" from the Principal of the Technical Institute & School of Arts & Crafts, and I then I [sic] distributed prizes & certificates to as ill-looking a set of youths & maidens as I have met on such occasions. There was much delay & confusion in fitting the **[162]** **rewards** to the right recipients. Then I spoke for about 25 minutes. The audience was attentive, but, I suspect, bored. They desired something much more humourous, colloquial, and intelligible! Then there was a performance, designed to magnify the Institute, and, when this was ended, I was led round an "Exhibition" of the artistic achievements of the pupils – a squalid show. Then coffee (which I detest) and a huge sandwich in a basement chamber: after which we drove home. Missen was civil enough to carry me to my gate.

[symbol] **Missen agreed with me as to the inferiority of the male teachers in the elementary schools as compared with the female.** He told me a curious fact which he had learned about the Jews when living in Leeds, where there is a large Jewish population. **They insist on having Christian teachers in the Jewish schools, and the Headmasters find themselves frequently appealed to by the Jewish parents in all manner of domestic disputes and difficulties.**

<!080339>

[163]

Tuesday, Wednesday, March 8, 1939.

The weather today has been abominable, for a gale blew all day from the south west, and when the wind blows from that quarter, the chimneys in Hyntle Place smoke relentlessly. My study became as the auto-chamber of Gehenna, & work was quite impossible. This was the more annoying since I was in the mood to work. I gave up the attempt about 11 a.m., and walked into the village, where I visited the parish church in order to see the statue of S. Nicholas, which was dedicated last Sunday. I recognized the grotesque carving from which the chancel arch springs – a man holding his mouth distended by his hands - as the “tooth-ache caricature” which, according to Coulton* (v. Art & the Reformation p. 279) is “a common medieval motive”. Then I went on to the Rectory & found Moulds in course of having his breakfast. It was 11.30 a.m. He said that the box in the Children’s Corner for contributions to the “Waifs & Strays Society” had been surprisingly full of pennies.

<!090339>

[164]

Thursday, March 9th, 1939.

The wind having moderated, I was able to resume work on the Book, though with shaken confidence in my study. The morning was calm, and sunny.

I worked on the Book until lunchtime, and afterwards walked for more than an hour. Colonel Smith came to tea, bringing with him M^{rs} Howell, the wife of L^t Colonel Howell, a first cousin of the late Canon Cruickshank.* She seemed interesting and intelligent.

<!100339>

[164]

Friday, March 10th, 1939.

The wind being in the north carried the stench of the manure-heap in the field behind the house over the house, & was extremely offensive, the more since fresh supplies of manure were being carted on to the heap. This is, indeed, alarming, for, even if it doesn't affect our health, it will certainly destroy our comfort. I thought it bad enough to justify my writing to the farmer requesting him to abate the nuisance. It is regrettable to have to start one's life with a dispute on such a subject with one's nearing neighbour.

<!110339>

[165]

Saturday, March 11th, 1939.

I worked at the Book, completing the section on the Convocations, and making a start on that which must treat of "The Lambeth Conference". As the poor thing will appear (if it ever does appear) when another Lambeth Conference is on the eve of meeting, it will, perhaps, arrest attention. For this reason, if for no other, it seems to require rather particularly careful writing. For my materials I have

1. The Reports of the 7 Conferences.
2. Several important biographies esp. those of the Archbishops Tait, Benson, Temple, & Davidson.
3. My own reminiscences of the two Conferences which I myself attended

I wrote Sir Ernest Goodman Roberts, acknowledging his excellent "Open letter" to the Bishop of Rangoon on the subject of Buchman's Movement. According to "Who's Who" he is the Chief Justice of Rangoon, is 49 years old & unmarried, was at Trinity, Oxford, & President of the Union, M.P. for Flintshire (1924-29).

<!120339>

[166]

3rd Sunday in Lent, March 12th, 1939.

Rain fell during the night, but when I went to church for the early service the sun was shining, & the sky was clear.

