

***SKCM News***

***June, 2004***

***THE MAGAZINE OF THE SOCIETY OF KING CHARLES THE MARTYR, AMERICAN REGION***

***CHARLES I, ENGRAVING BY PETER OLIVER AFTER MYTENS, c. 1630***

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**2004 Annual Mass & Meeting – Church of the Guardian Angels, Lantana, Florida** was held on Saturday 31 January 2004 at 11 a.m. The Rev'd Craig E. O'Brien, SSC, Rector, was the celebrant of the Mass. Retired Rector Father David Kennedy was deacon of the Mass, and Dr. Wuonola was sub-deacon. Presiding and preaching at the Mass was the Episcopal Patron of the American Region of the Society, The Rt. Rev'd Keith L. Ackerman, SSC, VIII Bishop of Quincy. Attending Bishop Ackerman were the Rev'd Jason A. Catania (AP), and the Ven. John J. Shuman and the Rev'd Chandler "Chad" Jones (deacons of honor). Music was provided by the choir and strings of Palm Beach Atlantic University directed by Dr. Jeoffrey Holland.. The Mass setting was Mozart's *Missa Brevis*, K. 192; Mozart's *Ave verum corpus* and Batten's "O sing joyfully" were also performed. Several of the traditional Society hymns were vigorously sung ("At Candlemas in white arrayed", Repton; "Lord, let the strain arise", Diademata; "With thankful hearts thy glory", Woodbird; and the proper sequence hymn). About 80 members and supporters attended the Mass. The music and liturgy were reverent and did honor to the Martyr King. Flowers at the high altar and at the altar of Saint Charles, King & Martyr were in memory of departed members and officers of the Society.

A framed petit-point portrait of the Martyr King with Bishop Juxon, Prince Henry (born 1640), Princess Elizabeth (born 1635), and two Roundhead soldiers, was blessed by Bishop Ackerman at the Mass. The scene occurred on the eve of the Royal Martyrdom, when these two children of King Charles were allowed to see their father for the last time, after not having seen him for several months. Princess Elizabeth is weeping and Prince Henry clings to her skirts. The work was created *ca.* 1870 and identified at an estate sale in San Diego.

This, the twenty-first annual Mass & Meeting, was the third held at Guardian Angels. The first and second were in 1991 and 1998, when Father Kennedy was Rector.

Afterwards, about 70 adjourned to the Parish Hall for the Luncheon and Annual Meeting of the Society. Dr. Mark Wuonola, the American Representative, thanked Father O'Brien, Father Kennedy, Bishop Ackerman, Dr. Holland, and the patrons and donors who supported the music. Dr. Wuonola also took the opportunity to thank Membership Secretary Bill Gardner for his work. Bill served as Master of Ceremonies at the Mass. Thanks were extended to the Dune Deck Cafe and the crew who prepared and served the luncheon. Bishop Ackerman addressed the group briefly on the importance of the witness of the Catholic Devotional Societies today.

2004 Annual Mass Patrons

Prof. Thomas E. Bird  
 Sarah Gilmer  
 Alan R. Hoffman  
 Charles Owen Johnson  
*In memoriam* David R. Jones  
 The Rev'd Dr. Joseph Walter Lund  
 Paul W. McKee  
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Col. James G. McFadden

The Rev'd Dr. William H. Swatos, Jr.  
Douglas G. H. Channon

**2005 Annual Mass & Meeting – Church of the Resurrection, New York City** will be at 11 o'clock on Saturday 29 January 2005. We are grateful to the Rev'd Canon Barry E. B. Swain, Rector, for his kind invitation. This will be the first time the Society has met at Resurrection, which has hosted the other Catholic Devotional Societies on a number of occasions.

**2006 Annual Mass & Meeting – Church of the Holy Communion, Charleston, SC** will be held on Saturday 28 January 2006. We are grateful to the Rev'd Dow Sanderson, SSC, Rector, for his kind invitation. This will be the first time the Society has met at Holy Communion, where there is a rapidly-growing chapter of the Society.

**2006 Annual Mass & Meeting – S. Clement's Church, Philadelphia** will be held on Saturday 27 January 2007. We are grateful to the Rev'd Canon W. Gordon Reid, Rector, for his kind invitation. Society member Bishop James W. Montgomery preached at Canon Reid's institution earlier this year. This will be the fourth time the Society has met at S. Clement's, which has a large, active S.K.C.M. chapter. In 1999 we celebrated the 350<sup>th</sup> Anniversary of the Decollation of Saint Charles at S. Clement's, and also met there in 1986 and in 1994, the hundredth Anniversary of the Founding of the Society.

### **From Your American Representative**

In *December* issues of *SKCM News*, we strive to include lists of parishes all around the country celebrating Saint Charles's Day, including the time of each such celebration. Notices of *upcoming* celebrations are earnestly solicited. The press time for the December issue is always 15 October. Please note this reminder so we have a complete list of commemorations to publish in the December issue.

We will, of course, continue to report in each *June* issue of *SKCM News* details of all celebrations on which we receive information. It would be edifying to all members if more such reports were submitted. In future, Society Members are asked *please* to take the initiative in reporting such celebrations of which they are aware. Press time for the June issue is always 15 April.

### **Celebrations of Saint Charles's Day, 2004**

**The Great Plains Chapter** observance took place on Saturday 31 January at Saint Barnabas Church, Omaha, Nebraska. Over 40 people attended the service even though it was sandwiched between two 14-inch snowstorms.. A Solemn High Mass was celebrated with the Office of Sung Morning Prayer serving as

the Liturgy of the Word. The Rev'd Robert Scheibhofer, Rector of Saint Barnabas and a Society member, celebrated. Father Fred Raybourn, SSC, Rector of Saint Martin of Tours Church, Omaha, preached and served as deacon of the Mass; Mr. Donald Ehrlich, a Society member, was sub-deacon. The canticles and service music were led by the choir of Saint Barnabas Church. These included the Short Communion Service of Adrian Batten (1591-1637), Richard Farrant's "Call to Remembrance", and Christopher Tye's "Lord, for thy tender mercies sake".

A brunch provided by members and friends of the Monarchist League was served in the church undercroft following the Mass.

For information on the Great Plains Chapter, call Nick Behrens at (402)455-4492 (or check [www.saintbarnabas.net](http://www.saintbarnabas.net)); he also edits the American Member Newsletter of The Monarchist League. For information on The Monarchist League, write BM 'Monarchist', London WC1N 3XX U.K.

At the ***Church of the Advent, Boston***, in addition to the regularly-scheduled Mass on 30 January being of Saint Charles, there was a Mass at 6 p.m. on Wednesday 28 January followed by a reception in the Parish Hall. About two dozen were in attendance. The curate of the Church of the Advent, Father Benjamin King, preached at the Mass. At the reception, attended by over a dozen, Mrs. B. Hughes Morris, historian of the Church of the Advent, gave one of her much-admired English cathedral lecture tours with slides. Several places connected to the Martyr King were mentioned in its course. Mrs. Morris was introduced by the Rev'd Allan B. Warren III, Rector of the Church of the Advent.

At ***S. Clement's, Philadelphia***, a special Mass was celebrated at 6:30 p.m. to commemorate Saint Charles Stuart, K.M. The stirring Society hymns were sung to excellent tunes: "With thankful hearts thy glory" (Woodbird), "Lord, let the strain arise" (Diademata), "At Candlemas in white arrayed" (Repton), and "Royal Charles, who chose to die" (Petra). Thanks to Canon W. Gordon Reid, Rector, Will Bricker, Chapter Secretary, and the many members in S. Clement's chapter for sponsoring a special commemoration each year. Flowers were given and placed at the shrine in honour of Saint Charles and in memory of deceased members of the Society. A reception followed in the Clergy House Parlour. As Mr. Bricker writes, "Let others be stirred to faithfulness by our group witness."

At the ***Church of the Holy Communion and Saint Michael's Church, Charleston***, Father Richard Martin preached at two commemorations of the Royal Martyrdom, both on 30 January. The service at Saint Michael's was the Noon Day Office. Fr. Martin also celebrated the Mass at Holy Communion, in the evening. There were about thirty at the Noon Day Office and over a hundred at the evening Mass.

Society member Father Martin Yost reports that the regular Friday noon celebration on 30 January at ***Saint John's, Dallas***, was of Saint Charles. The celebrant and homilist was Father Yost.

The Rev'd Daniel C. Warren, M.D., Rector, writes that at ***Saint Matthew's Anglican Catholic Church in Newport News, Virginia***, the Feast of Saint Charles, King & Martyr was celebrated with Solemn Evensong and Mass at 6:30 p.m. on Wednesday 28 January. This was followed by a potluck supper in the parish hall.

