# Eleanor E. Langlois
## 1915 – 1999
## R.I.P.

Eleanor Emma Langlois, 83, who served the American Branch of the Society of King Charles the Martyr as American Representative, died on Easter Tuesday, 6 April 1999, in Tempe, Arizona. She had lived in the Phoenix area during her retirement. She suffered a stroke just before the 350th anniversary of the Beheading of King Charles the Martyr, but was well aware of the anniversary. She was physically weakened by further strokes but remained mentally alert. She is survived by her son, The Rev'd Donald Langlois, an S.K.C.M. member, who is the Arizona History Librarian for the Arizona Department of Library, Archives, and Public Records in Phoenix, and two grandsons. Her requiem was celebrated by Father Langlois at the Church of Reconciliation, Sun Lakes, Arizona, on 11 April 1999.

Mrs. Langlois worked 37 years as a secretary for Ritter/Sybron Corp., Rochester, New York. She was born in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. She was an Associate of the Sisters of the Holy Nativity, and served as American Representative of the Society of King Charles the Martyr from 1972 to 1987. At the Annual Meeting in 1998 at the Church of the Guardian Angels, Lantana, Florida, she was named American Representative Emerita in recognition of her dedicated service.

Mrs. Langlois had been a member of the Society for some years, and had come to know the U.K. officers of the Society in London, when Father Sillitoe asked her to assume leadership of the Society in America in 1972. That year, her predecessor, Mrs. Elizabeth Carnahan, who had served since 1959, had died, leaving Society affairs in disarray. The situation was rectified by Mrs. Langlois, who in addition to organizing the Society's affairs began a regular correspondence with most of the American members. Mrs. Langlois was instrumental in building up the Society in America. For example, she instituted the newsletter entitled *SKCM News* which continued to expand. Previously, American members had received only our parent organization's publication, *Church and King*. She persuaded Bishop Harte, a long time supporter, who had been Mrs. Carnahan's rector in Austin, to lend his name to the Society as Episcopal Patron. Mrs. Langlois also corresponded extensively with church publications such as *The Living Church*, correcting any erroneous views on the Royal Martyr and raising consciousness in various ways. She encouraged members to bring resolutions through their diocesan conventions to support adding 30 January to the calendar of the church, and corresponded with the Standing Liturgical Commission and various bishops, including Presiding Bishops, to the same end. In 1984 she organized the First Annual Mass and Meeting, held on 28 January at Saint Ignatius Church, New York City. That tradition has continued and indeed flourishes.

In 1987, Mrs. Langlois asked the present American Representative to consider taking on her duties, which he did beginning in 1988. She continued for some years to write a regular column for *SKCM News*. Her successor has been thankful for her support. Just a few days after her death, traveling in Europe, he was able to pray for her soul at the site of the Royal Martyrdom. Will each Society member remember her soul in your prayers at Mass and at other times?

*Rest eternal grant unto her, O Lord, and let light perpetual shine upon her. May her soul and the souls of all the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace. Jesu, Mercy. Mary, Pray.*

## From Your American Representative

***1999 Annual Mass & Meeting – Saint Clement's, Philadelphia – 350th Anniversary of the Decollation of Saint Charles, King and Martyr***, was held on Saturday 30 January 1999 at 11 a.m. At the kind invitation of the Rev'd Canon Barry E. B. Swain, *SSC*, we returned to S. Clement's for our celebration of this major anniversary, indeed, the major Caroline anniversary many of us will experience in our lifetime. For us who venerate him, it was the 350th anniversary of his beheading, of course, but also his 350th heavenly birthday, for so a martyr's anniversary is reckoned.

The attendance at the Mass was well over 300, a tremendous witness to Almighty God and in honor of the Martyr King. All who were present were stirred by the glorious act of worship, finding it a privilege to be able to participate in it. At the excellent luncheon, held in the recently-renovated hall upstairs in S. Clement's Parish House, about 125 were present. The American Representative thanked Peter Conte, the choir and orchestra, all those who served at the altar, the ushers, the altar guild and flower arrangers, those who prepared the programme, those who arranged for the luncheon, and of course the clergy of S. Clement's. The support of Canon Swain and Father Fraser was critical for the success of the meeting and much appreciated by all. It was good to have the Rev'd Norman J. Catir, Jr., recently retired Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration, New York City, as our preacher on this occasion. Father Catir's sermon is reprinted below (page 14).

It was a particular pleasure for all that the Rt. Rev'd Keith L. Ackerman, *SSC*, Bishop of Quincy, was present at the throne. After the luncheon, Bishop Ackerman, a strong supporter of the Catholic devotional societies, spoke with passion and urgency about the importance of our Society's particular witness, to the essentiality of Apostolic Orders, in Anglicanism today. He made his point very clearly: each of us has the responsibility. Unless each of us works to keep the Faith alive, unless each of us lives the Faith (even if none of us is called to die for the Faith), there is danger it could die out.

*Scenes from the Annual Mass:* Bishop Ackerman at the Throne;
at the Elevation, Canon Swain, Celebrant (photos, Ronald Tompkins)

Many members came a great distance for the event, including from as far as Montreal, Nebraska, Colorado, and Florida, as well as all up and down the eastern seaboard. It was particularly good to have a number of priest supporters there, including the Rev'd Dr. Ralph Walker (Rector, Saint Michael and All Angels, Denver), the Rev'd Dr. Richard C. Martin (Interim Rector, Church of the Advent, Boston), the Rev'd Jonathan J. D. Ostman (Rector, Saint John the Evangelist, Newport, RI), the Rev'd David C. Kennedy (Rector, Church of the Guardian Angels, Lantana, FL), and the Rev'd Dr. Charles E. Whipple. Their support is much appreciated.

The music of the mass was Franz Josef Haydn's *Heiligmesse* (Mass No. 10 [Hoboken XII:10] in B-flat, the *Missa Sancti Bernardi di Offida*), one of his magnificent last six masses. The anthem, *O Lord, grant the King a long life*, by Thomas Weelkes, was also sung. It uses two verses from Psalm 61 as a paean of praise for James I and a prayer for his preservation. S. Clement's choir, under the direction of Peter R. Conte, was supplemented with an orchestra. The overall performance of the musical setting, integrated with the flawless liturgy into a single, unified act of worship, was conducted with verve and strength. The music was made possible by many generous members whose names are listed below:

PATRONS OF THE ANNUAL MASS

Dr. & Mrs. Mark A. Wuonola
The Rev'd Dr. Charles E. Whipple
Charles Barenthaler
The Rev'd Wilbur B. Dexter
Alan Hoffman
Sarah Gilmer
Christopher Holleman
Allan F. Kramer II
The Rev'd Dr. Joseph W. Lund
Everett Courtland Martin
Robert N. Mattis
Paul W. McKee
The Rt. Rev'd James W. Montgomery
J. Douglass Ruff
Philip Terzian
James N. Ward
Prof. Philip W. Le Quesne
Prof. Bernard P. Brennan
Will Sears Bricker II
David B. Chase, Ph.D.
William M. Gardner, Jr.
John E. F. Hodson
The Rt. Rev'd Jack Leo Iker
Mrs. Marrian Johnson
The Rev'd David C. Kennedy
Charles F. Peace IV
The Rev'd Stephen C. Petrica
Robert W. Scott

Stephen Page Smith
Mr. & Mrs. Frank E. Tolbert
The Rev'd F. Washington Jarvis
The Rev'd Canon James P. DeWolfe, Jr.
Charles F. Evans II
The Rev'd Dr. Kenneth W. Gunn-Walberg
The Rt. Rev'd Joseph M. Harte

Hymns sung at the Mass included "At Candlemas in white arrayed" (Repton), "Royal Charles, who chose to die" (Dix), "Lord, let the strain arise" (Diademata), "O Holy King, whose severed head" (Winchester old), and "With thankful hearts thy glory" (Woodbird). In addition the traditional sequence hymn, "Heavenly King, of kings the pastor" was sung to the tune, Evangelists. The organ prelude was Bach's Prelude and Fugue in E-flat, the postlude, Vierne's Symphonie I: Final. A videotape (VHS) of the Mass is available for $29. Copies of the programme of this 350th Anniversary Mass are also available. Please see the goods price sheet insert for information on both.

***2000 Annual Mass & Meeting – Church of the Ascension & Saint Agnes, Washington, D.C.*** will be held on Saturday 29 January 2000 at 11 a.m. Further details will be announced in the December, 1999, issue of *SKCM News*. We thank the Rev'd Lane Davenport, Rector of Ascension & Saint Agnes, for his kind invitation, as well as Philip Terzian, Ascension & Saint Agnes Chapter Secretary.

*At the London Celebration:* The Lord Bishop of London preaching;
altar with relics set up in front of canopied throne (photo, Rev'd W. H. Swatos, Jr.)

***The London Celebration*** on Saturday 30 January 1999 was held jointly with the Royal Martyr Church Union. Celebrant of the Mass was the Rev'd Barrie Williams, Joint President of S.K.C.M. in Great Britain. The service was attended by our London correspondent, who reports, "This special anniversary of the Martyrdom of King Charles I was once again celebrated in London, at the Banqueting Hall in Whitehall from whence the Royal Martyr was taken to his death. This magnificent hall is the last remaining part of the old Palace of Westminster.

"Crowds assembled outside the hall in Whitehall before the service, to witness the placing of the traditional wreath at the fine bust of King Charles above the doorway. Then they streamed into the great chamber for the High Mass of remembrance, and many people (including this correspondent) were compelled to stand at the back and around the sides.

"The altar was erected before the canopied throne which dominates the hall, and was decorated with the additional furnishings of relics of the Royal Martyr. A fine choir sang the setting of the Mass unaccompanied, and similarly led the congregational parts and hymns, which were sung with great fervour.

"Most appropriately, the Preacher was The Right Reverend and Right Honourable Richard J. Chartres, the present Lord Bishop of London, the third most senior cleric in the Church of England, ranking after the Archbishops of Canterbury and York. A number of sermons are called inspirational; this sermon deserved the word. Bishop Chartres, with his usual firm and positive delivery, is always worth attention.

"Your correspondent is of the impression that there were more communicants than had been expected, and certainly no one went away without feeling uplifted, or the knowledge that King Charles is still well and truly honoured by very many faithful members of the Church."

**Other Celebrations of Saint Charles's Day, 1999**

Society member and **Great Plains Chapter** organizer Nick Behrens reports that the official Omaha observance took place on Saturday morning 6 February at Saint Barnabas Church. About 35 people attended the service. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated with the Office of Sung Morning Prayer serving as the Liturgy of the Word. The Rev'd Fr. Robert Scheiblhofer, Rector of Saint Barnabas, delivered the homily (printed at p. 16) and officiated at the Mass. The Very Rev'd Thomas Hurley, Dean of Trinity Cathedral in Omaha, led Morning Prayer and served as deacon of the Mass. The Rev'd Ernest Gerhard of Saint James Church, Fremont, Nebraska, served as sub-deacon.

The canticles and service music were led by the choir of Saint Barnabas Church, assisted by some choristers from Trinity Cathedral. Other choral music included "Call to Remembrance" by Richard Farrant and "The Lord's Prayer" by Robert Stone. The hymns sung were "The praise of Charles, our Martyr King" (Winchester New), "Gathered within this holy place" (Caithness), "Lord, let the strain arise" (Diademata), "With thankful hearts Thy Glory" (Llanfyllin), and "I vow to thee my country" (Thaxted). A reception provided by members of the Monarchist League was served in the church undercroft. Thanks to Mr. Behrens and the Monarchist League chapter for organizing and supporting this commemoration.

