BYGONE SUFFOLK

CUMING WALTERS

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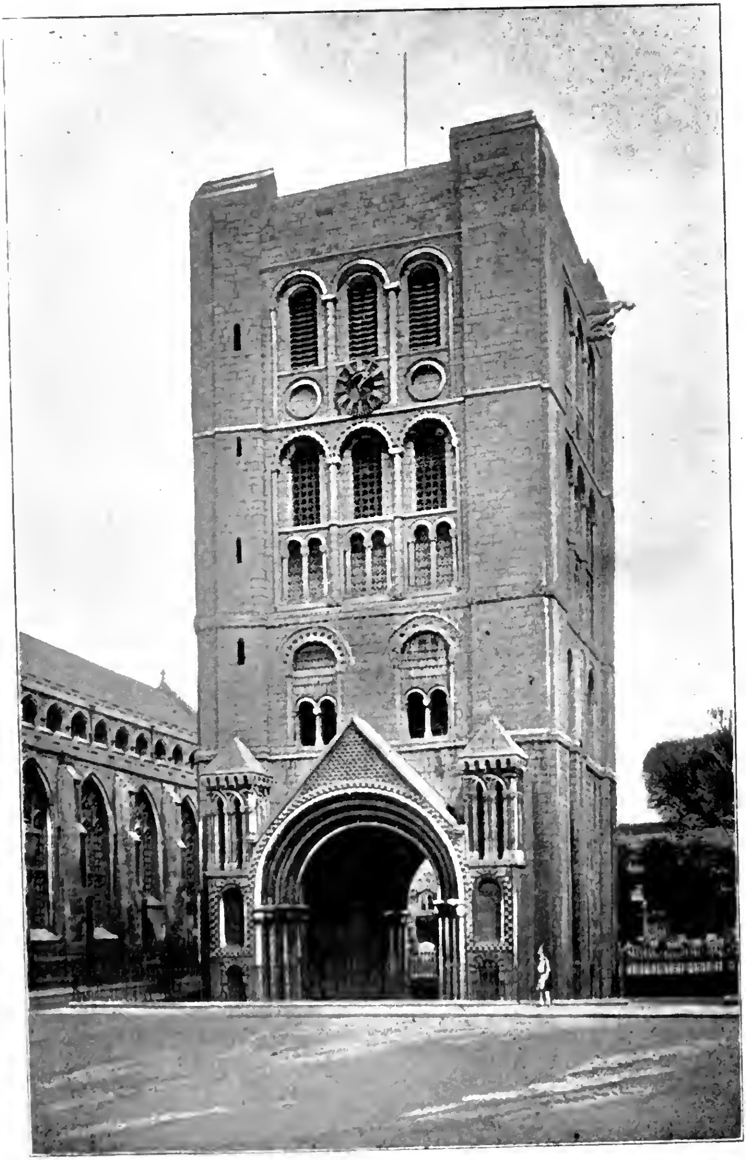

Norman Tower, Bury-St.-Edmunds.

BYGONE SUFFOLK:

ITS HISTORY, ROMANCE, LEGEND,
FOLK-LORE, &c.

EDITED BY

CUMING WALTERS,

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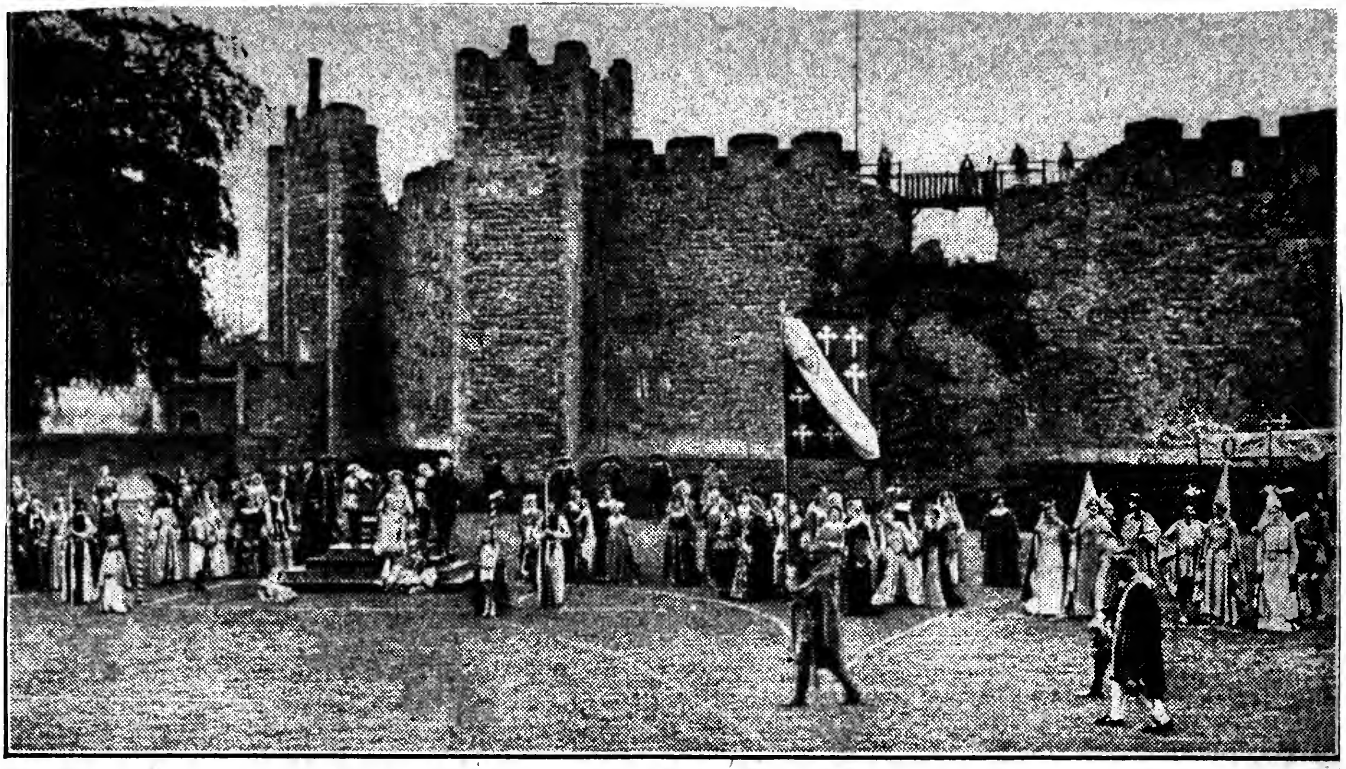

FRAMLINGHAM CASTLE PAGEANT.—The return of the Second Duke of Norfolk, an episode in the Framlingham Castle Pageant.

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GRIME'S GRAVES.

PREHISTORIC NORFOLK MINERS.

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

There was a time, in the remote past, hen nearly all the weapons and impleents used by man were made of flint, nd, in those days, this stone was as inspensable as steel is to us to-day.

The great amount of time and trouble hich ancient man took in order to prode himself with suitable flint is shown, ery graphically, in a certain area of the nall parish of Weeting, in South-West orfolk. There, in a very wild but beauful spot, are to be seen about 360 cupaped hollows, clustered closely together, nd covering about 20 acres of the ateau. The meaning of these hollows as for a long time a mystery, but some them have been excavated by archæolosts, and we now know that they are the pper portions of partially filled-in shafts nk into the chalk for the extraction of int. These funnel-shaped shafts are ometimes 30ft. in depth, and the same in idth at the mouth, and pass through lacial clay and sand before penetrating e chalk. It is evident that the people ho carried out this work knew a great eal about mining methods as, when diging through the comparatively loose clay nd sand, the sides of the shafts were oped so as to prevent slipping of the aterial into the excavation. In going own to the desired level the ancient orkers passed through, and discarded, ome layers of flint as not being of good nough quality for their purpose. The ayer they were seeking is good, sound aterial known locally as "floor-stone," nd when this was reached the miners rove lateral galleries from the bottom of e shaft in order to follow up and remove e vein of flint.

Thus, over the whole area of Grime's Graves—as the cup-shaped hollows are alled—there exists, in all probability, a ast labyrinth of underground passages onnecting all the shafts with each other. When it is realized that the whole of this ndertaking was carried out by primitive eople using only flattish bones as hovels and deer's horns as picks, no one an fail to be filled with astonishment t the magnitude of their labours and the reat length of time it must have taken o carry out the work. It was the custom to dig a pit, haul the moved material to the surface by means of some kind of rough baskets attached to thongs, the marks made by which were plainly visible in one of the shafts opened recently by the Prehistoric Society of East Anglia, and to tip this material into an empty pit alongside. When the "floor-stone" was hauled to the surface it was broken up, by means of hammer-stones, into pieces of suitable size, and the manufacture of these pieces into implements carried out. The places where the ancient hunters sat and flaked their flint are clearly discernible round the edges of many of the pits, and vast numbers of flakes and many broken implements have been found at these spots.

A NEAT PILE OF PICKS.

On the occasion of a recent excavation, when the first gallery uncovered at the bottom of the shaft was examined, several deer's horn picks were seen just inside the entrance, piled neatly in a heap—two across two—just as they had been left by the prehistoric workmen thousands of years ago. In some of the shafts hearths have been found together with animal bones, burnt flints used in heating water and in cooking, and fragments of rough pottery, showing that the pits were sometimes used as dwellings. The prehistoric people of Grime's Graves did not apparently possess much respect for their dead, as human bones occur in the infilling of some of the shafts, as though they had been thrown in without care or ceremony. But that these ancient miners had acquired the artistic sense is shown by the discovery of spirited drawings of animals incised upon the comparatively soft "bark" or crust of some of the flints. These outlines were no doubt done with a sharp, pointed flint, and though rough they nevertheless indicate much skill, when all the circumstances of the drawings are taken into account.

An examination of the human bones found shows that the Grime's Graves people were a short and sturdy race, not exhibiting any marked primitive characteristics. The place where they laboured for so long is now far off the beaten track and is frequented only by game-keepers and ardent archæologists. But when the mines were being worked Grime's Graves must have presented an appearance of great human activity, and from the discoveries made in recent years we are able in a very vivid way to realize how some of our ancestors lived in the long distant days before the use of metals was known.

Bygone Suffolk.

The County in History.

WHETHER the names assigned by Cæsar to the tribes which he found in Britain have any claim to a British derivation is a point which has been disputed, and is not likely ever to be determined; but it is certain that the names, as they have come down to us, are Roman. Among these, that of the Iceni, the tribe occupying the present counties of Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgeshire, and Huntingdonshire, holds a prominent place in the early history of the country, on account of the bold effort which the race made to throw off the Roman yoke during the governorship of Suetonius Paulinus. Under their queen, Boadicea, who was smarting from the brutal indignities to which she and her daughters had been subjected, the Iceni poured through the country, marking their track with blood and fire. Their march seems to have been from Venta Icenorum—now Norwich—through Camulodonum — now Colchester — to London, which they plundered and burnt. There they were attacked and defeated by a Roman army, and Boadicea committed suicide, rather than fall into the hands of the conquerors, of whose "tender mercies" she had had a bitter experience.

Of the Roman occupation of this part of the country, which was not again disturbed, there are many traces still existing in the county. The ruins of Burgh Castle, on a hill at the confluence of the rivers Yare and Waveney, two and a half miles from Gorleston, are believed to occupy the site of a Roman military station named Garianonum. The wall is of Roman construction, and Roman coins, rings, keys, etc., have been found on the spot. Many funeral urns have been dug up in a field on the east side of the ruins, from which discoveries it has been inferred that it was the burial-ground of the Roman garrison. Icklingham, four miles east of Mildenhall, occupies the site of the Roman station called Combretonium, vestiges of which have been traced for half a mile. Roman coins have been found here, and in the walls of one of the churches there are many Roman bricks. Roman urns, rings, coins, etc., have also been unearthed at Walton, near Ipswich.

The events of the four hundred years between the final subjugation of the Iceni and the union of the kingdoms of the Anglo-Saxon heptarchy under Egbert occupy but a small space in the chronicles of the period. As Sharon Turner remarks, "In this part of our subject we are walking over the country of the departed, whose memory has not been perpetuated by the commemorating heralds of their day. A barbarous age is unfriendly to human fame. When the clods of his hillock are scattered, or his funeral stones are thrown down, the glory of the savage perishes for ever." Of a large proportion of the kings of East Anglia, little, in some cases nothing, is known but their names. Though the earliest incursion of the Angles upon the east coast occurred, according to Matthew of Westminster, in 527, the kingdom of East Anglia, comprising the present counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire, was not founded by the Viking Chief, Uffa, until 575. Of the early kings of the little kingdom there are no reliable records until 636, when Sigebert, the first Christian King, founded the abbey where Bury St. Edmunds now stands, the remains of which attest its former extent and grandeur.

In 654, East Anglia was invaded by the Mercians, under their King, Penda; and the Anglian King, Anna, with his son, Firminius, was slain in battle. Their tombs are shown in the church at Blythburgh, a village four miles south-east from Halesworth; but doubts have been expressed by some writers as to the tombs being those of Anna and his son, on the ground that the church is of later date. It may be, however, that these monuments have been removed from another church. Small as was the kingdom of East Anglia, its semi-barbaric kings seem to have possessed several palaces and castles, three being pointed out to the notice of archæologists and students of Anglo-Saxon history in the present county of Suffolk alone. One of them was at Dunwich, a town almost every vestige of which has long since disappeared beneath the encroaching waves of the North Sea. Redwald had a stately castle at Framlingham, the ruins of which still exist, and a palace at Rendlesham, the supposed site of which is now occupied by Rendlesham House. On this spot a silver crown, of Anglo-Saxon workmanship, was found at the beginning of the last century; but unfortunately for the interests of archæology, it was broken up and consigned to the melting-pot by its discoverers.

The independence of East Anglia was not of long duration. The kings of Mercia, who already ruled over the greater part of England, coveted its possession, which would extend their dominions from the borders of Wales to the North Sea; and in 777, Offa procured the murder of Ethelbert, its King, and annexed it. In 824, however, the people of East Anglia revolted, and Beornwulf, King of Mercia, marched eastward to suppress the movement, little doubting, from the comparatively small number of the defenders of East Anglia, that he would soon succeed. He was killed in battle, however, and his successor, Ludecan, met the like fate soon afterwards. Profiting by the confusion caused by these events in the affairs of Mercia, Egbert, King of Wessex, who had been pursuing the same ambitious policy in the south of England as the Mercian kings had done in the central portion of the country, marched his forces into

Mercia, and reduced its people to submission to his rule. East Anglia, weakened by the recent contest with Mercia, was unable to offer any effectual resistance to the new invaders, and submitted to the conquerors of their late enemy.

Six years later, a hostile force of Danes landed on the coast of the South-folk, from which term the modern name of Suffolk is derived; but marched into Essex, without having done any mischief in the parts where they had landed. A similar instance of forbearance is recorded of these sea-rovers in 866, when an invading force of Danes landed in Suffolk, and remained all through the winter, without hostilities ensuing, and in the following spring broke up their camp, and marched into Yorkshire. After three years of fighting and plundering in the north, they directed their march south-eastward, ravaged Lincolnshire, Northamptonshire, Huntingdonshire, and Cambridgeshire, and again invaded Suffolk. Edmund, the King, was then at Hagisdun, near Diss, on the river Waveney, which divides Suffolk from Norfolk. The place is identified by Camden with a village which he calls Hoxon, three miles north-east from Eye, but which some later writers term Hoxné, and others Hoxeney. The inhabitants were unprepared to resist an invasion, and Edmund, refusing to fly, was captured by the Danes, and barbarously slain, being shot with arrows while bound to a tree, after the manner of the savage aborigines of North America centuries later, the tragedy terminating with the decapitation of the victims by Ingwar, the Danish leader. Gudrun, a Danish Chief, whom some writers call Guthrum, was proclaimed King of East Anglia, and led the invaders through Mercia to attack the forces of Alfred in Wessex.

In 878, Gudrun, being defeated in the West, submitted to Alfred, and, on embracing the Christian faith and being baptised, was allowed to return to East Anglia. The treaty between Alfred and the Danish Chief, which is given by Wilkins in his "Leges Anglo-Saxonicæ," enlarges the territory assigned to the latter by the addition of Essex and portions of Hertfordshire, Huntingdonshire, and Bedfordshire. Abbo Floriacensis, in a MS. preserved in the Cottonian Library, of which a German translation was published some years ago at Cologne, describes East Anglia as being nearly surrounded by water, the sea being on two sides, and immense marshes, a hundred miles in extent, on a third. On the west the country was defended by a high mound of earth against the incursions of the Mercians. These defences do not appear to have been sufficient, however, to keep out the marauding Danes.

Sir Henry Ellis, in a work founded on the survey of England made by order of William I., states the population of Suffolk, after the Norman conquest, at 22,093, made up as follows:—Chief proprietors, who held their lands direct from the Crown, 72; *sochmanni*, inferior proprietors, who held lands in the *soc* or franchise of some great lord, on fixed terms of service, 1,014; *liberi homines*, a lower class of land holders, holding by various tenures either from the Crown or from the chief proprietors, 8,012; *bordarii*, cottagers, usually occupying a small portion of land, 6,292; *villani*, serfs of the first class, usually attached to the land, 3,024; *servi*, a lower grade of serfs, servants employed about the house or the person of the master and his family, 947; *burgenses*, burgesses, 1,924; *silvæ*, men employed in the woods, which were of great extent in those days, 152; *molendini*, millers, 220; *piscatores*, fishermen, 50; *salinæ*, men employed in salt works, 18; ecclesiastics, 358. These statistics are not presented here as being thoroughly reliable. Sharon Turner, in his "History of the Anglo-Saxons," points out discrepancies which lead to the conclusion that the number of burgesses is understated, as only five are assigned to Sudbury. He states also that all the monks and the majority of the parochial clergy are omitted from the class designated *ecclesiæ.*

There can be no doubt, however, that the population of the county, and of the kingdom in general, was less at the time of the survey made for the Domesday Book than it was at an earlier period, owing to the loss of life in the warfare that was carried on between the conquered race and their Norman conquerors before the nation was finally reduced to submission, and to the devastation committed by the victors. Contemporary records tell of large districts depopulated and laid waste. In Ipswich alone 328 houses are returned as *vastatæ*, a large number for the extent of the town at that period.

In the reign of the first of the Plantagenet kings, Suffolk was disturbed by the part taken by Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, in the rebellion raised by the sons of Henry. The eldest of these claimed that his father should surrender to him either England or Normandy, and was supported by his brothers Richard and Geoffrey. Bigod, who had a castle at Bungay, on the river Waveney, took up arms in aid of the rebellious princes, and captured and dismantled the castle at Framlingham, built by Redwald, one of the early kings of East Anglia. The rebels soon afterwards suffered a reverse, and marching westward were totally defeated near Bury St. Edmunds, on which occasion that town and the surrounding country sustained great loss and devastation.

In the revolt of the serfs, in the reign of Richard II., those of Suffolk played a conspicuous part; but as this movement forms the subject of a special narrative, it will be sufficient in this place to remark that, after having captured and slain the Lord Chief Justice, the Earl of Suffolk, and other persons of distinction, they were routed with great slaughter by the Bishop of Norwich, who did not find it inconsistent with his profession to draw the sword and trample the gospel of brotherhood under his feet. The peace of the county was not again disturbed until the reign of Henry VII., when a youth named Ralph Wilford, instructed by his tutor, an Augustine friar named Patrick, assumed the character of the Earl of Warwick, the son of the late Duke of Clarence, alleging that he had escaped from the Tower. As that Prince was the rightful sovereign, as long as the alleged death of Richard, Duke of York, was accepted as proven, and the elder branch of the Plantagenets was exceedingly popular, the pretender gained many adherents; but his career was cut short by the capture of himself and his tutor, when he was hanged, and the friar consigned to imprisonment for life.

Suffolk did not again figure prominently in history until the time of the great civil war of the seventeenth century, the events of which in this county form the subject of a special narrative. As a matter of local interest, it may be mentioned that, on the death of Edward VI., the Princess Mary came to Framlingham, and being well received there by all classes of the people, promised that she would make no change in the religious institutions of the country as settled in the reign of Edward. How this promise was intended to be kept was shown two years later, when Ipswich witnessed some of those horrible barbarities which have attached an indelible stigma to the memory of that Queen. Robert Samuel, Vicar of Barfold; Anne Potten, a brewer's wife; and Joan Trunchfield, a shoemaker's wife, were burned there for heresy. In the same year, Rowland Taylor, rector of Hadleigh, suffered similarly for his adherence to the Protestant faith, on Oldham Common, near the town where he had preached for several years. The event was commemorated by the following inscription on a stone which, after being lost for many years, was unearthed by the plough on the spot on which he suffered :—

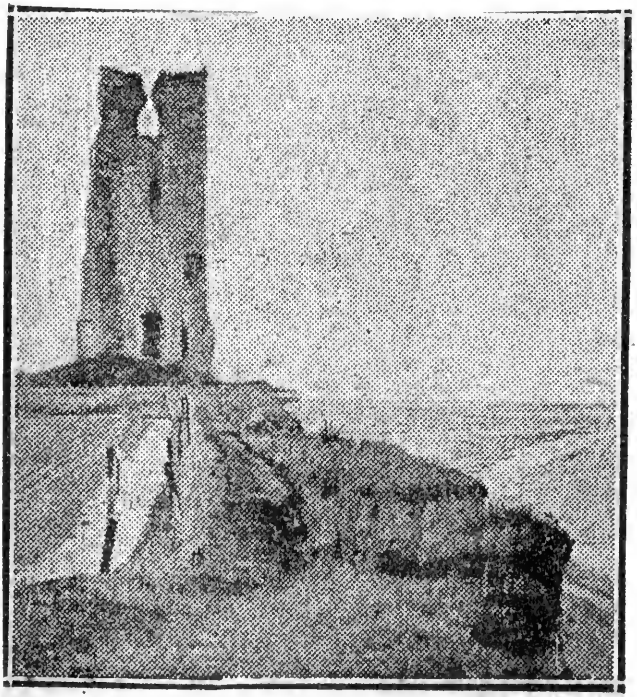
"Dr. Tayler in defending that was gode,
At this plase left his blod."

One of the most remarkable events in the records of the county is the gradual demolition, through successive encroachments of the sea, of the town of Dunwich, which formerly existed four miles south from Southwold. In the time of the East Anglian kings they had a palace there, and until 820, it was the see of a bishop. In the reign of Henry II., it had a mint, and in the following reign there were six parish churches, three chapels, several alms-houses and other charitable asylums, and two monasteries, the walls of one encompassing seven acres of land, and both having handsome churches attached to them. Owing to the lowness of the clay cliffs on this part of the coast, and the soil on which the town was built being a sandy loam, the continual breaking of the waves against the cliffs gradually undermined the buildings nearest to the sea. In the reign of Edward III., more than four hundred houses and several windmills were washed away; but those of the inhabitants who had their houses further from the sea seemed to have considered themselves safe, and even, when half the town had, at subsequent periods, been swept away in the same manner, the residents in the remaining portion continued to cling to their homes.

Some time after the first of these calamities befel the town, the church of St. Leonard's parish was overthrown, and this disaster was followed later on by the demolition of the churches of St. Martin and St. Nicholas. In 1540, the church of St. John the Baptist was so evidently doomed to a similar fate at no very distant period that it was taken down, and the demolition of a considerable portion of the town, including the South-gate, the Gilden-gate, and the three chapels followed. The next great devastation took place in 1680, when all the town north of Maison Dieu Lane was destroyed. The encroachments of the sea continued, and in 1702 St. Peter's Church was seen to be in so much jeopardy that the authorities ordered it to be stripped of everything of value. The walls soon afterwards collapsed, and the ruin of the Town Hall and the gaol was accomplished about the same time. In 1740, what remained of the churchyard of St. Nicholas was washed away, and the pipes of an ancient aqueduct, some of lead and others of grey pottery, were exposed.

This series of disasters extending over four centuries, so reduced the town that, in 1811, it contained only forty houses and two hundred and eight inhabitants, and ten years later Pinnock, a prolific author of school books, remarked in reference to its continued retention in the list of Parliamentary boroughs, returning two members, that, "as ancient usage requires that the election should take place at a particular spot, the solemnity must soon be observed in a boat, instead of on dry land." The anticipated farce was averted by the disfranchisement of the place in 1832. Aldeburgh has also suffered from encroachments of the sea, and the parish church of Lowestoft was rebuilt on a gentle eminence, at some distance from the beach, as a precaution against the calamities which have overwhelmed Dunwich, a town once the most important in the county, but now effaced from the map of England.

THOMAS FROST.



The ruined tower of All Saints' Church, Dunwich, near Southwold. A famous landmark, which has now fallen into the sea.

The Story of the Church.

The Conversion of East Anglia.

THE Iceni had been driven relentlessly westward; the Druids had cut the mistletoe from the oak with their golden sickles for the last time; the kingdom of East Anglia had been set up when we hear the first authentic word of the seed sowing of Christianity in Suffolk. The Venerable Bede, surveying the country from his scriptorium in Jarrow monastery, is our authority. He is indeed the great fount of information on all matters, both secular and ecclesiastical, from which flows all that we know with any real certainty up to the beginning of the eighth century. The conversion of East Anglia was one of the myriad consequences of the mission of St. Augustine. It is told that Ethelbert, having become a Christian, inspired Redwald, king of East Anglia, with the like faith. This was in the early years of the seventh century. But Redwald was weak, and listened to the counsel of his wife, and set up against the altar of Christ an altar to the divinities of Asgard. Thirteen hundred years have gone by since this was done; but the memory of Redwald's apostasy lives on, blazoned forth in the pages of the old man of Jarrow. Erpenwald, his son, was led to Christianity by King Edwin of Northumbria, and was murdered by the supporters of the older creed. His brother Sigebert, who had been exiled to France by King Redwald, reigned in his stead. He, too, was a Christian, having been baptised by the brother of St. Chad, and, returning home, he brought with him a Burgundian priest, Felix by name, whom Honorius, the successor of St. Augustine in the metropolitan see of Canterbury, made a bishop, and entrusted with the work of teaching the people of East Anglia. Of his deeds we know little, but his name is graven deep in the history of the country of which he was the first spiritual ruler. Towns are named after him; churches own him as their patron, and Mother Church has enrolled him in the Calendar of Saints. Soham, which he made his first seat, is identified with Soham Toney, in Norfolk. Here he founded a monastery, and here, in later days, his body was conveyed to preserve it from the Danes, who, in their strong hatred of the Christian name, stayed their hands at no infamy, but murdered or violated the living and dishonoured the dead. First in order of the East Anglian bishops, St. Felix made the conversion of Saxons a reality, and we find in latter days that they were an orderly, a law-abiding, and a pious people. He made Dunwich, whither he removed his bishopric, a home of prayer, a place whose mere mention was sufficient to awaken thoughts of reverence in the minds of the people. For seventeen years, from 631 to 647 A.D., he held the reins of episcopal power. The tradition of his holiness lives in the words of Chronicler Harding:—

> "And in the yere VI hundreth thyrty and two
> Kynge Edwyne, by holy doctryne
> Of saynt Felyx, an holy preste (that) was the
> (And preachying of the holy archbyshop Paulyn,
> Of Chryste's worde and verteous disciplyne)
> Converted Edordwolde, of Estangle the Kyng,
> And all the realme where Felyx was dwelling,
> At Domok then was Felyx fyrste byshop
> Of Estangle and taught the Chrysten fayth,
> (That is full hye in heaven, I hope ;)."

Fifteen bishops followed in direct line with St. Felix, and one of the number, Bisi, was present at the Council of Hertford in 673. At this Council it was decided that Easter Sunday should be kept "on the Lord's day next after the fourteenth moon of the first month;" that no bishop should interfere with the jurisdiction of another in his proper diocese; that monks "should not wander from place to place, but continue in the obedience which they promised at the time of their conversion;" "that it be lawful for no bishop to trouble the monasteries consecrated by God, nor to take anything from them;" and "that foreign bishops and clergy exercise no function without the permission of the bishop in whose diocese they are sojourning." This same bishop, Bisi, was the occasion in an indirect manner of the division of the East Anglian province into two sees. He was an old man, and had grown too feeble to perform the duties of his office. In his place two bishops were appointed: Acca, who had his seat at Donnuoc or Dunwich, and Bedewin, who went to "Helmham." Whether this means South Elmham, in the hundred of Wangford, in Suffolk, or North Elmham, in Norfolk, is not decided. The remains of a moated minster in the former give some colour to the pretensions of Suffolk. However it may be, it is sure that Dunwich continued to be a bishop's see, for among the signatories of the canons of Cloveshoe were "Heardelfus, Episcopus, Dummocensis."

Following hard on the footsteps of St. Felix come an Irish hermit, Fursey by name. He was a man of holy life, a wanderer over the face of the earth, and a dreamer of things hereafter. There remains to this day his vision of the states of souls after death, one of those terrifying pieces by which people were wont to be terrified into goodness. Baptised by St. Brandon, he travelled far and wide, preaching the Gospel and living a life of rigid austerity. Landing in Suffolk, he tarried long enough to found a monastery at Burgh Castle on land given him by King Sigebert. Then he departed, leaving a reputation for sanctity that found him a place among the saints of the land. He died at Perome, in France, in 650. So moved by the piety of this holy man was King Sigebert, that he cast aside his kingly garb, and put on the sombre livery of a monk. But another death than that of the anchorite's cell was reserved for him. The Mercians invaded East Anglia, and the leaderless people besought their King to protect them. He yielded to their prayers, and was killed in battle. Nor were the Mercians the only foes the people of Suffolk had to fear. Their coast was in the direct track of fleets of the Scandinavian pirates, and the Danes, even in the days of the Romans, had made incursions from time to time. To die in the plundering and murder of the followers of the White Christ was to them a sure and glorious way of obtaining admission to the halls of Valhalla. They laid waste the fields, destroyed the monasteries, ravished the nuns, and murdered the monks with a ferocious joy. Not even death could quell their hate. So we find that the body of St. Felix was removed from Dunwich to Soham to preserve it from dishonour. But the Danes followed up their career of rapine with remorseless tenacity of purpose, and in 830 the monastery founded by St. Felix was razed to the ground. In the days of Canute, when the conquerors in turn yielded to the gentler conquest of Christianity, Athelstan, Abbot of Ramsey, searched out the bones of Felix, and gave them sepulture in his own house.

Before the conversion of the Danes, it was meet that one should die for the people. This was King Edmund the Royal Martyr. All East Anglia echoes the glory of this man's piety and bravery. Anointed King by Bishop Huribert at Buers, he did all he could to resist the ravages of the Danish captains Henga and Hubba. But in vain, and he was forced to take refuge in the castle of Framlingham. Nor did this stand him long in safeguard, and he fled for shelter to the wood of Heglisdune. Here his enemies followed him, and seeing the end was nigh, Edmund cast off his armour, entered a chapel, and prostrated himself before the altar. The Danes venerating neither the kingly dignity nor that of God, seized him, bound him with ropes, scourged him, as the Jews scourged another King, and, fastening him to a tree, riddled him with darts, until, as the old writers have it, his body became like that of a porcupine. Another story handed down by the people of Hoxne, tells how the King hid himself under a bridge that spanned the Dove. A newly-married couple crossing the river saw the image of the King's golden spurs reflected in the water, and went and told the Danes. Wherefore Edmund cursed every couple who should pass over the bridge on their way to be married. True or not, folks on matrimony intent used to go miles round to avoid the bridge. To this day it is a legend that on moonlight nights the sheen of the golden spurs can be seen in the calm waters of the Dove. How a wolf guarded the head of the martyr; how the dead man guided with his own voice the search of those who were looking for him; how his members grew together, and how the sacred relics lay in a little wooden chapel at Hoxne, the site of an abbey founded by Theodored, Bishop of London, in 950, is set down with loving garrulity in many an old writer. The martyr's body was, in course of time, removed to Bury, and the shrine of St. Edmund was of pious resort for ages.

The rhymed chronicle of Harding has the following reference to the Danish invasion and the martyrdom of St. Edmund:—

> "In the East Cost of England, specially
> In Estangle, where Edmond ther was Kyng,
> There did great hurt ful cruelly.
> Also thei sleugh in North folke all about
> The people doune and in Suffolke also,
> The Kyng Edmond thei sleugh without doubt,
> Of Estangland with arowes sharpe tho
> Was shot to death, with (muche ther) woo;
> That is a sainct honoured this day in blisse,
> At Edmondes Bury canonysed I wisse.
> Hungar and Ubba sleugh him ful cruelly,

> And brent abbeis throut (all) England y that tyme
> By North and South and priestes full cursedly
> All holy folk fled out of that realme
> Thei sleugh all people that had had bapteme."

Sweyn was the last of the Danes to offer an indignity to St. Edmund. The story is told that having destroyed the church in which the martyr was buried, Sweyn was carousing with his lords. Suddenly he cried out that St. Edmund had pierced him with a sword. On the third day afterwards he died. His son Canute, converted to Christianity, endeavoured to appease the divine wrath by rebuilding the shrine and founding a community of Benedictine monks. The abbot of St. Edmunds was made absolute lord of the town, and the abbey was granted tribute of all fruit there brought to market. Nay more, moved by a vision of St. Edmund, Canute placed his own kingly crown on the martyr's shrine, and strengthened his donations with the sanction of a curse on anyone, great or small, who should dare to alienate them. The Pope solemnly ratified the gift. Nor were the Pontiff's words idle. When the abbeys of England were laid under contribution towards the expense of the third Crusade, St. Edmunds alone of all the shrines of England escaped unshorn of its treasures. Jocelyn of Brakeland tells how the abbot refused to give up any of the jewels, and challenged anyone who dared to come and take them. None was so bold as to do so; so great in those days was the dread of St. Edmund's anger. It was not so, however, at the Dissolution. During the long years when Suffolk and the Eastern counties were being overrun by successive hordes of Danish barbarians, we hear more of the sword than of the staff and crozier. But that the monks and the priests did their duty may well be believed. The monastic ideal is one that this strenuous age is little able to understand; but the belief that led nuns to disfigure themselves that they might save their purity was not a shallow sentiment. The bounty of the Saxon kings and the new-born zeal of the Danes enriched the religious orders, and with returning peace came a steady growth of monastic institutions. With this religious renaissance the Norman Conquest interfered little if at all. The Saxon bishops, save Wulstan, head of the see of Worcester, were replaced by prelates of Norman extraction, and there was a great influx of continental clergy. But once the Norman King was firmly set upon his throne, Dane and Saxon and Norman cleric worked together in comparative harmony. Before that time many an English priest had taken a foreign charge, and many a continental divine had elected to serve the Church in England.

One of the most picturesque figures whom the new order of things brought to the fore in East Anglia was Herbert de Losinga, the first bishop of Norwich, and founder of the great Norman cathedral. Antiquarians have dreamed that he was born in Suffolk, and that his birthplace was the town of Orford, whose castle still keeps sentinel over the German Ocean. All the evidence goes to prove that he came from Lotharingia, the ancient Lorraine. Educated by the Benedictine monks of Fecamp, in Normandy, he became a professed member of their order, and rose to the dignity of prior. On the invitation of William Rufus he crossed the Channel, and assumed the rule of Ramsey Abbey. William, Bishop of Thetford, dying in 1091, Herbert bought the succession for £1,000 or £1,900—it is not decided which—and Thomas, Archbishop of York, consecrated him, the see of Canterbury being at that time vacant. Strange to say this simonical preferment was in the long run productive of good. In making Herbert a bishop the King had acted without the authority of the Apostolic See, and the prelate, conscience-stricken, or in fear of excommunication, set out for Rome, bent on resigning his office and beseeching the Pope for forgiveness. This was in 1094. At Hastings he met the King, who promptly stripped him of his episcopal dignity. But Herbert went on his way, and not only received absolution at the hands of Pope Urban, but continuation in his episcopal office also. The Pontiff further consented to the removal of the East Anglian see from Thetford to Norwich. The transfer was made in the same year, and to Herbert de Losinga we owe the Norman original of the Cathedral Church of Norwich. Part of the cost was borne by the bishop out of his own means; he also built the parish church of St. Nicholas, Great Yarmouth; and of St. Margaret, King's Lynn.

