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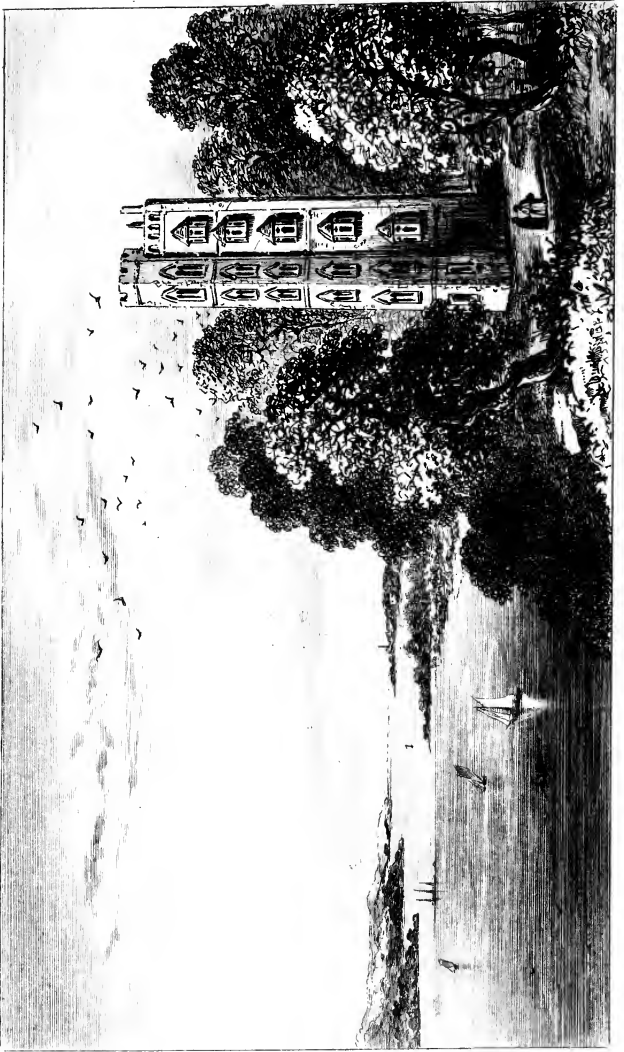
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*The Tower of  
Fresno, Cal.*

# FRESTON TOWER;

OR,

THE EARLY DAYS

OF

## CARDINAL WOLSEY.

BY

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## P R E F A C E.

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UPON the banks of the beautiful river Orwell, has stood for centuries, and still stands, Freston Tower. Every sailor belonging to the port of Ipswich knows it well; every traveller in the county of Suffolk, who has any love for the tranquil in nature, must have noticed, if he has sailed from Ipswich to Harwich, this picturesque object towering above the trees, and looking upon the widest expanse of water which the river scene affords.

Thousands of conjectures have been





# FRESTON TOWER.

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## CHAPTER I.

### GENIUS.

WHO is that youth walking upon the soft sands of Freston-strand intently meditating upon the contents of an old parchment-covered book, with silver clasps, which, from their length, proclaim that the work is one of some considerable size and depth? He seems to devour that work; and, if a stranger might judge from his countenance, to be enjoying, with great relish, the sentiments

it contains: for, every now and then, he soliloquizes in a foreign tongue, as if repeating with admiration the lines he has been studying.

That book he holds in his hand, is the first edition of the greatest Grecian poet ever printed. It is the *Iliad*, printed by Aldus, who first cast the Greek alphabet in the year 1476. The book has been lent him by Lord De Freston, his distant kinsman, and he is on his way from the ancient town of Gypswick (now called *Ipswich*) to return it to its rightful owner.

Like a true valuer of his treasure, he seems to store up in his mind the most beautiful passages it contains. Every now and then he pauses, and, with his dark eye averted from the book, he scans the beauty of the scene around him. He is walking beside one of the loveliest rivers in England, and at a spot where hill, dale, wood and water, under the influence of the bright beams of the

rising sun, exhibit nature in those splendid colours which an early riser only can appreciate.

That eye, even in its glance across the waves of the river Orwell, is a most thoughtful one; for it can view all the tracery of nature, and find a corresponding beauty in the poetical ideas which crowd in upon his mind.

He has been reading high-sounding words, heroic actions, and exalted feelings; and his breast is as naturally inspired with the thoughts of what he has read, as his eye is with the view before him. But nature is not able to chain down his soul to any terrestrial object, nor can the charms of scenery engross his attention; for his spirit seems on fire with enthusiasm, and his eye swells with a conscious hopefulness in himself, arising out of the question—for what purpose am I born?

The cap he wears, proclaims him but a youth, and the curling locks, hanging from

its sides and sweeping over his face, bespeak a native gracefulness, which well accords with his intellectual features. There is a golden tinge upon his brow, and a ruddy, healthy glow upon his cheek, which says that his occupation as a student has not been confined to an unhealthy cloister.

He is but a boy, yet there were many men in his day, who, after years of application, could not retain the memory of what they read with half the ease of that extraordinary youth.

The fact was, as was afterwards proved, his Genius was as comprehensive as his energies were active, and a spirit was then stirring in him, a mind in embryo, which, though not confined to the drudgery of the scholastic routine of study, comprehended at a glance the value of education, and made him the greatest schoolmaster of his age.

As the beautiful stream then flowing before him in a sort of endless wave upon wave, that youth seemed desirous to com-

mand as endless a reputation ; for his immortal mind possessed an unslaked thirst to discern every species of wisdom which either letters, nature, observation or reflection could unfold.

Such was the Genius of him who then stood upon the banks of the Orwell, imbibing wisdom with an ambitious desire of distinction which no future eminence could satisfy.

It was the youthful Wolsey, who, then unknown to fame, was noted by many of the best spirits of that age and country, as a boy of most acute intellect, and of an understanding beyond his years. He had left his native town early, in a beautiful spring morning, to go by invitation to the castle of Lord De Freston—a nobleman celebrated for his great learning as well as his benevolent disposition.

The youth had left many friends in the town of Ipswich, who had encouraged his love of study, by lending him manuscripts

and books, which he could not otherwise have obtained. Richard Peyvale, one of the most learned of the portmen of the town, and the compiler of the "Ipswich Doomsday Book," had been the first to discover the latent superiority of his mind; for in an examination of boys in the Free Grammar School, the son of Robert Wooly or Wuly so acquitted himself in classical knowledge, as to carry off the great prize given by Sir Humphrey Wyngfylde, to be presented by the town-clerk, which was done by Robert Bray, before the bailiffs, governors and portmen of that ancient borough.

This was probably one of the spurs to genius. But Wolsey—the boy Wolsey, soon discovered so much dross amidst the confined system of school studies, that he told his father it was no use his sending him to school, for old Mr. Capon could teach him nothing more. Hence, after his twelfth year, he was under no tutors: but formed his own

reading ; and was frequently applied to, by many learned men, to solve difficulties of construction, which to him were very easily accounted for.

Every classical work then known to the world, and within the reach of the wealthy, whether from private families or from public libraries, was obtained for him upon loan ; and at one time he had in his own garret, in the gable-end of his father's house, then dividing the two great streets in St. Nicholas, leading from Peter's Priory to the centre of the town, such a catalogue of eminent books, that had they been his own, he would have thought himself the wealthiest man in the land.

The names of Homer, Sophocles, Thucydides, Euripides, Xenophon, Plato, Horace, Cicero, Plautus, Pliny, Tibullus, together with the Scriptures, were familiar to him ; and he was so great a man in his boyhood, as far as classical comprehension went, that he scarcely

at any after-period of his life had to study these writings again.

It was not to be wondered at then, that a boy with such precocity of intellect, such a handsome youth too as he really was, should be noticed by the richer and more independent portion of the community.

Lord De Freston had married a niece of the elder Daundy, one of the wealthiest and most enlightened of the inhabitants of Ipswich, and had, therefore, become connected with the female branch of Wolsey's family; for Joan, his mother, was sister to Edmund Daundy. He was a very early patron of the young student; and took such interest in his cousin, as he called him, as laid the foundation of his greatness in after life, though the youth's pride had well nigh lost him his friendship.

But there he stood upon the Freston shore, and caught the sound of the early matin bell, which came pealing from the opposite bank



of the river, from the Priory of Alneshborne. The sound of the bell, and the mood in which the youth then stood, accorded well with each other. The former called the monks to early prayer, and in some measure roused Wolsey from his reverie, and made him think of time. He looked intently along the bright gleaming waves of the Orwell to see if he could not discover some object which ought to interest his attention.

De Freston's lofty turrets were in view, peering over the spring foliage, just breaking forth in yellow tints from the oaks of the park. The castle shone conspicuously white, as the rays of the gloriously rising sun struck upon its walls. All nature seemed alive. The rooks were taking their flights for the distant marshes; the cuckoo's note saluted the early morn, and so bright and clear was the sky, that even the lark rose joyfully, carolling with his lively note, as if

going to seek a purer clime than could be found on this earth.

Had not ambition inflated his breast, Wolsey would have enjoyed to the full the exquisite scene of that April morn. But ambition had so fired his genius that even the lovely river then flowing before him, the light of the heavens, the birds of the air chaunting their praises, and the monks at their matin prayers, had no charms for him. Not even the consciousness of classical knowledge, could just then satisfy his mind ; for he had received an indirect promise from Lord De Freston that he should go to Oxford, and such a vision of future glory had opened before him, that even his native town, with all the cordial friends it contained, were completely thrown into the back-ground.

Ambition is a syren, who deprives of rest those who are once charmed by her voice ; and when she prompts to grandeur,

and all the imaginative self-consequences of a great name, fame and power, there are no cruelties through which she will not urge her victims, and like fabled deities of the heathen, cover them with her mantle or cloud of invisibility.

Moral reflection founded upon the only motive worthy of exertion, the good of others, is a very distant object in the aspirations of a vain man. Destroy selfishness, and all that is laudable, honourable, great and worthy in the human character will then shine forth, and whether present success shall attend it, or future generations celebrate its worth, it cannot be destroyed by disappointment, since the serenity of equanimity is the same, whether the individual be humbled by the praises of men, or exalted by their persecutions.

Selfish ambition, however plausible or deluding, cannot bear, with an equal mind, the frowns of adversity. Success forms the

criterion of its own excellence ; and it can no more enjoy the quietude of retirement, than a famous actor can relish the coldness of his audience.

## CHAPTER II.

## RIVALSHIP.

THE young student was evidently expecting to see something upon the waves of the Orwell more attractive than even the book in his hand, or the scenery before him; for, as the matin bell of the priory came pealing over the waters from the opposite shore, the warder's horn from De Freston's castle was heard to blow. The signal appeared to be well understood by the youth, who immediately began to close his thick and heavy tome, and to adjust the

silver hooks of the clasps into their sockets.

His eye was turned towards the bend of the river, round which, close under the dipping boughs of the old chestnut trees, a boat, impelled by four stout rowers, was making progress against the wind, but with the tide in their favour. The sparkling waters which dashed from the head of the skiff as the oars struck the waves, glittered with scarcely more lustre than did the eye of the youth, whilst he surveyed the expected comers, and awaited their approach.

He stood upon a ledge, or very ancient hardware called *John of Wiltshire's Gap*, nearly opposite to the great gate of his Wherstead domain, which domain was forfeited to the crown after the decapitation of that ill-fated nobleman.

The scholar was as well known to the rowers as they were to him, for it was often their privilege to meet him by their lord's

orders, at the very spot where he then stood. No sooner did they see him than they redoubled their efforts, and soon brought their boat to ground with the usual salutation of "Ready, Master! ready!" as they respectfully rose to make way for him to go astern.

There must have been something remarkably captivating and even commanding in the manners of the youth at that early age; for, not only was he noted for his scholastic acquirements by the sober, grave, learned and wise, but the sailors of the port, who occasionally rowed him upon his native stream, whilst he was deeply engaged in skimming over the pages of his book, would delight to rouse him from his reverie, on purpose to hear his conversation and remarks. He took peculiar delight in boarding the foreign vessels which came into port, with cargoes consigned to his uncle Daundy; and often acted as interpreter whilst he amused himself

with trying the brains of the Flemish, Dutch, French, or Norwegian seamen.

The boat's crew hailed him with pleasure, for they looked upon him not only as the favoured guest of their master, Lord De Freston, but they knew that he was the peculiar favourite of Ellen De Freston, their master's graceful daughter.

Thomas Wolsey had received an especial message to breakfast with Lord De Freston, and to meet his Lordship's cousin, William Latimer, then a learned student at the University of Oxford. It had been part of Lord De Freston's promise that he should return to Oxford with Latimer, if Wolsey's father, and his fond mother Joan, could part with him, their only child. At all events, he was to be introduced to his future friend; and the nobleman had promised, that both he and his daughter Ellen should use all their influence with his friends, that very day, to obtain permission for him to go to the University.



Bright beams of future glory illumined the mind of the youth, as he took his station in the boat, and became a little more abstracted and thoughtful, and less communicative with his rough acquaintances than was his wont. They dropped their oars in silence, on gaining no reply from their usually animated scholar, and were all of opinion that they had never beheld him so little like himself as at that moment. At almost any other time, and under any other circumstances, a thousand questions would have been asked, and as many remarks made upon their costume, their boat, their lord, their lady, the wind, the weather, the wave, the tide, the monks of Alneshborne, and their father confessor.

But Wolsey was now silent. He watched the waters curling past the boat, as if he were making a calculation of the tide by the number of successive waves that passed him.

As he did not give a single word to the men, (and no men are more inquisitive than sailors), they could not endure his silence.

“How, now, my master, you heave us no log to-day, though we deserve your smile, perhaps, more this morning than any other. What’s the matter, master? You seem to have cast anchor upon a dull shore, and are as mournful as if your vessel had gone to wreck upon the rocks. A-hoy, master! tip us a stave.”

But deep thought seemed to chain the scholar’s mind, as the frost would bind up the river in the darkest days of winter. Yet his brow was smooth, and calm, as ice without a fall of snow. There was no ruffle upon it, but a fixed and settled tone of thought that seemed to say he was immovable. He did not speak, and yet he altered his position, and cast his eyes wistfully upon the turrets of the castle as they came in view of its venerated walls. “Ay, master, ’tis a fine old

building is it not? I should like to see your young honour, or your worship, or your reverence, comfortably hauled up there, high and dry: 'tis a friendly port, master, and comfortable quarters thereabouts."

It was not until they came full in view of the green slanting lawn which came down to the water's edge, directly in front of the castle, and the young man's eye caught sight of three figures standing upon the very edge of the landing-place, that his features lightened up with expression :

"Who is the third person standing with your master and his daughter?" he asked.

"He's alive now, Jack, I'll warrant!" archly observed one of the rowers.

"And so he may well be," said the other, "a little rivalry will do the young scholar good. He has so long had his own way, that perhaps he might think no vessel could sail as well as his own."

"That's my young mistress's cousin,"

replied the man, "and I hear, master, he's all at sea, like yourself."

"What do you mean, my man?"

"Mean, sir? why, that he's as clever a chap as you are; that the broad sea of knowledge is as well explored by him as it is by you, and that he can talk to our young mistress in as elegant and entertaining a manner as yourself."

There are some words which, from their very homeliness, may do more to rouse the spirit within a man, than all the classical beauties which he has studied in his youth; and at that moment these words, from a common sailor, proved to Wolsey that even men of few words, and no letters, can form no mean idea of intellectual pleasure.

He was effectually roused, for, till then, he certainly had no conception of a rival in letters with any living man he had yet met. He had found none to appreciate his talents so purely, so highly, and so encouragingly, as

Lord De Freston and his daughter ; and, it might be truly said, that none could do so better, than that learned and elegant scholar, whose life had been devoted to study from his youth.

He had married the niece of the wealthiest Commoner in the land, and married her not for her property, since he was himself the owner of vast estates on the banks of the Orwell, as well as in the vale of Worcester. He had espoused the niece of Edmund Daundy, M.P. for Ipswich, and the most extensive merchant in that port.

His lady with whom, for the first six years of their married state, he had lived in harmony and happiness, was taken from him at that most anxious period when she had just given birth to a son and heir. Infant and mother died, leaving him one bright companion, the image of her mother, and in qualities of mind and heart superior even in childhood to most of her sex.

Lord De Freston had thus become very

early engrossed by the education, and training of his affectionate daughter, and such was the delight he took in her, and so well were his parental anxieties repaid by the capacity, diligence, and sense of duty of his child, that years had imperceptibly fled away, until he found her growing more and more upon his affections.

He now made her his companion, not only in his studies, but in all his worldly affairs. She was, indeed, the admiration of all who knew her, and had such a powerful mind, such a cultivated taste for literature, and for all the elegant arts, then in their progressive rise in this country, that Ellen De Freston was as famed upon the banks of the Orwell, as Madame de Stael, or Madame d'Arblay in after-days for their precocious powers. Her's, however, were of a different stamp, of a far deeper kind ; and mind in that maiden might be said to have a texture so pure, that it gave unwonted charm to a face, almost as beautiful as her intellect.

Young Wolsey, about her own age, was so attracted by these wonderful qualities, that it is not to be wondered at, that he should feel an interest in the only being he ever saw calculated to inspire him with the hope of excelling for the sake of pleasing her. Such was the delight he took in her society, and such her pure pleasure in his, that distant relatives as they were, Lord De Freston looked upon them as brother and sister; and neither he nor his daughter had the slightest idea of their young friend ever imbibing any deeper feeling than the love of literature, and the joy of sharing its pleasures.

So fondly wedded in mind to this counterpart of his existence had he imperceptibly become, that half the cherished elegancies of Grecian and Roman literature had been treasured in his heart on purpose that he might breathe their euphonious harmonies in the ear of his cousin Ellen. She, too, was ambitious of convincing Wolsey, that she

appreciated his talents, but she never had a dream of his aspiring to any nearer intimacy with her than a classical interchange of thought.

It was not to be wondered at, however, that in that early stage of their acquaintance, the youth of fourteen should be sensible to the personal as well as intellectual attractions of such a being as the heiress of De Freston. No feeling of his youth, or of his life was ever purer than that which he then entertained towards his benefactor and his friend. It was like the brightest beam of light gleaming upon the path of youth, when that refined sentiment of soul burst upon him. It was like the morning clouds, tinged with the prospect of the rising sun, and proclaiming the approach of a lovely day.

He gazed at the stair as the boat approached the spot where Ellen De Freston, between the tall and portly figure of her father, and the slender frame of William Latimer, stood awaiting his arrival.



There was some sensation of pain which stole over his proud spirit at that moment, as he looked at the young man's figure, and beheld his favourite Ellen, resting her arm upon that of the scholar.

“Shall I,” he asked himself, “shall I, indeed, meet a rival? Oh! if our merits be but weighed in the balance by the weights of future attainments, either in science, knowledge, industry or application, I fear not the issue.”

It was a bold thought—the indication of a noble mind, though a feeling of rivalry might at the moment create a pang of jealousy. The man who feels all honour, and endeavours to prove himself worthy of the favourable regard of any one whom he loves, and to whom he attaches the idea of being able to reward his exertions, is a worthy competitor to enter the lists of love. The noblest souls in existence must breathe with such hope, and their exertions and attain-

ments, their talents and their virtues, must form a bright beacon to guide their onward course.

The only drawback is, that all mortal rewards, be they what they may, are not enduring, and therefore fall short of satisfaction.—

“ As when the eastern sky is tinged  
With clouds transparent, golden fring'd,  
Bespeaks the coming sun :  
So love anticipates a ray,  
Bright as the orbs arising day,  
Before his course is run.

## CHAPTER III.

## THE GREETING.

A MERRY laugh and cheerful greeting saluted the ear of Wolsey as he stepped from the boat to the stairs, and received the cordial welcome of De Freston.

“How is our uncle Daundy? He is a loyal subject to his majesty, and as friendly a supporter of the rights of the inhabitants of Ipswich, as any man who lived before him. How fares your father, and your good and estimable mother? Thomas, let me introduce you to my cousin Latimer. There

is so much wisdom in your young brains, that you must be akin to each other at Oxford, if not related by blood."

The scholars bowed, and each could discern in the ease of the other, that there was more within worth knowing than any external qualities. They had never met before; but each had, through De Freston, obtained considerable knowledge of the character of the other.

Latimer was five years older than Wolsey, and already possessed the advantages of an Oxford school-training, and a university scholarship; so that, though he had heard much from Ellen and her father of young Wolsey's attainments, and, though he knew them capable of forming a good judgment, nevertheless he could not avoid feeling himself superior to his new friend, which Wolsey, from having attained a conscious superiority over every one with whom he had yet conversed upon classical subjects,

was not in the least disposed to allow. He was desirous to meet Latimer, as much to measure himself by him, and judge of his chance of future acquirements, as to see one of whom he had heard so much, and who was a relative of the noble lord, his patron and friend.

“I am glad to meet you, Master Latimer,” he said, with the ease and importance of a man of years and station; “it has unfortunately happened hitherto that, in your various visits to your relatives in this country, it has never been my lot to enjoy one hour of conversation with you. The Lady Ellen can tell you with what avidity I have read your letters, and indulged with her in those descriptive powers which you have so ably used upon the subject of this Tower. I hope you have already found that neither your elaborate plan of architectural beauty, nor your advice concerning the periods of studious regularity have been

neglected. Many have been the hours of improvement which have been permitted me in the society of these, our mutual friends—varied, indeed, according to your express instructions, and I can truly add, never tediously employed.”

There was something so manly, so easy, so unaffected, and yet so convincing in this youth’s manner of address, that, in a moment, young Latimer was convinced that he had no common character to deal with. The thought of superiority vanished, and he found himself compelled, by the unexpected dignity and simplicity of the speech he had heard, to reply instanter upon terms of equality.

“My loss has equalled yours, but I will hope that, from this day forward, we may become better acquainted, and have more frequent opportunities of exchanging our opinions upon those classical subjects, which are at this time beginning to circulate more freely among the nations of Europe. I see

you have been reading the first printed edition of Homer, which I had the gratification of forwarding to Lord De Freston, and I am glad to see it in such hands, for I understand you can appreciate the beauties of the poet in every passage. I long to have some hours' conversation with you. My fair cousin has had the privilege of hearing you read the whole of the 'Iliad,' and she has greatly excited my curiosity concerning you. The Tower is complete, and both Lord De Freston and Ellen tell me that the place I proposed for acquiring knowledge is so good a one, as to make each day, nay, each hour, so devoted, of incalculable profit."

"You must come with us, Thomas, to the Tower, at once," said Lord De Freston's daughter; "I have ordered breakfast in my favourite room, and I shall confine you all, the greater portion of this day, for the indulgence of your conversation. I have often had each of you as my companion through

the successive gradations of my ascending steps of knowledge. To-day you must permit me to be a listener to both. I greet you, therefore, as my guests in the library, and if you will only pursue the thread of your discourse upon ancient minstrelsy, I will be as unwearied as Penelope, and, I am sure, far more happy."

"You do me great honour, Ellen. I can never refuse any of your requests, and one so agreeable as this, it would be a punishment to be excused."

"On with you then, young people! on, to the Tower!" exclaimed her father. And without more ceremony, whilst De Freston remained behind to give some charge to his boatmen, the young people bent their way towards a lofty tower, embosomed in the trees of the park, but commanding such scenes of the river and its banks, as, even now, in the nineteenth century, could not fail to create admiration.



The Tower still stands, apparently in the pride of beauty, looking over the waves of the Orwell; and the author has ascended to its summit, and indulged, years long gone by, in thoughts which now find their way into these pages.

Freston Tower was first designed by William Latimer, whence it was, for many years, called by the name of "*Latimer's Tower.*" It was built by the Lord De Freston, his kinsman, who was related to the unfortunate William de la Pole, who took his final leave of his Suffolk friends at this spot, before he was beheaded upon the broad sea.

The converse of the party, as they went towards the Tower, touched upon this point, and, singularly enough, was introduced by Wolsey, as an example of ill-fated ambition.

"My father tells me, that it was from

this place that William de la Pole, the first Duke of Suffolk, took his departure thirty years ago. What an ambitious family has that been, and how soon do the rewards of iniquity fall upon the wicked!"

"My grandfather," replied Ellen, "was the last friend that met him at Ipswich, and brought him on his way to our castle. The vessel which was to bear him into exile could not get higher up the river than the channel opposite the priory, and from this spot, my father's barge carried him on board his foreign ship. Alas! he soon heard of his destruction!"

"And must we not own, fair Ellen, that the retributive hand of justice was here displayed against the murderer of the good Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester. No sooner is de la Pole beyond the precincts of his native power, than he finds he cannot escape. Oh! that Gloucester's friends had

prevailed to keep the parliament in the metropolis, and this blot upon the escutcheon of the Duke of Suffolk would never have been seen."

"Say rather, Latimer, that it would have been well for the merchant of Ravenspurn to have kept to his northern port, at the mouth of the Humber, or have come no further south than Hull, than to have purchased lands, title, and fame, to fall by such a foul, and fiendish crime, and to finish his right of nobility in England!"

"I do not hold with thee, Wolsey, in such a doctrine, that man is never to aspire to lift himself beyond the mud. The mouth of the Humber may give birth to as noble blood as the banks of the Orwell; and, if I mistake not thy spirit, thou wouldst bid fair to be a candidate for nobility."

“It should not be my wealth that should entitle me thereto. The king’s favour should be purchased with wisdom, not with gold.”

“Yet wisdom brings gold as naturally as that folly wastes it.”

“Ay! but it wastes faster than it is attained. But here we are at the Tower.”

“Come, then, in to breakfast; I see Lord De Freston coming; let us drop the subject of the de la Poles: it always carries with it a pang to my father’s heart.”

The party then stood before the celebrated Tower, the construction of which arose from an accidental conversation between De Freston and Latimer, two years previous. The latter had seen the uncommon genius and application of Ellen to study, and had remarked to her father that,

if her studies were not diversified, she would lose the sprightliness and vivacity of youth, and forget quickly what she had learnt with difficulty.

“The way to retain anything, is to let an impression of it remain upon the brain. Overstrained toil does but enfeeble the body, as overstrained application to any mental pursuit will assuredly one day create disgust. It will actually impair the powers of perception; and men who, at one time, have been the most intellectual students, find themselves overpowered by not being able to diversify their occupation.

“Besides,” added Latimer, “I have found the body sicken, the brain turn dizzy, and the whole man enfeebled by too much application to one subject of thought. Hands were given us for manual labour, and our feet for bodily exercise, so that our frame may be preserved in health. Therefore, I

say, diversify the occupation of your daughter's time and mind; and body and soul will be benefited."

"Ah!" replied De Freston, "the theory is good, but how is it to be done? It is now that I feel myself a widower, when my faithful child, rising into womanhood, requires the matronly guidance of a mother. If you could project a plan likely to be successful in its operation, you would indeed add a charm to my existence, I could not easily repay."

"I can fully imagine your anxiety; and, had I a daughter, at your time of life, and with your means at hand, I would follow the very plan I now propose."

"What is it, cousin Latimer? What is it?"

"Simply this: I would build a tower in the liveliest spot of my domain. Every room of that tower should command an

extensive view of the beautiful scenery around me, and I would dedicate each to a different occupation. Each should claim a separate hour for the work to be performed, and the higher story should possess the greatest charm; so that neither the hands nor the head of my child should be weary."

