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ART. III.—THE MONUMENTS AND TOMBS IN OLD
ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL, with its exquisitely proportioned dome, a grand conception nobly carried out, may well be, as it is, the pride of the citizens of London. The spectacle of the vast congregation, filling choir and nave, crowding the central area, and overflowing into the transepts, and even into the choir aisles; hushed into entire silence when, in the midst of the great Passion music, there is a pause for private prayer, or joining with heart and voice in some familiar hymn, is a sight that probably cannot be surpassed in Christendom. The building lacks but one thing—the charm of antiquity.

When the "Great and Dreadful Fire" of 1666 desolated London the destruction of Old St. Paul's inflicted upon the history of the country, upon lovers of architecture and art, a loss which is simply irreparable. But for Dugdale's "History of St. Paul's," with its rich store of illustrations by Hollar, we should not be able to appreciate the extent of that loss, or the grandeur of the ancient structure. In his pages we can see the massive nave, the lofty spire, the tombs of kings, of warriors, statesmen, bishops, filling the solemn aisles, monuments of remarkable beauty and of rich historic interest.

Kindly reader, will you let me be your guide round Old St. Paul's? May I lay aside all formality, and take you by the hand, and pass leisurely around the long-drawn aisles, pausing at each important monument, and trying to recall some of its venerable associations. You may find me a little garrulous. It is the privilege of the cicerone so to be. Of the cathedral itself I shall tell you very little. I propose to-day¹ to make a pilgrimage amongst the tombs.

Come, then, with me, and we will pass under the beautiful portico, which, with a strange incongruity, Inigo Jones has erected as the entrance to the Norman nave, and we will enter by the western door. Passing along the northern aisle, under the tenth arch from the west, here is a chantry chapel, with its grated windows, its elaborate frieze with sculptured angels, and carved figures standing in their niches. Look through the grille and you will see the figure of a prelate, wearing his mitre and his episcopal robes, lying on an altar tomb. It is the munificent Bishop Kempe, Bishop of the diocese from 1448

¹ The period chosen for this imaginary pilgrimage is that immediately preceding the Great Fire. I hope the familiar style may be forgiven: it seems, on the whole, best suited for the purpose.

to 1489. A long episcopate in a stormy period, for it was the time of the Wars of the Roses. He built, at his own cost, the Divinity School at Oxford; he rebuilt Paul's Cross, which was for a long time, "from its imposing grandeur and consummate gracefulness, one of the chief ornaments of the city"; and he founded this chantry, where the Bishop of London's confessor should celebrate daily.

We have passed the tomb of John Owen—"Poeta Celeberrimus" his epitaph calls him, though posterity has hardly endorsed that judgment; I think it will be enough to say that he could turn an epigram very neatly. He lies near the steps of the Consistory Court.

Here is the tomb of Thomas Ravis, Bishop successively of Gloucester and of London; and here, near the great north door, this brass plate affixed to the wall commemorates William Lily, the grammarian, the first high-master of St. Paul's School, and author of a series of plays acted by the "children of Paul's."

But we will cross the northern transept, and enter the north aisle of the choir, ascending the bold flight of twelve steps which, as you see, gives access to the sanctuary. Those simple, shrine-like tombs, deeply recessed in the wall on your left side, may well arrest your attention. Plain as they are, they are royal tombs. The first is that of Sebba, King of the East Saxons, converted to the faith by the saintly Erkenwald in the year 677, as you may read upon yonder tablet. "Laying aside all worldly greatness, he assumed the habit of religion in this Church." When his grave was opened, by some treasure-seekers, his body was found "curiously embalmed with sweet odours, and clothed in rich robes." The corresponding tomb is that of King Æthelred the Second, father of Edward the Confessor, who died on St. George's Day, 1016. With him lies buried his grandson, Edward the Ætheling, who was son of Edmund Ironside. We have another royal tomb, which I shall show you presently; it is that of John of Gaunt, whose inscription will tell you that he was ancestor of Henry VII. When Sir Paul Pindar restored the choir screen, he was careful to place upon it effigies of these early kings.

