

# Samuel Lodge

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### Biography

### Related items (1)

Memoir of Early Life by Rev. Samuel Lodge .

## Biography

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### Memoir of Early Life by Rev. Samuel Lodge

IDENTIFIER: 216

TYPE: Manuscript

DATE: 1888

DESCRIPTION: An autobiography by the Reverend Samuel Lodge, Rector of Scrivelsby and Canon of Lincoln Cathedral.

## Transcription

MEMOIR

OF EARLY LIFE

BY

THE REVEREND SAMUEL LODGE

Rector of Scriveleby and Canon of Lincoln Cathedral

Edited, with a Preface and

an account of

CANON LODGE'S SECRET

by

his Great-Great-Nephew

Oliver R W W Lodge.

HINDON, 1987.

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## Plates (at end of book)

- 1 Plate 1. Baptismal Certificate
- 1 Plate 2, Purported Extract from Family Bible
- 1 Plate 3. rt of page 1 of the Manuscript Memoir

**Preface** The Reverend Samuel Lodge (1829-1897), the author of this Memoir, was the youngest child of the Reverend Oliver Lodge (1764/5-1845). He was Rector of Scrivelsby, Lincolnshire, 1867-97, Rural Dean of Horncastle 1868-96 and a Canon of Lincoln Cathedral (Prebend of Stoke) 1879-97. He was also classical master at Louth Grammar School 1651-54, headmaster of Horncastle Grammar School 1854-70 and a Justice of the Peace. In 1852 he married Mary Brettingham (1824-1916), by whom he had 12 children, one of whom was the distinguished bird artist George Edward Lodge (1860-1954).

Samuel Lodge wrote at least two published works, "Scrivelsby, the Home of The Champions" (first published 1893, second edition 1994) and a sermon entitled Scriptural Reasons for the Volunteer Movement."

The Reverend Oliver Lodge married three times. By his first wife, Dorcas Cromie (a. 1791), he had no children; by his second wife, Anna Butler (d. 1805), he had eight or nine children; by his third wife, Anne Supple (a. 1867), he had 15 or 16 children.

Some, of course, died in infancy.

When Samuel Lodge was born his father had 14 other children living. It may assist the understanding of the Memoir to provide the names and dates of those children, all of whom are mentioned at least once. They were:~By Anna But

1. John Butler Lodge 1796-1860
2. Catherine Anna Lodge 1801-1858
3. Elizabeth Lodge (afterwards Mrs. Hackett) 1802-1881
4. (The Rev) Barton Lodge 1808-1877
5. Robert John Lodge (twin) 1810-1893
6. Jeremiah Lodge (twin) 1810-1869
7. Francis Wilkins Lodge 1812-1895
8. George Lodge 1813/4-1837
9. (Dr.) Charles Lodge 1815-1868
10. Peter Lodge 1817-1834
1. Theodosia Louisa Frances Lodge 1821-1881
2. William Lodge 1824-1833
13. Oliver Lodge 1826-1884
3. Edward Thomas Lodge 1827-1861
4. (The Rev) Samuel Lodge 1829-1897

From internal evidence it appears that the Memoir was written, or at least begun, in the year 1888 (see page 11) and was intended for the entertainment and instruction of the author's

children. It covers the period from 1829 to about 1851.

the original manuscript of the Memoir is in my possession. It is difficult to read owing to the almost total absence of paragraphing, a deficiency which I have supplied in the present typescript. I have also provided a title to the whole and a heading to the first chapter, both of which were wanting. Apart from correcting a few obvious verbal slips, adding two or three words (in square brackets) to clarify the sense, expanding abbreviations and making some minor amendments to the punctuation, I have not altered the text.

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I hope that, at this distance of time, the disclosure of canon Lodge's Secret by a great-great-nephew will give no offence

to his descendants.

Oliver R.W.W. Lodge

Hindon, Wiltshire.

October 1987.

NOTE

This is the same typescript as that issued in October 1987, but I have made a few corrections and have added to note ii on page 45 and note i on page 46.

February 1988 oRKKL,

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

I am indebted to Lincolnshire County Archives Committee for photo-copies of the ordination documents referred to in Canon

Lodge's Secret".

I wish to thank the Right Reverend Eric Mercer, formerly Bishop of Exeter, for the helpful information he gave me as to the procedure leading up to ordination and my daughter-in-law, Lulu Lodge, for the time and trouble she spent in typing this book. oRWL

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MEMOIR OF EARLY LIFE

Chapter 1. Early Life.

I was born - at least I was told so, for I must confess to having no distinct recollection myself - on the 11th of February in the year 1829 when George the fourth was King. My Father, the Rev: Oliver Lodge, a fine handsome man at the time, 65 years old, and standing feet 3 in his shoes, was Curate of Barking and Incumbent of the Chapel attached to the Hospital of SS. Mary and Thomas at Ilford, but whether he was in possession of this latter piece of preferment at the time of my birth I cannot take upon myself to say. Any way he resided in the Vicarage House at Barking in the County of Essex, about 7 miles from London, and at Barking Vicarage I was born and at Barking Vicarage did I reside until

the year 1835 + when the death of the Vicar of Barking caused

our old home to be broken up, and we migrated to a hired house, nearly opposite the Bull Inn or the Red Lion (I forget which) at

Ilford.

But I am anticipating: I must say something about the first six years of my life, though I cannot truly say that they are likely to be very interesting to any one besides those for whom this brief record is intended. Two or three events, however, crowd in my memory, and I hardly know to which I ought to give

precedence.

I have a very distinct remembrance of a funeral leaving the Vicarage and of the great grief in the household occasioned by the

death of "Willy" the first brother I had lost, and lost almost

4 - in fact until 1836. see page 14.

before I knew him. I think I remember his being brought home 11 from school, but my memory is very hazy on the point. He was at Christ's Hospital and caught a severe cold which I believe settled on his lungs and he died of consumption, the only one of my family who fell victim to this particular malady. I well remember too the terrible gloom and consternation occasioned by the news that another brother "Peter" was drowned at sea, but whether Peter's death preceded that of Willy I cannot undertake to say without reference to documents which are not at the moment accessible. I must have been very young at the time, probably not more than 2 or 3, but my mother's exceeding bitter grief on such occasions made a

remarkable impression on me.

To turn to a more cheerful subject, I seem even now at the lapse of nearly 60 years to hear a cheery voice say "Come, boys; I think there is going to be a hail-storm," and the speaker, a natty, old-fashioned but very grand old gentleman, would trot nimbly upstairs while all of the boys in the house - and the house was at all times swarming with boys - would hurry from every nook and corner to the great Hall, looking up eagerly to the old-fashioned gentleman, who would deliberately take his place at the bannister rail, looking benignly down on the motley crowd beneath. Then would he prove himself a true prophet - for assuredly never before or since was there such an agreeable Hail-Storm as then descended into our midst in the shape of sugar-plums and those little caraway comfits which somehow or other I hardly remember to have seen any where else, although in all probability they are as common as any other "goody", which bring such comfort and consolation to the youthful palate. At the same time I am prepared to maintain against all comers that Peter Rashleigh's comfits were far superior to

any that have since been manufactured. I believe that it was one

of these identical goodies that caused such perplexity to poor old George the third who was kept awake a whole night saying to himself Carraway seed - Carraway seed - in the midst of sugar -

in the midst of sugar.- how did it get there how did it get there;

Be this as it may we left the prophet of the Hail-Storm verifying his prediction in the succulent manner just described.

And who was Peter Rashleigh? Why, Peter Rashleigh was the august

but non-resident Vicar of Barking, who used to pay periodical visits to the Vicarage En Grand Seigneur mich to the admiration of the Barking people in general and the inhabitants of the Vicarage in particular. A particular room in the Vicarage was called "Mr Rashleigh's" room and woe to the unfortunate wight who ventured

into its sacred precincts without due warrant, for it must be remembered that 50 or 60 years ago, discipline - domestic discipline - parental discipline - was a very different thing to that which is

understood by the term in these degenerate days.

offences met with prompt retribution, both father and mother wielding a special and favourite instrument of torture with remarkable dexterity, the one a knotted handkerchief, a flat-backed clothes brush and a big ruler (I have it by me as I write and it has an ominous chip in it, most certainly occasioned by a summary castigation inflicted either on myself or on some one or other of my many brethren who each in turn, you may be sure, knew it right well.) My mother had a weakness - though it must be owned she exhibited no weakness in the use of it - in having recourse to a snuffer-tray in sudden emergencies when a little wholesome discipline was required. oh! that snuffer tray! How often have I writhed beneath its well-directed slaps and how I could even now wait and keep on waiting till the hot inflammation

gradually cooled and the part affected was once more at peace! And

yet let no one think that either father or mother were harsh or austere. Not a bit of it. It was only their way of bringing up - educating their children - and I am not sure that with all our boasted progress we in these days have discovered a really better

way.

Another well-remembered incident was the periodical visit of the barley-sugar woman", as we boys used irreverently to call one

of our chief and very best friends, Mrs. Whitbourn", the wife of

Me. William Whitbourn, whose protrait most of you have seen at

Highgate, and the mother of Frank Whitbourn, now living at Great cearies, and of Henry Whitbourn who died some 10 years ago. we

used to call this Mrs. Whitbourn the barley-sugar woman" for the simple but substantial reason that the good old soul never called

on our mother without bringing heaps of barley sugar for the consumption of the boys". This estimable Lady might well also have been

called "the old Duck" for she was famous for her poultry, and

hardly remember to have ever had a Sunday dinner at what used to

be called the old House" without having to face a couple of the

finest ducks ever hatched.

Frank whitbourn too comes before me in the share of a broad-shouldered, good-tempered, round-faced young man who never. . . Well -scarcely ever - came across my path without giving me pennies or,

as I grew older, sixpences and for my own peculiar benefit, even shillings. It must have been the loss of one of his pennies that occasioned a great and poignant distress that even now at this

interval of time almost brings tears into my eyes.

here was an old basket-woman, named Downey\* - at least so she was always called, and by no other name was she known. I dare say she had a Christian name of her own, and for aught I know her

surname was Smith, or Jones, or Robinson, but "Downey" was her name

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in general use, and "downey" was her commercial character. she carried a basket full of delights, oranges, nuts, apples, hard-bake, brandy-balls, peppermint drops and other abominations which makes me shudder now to think that such a basket of Hades should be allowed to be used to tempt the young and simple-hearted children of 60 years ago. But so it was, and I distinctly remember having exchanged one of Frank Whitbourn's pennies for a big and luscious orange out of Downey's basket, and then, after sucking the orange till not a drop of juice was left, 7 very naturally - though somewhat to the surprise of Downey - demanded back my penny, and when, instead of acceding to my modest request she actually shouldered her basket and tramped off, carrying my penny with her,

3 gave myself up to despair and literally lifted up my voice and

went.