The Rev'd Charles McClean, a member of the Society, reports that he celebrated the regular 9 o'clock mass on Saturday 30 January 1999 at **The Church of the Advent, Boston**, which was of Saint Charles. There were about ten worshippers at the service.

At **The Parish of All Saints, Ashmont**, in Boston, Saint Charles was commemorated at the main Sunday Mass on 31 January. The celebrant of the Mass was the Rev'd Michael J. Godderz, Rector of All Saints. The sermon was by Society member the Rev'd F. Washington Jarvis. Father Jarvis alluded to the shrine of the Royal Martyr at All Saints, visible from the pulpit, with its legend, "Remember". In his sermon, he told why we should remember, as he recalled specific events in the life, passion, and martyrdom of Saint Charles. As he put it, Charles was someone whose actions made a difference.

Society member Charles Barenthaler reports that King Charles the Martyr was remembered at the Sunday morning Adult Forum on 31 January 1999 at **Saint Andrew's Episcopal Church**, Lorcom Lane, North **Arlington, Virginia**. Father Randolph M. Bragg, Rector, presented a talk entitled "Charles, King and Martyr" to about 30 attendees. Lively conversation concerning an interest in King Charles developed afterwards. Several parishioners asked to learn more about King Charles and Archbishop Laud.

From **Grace and Saint Peter's, Baltimore**, Father Robert Speer, Associate, writes that since all Society members and supporters had gone to the Annual Mass at S. Clement's, Philadelphia, there was no second person to assist at Mass! Accordingly, he read the service of Ante-Communion, praying at the Shrine of Saint Charles.

The Rev'd Canon Cames P. DeWolfe, Jr., *SSC*, writes that he celebrated the Mass of Saint Charles on 30 January at **Saint Gregory's Church, Boca Raton, Florida**, at the invitation of the Rector, Father Price.

Father Douglas Hungerford writes from **Holy Trinity Church, Peru, Indiana**, that 30 January was observed with a Low Mass with propers as in the Anglican Missal, American Edition.

The Rev'd Shawn W. Denney writes that a Solemn Mass was celebrated at 11 a.m. on Saturday 30 January at **Saint Luke's Church, Springfield, Illinois**, where he is priest-in-charge.

At **Nashotah House**, a special Mass was celebrated on Saturday 30 January by the Very Rev'd Gary W. Kriss, Dean of Nashotah House.

American Region member the Rev'd Canon R. S. H. Greene, *SSC*, Hon. Assistant at the **Parish of Saint John the Evangelist, Calgary, Alberta**, writes that Saint Charles was commemorated with a Solemn Mass on Saturday 30 January. Father Greene preached the homily. The leaflet for the service contained a quote from Ronald Knox, "We claim for [Charles] the privileges of a saint, because he lived a life of personal holiness and devotion unexampled among the princes of his age, because he died at the hands of the enemies, the avowed enemies, of the Church, because his death was sealed by miracles wrought by God's grace even from the handkerchiefs which had been dipped in his blood.

"We venerate [Charles] also as a martyr, because he might at the last have saved his life if had been content to lose it by helping to destroy the order of Apostolic succession handed down to us from Augustine."

Society member and attorney Rob Booms writes from Albuquerque, New Mexico, that at the **Church of the Holy Faith, Santa Fe**, a New Mexico observance was held on 30 January 1999. The celebrant was the Rev'd Dr. Robert Dinegar. A congregation of nine was in attendance. There was a reading from King

Charles's Letter to the Prince of Wales, as well as some paragraphs of historical background provided by Mr. Booms, whom we thank for his furthering the Cause in the Southwest.

The Rev'd Richard B. Gates, personal chaplain to the Rt. Rev'd Mark Pae, writes that he celebrated 30 January at the **Chapel of Saints Francis and Clare** in **Philadelphia**. In his sermon for the occasion, Father Gates detailed the reasons in support of Charles's sainthood, quoting from Mrs. Greville-Nugent.

The Rev'd Gordon D. V. Wiebe, Ph.D., *SSC*, writes that his community (**Saint George's Church, Spanish Springs, Nevada**, joined with The Rev'd William E. Bauer, Ph.D., and **Saint Columba's, Fernley, Nevada**, for a special Mass on 30 January. In a letter, Father Wiebe points out, quite rightly, that Society members should also be sure to commemorate 10 January, the martyrdom of Blessed William Laud, the Royal Martyr's faithful Archbishop. His optional commemoration has been added to ECUSA's calendar.

***Canonization of Saint Charles was celebrated by the New York Chapter*** on Saturday 24 April 1999. Organized so successfully by Dr. Bernard Brennan for several years now, this was another success, with three dozen attending the Mass, celebrated by the Rev'd Peter Cullen, Rector of Saint Paul's, Brooklyn. Nearly all those attending joined together for luncheon and fellowship. The American Representative was able personally to express his thanks to Dr. Brennan, Father Cullen, and all the members of the New York Chapter for their exemplary work in support of the Royal Martyr's Cause.

***Where our members live.*** It may be of interest to know the geographical distribution of S.K.C.M. members in the United States. We send the mailings to 40 states and DC comprising 342 different addresses at latest count. Each address represents at least one member (some of them constitute husband/wife members).

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|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| More than 20 addresses: | PA | VA | NY | FL | MA | MD | | | | | |
| 10 - 20 | CA | DC | TX | CT | SC | WI | | | | | |
| 5 - 9 | NJ | IL | NC | OH | AL | GA | IN | MI | MN | AZ | NE |
| 2 - 4 | IA | NH | CO | KY | LA | ME | TN | DE | MS | NV | |
| 1 | AR | KS | MO | NM | OK | OR | RI | WA | | | |
| None | AK | HI | ID | MT | ND | SD | UT | VT | WV | WY | |

***Our Episcopal Patron, The Rt. Rev'd Joseph Harte,*** *D.D., S.T.D., D.Min.,* celebrated his 60th ordination anniversary on 11 April 1999. A special service was held at All Saints' Episcopal Church and Day School, Phoenix, Arizona, where Bishop Harte is Bishop-in-Residence. Taking part in the service were the Rev'd Canon Carl G. Carlozzi, D. Min., Rector of All Saints, and The Rt. Rev'd Robert R. Shahan, Ph.D., D.D., Bishop of Arizona. Bishop Harte was ordained to the priesthood at the Cathedral Church of Saint John the Divine, New York, on 11 April 1939, and was installed as II Bishop of Arizona on 14 October 1952. The Society presented Bishop Harte with a scroll of congratulation on this occasion. It was presented with appropriate remarks by the Rev'd Donald Langlois, S.K.C.M.

***The 350th Anniversary of the Royal Martyrdom*** was the subject of considerable notice in the British press, contrary to "the republican poet, Tony Harrison, in his recent rhyming refusal to be short-

listed for the post of Poet Laureate, [who] comment[ed] that the anniversary of Charles I's execution . . . has 'gone by with not a line'." (John McEwen in *The Sunday Telegraph,* 21 Feb. 1999) Or, as observed in "The Weasel" (*The Independent,* 30 Jan. 1999) in reference to the Royal Martyrdom, "It is a classic example of British understatement that this event, surely the most significant constitutional drama since the Norman conquest, is being marked by an exhibition consisting of two small display cases in the Banqueting House on Whitehall." Stimulating the interest, more significant than these quotes would suggest, were a number of exhibits, which are discussed in some detail, as space permits, below. In addition, Lee Hopkins comments on some of the London exhibits in his article, *A 350 Year Long Pilgrimage of Grace: 1649-1999*, appearing at p. 17. We are grateful to the Rev'd Peter Laister, the Rev'd Canon Barry E. B. Swain, the Rev'd Dr. Charles E. Whipple, the Rev'd Dr. Kenneth Gunn-Walberg, Don Foreman, and Michael and Peter Albertis for providing many interesting articles from a variety of sources.

Most noticeably, there is a change in attitude, a more balanced approach. Many writers are willing to challenge the broadly accepted Whig view of history and also the views of Marxist historians which have been prevalent over the past few decades. But some writers still show prejudice toward the Cause we know to be right. John Russell Taylor (*The Times,* 29 Jan. 1999) concludes his review of *The King's Head* exhibit (see below) with this incredible query: "After all, isn't the point about the English Civil War surely that the Roundheads were right but repulsive, while the Cavaliers were romantic but wrong?"

In its editorial on 30 January, *The Times* acknowledged the shift in views among historians. "Under the influence of eminent figures such as Christopher Hill and Lawrence Stone, themselves more than a little touched by Marxism, the story told was of an 'English revolution'. This seminal conflict had been caused by economic factors, the eclipse of the aristocracy and the long-term rise of the English gentry. All other aspects of the war were distinctly secondary. Historians expended enormous energy on radical dissenters such as the Diggers and Levellers who were regarded as forefathers of 20th-century English socialism.

"The collapse of Marxism as a political force in the 1980s had intellectual ramifications too. It encouraged a revisionism that distrusted long-term explanations for particular events, cycles of history, ideological movements or anything else that smacked of inevitability. . . .The role of religion—largely dismissed as little more than a cloak for economic interests two decades ago—is today seen as the main explanation for the constituencies and course of the conflict. As a result, those once fashionable Levellers and Diggers sit stranded on the academic sidelines."

The editorial goes on to draw some parallels between political issues of today—England's relations with Scotland, Wales, and Ireland—and the difficulties in Stuart times of ruling three very different kingdoms, England, Scotland, and Ireland. The differences were most pronounced in the area of religion. The editorial closes, "through his death Charles achieved his finest victory. Sheer repugnance at regicide discredited his executioners and ultimately assured that they could not construct an alternative constitutional settlement. On the scaffold Charles argued that he died for the monarchy and the Church of England. Some 350 years later we wholly agree."

A lengthy article in the *Church Times* (29 Jan. 1999) by Ted Harrison provided a very sympathetic overview of our Cause, discussing the early veneration of Charles as a saint, and of relics, the explicit parallels between Charles's sufferings and Our Lord's Passion, churches dedicated to King Charles the Martyr, and specific mention of the Royal Stuart Society and the Society of King Charles the Martyr. Harrison quotes Dr. David Edwards (*Christian England*): "The King virtually signed his own death warrant when he refused to abandon the bishops in order to purchase the support of the Scots. That is his best claim to the title of martyr."

Included with the article are photographs of anonymous miniatures, painted on mica, in which more than a dozen painted overlays, largely transparent, may be placed over a portrait of King Charles to show him being prepared for his execution, the axe being readied, and, finally, decapitated. One of the overlays is a blindfold, not historically accurate as Charles refused the blindfold. Two such sets, called 'Passions' were on exhibit at the Queen's Gallery. Also published with this full-page article was the early depiction of *Charles as Martyr, in prayer,* by William Faithborne (mezzotint, *c.* 1680), a favorite of mine.

Harrison closes by writing, "Historical events are quickly forgotten if they are of little or no importance to people in later ages. The execution of Charles I was not of that nature. . . . [T]omorrow, when wreaths are laid at Charles I's statue in Trafalgar Square, and the Bishop of London preaches at a service in the Banqueting House in Whitehall, it will not be dead ceremonial but the embodiment of a range of very live concerns."

Susan Elkin, writing in *The Times Weekend* (30 Jan. 1999), provides information on many regular tourist locations associated with Charles I, as well as some of the special opportunities this anniversary year. One such occurred between 30 January and 18 April at the Royal Armouries Museum in Leeds. The exhibit, entitled *To Kill a King*, covered the King's final year. The King's hand-engraved personal armour, covered in gold leaf, was among the items exhibited.

