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HIEROLOGUS;

OR,

THE CHURCH TOURISTS.

BY

THE REV. J. M. NEALE.

LONDON:

JAMES BURNS, 17, PORTMAN STREET,  
PORTMAN SQUARE.

1843.



TO THE  
REV. BENJAMIN WEBB, B.A.,  
OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE,  
THE FOLLOWING WORK,  
RECORDING, FOR THE MOST PART,  
THE INCIDENTS AND IMPRESSIONS OF CHURCH TOURS  
TAKEN IN HIS COMPANY,  
IS DEDICATED BY THE WRITER.

SI QUID  
HIC DICTUM SIT  
CONTRA  
SANCTISSIMÆ MATRIS NOSTRÆ  
ECCLESIAE ANGLICANÆ  
DOCTRINAM, CONSTITUTIONES, MORES,  
ID INDICTUM VULT  
AUCTOR.

## PREFACE.

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BEFORE the reader enters on the following pages, a few words may not be amiss by way of informing him what he must not, as well as what he may, expect to find in them.

It was my first intention to make them, so far as I might be able, a complete treatise on Ecclesiology. But, besides other reasons, such as the having contributed to the publications of the Cambridge Camden Society, and having thus rendered it difficult for myself to write again on the same subjects without repeating what has been already said in its works, the very nature of the topic induced me to alter this plan.

The readers of the Complete Angler, (whence the idea of these conversations was taken,) will allow that the least attractive part of that delightful book is the

technical description, wherein, doubtless, its author considered its chief value to exist. We read it for its incidents, and landscapes, and reflections. And, in like manner, conversation, however well adapted for discussion, or description, or anecdote, seems out of place when made the vehicle of didactic information. The reader is apt to feel that an essay should be written like an essay; and that the speaker of a treatise becomes not only unnatural, but tedious. The following work, therefore, makes not the least pretence to be considered a treatise on Ecclesiology.

Its aim is, to set forth those collateral sources whence so much beauty accrues to our ancient churches; such as situation, association, and legend: and this more particularly with regard to English buildings. At a time when a taste for syncretism or eclecticism prevails among so many who ought to know better, next to Catholicity of design, it seems important to recommend nationality of style. In the times of her past glory, no Church in Christendom could vie with our own; and the arrangements and details of her great architects should be hallowed to those who are endeavouring to tread in their steps.

It can hardly be expected, that, where so many references are given to particular churches, no mistake should have been made. The reader must also remember, that barbarisms which existed several years ago, and which are here reprobated, may have, and, I hope, in many instances have, given way to the spirit of Church restoration now beginning, though amidst much ignorance, to prevail.

The anecdotes and incidents put into the mouth of Palæophilus are such as I personally know to be true. The others, for the most part, I have only heard related, though on good authority; and for these, therefore, I cannot be so completely answerable.

In conclusion, whatever defects the following pages may have,—and the reader cannot feel more painfully than the writer how utterly unworthy they are of their glorious subject,—if they are of the slightest use in opening the eyes of any to its interest and importance, I shall be well repaid. I might indeed plead as some excuse for their faults, that they have been written in ill-health, and in a situation where I could not avail myself of a single Ecclesiological work. But I trust that they may, nevertheless, in some small degree, by aiding in the revival of a



love for the outward beauties of a church, lead the mind to dwell on the beauties of that spiritual Church which is builded as a city that is at unity in itself. \* \* \* \* \*

Six months have elapsed since the above was written ; and while in that time a knowledge of, and taste for, the æsthetics of Catholick Art, have, chiefly perhaps in consequence of the exertions of the Cambridge Camden Society, much advanced, there seems also to be a growing jealousy on the part of some of the most devoted and able champions of our Church, lest too much stress should be laid on these, to the exclusion or neglect of other and more important Church principles. They seem to fear, lest, if a man only hates puses, and abhors Pagan churches, if he is for introducing altar candlesticks and jewelled plate, if he can feel the beauty of Gregorian chants, and the wretchedness of modern church music, he should forthwith be set down for a good Churchman. They would rather discourage the present growing taste for Catholick beauty, lest, instead of being loved only so far as it sets forth Catholick truth, it should be worshipped for itself. They say, and most justly, that self-denial, mortification, obedience, humility, and other virtues

which this age more especially lacks, are of infinitely greater importance than outward comeliness and beauty; that the interior glory of the King's daughter is of more moment than her clothing of wrought gold; but they add, and in my opinion very unjustly, Let us regain the former, before we reassume the latter. We, on the other hand, however much we respect and venerate those, who are in this only thing our opponents, would rather say, Let us reassume the latter, if by any means we may regain the former.

It is granted, that in themselves those "ornaments of the Church and the ministers thereof," which it is now wished to re-introduce,—copes, tapers, jewelled plate, rood-screens, deep chancels, sedilia, and the like,—can conduce nothing to holiness, and, in so far as they do not, cannot please God. But, in their effects, they may, with His blessing, do both. Those poor, to whom the Gospel is preached, are much influenced by these outward and visible signs. Is it not of the highest importance to lead them to look on the Holy Eucharist as *the* rite to which all the other ministrations of the Church are subservient, and towards which all point? Is there anything in the manner in which that Mystery is usually celebrated which could

lead them to think so?—They see—alas! too often—the same priest who would speak the words of S. Ambrose or S. Augustine on that holy Sacrament, after revesting for the sermon, as if to give that due prominence, enter the altar-rails for the Holy Communion in the same surplice in which he performed all the inferior offices of the Church. They may be taught the Real Presence of their SAVIOUR in that ordinance: but how are they to believe it when they see the Altar itself and its furniture such as no man would presume to set before an earthly superior; when month after month they behold the miserable deal table,\* (loaded, except on Sunday, with hassocks,) the ragged linen cloth, the battered pewter vessels, and the black bottle? How is it possible to contradict words by deeds, if this be not doing so? We do not assert, that the re-introduction of copes will give a man faith or penitence, or put

\* I was lately informed, by the clergyman of a parish in the west of England, of the treatment which the altar in his church had met. A large hole had been broken through the top of the table, and, as the chalice could no longer stand on it with safety, a vestry was called to consider the propriety of providing a new table. They having refused to do so, the Rural Dean's assistance was called in. "Why, sir," he said, after examining the table, "it's a bad hole, to be sure; but *can't you putty it up?*"

him into that frame of mind in which he may be a meet receiver of the Holy Eucharist; but we do assert that it will teach him that those who order its use, and those who minister in it, consider that Mystery as something apart from—and higher than—the other offices of their Church. We do not say that a golden chalice and paten will of themselves lead any one to realise the awfulness of “verily and indeed taking and receiving” the Body and Blood of his SAVIOUR; but it will at least teach him that those who have provided them consider That Bread and That Wine as worthy of all reverence. We do not imagine that altar candlesticks can, by themselves, lead a man to keep his eyes fixed on Him That is the Light of the Gentiles, and the Glory of Israel; but they will at least set before him the Altar as a most sacred spot,—a spot not only, as the rest of the church, to be kept from profanation, but to be looked on as even more holy than the other portions of God’s Temple. We do not think that the rood-screen, by itself, will make any man feel the essentiality of an Apostolical Succession, or the benefit of Priestly Absolution; but it will at least practically teach him the difference between the clergy and the laity, when

he sees the different position of the two classes in church.

If we argue from analogy, we shall come to the same result. The stubbornness and faithlessness of the Jews in the wilderness neither excused Moses from acting out, in the fullest degree, the commands received concerning the minutiae of the tabernacle, nor indeed did it please God to make those commands less stringent, because His people utterly failed in that which could alone make ritual observances acceptable to Him,—faith and obedience. Nay, when, on account of the profanity of two of Aaron's sons, they had been consumed by the Divine vengeance, Moses was not less wroth at the omission \* of a legal observance, though the impossibility of affecting men's minds with these alone had just been, in so striking a manner, testified.

Again, may we not hope, by the display of Catholick beauty, to win some to Catholick truth? Are we not, in setting up the former, acting on the Apostolic precept, if by any means we may gain some? Surely, if the means which God employed for the conversion of so mighty an empire as Russia was the

\* Leviticus, x. 16.

impression made on its ambassadors by the splendour of High Mass in the church of Saint Sophia, may we not also hope for great effects from the display of all the beauty of holiness which our Church allows?

If it be said that, in the time immediately preceding the Reformation, our Church, while retaining far more glorious external rites than any for which we can now hope, was daily becoming more and more corrupt,—that her forms were observed as forms, while the spirit was gone,—her ceremonial looked on as a charm profitable in itself,—we answer, How much or how little truth soever there be in this statement, the difference between setting up and keeping up a form is very great. The first cannot be done without feeling the esoteric meaning of that form, and owning its importance: the second may, and too often is. Ceremonies have been turned, as the Preface to our Prayer-book speaks, “to vanity and superstition,” which nevertheless, “at the first, were of godly intent and purpose devised.” If it may be, then, we would gladly procure the advantages arising from so godly an intent and purpose, by re-establishing those ceremonies which our Church, if she does not command, allows, and re-introducing that beauty which

she recommends ; and we may be well content to leave it to future generations to provide against the danger arising from the abuse of, or formality in, such ceremonial.

It is surely well, also, to draw the most decided line possible between members of, and schismatics from, the fold. None, however poor and ignorant, who have the privilege of dwelling near a Cathedral, could for a moment confound the worship of dissenters with our own. And, even in country places, however slovenly and irreverent the style of conducting public worship may be, there is something in the very appearance of one of God's ancient temples which distinguish the devotions of the sectarian of yesterday from those of the members of the Everlasting Church. But where, to supply an overgrown population, a church has been raised, differing in nothing from a conventicle, except in being labelled *Episcopal Chapel*, and having the Altar at one (perhaps not the east) end, are not our poor manufacturers in danger of imagining that the only difference between our enemies and ourselves consists in our retaining, and their refusing, forms of prayer and the surplice? None will deny that, except we first pay a strict

attention to æsthetics, we are not likely to win any from the Roman Communion in England to our own: and, if this were the only reason for paying it, have we not more than enough? Finally, it must be remembered, that if there be no real churchmanship, *per se*, in the restoration of ancient vestments and richer ceremonial, much less is there in the rejection of them, the rather when they come recommended, because employed, by Archbishop Laud and his fellow-confessors at a time when the spirit which they symbolize was as little felt as it is now: still less is there either reason or religion in obstructing or slighting the efforts of those who, for the glory of God, and the love of His Church, are engaged in studying and teaching the æsthetics of Catholick Art.

So much I thought it not amiss to say, by way of introduction to a little work treating on this branch of Church feeling alone: both by way of apology for myself, and for others, who may be thought by some to consider this the mistress, and not the hand-maid; and of asserting the importance of the study, when viewed in the latter light. But once grant this, and the rules by which this study is guided must be minute, if they are to be useful. The minutiae, then,



on which the Cambridge Camden Society, and those who think with it, insist, will, if thus regarded, so far from being thought puerile, be considered essential to the production of that beauty, which it is the characteristic of the Catholick Church alone, among her sectarian rivals, to possess.

GODALMING,

*August 8, 1843.*

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As the route taken by our Ecclesiologists is not very clearly expressed, one or two words may not be amiss by way of explaining the manner in which the churches introduced follow each other.

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DESCRIBED OR NOTICED.

*Those in italics have not been personally visited by the writer.*

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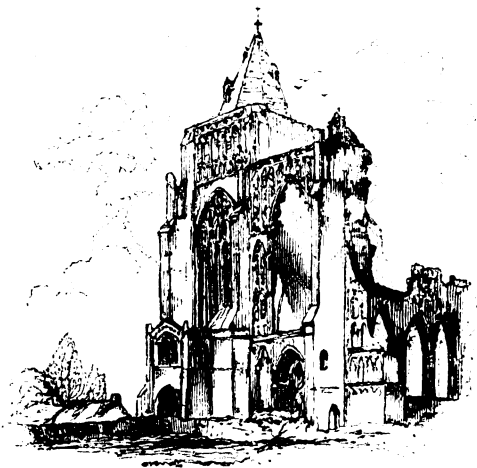
## CHAPTER I.

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Introduction.—Study of Ecclesiology.—Its Advantages.—Love of the Beautiful.—Feeling for the Poor.—Association with the Memorials of Death.—Its proposed End.—Story of the Spanish Hermit.—Gothick Fanciers. — Their irreverence. — Verger of Ripon Cathedral.—Calamy's Description of Glasgow Cathedral.—Profanity allowed in S. Alban's Abbey.—Storer's Views.—Reason why the finest Churches occur in Marshy Districts.—Croyland.—The spirit of Puritanism.—Fearfulness of the Anathema on Church Violators.—God's Judgments on them.—Breadsall Priory.—Cornelius Burgess.—Feeling with respect to the Dissolution of Monasteries.—Bancroft.—Sheldon.—Warton's Elegy.—National Prosperity no proof of National Piety.—Restoration of Monasteries and Hospitals.—Saying of S. Philip Neri.—White Kennet.—Necessity of subjecting Religious Houses to Episcopal control.—Decay of Hospitality.

**“ Ibam forte VIA SACRA, sicut meus est mos.”—HOR.**



CROYLAND ABBEY.

## CHAPTER I.

THE SCENE IS NEAR CROYLAND IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

*Catholicus.*—NEVER, surely, were Ecclesiologists more favoured in their weather with bright sun and cool gale than we have been.

*Palæophilus.*—And never, I think, did any pass over a more desolate tract of country. But a sky so blue, and so fresh a breeze, might abundantly make up for a scene,—were it possible,—more dismal than

this. Well; the church visitor, with his knapsack on his back, his sketch-book, and note-book, and foot-rule, and measuring-tape in his pocket, his good oak stick in his hand, with fair weather, and a fine tract of churches before him, is the happiest, and I was going to add, only it would be a contradiction in terms, the freest of human beings.

*Cath.*—Assuredly, it is a glorious study. So it would be, if it only made us conversant with works of art so exquisite, and accustomed our eyes to details so beautiful and so highly wrought; but when we add the sanctity of feeling that attaches itself to our pursuit, and the practical influence which it possesses on the worship of God in this land, one wonders that any can look on it as uninteresting, or refuse to give up themselves to it with all their ardour.

*Pal.*—It was a feeling, I imagine, of the same kind that animated the pilgrims of old, and that possesses us now. We, of all people, should have hearts to admire and tongues to commend all that is great and good and beautiful in Catholick times; for we cannot visit the smallest country church but something of it meets us: we, of all people, should be humble; for the most neglected building reared by Catholick hands, by its measureless superiority over the most boasted productions of modern art, must make us so: we, of all people, ought to be alive to the nothingness of all worldly distinctions, and the curse of all worldly

wealth, unless the one and the other be devoted to God for the service of His Holy Church: and we, of all people, should have a fellow-feeling with the poor, frequenting, as we do, those houses where they and the rich meet together as equals.

*Cath.*—You might also add, that from our being thrown in so much with them. We may be out for weeks, and (except now and then with the clergyman of the parish) converse with none but them; and so much kindliness of feeling and gratitude, in counties at least which are not cursed with manufactures, you would hardly find in any other situations of life. The glorious temples in which we almost live were built that to the poor the Gospel might be preached: CHRIST'S poor had more share in them than any other: their comfort was as much consulted in the rising structure as baron's or knight's, and consulted, too, without that ostentation which makes us inscribe on our gallery fronts, in modern chapels, a legend, in gilt letters, declaring so many seats "free and unappropriated for ever."

*Pal.*—Another great benefit we ought to derive from our favourite pursuit is our constant association with memorials and remembrancers of death. The high tomb, the coped coffin, the brass, the cross, the effigy, the chantry chapel, speak to us of it: but they also speak to us of that which can live beyond it, of faith, and charity, and good works: they tell us

that we are of yesterday and our work of nought ; but they tell us, also, that the Church Catholick is everlasting : and the memorials of the dead, turned to the benefit of the living, cannot but bring before us, in the clearest light, the communion of departed with living saints.

*Cath.*—After all, the great charm in the acquisition of this kind of knowledge is the remembrance of the high and holy use to which it will be dedicated : namely, the attempt to help forward the present great revival of Church principles. And, depend upon it, that our favourite pursuit has, and will increasingly have, a far higher effect in that renovation than would be generally allowed, — even, perhaps, than we ourselves think.

*Pal.*—A story which I was lately hearing struck me much as bearing on this point. It is, I believe, sufficiently well authenticated. In the time of Henry VIII., but previously to the dissolution of religious houses, a certain hermit, who led a life of great holiness in Spain, was favoured with a vision : and he beheld a gallant ship, with her canvass full spread and swelling beneath a propitious gale, cutting her way proudly through a sunny sea ; and this, he was told, represented the English Church. Suddenly, without apparent cause, the vessel began to sink ; the waters rose over it higher and higher, till nothing remained in sight but the pennon of the main-mast.

Long time he watched the scene, and still this little flag rode above the water, often all but swallowed up, never quite overwhelmed. Gradually the sea yielded up its prey: the good ship rose again, and rode over the billows with all its former majesty. So, he was informed, should it be with the Church of England: it should lose for a time its glory, and seem all but destroyed from off the face of the earth; but in the end should resume the fulness of its ancient splendour. "And when," he eagerly inquired, "shall this be?" And the reply was, "When the Faith shall be lost in Spain." Now, it is certainly a singular fact, that at this time, when a most unprecedented Church movement is pervading every corner of our country, the Faith is being lost in Spain: her monasteries have been dissolved, her Church insulted, and many of her inhabitants are falling into infidelity. But why I mention this story is for the sake of allegorizing it still further. When the noble ship rose again from the deep, her tackling and the lighter parts of her shrouds first appeared; and so, I believe, that when our Church shall arise, her greater efforts will be preceded by a close attention to the more minute and seemingly unimportant directions of Rubricks and Canons.

*Cath.*—It is, at all events, an allowable and ingenious derivation of what I believe to be truth. Fully do I agree with you in the importance which you attach to Ecclesiology; though others might, perhaps, smile,



and compare our enthusiasm with that of good old Guillim, who, after a survey of the glories of heraldry, breaks out passionately, "O LORD, how manifold are Thy works: in wisdom hast Thou made them all!"

*Pal.*—Or they might charge us with the same *esprit du corps*, which made another herald, having occasion at the end of his work to mention the Kingdom of Heaven, conclude thus: "in which blessed place GOD grant I may be a pursuivant-at-arms." Well; they are pious sentiments, though assuredly a little misapplied.

*Cath.*—It amuses me to think how views like ours would be ridiculed by the greater part of amateur church sketchers, and Gothick architecture connoisseurs! I have seen such an one, with his hat on, copying some detail in a cathedral with much the same spirit as (and, probably, with no more appreciation of its beauty) he took his last view for the work he is illustrating—the new viaduct on the neighbouring railway. Oh, preserve me from such people! I cannot bear their slang about grotesque ornaments, Gothick side-aisles, Saxon doorways, and the rest. And yet they are less hateful than the parties of pleasure one finds on a pic-nic expedition to some abbey. I have seen such a set dining in the choir of Byland Abbey, the altar-stone serving for their table, and the grey old walls ringing again with their reckless merri-

ment. Loud laughter in a desecrated priory always sounds to me like the mirth of a maniac.

*Pal.*—Our abbey churches—shame rest on the graves of the monsters who destroyed them!—have now no guardians to preserve them from dishonour; but who can reprobate the apathy and remissness of vergers in too strong terms, who not only allow, but even encourage, the grossest acts of irreverence? Who has not heard such an one say, “Better put on your hat, sir, the cathedral is very cold?” Who has not heard them ring the money paid for some trashy guide-book on the cold tomb of some knightly benefactor? Who has not heard them retail some low joke or scurrilous jest to the low-minded party that they were conducting, who rewarded it with a laugh?

*Cath.*—And who has not heard the infamous falsehoods which they are allowed to tell? Eudoxus, the great restorer of Catholick art in this country, was no long time ago visiting Ripon Cathedral. The verger, after pointing out (in his way) the other curiosities of the building, showed the party a curious and very narrow passage, or rather slit, in the crypt below the nave. “This,” he said, “was the place, gentlemen, where the monks used, in old times, to drag down hereticks, and murder them.” Eudoxus could no longer contain himself: he charged the man on the spot with a base calumny; and after pointing out to the company the madness of choosing so publick a spot for such

a deed, and the impossibility that the cries of the sufferers could be hindered from reaching the ears of the worshippers above, mentioned the real purpose of the arrangement in question. It was called *S. Agnes's Needle*, and was designed to answer as a kind of ordeal, when any of the nuns was suspected of having broken her vow ; it being believed that in this case she would not be able to pass the aperture. But imagine the state of that mind which could first have invented the calumny ! and imagine an officer of the cathedral retailing it in the midst of the magnificent testimony it affords to the piety of its founders ! and think of the incredible meanness of propagating it against such men, and that when the voice, with which they might have rebutted the calumny, has been for centuries hushed in the grave !

*Pal.*—Meanness indeed ! But the case is the same everywhere. When I was in Worcester Cathedral, I was examining the effigy of a knight, which has by some means become detached from the high tomb on which it lies. The verger, by pressing on one of the legs, made the body seem to start up, and then looked round with a rude laugh to see whether I should betray any symptom of alarm. I had fortunately been prepared for the miserable trick, and therefore expressed nothing but disgust.

*Cath.*—Why, truly, it is by tricks like these that the holyday-making artizans and shopkeepers of pro-

vincial towns are entertained during a visit to a cathedral. What is all its grandeur to them? when the most learned of them could give no better account of it at the termination of their researches, than that given of Glasgow Cathedral by Calamy—"a large church of the Gothick sort." At S. Alban's, the immense length of the nave affords another kind of game. A visitor is blinded at the west end, and requested to find his way to the choir-door, which is, of course, nearly impossible; and you may sometimes see three or four persons at once playing at this profane species of blind man's buff, staggering about the nave and aisles, and affording the highest amusement to the spectators. Truly, a scene like this is almost enough to call from his quiet grave the last Abbat of S. Alban's, who died of grief that Queen Mary's death should put a stop to her promised restoration of that noble house.

*Pal.*—And what is a more disgraceful exhibition than that of the wax dolls displayed for a small additional sum in Westminster Abbey? Childish enough anywhere; unspeakably disgusting in such a place!

*Cath.*—One of the earliest books devoted, in a popular way, to the illustration of our cathedrals,—I mean Storer's,—surpasses, I think, in its calumnious assertions, and unblushing falsehoods, any Puritan writer with whom I am acquainted. For instance,

the author speaks of *the ultimate disgrace of canonization*, and, in mentioning the Blessed Virgin, remarks that *the wife of Joseph was called Regina Cœli, and that the clergy had vowed and sworn eternal antipathy to all living women, in order to husband the fervour of their devotion to a dead one.*

*Pal.*—Horrible profanity! Bad as the present age is with respect to church reverence, there is certainly an improvement on the last. As to the whole race of vergers, speedy means should be taken to amend them, or, if that be found impossible, to abolish them. The contrast between their behaviour and the conduct of similar officers in countries exclusively Catholick is indeed very great. I shall never forget, when at Caudebec on the Seine, where is the most elaborately sculptured font-cover I ever saw, the reverence with which a sub-deacon, I believe, of that church descanted on its beauties, and pointed out the various subjects represented upon it. To have such a guide is a perfect treat.

*Cath.*—There is something, after all, very fine in such a dreary waste as this around us: with its dark sullen pools, bleak dykes, barren patches, stone heaps, and uncultivated acres of swamp. It is a singular fact, that the finest churches are to found in countries like this.

*Pal.*—Yes: as a general rule, the finer the country, the poorer the churches. Lincolnshire, and North-

amptonshire, and Norfolk, and Cambridgeshire, which in their ecclesiastical features are the most interesting, in their natural character are least so. And, on the other hand, poorer churches can nowhere be found than those in Cumberland, and Westmoreland, and North Wales.

*Cath.*—There are, however, exceptions. Somersetshire contains as many fine churches as any county, except the two you named first: and what lovely scenery abounds in it! Devonshire, again, and Kent are striking instances against the rule.

*Pal.*—The reason that marshy tracts generally produce the finest churches may, I think, thus be accounted for. The regular clergy were the great promoters of ecclesiastical building; and they, in early times, would naturally make choice of spots such as Croyland, whether for the sake of greater retirement, or of security from the attacks of marauders. From the mother church which they planted in the place of their sojourn, daughter churches naturally sprang up around them; and those were days when the adorning of churches was a passion and a luxury. But how such beautiful stone could have been imported, both on account of the enormous expense, and the physical difficulty of the labour, is a hard problem to be solved. There were certainly facilities of water-carriage; and I remember that no long time ago, in one of the Cambridgeshire fens, a vessel was excavated, laden

with building-stone, which had evidently sunk in a then navigable watercourse, while conveying materials to some rising church.

*Cath.*—And we may account for the poverty of churches in mountainous or hilly districts (and none but such can be beautiful), partly by the poverty of the lands, and therefore of the landed proprietors, and among them of the religious houses; and partly by the impossibility or great difficulty of the carriage of such stone as is best fitted for building. In Cumberland, for example, even where all the beauties of art have been lavished on a church, the material is still the red sandstone of the country. Look at Carlisle Cathedral: and still more striking are the instances of Calder and Furness Abbey churches; in which latter cases the jambs, and shafts, and capitals are all of this same material.

*Pal.*—Yet when the Abbey of Croyland was in its glory, the appearance of the country around it must have been very different from that which it now presents. No doubt the land, which at present looks as if it could never produce a crop, was then in a high state of cultivation, and the concourse of pilgrims flocking to visit the shrine of S. Guthlack the abbat, must have been the source of very great profit to the town. At present, it looks as if it could not boast of any superabundance of wealth.

*Cath.*—The richness of the soil, in many of the fen

districts, while the land belonged to the religious houses, is a very curious subject. Doubtless, the contrast between the produce of that time and this may partly be explained on natural principles. When we remember the immense wealth possessed by an abbey such as that of Ely, the skill which the monks possessed in all agricultural sciences, and therefore, among the rest, in that of draining, and the leisure which they were at liberty to bestow upon it, we cannot wonder at the higher state of cultivation to which their lands were brought, than can now be the case, when they are parcelled out amongst a number of small landed proprietors, with little publick spirit, and no common interests. But then, again, we know from Matthew Paris that there were at that time vineyards in the isle of Ely; and I have often thought, while passing through it, and gazing on "the miry places thereof, and the marishes thereof, which cannot be healed," that natural causes will not altogether account for the change. We all know where it is written, "A fruitful land maketh He barrenness, for the wickedness of them that dwell therein," and we all know the wickedness of the reign of Henry VIII.

*Pal.*—We seem to be entering the town: what a wretched collection of houses does it present! Surely, surely, there is a blight on all these abbey towns, and that from no natural cause!



*Cath.*—That must be the celebrated triangular bridge, a proof of the ingenuity of its former lords. We had better inquire our way to the church: time has been that the lofty tower, and pealing bells, or at least the way-side cross, and admirably kept road thither, would have spared us the trouble.

*Pal.*—I will go and ask . . . . . It lies at no great distance; and here is the way.

*Cath.*—And so this is all that remains of the once Mitred Abbey of Our Lady and S. Guthlack! And so it was to this spot that cavalcades of pilgrims came up, and paid their devotions at that splendid shrine, glittering magnificently with rubies and sapphires, and pearls of the East, set in their fretwork of pure gold: where the unquenched lamps hung, carved in the same precious metal, and fragrant with the costliest oils; where, day by day, the commemorative sacrifice was offered up—day by day, at sunrise, *TE DEUM* was sung—day by day, prayers arose for all sorts and conditions of men in Holy Church—day by day, remembrance was made of the departed faithful—day by day, alms and ghostly consolations were dispensed to the widow, the fatherless, and him that had no helper. And now the altar and its gorgeous screens are passed, as a fretwork of rubied clouds fades away at nightfall—the shrine has been parted among the rapacious destroyers—the holy dust it contained scattered to the winds—the daily sacrifice

taken away—the glorious church a dangerous ruin, except that portion which the niggardliness of the inhabitants is legally compelled to keep up—the nave, whence the solemn procession swept forth, tenanted by nettles and reptiles—and the choir, scarcely to be traced by the green mound which marks the boundary-foundations.

*Pal.*—I have often thought how admirably that description of the prophet, THE ABOMINATION THAT MAKETH DESOLATE, (which the fanatics of Exeter-hall apply, I believe, to the Roman Church,) describes the feelings and the actings of Puritanism. Desolation there is indeed in all of them—man is isolated by them, cut off from communion with bygone ages, forbidden to believe in his fellowship with departed saints, scoffed at for shewing care for future generations by providing enduring shrines for their worship—his warmest feelings, his brightest hopes, his highest affections, are all made desolate.

*Cath.*—What a magnificent West front must this have been, with its elaborate niches, living imagery, and saintly figures! equal in its way to that of Wells. And yet it is but little that one can judge of its effect, when only the North aisle and the shell of the Western façade of the nave is left standing. And that cannot, I fear, be long proof against the weather, and the surer progress of decay. Indeed, I hear that there are those now living who can remember

large portions of the South aisle, of which we cannot discover even a vestige.

*Pal.*—Pity it is that the noble proprietor of the manor does not think it worth while to preserve, as a matter of art, the West front! And, as a work of religion, how glorious would be the re-edification of the whole pile!

*Cath.*—Let us sit down on this low wall, while I endeavour to make a sketch of the whole building. Other carpet we need none, than this luxuriant cushion of moss. It is strange to find Churchmen arguing, as some argue, and to all appearance conscientiously, against the expense attending such a project as you have just mentioned: because we are in need of so many fresh churches, and cannot afford to lay out the money upon one. Every one knows that our ancestors did from their poverty, what we cannot or will not do from our wealth: but I have not seen the argument put in this way; we, perhaps, are not called on imperatively to build more than five or six thousand churches, in order to give the Church a very fair hold upon the people; our ancestors did build fifteen thousand! And this is a very sufficient answer to the objection we commonly hear urged against the unflinching principles of the Cambridge Camden Society, namely, that our ancestors, could they awake now, and see the spiritual destitution around them, much as they might hate

galleries, they would allow them; much as they might love full deep chancels, they would curtail them. A weaker idea was never started.

*Pal.*—Is it not a sad and a fearful thought, that with all the exertions of late years in the way of church-building, we do not yet possess the number, or near it, which existed at the Reformation, and certainly not half the number of priests?

*Cath.*—The strangest thing to my mind is, that the most hardened sinners at that time should have dared to lend a hand in the demolition of the religious houses. We, at this distance of time, forget the solemn manner in which they had been dedicated, and the horrible execrations pronounced against their violators. But then the scene must have been fresh to every man's eye and mind; and we know for a fact, that some, in consequence, would not have aught to do with the iniquitous business. Imagine an abbey church, newly dedicated—rood-screen, tapestry, stall, frescoed vault, gilt capital and pier in their first lustre—thousands of worshippers thronging the nave—a mighty band of priests, in copes and chasubles blazing with gold and gems, occupying the choir—bishops and abbats at the altar—deacons with the sacred banners, the silver staves, or crozier, clustering behind them. The deed of presentation “to God and the Church, in honour of blessed N., Martyr,” is laid on the altar—the air is thick with the per-

fume of incense—the sunbeams, rich with the lustre of the stained glass, fall softly upon it—the officiating bishop has raised his jewelled hand, and gives the benediction. But yet the crowd disperse not, for there is one more solemn rite. A sub-deacon comes forth, bearing a ponderous and mighty volume, knobbed with silver, and clasped with gold, and worked, on its purple velvet sides, with threads of pearls. He opens its fair vellum pages, illuminated in quaint and gorgeous initials, with flower wreaths and clusters of gold curling down the giant pages: he holds it in a slanting position before the bishop, that he may read therefrom. The bishop comes forward, and proceeds to denounce the punishment of those who shall sacrilegiously violate the newly erected temple: “Cursed;” he exclaims, “shall he be in the city, and cursed shall he be in the field; cursed in his basket and his store; cursed in the fruit of his body, and the fruit of his land; cursed in his going out and in his coming in!” And a thousand priestly voices, and a countless multitude of lay worshippers join in the solemn AMEN!

“When sentence is given upon him, let him be condemned; and let his prayer be turned into sin!”—  
“Amen!”

“Let his days be few: and let another take his office!”—“Amen!”

“ Let his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow ! ” — “ Amen ! ”

“ Let his posterity be destroyed ; and in the next generation let his name be clean put out ! ” — “ Amen ! ”

“ Let the wickedness of his fathers be had in remembrance ; and let not the sin of his mother be done away ! ” — “ Amen ! ”

“ Let him be blotted out of the book of the living ; and not be written among the righteous ! ” — “ Amen ! ”

“ His delight is in cursing. ” — “ And it shall happen unto him. ”

“ He loved not blessing. ” — “ Therefore shall it be far from him. ”

*Pal.*—And fearfully have those curses been fulfilled : how fearfully let Sir Henry Spelman tell in his “ History of Sacrilege. ” Nor has the curse lost its force since his time. Almost in the case of every abbey, or even petty cell, you may trace this. I was looking, the other day, at a notice of Breadsall Priory, in Derbyshire, a house of Austin monks, and valued, at its dissolution, at only 10*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* It struck me as a fearful instance of God’s judgments against church-spoilers, and I made a note of its possessors. It was granted, in 1553, by Edward VI., to Henry Duke of Suffolk ; *he was beheaded for high treason* : in the same year, 1553, he conveyed it to (2) Sir Thomas Babington ; the family was then celebrated, and of old county influence ; *it is now extinct* : in

1557, it passed to the (3) Hutchinsons: in 1571 (4) to the Leakes; *the family is extinct*: from them to (5) Sir John Bentley, *who died without heirs male*: from him to (6) Sir G. Cutler, *who died without heirs male*: from him to (7) Sir E. Moseley, whose son *died without heirs male*: from him to (8) Sir E. Moseley, of Hulme, *who died without heirs male*: from him to (9) Sir John Bland, whose son, in 1702, sold it to (10) Mr. Seacroft; who, in 1703, sold it to (11) Mr. Greensmith; from whose family, in 1788, it passed to (12) the Beards; who sold it, in 1799, to (13) E. Darwin, Esq., *who died almost immediately*, and left it to his father, the celebrated Dr. Darwin, who died there in 1803. Think of this rapid succession of families; thirteen in two hundred and fifty years: and notice the constant failure of heirs male; and then remember the curses—"O, my God, let them be as a wheel, and as the stubble before the wind!" and again—"In the next generation let his name be clean put out."

*Cath.*—And it is surprising how witness is sometimes unconsciously borne to this truth by those who, if they knew what they were doing, would rather be silent. Calamy, in his Abridgement, says, I remember, of Cornelius Burgess, that he laid out all he had in bishops' lands, and wrote a book called "*No Sacrilege or Sin to purchase the Lands of Bishops and Chapters*:"—and then adds, with the most per-

fect unconsciousness, that, at the latter part of his life, he was reduced to straits. How the curse has eaten into our best families since the Reformation! Till that time, three or four hundred years often saw the same possessors of a manor: now, how seldom is it that there is not a change in the course of a century! for few there are who are not more or less implicated in the great crying sin of sacrilege, since, as we must never forget, all lay rectors are deep in this guilt. Of the families enriched by abbey spoils at the Reformation, *one* only—so far as I can remember—makes any figure at the present day: and that family has met with a series of strange and unnatural judgements, from generation to generation. Further, I believe it will be found, that even the tenants of religious houses seldom prosper. A singular fatality attends them: by sicknesses, floods, fires, robberies, or death, the curse makes itself known. It is like the avenging Fury of Greek tragedy—never resting, never slumbering, thirsting like a wild beast for the blood of its victim; hunting him, like a blood-hound, from city to city, from island to island, from continent to continent; tracking him in the marketplace and in the desert, in the temple and in the council, and either worrying him out with pursuit, or hunting him down to his perdition. Truly we might apply the Chorus on “the dark and accomplished curse” of *Œdipus*, in the *Seven* against



Thebes, to such a fate; or rather the pursuit of Orestes by his mother's Fury in the Eumenides is a noble type of it.

*Pal.*—There is nothing which more distinctly proves the progress made amongst us by Church principles, than the difference of the tone now prevailing amongst us with respect to the destruction of our religious houses, and that in which it has generally been spoken of from the Reformation downwards. You remember the notable argument wherewith Bancroft, in his famous sermon at Paul's Cross, endeavoured to persuade the nobility against the Scotch discipline; namely, that its introduction might involve the restoration of abbey lands, inasmuch as its supporters were for acting on the principle, *Once the Church's, always the Church's!*

*Cath.*—I had not remembered that particular argument. But Bancroft is no great favourite of mine. His principles, so far as they went, were good; and he has the merit of being, among our post-Reformation divines, the first who boldly put forth the doctrine of the necessity of an Apostolic succession to form a Church. But one gains some insight into his character from the report his friends, at the Hampton Court Conference, gave out of him: that, whereas King James seemed to excel himself, and the Puritans to fall below themselves, his lordship, *when not transported with passion*, was equal to him-

self. No very high praise, methinks, for a Christian bishop.

*Pal.*—With the exception of Spelman's glorious work, *De non temerandis Ecclesiis*, with his son's still more interesting preface, his *History of Sacrilege*, King Charles's famous vow of restoring to the Church the abbey lands he held, in case God should give him victory, Herbert Thorndike's works, and, perhaps, a few writings of the Nonjurors, I scarcely remember a protest against the guilt of the nation arising from the Dissolution.

*Cath.*—Unless you except Archbishop Sheldon's publication of that vow, which could only be meant as a hint to King Charles the Second that he was bound to fulfil his father's promise.

*Pal.*—There can hardly be a more lamentable proof of the state of Church principles in the seventeenth century than Warton's *Elegy*, written in the ruins of Vale-Royal Abbey. Warton was, undoubtedly, a man of some taste and of some feeling; and yet, after a beautiful description of the then state of the ruins, and of the learning and piety of their former tenants, could find no better conclusion than an apology for lamenting the overthrow of the foundation.

“ But much we pardon to the ingenuous Muse ;  
Her fairy shapes are touched by Fancy's pen :  
Severer Reason forms far other views,  
And scans the scene with philosophic ken.

From these deserted domes new glories rise ;  
 More useful institutes, adorning man :  
 Manners enlarged, and new civilities,  
 On fresh foundations build the social plan."

*Cath.*—That will do. The poetry is equal to the sense ; and the "social plan," on the "fresh foundations" of Robert Owen, has proved a failure, even in a pecuniary point of view, as a speculation to its deviser.

*Pal.*—A very favourite argument employed to prove the destruction of monasteries an advantage to the country is the amazing commercial prosperity which England has since enjoyed. It is a common saying with many persons, that national wealth proves national goodness, and *vice versâ* ; because, since nations cannot, *as* nations, be rewarded or punished in a future state, they must, it is asserted, be so in this. And they appeal to the Scriptures for a confirmation of this idea.

*Cath.*—Of course, in the Jewish state, it was so : but that, as a theocracy, can be no guide to us. They have, I allow, an argument in their favour from the 144th Psalm, as it is in our version : but let us rather take the older translations, such as the Vulgate ; where the Psalmist, having spoken of those "whose mouth speaketh of vanity, and their right-hand is a right-hand of iniquity," proceeds, "whose sons are like the young plants ; whose daughters are like the

polished corners of the temple; whose sheep bring forth thousands and ten thousands in their streets; where there is no leading into captivity, and no complaining in their streets. Happy is the people that is in such a case: yea, rather, happy is the people that have the LORD for their God." And S. Chrysostom, in his first homily on the Statues, cites this very passage, amongst others, to prove that prosperity is not a mark of the Divine favour.

*Pal.*—I have sometimes amused myself with imagining the effect which would be produced, could the old religious houses, their revenues, edifices, and inhabitants start up at once into full vigour and activity.

*Cath.*—Imagine, for example, the impulse which would be given to the Church principle in a place like Leeds, if Kirkstall, at a distance of less than two miles, were suddenly restored! The continual services, the active exertions of the religious in the haunts of vice and misery, the alms-giving, the attendance on diseases, as well spiritual as corporeal,—to what happy effects might they not lead!

*Pal.*—You have chosen a happy instance for producing immediate effect. But there is no doubt that the manufacturing districts would be the first to profit from so glorious a revival. Cells would be planted from the larger houses in the immediate neighbourhood of such towns as Birmingham, Liverpool, Roch-

dale, Manchester, and Bradford: and such counties as Cornwall, where, for one *church town*, there are five or six hamlets without a church, would derive immediate benefit. The system must be a little altered: the Church would adapt herself, as She has ever done, to the existing wants of the country; the ceremonial in the larger houses would be less splendid at first; the attendance of priests less numerous; for even the immense resources of S. Alban's, or S. Edmundsbury, or Reading, or Westminster, or Glastonbury, would be unequal at first to the providing new churches, or sending forth those whom one might almost call missionaries, in sufficient numbers.

