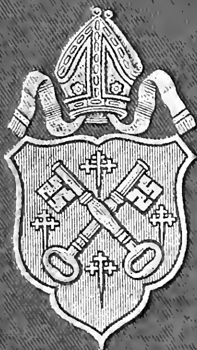
Diocesan Histories

Peterborough



THE LIBRARY
OF
THE UNIVERSITY
OF CALIFORNIA
LOS ANGELES

Susan M. Ellis

Stoneleigh

Leicester

PETERBOROUGH.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2008 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

http://www.archive.org/details/peterborough00pool

Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

DIOCESAN HISTORIES.

PETERBOROUGH.

BY

GEO. AYLIFFE POOLE, M.A.

RECTOR OF WINWICK, NEAR RUGBY, AND RURAL DEAN.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE TRACT COMMITTEE.

LONDON:

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE,

NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, CHARING CROSS, S.W.;

43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.; 48, PICCADILLY, W.;

AND 135, NORTH STREET, BRIGHTON.

NEW YORK: E. & J. B. YOUNG & CO.

BX
5107
P4P7

PREFACE.

THE Church of Saxulf at Medeshamsted had already numbered some four centuries when Remigius, the first Norman Bishop of the diocese, founded the minster which crowns the heights of Lincoln, and thither transferred his episcopal throne from Dorchester in Oxfordshire. Ours, therefore, is the more ancient *Cathedral*, though the mother *Diocese* is the more illustrious.

Our earliest annals are neither obscure nor uninteresting.

The legend of Wolfade and Rufine,—the characters and work of Saxulf and his royal companions,—the destruction of the church by the Danes, and its restoration by Edgar and Ethelwold, could not well be spared from the history of the Church and Kingdom. And in later times it is remarkable how many events belong, locally or personally, to the Diocese of Peterborough, which claim, from their intrinsic importance, a place in general history.

The struggles of Anselm, for instance, with Rufus, and of Becket with Henry II., cannot be told circumstantially without reference to Rockingham and to Northampton. The names of Richard Cœur de Lion and of Archbishop Baldwin are indelibly in-

1034893

scribed on the roll of Pipewell Abbey. Katharine of Arragon and Mary Stuart have left memorials to be rehearsed over their graves in Peterborough Cathedral, and the story of the gunpowder treason is deeply scored upon the face of Northamptonshire and Rutland. Events like these do not cease to be local history when they are transcribed on a wider page.

The first name in our list of local historians reminds us that there is a romance of books and authors, as well as of life and action.

Early in the twelfth century there was in the monastery of Burgh a child named Hugh, of whom his brother had already made a monk. As he grew up Hugh became subject to attacks of hæmorrhage, which left him with a complexion so bloodless that they called him (and we still call him) Candidus. After an attack of unusual severity his life was despaired of, and they were about to perform the last religious offices for him when Egelbrith, a man of singular holiness, persuaded them rather to go together into the church, and join in prayer for his recovery; for God, said he, would not deny them the life of one man. Hugh recovered, as if by miracle, and lived long after, beloved by the brethren, and honoured by the successive abbots, John, Henry, Martin, and Waterville. At his death he was subprior, and his brother Remaldus, prior.

It had been the loving labour of Hugh's life to write the history of his house, a labour which was taken up by Robert Swapham, who completed the volume. It need hardly be said that "Swapham," for thus was the manuscript called, was reckoned one of the

chief treasures of the Church. So at the sacking of the cathedral by Cromwell's troopers, it was hid for security by the precentor, Humfrey Austin, under his seat in the choir. There it was found by one of the rebels, but Mr. Austin redeemed it for ten shillings, for which sum the fellow gave the following receipt: —"I pray let this scripture book alone, for he hath paid me for it, and therefore I would desire you to let it alone. By me, Henry Topcliffe, souldier under Captain Cromwell, Colonel Cromwell's son, therefore I pray let it alone."

But the fortunes of "Swapham" are not all told. It has since been delivered out of the limbo of danger and obscurity, being printed in "Sparkes' Collection."

To "Swapham," as chronicler of the abbey, succeeds Abbot John of Calais, and after him we have the anonymous author of the *Chronicon Petroburgense.*

Of equal authority and of the deepest interest are the letters of the commissioners under Thomas Cromwell, for the suppression of monasteries, published by the Camden Society.

These local chronicles owe a part of their interest to their antique form and character. Not so "The History of the Church of Peterborough," by Symon Gunton, late prebendary of the church, who was ejected from the first stall in the great rebellion. Gunton's volume was republished, with a preface and appendix, by Patrick, Dean of Peterborough, afterwards Bishop of Ely.

One other book we must mention with due honour —"The Church History of Britain, endeavoured by Thomas Fuller." Fuller's contributions to our dio-

cesan history are, of course, only occasional; but he was born in the diocese, and lived and suffered in it, and his cheerful, impulsive, and somewhat egotistical garrulity, together with his quickness to note the interesting side of his surroundings, make him an amusing as well as a valuable *raconteur*. We should be sorry indeed to lose his stories, be they grave or gay.

PART I.

Saxon Period.

CHAPTER I.

FOUNDATION OF MEDESHAMSTED.

The Kingdom of Mercia—The Bishopric of Lincoln—Heathen State of Mercia—Saxulf founds the Monastery of Medeshamsted—Legend of Wulfade and Rufine.

"The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them."

THE kingdom of Mercia consisted of the present counties of Lincoln, Northampton, Rutland, Huntingdon, Buckingham, Oxford, Worcester, Warwick, Derby, Nottingham, Leicester, with part of Hereford and of Salop. Extensive as the kingdom was, it had, according to the usual arrangement of Saxon times, but one bishop, whose home (if he can be said to have had a home) was successively at Leicester,[1] Lichfield, Dorchester in Oxfordshire, and Lincoln. But our early bishops might very well say of themselves that

[1] So that Leicester is in a sense more ancient than Peterborough as a bishop's see.

"here they had no continuing city." Their dioceses were subject to violent disturbances, and their home was wherever they could find one.

At the first coming of Christian missionaries of whom there is any authentic history, the condition of the people of Mercia was one of barbarous heathenism. The Christianity of Apostolic times, and with it the civilisation which must have followed the Roman arms, had been crushed out by the Saxon invaders; and Mercia, with the rest of England, had sunk into such unmitigated heathenism, that each region successively reached by missionaries from Ireland, from Iona, or from Northumbria, was as truly a field of severe and laborious Christian enterprise as any country at this day in Africa or in the South Pacific.

At the time at which our history begins, Penda, a cruel and barbarous idolater, was king of Mercia; but whether himself secretly favouring the Christians or caring for none of those things, he placed no obstacle in the way of the missionaries, but rather openly expressed his contempt for those who professed the faith of Christ but despised his laws. Finan, a saintly bishop of Northumbria, ordained, with Penda's sanction, a bishop to rule over the infant church of Mercia. Peada, too, Penda's eldest son, and associated with him on the throne, had wooed and won Alfleda, daughter of the Christian king of Northumbria, on condition that he would embrace the Christian faith. He was baptised, therefore, by Finan, and returned into Mercia with his Christian wife and our priests. Penda survived the marriage of his son

only about two years, and was slain (655) by Oswi, leaving five children: three sons—Peada, Wulfere, and Ethelred; and two daughters—Kyneburg and Kyneswith. In 658 Peada also died,—slain, as was rumoured, at the instance of Alfleda.

We have now learned the sound of many names with which we shall meet hereafter, but we have not yet given a local habitation to our episcopal city.

At the extreme north-east angle of Northamptonshire was a tract of marsh land, running up between the Nen and the Welland as far as Croyland, and forming a part of "Holland," as this fen country of Lincoln is still called. This part of the fens was inhabited by the Gyrvii, or fen-men: a race rude and quaint as their country; little disposed, in all probability, to welcome any form of civilisation.[1]

In this district was a spot certainly one degree removed from utter desolation, for it was known as Medeshamsted, "The home in the meadows." It occupied a slightly rising ground on the north bank of the Nen, just where the river pours its swollen flood into what is still sometimes a waste of waters. Perhaps, however, its first occupation, its subsequent history, and its present importance have grown, not indirectly, out of its original repulsiveness. There were no such humanisers of rude races, no such fertilisers of waste lands, no such reclaimers of places to

[1] Even in the eighteenth century their descendants violently resented all plans for enclosing and draining their marshes. They were content still to stalk on stilts over the fens, and to give all their energies to fishing and fowling.

dwell in as the monks of old; and the kings of Mercia had had sufficient intercourse (albeit not always of the friendliest kind) with their neighbours in Yorkshire and Northumberland, to form a pretty correct estimate of the value of a Christian element in their people. It was here, then, that Saxulf, a nobleman high in the favour of Penda, and of his son and successor, Peada, fixed on a site for a Christian church. And indeed, unpromising as it might appear, it would not have been easy to find a place more likely to be at the disposal of Saxulf or more acceptable to the Church. The prince who devoted to Christian uses an extensive tract of unreclaimed land, knew full well that while he earned the thanks of a grateful Church, he conferred an essential and a permanent benefit upon his people, and that at a comparatively small cost. The new tenants, too, were not easily disheartened by the rude aspect of the proffered possession. The religious of primitive times rather sought than avoided a home in such wild, inhospitable regions as made their very residence in it a penance, and their daily life a struggle and a warfare.

Here,[1] then, Saxulf commenced the erection of

[1] The neighbourhood of the Barnack quarries was certainly not overlooked by Saxulf in choosing a site for his abbey.

"In mediæval times the well-known Barnack rag was very extensively worked, and was carried by water to all parts of Lincolnshire and the fen countries for the erection of many noble Gothic structures. The working, however, of this stone seems to have been almost entirely abandoned before the beginning of the fifteenth century. At the village of Barnack a

what became in due time the great Abbey of Medeshamsted, now the cathedral church of Peterborough.

And it was not long before a series of startling events raised up a munificent patron to the church thus courageously commenced. At Peada's death his next brother, Wulfere, succeeded to the throne. Wulfere professed himself a Christian, and he had married Ermenild, daughter of Egbert, the Christian king of Kent. But his character and conduct little harmonised with his profession, or with the wishes of his queen. He had two sons, Wulfade and Rufine, whom he had not even brought to Holy Baptism. Wulfade, so says the legend, was one day hunting, when the stag of which he was in pursuit took refuge in a cell of St. Chad,—an incident which led to the conversion of the young prince, and afterwards of his brother Rufine. Their father, enraged at the youths for their profession of Christianity, slew them both with his own hand in their private oratory, a retreat in which they were betrayed by his steward, Werbode. The story relates that Werbode was strangled by the devil before the palace; which, together with the godly counsel of his wife Ermenild, so wrought upon the king that he, too, repaired to St. Chad, confessed his crime, and vowed, by way of expiation, to restore

statue of evident Roman workmanship has been found carved out of the easily-recognised 'rag.' In the parish church the Saxon, Norman, Early English, and Decorated portions are of the same material; but in the fine mortuary chapel, which is of the Perpendicular age, stone from another locality has been employed."—Judd's "Geology of Rutland."

These quarries were a permanent source of income.

the Christian religion, to rebuild the churches which Peada had suffered to perish, and to found several monasteries in his dominions.

Where shall we place the scene of this strange tragedy? Bede does not tell us, and we are so nearly on the edge of prehistoric times that when one authority fails we have nowhither to turn. The monks of Peterborough naturally inclined to place the oratory in which the martyrs fell within the precincts of their church. They even invented visible vouchers of their story, planting a bay-tree in the place where they would have it that St. Chad preserved the heart of Wulfade, and around it they built magnificent cloisters, and filled the windows with painted glass, in which the whole story was depicted.[1]

FIRST WINDOW.

I. King Penda, a Paynim, as writing seyth,
Gate yese five children of Christen feyth.

II. The noble King Peada, by God's grace,
Was the first founder of this place.

III. By Queen Ermenyld had King Wulfere
These twey sons that ye see here.

IV. Wulfade rideth, as he was wont,
Into the forest the hart to hunt.

[1] These windows, which would now be beyond all price, were destroyed in the Great Rebellion, but the subjects and inscriptions are preserved in Gunton's "History of Peterborough." They give what the brethren of Peterborough themselves accepted as their veritable history.

SECOND WINDOW.

I. Fro all his men Wulfade is gone
And suyth himself the hart alone.

II. The hart brought Wulfade to a well
That was beside Seynt Chaddy's cell.

III. Wulfade askyd of Seynt Chad,
Where is the hart that me hath lad?

IV. The hart that hither thee hath brought
Is sent by Christ that thee hath bought.

THIRD WINDOW.

I. Wulfade prayd Chad, that ghostly leech,[1]
The faith of Christ him for to teach.

II. Seynt Chad teacheth Wulfade the feyth,
And words of Baptism over him he seyeth.

III. Seynt Chad devoutly to mass him dight,
And hoseled[2] Wulfade Christy's knight.

IV. Wulfade wished Seynt Chad that day
For his brother Rufine to pray.

FOURTH WINDOW.

I. Wulfade told his brother Rufine
That he was christned by Chaddy's doctrine.

II. Rufine to Wulfade said again,
Christned also would I be fain.

III. Wulfade Rufine to Seynt Chad leedeth,
And Chad with love of faith him feedeth.

IV. Rufine is christned of Seynt Chaddys,
And Wulfade his brother his godfather is.

FIFTH WINDOW.

I. Werbode, steward to King Wulfere,
Told that his sons christned were.

[1] Physician of souls. [2] Gave him the Lord's Supper.

II. Toward the chappel Wulfere gan goe,
By guiding of Werbode, Christy's foe.

III. Into the chappel entred the King,
And found his sons worshipping.

IV. Wulfere in woddness[1] his sword out drew,
And both his sons anon he slew.

SIXTH WINDOW.

I. King Wulfere with Werbode yoo
Burying gave his sons two.

II. Werbode for vengeance his own flesh tare,
The Devil him strangled and to hell bare.

III. Wulfere for sorrow anon was sick,
In bed he lay a dead man like.

IV. Seynt Ermenyld, that blessed Queen,
Counselled Wulfere to shrive him clean.[2]

SEVENTH WINDOW.

I. Wulfere, contrite, hyed him to Chad,
As Ermenyld him counselled had.

II. Chad bade Wulfere for his sin
Abbeys to build his realm within.

III. Wulfere in hast performed than
Brough, that Peada his brother began.

IV. Wulfere endowed, with high devotion,
The Abbey of Brough with great possession.

EIGHTH WINDOW.

I. The third brother, King Etheldred,
Confirmed both his brethren's deed.

II. Saxulf, that here first Abbot was,
For ankerys[3] at Thorney made a place.

[1] Madness. [2] To make full confession.
[3] Anchorites, monks dwelling in seclusion.

III. After came Danes, and Brough brent,
And slew the monkys as they went.

IV. Fourscore years and sixteen
Stood Brough, destroyed by Danes teen.

NINTH WINDOW.

I. Seynt Athelwold was bidden by God's lore,
The Abbey of Brough again to restore.

II. Seynt Athelwold to King Edgar went
And prayed him to help him in his intent.

III. Edgar bade Athelwold the work begin,
And him to help he would not lyn.

IV. Thus Edgar and Athelwold restored this place,
God save it and keep it for His grace.

However the monks of Peterborough may have been disposed to suggest it, no one will suppose that this was really the scene of the events thus commemorated. That it was in Mercia there can be no doubt, and that it was at some place in Mercia where there was a royal residence seems equally clear. Was it at Weedon, where Wulfere is said to have had his chief abode, and where his daughter, St. Werburg, had a nunnery dedicated to her? Was it at Stowe, in Staffordshire, where a nunnery was founded by Wulfere, and where there are still remains, supposed to be on the site of the ancient Mercian capital? Or was it at Lichfield, as the mention made of St. Chad, and of the part which he had in the conversion of the two princes, may lead us to suppose? Certainly, though we may believe that St. Chad was engaged in his missionary work in the rudest possible districts,

the last place where we should look for a royal residence would be in a swamp, in the midst of the Gyrvii.

The erection of the Abbey was prosecuted with renewed zeal by Wulfere and his brother Ethelred, his sisters Kyneburgh and Kyneswith rendering their aid. In due time the church was so far completed as to be dedicated to St. Peter, and it was presently endowed with vast possessions and privileges; and so rapidly did the establishment increase, that Saxulf was induced to found a cell for the better retirement of some of the brethren at Brixworth, where his Saxon church still remains, and another at Ancarig, now Thorney. Nor was it very long before this forbidding marshland became the site of a cluster of churches, associated by a brotherhood of destinies and interests as well as by neighbourhood. Their names are thus strung together in an old epigrammatical jingle, of which we can hardly be wrong in supposing that a monk of Sawtry, "that poor Abbaye," was the author:—

> "Ramsey, the bounteous of gold and of fee,
> Croyland as courteous as courteous may be,
> Spalding the rich, and Peterborough the proud:—
> Sawtry, by the way,
> That poor Abbaye,
> Gave more alms in one day
> Than all they!"

In the year 716, within half a century of the foundation of Medeshamsted, followed that of Croyland. Since the dismemberment of Lincoln these sister churches are no longer in the same diocese, but they are near neighbours, and so intimately associated in

their history, that it would be difficult to relate the fortunes of either without more than a passing mention of both. The character of Guthlac, the founder and patron saint of Croyland, was more distinctly ascetic than that of Saxulf, who was the more practical, perhaps we may say the wiser man, of the two. While Guthlac planted his cross in a waste of waters—or worse than waters, a mere of reeds and rushes—Saxulf did not disdain to appropriate to his pious uses a spot already habitable. Saxulf must have had at least some converse with the inhabitants of the marshland homestead; Guthlac's disordered imagination left him no better companions than monster forms of beasts and demons. While Guthlac tortured himself with the flagellum, which is his symbol to this day, Saxulf ruled both himself and his companions with a more genial sway. They were, however, alike in this, that they left a busy and an honoured career in the world to adopt the seclusion and discipline of a religious life. Nicholls, in his "Leicestershire," has given engravings from a very curious MS. in the Cottonian Library, in which the life of Guthlac is made the subject of several illuminations, the series beginning with the retirement of Guthlac from the company of his military companions, and ending with his death and burial. It must in fairness be noted that the illuminations to which we refer are not contemporary with the foundation of Croyland, any more than the windows described in the note to this chapter are contemporary with Penda and Wulfere, but they are pictured stories, and as such a part of our ecclesiastical history, and very valuable as proof of the

hold which such stories long retained upon the people, and as examples of Christian art.[1] Kept as they must have been within the archives of the church, and valued as well for their real beauty as for the story that they tell, these drawings must have been studied again and again by the monks of Croyland, and by such of their visitors as were deemed worthy to behold them : and it would be difficult to estimate their value, as ministering to the *esprit de corps* of the brethren of the abbey.

The subjects of this highly interesting series of historic drawings are arranged in roundels which succeed one another in the order of the events depicted.

In the first roundel Guthlac is seen in the company of his military friends and companions.—He breaks away from them and retires to Repton, where Ebba presides over the abbey church.—He receives holy orders and the tonsure at the hands of a bishop.—He departs in a boat to the site of his proposed habitation in the fens of Lincolnshire.—He builds a church, working with his own hands.—He administers the flagellum, much after the matter-of-fact manner of a master dealing with an impertinent schoolboy, to a demon who presumes to tempt him.—He casts an evil spirit out of a demoniac.—A legion of devils surround him, and carry him to the very jaws of hell ;

[1] The windows in Canterbury Cathedral in which the martyrdom of Becket is painted are perhaps the nearest to contemporary pictures in glass. The story of Leofric and Godiva appears in like manner in much more recent glass, in St. Mary's Hall, Coventry.

but he is rescued by St. Bartholomew, his patron saint.[1]—His death and burial complete the series.

Perhaps the most interesting subject of all is one which we have purposely reserved till the last. It is, in fact, a subscription list of the foundation of Croyland Abbey; but, as might be assumed, it appears in a very different form from any modern document of the same character. At the right of the design appears a man in handcuffs, with an evil spirit escaping from his mouth, representing the deliverance of each noble donor from the fatal influence of wealth and possession, until they are consecrated to a holy service. Before him kneel thirteen figures holding each a scroll in his hand describing his gift. First comes King Ethelbald in his crown, with the scroll inscribed **Ego Rex Ethelbaldus do tibi sedem Abbac cum pertinentiis suis, solutam et liberam ab omni seculari exactione.** The Abbot Turketul, with his crozier in one hand and his scroll in the other, follows, with the gift of the sixth part of his inheritance. Earl Algar, Thorold, and the rest make their donations in like form. A reasonable estimate of the value of the gifts thus recorded would make the amount as strange in our eyes as the form of the roll of contributors.

It is often said that pictures and painted windows were the books and homilies of the middle ages, and we shall find few happier illustrations of the saying than these manuscript illuminations of Croyland, and painted windows of Medeshamsted.

[1] The mediæval diablery of these compositions fairly anticipates the fantastic figures of Peter Brueghel.

CHAPTER II.

CHARACTERISTICS OF EARLY CHURCH HISTORY.

"Our holy lives must win a new world's crown."

THE spirit of ancient narrative concerns itself but little with the outward expression of popular interest in the great and good deeds which it relates. But of this at least we may be certain, that the remote Gyrvii must have been startled into something of interest and wonder, and have halted on their stilts to watch the companies of workmen with their yokes of oxen,[1] their wains and rafts, and all their appliances for the carriage of stone and timber from the Barnack and Ketton quarries, and from the Rockingham and still more distant forests, just as in these later days the country folk line the railway banks or crest the bridges to see "steam navvies" at work, or to watch the first train passing on a new line. But there was a yet more striking spectacle before them now. There was the courtly Earl, not a mere lordly master of a servile vassalage, but himself the active and intelligent leader of the work, with companions of his own rank, putting their hands to the spade or the workman's hammer, to the line and to the compass; and there were the royal sisters with

[1] Candidus, the oldest Peterborough historian, tells us that he had seen in the foundations of Medeshamsted stones which would require eight yoke of oxen to draw them.

their brother Ethelred encouraging the workmen with their smiles, and with equal spirit devoting themselves to the common purpose, separating themselves from the frivolities and dissipations of the world that they might join in the religious labour; and there were holy men of God (not in person only, but in office also), with prayer and psalm, and eucharist never interrupted, for it was a work of devotion and devotion only; and in those days devotion was not ashamed of being devout. Such was this band of enthusiasts—not dreamers; of recluses—not idlers, busy all; nay, not so much busy as active, not so much active as laborious, in a work altogether unselfish, and raised above worldly interests and associations. Such a company so employed might justify the old mystical picture of Paradise, as a garden hedged with roses, and inhabited by saintly denizens—angels and glorified spirits. And we can the better enter into this view of the matter, because the spirit is not dead yet among men, and we trust never may be. It is only the realisation of the vow which David made so many ages past,—"I will not suffer mine eyes to sleep, nor mine eyelids to slumber, neither the temples of my head to take any rest until I find out a place for the temple of the Lord, an habitation for the mighty God of Jacob." It is a vow which many a Churchman of to-day has made and has performed, though with different appliances, so as to be one still, and one in the same church too, with Saxulf and his pious fellow-labourers, Ethelred, Kyneburg, and Kyneswith.

Do not then let us question the reality or the substantial truth of the story told by such historians as Venerable Bede of the missionary and other religious workers of their day. Let us for a moment consider what historical value is to be conceded to such narratives, and ask how far they lay open the history and character of the Church and her children.

In the first place, we can form no just estimate of the work and influence of our church in the seventh century, unless we bear in mind that it was then as truly a *missionary* church, and its bishops and clergy as truly working *missionaries*, as are our own bishops and clergy now among any heathen and savage people; or even as the church of the apostles in their first efforts among Jews and Gentiles. There is an instinct of reverence which will not let us compare them *personally* with St. Peter and St. Paul; but we need not hesitate to place Paulinus and Finan and Aidan and Saxulf and Chad in the ranks of the noble army of apostles and evangelists and their fellow workers in all ages of the Church. They went forth without scrip and purse, with their lives in their hands, and preached to violent and ignorant heathens. But just as with the Brahmins of India, to whom St. Thomas preached the Gospel, these pagans were not without priests and temples and religious doctrines and rites of their own, to which they clung with the affection and prejudice of long habit, and with the force of impetuous tempers; and which they defended, in many cases, with the ingenuity of an acute intellect, stimulated by personal interests. Read alternately with some modern missionary reports, the

history of the conversion of Kent by Augustine, or of Northumbria by Paulinus, each will add very considerably to the interest of the other, and their general resemblance will impart an air of probability to scenes so far removed from us in time and place and habits of thought, that they seem to us almost beyond belief.

We may take Bede's account of Aidan as a description of a missionary life in those days. Having accepted the episcopate, he was sent from Iona into England, and there he set a most perfect example of virtue and moderation in all things; his own conduct being exactly in accordance with his most holy precepts. He taught his clergy to seek no worldly advantages, to love no worldly possessions. Whatever he received as alms from prince or noble he gave to the poor. He travelled everywhere on foot, except when he was actually obliged to go on horseback; and on his journeys, all whomsoever he met, whether rich or poor, he accosted; and if they were pagans he exhorted them to receive the faith, or if they were Christians he confirmed them in their profession, and stirred them up to works of faith and charity. He was so far removed from the sloth and self-indulgence [1] of our generation (it is Bede who speaks), that he taught all with whom he sojourned, lay or cleric, to give diligent heed to the reading of the Holy Scriptures; [2] and if ever (which was but

[1] Is this only the ordinary complaint of each generation, or had the faithful really so early as the time of Bede fallen behind their fathers in zeal and good works?

[2] Then, at all events, the laity were not discouraged in the study of Scripture.

seldom) he was invited to the king's table he brought one or two clerics with him, and having himself dined moderately, retired with them, as soon as he could with propriety, to join them in study or in prayer.

Bede gives us a missionary picture. He justly calls it *pulcherimum spectaculum* (a goodly sight), for it is worthy of any painter or poet. Aidan, the Celtic apostle of Northumberland, is preaching to the princes and courtiers of Oswald, and the king, to whom the language of the bishop had been familiar in his exile, is acting the part of interpreter. The result was soon apparent. Other preachers came into Oswald's country, and preached with great fervour, and holy Baptism was administered to the converts. Churches and monasteries rapidly sprang up, for Oswald furnished sites and the requisite endowment, and the children of the English were brought up in the nurture and discipline of their Christian teachers.

The story of Augustine, and the incidents connected with the conversion of the Saxons of Kent, belong to the history of the diocese of Canterbury; and that of the conversion of Northumbria and its princes and nobles, to those of York and Durham. The conversion of Penda and his family we have already related. We may ask, Do not these and the like stories, compared with our own missionary reports, confirm and illustrate one another by a general resemblance running through them,—an *absolute sameness* of purpose, a *general resemblance* in the character of the events related, and of the persons described? Even the sounds, equally unaccustomed to our modern English tongue and ears, of the names

of persons and places will add to the resemblance of missionary stories in both cases; and if we ask whether there is any lower authority to be assigned to the histories themselves, it is enough to answer, that in each case the same persons whose apostolic acts are rehearsed, were themselves, or their nearest and dearest associates were, the very actors in the scenes that they describe. It is scarcely conceivable that there shall be any history which can claim a higher place than that of "Venerable Bede," a near contemporary of the events he narrates, himself a witness of some of them, and for personal authority such as no historian can surpass.

Still there is to us a strangeness in these old-world ecclesiastical stories, especially in the mythical spirit and miraculous tone with which some of them are deeply imbued. They do certainly seem to abound in signs and wonders; in prophecies, and other transcendental features by which we are justly or unjustly repelled at the present day. The bare narrative, however, will seldom exceed the bounds of reasonable belief. It is the *spirit* in which it is told that converts it in our case into a myth or a legend. There is a very present sense of divine interference running through all. The voice of Heaven seems to speak everywhere. The divine justice is always vindicated as by the finger of God. There are meanings, spiritual meanings, even in common things, which we do not look for, and for want of looking for them cannot see. They seem to make all events an outer expression of the word and will and attributes of the Creator. The Old Testament authors are exactly

the same in this respect; but then they *spake as the Spirit gave them utterance.* They must have resisted or quenched the Spirit to have spoken otherwise. But with the chief of our old chroniclers,—Venerable Bede, for instance,—it was far otherwise. He was no discerner of spirits; he proclaimed with no special authority the connexion between a sublunary fact and a Divine purpose. He was as *honest* in his evidence as a prophet or an evangelist; but he was not so *trustworthy* in the inferences and reflections and interpretations with which he accompanied his narrative. He recognised the finger of God in some things which we should refer to the ordinary sequence of events. He heard a very plain voice where our ears are dull of hearing. We need not hesitate to say that he was sometimes, perhaps often, mistaken; but we cannot deny him faith and piety and reverence and an understanding not naturally inferior to our own. In a word, we accept his testimony, but we venture sometimes to demur to the inferences which he seems to deduce from his facts.

There is, besides, a difference to be observed between history and legend. Not that what pretends to be history is always more actually true than what is confessedly legend. "*It was said by them of old time*," which is the voice of legend, is sometimes as trustworthy as the direct assertion of a contemporary historian;—nay, far more trustworthy, for the contemporary has his own weaknesses and prejudices;—possibly even a disingenuousness which disguises facts, which abounds in the *suppressio veri*, or in

the *suggestio falsi;* but the aim of the legend is ingenuous and true.

The legend of Wulfere and Rufine exactly confirms these remarks.

A son of the Pagan Wulfere is accidentally guided to St. Chad's Oratory, where he is converted, and whither he brings his brother; and he too embraces the faith. Wulfere's steward discovers the brothers at their devotions, and informs the king, who is so enraged that he slays them both. The Devil strangles the treacherous steward; and Wulfere is so shocked with the whole incident that he too becomes a Christian. Such is the story. That the Devil, *propriâ manu*, strangled the steward, we shall not certainly believe; but that the steward, in a fit of remorse, and *instigante Diabolo*, hanged himself, cannot be called improbable. *More* than this was doubtless believed by those who found the body; but if we believe a *little less* than this, we may, at all events, excuse their telling the story *as they believed it.*

Then, again, the stories which we receive from the olden records may sometimes be accepted rather as parables than as exact histories. There is one such by no means remotely connected with the history and fortunes of Peterborough. The most valued relic belonging of old to this church was the uncorrupted right arm of St. Oswald. A precious relic indeed it was, even in the lowest sense; for it was a great source of wealth to its possessors. King Stephen came to Peterborough on purpose to see it, offered his ring to St. Oswald on the occasion, and remitted to the monastery a debt of forty marks. We must turn to Bede for

the origin and spirit of the story. St. Aidan is keeping Easter with Oswald, king of the Deiri. He comes to a table right royally provided, and adorned with a splendid silver salver. He is stretching out his hand to bless the provisions when the king's almoner comes in, and begs relief for a crowd of hungry people at the door. The king sends out the food provided for himself and his guests, and presents the silver salver with his own hand to the almoner, to be broken up for the hungry suppliants. The bishop, delighted with such an instance of unhesitating bounty, takes Oswald by the right hand, with the words, "*Nunquam inveterascat hæc manus!*" "May this right hand never perish!" And so it happened indeed, for when Oswald fell in fight his body was barbarously dismembered, but his right arm was reverently preserved and put into a silver casket, and was still, in Bede's day, kept at Bamburgh. From Bamburgh it found its way to Peterborough; and at the sacking of that church and monastery by the Danes it was rescued by the prior, and carried to the Isle of Ely, and at last restored to Peterborough. As the mythical legend of a relic this would, of course, be far too commonplace; but nothing can deprive the story of its true significance. In that sense, at all events, we may echo the benediction "*Nunquam inveterascat hæc manus!*" even yet this right hand has not waxed feeble. It has preached charity at Bamburgh, at Ely, at Peterborough; and to us at this day, if we have eyes to penetrate below the husk, the story is still a parable. It is perhaps worth notice, that the reverence with which the arm was recovered

from the battle-field, and afterwards so carefully preserved, is a recognition of the holiness both of Aidan and of Oswald, of the bishop and of the king; and as such it may stand as historic truth.

These few remarks on the character of our ecclesiastical annals may serve as an apology for their authors, and for those by whom for many centuries they were accepted with undoubting faith. Surely they should modify, in some degree, the suspicion and distaste with which they are now generally received, though they can hardly induce us to credit those stories which carry with them the evidence of actual, if not of conscious falsehood, and of which Fuller quaintly remarks, "He needs a hard plate on his face that reports them, and a soft place in his head that believes them."

And yet the evil that crept into this devotion to relics,—the too ready acceptance of wonderful stories, —should teach us reverence for truth, and loyalty to common-sense; without which we shall certainly be led into folly, and even into actual falsehood and wrong. There is, for instance, a story of a child who found his cradle and his grave in this diocese, which can only be characterised as childish and impertinent. St. Romwald was a king's son, who immediately on his birth[1] spoke certain holy words, professed himself a Christian, was baptised, and immediately expired. He was buried at King's Sutton, and removed, first to Brackley and afterwards to Buckingham, where an aisle in the church was dedicated to him.[2] Such

[1] At King's Sutton.

[2] Bridge's "Northamptonshire," vol. i., p. 143.

senseless folly as this must have brought its own curse with it, in an utter disregard for truth. And the collection of relics also, which was part of the same system, led to actual robbery and wrong (St. Oswald's arm was stolen again and again); as, indeed, all collecting of trifles, from old coins to cancelled postage-stamps, does at the present day. It is a diseased development of the organ of acquisitiveness.

There is, at all events, one thing which should teach us to accept the history of our Christian forefathers in good part. We and they are one church. We owe them not only a fair and candid judgment, but the love and charity of brethren in Christ. We are not, indeed, bound to believe all that they say, because they who believed it relate it as truth. With our habits of closer observation we may almost be said to see with other eyes. Certainly, with our greater knowledge of natural science, we *account* very differently even for the things which we *see* alike. With our altered habits of thought we arrive at different conclusions even from the same premisses. But we are one with them in the Body of Christ, and the honour that we give to them we gain ourselves; the honour we deny to them we wilfully forego. We cannot if we would dissociate ourselves from Columba and Aidan and Finan and Chad and Saxulf; and certainly, if we rightly understand their place in the history of the Church, we would not if we could.

CHAPTER III.

THE ABBEY DESTROYED BY THE DANES: REFOUNDED BY EDGAR.

Saxulf—Wilfrid—The Controversy about Easter and the Tonsure—Medeshamsted sacked by the Danes; restored by Edgar—Succession of Abbots—Leofric—Egelric—Saxon Churches—Dedications of Churches.

> "Approach with reverence. There are those within
> Whose dwelling-place is Heaven."

THE church and monastery thus happily completed, furnished amply with brethren, and placed under the rule of Saxulf as its first abbat, increased so rapidly that, in a few years, several cells and subordinate churches were erected within its jurisdiction. Among these was Ancarig, which became afterwards the Abbey of Thorney, and Brixworth, in which, perhaps, we still look upon the handiwork of the founder of Medeshamsted. Saxulf ruled with the entire confidence and good-will of his brethren, until he was called to yet greater dignity. He succeeded Wilfrid at his deposition from the see of Lichfield.

Wilfrid was the most accomplished churchman of his day, and an important question was before him.

At this time, as there had been a century before in the southern counties, there were north of the Humber also, certain disastrous differences in the Church,

which we shall find it very difficult to understand without going back to the re-establishment of Christianity in England, by Augustine in the southern, and by the disciples of the school of Columba in the northern provinces.

Of course, each missionary bishop and his clergy brought with them their own faith and usages. In their faith, happily, they were agreed; but there were some ceremonial usages in which they differed, and chief among them was the season of keeping Easter.[1] The churches of the south, following the custom brought by Augustine from Rome, and pleading the authority of St. Peter, kept their *Easter*, as we do still, on the *Sunday* after the full moon next after the vernal equinox. The northern provinces, following St. Columba, and, as they believed, the example of St. John and of the Eastern Church, kept their Easter from the fourteenth day of the moon until the twentieth. The whole dispute might seem to concern nothing but external order, or at most a sentimental difference in the kalendar; but in reality it involved also principles of authority and obedience, and it occasioned no little social and religious disorder and discomfort. The church in a city or a kingdom, nay, in a single household, might be divided in the keeping of the great Christian feast of

[1] The form of the clerical tonsure was another, but less important question. The Western Churches, then as now, shaved the top of the head, leaving a circle of hair in imitation of Our Saviour's crown of thorns. The Eastern Churches shaved the forehead, and high up to the crown.

peace and charity. So it was, in fact, with Oswi, king of Northumberland, and his wife and family. Oswi himself obeyed the use of York, his queen and household that of Canterbury; and so the husband's Holy Week might be the wife's Easter Festival.

The Mercians in general, owing their Christianity to Finan and Aidan, and other disciples of the school of St. Columba, adhered to the northern use; and with them we might naturally have expected to find Wilfrid, a native of Ripon and a student of Lindisfarne. But Wilfrid had gone to study at Rome, and returned, as we should now speak, a decided ultramontane. When the dispute was settled at the Council of Whitby, therefore (A.D. 664), in presence of Oswi, king of Northumbria, Wilfrid maintained the Roman use with great vigour, and through the more yielding disposition of Colman, bishop of York, and others on that side, with success. The decision of the Council was doubtless just, but it was not the less certain that it was given on very insufficient grounds. Wilfrid had contrived to base his arguments on the comparative authority of Columba and of St. Peter: *to whom Christ had committed the keys of the kingdom* of Heaven. "Then," said the king, "I tell you all plainly I shall not stand opposed to the doorkeeper of the kingdom of Heaven, lest, when I come to the gate, I should find no one to open it to me."

We are, perhaps, equally indebted to the quaint decision of the king, to the yielding disposition of Colman, and to the persistence of Wilfrid, for the final determination of the matter as it now stands. It

is just conceivable that, but for this tardy agreement, we might still be keeping Easter at two different seasons within our one church; or, perhaps, which would be still worse, the Church in England might have been rent in twain, and might have been at this day two rival bodies.

Wilfrid has another claim on the gratitude of the Church in Mercia. He founded a monastery at Oundle, where, in the seventy-fifth year of his age, he died (A.D. 711). Having bestowed his blessing on his faithful attendants, he turned his face to the wall and calmly fell asleep. So, under the roof of his own abbey, the busiest, perhaps, and the most combative of our ecclesiastics (Becket not excepted), closed his useful but tempestuous and ambitious career in peace.

When Saxulf was made bishop of Mercia, Cuthbald, with his consent and good-will, was elected to succeed him as abbot of Medeshamsted. Under Cuthbald the abbey still flourished, and increased in wealth and importance, as it continued to do under Egbald, Pusa, Beonna, and Ceolred; but in the succeeding abbacy of Hedda, a frightful desolation fell, not on Medeshamsted only, but on a great part of the kingdom. Since the year 837 the Danes had ravaged a great part of the island, first attacking the southern provinces. After a few years they turned their attention northward, took York, invaded Mercia, and in 866 wintered at Nottingham. Three years after (869) they wintered at York, and in 870, landing on the coast of Lincolnshire, destroyed the monastery of Bardney, slaying all the monks, and moved southward to Croyland. There they repeated their work

of carnage and destruction, slaughtering all the monks except the few who were sent away by the Abbot Theodore with their most precious relics and treasures. Theodore himself was slain on the altar, and several others in various parts of the church; and one only boy-monk, named Turgar, was compassionately preserved by Sidroc, one of the leaders of the Danes, who concealed him under a Danish cloak. From Croyland the barbarians proceeded to Medeshamsted, where they found defences of such strength that they were obliged to attack it with engines, and to cover their approaches with archers. Lubba, the brother of Hubba, the Danish leader, fell desperately wounded by a stone in the very gateway; and Hubba, enraged at this, slew all the monks with his own hand,—the Abbot Hedda among the rest. All the altars were torn up, every monument was broken. The relics of Saints Kyneburg, Kyneswith, and Tibba were trampled under foot, the library was destroyed, and the fire which destroyed the church and the monastic buildings continued to burn for fifteen days. Meanwhile a miserable remnant of the monks of Croyland having returned to their desolated home, first did what they could to re-establish themselves, and then extended their pious care to Medeshamsted. Getting together, with great pains, the bodies of the slaughtered monks, which lay exposed to the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, they buried no fewer than eighty-four, with the abbot in the midst, in one grave, which they dug in the churchyard, just eastward of the church. Over this grave Godric, the abbot of Croyland, placed a stone, sculptured

with standing figures of the deceased abbot and his brethren; and thither came Godric once a year so long as he lived, and having erected a tent over the stone, celebrated masses for two days for the souls of the departed.

Thus perished Medeshamsted, to rise again after a desolation of a hundred years, under another name, and to better fortunes.

