

A HISTORY OF SALISBURY

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SALISBURY CATHEDRAL, FROM THE NORTH WEST

A HISTORY OF
SALISBURY

BY
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CONTENTS

CHAP. I.	Salisbury of the Romans	I
CHAP. II.	Saxon Salisbury	8
CHAP. III.	Two of William's men.	17
CHAP. IV.	Salisbury under the Normans and Angevins	28
CHAP. V.	Building the new Church.	42
CHAP. VI.	<i>Quam dilecta</i>	61
CHAP. VII.	The new city	86
CHAP. VIII.	John Hall and others	106
CHAP. IX.	Montagu and Nevill	121
CHAP. X.	Tudor times	135
CHAP. XI.	Stuart times and onwards	153
APPENDIX I,	The name Salisbury.	169
APPENDIX II.	The arms of Salisbury	172
INDEX.	175

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Salisbury Cathedral, from the north west. frontispiece	
Old Castle	11
Close Wall	31
Church of St. Martin	44
The Palace	46
Harnham Bridge	88
Church of St. Thomas	90
St. Anne's Gate	99
Trinity Hospital	101
The Poultry Cross ,	111
Joiners Hall	152
The College of Matrons . . , . .	165

ERRATUM

p. 70. line 26, *delete* the anti—

PREFACE

We have boldly written *A History of Salisbury* on the title-page of this little book, although in truth that name seems too grandiloquent for so small and unaspiring an effort. Yet we are fain to hope that there may be nothing repellent in so proud a title. Dip into our book, turn its modest pages and you shall find there no formidable string of dates, no lists of names of dead and forgotten worthies, no collection of dry-as-dust bric-a-brac, but a guide to simple facts, a handbook to tell you something of the beauties and the antiquities of this city, along with such necessary information as to its history as may perhaps elucidate the position from which we view it.

We will tell you something of the events that led to the founding and the building of Salisbury, something of the old mother town that gave her birth, something of what the city looked like at various stages of its placid history, something of the men who ruled its destinies, something of the buildings with which they

P R E F A C E

adorned the place of their dwelling, something of the niche that Salisbury fits into in our island story.

And so we launch our little book, a bark all too frail, it may be, to brave the winds of public opinion, a target, as we well know, for the critical acumen of the antiquary. Yet it is a genuine attempt to tell the truth pleasantly and simply ; and it goes laden with hope that it may be of some worth for those at home and for our kinsfolk from beyond the sea, who wish to learn something of their goodly heritage, and to know the causes from which have sprung the things that are before their eyes.

CHAPTER I.

SALISBURY OF THE ROMANS

Our Salisbury is a modern town, and that is a fact for which the historian may well be thankful. For in this many-storied England of ours, where most places and things have their roots in a very distant past, there is much delving to be done in the rubbish of bygone things, much sweeping away of the dust of ages, much sorting of legend from fact, before, for the most part, we can get to the beginnings of the history of any given place. Our city is not as new indeed as some places in England; it has not the aggressive modernity of towns whose foundation has depended on industrial activity; but as we in England count newness, Salisbury is a modern place.

It is the daughter of the town that stood for centuries—how many we cannot tell—on the windy heights of the hill that we call Old Sarum. In such and such a year the grey old mother thrust out her daughter and made her seek another home. In such and such a year there was no town where now Salisbury stands among the water meadows, spreading about the great church that is the crown and centre of it all;

A HISTORY

and in the next year the building of the cathedral had begun and about it the town, planned as we know it, was rising on a virgin site. And that year is 1220, not so very long ago as England measures time. Thenceforth it is easy to trace the story and see how it flows from the earlier happenings.

The earlier thing, the history of the mother city, is however for the most part hidden in the mist. But you have only to look on that strange and isolated hill, thrust out like a bastion from the great rampart of the Plain into the level meads where Avon and Wylde, Bourne and Nadder, join their streams before they flow swiftly to the southern sea, to be sure that here is a stronghold of Nature's own devising. In those far-off days before the Romans came, when such a thing as central authority was undreamt of, when each little group of families was the enemy of every other, in the pastoral times when men lived perforce on the heights because there alone was pasturage for their flocks and there alone could the approach of an enemy be guarded against, a hill such as this was a natural gathering place. For man was then very much what he is now, a domineering animal. He will lord it over his fellows when he has the chance, but to do that he must first take care that he has the stronger position and the upper place.

So it requires no very great exercise of imagination to understand that early man saw in Old Sarum the ideal position for a place of dominion. It is steep enough to be hard of attack yet not

OF SALISBURY

so lofty as to be difficult of access; large enough to hold a strong defensive force yet not too big to be easily defended; healthy because it is raised high above the fogs and exhalations of the valley; wholesome because near at hand is a bountiful and never failing supply of water.

When the men whom for want of a better name we call the Ancient Britons first began to see the capabilities of the hill we cannot tell. Perhaps the excavations, which as we write are in progress there, may in time give the answer to that riddle. But if on the hill itself there are as yet no traces to be seen of them, a walk of a mile or two in any direction on the Plain will reveal innumerable signs of these people and of those whom they dispossessed. In every direction are visible the barrows that they made for burial places; and you need but the slightest training in archaeology to detect everywhere the remains of their earthworks and their villages.

For the present we must be content with the knowledge that we have, and we know this much, that Salisbury owes its place in history to those master-makers of the old time, the Romans. And surely it need not wish for a worthier sponsor than imperial Rome.

In the far-reaching plans of Rome the hill of Sarum was nevertheless too small a thing for more than the barest mention, yet we may be sure that the Roman eye was not less keen than the British to see in that place of arms the key of the west country. It is not until the land became Roman and had long dwelt in the Roman peace that we find it named as Sor-

A HISTORY

biodunum, one of the ten British cities that had peculiar privileges, a strong castle whence the roads ran straight, linking city to city, station to station, camp to camp, holding all the land of Britain cowed and helpless in a net that nothing could rend.

You may see to this day the roads of which it was the starting-point. One of them going eastward from the hill crosses the Bourne at Winterbourne Ford, pursuing its undeviating course through Middle Winterslow and then over the Hampshire border past Horsebridge and King's Somborne to Winchester.

Another, called the Portway, branching north-east from the Winchester road goes by way of Porton and Idmiston to Quarley Hill, hard by Grateley railway station. You see it plainly as you go to London, running close to the railway on the left-hand side of the line between Porton and Grateley stations. From Quarley Hill this road is easy to be traced straight away a little to the north of Andover, and then by Finckley and St. Mary Bourne and so over Ridge Heath to Silchester.

Yet another road, dipping south-west into the Avon valley by way of a farm track still called Portlane, crosses the river at Stratford-sub-Castle, thence to Bemerton where it passes through the Nadder at the ford below the new church and then, climbing the hill between the beech-trees from the Netherhampton road, it crosses the Race Plain, goes down-hill again to the Ebbles between Stratford Tony and Bishopstone, and so beyond the Wiltshire border by way of Knigh-

O F S A L I S B U R Y

ton and Bokerley to the great rings on Badbury Hill. There the road forks, one branch going due south to Poole, the other south-west to Dorchester.

Of the road from Old Sarum to the west fewer traces remain. It may have crossed the Wylfe at the ford just below the mill at South Newton, but it is not till we reach a ridge that issues from the north-east side of Groveley wood above Wishford that it can be definitely traced. Thence it runs through Groveley to the high ground near Dinton Beeches and then through Stockton and the Great Ridge woods to Lower Pertwood. Thereafter all signs of it are lost, but it seems possible that it ran through the Deverills to Maiden Bradley on the Somerset boundary to cut the Fosseway at Beacon Hill between Bath and Ilchester, and so to have gone across the Mendips to Uphill at the mouth of the Avon. Another road from Old Sarum may still be seen plainly, going north toward Porton Firs and so straight away, leaving Amesbury on the left, to East Everleigh. In the vale of Kennet all traces of this road have vanished; but it must have cut the road from Silchester to Bath at right angles just where Marlborough now is, for we come upon it again on the north side of the valley a little beyond Mildenhall, whence it runs past Ogbourne and Chisledon to strike the Silchester-Cirencester road near Swindon.

It is believed that yet another may have led westward over the high ground to Stapleford and then along the Wylfe valley to Bath; but if there ever was such a road no more traces of

A HISTORY

it have been found than the sites of two Roman villas at Pitmead near Warminster.

Old Sarum, then, was an important place in the Roman days, a junction through which many roads passed. Primarily, of course, it was a military station; but it was also a thriving city with a large population and, as we have said, the name of Sorbiodunum. And there, where the Roman conquerors had found the British fort, the city remained, its airy, bracing situation making it a place to be clung to; for the soldiery of Rome was too precious a thing to be imperilled down below in the thickets and marshes where the rivers met.

You can picture the place; an impregnable, fortified city, proud in its possession of the rights that the Latian law gave it, girt with fair villas where the rich men lived, a busy mart with the citizens and slaves going about its streets, having temples of the Roman gods and perhaps a little church, and in the citadel the quarters of the military and the offices for the administration. Ever and anon you may see the soldiers issuing from one or other of the gates with clash of bronze and squeaking of leather, to march off along the straight roads that lead north and south, east and west to other chesters, holding all the land in quiet security for more than three hundred years by the mere fact of their marching and their presence.

But we have to content ourselves with imagining it all. Of the town itself during that long time we know nothing certainly. We know hardly anything even of the military works that

OF SALISBURY

the garrison found or made there, whether the soldiers dug the ditches and raised the rampart, or whether they deepened and strengthened what they found at their first coming. The grass that covers it all keeps the secret well; and it is not until the spade has done for Sorbiodunum what it has accomplished at Silchester that we shall know what manner of city the Romans made and left behind them.

For, as all men know, in due time the Romans went away, leaving Britain to work out its own salvation. Rome on its seven hills had grown old and fat and feeble. Younger and more vigorous peoples, greedy of booty and power, were hammering at the portals of the dying queen far away in the south, with a cruel determination to win them at whatever cost of destruction from the claw of the eagle, and silence descends on the strong places that she had been forced to leave.

In other parts of Britain, indeed, there were sinister stories of rebellions and conquests, the setting up and the pulling down of tyrants, wild scrambles for the crumbs of authority that had fallen from Rome's overladen table. But over Sorbiodunum the mists lie thick and heavy, and amid its folds we perceive dimly as in a dream the deserted British wandering like ghosts, weak because Rome had protected them too long, a fibreless, helpless folk that must fall an easy prey to the first who attack them.

CHAPTER II.

SAXON SALISBURY

It was in or about the year 411, as nearly as may be, that the Roman soldiers marched for the last time down the steep ways from Sorbiodunum, and thereafter for nearly a hundred years the curtain never lifts. Who lived in the city on the hill during that time? What were they doing? We cannot tell with certainty, but we can make a shrewd guess. For we know what was going on elsewhere in our island. Nothing but the fear of Rome and the might of Rome had kept the Picts of Scotland on the further side of the wall, the Irish pirates beyond the sea, and the wild Kelts on the western side of Severn. But no sooner was the shadow of the eagles removed, than Britain, rich and prosperous and luxurious, attracted those poor and hardy adventurers, and they poured in upon it as wasps on a honey-pot. And the English and the Saxons and the Jutes came flocking across the North Sea, fierce and heathen fighters, very eager for spoil; and by the middle of the century the pressure had become so unendurable that the soft and civilized British turned to these, the strongest of their foes, bargaining for their aid. The

S A L I S B U R Y

men of German stock soon drove back the invaders from the north, and having become masters of the south of Britain and done their work for them, drove out in turn their British allies.

By 450 Kent had become a Jutish kingdom. Sussex became Saxon by 477, and in the fifth century, a fresh invasion of Saxons under Cerdic formed the kingdom of Wessex with its capital at the head of Southampton Water. After nineteen years of war Cerdic had grown strong enough to advance into Hampshire, and in 519 at Chardford on the Wiltshire border he inflicted so severe a defeat on the British that he made his footing sure thus far. When he died many years passed before Cynric, his son and successor, was strong enough to extend his conquests northwards. Clerbury and Figbury rings mark the line of his advance; Sorbiodunum was his objective; and Searobyrig¹, as the Saxon tongue twisted the name of the old Roman station, fell into his hands in 552.

With the further progress of the Saxon conquest, how by victories at Barbury Castle, Deorham, Bath, Cirencester and Gloucester the kingdom of Wessex was consolidated from Southampton Water to Severn we need not concern ourselves. The darkness falls again on the hill of Sarum for more than two centuries till we get certain view of it once more when Alfred had become king. In 871—see how the years are crowding by!—the heathen Danes for the first time entered the kingdom of Wessex, and

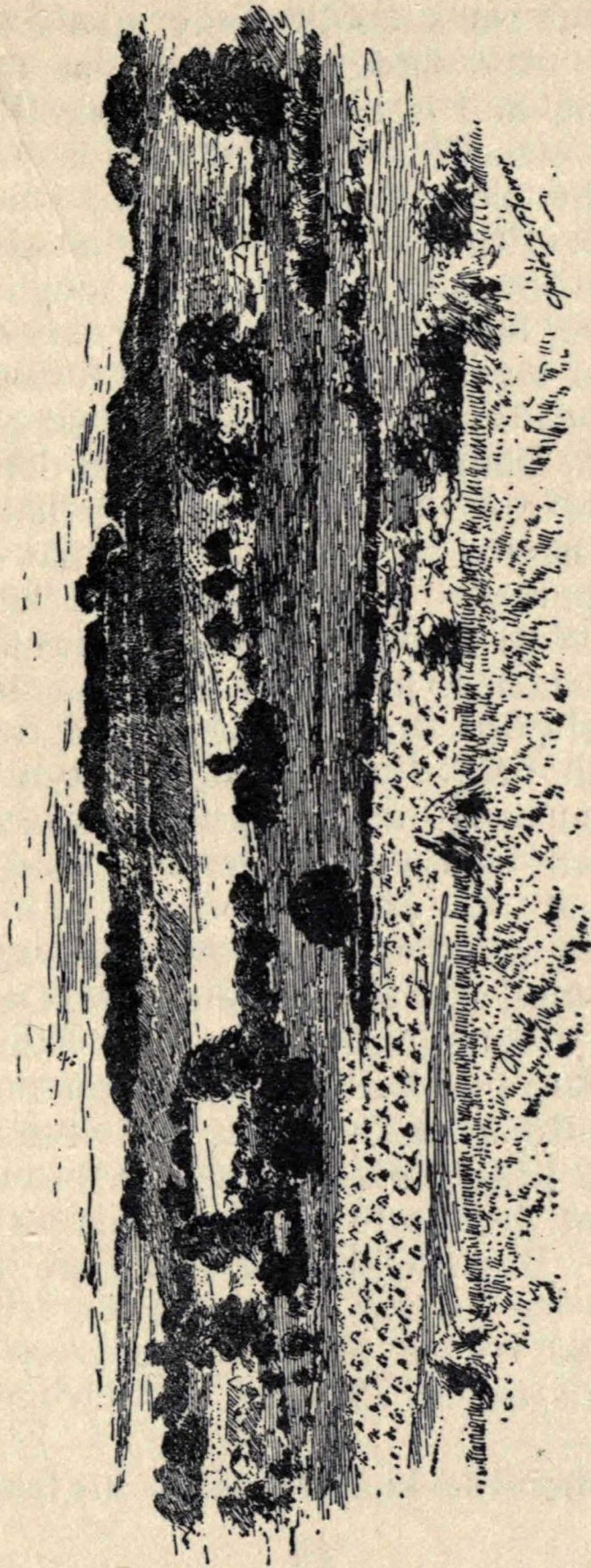
¹ See Appendix I. *The name Salisbury.*

S A L I S B U R Y

though they were checked at the battles of Englefield and Reading before Alfred's accession, and at Wilton after he had become king, the pressure and the peril were so deadly that King Alfred set about restoring the old and ruinous works that the Romans had left on Sarum hill.

And now we see clearly that the Roman fortress can have been no larger than the inner ring that crowns the hill. For the king's order to Leofric, Earl of Wilts, was that he should preserve the castle and make another ditch defended with pallisades. The great outer rampart with its enormous ditch, then, is Alfred's work, and Searobyrig had become once more the powerful fortress that it was to remain for the next four centuries. All through the eighty years and more of the Danish wars it bore its full share of the fighting. By the middle of the tenth century Salisbury was a place of such high importance that we find Edgar, king of all England, summoning a council of the nation there in 960 to consider how the Danish invaders of the north might best be repelled.

About this council there hangs the memory of that strange and tragic story of the king's unlawful love. Edgar the king, says the chronicler, being a widower had heard that Ordgar, Earl of Devon, was father of a daughter so passing fair that the king thought to make her his wife. So he sent his friend Ethelwald, Earl of the East Angles, into Devon to see whether she was so fair as men said. But when Ethelwald saw the lady Elfrida he loved her and could not



OLD CASTLE

A HISTORY

endure that she should be any man's wife but his own. And Ordgar, seeing that that lord was young and brave and a friend of the king gladly gave him his daughter Elfrida.

It is the old and fatal story of wooing by proxy, for Ethelwald came to the king with a tale that the lady was not fair enough to be a king's wife, but since, he said, she was rich and he a poor man, he prayed that he might take Elfrida for his own wife. And Edgar gave him leave ; but from that time the lord Ethelwald went in fear of his life, knowing that he had deceived his master, and dreading that one day Edgar would slay him for desire of his wife's beauty. Now when Elfrida bore him a son the king consented to be godfather to the child, and then Ethelwald's fear for a while went from him, for he said, ' Now is the king my brother and the brother of my wife, and no man dare marry the woman whose child he has held at the christening.'

But men told the king how Ethelwald had deceived him, and Edgar went into Devon, as it were to hunt, and so came to Ethelwald's house. And that lord's fear came on him again, and he told his wife how he had won her by fraud, and prayed her to hide her beauty from Edgar lest the king should slay his servant for her sake. But Elfrida's love for her husband turned to hate when she knew the truth, and she arrayed herself in all her bravery and so went forth in her beauty to welcome King Edgar.

Now when the king saw that his friend had

OF SALISBURY

lied to him, he laid his plans how he might get rid of Ethelwald and take his wife to be the queen. So he summoned the wise men to Searobyrig and they appointed Ethelwald to go to York to be over the king's forces to guard the north against the Danes. And as he went that earl was slain in Wherwell wood, and some said that robbers fell on him and killed him there, but most men believed that it was the king himself who slew him.

Thereafter Edgar took the lady Elfrida to be his wife and she bore him two sons, Edmund who died young, and Ethelred whom, when he became king of the English in the after years, men called the redeless king. And King Edgar and the queen, because they had broken the law of holy church in their marriage, raised a minster for nuns in Wherwell Wood.¹

When King Edgar died, his son Edward, the child of his first wife, was hallowed king, and Queen Elfrida hated him, for she wished her son Ethelred to be king. But Edward ever loved his step-mother and his half-brother, and it fell on a day as he was hunting by Corfe Castle where the queen and young Ethelred lived, that he came to the gate of the house and asked Elfrida to give him drink. So they brought

¹ Cobbett, *List of Abbeys* etc. London 1827, states that Wherwell was founded by Elfrida in 986 'to expiate the crime of her being concerned in the murders both of her first husband, Ethelwolf, that she might be queen, and of her son-in-law (*sic*) King Edward, that her own son might be king; here she spent the latter days of her life in doing penance, like David, for her sins and for regaining, like the prodigal son, the good graces of her heavenly Father.'

A HISTORY

him a cup, and as he drank one of the queen's men stabbed him in the back and he died. And wonders grew about the grave at Wareham where they buried him, and Elfrida repented of all the evil that she had done and became a nun in that house of Wherwell which she and Edgar had founded. And thereafter the body of King Edward was laid in Shaftesbury Abbey and all men revered him for a martyr.

We have set down this long story in this place for, though so shrewd a critic as Freeman does not wholly believe it, there may be elements of truth in it, and it seems to shed some light on the minds and the ways of the folk of that time.

The tide of war beat on the hill again in the very first years of the eleventh century, and flooded over it when in 1003 Swegen of Denmark came against it. At that fearful struggle between the English and the Danes which fills the long reign of Ethelred the Unready we can only glance. The Danes had come year after year taking and destroying places as far apart as Southampton, Chester and London, and Ethelred began the mad practice of paying his enemies to leave him alone ; but almost every year they came back, ravaging and burning, destroying and killing as was their wont. Under this cruel stress the crazy king did the maddest act of his reign when on St. Brice's day in 1002 he caused the massacre of all the Danes in Wessex. Among the victims was the christian sister of Swegen, and in the next year the Danish king landed in Devon hot to avenge the death of his sister and his people. He took Exeter, and

O F S A L I S B U R Y

marching eastward found the men of Wilts and Hampshire prepared to give him battle. But Elfric, the English captain, was incompetent or worse. There seems to have been treachery in his refusal to lead his forces against the invader; his army melted away and Swegen burst into Wilton and Searobyrig. It would lead us too far afield to follow the track of the king of the Danes, or to speak of the horrors of famine and rapine, cruelty and treason that fell on the doomed land. It must be enough to say that by 1013 all England had passed into his power. Next year Swegen died and the Danes chose his son Cnut to be king. But the Witan recalled the banished Ethelred and set him once more on the English throne. Cnut fled, but only to return next year to fight and plunder a red way through Wilts, Dorset and Somerset, while Ethelred lay sick at Corsham. As you read the history of those black days you give a sigh of relief when you come to the death of Ethelred in 1016.

The wise men of the south, thinking it idle to resist the Danes any longer, elected Cnut king of England in his stead, but London and Wessex stood firm by Edmund Ironside. He reigned only eight months, from April to November of 1016, but in that short space the stout king fought five great battles, and came near to defeating the Danes. Then, when he was preparing for a sixth battle treachery beat him, and after negotiations it was agreed that England should be divided, Cnut taking Northumberland, Edmund keeping Wessex, Essex, East Anglia and

A HISTORY

London. Within a few weeks of the settlement the Englishman died and Cnut became king of all England. So the land at length had peace, and our city passed into the hands of a Danish king.

Of Cnut's wise and just rule, of his death, of the long reign of Edward the Confessor, of the short reign of Harold, Godwin's son, his successor, of Hastings fight, of the accession of William of Normandy we can only make bare mention. But we have come at length to days when something definite and tangible about our city emerges from the uncertainties of the olden time. The history of the ancient city has at length started on the road along which we can trace its progress step by step to our own day.

CHAPTER III.

TWO OF WILLIAM'S MEN

No sooner was Duke William seated on the throne of England than he proceeded to consolidate his new won kingdom by entrusting great parts of it to his Norman followers. Among the trusted ones to whom he thus gave great domains was his kinsman Osmund, a cleric, who had come to England as one of his chaplains.

Osmund is always named as the nephew of the Conqueror, but his exact relationship to the king his patron has not been exactly determined. His father was certainly Henry, Count of Sées in Normandy, a little town, the seat of a bishop, lying on the north side of the high ground where the river Orne rises. But whether Osmund's mother Isabel was sister of the whole or the half blood to William it seems impossible to determine. It has been conjectured that he was a canon of Bayeux where William's wicked half-brother Odo was bishop. William made him chancellor of England, and he seems to have held that office for six years until 1078, when he was consecrated by Lanfranc to be bishop of Salisbury in succession to Herman.

Osmund was one of the Domesday commis-

A HISTORY

sioners and he was present at the council at Salisbury in April 1086 when that result of their labours which we call Domesday Book was given to the king.

Those early years after the conquest were strenuous times, and William and his men were raising castles and abbeys and great churches all up and down the land. While the Norman castle was in building at Salisbury, Osmund was busy raising his cathedral on the north side of the outer bailey, and so little time was wasted that on 5 April 1092¹ the bishop with the aid of his two nearest brethren, Walkelin of Winchester and John of Bath, hallowed the new church in honour of Our Lady.

Osmund was present at another great ecclesiastical function, when in February 1095 the Conqueror's thanksgiving for the victory of Hastings was marked by the consecration of the Benedictine abbey that he had built at Battle.

The great prince bishop was ever a king's man. He had worked hard for his uncle, and he was a trusty partisan of even so evil a ruler

¹ I am indebted to Mr. Arthur Russell Malden, Registrar of the diocese, for the following remarks with regard to this date.

"Strange though it sounds the 5th of April 1092 may have been Lady Day. Maunday Thursday fell on the 25th of March in that year, and consequently the observance of the feast of the Annunciation would be postponed till after *Dominica in albis*. By the Sarum rule, as it was in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Lady Day would be observed on the 8th of April (Thursday), but by the Roman rule it would be on the 5th (Monday), and if the Salisbury use had not been elaborated into full working order by 1092 possibly the Roman rule was followed on this occasion."

O F S A L I S B U R Y

as his cousin, William Rufus. When in 1095 the Red King forbade Anselm, the archbishop, to go to Rome to receive his pallium at the hands of Pope Urban II, Osmund was one of the counsellors at Rockingham who urged the archbishop to submit himself to the king's rule. To us, at Salisbury, to whom Osmund is something more than a hero, that glimpse of him siding with the crowd of subservient courtiers, as they attempt to browbeat the gentle, fearless Anselm, comes as a shock. If we feel that loyalty to his house demands that the king's cousin should stand by the king, it is nevertheless with a real sense of relief that we see him coming in the following May to Anselm and asking his pardon. Later again Osmund joined with those who urged expediency and prayed the archbishop not to go to Rome, and once again, though we feel that it was a right instinct that made him and his fellows side with the king, we feel a little touch of regret that circumstances forced Osmund to support that wicked king against so saintly an opponent as Anselm. Two years later Osmund died, on 3 December 1099; and they buried him in his church at Salisbury in the founder's own place on the north side of the high altar.

William, the monk of Malmesbury, says of Osmund, that he was a man of irreproachable life, preëminent for chastity and free from ambition; he collected a great library of books, and bishop though he was, as the chronicler adds, he did not disdain to write, bind and illuminate them.

A HISTORY

Osmund's greatest monument is one of his own raising. Not only did he build a cathedral, no mean achievement even in that age of gigantic builders, but he established by his foundation charter, given at Hastings in 1091, a form of government for a cathedral of 'secular' canons (as distinguished from a cathedral served by monks or 'regular' clergy) which came to serve as the model for all 'secular' cathedrals.

At the head of the newly constituted chapter was to be the bishop, and for the maintenance of his brethren and councillors, the canons of the cathedral, the profits of certain lands and churches in Wilts, Dorset and Berkshire were set apart as a common fund. But for all matters within the cathedral the bishop was to be but one of the body of canons, first indeed, but first among his equals. There the dean, the first of 'the four principal persons', was to be the head with jurisdiction over all matters spiritual and temporal. He presided in chapter, even though the bishop were present, and had the right to appoint a deputy to preside in his absence. Special honour was to be paid to him in his church. Himself a prebendary, the holder that is of a 'prebend' with its church and estates, the dean was to be the visitor of all other prebends, and in course of time came to exercise a quasi-episcopal jurisdiction over them.

With the dean, but inferior to him in dignity, were associated the other three principal persons, the precentor, the chancellor and the treasurer; and these high officers of the church occupied the four corner stalls in the quire.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

The precentor, as his name implies, was the chief chanter of the cathedral. He had the control of the music ; to him were committed the instruction and discipline of the singing boys, and in his hands was the appointment of the ' rulers of the quire ' who were his assistants and deputies for leading the services.

The chancellor was the secretary of the chapter and keeper of the chapter seal, and in his charge were all the service books of the church. He was the chief educational officer of the diocese, and part of his duty was to give lectures on divinity in the cathedral, a practice long in abeyance, but happily revived in our own days.

The treasurer was the business man of the body. He had to keep the ornaments and treasures of the church, to provide wax for the countless lights that were needed for the services, to supply books, incense and vestments, fuel for warming of the church, bread and wine for the sacrament, and all things necessary for the maintenance of the services, and to appoint the sacrists or vergers, and the altarists. To enable the treasurer to defray the enormous expense of these necessities the rich prebend of Calne was annexed to his dignity, and since Osmund's time the treasurer of the cathedral has always been prebendary of Calne.

Next in dignity to ' the four persons ' were the subdean and the succentor, whose duty it was to perform in the absence of the dean and the precentor the office of those dignitaries in quire. They had stalls in quire, as had the four archdeacons of Sarum, Wilts, Dorset and Berks,

A HISTORY

but like them were not necessarily prebendaries.

Osmund's chapter consisted of thirty-two canons, chosen by the bishop as his councillors and supported at first out of the common fund, but soon to possess each his own prebend. Their primary duty was the maintenance of the service in cathedral, and to that end continual residence was required of them; but when in course of time new prebends, requiring material and spiritual supervision, were bestowed on the cathedral, and the number of the prebendaries¹ was proportionately increased, the rule enjoining perpetual residence became perforce a dead letter.

Under Osmund's constitution no monk might be a member of the chapter of this secular cathedral. But this rule too was relaxed as years went by. When in 1122 Bishop Roger raised the priory of Sherborne to the rank of an abbey, he ordained that the abbot for the time being should be a canon of Salisbury in virtue of his office, with the rectory of Sherborne as his

¹ Certain of the stalls in quire were appropriated to what were called 'priest-prebends' others to 'deacon' and 'subdeacon prebends'. This does not however necessarily imply that the prebendaries were not all in priest's orders, any more than the title of 'cardinal deacon', held by certain members of the Sacred College at Rome implies that cardinals of that grade were not priests. It would seem to mean no more than that the holders of deacon and subdeacon prebends performed *ex officio* the duties of deacons and subdeacons at the celebration of mass in the cathedral. Each member of chapter was obliged (if not at first, certainly after the abrogation of the rule of continual residence) to provide a vicar who was to be of the same order as himself.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

prebend. A little later the prebend of Okebourne was assigned to the abbots of the great Norman abbey of Bec. In the same way the prebend of Upavon was annexed to the abbacy of St. Wandragesil, and that of Loders to the ruling abbot of St. Mary Montebergh, both abbeys in Normandy.

The cathedral establishment of the Norman period, then, was vastly different from that of the present day. Practically the whole of the body was in residence, and with them was associated an army of persons in minor orders, chantry priests, vicars, altarists, vergers, servers, servants and, last but not least in importance, the boys of the quire with their schoolmaster, all on the 'canon' or roll of the church.

And Osmund's establishment was a tremendous advance on what he found at his appointment. Things were by this time settling down. All over England the Norman grip was becoming firmer as the Norman castles rose, and William was able to turn his attention from military necessities to details of civil and ecclesiastical settlement. Salisbury had only been for three years the seat of a bishop. The long-lived Herman, who was made bishop of Ramsbury in 1042, the second year of the Confessor's reign, obtained sixteen years later from the king the bishopric of Sherborne also, and he remained bishop of the united dioceses till 1075. In that year the council of London decreed that the seats of the English bishops should be removed from small and remote towns and established in places of large population, whence the

A HISTORY

bishop could more easily oversee their dioceses.

The ambitious, active Herman gladly enough removed his chair to the citadel of Salisbury, and, old as he was, at once set about building a cathedral on the bleak plateau outside the king's castle. But death overtook him before his church was finished, and Osmund ruled in his stead. What was the form of Herman's cathedral body we can only dimly guess ; but it must, we are sure, have been a small thing indeed compared with that great conception which Osmund, basing it no doubt on the model of a Norman cathedral, was so soon to evolve.