A little further eastward, and still on your left, is the monument of William Aubrey, Professor in the University of Oxford, Vicar-General of the Archbishop of Canterbury, Judge Advocate of the royal army sent to St. Quintin's, Master in Chancery, and Master of Requests to Queen Elizabeth. You see the half-length figure of the learned judge, his right hand holding a scroll, his left resting on a skull. Below are the six daughters and the three sons, Sir Edward and Sir Thomas Aubrey, knights, and William, the eldest son, Chief Baron of the Exchequer,

whose wife acquired a "durable monument in the works of the second Sappho of this age, the most incomparable the late Mrs. Katherine Philips." The estimate of this lady's genius is not mine, but is that of Mr. Payne Fisher.

Sir John Mason's tomb, privy councillor to four sovereigns—Henry VIII., Edward VI., Mary and Elizabeth—need not detain us long. On his death-bed he summed up his life experience in a few weighty sentences:

Seriousness is the greatest wisdom ; temperance the best physick ; a good conscience the best estate. . . . All things else forsake me besides my God, my duty, and my prayer.

I hasten to cross an aisle that I may show you the venerable monument of Roger Niger, the zealous, munificent Bishop of London, canonised by popular acclamation. You will observe the beauty of the tracery of the arcade above the tomb. He died in 1241, and his tomb became a place of pilgrimage. You see the tablet above the tomb : it tells of a fearful storm which burst over the city as the Bishop was celebrating at the high altar. It records the thick darkness, so dense that men could scarcely see each other, the crashing of the thunder, the coruscation of the lightning, and the intolerable odour which drove all men from the church save the courageous bishop and a deacon. An indulgence was granted in 1252 by the Bishop of Ely to all who should visit the tomb.

Next let me show you the "small monument of a great man." This simple altar tomb, behind the arcade, is that of Bishop John de Chishull, Treasurer of England, and twice Lord Keeper of the Great Seal. He died in April, 1279-80.

But I see that you are already attracted to the opposite side of the aisle. That very stately monument, with its lofty canopy of alabaster and marble, commemorates William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. "He was Lord of the Bedchamber to Henry VIII., Master of the Horse to Edward VI., and President of Wales. With Barons Russell and Grey he had quelled the Western insurrection. Under Queen Mary he had twice held the chief command against the rebels, had twice been commander of the march on Calais before its fatal loss. He held honourable offices under Elizabeth. His wife was the sister of Queen Katharine Parr." He had faithfully served four sovereigns, and here he lies, the effigy of the Lady Anne, his first wife, beside him. At the head kneels the Lady Anne, their daughter, married to Lord Talbot ; at their feet kneel their two sons, Henry, who succeeded to the earldom, and Sir Edward Herbert, knight.

On the other side of the aisle lies the armed figure of Sir Simon Barley, Knight Banneret and Warden of the Cinque Ports, Knight of the Garter, Justice of South Wales, Constable

of the Castles of Dover and of Windsor, and "bosom-counsellor to King Richard the Second." He was beheaded in 1388, but his family were restored to their ancient dignity in the reign of Henry IV. If you would know more about him, Dugdale says you must consult Froissart and the "History of England."¹ His story might well detain us longer, but on the southern side of the aisle stands that stately tomb which is one of the grandest ornaments of our church. I see that you recognise it at once. It is the magnificent monument of "John of Gaunt, time honoured Lancaster." You will observe the richly panelled tomb, the lofty Gothic canopy, worthy of its place on the north side of the high altar. See, that is his helmet, and athwart the monument his lance and his shield covered with horn. Beside him lies the figure of his second wife, Constance of Castille, *mulier supra faminas innocens et devota*. "His third wife, Catherine Swinford, though a woman of exquisite beauty and a faithful consort, who bore him many children," is not here commemorated. The iconoclasts, in the time of Edward VI., would fain have mutilated this royal tomb, but it was specially protected by order of the Government. I said it was a royal tomb, for he was one of the sons of Edward III., and in right of his second wife had "just claim and title to the kingdoms of Castille and Lyons." From his third wife "descended that most prudent and puissant prince, King Henry VII."

Before we leave the aisle I must tell you that near to the tomb of John of Gaunt lies the great painter, Sir Anthony Vandyck, who died at his residence in Blackfriars on December 9, 1641, and two days later was brought here for burial.

