

Canon Rawnsley at Carlisle –

Scenes from an Extraordinary Life

(Lecture for Carlisle Cathedral 30 May, Trinity Sunday 2021)

In 1893, Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley was appointed an honorary Canon of Carlisle. He had been Vicar of Crosthwaite, Keswick for the previous ten years. He had already made his mark in the Lake District through his involvement in numerous campaigns to protect the fragile environment from indiscriminate railway incursions and insensitive development, and at the time was already involved in the creation of the National Trust for Places of Historic Interest and Natural Beauty, the National Trust, of which he was a co-founder. The Trust was officially inaugurated in 1895, with Rawnsley as its active honorary secretary until his death in 1920.

At this time as an honorary Canon I imagine that his formal duties did not amount to much more than preaching a sermon or two each year in the Cathedral, but nonetheless it seems that he was already very much involved in the affairs of the Diocese, particularly in the field of education.

What one might call Rawnsley's first formal acquaintance with the Diocese of Carlisle had been in 1877 when, following a spell of Mission work in the slums of Bristol as a curate, he was lucky enough to be offered the sinecure living of the tiny parish of Wray-on-Windermere by his cousin, who had recently inherited Wray Castle, and with it the patronage of the living, which had just become vacant. This stroke of luck enabled the 24-year old Hardwicke to get married. As he was still in post in Bristol at that time, it would have been expected that he would be priested at Gloucester, but at his own request Hardwicke was ordained priest in December 1877 by a somewhat surprised Bishop Harvey Goodwin, here in Carlisle Cathedral.

A month later he married Edith Fletcher, the eldest daughter of the recently deceased John Fletcher, a wealthy Lancashire industrialist, who had retired to The Croft at Ambleside, and thereafter the newly-weds set up home in the delightful little vicarage of Wray.

Professor Gerard Baldwin Brown, one of Rawnsley's slightly older contemporaries at Uppingham, writing to congratulate him on his appointment, advised him that his business at Wray was 'to read and think; not to mix yourself up in diocesan matters with which you will be able to deal more effectively later on.' Brown obviously was well aware of Hardwicke's impetuous nature, since he went on, "to stand aloof when a practical claim comes your way is just the hardest thing for you to do; and for that reason, the thing to... As is always the case, what is best in you – your zeal for helpful work – is mixed up with one of your great difficulties; a tendency to be carried away by the immediate present. You ought to have nothing to do with any bishops but those of the primitive church. Tell everyone you have come to read."

A vain hope indeed!

While the following four years were nominally spent at Wray, Hardwicke found the tiny parish too limiting for his boundless energy. Far from taking Professor Baldwin Brown's advice to spend the time in improving reading, Hardwicke launched himself immediately into the maelstrom of activity which would keep him in the public eye until his death.

He did not neglect his parish, introducing innovations such as the Harvest Festival to the conservative villagers, but he contrived to spend quite a lot of time away from the home base. The episcopal eyebrows must certainly have been raised when the Rawnsleys, hardly a year after taking up the living, took six months' leave of absence to join an interesting but arduous tour of Egypt and the Holy Land. Rawnsley had dispensed with the courtesy of asking for the Bishop's permission, simply presenting him with a *fait accompli*.

His future as a formidable and vociferous campaigner was determined when he took up the cudgels against the plan to build a railway line linking Buttermere to Braithwaite. His clarion call to action, published in a letter to the *Standard* was heeded by many influential individuals who were to become his conservation colleagues in the defence of the Lake District in later years, and even before he left Wray Rawnsley was making a name for himself as 'Defender of the Lakes', a cognomen by which he is best remembered in the region to this day.

Dr. Harvey Goodwin must have been a far-seeing and tolerant superior, since he seems to have born no ill-will against the impetuous young vicar of Wray, in 1883 writing to Hardwicke to offer him the plum living of Crosthwaite – "The vicarage, as you probably know is simply charming (and) in my opinion the post which I offer you is as near Heaven as anything in this world can be". Rawnsley accepted and on 8th July 1883 was inducted to the living of St. Kentigern, where he was to remain as incumbent for the next thirty-four years.

Bishop Goodwin became a valued friend of the new incumbent, and following his death in 1893 his family invited Rawnsley to write his biography. In *Valete*, his collection of memorial poems published in the year of Goodwin's death, among the assorted 'Shepherds of Men' remembered, there are two sonnets to the memory of the Bishop, for so long Hardwicke's own shepherd and mentor.

Today I would like principally to talk about Canon Rawnsley's connections with Carlisle, which are perhaps less frequently discussed than the projects for which he is best known, but first perhaps I should briefly sketch in his 'back-story'.

Hardwicke Drummond Rawnsley was not himself a Lakelander by birth –he was born in 1851 in Shiplake in Oxfordshire into a clerical family from Lincolnshire, where various members of the family held cures. In 1861 his grandfather, Thomas Rawnsley, Rector of Halton Holgate since 1825, died and Hardwicke's father, Drummond took over the parish, and the family moved back to Lincolnshire. Here Hardwicke grew to love the wide-open spaces of the Lincolnshire Wolds and the Fens.

A few years later, his godfather, Edward Thring, the renowned headmaster of Uppingham School, where Hardwicke and his elder brother Willingham were pupils, invited him to stay at his holiday cottage in Grasmere. Here he introduced his godson to the incomparable scenery of Lakeland and to the poetry of William Wordsworth. Hardwicke was immediately smitten by both and from that moment on his life was changed for ever.

From Uppingham, Hardwicke went up to Balliol. Here he came under the influence of John Ruskin, recently appointed Professor of Fine Arts at the University, who was to become in many respects his role model and inspiration in later life.

After university, where Rawnsley distinguished himself more on the river and the athletics track than in the Groves of Academe, he undertook mission work, first in Soho and then, following his ordination to the diaconate in 1875, in Bristol, where he was put in charge of the recently formed Clifton College Mission. This was a tough responsibility for such a young man, but Hardwicke's experiences in Soho and in the slums of Bristol really awakened his social conscience, and for the remainder of his life he tried wherever possible to ameliorate the lives of the poor and the deprived.

We return to the Lake District where by 1898 Rawnsley's name had already become a byword in the field of conservation, and he was making a name for himself as an agitator for good causes, even if not as a luminary in the field of theology. In that year, after considerable reflection, he turned down the offer of the Bishopric of Madagascar, offered to him by the Archbishop of Canterbury. As Rawnsley had by that time already made quite a name for himself as an agitator, albeit for the best motives, one might be forgiven for wondering whether this offer had something to do with 'being rid of a turbulent priest!' Turbulent or not, the many facets of Lakeland already had him in thrall. For him, devout Christian as he was, God was most manifest in the fragile and unspoilt beauty of the fells, the lakes, the woodlands, the flora and the fauna of what he conceived as God's own country. Here he felt closest to God, and it became his mission in life to protect it from wanton destruction by the greed of mankind.

