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To the reader.

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TO THE READER.

THAT the principles of a science or a society can be rightly apprehended only when studied in their historical development, is a maxim oftener admitted than acted upon, at least in this country¹. Nor is it the scientific accuracy of our conceptions alone which suffers from this neglect: our institutions also, contemplated externally and in the abstract, lose main elements of their strength, the spell of old associations and the reverence due to the great men whose characters they have moulded.

Happily however for the cause of learning and of truth, the very heats of present controversy often

¹ Why do not our text-books, like the German, open with a sketch of the literature of their subjects? Why do they not trace the varying use of the technical terms employed? In general, why is bibliography so discountenanced among us? We see the inevitable result in researches which scarce stir the surface of fields long since exhausted, while richest veins lie elsewhere unwrought.

force us to consult the oracles of the past. Changes, whether returning towards, or receding from, an ancient discipline, add unwonted interest to the question, what the ancient discipline was, in itself and in its effects.

Hence, doubtless, it has come to pass, that the last thirty years have witnessed more, and more important publications on Cambridge history than any previous century¹. Still, indeed, there is lack-

¹ The following list, though certainly incomplete, is sufficient to confirm the statement in the text. Cooper's *Annals*, *Cambridge Memorials*, *Cambridge Portfolio*, Lamb's *Documents* and *History of C. C. C. C.*, Sherman's *History of Jesus*, Prickett's *History of Barnwell* and edition of Fuller's *Cambridge*, Gunning's *Reminiscences*, Heywood's *Statutes of King's*, and *University Transactions*, Peacock *On the Statutes*; various pamphlets and treatises on education, visitatorial power, &c. by Dr. Whewell, Dr. Corrie and others; publications of the Cambridge Commission and Cambridge Antiquarian Society; *Zurich Letters*, *Original Letters* and *Parker Correspondence* published by the Parker Society; Monk's *Life of Bentley*, *Lives* of D'Ewes, Worthington, Henry Newcomè, Newton's *Correspondence*. Many particulars of university life may also be gleaned from Birch's *Court of Jas. I. and Chas. I.*, Cary's *Memorials*, &c. Add the Catalogues of MSS. or early printed books, or both, in the libraries of Trinity, St. John's and Caius Colleges, the special Catalogue of Baker's MSS. and the general Catalogue (now in the press) of MSS. in the Public Library. Valuable collections were made for the *Athene Cant.* announced by the ill-advised Eccl. Hist. Soc. These, no doubt, will be forthcoming whenever the Syndics of the Press are at liberty to undertake a work so peculiarly their own.

ing a comprehensive review of university studies and university life; but we reconcile ourselves to the delay when we reflect, that the generalizations of such a work can have little authority, unless based on a wider induction than is even yet possible. For in this, as in most other departments of English literature, we need workmen to clear the ground and lay the foundations, to shape and dispose the materials for the builder's use; in other words, the time for a general history will only then arrive, when antiquaries and commentators have prepared the way by special studies or monographs; exercises in which the greatest historians have been trained for their high vocation. Many such preliminary inquiries might be proposed¹ to those

¹ *Histories of Colleges*: some exist in MS., e. g. Baker's of St. John's, Bennet's of Emmanuel, Dr. Ainslie's of Pembroke.

Histories of the puritan, Socinian, deistic, and other controversies; of the disputes regarding subscriptions, visitatorial power, the authority of heads of colleges, &c.

Biographies (on the plan of Ward's Gresham Professors) of the occupants of important posts.

Biographies, original or selected, printed or MS., of single individuals or groups of contemporaries: e. g. Hacket's Life of Williams, Whiston's Life.

Transcripts (for the Library) of portions of Cole's Athenæ, and the like collections.

Publication of original letters, wills, petitions, &c.:

Of MS. notes on important works, e. g. Baker's on Strype's Parker, and on Calamy's Account:

who would devote to the honour of their university habits of accuracy and industry either originally implanted or more deeply rooted in them by her care: for myself, I long since designed a series of Cambridge memoirs, partly on the plan of Dr. Wordsworth's well-known collection. In no other form are original records less repulsive to that

Of registers, grace books, &c. of the University or colleges from the earliest times.

Accounts of foundations, gifts, bequests, &c.; of college portraits, plate, &c., and of the donors.

Lists of select preachers, of holders of college livings, &c., of men who have entered or matriculated, but not graduated, &c.

Critical reviews, with extracts and bibliographical notices, of Cambridge biographies (arranged chronologically and alphabetically); of controversies; of the text-books successively used in the university or colleges; of congratulatory verses, epicedia, &c.; of funeral sermons; of prefaces, and verses printed before or after books; of Hulsean and other sermons and prize compositions; of determinationes publicæ habitæ, &c.; of the works, and editions of the works, of Cambridge men; of books on education, e. g. Ascham's Scholemaster, Brinsley's Ludus Literarius, Webster's Examination of Academies, and the answer to it, Vindiciæ Academicarum (Univ. Libr. Dd. 3. 28).

Catalogues of the university and college libraries, of their rarer books or MSS.; histories of the same, recording their formation, and tracing their growth, assigning (at least in some cases) the books to their donors.

Lists of Cambridge printers, and of books printed in the town.

Towards works of this kind the Syndics of the Press and Library, the Cambridge Antiquarian Society, and the several colleges, may fairly be expected to lend ready assistance.

“reading public,” for which books are but a fashionable means of killing time; while those whose requirements demand more respectful consideration, students of a sterner mould, gladly fill up the outlines of their knowledge with such individual traits as find no place in more formal documents. The wants which had thus suggested my purpose seemed as pressing as before, when I was invited to take a share in cataloguing the Cambridge MSS. With Baker’s, which fell to my lot, I was already familiar, and had for some years seized every occasion for proclaiming the merits of that most judicious, modest, and conscientious scholar, whose unrivalled mastery of the sources of English history was ever at the service of contemporary authors, and still commands the reader’s admiration. In his volumes I met with Ferrar’s life, and at once saw in it an artless tale of a period too much neglected, and of a man whom to know is to venerate.

