

SUBSTANCE OF THE ADDRESS OF THE REV.
LORD ARTHUR HERVEY, M.A., PRESIDENT OF
THE SUFFOLK INSTITUTE OF ARCHÆOLOGY
AND NATURAL HISTORY, TO THE ARCHÆO-
LOGICAL INSTITUTE OF GREAT BRITAIN, ON
THE OCCASION OF THEIR VISIT TO BURY ST.
EDMUND'S, ON THE SEVENTH OF JULY, 1854.

My Lord Talbot de Malahide, and Gentlemen, members of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain, allow me in the first place to offer you, on behalf of the Suffolk Institute of Archæology, a most warm and hearty welcome. I can truly say in the name of all who are associated with me, that it is a source of unfeigned gratification to us to see so many distinguished persons come to do honour to our ancient and famous town of Bury St. Edmund's. We hope that your visit will be of great advantage to our own local Institution, and will bring to it an increase of efficient support: and that when the inhabitants of Bury see so many strangers flocking from a distance, incited by the desire to examine the many objects of interest to be seen here, they themselves will henceforth attach more value to these objects, and there will be a large increase of zeal for archæological pursuits in this venerable borough. We trust also with, I hope, no unbecoming pride, that when we have conducted our visitors round the town, and shown them its antiquities, they will think them worthy of their notice, and will not repent that they acceded to our invitation to come amongst us to-day. For my own part

I cannot but add, what I most sincerely feel, that I wish it had fallen into the hands of some one having more antiquarian knowledge, and better able to express himself than I am, to inaugurate the proceedings of this day. But I must trust to the kind indulgence of my hearers to excuse and cover my deficiencies in these respects.

Bury St. Edmund's has for many hundred years been a place of considerable note amongst the towns of England. But the particular feature of it to which I desire in the first place to call your attention is that it is a genuine Anglo-Saxon town, a thoroughly *English* borough. It has no pretence to British remains, nor can it claim any distinction on account of Roman antiquities. I believe none such have been discovered within its boundaries, though it is situated in the country of the Iceni, whose name is thought to be preserved in the names of Ixworth, Icklingham, Ickworth, and others. I suspect indeed that there never was a large Celtic population in these parts. But Bury is entirely an Anglo-Saxon borough. All its local features prove it so. The names and disposition of the streets, in the first instance, indicate this most clearly. For the sake of those who do not know the place I may state that we have our North-gate street—your entrance into Bury to-day—our East-gate street, our South-gate street, our West-gate street, and a fifth gate gave its name to the Risby-gate street, leading to Risby, one of the objects of this afternoon's excursion. Then again we have our Skinners street, our Hatters street, our Baxter or Bakers street; we had till lately (as Mr. Tymms has kindly informed me) our Cooks row, our Linendrapers row, our Tanners row, and our Glovers row; our Fishmongers street and our Lorimer street; and though some of these may perhaps be referable to the arrangement of the booths at the fair, yet doubtless these followed the olden Anglo-Saxon arrangement of the streets of the town. Now if we turn to the description of an Anglo-Saxon town given by Mr. Kemble in his "Saxons in England" (a work which gives much valuable information concerning the manners and customs of our forefathers, and with which many of you no doubt are acquainted), we shall be disposed

to think that Bury must have sat to Mr. Kemble for its picture. He says:—

“We have evidence that streets which afterwards did, and do yet, bear the names of particular trades or occupations, were equally so designated before the Norman conquest in several of our English towns. It is thus only that we can account for such names as Fellmonger, Horsemonger, and Fishmonger, Shoewright and Shieldwright, Tanner and Salter streets, and the like, which have long ceased to be exclusively tenanted by the industrious pursuers of those several occupations.”