A not less remarkable achievement of this great prelate was his drawing up of the service book that he compiled for his cathedral. The objection of the English clergy to the new style of chanting brought from beyond the sea seems to have been deep rooted and obstinate ; but the prescient Norman, wiser than his clergy, saw clearly the need for a fixed and uniform rule of service, and, more conservative in the proper sense than they, turned to ancient sources for inspiration for the service books that he drew up. The superiority of them was so manifest that they gradually won their way throughout the English Church under the name of the Use of Sarum.

Within a very few years of Osmund's death men began to reverence him as a saint ; and in 1228 Pope Gregory X issued a bull of enquiry with a view to his canonization. Nothing however came of it; and the project, revived in 1387,

O F S A L I S B U R Y

and again in 1406 and 1417, likewise came to nought. King Henry VI himself prayed Martin V and Eugenius IV to hurry on the wished-for canonization; but it was not until 1452, when the dean and chapter sent proctors to Rome, that any real progress was made in the matter. Then at length, after four years of delay and intrigue and constant expenditure of temper and money, the business was brought to the desired conclusion, and Osmund was canonized by Pope Calixtus III on 1 January 1457, 4 December being appointed as his festival.

If it is impossible to overrate the importance to our story of St. Osmund, it must not be forgotten that another of William's men was, in his descendants at least, to carve a deep mark on the history of the city. Edward of Salisbury, to whom William committed the constableness of the castle, is a person whose parentage is a puzzle to the genealogist; but it seems certain that he was a scion of the powerful Norman house of Roumare. Whether he was son or brother of that Gerold of Roumare, whose grandson William was created earl of Lincoln by King Stephen about the year 1139, there is nothing sure to tell us. Every genealogist has a different story, and it is a dizzy business even to try to reconcile their statements. We must take him for granted, knowing little more than that he was a great man trusted by the Conqueror, that he was sheriff of Wilts, that he was living in 1119 and that his wife's name was Matilda. His interest for us lies in his descendants. His son, Walter of Salisbury, otherwise

A HISTORY

called Walter of Evereux¹, was one of the witnesses to the charter that Henry I granted to the church of Salisbury in 1131; and five years later, we see him in Stephen's train at Winchester and Salisbury. He founded the Austin priory of Bradenstoke in Wilts, and after the death of his wife, Sybil Chaworth, was shorn a canon and buried by her side in the church there.

But his sons were clearly not of Stephen's party. Patrick, the eldest, was created earl of Salisbury by Empress Maud in or before 1149 and is so named by his father in 1154. William, the second son, was also on the empress's side, and having been made commander of Salisbury when the castle fell into her hands, was in the attack on Stephen at Wilton nunnery in 1143 where he took a wound of which he died. Earl Patrick had better fortune. Maud's earl though he was, he was still Stephen's sheriff, and, steering safely through the troubled waters of that time, had his earldom confirmed to him in 1158 by Henry II. He was killed ten years later in France when returning from a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella, and was buried at Poitiers. His two younger brothers died canons of Bradenstoke. Ela, his countess, who was daughter of William Talvas, Count of Ponthieu and widow of William Warenne, Earl of Surrey, survived him.

William Fitz Patrick, the second earl seems to have been a man of peace. His wife, Eleanor,

¹ J. H. Round. *Geoffrey de Mandeville* p. 265.

OF SALISBURY

a much married lady, gave him an only child
Ela, countess in her own right of Salisbury,
who was married to William Longsword, Fair
Rosamund's son. Of them we shall hear more
in the days to come.

CHAPTER IV.

SALISBURY UNDER THE NORMANS
AND ANGEVINS.

As we have seen, the hill, Sorbiodunum of the Romans and Searobyrig of the Saxons, had been essentially a stronghold and a military post; and the new castle that the Conqueror built there is witness that the Norman eye for a strong position saw in the hill of Sarum, as the Romans and the Saxons had seen, a means of holding the west. And it is not a little strange to reflect that the military character of the place so deeply impressed the local mind that to this day we still speak of Old Castle, hardly, it may be, with a clear consciousness how literally our familiar name for the place fits it.

Within a very few years Salisbury vindicated its title. In 1085 when William was across the sea at work in his Norman dominions news reached him that the king of Denmark in alliance with the count of Flanders was threatening his unstable throne. Hurrying back to England at the head of an army of French and Breton and Norman troops, William called together at Salisbury the great men of the realm and made them swear, each man according to his holding, to defend him and serve him as

S A L I S B U R Y

their liege lord. The writing of Domesday Book, which set forth to the minutest particular the property of such and all other men in England, was the direct result of this council.

Domesday shews that at Salisbury the third part of the revenue of the town, amounting to six pounds, was paid to the king who also received twenty shillings as half the profits of the mill. The bishop held the manor which consisted of thirty two carucates, that is as much land as could be cultivated in a year by that number of ploughs (probably about 5000 acres) together with 142 acres of meadow, some woodland and four mills. But though the bishop was the lord of the manor it must never be forgotten that the chief town was a royal castle. Friction between the ecclesiastical and the civil power was bound to arise and, as we shall see presently, it became eventually unendurable.

The bleak and exposed position of Osmund's church was another inconvenience. Within a few days of its consecration it was struck by lightning. Not one stone of that church is now left above ground in the place where Osmund raised them; but it is easy in a dry summer to see the outlines of the Norman church. The cathedral was undoubtedly altered by bishop Roger, a greater builder even than Osmund, and enough of the foundations has been uncovered and measured to enable us to form a fairly accurate idea of its size and shape. It had the form of a symmetrical Latin cross 270 feet in length, with a transept 150 feet long, the nave, quire and transpets having a width of about

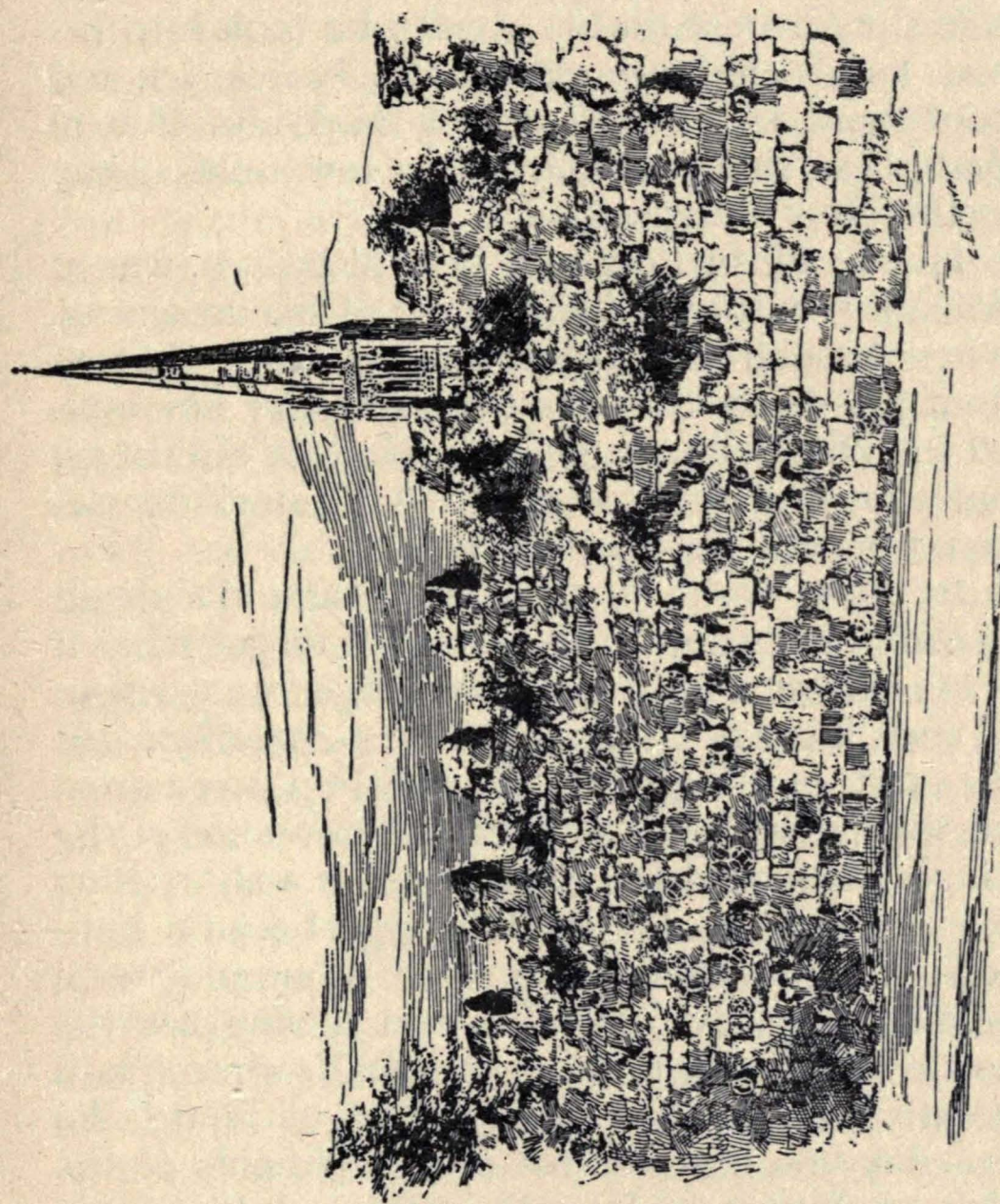
SALISBURY

70 feet. But figures are not of much avail to convey to the mind an idea of the size of the church. Let us compare them with the dimensions of the present cathedral, and we find that the length of the Norman church is about as far as from the west door of the present cathedral to the middle of the quire opposite to the organ, that the width of its transept was five feet more than that of our eastern transept, that the width of that church was eight feet less than the width of ours. The old cathedral, then, was a square ended church without the characteristic Norman apse, as broad roughly speaking as our cathedral but only about three-fifths as long. You can picture it with its plain exterior and its round arches and great columns, built in that stern and massive style of which the Conqueror's church at Caen is a typical example.

The bishop had a house near his cathedral, but its exact site is unknown; and there is some warrant for saying that the house of the dean was on the south side of the church near the end of the transept. The other members of the cathedral body had a special place for their official residence on either side of the road before the castle gate.¹

Three years before Osmund's death William Rufus came to Salisbury, holding a council in his castle there about the matter of the rebellion that the earl of Northumberland had unsuccessfully raised against him in the north. Fierce and

¹ A. R. Malden. *Canonization of St. Osmund*, p. 47.



CLOSE WALL.

A HISTORY

bloody was the vengeance that William took on his foes, treating some foully, putting others to death, and taking their lands and lordships from many of his victims. When Osmund died in 1099 the Red King appointed no other man to rule the diocese in his stead : he took into his own hands the revenues of the bishoprick and kept them till Tyrel's arrow laid him low in that glade that we know of a few miles away in the New Forest.

Henry, his brother and king after him, was at Salisbury within a little while of his crowning, when Anselm the archbishop came to do him homage. Two years later King Henry nominated his chancellor Roger as bishop of Salisbury; but a quarrel with Rome and Canterbury delayed his consecration until 1107.

In those eight years since Osmund's death the city had almost had time to forget what it was to have a bishop. But Roger was a man of such force of character that he speedily made his mark on the place. The bishop was a great personage with whom even the governor of the king's castle had to reckon, and in a short time Roger, being sheriff of Salisbury, became himself the governor. He was immensely rich and enormously powerful, and having set the castle in order, he rebuilt Osmund's church and greatly adorned it within and without. To this day you may see battered fragments of the rich sculpture of Roger's cathedral, that were built into the Close wall when in Edward III's days the ruins of Old Sarum served as a quarry for the building of it.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

No saint, as his predecessor Osmund had been, but an ambitious and very capable man of the world, Roger found scope for his abilities in many directions. He built strong castles up and down his diocese, at Sherborne, at Malmesbury and at Devizes. and raised himself, a man of humble birth, to the position of a very powerful feudal lord. Manors and prebends and estates passed into his hands, and though the charter which he obtained from King Henry appropriated these and many other benefactions to the use of the see, it can hardly be doubted that in his own eyes Roger's self represented the see. For Salisbury itself the bishop got the privilege of an annual fair to be held for the seven days about the festival of the Assumption, with the result that the city rapidly increased in wealth and extent.

In 1116 the king called a council at Salisbury with the aim of securing the succession of his only son, Prince William, to the throne ; but when four years later the young man perished in the wreck of the White Ship, his death absolved the clergy from the modified assent that they had given to the king's demands.

For the rest of Henry's reign we hear little more of Salisbury or of its masterful bishop, but in the scramble for power at the king's death in 1135 Roger thrust his way to the front. He became an active partizan of Stephen, gaining in return for his adhesion many valuable concessions to the church. He was too near, perhaps, to Winchester to do otherwise, for that city had been secured by the count of

A HISTORY

Blois, as Rufus and Henry had been wise enough to seize it, even before his coronation. Thus Roger, mindful most of himself and oblivious of the duty that he owed to the Empress Maud, the daughter of his dead patron, became Stephen's man and stood by his side at the coronation and again at Reading, whither Stephen, fresh from his crowning, passed to attend the funeral of the late king. At Easter in that year (1136) Roger was one of the witnesses to the great charter of liberties subsequently issued at Oxford.¹

But the time of Roger's downfall was at hand. He was too powerful, and he was grown old, and in 1139 Stephen broke him and carried him in chains to his own castle of Devizes. "The Bishop of Salisbury being now very aged," says Godwin, "partly peradventure through griefe, but partly also by reason of so long abstinence, fel sicke of a quartane ague, wherewith he languished from that time (being the moneth of July) until December following, and then died, raving and taking on like a man distract of his wittes certaine daies before his departure."

On Roger's death Stephen took the command of the castle of Salisbury into his own hands; but Maud so soon had the mastery of all the south of England that, in Stephen's absence, Salisbury fell into her power. Through the battle smoke of those chaotic times it is difficult to see things clearly, but this is plain—that

¹ J. H. Round. *Geoffrey de Mandeville*, p. 262.

OF SALISBURY

Stephen came into Wiltshire at the head of an army and was present at that battle at Wilton where William of Salisbury came by his death-wound. Maud's men under the earl of Gloucester attacked the town and the nunnery so suddenly that Stephen, taken by surprise, only succeeded in escaping by grace of his horse's legs.

Maud had the upper hand long enough to be able to appoint to Roger's vacant chair a priest named Jocelin, usually called de Bailul, a cadet of the Bohuns, a powerful house that throughout the civil war staunchly supported the cause of the Empress. Stephen's hands were too full during the remainder of his reign for him to contest the appointment ; and when he died in 1154, and Maud's son Henry became king, Jocelin was still in peaceful possession of the see. He was a pious and humble-minded man, trusted both by the empress and her son, who restored to the see those estates which had been alienated during the anarchy, and confirmed the bishop in the possessions and privileges that his predecessors had owned. Jocelin was bishop of Salisbury for the long period of forty-two years. He supported Henry throughout his quarrel with Thomas a Becket and drew on himself the wrath of the archbishop. The weightier displeasure of Rome fell upon him when he aided Richard, archbishop of York, to crown Prince Henry at Westminster. In his last years he had the aid of Geoffrey of St. Asaph in the oversight of his diocese, and worn out at last with age and illness

A HISTORY

he left Salisbury for a religious house where he died 18 November, 1184.

During the troubled years of the end of Henry II's reign there was no bishop at Salisbury. The see remained vacant till in 1189 Richard ascended the throne, and appointed Hubert Walter to the bishoprick. He was a crusader like his master, and Salisbury knew little more of him than his name, for on his return from the third crusade the convent of Canterbury chose him for archbishop. He may however have come to Salisbury after his translation, about that matter of the tournament held between Salisbury and Wilton that Richard gave him charge of. Where exactly was the tilt-ground, one wonders. Hatcher in his *History of Salisbury* boldly places it where "two valleys, obliquely intersecting the tongue of land between the Bath and Devizes roads, offered situations for the purpose, as if formed by art, where ample space was afforded for the lists, and where thousands might enjoy the spectacle, without inconvenience or danger... on the elevated and airy down, in full view of the majestic fortress of Old Sarum on one hand, and of Wilton and its venerable abbey on the other, and overlooking the rich and smiling bourns, watered by the Avon, the Wiley and the Nadder?" Can any of our readers identify the spot?

One great figure must have been present on that day. William of the Longsword, the bastard son of Henry I and Rosamund Clifford, had been summoned to parliament in his wife's

O F S A L I S B U R Y

earldom on his marriage with Ela, the heir of the earls of Salisbury of William I's creation. Many other honours came to him as the years went by. He was most loyal to his half-brother King John who made him sheriff of Wilts, constable of Dover and warden of the Cinque Ports, and he commanded the English fleet that scattered the ships of Philip of France in 1213. He was one of the witnesses to the Great Charter and chief captain of the royal army, 1 December 1215. He gave to the boy king Henry III the same constant loyalty with which he had served King John, and was made constable successively of the castles of Sherborne, Salisbury, Devizes, Winchester, Porchester and Southampton. In the French war he went, with Richard Earl of Cornwall in his train, as commander of the English forces in Poitou. After a year's successful fighting he returned to England in the winter of 1225, being wrecked and given up for lost on the way, to find that in the uncertainty as to his fate, Hubert de Burgh, the justiciar, had tried to gain the hand of Countess Ela for his nephew.

Furious at the indignity Longsword went on the morrow of his arrival at Salisbury, to lay his complaint before King Henry, then lying at Marlborough. A reconciliation was patched up between him and the justiciar, but the earl of Salisbury was taken ill, not without suspicion of poison, immediately after, and returned to his castle only to die. He was buried in the new church on Sunday, 7 March 1226, in the presence of the bishops of Salisbury and Win-

A HISTORY

chester, the earls of Pembroke and Essex, and many other nobles and knights. For more than five centuries and a half his monument stood on the stone bench on the north side of the Lady Chapel, until in an evil day Wyatt moved it to the place where now it stands, in the easternmost bay on the south side of the nave.

His name would seem to have been given him in memory of William, second Duke of Normandy, surnamed Longsword¹, a remote ancestor of his father, King Henry; and his arms of six golden lions in a blue field, still plainly to be seen on the shield of his effigy², are those that are depicted on the shield of his father's father, Geoffrey, Count of Anjou, in that slab of Limoges enamel that once formed part of the decoration of Geoffrey's tomb at Le Mans, and is now in the museum there.

His seal shews him in mail with flat-topped helm and drawn sword, bearing a shield of his arms, and riding a galloping horse with lions on the trappers. The little round counterseal has upon it the long sword of his name with the broken legend SI.....LI LONGESPEIE.

That noble monument of him in the cathedral—surely it is a portrait—shews him lying asleep in his harness under that shield of the

¹ William of Blois, second son of King Stephen, who was born about 1134 and became earl of Surrey on his marriage with Isabel, heir of the Warennes, also was known by this name, being styled "Willaumes Longe-Espee." (Doyle, *Official Baronage*. vol. iii. p. 469.)

² Very faint traces of the same bearings painted on his surcoat also survive.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

little lions that had seen so much of war, his long sword girt at his side, his head turned a little on the flat pillow, and you know of a certainty that in all the gallery of Salisbury worthies there is no more stately and gallant figure.

His widow Ela after a few years took the veil in that priory of Augustinian canonesses that she had founded at Lacock in memory of her husband. She was chosen to be first abbess¹ in 1240, and having grown old and infirm resigned her office in 1257. She died four years later in the seventy-fourth year of her age, and was buried in the quire of the abbey church. Among the muniments of Lacock Abbey there is still preserved an original copy of Henry III's charter of 1225, of which she, as hereditary sheriff of Wilts, once had the custody.

Her seal as countess of Salisbury has a full-length figure of her, wearing a cloak and a long dress girt at the waist and standing on a corbel of foliage, with a rampant lion on either side. Her little shield-shaped counterseal is charged with the arms of her lord.

Ela's eldest son, William Longsword the younger, never had the earldom (though he was commonly called earl of Salisbury) for the reason that his mother survived him. He was a very famous knight who twice took the cross, and fell in battle against the infidels in Egypt in 1250, when with St. Louis of France in the seventh crusade. The effigy of a cross-legged

¹ Her oath of canonical obedience to the bishop of Salisbury, signed with a + by her own hand, is in the muniment room of the cathedral.

A HISTORY

knight, lying on the stone bench on the north side of the nave, is commonly believed to be a memorial of him, placed there by his mother.

Her second son Richard was a priest, and died canon of Bradenstoke. Stephen, the third son, followed the law, and became justiciar of Ireland. Nicholas, her fourth son, was the second clerk of this family. He was rector successively of Gaddesden in Herts, of Wickham in Kent, and of Lacock, and was made prebendary of Calne and treasurer of the cathedral in 1278. He was consecrated bishop of Salisbury when quite an old man in 1292, and at his death¹ five years later was buried near his father in the Lady Chapel. The heart of bishop Nicholas is said to have been taken to Lacock and buried in the abbey church. In the pavement of Lacock cloisters there is a little coffin-shaped slab with three bishop's staves cut upon it, which is believed to have covered the place of that burial.

One likes to think that in his benefactions, and the protection that he gave to the church of Salisbury, even so vile a king as John shewed some gratitude to his half-brother, the earl; but none the less, the bishop and his canons often suffered from the king's exactions and tyranny. Herbert Poore was bishop in his time. He had been consecrated to Salisbury on the

¹ His will is in the muniment room in a splendid state of preservation, and is printed in *The Historical Review*, No. 59. In it he mentions his sister Ela, who was wife of Thomas, sixth earl of Warwick. *Ex. inform.* A.R. Malden.

OF SALISBURY

translation of Hubert Walter, the crusader, to Canterbury, and he outlived King John by a little more than a year. He and his brother Richard, the dean, seem to have stayed at Salisbury all through the black time of the interdict, and in their days much was done towards the organization of the cathedral body. The tale of the next great step forward, the removal of the cathedral establishment from the arid heights of Old Sarum to the valley below, and the consequent birth of the new city, must be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

BUILDING THE NEW CHURCH

Herbert Poore's episcopate was a time of great distress and anxiety. The see had been put to vast expense in furnishing its share towards the ransom of King Richard. The lawlessness and brutality of John's soldiery and the horrors of the interdict had imposed incredible hardships upon clergy and people. At the most peaceful times Salisbury was essentially a military post ; and all these troubles made it clear that there was literally no room on the hill both for the cathedral establishment and the military authority. The stress of them taught the bishop and the dean that, at whatever cost, a new home must be found for the church, and when Herbert Poore died early in 1217 the urgent necessity for a change was in all men's minds. It was at this crisis that Richard Poore was appointed to succeed him.

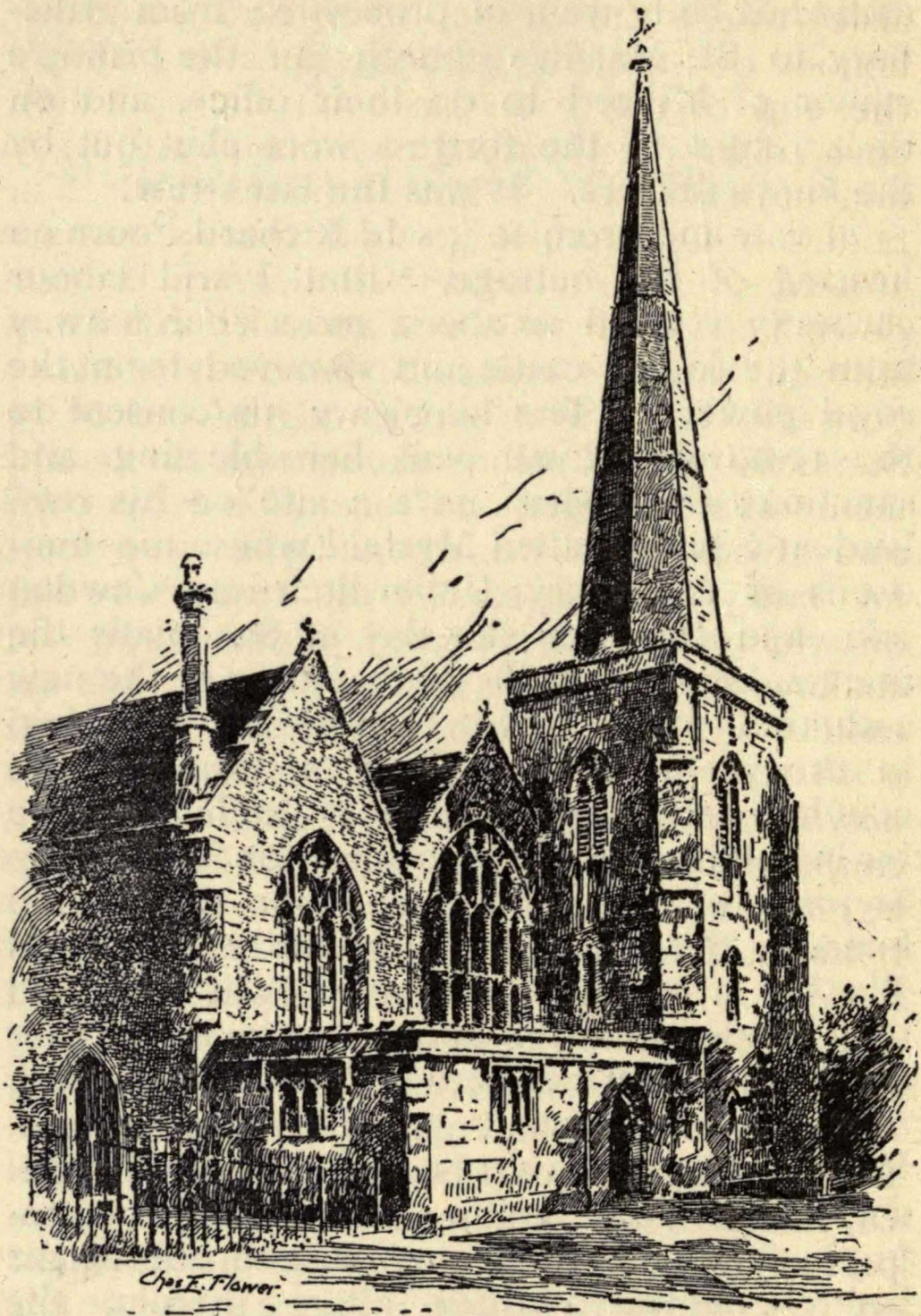
If we smile at the wonder-tales of Our Lady appearing to him in a dream and bidding him build a new house for God in Mary's field ; of the bishop drawing a bow at a venture on the ramparts of the castle and declaring that where the arrow fell there should the church be

OF SALISBURY

raised, we are at least on sure ground with the old story that tells how one rogationtide the cathedral body went in procession from Salisbury to St. Martin's church¹ in the bishop's manor of Milford to do their office, and on their return to the fortress were shut out by the king's officers. It was the last straw.

"I vow and promise", said Richard Poore on hearing of the outrage, "that I will labour earnestly to build an abode and a church away from the king's castle and removed from the royal power". The king gave his consent to the removal; Rome sent her blessing and sanction; the bishop gave a site on his own land at a place called Myrfeld where the hundreds of Alderbury, Underditch and Cawdon join, and there on the day of St. Vitalis the martyr, 28 April 1220, the building of the new cathedral was begun. Five stones were laid in the presence of a great multitude of the common folk, the first three by Richard Poore for his holiness Pope Honorius, for Archbishop Stephen of Canterbury, and for the bishop himself; then William Longsword the earl and Ela his wife, the countess of Salisbury, laid their stones, and the same was done by other great ones, the "four persons" of the cathedral, the archdeacons and some of the canons. Within five years what is now the Lady Chapel was finished, and Stephen the archbishop coming in state with other prelates and nobles, the bishop dedicated three altars therein, the

¹ The present church of St. Martin, of which an illustration is here given, is of course of later date.

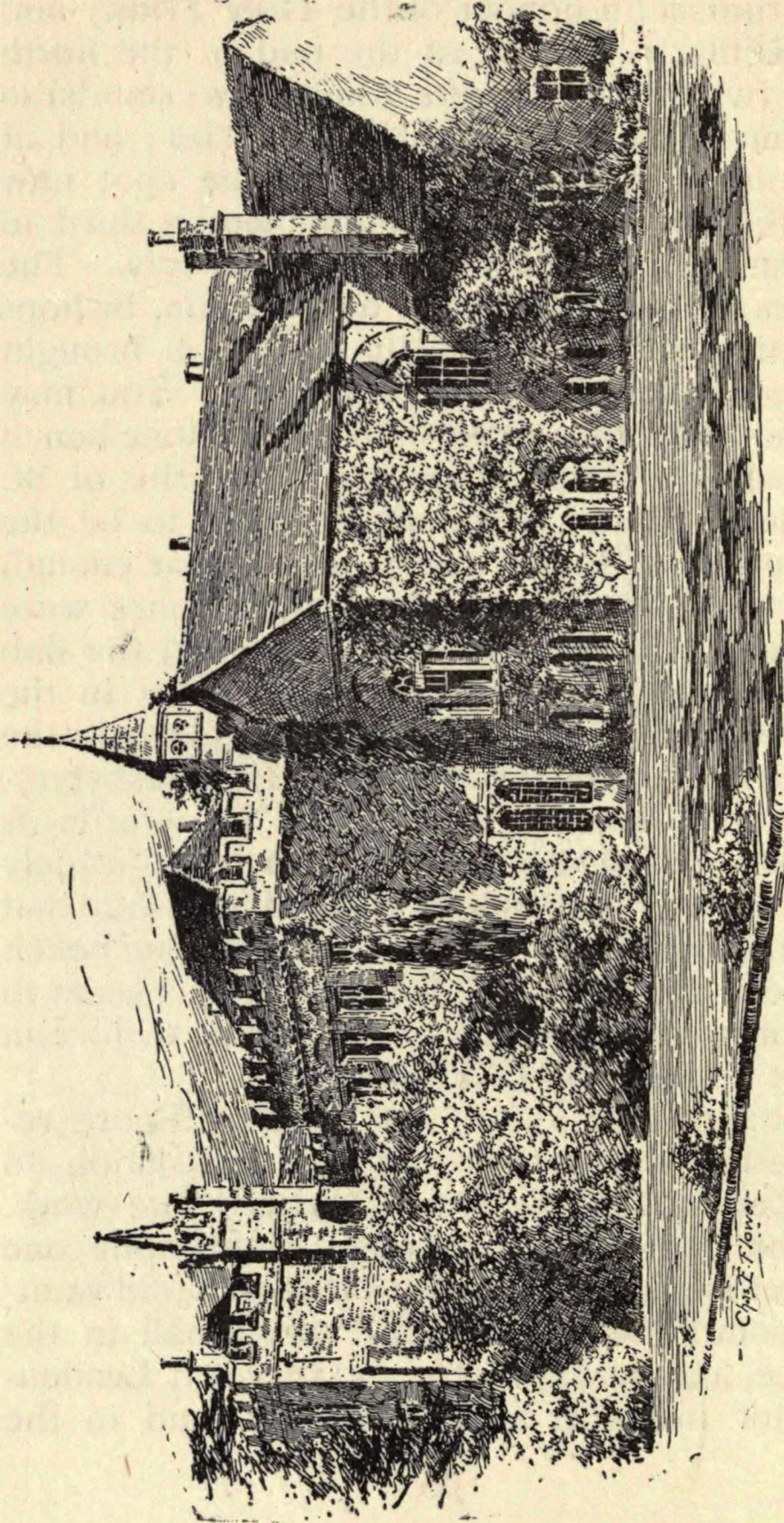


CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN.