During the thirty-something years of Hardwicke's tenure of Crosthwaite, he and Edith founded and managed the Keswick School of Industrial Arts. Rawnsley quickly made for himself a national name as 'Defender of the Lakes;' published most of the 40-something books of prose and poetry which carry his name; including the ten titles concerned with aspects of the Lakes; innumerable pamphlets, articles and sonnets. He lectured all over the country on an astonishing variety of topics. The archaeology of Palestine, the philosophy of John Ruskin, public health and sensible eating and the literary associations of the English lakes were just some of the varied subjects he was invited to expound.

He served as one of the first County Councillors for Cumberland, with a particular interest in sanitation and education (he was an early advocate of co-education, and became an active governor of several schools). He led from the front on innumerable committees, and among all this whirlwind of activities, still found the time to look after his own parish, where he made a name for himself as a preacher whom people came miles to hear. He apparently had a curious habit of appearing to preach with his eyes closed, but he had a very musical voice which it was a pleasure to listen to, and with his stocky bearded figure he resembled more a bluff sailor than the popular image of a traditional clergyman.

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Dr Goodwin, who had been friend and mentor to Hardwicke ever since he offered him the living of Crosthwaite, was succeeded as Bishop of Carlisle by Dr. John Wareing Bardsley, who was enthroned in 1892. He died in post at Rose Castle twelve years later, and was succeeded in turn by Dr. John William Diggle, and it was he who in 1909 appointed

Hardwicke to the Second Residentiary Canonry of the Cathedral, “in token, as he wrote, “of grateful appreciation for long and faithful service in the diocese”. A friend wrote to congratulate Hardwicke on the appointment, adding that he now fully expected to see, “a national appeal for rebuilding the nave of Carlisle Cathedral, even though it would involve the pulling down of a certain Canon’s house.”

Well, the new piece of ordnance (Rawnsley was frequently addressed as Cannon with two ‘ns’ and at least once was presumed to be a dealer in armaments) fortunately stopped short of bombarding the Cathedral nave, in the process, as his correspondent had pointed out, inevitably destroying his own lodging. Edith had though lamented in a letter to a friend, the fact that from their new official residence in the Abbey there was no view except of the Deanery windows and the graves.

While he did spare the Nave, Rawnsley did nonetheless quickly make clear at his first Chapter meeting, that he wished to break down the barriers between the Cathedral and the City, and the first symbolic gesture towards this end might be that the gate giving access to the Abbey from the main street, hitherto always closed, should remain open at all times. After some initial resistance this motion was carried, and during his ensuing eleven annual residencies he did his best to bring it home to the citizens of Carlisle that the Cathedral was their very own central place of worship.

Eleanor, his second wife, who wrote the first biography of the Canon soon after his death, quotes at some length an appreciation of her late husband by Dr. West Watson, Bishop of Barrow-in-Furness, who had been the Rawnsleys’ neighbour in the Abbey precinct.

Since Eleanor’s book is long out of print I would like to quote an extract:

“Until Bishop Diggle had taken over the See,” Watson wrote,

“the Cathedral had been governed mainly by old traditions and conventions; and the breath of democracy had hardly penetrated its precincts and privileges. The enthusiasms of the twentieth century for ecclesiastical and social reform were little appreciated and perhaps less understood; while, in the view of the younger generation; the civic and diocesan possibilities of the Cathedral and the Cathedral body had not been too liberally interpreted.

“It was then a strong move to incorporate in that Body one who had a variety of interests much wider than that usually known as clerical; who was deeply implicated in social movements; who had a cosmopolitan touch in his friendships, and who; in fine, was a poet.”

Once installed in the Abbey, the Rawnsleys quickly made their official Residence a homely and attractive place, where they were then to receive many guests from all walks of life. They organised, as Watson recalled, ‘memorable little dinner parties’,

“for the Canon was generous with his guests. He was a wonderful host, able to make the lion and the lamb sit down together at their ease; always a centre of interest himself, he made everything on the table, from the old Italian silver to the haver-bread, or the Gowbarrow venison, lend itself happily and gracefully to unlock his store of reminiscence and anecdote.”

Those guests were to include, ‘county celebrities, civic and municipal leaders, Anglican clergymen and non-conformist divines’.

‘The Canon’s religion was of that sort’, Weston wrote, ‘which taught him to value men and women for what they were, apart from accidents of function or position’.

Rawnsley was, throughout his life, what we would nowadays call a ‘facilitator’, who in Carlisle succeeded in oiling the wheels of ecclesiastical and civic dialogue.

Canon Rawnsley was an excellent *raconteur* and one of his anecdotes concerned that same Bishop Diggle: Diggle wished his first wife to be exhumed from Liverpool and to be reburied at Crosthwaite. The Bishop gave Rawnsley careful instructions that three graves were to be arranged, so that in due course when he himself died, the first Mrs. Diggle should be buried on his right and the second Mrs. D. on his left.

“However”, the account goes on,

“Rawnsley as usual was away when the 1st Mrs.D’s corpse was brought, and a mess was made, for she, or rather it, was put next to a path so that it was impossible for the Bishop to get into the right place. When Bishop D. found out, there was a great to-do, but no remedy except that the two lady corpses should eventually be accommodated on top of each other & both on D’s right. What happened in the end of all things I don’t know. The point of R’s stories lay in the inimitable way in which he told them, and no doubt embroidered as his imagination led him, for he was never good at distinguishing between fact and fancy;”

Genial and entertaining host notwithstanding, Rawnsley did not neglect his canonical duties, and worked for long hours preparing his Cathedral sermons. He never spoke *extempore* from the pulpit, but always from fully worked up typescripts, and over 500 of his sermons, preached mainly at Crosthwaite, or in the Cathedral during his residencies, are preserved in the Kendal Archive.

Canon Weston goes on to comment on Rawnsley’s broadminded ecumenism – he was ahead of his time in wishing to share the glories of the Cathedral with Christians of other communions:

“It was one of the graceful features of his life among us that, while he was an (Anglican) Churchman heart and soul and never wasted his own or other people’s time in explaining or apologising for his loyalty; it never seemed to occur to him that his Churchmanship gave him any preference over other Christians.”

Not all his enthusiastic plans bore fruit, but as Weston observed, Rawnsley

“had a genius for bringing together men of goodwill from all over the city and helping them to feel the strength of their unity. He seemed to know more of Carlisle than many of her own sons knew. Her great occasions and traditions he gloried in. Mayor’s Sunday; which fell in his residence; was a great annual festival for the renewal of the city’s highest life. The Cathedral service was not

a favour conferred by the Church on the civic dignitaries, but an honour and opportunity given to the Cathedral...”

