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LAMBETH PALACE, OR "YE ARCHBISHOP'S INNE."*

A RIVER of many springs in its bright beginnings among the Cotswold Hills, of many turnings as it gathers depth and speed upon its pleasant way through lush green fields, with farm-houses and sheep and browsing kine, and slopes where castles, palaces, and towers of churches rise between the curving opens of the woods; a river of many bridges too, quaint spans of plank where its bed is laid with rushes, ruddy of brick where the mills and weirs wax busy, and sombrely grand of well-massed stone where the towns have thickened to its verges: such is the river Thames, until at last, wider and swifter and muddier much, yet fair with sky hues still, and very hard worked with every sort of craft that plies for trade or floats for pleasure, it comes rushing in to London town, staying its force a little as it nears the walls of beautiful old Lambeth Palace, thence swirling demurely across to the steps of the towers of Parliament, as if it cherished recollections of the days when church and state, when mace and mitre, wrought their decrees in the jealous intimacy of much conflicting lust of power; then hurrying on beneath the arches of Westminster Bridge to join its crowded water life to the crowded shore life of certainly the largest, perhaps the loveliest, surely the saddest, city in the world.

In describing the palace of Lambeth it is natural to speak, and even to speak first, of this fine river, still flowing so near it, which used to wash its very walls, and rock the archbishop's barge in its old moorings at the palace stairs, which has borne so many scholars and prelates bond and free, so many kings and queens and lordly retinues, to and from its portals. And it is from the river, from the decks of the little steamers speeding by, that its irregular outlines mass in most harmonious effect to the eye.

The history of this stately pile, for upward of seven centuries the home and the official seat of the Archbishops of Canterbury, is not only the story of the English Church in its amities and enmities with the Church of Rome; of the archiepiscopates of more than fifty primates during England's most contentious period of civil, political, and religious evolution; and in its motley structure a record of the art and architectural changes of the ages that have produced it; but it is a romance of court and cloister as strange in its tragic verities, in the crimes and virtues of its actors, the splendor and the shadow of its scenes, as the most improbable of modern tales.

Its Saxon name, originally spelled Lamhethe or Lamehithe, signified "dirty station," which it must have been before the present Thames Embankment was built. One spelling, Lambhyd, "or lambs' harbor," had apparently no other foundation than that of an æsthetic impulse shrinking from the former meaning.

In very early times Lambeth was a royal manor—the Saxon kings lived there, and it was part of the estate of the Countess Goda, sister of Edward the Confessor. It changed hands during the Saxon-Danish wars, but later came to its own again. There is no certain account of what Goda's palace was like, but discussion and deeds of conveyance show that it stood on the present site of Lambeth.

As a home for the archbishops, Lam-

* It is a pleasure to publicly acknowledge my debt to His Grace the late Archbishop of Canterbury and his family for their kind attention and courtesy; to bishops and canons of the English Church for valuable information; to the officials of the British Museum, especially to Mr. C. H. Coote and Mr. J. P. Andersen, and to Miss Frances Hays, who most kindly assisted me in my researches. Z. B. G.

beth—in those days out of the see of Canterbury—was a kind of protest on the part of the English Church against the Church of Rome, and the initiative in this recession was taken by Archbishop Baldwin, who could not "get on" with the monks of Canterbury, and chose, with the countenance of Henry II., a site at Hackington, where he could bring around him a chapter of canons apart from them. This scheme had the favor of a papal bull, but jealousy quickly got that revoked, and at Baldwin's death the monks pulled down his chapel.

Some years later Lambeth—"there being reserved only a small piece of land sufficient to erect a mansion for the Bishops of Rochester whenever they came to Parliament"—became by legal process of exchange the sole property of the see of Canterbury, and a successor of Archbishop Baldwin, about 1197, began to rebuild thereon. Once more the froward cowls of Canterbury drew down on this design three successive papal anathemas, but though his work was destroyed, the archbishop staid on at Lambeth without his college and canons; and that, after its final transfer to the see of Canterbury, Lambeth was the fixed dwelling of the primates is plain from the consecutive record of their activities. It is believed that the consecration of Thomas à Becket took place here, and that as many as five hundred consecrations occurred between the archiepiscopates of Warham and Sumner, and though these ceremonies now more frequently occur in the Abbey, St. Paul's, and elsewhere, Lambeth Palace is not less the "original centre of Anglican Church life." Among accounts of many feasts and assemblies are details of two very large conventions of church, state, university, and law dignitaries banqueting most luxuriously at "ye Archbishop's Inne" at Lambeth in 1408 and 1446; for in spite of the struggle between Rome and the English episcopate it had its cardinals, and because they were learned men in times when few were so, they often held state and judicial offices, and there were eleven Lord Chancellors among them during the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Of course the prestige of the great influence this gave them with both church and state still attaches to the primacy. In 1501, Catherine of Aragon rested here with her ladies on her first coming to England; and here, on the 28th of May, 1533, while this most womanly wife and queen was still living, the marriage of her faithless husband with the Lady Anne Boleyn was confirmed by Cranmer—that same Cranmer who gave to the clergy the oath assigning the royal succession to her heirs, yet only two years later, when seated judicially in the under-chapel (crypt) of the palace, annulled the marriage itself, having artfully tempted the captive and already sentenced queen to avow "some just and lawful impediment to her marriage with the king," in the hope of avoiding the stake for herself and her adherents. From that dark crypt the miserable young queen, dishonored by the king, betrayed by her highest earthly spiritual adviser, and forced to affirm in her own disgrace the disinheritance of her offspring, went forth only to the scaffold, and the third day after her beheading, her maid, Jane Seymour, took her place as the wife of Henry VIII.

It is strange reading that in the very next year (1537), by virtue of the Royal Commission, various conventions of the archbishops and bishops were held at Lambeth to "devise the Godly and Pious Disposition of a Christian Man," known to history as the *Bishops' Book*.

And it seems not so inscrutable as many of the so-called acts of Divine Providence that these meetings should have been dispersed by the plague, "persons dying even at the palace gate." That strange man, the eighth Henry, once came in his barge to the foot of the "Water Tower," and called his tool Cranmer down the stairs to tell him of certain plottings of Bishop Gardiner and other of Cranmer's enemies, and put him in the way of triumphing over them.

Among other royal visitors of the past have been Queen Mary, who often called on her favorite Cardinal Pole, and is said to have completely furnished the palace for him; and Queen Elizabeth, who frequently visited Archbishop Parker, whom she warmly liked in spite of his having a wife, a married prelate being the gravest incongruity in her eyes. There is a funny account of her behavior when parting from them after one of these visits. She had been entertained with much devotion and luxury, and could not help feeling grateful even to *Mrs.* Parker. "Madam I may not call you," said the maiden queen, "and mistress I must not call you;

GATEWAY OF LAMBETH PALACE IN 1810.

yet, though I know not what to call you, I do thank you."