For about a hundred years the church and monastery remained desolate, the very ruins being turned into stalls for cattle. But in the year 970 Edgar, now king of all England, and Ethelwold, bishop of Winchester, became its restorers and second founders. This was but a part of a revolution extending far beyond the Abbey of Medeshamsted. Under the influence of Dunstan, Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, the king had thrown himself entirely into the interest of the Benedictine monks against the secular clergy, and he was very active in converting all the religious houses they could lay their hands on to the order of St. Benedict. A singular incident came very opportunely to their aid. The queen happened one day to overhear a prayer of Ethelwold that Almighty God would be pleased to incline the hearts of the king and queen and of the nobles of this kingdom to assist in so great a work. She was struck with the earnestness of the petition, and, coming forward, assured Ethelwold that for her part at least God had already heard and granted his prayer. Thenceforward she ceased not

to solicit the king most earnestly for his consent and help, and the king and queen with their court were soon actively engaged in the work.

Ethelwold was directed in a dream (so says the story) to go to the monastery of St. Peter in the Mercian province in search of a monastery which awaited their fostering care. He went, in obedience to the vision, first to Oundle, where Wilfrid had already dedicated a house to St. Peter. But Oundle was not destined to be their place of rest. They were directed to go still farther eastward, and so went on to Medeshamsted, which they found better suited to their purpose.

Thither therefore came Edgar and Ethelwold, with Dunstan, and Oswald, archbishop of York, and a great company of nobility and clergy, who all agreed in approving both the place and the work. And when Edgar read the charters of the house, he wept for joy that he had a second Rome in his dominions. In the presence of that assembly he confirmed the former privileges and possessions of the abbey, and offered with his nobles so large oblations, some in land, some in gold and silver, that this place, already called *Burgh*, came to be known as *Gildenburgh*, or *Goldenburgh*, though from its ancient dedication it was more properly designated *Peterborough*. And it is said that in those days this monastery was held in such reverence that whoever came thither, though he were king, bishop, or abbot, put off his shoes at the gate and entered barefoot.

From this time, then, the abbey was no longer known as Medeshamsted, but as Peterborough.

The first abbot of this new regime was Adulf, chancellor to King Edgar, who was moved by the sad death of his eldest son to visit Rome as a penitent;[1] but was told that he would better consult his soul's health by aiding the renewed foundation of this church. So he came to Peterborough, and there, in the presence of the king and the assembled nobles and clergy, offered all his wealth, laid aside his costly robes, and, putting on the habit of a monk, became (972) abbot of the church which he had thus benefited.

In 992, Adulf was made archbishop of York, and was succeeded by Kenulf first, and then by Elsin, a diligent collector of relics, with which the monastery was enriched for many generations. Elsin died in 1055, having been abbot fifty years. He was succeeded by Arwin, and he again by Leofric, a near relative of that great Saxon Earl of Mercia, who, for love of his wife Godiva, made Coventry toll-free. We cannot resist the temptation to imagine the great earl, with his noble wife, and their almost royal retinue of lords and knights and esquires, gracing the installation of the abbot in his monastery. At all events, we may infer that the earl and the abbot were one, not only in kin, but in friendship; for the abbot held no fewer than five[2] abbeys, among which was Coventry, all within the jurisdiction of the earl.

It is strange how often Leofric's name occurs in

[1] The child's death was occasioned by the intemperate habits of its parents. He was smothered in their bed, after they "had drunk more wine than was convenient."

[2] Burton, Coventry, Croyland, Thorney, and Peterborough.

ancient story. He and his spotless wife occupy a great place in the true and mythic history of the times; and, however true or false it may be in actual fact, the story of the Lady Godiva, patroness of the city of Coventry, is true at least in its poetry and in its moral.[1] It is a noble expression of the power of faith, charity, and purity. It is as grand as Una and her lion; and it should never be more highly appreciated than at this day, when we witness the deeds of those devoted sisters of the Church, who have found work for themselves from which they do not shrink, in tented fields, in plague-stricken cities, and even in the dens of vice. There is but one base spot in the whole tale,[2] and this we utterly refuse to accept.

Several names of much note in the Church occur in our Peterborough chronicles about this time. Two Archbishops of York, Elfric and Kinsius, were buried in the abbey church, the one in 1055, the other in 1060. In 1062, Wolstan, a monk of Peterborough, afterwards honoured as St. Wolstan, became Bishop of Worcester; and, about the same time, Egelric, one of our monks, was nominated to the Archbishopric of York, but rejected by the canons. The rejected of York was, however, joyfully accepted as Bishop of Durham, and there approved himself a wise and generous benefactor. Besides other good works, he was the maker of

[1] Need we refer to Tennyson's "Godiva"?

[2] It is almost needless to say that we refer to "that churl compact of thankless earth," popularly known as "Peeping Tom." He was not introduced into the story till the reign of Charles II. See Burgess's "Historic Warwickshire."

a way over the marsh lands between Deeping and Spalding, long known as the Egelric Rode. And let us here note how frequent were these princely works,—roads, bridges, embankments, and the like,—undertaken by ecclesiastics for the benefit of their neighbours. They accounted, and justly accounted, such public works, equally with churches and monasteries, worthy to be ranked among works of charity and religion.

After he had held it long enough to be wearied with the duties that it imposed on him, Egelric resigned the see to his brother Egelwin. But the brothers fell into disgrace with the Conqueror (no difficult thing for good honest Saxons to do), and Egelric lay in chains at Westminster. Here occurs one of those instances of self-maceration which sound so strange to our unaccustomed ears. When near his end, Egelric refused to be relieved of his fetters, and he was buried with them in St. Nicholas's porch at Westminster.

Egelric was the last abbot of the Saxon era, and we naturally take this occasion to search for indications of churches preceding the Conquest.

There are, besides the Saxon, two races, the Roman and the Danish, who might probably have left religious traces of their occupation. It is certain that the Christian faith was largely professed among the Roman occupants of Britain; but though other memorials of them are frequent enough, we have none of their churches. Within the limits of our three counties we have Roman roads,—Watling-street, the Fosse-

way, and the Ermine-street. We have well-ascertained sites of Roman stations; we have remains of their domestic buildings, and of their works in iron and pottery; but there are no traces of a single church which can be referred to the Roman period.[1]

The Danes may be as shortly dismissed, though they occupied many stations in this part of the kingdom. Some, perhaps many of them, during their long occupation of the kingdom embraced the Christian faith. King Canute was a Christian. The parents of Odo, archbishop of Canterbury, were of the Danish race. There is a sad story which tells of the successful work of an English bishop among the Danes. Elphege, archbishop of Canterbury, while a prisoner of the Danes was murdered by them in a most barbarous manner. He was pelted with the ox bones lying about the floor of a feast chamber. He was already overwhelmed with the disgusting missiles when a young Dane, whom he had baptized the day before, with a strange impulse of compassion for his prolonged suffering, cleft his head with a battle-axe. Still there is in this district neither trace nor history of any church of Danish foundation.

Of churches of undoubted Saxon date we have, however, our full share. First of all, in time as well as in interest, is Brixworth, which owes its erection to the same Saxulf who founded our abbey church. Besides this, we have Brigstock, Earl's Barton, Barnack, Whittering, and perhaps Stowe-nine

[1] Some persons claim Brixworth as a Roman *Basilica*, but a Roman *church* it certainly was not.

churches. It is near Weedon, a residence of the Mercian princes, who peopled the country with religious devotees, the children and other near relatives and dependents of Wulfere, the great patron of Medeshamsted. Is it not probable that it received its name "nine churches" from the numerous religious foundations of this family?

And here we have very naturally to consider the dedication of churches; a subject often of local interest, and belonging very specially to this early age. The choice of patron saints has certainly been greatly influenced by local or temporary circumstances. We shall confine ourselves to examples from this diocese. We have seven churches dedicated to St. Helen,[1] a name dear to our churches north of the Trent; and, as closely associated with her, five to the Holy Cross.[2] Collingtree is dedicated to St. Columba, the Irish missionary saint by whose disciples the kingdom of Mercia was evangelised. We should have expected to meet St. Guthlac, the founder of Croyland, perpetually in this neighbourhood, but he appears only at Branstone and at Passenham: the whole Hundred of Guthlaxton, however, in Leicestershire is named in his honour. Of the Holy Sepulchre, at Northampton, we have already spoken. St. Romwold was born at King's Sutton. His legend is disfigured with monstrous fiction, but his family was most influential among the Christians of his day, and he has given his name to the church of Stoke Doyle.

[1] Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Gumley, Saddington, Sharnford, Plungar, Oxendon, and Sibbertoft.

[2] Milton-Malsor, Byfield, Burley-on-the-Hill, and Packington.

Kibworth is dedicated to St. Wilfrid. Thomas à Becket has Frisby-on-the-Wreake, Skeffington, and Tugby under his patronage. Becket has countless chapels and chantry altars, but his murder did not take place till almost all our parishes had churches already dedicated to older saints.

For the frequency of one dedication we are at a loss to account. No fewer than ten of our churches are dedicated to St. Botolf.[1] His relics were removed from Ikanho, which he founded, to Thorney by St. Ethelwold.[2] It is scarcely necessary to say that Boston, in Lincolnshire (a town which owes its name to St. Botolf), is the chief of these. Its tower and lantern, rising to the height of 300 feet, is a magnificent object far and wide over the Lincolnshire fens.

And there is an incident of those days worth noticing, which largely influenced the Church. It is the number of persons of royal and noble birth and of high position who not only lived as devotees but even embraced the monastic life. Fuller enumerates nine kings who became monks. Many of the names of saints to whom our churches are dedicated attest this fact and its results. Not to travel beyond our own neighbourhood, Saints Kyneburgh, Kyneswith, and Pega at Peterborough, St. Botolf

[1] Sheepshead, Sibston, Ratcliffe-on-the-Wreake, Wardley, Barton Segrave, Harrington, Helpston, Longthorpe, Slapton, Stoke Albany. There are four churches of this dedication in London, and numbers elsewhere.

[2] Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, 654. See also Ordericus Vitalis, xi. 33; and Folcard's Life.

at Boston, St. Guthlac at Croyland, St. Etheldred at Ely,—all these, before they retired from the world, had lived with princes and nobles. We are not bound to assert that they showed their wisdom in this. Perhaps sometimes devotion would have been satisfied by their living in the discharge of the duties to which circumstances seemed to call them. But at least it showed how strong a hold religion had upon them, and it served to impress others also by whom they were surrounded. They were lights set on a hill, and the name of a church dedicated to their memory served to perpetuate their personal influence, to assert their interest in the communion of saints. If a brother of Peterborough was joining in a service at Castor, would he not be impressed by the feeling that he was within a sanctuary which bore the name of Kyneburgh? Would a monk of Croyland forget that the church in which he might perchance be worshipping at Passenham was called after his own patron? When the blood of Thomas à Becket had sprinkled so many hearts, did not his very name give a new power to the shrine erected to his honour? Of course the sense of personal relation would wear off in time, and after a few generations even the great names of Dunstan and Becket, or the holy names of Hugh and Grostete, would fail to carry with them the same commanding sense of actual communion that they once did. We require the aid of the historian to perpetuate such memories; and that is why we owe so much to those ecclesiastical histories which rise above the record of pleas at law and a mere chronicle

of facts, to the form and spirit, and perhaps even to the very features and habits of our old church workers and of their work. At the head of those who have left us such histories is "VENERABLE BEDE," with his strongly-marked anecdotes, and happy delineations of character. He makes us feel of one family with the churchmen of old. And so, indeed, do all records of the name and fame of our ancestors. Are we not prouder patriots and more loving churchmen in Westminster Abbey, or in Canterbury, Winchester, and St. Paul's Cathedrals? The first historian of Peterborough, Hugo Candidus, tells us of enormous masses of stone as much as eight oxen could move, which were brought to the foundation of Medeshamsted. They must be still there. If beneath the nave of Benedict one of these blocks should be found (the like has happened under our own eyes at Lincoln and at Southwell), should we not be carried back to the time of Saxulf, and feel as if we stood hand in hand with him, and with his noble companion in the work?—stood with them as brethren in the same church—the Church of England—which was NOT *founded by King Henry the Eighth.*

PART II.

Norman Period.

CHAPTER I.

Succession of Abbots—Brand—Simon de Senlis—Thorold *the Unlucky*—Godric—Mathias—Ernulf—Egelric's Vision—De Seez: the Church burnt—Henry of Anjou—Spectral Hunters.

> "Whether he was combined with those of Norway,
> Or did line the rebel with hidden pelf
> And vantage . . . I know not."

BRAND, the last of our Saxon abbots, had been Leofric's coadjutor. He succeeded in the same year that the Conqueror seated himself on the throne of the Confessor. The conjunction was not a happy one. Waltheof, still in arms against the Normans, was Brand's nephew, and had received the sword of knighthood at his uncle's hands.[1] The new abbot was leagued by every consideration of race, of family, of sentiment, and of chivalry, with the enemies of the ruling powers. He was, however, unmolested until the year 1069, when William gave the abbey to one Thorold (Turoldus), a Norman. It is but just, however, to say that although in this instance he was

[1] At that day, and till the next century, the creation of knights was among the privileges of the higher ecclesiastics.

unfortunate in his nominee, William was not habitually guilty of rewarding scandalous adherents with ecclesiastical preferments. As might be expected, he filled sees and abbeys with men of his own race, who had followed him in his expedition to England; but they were many of them worthy men, and they were, at all events, well fitted to hold their own and the Church's interests in those troublous times. Remigius, for instance, who was brought from Fescamp to govern this diocese,[1] was a churchman of high reputation, and the rights of his church, spiritual and temporal, were perfectly safe in his hands.

As for Thorold, his abbot's chair was certainly not cushioned with roses. Brand, the deposed but by no means extinguished abbot, had all the great Saxon thanes in arms for his support. Whether these chiefs are to be called patriots or rebels, certain it is that they kept the land in a state of perpetual warfare. Thorold, therefore, a creature of the Norman conqueror, met with no friendly reception at Peterborough. Hereward de Wake, who was among the chief of these Saxon supporters of Brand, is eulogised as a model patriot, and he was indeed the last to sheath his sword in the quarrel of the Saxons; but it is certain he did not hesitate to call in the Danes to assist in desolating an English church and city. They came at his call, with many vessels, in which they had been lying in the Humber. The monks and their retainers

[1] The present diocese of Peterborough was then part of the diocese of Lincoln. The episcopal city was Dorchester, in Oxfordshire. Remigius removed the see to Lincoln, and founded the present cathedral.

shut their gates and manned their walls. Enraged by the vigour of their defence, Hereward set fire to the houses built against the walls, and entered the city under cover of the flames. The church was consumed, the brethren were slain, only a single monk confined in the infirmary remaining to tell the dismal tale.

The contest of races continued with frightful violence in the whole neighbouring country for some time, but Hereward and Waltheof both fell at last into the Conqueror's hands, and were, nominally at least, admitted into his service. The fate of Waltheof is an episode of no small interest in our diocesan history.

With a cruel kindness this noble Saxon was accepted as the husband of Judith, the Conqueror's niece. This alliance brought him the Earldom of Northampton and large possessions, but it cost him his life. The wretched woman betrayed him to the Conqueror, and procured his execution. Judith was now again at William's disposal, and he ordered her to marry Simon of Senlis, whose name appears frequently in the civil and ecclesiastical annals of the county, and always with honour. Happily for Simon Judith had another lover, and refused his hand. The rejected suitor was more happily married to Waltheof's eldest daughter, and received with her the estates and titles of her father. Judith lived and died hated and despised as she deserved to be.

This is our introduction to Simon, the first Norman Earl of Northampton. He was equally renowned as a Christian soldier and as a benefactor of his church and fellow-citizens. Twice he carried the Cross to

the Holy Land; he was the builder of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, and the founder of the Castle[1] of Northampton. He largely endowed the convent of St. Andrew in the same town, which, however, he made an alien priory of the Cluniac abbey of St. Mary de Caritate, on the banks of the Loire. This foreign appropriation of his gift might seem to argue forgetfulness of his own people; but indeed it was just the reverse. In those days of pilgrimages, crusades, and journeys to Rome, it was well to secure a temporary retreat, or, it might be, a last home, in many a foreign city for the English warrior or devotee; and such a retreat and last home Simon did indeed provide for himself, for after his second visit to Jerusalem, he fell sick, died, and was buried at the same Abbey of St. Mary de Caritate which he had already endowed.

Simon, the Crusader, however, left behind him an appropriate memorial among his own people. We have said that he was twice engaged in the crusades, and during his intermediate sojourn in England he erected the Church of the Holy Sepulchre at Northampton, which still remains one of the four[2] round churches in the kingdom, erected and dedicated by Crusaders in memory of the church of the same form in Jerusalem.[3]

We left Thorold fighting and intriguing for his

[1] This castle has lately been swept away by a new railway.

[2] These are the Temple in London, St. Sepulchre's in Cambridge, and Little Maplested in Essex.

[3] The Church of the Holy Sepulchre has been recently restored in memory of the late Lord Northampton, whose title,

abbey, whither he arrived on the very day that it was sacked by the Danes. He was, however, by no means disposed to sit down under his loss. He brought with him a hundred and forty men-at-arms, and fortified the monastery with a castle, which remained rather a sore than a comfort to the brethren, till it was pulled down nearly two hundred years after by Martin de Bec.[1]

Thorold never succeeded, even if he tried, in winning the love and respect of the convent. He retired to Beauvais, but was driven thence within a week, and returning to Peterborough, died there twenty-eight years after his first appointment, deserving to the last the name of Thorold *the Unlucky*.

Rufus was now on the throne, and, of course, seized the rents of the monastery; but after two years he sold permission to the monks to choose an abbot, for which they paid £300. Their choice fell upon Godric[2] (1099), who was, however, presently deposed, perhaps for the simoniacal transaction with Rufus. A second vacancy occurred from 1100 to 1103, when

as well as his interest in ecclesiology, made him a happy associate of Simon de Senlis, the first Norman earl, and a builder and benefactor of churches. The Round of the Church is occupied with a magnificent font, as a memorial of the late Canon James, vicar of Sibbertoft and Theddingworth, another earnest restorer of our ancient ecclesiastical buildings.

[1] Its site is still marked by the mound called Tout-hill.

[2] In Godric's time some foreign thieves broke into the church, and carried off many precious articles:—a cross of beaten gold, several jewels, two chalices and patens, the gift of Elfric, archbishop of York. The thieves were taken, but the stolen property fell into the king's hands, and was never restored.

Matthias was appointed. The historian says, "One may almost smell the wind that blew him hither, for he was brother to Godfrey, the king's chief justice, to whom he gave the manor of Pytchley, the property of the Church." Having held the abbacy one year exactly, Matthias died at Gloucester, and the abbey was vacant till 1107; two abbacies and two vacancies having occurred since 1100.

Ernulf, our next abbot (1107), was a man of a very different type. He had earned his reputation by his skill as an architect in the cathedral of Canterbury, where, as prior, he was engaged by Anselm in rebuilding the choir after the style of that more elaborate architecture with which he had been familiar in Normandy. It is very worthy of note that so many of the great prelates of this day fetched their architectural tastes and workers from Normandy, where the churches were far in advance of those on this side the Channel in size and beauty.

It will easily be imagined that one who, as prior, had left such a work in progress, would not be idle in the church in which he held the chief place. He immediately applied himself to the improvement of the church, and of several of the monastic offices, especially of those which were of the most importance to the personal health and comfort of his brethren. Being made Bishop of Rochester in 1115, Ernulf left Peterborough, to the great grief of the community.

Our special interest in the work of Ernulf at Peterborough is, that he was the first to introduce into our cathedral the Norman style of architecture; and that he did it not merely as a patron of art, but as an

expert. There can be no question that both here and at Canterbury he was not merely a master of the works, but the architect. There was besides a fiscal arrangement, for which the abbey was much indebted to the wisdom of Ernulf. He provided a constant fabric fund for his church by an agreement with the knights who held lands of the abbey, that they should be brought at their burial with all their knightly arms, horses, and accoutrements into the church, the convent engaging to receive the corpse with a procession.

It was soon proved how important it was that a master of his art had left work behind him, which might give the tone to what was to be done when he was gone.

We have already had occasion to recount the good deeds of Egelric, a monk of Peterborough, and afterwards Bishop of Durham, and to describe the special character of his devotion. His name and character were not forgotten. It was still devoutly believed that one evening, when he was engaged in the church in his prayers, the devil appeared to him as a hideous black boy, and threatened that he would be revenged on the abbey in three ways. He would bring down the Danes upon them,—he would destroy the whole of the monastic buildings with fire,—he would stir up such strife in the house, that the monks should cut one another's throats. One only of these threats remained to be fulfilled. We have now to relate how this was brought about.

De Seez (1114), a man of impetuous disposition and unguarded speech, was now the abbot. It was the vigil of St. Oswald (1116), when we may assume

that preparations were being made for the morrow's feast; for Oswald was one of the saints most devoutly reverenced at Peterborough. The abbot coming into the refectory while the friars were laying the tables, and not liking what was done, rebuked them with indecent sharpness; or, to use the more forcible language of the historian, "fell a cursing." On the same morning, one of the servants in the bake-house could not readily kindle the fire, and in an angry fit he uttered a special imprecation, "Come, devil, and blow the fire." Presently the flames burst forth, and, blazing to the very rafters, fired the roof, and thence spread through all the monastic offices, and to the neighbouring town. Thus, then (it is the historian's comment), "by the act of the devil, who was thus invoked, and by the permission of God for our sins, the whole church was burnt, and all the bells broken, and the fire smouldered in the tower for nine days; and on the ninth night a strong wind scattered the live coals from the top of the tower upon the abbot's lodge, so that we verily believed all the remaining buildings must perish."

Whatever part we may assign to De Seez in the destruction of the church and monastery, we must at least admit that he set to work with the utmost energy to repair the damage. And so generally was the superiority of the new architectural forms admitted, that we may very well suppose that, after the first shock was over, the brethren of Peterborough were not altogether unable to rejoice at the opportunity of rebuilding their church on a scale better fitted to compete with its neighbours, Lincoln and Ely.

De Seez lived till 1125, and was succeeded, after a vacancy of three years, by Henry of Anjou (de Angelis). As Henry "lived as a drone in the hive," we shall acquit him of all deeds worth recording.

The abbacy of De Seez was not, however, without striking incidents, and one of them we will relate on the authority of Candidus, the contemporary annalist of Peterborough. In the first year of this abbacy there were heard and seen in the night time throughout Lent, in the woods between Stamford and Peterborough, hunters, sometimes twenty or thirty together, with horses and dogs all black, of ugly countenance, and riding, some of them, on goats. We are bound to accept, as bonâ fide in intention at least, the story of Candidus, who declares that he tells it on the word of great numbers, and well worthy of credit, who saw and heard it with their own eyes and ears; but we are not bound to attribute to these strange appearances a supernatural character. We may rather hazard a conjecture that there was something in it short of the preternatural. The tendency of the Northamptonshire serf, like that of his descendent countryman of the present day, to treat the game laws with scant respect, may very well have given occasion to nocturnal raids against beasts of venery in the woods between Peterborough and Stamford, and a dread of the barbarous punishments then inflicted on unprivileged sportsmen would induce them to pursue their amusement in formidable numbers and in disguise, and so all the spectral appearances are brought within the limits of probability.

Something of the same character attaches to another

story told of a Bishop of Lincoln two centuries after this. Bishop Burghersh, an ardent sportsman, and of an oppressive and overbearing disposition, had deprived some poor bodies of their tenements, which he had thrown together to make a deer-park, bringing on himself the curses of his tenants. After his death the sporting bishop, clothed in a short coat of Lincoln green, appeared to one of his household, with bow and arrows in his hand, and a hunter's horn slung round his neck—in short, a perfect verderer. "You know," said the bishop, "with how great offence to God and the poor I enclosed this park; and now, for penance, I am appointed its keeper until the land shall be restored to its rightful occupiers. I beseech you, therefore, to charge the canons of Lincoln to destroy the fences, that each man may have his own again!" Such stories as these carry with them a shrewd suspicion that the laity, and those, too, of the poorer sort, sometimes repaid the clergy in their own coin for their palpable impostures, and were not loth to scourge their too secular and self-indulgent pursuits and habits. Bishop Burghersh was, in fact, the hero of a satyric idyll.

What, then, are we to make of such stories, true or false? The easiest and simplest way is, of course, to reject them as palpable and conscious inventions. But even the very fact that they have any existence is a part of our history, and we believe by no means an unimportant or an uninteresting part.

In our remarks on the characteristics of ancient ecclesiastical history we have observed on the constant recognition of some supernatural influence in the

affairs of the Church and of the world. Such stories of diablerie as those just related, belong to the darker side of our consciousness of the secret and mysterious influences by which we are surrounded. We may fairly argue that they are sometimes literally true in their bare facts, as we have just hinted may be the case with our spectral hunting parties. Sometimes they have a truth deeper and more important than the events which they relate, as we have hinted in the case of the suicide of Wulfere's steward, *suadente Diabolo*, attributed to the very act of the Devil in person. The case of Egelric and his dream, and of its fulfilment, requires very little apology. That Egelric, wearing out his hours of devotion in a monastery which had been already once destroyed by the Danes and once by fire, and always disturbed by factious spirits, should dream of such things, and relate, without conscious exaggeration, that they had taken visible shape before his eyes, can hardly be accounted strange; and that the events, not in themselves improbable, should when they occurred, be accepted as the fulfilment of a portent, would be simply a matter of course. As for priding ourselves that we have been of later times above the folly of calling in unhallowed agencies to adorn our stories, or of believing them when reported, this would be a gratuitous assumption on our part. If it had been possible to antedate a page of history some seven or eight hundred years, with what patience would Egelric have read, in the Annals of Leicester (July 18, 1616), an account of "the arraignment of a sort of woman witches, of which nine of them shall be executed at

the gallows this forenoon, for bewitching of a young gentleman of twelve or thirteen years old"? Or how would Bishop Grostete, or one of his canons, have estimated the honesty of a "medium" of the nineteenth century, or the common sense of his victims?

CHAPTER II.

NORMAN AND PLANTAGENET PERIOD.

The Pontificale and the Regale. Anselm at Rockingham—Becket at Northampton.

"There is not in the history of the world a sight more wonderful or more consolatory than the embarrassment of strength in conflict with weakness."

THERE were innumerable abuses arising out of the tyranny and avarice of the king on the one hand, and the usurpation of the pope on the other, which brought the church and the crown into constant and violent collision under the Norman and Plantagenet dynasties. The most intolerable instance of kingly avarice and oppression, and that most frequently exercised, was the keeping ecclesiastical benefices vacant, that their revenues might be enjoyed by the king.

Canterbury was five times kept vacant between the reigns of Henry I. and John, pouring the revenues of twenty-seven years into the royal treasury; Exeter as often in the same space; Lichfield and Coventry four times; Lincoln twice under Henry II.; Salisbury three times under Rufus and Henry II. The whole number of such royal incumbencies up to the reign of Henry II., was twenty-eight. Abbeys suffered less only in proportion as they had less to lose.

At the time to which we have brought down our

history, the see of Canterbury was vacant by the death of Lanfranc in the year 1086; and Rufus had as yet shown no intention of filling it. But during a dangerous illness, he professed himself a penitent, promised to fill the vacant throne, and fixed on Anselm as its occupant. With the greatest earnestness Anselm declined the proffered dignity, and at last only yielded to a singular argument of the king. "You are consigning me to eternal perdition. I must perish if I leave the world with the sin upon me of having kept the archiepiscopal throne vacant." Certain bishops present were deeply penetrated by the force of this strange logic. Still Anselm was unmoved, and the pastoral staff was thrust into his hands, and only to mingled force and persuasion he submitted.

This *nolo episcopari* was by no means of rare occurrence in the primitive and medieval church. We have it again presently in the account of Becket. It has never perhaps been rare, though it has not recently been often a matter of history. In the present day it is certainly of no rare occurrence, though it is a vulgar error that it is part of the formula of the acceptance of a bishopric. The notion that it is generally affected rather than sincere, can have no ground, except in a cynical want of faith in those who so represent it. At present, at all events, it must be sincere, for the too willing aspirant at the dignity cannot possibly expect the application of such forcible persuasion as to justify a coy compliance.

The king recovered, and grew more arbitrary than ever, and to the earnest expostulations of Gundulf, bishop of Rochester, he made the blasphemous an-

swer: "By the face of Luke, Sir Bishop, God shall never get any good out of me, for the evil that He has done me." An oath which he kept religiously.

Quarrels soon began to multiply between the king and the archbishop. First the king was discontented with a present of £500 made by Anselm towards his designs in Normandy. The present rejected by the king was given to the poor; and William, losing all, was the more displeased. The great quarrel, however, was to come. There were rival popes, Urban II. and Clement III. (we use the titles by which they had elected to be called), neither of whom was yet recognised by William. Anselm waited on the king, and desired permission to go to Rome, to receive his pall from Urban, which would be of course to acknowledge him as pope. The king declared that he had not recognised Urban, and that neither he nor his father before him had submitted to give up that prerogative to another. Anselm desired to lay his case before the bishops, expecting doubtless that they would without hesitation decide in his favour. The question of the pall, however, was not so simple as it originally appeared; indeed, it was exceedingly confused, and was perhaps incapable of solution according to any premisses on which the two opposing parties would agree.

Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's. The divine precept is always of course verbally admitted on either hand; but this agreement by no means secures a happy end to every conflict. Cæsar on the one hand, and on the other hand the ecclesiastical power,

claiming to represent God, advance essentially irreconcilable claims; and it is by no means necessary to suppose that either party in collision is consciously in the wrong. The question will always recur, "Which is the side of God, and therefore the side of right?" Considering the overbearing influence and power of the crown, and the utter want of carnal weapons in the mitre, it might seem that every such contest was too unequal to be prolonged after the first declaration of the prince's will; but the apparent weakness of the mitre is in fact a part of its strength. It seems cowardly to strike where it is forbidden to return the blow; and the helplessness of the Church is her shield of defence. And besides, to suffer without yielding carries with it an appearance of courage and resolution, which has often been rewarded with victory. The tragical and significant scenes of the quarrels of Henry and Becket fairly represent the general issue in such matters. Becket indeed falls a victim to criminal violence, but Henry bares his back to the scourge, and the cause and the credit are both won by the archbishop. Meanwhile it was not decided, and perhaps it never will be with any precision, which was right and which was wrong: in other words, what belonged to Cæsar, and what to God.

And what is this *Pall*, about which princes and primates thus contended?

The pall[1] is a part of the pontifical dress worn only by the pope, patriarchs, and archbishops. It is a white woollen band about three fingers in breadth,

[1] See Dr. Hook's "Church Dictionary."

worn over the shoulders, and crossed in front, with one end hanging down before, so as to take the form of the letter Y.[1] It is made from the wool of perfectly white sheep, which are yearly offered and blessed at the festival of St. Agnes, in the church dedicated to her in the Nomentan Way in Rome. The pope alone *always* wears the pall; the archbishops and patriarchs only when they are exercising the especial functions of their office; and the archbishop under the papal obedience could not assume his title, or exercise the acts of his greater jurisdiction, until he had received and paid for his pall. And so important was it held that the pall should be possessed only on these terms, that the archbishop was always buried in his pall lest his successor should become possessed of it at his death, and assume the office which it symbolised.

No wonder that the pope should reserve to himself the conferring of this mystic vestment. It was the direct source of no inconsiderable revenues, for it was purchased at a great cost. It was the cause of a great concourse of the higher ecclesiastics to Rome, for as a rule the archbishop-elect received the pall with his own hands or at least sent to solicit it by a dignified substitute; and even to be the messenger sent to petition for a pall was a coveted distinction. It made the pope (or rather it signified that the pope was acknowleged to be) the sovereign disposer of the greatest dignities in the church. To receive the pall at the hands of a pope was an act of homage and

[1] In heraldry the pall is still retained in the arms of the see of Canterbury.

allegiance—no small matter at any time, and in case of a disputed papal succession (as at present) one of paramount importance. If the pope's assumed authority had been wholly and purely spiritual this might have weighed but little ; Rufus would scarcely trouble himself who was privileged to ban or to bless ; but the pope had become a temporal prince, and his spiritual jurisdiction involved immense material influence, and put in action immense material power. And so also with the primates on whom the pall was conferred. Had their place and office been purely and wholly spiritual, it would have mattered little to the prince to whom the privilege of wearing the scarf of white wool might belong ; but the office involved a great deal more. It involved rights of property, of jurisdiction, of feudal tenure and offices, of enormous revenues, of vast patronage both lay and clerical. It could not be indifferent to the prince who should be invested with all this, nor who should have the power of investing him with it. The pope's claim to confer the pall in fact involved his assertion of all this temporal power and authority also. As a purely logical abstraction it would be easy to say, Let the pope's investiture by the pall convey all the *spirituals*, and the sovereign's investiture by homage convey all the *feudalities* of the office ; but in practice this pure abstraction could not be realised.

To determine this question Anselm was called to a council of bishops to be held at Rockingham, in Northamptonshire. Could Anselm in any way reconcile his duty to the Apostolic See with his obedience to the king? If not, he declared his determination

to leave the kingdom. The bishops could find no other answer to his question than that it was alike his duty and his wisdom to resign himself wholly to the king's pleasure. Anselm replied that his allegiance bound him to the king's pleasure no farther than the divine laws would permit. The king would have had the bishops put Anselm on his trial, and depose him. This they said they could not do, because he was their primate. The majority of their number, however, renounced their canonical obedience, and deserted him. The nobility, with more courage and generosity, adhered to his cause. Rufus would have had Urban send the pall to him, without nominating the person who was to receive it. Anselm would not submit to this method of escaping the difficulties of the position. He argued that the granting the pall was a peculiar and inalienable part of the pope's jurisdiction. The practical conclusion of the question on this occasion was in fact a compromise very characteristic of the time. The pall was laid by the pope's messenger (the bishop of Alba) on the altar of Canterbury Cathedral, that Anselm might receive it from thence as if it had been delivered to him by St. Peter himself. It is easy to recognise in this termination of the quarrel a substantial victory of the Church.

As the castle of Rockingham connects the history of this diocese with the name of Anselm, so does the town of Northampton connect it with the name of Becket, the ecclesiastical hero in another conflict of the pontificale and the regale.

Archbishop Theobald, Becket's friend and patron,

died in 1161. The king, as usual, seized the revenues of the see; and for more than a year Becket, as chancellor, received the rents and profits in the king's name. He must have seemed to every one the *last person* to fill the primate's throne, and, except in personal purity, which no man ever denied him, the *most unfit*. However, Henry one day bade him prepare for a journey to England, where the archbishopric expected him. Becket long resisted the friendly intentions of the king (for that they were in a sense friendly, after the king's fashion of friendship, there can be no doubt), pleading his unfitness and the difficulties he must encounter as primate if he would retain the royal favour and confidence. But Henry insisted, and Becket yielded. So to England he came, and, being as yet only in deacon's orders, he was ordained priest, and the next day (June 3, 1162), bishop, by Henry, bishop of Winchester.

Henry doubtless reasoned, wisely enough, that it would be a master-stroke of policy to make his chancellor archbishop, and so secure in his one person a sheep and a shearer; ready, in either character, to devote his fleece and to ply his shears to the king's profit. But Becket determined to avoid the double character, and at once resigned the chancellorship. It will not be wondered that this grievously disappointed and irritated the king; and there were not long wanting other indications of the part Becket was prepared to play in the inevitable collisions between the clergy and the crown. While at the Papal court to solicit his pall, Becket had attended a council at Tours, where he moved for the canoniza-

tion of Anselm, who had, though with characteristic meekness of manner, yet with perfect firmness, and with no small measure of success, resisted the sacrilege and aggressions of Rufus, an obvious hint of the course he would himself pursue.

There were so many subjects in dispute between the crown and the Church, that much depended on the ground which the king should take. He chose wisely for the popularity of his cause. The ecclesiastical courts had drawn within their exclusive jurisdiction all questions in which the parties or either of them was a cleric. Even *criminal* jurisdiction was claimed by the *ecclesiastical* courts if the accused was in holy orders. In short, there was one law for the clergy and another for the rest of the people. Now flagellation, degradation, and deprivation were the extreme penalties inflicted by the courts Christian; so that no clerk was exposed to any greater punishment than these, even for offences for which a layman would be hanged. It is naturally to be supposed that this did not satisfy the king's sense of justice. Nor could it be urged that the character of the clergy was above the necessity of more extreme penalties. So Henry entered into the conflict with the Archbishop with equal heat and determination. And very wisely he set in the forefront of the causes of quarrel the one in which the people were most certain to embrace his cause,—*the exclusive jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts over the clerical orders.* Determined, as he said, to redress the grievances under which crown and people alike smarted, he summoned a council of bishops and abbots, to meet at West-

minster in October, 1163, and to them he proposed the question of the right method of dealing with criminous clerks. For his own part, he said, "I am bent on maintaining peace and tranquillity throughout my dominions, and I am much annoyed by the disturbances which arise out of the crimes of the clergy. They do not hesitate to commit robbery of all kinds, and sometimes even murder. I request, therefore, the consent, my Lord of Canterbury, of yourself and the other bishops, that when clerks are convicted of crimes such as these, they shall be given up to the officers of my court, to receive corporal punishment, without any protection from the Church."

Becket asked time for consideration; and after having consulted with his brother prelates, who were at first on the king's side, but who were won over by his arguments or his authority, answered for himself and the rest,—that they were unwilling to give unqualified assent to the king's demands.

Henry then asked whether they would conform *to the customs and usages of the kingdom*, and the *royal constitutions of his ancestors*. They claimed the customs and usages *as on their side;* but for the royal constitutions Becket replied, "We will, in all things saving our order." Of course, this saving clause of privilege would have been made to cover all demands of the primate, then or thereafter. But it was a card that princes could play as well as bishops. King John, for instance, when pressed by the prelates and people, as Becket was now pressed by the king, was ready to pledge himself to anything *saving the royal dignity and liberties.* Henry was indignant, and

swore "By God's eyes, ye shall say nothing of your order."

Nothing was gained then from the council at Westminster; but Henry, hoping perhaps to prevail over either his affections or his fears, invited Becket to a conference at Northampton. Their interview was not without picturesque incidents. Each came with a splendid cavalcade, so that the town could not contain the suites both of the king and of the archbishop, and Becket was requested to remain in the valley. Mounted on fiery steeds, they attempted in vain to meet for personal conference; their horses refused to approach one another, and were exchanged for more manageable palfreys. It was equally difficult for either Becket or Henry to curb his own temper, and to assume a less masterful mood; and after certain unhandsome speeches on both sides, they separated without the archbishop having agreed to recede from his proviso, "*saving our order.*"

After this Becket found, perhaps to his surprise, certainly to his grief and discouragement, that he could but imperfectly rely on the support of his suffragans. The result was that at a meeting with the king at Woodstock, Becket promised to forego his obnoxious reservation, and a council was agreed upon of the great dignitaries of church and state to meet at Clarendon, a royal manor near Salisbury, at which the customs and usages of the realm should be determined. The acts of this council, known as the Constitutions of Clarendon, may be called the turning point of Becket's future career.

We must give the effect of some of them, without

which our sketch of Becket's conduct would be unintelligible.

I. That clerics shall be subject to lay tribunals.

II. That laics, whether the king or other, may take cognizance of both civil and ecclesiastical causes.

III. That no appeal to the Apostolic See shall be lawful without permission of the king.

These and other like articles were passed entirely in the king's sense. To the customs, *in a general way*, Becket had sworn without reserve : to the customs, *as here determined*, in a sense which he believed contrary both to the inalienable rights of the clergy and to the actual customs of the realm, he could not and would not subscribe. So they were passed, with the assent of all, Becket himself excepted ; and though he was obliged to accept a copy of them, another copy being given to the Archbishop of York, and another enrolled in the royal archives, he refused to set his seal to them.

He felt in short that he had suffered a defeat ; and, worse than this, he felt that he had at least *seemed* to be untrue to his order and to his principles. Unwilling and imperfect as his submission had been, he revenged it upon himself by deep penitence, and a long continued mortification. Herbert de Bosham says that he attended Becket as he rode from Clarendon, and that he spoke of his defeat as a proper punishment for one who had been brought up among hawks and hounds, revels and buffoons, and had left courts and camps to take on himself the care of immortal souls. He wrote immediately to the pope asking for counsel and absolution, and meanwhile suspended himself from the exercise of all holy functions. The king also had his

emissaries at Sens (where Alexander held his court), and they were so far successful that they procured a *legatine commission* to Roger, archbishop of York, so that Becket was subjected to the indignity of having the crosier of York carried before him in his own province. Meanwhile Becket determined on pleading his own cause at Sens, and left Canterbury with the intention of going thither He actually put off to sea, but was driven back by a storm. Possibly hoping that his intention had not been known to the king, he went to him at Woodstock ; a visit which failed to produce any satisfactory result, but which gave Henry an opportunity of asking whether he had attempted to leave England because it was not large enough to hold them both.