Father Douglas Hungerford reports that at *Holy Trinity Church, Peru, Indiana*, the feast of the Royal Martyr was kept with the offering of Mass, using the propers of the Anglican Missal, on 30 January. Father Hungerford plans to commemorate Saint Charles in 2005 at the Sunday Mass, with a sung Vespers in the evening.

Father Richard Gates reports from Philadelphia that at the *Chapel of Saints Francis & Clare* Mass was celebrated in commemoration of Saint Charles and in honor of the closure of this chapel, with its transfer to the Episcopal authority of the Diocese of Burlington, NJ.

**Restoration Day in Charleston.** The Charles Towne, Carolina chapter of the Society remembered and celebrated Oak Apple Day on Thursday 29 May (two days early) at historic Saint Philip's Church in downtown Charleston. Father Daniel Clarke, SSC, celebrated at the 5:30 p.m. Holy Communion service according to the 1662 Book of Common Prayer. The Rev'd Down Sanderson, SSC, preached a homily, while Father Ken Weldon and Father Francis Zanger, SSC, also assisted.

Afterwards a reception was held on the grounds featuring English beer, wine, and Spotted Dick (a delicious raisin pudding served in lieu of plum pudding, which was not available). The 26 in attendance were given a short history of Oak Apple Day by Junior Warden Vic Brandt. Bill Thompson and Baron Fain gave an update on the chapter's portrait project—the chapter have donated a portrait of King Charles I to The Church of the Holy Communion and to Saint Philip's Church, both in Charleston. An original portrait will be presented to the Carolina Yacht Club in Charleston later this year. A new member of the Society was recognized, Philip Dixon, Director-General of the Order of Saint Vincent. Seabrook Wilkinson gave a short talk about the Stuarts and their roles in the formation of Carolina. After the talks ended, the reception lingered into the dusk.

**S. Stephen's Church, Providence, RI**, is sponsoring a New England commemoration of King Charles the Martyr on Sunday 30 January 2005. The Rector, Father John D. Alexander, informs us that S. Stephen's will offer Solemn Evensong of King Charles, Procession, and Benediction at 5:30 p.m.

Details of the **London Celebration** and other U.K. celebrations will appear in the Summer, 2004, issue of *Church and King* which we had hoped to include with this mailing. It continues to be difficult to coordinate the publication times of *Church and King* and *SKCM News*. Thus, you are receiving the Christmas, 2003, issue of *Church and King* with this issue of *SKCM News*.

**The New York Chapter** has commemorated the Canonisation of Saint Charles each year at Saint Paul's, Brooklyn, and a group of several dozen have generally gathered for lunch and fellowship.. For nearly ten years, this has been organized by Dr. Bernard Brennan, who is no longer able to continue the work. A volunteer is sought who might build on Dr. Brennan's good work, for which the Society is deeply grateful.

*The Rev'd Jean-Marie Charles-Roux, I.C.*, is reported to have been one of the priests who celebrated mass for Mel Gibson and his film crew during the making of “The Passion of the Christ”. In an article in *Inside the Vatican* magazine, we find that “Rosminian Father Jean-Marie Charles-Roux. . .[was interviewed by Catholic News Service]. The priest humorously referred to the actor-director as ‘the bishop’—the one who made the decisions to have the Mass celebrated and where to celebrate it. He described Gibson and his crew as ‘very holy, devout and heroic’. . . .” I.C. denotes Institute of Charity, the order founded by Rosmini. Society members will know Father Charles-Roux as the author of the tract, *The Sanctity of Charles I.*

*Articles in this issue* include reviews by our regular contributors Lee Hopkins, Sarah Gilmer Payne, and Richard Mammana. Bishop Henry King’s *Groane*, published immediately after the Royal Martyrdom, has been transcribed with commentary and notes by Richard Mammana.

Of course, we are also publishing Bishop Ackerman’s sermon from the 2004 Annual Mass at the Church of the Guardian Angela, Lantana, Florida. In addition, we are pleased to publish a 2003 sermon preached at Saint Barnabas, Omaha, by Archbishop Louis W. Falk (ACA).

—Mark A. Wuonola, Ph.D.  
*American Representative, S.K.C.M.*

Sermon Preached by  
The Rt. Rev’d Keith L. Ackerman, SSC  
At the XXI Annual Mass of the American Branch of  
The Society of King Charles the Martyr  
Church of the Guardian Angels, Lantana, Florida

31 January 2004

“He will miserably destroy those wretched men, and will let out his vineyard unto other husbandmen.” (S. Matthew 21: 41; from the Gospel for Saint Charles, K.M.)

All of us have been mentally ‘regrouping’ since General Convention. When Saint Charles was again excluded from the Calendar of Lesser Feasts & Fasts because he was “white, male, and English”, it

was one of the most fascinating lack-of-being-inclusive actions we have seen. In addition, Saint Charles symbolizes a patriarchal hierarchy, not popular in our current situation. But apart from his utter saintliness, Saint Charles was a man of humility. The inclusion of various people in Lesser Feasts & Fasts does not de-canonize him—for saints never seek earthly honor—rather they await the crown of glory that never fades away.

As he said from the scaffold that day, 30 January 1649, “I think it is my duty to God first and to my country for to clear myself both an honest man and a good King, and a good Christian.” But his subsequent words must ring in our ears today as all of us deal with various injustices and as we witness further divisions. He says, “I have forgiven all the world, and even those in particular that have been the chief causes of my death. Who they are, God knows. I do not desire to know. God forgive them. But this is not all. My charity must go further. I wish that they may repent, for indeed they have committed a great sin in that particular. I pray God, with Saint Stephen, that this be not laid to their charge. May not only so, but that they may take the right way to the peace of the Kingdom, for my charity commands me not only to forgive particular men, but my charity commands me to endeavor to the last gasp the Peace of the Kingdom.”

In this apologia, we see two principles: (1) As the Martyr King said at another time, “Never make a defense or an apology until you are accused.” (2) In all things exercise charity to your opponents as you utter uncompromising truth, remembering our Blessed Lord’s words upon the Cross, “Father forgive them for they know not what they do.”

Thus if Saint Charles had been included in Lesser Feasts & Fasts, we could run the risk of having him become institutionalized, as it were, in a book that offers hagiographies that have been revised to meet the criteria of the Age. Once included in this list of “worthies” he would easily be dismissed. Sometimes it is much better to be seen as the proverbial pebble in the shoe, which while present simply cannot be ignored, and when included in our rock collection becomes but one more dismissed vestige of boulders that have been eroded.

Indeed, Saint Charles is the pearl of a great price, and for us symbolizes a voice that even in the midst of apostasy and confusion cannot be silenced or ignored.

“Martyrs do not choose martyrdom. It is thrust upon them.”

There is a term for those who receive pleasure from having pain inflicted upon them.

The question is: How does God’s plan of redemption transform the sin of society? This is seen in today’s Gospel. The judge has the final word. Ironically, when rendering his judgment, Judge Bradshaw told the Martyr King that disregard for the earthly institution was the worst crime.

Indeed, many ecclesiastical and civil courts have similar points of view. They often live in a rule-bound sociopathic realm that is best expressed as, “there are rules that you must abide by as long as you understand that none of them apply to me.”

Jesus reminded his accusers that His Kingdom was not of this world, and, moreover He modeled the ways in which we are to respond to our accusers and to those who seek to revise the truth to meet their own needs. Ultimately His final words from the Cross commended all earthly judgments to the only One who can judge.



Martyrs ultimately are more concerned about salvation than justice, and the Christian must be careful in praying for justice—for in most instances it is not justice we need—but mercy.

So where does that leave us today? How can Saint Charles speak to our circumstances today?

- (1) He models for us the ways in which we deal with our accusers.
- (2) He spoke only when it was appropriate.
- (3) He recognized that on occasion those who agreed with him were almost as dangerous as those who opposed him, for his accusers had predictable patterns of behavior—while his friends could betray him not because they disapproved of his principles—but rather his strategies. Indeed, the same could perhaps be said of Judas.

We Anglo-Catholics on numerous occasions have traded in the foot-washing ceremony for the foot-shooting and hand-wringing ceremonies. We must speak the truth in love, as commanded by Jesus and as exemplified in the life of Saint Charles.

“Civilized days” may not physically produce martyrs. But witnesses in our own day are raised up to proclaim truth—with the potential of being dismissed, ignored, and deposed. Nonetheless one of the marks of a saint is to love the souls of those whom he serves more than needing their approval, and to care more about his own salvation than his own safety; for us, to care more about our own salvation than our own safety.