Another queen came to the palace, not as a guest, but as a fugitive. On the 9th of December, 1688, James II.'s unfortunate wife, the beautiful Mary of Modena, in the disguise of an Italian washer-woman, came flying from Whitehall, through dreadful wind and rain, in a little open boat, across the Thames to the foot of the Water Tower, with her six-months old child, the future "Pretender," in her arms, rolled up as a bundle of linen. The coach in which she expected to go on to Gravesend was not there, and she hid in the angle of the tower till it came and she could make her escape.

Queen Victoria visited the palace during the primacies of Archbishops Howley, Sumner, and Longley, and the late archbishop, Dr. Archibald Campbell Tait, received the Prince of Wales at Lambeth.

In sailing down the Thames the oldest portions of the palace are first to meet the eye—the tower of the parish church, close to those of the fine Gate-house, the roof and west façade of the Great Hall (Juxon's), Lollards' Tower, the lesser tower, and the graceful lancet windows of the chapel. Portions of the palace show great antiquity, though it is not known whether any of it is of the actual Saxon fabric of the Countess Goda, or whether her palace was identical with that reported to have been repaired by Archbishops Langton and Hubert Walter. Certainly it fell into decay until the advent (1216) of Archbishop Boniface.

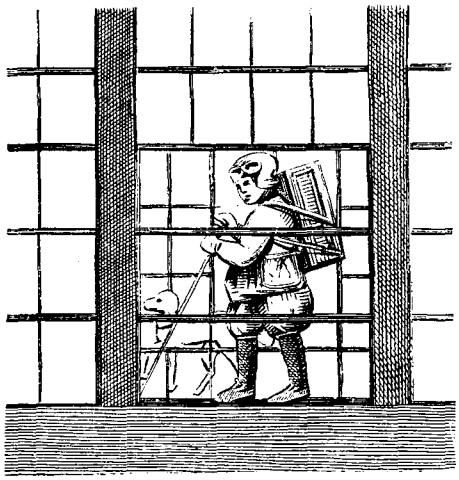
This Boniface must have been a very choleric and doughty fellow. While on a visit to the priory of St. Bartholomew, in Smithfield, he entered into a spontaneous and deadly wrangle with its prior and canons over some simple matter, and when the indignant canons unclerically but manfully fell upon him tooth and nail, he, after much and telling usage of his powerful fists and scathing tongue, fled away to Lambeth. There he got the king's ear against the canons, and actually excommunicated them. Pope Urban IV. viewed the matter, however, in another light, and bade Boniface, in expiation of his outrageous conduct, restore and increase the Lambeth Palace.

Some authorities think Boniface's predecessor did the actual work upon borrowed sums, while Boniface boasted that

in paying off their debts the new erections were practically his.

By 1321 (the time of Archbishop Reynolds) the enlargements and improvements of his successors had made the palace an imposing structure. To be orderly in our tour of it we should begin with the parish church, so near as to be almost integral with it, and of which the Doomsday-book and the *Textus Roffense* both have record. It was extensively renovated so late as 1769, but these alterations, especially in the matters of architectural and ecclesiastical art details, were euphoniously condemned as "injudicious treatment," and all but the tower was pulled down and rebuilt in 1851.

The restoration was so capably pushed it was completed in little more than a year, and the church re-opened in 1852 by the Bishop of Winchester, and the voluntary vote of the parishioners, together with other collections, speedily cleared away the £2000 still due on the work. It has long galleries, closely paved and mostly wainscoted, and the western gallery holds a fine organ put there in the reign of Queen Anne. At the bottom of the



THE PEDDLER AND HIS DOG.

middle compartment of the southeast window on a pane of glass is painted the portrait of a peddler and his dog. Tradition explains this quaint design to the effect that about the year 1608 a peddler gave a plot of ground called "Peddler's Acre" to Lambeth parish on condition that he and his dog should figure forever in a painted window of the church. Inscriptions on the pavement are nearly worn away, though one fine bass-relief design lies well preserved under a door mat. Queer tablets are set in the walls with a mummyish death's-head-and-cross-bones effect; but it is a pleasant place to muse in quite alone on those rare English afternoons when the sunlight steals down through the tiny stained window in the belfry.

The peal of eight bells in the tower is certainly a step in advance of the wooden rattles with which previous to 680 the people were raspingly summoned to public worship. "The English are vastly fond of great noises that fill the air," wrote Hentzner at the close of the sixteenth century, "such as firing of cannon, beating of drums, and ringing of bells; . . . . it is common that a number of them which have got a glass in their heads do get up into some belfry, and ring bells for hours together for the sake of exercise. Hence this country has been called 'the ringing island.'" There are quaint board records in the church tower of these and other ringings.

In the adjoining church-yard rest the ashes of Bishops Thirlby and Turnstall and several of the primates; and here stands the curiously devised and carved tomb of the Tradescant family, whose united collections of natural history were the beginning of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It has the following inscription:

"Know, stranger, ere thou pass, beneath this stone
Lye John Tradescant, grandsire, father, son;
The last died in his spring, the other two
Lived till they'd travelled Art and Nature through;
As by their choice collections may appear,
Of what is rare in land, in sea and air,
Whilst they (as Homer's Iliad in a nut)
A world of wonders in one closet shut.
These famous antiquarians, that had been
Both gardeners to the rose and lily queen,
Transplanted now, themselves sleep here, and when
Angels shall with their trumpets waken men,
And fire shall purge the world, these hence shall rise,
And change this garden for a paradise."

The church tower stands so close to the Gate-house as to look, from the river, like a larger tower of that fine structure, which, standing on the same site as the earlier one, was built in 1484 by Archbishop Morton, and is known as Morton's Gateway.

Probably neither in England nor in all Europe is there another piece of architect-

From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

LIBRARY AND GATEWAY LEADING TO LAMBETH PALACE.