Details are given concerning Dunfermline Palace (Charles's birthplace, now in ruins), the museum at Naseby, Carisbrooke Castle, and Christ Church Cathedral and Merton College, Oxford. In her article, Elkin speaks too of Greenwich, which "was one of [Charles and Henrietta Maria's] favourite haunts. . . .[T]he Palladian Queen's House, designed by Inigo Jones, is currently closed for Millennium improvements. . . . Think of Charles—who loved the ships' tar and timber smells of Greenwich—relaxing in this opulent elegance with the young wife he adored, their evenings enlivened by extravagant masques which Jones designed, and in which Henrietta Maria loved to take part."

Entitled "The impeachment trial that ended in judicial murder", an essay by Andreas Whittam Smith in *The Independent* (1 Feb. 1999) is worthy of publication in its entirety. From a legal perspective, Smith details the injustices associated with the trial of Charles. For example, when the House of Commons was proclaimed a "high court of Justice", "[T]he Lord Chief Justice refused to have anything to do with the idea; nor would his senior colleagues. Even eminent lawyers friendly to the Government advised moderation. In the end a junior judge who, two years earlier had publicly described the Head of State as 'worse than Nero' was appointed." So much for judicial impartiality. Smith cites a number of further specific details of the trial and sentencing, each compounding the injustice. He closes by recalling the scene on 30 January 1649:

"When he stepped onto the planks, Charles gave his Garter insignia to Bishop Juxon, saying 'remember'. What did he mean by this injunction? Juxon took it as a reminder that he should give the medal to the King's heir; the future Charles II. I take it to mean—remember; this is judicial murder, the most heinous crime that states can commit."

In an article boldly headlined "Charles, the royal martyr" in *The Daily Telegraph* (30 Jan. 1999), Daniel Johnson discusses Charles's role at an important turning point in history, saying that "the Interregnum gave birth to modern political thought—to Hobbes, Milton, Locke. Henceforth, the restored monarchy rested on contractual, not metaphysical foundations." He goes on to explain the two viewpoints of Charles: That he was a martyr; and that he was a tyrant. He discusses two prints of Charles I, familiar to him. One is a 1625 print in which the newly-crowned King Charles is shown with orb and sceptre, sword and helmet, gloves and hat, and books, pen and inkwell, denoting his majesty, his military prowess, his elegance, and his erudition, respectively. The inscription used the term Great Britain, recently coined

by Francis Bacon (disgraced Lord Chancellor of James I) to denote the unity of England and Scotland, referring to Charles as "Great Britain's great Hope". The other print discussed is the frontispiece from *Eikon Basilike*, familiar to all of us. These prints epitomize the change, from the promise of a Stuart ascendancy to the acceptance of the martyr's crown. Johnson also refers to Shakespeare's *Richard II*, mentioning that this dramatic portrait of a king deposed was banned after the Restoration. Johnson concludes his article with the statement, "Charles I's martyrdom saved the three things he cared about most: the monarchy, the Church of England and the Stuart succession."

***Charles I's treasure ship,*** **The Blessing of Burntisland** sank in 1633 while crossing the Firth of Forth shortly after the Scottish coronation of Charles I. After eight years of investigation, led by archaeologists and with the help of the Royal Navy, it is believed that the ship may have been found, literally on the eve of the 350th anniversary of King Charles's beheading. Its cargo is supposed to comprise the wardrobe of Charles I, jewels, kitchen equipment, a 280-piece silver dinner service commissioned by Henry VIII, and possibly important state documents.

***The King's Head - Charles I: King and Martyr***, a splendid exhibit at the Queen's Gallery, Buckingham Palace, commemorating the 350th anniversary of the Royal Martyr's beheading, ran from 29 January to 3 May. It included the van Dyck triple portrait, sometimes on display at Windsor Castle. Other major portraits were Daniel Mytens's 1628 full-length portrait and van Dyck's 1637/8 equestrian portrait of Charles I in armor. The American Representative, who was privileged to visit the exhibit during April, found it hard to tear himself away from the gallery. There were so many items to which one wanted to return. For example, it is hard to put into words the impression conveyed by the triple portrait. Van Dyck's artistry was such that one felt one really knew Saint Charles much better after careful study of the portrait—his face, his demeanor, his eyes. The latter occasioned Bernini's famous comment about Charles's gloomy countenance, but one can also read strength, determination, and, yes, a sadness at the direction in which he certainly foresaw England going.

Among the many treasures of the exhibit were portraits of Charles which went back to age twelve, one just after he was invested with the Order of the Garter. This was an Order of which he was always very proud, whose insignia figures in many of the portraits, and whose badge (the so-called Lesser George, as it bore the image of Saint George, patron of England, and was the badge worn everyday, not the ceremonial insignia) was handed to Bishop Juxon on the scaffold with the word, "Remember." The portrait at age twelve begins a series of miniatures, painted by court painters, often in conscious imitation of famous portraits (by artists such as Mytens and van Dyck) for use as gifts to favorites. It was a rare treat that so many of these, some never before exhibited publicly, were collected together. Portraits in medallic art, both coinage and specially-struck medals were included, as were many engraved prints. Prints were the main way, other than coinage, for the public to know the king's appearance, but the skill of the engravers varied dramatically, from crude woodcuts to pieces of remarkable artistry. Many works were printed by royal privilege, that is, these portraits were sanctioned or official. Wenceslaus Hollar, Willem Jacobsz. Delff, and Robert van Voerst, all Dutch, were among the most skilled. We know Bernini's bust of Charles from van Voerst's engraving.

The important and hagiographic Eikon portrait is discussed, in the context of the book, *Eikon Basilike*, which appeared only a few days after the King's beheading. John McEwen wrote (*The Sunday Telegraph,* 21 Feb. 1999), "The republican government could do little to curb its popularity and within a

year it had run through 40 editions, the first example of a best-seller. Although the text is in the first person it is only recently that scholars have confirmed that it really was written by Charles."

Some spectacular examples of sculpture were included. It is indeed a tragedy that Bernini's bust, carved using van Dyck's triple portrait as a model, was destroyed in the fire of Whitehall Palace in 1698. But one of the busts on display was documented as being a very skilled copy of Bernini's, attributed to Francis Bird, who possessed a plaster cast of the face of Bernini's bust. Also included were bronze sculptures by Hubert Le Sueur, known for his 1630s equestrian statue at Charing Cross.

The triple portrait is again available in postcard form, since it was republished in connection with this exhibit. A limited number of the exhibit catalogues have been purchased for the convenience of members, only while they last. Please see the goods price list (insert) for ordering information.

Among the items in the exhibit was a printed broadside reading as follows:

**PIOUS INSTRUCTIONS**

which were found hanging up in a Black Ebony Frame, written in Gold,

in King Charles I's CLOSET, soon after his Death.

| | |
|---|---|
| Thoughts | Heavenly, Timorous, Religious |
| Will | Firm, Obedient, Mature |
| Words | Few, Honest, Unfeigned |
| Works | Profitable, Godly, Pure |
| Behavior | Discreet, Courteous, Cheerful |
| Diet | Moderate, Meet, Frugal |
| Apparel | Comely, Clean, Decent |
| Sport | Honest, Short, Seldom |
| Prayer | Brief, Faithful, Frequent |
| Sleep | Temperate, Quiet, In due Time |

***A Corruptible Crown*** was an exhibit at the Banqueting House in Whitehall. It ran from 31 January to 27 March. What one commentator called "the most chilling object in this small exhibition of memorabilia", the actual death warrant, was on display, the distinctive signature "O. Cromwell" third on the list. There were also a pair of embroidered gloves worn by the King on the day of his beheading, loaned by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a crocheted cap worn by the King. In addition, a splinter of wood from the Royal Martyr's coffin was on display. It was donated by our parent Society, according to a newspaper article (*The Independent,* 30 Jan. 1999) which goes on to comment that the Society is "still active after three and a half centuries", not realizing that we were founded only in 1894.

***Cromwell, Warts and All*** was an exhibit at the Museum of London coinciding with the 350th anniversary of the Royal Martyrdom, doubling as a commemoration of the 400th birthday of Oliver Cromwell, although it closed before the actual 400th birthday, 25 April. In *The Daily Telegraph,* John McEwen wrote that "Charles steals the show with the waistcoat he is said to have worn for his execution." As mentioned elsewhere, this particular relic has now been well authenticated but there are more than three 'shirts' making this claim. According to Ted Harrison (*Church Times,* 29 Jan. 1999) the three most important shirts are the one in the collection of the Ashburnham family in Sussex, the one at the Museum of London, and the one in the royal collection, owned by the Queen.

McEwen concludes his comments on this exhibit by speculating that perhaps Cromwell is now content. After all, "Tony Blair's presidential style and anti-royalist attack on the peerage have more than a smack of the Protectorship. Mr. Blair should be warned. Whatever Marxists say, Charles II's restoration was welcomed by his subjects—not 'citizens' as we have now sinisterly become—with profound relief."

***Nicholas and Alexandra, The Last Imperial Family of Tsarist Russia***, which ran through 31 December 1998 at the First USA Riverfront Arts Center in Wilmington, Delaware, was an exhibit for all with an interest in the Romanovs, martyrs of Bolshevism. The exhibit included some 400 items from the State Hermitage Museum (Winter Palace) in Saint Petersburg. Some if the items were a throne, a royal carriage, court costumes, period gowns, military uniforms, religious icons, a grand piano given by Nicholas II to the Empress Alexandra, and the Faberge Coronation Egg on loan from the Forbes family. The exhibit catalogue was published as a book (Robert Timms (Ed.), 1998, Harry N. Abrams, Inc., Publishers, 100 Fifth Avenue, New York NY 10011, ISBN 0-8109-3687-9, $75.)

The exhibit, ***Schittering van Spanje, Van Cervantes tot Velázquez*** (The Splendour of Spain, 1598-1648. From Cervantes to Velázquez), which featured art treasures from that golden age of Spain, was at the Nieuwe Kerk, Dam Square, Amsterdam 20 November 1998 to 8 March 1999. The American Representative was fortunate to view it shortly after its opening. It spanned the reigns of Philip III and Philip IV, the period from 1598, the year of Philip II's death, until 1648, the year when the Treaty of Munster ended the Eighty Years War between Spain and the Dutch. Ironically, the exhibit was opened by King Juan Carlos of Spain and Queen Beatrix of the Netherlands.

The exhibit included a number of spectacular paintings by Velázquez, El Greco, Zurbarán, and Murillo. I was particularly struck by a remarkable portrait of Saints Peter and Paul by El Greco, loaned to the exhibit by the Hermitage. In its strikingly modern style, and all in sepia tones but for Saint Paul's scarlet robe, this stark portrait captures the personalities of that indefatigable and zealous evangelist, the Apostle to the Gentiles, that great 'Lion of God', and of the fisherman, the Prince of the Apostles, depicted as exuding a sensitive, pastoral warmth. A Zurbarán portrait of Our Lady as a young girl, pious and earnest, wholesome and strong, also from the Hermitage collection, and a striking portrait of Our Lady (the Assumption, with the symbolism of the Apocalyptic vision; loaned by Iglesia de San Juan, Marchena, Seville) by the same artist, presented strong contrasts between an earthy, human realism and utter transcendence. The Immaculate One was a simple, Jewish girl. A Zurbarán portrait of the Spanish patron saint, Marina, an early Virgin and Martyr, from the Museo de Bellas Artes, Seville, depicts this early saint in the stylish court dress of the era. It is an example of how a religious subject (to which art was by and large restricted) could be utilized to provide what would appear to any superficial viewer to be a secular painting depicting an attractive young lady of the court.