The son of a pious and bountiful merchant, whose public spirit deserved the friendship of Hawkins and Drake, Middleton and Raleigh, Nicholas Ferrar grew up under no ordinary incentives to diligence and virtue. To some, perhaps, of these men, and to others of a different stamp, such as Antony Wotton and Francis White, the child, even then known as Saint Nicholas, was endeared by an earnest thoughtfulness beyond his years, by

a reverent study of the bible and habitual "love and fear of the Divine Majesty." As in childhood, so throughout life, Ferrar was surrounded by many who still live in our remembrance. Among his college associates were Butler, Linsell, Ruggle, Williams: and when afterwards he directed that noble company, which secured to Virginia free trade, free trial, free government, and Christian education, his coadjutors were the pupil of Hooker and the patron of Shakespeare. And well does the performance of these riper years fulfil the promise of his infancy. At Clare Hall, in that age of hard students, "his chamber might be known by the last candle put out and the first lighted in the morning." When his tender frame sunk under incessant toil, he sought relief in the education of his sister's children, who even then began to acknowledge him "as their true spiritual friend and father;" and when at last the ague and Butler warned him that change of climate could alone save his life, after addressing his family in a farewell unsurpassed for pathetic beauty, he found in foreign travel a new supply to his intellectual cravings, and a new school of virtuous principles. Then it was that he gained that familiarity with the arts, institutions, and literature of Europe, which, combined with rarer endowments, made him so incomparable a teacher: then too he learnt (no easy lesson in those days) to be

charitable to members of a church whose corruptions he abhorred, and even to discover something worthy a protestant's regard in Romish treatises and practices of mortification. Nor was opportunity wanting to draw out yet higher energies: in the soothing cure of Garton's wounded conscience and in the cool self-possession which was proved in more than one deadly peril, we see the two sides of his character, who was to be his friends' chosen "confessor," and, in parliament or at the Virginia board, a foremost champion of right against might.

Memorable, however, as are the traditions of Ferrar's childhood, youth, and public life, his last years of retirement bespeak our chief attention, as being most characteristic of the man and of his times¹. Here also we meet with famous names. Laud and Williams, whose rival ambition was discreditable to them as it was disastrous to the

¹ Compare the resolution of Worthington (*infra*, 27 n.), the practice of Crashaw and of lady Falkland (*Life by John Duncon*, London, 1649, where we read of her nursing the sick, p. 160, her hours of prayer, 166 seq. 188 seq., fasting, 169, 179, her alms, 176 seq., conning of Psalms without book, 189, her plan for a widows' college, 196), Cosins's *Hours of Prayer*, with the answers of Prynne and Burton, [Sir George Wheler's] *Protestant Monastery: or Christian Œconomicks, Containing Directions for the Religious Conduct of a Family. But as for me, &c.* Josh. xxiv. 15. 1698. sm. 8vo. (St. John's College Library. V. 20. 64).

church, were at one in their esteem for Ferrar; the first "rejoicing to lay hands on such a man," and continuing to favour the precocious genius of the nephew, on whom his mantle descended; the other careless for once of popularity in his determination to protect those, whose scrupulous honesty, no less than their devotion, "was an example to all the gentry of England:" George Herbert, who, having shared all his "brother's" thoughts while living, at his death bequeathed the "Temple" to his care: Crashaw, the frequent partner of the Gidding "watchings": Charles himself, who at most critical moments forgot his state anxieties in inspecting and regulating the labours of a household as remote, as any could then be, from the stir of civil and religious embroilment:—all these, and others who might be added, such as Jackson, Cosins, Oley, Hill, rise in our estimation by what we here read of them. The inner life of the family itself has come down to us perhaps in greater fulness of detail than that of any other private family of the time: from which circumstance alone, irrespective of its intrinsic value, it must be not a little attractive to the historical student. A nearer view may convince us, that those who have spared these memorials, while they have suffered so many others to perish, were guided in their preference by a just instinct. For where shall we look for a finer model

of a Christian matron than "old Mrs. Ferrar;" obeying to the last every prescription of a strict rule, and thereby retaining every faculty unimpaired; so zealous for the honour of God's house, as not to rest from a wearying journey, until she had seen it cleansed from profanation; presiding over the studies of her grandchildren, who nightly knelt to ask her blessing? Where, for a more honest chronicler than John Ferrar, whose simple records of the brother whose superiority he felt are as free from envy as from exaggeration? Where, for a wiser exercise of a mother's authority, or more touching expressions of a mother's love, than in Mrs. Collett's letters to her children? If we turn to the sisters, we see in them expert housewives, patient nurses, gentle surgeons, "none of them nice of dressing with their own hands poor people's wounds, were they never so offensive;" handy artists, who accounted it an honourable occupation to reduce to harmony, to illustrate, even to bind, the sacred volume; eager students, now instructing the country children, now committing to memory those dialogues in which their uncle had enshrined the brightest examples of history, and which to them supplied the place of the misrule customary at the high-tides of the Church. In Nicholas Ferrar himself, "the Levite in his own house," we have the rare spectacle of a man whose one end in

life "was to make himself or others better;" by his veneration for saints and martyrs entitling himself to like veneration; "spending eighteen hours out of the twenty four in useful business, serious study, devout prayers, or heavenly meditations;" comforting and supporting his companions in every trial; on his death-bed "passing the days and nights in heavenly counsels to all the family;" reprobating the fatal and still prevalent delusion that literary power atones for an author's want of moral purpose, or exhorting his young charge to persevere in those pursuits, which had hitherto depended on his guidance; in the last scene of all crowning the witness of his life by that practical evidence of religion, which to those who behold it is still the strongest, "the death of the righteous."

Such being the character of the man, we cannot marvel that much pains¹ have been bestowed to preserve his memory from oblivion. It must

¹ See the Appendix. As further proofs of interest in the subject may be mentioned three transcripts of the Arminian Nunnery (Harl. MS. 7055, art. 6, by Wanley; Middle Hill MSS. 6829, 9527), Dr. Woodward's *Fair warning to a careless world*, ed. 3, p. 120, Knight's *Life of Dean Colet*. The reader may remark for how many of these remains we are indebted to men who made no noise in the literary world. Wm. Robinson, for instance; who ever heard of him? yet he gave many documents a new chance for life, whilst few perhaps of those whose eyes will fall on these words have rescued even one.

however in fairness be allowed, that the chorus of praise has been interrupted by a few discordant voices. That in the spreading ferment of puritanism, when the celebration of Christmas and the decoration of houses were abominated as dregs of heathenism, and organs and surplices as rags and furniture of Babylon¹,—that amid such jealous suspicions, I say, the Ferrars would not escape calumny, was to have been anticipated, nor would mere vague rumours admit of serious refutation. In their more tangible form, as embodied in the Arminian Nunnery, these slanders were silenced by Lenton, whose letter the libeller had taken as his groundwork. Gough's imputation of "useless enthusiasm" called

¹ See Prynne's *Histriomastix*. This most learned of libellers is far better known by the cruel usage, which could not still his restless tongue and pen, than by his works. Yet hear the weighty sentence of one of his few readers. "I take Wm. Prynne to have been at the bottome an honest Man, his zeal for the Protestant Religion led him to great excesses, and to writing Books, that were interpreted (and really were) libels against the Church and Government: but when he saw into the bloody designs of the Independent Party, he stopt, and was an utter enemy to bringing the King to a Tryall, as he has sufficiently shown in his Preface to this Book; and was an enemy to Cromwell, and to the Rump, more then to the King. And this may be said for his Books, that being most Historical, he always quotes his Authorities, so that if there be any mistakes, he fairly offers them to be examined. This too is like an honest Man." *Baker's MS. note in Prynne's Saints Loyalty.*

forth indignant protests at the time¹, and was more gravely discussed than it deserved by Dr. Peckard. These accusations and replies have been long forgotten; but a continually increasing circle, embracing men of every party², holds in honour the name of Ferrar, if only as that of a congenial friend of Herbert, now happily restored to his rightful rank among our national poets.