S A L I S B U R Y

easternmost in honour of the Holy Trinity and All Saints, a second at the end of the north aisle (where the Gorges tomb now stands) in honour of St. Peter and the apostles ; and at the end of the south aisle (on the spot now covered by the Hertford monument) a third in honour of St. Stephen and all the martyrs. The bodies of Osmund, Roger and Jocelin, bishops aforetime in the city on the hill, were brought down and laid in the new church. You may still see Osmund's grave-slab on the stone bench between the Lady Chapel and the site of St. Stephen's altar. What are believed to be the memorials of Roger and Jocelin lie far enough away from the places where their bones were first laid. There is some evidence that the slab on which a cross is carved, now lying in the shallow arched recess in the wall towards the eastern end of the north aisle of the presbytery, is that of Bishop Roger, while the words *de nobilibus primordia duxit principibus*, rudely carved about the effigy of a bearded bishop that lies, the third from the west on the stone bench between the nave and the south aisle, seem to help us to identify this figure as that of Jocelin of the noble house of Bohun.

For the eight years that Richard Poore remained at Salisbury until his translation to Durham in 1228 he pressed forward the work. Of the domestic architecture of his time one perfect specimen survives in that splendid vaulted room known as Bishop Poore's hall in the Palace, and perhaps here and there, at Leadenhall for instance, at the Deanery, and in the



THE PALACE.

Chas. Flower

OF SALISBURY

little Vicar's house with the arched doorway on the north side of the Close, there still remain wrought stones on which his eyes rested. The monument set on the founder's place on the north side of the high altar is usually ascribed to him. He died in 1237 and was buried at Tarrant Crawford in Dorset in the church of the house of Cistercian nuns that he founded there.

Edmund Rich was treasurer of the cathedral for the greater part of Richard Poore's episcopate. The child of poor tradesfolk, living at Abingdon in the lane that is still called after him, he was sent when only twelve years of age to Oxford. A story that gives a glimpse of his youthful piety tells how he went secretly into St. Mary's church there, and placing a golden ring on the hand of the image of the Mother of God, took Mary for his bride. He completed his education at the university of Paris, and returned to Oxford, still the same pious, cheerful soul with a profound love of winning and imparting knowledge, to become the most popular teacher of his day. "It is to him that Oxford owes her first introduction to the Logic of Aristotle".¹ But tiring of Oxford, or perhaps drawn thence by a thirst for mission work he seems to have become an itinerant preacher and, as we are told, "applied himselfe to preaching, wherein hee tooke great paines, namely in the Counties of Oxford, Glocester and Worcester, untill such time as he was called to the Treasureship of

¹ J. R. Green, *Short History of the English People*. III. § IV.

A HISTORY

Salisbury".¹ That was in 1222; and there he worked, until twelve years later he was consecrated archbishop of Canterbury.

The rest of his life was one long struggle with a weak king, a corrupt legate, a treacherous pope and the turbulent convent of Canterbury, and leaving England, Edmund died broken hearted at Soissy in France in 1242. Within five years Innocent IV. canonized him by the name of St. Edmund of Ponthieu, appointing 16 November as his feast. Soon after a chapel was founded in honour of him in the central bay of the north-west transept at Salisbury.

Robert Bingham, a cadet of the Binghams of Sutton Bingham in Somerset (afterwards seated at Bingham's Melcombe in Dorset), who was prebendary of Slape, was elected to succeed Richard Poore. He was diligent in carrying on the work of building and, besides, was founder of the hospital of St. Nicholas at Harnham. But the bridge that he built across the Avon there was a piece of work which, more perhaps even than the building of the cathedral, was a most potent aid to the prosperity of the rapidly growing city. Bingham ruled the diocese for eighteen years; and when he died, "a man of great yeeres, great learning and great vertue", in 1246 he was buried, it is believed, in the tomb having an ogee arch of stone with angel crockets above it, which is immediately to the west of Bishop Audley's chantry. The very remarkable matrix of a brass, cut on the stone that covers

¹ Bishop Francis Godwin. *Catalogue of the Bishops of England*, 1615, p. 112.

OF SALISBURY

it, should be noticed. It shews the outline of a long flowered cross, having at the crossing of the arms the mitred head and the upper part of the body of a bishop with the whole of his crozier. About the cross are indents for four lozenges on which, no doubt, were originally cut the symbols of the evangelists. William of York, provost of Beverley, a courtier and a lawyer, was elected in his room. He too pressed on the building, but little more is known of him than that, after an episcopate of eight and a half years, he was buried in the tomb on the south side of the presbytery to the east of the bishop's throne.

Under these three prelates so much energy had been shewn that when Giles of Bridport, who had been dean of Wells, became bishop in 1257 the cathedral was not far short of completion. In the year after his consecration the great church was finished; and Boniface, archbishop of Canterbury, coming to Salisbury halloed it with great pomp in the presence of King Henry III and a large number of prelates, nobles and other great personages. In his short episcopate of less than six years Bishop Giles found time for the founding of the College of Vaux at Harnham, just outside the Close. He died in 1262 and was buried between the south aisle of the quire and the chapel of St. Margaret where his beautiful monument still stands.

Thus within the episcopates of only four men "the new church of Our Lady in New Salisbury" was built, and only thirty-eight years had passed since the first stone was laid. The

A HISTORY

fabric was complete (though not quite as we know it now, for there were as yet no cloisters and no tower and spire) all of white Chilmark stone and Purbeck marble, in the purest and fairest style that the English architectural genius has evolved.

We give the credit of it to the four builder bishops, Richard Poore, Robert Bingham, William of York, Giles of Bridport—may their names ever be held in most honoured remembrance!—just as the credit of a successful war must be given of necessity to the general who controlled it. It was a great part that they played, but these great lords were only the chief donors and initiators of the building time. You must keep their names clear in your mind from those of the men who were responsible for the two other departments of the work, the administration and the execution of it. The administrators had to collect the money and to organize and pay the craftsmen. They were, as it were, the adjutant-generals of the army, and you find them called by such titles as *custos*, *constructor*, *engineur*, *architector* and the like, in that odd mingling of Latin and French with which the fabric accounts abound. They are worthy of great honour too; and first among their names must stand that of Elias of Dereham, prebendary of Pottern and a close friend of Richard Poore whom he accompanied to Durham at his translation thither in 1229.

But the actual artisans and masons, *artifices* and *cementarii*, are an equally important element, though of a lower rank, in the community

OF SALISBURY

that carried to its completion so vast a conception as a cathedral. It is seldom that they are mentioned by name though at Salisbury we know that Robert the mason directed the work for twenty years. None the less they are worthy of being held in grateful remembrance, those skilled craftsmen in wood and stone, brethren of that special caste created by the need of the times and by force of circumstances, who have every claim to the name of artist.

When therefore you are asked who were the builders of Salisbury cathedral, you will do well to remember that to Robert the mason and Elias of Dereham the clerk of the works that honourable title is due as much as to Richard Poore himself. For the function of builder did not reside in any single man or in an individual class of men. Each class had its own particular share in the work, each would have been powerless to bring it to fruition without the co-operation of the others. If the inception, the plan, the dictation of dimensions and the enthusiasm that carried the vast idea to its completion and transformed dream into reality, owed their being to the wide outlook of those princes of the church ; if the faithful oversight and the business acumen of less highly placed ecclesiastics had their share in making all things ready and in using them wisely and well, even their efforts would have been unavailing but for the loyal co-operation of the skilled workmen, whose cunning hands laid the stones and spread the mortar and cut the mouldings. And behind them all, inform-

A HISTORY

ing them and filling them with the divine fire of effort, was that enthusiasm that shone like a flame in the thirteenth century for a great ideal, impossible of attainment yet ever aimed at with a passion of earnestness at which we moderns can only dimly guess. So life is in their work for all its crude imperfection, beauty even in its irregularities and roughnesses, power in its ready grasp of expedients, truth in its frank admission of difficulties. And best and beyond all is the evidence of sacrifice, the unselfishness of men willing to spend and be spent and to let even their names be forgotten if only they might by honest labour raise a house meet for the majesty of God.

There followed a little pause, a short breathing-space of five years, and then in 1263 they rounded off the work of building by beginning the cloisters and chapter house. You will not endorse the criticism of an American writer¹ who among much generous and admiring appreciation of Salisbury adds the carping words :—"Every cathedral chapter needed, of course, a chapter-house for its assemblings ; but only monastic houses needed cloister-walks for the daily recreation of the monks who led their lives in common. Salisbury is a cathedral of the Old Foundation ; its chapter was always collegiate. Its cloisters, therefore, are a piece of pure architectural luxury." You will not grudge the canons their cloister, because you see in it not an aping of monkish fashion, but

¹ Mrs. Van Rensselaer. *English Cathedrals*, 1893. p. 136.

OF SALISBURY

the sign of the determination of those men to raise a temple exceeding magnificent that should lack in no way anything that others had made to do honour to their Lord.

The beginnings of the cathedral were made in a day when the architecture of England had broken completely loose from the style that had been imported from Normandy; and its windows and pillars and mouldings shew nowhere any trace of the massive strength and solid magnificence that are the characteristics of what we call the Norman style. All is grace and lightness and aspiration. And yet when you examine it more critically, especially when you compare it with the Gothic of the great cathedrals of France, you will not fail to understand that the principles of Gothic construction entered into the building hardly at all.

The church rests solidly on its stretch of green sward, standing erect, as a Norman church stood, by the force of its own weight rather than in virtue of that delicate equipoise of thrust and counter-thrust that the architects tell us is the ideal of the true Gothic. It is its enormous length, the vast spread of its double transepts and its relative lowness, that give our cathedral its stability, but we English will not quarrel with that English characteristic which harmonizes so perfectly with the simplicity and air of repose that distinguish it.

The building of the church was started at the east end, as you remember, and continued westward; and the early pointed style ruled until, at the building of the west front, there had

A HISTORY

begun to creep into it that greater richness of ornament and development of detail which mark the decorated style. The chapter-house and cloisters, and perhaps the north porch too, belong to the days when that style had attained its perfect flower. The plain twin lancets of the church itself are seen no more. In their place has come a style of rich arcades and figure sculpture, of lovely leaf carving and window-heads of subtly designed geometrical tracery which belong to the noblest age of English architecture. Bishop Bridport's tomb is of this time, and in it, not less than in the cloisters and the chapter house, the north porch and in a slighter degree in the west front, you see how logical and yet how spontaneous the development has been.

In 1284 this second stage of the cathedral building was completed. Chapter-house and cloisters had taken twenty-one years to build, and if it seems that the passion for building which inspired the older men had worn itself out, it must be remembered that their coffers were empty. Walter de la Wyle and Robert of Wykehampton were the bishops during those years. The first of these—*vir mirae simplicitatis et innocentiae*—was subdean. He founded the College of St. Edmund in Salisbury for a provost and twelve priests, giving them charge of a new parish, created as the rapidly growing city spread north and east of the cathedral. When he died in 1271 he was laid before the altar in the chapel of St. Edmund. His Purbeck marble effigy was torn from his grave by Wyatt,

O F S A L I S B U R Y

and placed in the bay to the west of William Longsword's tomb in the nave. A monstrous pile of bellows and organ-pipes has been permitted in our days still further to desecrate his burial-place.

Robert of Wykehampton, his successor, had been dean of Salisbury, and was already an old man when he was consecrated. He was bishop not quite ten years and was blind in his later years. They buried him on the south side of the Lady Chapel, and so far as is known, no monument of him survives.

Within the next five years, three bishops ruled and died at Salisbury, Walter Scammel, Henry of Braundeston and William de la Corner. Nicholas Longsword, fourth son, as already mentioned, of William Earl of Salisbury, was the next bishop. He ruled for only five years, and after him came Simon of Ghent, who, though from his name you would guess him to have been a Fleming, is named by Godwin 'a Londoner born'. He was a very learned theologian, and strong enough to protest to Pope Boniface against the thrusting of foreigners into the stalls of his cathedral. He lies in the first bay of the quire on the south side opposite to Richard Metford's monument, under a slab long despoiled of its brasses.

To him followed Roger de Mortival, chancellor of Oxford, dean of Lincoln and prebendary of Netheravon in our cathedral. His great achievement was to codify the cathedral statutes which he based on the old customs and ordinances; and though many of his statu-

A HISTORY

tes are obsolete and many additions have been made to them his code is still substantially that which rules the cathedral life. He died in 1329, and was buried on the north side of the quire exactly opposite to his predecessor, but the stone inlaid with brass that covered his grave has long vanished.

Nearly half a century had passed since the chapterhouse was finished, and the building spirit was awake again. The church when completed was, as we have said, without a tower. Perhaps there was a wooden spire crowning the lantern at the crossing, but that did not satisfy those intrepid men of Salisbury, and greatly daring they determined to raise a tower and spire that should have no match in England.

The successor to Roger de Mortival the legislator was Robert Wyvill, "a man", says Godwin,¹ "not onely not furnished with competent gifts of learning but so impersonable as if the Pope had but seene him hee would never have cast so high a dignity upon him". Yet he was a courtier, high in the favour of Edward III and Queen Philippa, and he filled the see from 1329 to 1375, longer than any other bishop of Salisbury. We all know the story of his suit with William Montagu, Earl of Salisbury, to regain Sherborne Castle, alienated from the see since Stephen laid hands on it at Roger's fall. The earl claimed the right to settle the dispute by ordeal of combat, and the bishop concurring,

¹. *Catalogue of Bishops*, p. 348.

OF SALISBURY

sent his champion to the place appointed. But the king intervened and the parties came to agreement, Wyvill giving the earl much money and receiving back the castle together with the chase of Bere. All which story is pictured on the brass on Wyvill's grave stone that now lies in a corner of the morning chapel. Once it was over the bishop's grave in the middle of the quire; but when that part was paved with black and white marble in James II's days, the stone with its magnificent brass was removed to its present position. One sometimes wonders whether it is a dislike of disturbing the smug smoothness of the present tile pavement that prevents so simple and pious an operation as the replacing of the brass in its original position; but perhaps that venerable and precious monument is safer where it is.

It was in Robert Wyvill's time that the building of the tower and spire was planned and carried through, not as the earliest parts of the building had been by an ecclesiastical architect and under clerical supervision, but by a band of professional masons with Richard of Farleigh at their head. It is nothing less than amazing that so stupendous an edifice could have been raised on a substructure so unsubstantial and on foundations so inadequate. It is a very triumph of daring and yet scientific construction. When you look at "the pure and noble slightness" of the spire, you forget the enormous mass that it represents; but remember that it soars *ninety-five yards* above the ridge of the roof, and you begin to realize its tremendous

A HISTORY

weight. But those fourteenth century builders, daring as they were, were not blind to the risk of what they proposed to do, and it must have been before the tower was begun that they built those strong abutments that are plainly to be seen in the triforium, and closed with solid masonry some of the windows in the upper stages nearest to the tower. Further, they built as lightly as they dared, making the spire walls for the first twenty feet two feet thick, but giving them above that a thickness of only nine inches, while the intricate and elaborate scaffolding inside was allowed to remain, fastened to the capstone with iron rods, to brace the fabric with its cross bars.

But in spite of all their precautions the work was no sooner done than it shewed—perhaps even while it was in progress it shewed—signs of imminent collapse. And no wonder. Stand anywhere near the crossing of the western transept and look upwards. In every direction you see arches distorted and pillars leaning, thrust downwards and outwards by the tremendous mass that they could not carry upright. Stand close to either of the four slender pillars of Purbeck marble that act as the legs of the tower and, putting your eye close to its surface, look up it. The solid marble is bulging and warped and twisted like a willow wand, and you draw back almost with a shudder of fear. You can appreciate the feelings of the fourteenth century builders as they saw their labour on a knife edge, knowing that if it fell it must bring down the whole of the middle of the church

OF SALISBURY

with it. But they saved it by those two inverted arches which they inserted without delay at the crossing of the eastern transept, and as you look at the joining of their work there with that of the thirteenth century builders, you see once more how imminent was the peril. Those two arches saved the cathedral from falling, and they are still saving it.

But even so they were too late to prevent grave settlements. The tower had literally driven the south-western support into the ground, with the result that it leaned towards the south-west, so that for centuries the point of the spire has been close on two feet out of the perpendicular. Years afterwards another panic seems to have seized the authorities and, two heavy perpendicular arches were built on the north and south sides of the crossing; but inasmuch as the pressure of the tower acts outwards in all directions and the thrust of those arches must also be outwards, or at any rate east and west, it may be doubted whether they have served any useful purpose. But they have probably done no harm. It was at this time that the lierne vault of the tower was inserted. It seems to serve no other purpose than to shut off the lantern from the church.

One other feature, and that the most characteristic of the church, must be mentioned, namely the stone bench which runs right round the church between nave and quire and their aisles, with gaps here and there to serve as passage ways. It will be noticed that the bases of all the pillars rest upon it, and it has

A HISTORY

been suggested that they were so built in order that the weight of the church might be distributed as widely as possible on that spongy and water-logged situation.

CHAPTER VI.

QUAM DILECTA.

We have told something of the beauties and the interest of this house of God; and yet within the limits of this little book it is impossible to do more than glance at a tithe of the treasures of its loveliness. There is nothing else like it in the world. "Nowhere else" says that American writer from whom we have already quoted "does a work of Christian architecture so express purity and repose and the beauty of holiness, while the green pastures which surround it might well be those of which the psalmist wrote. When the sun shines on the pale grey stones, the level grass and the silent trees, and throws the long shadow of the spire across them, it is as though a choir of seraphs sang in benediction of that peace of God which passeth understanding. The men who built and planted here were sick of the temples of Baalim, tired of being cribbed and cabined, weary of quarrelsome winds and voices. They wanted space and sun and stillness, comfort and rest and beauty, and the quiet ownership of their own; and no men ever more perfectly expressed, for future times

A HISTORY

to read, the ideal that they had in mind ".¹

View it from almost any point, from far away or near at hand, and the vastness of it, not less than its delicate grace, holds you amazed. Stand at the entrance in the little low wall at the north east corner of the green swarded space and see its enormous length, like a great diamond, as someone has beautifully said, in a setting of emeralds. Or, from the steps of the canonry house at the other side of the Close, mark how the fretted beauty of the spire rises above the broad plain surfaces of the cloister walls. Or, standing at the little door of the cloister that leads into the bishop's garden, see how chapter-house and south transept and spire pile themselves in a steep pyramid of grace.

For it is the spire that is the centre and finish of every scene. "All possible adjectives of description or nouns of comparison", to quote Mrs. Van Rensselaer once more, "have been worn threadbare in the attempt to paint this spire. And no words can do the work. To call it a titanic arrow weakly pictures the way it lifts itself, seemingly not toward but into the blue of heaven. To liken it to the spear of an angel does not figure the strength that dwells in its buoyant outline".

You see it dyeing itself with lovely hues with the changing moods of the hours; glowing like a pillar of white flame in the brightness of the noonday; flushed with the colour of roses as the rays of the setting sun fall upon it; rising

¹ *English Cathedrals*. p. 120.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

slim and gracious as a lily against a background of lowering cloud ; shining like a shaft of silver against the purple of moonlit night.

Yet all men have not always viewed it with pleasure and admiration. A serious writer on architecture thus delivers his judgment. " Although this spire is an object of popular and scientific curiosity, it cannot be properly regarded as beautiful or elegant, either in itself or as a member of the edifice to which it belongs. A maypole or a poplar tree, a pyramid or a plain single column, can never satisfy the eye of an artist, or be viewed with pleasure by the man of taste. Either may be a beautiful accessory, or be pleasing in association with other forms. The tall slim spire is also far from being an elegant object. Divest it of its ornamental bands, crockets, and pinnacles, it will be tasteless and formal, as we may see exemplified in the pitiful obelisk in the centre of Queen Square, Bath ; but associate it with proportionate pinnacles, or other appropriate forms, and like the spire of St. Mary's church in Oxford, or that of the south-western tower at Peterborough Cathedral, we are then gratified ".¹

You see the harmony and restrained beauty of the building too, in other ways that are less conspicuous ; for instance, in the perfection of its ashlar, the regularity of the courses of its

¹ John Britton, F.S.A. *History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury*, 1814, p. 74. His book is illustrated with steel plates, drawn by F. Mackenzie and engraved by Le Keux, of extraordinary beauty and fidelity.

A HISTORY

masonry, the delicate contrast of simple horizontal and vertical lines. Of its great outlying masses the most beautiful is surely that which we perhaps give least thought to, just because we are all most familiar with it ; for in a church where all is graceful and strong and pure there is surely nothing that surpasses the north porch.

The entrance arch of it has a clean subtlety of curve which no compass can strike, and not many pencils have reproduced ; and the sober richness of its upper stories and the bays of its interior give it a distinction and an emphasis which one misses a little elsewhere in the exterior of the cathedral.

In the upper storey is a large apartment the use of which is not quite clear. It is thought by some that it may have served in the olden days as lodgings for the watchers, who kept guard over the treasures of the church. Other opinions, that it was intended for a school for the boys of the choir, or for a library, before that over the eastern range of the cloisters was built, have been held.

It is the fashion nowadays to decry the west front, to speak of "its untruth" and "its illogicality", to compare it with the western portals of the great French cathedrals, and to complain as if it were a feeble copy or an adaptation of those stupendous designs. But those who thus criticise it forget surely that here the western doorway was not the main entrance to the church as it was in France ; the north porch was designed for that purpose. They wrong the thirteenth century builders who accuse

O F S A L I S B U R Y

them of building an untruthful mask that makes the church appear bigger and wider and taller than it really is. For in truth the aim of the English builders of the thirteenth century, here and at Wells and at Lincoln, was to do nothing of the kind. It was the intention of the Frenchmen to make a logical architectural ending to their naves and aisles, and right gloriously they succeeded with their immense central portal, flanked by two smaller doorways. But the Englishmen had no such intention. What they wished to do was to raise a great screen, having but little relation to the church that stood behind it except that its height must of necessity be governed thereby, to cover their screen as richly as they knew how with shafts and capitals and niches and pinnacles and statuary, and every luxury of carved work that loving and reverent hearts could design and cunning hands execute, to teach men the power of beauty, the worthiness of sacrifice, the grandeur of the faith. It cannot be too often repeated that the portals were not the essential feature of the English west fronts as they were of the French. The Englishmen had, indeed, to find room for western doors leading into nave and aisles, but they deliberately kept them small and unobtrusive so that the openings might interfere as little as possible with the screen design.

You may prefer the French idea, and you may regret that our designers did not follow it, but you must not blame them for something that they did not even attempt to do, and you

A HISTORY

must not interpret their work as something which it was not intended to be. They were not concerned, except remotely, with making an architectural finish to nave and aisles, as the French builders primarily were. Our men wanted in that very place a screen for the display of statuary, and there they made it; and if their idea is less noble and less satisfying than that of their neighbours across the sea, let us at least remember that it is English, the expression of a definite national desire, a thing entirely different from that which the French builders had in mind.

All but a very few of the old statues have gone. The niches are now filled with modern substitutes for which we can at least claim that they are better than the statues that have been placed in our days in some other churches. The scheme that has been followed is one which is believed to follow the old lines. It aims at representing the hymn *Te Deum*. In the apex of the central gable is Our Lord in majesty. In the uppermost of the five tiers that stretch from side to side of the screen are angels. The next tier is that of the Old Testament patriarchs, prophets, and kings. Next is the tier of the apostles, and below them stand the doctors, virgins and martyrs of the Catholic Church. On the lowest tier are English saints and worthies,¹ and in the vesica immediately above

¹ Those who desire to know more of this remarkable scheme of decoration, are advised to consult *The Legend of Christian Art*. 1869. by the Rev. H. T. Armfield, formerly minor canon of Salisbury.

OF SALISBURY

the west door is a seated figure of Our Lady with the Child and two censing angels, which completes the scheme.

In its original plan the church had two more doors than it has at present, but both of them have long been blocked up. The more important of these was the door called the door of St. Thomas in the north face of the great western transept, having the cross of St. Thomas of Canterbury standing in the graveyard a few feet to the north of it. The beautiful and elaborate porch that once stood before this doorway is now in the grounds of St. Edmund's College whither it was removed during Wyatt's disastrous 'restoration' in 1791. It was then that the door was closed; and in the shuffling of memorials of the dead that marked that terrible time the monument of Bishop Blythe which lay behind the high altar was placed here. The second closed doorway was in the second bay from the east end of the south aisle of the presbytery. It was called St. Stephen's porch and led into the grounds of the Palace.

Two other structures which once formed part, though not an original part, of the church were removed by Wyatt. On the north side of the Lady Chapel, east of the wall against which stood the altar of St. Peter, was a small chapel in memory of Robert Lord Hungerford, who died in 1459, built by his widow Margaret Botreaux. It had a large east window, as we know from an engraving in Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments* made while it was still standing, and three windows in its north wall. Under a

A HISTORY

large arch cut in the wall of the Lady Chapel stood Hungerford's monument surmounted by a canopy. The walls were elaborately adorned with paintings of 'Death and the Gallant' (many times engraved), St. Christopher, and the Annunciation, together with the armorials of Hungerford and Botreaux. But no reverence for the dead, no appreciation of ancient art restrained the hand of the destroyer, and having demolished the chapel he placed the magnificent alabaster effigy that it was erected to enshrine on fragments of the chapel, built in clumsy imitation of an altar tomb, on the stone bench in the seventh bay on the south side of the nave.

On the south side of the Lady Chapel was the even more gorgeous chantry, built and endowed by Richard Beauchamp, bishop of Salisbury and first chancellor of the order of the Garter, some time before his death in 1481. This chapel, like Lord Hungerford's, was lighted by an east window and three others in its outer wall. The bishop himself lay in the middle of the chapel. In the north wall, separated by the doorway which then led into the Lady Chapel and is now to be seen among the fragments of the old thirteenth century quire screen in the Morning Chapel, were the tombs of his father, Sir Walter Beauchamp of Powicke (who in his day was speaker of the House of Commons) and his mother Elizabeth, the daughter and coheir of Sir John Roche.

Richard Beauchamp was consecrated bishop of Hereford in February 1449, and translated to

O F S A L I S B U R Y

Salisbury in the next year. He was dean of Windsor, holding the deanery with his bishoprick, and in the chapel of St. George is a monument to his memory. But they brought his body to his own chapel in this cathedral where it rested in peace till Wyatt's passion for tidiness swept the chapel away. It will hardly be believed that in that time his tomb was 'mis-laid'. The coffin was placed in an empty tomb removed from the aisle at the north end of the great transept with a marble altar-slab (its crosses still plain upon it) laid on the top by way of finish, and it now stands in the sixth bay on the south side of the nave.

At the south-west corner of the chantry was the altar-tomb, with a stately alabaster monument, of the gigantic Sir John Cheyney who fought on the side of Henry of Richmond at Bosworth Field. His bones and effigy were removed to the first bay westward from the tower on the north side of the nave and placed in a receptacle constructed by the ingenious Wyatt out of fragments of the chapel, the original tomb itself having been destroyed.

It was during the episcopate of Richard Beauchamp that the long desired canonization of Osmund was at last effected¹; and it must not be forgotten that another of that bishop's

¹ For a complete and most interesting account of this matter the curious are referred to *The Canonization of Saint Osmund* (Wilts Record Society, 1901.) by A. R. Malden, wherein by transcription and illuminating explanations of a vast mass of original manuscripts the Editor describes the negotiations between Salisbury and Rome extending over a period of more than two centuries.

A HISTORY

works was the building of the great hall in the Palace, a stately apartment, now altered by the insertion of a floor and partitions out of all semblance to its original appearance.

Another act of inexcusable destruction which Wyatt perpetrated was the demolition of the belfry which stood a few paces from the north porch, where in dry summers the outlines of its foundations may plainly be seen in the grass. It was an immense square two-storied structure with a wooden turret and spire above the bell-chamber; and held a peal of ten bells, of which the sixth is now in the cathedral tower. The rest of the bells were sold in 1777.

Reading between the lines of a letter written, 2 December 1331, by the chapter to the non-resident treasurer, and comparing it with the agreement that they made with Richard of Farleigh three years later, it is not difficult to see how the belfry came to be built.

The chapter justly complain of grave danger and harm to the fabric through the absence of the treasurer, Arnold de Via, the Italian bishop of Avignon and cardinal priest of St. Eustace, and of the dean, Raymond de la Goth, a Frenchman, nephew of the anti-pope Clement V and cardinal deacon of St. Maria Nova. The weight of the costly bells of the cathedral is so great, they say, that they fear for the foundations, and the bells cannot be rung. Other perils are threatening because of their defect of guardianship; and the chapter ask to be allowed to retain Arnold's income as treasurer to enable them to do the necessary repairs. Were the

OF SALISBURY

foundations already beginning to give, though there was as yet no tower and spire, but only a wooden belfry upon the lantern? It almost seems so. The treasurer must have authorized the necessary repairs, and the chapter called in Richard of Farleigh, a builder and architect of some prominence who had already been employed at Reading abbey and Bath cathedral. The agreement made in June 1334 between him and Nicholas de la Wyle, the precentor, seems to suggest that what he proposed to do was experimental. The chapter were in doubt whether it could be carried out with safety and they only bound themselves for one year.

But Richard of Farleigh was a daring and a self-confident person. He had in his mind a more ambitious plan than merely to carry out the instructions of the chapter to make things safe. He said in effect, "Your low tower capped with a little wooden spire or belfry will always be a poor thing. Let me build a high tower and spire: and for safety's sake, I will put the bells outside the church in a place by themselves." To which the chapter replied, "Make a start, and we will see how we like it and whether it can be done safely". And since Richard was to have only a year for his experiments, the date of this agreement gives us the date of the beginning of the belfry, for not until the belfry was made and the bells hung in it could the tower and spire be begun.¹

¹ *Ex inform.* A. R. Malden, which proves the correctness of Mr. E. S. Prior's supposition (*Cathedral Builders*

A HISTORY

The vestry which projects south-eastward from the smaller transept, with the muniment room above it, is an octagonal structure co-eval with the church.

The library, built as noted above, over the eastern side of the cloisters, is clearly the latest part of the cathedral, though a manuscript of the early part of the eighteenth century at Longford Castle gravely says that it "seems to have been built at the same time" as the cloisters. It was however actually begun in 1445 in the episcopate of William Ayscough, Henry VI being king; and their portraits carved in stone are still to be seen in the room at either end of the dripstone over the door. Here in old days the chancellor of the church was accustomed, as required by statute, to deliver his lectures in divinity. The original building extended to the south end of the eastern side of the cloisters. The southern bays were ordered to be taken down in 1758 on the ground that the cloisters were not strong enough to bear the weight of the library and its books; but it is probable that the real reason for the destruction was a desire to save the expense of repair. It contains some very valuable manuscripts ranging in date from the tenth to the fourteenth centuries, some early printed books of extreme rarity, and a large collection of modern theological works. Bishops Gheast and Jewell, Dean Hamilton and Canon Kingsbury were munificent benefactors of the library. As late as the date of Lord *in England*, p. 79.) that Richard of Farleigh was the builder of tower and spire.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

Radnor's manuscript the windows had shields of arms and memorials of saints and worthies of the cathedral in them; but all these have long disappeared.

