

**THE PROTESTANT: A TALE  
OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN  
MARY, PP. 8-279**

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The Protestant: A Tale of the Reign of Queen Mary, pp. 8-279 by Mrs. Bray

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**MRS. BRAY**

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**Mrs. Bray's Fables and Romances.**

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**HISTORICAL ROMANCES.**

THE WHITE HOODS.	THE PROTESTANT.
DE FOIX.	THE TALBA.

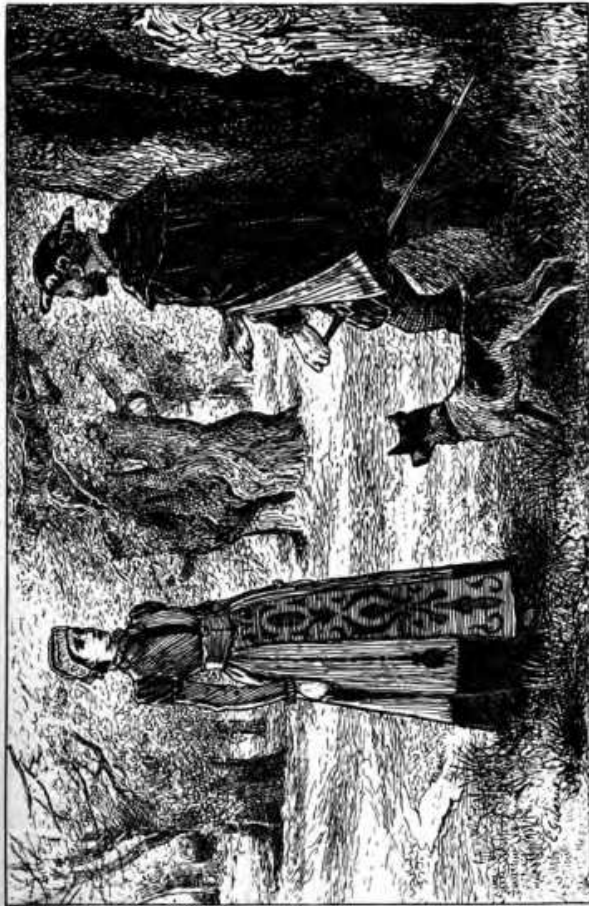
**ROMANCES OF THE WEST.**

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TRIALS OF THE HEART.  
A FATHER'S CURSE, AND A DAUGHTER'S  
SACRIFICE.

**THE PROTESTANT**



# THE PROTESTANT

A Tale of  
THE REIGN OF QUEEN MARY

BY  
MRS. BRAY

*NEW AND REVISED EDITION*

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LIMITED



"I came hither in peace," said the Suffragan, "and so will I depart. I come to propose some questions to you, Owen Wilford, and to offer you some terms, easy to perform—Allow me to call in my secretary."

The Bishop of Dover, for a minute, quitted the room, and returned, followed by a little thin man, dressed in a black gown, a bundle of papers in one hand, a satchel at his back, an inkhorn depending from his button, and a flat and square black silk cap on the crown of his head. His eyes were small and red like those of a ferret; and his nose, of considerable length, looked like a label for an inscription, upon which might be written the word 'impudencia.'

"Sit down, Master Secretary," said the Suffragan, "and write the answers to some questions that I have to propose to this man here present."

"Is my own house to be made a court of inquisition?" exclaimed Owen. "I shall answer you no questions till I see the warrant upon which you act."

"The warrant is my word," said Thornton haughtily.

"Not with me," replied the Pastor calmly.

"Show this man the warrant, then, Thomas Cluny," said the Suffragan to his Secretary. Cluny shuffled over the papers, took out a fair-written parchment, to which was appended a large seal, and coming up to Wilford, he said, "Be pleased to see the broad-seal of England. The warrant is from the Council; shall I rehearse the indictment?"

"No," answered Wilford; "I see this is a net to catch me. But, thank God, I am prepared. What are your questions?"

"Have you," said Thornton, "caused the rood, sent here at Candlemas last, to be set up in a fair loft in the church of St. John the Baptist, in the parish of Wellminster?"

"No!" exclaimed Wilford; "the wooden god of your idolatry lies now where it was left by your own people, in the belfry of the church. I will never, like Nebuchadnezzar, set up a golden image,\* and bid the people to fall down and worship it, at the sound of the lute, harp, cornet, or dulcimer. I deny the worship of *your* cross, and I will never yield to it."