Beloved, we live in an age of a new type of martyrdom: So, speak the truth in season and out of season, but proclaim it with the love of the One whom you serve.

*[Transcribed from Bishop Ackerman’s notes by MAW. The Rt. Rev’d Keith L. Ackerman, SSC, is VIII Bishop of Quincy and Episcopal Patron of the American Region of the Society of King Charles the Martyr. He is also Superior-General of the Confraternity of the Blessed Sacrament and Vice-Chairman of the Nashotah House Board of Trustees.]*

## **Sermon Preached by The Most Rev’d Louis W. Falk**

At Saint Barnabas’ Church, Omaha, Nebraska

25 January 2003

“...bear witness to the truth. . .” (S. John 19: 37)

There is a theory in economics known as Gresham’s Law. Stated the hard way, it says that if there are in circulation two forms of currency with equal trading power, one of which has high intrinsic value (like gold, for example) and one of which does not (like paper, or perhaps government promises), then people will tend to hoard the former and spend the latter. Stated the easy way, it says, “. . .bad money drives out the good.” Gresham’s Law. Now, we did not gather here today to talk about economics, but perhaps Mr. Gresham was onto a principle of rather more general application than he realized.

There is a form of religion based on truth. Standing before a colonial satrap who had no moral right to judge him, Jesus, the true King, said, “. . . *I have come into the world to bear witness to the truth.*”

*Everyone who is of the truth hears my voice.*” Religion based on truth understands the danger of false teaching. It understands that it is important to be able to tell an egg from a scorpion, a sheep from a wolf, a shepherd from a robber.

And there is a form of religion based on politics—on getting and holding onto power. Pilate may well have got his position through playing politics. His predecessor, Gratus, appears to have been into some heavy taxation, and an awful lot of appointing and unappointing high priests. A visit to the area by the authorities to deal with complaints immediately preceded Gratus’s removal and Pilate’s coming into power. He boasted to Jesus, “. . . *I have the power to let you go, and the power to nail you to a cross.*”

Could it be true in the course of human affairs, when both of these forms of religion are “in circulation” at the same time, that the “religious coinage” of less intrinsic value will tend to drive out the real thing—at least in the short run—at least while tyrants and pretenders are riding high? Thus we see the arch-advocate of a religion of “pluriform narratives”, which denies the very concept of truth, placed in the seat of government, washing his hands of any responsibility while one of his minions pillories and persecutes a faithful Forward-in-Faith priest in Pennsylvania for daring to act on his conviction that truth matters.

It’s really not a new story. Mr. Gresham would probably remind us that it has happened over and over again. It happened to King Charles.

King Charles also wished to stand for the truth. He believed with all his heart that Kings and Bishops made all the difference between a real Church and a false religion. In this he ran counter to his times. A rising middle class and a changing economic environment were producing political currents in England against which an absolute monarchy could not stand. Fanatical anti-popery among English Puritans was feeding the fire of episcopal abolitionism which would in the end bring to power the long hiatus called the ‘Commonwealth’, during which the phrase ‘English Church’ became an oxymoron. Charles was in the way. He had to go.

It is of course far too easy now for a bishop to say that Charles was only half right—that only bishops and not kings are of divine origin! But the charge of ‘special pleading’, even when true, remains merely a form of argument *ad hominem*. If it takes a logician to bail out a bishop, perhaps the old saw about not inspecting gift horses too closely works at both ends of the animal!

Standing his ground in the face of the infamous ‘Root and Branch’ petition, how could Charles have known that three and a half centuries later, within the tradition he gave his life to defend, the very fabric of the Faith would be discarded right and left, ‘root and branch’, letter and spirit. The Scottish commissioners were merely rather too crude in their tactics, and perhaps a bit before their time.

The cry then was—“The oyster women locked their fish up / And trudged away to cry, ‘No Bishop.’” Today it may be replaced by, “The Bishop glanced up from his feast / ‘Will nobody rid me of that faithful Priest?’” Such are the sad consequences of confusing dust and diamonds—politics and religion.

Charles tried one last time to appeal to something more fundamental than political clout: He said to his Parliamentary accusers, “I would know by what authority I was brought from thence, and carried from place to place. Remember, I am your lawful king. Let me know by what lawful authority I am seated here—resolve me that, and you shall hear no more of me.”

His chief judge, Bradshaw, while giving lip service to God, replied that their authority to try the king, and kill him, came from “. . .the people of England.” They had the votes, he claimed, and that was

enough. He stated, “We are satisfied with our authority.” So they condemned their king. Soon after, they led him out through a window to a platform raised above the street, and killed him.

I have read a short poem said to have been written by King Charles as he awaited his execution. I’ve had it so long I have forgotten where I first saw it. Perhaps you know it:

The Presbyter and Independent seed  
Springs with broad blades to make religion bleed:  
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The cornerstone’s misplaced by every paver:  
With such a bloody method and behaviour  
Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

With my own power my majesty they wound;  
In the king’s name, the king himself’s uncrowned.  
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

When the cornerstone of the kingdom of truth—that all authority comes from God—is misplaced: when man exalts himself and his pretensions to the point where he makes himself his own king, his own savior, his own God: then does the dust indeed destroy the diamond, and all that is good and true and beautiful in human life goes out the window.

We read that when the king’s bloody head was lifted up on that scaffold the Parliamentary soldiers jeered, but the crowd of citizens gasped in horror. Too late, they saw that things had gone too far. No doubt the crowd screaming for Jesus’s death outside of Pilate’s judgment hall did not set out deliberately to do something evil—but when they recognized no king but Caesar they helped to kill the Son of God. The Parliamentarians—satisfied with an authority that was not God’s based not on truth but on political power—killed a much more ordinary king, but killed their king nevertheless.

When in the Church we tell tales, manipulate feelings, employ the spin artists, take polls, use money as a lever to get our way—when we do such things or acquiesce in their doing—we admit we have no king but Caesar. Any or all of these techniques may be fair—as the world puts it—“in love and war.” But when employed in the household of God, they do not bear witness to the reign of Christ, but to some other force at work. They cropped up early at Corinth, causing Paul to have to write stern letters. In spite of having a Saint for a bishop (a **most** unusual thing to be sure!) that congregation’s problems continued for at least another fifty years. It could have been predicted.

The use of similar tactics once cost England a king, forty years of misrule, and nearly her religion. That could have been predicted too. It can be every time, including in our own. It never ends any other way.

Christ—the Ruler of the Kingdom of Truth—is the diamond in his Father’s crown. It is a sign of his love for us, and of his willingness to trust in us, that he will allow the faithfulness of his subjects (if we will but give it) to be the “spiritual polish” (if you will) which keeps that crown bright. It is not necessary

that we be perfect—Charles was not perfect; but it is necessary that we remain faithful, like Charles, even unto death (if it comes to that).

As humble Christians we need to be ready to take our lessons where we can find them—even from economists. We have the real money, the pearl of great price, the “commodity” (if we dare call it that) of ultimate intrinsic value. Now—in these dangerous times—is not the hour to hoard it. Let’s resolve—in gratitude to God for the witness of Charles—to put it back in circulation. In the world, even the truth needs witnesses. Bear witness to the truth.

*[Archbishop Falk has served as metropolitan of the Traditional Anglican Communion (TAC) in the United States and is presently bishop of the Anglican Church in America. He traveled from Saint Aidan’s Anglican Pro-Cathedral, Des Moines to participate in the Omaha commemoration.]*

### ***Good-Friday wretchedly transcrib’d:***

#### **Bishop Henry King’s *Groane***

By Richard J. Mammana, Jr.

An admittedly minor figure in both the Caroline Church and literary world, Bishop Henry King (1592-1669) was among the first elegists of the Royal Martyr. In his *Groane*, a poem of 236 lines, we find the cult of Charles fully sprung within months of the martyrdom itself. The poem receives just a passing mention in last year’s *The Cult of King Charles the Martyr*, by Andrew Lacey, but is itself very important for its evidence of the immediate reception and understanding of the martyrdom. Margaret Crum contends that the *Groane* was “written for publication soon after the funeral” at St. George’s Chapel, Windsor, February 9, 1649.<sup>1</sup>

#### ***Henry King***

Henry King was born into a family with a strong tradition of service to the Church of England—his father John King was Bishop of London from 1611-1620, and his great-grandfather Robert King was first Bishop of Oxford from 1542-1559. He was a scholar at Westminster before being elected student of Christ Church in 1608. He married Anne not long after being made Archdeacon of Colchester in 1617. King preached an early controversial sermon on November 25, 1621 in refutation of a rumor that his father had become a Roman Catholic before his death on Good Friday of that year, and published his sermons delivered from important pulpits with some regularity until being appointed Dean of Rochester in 1639 and Bishop of Chichester in 1642. His prominence in the pulpit of St. Paul’s is undoubtedly related to his close connection with John Donne, who made King one of his executors.<sup>2</sup>

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1 Margaret Crum, ed. *The Poems of Henry King*. Oxford: Clarendon, 1965, p. 211.