Rawnsley was a great innovator, and for his first Christmas in residence he arranged for the Cathedral to be decked out in holly, as he remembered being done in his father’s church in Shiplake when he was a child, and two tall pine boughs in green pots were brought in and erected in the Sacrarium, to the disgust of at least one of the Cathedral functionaries, who muttered that it was ‘pure heathenism’.

Heathenism or no, it was a tradition come to stay.

Canon Weston concluded his appreciation of Rawnsley by remarking on,

“the love and respect in which he was held by one all in the Cathedral staff. The musicians, who found a ready ear in him when others were deaf or indifferent; the choir boys; whom he lectured solemnly in the vestry on their final consonants; the lay-clerks; whom he entertained so happily to dinner; the vergers, who found in him a man and a brother – one and all rejoiced in his humanity and sympathy.”

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At this point, I would like to share with you a reminiscence of the Canon, written to Harry Ruckley. In the 1970s Mr. Ruckley was engaged in research for a new biography of the Canon, and had been seeking out anybody still alive who remembered him. That biography was unfortunately never completed as Harry Ruckley died before he could complete the task. After his death, his daughter generously handed over to me all her father’s research papers. These are now safely deposited in the Rawnsley Archive, and have been of great assistance to me and Dr. Allen, my fellow author, in the writing of the new biography, now on the threshold of publication at last.

Ruckley’s correspondent, William Robinson remembered the Canon most vividly: In 1975 he wrote to Mr. Ruckley:

“I was a chorister in the Carlisle Cathedral Choir from 1910 to 1916, and there were two clergymen on the staff of the Dean & Chapter who left a lasting impression upon my young mind. One was the saintly Dean Barker and the other Canon Rawnsley. At the time of my service sermons were not of great interest to lads of our age; nevertheless, when Canon Rawnsley preached of the beauty and charm which he found in nature, and in God, something came through to us which I personally, vaguely appreciated...”

“One of the most hilarious experiences in all my years in the choir occurred one Sunday morning when Canon Rawnsley preached the sermon. There seemed to be a practice that when there was a visiting preacher, or when a Residentiary Canon occupied the pulpit, the Head Verger, ex-Sergeant-Major Windler, would, after the sermon, conduct the preacher back to his stall beneath the organ, and thereafter conduct the Dean during the singing of the last hymn up to the High Altar to pronounce the Benediction.

“On the occasion in question something seemed to have gone wrong with the arrangements. At the conclusion of the sermon Windler led the Canon from the pulpit along the narrow aisle leading to the main aisle, and while the Verger turned right to take Canon Rawnsley back to his stall; the Canon quite unperturbedly (or it might have been impishly) turned left, wandering up to the altar on his own. Meanwhile Mr. Windler, with all the dignity which his office called for, came on alone towards the choir stalls, blissfully unaware that his charge had deserted him. The feeling of the choir members as he passed us can be better imagined than described, as we tried to continue the singing of the hymn, and at the same time seek to control the inward convulsion of suppressed laughter. The Precentor had great difficulty in keeping a straight face also, and only succeeded, by frowning grimly, and applying himself assiduously to the hymn-singing.

“The climax came of course, when Windler halted at the appropriate spot to bow the Canon into his stall, and turning round, found no Canon there. The Verger’s countenance was a sight to behold and we had a feeling that several unparliamentary words were being muttered beneath his bristling moustache as he put away his ‘staff’ and returned to the Altar.”

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In 1988 with the pianist Nigel Hill, I gave a recital of music and poetry here in the Fraternity as part of the Carlisle Great Fair, and on that occasion I met an elderly verger on the point of retirement, who had been also been a choirboy at the Cathedral in Canon Rawnsley’s time. He still remembered the Canon most vividly, and the kindly lectures about pronunciation which he would give to the choir-boys in the vestry before the service. Unfortunately I do not remember his name, but I would like to think that it could just possibly have been that same William Robinson.

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On 24th April this year, while looking for material for this talk, I came across part of a sermon preached by Canon Rawnsley on 24th April 1911 almost exactly 110 years ago, at his father’s old parish of Halton Holgate in Lincolnshire, on the occasion of the dedication of a memorial in the church to former Rectors, Churchwardens and Parish Clerks. In this sermon he recalled another link with the past:

“Little did I think”, he said,

“when as a child nearly fifty years ago I watched the clever Halton carpenter; Hanson; at his work building the new wooden bridge across the Hollow Gate hard by, that one day I should be called upon to be the humble means of building for a second time a bridge between Halton and Carlisle, that I should follow a Halton man and go to be a Canon of a Cathedral in the North, who never can forget the debt he owes to an earlier Halton man; first as Canon and then as Bishop.

“In the year 1292, on St. George’s Day, there was elected a Bishop of Carlisle from among the Canons of the Priory there, one John de Halton, of whom tradition has it

that he was a Lincolnshire man; and of whom it is presumable to believe that he sprang from this parish of Halton Holgate...

“We in the Northern city of the Red King know how but for John de Halton’s courage and faith in the future of the Church he served; there would probably have been no Fourteenth Century Cathedral walls to testify to his strenuous work, perhaps no city round about it. For he had hardly been Bishop a month, when a fire broke out that destroyed the Cathedral so lately built and swept Carlisle out of existence. He set to work with a will and rebuilt this cathedral and encouraged the citizens to rebuild the town.... He planned and built in part Rose Castle, where our Bishops since have dwelt...”

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The Carlisle Record Office holds in the archive a file of correspondence to and from the writer C.M.L. Bouch in connection with his research for *Prelates and People of the Lake Counties: A History of the Diocese of Carlisle; 1133-1933*, which was published in 1948. Among the anecdotes is a letter from an unidentified correspondent about people he had known at the Cathedral and of Rawnsley he wrote: “I have come across this estimate of Canon Rawnsley, probably never printed, but circulated to friends:

“He is an irreparable loss to a vast number of us; for he filled a niche which is rarely occupied – a man of culture, means, and such dignity as a canonry still affords, an ecclesiastic who is not stuffy, a man of the world who is an idealist, a man of letters who is also a man of deeds, a charming acquaintance who never bores, a man of some fame who can be treated like a fellow-undergraduate with chaff, a preacher who is never pompous, a sinner against conventions whose vagaries are atoned for by gracefulness and quiet remorse for unintended offence, a man who makes life sprightly for all who have the sense to take him as he is, and to love him with all the failings that seem to be the inevitable price of the genius which God surely planted in the soul of H.D.R.”

