

## The Archaeological Journal.

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INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF THE RIGHT REV. THE BISHOP  
OF CARLISLE TO THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE  
INSTITUTE, HELD AT CARLISLE.<sup>1</sup>

In discharging the important duty which has been imposed upon me to-day there is one department which commends itself to me as being easy and simple, another which I feel to be full of difficulty.

The easy and simple part of my duty is that which consists in bidding the Royal Archæological Institute a hearty welcome to the old Border City. Many changes have taken place since the Institute visited Carlisle in the year 1859. The lapse of twenty-three years, though it may seem trifling to an archæologist, necessarily leaves its mark upon both persons and things. It is pleasant, however, to think that all is not changed; we have the same veteran President; several of our distinguished visitors to-day were distinguished visitors then; and now, as then, we have a Ferguson of antiquarian proclivities occupying the chair of chief magistrate and prepared to maintain the hospitable character of "Merry Carlisle." It would not be possible to single out for distinct and individual welcome each guest whom we number amongst our distinguished gathering to-day; and therefore I will wish them one and all a joint and hearty welcome. I am sure, however, that I shall carry the feelings of everyone with me when I express my deep regret at the absence of one expected guest in particular, the distinguished Minister of the United States of America. Nothing but overmastering necessity could have prevented Mr. Lowell

<sup>1</sup> Delivered August 1st, 1882.

from keeping an engagement which I know that he was exceedingly sorry to forego. I wish that America could have been represented, and so worthily, at this meeting. America has not and cannot have the archæological atmosphere which belongs to England: but it is gratifying to feel that our American brethren and neighbours are ever willing to claim their share in the history of the old country, our common mother; and I have often thought that we Englishmen may learn a lesson from the zeal and industry with which these same American brethren make themselves acquainted with the archæology of the country, for which they have still an unmistakeable and undisguised feeling of filial affection.

The difficult part of my duty consists in being compelled to pose for a time as an archæologist. I must frankly say that to this noble title I have no sufficient claim. If this confession should seem to cut my presidential chair from under me, I must throw the responsibility upon those who placed me in it. Or if it be impossible for one who accepts an office to divest himself of responsibility, I must fall back upon a plea, which I shall endeavour by the general drift of my remarks to substantiate, namely, that it is possible for a man, who has no claim to be regarded as an expert, to have sufficient general knowledge of the meaning and value of archæology, and sufficient sympathy with, and respect for, those who devote their best energies to its study, to enable him without conspicuous disgrace to fill the honourable post which your courtesy has assigned to me to-day.

In truth, as it is impossible for an educated man to live in Italy without gaining a love of art, or to live in Switzerland or our own lake country without becoming somewhat enthusiastic about natural scenery, so it would seem to be next to impossible to live in an old country like England, especially in this part of it, without becoming more or less infected by a love of archæology.

To go no further, take the City of Carlisle, "the local history" of which, as we have lately been told on high authority, "stands out beyond that of almost any other English city on the surface of English history."<sup>1</sup> Such

<sup>1</sup> Freeman's "Reign of William Rufus," Vol. i, p. 317.

a city is in itself a temple of archæology ; and though our complicated system of railways, and our grand new station, and our factory chimneys, have done much to vindicate our claim to respect in the minds of those who see things from a modern standpoint, still nothing can obliterate the interesting history of Carlisle ; and as her castle, her cathedral, her conventual remains, and some portions of her walls still stand as grand archæological monuments, so also recent examination has added to our knowledge and brought to light new treasures. I may mention in passing the discovery of the remains of a wooden stockade of Roman date in various parts of the city, corroborating the notion that the old Roman town was fortified, not with a stone wall, but with wooden defences ; of some beautiful bronze relics, notably, a bronze torque ; and of a large monumental stone, now in the Carlisle museum. Besides which discoveries belonging to the Roman period, it is only right to add that the careful restorations which have been effected by the Dean and Chapter, under the skilful and careful direction of the late much lamented George Edmund Street, have thrown light upon several points connected with the Cathedral and the Abbey.

Passing outside our ancient walls we find monuments of the past of the highest interest, English, Roman, British, in profusion. I will venture to specify those which have produced the deepest impression upon my own mind.

