

Lilley People in Literature.

BY THE REV. PREBENDARY F. A. HIBBERT, M.A.,
LATELY RECTOR OF LILLEY.

IN later years most of the Rectors of Lilley appear to have been mathematicians. Among such I have no claim to be included. But in my young days I learned Euclid, and remember that he began with definitions. I will follow his example.

What is Lilley and what is Literature?

The *Oxford Dictionary* defines Literature as "the body of writings produced in general." It goes on to give more restricted definitions, but if I am wise I shall content myself with this general one. Literature then is what has been written—a *great* thing.

Lilley, on the other hand, is a very little thing. I expect most of you have never discovered it. That is natural, because it has not much of archæological interest. The old church succumbed in 1870, and fifty years earlier a wealthy squire plastered over the old 16th century Manor House.

But, after all, it is people who make history, not bricks and stones. So I speak of Lilley *people*; and when I speak of Lilley people who have figured in Literature I mean people who have lived at, or have been connected with, Lilley, who have left something in writing or about whom something has been written.

If I can find anything that Lilley people have themselves written, that will be especially to the point; particularly if they have written anything which, as the *Oxford Dictionary* says, "has a claim to consideration on the ground of beauty of form," because that is *really* literature.

Of course what I am going to do is to group some of the Lilley people round Literature, without interpreting either word too strictly. I am going to do a bit of Local History.

Very early in every local History Book you come to Domesday Book. It is a trump card in the easy game of compilation. I think I should be justified if I quoted it, for it tells us about the people of Lilley and gives some

interesting facts. But Domesday Book, though it certainly has "claims to consideration," can hardly be said to have "beauty of form," so we will pass it by and come to *real* "Literature."

We will start with Shakespeare. That is Literature without a doubt, even if your fellow-townsmen wrote it. What has Shakespeare to say about any Lilley people? A good deal more than we should expect.

The reason is because Lilley became an asset in the business of moneymaking which was the popular, or aristocratic, occupation when the Dark Ages gave place to the Age of Enlightenment, and several of Shakespeare's Plays deal with those times.

The Age of Enlightenment! In Tudor times people were eminently progressive, and many of them progressed so far and so fast that we generally forget the base degrees by which they did ascend. They progressed far beyond the old ideas of chivalry and Public Spirit and the rest of it. They progressed, again, far beyond those simple days when Christians were eaten by lions. Sir Thomas More, one of the unprogressive old fogies, said he saw sheep eating Christian men. It was true. For the new landlords were so bent on developing their sheep-farms that they evicted their tenants from their own lands, and evicted also other people from theirs. This was called enclosing, and it meant turning the Commoners off the Commons. It was the work of the new Aristocracy. Let me introduce you to some of them who were concerned with Lilley. We read about them in Shakespeare, or the Chroniclers, and in their own writings.

In the reign of Henry VII. two of the most eligible prizes in the marriage market were the co-heiresses of Lilley, Anne and Matilda Green. They were among the richest young ladies in England, so there was keen competition for them among the hungry swarm of fortune-hunters. These were the New Aristocracy I spoke of. The old Aristocracy perished in the Wars of the Roses. It had been descended from great men. The new Aristocracy was descended from great scoundrels, and it made itself strong and glorious not from the Norman Conquest but from the English Pillage, which began with the commoners and went on to the Clergy.

In the history of the ancestors of the two Misses Green we see how the new men got their feet upon the rungs of the social ladder.

The Greens started in the time of Edward II., and characteristically. When his reprobate Queen turned against her husband and ran off with Mortimer, she had among her backers a rising young lawyer named Henry Green. Finding him in such company we should expect him to be a scoundrel, and he was. He was once excommunicated. He rose to be Chief Justice, but was ultimately dismissed for peculation. But he had used his legal and judicial opportunities so well that he had got hold of estates all over the place. One was Lilley.

He was one of the new type of landlords which was emerging—men who got estates not as homes but as speculations—living elsewhere on the rents of tenants of whom they knew nothing and cared less. That was the beginning of what is so evident to-day—the great part played by irresponsible wealth—many people living apart from the source of their income, with which all they have to do is to spend it. They have no idea how it comes, or whence. Of its duties, and the responsibilities it brings, they knew nothing. That, of course, is just paganism.