He then goes on to say:—

“Let us place a cathedral and a guildhall with its belfry in the midst of these [the trades' streets] surround them with a circuit of walls and gates, and add to them the common names of North, South, East, and West, or North-gate, South-gate, East-gate, and West-gate streets, and here and there let us fix the market and its cross, the dwellings of the bishop and his clergy [here of course we must substitute the dwelling of the abbot—for no bishop was allowed to come near Bury], above all let us build a stately fortress to overcome or defend the place, and we shall have at least a plausible representation of a principal Anglo-Saxon city.”*

These are precisely the features of Bury, and indicate that it is essentially an Anglo-Saxon town. Indications too of its municipal institutions dating from Anglo-Saxon times may be found in the ancient designation of the chief magistrate as ‘the alderman,’ a title which continued till the Municipal Reform Act of 1835, and perhaps also in some local proper names as Catchpole (cacepol—catch-poll or beadle), Bedell, &c.

But above all its very name tells the story of its Saxon origin. You are now in the ancient fortified town of St. Edmund—S’c’e Eadmundes Byrig. This name carries us back to those remote times when England, and especially this part of the kingdom, was the battle-field of Danes and Saxons: those times when Christianity had not yet fully established its blessed conquest over this country; when ancient heathenism still showed a bold front, and waged an aggressive warfare against Christianity: when in short heathen Danes wrestled with our christian Anglo-Saxon forefathers for the goodly inheritance of this fair land. The name of St. Edmund too reminds us of the legend in which the wolf, who took such care of St. Edmund’s head, bore an

* Vol. ii. p. 240.

important part. Now in every legend, however fabulous, the accessories are drawn from existing circumstances and manners of the times. When therefore we find the wolf mixed up with the events of St. Edmund's martyrdom, we are carried back to the days when wolves still ranged at will through the wild and extensive forests of England. If what Thierry says of St. Edmund's character, "*C'etoit un homme de peu de mérite et de peu de réputation,*" is true, and if the accusation he makes even against his patriotism is just, that he had rather encouraged the Danes two or three years before to go on a marauding expedition against Northumberland—if, I say, such was St. Edmund's real character and conduct, it is well for our martyr, saint, and king, that he lived in those remote ages when the clear light of history fades away and disappears in the dimness of legendary fable and myth. It was however strictly in accordance with what Thierry remarks as a proof of the extremely patriotic character of the Anglo-Saxons, viz., that if a man died in war for his country he was immediately made a martyr and a saint—that Saint Edmund, though "a man of little merit," yet having been killed by the Danes, the enemies of his country, should be extolled and lauded as a martyr and a saint. The history of St. Edmund, King of the East Angles, you are no doubt well acquainted with. When the Danes, to whom he had given doubtful battle, were in the neighbourhood of Thetford, it was proposed to him by them to divide his kingdom with them. He refused the demand, and the Danes, getting possession of his person, tied him to a tree, beat him with bats or cudgels, and then ended their amusement by making him the butt at which they shot their arrows. It is mentioned as an instance of their particular malice that they took care not to shoot at any vital part, but aimed at his hands and legs, so as to protract his tortures as long as possible. It is but fair however to the Danes, heathen as they were, to add that they had received considerable provocation. Their leaders were Inguar and Ubba, the sons of Lodbrog. Now we read that after an unsuccessful struggle with Ælla king of Northumberland, Lodbrog had been cast by his conqueror into a dungeon filled with adders, serpents, and

other venomous reptiles, and so died in dreadful torments. It is not surprising then that, according to the *lex talionis*, these heathen Danes on coming to England should be animated by the spirit of revenge, and that the sons of Lodbrog should revenge their father's death, and repay on the East Anglian king the cruelties of the king of Northumberland, by causing him to be treated in this savage manner. And here I cannot help adverting to a most singular tradition, to which I confess I give implicit credence. At Hoxne, a few miles from hence, was an old oak tree, which had always been known as St. Edmund's oak. The common tradition was (perhaps it had ceased to be the common *belief*) that it was the very identical oak to which King Edmund was tied some thousand years ago when he was shot at by the arrows of the Danes. Some seven or eight years since this venerable tree split from extreme old age, and in its very centre, which was then exposed to view, was found an old arrow head. This remarkable fact, coupled with the previous tradition, makes me believe that this was the very oak tree to which St. Edmund was bound in the forest of Hoxne.