There were many turns and incidents which we cannot pretend to describe, but through all Henry was determined to prosecute his purpose, which had now become, almost avowedly, to crush Becket. To that end he summoned a Parliament to meet at Northampton, so that this town becomes a second time the scene of exciting events in Becket's life.

It was indeed a sore day for the most prominent churchmen, when they were summoned to sit in judgment on their metropolitan. The Bishop of Ely was fortunate enough to be confined to his bed by a fit of ague, and the Bishop of Norwich declared that he only wished he had as good an excuse. The dreaded day, however, dawned over the town, and with it came all those prelates and barons who were opposed to the primate, or who were so unhappy as not to be kept at

home by sickness. The king spent the early morning in hawking in the meadows. Becket repaired to Henry so soon as he could obtain access to him, but was received without the customary kiss of peace, an omen of what was to follow. The king's intention of crushing Becket was at once apparent; for leaving the great questions of law and custom as determined by the Council of Clarendon, he caused claims to be made on him for certain debts said to be due to the crown, and for enormous sums which he was accused of having appropriated to himself out of the revenues of vacant benefices. A claim of £500 as a debt was a trifling matter; not so another of 44,000 marks on account of ecclesiastical revenues. Becket had taken the precaution at his vacating the chancellorship to obtain an acquittance of all such claims from the king's justiciary; but the plea was not allowed, and he was condemned in the whole sum.

In the early morning of the day on which sentence was to be pronounced, Becket solemnized the mass of *St. Stephen, the proto-martyr;* and from the altar he went in his episcopal robes, and took his place at the head of the assembled barons. It was observed that he carried his cross *in his own hands,* instead of having it borne by a chaplain. "What means this new fashion of an archbishop carrying his own cross?" asked the Archdeacon of Lisieux. "A fool," said Foliot, bishop of London, "he always was and always will be;" and then, turning to Becket:—"If the *king's sword* and the *archbishop's cross* came into conflict, which would be the deadlier weapon?" Becket only grasped the cross the more firmly, and

Foliot tried in vain to take it from him. In the midst of this struggle, the *Archbishop of York* passed through the hall into the king's chamber, preceded by his cross—cross against cross, like opponent spears in a tourney.

The murmur of angry voices in the hall was heard in the *council chamber;* and in *the hall* the bishops heard the still more angry voices of the barons, mingled with the sound of arms. Many of the prelates feared that actual violence might be resorted to; still they refused to pronounce a formal sentence on their metropolitan. The king imposed the task on the venerable Earl of Leicester, who, advancing into the hall, began his speech. "Hear our sentence——" "Nay, son Earl," said Becket, "but hear me first." Then, in a dignified speech, he gave a summary of the whole case, and ended with a solemn appeal to God and the pope. This was in direct contravention of the Constitutions of Clarendon. Still the bishops refused to join in the sentence, but with how little real friendliness of heart a word of the Bishop of Chichester plainly declared. "We have just cause of complaint against you, lord primate. You have placed us between the hammer and the anvil. If we join in a sentence against you, we violate our canonical obedience; if we refuse, we offend the king's majesty. We appeal, by the king's grace, to our lord, the pope." The king refused leave of appeal to the primate, but granted it to the bishops.

Becket rose to depart. As he walked slowly down the hall he was assailed with insult and ribaldry. A

voice called out, "*Traitor.*" "If it were not for my order," said Becket, "you should rue that word." Outside the hall he was received with acclamations by such a crowd that he could scarcely guide his horse. He returned to St. Andrew's Church, where he determined to pass the night, and his bed was strewn before the altar; but at midnight he stole out with only two attendants, and the next morning reached Lincoln. At Lincoln he took the disguise of a monk, dropped down the Witham to Sempringham, a Cistercian hermitage, and thence by cross roads, and chiefly by night, to Estry, about five miles from Deal. There he remained a week. On the evening of All Souls' Day he arrived at Gravelines, on the coast of Flanders. His huge loose shoes made it difficult for him to walk over the sand without falling. He sat down in despair. After some difficulty, a sorry horse, without a saddle, and with a wisp of straw for a bridle, was found for him. He was once nearly betrayed by his delight at seeing a falcon on a sportsman s wrist. The host of a little inn recognised him by his lofty carriage, and the whiteness of his hands. At length, however, he found himself safe under the shelter of the monastery of Clair Marais, near St. Omer.

And thus began an exile of six years, after he had held the archiepiscopate a little more than two.

The history of Becket has no longer any special connection with our diocese. We shall not relate the events of his exile, from which he returned only to his death. The persecuted and murdered archbishop was substantially the victor. The penance

which Henry performed at Becket's shrine, submitting his bare back to the scourges of the monks, and making his costly offerings, was equal to a thousand decrees favourable to the cause for which the prelate had laboured and suffered. Becket's reputation as a martyr was world-wide, and in England chantries were dedicated to him without number, and his altars received the most costly offerings; and so numerous were such witnesses of the reverence given to his name, that it quite eclipsed that of St. Thomas the Apostle (and indeed of all the Apostles, St. Peter not excepted); and we may be sure that if we find a chantry or an altar of St. Thomas, the St. Thomas whose name it bears is St. Thomas of Canterbury.

CHAPTER III.

NORMAN AND PLANTAGENET.

Succession of Abbots—Martin of Bec—William Waterville—Benedict, *the Literary Abbot*—Andrew—Acarius—The Third Crusade—Richard and Archbishop Baldwin at Pipewell—Sacrilegious Acts of John—Stephen Langton at Stamford and at Brackley—The Great Charter.

> "They sweep along (was never
> So huge a host) to tear from the unbeliever
> The precious Tomb, the haven of Salvation."

MARTIN DE VECTI, or of Bec in Normandy, succeeded Henry of Anjou in 1133, and his death in 1155 brings down our history to the beginning of the Plantagenet period. In his abbacy (1143) the church begun by De Seez after the fire, was so far completed that the monks were able to bring their services into the choir, one of the most joyous of the celebrations of a religious house. We are not, however, told anything of the ceremonial on this occasion.

In 1155 Martin was succeeded by William Waterville, one of the king's chaplains, who added three stories to the central tower, furnished the choir, and founded a chapel to St. Thomas of Canterbury—a bold thing for a chaplain of Henry II. to do.

Waterville was succeeded (1179) by Benedict, prior of Canterbury, the most illustrious of our abbots.

His great work was the nave of the abbey church, which still remains to entitle him to our admiration, as well as to the gratitude of his brethren. Beginning from the tower just completed by Waterville, he proceeded westward with the nave, preserving the grander proportions of the Norman style. This nave still remains entire, and is scarcely inferior to any other of the same style in the kingdom. He finished also the chapel commenced by Waterville, and dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket,—a very congenial task for Benedict, for he must have watched, as Prior at Canterbury, over Becket's shrine, and he had himself written a life of the martyr. He built, moreover, the great gateway leading to the monastery, and over it a chapel of St. Nicolas; and, notwithstanding his great and costly works, by which he nobly maintained the character and dignity of the abbey, he left his house free from debt, and in every respect in a better condition than he found it.

But it was not only as a great improver of their church, and a wise conductor of their councils, that the brethren of Peterborough were beholden to Abbot Benedict. He sustained the character of the abbey as a learned body by his own literary tastes and pursuits. The editor of the *Chronicon Petroburgense*, for the Camden Society, speaks of the ancient abbey of Peterborough, that venerable establishment by which English history was so greatly enriched, and mentions the chronicle of Benedict, *de vita et gestis Henrici II. et Ricardi I.*, among the gifts to literature of that foundation. He wrote a remarkable work on the passion of St. Thomas, and transcribed Justinian's

Institutes, Seneca, Martial, Terence, Anselm's Meditations, and Almazar and Dioscorides on plants. In short, he was *our literary abbot.*

But we must not be content with watching the good abbot within the walls of his monastery. He was distinctly a public character. The most stirring scene in which he bore a part was the great council at which Richard called on his nobles and dignified ecclesiastics to support him in the crusade to which he had already devoted himself. He had ascended the throne only on the third of September, 1189, and on the fourteenth of the same month a council was assembled at Pipewell Abbey,[1] to which all the great ecclesiastics, as well as numbers of noble laymen, were summoned. It was as grand an assembly as we can well conceive. Besides the king himself, who was of course the heart as well as the head of the enthusiastic concourse, Baldwin, archbishop of Canterbury, as bold and as much in earnest as his liege lord, would be there. There was also Hugh of Avalon, the saintly bishop of Lincoln, with countless barons and ecclesiastics of high degree. But they were scarcely so wise as a council assembled some time previously, at which the prelates had persuaded the king that he would benefit his own soul far more effectually by staying at home and consulting the happiness and prosperity of his people, than by spending their money in Palestine. It is sufficiently well known that the present council confirmed

[1] This Cistercian house, founded in Stephen's reign by William Butevileyn, stood in the midst of Rockingham Forest. There are no remains of it, and its site is scarce discernible.

Richard's earnest intentions, and that he followed Philip Augustus of France to the Holy Land, and paid for his folly by numberless disasters, by a long and severe captivity, and by the enormous strain laid upon his people to furnish his ransom. It does not appear whether our abbot Benedict tendered any wise advice at the council of Pipewell; but he does at least deserve to be remembered for the plan which he proposed afterwards for a just apportionment of the ransom. Many nobles had advised that ten of the best cities should be sold; but Benedict could not endure the disgrace of this proposition, and suggested that the price of all the plate in our churches should be gathered into one sum, without any special burden being laid on any individual. In this council he did not, at all events, spare his own order, as the nobles would have done; and it seems that the plan really adopted was a reasonable modification of Benedict's advice; for Walsingham says that the greater churches promised their old stores of plate, the parish churches their chalices, and that it was agreed that the great ecclesiastics, and the earls and barons, should give a fourth part of their rents for a year.

In the year 1194 died Benedict, *re benedictus, et nomine*, blessed in deed and in name, as the author of the "Chronicle," with an admiration clearly personal, styles him. Andrew (1198), and Acarius (1199), follow in rapid succession, and in 1214, after a vacancy of four years, the king having kept the abbey in his own hands during that time, Robert Lindsey received the episcopal benediction as Abbot of Peterborough.

This long vacancy of our abbey indicates only too clearly, that notwithstanding the substantial victories of Anselm and of Becket, the abuses under which the church suffered from the crown were but little abated during many reigns. The great abbeys were pillaged in the same way that the sees had been. Peterborough, for instance, was kept vacant from A.D. 1125 to 1128, and again for two years between the deposition of William Waterville, A.D. 1175, and the institution of Benedict in 1177; and two of the neighbouring abbeys, Thorney and Croyland, besides many others, were at the same time, and for the same purpose, left vacant.

The next great struggle with the crown, which these and the like abuses rendered necessary for the well-being of the Church and country, was that which ended in the wresting the great charter from John; and in this case also, as in the two former, the quarrel was fought out partly within the limits of this diocese. In 1207 A.D., after a vacancy of two years, Stephen Langton, an Englishman, but at that time resident in Rome, was nominated by the pope (Innocent III.) to the primacy. The king's misgovernment had been disgraceful beyond all precedent, and the barons and bishops alike were at last determined on exacting justice at his hands. But to ecclesiastics the position was sadly complicated by the fact that John, having sworn allegiance to Innocent, had secured the papal influence on his side. Langton, from his personal relations with Innocent, as well as from his position in the Church, might have been expected to act as a creature of the pope, and therefore as a supporter of

John; but his patriotism and his sense of justice determined his conduct, and he was throughout an unflinching assertor of the rights and liberties of the people. In Easter-week, A.D. 1215, the barons assembled at Stamford, and with two thousand knights, their esquires and followers, proceeded to Brackley. The king lay at Oxford, but after several ineffectual attempts to treat with the barons, he came to Northampton, which was immediately invested by the barons, under the command of Robert Fitz-Walter. "The army of God and of Holy Church" pressed the king until, after many subterfuges, he yielded rather to force than to argument, and signed the great charter at Runnymede, June 15, 1215.

Although the Archbishop of Canterbury was the very head and soul of the movement by which the charter was extorted from the reluctant John, and although the great body of the Church of England, with the bishops and clergy, were with him, it cannot be said that the interests of the Church were unduly pressed, or more than fairly secured by its provisions. The charter begins, indeed, with an assertion of the liberties of the Church, but it is in terms which indicate the injustice with which she had been treated, far more than the impatience with which she sought redress. It is simply declared that the Church of England shall have all her privileges without diminution or disturbance, and the freedom of electing bishops is declared to be the most necessary and fundamental of her rights; but by far the greater part of the charter is occupied with the feudal, social, and individual rights of the people.

In the following year our city witnessed the lowest depths of John's misery. At the beginning of October he marched through Peterborough to Croyland, burning and pillaging as he went; thence he proceeded to Lynn in Norfolk, and, turning northward again, he attempted to cross the Wash. His troops scarcely escaped the coming tide, which carried away horses, sumpter carriages, and stores; and in two days he died miserably at Newark-on-the-Trent. He must have been missed, though perhaps little regretted, in the diocese, for he had been a very frequent visitor at Rockingham Castle, for the sake of the hunting in the Northamptonshire forests. And indeed the fact that this royal castle was on the borders of the two counties, more than once brought Northamptonshire and Rutland within the arena of great political events.

CHAPTER IV.

SUCCESSION OF ABBOTS.

Robert Lindsey—Alexander Holderness—Martin Ramsey—The Monastery dedicated — Papal provisions — The "Peterborough Chronicle" and its author—Richard London, *the Barrator*—Godfrey of Croyland, *the Courtier*—The rest of the Abbots.

"Our ancestors, who have fought and bled, and cut the forest and made the road for us, and who have built enduring temples, and made glad the hearts of men with noble works, did something for us."

At the signing of Magna Charta, Robert Lindsey filled the abbot's chair. To him, but only on internal evidence, we must refer the erection of the west front of the cathedral. Strange to say, there is no written evidence, nor even an accepted tradition of the date, design, progress, or completion of this magnificent work. Lindsey, however, is duly credited with several lesser undertakings. We are told that he glazed thirty windows in the nave, which had before been stuffed with straw; that he built a larder for the cellarer; that he erected a lavatory (traces of which still remain in the south cloister), and that he increased the allowance of shoes to the monks. His psalter, in fine large MS., still remains in the library of the

Society of Antiquaries,[1] to testify of his refined taste and habits, and to suggest that he was a very likely person to cultivate ecclesiastical art to the utmost.

At Lindsey's death (1222), Alexander Holderness was elected, and to him, in 1226, succeeded Martin, of the neighbouring abbey of Ramsey. Perhaps the brethren of Peterborough were as much indebted to Martin as to any former abbot, for he obtained from the pope a privilege for his abbey that in times of interdict they might hold a service for themselves (but without ringing of bells, and in a low voice), a privilege of which the interdict in the time of John must have taught them the value. In 1257 the monastery was dedicated by Robert Grostete and his suffragan. Grostete is justly numbered with the most illustrious and most saintly of our bishops. He was one of the chief champions of the English Church against the usurpations of Rome.

It fell to the lot of Walter of St. Edmondsbury (1233) to contest an insolent but, unhappily, a very frequent papal usurpation, well known as the claim of provisions; which was simply an assumed right, on the pope's part, to present a creature of his own to any ecclesiastical benefice. Gregory IX., then, being desirous to promote some of his favourites, sent to the abbey of Peterborough, among others, desiring them to confer on his nominees the rents of some churches in their patronage of the annual value of one hundred marks; and if they were twice the value it would please him all the more. The papal factors

[1] See the preface to the *Chronicon Petroburgense*, as edited by the Camden Society.

assembled the monks of Peterborough, and represented how great a privilege was offered to them, saying that they might well request with bended knees and hands pressed together to be allowed to accept the great pontifical condescension. To make a long story short, the monks preferred joining in a determination to resist such an overture, and to represent to the king the damage that would accrue to the realm if an abbey in the patronage of the crown was thus robbed. The question of provisions will occur again presently.

William Hotot (1246), John of Calais (1249), and Robert Sutton (1262), follow Walter of St. Edmondsbury in rapid succession. The second of these built the infirmary, the picturesque ruin still remaining at the south-east angle of the cloister. He also gave a bell to the church, which he inscribed,—

Jon de Caux Abbas
Oswaldo dedicat hoc vas.

Sutton is characterised by the author of the preface to the *Chronicon Petroburgense*, as—

"A weak, good man, called to the government in times which required more than ordinary energy and decision. The country was torn by internal dissension. The abbot gave shelter and encouragement to both parties. Patriots and loyalists alternately received succour at Peterborough; and as both parties triumphed in turn, the unfortunate abbey was fined over and over again for the assistance which it gave to each of the opposing factions. The fines levied upon the abbey during the incumbency of Robert de Sutton amounted to the ruinous sum of £4,324. 18s. 5d."

Robert Sutton died in the year 1273 in his journey to the Council of Lyons, then about to sit. The sacrist Richard London was chosen unanimously to fill his place:—

"His first act proved that he took the office with a determination to repair the ruined fortunes of his house. It was the custom to hold a sumptuous feast at the installation of every abbot, but, burdened with more than 3,000 marks of debt, the abbey had no money to spend in costly festivities. The new abbot determined to delay his entry in hope of better times, but to do it in such a way that the abbey should not be discredited by a confession of poverty. With this view he took his way to London to perform the customary homage on his accession. That ceremony accomplished, he should have returned to enter upon the possession of his mitre.[1] But weeks ran on and no abbot made his appearance at Peterborough. After a time the rumour ran that he had proceeded to join the Council sitting at Lyons, and whilst the public ear was filled with that pretence, the new abbot quietly retreated from London to the Isle of Wight, and there remained with a few companions in economical seclusion, until the relief which was thus afforded to the house enabled him to return with credit."[2]

It is already clear that our abbot was a man of resources, and of no small determination. No sooner was he well established in his office than we find him with great energy and skill contesting every question of law that can be moved by or against his house. "The abbacy of Richard de London was one continued term-time with the monks of Peterborough." Indeed the *Chronicon Petroburgense* is almost entirely taken up with pleas at law of this combative abbot.

[1] The possession of his *chair*. Peterborough was not yet a mitred abbey.

[2] Preface to Chronicle already quoted.

This "Chronicle," says its editor, "was compiled by some unknown monk in the Abbey of Peterborough." We are tempted from the evidence which the "Chronicle" itself affords to assign it to its true author.

The fulness and technical exactness of the law reports with which it abounds, suggest something more than a suspicion that it was daily "posted-up" as a labour of love, and a record of his own official deeds, by a monk named William Woodford, who, during the abbacy of London, conducted all the law matters of the abbey. Woodford's name appears for the first time in the "Chronicle" in 1273, in the entry of the death of Abbot Robert Sutton. Once mentioned, the name occurs perpetually. "*Ego frater Willielmus de Wodeford, commonachus et procurator religiosorum virorum abbatis et conventus de Burgo.*" Again:—"*Abbas de Burgo . . . . venit per fratrem Willielmum de Wodeford, attornatum suum, et commonachum suum,*" &c. At all events, whether or no he was actually the author of this "Chronicle," William Woodford was the author and doer of almost all the business recorded in it: no one was so competent to record the proceedings of the abbey, and no one would be more willing to do it for the credit it might reflect on himself.

In the year 1291 Woodford became sacrist, and at the death of London he became head of the house which he had so industriously served.

And truly, the brother learned in all forensic matters, civil and ecclesiastical, was not without congenial occupation during London's abbacy. Just a century before, Sampson, abbot of St. Edmondsbury (1173-

1203) had received the soubriquet of *The Barrator*, "the wrangler," the "Norfolk barrator," among his brethren, and now Richard London deserves the same title. The two men were, indeed, cast in the same mould. Like Sampson, London was always engaged in lawsuits. They both entered on the charge of an abbey impoverished by the feebleness and extravagance of an incompetent predecessor, and, like Sampson, London was almost always successful. But Sampson has the advantage of a biographer who is exquisitely quick in recognising, and by no means sparing in recording, traits of individual character, which he does always with a spice of satiric playfulness. London of Peterborough puts down a mill at Oundle, and it is a very common-place story; Sampson of Bury hears that Herbert the dean has erected a windmill, and we have a regular comedy. Sampson is so enraged that he loses his appetite and scarcely utters a word. The next day he sends carpenters to pull down the mill. The dean comes and says that he may surely build a mill on his own freehold; that the use of the wind ought not to be withheld from any one, and that he only wanted to grind his own corn on his own premises. "I give thee as many thanks," says Sampson, "as if you had cut off both my feet. By God's grace I will not eat bread till your mill is plucked up. Not the king himself can do such a thing within the liberties of the abbey. Be off with you. Before you get home you shall hear what has become of your mill." The dean forestalls the abbot's carpenters, and when they come to the place they find no mill to pull down.

This difference runs through the whole of the parallel narratives. Indeed, Peterborough has not been happy in the portraiture of her great men, and the description of her startling adventures. Why does not Candidus, an eye-witness, tell us of the burning of Peterborough with as much animation as Ingulf tells us of the fire at Croyland? Why do we lack the bursts of energy in Richard of London, which we find in Joceline's story of Abbot Sampson? We are quite sure they must have been there; but William Woodford, though a sharp proctor and attorney, was not to be compared with Ingulf or Joceline of Brakelond as a storyteller. Why should the rebuilding of the church by De Seez, or the delight of the monks at the magic growth of the western portico, be less interesting than the story of Ely under Alan of Walsingham? The materials of the several stories are pretty equal; not so the spirit of the storytellers. Candidus and Woodford may be as truthful as Ingulf and Joceline; but Woodford and Candidus are all names, facts, and figures; Joceline and Ingulf give them expression and character.

Through the determination of the abbot, and the zeal and skill of its proctor and attorney, the abbey seldom failed in its lawsuits.

"The abbot established his right to the tithe of all venison killed within the royal forests of Northamptonshire, and also his exemption from contributing any share of the charges of repairing the wall of Northampton Park. He put down the hand-mills (*molas manuales*) used by the people of Oundle, to the injury, as it may be presumed, of his wind-mill" [water-mill], "for which he claimed a monopoly; he proved his

title to the presentation of the church of Polebrook, and his very important right to the chattels of felons and fugitives within certain hundreds. . . . . he established his exclusive right to hunt within his own domains, and obtained a judgment against several persons who were in the habit of running with their dogs in the abbot's liberties."

A few contemporary extracts from the Peterborough Chronicle will be interesting, for the light they throw on the state of society in the diocese.

In the year 1277, the archbishop, Robert Kilwardby, visited the abbey by his commissary, and all being found in good order, the affair passed off pleasantly.[1]

In 1283, Oliver Sutton, bishop of Lincoln, held his visitation on the Feast of St. Botolf. In the same year Sutton visited without any previous notice.

In 1280, John Peckham, archbishop of Canterbury, held a council at Lambeth on the Feast of St. Michael, to which the abbot was cited, and at which he appeared in person.

In 1284, Archbishop Peckham visited, and had four marks for his procurations.

On the Feast of St. Faith, 1279, the body of St. Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, was translated in the presence of the king and queen, with their children, the archbishop, seven bishops, six abbots, and a vast concourse of people.

[1] It should be noted that this was by no means a matter of course. Visitations were more than occasions of ceremonial, and of the paying and receiving of procurations.

In 1278 all the Jews in England were seized in one day and night for clipping the coin, an offence which had been carried to a disgraceful extent ; and all goldsmiths and possessors of punches for coining were seized, together with their tools. For the county of Northampton special officers were appointed to this service, who were to seize the tools and their owners, wherever found, above ground or under ground, in houses, shops (schoppis), and in all other places. In the next year, we find that certain Jews (presumably some of those already in custody) were hanged for this offence, a few saving their lives by conversion to the faith.

In 1279, Nicholas Miller of Easton, slew Robert, of Berliston, with an axe, at Medburne, and immediately took refuge in the church, confessing himself a robber, and abjuring the realm before the coroner.

In 1281, Abbot Richard claims and obtains the chattels of fugitives, and of convicted felons. We give a few items.

Of Stokes, near Oundle. The chattels of John of Stokes, a felon beheaded.

Of Thrapston. The chattels of William, son of William, the goldsmith, who abjured the realm, 12 pence.

If this William was one of the goldsmiths suspected of clipping and coining, he was fortunate to escape the gallows.

Of Oundle. The goods of Edward the miller, a robber hanged at Burgh, 15 pence.

Of the same town. Of the chattels of William the crier, a robber hanged at Burgh, two shillings.

Of the same town. Of the goods of William Murdok, a robber hanged at Burgh, 20*d.*

Of Pilesgate. Of the goods of Robert, clerk of Etton, a felon, 12*d.*

Of Castor. Of the goods of Parys, a clerk, delivered to the bishop, for felony, lxxviii*s.* viii*d.*

In 1284 commences an interminable suit with William Campion, a poor clerk of Irthlingborough, without preferment, concerning the church of Clopton, to which he was nominated by way of provision by the pope. The abbey put every possible obstacle in the way of William Campion; but in spite of all, "William Campion, of Irthlingborough," appears among the incumbents of Clopton, in the patronage of the abbot and convent of Peterborough.

The next abbot on whose name we shall pause was Godfrey of Croyland, who may be called our *courtier abbot.* He ruled the house from 1299 to 1321, an age of excessive luxury and refinement, and his office brought him into contact with some who carried those qualities to a vicious extent. Edward I. greeted him at his entrance upon his office with a fair cup, silver gilt, and remitted all charges for his confirmation. His administration commenced inauspiciously. In his first year, certain persons, who had fled for sanctuary to the chapel of St. Thomas of Canterbury, were haled out, and blood was shed. The chapel was suspended till the refugees were restored to the liberty of the place, and at last the bishop sent his absolution, and the chapel was reconciled. Godfrey entertained Edward, with his queen, and their several retinues, and soon after came the prince and his favourite,

Piers Gaveston, whom also he entertained very nobly. He sent a rich robe to the prince (such a robe as a munificent churchman would offer to such a prince as Richard), which was, indeed, no inconsiderable gift, for the dresses of the great nobles of that day were gorgeous and costly beyond all that we now associate with male attire. No expense, either in materials or in exquisite art, was spared in their fabrication, and so refined was the taste of the day, that the effect really responded to the outlay. A glance at the figures of Richard II. and of his courtiers in Shaw's *Dresses and Ornaments of the Middle Ages* will amply confirm this remark. The prince, in a robe of cloth of gold, powdered with antelopes, is exquisitely beautiful, and the delicate face and figure almost justify the effeminate character of the costume. We cannot help picturing to ourselves the scene when the messenger arrived with the robe, and was asked whether the like had been presented to Gaveston, and when the prince exposed his weakness and bad taste by refusing to accept the present until a similar offering had been made to his minion.

All the expenditure of the abbot was not however on such petty matters as these. We profit to this day by his great gatehouse with the knight's chamber over it, which is still used for many diocesan gatherings. About the chamber were portraits of the knights who held lands of the abbey, and the rafters were adorned with their coats of arms. Any national undertaking of course appealed to the generosity of the courtier abbot, and when the king was meditating an invasion of Scotland, he gave, in separate sums, 100, 60, and

220 marks, and £30, besides a loan of 400 marks, and a gift of £100. Another time our munificent abbot entertained the king at a cost of £1,543. 13*s.* 4*d.* for duties to the king and free gifts to his servants. At their journey to Scotland to reconcile the two crowns, he entertained two cardinals, giving to one a curiously illuminated psalter and an embossed cup of the value of 100 marks; and to the other a silver gilt cup and 50 ells of scarlet. In short the sum of his gifts was estimated at £3,646. 4*s.* 3*d.*

More exactly in harmony with the good deeds of yet older days, he built the bridge leading into the city.

As a gift partly personal and partly official, but, we may be sure, entirely in harmony with his tastes and habits, he made a pastoral staff of silver gilt, the first and last recorded as belonging to the abbey.

These and the like items are given as showing the kind of expenditure to which an abbot of those days was exposed who would show princely entertainment to his sovereign and his household, and maintain also a fitting hospitality to his house and its dependents.

About 200 years intervene between Godfrey of Croyland and John Chambers the last abbot. It may be that the occupants of the chair during that space [1] found incapable historians or none at all; at all

[1] Adam de Boothby, 1321.
Henry de Morcot, 1338.
Robert Ramsey, 1353.
Henry de Overton, 1361.
Nicolas, 1391.
William Genge, 1396.
John Deeping, 1408.
Richard Ashton, 1438.
William Ramsey, 1471.
Robert Kirton, 1496.
John Chambers (last abbot and first bishop), 1528.

events the recorded incidents of their rule are not worth relating. We may just mention that William Genge (1396) was the first mitred abbot—*primus mitratus abbas,* as he is called on his monument, and that Robert Kirton built the beautiful "New Building" at the extreme east of the abbey church. This work was the last, and a very splendid addition to the abbey church, and indeed to the cathedral, for nothing has been done since worth notice.

Meanwhile the general history of the Diocese rather increases than declines in importance and interest.

CHAPTER V.

WICLIF AND LOLLARDY.

State of the Church—Early Days of Wiclif—Preferred by Archbishop Langham—Rector of Lutterworth—Controversial Character—Exactions and Usurpations of Rome—Lollardy at Leicester—At Northampton—Schism in the Papacy—The Bible in English—Death of Wiclif at Lutterworth—His Grave outraged.

"I shall not die, but live to declare the evil deeds of the friars."

WITHOUT assuming that all the accusations which were constantly brought against the clergy, especially those of the monastic orders, were strictly true, we may yet fairly admit that the abuses of the church, both in doctrine and in morals, had attained a fearful height in the reign of Edward III. But in this time of need Providence was raising up an instrument of reformation in the person of John Wiclif,[1] "the Morning Star of the Reformation," as he is sometimes called. A great part of Wiclif's work was done in this diocese, to which, indeed, his history belongs.

[1] Watts's *Bibliotheca* gives five spellings of this name;—Wickliffe, Wicliff, de Wyclif, Wiclef, Wycklyffe; Archbishop Islip, in his epistle, presently quoted, gives a sixth—Wiclive. Collier writes it Wickliff, and Le Bas, whom we follow, Wiclif.

He was born about the year 1324, at Wycliff, near Barnard Castle, on the south bank of the Tees, one of the most picturesque rivers of the North Riding of Yorkshire. In 1340 he was admitted student of Queen's College, Oxford, just founded by Queen Philippa. Thence he moved to Merton, where he soon became known as "The Evangelic Doctor," for his zeal as an expounder of the holy Scriptures. He was afterwards Warden of Baliol, and in 1365 was chosen by Archbishop Islip as the first warden of Canterbury Hall. This roll of preferments certainly indicates that Wiclif was already known and valued for his character and attainments, and that he was held to be competent to fill high and responsible offices in the church ; and perhaps the terms of commendation in which his patron addresses him are not to be taken as merely formal and complimentary.—"Simon, to the beloved Master Wiclive, health ! Beholding with our own eyes the integrity of your life and conversation, and the literary attainments with which the Most High has distinguished you, and trusting entirely in your wisdom and industry, we have committed to your charge the custody of our hall of Canterbury,[1] now just founded (1365) by us at Oxford."—But however truly he may have appreciated Wiclif's character and abilities, we can hardly suppose that the archbishop anticipated the part which his "beloved Master Wiclive" was to take in the burning questions of the day.

In 1371 Wiclif proceeded Doctor in Divinity, and

[1] Now merged in Christchurch.

in 1375, having in the interim been employed by Edward III. in an embassy to the papal court at Avignon, he was presented by the crown to the prebend of Aust and to the rectory of Lutterworth in Leicestershire, then in the diocese of Lincoln, now in that of Peterborough.

Wiclif had a very keen eye for abuses, and a very pungent wit in exposing them; and there were then corruptions enough and to spare, to exercise all his faculties and all his energy. He had, moreover, the art, so valuable in a polemic, of employing contingent circumstances to aid him in his purpose. In 1348 and the following year there was a very terrible plague, which raged so frightfully that it swept off nearly half the population of the kingdom, and the living could scarce bury the dead. In some monasteries not above one-tenth part of the monks remained; and the clergy were reduced to so small a number that a great many parishes were left without priests to minister in them.[1] One of the first of Wiclif's published works was his tract, "The Last Age of the Church," in which he interprets this frightful visitation as one of the signs of the last days, and

[1] This mortality gave occasion to the foundation of the Charterhouse. Sir Walter Manny, one of the great ornaments of Christian knighthood, purchased thirteen acres of ground, which he enclosed, and of which he obtained the consecration by Bishop Stratford. In the year following, fifty thousand persons were buried there. Sir Walter afterwards built a chapel, where masses were said for the deceased; and in the year 1371 he died, having founded a house of Carthusian monks, in which he was buried, and which is the parent of the present Charterhouse.

as a punishment for the scandalous lives of the clergy.

"Both vengeance of sword," says he, "and mischief unknown before shall befall those days, because of the sins of the priests. Men shall fall upon men, and cast them out of their fat benefices, and shall say, 'This man came at his benefice by his kindred, and this by a covenant made before; this for his worldly service came into the church, and this for money.' Then shall every such priest cry, 'Alas! alas! that no good spirit dwelt with me at my coming into the Church of God!'"

The exactions of the papal see met with the like uncompromising reproof from Wiclif. Indeed, at the very time of his Oxford career, they had become so enormous as to irritate the crown and the people beyond endurance. In the year 1366 Simon Langham, at the opening of Parliament, informed the Lords and Commons that the pope, insisting on the homage done by King John, designed to cite the king to Rome, to answer for his default in not paying his yearly acknowledgments. Edward III. was a very different person to deal with from John, and the kingdom was in a very different state from what it was in John's reign. The claim was rejected therefore by the whole estates of the realm, by whom it was declared that neither King John nor any other king could bring his realm under such service and subjection. Still more irritating was the papal claim to *provisions*,—the assumed right, that is, on the part of the pope, to *provide* for his own exigencies, and for those of his creatures, out of

English benefices. This claim had now gone to scandalous excesses. The right of election was entirely ignored, and there was no guarantee of the character, and still less of the acceptableness, of the new occupant. The enactment of the Statute of Provisos (1350) sufficiently indicates the offence, and the indignant tone of the country against it. If the pope collated to any archbishopric, bishopric, dignity, or other benefice, in disturbance of free elections, collations or presentations, the collation was to escheat to the crown: and if any persons should procure such provisions from the pope, they should be attached, and brought to answer in person; and if convicted, they were to be imprisoned till they had paid fine and ransom at the king's will, and satisfied the party aggrieved. They were also to find sureties not to sue any process against any man in the Court of Rome, for any such imprisonments or renunciations.

This last clause was required by a most unconstitutional custom of the English clergy, as old as the time of Wilfrid, to carry their suits to Rome, where they were heard by the pope. This abuse is described in the preamble of the statute of *præmunire*, which sets forth that grievous and clamorous complaints had been made by the great men and commons that divers of the people were drawn out of the realm to answer of things whereof the cognizance pertains to the king's courts, in prejudice of the king and of all the people in his realm. It is therefore enacted that all people of the king's allegiance which shall draw any out of the realm, in a plea whereof the cogni-

zance pertains to the king, shall have two months' warning to appear in the king's court to answer the contempt, and if they do not appear, they shall be put out of the king's protection, their lands, goods, and chattels forfeited, and their bodies imprisoned and ransomed at the king's will. Such is the statute of *præmunire*, of which, even to this day, we are sometimes unpleasantly reminded.

Against all such extortions and usurpations as those of the pope just mentioned, the whole nation, peers and prelates and clergy, would, we should suppose, have protested. The bishops and clergy in general, however, had learned to rely so much on the support of the pope, against the attacks of the crown, that they threw their influence very generally into the papal cause, and on a republication of the statute of *præmunire* the archbishops of Canterbury and York, for themselves and their clergy, made a protestation in Parliament that they would not assent to any statute or law made in restraint of the pope's authority.

We have enlarged the more on these national protests against the usurped authority and jurisdiction of the pope, because, though they are generally less insisted on in popular histories, they are as important an element in the condition of the Church, as the old errors in morals and in doctrine. Wiclif was not silent on either point. He spared neither the false doctrines of Rome nor the papal exactions and usurpations. We are not surprised therefore that Gregory XI. sent a peremptory order to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London[1] to

[1] Sudbury and Courtney.

apprehend Wiclif, to examine him on his novel opinions, and to transmit a statement of the result of their proceedings to his holiness. In pursuance of this order the archbishop cited Wiclif to St. Paul's Church, London, to answer for his doctrine. Wiclif appeared, but with a body of partizans, among whom were John of Gaunt, duke of Lancaster, and Percy, the Earl-Marshal, who showed from their bearing that they were little disposed to uphold the authority of the court or to accept its award. Fox and Fuller have thrown the spirit of the proceedings into the following dialogue, which can hardly be an exact report of what was spoken, but which nevertheless perhaps fairly represents the bearing of the bishop and of Wiclif's friends.

"*Bishop Courtney.* Lord Percy, if I had known beforehand what masteries you would have kept, I would have stopped you out from coming hither.

"*Duke of Lancaster.* He shall keep such masteries here, though you say Nay.

"*Lord Percy.* Wiclif, sit down; for you have many things to answer to, and therefore have need of a soft seat.

"*Courtney.* It is unreasonable that one cited before his Ordinary should sit down during his answer: he shall stand.

"*Lancaster.* The Lord Percy's motion for Wiclif is but reasonable. And as for you, my Lord Bishop, who are grown so proud and arrogant, I will bring down the pride, not of you alone, but of all the prelacy in England. Thou bearest thyself so brag upon thy parents,[1] which shall not be able to help thee; they shall have enough to do to help themselves.

---

[1] Courtney, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, was fourth son of Hugh Courtney, Earl of Devonshire, by Margaret, daughter of Humphrey Bohun, Earl of Hereford and Essex, and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward I.

"*Courtney.* My confidence is not in my parents, nor in any man else, but only in God, in whom I trust, by whose assistance I will be bold to speak the truth.

"*Lancaster.* Rather than take these words at the bishop's hands, I'll pluck him by the hair of his head out of the church."

Here the violence of Lancaster defeated its own purpose, for when they heard their pastor thus insolently threatened, his flock but too violently vindicated his insulted dignity, and rushing to the duke's palace in the Savoy, they would have wrecked it, had not the bishop reminded them that it was in the season of Lent, when the passions should be most of all restrained, and so succeeded in dispersing the mob.

By this time Wiclif had a very large following, who then were, and still are, known as Lollards. Knighton, a contemporary writer, tells us that one could scarce meet three travellers on the road, but one of them was a Lollard. Nor were these zealous reformers found among the poor and illiterate only. There were not a few of them among the laity of rank and influence, and many among the clergy. We will follow one of these into this diocese. One Swinderby, a priest, who had passed part of his life in much austerity, came to Leicester, and inveighed loudly in the pulpit, not only against the prevailing false doctrine, but against pride, and fine clothes, and the luxury of the female sex. However true his discourses may have been, or perhaps because they were true, the women were so incensed that they had almost stoned him out of the town. When the bishop heard of his extravagant preaching he summoned Swinderby

to Lincoln, where he was convicted of heresy, and barely escaped with his life.

Nor was Northampton more free than Leicester from the incursion of Lollardy. Bridges tells us that about the close of the reign of Edward III. the doctrines of Wiclif were openly preached in the town by the Lollards. They were violently opposed by the clergy; but in spite of their opposition they continued to gain ground. Several of the inhabitants of Northampton appear to have embraced their opinions, for in the sixteenth of Richard II. a complaint was made to the king and council by one Richard Stormworth, against John Fox, mayor of the town, that under colour of his office he had authorised the Lollards to preach contrary to the inhibitions of the Bishop of Lincoln; that the mayor was himself a Lollard, keeping in his house a chaplain, one Collin. the first maintainer of Lollardy in Northampton; that he had hired preachers at Oxford to preach during Lent at the market cross, and had brought a Lollard to preach in All Saints' Church, and that the vicar, going to the altar to sing his mass, the mayor followed him and took him by his vestment, causing him to cease till the sermon was ended.

It is needless to call attention to the very close parallel between the Lollards of the reigns of Edward III. and Richard II., and the Puritans of the reigns of Elizabeth and of the Stuarts.

