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A table of contents for *The Churchman* can be found here:

[https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles\\_churchman\\_os.php](https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_churchman_os.php)

Lastly, and briefly: "Why did the Apostles not write in many foreign languages, if they could speak them?" Speaking a language and writing it do not always go together. And the Apostles' age was a non-writing age. Few writers were there in those times and places. Very few wrote even Palestinian vernacular or Greek. Was it because they could not speak them? Again, most of what we have received written was written then in Greek, because that language was, through all the East, far more universally understood and spoken than some will allow.

W. C. GREEN.

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ART. V.—THE FIRST VISCOUNTESS MORDAUNT.

THERE are few more conspicuous characters in the reigns of William III. and Queen Anne than Charles, the third Earl of Peterborough, the hero of the siege of Barcelona, and of many other thrilling incidents in the Spanish war. This distinguished general was not only known for his extraordinary skill and energy in the art of war, but for his singular vivacity and love of adventure, and throughout his life for his sparkling wit and humour. Like most great men, he had a remarkable mother. His mother was Elizabeth, the first Viscountess Mordaunt, and it was chiefly from her that he inherited the talents which distinguished him. This lady deserves to be remembered for her own sake, as well as for the sake of her illustrious son.

The father of Charles, the third Earl, was—like his brother, the second Earl—an ardent supporter of the Royal cause in the struggle between Charles I. and his Parliament; and, after the death of the King, he was one of the chief promoters of the efforts which followed, to place Charles II. upon the throne. He was known at this time as the Hon. John Mordaunt, and, as such, was married to the future Viscountess, Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Thomas Carey, second son of Robert, Earl of Monmouth. This lady was remarkable for her wit, her beauty, and her loyalty in the subsequent court of the "merrie monarch;" but she was far more remarkable still for the beauty of her personal piety and for her devotion to God, and to the duties of religion, in the midst of a court where all thoughts of God were far too often forgotten. Of her it is that Lord Clarendon says, "She concurred with her husband in all honourable dedications of himself," and that she was "a young and beautiful lady, of a very loyal spirit, and notable vivacity of wit and humour." Of her it was that these lines were written,

Betty Carey's lips and eyes  
Make all hearts their sacrifice.

But her personal beauty never proved to her a snare in that gay court, and her ready wit and humour never drew away her mind from higher things and holier. Little though she is known, there are few more beautiful characters than hers to be found in all the history of the time. Her life was one of singular holiness, purity, and unobtrusive piety, shining with a brilliance all the more remarkable by contrast with the tone and character of the court in which she moved. That her distinguished son, "whose eccentric career," as Lord Macaulay says, "was destined to amaze Europe," should have inherited from such a mother her talents and her courage without her piety, must be a subject of regret to all who read the story.

This remarkable woman kept a diary in which, with great minuteness, she relates the most interesting events of her life, and her reflections upon them, and which extends, more or less continuously, from 1656 (four years before the Restoration) to her own death in 1678. The manuscript, which is all in her own handwriting, is in the possession of the Earl of Roden, at Dundalk House, one of his residences in Ireland. The late Earl of Roden published it in the year 1856, with a very interesting preface written by himself, in which he describes the principal incidents in Lady Mordaunt's career, and relates how the manuscript came into the possession of his family. He describes the manuscript as "originally bound in vellum, and closed with a silver lock," and as having been concealed "behind some books for nearly two centuries" in the library at Dundalk House, until the period of its publication. Dundalk House was purchased by Anne, the youngest daughter of Viscount and Viscountess Mordaunt, who was married to Jas. Hamilton, Esq., of Tullymore Park, County Down. It was purchased as a residence for her son James, afterwards Viscount Limerick, whose daughter was the wife of the first Earl of Roden. As to the contents of the diary, Lord Roden thus writes: "In it this gifted lady gives an interesting account of her feelings, with a strict examination of them, on the various events, both public and private, which happened during her life, with her prayers and thanksgivings on those occasions." She describes with much feeling "the trial and acquittal of her husband in the High Court of Justice;" "his differences and his lawsuit with his brother," the second Earl of Peterborough; her thankfulness for the "King's most happy and miraculous Restoration" in 1660, for which she indites a special thanksgiving to be repeated every year on the anniversary of that event. The diary contains very touching descriptions of her intense anxiety during the time of the great Plague in 1665, and

of the Fire of London in 1666, with the outpouring of her thankful heart, expressed both in prose and verse, when "these calamities were over-past." The expressions she uses are, throughout, of the most natural and unstudied description; and it is clear that the pages were intended for no eye but her own.