To proceed however with our story. Either through the fond patriotism of the people, or the not quite disinterested policy of the monks, a report was soon raised, and rapidly spread, that miracles were wrought over the grave of the royal Anglo-Saxon martyr, who had died *pro aris et focis*. In consequence of the increasing reputation of St. Edmund's grave, Hoxne was no longer thought a place of sufficient importance for him to rest in, and was perhaps not easily accessible to pilgrim worshippers. The monks therefore removed his body to Beodericsworth, to which place the Saint was destined henceforth to give his name, and to impart to it no mean portion of wealth and honour.

The old name Beodericsworth implies that it was an estate belonging sometime to a Saxon proprietor named Beoderic. The termination *worth*, which is found in Ickworth, Horningsworth, Ixworth, Halesworth, and many others, means an estate or farm, *prædium*. Beoderic is formed just like Theoderic, Alaric, &c., and means *rich* or *mighty in prayer*. The accidental signification of this

proper name, so suitable to the later history of Bury St. Edmund's, seems to have suggested the notion that it designated the old town as a place of prayer. But I have little doubt that Beoderic was only the name of some Christian Anglo-Saxon proprietor to whom the estate formerly belonged, as Jocelin de Brakland distinctly asserts, and that Beodericsworth simply meant the estate of Beoderic. However, from the time that Beodericsworth became the resting-place of the body of St. Edmund, it became a very important and much frequented place: pilgrims and others flocking there to bring their offerings, and the monks as usual taking advantage of the fame of the saint. It soon lost its old name, and the town which grew round the monastery "where the glorious king and martyr lay buried," was called St. Edmund's Bury. I could give you a goodly list of monarchs and other illustrious personages who came, from the earliest times, to pay their devotions at St. Edmund's shrine. But I must first call your attention to a remarkable circumstance. Though King Edmund, the Saxon patriot, died in defending his country against the Danes, yet some of the first kings who did honour to his shrine were themselves Danes and Normans. King Sweyn, having been rash enough to come and ravage St. Edmund's patrimony, came to an untimely end, and was said to have acknowledged on his deathbed that his sacrilegious violence had been the cause of his death, through the intervention of St. Edmund. In consequence of this his son, King Canute, came to make his offerings at the grave of the offended saint, and, to expiate his father's impiety, took off his crown and presented it at the shrine. King William the Conqueror did great honour to St. Edmund, and granted him many privileges. I fancy he came there in person, for it is said that he placed a *cultellum* on the shrine. Now it would be a curious speculation to enquire why Danes and Normans thus united in honouring an Anglo-Saxon saint; and it is a matter for philosophical enquiry whether it arose from policy, in order to conciliate their English subjects, or whether from a superstitious dread of St. Edmund's vengeance, and a desire to propitiate his favour, or whether we may see in it a faint image of the blessed power of Chris-

tianity to unite the most discordant elements. For my own part I would fain hope that there was at work in this something at least of the power of that religion which had before united in one holy fellowship Jews, Samaritans, and Gentiles, and which was now able to unite in the same bonds Normans, Danes, and Saxons.