2 On the interesting friendship between King and Donne, see *Henry King and the Seventeenth Century*, by Ronald Berman. London: Chatto and Windus, 1964, *passim*.

Parliamentary forces secured the surrender of Chichester in 1643, and soon afterward attacked the Cathedral and Bishop's library:

They rent the bookes in pieces, and Scatter the torne leaves all over the Church, even to the covering of the Pavement, but against the Gownes and Surplusses their anger was not so hot, these were not among the *Anathemata*, but might be reserved to secular uses. [...] one of those Miscreants picked out the eyes of King Edward the sixt's picture, saying, *That all this mischief came from him, when established the booke of Common prayer.*<sup>3</sup>

Walker notes in his *Sufferings of the Clergy* that King was "most Barbarously Treated" and suffered deprivation of his numerous livings as well as ejection from his see (volume 2, p. 63). He lived with his brother-in-law Sir Richard Hobart in Buckinghamshire from this time until 1651, when he took refuge elsewhere in the county with deprived royalists and their families at Ritchings. The *DNB* notes that as early as "1659 King was engaged in negotiations for supplying the vacant bishoprics, and in the next year returned to Chichester." Throughout the Interregnum and after the Restoration he remained a close associate of other royalists, among them Bishop Brian Duppa (whose funeral sermon he preached in 1662) and Izaak Walton, who described him as "generally noted for his obliging nature" (*Life of Donne*). One of King's last published sermons was preached on January 30, 1665 "Being the Anniversary Commemoration of K. Charles the I, Martyr'd on that Day," and printed by the command of King Charles II.

He died on September 30, 1669, and is buried in Chichester Cathedral, where a monument was later erected by the widow of one of his sons.

### **The Groane**

The first edition of the poem under consideration is attributed on its title-page to "I.B.," initials which no commentators have seen fit to identify further.<sup>4</sup> From the second edition, its title was expanded to *A Deep Groane, Fetch'd at the Funerall ...*, with the initials "D.H.K." in place of the earlier attribution. The attribution to King rests on his strong royalist sympathies, and the likelihood that "D.H.K." is "Doctor Henry King." The authorship is still contested, but a recent bibliographer is certain that "there is no argument from internal evidence that he was not the author."<sup>5</sup> By March 11, another, longer poem entitled *An Elegy upon the most Incomparable King Charls the First*, would cement King's decision to turn to poetry as a medium for reflection on the martyrdom. Its authorship is not disputed, and it lends weight to the traditional attribution of the *Groane*.

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3 Bruno Ryves. *Mercurius Rusticus: The Countries Complaint of the Sacriledges, Prophanations, and Plunderings, Committed by the Schismatiques on the Cathedrall Churches of this Kingdome*. Cambridge: Richard Green, 1646, pp. 202-206.

4 "No identification of I.B. has been conjectured." *The Poems of Bishop Henry King*. John Sparrow (ed.). London: The Nonesuch Press, 1925, p. 177.

5 Geoffrey Keynes. *A Bibliography of Henry King, D.D., Bishop of Chichester*. London: Douglas Cleverdon, 1977, p. 4

The *Groane* opens with a meditation on the deep grief of Charles's loyal subjects after his execution, and proceeds to draw parallels between it and other murders in sacred, classical and European history. Most interesting for an understanding of the cult is that the day of the martyrdom is understood as "Good-Friday wretchedly transcrib'd" (l. 45). Bishop King views the king's sufferings and death pre-eminently in light of the Crucifixion, laying an early public rhetorical foundation for understanding the decollation as a martyrdom. "Martyr" and related words occur four times—at ll. 68, 195, 205 and 222. Charles is "The Glory of all *Martyrologies*," (l. 222).

By the end of the *Groane*, King has already subsumed grief into hope, and the poem closes with an imagined epitaph for Charles' future tomb. Within weeks of the martyrdom, he already looked forward to the Restoration though at present "*Heav'n conquered seem'd, and Hell to bear the sway*" (l. 234). In these last lines, the poem becomes an extended meditation in light of the martyrdom on S. Paul's description of the life of Christian ministry:

as dying, and, behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed; As sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing; as poor, yet making many rich; as having nothing, and yet possessing all things. (2 Corinthians 6: 9-10)

A  
GROANE  
AT  
THE FVNERALL  
of that incomparable and  
Glorious MONARCH,  
CHARLES THE FIRST,  
*King of Great Brittain, France,  
and Ireland, &c.*

On whose Sacred Person was acted  
That execrable, horrid, and prodigious  
Murther, by a trayterous Crew, and bloody  
Combination at WESTMINSTER,  
*January the 30, 1648.*

Written by *I.B.*

**A GROANE.**

To speake our Griefes at full over Thy Tombe  
(Great Soul) we should be Thunder-struck, & dumbe:  
The triviall *Off'rings* of our bubling eyes  
Are but faire *Libels* at such Obsequies.  
When Griefe bleeds inward, not to sense, 'tis deep;  
W'have lost so much, that 'twere a sin to weep,  
The wretched Bankrupt counts not up his summes  
When his inevitable ruine comes.  
Our losse is finite when we can compute;  
But that strikes speechlesse, which is past recruite.  
W'are sunke to sense; and on the Ruine gaze,  
As on a curled Comets fiery blaze:  
As Earth-quakes fright us, when the teeming earth  
Rends ope her bowels for a fatall birth:  
As Inundations seize our trembling eyes  
Whose rowling billowes over Kingdomes rise.  
Alas! our Ruines are cast up, and sped  
In that black totall—*CHARLES* is Murthered.  
Rebellious Gyant hands have broake that Pole,  
On which our Orbe did long in Glory roule.  
That *Roman Monsters*<sup>6</sup> wish in Act we see,  
Three Kingdoms necks have felt the Axe in Thee.  
The Butchery is such, as when by *Caine*,  
The Fourth Division of the world was slaine.  
The mangled Church is on the shambles lay'd,  
Her Massacre is on thy Blocke display'd.  
Thine is Thy peoples epidemicke Tombe:  
Thy Sacrifice a num'rous *Hecatombe*.  
The Powder-mine's now fir'd; we were not freed,  
But respired by Traytours thus to bleed.  
*Novembers* plots are brew'd and broach't in worse,

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<sup>6</sup> Note in margin: "Caligula." The reference is to Caligula's wish that all of the Roman people would have just one head, in order to make their decollation easier.

And *January* now compleats the Curse.  
 Our Lives, Estates, Lawes, and Religion, All  
 Lye crush'd, and gasping at this dismall fall.  
 Accursed Day that blotted'st out our light!  
 May'st *Thou* be ever muffled up in Night.  
 At *Thy* returne may sables hang the skie;  
 And teares, not beames, distill from Heavens Eye;  
 Curd's be that smile that guilds a Face on *Thee*,  
 The Mother of prodigious Villanie,  
 Let not a breath be wasted, but in moanes;  
 And all our words be articulate groanes.  
 May all Thy *Rubrick* be this dismall Brand;  
*Now comes the miscreant Doomes-day of the Land.*  
 Good-Friday wretchedly transcrib'd; and such  
 As Horrour brings alike, though not so much.  
 May Dread still fill Thy minutes, and we sit  
 Frighted to thinke, what others durst commit.

A Fact that copies Angels when they fell,  
 And justly might create another Hell.  
 Above the scale of Crimes; Treason sublim'd,  
 That cannot by a parallel be rim'd.  
*Raviliack's* was but under-graduate sin,<sup>7</sup>  
 And *Goury* here a Pupill Assassin.<sup>8</sup>  
*Infidell* wickednesse, without the *Pale*!  
 Yet such as justifies the Canniball.  
 Ryot Apocryphall, of *Legend* breed;  
 Above the Canon of a Jesuites Creed.  
 Spirits of witch-craft! Quintessential guilt!  
 Hells *Pyramid*! Another *Babell* built!  
 Monstrous in bulke! above our Fancies span!  
 A *Behemoth*! A Crime *Leviathan*!

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7 François Ravaillac (1578-1610) was the assassin of Henri IV. A frustrated *valet de chambre*, he made unsuccessful attempts to enter both the Feuillants and the Jesuits before killing Henri on May 14, 1610 and being himself executed.