A great opportunity, of which they did not fail to take advantage, was given to the Lollards about this time, occasioned by the rival claims of Urban VI. and Clement VII. to the papacy. The rival pontiffs.

of course, carried on the contest with a reckless use of spiritual weapons, nor did they fail to use the secular arm, wherever it could further their cause. "The head of Antichrist," says Wiclif, "was cloven in twain, and the two parts were made to fight against each other." England espoused the cause of Urban, who held his court at Avignon, and Spencer, bishop of Norwich, as the papal nuncio, was empowered to grant to all who would engage in a crusade against Clement, the same privileges that had been granted to those who fought against the infidels. Such scandalous proceedings gave, of course, great force to Wiclif's attacks upon the papacy; but he did not confine himself to these defects in the ecclesiastical polity. He attacked the doctrines maintained by the authority of the Roman Church, and especially the crucial dogma of transubstantiation, which soon became a test doctrine in the persecution of the heretics, as Wiclif's disciples were called. Wiclif himself was closely questioned on this subject. His confession might have satisfied all who would refrain from pressing others into dangerous positions. "I acknowledge," says he, "that the sacrament of the altar is very GOD's Body in the form of bread; but it is in another manner GOD's Body than it is in heaven; for in heaven it is visibly apparent, in form and figure of flesh and blood; but in the sacrament GOD's Body It is, by divine miracle, in form of bread, even according to the Word of Christ, who cannot lie, 'This is My Body.'"

But of all his polemical works Wiclif's translation of the Holy Scriptures into our vulgar tongue was

incomparably the most important. The very appearance of this translation was a refutation of the prescriptive claim of the Vulgate to sole authority and reference. To put the Bible into men's hands in an intelligible form was in itself an appeal to their individual judgment—a process of reasoning which never fails to make converts, whether truth or falsehood be the gainer.

This translation of the Scriptures was the constant companion and text-book of Wiclif's "poor priests," who were to the Lollards very much what the mendicant friars were to Rome; and very much also what the fanatical preachers, without any stated place and authority, were to the Puritans of the seventeenth century. The system of these dangerous itinerants was utterly subversive of all order. Their mission, which they could refer to nothing but their own private conviction of duty, was to over-ride all authority, and to extend to all spiritual offices in all parishes: in short, they were amenable to no authority but their own sense of duty, and to be judged by no rule but that of (their own) private judgment.

In 1382 Wiclif retired, in broken health, to his parish of Lutterworth, where he resumed the duties of his cure, and where, on the 29th of September, 1384, he was attacked with paralysis during the celebration of the Holy Communion. Two days after he died, in the sixty-first year of his age. He was buried in his own church, but at the Council of Constance (the same which is stained with the murder of Huss and of Jerome of Prague), an order was made that his bones should be disinterred and cast out of con-

secrated ground. Forty-five years after his death, this order was carried into effect by Richard Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln. His bones were reduced to ashes, which were thrown into the river Swift; and so, to quote the words of Fuller, "this brook conveyed his ashes into the Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wiclif are an emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

The treatment of the relics of Thomas à Becket by Henry VIII. presents a striking pendent to this account of Bishop Fleming's treatment of the remains of Wiclif.

Four hundred years after his death a criminal information was filed against Thomas à Becket, some time Archbishop of Canterbury. He was formally cited to answer to the charge in the King's Court at Westminster, and on his non-appearance he was pronounced contumacious, and an advocate was assigned to plead his cause. He was of course found guilty of treason and rebellion, his bones were publicly burnt, and his shrine was stripped of its vast treasures.

PART III.

Tudor Period.

CHAPTER I.

WOLSEY—KATHARINE OF ARRAGON.

Wolsey at Peterborough—At Leicester—Monasteries suppressed for Wolsey's Colleges—Christchurch, Aldgate, suppressed by Henry—Katharine buried at Peterborough.

> "Our abbeys and our priories shall pay
> This expedition's charge."

> "Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless."

THE Easter of 1530 was a season of gorgeous ceremonial in the Abbey Church. Thus far, Wolsey, the Cardinal Archbishop of York, had come in his last progress to his northern province. The shadow of the king's displeasure was indeed upon him, but it was no part of his character or of his policy to betray any consciousness of his dangerous position; nor was he the man to abate one jot of his dignity on such an occasion. He was received by the Lord Abbot with a state suitable to the dignity of them both. A strange conjunction! The cardinal, a prince of his church, and more than a prince in his bearing

and aspirations—,a man to make history; Chambers, a safe man, a man to live through history, which, indeed, he did with singular success; but both playing a conspicuous part on the world's stage.

On Palm Sunday Wolsey joined in the procession of priests, carrying his palm in the Abbey Church. On Thursday he made his Maundy with accustomed state. We may fancy him seated on his throne at the east end of THE NEW BUILDING,[1] his cross-bearer at his side, and on either hand the abbot and the brethren of the church in their processional vestments. Twelve men with shoeless feet stand before him. The abbot pours water from a silver basin; and as each of them sits before him in turn, the cardinal washes the feet of the twelve poor men, and wipes them with fine napery presented by the sacristan. With hearts beneath their frieze gabardines far lighter than that of the cardinal under his satin cassock, the poor men retire with the accustomed gifts—to each of them twelve pence, three ells of canvas, a pair of shoes, and a portion of red herrings.

On Easter-day Wolsey went in procession in his cardinal's robes, and sang the high mass himself with much solemnity, concluding with his benediction.

In the November of the same year Wolsey was brought back from York in custody of the Earl of Northumberland, again passing through this diocese, but by a different route. Falling ill on his way, he came at last,—

[1] Then the *new* building, in fact, now still so called, because there has been nothing since to challenge admiration with it.

"With easy roads to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey;[1] where the reverend abbot
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words,—'O Father Abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
. . . . . . full of repentance,
Continual meditation, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace."

The Abbot of Leicester did not withhold the "little earth" which the great cardinal craved in charity; and so within the limits of the present diocese of Peterborough, Wolsey found his last and final resting-place.

This great cardinal, himself a churchman, and one who would certainly have suffered no other man, not even the king himself, to encroach on the property or status of the Church, was the first in Henry's reign to set an example of the spoliation of religious houses. Intending to build and endow colleges at Oxford and at Ipswich, he obtained a licence from Pope Clement VII., to suppress about forty monasteries, and to apply the proceeds to that purpose. In the case of Wolsey, there can be no suspicion of his seeking his own aggrandisement (except, indeed, as the credit of a noble work is great riches). Christ Church, Oxford, still testifies to his unbounded generosity; yet it was no less robbery of the real

[1] The Abbey of St. Mary de Pratis, very soon to be dissolved.

and true owners of the foundations which fell before this grand design.[1]

But it was but a few years after that Henry VIII., without any avowed or apparent reason for his choice, suppressed the Priory of Christ Church near Aldgate, and made a gift of it to Audley, Speaker of the House of Commons. This, says Fuller, "shrewdly shook the freehold of all abbeys, seeing now two such great men, Wolsey and Audley, both in their times Lords Chancellors, and therefore presumed well versed in cases of conscience, the one a divine, first took; the other, a common lawyer, first received, such lands into their possession." In 1534, the Observant Friars throughout the kingdom were suppressed, the king being probably incensed against them by the part which they took in the case of "the Maid of Kent." Between these first threatenings of the suppression of monasteries and the foundation of the see of Peterborough, comes the sad history of Queen Katharine, which was, indeed, intimately connected with all these events; for the adhesion of the conventual clergy to the cause of the queen certainly exasperated Henry against the monasteries; and, on the other hand, the burial of the queen in our abbey church led, indirectly, to the preservation of the building, and to the erection of the see.

On Sunday, November 14, 1501, Katharine of Arragon was married to Arthur, Prince of Wales, the

[1] The Cluniac Priory of Daventry was the only house in this diocese which suffered at that time.

eldest son of Henry VII., the prince being in his fifteenth, and she in her sixteenth year. In six months Katharine was a widow, and on the 11th of June, 1509, she was married to Henry, the younger brother of her late husband. The ill-starred nuptials were celebrated with great splendour. Miss Strickland justly describes one of the processions as the most ideal and beautiful pageant ever devised for royalty. "The way was lined with young maidens, dressed in virgin white, with palms of white wax in their hands, marshalled and attended by priests in their richest robes." Certainly this fair and solemn pageant far exceeded in grace and beauty the masks and riotous mummings with which Henry and his courtiers continued to make day and night hideous in honour of the royal bride. Alas! never was so sad and cruel a wedded life so delicately or so boisterously inaugurated.

Of this marriage were born four sons, who all died in their earliest infancy, and one daughter, afterwards conspicuous in history as Queen Mary. At first Henry appeared to be a devoted husband; but after he had seen and admired Anne Boleyn, he began to affect scruples of conscience as to the validity of his marriage. It is not pleasant (and happily we have not space) to thrid the tortuous mazes through which Henry sought relief for his burdened conscience. Katharine, on her part, was always consistently firm in the assertion of her place as Henry's lawful wife. "God grant my husband a quiet conscience!" was her answer to the representations which were made to her of his perturbed spirit; but

nothing would induce her to repudiate her lawful marriage.

Driven forth a divorced woman, Katharine retired to her own manor of the More, in Hertfordshire. Thence she removed to Ampthill, in Bedfordshire, and presently after she was sent to Buckden, a palace of the bishops of Lincoln, where, for a time, she was comparatively unmolested. There, to quote a manuscript of Nicholas Harpsfield, referred to by Miss Strickland, "she spent her solitary life in much prayer, great alms and abstinence, and in costly and exquisite needlework, which she intended, to the honour of God, to bestow on some of the churches. Some of her gentlewomen, who curiously marked all her doings, reported that often they found the stones against which she had leaned her head, wet, as if a shower had fallen upon them, so copious had been her tears, as she prayed for strength to subdue the agonies of wronged affection."

The repose of Buckden was broken by an enforced removal to Kimbolton, a castle of the Earls of Nottingham, near Huntingdon. Except in the grave, Katharine could never cease to be a living burden and a reproach to Henry, and all history imputes to him a cruel purpose in the selection of her residences. She was never allowed to escape from the malignant influences of Whittlesey and Ramsey Meres, which, it must be remembered, were then very different from what they are now. Born in the land of dates and pomegranates, nursed and nurtured within the delicious courts of the Alhambra, a princess in Spain and in England, and late mistress

of the palaces of Windsor and of Sheene, the delicate daughter of the South is sent, to live if she can, but more likely to die, in a cheerless habitation, a prison in everything but name, with no companions but grief and despair. The King's patience was not very sorely tried. Katharine died at the beginning of the next year, January 7, 1536. Happily for Peterborough, her last wish, to be buried in a convent of Remonstrant Friars, was neglected. On the 26th of January her body was conveyed to Peterborough, and laid in the north aisle of the Benedictine Abbey Church. There at last she is at rest.

The exact spot of her burial is marked only by a small brass plate, just large enough to contain the words Queen Catherine, let into a perfectly plain black marble slab. It was not, however, always so bare of decent surroundings. In the desecration of the church by the Puritans the Queen's tomb was demolished, the rails that enclosed the space taken down, the velvet pall removed, and the hearse overthrown. The inventory at the time of the dissolution mentions banners of silk joining to the tomb, and in the enclosed place where the Queen lies buried, an altar cloth of black cloth, a pall of black velvet crossed with cloth of silver, and embossed with silver scutcheons of the royal arms of Spain. There was also all the usual furniture of a chantry altar, which for some time was kept as a *chapelle ardente*, as we may infer from the following curious intelligence sent to Cromwell, vicar-general:—"That the day before the Lady Anne Boleyn was beheaded, the

tapers that stood about Queen Katharine's sepulchre kindled of themselves; and after Matins were done to *Deo Gratias*, the said tapers quenched of themselves." It was never discovered by whom this trick was performed, nor yet who the person was who substituted a meaner pall for that which covered the Queen's hearse, which also vanished in the year 1543. The chantry altar at Katharine's tomb was probably the last erected in the Abbey before the dissolution of monasteries.

There has never been, nor is there now, a sepulchral monument over the grave of Katharine. It is said that a courtier of Henry's once lamented this fact to the king, and that he declared that Katharine should have a monument such as no other queen had; and that he preserved the Abbey Church and ordained it the cathedral of a new see, as a worthy memorial of his first wife. And so the miserably outraged Katharine is, as it were, the patron in all material matters of our church and see.

CHAPTER II.

DISSOLUTION OF MONASTERIES.

Fall of lesser Monasteries—Character of Thomas Cromwell and of the Commissioners—Catesby, Woolstrop, De la Prè, Laund—The greater Abbeys condemned—Glastonbury, St. Mary de Pratis and the Newark in Leicester—History and Fate of Sacrilege.

> "See thou shake the bags
> Of hoarding abbots, imprison'd angels
> Set thou at liberty."

> "How I have sped among the clergymen,
> The sums I have collected shall express."

In the year 1539 all religious houses which could not expend £200 a year were vested by parliament in the king, to support his state and to supply his wants. The preamble to this act set forth "that manifest sins and vicious and carnal living is daily used in such small abbeys and priories of monks, canons, and nuns, where the congregation of such religious persons is under the number of twelve; and that in spite of many visitations, no reformation is had hitherto. Such small houses, therefore, are utterly suppressed, and the religious therein are committed to the great and honourable monasteries, wherein, thanks be to God, religion is right well kept and preserved."

By this act 375 convents were dissolved, and 10,000 persons were sent forth with twenty shillings

and a new gown, "which," says Fuller, "needed to be of strong cloth to last till they get another." [1]

The carrying out of the provisions of this act, and of that which was to follow for the suppression of the greater houses, involved the necessity of a considerable machinery. At the head of the whole, and perhaps the instigator of the scheme, was Thomas Cromwell, at first the creature, but ultimately more than the rival of Wolsey. This unscrupulous upstart, with the title of vicar-general,[2] employed several commissioners, whose job it was to visit and report upon the state and the whole regime of each house, and to carry out the will of their employer to the smallest particular. They were well chosen for their work. "They were men who understood the message they went on, and would not come back without a satisfactory answer, knowing that they themselves were not likely to be losers thereby." The most prominent of the number was Dr. Richard Layton. He had been before engaged with others on the heartless and unprincipled errand of persuading Queen Katharine to renounce her marriage and to bastardise her daughter. Edmond Knightley, John Lane, George Gyffard, and Robert Burgoyne appear as commissioners for Northamptonshire; and there

[1] There was a provision in this statute which amounted to a plain confession of the benefits which the conventual bodies had conferred on society. Orders were taken, that those to whom the abbey lands passed should keep a continual home on the same site, and should occupy as much of the demesnes in tillage as the abbots did, or their farmers under them.

[2] Scout general, as some called him.

are several others, but their names would be of little historical interest, and their characters would add nothing to the credit of their reports.

Although the act for the dissolution of the smaller monasteries pretended the justification of their scandalous misrule, no favour was extended to houses of unimpeachable propriety.

In a retired and picturesque dell in the parish of Helidon near Daventry, was the little nunnery of Catesby, as remote from the noise and turmoil of the world as the most virtuous sisterhood, or their most severe inquisitors, could desire. This house, say the King's Commissioners,—

"We found in very perfect order, the prioress a sure, wise, discreet, and very religious woman, with nine nuns under her obedience, as religious and devout, and with as good obedience as we have in time past seen, or belike shall see. The said house standeth in such a quarter much to the relief of the king's people, and his grace's poor subjects, there likewise much relieved; as by the report of divers worshipfuls near thereunto adjoining, as of all others it is to us openly declared. Wherefore if it should please the king's highness to have any remorse that any such religious house shall stand, we think his grace cannot appoint any house more meet to show his most gracious charity and pity than the said house of Catesby." But this testimony to the excellent character of Catesby, under the hands of Knightley, Lane, Gyffard, and Burgoyne, commissioners for Northamptonshire, was so far from pleasing the king, that we find another letter from Gyffard in which he says, "Inasmuch as of late my fellows and I did write unto the Chancellor of the Augmentation, in the favour of the abbey of St. James (Northampton), and the nunnery of Catesby, which letter he showed unto the king's highness, in favour of those houses, when the king's highness was displeased, as he said to my servant, Thomas Harper, saying that it was like that we had

received rewards, which caused us to write as we did." Something to his credit, however, Gyffard goes on to intercede for Woolstrope, "the governor whereof is a very good husband for the house, and well-beloved of all the inhabitants thereunto adjoining, a right honest man, having eight honest persons, priests of right good conversation, having such qualities of virtue as we have not found the like in no place; for there is not one religious person there but that he can and does use either embroidering, writing books with very fair hand, making their own garments, carving, painting, or engraving. The house without any slander or evil fame, and stands in a waste ground very solitary, keeping such hospitality that except by singular good provision it could not be maintained with half so much lands more as they may spend; such a number of the poor inhabitants nigh thereunto daily relieved, that we have not seen the like."

But neither Catesby nor Woolstrope is saved!

The abbess of De la Prè, near Northampton, also receives a high character from the commissioners, and, strange to say, had already obtained a short reprieve for her house. The report of John London gives a curious account of the *ménage* of a nunnery, and of the treatment of its inmates by the commissioners, in an exceptionally favourable case:—

"At De la Prè, beside Northampton, I have taken the abbess's surrender. She is a good aged woman, and lately had the king's charter for the continuance of her house; that notwithstanding, she willingly, without any refusal, rendered unto the king's majesty that charter. . . . . And forasmuch as I found that abbess so conformable, and the house in so good state, considering divers grave charges she has been at, I did assign unto her for her comfort in her great age, the fourth part of the sheep, viz., five score, a certain part of every kind of grain, a certain part of every sort of cattle, whereof I found pretty store, and likewise of the stuff and implements, beseeching your lordship to ratify the same, and to be good lord unto her and to her poor sisters, in their pensions."

The Prior of Laund, a small house in Leicestershire, seems to have anticipated the work of the commissioners by disposing of his live stock, which was very considerable, among his tenants and dependents—a hazardous experiment! The priory was granted to the arch-commissioner Cromwell.

The greater abbeys have been awaiting their doom, while their lowlier sisters have been condemned. Of these we will first instance Glastonbury, though it is in another diocese, because the manner of its dissolution is full of striking and typical incidents.

> "At Bruton and Glastonbury the commissioners report there is nothing notable. The brethren be so straight kept that they cannot offend; but fain they would if they might, as they confess, and so *the fault is not in them.*"

Well; surely the fault, if it be a fault, of perfect discipline and blameless conduct is not one to be too severely visited, even on a wealthy monastery. But they are not saved from a stern inquisition, which shall make faults, if they find none. The same Richard Layton, with two others, came to Glastonbury; but finding that the abbot was at Sharpham, about a mile away, he followed him thither, and, without any delay, examined him upon certain articles. And for that *his answer was not to our purpose*, we advised him to call to remembrance what he had then forgotten—precisely the process of the inquisition. Meanwhile they return to the abbey, and search the abbot's study for letters and books, and find—exactly what might have been expected in the study of any dignified churchman—letters on subjects of passing

interest, pardons, and copies of bulls, with a life of Thomas à Becket; but *they could not find any letter that was material*, and so they extort from him, on examination, such answers as showed his cankered and traitorous heart and mind against the king's majesty. Another letter gives an account of the abhorrent iniquity of abbot and monks, hiding their own possessions to prevent their being carried off. This letter was written on the twenty-second day of September. On the fourteenth of November the abbot was arraigned before a jury at Wells, "which I ensure you, my lord, is as worshipful a jury as was charged here these many years."

"And on the fifteenth of November, he went, being but a very weak man and sickly, from Wells to Glastonbury, and there was drawn through the town upon an hurdle to the hill called the Torr, where he was put to execution; and he and two other monks who had been tried and condemned with him, *took their death very patiently*. [Belike to them the bitterness of death was passed.] The said abbot's body was divided into four parts, and head stricken off; whereof one quarter stands at Wells, another at Bath, and at Ilchester and Bridgwater the rest, and his head upon the abbey gate at Glastonbury. Four of the monks were on this same day hung in chains at Were, the place of their iniquitous effort to secure some of the effects of the monastery." [1]

And so, by the process which we have but hastily and imperfectly exposed, the whole monastic system in England was ruthlessly destroyed. That this was done on the plea of the universal corruption of monasteries is true enough; but then, no other plea could be admitted, and, therefore, no other would be ad-

[1] Suppression of Monasteries.—*Camden Society.*

vanced. It is, however, a very different question, whether the plea was, in fact, just,—and yet another, whether it was honestly advanced. Was the plea true in itself? Was the system so universally corrupt, and was the corruption so inveterate, that absolute destruction was the only remedy? Was it sincere and simple hatred of iniquity that weighed with Henry, and with his agents in the work of destruction? No. We deny that the iniquity of the religious houses was nearly so great or so universal as was pretended. It is morally improbable, it is absolutely impossible, that the reports of the commissioners should be true. They were not meant to be true. The intention of their employers was well understood by the informers. When the passions of men were aroused, their avarice excited, their fears and passions all directed one way, those reports may have been generally believed, or, at all events, they may have been accepted as useful instruments in a politic proceeding; but there is not a single test of truth which they will endure, if applied with ordinary charity and circumspection. The real motive is as transparent to us as it was at the time to the visitors. The monastic bodies had accumulated wealth and property, which would be extremely acceptable to the king and his hungry courtiers. The whole body of the religious had been, and would doubtless continue to be, most sturdy and influential advocates of papal authority. On every ground of argument, of sentiment, of habit, of interest, they were wedded to the popish rule and ritual. It was necessary to suppress, it was extremely pleasant to despoil, them. The king required, and

his agents were pledged by something stronger than any written instructions and professions, to furnish confessions of criminality in every religious house; or if no force or ingenuity could extort confessions, or invent proofs of guilt, then by every art of intimidation to obtain the surrender of each house in turn; and, if even intimidation failed, then to murder the recusants under some form of legal proceeding. The murder of Whiting, Abbot of Glastonbury, and six of his monks, was contrived as a means of intimidating all possessors of ecclesiastical property. Sacrilege, robbery, and wrong, from murder down to acts of petty baseness and villany, run through the whole act and its agents, from Henry himself down to the very lowest of his commissioners, though it be Layton himself; or, lower still, to the sanctimonious scoundrel and betrayer of himself and his whole house, who obtrudes a confession of scandalous iniquity in Pershore Abbey. Latimer is speaking of another sort of delinquents, but his indignant words are absolutely true of the contrivers and agents in the destruction of the monasteries, and of those who made gain of it. "The king," quoth he, in a sermon at Paul's cross, "made a marvellous good acte of parliament, that certayne men sholde sowe every of them ij acres of hempe, but it were all to little, were it so much more, to hang the thevis that be in England."

We have, happily, no such typical example as that of Glastonbury in the dissolution of the abbeys in this diocese, but twenty or more houses were suppressed, and we have a few interesting notices of some of them.

There were two foundations of chief note in Leicester, the Abbey of St. Mary de Pratis, whose abbot gave to Wolsey a death-bed and a grave, and the College of the Newarke. Both these are mentioned by Richard Layton, in his report to Cromwell.

"The college of Newarke, here in Lecestre, of the king's foundation, with an hospitale, is welle keppede, and honest men therein, iij hundredth powndes in ther trezarewe howse before hande. The abbey here (St. Mary de Pratis), is confederyde, we suppos, and nothyng will confesse. The abbot is an honeste man, and doth varawell, but he hath here the most obstinate and factiouse chanons that ever I knew . . . My lorde of Lincolne commandyt the prechers here of Newarke colege, that they should no more preche, but only in their own benefices. Why should he inhibite any man to preche the Worde of God?"

But it was a small thing to quarrel with a bishop's jurisdiction. Sir William Bassett, another commissioner, lays an embargo on the baths of Buxton, still accounted among the most sovereign of medicinal springs. Writing from Langley Meynell, in Leicestershire, which was a house of Benedictine nuns, he says that he has "lokked upp and sealyd the bathys and welles at Buxtons, that none shall enter to wash them till your lordship's pleasure be further knowne."

We add one other extract from a letter of Fraunci's Cave to Cromwell, "written at *the late monastery of Leicester*, the xxixth day of Auguste (1537)." So that a house of which Layton had reported at the end of 1535, that the abbot was a good man, and did very well, was actually dissolved before the August of

1537; and the clean sweep of all its possessions was in progress.

"The plate," says Frauncis Cave, "is unsold, which Master Freeman takes the charge of. The lead and the bells are duly noted and valued. But the church and house remain as yet undefaced, and in the church are many things to be sold, for which it may please your lordship to let me know your pleasure, as well for the further sale to be made as for the defacing of the church and other superfluous buildings."

When we remember that all the monastic houses were receiving the same treatment, we shall be startled at the enormous amount which was transferred (nominally) to the king's coffers by this stupendous act of sacrilege. And yet, very shortly after, the king was obliged to move parliament to make him a large grant in consideration of the sums expended in carrying out the dissolution of abbeys. Here is an instructive chapter in the *history* of sacrilege. If we follow the course of Cromwell but a few months, we find its natural sequence in an equally instructive chapter in the *fate* of sacrilege. Cromwell, the unscrupulous agent of Henry, very soon after the last abbey had perished, fell himself under the displeasure of the king for the part he had taken in the marriage of Henry and Ann of Cleves. Notwithstanding this, Cromwell had been created Earl of Essex, and almost immediately after he was arrested, of course on pretence of treason, and proceeded against by bill of attainder, and beheaded (July 19, 1540).

CHAPTER III.

THE FOUNDATION OF THE SEE.

Chambers, First Bishop of Peterborough—The Protector Somerset—Results of Former Sacrilege—Gleanings of the Great Harvest—Rich Shrines Despoiled.

> " Foul deeds will rise
> Though all the earth o'erwhelm them."

In the midst of frightful storms a gleam of light bursts upon the Abbey Church of Peterborough. Henry is meditating an addition of twenty-one new sees to our episcopal establishment.[1] Of these Peterborough is one. The little cluster of religious houses by

[1] Project for new bishops' sees in the king's hand.

Byshopprychys to be New Made.

Essex	Waltam.
Hertforde	Saynt Albonys.
Bedfordshyre and Buckyngham	Dunstable, Nowenham, Elnestowe.
Oxford and Barkshyre	Osnay and Tame.
Northamton and Hontyng	Peterburrow.
Mydelsex	Westm.

which our Abbey is surrounded, are trembling on the brink of destruction. The Abbot of Croyland (March 25, 1537), sends to the vicar-general, by the bearer, "parte of our fenne fyshe [we trust, for the credit of the abbot's wit, it was not all that he sent], right meekly beseeching your lordship favourably to accept the same fish, and to be good and favourable lord unto me and my poor house." The brethren of Sawtrey are only too ready to leave "that poor abbaye" to its fate, for Bedyll writes to Cromwell, from Ramsey, that "Doctor Lee has given liberty to half the house to depart." Of Ramsey, where he is writing, he says "there are two brethren here who have made their petition to have liberty to go from their cloyster"; but he fears if they have no liberty granted they will take it by their own authority. Soon after, Richard Cromwell, the nephew of the vicar-

Lecestre and Rowttland	Laycestre.
Glocestershyre	Saynt Peter's.
Lancaster	Fontayne and Archdeaconry of Rychemond.
Suffolke	Bury.
Stafford and Saloppe	Shrewsbury.
Not. and Derby	Welbeck, Worsop, and Turgarton.
Cornewall	Lanceston, Bedwynne, with another.

It will be observed that Peterborough was, according to Henry at this time, to have had Huntingdon instead of Rutland joined with it, and that Leicester with Rutland was to have been a separate see: a happier arrangement than at present.

general writes, also from Ramsey (Oct. 15, 1538),—"At this date we have done nothing at Ramsey, except that I commenyd with the abbot, whom I have found *conformable in everything. As soon as we have done at Ramsey we go to* PETERBOROUGH."

We are naturally curious to know whether any or what intimation may have been given to Chambers, the Abbot of Peterborough, of any purpose of the king concerning his house. There seems, in the following long letter of Parre to Cromwell, to be some indication of a more indulgent bearing towards Chambers.

"Pleaseth your lordship to be advertised, that according to the tenour of my last letter sente unto your lordship by this berer, I have been at Peterbourgh, where the abbot, upon the rumour that was spred abrode of the commyng downe of the visitours, and not upon any occasion geven or mynistred to hym either in worde or dede by doctor Layton, shewed himself to be affrayed, insomuch as at my first commyng thidder he required me of myne advise and favour what was best for hym to doo; and perceiving by hym amongis other communycacion that speciallie he tendred [cared for] the continuaunce and standing of his monastery, I declared that I had no auctorite nor commyssion to treate or comon [communicate] with hym concernyng any poynt cause or purpos touching either the standing or dissolucion of his hous, and that my commyng thidder was for no other matier but because he sent for me, advising hym to put all doubtes awaye, onles he knew other matier then I did. Nevertheles this coude not satisfie his myende, but ffering that some thing shulde bee done contraire to his myende, he sent Sir Thomas Tresham,[1] the marshall of his hall, and Johan

[1] This must be Sir Thomas, the father of Francis Tresham, so sadly implicated in the gunpowder treason. He was knighted at Kenilworth in the eighteenth of Elizabeth. He was afterwards three times in custody for recusancy.

Layne[1] of Kettring to me, who alledged on his behalf that he was contente upon condicion that he mought bide in suertie that his hous shulde stande, to give the Kinge's highness on horle (one whole) yeres rent of all the landes appurteynyng to the monastery, which I thinke are amountithe nigh upon two thousande and five hundred merkes. And over that to gratify your Lordship to bee good lorde to hym, with the some, as I suppos, of thre hundred poundes.[2]

"Notwithstandinge I gave hym direct answere, that I coude not determyne any such poyntes with hym more thene I had alredie before shewed hym, untill suche tyme as I had knowleige of your Lordshippes pleasure, wherewith and at that same tyme there arrived this said berer with letters from your lordship. And aftre he had knowelege howe good lord you were unto hym, by the reporte of on that come from the court, he digressed appartelie from his ffurst communicacion, and said that in his suetes towardes the kinges highnes and your lordship he wold be ordred as Mr. Comptroller and myself wold advise hym, and in this state I left hym."

By-and-by we have a little intimation how the abbot sped with Cromwell himself. In the same letter in which he gives an account of the murder of Whiting Abbot of Glastonbury, Russell, another of the visitors, writes:—

"Right honourable and my very good lorde, pleaseth your lordshipp to be advertysed, that I have receyved your lettres dated the xij daye of this present, and understood by the same youre lordshipps great goodnes towards my friende the Abbott off Peterbrough, for whom I have been often bolde to write unto your lordshipp."

It seems, therefore, that his suit sped well, and, in

[1] John Lane was one of the visitors of abbeys.

[2] A direct bribe offered to Cromwell. Parre does not, of course, say what he is to receive himself.

effect, having first resigned the abbey and all belonging to it into the king's hands, Chambers was rewarded with the bishopric. In 1542 letters patent were passed to convert the monastery and its church into an episcopal see and cathedral, and the town into a city. The establishment was fixed at a bishop, a dean, and six prebendaries, with the counties of Northampton and Rutland for the diocese.

It does not appear that there was any special aptitude in Chambers for his new dignity and office, except that he was "conformable," in the expressive phrase of the visitors, and that he was as we have described him, a safe man, fitted to live through history with profit to himself. We can hardly call him a *victim* of circumstances, but he was a *creature* of circumstances. It would be hard to tax him with any defect of integrity in accepting the old abbey under a different title; nor did his being made bishop involve any avowed change in his principles. He was now a bishop of the same church of which he was before a priest, and he probably filled his office well enough. It was hardly his fault that he was one of the few abbots of whom Latimer said, that "when their enormities were first read in the parliament, they were so abominable that there was nothing but 'Down with them!' but within a while after, the same abbots were made bishops, to save their pensions.[1] 'O Lord! think ye that God is a fool, and seeth not?'"

[1] This is hardly just to the king. There were simpler ways of saving pensions—witness the fate of the abbot and monks of Glastonbury.

We are told that at the funeral of Henry VIII. the servants and officers of the court shivered their staves upon their heads with heavy and dolorous lamentation, and threw them into the vault with exceeding sorrow and heaviness, not without grievous sighs and tears, not only of them but of many others. There must certainly be some wonderful compensation which enables men to live in common comfort in a reign of terror like that of Henry; but we cannot help thinking that his death was a relief to the nation in general, especially since, so far as it was yet understood, the character of the young king was a sufficient assurance that robbery and persecution should be stayed, at least for a little space. But the Lord Protector Somerset was practically invested with the whole royal authority, and he was, almost equally with Cromwell, an example of the history and fate of sacrilege. His name is still identified with one of the most unblushing acts of robbery in our history, and one which is altogether without the justification which Wolsey might plead for his suppression of religious houses. To borrow the words of Fuller, "he built Somerset House, where many like the workmanship better than either the foundation or materials thereof; for the houses of three bishops, Landaff, Coventry and Lichfield, and Worcester, with the Church of St. Mary-le-Strand, were pluck't down to make room for it, the stones and timber were fetcht from the Hospital of St. John;" and it is reported that in the process of this appropriation, many relics of persons there buried were indecently exposed and removed.

Meanwhile the whole kingdom was bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the late king. Very dangerous insurrections, occasioned by the destruction of the religious houses, had broken out. The poor, who had been fed generously by the abbeys, had lost that resource; and, finding no other, had become an intolerable nuisance. The pressure of this evil may be measured by the sternness of the remedy. An act was passed, which ordered that any person found living idly or loiteringly for three days should be marked as a vagabond, and adjudged to be the slave of the person informing against him for two years; he was to be fed on the meanest diet, and put to any work, however vile. If he ran away, he was to be branded with a hot iron on the cheek and on the forehead, and adjudged to be a slave to his master for ever. If he ran away a second time, he was to suffer death as a felon. A master might sell or otherwise dispose of his slave at his pleasure, and he was authorised to put a ring of iron round his neck, leg, or arm for greater security of keeping him. This was the penalty on the country for the abject poverty brought on the land by the suppression of monasteries. But the lesson was not yet sufficiently impressed on those in high places. Exactly in the old spirit statesmen continued their exactions, and ecclesiastics their subserviency. Bishops and cathedral bodies resigned many manors to Somerset to obtain his favour, and many chantry lands were sold at an easy rate to his friends. All rich shrines, with the plate and other valuables, were seized for the king's use. Many of his subjects had already possessed themselves of the

property of the religious houses, and were neither afraid nor ashamed to load their tables and their sideboards with their ill-gotten treasures. "Men's halls," says Fuller; "were hung with altar cloths, their tables and beds covered with copes. Many drank at their daily meals in chalices; and no wonder if, in proportion, it came to the share of their horses to be watered in rich coffins of marble." So commissions were issued to each county for the survey of church goods, seeing that the gleanings still left after the reaping of the great harvest promised to be worth gathering. We give an extract from the king's commission to the Marquis of Northampton and others of the commissioners in this diocese, printed by Fuller from the original, under the king's hand, lent to him by Thomas Tresham, late of Geddington, the father of Tresham the conspirator in James' reign, and himself the steward of the abbot of Peterborough:—

"The said commissioners shall command the custos rotulorum, or the clerk of the peace to bring or send them such books, registers, and inventories, as may come into their hands, touching the sums, numbers and values of any goods, plate, jewels, vestments, and bells or ornaments of any churches, chapels, or such like. . . . and likewise the said commissioners shall enquire in like manner of the goods of the church which had fallen into private hands, and in one word, shall secure them for the crown; all which was done according to their instructions."

"But all this income rather stayed the stomach than satisfied the hunger of the king's exchequer, for the allaying whereof the Parliament conferred the bishopric of Durham on the crown. Cuthbert Tunstall was then in durance for recusancy, which gave the crown a readier grip on his rich bishopric. Happily, as it turned out, the lands of the see were conveyed whole to the crown, so that Mary was able, within two years, to restore them untouched."

CHAPTER IV.

THE LESSONS WHICH THE ABBEYS LEFT BEHIND THEM.

"Other men laboured, and ye are entered into their labours."

And now the monasteries are suppressed, Peterborough among the rest, though it is recalled to life under another name and form. "The nests are destroyed and the birds are flown." But is there no token by which we can estimate the work that they had done, and their hold on society—may we not add, the debt which we owe them to this day?

Cursory as it is, the review of the history of this one abbey leaves on us the impression that like other abbots and monks, but neither more so nor less, the monks and abbots of Peterborough were by no means idle, self-indulgent devourers of other men's goods, or panderers to the follies and vices of society; but that they were great benefactors of their kind, as indeed, all wealthy foundations are, in proportion to their means, which expend their revenues well and honestly, and both give and exact good measure and good work in everything.

As a general rule, the officers of the society were men of business, careful to secure, and liberal to recompense, the best work; and the most tangible

fruit of their work and of their labour that remains is their abbey church; and as it has been well said that "a Gothic church is a petrifaction of our religion," so may we confidently assert that the character of each founder and artificer is stamped on every church which rises above the ordinary scale and design. Now, what shall we gather concerning the abbots and brethren of Peterborough from their great work, —this abbey, now the cathedral church? Surely we may say that nothing short of general skill, diligence, and energy on all hands can account for its beauty, quite separate from mere size and costliness. There is no pause or break anywhere. Wonderful variety there is, because the development of every art was never at a stand, but it proceeded from one perfection to another, always by an harmonious progression.

And if the great ecclesiastics were thus marvellously successful in their noble buildings, they were also marvellously seconded by the arts and artisans with which they worked. There is nothing that is old that seems incongruous throughout the noble church of Peterborough (and perhaps it is its greatest felicity that there is a very little that is not old) from the choir of Waterville to the retro-choir of Kirton: and this though the time that it occupied in building was about four hundred years, and though each successive abbot adopted the style of his day, and built without any imitation or contrivances of adaptation. A most wonderful example of this we have in the great western portico. It might stand for a perfect study of adaptation, and yet perhaps it is so successful because it is no study of adaptation at all. Built

up to the western transept of a very different type, it is designed in the present manner of its own age, and yet there is no jar anywhere.

"The New Building" (1438 to 1528) is perhaps a still more striking instance of the same kind, if we consider the great interval between Waterville, against and around whose Norman nave it is built, and the late Tudor of Kirton's day. In fact, the earliest Norman and the latest Tudor in the church, are brought together without the slightest lack of harmony; the great secret still being, the doing what was wanted precisely in the best style of the day in which it was done. So winter thaws into spring; spring blossoms into summer, and the flowers of summer ripen and mellow into the fruit and sere leaf of autumn, and *one spirit* breathes in all, and harmonises all, and when we think that that *one spirit* is a spirit of devotion and earnest effort, directed to what is truly felt to be for God's glory and man's best interests, we hardly fear to apply to it the words of St. Paul, who is speaking of a higher building—of a yet more glorious temple—"The whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the whole unto the edifying of itself in love."

What we have just said is true in a measure of all the abbeys and cathedrals which we have inherited from the middle ages. But, we may add that, in common with all our grand old churches, and in a fuller manner than most of them, our cathedral in its very form expresses the great article of our faith, *Life in a*

crucified Saviour. The ground plan is a Latin cross—a cross that is, with arms much shorter than "the tree," such as that on which we always suppose that JESUS suffered:—moreover, it is a *cross of Calvary*, as it is called in heraldry—(and much of the language, and most of the symbols of heraldry are religious)—the steps to the cross being represented by the approach through the grand portico; so we enter upon the way of the cross, and pause, by-and-by, under the great tower, and look to the right hand and to the left, on the hands of the Lord spread out, as it were, to beckon all men unto Him. And the noble apse at the end of the choir, with its domical roof, is as the crown of thorns on His brow; and yet beyond this, the retro-choir stretching across it, represents the inscription written over our Lord's head, "JESUS OF NAZARETH THE KING OF THE JEWS." "When men built out of the fulness of their hearts, they put their deepest thoughts into their buildings. Sometimes they expressed things just and lovely, sometime things false and hateful. But with whatever message, they do still speak to us for encouragement and for warning."[1] With our present habits of thought, we do not take much note of these things; but it is something to know that by the monks of Peterborough and their dependents, they were intended and were recognised. Their very church was a creed to them. And let us be thankful that that which is just and lovely in all this remains to us,

[1] "Our Debt to the Past." Two sermons preached in the cathedral church of Peterborough, by Canon Westcott.

while that which is false and hateful has either altogether perished or has become a mere voiceless shell. The Lady Chapel, devoted we must confess to the worship of the mother of our Lord, has been destroyed, and the offence is swept out of the chapels dedicated to several saints; but the chapels themselves remain as a tender expression of the article of the Apostles' creed, *The communion of Saints*, which we still believe, though we express it in a different form.