The parallels between the Spanish court and the contemporary Stuart courts of James I and Charles I are significant. According to a Dutch tourist publication, "Philip IV, who came to the throne in 1621, collected more art than any other European king. He was not really interested in running a country, preferring to ride and to go to the theatre. He was responsible for making Velázquez court painter and befriended Rubens when he lived in Madrid." While these statements are oversimplified and somewhat hyperbolic, it is clear that Philip IV ranked with Charles I as one of the great patrons of the arts. Had the "Spanish match" been successful, the Stuarts and the Spanish Hapsburgs would have been united, an interesting subject for speculation among those indulging in alternative history. Elizabeth, wife of Philip IV, and Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I, were sisters: Their father was King Henry IV of France, and their brother Louis would become King Louis XIII.

Also included in the exhibit were liturgical vestments and church plate of the period. Some of the latter and coins also on exhibit were made from gold and silver objects obtained from South and Central America during more than a century of Spanish colonial activity. Intellectual activity in XVII Century Spain is also covered, including Cervantes, economics, and science and engineering.

***Articles in this Issue*** include book reviews by our regular reviewers Lee Hopkins and Sarah Gilmer. There are 'pilgrimage' articles by Father Bill Swatos and Lee Hopkins, each of whom returned from a pilgrimage to England in January with many experiences and observations of interest to Society members. We are all indebted to them for taking time to share their experiences with us. Father Catir's sermon from the Annual Mass at Saint Clement's is included, as is Father Scheiblhofer's sermon from the Great Plains celebration at Saint Barnabas, Omaha. Richard Mammana has contributed an article of considerable interest about Frederick Baron Corvo's imaginative piece on *The Tragedy of King Charles I.*

***New Goods Items*** include glossy, color postcards of Van Dyck's famous Triple Portrait, the profusely color-illustrated catalogue of 'The King's Head' exhibit, a videotape of the 30 January 1999 Annual Mass at S. Clement's, Philadelphia (setting: Haydn's *Heiligmesse*), and the souvenir programme from that Mass. All are included in the updated price list (insert).

## *R.I.P.*

***Inez Campbell DeWolfe,*** wife of the Rev'd Canon James P. DeWolfe, Jr., *SSC,* died 19 October 1998 in Fort Worth, Texas. Mrs. DeWolfe was a native of Tyler, Texas, and was a member of All Saints', Fort Worth, since her confirmation in 1953. She is survived by Canon DeWolfe, a member of S.K.C.M., two daughters, and five grandchildren.

***The Rev'd Robert M. Douglas, SSC***, died on 6 November 1997. He is survived by his wife, Sheila Douglas, of Asheville, North Carolina.

***Philip Mahone Griffith, Ph.D.***, a retired college English professor and veteran of World War II (U. S. Army), died on 30 August 1998 at Monroe, North Carolina. His requiem was said on 2 September at Saint Paul's Episcopal Church, of which he was a member. He is survived by his two brothers, five nephews, and one niece.

*—Mark A. Wuonola, Ph.D.*
*American Representative*

## *The Owner, the Tenants, and the Son:*

## A Sermon Preached at Saint Clement's Church, Philadelphia, at the XVI Annual Mass of the Society King Charles the Martyr, Feast of Saint Charles, K.M., 30 January 1999

by the Rev'd Norman J. Catir, Jr.

> *Have you never read in Scriptures: the stone which the builders rejected has become the main corner-stone.*
>
> *—S. Matthew 21: 42*

Our Lord speaks these prophetic words to foretell his death and resurrection. But, in truth, such words may be applied to countless men and women who have staked their lives on the cornerstone, Jesus Christ, have willingly given their bodies up to death, and then have been rewarded with the martyr's crown.

Clearly the words of the text foreshadow the martyrdom which Blessed Charles Stuart endured and accepted at the hands of men, people not unlike the vineyard tenants described in today's gospel, who treated their landlord's servants and finally their landlord's son himself to suffering and to death in their vain hope of snatching the son's inheritance for themselves.

Well, what *was* at stake in the conflict which generated the English Civil War during the fifth decade of the XVII Century? Who was the landlord in this struggle, who were the tenants, and who was the son?

Surely the parallel is clear to you. God was the Landlord of the vineyard, the realm of England. The tenants were those forces of Commonwealth and Parliament which rose up against their anointed King. And the son was Charles Stuart, who without question represented Divine sovereignty over his realm.

During the 350 years since the English Civil War, secular ideas have encouraged us in the thinking that sovereignty exists in the will of the people alone. Yet even in this relativistic time, we still pay verbal homage to the more ancient concept of sovereignty, first voiced in the Holy Scriptures of the Old Covenant by the Prophet Samuel, when in our pledge of allegiance to the flag we affirm "one nation, under God."

For Christians, God's *essential sovereignty* must ever be so. In the age of Kings, Charles Stuart *held the Divine stewardship of sovereignty* over his people. He, like other monarchs of the day, lived and ruled as a sacramental sign of God's Lordship over his vineyard, the realm of England. It would be a grave mistake for us to judge the events of the 1630s and 1640s without understanding this, then generally accepted notion, that the King governed and all the other persons, instruments, and agencies of government derived their legitimacy from the King, God's anointed Sovereign. If not for what earthly purpose kingly anointing anyway?

In consequence to lay one's hand upon the anointed agent of God was tantamount to rebellion against God Himself. Following the same reasoning, if agents of rebellion essayed ruthless success for their cause, murder, destruction of the man who represented and embodied God's anointed will among His people, became a practical necessity.

To add to the situation in mid-XVII Century England, not only God's will with respect to the government, but God's will for the sort of religion practiced by the nation was at stake. For Charles's adversaries espoused a Puritan and Presbyterian expression of the Christian faith, at sharp variance with the

Elizabethan Settlement of the XVI Century. This was a settlement which could hardly have been assumed to have been settled, given the unrest in England which arose subsequent to the first Act of Uniformity of Henry VIII in 1534 and continuing into the XVII Century.

I think it fair to say that the English Reformation extended over a much longer period of time than any of the reformations on the Continent, which are usually dated to one event or one declaration or one short period. I should date the reformation of the Church of England to lie between 1534, when Henry VIII first set off, he knew not what, until 1660 when Charles II, the Martyr's son, returned from his unwanted 'travels' to an unexpected reception by a land long sickened by the regicide of their Sovereign. This covered 126 years of religious struggle. It took that long to determine which way the Church of England would go—to Geneva or to Rome or to some other place. Unfortunately for the devout faithful, all too few national and Church leaders understood Queen Elizabeth's prescient figure of speech in her answer to this question, "Will it be to Geneva or to Rome?": "Why sir, to neither, of course, but to Canterbury, a little town halfway betwixt."

Those who took the life of their King knew; *Charles Stuart himself knew,* that the future of the English Church depended upon his steadfast loyalty to a Church which was Catholic and yet reformed. Oliver Cromwell and the rebellious Parliamentarians knew that in order to destroy the catholicity, abhorrent to them, in the Church, they had to destroy the monarch who was so closely tied to the Church and to the Church's defense.

Church and Crown in the XVI and XVII Centuries were inextricably linked. And for the time which Cromwell and his followers temporarily severed the two, the Elizabethan Settlement of the Church of England was but a fond and vivid memory for those loyal to it—the then silent majority.

That "that little town" halfway between Geneva and Rome remained strong and increasingly fond and vivid in memory during the Cromwellian ascendancy, bears witness to the essential rightness of King Charles's martyrdom. For clearly mid-XVII Century England and the Church of that day would not and did not work without King and Church. The Lord Protector maintained his government by force and shrewdness, but who on earth could truly believe in Cromwellian sovereignty? The people under him became restive and the Church of England, the Church, became more surely miserable under his persecution of smashed altars, broken windows, prayer books destroyed, and sanctuaries desolated as stables.

At Cromwell's death, his son had not the 'moxie' to wield the dictator's iron rod. It was but a short time before the heirs of the Commonwealth approached young Charles Stuart in France to return and take up his father's throne. Indeed, the stone which the (Commonwealth) builders had rejected, became the main cornerstone of the realm.

And with the return of the King, came the return of the Church of England as conceived and developed throughout the Elizabethan settlement. Through that fine thing, King Charles's endurance of "the pain of undeserved suffering, because God was in his thoughts", the Church endured. Through King Charles's fine thing came new life for his realm and for God's Church.

Charles's was a true Christian martyrdom accepted, not sought, endured though unlooked for, because as King, God, not expediency, was in his thoughts.

It has frequently been observed that the Stuart Kings, and in particular Charles I, were not astute politicians or clever diplomats. I think this probably a fair observation. But without reference to any Stuart King but Charles, I should counter this observation with this question, "Was the Civil War era a time when diplomacy would have worked to save the Church and Crown?"

Or were not those forces of discontentment which had troubled both Church and state for more than 100 years bound to push their ideas of a purified Church and Commonwealth to their own extreme

conclusions? Was not the shedding of a Kingly martyr's blood inevitable and necessary in order to bring the nation to its senses and the Church back to her true identity?

And what of us today? What can we learn from the death of a martyr King? This Martyr King!

That there are ideals, principles, and causes worth dying for? That expediency can never take the place of excellency? That leadership is a call to responsibility and good stewardship, not proud boasting and privilege? That death is not the end? That resurrection in Christ is possible, indeed has been promised by Him?

This all sounds very old-fashioned amidst our relativistic today, doesn't it? It certainly is very old, a very ancient truth, proved by the endurance of the Church Catholic and by the deep instincts in our race which still yearn and cry out for decency, if not nobility; for honesty, if not for purity; for fairness and equity, if not for selfless love. If this is very old-fashioned, then perhaps these words form a judgment on our time and not on the time of Charles Stuart.

"For it is a fine thing if a man endure the pain of undeserved suffering because God is in his thoughts", Saint Peter tells us. Do you believe this? I know that I want to believe in the truths of these words; and I hope and trust that you want to live by them as well.

Why? Because Christ suffered on your behalf, and thereby left you an example: it is for you to follow in His steps. It is for *us* to follow in the steps of our Divine Master and Redeemer.

May the example and the prayers of Blessed Charles, King and Martyr, ever work to our illumination and strengthen our love, as we follow in the steps of our Divine Brother, Jesus, the Son of God, who is the owner of the vineyard, tenanted by you and me. Blessed Charles, pray for us.

*Father Catir, for 28 years Rector of the Church of the Transfiguration (the 'Little Church around the Corner'), New York City, retired in December, 1998. He now resides in Providence, Rhode Island.*

## A Sermon Preached at Saint Barnabas Church, Omaha, at the Commemoration of King Charles the Martyr, 6 February 1999

by the Rev'd Robert Scheiblhofer

"Remember." This one simple word stands at the head of all the publications of the Society of King Charles the Martyr. "Remember." Memory seems a commodity in short supply these days. Everywhere I go, I hear people saying that they have a difficult time remembering things. I find myself often in the same boat. It used to be I would go downstairs and wonder what I had gone down for. Now, when I find myself downstairs, I wonder whether I'm heading down or going up.

Memory is an important part of our lives as human beings. Without it we have no sense of who we are, of where we've been, of what we've done. Without it we would have to repeat tasks over and over. Without it we are doomed to repeat the same mistakes.

We are called here this morning to remember. We need to ask ourselves what it is we are to remember. Is it the life, death, and witness of a king who lived many years separated from us? Is it the succession of men who stand in the footprints of the Apostles—a line which gives us legitimacy, definition, tradition, history? These things sound so far removed from us, so academic, so lifeless. Are we here only to eulogize, to 'museumize', to spend a few moments among dusty subjects only to return to our daily tasks no better for the time spent here? Without memory this would be the case. We would simply be dusting off the dry bones of history merely to put them back on the shelf until the next time they are toted out. But the remembering that we do is not about the past—it is about the present and future.