8 John Ruthven, third Earl of Gowrie (c. 1577-1600) was leader of a failed conspiracy against James VI of Scotland in 1600. Anniversary services were held on August 5 during the rest of his reign in thanksgiving for the king's deliverance. See Peter E. McCullough, *Sermons at Court: Politics and Religion in Elizabethan and Jacobean Preaching*. New York: Cambridge University Press, 1998, especially the section in chapter three on "Gowries, gunpowder, and holy Tuesdays," pp. 116-125.



So desperately damnable, that there  
Ev'n *Wild* smels Treason, and will not appeare,  
That Murdering peece of the new Tyrant-State,  
By whom't hath Shot black Destines of late;  
He that belched forth the Loyall *Burleigh's* doome,<sup>9</sup>  
Recoyles at this so dreadful Martyrdome.  
What depth of Terroure lies in that Offence,  
That thus can grind a seared Conscience!

Hellish Complotment! which a League renews,  
Less with the men, then th'Actions of the Jewes.  
Such was their Bedlam Rabble, and the Cry  
Of *Justice* now, 'mongst them was Crucific;  
*Pilates* Consent is *Bradshaws* Sentence here;<sup>10</sup>  
The *Judgment hall's* remov'd to *Westminster*.  
Hayle to the Reeden Scepter; th'Head, and knee  
Act o're againe that Cursed Pageantrie  
The Caitiffe<sup>11</sup> crew in solemn pompe guard on  
As not to th'Block, but Throne;  
The Belch agrees of those envenom'd Lyes;  
There a *Blasphemer*, here a *Murd'rer* dyes.  
If that goe first in horroure, this comes next,  
A pregnant *Comment* on that gastly Text.  
The Heav'ns ne're saw, but in that Tragicke howre,  
Slaughter'd so great an *Innocence, and Powre*.

Bloud-thirsty Tygars! could no streame suffice  
T'allay that Hell within your breasts but This?  
Must you needs swill in *Cleopatra's* Cup,  
And drunke the price of Kingdomes in a sup?  
*Cisterns* of Loyalty have deeply bled,  
And now y' have damm'd the Royall *Fountain Head*.

---

9 Edward Hyde, first Earl of Clarendon, records the condemnation of Captain Burly to be hanged, drawn and quartered for his efforts to rescue Charles from captivity on the Isle of Wight. He was sentenced by John Wilde, Parliamentary "Chief Baron of the Exchequer." (*History of the Rebellion*, edition by W. Macray, Cambridge, 1888, book 10, p. 145).

10 John Bradshaw (1602-1659) was president of the so-called "High Court of Justice" which passed a sentence of death on King Charles. After the restoration, his body was disinterred from Westminster Abbey, and exposed to public ridicule along with Cromwell and Ireton's corpses.

11 Cowardly, servile; from Latin *captivus* through French.

Cruell *Phlebomotie!* at once to draine  
The *Median*, and the rich *Basilick* veine!<sup>12</sup>  
The tinctures great that popular murther brings,  
'Tis scarlet-deep, that's dy'd in bloud of Kings.

But what! could *Israel* find no other way  
To their wish'd *Canaan* than through This Red Sea?  
Must God have here his leading Fire and Cloud,  
And He be th'Guide to this outrageous Crowd?  
Shall the black *Conclave* counterfeit His hand,  
And superscribe Their Guilt, *Divine Command*?  
Doth th'ugly Fiend usurpe a Saint-like grace?  
And Holy-water wash the Devils face?  
Shall *Dagons* Temple the mock'd *Arke* inclose?  
Can *Esau's* hands agree with *Jacob's* voyce?  
Must *Molech's* Fire now on the Altar burne?  
And *Abel's* bloud to Expiation turne?  
In *Righteousnesse* so lewd a *Bawd*? and can  
The *Bibles* Cover serve the *Alcoran*?<sup>13</sup>  
Thus when *Hel's* meant, *Religion's* bid to shine;  
So *Faux* his Lanterne lights him to his *Mine*.  
*Here, here* is sin's *non ultra*; when one Lie  
Kils This, and stabs at Higher *Majestie*.

And though His sleepy Arme suspend the scourge,  
Nor doth loud Bloud in winged Vengeance urge:  
Though the soft houres a while in pleasure flie,  
And conquering Treason sing her *Lullabie*.  
The guilt at length in furie he'l inroule.  
With barbed Arrows on the traytrous Soul.  
Time may be when that *John à Leyden* King  
His Quarters to this Tombe an Offring bring,  
And that *Be-Munstere'd* Rabble may have eyes

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12 The median vein of the forearm joins the basilic or medial cubital vein, neither of which would have been severed in the course of the decollation. The OED notes that it is "So called from its supposed great importance; the right and left basilic veins were formerly thought to be in direct communication with the liver and spleen respectively." Bishop King probably intends the reader to understand *basilic* as *kingly* or *royal*—alluding already to *Eikon Basilike*—along with the meaningful anatomical definition.

13 *Alcoran* is of course al-Qur'an, the sacred book of Islam. It was first translated into English (from French) in 1649, and was known under this title, e.g. by Hume, until the late 18th century.

To read the Price of their deare Butcheries.<sup>14</sup>  
Yet if just Providence reprove the Fate,  
The Judgment will be deeper, though't be late.  
And after-time shall feele the curse enhanc'd,  
By how much They've the sin bequeath'd advanc'd.

Meane time (most blessed shade) the Loyall eye  
Shall pay her Tribute to Thy Memory.  
Thy *Aromatick* Name shall feast our sense.  
'Bove *Balmie Spiknard's* fragrant Redolence;  
Whilst on Thy loathsome Murderers shall dwell  
A plague fore-blast, and rotten ulcers smell.

*Wonder of Men and Goodnesse!* stamp'd to be  
The *Pride*, and *Flourish* of all History.  
Thou hast undone the *Annals*, and engross'd  
All th'*Heroes* Glory which the Earth ere lost.  
Thy Priviledge 'tis onely to commence  
*Laureate* in *Sufferings*, and in *Patience*.  
Thy wrongs were 'bove all *Sweetnesse* to digest;  
And yet thy *Sweetnesse* conquer'd the sharp test:  
But so immense, and infinitely vast,  
The *first* could not be reach'd, but by the last.  
Meane *Massacres* are but in *death begun*;  
But Thou hast *Liv'd* an *Execution*.  
Close confinn'd up in a *deceased Life*;  
Hadst *Orphan-Children*, and a *Widow-Wife*.  
Friends not t'approach, or comfort, but to mourne  
And weep their unheard plaints, as at Thy Urne?  
Such black Attendants Colonied Thy Cell,  
But for thy Pretence, *Car'sbrooke* had been Hell.  
Thus basely to be Dungeoned, would enrage  
Great *Bajazet* beyond an *Iron Cage*.  
That deep indignity might yet have layne

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14 John of Leiden was born Jan Beuckelszoon or Bockhold (1509 or 1510-1536). He was a radical Dutch Anabaptist who participated in the revolution at Münster in 1534, and assumed leadership of the town. During his brief "reign," he abolished private property, permitted polygamy, and allowed anarchy to prevail. After the collapse of the Münster commune, he was executed in 1536. See *Les anabaptistes: histoire du luthranisme, de l'anabaptisme, et du règne de Jean Bockelsohn à Munster*, by Marie Thodore Renouard, vicomte de Bussierre. Paris, 1853.

Something the lighter from a *Tamerlaine*.  
 But here *Sidonian* Slaves usurp the Reines,  
 And lock the Scepter-hearing Armes in chaines.  
 The spew'd-up surfeit of this glut'nous Land;  
 Honour'd by *Scorne*, and cleane beneath all brand.  
 For such a Varlet-brood to teare all downe,  
 And make a common *Foot-ball* of the *Crowne*;  
 T'insult on wounded Majesty, and broach  
 The bloud of *Honour* by their vile reproach.  
 What Royall Eye but Thine could sober see,  
 Bowing so *Low*, yet bearing up so *high*?  
 What an unbroken sweetnesse grac'd Thy Soule,  
 Beyond the Worlds proud conquest, or controule!  
 Maugre grim cruelty, thou kept'st Thy Hold;  
 Thy *Thornye Crowne* was still a *Crowne of Gold*.  
 Chast *Honour*, *Might* enrag'd could ne're defloure,  
 Though others th'Use, Thou claim'dst the *Right* of Power.  
 The *brave Athenian* thus (with lopp'd-off *Hands*)<sup>15</sup>  
 A stop to swelling tailes by's mouth commands.  
 New Vigour rouz'd Thee still in Thy Embroyles,  
*Antæus*-like, recruiting from Thy Foyles.  
 Victorious *fury* could not terrour bring,  
 Enough to quell a captivated King.  
 So did that *Roman Miracle* withstand  
*Hetrurian* shoales, but with a single hand.<sup>16</sup>  
 The Church in Thee had still her Armies; thus  
 The World once fought with *Athanasius*.  
 The Gantlet thus upheld; it is decreed,  
 (No safety else for Treason) *CHARLES* must bleed.