"Well said! young philosopher. Let me hear your proposition more minutely laid down. I can imagine the utility, and see much good in your proposal. I will carry it out if you can satisfy my daughter as well as myself of the probability of its having a beneficial tendency."

"To your daughter, then, as well as to yourself, will I unfold my scheme."

It was agreed that the young man should write down his plan, and submit it to De Freston and Ellen on the following day.

This was most gallantly and ably done by young Latimer in the following poetical lines,

which were presented to De Freston after the evening's meal :

*De Freston's Tower.*

Let not thy daughter's mind be fix'd  
 On learning only ;—but be mix'd  
     With arts and studies light :  
 And let her progress be to rise,  
 Through woman's duties to be wise,  
     She will thy care requite.

Nor let her in a cloistered cell,  
 Like monks and friars dully dwell,  
     Deprived of Nature's face.  
 Let life and liberty be seen,  
 With health and energy, to glean  
     Whate'er has virtue's grace.

The mind is useless, if the hand,  
 No occupation can command,  
     To ease the learning gained :  
 The eye grows dim o'er books alone,  
 And dull and heavy in its tone,  
     If once 'tis overstrained.



Had I a daughter, I would try  
To give of learning such supply  
    As other works should crown :  
I'd build a tower six stories there,  
With rooms, ascending by the stair,  
    Each one with purpose known.

I'd choose a spot, whence far and wide  
Yon lovely river in its pride  
    Glides gracefully along ;  
Where every room which higher rose,  
A scene extended should disclose,  
    Fit theme for poet's song.

The basement story on the ground,  
Should be with benches fitted round,  
    And wide the porch and door.  
That here my daughter every morn,  
Should know the wants of the lowly born,  
    And listen to the poor.

The story next I'd dedicate  
To works of industry, of late  
    Becoming females bland :  
To needlework or tapestry,  
Her active fingers should apply,  
    Taught by some Flemish hand.

The story next—to music's sway  
I should devote that she might play,  
    On lute or lyre with skill :  
Her voice accompanied should sound,  
Enchanting through the groves around,  
    And make all nature thrill.

My next to art of painting raised,  
Should be with lightest windows glazed,  
    A studio bright and clear :  
The tints of nature should be seen,  
Landscapes and figures intervene.  
    Alternate studies here.

My next should be with books supplied,  
And writing instruments beside,  
    With learning's aids at hand :  
This study should devoted be,  
To learning's richest treasury  
    All other rooms command.

My last and highest should be given  
To contemplate the stars of heaven  
    And study their design :  
Astronomy should here unfold  
Worlds upon worlds, whose works untold  
    No mortal can define.

And here sometimes at night I'd be,  
To let my daughter clearly see,  
    How works of wisdom shine :  
The fires above,—her soul should charm,  
As fires below, our bodies warm,  
    That we may not repine.

So gratified was fair Ellen with this poetical device, that she scarcely closed her eyes that night for thinking of the spot, and of the kind of ornamental tower which should be raised for such a purpose. The next day, the site was fixed upon by Lord De Freston and his daughter ; and Latimer promised to make plans of the dimensions of the rooms, and drawings of the elevation. How beautifully the works were completed, even the lapse of so many centuries has not failed to prove. Workmen were soon engaged, Daundy's ships brought the Caen stone for

ornamental copings, and the bricks from Ipswich were soon laid, and a tower, according in every respect with the plan of the projector, was erected.

It was before this building that the party then stood, and not until the previous day had Latimer beheld his fair project carried into execution. He had, from time to time, visited the work, and had corresponded with Lord De Freston and his cousin Ellen, concerning its completion. This, however, was his first visit since the graceful tower had been opened, and dedicated to the purpose for which it had been projected. Ellen, indeed, had occupied the different rooms as dedicated to her pursuits.

The lower room, to charity, from 7 to 8 o'clock.

The second, to working tapestry, from 9 to 10.

The third, to music, from 10 to noon.

The fourth, to painting, from 12 to 1.

The fifth, to literature, from 1 to 2.

The sixth, to astronomy, at even.

There was a turret from this last chamber upon which the only instruments then used in descrying and describing the stars was often fixed, when the evenings were such as would allow an observation from the leads of the building of the illumined sky. They arrived at the foot of the tower, where awaiting their approach numerous applicants for the bounty of the Lord De Freston were sitting upon the benches around. A kind word, Ellen had for all, a gracious greeting she gave them, and after distributing various donations, and making suitable inquiries, she dismissed them, one by one, to their respective homes, through the different paths across the park.

Ellen welcomed her visitors, and followed them up the winding staircase into the first

apartment. She would not allow them to stop and admire the handy work she was then engaged in ; namely, a piece of tapestry for Lord De Freston, representing the death of Harold, at Battle. Neither would she pause, to indulge them, that day, with the sound of her harp, though there it stood, and before her some of the Welsh lays then so celebrated among minstrels. Neither would she permit them to waste time upon the beautiful scenery from her painting-room, though the bay-window from this height gave exquisite views for the lover of the picturesque.

Breakfast was set out in the room of literature, and thither she hurried them, determined that she would pass over the usual routine of her every-day engagements to gratify her mind with the conversation of her two intellectual friends.

“I have but a short day for your company, as my father has determined to go to Ipswich upon the business so interesting to you, Thomas Wolsey, and we must all accompany him this afternoon. Let us, then, lose no time in thinking about the progress I have made, but let your conversation be concerning those things by which you are surrounded.”

Handsome shelves containing costly manuscripts and volumes of such works as were then printed, graced the sides of the room, and the only vacant places were the angular spaces between the windows.

Breakfast was placed upon a small table in the bay-window, and consisted of such plain fare as milk, eggs and butter, with a few preserves, which were the supplies for the table in that early day. It is true that the serving-men in the lord's hall had more

substantial feast, for cold venison and boar's-head with large quarters of pork, were consumed upon broad wooden plates, and not a few of those plates were seen upon the long tables in the hall, so large was this nobleman's domestic establishment.



## CHAPTER IV.

## THE CONVERSATION.

It would be something strange in these days to find man's tongue, through fear, prevented from discoursing upon any subject political, physical, or religious. Men are so enlightened, and civil and religious freedom are so strongly established in this kingdom, that no one is afraid of investigating any subject. Truth does not require any power, but that of God, to support it, and having his, it will predominate unto the end,

through all discouragements and persecutions. The man who loves his kind will stand the least in awe of death, or of any consequences whatever, arising from that position in which his faith in God may place him. But the men, in our day, who do not look deeply into times gone by, can scarcely conceive the terrors into which men were driven in those days, when Freston Tower was first inhabited.

Throughout the length and breadth of England, in the year 1484 and 1485, awful divisions were created by the dissensions of the houses of York and Lancaster. Men scarcely trusted each other with open declarations of loyalty, or with their equally prevalent hatred of King Richard III. Nor were they much less happy in their feelings concerning their religion. The absolute power of the Pope had begun to be called in question. Wickliffe's Bible was doing its work, and Caxton's press began to dissemi-

nate the light of truth amidst inquiring minds.

Yet, upon the subject of religion, faith and practice seemed to be at a most appalling distance from each other; and men did not like to speak before strangers, even of the God who made them, for fear of incurring the threatened censures of the Papal Hierarchy.

It was a singular thing, that politics and religion should chance to be the first subjects discoursed upon by the young men, then partaking of their earliest meal in the library of Ellen De Freston. This conversation arose from the circumstances of De Freston having received a curious edition of Æsop's fables.

“I have a curiosity to shew you here, young men,” said De Freston; and he took down from a shelf over the entrance-door, a volume, having the royal arms engraved, or

rather worked upon the inside of the cover. "You are learned, master Latimer, can you decypher the character?"

"Ha! I perceive," replied the youth, "this is a book I should have thought would never have been sold, at least, not until the death of her to whom it was given. It is Edward the Fourth's gift to his mistress, Jane Shore. How did you come by it?"

"Lord Latimer, your father's friend, purchased it at the new bookseller's in Ludgate; and knowing my taste for anything new, or old, in such works, sent it to me as a present and token of his esteem."

"I thought, father," said Ellen, "that you told me this wretched woman was no more; that she died two years since, under the severe penance inflicted upon her by the order of the Protector."

"Hush!" said Wolsey, "hush! call not Richard, the protector! call him King, or you

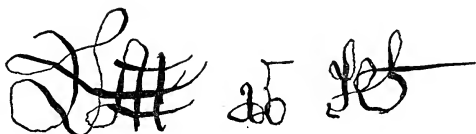
will be deemed disloyal. I would, on purpose to share your accusation, call him *murderer*, not protector."

"You would be a traitor, then, according to your own shewing," replied Ellen; "but is not Jane Shore dead?"

"It was reported, that she was. That she did penance, is certain; that the king, in the days of his protectorate, did accuse Hastings of secretly plotting with this woman, whom he called a wicked witch, to afflict his person with decrepitude, is equally certain. But I hear she is still alive, and that Richard, though he persecuted her so unmercifully, has pardoned her, and given her in marriage to Thomas Hymore, who compassionated her sufferings and petitioned for this mercy."

"Alas! beauty is a dangerous possession," added Ellen, "where the laws of God reign not in the heart. I am glad to hear she is a penitent. May mercy be with her!"

“This is certainly the signature of Edward.



R.E. to J.S. Rex Edvardus, ad J.S. It is valuable, as the first book having numbered pages, and a great acquisition this will be to science. I sigh, my Lord, to think how this country is torn asunder by faction. When I last left Worcester, I can assure you men were there ripe for revolt. Richard is detested: his vices are so glaring, and his cruelty so great, that he reminds me more of the tyrant Domitian, than of a Christian king.”

“Christian, indeed!” exclaimed the ardent Wolsey. “Christian? He has murdered three relatives, who stood between him and power, and could Richmond but be reached,

his neck would soon be stretched upon the block. I hope he will escape ! nay, more, I hope to live to see the day when he may be King of England.”

“ Hush ! hush ! young spirit,” added De Freston. “ Though we be five stories from the ground, you would soon be five feet under it, could Richard gain any knowledge of your language.”

“ Yet I assure you,” added Latimer, “ these very things are openly discussed at Oxford, though each man, since the death of Buckingham, fears a traitor in his servant.”

“ That hateful Banister must be the vilest of the vile. It was not an open enemy that betrayed poor Buckingham, but the very man who owed him suit and service, and pretended to be so grateful for his bounty. Had I been John Milton, high sheriff of Shropshire, I would have stabbed the traitor to the heart, who could betray such a confid-

ing and afflicted master as the generous Buckingham."

"I little thought," said De Freston, "that I should try your loyalty, young men, by introducing Æsop's fables to your notice. I perceive, however, that your sentiments accord with my own, though I may not choose to speak out upon so slight an occasion. I can truly say, however, may the houses of York and Lancaster unite, and the divisions of our Christian land be settled."

This last expression "*Christian land*," gave rise to a sudden ejaculation upon the part of Wolsey, which rather surprised his friends and auditors: but at that day, the youth's soul was full of the love of truth, and he hated most heartily the mummeries of a religion, which at that period were carried to the very verge of absurdity.

"Christian land! Oh! when will peace heal the divisions of this Christian land? In



nothing will this country be more divided than in its ideas of the profession of Christianity !”

This was a bold declaration from so young a man, and it surprised Latimer, for though De Freston and himself entertained the enlightened views of that period, when men began to look into the Scriptures for truth, and into their souls for worship, Wolsey had started at once the expression of an opinion, which both had entertained, but neither had declared. This led to such an animated conversation upon the errors and absurdities of the times, the almost absolute dominion of the Pope, and the terrors of the Inquisition, that had information been given to the authorities of St. Peter's Priory, all present might have incurred the penalties of heresy and conspiracy.

But Ellen De Freston was too well known for the strict piety of her life, her conformity to all the *good* usages of the times, and the

enlightened benevolence of her disposition, to be affected by the breath of slander. It was not that there were no envious persons in that day, as in this, who were jealous of her superiority. There were individuals who were her equals in station, as well as others who were her inferiors, who could not brook the praises, which were so freely given by those who were fortunate enough to know her. She was, however, happily ignorant of these attacks.

There are, in this day, many maidens who infinitely prefer the companions of mind, to all the dignity of titled wealth, and preponderating influence of station. But, in that day, outward pomp, external beauty, high rank, and large estates, exercised an influence over everything.

It was from no love of making herself conspicuous for singularity, that Ellen devoted herself to intellectual pursuits. Her father was a man of mind, a man of virtue,

of a superior intellect, and she had an hereditary taste for these things. Permitted to think, and to express her thoughts, she was treated with deference, and gently argued with in things which her young mind could not fully understand, and hence her love of truth, and of searching for the truth, and obeying its dictates when understood.

Though she seldom discoursed much with her preceptors upon the sacred volume, yet, with her parent, she would hold long and interesting communications, which rarely failed to increase their mutual estimation of each other.

When the subject of religion was introduced by Thomas Wolsey, she maintained that deferential silence which she thought best adapted to her position. Latimer was much pleased with Wolsey's views, and, as some of the stars of the Reformation were then beginning to shine, both in England and in foreign countries, the young men

entered into the spirit of the Wickliffites and Hussites with a degree of toleration, surprising indeed at that day, especially in the neighbourhood of a town so celebrated for its papal institutions and prevailing bigotry as Ipswich was.

A century before, and this town had an episcopal jurisdiction ; but it had now merged into the See of Norwich, and Goldwell then held his court in the ancient residence called Wyke's Bishop's Palace. The Church looked very closely to her rights, her possessions, and professions, and almost one half of the wealth of the kingdom was in the keeping of ecclesiastics. Lands, houses, castles, monasteries, priories, livings, together with estates and jurisdictions, giving them power over the persons and lives of men, prevailed throughout the land ; all in subjection to the Pope ; and, though at the close of the reign of Richard III., the bloody wars between the

Houses of York and Lancaster for a time diverted men's attention from the growing tyranny of the Hierarchy, yet, when these houses became united, ecclesiastical sway assumed a frightful temporal power in this country, and met with consequent detestation.

It is singular that, at this period, Wolsey should have been such an advocate for the dissemination of truth, who was soon afterwards the strongest supporter of the dogmas of Rome. What circumstances were conducive to this change of mind in one so bold, so brave, so elegant and so eloquent, and, at that time, so truthful and so virtuous, will be presently seen.

It is not intended to give, at full length, the detail of the conversation then going on in that elevated chamber of Freston Tower. It may suffice, for the reader's information, to say, that books were taken down from their shelves, their merits freely and easily

discussed, their beauties expatiated upon, and passages from poets, historians, and orators, read with spirit, and devoured with that delight which kindred classical minds only could enjoy. Latimer and Wolsey proved themselves worthy of the fame they afterwards acquired; the former as the Greek tutor of the learned Erasmus, the latter as the great patron of literature throughout the kingdom, whose works of art remain this day to prove the elegance of his mind, and the profuse liberality of his spirit.

Ellen was delighted; she sat with unmixed pleasure to hear the scholars dilate upon their subjects. She found the hours stealing away quicker than she wished them to do: nor was her peculiar taste for elegance of diction forgotten, and, in certain points of dispute, she was called upon to decide which was the most chaste and perfect translation.

It is strange, but too true, that the most

learned men are so jealous of the laborious stores of knowledge they have obtained, that they will scarcely ever condescend to communicate them to the female sex, or to express their knowledge before them; as if they were not to be the companions of man's mind, as well as of his domestic affairs. It is true the world has seen such couples as Andrew Dacier and his beloved wife, Anne, in a past century, and that it does see, in this day, a young and most learned lord in this land, famous for the style of purity in which he writes his ancient and modern histories, appreciating the elegance of his lady's mind, and enjoying its cultivation; but in those days it was a rare thing indeed for a female, and she young, beautiful, and wealthy, to be permitted to join in those studies, which were then considered too exclusively masculine.

In the mind of Wolsey, at that period, there lived the thought that such happiness

he might one day share more intimately with the beautiful Ellen. It was a thought that had taken full possession of his soul, and he trembled as he avowed it to himself. He had ventured to indulge in the suggestions of Hope—that bright morning star that guides the young mind to distinction, and lightens up even the darkest caverns of despair, when the barriers of wealth and station stand between the object and the aspirant.

Wolsey's hope, seemed to dawn upon him through the vista of future years of learned fame; like the sun rising over a most extensive wilderness; or, it seemed to him, like the light of a distant cottage which the poor traveller descries in the darkest night, upon some pathless moor, with which he connects the associations of home and comfort.

He had these feelings in his soul, and if for a moment, they were diverted to the subjects of future ambition, fame, and glory,



they always seemed to return again to the same point. Never was he more anxious to distinguish himself in the eyes of Ellen, than at that period; and it is true that he shone with most uncommon splendour, and made Latimer confess that he was not only a better scholar than himself, but that he had a more comprehensive genius. Both De Freston and his daughter were proud of their young and learned acquaintance, and much enjoyed their intellectual conversation. How long this might have lasted no one could have told, had not De Freston broke off the discussion by reminding his daughter of her engagement to go to Ipswich.

“We must not spend much more time here, Ellen. Our mid-day repast is ready in the hall, and if we do not get off in time, we shall hardly be able to visit our friends. Come, my child, let us proceed to the castle.”

A shadow of disappointment passed over

the brow of Ellen, but it did not remain there. She had taken her share in the discourse, and would have prolonged it, but that she knew well the wisdom of obedience to her father's suggestions. She rose, therefore, and, for a few moments stood admiring the brilliant scene from her lofty room, in which she was joined by those enthusiastic lovers of nature. The very turn of the conversation upon the broad waves of the Orwell, the distant hills and woods of the opposite shore, and the moving ships in the distance, then with clumsy and cumbersome hulls, yet picturesque enough to enliven the landscape, proved that Latimer was correct in his view, that deep study should be diversified with pleasant scenery to make both agreeable.

He rejoiced to see the lively glance which that broad view of the Orwell called forth from Ellen's countenance. It played like a sunbeam through the shade of the grove,

upon her graceful brow, ornamented as it was with a profusion of tresses, nature's richest ornament. At that moment the old hall bell announced the mid-day dinner, and the whole party descended to the castle.

## CHAPTER V.

## THE CASTLE AND COMPANY.

To describe a baron's hall, as in the fifteenth century, with all its cumbrous materials inside and out, would be, no doubt, very engaging to the antiquarian reader; and Freston Castle, Freston Hall, or De Freston's Mansion, as it was at various periods designated, if minutely described, would fill many a page which the general reader would be glad to be excused.

Not that it would be otherwise than enter-

taining for the Lords of Freston had each added something to the style of his predecessor, and there was as great a variety of the Gothic from the year 1111 down to 1485, as could be found in any house in the eastern counties of the kingdom. It vied with the ancient castle of Caister in its castellated front and lofty turrets, its old Norman windows, loop-holes and bastions, and, standing as it did upon one of the most picturesque spots throughout East Anglia, it commanded, in that day, general admiration.

It was one of those castles which were exempt from the fines to Peter's Priory, on account of the Lord De Freston having granted a hide of land on the opposite shore to the then learned priors of Alnishborne; and hence it was considered extra parochial, and the church and chapel of De Freston as belonging to the immediate jurisdiction of John De Freston, who appointed his own ecclesiastic from among the preachers or

prebends of Wykes Ufford, and after that, from Gypesswich (Ipswich).

It is but justice to the memory of the De Frestons to say they were *good* Catholics, not good for their gifts of foolish and vain things, but for their benevolent offerings for the poor. Their splendid old hall gracing the banks of the Orwell, for several centuries was remarkable for the liberality displayed within it, not only to the inhabitants of Freston, Arwarton, Holbrook, Wolverstone, Chelmondiston, Harkstead, Tattingstone and Bentley, on the western side of the river, in which parishes the Lords of De Freston held estates, but in all parts of Suffolk, Norfolk, and Gloucestershire, where their property was situated, they had their benevolent houses, in which the dole of charity was meted out to the surrounding poor.

Their great residences were at Freston and Malvern; for, connected with the

Latimers, they held much sway on the borders of the Malvern Hills. Their headquarters were at Freston Hall, a fortified mansion, exhibiting traces of decay in some parts of the then elaborate workmanship of the fourteenth century. A most noble park lay around the castle, extending along the beautiful banks of the river, including many a grand chase, where deer and game of all descriptions might be found.

Part of the great tenure by which this property was held free from the interference of the religious houses in Ipswich, as well as temporal authorities of the borough, whose power then extended to the waste marshes, upon the borders of the park, was the furnishing of three fat bucks for the 8th of September, to the borough, on the day of the election of bailiffs; and, on St. Peter's day, two bucks to the Abbots of Bury, two to the Prior of St. Peter's, and one to the Black Canons of Dodness; from all other

charges whatsoever, the Barony of De Freston was exempt.

But our party, joyful in the society of each other, bent their way from the lawn which surrounded the Tower, to the broad and open space before the castle. So level did the grass at a little distance appear, with the foundation walls of the building that, were it not for the distinct evidence of the huge drawbridge and portcullis, no one would imagine that a moat ninety-eight feet wide extended round the walls. The building was a square with four towers, the south-eastern front of which, facing the Orwell, was then in its most perfect state. It was only at certain periods, when the distant dependencies of the barony came to pay suit and service to the Lords of De Freston, that the other wings of the mansion were inhabited. They were not suffered to decay; but, as they were not constantly used, they were only visited occasionally by the Lord,



who left it to his household steward to see that all things were kept in order.

“It is a beautiful spot,” said Latimer to Ellen, as they approached the spacious front of the building, “and I hope it may never again see the troubles with which it was visited when the Earl of Leicester and his Flemings came from Walton Castle, and were opposed by John De Freston and his troops. This looks not like a place of slaughter, Ellen; yet many a brave youth did your ancestors’ bowmen send to the bottom of the waves, before the enemy could effect a landing, or reach this spacious green sward. How thankful should we feel that we can walk in peace free from such terrors; but other parts of the kingdom are, at this moment, in arms, and the Baron De Freston will, I fear, have to send his quota of men to the wars of the Roses!”

“Let him keep neutral if he can, say I.

He is out of the reach of the severity of the contest, unless Richmond should choose Suffolk for his field of action. I trust my father's hall will be at peace as long as his honoured head shall be erect !”

“ Amen !” added Wolsey. “ This place is too peaceful, too blessed in its inhabitants, to be disturbed by faction. It has a charm in my eye which, I trust, no bloodshed will ever destroy !”

“ You are a partial friend, Thomas ; but I wish all men felt towards it and its inhabitants as you do.”

“ That do not I,” thought Wolsey, “ unless, indeed, I were the foremost and most favoured of all ;” but he only replied : “ I have reason to be partial, Ellen.”

“ Perchance, Thomas, the issue of our interest this day may make you more partial than ever towards my father and myself, though your gain must be our loss.”

“Wolsey, will not that be some consolation to you, when in Oxford, to know my fair cousin here will be daily a loser by your absence?”

The youth blushed, feeling conscious that both his hopes and his fears might be excited during his residence at the University; but the colour soon disappeared, and he joined in the conversation without any appearance of embarrassment.

“If Ellen can promise herself the same pleasure in my progress, neither she nor I can be a loser by my residence at the University, however prolonged it may be.”

“I assure you, Thomas, I shall take a most lively interest in your success.”

“He will not fail, Ellen, to be well repaid for his labours, should he win your approbation.”

“Let him go on as he has begun, and his success will be considered to form part

of the honours attached to the house of De Freston.”

Now, though Ellen, in this speech, meant no more than to convey an idea of a certain degree of patronage which the House of De Freston had already exercised in the behalf of the young aspirant for future fame, yet, upon such a temperament as Wolsey's, it produced an impression not easily to be effaced. The blood circulated warmly through his frame, as he thought of the possibility of his being able to bring honour to the house of De Freston, and to be deemed worthy of the hand (for his ambition had conceived the possibility of such an accomplishment) of the beautiful and enlightened heiress of De Freston, the chief happiness of his life. Wolsey could only bow and promise to do his best, and repeated that it was one of the greatest pleasures of his existence to have met with a person who

had led him to the foot of the hill on which the temple of Fame was built, and was ready to welcome him upon his arrival at the summit.

The party arrived at the drawbridge, where the old warder, with his battle-axe in hand, as if he were then watching for his safety, or expecting the arrival of a foe, saluted his master. He was in his niche in the side of the right-hand turret of the drawbridge, and presented his lord with a packet of letters, which had arrived since he went to the Tower. These were placed in the pouch or pocket of De Freston, then worn externally, beneath the belt which bound the leathern jerkin of the noble, and was wrought with ornamental gold embroidery, and studded with the head of the bear. This crest of that ancient family was adopted in consequence of the reputation of his ancestor, who arrived with William the

Conqueror, for great personal strength, is expressed in the following motto :

Who meets De Freston must beware  
The arms and courage of the bear.

On the summit of the two towers, at either entrance of the arch forming the outer and inner gateway of the drawbridge, were the well-carved colossal figures of a rampant bear, facing each other, forming a barbarous, but, at that time, very common capital to the huge square pillars of the gateway; and, in the arms over the old porch, the bear hugging a foe was said to represent the manner in which the founder of the family, after having broken his sword, rushed in upon his enemy, and, seizing him, crushed him in his arms.

At that time, when the barons of England were expected to decide which rose they would wear, it was almost a disgrace not to

have their castles ornamented in every part with the especial rose—red or white—which they espoused. It is singular that a flower should be the symbol of contention throughout the whole kingdom. The Lord De Freston lost nothing of his reputation, by commanding his adherents to espouse neither side.

They reached the Baron's entrance-hall, where Ellen's maid stood in readiness to receive the mantle and hood of her mistress, and to await her retirement to her room. The retainers, in their military habiliments still, as in warlike days, assembled in rank and file in the ancestral hall; and every day with their burnished arms, their broad breast-plates, and high peaked helmets, made their appearance at the mid-day meal, before the baron or his mareschal.

The utmost regularity prevailed in that mansion, and the absence of any member of the establishment was observable imme-

diately. All raised their right hands to their helmets, as De Freston and his daughter entered. His archers rested on their bows, his spearmen on their spears, whilst his boatmen, with the Flemish pea-green jackets and woollen hose, looked, in their sea-faring dresses, the most independent among his retainers. Fifty spearmen, as many archers, twelve boatmen, grooms of the chambers, and grooms of the stable, together with domestics, in-door and out, were all assembled in that spacious, lofty hall; and before they filed off into the great dining-room, or, as it was then called, the steward's refectory, they had to make this daily assembling a conspicuous part of their duty. Every man's name was chalked upon the boards of the house the day of his coming into his lord's service, and his place and position. It was part of the steward's office to call over their names, and signify the cause of absence to De Freston. In this





*The Yardside Call!*



manner, before partaking of their master's meat, every man was inspected, and it added no little to the pride of the lord, as of pleasure to his vassal, to be recognised daily for punctuality and cleanliness.

“A man is mighty,” thought Wolsey, as he surveyed the band of warriors and retinue of servants, “a man is mighty who can depend upon himself without these adjuncts; yet he who is popular with his own people, who serve him heart and hand, and without many protestations but with faithful deeds, must feel strengthened in his castle. Should I ever be a lord, I will take pleasure in seeing my retainers marshalled in this way. It must add to mutual regard, and makes a man appear to himself of some consequence.”