Ella and Fearne "abode with the sheepfolds", but I went to the church, & communicated. James & the two servers, Peter & Arthur, represented the "superior" sex, & 4 females (including two from the Rectory) the "inferior". I am afraid that Lenten obligations sit lightly on the "Catholicks" of Hintlesham!

I wrote a long letter to Charles Nye, and made a copy of it. Some of it might provide matter for the Book.

The league of Nations Union, and the Oxford Society send me invitations to meetings of those societies, of which I am a member but neither interests me very much: for the one is properly moribund, & the other has an atmosphere of muscular joviality which I find tiresome. D. O. [Dugald] Malcolm* sent me an affectionately worded letter, expressing pleasure at my being elected to some kind of shadowy position in All Souls.

<!130339>

[167]

Monday, March 13th, 1939.

Ella & Fearne went to London, and I resumed work on the Book. In the course of the day I wrote 11 pages, mostly about the Lambeth Conference: but it was woefully poor stuff. In the afternoon I walked in the Hadleigh direction for an hour and a half.

<!140339>

[167]

Tuesday, March 14th, 1939.

Jack Clayton lunched here, and in the afternoon I took him to see the Rector, whom we found "very sorry for himself" in his study, complaining of indigestion. Why is it that one can feel so little sympathy with that miserable affliction? Is it because, very unjustly for the most part, it carries a suggestion of over-eating? In the Rector's case, perhaps, it were nearer the truth to suggest unwise eating & drinking coupled with sustained lack of exercise. I worked at the Book, but (thanks to the interruption of Clayton's visit) made but little headway. The poor thing becomes ever more repulsive to me!

<!150339>

[168]

Wednesday, March 15th, 1939.

[symbol]

*The news from Germany is again very menacing. Hitler has definitely broken up the miserable republic which [Chamberlain] surrendered to him at Munich, and is evidently advancing on the road of "power policy" more confidently than ever, since he is learning that there is nothing to fear from the democracies. It is more than ever difficult to see how another "Great War" can be long postponed, and, if **it does break out, we shall learn at last how heavy was the price we paid for "appeasement" at Munich.***

The whole apology for the British Government depends on two suppositions, neither of which can yet be brought to the test viz: that war would have broken out last September if Chamberlain had met Hitler's brutal ultimatum with a firm negative: and that War has really been averted by his surrender. Certainly, since Munich, the German dictator has become more brutal, hectoring and shameless than before. The Times has a leader, written in an unusually condemnatory tone about Hitler's absorption of Slovakia.

<!160339>

[169]

Thursday, March 16th, 1939.

[symbol]

The news from Germany becomes ever more gloomy & menacing. I begin to understand what our great-grandfathers felt when Napoleon dominated Europe. He had broken with all diplomatic & political conventions, & had cynically overridden the plainest dictates of morality. Finally, the nations came to feel that he was so unquestionably "impossible" that only his exile from the European system could provide any guarantee of stabilising. Hence the final outlawry & eclipse in S. Helena. Something like that will happen to Hitler but the price in bloodshed will be fearful. The Times heads its leading article – Militarism in Action - & gives very frank expression to the loathing which the violent & perfidious destruction of the Tchecke-Slav Republic creates in every just mind.

"The invasion, occupation, & annexation of Bohemia-Moravia are notice to the world that German policy no longer seeks the protection of a moral case".

[170]

My cold lay so heavily on me that I stayed indoors for yet another day.

M^r Macgregor, the pleasant young man, who works with Missen, & accompanied him to Lowestoft, when I distributed prizes to the Technical Institute came to see me. He wanted to prepare some kind of a report of my speech on that occasion. I gave him my notes.

Old M^r Stevens, the retired Vicar of Chattisham, came to see me. He is in his 82nd year, and appears to be alert & vigorous. He took his degree in music in 1883, having been an Organ Scholar of Worcester. He appears to have some reputation in the musical world.

I declined an invitation from the Committee of the Sons of the Clergy to dine at the Festival of the Society on May 10th & to propose a toast. Also, I declined an invitation to attend a meeting of the Oxford Society in Ipswich; and gave a conditional acceptance to a League of Nations Meeting in April.