Well then, I must ask you, in going round the town with us to-day, to carry in your minds the names of some of those illustrious persons who have trod the soil you are now about to tread, and whose eyes have looked upon the buildings whose remains you are about to behold. I have already mentioned Canute and William the Conqueror. King Edward the Confessor often came to Bury, and was wont, when within a mile of the spot where his royal predecessor St. Edmund lay, to take off his shoes and approach barefoot. Here King Henry II. took the cross; and on that occasion Abbot Sampson (a name well known to those who are familiar with that most interesting work "Jocelin de Brakland's Chronicle") was so inflamed with warlike ardour to take the cross, that it was almost impossible to restrain him from doing so. Nor could he be deterred from his purpose till the king absolutely forbid him, saying it was not safe for the peace of the counties that the Abbot of St. Edmund, and the Bishop of Norwich, should both be absent at the same time. I may mention by the way, as a proof of the singular veneration felt for St. Edmund and his abbey, that when all England was forced to contribute to the ransom of King Richard, and all the abbeys and monasteries were ransacked of their gold and silver vessels for that purpose, no one dared to touch the shrine of St. Edmund, and it remained inviolate till the Reformation. What became of it then is unknown. The painted case which belonged to Horace Walpole's collection, and was bought at Strawberry Hill sale, I believe by the Duke of Sutherland, is pretty well ascertained not to have had anything to do with St. Edmund's shrine. Richard the Lion-hearted himself came to Bury twice. King John also came (no honour to us that he did) and did *not* earn golden opinions. The sarcastic Jocelin de Brakland complains of his great shabbiness; the only thing he

offered to St. Edmund was a piece of silk which he borrowed from the convent. On a subsequent occasion, however, he in some measure redeemed his character. King Henry III. held a Parliament here. Edward I. visited Bury thirteen times, and also held his Parliament here A.D. 1296. Here poor Edward II. came and shed over the place the sad hue of his sorrows and misfortunes: he probably came to St. Edmund's shrine to seek some solace from those heavy cares which weighed him down to the ground. He spent his Christmas here; but doubtless it was not a merry Christmas, for he knew that his faithless Queen Isabella was near at hand. In point of fact she landed in Suffolk, and soon afterwards raised a large force at Bury and in the neighbourhood, with which she ultimately drove her unhappy husband from the throne. Richard II. and his Queen passed ten days here; and here Henry VI. held a parliament. I will read to you from Dugdale a short and characteristic description of the manner in which the king passed the time from Christmas to St. George's day (April 23).

“ Abbot Curteys made great preparations for the visit, and put the abbatial palace, which was at that time much out of repair, into complete readiness for the reception of his royal guest. The alderman and burgesses of Bury, dressed in scarlet, accompanied by the commons of the town, who also wore a red livery, met the king, to the number of five hundred, upon Newmarket heath. The royal retinue before this extended a mile. They brought the king within the precinct of the monastery by the south gate. Here he was received by the whole convent: the Bishop of Norwich and the abbot appearing in full pontificals: the abbot sprinkling the king with holy water, and presenting a cross to his lips. Procession, with music, was next made to the high altar of the church, when the antiphon used in the service for St. Edmund (“ Ave rex gentis Anglorum ”) was sung. After this the king paid his devotions at St. Edmund's shrine, and then passed to the abbot's palace. He remained with the abbot till the Epiphany: but afterwards removed to the prior's lodgings, where he stayed till the 23rd of January: the vicinity of the water and the vineyard which led into the open country, and gave facility to the sports of the field, rendering this situation particularly agreeable.”

You will see bye-and-bye, when we are on the site of the prior's house, the features here alluded to as making it such an agreeable residence. And you will see in the strong stone buttresses, recently laid bare by the excavations of our Suffolk Institute, proofs that there was formerly a considerable flow of water in front of the prior's residence.

In connection with this visit of King Henry VI., I may refer to an interesting picture in Dugdale's *Monasticon* (the only one remaining) of St. Edmund's shrine, in which Henry VI. appears in the act of making his devotions before it.

