

ing of a skeleton steer and a skinny blind mule, with rope harness, and a squint-eyed driver, hauling a barrel of new whisky over poor roads, on a hermaphrodite wagon, into a farming district where the people are in debt, and the children are forced to practice

scant attire by day and hungry sleeping by night." The man who penned those graphic lines needed, perhaps, but an educated hand to reproduce the scene, and make it as vivid to all minds as it was to his own. The country contains many such possible artists.

RICHARD BAXTER.

TALKS, WALKS, AND DRIVES IN AND AROUND LEA CASTLE, NEAR
KIDDERMINSTER, ENGLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1872

BY THE HON. WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.



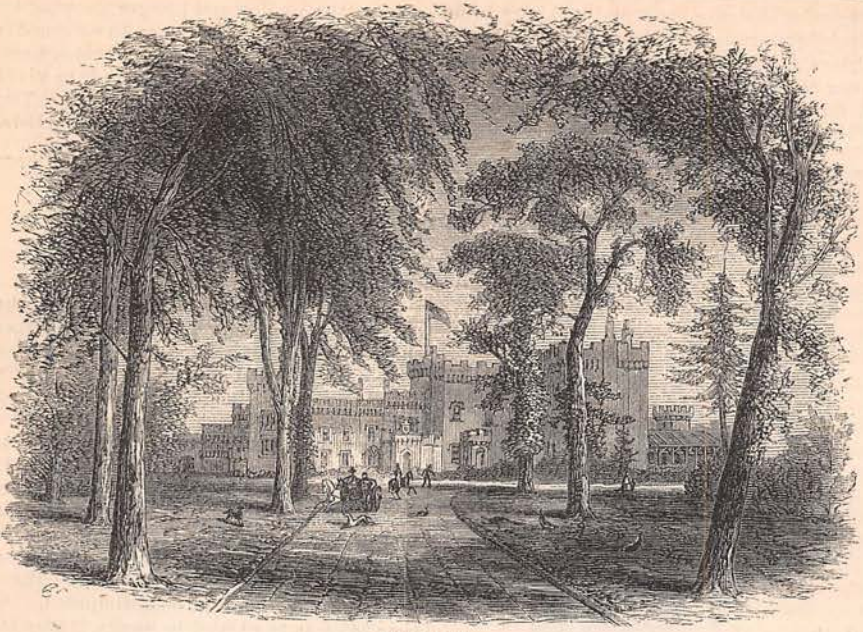
STATUE OF RICHARD BAXTER, THE PURITAN DIVINE, AT
KIDDERMINSTER.

"Castle Lea, my memory carries
All thy scenes of peace around;
Still thy mossy dingle tarries,
Still I see the upland mound.
There the belt of gloomy larches,
Here the valley deep and green,
Leading to the emerald arches
Where the June sun ne'er is seen.
Joyous creatures, furred and feathered,
Feed and play in fearless glee,
And I see them tamely gathered
Round the walls of Castle Lea."

—ELIZA COOK.

AS I stepped from the railroad car at the station of Kidderminster, a young man very civilly addressed me, asking if I was

going to Lea Castle, and adding that the carriage was waiting for me on the other side of the dépôt. In a few minutes we were out of the old city, and rolling rapidly along the avenue lined with beeches leading to the castle. It was just a quarter of a century since I was driven up the avenue by my friend, then as now the owner, J. P. Brown Westhead, M.P. Twenty-five years had come and gone—a large portion of a human life, however long that life may be. For many of those years Mr. W. had been a member of Parliament for old York. There was a cordial reception, as anticipated. As my visit was to extend to weeks, it was arranged that a portion of each long summer day when the weather was pleasant was to be spent in walks and drives to places of interest in the vicinity. When Charles II., in 1651, fled from the, to him, fatal field of Worcester, he skirted Kidderminster by Chester Lane to Kinver Edge, and thence to Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire, and where he was concealed in the famous Royal Oak. The lane ran on the north side of the castle, and is still regarded with interest, and the tale is still repeated of the flight of the young king along the lane and down to the valley below. Early in the morning we walk along a portion of this lane, stopping to look in upon friends in Lion House, where the celebrated printer John Baskerville was born in 1706. We are in the town, and look up at the Church of St. Mary, said to have been founded in 1315, the ancient Chi Dwr minster, the minster or church on the hill overlooking the water giving the name of Chiderminster, changed to Kidderminster. The church would thus seem to have antedated the town or city. The church still looks down on the river Stour, flowing along below the rocky edge to the left of the view. The waters of the river, impregnated with iron and fuller's-earth, are said to be of great value to the extensive carpet manufactories for which Kidderminster is celebrated. To this Chi Dwr minster, this church on the hill overlooking the waters, there came as a preacher of the Gospel in March, 1640, a young man then scarcely twenty-five years of age, who was to labor there for the greater part of twenty years, whose name was to