*Cath.*—The hospitals too, and free chapels, destroyed at the Reformation, would be of inestimable value. Well; though these things cannot be restored, there can be no doubt that the monastic system will, sooner or later,—but I think very soon,—find its way into the English Church. Difficulties there will be at first: imagine the horrible outcry which will be raised from John o'Groat's House to Land's-end against it! But was it not S. Philip Neri who, when asked to join in any scheme, was wont to ask, "Is it much opposed?" And, if answered in the negative, then he would reply, "I can have nothing to do with it, for it cannot be good." There would also be much discussion as to

the nature of the vows, and the community of property, and much difficulty as to services. But these things will soon right themselves: and of this you may be sure; as soon as ever one such monastery is set on foot, multitudes will follow it in all parts of the kingdom. One radical alteration must take place, whenever such an event happens: I mean, the subjection of the whole to the bishop as visitor, not with delegated authority, but in his own right; and that without appeal. The *imperium in imperio* of some of the mitred abbeys was hardly to be borne; and it was one great occasion of the overthrow of the system. The bishops most ungenerously and wickedly, and, as the event proved, most madly for themselves, would not step forward to help their rivals; and they did but evince true human nature thereby. Whereas, had these, instead of being equals and rivals, been inferiors and bulwarks, Henry VIII. would hardly have been able to proceed in defiance of the whole Church; or, if he had, upon the death of that monster, things would perhaps have returned to their old course.

*Pal.*—Bishop White Kennet—no friend, I grant, to monastic institutions—has yet some very just remarks on this subject; and the inconvenience—to call it by no harsher term—is soon manifest of the bishop's visiting as legate of the Apostolic see.

*Cath.*—Romanists themselves are willing to allow

that this was a fatal mistake. Their present monastic institutions in this country are under the strict superintendence of the bishop.

*Pal.*—All the history of that grievous event shews how much more quickly men can discover their temporal than their spiritual needs. The parliament soon enough found out their mistake in expecting political benefits from the spoils of the Church, and complained bitterly of the decay of hospitality: another kind of decay their wisdom has not been yet able to discover.

*Cath.*—There were grounds enough, however, for that complaint. The state of England immediately after the Dissolution must have been almost as fearful as that of Spain now. There were no inns, for the religious houses had given a free welcome to all comers; roads were out of repair, for the religious houses had kept them up; robbers abounded, for the religious houses had fed many poor, now thrown out of employment. It might well be said, taking also the depressed state of agriculture, which we discussed just now, into consideration, “The highways lie waste, the wayfaring man ceaseth: he hath broken the covenant: . . . he regardeth no man. The earth mourneth and languisheth.”

*Pal.*—I see you have finished your sketch, and an admirable one it is. Had we not better be pro-

ceeding? The sun is getting low over the Northamptonshire hills.

*Cath.*—I am quite at your service. How dreary the moors to the east are looking! One cannot wonder at the legend of the foul spirits whom S. Guthlac expelled from the site of his new monastery. They might well love such a spot. And now, then, for Peterborough!





## CHAPTER II.

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These high wild hills, and rough uneven ways,  
Draw out our miles and make them wearisome ;  
And yet your fair discourse hath been as sugar,  
Making the hard way sweet and delectable.

K. RICH. II.



LINCOLN CATHEDRAL.

## CHAPTER II.

### BARNACK CHURCH.

*Palæophilus.*—AND so you have not been disappointed in the cathedral we have just left?

*Catholicus.*—Disappointed! I know not when I have had my mind more deeply impressed with a sense of the eternity of that Church for whose service it was reared. One may well imagine the words—"This shall be My rest for ever!"—said of such a building.

*Pal.*—I cannot imagine a more stupendous idea for a west front than those three lancet arches. Pity it is that the southern spire is not completed.

*Cath.*—There was perhaps, however, much truth in the late Dean's remark, that the builders knew perfectly well what they were about when they left it unfinished. And therefore, in the restoration, he would not allow it to be touched.

*Pal.*—Whether the effect would not have been grander, had those lancets been equal in breadth, as they are in height, I am not prepared to say. And certainly the inserted perpendicular chapel, however beautiful in itself, is sadly detrimental to the effect as a whole.

*Cath.*—But some prop was wanted, and a more elegant one could hardly have been devised. Rickman does not seem to have known this.

*Pal.*—The inhabitants boast themselves on the finest west front in England; and I am inclined to think they are right. Let us see what could compare with it. There is York.

*Cath.*—Ay: but York, as a whole, is spoilt by the great prominence of those magnificent buttresses. I remember once taking a friend there, who had never previously seen it; and, after gazing at it a few minutes with admiration, he exclaimed, "What magnificent buttresses!" Now, that is not the idea which would be suggested by a perfect whole.

*Pal.*—Well, Lincoln.

*Cath.*—Lincoln is frittered away by the multiplex arcading of the west front ; and there is a want of proportion between the three entrances.

*Pal.*—Salisbury is perhaps chargeable with the same fault. Durham has no west front. Canterbury has a fine façade ; but there is a little want of unity of ideas, the besetting sin of perpendicular work, in it.

*Cath.*—Wells is above all praise. But its unity and simplicity do not equal the one we have just left. Beverly, too, is most admirable, but with the faults of York. Poor Hereford's west front must be numbered with the things gone by ; and Worcester has that capital fault—no west door. Exeter and Lichfield have façades, which, as wholes, are second-rate : though the screen in the one, and the door in the other, are eminently beautiful.

*Pal.*—It strikes me that Tewkesbury is not altogether dissimilar from Peterborough. It has one lofty circular-headed arch ; and, though the effect is much lost by a perpendicular insertion, the idea is very fine.

*Cath.*—What miserable taste they appear to me to shew, who venture to name, in this respect (or indeed in any other), the French cathedrals as equal to ours ! Most of the rich flamboyant work, so much admired, is, when you come to examine it, mere tinsel, or ——

*Pal.*—A string of epithets without a substantive.

*Cath.*—Very true. I do hope our architects, among their other foreign freaks, will not import any flamboyant : in their hands it will be detestable.

*Pal.*—The grand defect of Peterborough seems to me to be its flat roof, of whatever age we suppose it to be. The colours are gorgeous, and have stood admirably ; but nothing can compensate for the disappointment—the blank—when the eye runs up a great height, and then is cut short. It is like beginning a tale in poetry, and ending it in prose. Give me a barn roof rather, so it had a good pitch.

*Cath.*—The circular east end, with its square perpendicular projection, in the shape of a Lady Chapel, is very noble, though I do not on the whole prefer an apsidal form.

*Pal.*—Its chief defect is, that an east window of full size cannot properly be allowed in it. Yet this matters little in Norman buildings, because the windows are necessarily small, be the east end square or round.

*Cath.*—Circular apses are far superior, in my opinion, to those which are octagonal or hexagonal. Look at Lichfield : instead of a noble decorated east window of nine lights, you have the east end cut up into three sides, each containing one of three lights. Compare that with Carlisle ! Though, I own, there is great symbolical propriety in the arrangement.

*Pal.*—How modern architects delight in apses of all possible sizes and shapes! but then they intend them for altar recesses, or abbreviated chancels. The apse-mania, if not begun, was at least considerably increased by Barry, in his design for S. Peter's at Brighton. That church was one of the first-fruits of the revived spirit of Church architecture; and though on the outside it has, in a way, an imposing appearance, there is not a detail in it which will bear examination. There is no pretence to a regular style; but the outside is loaded with pierced battlements, and other frippery. The tower, when examined closely, is perfectly ludicrous: it looks as if the upper part of one, and the lower part of another, had been stuck together, and would not fit.

*Cath.*—From the accounts I have heard of Brighton, I should say that the churches must be excellent specimens, I will not say of the present, but of the past taste in architecture.

*Pal.*—They are indeed. Christchurch is *Gothic*: it is a large room with galleries, having a tower and spire at the east end, the altar stowed away under them, a couple of side-windows on each side of the room, a clere-story pierced with thirteen baby-house windows, a pulpit before the altar, and an entrance at each corner, above and below. S. Andrew's is chiefly remarkable for the contents of the altar-rails,—pulpit, reading-pew, and font; the latter being in the shape



of a twisted cast-iron vase, on a marble pillar. S. Margaret's has the somewhat singular arrangement of pulpit and reading-pew in a recess of the eastern wall, over and behind the altar, with two doors in front: the clergyman presents himself at one to read prayers, and comes to the other when he wishes to preach. The Chapel-Royal is galleried all round: the royal box is at the east end; the altar at the west, under an organ gallery, supported on two imitation palm-trees. Trinity, with the altar also at the west end, has scarcely a window, but is lighted by a dome above.

*Cath.*—Is there no old church?

*Pal.*—Yes: but so begalleried that it is almost choked up. It stands nobly, and a fine church might be built on the spot, for the present is not worthy of the town. I hope that, whenever this shall take place, the fine rood-loft will be carefully removed into the new building.

*Cath.*—And there is, I suppose, no hope that any of the atrocities you have been just mentioning will be altered.

*Pal.*—The very idea of bringing in so much Popery would expose the proposer to an attack from the Satirist or the Record. But there, I imagine, is the tower of Wansford Church.

*Cath.*—*Wansford in England*, you should say.

*Pal.*—Why so?

*Cath.*—Don't you know the legend? Once upon a time, a countryman fell asleep on a haystack, which, while he was in that state, was carried away by a sudden inundation of the river, and whirled down the stream. When opposite this place, its tenant awoke, and inquired in some dismay, "Whereabouts am I?" "At Wansford," was the reply. "What? Wansford in England?" he exclaimed—and ever since then the place has gone by that name. Thoresby alludes to the circumstance in his Diary, as if then well known. Look! the adventure is commemorated in the village inn, which bears the sign of the *Haystack!*

*Pal.*—Whereabouts are the keys of the church kept, mistress?

*Woman.*—I reckon, sir, you will find the church open, because they be cleaning it.

*Pal.*—So it is. Thank you. We shall not find very much to detain us here.

*Cath.*—This is a fine old Norman door, though; but not improved by its Grecian porch of 1663. The font too, is excessively curious; but how shamefully blocked up in the wall!

*Pal.*—Five out of the eight figures in its Norman arcade being only visible; and they so much defaced as to be unintelligible.

*Cath.*—It has, however, been repeatedly engraved. I believe the next place to which we are to bend our steps is Thornhaugh.

*Pal.*—A very pretty volume might be written on the various appearances presented by English villages. One frequently talks of such and such a place being their beau-idéal ; whereas, in fact, there are many types, all equally beautiful and equally English, but varying with the different scenery of the country, or the different manners of its inhabitants.

*Cath.*—Very true. There is what you may call the village-green, such as one sees in Bedfordshire and Hertfordshire. There is, perhaps, an acre of grass in the centre, intersected by the parish road or lane: there are a few, and but a very few daisies and buttercups upon it, for it is pastured by the village geese and the farmer's grey horse that is past work. Then, on the Saturday afternoon, there is a merry game of cricket going on upon it, for it is a half-holiday, and eagerly do the combatants strive for victory till the light is so dim that the wickets can no longer be attacked or defended. There is the village pond on one side of the road, and a pleasant sight it is on the warm summer evenings to see the team led down to it, while the swallows, with wings bent like crescents, are sporting and wheeling about it. There, too, the cows cluster on a sultry noon, both for its coolness and for protection from the insects—their great enemies. And in winter you may hear the laughs and jokes of the sliders, or the whirr of some incipient skater, from sunrise to sunset ; ay, and long

after the sun has sunk, and the whole west is clothed in its dingy purple brightness. And, in the first evenings of autumn, the bat flits round the church tower ; and the owl cries from the old ruined barn by the copse, to the dismay of the garrulous old dame, who, in neat white coif and blue apron, expatiates on the circumstance to an attentive auditory. The cottages built of brick, but such brick as our grandfathers used, —not as we use,—the picturesque Ely brick, and thatched a yard thick, send out their blue wreaths of smoke into the calm evening air from the quaint old chimney-stack, carved and fretted with abundance of grotesque ornament.

*Pal.*—The counties you have chosen afford little enough of the true poetry of country life, its provincial sayings and words, and, what the wisdom of the nineteenth century is pleased to term, superstition.

*Cath.*—It is remarkable how generally beauty of landscape and poetry of feeling go together. We all know how much of it still lingers among the glens of Cumberland and Westmoreland, keeping up the belief in fairies and spirits of the earth and air, and wilder and more harmful beings that dwell in old deserted pits, solitary wastes of stone, and ruined cottages, that haunt quagmires and marshes, and lure passengers to their death or hurt. You may, also, see it in the very names they give the scenes among which they live : look at such as Wast-water, Ulles-water, Der-

went-water, Helvellyn, and compare them with our Cambridgeshire meres, such as Soham-mere, Ramsay-mere; and our rivers,—Twenty-foot-cut, Wicker's-drain, Thirty-foot-dyke, and so on.

*Pal.*—It is generally the case, that with this poetry of feeling Catholicity goes hand in hand, and the contrary. Generally, one must say; for Scotland and the Protestant Cantons of Switzerland are exceptions. And yet I believe that the Scotch, if ever as a nation they are brought into the pale of the Church, will be some of the best Churchmen on the face of the earth.

*Cath.*—So, also, in the Great Rebellion, the four Western counties were associated for the King, the seven of East-Anglia for the Parliament.

*Pal.*—A very fair illustration; and, doubtless, that very association was not without its effect in forming the minds of the inhabitants of both one and the other. And yet we have some poetical words in our East-Anglian vocabulary. The woodpecker, for example, from his swift glancing flight, and startling sharp tap, in the silence of an old wood, has not been ill called the *woodsprite*. The old oak that roots itself into the side of a time-worn bank, weaving and interweaving its gnarled and serpent-like roots into every vantage corner, is right well said to *anchor* there. And the hedge-sparrow has a pretty name, however he came by it—the *hedge accentor*. One might say, that the

whole species of birds are looked on as a choir to chant their Creator's praise; and that as larks and nightingales take the noblest place in it, and are its precentors, so does this poor little bird exert its utmost powers in the same anthem, and become the *accentor* of the chorus.

*Cath.*—Horne Tooke would shake his head at a derivation like this, I fear. But you have made out a better case for the East-Anglians than I thought possible.

*Pal.*—Oh! I have more instances yet. The conflux of two little streams bubbling and boiling into each other at the point of a cape, large enough perhaps for the growth of one daisy, is prettily called an *Eager*. And I think that there is a remarkable instance of the force of popular tradition in the expression, as large as a *Rhenoster*.

*Cath.*—And pray what may a *Rhenoster* be?

*Pal.*—Long ago, some Dutchman, in shewing a rhinoceros at country fairs, called it by that name, and the monstrous size of the beast passed into a proverb. A prettier name is that for the Northern Lights, —the Perry Dancers: that is, Fairy Dancers; for *Perry*, like Moore's *Peri*, and Fairy are evidently all the same word.

*Cath.*—And a more appropriate name for those dancing lights could not well be invented. I fear, however well you may pick and choose poetical words

from the dialect of East-Anglia, that many poetical superstitions are hardly to be found.

*Pal.*—I must give up that point, I believe. I only know of one supernatural personage: he has no very exalted character, and has the name of Old Shock. He appears in the shape of a great rough dog, or young calf, and haunts lonely roads about nightfall. There are, however, two celebrated localities, still beheld with some degree of veneration, S. Mindred's Well at Exning, and the Wishing Well at Walsingham.

*Cath.*—It makes me ashamed to confess that, short as the distance is to Exning from Cambridge, I have never yet made a pilgrimage thither.

*Pal.*—It is well worth it. The well lies some half-mile to the south of Exning Church, a pretty little decorated building. You follow the course of a winding brook, shaded by willows, through marshy fields, a steep hill-bank to your right, and cultivated lands to your left, till you come to its head. Here it was that S. Paulinus, Archbishop of York, baptized our great East-Anglian saint, Etheldreda. Her father, S. Anna, reigned over the East-Angles, and had Exning for his capital; and there her sisters, S. Ethelburga and S. Sexburga, lived till their departure into Kent; as did the foundress of Ely Abbey till her compulsory marriage. But the whole country around that part is well adapted to be the cradle of wild

legends: such as that of Reche, a poor unearthly-looking village at the northern extremity of the Devil's Ditch, the boundary of the East-Anglian kingdom. They believe that once it was a huge city, divided into four quarters; that one of the quarters was inhabited by Jews, and that, for the wickedness of the inhabitants, it was consumed by fire from heaven. And, what is certainly remarkable, in ploughing the fields, the share frequently turns up masses of fused metal, of which, I presume, it would be difficult to give a philosophical explanation. And who does not know the legend of the Wishing Well of Walsingham?—how the good knight left his lady-love, and went to the Holy Land, and died there: how she was inconsolable for his loss, and determined to leave active life, and to devote her wealth to the foundation of a religious house: how, while she was choosing the spot, the shade of her lover appeared to her, and commanded her to dedicate a convent in honour of our Lady where two springs rose from the same fountain, but mingled not their waters: how she sought far and near, and could find no such water-source till she lighted on the famous Well of Walsingham, which answered the prescribed condition.

*Cath.*—How prettily does Thornhaugh Church lie in its wooded valley! Again we shall not be delayed long, judging by external appearance.



*Pal.*—I will arm myself with the key, and meet you by the church-door. . . . . Here it is, of pretty considerable size. The largest that ever fell in my way was at a place called Hoo, in Sussex, where, standing upright, I could all but touch the ground with it. A very perfect benatura with a very fine deep circular basin.

*Cath.*—And a very fair model for an early English font would that be. But what a very singular piscina! Early English with toothed work, and a rose on the apex.

*Pal.*—You see there are several traces of grievous maltreatment. The south aisle gone; the nave ceiled like a drawing-room; and that curious little bell, with its legend, *Ad magnam Dei gloriam*, lying useless in the belfry.

*Cath.*—You must allow that the east end has been tolerably well restored. There is a cross at the east gable of the nave which I must take, and then I am at your service . . . . .

*Pal.*—You drew so pretty a picture of an East-  
Anglian village just now, that I should like you to try your hand at another county.

*Cath.*—I am a very, very indifferent painter; but I will do my best. Let us take Somersetshire. The village lies at the foot of a well-wooded hill: and straggling cottages peep out of the brushwood and tufts of trees at the summit. The village lane is

hewn through the brown rocks, of which the hill is built: in summer it is quite shaded by the mountain ashes, beeches, stunted oaks, and privets that *anchor* in its sides; and many are the hare-bells, crows-feet, and pink-globe thistles which peep out from the crevices. There, where the axe has been at work, in that warm sheltered nook, is the earliest primrose bed of the spring; and you may see the little bright flowers, like fairy gold, peeping up among the dead old stumps and decayed leaves before the last fall of snow has quite left them, and while the shady side of every hedge, and bank, and earth-mound, is still white. That lane is lovely beyond measure, on a summer evening, when the sun cannot penetrate the leafy arch that overhangs it, and all is cool and twilight: the leaves seem to dance for joy that they can still catch the warm bright sunshine on their glossy backs, and speckle the ground with bright rings and eyes of gold. There are blackbirds without number in the thickets; every now and then a rabbit darts across the road, and disappears in its burrow; here and there a lizard is basking in the warmth, or a harmless snake sunning himself on the smooth turf. Then, in autumn, how glorious is the contrast and mixture of the various tints and hues of the leaves! the dappled scarlet and yellow of the chesnut, the ochre of the privet, the pale gold of the poplar, the fiery blush of the wild-crab! And, in winter, when the hoar-frost frames

fairer foliage for each bush than ever summer did, and every breeze brings down showers of rime, and long finger-like icicles hang down from the rocks, one can hardly, however cold the day, forbear to stop, and to gaze with admiration on the scene. And the earliest breath of spring wakes the whole to its green beauty, and strews the lane, like drops of blood, with the red catkins of the poplars. The church—the large, lofty, perpendicular church—is at the foot of the hill, with a tall tower, panelled from vane to basement moulding; light pierced battlements, mouldings of shields and Tudor roses, and large and elaborate windows. The cottages cluster round it, but not close to it; built of red stone, roughly but substantially, and covered with that most elegant of roofs, Horsham slate—or by whatever other name it is locally known.

*Pal.*—Or suppose we take a Cornish village. After a long tedious pilgrimage over thousands of barren acres, one down rising behind another, scarcely to be distinguished but by some mine, all specked with huge blocks of granite, you ascend one something higher than the rest, and see the boundless sea-line before you, the deep varying shadows of passing clouds tinting it like a peacock's neck; the hidden reefs shewing like drifts or mounds of snow, and a bold rock-bound coast stretching far away to meet the waves. In the most sheltered spot at the foot of this hill lies the village: your horse stumbles as he crosses

the rude granite bridge through which the mountain stream dashes, chafing over the rocks; the road is paved with huge flat granite crags, and, where they fail, there is hardly a road at all. Now you see the low wayside cross with its circular head, and four ensculptured arms: the houses seem built for the purpose of obstructing the road, which goes winding between them, like water trying to find a vent; they are full of large blocks of granite—sometimes white-washed, sometimes left in their fine red-grey natural colour; the roofs are of thatch, curiously tied down with rude ropes; there are peat-stacks in the little courts, and the air is pungent with the smell of burnt turf; fish are hanging up to dry by almost every door; and here and there, over the old wall of a ruined cottage, a small net is spread out in the sun. The church, with its low square tower, poor pinnacles, and long aisles, is built of weather-darkened granite, and stands on a rocky brow in the middle of the village. As you pass along a street, slippery with fallen seaweed, you think that, but for a few sash-windows, the scene might be one of the fifteenth instead of the nineteenth century.

*Cath.*—Unless report much belies that county, you should have added to your description one, at least, if not more, conventicles. But how nobly does that church stand! and, though it be into Lincolnshire, what a fine view is that before us! Look at the

spires, how they seem crowding together in the blue distance! Then, the old trees of Walcot Park on our right, and the bold Anglo-Saxon tower of Barnack at our feet, form an agreeable contrast with the more distant scene.

*Pal.*—A singular old place this village appears, with its two ancient hostelries—the Millstone, and the Fox; those, by the way, are very tolerable perpendicular doors on our right. What barbaric splendour there is in that tower! It is the extraordinary grandeur of such as these which must have led so many antiquaries to doubt of the real age of churches as undoubtedly Saxon as this.

*Cath.*—Not that there is any one proof which, by itself, is convincing as to Saxon workmanship; except, indeed, these vertical string-courses, reticulating, as it were, the church.

*Pal.*—And those are by no means indispensable to a Saxon date. Long and short work is anything but a sure guide: in Wales, Cumberland, and Cornwall, we have it in buildings of comparatively late date; and there is a venerable example of it in a Norman building, in the desecrated church of S. Mary, Stourbridge. Again, there are Saxon churches without it; as S. Botolph's, near Steyning in Sussex. The baluster window, though always early, is a yet more unsafe criterion; for it is possessed by abundance of Norman towers. Perhaps a safe mark is the peculiar

size and loftiness of the tower, and the absence of any original staircase. Yet there are also Saxon towers not remarkable for their size,—as S. Botolph's, which is really smaller; Lavendon, in Bedfordshire; and S. Mary Bishophill Junior, in York. The height of Saxon towers is strongly contrasted to the low massiness of Norman: look at S. Michael's in Oxford, S. Benedict's in Cambridge, Earl's Barton in this county, and Bosham in Sussex.

*Cath.*—The present spire of Bosham cannot possibly be earlier than 1300. But it is most remarkable, that in the Bayeux tapestry, where the embarkation of Harold is represented, this church is introduced in the background, and is crowned with a spire, not unlike that which it now has.

*Pal.*—How nobly does that spire stand out when seen across the water from Thorney Island; itself in one direction, and the tall spire of Chichester in the other, rising high above the low flat ground!

*Cath.*—It is the loftiest Saxon tower with which I am acquainted. The double splay, both internal and external, is perhaps one of our surest guides; though I am not convinced that some late Saxon windows may not be single-splayed, like Norman.

*Pal.*—It seems absurd to think that the Conquest could at once have made such a difference in our national style as that we should be able to pronounce with certainty whether a building were erected before

or after it ; and far more difficult in detached pieces of work, such as arches and the like, than in a whole tower. Look at the chancel arch of S. Giles's in Cambridge. Who could say, from its plain massy circular head and simple abacus, that it was any other than Norman? Whereas, from documentary evidence, we know that it was erected in 1063.

*Cath.*—It is not reasonable to imagine, that while so many churches, now standing, were erected in the hundred years immediately succeeding the Conquest, scarcely any should have been built in the age preceding it ; especially when we know that towards the end of the tenth century so general an impression prevailed that the end of the world was approaching, as to lead to the foundation of many religious houses and churches.

*Pal.*—And still less reasonable that we should pretend a capability of distinguishing their date within fifty or sixty years. It is true, that in the purest times of Christian art we may well guess a date within ten or fifteen, but in an age of ruder workmanship the case is altered.

*Cath.*—My own opinion is, that many of the churches which we should arbitrarily classify as early Norman, are indeed Anglo-Saxon. Nor do I see that the exact distinction is a point of much importance. Rickman, who delivered us from the egregious mistake of supposing all our elaborate Norman doors and arches

to be of the Saxon era, went too far, in my opinion, when he asserted that none of them were; and then, by only allowing those to be so which are of exceedingly early date, he involved the subject in further difficulty.

*Pal.*—For my own part, I cannot see that it can make any particular difference to the science of Ecclesiology, whether a given church were built in 1050 or 1070. When you are able indeed to demonstrate, or even to make it extremely probable, that a building was erected as early as 7, 8, or even 900, I allow that it is of the greatest value to the Ecclesiologist.

*Cath.*—And of the greatest interest to the Churchman. It is deeply consoling, when one hears of fresh attacks made on the Church daily, and sees what a miserable reed is the State on which to rest; it is truly consoling to look at a temple like this, and reflect on the fearful storms which since its erection have beset CHRIST'S Church in this land, and that, as yet, THE GATES OF HELL have NOT PREVAILED AGAINST HER; how GOD, from time to time, has raised up valiant champions to fill her metropolitanical throne; how S. Elphege shed his blood in her defence against Pagans; how S. Dunstan suffered bitterly in protecting her from the contagion of a wicked court; how S. Edmund and S. Anselm threw additional sanctity around her; how S. Thomas counted



not his life dear unto himself, so he might preserve her unfettered by the secular arm; how Laud—when will our Church canonize him as S. William of Canterbury?—was her sheet-anchor in the worst storm that she ever knew. What Churchman can look on that strong old tower, without thinking of all this, and more, much more?

*Pal.*—This is indeed a truly interesting edifice in all respects. The rich yet simple decorated east window and sedilia, the fine perpendicular parclose to the south transept, the elegant early English font and porch, shew that no age, *except the last*, was negligent in adorning the house of God.

*Cath.*—This tall niche in the south transept is excessively gorgeous. It seems to represent the Annunciation: the blessed Virgin kneeling at a prayer-stool, with her face towards the Temple, and rays from a Holy Trinity above entering into her heart. The legend appears to be *MATER JHESU IN CONTEMPLACIONE SUA*.

*Pal.*—Interesting as the church is, we must be leaving it, if we mean to reach Stamford to-night. The sun is just in the horizon, and we have several miles yet.

*Cath.*—Let us be going then. The gloom is gathering pretty thickly in the church.

*Pal.*—How true to nature is old Homer's line:—

Δύσετό τ' ἥελιος, σκιάωντό τε πᾶσαι ἀγυαίαι.

“The sun set, and all *roads* were shaded.” For I have often observed that the first notice of diminished light is the duskiness and indistinctness which surround every object at your feet.

*Cath.*—He is not, however, very careful that it should apply to the particular scene he is describing; for, if I remember right, he introduces it in the midst of his description of Telemachus’s voyage to Pylos.

*Pal.*—One great charm of Homer’s language, I think, is given by the epithets which he attaches to the various times of the day. There is so much sense of a present divinity in bringing about the alternations of light and darkness. “While it was yet morning, and the *holy* day was increasing.” Or, again, “The sun set, and *immortal* night came on.”

*Cath.*—I fear I must allow that *immortal* is the real meaning of ἀμβροσίη. But what a beautiful epithet did *ambrosial* appear! I have sometimes stood in a flower-garden, on a close warm summer-night, and thought, as I luxuriated in the fragrance of the refreshed flowers, how truly night was ambrosial.

*Pal.*—Ah! so it is not only in philosophy, but in criticism.

“When Science from Creation’s face  
 Enchantment’s veil withdraws,  
 What lovely visions yield their place  
 To cold material laws!”

Who did not dote on the epithet of an island, *lovely in twilight?* and how comparatively poor is the real meaning, *conspicuous!*

*Cath.*—Homer has one glorious epithet for night—*θοη*. It seems to image it as some wild beast coming on its prey, swift, impetuous, ferocious; and shadows out admirably the rapid coming-on of darkness, and the dangers which it brings with it.

*Pal.*—A noble idea of the uncertainty of those dangers is given by the Vulgate in the 90th Psalm. Where we translate, “Thou shalt not be afraid . . . . of the pestilence that walketh in darkness,” the Latin has “à NEGOTIO perambulante in tenebris,”—“of the THING that walketh in the shades.” What an undefined sensation of horror does that word give!

*Cath.*—And, by way of contrast to that sublimity, take the present strange effect of the rendering in that same psalm in the Bishops’ Bible. Where we have it, “Thou shalt not be afraid of any terror by night,” it is there translated, “of any *bug* by night,” meaning, of course, bugbear.

*Pal.*—Well, we must make the best of our way.

“To-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new!”

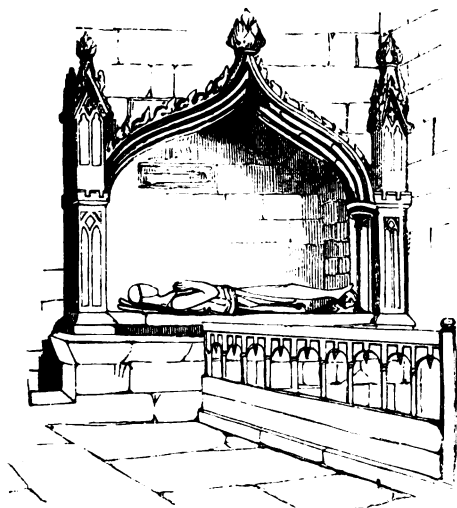
## CHAPTER III.

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“ Statuæ intereunt tempestate, vi, vetustate; sepulchrorum autem sanctitas in ipso solo est: quod nullâ vi moveri neque deleri potest; atque ut cætera extinguuntur, sic sepulchra fiunt sanctora vetustate.”—CIC. PHIL. IX.



HIGH TOMB OF SIR JOHN DE FREVILLE, SHELFORD CHURCH,  
CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

### CHAPTER III.\*

GEDDINGTON, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

*Pal.*—OUR long walk over the sandy Rutlandshire  
*brans* yesterday evening has made us later in be-  
ginning work this morning than I could have wished.  
It was an interesting journey, though; especially with  
your legends to shorten the way. I shall not forget

\* This chapter, and the sixth, were written before the late  
article on Monuments in the British Critic.

the maze in which the *Wing fools* tried to snare the cuckoo ; nor the clamour which the question, " Who tried to hedge in the bird ?" still excites among them. Nor yet the proverb concerning Bisbrooke, *Worser and worser, like a Bisbrooke tree.*

*Cath.*—We may settle ourselves in this church for a long morning's drawing : one does not often find one more interesting.

*Pal.*—I will employ myself with the east end, its fine window, and curious altar-steps.

*Cath.*—And I shall find plenty to do in this recumbent effigy of a priest, probably the pious founder.

*Pal.*—How soothing and elevating an employment is sketching, in a large church ! perhaps more so—no reflection upon you, Catholicus—when alone than in company. I have sometimes spent an hour or two so, late in the afternoon, when the sun was streaming in at the western windows, and all was as still as death ; till I could hardly believe that the effigy I was copying, its cold alabaster face lit up by the yellow rays, was not a sleeping figure, and have almost expected it to awaken, if I disturbed the silence too rudely.

*Cath.*—The heavenly repose with which the face is imbued seems to me something above the reach of art. You cannot give rules for it—our most eminent sculptors have quite lost it ; we admire it in these

ancient monuments, but we can never reach it ourselves.

*Pal.*—It is far more remarkably the case in female faces than in male, though sometimes there is inexpressible sweetness and dignity in a priest's countenance.

*Cath.*—There is something so completely removed from all earthly associations in the very recumbent posture. It does not represent sleep, for the face is full of intelligence and hope; it does not represent death, for the hands are clasped, and the whole figure is self-supported; it seems to point to another state of being, as real as this, and yet differing from it in having none of the harassing cares and everyday troubles of a sublunary state — “a better country, that is, an heavenly.”

*Pal.*—What an interesting volume might be written on the history of Monuments! not considering them, as Bloxam does, in the light of specimens of art, so much as tracing in them the feelings of successive centuries as to the state of the departed.

*Cath.*—Beginning from the very earliest times with the plain coped or Dos d'Ane, marked only with a floriated cross; often terminating in elaborate flower wreaths, and teaching us thereby that the cross, once the mark of shame and ignominy, is now the symbol of glory; and that its lifeless arms have blossomed



abundantly, and brought forth the fruit of our salvation. In the earliest times there seems to have been no name insculptured on the tomb: all that its tenant in his life-time wished, was that his fellow-creatures should see in what his hopes were founded; and knowing, that, "when he died, he could carry nothing away, and his pomp could not descend with him," he cared not that his honours and titles should be transmitted to posterity. By degrees, a knightly tomb was marked with the sword in addition to the cross: many examples there are in Cumberland of this practice; as at Dearham, and Irthington, and Bassenthwaite, and Corney: and I call to mind two noble specimens in Derbyshire, at Penwick and Stavely. And sometimes, in the simplest manner, the name was added; not, as afterwards, in a legend running round the stone, but parallel to the cross, and on one side only. + HIC JACET RANULPHUS. + HIC JACET ALANUS: and so forth. Or, as in an example at Dearham, KESTULA RADULP., that is, CISTULA RADULPHI. Nor must we forget those curious specimens of coped coffins, where, the upper part of the lid being supposed to be removed, the bust of the effigy is exposed to view. I have seen examples of this in the churchyard of Brandon, Norfolk, where there are two; in the Ladye Chapel of the Abbey-church of S. John's, at Chester; and in a desecrated Priory-chapel which

stands on the left-hand as you enter Denbigh from the north, but I never saw them elsewhere. There is indeed a variety of this, of, I think, a more elegant design, to be seen in Cumberland, where, instead of the coffin-lid's upper part being removed, a large quatrefoil is opened in it, which answers the same purpose. The cross, however, in these instances, is left perfect, by terminating below the opening. There is a most elaborate cross, with sword, in the now partly ruined Abbey-church of S. John at Chester, and one sometimes finds them with shields in the middle of the cross, as in Poynings Church, Sussex; and there is a fine one of this description in Chester Cathedral. As to the crosses, they usually stand on three steps; but sometimes they rest on a Holy Lamb. There are several very curious specimens in Lolworth, near Cambridge. Besides the sword, one often finds other symbols by the cross; particularly a chalice, in case of an ecclesiastic, and sometimes a hand extended in benediction over it. There is a fine specimen at Chellaston, Derbyshire. One also meets with a bugle, as in Darley, in the same county, and in Great Sal-keld, where is a plain horn also: the party here represented was an officer of Inglewood Forest. In Aspatria, Cumberland, is a shield on one side of the cross, and a spur on the other, which is fastened on to the cross itself. In Dearham, Derbyshire, is a very rich cross-flory, with a pair of shears on one side, and

a book on the other. And in Brampton, Derbyshire, Lady le Caus seems to be represented as offering up her heart.

*Cath.*—The earliest forms of inscription seem to have been either, HIC JACET GUALTERUS, or HICI GIST SIEUR MAURICE DUNSTANVILLE. But very soon we come to the two common Lombardic forms,

Ralph : de : Bretteville : gist : icy :  
Dieu de salme eyt merci. Amen.

and

Walter : de : Cobham : gist : icy :  
Priet a Dieu par charite pur lui.

varied, however, a little to suit circumstances, as in the case of the founder of Margam Abbey, Glamorganshire :

Icy : gist : Maurice : de : Londres : le : fundeur :  
Dieu : luy : rend : son : labeur :

Sometimes, too, we have such as the following :

Ralph : de : Cobham : de : Kent : Esquier :  
Qe : morust : le : vingtieme : jour : de : Janvier :  
Lan : de : grace : mile : quatre : cent : gist : ici :  
Priet : a : Du : par : charite : pur : lui :

or

Raynaud de Argentein gist ici  
Qui ceste chapelle feyre fit :  
Fut chevalier Seynte Marie  
Chacun a Du pur lalme prie.

and sometimes one finds at the conclusion of an epitaph a promise of indulgence :

Qui pur lalme priera  
Qarante jours de pardon avera.

The capability of rhyming on the name of the person commemorated is seized with avidity :

Ici gist Luce de Mendilby :  
Dieu de salme eyt merci.

Latin epitaphs of this date are apparently not common. There is the celebrated one to Gundreda de Warren, daughter to William the Conqueror, and foundress of the Priory of Lewes, who died in childbirth ; it is well turned, and alludes very delicately to the cause of her death :

Stirps Gundrada ducum, decus evi, nobile germen,  
Intulit Ecclesiis Anglorum balsama morum :  
Martha fuit miseris ; fuit ex pietate Maria :  
Pars obiit Marthæ ; superest pars magna Mariæ.  
O pie Pancrate, testis pietatis et æqui,  
Te facit heredem : tu clemens suscipe matrem :  
Sexta Calendarum Junii lux obvia carnis  
[Integumenta pie solvit,] fregit[que] alabastrum.

Gundreda, sprung from Ducal race, her age's glory, bore  
The balm of purer faith and rites to England's conquered shore :  
A Martha to the houseless poor, a Mary in her love ;  
And though her Martha's part be gone, her Mary's lives above.  
O blest Pancratius, whom she made a dying mother's heir,  
Thou saw'st her zeal for Holy Church—protect her with thy care ;  
That she, whose alabaster box was broke in pleasant May,  
May, by thy aid, in heavenly light and rest abide alway.

*Pal.*—And then we come to the glorious era of brasses; those faithful guardians of antiquity, giving us back the costumes and fashions of five hundred years ago, speckling the cold grey church-floors with their bright forms, exhausting all the carver's art in devising curious crosses, almost exhausting Nature herself to supply foliage for the crockets and leaves for the foliations, calling into use all that heraldry can teach, employing the cunning hand of the painter equally with the skill of the bard; giving us a vivid idea of the ecclesiastic, the knight, the merchant, the civilian, ay, and the poor little chrisom child, a sojourner in our world of but a few brief days.

*Cath.*—It is surprising, as a general rule, how almost universally the same form of epitaph occurs in the inscriptions on brasses. There are two types, which may serve for all.

Orate p' aīa Johñs Godfrey, q'dam Rectoris hui' Ecclie, q' obiit die xx mens. Sept. MCCCCXLII: cui' aīe p'piciet ds. Amen.

And the other,

In gracia et misericordia ihu hic requiescit corp'. etc.

Our two English terminations for the former are, "whoos sowle God pardon," in some instances; but more commonly, "on whoos sowle God have mercy." They are varied a little sometimes; I have seen the ending, "on whoos sowle Crist Jhesu, for his bitter

passioun, have infinite compassioun." The earlier epitaphs begin simply, "Praye ffor the sowle," and it is not till a later time that we have, in general, "Of yowre charite pray ffor the sowle." There appear to have been, even at that time, well-known epitaphs, which were, with a little alteration, fitted to any subject. Such as the celebrated one :

Quisquis eris, qui transieris, sta, perlege, plora ;  
Sum quod eris, fueramque quod es, pro me precor ora.

And again :

Es testis, Christe, quod non jacet hic lapis iste  
Corpus ut ornatur, sed spiritus ut memoretur :  
Heus tu qui transis, magnus, medius, puer an sis,  
Pro me funde preces, quia sic mihi sit veniæ spes.

In the last of which, I confess, I see little beauty. Not so, however, with those in English, which were also in general use. One is :

Now farewell, frendes : the time abideth no man :  
I be departed fro hence, and so shall yee :  
But in this passage the best song that I can  
Is *Requiem eternam* : now JHESU graunt it mee :  
When I have endyd all my adversitie  
Graunt mee in Paradise to have a mansioun  
That shedd His Blood for my redempcion.

The other is almost startling from its fervour :

I pray you all to pray ffor mee !  
I may not pray now :—pray yee  
With Pater Noster and Ave  
That my peynys released may bee !

John Paynter of Dover namyd I was  
 And two times Mayor of that place :  
 I passyd to GOD the fourteenth of July  
 One thousand five hundred and forty.

*Pal.*—I imagine that the reason why we find now in existence so very few English epitaphs is, that the Puritans were fully able to understand *them*; while the “language of the beast” was, if we may judge from Will. Dowsing’s ludicrous mistranslations, not altogether so familiar to them; and this must account for so many, even comparatively, having perished since Weever’s time.

*Cath.*—Probably it is so. But how intuitively do our ancestors seem to have been possessed of taste, as in their architecture, so also in their poetry! I question whether you could bring forward one instance in the thirteenth, fourteenth, or fifteenth centuries, of an epitaph to which the most fastidious taste could object. Even that seducer of our Elizabethan writers, a pun, was managed by them, always with beauty, sometimes with dignity. I remember two instances in particular. The first is in a Kentish epitaph on one *Palmer* :

*Palmers* all our fathers were ;  
 I a *Palmer* lived here,  
 And traveyld sore, till worn with age,  
 I ended this world’s pilgrimage,  
 On the blest Ascension Day  
 In the cheerful month of May,  
 One thousand with three hundred seven,  
 And took my journey hence to Heaven.