"Westminster is 'all glorious within'", said Dean Stanley in loyal love of his own incomparable church, "Salisbury is all glorious without": and you realize the truth of the implied depreciation of Salisbury's interior as soon as you enter the cathedral. It has been so cruelly scraped and tidied; it is so bare and flooded with light; so much that was venerable and beautiful has been sacrificed to the craze for vistas, and the desire to make a glorified parish church of it. What the misguided zeal of reformers left has been ruthlessly swept away by the vanity of restorers, and the trail of Wyatt, its evil genius, is over it all.

You have heard of some of the outrages which that conceited iconoclast wrought. All up and down the nave are the signs of his handiwork; and you have been told how he moved the tombs of long dead worthies from their graves and dumped them down in any place that caprice dictated. As you enter at the north door you see another such evidence of his riotous fancy. On your left hand in the second bay eastward of the opening in the stone bench, is the monument of Sir John Montagu, a great noble in his day and the begetter of notable men. He was the second son of William, first earl of Salisbury of the 1337 creation, and Katherine Graunson his wife. While still a youth under age he served under the banner of his brother

A HISTORY

Earl William throughout the French expedition of 1346, fighting at Crecy and at the siege of Calais. His wife was Margaret, heiress of the Monthermers, in whose veins ran royal blood, and he was summoned as a lord of parliament (not however in her barony but in his own name) till his death in 1390. He was laid in a tomb against the wall of the north side of the Lady Chapel, but Wyatt moved his monument to where you now see it; blocking up the gaping back of it with sculptured Purbeck marble panels from the Beauchamp chantry, but preserving, for a wonder, the other three sides of the tomb. You may still see on the effigy faint traces of the gold and colour that once adorned it, and the six shields in the quatrefoils of the tomb are carved with the bearings of Montagu and Man and Monthermer that tell in heraldic language the story of his house.¹

On the opposite side of the nave one bay farther east is a most ancient structure which a modern superstition regards as the monument of Charles, that wicked Lord Stourton who was hanged for murder in Salisbury market-place in 1556. But a more critical archaeology assigns to it a much higher antiquity, seeing in it no less a thing than the shrine of St. Osmund²

¹ *Ancestor*. No VI. p. 46.

² Mr. W. H. St. John Hope argues that this remarkable structure must be the original stone-work of St. Osmund's shrine from its likeness to those of St. Edward at Westminster, St. Thomas at Canterbury and St. John at Beverley. The three holes on either side of it were

OF SALISBURY

itself, which once stood in the Lady Chapel where now his gravestone lies. If it is possible to find one word of excuse for Wyatt it may be spoken here. For the shrine of the saint had been so completely despoiled at the Reformation that the poor man probably did not know what it really was. We may be thankful that he

made to allow sick persons who desired to be healed by near approach to the wonder-working relics of the saint to crawl within the shrine and to lie as near as might be to them.

We have a grim satisfaction in knowing that the demolition of Osmund's shrine in 1539 was a costly and laborious matter. Mr. Malden's extracts from the accounts of the masters of the fabric give the date, and shew what a solid structure it must have been. In the first quarter of 1539 David Lewes and John Sommer were paid 38 pence for nine days' work; on a day in May that year four men were employed at a cost of 16 pence; between July and the end of September John Sylvester and John Sommer did eight days' work for which they received 2 shillings and 8 pence; and the destruction was completed at a further cost of 20 shillings by John Sommer and his mate in another fifteen days, during which time they broke their tools.

The long period over which the work of destruction extended is significant that the demolition of the shrine was not carried out with the goodwill of the chapter. "There is not," says Mr. Malden, "the least reference in the chapter minutes (so far as I have been able to find) to the destruction. During the whole time that the destruction was in progress the usual celebration of obits and other things representative of the old form of religion were going on just as usual. The chapter were also preparing wood and faggots and a tar-barrel for the bonfire, for the celebration of "St. Osmund's night," which all points clearly to the fact that the shrine was destroyed really for the actual intrinsic value of the jewels etc. and not at all because it was regarded as superstitious."

A HISTORY

spared that battered relic of an older faith. and only moved it from the place where it had stood so long.

On the north side of the nave in the bay immediately to the west of Sir John Cheyney's monument, once stood a chantry enclosed by iron grates raised in memory of Walter Lord Hungerford and his wife.

Walter was son and heir of Sir Thomas Hungerford of Farleigh, the first person named as speaker of the Commons. He was a strong Lancastrian, and represented Wilts and afterwards Somerset in parliament, being like his father chosen to fill the speaker's seat. He had already won fame on the fields of France, having gone with Henry V in 1415, followed by twenty men-at-arms and sixty horse-archers, to fight at Agincourt and afterwards at the siege of Rouen. The king gave him the barony of Homet in Normandy for his services and in 1426 called him to the upper house as Lord Hungerford. He died in 1449, and was buried by the side of his first wife Catherine Peverell under a broad stone from which the brasses have long disappeared, though you can still see the indents of gartered shields and his household badge of interlaced sickles many times repeated. He had made this tomb for himself twenty years earlier, enclosing it in a chapel of iron grates, (now removed to the south side of the high altar where it serves as the family pew of the earl of Radnor) with an altar dedicated to Our Lady. Lord Hungerford was a man of piety, a benefactor to Chippenham church and

O F S A L I S B U R Y

the founder of almshouses at Heytesbury. He was elected a knight of the Garter in 1421, and his stall-plate, still in the chapel at Windsor, shews his sable shield with the bars and roundels of silver, and his crest of the golden pepper sheaf of Peverell between two silver sickles of Hungerford. The mantle of his helm is barred with ermine and gules, which colours are taken from his mother's arms of Hussey.

The little figure of a bishop that lies under a stout iron cage in the same bay as the younger William Longsword, west of the north door, is another notable thing. The popular tradition that sees in it a memorial of a boy bishop who died in his time of office has in our days hardly any supporters. It is far more likely to be a miniature representation of an actual bishop, one of those little effigies that the piety of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries erected when different parts of a dead man were buried in different places.¹

The names of several bishops of Salisbury have been put forward, but each of them is open to objection. There is one name, however, which comes to mind, of a bishop, once of Salisbury, whose body was buried in another church. Such was Richard Poore, and it is at least possible that his successors may have secured for this church of his founding some part of him, and covered it with that little memorial. If that be true, the men of the after

¹ Cf. the mention above of the burial of Bishop Nicholas Longespee's heart at Lacock.

A HISTORY

time were less mindful of his memory, for the figure lay hidden and forgotten under seats near the old pulpit on the south side of the nave till it was found and put in its present place in 1680.

The modern quire screen of gilt and silvered iron replaced an absurd hotch-potch made by the ingenious Wyatt out of fragments of the two chapels that he destroyed. To make way for his screen which had to carry the organ, he removed an exquisite piece of original work, some of whose fragments now stand against the west wall of the Morning Chapel. At the same time Wyatt surpassed even himself by destroying the low screen at the east end of the presbytery together in the altar steps, and, having thus thrown quire, presbytery and Lady Chapel into one enormously long apartment, he placed the altar at the extreme east end of the church. All that could be done in modern times to obliterate the effects of this act of atrocious vandalism has been done. But there is one loss to the quire which we must ever deplore. In Sir Gilbert Scott's restoration of 1863-1879, the black and white marble pavement placed there by a pious donor in 1680 was torn up, cast aside, and replaced by a combination of marble and encaustic tiles of incredible shininess.

The splendid chantry of Bishop Audley that stands on the north side of the presbytery is a memorial of a man who made some mark in his day. It is a very elaborate example of late Gothic work, decorated originally with many little images and still retaining much pride of heraldry in the shields of the see, of St. George,

O F S A L I S B U R Y

and the arms and butterfly badge of the bishop, who himself built the chapel. Edmund Audley held many offices in the church before he was made bishop of Hereford in 1492. He was translated to Salisbury ten years later and ruled the see for twenty-two years, till his death at his house at Ramsbury in 1524.

Another beautiful monument is that of Richard Metford between the south aisle of the quire and the chapel of St. Margaret. In the spandrels of the arched canopy which stands over his effigy, between panels and niches that once held their images, are four shields of arms. The arms on the south side are those of the cross and martlets attributed to St. Edward (and here used as a reference to Richard II in whose reign Metford was consecrated) and the quartered shield of France and England that Henry IV had assumed in 1405, two years before the bishop died. On the other side are Metford's own coat and the shield of the see. Round the arch of the canopy is carved King Henry's royal badge of a columbine flower, alternating with martlets which hold in their feet scrolls with the words *honor deo et gloria*. Richard Metford, a courtier and favourite of Richard II, was while still a priest shut up by the lords appellant in Bristol Castle, but when the king came to power he made his trusty servant bishop first of Chichester and afterwards of Salisbury, where he died in 1407. His monument is perhaps the most noteworthy thing about him ¹.

¹ *Ancestor*. No. XII. p. 146.

A HISTORY

Exactly opposite it on the north side of the quire aisle is the Purbeck altar tomb that an ancient tradition assigns to the unhappy Lionel Widville. He was a son of Richard Earl Rivers and brother of Elizabeth, queen of Edward IV. His high connections marked him out for early preferment, and he became successively canon of Lincoln, of Salisbury and St. Paul's, being made bishop here the year before his brother-in-law died. He saw one after another his father Lord Rivers, his nephew King Edward V. and his brother-in-law Henry Duke of Buckingham, die in the tyranny of Richard of Gloucester, and he felt his own throne of Salisbury beginning to rock. It is said that he died of grief at the misfortunes that had overwhelmed his family.

Of memorials erected after the Reformation the principal is the great monument that blocks the east end of the aisle of the Lady Chapel. It is a memorial of Edward Seymour, Earl of Hertford (eldest son, by his second wife Anne Stanhope, of the Protector Somerset) and his wife Catherine Grey, daughter and heir of Henry Duke of Suffolk. Lord Hertford lost by his father's fall his heirship to the dukedom of Somerset, but Elizabeth gave him the earldom of Hertford and the barony of Beauchamp. He was in high favour with the queen till, his secret marriage being discovered, he and his wife were committed to the Tower where the countess died in childbed. She was a very great lady, being grand-daughter of Mary, sister of Henry VIII and queen-dowager of France who

O F S A L I S B U R Y

married a Brandon; and her husband, besides suffering imprisonment, had to pay a fine of £15000 for having dared to marry her. After his release in 1571 Hertford lived a retired life. He was made lord lieutenant of Wilts in the last year of Elizabeth, and died a very old man in 1621. He was thrice married, but his monument shews him lying here by the side of his first love. Around them are the shields of the houses with which they were allied, Beauchamp of Hache, Sturmy and Hussey, Coker and Darrell, Wentworth and Stanhope on his side; on the lady's the ensigns of even greater names, Strange and Astley and Ferrers of Chartley, Widville, Harrington and Brandon; and prouder than all, those arms of augmentation that Henry VIII had given to the Seymours when he married a daughter of the house. The monument was repainted not so very many years ago, and as is always the case some errors have crept here and there into the colours of some of the shields.¹

On the other side of the Lady Chapel is a monument of a little earlier date raised in memory of Sir Thomas Gorges of Longford Castle, who died in 1610, and his wife Helen von Snachenburgh, who was third wife and widow of William Parr, Marquess of Northampton.

In the south aisle of the quire immediately to the east of where Bishop Metford lies is the monument of Sir Richard Mompesson, knight. He was of an old Wiltshire family, being fourth

¹ *Wilts Arch. Mag.* Vol. xxix. p. 113.

A HISTORY

son of William Mompesson of Maiden Bradley, and was thrice married; first to Mary, daughter of William Lord Howard of Effingham and widow of Edward Lord Dudley; secondly to Elizabeth Oglethorpe, and thirdly to Elizabeth Paginton, who was buried with him there. He had no children by either of his wives and died in 1610. The monument is gay with Mompesson and Paginton heraldry, and has in the spandrels of the arch above it the shields of the knight's other two wives.

There is very little ancient glass in the church. That in the windows at the end of the aisles looks as if it might have been there from the beginning; and in the medley of ancient English, French and Flemish glass in the three lancets above the west door there is a good deal of the old *grisaille* pattern.

At the bottom of these lancets is a row of shields of kings and nobles which once were in the windows of the chapter house. These are of the last quarter of the thirteenth century, and are most important examples of early heraldic art and glazing. Their value to students of such matters is beyond price.¹

The discredit of having destroyed the old windows is usually attributed to good Bishop Jewel, but it more probably belongs to Wyatt. There is a letter of his time from a Salisbury glazier to a London correspondent which, if only for the sake of its artless confession, is here set down in full. "Sir. This day I have sent

¹ *Ancestor*. No. IV. p. 120.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

you a Box full of old Stained & Painted glass, as you desired me to due, which I hope will sute your Purpos, it his the best that I can get at Present. But I expect to Beate to Peceais a great deal very sune, as it his of now use to me, and we do it for the lead. If you want more of the same sorts you may have what thear is, if it will pay for taking out, as it is a Deal of Truble to what Beating it to Peceais his; you will send me a line as soon as Possoble, for we are goain to move our glasing shop to a Nother place, and thin we hope to save a great deal more of the like sort, which I ham your most Omble servant—James Berry”.

Not many years ago a pile of old glass was found heaped in the roof over the Lady Chapel. It was most carefully pieced together, as far as possible in the old patterns, and placed in the south window of the eastern transept.

On the other hand there is much very good modern glass in the cathedral, and as each new window is added you see more and more plainly that it is only colour that the church needs to make it once more well nigh as beautiful as it was in its most gorgeous days. If one had to name the finest of the modern windows one's choice would certainly fall on the superb window in the south aisle of the quire of four angels—*angeli ministrantes* and *angeli laudantes*—designed by Sir Edward Burne-Jones and executed by William Morris. The group of Radnor memorial windows in the aisles of the presbytery are also very fine, and so is the huge window in the Morning Chapel, placed

A HISTORY

there in 1909 as a memorial of Bishop Allan Becher Webb, sometime dean of Salisbury.

The cathedral underwent many repairs in Seth Ward's episcopate after the Restoration when Sir Christopher Wren was employed to report on the spire.

A hundred and twenty years later the church was again in the hands of the restorers. So much has been said in condemnation of Wyatt's misdeeds in the two disastrous years till before he went in 1791 with Bishop Barrington to Durham, that it is only common justice to include with him the members of the chapter who employed him. For it was after all with the consent and indeed at the bidding of those surprising people that he took down the chapels and the belfry, the rood beam and the porches, cut up the old gravestones into neat squares to pave the Lady Chapel withal, moved monuments and screens and altars, and white-washed the roofs and the walls. Wyatt was however a willing tool, ready not merely to execute but to exceed his commission, and even in his day a bitter cry of indignation and regret went up from reverent and learned folk for the havock that was wrought.

In 1863 the great restoration under Scott was begun, only to be completed within the last few years by the elaborate repair of the tower. The tower was strengthened by iron braces and ties; the walls and roofs were cleaned, and in the quire and the Lady Chapel the old paintings were restored; the pillars were repaired and polished, and the ancient woodwork in the

OF SALISBURY

quire freed from eighteenth century additions ; and the organ-screen made of fragments of the chapels was removed. The high altar was replaced, and many valuable gifts of furniture, decoration and plenishing were presented to the church. And it is with grateful hearts that we of the twentieth century, who worship in this temple that has survived so much ill treatment and faithless guardianship, share in the psalmist's ecstasy, "O how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord of hosts !"

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW CITY

The story of the cathedral, even thus shortly sketched, may seem to have led us a very long way from the founding of New Salisbury; and yet we have not wandered far afield, for the cathedral is in very truth the pivot of the tale about which from the very beginning all else revolves. There was no town until the church began to rise. Simultaneously with its building the city grew. And curiously enough, those years of civil war and political weakness and misgovernment that marked the beginning of Henry III's reign, actually helped the growth of the new city, for people learnt that they must depend on their own exertions if they wanted things done.

The Church too was learning by bitter lessons of tyranny and extortion and oppression that she must make common cause with the people; and Richard Poore, very alert to the signs of the times, was not slow to encourage those who had stayed behind on the hill to come and settle round the new church. In 1225 he granted to the citizens of New Salisbury that every man should hold his free tenement directly of his

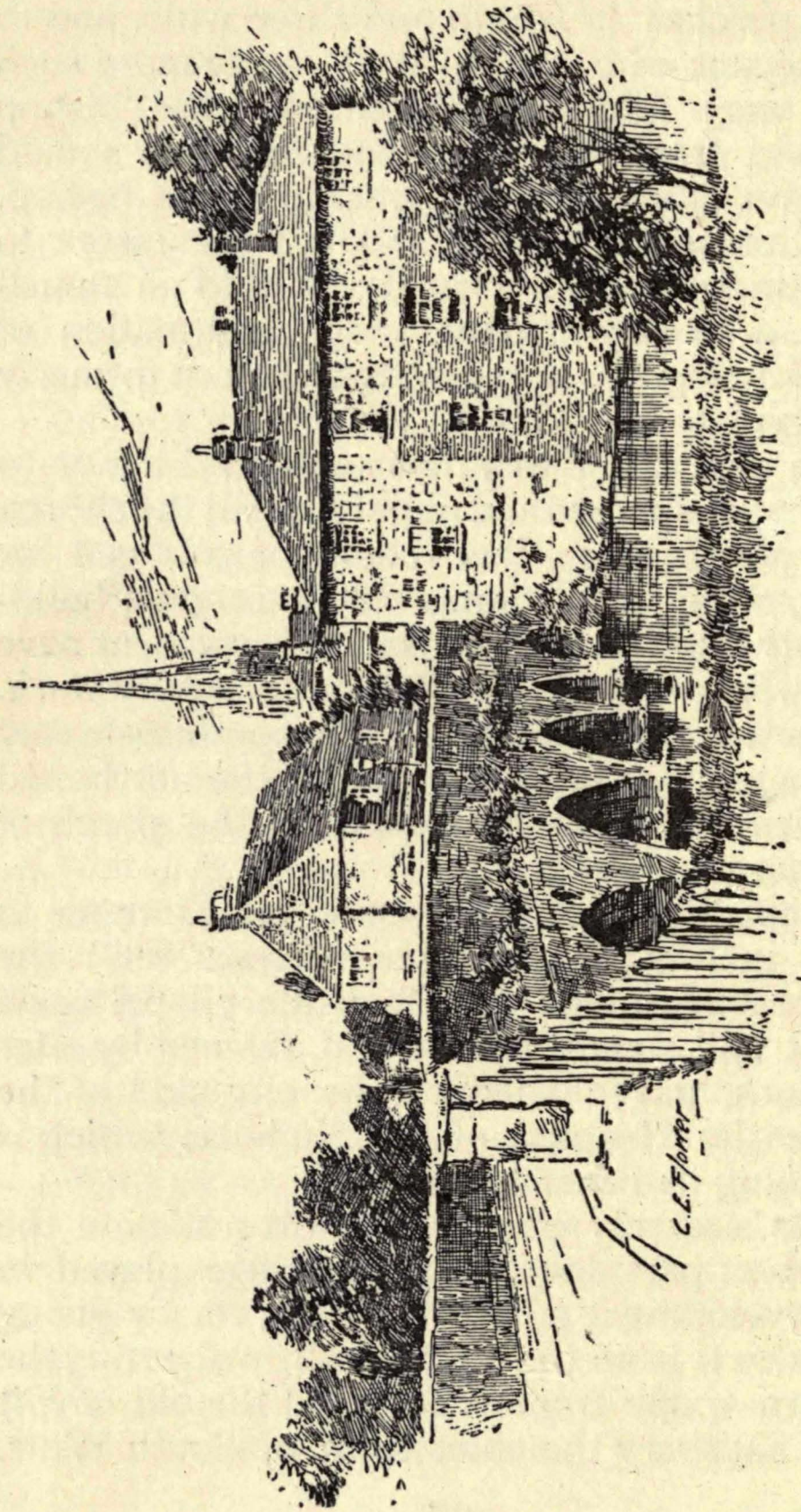
S A L I S B U R Y

overlord. The land was parcelled into plots seven perches in length and three wide, and to each tenant who desired land one or more such plots were allotted. Next year the bishop obtained from the king that Salisbury should be a free city under the lordship of the bishop, with license to himself and his successors to build bridges, to alter roads, to hold an annual fair and weekly market, with confirmation of such privileges and exemptions as had formerly belonged to the old city.

The new town was thus soon on the way to become prosperous and populous, and the church of St. Martin was either rebuilt or enlarged for the growing population. Of the original building only the chancel remains. The present nave of five bays with aisles is fifteenth century work. The tower is at the end of the south aisle and the ancient vestry at the end of the north, and between these two structures is the porch of the church.

Bishop Poore left Salisbury for Durham in 1228, and Bingham, his successor, built the bridge at Harnham with the little chapel upon it that still stands masked and defaced by later additions, and founded on the city side of the bridge the Hospital of St. Nicholas which is still doing its beneficent work.

It is scarcely possible to overestimate the important part that Harnham bridge played in the development of the new city ; for by giving access to it from the south, and by diverting the western traffic from Wilton and the old city, it made Salisbury the chief town of South Wilts.



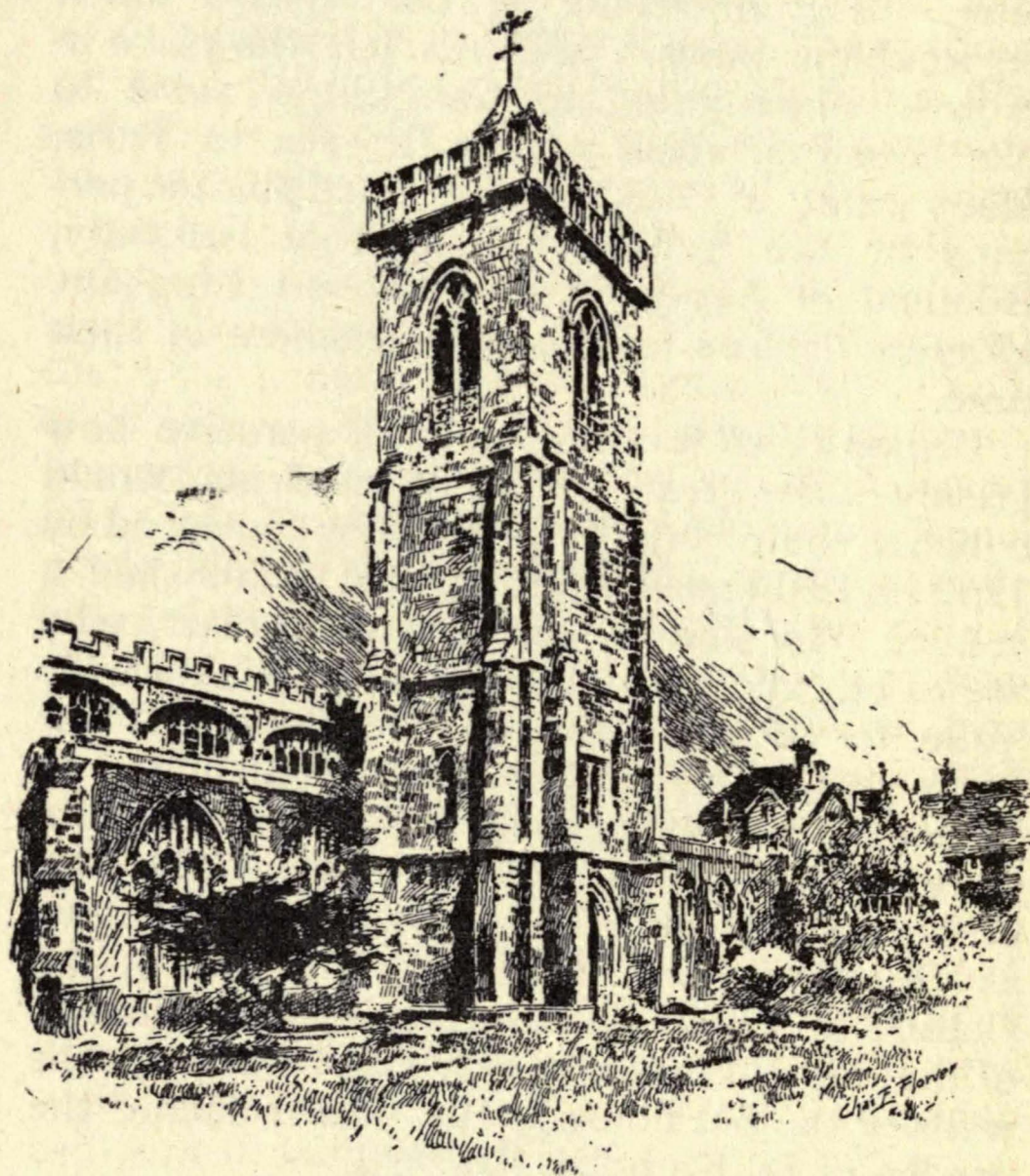
HARNHAM BRIDGE

SALISBURY

The suburb which was thus rapidly rising on the southern side of the cathedral was greatly increased by another foundation which Giles of Bridport established there some thirty years later. The university of Oxford had fallen on troublous times. Students left the place in crowds, some going to Cambridge, some to Northampton, some across the sea to Paris. Many came to Salisbury, attracted thither perhaps by the tradition of John of Salisbury, Edmund of Abingdon, and Robert Bingham, all great doctors and famous teachers in their time.

Bishop Giles was not slow to perceive how greatly this great influx of students would enhance the prosperity of the new town, and by 1260 he had raised buildings and established a college "for the use of certain scholars, who are to be called the scholars of St. Nicholas de Valle for ever." His college flourished for many years; but various causes contributed to its decline and when Leland wrote of it there were only eight poor scholars there. The row of houses just outside Harnham Gate, known as De Vaux Place, stands on the site of the College of Vaux. All that remains above ground of the original masonry may still be seen in the walls of the old house at the corner facing the garden of St. Nicholas Hospital.

Meanwhile the city had been spreading in a direction north of the cathedral. As early as 1238 a church had been built near to the bishop's mill and dedicated in honour of St. Thomas of Canterbury. The present church



CHURCH OF ST. THOMAS

SALISBURY

is of course not that originally raised on this site. This is a building of the fifteenth century, a great rectangular apartment twice as long as it is broad, having nave and aisles of four bays, a chancel with side chapels, and a south porch with a lofty tower above it. You will notice above the chancel arch the remarkable mural painting of the Doom which has been carefully restored of late years ; but the wonders of it must not blind you to the magnificent wooden roof of the church, an even more precious example of the art of the middle ages. The southern chapel has also remains of mural paintings among which appears, many times repeated, the red cross of St. George, which lends some colour to the belief that the guild of St. George had their chapel in this place. In the porch is a carved oaken tablet, the memorial of one Humphrey Beckham, 'his own worke' as the inscription proudly records. Perhaps he deserves a niche in our gallery of Salisbury worthies, for, notable in nought else, he has enriched the local vocabulary with his own name as the word for a boaster.

North-eastward too the city was growing ; and in 1270 Bishop de la Wyle built a parish church, with a college of priests to serve it, dedicated in honour of St. Edmund the archbishop, then recently canonized. What his church was it is not easy to say ; but what it grew into is better known. By the beginning of the fifteenth century it was a great building with a nave that extended nearly as far westward as the limits of the churchyard, a north and a south

A HISTORY

transept, a long quire with aisles, and a central tower and lofty spire. In 1653 the tower fell and dragged down with it the transepts and the greater part of the body of the church. Only the quire remained standing. The ruins of nave and transepts were removed, a new tower was built, and what had been but the quire of the old was adapted to become the new parish church. In our own days a new chancel, with aisles, has been added.

Salisbury, then, in this year 1270, the date of the foundation of St. Edmund's, was divided into its three city parishes, and we are fortunate that the foundation charter is so explicit that it is possible to trace the boundary lines of each parish with accuracy. Translating them into modern terms we find that St. Edmund's parish was bounded by a line following Castle Street to the western end of Blue Boar Row, thence to the corner of Winchester Street, then along the western side of Queen Street taking in the present site of the Council House, thence along the north side of Milford Street to the city boundary. The boundary of the parish of St. Martin was the south side of Milford Street to the corner of Brown Street, the eastern side of Brown Street to St. Anne's Street, then turning west it went to St. Anne's Gate and so by way of Exeter Street to the river. The parish of St. Thomas consisted of the rest of the city eastward of the Avon with the exception of the liberty of the Close, and a small part served by the chaplain of St. Nicholas.

There was never at this or any other time

OF SALISBURY

any monastic house in Salisbury, but the Friars took early root in the city. In 1224 Richard Poore gave to the Franciscans a site in Bugmore where a house and church were built, largely with the assistance of King Henry III, who gave the Grey Friars at various times oaks from his forest of Clarendon and elsewhere, shingles to roof their church, and boards for wainscot and stalls. The place where they lived on the east side of Exeter Street is still called the Friary.

There seems also to have been a house of Carmelite Friars for a while in the city, but it was either suppressed or removed, and it is not known where it stood.

Hard by at Wilton there was an important house of Dominican or Black Friars in what is now called West Street. Some of them removed to Salisbury in Edward III's time, and established themselves in Fisherton near where the Maundrell Hall now stands, and their house there survived till the Dissolution.

The inquest made when Edward I came to the throne in 1272 reveals the importance of the city. It is named as the head manor of the barony of the bishop, who holds criminal jurisdiction therein; there are signs of the jealousy of Wilton for her young neighbour; and more significant still, fifteen persons are named as guilty of smuggling wool out of the country, a fact which shews that already thus early Salisbury was a centre of that most important trade.

Meanwhile the old city was deserted and rapidly falling into ruins. Only the castle and

A HISTORY

houses within it were kept in proper repair, but the salary of the sheriff was docked, and the garrison seems to have been only a handful of men.

The number of the priests who served the chapels there—Holy Rood, St. Nicholas, St. Mary Magdalene,—was reduced from five to one, a fact which speaks eloquently of depopulation ; while from the scanty record that we have of the other churches there—St. Peter, St. Laurence and St. Ethelred—it seems clear that they had suffered too from the migration.

The mention of Reynold de Wych, mayor of Salisbury in 1261, as one of the witnesses of Bishop Bridport's foundation charter of the College of Vaux, implies that advantage had been taken of the permission of the royal charters of 1227 and 1228 to form a council with the usual name of mayor and commonalty for the government of the free city ; and when in the national exhaustion that followed the Barons' War, Simon of Montfort summoned the commons to parliament, Salisbury, like other boroughs, sent two representatives to the council. Their names are lost ; and though it does not appear that burgesses were called to Edward's parliaments of 1290 and 1294, the support of the boroughs was too valuable a thing to be disregarded. The great earl of Leicester having shewn the way, King Edward in 1294 followed his wise example, and summoned two burgesses from Salisbury, as from the other towns and cities of the country, to meet him with the bishops and abbots, the barons and knights of

O F S A L I S B U R Y

the shires, at the parliament at Westminster. Richard Pynnock and John Braundeston were the two burgesses chosen to represent the new city, the mayor and commonalty in council being the electors ; those whom the moribund city on the hill sent were Hugh Sener and Peter le Wayte.

