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In acknowledging with grateful thanks the compliment which has been paid to me by this learned and valuable Society, in nominating me its President for the present year, I take the earliest opportunity of disclaiming all intention of instructing, in the subject of Archæology, the learned audience now assembled before me. He who knows nothing of a subject ought not even to venture to speak of it in the presence of those who know much. But I am here to-day, not as your instructor, but as the spokesman of all classes of the inhabitants of this great county, and especially of this ancient seignory of Holderness, to tell the Members of the Archæological Institute that they are heartily welcome amongst us; and that on the one side we are proud that they have thought this sea-beaten corner of the island worthy of a visit, whilst we believe on the other that there is hardly any portion of the Queen's dominions richer in those monuments and remains which archæologists love to study. We may be proud of the two churches in Hull, Holy Trinity and St. Mary's, the former inviting and the latter having received a wise and liberal restoration. Hedon, a town which, even in the time of Edward I., languished in poverty, feeling the nearness of the two rivals, Ravensrod and Hull, "increasing from day to day" (Inquisition, 9th of Edw. I.), which in the time of Edward III. confessed that its commerce depended upon a sewer called the *Sturch*, along which boats used to pass to the borough,

and that the said sewer was dried up, has managed to preserve for us a church worthy of a more flourishing and numerous population ; and we cannot wonder that it bears some marks of decay. Unlike Hedon, which contains examples of various styles, the beautiful church at Patrington is of one period, the Decorated, and has the symmetry of one design. Its graceful spire, for which one is thankful in a country where a height of 190 feet is almost mountainous, its noble oak roof, its beautiful proportions, may entitle it to be called, after the county histories, "the glory of Holderness." A writer describing it in 1840 (Mr. Poulson), speaks of its ruinous condition. But it is already partly restored, and the present incumbent has shown such zeal in an arduous undertaking, that the completion of it cannot be matter of doubt. Of the Abbey of Meaux the remains are very small ; but archæologists have to thank Mr. Edward Levien for publishing a volume of manuscripts relating to this important house, and among them a chronicle of its government and doings. Farther from us, but within easy reach, and embraced in the scope of the present meeting, the Minster of Beverley, and St. Mary's church in the same place, now worthily restored, the Priory Church at Bridlington, the noble Abbey Church of Selby, the church at Driffield, possessing, we are told by one rash authority, an effigy of Paulinus, first Archbishop of York ; Howden, with its chancel and chapter-house in ruins and fast disappearing ; Thornton Abbey, and the remains of the Abbot's house, which are to be explained by one who has studied domestic architecture with the greatest success : all these, and many other monuments of the piety and skill of ages long gone, will pass before us, and will be lectured upon by those whose knowledge may be trusted. Let us hope that, with such a programme, the veteran supporters of this society may carry away with them pleasant recollections—even new information—from this meeting. Let us hope that the novices whom they meet here, a body over whom I should have many titles to preside, may retain the instruction that they are certain to receive, and may catch the infection of that fervent zeal for the past which animates this and the sister association.

In reading the transactions of the sister society to which I happen to belong, I am struck with the moderation of the

modern race of archæologists, in fixing the limits of their science, and in the method which they pursue within those limits. Archæology is a science of the remote past; but this general description would include ethnology, the history of languages, and the study of ancient written records, or palæography. Archæology, according to one authority, should be content to separate herself from all these tempting subjects, and to confine herself to the study of works of human skill which indicate the growth and social condition of man. A boundary line so artificial as this, is likely to be transgressed from time to time. The charter, the chronicle, and the will, are often appealed to, although the object of the science is not the written document; but they are studied not so much for the written thought as for the tangible monuments on which they may throw light—not so much for the development of mind they contain as for their account of things produced by cultivated skill. The charter illustrates for us some church, or castle, or abbey; the will, with its inventory of household possessions, admits us to the interior of a dwelling which we can by no other means reproduce, as it was upon the day when the possessor left it never to return. The main business of archæology is with the works of men's hands.

This is a very narrow and artificial boundary. I would rather hold that the business of archæology was the minute study of all the materials of history, and I learn with pleasure that this Institute has a Section devoted to History. But within it the archæologist has learned to prescribe to himself rigid rules of method. You know that every science consists of two parts—the collection of facts, and the grouping of the facts when collected under some idea, or law, or principle, call it which we will. A French writer tells us that in the course of their history sciences pass through three stages—the theological, the metaphysical, and the positive. I prefer to say that sciences are found in three conditions: the first, where facts are scanty and theory too active; the next where facts have been industriously collected but theory has not been applied for their due interpretation; and the last, or perfect condition, where facts have been abundantly supplied and theory has been used with soberness and yet with bold sagacity for their expla-