<!170339>

[171]

Friday, March 17th, 1939.

[symbol]

The War-cloud darkens daily. The Times leader this morning almost calls for War. Indeed, the reports from Prague are almost unendurably painful. It is stated that the Gestapo is dominant and active. 5000 arrests have already taken place, & there are numerous suicides. The Jews, a numerous body, are, of course the victims of brutal violence.

I received from the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge an invitation to preach before the University on May 12th (Whitsunday) 1940: and I accepted.

<!180339>

[171]

Saturday, March 18th, 1939.

The Prime Minister's speech in Birmingham last night was emphatic enough. **He spoke with intense feeling as a man who had been tricked and betrayed. The reports from Prague are woeful.** A concentration camp has been established: the Gestapo is busily at work: & the Jews are committing suicide in shoals. "Tush, say they: how should God perceive it? Is there knowledge in the Most High?"

[172]

We motored to Woodbridge, and called on M^r Claude Shebbeare, a cousin of the Rector of Stanhope [Charles Shebbeare*]. He is a barrister, who lives in London, and spends his week-ends in Woodbridge. He lives in an Elizabethan house on the main street, very quaint and picturesque. His conversation indicated that he was a well-read and cultivated man. He told me that Fitzgerald, the author of Omar Khayyam, had lived in Woodbridge, which appears indeed to have been in his day a home of poets & litterateurs. There came to tea a retired clergyman, named M^cGray, who said that he had been a contemporary of mine at Oxford, but I had to confess that I had no recollection of him. His wife was very garrulous, but talked with such rapidity, & was so hampered by a stutter, that I could understand little what she said. M^{rs} Shebbeare impressed as a pleasant woman, possibly good looking & with a quiet dignity too rare in these times. I sent a note to the Rectory "crying off" tomorrow's services.

<!190339>

[173]

4th Sunday in Lent, March 19th, 1939.

[symbol]

I stayed indoors read, & wrote letters to Martin, Leslie Morrison, & Monica Sturt. The weather was cold, blustering, & comfortless. Colonel Smith came to tea. He said that a neighbour of his, with some fame as an ornithologist, knew me. I remember meeting him at the Deanery, Durham. He (M^r Mayall) says that he can count 150 nightingales' nests in the immediate proximity of his house. These birds appear to abound in Suffolk.

[symbol] *The "Observer" is extremely bellicose, and, at the same time, very depressing. Hitler's booty in war material is said to exceed all our much-vaunted advances in armament! Chamberlain's* thoughts must be melancholy and bitterly resentful. **I cannot recall any sharper or more complete downfall than his, since the frenzied acclamations of last September, and the appalling disillusionment of March. To have been so utterly gulled and led astray must be particularly bitter for a strong man of his type, and with his reputation. But the end is not yet.***

[174]

It is rare today to find a man who has taken first-class Honours at his University, and uncommon to find even a second-class man, in the lists of Ordination candidates. There are signs that the standard is improving but it is **definitely lower than that of candidates for the Civil Service, or, indeed, for most of the learned professions.** The English clergy, men set apart to be leaders of the nation in spiritual things, can no longer be regarded as the Stupor Mundi either for their intellectual attainments or for their force of character and gifts of leadership. And this inevitably reacts upon the laity. The average man is sensitive to leadership. If the parson is a man whose abilities command respect, the layman will listen to what he has to say & respond to the lead he gives. But if, intellectually and [175] [symbol] in other ways, the parson is obviously second or third-rate, the man in the pew, and still more the man in the street outside the Church will judge of Religion by what he sees in its accredited representatives.

The Bishop of Bristol (Woodward) on "The Causes of Decline" in the volume The Recall to Religion p. 11 (London 1937).

Certainly some regard to academic record ought to be had when appointment to benefices are made. But here considerations of party are too often allowed to dwarf everything else. Thus the Church Association as patrons of Hurworth have just appointed to that benefice the Rev. L. A. Piper, Curate of S^t Cuthbert, Darlington. This gentleman's training was one year at Clifton Th. College. He was ordained in 1935, and has been only 2 years in the diocese of Durham. This is not likely to encourage Ordination Candidates to think much of their intellectual preparation.