We do but scant justice to the devotion, to the energy, and to the artistic genius of our forefathers, if we judge of them merely by what the puritans and other destructives have left. The cloisters on the south of the nave were a graceful as well as a useful addition to the church. The windows of the cloisters were filled with costly glass. On the south side was the Old—on the east side the New Testament History. On the east the kings from the time of Peada; and on the west the history of the Abbey, as already described.[1] South-east of the cloisters was the infirmary, with its chapel, and the precincts were surrounded by schools, chapels, and gateways, including the Knights' Chamber, appropriated to the knights who were tenants and dependents of the abbey, and decorated with their arms. There was the great grace of proportion over all, and it is a monstrous notion—though perhaps a common one—that the men of a rude age, *as we call it*, did not admire it, nor understand its principles. No! depend upon it, there is no

[1] Chap. I., page 6.

more appreciative assembly in any of our architectural meetings, or in any of our modern chapters, than that which broke out into admiration of the proposed work, when Abbot Lindsey (if it was Lindsey) exhibited the elevation of the great western portico, the most gorgeous Early English work in the kingdom, to the brethren of Peterborough; and no restorer or builder of a church at the present day follows more closely or more intelligently the work of the mallet and the chisel, than those who watched the progress of the carvings over those noble arches. Nor do we suppose that they withheld their just criticism. Did any one in that reverend company venture to say, "Yes; but beautiful as it is, it wants the special beauty of *use*. It is a grand conception, and when finished it will be a glorious spectacle; but it will be a spectacle only. It has no definite purpose."

So they wondered and criticised; yet, in a manner, they wondered and were silent. Silent to us, but not silent among themselves. We said "Lindsey, if it was Lindsey." Is it not a marvellous thing that we can only infer the author of this great work from its character? The reticence of those days is very remarkable. There are one or two noteworthy instances in our history. When a great monastery like ours was promoted to the dignity of a mitred abbey, should we not expect to find some record of the fact, and some account of the ceremony with which the new dignity was recognised by the brethren, who all shared in the advancement? But only on his tomb do we find that Genge was "PRIMUS MITRATUS ABBAS." The *Chronicon Petroburgense*, one of the

most valuable of our mediæval records, has come down to us without a name; and there is no great church which does not leave us to identify its best workers from the obscure hints of internal evidence. It was enough for them to be great, and to do great things.

Were they for that reason the less benefactors of their own and all after ages?

CHAPTER V.

BISHOP LATIMER.

"We shall this day light such a candle in England as shall never be put out."

CHAMBERS outlived both Henry VIII. and Edward VI., and in 1556 he left his church in the hands of Pole,[1] a patron of the old learning, so that there was no need of change in the politics of the diocese. But however peaceable our own see may have been, we enter with Mary's reign on the most exciting chapter of English Church history. Even here, however, we have little of mere local interest, for though the Act *de Heretico comburendo* was passed in a Parliament of Leicester, the fires of persecution were scarcely ever lighted in this diocese. But we

[1] David Pole, Lord Bishop of Peterborough, and Reginald Pole, Cardinal Archbishop of Canterbury, are brought so near together by name and circumstances, that we are inclined to ask whether there was any family relation or connection between them. We have found no direct answer to the question, but in the coat assigned by the Heralds' College to David Pole, Bishop of Peterborough, is a canton of the arms of the archbishop, which can hardly be without a meaning; we are disposed to believe therefore, that David Pole, already a royal chaplain, was chosen, it may be with a good word which would be all powerful from an august relative, to fill the throne vacated by the death of Chambers the first Bishop of Peterborough.

find a name among the natives of Leicestershire, which we claim as our contribution to the roll of the chief Anglican martyrs.

Hugh Latimer was born at Thirkesson in 1470. This prelate might stand as a representative of two phases of our church; the extreme protestantism of Edward's reign, and the suffering churchmanship of Mary's.

The first appearance of this illustrious martyr in any prominent office, was curiously at variance with the character in which he is now best known. Being remarkable in his early college life for his constant attacks on the reformers, he was made cross-bearer in the University of Cambridge. It was not long, however, before his eyes were opened (chiefly, perhaps, by the influence of Thomas Bilney, who eventually suffered as a heretic at Norwich), to the abuses of the papal system, and from a zealous papist, he became as zealous a reformer. He did not long escape the troubles which the "new learning" brought upon all who openly professed it. He was subjected to long and severe questionings on all the articles on which he was supposed (or known, we may better say, for he had been always sufficiently outspoken) to differ from the generally received doctrines. He himself describes the incidents of one such inquisition.

"I was brought out to be examined in a chamber, where I was wont to be examined, but this time it was somewhat altered. Before, there was a fire in the chimney; now, the fire was taken away, and the table stood near the chimney's end. There was one of the bishops who examined me, whom I had hitherto

supposed to be my friend. Among other questions put to me was a singularly subtle and crafty one, and when I should make answer, 'I pray you,' said he to me, 'speak out; I am very thick of hearing, and there be many that sit far off.' I marvelled at this, and began to misdeem, and gave an ear to the chimney, and there heard a pen scratching behind the cloth. They had set one there to write my answer."

Nothing but a recantation of his so-called errors could have long saved Latimer from the stake (now that persecution had thus closed around him), but for a singular conjunction of persons and circumstances, which not only delivered him out of present danger, but hastened his elevation to a bishopric. The king heard of the hard usage he was receiving, and became interested in his cause. Once introduced at court, he became a favourite of Anne Boleyn, and by the joint good offices of the Queen and of Thomas Cromwell, the Vicar-General, the persecuted priest became, with Henry's goodwill, Bishop of Worcester. At the passing of the Act of the Six Articles, which reversed all that had yet been done for the protestant cause, though it did not save the papists, Latimer resigned his see; exclaiming, as he threw off his robes, that he felt lighter than he had ever felt before. He was soon again brought to question, and suffered imprisonment during the remainder of Henry's reign; his two great patrons, Cromwell, who had been created Earl of Essex, and Anne Boleyn, having already suffered on the block. At the accession of Edward VI. he steadily refused to resume his bishopric.

A few notes of Latimer's sermons will help to make

us better acquainted, not with him only, but with the church and manners of his age.

As Lent preacher to the king, among other kindred topics, he thus lashes the clergy :—

"It is a marvel if any mischief be in hand, if a priest be not at one end of it. I will be a suitor to your grace to give your bishops charge to look better to their flocks, and if they be found negligent, Out with them! Make them quondams, all the pack of them! There is in this realm, thanks be to God, a good sight of laymen well learned in the Scriptures, and of a virtuous and Godly conversation, better learned than a great sight of us, the clergy. Let them not only do the function of bishops, but live of the same. But I fear one thing, that for saving a little money, you will put chantry priests into benefices. I would not have you do with chantry priests as was done with abbots: for when their enormities were first read in Parliament, they were so abominable that there was nothing but 'Down with them!' but within a while after these same abbots were made bishops, as there be some of them yet alive, [let us hope our own Bishop Chambers was not present] to save their pensions. O Lord! Think you that God is a fool, and seeth it not"

In another sermon,—

"I heard of a bishop that went on a visitation, and when he should have been rung into the town, the great bell's clapper was fallen down. The chiefs of the parish were much blamed for it. They excused themselves as well as they could. 'It was a chance,' they said, 'and it should be amended as shortly as might be.' Among them there was one wiser than the rest, who comes up to the bishop,—'Why, my lord,' says he, 'doth your lordship make so great a matter of this bell that lacketh a clapper? Here is a bell,' saith he, 'that hath lacked a clapper these twenty years.' I warrant you this bishop was an unpreaching prelate. I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey, and sent word over-night into the town that I would preach

there in the morning, because it was a holiday. When I came there, the church door was fast locked. I tarried there half-an-hour and more. At last one of the parish comes to me and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us; we cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's Day. I pray you hinder them not.' And so I was fain to give place to Robin Hood!"

Another sermon, surely unequalled in power of contemptuous language; "What! ye brainsick fools, ye hoddy peckes, ye dordye poultes, do ye believe him?"

He anticipates very exactly the language of the puritans in the reign of Charles I. Speaking of the Reformation, "It was yet but a mingle-mangle, and a hotch-potch, I cannot tell what, partly popery, and partly true religion mingled together. They say in every country when they call their hogs to the swine-trough, 'Come to thy mingle-mangle, come, pur, come,' even so do they make mingle-mangle of the Gospel."

Assuredly Latimer was no happy cultivator of the amenities of speech; but these specimens of rude eloquence are not wholly ungraceful in the Leicester yeoman, who had been taught as a youth "to lay his body in his bow,"[1] and had not failed through his life, to lay his whole man, body, soul, and spirit in the

[1] "My poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot, as to learn any other thing. He taught me how to draw, *how to lay my body in my bow*, and to draw, not with strength of arm, as other nations do, but with strength of body."—A passage from one of Latimer's sermons at court, quoted probably in every work on old English customs and manners, and in every treatise on archery.

work, whatever it was that he had in hand. His cloth-yard arrow sped with a sure aim, and buried itself deep in the butt.

Such preaching as this may have been acceptable in the court of Edward, and with the Protector Somerset, but it was heaping up coals of fire against him for the next reign. Cranmer was at present Archbishop of Canterbury, and Ridley, Bishop of London. Latimer had long ago resigned the see of Worcester, and these three were already specially marked out for persecution. Latimer was summoned to answer before the council. He at once obeyed the summons, and was presently committed to the Tower. There he was probably treated with no greater rigour than other prisoners, who were without ample provisions out of their own means; however, one day Latimer bid a servant of the prison to tell his master that unless he took better care of him he should certainly escape. The lieutenant having received the message, came with some discomposure in his countenance to ask an explanation of the message. "Why you suppose, Sir," replied Latimer, "that I shall be burned, but if you do not allow me a little fire this frosty weather, I shall certainly be starved."

But the Constable of the Tower was discharged of the custody of Latimer in another fashion. The three bishops, Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer were sent down to Oxford to dispute on the great subjects of debate with chosen divines of the two universities, sitting with the Oxford Convocation. The articles which the bishops were required to subscribe or to refute were these three :—

"The natural body of Christ is really in the sacrament after the words of consecration."

"No other substance remains after consecration than the substance of the Body and Blood of Christ."

"The mass is a propitiatory sacrifice for the sins of the quick and dead."

Many interesting incidents of this disputation are related; but all was but for a foregone conclusion, and it would be vain to attempt within the space that we can afford, to describe the process through which the bishops were condemned as heretics. Their execution would probably have followed with little delay, but the proceedings had been too hastily arranged, and it was necessary to await a commission from Rome for a new trial, and for the revival of the statutes on which they had been condemned, and which had been repealed in Edward's reign. At length, however, Ridley and Latimer were finally arraigned before the Bishop of Lincoln at Oxford, and on the 16th October they were brought to the stake, which was fixed on a spot of ground near Balliol College; and there, with the utmost fortitude, they met their cruel death by fire. Latimer's last words to the Bishop of London have ever been remembered as prophetic of the consequences of their fiery trial, as well as most encouraging to the faith and endurance of his brother victim,—"We shall this day, my Lord, light such a candle in England as shall never be put out."

And so in truth they did, and never has the light of that candle been more clearly discerned than at

this day, and never has its glory been more heartily acknowledged. "The martyrs of the reformation are known and honoured wherever their names are known, and they give force to this day to every protest against the heresies and credulities of Rome." The martyrs' memorial at Oxford, shines pure and white in the sun, and brighter than the flames which that day cast their unhallowed glare on the buildings around; and a modern monument in the church of Thirkesson indicates that the people of the little Leicestershire village have not ceased to reverence the memory of their martyr yeoman and bishop. Who can help thinking of him and of his many followers and fellow-churchmen in the like path, when he hears the words of the first lesson for All Saints' day—"The souls of the righteous are in the hands of God, and there shall no torment touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seemed to die, and their departure is taken for misery, and their going from us to be utter destruction. But they are in peace. For though they are punished in the sight of men, yet is their hope full of immortality. And having been a little chastised, they shall be greatly rewarded; for God proved them, and found them worthy for Himself. As gold in the furnace hath He tried them, and received them as a burntoffering; and in the time of their visitation they shall shine, and run to and fro, like sparks among the stubble."[1]

[1] Wisdom of Solomon, i. 1-7.

CHAPTER VI.

ELIZABETH.

Accession of Elizabeth—Her doubtful leanings—Her Coronation—Sacrilege at Peterborough; at Ely—Mary, Queen of Scots—Birth of Puritanism—Local Separatists; Brown, Hacket, Stone.

During the last three reigns the will of the Sovereign had been paramount in the Church, and there was no reason to suppose that it would be otherwise under Elizabeth. The stern realities of her early religious experience could hardly have left her indifferent, and it was soon apparent that her imperious temper would not let her act without self-assertion. She had suffered from persecution on either hand. Her brother had been estranged from her, and under her sister she had even feared the axe. She was not likely to be hoodwinked. She knew by what kind of persons she was surrounded, and what were their capacities of annoyance. It may have been difficult, perhaps impossible hitherto, to penetrate the double folds of the veil which the necessity of her position had obliged her to wear. When she was but in her sixteenth year, an emissary of the court, sent to entangle her in damaging admissions, reported of her that she "had a ready wit, and nothing could be gotten from her but by great

policy."[1] There is scarce a saying of any divine more replete with acumen, either of assertion or of evasion, than those four lines with which she baffled the arts of those who questioned her on the crucial question of the real presence :

> " Christ was the word that spake it,
> He took the Bread and brake It ;
> And what His Word did make It,
> That I believe, and take it."

There is something more than a skilful fencing with captious questions in those words. The real and wholesome philosophy of its rejoinder to invidious questions is just this :—That it avoids definitions, which have ever been a curse to the Church. Heresies have often forced on us the necessity of defining, and so the fault is not ours ; but even necessary definitions are too often an unhappy escape from a scarcely more unhappy error.

It was difficult to divine whether the extreme on either hand—puritanism or popery—would win a young princess who had been one day a demure puritan damsel, and the next, in profession at least, a pronounced adherent of the old learning. The hopes of the protestants were, however, certainly the highest. All her pantomimic actions at the several pageants with which the citizens of London sought to ingratiate themselves with her, were studiously protestant. The chief public events of the day too, might almost have been contrived

[1] Miss Strickland.

to repel her affections from the Romanists. Her coronation, the greatest of State ceremonies, was ominously inauspicious. A terrible pestilence had scarcely ceased to rage, which had almost emptied the Episcopal Bench; Pole, archbishop of Canterbury, whose office it would have been to place the crown on the head of the young Princess, was among the victims. Heath, archbishop of York, who would naturally have taken Pole's place, refused, as archbishop, to officiate at the ceremony, though as chancellor he had been zealous in procuring the earliest and most effective recognition of her title. The only Bishop who would so much as listen to the proposals that he should officiate was Oglethorpe, of Carlisle; and it was obvious that he rather repented of the facility with which he had yielded to the exigencies of the occasion. Fourteen of the Bishops, including our own Pole, of Peterborough, were after an interval of some months deprived. All these, together with a great body of clergy who followed them in their views, must needs have been embittered against the Queen. But there was no suspicion of political disaffection among them. All, like Heath, rightly distinguished between their civil allegiance and their duty to the Church. But soon matters were rendered far more threatening by the rashness of Pope Pius V., in excommunicating Elizabeth, and absolving her subjects from their allegiance,—by the insolent invasion of the Spanish fleet,—by the counter claims of Mary Stuart,—and by all the plots and rebellions which were formed around the person of that unhappy princess. In

short, popery, in some form or other, was at the bottom of almost every opposition to Elizabeth during her reign. The natural result followed. Whether as recusants, or as traitors, the Romanists suffered the most unrelenting persecution.

The deprived Bishops in general were treated with much forbearance, but some of them, Pole of Peterborough among the rest, drew down the wrath of the Queen upon their heads by an address, in which they besought her to follow her sister's example in restoring the stolen property of the Church. They acquitted their own consciences, but failed to touch the conscience of the Queen. They were committed to prison, but were afterwards quartered on the intruders into their sees. So Pole was lodged by Scamler (1568) in the palace at Peterborough,—no severe penance for the one prelate, and no extravagant charge upon the other, if they contrived to live together with generous forbearance.

Edmund Scamler was a prelate entirely after Elizabeth's own heart, for he alienated much of the lands belonging to the see, all to the profit of the Queen and her courtiers, who "for a long time continued to prey upon their succulent victim." Scamler was translated (1585) to Norwich, where he pursued the same iniquitous course, and, to the eternal disgrace of the unjust bishop, the Lord Keeper Pickering actually petitioned for his second translation to Ely, that he might get a lease for himself of part of the lands of that see. This arrangement did not, however, take place. Ely fell into the hands of Richard Cox, who was not better

able to secure the episcopal property against the Queen and her favourites. "Fourteen manors belonging to the see of Ely were exchanged for tenths and impropriations of much less value." The Lord Keeper Hatton subsequently procured the alienation of a portion of the Bishop's property at Holborn, and it was on making resistance to this spoliation, that Cox received the celebrated letter from the Queen :—

"Proud Prelate,—You know what you were before I made you what you are; if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God I will unfrock you.—ELIZABETH."

"The names of Hatton Garden and Ely Place still bear witness to the encroaching Lord Keeper and the elbowed Bishop."[1] Elizabeth revived and improved upon the sacrilege of the Norman Kings by keeping the temporalities of Ely in her own hands seventeen years after the death of Cox.

Scamler was succeeded at Peterborough (1584) by Richard Howland, whose episcopate is only notable for the death of Mary Queen of Scots in his diocese, and her burial in our Cathedral.

The last five months of Mary's life were past in a bitter durance at Fotheringhay, on the Nen. She was beheaded February 8th, 1586–7, in the hall of the Castle. Elizabeth had signed her death-warrant, but stormed at her secretaries when it was carried out, and wrote her unblushing condolences to James VI. of Scotland, the son of her victim, with assurances of

[1] "Handbook to the Cathedrals": Murray.

"the extreme dolour that overwhelmed her mind, for that miserable accident which, far contrary to her meaning, had befallen." The head of the unhappy Queen was exposed on a velvet cushion at one of the hall windows to the crowd in the court-yard. Her body was at once carried into a chamber near the place of execution, lest her maids should come to do any good office to the dead, but not before it had been subjected to the insolence of the Dean of Peterborough and the Earl of Kent. We will take the scene from the "Pictorial History of England."

"The Dean of Peterborough, interrupting her, began a long discourse upon her life, past, present, and to come. The queen stayed him once or twice, saying, 'Mr. Dean, trouble not yourself. I am fixed in the ancient religion, and by God's grace I will shed my blood for it' . . . . The dean pressed her to change her faith . . . . If she would recant even now there might be hopes of mercy; if she refused, she must inevitably be damned here and hereafter . . . . She kissed her crucifix, saying, 'As Thy arms, O Jesus, were stretched upon the cross, so receive me, O God, into the arms of mercy.' 'Madam,' said the Earl of Kent, 'you had better put such popish trumpery out of your hand, and carry Christ in your heart.' When the head had fallen on the scaffold, the Earl of Kent held it up, at arm's length, and exclaimed, officially, 'God save Queen Elizabeth!' The Dean of Peterborough added, 'Thus perish all her enemies.' The Earl of Kent, approaching the headless body, cried, in a louder voice, 'So perish all the enemies of the queen and gospel.' Everybody else was silent, not a voice said 'Amen,' but the dean and the earl."

It is a little incident, but worth noting, that "the queen's lapdog was observed to have crept under her clothes, and would not be removed till force was used;

and afterwards it would not leave the body, but went and lay down between the head and shoulders." Her body was kept seven months unburied, probably in hopes that her son James, king of Scotland, would relieve Elizabeth of the cost of her obsequies. It was at last conveyed to Peterborough. For a while the coffin rested in the choir, where her "representation" lay in state. The funeral was conducted with the accustomed state ceremonies, and the Bishop of Lincoln (William Wickham) preached the funeral sermon; making, however, no allusion to the sad occasion, but that contained in the following most guarded words, introduced into the bidding of prayer. "Let us give thanks for the happy dissolution of the high and mighty princess, Mary, late Queen of Scotland and Dowager of France, of whose life and death at this time I have not much to say, because I was not acquainted with the one, neither was I present at the other. I will not enter into judgment further, but because it hath been signified unto me that she trusted to be saved by the blood of Christ we must hope well of her salvation. For, as Father Luther was wont to say, 'Many a one that liveth a papist dieth a protestant.'" Such was the rancour of the puritans, that even this cold and prudent notice was greatly condemned for its too favourable expressions concerning the poor popish princess. Indeed, Martin Marprelate charges the Bishop of Lincoln with praying that his soul, and the souls of all the rest there present, might be with the soul of that unrepentant papist departed.

When the body of Mary Stuart had lain twenty-

five years in the south choir aisle of the cathedral, opposite to the grave of Katharine, James I. caused it to be removed to Henry VII.'s Chapel, at Westminster, and had a stately monument erected over it. The tombs of the two queens at Peterborough, with their furniture, were destroyed at the great rebellion.[1]

The danger of church and state from the puritans was far greater than any to be feared from the papists, however little it was suspected until long after this time. A papal bull, a Spanish Armada, and a disputed title to the crown, which were the worst of the troubles arising out of the popish secession, were as nothing to the rebellion in Charles' reign, which ended in the destruction of church and state, of monarchy and parliament. The seeds of civil and religious disaffection had been long germinating under a cracked and swelling surface. From the "morning of the Reformation" there had been a warm dispute on the constitution of the church, and on questions of doctrine; about presbytery and episcopacy; about predestination, free will, perseverance, assurance, and the limits of redemption.[2] The contending parties were broadly distinguished at first as Lollards and churchmen,—afterwards, when a foreign element had been introduced into the controversy, as Calvinists and Arminians, puritans and orthodox. Whether or no by an inherent

[1] Archdeacon Bonney's "Fotheringhay," and Miss Strickland's "Letters of Mary, Queen of Scots," may be consulted for the fullest account of the death and burial of Mary.

[2] That is, whether Christ died for all mankind, or only for the elect.

necessity, recusancy in the church tended almost universally to disaffection in the state. Meanwhile, the Church remained unshaken in loyalty. The Calvinists gravitated towards republicanism and presbyterianism, breaking up into countless sects; for the principle of submission once gone, there was no security of union even between persons who professed to be agreed. So divisions multiplied, and the eruption, at first mild and scattered, soon became angry and confluent. Edwards, a determined puritan, published a book in 1646, with the following title: "*Gangræna; or a discovery of many of the errors, heresies, blasphemies, and pernicious practices of the sectaries of this time, vented and acted in England in the four last years.*" And in the same year appeared a second and third part of the same work; or "A new and higher discovery of the errors, heresies, blasphemies, and insolent proceedings of the sectaries of these times." The number of sects, though at daggers drawn against each other, were at one in their hatred of the Church.

Hoping to allay the bitterness of the controversy, Archbishop Whitgift (1595) summoned a party of divines to Lambeth, who determined many of the disputed questions in favour of the puritans, and formulated their decision in "*The Lambeth Articles*:" but whatever may have been the expectation of Whitgift, the articles did not please the queen, and they were suppressed. Of course, the voice of controversy was not silenced in Church or State, in the court or with the people. Travers and Cartwright, on the the puritan and presbyterian side, and

Hooker among the episcopalians, were the great champions of either cause. And if the Church owes anything (as, perhaps, she does indirectly) to her enemies of that day, it is that they gave occasion to the wonderful work of Hooker, "The Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity; written in defence of the present government established, against the new desired discipline."

All this may not seem to concern our diocese in particular; but, unhappily, we have too many and too grievous contributions to the history of the English sectaries within our borders.

Fuller, who was his near neighbour, and not altogether unacquainted with him, gives an extraordinary account of ROBERT BROWN, the reputed father of the independents, who began to publish his opinions about 1583. He was of an ancient family in Stamford, which is still indebted to one of his ancestors for the noble foundation of Brown's Hospital. For some time he served a church in Cambridge, where he attracted much notice by the vehemence of his manner. From Cambridge he went to Zeeland, and collected a congregation at Middelburgh. Returning to England, he settled for a while in Norfolk; but "*cœlum non animum*,"—he who crosses the sea changes his climate, not his disposition. He was committed for some offences in his preaching to the custody of the sheriff, but escaped through the good offices of Lord Treasurer Burleigh, to whom he was nearly related, and who sent him home to his father at Tolethorpe, in Rutland; but neither his father nor the divines, who were requested to reason with him, could reduce his opinions to orthodoxy and his conduct

to a reasonable discretion. He, himself, boasts of having been in thirty-two prisons, and at last (1630) he died in Northampton jail, where he was confined, not for heresy and contumacy, but for an assault on a constable arising out of his ungovernable temper.

William Hacket, who sat for some special features in "Ormerod's picture of a puritan," was a native of Oundle. He was of a like violent and incorrigible temper with Brown, which he displayed in a savage manner, even as a schoolboy. In the violence of his gestures he had been known to strike his dagger into the heart of a portrait of the queen. He collected around him many followers, as mad or as wicked as himself; among others, two gentlemen named Coppinger and Allington, whom he brought to a miserable end. He himself suffered on the gibbet in Cheapside. We may perhaps plead on his behalf that he was rather a lunatic than a conscious blasphemer.

On the very day of the execution of Hacket, Thomas Stone, Rector of Warkton, was examined before the Star Chamber, and subscribed a confession in which he set forth the times and places of several unlawful assemblies of puritans; Northampton, Kettering and Warkton, having a prominent place in the list. Cartwright and Travers were of the number of persons generally present, which argues a greater degree of respectability than would attach to such men as Brown and Hacket. And indeed it ought to be well understood that such meetings for mutual edification, and for a discussion of church questions, though they were avowedly one-sided, and

though they were declared to be contrary to the laws forbidding "Prophesyings, and classes, and conventicles,"[1] were not necessarily wrong in their own nature. In the best view of them, they were not very unlike our own clerical meetings.

As our history proceeds we shall find to what grievous results these beginnings tended, and we shall confess that the apparently unreasonable jealousy with which some of these early indications of disaffection were repressed, was not so entirely without an apology as some persons may suppose.

[1] They received indeed, in some dioceses, a sort of half recognition. Bishop Freake, of Norwich, recommended monthly prophesyings, at which the rural deans should be moderators, to prevent schisms and factions.—See Dansey's *Horæ Decanicæ Rurales*, *i.* 448.

PART IV.

The Stuart Period.

CHAPTER I.

GUNPOWDER TREASON.

"Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum."

"Madam, this letter . . .
Know you the character?"

THERE were, until lately, two days in our calendar, and two services in our common prayer, which have been removed from their old place and observance in the Church,—the thirtieth of January being *the day of the martyrdom of King Charles I.*, and the *fifth of November*, with its *thanksgiving for the happy deliverance of King James I., and the three estates of England, from the most traitorous and bloody-minded intended massacre by gunpowder.*

These days, with their services, were eloquent memorials of singularly important events, overcharged with the colour of those most base and cruel treasons which "turn faith into faction, and religion into rebellion."

The extreme severity of the penal laws[1] against

[1] At the Lancashire Assizes, in the preceding summer, six seminary priests and Jesuits were tried, condemned, and executed

Roman Catholics in the reign of Elizabeth, and the vindictive rigour with which they were enforced, had embittered the lives of many Romanists, and the hope which at first dawned upon them at the accession of James being disappointed, the more violent of them were excited to the most wild and daring treasons.

Every schoolboy knows the story of "*Gunpowder treason plot*," and the arch-traitor, in his eyes, is that ruffian, Guy Fawkes, apprehended in the cellar under the Parliament House, with his dark lantern and matches ready to fire the barrels of gunpowder stored under the House of Lords, and himself booted and spurred for a hasty ride over the country. But worthy as he is of a bad place in the story, Guy was neither the chief conspirator nor a mere tool of the rest: nor yet was he, so far as station is concerned, an inconsiderable man. There was indeed but one of the conspirators—Bates, a servant of Catesby, who had been sworn to secrecy because he was believed already to know too much—who was not a gentleman by birth. The chief conspirator was Robert Catesby, of good family and estate, living with his widowed mother at Ashby St. Legers. He had been heavily fined for his complicity with the Earl of Essex in his

under the statute of the 27th of Elizabeth, for remaining within the realm. The judges indulged in invectives against the Roman Catholics in general, and one of them is said to have laid it down as a law, that all persons hearing mass from a Jesuit were guilty of treason. Sir Thomas Tresham, father of the conspirator, declared that he had undergone "full twenty years of ruthless adversity and deep disgrace only for testimony of his conscience."

late treason. He it was who concocted the whole scheme, and was its moving spirit throughout. One of the last to join the conspiracy, but one of its most important members, was Sir Everard Digby of Stoke Dry, in Rutland. To these was added, in an evil hour for the conspirators, Francis, son of Sir Thomas Tresham of Rushton. There were also Rookwood, a Norfolk squire, Percy, a relation of the Duke of Northumberland, Winter, and two Wrights.

Their mad design (for it was indeed as mad as it was wicked), was to blow up the king and the three estates of the realm, with gunpowder. They hoped that Prince Henry would attend the opening of the Parliament with his father, and perish with him. They were to seize the Princess Elizabeth, and to declare her queen, under a regency devoted to their cause.[1]

As they successively entered into the plot, each of the confederates was bound to secrecy and constancy, in the following terms: "*You shall swear by the Blessed Trinity, and by the Sacrament you now propose to receive, never to disclose, directly or indirectly, by word or circumstance, the matter that shall be proposed to you to keep secret, nor desist from the execution thereof, until the rest shall give you leave.*" Upon the taking of this oath they were all confessed and absolved, and received the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper at the hands of certain Romish priests; and so they awaited the meeting of Parliament, on the fifth of November, 1605.

[1] The Earl of Northumberland was supposed to be their choice as regent, and perhaps ultimately as husband of Elizabeth.

It was no easy matter to find and prepare the material appliances for carrying out their wild scheme. Perhaps, indeed, in those days of excitement, it was more difficult to overcome the physical obstacles than it had been to find accomplices. If the proposed use of gunpowder was adopted, it seemed necessary to undermine the Houses of Parliament; and a house was rented which abutted on the House of Lords, and immense labour was expended on a mine, which it was found impossible to complete. This labour might have been spared, for eventually they were able to hire a coal-cellar, which exactly served their purpose. But it was no easy matter, without suspicion, to convey thither six hundred barrels of powder, and to conceal it with coals and billets of wood; this, however, was done, and Fawkes kept the watch of a gnome over the murderous compound.

These preparations had occupied nearly six months. Meanwhile Sir Everard was preparing what he hoped was to be the second scene in the tragedy. The obtaining possession of the person of the Princess Elizabeth was as necessary a part of the project as the blowing up of the House, and she was at this time staying with Lord Harrington at Combe Abbey, near Coventry.[1] Sir Everard therefore invited a number of friends, some of them doubtless already acquainted

[1] "The greatest of our business stood in the possessing the Lady Elizabeth, who, lying within eight miles of Dunchurch, we could have easily surprised—this was the cause of my being there. If she had been in Rutland, then Stoaks [Stoke Dry] was near, and in either place we had taken sufficient order to have been possessed of her."—*Paper by Sir Everard Digby.*

with his purpose, and others such as he hoped to draw into it, to meet for a great hunting-day on Dunsmore, near to Combe Abbey. A supply of horses was secured by the accession of Rookwood,[1] a Norfolk squire, and a great breeder and trainer of hunters. The great blow being struck on the fifth, all the conspirators were to be immediately on their way to Dunchurch.

Guy Fawkes is still keeping watch over the cellar, prepared to fire the mine at the moment of the assembly of the two Houses; and so, to all appearance as late as the night of the 4th, and the early morning of the 5th, the blow seemed to be inevitable.

Lord Monteagle had married Tresham's sister, and Tresham, anxious to save him in the impending massacre, wrote him the following letter :—

---

[1] We can hardly wonder that Rookwood was ready to join the conspirators.

Elizabeth made one of her self-invited visits to Euston Hall, his seat in Norfolk, when he was just out of his wardship. She requited him with very poor thanks for "his bad house," but allowed him to kiss her hand. The Lord Chamberlain, however, was brutal enough to ask him how he dared, unfit as he was—being a Papist—for any Christian company, to enter the royal presence. There these insolent intruders remained a fortnight. Before they left a cry was raised that a piece of plate had been stolen, and during a search in the outhouses, a magnificent image of the Virgin was found hid in the hay. The queen encouraged her servants to dance about it insultingly, and then, at her majesty's command, it was thrown into the fire. The next "good news" was, that Rookwood and several other gentlemen of worship were imprisoned in Norwich Castle, and in other places in the city.—See Miss Strickland.

"My lord out of the love i beare to some of youer frends i have a caer of youer preservacion there for i would advyse yowe as yowe tender youer lyf to devyse some exscuse to shift of youer attendance at this parleament for god and man hathe concurred to punish the wickednes of this tyme and thinke not slightlye of this advertisment but retyere youre self into youre contrie wheare yowe maye expect the event in safti for thowghe theare be no apparance of anie stir yet i saye they shall receyve a terrible blowe this parleament and yet they shall not seie who hurts them this councel is not to be contemned because it maye do yowe good and can do yowe no harme for the dangere is passed as soon as yowe have burnt the letter and i hope god will give you grace to make good use of it to whose holy proteccion i commend you." [1]

This letter, which was delivered to Monteagle by an unknown messenger on the 26th of October, was at once placed in Cecil's hands, and by him given to the king on October 31. *Illuminated by Almighty God, the only Ruler of princes*,[2] James immediately divined the meaning of the epistle, and orders were taken for

[1] There seems scarcely a doubt that Tresham either wrote this letter, or was the contriver of its being written and sent to Lord Monteagle. The conspirators were so convinced of this, that only the most violent protestations of innocence saved him from Catesby's dagger.

[2] The very words of Serjeant Philips, in his opening of the case against the conspirators! The learned serjeant made, in his speech before the commissioners, while the prisoners were at the bar, the following astounding application of astrology to their case: "It was in the entering of the sun into the tropic of Capricorn, when they began their mine; noting that by mining they should descend, and by hanging ascend." No doubt James was present, and was equally delighted with the ascription to him of divine wisdom, and with the astrological argument, which was much after his own manner.

the search which ended in the arrest of Fawkes in the vault.

With the exception of Tresham, whose case was indeed exceptional throughout, all the other conspirators were by this time on their way to Dunchurch, except Fawkes. They soon heard that the plot was discovered, and hurrying off with the speed natural to hunted traitors, reached Dunchurch by the evening of the fifth. Rookwood had stationed relays of his fine horses at each stage, and rode the whole of his eighty miles between London and Ashby St. Legers in a little over six hours. Some of the rest in their headlong speed had thrown their cloaks and coats upon the hedges as they passed, to lighten the load; and so they arrived at Ashby St. Legers, not as a joyous hunting-party, but in the haste of fugitives for their lives, just as Lady Catesby was sitting down to supper. After short rest they rode on to Dunchurch, where they found Sir Everard Digby and some of his invited guests. Whatever might have been the effect of the news of the destruction of the king and parliament, the intelligence they now received entirely reversed the position. If they stopped at the gate of a supposed friend, or even of an expected associate, they were met with reproaches; and at last, disowned by all, they came to Holbeach, the seat of Mr. Littleton, who ultimately suffered for his complicity with the fugitives.

Misfortune perseveringly dogged their steps. At Holbeach they were severely injured by the explosion of some gunpowder which they had set to dry by the fire. While they were in this plight the house was

surrounded by an armed force, under the sheriff of Worcestershire, and Catesby and Percy, a kinsman of the Duke of Northumberland, were killed by a single musket discharge; two Wrights—brothers—were slain, Winter was shot through the arm, but taken alive. Sir Everard Digby was a prisoner.

Thus ended "The Bloody Hunt at Dunchurch," the most exciting act of this terrible tragedy.[1]

Tresham still remained in London, and in spite of the absolute certainty that he was known, affected to have no fears for himself. Was not his fancied security due to the part which he had already taken with the Council? At last, however, he was secured, and confined in the Tower (Nov. 12), where he died (Nov. 22) before his fellow-traitors were brought to trial. What use had been made of him in the meantime does not appear; but if he had been tampered with and if his revelations were made use of by the Council, while they suffered the rest to unfold their plans, it would be equally difficult to punish him and to let him go.

[1] Winter was reserved for examination under torture. Sir Everard Digby says of him, in a paper written in the Tower, "Till torture, sure he carried it very well." Of himself, Sir Everard says, "They did, in a fashion, offer me torture, which I will rather endure than hurt anybody: as yet I have not tried it." When Fawkes was arrested, James sent his directions for his examination: "The gentler tortures are to be first used unto him, *et sic per gradus ad ima tendatur*, and so God speed you in your good work!" The "Illustrated History of England" gives *fac-similes* of the signature of Fawkes, before and after the torture, which was prolonged for three or four days. The reign of Elizabeth contains instances of torture ordered by the queen.

Of the rest, Sir Everard Digby pleaded guilty, and all the others were convicted, and sentenced to be hanged; a sentence which was executed upon them with the usual barbarities January 30 and 31, 1606.[1]

Perhaps the most melancholy part of this sad tragedy yet remains to be told. Garnet, the superior of the English Jesuits, had already been arrested at

[1] There is a special memorial of Sir Everard Digby, to which we cannot refrain from alluding:—

During the incumbency of the late Heneage Finch, there was in the place of honour in the vicarage drawing-room at Oakham, close to Stoke Dry, a magnificent full-length portrait of Sir Everard, with the motto, in the left-hand corner, "*Video meliora*"—"I have better things in sight."

We have tried, without success, to find out where this portrait is now. It is a pity that it should be removed from a neighbourhood where its value was enhanced by local associations. The motto is an evident, and, considering the circumstances, a pathetic allusion to the aspirations of the ill-starred knight.

But there is another reason for recalling this portrait. In 1586, just twenty years before the execution of Sir Everard, Babington's conspiracy was marked by a singular incident arising out of a portrait, in some respects parallel with that of Sir Everard. Babington had had a portrait of himself painted, surrounded by six of his fellow-conspirators, and had set the following motto on the canvass:—

"Hi mihi sunt comites, quos ipsa pericula jungunt."

This picture was shown to Elizabeth, and while walking in Richmond Park, some time after, she recognised one of the conspirators by his likeness in the picture. No such accident arose out of the portrait of Digby, but the *motif* of the two pictures, with their strange inscriptions, would be worth notice in a history either of art or of crime. It would be an additional incident if the same hand could be traced in the two pictures.

Hendlip Hall, in Worcestershire. He was arraigned before a commission at Guildhall, on Friday, March 28, 1606. No one who reads his trial can doubt that he was cognizant of the premeditated treason, and that he and other popish priests used the influence of their sacred office to sanction and further it as a religious act. But the special interest of society in Garnet's case is the plea on which he sought to justify himself, which was simply this,—that he was bound to keep all the secrets of sacramental confession.[1] One of the commissioners (the Earl of Nottingham) pressed him with a question, in which he plainly indicated a pass beyond which the privilege of confession cannot go, without making the priest (and if Garnet rightly stated his rule, his Church also) an accessory before the fact of every crime, the intention to commit which is revealed to him; "*If one confessed this day to him that to-morrow morning he meant to kill the king with a dagger, must he conceal it?*" Whereunto Garnet answered "That he must conceal it." Now it is impossible to admit, consistently with the sense of justice divinely implanted in the hearts of men, that any privilege can extend to the confession of *premeditated* guilt; for confession, sacramental confession, is with a view to penance and absolution; and there can be no absolution of an intention to commit a crime, if the intention itself still remains; nor can this or any other privilege justify any one, priest or other, in turning loose upon society a band of desper-

[1] As a matter of fact he had heard much, perhaps all, not in confession, or not in confession only.

adoes associated for the very purpose of committing crime. Granting that a criminal may receive absolution for a sin *actually committed* (as the Queen may remit the punishment of murder), it is an absolute contradiction in reason and in conscience to say that an *intending* criminal can be absolved of the *intention* of a criminal act, so long as he *retains the intention.*

There is, indeed, nothing wanted beyond what Garnet himself affirmed, to make *such a doctrine* of *confession* odious in the eyes of all honest men; and so it was perhaps true, as Howard, Lord Admiral, said to Garnet at the trial, "That he had done more good that day in the pulpit in which he stood [the witness-box was made like a pulpit] than he had done all the days of his life in any other pulpit."

And these questions must be fairly guarded, as much for the priest's sake as in the interests of society. Let us only imagine the torment to himself of one in Garnet's case, if he is innocent at heart, of knowing that so diabolical an outrage is in the way to be committed. "My Lord," said Garnet very passionately to Salisbury, "My Lord, I would to God I had never known of this powder-treason!" We cannot help feeling that he had deeper reasons for this exclamation than even the foretaste of that dreadful death to which he was being hurried.