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15 Cynaegirus (d. 490 BC) was the Athenian brother of Aeschylus, who pursued the defeated Persians after the Battle of Marathon. The Persians cut off the right hand with which he had seized one of their ships while they were in flight. He in turn attached his left hand to the ship, which was also cut off. So great was Cynaegirus' tenacity that he then attempted to stall the ship by grabbing it with his teeth. Herodotus relates the event (*Hist.* 6. 114ff), which is amplified by Justinus of Trogas in his *Epitome* 2.9.16ff.

16 Macaulay's ballad on this event is a familiar one (memorized by Winston Churchill in his youth, along with many of the other *Lays of Ancient Rome*). The allusion refers to the one-eyed Horatius Cocles' single-handed defense of the Sublician Bridge during the invasion of Rome by Lars Porsena. According to Polybius, Horatius died in the Tiber during the onslaught; Livy has him survive and swim to safety after his comrades have destroyed the bridge, making it of no use to the invaders. Porsena is alleged to have been so impressed by the courage of Horatius that he abandoned his siege and contracted a peace with the Romans.

*Traytor* and *Sovereigne* now inverted meet;  
 The wealthy *Olive*'s dragg'd to th'*Brambles* feet.  
 The *Throne* is metamorphiz'd to the *Barre*,  
 And despicable *Batts* the *Eagle* dare.  
 Astonishment! yet still we must admire  
 Thy *courage* growing with Thy *conflicts* high'r.  
 No palsied hands or trembling knees betray  
 That Cause, on which Thy Soule sure bottom'd lay.  
 So free and undisturbed flew thy *Breath*,  
 Not as *condemn'd*, but *purchasing* a death.  
 Those early *Martyrs* in their funeral pile,  
 Embrac'd their *Flames* with such a quiet smile.  
 Brave *Cœur-de-Lyon* Soule, that would'st not vaile  
 In one base syllable to beg Thy *Bayle*!  
 How didst Thou blush to live as such a price,  
 As ask'd thy *People* for a sacrifice!  
 Th'*Athenian Prince* in such a pitch of zeale,  
 Redeem'd his destin'd Hoast, and Common-weale,  
 Who brib'd his cheated *Enemies* to kill,  
 And both their *Conquest*, and their *Conquerour* fell.<sup>17</sup>

Thus Thou our *Martyr* died'st: but Oh! We stand  
 A Ransome for another *CHARLES* his Hand.  
 One that will write Thy *Chronicle* in Red,  
 And dip His Pen in what Thy *Foes* have bled.  
 Shall Treas'nous *Heads* in purple *Caldrons* drench,  
 And with such veines the *Flames* of *Kingdomes* quench.  
 Then Thou at least at *Westminster* shal't be  
 Fil'd in the Pompous List of *Majestie*.  
 Thy *Mausoleum* shall in *Glory* rise,  
 And *Teares* and wonder force from *Nephews* Eyes.  
 Till when (though black-mouth'd *Miscreants* engrave  
 No *Epitaph*, but *Tyrant* upon Thy *Grave*.)  
 A *Vault* of *Loyalty* shall keep Thy *Name*,

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17 Note in margin: "Codrus." Codrus was king of Athens in the eleventh century BC. He saved his country by disguising himself as a woodcutter, and fighting single-handedly to the death with the Dorians who had invaded Attica. (The Delphic Oracle had prophesied that the invasion would be successful only if Codrus' life was spared). The *Athenaion politeia* has him as the last king of Athens, with descendants serving as archons (3.3); Lycurgus (*Against Leocrates* 84-87) and other sources have the family survive through his son Medon as kings until the eighth century BC.

An orient, and bright Olibian flame.<sup>18</sup>  
On which, when time succeeding foot shall tread,  
Such Characters as these shall there be read:

Here CHARLES the best of Monarches butcher'd lies:  
The Glory of all *Martyrologies*.  
*Bulwarke* of Law; the Churches *Cittadell*;  
In whom they triumph'd once, with whom they fell:  
An English *Salomon*, a *Constantine*;  
*Pandect*<sup>19</sup> of Knowledge, Humane and Divine.  
*Meeke* ev'n to wonder, yet of stoutest Grace,  
To sweeten *Majesty*, but not debase.  
So whole made up of *Clemencie*, the Throne  
And *Mercy-seat*, to Him were alwaies one.  
Inviting Treason with a pardoning looke,  
Instead of *Gratitude*, a *Stab* He tooke.  
With passion lov'd, that when He murd' red lay,  
*Heav'n conquered* seem'd, and *Hell* to bear the sway.  
A *Prince so richly good, so blest a Reigne*,  
*The World n're saw but once, nor can againe*.

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18 An "Olibian flame" was believed to burn in perpetuity in some underground tombs and vaults. One such lamp was believed to have been discovered near Padua in 1498 in the tomb of a Roman named Olybius. See Edward Bensly, *Notes and Queries*, (11s. Vol I. April 9 1910, 290-291) who makes mention of Jeremy Taylor's belief in Olybius's Lamp. For a contemporary use, see David Lloyd, *Memoires of the Lives, Actions, Sufferings & Deaths of Those Noble, Reverend and Excellent Personages that suffered by Death, sequestration, decimation, or otherwise, for the Protestant religion and the great principle thereof, Allegiance to their Sovereigne, in our late intestine wars, from the year 1637 to the year 1660, and from thence continued to 1666 with the Life and Martyrdom of King Charles I.* London: Samuel Speed, 1668, p. 89: "The great Genius of this place must now burn a while, like those subterraneous Olibian Lamps under the Earth, we shall behold it, but not now; we shall behold it, but not nigh."

19 Justinian's *Pandectæ* or *Digesta* comprised one of three portions of his codification of Roman law, the other two being the *Codex* and the *Institutiones*. The *Pandectæ* were a condensed compilation in 50 books of significant disputes in Roman jurisprudence. By figurative extension, their collective title refers to an expert in a given field, as "encyclopedia" might today.

*William Palmer, 1844-1854" at the Holy Trinity Seminary Colloquium for 2003 in Jordanville, New York; it will appear in volume two of the series Readings in Russian Religious Culture in early 2004.]*

## ***Samuel Pepys: The Unequalled Self***

**By Claire Tomalin**

Reviewed by Lee Hopkins

*Samuel Pepys: The Unequalled Self*, by Claire Tomalin. Knopf, 2002, 470 pp., \$30. ISBN 0-375-44143-7

XVII Century England was a kaleidoscope of life and mankind for many reasons. It was the last brilliant explosion of bigger than life Renaissance characters in Europe, either trying to preserve a dying past, or to cope with or create a strange new world, that would be the hinge on which the modern period turned. And as the modern period seems to have died with the terrible XX Century, we postmoderns are like those who hovered between the old and the new in 1649, at the execution of Charles I, examining ourselves and wondering what to do for ourselves and in behalf of our descendants. We look for parallels between ourselves and these folk of 355 years ago, aided by the fact that they lived in an age of literary genius and introspection unknown today. Their examinations of themselves and the human condition explored the unknown regions within us, the unknowable world and society that we swim in our brief lives like fish in an ocean of mendacity.

When they lived, our language was at its zenith. They were surrounded with death and anxiety, religion was real and not an analgesic. Never has such wonderfully introspective writing appeared in such profusion, from Shakespeare's late plays plumbing degradation and reconciliation, splendid religious poetry, the spiritual musings of Sir Thomas Browne, the Caroline Divines, and countless Nonconformist seekers, to the later popular form of character writing perfected by Overbury but practiced by hordes of lesser hands. Unique among these riches are the period's great diarists, all contemporaries and all friends: the lapidary antiquarian John Evelyn, the odd scientist Robert Hooke, and best of all, Samuel Pepys.

The famous diary of Pepys brings us a ten year account of the first decade of the Restoration, the plague, the Dutch war, the Great Fire of 1666, the court, the streets, the people, theatre, politics, domestic life and freelance sexual opportunities. He explores London while he explores himself, and takes us along.

The ten year diary gives us an extraordinary vantage due to his complete candor, but what of the rest of his life, before and after? Acclaimed veteran biographer Claire Tomalin has filled in the dots with her exemplary biography, *Samuel Pepys: The Unequalled Self*.