<!200339>

[176]

Monday, March 29th, 1939.

[symbol]

The more I reflect on the dreadful crisis into which Hitler's demented ambition has suddenly plunged the world, the more impossible it appears that another "World War" can be averted. The dictator has created a situation in which he must either draw back with limitless loss of prestige at home & abroad: or must persist in his aggression on the assumption that the world will acquiesce in his crime, through dread of his power. The first appears too much to hope for: the last means War. The logical outcome of the Prime Minister's Speech, & the declaration that this country does not recognize the legality of the German annexation of Czecho Slovakia would seem to be the presentation of an ultimatum to Germany: & if this were done simultaneously by Great Britain, France, & Russia, it is conceivable that it might be effective. Conceivable, but highly improbable. It is almost certain that the ultimatum would be rudely rejected, & that War would break out.

<!210339>

[177]

Tuesday, March 21st, 1939.

[symbol]

The weather continues to be cold and stormy with brief delusive interludes of sunshine. We seem to be marking time in the "War of ideologies", which Hitler's aggression renders unavoidable. Halifax [Edward Wood] made a great speech in the Lords yesterday, & Lang **delivered another stream of sounding but irrelevant platitudes. He invites the Pope to make another pronouncement in aid of peace, and promises his cooperation! But does any one imagine that Pius xii will be any more willing or competent to give expression to the moral repugnance which Hitler's perfidy and violence arouses in Christian minds, than was Pius xi in the case of Mussolini's rape of Abyssinia? Touch the Roman Hierarchy, & the Papacy is alert & valiant: but moral outrage seems to evoke no indignation in the Vatican. The Sacerdotal perversion of the Gospel has reached perfection. "They strain out the gnat, & swallow the camel". His Holiness was quick enough to send his Blessing to Franco.***

<!220339>

[178]

Wednesday, March 22nd, 1939.

[symbol]

A wet, blustery morning, the wind veering to the West, which carries the menace of a smoking chimney! However, the weather seems to have been tolerable in London, where the popular reception of the French President was entirely successful.

Duff Cooper has an excellent letter on the front page, protesting against the present fashion of ascribing to the injustice of the Treaty of Versailles, all the excesses of the German Dictator. I am personally persuaded that the best, perhaps the only hope, of averting the War is the resolute determination of the Democracies to yield not so much as another inch to Hitler's threats. So long as he imagines that he can count on surrender, he will continue his bullying policy. He may already have gone so far on that evil road, as not to have the power to draw back. In that event, there must be war: but, if that is really our fate, we shall face it with the better chance of survival if we join issue without more delay. Why should we keep on giving him "bloodless" victories?*

[179]

I have been working on the Book under the impression, whence derived I cannot imagine, that my limit was 90.000 words. Now, I find on referring to my letter-book, that it is no more than 70.000! It would mean omitting the introductory chapter on "The historical background of the Church of England", which would be regrettable. I wrote to Lord Stamp on the subject, and asking his advice.

[symbol] Also I wrote to Dick, suggesting that he should come here for a few days after Easter.

M^{rs} Storey, whose acquaintance I made in Durham when I went there as Dean, where her father, a little old wizened man, named Cooper, an ex minor-canon of the Cathedral, was vicar of the church in the Bailey [sic]. She is getting to look old and epuiseé.

Also I accepted an invitation from the Headmaster of Woodbridge School to perform "the usual function of the distinguished visitor on Saturday, the 1st July next."["] It is the silliest function in the world, & one for which I am rather particularly disqualified!

<!230339>

[180]

Thursday, March 23rd, 1939.

The weather continues unpleasantly cold and blustering. I received a letter from Sir James Irvine,* rather sad & worried. He is evidently troubled over the general outlook and is having cause for anxiety within his University. I suspect the root of the mischief is the jealousy of the Presbyters, who resented the appointment of D^r Miller as Principal of S. Mary's, & probably feel that Sir James is no friend to their projects. Scotland is divided and dominated by partisanship in church and State to an extent which is hardly paralleled in England: and there is probably little sympathy with Sir James's patriotism among the "Red" professors. But this is guesswork.