A man of action, full of vigour, greedy of gold, reckless in his sinning, and passionate in his repentance, Herbert de Losinga was not an unworthy forerunner of that other great ruler of the See of Norwich, Robert Grosseteste. The account given of Herbert by William of Malmesbury may be taken to represent the general opinions entertained of him :—

"This man, then, was the great source of simony in England, having craftily procured by means of his wealth both an abbey and a bishopric. For he hood-winked the king's solicitude for the church by his money, and whispered great promises to secure the favour of the nobility; whence a poet of those times admirably observes—

> 'A monster in the church from Losing rose,
> Base Simon's sect, the canons to oppose.
> Peter, thou'rt slow; see Simon soars on high;
> If present, soon thou'd'st hurl him from the sky.
> Oh grief, the church is let to sordid hire,
> The son a bishop, abbat is the sire.
> All may be hoped from gold's prevailing sway,
> Which governs all things; gives and takes away;
> Makes bishops, abbats, basely in a day.'

Future repentance, however, atoned for the errors of his youth; he went to Rome, when he was of a more serious age, and there, resigning the staff and ring which he had acquired by simony, had them restored through the indulgence of that most merciful see; for the Romans regard it both as more holy and more fitting that the dues from each church should rather come into their own purse, than be subservient to the use of any king whatever. Herbert thus returning home, removed the episcopal see, which had formerly been at Helmham, and was then at Thetford, to a town celebrated for its trade and populousness, called Norwich. Here he settled a congregation of monks, famous for their numbers and their morals; purchasing everything for them out of his private fortune. For, having an eye to the probable complaints of his successors, he gave none of the episcopal lands to the monastery, lest they should deprive the servants of God of their subsistence, if they found anything given to them which pertained to their see. At Thetford, too, he settled Cluniac monks, because the members of that order, dispersed throughout the world, are rich in worldly possessions, and of distinguished piety towards God. Thus, by the great and extensive merit of his virtues, he shrouded the multitude of his former failings; and by his abundant eloquence and learning, as well as by his knowledge in secular affairs, he became worthy even of the Roman pontificate, Herbert, thus changed, as Lucan observes of Curio, became the changer and mover of all things; and, as in the times of this king, he had been a pleader in behalf of simony, so was he afterwards its most strenuous oppressor; nor did he suffer that to be done by others, which he lamented he had ever himself done through the presumption of juvenile ardour; ever having in his mouth, as they relate, the saying of St. Jerome, 'We have erred when young; let us amend now we are old.' Finally, who can sufficiently extol his conduct, who, though not a very rich bishop, yet built so noble a monastery; in which nothing appears defective, either in the beauty of the lofty edifice, the elegancy of its ornaments, or in the piety and universal charity of its monks. These things soothed him with the joyful hope while he lived, and when dead, if repentance be not in vain, conducted him to heaven."

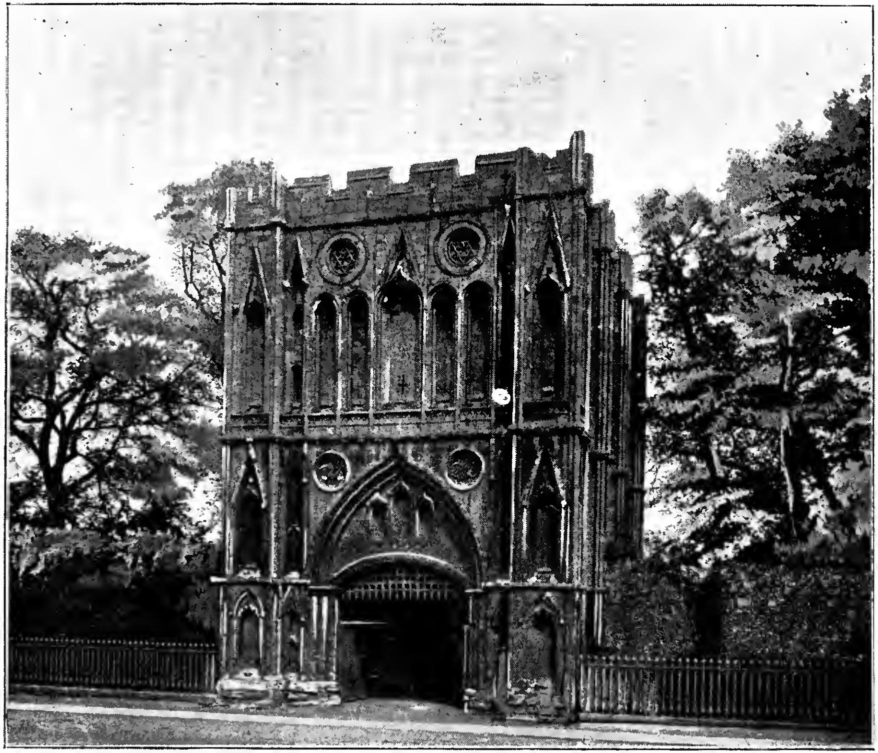
J. REDFERN MASON.

The Rise and Fall of Monasteries.

FIRST in order of eminence among the monastic foundations of Suffolk was the great Benedictine Abbey of Bury, the shrine of St. Edmund, and a place of pilgrimage only second to Glastonbury in early days. Its story is told in part by the witty Jocelyn of Brakeland, a monk of the house, who takes his name from one of the streets of the town, probably the one in which he was born. The abbot of St. Edmunds was a little king in his domain; he owned the land; he administered the law; he received tribute. Indeed it might have fared better with the abbey and with the people as well had the abbot's power been more limited. The townsfolk and the monks were perpetually at war. Nor were the ecclesiastics of the country round about altogether well disposed towards the abbots of St. Edmund. The episcopal authority given by Pope Alexandra II. to Abbot Baldwin was the cause of much discontent. For their own part the Benedictines, friends of study, quiet, and contemplation, bitterly opposed the Friar's

Minor. At Bury they literally drove them out of town. Such conduct is difficult to reconcile with Christian charity; but it must be remembered that the Franciscan ideal of holy poverty and dependence on alms seemed, at the first blush, almost subversive of the principles of removedness and of contemplative study cherished by the monks of St. Benedict. The poor friars with their life of wandering preachers, their contempt of wealth, and—in the early days of the order—their disregard of learning, disturbed the placid notions of the older community.

As time went on the two great orders began to understand that their ideals were not opposed as many had feared; but that monk and friar might work together in harmony, fulfilling different branches of the same world-wide enterprise. But this is a degression. The history of the abbey is related in another chapter, but in respect to the endowments of Bury, one of its greatest privileges was the possession of an altar made of a block of porphyry, at which, by an especial boon from Pope Alexander II., mass might be said, even though the whole country lay under an interdict. The gift of this altar was made to Abbot Baldwin



The Abbey Gate, Bury-St.-Edmunds.

in the twelfth century. It would seem not to have been used when the need was the sorest; when, through the misdeeds of King John, all England lay under the ban. This was in 1208, and Roger of Wendover observes that "since it (the interdict) was expressed to be by authority of our lord the Pope, it was inviolably observed by all, without regard of person or privileges. Therefore all church services ceased to be performed in England, with the exception only of confession, and the viaticum in cases of extremity, and the baptism of children: the bodies of the dead, too, were carried out of cities and towns, and buried in roads and ditches, without prayers or the attendance of priests." From these words it would seem doubtful whether even the privileged altar of porphyry was used. At the Dissolution all the accumulated wealth of ages fell into the hands of Cromwell and his wolves. With fiendish alacrity they stripped the magnificent monastery of its wealth, and to-day nothing is left of this glorious monument of the piety of our ancestors but a few eloquent ruins. What became of the body of St. Edmund? what of the skull of St. Petronil, and the bones of St. Botolph, and the relics of St. Stephen, and the "holy blisful martire" St. Thomas of Canterbury? The very site of St. Edmund's altar can only be conjectured. It is a spot sacred in English history in more ways than one, for here, in 1215, Cardinal Langton and the barons solemnly swore to make John ratify Magna Charta, an oath which they most religiously kept.

Leland, who visited Bury before the fall, writes:—"The sun never beheld a town in a finer situation, or such a gentle hill with a rivulet to the east, or a nobler abbey, whether in regard to its endowments, extent, or unparalleled magnificence. You would think the abbey itself was a town, so many gates (some of them brass), so many towers, and a church exceeded in magnificence by none, in whose neighbourhood are three others of excellent workmanship in the same churchyard." Even in Camden's time, when the spoilers had done their work, the abbey still preserved a melancholy magnificence. Witness his words, as translated by Gough:—"This work which had been so long rising; and its wealth, which had been so many years increasing, received their period from Henry VIII., when he dissolved the religious houses by the persuasion of those who preferred private reasons and their own fortune to their King and country, nay and to the glory of God, under the specious pretence of reforming religion. It still, however, shews no unsightly carcase of its ancient splendour, a noble ruin, which excites at once the pity and wonder of the beholders."

In addition to the world-famous monastery of St. Edmund, the Benedictine Order had houses at Eye, Snapes, Romburgh, and elsewhere. Eye was originally a cell to the abbey of Bernay, in Normandy. Robert Malet, its founder, was one of the followers of the Conqueror, and, like most of the Norman nobles who aided William in his enterprise, regarded England merely as an appanage to the kingdom south of the Channel. The abbots of Bernay were supreme rulers, and without their consent no monk could take up his abode in the English priory. But the abbots seem to have contented themselves with a titular dignity. In sign of their rule, it was their custom, whenever there was a vacancy in the succession of priors, to place a porter at the gate of the abbey, to whom, after the election, the monks had to pay a gratuity of five shillings wherewith to buy him an ox. In the reign of Richard II. even this slender link with the Continent was snapped, and the priory became an independent English foundation. Its monks had in their possession an old copy of the Gospels, said to have been the property of St. Felix. Leland saw it when he visited the monastery in the course of his wanderings, and it was regarded with so much reverence that the people used to take oaths upon it. The monastery at Snapes was founded by William Martel and his wife Albreda, who gave the manor and other lands to the monks of St. John at Colchester, and in 1155 a prior and brethren were settled there. In the next age Isabel, Countess of Suffolk, complained to Pope Boniface that the number of religious maintained at the priory was too small, and by a bull dated 1400 it was made an independent monastery. And so till the days of Wolsey it flourished. At Hoxne a small community of Benedictines was set up, in 1130, by Maurice of Windsor and his wife Egidia, who endowed it with lands, and added to it the chapel of St. Edmund, in the first wooden fabric of which the martyr's body once lay. So early as the tenth century

Theodred, Bishop of London, bequeathed lands to the minster of St. Aethelbright here, and Bishop Losinga devoted the parish church and that of St. Edmund to the enrichment of the great cathedral he was building at Norwich. Romburgh was another centre of Benedictine activity. In early Norman time a monk named Blakere was sent by the brethren of the abbey of St. Benet's at Hulm to build a house which should be subject to that establishment. He did so; but not for long did it remain an appanage of the monastery, for Henry I. transferred it to the abbey of St. Mary at York. In later days it fell into the hands of Wolsey—a man of fate so singular, of pride so overweening, that he ought to have been foreseen by Dante. Another old foundation was that of Bungay, founded by Roger de Glanvil and Gundrada his wife, in the days of Henry II. Wulfrinus, who was master of coinage to the same King, gave the church of St. Bartholomew at Sudbury to Westminster Abbey, and a Benedictine priory was fixed here. There was also a company of monks at Edwardston in the twelfth century, and of Benedictine nuns at Redlingfield.

An offshoot of the Benedictines, the Premonstratensians, disciples of St. Norbert, men vowed to a life of rigid austerity, took root in Suffolk in the twelfth century. Ranulph de Glanvil founded the first abbey of the order at Leyston in 1182. Pope Lucius granted the monks the privilege "not to pay tithes of their proper goods and chattels; to celebrate privately in the time of a general interdict, to enjoy absolute freedom in the election of their abbot," etc. Richard II. confirmed some of these privileges, and added one "that neither he nor his heirs, nor any of his other officers should seize their temporalities, nor intermeddle with the same; nor should any abbey or convent of this House be ever compelled to grant any corrody or pension to any person whatsoever." The original house was near the sea, but the waves encroached on the site, and, in 1363, Robert de Ufford built a new abbey. Some twenty years later, this second house was burned down, but re-edified. Its last tenant was John Grene, an Austin Canon of Butley, who dwelt there as a hermit. But the lichened walls still stand as a memento of the past.

The Black Canons, as the older professors of the rule of St. Augustine were called, had perhaps, after the Benedictines, the strongest hold on the county. Their most ancient abode, a cell at Blythburgh, has a history as old as early Saxon times. Here, says tradition, lie buried the bodies of King Anna and his son, Firminus. In the reign of Henry I. it was given to the Abbey of St. Osyth, in Essex. Ranulph de Glanvil, Chief Justice of England in the reign of Henry II., but deprived of his office, was the founder of a priory at Butley. We know more of the man than of the house. He followed Cœur de Lion to the Holy Land; he drew out a codification of the laws of England, for which those who have trodden in his footsteps—lawyers and historians—have expressed both admiration and gratitude. Ipswich was an important centre of activity for the Black Canons. Holy Trinity Priory was established sometime about the middle of the twelfth century, and Norman, the son of Eadnoth, styled by Leland *primus fundator*, was one of the first canons. But the original priory was burned to the ground, and John Oxford, Bishop of Norwich, rebuilt it, and Cœur de Lion made him and his successors its patrons. Another Ipswich priory of the same order was that of SS.

Peter and Paul, dating from the reign of Henry II., or his son Richard. Its benefactors were Thomas Lucy, and Alice, his wife. Cardinal Wolsey seized upon its revenues, when he had in mind the foundation of new colleges at Ipswich and Oxford. Of many of the houses of this order little more than the name survives, revealed in some old deed mentioned in a will. Of such kind are the monasteries at Alensbourn or Albourn, near Ipswich; Chipley, which was united to Stoke-by-Clare in 1468; Ikesworth, with a history reaching back to the days of the first Henry; Herringfleet, founded by Roger Fitz Osbert during the reign of Henry III.; Dodnash, swallowed up in Wolsey's ill-starred scheme for the foundation of colleges at Ipswich and Oxford; Leatheringham, a cell to St. Peter's Monastery at Ipswich; Orford, which had for its founder Robert de Hewel, a nobleman of the time of Edward I.; Woodbridge, which owed its existence to the generosity of Ernaldus Ruffus in the twelfth century; and Kersey, of which all that appears to be known is that it was given to King's College, Cambridge, in the reign of Henry VI.

Nuns, wearing the Augustinian dress, had convents at Campsey and Flixton, and the Austin Friars were established at Clare and at Gorleston. Speed mentions a house of Friars Eremites (as the Augustinians were called) at Ipswich; but on what authority cannot be ascertained. The Campsey nunnery was endowed by two sisters, Joan and Agnes, daughters of Theobald de Valois, a gentleman of the days of Cœur de Lion. Joan was the first prioress. At the Dissolution the house sheltered nineteen nuns. Margaret de Creyk was the benefactress of the convent at Flixton, giving the land on which to build it. This was in 1401. The friars of this order settled at Clare in 1248, probably at the instance of Richard de Clare. In the reign of Edward II. William Woderove and his daughter Margaret established the friars at Gorleston. This was the limit of the settlement of the order.

Dunwich, the ancient capital of East Anglia, and Ipswich were the chief centres of influence of the Friars Minor of the Franciscans, or Grey Friars, as they were popularly called. Richard Fitz-John and Alice, his wife, were the founders of the Friary at Dunwich. It is probable that the sea demolished the original house, for we read of benefactions by Henry III. and of a gift of land by the townsfolk. For their establishment at Ipswich the Franciscans were beholden to Sir Robert Tiptot of Nettlested. This house was in the parish of St. Nicholas, and the date of its building, the reign of the first Edward. An attempt was made to establish a house at Bury, but after a long struggle with the Benedictines the friars had to withdraw.

The Carmelites had two monasteries, one at Ipswich, the other at Lowestoft, and it is told how Thomas Scroop, a recluse of the latter place, made a house of the abbey prison for twenty years, going about the country clad in sackcloth, preaching the Gospel, and leading a life of saintly purity. Pope Eugenius IV. made him Bishop of Dromore in Ireland; but he resigned the office to preach to the poor, dying in 1491, a hundred years old. Men may speak disdainfully of "monkery," but it was no contemptible ideal that held and guided and stimulated the pious zeal of Thomas Scroop of Lowestoft during his long pilgrimage of five score years.

Cluniac monks, Dominicans, Cistercians, Crutched Friars, Knights Templars, and Knights Hospitallers all found a refuge in "Silly Suffolk," so called from the simple faith of its people and the holiness of its saints. It was at Windham that the brethren of Cluny took up their abode, invited there by William de Huntingfield. The house was an offshoot of the parent stem of Castleacre in Norfolk. Its ruins are still to be seen. The Cluniacs had a cell at Wangford, subordinate to the monastery of Thetford. The Dominicans, like the Franciscans, had a monastery at Dunwich founded by Sir Roger de Holiot. But the remorseless sea spared neither Black Friars nor Grey. In Richard II.'s time the waves were washing the base of the monastery tower, and although there is no record, it seems probable that a new site was secured. At Sudbury also, and in the parish of St. Mary Key, Ipswich, the friars carried on their work. Sibton was the home of the Cistercians, who had a house there endowed by William of Cagneto in 1149; and the Crouched Friars—so named from the cross at the top of their staff—were established at Great Weltham. Suffolk had two preceptories of the Knights Templars; the one at Dunwich for a master and six brethren, the other at Gislingham. Both houses passed into the hands of the Knights Hospitallers, who had also a commandery at Battisford.

No survey of religious life in Suffolk, be it ever so slight, can be accounted satisfactory that does not take into account the collegiate establishments and the hospitals of the county. The college was not necessarily an educational body, as the name would imply at the present day. The schools of the county were the monasteries and nunneries. There the sons and daughters of rich and poor, all who wished it, without distinction, could receive instruction in grammar and music and the rudiments of gentility. Nor was any charge made for this boon. The pre-Reformation college was usually a community of secular priests, living together for the service of some church, sometimes of a nunnery. For example, Maud, Countess of Ulster, in the reign of Edward III., founded a collegiate chantry of a warden and four priests to say mass in the Chapel of the Annunciation, at Campsey, where there was a community of Austin nuns. Ashe College, as the foundation was styled, was transferred to Bruisyard, where it came under the rule of the Nun Minoresses of St. Clare. In 1354, William, Bishop of Norwich, drew up rules for the government of the five chaplains. They are an interesting relic :—

1. "That the said five priests should all sleep in the same Dormitory and eat together in the same Refectory.

2. That one of five should be custos or master, chosen by a majority of voices; and, upon a vacancy, if he be not chosen in four months' time, then the election to be in the Bishop for that turn; and, being elected, that he obtain letters of presentation from the Prioress. Campesse to the Bishop, who is thereupon to confirm him in the office.

3. That their habits be all alike, agreeable to the canons.

4. That they observe the Salisbury use in Divine Service.

5. That one of them be chose their Treasurer, whose office it shall be also to take care of all matters relating to the chapel.

6. That there be a chest with three different keys, in which the common seals and accounts are to be kept."

In 1124, Richard de Clare, Earl of Hertford, transferred the monks sent from the great Benedictine house of Bec in Normandy, and lodged by his father in the Castle of Clare, into St. Austin's Parish Church, Stoke-by-Clare. Afterwards they built themselves a church, and dedicated it to St. John. But in the troubles with France it met with the fate of most of the alien priories, and was made denizon. It now became a college for secular priests, Edward Mortimer, Earl of Marsh, adding to its revenues, so as to enable it to maintain a dean, six prebendaries, four clerks, and six choristers. Matthew Parker, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was the last dean. Thomas Barnsley, one time dean, drew up the statutes, which provided "that every canon should be in residence 32 weeks every year or otherwise only receive 40s. for his stipend. Conviction of heresy or magic, or any unnatural offence, was to be followed by expulsion ; no canon was to go abroad without a companion, and the porter had to shut the gate at curfew, after which no one was to be admitted." At the Reformation the college went the way of the chantries, and was granted to Sir John Cheke, who, in Milton's words, "taught Cambridge and King Edward Greek." Simon de Sudbury, Bishop of London, in the stormy days of Richard II., and victim of the lawless wrath of the followers of Wat Tyler, converted an older foundation in his native town of Sudbury into a college for six secular priests, and it continued till the Suppression. Glemisford, or Glemnesford College, had a history as old as the time of Edward the Confessor, and was granted certain privileges by Henry III. Metingham College had a brief life of a few years before the Suppression. The priests settled there were translated from Raveningham, in Norfolk, and their number increased from nine to thirteen. Wingfield also had its college. In 1362, Sir John Wingfield's widow and his brother Thomas obtained leave to make the parish church collegiate, and endowed it for the maintenance of a master and three priests. In later times the number was increased to seven priests and three choristers. Edward VI. added the college to the bishopric of Norwich.

The monk was, of course, primarily a man of religion. But he was more. He was the teacher of the people. The abbeys of old were the schools of the kingdom. In every monastery was a school, where the people might have their children taught grammar and music if they desired it. The boys learned gentility, and in the nunneries girls were brought up to be good housewives. Then the monasteries were hospitals also. All over Suffolk we find traces of the care of the Church for the bodily welfare of the people as well as for their spiritual weal. Bury Monastery maintained two such dependent hospitals. One of them was built by Abbot Anselm in the reign of Henry I., or during the early years of Stephen, and, dedicated to St. Peter, stood without the Risby Gate. Here were quartered old and infirm priests; here also were tended the leprous and diseased. The other hospital dedicated to the Holy Saviour was built by Abbot Samson in 1184 for a warden, twelve chaplains, six clerks, twelve poor gentlemen, and twelve women. The story is told that this hospital, which lay hard by the North Gate, owed its existence to Henry II., being built by the King at the behest of his confessor, in the way of penance. St. Peter's Hospital outlived the storm of the Dissolution; but St. Saviour's fell into the hands of kingly favourites. There are also records of hospitals at Bury dedicated to St. John and St. Nicholas respectively. Beccles had an almshouse for lepers, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen, and it enjoyed the distinction of having the monkish poet Lidgate as its advocate. Indeed Lidgate is said to have had permission to beg for the lazars. Here, too, is a case in which the authorities did not dare to confiscate the pious endowments of other times. In 1676, it was formally granted to the town for the maintenance of the poor priests. John Bridges, one of the brethren of the house, by his will dated 1561, gave twenty shillings to be divided among the inmates, and about thirty years later the master, Humphrey

Traine, wrote in his will :—"I give one Bible and one service book and my desk, to them belonging, to go and remain for ever with the hospital of St. Mary Magdalen, to the entent that the sick, lame, and diseased, then and there abiding, for the comfort of their souls, may have continual recourse unto the same." Many of the Suffolk almshouses or hospitals were built for the care of leper-victims. That dread disease is supposed to have been brought from the Holy Land by the Crusaders. Such a lazar house was St. James' Hospital at Dunwich, which dated back to the days of Cœur de Lion. The ancient capital of the country also had a godshouse founded in the time of Edward III. It is still in existence. Built for a master and six brethren, it boasted last century of a master who received forty shillings a year, and gave lodging to four poor women, who each had fifty shillings annually. The leper hospital at Eye, dedicated to St. Mary Magdalen—the special patroness of those afflicted with leprosy—is traced back as far as the third Edward, but disappeared at the Dissolution. To the same charitable end was also devoted a foundation at Gorleston; and Hadleigh had twelve almshouses, for twenty-four aged people in needy circumstances. William

Pykenham, Archdeacon of Suffolk and rector of Hadleigh, built a chapel for the inmates, and it was dedicated to the Magdalen. At Ipswich Edward Danby, who was bailiff and portman of the borough early in the sixteenth century, built almshouses; and Amicia, Countess of Clare, founded a hospital at Sudbury, afterwards giving it into the hands of the monks of Stoke-by-Clare. It was known as the house of Holy Sepulchre.

The monk is, as primarily, a man of God; but he might be, and often was, a historian, a schoolmaster, a canonist and a philosopher. But for the monks the pre-Reformation history of England would be almost a blank. John Lidgate, a monk of Bury, was a prolific and exquisite poet. Overshadowed, however, by his great contemporary, Geoffrey Chaucer, he has not received attention that is his due. In the opinion of Gray, "Lidgate comes nearest to Chaucer of any contemporary writer I am acquainted with. His choice of expression and the smoothness of his verse far surpass both Gower and Occleve." John of Bury, the vigorous opponent of Wycliffe; Walter Bederichsworth, the expounder of the "Sentences" of Peter Lombard; John Eversden, author of a "Concordance of Divine History" and the "Marrow of the Law in Verse," all left their mark on the page of intellectual progress. Nor must we forget Roger the Computist who employed his time in writing "An explanation of the Difficult Words throughout the Bible;" nor the peripatetic Boston of Bury who drew a "Mirror of Conventuals," nor yet Jeffrey Waterton, the author of books on "The Morality of the Psalter," the "Evangelical Salutation," "Monastical Collations," etc. All these men were monks of Bury. The name of John de Norwald, one of the abbots of that noble monastery, recalls the dispute between Pope Innocent IV. and Bishop Grosseteste. Grosseteste, like Norwald, was a monk; but belonging to the despised Franciscans. He was a Bury man, humbly born, as he himself confessed, on father's and mother's side alike. Made Bishop of Lincoln in 1235, he set in earnest about the task of reforming the monasteries of his diocese. In the first year of his episcopacy he removed seven abbots and four priors from the offices they unworthily held. When it is considered that in those days the diocese of Lincoln included Lincoln, Leicester, Stowe, Buckingham, Huntingdon, Northampton, Oxford, and Bedford, some idea may be formed of the enormous amount of fatiguing work involved in a visitation. A strong minded man, wilful even to stubbornness when the fit took him, Grosseteste became embroiled in a long succession of disputes with the canons of his own cathedral chapter, with the Metropolitan see of Canterbury, and with the Pope. It was a time when the Papacy was shearing the flock instead of feeding it, and the Pope asked Grosseteste to give his nephew, Frederick di Lavagna, a canonry that had fallen vacant. The Bishop politely but firmly refused to do so, giving as his reason the incompetency of the papal candidate for the post. A long struggle with the Papacy was the result. It was against the abuse of the Papal power that Grosseteste protested, not against what the received opinion at the time deemed its legitimate exercise. His character is thus summed up by Matthew Paris:—"He was a manifest confuter of the Pope and of the King, the blamer of prelates, the corrector of monks, the director of priests, the instructor of clerks, the support of scholars, the preacher to the people, the persecutor of the incontinent, the sedulous student of all scripture, the hammer and the despiser of the Romans. At the table of bodily refreshment he was hospitable, eloquent, courteous, pleasant, and affable. At the spiritual table, devout, tearful, and contrite. In his episcopal office he was sedulous, venerable, and indefatigable." Another son of whom Suffolk has reason to boast is Simon Theobald. He was born at Sudbury early in the fourteenth century, and in 1375 rose to the dignity of Archbishop of Canterbury. But he only held the office for six years, meeting his death at the hands of Wat Tyler's rebels. A skull that used to be preserved in the vestry of St. Gregory's Church was said to be that of the murdered prelate, but his body rests in the fane of Canterbury.

Strange that the seeds of monastic disintegration should be sown by a Churchman, and melancholy that King Henry's spoliation of the Church should have its suggestion in the conduct of one of its own children. Thomas Wolsey, the wool-merchant's son of Ipswich, Papal legate and Cardinal, set the fatal example of suppression. To carry out his scheme of founding two colleges, one at Ipswich, the other at Cambridge, he alienated the revenues of a large number of the lesser monastic establishments. His ostensible idea was to suppress houses where the monks only numbered five or six, and divine worship could not be conducted in a seemly manner. The monks protested, the people clamoured, prelates appealed to the King. But in vain. Wolsey's agents, Thomas Cromwell and Dr. Allen, went to work with merciless determination. Those who could not or would not buy off the visitors suffered the penalty, and the King himself wrote to Wolsey hinting that the Cardinal's exaction displeased him.

Here is the King's letter :—

> "As touching the help of religious houses towards the building of your College, I would it were more, so it were lawfully; for my intent is none, but that it should appear so to all the world and the occasion of all this mumbling might be secluded and put away. For surely there is a great murmuring of it throughout all the Realm, both good and bad. They say, not that all that is ill-gotten is bestowed on the College; but that the College is the cloak for covering all mischiefs. This grieveth me, I assure you, to hear it spoken of him, which I so entirely love. Wherefore methought I could do no less than thus friendly to admonish you. One thing more I perceive by your one letter, and that is, that you have received money of the exempts for having their old visitors. Surely this can hardly be with good conscience."

An example of how Cromwell and Allen went about their business is given by Edward Hall, the chronicler of the union of the Houses of York and Lancaster, a man of observation and a fair witness. Hall says:—

> "This season the Cardinal beyng in the Kynge's fauor, obtained licence to make a College at Oxford, and another at Ipswyche, and, because he would give no landes to the said Colleges, he obtained of the bishop of Rome license to suppresse and put doune diuerse abbayes, priories and monasteries to the number of (number not given); wherfore sodainly he entered by his comissioners into the saied houses, and put out the religious and tooke all their goodes, moveables, and scarcely gave to the poore wretches any thyng, except it wer to the heddes of the house, and then he caused th'excheter to sit and to finde the houses voyde, as relinquished, and founde the Kyng founder where other men wer founders; and with these landes he endewed with all his colleges, which he began so sumpteous and the scholers were so proude, that every persone judged that th'ende would not be goode."

In Suffolk alone the Cardinal suppressed at least half-a-dozen religious houses. One of the number was the monastery Holy Trinity, Ipswich, founded in the reign of Henry II., by John de Oxford, Bishop of Norwich. The monks of Felixtowe, Mountjoy, and Romburgh had likewise to give up their old homes to gratify the greedy pride and love of power of Wolsey, now tottering to his fall. Religious houses at Snape, Dodnash, Blythburgh, and elsewhere, also came into the Cardinal's net. Yet, after all, the shame and infamy of the Colleges came to naught. We have, in a letter written by William Capon, the dean of Cardinal's College, an interesting light thrown on the life in the new college of Ipswich. The dean wrote to the Cardinal, urging that the number of priests at Ipswich was insufficient to perform the duties expected of them. It is such a quaint picture of the times, that we cannot forbear to reproduce it.

> "Also here byn but fyve prestis besides your subdeane, which is so litle a nomber to kepe in Massys Coury day, according to your grace's statutes; and the subdeane cannot attende upon his charge for surveyeng of the works and bieldyngs of your grace's College; wherefore we most humbly defyer and pray your grace to have moo priests to perform your Grace's Ordynance in your sayd College. Or else to dyspence with us for oon of your Masses, either the requiem Masse, or else Our Ladye's Masse, until the tyme we be better furnished with priestis to accomplish and perfourme your grace's Ordynance and statutes therein. And but for Mr. Kentall, we cowde in a maner do nothing in our quere, he taketh very great paynes and is always present att Mattens and all Masses with evyn song and he is very sober and discrete and bringeth up your Choresters very wele. Assuring your grace there shall be no better Children in no place of England then we shall have here and that in short tyme. . . . Fardermore there hath byn sent unto your grace's College agaynst the day of the Nativitie of our Ladye nine bukks; that is to wete, 2 from the Duke of Norfolke, 2 from the Duke of Suffolke, oon from my lady of Oxford, the younger, oon from Sir Philip Bowth, oon from Mr. Pyrton, oon from Mr. Sentcler your grace's servaunt, and oon from Richard Cavendish, your

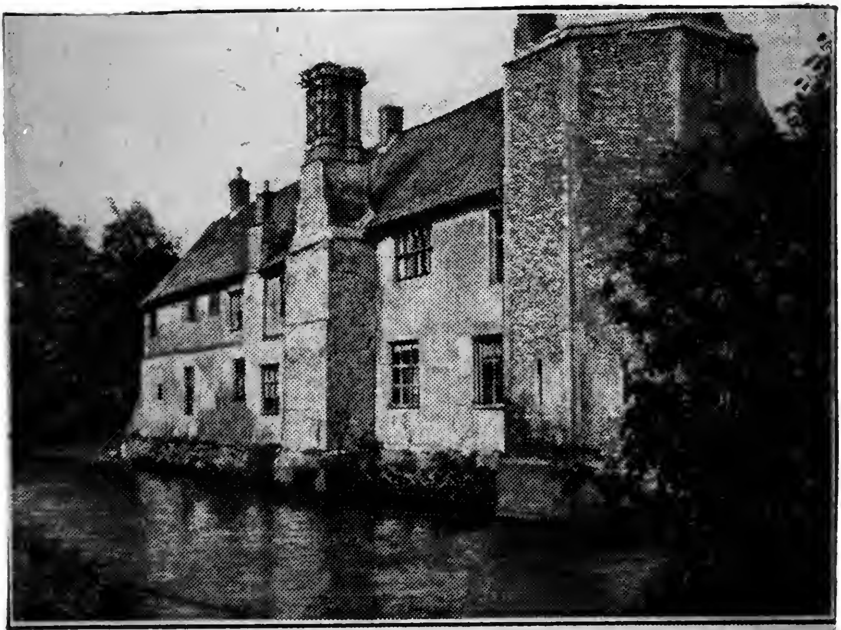
grace's servaunt, whiche bukks were spent on our sayd Ladye's day in your grace's College and in the towne of Gipswiche, whereof oon buk was delyvered to the Chamberlayns of the towne to make mery with all by the advyce of Mr. Stephens, Mr. Lee and Mr. Crumwell, and in lykewise to the bayliffs wyves and the partemennes wives to make mery with a buk and 10s. And to the Curatts of the same towne a buk with 6s 8d in money. For theyr paynes and labours takyn in our procession. Also Mr. Rushe to whom all your graces College is moche beholden unto, ever redy to do pleasures and also to take paynes for us in all our causes; and at the sayd day he gave us 6 cowple of conyes, 2 fesaunts and oon dosseyn of quayles. Also the Priour of Butley he gave us 2 fesaunts and a fatte crane."

How the Cardinal's example was followed by Henry has been told many times. The Suffolk monasteries shared the fate of Glastonbury and Fountains and Chepstow. But not without bitter resistance from the people, who rose in revolt, and it would have gone hard with the spoilers had the strength of the mob been equal to their will. A few ruins, noble in their decay, are all that testify to the vanished greatness of monastic Suffolk. A tradition of life handed down from the days of Felix and Furfaeus till the sixteenth century had tolled its first quarter passed away, as though it were the dream of an hour, or the burthen of a song.

But if we may believe Sir Henry Spelman, the despoilers of the Church felt the weight of the divine anger in many ways. Sir Henry tells how Mr. Brown, who came into possession of the house of the dispossessed Benedictines of Lawson "was murdered by his wife, who was burned for the fact, and a servant that assisted her hanged."

He also relates, with a touch of ease, that Mr. Ford, who had Butley Priory after the Suppression, was unfortunate in his children, disinheriting his eldest son.

J. Redfern Mason.



WINGFIELD CASTLE, Suffolk, built by Michael de la Pole in the fourteenth century.