Pepys as a boy stood in the crowd and watched the beheading of Charles I, and was to become after the diary years a close confidant of Charles II, whom he found to be a shallow and wretched king, who ruined many loyal subjects by defaulting on government bonds. But Pepys was a good and loyal friend to James II, through thick and thin. As a lad from a family inclining to Puritanism, Pepys became a man who was not a churchgoer, but an inward Anglican, unique to his age in honoring men as men, whatever their social station, or whether Roman Catholic or Nonconformist. He protected a Quaker on his staff, as a very

high Admiralty official (in fact the father of a professional Royal Navy), and later lost all his high honors because he valued the personal friendship of the Roman Catholic deposed monarch James II, and stuck by him. James II may not have been much as a monarch, but he had been a fine admiral, and one of the few with Pepys, in an Admiralty riddled with incompetent and corrupt cronies of Charles II, who made possible the future greatness of British seapower. Their many trials and seemingly thankless labors made possible the deeds to come of Boscowen, Hawke, Nelson, and countless others.

In fact, this connection with James brought Pepys an indictment as a traitorous Roman Catholic. Imprisoned in the Tower of London, he could have lost his head during the McCarthyite hysteria of the fake Popish Plot. With remarkable equanimity, in his last years Pepys put all this behind him, enjoyed the alehouses and theatres of London, studied and collated his first rate personal library, played his viol, enjoyed chamber music and wine with his friends, and became president of the Royal Society, and its stimulating company composed of such as Sir Isaac Newton, Sir Christopher Wren, and the intellectual elite of an age of genius.

All this from the son of a London tailor, whose family home was on a now vanished alley next to the still wonderfully extant St. Bride's Church on Fleet Street (a parish that today has the spiritual patronage of the nearby major newspaper offices, a fit if unwitting tribute to Pepys, who reported on his own times with an insight, honesty, and clarity hardly typical of any news media of past or present).

Pepys's unusual talents and his rise to fame and fortune (and more importantly to self-fulfillment) were both a quirk of his times and the hidden elasticity that could elevate obscure talent in seemingly stratified English society. His family came from Huntington, as did Cromwell's. A relative of Pepys, his cousin Edward Montague, a country gentleman, was a nearby neighbor of Cromwell's, and rose to deserved high honor in Cromwell's navy (and was to die a hero on shipboard later in royal service, and be given a state funeral by Charles II). Montague, later Lord Sandwich, was typical of many who went back and forth between allegiances. This was not as peculiar or opportunistic as it seems because the times were complex and fluid, necessary for many in order to serve their country, or simply survive. His cousin's patronage enabled Pepys to be educated at Cambridge, and begin his climb from obscure clerkdom to eminence in the Admiralty. In a notably treacherous age, Pepys, aide from having not only an excellent mind and education, but the unusual ability to put them to use, also had the always rare virtues of honesty and loyalty.

From his schooldays, he had as lifelong friends and greatest poet of the late XVII Century, John Dryden, as well as John Evelyn, a profound scholar whose diary and other writings enabled him to link the whole past of his homeland to the panoply of public life he was always in the midst of, remaining one of the most likable and evergreen writers of this period.

Pepys died full of honors at 70, at peace with himself, his fellow man, and his God. He was the soul of his age, like Shakespeare. William Saroyan said "in the time of your life, live!" Pepys was the consummate Londoner, fully and magnificently alive as a man can be. His vices were those of his age, but only the harmless ones, while his virtues were uniquely his own. London is a feast, and Pepys did not go away hungry.



***The Papacy:  
Its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches***

**By Abbé Guettée, D.D.**

Reviewed by Lee Hopkins

*The Papacy: Its Historic Origin and Primitive Relations with the Eastern Churches*, by Abbé Guettée, D.D. Facsimile original edition of 1866, published by the New Sarov Press, printed by Christ of the Hills [Orthodox] Monastery, with the blessing of Bishop Hilarion, Orthodox Church Outside of Russia. 383 pp, \$17.95, ISBN 1-880364-32-9

The remarkable French churchman and scholar Rene-Francois Guettée was born in Blois in 1818. As a Roman Catholic seminarian he had a prophetic glimpse of his own fate when he repeatedly wondered why so many interesting books were placed on the forbidden Index. The young man came to the conclusion expressed by John Milton in his defense of free speech that men are corrupted by ignorance, not by reading. The seminarian's clandestine scholarship made him an alarming presence among his classmates and their teachers, but his piety and scholarship could not be faulted, and he was ordained in 1838.

Becoming an obscure curate with few duties, he spent his ample spare time studying and writing in local libraries. His bishop enquired about his project, read the work in progress, and gave it his hearty approval, giving the curate access to the wonderful research libraries of Paris.

In 1847 the first volume of *History of the Church of France* appeared to official ecclesiastical as well as secular scholarly acclaim. And, as always happens in any bureaucratic environment, a faction formed resenting his rise above corporate mediocrity and conformity. But the difference here was that this hostile cadre's feelings anticipated the direction of Rome, terrified of the liberal spirit that swept Europe with the Revolution of 1848, expressing such subversive notions as human rights, notions that would lead to the loss of the Papal States and the unification of Italy.

Seen from this perspective, Guettée and his impeccably accurate history from the earliest documentation, in each successive volume he published, established beyond doubt that the national, or Gallican, Church of France, was like the Catholic Church in England before the breaking off of the Anglican Church in 1536, a separate Province. In the French case, it had been at odds with Rome by appointing its own Bishops. (Causing the Papacy to strike a mortal blow at Gallicanism by giving its blessing to Napoleon's crowning himself as Emperor, in return for the suppression of Gallican ordinations and submission to Rome; a process eased by the execution or exile of so many clergy during the French Revolution, and resulting chaos and dispersal and mortality.)

So in 1851, when six volumes of Guettée's history had been published to the approbation of 40 French Bishops for the articulation and vindication of Gallicanism, it was an affront and challenge to the evergrowing Ultramontane party, led by the powerful Archbishop of Rheims. (Ultramontane means "beyond the mountains", the Alps, claiming that all of Catholicism derives from the Bishop of Rome, the self-styled Pope.)

Though Guettée had been promoted to Abbé because of his work, he became the focus of Jesuit persecution, as that religious order was created for the sole purpose of protecting the Papacy by any means which justified their political agenda. Seemingly overnight, the Abbé went from an acclaimed French scholar priest to a man condemned, his books placed on the Index as forbidden reading. (Those familiar with Hans Kung, and such books as his *Structures of the Church* stressing the central role of collegiate direction of the Roman Catholic Church through the whole body of its Bishops as an historical principle at odds with Papal fiat, will recognize a familiar cycle of suppression and banishment not unusual since burning at the stake is now politically incorrect.)

Papal power had grown since the Renaissance in response to the Reformation, the creation of the Jesuits at this time, snowballing to a climax in Pius IX's declaration of infallibility in faith and morals in 1870. And while these then future events were taking shape, the Abbé was forbidden to say Mass in Paris. What can only be honestly described as his betrayal was hardly unique, but his response was. The seemingly mild mannered Guettée was a fighter, and turned his pen to his own defense, not in polemics, but in a calm recitation of historical facts.

Guettée argued that the early Church had developed in the seven patriarchies of the ancient world, of which Rome was one but at the periphery of more influential sites to the east. But these were to be lost to the rise and conquests of Islam, leaving only the senior patriarchate of Byzantium, and Rome. The latter developed Papal claims, and Byzantium found them invalid, breaking with Rome in 1054. Thus began the separation of the Roman and Orthodox Churches. It was that latter persuasion that gave ordination to the Abbé, now known as Father Vladimir, and awarded the rare distinction of Doctor of Theology. He then wrote his book *The Papacy*. The reprinted facsimile of the American edition of 1866 bears a preface of the highest praise by Episcopal Bishop Cox of Buffalo, and I am indebted for the loan of this from my old and learned friend Carl B. Sadler of Seattle. The book is hard to find, but its provenance is listed at the top of these pages. It is a vital, factual resource for anyone interested in early church history.

As Guettée wrote: "Facts drawn from original sources are summoned as witnesses. We take the Roman episcopate at the origin of Christianity, follow it through the centuries, and are able to prove incontestably, that during the [first] eight centuries [A.D.] the spiritual Papacy, as we understand it at the present day, had no existence; that the bishop of Rome during the [first] three centuries was only a *bishop* with the same rank as the others; that in the IV Century he received a primacy of honor without universal jurisdiction; and that this [Papal] honor has no foundation other than the decrees of the [Roman] Church.

"As for the universal sovereignty, absolute, of divine right—in other words, the Papacy—facts and catholic testimony of the first eight centuries condemn instead of sustaining it.