After a word or two with the officer, De Freston dismissed his servants, who retired to the great feast daily prepared for them, and which, with forest rangers,

watchers, warders, soldiers, and serving-men, was always a joyful meeting. It was then that they were permitted to arrange themselves around the great log fire, and speak of the adventures by flood and field any of them had heard, or manifest their regard for their master's honour; and many a boy imbibed that feudal loyalty which induced him to devote his life to his superior. The iron helmet rang upon the broad stone pavement of the room, as each soldier threw it off, and exposed to view a manly countenance then covered with profuse locks and thick beard, and took his seat among some of the less encumbered domestics. Wit, fun, and frolic, had then their hour, and tales of the stables, of the river, of the park, the town, the village, the country, and often tales of love circulated rapidly.

Some would talk of the great doings of the former Barons of De Freston, the feats

of his followers, and the perils they had escaped. Then was discussed, too, that all-important question with all the retainers, the settlement of their beloved mistress.

“ I have no faith in these learned gentry,” exclaimed a sturdy fellow of the name of Bigmore, whose fathers had served the Lords De Freston for many generations. “ I have no faith in these learned gentry, for the lord of my young mistress, though bless her heart she is worthy of the most learned man in the land; though old Joe Jordan, with his usual long face declares, that there will never be another warrior in the house of De Freston.”

“ So say I now, Hugh, so say I now, and if I do say it, may be, I may not regret the day I see it, should I see your troop disbanded and peace and liberty reigning without the help of the sword. You laugh at me as a mechanic, as my lord’s carpenter; now to my mind, building peaceful habita-

tions, is far pleasanter than building castles, towers, or fortifications. I say now, that the tower of peace which we have just finished on the banks of the Orwell, unsuited as it is for attack and defence, will stand longer than many a baron's castle, and may be outlast even the habitation of its builder."

"Why true, master Jordan, it is but a slight concern, and might be easily battered to pieces."

"And for that very reason men will not think it worth their while to attack it. It is built for my lady's tower. It is merely for her pleasure, that she may not be weary in her pursuits of science, and that no one may interfere therewith. Warriors as you are, you would none of you fight against a woman, and therefore will this lady's tower be respected, aye, should all the warriors be set in battle array against each other, and the bloody rose meet the pale one in De Freston's park."

“ Ah, well ! methinks Jordan then wouldst have thy mistress marry a priest.”

“ And pray why is not a priest as good a man as a lord ?”

“ Why ? Because he may not marry !”

This created a laugh among some who were always glad to hear old Joe Jordan's remarks, though they might not be exactly in accordance with their own.

“ That is their misfortune, not their fault. I would not be a priest, to take such a vow.”

“ I'll tell thy wife of thee, master Jordan,” exclaimed Abdil Foley, one of the journey-men, who happened to be then employed in fitting up some frames belonging to the tapestry-room in De Freston's Tower.

“ And she would thank thee for thy pains, and say, bachelor Foley do thou marry, or else turn thou priest and get thee into the cloister.”

“ Abdil, thou hast got an able answer. Go to, and get married.”

“ I will when it suits my purpose !”

“ Well, friends, here’s a health to our young mistress ; and may she marry a nobler lord than her father, if he can be found in the land. What do you say to that, old Joe ?”

“ I say, as an independent man would say, it may be improved upon.”

“ How so ?”

“ Will you all drink it if I give it you improved ?”

All vociferated “ Yes.”

“ Well, then, I say, Here’s a health to our young mistress, and may she marry the man of her mind.”

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !”

“ But may that man be a lord !”

“ May that be as it may be. Our lord’s a deserving lord. A good master, kind friend, upright, learned, wise, independent, generous, and great ; and if all the barons of England were like him, their nobility would be an



ornament to them, and they would be ornaments to the people; but I say it with no disrespect to our master, God bless him! there are many lords who visit him not half so good looking, nor half so knightly, nor half so learned, nor half so well behaved, as either masters Latimer or Wolsey, now the guests at his table."

"Well, which would you have for a master?"

"That is not for me to choose—I could serve either; for they have both held much converse with me while the tower was building, and I can perceive both are learned, both are gentlemen."

"I think she likes young Wolsey," said one, "but surely she will never marry a merchant's son, and the owner of the butcher's shambles at Ipswich. My uncle there, John Carrington, is one of his tenants, and told me that old Wolsey is as strict a

master, as if he had nothing else to live upon than the rents of the butchers' shambles."

"Our lord," said another, "did not scruple to marry a merchant's daughter, though he was a rich one, it is true! why, then, should not his daughter smile upon a merchant's son; and that son such a one as he is. Hey, master Bigmore! this is true logic."

"I don't understand your logic. I am for supporting the house of my master, and not letting it fall."

It was in such manner that the men of De Freston frequently occupied that hour of their meals; and let education do what it will, it will no more prevent the current of observation and reflection in the kitchen, than it will prevent many of those who call themselves most enlightened religious professors, talking about their neighbours, and interfering much more in their families than any servants do in

their master's affairs. It is as impossible to stop men from thinking about national subjects, as to control the conversations of their domestics, when they see things passing before their eyes, either in the parlour, or the chapel, or the hall. Good masters will not always make good men, nor good domestics cease to serve bad masters ; but evil masters seldom fail of conveying evil consequences to their dependents.

In those days of feudal grandeur, it was of as much or of more consequence than it is in these enlightened times, that a lord should stand well with his vassals. Though his power was great over their lives, yet his own life and state much depended upon their support. Happily, no such tyranny now exists, unless it may be said to have sprung up in the nineteenth century, in the horrible tyranny of that law which now enslaves the poor. The future consequences to this country, under this new system, remains to be

seen ; at present, great is the misery experienced ; and it will be so, whilst the liberty of the subject is so shamefully infringed upon, as to make poverty an excuse for imprisonment, where crime only should be punished.

We may approach the days of high pressure upon liberty, and whilst we are speculating upon the rapidity of motion, we may be only forging chains for our confinement. We shall see ! is the expression of many a man who sees more than he chooses to discuss ; but may we live to see more peace and prosperity, industry, simplicity, and contentment, than we do any of us see or know at the present time.

Dinner was in the banquetting hall, and De Freston, his daughter, and friends, sat as they did of old at one long table, all on one side, while the serving men stood opposite. The banners of De Freston waved over the head of the gallery leading to the upper

rooms, while the old carved chimney-piece, representing the battle of the giants, one party ascending on the right hand column of the fire-place to the grand contest, whilst the left hand represented them hurled down with rocks from Jupiter Tonans, who, in the very centre of the cross beam was with his fiery eagles sending forth his thunderbolts.

Bowls of polished wood contained the simple meal of the day, and though silver and gold cups stood upon the table, no forks, but fingers only, tore asunder the limbs of fowls, the slices of venison, or whatever else was served up before the Lord De Freston. It is true, that a huge sword-like scimitar or knife was used by the steward of the table to sever for my lord the portions from the baron of beef; but ere the morsels could be reduced to the size fit for the mouth, they must be torn asunder by the delicate fingers which conveyed them to the teeth.

But men were not less cleanly or happy in their feasts than they are now. The water was poured upon the hands, the napkin more frequently applied, and conversation was far less formal, and much more general than at present. The lord and his daughter performed the duties of hospitality, conversed with their guests upon the great discoveries then making in the world; and the wonders of navigation were thought as much of in those days, as the wonders of steam are in these. The powers of the compass were then first discussed; and Captain Diaz, the celebrated Portuguese navigator, had sailed round Cape Stormy now called, or soon after then, called the Cape of Good Hope.

Nothing more gratified our party than to speak of the wonders of the press. Wolsey declared that the monks should all turn printers, and that every monastery ought to have a press.

Had such been the case, it is much to be feared, that truth would not have triumphed as she did.

The meal was soon over, and the party prepared to take their departure, according to previous arrangement, for the Port of Ipswich.

## CHAPTER VI.

## THE EXCURSION.

THE state barge of Lord De Freston was moored against the stairs, or huge oaken steps which led down directly from the shelving bank of the park to the waves of the Orwell. Six men, with broad oars in hand, prepared to thrust them through the round loop holes in the gunwale of the boat, for thowles were then unknown, and the barge, or boat of the noblemen who lived on the banks of that far-famed river, were things of such size, as required able-bodied men and



strong hands to urge them over the waves.

Unlike the little cockle which went bounding over the Orwell in the morning to meet the anxious Wolsey, this was a magnificent affair, somewhat after the shape of the Nautilus, and floating apparently as high out of the water. The huge bear rose rampant at the brow, and looked as if he would grapple with anything he met, whilst the seat at the stern was elevated, and with rude, but elaborately carved work, afforded room for as many persons as there were rowers in the boat. If any attendants went in the state barge, they squatted down beneath the hind paws of Bruin. They were not permitted to intercept the view; but were mostly hidden by the sailors.

“ I wonder, messmate, how our moody young scholar liked his reception at the Tower to-day. I thought he looked rather gloomy upon the view. At all other times

he was wont to be as brisk and bright as a light-hearted sailor-boy. I'll warrant he has something aboard his skull which presses heavily on his spirit."

"Ah! Jervis, that boy, heavy as he appears to be, has more brains in his head than all we six put together; and he makes more use of them now than we shall ever make of ours. Never mind his being a little dull this morning; maybe our mistress smiling upon the young Oxonian may make him a little thoughtful. Did you not tell me that he was going to Oxford, or some seat of learning for a time?"

"It was whispered so among our people, and Mistress Ellen's maid was heard to say, her mistress would be very dull when young Master Thomas went away."

"Well, then, art thou surprised that young Master Thomas should be a little thoughtful at leaving such a lively friend as our young mistress? I'll warrant now, Jervis,

if our lord were to order thee to go by sea to the mouth of the Severn, and to wait his pleasure on that river, thou wouldst think of the maid Fanny, as much as Master Thomas does of her mistress. I never knew a youth in love—and I believe this young scholar is so—that was not moody; sometimes fit for nothing, sometimes as close and almost as stupid as an oyster. Young Wolsey was hard enough to open this morning. But have ye all got your oars in hand, for yonder they come from the castle, and we must be prepared?”

“Heave out the plank from the stern, Osborne!” exclaimed the old steersman, “and fasten it to the head of the stair. Heave the barge round, and point her prow to the priory! Gently, boys, gently! There, lay her stern as near the bank as you can! Leave off talking about your betters, and mind your own business!”

Six rowers, and this cockswain, whose

long boom for a rudder bespoke a very primitive kind of steerage for himself. His seat was a strong oaken plank, through which this long oar or steering-boom was to be thrust, and upon which, seated upon its broad beam-end, he was observed to possess the most elevated position in the boat. Full three feet below his exalted post, was the deck, if so it might be called, whereon De Freston and his friends were to take their seats.

Though Wolsey had never breathed a word of his devotion, yet these men appeared to be fully cognizant of it. The world will canvass the actions of a man, let the circumference of his orbit be what it may. It will talk for us, and at us, and make us drink sometimes the waters of bitterness, even when we would live in peace and harmony with all. There was no kind of evil will, however, in the conversation of De Freston's boatmen, as they spoke of young Wolsey and his love affair.

Love sails as freely with seamen as with landsmen, and its pleasures were in as high estimation amongst those young fellows, in their green Flemish jerkins, as it could be in the heart of any of their superiors then coming along the slope to the Orwell.

The scholar soon appeared, all smiles and animation, as he handed the lovely Ellen across the plank to her seat, and gave a nod of recognition to the men, to whom, in the morning, he had scarcely spoken a word. They saw his altered mien, and rejoiced in that vivacity which now gave light to his countenance.

The Lady Ellen also was now on board, and when did the heart of a British sailor ever fail to feel respect for the fair and honoured daughters of England, whenever chance gave them the opportunity of showing them their esteem? With cap in hand, they saluted the lady and their lord.

“Give way, my good men!” he cried, “and hasten with all speed to the town! We must go to Gippeswick and back this afternoon. Is that the prior’s boat, Herbert, close under the Donham shore, or is it Fastolf’s barque?”

“It is the prior’s barge, from the port, with provisions. I saw Fastolf’s barge go down the river to the Haugh an hour ago. We shall have time and tide enough in the channel for the way, my Lord.”

The old sailor gave the signal, the men thrust the oars through the holes, and soon, in stately grandeur, the lofty barge of De Freston was seen gliding past the banks of the Orwell.

The channel took almost a direct course from Freston Castle to the shores of the Priory of Downham, or Doneham, and swept, with a graceful curve, beneath the then overhanging woods which stood so

prominently upon the projecting cliffs of the Orwell.

Wolsey and Latimer vied with each other in directing Ellen's attention to the beauty of the scenery, and in recording the different historical facts relative to the places which had been the scenes of daring exploit in the different periods of English and Danish warfare. Ellen could appreciate the beauties of the scenery, but her gentle heart shuddered at the idea of bloodshed, as every Christian female heart must do.

It was with far greater pleasure that she heard Wolsey recount the worthiness of the brotherhood who then inhabited the walls of Alneshbourne Priory. He spoke of their learning and devotion to deeds of charity, and represented them as an exception to any other of the religious communities, then so prevalent in the kingdom. There was a raciness, fluency and force in his descriptive powers, which charmed even Latimer, who, though

comparatively a novice upon the river, was alive to the spirit of poesy in which his companion indulged.

The tide had turned, but the channel was then both deeper and wider than it is now, and took a far more grand and oceanic sweep. The soil of centuries which has flowed down from the Gipping into the Orwell, and different streams which have deposited their sand and slime, have formed that immense track of ouse, which, swelling into steep, muddy banks, has now conglomerated into vast fields of slimy clay, upon which green samphire and long weeds have grown, and very much narrowed the mighty channel, which, in that day swept, as an arm of the German Ocean, up to the walls of the town of Ipswich.

It was then no uncommon thing, even in summer, to see the wild swan, with his straight neck and yellow beak, sailing up the stream, followed by the brood of cygnets,



bred upon the flats of Levington ; and in winter, the wild fowl from distant climes, sported in thousands of flights, until they actually blackened the silvery waters around them. Gulls of every class used to whiten the ouse at low-water, and coots used to blacken the waves at full-tide ; now nothing of animated nature can be seen but a long, green track of seaweed, with perhaps a solitary swan, or a lonely gull.

But the barge is dashing away with the speed of good stout rowers, amidst the beauties of the wave and the shore, and Ellen's smile restores much of its wonted happiness to the heart of Wolsey, who only the more and more strove to make a favourable impression upon her mind, by bringing forth from the treasure-house of his intellect, such instances of his classical knowledge as should make her remember *the last day* when he went up the river with his patron and patroness.

It was indeed for his sake that she visited the town of Ipswich at that moment, in company with her parent, to urge upon Robert Wolsey his father, the imperious necessity of sending the scholar to Oxford. Both De Freston and his daughter were carried away by their enthusiastic feelings in patronizing this youth, and anticipated the day when he would rise to be an ornament to his country, and an honour to themselves. The thought of doing an act of kindness to Wolsey gave a peculiar degree of interest to the journey. Ellen, in particular, quite gloried in the thought of being of service to one who had been to her so congenial a companion.

The magnificent banks of the Orwell, opening their views on each side, on as lovely a late spring day as it was possible to see, added a great charm to the excursion ; and, as they swept in view of the ancient

town, they could not but admire the grand semicircle which the wharf and Peter's Priory, and different religious houses in the distance, then afforded.

But, as they neared the town, and beheld the tower, turret, house and hall, of the great merchants and burgesses of the borough, the old pilot called the attention of his Lord to the number of boats then leaving the quays and sides of the river.

“Methinks, your honour, that all Ipswich is turning out to meet on the wave; their numbers seem to increase, and I certainly never saw such a float of boats upon the river before!”

“I see something on the wave, before the boats,” replied De Freston. “Now it disappears—now it meets us—now it turns, and the boats seem gathering round it. What can it be?”

“I see it now, my Lord, I see it; and I

think I discern two fish which the inhabitants of the town in their cockle-shell boats, are pursuing. Yes, I see them plainly."

"Come up, my child," said De Freston, "or if not able to ascend hither, if you can stand upon the seat, you will see a lively scene. Come hither, let the two young men be your supporters."

The river, as they approached the town, seemed alive with boats; and it was evident that the people in them were engaged in pursuing two large fish, which were in vain trying to escape down the channel. One seemed larger than the other, and the declaration of Herbert at the helm, soon pronounced what they were.

"They are two dolphins, old and young, and I think they have wounded the young one, and the parent will not leave it."

And so it literally was. The pursuers had harpooned the lesser fish, and with several boats joined together were towing it from its mother, who, with that extraordinary instinct which this fish has often been known to display, preferred following its young to death, to making its own escape. Many times it was seen to return and run its nose against the exhausted body of its offspring, as if endeavouring, with maternal anxiety, to teach it to follow her; for it would, the moment after, dive down the current of the ebbing tide, and then seem to wait the approach of the wounded dolphin. It would then return with redoubled anxiety, and unable to induce its young to follow, would lay itself alongside, and regardless of boats, blows, and harpoons, keep with it, until they drew towards the shore. Even then it would not return, but as De Freston's barge came along, the heart of Ellen was grieved to see

such maternal solicitude followed by a train of blood which actually streaked the waves.

“Alas ! poor dolphin !” she exclaimed, as she saw it dragged to the shore opposite the creek, then leading up to Wyke’s Bishop Palace in the hamlet of St. Clement. “Alas, poor dolphin ! thou didst deserve a better fate ! For thou hast respected the laws of nature more than cruel man !”

She sat down in the barge and wept. De Freston had intended to have landed, and his men would have been equally glad to have seen a creature so rare in the Orwell. He urged them to proceed at once, without delay, to the landing-place beside St. Peter’s Priory.

It was a long time before Ellen could rouse herself from the sorrowful feeling into which the recent incident had thrown her ; and she spoke not a word until the hand of

De Freston assisted her to land, and then it was—

“Father, I shall never forget the dolphin and her offspring.”

## CHAPTER VII.

## THE VISIT.

THE outer wall of St. Peter's Priory then abutted upon the waters of the Orwell, and formed a long river border, from the common quay nearly to the first lock gates where the Orwell and the Gipping meet. At the junction of the two rivers where the salt water and the fresh salute each other at high tide, there was formerly the termination wall of the priory, and the southern gate to the town of Ipswich.

At this point was, at low water, the



celebrated Stoke Ford, where the Danes entered the town ; and Terkettel, the Danish giant, was slain by an archer from the wall. The channel of the river swept along close under the walls of the priory ; and though the cells of the monks did not face the waves, yet there were light niches or loop holes in those walls, through which, if occasion required, any one ascending by ladder, or frame, might discharge his arrows upon an enemy.

There were small Saxon arches, equidistant along the wall, which gave a degree of light and elegance to that otherwise dark and dreary brick fortification. The priory was then in its greatest prosperity and had vast possessions in the town, on the banks of Stoke, and along the meadows of the winding Gipping.

De Freston's barge had been espied coming up the river, and the Prior, for many reasons, paid court to the lords of De

Freston. Independently of the many donations he received from the charity of his ancestors, he had only a few days before received substantial proof of the liberality of the present lord who had presented to the fraternity for the shrine of St. Peter, two massive candlesticks of silver, together with twelve ornamental brass ones for the chapel.

There was, therefore, nothing surprising in the fact, that when De Freston came to St. Peter's, or the Southern Gate, he should be met by the Prior, and six canons, bare-headed, to solicit a visit to their monastery.

“Prior John,” said the nobleman, “I am sensible of thy kindness, but I cannot now accept the offer of thine hospitality. I am visiting Ipswich upon business, and must return again by moonlight to my own castle. But I would crave thy charity for these my boatmen, if thou wilt give them rest and

refreshment, beneath the roof of thy porter until such time as we come back.”

“Most assuredly, De Freston ! We should have been proud to have entertained thee, thy daughter, and thy friends ; for we are not unmindful of thy love for our institution, and know well thy devotion to the ways of thine ancestors. Our books record thy gifts.”

“Say nothing of them, Father John, say nothing of them, and think of them less. If thou wilt receive my men, I will not forget it when I next pay my vows at St. Peter’s shrine.”

“They shall be made welcome. The boat can be moored to the priory steps, and Antony conduct the men to the lodge. We will see that they shall be taken care of.”

The men were glad enough to be so located for a time, for they knew well that,

however seemingly self-denying and outwardly stern the Prior and his brotherhood might be in ceremonious matters of religion, there was no lack of good cheer within their walls, and no failure in their supply to any whom they made welcome. Gladly they followed Antony, after their master had departed with his daughter and the young men, for the interior of the town.

They had not long been seated on the polished oaken benches of the lofty room, in the interior of Antony's lodge, before they were visited by some of the fraternity, under pretence of seeing if they fared well. There was no doubt of that ; but the Friar was curious, and when did a monk note a stranger of any consequence and not desire to know more of him ?

“ Who is the young man with thy master ? ” asked the inquisitive Simon, as

he placed a huge leathern black jug of *Prior's ale* upon the table before Herbert the pilot.

“That is Master William Latimer, my master's kinsman, from Oxford.”

“Ho! from Oxford! and dost thou know why and wherefore he is come?”

“I know not, your reverence, why or wherefore he is come; but we have our thoughts, good father.”

“So have all men, Herbert, so have all men; and I dare say now, thy thoughts were as much toward thy mistress, as towards the young man?”

“I don't know that, father; I seldom trouble my head about things that don't concern me; and when I said we had our thoughts, I was not then thinking of our mistress.”

“Humph! (and the Friar seemed a little disappointed). Hath he been long at the castle?”

“But three days, father. He came to see Freston Tower finished and adorned, and to bring his presents of learned books to the Lady Ellen.”

“And did he bring them for her? I have heard thy mistress is wonderfully clever for her years. Our young townsman, who accompanies them, tells me thus much. But dost thou know the object of thy master’s visit to Ipswich this afternoon?”

“We have our thoughts, and it is said amongst us, that it is to settle about Master Thomas Wolsey’s going back with this young learned Latimer, to Oxford.”

“Ho! ho! that is it, is it?” and the brother returned from the lodge to report to his principal what he had made out of the Lord De Freston’s visit.

Now there was nothing uncommon in all this, for the monks of Ipswich knew everything going on around them. They had time to talk over the condition of every

nobleman, and to calculate upon what might be got from them, for the benefit of their community. Prior John had noticed the abilities of Wolsey, and, as books were scarce, and more valuable than land, and he saw his great love for these, he had indulged the youth with many an hour's study in his own cell, and had hopes that he would one day be useful to the Priory.

It was the fact that, at that very time the party were on their way to the house of Edmund Daundy, the wealthiest man in Ipswich, who was related to Wolsey, and connected with De Freston.

He was one of the most benevolent-minded men of his day, whose works of charity remain to this hour. Singularly upright, generous, pious and devout, he conceived it to be his duty to devote the first fruits of all he obtained to purposes of benevolence. So that no ship brought

home his merchandise, no speculation answered in which he engaged, but he set apart a portion of his profits upon every article to a fund for doing good. His prosperity became so great, and his punctuality so conspicuous, and his store laid by for charity so accumulated, that he seldom refused the prayer of an applicant for his bounty. He founded schools for the young, alms-houses for the aged, a market-cross for traffic, and a chauntry for a priest to pray for his own soul and those of his relatives. His munificence was proverbial :

If bricks be sold for Daundy's gold,

The town of Gypesswick will ne'er be old.

As much as to say, that his wealth could purchase bricks, for which Ipswich was then celebrated, more than could be made and used for centuries in renewing the town.

His magnificently old carved and ornamented house stood in the very centre of



the town, in St. Lawrence parish, and nearly fronting the then gates of St. Lawrence Church. It was situated between two very opulent mansions, that of John Fastolf and John Sparrowe, gentlemen who, together with the said Edmund Daundy, at different periods, represented the borough of Ipswich in parliament. The family of Fastolf had a residence in Ipswich, and at the Haugh, beyond Alneshbourne Priory ; and though they had castles at Caister and at Woodbridge, they resided the greater part of the year at Ipswich.

Edmund Daundy, though he had so much interest with the monks of Alneshbourne, as always to have apartments in that priory devoted to him, never deserted his native town, but lived and died in it, beloved for every amiable virtue, and deeply regretted when he was taken away.

The object of De Freston's visit was to persuade him to intercede with Dame Joan

Wolsey, or, as it was then termed, Wuley, to part with her son for a time, that he might go to Oxford. There was no kind of difficulty, in a pecuniary view; though, had there been such, it would have been no disgrace whatever to his after career. But, as we have said, Wolsey was related to Edmund Daundy, a man who was ready to serve him, hand and heart. With such powerful friends as De Freston and Daundy, there could be no difficulty, as has been stated there was by some writers, in his being sent to Oxford. All the circumstances of the time tend to corroborate this fact.

His father likewise was an independent man, upon the most intimate terms of friendship with all the leading men and merchants in Ipswich, and had no mean estates at the very period when some biographers speak of his poverty. His will is fortunately in existence, and is now

acknowledged by all modern historiographers, to prove that he was a man of considerable possessions.

He leaves his property to his wife—for his son Thomas had, before his decease, intimated his intention of becoming a priest; and this may be the reason for the father's "lands and tenements in St. Nicholas' parish, and his bond and free lands in the parish of Stoke being left to his widow, and only a priest's portion, for prayers, being appointed for his son in that will."

The fact was, Thomas Wolsey was an only child, the pride of his parents, and the particular hope and delight of his attached mother. She had been alive to his disposition from infancy; she saw his eager aptitude for learning; she first fed and then encouraged it, and, being herself a woman of considerable attainments for her day, she rejoiced in the growing fame of her son. She had, however, taken a decided aversion

to the priesthood, as a profession for her son, and fearful lest, by going to Oxford, she should lose him, she had set her face against all the suggestions of his friends, and the arguments of her relatives.

If prejudice alone had operated upon the mind of this excellent woman, she would not have been, as she was, so calmly forcible in her decisions against the measure; but she little thought what a powerful battery was to open its artillery upon her that day.

The party arrived at the mansion of the wealthy burgess, and was welcomed by him with that hearty favour which he always bore to De Freston and his friends.

“Right welcome art thou, most noble lord—right welcome to my house and home. I did not expect to see thee, fair maiden, but, as thou art come, thou must be a coadjutor in our suit; and, if I mistake not,

thou wilt carry more weight with Mistress Joan than all our united forces."

The maiden felt a little surprised, and, if truth be told, young Wolsey felt a no small degree of joy in the interest excited at the moment. Ellen could not help saying :

"I cannot conceive, my dear friend, how I can have more weight with Wolsey's mother than thou hast. She has been very kind and attentive to me in a thousand ways ; but she is no kind of debtor to me. I am rather under obligation to her. Is it not so, my father ?"

"She has always shewn herself very partial to thee, Ellen, and, I must say, has taken a most motherly interest in thy behalf ; for, as soon as I lost thy mother, she was incessant in her kindness towards thee, and recommended that good, old faithful nurse, Dorothea, whom thou didst lose last year. Thou art indebted to her likewise for thy

present maid, Fanny; and she has worked with her own hand, and sent thee by this young scholar, many a little comfort for the furnishing of thy tower. These certainly are indications, as Master Daundy says, of strong predilection; and if those who love us are in any way to be influenced by us, I see here a very proper occasion for the exercise of that influence which thou mayest possess."