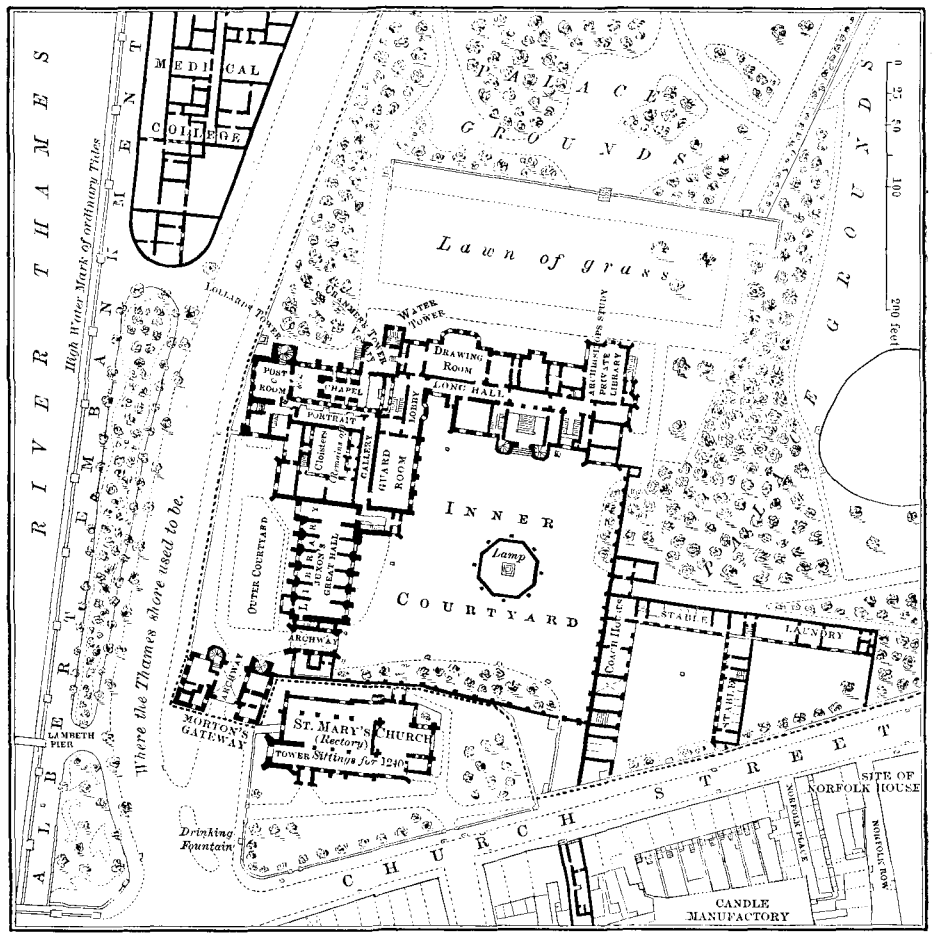
ure which has brought so much of beauty and grandeur as safely through all the natural and made vicissitudes of four centuries. It is built of red brick, with stone dressings, and faces the south. In the first story of the middle portion are the large arched Tudor doorway and smaller arched postern to the right, and a large window looks out from the middle of the second story. This centre piece is flanked by two square and massive towers five stories in height, and heavily battlemented.

At this gate was distributed the "immemorial dole." The meaning of the word "dole"—"share" or "portion"—was very literally observed in those days, the archbishops making up munificent "alms dishes" from their own tables, adding also sums of money. This charity sometimes reached a very grand scale, Archbishop Winchelsey being specially mentioned by Godwin as having "therein excelled all before or after him."

"He maintained," says Godwin, "many poor scholars at the universities, and was exceedingly bountiful to other persons in distress.... Besides the daily fragments of his house, he gave every Friday and Sunday unto every beggar that came to his door a loafe of bread of a farthing price, sufficient for one person one day.... And there were usually on such alms days in times of dearth to the number of 5000, but in a plentiful time 4000, and seldom or nev-

er under, which alone summed up £500 per annum.... Over and above this he used to give, every great festival day, 150 pence to as many poore people; to send daily meate, drink, and bread unto such as by reason of age and sickness were not able to fetch alms at his gate; and to send money, meate, and apparell to such as he thought wanted the same and were ashamed to beg."

The dole at Lambeth in 1806 consisted of fifteen quartern loaves, nine stone of beef, and five shillings in halfpence. The beef was made into broth with oatmeal, and the whole dole, divided in three equal portions, was distributed among thirty poor persons, who came to receive it in installments of ten persons every Sunday, Tuesday, and Thursday in rotation. This "dole" continues to be distributed. Entering by the postern, we come under the groined roof of the gateway to the larger open arch which faces the north upon the outer court-yard of the grounds. On the right hand is the door of the porter's lodge, and across to the left, through a door of open iron grating, are glimpses of laundry and culinary arrangements. Passing beyond the arch, immediately to the right is a door leading by a winding stone stair to upper rooms in the eastern gate tower, a portion separate in its internal management from the rest of the Gate-house. There, in olden times, was a



PLAN OF LAMBETH PALACE AND GROUNDS.

strongly grated opening in the wall (since turned into a closet), where warders took note of all who passed up or down the stairs. Directly opposite this is a passage through a very thick wall, with heavy double doors, leading to a small room now used as a kitchen. Huge iron rings still fixed in its walls, and inscriptions near and around the iron-barred narrow windows, are similar to those in the dungeon of Lollards' Tower, and it is believed that the overflow from that dismal eyrie were shut in here together, and their convictions frequently secured through the detestable process of eaves-dropping.

In the western tower of the Gate-house a doorway of the same sort has been closed up. In this tower the first floor was the sitting-room and sanctum of Archbishop Morton. On the second floor is the record or muniment room, where were stored the archives of the see, since removed to the fire-proof manuscript room next to Juxon's Hall.

The record room, with its massive door, "spandreled fire-place," and ceils and walls of oak, is a stately presence-chamber, though its cracking seams now lean on strong supports.

Along the south side of the outer court-yard extends what is now called Juxon's Hall, formerly known as the Great Hall. Nothing certain is known of its first foundation, but it existed in the time of Edward II., and the design of the handsome ceiling is supposed to have originated with Archbishop Chicheley. It was spoiled in the time of the Commonwealth, but on the restoration of King Charles, Juxon, in his brief episcopate of three years, expended £10,000 in rebuilding the hall, making as exact a re-creation as possible, in spite of strong influences and counsels in favor of newer designs.

At the south end of Juxon's Hall is a second covered archway, leading into the inner square court-yard. By a small door in the left wall of this arch we enter this hall, and find it a noble room nearly 100 feet long, over 50 feet high, by 38 feet broad. A louvre or lantern-house rises from the roof, and the vane bears the arms of the "see of Canterbury impaling those of Juxon, with a mitre over them, and the date 1663."

The five west windows rise between their deep buttresses to the very roof, and in the north bay beyond, what used to be a doorway is now a beautiful window, in which has been placed all that could be recovered of the glass of the windows of the old hall, comprising likenesses of the saints Jerome, Gregory, and Augustine, and the young portrait of Chicheley, queerly encircled with Parker's motto. Other strange fragments, memorials of Edward III., Philip of Spain, and the age of Queen Mary, together with the brilliant coats of arms of later archbishops, particularly of those connected with the library—for Juxon's Hall is now the palace library—brighten this interesting window, and the arms of Bancroft and Howley appear again in panels in the north and south end walls. The coats of arms of the twelve archbishops who have taken the greatest interest in and given most to the growth of the library have recently, and at his own expense, been placed at the entrances to the book alcoves, at the tops of the cases, by the present librarian, Mr. S. W. Kershaw. The room is wainscoted, and has a paved floor; oak, chestnut, and other woods are wrought into the beautiful ceiling.

"Ah, ma'am," says the gate-keeper's wife, who goes with us, and plainly loves every inch of the old palace, "if you could only stand here when the snow is coming down, when the thick soft flakes fill the air with that wonderful whiteness, then such a strange and beautiful light comes in, ma'am, through the lantern up there, and slips into all the little places where you can see only the shadows now, and brings out all the carvings quite clear in a dim golden light. Oh, it's in a snow-storm you should see that roof, ma'am!"