LEA CASTLE.

be thereafter spoken with reverence, and whose works were to be read and studied wherever Protestant Christianity should find a home in any portion of the four quarters of the globe. Though of a feeble constitution, he was destined to live on for more than fifty years thereafter; to outlive all the four kings of the house of Stuart; to suffer exile, persecution, fine, and imprisonment during the reigns of the last two monarchs; and finally to die in a good old age and in peaceful times, when the Protestant religion had been restored to power after the Revolution, with William and Mary on the throne of England. This young and zealous preacher of the Gospel was Richard Baxter. He was born in the neighboring county of Shropshire, the son of respectable parents, but not in affluent circumstances. Fond of learning, he early gave promise of scholarship, and by the aid and influence of partial friends he was sent up to London at the age of seventeen to make his way to influence at the court of Charles the First. But he was then of a religious temper and thought, and found no pleasure in the frivolities and surroundings of a court, and after a tarry of a few weeks returned home. Devoting himself to study, by economy he was prepared and entered the university. He did not complete a full university course. Leaving the university, he became tutor and school-teacher, and, pursuing theological studies, was admitted to orders in the Established Church of England. His first settlement was at Bridgenorth, a few miles from Kidderminster, among, as he said,

a hardened people. Baxter says he found the church a "most convenient temple, very capacious, and the most commodious and convenient that ever I was in." The congregation increased under his preaching to such an extent that five galleries were built to hold the hearers.

In 1787 the spirit of renovation seems to have possessed the church wardens and authorities. The veneration for Baxter's memory was no longer cherished. His pulpit was taken down, and that, with his communion-table, was sold at auction to the highest bidder. The pulpit and the carved seats found resting-places in the Independent chapels. Not far from St. Mary's Church an alley-way leads up to the old meeting-house (Independent). Here in the session-room we found the pulpit, not used by the preacher, but placed near the corner of the room, and flanked on each side by the large folio volumes containing the writings of Baxter. The pulpit, as will be seen, is elaborately carved, and appears, by an inscription on it, to have been the gift of a widow, probably an admiring member of his congregation. Baxter found his hearers at Kidderminster not sermon-proof as at Bridgenorth, and he said, "Also it is but the least part of a minister's work which is done in the pulpit; Paul taught them also from house to house, day and night, with tears." But the great labor which he performed is witnessed by his numerous works, amounting to no less than one hundred and sixty, several of them quarto volumes.

"What books of Baxter's should I read?"

said Boswell to Dr. Johnson. "Read any of them; they are all good," was the emphatic reply. In a very recent lecture by the Bishop of Peterborough, he says, "Those were precious things that Baxter had given to Christendom;" and looking back to those stormy times in which he lived, we might see rising above the dust and tumult of the conflict that ensign of truth which men still carry forth in their wars of good against bad, right against wrong, righteousness against sin and misery. The best known of his works is *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, amplifying and illustrating that consoling utterance of St. Paul, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." *The Saints' Rest*, he says, was conceived by him in his chamber in a friend's house in Derbyshire, "when sentenced to death by the physicians." He survived, and finished the work at his own house in Kidderminster, and it was published in 1649. He was then thirty-four years of age. A second edition was published in 1651.

A copy of this second edition was presented to the bailiff of Kidderminster, with this inscription on the fly-leaf in his own handwriting:

*This Booke being Devoted, as to the service of
the Church of Christ in generall, so more
especially to the Church at Kidderminster;
the author desireth that this Copy may be
still in the custodie of the high Bayliffe and
intreateth them carefully to Read & practice it
and beseecheth the Lord to blesse it to their true
Reformation, consolation & Salvation.*

Rich: Baxter

This book has been carefully preserved by the successive bailiffs, and it is said has only twice been out of their custody, and then only for inspection and some temporary purpose, such as tracing or photographing the inscription on the fly-leaf.