Thornton shook his head, whilst Cluny's square cap shook

\* The rood was an image of Christ between St. John and the Virgin Mary. It was generally magnificently painted and gilt. It was set up towards the east, in a loft of rich Gothic screen-work, styled the 'Rood-loft.'

in accompaniment to the same. He dipped his pen in the inkhorn. "Write down that he denies the cross," said the Suffragan.

"An offence under the statutes of Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth," said Cluny.\*

"Write, that I deny your crosses of wood and stone," said Wilford; "and you will find that comes under the statute of God's first commandment—'Thou shalt worship no graven image.'"

"That is the Levitical law," cried Thornton. "Why, the holy saint Austin defend us! have we to deal with a Jew here?"

"Shall I write down that Master Wilford confesses only the Levitical law?" inquired Cluny. "That offence comes equally under the aforesaid statute."

Wilford looked at the secretary a moment with contempt; but, resuming his composure, he said, "Why should I be angry with thee, poor wretch! thou art nothing more to this man than that pen is to thee,—his instrument. I will save your pains; write all in one word—write that I deny the supremacy of the Pope, the errors of the Church of Rome, and acknowledge only the truth of the Christian faith, as it is revealed to us in the Gospel itself. I will answer no more questions. And now do your work, for I am ready."

"That's clear!" exclaimed Cluny; "that comes under the direct statute for heresy, in the second of the present reign. Denies the Pope! here be heresy indeed: I must make a note of this;" and again Cluny dipped his pen into the little inkhorn. "This ink is as bad and as muddy as if it were manufactured in a scrivener's shop."

Cluny once more prepared to write; but Alice, who had listened, in an agony of feeling, to the bold and open confession made by her husband of his faith, now sprang towards the table, and snatching the pen from Cluny's hand, she exclaimed, "You shall not, you shall not write it! He is no heretic, but a good Christian! Spare him! oh! spare him!"

The Suffragan Bishop, who had hitherto stood quite unmoved, now interfered; and bidding Alice be quiet, or that she would make things worse, he desired Cluny to continue his business;

\* In 1554 the Parliament passed an act to revive the cruel statutes of Richard the Second, Henry the Fourth, and Henry the Fifth, against all persons convicted of heresy.—*See Burnet.*

while Alice wept and wrung her hands ; alternately assuring the Bishop that her husband was a true Christian, and imploring Wilford not to provoke the anger of his enemies. Wilford gently removed her from him, and stood silent, with a firm and upright demeanour, as the secretary wrote down the confession he had made of his faith. This accomplished, Thornton whispered something in the ear of his secretary, who departed, and in a few minutes returned, accompanied by a number of persons, headed by the town-constable of Canterbury : this band having purposely been laid, as it were, in ambush near the house, ready to obey the orders of Thornton. Alice saw them pass on the outside of the window, as they came to enter the house ; and uttered a loud scream, clinging to her husband, and almost fainting in his arms.

"Take the woman off," said Thornton to Cluny, who had again entered the room.

"You shall not touch her," exclaimed Wilford, in a tone of more passion than he had yet used ; "she is my wife, my dear and honourable wife. God gave her to me and none shall part us."

"Hear him !" said Thornton, "hear him ! he calls his harlot his wife ! But this must be no longer endured. The Church has too long dealt mercifully with thee. Such open shame may no longer be endured.—Cluny, I say, take that woman from the man, and let them both hear the denunciation of the true Church against their offence. I arrest you, Owen Wilford, on your confession, for heresy.\* I expel you in the name, and by the authority given under the warrant, of the Queen and Council. I expel you from this cure as a married priest, as an obstinate and disobedient heretic, and as a traitor to his Holiness the Pope. You, and the harlot you call your wife, are henceforth for ever parted ; and she will be made to do a necessary penance for her offence, as the law enjoins."

"Under the proclamation against harlots and disorderly persons," said Cluny, "of the second of the present reign, the said penance to be done barefooted, in a white sheet, with a fagot in one hand and a taper in the other, in the nearest church or

\* Burnet declares that not less than twelve thousand of the clergy were turned out of their livings, under the Queen's proclamation, for having wives ; and Fox tells us, that many of these unhappy men were accused of heresy, and suffered martyrdom. One of the charges brought against Craumer was for having a wife.