THE CITY AND THE VILLAGE

A REDISCOVERY OF WINGFIELD

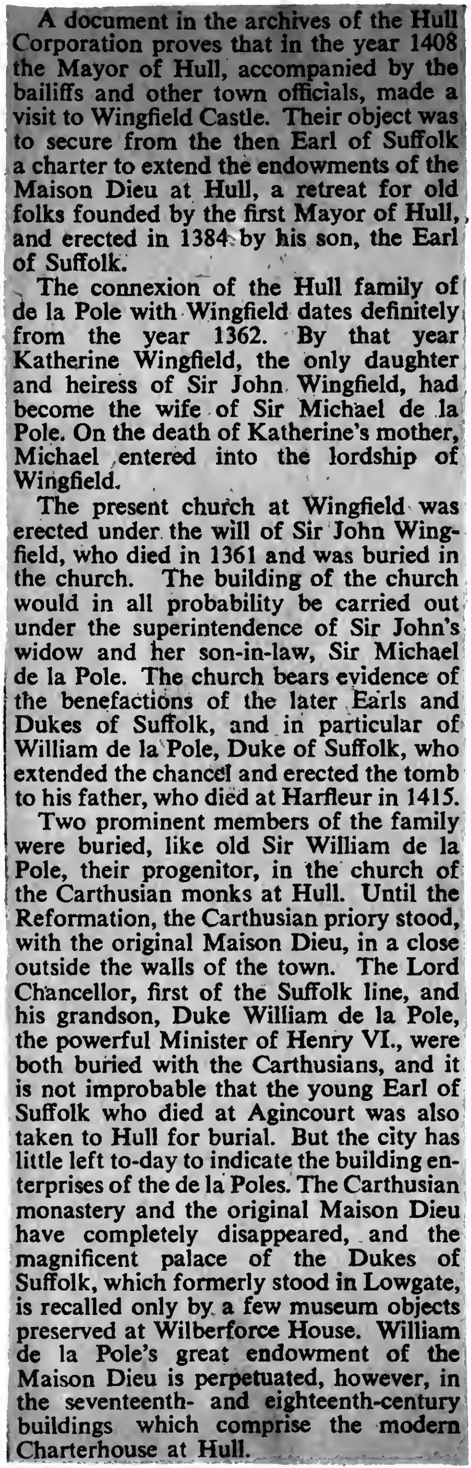
FROM A CORRESPONDENT

The connexion of the Yorkshire city of Hull with the small Suffolk village of Wingfield was brought to some degree of public notice in 1931, when, on the 600th anniversary of the foundation of Hull's mayoralty, the Lord Mayor of that city, attended by a civic party, visited Wingfield Church and Castle. The people of Hull desire to maintain and strengthen the tie which, since the fourteenth century has linked their city with Wingfield.

The family of de la Pole, benefactors of both Hull and Wingfield, is lastingly commemorated in the village. Since the mayoral visit of 1931, the arms of the city of Hull have been placed in the east window of Wingfield Church and a record of the visit erected in the nave. It is now intended to restore the de la Pole chantry chapel, and a suggestion has been made that the various places which still enjoy the fruits of the munificent benefactions of the de la Poles should join in the project.

The castle, or crenellated manor house, of Wingfield, of which the main gateway and the south front still remain, stands on the verge of Wingfield "Green," a typical Suffolk common. It was built by Michael de la Pole, Lord Chancellor and first Earl of Suffolk of the de la Pole line, under a licence issued in 1384. Before his accession to the earldom he had spent some years first as a merchant of Hull and later as a soldier in the service of Edward the Black Prince, whose arms may still be seen in the de la Pole chantry chapel at Wingfield Church. In the year 1376 he had served as Mayor of Hull, an office to which his father, Sir William de la Pole, "the beloved merchant" of Edward III., had been elected as first occupant in the year 1331.

The business house of the de la Poles in London, formerly the banking house of the Society of the Bardi, stood between Lombard Street and Cornhill. Their ducal residence, known as the Manor of the Rose, and once the home of Sir John Pulteney, was situated on Laurence Pountney Hill.



A document in the archives of the Hull Corporation proves that in the year 1408 the Mayor of Hull, accompanied by the bailiffs and other town officials, made a visit to Wingfield Castle. Their object was to secure from the then Earl of Suffolk a charter to extend the endowments of the Maison Dieu at Hull, a retreat for old folks founded by the first Mayor of Hull, and erected in 1384 by his son, the Earl of Suffolk.

The connexion of the Hull family of de la Pole with Wingfield dates definitely from the year 1362. By that year Katherine Wingfield, the only daughter and heiress of Sir John Wingfield, had become the wife of Sir Michael de la Pole. On the death of Katherine's mother, Michael entered into the lordship of Wingfield.

The present church at Wingfield was erected under the will of Sir John Wingfield, who died in 1361 and was buried in the church. The building of the church would in all probability be carried out under the superintendence of Sir John's widow and her son-in-law, Sir Michael de la Pole. The church bears evidence of the benefactions of the later Earls and Dukes of Suffolk, and in particular of William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, who extended the chancel and erected the tomb to his father, who died at Harfleur in 1415.

Two prominent members of the family were buried, like old Sir William de la Pole, their progenitor, in the church of the Carthusian monks at Hull. Until the Reformation, the Carthusian priory stood, with the original Maison Dieu, in a close outside the walls of the town. The Lord Chancellor, first of the Suffolk line, and his grandson, Duke William de la Pole, the powerful Minister of Henry VI., were both buried with the Carthusians, and it is not improbable that the young Earl of Suffolk who died at Agincourt was also taken to Hull for burial. But the city has little left to-day to indicate the building enterprises of the de la Poles. The Carthusian monastery and the original Maison Dieu have completely disappeared, and the magnificent palace of the Dukes of Suffolk, which formerly stood in Lowgate, is recalled only by a few museum objects preserved at Wilberforce House. William de la Pole's great endowment of the Maison Dieu is perpetuated, however, in the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century buildings which comprise the modern Charterhouse at Hull.

The Parish Churches.

THE Dissolution alienated in great measure the revenues of the parish churches, removing all chantry endowments, besides ravishing the rarest jewels of the sanctuary, and stripping the images of their costly adornment. The statue of Our Lady of Ipswich was torn from its niche by Cromwell's minions and burned. One of the men wrote to Cromwell :—"Ther is nothing about hir but ij half shoes of silver and iiij stones of cristell and in silver." What Cromwell spared the ignorant and fanatical reformers of the Puritan ascendancy swept ruthlessly away. Suffolk has the dubious credit of bringing into existence the arch-iconoclast of the whole Praise-God-Barebone's tribe. This was Thomas Dowsing, born in the last decade of the sixteenth century, a man who did more sacrilegious mischief in a few weeks than ages of piety could make good. The Long Parliament made an order for the destruction of altars, the removal of candlesticks, and the defacement of pictures and images. By a warrant of December

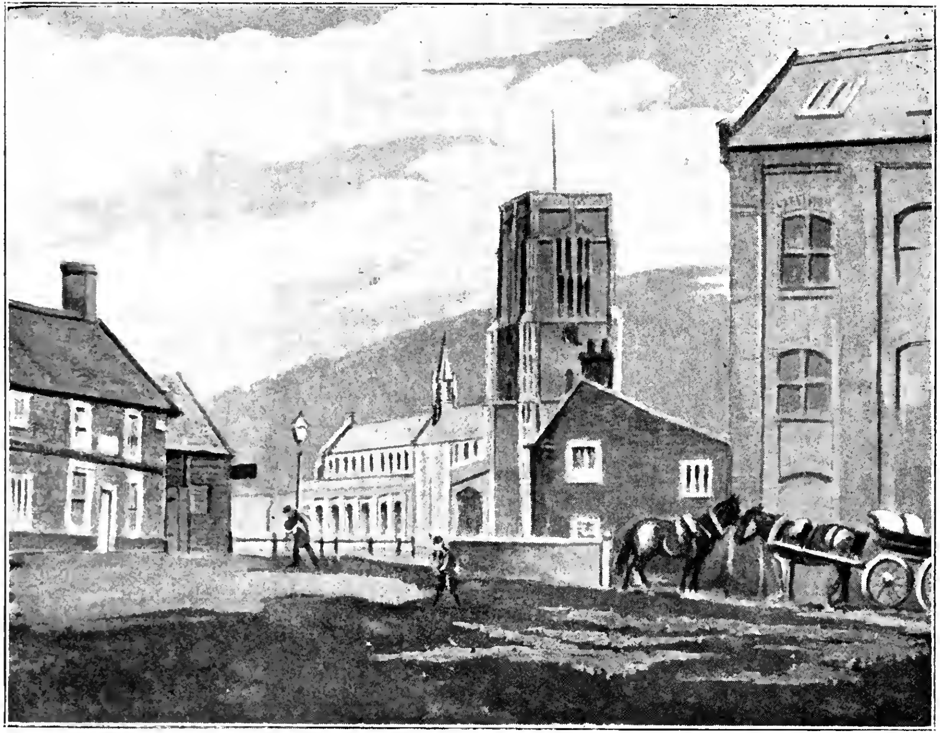
19th, 1643, Dowsing was appointed visitor of Suffolk churches. In seven weeks he visited 150 places, and in one day mutilated as many as eleven churches. At Ipswich he broke down the twelve apostles in St. Margaret's Church. Here is a fragment of Dowsing's diary, a compilation surely one of the strangest penned by men. He refers to Haverhill Church:—"We broke down about an hundred superstitious pictures; and seven fryars hugging a nun: and the picture of God and Christ, and diuerse others very superstitious; and 200 had been broke down before I came. We took away two Popish inscriptions of *Ora pro nobis*, and we beat down a great stoneing cross at the top of the Church." At Clare he relates how, "We broke down a thousand pictures superstitious; I broke down 200; three of God the Father, and three of Christ and the Holy Lamb, and three of the Holy Ghost, like a Dove with Wings. And the twelve Apostles were carved in wood at the top of the roof, which we gave orders to take down; and twenty cherubin to be taken down; and the Sun and Moon in the East Window, by the King's Arms, to be taken down." So the churches suffered, and men of rapine and bigotry maimed the fair fabrics. Nor did the elements spare the venerable structures. Could the history of Dunwich be written, it would be as strange and wonderful as what is told of the city of Atlantis fabled by the ancients, or of the vanished islands of the Danish archipelago. Church after church was swallowed up by the invading ocean, and the waves laid bare the forms of dead priests buried ages ago, chalice in hand, wearing their sacrificial garments. In the reign of Edward III. the sea swallowed up the old port, and with it the site of the ancient episcopal castle of St. Felix, the apostle of the East Angles. Once a flourishing seaport, returning two members to Parliament; now it is a forlorn fishing village, whose ruined church is almost the only suggestive memento of what once has been. Southwold is in happier condition, though the image-breaking Dowsing did not spare its magnificent early fifteenth century church. In the infamous diary we find the entry:—"We broke down 130 superstitious pictures, St. Andrew and four crosses on the four crosses of the vestry, and gave orders to take down thirteen cherubims, twenty angels, and the cover of the font." But as the angels and cherubims supported the roof, the utmost mischief the barbarians dare do was to hack off the heads, and this they did. Southwold Church, with its massive tower, is one of the finest examples of flint churches for which Suffolk is so deservedly noted. There is a legend that it was St. Felix who taught the Saxons to use flint in the building of their churches, and it is quite possible that the story has some truth in it, for the Burgundian priest, with his knowledge of the massive architecture of Italy, would at least have it in his power to teach the lesson. St. Edmund, with the arrowy emblems of his martyrdom, appears on one of the panels of the west door; the rood screen and stalls are beautifully carved with saintly story, and a quaint mechanical figure in armour, known as "Jack Smite the Clock," solemnly warns the people when service is about to begin. Over the west window outside the church, where it escaped the vigilant eye of Dowsing, is the supplication, "St. Edmund, *ora pro nobis*," exquisitely graven in Old English characters. In the churchyard rests the body of Agnes Strickland.

Far different is the majestic fabric of Covehithe with its ivy-clad East window; its ample, roofless nave, through which the wind sighs a requiem for the departed; and its strongly buttressed tower. One of the aisles is enclosed, and now serves as a church for the little community of fishers who live in the neighbourhood. Nowhere is the departed glory of East Anglia more eloquently borne witness to than in this dismantled fane of Covehithe. Miss Agnes Strickland made the church the subject of some graceful verses:—

"All roofless now the stately pile,
  And rent the arches tall,
Thro' which with bright departing smile
  The western sunbeams fall.

Tradition's voice forgets to tell
  Whose ashes sleep below,
And fancy here unchecked may dwell
  And bid the story flow."

Covehithe has forgotten its most famous son. This was John Bale, born in this secluded spot in 1495. He became a Carmelite monk, then embraced the teachings of the Reformation. For a time he was Bishop of Ossory in Ireland; but, on the accession of Queen Mary, he had to take refuge among the Reformers of Geneva. Returning to England when Elizabeth came to the throne, he was given a prependal stall in Canterbury Cathedral, but never recovered the Bishopric of Ossory. He is principally remembered as the author of a work, "*De Scriptoribus Britannicis.*" Blythburgh Church is the reputed burial-place of Anna, an East Anglian King, who met his death in battle with Penda. It is quite possible that the Saxon King may have been buried in a church built on the site of the present fifteenth century edifice; but it seems doubtful whether he lies in the tomb now shown as his. Dedicated to the Holy Trinity, the church is beautiful in form and workmanship. The windows with their rich Perpendicular work and fragments of glorious stained glass, the roof with its heraldic angels and the finely carved woodwork, show what the building must have been before the Reformers and Puritans came. Before the Reformation the church doubtless abounded in beautiful images. There was one of the Holy Trinity at the high altar; one of the Virgin Mary in her chapel; besides St. Anne, St. Sigismund, St. Erasmus, and St. Katharine. At Burgh Castle are the supposed remains of the *monasterium sylvanum*, spoken of by the Venerable Bede. Walberswick Church, once the place of worship of a thriving township, had to be dismantled owing to the inability of the people to keep it in repair. Only



Southwold Church (*from a Water Colour Drawing*).

the spire and a small angle of the church were allowed to remain.

Another church of note, a little distance away from the coast, is that of Gorleston, visited in evil hour by Francis Jessope of Beccles, fellow desecrator of Dowsing's, who smashed windows, destroyed the organ, "rent to pieces a hood and surplice," and "brake the Popish inscription, 'my flesh is meat indeed, and my blood is drink indeed.'"

For the sake of convenience we may divide inland Suffolk into North and South, drawing a line from Saxmundham on the East to Bury St. Edmunds in the West. In the extreme North, Belton, Herringfleet, and Beccles all have churches of great beauty. Belton is notable for its pictured legend of the "three living and the three dead." It is a grim allegory depicting three knights, types of the world's ambition, setting out on their earthly warfare. But, lo! in their way stand skeletons, who with gaunt finger point to the Cross. It is a grimly dramatic conceit, and we may indulge the fancy that the sight, and some continental limning of it, may have awakened in the mind of Hans Holbein the idea of his undying Dance of Death. The Norman work in St.

Margaret's Church, Belton, is of deep interest to the lover of architecture, as is the rich groining of the porch of St. Michael's, Beccles, a church much mauled by the Puritans, but a fine edifice notwithstanding. Passing with a glance the fine Gothic church of Halesworth, the mutilated but still beautiful fabric of Cratfield calls for notice. Here there is a noble Perpendicular font with sculptured figures, apostles, and panelled carvings illustrative of the seven sacraments. In the vestry is a fine old chest with the legend :—

> " Roger Walsche gaf this cheist
> Pray for his sowle to Jhu Chreist."

Wingfield, rich in memories of the De la Poles, has a church built of coloured flints. In the ancient sanctuary are entombed Wingfields and De la Poles, and monuments and brasses still remain to tell of their deeds. Of Dennington Church a description is given in the "Archæologia Topographica of Suffolk," which can hardly be bettered. We are told that "the chancel arch is very fine ; the shafts forming the responds come down very low, and are terminated by rich knots of foliage. . . . The open seats in the nave are, perhaps with the exception of those at Saxfield, the finest in the county ;

they have rich poppy heads and an almost endless variety of panelling; but the finest specimens of woodwork in the church are the parclose screens at the ends of each aisle in the lofts above. The date is about 1450. It would be difficult to find more beautiful specimens than these screens."

One of the finest churches in northern Suffolk is that of Framlingham, in the hundred of Loes. It is of black flint, and has a stately Perpendicular tower. The body of the church, which is said to have been built by the Mowbrays, the predecessors of the Howards in the Duchy of Norfolk, is a good example of Decorated work. In the west doorway the story of St. George and the Dragon--a favourite legend in Suffolk—is sculptured within the spandrels of the arch. Some of the tombs in this church are very beautiful, notably that of the Earl and Countess of Surrey. The Earl is clad in armour, over which flows his robe of state; but the coronet lies by his side in token of his having met death on the scaffold—a judicial murder which must be laid to the charge of Henry VIII.

Of Bury St. Edmunds the story is almost purely monastic. But the church of St. Mary, which dates back for its original foundation to Saxon times, has a noble roof—supported by figures of angels—well out of the reach of the Puritan image-breakers. But the churchwardens in 1644 took down the brasses and figures of saints, and sold them for their own benefit. Here was buried Mary Tudor, third daughter of Henry VII., wife of the decrepit Louis XII. of France; but she, on his decease, was wedded to the Duke of Suffolk, her true love. In the same church is entombed John Reeve, the last abbot of Bury. He did not long survive his resignation of the abbey, dying four months later. Henry's creatures could find little against this venerable man except that "he seemeth to be addicted to the meyneteyning of such superstitious ceremonies as hathe ben used heretofer." The grave-stone, with abbot in canonicals, mitred, and holding his crozier, was broken, and the body of a ship's purser named Sutton intruded into the very grave. St. James's Church was founded by Abbot Sampson in the year 1200, and three hundred years later Edward VI. gave £200 to complete it. It is an impressive Gothic structure, and has some fine monuments.

In the south, starting from the eastward side of the county, one of the first churches of note, after leaving the coast, is that of St. John the Baptist at

Snape, with its ancient font sculptured with kings and bishops and symbolical birds. The Decorated flint church of Letheringham, with the exquisite pinnacles of its western tower, is a remnant of an old priory of Black Canons. Sir Anthony Wingfield became possessed of the lands of the priory at the Dissolution. He left no male heir, and Sir Henry Spelman regards this misfortune as a visitation of God to punish him for seizing lands that once belonged to the church. Ufford Church, as described by Weaver, "is the most neatly polished little church that he looked into in this diocese; the roof thereof, with other parts of the choir, is curiously engraven with sundry kinds of works and pictures, all burnished and gilt with gold. The organ case (in which these words, *Soli Deo honor et gloria*, are carved and gilt over) is garnished and adorned in a most costly manner. The font and the cover of the same is without compare, being of a great height, cut, and gloriously painted with many images, consonant to the representation of the Holy Sacrament of Baptism, also with the arms of the Uffords, Earls of Suffolk." Here, as in so many other places, the Dowsingites were busy. Dowsing wrote in his journal:—"We broke twelve cherubims in the roof of the chancel, and nigh an hundred Jesus's and Marias in capital letters, and the steps we levelled. And we broke down the organ cases and gave them to the poor. In the church there was on the roof above an hundred Jesus's and Marias in great capital letters and a crozier staff to break down in glass, and above twenty stars on the roof. There is a glorious cover over the font like a pope's triple crown, with a pelican on the top picking its breast, all gilt over with gold." It is to the credit of the Ufford churchwardens that they resisted the "visitors" to the utmost in their power, and rated them soundly for the mischief they were so intent on.

Woodbridge Church, a dignified structure of black flint, built in the reign of the third Edward, and dedicated to the Virgin Mary, was also visited by Dowsing and his crew, but we forbear to repeat the monotonous tale of desecration. St. Michael and the Dragon are to be seen in the spandrels of the porch, and over the doorway the Blessed Virgin with St. Helena and St. Etheldreda, one on either side. The name of one of the benefactors of the church, John Albrede, called the "twill weaver," appears in the stone-work of the steeple, and a monument in the church, quoted in *Britannia Antiqua*, states that "he was at the charge of cutting, gilding, and painting the rood-loft over the partition between the body of the church and the quire, in which were the pictures of the cross and crucifix, the Virgin Mary, some archangels, angels, saints, and martyrs, carved to the life, which how glorious it was some remains show."

St. Bartholomew's Chapel at Arford is a very old building, of high architectural beauty, traceried windows, and a chancel interesting for its exquisite remains of antique work. The font is very finely wrought. It is encircled with the inscription:— "Orate pro animabus Johannis Cokerel et Katerinae uxoris eius qui istam fontem in honore Dei fecerunt fieri." Ipswich is said at one time to have had twenty-one parish churches. Domesday mentions nine, and Stow, in his chronicle, relates how, on New Year's Day, 1287, a terrific storm overthrew many churches at Ipswich, Dunwich, and other places. St. Mary's le Tower was formerly attached to the old priory of the Holy Trinity. Here used to meet the brethren of the Gild of Corpus Christi, and some early sixteenth century brasses are still to be seen. In the fine Perpendicular church dedicated to St.

Clement is buried Thomas Eldred, who accompanied Thomas Cavendish—himself a Suffolk man—in his voyage round the world. The following inscription tells of his journeyings :—

> "He that travels ye world about,
> Seeth God's wonders and God's works,
> Thomas Eldred travelled ye world about;
> And went out of Plymouthe ye 2^{d} of July
> 1586 and arrived in Plymouthe again, the
> 9th of September 1588."

St. Lawrence Church dates back to the Conquest, but was rebuilt by John Bottold in 1431. Weaver, the antiquary, discovered the following inscription relating to this benefactor :—

> "Subjacet hoc lapide John Bottold, vir probus ipse,
> Istius ecclesiae primus inceptor fuit iste,
> Cujus animae, Domine, miserere tu bone Christe,
> Obitt MCCCCXXXI. Litera Domin cabis G."

The church of St. Helen dates from very remote times, but little of the old fabric remains. The flint church of St. Margaret is still a beautiful building, notwithstanding the ruthless attentions of Dowsing, who had the figures of the twelve apostles taken down, and twenty or thirty pictures destroyed. Two gargoyles, one the head of a monk, the other of a nun, are notable for their fine workmanship. Three other churches dedicated to the Virgin Mary have all particular claims to attention. St. Nicholas is supposed to be built on the site of St. Matthew's Church spoken of in Domesday; St. Matthew's is a large Perpendicular edifice; and St. Peter's has a fine Norman font, and there are some well preserved monuments at St. Stephen's.

A little country town which enforces consideration is Hadleigh, the reputed death-place of Guthrum the Dane, overcome by Alfred, and by him made Lord of the East Angles. Here, too, met his end one of the most distinguished of the Marian martyrs, Dr. Rowland Taylor, rector of the parish, who was burned on Aldham Common in 1555. An inscription near the place of his execution tells that:—

> "Anno 1555
> Dr. Taylor, for defending what was god
> In this place shed his blood."

The story of those Suffolk worthies who gave up their lives for the principles of the Reformation is ghastly and horrible. The order *De comburendo haereticis*, passed to stem the flood of Lollard doctrine which swept the country in the fifteenth century, gave the power of trying, convicting, and executing for heresy into the hands of the bishops, who used it with little mercy. In Suffolk the tale of men and women who were not afraid to die for conscience sake is a long one. Whippings and imprisonings were without number, and the cases in which the extreme penalty was exacted were many. Thomas Bilney, of Ipswich, was put to death for holding that the miracles at the famous shrine of Walsingham were "done by the devil through God's permission to blind the poor people." Robert Debnam was hanged in chains at Cataway Causeway for taking a crucifix out of a chapel at Dovrecourt and burning it. Richard Bayfield, a monk of Bury, was burned at Smithfield; William Payton scoffed at an image that was being carried in procession at Eye, and for this offence was put to the flames at Ipswich; and Nicholas Peke, of Earls Stonham, met a like fate, also at Ipswich, for heresy about the sacrament of the altar. Many others were burned, namely, Roger Clarke and a man named Kerby, both of Mendlesham; Robert Cox, of Melford; Thomas Cobb, of Haverhill; John Noyes, of Laxfield; Richard Yeoman, a married curate of Hadleigh. At Bury on one occasion four persons were burned in one fire, namely, John Cook, Robert Miles, Alexander Lane, and James

Ashley; and another time, also at Bury, Roger Bernard, Adam Foster, and Robert Lawson were consumed in one fire. The Bury fires also burned up Alexander Gouche, Alice Driver (who likened Queen Mary to Jezebel), Philip Humphrey, and John and Henry David. Told in detail, the story of the persecutions of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries in Suffolk would be a recital of barbarities almost unreadable in its horror.

To return after this digression to the prolific subject of Suffolk parish churches, that of the township of Stowmarket, built of flint, a spacious and graceful structure, is of great interest, alike architecturally and on account of its monuments. Here is a memorial of Dr. Young, Milton's tutor, one time vicar of the place. Sudbury, the birthplace of Simon de Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, murdered by the followers of Wat Tyler; also of the great artist, Thomas Gainsborough, has three churches, dedicated to St. Gregory, St. Peter, and All Saints respectively. Simon built the upper part of St. Gregory's Church, where, as late as the beginning of the present century, his head was shown to the curious. Simon also founded a college in the town, but it was suppressed with the priories and monasteries. Stoke Mayland Church, in the opinion of the artist Constable, was one of the finest churches in the eastern counties. Its magnificent steeple can be seen for many miles, and its battlemented parapets command the admiration of all who see them. One of the quaintest old-time places in the county is Lavenham, with its timbered houses curiously carved, its antique Guild Hall, and imposing church. The church is a late Perpendicular fabric of freestone and flint; the clerestory is lofty and dignified, and the tower, reaching upwards over 140 feet, is one of the highest and most massive in Suffolk. In the porch are to be seen the arms of the De Veres, quartered with those of Nevils, Howards, and Montagues, and again on the steeple where are also coats of arms of the Springs, wealthy clothiers in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and great benefactors of the church. Here is an old inscription which deserves to be reproduced :—

"Continuall prayse these lynes in brasse
Of Allaine Dister here,
A clothier vertuous while he was
In Lavenham many a yeare.
For as in lyefe he loved best
The poore to clothe and feede,
So with the riche and all the rest

He neighbourlie agreed ;
And did appoint before he dyed
A speciall yearlie rent,
Which should be every Whitsuntide
Among the poorest spent.
Et obiit Anno Dni 1534."

The ancient stone cross still graces the deserted market-place, but the ancient fairs have passed into forgetfulness, and Lavenham lives in the memory of the past rather than in the activities of the present day. In its time it has produced some notable men. One of them was Richard de Lanham, a divine, who met his death in the Wat Tyler insurrection, and Sir Thomas Cooke, Lord Mayor of London in 1462. A charge of lending money to the Lancastrians was nearly fatal to him. He escaped with his life, but was heavily amerced, and for a long time kept prisoner.

Another beautiful church is that of Long Melford, a Perpendicular edifice of white stone and flint ; the body of the church dates from the latter half of the fifteenth century ; the tower, a brick structure, was built in 1725. One of the peculiarities of its construction was a "squint," to let late comers or people who could not enter the church catch sight of the altar and follow the movements of the priest, and so join their prayers with his at the consecration of the Host. There are some fine monuments to the Croptons; but the windows have been despoiled of their storied glass. Fragments have been unearthed from time to time, however, and give some idea of the ancient glory of the place. Thomas Clopton, to whom there is an altar tomb in the north aisle, was charged by Robert Eland, a gentleman of Lincoln, with having put his seal to a forged deed. There is in the Harleian MSS. a writ in the Court of Chivalry, calling upon the Duke of Norfolk to bring Clopton before the Court at Westminster to answer the charge. Whether the Court of Chivalry adjudicated on the matter we do not know; but this we can say, that the Suffolk squire took action against Eland in the Court of King's Bench, and the charge of forgery was retorted upon the original impugner. Sir William Cordell, Speaker of the House of Commons in the reign of Queen Mary, and founder of Long Melford Hospital, is also buried at Long Melford.

J. Redfern Mason.

The Shrine of the Martyr-King.

BURY ST. EDMUNDS, formerly Beodoricweord, or Beodoricsworth (*i.e.*, the home or dwelling of Beodoric, meaning "Power in Prayer"), is a town of great antiquity and historic interest. Some writers have supposed that it was at one time a Roman station, having the name *Villa Faustini*, but no Roman remains have ever been found there, although a few have been found at Woolpit and Rougham not far away: perhaps to one of these the name *Villa Faustini* might more justly be applied.*

Sigebert, the fifth monarch of East Anglia, founded the Christian church and monastery of St. Mary at Beodoricsworth in 638. The French abbot Floriacencis says that the town had its name from Beodoric, a distinguished Saxon, who at his death bequeathed it to St. Edmund, from which circumstance it was afterwards known as

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* The whole question of the Roman settlement in this vicinity is much confused, and between Bury St. Edmunds and Stowmarket there are at least three places, Rougham, Woolpit, and Haughley, having equal claims to the attention of antiquaries in this respect. The subject is dealt with in a separate chapter.—EDITOR.

St. Edmund's Bury. This celebrated monarch succeeded his uncle Offa in 855. According to the most authentic writer (Galfridus de Fontibus) Edmund was the son of Alkmund, a German prince, celebrated for his valour, wisdom, and piety. The sun was observed to shine with peculiar brilliancy on Alkmund while he was on a pilgrimage to Rome, and this was regarded as a very favourable omen; when afterwards a son was presented to him by his queen Siwarre, great things were expected, and high hopes were raised.

Offa, King of East Anglia, made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land to supplicate an heir, and on his way called to see his relative Alkmund. He highly approved the piety, abilities, and engaging manners of the young Edmund, and at his death, which occurred while he was on his travels, he made his nephew Edmund his heir. The nobles immediately journeyed to acquaint Edmund with his uncle's wishes, and with the approval of his father and the ecclesiastical dignities, Edmund left his home, and was conducted to his kingdom by the nobles of Offa's household. On landing, he threw himself upon his knees on the shore, and from that spot sprang up five springs of good water, which circumstance gave its name to

Hunstanton. Edmund did not immediately take over his full duties, but spent the first year in retirement and in the study of the Psalter. A very ancient Psalter, still in the library of St. James's Church, is said by some antiquaries to be the very book used by St. Edmund during this period.

He was not, however, suffered long to enjoy his retreat. Lodbrog, King of Denmark, being very fond of hawking, was one day pursuing his favourite amusement near the coast when his hawk and its prey fell into the sea. Being anxious to save the bird, he got into a small boat which happened to be near; a storm arose before he could land, and he was carried by the waves out to sea and up to the mouth of the Yare as far as Reedham. The inhabitants conducted the stranger to Edmund's court, then at Caistor. The King received Lodbrog kindly, and treated him with all the respect due to his rank. Lodbrog's skill at hawking led to the jealousy of Bern, Edmund's falconer, and one day the man took an opportunity to kill him and bury the body. By the sagacity of a greyhound the body was recovered, and the crime brought home to the culprit, who, as a punishment, was put into his victim's boat and sent adrift, exposed to the mercy of wind and waves. The boat was after some time cast on the shores of Denmark, and recognised as the one in which Lodbrog had been lost. Bern was questioned by Inguar and Hubba, the sons of Lodbrog, and he exculpated himself by declaring that their father had been villainously murdered by Edmund's authority. An expedition was immediately fitted out by Inguar and Hubba. They ravaged the Yorkshire coasts, and afterwards landed in East Anglia and attacked Edmund in his court at Thetford. Edmund collected an army to defend his kingdom and people, but after an engagement, which lasted a whole day, was defeated, and pursued to Hoxne, where he was taken prisoner. He was offered his life if he would abjure his faith, but having refused, and proving inflexible, he was bound to a tree, scourged, shot at with arrows, and then beheaded.

The form of this martyrdom is commemorated in the arms of the town in which the three crowns borne by the East Anglian kings appear, each transfixed by two arrows, saltierwise. The tradition concerning the death of St. Edmund is still current at Hoxne on the Waveney. The King's meadow is shown, as was the King's oak till it fell a few years ago, with one bright arrow in its trunk, to prove the truth of the martyrdom.

St. Edmund's officers found the body, which they treated with all reverence; but they searched in vain for forty days for the head. At the end of that time it was miraculously recovered. Some of the searchers lost themselves in the wood and called to the others, "Where are you?" A voice immediately replied "Here, here, here,"

> "And never ceased of all that longe day
> So for to crye tyl they cam where he lay."

Thus they found the royal head, perfectly preserved, and in charge of a wolf, who was holding it between his paws. The wolf renounced his fierce nature, followed them until the head was placed with the body, and then retired to his native woods to be seen no more. The head and body thus brought together, became miraculously united, so that the mark of the union could be scarcely seen. This legend conspicuously figures among the traditions of Bury, and a wolf holding a king's head "crouped proper, crowned or" is the crest still borne by the Corporation, as formerly by the abbey.

"At length the very Pope and cardinals at

Rome heard of these occurrences; and they, summing up as correctly as they well could, with *Advocatus-Diaboli* pleadings, and their other forms of process, the general verdict of mankind, declare:—That he had, in very fact, led a hero's life in this world: and being now *gone*, was gone, as they conceived, to God above, and reaping his reward there." But the body lay neglected at Hoxne Chapel for thirty-three years; at the end of that time it was placed in the monastery of St. Mary, but not being taken care of, was committed by Canute to the charge of thirteen monks of the Abbey of St. Bennet, Norfolk, and half the goods of that abbey were transferred to Bury. These monks took great care of the shrine, which soon became celebrated as a resort of pilgrims. Many notables, including as many as thirty-five reigning sovereigns, visited the shrine, and many miracles are said to have been performed there. One relates to a robbery which was attempted, but the robbers were miraculously shackled by St. Edmund until the officers of justice came to take them.

In the year 1010, owing to Danish incursions into East Anglia, the body of St. Edmund was removed to London, where it remained three years, being accompanied by Ayllwin, the first monk of Bury, and afterwards Bishop of Elmham. During this journey many miraculous occurrences are spoken of, as might be expected. At Eadbright, in Essex, where the body rested for the night, an illumination took place, and lasted the whole night, while heavenly voices were heard. At Stratford, the bridge not being wide enough for the carriage to pass over, the wheels of one side revolved on the surface of the water. A blind man at Cripplegate received his sight, and many lame persons were cured. A man was struck blind in St. Gregory's Church for attempting to view the body, but was restored after repentance. When the bishop ordered the removal of the body into the cathedral, it remained fast, and defied all efforts to disturb it. The body was in all removed six times, either for safety or to secure a more splendid resting-place. So great was the sanctity of the martyr's corpse, that King Sweyn is said to have been punished by death, because he required St. Edmund's people to pay exorbitant taxes. In 1065, a certain abbot doubted the incorruptibility of the body, and examined it to ascertain the truth; on this occasion a young man tried to pull at the arms and feet, and in the words of the old chronicler "contracted were his nerves for ever after."

William the Conqueror made a grant of stone from Barnack, in Northamptonshire, for the purpose of rebuilding the abbey. In this reign, the abbot, Baldwin, was engaged in high dispute with Herfast, Bishop of North Elmham, who had announced his intention of removing the see to Bury. On the advice of William, Baldwin went to seek advice from Pope Alexander II., who entertained him with the greatest honour and veneration, and gave him a most precious porphyry altar, dedicated by himself, which had this peculiar privilege attached—that, should the kingdom be placed under an interdict, mass could be celebrated at this altar, unless especially forbidden by his Holiness. The outcome of this dispute is thus related by Archdeacon Herman, who himself took part in the occurrences he describes:—"The Bishop riding one day, and conversing on the injuries which he meditated against the monastery, was struck upon the eyes by a branch, and a violent and painful suffusion of blood occasioned immediate blindness: St. Edmund thus avenging himself and punishing the temerity of the invaders of his rights. The prelate long remained entirely blind, and could obtain no relief, until he prostrated himself with sighs and tears at the foot of the altar, and received absolution from the abbot and brethren, when in a short time he returned perfectly healed."

A similar dispute, it may here be added, occurred in 1345, when the abbot had recourse to law, and emerged victorious.