The very word, "remember", has its roots in action. "Remember" is a verb in the active voice. It has to do with putting together again—with re-gathering that which has been separated, spread apart and putting it back into a unified whole. This ability to "remember" is what's missing in persons with memory disorders. They recall dissociated bits and pieces, but are not able to put them back into a unified whole. When we remember, we gather together scattered fragments into a once again living entity—much as the dry bones in Ezekiel's vision are clothed anew in muscle and flesh.

What then would Charles have us remember? The January snow reddened by martyr's blood? The sight of a king marching resolutely to the block? We are riveted by the sight of a king being led to the gallows. Charles would have us look to a different king being led to the gallows—the King of kings and Lord of lords, hung upon the Saving Tree. It is for this King that Charles gave his life. It is this King that he would have us remember. It is this King whose subjects we are and to whom we owe the allegiance of our lives in faithful service. At the heart of the matter, Charles didn't give his life for stale formulas or lifeless doctrines. He gave his life in obedience to his Lord and Master. Listen to the words he wrote to his son from his prison cell. "With God, I would have you begin and end, who is the King of kings . . . the true glory of princes consists in advancing God's glory."

In a few moments we will sing a hymn that was unknown to Charles, but with whose sentiments he would heartily agree. It speaks of vowing service to country—of remembering who we are and what our duties are as an earthly community. But it goes beyond that to remind us of the greater Kingdom of which we are citizens—the Kingdom for which Charles truly gave his all. It is about "another country we've heard of long ago". It is about a Kingdom which we are called to remember—"remember" in the sense of calling to mind and "remember" in the sense of putting back together. Her fortress is a faithful heart—her pride is suffering. It is the Kingdom for which Charles shed his blood, as Her King had done for Her centuries before. It is this Kingdom to which we are called to become living stones. It is about the Kingdom of Heaven—and about Her Lord and Master, Christ Crucified. It is to this Kingdom, and Her glorious Lord, that we are called by Charles, and by countless numbers of the martyr throng, to be thankful, to be faithful, and to remember.

*Father Scheiblhofer is Rector of Saint Barnabas Church, Omaha.*

## *A 350 Year Long Pilgrimage of Grace: 1649-1999*

by Lee Hopkins

Arriving in London on the long sigh of a jet aircraft last January, I began a two week trip following the path of Archbishop William Laud and King Charles I to their martyrdoms.

Subsequent events have proven that their graves could not contain them. Psalm 116 tells us that "precious in the sight of the Lord is the blood of his saints", yet the Anglican Church no longer officially commemorates the murders of these two men to whom the Church owes its continued existence. Their voluntary sacrifice assured the continuation that too few of us, priests and laity alike, fittingly recall either inwardly or outwardly.

This trip to England, one of many over the last thirty years, began on 10 January, the 354th anniversary of the Archbishop's beheading, and ended before the impressive private ceremonies in Whitehall that honored the 350th commemoration of the similar fate Charles I met with equal valor on 30 January 1649. [An accompanying article by Father Swatos recounts his experiences including that commemoration in the Banqueting House, Whitehall; see p. 21.]

Walking past Charing Cross, I recalled that about 90% of all previous religious art was destroyed by Puritans during the little more than a decade that Cromwell's Rule Of The Saints held sway over Britain, a reign supposed to last for all time, but of about the same duration as Hitler's Thousand Year Reich that lasted from 1932 til 1945. This recollection came about as I was at the site of what had been the exquisitely carved Charing Cross of Queen Eleanor of Castile, one of nine monumental Eleanor Crosses erected around the country by her husband Edward I after her death in 1290, to mark the extended route of her funeral cortege. This had been the woman who had gone with him to the Crusades, and saved his life by sucking venom from his wound sustained from a poisoned arrow. Public devotion still clung to this cross, already ancient by the time the Puritans gleefully smashed it in 1647.

Turning left past Trafalgar Square, it seemed to me that despite the autistic official attitude of Canterbury to its saviours, interest in their true significance seems to be growing.

Evidence of this appeared after I walked down Whitehall, saw the brave sight of a troop of Household Cavalry changing the guard at the Horse Guards Parade, across the street from the Banqueting House of Charles I, which has finally come into its own. For when I first went there, three decades ago, I simply deposited a fee beside a dozing attendant, and strolled, alone and unobserved, through the two floors of Inigo Jones's masterpiece, a kind of baroque town house with its paintings and murals by Van Dyck and Rubens, whose patron was Charles I. The Banqueting House was more than the name implies, for it was used for official functions by the fastidious King. Superior to the cramped and often decaying other facilities nearby, this structure afforded a suitable setting for the esthetic pomp and circumstance, the stirring fanfares and dignity of the court of this last Renaissance prince. And now, as I discovered, its significance and potential have been richly realized by a first rate curatorial staff. Learning of my purpose, they showed great interest in our Society, and desire liaison with our English branch to coordinate the swelling volume of requests for further information from growing numbers of visitors.

Once a kind of mausoleum, the Banqueting House now contains a small but literate gift and bookstore, a first rate video show of Stuart life and times, and a particularly evocative walkabout tape cassette guide.

In the great hall and throne room upstairs, under a ceiling painted with allegorical renderings by Rubens, commissioned by Charles to show the union of the English and Scottish nations by his father, you relive a noble past, with appropriate ceremonial music, as if the King sat enthroned at the other end of this splendid room, all windows and mirrors lightening a stormy January afternoon.

The protocol was this: Kneeling at the door, you would proceed past court dignitaries, men on the right, women on the left, drums and kettledrums intoning tunes of glory, to reverence again in the middle of the hall. At this, Charles would raise his hat as a gesture of respect. You then proceeded to the throne to kneel a third time, at which the King rose and came forward for personal greeting. In all, quite a contrast, in its easy Stuart grace, to the frozen, fearful ceremony common at other courts.

And it was here, on 30 January 1649, that the captive Charles walked under guard from Saint James's Palace to spend his last time on earth with his chaplain John Juxon. In early afternoon he walked down the stairs with the faithful priest, later to be Archbishop of Canterbury, to the scaffold outside.

The window he stepped through is no longer there, as the exterior was remodeled later in the century by Sir Christopher Wren, though otherwise the site is remarkably preserved, aside from the removal of an outside staircase common at that time for servants and tradesmen. Closed as a private royal chapel for 200 years, the Banqueting House was slowly restored to authenticity in the XIX Century.

Later, across the city, near Moorgate and built into the old Roman Wall, curator Hazel Forsyth at the Museum of London showed me around her Cromwell exhibit, which would end the next month with a seminar. This dynamic young woman had assembled various artifacts belonging to or closely associated

with Cromwell and Charles I that brought their era to life, whether the onlooker might be an expert in the field, or someone so likely in the 1990s to have never heard of either man.

Two things were of special interest. On display was the shirt Charles wore at his execution, once dismissed as a pious fraud but now authenticated, the subject of a good article in the January issue of *History Today*. And I was intrigued by Hazel Forsyth's description of a trove of documents from the 1640s she has collated, hitherto not systematically studied, if at all, which she thinks will shed a new perspective, a subtly nuanced point of view. Time will tell.

For time tells all, revealing to me why Winchester to Canterbury was a medieval pilgrimage route. I had been to all these places before, but putting them in sequential context created insight that was new.

Winchester was England's old capital, made so by Alfred the Great, and remaining coequal with London til Charles II decided otherwise as an economic necessity. This Wessex green and pleasant land had been the key to England's original source of wealth in the wool trade, and Winchester was its gateway, founded by Romans, and fought over ever since.

Both Winchester and nearby Basingstoke were devastated by Cromwell in a manner more like some Balkan war than an English campaign, and one of the hills surrounding Winchester is still called Oliver's Hill, recalling the artillery site that bombarded the walled city.

Charles I was particularly fond of Winchester Cathedral, and looking up from the longest nave in Europe you see the distinctive yet unobtrusive vaulting, with his monogram, that he added under the bell tower. This was a necessary reinforcement to accommodate the new and popular practise of ringing the tower bells in changes, which created greater weight and stress. So keen was the eye of the royal art collector, that his necessary addition flows seamlessly into the original medieval masonry. The same is true of the altar screen here he commissioned from Inigo Jones in 1638, for there is no intrusion of vulgar anachronism, the sort of earnest eyesores inflicted by Victorian restorations, or the more mildly inappropriate bell towers that Hawksmoor added to Westminster Abbey.

In Winchester Cathedral "you are here to kneel where prayer has been valid", as T. S. Eliot wrote, and whose ancestral origins are nearby in the village of East Coker. Eliot's *Four Quartets* are good company at Winchester Cathedral, reminding that:

> ". . . A people without history
> Is not redeemed from time . . . .
> So, while the light fails
> On a winter's afternoon, in a secluded chapel
> History is now and England."

And Winchester is England and history. Founded as Venda Belgarum by the Romans in 43 A.D., part of the original walls remain, connected to the Norman Westgate, by which you enter a charming small city that was home to and the final resting place of Jane Austen and Izaak Walton, where the flourishing boys' school is the oldest in England, near the episcopal palace where Bishop Gardiner gave a wedding party for Queen Mary and Philip II of Spain, and Bishop Henry of Blois founded the Hospital of Saint Cross for the genteel down and out in 1130, at which you may still ask for the 'wayfarer's dole' of bread and ale.

Consider the wayfarer's dole extracted from the cathedral by Cromwell's soldiers in 1642, as described at that time: "Being resolved to profane all that was canonical . . . they enter the church with colors flying, their drums beating . . . their troops of horse . . . rode up through the body of the church and quire, until they came to the altar; there they began their work, they rudely break down the table, and break

the rail, and afterwards carrying it to an ale house, they set it on fire, burnt the books of Common Prayer, and all the singing books belonging to the quire; they throw down the organ, and break the stones of the Old and New Testament, curiously cut out in carved work; . . . from hence they turn to the monuments of the dead, some they utterly demolish, others they deface." Onward Christian soldiers.

And onward to Windsor Castle, where the newly opened areas reveal to the public more of the royal suites than one official there told me he had seen in seventeen years of employment. It is truly a revelation of royal heritage, and after viewing it I returned, as in previous years, to Saint George's Chapel, where Charles I is buried near the choir stalls of the Order of the Garter, this highest order of chivalry already old when its shrine was built here in 1475. Covering the King's remains is a marble slab, placed by William IV in 1837, grouping the Royal Martyr rather peculiarly with Henry VIII, his wife Jane Seymour, and an infant child of Queen Anne, last of the Stuart monarchs.

To the left of the altar, a plaque bears this inscription: "Near this place lyeth the body of Captain Richard Vaughn of Carnovon: who behaved himself with great courage in the service of King Charles The First (of ever blessed memory) in the Civil Warrs: and therein lost his sight by a shot: in recompense whereof he was in July 1663, made one of the poor knights of this place. And died the 5th day of June anno domini 1700 in the 80th years of his age".

In the sixty-fourth year of my own age, I spent most of the final week of this trip in Oxford, winding up what had become an even more rewarding personal pilgrimage than my high expectations had anticipated.

Oxford is like the excavation of Troy, for it reveals a serial layering of the human chronicle.

Oxford was the King's headquarters during most of the Civil War, and is now the final resting place of Archbishop Laud.