An old gentleman (his name I think was Crow) heard my piteous wailing and, on coming up to me and enquiring the cause, he no sooner heard from me the true statement that Downey had gone away with a venny that erst was mine, the honest gentleman, surposing that I had been unrighteously defrauded by the old woman gave me a penny out of his own pocket and trudged after Downey with the intention doubtless of accusing her

of a heartless robbery of a little child and with threats of the Bridewell or stocks which in those days did frequent duty in the punishment of vice and misconduct of various kinds. Downey no doubt satisfied the good man that the penny was fairly hers, and I rather think Mr. Crow was unhandsome enough to hint at the propriety of my being made to surrender the All-gotten coin, but I cannot bring myself to think that old crow was such 2 monster. The fact remains that for once at all events in my life I "ate my cake" in the shape of Downey's orange and yet had it in the shape of the penny which was still to be found in my pocket, after the purchase had been made and the fruit

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had been duly consumed.

Jack Manley, born in the same year with myself, but @ few months later was the eldest son of Dr. Manley, the great medical man of Barking, whose presence as well as that of his comely wife anne" seems familiar to me as all-pervading from my earliest

infancy. It was in company with this Jack Manley that I made my

first acquaintance with the inside of a school-room.

Barking Vicarage is a large House standing in its own extensive grounds, and the carriage drive used to pass along a lilac walk (I don't remember to have seen lilacs anywhere else) on the far side near axe St. and adjoining a wonderful field of Asparagus consisting of don't know how many acres - not an asparagus bed but an asparagus field - where wagon loads of asparagus used to be cut

and duly carried to Covent-Garden Market.

At the end of this lilac walk, and at the beginning of Axe st. were two cottages on the left-hand side and one or two on the right. in one of the cottages on the left I well remember being safely devorited by a servant girl, after having been washed and brushed and befrilled, for you must remember that a frill for boys was

de rigueur in those days. Thus arrayed and thus accompanied, 1

began my school career at a Dame's School kept by an awful old Lady in spectacles, who condescended to let me study the immortal humanities in her mixed school of small boys and girls I don't think I ever wore the fool's cap myself, but the cap was in constant use, exactly as you see it in old pictures, the unfortunate

culprit being made to stand on a stool with the terrible cap on

his head so as to be conspicuous to all, a warning and a symbol

of what would be the fate of all unruly, disobedient, idle or

stupid children. No, though I was probably as idle and disobedient and unruly as the rest, I don't think I was at that time particularly

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stupid and I don't think I ever donned the fool's cap, though

foolscap in another form has been my bane all thro' my life.

did not stay at this Dame's School long - I wonder what her name

was. I think it was "Trimmer" - not a bad name for a School Marm but I am sure I should at once remember it, if any one were to

mention it.

X fancy I soon got to the end of the old Lady's tether, and I remember the proud day when I left the dame's school, and in company with my brother oliver began Latin grammar under the able tuition of our father. A proud and joyful day it was to a child of 5 to be introduced to the mysteries of Hic haec hoc and Muse Musae - none of your Mensa Mensa Mensam and your new-fangled order of precedence in the Public Primer of to-day, in a room and under a teacher where there were the preliminaries and the oven stones to study of inexhaustible knowledge: But ah-me! the joy and the pride were in the ascendency then because the knotted handkerchief and the solid ruler (with the ominous chip) were only known in an exotic fashion as experienced by the narration of

others, but soon,horribile dictu, to be matters of distinct and

personal experience! These however were transcendently happy days and rapid progress was made (always by the help of the knots and the ruler) in Latin Grammar and Delectus and, as I said before the house was always swarming with boys and Latin grammars in the hands of each.

Let me try and remember how many there were in the Vicarage when I first began Latin. First of all - my brethren there were Charles half living with Dr. Manley, half at the London Hospital, but generally at Barking after all, but I am conscious of being

on this head a little hazy - Oliver 3 years older than myself and

Tom, afterwards called Edvarda", and very soon consigned at the

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early age of 7 to Christ's Hospital without the preparatory exodus to "Hertford" which generally, and as a matter of course, was enforced on all new-comers for a twelvemonth at least, before undergoing the stiff and rigid ordeal of Newgate Street. Besides these there were private pupils who read with my father in the

Vicarage: Mercier afterwards the Rev. L.P. Mercier, scholar of

university College oxford and the Head Master of Edg-baston Proprietary School and Reader at Gray's Inn: Levean afterwards

sir P. Leveen, a wealthy merchant in the East India Trade: great Ellis to distinguish him from pk Little Ellis, the son of Sir

Henry Ellis of the British Museum, two or three others whose names

I can't remember: and last but not least the popular Buckden, varalysed from his infancy, unable to cut foot to the ground and always travelling with the aid of crutches - a glorious high-spirited jovial fellow, liked by everybody and liking all he knew, odd, quaint, eccentric and altogether a pleasant retrospect. one of

his favourite if not his general mode of descending the stair-case was to nitch his crutches down stairs first and then to follow them head-first on his stomach till he reached the bottom and sought

once more the helm of his usual locomotive supporters.

In those days, besides the gorgeous visits of the Rev. Peter Rashleigh with his coach and rowdered Coachman and footmen, there used to be visits from Captain and Mrs. Margotty an Captain and Mrs. Smee - great events these - I remember on one occasion Mrs. Marontty gave 1/6 apiece to Oliver, Tom and myself wherewith to buy some toys and we all went forthwith to old Deeble's shop and bought each of us a trap, a bat, and a ball: i.e. 3 traps, 3 bats and 3 balls for the use of 3 boys at a common came! But all other visits naled before those of the elder brethren, not the elder brethren of Trinity House but of Barking Vicarage, the visits of the patriarch of them all my brother John who would have been over 8.

a hundred if he were alive now, the funniest, most whimsical, decidedly the most Irish of all the family, with as near approach

to a cultivated brogue as could be desired, full of pranks and quidaities and tricks - conjurings and of every other device for

the amusement of children, rollicking roystering not over scruculous, but in his middle age the most attractive of men, and his wife

(where could such another be found!) Helen, the daughter of Captain Margotty, a little funny whimsical old body, who used to sing what are Little boys made of made of" till she herself would laugh and scream with the merriest and sauciest of us all. she brought

some little store of money to her husband, but though very fond of money and though liberal enough in giving it away when she had

any, she was hardly ever in that position, it being shrewdly susrected that her gallant svouse - a great big man of 6 foot 4, used to get the greater vart of it from the custody of his diminutive wife,

a nigmy of some 4 feet nothing.

Before I conclude this Chanter, I must just touch on two imortant events on which considerably affected the fortunes of some members of the family. You will remember the name of Castain Smee mentioned a little while

ago. He had a very handsome daughter, a dark-eyed lustrous beauty - Louisa, another more skittish young lady rejoicing in the name of Kitty and a son Walter. of my eldest brother Barton (John, Bess and Anna being the chilren of my father by a previous marriage) I have hitherto said nothing because up. to that time I really knew nothing. He had taken his degree from Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, had assisted my father in keening a private Boarding house for pupils in Keppel Street, Russell Square, and was nw in holy orders and living at Chigwell, first as Curate under Dr. Chavell (or something like it) and afterwards as Incumbent of Alborough Hatch, and then of Theydon Bois. My first remembrance of him is going to stay a few days

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with him at Chigwell in a large house with a large walled garden after his marriage with Louisa Smee, and having in his house as private pupil the same Mercier who, @ year or two earlier, used

to be at Barking Vicarage.

I don't remember when Barton and Louisa were married - T only know that they were living as man and wife when I visited them at Chigwell and was more frightened than I remeber to have been at any other time of my life by a foolish prank played uron my tender years by Mercier and some other pupils in the Chigwell house. I was told to go upstairs in a certain room, and as soon as I oved the door I saw what I thought was a "ghost (one of the pupils in a white sheet and wearing a horrible mask - a thing which I had never before seen). I was thoroughly and painfully terrified - more than frightened - I am not sure that I did not faint before I was found sobbing on the stair-case - dazed, horrified and unable to say what it was that had so upset me. Let this be a warning to all who see or hear this to beware of such practical jokes and to instill upon young people of every sort and condition of life to snare children younger than themselves and not to frighten or try to frighten man, woman or child by anything pretending to be surernatural. I could not have been more than

5 at the time.

I don't think I have yet mentioned the name of Mrs. Moates (my Godmother who had previously been the wife of Captain soutter by whom she had a large family) and her two daughters sylvia and Mary Anne Soutter. Any way, the various members of this family hold a large place in my earliest memory, particularly sylvia and Mary Anne, Mrs. Embleton, the wife of Captain Embleton and the eldest of the Soutter family, Chris and Sam Soutter, and two

elder brothers Richard and Robert, though I never knew mich of these

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two. Of Sam. and Chris. Soutter I saw @ good deal in after years. Mrs. Moates was for the second time a widow when I first recall her to my memory, when she was living in an old-fashioned house called Woodhouse in the parish of East Ham, distant from Barking

about @ counle of miles.

Well! one fine morning (I know now it was the 17th of september 1835 when I was in my sixth year) a great bustle was manifest at Barking Vicarage, and I, who had not previously been taken into confidence, was simply told that a marriage was to take place in Barking Church, and as I was the habitual attendant of my father on all ceremonial and ordinary Church occasions, I made myself ready to accompany him about 10 o'clock in the morning, carrying the marriage books and walking to the church which was Gistant about half a mile from the Vicarage. Before starting I could not but notice an unusual number of carriages of various descriptions about the Vicarage grounds, and I knew that the house was full of veolve all arrayed in their bravest attire, the servants and others all wearing rosettes of white ribbon. I remember one of these rosettes being fastened on my own little coatee, in snite of my struggles and expostulations, but though for the time I wore tthe badge I made up my mind to conceal it from the outer world. and this I did by hugging close to my bosom the big marriage book which effectually hid from view the detested ornament. Doubtless ny father told me on our walk to the Churoh the names of the persons who were to be married, but all that I can remember now after the lapse of 53 years is that about half an hour after our arrival at the Church hears of people began to arrive and amongst them in @ conspicuous position and garbed in wonderful raiment (blue coat with brass buttons, very light trousers, and a waistcoat of such unprecedented and variegated splendour that my childish wonderment was excited to the highest mitch of awe-struck admiration)

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my brother Robert, looking rather sheepish and conscious but cheerful and radiant withal, and apparently well-satisfied with

himself, and his surroundings and his present enterprise. soon afterwards apveared all in white and wearing e very demure ap-earance no less a person than Mary-Anne Soutter, who nothing loth took uo her position in front of the eltar side by side with the gallantly attired gentleman in the blue coat and brass buttons, and Robert and Mary-Anne then and there became

men and wife, my father performing the ceremony and everybody afterwards as the custom was and is - and not a bad custom either - kissing the bride as soon as the prorer entries were made in the marriage books which had erst been used to hide my own wedding favour. But no longer did I try to conceal that which hed now

become to me an object of special pride and distinction.