Between some of the buttresses are thriftily growing some cuttings from the famous white Marseilles fig-trees said to have been planted by Cardinal Pole, which in 1806 rose fifty feet from the soil, covered an area of forty feet, and bore delicious fruit.

The original use for such halls as these, both in Lambeth Palace and other great English mansions, was hospitality. Besides the hospitable Winchelsey, whose enormous charities I have cited, Cranmer, Pole, and Parker were eminent for the same virtue, and this great hall saw noteworthy gatherings.

In Knight's *London* I find that Cranmer's *ménage* comprised the following list of officers: "Steward, treasurer, comptroller, gamators, clerk of the kitchen, ca-

terers, clerk of the spicery, yeoman of the ewry, bakers, pantlers, yeomen of the horse, yeoman ushers, butlers of wine and ale, larderers, squilleries, ushers of the hall, porter ushers of the chamber, daily waiters in the great chamber, marshal, groom, ushers, almoner, cooks, chandler, butchers, master of the horse, yeomen of the wardrobe, and harbingers." And Philip and Mary gave Cardinal Pole a patent to retain one hundred servants. From all this service we can imagine what great and generous state was kept up at the palace.

Meals were served here (Juxon's Hall) at three tables, the guests and household being seated in order of precedence. "There was a monitor of the hall," says one chronicler, "and if it happened that any one spoke too loud, or concerning things less decent, it was presently hushed by one that cried 'Silence!'"—which would be a sensible custom for some fashionable dining salons of to-day. All strangers met with full and gentle courtesy, and were assigned to their appropriate places at the archbishop's "well-spread board."

Sometimes, however, the burden of the hospitality was confessedly felt to be too onerous, as in the primacy of Archbishop Abbot when the High Commission Court sitting for Surrey was held at Lambeth. On every Thursday while its term lasted, the palace was literally filled, the lords assembling there, together with the justices of the whole county. "And besides all this great labor for my servants," says Abbot's own account, "it cost me some £2000 in money; but I gave them entertainment and sate with them, albeit I said nothing, for the confusion was so great I knew not what to make of it."

Besides consecration banquets, two meetings of the Houses of Convocation adjourned here, once from St. Paul's and once from Westminster, owing to the illnesses of Archbishops Kemp and Whitgift. It was in this hall that the oath giving the royal succession to the heirs of Anne Boleyn was administered to the clergy by Cranmer; here that Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher stoutly repudiated it; here that Cranmer and his foe Bonner recriminated when Bonner and Gardiner were called before the primate, deposed, and sent to prison; here that Cranmer himself was sentenced to death. Here, too, in 1554, came the contrasting meeting when "the whole body of the reform-tainted bishops and clergy were summoned by Archbishop Pole, with Bonner and Gardiner at his side," and were absolved of their heresies, and instructed for their future course.

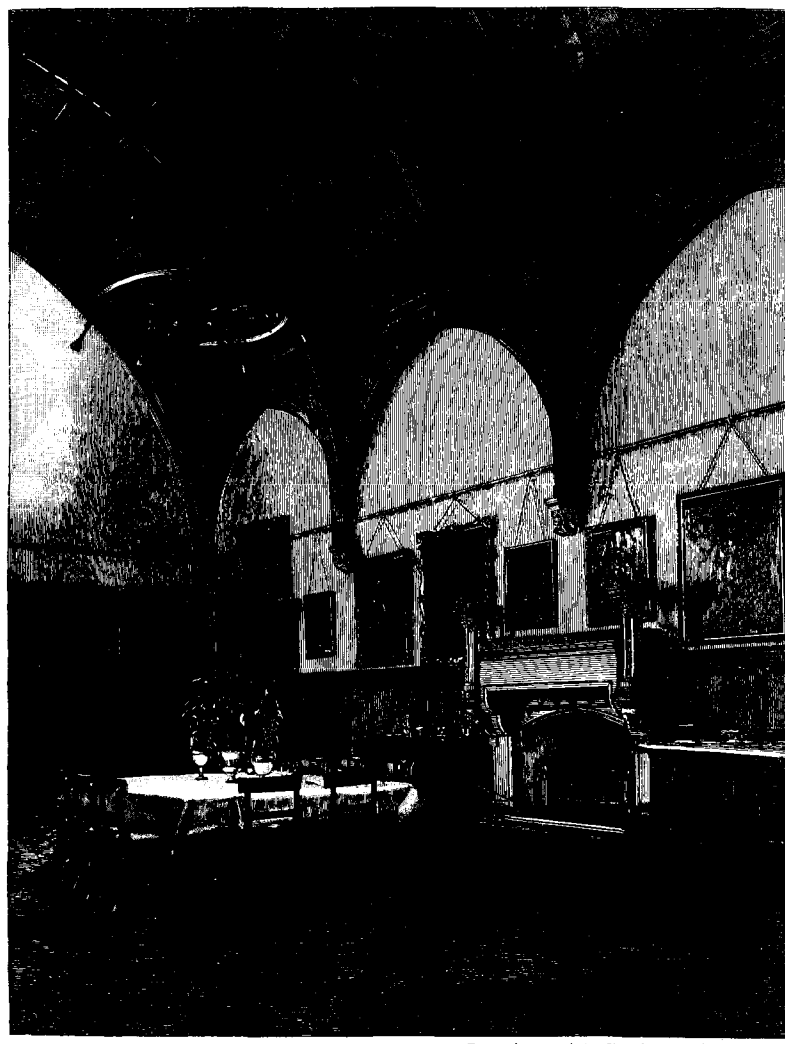
Again, some forty years later, was convoked here the equally contrasting assembly, presided over by Whitgift, acting "as a self-constituted body" to draw up the so-called "Lambeth Articles," which were kept in abeyance by Elizabeth. Gradually this hall fell into comparative disuse until 1829, when Archbishop Howley came to the see, and began to repair the palace.

He spent £75,000—half the sum from his own purse—and was careful to preserve whatever was really ancient or of historic interest, but had small scruple in pulling down the "patchwork jumble" that had been barnacled upon it during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Room was thus made for the fine modern buildings of the architect Blore's construction, which reach eastward into the gardens and front on the inner court-yard.

Howley fitted up the hall with bookcases and reading alcoves, to receive the valuable library of ecclesiastical and theological history, exquisitely painted works of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, art treasures in illuminated MSS. and missals now stored there, and the series of archiepiscopal registers from A.D. 1279 to 1747, entire but for a single break of twenty-seven years between 1322 and 1349, comprising the registers of four archbishops, supposed to have been transferred to Rome. Since the time of Archbishop Potter this series of registers has been kept at Doctors' Commons.

Lambeth Palace had no public library before the seventeenth century, when Archbishop Bancroft began to gather one, and at his death left the whole of his fine collection for the use of his successors forever, and so wisely protected this bequest in his will that it could not, in any of the violent changes that followed, be averted from its lawful heirs. Abbot, Secker, Cornwallis, and other primates added their books to the generous gift of Bancroft, and in 1826 there were 25,000 volumes. They were, of course, "learned, rare, and curious works;" and besides ecclesiastics and polemics, English history and topography with some wonderful embellishments, and romance, poetry, and general literature.