There is however one exception to the general unanimity which cannot be thus summarily dismissed. Raised far above most writers on our civil wars not less by his industry and scholarship³ than

¹ *Gent. Mag.* xlii. 322. Cole's *Athencæ*.

² Witness the publishers of the three latest biographies, Rivington, Nisbet, Masters.

³ Understand it of modern scholarship, in which Mr. Carlyle is beyond question far better versed than in ancient, if we are to estimate his proficiency in that by the following passage, wherein, it is true, party spirit (Hero Worship) seems to have led him astray. "*Pientissimo*, which might as well be *piantissimo* if conjugation and declension were observed, is accredited barbarous-latin for *most pious*, but means properly *most expiative*; by which title the zealous individual of later date indicates his martyred Majesty; a most 'expiative' Majesty indeed." *Cromwell's Letters*, &c. i. 58. When did Mr. Carlyle see a superlative formed from an active participle *not used as an adjective*? or when did he meet with *pians rex* in the sense of *an expiative king*? Doubtless such an anomalous inflection as *pientissimus* from *pians* is "barbarous-latin." It is hardly needful to say, that those who remember Cicero's ridicule of Antony's *piissimus*, and know the superlative of *municifus*, will readily divine the origin of *pientissimus*.

by his singular power of bringing a scene before us in all its picturesque features, Mr. Carlyle has asserted his superiority by nothing more, than by assigning a place in his narrative to many incidents and many persons, significant types of their class, but unnoticed by ordinary historians. Among other portraits that of Ferrar hangs in this gallery; and his friends, how little soever they may acknowledge the likeness, must at least rejoice that so eminent an artist has thus confessed his importance. To enable the reader to judge for himself, it will be necessary to introduce Mr. Carlyle's account by the authority to which it appeals (the same, by the way, which was caricatured in the Arminian Nunnery) and that by an explanatory letter¹, which Mr. Carlyle appears to have overlooked.

“Sir,

If your messenger had staid but one night longer, I would not have delayed my answer to your so discreet and respective a letter; which makes me wish we were better acquainted, in hope to confirm your good and charitable opinion of me.

Sir, I confess I should much degenerate from my birth (being a gentleman), my breeding (well known to the world), and the religion I profess, if having, upon something a bold visit, been entertained in your family with kind and civil

¹ Both printed after Peckard, his unnecessary interpolations alone being omitted. The copies in Hearne's *Cairus* offer only minute verbal differences.

respects, I should requite it with such scorn and calumny as this libellous pamphlet seems to insinuate.

Sir, my conceit of it is, that in this time of too much liberty (if not licentiousness) of the press, many ballad-makers and necessitous persons (it may be, set on work by some printers themselves, to promote their trade) distil their barren brains to make provision for their empty bellies, by publishing such novelties and fictions as they think will vent best; and, when they have spent their own little wit, borrow of others to eke it out; and so, enterlacing some shreds of their own, they patch up a penny pamphlet, to serve for their morning draught.

Of this strain I take this book to be. The ground whereof (you doubt, but I doubt not) was the letter I writ to sir Thomas Hetley many years since, upon his request that in my passage from him to my lord Montague's, being by your house, I would see and certify what I could in so short a stay, touching the various reports divulged in most places of your religious rites and ceremonies.

To which my true relation (which I am sorry and marvel how it should light in such hucksters' hands) the pamphleteer, by his additions and subtractions, interweaving truth with falsehood to purchase some credit to his untruths, hath drawn conclusions and accusations of Arminianism and other fopperies, not once mentioned in my letter; but, as wisely as that atheist, who, to prove there was no God, vouched one end of a verse where David in his psalms¹ saith, There is no God; and left out the beginning of the verse, That the fool hath said it in his heart.

By this time, sir, I hope you see I am so far from being the author, infuser, abetter or countenancer of this fable, that, by it I take myself to be as much abused, and that there is as much aspersion cast upon me as upon your family, by a sly and cunning intimation (my letter being his groundwork) to

¹ xiv. i.

make me thought (by such as know me not well) to be the author and divulger of his lies and scandals, which (by God's mercy) my soul abhors.

Had he shewed his dislike of some of the ceremonies, &c. (as I myself did, by way of argument) I should not (nor, I think, you) so much have kindled at it. But so to add to, subtract, pervert, and falsify my letter ;—I think the author (if haply he may be found out) deserves to be censured as a counterfeiter of false letters and tokens, and as a contriver and publisher of false news, according to the law of the land and the statutes in like case provided.

His ignorance (which yet excuseth not a toto, if a tanto) I think will be his best plea. For, it should seem, he is no great clerk. Which I observe even almost at the beginning of his story, where he tells a tale as of a third person, and in the same clause, within two or three lines after, ineptly changeth it into the first person, without any apt transition. A solecism which a mean scholar would hardly have fallen into.

To have put the true copy of my letter in print, without my privity, had been a great inhumanity. *But to pervert it with so many falsifications, and laying his inhumanities on me, I think, none but a licentious libeller, or a beggarly ballad-maker, would have offered.*

I was so conscious to myself of intending no wrong to your family in my relation, that I thought to have sent your brother [N. F.] a copy thereof ; and had done it, if want of opportunity in his lifetime, and his death afterwards, had not prevented me. And I would now send you a true copy thereof, if you had not wrote to me, that you had it presently after my writing it. And sith I have been at your house long since (for it is about seven years past, as I take it, that I writ the relation) I presume you would have expostulated the matter with me, if you had taken any just exception or distaste at it. But therein you might well perceive, that I endeavoured not to detract any thing from you, or to conceal even the civility or humility I found, or what I had heard or believed of your works of charity.