The abbey at the time of its greatest magnificance was a stately pile. It was cruciform in shape, and one of the earliest built in this form. The length of the nave with the apse in which the shrine was placed was 472 feet, the transept 212, and the west font 240. Within its precincts stood the monastery, almonry and mint (coins still exist known as St. Edmund's pence), the churches of St. Mary and St. James, the chapels of St. Edmund, St. Stephen, St. Margaret, and St. John ad Mortem, the monk's cemetery, the charnel house, and the great cemetery were also included. The head of the monastery was a mitred abbot, who as such enjoyed within his own district the powers and privileges of a bishop, and discharged many episcopal functions. He appointed the parochial clergy, held synods in his own chapter-house, was a spiritual parliamentary baron, and a chief magistrate with the power of capital punishment. No King's officer could exercise his functions in the town without the abbot's leave. He appointed the assizes and nominated the Grand Jury. Many of the manor lands, when sold by the convent, had fine and rent reserved, to be offered on the shrine of St. Edmund. The supreme authority, thus exercised, gave great offence to the inhabitants, and disputes were frequent. Thus we find that in 1327 a difference arose with reference to the election of alderman, and the ex-alderman with many leading men and burgesses attacked the abbey, burning the gates and also the offices of the Sacristan. The riot lasted nine days, the soldiers came from London, many prisoners were taken, and nineteen persons were executed. After five years' litigation judgment was pronounced, £140,000 being awarded the abbot as compensation. The money, however, was never paid, the townsmen being forgiven on promising better behaviour in future.

Names of many of the abbots have come down to us. One of the most remarkable was Abbot Hugo, who appears to have got into the hands of Jewish money-lenders. We need say no more of the money-lender's proficiency in his profession than is implied in the fact that the abbey was reduced to the verge of bankruptcy. The King sent an officer to make enquiries, but he went away as wise as he came. In the end Hugo made a pilgrimage to St. Thomas at Canterbury, and obtained deliverance, but not in the way he intended, for his mule threw him and dislocated his knee, which resulted in his death. The election of his successor, Samson, is quaintly described by Carlyle (in "Past and Present"). This man soon relieved the convent of the Jews, and established the financial concerns of the abbey on a firm basis.

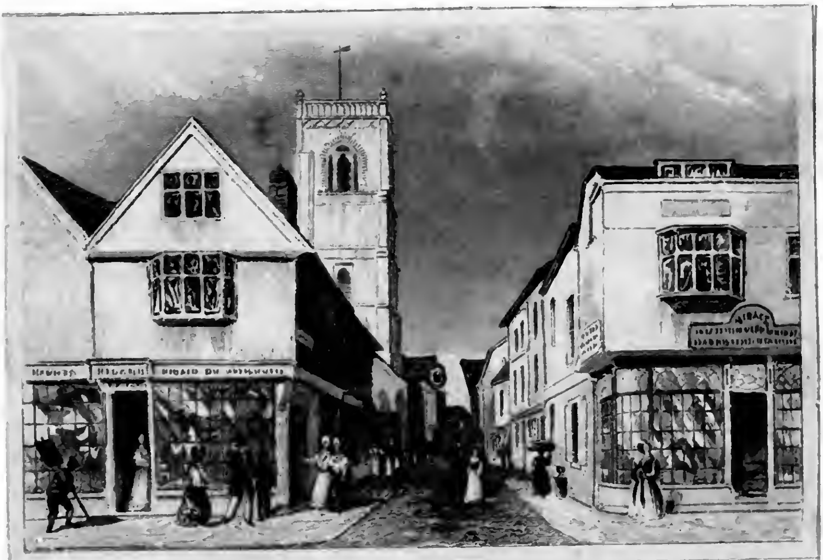
Canute, the son of the successor of Sweyn before mentioned, was a great benefactor to the shrine, going to the length of presenting to it the golden crown from his own head. Athelstan laid on its altar "for the benefit of his soul" a copy of the four Gospels. Edward the Confessor visited the shrine thirteen times, and on each occasion walked the last mile of his journey on foot. He also gave the manor of Mildenhall, enjoining the monks to refrain from the use of barley-bread to which they had been reduced. Henry I. also presented thank offerings upon its altar. Richard I. endowed the abbey with lands at Aylsham, but when he was taken prisoner the place was stripped of its gold in order to help to pay his ransom. On his return he offered it the rich standard taken from Isaac, King of Cyprus. Henry III. held a parliament at Bury in 1272, and issued a mandate to prevent the bakers impressing their bread for public sale with the sign of the cross. Edward I. held a parliament here for the purpose of obtaining supplies for his wars, and was granted the twelfth penny from the laity and the seventh from the burgesses. Henry VI. also held a parliament at Bury in 1446, at which was planned the destruction of "Good Duke Humphrey" (see Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, Act III., Scenes i. and ii.), whose death on the third day of the session seems not a little significant. The town registers also bear witness to a visit paid by Queen Elizabeth during her progress in 1578.

"Bury may justly share with Runnymede," says an old writer, "the honour of being associated with the bulwark of our liberties, our noble Magna Charta. In 1214, an assembly of nobles and clergy compelled King John to promise that he would abrogate the arbitrary Norman laws, and re-establish those of Edward the Confessor, and solemnly to confirm the charter of Henry I. which is known to have been the foundation of Magna Charta."

The history of Bury is not, however, always pleasant reading; in 1179, the Jews are said to have crucified a Christian boy here in mockery of the Crucifixion, and in 1644 the record says fifty witches were burnt. In 1381, the East Anglian mob, under Jack Straw, seized Sir John de Cavendish, carried him to Bury, and there beheaded him because his son, John Cavendish, had struck down Wat Tyler at Smithfield.

The town was at one time surrounded by walls and had five gates, which gave rise to the names of some of the streets, *e.g.*, Westgate, Churchgate, Northgate. A smaller gate or postern was also erected for the abbot's private use, and on the outside of this a hill, called the Hill of Council, or Thingoe, gave its name to the present Thingo Hundred. To treat of lighter matters, we may make bare mention of the fact that a house outside the town is still shown as the scene of Job Trotter's subtlety in enticing the innocent Mr. Pickwick one dark and stormy night to the Ladies' School, and opposite the Abbey Gate can be seen that celebrated hostelry, the "Angel," where the sinister Alfred Jingle practised his malignant machinations on the same gentleman; but these and other matters of general interest are treated more fully in another chapter, our object for the present having been to direct attention chiefly to the religious history and associations of the shrine of King Edmund the Martyr.

Frank B. Goode, F.R.G.S.



IPSWICH, AND THE CHURCH OF ST LAWRENCE.

Wolsey: Ipswich Boy and Cardinal.

> "Had I but served my God with half the zeal
> I served my King, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."—*Shakespeare.*

THIS pathetic cry of despair uttered by Cardinal Wolsey as he lay a-dying, has done more to popularise his fame than any of the great diplomatic successes which he achieved in his lifetime. Crudely expressed at first, it eventually found its way into the hands of our greatest English poet, and now forms the climax of perhaps the finest outburst of pathos which his great mind ever produced. It is to George Cavendish, a gentleman of Wolsey's household, that we owe the best contemporary account of the life of the great Cardinal, and those who have carefully compared Shakespeare's play of *Henry VIII.* with Cavendish's history, will easily recognise the fact that Shakespeare must have seen Cavendish's manuscript before he wrote his play. Many lives of Wolsey have since been written, but the circumstantial narrative as told by quaint old Cavendish must always retain first place.

It was probably in March, 1471, that Thomas Wolsey was born at Ipswich. Much stress is always laid on the statement that his father was a butcher. If for butcher we substitute the words farmer and cattle dealer, the designation would be nearer the mark, for we know from Robert Wolsey's will that he must have been a man in good position. The wording of his will also points to the inference that he intended his eldest son, Thomas, for the Church; and with this object in view, finding him a boy of quick intelligence and studious deportment, he sent him at the early age of eleven years to Oxford. Here the youth made such progress that in four years' time he took his B.A. degree, which achievement gained for him the *sobriquet* of the "boy batchelor." He eventually became a Fellow of Magdalen College, and received the appointment of schoolmaster there. It happened that three of the sons of the Marquis of Dorset were amongst the pupils who benefited by the care and tuition of Wolsey. The Marquis was so well pleased with their progress that in October, 1500, he presented their tutor to the living of Lymington, in Somerset, as a reward for his diligence. There is a story told to the effect that while taking care of this country parish the future Cardinal was once placed in the stocks by the village squire, Sir Amyas Paulet. This however, seems hardly likely, when we remember that in the year 1501 Wolsey was appointed chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

His capacities for business were so marked that it was not long before he gained a recommendation to the King (Henry VII.), and about the year 1506 we find him advanced to a chaplaincy in the royal service. During the next three years he continued to rise in favour, and on the death of Henry VII., in 1509, he succeeded to the onerous position of his old master, Bishop Fox, as one of the advisers of the youthful monarch, Henry VIII. He was appointed King's almoner, and about 1511 became a member of the Privy Council. "Then he proceeded still in favour; at last, in came presents, gifts, and rewards so plentifully, that," says Cavendish, "I daresay he lacked nothing that might either please his fantasy or enrich his coffers, fortune smiled so upon him; but to what end she brought him ye shall hear after."

Wolsey's capabilities were now exercised on a much larger scale than they had ever been before. In the year 1513, the young King, filled with visions of glory, and anxious to retrieve the fallen fortunes of the English army, prepared to invade France. Although without experience, Wolsey applied himself to his duties with such zeal as left very little to be desired in the equipment of the troops. Not only did he select and appoint all the officers of the fleet, but he bestowed the strictest attention on the commissariat department, even down to the beer and biscuits. This well-appointed fleet landed the English army in safety at Calais at the end of June. Wolsey himself marched at the head of 200 men in the King's train, and after the capitulation of Tournay received the bishopric of that see at the hands of Henry as "some part of recompense of his pains sustained in that journey." Soon after the return of the expedition to England, the bishopric of Lincoln became vacant, and early in 1514 Wolsey received that appointment also. In the same year he became Archbishop of York, thus obtaining the revenues of no fewer than three rich sees within the space of a few months.

Foreign politics now began to engage the whole of the powerful ecclesiastic's attention. In the previous reign he had shown great aptitude in this direction by bringing to a successful and speedy issue an embassy with which he had been entrusted. When he reported himself to the council, it is said that they deemed his expedition to have been "almost beyond the capacity of man." How peculiarly prophetic this statement was, the results of the next fifteen years of his career amply prove. The mass of work he accomplished every day of his life was enormous, and Cavendish, in his own quaint way, tells how he once rose at four o'clock in the morning and continued writing *en dishabille* until four o'clock in the afternoon without once vacating his seat, and even then saw the courier despatched with his letters "or ever he drank."

Maximilian, Emperor of Germany, Ferdinand, King of Spain, Louis XII., and Francis I., Kings of France, and three Popes of Rome in succession, all fell under the spell of Wolsey's great genius. He gauged their individual characters to a nicety, and took good care never to throw the whole weight of his power into the balance in favour of any one of them individually. He moved them about on the great chess-board of European politics at his will, and pitted them one against the other with masterly skill and finesse as the game proceeded. The historic meeting of the kings of England and France on the Field of the Cloth of Gold inaugurated Wolsey's policy of pomp and splendour, under cover of which he threw dust into the eyes of kings, courtiers, statesmen, and ecclesiastics. "No man," we are told by Brewer, "so well understood the interests of this kingdom in its relation to foreign powers, or pursued them with greater skill and boldness. The more hazardous the conjecture, the higher the spirit soared to meet it. His intellect expanded with the occasion. He knew the extent of his power and the temper of those with whom he had to deal." Thenceforward England assumed the position of arbiter in nearly every event of importance which came within the range of European politics.

On September 10th, 1515. Leo X. created Wolsey a cardinal, and on November of the same year the red hat was placed on his head by Archbishop Wareham, in Westminster Abbey. This ceremony, like all others in which Wolsey played a prominent part, was conducted on a magnificent scale. It has, notwithstanding, been well said by Dr. Creighton, that "ceremonial, however splendid, was but an episode in Wolsey's diplomatic business." His eagle eye always saw, beyond the glitter, the human nature which it affected. Twice in his life was the name of Wolsey put forward as a candidate for the popedom, but it is doubtful whether he ever really coveted the office, for he well knew that his power in England was far greater than it ever could be in Rome. From a humble station, by his own unassisted efforts, he had raised himself to the most conspicuous position, not in this nation only, but throughout the whole of Europe.

About the time that Wolsey was at the zenith of his fame, he was thus admiringly described by a foreigner, Guistinian, then resident in England: "He is about 46 years old, very handsome, learned, extremely eloquent, of vast ability, and indefatigable. He alone transacts the same business as that which occupies all the magistrates, offices and councils of Venice, both civil and criminal; and all state affairs are likewise managed by him, let their nature be what they may." But already the event which was to bring about the downfall of Wolsey was looming out in bold relief in the domestic affairs of the King of England. With the permission of the Pope, Henry had married Katherine of Arragon, the widow of his brother Arthur. Owing to the fact that a male heir was denied him, he began to entertain conscientious scruples as to the legality of his marriage. He also fell, about the same time, a willing captive to the piquant charms of Anne Boleyn, one of his wife's women-in-waiting. Anne so skilfully played her part that Henry became more than ever desirous of breaking the tie which bound him to Katherine, and to have his marriage declared void. He won over Wolsey to his side in favour of a divorce, but not as regards his union with Anne Boleyn; and when this became an imperative part of the King's programme, Wolsey's ardour grew cold. In the end the case was tried before a Commission from the Pope. Cardinal Campeggio journeyed from Rome to England in order to preside as judge, and Wolsey appeared before him as King's Advocate. Both Henry and Katherine pleaded in person before the tribunal, but the court eventually adjourned without expressing any decision. At this the King was so incensed that he determined not only to rid himself of his wife by some other means, but also to vent his indignation upon his tardy advocate. Wolsey's enemies were numerous and unscrupulous, and speedily showed themselves ready and waiting for the opportunity of attack. "Like other great and successful ministers, who have long stood supreme and alone," writes Brewer, "he grew more fastidious as he grew older; he was less willing to hazard his measures by intrusting them to others, or to damage the success of his plans through the indiscretion and inexperience of younger heads. With the failing natural to old age, he was more willing to tax his waning strength than to undertake the ungracious and unpalatable task of communicating his designs and explaining their bearings to raw associates. The policy was fatal;—it angered the King, it raised up a host of enemies in the able and rising courtiers. It left Wolsey friendless when he most needed friends; and the moment an opportunity occurred of attacking the minister behind his back, it was readily seized. Without any great ingratitude on the part of his sovereign, his fall was inevitable; the work of the time had outgrown him;—and the expression put into his mouth by the great dramatist, 'the King has gone beyond me,' expressed Wolsey's profound conviction of the real cause of his disgrace, and the impossibility of his restoration."

Under the statute of Præmunire information was filed against Wolsey in the Court of King's Bench, the charge being that he had received bulls from the Pope without a license to do so. This charge was the precursor of his fall. He admitted his fault, his goods and chattels were seized, and he was ordered to retire to Esher. On February 12th, 1530, he was temporarily restored to royal favour, and received a free pardon for all his offences. Two days afterwards he was reinstated into the Archbishopric of York with all its possessions, except York Place (Whitehall), which the King liked too well to give up. Wolsey now set out on a progress to York for the purpose of his installation, and had journeyed as far as Cawood Castle by the end of September, 1530. But his enemies were by no means idle. They were already at headquarters exerting all their influence, and leaving no stone unturned to secure his ruin. At length they convinced the King that Wolsey was all the time intriguing with foreign courts, and this so angered Henry that he did not scruple to issue orders for Wolsey's arrest on a charge of high treason. On November 4th, Sir Walter Walshe arrived at Cawood with the warrant, and on the 7th he started out for London with his prisoner. Wolsey slowly journeyed towards the capital on his mule, but the progress became very tedious owing to the fact that his health began to give way. A severe attack of dysentery seized him during a halt made at Sheffield Park, and thenceforward he suffered terribly. The wonder is that under such adverse circumstances he could continue his journey at all. His powers of endurance and self restraint were, however, of so extraordinary a type that he seemed, as occasion demanded, to be able to rise completely above his surroundings, and for the time partake of an existence beyond the reach of human ills.

It was late on the Saturday night of November 26th, 1530, that Leicester Abbey was reached. The abbot received the Cardinal by torchlight, and to his kindly greeting Wolsey replied, "Father Abbot, I am come hither to lay my bones among you." All the members of his cavalcade had realised for some time previously that his days were numbered. He lingered in great agony for three days, and then on Tuesday morning, the 29th of November, quietly breathed his last. He was conscious to the moment of his departure, and even forewarned his attendants of the exact hour of his decease. His last words have been carefully preserved by Cavendish, and amongst them occurs that peculiarly moving and pathetic sentence to which prominence has been given at the commencement of this chapter.

The body of the dead Cardinal was placed in a coffin, and viewed for satisfaction sake by the "Mayor of Leicester and his brethren," and then carried into the Abbey Church. Here, says Cavendish, it was "set in our lady chapel, with many and divers tapers of wax burning about the hearse, and divers poor men sitting about the same, holding of torches alight in their hands, who watched about the dead body all night, whilst the canons sang dirge, and other devout orisons."

About four o'clock next morning the body was reverently interred within the abbey precincts, "and no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day." Surely it is passing strange that no memorial of any kind has since been erected to the memory of him whom the Bishop of London describes as "the greatest political genius whom England has ever produced."

JOHN T. PAGE.

The British Warrior-Queen.

"Hear Icenian, Catieuchlanian, hear Coritanian, Trinobant!
Me the wife of rich Prasutagus, me the lover of liberty,
Me they seized and me they tortured, me they lash'd and humiliated,
Me the sport of ribald Veterans, mine of ruffian violators!
See they sit, they hide their faces, miserable in ignominy!
Wherefore in me burns an anger, not by blood to be satiated.

. . . .

So the Queen Boädicéa, standing loftily charioted,
Brandishing in her hand a dart and rolling glances lioness-like,
Yell'd and shriek'd between her daughters in her fierce volubility."
—*Tennyson.*

AMONG the British tribes enumerated by Julius Cæsar as those whom he encountered on his second invasion of Britain was that of the Cenimagni, more commonly called the Iceni, who inhabited at least three of the (present) eastern counties. They were a high-spirited race, under good government for barbaric times, and attached to their ruler. It was left to Suetonius Paulinus, who took command of the Roman forces in Britain during the reign of Nero, almost to exterminate this race after its anger had been provoked by the cruelty of the victors to Queen Boadicea, and by the extortion and licentiousness of the officials. Caractacus had waged desperate war against the Romans in the west; the Druids were making a last stand against the aliens who threatened their power; and, roused to fury by insult and outrage, the people of the East taught their foes one terrible lesson, and then perished by tens of thousands at the hands of avengers. Where that last desperate battle was fought is uncertain; its horrors, however, are a familiar story.

The confederacy known as the Iceni occupied at least two of the eastern counties, Norfolk and Suffolk, and probably part of a third, Essex; and at the time of the Roman invasion were ruled by King Prasutagus. His wife was Boadicea, famous alike in history and song. On the death of the King, who had no son, Boadicea was accepted as Queen, but the Romans took advantage of the loss which the Iceni had sustained to possess themselves of the coveted territory. Then began a fierce and shameful warfare. The Iceni were not easy to subdue, and the Queen was not a woman to submit. The Romans put forth their strength, and by brute force endeavoured to overawe the obstinate tribe. To humiliate them they seized the Queen and publicly scourged her by order of the officer Catus; they subjected her three daughters to outrage; and they consigned the

Iceni leaders to slavery. But these atrocities only stirred the tribe to greater fury, and stimulated them to action. Gathering around their Queen, they inflicted a severe defeat upon the oppressors at Camulodunam, Londinium, and Verulamium (Colchester, London, and St. Albans), occupied these strongholds (or, as some report, reduced them to ashes), and, if Tacitus may be relied upon, put 70,000 Romans to death by hanging, burning, and crucifying.

> "Ran the land with Roman slaughter, multitudinous agonies,
> Perish'd many a maid and matron, many a valorous legionary,
> Fell the colony, city, and citadel, London, Verulam, Cámulodúne."

But the victory was brief. The Roman governor, Suetonius Paulinus, who had been engaged in Mona, hurriedly returned, and advanced with an army of 10,000 against the valiant Queen and her supporters. In spite of the fact that an immense concourse rallied to her side, and that she spurred on her troops in person, appearing in her war-chariot with her injured daughters at her feet, the Iceni were totally defeated, and the reverse degenerated into mere butchery, 80,000 men being slaughtered on the field. Boadicea herself escaped, but could not survive the disaster. She poisoned herself, and the Iceni as a tribe became extinct (A.D. 61). Yet the Roman domination was brief, and, as we now know, its influence both at this and the subsequent period when the conquest by Britain was attempted was transient and scarcely perceptible. Macaulay reminds us in his History that the subjugation of Britain by Rome had scarcely any effect on the race itself. The inhabitants could be decimated and enslaved, but their character could not be changed or impressed. Britain, writes Macaulay, received only a faint tincture of Roman arts and letters. "Of the western provinces which obeyed the Cæsars, she was the last that was conquered, and the first that was flung away." The prophecy which poets have put into the mouths of the Druids that Boadicea's progeny should yet command a wider world than Rome knew, and that the warrior-queen should wax in power and the Roman Emperor decline :—

"Thine the liberty, thine the glory, thine the deeds
to be celebrated,
Thine the myriad-rolling ocean, light and shadow
illimitable—"

all this has been fulfilled not as a poetic sentiment, but as a national reality. It seems almost impossible, however, to dissociate Boadicea, distinct historic personage as she is, from the poetry which her career has inspired, and Cowper's ringing lines naturally recur to the mind with the barest mention of her name. He has, at all events, cast into memorable phrases the patriotic thoughts which her deeds excite.

"When the British warrior-queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
  Sat the Druid, hoary chief;
Every burning word he spoke
  Full of rage and full of grief.

. . . . . .

'Regions Cæsar never knew,
  Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
  None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
  Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
  Of his sweet but awful lyre."

The effect of this stimulating outburst is that which history itself relates:—

"She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rush'd to battle, fought, and died,
Dying, hurl'd them at the foe."

Historic figure as Boadicea is, it must not be supposed that her strange and moving story has reached us in clear and definite detail. One version of the Queen's historic life is that she was the daughter of the King of the Iceni (Norfolk and Suffolk), and that her father had borrowed large sums of money from Roman usurers. One of these was Seneca, the "too rich philosopher," who combined with other rapacious creditors to oppress the King and his daughters. A general insurrection ensued. Boadicea took Augusta (London), and destroyed the ninth and other Roman legions; but the Iceni were afterwards routed, and "Boadicea, being taken prisoner, soon after died." There seem to be points in this summary, however, much open to doubt.

The memory of that early and terrible Roman subjugation of the Iceni is kept alive to-day at Burgh Castle, that massive fortress overlooking two broad and peaceful rivers, the Waveney and the Yare, which unite to form Breydon Water. A small village takes its name from the castle, and is interesting to the antiquary on account of its connection with the first Kings of East Anglia. One of these, Sigebert, presented the manor to Fursæus, an Irish missionary, for monastic purposes; and a Christian church was built in Norman times, part of which structure remains. The Roman camp was of strong construction, and of great extent. It occupied fully five and a half acres, and here were stationed the squadrons of the Stabulesian cavalry to keep the Iceni under restraint. The walls of the castle, fourteen feet high, and nine feet thick, were built in deep courses of flint set in cement, alternating with layers of red tile-work. From the great eastern rampart, 215 yards long, rose four solid circular towers. It is conjectured that Burgh Castle is the place originally spoken of by the Romans as Garianonum.

CUMING WALTERS.

Suffolk Wars and Warriors.

Part 1. The Land Fights.

NO account of Suffolk would be complete without reference to the battles waged on land and sea, to the insurrections and rebellions, and to the part played by the inhabitants of the county during the critical period of the Civil War. Suffolk has been the scene of several historic contests, the issue of which was of no mean importance for the whole country. The story of Boadicea is related elsewhere, and need not now be repeated ; but with that exception this chapter records the leading events, and supplies an account of those who took part in them.

The kingdom of East Anglia is supposed to have been founded by Uffa about the year 530, and after him came an obscure monarch of the name of Titil. Redwald, his son, inherited the kingdom in 592, and both he and his son Eorpwald professed the Christian religion, though they themselves relapsed, and were quite heedless of the state of their subjects. Sigebert, the son of a former marriage of Redwald's second queen, was actually the first to establish Christianity in the kingdom. The first battle of any consequence in Suffolk of which we have record is that which occurred between Penda, King of Mercia, and the Christian King and recluse, Sigebert, with fatal result to the latter ; and Penda was again successful in his contest with Sigebert's successor, Anna, nephew of Redwald. The decisive battle was fought at Bullchamp, near Dunwich, in 655, and Anna and his son Firminus were both slain. Bullchamp, or Bald-camp, is said to derive its name from the "bold hand-to-hand fighting" which took place between the rivals. The kingdom continued to be ravaged by contending armies for two centuries, when Egbert reduced it to a tributary state, but allowed its own sovereigns to rule. The last was the ill-fated Edmund. Sweyn, of Denmark, laid waste a considerable portion of East Anglia, sparing neither people, towns, nor churches.

A new era began with the rule of the Normans. Nineteen of the Conqueror's knights shared the manors of Suffolk between them, the apportionment being of a very unequal character. Thus, while Hugh de Grentmaisnell got one, Robert de Stafford two, and Robert de Todenci four, William

Malet, Lord of Eye, received no fewer than 221, and Hugh Bigod, Earl of Norfolk, came next with 117. These feudal chieftains were subsequently the occasion of much trouble to the kingdom, and men like Malet and Bigod were able to defy the monarch himself. They took sides in the various wars, and largely influenced the fortune of battle. But at Fornham St. Genevieve they were checked by King Henry II. in a famous battle which amounted almost to a massacre. The place is near Fornham All Saints, where a battle had been fought several centuries previously between Edward, son of King Alfred, and Ethelwald, his uncle's son, the former being victorious. But the men of Suffolk were long to remember the second Fornham. The quarrel was between King Henry II. and his son over the partition of the kingdom. The son was aided by his mother with an army of Flemings, at the head of whom was the Earl of Leicester. But Chief Justice Hillier, at the head of the monarch's troops, "engaged the enemy with such courage, that the King's army slew above ten thousand (others say five thousand), most of them Flemings; and from this time the cause of the King prospered, till, by his son's death, he enjoyed his kingdom peaceably."

We turn to Carlyle to tell in his own inimitable way of this "glorious victory" which has now "greatly dimmed itself out of the minds of men." "A victory and a battle it was in its time," says he. "Some thrice-renowned Earl of Leicester, not of the De Montford breed, had quarrelled with his sovereign, Henry the Second of the name; had been worsted, it is like, and maltreated, and obliged to fly to foreign parts; but had rallied there into new vigour; and so in the year 1173 returns across the German Sea with a vengeful army of Flemings. Returns, to the coast of Suffolk; to Framlingham Castle, where he is welcomed; westward towards St. Edmundsbury and Fornham Church, where he is met by the constituted authorities with *posse comitatus;* and swiftly cut to pieces, he and his, or laid by the heels; on the right bank of the obscure river Lark,—as traces still existing will verify." It will be noticed that this account is not on all fours with other historical records; but, as Carlyle admits, the whole event, though "a prose Fact," is extremely obscure. He proceeds to mention some of the relics and mementoes of the battle:—"For the river Lark, though not very discoverably, still runs or stagnates in that country; and the battle-ground is there; serving at present as a pleasure-ground to his Grace of Northumberland. Copper pennies of Henry II. are still found there—rotted out from the pouches of poor slain soldiers, who had not *time* to buy liquor with them. In the river Lark itself was fished up, within man's memory, an antique gold ring, which fond Dilettantism can almost believe may have been the very ring Countess Leicester threw away, in her flight, into that same Lark river or ditch. Nay, a few years ago, in tearing out an enormous superannuated ash tree, now grown quite corpulent, bursten, superfluous, but long a fixture in the soil, and not to be dislodged without a revolution,—there was laid bare, under its roots, 'a circular mound of skeletons wonderfully complete,' all radiating from a centre, faces upwards, feet inwards; evidently the fruit of battle; for many of the heads were cleft or had arrow holes in them."*

Another disastrous undertaking of the following reign must be mentioned. During the war with the barons in King John's time, a French knight, named Hugh de Boves, promised to bring over a great army to support the monarch. He obtained from the King a charter granting him the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk, which he was to re-people with foreigners. But his ships were lost at sea, and Hugh and 40,000 people—men, women, and children—perished.

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* "Past and Present," Cap iii. (Book II).

Suffolk favoured the rising of Wat Tyler and Jack Straw, the peasantry being inflamed by two priests named John Wraw and John Ball, and there was further rioting in the time of King Henry VII., when the populace favoured the pretensions of a shoemaker's son named Wilford to be the real Earl of Warwick. The lad was hanged, though he appears to have been purely the dupe of an intriguing friar.

A very quaint account is given of the Suffolk insurrection in "Hall's Chronicle" of 1548. It was in the seventeenth year of the reign of King Henry VIII. that the Commissioners sat in all the shires to levy the sixth part of every man's goods, according to the command of the Lord Cardinal. In various parts of the country the people refused to assemble before the Commissioners, but "the Duke of Suffolk, who sat in Suffolk," says the Chronicle,* "by gentle handlings caused the rich clothiers to assent to grant to give the sixth part, and when they came to their houses they called to them their spinners, carders, fullers, weavers, and other artificers, which were wont to be sat at work and have their livings by cloth making, and said, Sirs, we be not able to set you at work, our goods be taken from us, wherefore, trust to yourselves, and not to us, for otherwise it will not be. Then began women to weep and young folks to cry, and men that had no work began to rage and assemble themselves in companies. The Duke of Suffolk, hearing of this, commanded the constables that every man's arms should be taken from them, but when that was known then the rumour waxed more greater, and the people railed openly on the Duke of Suffolk and Sir Robert Drury and threatened them with death, and the Cardinal also; and so of Lanam [Lavenham], Sudbury, Hadley [Hadleigh], and other towns about there rebelled four thousand men, and put themselves in arms, and rang the bells *Alarm*, and began together still more. Then the Duke of Suffolk perceiving this, began to raise men, but he could get but a small number, and they that came to him said that they would defend him from all perils if he hurt not their neighbours, but against their neighbours they would not fight. Yet the gentlemen that were with the Duke did so muche that all the bridges were broken.

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* The English of the Chronicle is here modernised.—EDITOR.

"The Duke of Norfolk, High Treasurer and Admiral of England, hearing of this, gathered a great power in Norfolk and came towards the commons, and of his noblemen he sent to the commons to know their intent, which answered: when the Duke wist that he came to them, and then all spake at once, so that he wist not what they meant. Then he asked who was their captain, and bade that he should speak; then a well aged man of fifty years and above asked licence of the Duke to speak, which granted with good will. My lord, said this man, whose name was John Green, sithe you ask who is our captain, forsooth his name is Poverty, for he and his cousin Necessity hath brought us to this doing, for all these persons and many more, which I would were not here, live not of ourselves, but all we live by the substantial occupiers of this country, and yet they give us so little wages for our workmanship that scarcely we be able to live, and thus in penury we pass the time, we, our wives, and children, and if they by whom we live be bought in that case that they of their little cannot help us to earn our living, then must we perish and die miserably. I speak this, my lord; the clothmakers have put all these people, and a far greater number from work, the husbandmen have put away their servants, and given up household; they say the King asketh so much that they be not able to do as they have done before this time, and then of necessity must we die wretchedly. Wherefore, my lord, now according to your wisdom, consider our necessity. The Duke was sorry to hear their complaint, and well he knew that it was true. Then he said, neighbours, render yourselves asunder, let every man depart to his home, and choose forth four that shall answer for the remnant, and on my honour I will send to the King and make humble intercessions for your pardon, which I trust to obtain, so that you will depart. Then all they answered they would, and so they departed home.

"At the two Dukes' requests," the Chronicle concludes, "commissioners of great authority were sent to them. Then the Duke of Norfolk and the Duke of Suffolk came to Bury, and thither came many people of the country in their shirts and halters about their necks, meekly desiring pardon for their offences. The Dukes so wisely handled themselves that the commons were appeased."

The county played an important part during the time that the Duke of Northumberland was working might and main to place his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, upon the throne of England. He marched with an army to Bury St. Edmunds, and there waited for an augmentation of his forces. Queen Mary was at Framlingham, and she drew the interest of the people of the county almost wholly to her side. When Mary was proclaimed Queen in London, the Duke retired somewhat precipitately from Bury, his small army deserted him before he reached Cambridge, and the enterprise was at an end.

Lowestoft was famous for its strong and active Royalist sympathies during the great Civil War. Cromwell deemed the Royalist stronghold of sufficient importance to demand his personal attention, and in 1644, at the head of a thousand Ironsides, he rode into the town, made the "Swan" hostelry in the High Street his headquarters, captured many prisoners, including the vicar of the parish, Jacob Rous, and sent them under an escort to Cambridge. The brasses of the church were stolen or destroyed, and the fine old edifice was used by the Puritans as stables for their horses. For two years, so Rous afterwards recorded in the register, "there was neither minister nor clerk in the parish, but the inhabitants were obliged to procure one another to baptize their children." During this time no register was kept.

The strong loyalist feeling at Lowestoft is the more remarkable because during the great Civil War the eastern counties were almost wholly favourable to the Parliament. Cromwell himself was an East Anglian, and he carried over to his cause nearly all the principal families in Suffolk, Norfolk, Lincolnshire, Essex, Cambridgeshire, Hertfordshire, and Huntingdonshire. These counties combined to support an army of their own at the cost of nearly £30,000 a month, and the war was carried on with strong religious fervour. The counties were not so much opposed to King and Court as to Popery. Cambridge, with the exception of the University, was the central stronghold of the Roundheads, and from there the orders went forth to the people of the surrounding counties. But here and there Cavaliers were able to make a stand. It was but temporary, but the fact sufficed to show that the King was not altogether deserted by the men of East Anglia. When the rebellion against Cromwell's military government subsequently took place, it was the men of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex who led the revolt, and it was the fleet on the east coast which hoisted the royal colours.

One other instance may be given of the intense loyalty of the county. In 1782, the principal inhabitants of Suffolk met at Stowmarket, and raised £20,000 towards purchasing a seventy-four gun ship for the Government to assist in the war against France and America. But peace was concluded soon afterwards, and the project was therefore not completed.

Part 2. The Sea Fights.

The town, which derives its name from Lothen the Dane, who made it his "gistoft" or guest-house,* where the curfew bell was until lately rung every evening, and where from the high road branch off narrow byways called Scores leading down sharp declines to the sea, is one of considerable interest to the antiquary and the historian. With its modern life, its thriving fishing industry, and its attractions as a pleasure resort, we have nothing to do in this volume. Lowestoft appeals to our notice as originally a Danish colony, and as a town with a history dating back a thousand years. In the time of Henry III. it was a royal demesne, and by that monarch it was bestowed upon John Baliol and his wife. Through their mediumship Lowestoft became in due course the possession of Baliol of Scotland, who, however, speedily lost this and all other English estates by rebelling against King Edward. John de Dreux, Earl of Richmond, obtained the manorial rights, which subsequently passed to the families of de Surrey, De la Pole, and others, until Sir Morton Peto purchased them in 1844, and exercised so powerful an influence over the fortunes of the town. It is this place and Southwold which figure so largely in the great sea fights of Charles II.'s reign. Suffolk was deeply and directly concerned in the war between England and Holland. Not only did severe engagements take place off Lowestoft and Southwold, but ships were constantly stranded on the coast, or being put in for repair at Aldeburgh or Sole Bay. At Gun-hill, Southwold, may be seen the antiquated rusty cannon captured by bonny Prince Charlie, and lost again by him at Culloden. They were presented to the town by the Duke of Cumberland; but local tradition, defying history, declares they were taken by the men of East Anglia from the Dutch.