"And I can tell thee," added Daundy, "more than this. It was but last evening I was speaking to her upon the very subject which we now discuss, when she said: 'If anything could induce me to let Thomas go to Oxford, it would be Ellen De Freston expressing a wish that he should go.'"

A blush mantled upon the cheek of Ellen, as she looked innocently enough at Wolsey, and caught his glance of intercession. The boy's whole soul was wrapt up in the interest he then excited. His own heart

told him at once the cause of his mother's favour towards Ellen, and though he dare not, even to his heart, breathe the hope that she would see it, nay, indeed, hoped that she would not; yet he entertained a sort of indefinite idea, that she might one day perceive that, for her sake, he would do anything. The youth's animated countenance must have quickened her perception, or she was struck with the possibility of doing him service, for she replied :

“ Could I but think I could persuade her, the effort would be nothing for me to make. I have strong arguments to back me, have I not, cousin Latimer ?”

“ Indeed you have, Ellen ! I will say it before my young friend, that, in your letters, you only did him justice. I did not expect to find your descriptive power of character so just as I have found it in the talents of this youth. Thomas Wolsey, you are

little aware what an advocate you have had."

If ever Wolsey felt abashed, it was at that moment, yet he found words to reply :

"I know not," he said, "how to speak my gratitude to Ellen De Freston, or her father. They have been the brightest fosterers of my love of literature, and of every virtue which can prompt a young man to exertion. Should Ellen succeed in her petition to my mother, for my father has already acceded to the persuasions of his friends, I shall for ever feel indebted to her, and in future years, if my exertions should be crowned with success, the greatest joy I can feel will arise from the consciousness of the approbation of such a friend."

"Come, then," said Daundy, "I can see clearly we shall be able to effect our purpose. I never saw a mother more



against her son's entering the Church than is Dame Joan. She trembles, Thomas, lest thou shouldst become a priest, and, knowing the restrictions which would be placed upon thee, as the child of Rome that thou must then become, she fears that thou wouldst be sworn to give away all thine affections, and that she should lose thy love, thy attention to her, and thine interest in life."

"I know my mother's fears. I have, however, endeavoured to combat them; first, upon the grounds that I never think of becoming a priest, though I told her then, that it would be wrong in me to make a vow that I would not. Then I have represented to her the field of glory open to one who enters the cloister, and would shew her what fame, what present and future joy there was in the employment which the Pope now gives to all the sons of the Church. She thinks every priest must

be lazy, bigotted, and superstitious, and, at times, almost makes me think she is, or would be, an heretic. But she shakes her head at me, tells me I am young, that we think differently as we grow older, and often take steps too precipitately in our youth, before our judgments are formed, of which we afterwards bitterly repent. Now I wish to go to Oxford that I may obtain an insight into learning such as this, my native town, cannot afford me. I wish to study logic and the laws of my country, as well as all the literature of this and foreign lands, and I cannot do it better than by going to Oxford; can I, Master Latimer?"

"Most assuredly not. I can be of some service to you, and will, if your parents consent. I am very intimate with Grocyn, the learned and newly-elected prebend of Lincoln. He has more influence with Magdalen College than any man. He

wishes, most heartily, to introduce into that society, men of first-rate classical ability ; and, as he is Divinity Reader there, he has obtained a promise that those whom he can recommend for letters, shall be admitted upon that foundation. Now I know Grocyn would be glad to hear from me, and if friends here will find me a messenger, I will forthwith write and recommend Master Thomas Wolsey ; and I greatly deceive myself, if he do not distinguish himself and gratify us all. This is what I can do !”

“ And, doing this,” added De Freston, “ you will lay us all under obligation. Come, Thomas, your prospects brighten ! I think, with all these promises in hand, we cannot fail in obtaining our suit.”

“ Then let us no longer delay. Ellen, as the oldest friend of Dame Joan’s, I shall offer thee my hand. We will walk to St. Nicholas. I have but to leave a message for Master Cady, upon the subject

of the market, and it is not out of our way. So let us be moving; we shall be back in time for our evening meal.”

The party were soon ready, and Daundy and Ellen led the way.

## CHAPTER VIII.

## THE EVENT.

STRANGE things occur when we least expect them, and often either further or retard the progress of our views so unaccountably, that with all our wisdom we could never effect what is often done by accident. We call it accident, or chance, but, call it what we may, there are designs fulfilled by man of which he has no kind of presentiment; and only after performance are they looked upon as providential.

The party, as merry as friends intent

upon doing mutual good could be, bent their way round by the market-place, where the butchers' shambles, a square-built, ancient building then reared its four sides. It has been misrepresented that one of these stalls was kept by Robert Wolsey, the father of our young scholar; but all the stalls belonged to him, which he had received as the security of his wife's dower from the wealthy family of Daundy. The whole of the butchers' shambles, which they were then approaching, were rented by the different occupiers of Robert Wolsey, and just in the same manner as any of the great property in Grosvenor Street might belong, upon leases, to the Earl of that name; or the property in Lambeth, held, by lease, from the Archbishops of Canterbury, might be said to be the property of that See.

It would be unjust to any of the great men, who own considerable estates in houses,

shops and tenements, built upon their grounds, to say, that they were, originally, bakers, butchers, brewers, mercers, or hardware men. Yet upon no other ground was Wolsey's father denominated a butcher. He was a merchant and a man of property, and married a lady of one of the highest families, short of nobility, yet truly noble in deed. The party were walking from the market-place towards St. Nicholas, where Wolsey's father resided in a house which formed the termination of two thoroughfares now called St. Nicholas Street, and Silence Street. They were proceeding in front of the area or open market-place by the shambles, just as two surly mastiff dogs were growling and quarrelling for a piece of offal which had been thrown to them. They were huge, tawny mastiff dogs of great power, and most formidable appearance. After eyeing each other with savage fierceness they flew to the conflict. Daundy, at any other time, would have passed

by such savage contests among men, boys, or dogs, but having De Freston's daughter upon his left arm, and the animals passing a little too near him, bearing each other down, he hurled at them a small short stick he had in his hand. Had he boldly struck them, and kept the weapon in his hand, they might have been cowed, but as he had inflicted a blow and thrown away the weapon, they turned furiously upon him and his companion, who, in an instant, were borne to the ground.

One savage, seized the loyal burgess by the throat and though he was kicked, and pulled, and beaten by Latimer and De Freston, he maintained his grasp. Ellen was seized by the arm, and the beast had already torn her garments, and the blood was starting from his jaws. It was then, that Wolsey displayed his presence of mind and his prowess, for not choosing to waste his time upon the animal's sides, he seized a huge



shin-bone of an ox, which lay upon the butcher's stall, and instantly dealt such a blow upon the mastiff's skull as dashed his brains upon the pavement. He then raised the terrified Ellen, who had fainted away with pain, and whilst a butcher, with a clever, administered the same punishment to the other mastiff, he had carried the poor girl into Cady's house, and committed her to the care of its good mistress.

Wolsey still kept the shin-bone in his hand, and when his fellow townsmen saw him walking to his own house with the weapon, and they knew what he had done with it, they would have carried him in their arms in triumph to his father's house. But he had hastened home to tell his parents of the accident, and to request his mother to provide accommodation for Lord De Freston's daughter.

Dame Joan was by no means content with preparations: she ordered her servants to

follow with a litter and went at once to Cady's house. Ellen was glad to see her, and confided herself to her care. Daundy was most severely bitten in the throat. It was thought best he should go to his own house, while Ellen was conveyed to Dame Joan Wolsey's.

This was an arrangement to which De Freston could not do otherwise than assent; for, as the dogs were in a state of mad rage at the time when they flew at them, it was impossible to say what the consequences might be if the patients were neglected. To Dame Joan's, then, his daughter was borne, and as might be expected, was for some days in a state of feverish excitement concerning her wound.

It was a grand hour for Wolsey, and he was proud of that ox-shin bone; he called it his friend in need: he had it cleaned, and tipped with silver.

"I will never part with it," he said to De

Freston, "and if ever I should be worthy of a coat-of-arms, it shall serve as my crest."

"It was a brave and judicious act, Thomas," added Freston, "and one for which Ellen and I shall ever feel grateful. Had you not killed the mastiff, he might have killed my daughter. The act is worthy of your energy, Thomas, and I should be glad to see your crest exalted. I shall leave Ellen with your mother with as much confidence as if she were at home; but I will send her maid early in the morning to assist Dame Joan's household."

De Freston had a melancholy return to his castle; indeed, he would not have gone at all, had not his daughter requested that he would attend to some things which she had proposed doing. On that beautiful evening, Latimer and De Freston took their seats upon the stern of the barge, and departed for the castle. Daundy did well, and so did

Ellen, who did not forget to intercede with Dame Joan in behalf of Wolsey.

“As thou dost urge it so warmly, fair maiden, and dost seem to take such interest in the fate of my dear son, Thomas, I will not oppose it further; but if he should take to the priesthood, I shall never forgive myself, or—”

“Me—thou wouldst say, my dear friend. But why take such an hostile view of the priesthood. Men of letters, men of wisdom, men of piety, men of godliness all enter into holy orders, and I see no reason why you should lament, should your son be so resolved. I heard him say, however, that he had no such intention, and methinks you should be content with that declaration.”

“I am content, but I dread it, because I know that Thomas is not fitted for that sequestered life, which the cloister calls for. He is, in his nature, social; in his heart, generous; in his soul, ambitious; in his

habits, domestic; and if he should find a *partner* suited to his mind, he would be an ornament to his country. But *priests* must not marry—must not have property—must not love their parents—must not dress as other people do—walk or talk as other people; but are tutored in ways which appear to me suppressed, deceitful, and unfeeling, if not unnatural. I have but one son, and I confess I should like to see of that one, a line of honourable descendants; but if Thomas should be a priest, I shall blame myself for listening to thy persuasions.”

“I do but intercede for him as he deserves. He has gained the love of every one here, and possessed himself of all the knowledge here to be obtained. I admire both him and his talents, and should be glad to see him a distinguished man. I am persuaded he will be such; for the energies he has put forth in my behalf, have shown him to be of a strong frame, and the thirst

he has for science, literature, and languages, proves that these, with proper encouragement, might render him equal to some of the greatest men in the land."

This conversation took place when Ellen was recovering. Her father became her constant companion, under the roof of Wolsey; and Daundy having been pronounced out of all danger, the parties met somewhat oftener. A favourable answer was received from Magdalen, and it was soon agreed and arranged, that Wolsey, under the auspices of William Latimer, should take his departure for Oxford.

The very event which afterwards turned to his ill account, among his enemies, was looked upon at that day as worthy of all honour. Wolsey took for his crest the arm holding a shin-bone, and in the second volume of Edmonton's "Heraldry," the arms of Wolsey are emblazoned, and a naked arm embowed, holding a shin-bone, all proper, is adopted. In

other parts of the kingdom, where his arms are found, there also is represented the mastiff's head.

It is not likely that Wolsey, so proud a man as he afterwards proved himself, and so very particular in all things appertaining to dignity, should have chosen for himself a crest, which could cast any degree of obloquy upon his origin. Had he been a butcher's son, he would either have acknowledged it, or have sought to conceal it. We do not find that he any where alludes to his origin, nor that he makes mention of the circumstance which induced him to adopt the heraldic emblem of this great deed. He had his arms emblazoned in the days of his prosperity, and before the cardinal's hat superseded the shin-bone, in every part of his house the same crest ornamented his balustrades, his plate, his pictures, and his canopies. However much this might have

been perverted by his enemies, beyond all doubt, it was chosen by him to denote a brave action.

The following poem is supposed to be written previously to Wolsey's departure from his native town. It was breathed in the solitude of his own study, and addressed to her who then held such sway over his affections.—

### *De Freston's Daughter.*

#### I.

Hail! beauteous creature of thy race,  
Most glorious in form and grace!  
In every feature purely bright,  
Reflecting innocence as light;  
Calm dignity is on thy brow,  
Intelligence doth round thee glow,  
And thou art lovely, and of gentlest kind,  
My kinsman's daughter, and my kindred mind!



## II.

Fair Ellen, were yon rich domain,  
Yon castle, tower, and portly train  
Of serfs and vassals, in their state,  
Attendant on my nod to wait ;  
And riches of all Europe mine,  
And thou couldst say, no wealth was thine,  
Then wouldst thou be as much, or more, to me,  
Than now I wish the scholar were to thee.

## III.

Alone, I'm seated in my cell,  
My studies weary me unwell,  
My thoughts distracted, mind no more  
The beauties of the classic lore ;  
For all I read, or hear, or see,  
Remind me, Ellen, but of thee ;  
And if of thee, I can alone have thought,  
My heart would fain of thee alone be taught.

## IV.

Fair Helen was not half so bright,  
Though heroes for her met in fight,  
Though Paris lov'd, and sons of Troy,  
With aged Priam, lov'd the boy

Who stole her. Helen was not fair,  
If virtues thine with hers compare ;  
For thou, in grace, in modesty and mien,  
Transcendest far, the far-famed Grecian Queen !

## v.

Thine head, not e'en the skilful hand  
Of Phideas, marble could command,  
So to delineate with grace,  
And mark thine oval sculptured face,  
Smoother than glass ; thy lofty brow,  
High as the height of Alpine snow,  
No human hand could chisel or define,  
How shall the poet mark it with his line ?

## vi.

Not all the forms of Pagan rule,  
Not all the grace of Grecian school,  
Which care and toil have sought to give  
To goddesses they made to live,  
Could have the dignity of mien,  
Which in thy features may be seen ;  
Their imagery faintly falls away,  
Before the life, thou living, dost display !

## VII.

Thine head is formed by nature's God,  
Not deified in blest abode,  
Or so exalted to the skies,  
As not with earth to harmonize ;  
Yet, formed in mould so skilful made  
That admiration must be paid,  
The unwilling could not from the task escape,  
So graceful art thou in thy form and shape !

## VIII.

Thine head is Grecian ! brow is high,  
Expansive as the summer sky ;  
And crown'd with locks of flowing hair,  
Such as thy mother, Eve, might wear,  
When first to Adam she appeared,  
And Paradise of Eden shared ;  
So open, innocent, and calm a brow,  
None but the purest of her daughters show !

## IX.

Thine eyes half shaded by thine hair,  
Dark, flowing down thy forehead fair,  
Cast forth their beams, inquiring how  
All things created ought to bow,

To Him who made them. E'en of me,  
They ask what worship ought to be ;  
And when I view them, I confess, I feel  
As if their radiance would make me kneel.

## x.

To see that eye intent on thought,  
Which learning has, in wisdom taught ;  
And see its glance to heavenward bend,  
As if thy spirit would ascend,  
And bring down answers from the sky,  
To all that seems a mystery :  
Its swelling orb, as rolling sphere at night,  
Glitters in aqueous moisture pure and bright.

## xi.

But when it catches at the truth,  
And rays dart inward, then, forsooth,  
To see its animated fire,  
Well may it then my heart inspire,  
And make my spirit bold to tell  
How beautiful is Nature's spell ;  
But even then my tongue, my lips, are sealed,  
And all my senses to suspense must yield.

## XII.

Yet often thus, in happy hour,  
I've felt its animating pow'r,  
And joy'd to share, in search of truth,  
With thee, the live-long day of youth ;  
O ! ne'er so happy can I be,  
When, Ellen, I'm away from thee,  
And yet the thought that I may higher rise,  
Makes my heart hope, that I shall thee surprise.

## XIII.

Thy form, how graceful ! like the fawn  
Bounding along the spacious lawn ;  
Or, as the lamb at morning light,  
Skips from the fold in sportive flight,  
Enjoying life, so oft I've seen,  
Thy form light bounding o'er the green  
To meet me coming. O ! that I could be,  
Ellen De Freston, ever near to thee !

## XIV.

If on the face of nature bright,  
I cast my long admiring sight,  
And view the works which God has made,  
That sun whose lustre yet must fade,

That moon presiding o'er the flood,  
Must change her silver into blood—  
Yon stars must fall. O, Ellen ! may I find,  
Another world adapted to thy mind !

## xv.

I would forget thy graceful mould,  
The sweeping figure I behold,  
And see thy movements pass away,  
As shadows fade at rising day ;  
And though mine eye might then impart,  
Its weeping darkness to my heart,  
Yet never, never could I turn to flight,  
The thoughts of meeting in the realms of light.

## xvi.

Such happy hours of converse here,  
So intellectual and clear,  
Devoid of sorrow, or of care,  
Or other bar, our thoughts to mar,  
Have been enjoyed. I would not lose,  
Their halcyon pleasure, could I choose,  
'Twixt all the riches of this land of power,  
And thee, fair Ellen, and thy lofty Tower.

## XVII.

Oh ! if to learning's seat I go,  
And Fame's bright wreath should crown my brow,  
And honours raise me to the height  
Of all ambition could requite,  
And every tongue, and every hand,  
Could give me all they could command,  
Fair Ellen, still, I'd lay them at thy feet ;  
Thou couldst alone my happiness complete.

## XVIII.

Whilst now before me visions spread,  
And seem to crown the aspiring head,  
And call me from my native town,  
And drive away the darkest frown  
My life has dreaded that, alone  
I should be lost, and left unknown :  
The vision now so clouded which I see,  
Is lighted up, fair Ellen, but by thee !

## XIX.

Thou in the distance shining bright,  
Appearest like a speck of light,  
And brighter as the present cloud,  
The darkened foreground seems to shroud,

Whilst full on thee the sunny ray,  
Descends as beaming as the day,  
When full of glory, I shall see thee shine,  
And hope to call De Freston's daughter mine !

Had this poem but been sent to Ellen before the youth left Ipswich for Oxford, it would have explained to Lord De Freston the nature of the feelings of the writer ; but it was never sent ; it was seen by Wolsey's mother, and copied, but it was supposed and intended to be kept secret by the young aspirant for fame.



## CHAPTER IX.

## COLLEGE CAREER.

THE youth departed from Ipswich with the love of many hearts following him, and with no lack of things requisite to make his career at Oxford brilliant. He was introduced by a student, who had already gained University honours, and was looked upon as a man of sound learning and piety, and one eminently calculated to judge of Wolsey's capacity. Wolsey and Latimer were friends under the most pleasing circumstances, which could possibly arise between two young men: con-

geniality of mind, pursuit, and honour. The latter, when he found Wolsey at Ipswich, covered himself with glory, by writing that letter to Grocyn, dated April, 29th, 1485 ; wherein he says : “ I have found a youth, inferior in years, superior in knowledge ; with far less opportunity of cultivating the elegancies of literature, yet with infinitely greater industry than young men generally exercise who have those opportunities. He has a genius superior to mine, and already surpasses me in the acquirement of the Greek language. I can only say for him, what he might truly say for himself.

“ Major rerum mihi nascitur ordo.”

Young Wolsey, at Oxford, had a glorious struggle within his soul to win the distinction he sought. His letters to his mother frequently breathed the hope that Ellen De Freston took an interest in his welfare. Supposing that this pure motive of distin-

guishing himself had for its object the fair lady of Freston Tower, the course he was pursuing, was one far more honourable and arduous than the daring actions of war, or enterprize. Courage of no common kind, and application of the most intense nature, were then inseparable from honour. The means of acquiring knowledge were more clogged and difficult than they now are, and the mind of the scholar was far more burthened with absurdities than it is in this enlightened age. But all that patience, industry, perseverance, and high talents could accomplish, Wolsey performed. He won every prize nobly, fairly, and against men of superior years, and longer application, but not of equal ability.

In one year, and that the very first in which he went to Oxford, he was acknowledged the first man of his day. So much so, indeed, that the president, tutors, divinity

reader, and fellows of Magdalen, pronounced him fit to enter the theatre against all opponents before the termination of that one year's residence at the University. He was permitted to go in for his bachelor's degree after one year. He did so, and was the first man in all academical pursuits, obtaining the degree of Bachelor of Arts before his fifteenth year had been completed. Wherever he went, he was designated by the title of the Boy Bachelor, for it was never known before, and certainly never afterwards, that a degree conferred not as honorary, but as actually attained by competition, was given to so young a lad.

Wolsey was not young in manners, ideas, attainments, or knowledge. It was singular in him, at that early period, and served him well in after years, that a certain ease of deportment, of conscious mental capacity, and quiet expression of countenance, gave

him a commanding influence among men of years, station, and power. He appeared, whilst at Oxford, to be a man whose wisdom had the command of all his passions, and who was never betrayed into any excess of bad taste, in manners, morals, or general conduct. He gained the good will of so many, that it was impossible for him or any one not to feel elated in some measure at his success. Little did the world know how deeply moving in his young soul, was the thought that Ellen De Freston would be gratified with his progress.

Nature, love, honour, truth, and grace, shone in his course as he strove to gain a reputation that should place his name above all plebeians who moved upon the world's surface. Virtuous feelings were at that time so cherished in his soul, they commanded the inmost movements of his heart. Though his parents watched his onward progress, and

were delighted to recount to Edmund Daundy, their rich relation, the great and rising fame of their son—though the meed of reputation was given him by all his Ipswich friends, yet he anxiously looked for sympathy and encouragement in the daughter of De Freston.

Is there any period of life more fraught with love and hope, than when the scholar gains his first distinguished prize? when youthful competition fairly tests his abilities, and honour, like the sun, rises in golden grandeur before him? He feels the warmth of the praises bestowed upon him, and hopes that his dearest kindred may be gratified. Perhaps he has a hope that *one*, whom he is ambitious of pleasing, may be captivated with his talents, and reward him with a sweet smile of approbation. There is no disgrace to any young man in being so prompted. His affections being pure, his views will be

exalted. Thrice happy is he, if his whole life's struggle shall be a steady impulse of this kind capable of so existing to his latest hour. There are few such young aspirants who, in their day of youth, can see through the transient troubles of their tide. It seems to them as if it would flow on, and on, and on, and never turn. Alas! the ebb must come, and the stream of life decrease; the channel must become narrower and narrower, the waters of life diminish, until becoming a small calm rivulet, it vanishes into the ocean of futurity.

In the mind of Wolsey, there often glowed a beam bright as the northern light darting upwards in the darkness of night, and illumining his existence at that period, as much as those lights do the winter's sky. The honours which he gained from time to time, but served to keep his soul busy with the thought that he might venture one day

to propose terms for the hand of De Freston's daughter.

At times, Wolsey was, in his younger days, subject to depression of spirit, arising either from too great application to study, or from that more probable cause, the heart-yearning sickness after the object of his affection.

Soon after Latimer was made Fellow of All-Souls, and Wolsey elected Master of Arts, the former entered his friend's apartment in Magdalen, and found him in this melancholy meditative mood. It was no easy thing at such times to rouse him, for though constitutionally robust, and mentally powerful, having made most surprising progress in logic and philosophy, he would be sometimes so depressed, as to be unfitted for the duties of his station.

He filled various offices in his college from the year 1488, to 1495, before he took



orders, and was extremely active in superintending, even before he was elected master, the progress of youth in the schools belonging to the college; but at times he would confine himself to his rooms and endeavour to conceal from his most intimate friends this depression.

The fact was, that in his letters to his mother he had sought for some favourable report of Ellen De Freston's interest, and, if possible, a word of attachment which might inspire him with hope. At that period, the communication between Ipswich and Oxford, was only by pack-horses, and special messengers. Young men did not often visit their friends during their academical career, and if progressing favourably at the University, they were content to let their relatives perceive their affection by their devotion to the studies of the place. Had any letter from his mother given him encouragement to

come home, Wolsey was not the man to delay. It was when he was in one of these abstracted moods, that Latimer came to announce to him, that he was going to Ipswich, and thence to a foreign country, to Padua, the seat of learning, especially of perfection in the Greek language.

“I must visit Freston Tower again,” he said, “can I not convey some token of your regard for old and early associations?”

“Are you really going to my native town,” he answered, apparently with deep interest. “Yes, my friend, I would have you call and see my parents, and commend me to them. Tell them I want for nothing here ; that I send my duty, love, and greeting, and hope that they continue in health. Commend me also to my old friends Daundy, Sparrowe, Cady, Smart and Tooley, and tell them all that I am so mindful of their

early fostering care of me, that I will not forget their bright example of encouraging learning—that I am devoted to it, and will do my best endeavours to promote it at Ipswich.”

Here he paused, and Latimer replied :

“And Lord De Freston—and Ellen! no message for them?”

“Yes, yes! I have a message to the former. Tell De Freston I never forget him, that I am very proud of all his congratulatory letters, that I think of his castle, of his lovely tower, of the beautiful banks of the Orwell, of his love of literature. Yes! convey this, my first prize to him, this beautiful edition of the First New Testament ever printed, which was in the memorable year I came to Oxford. Tell him, from me, I have proud pleasure in sending by your hand such a token of my regard.”

He took down from his book-shelf a splendid edition of the *Novum Testamentum*, Nicolai De Lyra, beautifully bound in vellum, with a Latin inscription upon the exterior of the cover, to Thomas Wolsey, scholar of Magdalen.

This work had every capital letter throughout its pages illuminated with blue and red paint. The text is superb, and the marginal notes elaborate, and beautifully printed at Nuremberg, in the year 1485.

“And what for Ellen, Thomas?”

“Ah, Latimer! what can I send her? I must confess I would gladly send my whole library, if you would take it, in token of the happy days we have spent together in De Freston’s Tower. And you will be there, Latimer, participating in the joy of such a scene and such a mind! Oh! how dull, how dark, how dismal, do these cloisters appear compared with my walk along my

native banks, and Ellen De Freston's converse, and company. Those were bright days, most bright and glorious days; I would I could be with you, but it cannot be! I must perform the duties I have undertaken. Speak a kind word for me to Ellen, and say that the scholar never forgets his instructress. Tell her, she is as a Polar star to my existence, and that the newly-discovered power of the needle and magnet point not more truly and constantly to each other than my regards to her.

“Do you love her, Thomas? Will you commission me to tell her so? And shall I mention the matter to Lord De Freston?”

“No! no! no!” replied Wolsey, hastily. “You must not say so much, not exactly that; that would not be what I would commission you to say to that beauteous creature. I am not in a condition of life yet to employ

an ambassador for such a purpose. This, however, you may state—that I shall count it the happiest day of my life when we meet again.”

“ I will repeat it for you, Wolsey, with all my heart. In the meantime despair not. You have a great deal to do in the University; let it be done with vigour. I will speak you fairly to all your friends, and most fairly to the fairest.”

“ You are, indeed, my friend, Latimer, in this, as in all other cases. I have had all the honours Grocyn could heap upon me through your recommendation, and how shall I repay you for your friendship ?”

“ Wait until I ask you, Thomas, and when I do, may it be such as you can perform. I have now to urge upon your friendship only to remember that I am constantly your friend.”

“ When I forgot that, may I forget father,

mother, and friends, even Ellen De Freston herself; and as I can never do that, so can I never do the other.”

And thus they parted.

## CHAPTER X.

## ELLEN AND HER SUITORS.

WHILST Wolsey was pursuing his honourable career at Oxford, and paving his way to future fame, the maid of Freston Tower was not less honourably distinguishing herself for every amiable virtue. During the greater portion of the year, the graceful building was her daily resort. Not that she neglected the duties of society; for she became the ornament of De Freston's Hall, and was celebrated for her beauty, her learning, her piety and accomplishments.