Pagans act like pagans. Sir Henry Green had little sense of honour, and none of Public Spirit. He helped to overthrow Edward II. His son, another Henry, helped to overthrow Richard II., though in a different way. That is how he comes to figure in Shakespeare. He was one of the "Caterpillars of the Commonwealth" who incurred Shakespeare's scorn. In their blind self-confidence they despised Bolingbroke, the leader of the opposition, when they had secured his banishment. "Well, he is gone," says Green in the play, "and with him go these thoughts." Then, with incredible levity, they proceed to give him ample excuse for returning. When his father dies they seize his estates. To the amazing folly of giving Bolingbroke a popular excuse for returning they added the mistake of not opposing him. When he landed Richard was in Ireland, Green being one of the Council in charge of England during his absence. Bolingbroke's march was a continual triumph. Green describes it to the Queen—

“The banished Bolingbroke repeals himself,
 And with uplifted arms is safe arrived
 At Ravenspurg
 and, that is worse,
 The Lord Northumberland, his son young Henry Percy,
 The Lords of Ross, Beaumont, and Willoughby,
 With all their powerful friends, are fled to him.
 The Earl of Worcester
 Hath broke his staff, resigned his stewardship,
 And all the household servants fled with him
 To Bolingbroke.”

Then, when York, the Regent, confesses his inability to cope with the danger, Green's first thought is his own safety.

“Our nearness to the King in love,” he reminds his fellows,
 “Is near the hate of those love not the King.”

He realises he has backed the wrong horse—

“Where one on his side fights, thousands will fly”—

so he resolves to look after himself—

“I will for refuge straight to Bristol Castle.”

There Holinshed says they “prepared to make resistance; but when it would not prevail they were taken and brought forth bound as prisoners into the camp, before the Duke of Lancaster. On the morrow next ensuing they were arraigned before the constable and marshall, found guilty of treason, for misgoverning the King and Realm, and forthwith had their heads smit off.” Shakespeare makes a good scene of the incident. When Green, and Bushy, who had been Speaker of the Commons, are brought in prisoners, Bolingbroke addresses them sternly—

“I will not vex your souls—
 Since presently your souls must part your bodies—
 With too much urging your pernicious lives,
 For it were no charity. Yet, to wash your blood
 From off my hands, here in the view of men
 I will unfold some causes of your deaths.
 You have misled a Prince, a royal King,
 A happy gentleman in blood and lineaments,
 By you unhappied and disfigured clean.
 You have in manner, with your sinful hours,
 Made a divorce between his Queen and him,
 And stained the beauty of a fair Queen's cheeks
 With tears drawn from her eyes by your foul wrongs.”

Finally he describes the injuries done to himself, and his conclusion is,

“This and much more, much more than twice all this
 Condemns you to the death.”

Only then does Shakespeare let Green show a spark of courage, and that is merely the touch of recklessness

which traditionally marked court favourites. Marlow in his *Edward III.* had perhaps set the fashion. At any rate stage tradition required that men like Green should make their final exit with a scowl of defiance to the gallery. So Green folds his arms in the approved manner and strides off, hissing through his teeth—

“ My comfort is that heaven will take our souls
And plague injustice with the pains of hell.”

Such is the end of the second Green who owned Lilley.

The family owned it for nearly two hundred years, and the county historians have made a fine mess of their genealogy. That is because the family name came to be Thomas Green. The founder's name was, as we have seen, Henry, but he named his eldest son Thomas. The Henry of Shakespeare's play was the second son; he owned Lilley during the period covered by the play, for Thomas died in 1391. Of course Thomas' son succeeded—another Thomas. You get a succession of no less than six Sir Thomas Greens. This has led people into strange messes. By overlooking some of the steps in the genealogical ladder one writer makes a lady marry her husband's father, while another actually makes one of the Lady Greens the second wife of her grandfather-in-law. The genealogical puzzle ends in 1506 when the last Sir Thomas died, leaving the two desirable heiresses I have mentioned.