Speaking of the shrine of St. Edmund, I am reminded of another singular circumstance related by Jocelin of Brakeland. He tells us that in his lifetime the coffin was opened by Abbot Sampson, on the solemn occasion of raising the shrine upon a new marble pedestal. It was done in the dead of the night, on the feast of St. Katherine, A.D. 1198, in the presence of twelve of the brotherhood, and while the rest of the convent were all asleep. The abbot touched various parts of the holy body, and among others the nose, which he described as *valdè grossum et prominentem*. The rest of the convent were sadly disappointed when they learnt the next morning what had been done in their absence, and said among themselves, we have been sadly deceived, and sang their *te deum* with tears. The time would fail us to go through the list of archbishops and bishops and noblemen of high degree, and other illustrious personages, who were attracted to Bury by the fame of the royal martyr, and the veneration due to his incorruptible body. But we must not pass over in silence an incident which sheds the brightest lustre upon the chronicles of the abbey of St. Edmund, and is in truth the proudest event we have to boast of. Here it was that the great and good Cardinal Langton assembled the barons of England on St. Edmund's day, and producing the articles which he had prepared as the foundations of a charter of liberties, read them amidst the acclamations of his hearers. Here it was that the bold barons, standing near the high altar, swore over the holy shrine of St. Edmund that they would never dissolve their league and solemn confederacy till they had extorted from King John those liberties which were afterwards granted and embodied in *Magna Charta*. We shall soon stand on that very spot, where a stone, with an inscription from the pen of Dr. Donaldson, contains a record of these memorable transactions.

Such, gentlemen, are some of the historical associations,

the *admonitus locorum*, connected with the ancient town which you are visiting to-day. As therefore we go our rounds from spot to spot, instead of seeing merely our friends and neighbours, instead of seeing ordinary personages, or even the welcome presence of our distinguished visitors, we must bid our fancy open wide her eyes, and we must conjure up the forms of mitred abbots, barons clad in their ponderous armour, kings with their brilliant trains, processions of priests carrying crosses and tapers, and all the other paraphernalia with which your antiquarian knowledge will enable you to decorate the precincts of a great abbey in the early days of our monarchy. Specially, you must imagine you see before you pilgrims from the Holy Sepulchre, bringing the latest news of the wars in the East, and this will suggest a curious contrast with modern events. We are now looking anxiously for news from the same quarter: but news not carried by the slow way-worn foot of the palmer, but dispersed through the length and breadth of the land with astonishing rapidity in the columns of our *Times* newspaper. Then there was a crusade in Europe to wrest the holy land from its Mahomedan possessors. Now our armies are fighting side by side with the Moslem in defence of European liberty; the crescent in alliance with the cross! How striking are the reflections thus suggested to us concerning the changes brought about by time, and the march of civilization in our own days!

And this leads me to make an observation which I am desirous of making before I conclude, that what gives archæology its great importance is its intimate connection with history, and its singular power to elucidate it in many points. This is strikingly the case with the archæology of Bury. Read with a discriminating eye, it is the history of Bury; and not of Bury only but of England also. On the old stones of Bury there is as it were engraven the record of those contests between the feudal system and the middle classes which were going on for centuries through the country at large, and which ended in securing to us our unrivalled liberty, and our glorious constitution. The archæology of Bury distinctly teaches some of the principal features of those contests. The buildings which we shall

see to-day, remarkable for their great antiquity, are those connected with the abbey; the gateway, the tower, and the walls. And why do these remain? Simply because they are built with massive stones, at a great cost, indicating that those who built them were possessed of vast wealth in their day. All the other buildings of that time have been swept away, because they were built of perishable materials, indicating the poverty of their owners, and their inability to erect solid and expensive structures. But the Norman tower, the abbey gate, and the abbey walls still survive to tell us of the enormous wealth of the church, and the great command of money and labour possessed by the feudal proprietors of that day. If we turn to history we shall find it telling exactly the same thing. The feudal lords, among whom the abbot of St. Edmund's Bury held a pre-eminent place, were the leviathan possessors of property and power, and the commonalty of the realm, the commercial and industrial classes, were nothing. Their industry was fettered by the most vexatious restrictions, and political consideration they had none. But we may carry the reasoning a little further. The ruins which we are about to visit not only indicate the wealth and power of those who built them, but shew that they were constructed for protection against force and hostile violence. Those who lived within those walls were not at ease; they were not on terms of peace and love with their neighbours in the town. The power represented by those massive gateways, and those lofty walls, did not conciliate the affection of those it domineered over. Neither did it desire their progress, or seek to promote their improvement. The object of that power was its own selfish aggrandizement, which it pursued by maintaining odious and oppressive privileges, and by trampling upon the rights of the middle and commercial classes. And this view, too, is exactly borne out by the history of the times, and by that of Bury in particular. There were frequent collisions between the abbey and the town, the latter struggling to obtain the rights which the former were determined to withhold from them. For example, we read in Dugdale, that:—