The following are some of the striking utterances in which this accomplished person gives expression to her ardent affections and desires.

On the 29th of May, 1660, she resolves that this shall always henceforth be her hymn of thanksgiving :

What praises can I render unto Thee, my God, worthy Thy acceptance at any time! . . . O what praises, then, can I now render upon this day, on which Thou hast showered such multitudes of mercies upon me as I partake in the public good, upon me as being a member of Thy Church, upon me in the particular and personal comforts that my dear husband and I have received by the King's most happy and miraculous restoration upon this day, a miracle past expectation! . . . O give unto our prince, and to the rulers of this Church and nation, to me and to my dear husband in particular, so true a sense of Thy mercies, as that we may not dare to offend Thee, that hast so highly blest us. O pardon our sins past, and let this day, as it is a renewing of our praises, become an increase of our devotions, and a means of our repentance and amendment. . . . O Lord and Saviour, who art full of mercy and goodness, turn our hearts from all our wicked ways, and so fix them upon Thee, as that we may be accepted by Thee, both here and eternally hereafter. Amen.

It will be remembered that in the last year of the Commonwealth, after the death of Oliver Cromwell, several attempts were made to effect a Royalist reaction, before the successful advance of General Monk from Scotland in the following year. In many counties a resolution was taken to rise in arms. The plans of the Royalists were, however, betrayed before they were ripe; and it would seem that the only rising which was even partially successful was that of Sir George Booth, who attempted the capture of Chester for the King in 1659. In this attempt, as in every other of the kind, Lord and Lady Mordaunt appear to have taken the warmest interest. When Sir George Booth was subsequently defeated and taken prisoner by General Lambert, the person who had been the chief opponent when the Protector was offered the dignity of king, Lady Mordaunt does not fail to pour out her heart to God in behalf of the defeated general. And then follows the form of prayer her loyal heart intended ever afterwards to use :

When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me. I lifted up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help. In the Lord was my trust. For when nothing but blood and destruction could be expected, when Sir George Booth was taken, and the business destroyed which was designed for the good of the nation, of the Church and King, and when the lives of my friends and relations and of many honest people were in danger to be devoured by the enemy, I then humbled myself before Thee, my God, and unto Thee I made my sup-

plications and vows, for the lives of all those Thy distressed people. . . . Thou hast turned my heaviness to joy, by granting me the request of my lips. For Thou hast not only most miraculously preserved the lives of all these Thy servants, but Thou hast restored to them their liberties and estates. O ever praised be God, that hath not given us over for a prey unto our enemies, but hath set our feet in a large room. . . . O my soul, trust thou in the Lord, for with my God there is mercy, and with Him is plenteous redemption, and to Him for ever be the glory.

And again :

How infinitely merciful beyond expression hath Thy most glorious majesty appeared to me, the most unworthy of creatures, and to my dear husband ! Lord, continue these Thy mercies, and so sanctify them to us as to better us by them, and make us entirely Thine, that we may spend our whole lives in Thy service. Lord, glorify Thyself by us, giving us grace to glorify Thee both here and eternally hereafter. Amen.

The diary is filled with prayers and meditations and thanksgivings of this description. Some, like these, referring to events of general and national interest, others, more frequently, relating to the domestic events in her own family. Fourteen pages are occupied by a very touching and tenderly-worded meditation on the successive clauses of the Sermon on the Mount. This was written during the temporary sojourn of the family at Montpellier in the year 1669 ; it ends with the devout prayer that she and all hers might learn the lesson of the Sermon, as follows :

Let me be like unto the wise man that built his house upon a rock, and that rock Christ Jesus, upon which foundation, Lord, evermore let me build ; that when persecutions and afflictions come I may stand firm and immovable, and not perish with simple people that have laid their foundation on the sandy vanities of this world, for great will be their fall. Dearest Lord, from that dismal fall preserve, I most humbly beseech Thee, both me and mine, my dear husband, my children and family, all Thou hast been graciously pleased to give unto me ; make us Thine, dearest Lord, and then preserve us so ; and at the last day present us to the Father, cleansed and purified in Thy blood, that we may behold Thy presence in righteousness, and sing eternal hallelujahs to the glory of Thy name.

