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Such is the brief history of one whose fame has been overshadowed, if not well-nigh hidden, by those who played more conspicuous parts in the great movement of the sixteenth century. True, Bilney's views upon the Real Presence, the power of the keys, and other points, remained those of the Roman Catholic Church; but we should remember that it was only by very slow degrees that Cranmer, Latimer, and other prominent Reformers abandoned many of the doctrines in which they had been reared. Though his undemonstrative energies were for the most part confined within a narrow sphere, yet the influence of his earnest teaching and example, whilst the sun of the Reformation was barely visible above the horizon, was felt even until it attained its full mid-day splendour. Being of a quiet and unpretending disposition, his real worth and sterling qualities were perhaps best known only to his own little circle at Cambridge. The testimony of the most illustrious of these friends may fitly close this sketch of the Proto-Martyr of the English Reformation: "If a man living so mercifully, so charitably, so patiently, so continently, so studiously and virtuously, should die an evil death, there is no more to be said; but let him that standeth beware that he fall not."[1]

JOHN P. HAWORTH.

ART. III.—THE SWEATING SICKNESS.

PROFESSOR BREWER'S Prefaces to the four volumes of the "Letters and Papers of the Reign of Henry VIII.," which he edited for the Master of the Rolls some twenty years ago, have now been published by themselves in a very convenient form. To the ponderous volumes in which the Professor's digest of the State Papers was contained, ordinary readers could hardly be expected to give much attention; and the Lords of the Treasury consented to the Prefaces being republished separately, "at the urgent request of the friends of Professor Brewer, on account of their literary interest." The Prefaces, it is stated, have "no official character or authority." The two handsome volumes which we have received from Mr. Murray, admirably printed, are edited by Mr. Gairdner; they form a treasury of interesting and valuable information.[2] To this work

[1] Latimer's Letter to Sir Ed. Baynton.

[2] "The Reign of Henry VIII., from his Accession to the Death of Wolsey." Reviewed and illustrated from original documents. By the late J. S. Brewer, M.A. Edited by James Gairdner, of the Public Record Office. With portrait. John Murray, 1884.

we hope to return; at present we glean from it some particulars touching the *sudor Anglicus*, "the English sweat," in Wolsey's time.

The sweating sickness, in the reign of Henry VIII., made its appearance in April, 1516. But its first appearance was in 1485. According to Dr. Caius, a physician who had carefully studied the disease, it was a scourge in some respects more severe than the pestilence. "In the month of August, 1485," says the doctor, in the first year of the reign of Henry VII., "there chanced a disease among the people, lasting the whole of that month and all September, which, for the sudden sharpness and unwont cruelness, passed the pestilence. For this commonly giveth in four, often seven, sometime nine, sometime eleven, and sometime fourteen days', respite to whom it vexeth. But that immediately killed some in opening their windows, some in playing with their children in their street doors; some in one hour, many in two, it destroyed; and at the longest, to them that merrily dined, it gave a sorrowful supper." In one house, it might be, three persons died, or five, or the whole family. The disease began with a fever, followed by strong internal convulsions of nature, with profuse perspiration. "It most did stand in sweating," says Dr. Caius, "from the beginning until the ending."[1] If the constitution proved strong enough to expel the poison, the patient escaped. The sickness was attended with sharp pains in the back, shoulders, and extremities; the liver was attacked; pains in the head were succeeded by oppression of the heart, followed by drowsiness, the whole body becoming inactive, lumpish. The rapidity of this malignant disease, as was natural, struck terror throughout the nation. Precaution seemed unavailing; flight afforded the only chance of security. "If the half in every town escaped," says Caius, "it was thought a great favour." Houses and villages were deserted; and the wealthy hurried from infected towns to one place or another in the country. Oftentimes, when the sweating began, the sick, without asking about a remedy, gave up all hope of recovery. They yielded without a struggle, seeing how it began "fearfully to invade them, furiously handle them, speedily oppress them, unmercifully choke them; and this in no small numbers, of such persons so notably noble in birth, goodly conditions, grave sobriety, singular wisdom, and great learning."