*Pal.*—Very beautiful indeed! But is that the right date? It seems to me too early for the flowing nature of the verse.

*Cath.*—Weever, who is my authority, gives it so; and I presume the inscription is not now in being to correct him, if wrong. The other to which I referred is much later; and commemorates the munificent London merchant, *Lambe* :

O *Lambe* of GOD, Who sin dost take away,  
And, like a *Lambe*, wast offered up for sin,  
While I, poore *Lambe*, from out Thy flock did stray;  
Yet Thou, good LORD, vouchsafe Thy *Lambe* to win  
Back to Thy fold, and hold Thy *Lambe* therein,  
That at the daye, which *Lambes* and goates shall sever,  
Of Thy choice *Lambes*, *Lambe* may be one for ever!

*Pal.*—And so I have seen an epitaph on one *Stock*, which runs thus, or to this effect :

The *Stocke* you see, though now a sapless root,  
Shall rise and flourish, and in Heav'n bear fruit.

*Cath.*—I wonder that no one has written a history of brasses. I look on those of knights and civilians as of little interest save to the antiquary: but those of Ecclesiastics are deeply interesting to every Churchman, as presenting the fairest and goodliest specimens of those vests which our clergy ought to wear; ay, and which, before very long, they will wear. I am sure that when once churches are built or restored so as to be equal to those of olden times,—and we are making, in one or two instances, near approaches to



that,—when we have gilded and frescoed roofs and walls, rood-screens burning with gold, rich deeply-tinted windows, and encaustic tiles, the poverty of our present vestments will become intolerable. I should think that something of this must be found in the Temple Church, much as it wants of perfection; and I am sure it would be so in such a church as S. Chad's at Birmingham, and S. Barnabas at Nottingham, and several others of those which Mr. Pugin has erected, were they in our hands.

*Pal.*—A *catalogue raisonnée* of the various devices and symbols usually attendant on brass effigies would be very interesting and valuable. They all have, more or less, some connexion with our hopes of Salvation in our blessed SAVIOUR. I am not even aware that I ever saw a complete list of the instruments of crucifixion, so frequently occurring both in brasses and in stained glass, and in wood seats.

*Cath.*—Taking the term in its widest sense, meaning thereby all those things in any way connected with our SAVIOUR'S Passion, of which we find representations made in those ornaments of churches which you have mentioned, how many do you reckon?

*Pal.*—I will try to count them up: 1. The Pitcher, from which our SAVIOUR poured water. 2. The Towel (represented as hanging on a ring) wherewith he wiped the feet of the Apostles. 3. The Two Swords, which they shewed Him, when He said "It is enough." 4.

Malchus's ear. 5. S. Peter's sword, represented as a small falchion. 6. The Post to which our SAVIOUR was bound. 7. The Scourge. 8. The Crown of Thorns. 9. The Reed wherewith He was smitten on the head. 10. The Cross. 11. The Ladder. 12. The Nails. 13. The Spear of Longinus crossed by the Reed with the Sponge. 14. The Fire at which S. Peter warmed himself. 15. The Cock. 16. The Pincers. To which we ought, perhaps, to add, a Heart pierced with Five Wounds.

*Cath.*—Or, as it is in a curious brass in Southfleet Church, Kent, the Hands and Feet, with a Heart in the middle, each pierced with one wound.

*Pal.*—I think the piety of our ancestors shines more conspicuously in nothing than in those constant references to the Passion of our SAVIOUR. I remember once at Cambridge, after having been informed, in the Sunday afternoon sermon at S. Mary's, that, till the Reformation, nothing whatever was known or thought of the Atonement, that I went into King's College Chapel. It was a bright evening in autumn; and there at the east end, as if closing the magnificent vista of the deeds of Saints and Martyrs pourtrayed in the side windows, and forming the life and soul of all, and attracting the eye through all the rest to itself, brought out into the strongest possible relief, hung the image of our crucified REDEEMER, as if to convict the preacher of the calumny which he had just uttered.

*Cath.*—We have, however, one frequently occurring representation in brass which is indefensible: I mean that of the Holy Trinity, where the FATHER, seated in the brightness of His Glory, supports the Cross on which our LORD is hanging, and the Holy Dove is hovering near, or resting upon it. The other, and equally usual representation of the same great mystery is perfectly innocent: that I mean where you have a triangle, with the words PATER, FILIUS, and SPIRITUS SANCTUS at each angle, and DEUS in the middle; *non est* being inserted between all the three first, and *est* between each of them and the last.

*Pal.*—There is something very beautiful, though a little singular, in the representation of angels carrying the soul of the departed into Abraham's bosom, as in the famous North Mimms Priest.

*Cath.*—And it is beautifully expressed in the legend of Leonard Seymour, in Higham Ferrers:

Suscipiat te Christus, Qui vocavit te ;  
Et in sinu Abrahæ  
Angeli deducant te.

*Pal.*—It would be very interesting, too, to trace the gradual developement of the high tomb from the low monument like that which you are sketching, through its various gradations, to panelled sides, niched sides with figures, then a light canopy thrown over this, the canopy developing more and more, till at last it

swells into a perfect chapel, and surrounds the altartomb within it.

*Cath.*—I much admire those tombs (circ. 1280) which have a low canopy surrounding the head, and the head alone. And, perhaps, still more beautiful are those which represent an angel on each side of the head, guarding, as it were, the quiet sleep of the faithful.

*Pal.*—The time at which monumental art was at its height, so far as respects the figure, was about 1250. The drapery of the female effigies is inimitably beautiful; and even the stiffer figures of the knights are admirably sculptured. I cannot, however, at all agree with Mr. Bloxam, that the cross-legged form was adopted for the sake of giving greater ease to the figure, and especially allowing the jupon to fall more elegantly. There ought to be some very convincing proofs that some knights thus represented had never been to the Holy Land, and never taken the vow, before the ancient tradition is abandoned; and, at present, I have not seen this made clear in a single instance.

*Cath.*—The custom of crossing legs is, or was till lately, kept up, though, alas! in a most degraded employment. I remember when I was a boy at school, and had to take up an exercise, the merits of which I knew to be very questionable, that I used to say to my neighbour, "Cross legs for me," looking on it as a

charm which would enable my composition to pass muster.

*Pal.*—That belief, you may take my word, will soon share the fate of some more deserving ones. However, as a relic of ancient practice, it is valuable. I have often been surprised to find how generally another remarkable feature in the position of some of these knights is mistaken: I mean that in which the hand is represented as resting on the sword. It is generally said to be drawing the sword: a position quite at variance with every idea of ecclesiastical propriety; for what has so warlike a motion to do in the House of Peace? It is far better to imagine the signification of the posture to be the completed vow, typified by the sheathed sword.

*Cath.*—What beautiful effigies of that description there are in the southern chantry of the Mayor's Chapel at Bristol! An early perpendicular building enshrining the tomb—a plain high tomb of the knightly founder and his son; a melancholy kind of twilight; a deep, dead silence; everything combines to make it a perfect mortuary chapel.

*Pal.*—A very elegant monument is that where a high tomb is inlaid with a brass. A gorgeous specimen of this occurs in the tomb of Baron Camoys before the high-altar of Trotton Church, Sussex. It represents him as clasping his lady's right-hand in his own; his left rests on his sword. There is, in that same church, a curious brass to a lady of the

Camoy's family, where shields are let into the effigy, and present an appearance more singular than pleasing.

*Cath.*—How frequently the inscriptions, or labels, contain a surprising pathos, even when they are expressed in the plainest language! Look at that surrounding Provost Hacombleyne, in King's College Chapel; "Domine, secundum actum meum noli me judicare: nihil egi dignum in conspectu Tuo: ideo deprecor majestatem Tuam, ut deleas iniquitatem meam. Jhesu, miserere!" And then, under a shield containing the Five Wounds, we have,

Vulnera, Christe, Tua michi dulcis sint medecina.

The prose part of that inscription, by the way, is taken from the Office of the Dead.

*Pal.*—The separate labels, "J'hu m'cy! lady helpe!" one finds everywhere: I never saw one containing "Orate pro mortuis, quia pium est," except in Swaffham Bulbeck, Cambridgeshire. There is something, to my mind, very striking in those brasses which represent skeletons, or emaciated figures in a shroud, and still more so in those double high tombs which represent, in the upper part, the person commemorated as he appeared in his life-time; and, in the lower, his skeleton. There is a good example in the case of Dr. Ashton, in the ante-chapel of S. John's; and a very notable one in the cenotaph of the last Abbat of

Tewkesbury, a most gorgeous perpendicular shrine; where the emaciated figure below is covered with worms and creeping things, and contrasts almost painfully with the splendour of the monument above. There is a most ghastly representation of the same kind in Fulbourne Church, Cambridgeshire, on the north side of the altar; only that here the skeleton lies on the top of the tomb, and there is no other effigy.

*Cath.*—I have heard of a church in Berkshire where both chancel and nave are so full of the high tombs of one family, that there is hardly any room for worshippers. One should not so much wonder in this case at the commission of a piece of sacrilege like that lately perpetrated at Nottingham, under the inspection, if report speak true, of the archdeacon himself, where two effigies were removed from their high tombs, and exposed for sale; but, no purchaser appearing, one was brought back into the church, and the other buried in the churchyard.

*Pal.*—One does not often meet with instances of a wooden effigy; but, besides the one at Canterbury, there are two examples, and those also very well carved, in the sacristy of Holdersham Church, Cambridgeshire, which are supposed to represent Sir Robert Busteler and lady, temp. Edw. II. There is another kind of monument, too, which I have

never seen noticed but once, and that is by Rickman, in his account of Hales Owen Abbey, where he mentions a small effigy of a knight, not more than eighteen inches in length, now built into the wall, but which appears to have been a *bonâ fide* monument, and not a corbel. I have seen another knightly figure, of about the same length, the feet resting on a lion, and the details beautifully executed, in the site of a north chancel window in Horsted Keynes, Sussex.

*Cath.*—You were lately speaking of chrisom children: it is not often that we find specimens of that kind of brass. I can call to mind only four at this moment: the one in North Mimms Church, Herts; another in Southfleet, Kent; the third,—much larger than the others,—in Stoke d’Abernon, Surrey; and the fourth in Stanford Rivers, Essex: and they are always represented in the same way, swaddled up with cross bands in a shroud, the face only being exposed. There is not in general any inscription; the legend, however, of that in Stoke d’Abernon, says, “*qui quidem Petrus obiit in tenerâ ætate,*” and—which I should hardly have expected—begins with the “*Orate pro animâ.*” One more frequently finds chrisoms represented among the other children of the parties commemorated on the sides of high tombs, and there they are frequent enough, even long after the Reformation. I call to mind two instances, both



however subsequent to that period, where children are represented as such: one is in Clynog Church, Caernarvonshire, in a mural brass, which pourtrays a little girl in flowing drapery, the ringlets permitted to fall naturally about the forehead; and the other in Henfield Church, Sussex, where are the effigies of a grandmother and grandson, the hand of the former lying on the head of the latter, whose name was *Menedeb*. A pagan epitaph subjoined begins, "Great Jove hath lost his Ganymede, I trow."

*Pal.*—There can be no doubt that the families pourtrayed at the feet of the principal effigy represent, not only the number of children of each sex correctly, but also the circumstances in which they were at the death of their father. So you sometimes find a priest or nun among the rest; sometimes among the girls the head-dress shews them to have been married; sometimes the hair is long and flowing, like maidens': and, again, sometimes one or more are represented as in the background, signifying that they died before their parents.

*Cath.*—I have sometimes wondered, that, among the numerous instances where a brass was erected to the memory of both a husband and wife on the death of the former, and the date for the decease of the latter was therefore necessarily left a blank, it should so often have never been filled up. It is curious, too, to observe the prevalence of certain

names during the whole age of brasses. Probably the names of more than half the women thus commemorated were either Alice, Agnes, Margaret, or Catherine. I have not observed the same thing among men's names.

*Pal.*—Some of the smallest brasses I ever saw occur in the highly curious collegiate church of Lingfield, Surrey. Semi-effigies are to be seen there not more than three inches in height; one, in particular, which bears the laconic legend, "Orate pro animâ Catherinæ Stoket." It is a well-known rule, the narrower the rim, the older the brass; and I think it is equally true, that in those instances which have brasses at the feet, bearing the legend, those are the oldest which are the highest in proportion to their breadth.

*Cath.*—We may, I think, reserve the conclusion of this discussion for some other occasion; for our tasks here appear to be well-nigh done.

*Pal.*—This village is one well deserving of a visit in all respects. Its beautiful Eleanor Cross, for a simpler design than such as Waltham, is unequalled. And how pleasant it was this morning to be awaked at four by the curfew, and to hear it strike up as we saw the villagers grouping round the Cross last night! And this church is highly curious. Besides the arabesque rood-screen, a singular imitation of the east window, that early pue, of 1602, and that

painted sepulchre of Queen Elizabeth, (a token of respect to the queen, which many churches seem to have vied with each other in erecting to her,) the altar-steps I have been sketching contain an inscription, which, though much transposed by rude and awkward hands, I think we may read thus: “ + Hic jacet Willelmus Glover de Geddington, capellanus, (chantry priest, I presume, in the south chapel, and very probably he whose monument you have been sketching,) qui fecit scabræ” (I cannot understand this, unless it refers to the walls, which may be built of rubble; and yet one would think it must bear some reference to this fine Reredos): the rest is unfortunately lost, except the date, 1350. There is, too, I see, a curious arabesque poor-box by the door. Well! shall we bend our steps towards Brixworth and Northampton?

*Cath.*—Willingly. What a romantic place is this village! I who, you know, am something of a worshipper of the Muses, was so struck by it last night, that, in our old Elizabethan room at the Duke's Arms, I was seized with a sudden fit of inspiration.

*Pal.*—Truly, I thought you were somewhat abstracted when we had finished our church-notes for the day. And now, that we are in the pleasant green fields, pray let me hear its consequences.

*Cath.*—Well then:

In sooth, a scene of England's olden time !  
The summer show'r hath pass'd, but all the air  
Is fragrant with its incense ; and the clouds,  
That spread their white sails to the western wind,—  
Rich merchant-ships of Heav'n,—are freighted full  
With ruby, borrowed of the setting sun.  
All nature teems with life : the drops that hang  
Cradled upon the green leaves, wake the choir  
That haunt the leafy chapels of the lime,  
Or the elm-avenue's tall Gothick nave.  
These chant their vesper hymn. Nor man not feels  
The holiness and calmness of the hour.  
Around the Cross, whose sides are decked with wreaths  
Of that eternal foliage, which, once hewn  
From the grey quarry, nor awakes in spring,  
Nor fades when days grow short, and cold winds blow,  
The parting sunbeams linger : and above  
They shed a cold and melancholy light  
On the sweet image of the sainted Queen.  
Four bow-shots hence, there stands a cot, than which  
Lovelier ne'er dawn'd upon the fever'd couch  
Of him, who, pent in city walls, calls up,  
To wile away the long and tedious night,  
The images of peace, and scenes of youth,  
So long departed, yet so unforgot.  
On a green knoll it stands : its greystone walls  
Are girdled in with many a forest tree ;  
Round swelling chesnuts, incense-breathing limes,  
And one dark copper beech, through which the thatch,  
Brown with the storms of forty winters, peeps.  
And o'er it, from the thick old chimney-stack,  
Carv'd fretwise o'er with many a quaint device,  
Eddies the blue-wreath'd smoke. It is a spot  
Fit for a scene in Faery-land : the porch  
So thick-festooned with woodbine trellisings,

And jasmine, star-like flower, that glimmers bright  
As winter constellations : then at eve  
The green and golden hue that gleams athwart  
The topmost branches, and the soft grass, decked  
With pendent harebells, and the sweet bird's notes,  
Are meet for thy gay palace, Fairy Mab !

There : now let us make the best of our way, favoured  
ed by these delightful meadows, to our destination !

## CHAPTER IV.

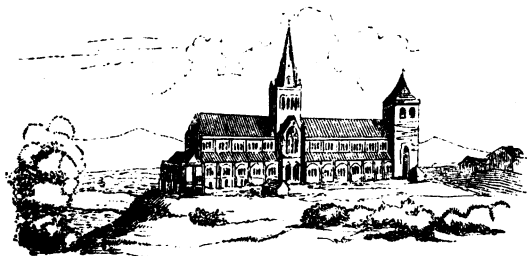
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If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do,  
chapels had been churches.

*Merchant of Venice.*



GLASGOW CATHEDRAL.

## CHAPTER IV.

### WEEDON BECK.

*Catholicus.*—I MUST confess, that great as would be the attractions of the churches we have just left behind us at Northampton, were they in a decent state of repair, I can take but little pleasure in looking at them in their present condition. As to S. Sepulchre's, it is a disgrace to the town, though the intrinsic beauty and size of the piers would make it as interesting as any of the round churches, if properly restored. It presents a singular



appearance with its buttressed tower and lofty spire ; and has a very different contour from what one expects when one hears of a round church. S. Giles, too, has not received the attention it merits : the small central belfry-arches, of Early English date, are most remarkable. S. Peter's is a perfect mine of Norman enrichment, and reflects the greatest credit on the lady who, with her own hands, has extricated the capitals from the sheet of whitewash in which, as Archdeacon Hare speaks, they had been made to do penance.

*Palæophilus.*—The most curious part about that church is the extraordinary occurrence which took place there not many years back, and which is still remembered by many. It was during the afternoon service, one Sunday, that so horrible and unearthly a noise was heard below the church, that no one would stay in it. Every possible investigation was made in the vaults, and round the building, but no cause was ever assigned for the occurrence. I remember that after being informed of this circumstance, (I was on a church-tour at the time,) I pursued my way, late in a spring afternoon, to Wellingborough. When I reached Wilby, a little village halfway, it was quite dark ; but, hearing curfew rung, I walked up to the church, which stands on an elevation at a little distance from the village. The clerk was in the belfry, and I requested him to go and bring a

lantern, that I might have an idea of the church. He accordingly went, and left me standing at the tower-door: sometimes trying to make out the forms of pier and arch in it; sometimes looking out into the still, and clear, and starlight night, and occasionally thinking of the strange tale I had just been listening to. While thus engaged, I heard, apparently proceeding from half-way up the tower in the air, a very distinct groan; and while endeavouring to persuade myself that it was a mere delusion, and that, if safe from such supernatural visitations anywhere, it should be in a church, I heard it repeated. I waited in some degree of alarm till the return of the clerk with a light revealed the cause of my terror,—the grinding of the bell-rope, which he had left in motion against the hole by which it passes the belfry-floor!

*Cath.*—There is something very striking in taking, as I have sometimes done, a brass by torch-light. Once more particularly I remember in a village church in Anglesea, when a groupe of the prettiest children I ever saw held for me the lighted reeds which they employ in that country by way of candles. The flashing of the light on pier, and arch, and roof, on quaint carvings of seat, and fair angels in cornice; the misty exhalation, which floats about, and throws a halo round the flame of the taper; the dull fixed gaze of the effigy, compared with the lively and in-

terested looks of the performers ; the shifting of light and shade, the rattling of the casements, the howling of the wind, the thought that

The vaulted arches are over the head,  
And under the feet are the bones of the dead;

—altogether, the effect is not soon to be forgotten. Add to which, the heartfelt surprise expressed by my young companions at my skill, and the broken exclamations of wonder from the elder portion of the spectators (for there were many), as line, and fold, and feature of the brass were transferred, clearly and sharply, on to my paper:— such as, “ Well, I never ! ” “ Oh law ! ” “ Well, I *have* lived a long time, but I never saw anything like this ! ” “ Bless me ! ” And then, the surprise at my “ book-learnedness,” when I had explained the *reading* to them.

*Pal.*—There, if I mistake not, is the valley through which our future friend, the railway, runs. Yes ! and there you may catch the shining rails themselves running along upon their gravelly bed.

*Cath.*—How lamentably unromantic is every thing and every one becoming ! We must throw in our lot with others, and submit to be whirled on with the rest of the world. What a completely nineteenth-century look have these stations ! Our forefathers would no more have thought of running up these lath-

and-plaster things, than they would of going to sea in a sieve. But see to what the love of money—nay, worse than that—the grasping after an immediate return—can lead! Now, if you will go and arrange matters so that we may be carried “by or upon this railway,” as the placards express it, I will take care of all our worldly wealth, as contained in these two knapsacks. . . . .

*Pal.*—So far, so good. Here are our passports. What a miserable thing is the walking up and down the platform, while waiting! Be your business what, or of what kind it may, you do not see a face that by any chance seems capable of sympathising with you, any more than if it were made of wood: but we, in our pursuit, should be looked on by clerk and porters as downright madmen. Imagine the reception which your information would receive, were you to acquaint one of them with the fact, that Weedon had far deeper interest in your eyes, from being the burying-place of a saint—obscure though her name be—than as that for which it is now so well known to all innkeepers and travelling agents fifty miles round!

*Cath.*—Here comes the train. It is a lively sight too, I confess, to see the officials start into life and animation, like automata when the strings are pulled; to hear the roaring of the train, the rattling of the piston, the horrible screech of the whistle; to see

the coolness with which the engine-drivers loll over the rails of their little domain ; and the ease with which the huge thing rolls up and stops—in with you !—at the will of its masters.

*Pal.*—And now we are off. Well, I will agree with every one as to the immense moral mischief that railroads have caused and will cause to England, making it into one huge manufacturing town—amalgamating into one senseless heap the various usages of different localities—mixing, as opticians do, the clear and beautiful tints of local habits, feelings, prejudices, affections, into one colourless and monotonous mass—cutting up by the root hearty old English associations, superstitions, attachments, and, by weakening patriotism on a small scale, weakening it also on a larger ; thus turning us into cosmopolites, most odious name ! and filling our mouths with that hateful saying, *Patria est ubicunqve valemus*. Also, I am as ready as any one to assert that a huge viaduct crossing a lovely valley, or clear peaceful river, is a blot and a blur on the landscape. But I must think that the traveller on the railway has many new and beautiful scenes opened out to him ; and much the advantage, if he be gifted with any power of abstraction, over the traveller by the old method, in point of picturesqueness. The deep chalky or sand-rock cuttings are often very striking in themselves ; but the panorama of the most different objects, crowded on one after

another, like a feverish dream, is the romance—if there be any—of railroad travelling. Take for example the Newcastle and Carlisle line. You are at Redheugh—the broad Tyne is before you—on the opposite side is the huge town of Newcastle on its steep hill. The airy spire of S. Nicholas (the lately desecrated S. Nicholas) contrasting well with the ponderous Grecian Town-house on its overhanging brow. The river, under the influence of a westerly gale, dashing against the long bridge, and the innumerable vessels dancing gaily on their anchors. Anon, you are thundering over the wooden bridge which bestrides the Derwent—you are almost shaded by the trees of Axwell Park—Dilstone Hall reminds you of the unfortunate end of the brave Earl of Derwentwater—you are hurrying past the glorious Tower of Hexham, with its fair decorated Lady Chapel—you are sweeping over Hexham Levels, and think of Margaret of Anjou's defeat—you smile to see how vainly the Tyne raves at the foot of Woodhall Scaur, by which its course is altered—Plenmeller hangs over you with his coronet of mist—Bellister Castle breathes of “Belted Will Howard” and the Border times—the incense of the Vale of Tippal is around you—you are dashing over Paltross bridge, whence from a height of sixty feet you look down on the mountain ravine that divides Cumberland from Westmoreland—you shoot into a dungeon of freestone, the cut through the

Cowran hills—the sunny Solway is glittering before you—and you are in “merry Carlisle,” with its red cathedral tower, and lofty castle hill.

*Cath.*—And you have almost put me out of breath with the rapidity of your movements. It would be a curious question, whether a high state of Catholick feeling, and so much intercourse between various parts of a country, could be co-existent. I should almost incline to answer in the negative.

*Pal.*—Let us be content to take the advantages of the system, without troubling ourselves by hoping to stop that onward motion which is irresistible; that “triumph of mind,” as people call it—and ought to end the sentence—“over heart.”

*Cath.*—Glorious Coventry! What spire in England can match the contour of S. Michael’s? What beautiful shifting and grouping is there between it, the Holy Trinity, and the Grey Friars! Nothing shews more completely the vast superiority of a spire over a tower, than a comparison of Taunton with this city. S. Mary Magdalene, at Taunton, the noble perpendicular tower of which is the finest in the West, also groupes admirably with its sister tower of S. James; but the effect is as nothing compared with this. A good comparison might also be instituted between the effect, at a distance, of Coventry and Lichfield. Each has three spires; but owing, not only to the superior magnificence of those at Coventry, but to the greater

distance between them, they combine in a far more beautiful manner.

*Pal.*—Grouping, whether it was studied as a science, or merely arose from the general feeling which our ancestors had of the beautiful, must now be reckoned among the lost arts. Yet how much does it add to the grace and dignity of the churches in old cities, to observe their contrast with, and setting off by, each other! The finest instance I know is Rouen. As you glide down the still waters of the Seine on a summer evening, watching the trees skirting the side of the river, the cattle grazing in the quiet fields, or the long lazy reeds that waver in the stream, you look up on a sudden, and there, on your right hand, bathed in a flood of purple misty light, the whole city is before you—the tall spire of the cathedral towering aloft above every other object, (what must it have been in its original state!) the huge towers of S. Ouen, and S. Maclou, and at less elevation, though still proudly rising above the sharp-edged houses, S. Godard, S. Vivien, S. Pierre-du-Châtel, S. André-dans-la-ville, S. Laurens, S. Nicalse, and some thirty others, rich, and various, and elaborately beautiful. Meanwhile, between picturesque houses, as you glide betwixt S. Sever and the city, the confused sounds of a large town sweetly blended together; the bright dresses of boatmen, fishermen, and stall-women, gleaming on the shore; and presently



the sweet Angelus tells you that the long blue day has ended, and that it is the calm hour of Compline.

*Cath.*—The most noble effect I ever saw produced by two spires is in the instance of the *Abbaye aux Hommes* at Caen. Ah! my good host of the Hôtel d'Angleterre, it needed greater attractions than even those of your table d'hôte to prevent my hurrying to that wonderful pile, and gazing during a lovely twilight on its two grey, stern, severely simple spires, gathering their hues of beauty from the setting sun, and seeming to cut out their outline on the sky, sharply and distinctly—unlike each other—yet each so beautiful, that till you gaze on the other you think it inimitable. Look at them as you will, in their grouping with the city churches, or the far blue country, there they are in the same severe, quiet beauty, the Parthenon of Christian temples; and an everlasting monument of the taste of the Conqueror, and the resting-place of Richard the Lion-hearted.

*Pal.*—Do not, however, let us overlook our own churches. Look at “that most Catholick city of Norwich;” the tall spire of its cathedral rising from the vale, and contrasting gloriously with the dark massy heap of Bigod's Tower on the Castle Hill, and the lantern-like perpendicular church of S. Peter Mancroft on the opposite brow; the intermediate part of the picture being filled up with the three round towers of S. Benèt, S. Ethelred, and S. Julian, and

the fine flint steeples of S. Michael-at-Plea, S. George Colegate, S. John Sepulchre, and some thirty more.

*Cath.*—Do not think that for one moment I give the preference to foreign buildings over English: if in any case our own cities fall short of those in more Catholick lands, it was not so once; our ancestors' hands and hearts were not in fault—the wickedness and apathy of their descendants were the cause. What could have been finer than the city we have now past, when its cathedral was standing? If, as is probable, it had three spires, the combinations of the six together must have been inimitable. Undervalue our English buildings! Oh no! I only say with respect to them—

. . . *fuit* Ilium, et ingens  
Gloria Teucrorum. . . .

What, for example, was Rouen, when compared with York?—the Cathedral so much inferior to the Minster, and the church of S. Ouen to S. Mary's abbey.

*Pal.*—It vexes me to the heart when travelled connoisseurs, or they who think themselves so, return from their foreign expeditions with a depreciation for everything English and a commendation for everything foreign. As to Flamboyant, a few days' inspection of it is very well, but a few months sicken one most thoroughly of it. I wonder it never made its way into England to a greater degree; for some traces of it we have in many parts: the flame-like tracery, for example, in the west window of S. Michael's at Cambridge;

and (which I have never seen noticed) a specimen of those hideous windows so common abroad, without any tracery at all, in Bosham, Sussex.

*Cath.*—It is a disputed question, whether local scenery had any effect on the plans of our churches. It is generally said, that spires are not found usually on the top of a hill: but, if this be a rule at all, it is one in which the exceptions almost equal the instances conforming to it. In Cambridge, for example, one of the two original spires is on the top of a hill. In Lewes, the only spire out of five churches is on a very steep hill. Lincoln Minster stands on a hill, and had three spires. S. Michael, at Lichfield, has a high spire, and stands on the top of a hill; and there might be given innumerable instances. I firmly believe, however, that some principles, not only of taste, but of utility, did influence our ancestors in their design for a church-steeple. How often, for example, is a noble situation on a cliff chosen, that the erection may, externally, be a guide to mariners, as it is internally to those who are tossed upon the waves of this troublesome world! All along the Norfolk coast one has examples of this use. Cromer Church is a notable instance: so Boston “Stump:” so Patrington, in Yorkshire, a noble building, commands the entrance of the Humber, and is a famous beacon: so Westbourne, in Sussex: so S. Buryan, in Cornwall: so Paul, or S. Paulinus, as it should be called, (in the

same county, and near the last-named church,) where there seems a beacon-tower for kindling a light, should it be needed. One might have expected to find spires more frequent in wooded districts; and in some cases one does, as the celebrated "lantern of Arden;" but in general, as in the Weald of Sussex, these are mere bellcots, or, at best, low towers. This, I suppose, arose from the poverty of such districts. In marshy districts the spires are usually very high, and serve admirably as guides to the wanderer; for, example, Cottenham, visible for miles in every direction over the Ely Fens. Bell-gables suit well enough with mountainous districts; both because they allow of smaller churches, which can therefore occupy commanding situations on the summits of craggy peaks, where there would not be room for larger buildings to stand, and also because they avoid that contrast with the vastness of natural scenery which Scott so beautifully notices in Iona:

" Nature's voice might seem to say,  
Well hast thou done, proud child of clay!  
Thy humble powers that stately shrine  
Tasked high and hard;—but witness mine!"

So, accordingly, in Cumberland and Wales, one meets with very little beside cots of this nature. I think, too, there was a peculiar partiality for placing towers close to the foot of hills; that so the hard, grey, sharp, square outline of the one might contrast with

the smooth, soft, green, swelling slope of the other. Of this we have examples enough in Sussex: look at Poynings! One thing, however, we may always observe: the most beautiful spot in the village, be it what it may, is chosen for the church.

*Pal.*—Very true, indeed. And as one endeavours to call up instances, how many beautiful little landscapes come rushing into one's mind, and bring with them happy thoughts of summer-evening saunterings with absent friends in lime-tree church-walks, or under shady hedges, with the bright spire of some village church beckoning to us from the horizon; rides among grey old mountains to some almost forgotten priory; moonlight conversations in a cathedral close; desolate stony wastes, bleak commons, and wild pools, passed on the return from some day of churches; short cuts through pleasant spring woods eyed with primroses and buttercups, to some half-concealed tower; recollections steeped in all the beauties of nature, and sweetened by the remembrance of those with whom they were shared, who entered into our indignation at the infamous state of *that* neglected building, partook our joy in the restoration of *this*, and went along with us in our most enthusiastic hopes for the day when our temples should be what they have been, and God be again worshipped in all the beauty of holiness.

*Cath.*—And so there may be a fulfilment of (what

I think you never heard) the wish which one of our friends expressed,—somewhat warmly, indeed,—in a ballad on the subject.

*Pal.*—Let me hear it.

*Cath.*—“ Oh, the good old times of England ! Ere, in her evil day,  
From their Holy Faith and their ancient rites her people fell away ;  
When her gentlemen had hands to give, and her ycomen hearts  
to feel ;  
And they raised full many a bead-house, but never a bastile ;  
And the poor they honoured, for they knew that He, Who for us  
bled,  
Had seldom, when He came on earth, whereon to lay His Head ;  
And by the poor man's dying bed the Holy Pastor stood,  
To fortify the parting soul with that celestial Food ;  
And in the mortal agony the Priest ye might behold,  
Commending to his Father's hands a sheep of His own fold ;  
And, when the soul was fled from earth, the Church could do yet  
more ;  
For the Chaunting Priests came slow in front, and the Cross went  
on before ;  
And o'er the poor man's pall they bade the sacred banner wave,  
To teach her sons that Holy Church hath victory o'er the grave.

“ But times and things are altered now ; and Englishmen  
begin

To class the beggar with the knave, and poverty with sin :  
We shut them up from tree and flower, and from the blessed sun ;  
We tear in twain the hearts that God in wedlock had made one,—  
The hearts that beat so faithfully, reposing side by side  
For fifty years of weal and woe from eve till morning tide ;  
No gentle Nun with her comfort sweet, no Friar standeth nigh,  
With ghostly strength and holy love to close the poor man's eye ;  
But the corpse is thrown into the ground, when the prayers are  
hurried o'er,  
To rest in peace a little while, and then make way for more !

“ We mourn not for our abbey-lands ; e'en pass they as they may !

But we mourn because the tyrant found a richer spoil than they :  
He cast away, as a thing defiled, the remembrance of the just ;  
And the relics of our martyrs he scattered to the dust ;  
Yet two at least, in their holy shrines, escaped the spoiler's hand,  
And S. Cuthbert and S. Edward might alone redeem a land !

“ And still our Litanies ascend like incense, as before ;  
And still we hold the one full faith Nicæa taught of yore ;  
And still our children, duly plunged in the baptismal flood,  
' Of water and the Holy Ghost, are born the sons of God :'  
And still our solemn festivals from age to age endure ;  
And wedded troth remains as firm, and wedded love as pure ;  
And many an earnest prayer ascends from many a hidden spot ;  
And England's Church is Catholick, though England's self be not !  
England of Saints ! The hour is nigh—far nigher may it be  
Than yet I deem, albeit that day I may not live to see,—  
When all thy commerce, all thy arts, and wealth, and power, and  
fame,  
Shall melt away—at thy most need—like wax before the flame ;  
Then shalt thou find thy truest strength thy martyrs' prayers  
above ;  
Then shalt thou find thy truest wealth their holy deeds of love ;  
And thy Church, awaking from Her sleep, come glorious forth at  
length,  
And in sight of angels and of men display Her hidden strength :  
Again shall long processions sweep through Lincoln's minster pile ;  
Again shall banner, cross, and cope gleam thro' the incensed aisle ;  
• And the faithful dead shall claim their part in the Church's  
thoughtful prayer,  
And the daily sacrifice to GOD be duly offered there ;  
And tierce, and nones, and matins, shall have each their holy lay ;  
And the Angelus at Compline shall sweetly close the day.  
England of saints ! the peace will dawn,—but not without the  
fight ;  
So, come the contest when it may,—and GOD defend the right !”

*Pal.*—Very well, very well; and, bating a little poetical exaggeration for the sake of contrast, I fear too true.

*Cath.*—And now, if our church-ramble in York is to be successful, we had better devote some little time to the study of the map of that city.





## CHAPTER V.

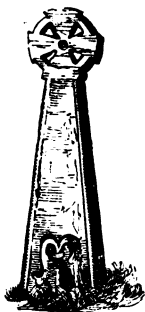
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### Contents.

The Fifteen Days of Judgement.—Stained Glass in the other Churches of York.—Series of Illustrations of Saints' Lives—of S. Lawrence at Ludlow—of S. Neot at S. Neot's.—Legends of the Founder.—The Blacksmith at Monksilver.—The Pedlar at Swaffham.—The Stained Glass in Wells Cathedral—in French Churches.—Swaffham Bulbeck.—The Churches of Scotland—Perth, S. John's—Fortrose—Glasgow—Elgin.

Vor uns liegt ein glücklich Hoffen,  
Liegt der Zukunft gold'ne Zeit :  
Steht ein ganzer Himmel offen,  
Blüht der Freiheit Seligkeit.  
Teutsche Kunst und Teutsche Lieder,  
Frauenhuld und Liebes Glück,  
Alles grosse kehrt uns wieder,  
Alles schöne kommt zurück !

**KÖRNER.**



ON THE ROAD SIDE ON TEMPLE MOOR, CORNWALL.

## CHAPTER V.

YORK.

*The conversation takes place in All Saints,  
North Street.*

*Palæophilus.*—What magnificent glass this is! Let us devote this morning to obtaining a faithful copy of it.

*Catholicus.*—Willingly; especially this most curious window in the north aisle. It seems to describe the fifteen days of the last Judgement, as Venerable Bede has written of them. Let us first see what we

can make out of them ; for, thanks to the shameful carelessness of its guardians, terrible havock has been made in it.

*Pal.*—The first subject is the extraordinary inundation of the sea. The legend is all but gone. Then we have the corresponding ebb ; with the inscription

Ye seconde day ye see sall be  
So lawe, as all men sall yt see.

The following day reduces it to its original level :

Ye iii day yt sall be plain  
And stand, as yt was, again.

The day after we have the fishes and sea-monsters leaving their native element, and coming forth upon the earth ; but the lines are gone. Then the sea is represented on fire :

Ye v day ye see sall bryn,  
And all the watrys that may bin.

On the sixth day the trees are on fire, and their fruit is dropping ; but the poetry is unintelligible. Then follows a general earthquake :

Ye seventh day howses mon fall,  
Castels and towers, and ilka wall.

After this, the rocks are consumed :

The viii day ye roches and stanes  
Sall bryn togeder all at anes.

Some church-destroyer has entirely effaced the events

of the ninth day. But, on the next, there is nothing to be seen but earth and sky, with the legend :

The tende day, for heaven  
Erthe sall be plain and even.

*Cath.*—That is, if I remember Bede's account aright, the mountains shall be levelled, and the valleys filled. Next follow a priest with two men and two women, in an attitude of prayer :

Ye xi day sall men come owte  
Of their graves, and wende abowte.

In the following square are three sarcophagi full of bones coming together :

Ye xii day banes dede sall  
Togeder at anes ryse all.

The next light represents great stars falling from heaven :

The xiii day sitthe sall  
Sterres and the heaven fall.

*Pal.*—Then we have a tomb, with a man and woman side by side on its summit ; three mourners bending over them, and Death with his dart at the foot :

The xiv day all that lives than  
Sall die, bathe childe, man, and woman.

And then follows the final consummation of all things :

The xv day this sal betyde,  
The world sall bryn on every side.

In the tracery are demons conveying the souls of the wicked to punishment, and angels carrying the faithful into Abraham's bosom.

*Cath.*—A most curious and instructive piece of design: and the ideas of some of the lights are very noble; that, in particular, where the sea is represented on fire. And what a mine of glass there is in the other windows of this church!

*Pal.*—The windows in the parish churches of this city are far superior to those in the cathedral, magnificent as the latter are. In S. Michael Spurriergate the Jesse window must have been truly grand. There is a fine example of this in the church of Llanrhaidr in Kinmerch, Denbighshire; it forms the east window of the north aisle, and bears the date of 1533. Jesse, as usual, is recumbent at the lower part, and from his loins the tree, with its royal fruit, rises upwards. Some of the kings have legends, besides their names; so from David issues the label, *Misericordias Domini in æternum exaltabo*. The whole terminates in a vesica piscis, with the Blessed Virgin and the Infant Saviour. Dorchester, in Oxfordshire, is, as every one knows, a splendid example; and unique from the circumstance of the branches of the tree being formed out of the stone-work of the window; and Jesse's figure is also carved in stone. Not less curious are Creed windows; that is, to quote the extremely curious document (quoted in the Cambridge Camden

Society's Illustrations of Monumental Brasses) cataloguing the stained glass in the windows of Fairford church,—a document, the naïveté of which can hardly be surpassed,—“the twelve articles of the Apostles' Creed, with the Apostles that severally made them.” There are, by the way, the remains of a very fine Jesse window in Barkway, Herts, removed from Read, the neighbouring village.

*Cath.*—I wish some one could be stirred up to catalogue the glass we yet have remaining, after the eras of the Reformation, and of the Rebellion, and of—kaleidescopes; for I verily believe that mania was as destructive as any to our windows. We saw, if you remember, the remains of a Creed window in S. Denis' in this city.

*Pal.*—How beautifully do the events of a saint's life follow each other in these representations! None that I have seen in England comes up, as a series, to that in the east window of Ludlow Church, setting forth the life and passion of S. Lawrence, the Patron Saint. The window is fine perpendicular, of nine lights, and four times transomed. Thus there are twenty-seven divisions, besides the upper range of lights, which are taken up by the Holy Trinity, Archangels and Angels, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saint himself with his gridiron. Below this we see S. Lawrence kneeling before the bishop as sub-deacon: then ordained deacon, receiving the treasures of the Church: distributing them to the



poor : put in custody : taken before the emperor : brought before an idol : thrust back into prison : restoring sight to the blind there : converting the jailor : again brought before the emperor : pointing to the lame and blind as the Church's true treasures : shewn the instruments of torture : stoned : shot at : broiled on a gridiron : solemnly buried : reappearing to his friends : and, finally, the emperor commanding a church to be built to his memory. There is also a very complete series in S. Neot's Church in Cornwall : where you first behold the Saint in his solitude : then an angel appearing to him, pointing him to the well of the Three Fish, and promising him subsistence so long as he shall only consume one a day, by its miraculous reproduction in the well : S. Neot's holy life, and miraculous preservation by the fish : his falling ill : Barinus, his servant, (ignorant of the tenure by which his master was to be preserved,) going to the well : serving up *two* fish, one broiled, the other boiled : S. Neot's indignation and sorrow : Barinus throwing one of them back, and its restoration to life.