In the first place, it is impossible to pass from village to village in Cumberland without having the condition of things during the days of border warfare brought home very clearly to the imagination. It is not so much the existence of houses of defence like Rose Castle and Naworth, and the fact that almost every house of any magnitude contains its ancient tower, or peel, though now frequently disguised by modern improvements—not this so much as the fortress churches, which bring back vividly the pugnacious and unsettled condition of the country a few centuries ago. Such churches as that of Great Salkeld, of Dearham, of Newton Arlosh, of Burgh-by-Sands, tell a strange archæological tale. Perhaps in some respects the church of Burgh-by-Sands is the most interesting of those which I have mentioned. I may add

that the tale which this curious church tells is rendered more, rather than less, clear by a recent careful restoration. There you have the tower with its impregnable walls, the iron gate between it and the nave, the north aisle with its windows high above the ground, and with a western entrance commanded by an aperture in the impregnable tower, through which a small gun within the tower would pour forth its contents if necessary upon an attacking party with great comfort and sense of security to those who manned it. Altogether these fortified churches tell a strange and interesting tale. One of the grounds upon which Henry VIII was petitioned to spare the Abbey church of Holme Cultram was, that it was the only place of defence of the inhabitants against the marauding Scots.

But the interest which is connected with monuments of border warfare and records of early English and mediæval history, appears to me almost to vanish by comparison with that which attaches to the relics of the Roman occupation. A man has no need to be a skilled archæologist in order to be carried away by thoughts suggested by the Roman wall. May I say, in a parenthesis, how welcome amongst us is the Roman wall's historian,—much more welcome than the greatest of his name would have been in Carlisle in those days to which I have just now referred? I will venture to assume that most of us are acquainted more or less with Dr. Bruce's magnificent volume; and assuming this, I will say boldly that to my own mind no monument of the past in our island seems to be comparable in grandeur and intensity of interest with the Roman wall. The identification of the various stations by means of the *Notitia*, the light thrown upon the wisdom and craft of the great nation by the employment of foreign troops, so arranged as to guard against conspiracy, the military skill evinced in the formation of a continuous road guarded by the wall from bitter foes on one side and by the vallum from questionable friends on the other, the beauty of much of the masonry now as good as when first built, the evidence of a large population living in luxury and refinement in a country now waste and wild,—these, and a hundred other points, which present themselves to persons of ordinary in-

telligence, seem to bring home to the mind Roman days, Roman power, Roman cleverness, Roman luxury, in a way in which books without such illustration frequently fail to do. A visit which I was permitted to make a few years ago to Chesters, and a day spent under the auspices of Mr. Clayton and Dr. Bruce at Borcovicus and the neighbourhood, seemed to me almost sufficient to convert the most utilitarian admirer of the nineteenth century into a devout archæologist. It is a curious comment upon the transient character of some of man's greatest works, that the commonest record of the Roman wall down south should be found in the London advertisement of "Best Wallsend Coals !"

It would be wrong, however, to limit the testimony of the Roman occupation of this part of Britain to the great wall. Even without taking account of its principal treasure, this neighbourhood would be rich in Roman antiquities. Especially I may refer to the remarkable discovery of Roman altars made at Maryport in the year 1870. No less than seventeen were found within a circular area of about twenty yards in diameter. And it is a striking fact that they were almost beyond doubt carefully deposited where they were found ; they seem to have been hidden on some critical occasion, in order to save them from desecration. If this be so, we may congratulate the Romans upon their success, for so I think that security for some sixteen centuries may properly be called. An altar of Vulcan, which Dr. Bruce pronounces to be almost, if not quite, unique in Britain, would seem to have been an unconscious prophecy of the West Cumberland iron trade.

It is devoutly to be hoped that the existence of the spirit of which the Royal Archæological Institute is a chief embodiment, will be effective in saving from injury or destruction some of the Roman relics which it is not easy to preserve by any direct agency. Complaints have been made in recent years of injury done to the inscriptions on the Gelt Rock ; and the county history contains a record of an inscription in the quarries near Rose Castle, which has so completely disappeared that I can find upon the spot not even a tradition of its existence. It seems to me strange, though possibly some good reason may be

assigned for the fact, that in the Bill, "for the better protection of ancient Monuments," introduced by the Lord Chancellor, and now before Parliament, the schedules contain nothing Roman.

It would be impossible, as it is unnecessary, to specify all the interesting marks of the Roman occupation and the relics of Roman civilization which abound throughout the district; but I will just refer to the remains at Ravenglass, because recent excavations, which have discovered the hypocaust, have placed the ruins there existing upon a firm Roman basis, which I suppose they previously occupied only in the minds of experts.

Passing from Roman antiquities, I may congratulate archæologists upon the remarkable discovery of the sculptured stone with Runic inscription at Brough under Stainmore, and upon the additional light lately thrown upon the well known cross in the churchyard of Gosforth. Doubtless we shall hear something upon both these subjects before the Carlisle meeting comes to an end.

It is matter for perhaps more than local satisfaction, that all the recent discoveries to which I have referred, and many others, are duly chronicled in the "Transactions of the Cumberland and Westmoreland Antiquarian Society."

The archæological wealth of this district in reality constitutes a subject with which even an archæologist would find it difficult to deal in a short address; I, who am not an archæologist, shall feel content in bringing my survey to an end with a notice of something which has lately been done in this diocese, and of which I believe that the Institute will approve.