A transformation scene had been effected. My eyes were suddenly ovened and I rejoiced to think that I had myself in some sort contributed to the hansy event. Nay, on a sudden I exhibited a tendency to concoct in the most omnivorous fashion matrimonial alliances in every vossible and impossible cuarter. Methought I was a oronhet new insrired for the occasion. I presume I did

not forget myself though I cannot distinctly remember the happy fair one to whom I gave the handkerchief, but I rather think I disposed of myself to the young lady who had pinned on my wedding favour. Who she was wild horses will not force me to say - I certainly made some oreposterous matches on that occasion, although in one varticular at least I shevedunerring instinct and prematurely couvled a pair who in a very short time verified my prediction

by contracting a real marriage, and that pair were Frank Whitbourn and sylvia Soutter. I married my sister Anna to old Mr. Whitbourn,

my sister Fanny to Dr. Manley, and worst shot of all my poor old

a2.

mother to big Ellis“

I may here remind you that on the 17th Sentember 1885 I was present at the celebration of the golden wedding of Robert and Mary-Anne in the presence of most of their 13 children with their various husbands and wives and children. Frank and Sylvia Whitbourn were also present and the latter as the surviving bridesmaid of the original marriage in 1635 called on me as the sole renrepresentative of the bachelors present on the occasion to respond to the toast

of the “bridesmaids” who officiated at the marriage which amidst varying fortunes has been abundantly blessed and has turned out

to be as havpy a wedding as was ever known in this or any other

family.

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Eiford = Elsworth - stratford.

In 1836 news was brought to Barking Vicarage of the death of

and

Peter Rashleigh, and shortly afterwards we heard that the Hor

Rev: Robert Liddell had been appointed to succeed him. We of course

hhad to leave the old Vicarage where most of us had been born. My father had been curate of Barking of which he had the sole charge for the long period of 27 4 years, and was now in his 73rd year. Luckily he had his chapelry at Ilford to retire upon and as he was also Chaplain of the Gaol at Ilford he was not altogether without resources. But there was no house suitable for a residence, so

a small house nearly opposite the Red Lion was rented and in this house we lived for more than a twelvemonth, Oliver and I meanwhile attending a private school kept by a Mr. Hedger in a house situated at the ton of the road leading to Barking and about a mile from Loxford Hall where Frank Whitbourn, now married to sylvia Soutter, had taken up his abode.

During our short stay at Tiford two events stand out in prominent relief as far as I was concerned. In the first place

I fell violently in love with our maid of all work whose name 1

4 \_ qhe figure has been corrected in the MS from 40 to 27 ané

2 footnote added reading: Signatures of 3 churchwardens and 128 parishioners, Barking Essex "Residence among us as Curate for the lengthened period of 27 years." The correction and footnote are in different handwriting from that of the MS. The quotation in the footnote is fran a testimonial addressed to the Bishop of London. See Sir Richard Lodge, a Bioorashy', by his daughter

Margaret Lodge (1946), at page 4 et seq.

aa.

forget but who exercised a very considerable influence over me and one altogether for good. This was no childish attachment but a real heartfelt and serious business. I distinctly remeber a solemn betrothal and sundry serious conversations as to our future, how we would love each other, what a good example we would set,

how frugally we would live and how carefully we would bring up our children. We used to discuss the probable fortunes of these unborn children, and I at least was desperately in earnest about the

whole matter,

I fancy the young women was of a serious turn and did me nothing but good. It was at this time, however, that she used from time to time to take me on Sunday afternoons to a Bantist chapel in Barking ané I well remember the unholy joy which 1 excerienced in going in as a matter of right and of course to the Charel which had long excited my curiosity but which naturally was never frecumented by me during my almost ecclesiastical career at Barking, where I was a kind of juvenile Curate to my father. I used always to attend the Wednesday and Friday Services, and on Wednesdays especially I was always in great force, for Wednesday was the market day at Romford, and Watkins the Clerk, who was also a watchmaker, used regularly to attend Romford Market, leaving me to act as his substitute as Clerk. I used to stand on a hich hassock with mich dignity and do the Clerk's work in a loud childish treble. Nay - so ambitious was I that not being content to stand on the hassock, which though it was very high hardly allowed my head to appear above the tall pew which served as the Clerk's rostrum, I often poised myself on one leg on a little corner shelf which served for holding hymn books and what not, which notable contrivance brought at least half of my small body above the ton of the Clerk's box, and as I was perched on a tiny corner shelf the apearence I cut mist have been wondrous to behold

1s.

one sad day, however my foot slipved and down I came

and lay grovelling at the bottom of the pew, mich to the consternation of the few worshipers present, and to the openly exoressed

symathy of the blind organist Alexander Glenny. This however

is a digression.

My love-affair made my residence at Ilford very happy, until a real sorrow befell us which was scarcely mitigated till death

a year or two afterwards brought a merciful relief. My brother George, a sweet-tempered amiable young fellow, about 22 years old, whilst engaged in seaman's work on board his ship at the London docks, fell and seriously injured his svine. He was brought to our Tigord home, and was nursed, Oh! how tenderly and assiduously by my mother until his death. He never again left his bed and was never able to stand without support, and when in 1837 my father was avpointed to the Rectory of Elsworth in Cambridgeshire, poor George was conveyed from Ilford to Elsworth - a distance of about 50 miles - on an air-filled bed in an Invalid Carriage. He died, if I remember right, in the first year after our removal to Elsworth 4, and was buried in Elsworth Churchyard, in the North East corner of the chancel, and in due course near his grave were

subsecuently buried his father, his mother and his brother Jeremiah.

The Exodus to Elsworth was a great event in my early life. Before we actually migrated to Cambridgeshire I had the sunreme felicity of travelling in a Post-Chaise (this was long before the days of Railways) the whole way to Elsworth. The Post-Chaise held two persons inside and was drawn by a pair of spanking horses on one of which rode the nost-boy (generally a man between 30 and 50) in gorgeous attire. on this occasion my father and I were the

occupants of the Post-Chaise. It took us a couple of days to do

1. George Lodge died 29th July 1837

2.

the Journey and we slent at Royston in an old-fashioned beautifully clean Inn kept by Mary Luck who afterwards became well-known to most members of the family. By the time we reached Elsworth, T was captivated by everything I had seen on the road, and felt myself every inch a man after travelling in so magnificent a fashion.

Elsworth Rectory at the time was full of the effects of the late Rector, a certain Matthew Holworthy who in a fit of temorary insanity, had committed suicide- on the day after our arrival several weovle called to insvect the furniture prior to the sale which was to take place shortly on the nremises. I remember well two of these visitors, Augusta Jodrell and her old father who was Rector of Yelling, distant some 4 miles from Elsworth. These good veovle were insnecting the books, and hearing Miss Augusta say that she wanted a big Bible, I,

feeling the full significance of my clerical experience, volunteered the statement - much to her amusement - that we had in our house at Ilford much better Bibles than any she was likely to find in the Rectory of Elsworth. I particularly mentioned a 3 volumed Mant's Bible with such jolly pictures, which we would gladly lend to her, if she would for her part promise to take good care of it. NB. This is the same

Bible which you all know so well at Scrivelsby. I also exulted on other wonderful books that we had, such as Buffon's Natural History, certain books of Plays, and Maverley Novels etc., which

I knew well enough even at that early time and in which I revelled

afterwards to my heart's content.

Well, in due course we found ourselves established at Elsworth, and I must say here that I continued to discharge quasi clerical functions, generally reading the lessons in Church and attending

to the supply of the temporal wants of the poor people of the parish.

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ague was not altogether unknown to the good people of Elsworth, and as the people were poor and could not afford to buy quinine,

my mother used to keep a huge yellow vessel always on the go, filled to the brim with gentian, which, nasty and bitter as it was, proved in course of time so palatable to many of the people, that they often shamed ague in order to get a good draught of gentian. My mother used to make soup for the poor people once or twice every week, and it was my business to carry out this soup in yellow

basins to the various cottages.

Soon after our settlement at Elsworth and after the death of poor George, we had an increase to our household in the shape of Dr. Manley's eldest son - always known as Jack Manley - a few months younger than myself, with whom we had always been most intimate at Barking and Ilford. Well, this Jack Manley came to learn his rudiments of Latin and Greek under my father, and we

3 boys soon became notorious in the village for divers pranks played by the triumvirate who were known to everybody as Hully (oliver) Sam and Johnny - I well remember Dr. Manley coming to see his hopeful Jack much to our delight, especially as he brought us all a handsome present, mine being the rosewood Desk which I think was in after years seized upon as lawful prey by my always pillaging daughter Nora. Jack Manley did not remain long at Elsworth but went soon afterwards to Eton, and I did not see much

of him till we met again at Oxford.

Now that I am about it I may as well say that two other pupils were taken by my father at Elsworth - viz. Henry and Alfred Heath. They too only stayed for a short time

and though we always maintained an acquaintance with the Heath family (not the Heaths whom you have heard of in connection with Mrs. Clendon) but a

separate family altogether, and it would have been scarcely worthwhile

to

mention them except that traces of them are to be seen in the names given by my brother Oliver to two of his boys - Henry and

Alfred, who were presumably called after Henry and Alfred Heath.

After the departure of the Heaths, Oliver was sent to school at Huntingdon and I was left all alone in my glory at Elsworth doing regular work with my Father, and reading with voracious and insatiable appetite every book to be found in his small but select Library. I was always an unconscionable reader, and as I found

a few - only a few - Waverley Novels I read these over and over again. It would be hard now to find me tripping in any Incident connected with "Waverley" "The Monastery" "The Abbot" and "Mortality". Shakespeare also I read through and through

not critically of course, but for the story contained in each

play.

My presence at home must have been a great tie to my poor old father and I dare say he thought it would be better for me

to go to school and mix with other boys. So in course of time,

I too was sent to Huntingdon Grammar School, which was then under the Rev. John Fell who singularly enough came to live subsequently at Thoresby near Aford in this district and I was preparing to

go over and see him when I heard of his death. He was Rector of Thoresby only for a few months. This Mr. Fell took, I am afraid, a fancy to me, and did me no good by calling attention to my cleverness, and especially seemed to delight in letting my elder brother see how inferior he was to me. He has actually more than once called on me to help him by taking a class in Virgil or Homer and gave me the particular class in which [oliver] would flounder about in a helpless state of backward uncertainty. Oliver however did not remain long at Huntingdon for he was suddenly called away

(most disastrously as it afterwards turned out) to become a medical

student.

student in the house of our brother Charles who was then practising

as a medical man in Peckham Rye.