In the spring of 1640 Baxter commenced his labors at Kidderminster, and in November of that year was assembled that Parliament known familiarly as the Long Parliament, and whose actions were to have much to do with the future events of his life: "that renowned Parliament which, in spite of many errors and disasters, is justly entitled to the reverence and gratitude of all who in any part of the world enjoy the

blessings of constitutional government." Baxter was a monarchist and a Churchman, but he was opposed to the arbitrary rule of Charles the First, and he did not hold to all the doctrines of the Established Church. Nor was he a Roundhead; but his strong religious convictions doubtless led him to sympathize with the majority of the Parliament. The times were turbulent, and in a few years we find him a chaplain in the Parliamentary army, preaching the Gospel as earnestly to the soldiers as he had done to his congregation at Kidderminster. In that memorable document, the death-warrant which consigned Charles the First to the block, will be seen, directly under the name of Cromwell, the name of Edward Whalley—that Colonel Whalley who, after the Restoration, fled to North America, and who, after long years of exile and hiding, found, at a good old age, a quiet and almost unknown grave in one of the grave-yards of New Haven. It may be to us an interesting fact that Baxter filled the office of chaplain in the regiment of Colonel Whalley.

From 1640 to 1660 Baxter continued his residence at Kidderminster, though during that time he was absent in all some four

years. Charles the Second arrived in London in May, 1660, and was received with great favor, and the restoration of the monarchy was complete. The Commonwealth had come and gone. The regicides were called to a strict account. But Baxter, instead of being marked out for punishment, was an object of royal favor. Clarendon, who had followed the fortunes of Charles, was now at the head of affairs. The vacant see of Hereford was tendered to Baxter, but he did not desire the office of a bishop, and he declined the offer. He was appointed chaplain to the king, and preached once or twice before his majesty. He found the dissolute monarch probably as sermon-proof



BAXTER'S PULPIT.

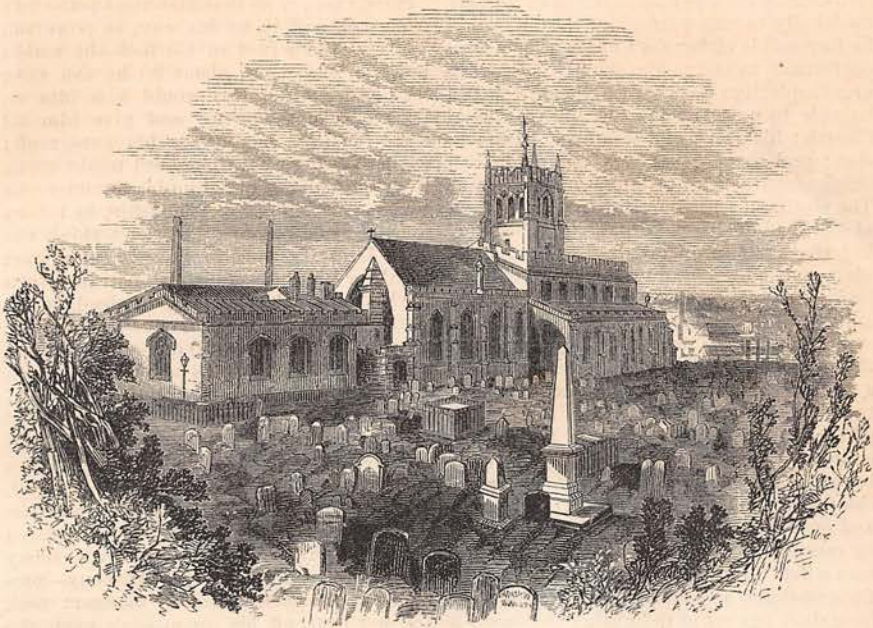
as his first congregation at Bridgenorth. His desire was to return and minister to his own flock at Kidderminster. But he encountered a severe and successful opposition to his return in the person of Sir Ralph Clare.

This old Cavalier, whose residence, Caldwell Castle, was near Kidderminster, who had followed the fortunes of Charles I. and Charles II., and had been with the latter in his banishment, made a persistent resistance, though a very large portion of the people favored Baxter's continuance. The principal objection of the knight was that Baxter administered the sacrament to the members of the church sitting around the communion-table, instead of giving it to them kneeling. He says: "All the disturbance I had in my own parish was by Sir Ralph Clare refusing to communicate with us, unless I would give it to him kneeling on a distinct day, and not with those that received it standing." And he adds, "I had no mind to be the author of such a schism, and to make, as it were, two churches of one."