But the diary is chiefly occupied with what concerns her family life. There are several references to her eldest son Charles, as there are to almost all her children. She tells of her thankfulness to God for his recovery from sickness in 1667, of her prayers for him on his going as a student to Oxford in 1674, on his commencing a journey in France in 1675, and on his entering the Navy in 1677. Those who remember the skill which that son displayed in the writing of smooth and melodious verses, and which contributed so much to make him the friend and ally of Alexander Pope, will not be surprised to find that the mother had no mean skill in the same art too. The diary contains, as has been said, verse as well as prose. The following are given as samples of the way in which this excellent

woman loved to versify her thoughts, and thus to commune with her own heart and in her chamber and be still ; no alteration is made in the lines, except that the spelling is modernised :

MY BIRTHDAY, MARCH 1, 1674.

O let that day which gave me breath  
Be spent in praise to Thy great name ;  
Let it a new and joyful birth  
Become, of grace, of love, of fame—  
A birth of all that's good and just,  
Of all that may make me Thy own ;  
And make me on Thy mercies trust,  
That I henceforth may joy in none  
But Thee—

Thee, who alone canst make me what I ought to be.

The family seem to have left London, and so escaped danger, during the plague ; and on their return, she thus expresses her gratitude on July 1st, 1666 :

THANKSGIVING AFTER THE GREAT PLAGUE.

How great, my God, Thy mercy did appear,  
That we in safety all return'd were,  
Free from those frights and ills that sent us hence,  
Preserv'd safe, by Thy most sure defence ;  
Whilst the destroying pestilence rag'd here,  
Then great and small did fall, both far and near.

In the autumn of the same year occurred the memorable fire of London. Breaking out in a baker's shop near London Bridge, the fire extended itself with such rapidity that no efforts could arrest it. For three days and nights it continued to advance, and it is calculated that 400 streets and 13,000 houses were destroyed. Lady Mordaunt thus describes her feelings when at last it had subsided :

It is to Thee, my dearest Lord, that I  
For help and safety in distress did cry ;  
To Thee 'tis fit I should all praise return,  
That when the City great in flames did burn,  
My husband, children, self, and all that's mine,  
Were safely guarded by Thy power Divine.

But by far the most interesting part of the diary is the account the writer gives of the State Trial of her husband, which is minutely described, and is followed by the most fervent expressions of her gratitude to God on the occasion of his acquittal. The whole circumstances of the trial are so peculiar, and so characteristic of the times when they occurred, that they are worth relating. The following summary is mainly taken from the brief memoir, already referred to, by the Earl of Roden.

In 1658 Mr. Mordaunt, as he then was, was brought to trial

for High Treason against the Commonwealth and Cromwell, then Lord Protector. The charge against him was that of conspiracy for the restoration of the Monarchy, and holding communication with the exiled King. Two other persons were involved in the same trial, both of whom were, by the same judges, and on similar evidence, condemned to death and executed. These were Sir Henry Slingsby and the Reverend Dr. Hewitt. The Duke of Ormond, who had been Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, would have been brought to trial at the same time, but he had escaped from the country by flight. A full account of the trial is given in the "Thurloe State Papers," and also in "Howell's State Trials." From these it would appear (though we should not have known it from the diary) that it was mainly to the intelligence and dexterity of the future Lady Mordaunt that her husband was indebted for his acquittal. The Protector, it would seem, was not able to trust to an unbiased jury, and a High Court of Justice had been constituted, consisting of—according to Lord Clarendon—twenty judges without any jury. Lady Mordaunt's account in the diary gives the number of judges as forty. Among such a number, says Clarendon, there were generally some who "out of pity, or for money, were inclined to do good offices to the prisoners," or at least to "communicate such secrets to them" as would guide them in their trial. Of these "Mr. Mordaunt's lady had procured some to be very propitious to her husband." By the private advice of these persons, the prisoner, who, at his first appearance, had refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the Court, was prevailed upon to submit to its authority. He was so strictly guarded in the Tower that to communicate with him there was impossible; but, on his next return to the Court, a note from his wife was conveyed to him, which induced him to withdraw his refusal. The trial then proceeded. The principal witness was a certain Colonel Mallory. By the management of a friend, Mallory was persuaded to make his escape from the hall—into which he had been reluctantly taken—before he was called upon to give his evidence. This was sufficiently gratifying. But, more surprising still, one of the Judges, Colonel Pride, who would have voted against the prisoner, was suddenly taken ill, and obliged to leave the Court. Colonel Pride only returned after the verdict had been taken, and too late to reverse the decision. The result was that nineteen of the Judges voted "guilty," and twenty, including the President, John Lisle, voted "not guilty," the prisoner obtaining a verdict of acquittal by a majority of one vote. We are not surprised, after this, to read in the diary, "Praised be the Lord for ever, for He hath preserved the life of my husband;" "Thou hast heard the voice of my supplication, and hast considered my complaint; Thou

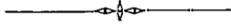
hast granted my heart's desire, and not refused the request of my lips, when I begged the deliverance of my husband from the hand of his enemies." "Thanks be to the Lord, for He hath shewed us marvellous great kindness in this strange deliverance."