Canon Rawnsley was no great theologian, as Bouch observed:

“When he made professional excursions into theology, he was; of course, off his beat. The fruits were sometimes grotesque...Nor was he capable of serious history, for he possessed no faculty of solid verification. To him an hypothesis passed without effort into certainty...”

Perhaps the link he established between the Haltons of Halton Holgate, who had been Rectors of that parish for nearly a hundred years from 1224 to 1321, and Bishop Halton of Carlisle may have been such an hypothesis... At any rate, it was an attractive idea, and a neat link with the past.

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Five years after Hardwicke’s appointment to the Canonry at the Cathedral, the Great War broke out, and with his customary and unabated energy, Rawnsley threw himself into war work. He very quickly realised that the war would not, as many

people seemed to think, be over by Christmas. This was a war, he was quick to point out at every opportunity, which Britain could not afford to lose. In letters to the press, articles and addresses, he rallied his fellow countrymen to join the war effort, himself becoming to all intents and purposes a recruiting officer for the armed services.

He called upon the young men of Cumberland to fill the places of the 600 men of the Border Regiment who, with their 8 officers, had already died like heroes after an eight-day battle, rather than leave their posts.

Already in residence at the Cathedral, Canon Rawnsley spent most of the remainder of 1914 in Carlisle. The city, with a resident pre-war population of about 50,000 souls, rapidly became a transport hub and transit camp for servicemen, and a major recruiting centre for several regiments and by the middle of 1916 the population had increased by nearly a third. A League of Carlisle Citizens, of which Rawnsley became a key member, was organised to support the war effort, with a wide remit which ranged among other things, from supporting the recruitment of volunteers, to arranging housing for workers and service personnel; fund-raising, and ensuring adequate medical supplies.

Rawnsley had plenty of form, of course, as a fund-raiser - on behalf of the National Trust as well as other organisations. With his gift of oratory and his well-known public *persona*, he was the ideal person to stir the conscience of the British public and persuade them to support the war effort. Before the war was a month old, in addition to recruiting drives, he was appealing to the ladies of Carlisle to meet troop trains and provide refreshments for the soldiers.

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The Rawnsleys offered the considerable sum of £50 towards the purchase of a motor ambulance, provided that seven similar donations were promised, offering at the same time to arrange free transport to London for any cars donated to the war effort. Within a fortnight sufficient money had been raised for the purchase of two motor-ambulances; and three cars had been donated. On the Canon's initiative, appeals for clothing, food and comforts for the troops at the Front were made on a regular basis, and he lent support also to the initiatives of others, including for example ambulance-buffets for soldiers waiting behind the lines for transport home, and the housing of refugees following the German invasion of Belgium.

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Though no longer a County Councillor, Rawnsley was still very much involved in the field of education, having been co-opted onto the Cumberland Education Committee, where he continued to agitate for the encouragement of further education. He raised some eyebrows on the Committee, when he held up, as an example for Britain to follow, the German educational system, in which the continued education of pupils between the ages of 15 and 18 was actively encouraged.

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On 15th October 1915 Edith Cavell, the heroic British nurse who had cared for wounded soldiers at the front, regardless of which side they were on, was arrested in Brussels and

summarily executed by firing squad. She had taken part in helping 200 British soldiers to escape from occupied Belgium.

Rawnsley of course was outraged, and two weeks later he preached a sermon at the Cathedral, entitled, 'Fearlessness in the face of death'. He ended with these words: As we think of Nurse Cavell and her heroic end, do not the words of the Psalmist have more meaning for us: "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the Shadow of Death I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me: Thy rod and Thy staff comfort me. "

Inevitably, he wrote a sonnet in her memory:

I have no fear for Britain, come what may,
When woman hearts, by patriot love made strong,
Calmly can face intolerable wrong,
And, where men cast all chivalry away,
Can rise to meet dark death without dismay –
Knowing, self-sacrifice, though time be long
Shall not in vain have joined the martyr throng,
And Right shall triumph in the Judgement Day.

Sleep well heroic saviour, tried and true,
We wake; where e'er our banner is unfurled
We vow to hurl the tyrant from his place
– Pitiless scourge of all the human race;
You gladly gave your life to help the world
And all our men at arms would die for you.

Not among his greatest poetical productions, but certainly written from the heart. He never forgot Edith Cavell, and after the end of the war, in a sermon at the Cathedral entitled 'True Heroism' Rawnsley recalled again her shining example:

"Forgiveness; this is a Sign Royal of the Hero; and this heroism is not dead yet. Remember Nurse Cavell and how as she died she said, "I perceive that love of our country is not enough; we must love our enemies also".

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I had hoped now to encourage you to take a look at the new biography of Canon Rawnsley which I mentioned earlier, but unfortunately, production difficulties caused by the recent lockdown have meant that publication has had to be delayed until the Autumn. However Bookcase of Carlisle would be keen to persuade you to purchase a copy (I hope at a preferential pre-publication price) and they have produced bookplates in anticipation for you to paste into your copy in due course. I would be pleased to sign these later on, since I cannot actually sign your copy, as had originally been intended for those who wished it.

INTERVAL

In spite of his Cathedral and parish duties; his work connected with the day-to-day running of the National Trust and of the Keswick School of Industrial Arts, his temperance campaigns; support of children in need; conservation projects and fund-raising war work in Carlisle and elsewhere, Hardwicke Rawnsley still found time for the composition of a colossal number of poems about the War, some of which were included in his three or four volumes of war poetry, or were published in the press. His output was nothing short of prodigious, and from the point of view of poetic quality and refinement, not surprisingly suffered in consequence. But that is missing the point of course – these were poems written for particular circumstances; occasional pieces, and not intended by their creator to be considered immortal verse.

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Temperance had been for Rawnsley a particular preoccupation ever since he had experienced at first hand during his Mission work in London and Bristol, the evil consequences of excessive drinking. The only leisure time activity open to men, living and working in conditions of extreme poverty and deprivation, had been recourse to the local public house. He had tried to organise alternative and welcoming venues such as coffee houses and libraries, penny readings and entertainments, and when the Rawnsleys moved to Wray the woodworking classes which they initiated there led eventually to the foundation of the Keswick School of Industrial Arts. The Canon therefore spoke with heartfelt admiration of the King's pledge to give up alcohol for the duration of the war, and urged all his fellow countrymen to make a similar sacrifice.

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At this time, in the second year of the war, the Government had taken a hand in Carlisle, establishing a Liquor Control Board, and putting in place draconian measures only possible in wartime, in order to ensure that excessive drinking did not disrupt the war effort. At the time of the establishment of the munitions factory in Gretna, it had been decided to nationalise the brewing industry and at the same time all the pubs in Gretna were nationalised. The Government took over not only the four breweries but also half of the pubs in Carlisle which had not already been closed for business; reduced opening hours, and controlled the issue of liquor licences. To compensate, new outlets serving only food and non-alcoholic beverages were opened, and men were encouraged to take their families to these venues. Canon Rawnsley was of course entirely in favour of these measures, and was frequently among the guests at the opening ceremonies.