Baxter went out, never to return as preacher at his pleasant home at Kidderminster. He said that when he went there first there were whole streets where a praying family could not be found, and when he left there were few streets where prayer and praise did not ascend daily from almost every dwelling. He was succeeded by the sequestered vicar Rev. George Dance, "a man of peculiarly unsavory and unclerical

mode of life." The doughty old knight Sir Ralph Clare died a few years after at an advanced age, and was buried in the south aisle of the nave of the old church. For many years, owing to alterations, his grave was covered, but recent changes have again brought it to view, and the visitor can read the inscription on the stone which covers his ashes, telling how he had attended at the coronation of Charles I., and served him through all his glorious misfortunes, and was servant to Charles II. in his banishment and return. Caldwell Castle, on the outskirts of Kidderminster, has mostly been torn down, one tower alone remaining, and the name of Sir Ralph Clare comes down to us with unenviable notoriety as the man who drove out Richard Baxter from his home and his successful labors at Kidderminster. Baxter was comparatively a young man—forty-five years of age—when he left Kidderminster. His after-years, more than thirty, were spent in London and vicinity, preaching as occasion offered, and continuing his labor of writing. Indeed, he said writing was his labor, and preaching his recreation. Among his other writings was a commentary on the New Testament, in which he wrote with some severity of the persecutions suffered by the Dissenters, complaining that for not using the Prayer-book men were driven from their homes and locked up in dungeons. For this he was proceeded against, and brought to trial before Jeffreys, and then occurred one of those disgraceful scenes which marked the judicial life of that infamous judge. Learned and distinguished counsel appeared in Baxter's defense, and numerous influential friends gathered around him. But Jeffreys would not listen to argument or entreaty; counsel were stopped in their addresses, and made the objects of vile abuse. At length Baxter attempted to speak, commencing as follows: "My lord, I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops—" "Baxter for bishops!" roared out Jeffreys; "that's a merry conceit, indeed. I know what you mean by bishops—vassals like yourself; Kidderminster bishops; factious, sniveling Presbyterians. Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat." Resistance was of no avail, and Baxter was convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment and to pay a heavy fine. Such was the treatment of a man of whom Macaulay says: "No eminent chief of a party has ever passed through many years of civil and religious dissension with more innocence than Richard Baxter. He belonged to the mildest and most temperate section of the Puritan body."

And thus it happened that two men of



KIDDERMINSTER CHURCH, WHERE BAXTER PREACHED.

England of that age, whose names are held in most reverence, and whose works are to this day most extensively read throughout Protestant Christendom, were suffering persecution at the same time and for the same cause—freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and of their own understanding of the Holy Scriptures. For while the author of *Saints' Rest* was a condemned prisoner in the King's Bench Prison in London, John Bunyan, the author of that immortal allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, was immured in the common jail of Bedford. Baxter lay in prison eighteen months, when he was released through the intercession of influential friends. After the Revolution and the accession of William and Mary to the throne, and when the Toleration Act was passed, Baxter gave in his adhesion, and qualified under the act. But before doing so he put on record an explanation of the sense in which he understood those propositions which might admit of misconstruction. He declared that his approbation of the Athanasian Creed was confined to that part which was properly a creed, and that he did not mean to express any assent to the damnatory clauses. He also declared that he did not, by signing the article which anathematized all who maintain that there is any other salvation than through Christ, mean to condemn those who entertain a hope that sincere and virtuous unbelievers may be admitted to partake in the benefits of redemption. This was among the last of his public acts, for

he died in London in 1691, at the age of seventy-five. During many of the last years of his life he had realized in his own person the truths which he had so earnestly taught, that the saints' rest is not to be expected on earth.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago William Hancocks, Esq., of Blakeshall House, a pious and enlightened gentleman, erected on his own grounds in the parish of Wolverley, about four miles from Kidderminster, an obelisk fifty feet high, bearing the following inscription: "To commemorate that devoted man, Richard Baxter, minister of the Old Church, Kidderminster, about the year 1650, whose unwearied labors were so greatly blessed to that town and neighborhood. Read his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and *Call to the Unconverted*." A few months before the writer of this article was in Kidderminster, in 1872, looking at the interesting Baxter relics, a public meeting had been held in the town, and measures adopted and funds raised to erect a statue in honor and remembrance of him. All religious denominations united. The vicar said: "There were many in that town who revered and honored that beloved man, and who believed that to be baptized into the spirit of Baxter would be one of the greatest privileges that could be conferred upon them." The Non-conformist minister said: "During the whole course of his ministry in Kidderminster, Baxter was in conformity with the Established Church; and though in after-years, for very powerful reasons, he had to cast in his lot with the