Though acquitted, the accused did not at once regain his freedom; he was remanded to the Tower by order of Cromwell. When the truant Mallory had been discovered, a second trial was contemplated; but a second trial for the same offence, even upon new evidence, was so repugnant to the public feeling that Cromwell dared not encounter the reproach of it, and was prevailed upon to set the prisoner at liberty. In the next year, 1659, Mr. Mordaunt was, by letters patent, created Baron Mordaunt of Reigate, and Viscount Mordaunt of Avalon; in 1660 he was among the first to meet the King on his return from exile, and to welcome his restoration to the throne. Soon afterwards the new peer was made Constable of Windsor Castle, and Lord Lieutenant of Surrey. Alas! however, his troubles and those of Lady Mordaunt did not end with the restoration of the monarchy. In 1666, he was impeached before the House of Lords, "evidently," says Lord Roden, "for no greater crime than a literal and lenient enforcement of a warrant of the King, and prosecuted with a degree of virulent determination, for which it is scarcely possible to account." That he escaped from any ill effects of this impeachment appears to be due more to the "jealousy of the Houses of Lords and Commons in respect to precedents, privileges and forms, than to the relenting of his enemies." In reference to this happy deliverance from the undeserved "persecution of our enemies," the diary contains a "Prayer of thanksgiving to my God, to be said every Monday in the year, so long as I live," which, Lord Roden well says, "breathes the very spirit of the Psalmist," and which ends with the well-chosen words, "As for us and our family, we will serve the Lord our God."

Viscount Mordaunt died on the 5th of June, 1675. The Viscountess, who survived her husband only about three years, appears to have resided with her children at the Bishop of London's house at Fulham. Among the additional MSS. in the British Museum is preserved her "Account Book," containing particulars of her later years, from which several extracts are given by Mr. Harvey in his "History of Willey Hundred." In addition to Charles, her eldest son, who succeeded to the Earldom of Peterborough and the Barony of Turvey, several others of her children distinguished themselves in the subsequent history of the nation. Henry, the second son, became a member of Parliament, a Lieutenant-General in the army, and Treasurer of the Ordnance; Lewis, the third son, rose to the rank of Brigadier-General in the army; and Osmund, the fourth son,

died fighting at the battle of the Boyne. There are portraits of both the Viscount and Viscountess in the possession of the Earl of Roden; that of the Viscountess was painted, in 1665, by Louise, Princess Palatine, daughter of the Queen of Bohemia. Both the date and the name of the artist are stated, by Lord Roden, to be inscribed on the picture.

G. F. W. MUNBY.



#### ART. VI.—THE PROSECUTION OF THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN.

IT would be difficult to over-estimate the gravity of the present crisis in the Church of England, or to exaggerate the consequences—be they good or evil—which must result from the prosecution of the Bishop of Lincoln for breaking the law, if it be followed out to the bitter end, whether it succeed or fail. Can it be possible that he who has provoked, or they who have instituted, the prosecution had seriously thought the matter out, and realized or pictured to themselves its inevitable results? Each of the parties to this contest no doubts expects to win: has either of them reckoned the cost at which the victory will be obtained? Each, unless guilty of inconceivable recklessness, must have contemplated the possibility of an adverse judgment. Can either of them contemplate without dismay the dire consequences of defeat?

Nor is it easy for anyone, unless like Gallio he cares for none of these things, to approach the consideration of the subject with an impartial mind. Every earnest Churchman is surrounded by a theological atmosphere, which more or less obscures his vision: he cannot secure that dry light which is so essential to the formation of a right conclusion. Consciously or not, his view of the subject must be affected by his standpoint, and his judgment biased by his opinions, his wishes, or his fears.

It thus becomes incumbent upon anyone who takes his pen in hand for the purpose of guiding or persuading others, to state frankly his own position, so that they may make due allowance for his prepossessions. The present writer hopes that they will also make due allowance for his want of literary skill.

I must first, therefore, be permitted to state with regard to myself that while endeavouring to keep free from partisanship, I am a member of the Evangelical or Low-Church party in the Church of England. According to my view, there is no sacrificing or mediatorial priesthood in our Church; the Lord's Table is not an altar, and might, without harm, and sometimes with advantage, be brought at the time of Holy Communion into the body of the church. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that