Thus, sir, even the very same day I received your's (for there needs no long time to answer a matter of fact with matter of truth; and being full of indignation to be thus traduced, whereof I longed instantly to discharge myself) I scribbled over this candid and ingenuous answer. And I am now troubled that you gave me no direction for the address thereof to you; which, when haply you shall receive, I leave to your own discretion, to make what use thereof you please; presuming that you will therein have the like respects to me which herein I have had to you. So leaving us to the guidance of our good God, I subscribe, as you to me, your friend and servant,

ED. LENTON.

Notley, near Thame, Oct 27, [1641].

To the worshipful my worthily esteemed friend John Ferrar, esq. at his house in Little Gidding in Huntingdonshire."

The copy of my letter to sir Thomas Hetley, kt. and serjeant at law, upon his request to certify as I found.

"Good Mr. Serjeant¹.

I can give you but a short account of my not two hours stay at the reputed (at least reported) nunnery at Gidding; and yet must leave out three parts of our passages, as fitter for a relation than a letter.

I came thither after ten; and found a fair house, fairly seated; to which I passed through a fine grove and sweet walks, letticed and gardened on both sides.

Their livelihood £500 per annum, as my lord Montague told me; one of his mansion houses being within two or three miles of them².

¹ 1634.

² At Coppingford?

A man-servant brought me into a fair spacious parlour. Whither, soon after, came to me the old gentlewoman's second son [Nicholas Ferrar ;] a bachelor, of a plain presence, but of able speech and parts. Who, after I had (as well as in such case I could) deprecated any ill conceit of me, for so unusual and bold a visit, entertained me very civilly and with much humility. Yet said, I was the first who ever came to them in that kind ; though not the first whom they had heard of, who determined to come. After deprecations and some compliments, he said, I should see his mother, if I pleased. I shewing my desire, he went up into a chamber, and presently returned with these ; namely, his mother, a tall, straight, clear-complexioned, grave matron, of eighty years of age : his elder brother, married (but whether a widower, I asked not), a short, black-complexioned man : his apparel and hair so fashioned as made him shew priestlike : and his sister, married to one Mr. Collett, by whom she hath 14 or 15 children : all which are in the house (which I saw not yet). And of these, and two or three maid-servants, the family consists.

I saluted the mother and daughter, not like nuns, but as we use to salute other women. And (after we were all seated circular-wise, and my deprecations renewed to the other three¹) I desired that, to their favour of entertaining me, they would add the giving of me a free liberty to speak ingenuously what I conceived of any thing I should see or have heard of, without any distaste to them.

Which being granted ; I first told them, what I had heard of the nuns of Gidding ; of two, watching and praying all night, of their canonical hours, of their crosses on the outside and inside of their chapel, of an altar there, richly decked with plate, tapestry, and tapers, of their adorations and

¹ Mr. John Ferrar, Mr. Nicholas Ferrar, and Mr. John Collet.

geniculations at their entering therein. Which, I objected, might savour of superstition and popery.

Here the younger son, the mouth for them all, cut me off; and, to this last answered first with a protestation, that he did as verily believe the pope to be antichrist as any article of his faith. Wherewith I was satisfied and silenced, touching that point.

For the nunnery; he said, That the name of nuns was odious. But the truth (from whence that untrue report might arise) was, that two of his nieces had lived, one, thirty, the other, thirty-two years, virgins; and so resolved to continue (as he hoped they would) the better to give themselves to fasting and prayer: but had made no vows.

For the canonical hours, he said, they usually prayed *six* times a day. As I remember, *twice* a day publicly in the chapel; and four times more privately in the house. In the chapel, after the order of the book of common-prayer: in their house, particular prayers for a private family.

I said, if they spent so much time in praying, they would leave little for preaching or for their weekly callings. For the one I vouched the text, *He that turneth away his ear from hearing the law, even his prayer shall be abomination*¹. For the other, *Six days shalt thou labour, &c.*

To the one he answered, that a neighbour minister of another parish came on Sunday-mornings, and preached; and sometimes they went to his parish. To the other, that their calling was to serve God; which he took to be the best.

I replied, that, for men in health and of active bodies and parts, it were a tempting of God to quit our callings, and wholly to betake ourselves to fasting, prayer, and a contemplative life, which by some is thought little better than a serious kind of idleness; not to term it (as St. Austin terms moral virtues without Christ) *splendida peccata*².

¹ Prov. xxviii. 9.

² I have not met with these words in Augustine; but the thought often recurs; *e. g. Contra Julianum*, IV. § 18 seq.

He rejoined, that they had found divers perplexities, distractions, and almost utter ruin, in their callings. But (if others knew what comfort and content God ministered to them since their sequestration, and with what incredible improvement of their livelihood) it might encourage others to the like course.

I said that such an imitation might be of dangerous consequence. And that if any, in good case before, should fall into poverty, few afterwards would follow the example.

For their night-watchings, and their rising at four of the clock in the morning (which I thought was much for one of fourscore years, and for children). To the one he said, it was not much; since they always went to bed at seven of the clock in the evening. For the other, he confessed, there were every night two (*alternatim*) continued all night in their devotions, who went not to bed until the rest arose.

For the crosses he made the usual answer, that they were not ashamed of that badge of Christian profession which the first propugners of the faith bare in their banners, and which we, in our church discipline, retain to this day.

For their chapel; that it was now near chapel time (for eleven is the hour in the forenoon), and that I might, if I pleased, accompany them thither, and so satisfy myself best of what I had heard concerning that. Which afterwards I willingly entertained.

In the mean time I told them, I perceived all was not true which I had heard of the place. For I could see no such inscription on the frontispiece of the house, containing a kind of invitation of such as were willing to learn of them, or would teach them better. Which was some encouragement for me to come (as one desirous to learn, not teach) and might be some excuse of my audacity, if they would be pleased so to accept it. But he, barring me from farther compliments, said, the ground of that report hung over my head.

We sitting by the chimney, in the chimney piece was a manuscript tableture; which, after I had read, I craved

leave to beg a copy of (so they would not take me for too bold a beggar). He forthwith took it down, and commanded it to be presently transcribed and given to me. I offered the writer money for his deserved pains: which was refused. And the master [N. F.] conjured me not to offer it a second time. And thereupon made it his suit not to offer any thing to any in that house, at my parting, or otherwise. The words of the protestation are as followeth.

IHS

HE who (by reproof of our errors, and remonstrance of that which is more perfect) seeks to make us better, is welcome as an Angel of God.

And

HE who (by a cheerful participation and approbation of that which is good) confirms us in the same, is welcome as a Christian Friend.