He wrote to the *Carlisle Journal* which at this time, apart from the pulpit, and *The Times*, was his most frequent forum:

A good deal of Continental travel makes me think that, whatever else is not done, large and airy restaurants, as open to the air, as is possible in our climate, should be provided, but the greatest need of the frequenters of the bar seems to be that they shall have the chance of sitting down. I am assured that as soon as a man finds himself seated at a table he is in no hurry to drain his glass, but if he is obliged to stand at a bar his first thought is how most quickly to get rid of the liquor. A man once seated at a table begins to think of other things such as reading a newspaper or talking to friends.

In all his continental travels, he went on, he 'had visited many beer halls, cafés and restaurants and had never seen anyone the worse for drink. This he attributed entirely to

the civilising action of sitting down at a table to eat and drink at leisure, rather than propping up the bar.

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Be that as it may, the stress and demands of the war effort in Carlisle as elsewhere in the country, had inevitably resulted in an increase of social problems such as juvenile crime, drunkenness and immorality. Labour unrest, rather surprisingly perhaps, was as great as ever, in spite of the shortage of labour, with most men of working age already enlisted or facing call-up.

Rawnsley used the pulpit at Crosthwaite, at the Cathedral, when addressing York Convocation or the numerous meetings at which he was invited to speak, to reiterate the perils facing the country and to urge his hearers to put aside all personal prejudices and animosities, in order to concentrate all their energies on serving the country; supporting the armed forces and uniting together to win the war. He did not agree with the notion of 'peace at any price', prophetically warning that this could be a false dawn, inevitably leading to renewed conflict in future years.

He foresaw only too well that the war was likely to drag on for some time, and he was not afraid to tell the public that Britain would do well after the war to learn lessons from the enemy. German self-discipline, the willingness of the population to make personal sacrifices and to work for the greater good of the country were good examples which the people of Britain would do well to emulate. The lack of volunteers for the armed forces was a case in point. Munitions workers downing tools in support higher wages, as was happening in Britain, would be unthinkable in Germany.

On 7th November 1915, a few months before conscription to the armed forces for all men between the ages of 18 and 40, unless in a reserved occupation, was made compulsory, Canon Rawnsley preached at the Cathedral. He took as his text for the sermon on that occasion, entitled; *Courage for Faint Hearts*. verses from Psalm 37, "The Lord is my Light and my Salvation; whom then shall I fear" and "Wait on the Lord and be of good courage and he shall strengthen thy heart". In the opening words he rallied his congregation:

"Those were brave words our King used in his manifesto to help forward the recruiting movement on the 23rd day of last month: 'In ancient days', said he; 'the darkest moment has ever produced in the men of our race the sternest resolve'."

He urged that women should be recruited to police the city of Carlisle, as had been done in other garrison towns. He encouraged and supported the work of organisations such as the Council for Rescue and Prevention Work in the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland, and St. Mary's Home for Penitents in Carlisle.

*

Looking towards the future, he realised that once the war was over there would be a considerable requirement for War Memorials for the fallen, and recognising that here would be an unparalleled opportunity to further some of his most cherished causes, he wrote, this time to *The Times*:

Sir,—Those of us who know the need for encouragement of higher education, if we are to repair the waste of brain power through this cruel war, and those

who have had experience of the joy given to thousands by the preserving, open to the public for ever, places of historic interest or natural beauty, cannot help hoping that you will lend us your powerful aid in urging that two forms of possible memorial to our heroic dead should not be forgotten.

1)The endowing of our unendowed secondary schools with scholarships that will admit the brighter scholars who are otherwise quite unable to do so to pass to our universities.

2)The obtaining of some beautiful view-point or open space or place of historic interest to be dedicated to the public in memory of the brave men of the locality who have given up their lives for King and Empire.

He went on to inform his readers that he had just received an offer, to be laid before the National Trust, ‘of 20 acres of glorious moorland within reach of one of our large Lancashire cities, and this in memory of one known to be a lover of nature who has fallen in the war.’ He hoped that the publication of this letter would encourage others to follow this example.

The idea did fortunately catch on, and eventually many acres of unspoilt landscape were given to the National Trust by individuals and organisations in memory of the fallen. Rawnsley himself in 1917 bought and presented to the National Trust a viewpoint in Borrowdale overlooking the village of Grange. From the stone bench on the summit of this unassuming little hill, which he named Peace How, Rawnsley hoped that all those who had been affected by the war could contemplate in tranquillity, the distant view of the fells, in remembrance of those who never came back.

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In addition to the time he devoted to war work, as well as to the running of his parish and his three-month annual residencies at the Cathedral, Rawnsley did not forget his responsibilities to the Cumberland Education Committee, and his speeches at the meetings were regularly reported at length in the press. In June 1916 he was invited as guest speaker at the conference of the Co-operative and Grand United Order of Oddfellows in Lancaster to whom he spoke on the subject of Educational Efficiency, and he lectured to an educational conference in Carlisle deploring the fact that school children were not sufficiently encouraged to read for the sake of reading. He could number on the fingers of one hand, he said, the number of elementary schoolboys he had known who had taken with them when they left school a sufficient love of books to create their own libraries, and even those who had attended public-schools were little better.

*

Rawnsley was in many respects a man ahead of his time – for years on every possible occasion he had promoted the benefits of healthier eating, advocating stone-ground flour and haver bread, and during his six years as one of the first County Councillors for Cumberland he had worked for improved sanitation and public water supplies, and recognising the connection between insanitary farming conditions and tuberculosis, had encouraged the adoption of good practice and cleanliness in dairying, to this end initiating

a mobile dairy school which toured the region to educate farmers' wives and daughters in butter and cheese production in the best hygienic conditions.

Using his favoured weapon of statistics, he used the columns of the press to urge a meatless day every week for the duration of hostilities, suggesting a healthier diet of fish, pulses and haver bread instead, and encouraged the increase of home food production in order to reduce the necessity for imports, in the face of what he described as the 'submarine menace'.

He wrote an open letter to the school-children of the North showing how they could help the war effort by investing any pocket money or earnings into Government saving schemes. And he urged them:

Be careful about food. Eat less meat and more oatmeal porridge and vegetables. To waste food is as bad as to waste ammunition. Before you spend anything, think if it is necessary. Especially give up buying sweets and spending money on amusements. Do not think it necessary to have both jam and butter on your bread. If you have potatoes, ask your mother to bake or boil them in their jackets; so cooked, a plate of potatoes will feed five, whereas if peeled they will only feed four.