I remained at the Huntingdon Grammar School until I was nearly 16 and was at the top of the school enjoying, I think, a reputation for scholarship altogether beyond my deserts. The fact is I was tolerably quick

and apprehensive: the school was by no means good one. The education given being flashy and superficial, and though I had gone through 3 or 4 Greek Plays and could rattle through a 100 Lines of Homer and Virgil without much difficulty, and fancied myself, I dare say, a very clever fellow, the whole thing was @ snare and a delusion, and I should probably have done much better if I had stayed at Elsworth under my father's sound

Af not brilliant teaching. Although I enjoyed the school life at Huntingdon fairly well I have always thought since the time when

I knew of which I was thinking, that my 3 or 4 years at Huntingdon

were altogether wasted as far as scholarship was concerned.

I remember sending in the pride of my heart (but in response to a special invitation) a copy of original Sanshics to my brother Jeremiah, who from time to time used to test my work

and progress at Huntingdon, and though he sent me by return of post a half-sovereign whereat I rejoiced, he also sent back my Savphics scored and marked in almost every line with every kind of blemish. This was a grievous down-fall to my pride but there was worse to come, on the next holidays when Jeremiah came down as usual to see us at Elsworth (and how we boys revelled in these visits and looked forward to them with earnest longing and then looked back on them with fond regret!) in company with my brother Barton who also had what I thought at the time a bad habit of always outting me through my paces whenever he had a chance. From

what I learned afterwards, I fancy that both my poor old father

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and my elder brethren had conceived great hopes that I was to shed distinction on the family, and to achieve some great success at the University. Poor people! Never were hopes doomed to a

more bitter disappointment! However on this particular occasion

I was called upon to turn into Latin verse "Humpty Dumpty sat on

a wall" and to go through other performances of a similar kind, at which I acquitted myself so well in some respects and so abominably in others, that it was determined in a solemn family conclave that

I was doing no good at Huntingdon (I doing no good!! and I at the

top of the school!!! with a tremendous reputation!!!) and must

leave forthwith almost in disgrace. The real fact was - I was supposed to give abundant signs of ability but unquestionably there were signs more abundant still of inefficient and superficial instruction; and so it was determined that I should go to Lucton in Herefordshire,

from whence it was hoped I might carry off an exhibition which would enable me to go to the University.

I must just mention the names of those with whom I chiefly chummed at Huntingdon. My chief friend was Walter Veasey whose uncles were the chief Bankers in the town and to whose houses I was often invited on Sundays. Charles Veasey was one of those uncles to whom I went most frequently, the other being David better known as "King David" from his stately deportment and gracious condescension. This Walter Veasey was afterwards appointed to

a post in the War office, married early and died more than 30 years ago. Another friend was Donald Campbell with whom I had my first fight and from whom I sustained a decisive defeat. He was the son of Sir Donald Campbell of Dunstaffnage and afterwards himself succeeded to the title upon the death of his elder brother

Archibald. Sir Donald Campbell died about 10 years ago. For fear I should be suspected of being of a quarrelsome and

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sanguinary temper, I ought to tell you how the above fight came about. At the time I was at Huntingdon the boys were decidedly stubborn. scarcely a half-holiday went by without a pitched battle either in the school room or at S.I. a particular and sheltered spot in our play field, so called from the letters S.r. painted in unusually large characters and supposed to be the initials of some very old boy. This is how a fight was often procured when no better sport was on hand. Soon after my joining the Grammar School - in all probability a mutt of the first water, from my mole of life at Elsworth - two of the big fellows came to me and said that Don. Campbell could lick me easily, to which

I naturally replied I should like to see him do it. \*Will you

fight him then?'

Yes I suppose so." All right - go and fetch Donald Campbell and we'll have it out at S.I." And accordingly Donald and I pounded each other as hard as we could for half an hour or so, till I was so knocked about that my backers threw up the sponge and the honours of war rested with my adversary. After this fight Donald and I were fast friends, only interrupted once after the interval of about a year when we had another fight and this time the Victory was mine. one other fight I had with a fellow named Misket a good deal bigger than myself but such a Gismal muff that not much glory accrued to me for beating him

soundly,

other Huntingdon chuns were Lancelot Reed - (the same who as Colonel Reed called at Scrivelsby a year or two ago and found me down with something like a headache and not at all in a presentable shave to meet so gallant a gentleman as the Colonel appeared after an

interval of some 45 years); Joe Campbell; Gus. Denham (a lame man who became Dr. Badham's 3rd master after I had left Louth for Horncastle); Edward Edwards (a Welshman) and Charley Race a Biggleswade lad (both of whom I subsequently met at Oxford,

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ravards at Jesus College and Race at Magdalene Hall); Bill Brookes (son of Dr. Brookes who lived sometime at Caxton and latterly at the big house in Elsworth); Pat. Robinson; a big burly boy named Prout (whom I subsequently found to be the son of the Rev. I. Prout, Rector of Sutton and Trusthorpe on the Lincolnshire coast); Pooley (now a clergyman and the nephew of an old gentleman of the same name whom I often meet at Quarter sessions and other places in Lincoln) and others whose names I

cannot recall at this distance of time.

In January 1845 I began my school career at Lucton travelling to Birmingham by railway, sleeping at the Hen and Chickens and doing the rest of the journey outside a coach which occupied the best part of the day in travelling from Birmingham to Lucton. I must hurry over this period of my life. The Head Master was the Rev. C.C. Walkey, a tough little Cornishman, late fellow of Worcester College, Oxford, and a severe disciplinarian - I have seen him cut a boy's jacket into ribbons with his cane and subsequently when this occurred too often he used to make the unfortunate boy take off his jacket and he would then ply the cane in the most merciless manner. He was however a better scholar and teacher than Mr. Fell, and he soon discovered that I was an impostor as regards scholarship and paid no kind of respect to my superficial pretensions. He did me much good by strengthening my weak foundations but his system, if better than that at Huntingdon, was not perfect. At Huntingdon I was shoved a great deal too rapidly - at Lucton I was kept back most unnecessarily. Whereas at Huntingdon I had read some 4 or 5 Greek Plays in about 18 months, I was occupied for the greater part of two years at Lucton with a single play - the Oedipus Tyrannus - and other subjects were taken in the same leisurely fashion. Altogether I can't say that I enjoyed the benefit of a

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good education. I knew nothing of arithmetic, not much Euclid - no Geography whatever, not even the most superficial - no French, no German - a little Roman and Greek History but not so much English History as any of the youngest children in a Board School would be expected to know in the present day. I stayed at Lucton two years and fulfilled the object of my going there by securing the Exhibition value of £60 for 4 years at any college at Oxford or Cambridge. For the first half-year I was a big gun at Lucton, being 16 years old and giving myself, I doubt not, great airs. The country round Lucton is beautiful. It is situated on the River Lug famous for its trout and grayling, but my eyesight was

too imperfect to enable me to throw a fly.

Before the first half-year was quite ended, I well remember being invited into Mr. Walkey's private house and being guardedly told that my poor old father was dead. Even now I am almost surprised at the terrible force of the blow which I then sustained. It seemed as if the world had come to an end with me and that

Life was no longer worth living. My father was over 80 and I had never known him but as a very old man, but in spite of the disparity of our years I always entertained for him the most respectful and loving veneration, altogether different to anything

I have known or witnessed elsewhere, so that though I ought to have been prepared, I was so completely overwhelmed by the news of his death that the shock was for the time something terrible to think

of and I can now only faintly recall the full measure of unreasoning grief which then took complete hold of me.

I returned home the next day, by coach to Birmingham, by train to London, by coach (I think) to Cambridge and thence in a farmer's borrowed gig to Elsworth. I attended the funeral and spent the

rest of the summer holidays in helping my mother to pack up and

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particularly to get ready the books for the auctioneer. I had to return to school before the final exodus from Elsworth took place, and when I again left Lucton for the Christmas holidays I found my mother living at Stratford with Jeremiah, my sister

Fanny and Oliver also living with them.

The principal names connected with my Elsworth reminiscences are Mrs. and the 3 Miss Anbrose, Susannah the prettiest as her mother alleged, Martha according to the same authority the Ladyest and Sairey (Sarah) the best suited to be a farmer's wife. This homely family always made much of us and if ever you should find yourselves at Elsworth you must find out if any of these women are still living and you must call on them and you may be

sure of receiving a warm welcome.

opposite the yellow-washed house where the Anbrose's lived was a white house occupied by a farmer named Brown, (very fond of his gin and water especially of the former, who used often to lend me his gig which I would drive to Cambridge distant 9 miles or Huntingdon distant 7) and his wife with 2 daughters one of whom, the youngest, died of consumption and the elder married John, the eldest son of the Dr. Brookes whom I have mentioned

before as living in the big house at Elsworth.

The Witherows were a large clan in the village and neighbourhood. Old Mr. Witherow, a fine stalwart old man who died soon after our

arrival at Elsworth, and seven

1 sons who in one way or another had a good deal to do

with us. Thus Daniel wae our Tailor and was the miscreant whose business it was to cut off the tails and otherwise convert the huge coats, sometimes blue and always with terrific collars, the trowsers, sometimes brown and always well-worn, and the waistcoats, sometimes yellow and always more or less

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unsuitable for conversion, which once had belonged to my elder land bigger brothers so that they might fit my more juvenile and slender frame. Then there was Sam Witherow who kept a baker's shop, John Witherow the varish clerk, mich addicted to drink

land who was either turned out or going to be turned out of his clerkship when he died and was succeeded by his brother Daniel, the tailor who may be clerk now for aught I know and, last but not least, Stechen Witherow, Bricklayer, Barber, and Landlord

of the St. George and the Dragon Inn, St. George appearing on

the sign-board in a conspicuous part of the village street, in yellow breeches and ponderous top-boots, sticking a long green

lance down the open throat of a blue and yellow dragon!

other notabilities at Elsworth were John and Thomas Webb, Farmer Baldock, Wilderspin the carrier, Horatio Ingle a tailor, Barzillai Ridge, a veritable Harmonious blacksmith“ who used to play the bass viol in our village choir, Hodge the only labourer I ever met with that representative name, and John Kimpton son of Farmer Kimpton and many others quis nunc praescribere longum

est.