nation. Now, the greatest peril to science has always lain on the side of the tendency to theorise overmuch. The hypothesis, too swift of foot for the laggard experience, left her behind. Bacon, in the 16th century, usually has the credit of awakening the world of science from a speculative dream to sober experience; but remarks of Leonardo da Vinci and others, show that this had been felt by other minds. Bacon was the spokesman for his generation of an intuition which perhaps no one else could have expressed so well or with so large an effect. Now the temptation that besets all physical sciences perhaps assails archæology with the greatest force and success. Over the ruined building or the exhumed relic, the feelings of wonder, reverence, regret, and curiosity are aroused; who can wonder that the theory, or rather guess, is prompt, or that it is ambitious? Dr. Stukeley wrote to Gale in 1740 that the church at Driffield was very old, and contained an effigy of Paulinus. I probably do him no wrong in saying that the only evidence connecting the basso-relievo which still exists in the church wall with my great predecessor, was that Paulinus was the first and most illustrious archbishop, and that there was no particular reason against giving his name to the ecclesiastic with a crosier whom Stukeley found at Driffield. Stukeley was a wild and speculative inquirer; in such hands archæology had not advanced very much beyond the standard of the monks of Meaux, who record that in the reign of Henry II. the bones of King Arthur and of Wenevere his queen were discovered at Glastonbury, "and were distinguished by most unmistakeable marks; for Arthur's thigh bone exceeded by three fingers the length of the tallest man's thigh bone that had ever been found, when measured down to the knee; moreover, the space between his eyebrows was of the breadth of the palm of a man's hand." One understands the temptation which makes artless monk and credulous doctor hasty to make over to saint and hero the first great and worthy thing that imagination can manage to connect with their names, but guesses of this kind are not archæology, and it makes little difference in our estimate of them whether they happen to be right or wrong; they tend to bring the whole subject into ridicule and disrepute. Many people think to this day of a museum of antiquities as a collection of stones and potsherds, ticketed into dignity by falsehoods

which no man can prove and no man expose, and divide collectors into two classes—those who deceive themselves, and those who would deceive other people.

Modern archæologists, do not, upon the whole, deserve this harsh estimate. In the transactions of both our English Societies there is a remarkable caution and sobriety. To avoid a groundless theory, seems to have become, as it were, part of the moral code of the archæologist. The time for theories, it seems to be admitted, begins when the collection of facts has been large and general, and as exhaustive as the subject seems to admit. Archæology has passed through the same stages as other sciences: once astronomy and chemistry were bare of facts but full of dreams; but she was born late, and her earlier trips and stumbles took place among her grown-up sisters, who made merry with her failures. Yet the ridicule has stimulated her efforts; and no science walks more firmly or more truly along the line of induction. But ever and again the ardent curiosity and impatience for symmetry will lead us into hasty generalisations. The theory of three periods, the Stone Age, the Bronze Age, and the Iron Age, has been carried too far; and in assigning a place to any weapon or other implement, people often forget that long after bronze and iron were discovered, stone might continue to be used among the poorer and less civilised, whilst in our own country it is very probable that the iron instrument preceded the composite metal bronze which was in use on the Continent. At present, one cannot help thinking that many of those who explain to us the lacustrine dwellings of early times, and the buried flint implements and the inhabited caves, have far outstripped the facts at their disposal. An enormous antiquity has been claimed for earthen vessels found about the lake dwellings, on the ground that the lake dwellings *must* be enormously old; but an archæologist just sets them side by side with vessels known to be of the fifth and sixth centuries after Christ, of the sort known as Anglo-Saxon, and finds the form the same. Surely this marked similarity of form is worth more than any mere speculation as to what the age of the lake dwellings ought to have been.

And this brings me to consider a little more closely the work of the archæologist, and to recognise its dignity and worth. Archæology might be called the microscope of his-

tory; and we know that without the microscope neither geology nor physiology could have reached their present exactness. Ehrenberg computes that every cubic inch of a stratum of Tripoli powder at Bilin, in Bohemia, contains forty-one thousand millions of the *Gailonella distans*, and this bit of stone or pinch of powder, a thousand times more populous than this island of men and women, would have kept its wealth of life a secret but for the microscope. One may say that without this instrument the science of physiology could not exist. The services which archæology renders to history are of the same kind, and in the end they will probably not be less. For example,[1] the French Constitutional Charter of 1814 sets forth as an admitted fact of history that King Louis le Gros, being in full possession of kingly power throughout France, had seen fit to modify his power by the enfranchisement of the Communes, or in other words, by the granting of municipal charters. But the king really possessed full power only in the district lying between the Somme and the Loire, and with the establishment of communes in Burgundy or Brittany the king could have had nothing to do. But when one looks into one such enfranchisement one sees that there was little enough of this gracious surrender of actual rights. In the case of Noyon, it appears from old records that the cathedral clergy and the burghers were often at war. "Of the peace made between us and the burghers," is an entry found more than once in the cathedral annals. A bishop wished to put an end to this, and to avert a popular outbreak. Bishop Baudri called a meeting of the whole town, and submitted to them a charter, prescribing the mode of admission to the freedom of the commune, the duties of the burghers in war, and the mode of punishment for bloodshed; and the charter runs in the name of the bishop, and the punishment for violating it is the pain of excommunication. If it sets out "I have obtained from the Lord King Louis the concession of this commune, and its corroboration by the seal royal," the whole transaction is very different from that which was in the mind of those that mentioned it in the Constitutional Charter. It was the act of an enlightened bishop, in order to appease the irritation of an insecure population against a body of clergy both strong and oppressive, and the share of