*Cath.*—All references to the personal history of the founder, in glass, are very interesting. In Monksilver, Somersetshire, the south aisle, a very pretty perpendicular addition, has, in the head of the windows, a hammer, nails, pincers, horse-shoe, and *buttrass* (an instrument connected, I believe, with the mysteries of the farrier's craft). The villagers tell you, that a cer-

tain blacksmith in that place once on a time sent to Bristol for a hundred-weight of iron ; and in due course of time received a ponderous bale, which he imagined to be the article sent for, but, on examination, turned out to be the same quantity of pure gold. How the mistake gave him a right to the property, history saith not ; but, having appropriated it to his own use, he laid out part of it in building this aisle, and set the implements of his trade in the windows as a memorial of the fact.

*Pal.*—I have seen the same implements carved on the wooden seats at S. Ives' in Cornwall ; but, whether any legend be attached to them, I cannot say. The curious woodwork in the church of Swaffham, Norfolk, has a singular story connected with it. A pedlar, it is said, living in the place, saw one night in a dream a supernatural figure standing by him, which said, " Rise, and go to London Bridge, and there shalt thou find a treasure." The pedlar was, it appears, unwilling to undertake so long a journey on this intimation, and took no notice of the apparition. The next night it stood before him again, and commanded him to begone instantly. Still his incredulity was insuperable. On the third night, I think, the figure appeared again, and more urgently commanded him to set off forthwith ; and that with such a commanding manner, that, on awaking, our pedlar determined to obey. Having happily surmounted the tedious jour-

ney, taking only his dog as his companion, he came to London Bridge ; and wandered up and down it a whole day without any result. At last, as it grew towards evening, a man, who had, from one of the houses, I presume, on the bridge, watched his incessant motions to and fro, came up to him : " Sir pedlar," said he, " may I be so bold as to inquire the cause of your wandering up and down the bridge all this live-long day, without intent, methinks, to gain any advantage thereby ?" The pedlar, who, by this time, began himself to mistrust the reasonableness of his errand, was loth to expose what might be his own folly : but, at last, on being very much pressed, " Well," quoth he, " an' I must tell you, a vision bade me come to London Bridge, for that there I should find a treasure : but treasure have I found none, and, unless I am the more fortunate, back shall I go as poor as I came."—" Never trust again to visions," quoth the other : " if I had been fool enough to be taken in by them, I might have been sent, ere now, on as wild-goose a chase as you have been. I dreamed, once on a time, that I saw a figure which bade me go to a town called Swaffham, in Norfolk, to a pedlar's house lying hard by the church, (naming our own pedlar's abode,) and dig in a corner of his garden, for that I should find a pot of gold there ; but I never went, and never mean to go ; and you, methinks, had done well to stay at home, and mind your

own business, as I did.”—“ Good evening, friend,” quoth the pedlar: “ I ’ll warrant you I ’ll never come and look for treasure on London Bridge again.” Back he and his dog journey to Swaffham: he calls for pickaxe and spade, and falls vigorously to work in the described corner of his garden. Presently he hits on something hard: he redoubles his efforts, and turns it out: it is a large pot of gold. With part of it he builds the church, and a magnificent perpendicular erection it is: and, in commemoration of the adventure, had it carved on the wooden seats; where, however, much of it is destroyed: but the figure of the pedlar and muzzled dog occurs on the seats, and on the basement moulding of the huge tower. The inhabitants of the place fully believe the story; and I see no reason to doubt it.

*Cath.*—Many such stories, doubtless, live yet among our rustic population: how long, in this “ enlightened age,” they may be allowed to remain there, it is hard to say.

*Pal.*—Perhaps the richest conceivable effect of stained glass is that in the Lady Chapel of Wells Cathedral. It is of the finest ruby-red; and when you enter the cathedral at six o’clock on a summer’s morning, with the sun full on the east end, it seems as though the choir were on fire. The clear sharp foliage of the decorated piers in the chapel—the beautiful perspective of the lancets, interlacing, and intertwin-

ing, opening new vistas in every direction, each vista closed with a blaze of rubies—acanthus-leaf and channelled shaft steeped in rainbow hues—the fretted roof quivering with bright spots of variegated light.—Oh, it is not to be forgotten !

*Cath.*—What an astonishing quantity of stained glass exists in many French churches ! And how completely despised it seems to be ! Else we should not see, in the desecrated churches of Rouen, and elsewhere, so many beautiful fragments hanging still in the windows. How painful is the sight of one of those desecrated buildings ! A ruined church is sad enough : but a church cut up into different floors, and used as a warehouse, has something even more shocking in its appearance.

*Pal.*—What say you then to such a spectacle as that presented at Higham Ferrers, where the church and two fine chapels stand in the same churchyard ? One of them—a very fine perpendicular building, founded by Abp. Chichele,—is used as a school-room ; the other is leased out into cottages, of which there is a kind of street inside the walls of the nave.

*Cath.*—I think the account Marston gives of what it is to be a poet, may, in some degree, be applied to a true Ecclesiologist :

It is to have a deeper sense than most  
Of what should be ; and deeper pain than most  
To see what is !

*Pal.*—But, above all, what misery is it to make a church-tour in Scotland! I think nothing can surpass the desecration there. To see, for instance, some noble church, like that of S. John at Perth, cut into four parts, for four distinct services: or, again, such a cathedral as Dunkeld; the nave in ruins, the choir filled with pews to the very east end, the elders' seats round a plain deal table, and your guide, keeping his hat on, descanting on the flourishing state of the Church;—it is too sad to be borne.

*Cath.*—I suppose, however, that the buildings there were never comparable to our own.

*Pal.*—Certainly not in size: Glasgow itself would come among the very smallest of our English cathedrals; but, so far as I have seen myself,—and I am acquainted with the best,—the work is very fine. Fortrose, the cathedral church of the see of Ross,—a complete ruin, except that some of the adjacent buildings are used as a gaol,—is a grand specimen, and would be far superior to what it is, were it not for the very perishable nature of the red sand-stone, its material. Elgin is a noble building: like Exeter, the towers are at the extremity of the transepts; and, like Exeter also, the effect of that arrangement is poor. Dumblane has the finest wooden stalls conceivable; equal to those in Nantwich, or Lancaster S. Mary's. I never saw a church, however, even decently kept: one would think it must be a maxim of

Presbyterianism to serve the Almighty as cheaply and as meanly as can well be done. Glasgow Cathedral, however, is an exception, being well kept up—at least, so far as repairs go ; and, when Scotland has an Established Church, the building will be given up by the usurpers without having received any very serious damage.

*Cath.*—I think, if we mean to be in time for vespers, for which methinks I hear the cathedral-bell, we must be bending our steps thitherward. And then we have the promise of a fine evening for Marston Moor.

## CHAPTER VI.

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Would'st hear the tale? On Marston Heath  
Met, front to front, the ranks of death:  
Flourish'd the trumpets fierce, and now  
Fired was each eye, and flush'd each brow ;  
On either side loud clamours ring ;  
God and the Cause ! God and the King !

*Rokeby.*



NORWICH CATHEDRAL.

## CHAPTER VI.

### MARSTON MOOR.

*Catholicus.*—WHAT a miserable thing is an afternoon service in York Minster! I wonder that such continual coming in and going out of the choir, in the very middle of service, such irreverence, such lolling, or rather lying down, on the forms, are not felt to be a disgrace. To make the thing perfect, half-a-dozen sofas should be put in the middle of the choir, and

placarded, *For the accommodation of visitors*; and then the profanity would hardly exceed the present. It is a perfect farce to forbid visitors to cross the nave, while they are allowed to act as they do in the choir. And what a reproach—partly on the Suppression-bill, partly on themselves,—is the attendance of the cathedral body! First, look at the Chapter-house, so truly worthy of its inscription,

Ut rosa phlos phlorum, sic est domus ista domorum ;

and judge, from the stalls, what the number ought to be: then look at the two priests who were present this afternoon, and judge what it is!

*Palæophilus*.—A curious and instructive comparison might be drawn between the interior effect of York and Lincoln. For any one, in these “days of little men,” to decide as to their merits, is something like the fly that perched on London Bridge, and speculated on the comparative height of the Monument and S. Paul’s: still, one may investigate the effect on one’s own feelings. I should say, that Lincoln impressed me rather with a sense of my insignificance, York of its own majesty: in York you feel that you are gazing on a magnificent cathedral; in Lincoln you are lost to all considerations of time and place, and worship the Invisible alone: York tells you of the genius, Lincoln of the piety, of its founders: in York you have leisure to notice the details; at Lincoln, though far more

elaborate, they are lost in the whole : York strikes you as designed for the service and worship of mortals ; Lincoln is almost worthy to contain indeed, as it does in name, “ the Angels’ Choir.”

*Cath.*—Granting this to be a true description of the difference between the two, it speaks strongly in favour of the genius which designed Lincoln ; and which, with twenty feet less height, and less length, could produce a superior effect.

*Pal.*—Genius is not the proper word ; nothing short of a kind of inspiration could have produced either edifice. Such a kind of inspiration, I mean, as was the share of those Italian painters and musicians, who would not attempt a Madonna, or commence a Miserere, without having received the Holy Eucharist, and who left traces in the heavenly purity of the one, and the unearthly solemnity of the other, of the frame of mind which could conceive and perfect such ideas.

*Cath.*—Such instances preach a more eloquent sermon on the beatitude of the pure in heart than was ever uttered by mortal lips. They do indeed see God, not only in the next world, but even in this : for as only the pure in heart can hope to attain to The True, as being an emanation from That God Whom without purity no man can see ; so they only can imagine, or at least bring to perfection their imaginings of, The Beautiful, as being derived from Him Who is the well-spring of all Beauty.

*Pal.*—And, therefore, a sufficient answer is given to Protestant fictions on the immorality necessarily arising from monastic institutions by the buildings of which they were the causes. And, doubtless, we never shall have churches worthy of the name, till our architects act somewhat more in the spirit of their predecessors. While a man is building a County gaol, a Grecian assembly-room, a New-connexion Methodist Ebenezer chapel, and a Chartist hall, how can he expect that God will accept the dregs of his time, bestowed perhaps on a Commissioners' church?

*Cath.*—How indeed? And yet, you may talk to an architect on the subject, and impress on him the necessity of serving God with his best; and think you have persuaded him in some degree:—and next day he will tell you that he has accepted the commission for a thirty thousand pound gaol!

*Pal.*—Most hateful characters, to me, are liberal architects and antiquarians—men who, of all people, have most cause to venerate the wisdom of past ages, and who yet talk of the bigotry and superstition of our ancestors, of the dark ages, of modern wisdom, and of our immeasurable superiority to every one who went before. Such an one I once heard assert that he preferred ruined churches to any other, because he could study therein with much greater ease the mathematical principles on which they were founded.

*Cath.*—There is not much information to be gained

from the parish churches we have been seeing, in any other point of view than as regards their glass. S. Michael-le-Belfrey, if, as they say, begun in 1534 and finished in 1544, is a singular specimen of, I suppose, one of the latest churches in England. And assuredly the depressed Tudor arches and lights, the preposterous size and untoward shape of the long sheep that do duty as gurgoyles, and the absence of any external division between chancel and nave, would lead one to such a conclusion. Not but that the moulding running under the windows of cross-keys and swords in saltier is very well worked.

*Pal.*—A very good specimen of work erected at this date is to be seen at Willington, Bedfordshire, in the shape of a north chapel: the windows are good, and there is a fine late roof with carved bosses. On the east wall, between it and the chancel, is the inscription “Armiger ille Johannes Gostwicke hoc opus fieri fecit. Si ergo quid valeant pia vota, largire, Pater, ut eternâ fruatur posteritate.” But the most singular instance of late good work is the tower of Probus Church, Cornwall. It is of most elegant design; the belfry windows remarkably good; and not a shadow of debasement, except it be three small niches on the east side: and these might occur in the best work, and are by no means so late—to all appearance—as *Jacob's Ladder* at the west front of Bath Abbey. Yet Carew, writing in 1603, and, apparently, at no very advanced

age, says of this tower, "it was built within our memory by certain well-disposed persons." Now, this renders it probable that it is of Elizabethan date; but certain that it cannot be older than the time of Q. Mary.

*Cath.*—The Norman doors we have been seeing at S. Margaret's and S. Lawrence are of the very finest description. Without professing to understand—at least, entirely,—the symbolical signification attachable to them, one cannot but admire the almost Oriental magnificence of the receding orders of sculpture in such doors as these, and that celebrated entrance at Malmsbury, and one in its way as fine at Egleton in Rutland. The latter is a particularly interesting specimen, and has a chancel arch, of the same date as itself, the shafts of which are curiously worked so as to represent a monk ringing a bell.

*Pal.*—With the exception of these, and the altar-stone at the S. E. end of the chancel in S. Martin-le-Grand, I know not that we have seen anything very worthy of observation. As to altar-stones, rarely as one finds them with the five crosses upwards, so as to make sure of them, there is no doubt that most churches still possess them, if we knew where to look for them, and that they were not destroyed, nor thrown away, except in a few instances. I do not mean that we are at all indebted to the zealots, either of the Reformation or of the Rebellion, for this; but

simply to the worthlessness of the material. You will sometimes find that these stones have been moved with, apparently, great care and reverence; so, in Coates, Sussex, the altar-stone lies exactly underneath the present holy table, in such a manner as to render it impossible for any person to tread on it. At other times, it would appear wantonly to have been placed near a principal entrance, in order that it might—shocking to relate—be trodden under foot. So it is with some of the five altar-stones which remain in Lincoln Minster. I wish we could think that, in the former case, they were removed at the Reformation; in the latter, during the Rebellion: but I fear justice (however much we may wish to palliate the sacrileges of the former) will not allow us to do so in this instance. The hands which could mingle the ashes of S. Frideswide with the remains of Peter Martyr's wife, were certainly capable of any irreverence. It shews how much veneration must have been felt for altar-stones, that in one instance, at least, (in All Hallows, Barking,) tradition should still point out—apart from information received from antiquarians—that which belonged to the high-altar in that church.

*Cath.*—It is not, however, always that one knows how to separate the two. I was lately in the chapel of the Castle at Dover, and my conductress was pointing out the piscina. “There, sir,” said she, “is the font.”—“No, no,” I said; “it is not the font.”—



“Well, then,” she replied, in a snarling manner, “*it's the piscina!*” Tradition had done but little here; and, indeed, in all show-places it is very soon lost.

*Pal.*—It is quite cheering to think of the instances, as Selmeston, in Sussex, where the altar-stone has been restored to its proper place and use. I never can understand, nor have I seen it explained, why, even where the Reredos was most elaborate, the altar-stone itself was so strikingly plain.

*Cath.*—The present taste for elaborately panelled altars, however well intentioned, is not so correct; the proper English method being a slab, with octagonal shafts as supports. The thing which is most important in the matter is, that the slab itself should be stone; and, accordingly, in those ugly modern French altars one sees in most of their village churches, every other part of the altar is wood.

*Pal.*—What a noble sunset is this! Of what a rich brown are those “mares' tails” floating close to the horizon, and how prettily crossed and checquered with those clouds of brighter ruby hue. That green strip of sky, below those stationary clouds, half gold, half brown-ochre, how fast it contracts! And how majestically the dark night-clouds are sailing over the whole! How differently may the same truth be represented by different types! Which is the more striking representation of a “hope full of immortality,”

—the present scene, or the interior of the cathedral we have lately left ?

*Cath.*—You remind me of some verses in which I lately tried to set forth the effect, in a moral point of view, of such a sunset ; unworthily indeed of the subject, but to the best of my ability.

*Pal.*—Pray let me hear them ; they will tend to shorten this long gloomy lane, by which, it seems, we are to strike off from the Boroughbridge road.

*Cath.*—How still and beautiful is Nature's voice !

Some are there pent from youth within dark streets  
That cannot hear it ; some whose hearts, untuned  
To her sweet lessons, suffer them to pass :  
But still she preacheth wisdom, still she symbols  
Great and bright truths before the eyes of men ;  
For thus hath GOD ordained her for a guide,  
Mute tho' she be, unto the sons of earth :  
Wherefore her hues are of the stormy bow ;  
Her letters of the fiery characters  
Writ in the firmament ; her voice, each sound  
From the low breezes that scarce shake the pine,  
From the lark's song and insect's drowsy hum,  
Unto the thunder, the great wind, the sea  
Tortured to fury. And she reads us now  
A lesson that we well may lay to heart.  
Here, in the year's last hours, when each small leaf  
Knows that its time for fading draweth nigh,  
And the woods feel the first faint blasts that soon  
Shall strip them of their leafy canopy,  
In brighter glory do they clothe themselves  
Than brightest summer knew. 'Tis ever so :  
The last is loveliest : therefore doth the sky

At sunset glow with many-coloured hues :  
Therefore the star that rises just ere morn  
Is brighter than her fellows : therefore now  
Can we look round on such a scene as this.—  
And yet, perchance, we wrong them when we call  
Such scenes Truth's shadowing forth. I rather deem  
That they are more than shadows ; for there runs  
Such harmony of beauty through GOD's works,  
As that the loveliness of virtue needs  
Must find a correspondent loveliness  
In outward forms : for Truth is everlasting,  
And, being everlasting, must be One ;  
And as I would not call that faithful love  
The winged denizens o' th' air do feel  
Unto their young, a type of that which dwells  
I' th' mother's breast, but verily the same ;  
So, the high lore her great Creator gives,  
Nature, in all the ways she can, must teach,  
And we, with powers more high, more highly act.  
And, till we hold this, we shall never find  
True communing with Nature: not as they  
Who can weep with her when she weeps, and not  
Rejoice when she rejoices ; that can feel  
Her sadder autumn mood, but will not hear  
The comfort, and the glory, and the hope  
Of such a wondrous sunset as is this,  
When earth and heav'n are emulous to teach—  
This near its winter time, and that its night—  
One glorious truth, that Hope and Death may come,  
Like sisters, arm-in-arm ; and chastened Joy  
Walk as the sweet companion of Decay ;  
And as the spirits fail, and life grows dim,  
Brighter illapses of celestial things  
Come from the unseen region, just as now  
Those pillary rays shoot up from that dark cloud.  
Oh ! never, never, have I stood and gazed

On the sun's going down, nor inly felt,—  
Talk sceptics as they may,—GOD would not lend  
Such glorious language but to gild a lie ;  
And though that truth, the keystone of our faith,  
Were blotted from the book of sacred lore,  
Still must I hold it certain,—one day must  
This cõrruptible put on incorruption,  
This mortal gird on immortality ;  
And oh, without it, what a dream were life !

*Pal.*—So true, that one wonders how it possibly could happen, that Plato, in his half-inspired glances into futurity, should not have seen the force of that analogy. This is just the proper time to pay a visit to a battle-field ; though, except the remembrance of a pilgrimage to the spot, we can hope for little local interest, where all traces of a moor have disappeared before the ploughshare. At that group of trees,—the successors, I presume, of those then standing,—must the royal cannon have been placed, and the reserve stationed ; and look, where these clods have been lately stirred, is a bullet, white with earth-damp, and somewhat bruised, which will serve as a relic of the place. Ah ! those were glorious times for the Church : she was then in her best situation as regards purity, “the school of one Tyrannus ;” and her sons did justice to that training.

*Cath.*—Little as there is, in the common sense of the word, to be seen or learnt here, one can never regret the visit to such a spot. And so many thoughts

rush into the mind on visiting any battle-field, that such a pilgrimage seems almost an era in one's life.

*Pal.*—Very few of the scenes of our most famous battles are worthy of the events decided on them. Look at this: an undulating but uninteresting country; a straight road, skirted occasionally with melancholy pine-groves, “with their soft and soul-like sound;” fields, with low green hedges; and one group of chestnuts and beeches;—these are its principal features. *Naseby* presents nothing but a long cheerless ridge of downs. The passenger on the Great Western railway is whirled along Sedgemoor; the traveller on the Great Northern over the scene of the Battle of the Standard, with nothing to call to his notice either the one or the other. *Culloden* is an exception. It is a huge, bleak, dark swell of table-land, crossed uncertainly by a narrow and grass-grown road; two or three cottages, low and moss-grown, and with thatch projecting raggedly over the eaves, and affording a rich soil to the green, broad-leaved plants that have sprung up in it. Before you is the blue *Moray*, skirted on its opposite side with the fair hills and rich champaign of *Ross and Cromarty*; behind you, the bold *Grampians*, far away, start up, peak behind peak, and chain beyond chain: to your right is a bleak and boundless moor; to your left, crouching down in its well-watered valley, lies the good town of *Inverness*, crowned by the vitrified fort that looks

down upon it; and, at your feet, the red weed trembles on the graves of the Highlanders. The heath does not encroach upon them; the grass is greener around them; and the hundred years which have elapsed since the battle have not worn away the mounds of turf. There they rest, a fit couch for the mountain followers of Prince Charles Edward. But the noblest scene for a battle is the Pass of Killcrankie. It was a sober autumn day when I wandered leisurely through it, turning first out of my course to see the Falls of the Tummel. When you are in the jaws of the ravine, the grandeur is quite awful. On each side crags of every shape and size shoot up abruptly; gloomy pine-woods stand, like ghostly squadrons, on the left-hand mountain: the right is a chaos of granite; rocks of ponderous size shoot out from the rest, and overhang the passenger; some interlaced with ivy, some overshadowed by a hardy mountain-ash, some trailed over by the green arms of the bramble, putting on, as if in mimicry of nature, the strange forms of a delirious dream. That one, with its yellow scales of moss, shews like a corn-waggon at harvest-home; that, just over your head, like an evil beast springing out of the mountain-side; there, you have a beacon, with a soldier at watch by it; there, is a royal elephant—some old fir-stump picturing its car; there, you would say, was an old grey-headed man, resting his head on his elbows. And between

all these, hiding the hard sides of the crag, rank and rich vegetation runs up, and a few mountain-flowers are scattered here and there. Half a mile above you, you see the rich hue of the golden sunlight ; but, though it is broad blue day above, here, where you seem to go "down to the bottoms of the mountains, and the earth and her bars" to be about you for ever, there is "a little glooming light, much like a shade;" above, there is a cold clear north wind; around you is the damp earthy feel and scent of a grave,—for far, far below you, Garry shouts and thunders over his narrow rocky bed, and makes the imprisoned air damp with the spray of his waters. When, by a toilsome ascent, you have emerged from the ravine, you enter on a broad desolate heath; to your right is a stone marking the place where one of the gentlemen in the English army fell:—but you must pursue your journey further ere you reach the goal of your pilgrimage. At a little distance from the road, and on the right hand, stands an old house, with low eaves, small windows, and a court-yard surrounded by domestic buildings. After the desolation through which you have passed, it is quite pleasant to tread the trim gravel walk, and to see the dahlias and autumn roses and mignonette that spot the beds, and the Virginian creeper that flushes on the latticed work of the house. In the kitchen-garden, a bow-shot from the house, is a well or spring: the clear

water bubbles up in a basin of moss-grown stones. Here it was that Claverhouse, slackening the reins of his horse with his left hand, and pointing forward with his sword to his Highlanders, then advancing down the glen, was, from a low window, overhung with the eaves like a shaggy eyebrow, shot under the right arm,—the bullet being a silver one, because he was supposed to bear a charmed life against steel or lead; and, being lifted from his horse, he expired in a few minutes.

*Cath.*—Is not the scenery of Killicrankie said to bear a close resemblance to that of Thermopylæ?

*Pal.*—It is: your question reminds me of a poem on the subject, not so well known as it deserves to be, from which I will repeat you a few lines, in return for those which I have just heard from you. After describing the scenery, the poet proceeds,

Who, at Thermopylæ's dread pass, would mark  
Aught of contiguous circumstance,—the heights  
Of Ceta, and the mountains chesnut-crown'd?  
And who, at Killicrankie's dread defile,  
Lost to the scene before his feet, but turns  
His mind's eye backward, through the mists of time,  
To that dread day, when burning to avenge  
Their James dethroned, and check the usurper's pride,  
On death determined, or on deathless fame,  
But destined *this* to inherit, *that* to deal,  
Here, with his little hero band, Dundee  
Fell conquering? Yes; I see them: dark the sky  
To suit the scene so dark: while gaunt and grim,  
Like wolves, like lions, rush those mountaineers



Burning for fame and slaughter. Tumult straight  
 Turns to fair soldier-like array, and calm  
 Deliberate rage : and well behoves them now ;  
 For lo ! the foe, a sevenfold multitude,  
 Fronts them. And hark ! the volley'd thunder ! see  
 The glen in smoke and sulphur all involv'd !  
 The gale has clear'd it now ; the hosts emerge :  
 Those glorious rebels with their dread claymores,  
 —Well may they daunt the poor, time-serving host,  
 English, or swayed by England. Vanward, Graeme,  
 Graeme in the rearward, Graeme himself, head, soul,  
 Life-blood of that small battle, routs Mackay  
 With all his brigades, all his chivalry  
 Hired from the south. \* \* While we gaze,  
 That eye is quenched in death : he falls, he falls,  
 Glorifying ; for all around the field is won,  
 And Victory hovers o'er him, with her crown  
 Of laurel : such the work of good claymores !  
 Twelve hundred foemen pile the sacrifice  
 Crown'd by Dundee : but now, amidst his ranks,  
 The rich red cup of vengeance, flavoured else,  
 Palls on their lips. Oh spirit-stirring scene !  
 Thou claim'st the passing tribute of an hour  
 From every pilgrim :—I have paid thee mine.

*Cath.*—Spirited and stirring verses, certainly. How light has thickened ! Truly, this were the time, and this the place, so near a battle-field, for spirits to walk.

*Pal.*—What a magnificent expression is that, *he walks!* And so in Greek, *πορεύει*. But, as it is, I think it wants more courage to avow a belief in ghosts than to meet one.

*Cath.*—I certainly have courage for the former. If

any principle seems deeply rooted in our nature, if any thing has received the confirmation of universal assent, it is that spirits do appear after death. And why should we go about to gainsay it? What are we, that we should oppose the belief of all nations and ages, rather than incur the miserable bugbear of being called superstitious? Grant that many absurd ghost-stories have been, ere this, fabricated—are we to believe no revelation because there have been false ones? Who can deny that there are well-authenticated tales of murders discovered, treasures reclaimed, deeds made known, by the intervention of spirits? of lonely wastes haunted, of strange appearances at nightfall on moors and in solitary lanes? of voices, not of this world, on bleak hill-sides? of strange steps, and odd sounds, in old rambling houses? To deny these things is to resort to that *ultima ratio* of sceptics, Hume's wretched argument, that it is contrary to experience that miracles should happen, but not contrary to experience that witnesses should lie or be deceived.

*Pal.*—For my part, the strongest argument to me in favour of the belief is to be drawn from the books written against it; for example, Brewster's *Natural Magic*. If the reasons by which it must be opposed are such as those, they are poor indeed.

*Cath.*—How much more noble and more Christian is Tertullian's philosophy? if one may, without irre-

verence, quote it on a subject so much inferior to that with respect to which he wrote it. "OUR SAVIOUR became Man ;—it is possible, because it is unlikely :—and was crucified ;—it is probable, because it is incredible :—and rose again from the dead ;—it is certain, because it is impossible."

*Pal.*—More noble indeed ! What philosophy can be more miserable than that which, because it can find a second, instead of a third cause, thinks that it has reached *the* cause of all ! Take, for example, the case of meteors, or other celestial apparitions.—The comets which appeared before the Plague and the Great Fire of London,—the one slow, of dingy, yellow flame, and mournful appearance,—the other rapid, of a fiery flashing red, and horribly vivid. Our ancestors deemed them prognostics of the calamities they respectively preceded. Impossible ! says our modern philosopher. I can calculate the hour of the return of each—they came from natural causes, and at the natural period of their revolution. Well, and what then ? He only proves that the Creator, instead of forming them expressly for the purpose of forewarning men of His stroke, so timed their revolutions as to answer the same end. And what is gained here ?

*Cath.*—The difference is the same as if I, wishing to warn a friend at some particular time to take something in hand, instead of sending my servant to him when the time is come, wind up previously an alarum

that it may go off at that particular hour. Am not I the agent in both cases—and is not my agency exerted in both equally with reference to a particular season?

*Pal.*—Philosophers are ever ready to say, that such “blind superstition” checks all free inquiry, and to cast in your teeth the case of the Roman Court and Galileo.

*Cath.*—If they mean, by *free* inquiry, inquiry so free that it reverences the Holy Scripture as little as any other book, God forbid that Churchmen should not endeavour to check such inquiry. As to Galileo, the Roman Court was right: right, I mean, not in persecuting him, but in silencing him. “Here,” they said, “are two systems: one of which, having God for its Author, must be true; the other, as being the work of man, though it appears in itself probable, may be false. Now, the latter seems to contradict the former; and therefore, before we can allow it to be disseminated, the philosopher must shew that the two are not incompatible: if his ideas are well founded, he will be able to do it in time; and, in the meanwhile, we will not allow him to lead others to look sceptically on the Word of God.” And who will not agree with them in saying “Perish all the scientific truth ever discovered, rather than that one lamb should be lost from the fold of the Church!” I do not pretend to uphold now—when the compati-

bility of the two systems has been clearly shewn—a continuance in that decision : and it is strange hypocrisy to prefix to the French editions of Newton's "Principia" a notice that the system which they support, being condemned by the Holy See, is of course false ; but, on the ground of its ingenuity, deserves the attention of mathematicians.

*Pal.*—Coleridge's answer to the question, whether he believed in ghosts, so generally praised, seems to me miserably weak : "Madam, I have seen so many that I know well there are none." Who ever doubted that there are delusions of sight and of mind, which are diseases of both, as in his case ? And as to his argument, that in our present corporeal state we could not endure the apparition of a spirit without supernatural strength, why should we doubt, if the case be so (which I see no reason for believing), that, to bear a supernatural visitation, we should be endowed with supernatural fortitude ?

*Cath.*—It is worthy of note, how much more deeply Christianity has seized on the popular belief of our peasantry than on that of any other country. The Germans retain many traces of those Pagan times, when there were gods mighty to destroy, as well as mighty to save. There is nothing of the kind with us. We have no demons of the Harz mountains, nor Pounk with his fiery eyes ; ours are "spirits of a gentler sort." The most malicious of our supernatural beings

is the Brown Man of the Moors; and he, you know, is not spiritual, but, though endued with two centuries of life, mortal, and—what is more—he hopes for salvation. We have, to be sure, *Will o' th' wisp*, to allure the traveller into pathless bogs and wastes; but he does it rather from mischief than maliciousness. We have the *barguest*, who waits near lonely stiles to trip up the passenger; and we have strange appearances of headless animals: but generally our legends are of Fairy-rings, Peris, Fairy-sparks,—those electric flashes that a cat's back emits in the dark,—and Fairy-dew. We have *Pixies* and *Pixie Colts* in Devonshire, and the *Good People* in the North of England: and, in spite of Bishop Corbet's *Farewell to Fairies*, Robin Goodfellow still churns the milk, sweeps the hearth, thrashes the corn early in the morning, for those whom he favours; or, among those he dislikes, sours the pans and burns the milk (when, as they say in the North, *the Bishop has set his foot in it*, because, in former times, when the bishop passed through a town, the good people, careless of their milk, ran out to receive his blessing).

*Pal.*—You must remember, however, that the name *Good People* is an euphemism similar to that by which the Furies were by the Athenians called the Benevolent; for, though we never in England believed in their agency to the extent that our Scotch neighbours did, we long held that children were conveyed away

in their infancy to Faëry Land, and idiots substituted in their stead. The word changeling long lingered in our language. Jeremy Taylor has a prayer for fools, or *changelings*. And the spitefulness of fairies has left its traces in provincialisms: as they say in Essex, the bees are *elvish* to-day: and *elf-knots* shew the petty malice of our tormentors. Nor must you forget such legends as that of the Flying Dutchman: nor yet the fearful Cornish tale of the Death-ship, concerning which last, as we seem in a poetical mood to-night, you shall hear a ballad:

The Death-ship lies in S. Ives's bay:  
 She hath never a soul on deck:  
 She hath steadily stood there the livelong day  
 As quiet as any wreck.  
 And from Cranton as far as S. Knighton's Kieve  
 The clouds are of fiery red;  
 And the watchers their station dare not leave,  
 As they watch by the sick man's bed.

There is never a helmsman beside the wheel,  
 Though top and top-gallant be set:  
 And she plougheth the waves with her crewless keel  
 Where never was vessel yet.  
 There is never a breeze; but her masts are spread  
 With their gloomy and jet-black sail:  
 And the sick man turn'd on his restless bed,  
 And his face grew ghastly pale.

Nearer and nearer she standeth in:  
 'Tis now by the line but *one*:  
 Where not, the whole world's wealth to win,  
 Would earthly vessel run!

The black ship tarrieth there some space,  
Then beareth right out to the bay :  
And the watchers looked on the sick man's face ;  
And his soul had passed away.

*Cath.*—You must, nevertheless, allow the sunniness of our Fairy Mythology as compared with that of other nations. One thing is remarkable, that, while apparitions of ghosts are universally looked on with the greatest horror, those of the Devil are viewed in a very different light. You will constantly find, that popular tradition represents the Evil One rather in the light of a somewhat dangerous (certainly), but not unagreeable companion : as one who may be outwitted and cheated at pleasure. One might almost think this a contrivance of the Father of Lies himself, for it certainly does a great deal of harm.

*Pal.*—One argument against ghosts is the uselessness of most of the visitations of which we read. Nay, there is a case on record, where a man being tried for murder, and the case being clear against him, the prosecutor was asked how he came to suspect the prisoner. On his replying, that he was led to do so by the appearance of a ghost, the jury instantly expressed their perfect satisfaction as to the merits of the case, and returned a verdict of not guilty. But who and what are we, that we should presume to judge as to what is useful, and what not, of things



supernatural? One story let me tell you to the point; and—for there are the lights of York—let me be brief. I will vouch for the truth of the tale, so far as I can for that of anything at which I was not present myself. A gentleman was returning to his house at Evesham, in Worcestershire, one summer evening, in the late twilight. When a short distance from the town, he saw, on the opposite side of the road, a friend, whom he well knew to have been for some years dead. Excessively terrified, he quickened his pace; the figure did the same: he walked slowly; the apparition followed his example. So the pair kept on, till they were almost in the town, when the gentleman in question saw two ill-looking fellows crouching down at the side of a hedge, and heard one of them say to the other, “It won’t do, Tom; *there are two of them.*” Shortly after passing these men, the apparition vanished. Some time subsequently, it was discovered that the two men had formed a design of robbing, on that particular evening, the gentleman whom I have mentioned, and were only restrained from doing so by the belief that he was accompanied by a friend. Now, here is a case, where, if the explanation had not been afforded, the visitation would certainly have been regarded as most useless; as it is, who can tell how often as real, though not so clear, a benefit results from such agency?

*Cath.*—And now, I suppose, our discussion must end; for to carry it on in a city lighted as this, would be sadly to strip it of its romance. Here is the frowning old gate; and we have done a good afternoon's work.



## CHAPTER VII.

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### **Contents.**

Poverty of the Churches of Commercial Towns.—Extent of the walls of Chester.—Orientalism.—Alabaster Monuments.—Memorial Crosses.—Decline of Christian Art in Tombs.—Founders' Tombs.—Isfield.—Withycombe.—Cheltenham.—Angmering.—Stawley.—Isleham.—Wymington.—Limay.—Curious mixture of Perpendicular and Debased in some parts of Sussex.—Chronological series of Debased Monuments.—Ford's satire on them.—Hay-harvest.—Tusser's Five Hundred Points.

“ Et ædificabunt deserta a seculo et ruinas antiquas erigent,  
et instaurabunt civitates desertas, dissipatas in generationem et  
generationem.”—ISAIA. lxi. 4.



S. LEVAN'S ORATORY, NEAR CAPE TOL PENWITH, CORNWALL.

## CHAPTER VII.

### CHESTER.

*Palæophilus.*—I THINK we have now made a tolerable survey of this curious old city, with its twelve churches; and poor enough they are.

*Catholicus.*—One very often finds the case so in commercial cities. Certain it is, that, even in the best times of church-building, merchants, as a body, never contributed so liberally as others. Look at

Hull: of its two churches, one, S. John's, is very small and poor; and the other, the Holy Trinity, though very large and fine, is partly built of brick. Look at Exeter, the commerce of which was once famous: there are indeed churches enough, but they are miserable beyond conception. Look at Chichester; the case is the same. Bristol is not an exception; for, except the princely erection of Canynge, and the tower of S. Stephen's, there is no structure of any particular beauty that is owing to merchants.

*Pal.*—The Cathedral here is poor enough, as a whole: it was certainly intended to have western towers, but I doubt if they would have added much to the effect. The abbey church of S. John is infinitely finer, though not quite so large: one wonders that it was not the building chosen for the Cathedral at the Reformation.

*Cath.*—Let us, this lovely evening, make a complete circuit of the walls; the view is really perfect: the proud tower of S. John's far eclipsing that of the Cathedral; both, as well as the other church towers of the city, seeming to burn in purple; the broad Dee, spanned by the old bridge, and specked by a pleasure-boat here and there, glittering in the sun; and westward, the distant Welsh hills, seeming to invite us thither on the morrow. How singular, in the city itself, are the streets under cover, like raised causeways between the ground and third stories!

*Pal.*—And let us, like true ecclesiologists, finish our discussion at Geddington, on monuments; while we enjoy all the deliciousness of this western breeze and bright evening.

*Cath.*—So be it. What a magnificent extent of walls is this! Look, we will commence our circuit from this bastion, whence, as the inscription tells us, King Charles beheld the rout of his army under Sir Marmaduke Langdale, on Rowton Moor. What a splendid purple is that peak of Moel Vamma! Who can wonder that all the ideas of the Grecian bards placed their dead in the west? that the Fortunate Islands lay towards the setting sun? Such a collection of hues as are now melting away over the vale of Clwyd might well seem a meet place for the land of souls. How wonderfully rich are the tints in mountain skies! Who ever, except on some craggy peak, saw such flakes of rich purple and gold? “and the gold of that land is good.”

*Pal.*—And one, doubtless, among many other reasons of the orientalism of our churches and of our monuments was its opposition to Pagan ideas. It is beautiful to see how the canopied sepulchre and grassy grave both point to the same quarter, as testifying hope in the same resurrection, through the power of Him “Whose name is THE EAST.”

*Cath.*—And not only so; but those canopied shrines, where, like a fretwork of clouds, the taber-



nacle-work hangs over the tomb, on the eastern side had generally a fresco of the Crucifixion; that the effigy might, as it were, fix its eyes on that, thus typifying whereon the hopes of the deceased rested.

*Pal.*—We made no mention, the other day, of a very favourite species of monument in Derbyshire, and other midland counties. I mean those slabs of incised stone, which in the best cases are of alabaster, in the poorer of inferior stone,—sometimes even of chalk. The two finest of the kind I have seen are, the one at Stoke Dry, in Rutland, the other at North Mimms, in Hertfordshire. There is also a very fine specimen in Darley Church, Derbyshire, representing a lady with a child in her arms; a label held in the baby's hand bears the inscription. But the greater part of these are wretchedly poor, and, from their porous nature, imbibe the water so freely, that they are seldom very legible after a long course of years.

*Cath.*—There must have been memorial-crosses for the poor in the churchyards of our ancestors; what has become of them it is not difficult to guess, though we may almost wonder that they have so totally disappeared. High-tombs in the open air, though occurring sometimes, as at Corby, in Northamptonshire, and at East Harptree, and Kingston Seymour, Somersetshire, are very rare: the panelling and effigies would not well bear exposure to our damp atmosphere.

*Pal.*—One sees the decline of Christian art in

monuments sooner than in anything else. The fret-work of the canopy becomes meaningless; the tracery at the sides very elaborate, but very poor; the figures become stiff; till at length, for the semi-Gothic canopy of Edward VI. and Mary, you have the Corinthian pillars and entablature of Q. Elizabeth's time. Still, however, the hands are, for the most part, clasped. Painting was practised to a great extent; and finer examples are nowhere to be seen than those of the Burleighs which we visited at Stamford Baron, and which, by the gorgeous way in which the gilding and painting are kept up, reflect the greatest credit on the Marquis of Exeter.