Our principal neighbours with whom while at Elsworth we were more or less intimate were the Cheeres of Papworth Hall, the head of the family at the time being William Cheere known as the Squire, a Bachelor, and the other Brothers, most of whom were Bachelors or widowers, succeeding one after the other rapidly to the headship, viz. George Cheere, a widower with an only son who, however, died prematurely at an early age; Major Cheere who only lived a few months and was succeeded by his brother the Rev. Frederick Chee:

who was married and had several daughters but no son; Robert

Cheere a Bachelor and County Court Judge, of a somewhat parsimonious

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turn and very intent on money-making. This Robert Chere was a great friend of my brother Jeremiah, and it was he who made a private arrangement with his sister (the Miss Cheere who still Lives at Papworth) that the survivor was to enjoy the fortune of both, and accordingly when he died some ten years ago Miss Cheere to the surprize of us all and possibly also of herself came in for a sun of £70,000 which she still holds and disposes with wisdom and liberality, and the present squire, the

youngest of the many sons, the Rev. Edward Chere with whom brother Oliver used to exchange visits while he was living on his curacy at Market Drayton

in Shropshire.

our other neighbours were the Joddrells of Yelling, the Sverlings of Papworth, the Warrens of Graveley and the Shaws and

subsequently the Tillards of Conington.

I must not forget to mention a fussy little parson, the vicar of Caxton, the Rev. Arthur Russell, who used to bore us considerably by his long and tedious visits - I was rather amused

to find this little man in my house at Horncastle some 25 years

ago, apparently the same in all respects as when I knew him at Caxton, the chief feature of which village by the way was a veritable gibbet widely known as Caxton gibbet, one of the land-marks of Cambridgeshire. Kisby's Hut“ a road-side Inn distant about miles from Fleworth was also a well-known house and land-mark, on the old coach road between Stamford, Huntingdon and London. The stocks were familiar sights at Elsworth, Connington and Fen Stanton. These stocks were in constant requisition as a mode of punishing vagrants and drunkards. Sometimes they assumed the form of the stocks at Scrivelsby where the culprits would sit down and have their legs confined in the two holes specially prepared for the

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purpose, opening so as to allow the insertion of the legs and then tightly fastened down and padlocked to ensure detention for the stipulated time from two to four hours. Another kind of stocks was an upright pole with two enclosures one above the

other into which the arms of the culprit were placed and afterwards securely fastened as in the leg-stocks. I should think that it was no joke to be obliged to stand for 2 or 3 hours with the hands

fastened in this fashion, the right hand above the left as thus.

our sojourn at Stratford wae not long. I think I only sojourned one or at the most two of my holidays there. Jeremiah at the time was Chief Clerk at Lloyds, having been appointed to that office mainly through the influence of his twin-brother Robert who to this day is closely connected with Lloyd's. Jeremiah resigned his position at Lloyd's when he was appointed to the resident secretaryship of the Palladium Life Insurance Office at No. 7 Waterloo Place to which imposing residence we shortly afterwards migrated and there we continued to live, i.e. my mother, Jeremiah, Oliver, my sister Panny and myself when at home for vacations until the Palladium was absorbed by "The Fagle Insurance Office" when our quarters were transferred to No. 4 Amothill Square at which house both my mother and Jeremiah died

some years afterwards.

our chief friends at stratford were Dr. Filicct and his family (this Dr. Elliott being the old friend of Tom. Hood and frequently mentioned in all biogranhical memoirs of that voo (in ourse) and unfortunate poet). Antonio Brady of Somerset House who for his services at the Admiralty was subsequently knighted and became afterwards @ prominent figure as Sir Antonio

at all the early Church Congresses, and the Huthwaites, brewers

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at Bromley with whom Jeremiah was particularly intimate. There were two Miss Huthwaites, Agnes and (I forget the name of the other who married a naval Lieutenant and was very poor). Agnes was a fine showy young woman and Oliver who was of an amorous disposition made violent love to her but was rejected in favour of a Marsland Hovkins who was Curate at St. Giles in the Fields and died at his post shortly afterwards. Aggy Huthwaite is still a soinster. Manley Hoskins a brother of Marsland is I think still alive and has for many years been the accredited agent of the King or

Queen of the Sandwich Islands. He was mich to the fore when

Queen Fnma paid her celebrated visit to England.

At Waterloo Place Philio Atkinson came to live and did Live with us for several years. He was a tiny little young-old man, whose acquaintance Oliver made during the short time that

he was living in Lodgings at Charlton near Woolwich. This little man was a clerk at the "Atlstand lived at Waterloo Place till

we left for Anthill square. My brother Frank also, with his

wife Emma, lived at Waterloo Place for two or three years. They Lived in the uoper nart of the house and had a storey to themselves. After Emma's death in America Frank lived with his mother in

Ampthill Square.

1.

Chapter 3 oxford.

When a freshman at Oxford so modest I entered one morning in March I thought as I slept at the mitre

I'm sure to get on in the Church.

It was in the month of March 1647 that I began my career at oxford and it was at the "Mitre" that I slept my first night. After leaving Lucton for the Christams holidays 1646 I went for 2 counle of months to be coached by the Lewis Page Mercier whose name has been already mentioned as a rupil of my brother Barton at Chigwell. He was a good scholar and held at the tine the

Head-Mastership of the Edgbaston Proprietary School. I used to grind away at Latin and Greek verses and

other work of this kind while he was engaged in school and picked up from him a few

wrinkles in "Scholarship"!

It was through this Mercier (of whom I grieve to say I conceived no great resvect) that I went to Lincoln College. Mercier himself was an Oxford man, a late scholar of University, and he hapvened to know pretty intimately the Rev Richard Michele, a famous tutor of Lincoln, Praelector of Logic, and subsequently Principal of what used then to be called "Magdalene Hall but is known now as Hartford College. This Mr. Michele by the way, familiarly known as "Old Mike", a great inbiber of Port wine, was the father of George's friend Michele who is now legal adviser at the Court of Siam, and also of the mresent dowager Duchess of sutherland.

I made my first appearance in oxford on top of the Birmingham 30.

coach, entering the city by st. Giles Road, passing St. John's and Balliol and landing at The Mitre" where in the course of an hour or so I was joined by Jeremiah who had come down to enter

my name at Lincoln, and to make the necessary payments. We

called at the College and were received icily by the Sub-Rector Mark Pattison with whom afterwards I was well acquainted, and

with whom T got on well. But he was a cold, distant, shy, repelling man, and the last man to put a blushing freshman at his ease. We then saw old "Mike" and he undertook to introduce me to a nice steady man who would wut me into a good set. In due course after Jeremiah's denarture I was formally introduced by Michele to a

man naned Seriang (sic) who at once took me in tow and got the

other members of his set to call won me. "Old Mike" aid not

treat me fairly in this matter. The set of men with whom I was intimate for my first term were indeed all quiet respectable fellows but otherwise not a desirable acquaintance, and I was forced in

self-defence afterwards to keen clear of the whole set.

The warden of Wadham, Benjamin Symons a big slobbering ol4 fellow, was Vice-Chancellor when I matriculated. Four of us were matriculated at the sane time viz. Sanderson, Bonner, Hooper and myself. We four always knew a good deal of each other. Sanderson was for many years Head-Master of Lancing, and was Godfather afterwards to my boy Barton, one of his sons, Herbert Elsworth,

being a godson of mine.

Bonner afterwards became a scholar of Lincoln, took a second class and shortly afterwards died. He came from Spalding and a younger brother afterwards joined the

College. Arthur

Bonner the elder was a very nice fellow. Hoover happened to have rooms next to mine and we were consequently thrown much together.

I spent one vacation with his people at Exeter and on my homeward

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return I spent a week with Frank Simmons (a brother of Mrs.

Dennison) at a little village on the Mendips in Somersetshire. Hooper was not a brilliant man and if I remember rightly he was ploughed at least once before taking a pass degree - I quite lost sight of him after he left Oxford - He is now Rector of a village in Norfolk and my brother Oliver and I think Alick few years ago met a brother of his whom I knew at Exeter. He

is now the Town Clerk of Birmingham.

As it was necessary that I should commence residence at once, in order to save my Exhibition, and as the College happened to

be particularly full, I was somewhat put about for rooms. For the first 3 weeks "Old Mike", who lived with his family in St. Giles street but had rooms in College as late Fellow and Tutor, gave me for my use a small bed-room, my sitting room being a

hired room in the Turl.

At the end of the 3 weeks I moved into rooms over the clock tower, belonging to a man named Tidman who was absent through ill-health. He was a very advanced Churchman and there were several men in the College who held extreme views. This was the time when High-Churchmen were called Puseyites and, my own inclination

having previously tended in this direction, I was for a time strongly addicted to some little extremes such as fasting, attending early communion at St. Mary's and generally identifying myself

with the high-church set, although I was never a member of the

inner circle. one of the leaders of this set soon called on me.

His name was Bamfield who, after taking a first class, joined

the Church of Rome and I have never heard of him since.

Another man belonging to this set was Frank Shaw, a nephew of the Mr. Shaw who was Rector of Conington near Elsworth. We at once became great friends and I have kept up some kind of acquaintance

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ever since. He was also with Sanderson, one of Barton's godfathers, and came with his wife to visit us at Horncastle. I have twice visited him at Fendrayton, near Elsworth, of which village he became Rector after

resigning the Second Mastership of the Grammar School at Grantham.

Another man with whom I was very intimate at Oxford but kept up no acquaintance afterwards was Burfield a strong Evangelical, almost the only representative of that set in the College. He afterwards became a popular preacher and was Canon of Ripon, and afterwards transferred from Bradford to Leicester where he died a few years ago.

Henry Macnamara too, though a little junior to me and one of the extreme High Church set became one of my warmest friends. We occupied adjacent rooms in College towards the end of our time, and when we went out of residence, we took rooms in the same house in Market Street, and lived very much in common. He afterwards became Walter's Godfather and died at Dundee two or three years ago. He made us frequent visits both at Louth,

Horncastle and Scrivelsby.

Others of my acquaintances were Iles, always known as John Iles but better known as Hodgson Iles. He is now Archdeacon of Stratford. when I first told him that I was going to Louth, he surprised me by telling me that he came from that neighbourhood, and subsequently I found that he was the son of Mr. Iles of

Binbrook, near Louth, where we from time to time stayed, and the

members of which family I have met continually.

Jim Iles, a brother, being a magistrate in the Louth Division and his sisters often staying at Asterby where I have met them in

Mr. Babb's house. 33.

Pritchard, now Dr. Pritchard, holding some high office at Doctor's

Commons at Gurney Augustus, now Rector of Little Hereford.

Wilkinson, known as "Wilkie", whom I afterwards found curate of

St. Peter's at Lincoln and at whose rooms I stayed when I went up

for Priest's orders - He died shortly afterward

Moore, now Colone} Moore, Chairman of Quarter Sessions in the Holland Division of the County, made a tremendous splash on first coming to Lincoln [foltegé], sending money most lavishly, wearing very costly raiment, good-looking and popular, but his gay career soon came to an end, the Dons having asked him to take his name off the books because he would not conform to College rules, and he himself, I suspect, not sorry to escape the ordeal of the

Schools.