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* It may be that the name of Lowestoft means a "toft, or cluster of houses on the Loth," *i.e.*, the slow river. In Domesday the name is written Lothu Wistoft. The historian of the town, Suckling, remarks that the name has partaken of the looseness of ancient orthography, and that it has variously been written as Lestock, Lowistoke, Lovistoke, Leystoffe, and Laistoe. He favours the idea of the derivation Lothu Wistoft, the reference to the group of houses at the mouth of the slow, broad river being particularly applicable.

The sea fight at Lowestoft on June 3rd, 1665, between an English fleet of 114 ships, commanded by the Duke of York, and a Dutch fleet of 100 ships, commanded by Admiral Optam, was viewed by the inhabitants, who thronged the cliffs and raised loud huzzas when they saw the enemy defeated with the loss of fourteen ships burnt or sunk and eighteen ships captured. Southwold witnessed another great contest between English and Dutch in the same year, and there was yet a third sea fight in the vicinity on May 28th, 1672, bloody but indecisive.

To Samuel Pepys, the diarist, we are indebted for numerous and interesting details of the Dutch war with all its equivocal victories, its personal disgraces, and its positive and ignominious defeats. There were but few of the admirals and captains who came out of the odeal unbesmirched, and the nation had very little trust in its fleet. Even the "great victory over the Dutch" on June 3rd, 1665, was hailed by the Dutch themselves as a triumph, despite the fact that—as Pepys writes—"Admirall Opdam blown up, Trump killed, and all the rest of their admiralls; we having taken and sunk, as is believed, about 24 of their best ships; killed and taken 8 or 10,000 men, and lost, we think, not above 700. A greater victory never known in the world." What is quite certain is that this prodigious triumph had no very depressing influence upon the enemy. On August 5th, we find Pepys recording that De Ruyter "is come home, with all his fleete, which is very ill newes, considering the charge we have been at in keeping a fleete to the northward so long, beside the great expectation of snapping him, wherein my lord of Sandwich will I doubt suffer some dishonour. . . . The news is certain, and told to the great disadvantage of our fleete, and the praise of De Ruyter; but it caundt be helped, nor do I know what to say to it." The British fleet returned to Sole Bay to repair losses after the encounter off Bergen on the Norway coast; and in the meantime the Dutch struck medals to commemorate the "arrest of the pride of the English." But at the end of the month a hundred British ships had sailed out again to meet the foe, only to be foiled utterly in their efforts. Pepys felt the humiliation of it all when on September 9th he wrote—"Captain Cocke reports as a certain truth, that all the Dutch fleete, men-of-war and merchant East India ships, are got every one in from Bergen the 3rd of this month, Sunday last; which will make us all ridiculous. The fleete come home with shame to require a great deale of money, which is not to be had, to discharge many men that must get the plague then or continue at greater charge on shipboard, nothing done by them to encourage the Parliament to give money, nor the kingdom able to spare any money, if they would, at this time of the plague, so that, as things look at present, the whole state must come to ruine." When Pepys visited the fleet a week later he ascertained for himself in how grievous a condition it was, "lacking provisions, having no beer at all, nor have had most of them these three weeks or a month, and but few days' provisions." Lord Sandwich told him that no fleet had ever been sent to sea in so ill a condition, and that no good fortune could be expected to attend it. In October things had grown worse.

On the 16th, Pepys registered some of the cruellest facts in our history. While the King was frittering away his time with the favourites of the Court, the Dutch fleet was sighted off Margate. London streets were almost empty; in the houses lay the victims of the Plague, dying or dead; the Exchequer was perilously low; the Tangier scandal was at its height; and "all the talke was of the Dutch coming on shore." The British fleet could not put out for want of victuals. Matters drifted on in the most ominous manner, and early in 1666 King Charles found himself further embroiled with France, while Denmark had declared in favour of the Dutch.

It was not until May, however, that important and decisive events began to occur. "Met with Mr. Coventry," writes Pepys, "who tells me the only news of the fleete is brought by Captain Elliott, of The Portland, which by being run on board by The Guernsey, was disabled from staying abroad, so is come in to Aldbrough. That he saw one of the Dutch fleet ships blown up, and three on fire." But the good news from Aldeburgh was soon replaced by evil tidings. "A letter is come this afternoon (June 3rd), from Harman in the Henery, which is she that was taken by Elliott for the Rupert; that being fallen into the body of the Dutch fleete, he made his way through them, was set on by three fire-ships one after another, got two of them off, and disabled the third; was set on fire himself; upon which many of his men leapt into the sea and perished; among others, the parson first. Have lost above 100 men, and a good many women; and at last quenched his own fire and got to Aldbrough, being, as all say, the greatest hazard that ever any ship escaped." The guns of the rival fleets in action could be heard by the people in St. James's Park on the night of June 4th, though the doubt has never been resolved whether or not the sound was thunder.

A fierce contest had, however, taken place between Dunkirk and Ostend, and after many hours' fighting "the Dutch did betake themselves to a very plain flight, and never looked back again." So Pepys heard, but on June 7th he was bound to admit that "quite contrary news" had come to hand. "I do find great reason to think," he wrote, "that we are beaten in every respect, and that we are the losers." It was recognised in this country that the next bout would be fatal if the English fleet should suffer a reverse, and it was with no pleasant feelings that the populace learned of the Dutch being again ready for an encounter, and bent upon a descent on the east coast. Men were ruthlessly pressed into service, and the country, dejected and despairing, anxiously awaited the final issue. The news of a victory did not cause unusual excitement, for it appeared to be of no very decisive character, but a thanksgiving was proclaimed on August 6th. The tide had turned. The enemy's ships were burned at Vlie, and an enraged populace assailed De Witt in his own residence at Amsterdam.

It is curious to observe that Pepys's account of the great sea fight off Lowestoft is a mixture of indifference and enthusiasm. At first he did not believe any important event had occurred, then, in the absence of definite news of victory, he began to have apprehensions of defeat: finally, when the "great news" came of a decisive rout of the Dutch, his satisfaction was unbounded. It is interesting to follow the course of his narrative from June 3rd to June 8th. He commences by relating on the first day that all people were "upon the river, and almost everywhere else here about were heard the guns, our two fleets for certain being engaged; which was confirmed by letters from Harwich, but nothing particular." Next day he wrote still in doubt:—"Newes being come that our fleete is pursuing the Dutch, who, either by cunning, or by being worsted, do give ground, but nothing more for certain." On June 5th, he could chronicle that there was "great talke of the Dutch being fled and we in pursuit of them, and that our ship Charity is lost upon our Captain's, Wilkinson, and Lieutenant's yielding, but of this there is no certainty, save the report of some of the sicke men of the Charity, turned adrift in a boat out of the Charity and taken up and brought on shore yesterday to Sole Bay (Southwold), and the newes hereof brought by Sir Henry Felton." Sir Henry Felton, thus mentioned, was a Suffolk baronet, of Playford. In the "Calendar of State Papers" we find a note to the Navy Commissioners, dated June 4th, 1665, relating to the engagement with the Dutch:—"They began to stand away at 3 p.m. Chased them all the rest of the day and night, so considerable ships are destroyed and taken; we have only lost the Great Charity." But news travelled slowly in those days. On June 6th, Pepys was in "great fear some fresh news of the fleet," and as for the current report that the Dutch were routed, he "did not give much belief to it." "And indeed," he added, "the news come from Sir W. Batten, at Harwich, and writ so simply that we all made good mirth of it." It is rather hard to understand the frame of mind which should enable Englishmen to expect disaster rather than triumph, and should cause them to ridicule a simply-told story of success. Not until the eighth of June did the "great news at last newly come" in a message from the Duke of York confirming and amplifying Batten's report. The information put Pepys "into such joy" that he "forgot almost all other thoughts." He afterwards summarised the incidents of the battle—perhaps the only battle during the long-sustained and inglorious campaign against the United Provinces which showed the British fleet to advantage. But Pepys's account is useful rather than picturesque. He tells us of the killed and wounded on each side, of the ships blown up, and of the vessels captured. There is one vivid passage—on the Duke of York's ship, the Royal Charles, three officers, including the Earl of Falmouth, were killed by a single shot, "their blood and brains flying in the Duke's face."

It was half-past three o'clock on that memorable June morning when the two fleets engaged. Prince Rupert led the van; the Duke of York was in the centre with the Red Squadron, and the Earl of Sandwich commanded the rear. Pepys relates that the Dutch neglected greatly the opportunity of the wind, and lost the benefit of their fire-ships, and this early disadvantage probably had considerable influence upon the fortunes of the day. For eight or ten miles the contending lines of ships stretched out at sea, the rivals passing and repassing on opposite tacks, pouring deadly fires into each other at the charges, and then pausing. The crowds on Lowestoft cliffs heard the thundering boom of the guns, followed by periods of silence; and saw the heavy lumbering squadrons slowly encounter and part again. For twelve hours the mighty struggle raged. The order of the three English squadrons was reversed after each attack, so that in turn Prince Rupert, the Duke of York, and the Earl of Sandwich took the lead. At the third pass Prince Rupert was in the van, and the Dutch made a last desperate effort to weather the squadron. But the Duke of York was so placed that the enemy were compelled to fall to leeward in order not to get between two fires, and this practically decided the issue of the battle. The Blue Squadron tacked and combined with Prince Rupert's ships in pressing the attack. In a short time the Dutch were dismayed to see their Admiral's ship blown up; but, as a poem of the period related, destiny allowed Opdam his revenge,—

> "A fatal bullet from his side did range,
> And battered Lawson; oh, too dear exchange!"

—the fact being that as the ship exploded a shot struck Vice-Admiral Sir John Lawson, already wounded, and killed him. The Dutch, however, had suffered more than they could stand. Their line broke; the English ships entered the gap, and commenced a furious punishment from which the enemy recoiled. In the early evening the battered fleet was back upon its own coast. Yet Englishmen congratulated themselves too soon if they thought this was the end.

Great as the victory was the English losses were severe. Among those who perished were the Earl of Marlborough, captain of the Old James, the Earl of Portland, who had volunteered for service, the Earl of Falmouth, Admiral Lawson, who "still fights Opdam in the Lake below," Lord Muskerry, Richard Doyle, second son of the Earl of Burlington, Captain Kirby, and Captain Ableson.

Macaulay tells us of the general discontent which prevailed when the English Government engaged in war with the United Provinces, and the House of Commons voted unexampled sums of money for the campaign. The discontent was intensified when it was found that "the sycophants of the court, ill qualified to contend against the great men who then directed the arms of Holland, against such a statesman as De Witt, and such a commander as De Ruyter, made fortunes rapidly, while the sailors mutinied from very hunger, while the dockyards were unguarded, while the ships were leaky and without rigging." We know the end. The capital felt the miseries of a blockade. Ministers were attacked in the street. The cry arose that England was doomed, and had been bought and sold. The sea fights off the east coast were bloody and desperate, but undecisive. But at length a peace was patched up, and a treaty concluded. It was not until several more years had passed that real and permanent peace was secured.

Lowestoft has produced a considerable number of naval heroes. Among those who fought the

Dutch was Admiral Sir Thomas Allen, a native of the place, who had first of all distinguished himself by taking part in the Civil War as a Royalist against Cromwell's Ironsides. He was taken prisoner, but afterwards released, and he survived to add to his laurels as a warrior in Restoration times. Admiral Richard Uther, Admiral John Ashby, Admiral Mighell, Admiral Leake (killed at Gibraltar), Admiral Sir Thomas Allen, who rendered the Commonwealth a service by capturing the Smyrna fleet, and Captain Arnold, who took trophies from a Spanish man-of-war, were among the other men of Lowestoft who won renown on the seas. The record of one of the naval heroes is to be found in the inscription on a tomb in Westminster Abbey. The phraseology is quaint and strange, and runs thus:—"Sir Charles Harbord, Knight, third son of Sir Charles Harbord, Knight, Surveyor-General, and First Lieutenant of the Royall James, under the most noble and illustrious Captaine, Edward, Earle of Sandwich, Vice-Admirall of England, which, after a terrible fight, maintained to admiration against a squadron of the Holland fleet, above six hours, neere the Suffolk coast, having put off two fire-ships; at last, being utterly disabled, and few of her men remaining unhurt, was, by a third, unfortunately set on fire. But he (though he swome well) neglected to save himselfe, as some did, and out of perfect love to that worthy Lord, whom, for many years, he had constently accompanyed, in all his honourable employments, and in all his engagements of the former warre, dyed with him, at the age of xxxii, much bewailed by his father, whom he never offended; and much beloved by all for his knowne piety, vertue, loyalty, fortitude, and fidelity."

And what, in its way, could be more suggestive than this?—Southwold, says an old chronicler, is "very famous for the rendezvous of our royal fleet; and near it the English and Dutch have so frequently disputed their privileges in the ocean with powder and ball, that they thereby are become a terror to, as well as the admiration of the neighbouring nations, for their undaunted courage, though to the destruction of each other."

CUMING WALTERS.

A Pre-historic Factory.

NOWHERE in the whole county of Suffolk are memories of a bygone age more abundantly recalled than at Brandon—the quaint old-fashioned town hard on the northern borders. The town and its immediate neighbourhood possess features of the utmost antiquity, features that put to shame all chronological records, and have their origin hidden in the darkness of a partially revealed past. Brandon stands on a strip of marshland, extending from the Fens, the strip itself a relic and a survival of that period when the salt sea, which has left its mark on the sandy slopes and wide tracts where pine and heather flourish, had a more intimate acquaintance with the county. The sand marks the period when the sea retreated: still further backwards along the corridors of time we come to the chalk masses formed when the district was at the bed of the ocean.

> "There rolls the deep where grew the tree,
> O earth, what changes hast thou seen,
> There, where the long street roars, hath been
> The stillness of the central sea."

Our purpose is with these chalk beds, and more particularly with the masses of flint which they contain. For flint-knapping is the industry associated with Brandon from time immemorial. It is the oldest industry in Great Britain; it has witnessed the ebb and flow of races of men—pre-historic and historic—the coming and progress of civilisation, and yet it still flourishes. Ere the advent of sword and rifle, dagger and pistol, the noble savage had need of offensive and defensive weapons, wherewith to hunt for his food or "his fellow to knive." Of metals he was absolutely ignorant, therefore he made the best use possible—and a good "best" it was—of flint. Knives and axes, spear-heads and arrow-tips, tools of various kinds—all these were formed from flint, which from its conchoidal fracture is the only kind of stone capable of being readily worked into a variety of shapes by flaking and chipping. This is probably the principal reason why palæolithic implements have been formed exclusively of this material.

The methods of mining the flint, and of dressing it into shape, are practically the same as of old, and even the tools have altered little, save that iron has taken the place of horn in the picks and of hard pebble in the hammers.

It may be expedient to mention, in the first place, what is known of ancient mining for flint in the neighbourhood of Brandon. In the immediate locality are a number of neolithic workings, called Grimes Graves, which previous to their exploration by Lord Rosehill and Canon Greenwell were looked upon as places of ancient sepulture. The ground contains a great number of circular depressions from five to twenty yards in diameter, and of varying depth. The explorers selected one which was twenty-eight feet across at the mouth, and gradually narrowed until, at a depth of thirty-nine feet, it only measured twelve feet. This represented the flint pit as it might have been excavated by the neolithic people (there is no evidence that the men of the older Stone Age ever mined here), and when it is remembered that they possessed no better tools than stone celts and picks made from the antlers of the red deer, they must be credited with extraordinary patience, energy, and endurance. The excavated material, it is supposed, was drawn to the surface in wicker or skin baskets by means of sinew or fibre ropes. At a depth of thirty-nine feet the "floor-stone," from which gun flints are manufactured at the present day, was reached by Lord

Rosehill and Canon Greenwell. A number of low galleries radiated from the shaft, and scattered around were numerous picks made from the antlers of the red deer, with which our remote ancestors had pursued their labours. "The points are worn by use," says Sir John Evans, "and the thick bases of the horns battered by having been used as hammers for breaking off portions of the chalk, and also of the nodules of flint. Where they had been grasped by the hand the surface is worn smooth, and on some there was a coating of chalky matter adhering, on which was still distinctly visible the impression of the cuticle of the old flint-workers. The marks of the picks and hammers were as fresh on the walls of the galleries as if made but yesterday." The picks bear a striking resemblance to the tools in use at the present time, save that the horn has been replaced by a wooden haft and an iron head.

Scattered around were numerous chippings and cores of flint, several "hammer stones" consisting of quartzite pebbles or of the "cores" from which flakes had been struck, and implements such as celts, scrapers, borers, and arrow-heads. Grimes Graves was a manufactory of considerable importance in pre-historic times. It has been surmised, from the vast quantities of refuse lying near, that the larger implements were made immediately the flint was brought to the surface, while the finer varieties were finished in the rude workshops on the riverside.

So much for what our remote ancestors were able to accomplish. Let us now survey the industry of flint-knapping as still carried on at Brandon, and carefully note as we proceed how slightly ancient and modern methods of manufacture differ. Even in excavating the flint there is a strange survival of old-time methods. Individualism is strongly maintained, each man sinking his own shaft and declining to accept any assistance save what his own children or perhaps a willing youth may offer. Sometimes a site among the trees is chosen, because the chalk there is drier, and the digger works under more favourable conditions of shelter. As a preliminary to operations, he places four large pieces of chalk, or digs up four sods at the corners as his "marks." Among the fraternity these "marks" are held in the utmost respect, and although cases of removal are known, they are exceedingly rare. Permission to dig is obtained from the trustees of the heath;

no "groundage" is charged, and if the digger fills up his pit after working it out he receives one shilling for his pains. The digger works downwards for about five or six feet, then proceeds for half that distance in a horizontal direction, and sinks another shaft lower down into the chalk to the depth of about a couple of yards. If a floor of flint is not encountered at this depth, which rarely happens, he again proceeds horizontally, and sinks yet another shaft. Thus he goes on downwards and sideways, "on the sosh," as the local phrase runs, until the required layer is obtained. It will be seen from this description that the bottom of the shaft is not immediately below the surface opening, but at some distance to the right or left. The reason of this peculiar method of excavation is apparent when we remember that neolithic man was unacquainted with even the simplest mechanical appliances. The windlass, rope, and bucket were unknown; his only method of transport was actual conveyance by hand. The stone was handed up from one stage to another until the surface was reached, and this is the method employed at the present day. According to Mr. Skertchley, one of the best authorities on the subject, a further reason for this curious method of working is to be found. "The object of cutting the shaft on the sosh," he says, "is to prevent any accident from stones falling from the upper stages. When such a catastrophe occurs, the workman, leaning back, plants his shoulder against the next stage, and the stone falls clear of him down the shaft."

It is difficult to understand the persistence of this cumbrous and laborious method: conservatism counts for much, but at Brandon it seems to have achieved a signal and unique victory. At every floor of flint an excavation, sometimes extending for several yards, is made below the chalk. The flint is excavated in large blocks, which are broken into moderately-sized pieces, so that they may be handed up from platform to platform. Generally the digger works lying on his side, excavating the chalk with a one-sided steel-tipped iron pick, and then employing a short crowbar to force down the block of flint.

The blocks are then broken into pieces of a convenient size for carrying to the surface, averaging two feet by one foot six inches. When a load of flint is brought above ground, it is stacked endways in heaps of about one ton weight, known to the miners as "jags," and covered with loose branches of fir, to prevent the sun and wind changing its colour, and rendering it less valuable for manufacturing purposes. Black flint only is sold for the best gun flints, merchants having an objection to the milky variety.

The mining process is at an end: manufacturing is about to commence. And here also old-time methods persist: no large manufactory exists, but each worker has his own little shed, and carries on his labours independently. First the stone is quartered, or broken into pieces about six or seven inches square. The block is placed on a thick leather pad on the workman's knee, and struck with a heavy-headed hammer, which easily divides the mass into the required sections. A cracked flint-block always flies in pieces with a jarring sound, but in sound flints the blow is accompanied with an honest ring. Quartering hammers are of two sizes, varying from three and a half lbs. to six lbs. in weight. They are hexagonal in section, and taper slightly so as to leave the face large.

The next process of "flaking" requires greater skill and more certain aim, for the object of the workman is to get as many pieces from the block which may serve as gun flints, however small. "This is the most difficult branch of the business," says Mr. Skertchley, "and requires great skill and niceties of judgment. The stone must be struck at the proper angle, in the exact spot, with a certain force, and by a given portion of the face: and all but the first of these elements vary with every flake. Many knappers are unable to flake, and but few attain great proficiency in the art. . . . The stone varies in quality, some running well and clean, others breaking off short and 'stubbly'; and unless the flakes are struck of different sizes much waste would ensue. It is this judgment which distinguishes a good from an inferior flaker; a good one would work to profit alone upon which an inferior man would lose money."

The flakes, in the majority of cases, are long, flat, and knife-shaped; the pieces are struck off in rapid succession, until only the "core" remains, to be employed for building purposes. No fewer than 7,000 or 8,000 flakes can be struck off in a day, and an exceptionally skilful workman has been known to turn out 10,000. The record output, we believe, is 63,000 made in a single week.

The next stage in the process of manufacture is one that requires what by the Brandon workman must be regarded as elaborate machinery. A knee-pad and a hammer are sufficient for "quartering" and "flaking," but "knapping," or making flakes into gun flints, demands more elaborate provision. In the first place the "knapping" hammer is smaller than any previously employed. It is usually made from a flat file drawn out, and possesses a chisel-like head, wherewith it is possible to deliver the most rapid and delicate blows on the block of flint. The knee-pad is replaced by a large block of wood, into the upper surface of which a six-inch tapering iron "stake" is driven, and padded at the sides with leather, the object of the latter being to ensure a rebound blow from the hammer stroke. The flake of flint is held face uppermost on the "stake," and with the chisel-like hammer the operator "knaps" off the fragments as occasion permits or necessity demands. A good flake will make four and occasionally five flints. The size of the knapped pieces, and consequently the purpose to which they may be adapted, depend, of course, on the character of the flint. The 3,000 or 4,000 finished gun flints which a skilful knapper can produce in a single day's work vary from the "large musket" to the "pocket pistol" size. A "musket flint" is usually obtained from the interior of a good flake, but a gun flint, smaller in size, may come from one of the pieces from the outer edge. "Single ridge flints," says Mr. Edward Lovett in the *Illustrated Archæologist*, "are the result of a narrow flake with a flat top, and single-edge flints are caused by a bad or accidental fracture, spoiling the flint for anything better. Chalk heel flints are those made from flakes where the chalk has penetrated, giving white blotches to the flint, whilst common grey flints are those where the chalk staining has equally permeated the black flint. Therefore it is possible for the knapper to make a number of each kind from a single tub of flakes."

At the present time (1900) gun flints in Brandon are selling at the following prices :—

GUN FLINTS.	s.	d.	
Second Musket - - -	5	6	per 1000
Common Musket - - -	4	6	,,
Second Carbine - - -	5	0	,,
Second Horse Pistol - -	3	6	,,
Common Horse Pistol - -	2	9	,,
Second Single - - -	3	3	,,
Common Carbine - - -	4	6	,,

These prices exhibit a considerable advance over those prevailing about twenty years ago, an increase due, we believe, to the difficulty of drawing young and capable men into the industry. Indeed, the demand for gun flints is said to be greatly in excess of available labour.

Along with the manufacture of gun flints that of "strike-a-lights," or tinder-box flints, also goes on. In the opinion of several experts, an unbroken succession may be traced from the neolithic "scraper," which our remote progenitors used in dressing skins, to the gun flint as made to-day. Fire and light were essential in prehistoric times, and in lieu of the little lucifer the half-naked savage may have obtained his spark by striking his scraper on a knob of iron pyrites. "If this is admitted," says Mr. Wilson, "a perfect pedigree has been made out for the gun flint of to-day. Originating with the earliest savage who hit on the notion of using a splinter of flint for the tip of his rude javelin; organised and developed by the neolithlic excavators of Grimes Graves; kept alive during long centuries by the continuous demand for 'strike-a-lights' after its more costly productions had been superseded by bronze and iron; revivified and remodelled by the invention of fire-arms; dwindling once more from the effect of further invention of percussion caps, and now subsisting on the precarious charity of African negroes, it would seem to have well nigh completed the cycle of its existence." But the evidence for an unbroken connection with pre-historic times does not rest on this basis alone. Mr. Skertchley, in his masterly monograph written for the Geological Survey, points out how closely the picks used by the diggers of to-day resemble those employed before history began. "When we see in one simple implement three such peculiarities as the single line, the thickened butt, and the curved handle; and when we find these characters common to a deer antler, and know deer antlers were used as flint-picks formerly, and that such picks are so exclusively local, the conviction I have expressed becomes a certainty; we may assert as a demonstrated fact that the Brandon flint-knappers are the direct descendants of the neolithic flint-workers." It has been shown, with fair conclusiveness, we think, that a large demand existed for flints whether as scrapers, "strike-a-lights" and gun flints in pre-historic and historic times. At one time ten tons of finished flints were turned out of one Brandon workshop every week, and even now the demand is considerable, for in 1895 no fewer than 1,820,000 gun flints were produced at the Lingheath mines.

Where do they go? is the question that naturally rises in the mind, and who are the people that in these days of Lee-Enfields and cheap matches prefer the lumbering flint-lock and the tinder-box? The answer is to be found in Spain and Italy, and in the interior of Africa. Strange as it may appear, the Italian and Spanish peasants prefer the tinder-box to any other means of obtaining a light, while the well-known unreliability of matches in the damp African forests gives the flint and steel a pre-eminence from which it will not easily be shaken. Likewise the old-fashioned flint-lock has found its way into the hands and the favour of African natives, who are constantly demanding new flints wherewith to replace old and useless specimens. A gun flint is a rapidly perishable article. It is not to be depended upon to fire at every pull of the trigger; indeed, an average of thirty shots in every hundred is considered a good record. Large quantities of flints find their way annually to the Gold Coast, and finally to the wild and savage tribes in the interior of the Dark Continent. How long can the peaceful inhabitants of Brandon stand against the tide of civilisation which is sweeping over that far-off land? They can smile at the claims of long descent made by any other industry within the kingdom, yet the hand of fate is heavy against them, and the outlook is gloomier than ever it has been these two thousand years agone. No one can say what the morrow will bring forth, what turn of Fortune's wheel will bring flint-knapping to the zenith of its prosperity, yet one may fervently hope that the old, old industry will not fall into utter and irretrievable decay.

Ernest H. Rann.

Cities Beneath the Sea.

"The village spire
Here raised its silent finger,
Sweet bells were heard and voice of rustic choir
Where now the pensive chimes of ocean linger.

Dear, white-faced homes
Stood round in happy cluster,
Warm and secure, where the rude breaker foams,
And winter winds with angry billows bluster.

Here, in still graves,
Reposed the dead of ages:
When lo! with rush of desecrating waves,
Through the green churchyard the loud tempest rages.

Here the town stood
Till washed away by ocean,
Whose waters smile to-day in careless mood
O'er its whelmed site, and dance with merry motion."

—*Richard Wilton.*

THERE is an idea that because the eastern part of England is flat, it must consequently be stale and unprofitable. But nature's plan is one of diversity and contrast, and Charles Kingsley rightly said that for those who had eyes to see there is true sublimity in the hedgerow and sandbank, as well as in the Alp peak and the mountain waste. Historically, too, Fenland is as rich as any part of the country in its associations. Centuries ago it saw the most desperate of struggles between Romans and Britons, and between Saxons and Danes; the ships of the Vikings were upon the outlying waters, the devastating hosts of Hengist and Horsa were upon the plains, and here it was that heroes like Hereward the Wake waged their last wars against overnumbering foes. And East Anglia is the scene of a mighty struggle still—the struggle of man against the forces of nature. Take a day's journey by boat from Cromer to Harwich, and what is the most striking scene that the coast presents to the astonished gaze? Here and there a steeple-top projects out of the waters: it is all that is left of a once-flourishing little town now buried beneath the swirling tides which are rapidly beating down the cliffs, and year by year getting a little further inland. Cromer, overlooking the sea, and protected by a double breakwater which in time of storm is insufficient to keep the raving waves in check, was once four miles from the coast, and the old town of Shipden lies beneath the sea. The legend runs that as you stand on the crumbling cliffs you can hear the sweet faint sound of bells rising from the sea-depths, and that if you look intently at low tide you can see the shadowy outlines of the whelmed houses which made the

Cromer of centuries ago. Suffice it that East Anglia can truly speak of its vanished cities, "its lost Atlantis;" and that on its ancient records there are names of places which exist no more. When the sea gives up its dead the rapacious waters which separate the Holland of England from the Continental Holland will have a huge account to render.

Signs of the Titanic struggle man wages with nature on this eastern mainland are apparent directly the journey from Peterborough to the coast begins, and they grow more and more impressive as the journey proceeds. Only the earth-curvature breaks the view. The eye can travel over a stretch of country which is as flat as the proverbial table, and upon the whole extent of which not the slightest dip or rise can be detected. In some parts trees are scarce, and then indeed the view is weird and wonderful in its monotony. A veritable green desert seems to exist without a sign of life or animation, and without relief of any kind,—one long, dull, silent waste. And yet not a waste, but a plain teeming with fertility, for here man with infinite patience and ceaseless labour has rescued the land from barrenness and desolation, intersected it with dykes, and in parts transformed it into a prolific garden. The meadowland is of the deepest green, the fields of barley and rye gleam goldenly, and the vast mustard-fields positively dazzle the eyes. Instead of hedges partitioning the country and serving as landmarks, there are the long, thin, straight dykes, glistening like silver cords in the sunlight. And then comes another sight—the broad, sluggish, seemingly-motionless rivers, unbanked, in wet seasons overflowing the land and forming large lakes, but in the summer season winding by the most picturesque of villages, and crowded with the white sails of passing boats. These widenings of the rivers are the Broads, over which the house-boats glide lazily, or where they may be seen moored for the night at a stage which is reached with all the pleasure of a change after a day's idle floating down the stream. Far and far away in a dim haze may be seen the sea, and the salt breeze comes cheeringly and refreshingly across the open land.

Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex have suffered greatly from the encroachments of the sea, though the ravenous waters of the Wash are now made to give up some of the plundered land. On the north of the county there have been reclamations, and one or two bright and pleasant villages were, not so very long ago, desolate marshes or wholly submerged. But lower down the sea continues to make headway, and places like Sidestrand, Horsey, Palling, Mundesley, and Sherringham, in Norfolk; Lowestoft, Southwold, Blythburgh, and Dunwich, in Suffolk; are still more or less at the mercy of the furious waters. It is true that all sorts of defences have been put up, but old experience shows that they are unequal to resist the ravages of those heavy tides which sweep along the eastern coast.

The most remarkable of the disappearing cities of Suffolk is Dunwich. Half-sunk in the sea, half-vanished from the eye of man, a great name in ancient history, and a fading name in the present, the former capital of East Anglia is to-day an impressive and pathetic spectacle as its cluster of small cottages is viewed dipping down towards the ravenous ocean. How much is fabulous and how much is real of the history of Dunwich, none can say. Much may be conjectured as to its early history, and much can be found in authoritative records. We know that in Norman and Plantagenet times it was a flourishing, opulent, commercial city, a port much resorted to, a royal abode, an episcopal see, and possessing a mint. It was "a town of good note, abounding with much riches, and sundry kinds of merchandizes." At the period of its highest prosperity it paid an annual fee-farm rent of £120 13s. 4d. and twenty-four thousand herrings. For unlawfully supplying the enemies of King Richard I. with corn, it was ordered to pay a fine of 1,060 marks; Yarmouth and Ipswich, places much poorer and of considerably less commerce, escaped with a fine of 200 marks for the same offence. Thus we see the relative importance of these towns at that period, despite the encroachments which the sea had already made, and which had reduced the size of Dunwich nearly one-half. Dunwich purchased for 300 marks from King John the precious privilege of marrying its sons and daughters as it pleased. This was a further sign of wealth and independence. A still more substantial indication of affluence is provided by the fact that in the reign of King Edward I., Dunwich, though then conspicuously fallen from its high estate, had eleven ships of war, sixteen "fair" ships, twenty trading vessels for northern countries, and twenty-four fishing boats. This number was supplemented by eleven ships of war, which the loyal citizens of Dunwich built and equipped during the same reign to defend the realm from invasion. At a still later period Dunwich sent its own ships to assist in the siege of Calais. Truly it was no mean city.

All the greatness and splendour of Dunwich are in its past. The Romans, judging by the coins which have been found in the locality, had a station here. Domesday Book reveals the fact that it contained 136 burgesses, and 100 poor; and it was valued at £50 and 60,000 herrings. In the time of Edward the Confessor there were two carves of land at Dunwich, but one was engulfed before the Conqueror's survey was made.

The decline of Dunwich was accelerated by the removal of its port, a new one being opened at Blythburgh, two miles nearer Southwold. A long account is given of the ruin caused by the sea in a volume dated 1813, and the leading points may be extracted from it. The devastation had been great in the time of the Conqueror, but the sea, agitated by violent east and south-east winds, continued its ravages, until in the time of

Henry III. it was found imperative to check the inroads by fences. The King himself granted two hundred pounds towards the defences of the ancient town. On the night of January 1st, 1286, a violent storm overthrew several churches, swept away houses, and deluged part of the land. In the first year of Edward III.'s reign the old port was rendered entirely useless, and in another twenty years or so four hundred houses, with certain shops and windmills, had fallen a prey to the waves. After this, the church of St. Leonard was overthrown, and in the course of the same century the churches of St. Martin and St. Nicholas disappeared. In 1540, the church of St. John Baptist was demolished, and before 1600 the chapels of St. Anthony, St. Francis, and St. Katherine, together with the South Gate and Gilden Gate, were swallowed up, so that not a quarter of the original town was left standing. In the reign of Charles I., the Temple buildings could offer no further resistance to the advancing sea, and in one wild season they were destroyed, and the ruthless waters swept up to the market-place. In 1680, all the buildings north of Maison Dieu Lane were destroyed; in 1702, the waters surrounded St. Peter's Church, which was dismantled and undermined; the Town Hall shared the same fate; and in 1715, the jail was absorbed. The climax was reached in December, 1740, when a north-east wind caused a great tempestuous sea to sweep away the cliffs, to destroy the last remnants of the churches, and to leave nothing but gaping walls to mark the sites of ancient buildings. The Cock and Hen hills, forty feet high, were levelled with their bases, and the ground about them was so rent, that the remains of the dead in the repositories of St. Francis Chapel were scattered about the beach, and the Dunwich people beheld the hideous spectacle of skeletons, or parts of skeletons, washed hither and thither by the waters.

So perished Dunwich, with the exception of a few score houses; its royal castle, where King Sigebert had his seat of government, and its Bishop's House are ruined, and its ancient glories swept away. Nor does the olden capital of East Anglia stand alone in its desolation. Several centuries ago Aldeburgh was a place of considerable importance, and was granted special and extensive charters. Its magnitude is made manifest by a plan of the town dating back to 1559. In that plan the church is represented as being at least ten times its present distance from the shore, while there were extensive denes (like those at Yarmouth) between the town and the sea. These have entirely disappeared. The ravages of the sea also swept away the market-place and cross. Even the inland towns of Suffolk have not escaped, and we learn from an old chronicle that "In October, 1394, 17 Richard, there happened great inundations in divers parts, which did much hurt at Bury and New-market, overthrowing walls and houses, and putting men and women in great danger of drowning." At Blythburgh, Covehithe, and Walberswick, the story of the sea's devastation is to be read in the ruins that remain and in the legends which are current of the vanished edifices. Piers, harbours, and sea-walls have been found useless in most of these places, and the coast to all practical purposes has been abandoned at certain points, and there the insurgent sea is left to do its worst. One is reminded of Shakespeare's lines in Sonnet 64 :—

"I have seen the hungry ocean gain
Advantage on the kingdom of the shore."

Needless to say that the danger to mariners in these parts is very great, and as one of the poets of the county has sung: —

> "Oft 'tis said
> The affrighted fisherman a steeple spies
> Below the waves; and oft the mariner,
> Driven by the whirlwind, feels his vessel strike
> Upon the mingled mass."

CUMING WALTERS.