*

In 1916, at perhaps the darkest moment of the war, with no likely end of hostilities in sight, disaster struck. Just before Christmas, when the Rawnsleys were already making plans for their return to Crosthwaite after the three-months residency at the Cathedral, Edith wrote to Eleanor Simpson at Grasmere, who had been keeping an eye on domestic matters at Crosthwaite in their absence:

Dear Nellie

I grieve to say Hardwicke is ill in bed. Influenza. I had the doctor this morning at 9.30. His temperature was more than 102 - high for early in the day. He seemed all right during yesterday - was at several meetings but after he went to his room had a shivering fit - sure sign of the beginnings of infection. He will have to keep to his room at least a week & all our Christmas plans are smashed...

Inevitably, on Christmas Day, having attended two services at the Cathedral, Edith herself was taken ill. On 30th December Hardwicke wrote to his good friend Canon Farrar: "Dear F. I am unable to write further. 10 days in bed with 'flu and my wife in a very precarious position. I fear the worst; but I pray she may be able to pull through".

Sadly, with her constitution already weakened by years of debilitating pain, Edith did not pull through and died the next day. She and Hardwicke had been married for just short of 38 years.

Rawnsley once again wrote to Canon Farrar to give him the news, adding that there would be a memorial service at the cathedral to coincide with her funeral at

Crosthwaite. Hardwicke was himself too ill to attend either, but wrote a verse in Edith's name for the service sheet:

Friends lead me, or my way I shall not find
Back to the hills which were my heart's delight;
For tho' my eyes in Heaven are clear and bright
My ears are deaf; mine eyes to earth are blind;
Give me some place of resting to my mind
Beneath the purple Skiddaw's solemn height;
Where daffodils blow; and larches ruby-dight
Fill April air with grateful tuft and rind.

And as ye leave this gentle guardian-ground
Think not of all the sorrow that is past,
Look forward; take in hand my spirit sword;
Here round God's throne are seas of glory cast;
Far fairer hills more glorious vales surround
And on these hills is vision of the Lord.

The place chosen for the 'resting for her mind' was a peaceful corner of the churchyard at Crosthwaite, the churchyard which she had herself done so much to beautify, within sight of 'purple Skiddaw's height'. In due course her grave would be marked by a Celtic cross similar to those she had so often herself designed.

Following Edith's death, although he continued for a few more months to keep up his parish work in Crosthwaite; without his helpmeet and support by his side Rawnsley decided the time had come, after 34 years in post, to retire as vicar of Crosthwaite, and just after Easter in 1917 he moved to Allan Bank, a substantial property overlooking the lake at Grasmere, which he and Edith had bought a few years previously with an eye to their eventual retirement, and which was to be bequeathed eventually to the National Trust.

While no longer involved with the day-to-day running of a parish, Rawnsley continued to be as active as ever in his war and social work, including in the field of infant mortality and child welfare. In November 1917 he addressed the 20th Annual Meeting of the Cumberland Nursing Association in Carlisle, drawing attention to the fact that the welfare of mothers and babies was not receiving sufficient attention. The catastrophic loss of men at the Front was equalled by the number of infants dying, many of whom could possibly have been saved and it was now more important than ever that the maximum number of babies possible should be saved from early death. In order to help the funds of the Association, the *Yorkshire Post* reported, Rawnsley had a radical suggestion: A day should be set apart when on every bridge in the county a person should be placed, pistol in hand, to say to all who approached, "Your money or your life before you cross the bridge."

A few months later he wrote to the *Carlisle Journal* in support of the Carlisle Juvenile Welfare Association:

Sir,—I have been asked to bring before the citizens of Carlisle the urgent need of funds if the Association is to do the helpful work it hopes to do for

the rising generation of boys and girls in our midst. The Association aims at bringing together all existing agencies interested in the welfare of our young people, for mutual help, and for discussion of the social problems connected with the young life of the city. It hopes to focus public opinion on matters of social and educational interest on their behalf, and if the demand arises, to approach public bodies charged with the administration of such matters. It has before its mind not only the further establishment of boys' and girls' clubs, "playing centres," and "happy evenings," for the young, but the organisation of games in the summer months for them also. From time to time it will invite speakers from other cities to give information and counsel, and it will at once consider the very practical problem of providing, at a price within their means, wholesome dinners for those scholars who, through the absence of their mothers at war-work, cannot now provide them. But two things are necessary—funds and workers.

*

Meanwhile, now a bereft widower resident at Grasmere, Hardwicke spent much of his leisure time in the company of his neighbours in the village, the Simpson family at the Wray. The eldest daughter Eleanor, a woman already very much involved in public life in the locality, and the author of the renowned Grasmere dialect plays, had been a good friend and a confidante of Edith for many years. Hardwicke and Eleanor's long-standing friendship rapidly ripened into romance, and in April 1818 they announced their engagement, and shortly afterwards were married quietly in Grasmere Church. Gordon Wordsworth, grandson of the poet, acted as Hardwicke's best man.

Although eyebrows were raised in ecclesiastical circles at this somewhat precipitate remarriage, it proved, though tragically short-lived, really to be a marriage made in heaven, and thereafter Eleanor proved an able helpmeet for Hardwicke, in all the activities in which he continued to be engaged.

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As the year progressed, it became evident that the war was approaching its end, and the thoughts of many in the country turned to the question of post-war reconstruction, and of memorialising the fallen.

Mr. F.W.Chance, ex-Member of Parliament for Carlisle, had lost two sons at the front, and in their memory he gave a considerable sum of money to found a technical school or college in Carlisle as their memorial. Local industrialists had already agreed to guarantee an income of £1,000 a year for five years in support of such a college. Rawnsley was of course delighted, as this was an enterprise entirely after his own heart. On behalf of the Education Committee he thanked Mr. Chance for his generous offer, commenting that that no more important educational work could be embarked upon than the teaching of chemistry, if England was hold its own in competition against Germany after the war.

*

A Memorial Service to the fallen men of the Border Regiment, in which many young men from Keswick, Carlisle and elsewhere in the counties of Cumberland and Westmorland had served, was held in Carlisle Cathedral on 3 November just a few days before the

Armistice. A special memorial hymn, written by Canon Rawnsley to the tune *Dundee* was sung at the service, at which he also read the lessons.

*

Following the Armistice, Rawnsley found himself busier than ever. In addition to his continuing responsibilities at the Cathedral, where during his residencies he was now ably supported by his second wife, Rawnsley did not neglect his work for the Cumberland Education Committee. At the same he was much sought after for advice on the construction and siting of War Memorials.