There is another doctrine which was, and indeed still is, popularly attributed to the Roman Catholics,—*That it is lawful, nay, sometimes even commendable, to do evil in a good cause*:—a doctrine which was more than once allowed by the conspirators in express

terms. There are certain papers written by Sir Everard Digby while awaiting his execution which make this as clear as possible. They present a pitiable spectacle of a man of noble instincts, when not warped by such mischievous principles, apologizing without hesitation for the part that he had taken, from the fact that it was done for the good of his church.

Good subjects, good neighbours, good men, safe companions in any affairs of life, it is impossible that any should be who could hold and act upon a principle so fundamentally opposed to the heaven-implanted instincts of humanity. Such a principle is contrary to that voice of conscience which makes justice and truth in man a shadow and reflex of the justice and truth of God.

It was hardly to be expected but that the co-religionists of Garnet and the rest would be made to suffer for the acts and principles of a few madmen in their name. And in fact the very parliament which they had conspired to destroy, passed against the papists the most vindictive enactments. No popish recusant was to appear at court, to live in London or within five miles of London, or to move on any occasion more than five miles from his house, without a special licence, signed by four magistrates. No recusant was to practise in surgery, physic, or law; to act as judge, clerk, or officer in any court or corporation, or to perform the office of administrator, executor, or guardian. Every Roman Catholic who neglected to have his child baptised within a month of its birth, *by a Protestant minister*, was to pay £100. Every

householder keeping Roman Catholic servants was to pay for each individual £10 a month, and the same sum was to be paid by every Roman Catholic guest he entertained. Every Roman Catholic recusant was declared to be in all respects excommunicated; his house might be broken open and searched, his books and furniture *having any relation to his idolatrous worship* might be burnt, and his house and arms taken from him.

Certainly the many suffered for the few. And at the same time that they were thus subjected to most tyrannical laws, the Roman Catholics were made to feel that seeds of hatred had been sown against them, which would bear bitter fruit for many generations. None have so great cause to curse the memory of Catesby and of Garnet as those on whose behalf those wretched men believed that they were laying down their lives.

CHAPTER II.

PURITANISM, ITS GROWTH AND DEVELOPMENT.

Religious Parties in the Court, in Parliament, in the Mob—The solemn League and Covenant—The Book of Common Prayer and all Church Services proscribed, and Ministers deprived—Apparatus of spoliation.

> "A strange harmonious inclination
> Of all degrees to reformation."

At his accession James had been rather disposed (perhaps from policy) to favour the puritans, but he soon found that their complexion and tenets did not harmonise with his constitutional temper, with his king-craft, or with his theology. "No bishop no king," became his usual formula. He had learnt a wholesome lesson from the presbyterian Scots, who had embittered his former life with their overbearing conduct. But the personal likes and dislikes of the king had wonderfully little influence on his people. Parties in the church and state still retained their original features, the same persons were still loyal both to church and state, or disloyal to both, and there was no sign that the better side was gaining in the affections of the people.

It was impossible to be ignorant of this state of affairs at the death of James. Charles, therefore, required Laud, then Bishop of St. David's, to furnish him with a list of the most prominent divines of either

party, distinguished by the letters O. and P., orthodox and puritan, for his guidance in the choice of his chaplains. The House of Commons, already chiefly composed of puritans, was as much in earnest as the king. They commenced the campaign (1625) with an attack on Montagu, one of the king's newly appointed chaplains, and the author of several works against the errors of Rome, especially one entitled "*Appello Cæsarem.*" In the next parliament the scrutiny of Montagu's work was referred to a "Committee of Religion." These proceedings, however, came to nothing, probably from a secret conviction of the Commons that their action was *ultra vires.*

Williams,[1] the great rival of Archbishop Laud, was now Bishop of Lincoln and Lord Keeper. Buckingham, the king's favourite, had expostulated with him on the part that he had taken in a parliament at Oxford. Williams confessed that he was already implicated with the puritans, and said he was determined to stand on his own feet. "Take care then," said the Duke, "that you stand firm." The bickering statesmen had each of them ample reason afterwards to muse on this splenetic passage of wit; Williams soon lost the broad seal, and Buckingham fell disasterously by an ignoble hand.

The puritan proclivities of Williams became more and more apparent. The Commons had voted that on the Sunday after the coronation the communion table should be moved into the middle of the church.

[1] Williams was largely connected with this diocese. He was rector of Walgrave, and filled a stall in our cathedral, and as Bishop of Lincoln he occupied the palace at Lyddington. Laud also held several preferments in the diocese of Peterborough.

Williams, who was now Dean of Westminster, volunteered the profession that he would do greater service to the House than this, but as much as this he would do for any parishioner in his diocese. But to do him justice, though liberal enough with the affairs of the church, he was by no means prepared to resign the privileges of his ecclesiastical office. The Lords were debating on a motion to deprive the bishops of their votes, and the passions of the rabble outside rose to such an ungovernable height that they rushed with shouts of "No Bishop!" to the doors of the House. Thence they proceeded to the Abbey Church, intending to seize the Regalia, destroy the organs, and deface the monuments. Williams made fast the doors and maintained the church against them. The next day he called together the bishops who happened to be in London (Dee, of Peterborough, among the rest), and drew up a protest against the action of the Lords. The bishops for their pains were impeached. The mob was unrebuked. The Bill received the royal assent.

The end might have been almost certainly foretold from the violence of the people, the temper of the Commons, and the feebleness of the Lords. The church was only waiting for her doom, so far as it could be determined by human policy, and when the fall was decreed and carried out it was indeed a "root and branch" measure. The Solemn League and Covenant was imposed on all ministers on pain of deprivation: a decree, the cruelty of which cannot be estimated without reference to the words of the covenant: "We shall, without respect of persons, endeavour the extirpation of popery, prelacy, (that is church government by archbishops, bishops, their

chancellors and commissaries, deans, deans and chapters, archdeacons, and all other ecclesiastical offices depending on that hierarchy,) superstition, heresy, schism, profaneness, and whatsoever shall be found contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness:" so that the clergy were not only to forswear, but to devote to utter destruction, the whole ecclesiastical polity under which they had hitherto lived and ministered. It was made criminal, moreover, to use "The Common Prayer," not only in the congregation, but even in private families, so that the devotions of a household, or even the prayer of a father or mother at a sick child's bed, might not be in the form appointed in our Church Prayer Book and consecrated to them by the habit of a lifetime. Funerals were to be performed (we will not say celebrated) without any religious service. The church was now absolutely destroyed, so far as it could be by any human authority.

Meanwhile, scarcely a voice was raised in parliament on behalf of the church, to which some members, at least, must have owed all their religious privileges. It was hard even to persuade many to remain in the House over dinner-time to record their votes on a division in the Commons, so that the sarcasm of Lord Falkland was unhappily justified, "That they who hated bishops hated them worse than the devil, and that they who loved them did not love them so well as their dinners."

If the enactments of parliament were cruel, so was also the machinery by which they were enforced. The central agency of coercion was a committee of the

whole House, sitting as a "Committee of Religion." Branching out from this into all corners of the land was a system of local committees, with powers of inquisition and destruction as resistless as the octopus with its many arms and thousands of eyes. It was their function to invite and receive information against all "malignants"—that is, all consistent churchmen—and to adjudicate upon them without appeal. Non-parishioners were encouraged to bring their complaints, as less likely to be hindered by conscience or affection. Warrants of sequestration and ejectment directed to the churchwardens and constables were summarily executed, the parishioners being empowered to present a fit person to occupy the benefice thus avoided. The committee *might* assign a fifth part of the value to the deprived incumbent, but there were no means of compelling them to make this award. And all this extended to every ecclesiastical property in the land, from that of the archbishops and bishops to that of the poorest incumbent. We shall find in the annals of the diocese of Peterborough only too many instances in which the cruel decrees of this strange law were carried out to the utmost limit. We give a few.

The Cathedral establishment, with which, of course, we begin, consisted of the bishop, the dean, six prebendaries, and eight minor canons. All these were sequestered. JOHN TOWERS, first dean and then bishop, has other claims to a place in our history besides his share in these troubles. He was one of the thirteen bishops who were sent, very early in the rebellion, to the Tower, for protesting against their exclu-

sion from the House of Lords. After his liberation he joined the King at Oxford, where he remained until the surrender of the city. On his return to Peterborough he found himself without a home, his revenues seized, and himself in poverty. His son, who had held the fourth prebend and the rectory of Barnack, was so far happier than the bishop that he lived till the King had his own again.

Next in office, but first in personal eminence, was the dean, JOHN COSIN. This eminent churchman, of whom his Church is still proud, was the first victim of the committee of religion. He took refuge on the continent; but he lived to see the Restoration, and was the first to read the Common Prayer again in his old Cathedral. He was afterwards Bishop of Durham. His great eminence as a divine marked him out as one of the episcopal commissioners at the Savoy Conference, his bearing at which is thus handsomely recorded by the great nonconformist historian, Richard Baxter:—"Bishop Cosin, of Durham, met constantly among them, and was for two things very remarkable: First, for his being so excellently versed in the canons, councils, and fathers, which he appeared to remember very readily; and, secondly, for his openness—for, as he was of a rustic wit and carriage, so he would endure more freedom of discourse, and was more affable and familiar than the rest of the bishops."

Cosin died Bishop of Durham, in 1671.

SIMON GUNTON, author of "The History of the Church of Peterborough," was ejected from the first prebendal stall.

Joseph Bentham, rector of Broughton, was of so blameless a life that he was reproached by the committee of sequestration with doing more harm to God's cause,[1] as they called it, by the excellence of his character than twenty ordinary men, and he was told that he must fare the worse for it. He lived to be restored in 1660; and at his death, ten years after, he left £40 to be distributed annually, on the day of his Majesty's happy restoration, to the poor of his parish.

The ejection of Robert Hales, of Glaston, in Rutland, is told with a certain grim and not altogether one-sided humour. The sequestrators entered in their inventory the pot hanging over the fire. His wife asked whether they were going to enter the beef and pudding boiling in it for the children's dinner. "No," said they; "*we* will eat that when we have finished our work." "Then," said the good lady, "be pleased to enter my six children also among our goods." "No; we will leave them for your fifths."

The account of Mr. Jones, vicar of Wellingborough, seems, at first sight, so highly charged that we hesitated for a long time whether to adduce it.—Indeed, the author of *Mercurius Rusticus*, and Walker, in his *Sufferings of the Clergy*, make the same apology; but they say they were assured of the truth of the story on careful inquiry.—A rabble of watermen in the neighbourhood of Northampton, among other prisoners, took the vicar of Wellingborough, and though he was then threescore and ten years old, and lame

[1] One Robinson in his prayer on a fast day said, "O God, many are the hands lift up against us, but Thou Thyself dost us *more mischief* than they all."

and sickly, they compelled him to travel on foot a great part of the way to Northampton. They had murdered a barber, and taken with them a bear which he kept; and one Lieutenant Grimes, to see if fear would add to his speed, forced the bear upon the vicar, which, running between his legs, took him upon his back and carried him patiently for a while. At Northampton Mr. Jones was as ill treated as he had been on the way thither, the barest necessaries only being allowed him in his durance. Some time after he returned to his cure, but keeping up the rules of his church, and preaching as boldly as before against the rebellion, he was again carried to Northampton, where he was, if we may credit the account, actually starved to death. The Mayor of Northampton ordered that when they came to bury the bones of "this starved martyr," no other form should be used but this:—

> "Ashes to ashes,
> Dust to dust,
> Here's the pit,
> And in you must."

At the very least, such an account as this indicates to what a level the very language of the country must have sunk.

The history of Dr. HUDSON is so picturesque in its horror, that Sir Walter Scott has used its closing scene, almost unaltered, in his novel of Woodstock.

This divine was one of the king's chaplains, but he was quite as active as a political schemer and adventurer, as in his clerical capacity. Indeed, it is but fair to say, that the barbarous manner of his death

was as much owing to his activity against the rebels, as to his character as a loyalist. He was twice a prisoner in the Tower, from whence he escaped the second time in disguise, with a basket of apples on his head. He joined a party under arms at Woodcroft House, at Etton, near Stamford, a building capable of holding out for a time against an imperfectly armed force. A party of rebels forced the gates, and Hudson, with some others, escaped to the roof. Thither he and his companions were pursued. Hudson was forced over the battlements, but as he fell he clung to an overhanging stone spout. His hand was hacked off, and he fell, desperately wounded, into the moat, and entreated to be allowed to crawl to land, that he might die there, but he was despatched with a blow from the butt end of a musket. One Walker, a Stamford chandler, cut out his tongue, and carried it about the country as a trophy.[1]

Thomas Rawson, Rector of Hoadby, in Leicestershire, had married the daughter of Sir Roger Nevison. His wife probably offering some unwise resistance, was dragged out of her house, and turned into the churchyard. She lived for some time, with her family, in the porch, and in the belfry. After a time, the Rector of Rotherby gave them refuge, until he also was driven out, and they were obliged to dwell in the churchyard at Rotherby, as they had before done at Hoadby. At length the lady was allowed to enter the church, blankets being put up to screen her and

[1] Woodcroft House still remains, with its moat, battlemented roof, and stone spout.

her children from the congregation. By-and-by, Sir Thomas Hartoft allowed them to dwell in some out-houses at Rotherby. The mother came at last to the parish. One child was apprenticed to a lace-maker, with whom two sisters were boarded; two others were boarded out with a widow in the parish. Sir H. Hudson, of Melton Mowbray, kept other two; one poor lame child was put into a hospital. How Mr. Rawson subsisted does not appear; he was, however, restored in 1660.

And what shall we find if we follow these deprived clergymen and their families into the world, and ask how they must fare? We must bear in mind that the passions of all by whom they were surrounded had been industriously excited against them. It is easy to imagine a rout of ragged parishioners crowding to the manse, some to scoff and insult, some to bid for the goods of their minister, sold without farther notice. And in the tearful group hanging on the skirts of the crowd we readily recognise the wife and children of the old rector turned out of doors, and left to hunger or beg among those whom they formerly helped, and fed, and clothed. Starving is a slow process, but it is a very sure one, and it leaves room enough to embitter the little life that is left to its victim.[1]

Its truth will hardly justify the cruelty of the answer to those who pleaded for the means of bare subsistence, that "starving is as near a way to heaven as any."

[1] There were from eight to ten thousand in England, and supposing that each clergyman's household represented four persons, the total number could not be under 30,000.

CHAPTER III.

THE PURITANS TRIUMPHANT.

"O God, the heathen are come into Thine inheritance; Thy holy temple have they defiled, and made Jerusalem an heap of stones."

THE first great need which must have occurred when all the clergy but a small remnant (and they deserters of the ancient cause) had been sacrificed, was the supply of a ministry in any sense above contempt, and of whose adherence to the new-fangled doctrines and discipline there would be a reasonable assurance.

Among the devices for this purpose was one which had something of apparent wisdom and profit in it. This was the accumulation of advowsons in the hands of feoffees, for the avowed purpose of preferring "Godly ministers," that is, of course, Puritans and sectaries, especially in places of large population. There was so much show of order and method in this scheme, and it adapted itself so cunningly to the popular taste, that it was very largely supported by laymen of wealth and consideration; and, if it had succeeded, we might to this day have been overridden by a body of patrons, exercising on a large scale the tyranny of an irresponsible company. The church was delivered, however, from this danger by the vigilance of Archbishop Laud, who placed the matter

in the hands of the law officers of the Crown, and the feoffment was cancelled by a decree of the Court of Exchequer.

Of the same tendency, in the hands of the Puritans, was the employment of lecturers in the town pulpits. Being chosen for their known hostility to the church, they were, of necessity, sowers of tares among the wheat, preachers of heresy and sedition. The very tenure on which they held their precarious office was demoralising. They were dependent both on the whim of their employers and on the temper of their hearers. We have a striking description of the lecturer's position by one of our greatest divines. Jeremy Taylor was ejected by the parliamentary commission from the rectory of Uppingham, and a joint-lectureship in Ireland was suggested to him as an escape from his difficulties. He writes to his friend Evelyn :

> "I like not the condition of being a lecturer under the disposal of authority, nor to serve in any semicircle, where a presbyterian and myself shall be like Castor and Pollux—the one up and the other down ; which, methinks, is like the worshipping of the sun, and making him the deity, that we may be religious half the year, and every night serve another interest. Sir, the stipend is so inconsiderable, it will not pay the charge and trouble of removing myself and family. It is wholly arbitrary ; for, the triers may overthrow it ; or the vicar may forbid it ; or the subscribers may die or grow weary, or poor, or be absent."

Fancy the author of "The Liberty of Prophecying" and "The Life of Christ" shivering before a board of Lismore triers, and—rejected ! But there was a still lower grade of "ministers," recognised by no authority,

indeed, but accepted by the common voice of the people,—untried, uncalled preachers, who started up when and where they pleased, and harangued the assembled rabble in the market or fair. There, in a pulpit, extemporised for the occasion, they preached sedition and heresy to the content of their followers, while they tortured the ears of the sober folk with personal abuse, and, worse still, with insult to their religion. The very language of the country was imbruted by the utterance of such uncircumcised lips. It is simply impossible to read in decent society a great part of the accustomed language of these self-styled saints. Addresses to Parliament or the Crown were filled with violent abuse of things the most sacred. One Leighton, for instance, a physician, incited the Commons, in language exactly provocative of their future conduct, to smite the bishops under the fifth rib. Men of greater note and influence, but not of greater decency, echoed his ribaldry from all classes of people. The worship of the church, the persons and offices of her ministers, were grossly insulted. The liturgy was called porridge, mingle-mangle. The priests were said to be "*secundum ordinem diaboli.*" A generation of vipers.

> "The oyster women locked their fish up,
> And trudged away to cry, 'No Bishop;'
> Botchers left old clothes in the lurch,
> And fell to turn and patch the church,
> Some cry'd the Covenant, instead
> Of pudding, pies, and gingerbread;
> And some for brooms, old boots and shoes,
> Bawled out to purge the Common-house;

> Instead of kitchen-stuff, some cry
> A Gospel-preaching ministry;
> And some for old suits, coats and cloak,
> No surplices nor service-book."[1]

The London porters declared themselves unable to bear the weight of our church services; in short all

> "Joined throats to call the bishops down."

The press swarmed with papers, pamphlets, sermons, addresses, folios, all written in the same spirit. Nothing was right that the church did, or ever had done. Even the use of the Lord's Prayer was accounted "a mark of the beast," and our blessed Saviour was blasphemed for teaching it to His disciples. It was their sovereign device to "*cross* the church," that is to condemn whatever was taught or done in the church, simply on that account. Prynne, Burton, and Bastwick appear in all histories of these disturbed times as the most perfect masters of this polemical device, and their writings afford specimens of every kind of ribaldry directed against the most harmless as well as the most holy of the church's rites. Prynne calls the church music a bleating of brute beasts; choristers, he says, bellow the tenor as if they were oxen, bark a counter like a kennel of dogs, and grunt out the bass like a parcel of hogs. Bastwick says, in answer to an information laid against him by the attorney-general, "cardinals, patriarchs, primates, metropolitans, archbishops, bishops, deans, and innumerable such vermin, never came from God,

[1] Hudibras, I. ii.

but rather from the pope and the devil. They are worse than devils. From plague, pestilence, and famine, from bishops, priests, and deacons, good Lord deliver us."

Meanwhile another power had arisen against the church—that of the army. They held, indeed, no special commission for insulting the clergy and disturbing church services, but they took it for granted that this would be an acceptable task, and as it was exactly in accordance with their temper, it was cheerfully performed. We may rather regret than wonder that churches were used as barracks and stables by the troopers; this may be accepted as a natural incident in an invaded country, and all England was now an invaded country; but the special animus of the army was displayed in the gratuitous destruction of whatever was known to be most valued by the faithful. The painted glass in the windows (and Peterborough boasted of a very glorious display of this beautiful church decoration) was destroyed with special glee. Troopers beat them out with their fists, tore them down with their pikes and halberts, climbed on ladders to those which were above their reach, or fired through them from below. "Yea, to encourage them the more in this trade of breaking and battering windows down, Cromwell himself, as was reported, espying a little crucifix in a window aloft, which none before had scarce observed, gets a ladder, and breaks it down zealously with his own hand." [1] Everywhere painted glass shared the same fate. There are but two

[1] Gunton.

churches in Northamptonshire—Lowick and Stanford on Avon—in which any considerable portion of the glass remains. At Stanford it was saved by the inmates and servants of the neighbouring hall driving off the soldiers who had already commenced their work of destruction; how Lowick escaped we know not.

And while they thus delighted in the destruction of all that was rare and beautiful, they revelled in the insults with which they desecrated whatever had been rendered venerable by holy uses. We decline for very shame to follow them in their treatment of fonts and altars.

They were very zealous too in the wrecking of organs. Those in the cathedral they enlisted with a pleasant ingenuity, as noisy accessories of their cheerful outrage. Sir Henry Orme had erected a monument for himself in his lifetime; and, while the good knight was yet alive to see, they put his effigy on a soldier's back, and marched after it to the market place, some in surplices, some with organ-pipes to furnish out the procession.[1]

Hopeless as it might appear, the cause of church and king was not suffered to go entirely unassisted or undefended in this and the neighbouring counties. Croyland kept the Puritan force engaged during a long siege. Spalding sent forth its combatants on the king's part. Stamford was a place of such perplexity

[1] See Gunton's History. It may be well to observe that Gunton is not only the best, but the best possible authority for the treatment of the cathedral by the soldiers. He was himself the occupant of the first prebend, and had been ejected as a malignant.

to the Puritans that the arch-rebel was obliged to "look to it with a watchful eye." Cromwell writes (April 10, 1643), "These Rutlandshire plunderers draw near,"—and a very troublesome band of plunderers they were.—Perhaps their present representatives are not altogether ashamed of their descent. The old newspapers call them "Camdeners."—"Followers they are," as Carlyle adds with his contemptuous sneer, "of a certain Noel, Viscount Camden, from Rutlandshire, who has seized Stamford, and is driving cattle at a great rate." The general hastens to "deal with them," and on the 18th of April comes to Peterborough, "where," to quote Carlyle's appreciative chuckle, "his soldiers are not over kind to the cathedral and its surplice furniture." He established himself at "The Vineyard," a mansion at the east end of the cathedral precincts, and there he met with an accident which might have avenged the insulted sanctuary. As he was riding into the cathedral close his horse stumbled, and, in recovering himself with a violent plunge, almost broke his rider's skull against the lintel of the gateway.

There was nowhere a more illustrious example of devotion to the church and to the king than that of Spencer, second Earl of Northampton, who with his family of six sons, all except the youngest (Henry, who received holy orders, and was afterwards bishop of London), served the king in the field with conspicuous courage and conduct. The earl was among those noblemen who took the protestation (May 4, 1641) "To defend the true Protestant religion expressed in the doctrine of the Church of England

against all popery and popish innovations within this realm, and to defend his majesty's person, honour, and estate, as also the power and privilege of parliaments, and the lawful rights and liberties of the subject." But all endeavours to compose the unhappy differences in the nation being of none effect, he was obliged to take the field, which he did with a force proportionate with his great stake in the country. But unhappily his career was closed at the battle of Hopton-Heath (March 19, 1642). After the too common manner of the Royalists he was in hot pursuit of a body of rebels against whom he had gained a temporary advantage, when his horse was killed under him. He scorned to take quarter, and was slain by a blow of a halbert on the head. The enemy carried off the body, and when his son desired that it might be given up for decent burial, the rebel leaders demanded in exchange all the ammunition, prisoners, and cannon they had lost. These demands being unreasonable the earl asked that he might be allowed to send a surgeon to embalm the body; but this request also was denied, so they carried the body to Derby, and there interred it in All Saints' Church.

Sir Charles, the second son, won from the enemies of the Crown this testimony—that if the king's army carried itself so in other places, they wondered with what conscience any godly man could lift up a hand against them; and Oliver Cromwell himself called him "the sober young man and the godly cavalier;" but he was not the less formidable in the field for the excellence of his personal character. The fourth son

died in exile. James, the third earl, was successful in many engagements on the king's side,—a career which was visited upon him by the refusal of the Commons to allow him to compound for his estate, which, however, at last he did for £1,571. 18s. 4d., with £270 per annum settled on the teachers of those days,[1] the most intolerable charge of all.

The most striking object on the line of rail between Market Harborough and Stamford is the castle of Rockingham, seated on the brow of the hill on the Northamptonshire side of the river Nen, and overlooking a large part of Rutland. The wide extent of plain, dotted everywhere with villages and churches, was, in the times of which we are speaking, often overrun by the rebel troops. "These Roundheads," cried a cavalier who had been surprised by them, "fall from the sky—start out of the earth." And their violence was by no means limited to the fair assault of men-at-arms against their enemies in fair fight. For instance, one Master Reinolds being asleep in his house, a rebel soldier set a pistol to his mouth and shot him dead as he lay asleep.

On such deeds and such scenes Sir Lewis Watson, the Castellan of Rockingham, looked from his walled terraces. It was that Sir Lewis who graced the beams of his castle hall with the inscription, which we trust may long remain a better safeguard than any charm :—"**The House shall ever be preserved and never will decay, where the Almighty God is served and worshipped day by day.**" So close beneath the

[1] See Collins's "Peerage," vol. iii., pp. 136–154.

castle is the little church of Rockingham, that we could almost imagine that the inmates of the castle may have heard the rebels at work in the church while they were rehearsing the psalm for the day,[1] "Thine adversaries roar in the midst of Thy congregations, and set up their banners for tokens. He that hewed timber afore out of the thick trees was known to bring it to an excellent work, but now they break down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers."

It may well be supposed that to hold a castle for the king in those times was no light task, and by-and-by we find Rockingham in the hands of the rebels, and Sir Lewis himself a prisoner. The castle became now a thorn in the side of the Royalists, instead of a refuge and support. Here is a characteristic piece of intelligence, received June 9, 1643:—

"On Friday last certain of his majesty's forces, to the number of five hundred horse, or thereabout, came to Rockingham Castle, and understanding that Major *Mole*, the governor there, was then sitting with the sub-committees at Weldon, about imposing a new tax upon the eastern parts of Northamptonshire, his majesty's forces placed some about the castle close under the wall, and marched with the rest towards Weldon, to have taken "*the Mole*" as he was working. But he, who had often before made himself swifter of foot than vermin of that kind used to be, betook himself to his wonted art of running, and recovered the woods; whereupon his majesty's forces fell to beating all the coppices in hopes to have found him, but he lay hid as close as when last he ran from Banbury; whereupon the soldiers were enforced, after they had killed and taken some few of his

[1] Sir Lewis was created Baron Rockingham, of Rockingham, in 1645, in acknowledgment of his loyalty in these troublous times.—*Collins's Peerage.*

followers, to rest satisfied with only a thousand oxen, cows, and sheep, which they found in Rockingham forest and Stoke[1] Park, which cattle were many of them stolen from the country people to supply the rebels in the castle."[2]

It must have been a dreary time indeed, and of all the sad scenes, perhaps the saddest to the devout churchman (and unhappily it was a frequent one), was the holy and beautiful house in which he and his fathers had worshipped for generations, left as a bride stripped of her jewels, and devoted to an alien and hostile worship. The present pang might have been greater, but the irritation would have been less enduring, if the beloved sanctuary had been burnt with fire or levelled with the ground. The commission in Henry VIII's time ask the Vicar-General's *pleasure for the defacing of the Church and other superfluous buildings*[3] at Leicester Abbey. The rebel Parliament deals in another (is it a better spirit?) with Peterborough Cathedral. It is enacted[4] that the minster within the City of Peterborough shall be employed by the inhabitants of the said city *in all time to come* for the public worship and service of God, and *for a workhouse to employ the poorer sort of people in manufactures.* Whether the cathedral was actually turned into a workhouse, we know not, but it was used by the rebels as a place of worship. Happily the power of this Act did not extend to *all time to come.*

[1] Stoke Dry, the Rutland mansion of the Digbys.

[2] Hartshorne's "Antiquity and History of Rockingham Castle, drawn from the National Record."

[3] See above, p. 118.

[4] Gunton, p. 113.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LAST DAYS OF CHARLES—NASEBY, HOLDENBY.

"O nation miserable,
With an untitled tyrant blood-sceptred,
When shalt thou see thy wholesome days again?"

It would be beside our purpose to relate the tragical events which immediately preceded the murder of Charles. These belong to the general history of the kingdom rather than to that of any portion of it, but there are some events of chief interest, which took place within our diocese, which must not be unnoticed.

The first of these is the battle of Naseby (June 14, 1645)—the "crowning mercy" of Cromwell, the bitter end of Charles's hopes. There are still visible memorials of that fatal field, and the interest of many a pilgrimage to the place of chief interest in Charles's reign centres in that black range of hills between Naseby and Sibbertoft.[1]

Of equal personal interest is the constrained residence of the sufferer at Holdenby, a royal mansion in Northamptonshire, converted by the rebels into a prison for their prince. Charles was not without sympathisers

[1] See *The History and Antiquities of Northamptonshire*, by Rev. Thomas James.

with him in his fallen fortunes in this corner of the diocese, and there are some touches of devotion in the events that befel him not unworthy of remembrance. Mr. James, in his work already referred to, has related, in his own happy fashion, the story of Major Bosville, and his chivalrous attempt, at great personal risk and inconvenience, to convey a letter to his royal master. Another instance we have of a like kind in the unsuccessful attempt of Mrs. Mary Cave of Stanford Hall.

But the enforced residence of Charles at Holdenby is still more memorable for certain incidents which touch the religious character of the prince, and the tyranny of the puritan party. It was there that he found himself denied the service of his chaplains, and, what was still more insulting, attempts were made to force on him the attendance of those very "ministers" who had been the greatest enemies hitherto of himself and of the church. Of this special cruelty the royal sufferer complains most pathetically in the "EIKON BASILIKE." "My agony must not be relieved," says he, "with the presence of one good angel, for such I account a godly, learned, and discreet divine. . . . . They that envy my being a king, are loth that I should be a Christian; while they seek to deprive me of all things else, they are afraid that I should save my soul. . . I must confess I bear with more grief and impatience the want of my chaplains than of any other my servants, and next (if not beyond in some things) to the being sequestered from my wife and children; since from *these*, indeed, more of human and temporary affections, but from *those* more of heavenly and

eternal improvements may be expected. My comfort is, that in the enforced, not neglected want of ordinary means, God is wont to afford extraordinary supplies of His gifts and graces. If His spirit will teach me, and help my infirmities in prayer, reading, and meditation, as I hope He will, I shall need no other, either orator or instructor."

Then, in the still more solemn language of devotion, he says, "Thou permittest men to deprive me of those outward means which Thou hast appointed in Thy church, but they cannot debar me from the communion of that inward grace which Thou alone breathest into humble hearts."

At his removal from Holdenby, he says, "Well may I change my keepers and prisons, but not my captive condition, only with this hope of bettering, that those who are so much professed patrons for the people's liberty cannot be utterly against the liberty of their king. What they demand for their own consciences, they cannot in reason deny to mine."

One other extract we make from the papers of Charles, written at Holdenby, or soon after at Carisbrook Castle. He thus writes to the Prince of Wales:—"I had rather you should be Charles *le Bon* than *le Grand*—'good' than 'great.' I hope God has designed you to be both, having so early put you into the exercise of His grace and gifts bestowed upon you. . . . . With God I would have you begin and end, who is King of Kings, the sovereign disposer of the kingdoms of the world, who pulleth down one and setteth up another. . . . . Above all, I would have you, as I hope you are already, well

grounded and settled in your religion, the best profession of which I have ever esteemed that of the Church of England, in which you have been educated; yet I would have your own judgment and reason now seal to that sacred bond which education has written, that it may be judiciously your own religion, and not other men's custom or tradition which you profess."[1]

Alas! The church of which Charles speaks so lovingly was already destroyed, so far as it could be destroyed, by the the will of Parliament and by the violence of the army. Its services were silenced. It was left without a voice to speak to the people, or to God. It was without a local habitation, without a name. And what was the substitute for a church set up in its place? Simply nothing. It was a thing of negations. It was to be no longer episcopalian; but was it to be presbyterian, or independent, or fifth monarchy, or what? The enforcing subscription to the solemn league and covenant seemed at first to identify it with the "presbyterian platform;" but the army soon declared for the independents, and Parliament was divided, not only between these two but among many other sects. The one bond of union between the several opposing sects had been a common hatred of the church—and the church once destroyed, this bond of union was gone, and the whole religious system, if system it could be called, fell to pieces. But a negative religion, and still more a religion of repulsions, could not hold together, and in a new revolution of opinions and affairs, men

[1] Eikon Basilike.

were forced to look for some positive centre. The crown presented itself as the only alternative from the tyranny of the protectorate, and the church as the only resource against countless heresies and divisions. And so, when Charles II. returned after his long exile, he was received with such universal acclamation, that he expressed his wonder that he could have been so long detained from a people so anxious to welcome him.

He had indeed hardly appreciated the impatience of the country under the tyranny of the new regime in church and state. If the people remembered their old impatience under the hand of the King, they felt, as a present grievance, that the Protector's little finger was even more oppressive; if they were taught to believe that the Bishop had once whipped them with whips, the Presbytery was even then scourging them with scorpions. No wonder that they repented. It may be a question whether a nation ever learns more than one-half of the practical lessons taught by a recent disaster: certainly the teachings of the Great Rebellion were too lightly regarded at the Restoration. Would that we might take them more deeply to heart, and interpret them more wisely, under the light of past experience! Would that, by God's blessing, we might escape the like evils in all time to come!

CHAPTER V.

THE SEVEN BISHOPS.

The Defection of James II.—The Declaration of Indulgence—The Bishops refuse to publish it—The Seven Bishops committed to the Tower—Their Trial and Acquittal.

"We shall not find any occasion against this Daniel, except we find it against him concerning the law of his God."

THE long suspected, and at length publicly known defection of the late king, together with the more honest but not less inauspicious desertion of the Church by James, had stirred up anew all the fears, suspicions, and jealousies which had been engendered of old against the Church of Rome. It would convey a very inadequate impression to say that the position of the king was difficult and perplexing. He had to trim between three parties, and that party which he was determined to favour was the one which, in justice and prudence, he was least at liberty to espouse. By the promptings of his own heart and conscience he could be nothing but a popish king;—the voice ot faction would have won him over to the Puritans;—by everything except inclination he was bound to the Church; and without a trace of tact in his composition he had to reconcile these conflicting elements. He was trusted by none but the Papists; and the more

he favoured them, and the more they relied on his favour, the greater were the fears and the indignation of his people. A generous toleration of all parties, while the constitutional status of the Church should be maintained, might have seemed a fair solution of the question, and this was, in fact, promised by James; but even had his promise been sincere, the very name of toleration was scouted in those days. And so it came to pass that the greatest boon which the king could offer to his people, and which doubtless he believed they would be willing to purchase at any price, they were not disposed to accept, even as a gift.

And yet there were abundant reasons why a generous toleration should have been thankfully welcomed. The liabilities under which Nonconformists, Protestant and Papist alike, laboured, were indeed very grievous. The king himself was not exempt. Far from being able to protect his fellow-worshippers, he could not himself celebrate the rites of his Church with due solemnity, or afford immunity to his own servants and chaplains within the palace. No wonder that he felt this to be an intolerable indignity, and that he set himself with all the authority that he possessed, and by some acts which very clearly transgressed his authority, to obtain perfect toleration, at least for his co-religionists. It is impossible to withhold our sympathy from a monarch thus situated, but it is equally impossible to justify the course which James pursued.

Indeed, the act which James meditated was not only unwise, but distinctly illegal. He must have

learned this from the result of a similar attempt of Charles II.[1]

It is quite clear that the Act of Conformity was not a mere regal act, but a law of the land, not to be defeated in its purpose by any act of one of the estates of the realm. The king himself cannot give a licence to break the law. And the country was in no humour to sanction such a stretch of the prerogative.

This James must have known, or ought to have known; so he sought no advice or assistance, but simply informed the Privy Council that he should, of his own free grace and authority, grant entire liberty of conscience to all his subjects; and on the fourth of April, 1687, the memorable DECLARATION OF INDULGENCE was published.

It is not strange that the Protestant Dissenters, living as they did under severe restrictions, were for a time divided by this *coup d'état*. Some of their chief men seemed disposed to throw the weight of their influence into the Court scale; but, on the whole, James weakened his cause even with them, and their distrust of the king ripened, as events hastened on, into sympathy with the loyal children of the Church against the insidious designs of a popish prince.

The indulgence, so far as its avowed purpose was

[1] Under March 21, 1661-2, Pepy's has the following passage in his "Diary":—"To Westminster Hall, and there heard the great difference that hath been between my Lord Chancellor and my Lord of Bristol, about a proviso that my lord would have brought into the Bill for Conformity, that it shall be in the power of the king when he sees fit to dispense with the Act of Conformity; and though it be carried in the House of Lords, yet it is believed it will hardly pass in the Commons."

concerned, fell entirely harmless on the Church. Perhaps it was even useful, in opening the eyes of churchmen to what they might expect at the hands of James. It enjoined no special act the neglect of which could be visited as an offence. It was disregarded, therefore, without hesitation. But it was followed next year (1688) by a second declaration, with an Order of Council (May 4) which enjoined its publication in all the churches of the realm. The London clergy, being required to make this a week before the country clergy, were the first to occupy the post of danger. Frequent meetings were held, and always with the same results. The Archbishop (Sancroft) was everywhere ready with his counsel and support. At Lambeth it was unanimously agreed that the declaration was an illegal act, and that prudence, honour, and conscience forbad its publication in the House of God and during Divine Service. The result was embodied in a petition to his Majesty, drawn up by the Primate with his own hand, and signed by Lloyd, of St. Asaph; Turner, of Ely; Lake, of Chichester; Ken, of Bath and Wells; White, of Peterborough; and Trelawney,[1] of Bristol. Notwithstanding this petition James obstinately adhered

[1] Macaulay writes,—"All over the country the peasants chanted a ballad, of which the burden is still remembered :—

"'And shall Trelawney die? and shall Trelawney die?
Then thirty thousand Cornish boys
Will know the reason why.'

The fact was communicated to me in the most obliging manner by Rev. R. T. Hawker, of Momenstow, in Cornwall."
But since this obliging communication to Macaulay, Mr.

to his purpose, and the bishops were summoned before the Privy Council (June 8) and committed to the Tower on a charge of uttering a libel—for so the petition was designated by the law officers of the Crown. The passage of the Seven Bishops in custody to the Tower was converted into a triumphal procession by the acclamation of the crowd. People rushed into the river to surround their barge. Their very guards asked their blessing. A deputation of Nonconforming ministers waited on them in their prison. "The king sent for four of these ministers, and himself upbraided them. They courageously answered that they thought it their duty to forget past quarrels, and to encourage the men who stood by the Protestant religion."[1]

The trial of THE SEVEN BISHOPS,—for this is their title henceforth in the History of England,—took place in Westminster Hall on the 29th of June, 1688. The verdict of acquittal was received in the hall and in the city with a burst of applause. The jurors were thanked as deliverers of their country. The bishops, the Church, the country, the law, had won as great a victory as had ever been achieved by the courage and constancy of a few men in a just and holy cause. James was enraged but not humbled by his defeat. He threatened the clergy who had refused to obey his

Hawker has claimed this ballad, sung by Cornishmen in the seventeenth century, as his own! Perhaps, after all, Trelawney owes his place in the ballad to the musical ring of his name, rather than to the hero-worship of Mr. Hawker or of the Cornish miners.

[1] Macaulay.

injunctions with severe penalties. He would have had to deal with some ten thousand of the most loyal men in the kingdom.

On the 11th of December in this year James was himself a fugitive.

Who shall say whether our present magic speed of communication, bringing us practically so near to each event, or the slow transmission of news two hundred years ago, giving time for the growth of anxious fears and surmises, is most calculated to intensify the excitement of such times?

We may be sure, at all events, that the London and Peterborough road was anxiously watched for the bearers of news, and that when the joyful tidings of the acquittal of the bishops came, the congratulations of many true and loyal hearts were loud and earnest. We fancy that we hear joy bells pealing from the tower and see the glorious west façade of the cathedral glowing with the light of bonfires, and an anthem of special praise pealing through the church.

But though it thus closes with a victory, we cannot deny that the reign of the Stuarts was truly a trial of the faith and patience of the Church. First the growing bitterness and power of the Puritan faction; then the absolute annihilation of the Church as a human institution, with the hopeless ruin of the clergy in the Great Rebellion; then the melancholy decadence in faith and morals under the second Charles; then the insidious attack upon the Church by a popish prince under pretence of a general toleration; then the resolution which obliged the clergy to sacrifice either conscience or their preferments at the call

of a king alien to them both in person and in religion. Through all these unhappy circumstances our clergy under the Stuart dynasty passed within the space of half a century, so that some of them must in their own persons have experienced the misery of them all.