According to Dr. Caius, the disease was almost peculiar to Englishmen. It first began in England, and it followed English people. In Calais, Antwerp, and Brabant, it generally singled out English residents and visitors, whilst the native popula-

[1] "A Boke or Counseill against the Sweate."

tion were unaffected. It never entered Scotland. Men of middle age and sanguine complexion, it seems, were most liable to its ravages. The robust, whose food was rich and life luxurious, were singled out, while labouring and thin-dieted men generally escaped.

Various speculations were set afloat, of course, as to the origin of the disease and the best mode of allaying it. A letter from Erasmus to Francis, Wolsey's physician, on this subject, contains some curious details. Erasmus attributed the disease to badly built houses and bad and imperfect ventilation, to the clay floors, and to the unchanged and festering rushes with which the rooms were strewn.[1] He writes:

I am frequently astonished and grieved to think how it is that England has been now for so many years troubled by a continual pestilence, especially by a deadly sweat, which appears in a great measure to be peculiar to your country. I have read how a city was once delivered from a plague by a change in the houses, made at the suggestion of a philosopher. I am inclined to think that this also must be the deliverance for England.

First of all, Englishmen never consider the aspect of their doors or windows. Next, their chambers are built in such a way as to admit of no ventilation. Then a great part of the walls of the house is occupied with glass casements, which admit light, but exclude the air; and yet they let in the draft through holes and corners, which is often pestilential and stagnates there. The floors are in general laid with white clay, and are covered with rushes, occasionally removed, but so imperfectly that the bottom layer is left undisturbed, sometimes for twenty years, harbouring expectorations, vomitings, the leakage of dogs and men, ale-droppings, scraps of fish, and other abominations not fit to be mentioned. Whenever the weather changes a vapour is exhaled, which I consider very detrimental to health. I may add that England is not only everywhere surrounded by sea, but is in many places swampy and marshy" (Erasmus no doubt meant Essex), "intersected by salt rivers, to say nothing of salt provisions, in which the common people take so much delight.

The use of rushes should be abandoned, said Erasmus, and the windows should be made so as to open and shut freely. More moderation in diet, and especially in the use of salt meats, might be of service. Further, "public ædiles," said Erasmus, should be appointed to look after the streets, which were defiled with various abominations.

The population of the towns, as Professor Brewer points out, had been increasing rapidly, without any proportionate increase in their sanitary condition or means of accommodation. The same filthy, open sewers rolled lazily their tribute to the Thames, or left their abominations to breed pestilence in streets unpaved, muddy, and with numerous holes. The fresh-water springs had been gradually diminished, or were monopolized by brewers; the narrow conduits spouted from their pea-shooters exactly the same quantity of pure liquid to sup-

[1] April CHURCHMAN, 1884, p. 23.

ply the wants of thousands as for a century and more had scantily served for tens. "Moreover," says the Professor, "the discipline of the Church had fallen into desuetude." Fasts were apt to be neglected, and pilgrimages (with a month's ride over the fields) were not thought so much of. Yet the neglect of fasts and of pilgrimages, surely, could hardly be taken into account as regards this scourge in the opening years of the reign of Henry VII. It seems far-fetched. Anyhow, when the sweating sickness appeared in a town, it was little wonder if wealthy citizens sought change of diet, with change of place and fresh air. Agricultural labourers escaped; the noble and the rich citizen suffered.

In the reign of our eighth Henry, as was remarked, the *sudor Anglicus* first made its appearance in April, 1516. Its violence abated as usual at the approach of cold weather. It reappeared again in the spring of 1517 with alarming fury, and continuing all through the summer into November without interruption, scarcely ceased in the winter and raged more violently than ever in 1518. Not only amusements but business ceased in a great measure; places of public resort were carefully avoided; noblemen broke up their establishments, and everyone hastened as best he could to isolate himself from his neighbours. "Tell your master," said Wolsey to the Earl of Shrewsbury's chaplain, "to get him into clear air, and divide his household in sundry places." The King moved from place to place—from Richmond to Reading, from Abingdon to Woodstock, and Wallingford and Farnham—every report of the sickness being a fresh alarm; nor were his apprehensions without reason. The plague fell upon the royal household, and carried off the pages that slept in the King's chamber. Every superfluous attendant was dismissed; yet in spite of precautions, three more of the pages died of it, next spring, in the King's palace at Richmond. Ammonius, the King's Latin secretary, the friend of Erasmus, was dining one day with an acquaintance; they had arranged to meet the next day, and ride to Merton to escape the infection. The next morning, before his friend was up, a messenger arrived to announce the death of Ammonius. He was carried off in eight hours. Not every foreigner escaped. Giustinian, the Venetian ambassador, was twice attacked in the same week, and two of his servants died in his house. Foreign ambassadors feared to set foot in England.