It was a wise confession on the part of the crown that it could not do without the support and the wealth of the towns. Little more than a year later Edward I, at his wits' end to raise money and forces for his expedition to Guienne, had to be taught that the crown was dependent also on the goodwill of his lords. It was at Salisbury that Edward proposed to a council of nobles to put the earls of Hereford and Norfolk at the head of the army for France, while he himself should lead another into Flanders. But Hereford the Constable and Norfolk the Marshal flatly refused to lead the army into Guienne, on the ground that their office only obliged them to attend the king's person in war. "By God, Sir Earl," cried Edward in his passion, "you shall either go or hang." "By God, Sir King" stiffly replied the Constable, "I will neither go nor hang"; and that stubborn lord strode from the council with Norfolk and many other magnates.

Edward had better success with the Church which was less able to defend itself against the royal exactions and the outrages of the king's servants. But if the clergy could not resist they could protest, and we find Bishop de la Wyle denouncing the censure of holy church

A HISTORY

against the men who invaded her property and infringed her privileges, and placing the city and the Close under an interdict until compensation should be paid. A few years later Simon of Ghent pursued the same course against the king's soldiers who had violently entered and plundered the bishop's house and the canons' dwellings.

It is at about this time that we see the first sign of an antagonism between city and Close which, now smouldering and now bursting into open flame, was destined profoundly to influence their mutual relations. It chanced on a day in 1281 that one William of Dunstaple, a thief by his own confession, sought sanctuary in the cathedral. The good people of the city desired, properly enough, to hale him forth, or if that might not be to set so close a guard about the church that the ill-doer might not escape the law. But the canons in defence of their privilege barred the Close against the townsfolk, and allowed the man to escape. You take the side of the citizens or of the ecclesiastics according as your sympathies are with the hounds or the quarry, and though you admit that the canons acted as men of spirit in defence of their rights, you feel that the episode must have created a certain tension.

For Salisbury was growing rich and proud and independent, and the citizens were ready enough to resent the next sign of ecclesiastical domination. They had not long to wait for it. In 1302 Bishop Simon exercised for the first time in the history of the city that

OF SALISBURY

power of taxing his tenants which Henry III's charter had conferred on the bishop of Salisbury. An appeal to the crown was decided in the bishop's favour, but the city was given the option of escaping future taxation by resigning the liberties that the charter had given them. Without hesitation the mayor, Richard of Ludgershall, and the commonalty chose that course, giving up their common seal, their exemptions and privileges in order to avoid the hateful duty of paying his legal dues to their rightful lord.

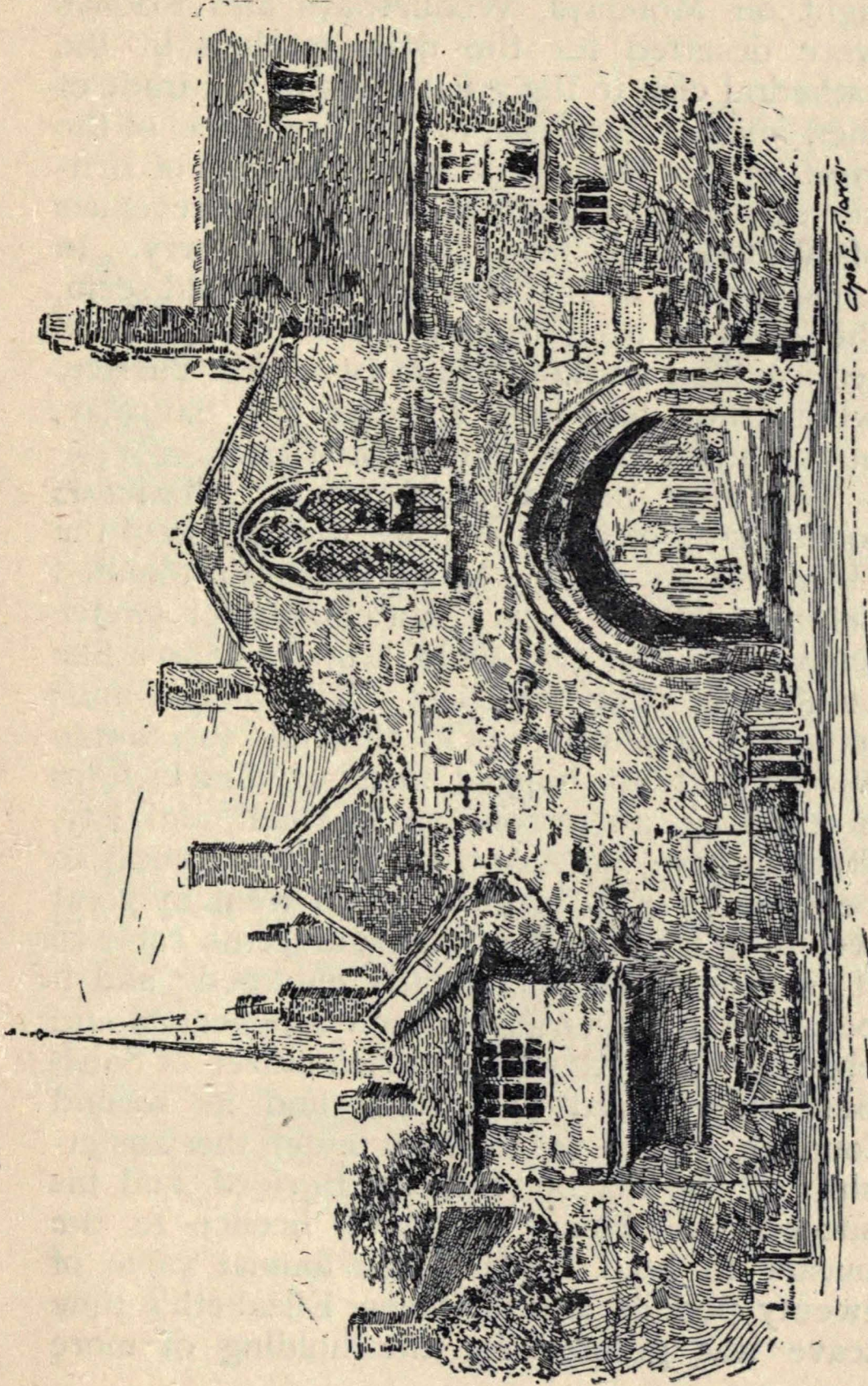
But within a little while the citizens were on their knees. They had got free indeed of the bishop's control ; but they had lost their fair and their market, and the blow to the trade of the city more than outweighed the advantage that they seemed to have won. They came to the bishop and begged that the old conditions might be restored, and after much wrangling it was so agreed. The articles of agreement, still preserved in the archives of the city, lay down with the minutest particularity the duties of the citizens to their lord, the manner of appointment of the mayor, the constitution of the bishop's manor-court, the regulation of the price of food, and similar matters. Further, a merchants' guild (afterwards known as the Confraternity of St. George) was to be established whose members, under the protection of the bishop, were alone to be permitted to trade and to hold office in the city. In every line of the agreement it is plain that the bishop had the upper hand. The last article indeed

A HISTORY

expressly states that unless the citizens hold faithfully to their part of the bargain the bishop is at liberty to fine them smartly. Thus a truce was called, and confirmed in the following year, 1306, by Edward I's charter.

But though the bishop and his canons had come victorious out of this dispute, it was clear that their safety demanded that they should have some further protection against any future trouble with the townsfolk, and in 1327 Bishop Roger de Mortival obtained leave to build a stone wall with battlements about the Close. One year later when Robert Wyvil was bishop the king granted to him and the dean and chapter all the stone of the walls of the Norman cathedral and the houses of the bishop and canons in the old city, for the building of the tower of the new cathedral and of the Close wall. You may see the Close wall to-day practically as it was then built, running from Harnham Gate along the south and east sides of the Palace grounds, and then beyond St. Anne's Gate to a point nearly opposite to the White Hart. Here it turns at right-angles westward, between the gardens on the north side of the Close and those of the houses in New Street, to the High Street Gate; and beyond again to the river on the south side of the garden of the Church House.

It was in Bishop Wyvill's time that the Saturday market was established, in settlement of a dispute of long standing with the neighbouring borough of Wilton. For the men of Wilton proved that the markets held there by ancient

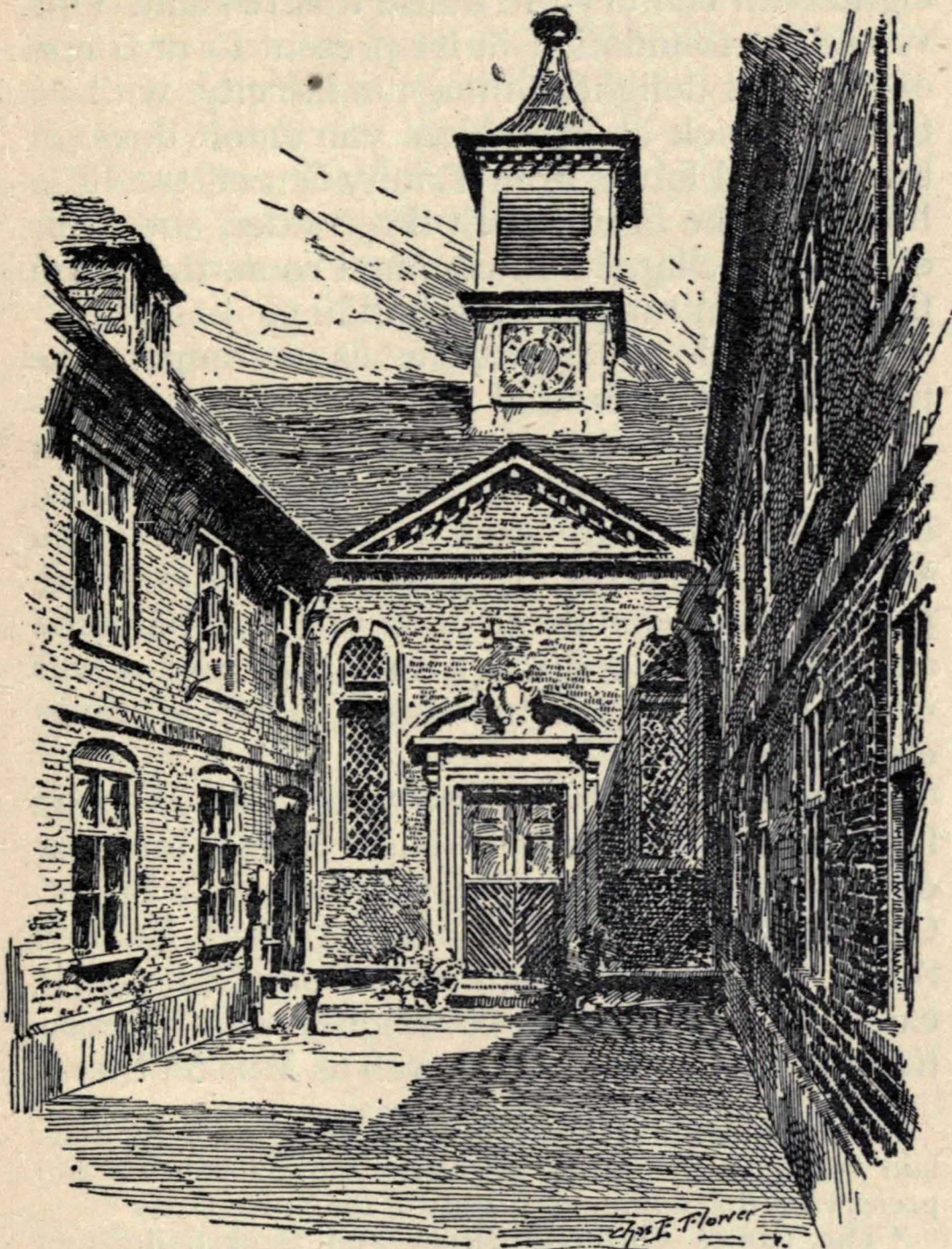


ST. ANNE'S GATE

A HISTORY

right on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays were deserted for the daily markets in the cathedral city, to the great harm of the trade of their ancient borough, to the prejudice of the king and to the loss of Mary Duchess of Brittany, the king's daughter, to whom the revenues of Wilton had been granted as dowry. In consequence of this complaint, it would seem, the citizens of Salisbury were compelled to reduce their market days to two, the Tuesday which they had long enjoyed and Saturday, now granted to them for the first time.

The most ancient of the many charitable foundations of the city is the Almshouse of the Holy Trinity in St. Martin's parish, founded before 1379 by Agnes Bottenham for twelve inmates and to give daily hospitality to a like number of poor travellers. This house must have had a more than local fame, for Simon Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, and bishops of dioceses as remote as Durham and Ely, Hereford and St. Asaph granted indulgences to benefactors of it. As the years went by great wealth in lands and houses and rents came to it ; its usefulness was greatly enlarged ; and it became the dispenser of much beneficence and charity. John Chandler, a rich citizen of Salisbury in Richard II's reign and its second founder, placed the hospital under the mastership of the mayor, Thomas Burford, and his successors. Henry IV gave licence to the master to hold lands of the annual value of twenty pounds, and in Queen Elizabeth's time leave was granted for the holding of more



TRINITY HOSPITAL

A HISTORY

property. James I gave the hospital a charter of incorporation, and at the beginning of the eighteenth century the house was re-built. This venerable foundation in its present form is one of the most delightful things in the city, with its tiny red-brick court which you enter through the pillared lobby from Trinity Street, the little houses of the brethren on three sides, and their diminutive chapel and common room that form the northern range of the building.

Ancient documents allow us to compare the present city with that of the fourteenth century, and they shew how little its plan and its streets, crossing one another at right angles, have changed in the course of centuries. You see clearly how Bishop Poore's division of the ground into rectangular plots of specified shape and size influenced the plan,¹ and how it was upon the shape of the Close that everything else depended.

From the south the town was entered by the long street, then called High Street, but now consisting of Exeter Street, St. John's Street, Catherine Street,² Queen Street, and Endless Street.³ On the north side from Old Castle came in Castle Street, continuing with a deviation round St. Thomas' church as Minster Street

¹ Is there any other town in England, except Ludlow, laid out with the same regularity as Salisbury; and preserving that dominant feature of the present day?

² The names Carteren Street and Drakehall Street (now Exeter Street) appear in 1396.

³ This is a corruption of the ancient name of Endle's Street, which as early as 1338 was given to this portion of the line together with what is now Queen Street.

OF SALISBURY

to the entrance to the Close.¹ On the west at Crane Bridge began New Street, which continued to Barnard's Cross. The road which entered from the east, now called Winchester Street, had the alternative title of East Street and extended to Castle Street by way of Blue Boar Row.

These four main streets would seem to be of Richard Poore's planning, and many of the streets that cross them at right angles are mentioned in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries under their present or easily recognisable ancient names. Wynemand Street for instance is what is now Milford Street ; the old Brown Street comprises the present Brown Street and Rolleston Street;² Melmonger Street is now Culver Street; Gigore Street is now Gigant Street; St. Martin's Street, now St. Anne's Street, had a grammar school at its western end. Butcher Row is mentioned as early as 1287; Chipper Street in 1362; Water Lane in 1417. The High Cross, where poultry and vegetables were sold, is named in 1335—nearly half a century before, as the local superstition relates, Bishop Erghum compelled a Montagu or a St. Martin of Wardour to build it and do penance there. Freren Street, which of course is Friars' Street, led to the Friary in Bugmore, but where, one wonders, were Tottlebells Street and Nuggeston?

¹ The street from the Close Gate to St. Thomas' Church, now called High Street, did not receive that name till the beginning of the fifteenth century.

² "Rolveston Street" in 1362 from one Rolf who built houses there.

A HISTORY

The projected fortification of the city never got beyond the rampart and ditch that had been made in Simon of Ghent's episcopate, although Edward's charter expressly allowed the building of an embattled stone wall with towers. Four gates were however erected at the ends of Castle Street, Winchester Street, St. Anne's Street and Wynemans Street respectively, and there were barriers before St. Edmund's College, and at Harnham, Fisherton and Ayleswade bridges. Winchester Gate was taken down in 1771. Castle Gate, which stood near to where now are Hussey's Almshouses in Castle Street, remained until 1784 when it was removed as an obstruction to traffic. Fragments of it may still be seen on the right hand side of the road as you go towards the city.

The open spaces were Martin's Croft, of which only part survives under the name of the Green Croft, and the Market Place, smaller then than it is now. On the north side of what we call New Canal was the wool-market. In many of the streets were streams of running water with bridges over them. Black Bridge was in New Street hard by Trinity Hospital; Ivy Bridge was in St. Martin's Street; and there were bridges in Castle Street, in Drakehall Street and in Endle's street, and no less than three in the market place. Ayleswade or the Upper Bridge was the bridge over the Avon below the Town Mill; Crane Bridge was also called the Lower Bridge; Fisherton Bridge was, where it still stands, in Fisherton Street at the end of Water Lane.

OF SALISBURY

Thus we get a clear view of the new city, a busy thriving place simply planned, a town of bustling craftsmen attendant for the most part on the wool trade and its mysteries,—packers and staplers, combers and websters, carders, fullers, tuckers, dyers, and the like—with the many other tradesmen who made a town of the middle ages the self-contained place that it was.

There were good inns too, and substantial houses of rich citizens, such as that of Richard Gilbert in St. Edmund's parish with its hall and parlour, kitchen and pantry and bed chambers having plain solid furniture and garnishing, plenty of household utensils of pewter, latten and iron, with spoons and cups and a salt cellar of silver. Some of these citizens could bequeath money and sheep, good garments of cloth and linen and worsted, furs, pieces of plate and jewelry, armour and weapons, beds and hangings.

Near at hand was the royal palace of Clarendon; and when the sovereign comes to visit his faithful city we see the mayor and aldermen going out to meet the king's majesty in their new robes of scarlet, broaching casks of wine that all men may drink the king's health, paying largess to the messengers and heralds and minstrels that due honour may be done to his grace.

Away on the south side of the city is the Close with its new wall surrounding it, and high overhead the new spire of the great church soars into the blue to the wonder of all men.

CHAPTER VIII

JOHN HALL AND OTHERS

Towards the end of the reign of Richard II, the long smouldering antagonism between city and Close broke into flame once more. What exactly was the ground of the quarrel is not quite clear ; but the decision of Richard's commissioners binding the citizens, under penalty of great sums of money, to obedience to their lord the bishop shews how bitter was the dissension. The men of Salisbury soon had an opportunity of shewing their resentment against the king's support of the bishop ; for when two years later Henry of Lancaster raised his standard the city of Salisbury was among the first to declare for the usurper, and when in 1044 news came that King Henry was coming to visit the city great preparations were made to greet him: the streets were repaired, new robes were ordered for the mayor and the members of the council, and two hogsheads of wine were provided as a gift for the king.

In 1407 Robert Hallam, a man destined to attain to high eminence in the Church, was appointed bishop of Salisbury. He was already

OF SALISBURY

a person of some note, ¹ having been made archdeacon of Canterbury and chancellor of Oxford university in the early years of the fifteenth century. *Persona grata* at Rome, he had been nominated archbishop of York by Innocent VII; but the king objecting, the next pope, Gregory XII, appointed him to the bishopric of Salisbury. Pope John XXIII brought him into the sacred college at his first creation of cardinals, and in 1417 Hallam went together with Nicholas Bubwith, bishop of Bath and Wells (and formerly of Salisbury), Richard Earl of Warwick, William Colchester, abbot of Westminster and others, to represent the Church of England at the council of Constance. He took a commanding place in the deliberations, and his premature death at Gottlieb Castle was "fatal to the cause of many really effective reforms in the church."

Hallam was a wise and moderate-minded man, no persecutor but a brave upholder of faith and morals, and all the princes and prelates and doctors of the council went mourning to his burial. They laid him before the high altar in

¹ *E regio genere* says Onuphrius Panvinius of Verona in his *Epitome Pontificum Romanorum*, (Venice, 1557)—words which seem to hint at some long forgotten royal scandal. But perhaps the writer had seen or heard of the gartered shield of the king of England cut in latten on the gravestone at Constance and concluded that it signified that the bishop was a prince of the blood. Hallam's own arms have gone from the slab; but it is known that they were *sable a cross engrailed ermine with a crescent silver in the quarter*, bearings which give no hint of royal descent.

A HISTORY

Constance cathedral, and a famous brass sent thither, so it is said, from England covers his bones.

The city paid its share towards the aid that was raised in 1413 for Henry V's French war; but not very graciously it would seem, for after some haggling the good men of Salisbury got the sum demanded of them reduced to a hundred marks. One Thomas a dyer actually refused to pay his part, nor would he appear to answer for his recalcitrancy though often warned; whereupon the mayor sent men to Thomas's house and sealed the door with the city seal, because he was not to be found. But "he soon after," so runs the record, "and in very great despite and rebellion broke open and re-entered his house, and even shamefully cursed the mayor and his neighbours loudly and to the evil example of other."

Those were stirring days for Salisbury, for the king's host was mustering at Southampton, and all that summer the dusty levies out of the north and from Wales and the western shires poured through our city. It chanced on a Sunday in August that Sir James Harington, a knight of Lancashire, was here with forty men in his command. They rested in Fisherton, and coming presently to loggerheads with the men of the city killed four of them in a scuffle on the bridge. The alarm-bells rang; the mayor and his council met to consider what was best to be done; and in the midst of the turmoil Harington wisely marched his men off by the Southampton road. Those who had been killed were buried—one

OF SALISBURY

of them at the city's expense—and to a certain Welsh minstrel, who had "lost his hood in defence of the city in the insult offered upon Fisherton bridge by the men of Lancashire," a sum of 18 pence was voted to buy him cloth to make a new hood withal. And when the news of the great fight at Agincourt reached Salisbury the council entered it upon their minutes,¹ feeling perhaps a kind of reflected glory in that they too knew something of the prowess of the men who had fought "upon St. Crispin's day."

But the city's own business interested it more than the things that happened oversea or than the doings of kings and other great folk. We see the people flinging themselves eagerly into a dispute with their neighbours of Southampton, who, they complained, had done harm to their trade by the exaction of unjust customs. The Salisbury companies of Weavers and Fullers contributed generously to the expenses of that suit, and though nought has come down to us about the result of the quarrel the mere mention of it gives us a glimpse of Salisbury as a busy and flourishing hive of traders, very tenacious of their rights and very ready to defend them. The place was noted for its woollen cloths, and had so proper a jealousy of their quality, that no man dared to make such cloths for sale anywhere out of the city without license. And they were a thrifty folk, as they shewed when in 1431 the regent Bedford applied in the

¹ *Ancestor*. No. XI. page 26.

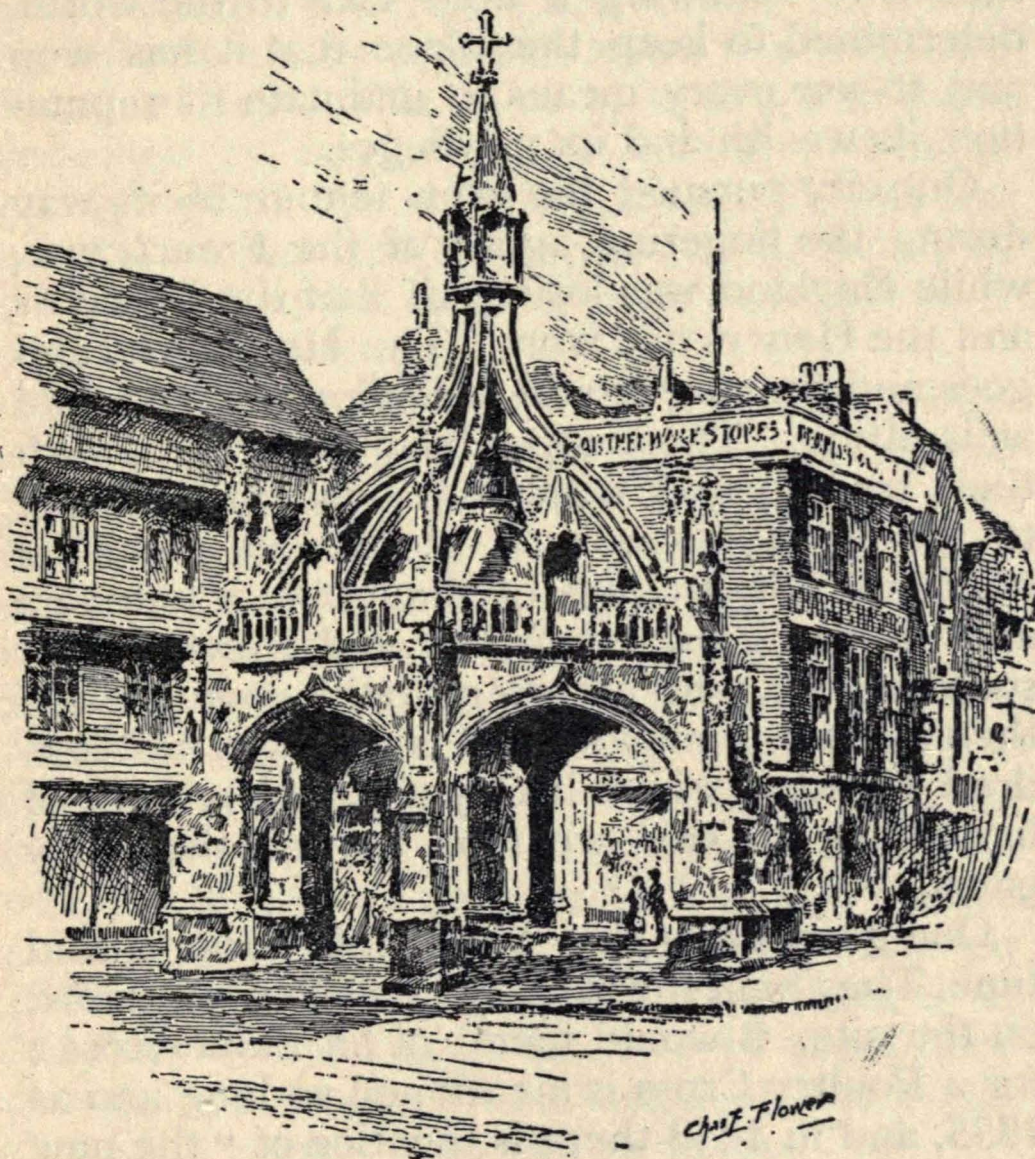
A HISTORY

name of the little King Henry for the city's contribution towards the expense of the king's crowning in France. The citizens resolved to contribute a hundred marks ; but they remembered that their loan of a similar sum to Henry V for his expedition to France had never been repaid, and they got the amount of the old loan from the cardinal of Winchester before they handed it over to the king, the customs of Southampton being assigned to them as security.

They were not above trying to get the better of their neighbours, either ; for the parliament roll of 1423 contains a petition from the embroiderers of London setting forth that members of the craft send their wares for sale at the fairs of Salisbury and other places to avoid the London dues. But in other respects the Salisbury traders did not welcome competition. Provision dealers, victuallers, butchers and fishmongers were not allowed to sell their goods at any other place than in the regular market, and if these were strangers they had to keep to their own standings which were apart from those of the citizens. Nor might strange traders break the soil by pitching stakes, except they paid custom and picage.

They took a pride too in the cleanliness of their city, and they would not permit pigs, geese and ducks to wander about the streets, nor fat to be melted except at night, nor beasts to be slaughtered in the open ways but only in the shambles behind Butcher Row.

They were careful too that from time to time the defences of the city be inspected and, if need



THE POULTRY CROSS

A HISTORY

be, repaired ; that the armed men of each trade be arrayed before the mayor ; that when the king came to the city all householders should clothe themselves fittingly in gowns and hoods of good crimson cloth. A proud and busy city indeed ! — shewing a bold face to the world, determined to keep the place that it has won and to use every means to maintain its reputation, its wealth and its privileges.

Our city pursued the even tenour of its way during the lingering agony of the French war, while England was losing all that the Edwards and the Henrys had won. The king comes and goes and the mayor and his fellows receive him as is fitting. The people busy themselves with their trading and with divers matters relating to the good governance of the city ; and the town records are full of mentions of butchers and fishmongers, victuallers and brewers and suchlike folk, with entries as to the payment and the costume of mayors and councillors and kindred matters, which betray a complete lack of interest in all that went on beyond their city gates.

One good thing they did in this rather sordid time. They built the Poultry Cross that we know, on the site, it would seem, of an older cross ; for a Poultry Cross is mentioned so long ago as 1335, and in 1448 there is mention of " the new cross. "

But the shame that all the nation felt at the disastrous losses in France at last stung Salisbury out of its indifference. One after another the provinces beyond the Channel that English hands

OF SALISBURY

had won were lost. Cities that had had English masters for centuries fell before Joan of Arc and the French captains whom her enthusiastic patriotism roused to action ; while at home the intrigues and plots and counterplots of Bedford and Beaufort, Gloucester and Suffolk paralysed the efforts of the English arms. In 1453 the Hundred Years War came to its end, and there remained no single English soldier in France except within the walls of Calais. It was the best thing that could happen for England, of course ; but to the English people of that day it seemed far otherwise.

The country rose in a fury against the government that had brought this shame upon it, and Jack Cade's rising in Kent was a sign that England was turning from the house of Lancaster to its rivals of the white rose. Rebellion broke out in Hampshire and Wilts in which the men of Salisbury had their share. William Ayscough, bishop at that time, was a favourite of King Henry VI and proportionately unpopular in his own city. When the storm broke he was at Edington ; perhaps he had fled thither at the signs of its gathering : and there on 29 June 1450 the mob, headed by a butcher from Salisbury, found him at the altar of the Priory church, and dragging him thence to the down above the village, beat him to death.

The king himself came to Clarendon to punish the murderers of his friend ; and to overawe the turbulent city part of the quartered body of Cade was sent to Salisbury and displayed there. But the people had tasted blood. They had

A HISTORY

discovered that the person of their overlord was not sacred ; still less, it seemed to them, were his ancient rights ; and there was a powerful party in the city who determined to obtain from the new bishop, Richard Beauchamp, a new charter. But the council was by no means unanimous. Another party was content to let things remain as they had been for two hundred years, and the strife became so fierce that Beauchamp at length intervened and tried to make peace between them.

John Hall was the leader of the malcontents, a man whom we in Salisbury think of with something approaching reverence, mainly perhaps on account of that beautiful hall of his which still stands on the Canal. He was a very wealthy woolmerchant who was four times mayor, and had been elected to parliament as one of the representatives of the city in 1453. But it must be confessed that Master Hall was by no means an estimable person. He was in truth a foul-mouthed, overbearing, quarrelsome fellow, and for many a year he kept the city in a constant state of turmoil.

His opponent, the chief of the other party, was William Swayne to whom Bishop Beauchamp chanced during Hall's second mayoralty to grant a small piece of land near St. Thomas' Church.

Swayne, who was a rich man, at once began to build a house there, whereupon Hall tried to stop the building, alleging that that piece of ground belonged to the city. He so far succeeded in rousing the passions of his followers

O F S A L I S B U R Y

that some of them took forcible possession of the land. Bishop Beauchamp went to law, and seems to have won his case against Hall, who thereupon contrived to deprive Swayne of the freedom of the city. At the same time the mayor put forwards demands which, if the bishop had acceded to them, would have taken from him and his successors all the ancient rights that they possessed as overlords of Salisbury.

But Richard Beauchamp was not the man to part tamely with his privileges. In a document of great firmness and studied moderation the bishop replied by showing what the city owed to his predecessors. He appealed to the charters of Henry III and Edward I which gave the bishops their rights ; recalled how in Mayor Ludgershall's time the citizens had renounced their privileges, and finding their mistake had prayed to have them restored ; how in spite of agreements then entered into the citizens had not held to their part of the bargain ; and he told the tale of the riot and the disaffection of Hall and his fellows in the matter of William Swayne's house.