But

HE who any ways goes about to disturb us in that which is and ought to be amongst Christians (tho' it be not usual in the world) is a burden whilst he stays and shall bear his judgement, whosoever he be.

And

HE who faults us in absence for that which in presence he made shew to approve of, doth by a double guilt of flattery and slander violate the bands both of friendship and charity.

MARY FERRAR, *Widow,*

Mother of this Family,

and aged about fourscore years,

(who bids adieu to all fears and hopes of this world,
and only desires to serve God)

set up this Table.

The matter of this declaration being in such general terms, I said, I thought it without exception. But I prayed leave to except a circumstance, namely, the superscription: it being the proper character of the Jesuits¹ in every book and exhibit of theirs. He said it was that auspicious name, worthy to be the alpha and omega of all our doings; and that we are commanded to write such things *on the posts of our houses and upon our gates*. (Deut. vi. 9.) I told him, I was far from excepting against that sacred, saving name of Jesus: only I could have wished it written at length, or any other way, to have differenced it from that which the papists only use, but no protestants. And, that the text he mentioned, was in the Old Testament (where there was no mention of Jesus, but of Jehovah) to my remembrance. But we passed from this towards the chapel, being about forty paces

¹ Can this be the basis of Mr. Carlyle's words, *who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his foreign travels*? "If you view the forefront of these *Devotions*, you shall find these three Capital letters (IHS.) encircled in a sun, supported by two angels, with two devout nuns or women praying to it, one of them holding a cross in her hand. Now, what is this but an undoubted badge and character of a *Popish* and *Jesuitical* book; of an *Idolatrous* and *Romish Devotion*? Look into the frontispiece of all *Jesuits'* works, you shall find this stamp and impress on them (IHS.) in the self-same form as here: Look into your *Popish Horaries*, *Primers*, *Offices*, *Prayers*, and *Devotions*: Lo, there a cross, a (IHS.) and men praying to them, or before them: but never saw I such a forefront in any orthodox English or outlandish writers. *Index animi vultus*; the very effigies, draught, and portraiture therefore of the frontispiece proclaims the book itself, and him that penned it to be merely *Popish*: It hath the very *mark and seal of the Beast upon its forehead*; therefore, it must needs be his."—Prynne's *Briefve Survey and Censvre of Mr. Cozens His Couzening Devotions*, 4. Compare *ib.* 40, 54.

from the house, yet staid a little (as with a parenthesis) by a glass of sack, a sugar-cake, and a fine napkin, brought by a mannerly maid. Which refreshed my memory to tell them what my lord bishop of Lincoln said of them. Wherein yet I brake no laws of humanity or hospitality (though spoken at his table.) For he said nothing but what they wished and were glad to hear; being but the relation of the grave and discreet answers (as my lord himself termed them) of the old gentlewoman to some of his lordship's expostulations.

To that part concerning the young deacon, whom his lordship had heard of, to come from Cambridge to officiate in their chapel; he (innuendo ever the younger son, who only was the speaker) said, that himself was the young deacon intended. That he is two and forty years old; was fellow of a house in Cambridge; and hath taken the orders of a deacon.—To say nothing of his having been at Rome (whereof I could have excepted no more against him than he might against me). For having been so long in the labour of the chapel, it is now high time we were at the church—

At the entering thereof he made a low obeisance¹; a few paces farther, a lower; coming to the half-pace (which was at the east end, where the table stood) he bowed to the ground, if not prostrated himself: then went up into a fair, large reading place (a preaching place being of the same proportion, right over against it). The mother, with all her train (which were her daughter and daughter's daughters) had a fair island seat.

He placed me above, upon the half-pace, with two fair window cushions of green velvet before me. Over against me was such another seat, so suited; but no body to sit in it. The daughter's four sons kneeled all the while on the edge of the half-pace; all in black gowns. (And they went to church

¹ See below, note on p. 29. Add Eleazaris Dunconi *De adorazione Dei versus altare*. Determinatio Cantabrigiæ habita Martii 15. 1633. sine loco. 1660. Also published in English.

in round Monmouth caps¹, as my man said ; for I looked not back) the rest all in black, save one of the daughter's daughters, who was in a friar's grey gown.

We being thus placed, the deacon (for so I must now call him) with a very loud and distinct voice, began with the Litany, read divers prayers and collects in the book of Common-prayer, and Athanasius his creed, and concluded with *The Peace of God*, &c.

All ended, the mother, with all her company, attended my coming down. But her son (the deacon) told her, I would stay awhile to view the chapel. So with all their civil salutations towards me (which I returned them afar off ; for I durst not come nearer, lest I should have light upon one of the virgins ; not knowing whether they would have taken a kiss² in good part or no) they departed home.

Now (none but the deacon and I left) I observed the chapel, in general, to be fairly and sweetly adorned with herbs and flowers, natural in some places, and artificial upon every pillar along both sides the chapel (such as are in cathedral churches) with tapers (I mean great virgin-wax-candles) on every pillar.

The half-pace at the upper end (for there was no other division betwixt the body of the chapel and the east part) was all covered with tapestry. And, upon that half-pace, stood the communion-table (not altar-wise, as reported) with a rich carpet hanging very large upon the half-pace ; and some plate, as a chalice, and candlesticks with wax candles.

By the preaching place stood the font ; the leg, laver and cover, all of brass, cut and carved. The cover had a cross erected. The laver was of the bigness of a barber's bason.

And this is all which I had leisure to observe in the chapel ; save that I asked for the organs ? And he told me, they were not there ; but that they had a pair in their house.

¹ Fuller's *Worthies*, ii. 431 (8vo. ed.)

² Wordsw. *Eccl. Biogr.* i. 523 n. *Notes and Qu.* x. 208.

I asked also, what use they made of so many tapers? He said, to give them light, when they could not see without them.

Then (having, as I told you before, obtained leave to say what I listed) I asked him, to whom he made all those courtesies? He said, to God. I asked if the papists made any other answer for their bowing to images and crucifixes? yet we account them idolaters for so doing. He said, we have no such warrant for the one. But for the other we have a precept, to *do all things with decency and order*¹; as he took this to be.

I demanded then, why he used not the same solemnity in his service at his house; And, whether he thought the chapel more holy than his house? He said, No. But that God was more immediately present, while we were worshiping him in the temple.

I replied, that I thought God was as present at Paul's cross as at Paul's church; and at the preaching-place at Whitehall, and 'spital sermons, as elsewhere. For where two or three are gathered together in His name, God is in the midst of them. And yet in those places (no, not in the body of the church, though there be a sermon and prayers there) we do not use this threefold reverence, nor any low bowing, unless in the chancel towards the east, where an altar or some crucifix is?—He answered me something of the trinary number, which I did not understand, nor well hear.