There were few who really knew her but loved her.

She was received, as she had every right to be, among the noblest and wealthiest of the land; and now that she had arrived at an age when the last trace of girlishness vanishes in the graces of womanhood, she commanded much homage.

The fair sex, though not in that day remarkable, generally speaking, for the cultivation of letters, and for the most part precluded from scientific pursuits, had as great a sway over the persons and manners of the age, as they have at this day. Fair ladies were highly prized in the land, and stately and ceremonious were the attentions paid to them in public, however much neglected in the castle.

The bloody wars between the houses of York and Lancaster had now terminated; and in the persons of the reigning sovereigns, Henry VII. and Elizabeth, the contending

families became united, and this example was beginning to be generally followed.

As soon as these differences were terminated, that is, in the following year, the first rose-plants were cultivated in England. All the flowers which the friends of the opposing parties wore, were sent over from the continent: there might be some exotics, but not till the wars of the roses terminated, did the banks of the Orwell, and Ellen's garden, exhibit plants of both the red and white rose, and hers were some of the earliest planted in England. Not for thirty years after, did they become generally cultivated throughout the country.

Ellen grew to womanhood beloved. She was not only admired, but she was sought after by many who courted an alliance with the family of De Freston. She was an heiress too of no mean possessions, as well as of high connexion. Had she been disposed to wed highly, and merely for nobility of

blood, the de la Poles were accounted sufficiently noble to claim equality with any in the land. Independently of estates, of good personal carriage, and fine countenance, she possessed a mind like a diamond of great value, fit to make its possessor incomparably happy. Nor was she without suitors led to her by the fame of her beauty, her acquirements, and her fortune.

Lord Willoughby, of Parham House, in the county of Suffolk, was one of the first to endeavour to create a sympathy in the fair maid of Freston Tower, for his own person and establishment. He was a frank, independent nobleman, of gallant mien, and ever deemed the foremost, whether with horse and hound, or helm and spear. He was lofty in his carriage, vain of his person, and proud of his feats; and according to his ideas, whoever he took to be his wife, must be considered to have acquired infinite honour by the alliance, and must observe an obsequious

servility before him : for, an equal in a man, he could scarcely brook ; and, as to a woman, though Ellen might be his wife, she must never expect to be his equal. She had wisdom to perceive this, and declined the proffered honour.

Lord Ufford, from Orford Hall, a man of gaunt figure, approaching to gigantic stature, broad shoulders and expanded chest, with vast domains in the county of Suffolk, became a rough and formal suitor for the maiden's hand. This nobleman was remarkable for having a most unsightly countenance, but having a fine castle on the banks of the Alde, and considerable territory on the sea-coast, together with rich lands, woodlands, highlands, lowlands, and sands, he was a kind of autocrat whose word was not to be disputed.

Camden relates a curious circumstance, of a sea-monster being caught by some of his villains, while it was basking upon the desolate shores of the Alde, not a great way

from Orford Ness. Old Ralph de Gogershall, from whom Camden takes the tale, says, the monster went directly out of the sea, and through the river up to the gates of his castle, and was there captured. It was most probably a species of seal—perhaps a stray walrus from the northern regions. Having been borne by its captors to the castle, Lord Ufford had a strong cage made for it by the sea-side, and took great delight in feeding it with fish, and such watery sea-cale as grew upon the North Vere.\* Hence grew preposterous tales of his attachment to the monster, which, it was reported, had a head so like his lordship's, that the latter must have been a most marine looking animal.

He went to pay his court to Ellen, but as may readily be supposed, he was not success-

\* A large, desolate track of shingle and clay, separating the river Alde from the sea, upon which the Orford Lights now stand.

ful. On the day his suit was refused at Freestone Tower, the sea-monster escaped and was heard of no more.

Richard Fitz-john, of Dunwich Castle, and the noble Rous of Dennington Hall, though barons not upon very friendly terms at that time, were both suitors to the maiden of Freestone Tower; but neither successful, though both were men of high honour and renown. Felton, of Playford; Naunton, of Letheringham; Corbett, of Assington; and brave Sir William Coppinger, whose fame for living like a lord became proverbial, were numbered among the aspirants. The first wanted temper. The next, though famed for deeds of munificence, had a very uncultivated mind; and the last, Ellen considered would love his table more than his wife. So they were all rejected.

Sir Thomas Crofts, of Saxham, a man as proud of his person as of his estate, did what he could to win the lady to his mind. He

had much knowledge of letters to aid him, but was so personally vain, he could scarcely control himself when Ellen, not consenting to admit his pretensions, told him, she was herself proud, very proud ; and, therefore, must decline his offer.

Fitz-Gilbert, the first Earl of Clare, came to see if he could persuade the maiden to join her fate to his. He was skilful in war, and equally skilled in music ; and there were other things in which few could bear comparison with him. He was elegant in mind and person, yet he pleased not Ellen ; and he took his rejection so to heart, that music became distasteful to him ; and not until he heard of Cavendish's unsuccessful suit, did he become reconciled to his own loss.

One of her greatest suitors was John Mowbray, from Framlingham Castle ; a man so high and mighty, that he thought, with his splendid establishment, any woman would be glad to accept him. He cared not for books, or science, taste, or mind. He left

such things to those who had any inclination for them. A rich dower he could offer, and he did not calculate upon having a refusal: but he was mistaken.

Cove, of Covehithe, a very honest unassuming man, of good property, noble heart, and generous blood, made an offer of all he possessed; and Ellen much admired his principles and character, but did not accept him. Neither did she accept Sir John Bouville, Sir James Luckmore, nor Warner, of Wammil Hall. Tendering of Tendering Hall met with no better success—Lanham of Lavenham equally failed.

Sir Robert Drury, who could break swords as well as words, and use both dexterously, was not sufficiently persuasive with his words to obtain the maid of Freston Tower. Neither Kedington nor Jermyn of Raesbrooke succeeded. If valorous conduct could have won her, William Lord Helmingham must have been successful; for none of the warriors of Suffolk were braver than he.



Sir Richard Broke, of Nacton, was his equal, but excelled him, neither in the warlike field, nor in the lady's bower. Sir Edward Edgar, of Glemham, was one of the last of the bold but unsuccessful Suffolk suitors. And now it was that people began to think she had sworn to live and die a recluse. But Ellen De Freston was not a cold and cheerless maiden, who evaded society and friends, and shunned her fellow-creatures like a nun. She delighted not in the cloister, to read books and tell beads, and to kneel before the prior in the confessional, and vow allegiance to the Pope of Rome. Ellen was possessed of such true nobility, that she was never afraid of losing or compromising her own dignity in conversing with a gentleman, though he was not so highly bred, but better read than many a noble.

She was alike benevolent to all who visited her father's mansion, for life and love were in her soul, and she could behave ill to no one. She well knew the ignorant phantoms and

fallacies of her day ; and though she conformed to the Church in most of its observances, she was by no means an admirer of its tricks and follies. She read the Bible in Latin, and Greek ; and drew, therefrom, the just laws of God, and could separate the dross of superstition from the good seed of religion.

There were few nobles at that time who ventured to think for themselves concerning matters of religion. The Church of Rome, or rather the Papal power and its hierarchy had obtained such dominion over the landed gentry, merchants, and squires, that the care of the soul was left to the priest, and to obey human penances, human penalties, human obligations, with the sanction of ecclesiastical authority, was the all-sufficient devotion of the period.

Few read the Word of God to improve their souls. A superficial knowledge of the events of Scripture, so that the plays and

holy representations, in the shape of acting or pictures, might be understood, was considered sufficient for any nobleman. Letters, learning, literature, and the love of God, were all mere names, fit only for the monasteries, abbeys, priories, and religious houses in the kingdom ; and, as long as men paid their offerings at Easter, and gave alms to the poor, told their beads, said their Ave Marias, Paternosters, and attended matins, vespers or saints' days, they were considered godly men by the priest. And who else, in that day, had any right to say whether a man was fit to go to heaven or hell ?

Ellen, however, determined that the man who aspired to her hand should have some knowledge beyond the mere externals of religion. However brave he might be in the face of the foes of his country, however expert in single combat in the tournament,

she would have nothing to say to him unless he had learnt to combat internally with the sinful propensities of his heart.

It was this secret, which she kept in her own breast, that induced her to dismiss so many suitors for her hand. She boasted not of her own knowledge, her own perception, or her own requirements, but she did manage to try those who came to court her, by that beautiful test of humility which she had herself, in the midst of a superstitious age, so piously adopted.

She received all the friends who, according to the custom of the age, came to pay court and suit. She accepted their introduction at the hand of her father, and, during the three days allowed for her answer, never once appeared to shun the society of the hall, or to converse with these nobles; but in that period she contrived to

ascertain, beyond all doubt, whether the man who was to be her lord, had for his Lord the God of truth, love, and charity.

She felt this to be her privilege ; to endeavour to use every exertion before she bound herself for life to any man, to find out his religious principles, and whether or not God was his acknowledged head ; for she was well assured of that truthful doctrine : —“The head of the woman is the man, and the head of the man is God,” and if she could not look up to her earthly lord as one who looked up to his heavenly Master, she felt she could never expect to be happier than she was, and resolved, until such was the case, that she would remain single.

She was neither haughty, cold, proud, nor censorious, but, having been taught good principles, she was very firm in the maintenance of good resolutions. She despised not nobility, ancestry, honourable distinctions,

birth, parentage, valour, goodly person, manners, nor acquirements; she only preferred good, solid, sound sense, humility, and a right dependence upon God; not so much in words, but in life, character, conduct and actions. She considered faith best shewn by works such as these; and if she found them not, she did not value the possessor of any other qualities, as having those qualifications to render her earthly career comfortable.

There were many who, if they had understood this secret bent of her youthful mind, might have tried the tricks of hypocrisy to have won the prize; but, to the honour of that age, such species of hypocrites were then very few; and though they may now be discerned more quickly than they were, yet true love only can possess the power to perceive the arts of the pretenders to religion.

There were some in that age who were

such bigotted adherents to the mere outward forms of sanctity, such devoted slaves of the papal domination, that, had they known Ellen's secret, would undoubtedly have set her down for a heretic, and in revenge for their dismissal might have given information to the ecclesiastical authorities, who then interfered with the consciences of men as much as they did with their temporalities.

This would have seemed to them but a mere species of duty which they owed to the church; and it was no difficult thing then for men to drive away every species of natural affection, however innocent or virtuous, under the idea of doing God service. Frequently the most malignant passions were vented in what was thought to be holy ardour.

Even Ellen would have been sacrificed to the demoniac frenzy of a bigot, had

she consented to be the wife of some of those whose consciences would have allowed her to have been made a just victim to the fiery stake. So powerfully operated that hideous principle of man, trusting his conscience in the hands of fallible man, without making the Word of God the ground-work of his direction.

It is true that nothing but the superiorly-gifted and superiorly-educated mind of the maid of Freston Tower, could have led her to adopt the course she did in this selection of a husband. It was wisdom, indeed, in her not to divulge the principle she acted upon to any one but her enlightened father, but, confiding in his honour, love, and wisdom, she had no fear of exposure. He was too true a father, too fond a parent, and naturally too noble a minded man, ever to demand of his daughter a sacrifice



which she could not willingly, with her full consent, approve.

Lord De Freston too dearly loved, valued, honoured, and respected the child whom he had educated, to bias her affections. One thing he was quite sure of, that she would marry a gentleman and a Christian, and he was content to leave the matter to the direction of His hand, who governs and orders all things for man's felicity.

It was not to be supposed that the Baron of Freston Castle had no pride of ancestry. He had as much as his contemporaries. He was a man who could uphold the appearance of a noble by as much internal dignity and self-composure as any of the judges of the land; but he was a man enlightened enough to perceive that nothing unnatural could be acceptable to the God of Nature.

He found in the Revelation of God everything virtuously natural upheld, that corruption only had instilled false principles of superstition, which alike defied the laws of nature and of God. Though he admired the devotions of piety, he abjured the horrors of fanaticism; though he honoured men of learning, he despised not the ignorant, and only when he found fools claiming, or rather arrogating to themselves superior godliness, and shewing it in the condemnation of others, did he venture upon open rebuke and expostulation. His zeal was even then tempered with such manly discretion that the censorious fanatic, confused before the noble, could not but acknowledge that he might be wrong; yet seldom, though defeated, would he turn and say, "I am benefited;" such is the difference between rebuking a wise man and a fool.

No wonder then, with such a father,

Ellen should feel confidence in maintaining her own right to judge for herself in that event which, for good or evil, is certainly, with all who do enter into its bonds, productive of misery or comfort.

## CHAPTER XI.

## THE CONVERSATION.

IF there is in England a spot where hill, wood, and water, without being too expanded, can be just sufficiently extensive to be enchanting, it is the view from Freston Tower over the waves of the Orwell. No poet can fail to imbibe the purity of nature's thoughts when seated in, or near that spot. The very sight of the drawing of the Tower called forth the feeling of some descriptive stranger, whose words are thus recorded in the history of Ipswich :

“ Who can o’er thy summer tide,  
Winding Orwell, ever glide,  
Nor with raptured eye confess,  
Many scenes of loveliness ;  
Spreading fair thy banks along,  
Subjects meet for poet’s song ?  
But the scene I love the best,  
Here is faithfully express’d  
By the artist’s skilful hand,  
Mightier than wizard’s wand :  
Yes, old Freston, stern and gray,  
Looking o’er the watery way,  
Hath for me more charms than all  
Wooded park or lordly hall !”

The Tower only is now standing, but how long it may continue to grace the Orwell no one can tell. In these utilitarian days, almost every mark of ancient elegance seems to be giving way before the desire of making money.

Ellen De Freston was seated with her father in the fifth room of Freston Tower, in the bay-window, looking over the waves.

She had seen her parent's anxious eyes diverted from his wonted study, and restlessly wandering over the banks of the river, evidently not surveying the scene with any interest, but ruminating in his mind, over some thoughts which engaged his soul.

“Father, I perceive you are in deep thought, but not upon the work you are reading.”

“Nay, my child, it is the work I am reading which makes me thoughtful—deeply thoughtful; for it astonishes me to see how near to the language of inspiration a heathen writer conceives to be the value of the soul.”

“Ah! my father, what are the sentiments which have moved you so forcibly to meditation? I see you are reading the ancient treatise of Longinus ‘On the Sublime.’”

“I am, my daughter, and will read to you part of the 44th section. It is so

extraordinary a description of the prevailing sin of man's nature, especially where Mammon reigns supreme, that had Longinus composed it for the very worst and most abandoned days of the world, he could not have placed our corruptions in a stronger light !”

“ Read, my dear father, read ! Let me have the benefit of the full quotation.”

“ These are the words of Longinus, written more than a thousand years ago :

“ It is easy and usual for men to be always complaining of the present ; but mark whether it be not the peace which now pervades the world, that is destructive to the grandeur of genius, or rather, I should say, this interminable war of the lusts which rages within us, and the passions besides which hold the world in continual thralldom, and render it a scene of violence and disorder. Thus the love of money—a disease with

which all of us are now insatiably infected—joined with the love of pleasure, enslaves, or, as one might say, plunges the whole human race into the abyss of degradation. The love of money debases the mind, and the love of pleasure corrupts it. Nor can I, on reflection, discover, how it is possible for such of us, as honour, or to speak more truly, deify boundless wealth, to preserve our souls pure from the pollution of those vices, with which it is connected. Wherever wealth is immoderate or unrestrained, profusion will keep pace with it; and into what city or family soever the former gains admittance, there the latter also will fix its abode; and according to the notion of the sages—after a time, they build their nests, and soon propagate, not their spurious, but their legitimate offspring, pride, and luxury. But should any one permit this progeny of wealth to arrive at maturity, they quickly engender arrogance, injustice and impudence, those inexorable



tyrants of the mind. And this is unavoidably the case ; so that a man is no longer able to raise his eyes to elevated objects, nor to entertain any desire of distinction or renown.

“ ‘ Corruption thus—gradually extends its circle ; the nobler faculties of the soul wither and decay disregarded ; and while the mortal and unintellectual powers engross all our admiration, those which are immortal continue uncultivated and unimproved. No one who has received a bribe, can possibly pass an unbiassed and sound judgment upon what is just and honourable ; for having been once corrupted, even justice itself appears neither honourable nor just to him.

“ ‘ And so, also, when all the habits of life are debased by bribery, by watching for other men’s deaths, and by hunting for legacies in their wills ; when we seek for lucre, from every quarter, and each of us becoming its willing slave, is content for it to barter our

very souls; can we, amidst this pestilent corruption of our species, expect to find a single man left still pure, still unshackled by the trammels of avarice, and qualified to pass an honest and unbiassed judgment upon those great works, whose excellencies seem likely to preserve them for ever?\*

“Is not this grand and sublime, my daughter, and fit for any Christian pastor’s discourse? How wonderful is it, that man, uninstructed by the Gospel, should have so perfect an insight into the value of our immortal souls!”

“It is, indeed, sublime: and I thank you for reading it; but can you be surprised, dear father, estimating, as you do, the sublime qualities of the soul that I should not marry for money?”

\* (Vide Rev. W. T. Spurden’s translation of “Longinus,” 1836, “Longman’s” &c.) The best translation ever published.

“ I did never urge you so to do !”

“ No, dear father ; but I have seen some anxiety about you, lately ; intimating that I should not send every suitor away from the castle ; that I might as well live like an anchorite in this tower.”

“ I have been anxious for your happiness.”

“ I know it well, dear father ; and if ever I find a mind like your own, you will have no cause for regret that I am married. You have made me dainty in this respect. I cannot wed lord or squire, unless I find myself capable of acknowledging him to be my head ; one who will regard me, not for my personal estate or appearance, but for my mind : that as we steer our course through life, we may mutually respect each other, that I may reverence him for his good qualities, and he may cherish me as his companion in the ways of wisdom and virtue.

For if my lord, whoever he may chance to be, can never bend his ear to hear my words, and I cannot aspire to read his soul, how can I feel the true control of love? The hand if bestowed without the heart, and without a sufficient respect for the superior qualities of the soul, can never secure happiness, at least to an educated mind."

"It is not for me to say, my dearest child, that your visions are fanciful; that you are building castles in the air, and looking for too great a degree of perfection in a sinful man. I own the truth of what you have said respecting the power of the mind. But may not contentions arise in the dispositions of intellectual people, and produce much discord? You will never find the soul so free from the trammels of earthly things as you desire it to be. You raise up an imaginary being, and make him possess impossible qualities. Good nature, grace, a manly port,

and open countenance, with noble deeds, and a good name, are surely not to be despised."

"Nor do I despise them, dear father ! They may win many a maiden, and are undoubtedly great and noble qualities : but years of culture have so much refined my mind, that I cannot be content with ordinary natures. Cavendish is a nobleman, and more learned than Lord Willoughby ; I own that Lord Helmingham is brave, and so is Kedington. Drury, of Arwarton, is a wise man in his way, and I greatly honour Sir Richard Broke. Mowbray is incomparably grand ; but where would be the delight of being his Sultana ? No, father, your love is infinitely to be preferred. I would not change it, for all the honours of a duchess, if my tongue were never to be permitted that kind of interchange of expression upon the best things of life, which I now enjoy in your society. I am contented, I never murmur ;

I am as happy as I wish to be ; only let me remain so."

" I never wish to urge you, my child, into any precipitate marriage. You have been so affectionate a daughter, and so dear a companion, that without you, I should have been miserable. Yet I am not so unreasonable as to desire that you should remain single on my account. I know you will never marry any one who is unworthy of De Freston's daughter."

" Father, I will only say I hope not. This I promise, that, even if I should see the object like yourself in mind, and he should be a suitor for my hand, I will never wed him though he were as rich as Cræsus, or as poor as Lazarus, without your full consent."

" Say no more upon the subject, my child. I know your heart ; it burns pure and spotless in your life. I do not wish to chain your will, or to choose for you ; nor even to

recommend, much less to urge a suit which you could not approve. I will still hope, that before my sun of life has gone down, I may see you settled with the object of such affection as you can bestow ; a joy to yourself, an honour to your husband, and a comfort to your father."

"Without such hope will I never marry. How lovely is the day," she added, as if to change the subject : "and how beautiful, in the full flood of this summer sky, appears the silvery light upon the waves of the Orwell. Dear father, I imagine no moments of this life can be more pleasant, more truly grateful, than when I contemplate the features of nature, and find a tranquillity within, that cheers me with the hope of one day enjoying far brighter scenes."

"You are young, my dear child, and though learned in many works, and constantly employed in the cheerful studies of nature and religion, you know but little of

the struggles of life, which thousands have to make. You may see something of them among the poor, but you are not aware of many thousand trials to which men of the highest grades of society are exposed. Scarcely one of those books which so delight us, and expand our intellects, but was produced in poverty and sorrow. And even now, at this very time that I am speaking, I fear that the passions and prejudices of men will not suffer the truth to prevail without a struggle severe, even unto death."

"Truth will prevail at last, however. As it is so powerful, it will shine more gloriously through the very clouds which would obscure it."

"You are right, my child; but as yet you know but few hardships. Your days smile, your nights are bright like the stars, and you view everything with the eyes of innocence."

"You seemed inclined to reprove me for



my too great sensibility in the matter of the dead dolphins ; but that very weakness proves that I saw not with the eyes of indifference the cruelties of mankind.

“That is rather an extreme case, my child. In the world you will find persons still more cruel in the persecution of their own species ; and could you bear such scenes ?”

“I know not if I may ever see such : I will not anticipate them, but will trust that, should they come, I may be prepared with strength of mind to endure them.”

“Spoken as I would have you speak, my daughter—and like yourself. I wish for nothing more than such fortification for myself or you.”

At that moment an announcement was given, that a messenger from Gold-well Hall (or, as it is now known, Coldwell or Cauldwell Hall) had arrived at the castle.

“I suppose,” said Ellen, “that Bishop Goldwell has arrived at his palace of Wykes ;

and yet the messenger, I hear, is from Goldwell Hall, the seat of his deceased brother. We shall have to fulfil our engagement, father, and visit him in Suffolk. Alice—the proud and stately Alice—is to accompany him, and she was very kind to me when I was but a child. We have not seen them for a long while. She will scarcely know me. I wonder, my father, we have not heard from our cousin Thomas Wolsey, lately.”

“I hear that William Latimer is on his journey hitherward, and will, beyond all doubt, be the bearer of letters to us from the far-famed Boy Bachelor, as I hear he is called. Thomas has plenty of ambition in his character, and will one day prove himself a remarkable man.”

“If circumstances favour him he will rise; but I do not think his nature is sufficiently enduring to fight against adverse circumstances. I have seen him, when reading the various characters who distinguished

themselves for their learning, actually grow pale with the mention of the difficulties they had to contend with: poverty, scorn, contempt of the proud, and the ridicule of friends, and a thousand other things which he could ill brook. Thomas is very quick, very sensitive, very clever, his manners easy and wonderfully gentle, considering the retirement in which he has been brought up. He has convinced all Oxford that he is a scholar; he has carried off all the prizes of his college; and obtained, as his uncle tells me, a fame which can never die. I wonder we have not heard more particularly from himself. He used to be so very communicative; and before he took his degree, he wrote to you, and took pleasure in you as his patron; now we seldom hear directly from him."

"He has found public patronage even as it ought to be, superior to private benefi-

cence. It is all very well for us noblemen to bring forward the talents of our inferiors. It is part of the blessing of our state, and part of the stewardship we receive from God. I have delighted in fostering this young Solon. He is gone, and we can remember his conversation, his quick parts, ready wit, ruddy countenance, bright eye, and brave bearing, and if I do not mistake, my daughter, you cannot easily forget that he was your most valiant knight, and released you from the jaws of a monster. Have you ever given him your guerdon for his gallantry?"

"My guerdon was the influence I exercised in his behalf with Dame Joan, his mother, to part with her son for Oxford. This was all he asked, all I thought myself at liberty to give: I left all other gifts to you. He might, I think, have been courteous enough to keep up his correspondence!"

“ In this, perhaps, he was ungracious ; but I can imagine a youth like Wolsey, rising by his own brilliant talents, and concluding that even our attentions to him were solely on their account ; and truly, Ellen, we can scarcely say we had not some selfishness in our encouragement of his company. We found none like him, and, from all accounts, there has not been such a genius for letters in the University, for many a day. The books I gave him I was proud to give, and now that he feels his own weight where he is, we shall not see him unless something extraordinary should bring him back to Ipswich. Let us not judge him unfairly. We shall hear of him from our cousin Latimer, and I have no doubt it will be good news. He cannot forget us, any more than we can him.”

“ But we must prepare to visit the Bishop. He may, for Alice De Clinton’s sake, visit

the old hall of his brother ; but our invitation is to the palace, and we shall there find that open house and hospitality for which Goldwell, the able Secretary of State and Bishop of Norwich, is so celebrated. We have much to do, for we must go in state, else Alice, should she be with her uncle, would scarcely condescend to own us. Let us then leave the Tower ; one farewell look at the lovely scene, and then for Wyke's Bishop's Palace !”

## CHAPTER XII.

## THE PALACE.

THE palace of the Bishop of Norwich, then commonly called Wyke's Bishop's Palace, was one of the most splendid buildings in the whole of East Anglia. It was built in those early days when the men of God were also, alas ! compelled by ignorance to be men of war ; who, though loving peace, had so many temporal possessions in estates, and fines, and properties of various kinds, that they were expected to defend them

with armed men, instead of with the sword of the spirit, or the word of truth.

The building was of very ancient date, and was castellated and well fortified with bastions at eight different points, surrounded by a moat of great width, with a huge draw-bridge on the western front. It was situated in a beautiful valley, surrounded on three sides by hills of considerable height, even now called the Bishop's Hills, and in what was then called Ufford's Dale, in which were the celebrated Holy Wells, where pilgrims came from all parts to visit the font of St. Ivan, said to have the effect of curing every disease.

The castle, as it might be very properly called, had four watch-towers, in which were windows looking towards the four points, north, east, south and west. In no other part of the structure, save the warder's room over the great gateway, was there any window; for this building had withstood many



an insurrection, and many an incursion of the furious Dane, and was not only a Bishop's palace, but, in the ninth century, one of the strongholds of the townsmen of Ipswich beyond their walls.

There was a great square in the centre, into which all the apartments of the palace looked, so that it was not until the visitor had passed under the great arch, that he could conceive the beauty of the building, or form any idea of the extent of its accommodation. Externally, its character was sombre, having battlements on all sides, enlivened only by the watch-towers, plain walls, strong and thick though in its latter days, in the time of which this history treats, symptoms of decay began to be visible in various parts, where landslips from the springs around had caused considerable inclinations of the buttresses. Still the inside of the area was kept up in all the characteristic state of

Goldwell, Bishop of Norwich, the last of the possessors of a palace at Ipswich.

A small creek at that day ran up the valley in which the palace was built, and approached so near it that a boat could ascend from the Orwell almost up to the moat. That creek does not now exist, but in its place there are magnificent fish-ponds, and the ancient stream is diverted to a use very foreign to its original purpose.\* But the palace was not half so grand in its appearance as its stately inmates.