John Hall and the bishop were summoned before the king's council ¹ where the mayor broke into such violent and insolent language that, for his disrespect, he was promptly clapped into jail. The citizens, bidden thereupon to choose "another mayor of sad, sober and discreet disposition in the room and place of the said

¹ Edward IV was then reigning, having deposed Henry VI in 1461.

A HISTORY

John, " delayed until to a second and more peremptory command they replied by appointing a deputy-mayor to go with some of the council to London to explain why they had not obeyed. The king consented to receive the deputation, and the city nominated six proctors of whom you read, with surprise at their temerity, that John Hall was one.

But King Edward IV, for all his love of popularity, would not consent to be thus flouted, and when a sterner message was sent that the king's prisoner would not be permitted to treat, the citizens omitted his name. But it is to be observed too that they had not obeyed the royal command to elect a new mayor, nor does it appear that they did so ; for in July in the next year Hall presided at the council when steps were taken to receive King Edward and Queen Elizabeth with due solemnity on their coming to Salisbury ; all the citizens being commanded to provide themselves with new green gowns, while a present of money and cattle was prepared for the queen.

All this time the dispute between the bishop and Hall was unsettled, though Beauchamp offered to submit the matter to arbitration. But his proposal was rejected, and the breaking out of insurrections in the north and west was the cause of further delay.

In the spring of 1469 Edward, having got the better of his enemies, sent a commission to Salisbury to bring the controversy between the bishop and the citizens to a finish. It had been going on for nearly six years, and for the last

O F S A L I S B U R Y

four the citizens had opposed the bishop's authority in every possible way.

The visit of the royal commissioners had no effect, and Edward summoned the parties of the suit to Westminster, intending to try the quarrel himself. But before the day appointed King Edward was himself a prisoner. He was captured by Warwick and his own brother Clarence — 'false, fleeting, perjured Clarence' — but escaping in a little while, he gathered his adherents together, and inflicted so severe a defeat on the rebels at Stamford that Warwick and Clarence fled into the west. Edward prepared to hunt them down, and sent letters to Salisbury bidding the townsfolk to guard their city for him and to send men-at-arms for the king's use. Clarence and Warwick however got safe across the sea, and Edward on his return from the pursuit of them lay for a while at Salisbury.

Within a few months however the King-maker was back again in England. He landed at Dartmouth in September 1470 at the head of an army of French and Flemings, and pressing hot-foot on London, sent an urgent demand to Salisbury for a contingent of forty men. At the same time came orders from the king, that the city should offer the utmost resistance to the great earl. In this dilemma, and because it seemed safer to propitiate the nearer power, the citizens offered Warwick a contribution of 40 marks in lieu of the armed men. Warwick however refused the money and insisted on the men being supplied, and John Hall, offering to

A HISTORY

find the men if the city would pay him the money, went away with Warwick's army.

Salisbury folk were by this time getting to know their Hall. Doubts were freely expressed about the raising of the forty men though Hall had pocketed his 40 marks ; and they determined that he should be called upon to render an account of his expenditure. But at this juncture King Edward fled leaving Warwick master of England. Henry VI was brought from the Tower and set once more on the throne ; but Edward returned with a force from Burgundy, and landing on the Yorkshire coast marched rapidly south, and on Easter day 1471 fought the battle of Barnet where Warwick was slain and the hopes of the party of the red rose were rudely blighted. Salisbury became once more Yorkist, and sent men to Edward's banner. The battle of Tewkesbury, fought on 4 May, was the last expiring effort of the Lancastrians. Edward's victory was complete. Queen Margaret, the Prince of Wales and the greatest men of Henry's party were taken prisoners ; and the more prominent of them were slain.

You are amazed, as you thread your way through the confused tangle of the history of these days, to find that in the end John Hall went scot-free. Perhaps Edward did not want his head when so many others that were nobler were falling ; perhaps Hall's crafty action may have appealed to that master-diplomatist ; or the king may have felt it wise, with an eye to possible contingencies, to propitiate so proud and wealthy a city as Salisbury, by passing over in

OF SALISBURY

silence the antagonism of that prominent citizen. Anyhow we hear no more of any action, either on the part of the king or of the city, against Hall in this matter.

But when peace was at length restored, the old controversy between the bishop and the citizens once more engaged the attention of the king. In December 1471 Edward bade the men of Salisbury see that the mayor henceforth should take the oath of office before the bishop as of old custom. The original bone of contention seems to have been lost sight of ; but the citizens were shrewd enough to see that, if they bowed to the bishop's demands in this respect, their whole case fell to the ground. For a whole year nothing was agreed upon, but at last the mayor went to Southampton and took the oath before Bishop Beauchamp. The king at once confirmed the old charters in favour of the bishop, and by Whitsuntide 1474 the submission of the citizens was complete.

Beauchamp had proved himself too strong for them. His patience had worn them down. They were weary of the long-drawn controversy into which the hot-headed Hall had dragged them ; and " so we submit us, " they said, " beseeching him humbly that of all matters, discords, debates, vexations, discussions and controversies between him and us he will take our said submission. "

John Hall seems to have been of a quieter disposition for the few remaining years of his life ; and the inquest after his death, 18 October 1479, shews that he died a rich man, with lands at Biddeston and Newton Tony in Wilts, and

SALISBURY

lord of the manors of Shipton Beringer, Swaythling and Nursling, and holding property at Grateley near Andover in Hampshire. He had houses in Salisbury too, besides his great hall on the Canal. And so he takes his place in our portrait gallery; not indeed the most admirable character there, but a man who impressed his personality on the place and a very doughty fighter for whom after all you have a kindly feeling.

For when all is said that can be said against him, you know that it would be hard to find a Salisbury man whose name and mark are better known.

CHAPTER IX

MONTAGU AND NEVILL

When Ela, the widow of William Longsword and countess in her own right of Salisbury, died at Lacock Abbey in 1261, the earldom remained unappropriated until it was revived in 1337 in the person of William, third Lord Montagu. He was the head of a very ancient west country house, being descended from Drogo de Montagu, who received from William the Conqueror large grants of lands in Somerset. Simon de Montagu, his grandfather, was a lord of parliament in 1282, and nine years later was confirmed in his holding at Shipton Montacute in Somerset, receiving in addition broad lands in Dorset, Devon, Bucks and Oxfordshire. Simon was in Edward's wars in France, Wales and Scotland, and was one of the barons who sealed¹ the famous letter to Pope Boniface VII repudiating the Roman claim to the overlordship of Scotland. He was a great sailor too, being captain

¹ Simon's seal has for device his shield of silver with the indented fesse of gules which was to become so familiar in after years at Salisbury. His little counterseal has a griffon, a device which he displayed on shield and banner at the siege of Carlaverock in July 1300.

A HISTORY

of the English fleet which for five years watched the stormy waters of the Hebrides against the rebel Scots.

He married Aufricia, sister of Orray, King of the Isle of Man, and dying in 1317 was succeeded by his elder son William, second Lord Montagu.

The second lord was fighting in Scotland and Wales for the first sixteen years of the fourteenth century, and when his father died he was made steward of Edward II's household and afterwards seneschal of Aquitaine and Gascony, staying in France till his death in 1319.

His eldest son, William, born in 1310, succeeded to his father's barony of Montagu in due course. He too was engaged in the Scottish wars ; but at this period of his life he was more of a diplomatist than a soldier. We find him in France, busy with negociations for the marriage of Eleanor, sister of King Edward, with the eldest son of the king of France ; and later going on an embassy to Pope John XXII at Avignon. In 1330 he was back again in England, being summoned to the parliament at Nottingham, and for his services in the arrest and impeachment of Mortimer was rewarded with grants of the lands that the queen's favourite had forfeited, in Hampshire, Berkshire and Bucks, being made constable of the castles of Sherborne and Corfe, and keeper of Purbeck Chase. He was at the battles of Berwick and Halidon Hill in 1333 in which year, Edward having confirmed such rights in the Isle of Man as had descended to him from his grandmother,

OF SALISBURY

he was crowned king of Man. King Edward's trust in his diplomatic ability was shewn once more in 1335, when he was sent to Scotland to aid Balliol against those nobles who still were faithful to Bruce.

But the outbreak of the Hundred Years War called him south again, and having been created earl of Salisbury in 1337, he was sent to France to declare Edward's claim to the French throne. He went to the Emperor, the quarrelsome Louis IV, in October of that year to secure his neutrality, and a year later was made marshal of England. He was ambassador to the count of Flanders till 1340, and in the fighting in France was taken prisoner and carried to Paris. After the victory of Tournay, he was exchanged against the earl of Moray who was then a prisoner in England. Three years later he was joint commissioner to arrange the terms of the truce with France, going thence into Spain on an embassy to Alfonso of Castile, in whose army he served against the Moors. In 1344 he died from wounds received in the tiltyard at Windsor, and was buried in the church of the Whitefriars in London.

This earl of Salisbury was a pious benefactor of the church, being founder of the priory of Austin canons at Bisham in Bucks, and of the Cluniac priory of Shipton Montacute in Somerset. He married Catharine Graunson,¹ a valiant

¹ In the Blackmore Museum at Salisbury there is a horse-terret which without doubt formerly belonged to her. It has a little swinging lozenge of the arms of her house attached to it.

A HISTORY

lady who defended Wark Castle in Northumberland against the Scots.

Their elder son, William, born 25 June 1328, became second earl of Salisbury while still under age, and was one of the founder knights of the Garter. He, with his young brother John, went with Edward III to France in 1346, and flew the white banner with the red fusils at Crecy. Before he came of age a contract of marriage was made between him and Joan, whom men for her beauty called "the fair maid of Kent." She was daughter of Edmund of Woodstock, and cousin of King Edward, and scandal played havock with her name. Long before the earl wooed her, she had made a secret match with Sir Thomas Holland, a knight of her father's household ; but when the young earl of Salisbury came wooing, she had no scruple in coolly discarding Holland. But when Sir Thomas returned from the French wars a knight of high reputation and great wealth, her affection for him revived and her marriage with Salisbury was annulled. She had been styled countess of Salisbury, and the old story which attributes to her a share in the origin of the order of the Garter has probably more than a little truth in it.

William was not inconsolable and soon married Elizabeth of the Mohuns of Dunster. He went with the Black Prince into Gascony, and when only twenty-eight years old was chief commander of the rear division of the English army at Poitiers. He was a war-worn veteran by the time the treaty of Bretigny was signed

O F S A L I S B U R Y

in 1360, and the great estates in Wales and Wiltshire, Dorset and Somerset that he gathered made him a personage of very high importance. Edward III employed him on many grave embassies and gave high commands into his hands, and when the king died in 1377 he carried the royal vestments at the crowning of Richard II. The new king made him his lieutenant in Hants, Dorset and Somerset, and captain of the town of Calais. Salisbury was with the young king in London when Wat Tyler led his following to Smithfield, and it is said that it was by the earl's wise advice that King Richard spoke the rebels fair and gained their hearts, when their leader fell with Walworth's dagger in his throat. He was down in the west again later in that year crushing rebellion in Dorset and Somerset, and four years later Richard gave him the lordship of the Isle of Wight. All the rest of his life the earl of Salisbury was busy with war and politics. He had lost his only son William, who is said indeed to have fallen by his father's spear at a tilting at Windsor in 1383 ; and before he died he sold the lordship of the Isle of Man to William Scrope of Bolton (afterwards earl of Wilts) together with the crown thereof, 'for it was the right of the island that the chief lord of it should be called king and should be crowned with a golden crown.'

But the earl called himself king of Man till the end, and when he died he was buried at the church of his priory of Bisham to whose building he gave great sums of money.

A HISTORY

His successor was his nephew John, son of John Lord Montagu whose monument we have seen in Salisbury Cathedral. The third earl, born about 1350, was a fighter and a diplomatist like all the men of his house, and a knight of the Garter in 1397, being elected to the stall that his uncle had occupied as one of the founders of the order. He was very loyal to King Richard, and though, when Richard fell, he escaped for a while the fate of the other favourites of that unhappy king, he conspired against Henry IV, and having been taken prisoner at Cirencester, was beheaded in the castle there in January 1400.

By Maud Franceis, his countess, he had two sons of whom Richard the younger died without issue.

The elder son, Thomas of Montagu, was a child only twelve years old when his father lost his head ; but King Henry gave him back some of his patrimony, and when he came of age in 1409, summoned him to parliament, restoring to him the forfeited earldom.

His marriage with Eleanor Holland, coheir of her brother Edmund Earl of Kent, brought him fresh possessions and in 1414 he was made a knight of the Garter. Henry V sent him to France in that year to bid for the hand of the princess Katherine. In 1415 he was at Agincourt with a following of knights and men-at-arms and mounted archers befitting his rank, and for the next five years was fighting in France at Caen and Falaise, Rouen and Fécamp, Honfleur and Melun, being made lord of Auvil-

OF SALISBURY

liers and count of Perche and receiving for his services many seignories in Normandy. After King Henry's death in 1422 he was made governor of Champagne and Brie, waging war with such vigour and skill that the French could make no stand against him.

For seven years this great soldier harried France with almost unvarying success, and then in 1427 he went back to England for fresh forces. The next year saw him once more in the field and after many fights he laid siege to Orleans. There he came to his end, for a cannon-shot from the town shattered the window from which he was watching the operations, and he was so grievously wounded by the splinters of stone and iron that he died eight days afterwards at Meung whither his men had carried him.

Salisbury was the most capable of the English captains of that day, and his death relieved France of her most dangerous enemy. His body was taken to England and buried at Bisham.

He was twice married. By his second wife, Alice Chaucer, he had no children. His first wife Eleanor Holland, daughter of Thomas Earl of Kent, gave him an only daughter, Alice, who became the wife of Richard Nevill, a cadet of a very ancient and honourable house seated in Durham since Henry I's days.

The Nevill power was very great in the north country, where, though he was but a simple baron, the head of the Nevills was the equal in wealth and lands of his cousin, the earl of

A HISTORY

Northumberland. For Raby was his, and Brancepeth in Durham, and the strong castle of Middleham and the broad acres of Sheriff Hutton in Yorkshire. Others of the house were great lords too, Latimer and Furnival, Fauconberg and Bergavenny, and one of them, Robert, was bishop for eleven years of Salisbury till he was translated in 1438 to Durham to be bishop and earl palatine there. The Nevill daughters matched with the proudest houses of the land, with Percy and Mowbray and Ferrers, with Grey and Dacre and Stafford; and when Richard II made Nevill the earl of Westmorland, that lord could call cousin with the king, for he had married Joan Beaufort, who was daughter of John of Gaunt.

Richard Nevill, Alice Montagu's husband, was Joan Beaufort's son. He was already a knight when in his twentieth year Henry V made him warden of the western marches towards Scotland; and his work for the next nine years lay in the north. The year after he married Alice, the sole heir of the Montagues, he was summoned to parliament in the earldom of Salisbury that they had held for nearly a hundred years. He does not seem to have come south to the city of his title. Family traditions kept him in the north, and he wrought and fought there for the kings of the house of Lancaster, until on the eve of the Wars of the Roses he cast in his lot with Richard of York, his brother-in-law, the heir apparent to Henry VI's unstable throne.

His father left him no land, deeming that he

OF SALISBURY

had enough in that Beaufort portion which his marriage brought him, a vast territory stretching along the Forest borders in Wilts and Hampshire to the castle by the sea at Christchurch. But when at his mother's death the great estates of Middleham and Sheriff Hutton became his, the earl of Salisbury, with one foot in the north and the other in the extreme south of England, was a power to be reckoned with and an influence to be sought for. In the midlands too, the name of Nevill was one to conjure with, for Salisbury's son had married Anne, coheir of the old Beauchamp line, and in her right had been summoned in their ancient earldom of Warwick in 1449. His sister Cicely was wife of Richard Duke of York; his mother was, as we have said, a Beaufort, and with these relationships tugging him in opposite ways, it was long before Salisbury could bring himself to choose a side. But in 1452 he and his son Warwick, with all the Nevill following, came down on the Yorkist side of the fence, when his brother-in-law appeared at Westminster to raise a fruitless protest against the misgovernment of the country.

A year later King Henry fell mad; Edward Prince of Wales was born; and York became regent with the earl of Salisbury as his chancellor. But when at the end of 1454 the king came to his right mind again, and Richard of York and his officers were stripped of their power, the duke with the Nevills raised an army and marched on London. Henry met them at St. Albans, and in the battle fought

A HISTORY

there on 22 May 1455 victory fell to the Yorkist arms. Henry once more became mad, and York was appointed Protector, but held the reins of power for only a few months. For the king recovered, and the duke and his supporters separated—York to his estates in Herefordshire, Salisbury to Middleham, and Warwick to his governorship of Calais.

But the younger Nevill carried matters with so high a hand in the narrow seas, attacking and plundering the ships of Spain and Genoa and High Germany, that he was summoned to London to give account of his doings. To London indeed he came; but with so turbulent and formidable a following at his back that King Henry had no choice but to regard him and treat him as a foe. The civil war broke out afresh. Salisbury in September defeated Henry's general at Blore Heath, and Yorkist hopes were high; but only to be dashed when Warwick's troops, for some reason, deserted him, and once again York and his adherents had to flee. The duke went to Ireland; the Nevills with young Edward of March crossed the channel to their stronghold at Calais.

But in less than a year the two Nevills with the earl of March were once more in England at the head of an army. At Northampton in July the king's forces were utterly defeated and Henry himself was taken prisoner and given into Warwick's charge. The duke of York claimed the throne, and though Parliament practically yielded his claims, Queen Margaret was of no mind to yield. She brought an army

OF SALISBURY

against him, and at Wakefield (30 December 1460) defeated and beheaded him. The earl of Salisbury, captured too, also lost his head.

Edward of March at Mortimer's Cross in the following February stayed for a moment the flood of Lancastrian triumph, but only a fortnight later Warwick was completely defeated at the second battle of St. Albans. The country seemed to be at Margaret's mercy, but her troops were out of hand. London rose against her, welcoming Edward of March and Warwick with open arms, and before the month was out Henry had been deposed and Edward was crowned king.

You mark how Richard Nevill—earl of Salisbury, as well as of Warwick, now that his father's head was blackening on York Micklegate—is beginning to earn his name of King-maker. As the War of the Roses ran its course he and his Nevills stood fast by Edward until, in the fifth year of the new reign, those proud men of the old nobility were roused to angry scorn by the king's marriage. The Widvilles, kinsmen of the queen, rose rapidly to place and power, and when in 1468 Charles the Bold, duke of Burgundy, married Edward's sister Margaret, at the very time when Warwick was working with might and main to arrange an alliance with France, it was plain that the Nevill influence was waning.

In bitter anger Warwick turned to George of Clarence, who like himself was jealous of the rise of the queen's relations. He married his daughter Isabel to the duke, and cunningly

A HISTORY

fanned the disaffection that Edward's luxury and extravagance were arousing throughout the country. But the king was an able general, and at the fight known as Lose Coat Field, from the haste with which the insurgents fled, he struck such terror into his foes that Warwick and Clarence sought safety in France. There, the King-maker made his peace with Queen Margaret, and those strange allies, returning to England, drove Edward from the throne, brought the old mad King Henry forth from his prison in the Tower, and recrowned him.

But Warwick had made a king for the last time. When Edward returned in the following spring from Burgundy, whither he had fled, at the head of a little army to land in Yorkshire, his brother Clarence joined him with the force on whose help Richard Nevill was relying. In the race for London Edward outmarched Warwick, and meeting him at Barnet on Easter Sunday 1471, he outgeneralled and overthrew him. Men of that time said that Warwick 'never loved to venture on foot among the spears, but would ever have his horse by him to avoid in time ill fortune of war.' But now his end was come, and when he rode to the nearest copse for cover, Edward's men caught him there and slew him among the trees.

At his death the earldom of Salisbury passed to George Duke of Clarence, who had married the King-maker's daughter and coheir Isabel. In her right, Clarence held the double title of Warwick and Salisbury, till his mysterious death in the Tower less than eight years afterwards.

OF SALISBURY

Edward his son was earl of Salisbury in right of his mother Isabel for twenty-two years, coming somehow in safety through the tyranny of his uncle Richard III.

But one of the first acts of the jealous Tudor was to clap young Edward in the Tower, where he lay a prisoner till Henry VII took his head in 1499 and thereby ridded himself of a rival, whose name was more dangerous than his personality.

He was the last male of the house of York, and the last of the long line of earls of Salisbury who descended from William of Montagu. His sister Margaret, wife of Sir Richard Pole, was styled countess of Salisbury as Edward's heir, and when she died, grey-haired and shrieking, on Tower Hill in 1541, the great historic title of Salisbury that had come down from William of Montagu died with her. When it was revived again in James I's reign, the old name was given to a statesman; and his descendants, the Cecils of Hatfield¹, a house of statesmen, have held it to our own days.

In all this long and involved tale of far off days and men long dead, we have strayed away

¹ One little memorial of the Cecils finds place in the city of their title. It is to be seen in one of the houses now belonging to the Vicars Choral in the Close—a part of the ceiling cornice in a room on the first floor where among other ornaments is the sheaf supported by two rampant lions which is the old crest of the Cecils. It is said that Sir Robert Cecil, Elizabeth's famous minister occupied at one period of his life a house in Salisbury; and though when he became a peer he took the crest of the steel morion and arrows still borne by

S A L I S B U R Y

from the story of our city. These great nobles and their doings seem to have but little to do with Salisbury town, indeed it does not seem that a single one of those lords ever came near to the fair place which gave her name to them, except on that single occasion when the King-maker came threatening outside her walls. You may even object that not one of them has a claim to a place in her history. And yet they made her name known from the islands of Scotland to the banks of Loire, and for two hundred years there was hardly a battle-field whereon the red fesse of Montagu and the silver saltire of the Nevills did not flame in the English front.

You may still see those ensigns of theirs in the painted windows where John Hall put them more than four centuries ago in his new house on the Canal—two frail little stained glass shields of the arms of the two Richard Nevills telling you, if you have the wit to read them, of their kinship with the haughty Montagues, of their descent from Ralph Monthermer, that squire of Gilbert of Gloucester, who dared to marry a king's daughter and became one of the greatest lords of the land, of a match which links their title of Salisbury with the most exalted names of the olden time, with Newburgh and Beauchamp of Warwick, with Despencer and mighty Clare.

his descendants, leaving the more ancient device of the sheaf and lions to his elder brother, there seems to be every probability that the old device was put in the cornice at his directions, and that this house was that which he actually lived in.

CHAPTER X

TUDOR TIMES

The wars of the Roses left, as we have seen, hardly any mark on our city, although now and again urgent demands came from King Edward IV, bidding Salisbury send her array of forty men, with the city's badge of a capital S on their coats, to serve the king in the north and west and south. And the city took good heed in those troublous days to the keeping and repairs of her gates and bars and bridges, Castle Gate, the bars by St. Edmund's, Winchester Gate, Milford Bars, St. Martin's Bars and the rest.

Salisbury folk were wise enough to keep themselves clear of rebellion when Henry Courtenay and Thomas Lord Hungerford came among them in 1469, striving to excite them to insurrection against the Yorkist king ; and when those bitter disappointed men were taken and condemned to death by a commission of lords and gentlemen, of whom the mayor John Porte was one, you can picture how the townsfolk flocked to the gallows at Bemerton to see them hang.

In the short and dreadful reign of Richard III, all wise men were agog to mind their heads.

A H I S T O R Y

But there was a strong party against the king. Henry Stafford, duke of Buckingham, who had helped to place Richard of Gloucester on the throne, became his bitterest foe. The Widvilles at Salisbury and the Courtenays at Exeter joined his party; Buckingham's plans were all prepared for the capture of the west. But Richard had the Yorkist genius for war. He easily out-generalled the wretched duke who fled with hardly a man of his following to Shrewsbury, where he was taken. The king meanwhile had reached Salisbury whither in a few days Buckingham was carried, and "without arraignment or judgment he was in the open marketplace on a new scaffold beheaded and put to death". Richard, who had refused to see his broken tool, marched away into Devonshire, stamping out the smouldering embers of revolt, and returned to London to force from Parliament a sentence of attainder against Lionel bishop of Salisbury and the other leaders in Buckingham's ill-starred adventure. Less than two years afterwards Richard himself lost his life at Bosworth, and a new era dawned for England.

Henry of Richmond who had won his crown was very conscious that his title thereto was little better than that of the sword. But all the land was weary of civil war and men responded gladly enough to the new king's efforts to be gracious. When Henry came to our city within a year of his accession the mayor and the citizens, clad in new liveries and gay gowns, rode forth with gifts and loyal greetings to welcome him.

OF SALISBURY

Salisbury men were in his train as the king went north in his royal progress ; Salisbury soldiers, horse and foot, were in Henry's expeditions to France in 1489 and 1491, and when two years later Perkin Warbeck, calling himself Richard Duke of York, raised his standard the men of Salisbury went out with the king against the pretender.

And then, for a time, war came no more to trouble the peace of our city, except on a day in 1497 when a rabble of Cornishmen marched through on their way to London to protest with such poor arms as they had against Henry's taxation of them. But Salisbury took no part in that rising of the west-country men and was glad enough to see their backs as they passed eastward along the London road.

Once or twice Henry VII came again to visit his faithful lieges in Salisbury, and each time he was received with fitting reverence. But as the years went by and the exactions of that greedy and suspicious king grew heavier our city loved him less, and when at length he went to his own place and his son Henry, the most brilliant and accomplished prince in Christendom, became king in his stead, no one mourned him here. For the city was growing richer and manners were becoming more polished and luxurious. You hear of gorgeous pageants and processions of richly-clad citizens of varied trades and crafts keeping the feasts whereon the city made holiday, midsummer night, St. Peter's night, and St. Osmund's night, all in sumptuous array with music and dancing and great merry-

A HISTORY

making. The old sober spirit in which those festivals had been founded had long evaporated, and the graver folk shook their heads at those occasions of levity and display. The mayor was forced to set a good example to his fellows by curtailing his expenditure. The crafts of the city were forbidden to keep their revels for longer than a single day. The feasts, especially the watch on St. Osmund's night and the feast of St. George, patron of the corporation guild, were ordered to be held in more seemly wise, the mayor with the twenty-four superior and the forty-eight inferior councillors riding solemnly in their crimson and scarlet "to make the light" and "to keep the watch" "as it hath been used in time past in the best manner that may be done."

But these injunctions, made year after year, and the punishments threatened against those who broke them tell plainly that the old era of devotion and simple faith was passing. A more material spirit was abroad. Modernity was awake. England was no longer content with the old simple pleasures, no longer moved by the old simple faith. What we call the Renaissance was stirring all minds and hearts. England was in literal truth being born anew, and though still the old England in many essential particulars, she was a new being in many others, in her ways of looking at things and doing things; less serious perhaps, but wider awake, less ready to acquiesce in traditions, but eager in her vigorous adolescence to judge for herself and to please herself.

OF SALISBURY

And Henry VIII, headstrong, passionate, luxurious, accomplished, was a dazzling figure about whom clustered the hopes and aspirations of this new England. This is the place neither for attack nor defence of him. His atrocious treatment of his wife, Catherine of Arragon, is indeed indefensible, and for many of his acts you have nothing but loathing.

But Henry's conduct and the whole course of his life were typical of the times which were moulding him and new England. His repudiation of the authority of Rome, tinged though it was largely by his own passions, is an echo of that spirit of independence which had brought, and in his days was bringing, so many noble figures to the stake. John Powle, the Salisbury weaver, William Wynch and Richard Randyll, both Salisbury men too, who with many others were burnt as heretics are protestants, as staunch and as fearless as King Henry himself; but with cleaner hands and purer motives than he.

The history books tell of the course of the quarrel with Rome, of the vile intrigues and ruthless cruelty that destroyed a fabric which the piety of centuries had laboriously raised, of the foul greed that transferred possessions intended for the benefit of the many into the hands of the few. As we look back at the times of the Reformation it is easy enough to condemn. Unstirred by the passions of those days we can see how things might have been done differently and changes made more wisely, how in the discarding of much that was worthless and outworn many precious and beautiful things might

A HISTORY

have been preserved as a fruitful heritage for generations yet unborn. But it must never be forgotten that the change was inevitable. England was awake, and like a strong and naughty child she wilfully broke and destroyed to shew her strength.

In a striking passage¹ Sir Walter Besant has shewn how the Reformation left London "a city of ruins." "Ruins everywhere! Ruins of cloisters, halls, dormitories, courts, and chapels, and churches. Ruins of carved altar pieces, canopies, statues, painted windows and graven fonts. Ruins of old faiths and old traditions. Ruins everywhere." For London was a city that had many great and rich convents and priories and friars' houses; and scarcely one was left standing. And the same thing had been taking place all up and down the land, in provincial towns and in quiet villages, in secluded valleys, in deep forests and in the great centres of population. The strangest part of the matter is that it was all done with hardly a word of protest. Only here and there a voice was raised against this monstrous destruction and spoliation. When, as happened here and there, the people moved by some dim reverence of old ideals were spurred to protest against the ruin that was wrought, the crown crushed their protests with hardly an effort.

And when you ask how did our city fare in this eager time of havock, the tale of demolition there which you compare with that at other

¹ *London*, chap. VI.

OF SALISBURY

places seems surprisingly short. For, in the first place, there was never a monastic house in Salisbury, and our town was spared the shame of such gaping ruins as disgraced her neighbours of Wilton and Amesbury, of Edington, Malmesbury and Marlborough, to go no farther afield. But the two friaries of the Dominicans and the Franciscans with their noble churches were destroyed and granted, the one to John Pollard and William Birt, and the other to John Wroth. The College of Vaux with its possessions was given to Sir Michael Lister. The college of priests at St. Edmund's was suppressed and granted with all its lands and patronage in Salisbury and elsewhere to William St. Barbe. Its great church, however, being a parish church, was spared. Imagination shrinks from the thought of the mischief that was perpetrated in the cathedral. Little harm was done to the actual fabric : that was to be the sport of later generations ; but of what treasures of art, what wonders of gold and silver work, of costly needlework and embroidery, what wealth of pictures and painted windows and illuminated books, of what noble ornaments of shrines and altars the church was despoiled the bald lists of the inventories give only a bare idea. It is strange and lamentable that that splendour-loving age should have been the most wantonly destructive of beauty, the most impatient of tradition, the most irreverent of antiquity that England has ever known.

All men, however, were not wholly given to self-seeking in that grasping time. In 1534 five

A HISTORY

almshouses were founded for as many poor men and women 'in Dragon Street' by Thomas Brickett — all honour to him, who by this charitable foundation which still does its beneficent work in the city, raised something, for the first time since the foundation of the Trinity Hospital, that was permanent and tangible for his poorer neighbours.

Edmund Audley was bishop of Salisbury when Henry VIII came to the throne. He died at his manor of Ramsbury in 1525 and was buried, as we have noted, in the beautiful chantry which he had himself built in the cathedral. To him succeeded Lorenzo Campegio, bishop of Bologna and cardinal priest of St. Thomas, who was made bishop of Salisbury at the king's own request and appointed a few years later to be Wolsey's assistant to try Henry's divorce. But the Italian was less pliant than Henry had hoped, and, to his honour be it said, he declined to be a party to the king's schemes. After the divorce had gone through Henry had him deprived of his see on the ground of non-residence ; and so the only foreigner who ever held this bishopric passed away, leaving no trace behind him at Salisbury of his occupancy.