Barras, the Captain of our eight: Kebble, now well known as a literary man and essayist; Cruddas; Church, now Professor Church

of the London University? Gre  
es, now an incumbent in the Diocese  
of Lincoln; Henry Roe, who married Charles Moore's  
sister; Guy,  
now Dr. Guy, late Head Master of the Forest School  
and at present  
Rector of Great Leigh in Essex; Charman, afterwards  
Rector of  
Low Toynnton, who died in June 1887; Thomson, known  
as Tony Thomson; Gurdon Lees Townsend, and Vance,  
a very clever fellow,  
an unsuccessful candidate for "the Newdegate" and  
Bible Clerk

of Lincoln and Joshua Jones, now Archdeacon of Man,  
were all acquaintances of mine, but the most intimate  
friends besides Sanderson, Shaw, Macnanara and  
Hooper already mentioned, were Frank Sinmons, Hall,  
known as Sam Hall, a great boating man, Andrew  
known as Prynne Andrew, now a Clergyman in Corn-  
wall, Henry

Greenwood, Henry Whitehead, clever and somewhat  
older than the

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majority of undergraduates, Marriot, from Uppingham,  
Newenham,

now a Clergyman in Norfolk and Little Buckle, a son of  
Archdeacon

Buckle (I think) of Weston super Mare.

of outside college men the chief names that occur to  
me as acquaintances are Race of Magdalene Hall and  
Edwards of Jesus

college, both from the Huntinodon Grammar School,  
Benyon of

Worcester, Probert of Jesus College, Wallace Brown of  
Worcester and Woodhouse of St. John's all from Luc-  
ton, Robert Giles of Exeter, afterwards Vicar of Horn-  
castle, Polehanoton 7.8. of Penbroke, Francis Otter  
of Corpus, late M.P. for Louth, Sheshera of Christ's  
Church, Jack Manley of Exeter, Shewell of Wadham,  
also from Lucton, and Wrangham of Exeter, who spent  
one Long Vacation with Jack Manley and myself coach-  
ing with Dr. Badham who at the

time was taking private pupils at Blackheath.

I can't say much of my Oxford life save that I hugely  
enjoyed it but wasted my time sadly, absolutely giving  
up all reading from the time when I passed with some  
distinction the little go examination. It seems a little  
absurd to talk of obtaining a distinction at such a farce  
of an examination as the smalls of old require, but I  
happened to know my books particularly well and I  
received the compliment of a special "thanks" from the  
examiners, one of whom by the way was Derry, now  
Canon of Lincoln and Rector of Waddington.

In my time there were no mode: exam: so that if a man

liked to be idle he had a long time before him in which  
to indulge his tastes - I knew that I could easily obtain  
a pass degree without any special reading at all, and I  
grieve to say that I contentedly

made up my mind to go in for a pass degree, in spite of  
my name

always appearing in the "Honours" lectures. Thus I  
attended lectures on the "Ethics" "Rhetoric" "Plato"  
"Aristophanes"

1.

Platyclydes" etc but made no preparation beyond what  
was absolutely necessary and took no notes nor interest  
in anything but the text. What was called science I  
abhorred. Historical research I neglected, Logic I com-  
pletely and absolutely neglected when in the term be-  
fore the final examination old Pat who had hitherto  
totally neglected me as Tutor called me into his rooms  
and almost insisted on my going in for honours. In vain  
I told him that I did not know my books, he thought  
my scholarship would tell and that if I were lucky I  
could easily achieve a Second by a sudden swift rush. I  
accordingly set to work at the eleventh hour, put on a  
coach in the person of Robert Hessey of Magdalen, was  
encouraged by him to persevere, and tried to crowd

into a single term what ought to have occupied the  
whole of my

University career up to that time. But it was all in vain  
and I have never failed to respect the University system  
for preventing the rush that I meditated. This kind of  
rush is sometimes, not

often, successful. In my case I got exactly what I de-  
served.

I learnt afterwards that some of my work was good  
enough for

a second and singularly enough that my paper on Logic  
would have

secured that distinction, although of Logic I knew no more  
than what I crammed up in about a month. I suspect  
that I had intelligently read a book of Chretien of Oriet  
which had just

been published and several questions were distinctly set  
out of his book. I also did a good translation of Aeschy-  
lus and some of my other work was fair but my "ethics"  
were simply no where - took in the Republic of Plato  
and Jowett of Balliol soon discovered that I had barely  
read the text and the History paper completely floored  
me. The wonder is that I obtained a fourth but I was  
consoled by having in the same class Marriot, one of  
the cleverest men in the College and Ridgway, who was  
afterwards Principal of

Cuddesden in succession, I think, to the present Bishop  
of Lincoln

1.

when he was promoted from Cuddesden to be Professor  
of Pastoral

Theology and Canon residentiary at Christ-Church Oxford.

Although I was idle as regards Schools work I did a good deal of desultory reading on my own account and amongst other things took up Hebrew which I studied under Gandell of Magdalene Hall, assistant at the time to Dr. Pusey the Regius Professor of Hebrew.

I also read a good deal of English literature and generally

disported myself in a more or less literary fashion.

I was a boating man and though not very heavy or powerful was considered a good oar and was once thought of for the "Varsity Bight", was at first Captain of the College Torpid and with the powerful help of Simmons and Sam Hall we bumped our way un-

wade from nearly the bottom to the head of the river. In fact we bumped every night of the races. We acquired such fame from this performance that two of the men were displaced from the College Bight to make room for Simmons and myself and we accordingly went to Maidenhead Regatta, won the Ladies Prize, held a large silver tankard for two years (if we had secured it a 3rd time it would have been ours permanently) and each member of the crew obtained a silver medal which I still possess. In the following year the Lincoln Boat which was low down when the summer races began (the Lincoln Boat of which I pulled Bow oar) made almost as many bumps as our Torpid of the preceding year. At the conclusion of the races we again went to Maidenhead and walked over the course for the Lady's Cup and each of us received a silver goblet with a suitable inscription. For many years I used this goblet at dinner at Louth and Horncastle. It was on this occasion that

Macnamara's mother and two sisters (Fanny and Nora) appeared on

the scene and I conceived a platonic affection for Nora Macnamara.

In the following long vacation Macnamara and I hired rooms

1.

at Uxbridge, where the Macnamaras lived, under the pretext of reading, but we did not much reading nor indeed much love-making. Still I liked Nora Macnamara. The Macnamaras came up to Oxford for the following Commemoration and I again saw a good deal of them, and I still liked Nora Macnamara.

I was a member of the University Boat Club and many years afterwards saw my name up in the University Barge which was fitted up as a reading room and where I spent a good deal of time. The time for my degree examination came on and I judged it prudent to give up the College boat, but towards the end of the races (this was in my last year) one of the men knocked up and I was called on suddenly to take his place. I had not gone into training and was altogether unfit for the

very severe strain of a hardly-contested race. However I did my best, rowed gallantly to the end not having bumped the boat immediately in front of us but being very close to it almost from the start, but when we were getting out of the boats I was so thoroughly exhausted that I had to be lifted out and was put to bed in a horrid stuffy hot little room at "Hall's", the great boat proprietor, where we used to don and doff our jerseys. The discomfort of the stuffy room soon revived me and after a detention of 2 or 3 hours I was able to walk to my rooms and was eventually none the worse for this escapade. This year our boat was entered for Henley regatta and though I had not gone through an actual course of regular training I was selected to row Bow as usual.

A great disaster befell me at Henley. We were told that our boats would be wanted at 12 o'clock, and I with some non-rowing men went for a walk along the bank of the river. On returning home to take my place in the boat I was horrified at seeing that the races had begun and I had the supreme mortification of seeing

my own College boat without me. It turned out that for some

1.

reason or other the time was changed and the crew were summoned to start at 11.30 instead of 12, and as I could nowhere be found, Sam Hall was put into my place and received the silver medal which otherwise would have fallen to me. I thought at the time that I was unfairly treated, but Sam Hall did the work, rowed the race and was awarded the prize. If the medal had come to

me Sam Hall would have had cause to complain, it was simply a

misadventure and I was the unfortunate victim.

All this happened after I had been in for my examination but before I knew my place in the class list. I had got my testament so I knew that I had passed but I had to wait till the viva voce examination was all over before the class list was issued. I knew however that I had no chance of a good place and so was not disappointed when the result became known some few weeks afterwards. I may add that when I was undergoing the viva voce examination I did some of my work so well that one of the examiners (I think it was George Butler of Cheltenham, afterwards of Liverpool) pointedly suggested that I should consult my friends as to the advisability of scratching off my name, the effect of which would have been that the examination I had just gone through would have counted for nothing and I might have tried again at the next examination. As, however, this would have entailed 6 months more residence and consequent expense which under my particular circumstances I was not justified in incurring, I thanked the examiner but said that I would abide by the result, and though possibly I might have obtained

a higher class at a later time I am sure that my decision was

right and I have never regretted it.

It must be remembered that my father had died before T went

to oxford at all and that every single penny that I spent

1.

- the £60 from my exhibition was cheerfully contributed by my elder brothers Robert, Jeremiah, Frank and, to a small extent, Barton. The one thing on which I can look back with some kind of satisfaction - so regards my Oxford career - is that I never forgot that I had no money of my own, and I spent as little as possible. I was always urged by Jeremiah and the rest to live economically but not to deprive myself of what after all is one of the chief advantages of oxford - the society of my fellows and contemporaries. Accordingly I gave breakfasts and wines like other men, knew all the best men of the College - happily the College mainly consisted of poor men - and after living my full time at Oxford - never spending more than £170 a year - for the first two years only £145 - I left the University without owing a penny. It is true that bills every now and then were sent after me to Louth, but I always kept receipts and I was invariably able to prove that the bills had been already paid. I fancy that some of the smaller tradesmen often try on this dishonest game and if the man has carelessly destroyed his paid bills he would often have to

pay over again what he had fully paid before.

It is necessary to keep what is called your Master's term" 5 after taking your degree and this term I accordingly kept in the course and most thoroughly enjoyed it, being then advanced to the dignity of wearing the B.A. gown, sitting at the Bachelor's table, having no lectures to attend, and no prospect of

examinations to mar the full enjoyment of life.