Goldwell Hall, which then belonged to Bishop Goldwell, and was so called in his lifetime, was the marriage portion of one of his sisters, who married Geoffrey de Clinton, of Castle Clinton, near Linton, in Cambridgeshire. He was a wealthy noble, as well as proud, and had but one daughter

\* The Cliff Brewery.

by this marriage, though he had two sons by a former wife. He married Alice Goldwell when he was much advanced in years, and could scarcely expect to see his young offspring arrive at womanhood.

In consequence of this, and of the loss of his partner, the Lady Clinton, he left his daughter to the sole guardianship of Goldwell (then Secretary of State) her maternal uncle. He left the income of certain estates in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Cambridgeshire, to the Bishop, as long as his child should live and remain single, and then to be given to her as her dower; and in case of the demise of the said Bishop and his niece, then to revert to the heir-at-law of the family of Goldwell. The Bishop's private chapel then stood on the opposite side of the hill on which the mansion was built.

Alice de Clinton, the particular care of

the Bishop of Norwich, grew up under his superintendence a most magnificent woman to look at, so much so, that she was generally called Alice la Grande. She was very stately in her person, and always wore a haughty expression of countenance. She was quite a drawback upon the hospitality of Goldwell ; yet, strange to say, she possessed a great degree of influence over the Bishop. He was liberal beyond what was usual in his day, and was never but once betrayed into an act of persecution, and that was in the case of one single heretic, John Babram, whose death-warrant he countersigned not many months before his own exit.

Goldwell was not in spirit a persecutor : he had been possessed of very high influence in affairs of state, and was a learned and liberal-minded man. He who was not to be deceived by courtiers, could be commanded even by his niece, and yet be

blind to her power. He was proud of her, but it was because she was proud of herself, and would brook no equal.

Her pride was so great as to be proverbial ; and most persons were glad when Alice De Clinton was not at the palace. She would yield to none—not even to her uncle, the opinion she had once adopted. With neither priest nor squire of inferior degree would she ever exchange a word, though he might be a visitor in the palace, receiving the hospitality of the Bishop. Her hauteur was so great, that none but a lord must speak to her ; or if they did dare to do so, her uncommon expression of disdain was enough to silence any humble-minded man. Her bounty to the poor was never bestowed from pity. She gave the boon, whatever it might chance to be, as a gift after partaking of high mass ; but none could possibly feel that relief of spirit which acknowledged the blessing was due to the giver, since she would make every

one to understand he was much more blessed in receiving than she was in bestowing. Alice De Clinton gave with such haughtiness as to make the gift painful ; so much so, that whenever she visited Goldwell Hall, in the neighbourhood of Ipswich, it was called by the poor *Cold Hall*, so stiff, so benumbing was the influence of her miscalled charity.

To the palace of Wykes, in that day, came many of the unfortunate who, in the previous Wars of the Roses, and in foreign as well as domestic broils, had been reduced to become objects of bounty. House, home, board and lodging, the weary pilgrim and broken-down stranger would always find at the hospitable palace. Those were days at least of generosity in this respect, whatever pride or superstition might be connected therewith ; and, singular as the custom would now appear, the Bishop never sat down to his meal at mid-day without the company of every stranger in the palace.

Alice had been an inmate of De Freston's castle with her uncle in the early days of Ellen's childhood; and such was the meekness of the daughter of De Freston that even the proud Alice condescended to look upon her as a friend; but it was certainly as a friend beneath her, one to whom she might shew a kind of patronizing air without any compromise of her dignity.

Years had elapsed since the maid of Freston Tower had been summoned to visit Alice De Clinton. The messenger, however, had arrived at De Freston's castle, and the lord and the lady prepared to set forth upon their journey. In those days no carriage came sweeping round to the hall-door with their prancing steeds, and gold-laced coachmen, and footmen; but ladies rode on horseback, or were borne in covered litters to their places of entertainment. Horses "with flowing tails and flying manes," dressed with

gorgeous trappings and high saddles, came from the stables to the mansion. There was no lack of attendants, for a noble then counted his state by the number of his retainers.

Ellen and her maid, on palfreys of beautiful jet black, were soon ready for the journey to Wyke's Bishop's palace. Lord De Freston, on a milk-white horse of uncommon strength, one he had received as a gift from Lord Willoughby, from Hanover, accompanied his daughter, whilst a train of servants preceding as well as following, all mounted on black steeds, made him and his Snow-Ball, as he was called, so much the more conspicuous.

His horse had eyes so full of fire, and nostrils so expanded, that he looked well adapted for the battle-field. But he was now upon a visit of peace, and to a peaceful man; and his cavalcade left the castle



accompanied by men bearing all the usual luggage which such state visits required.

De Freston, indeed, infinitely preferred the journey by water; for he was too sensible a man to delight in the mere pageantry of appearance, yet he was not insensible to the customs of his age. He had, however, a daughter in whom he delighted, and the thought that Alice De Clinton, who loved the forms of etiquette, and would blush to see any one she called *her* friend lowering herself by condescension, would be affronted, were he to forget the dignity of his barony, induced him to take the journey with all his retinue.

They descended the Freston Hill, which was then the boundary of the park, and swept along the strand, toward the Bourne Ford where, following the guide who knew the passage, they dashed through the briny flood, and paced along the levels of Stoke,

the tide of the Orwell actually washing their horses' hoofs, as if they were riding along the sea-shore. So beautiful and so clear were the waves of the river which then washed the banks of its course, that the receding tide left a sand almost as clean as that which borders the German Ocean.

So high were the waves at that time at the Prior's Ford, between St. Peter's Gate and Stoke, that the party had to sweep round beside the narrower stream of the Gipping, and pass over the Friar's Bridge before they could enter Ipswich.

The town was at that time celebrated for its religious houses, Grey Friars, Black Canons, White Monks, Benedictines, Carmelites, and all manner of brotherhoods and botherhoods of papal Rome. Mendicants of all descriptions accosted the industrious with a boldness such as no beggars dare in these days assume, for fear of the

treadmill. But the terrors of Rome were much greater upon the priest-ridden yet industrious Britons, than ever the treadmill could be to the vicious. Those who were sanctioned by the Pope to beg, carried along with them a mandate which few dared refuse to obey. The anathemas of the church were then bestowed with such a plentiful outpouring of bile upon such trivial subjects, too, as would have made Longinus laugh at the sublimity of their pompousness. But men trembled then with scarcely any conscience, for absolution had its pecuniary price, and could be purchased for sins past, present, and to come.

The holy brethren at the Friar's Gate bent lowly to De Freston as he gave them his salutation, and passed on through St. Nicholas Street, past Robert Wolsey's house, down to St. Peter's Priory, along the warder's way, over the Bailiff's Customs Quay, through the parish of

St. Clement, into the hamlet of Wyke's Ufford. The cavalcade then proceeded on what was termed the procession-way, leading to the shrine of St. Ivan, from which they digressed on the broad Palace Road, to the Bishop's Gate.

The whole party soon passed over the drawbridge, then under the warder's arch into the area of the palace, where the verger, with the silver and golden ornaments of office, stood prepared with a number of serving-men to receive the noble.

"Hear, my men," said De Freston, after he had assisted Ellen to alight, "ye will refresh yourselves and horses, and then set forth upon your return by the way ye came, and see that ye keep well together, and enter into no broils with any one. Ye will be in readiness for your summons for our return whensoever ye receive command. Pass on!"

De Freston and his daughter passed into

the presence of Bishop Goldwell, who was seated in a chair of state at the upper end of a long and vaulted chamber, prepared for their coming.

He rose, his step was proud and stately, and his large and noble eye glanced a penetrating look upon the noble. Goldwell would maintain in private the same dignity which he was accustomed to shew in public. He was gracious though grand, his manner mild, bland, yet becomingly distant. Though a man of state, he was also a man of ease, and shewed what was due to his own person, and what he expected, even if he did not deserve it—which he did as much as any other man could.

He received the Lord De Freston and his daughter with such a courteous manner, as only to seem himself to be proud before his household. With the most paternal air he accosted Ellen, receiving her hand, at

her father's request, and led her to a seat, and, with great politeness, welcomed De Freston to his palace.

“Fair daughter!” he said to Ellen, “this visit to my niece affords us both infinite pleasure: we have sought it many a day; but I scarcely think that Alice will be able to recognize thee; for thou art grown up from childhood to such form and feature that I should not, but for the likeness to thy father present, have discovered thee to be his daughter.”

Then, turning to the father, he added:

“I am proud to see thee, De Freston, maintaining thy years with becoming verdure. Time has laid his hand upon me, and the cares of state have borne me down.”

“I hope the years of peace yet reserved for your reverence, may make amends for all your state anxieties.”

“I thank thee, De Freston ; but let me send for Alice at once.”

The Bishop rang a small bell ; a female made her appearance, and was ordered to inform her mistress that Lord De Freston and his daughter had arrived.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## THE RECEPTION.

ALICE DE CLINTON had been made acquainted with the arrival of Lord De Freston and his daughter, even before they had made their appearance in the presence of the Bishop. She was engaged in her own private apartment, working a cross for the altar of the chapel of Goldwell Hall, when her maid informed her of the arrival of the expected guests. She scarcely raised her head from the embroidery to receive the tidings. She ordered her maid to hand



her some threads, and pursued her work. It was neither her custom nor her inclination to do otherwise. She had actually received the Bishop's message before she condescended to lay aside her work. None, however, of those she called her friends, were more highly esteemed than Lord De Freston and Ellen.

She rose in due time, with perfect composure, from the embroidery of the cross, and leaving the work as if she intended to pursue it again after a pause, came very slowly and with great state, into the presence-chamber of the Bishop.

Alice was handsome. She had a remarkable fine face and figure, but her beauty was of that nature which the eye can look upon with wonder, without feeling any degree of affection. She was like some of the finely-chiselled figures of the ancients, admirable to look upon, but cold indeed to touch. Nay more, when she

approached the party assembled in the palace hall, so pale, so stately, so immovably placid, fixed, settled, cool and composed was the smooth, white face of the maiden, that she looked more like beauty in the winding-sheet of death, than a creature of life, whose veins contained a circulating fluid, warm from the heart.

She approached to meet her guest; not a smile passed over her features. Her high and lofty brow, with its wintry air, formed a strange contrast to the sunny brow of the happy Ellen. The frozen expression of one face contrasted with the glow on the features of the other. That eye, too, so large, so glassy, and so stern, was strangely opposed to the beaming vivacity of Ellen's.

Ellen received the salutation of Alice with that ease which innocence and virtue ever maintain in the presence of pride. She knew the dignity of Alice, and left her to bend as she thought fit, whilst she retained

her standing place, leaning on the arm of her noble father. The haughty maiden broke the silence; but with words that rather confirmed than altered the position of pride she had assumed.

“Thou art changed, indeed, maiden, since I knew thee in thy childish years. I can scarcely believe thou art Ellen De Freston, but that I see the lord of Freston Hall supporting thee. I must forget, I presume, the day I found thee playful as the young fawn; since, now I behold thee grown up to woman’s estate. Thou art Ellen De Freston, art thou not?”

“I am the same Ellen, Alice De Clinton, as I was when in the days of friendship, you condescended to treat me as your companion. I am unaltered in heart. I have often thought of your visit to my father’s hall, and have longed to see you there again. I hope we shall soon know each other better.”

This reply had the effect of somewhat

thawing the icy distance between them, for the haughty Alice gave her hand to Ellen and led the way back to her own apartment, leaving the Bishop and Lord De Freston to converse upon politics or the more eloquent theme of the day, the growing plant of heresy, as it was called, which then began to spring up in Ipswich, and in various other parts of the diocese of Norwich.

“I am much concerned,” said Bishop Goldwell, “to observe the increasing propensity to heresy which seems to be spreading far and wide throughout the kingdom, unsettling the minds of our people and inducing them to call in question our authority as agents of the See-of Rome. Thou knowest well, De Freston, that I hold my churchman’s station, as far preferable to my worldly state, that the supremacy of the Holy See over all causes ecclesiastical, is part of my acknowledged creed. That, looking upon the Pope alone, as Christ’s vice-gerant upon

earth, his vicar-general, who has the power of St. Peter's keys, to loose and bind, to curb dissent, and to give absolute decision in cases of dispute ; I refer every difficult case to his court and rest contented in my own conscience with his commands. There are two youths, now inmates of my palace, come on purpose to plead with me, concerning the state of their consciences and to ask my ghostly counsel and advice. One of them is of such amiable deportment, such gentle manners, and of such godly fear, and disposition to respect his superiors, that I cannot refuse to admit him to an audience, and to argue with him upon the state of his mind. He speaks with ease and fluency ; but I discover much strong prejudice under this quick manner, and I know not how to root it out ? Thou art learned, De Freston, and canst, perchance, afford me some assistance, for thou art a true churchman."

"I hope I am, my lord, without being a

blind one. I know the liberality of your mind, and that you have seen more of men of wisdom and letters, than most men now living; and I think that you act as a bishop ought in giving audience to a conscientious man. There are many innovations crept into the church by means of the supineness of the clergy and the love of money, in the higher powers, which you know as well as I do, ought not to have been admitted. So many fraternities joined to the Papal Power, and receiving therefrom, a sanction for their superstitions, may, perhaps, have created a jealousy in the minds of some, which may require much soothing to correct. I heartily wish, churchman as I am, that many of the miscalled relics of the priories, and the absurd fallacies of miscalled pious customs were done away with. What is the name of this disputant who has sought you, and whence he does spring?"

"The youth I speak of, is John Bale, of

Cove. He is a Carmelite of the strictest order of mendicants, claiming his descent from the prophet Elisha ; rigid and austere in his deportment, and yet so humble, and enlightened in letters, I heartily wish his conscience was not so tender. It burns him, he says, so sore, that he cannot help complaining to his bishop, and seeking, at my mouth, some consolation. When I argue with him, he hesitates not to tell me how far he admits my authority, and how far he disputes it : prays my patience towards himself, and towards my own self when he states where he thinks I am wrong. He says he prays for me, that I may see the error of my ways, and may come to the full truth. They cannot conceive in Rome to what state things are coming in England. I fear that these two men, John Bale, and Thomas Bilney, are incorrigible heretics. As they claim the privilege of asking my advice, I can but be courteous towards them. I

only wish they would attend to my suggestions, and be obedient to my mandates. Thomas Bilney, the other disputant, is a man of warm temper though of very clear head. I have asked some of my clergy in this town to meet them at the hour of noon ; and as thou dost know that I admit all kinds of addresses without fear of persecution, loving, as I do, discussion, thou wilt probably take part therein, and I am sure with discretion.”

“ If, in the least degree, I ventured to give my opinion, it would, I trust, be on the side of that which I consider truth. If these scholars be not too profound for me, I shall take some interest in the discussion, having thought very deeply upon the prevailing notions of the times.”

A servant came at that moment to announce a stranger to the Bishop, and to deliver a note to Lord De Freston.

“ Ah !” exclaimed the noble, “ I have



notice of a visitor to your lordship's palace, who, though unexpected here, was not totally unexpected by me at my home. He will be quite an acquisition to the interest of the discussion, as he is a learned theologian from Oxford, alike eminent for his modesty as well as his superior attainments."

"Who is the stranger?"

"It is William Latimer, the friend of the celebrated Grocyn, and of the Ipswich scholar, now so distinguished at the University."

"Latimer I have heard of, and I know Grocyn well. I presume thou dost refer to the boy Bachelor, whom I have heard of—Thomas Wolsey, the son of one of the best tenants I have for the Priory Farm, at Alneshbourne."

"The same, father, the same, and will you permit me to welcome to your hospitable palace, this friend of mine?"

“Any friend of thine, De Freston, shall find a welcome here, even were he not the learned man thou hast represented him to be. Pray bid him welcome.”

The lord followed the servant to the corridor, and there he found Latimer waiting.

The greeting was of that kindly nature which had ever subsisted between the family of the Latimers and the De Frestons. De Freston, was indeed, attached to Latimer, as a superior in experience and wisdom would be to a young friend whom he patronized. Yet, De Freston felt a degree of attachment to him, peculiarly interesting for his daughter's sake; for, to this young man's perception, plan, and proposition, was owing the health, happiness, and comfort of his child, through the daily course of intellectual employment to which she had become an assiduous and habitual devotee.

“I am glad to see you, Latimer, but sorry

it is not in my own hall, but you can go on thitherward before our return; for we must stay our appointed time here."

"I heard, in my route, that you were a guest of Bishop Goldwell. Knowing his hospitality, I did not hesitate to wait upon you here, as I should have found even the beauty of your castle, and the lovely Freston Tower insipid, without their cheerful tenants."

"The Bishop gives you welcome, and to say truth, I am doubly glad you are come, for I want your aid. Come with me into my private room: I have some minutes of discussion which I would share with you before we enter the hall of reception."

The domestic in waiting soon shewed the friends the apartments prepared for De Freston; and there, for a few minutes, did Latimer converse with his relative upon the all-important matters of the day."

"First tell me of Wolsey! He seems to

have forgotten us. How is the youth, and does he not send us his greeting."

"I am the bearer to you of his first prize at Oxford. So that you see he renders to his early patron the first fruits of his success. He has sent by me, a very valuable testament, the earliest which has issued from the press."

"I said he would not desert us. He has been very silent of late, and Ellen and myself were fearful lest he was ill."

"Wolsey is well! I have delivered letters to his parents and friends in Ipswich. This one is for you; and I can assure you and Ellen that you both live in his heart and memory. He has great cares just at the present time, having undertaken to superintend the schools of his college. He is extremely anxious in mind, and though with no bodily ailment, yet, at times, I fear the intense application which he bestows upon

study should affect his spirits. He is sometimes depressed by this over-anxiety, beyond what is usual in youth. It is then I talk to him of home, Ipswich, and yourselves; this rouses him and he revives."

"You should have persuaded him to have come with you, the change would have done him good. We always remember your mutual visit to the Tower."

"I did endeavour to persuade him, but he has a high notion of duty. He spoke with enthusiasm of the Tower: told me he never had such delightful days as those which he spent there, and dwelt upon them with so many sighs, that I am sure the Isis which passes close by his college window, is, in his eyes, insignificant compared with the Orwell: still he says Oxford is his theatre of action, and he will not leave it until he has seen certain works he has undertaken completed."

“Ellen will be glad to hear you speak of him, for she has certainly accused him of being proud, negligent, and almost ungrateful.”

“He is not the latter, though I will own, there is too much of the former in his composition. She would not think him either had she heard him deliver to me the message of remembrance which he gave.”

“Of these things you must convince her. We must prepare for the public banquet hour; and, but that I know your readiness, I should tell you that you will be rather put to it for wisdom, since, at the Bishop’s table this day, you will meet, I suspect, some stormy disputants. One thing in Bishop Goldwell I greatly admire; his hospitality to strangers. Whilst, at the same time, such is his courtesy and kindness towards his inferior clergy, that I believe

he would support the poorest at the expense of his mitre, sooner than see him wronged. He rules them not with a rod of iron, but maintains his own dignity, whilst his sons in the church look up to him with the assurance of protection."

"I have heard this spoken of him; but I have heard also that he is swayed greatly by the influence of his niece, who is not the counterpart of his reverence in suavity."

"You have heard right, but you must judge for yourself. Come and see, for the hour of meeting him approaches."

The friends were soon in readiness, and descended together to the grand banquet-hall of the Bishop's palace. It was a spacious chamber, more than one hundred feet in length, with six windows of Gothic architecture and stained glass, representing six different periods of the world. The first, the Temptation in the Garden of

Eden ; the second, the Flood ; the third, the Sacrifice of Abraham ; the fourth, the Delivery of the Law ; the fifth, the Building of the Temple of Solomon ; and the sixth, the Crucifixion.

The designs were much more splendid in colours than in conception, for singular contradictions of unity existed in all the windows. A lady's lap-dog, with a bright gilt collar round his neck, was found in the garden of Eden ; Abraham had philacteries on his forehead and robes ; in the Flood, some monks with crosses were seen descending down a rushing cataract ; in the Delivery of the Law, Moses had a mitre on his head ; at the building of the Temple, there stood several orders of the Roman Brotherhood celebrating high mass, and so many impossibilities of fancy crowded into the ornamental portions of the sides of the windows, that it was difficult to say what



they were. Still the light gleaming through the different coloured glasses had a brilliant effect at noonday.

Thirty guests were expected. The Bishop's chair was at the centre of that long table, and his own family of friends were to be seated on his right and left hand, whilst, on the opposite side, were ranged the seats of strangers, travellers, pilgrims, or any who might chance to claim the hospitality of the palace. These all waited in a spacious receiving-ward, where there was water to wash their feet, and clean apparel, if required. A peep into that room would have put to flight all the ideas of modern luxury and modern notions of hospitality, even in a bishop's palace.

Various monks from distant parts were there—with various priests of various parishes, who came to pay their court to their diocesan. Those who came without express invita-

tion were all received into this apartment, and prepared for the table of the Bishop. They had to wait with the rest, be they who they might, and were never seen or heard until the hour of public entertainment.

In the common room were waiting, amidst friars, pilgrims, monks and mendicants, Thomas Bilney and John Bale, men who, at that day, took advantage of the opportunity offered them to speak without reserve to Goldwell, who was generally looked upon as friendly at least to intellectual discussion.

The noon-bell sounded long and sonorous, so that, in all parts of the town, strangers knew that it was the hour of hospitality, and, whoever was so disposed, might pass the drawbridge and partake of the benediction of the Bishop, sure to find a seat at his board, an attentive ear to his history, and, if he had

any cause of complaint, promise, if he lived within the jurisdiction of the diocese of Norwich, that his suit should be attended to.

## CHAPTER XIV.

## THE RECLUSE.

THE poor fellow who was killed some time since, in the nineteenth century, by the Caffres, on the frontiers of the desert, on the borders of Caffraria, presented a specimen of solitude like the fabled Crusoe. He was a ship's carpenter, who had escaped from his crew, and took a fancy for the solitudes of the woods and wolds of that wild district. He had built himself a shed, with defensive works against wild beasts, and had cultivated a small plot of ground near his dwelling. Ten years he

had resided in this solitude, and only in the late war was discovered to have been murdered by the Caffres.

But a hermit now must be looked for in some nook of the metropolis, or in some college, or monastic cell. There are beings who shut themselves out from all society, from day to day, month to month, year to year, in the same routine of habitual solitude, keeping to themselves whatever may be their peculiar delight ; the making cent per cent of their money, or the hoarding it up like misers ; the brooding over the studies, disappointments, or nothingnesses of life, forgetful that they themselves are to all others but as nothing.

Occasionally men dissatisfied with themselves and discontented with everything, perhaps from too great indulgence in the follies of their own guilty hearts, struck with remorse, dive into the solitudes of a convent, and shut themselves from the society of

their fellow-creatures. In former times, this was more common than it now is, as it was a doctrine taught by superstition, and received by the ignorant as a sure sign of godliness.

In the days of Bishop Goldwell, and toward the end of the existence of the palace of Wyke's Bishop, there lived a man who came from a far country, and took up his solitary abode at the head of the little stream which rose from the side of the hill, in the valley of Ufford. He had existed twenty years in that secluded spot, and was never known to shave his head or trim his beard in the course of that period.

In an age when superstition reigned supreme, and the poor dejected sinner knew not how to worship God in spirit and in truth, without flying from the face of men, and seeking something in solitude; in an age when the ministers of Rome taught that penance was meritorious, the self-immolating

sacrifice of solitude, became the surest way to obtain the crown of the saint ; and many were the conscience-smitten convicts who were urged to depart from every tie of life, and give themselves up to the sternest impositions of devotion. They would retire from the world, live in a cave, kneel a certain number of hours on a hard stone, before a cross in the wall of their cells, eat just enough coarse bread to keep life from departing, and drink of the water from some fountain sacred to their fancy.

Amongst the ignorant, these men were looked upon with the most profound veneration, were esteemed paragons of excellence ; the most virtuous, the most pious saints upon earth. Their names were handed down to posterity, their deeds mentioned with respect, whilst they themselves deceived their own hearts with the ideas of their own fancies for divinity.

At the period of this narrative, there

existed a devotee of this kind, who went by the title of St. Ivan. He boasted his descent from Hurder the Dane; and, because his father, grandfather, or great-grandfather had been stolen, when a child in his mother's arms, and carried away by the chieftain, Hurder, during a Danish incursion, he called himself of Danish extraction. There was an Ivan de Linton, who originally built the chapel of Wyke's Bishop, and appointed priests to chaunt a requiem therein, for his father's soul, who was saved in the battle with the Danes upon Rushmere Heath, and died in a cottage or cave where an old man lived, at the Ufford Dell. A wild descendant of this Ivan came from Cambridgeshire, and became *the St. Ivan*, celebrated for his solitary eccentricity. He was a physician in the latter part of the reign of Henry V.; so that he must have been an old man when he retired from the world.

For twenty years he administered advice



to all who came to him, and, as he recommended abstinence for a certain number of hours previously to his consideration of plethoric diseases, he obtained wonderful celebrity for the cure of the Holy Waters from St. Ivan's Spring. Thus the spot was called, and, to this day, bears the name of the Holy Wells.

This old man used to perambulate the Bishop's palace every day. He never entered its walls, because he used to say that, when he did so, they would fall down, because the palace had been built upon the site of the chapel of his forefathers. He was greatly respected by the inhabitants of Ipswich, as pilgrims from all parts came to be healed at the well of St. Ivan.

From time to time, as the old man went his rounds, perambulating the moat of the castle, he observed, as many others might have done, had they as regularly frequented the spot, indications of danger in the walls

of the building ; for the banks of the moat on the castle side, began to press more and more into the waters, evidently showing that a settlement was taking place which must one day be destructive to the edifice.

From year to year he had observed these signs, and no doubt expected to behold the demolition of a palace which he considered an innovation of his rights. For the twenty years he lived there, this was the theme of his prognostication, whenever any friend or stranger visited his cell. His ominous declarations had rather increased with his latter years, as the slips into the deep moat became larger.

Lord De Freeston had often visited this eccentric man, and finding something more in him than the delusions of ignorance, he made great allowances for his vagaries. He found him communicative and well-informed upon all historical subjects, though pretending to be wrapt up in abstruse fallacies. He

humoured his fancies, and received from him far more honest disclosures than such men are apt to make. But upon the subject of the fall of Wyke's Bishop's Palace, he found an uniformity of opinion that made him doubtful of the man's sanity. Little, however, did that nobleman know of the daily calculations of St. Ivan, and perhaps had he been aware of them, he would have equally doubted their accuracy.

A friendship certainly subsisted between them which was nurtured by the kind heart of De Freston; for, unknown to the recluse, he employed poor people, from whom alone the hermit would take anything, to supply him with gifts of bread and viands whenever he could understand they would be received. Kind acts are always, one day or other, rewarded, let them be done by whom they will; whilst unkind ones will as assuredly meet with bitter reflections, if ever retribution visit the offender.

Noon, as was stated at the end of the last chapter, was the hour of hospitality at that day, when men were less hasty to be made rich, and could afford the most wakeful hour of the day for public entertainments. Now, indeed, friends visit each other at hours when their ancestors were about to retire for the night. But the hour of noon that day was a busy hour in the palace of Wyke's Bishop. It was alive with people passing and repassing, as the dinner-bell in the lofty turret kept up its peal. A joyful sound indeed to many a poor priest, who was melancholy only on the prescribed day of fasting, when he was bound to keep in his own cell.