Non-conformists, yet he never gave himself up wholly to any party, and that it would be impossible either for Conformist or Non-conformist to claim him wholly. Baxter's great aspiration was that Englishmen should be able to unite in one Christian national Church; his great aim was for comprehension; and there never was among British theologians a more Catholic-minded man." The statue, of which an illustration is given at the head of this paper, was unveiled during the summer just passed. It rises to view on the high land near the Old Church looking down on the Stour, on the town and extensive manufactories, and on the spot where once arose the home of Sir Ralph Clare, Caldwell Castle; and many a stranger, many a passing traveler, will turn aside to view the places and scenes of the labor, and to look upon the marble effigy, of him of whom the Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, in a recent lecture so eloquently and truthfully said: "A great and good man; a man long since canonized by consent of all Protestant Christians; a man whom Churchmen and Non-conformists, Episcopalians and anti-Episcopalians, have long since agreed in delighting to honor; a man whose virtues lay on the surface of his character; a man with a love for disputation, and a desire to resolve others rather than be resolved himself; yet patient, generous, brave, forgiving; foremost as a divine; unequaled, save by Jeremy Taylor, as a casuist; a man who, fearing his Master, feared no other man: this was Richard Baxter."

HER IMPERIAL GUEST: A MAYFAIR MYSTERY.

I.—INVITATION.

THERE are great people and great people in London. If any honest folks from the country should chance to pass Mrs. Patterini's door in Evelyn Lodge on any afternoon in the season, when that lady's splendid equipage is stopping the way there, and through the open portal should behold the powdered footmen who await her coming, they would doubtless think Mrs. Patterini a very great personage indeed; much greater than Mrs. Marmaduke Eyre next door, for example, whose neat little unpretentious brougham is cast into the shade by Mrs. P.'s magnificent vehicle, and whose footman wears not even a shoulder-knot. Yet Mrs. P. would give her ears—or at least her diamond ear-rings—to get an inclination of the head from the other lady, who unhappily has no inclination for her. There is nothing whatever against the character of Mrs. Patterini; she is fit to be Cæsar's wife, so far as any breath of personal scandal is concerned; and if she is not Cæsar's, she is the wife of a man who has probably

as much money as that historical personage ever had, and is, in his way, as powerful. With a stamp (not of his foot—he makes not the least noise about it) he can raise legions. Don Carlos would kiss him on both cheeks to-morrow and give him all sorts of titles merely for his autograph; even the Comte de Chambord might think it worth while to give him his forefinger, in token of a legitimate friendship, in return for the same favor; and I don't think the Pope himself would hesitate to say a good word for him in certain quarters in return for his heretical assistance. Indeed, for assisting some struggling sovereign—or half-sovereign—Mr. Patterini did once acquire a patent of nobility, which he has been known to exhibit to confidential friends in his smoking-room, and is entitled, he has assured them, to write himself Baron. Baron and Baroness Patterini! can any thing have a finer or more harmonious sound? And yet, for the life of her, Mrs. P. dare not call herself Baroness. People are so ill-natured that they will be sure to say dear Anthony—the good man's name is Anthony—procured it in some infamous manner; took ten per cent. off his commission upon the Monaco loan, perhaps; whereas, as every body knows, a real nobleman is constructed in quite a different manner. He must be a gentleman first (though this is not absolutely indispensable); then he must have an estate in some county, and represent it in Parliament after a contested election; and even then, unless he "rats" at a political crisis, when the thing is often done at once, it is a tedious affair to get ennobled. It was the more to be regretted that such steps should be necessary, for the name of Patterini seemed to its female owner singularly adapted for a noble prefix; the word Mrs. in connection with it appeared to her a waste, a bathos, like a handle of bone prefixed to a silk parasol; it had a certain Norman ring about it, and even if it was Greek (as was the fact), the modern Greeks, as Cyril Clarke assured her, resemble in their predatory habits the ancient Normans. Mrs. Patterini did not know what "predatory" meant, and she was quite satisfied with the assertion. She had the utmost confidence in Mr. Cyril Clarke as a gentleman and a gentle; for both those classes, to say the truth, were, among her immediate acquaintances, rather scarce. He was a barrister, a "rising" one he called himself, but upon cross-examination would admit frankly that he only meant a young barrister—rising twenty-six. He was handsome, intelligent, and sprightly, but the attorneys had not fallen in love with him, nor had he fallen in love with an attorney's daughter. He had fallen in love with Miss Myra Patterini, who by rights should have been a Baroness like her mother, for one of the great charms