"History reveals to us that the Papacy, after several fruitless attempts, taking its birth from circumstances and establishing itself in the IX Century with its double political and ecclesiastical character. Its real founder was Adrian I. Nicholas I chiefly contributed to its development; Gregory VII raised it to its loftiest pitch.

"Adrian I was in fact the first Pope. They who before this occupied the See of Rome, were only bishops, successors not of Saint Peter, but of Linus, who was already in Rome when Saint Peter arrived in that city."

This statement about the primacy of Linus comes from the man called the Herodotus of the early Church, Bishop Eusebius who was the Emperor Constantine's right hand man in declaring for Christianity

so surprisingly after centuries of persecution. Eusebius wrote the first history of the church, and as it was only after three hundred years, it was not hard to get it right, as surely as we know that three hundred years ago Anne was Queen of England. The judgment of Eusebius carries unique authority. He is not some imaginary saint of ecclesiastical wish fulfillment, but the man who in fact collated the first Bible from disparate materials. Truth serves faith, invention does not.

Since Eusebius, other Papal claims such as the Donation of Constantine and the False Decretals have been shown to be bogus, forged confidence tricks. It is unfortunate that the Ultramontane position rests on such shaky foundations, for it obscures what is great and enduring about the Roman Church. The facts stated by Abbé Guettée about Ultramontanism are the same cited by our own Caroline Divines, and echoed by Charles I when he declined joining the Roman Church, and explained that he was a Catholic and always had been. Just as Archbishop Laud turned away from the offer of a Cardinal's hat, saying he could not join Rome as it was currently constituted. Their words reflected profound conviction, as they were to die for their Anglican faith.

Ultramontanism does a severe disservice to Rome.

*[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.]*

## ***Puritan Iconoclasm during the English Civil War***

**By Julie Spraggon**

Reviewed by Richard J. Mammana, Jr.

*Puritan Iconoclasm during the English Civil War.* By Julie Spraggon. Studies in Modern British Religious History 6. Woodbridge: The Boydell Press, 2003. 318 pp. ISBN 0-85115-895-1. \$75.00.

Dr. Julie Spraggon has produced a book the detail, depth and clarity of which combine to form a devastating account of Puritan conduct during the 1640s. In more than 300 pages of closely-written and footnoted research, she excavates a striking picture of the length to which iconoclasts went in their attempts to root out every indication of the continuity of the English Church before and after the reigns of Henry, Edward and Elizabeth. For the Puritan, a misunderstanding of the place of the material world in the economy of salvation led to "an opposition to the *use* of images as well as to their *abuse*, the very objects themselves being regarded as the causers of idolatry" (emphasis mine). In the turmoil of the English Civil War, this attitude would extend with horrific results to include vesture, buildings, parish registers, windows and even scripture as well as statues and paintings.

Spraggon chronicles the burning of Prayer Books, the mutilation of Bibles which included the apocrypha, the destruction of surplices, copes, windows, tombs, statues, crosses, altar rails, organs, candlesticks, crucifixes and countless other accoutrements of divine worship, still very much in use—and resurgence—a full century after the break with Roman jurisdiction. She notes that some extremists even called for the abolition and destruction of church buildings, which they derisively termed “high places” and “steeple houses.” Spraggon’s research is broken down into iconoclasm at the official level, in London, at cathedrals and at the Universities; she also focuses on spontaneous and particularly offensive military iconoclasm.

From the beginning of 1641, the Commons had discussed the commissioning of men

to be sent into all Countries, for the defacing, demolition and quite taking away of all Images, Altars, or Tables turned Altar-Wise, Crucifixes, superstitious Pictures, Monuments, and Relicts of Idolatry, out of all Churches and Chapels.

By the end of the year, this would be expanded to refer to suppression “the late innovations” such as bowing at the Name of Jesus and in reverence toward the altar. From 1643, Puritan iconoclasm was directed by the Committee for the Demolition of Monuments of Superstition and Idolatry, replete with its Orwellian name. With Sir Robert Harley as Chairman, the Committee set about its work with extraordinary zeal. One account tells of the destruction of the church cross at Wigmore: “caused to be beaten in pieces, even to dust with a sledge, and then laid . . . in the footpath to be trodden on in the churchyard.” Stained glass from the church at Leintwardine in Worcestershire was “broke small with a hammer” and thrown into the River Teme. In Oxford, we see Harley demolish a window, lay “it in heaps upon the ground and trod it to pieces, saying that he was ‘dancing a jig to Laud.’”

One of the book’s interesting features is its inclusion of five plates illustrating iconoclasm, including the public burning of images, crucifixes and books taken from Somerset House and St. James’s Palace in 1643, as well as the demolition of the Cheapside Cross in the same year. Spraggon also draws on the 2001 edition of William Dowsing’s *Journal*, the only detailed day-to-day account of iconoclasm from the hand of one of its perpetrators.

This is a book whose narratives can only be very sad for modern-day Anglican readers. It is easy to lament the needless destruction and dangerous attitudes of the men—and iconoclasm appears to have an almost exclusively male occupation—who would eventually perpetrate the further iconoclasm of regicide. And yet on every page there is a vindication of the persistence of Catholic life in the Church of England despite the best attempts of its enemies to eradicate it. Spraggon finds that in the end there were in fact many places where Puritan legislation “went unheeded” for various reasons. Misplaced “fear and hatred of idolatry” eventually burnt itself out without having accomplished its goals. Indeed, well before the Restoration, “with the war won and episcopacy abolished the symbolic meaning attached to iconoclastic gestures lost significance.”

Though its high price is forbidding for readers who cannot borrow *Puritan Iconoclasm during the English Civil War* from a good library, it presents a crucial aspect of the Civil War very well. The Boydell Press has produced yet another book sure to be of interest to members of the Society.

***Mad Madge: The Extraordinary Life of Margaret Cavendish,  
Duchess of Newcastle, The First Woman to Live by Her Pen***

**By Katie Whitaker**

Reviewed by Sarah Gilmer Payne

*Mad Madge: The Extraordinary Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, The First Woman to Live by Her Pen*, by Katie Whitaker. Basic Books, 387 Park Ave. S., New York NY 10016-8810. ISBN 0-465-09161-X

Sister of the heroic cavalry commander Sir Charles Lucas and wife of the Duke of Newcastle, Margaret Cavendish was a dynamic and inspiring person in her own right.

A shy introvert, she overcame her fears, developed a colorful eccentric persona, and dared to become a serious writer in an era when women with such aspirations were subjected to ridicule and contempt.

Katie Whitaker's excellent book would be worth the reader's attention for her research on the Lucas family alone; however, she also writes with sympathy and insight into the character, feelings, and motivations of her subjects, presenting a delightful picture of the loving relationship Margaret and her husband enjoyed.

Early in her career, Margaret was accused of not really having written her books herself; eventually she would also be accused of having written her husband's plays for him.

Subsequent ages have also been unkind as well as unjust to Margaret, dismissing her as a mere eccentric, a dilettante, or even a madwoman. Whitaker challenges these misconceptions, presenting a true picture of the woman and her very real talents.

*[Sarah Gilmer Payne, S.K.C.M., of Toccoa, Georgia, is a regular contributor to these pages. She has also written for The Royal Martyr Annual. She was recently married to Mr. Tracy Payne. She is interested in the Royal Martyr and the times in which he lived, and in things equestrian.]*

## **SKCM News — June, 2004**

### ***British Headquarters***

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Peter Maplestone, *London Secretary*  
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### **Kalendar of Anniversaries**

13 June 1625	King Charles married
14 June 1645	Battle of Naseby
18 June 1633	King Charles I crowned at Holyrood
30 June 1670	Death of Henrietta, Duchess of Orleans, daughter of Charles I
9 July 1949	Death of Hon. Mrs. Greville-Nugent, Foundress of S.K.C.M.
10 August 1669	Death of Queen Henrietta Maria
3 September 1658	Death of regicide, Cromwell
8 September 1650	Death of Princess Elizabeth at Carisbrooke
15 October 1633	King James II and VII born
19 November 1600	King Charles born

**At the Annual Mass & Meeting, 31 January 2004,  
Church of the Guardian Angels, Lantana, FL**

Pictured are (left to right):

*I.* Mark A. Wuonola, Ph.D., American Representative, S.K.C.M.;  
The Rev'd David C. Kennedy, SSC; and  
the Rev'd Craig E. O'Brien, SSC, Rector, Church of the Guardian Angels

*II.* The Rt. Rev'd Keith L. Ackerman, SSC, Episcopal Patron, S.K.C.M.,  
preaching from the throne.  
(see article on p. 1)

**DETAIL FROM XIX-CENTURY PETIT-POINT  
AT THE CHURCH OF THE GUARDIAN ANGELS, LANTANA, FLORIDA**