*Cath.*—We have not spoken of those curious sepulchres, founders' tombs. There are two kinds which one may at once set down as commemorating the founder: the one, a low recess, evidently part of the original structure, in the wall, generally on the north side of the chancel; the other, a somewhat elevated coffin in the very centre of the chancel, before the high-altar. I cannot remember to have seen more than twelve or thirteen of both kinds together. At Isfield, in Sussex, an early English building, is a low high-tomb, recessed in the wall below the north window of the chancel; the string-course which runs round the chancel here forms the moulding at the top of the tomb, and, in running across it, is entirely disengaged. At Withycombe, in Somersetshire, in much the same position, is a widow with muffler,

holding a heart between her hands: a well-flowered bracket projects at each angle. Cleeve, in the same county, has a merchant, with a dog at his feet: the position of the sepulchre is the same. In the north aisle of Cheltenham Church is a very elegant tomb of the same nature, with a rich moulding of ball-flowers. Angmering, Sussex, and Stawley, Somersetshire, commemorate the erection of the towers in a singular manner. The former has, over the west door, the legend, "Anno d'ni mill'mo quingentesimo sept'mo," between two crosses botonnées, fitched in the foot. Stawley has, in the same position, a series of twelve square panels, of which the sixth and seventh have the following:

le of Henry	Anno dni	
w Hine & A	† † †	MCCC
so -gues his		
eht rof yarP		

and the ninth panel has the remainder of the date CXXII.; in which there can be no doubt that a century has been inadvertently omitted. So the inscription will run, "Pray for the sowle of Henry Hine and Agnes his wyffe, A.D. 1522." Another method is that in use at the beautiful church of Isleham in Cambridgeshire; where a legend to the memory of Sir John Peyton and Isabel his wife, the founders, runs round the cornice of the fine open roof. There is a raised Lombardic in Effingham, Surrey, to Walter de Gadde, which may serve as an example of the second kind I

was mentioning. As to the effigies of founders in glass, or brass, they, as we all know, are generally represented as holding churches in their hands. So it is with one of the Cobhams in Cobham Church, Kent. However, it is far enough from always being the case: the tomb of Roger Curteys and his wife, the founders of Wymington, Beds., which is inlaid with two beautiful brasses, has no such device. The brass effigy of John Browne and his wife, the founders of Browne's Alms-house, in Stamford All Saints, has, instead of this, the pelican—a very fit emblem; and a legend, which runs, “+ me spede, der lady helpe at neede.” In the chancel of Mildenhall, Suffolk, is a Lombardic slab; a fine cross flory is supported by a lamb, and the legend is, “Hic jacet Ricardus de Wichford, quondam Vicarius istius Ecclesiæ, qui istud novum opus fieri fecit.” The “novum opus” evidently refers to the decorated chancel.

*Pal.*—As to coped coffins, one of the most curious I ever saw is in the west end of Limay, near Mantes; a church said to be built by the pious mother of S. Louis. It is inscribed with Hebrew characters, and supposed to commemorate a certain Rabbi; though how he came to be buried in holy ground it is hard to say. But to return: one sometimes meets with monuments singularly partaking of fair perpendicular and also of debased character, and I have observed that Sussex is very fruitful in such. At Broadwater and Hamsay there are good examples. It is singular,

too, how the prayer for mercy becomes modified in these times. So we have in Lamb's epitaph before mentioned,

I pray you all that receive bread and pence  
To say the Lord's Prayer before ye go hence.

And in a brass tablet at Royston, Cambridgeshire,

All yee that this monument shall read praise God for our ffather, William Chamber, who before his departure, by his last will and testament ordayne d oon sermon yearly to be p'ched in the p'ish church of Royston by the Collegians of Seynt John's College, on Rogac'on Mundaye : which dep'ted the vth day of November the yere of our Lorde God 1546.

It would be curious to trace how long the supplicatory ending, "on whose sowle Jh'u have mercy," continued in practice. Of late examples, I can remember one to a priest (I think) of 1573, at Westerham, Kent; one to James Smith, "chapleyn of the Savoy," 1565, and several to the lords of the manor of West Firle, in Sussex, nearly down to 1600. But I do not think you will find *Pray for the sowle* so late. A brass, in Wraxall, Somerset, ends (1616) "numerosam prolem genuit, quibus omnibus propicietur DEUS."

*Cath.*—You must not however forget that the great and good Herbert Thorndike's epitaph in Westminster Abbey so begins. But let us now trace the history of post-Reformation monuments.

*Pal.*—It is very instructive to trace the series one

often has of such in family monuments. Look at the Shirley Chapel in Isfield, Sussex. First we have a good plain high-tomb, of 1516, to John Shirley, Esq.; a mural brass above it represents two kneeling figures. The next, of 1558, is very little debased; there is a moulding of quatrefoils at the top of the tomb, and a mural brass, as before. This is for Edward Shirley, Esq. Thomas Shirley, Esq., in 1579, has a Tuscan canopy, and a painted mural brass, as before. In 1613 comes in the huge Jacobæan high-tomb; it is to Sir John Shirley's memory, of whom it says, prettily enough, "All his minutes were but steps to Heaven." He lies between his two ladies: on the basement of the tomb his sons and daughters are kneeling; they are now, and seem always to have been, unfixed. All have their hands clasped, except two, who hold skulls: I imagine those so marked must have died before their father.

*Cath.*—Try now, as I observe in our churches that you always pay attention to such kind of monuments, to let us have a series of some remarkable ones down to the Restoration.

*Pal.*—Well, I will begin then with the high-tomb of Sir John Salusbury and his lady, in Whitchurch, Denbighshire. In these early examples the drapery is as awkward as in the worst instances afterwards; it looks as if it were cut out of wood, and the feet are packed up in it in a ludicrous manner. Sir John died in

1578; but the tomb was erected by his lady ten years later. At his feet is a maned lion-like dog, called by tradition a *bach*: this he is reported to have killed. He wears one rowel and one spur. His children are kneeling round the tomb on the basement.

In Montgomery Church, about this date, is a large high-tomb to Richard Herbert, and Magdalene his wife—decided likenesses. The effigies are painted and gilded: the children kneel, as before. The side of the tomb is opened, and shews a sculptured skeleton,—a late instance of this device.

1589.—There is a little mural monument to a Pelham and his lady in Lewes S. Michael. They kneel under a Corinthian canopy, one on each side of a litany stool. His helmet, richly gilded, hangs above.

1590.—John Cowper, serjeant-at-law, has a very large high-tomb in Capel, Surrey; of much the same character as those above mentioned. "*Nec primus,*" says his legend, "*nec ultimus: multi antecesserunt, et omnes sequentur.*"

1600.—West Dean, Sussex, has a curious monument to a civilian and two knights: one of the latter kneel on each side of the recumbent effigy of the former. About the same time, in Bishop's Hull, Somersetshire, is a wretched mural monument to two chrissoms, immediately over the altar. Also in Midhurst,

Sussex, is a broad high-tomb to Sir Anthony Browne, Viscount Mountcashel. He kneels at a litany stool in the middle; his two wives repose, one on each side. One of the pinnacles of this tomb has been used by the Incorporated Society as a gallery-post.

1607.—There is a huge high-tomb in the south chancel aisle of Wellington, Somersetshire, to Chief-Justice Popham, which represents him in his rich judicial robes.

1609.—Dr. Playfere, the celebrated Margaret Professor, has a mural bust in S. Botolph's, Cambridge. This kind of monument was then just coming into fashion.

1612.—Alderman Walter's tomb, a canopied altar, in York S. Crux, with the recumbent effigies of himself and his wife, their son kneeling at the side, and two chrisoms, is valuable, for the assertion the epitaph contains, that the figure is "his true portraicture."—Which is a direct testimony to what is doubted by some,—the *likeness* of brasses and effigies.

1613.—In Lewes S. Anne is a brass plate let in to the sill of the east window, in memory of the celebrated Dr. Twyne, whose epitaph, as a specimen of the taste of the age, it may be well to quote :

Viderat Hippocrates extinctum funere Twynum,  
 Ossaque sub tenui pulvere culta solo ;  
 Nunc mihi pro morbis (inquit) curisq; levandis,  
 Istius ex sacro pulvere pulvis erit.



Mortuus expellet morbos, in pharmaca versus,  
 Et cinis in cineres iste valebit, ait.  
 Quo minus hic superest medicus, magis undiq; regnat ;  
 Morbus et ultorem gaudet abesse suum.

1615.—In Stamford S. George is a monument to Tobie Norris, bell-founder, cast in bell-metal, and after the manner of bell-letters.

1617.—Eyworth, Beds., has a rich monument to the Andersons—the family of the great Lord Bacon's lady.

About 1625, in Walton, Surrey, is a mural brass, representing a forest-keeper mounted on a stag. The legend in the parish is, that this man, a keeper of Oatlands, made a wager that he would mount on the back of a large and fierce stag, and, while there, dispatch him with his dagger. The former part of his engagement he accomplished ; but, on piercing the beast, in the agonies of death it threw back its head, and its horns striking the forester killed him. At the same date, in the south porch of Whitchurch, is a mural brass to Hugh Myddleton, Esq., which represents him at a litany stool. He was father of the celebrated Sir Hugh.

1631.—Bolton, the celebrated Puritan divine, has, in Broughton, Northamptonshire, a mural brass, with the hands clasped : thus proving that this posture was not then considered as testifying any desire of approximating to Rome.

1633.—There is in Preston, Sussex, a high-tomb, of really very fair perpendicular work. About the same date, in Onibury, Salop, is a huge mural canopy, with a brass legend to Dorothy Pytt. The legend is characteristic of the time :

Here lies, divorcèd from her husband's side,  
 One that by death is made her SAVIOUR's bride ;  
 For on Good Friday He did her betroth  
 Unto Himself for ever where He goth :  
 And thus united she a guest became  
 Unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.  
 Leaving her earthly mate grief to sustain,  
 Till death, by striking him, weds her again :  
 O languish then, my soul, until I see  
 My dearest wife in her felicity.

1637.—In Old, Northamptonshire, is a high-tomb to Grace Gannet ; it stands in the churchyard. About this time also is a singular and beautiful epitaph in (I think) Dullingham, Cambridgeshire : it commemorates a chrisom, who seems to have died at the font :

In memoriam Ricardi White, infantuli beatissimi, qui

In  
 A peccato { re - } natus  
 Sine { de - }

a lavacro simul et vitâ decessit, in vitam auspiciato albatuſ eternam.

And I remember a pretty turn in an epitaph of this time ; though to whom, or where, I cannot tell. Speaking of some priest, in reference to his last cure, it says, *cujus hæc fuit cygnea cantio.*

1640.—About this date we come to mural slabs, which, dropping the effigy altogether, give only an eulogium on the person represented. Dr. English, vicar, I suppose, of Cheltenham, thus laments the death of his wife and daughter, in that church :

Deare soules and blest ! you both delivered bee,  
 Having exchanged your prisons beefore mee :  
 Whilst I survive to live and find it true  
 That I grieve for myself more than for you.  
 Nor can teares quench my zeale, like funeral fire,  
 That flames for her I loved till I expire.

Sis meus, O JESU ! sis JESUS, CHRISTE, Tuorum !  
 Sweet SAVIOUR of Mankind,  
 The SAVIOUR be of mee and mine !

Sic { Spirans oravit  
 Expirans exoravit  
 Respirans perorabit

Joh. English. S { acri  
 anctæ V { erbi  
 empiternæ itæ Studiosus.

An epitaph—I imagine, of this period—is worth quoting :

Pangere te juvenem mortales morte beatos  
 Mirantur fratres : id didicere tuâ.

which I have heard thus translated :

Death makes man blest, thou saidst : this riddle high  
 We could not read, until we saw thee die.

At this time we have those horrible monuments which represent the deceased as leaning on his elbow, “as if,” says Ford, “they died o’ the tooth-ache.” As to

the monuments during the Great Rebellion, they are not worth mentioning: the kneeling posture still continues, though generally the figures turn from the altar; and it is an almost invariable rule, that the parties are said to *have been buried*, not to have died. Sometimes, as in Portslade, and Dunston, Sussex, both in 1654, you find a monument of tiles. Sometimes a pue serves as a monument, as in Little Birmingham, Norfolk: and sometimes a tie-beam, as in Willingdon, Sussex. In Baltonsborough, Somersetshire, during the great Rebellion, I have seen IHS. in a cross:—a rare example, if not unique, at that period. In Stoke Castle there is a pretty epitaph for Alice Haigh, 1662:

Here lyeth shee at rest,  
Whose life declares her blest.

In Beverley Minster the following epitaph occurs, of the date of 1666:

Whate'er I did believe, whate'er I taught,  
Whate'er He did for me, Who mankind bought,  
Whate'er I suffered in the good fight fought,  
By faith, by word, in deed, in heart, in thought,  
Whate'er remains, now I am hither brought,  
RESURGAM of them all is the full draught:  
Who preacheth aught that is not this, is naught;  
Who preacheth this, receive him as ye ought.  
Reader, learn well but this one truth from me,—  
Though I be dead, yet still I preach to thee.

But we need not go beyond the Restoration: our wits

and sculptors then took all their ideas from the memorials of those

Quorum Flaminiâ tegitur cinis, atque Latinâ.

The most happy inscription, of the present day, I ever saw, is at Wouldham in Kent. The churchyard slopes abruptly down to the Medway: the stream runs very swiftly, and its gurgling may be distinctly heard as you wander among the graves. At the top of the brow is a memorial to some person who died after a long and painful illness. The text chosen is "Thou shalt forget thy misery; and remember it as the waters that pass away."—There! I think I have delivered a lecture of very tolerable length.

*Cath.*—And I am much obliged to you for it. The sun is setting behind Moel Vamma; and, look! it seems like a volcano. There is the last hay-waggon returning home, its upper part a-glow with the western light, which falls redly on the happy faces peeping out from the top of the carted hay. It quite puts one in mind of Old Tusser's Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry:

Go, muster thy servants, be captain thyself,  
 Providing them weapons and other like pelf:  
 Get bottles and wallets, lay field in the heat;  
 The fear is as much as the danger is great.  
 With tossing, and swathings, and setting on cocks,  
 Grass, lately in swathies, is hay for an ox:  
 That done, go and cart it, and have it away:  
 The battle is fought—ye have gotten the day.

*Pal.*—How neatly turned are some of Tusser's Gnomæ! Do you remember—

Be lowly, not sullen, if aught go amiss :  
What wresting may lose thee, that win with a kiss!

And again :

One key to two locks, if it break, is a grief  
Two keys to one lock in the end is a thief.

And again :

Where twain be enow, be not servèd with three :  
More servants in company, worsèr they be !

And the whole routine of his farm-house occupations and advices breathes of the country—of great old rambling farm-houses with trim gardens, blushing orchards, cool sweet dairies, and huge elms shadowing the carved and clustered chimneys, and mossy thatch.

In winter at nine, and in summer at ten,  
To bed after supper, both masters and men.  
In winter at five o'clock folks must arise :  
In summer at four will be very good guise.

And again :

The year I compare, as I find for a truth,  
The Spring unto Childhood, the Summer to Youth,  
The Harvest to Manhood, the Winter to Age,  
All quickly forgot, as a play on a stage.  
Time past is forgotten ere men be aware :  
Time present is thought on with wonderful care :  
Time future is fearèd, and therefore we save ;  
Yet oft, ere it come, we be gone to the grave.

*Cath.*—I believe Tusser's knowledge of the most minute circumstances of country life to have been astonishing. I remember the Edinburgh Reviewer of the day praised Graham, the Scotch poet, for that exquisite touch of nature, where, describing a winter morning, he mentions

The cock's shrill clarion *more obtusely heard*  
Thro' fallen snow.

I would match it with Tusser's

Cock croweth at midnight few times above six ;  
Cock croweth at two with an answer betwix :

and the rest. Here we see one great reason of our poet's terseness—the omission of the article.

*Pal.*—Here we are at King Charles's Bastion again. Let us find the nearest way down. Well ! now and at all times, let us remember Tusser's *Advice* :

What wisdom more, what better life, than pleaseth GOD to send ?  
What worldly goods, what longer use, than pleaseth GOD to lend ?  
What better bed than conscience good to pass the night with  
sleep ?

What better work than daily care from sin thyself to keep ?  
What better thought than think of GOD, and daily Him to serve ?  
What better gift than to the poor, that ready be to sterve ?  
The world doth think the wealthy man is he that least doth need ;  
But, true it is, the godly man is he that best shall speed.

## CHAPTER VIII.

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### Contents.

Perfect Cathedral Effect of the Building.—Mrs. Hemans.—Bishop Barrow.—Flint.—The Poetry of Flowers—Prognostics of the weather—Natural Barometers.—Love of Flowers natural in a Catholick Country.—Resemblance of an Avenue and a Nave.—Denbigh.—Situations chosen for Village Churches.—Religious Houses.—Llanrhaidr.—Welsh Churches.—Llanaber.—Clynog.—Aber-erch.—Mallwydd.—Church of Llanfwrog.—Nevin.—Coffin Plates.—Coming-on of a Thunder Storm.



Οὐ γάρ τι νῦν γι κ' ἀχθεῖς, ἀλλ' αἰεί ποτε  
Ζῆ ταῦτα, κ' οὐδεις ἴδεν ἔξ ὅτου φάνη.

*Antigone, 450.*



AVENUE OF TRINITY COLLEGE, CAMBRIDGE, WITH COTON SPIRE  
IN THE DISTANCE.

## CHAPTER VIII.

S. ASAPH.

*Palæophilus.*—WHAT a perfect Cathedral effect there is about this little building ! And, yet, there is hardly a correct detail in it. No one, though it is smaller than many of our parish churches, could mistake it for anything but what it is. And how lovely its situation, on the side of this gentle declivity ! How prettily

does the village, with its old tower, cluster below us ! The tabernacle work, though not good, has an elaborate appearance, and, considering that it was carved by an idiot, is really wonderful.

*Catholicus.*—"The little Cathedral of Llanelwy," as Giraldus calls it, has only one monument of interest,—this, I mean, of Bishop Howell. What a pagan idea is that sitting effigy of Dean Shipley ; and how characteristic of the time that it should partly block this humble slab to "Francis Barrington, Organ-blower, 1699" ! The poor organ-blower's only memorial was thought nothing of by those who had the commemoration of the rich dignitary.

*Pal.*—Let us, however, give the Dean his due : but for him, the nave of this Cathedral might continue, as it was, a ruin.

*Cath.*—Ah ! here is a monument to "Felicia Hemans." We owe her, I am sure, a debt of gratitude for the explosion of the vile system of songs before her time ; such, that, in looking over old collections, one wonders how any women could have taken the words therein contained into their mouths. Would there were a little higher Church-feeling in hers !

*Pal.*—And here by the west door is good old Bishop Barrow's tomb. So lovely a spot excuses those who were unwilling that the See should be removed to Rhuddlan.

*Cath.*—Now then, while the morning is yet cool,

let us strike southwards into the country. If we have a scene as beautiful as that of yesterday, we may consider ourselves fortunate.

*Pal.*—Yes: the view of Flint in the twilight was enchanting. Moel Vamma towering to the left, the old castle with its embowering woods, and the silver estuary of the Mersey to the right. So were the fair wooded ravines after passing Holywell. How lovely is the day! and what an English scene is that of the hay-harvest! And how thickly are the hedges spangled with flowers!

*Cath.*—Ah! what ravages botany has made in the Poetry of Flowers! Truly there was exquisite beauty in many of our old-fashioned country appellations. How many a tale of rustic love yet lives in some of their names! Who can doubt whence arose such as *Sweet-William*, *Mary-gold*, *Herb Robert*, *none-so-pretty*, *goldilocks*, or *Timothy-grass*? And by the very name were village maidens warned against *love-in-idleness*, and *London-pride*; and long delicious walks in the deep summer twilights, and lingerings before the old grey cottage, and partings at the wicket—they all live in one little plant, *kiss-me-at-the-garden-gate*! Some extravagant lover, I suppose, invented the name of *ladies'-finger*. The *forget-me-not* is so called in every Christian tongue. In village botany, too, lingers many a quaint and lovely superstition; look, for example, at the *fox-glove*, that is *folks'-glove*, or

*fairies'-glove*. What needed the villager to lament his poverty, when his meadows gave him *money-wort*, and *shepherd's-purse* flowered in the way-sides? Why needed he to envy the skill of the physician, when for his sight he had *eye-bright*; for his hurts he had *wound-wort*; for ointment, *ploughman's-spikenard*; for sprains, *chafe-weed*; against infection, *pestilent-wort*; in the burning summer, *feverfew*; in the unhealthy autumn, *spleen-wort*; if hurt by poison, *adder-wort*; for condiments, *poor-man's-pepper*; finally, against all possible accidents, *all-heal*? Merrily might the traveller wend on his way, when there was the little *speed-well* to cheer him, *way-bread* to support him, *gold-of-pleasure* to enrich him, *traveller's-joy* to welcome him; when, though *dent-de-lion* and *wolf's-claw* might meet his eye, he would find no farther trace of those evil beasts. Animals, too, have left their names; so, we have *snake-weed*, and, from its sweetness, *ox-lips*, or *cow's-lips*: and how pretty are the names *day's-eye*, and *night-shade*! Sage men, too, have given such titles as *honesty*, and *thrift*, and *heart's-ease*, and *loose-strife*; and, even in this cold age, we have *S. John's-wort*, *S. Peter's-wort*, *S. Barnaby's-thistle*, ay, and best of all, *everlasting*!

*Pal.*—Yes; our boasted wisdom has fallen very short here, in the unpronounceable and hideous names which we fasten on our delicate plants. I fear, too, that old saws are losing their weight among our

peasantry. Murphy's almanack usurps the place of those unwritten weather prognostics which satisfied our good ancestors, and which were made by those who had noted the wind, and watched the clouds,

Till old experience did attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

How often has the schoolboy, on the eve of some long-promised and hard-earned holiday, looked out on the glorious collection of ruby-winged clouds in the west, and comforted himself with the thought that

Evening red and morning grey,  
Are the sure signs of a fine day ;

or trembled as he saw the dull unvarying grey of the horizon, because

Evening grey and morning red,  
Send the shepherd wet to bed.

Who has not watched in the long evening of summer the passing rain-clouds, spanned with the tall rainbow, and rejoiced to think of the fine day that will succeed, because

A rainbow at morning  
Is the shepherd's warning ;  
A rainbow at night  
Is the shepherd's delight !

Who has not looked at the grey speckled sky of an autumn morning, and remembered that

A mackerel sky  
Is either very wet or very dry.

Old rhymes there are, of less frequent occurrence, not less true than these ; such is that,

If the sun shine out on Candlemas Day, of all the days in the year,  
The shepherd had rather see his wife on the bier ;

or, if you prefer it in the Latin rhyme,

Si sol splendescat, Mariâ Purificante,  
Major erit glacies post Festum, quàm fuit ante.

How remarkably was that fulfilled two years ago !  
And again :

A southerly wind and a fog  
Bring an easterly wind in snug.

*Cath.*—And how many natural barometers had the country squire, instead of that which now hangs in his hall ! Plants closing or opening, animals with their various instincts, sounds inaudible except to an ear accustomed to listen affectionately to nature, sights invisible except to an eye used to wander over meadow, hill, and corn-field ; and this science is either lost, or left to the poorest of our labourers.

*Pal.*—You will always find a love of flowers coexistent with a Catholick state of feeling in a nation. And, truly, flowers are almost the only offering which the poor man can bring to God's House. How lovely is the contrast of the hard grey stone, and the fresh

green leaf! the panelled tracery, and the smooth verdant gloss! Nay, as if determined to have such as should never fade, the dark and quaintly wrought stalls are carved in oak-leaves and lilies of the valley; grey niches bloom with fern and roses; mighty capitals are wreathed with acanthus, laurel, and the rich foliage of the chesnut. Indeed, how strikingly the vista of an avenue of forest-trees resembles a long-drawn nave! in the massy trunks, not wrought by the carver's art, but gnarled by the ruder influence of weather; in the interlacing and interweaving boughs overhead; in the rich golden sunlight which deluges the green leaves, and is the stained glass of the woods; and in the airy melody which duly celebrates matins and vespers in its living shrine. Ay, and run the parallel further: look at one of our Cathedrals, glowing in roof, sides, floor, and windows, with tints of unearthly brightness, in its former state; and look at it as it has been left now, enveloped in one cold stone-coloured hue! Does not this resemble the change from the autumn tints of a fair avenue to the grey bark and twigs of the same when stripped by the touch of winter?

*Cath.*—One might well wish that the decking of our churches were not confined to Christmas. When shall we see snowdrops on Candlemas Day? and palms on Palm Sunday? and passion-flower at Easter? and peonies and roses on the festivals



of martyrs? and Guelder and white roses at the commemoration of confessors? and lilies for ecclesiastics?

*Pal.*—Look yonder!—what is that castle to the right, on the top of that brow? Methinks, too, there are traces of houses extending up the hill. It must surely be Denbigh.

*Cath.*—So I think. But first, ere we continue this beaten road, let us turn aside to this farm-house, where there seem traces of old work, and try to obtain admission; or, as there seems no hindrance, let us boldly enter. A pretty Early English church it must have been: as well as one can judge from the desecrated appearance, by its conversion into two granaries, which it now presents.

*Pal.*—To consider the moral effect produced on our peasantry by seeing the House of God thus misused, would lead to some painful results. I fear it was of the past rather than the present that the poet sung.\*

Oh happy villagers!

A truer Arcady than poets image!  
 For theirs is all made up of fields, blue skies,  
 And winding rivulets, and leafy lanes,  
 And ever-during spring. But such a village,  
 Where every family, by some sweet tie  
 Of blood or marriage, hath an interest  
 I' th' other's welfare;—where the faithful love

\* Lyrical Dramas. By the Rev. C. Neale.

That binds each couple doth but grow with years,  
Spreading itself to children and grand-children ;—  
And where,—go where you will,—smiles meet with you,  
And health on every face, and most bright eyes,  
And every thing that speaks of hearts at ease,  
And such old customs as the heart delights in,  
Harmless observances, and superstitions,  
All kind and gentle !

*Cath.*—Truly, there are, I fear, few such villages in our land now. And how should there be, where probably, more conveniently situated than the church, stands a Wesleyan, or other conventicle ?

*Pal.*—The situations chosen for village churches seem to me to prove the care bestowed to “ find out a place for the LORD, an habitation for the Mighty God of Jacob,” in the loveliest spot which the surrounding scenery could furnish. Here, for example, the low square tower is almost hidden in an old wood of oaks, a mossy forest path being cleared to its southern porch : its grey walls are covered with many a lichen, and the churchyard wall is soft with its mossy cushion. Very pleasant in a summer’s evening is the soft green light, which, as the branches wave to and fro, quivers within the still chancel : lovely in autumn the forest tints which flush to the sun, as they hang over the dewy churchyard. Here, at the foot of a steep hill, the steep-pitched chancel throws up its roof ; and the eastern triplet glitters to the eye of the distant beholder like lancets of gold. Here, the swift waters of some

ancient river glide by the churchyard ; and the vesper-bell and the rippling stream make sweet music for the traveller on the spring evening. Here again, perched on the summit of a sea-beaten cliff, of rudely squared blocks of granite, and partaking, as it were, the nature of the crags with which it is surrounded, the massy old tower sends out its peal to the conflicting elements, as if in accordance with the beautiful belief of the Church, that the spirits of the air, and the powers of darkness, are awed by the sound of the bell, and cease from vexing the winds and the sea. There, in the midst of a marshy tract of country, is one little oasis of limes and elms ; and in that green and quiet sanctuary, through the flickering of the sunny leaves, gleam the intricacies and flower-knops of a decorated east window. There again, between two mountain ridges, and at the head of a quiet lake, on a low green knoll, the humble chapel, with its simple bell-gable, and slightly projecting rood-turret, catches on its walls the bright flashing thrown off from the laughing waters.

*Cath.*—So it is with religious houses. And one thing has remarkably struck me in the ruins of those which I have visited. Many of the religious orders seem to have consulted, in fixing on the site of their future foundations, various motives,—such as convenience, or retirement: the Cistercians alone sought devotedly and abstractedly the loveliest spots ; as believing that in the shrines which their Creator had, as

it were, marked for Himself, and in which He had bidden Nature to offer to Him her richest gifts,—the jewels of her autumn tints, the living fanwork of her greenwood vaulting, the tracery of her interlacing branches, the incense of her breathing flowers, the music of her gentlest gales, her whispering foliage, her sweetest birds, her gliding waters,—they also could most suitably worship Him. Quiet nooks, belted by some ancient river, as Kirkstall; rocky banks, encircled with verdant foliage, as Fountains; woody and sequestered sea-coasts, as Netley; green plots of sward by some rocky and romantic stream, as Tintern; shady and silent valleys, as Furness; lovely shores, where the swift brook joins the sea, as Beaulieu;—such were the homes the Cistercians loved. And they have had their reward. While the prouder foundations of Reading, and S. Edmundsbury, and Hyde have vanished like a dream, the houses of Cistercian devotions are still “familiar in our mouths as household words.” Still we visit their ruins, still we mourn over their departed glories;

“And still they live in fame, though not in life.”

*Pal.*—See! there is the tower of Llanrhaiadr! and that pretty bridge over which we passed, where the willows dimpled the water with their long green fingers, was the Ford of Blood. The church is open; and there is the fine Jesse of which we were speaking.

*Cath.*—Still more curious than that is this elaborate and very beautiful roof, looking as if it were planned by fairy fingers. To do justice to it would require an afternoon: I will not attempt it. Let us make our notes therefore.

*Pal.*—This north porch is very singular. It must be of ante-Reformation date; for here is a groined niche: but look at the circular-headed door, and the debased boss!

*Cath.*—The tower is a sufficiently pretty specimen of perpendicular. Look! we are in the region of churches—for yonder is another tower. Let us get on thither as fast as we may.

*Pal.*—There is little to be learnt, comparatively speaking, from these Welsh churches. Not that I ever entered the meanest building, from which, whether in Wales or England, I did not learn something; but less here than anywhere else: and I have seen a great many of them, too. Sometimes you come on the most beautiful *morceaux*: in a little church behind Cader Idris, by name Llanegryn, is a strikingly glorious rood-loft; and quite perfect, except so far as it has been mutilated by some booby of a squire, that he might hear better. Again, in Llan-aber Church, near Barmouth, is an early English door, which might vie with our best examples in England. Clynog, in Caernarvonshire, the largest church in North Wales, has some peculiarities well worthy notice. At the

south-west end of the nave is the chapel of S. Beuno, connected with the church by a narrow passage : it is a plain oblong building with large unfoliated perpendicular windows ; and once containing in its centre the shrine of that celebrated Welsh Saint, uncle to S. Winifred, whom he restored to life. The whole of this very singular chapel is now in a condition perfectly shameful, from wet, or rather standing pools. There is much elaborateness of embattlement over the whole church : but the details of the various enrichments will not bear close examination. Aber-erch, also in Caernarvonshire, is curious from its immense length, in proportion to its breadth. One peculiarity in almost all Wales is the nearly universal occurrence of cross churches, even in the meanest and poorest instances. The monumental effigies are very ill sculptured : the knights are usually extremely attenuated. Mallwydd is a curious instance of the Altar's removal to the place where our Rubric even now permits it to stand,—the centre of the Chancel ; the then rector having refused obedience to Laud's famous mandate for restoring them to their original position at the east end. In this church the Font stands in Merionethshire, and the Altar in Montgomeryshire, so that baptisms and marriages take place in different counties. You will also see hardly a church without its lychgate ; as, look ! this to which we are approaching has.

*Cath.*—How do you call it ?

*Pal.*—Llanfwrog: that is, by the change of the initial letter, the church of S. Mwrog.

*Cath.*—How prettily it stands, on this steep bank, with the shady lane beneath! the cottages clustering on each side of the village road, the churchyard lifted above them on its high mound! This man coming from the lychgate is probably the clerk.—Will you tell me where the keys of the church are?

*Clerk.*—Dim Sassenach.

*Cath.*—What does he say?

*Pal.*—‘No Saxon.’ He can’t speak English. I will make him understand. Pa lê y mae agoriad y Eglwys?—See! he has them.—It would not have done for you to be, as I once was, on a church-tour in Caernarvonshire, during nearly the whole of which I heard no English. And I remember, before I could at all speak the language, my despair, one pouring day, at Nevin,—(a market town, such as it is, on the north coast of the county, but the most out of the way place I ever saw, except some Cornish villages,)—at not being able to inquire my way to an inn; and the patience with which, standing under the shelter of a wall, I formed in the open air the best sentence the limited powers of my vocabulary would produce.

*Cath.*—And here again we have not much to delay us. But what is it which the walls and piers are covered with?

*Pal.*—Coffin-plates—in Wales the common memorial of the poor; and a singularly hideous effect they give. I have seen churches even more disfigured by it than this is. Except that the roof is good, there is hardly an object of interest.—And now, that we may hold tryst with our friend Eusebes, we must strike further west: and we had better quicken our steps; for I by no means like that lowering bank of clouds in the horizon, which is seemingly coming up with the wind.

*Cath.*—In good truth, I believe you are right! We shall hardly reach Llanfihangel in so seemly a condition as now.

*Pal.*—Not but that the coming on of a thunder-storm is one of the grandest objects in nature. Do you remember that description of it?

“ Edg’d here and there with tufts of gold, those dark  
And pillow vapours, through whose rifted sides,  
And chasms, and rents, the stormy sunbeams rush,  
Pouring on cloud-rock and misshapen mount  
A wild and gloomy splendour, scattering here  
Sparkles of fire, and showers of splintered light,  
Horribly bright, more gorgeous than e’er leapt  
Forth from an earthly crater,—shattering there  
On some bluff cloud, and turning it to fire,—  
These speak no quiet night. And deadlier far,  
Beneath that anarchy of glory, steers  
Steadily onward, close, and dark, and dread,  
Armed for the war of elements, a fleet  
Of ink-hued clouds, intensely livid, fast  
Winning their way against the western wind :



For Thunder sits their pilot. Beautiful  
 Is Evening's flight from such perturbèd scene.  
 See ! how she bids her maidens, Peace and Hope,  
 Fling open her pavilion, where it stands  
 Glowing in all its purple majesty  
 Right o'er the sun's decline. And now they strew  
 Before her footsteps, over half the Heav'n,  
 A wreath of roses. Lo ! she comes ! and soft  
 Waves her bright robe through many-tinted air,  
 Scattering her dew-drops round her. Yet once more  
 Warbles the lark : a soft-breath'd wind awakes  
 The music of the trees ; the blue lake smiles ;  
 Laughs the green earth, and bids her queen good night !”

*Cath.*—Well ! we must trust to the mercy of the elements, for the single big drops, which some one compares to “ tears

“ Wrung forth by agony from a giant's eye,”  
 are beginning to fall. They are the detached troops of the storm ; and the main body will not be far behind. Shall we quicken our pace ?

## CHAPTER IX.

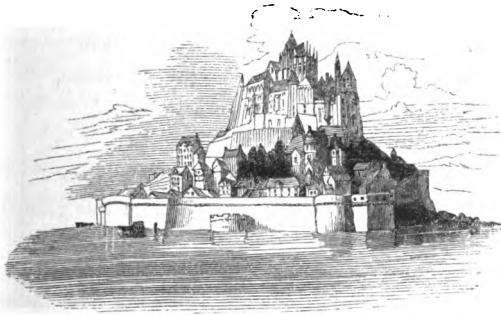
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### Contents.

Shenstone's and Bishop Horne's opinion of Inns.—What is required in an Ecclesiologist.—Assertions on the necessity of adapting Religious Forms to Public Taste.—Symbolism—general arguments for it.—The Martyrdom of S. Lucy.—The Good Cause.—The *extra portam jam delatum* of S. Hildebert.—Catholicism of our older Poets.—Heywood's Hierarchie.—Quarles.—Beaumont's Psyche.

Quis jam locus, inquit, Achate,  
Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris ?

*ÆNEID. I.*



MONT S. MICHEL, NORMANDY.

## CHAPTER IX.

### LLANFIHANGEL\* RECTORY.

*Catholicus, Palæophilus, Eusebes, Practicus,  
Theophila.*

*Eusebes.*—Welcome, welcome, good Palæophilus!  
“This is a naughty night to swim in:” I hope you  
have sustained no inconvenience beyond that which  
you have easily been able to set to rights?

\* It may be proper to observe, that no village of this name occurs near Ruthin.

*Palæophilus.*—None in the world; such a pleasant sight as this, of a fire, just large enough to be of service, and just small enough to remind one that it is summer,—and the thousand little remembrancers that we are in a house, and not in an inn,—might well reconcile one to twice as much.

*Eus.*—So, you do not agree with Shenstone,

“And sigh to think you still have found  
Your warmest welcome at an inn!”

*Cath.*—No more than with Bishop Horne, who wished to die at an inn: and his wish was granted. A poet has sung of the charms of the *tea-cadet*: I think he must have been inspired on some occasion like the present.

*Eus.*—Have you had much success in your researches? You have been indefatigable enough in making them.

*Pal.*—Our sketch-books and note-books bear traces—imperfect ones, I fear,—of several beauties that we have seen.

*Pract.*—Well! there is no accounting for tastes; and I am sure I do not mean to undervalue yours: my own, I confess, would lead me to prefer something more directly useful.—As the amusement of an idle hour, Church architecture is all very well; but to make it the business of a life, is,—except to professed architects,—something too much of a good thing.

*Pal.*—Ecclesiology, however, is a different thing from mere Church architecture, as embracing both it and all its collateral branches of information as to Church history and antiquities. Cicero, you know, says, that it is next to impossible that a perfect orator should arise, because one that is so must have some knowledge of all arts and sciences whatever. And so it is with the Ecclesiologist. First, he must be well versed in history, especially Church history: antiquities are, of course, a part of his study: of masonry and carpentry he should have some idea: music, so far as Ecclesiastical compositions are concerned, comes within what he requires: he must be able to draw: mechanics are also necessary: something of geology he should know, to supply information respecting building stones; the glazier's art is by no means below him: with embroidery, tapestry, and the like, he has much to do: of the goldsmith's craft he should know something, for the precious metals used in a church: of the potter's, for encaustic tiles: some knowledge of the value of labour and the price of materials is very proper: some acquaintance with sculpture is desirable: mathematics are, to a certain degree, necessary, for the computations of the calendar: and, after all, these things will be of little avail by themselves. As Cicero says that none but a good man can be a good orator, much more may I say so of

the Ecclesiologist ; for who else can enter into the feeling which animated the designs of our ancestors, and the absence of which makes the most correctly wrought details of modern times too often little more than a dead letter ?

*Pract.*—It seems to me that you forget the necessity of adapting the religion, as every other subject of public interest belonging to a nation, to the wants of that nation. Now, it might be all very well in the dark ages, and other periods of gross bigotry and superstition, to spend large sums of money on cathedrals and churches, because it was the fashion which religion then wore. But we are wiser now : we know well enough, that, so a man is liberal and charitable, we have no right to judge him for his private opinions any more than for the cut of his coat ; and, as to forcing people to think that they can hear better in a fine Gothick building than in a neat modern chapel, it is out of the question. Money is much better employed ; its circulation is much quicker ; there is much more public spirit ; improvements are carried on more rapidly and on a grander scale : look, for example, at the millions and millions laid out in railroads. Our charities are more useful : we do not give money to keep in laziness a pack of idle monks ; but we expend it on hospitals, and other such benevolent institutions. You cannot stop the onward progress of national improvement, if even you wished it ; and that is what,

it seems to me, the bent of your studies would lead to.

*Cath.*—Your opinions are, of course, but those of most of the so-called philosophers of the day. And to urge on you that as Truth is and must be one, so Religion must be one, in all countries and in all ages, would, I fear, be useless; for you are, of course, determined to believe the contrary. But I will meet you on your own grounds: you talk of our improvement on the dark ages, as you term them, as if it were universal and undeniable. But one great exception must be made. The principle of beauty—the *τὸ καλὸν*—you surely will not assert, looking, for example, at buildings, that we understand *that* as well as our ancestors?

*Pract.*—We could build as well as they, if we chose to be at the trouble and expense of it: as we do not, we content ourselves with smaller but vastly more convenient edifices.

*Cath.*—Ah! there is the common mistake. Give us the money, people say, and we will build another York Minster! But let them have millions for the purpose, and judge from the wretched *idéal* edifices sketched by modern architects—their imaginary 20,000*l.* or 40,000*l.* churches—what would be the result? Look at what has been the result in S. Paul's: a building, as Mr. Pugin very justly observes, of which one half is built to hide the other!

*Pract.*—Well, and I take your example. I think



S. Paul's a much finer whole than Westminster Abbey. In adopting the Grecian or Roman styles, we know what we are about: we can more easily understand the architectural ideas of civilized nations, than throw ourselves back into the dark superstitious feelings of the middle ages.

*Cath.*—Truly, I believe you are right: but one might almost imagine that you meant the severest satire against our architects. We can, indeed, adapt ourselves to Pagan ideas: Christian symbolism is a thing less easy to master.

*Pract.*—For my own part, I look on symbolism, about which so much is now said, as a very pretty and ingenious theory, sometimes romantic, and sometimes verging on the absurd: and the only thing about it which prevents my giving any degree of attention to it is, that it does not, in my opinion, rest on the shadow of a foundation.

*Euseb.*—To tell you the truth, though certainly I do not quite agree with my friend Practicus here, as he well knows, on the general subject of churches and church architecture, I am inclined to think that a great deal too much stress has lately been laid on this particular branch, or, rather, phase of it,—the allegorical meaning which attaches itself to the general arrangement and details of churches. I fully agree, that some mystical meaning is, in a few instances, clearly discernible: such as the Atonement, set forth by the

Cross shape ; and the entrance into the Church by Baptism, in the position of the Font near a door. But, when you come to more minute and recondite identifications of signification with outward form, there you must leave me behind you, as I perceive you have done many who know more on the subject than I do.