I refer to an examination which has been systematically made of the ancient church plate existing in the diocese. The results of the labour expended upon this work have been far more interesting and remunerative than was at all expected when the design was formed. I need not specify these results, because they have been recorded in a volume, which I believe is published almost at the same moment as that which is signalized by the visit to Carlisle of the Archæological Institute, and of which I trust that many members will purchase a copy. Besides this, I may mention that some of the most interesting specimens of



plate will be exhibited in our temporary museum. Amongst these may be specified a beautiful mediæval chalice, which I am able to commend to your notice as being one of about a dozen specimens known at the present time to be in existence.<sup>1</sup>

Might not the example of the Diocese of Carlisle be followed with advantage elsewhere? I ask the question with all modesty; but I will not pause for a reply.

Instead of doing this, I will occupy your attention for a few minutes with some remarks of a more general kind than those which I have offered hitherto. The time has gone by in which archæology can be confounded with antiquarianism of the Monkbarns type. We recognise that archæology, being in reality the science of past time, is the basis of history, of politics, even in a certain sense of religion itself. The discovery of a coin or an inscription leads not merely to the enrichment of a museum of curiosities, but perhaps to the settlement of some historical doubt, or even to the re-writing of some chapter of history. And even apart from historical and kindred studies, some knowledge of what may be called archæology would seem to be in our own days a necessary possession of every man—and may I add every woman—who lays claim to what may rightly be called a liberal education. Indeed, so far from archæology being a special possession for which certain eccentric persons of Dry-as-dust proclivities may be regarded as holding a patent, it is not too much to say that every well-educated person is in some degree an archæologist, though, like M. Jourdain in the matter of speaking prose, he may not have been always aware of it.

Such a person goes into a picture gallery. He may not be an expert, but he will almost certainly have made himself acquainted with the leading facts connected with the early development of pictorial art in the Low Countries, in Germany, in Italy; he will know something of the names and histories and characters of the early masters, and of the schools which they founded: he will take an intelligent view of art, because he knows something of its history. Is not this archæology?

<sup>1</sup> In his handbook of "College and Corporation Plate" (1881), Mr. Cripps says, "Some eight or ten are all that are

known to remain of these beautiful chalices with their patens." A few more have, I am told, been since found,

And I suppose that the same thing is true of music. Of course we may in a certain sense enjoy music without knowing anything about it, especially if the music in question has the simplicity of "Cherry Ripe," or the patriotic associations of "God save the Queen;" but if we wish to go beyond the mere tickling of the ear and the ignorant expression of satisfaction at a pretty tune, we must know something of the early masters of sound, must have traced the growth of musical science, and so have become in a mild form musical archæologists.

This fact is perhaps realised more distinctly in the case of architecture than in that of any other art. Architecture without archæology is manifestly mere confusion. There is plenty of knowledge of course which still remains the property of the architectural expert; but the larger number of educated persons, on going into a building like our Cathedral, feel themselves at home with the different styles of arches and windows that it contains; they will not grossly confound one date with another, they will see at a glance the rough history of the building, and so far forth they will prove the existence in their minds of archæological knowledge.

May I give an amusing instance to show that in this respect improvement has been made in recent years?

In the course of your visit to Carlisle you will doubtless see the Fraternity. The recent restoration has brought into prominence the pulpit, in which in olden days the reader stood for the edification of the brethren at their meals. It would be difficult now to mistake the purpose of the pulpit; but till lately it was popularly known as "the Confessional," and in order to carry out this view the artist who has drawn the pulpit for Billing's "Illustrations of Carlisle Cathedral" has represented a woman kneeling on the floor below!

I have remarked already that archæology extends even to politics and religion; and this is indeed true. I do not know upon what principle men settle the colour of their politics, or whether they all adopt the same principle, or even whether it can be asserted that principle of any kind universally enters into politics; but I am sure that anyone who would take an intelligent view of public affairs must not be content to regard the present condition of this



country, and its constitution, and its mode of government as something which can be examined in the abstract, without reference to the complicated history upon which it rests and out of which it has grown. A politician must have a grasp of history, and history is archæological or nothing.

Nor is there anything unreal in extending these remarks, as I have done by anticipation, to religion itself. The complicated relations of churches and sects, the justification or the condemnation of the position taken up by this or that religious body, the hopes or the fears connected with any apparently new but perhaps essentially old development of doctrine or practice—all these, and many like things, can be intelligently judged only by the man who has gone deeply into the stores of Christian antiquity, and qualified himself for forming an opinion upon the present by a careful and candid study of the past. A sound divine must have other qualifications; but he may not omit to make himself a sacred archæologist.