Now the library has increased to 30,000 volumes, besides religious, historical, and political pamphlets. Large gaps in the theological department were supplied by Professor Selwyn, of Cambridge. The records of the see and about 2000 MSS. are in the fire-proof room adjoining. Archbishops Manners-Sutton and Howley gave much to the library, and their initials or autographs mark the gifts of the successive donors. Among famous autographs are those of Fox and Cranmer, one of King Charles I., in a life of Archbishop Laud, and a MS. has the signature of Canute. Tinted illustrations of the old towers and fortresses that survived the Irish agitations of Elizabeth's rule are in a curious work entitled *Ireland Appeased*. One of the four existing vellum copies of the Mazarin Bible, with its profusion of richly artistic initial letters, is here in excellent preservation; also the very scarce Aggas *Plan of London*, and the collection by Cornwallis of the print portraits



From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

THE GUARD-ROOM, LAMBETH PALACE.

of the archbishops from the Reformation downward. The MSS. illustrative of many styles of art show specially fine specimens of the Anglo-Irish, Anglo-Saxon, French, English, Flemish, Italian, and Persian illuminations. That of the *Notable Wise Dictes and Sayings of Philosophers* shows its translator, the Earl of Rivers, in the act of presenting Caxton, the printer, to the king, queen, Duke of York, and court. The earl had discreetly omitted from the work certain malicious comments on women, which the sly Caxton, first humorously deprecating, took good care to insert in full as an appendix. A rare MS. of *Gospels of MacDurnan*, illustrated in Irish art, was given to the city of Canterbury in A.D. 900 by King Athelstan. The *St. Albans Chronicle* of the fifteenth century has nineteen large and fifty small illuminations, the Apocalypse of St. John, with seventy-eight illustrations in gold and deep coloring, is very rich, and so is the Limoges missal, a beautiful specimen of French art. The school of Persian art is represented by two copies of the Koran in Arabic text, splendidly illuminated in white, blue, and gold, with Oriental enamelling. Of a fine example of Italian art Archbishop Laud wrote in his diary (1637): "A book in vellum, fair written, containing the records which are in the Tower, I got done at my own charge, and have left it in my study at Lambeth for posterity."

The library is open to the public under proper regulations, the MSS. may be copied from, and are even lent out upon signed orders from the archbishop. Under archbishop Longley it was opened for three days in the week, and this privilege was increased to five days by the late primate, Dr. Tait, and modern works are lent out as in other libraries.

The librarians have been scholarly men, beginning with the pre-eminently learned Dr. Henry Wharton, personal friend of Archbishop Sancroft, and author of the *Anglia Sacra*. Among his successors were Dr. Edmund Gibson, Tenison's chaplain, afterward Bishop of Lincoln, and Camden's editor; Dr. David Wilkins, editor of *Concilia Magna*, etc.; Dr. Ducarel, a profound antiquarian, albeit Walpole testily called him "a poor creature," and author, among much other work, of a very valuable history of Lambeth; Dr. Maitland, in Howley's time; and John Richard Green, the historian of the English people. The present librarian, Mr. S. W. Kershaw, author of an exhaustive catalogue of the "Art Treasures of Lambeth," has in press a new and larger work treating of this famous library.

Leaving it by the northeast door, we enter a square room with nothing in it but a stairway, and by this we reach the long picture-gallery, running first to the north and then to the west, just as the old cloisters and galleries used to lie.

In this quadrangle, sometimes called Pole's Gallery, the paintings are what the apothecary's boy called a "mixtur," mostly portraits of Church dignitaries. Some are exceedingly good; one, said to be a likeness of Bishop Potter in his sixth year, represents the little fellow in a bishop's dress. The head is large, the face bright, with a sweet gravity of expression, and he holds in one hand a book supposed to be the Greek Testament, his finger between the leaves at the point he has reached in reading it.

From this gallery we enter the Guard-room, once as significant in its appointments, as it still is in name, of the time when the primates were not only spiritual but feudal lords and law officers of the Crown, and defended their palace in those early troubled times when crowns were at battledoor and shuttlecock with royal heads. Here probably once hung the very helmet and cuirass in which Archbishop Baldwin died fighting by the side of Richard the Lion-hearted.

A Guard-room is traced to 1424, and it is related of Thomas à Becket that he had "700 knights as part of his household, besides 1200 stipendiary retainers and 4000 followers serving him forty days." But gradually the guardsmen were no longer needed, and their arms, which passed by purchase from archbishop to archbishop, covered the walls, where, in Laud's time, enough were hung up to accoutre 200 men. Now these are all gone, and only the name remains to remind of those times when this handsome room must indeed have been lively with the uproar of voices, the clinking of pledge cups, and the clangor of arms. Yet it did not look a dull scene during the palace garden parties this summer of 1882, when the guests flocked in from the gardens to drink the social cup of tea—or coffee if you chose—and eat of the nice cakes and fresh fruits, so prettily arranged they lent as much charm of color as the flowers. Be-

sides the white hair, grave eyes, and gentle smile of the host, and the cultured faces of the clergy, my memory singles out most clearly from among the throng, brilliant with costumes and orders, the plain dark dress, slight bent figure, and keen eye of Lord Houghton—the same who sang in younger days,

> "He who for love has undergone
> The worst that can befall
> Is happier thousandfold than one
> Who never loved at all,"

and whose pretty lyric, the "Brook Side," is still sung not only in English homes, but by hosts of American girls who never think of the author as a white-haired old man in the House of Lords.

In the general restoration of 1829 the walls of the Guard-room "being found pithless," the old roof was lifted, and the walls rebuilt; then it was lowered upon them again. The old design was followed in the main, but in place of the four Tudor windows there are two light Early English windows. The floor, like the roof, is of oak; a large Turkey carpet spreads to within three feet of the walls all around the room; the chairs, tables, etc., are of mahogany; and gold and silver ware and candelabra show brightly against the dark panels of the wainscoting.

The old fire-place, so enormous its mantel reached the corbels of the roof, was diminished in the repetition, and the floor raised about three feet to give more space to the rooms below. The wainscoting, which also used to meet the corbels, rises only about four feet, and the space of cream-colored wall thus left between it and the corbels is filled with the portraits of most of the last four centuries of archbishops, twenty-six in all, and the Guard-room is now the dining-hall and portrait gallery of the see.

Of Laud's portrait by Vandyck, Mr. Cave Brown feelingly remarks: "One can not contemplate that face without mingled feelings: respect for that conscientious steadfastness which made him dare to do what he believed to be his duty, regret for that lack of judgment and consideration which made him so uncompromising and unconciliatory to his own ruin, and admiration of the heroism with which, at the age of threescore and ten, still true to his life-long convictions, still unbending before the malice of his enemies, unwavering in his sense of duty, unshaken in his trust in God, the old man closed a career of trouble and trial on the block."