During the general consternation, it seems, Wolsey, now Lord Chancellor, remained at his post. He did not escape the sickness; it attacked him again and again, even after a pilgrimage to Walsingham. The King desired him to repair to Woodstock; "for here," wrote Dr. Clerk, "is clear air, which his Grace thinketh ye will like very well." The King also, in his own

hand, sent a letter to "Myne awne good Cardinall," recommending him "to take summe pastyme and comfort." "With all my hart," wrote the King, "I thanke yow for the grette payne and labour that yow do dayly take in my bysynes and maters.... The Quene my wife hathe desyryd me to make har most harty recommendations to yow, as to hym that she lovethe very well, and bothe she and I wolde knowe fayne when yow wyll repayer to us." Certainly, all work and no recreation was not expedient. "Always payne can nott be induryd," said Henry; and while his chief Minister took care of the State, the King took care of his own health, indulging less in amusements, however, than he was wont. At the Court, masks and tournaments were at an end for a time; dice, card-playing and discussions in divinity took their place. When the King was staying at Abingdon, Richard Pace wrote to his patron, the Cardinal: "Carding and dicing, for this Holy Week, is turned into picking off [pitching of ?] arrows over the screen into the hall."[1] This Pace, an ecclesiastic of remarkable ability, immortalized by Shakespeare—

> Was he not held a learned man?—

might have taken, had not his mind become unsettled, a post of the highest favour at Court, after the fall of Wolsey. At the time of the sickness, he was the Cardinal's most obedient servant.

The absence of the Court from the metropolis at such a time was fraught with evil consequences; trade was bad, and the unruly apprentices were not restrained; the Londoners were jealous of foreign merchants and artificers. Dr. Henry Standish, warden of the Mendicant Friars, the most popular preacher of the day,[2] was asked by a broker to preach, in his Easter Monday's sermon at St. Mary's, Spittle, for the commonalty against the strangers. Dr. Standish wisely refused; but Dr. Beale took action, and riots resulted. Lord Surrey punished with severity; and the citizens of London treasured up feelings of resentment against the nobility. Dr. Standish's conduct at this time, with his defence of the royal supremacy subsequently, was not forgotten by the King.[3]

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[1] Professor Brewer, vol. i. p. 243.

[2] Immortalized for his quarrel with Erasmus. He was afterwards Bishop of St. Asaph, St. Asse, or De Asino, as Pace and Erasmus called him. His name occurs frequently with Colet's and Grocyn's among the Court preachers.

[3] With all Professor Brewer's remarks on the Friars and the popular cause we can hardly agree. The part taken by Standish no doubt presented him and the Friars in a different light from that in which the religious orders sometimes appear in popular histories. But it is easy

Of cures for the sweating sickness, Professor Brewer has given several specimens. Of the Darcy receipts, one is: "Take endive, sowthistle, marygold, mercury, and nightshade, three handfulls of all, and seethe them in conduit-water, from a quart to a pint; then strain it into a fair vessel, then delay it with a little sugar to keep away the tartness, and then drink it when the sweat taketh you, and keep you warm; and by the grace of God ye shall be whole." Another special medicine for the pestilence includes "half an handful of rew, called herbe grace, a handful marygold, half an handful fetherfew, a handful sorrel, a handful burnet, and half a handful dragons, the top in summer, the root in winter;" these herbs are to be washed, seethed, and strained; a little sugarcandy may be added; "and if it be taken afore the pimples break forth, there is no doubt but with the grace of Jesus it shall amend any man, woman, or child. Probatum est, a° 13 H. VIII." My Lady Whethell suggests treacle and vinegar tempered together. Good advice, no doubt, was given in another paper: "The man that wol be kept fro that evil, needeth him to keep fro outrage and excess in meat and eke drink." Another paper runs thus:

After a prescription for a drink of herbs.—Another for them that are clerks for to say hit every day with a crosse on the forhed. Per signum tau T. A peste et fame libera nos Jesu. Hic est titulus triumphans, *Jesus Nazarenus Rex Judæorum.* Christus venit in pace, et Deus homo factus est Jesus. In nomine . . . . Amen.