The Dunwich Town Trust has pur-
hased from the executors of the late Sir
enneth Kemp, twelfth baronet, who left
o heir, the Charter which King John
ranted in 1208. As members of the
emp family have since the reign of
harles II helped to represent Dunwich in
arliament, the charter probably became
st about a century and a half ago among
e Kemp family papers, and was not dis-
overed until after the last War.

Dunwich had to pay King John 200
arks, 10 falcons, and five gerfalcons as
e for the charter. For wrecks on its
oastline Dunwich paid King John 5,000
els yearly. As an extensive forest
retched towards the south-east of the
wn in the Conqueror's reign, a fact re-
ealed by his granting the Rouse family
f Suffolk leave to hunt and hawk there,
e supply of falcons presented no
ifficulty.

The Charter, among other matters, orders
at if any townsman is accused of felony or
anslaughter he can be cleared by the oath
24 freemen neighbours, and it allows the
habitants to give their daughters in marriage
whom they will, with the daughters' con-
nt; and that only the parents or lawful
uardians should have custody of their sons,
ho shall not be compelled to marry except
ith their own consent.

In view of the Sutton Hoo discovery it is
f interest that Dunwich was made the first
ishopric of East Anglia by King Sigbert,
ho was instructed in the Christian Faith
hen in exile in France, and who was the son
f a widow who married Redwald. It seems
at he met Felix, a pious Burgundian priest,
his exile, and Felix was consecrated A.D.
636 Bishop of Dunwich by Honorius. Late
the See was moved to Thetford and the
Norwich, and Weever explains by quoti
early writers, who stated how in the beginni
of Holy Church in England, Bishops had the
sees in low and simple places for contempla
tion, but that the Conqueror "by doome o
Law Canon" ordained they should come ou
of small towns into great cities.

At the time of the Confessor Dunwich ha
one church, and in the Doomsday survey the
are two, and 350 people; but only one carv
of land where formerly two. The sea ha
already begun its work of destruction an
although until the first part of the fourteent
century there were seven known churches an
many chapels, yet one by one they fell ov
the cliff and the last to go, All Saints, h
many chunks of its masonry embedded in t
beach below. The cliffs are of a loose san
material, and Dunwich, which was original
a headland, is now part of a bay. The writ
of this article, when there last year, was to
that a gold ring had been picked up
the tide line after a high sea, and obje
are still constantly washed up.

Before the Dissolution tithes were paid
the monks of Eye and 24,000 herrings year
to the monks of Ely. In the reign of Richard
Dunwich was heavily fined for sending co
to the King's enemies in Flanders, and Y
mouth and Ipswich were also fined. Yarmou
has a charter of King John and was then
coming rival.

Randulph Agas in 1509 writes: "T
Toune of Dunwic a Coaste toune neare t
midle of the sheire is scituate upon a cli
fortie foot hie. The auntient Haven there w
sometime at the northe ende of the toune w
standeth now their Keie, which Haven w
utterly choaked upp with a North Easte win
the fortene daie of Januarie Anno Edward I
It appeareth as well by their Charter as ot
wise that it hath been one of the auntie
tounes with a Bishoppes Sea, also a mi
and a market everie daie in the week. . . ."

About this time Queen Elizabeth grante
Charter confirming former ones.

AUGUST 28 193

The Castle and Priory of Clare.

WITHIN easy access from Cambridge and Bury St. Edmunds lies a small and obscure town in the Fens, which, despite its present decayed aspect, has a history of some importance. The current of time has hurried by and left Clare behind, and for centuries it has been stagnating and living more in its past than in its present. Only market-day periodically awakens the slumbrous town and blows the breath of modern life into it; for the rest, it is typical of many English places which have had to give way to new centres of industry and enterprise. But the little town remains bright and inviting, despite its situation amid the "glooming flats" of the eastern marshland. Long level lanes, far-extending meadows stretching monotonously to the coast, land cut up by dykes, lazy streams slowly and imperceptibly finding their way to the sea—these make up the characteristic scenery and environment. In the winter months, when the whole region is converted into a frozen lake of ice, no outlook could be more dreary, but the summer brings some compensation in comparative luxuriousness. Suffolk is "renowned for its wild flowers," as Agnes Strickland, herself a Suffolk woman, has left on record; and, in addition, man has done his utmost to atone for the shortcomings of nature by the extensive planting of trees. Thus, tame and unattractive as a large portion of the county is, the Suffolk towns and villages have a cheerful appearance, and Clare is no exception to the rule. Its Latin name, *Clarus*, was bestowed upon it with good reason. The straggling main street was once part of the highway to London; the ancient hostelry, with its famous heraldic device, the Swan, where the coaches drew up in bygone days, is such as Dickens himself would have loved to describe equally with that in the neighbouring city of Ipswich. But the church, dating from the thirteenth century, is, perhaps, the present glory of the town. With its imposing square tower—one of the many to be observed across the landscape, and the unusual number of which led Cobbett to pass his remarkable eulogium upon the county *—

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* Cobbett's statement may be worth recalling. "The county of Suffolk," he said, "is the crack county of England. It is the best cultivated, most ably, most carefully, most skilfully, of any piece of land of the same size in

its specimens of Early English, Decorated, and Perpendicular work, its lancet windows, and its ancient solid doorways, the fabric is one of the highest interest and of no mean importance. It has had its periods of storm and its seasons of neglect; and it shows the scars of the one and the dilapidations of the other. The chancel fell nearly three hundred years ago, and was rebuilt in 1617, and the glass then used in the windows bore the names of the benefactors by whose generosity the work of restoration was accomplished. But the iconoclast was at work in those times, and one, Dowsing, boasted that in 1643 he destroyed 1,000 "pictures superstitious," with "three of God the Father, three of Christ, and three of the Holy Ghost like a dove," besides the twelve Apostles carved in wood and twenty cherubim. Near the church is a famous old gabled house with richly pargeted walls, mould tie beams, and open fireplaces—a veritable relic bearing on its front the

the whole world. Its labourers are the most active and most clever; its farmers' wives, and women employed in agriculture, the most frugal, adroit, and cleanly of any of the whole world. It is a county of most frank, industrious, and virtuous people, and its towns are all cleanliness, neatness, and good order." This tribute, which, however true it may have been, could only be regarded now as exaggerated if applied to the present generation, Cobbett paid in all sincerity; and it attributed the excellent condition of the county to the fact that there was a parish church in every three square miles, or less, so that the people were "almost immediately and constantly under the eye of a resident parochial minister."

Clare arms and the date 1472. Heraldic carvings are also to be seen on the premises now used as the Post Office ; and a house in the Market Place possesses a crypt, though whither it leads is undiscovered, and its origin is unknown.

This small and decayed town has a history of singular interest and no little importance—a history dating back to Saxon times, when during the Heptarchy it was a frontier town of East Anglia. Traces of the earthworks of a British encampment are still discoverable on the "Common"—some sixty acres of land given to the town by Philip and Mary. After the Norman Conquest Clare was further distinguished by giving an earl's title to Richard Fitz Gilbert, a kinsman of the Conqueror, who was present at the battle of Hastings. His grandson took the name of De Clare. This was one of the ninety-six lordships in this county given by the Conqueror to Richard, the first Earl of Clare ; but the Honour of Clare comprised also many other parishes in the counties of Essex, Surrey, Middlesex, and Hertford. The title and honour remained in his family till the death of Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Clare, Hertford, and Gloucester, in 1313, without issue. Lionel Plantagenet, third son of Edward III., having become possessed of the Honour of Clare, by marrying the heiress of the last earl, was created in 1362 Duke of Clarence. The quaint armorial bearings on an old house are supposed to be commemorative of this union. This title was forfeited in 1477 by the attainder of George Plantagenet—the ill-fated Clarence, who is reputed to have been drowned in a butt of malmsey, and whose moving story supplied Shakespeare with a theme;* and it was not revived till 1789, when George II. created his third son, William Henry, Duke of Clarence, the title once more becoming extinct in 1837. Indeed, a remarkable fatality seems to have attended this title, for in spite of two modern revivals, it is again extinct by the premature decease of the Duke of Albany (Earl of Clarence) and of Prince Albert Victor of Wales. From this one root, however, the name has branched off in various directions—it is found in Ireland, where Richard de Clare possessed an estate, and in France, where his vineyards lay, and whence is derived "claret," though philologists may reject this explanation. A "Claret Hall," in the vicinity, is supposed to confirm local tradition in this respect. The name survives again in the

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* Vide *Richard III.*, Act 1, Scene iv.

Clarencieux Herald (the first of the two provincial King-at-Arms, dating from the nomination of the Duke of Clarence to the office by his brother, Henry V.); while Clare College, Cambridge, owes its designation to Lady Elizabeth de Clare, who rebuilt and endowed it, and whose arms (three red chevrons on a field of gold) are quartered on all things appertaining to the institution. After this we need not wonder that every Suffolk man rejects with scorn the hypothesis of some antiquaries that the royal title of Clarence was derived from Klarenza, the ancient Peloponnessium port, and that it came into England through Philippa of Hainault, one of whose family had married a Duke of Clarence, who was the eldest son of the Prince of Acliaia. Moreover, there is a history recorded in stone—the ruins of castle and priory—which serves more than theory or tradition to establish the claims of Clare to former eminence and splendour.

Practically there are two chapters in the ancient history of Clare, one relating to the castle, the other relating to its priory, the one recalling the striking characteristics of feudal times, and the other typical of monastical development and influence. The fortune of Clare rose and declined with the fortune of the lords of the castle and the power of the monks of the priory. In the fourteenth century its zenith of prosperity was probably reached, for it was then the favoured abode of princes; its massive castle, surrounded by a deep fosse, was a stronghold of the territorial chieftains; three churches were open, and in their sacred grounds the bodies of royal personages were laid to rest.

There was a castle in Clare at the time of Edward the Confessor. Strengthened and enlarged after the Conquest, it became one of the most important feudal mansions in the kingdom; and the marks of its site, which time has by no means obliterated, show that it must have occupied fully twenty acres. On the summit of a hill, a hundred feet high, one of the very rare natural prominences in the county, stand the remains of the once formidable keep, which consisted of a massive circular tower built of flints, strongly cemented with mortar, and made steadfast with huge buttresses. Part of the wall on one side still remains, a narrow winding path leading to this highly interesting relic, dating from the Saxon era. The sides of the mound are covered with shrubs and trees, and the picturesqueness of the scene is enhanced by visible fragments of the ancient flint wall running down the hill along the north side of the area of the castle. The first authentic mention of the stronghold is in the time of Egbert, though no doubt exists in the minds of archæologists that its foundation was anterior to his reign.

And here it may be mentioned that the interesting suggestion has been made, that the castle of Torquilstone, once owned by Front de Bœuf, corresponds most nearly with Clare Castle in its pristine grandeur. In "Ivanhoe," chap. xxi., we read:—"It was a fortress of no great size, consisting of a donjon, or large and high square tower, surrounded by buildings of inferior height, which were encircled by an inner court-yard. Around the exterior wall was a deep moat supplied with water from a neighbouring rivulet. . . . Considerable additions had been made to the strength of the castle by building towers upon the outward wall, so as to flank it at every angle. The access, as usual in castles of the period, lay through an arched barbican, or out-work, which was terminated and defended by a small turret at each corner."

In the time of Canute, Earl Alfric, son of Withgar, being then in possession of Clare Castle, founded within its precincts a church dedicated to John the Baptist, and endowed it with several prebends, which, in 1090, were given by Gilbert de Clare to the monks of Bec, in Normandy. Gilbert, surnamed Red Gilbert, married Amicia, sole heiress of the Earl of Gloucester, and their son Richard, who was quaintly described by an ancient chronicler as "a very fine gentleman," founded Clare Priory. His life, notwithstanding his virtues and piety, was a stormy one. By marrying the daughter of Henry de Burgh he incurred the resentment of the King, who insisted upon his obtaining a divorce. At a later period his seneschal and chief councillor, one Walter de Scoteney, administered poison to him and his brother William. The latter died, Richard recovered, but succumbed to a second dose of poison administered to him at the table of the Queen's uncle, Peter de Savoye.

In a paper read before the Bury and West Suffolk Archæological Institute in 1878, the Rev. H. Jarvis gave the following details of the monastery which Richard de Clare founded :—"It was a friary, of Friars Eremites, of the order of St. Augustine. This order Richard de Clare is supposed to have brought into England. Tanner, in his 'Notitia Monastica,' says, 'The Friars Eremites were seated at Clare in 1248, probably by Richard de Clare, Earl of Gloucester [in right of his descent from Amitia, before mentioned], Lord of the Honour of Clare, who brought this kind of mendicants into England.' The next date we meet with for the founding of a house of this order is at Woodhouse, in 1250, after which follows Oxford in 1252; and it is probable that their first residence in England was at Clare. Their habit was a broad-sleeved white tunic and scapulary when they were in the house, but in the choir and when they went abroad they had over the former a cowl and hood, both black, which were girt around with a black leather thong."

The venerable priory, black with the dust of centuries, with its groined roof, its raftered ceilings, and its lichen-covered walls, is still an imposing spectacle amid the quaint but well-kept gardens in which it is set. The priory was wealthy, and the extent of the establishment is attested by the long record of officers who undertook its management. Lands were speedily alienated and set apart for the benefit of the Brothers, and on the death of Richard, Earl of Clare, a grant of land was made by his wife, Matilda, for the repose of his soul. An ancient roll in the possession of the Windsor Herald contains a dialogue, in which occur the following "whimsical lines" having reference to this devoted woman :—

"*Q.* But leterally, who was telle me
This Richardis wiff whom thou praisest so?"

"*A.* The Countess of Hertford and Mauld hight she,
Whiche whan deth the knotte had undoo
Of temporal spousailes, betwixt hem twoo,
With divers parcels encresid our foundation,
Liche as our monumentys make declaration."

The dialogue is supposed to take place "betwix a Secular askying, and a Frere answering, at the grave of Dame Johan of Acres," and "sheweth the lineall descent of the lordis of the honoure of Clare, fro the tyme of the fundation of the Freeris in the same honoure, the yere of our Lord a M.ccxlviii. unto the first of May, the yere a M.cccclx." This mention of Joan of Acres brings us to another important and interesting fact in the history both of Clare and of the priory. She was the second daughter of the first

Edward and his Queen, Eleanor, and was born in the Holy Land at the time of the Crusades at Ptolemais, or, as it is more commonly called, Acres. At the age of eighteen she married the grandson of the famous Richard de Clare, one Gilbert, who was now known as Earl of Clare and Gloucester; and she it was who, being of a deeply religious nature, built a convent chapel, the site of which is believed to have been on the north-east side of the priory. It was dedicated to St. Vincent, the ancient roll aforesaid offering, as it were, an explanatory note—

> "Wherefore in honoure, O Vincent, of the(e),
> To whom she had singular affectioun,
> This chapel she made in pure devotioun."

Her husband predeceased her, and she married his servant, Ralph de Mortimer. In the church of her own foundation she was entombed, and Edward II. and "most of the nobility of England were present at her funeral," according to the antiquary Grose. "In the church is still seen the carved railing that surrounded her burial-place," another old record runs; and the Rev. H. Jarvis adds that "some have supposed that this railing is the beautiful screen, adorned with monograms, which now encloses a pew in the south aisle of the parish church." Joan's son by her second husband was laid beside her. Her daughter by her first marriage, Elizabeth, continued the mother's pious work, for she built the chapter house, the dormitory, and the refectory. It was she who rebuilt Clare Hall, Cambridge University: "she alone did al," as the old chronicle says. Married to Sir John de Burgh, Earl of Ulster, she left an only daughter, by whom the Clares became connected with the royal family, for she was united to Edward III.'s son Lionel, and in the priory church the remains of both were ultimately laid to rest. The importance attached by the family to burial in this venerated church may be gathered from the fact that Lionel, Duke of Clarence, who died at Alba Pompeia in 1368, "bequeathed by his will his body to be buried in England, in the convent church, before the high altar; and gave thereto a black suit, with all belonging thereto, as also his black cloth, embroidered." His body was consequently removed from Pavia, where it had been first interred, and in one of the Harleian MS. deeds of 1377 mention is made of the expense of his obsequies—"ten marks were appointed to be paid in complete discharge of all the expenses incurred for the aforesaid funeral." Among others whose bodies reposed in the same sanctuary were Sir John Beauchamp, knight, Lady Margaret Scrope, Sir Edmund, "last of the Mortimers," and the Earl of March. Mr. Jarvis adds, "Whether at the dissolution of the monastery and destruction of the church, these remains of the illustrious dead were exhumed and removed, and if so, in what spot they now rest, I have been unable to determine. During the restoration of the parish church, however, a handsome monumental slab recording the death of one of the priors was brought to light."

The monks and priors of Clare were not men who made history, and the names of only two eminent scholars are distinguished from the list—Henry Bederic and John of Bury. Both had the reputation of profound learning, and the former became Provincial of his order.

Like all monastic establishments Clare Priory had its vicissitudes, as the ruined cloisters and the shattered walls solemnly attest. The work of destruction commenced with a fire in the reign of Henry VII., but the buildings were rehabilitated, only to be dismantled again in the subsequent reign. The new front of the fifteenth century remains, and forms a conspicuous portion of the present priory, a modernised edifice, which has long been a private residence; and there are even more interesting relics to be seen. Traces of the original building are found in the little south-east court, its hall door and groined roof, and the stone staircase ascending from it. The arches of the cloister court and the stoup for holy water take us back to 1380, when the Bishop of London performed the ceremony of dedication. All visible trace of the church itself, we learn from Mr. Jarvis's pamphlet, has been lost, with one exception—"an exception, however, sufficient to indicate with certainty its locality, and affording a significant representation of its character." A coat of old plaster was removed some years ago from the south wall of the present church, and the sedilia of the ancient structure were brought to light. There were the pointed arches and capitals in the Early English style, and there were the solid oaken seats in their original position. But they turned to dust as the current of air reached them, and only the stonework remains to give silent testimony to the beauty and richness of the fabric.

In 1124, the Benedictine monks departed from

Clare, and their habitation was removed to the neighbouring town of Stoke. The Augustinian priory replaced the former monastic edifice in 1248. As a family residence the present priory has no important history, though the Barnardistons, to whom it belonged for a hundred and fifty years, claim to have given rise to the term "Roundhead" during the Civil War. Rapin makes record that "the London apprentices wore the hair of the head cut round; and the Queen observing out of a window Samuel Barnardiston among them, cried out, 'See what a handsome round head is there.'"

A small, and now ruined, chapel about a mile from Clare is known locally as Chapel-house. It was formerly one of those wayside chapels by no means uncommon in pre-Reformation times, which were often, like this one, built at the junction of roads for the convenience of pilgrims on their way to a shrine. No records have yet been found relating to this particular oratory, nor is it known to what saint it was dedicated. But the building tells its own story, and by the style of its architecture we learn that it was built about 1180, because it is Transition work, between the Norman and Early English orders. The materials employed are flint with freestone dressings. Its length externally is fifty feet, and width twenty feet six inches. There are two Norman windows on the east side, again giving evidence of its transitional character. Its chief object of interest is a curious Norman door on the north side, where may be observed the two styles of architecture gracefully blended. Another feature is a fine block of octagonal chimneys. After its desecration it was used as a dwelling-place, and according to tradition served as a powder magazine during the Civil Wars.

In the year 1866 some workmen, while digging in the Castle Bailey for the new line of railway then being constructed, turned up an interesting relic. It was a gold cross attached to about two feet of ornamental gold chain. The cross, we learn from a local record, is about an inch and a half long, with a large pearl at each intersection of the upright and transverse pieces. On the upper side of the cross is a representation of the Saviour, as crucified, with the glory and the crown of thorns about his head. On the scroll over him are the letters I.N.R.I. The same letters occur, one on each limb of the cross, surmounted by ornamental tracery. When a small pin is removed, a portion of the upper side of the cross may be taken off; in the cavity beneath is a small piece of wood and a minute fragment, apparently of granite. The history of this interesting relic has been the occasion of much speculation. It was conjectured that the wood was a fragment of the true cross, and the pebble a relic brought by a pious pilgrim from the Holy Land. In the year 1378, Philippa, Countess of March, bequeathed to her son, Edmond, a piece of the true cross, charging him on her blessing to keep it carefully. The same Edmond, Earl of March and Lord of Clare, bequeathed to Wigmore Abbey, "a cross of gold set with stones, with a relic of the true cross." The cross and chain, which were in excellent preservation, were sent to the Queen, who, as Duchess of Lancaster, is Lady of the Manor.

It is somewhat surprising that Clare, with its relics and associations, is not more often the resort of the curious, the lover of the picturesque, and the student of archæology. If it has outlived its prime it can still show mementoes of a lustrous past, and its treasures enforce the truth of Ruskin's saying that the glory of a building is "not in its stones, nor in its gold. Its glory is in its Age, and in that deep sense of voicefulness, of stern watching, of mysterious sympathy, nay, even of approval or condemnation, which we feel in walls that have long been washed by the passing waves of humanity."

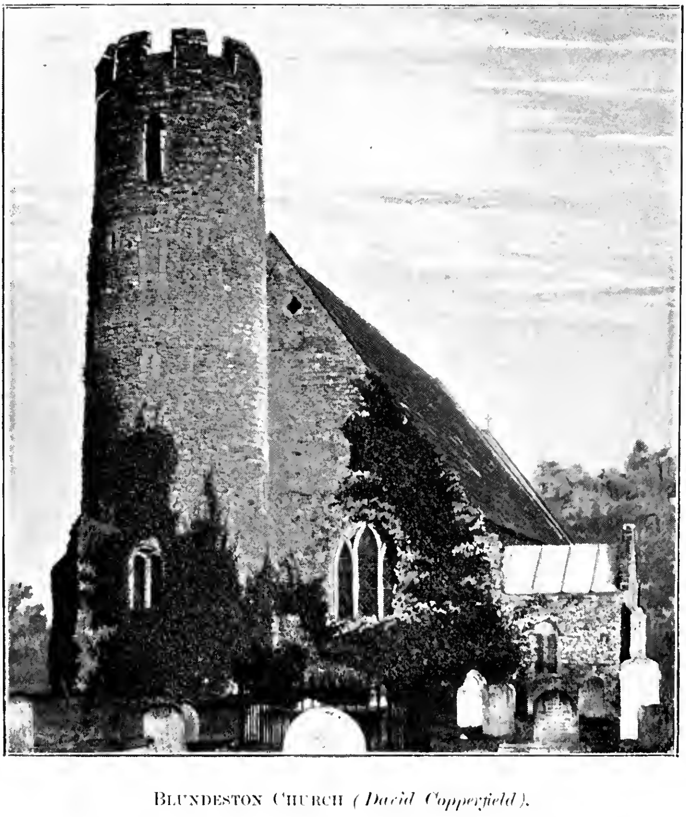
CUMING WALTERS.

A Segment of Dickens-Land.

IT has probably been observed by all readers of Dickens that his coast scenery is mainly that of the eastern part of England, and that his localities, with London as a centre, are chiefly those of the east counties. His own Kentish home and its surroundings are frequently depicted; Essex figures in "Great Expectations" and "Barnaby Rudge"; Suffolk and Norfolk in "The Pickwick Papers" and "David Copperfield"; and Lincolnshire in "Bleak House." Dickens, in fact, runs up the eastern coast and through the counties of East Anglia from Kent to Yorkshire; and Forster in his "Life" tells us of the actual journeys Dickens took in order to obtain local colour and precise details of that east coast scenery which so often was painted upon his canvas. In this chapter our view is limited to a few of the Suffolk places described or visited by Dickens—Ipswich, Bury St. Edmunds, Lowestoft, Blundeston (or Blunderstone), and Gorleston, near Yarmouth. The county is not much changed since the times when the mailcoaches lumbered along the roads, and most of the old posting-houses at which Dickens must have called are still to be traced. The flat but fertile county with its Sleepy Hollows, its slow streams, its long stretches of meadowland, its slowly-turning windmills, its ancient churches, its snug inns, and its wild sea, must have had a peculiar fascination for Charles Dickens, judging by the affection with which he refers to it, and the prominent place he accords it in two of his books. Such is the suggestiveness of his language that he could almost persuade us that the biographers are in error in giving the place of his birth at Chatham, and that Suffolk was really his native place.

Yet at the very outset we are confronted with a difficulty, and, reluctant as I am to do so, I fear I must prick one bubble of illusion—that relating to Blundeston.

"I was born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk, or 'thereby,' as they say in Scotland," is the uncompromising assertion of David Copperfield. The house—the miscalled Rookery—and the church are the only places described, and anyone who visits the old-fashioned village to-day will find that the church, with its tall imposing Norman tower, is the only picturesque and interesting



Blundeston Church (*David Copperfield*).

object which Blundeston has to show. But it was not the tower which attracted the attention of little David Copperfield. His memory went back to the high-backed pew, with a window near it, "out of which our house can be seen, and *is* seen many times during the morning service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames." The church was dismal to the little lad; the monumental tablets on the wall, including that to Mr. Bodgers, late of this parish, awakened dreary reflections; and the pulpit only suggested to him "what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head." So much for the fiction; now for the uncompromising fact. Blundeston, as the name is now spelt, is not an imposing village, and it is hard to know why it was chosen by Dickens for mention at all. The doubt at once arises in the mind of the visitor whether he really did refer to this place near Somerleyton with the fine old church in Early English style. There is very little in the descriptions to enable us to identify it, and but for the fact that other Suffolk places are called by their proper names in "David

Copperfield," we should suspect that "Blunderstone" had no topography outside the novelist's brain. One of two things is probable. Either Dickens used the name (slightly changed) of a village near Yarmouth which would enable him to account for the little hero's easy journey to Peggotty's Hut; or, the name was actually a fabrication, and has since been confused with the somewhat similar name to be found in the locality. No reason can be found for Dickens's choice of Blundeston. No details are given in the novel by which we can identify the Suffolk village. There is no record that Dickens ever visited Blundeston itself, though, of course, he was frequently in the locality, and may have passed through it on his way to Yarmouth or Lowestoft, and have dimly recalled its name. Frankly, however, I do not believe that the birthplace of David Copperfield was any real "Blunderstone in Suffolk" at all, nor have I ever found any argument adduced in favour of the theory save that very risky one that Blundeston suggests the name.*

* The village of Blundeston lies off the main road between Lowestoft and Yarmouth, and is about three and a half miles from the former place. It is out of the beaten track, and it is hard to believe that Dickens would journey thither without an object, or, that once being there, he would see any feature worth describing. The church is attractive; there is a family

The scene shifts from "Blunderstone" to Yarmouth, or rather to a suburb of Yarmouth, if breezy, storm-stricken Gorleston does not yet claim a higher title. It would be no part of my present task to follow David Copperfield to Yarmouth, just over the boundary in Norfolk, but for the fact that Gorleston, where Peggotty's Hut—but not the original boat—is still to be seen, is within Suffolk. A general misapprehension once existed as to Dickens's own connection with this part of the country. It had been inferred, quite naturally, that owing to the vividness of the descriptions Dickens had a long and familiar acquaintance with this part of East Anglia. Forster's biography, however, revealed the simple facts, and a letter is produced written by Dickens in January, 1849, stating that he had journeyed to Yarmouth, and found it "the strangest place in the wide world." He added significantly—"I shall certainly try my hand at it." Dickens was then thirty-seven years of age, and it was at this comparatively late period that the drama of

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mansion near it; and a fine specimen of the old-fashioned "pound" is situated at the cross-roads. The churchyard is noteworthy as having a large number of tombstones dating back a century or more. There is this much to be said for the Dickens theory—a carrier, a modern Mr. Barkis, plies regularly between Blundeston and Yarmouth, and has done so for the last fifty years. This may suffice for the faithful.

"Little Em'ly" was conceived. No doubt there are numerous autobiographical touches in "David Copperfield," but the general environment is altogether foreign to Dickens's own life. That the novelist, as a little boy, ever set eyes on Peggotty's boat, or sat in the little sitting-room, or slept in the bedroom in the stern of the vessel, can be easily disproved. Yarmouth and the boat were unknown to him until he was approaching middle life. This much, however, is known—that when Dickens did visit Yarmouth and the neighbourhood, in 1849, he saw an old boat serving as a dwelling-house in the way he so graphically describes, and that from this spectacle he derived the idea of the Peggottys and their habitation. But what became of the original boat which had so great an influence on Dickens's fancy? That, too, can be told. There are still old salts at Yarmouth who remember the visit of the novelist, who heard his conversation, who sometimes replied to his questions, and who noticed him at his labours and investigations. And these men well remember the old superannuated boat, used as a dwelling place, which stood high and dry on the ground, "with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney, with a delightful door cut in the side, and with little windows in it." Whether the other details were present cannot be positively attested, and we may take leave to doubt the actual existence of the Dutch clock, the chest of drawers, the tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol taking a walk with a military-looking child, and the coloured pictures on the wall. Yet they were not impossible, and in the little cottages of Suffolk may still be found those favourite pictures of Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions. But this much I can personally attest, that the quaint little place called Peggotty's House, at Gorleston, very faintly realises the picture of Dickens, despite the fact that a few yards off are kept the veritable boat and sculls used by old Peggotty himself when he went out for bloaters. The curiosities at Gorleston are interesting, but their genuineness is another question.* The abode of Peggotty disappeared just about twenty years ago. It stood just outside the town wall, but the exact site is hard to determine, for buildings have sprung up all around it. But the little windows, in one of which the candle had been put that erring "Little Em'ly" might see the glad light whenever she came back, have been preserved, or had been until a few years ago when I paid a visit to the new Peggotty's House.

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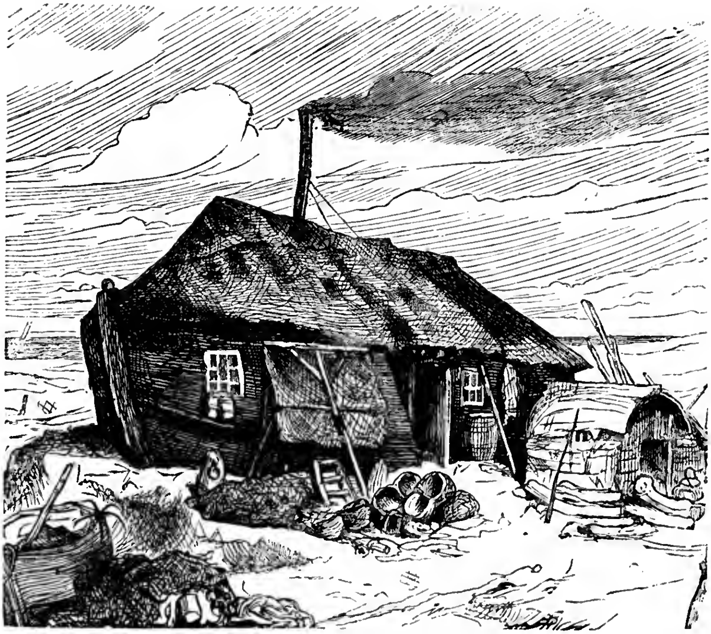
* When I last saw the Hut (1899) it had been converted into a penny show, to the shame of the authorities be it stated. It has since been sold.

The village of Gorleston, a suburb of Yarmouth, is now a thriving and rapidly growing watering-place, famous for its hard, wide sands, and its violent tides. It stands near the mouth of the Yare, and owing to the dangers in the locality has two lighthouses. Some remains exist of an Augustinian priory, founded in the time of Edward I. by one W. Wodegrove, and given at the Dissolution to John Eyer. On entering the village by road from Yarmouth the visitor will perceive the so-called Peggotty's House on the right of the way leading to the jetty; the old storm-beaten boat lies opposite in a mooring. But there have been many changes at Gorleston of late years, and perhaps this statement is no longer correct.

Writing from Gad's Hill Place in July, 1861, Dickens said:—"Lowestoft has improved very much since I was there. But it did not impress me favourably, by reason of the sea's coming in shallow and going out over moist, sandy plain a long way." The novelist knew, however, what the sea's rage and mercilessness could be on this part of the coast. He knew of the tempests off Yarmouth and Gorleston, and in that awful chapter xxvi. of "David Copperfield," simply headed "Tempest," he has brought before our eyes the dark and awful vision of ruinous storm. The journey is described from Ipswich seaward:—

"As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which the wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. . . . I went down to look at the sea, staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam. . . . Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners excited and uneasy; children huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy. The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if they would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep waves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. . . . I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature." It was this sea in which Ham Peggotty perished; it was this sea which gave up its dead, and brought to shore James Steerforth, "on that part where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind."

From the wild sea and the broken coast let us now go inland, and trace Dickens to the quieter nooks of Suffolk.



Peggotty's House. Gorleston.

It is Mrs. Leo Hunter who first utters the name of Bury St. Edmunds in the "Pickwick Papers," and by that utterance she sent Mr. Pickwick off in hot pursuit of Mr. Alfred Jingle, who had taken up his residence at the Angel. Scarcely had the place of Mr. Jingle's retreat been specified than Mr. Pickwick and his faithful servant were "perched on the outside of a stage coach, and every succeeding minute placed a less and less distance between themselves and the good old town of Bury St. Edmunds." It was the month of August, and the coach rolled swiftly by the fields and orchards and cornfields, the groups of women piling the fruit in sieves, and the reapers at their work. Presently the coach "rattled through the well-paved streets of a handsome little town of thriving and cleanly appearance, and stopped before a large inn situated in a wide open street, nearly facing the old abbey." The Angel, a solid and gloomy looking building, is still the object which first arrests the eye after the abbey ruins; and it was the Angel which, on a brilliant morning in the September of 1897, served as a starting-point for the present writer's hundred and fifty mile walking tour through the "sweet and civil county" (as

Bishop Hall called it), which is the subject of this volume.

The Angel Inn possesses a history of far more importance than any work of romance could bestow upon it, even when that work of romance comes from the hand of Charles Dickens. There is little doubt that it was part of the appendages to the abbey, and it figures in local records as early as 1452. But in 1779, the whole, or greater part, of the original foundation was taken down, and on the site of two other ancient inns in addition to the Angel the present structure was erected. Subterranean passages have been discovered, and it is said that "several persons went down a considerable way, and one man having ventured too far was lost." The probability is that he was poisoned by noxious vapours. This man had taken a violin with him, and he was heard playing it to a considerable distance; but suddenly the music ceased, and he was never heard of or seen again. The spacious cellars of the Angel Inn are believed to have been the kitchens of the abbey; and the groined vaults are conjectured to have been the charnel-house. One chronicler says:—"All the space from the Angel Inn to the abbey gate over the plain was made use of during the prosperous state of the abbey for carriages, kennels, hawks, horses, etc., belonging to the same; the Angel Hill, therefore, at that time was not common to the public, but private property belonging to the abbey, and confined solely to the use of the monastery."

The town as Dickens knew it was as Thomas Carlyle described it, "a prosperous, brisk town, beautifully diversifying, with its clear brick houses, ancient clean streets, and twenty or fifteen thousand busy souls, the general grassy face of Suffolk; looking out right pleasantly, from its hill slope, towards the rising sun; and on the eastern edge of it, still runs, long, black and massive, the range of monastic ruins."

It was on the morning after Mr. Pickwick's arrival in Bury that Sam Weller — "having induced a young gentleman attached to the stable department, by the offer of a halfpenny, to pump over his head and face"*—beheld the sallow face of a man in mulberry-coloured livery reading a hymn-book, and looking "as convivial as a live trout in a lime basket." It was from this exemplary personage that he learnt of Mr. Jingle's meditated elopement with a young lady from a boarding-school in the town — and they who have great faith may see an ugly modernised house surrounded by a high wall, and believe that it was this building which Dickens described. Job Trotter described the wall as "very low"; it is certainly not so now; and in reality, any "large red-brick house just outside the town" might be the place Dickens had in his mind, even supposing that it was necessary he should have one at all. I am sceptical as to the boarding-school, and more suspicious as to its ever having existed than was Mr. Pickwick of Job Trotter's story.