The first of the Tudors was then on the throne. It used to be the fashion to describe the Tudor times as halcyon days. In one respect they were certainly not as heavenly as is sometimes supposed. In heaven there is neither marriage nor giving in marriage; but in Tudor England there was a superabundance of it. Henry VIII. did not so much set the fashion as follow it; that is one of the many points in which he has been misrepresented. For everyone of any note seems to have had several wives or several husbands. The elder Miss Green, whose name was Anne, was secured at the age of 16 or 17 by Sir Nicholas Vaux, a widower. The other, Matilda, aged 13, was carried off by Sir Thomas Parr, who was the son of Anne's husband's first wife. From this marriage sprang two children who became famous. The son, William, became Marquis of Northampton and Earl of Essex; the daughter, Catherine, became Henry VIII's

last wife. To marry Henry VIII. was not exactly a unique feat, but to outlive him was distinctly an achievement. One Lilley person has certainly done something unique.

Sir Nicholas Vaux, who thus married one of the co-heiresses of Lilley, was the son of Sir William Vaux who appears in Shakespeare's *Henry VI., Part 2*, but merely as the hasty bringer of the news that Cardinal Beaufort is dying. He was attainted by Edward IV. and fled the country, but returned with Queen Margaret and was killed at the battle of Tewkesbury. His son, Sir Nicholas Vaux, owner of Lilley, figures in Shakespeare's *Henry VIII* as the custodian of the condemned Buckingham. Sir Thomas Lovell says,

"To the waterside I must conduct your Grace,
Then give my charge up to Sir Nicholas Vaux
Who undertakes you to the end."

Vaux then calls to the watermen,

"Prepare there,
The Duke is coming: see the barge be ready
And fit it with such furniture as suits
The greatness of his person."

It is to Vaux that Buckingham addresses his dignified farewell speech, beginning,

"Nay, Sir Nicholas,
Let it alone: my state now will but mock me.
When I came hither I was Lord High Constable
And Duke of Buckingham; now, poor Edward Bohun.
Yet am I richer than my base accusers
That never knew what truth meant."

As a matter of fact Vaux had himself been suspected of being implicated in Buckingham's supposed treason, but in the clever Tudor way had been forced to serve on the Commission which tried, and of course condemned, the Duke.

He devoted himself to agricultural improvements as they were, and are, called, which were so little appreciated that some called them illegal enclosures, and brought actions at law against him. But he always managed to escape conviction—progressive landlords were not often convicted. He fought in the French campaign of 1513 without glory, but gained enormous glory in more peaceful fields. To his own wealth he had added that of Anne Green, who owned estates in seven or eight counties, and he was always conspicuous, even at Henry

VIII's. court, by the magnificence of his dress. He was the very man, therefore, to escort Princess Mary, the King's sister, to her marriage with Louis XII., and his own personal train included "40 horses all covered with scarlet cloth." He was one of the experts in extravagance who stage managed the Field of Cloth of Gold.

It was the French war of 1522, purposeless, iniquitous, wanton, and only helping the unspeakable Turk (as we called him until he outdid us), that brought Vaux his peerage as Lord Vaux of Harrowden. He could afford to pay heavy fees, and money was badly needed. Fuller describes him as "a jolly gentleman both for camps and courts, a great reveller, good as well in a march as a masque."

His son Thomas succeeded him. He was one of Wolsey's Pages and later was one of those sent to Ampthill to summon the gentle Katherine to take her trial at Dunstable. But he figured little in public life. He belonged to the party of culture, the dilettante young men who wrote lyrics of love-sick swains and affected a touching melancholy. But he had more metrical ability than most of them, and his commonplace reflections were not sufficiently abstruse to be unintelligible. He was indeed simple and musical in his poetry, two great virtues when affectation was so much in fashion. Puttenham in his *Art of Poesie* says he was a man of no great learning but owns that he "much delighted in vulgar making" of verse, i.e., he wrote in a style understood of the people. He had his reward. Of his surviving work, which is mostly found in Tottel's *Miscellany* (1557), Puttenham praises his "Assault of Cupid upon the fort where the lover's hart lay wounded, and how he was taken." This received the compliment of being widely imitated by the Elizabethan poets. But another of his poems has gained immortality in consequence of its being parodied by the greatest of the Elizabethans. This was "A ditty or sonnet representing the Image of Death" as it is described in an early MS. copy in the British Museum. It is called "The Aged Lover Renounceth love." It was written in Mary's reign, and was published as a Broadside Ballad in 1563-4, which implies that it was popular. That it was so is proved by the use Shakespeare makes of it. Shakespeare puts it into the mouth of

the gravedigger in *Hamlet*. He sings it at his grim work, and the amusing way he is made to misquote it shows of course that it was well known.