Alexander writes to tell me that "nothing in the way of alterations has been commenced" at Auckland Castle. My successor is to be consecrated at York on Saturday, and to be enthroned on Easter Wednesday. Meanwhile he lives in Durham Castle.

<!240439>

[181]

Friday, March 24th, 1939.

A wet unpleasant morning which developed into a fine day. James motored me to Ipswich, where I caught an earlier train than I had meant to travel by. Leaving Ipswich at 8.43 a.m., I reached Liverpool Street at c.9.30 a.m. I went to the Hairdresser, and was cleansed and brushed before going to 185 Queen's Gate to give a sitting to the French painter, who is commissioned to make a picture of the Coronation for the French Government.

M^r Jean de Botton is, I imagine, a man in his late thirties or early forties. He showed me some of his sketches of those who assisted at the great function in Westminster Abbey. One of Lord Zeland seemed to me particularly good. I sat for nearly an hour and half, & I cannot pretend to think that his sketch was either flattering or particularly successful. He photographed me, I signed the sketch, & his sitters' book, and returned to the Athenaeum, where I lunched, and then made my way to Liverpool Street. At Ipswich James was waiting for me with Fearné's little car.

<!250439>

[182]

Saturday, March 25th, 1939.

The wind continues to blow from the North, and carries the smell of the manure-heap in the field behind the house, most disconcertingly into my study. This is a grave matter, for though the heap is not, I think near enough to be unhealthy, it is certainly near enough to be unpleasant.

[symbol] **I spent the morning in the dull, and now even disgusting, task of revising the MS. of my miserable book. It seems ridiculous to be writing books at a time when the world rings with the preparation for Armageddon. If the Disaster does fall, nothing will matter much: but the actual process of assuming that somebody will read what one writes, & labouring at the work, is equally silly and tiring!**

We went to see the church at Bildeston. It has been closed for fear of the explosive threats of the I.R.A.: but the caretaker was preparing for tomorrow. There is a fine porch with a watching chamber looking into the church, and a fine but much mutilated font.

<!260439>

[183]

5th Sunday in Lent, March 26th, 1939.

The weather was so chilly, the wind continuing in the north, and my cough still being very troublesome, I decided not to venture to church.

I wrote (1) to Clarence Ward

(2) " Canon Braley

(3) " David Russell

Then instigante diabolio I wrote a short letter to the Guardian **supporting the protest against the attitude of the Mothers' Union on the vexed question of "Divorce"**.

Also, I wrote to [Ernest] Alexander* thanking him for sending on to me the little devotional book which my step-mother gave me as long ago as January 1880. In the fly-leaf, she had written:

|| Herbert H. Henson, from his affectionate mother with the hope that in course of time he may become a faithful servant of the Church whose services are here explained.

She was a good woman, and her confidence in me was always irrationally great.

<!270339>

[184]

Monday, March 27th, 1939.

I received a letter from my successor, who was consecrated on Saturday in York Minster. He signed himself Alwyn Dunelm, and I realized with something of a shock that I had no longer name or place in the old diocese!

Lionel Trotman writes from India. He gives an unflattering account of Gandhi's friend C.F. Andrews.

"The well-known Rev. C. F. Andrews has been staying at the Bishop's house lately. He is one of those quiet mannered fanatics who travels the world, endeavouring to settle large labour problems, only staying in each place long enough to leave a legacy of unrest and discontent which other people have to clean up. As soon as he heard of Mr Gandhi's fast, he rushed up the Delhi, & talked on his return as if he had had at least major part in settling the problem. He is very anti-British.

One knows the type but too well.

[185]

Lionel tells me that Groupizing Bishop of Rangoon is about to marry Frank Buchman's secretary.

Mouldsdaie came to see me in the course of the afternoon. He complains that the cold weather has an ill effect on his phlebitis.