This canopied tomb, at the north-east angle of the choir in the Lady Chapel, keeps alive the memory of Sir Thomas Heneage, Treasurer and Vice-chamberlain to the household of Queen Elizabeth, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and one of the Queen's Privy Council. Beside him lies his wife Anne, daughter of Sir Nicholas Poyntz. That is her daughter, Lady Elizabeth Finch, kneeling at the base of the tomb, and on the right, on a low platform, lies the effigy of their only son, "snatched away by death in his infancy."

We are now, you see, in the Lady Chapel itself; and here, against the screen at the back of the high altar, are the scanty remains of the once superb shrine of the sainted Erkenwald. At one time it blazed with gold and jewels. Clergy and laity vied with each other in enriching it with costly gifts. It was adorned with many figures of saints and angels, conspicuous

¹ Si plura velis, Froisardum et Angliæ historiam consulas.

amongst which stood the gilded figure of St. Erkenwald himself. It would take me too long to describe to you half its treasures, the crystals, the beryls, the numberless jewels, and especially that remarkable sapphire, which our simpler fathers thought could cure infirmities of the eyes. What the shrine of St. Thomas à Becket was to Canterbury, the shrine of St. Erkenwald was to St. Paul's. See how the stones around it are worn by pilgrims' feet. Of course it has been mercilessly plundered and mutilated by the "bigots of the iron time." I wish I had time to tell you the saint's curious legend. You will find it in a little book of mine,¹ told in verse.

Close by the sparse relics of the shrine, you see the tomb of one of our deans, Alexander Nowell, "a man of the highest character for piety and learning, a consummate master of the controversy with Rome," the author of the famous catechism which bears his name. I am afraid I must confess to you that he was somewhat of a Puritan. He loved not the pealing organ, nor the full-voiced choir singing the Psalms of David. It was in his time that the spire, struck by lightning, was burnt, and in its fall carried with it many parts of the cathedral. "Each party at once thrust itself into the secret counsels of the inscrutable Godhead, and read, without doubt or hesitation, the significance of this, as all agreed, supernatural event," each party seeing in it a favourable augury, a spirit which has existed ever since that tower in Siloam fell, and which is not dead even yet. It was a little hard upon Nowell that when he presented Elizabeth with a Prayer-book, in which he had placed some fine engravings representing the passions of the saints and martyrs, the Queen should have flown at him with vehemence, and, with no little coarseness of expression, should have read him a lecture. But you know the story. Look at his bust above the monument. You see him in his gown faced with fur, his hands clasped, looking straight before him, as if he were meditating on the Queen's rough usage of him.

In the midst of the Lady Chapel, close to the entrance of the screen, lies the monumental brass of Bishop Braybrocke, holding his pastoral staff, and wearing eucharistic vestments, with its brief and modest epitaph. It is somewhat worn; he was buried in 1404, but you can read every word of the inscription with a little attention. He held the Great Seal for a short time. He was greatly honoured by the citizens of London, for he had made their peace with the king when the city had refused to lend him money. He dearly loved his cathedral church, and did his best to reform abuses in it, and

¹ "Chapters in the History of Old S. Paul's," now out of print.

to rescue the Church itself from vulgar profanation. An eminently practical prelate.¹

Between the Lady Chapel and St. Dunstan's Chapel you see the fine altar tomb of Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln. You cannot fail to admire the ten niches, with their figures still entire, on the side nearest to us; and the effigy of the earl himself, in chain mail covered with a surcoat.² The legs are crossed, "according to the mode of the Heroes of that Age, 1311, who had vowed to live and dye in defence of the Ghospel and Cross of JESUS CHRIST." He was the builder of the castle of Denbigh, but he never finished it, his only son having been drowned in a deep well within the castle. His only daughter, the Lady Alice, married Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, son and heir of Edmund, Earl of Lancaster, brother to King Edward I.

Turning westward, and proceeding down the south aisle of the choir, we are passing the tombs of Bishop Wengham (1259-62) and of Bishop Eustace de Fauconberg (1221-28), Chancellor and Treasurer of England, Ambassador to France in the days of King John and of Henry III.