The verses sung by the gravedigger are the first, third, and eighth of Vaux's poem :

" I lothe that I did love
In youth that I thought swete :
As time requires for my behove
Methinks they are not meet.

For age with stealing steps
Hath clawed me in his crowche,
And lusty life away she leaps
As there had been non such.

A pickaxe and a spade,
And eke a shouding-sheet,
A house of clay for to be made,
For such a guest is meet."

They appear thus—somewhat battered in the brokerage—

" In youth when I did love,
Methought it was very sweet
To contract, O, the time, for ah! my behove
Methought there was nothing meet.

But age with his stealing steps
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath shipped me intil the land
As if I had never been such.

A pickaxe and a spade,
For and a shouding-sheet,
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet."

The third line of the gravedigger's second verse is the corresponding line in the last verse but one in Vaux's poem.

Either Thomas Vaux or his son William sold Lilley. William was an enthusiastic Papist, and suffered much for his religion. Some poems have been attributed to him. Ritson says " He undertook to penne the tragedy of the young princes murdered in the Tower, for the *Mirror of Magistrates* (1563), but what he did therein we are not informed." As a matter of fact he probably never " undertook " at all, for he made no pretensions to be a poet. His daughter Anne is sometimes said to have been the writer of the famous letter to Lord Monteaule which led to the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot in the

next reign. The handwriting resembled hers, and she was certainly the friend of many of the conspirators.

Besides the Vauxs and Sir Henry Green, we have in Shakespeare Cardinal Bouchier, who administered Putteridge Bury for a short time when the heir, being a child, came under the wardship of the crown.

So we have people connected with Lilley in four of Shakespeare's plays, while in *Hamlet* the owner of Lilley is quoted, or misquoted, at length.

Let us now turn to Matilda Green and her children. It is tragical to note the steady demoralisation of the new governing class. Henry Green had been a scoundrel, but had not been admitted to the Council Chamber. But the way Sir Nicholas Vaux, fool and fop as he was, was used by the King to supply sinews of war and to provide material for display, shows how the Tudors used such men in national affairs. It was a serious matter when men like this became an instrument in the hands of the Government to break down Church doors. That, of course, was what the aristocracy became in the hands of Henry VIII. It was serious, not because it gave a shock to the rights of property, but because it gave inevitably a grave shock to morality.

Matilda Green's son, William Parr, was one of those who profited enormously by the destruction of the monasteries. He shows us how that and kindred measures were carried out, the sort of men who guided affairs, and the effect upon themselves.

William Parr and his fellows cleverly used the sceptre as a crowbar to break open the treasure-houses, but it was broken, or at least bent, with the blow. The monarchy was elbowed aside by the mob of courtiers who had crowded behind it to the assault, and was ignominiously left behind in the scramble for the spoils. For the Tudors, so far from leaving a monarchy enriched and strengthened, left practically no monarchy at all. Henry VIII. called himself Supreme Head of the Church of England, but his successors soon found they were Heads who reigned but did not rule; the ruling power had passed to the Ministers. More serious than the deposition of the monarchy was the deposition of Christianity. It was a long time yet, before an English statesman actually *said* it, but William Parr and his friends acted

upon the principle to which Lord Melbourne gave expression—"things are coming to a pretty pass when religion is supposed to enter into ordinary life."

Of William Parr we are told by a contemporary that "his delight was music and poetry, and his exercise war."

I am afraid he has left behind him no examples of music or poetry. As regards war he clearly showed that his martial ability was on a level with his literary ability.

The common people showed their opinion of the actions of himself and his colleagues in the only way that was open to them. The policy of the ruling class seemed to consist mainly in laying hands on everything they could come across with complete impartiality—monastic property, Church ornaments, common lands, guild endowments. The people were unrepresented in Parliament, so the only way in which they could show their disapproval was by rising in rebellion. Naturally, they failed in securing their object, but at any rate they succeeded in showing up the military ability of Parr in its true colours.