*Cath.*—The term symbolism is in itself so very vague, that it is not easy to make one answer serve for all its different branches. There is that unintentional and essential symbolism which pervades Gothick or Christian architecture, as it does everything else ; the principle of its upward tendency, or the triumph of the vertical over the horizontal lines ; whereas in Pagan architecture the horizontal are superior, the vertical subordinate. But this is hardly meant by that symbolism, against which the arguments of some, and the sneers of more, are directed ; but which is, nevertheless, and will some day be confessed to be, as much the soul of Christian arrangements and decorations, as the other is of Christian art. Had I to prove its existence, I should first argue from the sacramental character of all religions, and more especially of Christianity, to the *à priori* likelihood that Christian temples would be sacramental, that is symbolical. I should refer to the symbolical habits, even in everyday life, of the early Christians ; in their salutations, feasts, intercourse, but particularly in their worship. I should try to shew that symbolism was in many in-

stances both cause and effect : as, for example, the feeling that the Clergy should be separated from the Laity gave rise to the Roodscreen ; and that again symbolised, in after times, this very separation. How, again, things not originally symbolical became so in the course of years ; for example, the Sacrament of Baptism at its first institution as a Jewish rite represented simply the cleansing of the soul, as of the body by pure water : but when S. Paul further instanced our burial in the baptismal water as a type of our burial with our SAVIOUR, it thenceforth inherited a symbolism which could not have been at first intended. Again, I would refer to arrangements perfectly inexplicable on any other grounds, but clear and beautiful when explained symbolically : such are the inclination of the choir from the line of the nave, the fact that plain crosses very seldom occur, and many other things of a similar nature. And, lastly, I would bring forward the express testimony of writers, such as Durandus, Beleth, Hugo de Sancto Victore, to the doctrine I am upholding.\*

*Pal.*—And, now that this defence has been made, might I suggest that we wandering Ecclesiologists, as there is nothing we generally miss so much as music, are proportionably glad when we have the opportunity of enjoying it ?

\* On this subject I may be allowed to refer the reader to the lately published translation of Durandus on Symbolism.

*Theoph.*—I am sure I will give you the opportunity with pleasure. But you must not expect much from one who has little practice except in teaching the village school. However, I will try to find something which may be to your taste.

## THE MARTYRDOM OF S. LUCY.

We watched, as she lingered all the day  
 Beneath the torturer's skill ;  
 And we pray'd that the spirit might pass away,  
 And the weary frame be still.  
 'Twas a long sharp struggle from darkness to light,  
 And the pain was fierce and sore ;  
 But she, we knew, in her latest fight  
 Must be more than conqueror !

Oh, what a change had the prison wrought  
 Since we gaz'd upon her last !  
 And mournful the lessons her thin frame taught  
 Of the sufferings she had past :  
 Of pain and sickness—not of fear !  
 There was courage in her eye :  
 And she \* entered the amphitheatre  
 As to triumph, and not to die !

And once, when we could not bear to see  
 Her sufferings, and turned the head,  
 " HIS rod and HIS staff they comfort me,"  
 The virgin martyr said :  
 It was near the setting of the sun,  
 And her voice waxed faint and low ;  
 And we knew that her race was well-nigh run,  
 And her time drew near to go.

\* 'Αλλ' ὡς τι δράσων ἴδρατι κόν θανούμενος.— *Trachiniae.*

We could almost deem the clouds that rolled  
 In the ruddy sun's decline  
 To be chariots of fire and horses of gold  
 On the steep of Mount Aventine :  
 Yea, guardian angels bent their way  
 From their own skies' cloudless blue,  
 And a triumph more glorious was thine to-day  
 Than ever the Cæsar knew !

We lay thee here in the narrow cell  
 Where thy friends and brethren sleep ;  
 And we carve the palm, of thy lot to tell,  
 And we do not dare to weep.  
 Hopefully wait we God's holy time  
 That shall call us to share thy rest ;  
 Till then, we must dwell in an alien clime,  
 While thou art in Abraham's breast !

*Cath.*—One cannot but wish that our Church had thought fit to commemorate the earliest and holiest of the Martyrs more fully than by the mere admission of their names into her calendar. And one may well wonder, that any professing to be her children should endeavour to deprive them of that small meed of honour, by erasing their names where she had allowed them to stand.

*Theoph.*—And now, perhaps, you will remember that we, poor rustics, who seldom hear any music besides our own, are much obliged to any stranger who will give us that pleasure.

*Cath.*—Well! I will do my best. I will try a Polish air which much struck my fancy.

Here 's to the Cause ! to that good Cause  
For which we 'll struggle constantly ;  
And to the few, the good and true,  
Who battle for it trustfully ;  
And may it prosper more and more,  
And win and thrive perpetually !

Here 's to the Cause ! the good old Cause  
The brave have died for fearlessly :  
Whose blood is mightier than a host  
To fight for it resistlessly :  
Whose spirits hover o'er us now  
To guide and guard it conqueringly !

Here 's to the Cause ! the holy Cause  
For which we 'll suffer joyfully :  
And little reck the scorner's jeer,  
His taunt and gibe, and calumny :  
And count loss gain, and labour rest,  
So it may thrive continually !

Here 's to the Cause ! the Church's Cause !  
We 'll battle for her ceaselessly !  
And, when we fall, may others rise  
To love her as devotedly,  
Until she wake, and burst her chains,  
And triumph everlastingly !

*Pal.*—Now, will you allow us to ask for something else ?

*Theoph.*—Let it be something, then, in accordance with the time.

'Tis a calm and lovely summer night ;  
And the sky is overspread  
With one thin cloud, as grey and light  
As the fretwork that gems the Cathedral's height ;  
And a doubtful hue, nor dim nor bright,  
On tree and cot is shed.

And Fancy may imp her boldest wings,  
 And dream of unknown and of beautiful things  
     That linger beyond that mist ;  
 Then grieve that her warmest thoughts are cold,  
 Though she blend the rays of the sparkling gold  
     With the tints of the amethyst.  
 Yes! we may image them as we will,  
     We may talk of the Unknown Land ;  
 We may paint the waves of the Healing Rill  
     That waters its goodly strand :  
 But the streets of the City, whose walks are bright  
 With the topaz and the chrysolite,—  
 But the Home, that feareth not sickness or ills,—  
 And the strength of the everlasting hills,—  
 But the palaces, lovely beyond compare,—  
 Oh ! they alone *know* them, the Happy Ones there !

*Pal.*—Pretty lines, certainly ; but not entitled to the merit of originality, inasmuch as the leading idea at the end has been forestalled some seven hundred years ago by S. Hildebert, in one of his beautiful poems.

*Euseb.*—To which do you refer ?

*Pal.*—The *Extra portam jam delatum*. Do you know it ?

*Euseb.*—No. I only know his poem on the HOLY TRINITY ; and that is certainly striking.

*Pal.*—This, I think, is superior to it, and one of the most beautiful hymns of the Ages of Faith.

*Theoph.*—Is there no translation of it ?

*Pal.*—Why, my friend here attempted one some time ago ; and, though I will not flatter him by call-

ing it equal to the original, it gives one a fair idea of it.

*Euseb.*—Pray, Catholicus, let us hear it.

*Cath.*—Well! it is a very poor attempt; but, such as it is, you shall have it. You must first be told, that the confusion of metaphor is not less perplexing in the original than in the translation. The poet first compares himself to the dead man of Nain, then to Lazarus, then to the tempest-tossed sailor, then to the barren fig-tree; and all this without any notice of the change. I have kept pretty close to the metre of the Latin.\*

Borne already from the gate,  
 In the cave entomb'd of late,  
 Wrapp'd in shroud, detain'd in prison,  
 THOU canst raise me,—THOU hast risen!  
 Speak! the rock no longer holdeth!  
 Speak! the grave-shroud straight unfoldeth!  
 To the light the prisoner boundeth,  
 When the cave—Come forth!—resoundeth.  
 On a sea without a shore  
 Pirate-barks beset me sore;  
 Mightiest Pilot! be my stay!  
 Calm the winds, the billows lay!  
 Chase the foe, confirm the weak,  
 Guide me to the port I seek!  
 Cast a pitying eye on me,  
 Fruitless and unthankful tree:  
 Instant death its boughs inherit,  
 If Thou judgest as they merit:  
 Yet awhile reprieve from slaughter,  
 Tend, and till, and dig, and water;

\* The Latin Hymn, being difficult to procure, is added at the end.



If they meet at last Thy frown,  
Woe is me ! then cut them down !  
All his art my Tempter urges ;  
Wounds with flame, and whelms with surges ;  
Thence, afflicted and distrest,  
Unto Thee I look for rest.  
That he do me no more wrong,  
That the weak may be the strong,  
Give me graces, firm and lasting,  
Those blest graces, Prayer and Fasting :  
From his power, if CHRIST saith true,  
Thou wilt free me by these two.  
From his malice set me free,  
Give me constant trust in Thee :  
Give me fear, which, cast away,  
I become his easy prey :  
Give me sober piety,  
Faith, and Hope, and Charity ;  
Wean from every earthly love,  
Set my heart on things above ;  
LORD ! by Thee my trust is bounded :  
Let me never be confounded !  
Thou my Praise, my Good, my Guard,  
My exceeding great reward :  
Thou in labour my Fruition,  
Thou in sickness my Physician,  
Thou my Lyre in time of chiding,  
Thou in fear my Place of hiding,  
Thou my Setter free in danger,  
My Director when a stranger :  
Wholesome fear in wealth Thou sendest,  
From despair in ills defendest.  
When man threateneth, Thou repliest ;  
Him that hurteth, Thou defiest :  
What I need to know, Thou solvest ;  
What I need not, Thou involvest.

Never let me enter, never,  
Those dim gates from hope that sever :  
Where is pain and woe and gnashing,  
Lakes of fire, and tortures lashing :  
Where the path, that downward tendeth,  
In the depth of anguish endeth ;  
Where the pain that ever crieth,  
And the worm that never dieth :  
Where no hope its cheering sheweth,  
For the pain no limit knoweth.  
Mine be Sion's habitation,  
Sion, David's sure foundation :  
Form'd of old by light's CREATOR,  
Reached by Him, the MEDIATOR :  
An Apostle guards the portal  
Denizen'd by forms immortal,  
On a jasper pavement builded,  
By its Monarch's radiance gilded.  
Peace there dwelleth uninvaded,  
Spring perpetual, light unfaded :  
Odours rise with airy lightness ;  
Harpers strike their harps of brightness ;  
None one sigh for pleasure sendeth ;  
None can err, and none offendeth ;  
All, partakers of one nature,  
Grow in CHRIST to equal stature.  
Home celestial ! Home eternal !  
Home upreared by power Supernal !  
Home, no change or loss that fearest,  
From afar my soul thou cheerest :  
Thee it seeketh, thee requireth,  
Thee affecteth, thee desireth.  
But the gladness of thy nation,  
But their fulness of salvation,  
Vainly mortals strive to shew it ;  
They—and they alone—can know it,

The redeemed from sin and peril,  
 They who walk thy streets of beryl!  
 Grant me, SAVIOUR, with Thy Blessèd  
 Of Thy Rest to be possessèd,  
 And, amid the joys it bringeth,  
 Sing the song that none else singeth!

*Euseb.*—Strikingly beautiful lines! I am surprised that the original is not better known. I wonder that, amidst the pains now employed in acquainting us with the treasures of the hymns of former ages, more has not been spent in rendering accessible the scattered fragments of Catholick devotion to be found among writers who are to us almost as though they had never been.

*Cath.*—Such, for example, as those which may be found in Heywood's *Hierarchie*.

*Theoph.*—And who might Heywood be?

*Cath.*—A writer of the time of King James I., who had a hand in upwards of two hundred plays: but the work I was referring to, the *Hierarchie*, is a general system of divinity, in nine tractates, as the author calls them; and at the end of each follows a body of notes, *theological, philosophical, moral, hieroglyphical, poetical, emblematical, and historical*. It is a work of immense learning, and full of sound piety: but its size, a somewhat closely-printed, though not thick, folio, and its ruggedness, and excessively prosaical arguments, render it, in spite of its occasionally sublime passages and its depth, unreadable in these days of little men.

*Pal.*—I have, however, got through it, that is the poetical part ; and extracts from it might well be made. Some of the passages read, as it has been well said, like a rough copy of Pope's Essay. For example :

All things that be or beautiful or fair  
 From Divine Pulchritude derivèd are :  
 All truth from Truth Divine : all we can name  
 Of being, from the First Beginning came :  
 All things from Him proceed, to come, or past,  
 Those which were first, the present, and the last.  
 From His sole Goodness all our goods arise,  
 His Unity brings many unities ;  
 The Parent of all nature : He besides  
 Is of all causes Cause, and still abides.

And again :

He sits enthroned above : who dares aspire  
 Further of His Eternity t' enquire ?  
 Or go about to apprehend that He  
 Who contains all things should containèd be ?  
 He Who of nothing all things did compact,  
 His Will His Word, and every Word His Act,  
 Who in all places without place doth dwell,  
 Sovereign, Immense ; He only doth excel.

And some of the meditations at the end of each book are very beautiful. I remember part of that at the end of the 4th book.

Light, therefore, in my heart infuse ;  
 Instruct my tongue Thy Name to use ;  
     That I may find  
     Both heart and mind  
 Hourly on Thee, and only Thee, to muse !

Ye Blessed Spirits, bright and pure,  
 Ye that the Sacred Throne immure !  
     That place sublime  
     At first of time  
 Was due to your bright choirs, and shall endure.

Therefore to Thee, O GOD, alone,  
 In Persons Three, in Substance One,  
     The Trinity  
     In Unity  
 Be glory now, as when the world begun !

Whom, FATHER, Thou hast made, do not forsake !  
 On Thy Redeem'd, O SAVIOUR, pity take !  
     Blest SPIRIT, guide  
     Thy Sanctified,  
 And guard them from the ever-burning lake !

That we with Saints and Angels may  
 Thy Wisdom and Thy Praise display ;  
     Thy Glory bright,  
     Thy Love and Might,  
 Within Thine own Jerusalem for aye !

*Theoph.*—If there be much in Heywood of such excellence, I wonder we have not heard more of him.

*Pal.*—There is much that might well be quoted ; but I can easily explain to you how it is that Heywood has been forgotten. What think you of a piece of argument like this ? Of its poetry, I mean ; for the divinity is excellent.

Come to the Gospel, to S. Paul repair :  
*Of Him, through Him, and to Him all things are :*  
 To Whom be everlasting praise. Amen.  
 In which (it is observed by Origen)

*Of, through, and to, Three Persons do imply ;  
And the word Him, the Godhead's Unity.*

*Theoph.*—Why, I should certainly prefer an argument in theology to be delivered in prose than in verse.

*Pal.*—However, there are sundry little gems scattered up and down, that a plagiarist might turn to good account. Such, for example, as

Where be those warriors now ? those bards divine ?  
From earth they came ; and, earth ! they now are thine !  
Some the spring takes away, and some the fall,  
Winter and summer others, and death all.

And, again, he tells us that, in the grave,

Subjects keep  
Courts with kings equal ; and as soft they sleep,  
Lodging their heads upon a turf of grass,  
As they on marble, or on figured brass.

And, indeed, he has had his plagiarists : Dr. Seward's epigram has been often quoted :

Seven mighty cities strove for Homer dead,  
Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

But it is evidently only an improvement on

Seven cities warred for Homer, being dead,  
Who, living, had no place to lay his head.

And Milton, too, certainly gained his line

Thrones, dominations, pryncedoms, virtues, powers,  
from Heywood's

Thrones, dominations, virtues, potentates.

*Euseb.*—I was not aware of Heywood's theological poetry when I suggested just now the contributions which might be obtained from the bards of his day to Catholick Theology: Quarles was, perhaps, uppermost in my mind.

*Pal.*—And Quarles would, doubtless, supply many such. His emblems, with all their quaintness, have occasionally sublime passages. But his sweetness chiefly lies in Argalus and Parthenia.

*Euseb.*—What a pity it is that such poems should be almost entirely shut up from those who have not a large library at hand! Southey's ponderous volume of poets, from Chaucer to Jonson, closely printed as it is, how many gems of poetry does it omit!

*Pal.*—How sweet is the simile Quarles draws from a spring-shower!

Have you beheld an April shower  
Send down her hasty bubbles? Now she stops,  
Now storms afresh; through whose transparent drops  
The unobscured lamp of heaven conveys  
The brighter glory' of his refulgent rays:  
Even so within her blushing cheeks resided  
A mixt aspect, 'twixt smiles and tears divided.

And Quarles is almost as happy in his epithets as Daniel, who was famed for them. *Deep-throated* sackbuts and *echo-forcing* cornets, for example.

*Cath.*—But *the* Catholick poet of England, next to Spenser and Giles Fletcher, is, doubtless, Joseph

Beaumont, the author of the longest poem in the English language, *PSYCHE*. And, really, there are in this volume pieces of such exquisite beauty, that I almost wonder they have not buoyed up the whole mass. How beautiful is this apostrophe to Eagles!

You, perched on some safe rock, can sit and see  
Where the young Morn unlocks his ruby gate ;  
How from his Eastern bed of roses he,  
Lovelier than it, doth rise ; what robe of state  
That day he chooseth, and what tire of light  
He on his temples binds, there to grow bright.

Into his chariot of flaming gold  
You see him mount, and give his purple steeds  
Leave to draw out the day : you see him roll'd  
Upon his diamond wheels, whose bounty breeds  
That populous family of pearls, that dwells  
On Eastern shores close in their mother shells.

You see him climb up heaven's silver hill,  
And through the long day make the hours run right ;  
*There with his widest looks your own you fill,*  
*And riot in that royal feast of light :*  
Whilst to your eyes your souls fly up and gaze  
At every beauty of his noontide face.

But the truly Catholick character of the whole, abating some few conceits and quotations in the taste of the age, from the Song of Solomon, is admirable ; and, in speaking of the Holy Eucharist, Beaumont carries one back to the writers of an earlier age by his fervour. He says,



Oft have I seen brave spirits when they rose  
 From this great banquet, filled with gracious rage,  
 Fly in the face of Sin, and nobly choose  
 The stoutest foes whereon they might engage  
 Their heavenly confidence : nor has their high  
 Adventure failed to draw down victory.

Oft have I seen them 'scorn the frown of Death,'  
 Oft have I seen them hug the Cross and Spear,  
 Oft have I heard them spend their final breath  
 In wooing greater torments to come near :  
 Oft have I seen them enter single fight,  
 Both with the Pow'rs and with the Prince of Night.

For well they know what strength they have within,  
 And by tenacious faith they hold it fast :  
 How can those champions ever fail to win,  
 Amidst whose armour Heaven itself is placed ?  
 What battery can prevail against that breast  
 That is infallibly with GOD possest ?

*Euseb.*—And now, if, in the midst of so poetical a conversation, I may venture to remind you of anything less ethereal, let us go into the next room, and join in that most sociable meal of the day, supper.

*Theoph.*—And how have you arranged for to-morrow ?

*Euseb.*—Why, in the first place, I want my friends' assistance in persuading my churchwarden to join me in a crusade against the pues ; and then, I think, we will take a walk to our once Collegiate church of Ruthin : it is the most curious thing about here, though that is not saying much.

*Cath.*—I am sure we shall join with pleasure in both expeditions.

*Pract.*—If you will excuse me from the former, for I confess myself a lover of pues, I shall be most glad to accompany you in the latter.

*Euseb.*—Very well : so be it settled. And, now, follow me !



## CHAPTER X.

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### Contents.

Pues.—Similarity of Churches in the same District.—Division of Counties.—Ecclesiology of Cornwall.—Traces of Early British and Irish Saints.—S. Levan's Well.—Tol Penwith.—Land's End.— Wayside Crosses.— Lychgates.— S. Madron's Well.—Miracle wrought there in Bishop Hall's time.—S. Ives.—Pilchard Fishery.—S. Michael's Mount.—Ruthin Church.—Modern Monuments and Inscriptions.—Davenant.—Instances of Modern Inscriptions.—Welsh custom of strewing Flowers over Graves.—The phrase *who died* objectionable.—Reference to Heathen expressions on the subject.—Bishop Andrewes.—Funeral at Stanstead.—Recognition of Friends in a Future state.—Ecclesiology of Somersetshire.—Lincolnshire.—Northamptonshire.—Huntingdonshire.—Bedfordshire.—Cambridgeshire.—Norfolk.—Round Towers.—Beauty of their situations.—Suffolk.—Gloucestershire.—Dorsetshire.—Hampshire.—North Wales.—Cumberland.—Staffordshire.—Sussex.—Surrey.—Inclination of Chancel.—Parochial Libraries.

Einen Lorbeerkranz verschmäh'n, ist edel!  
Mehr als Heldenruhm ist Menschenglück :  
Ein bekränztes Haupt wird auch zum Schädel ;  
Und der Lorbeerkranz zum Rasenstück.  
Cäsar fiel an einem dunklem Tage  
Ab vom Leben, wie enstürmtes Laub :  
Friedrich liegt in engel Sarkophage ;  
Alexander ist ein wenig Staub.

TIEDGE.



THE BLESSED WELL OF S. MADRON, PENZANCE.

## CHAPTER X.

### THE COLLEGIATE CHURCH OF RUTHIN.

*Cath.*—So, I really hope we have brought your churchwarden to some degree of reason on the subject of your boxes.

*Euseb.*—He is a thorough Englishman: likes to have everything made quite clear and plain, and hates a novelty.

*Pal.*—Well! I trust we have made it perfectly

clear to him that, on the grounds of kindness to the poor, church order, decent behaviour, cleanliness, room, health, beauty of the church, prevention of dog-in-the-mangerism, and some twenty other reasons, we must and will have open seats.

*Euseb.*—I think you have: but the poor man stood at first perfectly aghast.

*Pract.*—Well, now, pray do let us talk on some more original subject. I really am sick of the word “pue.” One can go nowhere but one hears of clergymen putting open seats in their churches, or that want money to do so, or that have the money and want the power, or else of charges delivered against them, or books written against them, or of people talking against them. Truly, there is, just now, a monomania on the subject: and I know but of one whom you would call a good Churchman, who has lifted up his voice in defence of the old system, and that is the Archdeacon of Surrey; and he half condemns, and is half ashamed of, his protégés.

*Cath.*—I think you are not far wrong: it is the deliberate rejection by the Church of a yoke which a cold and faint-hearted century laid upon her.

*Euseb.*—There is the tower of Ruthin Church, standing well, as I hope you will allow, with those hills as a back-ground.

*Theoph.*—Do you not find a great deal of similarity among the different churches of the same district?

*Pal.*—A great deal. An ecclesiological map of England might be drawn with almost as much ease and truth as a geological one.

*Theoph.*—Do you think that the divisions generally follow the counties,—or what forms them?

*Pal.*—The counties, generally, seem to influence them; insomuch that, by attention to the village churches, one might sometimes almost decide the county division.

*Theoph.*—But is it not odd that an arbitrary separation, such as that of counties, should be able to influence a matter apparently so unconnected with it?

*Pal.*—The division is not purely arbitrary; for, as we all know, natural scenery varies with the varying counties. The geology is also different; by consequence, the building-stone: and this is one great cause of the local character of churches. But a more influential one is, perhaps, this: the estates of large landed proprietors obeyed the county boundaries, and in each of these the architect, selected by the baron who owned it, left the impress of one mind upon many works. Imitation, also, was the fruitful source of similarity: if one village church was ornamented with a fair spire, the inhabitants of the next could not be satisfied till they had one as fair. And you may often see the details of cathedral work completely copied in the neighbouring churches: for example, at Lincoln, where some, otherwise not particularly fine,



have early English capitals almost as exquisite as those in the minster.

*Euseb.*—Can you give us some idea of the geography of ecclesiology in England?

*Pal.*—Why, I will try; but it will be an imperfect one. Let us begin with the very remotest county, Cornwall. Here you find churches of very late perpendicular character: the aisles run to the end, or nearly so, of the chancel, the latter being fenced off by a screen, as elsewhere: the capitals are mostly octagonal, and rude; shields are often introduced into them: the roofs are almost universally cradle: the windows, where they are left, are very poor; but, in most instances, they are Grecian insertions: the wood seats, where left, which is not frequently the case, elaborate, but late, and frequently ornamented with the instruments of Crucifixion. The fonts, of a singularly grotesque character, perhaps generally round, with monstrous heads and shields introduced; sometimes, as at Llandewednack, the stems are not at right angles with the ground. The towers are mostly poor, embattled with poor angular pinnacles, and small. Sometimes, though rarely, the panelling on the exterior is elaborate, as at Launceston and Truro; and the tower handsome, as at Probus and Camborne. But, except the once Cathedral church of S. German's, which has two western towers, and a Norman façade,

and a few early English remains in the Lizard, there is little in the earlier styles.

*Euseb.*—I have heard, however, that the ecclesiastical remains of Cornwall are interesting: is it not so?

*Pal.*—Why, the fact of its having been inhabited by so many British and Irish saints, whose names live in its villages, gives it an interest, were there no other attraction in its wastes and rocks. But there are many interesting remains. S. Levan's well is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable. A magnificent pilgrimage is it to that well: over huge cliffs, a bridle-path leads you thitherward; the ceaseless grinding of the sea is on your left, though you cannot see its waves; behind you, jutting far out into the ocean, perched like an eagle on its solitary rock, is the far-famed Logan: there is not a sight nor a sound of man, nor a green thing save the grass that scantily clothes the rocks at your feet. Suddenly, in a hollow on your right, the low tower of S. Levan's church springs up to a level with your feet; and the cliff at your left, sweeping boldly down to the sea, forms a chine or combe between itself and its savage neighbour on the opposite side. Here the waves leave a little cove of the purest and whitest sand; and between the ponderous walls of granite, which form the ravine, a crest of rock arises, crowned with a chapel.

From the *Chapel Cove* a flight of thirty or forty steps runs up, amidst the crags and desolation which surround them, to the shrine. There it stood, encircled by Nature in her most savage form,—the wind howling among the neighbouring rocks, the sea dashing on the beach below; and setting forth by its holy calm the rest of the faithful amidst the tumult of this world, and their better Rest in Heaven. The well is near the chapel; but the latter is now a ruin, and the steps have been carried away by an inundation. That whole coast is very grand: the Cleeves, as they are called,—that is, the bold promontories which run out between the coves or chines by which the shore is intersected,—afford magnificent specimens of rock scenery. The granite crags assume the most fantastic shapes: vegetation almost ceases, and the perpetual roar of the waves is nearly deafening. One of the wildest scenes of this wild land is Tol Penwith, “the holed rock.” A bold, bluff headland shoots out into the sea, containing in its centre a horrible crater, into which, by a subterranean passage, the waves find a way: they leave it at ebb, but at flow rush into it with fearful power, and boil like a caldron within its granite ribs. Between it and the edge of the cliff is a wild isthmus, where the waves rage on both sides, in the crater behind, and the beach before.

*Theoph.*—Is not the Land’s End a very fine piece of rock scenery?

*Pal.*—Magnificent; though certainly not equal to Cape Tol Penwith, nor yet, I think, to Cape Cornwall. But it seems to shew the fulness with which the Church embraced the England of Saints, that from the remotest verge you see a church, that of Sennen, and a chapel, now unfortunately ruined, crowning the summit of a hill, thence called Chapel Uny. As you pass the waste that lies between the village and the extreme verge, strewed with shapeless and vast blocks of granite, cut up by granite walls, with a path of moss on their summits, and dotted here and there with hardy fern and heath, the view before you bounded by a rising hill, your heart beats with expectation as you imagine the prospect from its summit. Arrived there, your breath is almost taken away by the boundlessness of the scene. Thrown out from the foot of the height on which you stand is a huge pile of granite, like a mountain made by art, so regular is its formation, so square the blocks which compose it. To your right is a rock-bound coast, ending in the bold headland of Cape Cornwall: before you the boundless Atlantic, with a wreath here and there of snow where a crag raises its head above the waters; the Longships rock, with its little lighthouse, sometimes covered with a sheet of foam, sometimes beating back the breakers; and into every cove, and channel, and creek of the point itself the long heavy billows roll in with a slow, and proud, and stately swell, melting, at

the very moment they break, into the most delicate green—a green far surpassing that of spring foliage, and sending up their everlasting thunder to mingle with the shrieks of the wind through the passages and crannies and crevices of the sturdy rocks. Truly, it seems as if they were grown old in maintaining that constant warfare, for their locks of moss are silvery white ; but it is a hale stern old age, that spurns back the waves as sturdily as when they first rolled on to sweep that cape, if they could, away.

*Euseb.*—And I suppose that in such distant and inaccessible corners, as Puritan influence was little felt, so many Catholick memorials of other ages must remain.

*Pal.*—The wayside crosses are beautiful relics, and seem to have been uninjured either by the Reformation or Rebellion. They have nearly all the same shape : the flat stem, of a form slightly pyramidal, but truncated, terminates in a circle figured either with the Five Wounds, or with the Image of our Crucified SAVIOUR ; the latter, from incrustation by moss and exposure to the weather often difficult to be traced. But sometimes there is only this circle raised on a flight of square steps, as at S. Buryan, where there are two remarkably fine examples. Between that place, where the church is even now Decanal, and was once Collegiate, and Penzance, are no less, I think, than five crosses ; and the distance is only six miles. The lych-

gate in Cornwall, where the corpse was placed on its entrance to the churchyard, is seldom, as in other places, and more particularly in this part of Wales, covered : but we have lych-stones whereon to deposit the coffin ; lych-seats for the bearers ; a raised lych-path sometimes, as at Gulval, completely cutting the public road in two ; and perhaps a lych-cross, as at S. Levan. That church, by-the-bye, is also remarkable for having, between the Lord's Prayer and the Creed, King Charles's letter to the county of Cornwall, commendatory of their zeal during the Great Rebellion. But, except for the preservation of these memorials, Cornwall can boast little of Catholicity : it is deluged with Wesleyanism and every other kind of schism ; and the "revivals" are the fruitful springs of all manner of iniquity. Then there are new heresies continually springing up : teetotalism, in the form it there assumes, is one ; if that indeed can in any sense be called new, which is merely a revival of the practice of those heretics condemned, the Hydroparastatæ, fifteen hundred years ago. But, spite of all these inundations of schism, it is wonderful how much reverence the Cornish peasantry still retain ; ay, and how much faith in the traditions of their forefathers. As an example, they still believe in the healing virtues of the Blessed Well of S. Madron.

*Euseb.*—Is not that the well where, in Bishop Hall's time, so well authenticated a cure was

wrought, that he recorded it in his *Invisible World* ? \*

*Pal.*—Yes: Bishop Hall, a very passable name even among Protestants, and suspected in his own day of an inclination to Puritanism, had himself seen and conversed with the cripple who experienced the cure, and there can be no reason for doubting the story. Some sanctity is still attached to the place. Its situation is in a morass between two hills, in a most desolate situation, some mile from the parish church. One lonely clump of firs serves to direct you on your pilgrimage thither: the chapel itself lies under a gently rising bank, and near to a spring. The bright leaves of the autumn bramble, with their spots of crimson and gold, the long silky grass, and the furze with its brown prickles, cluster over its ruined walls: the turf within is thick and soft. It is a small building, and, though now a complete ruin, some can remember it when perfect. It is, of course, put together (and that roughly enough) of rude pieces of granite: there was a north door, and a small east and south window: the well is at the south-west angle: and the altar-stone, which, though displaced, still remains, has a small square indentation in it, in which money was laid. Many yet survive who can remember how children, having been dipped in the well, (into which the water was turned on from the spring,

\* The passage is quoted at the end of the volume.

for it does not in that place rise naturally,) were laid to sleep on the altar, and woke restored to health. Now, indeed, faith has degenerated into superstition, and the holy spring has become a mere wishing-well.

*Euseb.*—I suppose that in the Cornwall fisheries there are no relics of the beautiful Manx custom, that, when the boats were ready to start, the priest in his robes went down to the beach or pier, and solemnly blessed them before the mariners committed themselves to the sea?

*Pal.*—Alas, no! But the landing of the pilchards is a very pretty and lively sight; and a lovely painting would such a scene, in the bay of S. Ives, afford. There is a kind of terrace on the side of the hill which overlooks the town, whence is seen the whole of the calm blue bay as it heaves and glitters in the sun, with its specks of snow, the sunny sail, the pure foam round the rock, and the spotless wing of the white sea-bird: the sky and water vie in their bright azure: the northern coast, with its rocky headlands, shoots away till it is lost in the pale horizon: the town, with its tall tower, crowds the side of the steep hill, and seems like one of those fairy cities one beholds in a dream, rising so abruptly that to walk their streets is impossible: Gull Island glitters in the distance: a long row of dark boats, returned from a successful fishery, are moored in the bay: one is drawn up on the wet glittering sand, and even from the top of the



hill you may see the shining of its silvery cargo. There are carts, waggons, baskets, panniers, hampers, aprons, everything that was made with a capacity of holding, in requisition : here a couple of men are running along with their *gurry*, or wooden tray carried sedanwise on two poles : the boatmen are throwing their heaps of fish from the boat : boys are loitering about in the hopes of picking up " a job : " mothers with infants in their arms begging a few odd pilchards : children screaming for joy : old sailors, with their hands in their pockets, and their pipes in their mouths, leaning against the sunny side of some stranded boat, and discussing the manner in which the " catch " was managed : and a cheerful chorus of songs, and cries, and hurry, and wheels crashing their way up the beach, and children's voices, and sailors' " heave-oh's ! " comes swelling up the hill.

*Euseb.*—S. Michael's Mount,—is that equal to the accounts given of it ?

*Pal.*—Why, the spectacle of a religious building desecrated by merriment, and grandeur of this world, and wickedness, is to my eyes a sadder one than that of a ruined monastery. But the crag itself is fine—finer than its sister, Mont S. Michel, in Normandy ; though, in the latter case, the buildings are far grander than in the Cornish Mount.

*Cath.*—Upon my word, Palæophilus, there is nothing like a direct answer ! You were asked, some

half an hour ago, to give a geographical account of English Ecclesiology, and you have diverged into an "essay, picturesque and descriptive," on Cornwall.

*Pal.*—Well! I confess my error. But here we are at the church; so I shall lay the conclusion of the "essay" on you as we return, for I am quite ashamed to have talked so much.

*Euseb.*—You certainly need not be ashamed of making us find ourselves here before we were aware.

*Cath.*—Alas! that so much of the church should have been rebuilt at so late a time!

*Euseb.*—In 1590, probably, for that was the date of the foundation of the hospital here, as you will see if we come in. There, you see, are the hospital seats, each marked with the corporate seal,—the SAVIOUR rising with His Cross and Banner, and surrounded by three angels with crosses; and the legend round it is "Ego sum Resurrectio et Vita. Sigillum Hospitalis Jesu in Ruthin, 1590. Eliz. 12."

*Cath.*—What a most elaborate pulpit and reading-pue! both, as I perceive, with the same date as the hospital.

*Euseb.*—That mural semi-effigy represents, you will perceive, Dr. Gabriel Goodman, Dean of Westminster, and a principal promoter of the foundation of the hospital. Now, we will not interrupt you while you fill your church-schemes.

*Pal.*—I think we are now ready, whenever you

please. You have not many of the sterner features of a mountain country about you : but mountain habits you seem to keep up. What a lovely custom is that which so much prevails,—the strewing of flowers over the grave of a departed friend !

*Cath.*—And it is delightful to see so few headstones. There is nothing which so much disfigures our churchyards as those horrible memorials.

*Theoph.*—Do you not then like any memorial of the dead besides a green turf ?

*Cath.*—Surely : the Cross. What so fitting as that ? and *that*, where so fitting as here ?

*Theoph.*—But would you have no inscription on it, relating who it is that lies below ?

*Cath.*—To my taste, better without. Still the Cross does not involve the absence of an inscription.

*Theoph.*—But why would you rather have none ?

*Cath.*—Relations and friends will need no such remembrancer of the spot where a loved one is sleeping ; and, when friends are gone, who cares to be remembered by strangers ? The records of a private man's life are sacred to domestic affection ; and there is something heartless in the comments and reflections strangers may make on them. For my part, I never find myself in a churchyard, and reading the inscriptions which so plentifully bestrew it, without thinking of Davenant's beautiful, though somewhat Pagan, lines :

By what bold passion was I rudely led,  
 Like Fame's too curious and officious spy,  
 When I these rolls in her dark closet read,  
 Where worthies wrapped in Time's disguises lie ?

Why should we now their shady curtains draw,  
 Who by a wise retirement hence are freed,  
 And gone to lands exempt from Nature's law,  
 Where love no more can mourn, nor valour bleed ?

Why to their native world, from their long rest,  
 Are these recall'd to be again displeas'd ?  
 Where by the storms of life we are distress'd  
 Till we by Death's kind privilege are eas'd.

*Theoph.*—But public benefactors to the Church or State—these surely deserve to have their names recorded ?

*Cath.*—Yes: but not in the pompous bombastic strain one so often meets. I remember seeing in a village church in Merionethshire, Llanegryn, the character given of a young man, that he “was too good for any worldly purposes.” Contrast this with the “*Par charité pour l'alme priez*” of earlier monuments ! Scenes of slaughter and bloodshed, medallions of storms and victories, are, to my mind, positively profane in the House of Peace.

*Pal.*—I remember in a church in Bedfordshire,—Aspley Guise, I think,—seeing a pyramidal monument, hideous enough to be sure, to the memory of some officer who had been killed by a cannon-shot. The curious part is, that the shot is imbedded in the marble, and under it are the words *Instrumentum*

*mortis et immortalitatis*—the instrument of death and immortality.

*Theoph.*—You will find another peculiarity among our peasants to be the calmness and apparent pleasure with which they will speak of departed relatives. A stranger would question their affection: we, who know them, know that it results from their realization of the unseen world.

*Pal.*—That characteristic of the Welsh has been introduced into poetry. If I can remember the lines, they run thus:

It is a lovely rite, that will not end  
 Affection's duty with the buried friend,  
 But seeks the grave at evening's quiet hour  
 To wreath around it many a meadow flower.  
 Mark! how that mother and her little group  
 Haste to the spot, and o'er the hillock stoop:  
 With love's last offerings to the grave they come,  
 The resting-place of him that first went Home!  
 They bring the flower that bids them not forget,  
 And violets with the dews of evening wet,  
 And purple heath, the barren mountain's child,  
 And the hedge-rose, more sweet because more wild:  
 Oh! it were much unmeet to call her cold,  
 To blame as feeble that affection's hold,  
 Because she goes not thither sad and slow,  
 Tears on her cheek, and in her footsteps woe,  
 Nor checks her children's smile, nor chides their song;  
 It is not Love more weak, but Faith more strong!  
 For, just as bending o'er an infant's head,  
 Through the white curtains of its little bed,  
 A sister lingers over that calm bliss,  
 And smiles the whilst she gives her good-night kiss,

Watching, amidst its breathings soft and deep,  
 The beauty of that wondrous thing called sleep ;  
 So now they linger o'er that dreamless bed  
 Mingling their recollections of the dead,  
 How with untrembling faith he laid him down,  
 How he had borne the Cross to win the Crown !

*Cath.*—Of all things, in inscriptions, the words “who *died*” are to be avoided. You will never find them in truly Christian epitaphs. “Who deceased,” “Who departed,” “Who departed to God,” “Who departed out of this transitory life,” and the like: those are the forms which the expression takes. “Who *died*” is heathen.

*Pal.*—Nay! it is *not* heathen: a heathen bard could teach better. “Say not that the good man dies,” is the express injunction of one.

*Euseb.*—Truly, many heathens have taught better. What, except the descriptions in Holy Scripture, can be a more glorious expression than that of Pindar’s, “They inherit A TEARLESS ETERNITY !” And, again, there is that noble Greek epigram :

Thou art not dead, my Protè ! though no more  
 Inhabitant of this tempestuous shore ;  
 But in unending happiness and rest  
 Inheritest the Islands of the Blest :  
 No sighs are there, no unfulfilled desires ;  
 No winter freezes, and no summer fires ;  
 But ageless youth, and joy without a tear,  
 Crown the long circle of the eternal year.

*Cath.*—Well, then ! The expression is unworthy

of a heathen. It is Bishop Andrewes who notices how S. Paul teaches us so. “ ‘ Now is CHRIST risen from the dead, the First-fruits’—it should be of the dead too, for from thence He rose : it is not so ; but ‘ the first-fruits—of them that *sleep* : ’ you may see His Rising hath wrought a change. A change, and a great change certainly, to change a burial-place into a *cemetery*, graves into beds, death into sleep, dead men into men laid down to take their rest, a rest of hope, of hope to rise again : ‘ If they sleep, they shall do well.’ ” Those are his words.