The Dean of Carlisle had suggested that there should be some concrete and permanent war memorial to the brave men of the city and the neighbourhood, who had fallen in the war, and while Rawnsley was entirely in agreement with this idea, he thought that in addition a fund should be raised to provide for scholarships to Secondary Schools to which the children of men who had died should have first claim. This was an idea which might equally commend itself to other towns and villages.

For the more permanent memorial to the fallen, Rawnsley suggested, in a long letter to the *Carlisle Journal*, that some active body such as the Citizen's League in the city should consider organising a house-to-house collection to raise funds for the purpose of constructing a large public hall for the city:

“Everyone to whom I speak”, he wrote,

“Admits the need of such a hall for public gatherings, for music, lectures; etc. I understand that the Birmingham citizens have a scheme of this kind to be used chiefly for music. The hall they contemplate is to seat 4,000 people; a hall for 2,000 would be ample for the needs of Carlisle.

Calling to mind the Colston Hall in Bristol, which he doubtless remembered from his curacy in the Clifton College Mission so many years ago, he went on,

“Those who know the great use that is made of the fine organ in the Colston Hall at Bristol every Saturday, might realise what an education to the whole city organ recitals for the people can be.... At some time or other there will surely be adequate municipal buildings in Carlisle. Why should not this memorial hall be a nucleus of the scheme?”

He concluded his appeal by himself offering to contribute £100 towards such a fund should it be established.

Unfortunately, in spite of Canon Rawnsley's generous offer, nothing came of this proposal, although war memorials of more modest proportions were eventually built in different parts of the city.

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Bricks and mortar, beauty spots and educational endowments were however in the minority as far as ideas for war memorials were concerned. Materials for the more traditional type of memorial were expensive and in short supply, and there was definitely as Rawnsley realised from long experience, a need for guidance as to design and wording. The Canon, for whom the design of memorials, about which he had been very particular at Crosthwaite became something of an expert in this field in the last years of his life. The

Church of England, realising that in addition to civic memorials to the fallen, which were to provide employment for an army of sculptors, of varying degrees of talent, for a number of years, many of these memorials would perforce be erected in churches and churchyards across the country. The ecclesiastical authorities were therefore anxious to ensure that these more personal memorials were appropriate in form.

Rawnsley's advice was that expert opinion should always be sought not only as to the appropriate materials for any given location, using local stone where possible rather than the subsequently ubiquitous polished granite, but also as to the choice of texts, the type of lettering, and the spacing of the letters. From his own fund of experience he was happy to offer advice if asked. He was also in a position to suggest suitably qualified masons or sculptors. His last letter to the press a few days before he died, was on the subject of a suitable site for the civic War Memorial in Carlisle, for which he offered to double his subscription, if the site he favoured were to be chosen.

*

On 11th November 1919, the first anniversary of the signing of the Armistice, Canon Rawnsley preached at Carlisle Cathedral on the subject of the proposed League of Nations. The negotiations, he reminded the congregation, were bedevilled by infighting between those nations which had already signed the accord, as well as the reluctance of the United States to join the League. While he hoped that common-sense would in the end prevail, he lamented the fact that it was not simply quarrels between the different countries concerned, but also the continuing industrial unrest at home.

Nobility of work was a theme, inspired originally by John Ruskin and his experiment with the road-mending at Hinksey when Hardwicke was an undergraduate, to which Rawnsley returned throughout his life. It was the theme which had underpinned the original concept of the Keswick School of Industrial Arts, and to which he returned a fortnight later in another sermon at Carlisle:

If, instead of chattering and endless conferences, if instead of romancing about the coming golden age—when every man shall have whatever he thinks is his share of the world's good without working for it, if we could all take our coats off and turn to solid work, we might yet save England and the Empire. We shall save it sooner if we realise the nobleness of service which all true work ensures, and the eternity of God's purpose, that in work, and by work alone, the highest was possible for each and all.

*

From international politics Rawnsley now turned his attention to matters nearer home, and in a letter to the *Daily Post*, reprinted in the *Carlisle Journal* a day or two later, he took up the cudgels on behalf of the citizens of Carlisle:

—In your issue of the 12th instant Colonel J, Reid Walker, presiding at the annual dinner of the Liverpool Licensed Victualler's Association, is reported to have said that the scenes in Carlisle on Saturday nights were a disgrace to the country.

“It is a cruel slander, which vitiates the whole of his one-sided statement, and it is obvious that he knows nothing about the conditions in Carlisle. His statement that “for five days out of the week the workers were prevented from getting the refreshment they desired” is simply untrue, and there is no foundation on which

such a stupid and misleading assertion could be built. One would naturally look for evidence, as to the present state of Carlisle on Saturday nights, to those who are inhabitants of the city, all of whom (if they had no axe to grind) would unhesitatingly declare that the condition of the city under the State management of the liquor trade is most orderly. It is true that on Saturday nights the streets are crowded—this is a traditional custom, which Charles Dickens noted on his only visit to the town ... but in place of the rowdiness and quarrelling there is good humour on all sides, and it is the rarest possible thing to see a drunken man....

The experiment in State control of the liquor trade, introduced initially as a wartime measure, was considered by Rawnsley to have been a great success, and at the York Convocation in February 1920, (the last which he was to attend), he put forward a motion advocating the State control of the entire liquor industry nationwide.

In what proved to be his last article for the press, published in the *Hibbert Journal* in April 1920, he referred to the wartime Carlisle Experiment, and argued that while complete prohibition would not have the desired result, if the liquor industry was to be nationalised, there would no longer be the incentive of personal gain to promote the sale of alcohol. The experiment in Carlisle had resulted in a marked reduction in public drunkenness, as well as in financial and social gains.

In the event, though the Carlisle Control Board was dismantled in 1921, the Carlisle and District State Management Scheme which succeeded it, continued successfully to manage the city's pubs until the 1970's – a legacy of his advocacy which would have rejoiced the Canon's heart.

One of Canon Rawnsley's last initiatives, towards the end of 1919, was to suggest, in a paper read to the Citizens' League, the formation of an Association to preserve and improve the attractiveness and amenities of the city. He took as his text the words of Robert Browning which in just two lines neatly encapsulated Rawnsley's most deeply held philosophy – a conviction which had sustained him through all the trials and vicissitudes of life: –

On Earth as God made it all is beauty,
And knowing this is love, and Love is Duty.

This conviction had sustained him in every area of his life, from the conservation of the Lake District to the Keswick School of Industrial Arts, and was the underlying theme of all his writings.

He solemnly believed that 'the duty of every citizen was "to foster a patriotic love of the Homeland, and to make it possible for every man, woman, and child in Carlisle to feel that this old Border City has some peculiar attraction which haunts them for life, that gives them a pride in it and a homing instinct, which wherever they are obliges them to return in thought to it"' and posed the rhetorical question as to what was currently being done to foster that patriotic love and how best it could be encouraged and supported.