This, as all other our discourse, being ended with mildness and moderation (on his part at least) I said farther, since their devotions (from which they would be loth to be diverted or interrupted, as in the said protestation appears) are more strict and regular than usual, if in their consciences they were persuaded that all their formalities and ceremonies were but *adiaphora* (things indifferent) I then thought they were as wise as serpents (in the Scripture sense) in complying so with the church ceremonies, that they might the safelier hold on

¹ 1 Cor. xiv. 40.

their course without exception. For in this comportment, I thought, authority would not except against them, unless for exceeding the cathedrals; who make but one reverence, whereas they make three. He said, I spake like one who seemed to have had experience in the world.

It being now near twelve o'clock, we ended our discourse, and I called for my horses; hoping that thereupon he would have invited me to stay dinner¹: not that I care for his or any man's meat (for you had given me a dinner in too good a breakfast) but that I might have gained more time to have seen and observed more of their fashions; and whether the virgins and younger sort would have mingled with us; with divers other things, which such a dinner-time would have best ministered matter for. But, instead of making me stay, he helped me in calling for my horses; accompanying me even to my stirrup. And so, I not returning into the house, as we friendly met, we friendly parted.

Many more questions I thought on, when it was too late; and yet you see I was not idle for the short time I stayed. I asked him, of their monthly receiving the sacrament, and whether their servants (when they received) were attended by their masters and mistresses, and suffered not so much as to lay and take away their own trenchers, as I had heard? whereat he smiled, as at a frivolous fable, and said, the only difference from other days was, that the servants (the day they received) sat at the same table with them.

¹ It was not the custom of the family to invite "Anonymous Persons" to stay dinner (see below, pp. 247, 248): it is however, some consolation to think that Lenton had eaten "too good a Breakfast," and that "a mannerly Maid" had before church stayed him "as with a parenthesis, by a Glass of Sack, Sugar-Cake and a fine Napkin," and all this before twelve o'clock. As probably half an hour would see him safe at "my Lord Mountague's," we are not surprised that he lived to tell the tale of his privations.

I heard also that they never roast any meat; only boil and bake (but not in paste), that their servants may not be much hindered from their devotions; and that they have but one horse amongst them all. But of these I made no mention.

They are extraordinary well reported of by their neighbours, viz. that they are very liberal to the poor; at great cost in preparing physic and surgery, for the sick and sore (whom they also visit often), and that some sixty or eighty poor people they task with catechetical questions: which when they come and make answer to, they are rewarded with money and their dinner. By means of which reward of meat and money, the poor catechumens learn their lessons well; and so their bodies and souls too are well fed.

I find them full of humanity and humility. And others speak as much of their charity: which I also verily believe, and therefore am far from censuring them: of whom I think much better than of myself. My opposing of some of their opinions and practices, as you see in this my relation (wherein I may have varied in some circumstances, but nothing from the substance) was only by way of argument, and for my own better information. I shall be glad to observe how wiser men will judge of them, or imitate their course of life.

I intended not a third part of this when I began, as you may see by my first lines. But, one thing drawing on another, I have now left out little or nothing to my remembrance; saving what I thought fitting in good manners, upon my first affront, to make way for my welcome, and *ad captandam benevolentiam*; which is not worth the repeating, if I could; and I am something better at acting such a part, than at relating it: though good at neither.

After this long and tedious relation, I must now make but short thanks to yourself and my lady for my long and kind welcome; wherein my wife joins with me; praying your remembering our loving respects to our kind nieces (hoping the good scholars at Westminster are well). And so I leave you to the grace of God; and am the same, your loving friend,

EDWARD LENTON."

“Crossing Huntingdonshire, on this occasion, in his way Northward, his Majesty had visited the Establishment of Nicholas Ferrar at Little Gidding on the western border of that county¹. A surprising Establishment, now in full flower; wherein above fourscore persons, including domestics, with Ferrar and his Brother and aged Mother at the head of them, had devoted themselves to a kind of Protestant Monachism, and were getting much talked of in those times. They followed celibacy, and merely religious duties; employed themselves in ‘binding of Prayer-books,’ embroidering of hassocks, and what charitable work was possible in that desert region; above all, they kept up, night and day, a continual repetition of the English Liturgy; being divided into relays and watches, one watch relieving another, as on ship-board; and never allowing at any hour the sacred fire to go out. This also, as a feature of the times, the modern reader is to meditate. In Isaac Walton’s *Lives* there is some drowsy notice of these people, not unknown to the modern reader. A far livelier notice; record of an actual visit to the place, by an Anonymous Person, seemingly a religious Lawyer, perhaps returning from Circuit in that direction, at all events a most sharp distinct man, through whose clear eyes we also can

¹ “Rushworth, ii. 178.” See Appendix.

still look;—is preserved by Hearne in very unexpected neighbourhood¹. The Anonymous Person, after some survey and communing, suggested to Nicholas Ferrar, ‘Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummery, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in these bad times?’ Nicholas, a dark man, who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his Foreign travels, looked at him ambiguously, and said, ‘I perceive you are a person who know the world!’ They did not ask the Anonymous Person to stay dinner, which he considered would have been agreeable.”—Carlyle’s *Cromwell*, i. 106, 107.

In dealing with language so allusive, one cannot be sure of having seized the meaning intended to be conveyed. As I understand it, Ferrar is here depicted as a cowardly hypocrite, feigning a love of “ritual mummery” in order to live unmolested by bishops and chancellors. Let us compare the comment with the text. That Mr. Carlyle has mistaken Ferrar’s complexion² and confounded the two

¹ “*Thomæ Caii Vindicis Antiquitatis Academiae Oxoniensis* (Oxf. 1730), ii. 702–794. There are two *Lives* of Ferrar; considerable writings about him; but, except this, nothing that much deserves to be read.”

² “Nicholas, a dark man, who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his Foreign travels.” It is a great gift, no doubt, thus to dash off a character at a stroke, by a single graphic epithet; who does not feel that a worse impression of Nicholas

brothers¹, is literally as plain as it is that black is not white. That the "Anonymous Person," respecting whose profession Mr. Carlyle hazards a conjecture, bears the less mysterious title *Edward Lenton of Grey's Inn* in the very book referred to by Mr. Carlyle², is, though strange, not less true. That "above fourscore persons" of this "surprising Establishment" managed to pick up a living "in that desert³ region," that veritable *hermitage*, is a conclusion of transcendental logic from the premisses

is left on the mind by this summary sentence than by a formal conviction on sufficient proof? But, if I may steal a trick from the Teufelsdröckh press: "What if your Graphic-Epithet be *misapplied*?" Do you not risk the proverbial step to the ridiculous?