On the right, filling the space between two pillars, is the huge monument of Sir Christopher Hatton, Lord Chancellor and Keeper of the Great Seal. A vast pyramidal structure, "insolently crowding up the space in which rested" Sir Philip Sidney, commemorated only by that wooden tablet, and Sir Francis Walsingham. The wits have said of it:

Philip and Francis they have no tomb,
For great Christopher takes all the room.

No doubt the coloured marbles of which it is composed are very gorgeous, and many people stay to read the fulsome epitaph. We will, however, pass on—by the simple memorial of Valentine Carey, once Dean of this cathedral (1614-21), and Bishop of Exeter (1621-26)—for on your right, under an arch south of the sanctuary, stands the monument of Sir Nicholas Bacon, Lord Keeper to Queen Elizabeth, "himself famous—more famous as father of his greater son." It is, as you say, a very unusual type of memorial. Under a lofty canopy, on an altar tomb, lie the effigies of the two wives of Sir Nicholas, whilst above them, on a separate platform or shelf, lies Sir Nicholas himself. There is considerable dignity in the composition of the design.

¹ After the Great Fire of 1666 the body of the Bishop was discovered, almost entire, and was exhibited in 1675 in the Chapter House, with that strange indifference to propriety which characterised the age.

² Half of the statue, a figure in armour, survived the fire.

Farther west, against the back of the stalls, are, in quick succession, the monuments of Cokayne, Hewit, Colet, and Donne.

Sir William Cokayne was Lord Mayor of London, and during his mayoralty received with great splendour King James I. Mr. Payne Fisher shall translate a sentence from the inscription for you: "It must be thy part pantingly to climb up and aspire to the inaccessible hill of so many virtues." The lofty monument representing the knight and his lady, together with many of their children—the principal figures recumbent, the children kneeling—is a good example of its age.

William Hewit, of Killamarch, in the County of Derby, esquire, is honoured by that firm structure of alabaster, richly gilt. The panels of the altar tomb are, as you see, crowded with skulls and bones, which in 1599 were not thought unsuitable accessories to a Christian tomb.

But hasten onward, that you may see the memorial of our great Dean, John Colet!¹ Here, on an altar tomb, a skeleton lies upon a mattress, whilst above is the bust of the Dean, in his robes and cap, a volume in his left hand, his right hand resting on the other. He died in 1519. I have not time to tell you his good deeds, or to describe his noble character. I shall only say that he was the founder of St. Paul's School.

Next to him, and not unworthy of their close companionship, is John Donne, poet, preacher, Dean of St. Paul's (1621-31). It is, as you say, a most unusual figure. Shrouded figures are usually exhibited in a recumbent posture, but this is erect,² and is certainly somewhat gruesome in effect. He was a great preacher. If not a Chrysostom, he was silver-tongued, and his sermons are still alive with poetic fire and vivid imagination.

That fair mural monument with a portentously long inscription commemorates Dean Barwick (1661-64). Ejected from his fellowship at St. John's, Cambridge, "by a pack of paricides," and "shut up in a dire and loathsome prison," he was, in happier days, promoted to the Deanery of St. Paul's. "Here he rests in the Lord, and deposits his last remains amongst those ruinous ones of St. Paul's Church, being confident of the resurrection both of the one and other." He died in 1664.

I can only spare sufficient time to show you one more monument. Come with me to the south aisle of the nave, where, nearly opposite to Bishop Kempe's chantry, you will see the very dignified altar tomb of Sir John de Beauchamp, Knight

¹ Whose life the Rev. J. H. Lupton has worthily written.

² The entire figure escaped the fire, and has been lately re-erected in the south aisle of the choir.

of the Garter, Warden of the Cinque Ports, Admiral of England, son of Guido de Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick. I show it you, not only for its beauty, but because the common people will have it that this is the tomb of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, though, in truth, he lies buried at St. Albans, twenty miles away. A man who goes without his dinner, walking during dinner-time in the nave, is said to "dine with Duke Humphrey." On May Day tankard-bearers and watermen come to this tomb early in the morning and strew herbs about it and sprinkle it with fair water.

Did I say that this was the last which I would show you? Well, there is just one more.