A fellowship, of course, with my degree, was quite out of

- the question, and I used to tell my friends that I would be known henceforth as a teacher of youth! This said first in jest

5 became a veritable reality. One fine morning at the end of my

Master's term I received the following laconic letter from my old

1.

friend Dr. Bachan, Charles Badham as I then knew him Dear sam, I have been appointed to the Head Mastership of Louth. come and join me for good and all. Yours affectionately

c. Badham

I can safely say that I had never heard of Louth before except as being a place somewhere in Ireland and it was on my asking at the Bachelor's table if any one

could tell me where Louth was that John Iles shouted out joyously and vociferously to me, I come from Louth and Louth is a snug little town in

Lincolnshire and I hope we shall often see you at our diogings down there." This would have been in May or June and in July

after spending a few weeks at Waterloo Place and coming down to

Exeter to see the Macnamaras (still liking Nora Macnamara) I went down to Louth and found the Sadhams established at the "Lodge", the appointed residence of the head master. Badham offered to give me board and lodging and whatever he could get out of the governor in the shape of a stipend. But, though T saw the full advantages of this proposal, I thought it would better secure my independence and also my comfort if I were to live in my own hired lodgings. So I routed out a nice situation, took a bed-room and sitting room, but had all my meals at the "Lodge" owing doubtless to the Sadhams. (Irene. Badham was the

sister of Elizabeth, the wife of my brother Tom.)

I was called upon and made much of by all the good people of Louth, my chief friends being Mr. Mantell the Vicar (afterwards Dean of Stamford who on one or two occasions showed kindness

to Recie after his marriage); Mr. Rye (the father of Charlotte

Pye whom we knew as Mittie Pye, at that time recovering from a

4a.

love disappointment in consequence of the breaking off of her engagement with her cousin Charles Elmhirst now General Elmhirst

and Laribel" the musical composer),

of Ashby but better known still as \* Mrs Banks (the father of Charles Banks, Steward at Gray's Inn

and quasi-landlord of Walter and George, and husband of a sister of Mr. Hotchkiss of Thimbleby), Faulkner (nearly Paulkner, solicitor and secretary to the Louth Trustees), Tom Waite (solicitor and partner of Mr. Pye), Newbald (another partner in the same firm who afterwards migrated to Newark) and Jenny Wilson, still living

at Louth, a solicitor in good practice.

I travelled down to Louth in company with two of Mrs. Badham's sisters, Ellen and Louise Smith, the former of whom I liked a little but not sufficiently to overcome my reason. I still too rather liked Nora Macnamara. My first half year at Louth was a round of festivities out of school time, invitations crowding on each other to dinners or dances every evening. But a great

change was at hand.

one day old Mr. Waite, Dr. Badham's predecessor at Louth

left at the school and seeing me for the first time told

me

that 2 kinsman of his, Mr. Disbrowe, had a living at Conisholme, distant about 7 miles, and wanted a curate at once. To make a long story short, especially as it is familiar to most of you, at once drove to Market Rasen, took train to Lincoln, hired a dog-cart to see Mr. Disbrowe who at the time was acting as locum tenens at Fulbeck, a village 10 miles from Lincoln, drove back with him to Lincoln, hired another cart and drove to Riseholme, had my interview with the Bishop Dr. Kaye who at first refused naturally to ordain a man at a moment's notice, but good naturedly allowed me to present myself at the next day's examination of

candidates for ordination so as to prepare myself for a similar

1.

ordeal on Trinity Sunday, when his next Ordination was to be held. However, I somehow managed to please the Bishop and to satisfy his examining chaplain and I was ordained Deacon in Lincoln Cathedral on the 23rd September 1852\* and was

subsequently licensed to the sole charge of Conisholme at a

stipend of £80, which curacy I held along with my mastership

which brought me another £80.

Jack Manley at this time came to Louth to read for his decree, partly with me and partly with Dr. Badham. He did not behave well, and might have seriously compromised me if I had not been very careful to keep clear of him as much as possible as well as the fast acquaintance with whom he associated, one of these being the Charles Banks just mentioned. Happily Jack Manley left in October to go to Oxford and I only saw him once

more, some 10 or 12 years afterwards.

As the Christmas holidays were approaching I began to meditate where I should spend them, and as I had my Sunday and Parish

work to occupy me at Conisholme I could only go away from Monday to Saturdays and one of these weeks I spent with my brother

Barton with consequences most momentous to my future happiness

and with consequences in which you all are very nearly interested.

[end of Manuscript]

At the foot of the manuscript there has been added, in the handwriting of Samuel Lodge's daughter Mary Beatrice Lodge, the following: "uncle Tom Brettingham, about to be ordained, and take the living

of Fingringhoe (Essex), was reading with U/Barton Lodge."

- see page 44 as to this date.

1.

CANON LODGE'S SECRET

By O.R.-W.W.Le

In the Memoir (page 43) Lodge says, "I was ordained Deacon in

Lincoln Cathedral on the 23rd September 1852". The date is wrong.\*

Lodge was in fact ordained deacon on Sunday 21st September 1851.44 For the reasons explained below, there can be little doubt that his mis-statement of the year was no mere slip of the pen. Lodge had a secret which, even after the lapse of 35 years, he wished to conceal!!! the full story of the events leading up to his ordination as deacon is even more dramatic than that given in

the Memoir.

the suggestion that Lodge should seek appointment as Curate of Conisholme was first made on Wednesday, 17th September 1851. Before describing what took place between that day and his

ordination on the following Sunday, it will be well to explain

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= This is apparent from Lodge's description as Clerk in Holy Orders" in his marriage certificate. He was married on 14th April 1852.

44 \_ ordination Register of the Diocese of Lincoln, vol 1, p124.

The Register, together with the letters and other documents relating

to Lodge!

ordination referred to below, is in the custody of Lincolnshire Archives Committee at The Castle, Lincoln.

444 \_ Lodge's motive for saying that his ordination took place in 1852 will become apparent; why he chose to say that it took place on 23rd September of that year, which was a Thursday, remains obscure. Save in special circumstances, ordination services are

held on Sundays.

1.

the circumstances in which the suggestion came to be made. In 1851 the Rev H.S. Disbrowe was the Rector of Conisholme, Lincolnshire, but he did not reside there. He was in charge of the parish of Pulbeck, which is some 40 miles distant. His curate at Conisholme was the Rev J.C. Umpleby, who was also Rector

of the neighbouring parish of Yarborough.

At Yarborough, on Thursday, 11th September 1851, Mr. Umpleby shot himself.4 This sad event placed Mr. Disbrowe in a difficulty. On the one hand, as Rector of Conisholme, he was under an obligation either to perform the duties there himself (which he could not do while in charge of Fulbeck) or to appoint a curate. (the living of Yarborough was not in his gift and he knew neither

when the vacancy there would be filled nor whether, when it was filled, the new Rector would also be willing to take on Conisholme.) on the other hand, as the curacy of Conisholme was worth only £80 a year, it was unlikely to be acceptable, as a sole charge, to any but a newly ordained man. Ordinations were due to take place in Lincoln Cathedral on 21st September but the existing candidates would already have been provided with livings. Mr. Disbrowe

doubtless explained his predicament to his kinsman, old Mr. Waite“.

on Wednesday 17th September Mr. Waite called on Dr. Badham,

4 \_\_ Mr. Waite spelt the name “Desbrowe”, which is more probably

correct, but I have kept to the spelling used in the Memoir.

at

= His death certificate gives the cause of death as, “a mortal

wound in the head caused by his discharging a loaded gun during insanity“. He was aged 42, See page 17 above for a similar melancholy event which occasioned the appointment of the Rev. Oliver

Lodge to Elsworth Rectory. 45.

the headmaster of Louth Grammar School, who introduced Lodge to him. Mr. Waite seems at first to have assumed that Lodge was already ordained. At all events, he took an immediate liking to the young man and thought that here was an opportunity both of resolving Mr. Disbrowe’s difficulty and of advancing Lodge’s career. He therefore suggested to Lodge that he might care to

consider an immediate appointment to the curacy of Conisholme.

Lodge was flattered by the proposal and excited at the prospect; performance of his duties in relation to Conisholme would not be inconsistent with his continuing to teach at Louth appointment to even the humblest of livings would be the first step on the ladder to ecclesiastical preferment and his income would be doubled. If Mr. Disbrowe was willing to appoint him, he would be delighted to accept. But he would first have to be

testimonials from Lincoln College,

ordained and, for this purpose

Oxford, would be necessary.

Time was very pressing. To achieve the desired end, three letters were written on that very day. Mr. Waite wrote to

Mr. Disbrowe; Dr. Badham wrote to the Bishop of Lincoln; and

Lodge wrote to the Rev Mark Pattison, at that time Sub-Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford.<sup>4</sup> The letters of the first two are preserved among the ordination papers in the Lincolnshire Archives. Both are dated 17th

September. We do not know the terms of Lodge’s letter to Pattison but from the reply which he received

it is evident that he explained what was proposed and requested

the necessary testimonials from his old College.

4 \_\_ see Dictionary of National Biography and page 31 above.

4s.

Waite in his letter to Mr. Disbrowe, said: “I am sorry I did not see you this morning - as it might have prevented the step, which I am venturing to take, with a view to serve you at Conisholme and at the same time to promote the views of @ very worthy young gentleman, who is the Bearer of this note. His name is Mr. Lodge, an assistant to Mr. Badham - of whom Mr. B. speaks most highly. He is not in orders - but anxious to be admitted - now £8 the Bishop, under the unhappy and extraordinary circumstances which have deprived you of your late Curate, would be disposed to accept of Mr. Lodge as your Representative till it may be convenient for you to come into residence, and if his Lordship should deem it not inconsistent with duty, under all the circumstances to admit him as a candidate for orders, he will be ready to submit to examination on Friday morning, and his College Testimonials will arrive in due time. If you think this scheme feasible and have no objection to it you will proceed immediately to Risholme [the residence of the Bishop of Lincoln], state all the circumstances to his Lordship - and I think it is not improbable,

but that he may accept him as a Candidate for orders.

I have only just been introduced to him by Mr. Badham,

but am most prepossessed in his favour . . . .“

Dr. Badham’s letter to the Bishop of Lincoln was as follows:

A considerable embarrassment has arisen from the difficulty of finding a clergyman to serve the Curacy of Conisholme vacant by the death of the Revd J.C. Umpleby.

My friend Mr. Lodge having been applied to on the 47.

supposition that he was in Orders has expressed to me a wish that he might be ordained at once in place of waiting as he had intended until after Christmas. I have ventured to encourage him in the hope that your Lordship would at least not consider an application

from him as improper although made so few days before the time of Ordination.

I can most truly assure your Lordship that I have known Mr. Lodge most intimately during the whole of his Academical career; and that I feel the most perfect reliance upon him as a Christian gentleman; nor have I any doubt but that he will fully understand and conscientiously execute the duties of @ Christian Minister. Mr. Lodge being my Classical assistant would have ample leisure for attention to the business of

his Parish, during the Tuesdays and Saturdays of every week.

on the following day, Thursday, 18th September, Lodge set off from Louth, carrying with him the letters written by Mr. Waite and Dr. Badham. He called first on Mr. Disbrowe and then on

Dr. Kaye, the Bishop of Lincoln. Lodge must have been a young

man with a forceful personality and a high degree of self-confidence for, as he states in the Memoir, he persuaded the Bishop to agree to his submitting himself for the ordination examination next.

day and to ordain him on the following Sunday.