Here are the portraits of Warham—the generous Warham who laid out some £30,000 on episcopal palaces, and most of this large sum on Lambeth—and Cranmer, both by Holbein, Herring, by Hogarth, and Secker, by Sir Joshua. The portrait of Cornwallis, who had a "beautiful foot and leg," and was fond of exercising the light fantastic toe, is appropriately painted, and very well too, by one *Dance*. This prelate and his wife were altogether such merry people that George III. reproved him for festivities which he said were more becoming in a king than in a primate, and forbade Mrs. Cornwallis to give any more of her very pleasant parties on Sundays.

Cornwallis seems to have been sensible as well as merry, for he is recorded as being the first archbishop who allowed his chaplains to sit at table with him. Elsewhere in the palace is a greatly treasured Holbein of Luther and his wife, and a beautiful portrait of Catherine Parr.

Just beyond the Guard-room stands the old red brick building known as Cranmer's Tower, which he put up in 1533. In the lower room, now used as a vestry, is the rare old chest of gopher-wood—and a beauty it is—covered all over its dark rich surfaces with deftly carved scenes from Babylonish history—funerals, and festivals, and hanging gardens. It is believed to have belonged to St. Godiva, the sister of St. Augustine, or to the sister of the Prince of Orange, and is really a fascinating object of study.

Tradition says that Cranmer, ostensibly a celibate, concealed his wife in this tower, and that there she died in childbed. The vestry and Cranmer's parlor—the room next above, where the organ now stands—have walls and ceilings of solid oak. By the south door of the vestry-room we enter the chapel at its east or communion end.

The chapel dates from the middle of the thirteenth century. The east end has a large very beautiful stained glass window of five graduated lancets set in shafts of Purbeck marble. A similar window in the west end was closed up by the erection of Chicheley's Tower, but its splays and shafts were left, and in the central lancet Juxon placed a small bay-window jutting inward, probably to hold the lamps by which on occasion the atrium,

or ante-chapel, partitioned off by a handsome oak screen, is lighted.

The roof and walls of this atrium are gray, and its wall pillars of Purbeck marble are said to be 1000 years old. The shafts of the four bay-windows of triple lancets on each side of the chapel, which is seventy-two feet long and twenty-five broad—a very pleasing proportion with the roof—are also of this Purbeck marble. The illuminated windows, and the warm tile painting of the walls, with the richly decorated groined and arched roof—altered in 1846 from the old flat panels—form a beautiful interior. The doorway leading west from the chapel into the post-room was once entered directly from the terrace above the moorings of the archbishop's barge. It is a semi-circular arch of "earliest English period, embracing two cusped arches, each closed by a massive oaken door. The jambs contain a row of four columns, of which the capitals and projections bonding the whole into the main wall are cut *en bloc* out of a single slab of Purbeck marble, as also are their bases, ... while a cluster of Purbeck shafts similarly grouped rise between, dividing the two lesser arches." Probably by this door, scarred and marked, yet looking soberly equal to many centuries more, came into the old chapel an illustrious guest, Peter the Great, who, then on his English travels, attended the services where one Christopher Clarke was ordained here in 1697.

From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

LOLLARDS' TOWER.

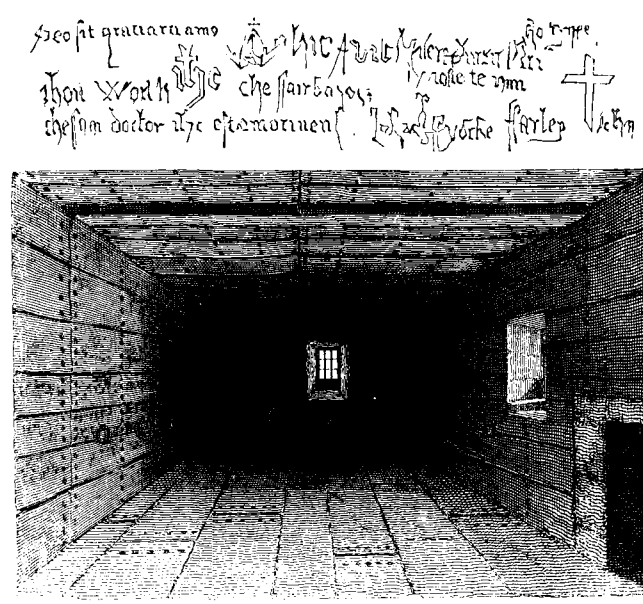
Archbishop Morton spent large sums to make the chapel beautiful, but, with the coming in of his successor, literature and, unhappily, religious fanaticism leaped into fresh life together. Yet in spite of much trying and sentencing, mercy sometimes prevailed, for Latimer, brought to Lambeth excommunicated and a prisoner, was kindly treated by Archbishop Warham; and that this primate was kind to Erasmus is shown by the latter's dedication of his *Jerome*, which he sent to Warham by the young artist Hans Holbein. And under Cranmer the palace became a refuge

even for prisoners sent straight from Henry VIII. Archbishop Parker, who was also very kind to his prisoners, is the only archbishop who was ever buried at the palace. His tomb was originally in the southeast corner of the communion, where he usually knelt in prayer. But in the time of the Commonwealth Cromwell's men, in their shameless spoliation of the palace, selected the chapel as a dining or dance hall—some say for a stable—and not liking the vicinity of Parker's tomb, they broke it open, hid the remains in a dunghill, and sold the lead and trimmings of the coffin. On the Restoration Hardynge was forced to tell where the remains were, and they now rest in a handsome tomb of Purbeck marble in the atrium behind the oak screen.

While Laud was earnestly repairing the ruin wrought by Cromwell's men his enemies looked on and cried out that he was copying from the "mass-book," and though he truly protested that his work was that of restoration, pure and simple, they triumphed over him; he went to the block, and the chapel was again despoiled.

Memorable events have happened in this chapel. Five hundred years ago Wycliffe met there the charge of heresy. Once before he had been thus arraigned in St. Paul's Cathedral, with prince and nobles supporting him in his denunciations of the ill-gotten and ill-spent wealth of monastic houses. Now he stood quite alone, though as dauntless. Suddenly the Lollards swarmed into the chapel, and immediately after entered Sir Lewis Clifford, and gave the astounded archbishop the queen-mother's commands to withhold the sentence against Wycliffe.

"To the American Church Lambeth Chapel is a shrine especially dear," writes an English clergyman. "Here Provoorst, White, and Madison were consecrated, and here in 1867 the American bishops were most lovingly welcomed by Archbishop Longley, and one of their number preached the opening sermon at the first Lambeth Conference. They won all hearts at that time by their manly, unaffected simplicity, as well as vigor. 'I believe,' said the Archbishop of Dublin, 'that they are about the ablest body of men I ever met.' They, on their part, were moved with delight at the heartiness of their reception, and sent over as a thank-offering to the mother Church of England the handsome alms dish which ornaments the Lord's table at Lambeth. When the next conference met, in 1878, although the shadow of death hung over the palace, they found a welcome extended to them none the less hearty," and in remembrance of this second visit they presented to the chapel the beautiful centre light in one of the south windows. The southeastern stained-glass window was a gift by his many friends to the memory of Craufurd Tait, the late primate's only and indeed well-beloved son, whose pure character, fine mind, and gentle manners won so much love and admiration during his visit to America, and who died just before the last conference met.