After him came Nicolas Shaxton, who had been treasurer of the cathedral and rector of Bemerton, a bishop who resigned the see rather than subscribe to the Six Articles called the Bloody Statute, because of their cold ferocity against those who professed the reformed faith. But he afterwards recanted, and being released from prison went to be suffragan of Ely. He

O F S A L I S B U R Y

died at Gonville Hall in Cambridge in 1556 and was buried in the chapel there.

His successor was Dr. John Capon, a clever and unscrupulous man, who had earned the bishopric of Bangor for his subserviency in the surrender of Hyde Abbey at Winchester of which he was head. He seems to have been a person of great learning and wit, but was of a fierce and cruel disposition that made him a fitting instrument for Henry's tyranny. It is not easy to say anything that is good of him. His administration of the estates of the see was a scandal. He became a protestant under Edward VI, and a fierce persecuting Romanist under Mary; executing without pity and scruple the measures against protestantism that stained the rule of that unhappy queen.

One of his victims will never be forgotten in Salisbury. John Maundrel, a husbandman of Keevil, was a man who had been early marked by the persecutors for his piety and knowledge of the bible. In Henry's time he had been compelled to do public penance at Devizes, and though he had fled from his home in Mary's persecution, and gone into hiding, he returned after a while to his native place. There on a Sunday in March 1555/6 he was arrested with two companions, John Spencer and William Coberley, working-men like himself, and the next day was taken with them to Salisbury. They were tried before Bishop Capon and Jeffries, chancellor of the diocese, and condemned to be burnt to death as heretics. When they were brought to the place of execution,

A HISTORY

near where Fisherton Church now stands, they offered John Maundrel the queen's pardon if he would recant. "Not for all Salisbury!", he cried. So they burnt them there, him and the two dauntless men who stood at his side.

Not long afterwards three other men, Spenser, Ramsey and Hewett, suffered the same fate in the market-place. Two others, John Hunt and Richard White, just escaped the death by burning. They had been imprisoned for their faith for two years, and were condemned to the fire in the days when Mary lay a-dying. But Capon the bishop was dead; the chancellor Jeffries was dead too; and no one dared to bring Hunt and White to the stake in those unsettled days. When shortly afterwards Mary died and her sister Elizabeth became queen those two men were set at liberty.

Bishop Capon died 6 October 1557 and was buried in the cathedral near the bishop's throne. His altar tomb still stands with his initials J. C. carved upon its panels on the stone bench in the south aisle of the quire in the bay immediately to the east of the organ.

The pious and learned John Jewel was appointed to succeed him in the see of Salisbury. This bishop, whose influence on the Church can hardly be measured in words, came to Salisbury towards the middle of 1560 to find his cathedral in a sad state. In a great storm it had been struck by lightning so "that there was a cleft all down for sixty feet." In his repairs to the cathedral Jewel did one thing which we find it hard to forgive him, if it be true, as tradition

O F S A L I S B U R Y

reports, that it was with his good-will that all the stained glass was taken out of the windows and cast into the town ditch, and replaced by plain white quarries.

He wrought strenuously for eleven years, a friend of poor scholars, a most energetic overseer of his diocese, and when he died in 1571 at the age of 50 his body was laid in the quire before the bishop's throne. The stone which once covered his grave now lies, despoiled of its brass, near to that of Bishop Wyvil in the Morning Chapel. There is no more venerable name than that of John Jewel on the roll of Salisbury worthies, and one is fain to hope that some day the small honour may be done him of replacing his gravestone over the spot where his body was laid.

Three years later Queen Elizabeth came to the city on her way from the west, being entertained by the citizens who gave her £20 in gold and a cup that cost them 20 marks. You learn that a royal visit was not a matter which the city could regard unmoved, for the mayor and the more dignified of the citizens, to give greater distinction to the reception of the queen's grace, went clad in new scarlet gowns, the others in comely black citizens' gowns lined with silk; while the fees to the queen's bakers and litter men, to the heralds and the footmen and her majesty's Black Guard, to the 'yeomen of the billets' and to the queen's musicians, to trumpeters and overseers of the way, amounted to no inconsiderable sum.

It is in this reign that we have for the first

A HISTORY

time detailed statements as to visitations of the city by the plague. It is not to be believed that this was the first time the city had been so distressed. Salisbury cannot have escaped, any more than any other mediaeval town, that dread visitant ; indeed the repeated mention of precautions against it and the evident care for the cleanliness of the city that we read of shew plainly that Salisbury folk lived in constant terror of it.

When in 1564 the plague was in the city, no less than 381 people died within five months in St. Edmund's parish alone. The memory and the horror of it evidently lingered in men's minds, for when the sickness broke out in 1579 Salisbury was in such fear of infection that it was ordered that the election of the mayor should be held, not in the accustomed place in St. Edmund's church, but at St. Thomas'. Great loss too had been caused to the city by "want of passengers and strangers", of which we have a hint in the petition of Robert Spikernel, landlord "of the great inn called the George" who prayed the mayor and commonalty, whose tenant he was, to forgive him half a year's rent, which was duly agreed to. In the next year the plague was still among us. There was a great mortality ; close on three hundred persons died in four months in spite of stringent orders against overcrowding.

It is in Queen Elizabeth's reign that we first hear of the function which later was to be known as Salisbury Races. In March 1584 "there was a race run with horses, at the far-

O F S A L I S B U R Y

thet three miles from Sarum.... and the Earl of Cumberland won the golden bell which was valued at £50 and better, the which Earl¹ is to bring the same again next year which he promised to do upon his honour to the mayor of the city. ”

The challenge bell of gold was presented by Henry, second earl of Pembroke ; and a golden snaffle was given by Robert Earl of Essex. The races were run as they are to this day, “ at the place used or accustomed for horse races upon the doune or plaine leading from the said citty of New Sarum towards the towne or borough of Shaston in the county of Dorset. ”

Seventy years later the races were still being maintained by the city in spite of the distractions of civil war. But the citizens, though apparently determined not to allow them to fall into desuetude, were compelled to invite the support of the local gentry, “ or else we shall not provide a cup of such value as formerly. ”

What was the immediate result of this appeal is not obvious ; but in or about 1619 William, third earl of Pembroke, with other gentlemen of the county raised a sum of money to provide for the annual giving of a silver-gilt cup.

In 1654 the gold bell and snaffle were sold

¹ George Clifford, K.G., third earl of Cumberland, was a famous sailor, being captain of a man-of-war at the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, and in after years an admiral and commander of the queen's fleets. He seems to have been a friend of Anne Countess of Pembroke, who wrote of him as “ endowed with many perfections of nature..... a strong body full of agility ”.

A HISTORY

and the proceeds were added to other sums that had been collected, and placed in trust with the mayor and commonalty "to contynewe with them and their successors as a stock for the mayntenance of the said race for ever."

Again in the reign of William and Mary the corporation were moved to offer additional prizes with a view of attracting competitors. It was not until 1722 that the races were placed on a firm and permanent footing. They were to be run in three heats, the principal prize being a piece of plate of the value of £18 to be run for "on the new round course on Salisbury Plain."

But we must return to the Salisbury of Queen Elizabeth. That old jealousy of episcopal authority which the citizens had shewn in Bishop Beauchamp's time burst out afresh against John Coldwell, bishop of Salisbury. Parliament had levied a subsidy on the city, and it was the duty of the bishop, as lord of the city, to see that the money was duly paid.

The citizens seized on the opportunity to formulate to the Lord Keeper many claims and charges against the bishop. The lord bishop "and his complices," they said, setting aside the queen's commission had issued a new commission in the ancient form to be executed by himself. They claimed as a matter of right the indulgences granted by the bishops of old time to choose a mayor and other officers of the city, to swear the mayor before the officers of the crown and not before the bishop's court; they complained that the bishop had interfered in

O F S A L I S B U R Y

the government of the city, placing therein "lewd persons and of light behaviour to be his officers", that he had seized "the meadow called Bugmore" though the citizens had been in possession thereof "these three hundred years," that Bishop Coldwell "taketh upon himself to order the market within the city without the privity of the mayor"; they accused him of having forbidden the mayor and his brethren to hear service in the cathedral, of plotting to overthrow the corporation and mayoralty of the city so that he might have the lands and leases to his own use; and they urged that "by reason of these innovations and dissensions the good government of the city is overthrown."

To these serious charges Coldwell replied regretting that he had cancelled the queen's commission for the collections of the subsidy, and had issued his own in its place, but he reminded the crown of the ancient authority of the bishop which he in those seditious times felt it his duty to exercise. He urged in addition that the mayor and commonalty had refused to pay him his rents and denied him possession of the ditches, the gates and the council house though these were part of the episcopal demesne, that in various vexatious ways, such as absence from his courts, denial of fealty, appointment of their own officers, refusal to pay fines and escheats, they were invading the bishop's privileges granted by the kings of old time.

There does not seem to be any room for belief that Bishop Coldwell had acted in a harsh or injurious manner. The citizens failed to

A HISTORY

make proof of any of the charges or claims that they brought against him. They even offered to own themselves in the wrong, if he, for his part, would "assure us whatever we now have or is fit for us to have."

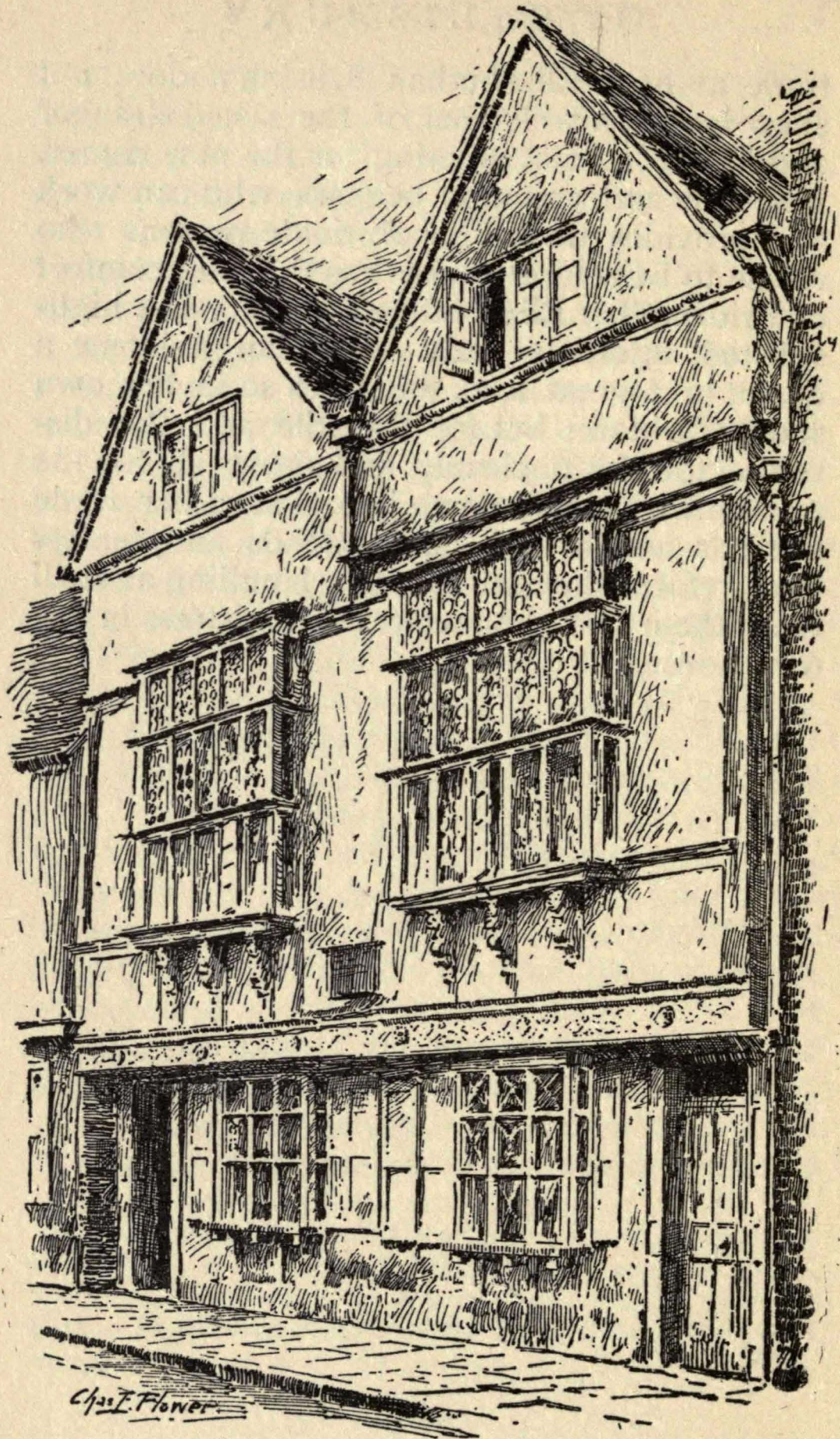
The case lingered on from August 1593 till Bishop Coldwell died in 1596 without apparently having been settled. Coldwell was not a strong man. He has been accused of wasting the revenues of the see ; he certainly alienated Sherborne Castle, but there is little doubt that he was the victim of the rapacity of those in high places, and he died a poor man.¹

After his death the see was vacant for two years, and when Henry Cotton was appointed in 1598 the dispute between bishop and city was composed. The citizens explicitly recognised the episcopal rights in their prayer to the new bishop to aid them better to govern the city. Protectionists to a man, they would have no "foreigner" interfering in their own business. They sought that no one, who had not served his apprenticeship within the walls, might trade there ; that all strangers who had done so might be expelled and not permitted to return ; that no stranger might own or even rent a house for trade in the city ; that anyone who dared to do so in the future should be taxed, assessed and rated at double as much as citizens of the same

¹ John Coldwell was the first married bishop of Salisbury. It is a curious fact that he who alienated Sherborne should have been buried in the same grave as Bishop Wyvil who recovered the castle from Edward III in 1341.

OF SALISBURY

trade as he. Elizabethan Salisbury does not shew herself a welcomer of the casual stranger and has no cordial greeting for the new comer. For idle and common beggars who can work she provides work ; for obstinate persons who refuse to be reformed she has the cold comfort of Bridewell. Elizabethan Salisbury is a high-spirited, intolerant lady. She can welcome a queen or a great lord, and does so in her own stately fashion ; but for the idle and the dissolute, for the uncleanly and above all for the traders who would come in and steal her trade she has nought but harsh words and, unless they reform themselves, such handling as shall teach them that she means to be mistress in her own house.



JOINERS' HALL

CHAPTER XI

STUART TIMES AND ONWARDS

The year 1603, when Elizabeth died and Scottish James succeeded her, brings us to a new age. We seem to step sharply out of an England in which much that is really of the middle ages still lingers into times which have a greater likeness to our own. We are coming indeed to the end of our story, for what we have tried to tell in the foregoing pages, what indeed is the scope of this little book, is the beginning of things and something of their development rather than those matters which may be gleaned from guide books and newspapers, from memoirs and the recollections of contemporaries.

But even in Stuart times Salisbury has hardly become the Salisbury that we know. There are still a few foundations to tell of, still a few beginnings, still a notable man or two who left their impress on the place.

King James I himself was such an one. He was at Salisbury within a few months of his coronation, and again in 1606 and in the following year. Again in 1611 he was at Salisbury,

A HISTORY

staying there¹ with the queen and Henry, Prince of Wales, and in that year James placed the seal on the favour in which he held our city by the grant of a charter, whereby it was freed from its ancient fealty to the bishop and incorporated as a free city. The government of the city, under the title of the Mayor and Commonalty of the City of New Sarum, was henceforth to be in the hands of a mayor, a recorder, twenty four aldermen, two chamberlains, and forty eight "assistants," with four high constables, thirteen subconstables and three sergeants at mace.

The mayor was to be elected at the Guildhall on the Wednesday after Martinmas and the same day to take the oath of office before the bishop, or if the see were vacant before the dean and chapter, or failing them before the outgoing mayor, the recorder and certain of the aldermen. Any person elected to the mayoralty and refusing to take office was to be fined £40. The mayor, recorder and ten aldermen were to be justices of the peace, with power to try cases of murder and felony committed in the city, and with

¹ Hatcher says the royal party stayed at the Palace ; but if we may hazard a conjecture it seems more probable that they lay at the King's House (now the Diocesan Training College) in the Close. The arms of the Prince of Wales are still to be seen in stained glass in one of the windows there. Henry died in the following year. This shield of arms may however have been put in the window at a later visit of King James. He was certainly staying at the King's House in August 1618, by which time Prince Charles (afterwards King Charles I) had been created Prince of Wales.

OF SALISBURY

liberty to erect their own gallows. The admission of new citizens was to be in the hands of the common council, and only free citizens were to exercise any trade in the city.

At the same time judicial powers were conferred on the bishop and the dean of the cathedral church within the liberty of the Close, which thus was kept an entity separate from and independent of the city.

Here and there in our streets there still remain houses which are part of the Salisbury of King James' days. The most notable and the best known of these is the beautiful house called Joiners' Hall in St. Anne street, which is the house of one of the eight groups of tradesmen who had formed themselves into companies and were incorporated about this time. The senior company was that of the Merchants in which were included the mercers, grocers, apothecaries, goldsmiths, drapers, upholsterers and embroiderers ; it was founded in 1612. The companies of the Clothworkers, and the Butchers belong to 1613. The company of Smiths, with whom were associated ironmongers, saddlers and bell-founders, was constituted in the same year. In 1614 the orders of the Barber-surgeons were made ; and three years later the company of Joiners was founded. This company consisted of such diverse craftsmen as carpenters, millwrights, turners and coopers, painters and masons, wheelwrights, worsted makers, book-binders, sieve makers and bellows makers. The company of Cooks was incorporated in 1620, and that of the Bakers in 1622. The junior

A HISTORY

company was that of the Shoemakers, curriers and lastmakers, whose orders were drawn up in 1631.

These companies were governed by one or more wardens, whose duty it was to oversee the wares and work of the brethren and sisters of the body, a chamberlain, one or more stewards who were the financial officers, a clerk, and a yeoman who seems to have had disciplinary functions. The widows of freemen were allowed to practise the craft of their husbands, so long as they remained widows. No apprentice could be enrolled a journeyman before the age of twenty-four, and all members were bound under stringent penalties to do nothing contrary to the minutely particular rules of their respective crafts.

We must pass over, with no more than a bare mention of it, the long stay that King Charles I and his court made at Salisbury in October 1625, the first year of his reign. The plague was raging in London, and after Parliament had been moved to Oxford and had sat there during the summer, the king came for a while to our city. Every conceivable precaution was ordered to prevent the plague from being brought into Salisbury. Halbardiers were placed round the town in addition to the usual watch to keep strangers from entering by night. No one was allowed to stay in the town who had come from the capital ; if any such came in he was to be passed out again by the watch as quickly as possible. Any citizen going to London was forbidden to return within three months.

O F S A L I S B U R Y

No goods or merchandise might be brought into the city from London, and the watchmen were forbidden to drink or keep company with any Londoner.

But in spite of all precautions the plague came in the spring of 1627, John Ivie, goldsmith, being mayor. He was a man whose name Salisbury must never be allowed to forget, a man of the utmost energy and force of character, whose sense of duty kept him at his post when all the principal inhabitants had fled, whose pitiful generosity led him to raise a great fund to which he himself contributed largely for the relief of the poor, whose sound common-sense told him that to check the progress of the plague the sick must be separated from those who were well, whose physical bravery led him, with no weapon in his hand, into the middle of a mob of rioters whose leader he himself haled to prison. A very remarkable man indeed was John Ivie, who shall have, so far as the poor words of this chronicler can ensure it, a principal place among the notable men of Salisbury. Not the least meritorious of his many good deeds was the writing of a narrative of this visitation of the plague as he saw it and was literally at hand-grips with it, a piece of literature as fine in its direct and vivid eloquence as Defoe's better known *Journal of the Plague Year*. During that dreadful year of 1627 there died in St. Edmund's parish 269, and in St. Thomas' 90 persons ; the number of those who died in St. Martin's is not known ; and through all the horrors of the time John Ivie stayed in the city,

A HISTORY

doing, single-handed, the work of a dozen men, comforting the afflicted, quelling the riotous, taking every imaginable means to combat the plague, and by the force of his splendid example winning the admiration of all men. He himself came scot-free through the danger, and lived to be an old man, taking to the end of his long life a share in the government of his native place. Ivy Street in the parish of St. Thomas, which is called after him, is a very inadequate commemoration of one who shewed himself to be a genuine hero, humane, wise, and indomitable.

At the outbreak of the Civil War the majority of the citizens of Salisbury were partizans of the Parliament. There is a tradition that in the early days of the war Prince Maurice and James Ley, third earl of Marlborough, general of the royal ordnance, made a raid into the city, captured the mayor and held him prisoner for a while. Whether this be true or not, it is certain that in 1642 Sir Edward Hungerford marched at the head of a parliamentary force into Salisbury, laid violent hands on such valuables as he could find in the houses of his opponents, and went off with a pocketful of their money. Those poor men would have invited a royalist force to protect them against like outrage in the future; but the parliamentary party got wind of their plan, and Sir William Waller came with a regiment and occupied the city. He only stayed a little while however, and having raised a body of horse marched off into Dorsetshire.

The western counties were in the main royal-

OF SALISBURY

ist, and for a while the cause of King Charles made good headway in those parts in spite of the loss of the castles of Corfe, Portland, and Wardour. In May 1643 Lord Hertford at the head of the king's troops marched into Salisbury on his way to meet Waller in Dorset, but at that time there was no fighting in our city between the two contending forces. During the next year however Salisbury was the scene of constant battle. Sir William Balfour, one of Waller's lieutenants, was here in the spring, plundering and destroying the property of those who favoured the king's cause ; and a little later in the year Ludlow, the parliament general, was attacked and driven out of our city by a royalist force. But Ludlow returned in a few days and fined heavily those who were against his party. In June Lord Essex passed through at the head of a strong army of Roundheads, bound for Devonshire. Though his passage wrought no ill to the city, the smaller bodies who followed him did great mischief, robbing the cathedral of many "relics of superstition" and much plate. The plunder was sent to the Parliament which ordered indeed the return of the plate, but abandoned the rest to the soldiery.

Three months later Salisbury was the centre of more extended military operations. The troops of the Parliament were at Shaftesbury, Southampton and Marlborough ; Charles was advancing from Dorset to Oxford ; and the position of the city between those converging armies seemed perilous in the extreme. Waller bring outnumbered, retreated with his force of

A HISTORY

5000 horse and 3000 foot to Andover, and the king at the head of 11,000 men entered Salisbury. Prince Maurice was at Wilton, and he was ordered to leave his guns and baggage there, and join Charles in a forced march against Waller. But the parliamentary leader was a cool and capable general and with much skill he extricated himself from his dangerous position.

At the end of that year the royalists under Colonel Coke came into our city with the intention of fortifying the Close; but Ludlow's men attacked them and drove them out, capturing the king's officer and eight men. In the early days of 1645 there was fighting again in Salisbury streets. Ludlow who held the city was attacked by a royalist force which entered by way of Castle Street. With a handful of men he sallied forth from the Close where he had entrenched himself, passed, it seems, down the Canal through the narrow passage by the Poultry Cross into the Market Place where he fell with such vigour on the royalists who had halted there that his enemy broke and fled, part out of the city by way of Winchester Street, part into Endless Street. The king's men, finding themselves in that *cul-de-sac*, turned at bay, and though Ludlow captured their colonel he was himself forced to retire to the Close with the few unwounded men left to him. Here he was attacked in his turn by a strong body of royalist troops, and though he made a spirited resistance he was compelled to retreat to Harnham with most of his command. The tiny body left to

O F S A L I S B U R Y

defend the Cathedral belfry which Ludlow had fortified surrendered when the door was burnt down. That night cost the parliamentarians the city, five officers, eighty men and a hundred and fifty horses.

Soon afterwards a strong force of the king's troops under Lord Goring occupied Salisbury for five weeks, living so riotously and oppressing their supporters not less than their enemies so hardly, that royalists must have been as glad as parliamentarians when in March, at the approach of Waller and Cromwell, Goring evacuated the city.

Thereafter until the end of the war there was no more fighting in Salisbury. Troops passed through, marching and countermarching as the fortune of the war swayed to one side or the other, and on 17 October 1646 Cromwell was here again, fresh from his victories at Bristol, Devizes, and Basing, to receive the capitulation of the king's garrison which still held Longford. But so far as Salisbury was concerned the war was over.

In the years that followed the city received the reward that she had earned by her support of the cause of the Parliament. Bishop Brian Duppa had been dispossessed of the see soon after his translation from Chichester to Salisbury, and when early in 1647 Parliament confiscated all church property the corporation purchased for the sum of £3595.3s. 10*d.* "all that power and royalty, together with all the jurisdictions, privileges, rents and profits which have been hitherto belonging and payable to or

A HISTORY

claimed by the bishops of this see." Two years later the corporation bought for £880 from the commissioners for the sale of church lands four canonry houses in the Close to serve as residences for the ministers of the three city churches and the Cathedral.

During the Commonwealth the city settled down to its old way of life, busily concerning itself with its own affairs, not troubled greatly, it would seem, with such matters as Colonel John Penruddocke's attempted rising, or the quarrels in the newly constituted corporation. One little fact emerges which seems to indicate that the good people of Salisbury were not so entirely satisfied with the new forms of religion as their rulers would have had them. A law of 1653 ordained that henceforth marriages before a magistrate by a simple affirmation of consent were to be solemnized, after banns had been published thrice either in a place of worship or in the market place. But people seem not to have found it easy to break with the old habits. In St. Thomas' parish in two and a half years banns were published in church of sixty-one couples, in the market place of forty-seven. After October 1658 there were no marriages in that parish before a magistrate. In St. Edmund's in four years banns were published for ninety couples in church, and for only twenty-five in the market place.

At the Restoration in 1660 the city was ready enough to make its peace with Charles II. The emblems of the Protectorate were hastily removed and put away with every mark of con-

O F S A L I S B U R Y

tempt. A loyal address was voted to the king. Sir Robert Hyde was restored to the recorder-ship from which he had been ousted fourteen years before, and when Humphrey Henchman came as bishop in October the mayor and corporation made eager efforts to come to a composition with him in the matter of the estates of the see which they had as eagerly purchased. It was "ordered that the King's arms be new set up at the city's charge, in such manner as before the defacing thereof, on the north side of the Close gate in High Street." And it is significant that John Ivie, the goldsmith, was bidden to provide a new race cup at the expense of the corporation.

Humphrey Henchman, the new bishop, was well known in Salisbury. As long ago as 1622 he had been made precentor of the cathedral and he held in succession several prebends. He had helped Charles II to escape after the battle of Worcester, hiding the young king, as some say, in the King's Arms Inn in St. John's Street, nearly opposite to St. Anne's Gate, or, as another tradition relates, in the summer house in the garden immediately opposite to it in the Close. After a while he conducted the king to Heale House, conveying him thence to Brighton in Sussex whence Charles sailed to France.

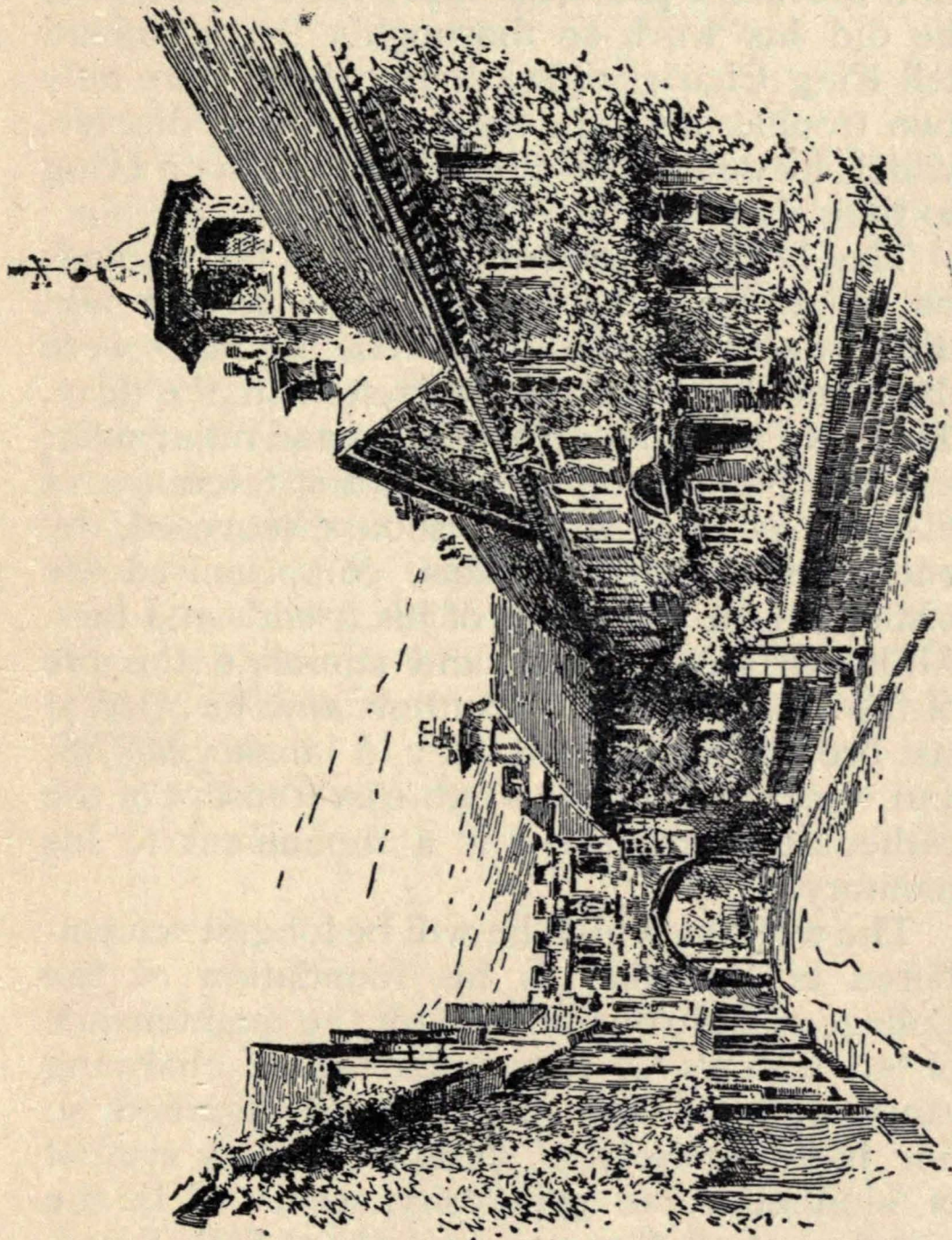
Bishop Henchman stayed only three years at Salisbury, being translated in 1663 to London where he died twelve years later aged eighty-three.