Though he has left us no examples of his poetical skill, some of his prose is extant. For he was one of the Commissioners for dissolving the Monasteries. One of his letters on this business relates to the monastery of St. Andrew at Northampton. This Abbey is particularly interesting because the confession of its monks is perhaps the best known of these documents. It is long, verbose and detailed. But I am afraid it doth "protest too much." It is evidently merely a common form supplied by the Commissioners, and used, with slight modifications, elsewhere. A short time before, one of the Commissioners had reported that the Prior was a "great husband [i.e. economical] and a good cleric," and recommended him for promotion. Parr in his report makes no mention of offences of any kind. He merely advises that the monks should be pensioned, the old ones with £4 a year and the younger with 53s. 4d. One he advises should be given a living, explaining that it is a very poor one and that even those who had the small pensions "shall be in better case than he." But why, if a man was wicked enough to be turned out of his monastery should he be considered good enough to be made a parish priest? However, it was commonly done, and

Bishoprics and Deaneries were offered to Abbots and Priors as bribes to make them surrender, and those who were compliant were promoted.

There is also a letter of Parr's relating to the Abbey at Peterborough. He reports he is negotiating with the Abbot for surrender. The Abbot offers Cromwell a bribe of £300: is that sufficient? If Cromwell thinks it is he has no doubt he can get it—"If it shall please your Lordship to command me with any further service in the approving him eftsoons in his matter, I shall most humbly ensue the same, supposing that small treaty would move him to accomplish his first offer." In the end the Abbey was dissolved, and the Abbot made the first Bishop of the see which was created out of some of the spoils.

After the Lincolnshire rebellion Parr sat as head of the Commission to try the Abbot of Kirkstead and others. The Lincoln jury regarded the rebels favourably, and Parr reported that "but for the diligence of the King's Sergeant they would have been acquitted." Of course they were not acquitted, though Cromwell did not in this case send down quite so unambiguous directions as he sometimes did, e.g., "Item. The Abbot of Glastonbury to be tried at Glastonbury, and *also executed there!*" The Abbott of Kirkstead and two or three laymen were hanged the day after their trial at Lincoln, and four others a day or two later at Louth.

When the Norfolkshire rebels rose, no reliance could be placed on the troops, so Parr, who was chosen leader on the strength of his martial reputation, found himself at the head of the personal retainers of many who had profited by the Dissolution, stiffened with a body of Italian mercenaries. These were shut up in Norwich by the rebels. A desperate attack was made, and though the rebels failed and lost 300 men, they fought so well that Parr offered a free pardon if they would desist. They replied that they wanted to get rid of men such as he in the councils of the nation, and again attacked with extreme bravery. Parr knew he could expect small mercy if the rebels got hold of him, and he fled for his life. Never again was he trusted with troops; as an old writer says "his skill in the field answered not to his industry nor his success to his skill." His wealth,

increased by the spoils of the monasteries, made him valuable, however, in politics. It is quite a mistake to think the sale of honours or the bestowal of offices for cash is a modern abuse. It dates from Tudor times. Parr continued to be a great person—only henceforth it was not on the battlefield but on the back stairs.

He married the daughter of Thomas Cromwell, and got the title of Earl of Essex on his father-in-law's downfall, when his mother-in-law consoled herself with a man named Hunt without troubling to go through the formality of a marriage. Then, when the Council was comfortably settled in Edward VI.'s reign, he got himself made Marquis of Northampton. He supported Seymour, his sister's new husband. Then he helped Somerset to overthrow him. Then he helped Warwick to overthrow Somerset, and was rewarded in a characteristic way. Somerset had refused to recognise the legality of Northampton's marriage with a second wife while his first was still alive. But when Northampton became one of the triumvirate which ruled England for a time, they passed an Act of Parliament for his special benefit. It was the first time such an Act had been passed. Hitherto the Bible had governed the English marriage-law, now it was deposed and expediency took its place; for the first time in England a man was allowed to take a second wife before the death of his first, and the man was the son of the owner of Lilley. Even Henry VIII. in all his matrimonial vagaries had never suggested that a second wife was allowed. Catherine of Arragon was declared never to have been his wife at all, and strictly speaking it is incorrect to speak of the *divorce* of Catherine. It was the same with Anne of Cleves. Before he married Jane Seymour he beheaded Anne Boleyn, and before he married Catherine Parr he executed Catherine Howard. Henry VIII. seems quite old-fashioned in his morality. He was not nearly so progressive as his pupils, of whom Northampton, in this particular, was the most advanced of all.

