

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

DR. DAVID MACLAGAN, to whom he was born in Edinburgh five-and-sixty years ago, having distinguished himself as Physician to the Forces in the Peninsular War, it was naturally supposed that he would inherit warlike tendencies. So they called him William Dalrymple, and sent him into the Army; but having served for a time in India without attaining higher rank than that of Lieutenant, he felt himself called to other work, and at six-and-twenty began again at Cambridge. Four peaceful years passed at St. Peter's College made him a Junior Optime and a Deacon; another improved him into a Priest, and he has gone on improving ever since. For Bishop Cotton, who had known him in India, brought him to the notice of Bishop Tait, who made him Secretary to the London Diocesan Church Building Society while still an unfledged Curate; and, being well accredited, he presently became Rector of Newington, and then Vicar of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington; in which last parish he was so great a success that Lord Beaconsfield recommended him for the Bishopric of Lichfield, as successor to Bishop Selwyn, when he had served the Church for no more than two-and-twenty years. But he still grew in grace; and having written and edited many tracts and some good books, having kept himself well in evidence by working very hard for at least two days a-week, and having created some sensation by inviting a hundred and fifty Nonconformist ministers to his palace on last Michaelmas Day, he achieved so much fame that Lord Salisbury has been able to find no better prelate with whom to replace the late and great Dr. Magee, of whom he had only a few months before made an Archbishop. And so this very fortunate ex-soldier, who wept to leave his Diocese, where he had quite made up his mind to leave his bones, is now about to be enthroned Archbishop of York, second Churchman of the English Church; and, being resigned to the greatness which has been thrust upon him, his tears are replaced by smiles. Because he is quite an unambitious man.

He is a good musician, an effective preacher, and a fluent, if rather tedious, speaker; of whom it has been said by some that he is a good organiser, by others that he is too fond of organising, and by yet others, less politely, that he is a meddling pedant. He does not consider himself a Greek scholar, yet he thinks that he can warn his Deacons against dangerous books. He desires that all parsons over whom he may have authority should live by rule, believing that originality is a perilous thing. He has a strong objection to moustaches in the Church; and in spite of his early military training—to which, being a man of peace, he never refers—he has always requested all candidates for ordination, “if they shave at all, to shave the upper lip.” Yet he is a discreet man, who poses as inferior to his predecessor of York, while speaking of his successor at Lichfield as a dear good fellow in whom he has all confidence. Though he detests Broad Churchmen, his ecclesiastical bent is uncertain; for while Evangelicals look upon him as one of themselves, High Churchmen claim him for their own. He is the husband of a second wife to whom the Queen has shown favour; of which fact his new Deacons have been generally made aware by kindly invitation into his drawing-room, where it has been permitted to them to inspect the album which incloses a letter of congratulation over the signature “Victoria.”

He is a very polite man, who still walks up the Cathedral as though he had his loins girded with a sword-belt.