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* But alas! the pump has been removed by sacrilegious hands. We ask in vain, "Where's Troy, and where's the Maypole in the Strand?"—and where's the pump which enabled Mr. Weller to enjoy his halfpenny shower bath?

The road from Bury St. Edmunds leads past pleasant villages, some of them with Roman remains, to the commonplace little town of Stowmarket, once visited by Milton; and so on to Ipswich, where we again take up the threads of Mr. Pickwick's story. The elder Mr. Weller "worked an Ipswich coach now and then," and had been privileged to drive Mr. Jingle and his servant to that town. Mr. Pickwick followed, as in duty bound, on receiving the information, and he picked up a new friend, Mr. Peter

Magnus, on the way, and began a new series of adventures. The description of the hotel to which Mr. Pickwick was taken is as true to-day as it was when Dickens penned it:—"In the main street of Ipswich, on the left-hand side of the way, a short distance after you have passed through the open space fronting the Town Hall, stands an inn known far and wide by the appellation of the Great White Horse, rendered the more conspicuous by a stone statue of some rapacious animal with flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door. The Great White Horse is famous in the neighbourhood, in the same degree as a prize ox, or county paper-chronicled turnip, or unwieldy pig — for its enormous size. Never were such labyrinths of uncarpeted passages, such clusters of mouldy, ill-lighted rooms, such huge numbers of small dens for eating or sleeping in, beneath any one roof, as are collected together between the four walls of the Great White Horse at Ipswich." In this "overgrown tavern" to which Dickens had resorted in his young days when he went down to Ipswich to report the speeches of Daniel O'Connell, Mr. Pickwick stayed, and tradition states that he was located in Room Number 16, proudly pointed out to this day. But the "tolerably large double-bedded room" was difficult for a stranger to find unaided: it still is: and it is familiar history how Mr. Pickwick strayed, to the horror of the middle-aged lady in the yellow curl-papers, and to the indignation of Mr. Peter Magnus.

But the adventures at Ipswich were not yet over. It was here that Sam Weller devoted his energies to the return match between himself and Job Trotter, and came off triumphant; here that Mr. Pickwick unmasked Captain Fitz-Marshall in the house of George Nupkins, Esquire, principal magistrate; here that the Pickwickians were arrested on warrants by the police, and here that their most famous victory was achieved. It is said that the adventure of Mr. Pickwick with the lady in the yellow curl papers was suggested to Dickens by an experience of his own when staying in the rambling old hotel. But the ancient hostelry in Tavern Street is full of curious and historic association. The visitor to Ipswich may peep inside the doorway and there see set forth in large letters the glory of the place in having provided accommodation for illustrious personages. Empresses and Kings—George II. among the latter—and other noted people have run the risk of losing themselves like Mr. Pickwick, and here in 1800 Lord Nelson came with the beautiful Lady Hamilton: so in all respects the Great White Horse may be proud of its place in history and in fiction.

Ipswich is said, I know not on what authority, to be the "Eatanswill" of Dickens's caustic satire, and the candidates whom the novelist had in his mind were Sir Fitzroy Kelly and Mr. Morrison.

In October, 1861, Dickens was at the Great White Horse Hotel, Ipswich, and his letter to Wilkie Collins relating chiefly to the varying success of his reading tour in the eastern counties is full of interest. "The first night at Norwich," he writes, "was a dismal beginning—altogether unwonted and strange. We had not a good Let., and (the place of reading being a great, cold, stone-paved Gothic hall) the audience appeared to be afraid of me and of each other. I was out of sorts. Everything seemed forlorn and strange to me. As a very little thing would have stirred me, in such a state of mind, to do my best, so a very little thing stirred me to do my worst—and, on the whole, I think I did it. Next night was 'Nickleby' and 'The Trial.' I had had a good walk in the bright air, and time to season myself up a bit. There was a brilliant audience, and I think I must report of 'Nickleby' that, for a certain fantastic and hearty enjoyment, it tops all the readings. . . . Last night [October 30th] I read 'Copperfield' at Bury St. Edmunds to a very fine audience. I don't think a word—not to say an idea—was lost." Dickens was seated in the hotel famous for Mr. Pickwick's adventures when this letter was written, and the "gaslights of the night were looming in the eight o'clock future" as the pen was moving in the busy hand; else for that he would have written part of "Tom Tiddler's Ground" at Ipswich. Wilkie Collins had suggested a new idea to him for that story, and with characteristic enthusiasm Dickens had seized upon it, and felt the impulse to develop it at once. "The child notion enchants me," he wrote. "With my love for the blessed children I could sit down and do it out of hand. . . . But when I get to the sea next week I hope so to turn the notion over as to be able to work upon it when I come back briskly and quickly. I have no doubt about it, accept it, and devote myself to it! (Here I raise my hand to heaven)." Then he left the subject, and concluded his letter to fulfil the night's engagement. So we lose sight of the necromancer who has cast his spell over this portion of East Anglia.

CUMING WALTERS.

The Home of the Bigods.

"Still upon moat and mere below,
Thine ivied towers look down,
And far their giant shadows throw,
With feudal grandeur's frown.
And though thy star for aye be set,
Thy glory past and gone,
Fancy might deem thine inmate yet
Bigod or Brotherton!
Or Howard brave, who fought and died
On Bosworth's bloody field,
Or bigot Mary, who the tide
Of martyr-blood unseal'd!
Such *were* thy inmates. . . ."

—*Bernard Barton.*

BY devious paths from Wickham Market, through the model village of Easton, one reaches in an out-of-the-way corner of the county the little town of Framlingham, with its ruined castle on the acclivity overlooking the square-built market-place. No one would imagine in treading the quiet streets that he was on ground as important historically as any in England, or that, but for events which occurred in Framlingham the course of English history might have been greatly changed. Framlingham is intimately connected with the rulers of the country, those who wore the crown and reigned, and those who had almost sovereign powers though they were not seated on a throne. The chapters that make up its story are the leading passages in the lives of such epoch-makers as the Bigods, the Malets, the Mowbrays, and the Howards, the powerful inter-related families who helped to make and unmake dynasties, and who played their striking and conspicuous part in the shaping of the kingdom. The last momentous chapter is that which tells of Mary Tudor's sojourn in the ancient stronghold of the Bigods during the time that Lady Jane Grey had been proclaimed England's Queen; and it was at Framlingham that King Henry's daughter gave assurances to the nation, to which, alas! she was infamously false thereafter. It has been said, not inaptly or untruly, that Framlingham in its history is "virtually an epitome of the history of England from its earliest period down to the first half of the seventeenth century," and in this chapter we will endeavour to show how this comes about.

The origin of Framlingham Castle is obscure. In the time of Edward the Confessor the land belonged to Edric of Laxfield, who probably had a stronghold in the vicinity; the famous Hugh Lupus, or Earl Hugh the Wolf, also had territory in the neighbourhood; but before the time of either of these chieftains Redwald of East Anglia may have laid the foundations of the castle. He began his reign in 617, and is the reputed architect and founder of the massive building which ranks among the largest of its class in England. Evidences of a Saxon foundation exist, but actual proof of its first designer is not forthcoming. Its real history begins with the Bigods—a commanding and cruel family, who pushed their fortunes to the uttermost limits, and at length could dictate terms to kings.

The Bigod family was founded by a poor Norman knight, and became immensely powerful in Suffolk and in Norfolk. In the reign of Stephen the family acquired the earldom of the latter county, having rendered conspicuous service to the usurper. They were, in fact, seldom on the side of the sovereign. Robert Bigod took up arms against William Rufus; another of the Bigods espoused the cause of Prince Henry against his father; and the most famous of the earls was prominent among the barons who wrested Magna Charta from John. The earldom became extinct in 1306. Although the greater part of the history of the Bigods is connected with Norfolk, some stirring episodes in their adventurous careers lead us into Suffolk, and Framlingham is one of the principal theatres of their exploits. The manor of Bungay belonged to the Bigods, Earls of Norfolk, and one of them built the castle. These famous feudal chieftains, mighty in battle, took a prominent part in the wars of the barons, Hugh Bigod, in particular, distinguishing himself as a leader. It was he who, having made his stronghold almost impregnable, boasted in the time of King Stephen,—

> "Were I in my Castle of Bungay,
> Upon the River Waveneye,
> I would not value the King of Cockneye."

But King Henry II. proved that his boasting was vain, and the defiant lord was compelled to compound with that monarch for a large sum of money, and to give hostages to save the castle itself from demolition. Eventually he won the King's favour, became Steward of the Household, and was created Earl of Norfolk. The disaster to the rebellious son of Henry at Fornham was disastrous also to Bigod, for he had sided with the monarch's rival, and he was deprived of Famlingham, Bungay, and Walton.

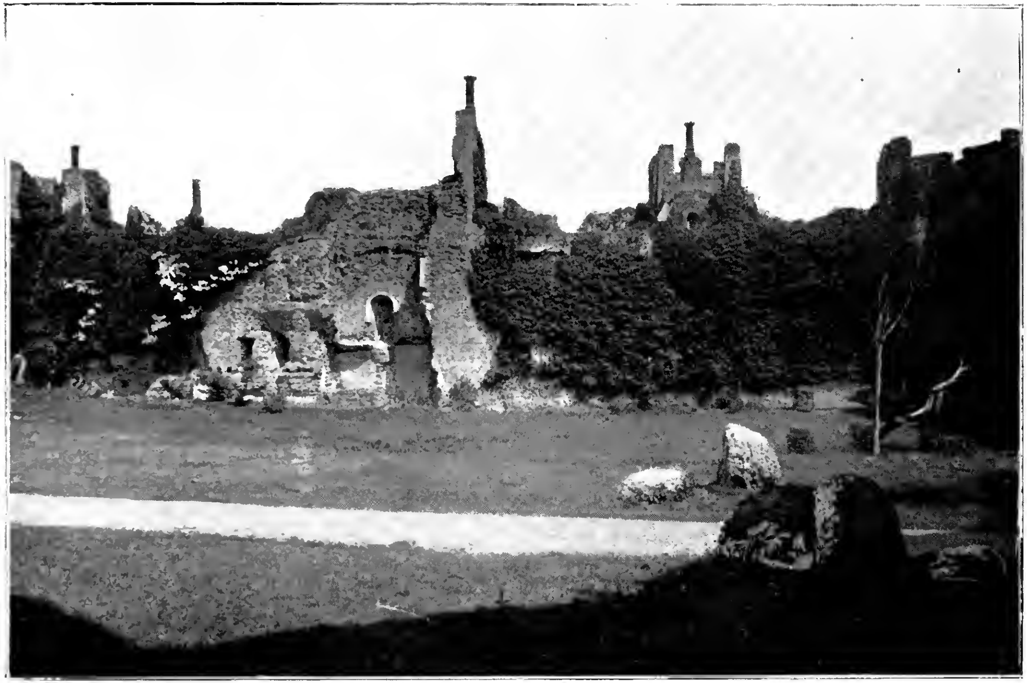
A reconciliation between him and the King was again patched up, but Bigod evidently deemed his position a perilous one, and he joined the Crusades. In the Holy Land he met with his death, and Henry at once seized his treasure and possessions. These were later on restored to his heirs.

The history of the Bigod family may be roughly summarised. Roger, first Earl of Norfolk, received no fewer than 116 manors in East Anglia from the Conqueror. He died in 1107, and was succeeded by his son William, whose son Hugh jeopardised the whole property by his rebellious behaviour. Hugh died in 1178, and another Roger entered upon the possession. He was a powerful baron, and his signature was attached to Magna Charta. Two other uneventful lives followed, and the last earl was another Roger, who died without heirs in 1306. King Edward II. then granted Framlingham to Thomas de Brotherton, fifth son of Edward I.; but again there was a difficulty of succession, and after the death of De Brotherton and his widow, Framlingham passed into the hands of Lady Joan de Montacute, whose husband was William de Ufford, Earl of Suffolk. Their daughter, created in 1378

Duchess of Norfolk, held the castle until her death in 1398, when it became vested in the Mowbray family. Thomas, the first Duke of Norfolk, died in exile owing to his historic quarrel with the Duke of Hereford, and after his widow's death the castle and lands passed to King Henry IV. in exchange for other lands. For a few years Sir Thomas Erpingham held Framlingham, but by a royal grant it was restored to Thomas, Earl Mowbray, son of the Duke of Norfolk. This nobleman's unjust and tragic fate was well known. After the battle of Shrewsbury he was tricked into a supposed friendly interview with the Earl of Westmoreland, arrested for treason, and executed. This was in 1405, and the property of the attainted nobleman having reverted to the throne, it was held by the Prince of Wales, afterwards Henry V.

But once more the royal favour permitted the Norfolks to possess it, and from John Mowbray, the second duke, it passed to that remarkable dowager, whose third husband, when she was eighty years old, was John Woodville, a handsome stripling of twenty, brother of Elizabeth Woodville, who had become the wife of the licentious monarch, King Edward IV. The "diabolical marriage," as it was called at the time, aroused the wrath of the English nobles, and caused the Queen and her avaricious family to become highly unpopular; and when John Woodville was beheaded as a rebel Yorkist a few years later, there were none to pity the unworthy knight who had broken the ancient code of chivalry by marrying an aged woman for her wealth. The male line of the Mowbray family became extinct in the course of two more generations, and in 1475 the little Lady Anne Mowbray became one of the most desirable heiresses in the kingdom. On this account the infant owner of Framlingham was, at the age of three years, espoused with great pomp and ceremony to Richard, Duke of York, aged five, King Edward's second son. The event is one of the most remarkable in the family history of our sovereigns. But the young bride and bridegroom were fated to sorrow and early death. The plotters against the Crown were already at work. The child-wife was soon dead; her baby-husband and his brother were the victims of King Richard's hired assassins in the Tower.

The immense and valuable possessions of the infant duchess then passed to her cousins, and



Remains of the Castle, Framlingham.

the Howard family at this point first became connected with Framlingham. In 1483, Lord Howard was created Duke of Norfolk, and for a hundred and fifty years his descendants retained the property. The first duke died on Bosworth Field; the second duke was the victorious English general at Flodden Field, and on his death in 1524 he was accorded a national funeral on a most exceptional scale of impressive magnificence. In addition to the mourners who followed "the noble corpse in a chariot, wherein it lay garnished," there was a procession of nine hundred lords, knights, and gentlemen, who walked from Framlingham to the Priory of Thetford, where the great warrior was to be interred. Priors, abbots, and priests, to the number of three hundred, took part in the solemn obsequies. Framlingham itself was provided on this occasion with "a funeral feast," consisting of "40 great oxen, 100 sheep, 60 calves, besides venison, swans, cranes, capons, rabbits, pigeons, pikes, and other provisions both of flesh and fish."

The duke, honoured by his sovereign, and a member of the Privy Council until he was eighty years of age, may be said to mark in his life the highest glory and fortune of Framlingham Castle. The son who succeeded him had an uneventful career, and the Earl of Surrey, who, as his heir, should have possessed the castle, was the victim of Henry VIII.'s injustice. Condemned on a false charge of treason, subjected with his wife and relatives to every personal indignity, he suffered death on Tower Hill, only a few hours before the King himself expired. The duke, too, had been arraigned, but the death of Henry saved him from the axe of the executioner. He was kept in prison, however, and the domains were vested in King Edward; but on the accession of Queen Mary they were restored to the Howard family. The mention of this sovereign's name brings us to a most noteworthy event in the history of Framlingham Castle.

On the death of King Edward VI., as every schoolboy knows, the succession to the throne was disputed, and for a few days Lady Jane Grey—one of the most pathetic figures in history—was Queen in name. During that critical period Mary Tudor withdrew into Cambridgeshire, and thence into Suffolk, resting a short time at Bury St. Edmunds, then proceeding to Kenninghall Palace, one of the residences of the third duke of Norfolk, and finally making her way to Framlingham. It was in July, and the daughter of Henry VIII. reached the castle on horseback, an army of 13,000 men being ready to protect her and to fight for her cause. Immediately on reaching the castle, Queen Mary called together a Privy Council, and was soon in correspondence with the municipal authorities at Harwich, Thetford, and Ipswich. The eastern counties readily and vigorously took up arms for the Queen. At Harwich all the captains of ships were deposed from their command, and were placed at her Majesty's service. The militia mustered in thousands at Drayton, and within a few days Queen Mary was able to send out a message that "the pride of the enemy would in a short time be abated"—a prophecy which was tragically fulfilled. Ammunition, ordnance, plate, and treasure were conveyed to Framlingham, which was the centre and rallying place for the Queen's adherents, and on July 18th a proclamation was issued offering £1000 in land to any noble, £500 to any gentleman, and £100 to any yeoman, who brought the Duke of

Northumberland a prisoner to the Queen. But Lady Jane Grey needed no army to depose her from her insecure throne. The month was barely out when Queen Mary set out from Framlingham, a Queen in reality, and triumphantly marched to London. Of the events which followed there is now no need to speak. Suffice it that Framlingham possesses many valuable records of the historic visit and its far-reaching results.

Framlingham is now a stately and picturesque ruin—a place of memories and traditions both fair and foul. Its royal associations did not end with Queen Mary, for Queen Elizabeth had "full seizen in and over the domains," and James I. was in possession in 1603. The castle is traced from the Howards to the Hitcham family, noted for their philanthropy, and whose schools and almshouses are their best monument; and it was Sir Robert who devised by his will that "all the castle, saving the stone building (walls and towers) be pulled down," and converted into houses for the needy and invalid. The demolition commenced in 1656, and if Framlingham lost a noble structure, except the bare shell, it gained considerably in other ways. The royalties and rents of the castle and grounds were used for endowments, and the inhabitants of Framlingham to this day have to be grateful to the far-seeing and generous man who applied the revenue of the demesne lands to noble and philanthropic purposes. The will of Sir Robert Hitcham is one of the greatest curiosities of its class, yet the thread of a worthy purpose runs through its eccentricity and marks the famous King's Sergeant as a man of wise and worthy impulses.

Framlingham was racked by the plague, as were many other Suffolk towns, throughout the latter part of the year 1660, and in four months alone there were one hundred and ten deaths. So virulent was the epidemic, that the inhabitants were excused attendance at the Court Baron with Leet, and the old officers were formally retained instead of new ones being selected. Framlingham, it may here be mentioned, has had its full experience of storm, shock, and accidents. In 1614, and several times in later periods, it was flooded; in 1692 it felt the effects of an earthquake; in 1703 it was subjected to a most unusual tempest, which created widespread terror and amazement; and so capricious is the weather in that quarter, that it was recorded that from Michaelmas, 1878, to Michaelmas, 1879, the town was only three weeks without rain or snow.

CUMING WALTERS.

A Cluster of Literary Associations.

IT may fairly be doubted whether any county is richer in its literary associations, or has been more fertile in the production of celebrities in literature, art, science, and law, than the county of Suffolk. Genius, we know, springs up and flourishes in unlikely places and under uncertain conditions. However uncongenial the soil may appear to be, and however unsuitable the environment, the seeds strike deep and fructify. Suffolk does not take high rank for educational progress, and, indeed, in this respect stands almost last upon the list to-day among the counties of England. Yet it is a county of many authors, poets, commentators, historians, and essayists; a county which has supplied more than the average of archbishops and bishops; a county which gave the nation two Chief Justices and one Lord Chancellor; a county which has produced four of the most notable artists; a county which saw the birth and early training of England's greatest Cardinal; a county famous for its peers and its gallant admirals of the British navy and generals of the British army. The record is almost unique on account of its length and its lustre. The counties which can rival or excel Suffolk's roll of worthies must be few in number, and it is doubtful whether any, save that which contains the capital, can be fairly matched against it. What is more—and this is the point which will be particularly referred to in this chapter—no small number of the celebrities have either made repeated reference to their native county in their works, painted its scenery in words or upon their canvas, or otherwise given indubitable evidence of their love and regard for Suffolk, and revealed the abiding influence it has exercised upon them.

But before proceeding to single out some of the more prominent authors and others who, by their long residence in Suffolk, or by the nature of their work, are most identified as types of the genius of the county, let us briefly run through the leading names of the category. The brightest star in the galaxy is the Ipswich boy, Thomas Wolsey. The archbishops were the saintly Sancroft, whose remains lie at Fressingfield; and the fiery Simon of Sudbury, to whose tragic fate reference has already been made. The bishops were Aungerville, Bale, and Grosseteste, the last named of whom played so admirable a part when Roger Bacon was struggling to obtain acceptance for his philosophy and his science. The Lord Chancellor was Thurlow, and the Chief Justices were Glanvill and Cavendish, the latter beheaded in troublous times.*

Nash, Crabbe, and Bloomfield were the poets of the county, names which do not excite much enthusiasm to-day, though Crabbe is as undeservedly underrated in these times as he was overrated in his own. The chief authors, historians, and biographers were George Cavendish, who wrote Wolsey's "Life," Simonds D'Ewes, Roger North, Capell the Shakespearean commentator, Mrs. Inchbald, John Hookham Frere, Sir J. D. Hooker, Agnes Strickland, and Edward Fitzgerald. To these might be added the name of that strange, true, wayward genius,

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* The village of Cavendish gave its name to a great and historic family, one member of which, John Cavendish, took part in the slaying of Wat Tyler. "This fact," a chronicler records, "enraged the Suffolk rabble against his kinsman, Chief Justice Cavendish, whom they seiz'd, and dragging him with the Prior of Bury to the Market Cross, there beheaded him. The judge's head they set upon a pillory in the Market Place, but the blood was not long unreveng'd, for Dr. Spencer, the warlike Bishop of Norwich, soon raised such forces as dispers'd them, and slew many of them. *Anno* 1381."

George Borrow, the English gipsy, who resided so long at Oulton. The great artists were Gainsborough, Frost, Constable, and Bright; and Woolner, the sculptor, may be included in the group. It is not our intention to dwell upon the lives of all these celebrities, but we shall here and there single out those who may be considered most intimately to be connected with the county of their birth.

Archbishop Sancroft does not stand out conspicuous for his authorship, though his sermons are a valuable contribution to the weighty theological literature of the period. A pamphlet ascribed to him—"a very bold and unambiguous attack on the Calvinistic system"—is now found to be a translation from the Dutch.

Sancroft retired to Fressingfield when he was deprived of his office, and eventually was buried there; but his name is further remembered for his benefactions to the church and the town.

Thomas Nash, one of the brilliant galaxy of the spacious times of Elizabeth, was a Lowestoft man; a traveller, pamphleteer, novelist, dramatist; the collaborator of Marlowe, and the friend of Greene; always cheerful and bright despite a multitude of troubles. He plunged into the Marprelate controversy; he was a relentless satirist, and suffered imprisonment for his too great daring; and he has left us learned discourses and extravagant burlesques, curious disquisitions on men and manners, fine dramas in noble though turgid language, and a book "in praise of the red herring"—otherwise "Lenten Stuffe"—which keeps his remembrance green. He died at the age of thirty-four, and his autobiography, more or less faithfully written, is to be found in "Pierce Penniless." Nash was one of those who illustrated the truth of the saying that literature "means fame, poverty, quarrels, imprisonment, and early death." But the brilliance of this man, who with Greene, Peele, Lodge, Marlowe, and others was preparing the way for Shakespeare, was not so transient, meteoric though it might be, as to cease to excite wonder or to be forgotten as a sign and token of the most lustrous of literary eras.

The birthplace of Robert Bloomfield, the pastoral poet, whose "Farmer's Boy" attained a remarkable popularity at the beginning of the century, was near Bury St. Edmunds, at the village of Honington, famous for its flint church and fifteenth century East Anglian porch. His life was both pitiful and romantic. The son of a poor tailor who died soon after the future poet's birth, ill-educated, a farmer's drudge before he entered his teens, a struggling shoemaker dependent upon charity to get his compositions printed, Bloomfield was one of those geniuses whom fortune flouts to the end. He died, half blind and half insane, after fifty-seven years of penury, in 1823. Bloomfield makes frequent mention in his poems of events in his life and the scenery of his native place. The fine mansion, Euston Hall, struck his admiring fancy, and he dwelt with pleasure on the memory of

> "Grafton's rich domains
> Round Euston's water'd vale and sloping plains,
> Where woods and groves in solemn grandeur rise."

But lines of this character have no special value either as literature or description, and we need not quote more.

The recluse of Woodbridge gave the world that subtly-wrought poem containing his own philosophy in the Asiatic phrase, and redolent with the fragrance and fancy of Omar Khayyam

As has been so aptly said, Fitzgerald was only the "transfuser" of Omar, the poet-astronomer and the frank agnostic, whose attitude of doubt towards all that is speculative in human existence, present and to come, exactly suited Fitzgerald's own mind and temperament. Khayyam the tentmaker, and Fitzgerald the hermit, were akin despite the centuries that separated them, and the Persian could not have had a truer interpreter—he was no translator—than the eccentric Englishman who occupies an unique position in literature. Each was a Deistic freethinker, and each has mentioned, only to leave unsolved and to declare insoluble, the everlasting doubts concerning death and the after-life. The north wind ever scatters its roses on Omar's grave at Insipur, and the Suffolk roses which Fitzgerald loved so well surely keep the memory of that true genius equally fresh and fragrant.

Fitzgerald's birthplace was Bredfield Hall, some two miles from Little Grange, in which he said he should die but never live, and in which, as a fact, he lived for ten years, but in which he did *not* die. Writing from Lowestoft, in 1865, he had said—"It was a mere toss-up in 1860 whether I was to stay at Woodbridge, or come to reside here, when my residing would have been of some use to my sister [Kerrich] then." But he was often at Lowestoft—11 or 12, Marine Terrace was his habitat—and at Dunwich and other of the Suffolk coasting-places, for Fitzgerald could never have been happy if far from the sea. The poet of the wine-cup and roses was always the same odd, delightful character, and one who knew him says—"I can see him now, walking down into Woodbridge, with an old Inverness cape, double-breasted flowered satin waistcoat, slippers on feet, and a handkerchief, very likely, tied over his hat. Yet one always recognised in him the Hidalgo. Never was there a more perfect gentleman." He is portrayed best in his own letters, and the finest tribute to him is found in his memorable and long-enduring friendships.

After leaving Trinity College, Cambridge, and spending a short time in Paris, Fitzgerald permanently took up his residence in Suffolk, on the Woodbridge estate. He hated London, and confessed that its "wickedness appalled him;" and practically the whole of his life was spent in the small Suffolk towns amid his books and with his friends. Yet the county, except for its quietude, did not suit the Woodbridge recluse, nor had its characteristic scenery much attraction for him. "There is," he wrote in one of his letters from Woodbridge, "the same level with geese upon it always lying before my eyes, the same pollard oaks, with now and then the butcher or the washerwoman trundling by in the carts." Strange scene for the man musing among the literature of the Oriental poets, and dreaming as Omar had dreamed of the wonders and beauties of the dazzling East! Yet Fitzgerald, with all his visions, was content with his native land, and had no desire to travel. "There is not and never was such a country as Old England," he said, "and never was such a gentry as the English. No travel would carry me to any land so beautiful," and so he remained in his beflowered cottage writing those magnificent letters to his friends which are a literary treasure now that they have been given to the world, and talking with the Suffolk marketwomen and village labourers, or disputing mildly but firmly with the county parson. On one occasion, it is related, a former Rector of Woodbridge called on Fitzgerald to express his regret that he never saw him at church. "Sir," said Fitzgerald, "you might have conceived that a man has not come to my years of life without thinking much of these things. I believe I may say that I have reflected on them fully as much as yourself. You need not repeat this visit." "Certain it is," says Mr. Francis Hindes Groome, "that Fitzgerald's was a most reverent mind, and I know that the text on his grave was of his own choosing. 'It is He that hath made us, and not we ourselves.'" But, as the late master of Trinity finely put it, "Fitzgerald, one of the purest living men, was a prisoner in Doubting Castle all his life;" and in his own words the mystery of mysteries was—

"The Door to which I found no key,
The veil through which I might not see;"

and he admitted that all creeds failed to convince him, and that evermore he "came out by the same door wherein he went." He marvelled that the dead came not back again, and that no message ever reached mankind from the world beyond; to him this was also an enigma without solution.

> “Strange is it not? that of the myriads who
> Before us pass’d the door of Darkness through,
> Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
> Which to discover, we must travel too.”

The mere mention of Fitzgerald’s name is a temptation to every literary student to linger fondly about that strange, genial, yet half-pathetic personality, and to plunge anew into the deeps of that philosophy whereunto he offered a fascinating invitation. He was occupied with the “tangled secrets of eternity,” knowing, nevertheless, that they were insoluble, and that human vision could not penetrate behind the curtain which shrouds this life from the next. But our duty in this chapter leads us only to deal with Fitzgerald as a man of Suffolk, not so much the author of a classic which has exercised so magic an influence upon generations of readers. There is a subtle glamour about “Old Fitz” and his work, which makes him appear more as a figure conjured forth from romance than a once visible and tangible reality. He has passed on with “the batter’d Caravanserai,” like the sultans of his song; but he has left an imperishable memory behind him.

The Suffolk homes and haunts of Edward Fitzgerald are easily traced. Mr. Groome, in "Two Suffolk Friends," tells us that he visited Fitzgerald at Woodbridge, "first in his lodgings on the Market Hill over Berry the gunsmith's, and then at his own house, Little Grange." The last visit was paid in May, 1883. A month afterwards Fitgerald died. The stories which Mr. Groome tells of the vegetarian philosopher—the friend of Tennyson who figures so largely in the biography of the Laureate, the kind-hearted man whose manner could be so appalling, the sage who could stop little boys in the streets and tell them tales from Scott and Dickens—could not fail to be interesting and diverting. Mr. Groome says that the poet's birthplace was a stately old Jacobean mansion, and an old labourer who was encountered there remembered that "Mr. Edward would sit on the bench by the canal, nivver sayin' nothin', but he took on wounerful if ivver they touched any of the owd trees." From 1838 to 1853 Fitzgerald lived in a one storeyed cottage in Boulge Park, and Mr. Groome found there "the very nails on which he hung his big pictures." Then the poet was traced to

Farlingay Hall on the Deben river, and here Carlyle stayed with him in 1855. His friendships were a great solace to him. Now and again he regretted the loneliness of his life, and at the age of fifty-seven we find him writing from Lowestoft, " My long solitary habit of life begins to tell upon me, and I am got past the very cure which alone could counteract it: Company or Society : of which I have lost the taste too long to endure again. So, as I have made my bed I must lie in it—and die in it."

Fitzgerald had made a special study of Suffolk character and dialect, and had meditated a work on " Suffolk Words," particularly the " sea-slang." Such a work from such a man would indeed have been valuable, for the Suffolk dialect has many attractions for the student. But he abandoned this task, even as he abandoned others, and the one thing we regret in Fitzgerald's life is his lack of the spur of ambition. He hesitated to write at all, lest he should write ill; and when he knew he had written well he simply said that he was "glad if he had pleased the Tennysons." The world was little to him, and perchance his philosophic mind would not have been much disturbed had the far-famed first edition of his Omar never have been rescued from the bookseller's penny box to which at one time it had been consigned.

There is a link between Fitzgerald and Crabbe. With the vicar of Bradfield, the poet's son, he was always ready to smoke a pipe o' nights, and one of the few ambitions which seized him was to publish a selection of the Suffolk poet's works which should "make Crabbe more read than he is." "Women and young people," Fitzgerald said, "never will like him, I think; but I believe every thinking man will like him more as he grows older." When Professor Fawcett spent an evening with "Old Fitz" at Aldeburgh, he found politics tabooed, and the chief subject of conversation was Crabbe's works, which Fawcett had never read; and Fitzgerald's parting injunction to the great political economist was to "buy his Life written by Crabbe's son."

Crabbe was the poet of East Anglia, and a Suffolk man. His father was salt-master at Aldeburgh; the family was extremely poor, and the lad was doomed to a hard life. He shared his bed with a plough-boy at Wickham Brook, during that strange apprenticeship to a surgeon, who was also a farmer. At Woodbridge he completed his medical education, and returning to Aldeburgh, he determined to start in business. Probably he had learnt something of the quackery in the profession, and had already made the acquaintance of one of the knaves he afterwards described :—

> "The fellow barely read, but chanced to look
> Among the fragments of a tatter'd book,
> Where, after many efforts made to spell
> One puzzling word, he found it *oxymel;*
> A potent thing, 'twas said to cure the ills
> Of ailing lungs—the *oxymel of squills:*
> Squills he procured, but found the bitter strong
> And most unpleasant; none would take it long.
>
> . . . .
>
> Now see him Doctor! Yes, the idle fool,
> The butt, the robber, of the lads at school,
> Who then knew nothing, nothing since acquired,
> Became a doctor, honoured and admired."

Crabbe was not so successful as the charlatan, and with a five-pound note and a bundle of poems in his pocket, he presently set out for London. He had to struggle hard for a bare subsistence, but was eventually successful in securing the patronage of the distinguished Chancellor Thurlow, a native of the same county as himself. But the times were hard, and progress was slow. The young poet felt the need of a settled position, more especially as during his residence at Woodbridge he had betrothed himself to Miss Sarah Elmy, and was anxious to marry. He could conceive of no better plan than to enter the Church, and at the age of twenty-six he was ordained, and appointed to the curacy of Aldeburgh. Through influential friends he obtained promotion, and two years later was able to enter upon a new life with the woman who had trusted him in adversity and change for a long and trying period. With his parishioners he was no favourite. His reserved and outwardly cold demeanour kept men at a distance; yet his poems show how deeply, sympathetically, and warmly he felt for the poor among whom he dwelt.

His characters are such that instinctively we feel that we can recognise them, or readily admit that to himself they must have been familiar. We can well imagine Widow Goe, Roger Cuff, Squire Asgill, and ill-fated Phœbe Dawson, to have been among his own parishioners; and the forsaken Hall, where

"To empty rooms the curious came no more,
From empty cellars turn'd the angry poor,
And surly beggars cursed the ever-bolted door,"

may have been within sight of the rectory windows. The tap-room, the cottage, the school, the workhouse, the farm, the alms-house, the prison—all these are described so graphically, and with such Hogarth-like fidelity, that we could identify them at a glance. Crabbe's own boast was

"I paint the cot
As Truth will paint it and as bards will not;"

yet in reading his words we must always remember his self-explained aim:

"This let me hope, that when in public view
I bring my pictures, men may feel them true:
'This is a likeness,' may they all declare,
'And I have seen him, but I know not where:'
For I should mourn the mischief I had done,
If as the likeness all would fix on one."

We must therefore accept all his characters as types—even Sir Denys Brand, whom we would fain believe once lived and helped to make the Suffolk parson's life happier, and the vicar, the parish clerk, and the good citizens of the

Borough. Yet surely the Borough itself is a photograph of the Suffolk seaport, where stand

> "Half-buried buildings next the beach,
> Where hang at open doors the net and cork,
> While squalid sea-dames mend the meshy work ;"

and the lively description of the quay is a bit of undeniable realism, which has only to be read to have its accuracy demonstrated.