Northampton continued to plot. He knew he had little claim to expect favour from the Princess Mary if she became queen, so he supported the fiasco which set up Lady Jane Grey as her rival. For this he was condemned to be executed. With death before his eyes he

promptly abandoned all the Protestantism which had paid him so well. On the day fixed for his execution he went to Mass in the Chapel in the Tower. It was noticed he said devoutly, with Bishop Gardiner, the confession in the service.

One of the Harleian MSS. describes the scene—
 “After the mass was done the Duke of Northumberland rose up, and looked back upon my lord Marquis of Northampton, and came unto him, asking them all forgiveness, the one after the other, upon their knees, one to another; and the one did heartily forgive the other. And then they came, every one of them, before the altar, every one of them kneeling, and confessing to the Bishop that they were the same men in the faith according as they had confessed to him before, and that they would all die in the Catholic Faith. When they had all received the Sacrament they rose and turned to the people, and the Duke said—Truly, good people, I profess here before you all that I have received the Sacrament according to the true Catholic Faith; and the plague that is upon the realm and upon us now is that we have erred from the faith these sixteen years; and this I protest unto you all from the bottom of my heart. Northampton did affirm the same with weeping tears.”
 Froude says “the shame of their apostasy shook down the frail edifice of the Protestant constitution;” certainly Mary easily restored the Papal authority. Mary pardoned him, and he showed his gratitude by sharing in Wyatt’s rebellion. Again he wriggled out of the noose.

Of course his career reminds us at once of Shaftesbury and Dryden’s summary of his character in the person of Achitophel, the cunning Hebrew politician who never shrank from unscrupulous means to secure his own advancement—

“For close designs and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfixed in principles or place.”

But the parallel is far from exact, and Northampton’s ability fell far short of Shaftesbury’s. He was a typical politician of his day—selfish, unscrupulous, untrustworthy, aiming only at his own personal advancement, destitute of real ability even in plotting, destitute of principle, destitute even of physical courage. For-

fortunately for him he had a sister who was able to save his unworthy life again and again—Catherine Parr, Matilda Green's daughter. For I presume it was his relationship to the Queen Dowager that saved him so often.

She, for her part, managed to steer adroitly through the quicksands both of politics and matrimony, and they were equally dangerous. I mentioned the large amount of matrimony which marked the Tudor times. Catherine Parr is a good example of it. She first married an old man who was half-witted and soon died. She was then about sixteen and married Lord Latimer, again an old man; he had been twice widowed. On his death she was practically engaged to Sir Thomas Seymour, when Henry VIII. came along and carried her off. But she managed to marry Seymour in the end, after all. It was not such a happy marriage as might have been expected, for Seymour soon began to flirt with the Princess Elizabeth, then aged fifteen. Catherine on her deathbed accused him of poisoning her so as to marry the future queen. Seymour immediately pressed his suit on Elizabeth, and I remember Creighton at Cambridge saying that the scandal which ensued taught Elizabeth a lesson she never forgot; she never married.

Well, ordinary historical literature has given us ample details of various owners of Lilley in Tudor times. The history books also tell us of other less famous people, too, who were closely connected with Lilley. One of Katherine of Arragon's judges was Richard Lyster. He bought Putteridge--of course as a speculation. He soon sold it to John Docwra of Temple Dinsley. Thomas Wendy, Henry VIII.'s physician, was one of Sir Nicholas Vaux's trustees and presented to the living of Lilley during a minority. He wrote some medical works, and was one of the witnesses to Henry VIII.'s will.