INTERIOR OF LOLLARDS' PRISON AND FAC-SIMILE OF WRITING ON THE WALLS.

The Post-room is probably so called from the stout pillar which supports the

From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

LAMBETH PALACE—THE PRIMATE'S RESIDENCE.

great ceil beam in the centre, though some accounts, lending a less simple interest to the name, state that prisoners who underwent preliminary examinations here were flogged at this post, and thence shown through the south door into a dungeon, through whose upper gratings the Thames sometimes flowed in at high tide.

Now the waters of the Thames lie some yards away, tossing themselves against the beautiful embankment, which renders the archbishop's barge no longer necessary. Of a group of three towers at the northwestern corner of the palace, the largest and central one, built by Chicheley in 1436, is known as the Lollards' Tower.

A winding stair leads to the dungeon at the top, whose thick doors, rude locks, and other peculiarities indicate that it is the oldest portion of this palace, not even excepting the half-filled-up and little-used crypt. It is the only part of the palace now standing that is built of stone, and here it has been thought that the Lollards were imprisoned. Eight large rings are fixed in its oak-lined walls, which are cut and scratched with several inscriptions in old English characters. A dismal cell it is to be found in a religious house; but the privilege granted to the clergy by King John's charter of being arraigned only before ecclesiastical courts is said to have first built prisons in episcopal palaces. Archbishop Bouchier sorrowfully admitted that they were a necessary check to gross profligacy among the clergy. Dean Hook, Dr. Maitland, and other writers think the Lollards were never shut up here; that Peter Lollard, who started Lollardism, suffered as a "disaffected political agitator" at Cologne in 1321, two years before Wycliffe was born; that the latter, though a heretic, was an unswerving loyalist; and that the confusion in this matter arose from the circumstances which brought these two movements so near each other in time, and sometimes seemingly in sympathy.

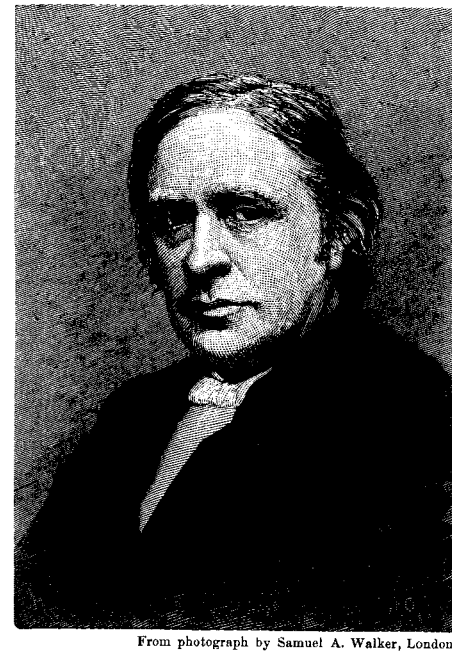
There was a Lollards' Tower of which Latimer said he "would rather be in purgatory than lie in it," and of which another victim exclaimed, "If I were a dog,

you could not appoint a worse or viler place." But it is asserted that this tower was never at Lambeth; that, on the contrary, when the great fire swept away all traces of old London House, of Bonner's Inquisition and dungeons, with old St. Paul's, the traditions of the true Lollards' Tower of London House were fastened easily to the dismal iron-ringed cell of the so-called Lollards' Tower at Lambeth. This seems further confirmed by the acknowledged contrast in the characters of Archbishop Pole, tolerant and gentle for a Romanist, and the cruel Bonner, Bishop of London, Pole preferring to pacify the Pope by cremating the dead, while Bonner and Winchester enjoyed burning the living.

Thirlby, the first and last Bishop of Westminster, and the deposed Bishop of Durham, were honored guests rather than captives of Archbishop Parker, and the unfortunate Earl of Essex staid here before being taken to the Tower of London. Still, several authorities contend that the Lollards really suffered at Lambeth. In this disagreement one thing remains indisputable, that the tower was a place of misery for many in the seventeenth century. One Dr. Guy Carleton was rescued from it by his wife. She came in a boat to the foot of the Water Tower, provided with a rope, which she managed to get to him. It was too short, but he let himself down by it, and in dropping the remaining distance both dislocated and broke his leg. With her help he crawled into the boat. She hid him, and sold her clothing and worked at day labor to support him until he could escape to France, whence he returned on the Restoration, and had the bishoprics of Bristol and Chichester.

From June 7 till August 11, in 1780, during the Lord Gordon riots, the palace was regularly garrisoned, the primate and his family having been prevailed on to seek other refuge. The officers were well lodged and entertained by the two chaplains, and the soldiers, with their wives and children, ate in the great hall, and had of the best, and doubtless were a little sorry when the troublesome times were past.

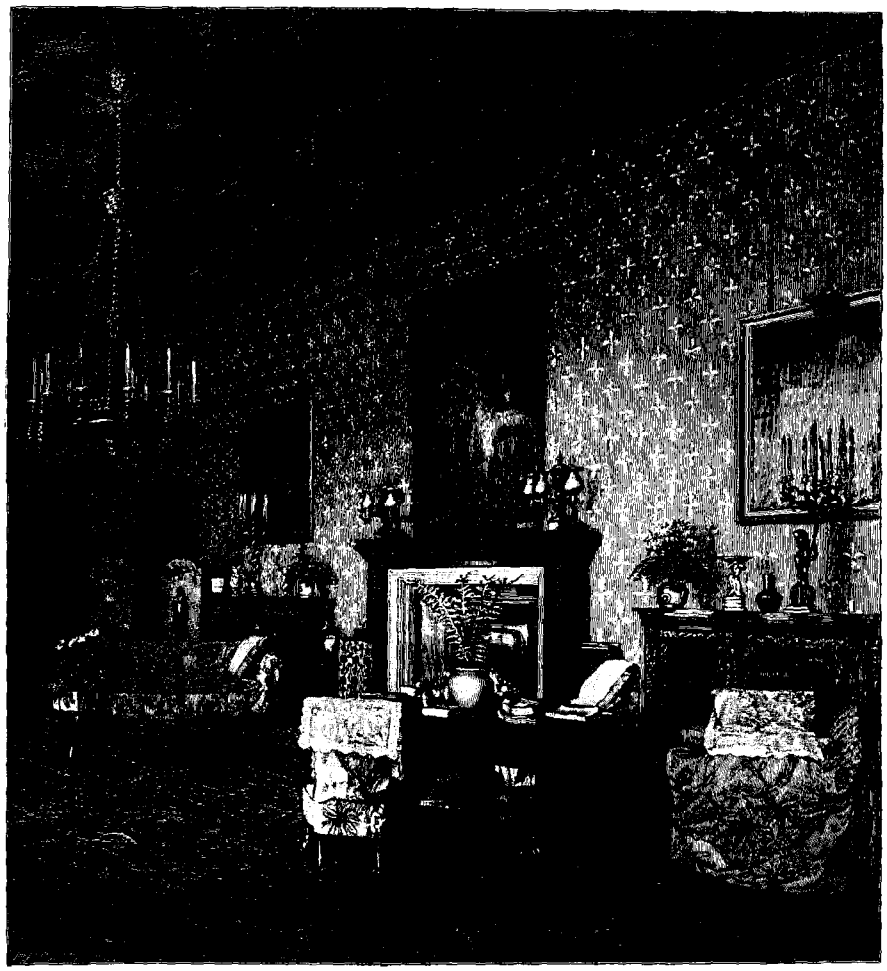
Excellent anecdotes are chronicled of some of the Archbishops of Canterbury. John Moore (archbishop in 1783) was early in his life a poor curate of Brockley, in Northamptonshire. A well-to-do plumber named Watts kept an open table on market-days for neighboring gentry and clergy. Moore ate of this board; but at last Watts noticed that he ceased to come, and bluntly questioned him about it. "I am at this time already £10 in your debt,"