PART V.

FROM THE REVOLUTION TO THE PRESENT TIME.

CHAPTER I.

THE NONJURORS.

"A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne."

THE abdication or dethronement of James (we do not stop to choose between words either of which sufficiently expresses the actual fact) followed the constitutional victory of the Seven Bishops in natural course. An invitation to William Prince of Orange to interpose in the settlement of the affairs of the nation had indeed been already made and accepted. William opened his communications with the English people, as James had closed his career, with a *Declaration* (a word of ill-omen), in which he said that he had been invited by several of the lords spiritual and temporal to come to their assistance, and protested that in doing so it was his wish to preserve the religion and liberties of the kingdom. It appeared, however, that Compton, bishop of London, was the only spiritual peer who had signed this invitation; and it was clear from the first that the bishops and the clergy in general were still as loyal to their hereditary prince as if they had forgotten his late attack on them and their liberties.

Having accepted the crown, there can be no question that William was obliged to take all measures to secure its peaceable possession, and an oath of allegiance could hardly be dispensed with from his subjects,—least of all from persons in so prominent a position as the bishops. Never, indeed, had the voice of the clergy been more important. The constitutional stand of the Seven Bishops for the independence of the Church and the sovereignty of the law, had raised the Church greatly in the estimation of the people, and their victory in the struggle had given additional prestige to their order.

But, unhappily, this very act of submission, so important to William, was the one thing to which many of the bishops and clergy could not in conscience submit. They had sworn allegiance to James as their lawful prince. Could they transfer their allegiance to another? True, the oath was now exacted in a modified form. The words *lawful sovereign* were omitted, and the oath ran thus:—"I, A. B., do sincerely promise and swear to bear true allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary." This new oath was taken in the two Houses in March, 1688, but it was refused by Sancroft, archbishop of Canterbury; Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells; Turner, of Ely; Frampton, of Gloucester; Lloyd, of Norwich (who had till recently been bishop of this diocese); White, bishop of Peterborough; Thomas, of Worcester; Lake, of Chichester; and Cartwright, of Chester.

Compton, of London; and Trelawney, of Exeter; were the only two of the Seven Bishops whose names are not found in this list of the Nonjurors.

There was no indecent haste in driving the clergy from their homes. All ecclesiastical persons were required to take the oath before August 1, 1689, under pain of suspension, but deprivation did not follow till February 1, 1690. After that date the crown nominated to bishoprics, and private patrons to livings, as to benefices canonically vacant.

It is obvious, however, that no civil process could deprive the recusant bishops and clergy of their orders. There was now, therefore, a body of clergy within the Church, but without territorial jurisdiction, competent to perform all sacramental offices, and to continue the episcopal succession. In fact, Sancroft, the late primate, delegated the exercise of his archiepiscopal functions to Lloyd, bishop of Norwich, and provision was made by the Nonjurors to perpetuate a succession. A list was carried over to James by Hickes, out of which the exiled monarch fixed on two—Hickes and Wagstaffe,—and these were consecrated as suffragans of Thetford and Ipswich; the consecrators being Lloyd, of Norwich; Thomas, of Ely; and White, of Peterborough. The ceremony took place in the presence of the Earl of Clarendon, and in the Bishop of Peterborough's lodgings.[1]

There were, besides, many matters of internal arrangement to which the Nonjurors had to turn. Among the most pressing was the pecuniary relief of

[1] Sancroft died at Fressingfield, November 24, 1693. When he perceived his end approaching, he expressed his satisfaction at the course which he had adopted, adding that he should pursue the same were he again called to make his descision.—Lathbury, p. 99.

their suffering brethren. Some of their bishops, and multitudes of their clergy, were reduced to absolute penury. Some, like Bishop Ken, who was nobly entertained at Long Leat by the Marquis of Bath, found private benefactors; but no public provision of any kind was made for them. So in 1695, Kettlewell, one of the most influential of their number, proposed a plan, which was recommended to the Church in the following letter :—

"To all Christian people, to whom this charitable recommendation shall be presented, grace be to you, and peace from God the Father, and from Our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Whereas, we, the present deprived Bishops of this Church, have certain information that many of our deprived brethren of the clergy, with their wives, children, and families, are reduced to extreme want, and unable to support themselves and their several charges, without the charitable relief of pious and well-disposed Christians: and being earnestly moved by several of them to represent their distressed condition to the mercy and compassion of such tender-hearted persons as are inclined to commiserate and relieve the afflicted servants of God.

"Now we, in compliance with their intreaty, and with all due regard to their suffering circumstances, have thought it our duty (as far as in law we may) heartily to recommend their necessitous condition to all pious, good people, hoping and praying that they will take their case into their serious consideration, and putting on the bowels of charity, extend their alms to them and their needy families.

"And we will not cease to pray for a blessing upon such their benefactors—"And remain, in all Christian offices, yours,

"[LLOYD] WILLIAM, Bp. of Norwich.
"[FRAMPTON] ROBERT, Bp. of Gloucester.
"[TURNER] FRANCIS, Bp. of Ely.
"[KEN] THOMAS, Bp. of Bath and Wells.
"[WHITE] THOMAS, Bp. of Peterborough.
} Now Deprived.

"*July* 22, 1695."

However innocent this appeal of the bishops would seem, it excited the jealousy of the Government, and Ken was summoned before the Privy Council—Ken, the best beloved, the most honoured of all the Non-jurors, and the one whose part in their conduct and fortunes we follow with the most interest.—He was asked, "*Did you subscribe this paper?*" He replied, "My Lords, I thank God I did, and it had a very happy effect: for the will of my Blessed Redeemer was fulfilled; and what we were not able to do ourselves was done by others."—"*No one condemns charity, but the way you have taken to procure it: your paper is illegal.*"—"My Lords, I can plead to the evangelical part. I am no lawyer, but shall want lawyers to plead to that." It was pretended that the bishops, by their paper, *usurped episcopal jurisdiction.* "My Lords, I never heard that begging was a part of ecclesiastical jurisdiction; and in this paper we are only beggars, which privilege I hope may be allowed us."[1]

Bishop White died in 1698, having lived in retirement since his deprivation. Evelyn thus describes his funeral:—"June 5, Dr. White, late Bishop of Peterborough, who had been deprived for not complying with government, was buried in St. Gregory's churchyard, or vault, at St. Paul's. His hearse was

[1] Some years after a clergyman named Hendley was indicted, with the churchwardens and others who had taken part with him, for preaching and for making a collection in Chiselhurst Church, for St. Ann's Charity School, Aldersgate Street. They were convicted of sedition, and fined!—Lathbury's "Non-jurors," p. 305.

accompanied by two Nonjuror bishops, Dr. Turner, of Ely, and Dr. Lloyd, with forty Nonjuror clergymen, who could not stay the office of the burial, because the Dean of St. Paul's had appointed a conforming minister to read the office, at which all much wondered, there being nothing in that office which mentioned the present king."

With the death of Bishop White the special interest of the diocese of Peterborough in the Nonjurors as a religious party may be said to have closed, although one of the great ornaments of our Church and diocese remained to keep alive the reverence with which many excellent men still remembered the spiritual fathers of that party.

William Law was born at Kingscliffe in 1686. After the accession of George I., when the abjuration oath was rigorously enforced, he was deprived of his fellowship at Cambridge, but remained in the communion of the Church. He is remembered in the present day chiefly for his "Serious Call to a Holy Life." Boswell has recorded Dr. Johnson's emphatic testimony to the power of this book. "When at Oxford," says the Doctor, "I took up Law's 'Serious Call,' expecting to find it a dull book, as such books generally are. But I found Law quite an overmatch for me; and this was the first occasion of my thinking in earnest of religion, after I became capable of rational enquiry." In another place Dr. Johnson says that Law's "Serious Call" "is the finest piece of hortatory theology in any language." One wonders whether the great talker was more sincere and more just when he gave this account of himself to Boswell, or when he

said that "William Law was no reasoner," and that "he never knew a Nonjuror who could reason;" though, indeed, he added "Charles Lesley I had forgotten. Lesley *was* a reasoner, and a reasoner who was not to be reasoned against."

It would certainly be ungenerous to leave these noble adherents of a fallen prince without a tribute to their patience and integrity. They may have been unwise,—even wrong,—as politicians; but their whole course was a protest against the "fast and loose" political principles, and the ecclesiastical Erastianism of their day. They did not live and suffer in vain. Denied the proper work of their holy calling, they sought in sacred literature the occupation which more nearly than any other harmonised with it. They leavened the theology of the Church very largely with a sound dogmatic teaching, to which we are to this day much indebted. Perhaps indeed they might have benefited the Church less as her ministers than as confessors; less as Bishops and Deans and Rectors than as sufferers in a noble cause; and yet we must regret that some equitable *modus vivendi* was not found for them within the fold of the Establishment. The Nonjurors and Wesleyans are alike a reproach to our Church and nation.

PART VI.

SUCCESSION OF BISHOPS.

THOMAS DOVE, Dean of Norwich, and one of Elizabeth's chaplains, succeeded Howland in 1600. We find but little recorded of him, except that he was much in favour with the Queen,[1] who called him her dove with silver wings. He seems to have been sufficiently strict in exacting conformity from his clergy for it is said that in one morning he suspended five ministers for nonconformity, to which King James said, it was enough to serve for five years. The king himself, however, was not disposed to suffer irregularities to go unrebuked, as will appear from the following letter to Bishop Dove (Nov. 24, 1611), from Archbishop Abbott :—

"My very good lord, I have received advertisement more ways than one, that some of the ministers of your lordship's diocese (formerly deprived), as by name Mr. Barbon and Mr. Shafferld, do, at their pleasure, preach in Northamptonshire and Rutlandshire, and that Mr. Dod, lately of Hanwell, near Banbury, doth sometimes also exercise within your lordship's diocese. What the king's majesty's judgment is concerning such unconformable ministers your lordship may perceive by those instructions which not long since, in the name of his highness, I sent unto you. But let me add this withal, that his majesty being lately informed of the preaching of Mr. Hildersham, sometime

[1] Elizabeth.

minister of Ashby in Leicestershire, was much offended with the Bishop of Lincoln for permitting the same; and commanded me by letter to signify so much unto his lordship. I hear that Mr. Cataline is much more peaceable than in former times, but yet keepeth no order for the 'Communion Book,' but suffers all excommunicated persons, in the parishes adjoining, to repair unto his Church. I pray your lordship to have an eye to these things, lest more offences grow than your lordship conceives."

This does not convey a very favourable impression of the order of our diocese at that time.

Richard Cumberland (1691) succeeded White the Nonjuror. We have no right to assume that he accepted a see not canonically vacant with any misgivings of conscience, and we are assured *by his epitaph* that he watched over the diocese long and happily.

White Kennett (1715), Dean of Peterborough, followed Cumberland. Kennett has still some reputation as an antiquary. To him succeeded Robert Clavering (1725), Bishop of Llandaff, and next, John Thomas (1727), who was afterwards successively Bishop of Salisbury and of Winchester.

Richard Terrick (1757).

John Lambe (1764).

John Hinchcliffe (1776), Dean of Durham, and Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.

Spencer Madan (1792), Prebendary of Peterborough and Bishop of Bristol.

John Parsons (1813), Dean of Bristol.

Herbert Marsh (1819), Bishop of Llandaff.

He had filled the chair of the Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity with great learning and success and he brought with him first to Llandaff and thence

to Peterborough great zeal for the Church as the keeper of the truth, the nurse of holiness, and the guardian both of order and of orthodoxy. It is to him that the diocese owes the revival of the ruridecanal office, which he had already brought into active service at Llandaff. As now wisely constituted and handled, this office has been rendered still more useful, not only by meetings of the clergy in their several chapters, but by conferences, in which representatives of each deanery, lay and cleric, elected from their own body, sit in consultation with the bishop as their president, and in which the affairs of the diocese and the interests of the Church are freely discussed. This is perhaps the nearest approach to a consultative body of churchmen, in which the laity are fully represented, at which we have yet arrived; and even if it does nothing to place the Church on a broader basis, and to ingratiate it with the people, it will at all events prepare for the happy co-operation of the two orders, and for their kindly and efficient working together, if we are ever driven to the creation of new consultative assemblies and new ecclesiastical courts.

George Davys succeeded Bishop Marsh in 1839, and he was followed by Francis Jeune in 1864. Bishop Jeune survived only till 1868,—too short a prelacy, but virtually lengthened by his zeal and activity, and enough to teach his people and clergy by his own example the dignity and power of work.

The present bishop, William Connor Magee, Dean of Cork, followed Bishop Jeune in work as well as in office.

The Diocesan Railway Mission stands out very prominently among the incidents of the present episcopate. The rector of Nassington, Rev. D. W. Barrett, first chaplain of the Mission, gives us in his "Life and Work among the Navvies," a very interesting account of his work and its surroundings. The line between Kettering and Manton is an extension of the Midland system, of about sixteen miles in length. The works on it include two tunnels of over a mile in length, and others of several hundred yards, a viaduct nearly three quarters of a mile long, and numerous large bridges with steep embankments, and other heavy earthworks. To accommodate the men employed on this extensive undertaking villages of wooden huts were erected at various centres along the line, but these groups of huts were generally far distant from any parish church.

In the summer of 1876 the bishop instituted a Church Mission to deal with the exceptional population brought together by these extensive works. Chaplains were appointed, Mission chapels were built at different centres along the line, weekday and Sunday schools were formed for the children, and night schools for the men, and every attempt was made to bring the population within the influence of Church teaching and ordinances. About a year after its formation the bishop made a pastoral visitation of this Mission, and preached in every chapel along the line. The next day he made an excursion on the works in an open truck drawn by an engine, and was most heartily welcomed by the navvies. On another occasion the Bishop of Lincoln held an evening service at

the Glaston Mission Chapel, and visited the works, expressing the greatest interest in what was being done for the spiritual good of the navvies. One of the longest tunnels on the line passes through the parish of Glaston, and in this tunnel a service was held which almost realised one's dreams of the Church in the Catacombs. At least eight hundred or a thousand people were present. After penetrating some distance in the gloom over the rough ballast, the worshippers reached the part of the tunnel where the service was to be held. The walls were lighted up with candles fastened to them in the miners' usual candlestick of clay. The pulpit was a log of timber placed on a few trucks. The white surplices of the clergy had a weird and striking effect in the deepening darkness beyond. The hymn, "A few more years shall roll," was sung with deep solemnity between two spots where, not long before, two poor fellows had been killed.

May we not say that "the navvies' own bishop," as they themselves call him, surrounded by his diocesan officers and chaplains, breathing something of religion into their hard rough life, is no bad counterpart of the zealous Saxulf and his noble companions, laying the foundations of the first church and monastery of Medeshamsted, and cheering and sanctifying the labour of their fellow-workers with their prayers and blessings?

Two other gatherings of a very different character have taken place while we are passing through the press.

The twentieth Church Congress was held at Leicester in the September of last year. The *Guardian* for October 6, says, "that it may without hesitation be declared to be one of the most pleasant of all the gatherings which the Congress has now held. The good people of Leicester, high and low, vied with one another in their endeavours to promote the convenience and comfort of their very numerous guests." And the Diocesan Calendar, for 1881, records that, at the same Congress, "an address of hearty welcome and kindly sympathy was presented by thirty-two of the Dissenting Ministers of Leicester to the Bishop of Peterborough and the members of the Congress."

And on the 30th of June, the morrow of St. Peter, there was held at Peterborough, for the first time, a commemoration service, of which the purpose was scarcely defined beforehand, but which we are glad to interpret into a memorial of the Dedication of the cathedral, and we may hope it may be repeated each year, as a bond of union with the churchmen of the time of Saxulf, and of sympathy with them in that great work of the benefits of which we have not ceased to be partakers.

APPENDIX.

ECCLESIOLOGICAL NOTES.

"And point with taper spire to heaven."

[Ecclesiological Notes compressed within a few pages, for a diocese with about six hundred churches, must needs be very imperfect. The author feels that these are distressingly so.]

ACHURCH. Brown, the father of the Brownists, was rector of this parish. With a sufficiently smart polemical allusion to its name, he used to say that there was no church in England but one, and that was *A-church*.

ADDINGTON, GREAT. A very interesting church, with good Decorated tower. An excellent brass of John Bloxam, first chaplain of the Chantry of the Virgin Mary, December 5, 1519. See Hudson's "Brasses."

ALDWINKLE (*St. Peter*). This parish was the birthplace of Thomas Fuller, the Church historian. "God, in his providence," says he, "fixed my nativity in a remarkable place. I was born at Aldwinkle, where my father was the painful preacher of St. Peter's. This village was one mile west from Achurch, where Mr. Brown, founder of the Brownists, did dwell, whom, out of curiosity, I often visited. It was also a mile and a half from Liveden, where Francis Tresham, Esq., so active in the Gunpowder Treason, had a large demesne, and ancient habitation. My

nativity may mind me of moderation, whose cradle was rocked between two rocks."

Fuller was Lecturer of the Savoy, from which post he was driven for refusing the Covenant. In his "Good Thoughts in Worse Times" he speaks with characteristic good temper of those who had despoiled him of his goods. "Whosoever hath plundered me of my books and papers I freely forgive him; and desire that he may fully understand and make good use thereof, wishing him more joy of them than he hath right to them; only requesting him that one passage in his (lately my) Bible (Eph. iv. 28) may be taken into his serious consideration."

ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH (*St. Helen*) perhaps suffers in interest from its nearness to the Castle, an extremely picturesque ruin, not without historical importance. The scene of part of Scott's "Ivanhoe" is laid here. Here for one night Mary Queen of Scots was lodged on the way from the disturbed districts in the Northern Rebellion. In the church is the monument of Selina (Ferrers), Countess of Huntingdon, the founder of the Huntingtonians. She was buried, in 1791, in the white dress which she had worn at the opening of her chapel in Goodman's Fields.

ASHBY ST. LEGERS (*St. Leodigarius*, or *Legers*). There are several things worthy of note in this church —among others, a rood-screen with canopied top. The brasses also are very well worth examination: they are figured and described in "The Brasses of Northamptonshire," a splendid monograph by Franklin Hudson. There are four of these brasses, of which the two first are, as might be expected, assigned to Catesbys. The first is given to George Catesby, A.D. 1505; the second, which is justly described as a beautiful canopied brass, is in commemoration of William Catesby and his wife Margaret, and is of the close of the fifteenth century. This brass is

on every account worthy of careful study. The third is also a very fine canopied brass, though not equal to the last, to John Stokes, and Ellen his wife, and their sixteen children: it is of the early part of the fifteenth century. The fourth, which is of much smaller pretensions than either of the others, is in memory of William Smyght, formerly rector of Oxthylfe (?Oxhill), and Eldtoft, who died February 14, 1500.

The old Hall of Ashby fairly divides the historical interest of the place with the Church. The great grandson of Sir William Catesby, to whom the second of these brasses is assigned, was convicted by the Star Chamber, Eliz. xxiii. (A.D. 1581), of celebrating mass and harbouring Jesuits; and his son, Robert Catesby, was the originator of the Gunpowder Plot. The "Plot-room" is still shown as the apartment in which much of the plot was arranged, and it is said to be kept in its ancient state. But there are two objections to this story; this room is in the front of the house, and over the projecting porch, so as to be the most conspicuous room in the house; and the staircase to it is of a date more recent than the Plot. The author of Murray's "Handbook" suggests that the present billiard-room may have been that occupied by Lady Catesby when she was surprised at supper by her fugitive son.

BARNACK has been already mentioned among the Saxon churches of the diocese.

BARNWELL is, perhaps, more interesting for its castle than for its church, but still more than either for the memory of a former rector, Nicholas Lathom, who died in 1620, and whose munificent charities are thus enumerated in Murray's "Handbook:" "He built two hospitals; one in Barnwell for fourteen poor people, and one in Oundle for eighteen widows. He founded five free-schools in Barnwell, Oundle,

Hemington, Weekly, and Brigstock; gave many other charitable gifts, as two Exhibitions at Cambridge; repairs of bridges and highways, and yearly clothing for forty-five poor children, all which do amount to the sum of £500 by the year for ever. His almshouse and school remain near the church.

BARTON SEGRAVE (*St. Botolf*). A small but very curious Norman church, with a tower between the nave and the chancel, which gives a picturesque character to the exterior, but which trenches exceedingly on the interior effect.

BOTTISFORD. A Perpendicular church, with a spire of 222 feet. In the chancel are several monuments and sepulchral effigies, brought at the suppression from the priory church of Belvoir, and from Croxton Abbey, besides many monuments of the Earls of Rutland and their families. There is a sad story of the death of two infant children of Francis, Earl of Rutland, who were buried in this church. Joan Flower and daughter, servants at Belvoir, were dismissed, and soon after Henry, Lord Ross, and his brother Francis died, as was supposed, from sorcery. No suspicion seems to have fallen on the two servants for several years, but at length they were apprehended and executed at Lincoln. They seem to have been guilty in intention, and to have believed themselves witches. A singular accident occurred here at the ringing for the victory over the rebels in 1715; the clapper of the fifth bell flew out and cracked the tenor.[1]

BOZEAT.—Good brooch spire, and decorated rood-screen.

BRACKLEY. Brackley figures in the history of *Magna Charta*. The Magdalen College Grammar School was founded by Bishop Wainflete.

[1] North's "Church Bells of Leicestershire."

BURTON LAZARS (*St. James*). The church of a Norman hospital for lepers, traces of which still remain. It was the principal lazaretto in England, but itself subject to the master of the lazars at Jerusalem.

BYFIELD (*Holy Cross*) stands imposingly over the line of rail between Northampton and Banbury. Spire 140 feet in height. Church restored under the direction of Rev. C. H. Hartshorne, one of the most accomplished archæologists and architecturists of the last generation.

CANON'S ASHBY. Part only remains of a priory church of Augustinian canons. Now a donative in the gift of Sir Henry Dryden, Bart.

CASTERTON (*SS. Peter and Paul*). The church here divides the interest with the Roman station. There is much to be studied in each.

CASTLE ASHBY (*St. Mary Magdalen*). The mansion of the Marquis of Northampton is, of course, the most prominent object in this parish. The Comptons were among the most zealous and illustrious of the families which supported Charles I. in arms. A lettered balustrade, formed of the words of the 127th Psalm, *Nisi Dominus ædificaverit*,[1] runs round the quadrangle. The church has a Norman doorway and some interesting monuments. There is also the beautiful brass of a priest in a cope, on the borders of which are figures of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, St. Nicolas, St. Laurence, St. Ann, St. Katharine, St. Margaret, St. Mary Magdalen, and St. Elena. The name of the priest thus commemorated has been removed.

CASTOR. The Roman Durobrivæ, and the church, dedicated to our local St. Kyneburgh, in 1124. There is a mythical legend, not without a wholesome meaning, which connects this saint with the neighbourhood.

[1] Except the Lord build the house, their labour is but lost that build it.

"The Ermine Street, running north from Godmanchester toward Stamford and Lincoln, passed through the station, and was known as 'Lady Coneyborough's Way,' from a tradition that when St. Kyneburgh was once pursued by a ruffianly assailant, the road unrolled itself before her[1] as she fled, and thus enabled her to escape." * * * * * "Her body and that of her sister, St. Kyneswith, were removed early in the eleventh century by Abbot Ælfsi to Peterborough; and the remarkable monument now preserved in the 'new building' of the cathedral, and long regarded as the memorial of Abbot Hedda and the monks killed by the Danes in 870, far more probably, as Mr. Bloxam has suggested, was placed over the relics of the sisters, since it is certainly not older than the Abbacy of Ælfsi, 1005–1055."[2]

CATESBY. We have already related the suppression of the Gilbertine nuns in this parish; of the church scarce a fragment remains to mark its site.

COLD ASHBY (*St. Denis*) boasts the possession of a bell dated 1317.[3]

We mention COLLEY WESTON for its slate quarries, which have been worked from a very early period, and are again largely introduced in ecclesiastical architecture.

COTTERSTOCK. A comparatively insignificant church, with a very long chancel, which last it owes to the erection of a college for a provost and thirteen fellows, by John Giffard, Canon of York. There is a fine brass for Robert Winteringham, one of the provosts, and Prebendary of Lyddington.

CRICK (*St. Margaret's*). A church of much interest, both architecturally and historically. The

[1] "Make Thy way plain before my face." Ps. v. 8.

[2] Parker's "Handbook."

[3] See North's "Bells of Northamptonshire," pages 76–78 and 225.

chancel, which is of very fine Decorated character, the east window especially, was once enriched with many heraldic devices in distemper, but they have all disappeared. Sir Thomas Astley, who doubtless erected this chancel, was a great church builder, as the remains of a great collegiate church at Astley, in Warwickshire, and several other buildings, still marked with his ensigns, testify. Although the painted devices have perished, the Astley cinquefoil still appears on the carved shields. In this chancel and in the window of the south aisle the tracery itself is made to assume the form of the cinquefoil, the only instance, so far as we know in England,[1] where tracery is made to represent an heraldic bearing. In the nave of Claycoton, now rebuilt, the cinquefoil appeared in the windows, and the whole fabric followed very exactly, though on a small scale, and with very inferior masonry, the Decorated forms of the Crick chancel. The tower and spire are of the Warwickshire red sandstone, the same which is used at St. Michael's, Coventry, and to which that spire owes so much of its picturesque effect. The same stone is used also at Astley Castle and Church. The curious font is, perhaps, Norman. Crick is one of the churches in this diocese of which Archbishop Laud was rector. He held also North Kilworth and Ibstock, in Leicestershire. By and by we shall find his great adversary, Williams, afterwards Archbishop of York, at Walgrave, and at Lyddington.

CROXTON KYRIAL. Once the site of an old Premonstratensian Friary.

DEENE. Beautifully restored, or rather, perhaps, rebuilt, by the Countess of Cardigan.

EARL'S BARTON. The tower of this church is one of the finest Saxon remains in the kingdom.

[1] At Aix-la-Chapelle the tracery of one of the windows represents the Imperial Eagle of Germany.

What EASTON MAUDIT (*Mauduit*) has done to deserve its inauspicious name we know not, but there are not many remote villages which have more creditable associations, literary and ecclesiastical. Here Morton, the deprived Bishop of Durham, found his last asylum, with the family of the Yelvertons; and here Bishop Percy, the author of "Reliques of Ancient Poetry," who held the vicarage from 1753 to 1782, gathered around him a distinguished literary society. There are many authors of more ponderous pretensions, who have exercised a less wholesome influence on our lighter literature than the author of Percy's "Reliques." The church is worth a visit.

Walker, in his "Sufferings of the Clergy," gives an interesting account of the circumstance which led to the reception of Bishop Morton at Easton Mauduit. The bishop going to London, perhaps as his last resort, was overtaken on the road by Sir Christopher Yelverton. He knew him, though Sir Christopher knew not the bishop. Sir Christopher asked him who he was. The bishop replied, "I am that old man the Bishop of Durham, notwithstanding all your votes," for Sir Christopher was not free from the stain of the times. "And whither are you going?" "To London, to live a little while, and then die." On this Sir Christopher entered into farther discourse with him, and took him home with him into Northamptonshire, where he spent the rest of his days.

EDITH WESTON has an historical interest in its name, derived from Edith, the wife of the Confessor, and sister of Harold. It was the seat of an alien priory.

EGLETON. (*St. Edmund, king and martyr.*)

EMPINGHAM. A fine church, with tower and spire and four massive pinnacles, forming a remarkable composition. In the churchyard traces were found a few years ago, showing that one or more of the bells were cast here.

EXTON. Tower and spire. Interior good, with a great display of monuments of the Haringtons and Noels. That of the Viscount Campden, already noted by us for his loyalty to Charles I., is by Grinling Gibbons. There are two others by Nollekins.

FAWSLEY, a paradise of Puritans during the Rebellion, is full of ecclesiastical, historical, literary, and social interest. The church, surrounded by a cluster of old and very picturesque trees, stands between the Hall and a ruined but exquisite specimen of ornamental brickwork—the Dower house of the Knightleys. John Dod, generally known as *the Decalogist*, from a practical work on the Ten Commandments, was vicar here from 1624 to 1645. He was successively minister of Hanwell, of Fenny Drayton, of Canon's Ashby, and of Fawsley, and was occasionally silenced for nonconformity in each place. Fuller, who unconsciously describes himself also, says that he was "by nature a witty, by industry a learned, by grace a godly divine." He is the hero of a story which tells how he was forced by some Cambridge undergraduates into the hollow trunk of an old tree, and made to preach a sermon on the word MALT, to the confusion of his persecutors; but Watts' "Bibliotheca" gives this sermon to a later John Dod. May we suggest that it is altogether a fabrication for a jest-book?

In Dod's house, at Fawsley, was born his maternal grandson, John Wilkins. A successful time-server, "Temporibus docilis."[1] A student at New Inn, Oxford, in 1627, in due time ordained, and chaplain to Lord Tay, he took the covenant in 1648, was Warden of Wadham, and in 1656 married a sister of Oliver Cromwell, and obtained from him a dispen sation to hold his office, though it was statutably vacated by his marriage. At the Restoration he

[1] Godwin.

renewed his allegiance to Church and King; and, after being Dean of Ripon, died Bishop of Chester. Wilkins has, however, other claims than these to be remembered. He was one of the original members of the Royal Society, and one of the most prominent. He published many works on natural science, in which he was really an adept; but his works, even in science, had much of a visionary character. Among these are, "Discovery of a New World; or, Discourse to Prove that it is probable there maybe another Habitable World in the Moon," "Mercury; or, the Secret and Swift Messenger." His "Voyage to the Moon" was once popular among schoolboys; in short, he was a kind of Jules Verne of the seventeenth century, but with a very much smaller apparatus of scientific knowledge and mechanical appliances.

Some account of "Martin Marprelate" is an inauspicious addition to the ecclesiological history of Fawsley. The name is a pseudonym of one John-ap-Henry, a Welsh depraver of Church and Crown, who printed his scurrilous pamphlets at a migratory press, which was worked for some time at Fawsley. Baker, in his "Northamptonshire," gives the following account of it: —"It was first set up at Moulsey, in Surrey, from whence it was removed to Fawsley, and worked in a private upper room, approached only by a winding stair. The next stage was to Norton, another of Sir Richard's seats. It was subsequently removed to Coventry, to Woolston in Warwickshire, and finally to Manchester, where it was seized by the Earl of Derby. For these clandestine proceedings Sir Richard and his associates were summoned before the Court of Star-Chamber and heavily fined; but Archbishop Whitgift, though one of the most prominent objects of their attacks, with a truly Christian spirit obtained a remission of their sentence."

Finedon. A cross church of considerable scale

and of great beauty, Decorated throughout. Tower and spire, 133 feet in height, a beautiful composition and rich in details. A parvise over the south porch contains a valuable library, the gift of Sir John Dolben, Bart. (1758). There is an elaborate strainer arch across the nave, and a stone rood screen, but of meagre design. The mouldings and sections of pillars and capitals all very good.[1] In short, this is one of the best churches in the county, and it appears with the greater advantage from being very different in character from all its neighbours.

FOTHERINGHAY CASTLE AND CHURCH. Mary Queen of Scots was beheaded in the hall of the castle. The church is especially valuable to the ecclesiologist from the fact that the contract for its erection is still in existence. William Harwood, freemason of Fotheringhay, covenants with William Woolston and Thomas Pecham, commissaries of Edward Langley, Duke of York, for the building of the church, which was designed and finished on a grand scale, and founded as a collegiate church. In Edward VI.'s reign the college was dissolved, and the nave being destroyed, the choir alone was reserved as the parish church. The tower is surmounted by a lofty octagon. There are some monuments of the Royal Family of York still remaining in the choir, but the rare painted glass has perished from neglect.

FRISBY ON THE WREAKE. An early Norman church dedicated to St. Thomas à Becket, one of the three churches in the diocese of this dedication—Frisby, Skeffington, and Tugby.

GEDDINGTON. The centre of a most interesting district to the ecclesiologist. There is not a church

[1] "The organ by Shrider, son-in-law of 'Father Smith,' was opened May 17, 1717, by Dr. Croft, and Kent was the first organist."—Parker's "Handbook."

(and there are many) within five or six miles that is not worth a visit; nor are they less interesting for their history than for their architecture. We are here in the midst of the country of the Treshams, who suffered so severely for their part in the Gunpowder Treason. Rushton, with its mansion and triangular summer-house; Rothwell, with its unfinished market-place; Lyveden, with the old and new buildings—al testify of the character of Sir Thomas Tresham, father of the traitor; and all, except the Hall at Rushton, which is still occupied, but not by the same family, are tinged with a sense of consternation and despair.

The site of the Abbey of Pipewell is also close at hand. But perhaps the most interesting object is the Queen's Cross, the only one except those at Northampton and Waltham, which remains; Goddington is the least costly, but, if we mistake not, the most beautiful of the three. It is triangular instead of octagonal in plan, and much slighter in construction; but the whole composition, with the three statues of the Queen, is very graceful.

A chapter of the romance of Royal marriages, the scene of which was at GRAFTON REGIS, is prettily told by Mr. James, in his "Northamptonshire." Here Henry VIII., Wolsey, and Campeggio met on the question of the Divorce.

HANNINGTON. A small but interesting church. The nave is divided by pillars and arches down the centre, the eastern abutment being against the chancel arch—a most unpleasant arrangement, and, fortunately, a very rare one. Even the greater scale and more pretentious character of Claythorpe, in Lincolnshire, does not reconcile us with it.

HELPSTONE (*St. Botolf*). In connection with the dedication to a Saxon saint, it is interesting to know that the foundations of the tower are Saxon. Its lower story is Norman, and the spire, with the

octagonal termination of the tower, of the fourteenth century.

HIGHAM FERRERS. A town full of interesting buildings, and with one of the finest churches in the diocese. The interest of Higham Ferrers arises from its connection with Henry Chichele, archbishop of Canterbury between 1414 and 1443. The church, however, is of the thirteenth century, some 200 years before the archbishop; but even this is associated with him by several of its belongings. The tower is Early English, and the medallions in the western doorway are of the best character of the style. The spire, with the rest of the church, is Decorated, as is also the churchyard cross. The interior is very striking, chiefly from the rood-screen and other woodwork, including the stalls in the chancel. The encaustic tiles are of several patterns, and their arrangement is well worth study. A monument, apparently intended for one of the family of Lancaster, is now occupied by the very fine brass of Lawrence St. Maur, rector of the parish in 1289. There is something very touching in the prayer, "Son of God, have mercy on me,"[1] not in the usual place on the verge of the brass, but over the place of his heart.

Passing from the church to other remains, they all own their existence to Chichele.

The College, in the chief street of the town, now much dilapidated, was founded in 1415, so that Chichele turned almost immediately on his great advancement to his native town. The *Bede-house*, at the south side of the churchyard, for twelve poor men and one woman, all to be at least fifty years of age, followed in 1423. The *School-house*, probably the latest of the foundations, is near the north-west angle of the tower. There are few such views in the

[1] "Fili Dei, miserere mei."

kingdom, out of our cathedral and university cities, as that at the entrance of the churchyard, where we have the school, the cross, the Bede-house and its chapel, the Vicarage, old but still picturesque, and the Church, dominating all, within sight at one time.

The personal character of Chichele, as well as his connection with the place and his great office, gives interest to these memorials. Henry Chichele was a mere lad when William of Wykeham, then Archdeacon of Northampton, found him keeping sheep at Higham Ferrers. Wykeham took a fancy to the lad, and determined to educate him for better things; and so at last the Higham Ferrers' farm lad became Archbishop of Canterbury, and both as a churchman and a politician, one of the foremost men of the day. But he never forgot his birthplace or his parents. Let us stand with him beside the grave of his father and mother, which he marked with a fair cross of brass, on a slab in the pavement. It is very simple, but of graceful design. A slender shaft, with equally slender arms, stands on a pedestal, inscribed "*Hic jacet*," &c.—"Here lie Thomas Chichele, who died Feb. 20, 1400, and Agnes, his wife, on whose souls Jesus have mercy." Another brass, of much greater pretensions, commemorates William, brother of the Archbishop, and his wife Beatrice, whose figures appear under a double canopy.

There is also a brass of much merit of Richard Wylleys, one of the wardens of Chichele's College.

Holdenby. The enforced residence of Charles I.

Irchester. A very graceful spire, but almost too slight for its height. The tower is of alternate dark and light courses.

Ibstock (*St. Denys*). One of the rectories of Archbishop Laud.

Irthingborough. Formerly a collegiate church,

and still retaining many indications of its former importance. Its principal feature is a tall octagon on the tower, which bears marks of having been inhabited.

KETTERING. One of the very fine churches of the Nen Valley, with a lofty spire, a striking object from the rail.

KETTON. There is no church in Rutland more worthy of careful study than this. It is considerable in scale, and of very admirable composition throughout. The central spire is extremely fine, and contrasts pleasantly with the grander but not more graceful western tower and spire of St. Mary's, Stamford. The west front—the earliest portion—is transition Norman. The tower is elaborate Early English, the spire Early Decorated. The church owes much of its beauty to the stone of the neighbourhood, which is of a rich cream colour, easily worked and very durable. It is technically described as oolite.

KIBWORTH. We mention this church chiefly for its dedication (St. Wilfrid), a name of high honour in the church. We have recorded St. Wilfrid's part in the Easter controversy and in the foundation of an abbey at Oundle.

KILWORTH, North. One of the rectories of Archbishop Laud.

KING'S SUTTON. A very fine church, and noted for its lofty and elegant spire. The prebend was the richest in the kingdom except that of Masham, in Yorkshire, *but it was surrendered to the Crown in the reign of Edward VI.* Happily the church was erected long before that time.

The churches of LANGHAM and OAKHAM make us acquainted with one of the most illustrious names connected with the diocese. Simon Langham, Archbishop of Canterbury in the reign of Edward III., was born in the first named of these places. He began life as a monk of St. Peter's, West-

minster, to which abbey he made enormous benefactions, and to his connection with which we refer certain costly additions to the church of Oakham. In the year 1349 the "Black Death" was fatal to the Abbot of Westminster, and Langham was elected as his successor. In 1360 he was Lord High Treasurer of England; in 1361, Bishop of Ely; in 1363, Chancellor; and in 1366 he presided in a Parliament very memorable for its stringent laws against the usurpations and exactions of the Pope.

At the death of Archbishop Islip the throne of Canterbury was offered to Edington, Bishop of Winchester, who declined it, saying that though Canterbury had the higher rack, Winchester had the fuller manger. We are not bound to believe the story, but we *are* bound to believe (because Edington's character and his munificence prove it) that if he valued preferment in proportion to its wealth, it was because he valued wealth for the good that it placed in his power. Langham, accepted the "high rack" which Edington had declined.

Langham was a strict, perhaps a stern, disciplinarian, and his translation from Ely to Canterbury was celebrated in the following couplet:—

> "Exultant Cœli, quia Simon transit ab Ely,
> Cujus in adventum flent in Kent millia centum."

> "In Ely all
> Keep festival,
> At Simon's exit merry;
> In Kent, a Lent
> As deep they keep
> For luckless Canterbury."

The pasquinade is not amiss, but we must needs add, that in spite of the verse, whether or no Ely rejoiced to lose Langham, Canterbury received him gladly.

Nor was this his greatest promotion. In 1368 he accepted a Cardinal's hat from Pope Urban. Many a time must the future Cardinal Archbishop have trudged along the Oakham road with schoolboy satchel at his back, and passed the spot where now the church spire is first visible. But then the church spire was not, nor yet the present school. The spire was erected by a munificent merchant layman, Roger Flore (" Flore's House" is still to be seen at Oakham), who died about 1483 ; and the twin schools of Oakham and Uppingham were founded in Elizabeth's reign by Robert Johnson, Archdeacon of Leicester and Vicar of North Luffenham.

The general character of Oakham Church, as it must have appeared to the boy Langham, must have been of the fourteenth century, and he himself lived, under altered circumstances, to impress upon it the features of the next age and style—the Perpendicular of the fifteenth century—and it is now in general of that character.

But the church had already its points of beauty and interest. On the capitals of the nave pillars there is a series of carvings of such excellence as to raise them from mere decorations to works of art. We give their subjects in the order in which they occur, beginning at the east end of the south side. Three subjects; the Expulsion of Adam and Eve from the Garden ; the Salutation, and the Coronation of the Virgin ; the evangelistic symbols ; four angels. The next subjects are satirical and grotesque. A Fox running away with a Goose, followed by her Goslings—a man in pursuit with a besom in his hand ; an Ape with his Clog, and a Pelican in her Piety. Other capitals are adorned with foliage, masks, and monsters. On the chancel arch is an oak branch with acorns, doubtless an allusion to Oakham.