Now we pass to quite different people. In the next century the assistant priest at Lilley from 1628 to 1638 was William Janeway. He went on to Aspenden. When the clergy were given the option of breaking their ordination vows or being ejected from their livings, William Janeway became Rector of Ayot St. Lawrence, two years later obtaining the more lucrative living of Kelsall. He had several sons who obtained some notoriety as Puritan

preachers and writers. His two eldest sons were born at Lilley and the second, John, was a prodigy of learning. Taught by his father he could read Hebrew at the age of eleven. He became scholar and afterwards Fellow of King's College, Cambridge. While at Cambridge he was "converted," and afterwards occasionally preached, though he was never formally ordained by any religious body. In 1823 the Rector of Kelsall placed in the Church a tablet to his memory. He died at the age of 23 of consumption.

James Janeway, the fourth son, was a student of Christ Church, and Calamy includes him among the Puritan ministers who in 1662 were obliged to surrender the Church livings they had obtained while the Church of England was forbidden by Parliament. But there is no evidence in support of this. In 1665, however, he began to preach in London, and when Charles II. issued his Declaration of Indulgence, giving considerable help to Protestants and a little to Roman Catholics, a Meeting House was built for Janeway in Rotherhithe. There he became very acceptable. Anthony Wood in his *Athenæ Oxoniensis* describes him as "much respected of his persuasion, and admired for a forward and precious young man, especially by those of the female sex." This rouses to fury the author of the *History of Dissenting Churches and Meeting Houses in London*, and he stigmatises it as "the calumny of a foul-mouthed writer." James also died of consumption at the age of 38. He was buried in the Church of St. Mary Aldermanbury, near his brother Abraham. He published several sermons and some devotional books. These include *Heaven upon Earth*, *The Saint's Encouragement*, *A Token for Children*, and *Invisibles and Realities—the holy life and death of Mr. John Janeway (his brother)*. This last had a commendatory epistle by Baxter, and gives an extraordinary dying speech of his father, and detailed accounts of John's private devotions, some of which the writer says he hid himself to witness. Of his brother he tells that "every day was a Sabbath and every conversation a sermon." His deathbed was a field of triumph—never perhaps, he says, was piety more exalted or victory over death more complete. In this case too he gives a remarkable deathbed oration.

Joseph Janeway, the youngest brother, was a Churchman and in the account of the family prefixed to James' life is dismissed in four lines.

James' own funeral sermon was preached by Mr. Vincent, who tells us he killed himself by overwork—"he chose, like the candle, to consume that he might give light to others." He praises the elegant fluency of his prayers, and again we have an extraordinary deathbed scene, with a great conflict with Satan. The devil buffeted him but eventually retired discomfited, and James died peacefully breathing a prayer for Christian unity.

Two other books of his—*Instances of Sea Dangers and Deliverances* and *The Saint's Memorial*—were published after his death, the latter under the editorship of Calamy. His writings are of course characteristically prolix and verbose, and are therefore unquotable: to give any adequate idea of them very long passages would be required. His *Token for Children* still enjoys a reputation, and in quite recent years has been reprinted by the Religious Tract Society—much abbreviated. It is described in the sub-title as "An account of the conversion, holy and exemplary lives, and joyful deaths of young children." The *Dictionary of National Biography* describes it as an "extraordinary collection." Let me give you some examples. He tells us of a child whose conversion, at between the ages of eight and nine, was shown by her weeping and praying incessantly. Not content with this she got her little brothers and sisters into a chamber with her and told them of their sinful condition, wept over them and prayed for them. She grew a paragon till at the age of fourteen she broke a vein in her lungs and died; and we have a harrowing and affecting deathbed scene. A certain little boy, aged between two and three years, would be crying after God and was greatly desirous to be taught good things. He would not go to bed till after prayers, which he found too short. He loved to be put upon his knees by himself in corners. He also loved sermons. He quickly learnt to read the Bible, though his tears and sobs nearly hindered him from seeing the words. When he was at secret prayers he would also weep bitterly. His conduct was so heavenly and his discourse so excellent and

experimental, that those who heard him were astonished. Of course he would never play on what James calls the Sabbath, i.e. Sunday, but was busy in prayers, reading the Bible or learning the Catechism—not, of course, the Church Catechism. He died at the age of six. Charles Bridgeman had no sooner learned to speak than he betook himself to prayer. He used to rebuke his brothers for their worldliness, and made a remarkable attempt to convert a Turk. Most sensibly he began by giving him a pot of beer, in order to make him think better of Christians. He rebuked his brother and sister for liking new clothes, telling them that if it were not for sin we should have no need for clothes at all. He also rebuked his mother for buying him a pair of breeches with ribbons at the knees, which he stigmatised as a useless extravagance.