From photograph by Samuel A. Walker, London.

EDWARD WHITE BENSON, D.D., THE PRESENT ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.

was Moore's reply, "and as I can not pay it, I do feel a little delicacy in further intruding at your hospitable table." But Watts begged him to return, assuring him there were £20 more there at his service. Later, Watts became very poor, but Moore, who had in the mean time "risen to the mitre," sought him out, placed him in comfort, and settled an annuity on his widow, which, until her death, at the age of ninety-seven, was regularly paid by his family. Of John Tillotson, who cried out concerning the French refugees and the Edict of Nantes, "Charity is above rubrics," Tanswell relates that in private life "he always set apart one-fifth of his income for the poor and for good works," and on becoming archbishop spent his income in this way so entirely that he could only at death leave two volumes of his sermons to his family. These brought £2500!



From photograph by T. Briggs and Son, London.

DRAWING-ROOM, LAMBETH PALACE.

At a dinner of the domestics during Laud's primacy it is told that King Charles I.'s jester pronounced this grace: "Give great praise to God, but little Laud to the devil," for which piece of vicious wit the fool is said to have paid by long imprisonment, if not death. Concerning the wife of Manners-Sutton, Lord Eldon, when dining with that prelate and George III., was quite as rude as the king's jester, and certainly more coarse, when he said: "It's a curious fact that your Majesty's Archbishop and your Lord Chancellor both married their wives clandestinely. But I had some excuse, for Bessie Surties was the prettiest girl in all Newcastle, while Mrs. Sutton was always the pumpkin-faced thing she is at present." On one occasion Erasmus went with Dean Colet by boat to see Archbishop Warham. As the boat glided along, the dean sat poring over Erasmus's *Remedy for Anger*. Arriving at the palace, they were received most cordially, but Dean Colet grew suddenly very glum, and it was only by the gentlest tact that the amiable Warham could win him to good humor again. When they were in the boat once more the dean explained to Erasmus that he had found himself at ta-

ble just opposite an uncle whom he cordially hated, but that the effect of reading the *Remedy for Anger*, together with the archbishop's patience, had finally overcome his wrath, even to the point of being reconciled to his uncle. As long as Warham lived he was most kind to Erasmus, "the brave, sensitive scholar at whose heels all the ignorance and bigotry of Europe were yelping." Mr. Green relates that Warham once sent a horse to Erasmus, which — very likely getting changed *en route*—appeared so little to advantage in the eyes of his new master, he wrote to Warham that his horse was very "like a father confessor, being viceless except for gluttony and laziness, and only too prudent, modest, humble, chaste, and peaceable."

The officials of the Stationers' Company used to wait formally on the archbishop to give him copies of their almanacs—which were not issuable without the sanction of the Established Church—and receive in return cakes and ale. This custom arose in this way. When Tenison enjoyed the see a relation of his, happening to be master of the Stationers' Company, thought it a compliment to call in full state in his barge with the new almanac. The archbishop sent out wine, bread, cheese, and ale sufficient for all in the barge. Now the custom is limited solely to the giving the almanacs, minus the recompensing "cakes and ale."

The palace grounds as a whole cover an area of about twenty-two acres.

The dwelling apartments of the primate and his family are in the modern range, stretching to the east from Cranmer's Tower, erected by Blore during the primacy of Howley. They are large, and in all their arrangements tasteful and comfortable. His Grace's study* has a quaint fire-place, all the usual literary appointments, is full of books, and convenient to his private rooms, which are large and pleasant. The most remarkable of the rooms is the large drawing-room, with its tall, wide windows looking north upon the pleasant greenswards.

The Houses of Parliament, with a glimpse of the Abbey, are seen to the left, and the handsome wards of the St. Thomas Hospital, and the whole view is lovely.

In the long roll of Primates of All England who have made Lambeth their home, few names will be remembered with more reverence and affection than that of the late archbishop, Dr. Tait. He knew much of personal sorrow, and the readers of that tender and touching book, the memorial of *Catherine and Craufurd Tait*, compiled partly by the husband and father himself, will remember Mrs. Tait's own account of the affliction which befell them in 1856, when her husband was Dean of Carlisle, in the deaths of five lovely little daughters by scarlet fever within as many weeks. And though he lived in a comparatively happy period of English history, the Church knew troublous times, in which its head needed to be the strong, true, broad man that he was. The words of one writer, that "his kindliness, wisdom, and moderation entitle him to the lasting gratitude of the English Church," may be truly cited as expressing the general opinion of his labors. In his summer home at Croydon and at Lambeth Palace he appeared, among the daughters left to him, a loving father and a most gentle host. I heard him speak of Garfield's death from the pulpit of St. Martin's-in-the Fields, and I thought it the justest and fittest utterance made on that theme in England. On his death-bed he remained still mindful of the work that was given him to do, and his last efforts were directed with successful tact to the removal of one of the difficulties in the way of the reconciliation of the parties in the Church. To the new primate, Dr. Benson, who comes from vigorous and able work in his see of Truro, he has left that best of legacies—the fruits of the life of a man who was both good and wise.

* Marked on chart as "private library."

THE FOLDING.

"There shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Wild bird flying northward, whither thou?
And vessel bending southward, what thy quest?
Clouds of the east, with sunshine on your brow,
Whither? and crescent setting in the west?

Still we pursue while the white day is ours:
The wild bird journeys northward in his strength;
The tender clouds waste in their sunny bowers—
One shepherd guides and gathers them at length.

Fly swift, ye birds, against the north wind fly!
And crowd your sail, ye vessel southward bound!
Sleep, sleep, ye clouds, upon the happy sky!
Thus nightly in the fold shall all be found.