¹ John, whom Lenton calls "a short, black-complexioned man; whose apparel and hair made him shew priestlike;" with Nicholas "a bachelor, of a plain presence, but of able speech and parts;" in childhood "fair and of bright hair like his mother;" in manhood, as his portraits shew, clear-complexioned.

² In Hearne's *Caius*, 693 n., is some notice of Lenton's family. Gough, Peckard and others have cited these papers from Hearne; so that for Mr. Carlyle alone, of those who have looked into the matter, can they have been "preserved in very unexpected neighbourhood." The letters, it may be added, are printed with Lenton's name in one of the commonest of books, Wordsworth's *Eccl. Biogr.*

³ So called after the analogy of *lucus a non lucendo*, because it lay hard by the great north road, with half a dozen villages within a distance of two miles. See below, p. 55, "*the towns round about and men in the fields*;" also pp. 57 and 76.

(1. Ferrar's mother, a tall, straight, clear-complexioned, grave matron was of eighty years of age. 2. Some sixty or eighty poor people were tasked with catechetical questions, which when they came and made answer to, they were rewarded with money and their dinner), or from these, furnished by two¹ out of the three testimonies which Mr. Carlyle has glanced at, I will not desecrate the term by saying, *has read*: 1. *He and his family were like a little college, about thirty in number.* 2. *The family consisted of N. F., his mother and brother, his sister and her husband, their fourteen or fifteen children, and two or three maidservants*².

The uninitiated may imagine that the words 'binding of Prayer-books' are a quotation; for the benefit of the literary aspirant I will venture to divulge the mystery: *lest your happy hits be lost upon the unconscious public, mark them out for approbation by inverted commas.* But to the point: that the Ferrars did bind prayer-books, I make no question, but there is, I believe, no proof that they

¹ Walton and Lenton.

² Add the three schoolmasters; John Ferrar's family; "little Mall" Mapletoft, soon to be joined by her fatherless brother and sister, when they also (in 1635) were adopted by their aunt Mary Collett; Ralph Woodnoth, whose father's wealth could nowhere else procure him so sound a training; the poor almswidows, for whom Charles emptied his purse, "willing them to pray for him," &c.

did: four *biblical* books bound by them I have seen, and have heard of two others¹: the three in the British Museum may fall under Mr. Carlyle's eye; if so, he will, I hope, join me in the wish that both our libraries enjoyed as stout, if not as gorgeous, a covering. "But if the books are not known to have been Prayer-books, why call them so?" It is for Mr. Carlyle to answer the question. I cannot go beyond a guess, that "the modern reader" might not have relished the implied sarcasm so keenly, if it had been levelled at the gospels. The same hypothesis will account for the next misstatement. "They kept up, night and day, a continual repetition of the English Liturgy." Night *and day*, did they? but let that pass. One can only reply that they might have been worse employed; and that, if for *English Liturgy* we had read *Psalms of David*, we might have bethought ourselves of a modern, who loudly trumpets forth those very Psalms, when degraded into a fanatical battle-cry.

"Well, at any rate, the Ferrars were far gone in Monachism; and that, surely, is priestcraft's most ensnaring invention." Perhaps so; but it is not obvious, how a family which saw six daughters out of eight well bestowed in marriage, can be claimed as devotees of celibacy: had their mother been the most scheming of dowagers, she could

¹ See the Index, s. v. *Bookbinding*.

scarcely have repined at such a proportion of successes. "They followed merely religious duties:" in one sense this is true; every social duty was to them a duty of religion: in another it is most false; the time they spent in prayer or devout meditation was won from sleep, from idleness, and from pleasure, not from offices to which their station called them: of this the Collett letters afford superfluous proof.

But to do full justice to the keenness¹ with which Mr. Carlyle has "looked" through the spectacles of Lenton's—I beg pardon, that "most sharp, distinct man's," that "Anonymous Person's"—"clear eyes," we must examine the sentence which is the foundation of the whole charge (or insinuation rather, for your master of effect can make or blast a reputation by a turn of expression) in the light of the paraphrase which adapts it to the comprehension of the nineteenth century.

ANONYMOUS PERSON.

This, as all other our discourse, being ended with mildness and moderation, on his part at least, I said farther, since their devotions (from which they would be loth to be diverted or interrupted, as in the said protestation appears) are more strict and regular than usual, if in their consciences they were

MR. CARLYLE.

The Anonymous Person, after some survey and communing, suggested to Nicholas Ferrar, 'Perhaps he had but *assumed* all this ritual mummery, in order to get a devout life led peaceably in these bad

¹ "The duke said, *Envy was quick-sighted*. Nay, said the palsegrave, *can see what is not*."—*Infra*, p. 150.

ANONYMOUS PERSON.

persuaded that all their formalities and ceremonies were but *adiaphora* (things indifferent), I then thought they were as wise as serpents, in the scripture sense, in complying so with the church ceremonies, that they might the safer hold on their course without exception. For in this comportment, I thought, authority would not except against them, unless for exceeding the cathedrals; who make but one reverence, whereas they make three. He said, I spake like one who seemed to have had experience in the world.

MR. CARLYLE.

times.' Nicholas, a dark man, who had acquired something of the Jesuit in his Foreign travels, looked at him ambiguously, and said, 'I perceive you are a person who know the world!'

Had Mr. Carlyle's blunders been mere blunders of haste, I should not have dwelt thus long upon them; but they seem to be owing to the evil habit, fostered by ministering to a vitiated literary taste, of sacrificing rigid exactness to rounded periods or epigrammatic smartness¹. Be this as it may, when a man, who, though ever dinning in our ears that all around him is a moral and spiritual desert, yet offers no practical suggestion for reclaiming the waste,—when such a man presumes to scoff at one whose whole life was self-denial, because he did only

¹ *Populus vult decipi et decipietur*. "This also, as a feature of the times, the modern reader is to meditate."

such charitable work as was possible in a desert, it is vain to palliate his guilt by the plea, the pitiful plea, of carelessness¹.