Such stories as these follow one another in great numbers—told quite simply and naïvely, and with appropriate reflections.

Lilley has another point of connection with the Puritans. In 1655 there was a collection at Lilley for the Piedmontese. To help the Vaudois a large sum was raised in England. To stir up zeal Milton issued his famous sonnet, "Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints," and the books tell us it was "this trumpet call to Puritan England" which opened the purse-strings. I hope it was. Whether Milton's sonnet was widely read at Lilley I know not, but Cromwell's Ordinance for a Day of Self-Denial to aid the fund was enforced there, as everywhere. £1 1s. od. was collected—a large sum for so small a place.

There is also a tradition that John Bunyan preached in the house now occupied by the blacksmith.

In 1730 the patronage of the living was purchased by the best College in the best University, and for 150 years afterwards only Fellows of the College could be presented. I hoped, therefore, that some of the Rectors during that time would provide me with material for this paper. But they have all proved disappointing.

The first Johnian Rector had been the Duke of Bedford's chaplain when the Duke went to Versailles in 1762 to negotiate the Peace of Paris. I hoped he would have

left some memoirs, but I can find nothing. Nor can I find any mention of him in the Bedford Correspondence.

With the next Rector, also a wrangler, I have also drawn a blank.

Then came Dr. Bland, 1823—68. He was 2nd Wrangler, and Fellow of the learned Societies—Royal, Antiquaries and Astronomical. He was a famous mathematical teacher. But he was much more than merely a mathematician. The old tradition that scholarship meant wide reading had not yet disappeared, and Bland's Doctorate was in Divinity. He was Prebendary of Wells Cathedral. His chief published works are—*Geometrical Problems . . . from the first six Books of Euclid*, *Algebraical Problems* (a very popular schoolbook; it was first published in 1812 and a 9th edition appeared in 1849), *Elements of Hydrostatics, Mechanical and Philosophical Problems*, and *Annotations on the Historical Books of the New Testament*. Of these only two volumes were published—St. Matthew and St. Mark. So early as 1830 the rest of the work was advertised as "in a state of forwardness," and the volume on the Acts of the Apostles it was promised "will be published shortly." But it never saw the light. I looked to see what he meant by "Philosophical Problems;" he meant problems in Trigonometry, Hydrostatics, Optics and Astronomy.

In the great window of the College Library Dr. Bland's Coat of Arms appears among those of benefactors. The Library contains some 800 books from his collection, many of which are interesting and valuable as illustrating the history and development of the science of mathematics. His works were also used in the early days of Western education in India. I found them used in a series of compilations issued for the benefit of the Bengalese in the middle of the 19th century—a sort of boiling down of Western knowledge. The series included history, science and literature. It was issued under the patronage of the Governor of Bengal and was dedicated to the Governor General of India. The editor was the Rev. K. M. Banerjee, who was evidently an earlier Northcliffe. For example, he gave the aspiring Baboo the whole History of Rome in about one hundred pages—English on one page and Hindustanee facing it.

What the Hindustanee is like I am not competent to say, but the English is of the style made famous by *Punch* a few years ago. On the title-page is a quaint woodcut showing (as it says) "Lilavati catechised on Mathematics." Lilavati is a Sanscrit book whence Hindoo mathematicians used to derive their geometrical knowledge and in the woodcut it is, I suppose, personified. A female figure stands before a blackboard on which a learned pedagogue—presumably the Rev. K. M. Banerjee—is drawing diagrams. Mathematicians would doubtless find something of interest in Dr. Bland's mathematical books, and there are a few points of interest in his religious books. But I could find nothing suitable for quotation here—even his dedications to great men like the Lord Chancellor of England and the Chancellors of the University are so much less verbose than was usual that they contain nothing characteristic.

I end here: and perhaps you will say I should have been wiser had I remembered earlier Thomas Vaux's advice—

"He speaketh best that hath the skill when for to hold his peace."