To the Anglo Catholic sensibility, Oxford is the holy city of British heritage. Attending a noon Mass in Saint Mary's Church, one goes through the porch where a statue of Virgin and Child was erected upon the Tudor Church by Archbishop Laud, used for target practise by Cromwellian storm troopers, and caused one of his indictments for popery at his trial. Near the pulpit is the pillar where Archbishop Cranmer was chained and vilified before being burned, as were Bishops Latimer and Ridley nearby. At this same pulpit John Keble preached his Assize Sermon on 14 July 1833, launching the Oxford Movement, its momentum interrupted in 1845 when the vicar here, John Henry Newman, moved on to Rome.

During his lifetime, William Laud, the former scholarship boy from nearby Reading, did more for Oxford than probably anyone ever has. His patronage was of riches of both gold and scholarship, including his close contacts with Greek Orthodoxy that created a priceless trove of relevant books, with a wealth of Hebrew and Arabic materials unique then in the West. Much of his interest and donatives were focused on his alma mater, Saint John's College, which dates to 1555. He is buried under a commemorative window in the Tudor chapel.

Though Saint John's is not normally open to the public, a kindly gate porter let me visit the chapel. I was about to leave England, and lit a candle and prayed by the stained glass reminder of the man who had died 354 years earlier on the same date that I had arrived back in England. Though great reverence for this man is not unusual for one of my particular background, I was first intrigued by his story in college, and over many years have drawn very close, in a personal way, to his memory. No one else was in the chapel, except a vocal coach and his pupil, a lovely young lady who sang the pure notes of a Schubert song. And somehow it seemed a fitting tribute to that fine old priest.

Who storms the moss-grown walls of eld
And beats some falsehood down
Shall pass the pallid gates of death
Sans laurel, love, or crown;
For him who fain would teach the world
The world holds hate in fee—
For Socrates, the hemlock cup;
For Christ, Gethsemane.

—D. R. P. Marquis, "The Wages"

*Lee Hopkins, S.K.C.M., is a San Francisco writer who has authored a novel,* After They Learn to Dance*, and is completing a trilogy. He is a regular contributor to these pages. A graduate of UCLA, he heads Taskforce 2000, a worldwide communications, conferencing, and marketing service. An Episcopalian whose avocation is British travel, his biography appears in the 1996* Who's Who in the West.

## *A Pilgrimage of Remembrance*

by the Rev'd William H. Swatos, Jr., Ph.D.

Although for one reason or another I always seem to have been prevented from attending our American anniversary celebrations for Saint Charles, I had resolved that I would make every effort by God's grace to attend the 350th anniversary celebration in London, and I was rewarded in that venture—this, in spite of the fact that my own bishop was to be pontificating at the American celebration this year. (We finally caught up at Executive Council mid-February in Denver.)

I arrived in London on the 29th and spent most of the day checking times and places for the coming events. By the 30th, the weather had turned not only colder but also wetter. I was glad I had brought my Canterbury cap as well as my umbrella, so that I could take photographs without becoming completely soaked. The British like wool for a good reason, and the cap was none the worse for wear.

The 11:00 a.m. wreath-laying at King Charles's statue in Trafalgar Square featured a bagpipe and trumpets, prayers and scriptures, and the simple laying of wreaths. The crowd was relatively small. There was a heavy contingent of police visibly present, leading me to wonder whether they expected counterdemonstrations by Puritans, but it seems that coincidentally an anti-IRA rally was scheduled also for the Whitehall area shortly after we were done.

By the time we got to the Banqueting House, however, a large crowd had assembled for the wreath-laying at the entrance there, and no little jostling of umbrellas ensued. The group moved up the curved staircase into the Banqueting Hall itself. A large altar with a Jacobean frontal had been erected directly before the throne, and on it were several relics of the Royal Martyr. Some difficulties of communication had occurred about arrangements, however, so that whereas 250 chairs were supposed to be arranged, there were only 84, hence most of us stood, sat, or knelt on the floor. Total attendance was well over 300, and I was told the following day by one of the ladies who had assisted at the back of the hall that many people at that location came and left during the service—so there may well have been as many as 500. I was fortunate to get a side front spot among the latter majority, and we shared service leaflets which were also in short supply.

The Mass, celebrated with the ministers facing east, was the 1662 rite, with a Latin setting, sung *a capella* by the King's College London Singers. There was no instrumental music. The celebrant was the

Rev'd Barrie Williams, chaplain of the S.K.C.M., assisted by the Rev'd Derek White, chaplain of the Royal Martyr Church Union, and the Rev'd Royston Beal, chaplain of the Royal Stuart Memorial Society. The ceremonial was eclectic. The Lord Bishop of London, the Rt. Rev'd and Rt. Hon. Richard Chartres, vested in rochet and black chimere, preached. His sermon will undoubtedly appear in full in *Church and King.* I was impressed not only by what he said—which largely focused on Remembrance, and the connection between Eucharistic remembrance and Blessed Charles's "Remember", which he termed "remembering in a full-blooded way"—but also by the authority with which he spoke. I was also impressed by the number of young people in attendance, as well as by the number of those from the choir who chose to communicate. The Blessed Sacrament was received standing, with no lay administration, from only two communion stations. The liturgy lasted well over an hour and a half, but was clearly moving, and many went forward to venerate the relics following.

I had the good fortune to spot the Rev'd Derek White following the Mass and asked if I could tag along with him to the R.M.C.U.-sponsored luncheon. He proved a gracious host, and we set off at a fast clip to the Strand Palace Hotel. Once there, he introduced me to one of his parishioners at Saint Mary le Strand, David Roberts, who had been banner bearer at the Mass, and we had a delightful visit. They suggested I assist at Saint Mary's the next morning, and I decided to take them up on the offer. Father White also mentioned that a Eucharist had been scheduled for Saint George's, Windsor, where King Charles is entombed. It has always struck me as somewhat odd that the site of Saint Charles's entombment is not the site of the annual Mass, but there are apparently political and logistical considerations that stand against veneration at what would be the usual site for honoring a saint. Nevertheless, this year it seems as though an exception of sorts was made.

The luncheon was 'full course' and not rushed, so it was late in the afternoon by the time we went our separate ways, David taking me on a bit of a tour as we left. In my scouting and planning the prior day I had stopped by All Saints Margaret Street and saw that they would have Evensong in honor of Saint Charles's Day at 5:00 on the 30th, so I did a little window shopping, and the time had arrived. The University of London Church Choir provided the vocal music, with excellent organ accompaniment. The setting for the canticles was Howells's *Collegium Regale,* which has a truly ethereal Gloria Patri. Incense rose mightily. The congregation was considerably smaller, but the worship was glorious. These words of the concluding hymn *All my hope on God is founded*, particularly struck me:

Christ doth call one and all
Ye who follow shall not fall.

An evening chamber music concert at Saint Martin in the Fields, not specifically attentive to the occasion but excellent nonetheless, rounded out the day.

On Sunday morning I did indeed assist at Saint Mary le Strand at a full sung mass with incense that concluded with a marvelous sung Angelus. Then David, with his wife and two sons, drove me to Hemel Hempstead so that I chould visit with one of my former parishioners who was about to be received as a postulant of the Sisters of the Love of God. We had not seen each other for almost 25 years, and it was a good visit. Our paths had crossed in odd ways through others during that time, and it was fascinating to see the working of the Spirit in our lives and theirs. I made it back from Hemel Hempstead in time for Evensong and Benediction at All Saints, and the opportunity to discover the hospitality that comes with having a bar in the basement. I lectured in Bath on Monday, but was able to return to All Saints again for Candlemas Tuesday night. With an early morning flight the next day, I passed on the bar, sufficiently fortified with an hour-and-forty-minute Solemn High Mass done with impeccable skill and great grace. (I

should also add that the All Saints choir sang at both the Sunday and Tuesday evening liturgies and did so with equal excellence.)

So I will "Remember" 30 January now in a new and very personal way, and thank God He gave me this opportunity on my pilgrimage.

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## *Frederick Baron Corvo's* Tragedy of King Charles I

by Richard J. Mammana, Jr.

The following selection, a truly fascinating and very obscure piece on our Royal Martyr King Charles, comes from the pages of the *Gentleman's Quarterly* and from the pen of Frederick Rolfe, also known as Baron Corvo, or, as here, under his *nom de plume* "A. Crab Maid."

Its author is without a doubt one of the most colorful figures of an era of colorful figures indeed. A convert from Anglicanism to Roman Catholicism after an early encounter with Anglo-Catholicism in such prominent London churches as Saint Alban's, Holborn, he sought ordination to the priesthood for most of his life but was denied ecclesiastical approval of his perceived calling. Frederick Baron Corvo is unique even among English writers of the latter quarter of the last century for his creative and curious vocabulary, fantastic plots and imaginative settings. His historical fiction, with its intricate knowledge of things religious and arcane, is indicative of his own intense interest in the Church of his conversion.

This short essay is one of a series of at least 24 (perhaps as many as 30, or more) "Studies in Unwritten Literature" which included "Plato's *Dialogue Concerning the Music of Wagner*", "J. M. Barrie's *Harry Richmond*", "Machiavelli's *Despatches from the South African Campaign*", "Cicero's *Oration for Joan of Arc*", and "Max Beerbohm's *Light That Failed*". Not all of these clearly imaginative and undoubtedly witty short works have come down to us, because many were rejected for publication by magazines such as *The Monthly Review* and *The Outlook*. They earned no more than £13 6 s. 8 d. for their author–a pittance when Rolfe owed his landlady at least £160 and was living well beyond his means, smoking expensive meerschaum pipes and dreaming delusional dreams.

This piece shows Corvo's life-long interest in the Royal Martyr and the Jacobite line as well. An entire article could be devoted to the numerous references to the Jacobite cause and to individual Stuarts in his writings. In fact, he believed that the opposition of his ecclesiastical superiors to his devotion to the Stuarts was an important factor in their refusal to accommodate his habits in their seminaries, or to expedite his ordination.

My own discovery of Corvo came through his *Hadrian the VII*, a really delightful and intriguing book, which, understood in the context of its author's life, reveals much about his frustrated aspirations for ordination in the Catholic and Roman Church. This book tells the story of the fictional second English Pope; the first was Hadrian VI. The other indispensable segué into his works is not one of his own, but rather the masterful "Experiment in Biography" entitled the *Quest for Corvo*, by A. J. A. Symons (1934). A recent edition of this last work testifies to its enduring popularity and continued availability for those who may wish to read further. Several modern biographies exist, among them *Frederick Rolfe: Baron Corvo*, by Miriam J. Benkowitz (1977) and Donald Weeks's *Corvo: Saint or Madman* (1971). All are more thorough and modern than the *Quest*; none is as captivating.

Be warned, though: those who embark on Corvine journeys can find them long and involved. But they can be most rewarding, too, as I hope many will see from the piece below. However interesting Corvo's writings may be, it must be noted that his life cannot be held up as an example for Christian emulation. In matters personal and sexual, Rolfe was dissolute and incorrigible. His frequent repentance appears to have been sincere, but relapses came just as easily for him, and Corvo's earthly life ended with him poor, ill and destitute in a Venetian gondola though it need not have by far.

I close not with words of pretended warning, but rather with the same words that end Symons' biography: "Pray for his soul. He was so tired."