And what shall we say of science—at least of some of its branches? Surely we may say this, that geology and the sciences allied to it have opened up a hyper-archæological chapter in the history of the world. The works of man carry us back into a very ancient past: here in this country we have magnificent remains of Roman civilization, and those remains testify to a previous civilization, if civilization it is to be called, of which we have relics in our British mounds and monuments; and the ruins of Troy, and the wonderful monuments of Assyria and Egypt, not to mention other countries, carry us back to a period when Roman power was yet in the womb of time; and the recent evidences of prehistoric man carry us further still into the dim darkness of ancient days; but the geologist can smile at archæology such as this, and can tell of days when as yet neither man or his works existed, when the fauna and flora had nothing in common with what we now see, when the mountains which now are were not, when the arrangements of land and water were totally different from those which exist now. Archæology such as this, however, is not for us to-day; and indeed there is plenty to occupy an archæologist without trespassing upon ground which belongs to others. In an old country like this

archæology is almost in the air: the names of places, Carlisle, Aspatia, Dovenby, Torpenhow,—of mountains, High-street, Illbell, Silverhow,—of churches, S. Mungo, S. Bees, Ninekirks—of families, Howard, Muncaster, Le Fleming, Curwen, Senhouse,—these names of places, and persons, and things, together with all the *bys* and the *casters* and the *thwaites* and the *kirks*, seem to suggest, even to the most quiet, unimaginative mind, the almost necessity of asking questions as to the way in which names and things have come to be such as they actually are.

But there is archæology nearer at hand than this. Shall I be pardoned if I say, that we have before us a remarkable study in archæology every time we read a page of a printed book?

The type is *Roman* letter; it is as genuine a relic of of Roman civilization as the Roman wall itself, and a witness of the days when we borrowed from our conquerors characters in which to express our language, which was not theirs. But what is the language printed upon the page? a composite result, as we all know: what geologists would call a conglomerate: a Teutonic basis, with bits of French, Latin, Greek, it may be Arabic or Hebrew, imbedded in it: so that to account for every word in an ordinary page of an ordinary English book would be a tolerably stiff exercise in what is virtually archæology, even to a well educated man. But there is a still more curious piece of archæology existing on the page. In the corner you find a number: it is not in Roman figures, but in what we commonly call Arabic: and the complete explanation of these Arabic numerals carries us into the antiquities of India, the ingenuity of ancient Indian mathematicians in inventing what is called the *device of place*, and the manner in which Indian science travelled to the west through Arabia, this transmission being connected with the conquests of the great Arabian prophet, and so forth. The complete explanation of all the phenomena presented by an ordinary page of an ordinary English book would form materials for a stout volume of an Archæological Journal.

But I must hasten to draw this address to a close, lest perchance the earliest part of it should become so ancient,

as compared with the latter, as to try the patience even of professed archæologists. Shakespeare makes his sententious philosopher in "As You Like It," speak of *sermons in stones*: and I will conclude my archæological remarks with one or two reflections extracted from a stone.

The stone shall be one in the walls of the Church of Burgh-by-Sands, to which I have already incidentally referred. It is a stone which has apparently been in its present place for many centuries, and must have looked much as it does now when King Edward I. was here, and when he died hard by. Plenty of rough work in the way of border warfare that stone has seen. But there are certain marks upon it, which open up another chapter in its history: experts will tell you that it is a Roman stone, and a very little experience will enable any ordinary eye to detect this fact. The stone then has been taken, like many others, which you may single out here and there, from the old Roman station, the existence of which the name of Burgh attests; and so we see that when our stone looked upon Edward I, or when Edward I. looked upon it, it was already an antiquity of respectable standing; it had then been quarried, say, a thousand years, and had witnessed many and strange vicissitudes of men and things. But if we trace the stone further still, and consider how it came to be in the quarry, from which it was taken by the hands of the Roman soldier or quarryman, we shall find perhaps that it was formed from pre-existent materials belonging to a condition of the world not one thousand but a thousand thousand years previous: and so we have archæology beyond archæology, and archæology beyond that: our stone tells us not merely of mediæval history, nor even of Roman residence in Britain, but it bears in its structure evidence of formations and transformations going on under the influence of the powers of nature in the dim distance of the mysterious past. All things are comparative, and the portion of history with which archæologists are concerned is an almost inappreciable moment in the life of this stone.

Under the influence of such a contemplation archæologists may well feel, that after all they belong to the present more than to the past. I will take advantage of

this feeling for the purpose of saying, that the most recent event in the history of Carlisle has been the preparation which has been cordially and laboriously made for the due reception of the Royal Archæological Institute. I trust that the event though recent, with its present and future results, will prove interesting even to the most orthodox archæologist who honours Carlisle with his presence.