Two questions, of immediate urgency, may find a solution in academic memoirs of the seventeenth century. Would we ascertain the efficacy and value of religious tests; the sufferings of non-conformists, non-covenanters, non-engagers, nonjurors, furnish abundant matter for grave and impartial reflection. Do we ask, whether rhetoric, logic, metaphysics (to say nothing of moral philosophy and systematic

¹ A long and intimate acquaintance with Mr. Carlyle's writings has, I hope, unfitted me alike for the creeping idolatry, and the fierce invective, of which he has been alternately the victim. That I regard his Cromwell as an important accession to a commonwealth library, I would gladly prove by some better offering than the only one which I have at hand,—a reference to some letters printed in Dickinson's *Newark*, 119, 120. But, having been constrained to mention him, I cannot forbear to protest against the contumelious rudeness which he has thought fit to bring back into literature. Other students have been annoyed by the dulness, thoughtlessness, or dishonesty of their predecessors; perhaps hardly any one has ever really studied a subject without annoyance of the kind: but few, assuredly, have given vent to their annoyance in so unmannerly a strain. Only listen. "Carrion Heath," "Mark Noble, my reverend imbecile friend," "Peter Heylin's (lying Peter's) history," "Bishop Hacket and the Futile Ingenuities," "stupid Saunderson," &c. &c.

theology) may safely be banished from a great seminary of the church; we must compare the Cambridge divines bred before and after that revolution, by which the mathematical and physical sciences supplanted our statutory course. I have undertaken this series, partly in the hope of shedding light on points such as these, but mainly because, deriving from a public foundation leisure for research and access to rare or manuscript sources, I view these opportunities as imposing a strict obligation to share them, so far as may be, with less privileged students. Else I might well have hesitated to intrude into a province of literature on which I can bestow but a secondary care. As it is, I must only strive to apply sound discretion to select, and gradually widening information to illustrate, each successive volume: completeness, for the present at least, is beyond my reach.

Defective, however, as the execution of my task may be, it would have been far more so, but for assistance on all hands liberally accorded. To William Hopkinson, Esq., of Stamford, my thanks are pre-eminently due. If Gidding church now reflects the image¹ of days which have thrown a

¹ See Appendix, p. 300, for a list of existing relics. A slight account of the restorations may interest those who design a pilgrimage to the spot. The little edifice (nave inside 36 ft. 9 inches \times 13.6; chancel 22.7 \times 11.7: width of front

saintly halo around it, and if the estate once more presents a smiling contrast to the neighbouring parishes, all is owing to the impression made on his boyish sympathies some sixty years ago by a perusal of Ferrar's life. Thenceforth Gidding was to him a hallowed name, though many years elapsed before he visited the place, and more before he could call it his own. This zeal for the subject of my

17. 10) is of brick, except the stone front, which was put up in 1714, probably on the removal of the organ gallery (p. 284). Certain it is that John Ferrar's tomb, once adjoining the west door (p. 54), is now seven or eight feet from it. The inside is fitted like a college chapel, with oak panneling (that on the right having come down from Ferrar's time) and stalls. In the right window of the nave, next the chancel arch, are king Charles's arms, with text above, *Ut si quis perdicem in montibus*; and inscription below, *Insignia Caroli Regis qui latitabat apud Ferrarios 2do. Maii, A. S. 1646*. In the opposite window bishop Williams's arms (of Williams and Lincoln) with text, *Non avarus, sed hospitalis. &c.* In the left window next the door N. F.'s arms (on a bend gu. cottised ar. 3 horse shoes ar. 3 horse shoes or. Crest, an ostrich proper holding in his beak a horse shoe or. Motto, *Ferre va ferme*), with text, *Ecce vere Israelita, cui dolus non est, &c.* In the opposite window Wm. Hopkinson's arms, with text, *Diligo Habitatulum Domus Tue*, and inscription *Insignia Gulielmi Hopkinson, Domini Manerii de Gidding Parvâ, qui hanc Ecclesiam restauravit, et has Fenestras (sacrum munus) dicavit. A. S. 1853*. The chalice and patine, given by Mr. H. on the feast of St. John the Evangelist (the patron saint), 1853, have each an appropriate inscription. The brasses from the family tombs have been fixed up in the church. N. F.'s tomb (an altar-tomb) has neither brass nor inscription.

inquiries, with his active habits, large acquaintance, unparalleled memory, and great antiquarian knowledge, rendered Mr. Hopkinson's co-operation indispensable to my success. And most freely have the trustworthy evidences¹ of titledeeds, registers, inscriptions, pedigrees, letters, been placed at my disposal; while my own search has been profitably directed to quarters, to which, without such introduction, I might never have applied, or might have applied in vain.

To sir Thos. Phillipps, Bart., whose collection of books and MSS., both in value, and in the generosity which throws it open to the stranger, outdoes many public libraries; to the Rev. E. Atkinson of Clare Hall; the Rev. Dr. Cookson, master of Peterhouse; Mr. Hawkins of the British Museum; the Rev. D. J. Hopkins, rector of Hartford, Hunts.; Arthur Sperling, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn; the Rev. Wm. Whall, rector of Little Gidding; the Rev. Dr. Wynter, president of St. John's College, Oxford; and *of course* to the Rev. J. Romilly, registrar of Cambridge University, I am indebted for admission to documents under their care, or for other like services. Some readers also, I would fain believe, will display their interest in Nicholas Ferrar, by removing

¹ See in the Appendix a full account of all the authorities which I have used.

any blemishes¹ which may deface this monument to his fame; or by taking steps in order that the excellent family portraits², which have descended to our time, may be made accessible in engravings not unworthy of their subjects.

¹ The faults in spelling are to be laid to my account. If ever *height*, *judgment*, or the like forms, are found, it is the printer's correction, or my inadvertence. The analogy of *depth*, *breadth*, &c. and great authority (*e.g.* Milton's) support *highth*. *Judgement*, *acknowledgement*, &c. were current in the days of the Ferrars (*e.g.* they occur in the MS. preface to one of their concordances), and still survive in the Prayer-book and in the usage of many of our best writers. Those who drop the *e* should also, to be consistent, write (as Burnet did) *judg*, *colledg*, &c. I blush to think, that it is necessary to defend the orthodox *contemporary*. When, however, not merely ephemeral writers, but scholars like Mr. Stanley and Mr. Trench, countenance the heresy, it is high time to revive Bentley's anathema: "the Examiner's *cotemporary*, which is a downright Barbarism. For the Latins never use *co* for *con*, except before a vowel, as *coequal*, *coeternal*; but, before a consonant, they either retain the N, as *contemporary*, *constitution*; or melt it into another letter, as *collection*, *comprehension*. So that the Examiner's *cotemporary* is a word of his own *coposition*, for which the Learned World will *cogratitude* him." *Preface to Diss.* p. lv. Dyce. See Salter's note on the passage.

² Appendix, p. 295 seq.