*Requiescat in pace.*

## Shakespeare's *Tragedy of King Charles the First*

Among the historical plays of Shakebaconspeare, two stand apart from the majority, on account of the particular lyrical tone with which the dramatic treatment of the subject is adorned. The former of these, *King Richard the Second*, marks an earlier period in Shakespeare's development; and his debt to Marlowe is undeniable, for we cannot fail to see that his *King Richard the Second* is an idealisation—and what an idealisation!—of Marlowe's *King Edward the Second*. But when, at a later date, Sir Francis once more dared to give us a lyrichistorical drama, his powers had reached maturity; and, on this account, we class his *Tragedy of King Charles the First* among the supreme achievements of literature. The lyrical character of the play is to be noted, not merely in the larger proportion of rhymed endings distinguishing this work from those written towards the close of William Bacon's career (a feature which has tempted certain critics of the chucklesome or Athenaeum order to assign an earlier date to the *Charles the First* than is warranted by the evidence), but also in the unitary structure of the tragedy. For we have here, not a history of England during a certain period of time, nor even the history of an English king during a certain period of his life, but rather the portrait of Charles Stuart painted by William Francis Shakebaconspeare in a series of scenes, which are selected merely because of the opportunities they afford to the poet of giving vivid expression to his preconceived notion of the man. Commentators who dabble in statistics tells us that King Charles is "in front" for a longer time, and has more lines to speak, than any other character in the Shakespearean drama. The physical strain thus laid upon the actor temerarious enough to attempt the part must have been obvious to all who were present at the recent performances of this most mind-grieving of tragedies. The only scene of prime importance in which the King is not upon the boards is the famous interlude before Laud goes forth to death. The character of the Archbishop is interesting, serving (as it does) as a foil to the King's, but rather as an umbratile quid, a kind of second or ghostly Charles distorted by the violence of strong lights concentrated on particular points. Laud is what Charles would have been had His Majesty not been royal and had He embraced an ecclesiastical career; while, in another place, Rupert says and does what Charles would have done and said had He been a soldier and not a king. Of course it is just the pathos of this kingship which gives the keynote to this as to all Shakespeare's historical tragedies–the utter inadequacy of the divinely sanctioned minister to the divinely constituted office. The pathos is the King's. It is due to the fact that he is not called to kingship of his own free will. He has no choice whatever. His birth and his breeding are against him–his birth, because it places him on the steps of the throne–his breeding, because no amount of breeding can make a king of a man who is not born king-like; and because it is of a king which prevents him from recognising his own unkingliness, or, if he does recognise it, from standing aside to cultivate mere manliness. Yes: the pathos is the King's. He is man, distinct from his fellow-men by no extraordinary gifts or graces of mind or body; and he is expected to be equal to–nay, to excel in–an office which demands eximious resources. Shakespeare saw this. His marvellous insight into the very core and kernel of all things enabled him to pierce beneath the canopy and crown of sovereignty; and to read, for all

ages, the heart, naked and bare, of the boy or man who sat upon the throne–a golden glorious pathetic pitiable image, worshipped or exsecrated by a world which knew him not. In *Henry the Fourth*, Shakespeare gave us the crowned adventurer: in *Henry the Fifth* he showed us the crowned knight, and won our sympathy for him as a model of honourable courage: in *Henry the Eighth* he left us no room to doubt the crowned country squire. And, while *Richard the Second* is the beautiful, thoughtless feudal lord, and while *Henry the Sixth* is the meek monk whose diadem weighs on the thorn-crown of his tonsure, in *John* and *Richard the Third* we have the crowned cad and the crowned dog. But in *Charles the First* the poet displays his conception of the crowned gentleman. The contrast between the exquisite personality of Charles and the clumsy violent verrucose grostestitude of the hypocritical arch rebels, of course, is depicted with unerring skill. We are made to feel that this White Majesty is one whom every poet ever should honour, serve and sing. The following will illustrate:

*K. Charles.* Faithless to Our Own friends?
Hath a king friends, as other men have friends?
Nay: for the flower of friendship bourgeoneth
but in the hearts of equals; and not one
is equal of the King. Yet, reverence
and love to Us from some hath been preferr'd:
from Us to some anon hath been return'd
Our royal acceptance and sincere regard:
not friendship: for the King hath not an heart
wherein to nurture it, as subjects have.
We deign'd the good archbishop and the earl
to your irregulous hands. That generous blood
ye spill'd. We deign'd it. Laud and Strafford both
fear'd God; and, next, honour'd their Lord the King.
They loved Us; and for us they laid their lives
down in the very greatness of their love,
not to propitiate the sheep-clothed wolves,
not e'en as a sacrifice to save the King:
for the King knoweth that His death is due,
as Laud and Strafford knew and were full glad;
and, when His hour shall strike, the King will go
as gladly–from the crown corruptible
unto the incorruptible: but those
brave sons of England duteously went
before their King. No more. 'Tis of the pains
of kingship that, for kingship, love must die.
But, of Our human heart, of love bereft,
which something irks Us–We'll not speak to you.
(Cromwell and Pym whisper apart, and then would speak.)
Look, sirs, upon these heaven'ly stars which shine,
pinned on the orfrey of night's purple robe. (Draws a curtain.)
Sometimes a star doth fall; it vanisheth
and no more is. They say that, in the sun,

full many a star doth fall; and quench its flame
in that vast fervence, whose great light doth draw
the lesser lights toward it, to fulfil
the glory of its candent coronal.
But, deem ye that one little star can fall
and die at its own will? Nay: none but God,
the Maker of the stars, can out-blot one.
And so, not ye, who have not made Us King,
nor We Ourself, eke can unmake the King:
that's the peculiar of the King of kings,
the Kingly Sun Who pales the Kingly Star.
Yet, an We could, of Our sole will We would
undo Ourself. The crown weighs heavily,
We would be rid of it, doff kingship, gently live:
but, when rude hands would rob Us of Our right
and tear away Our high regality,
then We resist to death. (Rises and covers.)
Nay: not for all
the clamours of nott-pated practisants,
outrageous mutines, shall it be said
that Charles of England did away His crown,
gave up th' unwieldy sceptre from His hand,
and from His sacred person scraped the nard,
released all duteous oaths, His majesty
forswore, with manors, rents, and revenues,
denied His acts, His statues and decrees—
Never, sirs! Never! Out! The King can not.

[Exeunt Pym and Cromwell.

Shakespeare has stated the case against Charles with a monumental magniloquence which recalls, at times, the language of the sonnets; and here, perhaps, we have a key to open the way to an understanding of that subtile fascination which this play inevitably will exercise upon the poetic temperament. One never can pass a really final judgment upon Shakespeare's King Charles. Although the poet has used all his skill in order to make us love the man, so that we have no choice but to kneel before the splendour of Man's Majesty and wonder, yet he has not used that skill to make us appreciate the King's position in the Great Rebellion. Indeed, it almost might be said that he seems by contrast purposely to have withheld his skill from making us appreciate it. It is as though the poet refused to judge. Of course it is always a difficult (as well as an unsafe) task to attempt to delineate the real Shakespeare behind his dramatic mask. Certainly the task is sentimental rather than intellectual: the result is merely subjective, and has merely subjective value. Yet it would be unwise to assert that the sympathetic student of the plays cannot compose for himself a picture of a man of like passions with himself—but written how much larger and how much more purpureal. So, in the *Tragedy of King Charles the First* it would seem as though this ideal Shakespeare (whom we all know) suspends his judgment, and leaves the rightness and the wrongness of the King's cause indeterminate. Perhaps it would not be too fantastic to lay emphasis upon a certain psychical kinship which undoubtedly does exist between the poet and the king. They both were true sons of the Renascence:

for Charles stands, may we not say, as the last survivor of the true Renascence spirit. He stands in splendid isolation above the stolid prosaic digestive England which had been coming into existence since the latter days of Elizabeth—digestive, because it was the business of those times to assimilate the strong wine fermented from the earlier fruition of the English Renascence. James the First was a type of the age. Charles the First belongs rather to the gay and gambolling days of skittish Eliza, than to the decades between the demise of the pettifogging pedantic Scot and the apotheosis of Bung plus Cant in the person of Oliver Cromwell. Thus, if it be in this way that we may trace the origin of the sympathy which the poet naturally would have held in regard to one who ought to have been his contemporary, we become able to appreciate Shakespeare's opinion that Charles was born too late, and was but a forlorn and melancholy, though certainly beautiful, figure, upholding (as it were) that standard of white gold embroidery which was doomed to be trampled in the mire by the Ironsides' democratic hobnails. For Shakespeare is the bard of feudalism, of the feudal spirit in politics, of the feudal spirit in the individual; and Charles is a feudal sovereign—stranded by the ninth wave. We see in His Majesty all that distinct feudal unity of motive upon which Shakespeare lays additional stress by the extraordinary distinction so often observable in the lines assigned to the White King. We feel that we never should be at a loss to recognise a verse spoken by Charles, even when deprived of its context. And so the lovely, disdainful couplet in Act V. Scene 2:

> England, outstare the heinous miscreance
> of jacks who wanton with thine ordinance,

given by the quarto to Charles and by the first folio to Henrietta Maria, would seem certainly to have the true Carolean ring. We therefore most assuredly must prefer the reading of the quarto: the difference made to the tenor of the whole scene by the alteration being too obvious to require further comment. It however is notable that this scene, of the parting of Charles from his wife, is not one of the greatest in the play; although, on an *a priori* inference, we might have anticipated that such would have been the case. In his effort to accentuate the importance of his chief character, Shakespeare seems to have been led to draw the secondary figures of the tragedy chiefly from the enemies of the King. Laud, as we have observed, is prominent in but a single scene: Rupert, in another: otherwise, the action is the King's and his opponents'. Further, the tragedy is distinctly virile in form and colour, and any prominence given to the personality of Henrietta Maria certainly would have distorted the contours and disconcerted the tints. The picture, as revealed to us, presents not a single discord. There indeed is not that vivid and multicoloured harmony which Shakespeare could use when Bacon did not hold the pen which wrote the plays. But he has given us a marvellous dichrome rather, wherein whitest gold and sombrest mud-colour are reiterated, woven in a myriad chequer of arabesques. It is this simplicity and reticence of the colour scheme which corresponds to the hieratic purity of purpose wherein the poet has chosen (whether with historical exactitude or not are immaterial points) to invest the King. This is the device which manifests the individual feudalism of character noted above, and this is what has given to the play an inevitability which is consummately Hellenic. If we once have realized the characters of Shakespeare's King Charles and of Shakespeare's Roundheads, the end of the tragedy is obvious. Reconciliation becomes impossible. The last act comes like the crowning couplet of one of Shakespeare's own sonnets: it is as the cadence concluding the long lyric. And King Charles advances to his martyrdom with the unwavering simplicity of the ideal martyr, whose death would be a truism if it were not a tragedy.

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# *Fools, Martyrs, Traitors: The Story of Martyrdom in the Western World*
## by Lacey Baldwin Smith

Book Review by Lee Hopkins

*Fools, Martyrs, Traitors: The Story of Martyrdom in the Western World* by Lacey Baldwin Smith, Knopf, 433 pages, $30.

As most of us cling to life with the tenacity of mollusks, martyrs arouse our curiosity and skepticism. One person's martyr is another's fool or traitor. John Brown, revered by many, was clearly a homicidal maniac. Ghandi was arguably a manipulative politician. And so it goes.

Even the most ancient and pious accounts call into question the motives and sanity of those who embraced martyrdom with a bit too much enthusiasm. Saint Perpetua's alacrity to die in a Roman arena involved a voluntary abandonment of her nursing child and aged father. Mental stability and grandstanding factor too much in literal self-sacrifice. It is the question of spiritual pride asked by the Fourth Tempter in T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral,* and posed within the early Church by Tertullian, a witness of unquestioned piety, who asked: "Who is not stirred to enquire what is really beneath the surface?"

The criteria for martyrdom are the subject of Lacey Baldwin Smith's *Fools, Martyrs, Traitors: The Story of Martyrdom in the Western World.*

As a writer, Smith is one of the most subtle and elegant of modern American historians, a connoiseur of the permutations of human personality. His biography of Henry VIII, one of the very best, correctly defines him as both one of England's most effective monarchs, and a sociopath; while his book on Henry's wife Catherine Howard cuts through the usual cant prudently to dismiss her as a juvenile delinquent.