Another prescription recommends saying every day at seven parts of your body, beginning "at the ryght syde, under the ryght ere," 7 Paternosters and 7 Ave Marias, with 1 Credo at the last.

The sweating sickness made its appearance again, after twelve years, and this time it was more severe than before. It raged mainly in Kent and Sussex, and the neighbouring counties. "This sweat," wrote Du Bellay, "is a most perilous disease. One has a little pain in the head and heart, suddenly a sweat breaks out, and a doctor is useless; for whether you wrap yourself up much or little, in four hours, and sometimes in two or three, you are dispatched without languishing, as in those troublesome fevers. However, only about 2,000 have caught it in London. . . . I found the ambassador of Milan leaving his lodgings in great haste, because two or three had been suddenly attacked. . . . If the thing goes on, corn

to press the point too far. The learned Professor's remarks about Luther's remonstrances against "Good Works" (vol. i. p. 254) appear to us weak and erroneous. It was in teaching the doctrine of justification by faith (the return to primitive truth which the Church needed so sorely) that Luther gave cautions about "Good Works."

will soon be cheap. The Legate (Wolsey) had come for the term (to Westminster), but immediately bridled his horses again, and there will be no term." A few days later the same ambassador writes, that of 40,000 attacked in London, only 2,000 died.

The terror it occasioned was more fatal than the disease itself. Children were less affected by it than persons of riper age, probably because they were less afraid. Among the sufferers was Bryan Tuke, the King's secretary, one of the few persons at the time admitted into the King's presence. He has described his own symptoms on the occasion to Vannes, Wolsey's Italian secretary. He tells Vannes that his wife has passed the sweat, but is very weak, and an eruption has broken out about the mouth. He put away the sweat from himself nightly, he says (the other people imagined they would kill themselves if they did the same), feeling sure that, as long as he was not sick, the sweat was provoked by the disposition of the season. "When a man is not sick, there is no fear of putting away the sweat in the beginning, and before a man's grease be with hot-keeping molten." According to Tuke, the moisture of years past had much to do with this plague.

The King lost his favourite, Sir William Compton, and William Cary, the husband of Mary Boleyn. When Anne Boleyn caught the infection, the Court was immediately broken up. The King moved to Hunsdon, and then to Tittenhanger (a house belonging to Wolsey), where he remained in a great state of alarm. "I hear," wrote the French ambassador, "he has made his will, and taken the sacraments, for fear of sudden death." He took his meals by himself. He sent pills and prescriptions to the Cardinal, and exhorted his Eminence to "put apart fear and fantasies." At this time, as his letters make quite clear, although he treated Katharine with studious courtesy, his affections were entirely centred on Anne Boleyn. News of her illness he termed news "the most afflicting possible." He wrote to her sometimes in French, sometimes in Italian. He sent Dr. Butts, beseeching her ("My entirely beloved") to be governed by that doctor's advice. As soon as he was certified of her escape from danger, he recovered his usual spirits. From dinner to supper he employed his hours in shooting with the cross-bow; the evenings were devoted to "his book" in defence of his divorce. Seventeen of his letters remain, and they contain expressions of something more than bad taste. Anne Boleyn, at this time, was at Hever, with her father, and how she replied to her "H.R. *aimable*" cannot be told, inasmuch as her part in this extraordinary correspondence has not been preserved. She wrote to the Cardinal, courteously