Standing far away from all high roads—

Church Langton is scarcely known even by its neighbours; but for its beauty and surroundings it is certainly not surpassed in the diocese, and moreover its history is a perfect ecclesiological romance. Approaching the village from Market Harborough, one finds oneself in a country where the hills are clothed even more freely than usual with woods and plantations; and if we are curious enough to inquire about them we find them connected with the history of the church. They were designed as a source of revenue for church purposes. In 1783, when all interest in such matters had long died out, William Hanbury became rector of Church Langton. He was an architect, an ecclesiologist, a campanologist, an ardent lover and cultivator of church music, and a learned ritualist, at a time when a man with the spirit of any one of these was a curiosity. His first thought on coming to his cure was to decorate his church. By-and-by he determined that it should be supplanted by a minster, with its foundation of chaplains and choristers. It was to be a Greek cross, each arm, exclusive of towers and porches, 110 yards in length; nave, 120 feet wide, 153 feet high; lantern tower, 435 feet high; and east and west steeples, 399 feet high; the floors and pillars of marble, the stone vaulting curiously painted, the windows the grandest that could be devised. One is absolutely bewildered by the vastness of his designs, and yet it is perfectly clear that he did actually contemplate them as finished;—not without pleasure to himself in the anticipation, but, above all, to the glory of God and to the happiness of his fellow-creatures. And there is a singular mixture of wisdom with this over-sanguine hopefulness of assurance. For instance, he purposes to invite the most able architects to exhibit models, pay them well for their trouble, and appoint a committee of approved

judges to assist in determining the best ;—to petition Parliament to be empowered to form a canal from Stamford to Harborough, and thence to Oxford cut for the carriage of materials; and to purchase the quarries of Ketton and Weldon.

A very short time before his death Mr. Hanbury marked out the site and extent of his proposed minster. Happily, however, he did nothing towards the demolition of the present church, which still remains, a very perfect example of the close of the fourteenth century.

But all this care for the material fabric of the church is the least part of the noble-hearted rector's plan. Schools were to be provided here and in other places, and every conceivable provision for the worship and worshippers in a glorious temple. He reminds one of Wolsey and his college and schools; but in this Hanbury has the higher credit, not a stone was to be the price of robbery or wrong.

Perhaps the most wonderful part of the whole of Mr. Hanbury's history is, that his scheme has not been an absolute failure. His plantations still adorn the neighbourhood, his revenues have increased to £1,000 per annum, the church of Langton has been admirably restored, and there are still uses besides these which the proceeds of his grand plan continue to serve.

Polydore Vergil was rector in 1503, and was succeeded by Lawrence Saunders, one of the Marian Martyrs.

Leicester. With the exception of St. Margaret's, which is a very beautiful church, and may well be the cathedral when Leicester has a bishop, as she ought to have, the churches of this town have lost their ecclesiological interest by alterations and additions. A monument of Bishop Penny of Carlisle, in St. Margaret's, is valuable as an example of ecclesiastical

costume. There is a special interest in the new churches erected by private churchmen in this town.

LODDINGTON. (*St. Leonard.*)

LONG CLAWSON. (*St. Remigius.*)

LONG THORPE. (*St. Botolf.*)

LOUGHBOROUGH. A fine cross church, uniform throughout, of the fifteenth century; the west tower is a very striking object from the railway.

Extracts fron the churchwardens' accounts :

"1645. Payd to ye Ringers when ye King's Ma^{ty} came by....................................	0	2	6
"1646. Spent on ye Ringers whe St. Thomas ffarefax passed by	0	1	0
"1657. Spent on ye Ringers when the Lord Protector was proclaimed	0	4	6
"1664. P^d to ye Ringers to drinke on St. George's day	0	5	0
"1702. Given to the Ringers and at the Burn-fires, Nov. 5th	0	2	0[1]

Churchwardens' accounts of this nature are often very interesting. We add one or two instances from St. John Baptist's, Peterborough :—

"1476. Payd the ryngers to the wursthypp of God and for the Duke of York sowle and bonys comyng to Fodrynhey	iiijd.
"1534-5. Payd for Ryngars when my Lady Katern (Queen Katherine) was beryed	ijs. vjd.

And from Youlgrave, in Derbyshire :—

"1688. Given to the Ringers for the Bishops' (the Seven Bishops) delivery forth of the Tower.

LOWICK. A very pretty Perpendicular church, with a tower and octagon lantern; but its chief attraction is the painted glass, with which no other in the diocese but that of Stanford on Avon will bear comparison.

LUFFENHAM (North and South), the latter a uniform

[1] North: "Church Bells of Leicestershire."

Perpendicular church with a spire, and very pretty as seen from the rail; but the church tourist must not be enticed by it from visiting North Luffenham. Both church and parish are full of interest. South Luffenham was the parish of Caudrey, whose case was a crucial one on the question of ecclesiastical jurisdiction in Elizabeth's reign.

Lutterworth. The only interest of this church is what it derives from its illustrious rector, John Wiclif, who was seized here with his last illness while celebrating mass. There is a recent mural monument in bas-relief to his honour in the north aisle. There are also a few relics of him. The pulpit he may very well have preached in. There is a curious distemper painting over the north door, which it has been suggested may have been placed there at his instance. A female figure, with a hawk on her wrist, stands between two crowned heads. Two crowned heads in the same presence are of course a puzzle; but it will be remembered that John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, assumed the title of King of Castile, and may be so represented with his nephew, Richard II. and his queen; while, by a singular coincidence, there are records of a magnificent hunting-party given to Richard and his queen by John of Gaunt, so that all these royal persons are brought together in the same tableau. The credit of associating this account with the Lutterworth picture belongs to Mrs. Thursby, of Whetstone, near Leicester. She goes so far as to surmise that the Duke of Lancaster being a special patron of Wiclif, may have caused the hunting party to be so depicted in his church. Mr. Bloxam, an almost unerring guide, suggests that the two kings may be Edward II. and Edward III.; but it is fair to say that he does not speak positively. See Architectural Societies' Papers for 1868.

LYDDINGTON. In this place Archbishop Williams, as Bishop of Lincoln, once owned the Bede-house adjoining the church. It will be remembered that Williams was the great rival and adversary of Laud. The church of Lyddington still retains its altar removed from the east wall of the chancel according to the Puritan model. The Bede-house is very interesting. The hall was decorated by Bishop Longland (1521–1547), and the windows are everywhere enriched with his mottoes. "*Dñs exaltacio mea*" and "*Delectare in Dño.*"

MARKET HARBOROUGH (*Dionysius the Areopagite*). A fine Perpendicular church, with Decorated chancel tower and spire all of a high order of merit; the tower and crocketed broach spire especially beautiful. Those who have been in this church may have observed Bibles in the seats, bound in rough leather, and with brass studs on their covers, in other words, "*well bossed and buffed*," the gift of Robert Finch (1613), a poor native of Harborough, who achieved wealth and position in London, and among other benefactions founded a grammar school here. His school is a fantastic-looking wooden chamber, erected on wooden pillars over the butter-market. The whole forms a picturesque addition to the foreground of the church.

MELTON MOWBRAY. A cross church, with central tower, and almost of cathedral scale and character—the finest in Leicestershire. Melton, Archbishop of York (1317 to 1342), was a native of this place; that he was a great church builder is sufficiently shown by the nave of York Minster, which he completed. We may reasonably attribute some parts of this church to him.

MIDDLETON CHENEY. Edington, afterwards (1345-1367) Bishop of Winchester, was rector here from 1327 to 1343, and as he was a great master of church

architecture,[1] we may fairly assume that this church is mainly his work. At all events it is worthy of him.

NASEBY. The church will hardly detain the visitor from the battlefield.

NORTHAMPTON. We have already mentioned the *Holy Sepulchre*. *St. Peter's* is an astonishingly elaborate example of Norman decoration. *All Saints* stands as a memorial of the great fire of 1675, one of the most terrible conflagrations ever known in the kingdom. The church was entirely destroyed except the central tower. Upon the portico of the new building is a statue of Charles II., of which the following inscription supplies the history. "*This statue was erected in memory of King Charles II., who gave a thousand tons of timber towards the rebuilding of this church and to the town.*" The timber was taken from Whittlesey Forest. The interior of the church is imposing, and very good of its style.

NORTHBOROUGH. The chief interest of this parish is in Woodcroft House, the scene of the barbarous murder of Michael Hudson, the Dr. Rochecliff of Scott's "Woodstock." See page 174.

OUNDLE. One of several grand churches which defy an adequate description within our narrow limits. The lofty spire arrests our attention for a long time as we draw near to the town; it is indeed one of the loftiest and most beautiful in the Nen Valley. Its most distinctive feature is the great height of the windows in the belfry stage of the tower, which gives it an unique character, and one which one would have expected to find often repeated. *Zion Chapel* is supposed to occupy the site of the monastery founded here by Wilfrid, the Saxon saint, and in which he died. The water mill, the subject of many contests with

[1] Edington preceded Wykeham at Winchester, and began the great work which Wykeham brought to so noble a conclusion.

the Abbey of Peterborough, still occupies its old place on the river. See page 83.

PEAKIRK, dedicated to St. Pega, sister of Guthlac the founder of Croyland, has a peculiar interest as associated with a local saint.

RAUNDS, a grand Early English church, with noble tower and brooch spire, majestic rather than pleasing in its composition. There is a fine old cross raised on steps in the churchyard, and a large barn coeval with the church.

ROTHWELL, one of the largest churches in the diocese, but scarcely one of the most beautiful or interesting: it has, however, objects enough to repay an hour's visit. Under the south choir aisle is a crypt filled with human bones, which have been piled in it, no doubt, on some occasion when the soil of the churchyard had been disturbed. The same arrangement occurs at Ripon and at Hythe. The brass of Walter Rothwell, priest of this church, and archdeacon of Essex, would afford an excellent model for a memorial of a modern pastor of a parish. The market house left unfinished by Sir Thomas Tresham must not escape notice.

RUSHDEN. Another church which defies description within our limits. The tower and spire are of extreme loveliness. The enriched straining arch in the interior of the nave gives great character to the church, as does also the "Bocher Arch" at the end of the south aisle.

RUSHTON. The parish of the Treshams. In this church is an altar-tomb with effigy of Sir Thomas Tresham, last Lord Prior of the Hospitallers, grandfather of the great builder, and great-grandfather of Francis Tresham, the traitor in the Gunpowder Plot.

STAUNTON HAROLD. This church was built, during the great Rebellion, by Sir Robert Shirley, "whose singular praise it was to have done the best things in

the worst times, and to have hoped them in the most calamitous." His good deed was reported to the Parliament, and they declared that if Sir Thomas could afford to build a church, he could afford to furnish a ship of war to the Navy. He was several times imprisoned, and died at last in the Tower.

STEANE. The birth and burial-place of Nathaniel Lord Crewe, Bishop of Durham from 1672 to 1721. It is not much to say of him that he was the first bishop who sat in the Lords by virtue of his own peerage. But his name is for ever memorable as the founder of the magnificent endowment at Bamborough Castle, devoted to the safety and comfort of the seamen on the dangerous Northumberland coast.

STANION. A plain but lofty and extremely graceful brooch spire.

STANWICK. (*St. Lawrence.*) The interest of this church resides entirely in the tower and spire, which are octagonal in plan from the base upwards, and are perhaps unique. The font is richly decorated. *See* "Churches of Northamptonshire."

STOKE DRY. The residence of Sir Everard Digby, one of the principal conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. A small church, but very curious. On one of the piers of the Norman chancel arch is carved a man tolling a bell, a figure of much interest in connection with the history of church bells. In the chancel a distemper painting of St. Edmund, King and Martyr.

STONTON WYVILLE, the birthplace of Bishop Wivil (Salisbury, 1407 to 1417), a name of interest in the curiosities of Ecclesiology. "He had little enough learning," says Walsingham, "and was of so mean and uncouth a presence, that if he had but once set his eyes on him the Pope would hardly have accepted him as Bishop, even to please the Queen." But he had a stout heart within his deformed body,

for he sued the Earl of Salisbury for the forest of Bere, which had been withheld from his see; and when the Court could arrive at no decision he appealed to wager of battle. He produced his champion, clothed all in white except the Bishop's arms; and the Earl's champion appeared in like fashion; but when they stood at the lists, the King forbad the combat, and the quarrel was compromised. A brass in Salisbury Cathedral represents the Bishop and his champion expecting the encounter. See Gibson, De Præsulibus, and Murray's Handbook to Salisbury Cathedral.

WARMINGTON. One of the most beautiful and perfect models of Early English church architecture in the kingdom.

The inhabitants of WESTON FAVELL still boast of the popularity of James Hervey, who lived, wrote, preached, and was buried here. His personal influence must have been extraordinary to counterbalance the affected graces of his literary style. Copies may still be found on old book-shelves of his "Meditations among the Tombs," "Reflections in a Flower Garden," "A Descant on Creation," and "Theron and Aspasio."

WEEDON PINKNEY. This church was the scene of one of the most atrocious acts of the rebels in the reign of Charles I. It is told both by Walker and by Bridges; we take the latter account as being much the least coloured of the two. "On Sunday, July 2, 1643, during the time of divine service, twelve of the Parliamentary troopers came from Northampton, and would have taken Mr. Losse, the minister, with them, but he with good policy secured himself in the church; the doors of which being forced by the soldiers, he got up into the belfry, and from thence to the leads, and made fast the passages against his pursuers. Forcing open the belfry door they followed

him to the outlet which goes upon the leads, which Mr. Losse defended against them. Having discharged their pistols eight or nine times without effect, they attacked him with their swords, and wounded him in three places. At length they left him, as they supposed, in a dying condition, protesting they would return and have him dead or alive.

WHITTERING. The interior is very striking from the rude proportions of the Saxon chancel arch. The nave, piers, and arches are Norman.

WISTOW (*St. Wiston*). Perhaps the only church of this dedication. St. Wiston was grandson of two kings of Mercia. He was slain by Berthra, son of the king of Mercia, in 849. He, his father, and grandfather were all buried at Repton, but he was translated to Evesham.

WOODFORD. A church full of interest, but not readily described in a short space. We may refer to "the Churches of Northamptonshire" for a full description.

N.B.—In these Ecclesiological Notes the dedications of churches are only given when they are comparatively unusual, as WISTOW (*St. Wiston*), EGLETON (*St. Edmund, King and Martyr*). In such cases we may expect to find a local reason for the dedication.

Murray's "Handbook of Northamptonshire and Rutland," which is by far the most trustworthy Ecclesiological guide we have ever met with, will supply the many omissions in our necessarily imperfect Ecclesiological Notes.

BISHOPS OF PETERBOROUGH.

1. John Chambers, Abbot, 1541.
2. David Pole, 1556, deprived; died, 1568.
3. Edmund Scambler, 1560.
4. Richard Howland, 1584; to Norwich; died, 1594.
5. Thomas Dove, 1601.
6. William Peirs, 1630; to Bath and Wells, 1632; died, 1670.
7. Augustus Lindsell, 1632; to Hereford, 1633; died, 1634.
8. Francis Dee, 1634; died, 1638.
9. John Towers, 1638; deprived; died, 1648.

Vacancy of twelve years.

10. Benjamin Laney, 1660; to Lincoln, 1663; to Ely, 1667; died, 1674.
11. Joseph Henshaw, 1663; died, 1678.
12. William Lloyd, Bishop of Llandaff, 1679; to Norwich, 1685; deprived, 1690; died, 1709.
13. Thomas White, 1685; deprived, 1690; died, 1698.
14. Richard Cumberland, 1691.
15. White Kennet, 1715.
16. Robert Clavering, Bishop of Llandaff, 1729.
17. John Thomas, 1747; to Salisbury, 1757; to Winchester, 1761.
18. Richard Terrick, 1757.
19. Robert Lambe, 1764.
20. John Hinchcliff, 1776.
21. Spencer Madan, Bishop of Bristol, 1792.
22. John Parsons, 1813.
23. Herbert Marsh, Bishop of Llandaff, 1819.
24. George Davys, 1839.
25. Francis Jeune, 1864.
26. William Connor Magee, 1868.

INDEX.

ACHURCH, Robert Brown's parish ... ... *page* 213
Adulf, Abbot, Archbishop of York 32
Ælfsi, or Elsin 218
Addington, Great, Church 213
Aidan, Missionary Bishop 17, 22
Alan of Walsingham 82
Aldwinkle, birth-place of Thomas Fuller 213
Ancarig, now Thorney, built by Saxulf 10
Anselm, Archbishop 53
——————— at Rockingham 57
Ashby-de-la-Zouch, Countess of Huntingdon 214
Ashby St. Leger's, Church and Hall 214, 215

BARNACK, quarries and Saxon Church 35
Barnwell Church and Castle, Nicholas Lathom's charities 215
Barton Segrave, Norman Church 216
Bastwick 180
Becket at Northampton 62, 64,
——— his tomb rifled 100
Bede, Venerable 10, 39
Bell, ancient, at Cold Ashby 218
Bells, payments for ringing 232
Bell given by Abbot John de Calais 78
Benedict, *the literary Abbot* 70, 72
Bentham, Joseph, ejected 173
Bishopricks, new, proposed by Henry VIII 118
Bosville, Major 189
Botolf, St. 37
Bottisford Church and monuments 216
Bozeat spire 216
Brackley Grammar School 216

Brand, last Norman Abbot 40
Brigstock Church 35
Brixworth Church 35
Brown, Hacket, and Stone, Puritan leaders 150
Burgh 31
Burghersh, Bishop, his penance 49
Burton Lazars, lazaretto 217
Buxton, the baths interdicted 117
Byfield Church 217

CAMDEN, Viscount, and his Camdeners 183
Campion, Wm., provided by the Pope 85
Candidus, Hugo, *Preface* 39
Canons Ashby 217
Carlyle 183
Castle Ashby Church, brass, lettered balustrade 217
Castor, St. Kyneburgh 217
Catesby nunnery dissolved 111
Catesby, Robert 155
Cathedral desecrated 187
Chambers, the first Bishop 121
Charles I. 190
——— II. 192
Chronicon Petroburgense, *Preface* 132
Church Congress 212
Church Langton charities 230
Colley Weston slate quarries 218
Committee of religion 171
Commemoration service in the Cathedral 212
Common prayer proscribed 170
Cosins, Dean, ejected by Puritans 172
Cox, Bishop, Elizabeth's letter to him 146
Crick Church 218
Cromwell, Oliver 181
——— Richard 121
——— Thomas 110, 113, 118
Croyland Abbey 10, 73, 75, 183
Croyland, Abbot, *the courtier* 85

De la Pré nunnery dissolved 112
Dedications of Churches 36, 239
Dee, Bishop 169
Deprived clergy 170, 176
De Seez rebuilds the Church after a fire 48
Dod, *the Decalogist* 207, 221
Dove, Bishop... 207

Easter controversy 26
Easton Mauduit, Bishops Morton and Percy 220
Edington, Bishop of Winchester, Middleton Cheney ... 234
Edith Weston 220
Edward's Gangræna 150
Egelric, his public works 34
——— his dream 47
Eikon Basilike 189
Elizabeth, her accession 142
Elphege, Archbishop of Canterbury, his martyrdom ... 35
Empingham Church, bells cast there 220
Ernulf, Prior of Canterbury, Abbot 45
Exton Church, Noel monument 221

Fawsley Church 221
——— Dower House, Hall, John Dod, Bishop Wilkins, and Martin Marprelate 222
Feoffment, Puritan, defeated by Laud 177
Finedon Church 222
Fuller, Thomas, *Preface* 213
Foliot, Bishop of London 66
Fotheringay Church and Castle, contract for building church 223
Fox, Lollard Mayor of Northampton 97

Garnet, Superior of the Jesuits 163
Geddington Church 223
——— Queen's Cross 224
Genge, first mitred abbot 88

Gildenburgh 31
Glastonbury, murder of abbot and six monks 113
Godfrey, *the courtier abbot* 85
Gunpowder treason 154
Guthlac, St., founds Croyland 11

HALES, Robert, deprived 173
Hanbury, William, and the Langton charities 231
Hatton, Lord-Keeper, his sacrilege 147
Hereward de Wake and Waltheof 42
Higham Ferrers 225
Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity 151
Hudson, Dr., his death 175
Hugh, St., translation of 71, 83

INDULGENCE, declaration of 195

JAMES I. 167
James II. 193, 198
Jews accused of clipping and coining 84
Jones, Vicar of Wellingborough, his shameful treatment... 173
John of Calais, abbot 78
——— his chronicle, *Preface* 73, 75

KATHARINE of Arragon 104
Ken, Bishop 203
King's Sutton 23, 227
Kings turned monks 37
Kirton Abbot, new building 88
Ketton Church 227

LANGHAM, Cardinal Archbishop 227
Langton, Archbishop, and Magna Charta... 73
Lathom, Nicholas, Rector of Barnwell, his charities ... 215
Laud, Archbishop 167–178
Latimer, Bishop and Martyr 135
Laund, priory dissolved 113
Law, William, his serious call 205

Layton, Richard 110
Lecturers 178
Leicester Abbey and Newarke dissolved 117
Leighton 179
Leofric and Godiva 32-53
Lindsey builds west front of Cathedral 36, 132
Litany parodied 181
Lollardy at Leicester 89
——— at Northampton 97
London cries 179
London, Richard, abbot, *the Barrator abbot* 81
Loughborough 232
Lowick, painted glass 232
Luffenham, North and South 232
Lutterworth, mural painting 233
Lyddington, Bishops Longland and Williams 234

Marsh, Bishop 209
Martin of Bec, abbot 69
Martin Marprelate 222
Mary Queen of Scots 147
Market Harborough, Robert Finch's school 234
Medeshamsted founded 5
——— destroyed by Danes... 29
——— restored 40
——— made cathedral church 123
Melton Mowbray, Archbishop Melton 234
Mercia, heathen state of 2
Middleton Cheney church 234
Montagu, Bishop, attacked by the Commons 168

Naseby 188, 235
Non-jurors 200
Northampton, great fire 235
——— Spencer, Earl of, and his sons 183

Oakham Church 229
Organs destroyed 182

Oswald, king and martyr 21, 28
Oundle Church and water-mill 235

Pall, the 56
Pastoral staff 87
Papal provisions 77
Peakirk and St. Pega 236
Penda and Peada, Mercian kings 2
Penny, Bishop of Carlisle, his monument... 231
Pole, Cardinal 134
—— Bishop of Peterborough 134, 144
Pontificate and Regale 52
Prophecyings 153
Prynne 180

Quarries, Barnack, Ketton, Colley Weston 4

Railway mission 210
Ramsey Abbey 121
Raunds Church, Cross, barn 236
Richard II. and Piers Gaveston 86
Richard Cœur de Lion at Pipewell 71
Richard of London, Abbot, *the Barrator* 81
Rockingham Castle held for the King 185
Romwald, St., his legend 23
Rothwell Church, Bone-house, Market-place 236
Rufus 44
—— at Rockingham 57
Rushden Church 236
Rushton, seat of the Treshams 224

Sampson of Bury St. Edmunds 81
Sawtrey Abbey 120
Saxon Churches 35
Saxulf, builder of Medeshamsted 4, 25
Scamler, Bishop, sacrilege 145
Seven Bishops, the 193
Shirley, Sir Robert 236

Simon de Senlis, Church of Holy Sepulchre 43
Solemn league and covenant 169
Somerset the Protector 124
Spectral hunters 48
Stanford-on-Avon 183
Staunton Harold 236
Stanwick 237
Stoke Dry 237
Symbolism of the Abbey Church 130

TAYLOR, Bishop Jeremy, ejected from Uppingham ...
Thorold, Abbot, *the unlucky* 41
Towers, Bishop, deprived 170
Travers and Cartwright, influential Puritans 151
Trelawney, Bishop of Bristol 196

UPPINGHAM... 178

WARMINGTON, Early English Church 238
Waterville, Abbot 69
Watson, Sir Lewis, holds Rockingham for the king ... 186
Weston, Favell 238
White, Bishop, non-juror 196, 201, 202, 204
Whittering, Saxon Church 239
Wiclif and Lollardy 89
Wickham, Bishop of Lincoln 148
Wilfrid, Saint... ... ... 23, 28
Williams, Bishop of Lincoln 168
Windows in cloisters 8
Wolsey 100
Woodcroft House 236
Woodford, Sacrist, abbot 80
Wolfade and Rufine, legend of 5
Wykeham, William of, Archdeacon of Northampton ... 226

WYMAN AND SONS, PRINTERS, GREAT QUEEN STREET, LONDON.

PUBLICATIONS

OF THE

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge

THE FATHERS FOR ENGLISH READERS.

A Series of Monographs on the Chief Fathers of the Church.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth boards, 2*s.* each.

Boniface. By the Rev. Canon GREGORY SMITH, M.A.

Clement of Alexandria. By the Rev. F. R. MONTGOMERY HITCHCOCK, B.D. (3*s.*)

Gregory the Great. By the late Rev. J. BARMBY, B.D.

Leo the Great. By the Rev. Canon GORE, M.A.

Saint Ambrose: his Life, Times, and Teaching. By the Ven. Archdeacon THORNTON, D.D.

Saint Athanasius: his Life and Times. By the Rev. R. WHELER BUSH. (2*s.* 6*d.*)

Saint Augustine. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D.

Saint Basil the Great. By the Rev. RICHARD T. SMITH, B.D.

Saint Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, A.D. 1091—1153. By the Rev. S. J. EALES, M.A., D.C.L. (2*s.* 6*d.*)

Saint Hilary of Poitiers, and Saint Martin of Tours. By the Rev. J. GIBSON CAZENOVE, D.D.

Saint Jerome. By the Rev. EDWARD L. CUTTS, D.D.

Saint John of Damascus. By the Rev. J. H. LUPTON, M.A.

Saint Patrick: his Life and Teaching. By the Rev. E. J. NEWELL, M.A. (2*s.* 6*d.*)

Synesius of Cyrene, Philosopher and Bishop. By ALICE GARDNER.

The Apostolic Fathers. By the Rev. Canon SCOTT-HOLLAND.

The Defenders of the Faith; or, The Christian Apologists of the Second and Third Centuries. By the Rev. F. WATSON, D.D.

The Venerable Bede. By the Right Rev. G. F. BROWNE, D.D.

NON-CHRISTIAN RELIGIOUS SYSTEMS.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth boards, 2*s.* 6*d.* each.

Buddhism: Being a Sketch of the Life and Teachings of Gautama, the Buddha. A New and Revised Edition (18th Thousand). By T. W. RHYS DAVIDS, M.A. With Map.

Buddhism in China. By the late Rev. S. BEAL. With Map.

Christianity and Buddhism: a Comparison and a Contrast. By the Rev. T. STERLING BERRY, D.D.

Confucianism and Taouism. By Professor DOUGLAS, of the British Museum. With Map.

Hinduism. By the late Sir M. MONIER WILLIAMS, M.A., D.C.L. A New and Revised Edition. With Map.

Islam and its Founder. By J. W. H. STOBART. With Map.

Islam as a Missionary Religion. By CHARLES R. HAINES. (2*s.*)

Studies of Non-Christian Religions. By ELIOT HOWARD.

The Coran: its Composition and Teaching, and the Testimony it bears to the Holy Scriptures. By Sir WILLIAM MUIR, K.C.S.I., LL.D., D.C.L., Ph.D. A New and Revised Edition.

The Religion of the Crescent; or Islam: its Strength, its Weakness, its Origin, its Influence. By the Rev. W. ST. CLAIR TISDALL. (4*s.*)

THE HEATHEN WORLD AND ST. PAUL.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth boards, 2*s.* each.

St. Paul in Damascus and Arabia. By the Rev. GEORGE RAWLINSON, M.A., Canon of Canterbury. With Map.

St. Paul at Rome. By the late Very Rev. CHARLES MERIVALE, D.D., D.C.L., Dean of Ely. With Map.

St. Paul in Asia Minor and at the Syrian Antioch. By the late Rev. E. H. PLUMPTRE, D.D. With Map.

THE HOME LIBRARY.

Crown 8vo., cloth boards, 3*s.* 6*d.* each.

Black and White. Mission Stories. By the late H. FORDE.

Charlemagne. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D. With Map.

Constantine the Great: the Union of Church and State. By the Rev. EDWARD L. CUTTS, D.D.

John Hus: the Commencement of Resistance to Papal Authority on the part of the Inferior Clergy. By the Rev. A. H. WRATISLAW.

Judæa and her Rulers, from Nebuchadnezzar to Vespasian. By M. BRAMSTON. With Map.

Mazarin. By the late GUSTAVE MASSON.

Military Religious Orders of the Middle Ages: the Hospitallers, the Templars, the Teutonic Knights, and others. By the Rev. F. C. WOODHOUSE.

Mitslav; or, the Conversion of Pomerania. By the late Right Rev. R. MILMAN, D.D.

Narcissus. A Tale of Early Christian Times. By the Right Rev. W. BOYD CARPENTER.

Richelieu. By the late GUSTAVE MASSON.

Sketches of the Women of Christendom. By the late Mrs. RUNDLE CHARLES.

The Churchman's Life of Wesley. By R. DENNY URLIN, Esq.

The Church in Roman Gaul. By the Rev. R. T. SMITH. With Map.

The Inner Life, as Revealed in the Correspondence of Celebrated Christians. Edited by the late Rev. T. ERSKINE.

The Life of the Soul in the World: its Nature, Needs, Dangers, Sorrows, Aids, and Joys. By the Rev. F. C. WOODHOUSE.

The North African Church. By the late Rev. J. LLOYD. With Map.

Thoughts and Characters: being Selections from the Writings of the late Mrs. RUNDLE CHARLES.

EARLY CHURCH CLASSICS.

Small post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s*. each.

Bishop Sarapion's Prayer Book. An Egyptian Pontifical (dated probably about A.D. 350–356). Translated from the Edition of Dr. G. WOBBERMIN, with Introduction, Notes, and Indices, by the Right Rev. JOHN WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury. (1*s*. 6*d*.)

St. Augustine's Treatise on the City of God. By the Rev. F. R. M. HITCHCOCK, M.A., B.D. (1*s*. 6*d*.)

St. Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. By the Rev. BLOMFIELD JACKSON, M.A.

The Doctrine of the Twelve Apostles. Translated into English, with Introduction and Notes, by Rev. C. BIGG, D.D.

The Epistle of St. Clement, Bishop of Rome. By the Rev. JOHN A. F. GREGG, M.A.

The Epistle of the Gallican Churches: Lugdunum and Vienna. With an Appendix containing Tertullian's Address to Martyrs, and the Passion of St. Perpetua. Translated, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. T. HERBERT BINDLEY, B.D.

The Epistles of St. Ignatius, Bishop of Antioch. By the Rev. J. H. SRAWLEY, M.A. In two volumes. (1*s*. each.)

The Liturgy of the Eighth Book of "the Apostolic Constitutions," commonly called "The Clementine Liturgy." Translated into English, with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. R. H. CRESSWELL, M.A. (1*s*. 6*d*.)

ANCIENT HISTORY FROM THE MONUMENTS.

Fcap. 8vo., cloth boards, 2*s*. each.

Assyria, from the Earliest Times to the Fall of Nineveh. By the late GEORGE SMITH, of the British Museum. New and Revised Edition by the Rev. Professor SAYCE.

Babylonia, The History of. By the late GEORGE SMITH. Edited by the Rev. Professor SAYCE.

Persia, from the Earliest Period to the Arab Conquest. By the late W. S. W. VAUX, M.A., F.R.S. A New and Revised Edition, by the Rev. Professor SAYCE.

Sinai, from the Fourth Egyptian Dynasty to the Present Day. By the late H. SPENCER PALMER. A New Edition, revised throughout by the Rev. Professor SAYCE.

DIOCESAN HISTORIES.

Bath and Wells. By the Rev. W. HUNT. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Canterbury. By the late Rev. R. C. JENKINS. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *3s. 6d.*

Carlisle. By the late RICHARD S. FERGUSON. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Chester. By the Rev. RUPERT H. MORRIS, D.D. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *3s.*

Chichester. By the Rev. W. R. W. STEPHENS. With Map and Plan of the Cathedral. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Durham. By the Rev. J. L. LOW. With Map and Plan. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Hereford. By the late Rev. Canon PHILLOTT. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *3s.*

Lichfield. By the Rev. W. BERESFORD. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Lincoln. By the late Rev. Canon E. VENABLES, and the late Ven. Archdeacon PERRY. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *4s.*

Norwich. By the Rev. A. JESSOPP, D.D. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Oxford. By the Rev. E. MARSHALL, M.A. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Peterborough. By the Rev. G. A. POOLE, M.A. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Rochester. By the Rev. A. J. PEARMAN. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *4s.*

Salisbury. By the Rev. W. H. JONES. With Map and Plan. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Sodor and Man. By A. W. MOORE, M.A. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *3s.*

St. Asaph. By the Venerable Archdeacon THOMAS. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s.*

St. David's. By the Rev. Canon BEVAN. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *2s. 6d.*

Winchester. By the Rev. Canon BENHAM, B.D. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *3s.*

Worcester. By Rev. I. GREGORY SMITH and Rev. PHIPPS ONSLOW. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *3s. 6d.*

York. By the Rev. Canon ORNSBY, M.A. With Map. Fcap. 8vo. Cloth boards. *3s. 6d.*

MISCELLANEOUS PUBLICATIONS.

"A Glad Service." By Lady HAMMICK, Author of "Hearts and Lives given to Christ." A series of Lessons for Girls. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*

Bible Places; or, the Topography of the Holy Land: a Succinct Account of all the Places, Rivers, and Mountains of the Land of Israel mentioned in the Bible, so far as they have been identified. Together with their Modern Names and Historical References. By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. New Edition. Crown 8vo. With Map and numerous Woodcuts. Cloth boards, 5*s.*

Cheerful Christianity. Having to do with the Lesser Beauties and Blemishes of the Christian Life. By L. B. WALFORD. Printed in red and black. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s.* 6*d.*

China. By Professor R. K. DOUGLAS, of the British Museum. With Map, and eight full-page Illustrations, and several Vignettes. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 5*s.*

Christians under the Crescent in Asia. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D., Author of "Turning Points of Church History," etc. With numerous Illustrations. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 5*s.*

Gospel of Suffering, The. By Mrs. COLIN G. CAMPBELL, Author of "Bible Thoughts for Daily Life." Post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s.*

Illustrated Notes on English Church History. Vol. I. From the Earliest Times to the Dawn of the Reformation. Vol. II. The Reformation and Modern Church Work. By the Rev. C. A. LANE. New and Revised Edition, with numerous Illustrations. Crown 8vo., cloth boards, each 1*s.* The two parts in one volume, 2*s.* 6*d.*

Israel, The Land of. A Journal of Travels in Palestine, undertaken with Special Reference to its Physical Character. Fourth Edition, revised. By Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth boards, 10*s.* 6*d.*

Jewish Nation, A History of the. From the Earliest Times to the Present Day. By the late E. H. PALMER. Crown 8vo. With Map and numerous Illustrations. Cloth boards, 4*s*.

Lesser Lights; or, Some of the Minor Characters of Scripture traced with a View to Instruction and Example in Daily Life. By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A. Post 8vo., cloth boards. First and Second Series, each 2*s*. 6*d*. Third Series, 2*s*.

Magic of Sympathy, The. By EMILY C. ORR. Small post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s*.

Natural History of the Bible, The: being a Review of the Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology of the Holy Land, with a Description of every Animal and Plant mentioned in Holy Scripture. By the Rev. Canon TRISTRAM, D.D., LL.D., F.R.S. Crown 8vo. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth boards, 5*s*.

Official Year-Book of the Church of England. Demy 8vo., paper boards, 3*s*.; limp cloth, 4*s*.

Our Own Book. Very plain reading for people in humble life. By the Rev. F. BOURDILLON, M.A., Author of "Bedside Readings," etc. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s*.

Parish Priests and Their People in the Middle Ages in England. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D. With numerous Illustrations. Demy 8vo., cloth boards, 7*s*. 6*d*.

Pictorial Architecture of the British Isles. By Rev. H. H. BISHOP. With 150 illustrations. Royal 4to., cloth boards, 4*s*.

Pictorial Architecture of Greece and Italy. By the Rev. H. H. BISHOP. With numerous Illustrations. Royal 4to., cloth boards, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Pictorial Geography of the British Isles. By MARY E. PALGRAVE. With numerous Illustrations. Royal 4to., cloth boards, 3*s*. 6*d*.

Plain Words for Christ. By the late Rev. R. G. DUTTON. Being a series of Readings for Working Men. Post 8vo., 1*s*.

Russia, Past and Present. Adapted from the German of Lankenau and Oelnitz. By Mrs. CHESTER. With Map and three page Woodcuts and Vignettes. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 5*s*.

Scripture Manners and Customs: being an Account of the Domestic Habits, Arts, etc., of Eastern Nations mentioned in Holy Scripture. Twenty-second Edition. Crown 8vo. With numerous Woodcuts. Cloth boards, 4*s*.

Spiritual Counsels; or, Helps and Hindrances to Holy Living. By the late Rev. R. G. DUTTON, M.A. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s*.

Thoughts for Men and Women. The Lord's Prayer. By EMILY C. ORR. Post 8vo., 1*s*.

Thoughts for Working Days. Daily Readings for a month, original and selected. By EMILY C. ORR. Post 8vo., 1*s*.

The True Vine. By the late Mrs. RUNDLE CHARLES. With border-lines in red. Post 8vo., cloth boards, 1*s*. 6*d*.

Turning Points of English Church History. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D. New and Revised Edition. Crown 8vo., cloth boards, 3*s*. 6*d*.

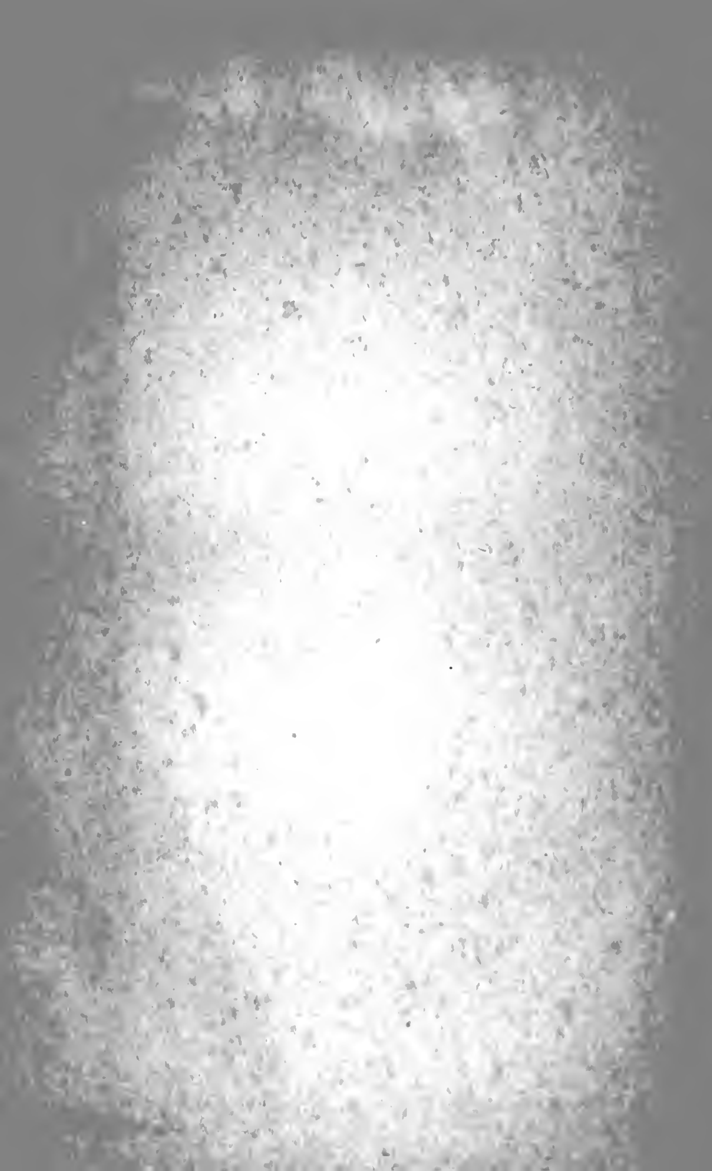
Turning Points of General Church History. By the Rev. E. L. CUTTS, D.D. Crown 8vo., cloth boards, 4*s*.

Verses. By the late CHRISTINA G. ROSSETTI. Small post 8vo., cloth boards. 3*s*. 6*d*.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE

LONDON: NORTHUMBERLAND AVENUE, W.C.

43, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.



This book is DUE on the last
date stamped below

2m-6,'52(A1855)470

DA
5107
F417

S.P.C.K.