After prototypical considerations of Socrates and Jesus, about one fourth of Smith's book consists of extremely discerning studies of great interest to Anglican readers regarding Thomas Becket, Sir Thomas More, the Marian martyrs, and Charles I.

Becket and More easily pass muster, though the Marian martyrs post some difficulties, not of sincerity, but of characterizing 288 victims of incineration in the last four years of Mary Tudor's mercifully short reign.

For example, Archbishop Cranmer and Bishop Ridley shared a fate that had as much to do with their support of Lady Jane Grey in place of Queen Mary as of any theological questions.

Yet the Marian martyrdoms were statistically remarkable because most were laymen. Only 21, or 7.3%, were clergymen. Eighteen Anglican Bishops either returned to Rome, retired, or went into exile. The Marian martyrs died for a Church that had itself seemingly died, yet those who perished for its sake included 17.3% women, and of all martyrs most were under 30.

So the problem with the Marian martyrs was not with them but with the hybrid Anglican Church of Edward VI, half Catholic, half Calvinist, eating itself up with pedantic disputes, its moral bases mocked by the corruption of the court.

It was the great Elizabeth who brought the nation and its Church back to life. The Elizabethan Settlement correctly defined the Anglican Church as having existed since the Roman occupation of Britain, truly holy, catholic, and apostolic in episcopal succession, not so much having left Rome, but in a position that Rome had left it. Rejecting Papal supremacy but adhering to the first seven councils of a Church unified before Greek Orthodoxy split from Rome in 1054, the Anglican Church worked its way backward

to where it had been, not forward to Calvinist and other innovations that caused Archbishop Laud later to call the Reformation the Deformation.

Focused by Laud's own reforms under Charles I, Anglicanism was a confident faith with unquestionable legitimacy, in communion with Greek Orthodoxy. Wisely making peace with Rome, Charles and Laud now faced the Puritan menace to the existence of not only their Church, but to what is the core of Christianity. Ultimately they used the last weapon a person has, life itself, to defend this Church, to die that it might live.

Perhaps the real question about martyrdom is not the martyrs, but the motivations of those that create martyrs. Are these killers aware, deep down, that their faith, power, and authority are so bogus and feeble that any challenger must be destroyed? Why shed blood when ample means exist to sequester dissidents?

In our own Century, when the murder of world leaders is a commonplace of democratic self-expression (and the killing of whole populations a mark of political self-confidence), it is difficult to recreate the horror attendant upon the murders of Archbishops Becket and Laud, and Charles I.

While many monarchs and prelates had been murdered in the past, in England and elsewhere, these were not public events, and so were rationalized or covered up.

So aside from the shock value of a monumental offense to public morals it is necessary once again to emphasize that the capital trials of both Laud and Charles were completely illegal.

The idea was not simply to kill these men, but to destroy the institution they represented, under the pretense of a Parliamentary power and democratic mandate that simply did not exist in the 1640s, and were not to evolve until after the Stuart line died out with Queen Anne in 1714. She descended from Charles I's sister, and Anne was survived only by alien relations in the House of Hanover. The summoning of a Hanoverian George I by a Parliament emboldened by the so-called Glorious Revolution of 1688 was a process impossible in Charles I's time. The Parliaments involved were alike in name only. The office of Prime Minister had still to be invented by Sir Robert Walpole, and any notion of democracy, of one man, one vote, was not to be until the XIX Century was well along.

So Cromwell's strategy to try Charles as a traitor was not only radical but bizarre. For Charles *was* the government, so could hardly commit treason against himself. This was not an executive branch that shared power with the legislative and judicial powers, for these had consultive functions only under a royal mandate under Common Law dating from British tribal folkways older than human memory.

At his trial, Charles could truly say: "I stand more for the liberties of my people than anyone who is seated as judge". As an honest man and a historian (unlike his adversaries in Westminster Hall), he could not be contradicted in saying that he was not even dealing with a full, legal Parliament, as all but 56 of over 500 members had been purged by the military dictatorship.

Charles never even got to plead guilt or innocence, was not allowed legal counsel or to speak in his own defense, or call witnesses or examine them—rights available in England since earliest times to a chicken thief. Of 135 trial commisioners chosen by the dwarf Parliament, only 68 bothered to show up for the first day of the trial.

Standing there alone, Charles said nothing of the divine right of kings, but simply of the rights of all Englishmen, including their King, "for near this thousand years" and "that it is as great a sin to withstand lawful authority as to submit to a tyrannical authority". At this the bystanders, the people of London, cried out: "God save your majesty!"

Within the company of saints, Sir Thomas More and Charles I share a bond beyond the crown of martyrdom, for the King's further comment could have been made by More 114 years previously: "It is not my case alone, it is the freedom and liberty of the people of England, for if power without law may

make law, may alter the fundamental laws of the kingdom, I do not know what subject he is in England, that can be assured of his life or anything that can be called his own."

At this, a Colonel John Hewson spat in his face. Charles calmly used his handkerchief, saying: "Well, sir! God hath justice in store for both you and me."

And the thesis of this book concerns God's justice, that we must carefully define the terms of martyrdom. We must remember that a martyr dies for us, not for martyrdom. They die for human dignity, for the quality of life.

A close look at the noble company of martyrs shrinks its numbers as we examine credentials, motivation, and circumstances. And so under the most intense scrutiny Thomas Becket, Sir Thomas More, the collective Marian victims, and Charles I emerge as martyrs who died for us, heroes of selfhood who made the world a better place. They not only purchased our liberties with indescribable suffering, but give us examples for personal conduct and spiritual direction.

As Charles I said at the end: "Remember!"

## *By the Sword Divided: Eyewitness Accounts of the English Civil War* **by John Adair**

Book Review by Sarah Gilmer

*By the Sword Divided: Eyewitness Accounts of the English Civil War* by John Adair, Sutton Publishing Ltd., Phoenix Mill, Stroud, Gloucestershire GL5 2BU (ISBN 0-7509-1858-6) £10.99.

This is an interesting book, well-crafted and carefully thought out. The eyewitness accounts of the title are woven into the author's concise narrative of events, forming a vivid picture of life in the time of Charles I, and capturing the flavor of XVII Century thought and expression.

I like Sir Edward Sydeham's description of King Charles at Edgehill:

> "The King is a man of the least fear and the greatest resolution and mercy that I ever saw, and had he not been in the field we might have suffered."

The text is augmented with a number of portraits, woodcuts, and engravings, and the cover features W. S. Burton's striking and melancholy painting, *The Wounded Cavalier*.

Now for my complaints.

It really makes me angry to see Charles I repeatedly referred to as 'devious' for attempting to bring a foreign army into the war. Parliament is *never* referred to as devious for actually bringing in a foreign army, the Scots, to fight on their side. There is obviously a double standard being applied here.

Nor do I see anything so awful about the King negotiating with both Parliament and the army while he was being held prisoner by a gang of unprincipled fanatics. He was fully aware of the danger involved in what he was doing, yet he persisted, because he considered it his duty to resist the unlawful overthrow of his country.

'Deviousness' is a terrible crime; murder, apparently, is not. Of the execution of Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle following the siege of Colchester, the author casually informs us, "The execution of Lucas and Lisle at Colchester exemplifies a significant change of mood among the parliamentarian soldiers. By instigating a second war the Royalists had tried their patience and civility beyond the limit."

Simply stated, in the language of our own times, these executions were war crimes. Fairfax and Ireton should have been brought to trial for war crimes, but they got away with murder because they were on the winning side.

I mention these things in particular because the book is generally quite fair-minded, with the author introducing us to each of his XVII Century eyewitnesses with sympathy and even affection. The casual reader will take it for granted that the King was 'devious' and the gallant Lucas had it coming. These are weeds growing in an otherwise fair and pleasant garden.

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## *Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century*
## by Philip Alexander Bruce

Reviewed by Sarah Gilmer

*Social Life of Virginia in the Seventeenth Century* by Philip Alexander Bruce, Heritage Books, Inc., 1540-E Pointer Ridge Place, Bowie MD 20716 (ISBN 0-7884-0162-9)

Like most Virginians, I have a particular interest in the rich history of the Old Dominion, so it was a pleasure to discover this charming book, first published in 1907, and subtitled "An Inquiry into the Origin of the Higher Planting Class, together with an Account of the Habits, Customs, & Diversions of the People".

The author discusses the "bold, enterprising, and restless temper" of the upper classes in XVII Century Virginia, many of whom were of the English nobility and gentry; their close ties to their aristocratic kinsmen back in England, their strong Royalist loyalties, and their devotion to the Anglican Church.

Mr. Bruce describes the emigration of devoted Cavaliers to Virginia during the Interregnum:

> "One cavalier voiced the feelings of his whole class when he said that 'Virginia was the only city of refuge left in his Majesty's dominions in those times of distressed cavaliers.' In 1649 alone, the year when the final blow was given to the cause of the royalists by the fall of the King's head on the scaffold, seven ships, heavily loaded with passengers, all, with few exceptions, there is reason to think, in sympathy with that cause, set sail for the Colony where Charles II had been boldly proclaimed as soon as news of his father's death (which was at once denounced there as an impious murder) had arrived."

The portrait of Richard Lee is described as presenting "as noble a type of the English cavalier as Vandyke or Lely ever immortalized on canvas. The dark hair, the swarthy complexion, the high forehead, the firm and regular features, the calm and proud expression,—all unite to form a countenance not surpassed in serene beauty by Rupert's, or in massive strength by Montrose's."

Much attention is also given to the unique and colorful way of life in those early days of Virginia; the tradition of hospitality, social distinctions, and customs; weddings, duels, horse races, and funerals

which often included the custom of firing volleys of shot over the grave of the deceased.

This is a delightful book, evincing an elegance, gentility, and high-mindedness sadly missing from our own times.

## Briefly Reviewed

by Sarah Gilmer

*The Last Days of Charles I* by Graham Edwards, Sutton Publishing Ltd., Phoenix Mill, Thrupp, Stroud, Gloucestershire GL5 2BU (ISBN 0 7509 2079 3) $36.95.

This book, written to commemorate the 350th anniversary of the King's death, is one of the best books on Charles I I have read, and that is saying a lot.

The author presents a sympathetic, accurate picture of Charles I which is both pellucid and intelligent. Despite this, he is not a panegyrist, and he is fair, frequently more than fair, in his treatment of the other side, taking pains to analyze the actions and motivations of all the players in these tragic events from their own perspectives.

His logical, dispassionate narrative strengthens the power and persuasiveness of his dialogue, as does his grasp and knowledge of the period.

So many writers who presume to instruct others on the XVII Century appear to be capable of nothing more than learning 'facts' by rote and rephrasing them. In contrast, Graham Edwards demonstrates a perspicacity and true understanding of Caroline England which is unfortunately very rare.

*'O Horrable Murder' The Trial, Execution, and Burial of King Charles I* by Robert B. Partridge, The Rubicon Press, 57 Cornwall Gardens, London SW7 4BE (ISBN 0-948695-58-7) $17.98.

This is a useful and interesting book, written by a member of the British reenactment society, The Sealed Knot.

Beginning with a brief account of the King and his times, the author goes on to present a detailed discussion of the death and burial of Charles I, and also the exhumation of the King's body in 1813.

The final chapter on royal burial customs is very good, and includes a fascinating mention of the use of anthropoid coffins in late XVI and early XVII Century England. Some of these incorporated accurate portraits of the deceased in the face of the coffin, a possible result of interest in ancient Egypt.