One of the most interesting figures flitting through the later history of Suffolk is that of the most famous of female historians—Agnes Strickland. She was a native of the county, and a great portion of her life was spent in her birthplace or the vicarage. Her affection for her native place was very marked, and is attested in her numerous references to it in her various writings, especially in her correspondence. As her biography has been written by her sister, the details of her life are of easy access, and we draw a few from Miss Jane Strickland's volume. Agnes Strickland was born at Reydon Hall, Suffolk, on August 19th, 1796, and like her elder sister Elizabeth displayed much precocity. She manifested at a very early age her bent towards literature, but

Reydon is only an agricultural village, and she found no companions to share her youthful aspirations, and her books were confined entirely to the library in her father's house. We hear of the sisters acting sçenes from Shakespeare during the winter, but of their being denied the opportunity of reading romances and novels. Agnes's own earliest productions were in the style of poetry now little admired, a "Monody" upon the death of a royal personage being the first to see the light. She next turned her attention to prose stories, "finding in juvenile works," as her biographer records, "the means of obtaining a little money." While at Reydon she wrote half-a-dozen little books, which, we are gravely informed, "made a great impression on young England." Literary fame, social recognition, royal favour, and no small measure of wealth, were the rewards of Agnes and Elizabeth Strickland for their "Lives of the Kings and Queens of England." It became necessary that they should spend much of their time in London, but their connection with Suffolk was never entirely severed, and it was in one of the most charming of the towns by the sea, not far from her native place, that

Agnes spent her last days. Her home-visits during the period of her success were, of course, rubricated days in the family calendars. Here is an interesting Suffolk item :—

> "The new biographical work planned this year [1862] by Agnes Strickland and her sister, Elizabeth, was the 'Lives of the Seven Bishops,' whom James II., with his headstrong notions of arbitrary power, had so unwisely sent to the Tower. Now Agnes required some local information respecting the birthplace of Sancroft, the leader of these loyal men, who, undeprived, their benefices forsook. She was invited by the Rev. Mr. Coltbeck, the rector of Fressingfield, to his parsonage, who gave her much hospitality, as well as every facility in his power to aid her researches. Mrs. Hopper, the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hopper, and one of the representatives of Sancroft, took her to Gaudy Hall, the seat of her mother, Mrs. Holmes, where Agnes was shown a youthful portrait of the Archbishop, his arm-chair, and timepiece. She regarded these relics with intense interest. This disinterested Archbishop was one of her heroes, an Anglican saint in her eyes. To obtain every possible information respecting him, in the place where he was born and died, was a great point to his biographer. This was not so difficult as Sancroft was a Suffolk man, and some of his collateral descendants lived in the neighbourhood."

The old house at Reydon had been the scene of the Stricklands' literary labours. Each sister had her own establishment, though they were next-door neighbours. In March, 1865, the removal, with all its bustle and excitement, took place. At Southwold they busied themselves with their garden, took an active interest in the restoration of the parish church, St. Edmunds, and wrote a history of the martyr-king of East Anglia. In 1870, Agnes Strickland received a pension for her literary services, and, free from all cares, her last days were passed calmly and contentedly. She died July 13th, 1874, at Southwold, and was buried there at her own request.

Between Agnes Strickland and the last literary genius upon our list there is a slight connection supplied by the following curious little anecdote from Mr. William Dutt's biography of that eccentric genius, George Borrow. It is related that Miss Strickland, when at Oulton, asked a mutual friend to introduce her to the author of "Lavengro." Borrow had offered some objection, but was at length prevailed upon to accept the introduction. Ignorant of the peculiar twists in Borrow's nature, the authoress commenced the conversation by an enthusiastic eulogy of his works, and concluded by asking permission to send him a copy of her "Queens of England."

"For God's sake don't, Madam," exclaimed Borrow, "I should not know what to do with them."

George Borrow, the "walking lord of gipsy lore," was the son of a captain of militia, and was born at East Dereham, in Norfolk, in 1803. At an early age he manifested an extraordinary capacity for acquiring languages, and while still a youth knew more than the rudiments of French, German, Danish, Latin, Greek, Welsh, Irish, and Romany. The last-named tongue had a special fascination for him, and the knowledge of the Gipsy language served but as an introduction to that strange and adventurous gipsy life which he lived, and chronicled so romantically in the wonderful volume "Lavengro." Here, fact and fancy, reality and romance, are intermixed inseparably; but we are given to understand that some of the incidents which seem most improbable actually occurred. Mr. Theodore Watts-Dutton asserts that Borrow "sat down to write his own life in 'Lavengro,' and had no idea of departing from the strict line of fact. But," adds the most intimate friend of Borrow, and his finest interpreter and (may we add?) disciple, "as he went on he clearly found that the ordinary tapestry into which Destiny had woven the incidents of his life were not tinged with sufficient depth of colour to satisfy his sense of wonder;" and so he manufactured incidents "to give colour to a web of life that strong Passion had left untinged." The fact is, Borrow was from first to last a searcher after the wonderful and the mysterious. He learnt languages because of the "something mysterious" within them; he lived the gipsy life for the sake of its strangeness; and his books reveal with added intensity the love of the marvellous in his own nature. He was made for the times of dark magic and superstition, this "child of the open air," with his mass of odd learning, his secret life, his long disappearances, and his half-aimless wanderings. He was a man in a dream, yet with a true love for nature, and a strong and ardent sympathy for humanity.

As an agent of the Bible Society he was able to travel throughout Europe, and returning to England in 1840 he married—apparently for money rather than love—and settled down on his wife's estate at Oulton, three miles from Lowestoft. The house in which he resided, and did so much of his literary work, has been demolished. Nearly all his writings were autobiographical in the sense which he himself explained—that is, not a mere record of his life, but "a picture of the man himself, his character, his soul."

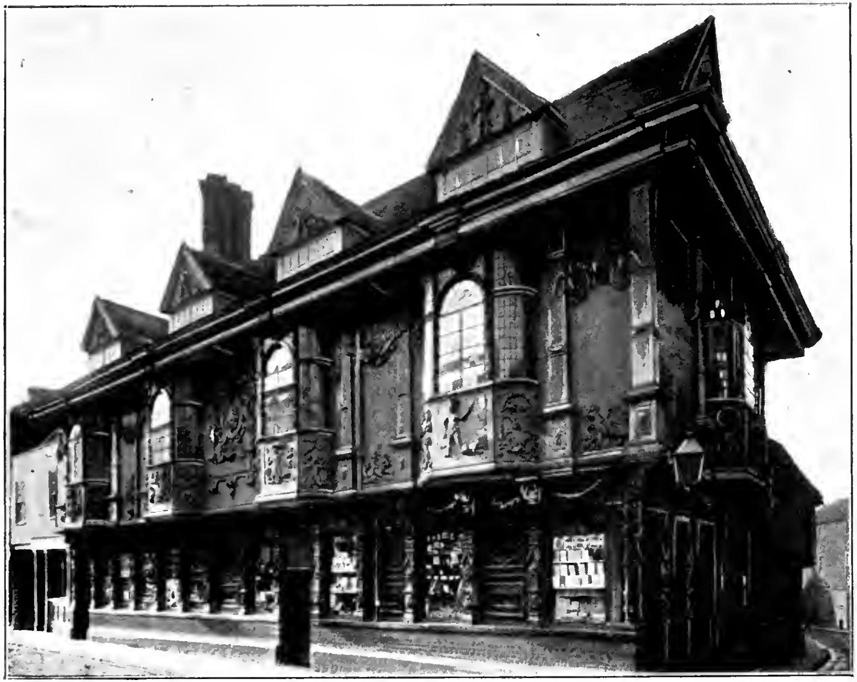
Borrow was a curiously complex character. Of love in the tender sense he knew nothing, yet he could be extremely tender. He hated "gentility" and "priestcraft;" but a better judge of horse-flesh, boxing, and strong ale could not have been found. He was a giant in physique who could fight other redoubtable giants, as he has recounted in "Lavengro;" yet he was childlike in his character, with a simple trusting faith in God and a gentle regard for his fellow-man. He "made you feel the sunshine, see the meadows, smell the flowers, hear the skylark sing and the grasshopper talk;" yet he took an almost brutal delight in describing a man and woman fight and in narrating the glories of pugilism. Can it be wondered at that he has been hailed as the gentlest of nature's worshippers and denounced as a rank barbarian? The fact is, he is unique: and when we call him "the Child of the Open

Air" we must leave that phrase to describe and suggest his virtues and faults, his acquirements and his short-comings. He loved East Anglia with its fens and marshes, its old towns, its antiquities, its roaring sea and hard sands, and therefore his memory must be cherished in the place where he abode by the breezy Broad. "Borrow's Ham" is the name given to the little bay near which his cottage stood with its summer-house; and there are still living a few fishermen who journeyed with Borrow along the sluggish rivers of Suffolk, and dwellers in Oulton who remember to have seen the white-haired man of many tongues, his cloak wrapped about him, stalking majestically along the quiet Suffolk lanes.

CUMING WALTERS.

On Tramp Through Old Towns.

THE writer of this chapter will not soon forget a small pedestrian tour he made in the early autumn of 1897, through the "sweet and civil county" in which there is so much in the quiet landscape to charm the eye, in the quaint old-fashioned towns to stir the imagination, and in the antique relics to arouse an interest in the history of the land. In Suffolk we find traces of the Saxon, Roman, and Dane. There are buried towns and raised encampments under the meadow-grass; vestiges of feudal strongholds meet the eye in remote hamlets; battered churches, in which are monuments to famous monarchs, bishops, and warriors of centuries ago, show conspicuous in dwindling villages; and then we come to the sea itself which has engulfed once-flourishing cities. The glory of Suffolk is in its past, and though time has ravaged the county greatly and has rifled it of many of its treasures, it still yields much of value to the historian and antiquary, and can give up many a hoarded secret.



SPARROWE'S HOUSE (*Ancient House*), IPSWICH.

The highroad that skirts the abbey ruins at Bury St. Edmunds leads through a silent and deserted country, where an occasional windmill, slowly whirling its broad arms, is the only sign of motion and activity, to Beyton—the people of which, in bygone days, sold the bells to repair the church—and to Woolpit, which was a Roman station. Some believe it to have been the ancient Sitomagus, others think this distinction must be given to Haughley. At all events, at Woolpit Roman coins have been found and other tokens of a Roman occupation. In the moated area near the church, with its noticeably handsome south porch, is a famed Lady's Well, the water of which has the reputation of healing sore eyes. Haughley, with its straggling street running between serrated lines of white houses, some of which date back a century or more, is a few miles further on. The lord of this manor possessed a jurisdiction of Oyer and Terminer, trying all causes in his own court, until the time of Elizabeth (1569). At a court in 1475, the Abbot of Hales, to whom the parish was appropriated, was ordered to erect a new gallows in Luberlow field. Near the church are the remains of a strong castle, either Saxon or Roman, and the ground occupied by the works exceeds seven acres. Beyond Haughley lies the very modern little town of Stowmarket, visited by Milton; but it calls for no attention in a volume of this character, save that it is mentioned in Domesday Book as possessing two churches.

Needham Market, with a grim-looking church dating back to 1460, and with a row of dark alms-houses "endowed by some benevolent but unknown individual" for poor widows, lies next on the road.* From there, through Baylham, Blakenham, and Westerfield, Ipswich is reached with its delightful mixture of old and new edifices, its narrow streets, and its charming environments. The old houses in Ipswich are, curiously enough, far more interesting than its churches, which on the whole are disappointing. "Sparrowe's House," dating from 1567, beautifully and uncommonly decorated, with heavy over-hanging windows and projecting eaves, is a fine old relic. An apocryphal story is related of Charles II.'s connection with it, and on very slight and unsubstantial evidence it is declared that the Sparrowe family aided his escape, and concealed him after the battle of Worcester. Among other old houses, exceedingly picturesque, are the Neptune Inn, the carved structure near it, and one or two private residences; but unfortunately these genuine relics of the early part of the seventeenth century have no history. Pykenham's Gate and Wolsey's Gate are splendid specimens of the old times, and the latter reminds us of the great Cardinal's connection with Ipswich and his desire in his last days to enrich the place of his birth with a College of Secular Canons. In 1528 he began the building; part of the college was opened in a few months' time; but in two years Wolsey had fallen, and the college was destroyed, with the exception of the mouldering archway upon which the ivy has spread.

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* Needham in olden days had the reputation of being an extremely poor town, so much so that its poverty passed into a proverb. "You are in the highway to Needham" was synonymous with the modern "You will end your days in the workhouse."

Ipswich was originally a walled-in town, but its ramparts have almost entirely disappeared. Since the time of the first Edward it sent members to Parliament, and the old timbered houses, with their panelled rooms and carved mantels, attest the wealth and importance of the inhabitants. The corner-posts of the fifteenth and sixteenth century are also of high interest.

What was evidently the site of an extensive Roman villa was a year or so ago unearthed at Ipswich. Fragments of ancient pottery have frequently been found there in a piece of land known as the Castle Field; but recent excavations have unearthed Roman remains of a much more extensive kind. A large and perfectly preserved tessellated pavement, composed of red and white inch tiles, one portion a square of nine feet, and another a long strip of thirty feet, has been uncovered. Among the *débris* was a perfect specimen of a Roman amphora, standing two feet high.

Turning northward from the capital, we pass through Kesgrave and picturesque Martlesham with its quaint effigy of the terrible red lion, believed originally to have formed the figure-head of a Dutch vessel; and so we reach Woodbridge with its memories of Crabb and Fitzgerald, with its primitive weigh-bridge, its old inns, and its fine church; then a most delightful road leads to Ufford, with its Hall in the glade, where once 30,000 volumes were massed in the magnificent library; and a few miles on we reach Wickham Market, the tall spire of its flint church seen from afar. By devious paths, through the model village of Easton, historic Framlingham is found, its ruined castle on the hill looking down on the squat square-built town. Again we plunge into a deserted country, and the seldom-traversed lanes bring us to Saxmundham, to Sternfield with another noted flint church, to pretty Friston, and so to Aldeburgh and the sea. Aldeburgh is famous for a "miracle." In the year 1555, when a great blight fell upon the corn throughout England, the inhabitants noticed that pease were growing among the rocks "without any earth about them." They relieved the dearth in that part. It has been pointed out, however, that pease and coleworts have been found growing in an equally mysterious manner on the English coast, notably in Kent.

Once at Aldeburgh we are on the crumbling coast, and may reach the scenes of devastation and ruin at Dunwich, Walberswick, and Southwold; or we may strike inward again and visit Halesworth, and Beccles with its imposing towers. From Beccles the road runs at right angles to Lowestoft, and with the ten miles' uneventful and barely interesting walk the little tour is ended.

But there remain many places to visit on especial occasions. When Defoe travelled through East Anglia in 1722, he kept a record of all that interested him in the towns through which he passed. He had something to say of the "great stone causeway, which, as it was supposed, was the highway, or great road, from London into Essex," a relic of the Roman occupation; he found Ipswich much the poorer for the Dutch war; he noticed that Bury St. Edmunds was "crowded with nobility and gentry, and all sorts of the most agreeable company," for the famous Fair still made the town a fashionable centre; he compared decaying Dunwich with Carthage and Nineveh, for reasons which no visitor could now appreciate, though the student of history might do so; and he deplored the fact that Southwold Church, with its capacity for a congregation of thousands, only had twenty-seven worshippers on the Sunday of his visit.

Undoubtedly the pedestrian will always find Bury St. Edmunds the most interesting of all the many attractive places in Suffolk. It throbs with history of all sorts. We may revel in its antiquities or in its strange experiences, its odd episodes, and its chance associations. Some of these are ghastly enough. In the pathway between the two churches at Bury St. Edmunds, one Arundel

Coke, a barrister, attempted to murder his brother-in-law, Edward Crisp, in the hope of possessing his property. Coke had an accomplice named Woodbourne, who, at a signal, attacked Crisp with a hedging-bill. The victim did not succumb, but was horribly mutilated, and Coke was sentenced to death, and executed early in the morning (by his own request) in order that a great crowd should not witness his ignominy. This happened in 1721. Everyone has read the tablet in the churchyard which records the execution of a young girl, Sarah Lloyd, in 1800, who helped her lover to enter the house of her mistress; and no one needs reminding that it was at Bury St. Edmunds that Wm. Corder, the murderer of Maria Martin, was hanged on August 11th, 1828. But Bury has an appalling record of tragedies and executions dating back to the dark times of witch-finding and heretic-burning.

In the reign of Queen Mary Suffolk witnessed the execution of several "heretics." James Abbes was burned at the stake at Bury on August 2nd, 1555; Roger Clarke, of Mendlesham, in 1556, and on June 30th of the same year, Roger Bernard, Adam Forster, and Robert

Lawson, suffered for their faith. About eight other executions followed, and three brothers named David were the last to be martyred. In 1583, Elias Thacker, a tailor, was hanged at Bury, together with a shoemaker named John Coping, for the heinous offence of "spreading and maintaining certain books seditiously penned by one Robert Brown, against the Common Prayer, then established in the realm," and all the books which could be collected were publicly burned. Nor were these the only sufferers in Suffolk. At Ipswich, Eye, Aldeburgh, Aldham Common, Melford, Mendlesham, Laxfield, and other places in Suffolk, numerous Protestants were burnt in the time of Queen Mary. The principal charge against them, of course, was denying the supremacy of the Pope, but some were martyred for most trivial reasons. A monk of Eye was burnt for "speaking against a certain idol carried in a procession," and a poor fellow who, as a jest, told his priest that "after he had drunk up the wine he blessed the people with empty stomachs," was immediately arrested, and subsequently burnt.

Matthew Hopkins caused sixteen persons to be hanged for witchcraft at Yarmouth, forty at Bury

St. Edmunds, and sixty in other parts of Suffolk. Butler referred to his pernicious work in "Hudibras"—

> "Has not this present parliament
> A ledger to the devil sent,
> Fully empower'd to treat about
> Finding revolted witches out?
> And has he not within one year,
> Hang'd three score of them in a shire?"

Some pitiable stories are told of the victims to this wretch's fanaticism. Sixteen women and an aged clergyman were hanged at the same time at Bury. Two poor widows, weak in body and brain, came for trial before Sir Matthew Hale, who was so suspicious of the evidence that he forebore to sum up, and left the decision with the jury after offering up a prayer. The jury convicted the wretched creatures, and both were executed at Bury on a bleak March day in 1664. It is worth noting that while these witches were tried and unwillingly condemned by Sir Matthew Hale, one of the justest and most enlightened of English judges, their sentence was fully approved by a pious man and advanced reasoner like Sir Thomas Browne, who in his classic "Religio Medici" has given his arguments in favour of the dark superstitions of the time. It was his opinion, calmly and deliberately stated, which fortified the jury in condemning to death by fire Rose Callender and Amy Dunny at Bury St. Edmunds, in 1664, for demoniac arts; and even Sir Kenelm Digby, who combated so many of the learned doctor's opinions, was not wholly inclined to dispute his conclusions on witchcraft. "For my part," wrote the author of "Religio Medici," "I have ever believed, and do now know, that there are witches," and those who doubted, he stigmatised as infidels and atheists. Can it be wondered at that a jury of the times should be equally convinced, and find no difficulty in considering the guilt of the Suffolk beldames amply proved?

Bury fairs were famous, and Mary, the widowed queen of Louis XII., and wife of the gallant Duke of Suffolk, came every year from her residence at Westhorp to attend them. "She had," we are told, "a magnificent tent for the reception of the numerous people of rank who resorted hither to pay their respects to her, and a band of music for their diversion." Her story is a remarkable one. Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, the handsomest man of his time, was

Ambassador at the French Court at a critical period. Wolsey was endeavouring to carry out his great patriotic idea that England should hold a prominent place in Continental affairs, and that the King, to whom he was so devoted a servant, should secure a position both of independence and power. The wily diplomat opened negotiations with France, having in view an alliance between that country and his own for the purpose of thwarting the schemes of Maximilian and Ferdinand, who had for some time been using King Henry as their cat's-paw. At this time the King's sister, Princess Mary, seventeen years of age and of striking beauty, was betrothed to Charles of Burgundy; but Wolsey prevailed upon her to repudiate the engagement and marry the elderly French monarch, Louis XII., then a widower. The marriage had barely taken place, however, when Louis died on the first day of the year 1515. The handsome young widow almost immediately married the dashing Charles Brandon. She is chiefly memorable in history as the grandmother of the hapless Lady Jane Grey, whose claims to the throne of England were founded upon her descent from Henry VIII.'s sister.

A town deserving of a special visit is Sudbury, the "south burgh," believed to have been at one time the chief town in the county, its name being "in opposition to Norwich," the "north burgh," which alone rivalled it in importance and population. To this town King Edward III. allured the Dutchmen in order that they might teach the English how to manufacture their own wool. This industry afterwards resulted in the town becoming singularly wealthy, and its cloths were renowned throughout England. Sudbury, known to the Saxons as Suthberi or Sudberi, is mentioned in Domesday as having a mint. It has a long, varied, and interesting religious history, a college, an Augustinian friary, a Dominican friary, and a Benedictine cell; while a house of Knights Hospitallers was successively established, and its two churches are both of considerable antiquity. Part of the church of St. Gregory was erected by the famous reforming ecclesiastic, Simon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, who in 1381 fell a victim to mob violence, and was beheaded by the followers of Wat Tyler. Simon of Sudbury, who before being transferred to Canterbury, had been Chancellor of Salisbury and Bishop of London, had proposed the famous poll-tax which had directly led to Tyler's rebellion.

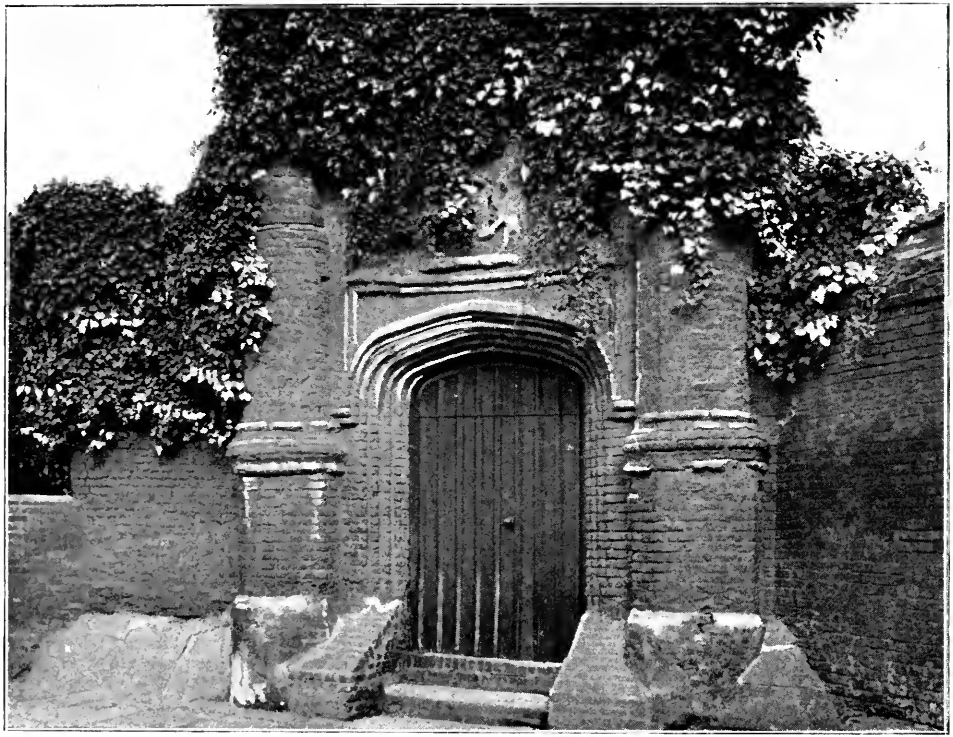
He was further marked out for vengeance because he had imprisoned the priest, John Ball, who had assisted the peasantry in their resistance of the increased impost, and, being captured in the tower, he was summarily executed on Tower Hill. At a later period his body was recovered, removed to Canterbury, and buried in the south aisle of the choir. The fame of this Suffolk prelate is perpetuated in the city walls which he reared, and the west gate of the cathedral which he built, but there is small doubt that he represented the worst aspect of the tyranny of the times in which he lived. When King Richard went in his barge to meet and if possible to conciliate the insurgents, it was Simon who urged him to "have nought to do with the shoeless scoundrels." But Richard went, and the primate went with him. "Come on shore," cried the mob to their sovereign, "and we will tell you our wants." "Your clothes are not fit for the King's presence," was the cruel retort of the Archbishop, and then the storm raged more furiously, and he became its most conspicuous victim.

The town of Eye also deserves mention. It was so called because it is, or was, surrounded with the water of a brook. The castle belonged to Robert Malet, a Norman baron who distinguished himself by his services to the Conqueror. As a reward he received the "honour" of Eye with its 120 manors; and in the time of King Henry I. he was advanced to the position of Lord Chamberlain. He founded and endowed the abbey, but was not left in peace by the rival barons, and died in exile.

What strikes a visitor as remarkable is the number of flint churches in the county. They are to be met with everywhere. Since the middle of the fifteenth century the flints of Brandon have been turned to account for ornamental and architectural purposes. In no county has flint been more extensively employed in building than in Suffolk, and the date of the work goes back nearly five hundred years. When the mania for church-building set in, about the fifteenth century, the idea was conceived of shaping and dressing flints for the decoration of walls, and when the effect was once seen the example was quickly followed, and the designs became more and more artistic and elaborate. In Norfolk there are some very fine specimens of the work, and the Suffolk churches in great number show to what perfection the art was brought. Two distinct systems were in vogue, "one in which the flint forms a dark background for a tracery of freestone; and the other, as in a majority of instances, in which a stone wall is divided into panels filled up with flint." It is said that flint-making in Suffolk is quite an inherited trade, and that the family who work at it (they have developed a peculiar set of muscles, by the way) are probably the descendants of men who have carried it on ever since the Flint Age.

Some account of Monk Soham, whither refractory monks were sent for rustication from St. Edmundsbury in pre-Reformation time, is given by Mr. Francis Hindes Groome in that charming volume, "Two Suffolk Friends." The name of the place means "South village of the monks," and there may be found the fish-ponds for Lenten fare in the gardens of the old rectory. "Three of them," writes Mr. Groome, "enclose the orchard, which is planted quincunix-wise, with yew hedge and grass-walk round it. . . . The parish has no history, except that a former rector, Thomas Rogerson, was sequestrated as a royalist in 1642, and next year his wife and children were turned out of doors by the Puritans. 'After which,' Walker tells us, 'Mr. Rogerson lived with a country-man in a very mean cottage upon a heath, for some years, and in a very low and miserable condition.' But if Monk Soham has no history, its church, St. Peter's, is striking even among Suffolk churches, for the size of the chancel, the great traceried east window, and the font sculptured with the Seven Sacraments."

Suffolk has had many benefactors, known and unknown. It is a most common occurrence to find that money has been left in order that the poor of the various towns and villages can receive annually a dole in the form of bread or clothing. For example, in 1703 Thomas Mills directed five shillings' worth of bread to be distributed among the poor of Wickham Market; and Edmund Tice ordained that deserving widows should receive help from his estate. In Stowupland, near Stowmarket, a poor man is selected every four years to receive a new coat, the cost of which is defrayed from Blackerby's Charity. Instances might be multiplied, but we may confine our attention to the most notable example, the Sekfordes (or Seckfords) of Sekforde Hall, who were the great benefactors of Woodbridge. The altar-tomb of Thomas Sekforde may be seen in the parish church. This noble-minded man



Wolsey's Gateway, Ipswich.

was one of the Masters of the Court of Request, and he crowned his life of philanthropy by founding the Grammar School in 1662. He was, however, but the most conspicuous member of a family which from first to last occupied itself with charity. Woodbridge has, in fact, been very fortunate in possessing friends and patrons. In some stables attached to the leading hostelry may still be seen a tablet to the memory of one, George Carlow, who died in 1738, and by his will left an annual sum of twenty shillings to be distributed among the poor in the form of bread.

More than once has the spectre of the Plague stalked through Suffolk, and almost the sole historic fact connected with a number of the villages is—"this place was depopulated by the Plague in the seventeenth century." Round about Bury St. Edmunds the epidemic raged furiously and with most devastating effect. But 400 years before then had Suffolk felt the horrors of pestilence. In his work entitled "The Great Pestilence, 1348-49," Father Francis Gasquet writes:—"Rumours of the coming scourge reached England in the early summer. On August 17th, 1348, the Bishop of Bath and Wells, Ralph of Shrewsbury, sent letters through his diocese, ordering 'processions and stations every Friday, in each collegiate, regular, and parish church, to beg God to protect the people from the pestilence which had come from the East into the neighbouring kingdom,' and granting an indulgence of forty days to all who, being in a state of grace, should give alms, fast, or pray, in order, if possible, to avert God's anger." Fully one half of the total population of England and Wales died within a few months. Great additions to existing buildings, which had only been partially executed, were put a stop to and never completed. In others they were finished only after a change had been made in the style in vogue when the great mortality swept over the country. In some cases, as with the grand church of St. Nicholas, Yarmouth, where a splendid pair of western towers were being erected, the work was stopped and never resumed. In 1636, the plague raged with such violence in Bury St. Edmunds that grass grew in the deserted streets, the town was half depopulated, and 400 families lay sick of the disease at the same time, and were maintained at a public expense of £200 a week.

In this volume we have endeavoured to show the historic importance of the county of Suffolk, to exemplify its wealth of lore and legend, and to prove that it should rank high in the estimation of the antiquary and the chronicler of the nation's story. The modern traveller will find that "silly Suffolk" still deserves that designation in its original meaning, and that it is, as Bishop Hall said, "a sweet and civil county," still worthy of the praise that its poets have lavished upon it.

CUMING WALTERS.

The records of Theberton, like those of almost all other parishes, begin with Domesday. In the twelfth century the Abbey of Leiston was set up near its borders, and Roger Bigod, the stout Earl of Norfolk who defied Edward I., was lord of the manor and patron of the living. Here Mr. Doughty is somewhat obscure and contradictory. On page 13 we read that the manor was held by the Bigods till the time of Henry V., and on page 16 that they were stripped of all estates and dignities shortly before the death of Edward I. These estates came to another Earl of Norfolk, Thomas, the younger son of Edward I.,who was also created Earl Marshal; a dignity which is still associated with the county title. The book is very good reading; a pleasant narrative, throughout enlivened with sprightly anecdotes, quaint old-time humour, and by sidelights on great events of history, such as the Black Death, the dissolution of the religious houses, and the battle of Solebay. Its chief value lies in the well-arranged record of the customs of the various manors; of the parish assessments; of the earnings of the peasantry and the cost of living; of the formation of deer parks, the preservation of game, and the prosecution of poachers (as early as 1299); of the local courts; of divers inventories of the goods of farmers and labourers; of the civil and ecclesiastical troubles of the Civil Wars and of the Restoration; of the various families who have owned the soil, and of the holders of the benefice. Suffolk was one of the counties most powerfully swayed by the Puritan spirit, and in consequence most grievously inflicted by witchcraft and by the sinister activity of

Matthew Hopkins and his assistants. Cases are reported in Theberton as early as 1527. The village seems to have been sound in the question of national defence, for all men under forty were required to practise with the long bow at butts provided according to law. Leiston Abbey was one of the first to be despoiled, and much of the plunder must have stuck to the fingers of the executors, for of the personalty only £42 16s. 3d. reached the King's coffers. It would appear that popular feeling in Theberton ran strongly against the Church, and the rectors seem to have been out of sympathy with a majority of their people. In 1543 two men were censured "for that they had not maid torches, nor yet kepede the drynkynge in the parish on the feast of S. John Baptiste according the laudable use and custome." William Fenn, who held the living in the time of Charles I., was zealous for the book of sports, and Theberton had sport galore in the way of riots and hot-gospelling. Fenn made a stout fight, but was impeached as "scandalous, malignant, and delinquent," and deposed in 1644. His son, John Fenn, was a wheelwright and lies buried (in flannel) in Theberton churchyard, commemorated by a quaint epitaph. The register dates from 1598, the manor then being owned by the Jenney family, and the records tell a complicated tale of litigation and intrigue on the part of one Jenney to dispossess another, a story like that of the Paston Letters, and one which shows that "Merrie England" was for some a troublous abode.

Mr. Doughty finds that turnips were grown in Theberton as early as 1674, ten years before any earlier mention of them. Saffron was then largely cultivated in East Anglia, having been brought from the East by pilgrims, and Walden in Essex derives its suffix from the cultivation of the plant. Drayton, writing of Walsingham, describes the saffron grown there.

The interesting memoranda and accounts, extracted from the parish records, can only be cursorily mentioned here. The park keeper's diary recounting his troubles with deer poachers lay and clerical is very quaint; then we find the scale of rewards for the destruction of "noyful fowells and vermyn," an account of the disbursement of the estate of a certain pauper, which was chiefly spent in cutting off one of his legs and providing him with a new one of wood; an inventory of the Widow Johnson's goods; a scale of payment to the rector for tithe; payments to Goody Phillips for searching out witches; for "ransome of captives in Algier and Sally" and to a man who had his tongue cut out by the Turks. Theberton came into the possession of the Doughty family in 1776. Mr. Doughty is a severe critic of the enclosures of last century, and doubts whether they brought benefit to any one. The chronicle comes down to the present day, losing nothing of interest and is to the last page a model after which all such histories should be written.

CHRONICLES OF THEBERTON. By H. M. DOUGHTY. (Macmillan. 7s. 6d. net.)

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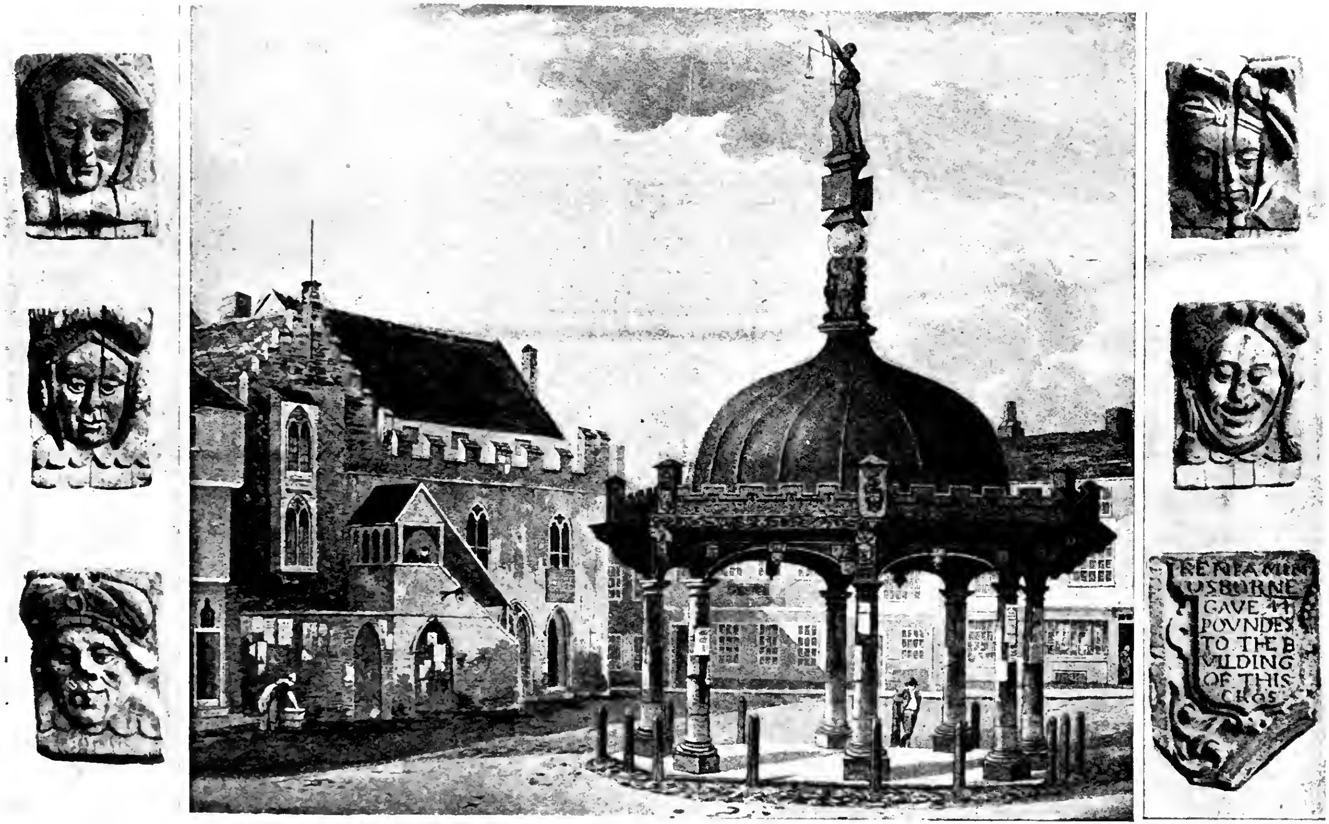
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