*Pal.*—I wish we could return to the simplicity and brevity of our earlier epitaphs. *Orate pro animâ*, however much sanctioned, nay, adopted, by some of our great divines, would, I fear, hardly meet with general acceptance. But why not begin, as many Catholick inscriptions do begin, *In gratiâ et misericordiâ Jesu hic requiescit corpus*, etc. Or, again, few would object to another commencement we sometimes meet, *Deus propicietur animæ*, etc. As to the ending, why not restore *Cujus animæ propicietur Deus*, or, *Cujus anima cum Deo*, or, *Cujus animæ et omnium fidelium defunctorum misereatur Deus* ; or, again, the prayer, *Jesu fili Dei miserere mei*, or, *Sancta Trinitas, Unus Deus, miserere nobis* ; or, in plain English, *Jesu mercy!*

*Cath.*—The time that I felt most strongly the beauty of our burial service, and it was the same with Palæophilus, was when we were on a church tour in Hert-

fordshire. It was an autumn evening, and our only direction to Stanstead Church, which stands at the distance of a mile from the village, was the slow procession of a funeral before us. On we went, through autumn lanes ; and one little gem of colouring in them I remember now. It was where two lanes, enclosing a little copse, joined at right angles : the copse itself was tinted of the most sober colours,—dark brown, or dark green ; but, in the point where the lanes met, stood out in glorious contrast with the dark background a noble birch-tree, flaming with gold. When we reached the churchyard, it was dusk : thick heavy clouds swept rapidly through the air, for it had been a rainy and stormy day : the view before us was into the misty flats of Essex, then gathering darkness rapidly. The heavy, deep toll ceased : the coffin entered the church, whence issued the faint glimmer of a single light : the wind, that moaned round the eaves, and hunted the rustling leaves over the damp graves, and the throwing out of fresh earth from the newly-made grave, that might occasionally be heard, alone disturbed the silence. And in that gloomy day, and place, and hour, with the spot, the trees, the sky, the building, all telling of decay and mortality, inexpressibly sublime were the words, as we caught them from the open door, “For this corruptible must put on incorruption ; and this mortal must put on immortality !”



*Pal.*—Still more striking, perhaps, than even such a scene is a funeral at sea ; such an one, at least, as I have now present to my mind. It was that of one who, after vainly seeking in a more genial climate for health, was returning to England in the hope of lying among her own people. But we yet wanted three days of making our own land, when it pleased God to call her to Himself. It was on a still summer evening that I committed her to the deep. The sea was calm and peaceful : the sun almost rested his broad red disk upon the waters, forming a path of glory to himself upon the face of the ocean, like a road for happy spirits to a better world : the soft hills of Portugal were blue in the distance : the air was mild and balmy : it was just the scene that seemed as if the world had never known and could never know grief. And there, while the vessel was held on and off, were the mourners clustering round the gangway : there were the weather-beaten sailors with some feeling even in their iron countenances : there was the coffin, covered with the union-jack, the only token of respect we could give : then came the solemn service ; and at the sad words, *We therefore commit her body to the deep*, the splash in the waters and the gurgling of the waves over that which was committed to their trust—not given to their possession. For who could but feel that to be Christian burial, when the waves had been stilled and trodden by our REDEEMER, when the

bodies of so many of His Saints have been committed to them, and when one day they must of necessity give up their dead ?

*Cath.*—It does seem to me marvellous that any one, professing to believe in the Communion of Saints, should doubt the recognition of friends in a future state.

*Euseb.*—It does so. I remember a poetical argument on the subject, which, if you will somewhat slacken your pace, I will repeat to you, as it seems to me to state the case fairly :

It is the firmer faith that leaves such cares,  
Where best befits it, in the Hand of GOD :  
Secure, that be it so, or be it not,  
He knoweth, better than ourselves, the way  
To make His promise good of joy complete.  
Yet do I well believe that we shall know,  
Albeit more perfectly, whom here we knew.  
He who thinks otherwise must argue thus :  
That the soul finds perfection in that state,  
Where, losing quite all trace of earthly life,  
All memory of things past, and of itself,  
Its individual essence swallowed up  
In the great mass of spiritual happiness,  
It only feels its own delight, and knows  
GOD's praise its being's end. What thinks he then  
Of the sweet ties that He hath given us here ?  
What must he deem of friendship, what of love ?  
The first he needs refines away, until  
He only leaves the name, and fancies it  
The selfish compact of a selfish life  
For paltry ends : the next, by like constraint,  
Debasing into passion ; since it ends,

And hath no power to live, when life is fled.  
 Oh, no! I dare not think that God would give  
 Desires that aim so high, and thrill so warm,  
 To cut them off and chill them in the grave!  
 I dare not think His wise Right Hand would plant  
 Instincts so mortal in immortal souls!  
 You might as wisely tell me, and as well,  
 That the blue sapphire could give up its hue  
 And yet retain its essence, as that we,  
 Ceasing to hold them, could remain ourselves.  
 Nay, rather! as in one bright flash, will all  
 Of that most blessed company, whom we  
 Shall call our friends for ever,—prophets, priests,  
 Patriarchs, and kings, and martyrs,—be made known:  
 We shall not need the tedious steps whereby  
 We enter here on Friendship's golden hall:  
 How should we? We shall know as we are known!

*Cath.*—Truly, I see not how it can be otherwise: whether you look, *à priori*, at probability, or to Catholick consent, or to Scripture, the case seems equally strong.

*Euseb.*—But now let us have the promised dissertation on Ecclesiological Topography. We have had a pretty fair account of Cornwall: take some other county.

*Cath.*—Let it be Somersetshire, then, the land of perpendicular churches; as Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire are of decorated. Magnificent specimens of late work, particularly of exterior work, you may find in every little village of some parts of Somersetshire; the towers being light, lofty, and elaborately panelled,

and evidently copies, more or less free, of the tower of Gloucester Cathedral. The airy battlements of almost gossamer fineness, the well-carved wood seats, yet remaining in abundance, the splendid roodscreens and roodlofts, the beautiful sedilia with rich though square-headed canopies, and piscinæ festooned with vine-leaves,—these are the ecclesiastical characteristics of that delightful county. Out of the many glorious towers, S. Mary Magdalene at Taunton has, by universal consent, the first place; and next to it I would place Bishop's Lydiard for the more ornamental, and S. Decuman's for the severer style of composition. S. Stephen's at, and Dundry near, Bristol also claim a high place; though both in their battlements, and also in those of some other of the neighbouring towers, Taunton not excepted, there is a confusion of the *ideas* of wood and stone, which renders them unpleasing. There are also magnificent specimens of perpendicular high-tombs: one, recessed and canopied, in Yatton Church, might almost challenge comparison with any.

*Pal.*—Lincolnshire and Northamptonshire should always go together. There you have spires of rare grace and delicacy: windows, in the ramifications of whose tracery art seems to rival the intertwining and enfolding of forest branches: capitals of singular richness: vaulted roofs, spiry canopies to the sedilia, strawberry-wreathed window and piscina, elaborate

porches :—these are the characteristics of those counties, the queens of Ecclesiological splendour. Inferior to Somersetshire in the churchyard crosses, and not surpassing it—what can ?—in general effect, they excel it simply by the excellence of their prevalent style. As we all know, Heckington in Lincolnshire, and Hawton in Nottinghamshire, rival each other as the fairest parish churches in the kingdom.

*Cath.*—It is singular that Huntingdonshire, bordering on these, and with the decorated style also prevalent, should so entirely differ from them in its churches. Here they are small, often of only one aisle : the piers octagonal, with a straight line (so to speak) bevelled off into the architrave, the bases somewhat stilted, the whole perfectly simple, but very well worked : the windows are not large, but very good, and the spires plain. Till we can feel the privilege of building magnificent churches, Huntingdonshire would supply our best models for the decorated style.

*Pal.*—Bedfordshire is quite different : the material of the churches is bad, as resembling brick ; the stone has its name from Silsoe, and is not only red, but used in small pieces. The general style is perpendicular, but none of the best : there are, however, some good exceptions, as S. Paul's at Bedford, once the seat of a suffragan, and Toddington. But, on the whole, it is rather a poor county.

*Cath.*—Cambridgeshire partakes much of the Lin-

colnshire character, though it is inferior to that county. Still, in its northern parts there are noble specimens: Wisbeach, for example, and Elme, and Leverington, which last has a font inferior only to the unrivalled one of Walsingham. There are, also, specimens of very fine early English, such as Cherry Hinton and Foxton: in this style is a beautiful font at Witcham. Nor must one forget such magnificent perpendicular buildings as Burwell and Isleham: nor the pure bold mouldings of Bottisham. Landwade Church, built by the Cottons in 1445, though not of an elegant shape, is a very pretty and complete perpendicular building; and girt with its belt of tall trees, and with the manorial farm-house in its precincts, with its garden quaintly laid out in flower-plots of every possible mathematical shape, its deep moat, rookery, great hospitable porch, and unpruned shrubberies, forms a very pretty picture.

*Pal.*—Norfolk, again, varies in Ecclesiological character. There is a tract of large perpendicular churches along its northern coast, beginning with the Burnhams and reaching to Cromer, which are very fine. But, alas! most of the chancels are in ruins. There is a great deal of excellent decorated work: one may mention particularly a beautiful little south chapel of this date in Cley Church. As to early English, I know not of very much, though one should not forget Little Snoring. But the round

towers are the most distinguishing characteristic of this county.

*Euseb.*—They do exist, however, in other counties; do they not?

*Pal.*—Oh, yes! We have three, for example, in Cambridgeshire, Snailwell, and Westley Waterless, and Bartlow. So, in Sussex, Lewes S. Michael, and Piddinghoe. I have noticed that the situations of these are in general extremely picturesque: sometimes they rise in a fruitful valley from the orchards that surround them, and the red apples and dark foliage contrast beautifully with the stern greyness of the church. So, I think, it is at Letheringsett in Norfolk. Bartlow, in Cambridgeshire, scarcely peeps out of the rich chesnuts which shade the churchyard: and the rectory garden, with its sweet flowers, runs down to the south side, and the roses, jessamine, and honeysuckles trail round the fair decorated windows; and the guelder-rose throws up its snowballs nearly as high as the roof-eaves. Into it you enter by a cluster of yews; and the priest's door opens on the thick smooth turf. Suffolk, you know, has nearly as many round towers as Norfolk.

*Cath.*—Suffolk, as every one knows, is the county of wood roofs, that sublime invention of the last age of Christian art. These clearly owe their origin to the monks of S. Edmund's Abbey, as do those grand towers of the west to those of Glastonbury. But, ex-

cept for these, one cannot, I think, class Suffolk as abounding, particularly, in one style more than another.

*Pal.*—Gloucestershire has much of the same character as the other western counties, but there is a greater preponderance of Norman remains. Elkstone, every one knows, is a most curious remain of that time : so is Deerhurst. Dorsetshire and Hampshire go together : they are both singularly poor in Ecclesiological interest. The cause, in part, is the vast tract of forest in both ; and, in part, the horrible erection of galleries, which are more obnoxious here, perhaps, than anywhere else. You may ride for miles and miles without coming to any village at all ; and, when you do, you will find it pueed up to the teeth, and, perhaps, with a double or triple row of galleries. The finest church in Dorsetshire is Wimborne Minster, curious for its central and western towers. But the tenacity with which the Catholick system has clung to that foundation, spite of diminished—and, I fear, plundered—revenues, and spite of negligence and coldness, there it is still. The foundation is for three priest-vicars, and six men, and eight boys, (if I remember right,) as the choir. Daily service they still have, and choral service on Sundays, and holidays, and their eves. The choir is arranged cathedralwise : the officiating priest sits in (what would be) the dean's stall : in reading the exhortation, and absolution, and



lessons, he turns westward, speaking through the rood-screen (or rather, I fear, through a hole cut in it); eastward he turns when he kneels. The choral service, I was told by one of the singers, is excessively liked by the people. All this, out of a rich foundation, is supported by a pitiful revenue of not more than five hundred pounds!

*Cath.*—Setting aside Winchester Cathedral, Hampshire's finest church is the Abbey of Christchurch. The tombs of the Abbats are the richest conceptions of late perpendicular, or rather debased, art, you can fancy. But the view from the tower is majestic. It stands close to the sea. Look one way,—there are the boundless billows of the New Forest: before you, the green hills of the Isle of Wight, with Yarmouth, like a little gem, on its nearest coast, and the bold Dorsetshire cliffs, till they run out into S. Aldhelm's head, in the far distance. Rocks, downs, blue waves, green trees,—it is a magnificent panorama! Romsey is a grand building: its defect is a want of distinction between the east and west ends.

*Pal.*—Nor must we forget, in Hampshire, the beautiful Refectory of Beaulieu, now used as the church: its lovely arcade through the south wall and lectorium. And Ringwood has a chancel of the finest early English, worthy of being described among the choicest English *morceaux* of that style.

*Cath.*—One may class together the churches of

North Wales, Cumberland, and Westmoreland. They are of singularly rude construction, generally of late perpendicular work. Some of those in the neighbourhood of Ambleside are exceedingly late: a comparison of Hawkshead and Bowness, on the opposite sides of Winandermere,—the one of ante-Reformation, the other of post-Reformation date,—shew how little difference was wrought, at first, by the Reformation itself. We must always bear in mind, that the chancels had been, in the latest, that is, the worst age of the unreformed English Church, (not curtailed, but) rendered of less conspicuous importance by the constant addition of aisles. So absurd is the outcry that chancels are Popish! Bowness Church has, by the way, what must have been a very fine Crucifixion, and which is said to have formed the east window of Furness Abbey, though now horribly mutilated. Cumberland is of the same character with these two last counties, only it has more Norman remains. Barton, which I have nowhere seen noticed, is one of the most curious of these, having a most curious double chancel arch, like those at Darlington.

*Pal.*—Staffordshire and Derbyshire also go together: the work is rude, and of late perpendicular character. But *the* peculiarity is the clerestories which have been added to the aisles.

*Cath.*—Now for Devonshire, the most varied in its character of all counties. I know not that any par-

ticular description, except that of *the land of wood-work*, will suit it.

*Pal.*—Let us then pass to Sussex, with its downs, and cliffs, and woods,—that perfect storehouse of early English. No one county exhibits such a preponderance of, nor so much similarity of detail in, any style. Early English everywhere; small churches, frequently with one aisle only, frequently with nave alone; plain eastern triplets, and western couplets; towers with low pyramidal heads, or pretty bell gables; but there is hardly to be found in the whole county a specimen of toothed. I could point to one or two, but not more. But its charm is the lovely situation of its village churches. Hour after hour have I rambled among them, and they come back on me now like lovely visions in the quiet night. Poynings, in its belt of trees, crouching down below the soft yet vast range of the Dyke; Clapham, hidden in its wooded hills; Bosham, conspicuous among the watery environs of Chichester harbour; Buxted, gleaming through the gnarled oaks and chesnuts of its park; Bramber, with its thick short tower, perched on the side of a shady hill, under the solitary pile, the only remains of its castle; Graffham, nestling in a crescent of wooded downs; Hangleton, on its bleak waste of barren hills; Westmeston, seen like a fairy church from Ditchelling Böss; Yapton, with its tower of shapeless massiness, hidden in a glossy

grove of ivy ; Horsted Keynes, Leighton's burying-place, with its shapely spire pointing from its forest tract ; Ardingley, and its wild scenery of ravines, red crags, and quarries, where birches hang down, and underwood clothes the rocks ; Newhaven, on its sea-beaten hill : I have but to think of my own Sussex when I wish for a whole gallery of pictures. As for Surrey, that in many points resembles Sussex. If not the same, there is a great preponderance of Early English, but it is perhaps ruder. Some of the churches in both one might mention. In Sussex, next to its Cathedral, Arundel is the finest church. The chancel, the burying-place of the Fitz Alans, was with its north chapel in ruins ; it is now in course of restoration, perhaps restored, by the Duke of Norfolk. The Protestant arrangements in the interior are really, if possible, worse than usual. There are two reading-pues, and two pulpits : of the former, one is for the priest, the other for the clerk : of the latter, one, a modern thing, is for the preacher ; the other, a fine stone one, for his wife ! And the altar stands at the east end of the south aisle. The church is perpendicular, one of the few instances in which good work of that style is to be found in Sussex. Alfriston is another : that is a very late but very good and perfect specimen. Stoughton, which I have never seen noticed, has a completely foreign character about it ; it is of Norman date, and the windows have not been

mutilated ; they are placed so high as to form almost a clere-story. The Saxon churches of Sompting, Bosham, Worth, Bishopstone, and S. Botolph are, of course, highly interesting. Eastbourne is remarkable for a parclose of early decorated work, and very lovely ; but especially for the remarkable bend which the chancel makes towards the south.

*Theoph.*—You referred to that circumstance yesterday : what does it signify ?

*Pal.*—The Inclination of our SAVIOUR'S Head on the Cross. Many churches have it ; and, generally, I think, to the south : it is so at York Minster. In Lichfield the choir goes off to the north. I have no doubt that, if accurate ground-plans were taken, this discrepancy of orientation would be found in very many of our early churches : it requires to be very great indeed before it can well be discovered by an unpractised eye. And it is greater at Eastbourne than I have seen it anywhere else.

*Cath.*—As to the churches of Surrey, of which S. Mary Overy is, or was till its late horrible desecration, the finest, there are not many which are very remarkable. Compton, with the Lady Chapel over the chancel, fenced in with a Norman wooden parclose, is, perhaps, the most curious. But, alas for the care taken of it ! Some time ago we wished to get into this chapel, but could not obtain the key of the turret by which access was gained. On mak-

ing our way in, we found the floor strewed half a foot thick with leaves of books, and leaf-dust: the remains of a library were tossed about in every stage of mutilation,—half books, sheets rent out, covers; a proof of wanton mischief we could hardly believe. We were afterwards told that the library, forsooth, was not valuable! Judging from its relics, I should be apt to say it was. Now, its fragments have been cleared away, and seats erected for the squire of that and a neighbouring manor.

*Euseb.*—I should imagine that in those parochial libraries some valuable books might be found.

*Pal.*—I have not examined any very carefully; but, judging from a hasty glance at several, I should say that, while they contain many valuable volumes, there are few of excessive rarity. They deserve, however, far better treatment than they generally experience. There is a good library at Royston, Cambridgeshire: a volume of some rarity which it contains is *Maurus de laudibus Crucis*; 1503. There is also a good one at Bishop's Stortford, in Hertfordshire, and also in Wimborne Minster. But they are not very common.

*Cath.*—Shiere Church, in Surrey, beautifully situated near Leith Hill, is one of the finest and largest, and has much good Early English work. The woodwork is fine. The once Collegiate church of Lingfield is an excellent specimen of early perpendicular and, from

its very curious brasses and excellent stalls, deserves more attention than it has received. Stoke D'abernon is known as an Anglo-Saxon building: Albury, though yet uncatalogued as one, is no less curious a specimen. And Dunsfold is a most beautiful and uninjured decorated cross church.

*Euseb.*—I am quite sorry our walk has come to its conclusion: but I trust we shall have more conversation on these matters yet.

## CHAPTER XI.

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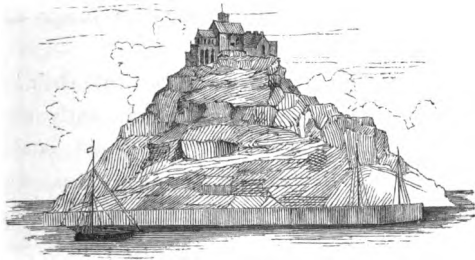
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Service in C.—Walmisley in E.—Boyce's.—Attwood's Cantate.  
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An eve  
Beautiful as the good man's quiet end,  
When all of earthly now is passed away,  
And Heav'n is in his face.

*Love's Trial.*



S. MICHAEL'S MOUNT, CORNWALL.

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE GARDEN OF LLANFIHANGEL RECTORY.

*Palæophilus.*—A LOVELY evening, indeed! What repose there is about the old walls of the church as it peeps between the light green leaves of that acacia!

*Catholicus.*—Just the evening fitted for a Sunday. In that calm blue distance there is a sort of heavenly quiet, which reminds one of some of the most soothing passages of Handel, such, for example, as the *He shall reign for ever and ever*, in the Hallelujah Chorus.

*Eusebes.*—How magnificently that passage expresses the idea of infinity! There are two others, in English anthems, which have, in some degree, the same effect: the one in an anthem of Blow's, on the words *Again they said, Hallelujah!* and the other in one of Stevenson's, *I will shew thee things which must be hereafter.*

*Theophila.*—How did you like our little choir?

*Cath.*—Exceedingly: you have abundantly shewn the possibility of that which many doubt, enabling village children to perform more than respectably choral service. Whether we shall live to see congregations joining in it here, as they do abroad, is one question; but that they will eventually do so again is a point of which I have no doubt.

*Theoph.*—We find it difficult to know what services to select for them to learn; those which are most popular are not the best, and the reverse would also, I fear, be true.

*Cath.*—It is easy to give a *catalogue raisonnée* of the most common. Kelway's Evening Service in A is light and pretty; the movement of the words quick: it borders sometimes on the pathetic, but never quite reaches it, and some passages are harsh. Gibbons in F is sober, quiet, and pensive: one or two passages of great sweetness occur in it, especially at the conclusion of the verses. There is sometimes a want of melody. King's in C is simple and very

beautiful; the melody admirably adapted, to the words: there is no *riempitura*; and some passages, for example "He hath remembered His Mercy and Truth," are inexpressibly sweet. This I look on as one of the best; but it has a rival, Pratt in E, which is full of golden melody: the parting and sequences of the voices is admirably managed; the repetitions (which is not always the case) very satisfactory; and the softer parts are very tender and affecting: sometimes there may be a want of fulness, as in the "hath magnified me." King's Morning Service in C is not equal to his Evening one: the beginning is harsh; there is much want of feeling throughout; the accentuation is sometimes faulty; and there is a great want of fulness of rhythm. Walmisley's in E is lively, brisk, and bold. The changes and runs have somewhat too much straining after effect in them, but the sequences of the voices are fine. Boyce's two I think the best: they have much grace and delicacy, and they unite fervour and tenderness with spirit. Jackson's in C is popular, and may lead to something better. Attwood's Cantate, so much admired by some, does not, I confess, meet my taste. For that adaptation of the sound to the sense, of which this is the best example, is, in my opinion, a very poor artifice. Dr. Wiseman, in his lectures on Holy Week, has treated well on this subject, where he compares the *Misereres* of Allegri and Palestrina. Aldrich's

Evening Service is very fine ; but the harmony is, I should fear, rather too complicated for a village choir.

*Theoph.*—We venture, at present, only on the easiest anthems : but I think you will generally find this kind of sacred music very much liked.

*Cath.*—One can hardly estimate the harm which has been done by the adaptation of the masses of the great composers to English words. They are certainly the most generally liked, and the best understood, of all our Cathedral music. Every one can speak of the charms of Mozart's Twelfth Mass in the Anglicized dress, *Plead Thou my cause* : or his First Mass, as it appears when set to *Praise the Lord, oh my soul*. But it is a vicious system.

*Pal.*—The fact is, that the theory of ecclesiastical music is so very imperfectly understood, that, in our efforts to improve the condition of our choirs, we are likely to do at least as much harm as good. While our organs are allowed to join with the voices, we can never hope for much : the true theory of the organ is that by which it symbolises the song of the Church triumphant, taking up antiphonally the praises of the Church militant.

*Theoph.*—I know that the case is so abroad : but then we should almost necessarily stand in need of wind instruments.

*Pal.*—They would be very desirable, yet not indispensable. But, if you have never heard and seen it,

you cannot imagine the sublimity of a procession in such a church as that of Amiens. I am not now speaking either for or against its religious tendency, but only of its effect. I can almost fancy that I see it now, as I saw it for the first time, on much such an evening as this. The stupendous height of the vaulted roof,—the rich foliage of the piers,—the tall lancet arches throwing themselves upwards,—the interlacings of the decorated window-tracery,—the richness of the stained glass,—the glow of the sunlight on the southern chapels,—the knotted intricacies of the vaulting ribs,—the flowers, and wreaths, and holy symbols that hang self-poised over the head,—the graceful shafts of the triforium,—the carved angels that with outstretched wings keep guard over the sacred building,—the low, yet delicately carved choir-stalls,—the gorgeous altar faintly seen beyond them,—the sublime apse, with its inimitably slim lancets, carrying the eye up, higher and higher, through the dark cloister-gallery, through the blaze of the crimson clere-story, to the marble grandeur of the fretted roof,—lights, and carving, and jewels, and gold, and the sunny brightness of the nave, and the solemn greyness of the choir,—these all are but accessories to the scene. The huge nave-piers rise from the midst of a mighty multitude: the high-born lady, the peasant-mother with her infant, the grey-headed labourer, the gay bourgeoisie,—the child that knows only the sanctity of the place,—the

strong man and the cripple,—the wise and the unlearned,—the great and the small,—the rich and the poor,—all meet as equals. The sweet music floats along from the choir—the Amen bursts from the congregation. Now the organ, at the west end, takes up the strain, sweetly and solemnly, like the music of far-off angels; and, as the holy doors open, pours forth the hymn “The banners of the KING come forth.” White-robed boys strew the way with rose-leaves; there is the gleaming and the perfume of silver censers; there are the rich silver crosses and the pastoral staff; there is the sumptuous pall that covers the Host; there is an endless train of priests, with copes and vestments, bright as the hues of a summer sunset, gemmed with the jewels of many lands, lustrous with gold, and chaced with flowers and wreaths and devices of pearl,—but each and all bearing, though in different forms, that one symbol, the Cross. Right and left the crowd part, as the train passes; and, as the pall is borne by, every knee is bent, every head bowed. And now the soft breathings of the organ die away; voice and clarionet and flute take up the hymn. “The banners of the King” move stately down the nave; and in every pause of the strain not a sound is to be heard, save the silver chime of the falling censer-chains. Now they enter the north aisle: now they bear up again towards the choir: now they wind among its chapels: fainter and fainter arises the holy

hymn as they recede eastward ; now, with faint and mellowed sweetness, it steals from the distant shrine of our Lady ; now it is silent, and the organ takes up the note of praise.

*Cath.*—Ah ! Palæophilus ! it is but a poor idea you have given ;—but who *can* describe such a scene ?

*Theoph.*—And does the devotion of the worshippers equal the splendour of the worship ?

*Cath.*—Undoubtedly. We have lately heard, in an archidiaconal charge, the assertion that in the Romish Church the people gaze on the official devotions of another, and do nothing for themselves. I hope this is only ignorance.

*Pal.*—Truly, our congregations are amenable to that charge : we do gaze on the official devotions of the priest, who preaches the prayers to us ; and of the clerk, who says them for us. I speak, of course, of things, not as our Church intended them to be, but as they are where the “minister” is a member of the *Great Protestant Association* (we speak, you know, of Herod the *Great* ; so, let the epithet stand), or the architect one of the school of Messrs. Bartholomew, Blore, Poynter, Elliott, and Co.

*Cath.*—Come, Palæophilus ! no reflections ! You wax bitter : not, I confess, without cause. But who, on such an evening as this, could feel anything but love and peace ?

*Euseb.*—You will generally find our Welsh church-



yards very lovely. And no unprofitable hour may be spent in them at eventide, when the long shadows are on the dewy grass, and the sun glitters in the lattice panes ; and you may lift up your eye to the hills, with their clear bright heads, that stand about our Jerusalem, and see their far-off sides specked with the white cottage or picturesque farm, the shady copse or the little cascade ; or look down into the cool shady valleys, between whose forest ravines the little brook pours forth its music all day, and feel how, in Coleridge's noble words,

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God !

And though the Church is sorely oppressed with the prevalence of schism, though her sons are but as the two little flocks of kids, while the Syrians fill the country ; yet every day she is, I trust, lengthening her cords, and strengthening her stakes : and, if God of His mercy avert the iniquitous scheme for the suppression of one of our two ancient bishoprics, we shall well weather the storm. At all events, the plan cannot take place in the lifetime of either of the present noble-minded prelates, whom God long preserve !

*Pal.*—Your churchyards are indeed very lovely : Llandegai, near Bangor, the loveliest I have seen ; with Snowdonia behind, the blue Menai and the green hills of Anglesea before, and the picturesque defile, and lofty trees, and romantic village around it. Far more

interesting on these accounts, and in that it possesses S. Tegai's coffin, than in being the burial-place of Archbishop Williams.

*Cath.*—The most interesting monument in Wales is, perhaps, that singular stone in the vale of Llaniltydd, with its *Homo Christianus erat*: so mysterious from its age, so venerable from its character. My friend here has repeated to me a poetical description of it, which gives a very fair conception of the scene.

*Theoph.*—May we not hear it ?

*Pal.*—I will not “play the maid's part,—say no, and take it ;” so, you shall have it: but I am ashamed to give you so poor a description of such a scene.

Oh ! I have wandered far and wide,  
 At the sweet hour of eventide,  
 To spots the heart may not forget :  
 But never, never, saw I yet,  
 Of mountain crag and deep abyss,  
 So wonderful a scene as this.  
 Eve's softest tints clothe the deep ravine  
     That stretches at our feet ;  
 And on each tall bank, and the void between,  
     What colours blend and meet !  
 The further hills are bright and gay,  
     And the woods that clothe their side  
 Are tipped with the great sun's slanting ray ;  
     And light, in a living tide,  
 Clothes every crag and each green spray  
 In billowy gloss ; and far away  
     The tints of evening glide.  
 Beneath us, gloomy as the night,  
 The pine-hosts crowd as if to fight :

And yield a solemn sound subdued,  
 As of a mighty multitude.  
 The eye roves raptured down the pass  
     To find its mighty close :  
 And lo ! as bright as sea of glass,  
     'Midst cloudlets like a rose,  
 Blue as a summer evening's sky,  
 Lovely in all its majesty,  
     Regal Y Wyddfa \* glows.  
 Nor lacks there, at the southern gate,  
 An entrance of inferior state :  
 The Chair of Idris glows intense,  
 And seems to burn in purple thence.  
 Now, ask'st thou why, 'mid vales and woods,  
 'Midst crags and cataracts and floods,  
     I bade thy footsteps stray ?  
 Not for the rocks and sparkling rills,  
 Not for the everlasting hills,  
     I led thee here to-day :  
 'Twas to this grass-plot, green and lone,  
 'Twas to this old sepulchral stone.  
 Yes ! on its grey and time-scarr'd face,  
     Moss-grown for many a year,  
 In ancient letters may'st thou trace,  
     A CHRISTIAN SLEEPETH HERE.  
 What though the martyr's holy name  
 Have perished from the rolls of fame,—  
 What though no record now may tell  
 Wherefore he bled, and how he fell,—  
 His SAVIOUR led him safely home  
 Through the Red Sea of martyrdom,  
 And bore him into Abraham's breast,  
 And smil'd, and bade him be at rest.

\* *Y Wyddfa*, 'the conspicuous,' is the higher of the two peaks of Snowdon.

They raised no temple o'er his tomb ;  
The oppressor's law forbade ;  
Even where the martyr met his doom,  
His dear remains they laid :  
There never swell'd, in twilight dim,  
Around his shrine, the vesper hymn ;  
Ne'er in the requiem's solemn close  
The *Expectans expectavi* rose:  
Yet do I deem more simply great  
This tomb, in unadornèd state,  
Than all the arts that decorate  
The fair Cathedral's nave ;  
Yet do I deem the cataract, drest  
In broken foam, a snowy vest,  
And pines that o'er it wave,  
The music and the roof that best  
Befit A MARTYR'S GRAVE !



## CHAPTER XII.

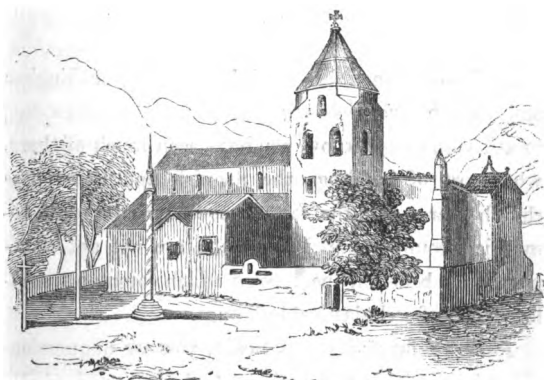
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\* \* \* Alli te respondião  
As lembranças, que na alma lhe moravão,  
Que sempre ante seus olhos te trazião,  
Quando dos teus formosos se apartavão ;  
De noite em d'ôces sônhos, que mentião,  
De dia em pensamentos, que voavão :  
E quanto em fim cuidava, e quanto via,  
Erão tudo memorias de alegria.

CAMOENS, LUSIAD. III.



SANTA CRUZ, MADEIRA.

## CHAPTER XII.

### DOLGELLEY TO BARMOUTH.

*Catholicus.*—I HOPE that Wales may have something in store for us better than what we have as yet seen. This last church is really infamous: the wooden props that do duty as piers, and the barn-like appearance of the whole, are quite distressing.

*Palæophilus.*—And now we enter on the last ten miles of our tour: and, to judge by appearances, this



road, winding among the hills and precipices which fence us in on the right, and commanding a view of the river and of Cader Idris to the left, promises to be the most beautiful of those on which we have journeyed.

*Cath.*—We have discussed, in some degree, English and French Ecclesiology ; and I have been intending to ask you, since I know you have seen much of them, what sort of buildings the Spanish and Portuguese churches are. Of the former, one hears the most romantic accounts ; but, I confess, I am not apt to repose much belief in the reports which common travellers make of ecclesiastical buildings.

*Pal.*—So far as respects Spain, you are unquestionably right. It is not perhaps to be expected, that a country, till so comparatively late a period occupied by infidels, should be able to boast of very much in the way of Christian temples, except their number.

*Cath.*—We are told that Seville Cathedral is one of the finest churches in Europe :—how is the truth ?

*Pal.*—If you substitute *largest* for *finest*, you will not be far wrong : but there are few of our English Cathedrals which I should be willing to exchange for it. My expectations had been raised to the highest pitch respecting it ; and my fancy was busy, as we sailed up the broad Guadalquiver, in shaping it out, and giving it the features which might be supposed fitting so huge a temple. On we sailed, up that

dullest of rivers : hour after hour we had the same turbid green stream ; the same beach, cutting off, by its height, the eye from any glimpse of the country beyond ; and the same myriads of cattle, that, in the sultriness of noon, were come down to slake their thirst at its waters. Here and there might be seen a cottage in the midst of a cultivated enclosure, reminding one, by its desolation, of that magnificent comparison of the daughter of Sion, in her deserted state, to a lodge in a garden of cucumbers. Here and there, too were plantations of pomegranates, and orange groves of the darkest green, their fruit peeping out from the foliage,

Like isles of light amidst a deep green sea.

Then, village after village skirted the river-side ; and at length, far, far before us, the huge tower of the Cathedral lifted itself out of the horizon before another spire or cupola was visible across the plain in which the city stands. Yet, even in that first view there is much that disappoints you. The tower, in proportion to its immense height, is almost ludicrously thin ; and its cupola, added by Christian hands to the Moorish work, is a poor substitute indeed for the Catholick spire. The church itself is, on the outside, perfectly unintelligible. There are so many additions in the shape of *cinquecento* chapels ; so many buildings which appear to belong to it, when, in fact, they only surround it ; the entrances in so unfinished a condi-

tion; the tower so extraordinarily joined on to the church, to which it was not originally attached; the great chapel of S. Antonio so conspicuous an excrescence,—that the first and only emotion of the mind is pure wonder. You enter; and the first impression is sublime in the highest degree. The seven aisles, the immense height, the ponderousness of the vast flamboyant piers, the simple but grand vaulting,—these are truly worthy of the fame of Seville. But—you will scarcely believe it—I had walked twice round the interior before I knew which was the east end.

*Cath.*—How can that be possible?

*Pal.*—From the extraordinary arrangement. The chancel, properly speaking, is very short, and only contains the altar. The choir is thrown back into the nave, of which it takes up the greater part; and is connected with the altar by a kind of isthmus, fenced off by an iron railing.

*Cath.*—The effect, undoubtedly, must be very awkward. Yet, we must remember that the choir, even in England, did sometimes come down into the nave, as at Westminster.

*Pal.*—Yes; but not so as to be entirely situated in it. The altar-screen at Seville is magnificent in the extreme; it is, as the whole of the original building, of late flamboyant, and consists of a series of panels, sculptured in marble, representing various events in our SAVIOUR'S life. But what pleased me most, when

I attended high mass, was to hear the Gospel and Epistle chaunted, according to the earlier custom, from two ambones, situated at the north-west and south-west angles, respectively, of the Sacrarium. There is not, and never has been, any other rood-loft. And I noticed one beautiful piece of symbolism, which has not, so far as I am aware, been remarked:—the Epistle was read by the sub-deacon without any attendants; but two tapers preceded the deacon in reading the Gospel.

*Cath.*—Quite, indeed, in accordance with the true spirit of symbolism. But what kind of stalls are there, and what is their arrangement?

*Pal.*—For late work, the stalls, of which there are three rows, are exceedingly beautiful. Their backs—their *posticæ*—are wrought in medallions, after the fashion of the altar-screen. The arrangement, however, is not commendable. There is no entrance from the west,—the bishop's throne faces the altar. I suppose the archbishop (for you know the Church of Seville has both) occupies the usual place of such dignitaries. There are two organs, both at the east of the choir,—one at the north, and the other at the south. But the things, in their way, best worth seeing, are the service-books. The illuminations are incomparably beautiful; so is the steel-work with which the outside of the tome itself is ornamented. The usual position of the Lady Chapel is occupied by that of S.

Ferdinand; and a hideous thing it is, in the worst kind of *cinquecento*, with a dome. And the same thing may be said of the Chapter-house, notwithstanding the Murillos which form its attraction. The outside is exceedingly poor; as I said, it is not finished. The large flamboyant doors, which resemble such as we have seen together at Abbeville or Amiens, are indeed, in some instances, little more than begun. I cannot reconcile myself to those at the east end of the aisles. And from the top of the tower the flatness of the roof is quite distressing; it is just what Westminster would be if you took away the upper of the two roofs; and, therefore, looks as if it were a great plain full of pitfalls.

*Cath.*—Something may, I suppose, be said in defence of this, on account of the climate. There is no snow to be thrown off; and that is one chief *use*, to take that view of the matter, of the sharp pitch. Is there any stained glass?

*Pal.*—Almost every window is full of it: but in some cases it is wretched, and in none very first-rate. Much was destroyed by a storm in the autumn of 1842. There are one or two high-tombs exquisitely beautiful, particularly one in a south chapel. The tracery of the windows, for flamboyant, is very good. I cannot say much for the vests, or the plate, except on the score of value.

*Cath.*—And in what condition is the Church—I do

not mean the material, but the spiritual building—at Seville ?

*Pal.*—It has, of course, suffered most severely from the horrid sacrilege which has been lately committed. There *were* ninety canons, each receiving twenty dollars a-day : there *are* nineteen, with a daily income of fifteen rials. That is, in the former case, the revenue of each was somewhat more than 1520*l.* per annum, besides gratuities, which were valuable ; it is now about 57*l.*,—a sum hardly enough, even there, for support. The whole income of that church in the days of its splendour must have considerably exceeded 150,000*l.* a-year ; now, I suppose, 8000*l.* or 9000*l.* would be a favourable estimate. The whole property accruing to the Government from the dissolution (which, however, has made it none the richer) must be something incalculable. The monks have a nominal allowance of ten-pence a-day from the Government ; but, since the first few months, it has never been paid them. The consequence is, that they are literally starving. Many pious persons support one monk, it may be more, from charity. I can assure you it brought the tears into my eyes, when, as darkness was creeping over that vast cathedral, during the solemn vespers, some poor old monk would steal up to me, as if ashamed of his errand, and in a low voice beg for something to eat, in honour of the Immaculate Conception ! Still, I am bound to confess (which, of

course, is no palliation for the Government) that the conduct of many of the ninety religious houses in Seville was openly scandalous; and the canons were no better. The latter are now, however, deservedly high in public opinion. As to the suppression, it makes a walk in any Spanish city a perfect misery. What is that building? you ask.—The new market; it was the garden of the Capuchins. What is that?—The picture gallery; the late church of the Carmelites. What is that?—The new public place; the late monastery of the Franciscans. And so on. One of the most atrocious instances of desecration was reserved for an Englishman.\* The church of the Cistercians, in its way a fine building, with magnificent stalls, serves now as a porcelain manufactory; pots and pans surround the altar; the wood-work is rotting away amidst dust and rubbish; and, what renders the case even more shockingly profane, no part of the church-furniture (except some Murillos) has been removed. The stalls were expressly reserved for the Museum; but its trustees would not be at the trouble of sending for them.

*Cath.*—What are the other churches in Seville? Out of so many there ought to be something good.

*Pal.*—You will not find much in them; however,

\* The late bombardment of Seville and conflagration of its suburb, have probably given, with respect to this building, another instance of God's judgment on church-spoilers.

I will gladly tell you what there is—the rather as you cannot get the information from any published work.\* San Miguel is, on all accounts, the most deserving of a visit. It was built in 1304, and except for the addition of side chapels, which interfere not at all with the general effect, it has remained unaltered. Did such a building occur in England, we should class it as very Early English: the massiness of the piers, indeed, would be said to be but just free of Norman. There is also, on the western door, a kind of toothed work; only each member is composed of eight, instead of four parts. Several of the other churches have good flamboyant western doors: for example, S. Nicholas, and S. Juan de la Palma. Concerning the palm-tree whence this last derives its name, a somewhat romantic legend is told.

*Cath.*—Pray, what is it?