Many of the wealthiest townsmen were expected. The mayor, burgess, and portmen, together with their wives and daughters, were to be partakers of the hospitality of the Bishop. Understanding, as they soon did, that Ellen De Freston, the amiable daughter

and heiress of the Lord of Freston Tower, was to be there, they assembled with far lighter hearts and livelier countenances than if they had no one to meet but her contrast, Alice de Clinton.

There came also, at the invitation of Bishop Goldwell, the priests of St. Peter and St. Lawrence, the priests of St. Mary at the Tower, St. Mary near the Elms, St. Saviour, St. John, St. Margaret and Trinity, then held as one, and of St. Michael, which stood upon the borders of the town-wall. These were all assembled in the great hall, or banquetting-room of the palace, and took their seats previously to the entrance of Bishop Goldwell. The table was so arranged, in the shape of a section of a roof, that the Bishop was seen, as it were, from every part of the board, and could himself see every one of his visitors. He could thus be addressed by any one without incon-

venience, and every speech could be distinctly heard.

As the Bishop entered, the numerous company rose. His reverence came accompanied by the bailiffs of the ancient borough and their friends, together with all such as were acquainted with Lord De Freston. There was Edmund Daundy, Thomas Smart, Robert Tooley, John Sparrowe, and several others, twelve in number, who entered, from the palace reception-chamber, into the hall. The Bishop led the way in state, followed by Alice and Lord De Freston, Daundy and Ellen, Latimer and the bailiff's wife, and other couples, who were escorted to their seats with all-appointed etiquette.

Lord De Freston sat on the right-hand side of the chair, or throne, and next to him sat Alice de Clinton, at whom no one could look without being struck with her cold and haughty dignity. Next to her, to

his discomfort, sat William Latimer, who was in every respect a gentleman, at perfect ease with himself and others, though far from obtrusive. A daughter of the House of Sparrowe, a very ancient family in Ipswich, sat on his right, and then several of the burgesses of the town, the priests, and travellers, mendicants, and strangers, to the end of the table.

On the left of the Bishop sat Edmund Daundy, and next to him Ellen De Freston, and next to her John Sparrowe and others invited as friends, and then Thomas Bilney, John Bale, and several of their friends who had come with them, to hear what advice the Bishop would give in those troublesome times.

The "benedicite" was chaunted by the priests, and the company arranged for the feast partook of the celebrated hospitality of that princely bishop, than whom Norwich never, in those Popish days, before or after,

had a more truly liberal prelate. He was a man with a great degree of knowledge of men and manners.

He professed not a liberality he did not practice. He was consistent in his conduct, and did not condemn the ignorant. He courted not popularity at the expense of public principle, nor made friends of the private enemies of the church in preference to the encouragement of his own clergy. He regarded the conscientious scruples of others, permitted free discussion before him, and gave his opinions and advice with judgment and discretion. He was superior to the times he lived in, and was much beloved, both in private and public.

Whilst the Bishop was entertaining his company, St. Ivan, whose hour for perambulating the walls of the palace, had arrived just as the bell had ceased, descended from his cave. He bound his loose vest round his loins, and taking his staff in his hands, began



his walk down the stone steps from his dwelling. The old man always knew everything going on in the palace. The poor who visited him could tell him the characters of its inmates, and frequently they described the haughty maid in her true character. He had, that day, heard of the arrival of Lord De Freston and his daughter, and was observed to be more than usually stirred in his mind at the circumstance. He paused, as the palace came in his view and shook his long white locks from his forehead, as he surveyed the walls.

“Was it for this,” he exclaimed, “that my venerated sire built on yonder site, the Chapel of Ufford, that wassail and waste might come, and the pomp, pride, and state of a Bishop’s See, might be gathered therein, to greet the nobles of the land, and the inhabitants of this town. Did he, for the space of a whole year, kneel day by day on the cold stone with which he laid the very

foundation of his chapel? Did he dedicate the same to the saints, and vow to heaven one half of his wealth to build a holy temple, where priests should pray day and night, and the holy fire should be kept burning upon the altar? Was it for this, that, over his bones which lie there, a Bishop should hold his court, and invite all the world to partake of his hospitality, whilst I, the descendant of the founder, should be doomed to live in the sandstone cave of the Holy Wells, and to see the inheritance of my fathers thus polluted? But it will not be for long. Those walls will fall. They have not long to stand, perhaps not a day. I must look to it again."

It was in this strain that the recluse indulged in his own peculiar view of things, and entertained a morbid hope, that he should live to see the fall of Goldwell's palace walls. He indulged in a propensity for the superstitions, and like an ancient sage

spoke in an oracular manner, as if positive of his own inspiration. He was, however, much more hopeful from his earthly view of the state of the building and its adjacent ground, than from any second sight that he possessed, and this he hastened that very day to indulge.

St. Ivan, revered as he was by all the ignorant, and even respected by the learned, was not much regarded by the monks of St. Peter's Priory, or the abbots of Bury, on account of his utter detestation of their absurd relics, and silly pretensions to things they called sacred, which were of no estimation in his eyes. Such as the shirt of St. Edmund: one of his sinews, his sword, the parings of his toe-nails, and other things o which they attributed great sanctity. Drops of Stephen's blood; a piece of the real cross; the coals which broiled St. Lawrence; pieces of the flesh of saints and virgins; St. Botolph's bones; St. Thomas-à-Becket's

boots, penknife, &c. ; skulls, candles, crosses, and such a variety of holy things, one and all of which, St. Ivan, like a wise man, laughed at.

Though the monks were jealous of him, and some termed him heretic ; others entertained a superstitious dread of him, which he well knew how to manage. The learned fraternity of Alneshborne alone paid him any respect, and he used to tell Lord De Freston, that these Augustines were the only monks he ever knew good for anything.

The old man was kind to all. The austerity of his manners was softened by any case of humanity in distress ; and it is supposed, that a disappointment in his life, either in ambition, love, or professional celebrity, led him to the lonely cell of Ufford's dale. In that day, religion was so clouded with oral traditions, vain external ceremonies, and exclusive dogmatical pretensions to superior gifts of healing, miracles, and works, that

real faith and godliness were things almost driven from the earth. No wonder, then, that a man who had perception enough to see so much dishonesty, should be driven into himself for notions of duty and worship.

There was deep anxiety in his countenance as he glanced into the rippling stream from the Holy Wells, and took his way down its pebbly, shingly and craggy sides towards Wyke's Bishop's palace. His foot was firm, his eye bright, and except the trembling of the hand as he placed his staff upon the ground, but little could be discerned of infirmity.

His path lay on the outside of the moat, and was so worn by twenty years perambulations, as to have created a path, known as St. Ivan's path ; few would walk in it, and hence the old man's observations upon the sinking of the walls, and the encroachings of the turfy bank, though strictly marked

with willow twigs, were unnoticed by others.

That day, all his land-marks were bent prostrate with the waters, and with consternation, increased by previous anticipation, he observed a certain tremulous motion of the waters, ebbing from beneath the castle side of the bank. For a moment, he stood aghast. He knew well what was going on in the palace, the number of souls therein, and the imminent danger which awaited every one then feasting at the Bishop's board. Recovering himself from his surprise, humanity prevailed over every other consideration, and the thought of so many perishing, induced him to hasten his steps round the moat.

As he went on, his keen perception became more alarmed, for he perceived that the fall of the palace must quickly come. His agitation increased to such a degree, that he could not move quick enough, and men were surprised

to see St. Ivan, hitherto always slow, calm, and gentle with his hoary hairs and well composed walk, now stepping short and quick with extreme trepidation.

His heart seemed swollen within him ; his agitated spirit, now that he saw the near accomplishment of what he had been looking for, so long, was dreadfully disturbed. He knew it would be in vain to tell the warder, the gardener, or the serving men. He knew they all understood that he would not pass the draw-bridge lest it should fall upon him, as he himself had issued a sort of oracular declaration that when he entered the palace it would fall down. He, therefore, hastened his steps determined to terrify every one out of the palace before the crash came.

## CHAPTER XV.

## THE JUDGMENT.

THE guests were all seated in the ancient palace-hall, and before them were placed the profuse hospitality of one whose board was as regularly supplied by mayor, portmen, burgesses, commonalty, and gentry in the country, as if they were all tenants of the See, and bound to furnish the Bishop's board. There was, in those days, no niggard bounty, no measured dole to the comer, but such as could feast on ample fare without intoxicating potions were welcome to the palace.



Latimer had been introduced to Alice, as the friend of Lord De Freston. Alice took her seat in the assembly, as if every creature before her was her slave. Her stern, majestic, pale, oval face, with the conical head-dress of the period, gave her such a lofty look, that it was the theme of observation among most of the guests.

“How haughty is the Bishop’s queen!” was the speech of more than one of the guests, as she surveyed the assemblage before her, and scarcely condescended to give a glance of recognition, much less a word to any one.

Ellen De Freston, who had known the failing of Alice, was pained to see how deeply it had grown upon her since she had last seen her; but she was doubly pained to observe in her a contempt for every one there present; but most especially for her cousin, William Latimer.

In vain did he endeavour to elicit one word from his haughty companion. To see the man in whose society men so delighted, whose converse was the purest and most gentle, and at the same time, so wise and elegant, set at naught, by one whose pride alone gave her any pretension to dignity, was something so revolting to her nature, and so foreign to her ideas of respect, that she could not fail to feel for Latimer, at every attempt he made to address the haughty Alice.

The proud Alice would condescend to speak to the Lord De Freston, but a supercilious stare was the sole result of every attempt on the part of Latimer to draw a word from her.

“He is the friend of my father,” thought Ellen. “Surely he cannot be aware of the indignity she puts upon that friend by her behaviour. He would never encourage such hauteur by engaging in conversation, with

her, if he could see the gentle and manly Latimer, treated as he is by Alice. But he sees it not."

It was evidently observed by Daundy, who was seated near to Ellen.

"Do you see, my fair Ellen, how that haughty maid flaunts at the young scholar's address to her. Latimer must feel himself very uncomfortable. I rejoice that I am not near her; I might be apt to forget even the courtesies of the Bishop, and tell her she had better keep to her own closet than pretend to come into society, and not know how to behave in it."

"I perceive it," replied Ellen, "and I am almost indignant enough to wish that you had the opportunity of giving a deserved rebuke to the spirit of pride, which delights in paining the humble. I am sure Latimer feels deeply wounded by such treatment."

If the conduct of Alice wounded the gentle and generous Latimer, he was more

than repaid by the sign of interest which Ellen evinced for him. It was then, for the first moment of his life, that the thought of love came down upon his soul, and dispelled the gloom of sorrow which had brooded over his mind, at the pride of the fair one near him. It was a similar thought that aroused in Ellen the blush of consciousness, as she felt the first throb of the warm blood rush from her heart, in sympathy with the architect of Freston Tower.

It was perhaps well, just at this moment, that Latimer and Ellen were called upon to listen to the language of orators upon the most vital and important subject which could come under human contemplation.

John Bale, who had waited patiently till grace had been chaunted, and was expected to speak publicly before the Bishop upon matters touching some scruples he entertained, rose. Silence being enjoined, he addressed the Bishop in these words :

“ I rise, my lord Bishop, though with many misgivings, on account of the time and place, for such occasion to put a very serious question for your judgment. Nothing but the course which you have commanded to be observed, of doing nothing secretly, should have induced me to address a mixed assembly upon these matters. But in acknowledgment of the candour, courtesy, and hospitality you have shewn me, I venture here to enter upon a subject so grave and solemn. Nothing where you preside can be said, I trust, in an unbecoming spirit, and nothing certainly should be spoken without charity. I humbly pray, then, for the full protection of your presence upon this occasion, that if we speak with respect, we may not be insulted with ribaldry.

“ Now, the error which I have been said, in common with others in our day, to have fallen into, is the one upon which I seek your judgment. We maintain that the Scriptures

are given by God, to be a chastening warning and correction to the sinner's soul. A comfort to the righteous, and God's great boon to all the world. That without these Scriptures, commonly called the Bible, salvation cannot be properly known and understood. That they, and they alone, contain the truth which we ought to preach and teach, and the observances which we ought to hold. That the pious should receive such truth, and the learned preach it. That no man can know anything of God's will or his decrees, but from the sacred Scriptures. That all our learning of languages, is but to keep these Scriptures pure, and to teach the unlearned and ignorant therefrom, the sure and certain meaning of the Word once spoken to man.

“That this is one of the gifts of God's Grace, and ought not to make any man proud, haughty or high-minded, but rather the reverse. That it did so operate in the

earliest days of the Church, not making even the inspired Apostles to think more highly of themselves than they ought to think ; but to do all things for the edification of others.

“We maintain that our studies are nothing to ourselves, except they can assist us to be lights unto others. We advocate the cause of the Scriptures being placed in the hands of the people, and maintain, that so far from this derogating from our authority, such a step would tend to increase the respect paid us, since all men can then see that the doctrines we preach and teach are the solid truth. That if the Scriptures be withheld, no man’s judgment can be sound upon what we teach ; for without them, it is impossible they should acknowledge the truth of our preaching.

“I request your voice and judgment hereupon, to say, at once, whether we hold or not, in these matters, anything contrary to

true discipline, and the right directions of mankind. I know your mind to be replete with learning, and that you do not despise others, nor would destroy research in the bosom of the Church. I, therefore, the more confidently commit what I say to your consideration, and await your answer."

There was a pause among the auditors before the Bishop; though the priest of St. Peter looked as if he would tear his crimson vest in pieces. The priest also of St Saviour's was so much stirred, that he felt as if the sin of schism was in the very palace. He rose up from his seat like a rampant and roaring lion, and for very rage could scarcely keep his hands off the humble man who had resumed his seat. He did not, as it was, fail to give him a curse in no very gentle terms.

"Heretic," he exclaimed, "thou art doomed to the fiercest and deadliest death.



Go down, down, down, to the darkest doom  
beneath, where the devil and death prevail !  
Go down there at once !

“ Can’st thou hear him, my lord Bishop,  
defame the very Church of which thou art  
thyself a prelate ? Does he dare to mention  
in thy presence his deeds of shame, and to  
strike his poisonous darts even against thine  
own heart ? Hear him, Bishop Goldwell !  
hear him ! Like Wickliffe, he wishes that  
all could read, that he might sell his Bible,  
and get paid for his pains. He would raise  
up the people like wild hyenas to come and  
feast upon the priesthood. Observe how  
insidiously he turns the whole tenour of his  
argument upon placing the Bible in the hands  
of the common people. He does not say he  
would subvert the hierarchy ; he does not say  
he would do away with the priesthood ; but  
he speaks as if we were all dishonest, and he  
would not have the people believe one word  
we speak.

“ He will not, for a moment, abide by the decision of the Papal power, though he now seems to acknowledge thy right of jurisdiction over him. This is but an insidious covering for treachery ; for whilst he pays thee court, and owns thy supremacy in ecclesiastical affairs, he denies the very power by which thou, O Goldwell ! holdest thine authority. His words are as smooth as oil, and slip so easily in admiration of thy grace and goodness, yet he will not own that the Church has the right of sole interpretation of those Scriptures which he is such an advocate for placing in the hands of the people.

“ He will not admit that the Pope has the keys of St. Peter, though he may loose, he says, as many as he pleases, but has no power to bind any one. Nay, he will not admit, that the Pope is the head of the Christian Church, and is the only infallible source from which decision can be given. He would have the people taught no longer to depend upon our

teaching, but would have them dispute our authority and deny to us the powers of absolution. So, my lord, he would have the people believe they are quite as good judges of scriptural things as we are; and shortly they will think they have quite as much right to this palace and the revenues thereof, as thou hast.

“ But shall this heretic teach them never to believe in our commission to stand betwixt their souls and heaven, to give them their meat in proper season, and explain the word, as we ourselves receive it. I pray thee, Bishop Goldwell, not to let the world believe that we cast our pearls before swine, and they never turn and rend us. I pray thee, with equal warmth, but with more truth, to give thy decision upon this occasion with that degree of justice which is expected of thee. I flatter thee not with enticing words, knowing that the judgment of the Church is with

thee, and that thou wilt not fear to pronounce that heresy which militates against the teaching of the Church. I claim thy protection and beseech thee not to cherish and encourage heretics within the precincts of thy palace. I have done. I await thy judgment with confidence."

He had no sooner taken his seat, than the youthful Bilney rose, his heart full of sorrow, woe, and trouble, yet throbbing alone for the truth. He had seen, with an eagle's eyes, the sins of the papal hierarchy, and sighed to be free from the pestilential darkness which covered, as with a veil, the light of the Scriptures. He addressed himself to the bishop in the following terms :

"Thou knowest, Bishop Goldwell, that I came not here this day, to intrude upon thy privacy, or to boast in defiance of thine authority ; but that thou thyself didst desire that I should speak out candidly before

others that which I had more privately and conscientiously divulged to thee. I know that thine intention was good in this: that thou didst it to elicit truth, and never intended that we should be in thy presence and in thine own palace, insulted and have epithets of opprobrium cast upon us; nay, that we should be condemned without benefit of clergy to the nethermost shades of hell.

“It is the rule of thy board, that every man should have full liberty to speak, provided he confine his arguments within the prescribed limits of decency and order, and enter not into violent invective of personal matters which are not becoming either the dignity of the subject discussed, or the persons before whom the discussion is to take place.

“I would not, therefore, encroach upon thine hospitality, and venture to speak unbidden upon this occasion. But I cannot enter upon the all-important matters, which I

conceive it my duty to lay before thee, if I am to meet with the same frantic and uncourteous treatment which my friend has just received at the hands of the priest of St. Saviour's. There can no charity dwell, where rancour burns within. Forbid it, then, I pray thee, good Bishop, that when thou hast called around thee so many friends to partake of thine hospitality, and hast made them welcome with thy cheer; and hast commanded us to speak as friends, that we should meet with such scurrilous and abusive behaviour as to disgust us at once, and induce us not to utter a word.

“Owing thy full authority here, I shall not attempt to speak until I hear thee lay down the law of thy palace, and command that we be at least so far respected before thee, that we may not be afraid to give utterance to whatever we may advance. I simply ask thy word of protection before I

commence : until I receive it, I would rather keep silence before this assembly. I shall then be sure no one can be offended with me.”

Bilney sat down ; and the priests of Ipswich looked a little confused at the clear and manly tone of speech with which this young man then addressed the Bishop, before the company. They were cut to the heart at his composure, and could not forgive him for the advantage which the brevity of his introduction had gained. There was wisdom enough in it to call forth these words from Goldwell.

“ Thou art invited, and not summonsd hither to answer to any accusation of crime or heresy, but freely to speak thy mind ; and with candour and truth, the best weapons any man can use, to deliver thy sentiments without any personal fear. I like thy temper, and must insist upon my clergy’s observance

of such forms of decorum, as the courtesy of my palace demands. Thou must not be surprised, indeed, if thy doctrines and those of thy friend Bale, should create a little rheum in the spirits of those so unaccustomed to have any of their decisions disputed. For these things, though not totally unheard of, are, nevertheless, so new in the palace and presence of a Bishop, that where warmth of character exists, it will be apt to shew itself in reply. But thou mayst be quite assured of our protection, both for thy person and thy speech, and that judgment shall not be given before both sides of the question have been well weighed. Those who wish to be heard at all, must command their speech, so as to keep within the limits of charity.

“Thou mayst go on, and should thine opponents, friends as they are to me, and subordinate to my authority, conduct them-



selves in an unbecoming manner, thou mayst depend upon the soundness of my judgment, to give them a merited rebuke. Hoping I shall hear nothing more of acrimony, I invite thee to proceed."

## CHAPTER XVI.

## JUDGMENT CONTINUED.

ALL paid respect to the person and speech of Goldwell; all acknowledged his influence, and, had he rose to retire, not an individual would have remained to dispute one moment longer any matter whatsoever. All knew this well, so that, when the Bishop had once declared his decision, not the most furious zealot dared to utter a word. Bilney rose amidst the most profound silence.

“I can perceive,” he said, “most worthy prelate, how very quickly these priests of

Ipswich judge our motives, how little credit they give us for sincerity, and how soon they would gag our mouths, could they prevent our speech before thee. I am glad to find, however, that they pay thee the respect which not only thine office, but thyself dost deserve, inasmuch as they retain silence at thy command. I am silent, Bishop Goldwell—silent here, if thou dost command me—but, as thou hast given me liberty to speak, and I am full of the subject before thee, I will confine my observations to the one point which my friend has taken up upon this occasion; which point I consider as bearing the brunt of the whole argument, namely, the giving the whole Word of God into the hands of the people.

“Now, if I preach the Gospel, or any other person having authority so to do, preaches it, is the source whence we derive all our knowledge to be concealed? I would ask of thee, or of any person in this assembly,

supposing a messenger came to thee, to order thee to go to such a place, for that there thou wast expected, wouldst thou not ask such person whence he derived his authority, what credentials he had to shew for thine undertaking such a journey ?

“ No man would attend the bidding of another, to believe or to do a thing which was contrary to his convenience, his opinions, his judgment, or his circumstances, unless the bidding came from a source he could not dispute, and he was convinced it was his duty to obey. So I maintain before thee and all this assembly, that when we preach and teach the glad tidings of salvation, the people should have the law and the testimony, the Old and New Testaments before them, that they may judge of the truth of the message, invitation, or threatenings which we hold forth.

“ How is it possible for the people to believe any truth of Scripture without the

assurance of the Scriptures themselves? If I tell the people that God has spoken to man from the beginning: if I tell them of man's original formation, temptation, transgression and condemnation, how are they to understand it without the Word of that Revelation which teaches us all? I might as well preach the heathen mythology, and teach them concerning the golden, silver, and iron age, and talk to them of Deucalion and Pyrra, and tell them men sprang from dragon's teeth, if they are merely to believe what we tell them, without our laying before them the grounds of our belief.

“I would never believe there was such a person as Adam, or another such as Cain, or Abel, or Seth; I would never believe there was such a person as Noah, or such an event as the Deluge, or such a person as Abraham, or such a promise given to him as is recorded, without I had read or heard the Scriptures read, from whence the know-

ledge of such things and persons is derived. And how can we expect that the things we would not believe ourselves without such evidences, others should take upon a man's mere ipse dixit.

“Neither thou nor I, Bishop Goldwell, would believe that there had been such a law-giver as Moses, nor such a law given as he conveyed from the mouth of God, if we had not the Scriptures to give us the information. It is here that men are subject both to credulity and incredulity ; but give them the whole Word of God, let them see the wisdom which it conveys, let them think for themselves, and I am persuaded that we need never be afraid that the spread of divine knowledge should be otherwise than productive of the changing of the whole world.

“We cannot pretend to be inspired prophets of God, deriving from him a direct communication independent of that which he

has once shed upon his ancient prophets and apostles. However secluded and separated we may be from the rest of the world—I ask thee, Bishop Goldwell, can we derive a direct communication from Heaven beyond the written Word of God? I do maintain then, that we should teach nothing for doctrine, but what the Revelation of God has unfolded. Who shall repeat any form of Catholic expression without being convinced by Scripture, that he assents to a thing revealed to him? We know but little indeed of the true God without his revelation; and the treasures of his Word are so many, so various, so full, so instructive, satisfying and consolatory, that I wish every man to have in his own language the whole written Word of God, that we may all acknowledge that we derive consolation from the same source.

“I would not, therefore, have the Word of God a sealed book amongst us, but spread

far and wide among all people, that honest hearts may see the Salvation of God, and glorify the Father of Light from whom it proceeded.

“Such appearing, to my mind, to be the wisdom required in the present day to drive from men’s minds the clouds of darkness, I ask thee, Bishop Goldwell, wherein I speak what can, with justice, be called heretical? Do I ask a thing contrary to wisdom? I should be glad to hear thy decision upon this point. Further, I will not take up thy time nor press my opinions upon this assembly; I study only to have a conscience void of offence toward God and man.”

The priest of St. Peter rose quickly from his seat, and stood erect before the company. He had his hair shorn with the utmost precision, his scalp bald, save the curling edges of grey hair which were allowed to cover his ears. He had a dark, black,



piercing eye, which told of anything but calmness, every now and then flashing at Bilney and at the Bishop, as if it would strike a spark out of theirs to consume them. His spirit was evidently perturbed within him, and he could scarcely compose his nerves sufficiently to let his words come forth without passion.

He shook his vest with anger, as if he would not be contaminated with the touch of such men as spake that day.

“Shall the Church,” he exclaimed vehemently, “hold no more traditions? Shall we teach no kind of observances? Is the advice of our prelates and preachers to be no longer listened to, except it accord with the crude notions of this man? Are the people no longer to hear the word of command from our lips; but to run wild, here and there, after such preachers as John Bale, and Thomas Bilney? We may as well at once give up our holy vows, and yield our

right to the power of this wild abuse ; that the people are to have private judgment, and cavil at our interpretation of the Bible. They hear our anthems, they join our prayers, they attend our altars, receive our absolution, according to the power we have to set them free, and what would they have more ? They want not to trouble their heads about the Scriptures. It is surely much better for them to accept what we tell them than to seek to be wise above learned men.

“ But if their minds become disturbed by such men as these, there is no telling what may be the consequence. The real fact, Bishop Goldwell, is, these men have become bitter enemies to the Church of Rome, and, under the pretence of introducing the Scriptures to the notice of the people, they take every opportunity of inveighing against our authority. They know themselves deserving of censure from the Church, they

subject themselves to punishment, and I should think it no more than a duty I owed to the Church, if I were in thy place, to commit them at once to the custody of some keeper.”

“ I conjure thee, venerable Prelate, not to listen to their complaint, nor even to lend a friendly ear of greeting to what they say; for ‘ the poison of asps is under their lips, and they do but flatter with their tongues.’ I conjure thee, by the vows thou hast taken to support the Church, to summon at once to thy court at Norwich these refractory sons of the Church, that they may be made to answer before thy dean and chapter for the evil they have done; that if they do not cease publishing their absurd notions of religious freedom, their mouths may be stopped by thine authority, which, if thou dost fail to use, I tell thee before this company that I shall at once make a complaint to the Pope.

“ It is all very well for thee to make this show of popularity in this ancient palace, and at thine own board, but a bishop who is so discourteous to his own clergy, and so very partial to these recusants is not, I conceive, faithful to his trust. I am discontented and dissatisfied with the treatment which we true sons of the Roman Catholic Church have met with this day, and I conceive that a just cause of complaint is given to the hierarchy in Ipswich; and unless a direct distinction be forthwith made in our behalf, I shall call upon all my brethren to join me in a petition to the higher authorities, that we may be justified in the sight of our fellow-townsmen. It is not to be wondered at, that we should see heresies increasing every day, when thou, Bishop Goldwell, dost delight to encourage false notions of liberalism, leading to the sins of schism and infidelity. On thine own head rest the evil! but it shall not be without a warning.”

A dead silence pervaded that assembly, and even the bishop waited to see if any other speaker would venture to utter a word. All eyes were turned towards the place where he sat; yet the only person seen to move was Alice de Clinton, who, leaning towards the Bishop, begged an exchange of place with Lord De Freston, that she might the more easily communicate what she had to say in the Bishop's ear. From her well-known character, her stern dignity, and cold-blooded, chilly disposition, it was well considered that nothing amiable could proceed. It was with some degree of shame that the Lord De Freston saw this female influence exercised, as unbecoming modesty as it was the real interest of her sex.