<!280339>

[185]

Tuesday, March 28th, 1939.

Another cold, wet day, and my cough still troublesome enough to make me stay inside the house.

I occupied the morning in revising the Book, which offends me more whenever I look at it. It is neither coherent nor consistent!

Cecil Ferens writes to tell me that he had attended my successor's Consecration & Confirmation. "They arrange this ceremonial admirably at York Minster, & the Diocese was strongly represented at the Service." He says that so far he has found the new Bishop "Most friendly and approachable". His Lordship "is to make his headquarters at the Castle at Durham until Auckland is ready." I shall soon be as though I had never been. Well, well!

[186]

An epitaph on Jowett

Baliol erects this stone with woe,
To what was Lowett here below.
Where he is now no one can tell,
For Lowett knew not Heaven nor Hell.
The College therefore offers no suggestion,
On what the Master left an open question.

[From a letter signed Oxoniensis,
in the Times, March 25th,1939.]

<!290339>

[186]

Wednesday, March 29th, 1939.

*The weather is milder, calmer, & more sunny. After breakfast Mr Munro Cautley called to discuss the question of an anti-smoke cowl. He stayed talking for an hour. **His outlook is optimistic. There is to be no war for awhile[sic], and the German aeroplanes are inferior to ours. German & Italian finances are so bad that it is hard to see how they could manage to carry on a great war. I could but reply that it is when driven in a corner that dictators, like cats, are most dangerous. However, it is pleasant to hear optimistic talk.***

[187]

I persist in thinking that the prevailing form for the Christianity of the future will be the form of Catholicism: but a Catholicism purged, opening itself to the light & air, having the consciousness of its own poetry, freed from its sacerdotal despotism and freed from its pseudo-scientific apparatus of superannuated dogma. Its forms will be retained, as symbolising with the force & charm of poetry a few cardinal facts and ideas, simple indeed but indispensable and inexhaustible, and on which our race could lay hold only by materialising them.

Matthew Arnold c – 1886.
v. 'Mixed Essays. p. 121.

Miss Winnington Ingram, a daughter of the Archdeacon of Hereford [Edward Winnington-Ingram*], who was an elder brother of the Bishop of London, & played his part in the opposition to my appointment as Bishop of Hereford, called with another lady. Also, M^{rs} Vincent Cooper and her son, a weedy-looking young man.

<!300339>

[188]

Thursday, March 30th, 1939.

A beautiful day, sunny, and windless. I gave Mildred and Margaret, who are going away tomorrow to get married, each an engraving of Auckland Castle, and a £. They are good girls, and I am sorry to part with them.

I went on with the humiliating task of revision. After lunch we motored to Ipswich and I "sampled the County Club. There was nobody there but some of the servants. I was rather disappointed at the drab aspect of everything. There was a very meagre supply of newspapers, and the provision for writing letters was squalid! I conjecture that the club is mostly used for luncheon. There was a ladies' room, the question must needs present itself – is the membership worth an annual subscription of six guineas?

I received from Prof. Heawood* the minutes of the final Meeting of the Durham Castle Preservation Fund Committee. It is indeed matter for thanksgiving that that work has been completed.

<!310339>

[189]

Friday, March 31st, 1939.

A mild, pleasant day. I received no letters, save a tiresome catechism about my income tax from Dashwood. Most of the morning was tiresomely engaged in answering his questions. Also, I declined an invitation to preach at Needham Market. The parson sent me his parish magazine, which made such free use of the word "Mass", that I judged my presence in the pulpit could hardly be fitting. Among other arrangements is "A Lent Course on 'The Seven Sacraments'". This incumbent, the Rev. Hargrave Thomas, is clearly an un-hyphenated Catholic!

We motored to Felixstowe, designing to return a call; but we drew a blank, and came home for tea.

Stannard* the Rector of Bishopwearmouth, sends me his (rather belated) reply to my inquiry about his parochial activities. Comparing it with the Curate, Gervase Markham's reply, it is interesting that, from different points of view, both present the same picture of laborious, articulated futility.