“In the year 1327 Abbot Draughton had the great mortification to see his abbey reduced almost to a heap of ruins. The great mass

of the townsmen, headed by their alderman and chief burgesses, and joined by an immense force collected from the neighbouring towns and villages, made three several attacks upon the monastery and its possessions, sacking and burning the edifices of the abbey, robbing it of its ornaments, charters, and treasure, and extending their depredations to a great number of the manors which belonged to it. Several of the townsmen taking Peter de Clopton, the prior, and about twenty monks, to the chapter-house, compelled them to execute under seal several deeds injurious to the rights and privileges of the monastery; particularly a deed or grant from the convent to the town of Bury, to constitute and continue the burgesses as a guild or corporation with a common seal, having the custody of the town gates, and the wardship of orphans. The townsmen had collected together about 20,000 men and women; and as the parochial clergy had generally a great antipathy to the monks, many of the curates and ministers of the towns and villages joined the rioters, and abetted the outrageous attacks upon the possessions of the monks. J. Burton, the alderman, William Herlinge, thirty-two priests, thirteen women, and one hundred and thirty-eight others of the said town were outlawed, of whom divers, after grudging at the abbot for breaking promise with them at London, conspired against him, and invaded the manor of Chevington, where he then lay. They robbed and bound him, they then shaved him and carried him away to London, where they removed him from street to street, till they could convey him over the Thames into Kent, and over sea to Dist in Brabant, where they kept him in much misery and slavery."

Again,—

"In 1381 the rabble of Norfolk and Suffolk, under a leader who assumed the name of Jack Straw, made a simultaneous movement with the Kentish insurgents under Wat Tyler, in the hope of effecting a general rebellion. Their numbers are stated to have amounted to 50,000. Having seized Sir John Cavendish, the Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench, at his country seat, they brought him to Bury, where they beheaded him. They next attacked the monastery of St. Edmund. John de Cambridge, the prior, was seized at the manor of Mildenhall; his head was struck off, and his body was left naked in the fields for five days, none presuming to bury it for fear of the rioters. His head was placed upon the pillory by that of Sir John Cavendish. John de Lakynghithe, the keeper of the Barony of St. Edmund, was seized in the abbey cloister, whence, having been dragged to the market-place of Bury, his head was taken off with eight strokes, and placed with those of his friends. They then plundered the abbey, taking away a cross of gold, a rich chalice, and jewels and ornaments to the value of a thousand pounds."

Now these were not isolated and accidental riots, caused by the turbulence of the burghers and the people; but it was the expansive power of the trade and commerce of the middle classes, which played such an important part in the

whole history of English liberty, struggling for freedom from the vexatious restrictions and tyranny of the feudal lords, and at last like steam bursting through all the restraints with which it was attempted to confine them. And they succeeded at last. The power represented by the abbey gates and walls is gone. Free commerce and liberty have survived.

It was not, however, till the reign of Edward the Fourth, that the townspeople obtained the acknowledgment and confirmation of their rights. And here, again, there is a remarkable consent between archæology and history. The building in which we are now assembled is the GUILDHALL. Guilds are very ancient Anglo-Saxon institutions, and are traced by Kemble to very remote times. They were, however, of much wider than mere Anglo-Saxon origin. Grimm, in his *Geschichte der Deutsche Sprache*, under the word *Ambacti*, traces something of the same sort among Gothic and Scythian tribes, and even seems to suggest that Pylades and Orestes were members of a guild. Now, what the burgesses of Bury were continually demanding of the abbot was leave to form themselves into a guild for the government of the town, the custody of the gates, &c. And this power of self-government they at length obtained in the 20th of Edward the Fourth, A.D. 1480. Now, this is exactly the age which the architecture of the Guildhall points to, as the time of its erection or enlargement. "The porch is of the time of Henry the Seventh; but the entrance into the vestibule is under a fine well-preserved arch in the early English style."* I cannot leave the Guildhall, so long used as the banqueting-room of the corporation, without observing that it is a mistake to suppose that feasting together is an innovation in the customs of guilds. On the contrary, it seems to be an essential feature of their original constitution. The dooms of the city of London, belonging to the tenth century, provide for a monthly feasting together of the ten tithing men, with their president. And the gloss on the new Netherlandish word *Bors* (equivalent to the French *Bourse*), "Bande de dix," seems to point out a close connection with those ancient Anglo-Saxon guild feasts, to which the dooms