All his life he had been convinced that every child came into the world with an innate love of the beautiful in form and colour, which could and should be fostered and encouraged through education, but was so often stunted and eventually killed by unlovely

surroundings. On the other hand, used aright, “ the natural beauty of earth and sky, of bird, flower, and tree life, the beauty of form in buildings, are all educators to right thought and good life, and that, “a healthy love of these things ministers to the happiness of every individual”. This education in appreciation of beauty need not necessarily involve huge expenditure.

Since Carlisle had been transformed from an historic country town with fine buildings such as the Cathedral and the Castle into an industrial and railway centre, with the associated soot, noise and ugliness, very little had been done in town planning on the approaches to the city, on buildings, pavements, railways etc., to make the town look beautiful or attractive. The judicious planting of trees and shrubs, flowers, and window-boxes he suggested, would do wonders, as had been shown in other cities. After careful consideration of what had been done elsewhere, he felt justified in urging that a “Beautiful Carlisle Society” should be set on foot with the following aims:—

- 1 To preserve existing beauty which adds to the attractiveness of the city, and to endeavour to minimise all that is unsightly.
- 2 To utilise waste and open spaces for tree-planting, gardening, etc.
- 3 To encourage the cultivation of flowers in spaces adjoining public buildings, schools, mills, houses, backyards, etc.
- 4 To encourage window gardening.
- 5 To cultivate the love of tree and flower life amongst school children.
- 6 To educate young and old as to the selfishness of the litter nuisance.

The result of the Canon’s impassioned address was that the Citizen’s League agreed to set up a Society along the lines he had suggested, to be called the Beautiful Carlisle Society, of which inevitably, Canon Rawnsley was elected President. Unfortunately for Carlisle, however, the Society seems not to have survived for long once Rawnsley was no longer there to lead it. After his death there is no further mention of it in the newspapers.

Nonetheless, it was an idea, like so many others he initiated, well ahead of its time – the Britain in Bloom competition, which flourishes today, and which has been responsible for the embellishment of so many towns and villages in England, can be seen perhaps as a successful development of Rawnsley’s project for Carlisle.

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In 1919 after the end of the great war Woodrow Wilson, now President of the United States, with whom Hardwicke had walked the fells some 12 years earlier, made what he called a Pilgrimage of the Heart to his family’s old haunts, and he particularly wished to revisit the city where his grandfather, originally a Scottish Presbyterian Minister had officiated. On arrival, he visited the site where his father’s chapel had stood, and then addressed the congregation at Lowther Street Congregational Church. From there to the Cathedral, where the Presidential party were received by the Dean, and Canon Rawnsley. The Rawnsleys then showed Mr. Wilson round the Cathedral, pointing out the Scottish connections - where Walter Scott was married, Robert Bruce signed his allegiance to Edward I, the banners cut by the Scots imprisoned in the Cathedral for six weeks after the battle of Culloden, and their names carved on the stalls, and so on.

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Almost from the beginning of his appointment as a Residentiary Canon, Rawnsley had established a charming custom, sending to his colleagues at the Cathedral and to other friends, a Christmas and New Year greetings card with a topical sonnet for each festival. One example, among those preserved in the Cathedral archive, composed for Christmas Day 1918, refers to the church bells, at Crosthwaite perhaps or at Grasmere, which had not been rung since the outbreak of War:

Four years in patient silence have they hung _
These patriot angels – these obedient bells –
Tonight each joyful messenger re-tells
The story ever-old but ever-young:
For “Peace on Earth” no ringers ever rung
More gladly. Hark! The music how it swells
Out o’er the lake and up the listening fells,
And with what passion sounds each iron tongue!

Peace upon Earth! For this our heroes died,
And we who live must strive for Peace on Earth;
Else these our brothers will have died in vain;
Else vainly has the Christ-child come to birth;
Wherefore on this triumphant Christmas-tide
We swear to work for Peace on Earth again.

*

The last three months of 1919 proved to be Canon Rawnsley’s final Residency at the Cathedral, and during this time he gave much thought to the commemoration of the men of Carlisle who had gone to the Front and never returned.

At the end of the Residency he and Eleanor returned to Allan Bank for a couple of months, though scarcely for what should have been a well-earned rest. Hardwicke was as active as ever; writing; attending Committee meetings; answering requests from around the country for advice about war memorials, and attending meetings of the Carlisle Citizens’ League of which he was still an active member.

In March 2020 he and Eleanor went to Provence for a holiday, where the warmth and sunshine were greatly welcomed by Hardwicke, who had for some time been suffering considerable pain in the legs. Stiff though he was, he remained, as Eleanor remarked, always the leader of the party on every occasion, and continued to write descriptive articles and poems, as he had always done on holidays abroad.

They returned to England in April, and after a visit to Oxford to see his twin sister, Hardwicke went to York to attend the Convocation. Here he was taken seriously ill. Eleanor was summoned, but unwell as he was, he refused to give up his promised engagement to preach at St.Clement’s Church in York on the occasion of the dedication of a window to one of his old friends. Returning home to Grasmere, he retired to bed, though he continued as usual to keep up his extensive correspondence, and writing of poetry.

His pen was finally stilled on 28th May 1920, and he was laid to rest in Crosthwaite churchyard beside his first wife Edith, in the presence of a large congregation including of course many of his fellow clergy, representatives of his Lodge of Freemasons, and the staff of Keswick School, and other institutions with which he had been associated.

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Canon Rawnsley is remembered not just with the bronze medallion here in Carlisle Cathedral, but with memorials at Crosthwaite and at his old school Uppingham, but perhaps his most enduring memorial is the unspoilt beauty of Lakeland which he had done so much to preserve.

On 22nd December 1919, just before he left the Abbey at the end of his final Residency, Canon Rawnsley attended the Cathedral School Prize-giving, an occasion which marked the departure of Richard George and Rudolph Hubner, who had been choristers throughout the war years. Needless to say the occasion was marked by a sonnet, which will serve today as his own farewell oration:

Now when the schoolboy mind rejoices
In thoughts of holiday and Christmas tarts,
We all are sad upon this break-up day,
To think that George and Hubner go away.

But though the last farewell is spoken
In this glad week before the feast of Yule;
One link at least shall not be broken:
The link that binds them to this singing-school.
Though George and Hubner both must go away,
At least their memories in this place shall stay.

*

There can be no doubt that today, more than a century after his death, the link with Canon Rawnsley remains unbroken in this Cathedral, which he loved and served so well, and I am sure that he is still with us in spirit this afternoon.

ENDS