Ellen read in her father's face his dissatisfaction, little thinking that the sight of her intelligent countenance would awaken the eloquence of her friend Latimer; but

De Freston had been speaking to him, and urging him to say a word upon the occasion. They had both been surprised by the strong tone which had been used against the light of truth, yet both had sufficient wisdom to perceive that where violence is opposed by violence both must be wrong, and therefore they thought best to wait awhile to see if the calmness of the Bishop would not still the contentious spirit of those who were for stirring up strife in the palace. Alice, however, having taken her seat with immovable frigidity of feature, and silence still prevailing, Latimer rose.

“As a stranger to thee, Bishop Goldwell, and to the greater part of this company, I should not have risen to give utterance to the words of my heart, had I not been urged thereto by my learned and truly liberal friend Lord De Freston. He assures me that, so far from being affronted with my boldness, thou wilt be the rather pleased that I venture

to trespass upon the attention of thine assembly. At Oxford we are, as it is well known, infected, if I may so call it, with orthodoxy, overgrown to such a state of particularity, as to make things in themselves of no moment, appear of the utmost consequence, and things of the most vital interest, of but minor consideration. We are, moreover, intent upon learning, and never doubt for a moment that wisdom will ultimately prevail over every other consideration, and turn all angry and contentious language into the quiet of orderly and spiritual speech—that men who cut each other's souls with words, as foemen do each other's bodies with their swords, will be brought to right reason and sound sense, and use the words only of truth and soberness.

“If a youth who departed from this town a few years ago, and who has since become

so distinguished for his learning and wisdom were here this day, knowing, as I do, his ability, I should keep silence before him and thee, well convinced that he would be much better able to speak those truths which I conceive ought this moment to be spoken. His relatives and friends I see before me, and some of them may not be sorry to hear me re-echo his sentiments, though they may regret his absence. Speaking in our theatre, some days ago, upon the same subject this day discussed, I heard him declare, in a long and animated speech, the duties of students with regard to scriptural learning, and the study of the original languages in which the Scriptures were written; but, as all could not be learned enough to understand many things difficult therein, the duty of the ministry is to explain those things, and to afford living examples of that faith which they teach



and preach. He hoped to see the time when the Scriptures might be unlocked and distributed in abundance to feed the people. His arguments were based upon the grounds of truth, that the Word of God can never be too widely circulated.

“The Clergy, he declared, were but a very small portion of the visible Church, and would lose nothing of their influence with the people by liberating their minds from that ignorance of the Word of the living God, which now in darkness so universal prevailed over them. In speaking of heresy, he maintained before the whole University that it was nothing heretical to disseminate the Scriptures.

“I mention Wolsey as my authority for this assertion, not only because I know that in this his native place, his fame is justly celebrated, his learning esteemed, and he

himself, though young is so highly respected, but because, Bishop Goldwell, his sentiments accord with my own, I would ask any man here present, who desires to know anything of his Redeemer, how he is to do so without the Scriptures? Our Saviour said: 'Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think ye have eternal life, and these be they which testify of me.' Now if we can have the Scriptures to search, it is our duty to look into them, that we may discover the truth as it is in Him.

"I know, most hospitable prelate, that thou dost trust in God and his revelation, and will pardon me if I say I should tremble indeed were I to hinder the true sons of the Church from looking into those Scriptures, from which we all derive our own consolation and hope, and which no man of right mind can read with any danger to himself or others. Forbid then, I entreat

thee, most reverend prelate, forbid this raging against men who think as seriously and conscientiously upon these matters as any of this assembly can do, that they do best promote the glory of God by spreading and obeying his Word. Forbid that madness which is increasing in this age, and, if not met with firmness by men in thy station, will hereafter be productive of the utmost cruelty. Church discipline has been greatly corrupted in our land, almost to the exclusion of the knowledge of God's laws.

“ I see before me all the principal priests of the various parishes in this town, who all are attached to the ancient See of Rome. I value the preservation of the records of truth there as highly as any of them ; but I say now, that heresy consists in the introduction of impositions, not required by the Word of God, and therefore not con-

sistent with His Church, and certainly does not consist of the spread of his Word. The impositions I call *heresies*, are those of teaching for doctrine the commandments of men. Things the most absurd, the most foolish, the most wicked, are taught in the Church, as great essentials in the ways of holiness. Look only at the vain repetition of so many Pater Nosters, so many Ave Marias, so many foolish, barefoot pilgrimages, penances, fines, gifts, indulgences, and ceremonies, which have neither common sense nor rational meaning in them, but which are really and intrinsically heresies, detracting from the love of God and His commandments.

“I was at Bury lately, and saw what numbers of devout penitents were sent from all parts of the kingdom, to pay their devotions to a piece of St. Edmund’s shirt:—is not this heresy? There I saw what was

termed the sinew of St. Edmund, his sword, the parings of his toes ; and is such nonsense to be held sacred ?

“The monks shewed me certain drops of what they termed St. Stephen’s blood. Even if it had been the blood of Stephen, was it an object to be worshipped?—is not this heresy? They shewed me a quantity of the *real cross*. The coals on which St. Lawrence was broiled. Thomas à Becket’s boots and his penknife, and numerous other things, to all of which they attributed such a degree of sanctity, that I was convinced of their ignorance ; and, however much history, revelation and faith might induce me to thank God for the examples of such men, I could not but think it *heresy* to pay any kind of adoration to relics of such things, however much importance they might attach to them.

“But the spread of God’s Word cannot

be heresy, nor are those who preach it heretics. O! let not truth then be supposed to shine only on the Dome of St. Peter's at Rome! but rather let it be like the sun which shines over the whole world. God grant that our country may be the foremost to spread the light of truth over this benighted world. Nothing can be productive of so much happiness, either to the priest or the people as this enlightenment. But I have done, Bishop Goldwell; I have spoken my mind, invited thereto and sanctioned by thy courtesy, and, in so doing, I have only to apologise for the length of time I have occupied the attention of this assembly."

Latimer took his seat, not without a smile of thanks from Ellen, which not even the stern expression of Alice could in the least chill. Yet Alice frowned at Ellen as if she despised her for that

look ; and nothing but the rising of Bishop Goldwell to speak to his guests prevented her precipitate and indignant retirement.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## ST. IVAN'S WARNING.

SILENCE prevailed amongst the guests as the venerable prelate rose to reply. Looks, yes, fiery looks, shot to the head of that board, against the learned Latimer; and even Lord De Freeston, with all his well-known bounty, liberality, orthodoxy, and piety, did not escape the furious glances of St. Peter's priests; nor of the violent advocates for the Pope's supremacy. They gnashed upon him with their teeth; and could have wept for very vexation. So serious did the matter



seem, that there were many peaceful townsmen, who wished most heartily that they were at home with their wives and children, instead of being witnesses of this unbecoming hospitality.

The Bishop, with great knowledge of the world—a truly liberal heart, yet not without deep prejudices, which in that day were not so easily subdued as in this, replied :

“ I have ever considered it one of the best privileges of my palace of Wykes, that here the stranger may speak unmolested, undisturbed by any one : that we may all reap the benefit of each other’s experience in learning, science, travel, or the wonders of nature, art, or industry. On this account, has the hospitality of this roof been devoted to the purposes of an open free court ; wherein, as long as men behave themselves with courtesy, so long shall they and their communications be respected.

“ It has been my lot, frequently, to hear

interesting discussions upon science, upon the ancient interpretation of words. Frequently, both naval and military works have been propounded, the uses of the rudder, and very lately, that new and wonderful invention, the compass. In all these things, public interest has been pleasantly and profitably kept alive, and my palace has been considered the agreeable resort of learned and intelligent men. The discoveries of distant shores have been spoken of, the manners, arts, customs and peculiarities of people, scarcely heard of before, are made familiar to us; and we have all participated in the interesting information.

“We have never found any difficulty in separating the dross of absurdity from the good coin of intrinsic knowledge. The very openness of my table has afforded the power to suppress mere hearsay reports of things, and to bring forward those that are trustworthy. But nothing has so much puzzled

the brains of many leading liberal men, as the now rising discussions upon the subject of religion.

“ Until this day, I never remember finding our conversation entirely confined to one subject, and that one, intricate beyond the powers of a single bishop to decide upon.

“ Each speaker claims for himself sincerity, and we are bound to respect what he says as coming from a heart devoted to a holy cause. Yet, how opposite do I find the tendencies of both. On one side it is maintained, that the Scriptures should be given freely and unreservedly to the people, and be expanded as the waters of the broad sea over the earth. Another maintains, that it is unprofitable so to do; that the Scriptures should be confined to the contemplation of the learned, the judicious and the devoted: so that the priesthood alone should be the readers, preachers, and expounders thereof, and that the people should be hearers and doers; and that both

are to be considered responsible for their doctrine delivered, heard and obeyed.

“ Now, there is much truth in both these positions ; and, certainly, as things are, the arguments for St. Peter’s Keys are very powerful, and have much weight in every way ; whilst the arguments for the dissemination of the Scriptures can only be theoretical, and for an experiment. We well know, that if one nation goes to war with another, that which has the best disciplined army will generally prevail. If soldiers were to fight just as they pleased, and be under no orders from their superior officers, they would soon be but a rabble rout and be easily defeated by steady and well-conducted troops. If every common soldier, instead of obeying the commands of his officer, were to take upon himself to wage war just as he pleased, there would be an end of his responsibility, and that of his commanding officer. The former would be under no control, and the latter

have no dependence placed upon his superior position. If battles are to be fought, it is evident there must be *command* and a commander; *obedience* and men to observe it. Mutual confidence is necessary to ultimate success. Even officers have to obey their superiors, and though each must rely on the aid of Heaven for success, yet each must obey some superior on earth.

“So do I maintain, that obedience is necessary in every department of the Church, and that if the spread of the Scriptures among the people shall tend to disaffection instead of obedience, we do wisely to keep the records of religion confined to the knowledge of the priesthood.

“My opinion, therefore, is given freely upon this subject. It is our duty to obey the Pope as our chief commanding officer, who holds his head-quarters at Rome. Your officers receive their commissions from him, and are responsible for their obedience to

him. And, as one of his marshals, I command you to keep holy your sacred vow of obedience, and to fight the fight of faith under his banners

“I do not see the force of the argument, which Latimer has used, that Wolsey, the eminent scholar, now justly celebrated for his quick parts and perceptions, should have any weight whatever in the decisions of this assembly, or in the councils of the Church. He is, no doubt, a good and clever young man; and is held in very proper estimation among his friends in this, his native place; but others in the Church are as good and wise as he, and their judgment is not to be despised. Older heads opine that it is not at all necessary to salvation, that a man should read the Scriptures; and I, for one, think if the people are thereby to be stirred up to rebellion, they had better never read them at all.

“We do not intend to cite you, Bale, and

Bilney, to our court, at Norwich, to answer for the dissemination of doctrines which we deem calculated to stir up strife and contention in the Church. Nor thee, Latimer, for thy harsh declarations against the Prior and monks of St. Edmund's Bury, albeit we do seriously admonish thee not to let words of indiscretion escape thy lips. To all we freely extend the customary privileges of the Palace of Wykes, and declare that you are irresponsible for your expressions here this day, but I warn you to beware how you take advantage of this custom only to be here observed, and venture to express these vague opinions in the world.

“ We command you, by virtue of our ecclesiastical authority, to spread no more those doctrines which we do consider tending to mutiny in our camp, and exhort you as good soldiers to keep your ranks free from disaffection. We confess, that you have gained great credit over ourselves and this

company, by the quiet and gentle manner of speech which you have used upon this occasion. Those who are strong in power, both of right and might, would do well to imitate the same calm composure and placidity of speech, which you have exhibited.

“ We regret, that any harsh language, either of personal or general bearing, should have been used by the priest of St. Peter’s, and we admonish him to be more circumspect in our presence for the future. At the same time, we cannot help saying, that Latimer’s words against the Abbots of Bury are somewhat provoking. Though we freely pardon the errors of all this day, and shall dismiss you in peace to your respective homes ; yet we are assured, that if these contentions should continue beyond these walls, some delegate from Rome will receive ample powers to punish all refractory children who may provoke the displeasure of the



Holy See. We spare you now, and bid you all obey, and all farewell.”

At the very instant in which the Bishop rose to depart, a voice from without exclaimed—“Make way for the Hermit St. Ivan !” and, with breathless agitation, the venerable old man strode up to that part of the hall directly opposite the Bishop. It was evident to every one, that he was fatigued with over exertion. He leaned against a pillar, as if to recover himself—refused to be seated, though he kept every one standing around him. He twice essayed to speak—lifted his arms to heaven, and demanded, by his actions, that they would pause a moment to hear him.

The sight of the man was enough to interest any one. His head uncovered, his staff in his hand, his eye beaming with philanthropy, though evidently excited by his intended communication. He had, indeed, hurried into the hall, he had seen the vibra-

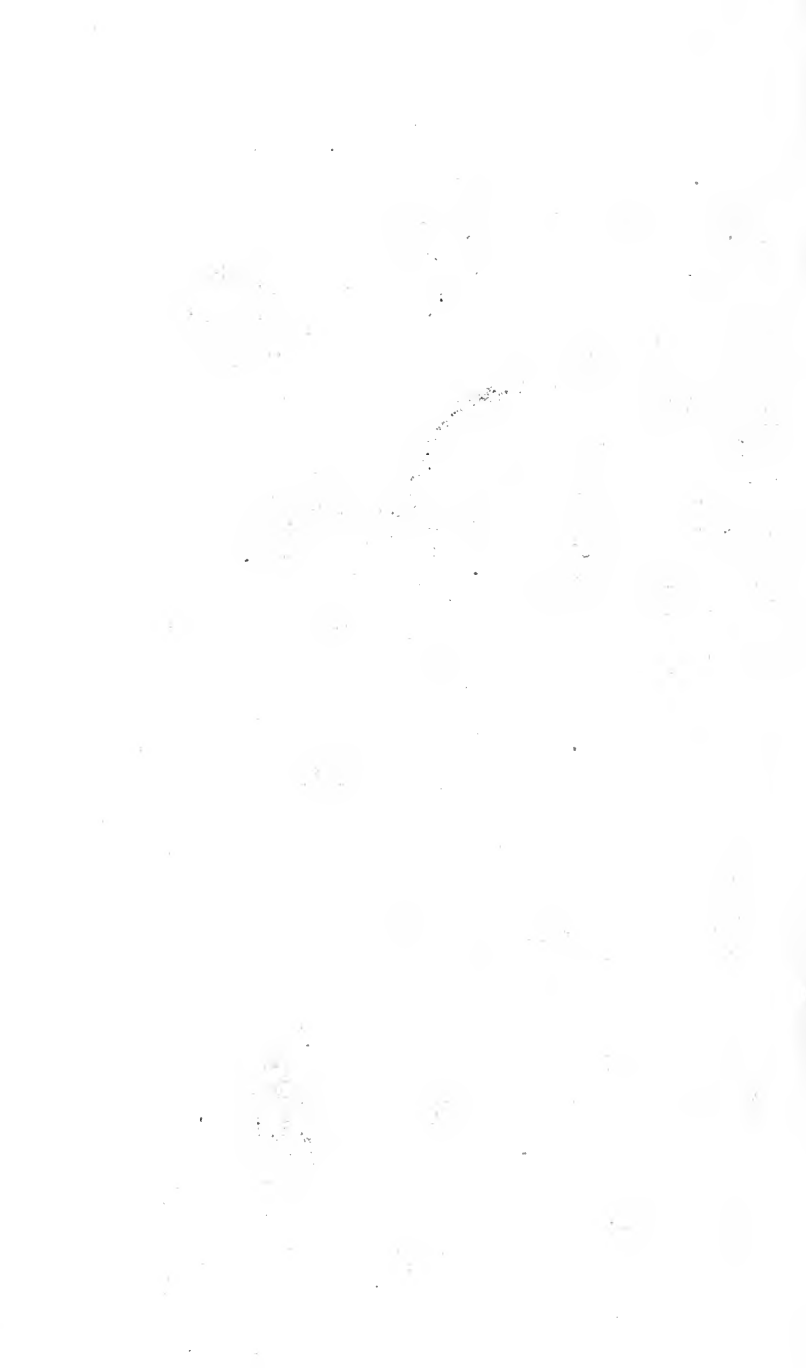
tions of the waters, and knew that the walls of Wyke's Bishop's Palace could not stand long. He knew, likewise, that unless he could deliver himself in an authoritative and alarming manner, that many souls must perish. He had no desire they should, and therefore he assumed a sort of prophetic manner of address which the imminence of the danger alone warranted.

His warning is given in such quaint, old poetry, and is yet so forcible, that to narrate it in a set speech would destroy its effect; and to give it in its old style, would be tedious to the reader. He must pardon, therefore, its transposition into language more in accordance with modern phraseology, though, perhaps, not so genuinely characteristic of the hermit.



*Miss Evans Praying.*

London: Henry Colburn, 1850.



## St. Eban's Warning.

“ Hear, Goldwell ! hear ! The time is come  
That thou and I should think of home.  
Home ! 'tis the wanderer's peaceful spot  
Where sin and sorrow are forgot ;  
Where sleep alike the three-crown'd head,  
And poorest wretch uncovered.  
Where chains no more shall gall the feet ;  
Where gains no more the cunning cheat ;  
Where pains no more shall lash the blood ;  
Where stains no more shall mar the good :  
But all at rest, unseen remain,  
Till we be called to life again.

“ The time is come, proud Goldwell, hear !  
I speak to thee no more with fear !  
Though round thee shining lords attend,  
And priests with burgesses may blend ;  
And haughty in thy palace fair,  
Alice De Clinton has her share ;  
And mocks to scorn whoe'er she will,  
And bids the hermit's voice be still.

I bid her listen to my lay,  
I call her from this scene away ;  
And tell both thee and her and all,  
They must obey the hermit's call.

“ Hear, Goldwell, hear ! the voice of one,  
Whose day is fled, whose race is run :  
This hall ! thine own, my father reared,  
When youth and life to him appeared  
As if for ever they would last,  
Nor he, nor they should crumbling waste ;  
His father charged his son to see  
This holy house of piety  
Adorned and consecrate in praise,  
To all the saints, thy race could raise.  
That son fulfilled his father's will,  
His son in me, is living still ;  
Although his father's bones may lay  
Where he himself would rest to-day.

“ The time is come, farewell ! farewell !  
To hall and tower, to prayer and spell ;  
To palace pride, and mitred brow,  
For dignity must humbly bow,  
And thou and I must soon obey  
The order of our mortal clay.

But ere we go, the hermit's voice,  
(My father's mandate gives no choice)  
Must speak the warning which he gave,  
As if it issued from his grave :

“ ‘ If e'er those walls polluted be,  
By female pride and cruelty :  
As dedicate of old they were,  
To memory of meekest fair,  
Foredoomed they are, beneath a frown,  
To totter, crumble, and fall down.’

“ The time is come ! the warning lake,  
Already doth the palace shake.  
There stands by thee, the haughty maid,  
Whose pride and cruelty are said  
To govern thee, and urge thee on  
To deeds, no bishop yet hath done.  
The poor despise her, though they bow  
In fear of frowns from such a brow.  
I, too, have felt within my cell,  
Her hate can burn as demon's spell ;  
For none, who humbly live to love,  
To her can acceptable prove ;  
And were not here, a better found,  
These walls would tremble to the ground.

But her I warn, to haste away,  
Nor longer in this palace stay ;  
Lest she and thee and her's and thine,  
Be buried by St. Agnes' shrine.

“ The time is come—the doom is spoken,  
Spells of life and charms are broken ;  
And thou mayst live, as yet thy day,  
But here thy bones thou shalt not lay !  
No more on thee, Wykes' Bishop's Hill,  
With verdure green, and pleasant rill,  
Shall smile upon thy turrets' dome,  
Nor more to thee thy people come  
To meet thee in this place of peace ;  
Its pleasant days must quickly cease ;  
And men from yonder hill shall say,  
How soon does grandeur pass away !  
There stood in state, Wykes' Bishop's Hall ;  
How sudden was its rise and fall.

“ The time is come ! I look around  
On those who now within are found ;  
De Freston, hasten thou away,  
Nor let thy maiden longer stay ;



Lest thou shouldst rue the hapless hour,  
Thou didst forsake thy lofty tow'r,  
And seek to minister thine aid  
Of friendship, to a haughty maid.  
Go! haste away. Oh! could'st thou tell  
How deeply in my lowly cell  
I oft have prayed for thee and thine,  
Thou wouldst respect the hermit's shrine.

“ But go in peace! a humble word,  
I would to thee, and thine afford :—  
Thine aid unwittingly bestown,  
These walls through thee are overthrown ;  
Thine aid, to pow'r has raised the man,  
Who meditates destructive plan,  
To confiscate in this fair town,  
Monastic houses of his own.  
Nor aught can save St. Peter's shrine,  
Nor Christ Church walls monastic, thine ;  
Dodnash, and Snape, and Felixtow,  
Rumburgh and Blyburgh must be low.  
And many a monk's bewailing cry,  
Shall echo through their monastery,  
And rue the hour, the fatal hour,  
Their wealth provoked the kingly pow'r.

“ The time is come, fair maid of peace,  
Ellen De Freston, thy release  
From danger here, will only prove  
A greater danger in thy love.  
But haste away ! thou dost not know  
The anger of thy deadly foe ;  
'Tis thou, wilt change the heart of one,  
Who had, with thee, new life begun,  
Thou innocent dost cause a strife,  
Wilt cause a monstrous change of life  
In him whose spirit cannot bend,  
Till death shall plunge him to his end.  
Fair maid ! farewell ! this very hour,  
Thou'lt see again De Freston's Tower.

“ The time is come ! Good townsmen flee,  
These walls are tottering, and must be  
Known as a place of midnight feast,  
Where owls and bats, by day, will rest.  
But never more will matin bell,  
Or vespers' sound, be heard to tell  
Wykes' Bishop's priests the anthem raise,  
A duty to the saints they praise :  
But bell, and belfrey, both shall fall,  
Before another matin's call.

“ There stands among ye one, at least,  
Whose virtues will enrage the beast ;  
And he, himself, will feed the flame,  
Truth he'll proclaim, and truth disclaim ;  
But piercing sorrow, nightly fast,  
Repentant, faithful at the last  
His flame shall light a beacon high,  
To blaze on England's liberty.  
There stands another, who shall be  
As eminent for piety :  
Whose relative shall see that flame,  
And long to flourish in the same ;  
Whose latest words shall light the fire,  
Which never shall—though he expire.

“ The time is come, thou haughty maid,  
Whose eye now shining on the dead ;  
With stain of pride and cruel scorn,  
Falls not on one who feels forlorn,  
Thou'lt feel the loftiness of pride  
When raised, unknown, unseen, denied.  
Thou think'st thyself to be a queen,  
And com'st to nothing in thy spleen !  
He comes to raise, and take thee home :  
Proud maid he comes—the time—.”

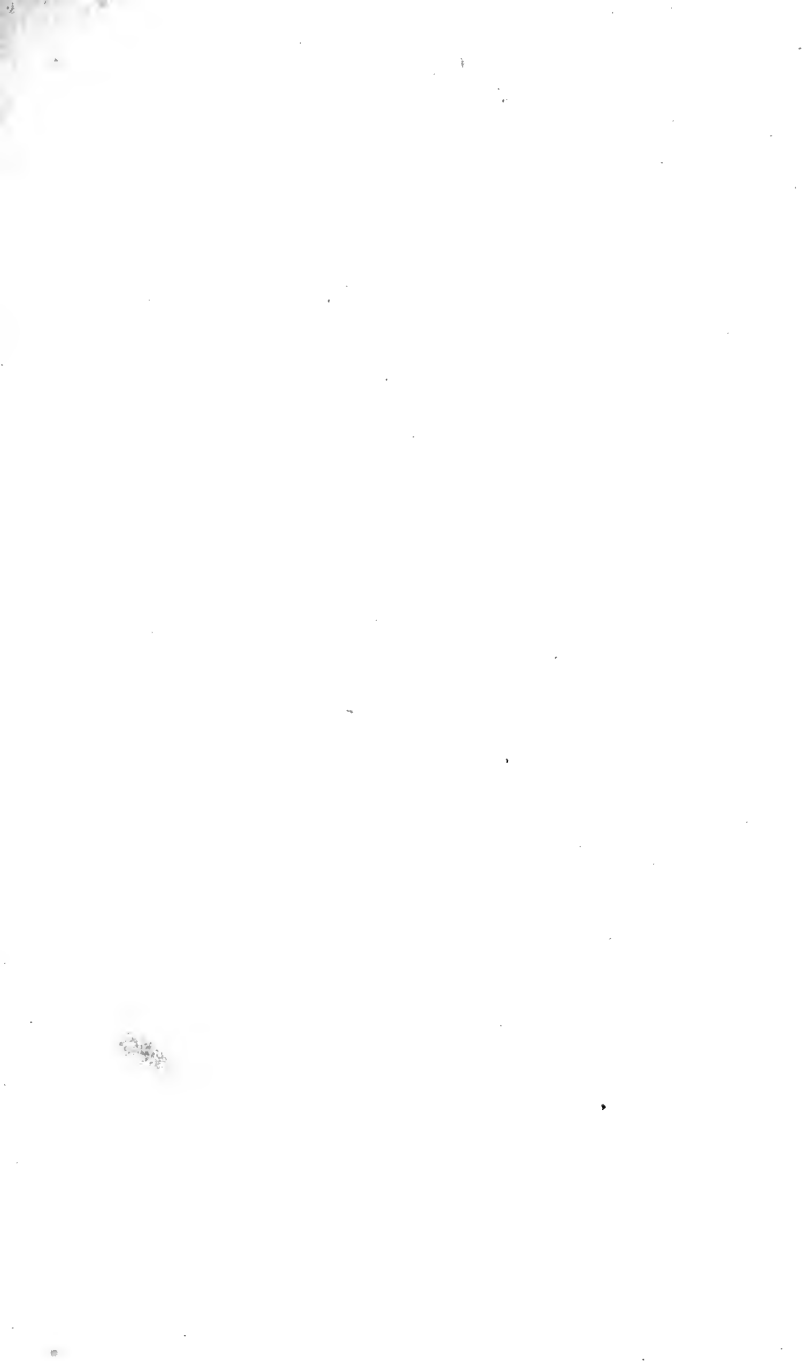
The old man's voice here totally failed him. A pallid hue was seen to spread itself over his countenance, which underwent a complete change. His head fell gently back against the stone pillar, and the hermit St. Ivan stood a corpse in the hall of Wykes' Bishop's palace. At the same moment, the glass of those beautiful windows cracked from the very top of the arch to the bottom, and fell inwards—a rumbling noise was heard—the outer walls fell down; and Bishop, Lord, Lady, priest, burgess, townsman, visitor, monk, traveller, friar, and mendicant, together with porter, warder, serving-men, and slaves, all fled in terror over the draw-bridge, leaving St. Ivan standing against the pillar, the only one who was unconscious of fear, inasmuch as he was dead.

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