inquiring about his health;[1] and he—always anxious to conciliate her favour—replied accordingly, and sent her a present. The contrast between the servility with which she addressed the great Minister at the height of his power, and the bitterness with which, according to contemporary witnesses, she pursued him in his fall, is remarkable, but is not, we think, so easily accounted for as some suppose. Wolsey afterwards spoke of her as "the night-crow,"[2] the cause of all that was most cruel in the treatment which he suffered. As to the King, though he does not appear to advantage at this time, it is right to allow him the benefit of his past career. "With regard to the divorce," writes Mr. Brewer, "more than half the world was persuaded even then that the King's cause was the cause of justice and of Scripture; and almost half the world is persuaded that it is so now." Viewing Wolsey as a statesman, we agree in the main with the portrait presented in these volumes. But when it comes to the Church of England, questions arise not easily answered. Some of his words to the Pope, as Mr. Froude has remarked, are the words of a man who loved England well, but who loved Rome better. All his diplomatic dealings with the Sovereigns, however, were utterly in vain. The Emperor Charles, cold, mean, and false, tempted him with the Papacy, used him, and threw him aside. Further, as regards the Church of England, although Wolsey talked of Church Reforms, he effected nothing. He was at the same time Archbishop of York, Bishop of Winchester, and Abbot of St. Albans; in his palaces, in his pomp and pride, he surpassed the King. Latimer's phrase of twenty years later, "unpreaching prelates," has a force which no conservative historian can really weaken. Professor Brewer's remarks about the monks and the clergy of that period are ill-founded; they may well be compared with the opening chapters in Mr. Froude's History, or, we may add, with the statements of the Bishop of Liverpool in his admirable volume, "Facts and Men."[3] The period of the

[1] "And as touching your Grace's trouble with the sweat," she wrote, "I thank our Lord that them that I desired and prayed for are escaped; and that is the King and you; not doubting but that God has preserved you both for great causes known all-only of His high wisdom."

[2] Anne Boleyn was of a dark complexion. The blood of the Ormonds ran in her veins. From her Irish descent she had inherited

The black-blue Irish hair and Irish eyes;

and her hair she wore floating down her back, interlaced with jewels. "Sitting *in* her hair on a litter" is a feature at her coronation which made an impression on Archbishop Cranmer.

[3] In "Facts and Men," by Bishop Ryle, reviewed a year or two ago in THE CHURCHMAN, we read (p. 116): "It is really astonishing to hear the nonsense talked about 'merry England in the olden times,' the 'mediæval piety,' the 'ages of faith,' and the 'devout habits of our Catholic forefathers.'"

Cardinal of York was one of ignorance, superstition, immorality, and priestly tyranny.

Here and there, we observe, Professor Brewer has made a mistake, and Mr. Gairdner (of whose editorial notes we should have been glad to see some more) gives the needful correction. For instance, in vol. ii. p. 218, we read, "The divorce, if Pole may be trusted, was suggested by the Boleyns and their advisers; *and if Cranmer was one of them*," a summary process would have been preferred. Again, p. 223, Mr. Brewer writes that "the Boleyns seemed to have been chiefly guided by Cranmer." The editor proves, however, that the "chaplain of my lord of Rochford" referred to, was Barlow.

Art. IV.—THE NORTHERN CONVOCATION AND THE DIACONATE.

THE long dark lane has reached its "turning," and that one from whence we seem to discern daylight at the end. The Diaconate is at last declared open. So sounded the silver trumpet of the Upper House of the Southern Convocation, which now finds its exact echo in a united session of the Northern. Indeed, the report of the Committee on this great question in the latter may be said to have given the key-note to both resolutions; which we observe with thankfulness to have been unanimous. So widespread is the conviction that the pressing needs of the Church, whatever else they may require in the way of Lay agency, require beyond dispute this—the relief of our overburdened clergy by the increase of ministrations within the Sanctuary. Nor is this conviction the less remarkable because it has been reached by slow degrees, and, notwithstanding side-winds, by a growing harmony among men of different schools of thought. From the veteran Bishop of Winchester, who for thirty years has advocated such an enlargement of the Diaconate, to the Dean of Ripon and Canon Jackson, the Nestor of the movement at York, there is positively no difference of view, even as regards the details of this proposal.

Another noticeable feature in the conclusion is (as Dean Fremantle observed), that it was arrived at in the Southern Upper House *indirectly*, through a preliminary conference in London between the Committees of the two Convocations. These met, indeed, on the Diaconate; but merely as a part, and, in the eyes of many of the Southern Committee, a very secondary part, of a larger scheme of Readers. Yet the result