* Tymms's Handbook of Bury St. Edmund's, p. 47.

relate. Grimm* explains the term *Bors*, and its kindred words, which mean *societas, cætus commilitonum, conventiculum mercatorum, &c.*, by *βυρσα*, the *hide* on which ten men might feast together, from whence it came to mean any meeting of associated persons.

There is but one other building in Bury to which, in conclusion, I will advert, as connected with the history of men and manners in times past: I mean the Jews' house, or Moyses' Hall, which belongs to the latter part of the eleventh century. The Jews were an important community in those ages. They were the possessors of the ready money of the day; and it often happened then as now that the great landed proprietors were in want of ready money. It was so frequently with the Abbot of Bury. Jocelin de Brakland gives a curious account of the way in which the monks borrowed of the Jews, pawning even the vestments and vessels of St. Edmund. Hence we can see why a considerable number of Jews settled at Bury St. Edmund's, giving their name to Heathenman-street, as Hatter-street was formerly called. Hence, too, we can account for the existence of the strongly built house we are speaking of, the only building of that age, besides those of the abbey, which has survived; indicating the wealth of the body to which it belonged; indicating, also, that the poor Jews needed a strong house to hide their treasures in, and to protect their persons from violence. It is sad to recollect that Bury took its full share in the ill-usage of the Jews. Some were massacred here in Henry the Second's reign; the usual calumny of their having crucified a Christian child being invented against them. Jocelin alludes in his chronicle to "our holy child Robert." But the real object of these cruel persecutions was to avoid paying the debts contracted with the unhappy Hebrews, when the interest upon them had accumulated to an inconvenient extent.

Time will not allow me to advert to Bury fair, which had its origin in the oppressions of the feudal system, the first charter being granted in Henry the First's reign. The same system of selfish monopoly which set up the baronial mill, and the baronial oven, and forced every one to pay dearly

* Vol. i., p. 134.

for the use of them, set up also the exclusive markets and fairs. The following passage from "Jocelin's Chronicle," p. 38, gives a curious account of a squabble connected with an attempt to set up a market at Lakenheath, under the patronage of the convent of Ely, which was considered prejudicial to the rights of the Abbey of St. Edmund.

"The abbot commanded his bailiffs that, taking with them the men of St. Edmund, with horses and arms, they should abolish the market (at Lakenheath), and that they should bring along with them in custody the buyers and sellers therein, if they should find any. Now, in the dead of the night there went forth nearly six hundred men, well armed, proceeding towards Lakenheath. But when the scouts gave intelligence of their arrival, all who were in the market ran here and there, and not one of them could be found. Now, the Prior of Ely on that same night had come thither with his bailiffs in order to defend the buyers and sellers, but he would not stir out of his inn: so our bailiffs overturned the butchers' shambles, and the tables of the stalls, and carried them away with them. Moreover, they led away with them all the cattle and sheep."

But I am ashamed at having detained you so long. I will only add that, though the ancient edifices of Bury have long survived the purposes for which they were built, they may at least help us to mark the political, social, and religious progress we have made: they may serve to kindle our gratitude to the good Providence of God, by whose favour we enjoy such abundant blessings of freedom, and the light of true religion: and if they served no other purpose, we should at least value them this day, as having given us the pleasure of a visit from the Archæological Institute of Great Britain.