[1] See A. Thierry, Lettres sur l'Histoire de France; Lettres 13 et 15.

the king in the transaction seems to be the least. He permitted to combine for self-preservation those whom he could not completely protect. And it is by the minute inspection of the facts of each age that we are able to correct the fallacies which sometimes underlie the very names that history employs. The France of that day was not the France that now feels one powerful central government through all its length and breadth. The word king in that day was very different from the word when applied to Louis XIV. And the value of this minute inspection is not merely that it reveals curious matters that were unknown before, but that it dissipates so much fallacy. To take an English example, not foreign perhaps to this moment, when one finds in the time of Edward III. memorials addressed to the king by the inhabitants of a town, demanding justice against some sheriff for having conferred the franchise on them, saying that they were "maliciously compelled to send men to parliament" (malitiose constrictos ad mittendum homines ad parliamenta), one's notions receive a certain shock. It is plain that we have possessed representative institutions longer than we have appreciated them. History repeats itself. Can it be that that mysterious entity, the compound householder, will hereafter turn and rend the able leader of the House of Commons for having maliciously compelled him to send men to parliament, and for having, as part of the machinery of his measure, permitted the cold shadow of the rate-collector to darken his doorway?

Yours is a young science in a rich world. Upon the face of this county we find marks of two primeval races; then the monuments of Roman power abound, and York itself was called "a second Rome." Anglo-Saxons, Danes, Normans, have written their names upon its page. About ninety religious houses received those who sought peace in flying from an unquiet world, instead of doing battle with its trials. Its churches are marvellous for their grandeur and their number: ten or twelve that are fit to be cathedrals might easily be counted. More than one great national struggle has steeped the soil in blood. These successive strata of our social and religious development have been very imperfectly examined as yet; and before a systematic history of their formation is written, patient, plodding, self-denying observations will have much to do. That much is

being done at this moment we are all aware. Next to the soil of England, perhaps Englishmen are most interested in that country from whence the Word of Life has come to them—the land which the Lord made holy by his footsteps —the land that for eighteen centuries seems to have been mourning in ashes the crime of having put Him to death. We could not stand in Nazareth, embosomed in its low and rounded hills—we could not shelter from the heat under one of the aged olives of the Mount of Olives, without our hearts burning within us with a sense of greater nearness to the heavenly. We of the English Church, known in those Eastern lands as Christians of the Book, have studied with peculiar care the scenes that throw light upon the Bible. Strange to say, the archæology of Palestine is still in its infancy. The jealousy of Mohammedans, and not less the jealousy of Christian sects towards each other, have hindered us from using the proper means, and the traveller has stood guessing and theorising upon some mound of earth, under which perhaps lay buried the monuments that would have solved the riddle, and set the guesses at rest. We have hardly broken ground in Palestine, though we know that the evidence we seek must be buried under the soil. But here too a beginning has been made. The Government has lately published an elaborate work full of exact measurements and plans, and of photographic reproductions. A Society has been formed for the exploration of Palestine, and a fortnight since I pleaded the cause of this Society in a long interview with Fuad Pasha, the powerful minister of the Sultan, who promised that every aid should be given to our explorers that was consistent with public order. "The Turkish Government," said this great man, "is tolerant to all, but the danger lies in the fanaticism of Christians against each other." "We too," he added, "believe in Christ, the Word of God, the Spirit of God, born of the Virgin, ascended into heaven, only the Crucifixion we do not believe." That is still, to Jews a stumbling-block, to Gentiles foolishness. But with larger powers our little Society will pursue its work, so far as its means allow, and a word of sympathy and a word of prayer from members of this body will be valuable to us.

The world is great and rich, and full of the bounties of its Maker. But to me its richest products are the thoughts

and strivings of men sent forth with the stamp of their Maker, but marred and defaced so that you can hardly read the image and superscription. These creatures, crowned with glory and honour, your science undertakes to follow in their sorrows, and sins, and strivings after good. You study the monuments they leave—of peaceful arts, of fiery warfare, of worship and domestic comfort, and social order, and death and mourning, and growth of races and decay. The subject is great indeed; it can only become contemptible when students, without reverence or soberness, discredit it with flippant guesses and frivolous conceits. To collect and decipher with the patience and diligence that suit a great subject, the monumental history of distant ages, is a task for the best minds; and we that stand by will admire and welcome you in the doing of it, and assist you if our power should reach so far.