Every year the citizens make a pilgrimage to the tomb of good Bishop William the Norman, who died in 1075. He was a great benefactor to the city, and by his influence persuaded the Conqueror to restore to their city their ancient privileges.

Upon a solemne scarlet day
The City Senate pass this way,
Their grateful memory for to show
Which they the reverend ashes owe
Of Bishop Norman here inhumed—

as Edward Barkham, Lord Mayor, sings in 1622, causing these lines, with others like thereto, to be set upon the tomb of Bishop William.

And now, Farewell! I have wearied you, I know; but I have only shown you some of our monuments. I have not said a word about the following Bishops of London: Egwolph, c. 747; Theodoret the Good, c. 955; Fulk Basset, 1259; Henry de Sandwich, 1273; Richard de Gravesend, 1303; Ralph de Baldock, 1313; Gilbert de Segrave, 1316; Richard de Newport, 1318; Stephen de Gravesend, 1338; Richard de Bentworth, 1339; Michael de Northburgh, 1361; Richard Clifford, 1421; Robert Fitz Hugh, 1435-36; Richard Hill, 1495-96; Richard Fitz James, 1521-22; John Stokesley, 1539; John Aylmer, 1594; Richard Fletcher, 1596; Richard Vaughan, 1607; Thomas Ravis, 1609; John King, 1621; all of whom were buried in their cathedral church.

Bishops of other sees have also been buried here, amongst whom should specially be mentioned Brian Walton of Chester, the editor of the famous Polyglot Bible, of which the library possesses a large paper copy.

Amongst the *deans* who were laid to rest within the sacred precincts are Ralph de Diceto, the historian, c. 1210, with many other honoured names.

Of *Lord Mayors*, Sir John Pulteney, Hamond Chikwell, in the fourteenth century; Sir John Ward, Sir Thos. Martin, Sir

Henry Barber, and Sir William Hewitt in the sixteenth century.

Of *Physicians*, Thomas Lynacre, physician to Henry VIII., 1524; Dr. Baronsdale, president of the college, 1608; Sir Simon Baskerville, M.D., 1641.

Of *Stationers*, William, John and Bonham Norton, 1593-1635; John Cawood, 1572; Richard and Simon Waterson, 1563-1634; and Francis Coldock, 1602.

. The authorities for this paper are Dugdale's "History of S. Paul's"; Payne Fisher's "The Tombs, Monuments, etc., in S. Paul's"; Dean Milman's "Annals of S. Paul's"; with other books of less importance.

WILLIAM SPARROW SIMPSON, D.D.

ART. IV.—THE ROMANCE OF CODEX BEZÆ, WITH
SOME COLLATERAL REFLECTIONS.¹

PART I.

IN 1874 the Mathematical Tripos list contained the name of J. Rendel Harris, who came out as Third Wrangler, and was subsequently elected a Fellow of Clare. He had not, so those who knew him best say, while at college shown any classical leanings. After awhile he went to America, and, after holding a position in the famous Johns Hopkins University, he was appointed Professor of Biblical Languages and Literature in Haverford College, Pennsylvania, where he continued till last year, when Cambridge recalled him to fill the newly-founded lectureship in Palæography. He is married to a Quaker lady, and is himself, we believe, a member of the Society of Friends. But since the year 1883, as was well shown in the *Guardian* of May 18, 1892, he has been prominently before the critical world, and has displayed an amount of industry and scholarly insight that compares most favourably with any of his contemporaries; and it is gratifying to know that an English Cambridge graduate has so well maintained the best traditions of English

¹ Authorities: "Studies in Codex Bezae," by J. Rendel Harris, 1892; "Codex Bezae Cantabrigiensis," Scrivener, 1864; Westcott and Hort's "New Testament," vol. ii., 1881; Scrivener's "Introduction to the New Testament," 1874; McClellan's "New Testament," vol. i., 1875; Weymouth's "Resultant Greek Testament," 1892; *Expository Times*—note by Rev. G. Farmer, January, 1892; *Critical Review*, April, 1892—Professor Warfield, pp. 130-138; *Guardian*, May 18th and 25th, 1892; *Academy*, June 4th, 1892.