A bishop, whose name is better known to us, was Seth Ward who came to Salisbury in 1667

A HISTORY

after the short episcopates of John Earles and Alexander Hyde. He was dean and afterwards bishop of Exeter, and had spent great sums of money there on the repair and beautifying of the cathedral. He was received at his coming here with every mark of joy and welcome; and he set himself at once, as he had done at Exeter, to do what was necessary for the repair of the cathedral. Outside there was little that needed to be done, for during the civil war various members of the Hyde family had employed workmen to keep the great church in repair. Inside the church he did much, repairing the pavement and the stalls, and laying the floor of the quire with black and white marble, largely at his own expense. The restoration of the Palace which he then undertook, was a costly business, for in the late troubles part of the house had been turned into an inn, the remainder being made into labourers' tenements. These works, absorbing as they were, were far from exhausting the energies of Bishop Ward. He was an eminent scientist and one of the founders of the Royal Society, and he came to Salisbury, as we have seen, under the happiest auspices. But he was a somewhat intolerant person, of strong will, not easily turned aside from what he conceived to be right, and with a strain of hardness in him which soon earned for him a pack of enemies.

Methodical, hardworking and shrewd, with the keenest desire to learn everything that concerned his diocese, and with little sympathy for those who could not see eye to eye with him,



THE COLLEGE OF MATRONS

A HISTORY

Bishop Ward applied himself ardently to the suppression of nonconformity which seemed to him the most pressing need of the time. And he did his work so thoroughly that he could tell King Charles at last that "there were only two troublesome nonconformists in his diocese, which he doubted not but he should soon bring to their duty."

That he was conscientious cannot be doubted; but that his severity was both unwise and uncharitable is certain too. His last years were darkened by constant quarrels with the dean, Thomas Pierce, an able, learned and bitter man; and the publication of a plea for tolerance of dissent, written, as was soon discovered, by one of his own chaplains, compromised the bishop in the eyes both of his friends and foes. All his efforts to rouse and stimulate the life of the church seemed fruitless, and he died at last broken in mind and body, 6 January 1687/8, and was buried in the south-east transept of the cathedral where there is a monument to his memory.

The work by which he will be longest remembered at Salisbury is his foundation of the College of Matrons in 1682 for the maintenance of ten widows of clergymen. That charming range of buildings, so quiet and dignified, so fine in its sobriety of design, the very symbol of kindness and generosity, seems to be the negation of all that you read about Seth Ward. You like to believe that here is the expression of another side of his character, of a gentleness and restraint very distinct from that hard des-

OF SALISBURY

potic part that his public life displays. At the least you will praise him as the creator of one of the most beautiful things in our beautiful city.

With this mention of one who with all his faults was a great man our tale comes to its close. We have tried to shew how our city grew out of small beginnings, how its life developed, how the Church had large share in the moulding of it. Our tale is, if you like, only a bundle of hints ; but hints, if it please you, which may serve as fingerposts to lead you to find out something more of its history for yourself. Besides, in 1715 the first Salisbury newspaper was established ; and henceforth you may read the city's doings from week to week set down in a plain fashion which this writer cannot hope to emulate.

APPENDIX I

THE NAME SALISBURY

The philologist who sees in *Searobyrig* the two Saxon words *sear burh*, which mean *dry castle*, has undoubted topographical warrant for his belief that the Saxons gave that appropriate name to the fortress they had conquered. I must leave it to the learned to decide whether it is a wholly fantastic idea that in the Roman name of *Sorbiodunum* there is implied something of the same sort. For if in the first half of the Latin name we may think to see the verb *sorbeo* which means *to drink down*, and in the second half a latinized form of the British *dun* or *fortress*, it is perhaps not taxing credulity too far to declare boldly that the Romans so named the place because they too found it a *dry castle*. However that may be, the Saxon name *Searobyrig* in its later form of *Seareberi*, was a place-name of quite respectable antiquity when the Normans came. They changed the first two vowels into a long *a*, inserted an *s* before the *b* for easier pronunciation, keeping the late termination *-beri* in preference to the early uncouth *-byrig*; and by the time Domesday Book was

APPENDIX I

compiled *Seareberi* had become *Sarisberi* and the bishop had the Latin style of *Sarisberiensis episcopus*.

At the end of the twelfth and the beginning of the thirteenth centuries the second vowel became *e* and we find the forms, *Nova Saresberia*, *Saresberiensis*, *Saresbiriensis*. In the middle of the thirteenth century the curious custom of doubling the first *r* arose, and we find the adjectives *Sarresbiriensis*, *Sarresberiensis*, and the contracted form *Sarrum* written thus. In Edward I's reign we read of *Nova Sarum* and *Vetus Sarum*. Bishop Wyvil was the first to describe himself *episcopus Sarum*, a style continued by his immediate successors.

These last four instances serve to prove that the word *Sarum* is not a ghost-name. It is a genuine word coined thus early which has contained in use as the name of the city and the diocese until our own day. But the word is really a kind of slang. The use of it began when documents were written in contracted Latin and it was simpler and more usual to write *Sar* with a stroke over the *r* than to set down *Saresberie* and *Saresberiensis* in full. But that mark of contraction was also the common symbol for the Latin termination *-um*. Hence *Sar̄* came easily and naturally to be pronounced and written *Sarum*.

The vowel *u* appears instead of *e* in the second half of the word on the earliest seal of the city, which has the legend *Sigill. nove civitatis Saresburie*, and in an English document by which in 1375 the dean and chapter confirmed the rights

APPENDIX I

of the city the words *the Cite of New Saresbury* occur.

The form *Sarisburiensis*, hardly found at all before the Reformation, was adopted by Bishop Jewel and retained by many of his successors.

By the middle of the fifteenth century the first *r* became interchangeable with *l*; the earliest example of the modern spelling that is known to me is the signature of Richard Nevill, father of the King-maker, who having been created Earl of Salisbury in 1429 signs himself *R. Salisbury*.

APPENDIX II

THE ARMS OF SALISBURY

The arms of the city, granted at Harvey's Visitation of Wilts in 1565, are *Azure four bars gold*, a simple and dignified coat about which it might have been thought that no mistake need ever have been made. But almost every conceivable variation of this fine piece of armory is to be found. The most common variant is *Barry of eight pieces azure and gold*, and the shield of the city is thus tricked in Camden's Visitation of 1623. The 17th century seal of the Corporation has the shield *barry of eight*, and plenty of examples of this perversion are to be found elsewhere. *Barry of eight gold and azure*, and more remarkable still, *Gold three bars azure* have been perpetrated by ignorant and careless persons. The supporters of the arms of the city are *two eagles gold with two heads, collared with crowns azure and having their beaks and legs azure*.

The arms of the see are *Azure Our Lady standing and holding the Child gold*, bearings which are obviously suggested by the dedication of the cathedral church. Of this shield

APPENDIX II

there are only two pre-reformation examples in the cathedral. That on Bishop Metford's monument which is somewhat defaced represents Our Lady holding the Child on her right arm. She seems to be crowned and in her left hand is a rudely carved object which has somewhat the appearance of a rose. The arms of the see on the Audley chantry are so much damaged that it is impossible to make out more than the vague outline of the charges. In nearly all examples of these arms made after the Reformation the Virgin is crowned and holds a sceptre in her left hand. MS. M. 3 at the College of Arms which was begun in 1477 assigns this shield to the bishop of Salisbury, and ascribes the same charges on a field *party fessewise azure and gules* to the dean.

The same manuscript gives as the arms of the see *Azure a key gold and a sword silver having its hilt gold crossed saltirewise and a chief silver with three lozenges gules therein*. This remarkable shield, which most people have taken to be the ancient arms of the city, is composed, it will be seen, of a key of St. Peter crossed with St. Paul's sword together with a chief of Montagu; and Mr. St. John Hope has suggested that these are really the arms of the Cluniac Priory of Shipton Montacute which was dedicated in honour of St. Peter and St. Paul. The advowson was granted in 1340 to William, Earl of Salisbury, and Robert Montagu was prior in 1452, facts which lend some weight to Mr. Hope's acute suggestion. Bishop Robert Hallam's seal however has two shields, one of his

APPENDIX II

own arms, the other with a sword and a key in saltire which the *Catalogue of Seals at the British Museum*, vol. I, page 344, boldly assigns to the see of Salisbury.

The manuscript at the College of Arms mentioned above, gives the arms of Bishop Richard Beauchamp parted with the shield of Our Lady with the Child, which is, so far as I know, the earliest example of impalement of these arms with his own coat for a bishop of Salisbury.

INDEX

Alfred, King, 9, 10.

Andover, 160.

Anselm, see Canterbury.

Arms :—Anjou, Geoffrey of, 38.

„ City, 172.

„ Dean and Chapter, 173.

„ See, 79, 172, 173.

„ Hallam, Bishop Robert, 107.

„ Henry IV, 79.

„ Hungerford, 77.

„ Hussey, 77.

„ Longespee, 38.

„ Nevill, 134.

„ St. Edward, 79.

Arragon, Catherine of, 139.

Audley. Bishop Edmund, 78, 142, 173.

Ayscough, Bishop William, 72, 113.

Bakers, Company of, 155.

Balfour, Sir William, 159.

Bangor, Bishop of, 143.

Barber-surgeons, Company of, 155.

Barnard's Cross, 103.

INDEX

Barrier, Ayleswade Bridge, 104.

„ , Fisherton Bridge, 104.

„ , St. Edmund's, 104.

Bars, 135.

Battle Abbey, 18.

„ of Agincourt, 76, 109, 126.

„ „ Barnet, 118, 132.

„ „ Berwick, 122.

„ „ Blore Heath, 130.

„ „ Bosworth, 136.

„ „ Crecy, 124.

„ „ Englefield, 10.

„ „ Hallidon Hill, 122.

„ „ Lose Coat, 132.

„ „ Mortimer's Cross, 131.

„ „ Northampton, 130.

„ „ Poitiers, 124.

„ „ Reading, 10.

„ „ St. Alban's first, 129.

„ „ St. Alban's second, 131.

„ „ Tewkesbury, 118.

„ „ Tournai, 123.

„ „ Wakefield, 131.

„ „ Wilton, 10, 35.

Beauchamp, Anne, 129.

„ , Bishop Richard, 68, 69, 114, 116, 174.

„ , Sir William of Powicke, 68.

Beaufort, Joan, 128, 129.

Bec, Abbey of, 23.

Beckham, Humphrey, 91.

Bemerton, gallows at, 135, rector, 142.

Bingham, Bishop Robert, 48, 87.

Bisham Priory, 123, 127.

Black Prince, the, 124.

INDEX

Blois, William of, 38 note.
 Botreaux, Margaret, Lady Hungerford, 67.
 Bottenham, Agnes, 100.
 "Boy Bishop", the, 77.
 Bradenstoke Priory, 26, 39.
 Braundeston, John, 95.
 Brickett, Thomas, 142.
 Bridge, Ayleswade, 104.
 " , Black, 104.
 " , Crane, 103, 104.
 " , Fisherton, 104.
 " , Ivy, 104.
 Bridges in Streets, 104.
 Bridport, Bishop Giles of, 49.
 Brittany, 100.
 Britton, James, 63.
 Bubwith, Bishop Nicholas, 107.
 Bugmore, 103.
 Burgundy, Charles Duke of, 131.
 Butchers, Company of, 155.

Cade, Jack, 113.
 Caen, 30.
 Calais, 130.
 Calne, prebend of, 21.
 Campegio, Bishop Lorenzo, 142.
 Canterbury, Archbishop of, St. Anselm, 19, 32.
 " , " , St. Boniface, 49.
 " , " , St. Edmund, 47, 48.
 " , " , Simon Sudbury, 100.
 " , " , Stephen, 43.
 " , " , St. Thomas, 35.
 " , " , Hubert Walter, 36.

INDEX

Capon, Bishop John, 143, 144.

Cathedral Altars. Holy Trinity and all Saints, 45.

„ „ St. Margaret, 49.

„ „ St. Peter and the Apostles, 45.

„ , Beauchamp Chapel in, 68.

„ , Belfry of, 70, 161.

„ , building begun, 2.

„ , canons of, 22.

„ , Cloisters and Chapter house, 52, 54.

„ , consecration of, 49.

„ , Foundation stone laid of, 43.

„ , Glass of, 82, 83, 145.

„ , Hungerford Chapel in, 67, 68.

„ , Lady Chapel of, 43.

„ , Library of, 72.

„ , North Porch of, 63.

„ , Quire screens, 78.

„ , repairs to, 78, 84, 144, 164.

„ , St Thomas' door in, 67.

„ , Spire of, 56, 59, 62, 63, 105.

„ , Stone bench in, 59, 60.

„ , Tower vault and lantern, 59.

„ , Tower of, 98.

„ , Transept arches in, 56.

„ , Vestry and muniment room of, 72.

„ , West front of, 64, 66.

Cecil, crest of, 133 note.

„ Sir Robert, 133.

Cerdic, 9.

Chancellor, 22.

Chandler, Bishop John, 100.

Chardford, 9.

Charles I, 156, 159.

„ II, 163, 166.

INDEX

- Chaucer, Alice, Countess of Salisbury, 127.
 Cheyney, Sir John, 69.
 Christchurch Castle, 129.
 Cirencester Castle, 126.
 Citizens, wealth of, 105.
 Civil war, 158.
 Clarence, Edward of, Earl of Salisbury, 133.
 ,, , George Duke of, 117, 131, 132.
 ,, , Margaret of, Countess of Salisbury, 133.
 Clarendon, 93, 105, 113.
 Clerbury Ring, 9.
 Clifford, George, Earl of Cumberland, 147.
 Clifford, Rosamund, 27, 36.
 Close, fortified, 160.
 ,, , gates, 98.
 ,, , Liberty of the, 155.
 ,, , Wall, 98, 105.
 Clothworkers, Company of, 155.
 Cnut, 15.
 Coberley, William, 143.
 Coke, Colonel, 160.
 Colchester, William, 107.
 Coldwell, Bishop John, 148- 150.
 College of St. Edmund, 54, 91.
 ,, , Vaux, see Harnham.
 Commonwealth, marriages during, 162.
 Constance Cathedral, 108.
 ,, , Council of, 107.
 Cooks, Company of, 155.
 Corfe Castle, 13, 122, 159.
 Cornishmen, revolt of, 137.
 Cornwall, Richard Earl of, 37.
 Corporation, constitution of, 154.
 ,, buys property of see, 161, houses in Close, 162.

INDEX

Corsham, 15.
 Courtenay, 135, 136.
 Cromwell, Oliver, 161.
 Cumberland, Earl of, see Clifford.
 Cynric, 9.

Dean, 20.
 Deanery, 45.
 de Bailul, Jocelin, see Jocelin, Bishop.
 de Burgh, Hubert, 37.
 Dereham, Elias of, 50.
 De Vaux Place, 87.
 de Via, Arnold, Treasurer, 70.
 Devizes, 143, 161.
 " , Castle, 33, 34, 37.
 de la Wyle, Nicholas, Precentor, 71.
 " " , Bishop Walter, 54, 91, 95.
 Disputes between city and bishop, 97, 106, 148, 150.
 Domesday, 29.
 Dunstaple, William of, 96.
 Duppa, Bishop Brian, 161.

Earles, Bishop John, 164.
 Edington, 113.
 Edgar, 10.
 Edmund Ironside, 15.
 Edward the Confessor, 23.
 " I, 98.
 " III, 32, 56, 123.
 " IV, 80, 115-119, 131, 132, 135.
 Ela, Countess of Salisbury, see Longespee.
 Elfric, 15.

INDEX

- Elfrida, Queen, 10.
 Elizabeth, Queen, 144, 145, 153.
 Ely, 142.
 Ethelred the Unready, 13, 15.
 Ethelwald, Earl of East Anglia, 10, 12.
 Exeter, 164.

 "Fair Maid of Kent", see Woodstock.
 Fair Rosamund, see Clifford.
 Farleigh, Richard of, 56, 71.
 Feasts, 137, 138.
 Figbury Ring, 9.
 Fisherton, 93.
 ,, Church 144.
 ,, , place of execution at, 144.
 Fortification of the city, 104.
 Franceis, Maud, Countess of Salisbury, 126.
 Friars, 93
 Friary, the, 93, 103.
 Fullers, Company of, 109.

 Garter, Order of the, 124.
 Gates of the city, 104.
 George Inn, 146.
 Ghent, Bishop Simon of, 55, 96.
 Gilbert, Richard, his house, 105.
 Gonville Hall, Cambridge, 143.
 Gorges, monument 45.
 ,, , Sir Thomas, 81.
 Goring, Lord, occupies city, 161.
 Gough's *Sepulchral Monuments*, 67.
 Graunson, Katherine, Countess of Salisbury, 73, 123.

INDEX

Green Croft, 104.

Grey, Catherine, Countess of Hertford, 80.

Hall, John, 114-119.

 " " , his wealth, 119, 120.

 " " , his Hall, 134.

Hallam, Bishop Robert, 106.

Harnham, 160.

 " , Bridge, 48, 87.

 " , College of Vaux at, 49, 89.

 " , St. Nicholas Hospital at, 48.

Harington, Sir James, 103.

Hatcher, Henry, historian of Salisbury, 36.

Henry I, 26, 32.

 ,, II, 26, 35, 36.

 ,, III, 47, 49, 93, 97.

 ,, IV, 79, 100, 106, 126.

 ,, V, 108, 110, 126.

 ,, VI, 25, 110, 113, 115 note, 129, 132.

 ,, VII, 136, 137.

 ,, VIII, 137, 139, 142.

Henchman, Bishop Humphrey, 163.

Herbert, Henry, 2nd. Earl of Pembroke, 147.

 " , William, 3rd. " " " , 147.

Herman, Bishop, 23, 24.

Hewett, 144.

Heytesbury, almhouses at, 77.

High Cross, 103.

Holland, Eleanor, Countess of Salisbury, 126, 127.

Holland, Sir Thomas, 124.

Homet, barony of, 76.

Hope, W. H. St. J., 74 note, 173.

Hundred Years War, 113.

INDEX

Hungerford Chapel, see Cathedral.

„ , Sir Edward, 158.

„ , Robert Lord, 67.

„ , Thomas Lord, 135.

„ , Sir Thomas, of Farleigh, 76.

„ , Walter Lord, 76, 77.

Hunt, John, 144.

Hyde Abbey, Winchester, 143.

„ , Bishop Alexander, 164.

„ , Sir Robert, 163.

Ivie, John, 157.

James I, 102, 153, 154.

Jeffries, Chancellor, 143, 144.

Jewell, Bishop John, 144, 145.

Jocelin, Bishop, 35, 45,

John, 37, 40.

Joiners, Company of, 155.

Joiners' Hall, 152, 155.

Keevil, 142.

King's House, 154 note.

King-maker, see Nevill.

Lacock Abbey, 39, 121.

Lady Day, 18 note.

Lancashire men at Salisbury, 108, 109.

Leadenhall, 45.

INDEX

- Le Wayt, Peter, 95.
 Lewes, David, 75 note.
 Ley, James, Earl of Marlborough, 158.
 Loders, prebend of, 23.
 London, council of, 23.
 " , embroiderers of, 110.
 " , Whitefriars church at, 123
 " , 131.
 Longespee, Longsword.
 " , Ela, Countess of Salisbury, Abbess of Lacock,
 37, 39.
 " , Ela, Countess of Warwick, 40 note.
 " , Bishop Nicholas, 39, 40, note
 " , Richard, 40.
 " , Stephen, 40.
 " , William, Earl of Salisbury, 36, 37, 38, 43.
 " , William, the younger, 39.
 Longford, 161,
 Louis, St., King of France, 39.
 Ludlow, General, 159-161.
 Ludlow, town of, 102 note.

 Magna Carta, 37.
 Malden, A. R., 18 note, 30 note, 40 note, 69 note, 71 note,
 75 note.
 Malmesbury Castle, 33.
 " , William of, 19.
 Man, Isle of, 122, 125.
 " , King of, 122, 123, 125.
 Market, restrictions on strange traders, 110.
 Markets, 87, 98, 100.
 Market Place, 104, battle in, 160.
 Margaret, Princess, 131.

INDEX

- Margaret, Queen, 130-132.
 Marlborough, 159.
 Martin's Croft, 104.
 Martyrs at Salisbury, 139, 143, 144.
 Mary, Queen, 143, 144.
 Matrons, College of, 165, 166.
 Maud, Empress, 26, 34, 35.
 Maundrel, John, 143, 144.
 Maundrell Hall, 93.
 Maurice, Prince, 158, 160.
 Mayor, place of election of, 146, 154.
 „ , Thomas Burford, 100.
 „ , John Hall, 114.
 „ , John Ivie, 157.
 „ , Richard of Ludgershall, 97.
 „ , John Porte, 130.
 „ , Reynold de Wych, 94.
 Merchants, Company of, 155.
 Metford, Bishop Richard, 55, 79, 173.
 Milford, Bishop's manor of, 43.
 Mill, the Bishop's, 89.
 Mohun, Elizabeth, Countess of Salisbury, 124.
 Mompesson, Sir Richard, 81, William, 82.
 Montagu, Alice, 127, 128.
 „ , Drogo de, 121.
 „ , John, Lord, 73, 74, 124, 126.
 „ , John, 3rd Earl of Salisbury, 126.
 „ , Robert, 173.
 „ , Simon, de 121.
 „ , William, 1st Lord, 121.
 „ , William, 2nd Lord, 122.
 „ , William, 3rd Lord, 122.
 „ , William 1st Earl of Salisbury, 73, 121, 123, 173.
 „ , William 2nd Earl of Salisbury, 74, 124, 125.

INDEX

- Montagu, Thomas, 4th Earl of Salisbury, 126, 127,
 Monthermer, Margaret, 124.
 Moray, Earl of, 123.
 Mortival, Bishop Roger de, 55, 98.
 Myrfield, 43.
- Nevill, Cicely, 129.
 „ , Isabel, Duchess of Clarence, 133.
 „ , power of the family, 128.
 „ , Bishop Robert, 128.
 „ , Richard, Earl of Salisbury, 131, 171.
 „ , Richard, Earl of Warwick, 117, 118, 130, 131.
- Nottingham, Parliament at, 122.
 Nuggeston, 103.
- Okebourne, prebend of, 23,
 " Old Castle ", 28, 102.
 Old Sarum, Bishop's manor of, 29.
 „ , Castle at, 18, 34, 37.
 „ , Cathedral establishment at, 23.
 „ , Churches and Chapels at, 94.
 „ , Councils at, 18, 28, 30, 33.
 „ , Fair at, 33.
 „ , Fortifications of, 2, 3, 10.
 „ , houses of ecclesiastics at, 30.
 „ , ruins of, 32, 93.
 „ , seat of bishop, 23.
- Ordgar, Earl of Devon, 10, 12.
 Orleans, siege of, 127.
 Osmund, Bishop, parentage, 17, cathedral, 18, 29, opposes
 Anselm, 19, foundation charter, 20, cathedral
 chapter, 20, 22, service books, 24, canonized,

INDEX

24, 69, his gravestone, 45, his shrine, 74,
75 note.

Palace, 45, Great Hall, 70, state in Commonwealth, 164.

Parishes of the city, 92.

Pembroke, Earl of, see Herbert.

Penruddocke, Colonel John, 162.

Peverell, Catherine, Lady Hungerford, 76.

Pierce, Thomas, Dean, 166.

Pitmead, 6.

Plague, 146, precautions against, 156.

Plan of the city, 102, 103.

Poitiers, Earl Patrick buried there, 26.

Ponthieu, William Count of, 26.

Pole, Sir Richard, 133.

Poore, Bishop Herbert, 40, 42, 43.

Poore, Bishop Richard, 41, 45, 77, 86, 87, 93, 102, 103.

Pope, Boniface VII, 121.

„ , Calixtus III, 25.

„ , Clement V, 71.

„ , Gregory X, 24.

„ , Gregory XII, 107.

„ , Honorius III, 43.

„ , Innocent IV, 48.

„ , Innocent VII, 107.

„ , John XXI, 122.

„ , John XXIII, 107.

Porchester Castle, 37.

Portland Castle, 159.

Poultry Cross, 111, 112.

Powle, John, 139.

Prebendary, 20, 22 note.

Precentor, 21.

INDEX

Prior. E. S., author of *Cathedral Builders*, 71 note.
Pynnock, Richard, 95.

Race Plain, 147.

Races, Salisbury, 146-148.

Radnor, family pew of Earls of, 76.

Ramsbury, 79, 142.

„ , bishop of, 23.

Ramsey, 144.

Randyll, Richard, 139.

Reading, 34.

Reformation, the, 139, 140, 141.

Renaissance, the, 138.

Restoration, the, 162.

Rich, Edmund, see Canterbury.

Richard I, 36.

„ II, 106, 126.

„ III, 80, 135, 136.

Rivers, Earl, see Widville.

Robert, the mason, 51.

Roche, Elizabeth, Lady Beauchamp, 68.

Rockingham, Council at 19.

Roger, Bishop, 22, 32, his cathedral, 29, 32, compared
with Salisbury cathedral, 30, builds castles, 33, his
downfall, 34, his gravestone, 45.

Roman roads, 4, 5.

Roses, Wars of, 128, 131.

Rouen, siege of, 76.

Roumare, William of, Earl of Lincoln, 25.

Round, J. H., 26 note, 34 note.

St. Asaph, Geoffrey Bishop of, 35.

INDEX

- St. Edmund's church, 91, 92.
 „ „ parish, extent of 92, mortality in, 46, 157.
 „ „ marriages in, 162.
 St. Edward, king and martyr, 13, 14.
 St. Edward the Confessor, shrine at Westminster, 74 note.
 St. George, Guild of, 91, 97.
 St. James of Compostella, shrine of, 26.
 St. John's shrine at Beverley, 74 note.
 St. Martin's church, 43, 44, 87.
 „ „ parish, extent of, 92.
 St. Mary Montebergh Abbey, 23.
 St. Nicholas Hospital, see Harnham.
 St. Osmund's night, 75 note.
 St. Thomas' church, 89, 103 note.
 „ „ parish, extent of, 92, mortality in, 157, marriages in, 162.
 St. Thomas' shrine at Canterbury, 74 note.
 St. Wandregesil Abbey, 23.
 Salisbury, Badge of, 135.
 „ , charters, 26, 94, 97, 154.
 „ , Companies, 155.
 „ , Councils at, 94, 95.
 „ , Earls of, see Longespee, Montagu, Nevill.
 „ , Edward of, 25.
 „ , Ela Talvas, Countess of, 26.
 „ , Eleanor, Countess of, 26.
 „ , Fair and Market, 87.
 „ , name of, 169.
 „ , newspaper first printed in, 167.
 „ , parliamentarian in Civil war, 158.
 „ , Patrick Earl of, 26.
 „ , Races, 146-148.
 „ , sanitary orders, 110.
 „ , trades of, 105.

INDEX

- Salisbury, Walter of, 25.
 „ , William Fitz Patrick, Earl of, 26.
 „ , William Fitz Walter of, 26, 35.
 Sarum, Sarrum, 170.
 Saxon Invasion, 9.
 Scrope, William, Earl of Wilts, 125.
 Searobyrig, 9, 15, 28, 169.
 „ , Council at, 10, 13.
 Sener, Hugh, 95.
 Seymour, Edward, Earl of Hertford, 80.
 Shaftesbury, 159.
 Shambles, the, 110.
 Shaxton, Bishop, Nicholas, 142.
 Sherborne Abbey, 22.
 „ , See of, 23.
 „ Castle, 33, 37, 56, 122, 150.
 Shipton Montacute Priory, 123, 173.
 Shoemakers, Company of, 156.
 Shrewsbury, 136.
 Six Articles, the, 142.
 Smiths, Company of, 155.
 Snachenburgh, Helen von, 81.
 Sommer, John, 75 note.
 Sorbiodunum, 4, 7, 28, 169.
 Southampton, 37, 108-110, 119, 159.
 Spencer, John, 143.
 Spenser, 134.
 Spickernel, Robert, 146.
 Stafford, Henry, Duke of Buckingham, 136.
 Stanhope, Ann, Duchess of Somerset, 80.
 Stephen, King, 25, 33, 34, 35.
 Stourton, Charles Lord, 74.
 Street, Blue Boar Row, 92, 103.
 „ , Brown, 92, 103.

INDEX

- Street, Butcher Row, 103, 110.
- „ , Canal, 160.
 - „ , Castle, 102, 103, 160.
 - „ , Catherine, 102.
 - „ , Chipper, 103.
 - „ , Culver, 103.
 - „ , Dragon 142.
 - „ , Drakehall, 102 note.
 - „ , East, 103.
 - „ , Endless, 102, 160.
 - „ , Exeter, 92, 102.
 - „ , Fisherton, 104.
 - „ , Freren, 103.
 - „ , Gigant, 103.
 - „ , Gigore, 103.
 - „ , High, 102, 103 note.
 - „ , Ivy, 158.
 - „ , Melmonger, 103.
 - „ , Milford, 92.
 - „ , Minster, 102.
 - „ , New, 103.
 - „ , Queen, 102.
 - „ , Rolleston, 103.
 - „ , Tottlebells, 103.
 - „ , Trinity, 102.
 - „ , St. Anne, 92, 103, 155.
 - „ , St. John, 102
 - „ , St. Martin, 103.
 - „ , Water Lane, 103, 104.
 - „ , Winchester, 92, 103, 160.
 - „ , Wynemand, 103.
- Subdean, 21.
- Succentor, 21.
- Swayne, William, 114.

INDEX

Swegen, King of Denmark, 14, 15.
Sylvester, John, 75 note.

Tarrant Crawford, 47.
Thomas, a dyer, 108.
Tournament at Salisbury, 36.
Town Mill, 104.
Trinity Almshouse, 100-102.
Tyler, Wat, 125.

Upavon, prebend of, 23.
Use of Sarum, 24.

Van Rensselaer, Mrs., author of *English Cathedrals*, 52, 61.
Vaux, College of, see Harnham.
Vicars' houses in Close, 47, 133 note.

Wales, Henry Prince of, 154.
 ,, , Charles ,, , 154 note.
Waller, Sir William, 158, 161.
Walter, Bishop Hubert, 36.
Warbeck, Perkin, 137.
Ward, Bishop Seth, 163, 164, 166.
Wardour Castle, 159.
Wareham, 14.
Warrenne, Isabel, 38 note.
 ,, William, Earl of Surrey, 26.
Wark Castle, 124.
Warwick, Earl of, see Nevill.
Weavers, Company of, 109.

INDEX

- Webb, Bishop A. B., Dean, 84.
 Wessex, Kingdom of, 9.
 Wherwell Abbey, 13.
 White, Richard, 144.
 Wight, Isle of, 125.
 Widville family, 131, 136.
 „ , Queen Elizabeth, 80, 116, 131.
 „ , Bishop Lionel, 80, 136.
 „ , Richard, Earl Rivers, 80.
 William I, 17, 28, 121.
 „ II, 19, 32.
 „ III, and Mary II, 148.
 „ , Prince, son of Henry I, 33.
 Wilton, battle at, 10, Danes attack, 15, attack on nunnery,
 26, Dominicans at, 93, markets at, 98, revenues
 of, 100, Prince Maurice at, 160.
 Winchester, 33.
 „ Castle, 37.
 Windsor, 123, 125.
 Wolsey, Cardinal, 142.
 Woodstock, Joan of, 124.
 Wool-market, 104.
 Wool trade, 93, 105, 109.
 Wyvil, Bishop Robert, 56, 98, 145, 170.
 Wyatt, 38, 54, 67, 69, 70, 74, 75, 78, 84.
 Wykehampton, Bishop Robert of, 54, 55.
 Wynch, John, 137.
- York, 131.
 „ , Richard Archbishop of, 35.
 „ , „ Duke of, 128-130.
 „ , Bishop William of, 48.