Pattison's reply to the letter which Lodge had written on 7th September is dated 18th September 1851. It was less

satisfactory than could have been hoped for. Pattison wrote:

1.

Testimonials cannot be issued by the College in the Long Vacation. Even were we disposed to grant them we could not do so at the present time, as I am the only Fellow in residence.

Should the Bishop of Lincoln consent to receive you at such short notice and if a statement of good conduct from me be of any service I shall be happy to send you such.

Lodge evidently received that letter on 19th September and

immediately dispatched a further urgent appeal. On Saturday,

20th September, Pattison wrote again, saying: "I wish you to understand that we cannot issue a College Testimonial with only two signatures. Such a document would be a forgery it would not be, what it purported to be, a College act.

I enclose a private Testimonial in my own name. I called on the Rector this morning for the purpose of asking him to sign it, but found him too unwell to

be troubled with business:

Pattison's private testimonial was in the following terms:

Samuel Lodge, B.A. of this College, during his residence as Commoner conducted himself with propriety and in conformity with the discipline and rules of the College, and as far as I know and believe there will be no impediment in the way of his obtaining the usual Testimonials for Deacons from the College."

1.

That informal testimonial, together with Pattison's two letters, were accepted as sufficient evidence of Lodge's good

character. (Formal Letters Testimonial", written in Latin and bearing the College seal and the signatures of John Radford, the ailing Rector, Mark Pattison himself and two other Fellows, were

sent subsequently. Curiously, they are undated but the delay in sending them cannot have been long, for Dr. Radford died on 21st

October 1851).

As Pattison's private testimonial achieved its object, the letter with which it was enclosed must have reached Lodge not later than the morning of Sunday, 21st September. The exchange

of the four letters which passed between Lodge and Pattison was thus accomplished in the space of five days; striking evidence

of the efficiency of the postal service in the mid 19th Century. At the present time, there being no Sunday deliveries, such a rapid exchange would be impossible, even in the event of the first

three letters all being delivered on the day after posting.

In addition to furnishing a testimonial, however, Lodge was

required to produce documentary evidence of his age and baptism.

It is a rule of the Church, and so stated in the Preface to the Ordinal annexed to the Book of Common Prayer, that none shall be admitted a Deacon except he be Twenty-three years of age,

unless he have a Faculty". In the first sentence of the Memoir, Lodge states that he was born on 11th February 1829. There is no reason to doubt

the accuracy of that statement and there is circumstantial

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evidence which supports it.<sup>4</sup> In September 1851, therefore, Lodge

was only 22 years of age.

As Lodge was brought up in a clerical household and had already decided to enter the Church, albeit at a later date, it would be surprising if the minimum age for ordination as a deacon was not known to him long before the events of 17th September. It seems, however, that the question of his age was not touched upon in the discussion on that day. Neither the letter from Mr. Waite to Mr. Disbrowe nor that from Dr. Badham to the Bishop makes any reference to Lodge's age beyond saying that he was young. It is possible that, in the excitement of the moment, it did not occur to Lodge to mention that he was only 22 or he may simply have hoped that the

point would be overlooked.

Having failed to disclose his age at the initial discussion on 17th September, it became increasingly difficult for Lodge to do so as matters progressed. He could, though with some embarrassment, have done so at the in-

interviews next day with Mr. Disbrowe and the Bishop but evidently he did not. If he was asked his age at either interview, Lodge must have lied. If he had disclosed the truth at that stage, it would have been open to the Bishop to grant a faculty. Lodge may, however, have thought that such further indulgence was too much to expect on top of that which had already been extended to him. He was an ambitious young man in a hurry and he had set

his heart on becoming Curate of Conisholme. He was not going to

run the risk of having his ordination postponed.

4 as Lodge's date of birth is the crucial point of what follows,

I have set out the evidence in a Note at page 57.

1.

Following his interview with the Bishop, Lodge would have been seen by the Diocesan Registrar, whose duty it was to ensure that the formal qualifications of ordination candidates were in order. It was probably the Registrar who told Lodge that he

must produce a certificate of baptism.

Such a certificate was already in Lodge's possession. It had been issued on 8th March 1847 and he had doubtless obtained it for production on the occasion of his matriculation. (He had entered Lincoln College in Easter Term 1847.) The certificate accurately reproduced the entry in the Barking Baptismal Register and thus recorded that Samuel Lodge had been baptised on 5th May 1829. In addition, however, it bore the statement, "N.B. born

Feb 11", (that information was not derived from the Register;

it appears to be in Lodge's handwriting and may have been added by him, without any improper motive, in 1847.) Thus the certificate disclosed that, in September 1851, Lodge was some five months

short of the age of 23.

Lodge must have realised that production of the baptismal certificate in its pristine condition would not merely prevent

his immediate ordination; it would damage his reputation, perhaps irreparably, in the eyes of the five elder men who had taken time and trouble to promote his interests. If Lodge had earlier lied

to Mr Disbrowe or the Bishop, the belated revelation of the truth would fatally impugn his integrity: he would never be admitted to Holy Orders and might even be dismissed from his teaching post.

If he had not lied, he would still be thought either a fool or insincere for not disclosing his age sooner. With these considerations

such as these in his mind, Lodge resolved to have recourse to

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deception.

In due course Lodge produced the certificate to the Diocesan Registrar. Before he did so, however, an accident had befallen it. When it was produced, its appearance was marred by rivulets of ink. As will be seen, + the ink stains, though extensive, obliterate no information of consequence save the last two figures of the year. It strains credulity to suppose that so selective and so convenient a defacement was the result of a genuinely accidental overturning of an inkwell.

In its defaced condition the certificate still served the purpose of establishing that Lodge had been baptised but it was useless as evidence of age. To remedy this defect Lodge produced with the certificate a sheet of paper on which he had written the following:

"extract from Family Bible. Samuel Lodge born 11 Feb 1827

christened May 5 - "

The defacement of the certificate was merely suppressio veri but production of the purported extract from the Family Bible was

expressio falsi: made entries of the dates of birth of their numerous offspring

That Lodge's parents had a Bible in which they

is entirely probable. (It may well have been the "Mant's Bible"

to which Lodge refers at page 17 of the Memoir.) It is unlikely

4 ~plate 2.

41 \_ see plates 2 and 3 for comparison of the handwriting.

1.

that it mis-stated his date of birth by two years and, even if

the figure 9 in "1829" was so carelessly written as to be capable

of being mis-read as a 7, it affords Lodge no excuse since he knew the true date. The production of the purported extract may not have amounted to forgery but it was undoubtedly a deliberate

misrepresentation.

the deception worked. The purported extract from the Family Bible was accepted at face value. Lodge was duly ordained deacon on Sunday, 21st September 1851 and licensed as Curate-in-Charge

of Conisholme.4#

Having practised the deception, Lodge had to live with it. IE, while memories of his ordination were still fresh, he was asked a direct question as to his age, he presumably persisted in overstating it by two years. In later life, however, as appears from the Memoir and elsewhere, instead of overstating his age, he advanced

the date of his ordination. In the editions of Crockford's Clerical Directory“ which it has been possible to consult, Lodge is consistently shown as having been ordained deacon in 1852 and priest in 1854.441 he entries in the Clergy List“ are inconsistent. In the editions for 1882 and 1897 the year of ordination as deacon is correctly given as 1851, while in the edition for 1886 it is

given as 1652.

41 \_ parking Baptismal Register records that an elder brother, Edward Thomas Lodge, was born on 24 July 1627.

41 \_ He was ordained priest by Bishop Kaye's successor on Sunday, 25th September 1653. By that time he had, of course, attained the age

of 24, which is the minimum age for ordination to the priesthood.

441 \_ ane editions consulted are those for the years 1876,1879, 1884, 1889 and 1895.

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In truth, the risk of the deception being discovered in Lodge's Lifetime was not great. Once the defaced certificate and the purported extract had served their purpose they were filed away with other ordination papers and, while in diocesan custody, would have been less readily accessible than they have since become. Moreover, no-one would have had any motive for inspecting them unless he knew (i) the minimum age requirement for the ordination of deacons, (44) the true date of Lodge's birth and (iii) the true date of his ordination. The relevant ecclesiastical authorities knew the first and third facts and had been deceived as to the second. Lodge's mother, brothers and sister must have wrown the second and third facts and some of them doubtless also wnew the first! but, if they gave the matter any thought, may either have assumed that Lodge had obtained a faculty or simply have been incurious as to how he came to be ordained under age. Lodge's children presumably did not know the third fact for, if they did, Lodge would hardly have mis-stated it in the Memoir which was written for them.

So far as I am aware, no-one, with the possible exception of his wife, knew of the deception until, as an inquisitive amateur family genealogist, I happened across it more than 70 years after Lodge's death.

Lodge's deception was of course very wrong and may have been

a criminal offence. Nevertheless, it can be said in extenuation

that, while Lodge himself mst have suffered the pangs of a guilty

conscience, he did no harm to anyone else. The temptation and

4 ~one of Lodge's brothers, Barton Lodge, was a clergyman.

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pressures to which he yielded were very great. His subsequent career, as Rector of Scrivelsby, Rural Dean of Horncastle, Canon

of Lincoln cathedral, Headmaster of Horncastle Grammar School and gjustice of the Peace demonstrates that he was well-regarded by his contemporaries, both clerical end lay. Though his ordination was premature he proved himself worthy of his cloth. Let us not judge

his youthful lapse too harshly.

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NOTE ON SAMUEL LODGE'S

DATE OF BIRTH.

With the exception of Barton, all the children of the Reverend Oliver Lodge by his third wife who were still living in 1629 were baptised by their father and their baptisms are recorded in the baptismal Register of St. Margaret's Church, Barking. The compulsory state registration of births did not begin until 1836 and, in the early 19th century, parish baptismal registers normally only recorded the date of baptism, not the date of birth. However,

the baptism of five of the 11 children of the Reverend Oliver who were baptised at Barking was delayed until they were one or two years of age. In those five cases, but in none of the others, the dates of birth are recorded in the Register. Those five did not include Samuel Lodge but they did include Oliver and Edward Thonas, the two children who were born next before Samuel. Oliver is recorded as having been born on 1 January 1826 and Edwara Thomas

on 24 July 1827. Both were baptised on 8 June 1628.

Barking Baptismal Register shows that Samuel Lodge was baptised on 5 May 1829. In the light of the Reverend Oliver's practice of recording the dates of birth where the baptism had been unusually delayed, the fact that it was not so recorded in the case of

Samuel fortifies the physiological probability that he was not

born before early 1829. The correctness of 11 February 1829 as

the date of his birth can thus be accepted with confidence.

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