*Pal.*—It is said, that once on a time a friar was preaching on the extraordinary manner in which sins were, even in this life, discovered. He warned his hearers against imagining that the secrecy of the place where it was done or uttered could conceal an evil action, or an evil word. A certain heretick, who had heard the discourse, was minded to test its truth;

\* Mr. Standish's "Seville" treats of hardly anything beside paintings; and that its author understands nothing of the true spirit of Christian architecture is evident, from his preferring Seville to any other cathedral.



and accordingly, that night, going to this same palm, whispered there that "the Mother of God no longer remained a virgin after the birth of her Son." Next morning, word was brought of this to the Inquisition by a very old man, who left his name and place of abode, and departed. The heretick was summoned before that body, and persevered in denying the charge. The accuser was then sent for; but, in his stead, his grandson, himself a grey-haired man, appeared, and stated that his grandfather had been dead twenty years, and was buried in the churchyard of San Juan de la Palma, under the palm. The heretick, conscience-struck, confessed.—But to return: San Pablo, sometimes spoken of as the second cathedral, is in the most wretched *cinquecento*. All Saints has some good groining; a fine flamboyant west door of seven orders, and some apparently Moorish work, near the tower, also two very pretty roses. S. Martin may also be mentioned for its groining; so may Triana, though (and I speak from experience) I would not advise any ecclesiologist to linger about that suburb at night. These are all that I can specify as containing anything remarkable, of course excepting the pictures.

*Cath.*—One must not, according to your account, give much credence to the tales one hears and reads of the splendour of Spanish buildings. I must own that it has always struck me as a little remarkable, that a country, so lately (in comparison with others) Chris-

tianized, or rather re-Christianized, should produce such master-pieces of Christian art.

*Pal.*—True; it would be so. There is vast size and great gorgeousness in several of her cathedrals, and the combination of these two strike most persons as leaving nothing else to wish. Madrid, and Valencia, and Valladolid are, to my ideas, not worth going to see. Cordova, though invaluable as a specimen of an early mosque, is strangely out of place as a Christian temple, with its forest of columns, and elevation of only thirty feet. Leon I do not know, but imagine to be good. The western façade of Burgos, with two beautiful spires, and rich tabernacle-work, would be an honour to any country. Cadiz deserves honourable mention, on account of the zeal and perseverance which, added to the high character of the present bishop, and his noble sacrifices, have, under his auspices, brought it, or at least almost brought it, to its conclusion. It has the most church-like effect of any Grecian building I ever saw: the Corinthian capitals are very good; the height, stupendous; and the arrangement of the marbles, fine. The plan is cruciform, with a central dome: the interior arrangement like that of Seville, or rather worse; the whole nave being here taken up by the choir: and the epigraph over the stalls, *HIC EST CHORUS*, has really something of the ludicrous, as if people could not expect to find it out in so extraordinary a place.

*Cath.*—How magnificent is the chain of mountains on the other side of the river, with Cader Idris keeping guard over them! We Englishmen hear it continually said, when we refer to our own mountains, What would you say, could you see such and such an one abroad? Now, it is not so long since you have seen some of the grandest mountain scenery in the world;—let us hear something about Madeira.

*Pal.*—Ah! you may well say that! I doubt if you can, on the face of the earth, find so very a paradise as that sweet island. Would that I could set you by my side in the vine corridor of some one of the quintas, that half-way up the mountain overlook the city of Funchal! How easily can I recall the scene! At my side, the square stone pillars, rudely frescoed, that bear aloft the trellis canopy, lovingly embraced by the vine tendrils; the broad leaves, with their various shades of green, hardly allowing a view of the sky, and rustling pleasantly to the wind. One side of the corridor is fenced by a fuchsia hedge, flushing gloriously in the slant rays of the sun; the other, overhung by a luxuriance of roses, both white and red; the props themselves festooned with honeysuckles and green climbers. The pavement is curiously inlaid with black and white pebbles: at a little distance a fountain plays, cooling the air and refreshing the gardens. Through the rose-hedge we may gain some peeps into that same garden; we may see the ripe

golden lemons which hang on this tree, the snowy orange-flowers which gleam from the green gloss of that ; the thick border of geraniums, with the down of their leaves, and the purple or scarlet of their flowers ; the passion-flower, the white iris, and a thousand more, which—for I am no botanist—I will not attempt to describe. Nor does there lack music—though not like the music of home ; for many wild canaries and goldfinches do their best to entertain one, or rather join, to their most ability, the general hymn of Nature. The hum of insects, so pleasant in the shady lanes of England, is wanting here ; but every now and then a lizard, scaling the low wall of our corridor, makes its appearance on the top, and, after surveying one for a moment with its bright little eyes, darts into some cranny of the rocks. We have the incense of roses, and myrtles, and oranges, and honeysuckles ;—who can wonder at the balminess of the gale ? And then, our position commands the Bay of Funchal : the sun, now near the horizon, brings out the huge precipice of Cape Girão into the strongest relief ; behind us, the mountains, seamed and scarred into many a rift, tower up, concealed here and there by a passing wreath of clouds ; and above our heads, as if man would build a temple to God half-way between earth and heaven, hangs the church of *Nossa Senhora do Monte*. Far below us Funchal lies crowded together, yet so that we may distinguish the red-dark tower and low spire

of its cathedral, the cupolas of São Pedro and Santa Clara, and the tall white cross of the Jesuits' church. The bay lies before us, with clouds floating like islands (on account of our height) over its face ; the play of the ripples is just visible ; the rigging of the yachts, and of the one man-of-war that lies like a giant beside them, glow in the sun ; and long tracts of golden and purple glory sleep on the sea, till they fade into the far horizon. The black Loo Fort—a sullen island amidst the cheerful ocean—contrasts well with the general hue of the scene ; and, to the left, evening is darkening rapidly on the heights of Cape Garajão, and on the woody Palheiro.

*Cath.*—Pity that so fair a land should have no wild or beautiful legends to hallow its lovely valleys or steep crags ! And yet such must be the case, from the lateness of the period at which Madeira was discovered.

*Pal.*—It is so, certainly : yet, at the same time, I scarcely know anything which would make a finer subject for a painting than the ceasing of the deluge of 1805. At the very moment when the danger was highest,—when in that terrible night a mighty mass of water was thundering down through each of the two ravines that intersect Funchal, driving stones, boulders, rocks before it, tearing down bridges, sweeping off churches and houses,—when the rain was falling in cataracts, and the sea tossed with the horrible agita-

tion of an earthquake,—the priests moved in solemn procession from the Mount Church towards the city. And it is a confessed fact, that, at the instant their feet were in the avenue before the Cathedral, the violence of the storm began to diminish; though not until five hundred lives were lost.

*Cath.*—There is little, however, in the island to interest an ecclesiologist, I suppose?

*Pal.*—Why, I can hardly say that. The Cathedral, begun in 1508, and finished in 1514, though much injured by being paved with wood (except in the very centre of the nave), and by the wretched side-altars and miserable altar-rails, has a very fine cedar roof, a good choir, and tolerable stalls: the details of many of the piers are fair; though their general effect is very bad, from the vast size of the arches, the thinness of the shafts, and the heaviness of the superincumbent wall. The Conventual Church of Santa Clara has a fine flamboyant canopied monument: the interior of this church is gorgeously barbarous, from being walled throughout with Dutch tiles. Santa Cruz, a village ten miles to the east of Funchal, has a church\* much resembling the Cathedral, with much better proportioned piers, but a poorer choir. There is here a very fine chalice, with three gems, or what appear so; one, however, is only glass, the stone having been taken away by a former bishop. At Machico is a church of

\* See the vignette at the head of this chapter.

the same kind ; and the Misericordia, or chapel, over the tomb of Robert Machim and Anna D'Arfet is very interesting. Indeed, all over the eastern (the first colonized) part of the island, you may find little flamboyant chapels, desecrated or disused, but retaining a rich chancel arch and western door. One thing is certain, that to a true ecclesiologist Funchal is a far more interesting city than Lisbon.

*Cath.*—And yet one hears so much of the gorgeousness of the Lisbon churches.

*Pal.*—Of their number you well may : it is highly creditable to that city that so many should have been erected since the earthquake ; but none will repay a visit, *as* a church I mean, excepting the Cathedral. That is truly curious, and for this reason : the nave was ruined in the earthquake, and was subsequently rebuilt exactly on the same plan, even to the retention of the triforia, the details being Grecian, and it is surprising how Christian is the effect. The chapels round the choir are, however, good ; and the western façade, flanked by two massy towers, you may well see to have been once fine. But the other churches, though rich enough in materials, are miserably poor in every thing else. In the *Largo das duas Igrejas* are two churches, one on your right hand, and the other on your left, with the doors facing each other, and thus discovering no ordinary contempt for orientation. As to the far-famed Estrella, it is a tawdry Grecian affair,

with three towers and a very short choir. Indeed, these churches, and most others of the same kind, are worse than the Wrennian buildings, in that the latter generally have aisles, galleried though they be; the former make no pretence to them.

*Cath.*—I think we are doubling the last of these glorious mountain buttresses, that, hung with their thick foliage, have been jutting so constantly into our road. Look! there is the town, lying on the shore, and with outskirts running up the crags. And now—where is Borthwen?





## CHAPTER XIII.

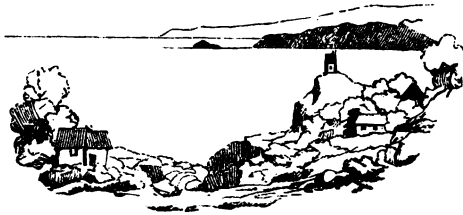
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Tu exurgens misereberis Sion : quia tempus miserendi ejus,  
quia venit tempus : quoniam placuerunt servis Tuis lapides ejus,  
et terræ ejus miserebuntur.

PSALM. CII. 13, 14.



ST. IVES BAY, CORNWALL.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### BARMOUTH.

*Palaophilus.*—AND now that our tour is finished, let us, like well-repaid pilgrims, sit down to talk over what we have seen, and what we have learnt, ere we reckon this journey with the things that have been.

*Catholicus.*—And a more beautiful seat than this height will afford us, we might long search for. Here, then, on this soft piece of turf, under the shelter of that huge rock, with the bay before us, the gentle Dwyffwys and the sublime Cader to our left,—and

the bold purple range of Caernarvonshire mountains running out on the right into the sea,—we may well talk at our leisure. Since leaving Montgomery, we have seen but little that is interesting. The south-west door of Llanfair is very fair Early English. The knot-work in the font at Garthbilio is very well; but I remember nothing else worthy of note. And evening is just the time for such a conversation.

*Pal.*—You remember those verses :

I never deem'd the morn so fair as eve.  
 There lacks that mellow softness of the tints ;  
 There lacks that calm repose wherewith the Day  
 Lays down her golden locks on some red cloud,  
 Pillowing herself in beauty. Hues at morn  
 Are paler and more misty : 'tis the spring  
 That promises more loveliness hereafter,  
 When those bright flowers are sown that flush at eve  
 Into the crimson harvest of the day.  
 And yet a morn in June, that wakes the woods  
 To life and melody, and bids the leaves  
 To dance so lightly, that they almost seem  
 To fling off drops of sunshine, must ask much  
 Ere it can write itself less fair than eve.

*Cath.*—The yews which are planted in these Welsh churchyards are of astonishing growth. It is strange how completely a tree, which properly symbolises immortality, should, from its constant association with churchyards, have acquired, in most minds, a connection almost diametrically opposed to its original one. I have heard of a churchyard in Somersetshire where there are twelve yews, which, from their num-

ber, go by the name of *the Apostles*, and are looked on with great pride. There are ten in West Harptree, in that county.

*Pal.*—The more care is usually taken of them, the more grotesque the shape into which they have been cut. In churchyards such mutilation has a miserable effect; but I do not object to it in the front gardens of old farmhouses, where the beds are laid out with a formality and precision which remind you of Sir Charles Grandison, and the grass-plot is shorn down till it becomes like a piece of velvet, and the paved walk up to the door gives ample testimony to the labours of the hearthstone: in such a place the high yew hedge in front may well terminate, on each side the gate, by a peacock, swan, or castle, cut in the thick boughs.

*Cath.*—Another reason for the melancholy attached to yews may be the harmful nature of the tree itself: it has always, you know, been the *noxia taxus*. Here, and in the mountain churchyards of Cumberland, they are of magnificent size, and often more ancient than the church which they overshadow.

*Pal.*—I was pleased the other day, in reading the account of Hanham Church, to see, among other presents given to it, the item of *two yews*, from the masons. That system of giving different ornaments is beginning to prevail pretty largely; and it is desirable to encourage it as much as possible.

*Cath.*—The landowner, for example, will give the stone from his quarry; the farmer will give three or four days carting it; the labourer a day in digging the foundations; the mason in building the walls; and so on.

*Pal.*—Or the squire some fifty of his best oaks. I knew an instance of church restoration in Somersetshire where this was put in practice. Stogumber Church has a remarkably fine collection of wood seats, somewhat late, as most of those in that country are, but well and very elaborately carved. There were, unfortunately, some twenty or thirty pues, which the present excellent curate set himself vigorously to work to eject, replacing them by seats like the old ones. Several oaks were cut down in Nettlecombe Park, from a plantation of the time of Queen Elizabeth, and appropriated to this use: and you may judge of their size when I tell you that I could not lift any one of the seat-ends without difficulty.

*Cath.*—Ah! it is delightful to hear such accounts, and they make one hope that the spirit of church restoration has begun in earnest. Yet how can one dare to think so, when one hears of the havoc which is now carrying on in some of our cathedrals? Think of the proposed restoration\* of Wells; of the proposal, originating in a Basilican monomania, to pull

\* It is but fair to say, that this restoration will now do credit to the Cathedral body.

down the rood-screen in Chichester; and, above all, of the monstrous scheme at Westminster,—the throwing open the choir to its aisles, and, if report says true, the removal of the shrine of S. Edward from its present position! If this should ever be carried into effect, the architect will, in future ages, be chronicled as the second Eratosthratus; and the chapter — But I will not believe that they ever can lend themselves to so execrable a scheme; more especially when I remember the zeal they have shewn in the filling the beautiful transept-rose with stained glass.

*Pal.*—Let us hope that all these desecrations may be averted. Beautiful Wells! Who can forget that noble and truly episcopal palace? its moat, draw-bridge, quadrangular court, and *Virgin's Tower*? its magnificent decorated windows; its walls, on whose broad summit winds the trim gravel walk, and polyanthus and daffodils peep from the embrasures; its chapel, S. Andrew's Well, and the majestic Cathedral beyond?

*Cath.*—Would that the statues at the west end could be restored! When first chiselled, the effect must have been perfectly heavenly.

*Pal.*—Yet, on the whole, they have stood the weather wonderfully well. Indeed, the sharpness and freshness which good Caen stone preserves is astonishing.



*Cath.*—How interesting are the quarries of Caen! I wonder some work has not been devoted to their description. I remember them now, as if it were yesterday; the precipitous bank of the Orne, and the horizontal galleries which run in from the rough quarry road. The stone lies in beds of varying thickness, and is worked solely by the hand. It can be quarried in blocks of considerable size; but there is much waste. Much stone, too, is lost, from veins or knots: its softness at first is surprising. The clumsiness of the whole proceeding is truly French: there is not a crane to be seen; and fifteen horses are yoked to the largest blocks, in pulling them out. The great expense is in working through inferior stone: in one quarry which I saw, this was done at an expense of three shillings the cubic foot for three or four weeks before any advantage at all was derivable. Many accidents used to happen from the careless way in which the mining was carried on, no care being taken to leave sufficient props for the superincumbent weight. Now, there is an order that a pillar must be left where the width of the shaft exceeds twenty-one feet; and, when I was there, there had been no accident for three years. The proprietor is looked on as fortunate, if, out of the cubic feet quarried, he saves half; because, as the workmen can, of course, reach only five sides of a block, in tearing it out the corners often become broken in so untoward a shape, that the

cutting them into good form destroys a great deal of material.

*Pal.*—Is it the case with Caen, as with many other stones, that the blocks must lie in the building as they did in the quarry?

*Cath.*—Not in the best stone: in the inferior it is desirable that they should.

*Pal.*—All the churches in and around Caen are, I presume, built of that stone.

*Cath.*—Yes: but the blocks, if you may call them so, are very small; and, the smaller, the older the building. There is a pretty little Norman church near the quarries, Allemagne, where this is remarkably the case. They shew you the now unworked pit whence the stone is said to have been extracted for Westminster Abbey. It was, of course, an open quarry.

*Pal.*—There is curfew. How beautiful is the custom in Spain and Italy, that, when the Angelus is heard in the busy merchant street, and the fashionable promenade, and the quiet field, and the shady garden, every head is at once uncovered, and every heart rises in prayer, and the business pauses, and the conversation is hushed, for a few short moments at the holy hour of Compline!

*Cath.*—I wonder that we have not got on the subject of bells before now. There is nothing which one is so apt to neglect in the account of a church. They say, the oldest bells are those which have wooden crowns;

and, for aught I know to the contrary, they may be so. But I have never seen any. Alphabet-bells—those, I mean, where instead of any other legend we have the letters of the alphabet—appear to me of considerable antiquity: the thing seems, however, rather unmeaning.

*Pal.*—Possibly it may have some connection with the custom of writing the alphabet, at the dedication of a church, on the dust and sand with which the pavement was strewed: this practice seems to have been universal.

*Cath.*—Yes: but there both the Greek and Roman letters were written, to signify the perseverance of both the Eastern and Western Churches in the faith; the Hebrew being omitted, because the Jews had fallen away from it. Now, as Greek alphabets never occur on bells, this solution will hardly answer. I should rather imagine that it was simply for the sake of displaying the caster's art; just as in Aldine and other early editions you see, immediately after the colophon, an alphabet of both great and small letters.

*Pal.*—Look up the valley at that one long strip of gold that lingers in the horizon! Is it not completely the

*Illic sera rubens accendit lumina Vesper?*

One of the most picturesque lines, by the way, that ever was written.

*Cath.*—How nobly is such an horizon seen, as one

sometimes catches it in returning late from some church expedition, through a wood of thickly planted firs! There is something particularly grand in the feeling of infinity which such an endless vista of pillary stems gives you, when you stand in the middle of a pine-wood. The interminable aisles, stretching away wherever you look, each unbroken in perspective, all lost in the same mysterious distance,—the brown light thrown off from so many thousand trees,—the dark hue of the ground, without grass, or change of colour,—the silence from every other sound but that spirit-like whispering over head, “the sound of going,” so nobly described in Holy Scripture,—all these render a pine-wood, though that tree be one of the least beautiful of trees, collectively the noblest of woods.

*Pal.*—There is more or less of the same Cathedral feeling in all woods. Will you hear a sonnet I wrote last autumn at Unsted Wood, near Godalming, in Surrey?

*Cath.*—Pray let me.

*Pal.*—’Tis Nature’s own Cathedral! Wood-birds pour,  
Like vesper-choristers, rich melodies  
From hawthorn bush and thicket: shapely trees,  
Its pillars, to their leafy vaulting soar  
Fretted and intricate, which Autumn’s store  
With gold and crimson tinges; and the breeze  
Maketh sweet music as it plays with these,  
Like a deep organ, louder now, now lower.

The year's last flow'rs breathe incense all around ;  
 And scarlet leaves, and sun-gleams, here and there,  
 Like curious pavement, tessellate the ground.  
 Thus Nature culleth all things rich and rare  
 When she a temple to her God would found :  
 Shall man alone his choicest treasures spare ?

*Cath.*—Soon may the day come, that every heart will respond to the last line ! And redoubled be the efforts of all those who are working to that end !

*Pal.*—That by their words, and writings, and deeds, they may be, as Daniel exquisitely says,

A happy convoy to a holy land !

Not that we, or any one else, look on church restoration as the great end of our lives. An end, and a noble end too, it is ; but it is also the means to a higher and a nobler : it is to lead, by visible loveliness, to invisible beauty ; it is a journey from Sion, as old authors speak, which is “ expectation,” to Jerusalem, which is the “ City of Peace ;” it unites the true and the beautiful here, that it may with the more intensity long for them hereafter ; it builds earthly temples, that it may attain to that Home where there is no temple ; it presses forward from the fabrics of mortal builders, to “ a House not made with hands, eternal in the Heavens !”

*Cath.*—For my own part, the more I study ecclesiology, the more I find my ignorance of it. So many arrangements there are in churches, of which one cannot pretend to guess the meaning, and so

much of which one knows little more than the name, that it is enough, at least it ought, to make one humble. Look for example at Lychnoscopes.\* Here is an arrangement, manifestly of every-day occurrence, in one stage of Christian art, which we now cannot, even plausibly, explain. The question is easily stated. It appears that in most Early English, and in some Decorated churches, the shape of the south-west window of the chancel is different from that of the rest. Sometimes it is a small lancet, close to the ground; sometimes a common lancet, only continued lower than the rest; sometimes the same as the rest, only transomed; sometimes a mere square aperture. There are often traces of hinges on the inside, shewing that there were originally interior shutters. All this is sometimes found on the north side of the chancel, and sometimes at the south-east end of the nave. What could it have been for? Some say, for confession: some say, for lepers to be able to witness the elevation of the Host: some, that those who were employed to watch the Pasch-light might be able to do so without entering the church. But none of these solutions appear even probable. Why, supposing any of them to be the case, should there be shutters? Why should the slope be, as it generally is, towards the nave? and why should the arrangement principally occur in Early English?

\* See the end of this volume.

*Pal.*—At Sennen Church, in Cornwall, the lychoscope was long used ; and that for the purpose of taking in the tithe milk. At S. Buryan's, a late perpendicular church, is an arrangement which has something to do with a lychoscope, or at least very probably may have. At the east end of the north aisle are three steps in the outside wall, rising southward, which seem designed in some way to command the entrance of the window. Whether exterior chancel-seats may be so, I cannot say.

*Cath.*—Then, again, the whole theory of Frescoes is all but lost. I know not whether it is more sad or amusing to see the House of Commons, after having sanctioned the most ruthless Vandalism of the age,—the destruction of S. Stephen's Chapel,—gravely appointing a committee of taste to inquire into the opportunity afforded by the erection of their new houses for the encouragement of lost arts, and among them of fresco painting. The refined selfishness of the whole proceeding is particularly striking.

*Pal.*—I think that fresco painting is one of the few arts in which, were Catholick feelings restored, we might hope to surpass our ancestors ; for no one can deny that many of their figures are much out of proportion, and indeed out of drawing. Of course, arbitrary and designed settings aside of nature often occur, from symbolical reasons: such, for example, as the comparative smallness of the figures of SS. Mary and

John by the Rood:—the extended position of our SAVIOUR's arms on the Cross: His occasional representation as a crowned King hanging thereon: whether the soldier who pierced His Side is not represented on the right hand, rather from Catholick consent to a fact, than from Catholick reverence to a symbol, I cannot say.

*Cath.*—The painting over the altar in Llandanwg Church, in this county, is highly interesting. It represents the Last Judgment: the SAVIOUR seated on a rainbow, with the sword proceeding from His Mouth; S. Peter and His blessed Mother at His Side; and the evil One tormented by wicked spirits. Of a somewhat similar kind is that of heavenly judgment and earthly judgment in the north apse of S. Mary's Church at Guildford.

*Pal.*—Alfriston Church, in Sussex, had the white-wash scraped some time ago, and the whole wall was covered with frescoes in high preservation. Bishop Buckner (I think), coming by, made the churchwardens cover them with the same white sheet again. There was, in particular, a fine S. Catherine in the north transept. In Compton Martin, Somersetshire, is a fresco representing S. Anne and Our Lady.

*Cath.*—In Beverstone, Gloucestershire, there is one which represents our SAVIOUR rising from a ciborium. In Widford, Herts, is one, though somewhat defaced, of the Last Judgment. So there is over the chancel arch in Trinity Church, Coventry; fitly placed



there, where is the division, by the rood-screen, of the Churches in heaven and earth, as symbolised by the chancel and nave. In Bartlow, Cambridgeshire, there is on the south wall a painting of S. Christopher : and these are not so uncommon. Sometimes the legend was added :

Christophori sancti speciem quicumq; tuetur,  
Illo nempe die, nullo languore gravetur.\*

*Pal.*—Those in Preston, Sussex, have often been noticed. On the north side of the chancel wall is the Martyrdom of S. Thomas of Canterbury : the date of this church is probably about 1200, and, so, not very far off from the times of that martyr. On the south side is S. Michael weighing the souls ; and, by the intercession of the Blessed Virgin, a soul, then in the balance, evidently preponderates. By the way, in that church is another kind of lychnoscopic arrangement : there are three simple lancets on the south side, of the same height in themselves, but each nearer the ground as they recede from the east.

*Cath.*—Again, the subject of Crypts is one which has received very little attention ; and yet in the present time, when architects are beginning to re-introduce them, they more especially deserve it.

*Pal.*—The most beautiful arrangement of these is

\* Whoso beholds S. Christopher, here painted on the wall,  
Him, on the selfsame day he looks, no evil shall befall.

when they elevate the chancel to a considerable height above the nave. Standon, in Hertfordshire, is a grand instance of this; but nothing can equal Walpole S. Mary's, Norfolk, in that respect. Sometimes, again, a church is built on a precipitous spot, where the ground towards the east end shelves away. Then a crypt comes in well to support the chancel. So it is in Thirsk Church, Yorkshire. Something of the same kind, perhaps, there was in that Buckinghamshire church which Antony à Wood tells of in his *Life*: at some little distance from its east end was a kind of steep hollow, called the Lyde; and there was a village rhyme, which foretold

“ He that lives and shall abide,  
Shall see the chancel fall in the lyde.”

And, as à Wood says, this would probably be fulfilled, for the earth yearly crumbled away.

*Cath.*—Another device for raising the chancel was to throw an arch underneath it, leaving a thoroughfare below it. This is the case at Exeter with the churches of S. John and S. Stephen; thence called S. John-le-Bow, and S. Stephen-le-Bow.

*Pal.*—Those surnames of churches are not always so easy to interpret. Many of them are truly extraordinary. At Norwich, for example, S. Michael Coslany, S. Michael at Plea, S. Peter per Mountergate, S. John Maddermarket, have a very singular

sound. So, in London, S. Andrew Hubbard, S. John Zachary, S. Bene't Finck, S. Bene't Sherehog, S. Nicholas Acons, S. Margaret Pattens, S. Margaret Moses, S. Nicholas Admacellas, though many of them are easily traceable to their original sources, must astound those who cannot do so. S. Vedast has suffered most, in its title, from ignorance; for, standing in Foster Lane, it has often been called S. Foster, though in no Hagiology does a saint of that name appear.

*Cath.*—Something, I suppose, like S. Distaff's-day, January 7; of which the old rhyme says,

“Partly work, and partly play,  
Ye must on S. Distaff's day.”

And so called from the circumstance, that then, after her twelve days' Christmas keeping, the good housewife again took to her distaff.

*Pal.*—But to return to our crypts. An excellent work might be published, giving views and details of those which now remain. I heartily wish that such an architect as Carpenter, Salvin, Buckler, or Scott, would do it. The state in which they are is often infamous.

*Cath.*—Part of the crypt at Canterbury was long used by a congregation of French Protestants: that noble crypt where S. Thomas' remains once lay; and the effect of which—its huge, low, Norman piers, half seen, half hidden in the obscurity, and through

the long vista of these a silver lamp gleaming from the altar,—must have been almost unearthly.

*Pal.*—There is an interesting paper on those in London, to be seen in the first part of the transactions of our society. Then, such as S. Mary-le-Crypt at Gloucester, Bosham, Sussex, and others of a similar kind, should be brought to light. The former is let out to a grocer, and full of all kind of stores.

*Cath.*—The most interesting crypt, I think, that I have seen, is that in the church of SS. Gervasius and Protasius at Rouen,—undoubtedly an early Christian place of worship. It is thirty-five feet by fifteen, and sixteen in height to the crown of the circular roof. Even here we have a division into nave and chancel; the arch which separates them much resembles those at Brixworth. The tombs of SS. Mellon and Avetienus are at the north-west and south-west ends respectively. The only light comes from a small window on the level of the ground at the east end.

*Pal.*—Not less curious than this is the singular cavern at Royston, which runs under the road at that sharp angle so well known to all Cambridge men. You reach it by a rude subterranean series of steps, and on its damp chalk walls are the carved forms of many saints, still to be distinguished by their symbols. Here there could have been no light from without.

*Cath.*—Nor must we forget, among curious crypts, that of S. John Baptist at Bristol: the church is built

on the side of a hill, which slopes rapidly away northwards; and it is to level this inequality that the crypt in question runs under the whole of the north side. It has windows which communicate with the street.

*Pal.*—How nobly is the deficiency of room for building supplied at Durham, where the Lady Chapel, at the west end, juts out on an artificial bank of stone, and overhangs the precipice which looks down on the Wear! Both Art and Nature have done their utmost to render the burial-place of Venerable Bede in the highest degree sublime.

*Cath.*—Another thing which much needs investigation is the cause of the similarity of work which we often find in churches far apart; whether the one were a copy from the other, or whether they were both productions of the same workman. This is especially the case in fonts. Those of Lewes S. Anne's and Denton, in Sussex, both Norman cylinders, are fretted into the same curious cable-work. So Winchester font and that of S. Michael's, Southampton, very much resemble each other. Here the two cases, as well as in the former instance, occur so near together, that one may well imagine the same artist. But what shall we say when in three distant and obscure villages, Yapton in Sussex, Hambledon in Surrey, and Alfold in the same county, we find three fonts, almost identical, though of a very singular form? Each

is a Norman cylinder, arcaded, and in each of the arches is a cross pattée fitted in the foot.

*Pal.*—Tradition—never to be slighted, though not always uninquiringly received,—sometimes expressly asserts that the architect of two different churches was the same. So the designer of S. Mary Magdalene, Taunton, is said to have built the tower of the neighbouring parish of North Petherton.

*Cath.*—Truly, all these curious inquiries might well be pursued; and they would, I presume, be amply answered if we could obtain any real and satisfactory information on the craft of the Ancient Freemasons. Till something of the same kind be revived,—I, of course, do not mean such a thing as that lately established by laymen under a similar name,—I think we shall gain very little security for the generally correct erection of churches. We must remember, that in this, as in everything else, talent, of itself, can do nothing. Without faith it can never form a really glorious conception. Till our architects look on their churches as holy works, to be begun and carried on in a spirit of prayer, that He, Who alone giveth every good and perfect gift, would fill them “with wisdom, and understanding, and knowledge in all manner of workmanship, to devise cunning works, to work in gold, and silver, and brass, and in cutting of stones, to set them, and in carving of timber, to work

in all manner of workmanship,—how *can* they hope to succeed ? ”

*Pal.*—Let us descend the hill : the Caernarvonshire mountains seem to float in molten purple, and the wind is chill. As we said when we started, so I am sure we feel now,—we must ever look on this study, viewed with reference to the service and the need of our Church, and the communion it gives us with the great and good of past ages, and the power it yields us of ministering to the wants of future generations,—as that wherein the happiest, perhaps some of the best, hours of our lives have been spent. When I think of the bright summer mornings that have seemed too short for our work,—of the calm afternoons that have glided away in it,—of the cold, clear winter nights that, our brief tale of churches told, we have turned with light hearts homeward,—of the chancels, rich in the borrowed hues of their stained glass, wherein we have stood,—of the grey old rugged towers we have mounted, when a single spot of gold found its way into the complicated woodwork of the spire, revealing the forest of oak that helped to rear it to heaven ; when I think of the warm welcome and the hospitable fireside, the path in the spring meadow, the stroll through the autumn grove, the buffeting of the winter storm, the hopes and fears we have shared in common, the bright visions we have formed of “ the

glory of the latter house," the studies we have carried on together in the brazen-clasped tomes of the ages of faith, the elation of spirits with which in the fresh morning coolness we have set forth to a long blue day, and to a fine and unexplored tract of churches,—how can I but love the study? how can I but feel the most devoted affection to so noble a cause as that of Church restoration? Trees and hills,—blue lakes and mountain-streams,—castles and churches and abbeys,—calm and storm,—day and night,—the sweet influences of twilight, and the brightness of the summer evening,—all that is beautiful in nature and art,—the past, the present, and the future,—all, to my mind, are remembrancers of the pursuit I love. As Wither said of a far inferior object, so may I of this,—

Though they as a trifle leave thee,  
Whose dull hearts cannot conceive thee,  
Though to them thou be a scorn,  
Who to nought but earth are born,—  
May my life no longer be,  
Than I am in love with thee!



## ADDITIONS AND CORRECTIONS.

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P. 5, l. 6, *omit* that.

P. 12, l. 4 from bottom, *for* to found *read* to be found.

P. 19. It may be proper to state that this chapter was in type before the appearance of *Ayter Priory*.

P. 25, l. 17, *for* seventeenth *read* eighteenth.

P. 63, l. 5 from bottom, *after* coped *insert* coffin.

P. 65, l. 2. I have since seen a similar monument in Bredon, Worcestershire. There the upper part of the coffin being, as in the former instances, removed, two hands, holding a heart, issue from it. The device of a figure, seen through a quatrefoil, may be found in Pilton, Somersetshire.

P. 73. The most perfect sets of these instruments occur in Churchill and Burrington Churches, Somersetshire. Here they form the corbels to the aisles. The last-mentioned church has a plain cross by itself in the series, and a vessel resembling a cask, and, perhaps, setting forth the basin in which the Apostles' feet were washed.

P. 78, l. 4 from bottom, *for* Holdersham *read* Hildersham.

P. 79, l. 9, *for* site *read* sill. There are effigies of a diminutive size, though not so small as in the above cases, in Bredon, Somersetshire. They represent a civilian and his wife.

P. 82. Still more curious than those at Geddington are the altar-steps of Bredon Church. The risers are inlaid with encaustic tiles, bearing shields: the steps with others, of the earliest date, which, though very much worn, evidently represent the zodiacal signs.

P. 95, l. 7 from bottom, *for* S. Nicalse *read* S. Nicaise.

P. 95. Among instances of beautiful grouping, Evesham should not be overlooked. In one churchyard the elaborate perpendicu-

lar tower of Abbat Lichfield, and the spires of S. Lawrence and All Saints, cluster magnificently together ; and when the Abbey-church, with probably three spires, stood in the same consecrated ground, the effect must have been wonderful.

P. 98. Dundry, near Bristol, is one of the most remarkable instances of a church-tower designed for a sea-mark. The church itself is small, and Early English : the tower perpendicular ; and as, in addition to its own height, it occupies the summit of a very high hill, it is visible far down the channel. It was erected by the Merchants Adventurers of Bristol ; a stone in the tower has the date 1482.

P. 102, l. 6 from bottom, *for thoughtful read thankful.*

P. 125. The tower of Backwell, Somersetshire, is a curious instance of this. The perpendicular details are very elaborate, though evidently late : the date is 1552.

P. 132, l. 12. Yet the real field of Sedgemoor, which lies east of the Great Western Railway, has a gloom and solemnity about it not unfitting its character. It is a dark morass, intersected by dykes and drains : the Wells and Bridgewater road, skirted with pollarded willows, runs across it : it is girded in on all sides with hills, at the foot of which rise the towers of Othery, Middlezoy, and Westonzoyland ; and the huge Glastonbury Tor seems to keep watch over the whole.

P. 135. These lines occur in a volume of poems by the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, M.A., of Clifton.

P. 163. To these epitaphs one, during the great rebellion, in Farnham Church, may be noticed. It commemorates a blind man, who departed this life on Jan. 5.

The fifth of January proved to me  
The vigil of a blest Epiphany.

P. 163, l. 10. And sometimes, apparently an altar ; as in a disused Holy Table, now standing in the south transept of Per-shore Abbey Church.

P. 184, l. 8, *for wreath read path.*

P. 188, l. 10, *for Bishop Horne, read Archbishop Leighton.*

P. 198, l. 11, *for walks read walls.*

P. 199.—“ Extra portam jam delatum,  
 Jam foetentem, tumulatum,  
 Vittâ ligat, lapis urget,  
 Sed, si jubes, hic resurget.  
 Jube, lapis absolvetur.—  
 Jube, vittâ dirumpetur;  
 Exiturus nescit moras,  
 Cum proclamas, Exi foras.  
 In hoc salo mea ratis  
 Infestatur a piratis,  
 Hinc assultus, inde fluctus,  
 Hinc et inde mors et luctus :  
 Sed tu, Bone Nauta, veni,  
 Preme ventos, mare leni,  
 Fac abscedant hi piratæ,  
 Duc ad portum salvâ rate.  
 Infœcunda mea ficus,  
 Cujus ramus, ramus siccus,  
 Incidetur, incendetur,  
 Si promulgas, quod meretur ;  
 Sed hoc anno dimittatur,  
 Stercoretur, fodiatur :  
 Quod si necdum respondebit,  
 Heus quod loquor, tunc ardebit !  
 Vetus hostis in me furit,  
 Aquis mergit, flammis urit ;  
 Inde languens et afflictus  
 Tibi soli sum relictus.  
 Ut hic hostis evanescat,  
 Ut infirmus convalescat,  
 Tu virtutem jejunandi  
 Des infirmo, des orandi ;  
 Per hæc duo, CHRISTO teste,  
 Liberabor ab hac peste.  
 Ab hac peste solve mentem,  
 Fac devotum pœnitentem :

Da timorem, quô projecto,  
 De salute non coniecto ;  
 Da spem, fidem, charitatem,  
 Da discretam pietatem ;  
 Da contemptum terrenorum,  
 Appetitum supernorum.  
 Totum, DEUS, in Te spero,  
 DEUS, ex Te totum quæro,  
 Tu Laus mea, meum Bonum,  
 Mea Cuncta, meum Donum.  
 Tu Solamen in labore,  
 Medicamen in languore ;  
 Tu in luctu mea Lyra,  
 Tu Lenimen es in irâ ;  
 Tu in arcto Liberator,  
 Tu in lapsu Relevator ;  
 Metum præstans in propectu,  
 Spem conservans in defectu.  
 Si quis lædet, Tu rependis ;  
 Si minatur, Tu defendis ;  
 Quod est anceps Tu dissolvis,  
 Quod tegendum Tu involvis.  
 Tu intrare me non sinas  
 Infernales officinas ;  
 Ubi mœror, ubi metus,  
 Ubi fœtor, ubi fletus,  
 Ubi prava deteguntur,  
 Ubi rei confunduntur,  
 Ubi tortor semper cædens,  
 Ubi vermis semper edens,  
 Ubi totum hoc perenne,  
 Quia perpes mors Gehennæ.  
 Me receptet Sion illa,  
 Sion, David Urbs tranquilla,  
 Cujus Faber Auctor lucis,  
 Cujus porta signum Crucis,

Cujus claves lingua Petri,  
 Cujus cives semper læti,  
 Cujus murus lapis vivus,  
 Cujus custos Rex Festivus.  
 In hâc Urbe lux solennis,  
 Ver æternum, pax perennis ;  
 In hâc odor implens cœlos,  
 In hâc semper festum melos.  
 Non est ibi corruptela,  
 Non defectus, non querela,  
 Non minuti, non deformes,  
 Omnes CHRISTO sunt cõformes.  
 Urbs cœlestis, Urbs beata,  
 Supra Petrum collocata,  
 Urbs in portu satis tuto,  
 De longinquo te saluto :  
 Te saluto, te suspiro,  
 Te affecto, te requiro :  
 Quantum tui gratulentur,  
 Quam festive conviventur,  
 Quis affectus eos stringat,  
 At quæ gemma muros pingat,  
 Quis chalcedon, quis jacinthus,—  
 Norunt isti qui sunt intus !  
 Tu, plateis hujus Urbis  
 Sociatus piis turbis  
 Cum Moise et Elia  
 Fac ut cantem Alleluia ! ”

P. 222. “ But the trade that we have with good spirits is not now driven by the eye, but is like to themselves, spiritual : yet not so, but that even in bodily occasions we have many times insensible helps from them in such manner as that by the effects we can boldly say, There hath been an Angel, though we saw him not. Of this kind was that (no less than miraculous) cure which at S. Madernes in Cornwall was wrought upon a poor cripple,\*

\* One John Trelille.

whereof (beside the attestation of many hundreds of the neighbours) I took a strict and personal examination in that last visitation which I either did or ever shall hold. This man, that for sixteen years together was fain to walk upon his hands, by reason of the close contraction of the sinews of his legs, was (upon three monitions in his dream to wash in that well) suddenly so restored to his limbs, that I saw him able both to walk and get his own maintenance. I found here was neither art nor collusion; the thing done, the author invisible."

BISHOP HALL, *The Invisible World*, sec. viii.

P. 291. Lychnoscopes. This subject is much more fully treated in the lately published translation of Durandus.

P. 296. Preston, Sussex. In this church, a fresco of S. Sebastian, lately discovered on the north wall, was wantonly destroyed by the erection of a monument.

P. 297, l. 6 from bottom. S. Mary Walpole, it should have been said, is supported in the same manner.

P. 299. S. Mary-le-Crypt. This church is now under restoration: it is to be hoped that the crypt will be freed from its late state of desecration.

P. 301, l. 8. So one architect is said to have built the towers of Chew Magna, and Chewton Mendip, and after these of Dundry; and this may be true. Tradition further reports him to have given the last village its name, by exclaiming, on completing the tower, "Now, I have *done dree!*"

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